

MUSICAL EXPRESS

RAMONES ROCKET TO BRITAIN

XMAS GIGS P.3. PLUS
CLASH LONDON DATES



BRIAN ENO: BEFORE & AFTER SCIENCE

Page 29

ERIC'S SINGLE

ERIC'S 0001

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& A DANCE BEAT

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The Chuddy Nuddies

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 21, 1972

1 MY DING-A-LING.....Chuck Berry (Chess)
2 CLAIR.....Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
3 CRAZY HORSES.....Osmonds (MGM)
4 WHY.....Donny Osmond (MGM)
5 LEADER OF THE PACK.....Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
6 CROCODILE ROCK.....Elton John (DJM)
7 LOOP DI LOVE.....Shag (UK)
8 I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU.....Stylistics (A&M)
9 MOULDY OLD DOG.....Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
10 WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS? ANGEL.....Rod Stewart (Mercury)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 22, 1967

1 BABY NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU.....Foundations (Pye)
2 LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN.....Long John Baldry (Pye)
3 EVERYBODY KNOWS.....Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
4 ZABADAK!.....Dave Dee, Dory, Mick & Tick (Fontana)
5 LOVE IS ALL AROUND.....Troggs (Pye)
6 THE LAST WALTZ.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
7 MASSACHUSETTS.....Bee Gees (Polydor)
8 AUTUMN ALMANAC.....Kinks (Pye)
9 THERE IS A MOUNTAIN.....Donovan (Pye)
10 IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN'.....Val Doonican (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 23, 1962

1 LOVESICK BLUES.....Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 LET'S DANCE.....Chris Montez (London)
3 SWISS MAID.....Del Shannon (London)
4 BOBBY'S GIRL.....Susan Maughan (Phillips)
5 TEI STAR.....Tornadoes (Decca)
6 DEVIL WOMAN.....Marty Robbins (CBS)
7 YEMUS IN BLUE JEANS.....Mark Wynter (Pye)
8 SHERIFF.....Four Seasons (Stateside)
9 NO ONE CAN MAKE MY SUNSHINE SMILE.....Everly Brothers (Warner Brothers)
10 THE LOCOMOTION.....Little Eva (London)



SINGLES					ALBUMS				
Week ending November 26, 1977					Week ending November 26, 1977				
This Last Week				Highest position in chart	This Last Week				Highest position in chart
1 (2)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	1	1 (1)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	4	1
2 (1)	NAME OF THE GAME	Abba (CBS)	6	1	2 (2)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	2
3 (5)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen (EMI)	5	3	3 (8)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	3
4 (4)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	6	4	4 (7)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	4	4
5 (2)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart (Riva)	7	1	5 (14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	5
6 (8)	DANCIN' PARTY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	6	6 (9)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	3	6
7 (7)	HQW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	7	7 (10)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	40	3
8 (6)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE	Baccara (RCA)	9	1	8 (5)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	3	5
9 (12)	LIVE IN TROUBLE	Barron Knights (Epic)	4	9	9 (6)	40 GOLDEN GREATS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	2
10 (14)	DADDY COOL	Darts (Magnet)	2	10	10 (11)	SECONDS OUT	Genesis (Charisma)	6	8
11 (—)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (Parlophone)	1	11	11 (3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	12	1
12 (19)	SHE'S NOT THERE	Santana (CBS)	4	12	12 (4)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	9	2
13 (9)	NEEDLES & PINS	Smokie (Rak)	6	9	13 (—)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	1	13
14 (10)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT	Carpenters (A & M)	7	8	14 (20)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	3	14
15 (16)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE	Jonathan Richman (Beserkly)	4	15	15 (15)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	15
16 (20)	I WILL	Ruby Winters (Creole)	3	16	16 (29)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	2	16
17 (28)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighthouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	2	17	17 (20)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	17
18 (13)	VIRGINIA PLAIN	Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	12	18 (13)	HEROES	David Bowie (RCA)	5	5
19 (23)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	3	22	19 (23)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	74	1
20 (17)	HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	6	20 (11)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	6	11
21 (30)	LOVE HURTS	Nazareth (Mountain)	6	16	20 (15)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	8
22 (—)	MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	22	22 (—)	ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	22
23 (18)	BELFAST	Boney M (Atlantic)	3	18	23 (18)	PASSAGE	Carpenters (A&M)	8	6
24 (21)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	18	24 (27)	30 GOLDEN HITS	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	2	24
25 (—)	YOU'RE FABULOUS BABE	Kenny Williams (Decca)	1	25	25 (—)	STICK TO ME	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	1	25
26 (11)	BLACK IS BLACK	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	11	2	26 (19)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	19	1
27 (—)	WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE	Tubes (A&M)	1	27	27 (26)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	2	26
28 (—)	I BELIEVE YOU	Dorothy Moore (Epic)	4	19	28 (—)	LET THERE BE ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	28
29 (22)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	2	22	29 (—)	RED STAR	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	32
30 (—)	MODERN WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	1	30	30 (—)	BLACK JOY	Original Soundtrack (Ronco)	1	30
BUBBLING UNDER ...					BUBBLING UNDER ...				
SAFETY IN NUMBERS — Adverts (Anchor); LOVE OF MY LIFE — Dooleys (GTO); BABY, BABY, MY LOVE IS ALL FOR YOU — Deniece Williams (CBS); GEORGINA BAILEY — Noosha Fox (GTO).					ONCE UPON A TIME — Donna Summer (GTO); MODERN WORLD — Jam (Polydor); FRONT PAGE NEWS — Wishbone Ash (MCA); HA! HA! HA! — Ultravox (Island).				

U.S. SINGLES				
Week ending November 26, 1977				
This Last Week				
1 (1)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debbie Boone		
2 (3)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle		
3 (6)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees		
4 (2)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave		
5 (4)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon		
6 (8)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas		
7 (9)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE	Chicago		
8 (11)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge		
9 (10)	JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU	Firefall		
10 (12)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt		
11 (5)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco		
12 (15)	ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys		
13 (7)	IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME	Barry White		
14 (18)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt		
15 (16)	WE JUST DISAGREE	Dave Mason		
16 (19)	YOU MAKE LOVIN' FUN	Fleetwood Mac		
17 (17)	SEND IN THE CLOWNS	Judy Collins		
18 (20)	YOUR SMILING FACE	James Taylor		
19 (22)	GONE TOO FAR	England Dan & John Ford Coley		
20 (24)	SWINGTOWN	Steve Miller		
21 (14)	HELP IS ON THE WAY	Little River Band		
22 (21)	DAYBREAK	Barry Manilow		
23 (27)	BABY COME BACK	Player		
24 (29)	SENTIMENTAL LADY	Bob Welch		
25 (25)	MY FAIR SHARE	Seals & Croft		
26 (—)	GO CRAZY	Paul Davis		
27 (—)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx		
28 (—)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN	L.T.D.		
29 (—)	SHE'S NOT THERE	Santana		
30 (—)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT	Carpenters		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS				
Week ending November 26, 1977				
This Last Week				
1 (2)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt		
2 (1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac		
3 (4)	AJA	Steely Dan		
4 (3)	CHICAGO XI	Chicago		
5 (7)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley		
6 (5)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy		
7 (6)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner		
8 (11)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	Elton John		
9 (9)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack		
10 (14)	POINT OF NO RETURN	Kansas		
11 (10)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE	Barry White		
12 (8)	LOVE YOU LIVE	The Rolling Stones		
13 (16)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin		
14 (12)	ANYTIME ... ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge		
15 (13)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE	Heatwave		
16 (25)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debbie Boone		
17 (15)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce		
18 (18)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd		
19 (24)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch		
20 (27)	MOONFLOWER	Santana		
21 (22)	BABY IT'S ME	Diana Ross		
22 (17)	FOGHAT LIVE	Foghat		
23 (29)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel		
24 (—)	LOVE SONGS	The Beatles		
25 (23)	BRICK	Brick		
26 (—)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart		
27 (19)	I, ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project		
28 (—)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Crystal Gayle		
29 (20)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley		
30 (—)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS

Edited:
Derek
Johnson

DESK



RAMONES VENUES

MOST OF THE dates and venues for the eagerly-awaited December tour by The Ramones have now been confirmed, and they include a special New Year's Eve concert at London Rainbow. Tour details were revealed by Joey Ramone (above), who called NME from New York to announce the following itinerary:

Glasgow Apollo (December 19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (21), Cambridge Corn Exchange (23), Birmingham Top Rank (28), Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (30) and London Rainbow (31).

Promoter Barry Dickins of MAM confirmed these dates, and added that another two gigs have still to be finalised,

Big London New Year's Eve concert

including one on Christmas Eve. He originally booked the band into Belfast Ulster Hall (23) and Dublin Stadium (24), but The Ramones have now been banned by both venues, mainly on the grounds on inadequate insurance cover. Dickins this week set Cambridge as one of the replacement gigs, but at presstime Christmas

Eve had still to be filled.

The Rainbow show will be a special party gig to see in the New Year, starting at 9.30pm and running until after midnight. It's understood that several surprise guests are expected, and these could include the Talking Heads and Richard Hell and the Voidoids.

Sire Records are releasing a three-track Ramones single next month to coincide with their visit, the main title being "Rockaway Beach". It's taken from their new album "Rocket to Russia", which comes out simultaneously.

Support act for the tour is Scottish band The Rezillos, who were recently signed by Sire. Their first single for the label is issued on December 2, titled "I Love My Baby ('Cos She Does Good Sculptures)".

Clash: two at Rainbow

AFTER NUMEROUS hassles, plus security and insurance problems, The Clash have at last succeeded in setting up two big London concerts next month. They take place at the Rainbow Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 13 and 14, and tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office and through the usual agencies — priced £2.50, £2.25, £2 and £1.75. There will be two support acts, as yet unnamed.

The band had great difficulty in finding a venue which would accept them, particularly following the sensationalised reports of incidents at their Bournemouth concert two weeks ago. But the Rainbow finally agreed to the booking because, although 200 seats were ripped out when The Clash played there a year ago, the venue received full compensation and are satisfied with next month's insurance coverage.

Initially The Clash were not keen on playing the Rainbow, because of its reputation for "heavy" security measures. The venue then agreed to remove all seats for the band's two gigs, but the GLC refused permission for this, on the grounds that people in the front of the auditorium might be crushed. Now a compromise has been reached, whereby security will be "light weight", and the audience will be able to move around and dance in the aisles if they wish.

Commented a spokesman: "When The Clash played Manchester's Elizabethan Ballroom last week, the venue was late opening, the crowd got impatient and the doors were smashed in. Several people were injured and £600 worth of damage was caused. Obviously this doesn't help the band's image. The nature of the Rainbow gigs is highly experimental, the eyes of The Establishment will be on us, and we need the audience's co-operation."

PISTOLS: TV AND ANOTHER MOVIE

THE SEX PISTOLS make one of their rare TV appearances this weekend, when they guest in Granada's "So It Goes", though a spokesman for that company said he didn't yet know what they would be performing. Also guesting in the show, which is only seen by viewers in the London (Saturday) and Granada (Sunday) areas, are XTC and The Pirates.

In addition to their own full-length feature film — which, as reported last week, finally goes into production early next month — the Pistols also appear in another picture, now in the final stages of editing, titled "The Punk Rock Movie". Among other acts seen performing in the film are The Clash, The Slits, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Wayne County and

Slaughter and the Dogs.

The movie traces punk from its early days, and includes sequences of the Pistols and The Slits rehearsing in the basements before their first tours. Subsequently director Don Lett has been following the bands involved around and, among other items, has footage of the Pistols performing "God Save The Queen" and "Pretty Vacant" at one of their secret gigs this year.

Originally shot in 8-mm, it is being processed into 16-mm and 35-mm for cinema screening by the Rank Laboratories, and the bands concerned are co-operating in re-recording the sound. Produced by Peter Clifton, renowned for his Zeppelin film "The Song Remains The Same", it should be ready for showing early in the New Year.

Stranglers rap dismissed

AFTER A COURT CASE lasting one-and-a-half days, Jet Black and Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers were last week cleared of drunkenness and violent behaviour charges, relating to an incident following their Brighton Top Rank concert on October 27. They were charged — together with tour manager Dennis Marks — after they went to the local

police station to inquire about some of their Dutch fans who had been detained, and were subsequently released on £75 bail each.

After the lengthy court hearing, the magistrates decided there was no case to answer, and the charges against all three were dismissed. Commented Jet Black: "It wasted the time of dozens of people, and at huge expense. Once again, this proves the over-reaction of the police to people surrounded by our sort of image."

The Stranglers also lashed out at the resistance they encountered on their recent Irish tour. They said they "deplore the attitudes of the Belfast and Dublin councils, who tried to ensure that our gigs didn't happen." And they slammed the hotels in both cities "who chucked us out as soon as they discovered who we were". But they praised Coleraine and Dublin students "who went out of their way to bring us to Ireland and make us feel comfortable", and added that The Stranglers will be returning to Ireland early next year.

IAN DURY TOUR CHANGES

IAN DURY and the Blockheads have made two changes to their December tour itinerary, reported last week. Their gig on December 9 is switched from Manchester Raffles to Salford University, and they have slotted in an extra date on December 17 at Plymouth Polytechnic. For the last eight gigs in the tour, from December 10 onwards, they will be supported by Deke Leonard's Iceberg (see On The Road, page 4, for more news of this band).



THE DAMNED with drummer JOHN MOSS (second left)

The Damned borrow London's drummer

THE DAMNED'S drummer on their current U.K. tour — which runs until December 13 and includes three nights at London Roundhouse this weekend — is John Moss, who has acquired special leave of absence from London.

He replaces Rat Scabies in the

line-up, but it's stressed that he's only on loan and will honour all contracted commitments with London. The Damned have added Brighton Polytechnic on November 30 to their tour schedule, and their December 10 gig in Glasgow is switched from the University to the Apollo.

BUZZCOCKS & GEN X TOP AT ROUNDHOUSE

THE BUZZCOCKS are being lined up for another tour next month, and this will be their most important outing to date, visiting at least 16 major venues. Their schedule opens at Brighton New Regent on December 2, and includes a big London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on December 11. Rest of their dates are still being final-

ised, and are expected to be announced next week. GENERATION X top the bill at the Roundhouse on Sunday, December 11, their first London concert appearance for several months. The three support acts are The Saints, The Lurkers and The Valves, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £1.80.

NEWS WAVES

JAM EXTRA ON SATURDAY

THE JAM are to play an extra matinee concert at Aylesbury Civic Centre this Saturday (26) at 4pm, the first time the venue has ever staged an afternoon show. They are already set for an evening performance at the centre, but the early show has been added because of exceptionally heavy ticket demand — said to be on a par with David Bowie's special concert there five years ago.

THE ADVERTS, currently on a British tour, have set extra gigs at Leeds Polytechnic (November 29), Sheffield Polytechnic (30), Edinburgh University (December 2), Newcastle University (3) and Shrewsbury Tiffany's (4).

TUBES: FIFTH IN LONDON

THE TUBES are set for yet another concert at London Hammersmith Odeon — their fifth! Last week it was announced they would play their fourth gig at this venue on December 6, and this has now already sold out. So promoter John Curd has confirmed their fifth — and positively final — Hammersmith date for Wednesday, December 7. Tickets are on sale now.

'STREETS' BILL: NEW GIGS

MORE DATES have been added to the "Streets" package tour by bands featured on the Beggars Banquet compilation album of the same name. They are The Lurkers, Doll and Reaction at Birmingham Rebecca's (December 8); The Lurkers, Doll and Pork Dukes at London Oxford St. 100 Club (13); and Members, Reaction, Cane and The Drones at London Wardour St. Vortex (19). The Pork Dukes gig at the 100 Club could be interesting, as the outfit is said to feature musicians from well-known bands, including one or two Thin Lizzy members. Other "Streets" dates were reported last week.

VIBRATORS BACK IN U.K.

THE VIBRATORS returned to Britain at the weekend after their successful Canadian tour, leaving their single "Baby Bay" at No. 6 in Montreal's charts and their album "Pure Mania" charting coast-to-coast. But they've been forced to cancel a short U.K. college tour because drummer Jon 'Eddie' Edwards is having hospital treatment for inflamed ligaments of the left hand, which he has been ordered to rest for at least two weeks. Recording of their new album has accordingly been re-scheduled for December.



EDDIE shows his hand

999 FOR HEADLINE TREK

999 are in the process of arranging a headlining U.K. tour for early next year. And meanwhile, they have three gigs next week at Nottingham Katie's (December 1), a Rock Against Racism concert at London Royal College of Art (2) and Brighton Polytechnic (3). They begin a five-day season at Paris Gibus Club on December 6.

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp

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Orders over £10.00 add £1.00 p+p	£1.50

PASH MUSIC STORES 5 ELGIN CRESCENT LONDON W11

ON THE ROAD

CLIFF RICHARD is re-united with The Shadows for the first time in ten years, when they co-headline a two-week season at the London Palladium opening on February 27. Current Shadows line-up comprises Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett and two newly-recruited session musicians. The last time Cliff and the Shads performed together was in pantomime at the same venue in 1967.

ALEXIS KORNER opens a series of monthly Blues and R&B concerts at London Drury Lane New London Theatre in the New Year. Korner appears on January 29, followed by Roy Brown (February 26) and Blind John Davis (March 26).

BOYS OF THE LOUGH headline a major London concert at the Victoria Palace on December 10 as the climax of their current U.K. tour. And they have extra gigs at Reading University (November 28) and Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (December 7), though their date at Motherwell Civic Hall on December 5 is now cancelled.

MUD have now completed their pre-Christmas tour itinerary. Their full date sheet for December is Coventry Warwick University (1), Sheffield University (2), Bradford University (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Exeter University (5), Plymouth Castaways (6), Truro Plaza (7), Western-super-Mare Webbington Club (8), Pontypool Leisure Centre (9), Swansea Leisure Centre (10), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), Portsmouth Collingwood Club (13) and London Camden Music Machine (15).

TRAPEZE have slotted in extra gigs at Newport Village Club (tomorrow, Friday), Colwyn Bay Showboat (November 29), Nottingham Boat Club (December 3), Sunderland Polytechnic (9), Wigan College (15), Maidstone College (16), Newbridge Club & Institute (18) and Sunderland Mecca (23).

JENNY DARREN returns from a European tour to play Barry St. Alban's Club (December 3), Newbridge Club & Institute (4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16), Whitley Bay Rex Ballroom (18), Milton Keynes Open University (21) and Kirkclevington Country Club (23).

"ELVIS", Jack Good's musical featuring over 30 of Presley's hits, opens for an indefinite season at London Charing X Road Astoria next Monday (28). It stars Shakin' Stevens as Elvis in his mid-20s and P. J. Proby as the older Presley. Rock band Fumble are also in the cast. Stevens' band, The Sunsets, will continue to gig during the run of the show — with drummer Louis taking over lead vocals.

THE ROYALTY Ballroom in Southgate, North London, is starting a monthly series of new-wave concerts. The shows will be on Tuesday nights starting with The Jam (date not yet fixed), and negotiations are in hand for subsequent gigs by Elvis Costello, The Damned, Tom Robinson Band and Boomtown Rats.

NEW-WAVE has found another new home at London West Hampstead Railway Hotel, well-known as the former Klooks Kleek. The venue is presenting a punk night every Monday from 8pm to midnight, starting next week (28) with The Decorators and Rikki Slick & The Streets.

"TOMMY", Pete Townshend's celebrated rock opera, is being presented as a brand new stage production at Hornchurch Queen's Theatre for four weeks from April 26.

RACING CARS have added another four dates to their current gig series — at Salford University (December 3), London Marquee (5 and 6) and London Hapstead Westfield College (9).

THE DOCTORS (of Madness) have added London North-East Polytechnic (December 10), Wolverhampton Lafayette (11) and Retford Porterhouse (16) to their present tour.



SHAKIN' STEVENS



DEKE LEONARD

THE OAKRIDGE BOYS, Roy Clark, the Amazing Rhythm Aces and Jimmy Buffett are among top country artists who will be touring Britain during the first half of 1978. Plans for their visits were announced by Anchor Records, who have just picked up several of this year's Country Music Association Awards.

DEKE LEONARD, former Man stalwart, has re-formed his band Iceberg. They have gigs this weekend at Burton 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), Hertford Ballis Park College (Saturday) and London Finchley Torrington (Sunday), and a full December date sheet will be announced shortly.

XTC extend their current tour into December with gigs at Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic (1), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (2), London Islington Hope & Anchor (3), Redcar Coatham Bowl (11), Keighley Nikkers (13), Scarborough Penthouse (16), Croydon Greyhound (18), Milford Haven College of Education (20), Barnstaple Chequers (22) and Brighton New Regent (23). Their gigs this week in Falkirk (Thursday) and Edinburgh (Friday) are cancelled, but they plan a Scottish tour in the near future.

STARDUST, the Swedish rock band who toured Britain recently, return this weekend for their second visit. They play Bagshot Pantiles (this Saturday), Swansea Rainbow Club (November 28), Reading University (29), Skegness Sands Showbar (December 2), Retford Porterhouse (3), Bedford Nite Spot (4), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (6), Doncaster College of Education (8), London Southgate Royalty (9), Kingston Coronation Hall (10), London Paddington Fanga (14), Sunderland Annabell's (16) and Corby Stardust Club (19).

THE JOLT have gigs in their native Scotland at Hamilton Dell College (December 2), Alva Glen Hotel (4), Aberdeen Fusion (6), Kirkcaldy Quinzie Neuk Hotel (8) and Dunfermline Images (9). More are being added.

ALPHONSE MOUZON has cancelled his scheduled one-off concert at London Hammer-smith Odeon this Saturday (26).

BARIS MANCHO and his backing band Kurtalan Express, the top contemporary recording act in Turkey, headline their first public British concert at London Rainbow on December 18. They plan a more extensive tour here in the New Year.

LAMONT DOZIER, formerly of the Holland-Dozier-Holland songwriting and production team, said during a brief visit to London that he's planning a series of solo concerts in Britain and Europe early next year.

THE WURZELS are on tour to promote their new EMI single and album, both are titled "Give Us England". Dates include London Lewisham Concert Hall (this Saturday), Ipswich Corn Exchange (Sunday), Cardiff New (November 28), Oakengates Town Hall (29), Cheltenham Town Hall (December 1), Southport Theatre (2), Weymouth Pavilion (4), Slough Thames Hall (7), Aldershot Princes Hall (8) and Bristol Hippodrome (10).

PENETRATION have added five dates to their current British tour — at Warrington Carlton Club (tonight, Thursday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (December 3), London Wardour St. Vortex Club (12), London Hackney Spooky Lady (14) and Coventry Mr. George's (22).

SEVERAL CHANGES have been made in the billing for the Front Row Festival at London Islington Hope and Anchor, all in December. Deke Leonard's Iceberg switch from 9 to 14, and the Chris Spedding Band replace The Only Ones on December 6. New bookings are Dire Straits (9) and The Pleasers (13).

WIKO JOHNSON has switched his gig at Wellington Town House to December 1, instead of November 29 when he now plays Wpking Centre Hall.

THE CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE have added another date to their British mini-tour — at Southport New Theatre on December 7.

Sabbath find new vocalist

BLACK SABBATH this week named their new singer — the replacement for Ozzie Osbourne who, as reported two weeks ago, has left to pursue a solo career. The new man is Dave Walker, who was vocalist with Savoy Brown for two years from 1971, then had a spell with Fleetwood Mac. He has been working in the States for the past few years, but flew to London earlier this month for a secret try-out with Sabbath.

Like the other members of the band, Walker hails from Birmingham, where he first made a name for himself with local bands The Redcaps and Idle Race. In America, he worked as vocalist with a San Francisco outfit called Mistress. He is now rehearsing with Sabbath for their new album, to be recorded in Toronto before Christmas, and he will be seen on stage for the first time when the band headline a spring tour of Britain. His signing puts an end to speculation that ex-Deep Purple singer David Coverdale would be joining Sabbath.

ALBERTOS GO SLEAK-LESS!

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias return to the gig circuit next month, after their lengthy stint in the snuff-rock musical "Sleak!" They are so far confirmed for Uxbridge Brunel University (December 1), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (2), Huddersfield Polytechnic (3), Durham University (6), London Strand King's College (9), London Southwark Guy's Hospital (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16) and Liverpool Eric's (18).

RETURN VISIT BY DEGREES

THE THREE DEGREES return to Britain early in the New Year for a ten-week cabaret tour. They are so far confirmed for week-long engagements at Wakefield Theatre Club (from January 15), Purfleet Circus Tavern (from 22), Stoke Jollies (from 29), Leicester Bailey's (from February 13), Watford Bailey's (from 19), Birmingham Night Out (from 27), Manchester Golden Garter (from March 13) and Sheffield Fiesta (from 19).

● Gerald Woodroffe, who quit Black Sabbath 12 weeks ago after augmenting them on keyboards for some time, has now formed his own band. Joining him in the line-up are Wayne Morris (lead guitar), Gibson John (bass) and Erwin Silvester (drums).

LYNYRD NOT RE-FORMING

THE SURVIVORS of the Lynyrd Skynyrd air crash disaster last month, in which lead singer Ronnie Van Zant and two other members were killed, are now all out of hospital and on the way to complete recovery. But they have decided not to continue to use the band's name. The five remaining members — Gary Rossington, Allen Collins, Artimus Pyle, Leon Wilkeson and Billy Powell — say it is still too early to announce future plans, but that they will never again record or perform as Lynyrd Skynyrd. Meanwhile a single from the band's "Street Survivors" album, titled "What's Your Name", is issued by MCA on January 17.

PARTY GIG BY SAILOR

SAILOR, who have spent most of this year touring abroad, return home next month in time for a special one-off Christmas show at London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom on Monday, December 12. A spokesman said the gig will take the form of a party, with several guest acts going on stage before Sailor. The date also marks the return to the band of Phil Pickett, who quit the line-up in April to concentrate on songwriting. Sailor's new Epic single "Romance" was released this week by Epic.

CHRIS SPEDDING TOUR EXTENSION

CHRIS SPEDDING's autumn tour, his first as leader of his own band, has proved so successful that he has now been booked for a further string of gigs through to mid-December. With the possibility of still more dates being added, those confirmed so far are at Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Friday), Watford College of Education (Saturday), Northampton County Ground (December 3), London Regent's Park Bedford College (9), Dudley J.B.'s (10), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (12), London Cock-fosters Middlesex Polytechnic (14), Newport Village Club (16) and London Marquee (17).

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RECORD NEWS

XMAS SINGLE BY OLDFIELD

MIKE OLDFIELD maintains his policy of releasing a single just before Christmas, following the success in 1975 and 1976 of "In Dulce Jubilo" and "Portsmouth", when Virgin issue his "Cuckoo Song" tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is **Steve Hillage's** version of "Not Fade Away".

● **Jerry Wexler**, renowned producer and Atlantic Records pioneer, has switched to Warner Brothers where he becomes senior vice-president. He is at present producing an **Allan Toussaint** album for his new company.

● **Chris Farlowe's** version of the Alice Cooper song "Only Women Bleed" is issued by Charly this week. It's also available by Julie Covington on Virgin.

● **Danny Mirror** has an album released by Sonet next month, with the same title as his recent hit single "I Remember Elvis Presley", and his follow-up single "A Child's Prayer" comes out this weekend. Upcoming January albums from Sonet include "Belfast Gypsies" by **Them** and "All In The Name Of Love" by **John Hartford**.

● Polydor are to release two 20-track albums of "The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits" next year, the first of which is scheduled for February. Meanwhile "Everybody Knows", which was a smash hit for the group exactly ten years ago, is issued as a single this week.

● **Slade's** perennial seasonal classic "Merry Christmas Everybody" is reissued yet again by Polydor tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "Master Booty" by the **Fatback Band**.

● **Andy Desmond** — the singer and composer who has toured extensively this year with **Hall & Oates**, **Camel** and **Barbara Dickson** — has signed a five-year worldwide deal with **Ariola Records**. He is currently working on an album with U.S. producer **Bones Howe** for early New Year Release.

● A major re-launch by **MAM Records** coincides with the opening of their new studios in Los Angeles, and the introduction of a new logo for the label. First of the new-look albums will be "South-paw" by **Gilbert O'Sullivan** and "People Music" by country artist **Mike Graham**.

● Singer, guitarist and songwriter **Eddy Grant** — formerly leader of the now-defunct **Equals** — is back on the scene as a solo artist. His single "Hello Africa" and album "Message Man" are released this week on his own **Ice Records** label, and he plans a string of British concert dates in February.

● **Mel Brooks** has signed with **Elektra**, who bring out his new double album early next year — one record is the soundtrack of his upcoming movie "High Anxiety", and the other features his "greatest hits". And **Stan Freberg** is completing an album of contemporary satire for the same label.

● **Bette Midler's** new album, for release by **Atlantic** early in the New Year, is titled "Broken Blossom". She is likely to visit Britain to promote it.

● RCA albums out this week include "Spiral" by **Vangelis** and "Music Inspired By Star Wars And Other Galactic Funk" by **Meco**.

● Another Manchester label, **Rainy City Records**, makes its bow this week with a three-track EP by local band **The Panik**. It has the somewhat pessimistic title of "It Won't Sell!", and is being distributed by Manchester-based **Rabid Records**.

● The **Commodores'** double live album, recorded during their U.S. tour this summer, is rush released by **Motown** this weekend. The band are being lined up for a British tour in the New Year.

● **British Lions**, the new band comprising former **Mott** and **Medicine Head** members, have their first **Vertigo** single out on December 2. It is "One More Chance To Run", penned by **John Fidler**.

● **Burning Spear's** new live album, which also features **British reggae** band **Aswad**, is released by **Island** on December 2. Out on the same label this weekend is the 12-inch single "Ska Wars" by **Rico**, being his version of the **Star Wars** theme.

Stevie triple



A THREE-ALBUM **Stevie Wonder** anthology, covering the years 1962-71, is issued by **Motown** on December 9. Originally released in the States in 1974, it comprises 40 tracks, including the previously unissued 1967 recording "Until You Come Back To Me". Wonder's latest album, scheduled for March release, is titled "The Secret Life Of Plants" — which, surprisingly, is his self-penned soundtrack for a new documentary nature film of the same title.

● The **Four Tops'** new **Anchor** single is a revival of the **Yardbirds'** 1965 hit "For Your Love". Released this weekend, it was recorded in London with producer **Mike Hurst**.

● **Anchor** this week issue two 12-inch EPs in their **Plus Fours** series. **Steely Dan's** set comprises "Dallas", "Sail The Waterway", "Haitian Divorce" and "Do It Again". And **Don Williams** sings "Amanda", "Shelter Of Your Eyes", "A Gypsy Woman" and "You're My Best Friend".

● To coincide with his current tour, **Gary Glitter's** single "I Dare You To Lay One On Me" is rushed out by **Arista** this weekend. It's taken from his "Silver Star" album.

● The 10 c.c. double album "Live And Let Live", issued by **Vertigo** this weekend, is their first live LP and the first to feature their new line-up. It was recorded during the summer at **London Hammersmith Odeon** and **Glasgow Apollo**.

Elvis: his way

ELVIS PRESLEY's version of "My Way" is released as an **RCA** single tomorrow (Friday) and, at presstime, it has already amassed 300,000 advance orders. Taken from the soundtrack of his **CBS-TV** special, filmed shortly before his death, it is included on the "Elvis In Concert" album. The B-side of the single is Presley's previously unissued version of the traditional "America". **RCA** announced this week that his single "Way Down" has now qualified for a **Gold Disc** in Britain.



Ex-SAHBs in new Zal band

ZAL CLEMINSON this week announced plans for his new band which — as reported two weeks ago — he decided to form after **Alex Harvey** quit the business, leaving the **SAHB** in a state of flux.

The new outfit will be known simply as **Zal** — and, as expected, **Cleminson** has invited his former **SAHB** colleagues **Chris Glen** (bass) and **Ted**

McKenna (drums) to join him in the venture. The name of the fourth member, a guitarist, will be revealed shortly.

Zal and the band plan to be ready to open their first tour at the end of January, recording plans are currently being discussed, and studio time will be scheduled shortly. Commented **Cleminson**: "The band will be guitar orientated, but I have a complete mental blueprint of exactly what I'm aiming at".

'Queen splitting' rumours abound

RUMOURS circulating in rock circles this week suggest that **Queen** may be on the verge of breaking up.

The band are currently touring America, and are not due back until shortly before Christmas. But according to current speculation, a New Year

announcement of a split — leaving **Freddy Mercury** free to pursue his own career — is a distinct possibility.

Queen's London-based publicist confessed to being surprised by the reports, and said he had heard nothing to substantiate them. The band's manager **John Reid** is at present in the States with them, and was therefore unavailable for comment, but staff at his London offices said they had contacted him and he denied any impending split.

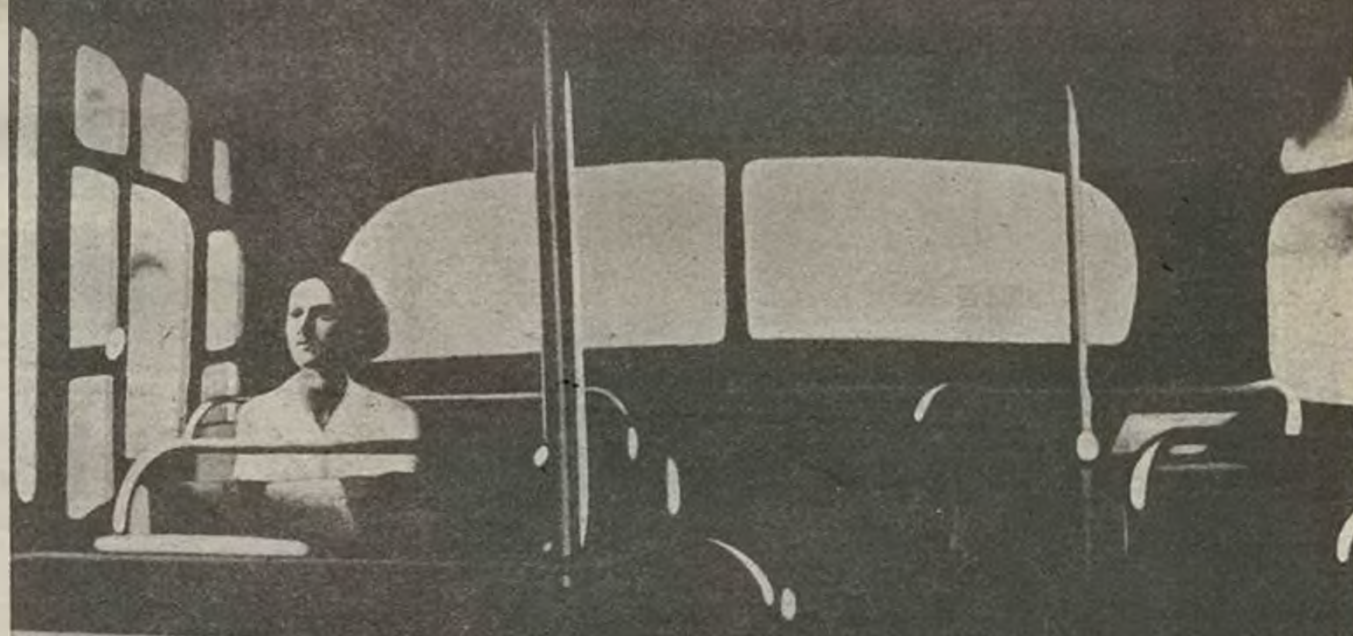
DARTS DATE AT RAINBOW

THE DARTS, currently high in the charts with their first **Magnet** single "Daddy Cool", headline their first major London concert at the **Rainbow** on Wednesday, December 21 (tickets on sale now priced £2, £1.50 and £1). This comes as the climax to their extensive U.K. autumn tour, on which there have been several changes: **London Middlesex Polytechnic** (December 5) and **London North-East Polytechnic** (7) are cancelled; and **Farnham The Maltings** (November 28), **Bournemouth** **Tiffany's** (December 8) and **Preston Polytechnic** (14) are added. The band record their second album in January, then tour Europe (February) and America (March).

OSIBISA TOP XMAS SHOW

OSIBISA headline a special Christmas concert at **London Hammersmith Odeon** on Thursday, December 22. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the show is promoted by **Straight Music** in association with the **Bron Agency**. A spokesman said that a few more gigs are being arranged around the Christmas period, and the band will undertake a more extensive tour in January. Their new double album "Black Magic Night — Osibisa Live" has just been released by **Bronze**.

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.

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ESSEX, GIBBONS, MILES: NEW GIGS

DAVID ESSEX has added another six shows to his British tour schedule, which opened last weekend. They are all extra early-evening gigs at 6 pm, at venues where he is already set for mid-evening performances — **Derby Assembly Rooms** (December 1), **Leeds Grand** (3), **Newcastle City Hall** (4), **Southampton Gaumont** (10), **Brighton Dome** (14) and **London Tottenham-Ct Road Dominion** (21). His week-long season at **London's 2,000-seater Dominion** has completely sold out, hence the addition of the extra December 21 performance, and a spokesman said that still more shows are likely to be added at this venue.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have added another six dates to their current headlining U.K. tour. They are at **Dundee University** (tomorrow, Friday), **Coventry Locarno** (November 28), **Keighley Victoria Hall** (29), **Swansea Nutz Club** (December 1), **Penzance The Garden** (2) and **Redcar Coatham Bowl** (4).

JOHN MILES has added another four dates to his short pre-Christmas tour, making nine in all. The extra gigs are at **Malvern Winter Gardens** (December 14), **Bridlington Spa Royal Hall** (16) and **Redcar Coatham Bowl** (17 and 18). As reported last week, he is being lined up for a major New Year.

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A PARTICULARLY sullen Thursday night Dingwall's crowd is giving the much-lauded Phillip Rambow and his cohorts, who include Early '70s Guitar Hero Mick Ronson, no help at all — although Ronson is thankfully a sight more audible than he was the last (and first) time your reporter ran across this latest Rambow manifestation (playing free of charge across town at West Kensington's Nashville, some three or four weeks ago).

Unfortunately, all this may be of little significance to you — for most people living beyond The Great Metropolis will be entirely ignorant of the four-piece outfit (six if you include the lady back-up singers who include Ronson's lookalike sister Maggie).

They've barely had time to cast off their swaddling clothes and walk, and to date their handful of gigs has been restricted to London.

However, if you've been reading *NME* in any detail these past two years, the name Phillip (he dislikes being called Phil) Rambow will not be new. For despite lack of commercial success — whether as frontman for the short-lived The Winkies, or a name in his own right — he has attracted a fair amount of press coverage.

He had barely scratched a band together in his return to London from New York five months ago before *Thrills* was waxing lyrical about his talent, and Joe Strummer and Glen Matlock were on hand to watch him in action.

The more thorough *NME* reader will recall Chris Salewicz's entirely laudatory review a few weeks back.

Moreover, despite the lack of enthusiasm at Dingwalls tonight, and how ill-attended the gig is, there are some interesting faces in the audience. The fact that Phillip Rambow is hip is shown by the presence of Generation X and The Slits; that Pistols' producer Chris Thomas, fast shaping up as Britain's premier rock producer, follows him around increases his already healthy chances of making great rock records.

And yes, part of the Chrysalis Records hierarchy is here too: Rambow's links with Chrysalis, for whom he has released one solo single "Dem Eyes", seen by some as a pre-punk punk opus, and, as a Winkie, one album, are by no means cut and dry. The Chrysalis boss leans over to me after Rambow's been on stage awhile and whispers that the gig is a great improvement on the Nashville.

Well, yes, it is, but if you've got it, you're not likely to lose it. And Phillip Rambow has got it.

Hopefully, he and the business will know what to do with it this time round — and if the aggregation currently playing Rambow's music is as permanent as Phillip tells me it is ("Ronson's already talking about us doing two albums," he says) he couldn't wish for a better musical setting.

It's one dream of a rock band. Rambow (as well as singing and writing the songs, he plays guitar), bassist Dave Cochran, drummer Laurie Jellyman and Mick Ronson fusing together gloriously from the opening "Strange Destinies" onwards, playing throughout as if they were made to play together.

Their control and authority would be impressive if they'd been working on the road for months. Considering they've only been a band for a matter of weeks, it's miraculous.

As Chris Salewicz pointed out in his review, points of reference are hard to come by, Rambow and his colleagues managing to avoid both old and new wave clichés while remaining unquestionably contemporary.

Structurally, and to a lesser extent lyrically, some of Rambow's material is reminiscent of Springsteen's in that it has that same upward lift. Okay, so his songs are full of post-adolescent (he's 25) disillusionment, but they're hardly defeatist. You get the feeling that he never gives in.

The lyrics are terse and thankfully devoid of any new wave posturing. And when he does sing about the street, he does so in an honest and refreshingly unselfconscious way. He's no rock poet but he knows how to write an excellent rock song.

PHILLIP RAMBOW is of course no stranger to Dingwalls stage, or, come to that, the boards of numerous other London gigs, seeing

Hello. The human on my right is PHIL RAMBOW, and two years ago we splashed him all over this page. He then disappeared without trace.



In 1977, we at NME still believe in Phil Rambow and so he's back on page 7. He better not blow it this time or a lot of people will be verrrry disappointed. One of them is Mick Ronson. Another is STEVE CLARKE...



as how he cut his rock 'n' roll chops in Britain in this circuit with The Winkies in 1974.

At that time the music business's attitude towards bands playing at grassroots level was considerably less enthusiastic than it is now.

"At a certain point everything pub-rock tried to do all died," he remembers, "Every band was screwed except the Feelgoods."

Pix this page by PENNIE SMITH

"Everybody had the same problem — money, bad management, and bad relations — hips with record companies. Their attitude was, 'What is this pub-rock stuff? The amount of money upfront was really pitiful.'

"At the time The Winkies' contract was the best you could get, coming from where we were coming from. And another thing, everyone was completely the antithesis of what was

then commercial — Yes, ELP, the whole schmeer.

"If a record company signs you today and you've got a reasonably good manager you come in on the corporate level a lot higher than you used to, because you're forcing people to make a larger investment."

"At the beginning The Winkies were the best thing I'd ever done and we all loved it. We were a great live act. Mick Jones was one of our fans. I listened to Eddie And The Hot Rods' first EP, 'Live At The Marquee,' and no way does it sound better than The Winkies."

"The reason we didn't make that kind of record was because there was no-one in the world who would fork out the necessary five or six hundred to get a mobile down to the Marquee or the Kensington in 1974."

"What The Winkies did was very original in that no-one was really listening to that kind of sound at the time. Everyone else was trying to be very prissy and intellectually accomplished. The Winkies had this very hard, basic sound."

My own experience of The Winkies was restricted to just a couple of gigs, one at The Marquee after which I returned home wondering why on earth some of my colleagues were raving about them, the second at 1974's Reading Festival where they made a strong impression on the otherwise predominantly dreary proceedings, coming on like some embryonic latter day Who.

Like, say, The Rods, The Winkies started out playing mostly other people's material, classic blues, R&B, rock 'n' roll and soul, before turning their attention to original material.

"You start off playing the old classics and then write songs that sound like the old classics and maintain the spirit," explains Phillip, casting some light on just why his current batch of songs set your back a-tingling.

Then, too, Rambow would cut a commanding figure on stage. As Salewicz pointed out in his Nashville review, The Winkies were, along with Dr Feelgood, the only pub-rock band who came on like personalities — mincing about with a kind of animal grace, Rambow with a brown bowler perched atop his barnet.

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SURPRISINGLY enough, he's glad that The Winkies didn't make it back in '74/75, reckoning that if they had done they'd now be in "this horrible situation The Feelgoods are

• Continues over page.

● From previous page.



"I'm with him"

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

in" — not that there was ever much chance of the group being anything else other than a critics' band, seeing as how they pushed the self-destruct button on the day their first

album was released.

Also "The Winkies" didn't meet with the same level of praise the group live had enjoyed. With no Winkies around to promote it,



"I'm with him"

Pic: RICHARD BEADLE

Chrysalis — claims Rambow — didn't take out a solitary ad to push it, instead saving their promo money to get behind Phillip Rambow the solo artiste.

However, in the final outcome the company didn't like the vast majority of Rambow's solo cuts and out of seven or eight tracks, only "Dem Eyes" was put out.

"There were just a lot of heavy lyrics in them," recalls Rambow. "One was called 'Sweet 15'.

"It wasn't really about doing rude things with 15-year-olds, but Chrysalis were afraid my songs wouldn't get on the playlist. They now know (and presumably Rambow is talking here about the Pistols' effect on the biz) that they can still make a career out of someone if their records don't make the playlist."

Lured by New York's then-emergent punk scene (Patti Smith, Television and The Ramones were fast grabbing the attention of The Enlightened), Rambow returned across the Atlantic.

"I could immediately relate to what was going on there. It just had to do with everything I've ever done in my life since I left school.

"I thought I was going to be the first solo punk rock star."

But it wasn't to be, and apart from playing a handful of gigs in New York and getting one song on "Live At Max's Kansas City Volume Two" (Rambow's paean to street life, "Night Out", the only

'old' song in his current set and the most commercial), he spent much of his time washing dishes for Greenwich Village eateries, Romantic Bohemian on paper but in actual fact tedious and poorly paid.

He had run into Mick Ronson while recording The Winkies' album, saw him again in New York, where even Phillip's attempts to get a gig supporting The Damned at CBGBs were thwarted by, he claims, music business nepotism. He ended up playing with Ronson after he and Dave Cochran were invited to "a jam" on the latter's return to London this summer.

So how does he see what he's doing now?

"It's post-New Wave but it's within the frame of reference the New Wave has created. There's never been a time in the English music business like there is now. The people who are pop stars are more artists than ever before.

"Before, the only person in rock you could ever consider an artist was Peter Townshend. All the rest were entertainers. And they proved it by what they did and said.

"Townshend was the only person who was really serious about things. But now you've got Mick Jones, Joe Strummer and somewhere in the middle of The Sex Pistols is something that leads towards that.

"They're more serious on a long term level from an emotional point of view than anybody ever in the history of the English music business. Mick Jones and Joe Strummer are the most talented song writing team in this country since Jagger and Richard.

"My potential for commercial success is higher than it's ever been. My songs are just a bunch of songs and I think they're real good. What did Elvis say? He said, 'I'm just as worthless as every other person but I think the songs are great.'

"I would definitely spend money to see the show I'm in right now just to see Mick Ronson and for the songs."

If all goes according to plan Rambow will be gigging outside London in January. This time don't let him pass you by.

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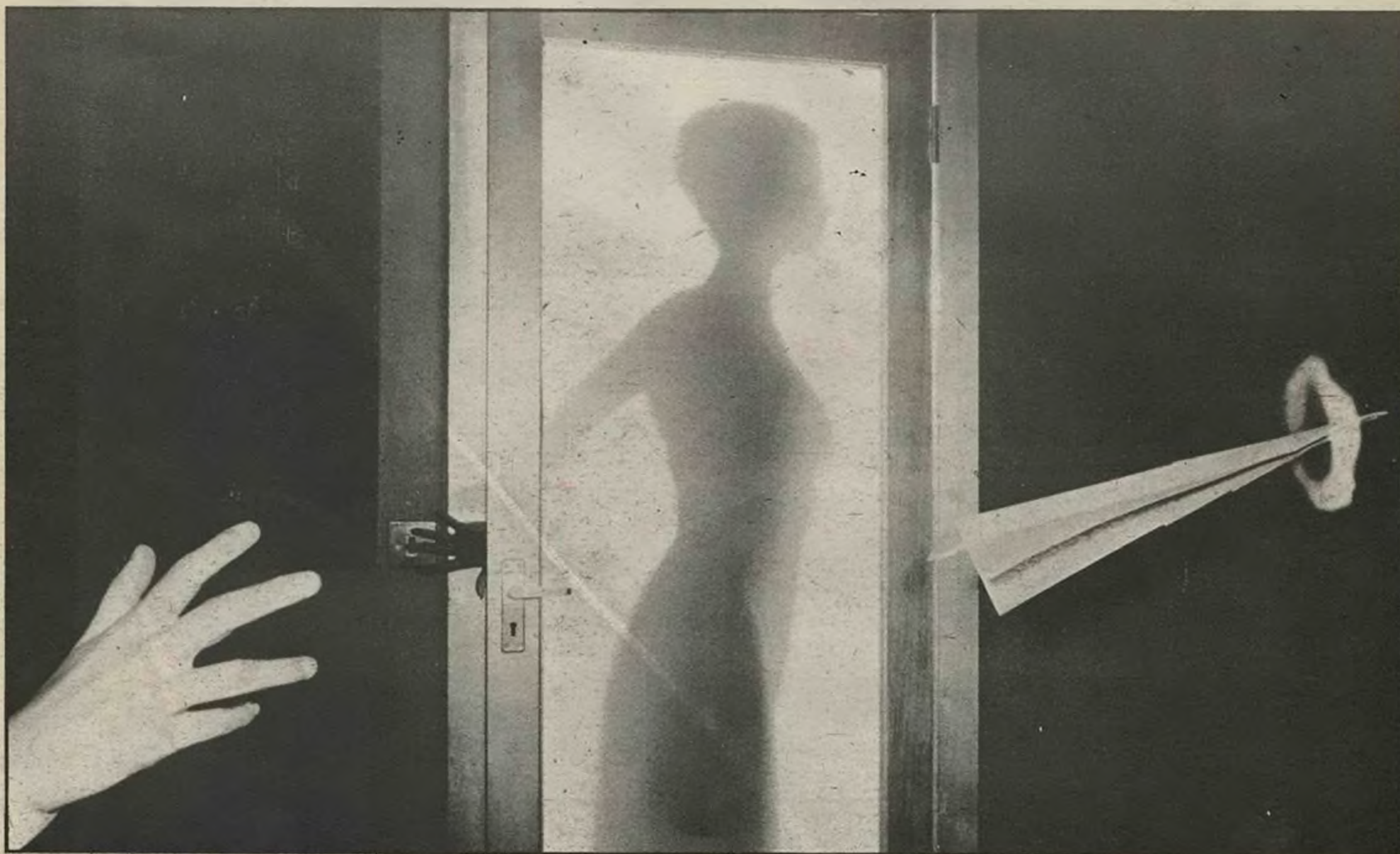


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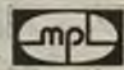
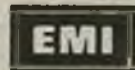
Graham Hughes

WINGS DOUBLE A



Graham Hughes

GIRLS SCHOOL



Graham Parker and the Rumours / Stick to Me



Album 9102 017 Cassette 7231 013

"Graham Parker's 'Stick To Me' at last captures his exhilarating stage style on record...It will undoubtedly prove to be one of the albums of the year."

Robin Denselow, The Guardian

"In a year graced with a deluge of superlative albums, 'Stick To Me' is superior to most already on the racks. And it's inferior to none."

Allan Jones, Melody Maker

"'Stick To Me'...A majestic example of pure rhythm and blues-the inspiration level, creativity and general power of which totally transcend the grisly issue of colour and social background. It's a gift that the Stones at their best have displayed-similarly Van Morrison and Mose Allison. And now with 'Stick To Me' Graham Parker can add his name to that select pantheon."

Nick Kent, New Musical Express



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Best Group

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STEELEYE SPAN. THE NEW ALBUM.



'STORM FORCE TEN' IS INSPIRING

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.



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BELIEVE
YOUR EYES
WE SING ...
THE CROSS
BEGINNING OF
THE END



EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

LIFE ON THE LINE

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.14: The Jam mouth off at the Pistols.

P.15: Tony Wilson — the man who didn't have a real leather jacket is forgiven at last.

P.17: Aretha Franklin's Palladium fiasco, Radio Stars' Carnaby Street fracas.

P.18: John Dowie writes some pretty dubious songs.

P.19: Dictatorship in Germany — Handsome Dick in the nick.

P.20/21: Elvis Presley lives on in a multitude of ghoully guises.

Edited by PHIL McNEILL
and KATE PHILLIPS

THRILLS

SEX PISTOLS
JUBILEE
BOAT TRIAL
RESULT

WHILE MASTER PHILLIPS gurgles snugly in his cot at Buck House and a nation drools, Jubilee year is climaxing in a different way for a select coterie of New Wave royalty.

Remember the Pistols' Jubilee boat-trip back on the Queen's big day? (If not, see NME 18.6.77). The party ended badly for several people — particularly for Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren and his girlfriend Vivienne Westwood, who were among those arrested when the police 'persuaded' the revellers to break things up and come ashore.

Last Thursday both were called to Bow St. Magistrates Court for the continuation of their respective trials; McLaren's, however, was postponed, to hang over his head until February 3, so *Thrills*' own court-hack sidled into No. 3 Court instead, to observe the end of Ms Westwood's trial on a charge of obstructing the police.

Two policemen had told the court that the defendant, having already been restrained from trying to pull a cop off McLaren whilst he was being arrested, had become violent, kicking and punching other policemen who were gathered round the van into which McLaren had been put away. A third was now corroborating their evidence down to the last detail.

He told the court that he and a colleague put Ms Westwood into the van, told her she was being arrested, and cautioned her. He was unable to say definitely how she might have incurred bruising on her right hip, left leg and ankle: it might have been as a result of her struggling as she was lifted into the van.

Ms Westwood, dressed in a sea-green mohair sweater and black leather trousers, told the court that she was McLaren's "common-law wife" and that he was the father of her second child. She claimed that her first contact with the police that night had come when they had dragged her off the boat and down the gangplank, pulling her by both legs.

She denied assaulting any police officer, claiming that she had simply tried to keep McLaren in sight as he was led away, because she was afraid he would be taken to a police station and beaten up.

"I was not cautioned till I reached the police station," she claimed. Asked if she had not been "very angry with the police", and so upset that it would have been "reasonable" for her to grab the arm of the police officer arresting McLaren, she replied: "I don't get angry at the police any more. I know they behave like that to people like us."

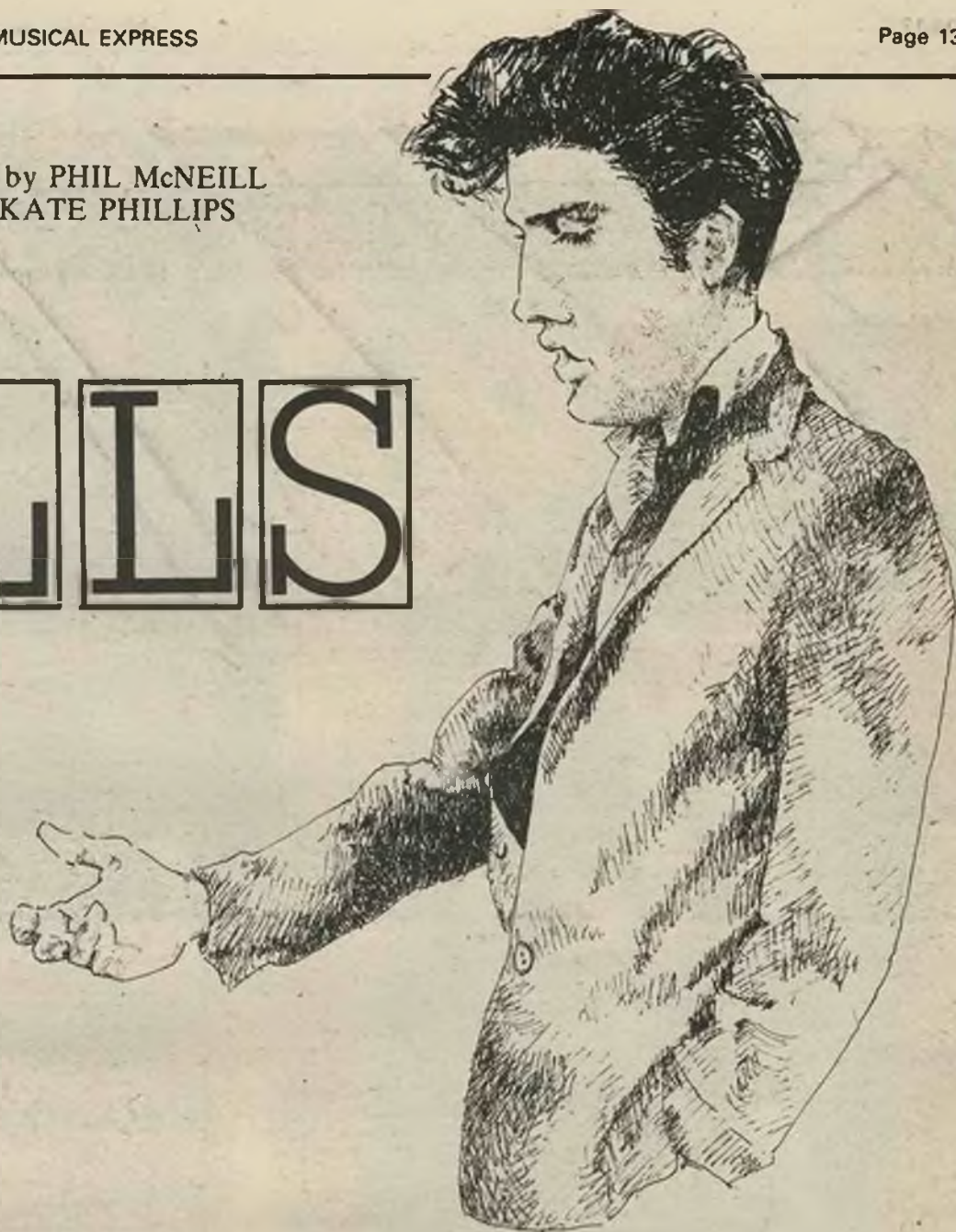
She was found guilty of obstructing a police officer and fined £15 with £15 costs. As we all left the court, I heard one policeman remark to another: "It's amazing how these people can transform themselves, isn't it?"

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS



Vivienne Westwood on the scene of the "crime"



The ghost of Elvis Presley rises up paying out dollars and cents, courtesy of illustrator TONY RIOT. Special Thrills investigation pages 19, 21

... AND MALCOLM
UNVEILS PLANS
FOR YUGOSLAVIA

NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — smash hit albums are fine, but no compensation for not being allowed to perform live. Yeah, windy insurance companies, cagey promoters and perennial local council reactionaries are forcing The Sex Pistols (so they claim — Ed.) to try to tread live planks outside the borders of this green and bigoted isle.

"So we'll play abroad," reveals Malcolm McLaren. "All over the continent but *not* in the places that people usually expect a band to play, like Germany — we'll be keeping right away from those gaffs and playing Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia. We're very big in those places, there's a lot of enthusiasm for The Sex Pistols there."

McLaren says that the countries in Europe where the Pistols will gig have only been into rock music for a matter of a few years, and therefore are spared the jaded attitude that you find in, say, a London audience where the crowd sits back waiting to be entertained.

"It'd be great for one of those countries to become the centre of rock!" McLaren asserts with contagious subversive enthusiasm. "It's all new, fresh and vital to them, they haven't seen it all before — that's why they love the album so much, why it's selling so well there ... and why we're gonna play there."

Someone in Yugoslavia sent me a letter saying the Pistols were gonna be there in February.

"Yeah, that's about right, February in Yugoslavia."

When do you start shooting the movie?

"First day of next year."

Are the Pistols gonna tour the States?

"We wanna play there, but keep away from places like New York and Los Angeles. They would be very easy to set up for us, but totally pointless, as we would just be perpetuating the same old system that we detest, that we set out to change."

"Where so many of the punk bands screwed up is that they allowed themselves to be assimilated into the system too, too easily — they gave up what they had initially for too little, just the same old shit."

McLaren cites the willingness of so-called new wave combos to play the establishment venues like the Rainbow or the Hammersmith Odeon, where the authorities can contain whatever genuine rebellion happens to be present by employing psychotic bouncers to keep people glued to their seats.

The Pistols have avoided all that shit, and remain the one band whose next move inevitably keeps the world anticipating with bated breath.

"What I'd like to do," McLaren confides, "is to pick some place on the map that no-one has ever heard of before — somewhere in Alabama or near the Mexican border — and do a gig there. Even if they hate it, at least it's helping to decentralise and get away from every band playing New York and L.A. just because everybody else plays those shitholes."

"Or if we do play those cities, then do it away from the established venues and in the Mexican quarter or somewhere ... just fuckin' keep away from doing what everybody else does simply because it's the easiest thing to do, the line that gives you the least trouble, the one that perpetuates the same old system ..."

And is always the most boring.

"Exactly. Like you say, the Pistols started it all and we've gone through too much shit to quit doing what we want now. Like, as late as after the A&M split I was going round to record companies and nobody would talk to me, the big shots' secretaries told me there was no-one to talk to me, that I wasn't wanted there and would I please leave."

"I knew exactly what we were doing when the Pistols signed with EMI," Malcolm McLaren smiles. "because, of all those companies, EMI were the biggest of all ..."

We exchange notes on our mutual favourite talents currently going the rounds, McLaren citing Ian Dury as a heavyweight, me spreading the word on Manchester's The Fall, and both of us extolling the praises of Buzzcocks. And what's gonna be the next big thing, Malcolm?

"Pop-hijacking," he laughs.

"Where a band's booked to play some venue but they can't make it and another band plays as an alternative!"

Never mind the bollocks, this is ...? If it all comes true, Malcolm, that's something else.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

MODERN MEETS REAL WORLD—HUNDREDS HURT

THIS IS THE MODERN WORLD. Zigzag editor Kris Needs has just been physically assaulted outside Newcastle's Mayfair Ballroom. He stands stunned, blood trickling from his face and down on to the Jam backstage pass which is stuck to his black leather jacket.

Needs, because of his punk clobber, has come off worst in our party, after several local thugs decided to get stroppy with the gentlemen of the press who've travelled up to Newcastle to report on the opening night of The Jam's second 1977 British tour.

The locals resented the fact that we might be allowed into the venue when the management had told them the house was full.

Incidents of this nature are, apparently, by no means a novelty in Newcastle on a Friday night. "It's been like this for the last 20 years," a cab driver tells us as we make what turns out to be an abortive visit to the local police station.

Inside the Mayfair one member of the support band, New Hearts, has been cut by a flying beer mug. The Jam, familiar with the gig's vibe from a previous visit, are a mite apprehensive about facing tonight's audience.

Perhaps with this in mind, Paul Weller bawls: "Rock'n'roll should be fun!" into the mike before delivering the opening number — something which too few people have remembered in their keenness to perfect a '77 rock'n'roll attitude. How I sometimes long to see a band who could exude fun like, say, The Faces used to.

Unfortunately, apart from the visuals, The Jam do nothing for me until the encore.

Maybe it's because I'm not yet familiar with the new material, which so far seems radically inferior to their early songs. There is still an

undeniable magic about the group.

Indeed, Paul Weller, while defending the new album — which was, I agree, somewhat unreasonably slagged in these pages several weeks ago by Mick Farren — says: "It's one of the best pop/rock elpees to come out in the last ten years. I think it's brilliant".

And with the perspective that late 1977 gives us, the pop/rock tag seems a sight more applicable to The Jam than any other new wave/punk tag. Sure, The Jam are punks in the way The Small Faces were in their heyday, but not in the way Strummer or Rotten are now.

Clearly Weller feels nothing in common with his supposed peers. "There's been no progress," he remarks. "Put it this way. The Pistols' elpee is the same stuff they were playing in clubs two years ago. There's a big difference between 'In The City' and 'The Modern World' — and it's only a matter of months."

"I can't say what that difference is. It's not something you can grasp. There's a few other good bands, like The Boys and the New Hearts, but they're not really noticed because they're not trendy and they're not political and all that shit."

"They've still got something to say. They're still playing some good rock'n'roll. That's important. The Pistols' album is like 'The Carpenters' Greatest Hits'. The singles are great, but why stick them on an elpee? They're becoming what they set out against."

"There's no way we're ever going to stick four of our greatest hits on an elpee and bung it out in a poxy sleeve. And rip off the kids for about three and a half quid."

Weller says he doesn't envy the Pistols' success. "I think The Jam are as successful as the Pistols. We're doing our second major British tour and they haven't even done their first one yet."

"That's what I call popularity."

But don't the Pistols have problems playing live?

"Bollocks. We know they can. It's not the sort of thing we want to talk about, anyway. The facts are there for people to see. Surely people must see what's going on."

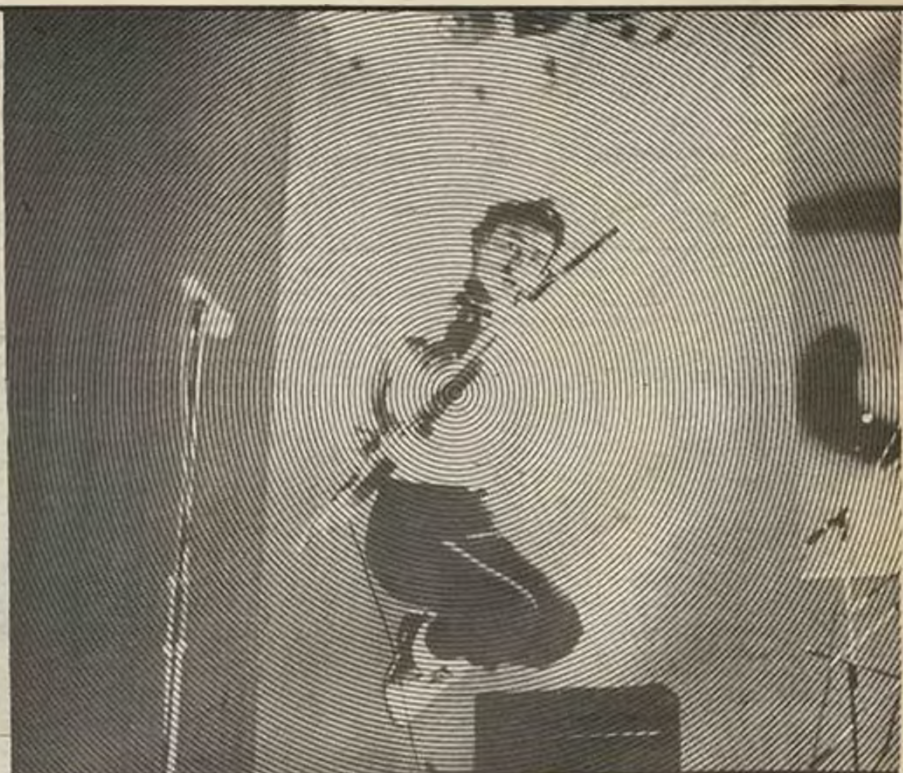
"It's not for us to say." Meanwhile, Weller, who is a deal more confident than he was six months ago, has more to say about Mick's review — particularly on the subject of copying The Who.

"We've never denied our influences," he emphasises. "We've run down old fat pop stars, but the 'My Generation' elpee is still the greatest in my book. Same as 'Revolver'. And I still dig The Beatles."

"I'm just another gullible youth," Weller sneers sardonically. "I'm into idols."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS



EVERY HOME WILL HAVE ONE

THIS WEEK FLEETWOOD MAC'S "Rumours" is in its thirtieth week at number one in the US album charts.

And if Warner and his Bros have their way that's where it's going to stay for the rest of our lives.

Initially the record company was a little taken aback by the success of the album, which is now the biggest selling LP ever. Its sales figures top the ten million mark, humbling into insignificance the precedent set by "Fleetwood Mac", which could only drag in a pathetic six million customers. "Frampton Comes Alive", at eight million copies the Hip Easy Listening pathfinder, offered little opposition.

Like all good upwardly mobile record companies, however, the boys at Burbank have not allowed themselves to gasp with admiration for too long at this apparently quite unexpected success.

By Christmas Day, in fact, it is intended that "Rumours" will have notched up a minimum of a further six million sales worldwide, giving it a total of sixteen million units shifted.

Don't fret now. It isn't just the Yanks who will have shelled over something like fifty million pounds for the erstwhile blues group's latest release. You'll be pleased to know that we here in Blighty are going to be doing our bit to help Mick, John, Chris, Stevie and Lindsay buy up all of California as well.

Starting December 1, Warners UK launch a £50,000 advertising campaign — their most expensive ever — to ensure that when Mr Average Brit starts scratching his head to come up with that surprise Christmas pillow filler, the only record he can think of is "Rumours".

Via ads in the Sun, Mirror, Express and Daily Record, and 600 poster hoardings plus another 600 bus sites, his skull will have been battered open until roast penguin will probably take over as the traditional British yuletide feast. Each of these ads will feature the legend "The Most Popular Album Of The Year", plus such seasonal fun figures as S. Claus and assorted vicars.

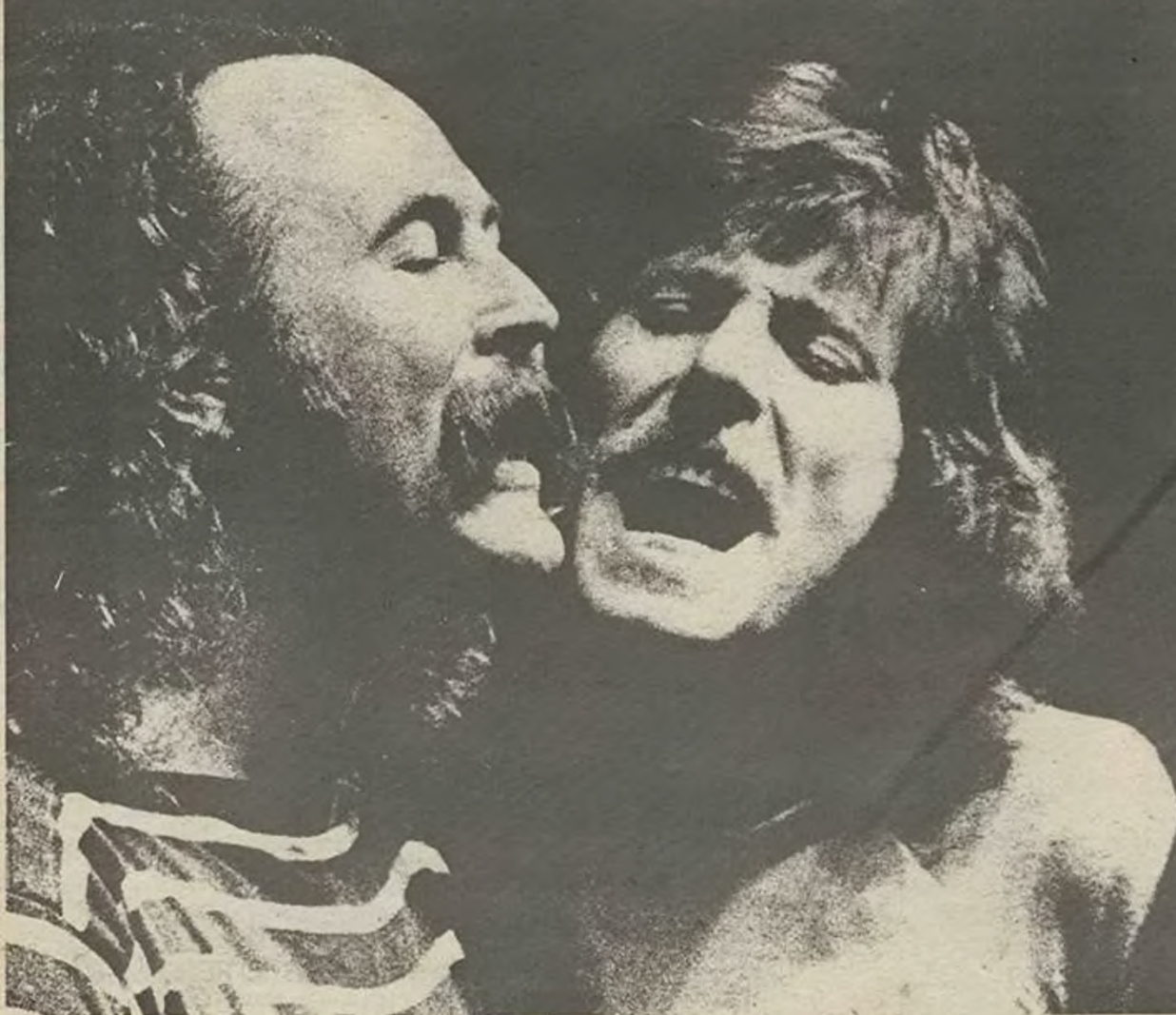
It was suggested to Warners that perhaps the ads should also mention the artistically superior "Fleetwood Mac" album, but this, apparently, is not on. The sort of consumer at whom the campaign is being aimed has a hard enough time of it keeping the name of one LP in his head, without having to deal with the confusion of two.

If anyone gives you a copy of "Rumours" for Christmas (sorry, Xmas) you know the utter denision they have for you. Elmore James and Peter say "Hi, and have a nice new year!"

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

CROSBY & NASH LIVE



Album & Cassette
Available Now

* indicates repeat. Two PENNIE SMITH Jam pictures (first shown in July) return to your NME this week due to overwhelming demand.



With The Jam, Muddy Water, Elvis Costello (on "So It Goes"), Bob Marley and Steel Pulse ("London Weekend Show") all turning up on TV over the weekend, the box evidently isn't nearly as stagnant as it used to be. Volte-Face Incorporated proudly presents

IN PRAISE OF "SO IT GOES"

TO NORTH WEST telly viewers Tony Wilson is known principally as a slightly anarchistic news deliverer. To little pockets of people who are 'allowed' to receive Independent Television's only rock programme, *So It Goes*, he is the apparently irrelevant, comfy frontman of that show.

Does anyone like him? Well, the little kids with droopy socks and runny noses who linger outside

Granada TV studios ready to pounce for a quick autograph, they do — and so do a lot of lonely middle-aged ladies who, over the years, have been pervasively attracted to Wilson's bemusing, stylised delivery of "funny" news stories for the tea-time news programme *Granada Reports*. An audience, sure, but hardly the one whose respect he wants to win.

The 1977 rock fan is more Wilson's mark — plus, most crucially, the Granada hierarchy and

other network bosses, such as the guy from Yorkshire TV who decided not to run the new series of *So It Goes* because, he explained, the show was a little too, er, elite for his rural area and more suited to the "aware" North West/London areas. Swallow that.

The first series drew fairly comprehensive and deserved criticism and derision from just about everyone everywhere. Sterile studio locations, incoherent pacing, blank audiences, and to cap it

all the over-eager Tony Wilson — who not only immediately alienated everyone with his ostensibly down-the-nose presentation but also, poor sod, with the way he looked.

Still, in odd two-minute bursts there was some interesting stuff. Wilson being a very rock-as-art conscience person (and believe me, he does love rock'n'roll), he introduced us to such inaccessible but delightful obscurantist packages as Bettina Jonic, The London Saxophone Quartet and The Sex Pistols. Rock'n'roll to myself and Wilson but not, alas, to many more. The series bombed and Wilson was a little humiliated.

Surprisingly, though, Wilson was given a second series. Determined to give the series more obviously relevant cultural bite, to reflect what was happening, maaan — Wilson determined to present a 75% punk/etc quotient on the show.

With a maturer presentation and a more sympathetic producer in the assured Geoff Moore, the new *So It Goes* is a good, well-balanced programme, and so fresh compared to the *Whistle Test*.

This series features just about the best in new music. Buzzcocks, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, X.T.C., Penetration, Iggy, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Magazine, Clash, Albertos, John Cooper-Clark, Steel Pulse, Tom Robinson... phew! Wilson and Moore have also worked really hard to get the Pistols back, despite continual curious reluctance from McLaren.

Wilson will be interviewing John and Sidney, but he and Moore are, not surprisingly, more than a little angry about McLaren's claim that no TV company would approach them!

You probably haven't viewed this new, improved, watchable *So It Goes* yet (even if you decided that you wanted to after last year), as pitifully few regions chose to screen it. London have shown it on Saturday evening, which isn't exactly optimum time for anything rock music (though it is after midnight — some compensation at least). For the people who haven't had the choice to see it's a sad loss, but as hardly any viewers have howled, those faceless ones who make the decisions have decided no-one wants to see it.

There are no plans for another series.

This is a tragedy. Granada executives seem a little horrified at the "punkish" contents of the new series, even though they cannot fault the new-found maturity of production and presentation. So the series is to die — unless we scream at people that a modern rock series with a finger very close to the pulse is necessary.

There are three shows left, and Wilson promises to pull out all the stops. He needs some positive response.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

THIRD WORLD

96°

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25th LIVERPOOL Empire
26th YORK University
27th MANCHESTER Palace
29th LONDON RAINBOW**



OUR RECORDS LISTED ABOVE HAVE BEEN RECORDED IN THE NEW ORLEANS RECORDING WORKSHOP

R-E-S-P-E-C-T FOR THE SUFFERING FANS

ARETHA FRANKLIN seems to have brought upon herself the wrath of the entire music industry by failing to show for her three sold-out concerts at the London Palladium on November 14 and 15.

"Aretha Snubs Britain" was typical of the headlines when the concerts were cancelled with barely 24 hours notice. The papers further suggested that the reason for her non-appearance was that "she couldn't be bothered".

The concerts were to have been promoted by Jeffrey Kruger, chairman of Ember Concert Division. Their press spokeswoman, Angela Mortimer, detailed to *Thrills* the multitude of problems presented by the last-minute cancellation.

Aretha and her 17-strong entourage — including musical director H. B. Barnum, six musicians, famed ex-Motown bassist James Jamerson among them, and three backing singers — were to have boarded a plane in Los Angeles on Friday, November 11. When they didn't, the tickets were transferred to Sunday, and the hotel suites in London similarly held over.

Rehearsal time with the Alan Peters Orchestra had been booked for the Sunday afternoon. 15,000 programmes (with biographical notes, doubtless excellent, by Cliff White) had also been printed.

The cancellation was announced so late that it made only the late editions of Monday's papers; people making journeys from outside London were quite conceivably unaware of the situation until they arrived.

Angela Mortimer stated that the concerts had been cancelled for contractual reasons — although all the legal formalities had been completed, and a deposit on the contract money had been sent to, and accepted by, Aretha.

"What really hurts is that we've never had a formal We're-Not-Coming," Ember maintain

that the true state of affairs had only been discovered when they placed a call to Los Angeles on Sunday evening.

Thrills contacted Aretha's New York agent, Ruth Brown, for her side of the story. Ms Brown agreed that the only hitches had been over the small print in the agreement; the final stumbling block was that "Kruger would not agree to pay his share of the transportation and accommodation costs involved."

She confirmed that a price had been fixed (though unofficially to have been £50,000) but there had never been an actual specific contract. Yes, she said, a deposit had been sent, and this had now been returned to Ember. She emphasised that there had been contractual difficulties throughout and that there had been ill-feeling from the start because "Ember had advertised the concerts before we'd OK'd the dates at all."

They had categorically told Ember on November 7 that the concerts would not take place.

Aretha's only other commitment in this country had been — rather improbably — to act as a judge at last Thursday's Miss-World contest. However, she also had engagements in Holland and France, which were subsequently cancelled as well. The letter was to have been a major television appearance; there are unconfirmed rumours that she is now being sued for \$200,000 in connection with this.

Certainly, Ember are suing her and the key figures in her organisation for breach of contract.

As is so often the case, innocent parties seem to have suffered. Aretha's record company, WEA, were not obligated in any way at all (in fact, Aretha has never agreed to meet any of their requests, not even for phone interviews), and Ember said they had been helpful throughout — yet their only reward has been a multitude of calls from irate fans saying they will never buy her records again.

BOB WOFFINDEN



Left: Radio Star Andy Ellison checks that CHRIS GABRIN's got enough pix of his arrest.

Below: Children and old age pensioners dancing in the street to the R.Stars sound.



STARS SHINE ON CARNABY STREET

THE GRATEFUL DEAD have done it many times, Hawkwind used to do it, the Stones did it in New York some two years ago, and The Jam did it last year. So the time was

probably right for someone to do it again.

Do what? Simply get together with a generator and a truckload of equipment to play music in the street for the people — and, of course, the publicity. Radio Stars were the ones

doing it this time, to notify the world at large of the release of their first album.

The itinerary listed about seven stops around London, but due to a late start and a general lack of organisation only four were covered: Portobello Road, Kensington High Street, Leicester Square and Carnaby Street.

The first three performances went off without incident. The generator ran out of petrol once, a perturbed old lady tore the posters off the lorry, and surprised spectators were treated to a fistful of punchy songs at each stop.

The crowds took it in the intended spirit, obviously pleased to find such diversion on a cold, cheerless day. The police, however, were not amused. They pulled the plugs on the first three stops and turned out in force for the fourth, using three vans and four cars.

Radio Stars were into their fourth song, the "Nervous Wreck" single, and perhaps in too much of a jubilant mood for their own good. While the rozzers searched for the power source, Andy Ellison jumped on top of the nearest police van and finished the song from there.

This astonishing sight brought howls of laughter from the crowd and a reaction akin to panic from the surprised, affronted constabulary. They seized Ellison as soon as they could, and carted him off to be charged with criminal damage (though how a van could be damaged by dancing on it in sneakers is not clear). He was later given a conditional discharge and fined £65.

As Radio Stars' bassist and songwriter Martin Gordon later remarked about the over-zealous police, "they couldn't have done it better if we'd paid them."

Earlier on, I talked to Ellison and Gordon about Radio Stars' position in the scheme of things. About how, despite three sturdy releases, their existence has to be brought to public attention through such stunts — albeit such entertaining ones.

"It's funny," says Ellison. "I got talking to a guy who saw us live recently. He was totally surprised, because he thought we were going to be middle-of-the-road. From the pictures he had seen of us he thought we would be a straight pop band trying to be new wave."

"He said, 'Why don't you do pictures like the way you sound?' " Ellison looks bemused at the thought. "He said he thought we were like the Rick Derringer of this country."

A fair comparison point. Radio Stars operate roughly the same furrow as the Winter brothers' old cohort. Both play raucous rock instilled with popular melody, a kind of brash heavy metal that you can sing along to.

Though you wouldn't know it from his sprightly, clean-cut features, Ellison is no youngster. He sang on John's Children's 1967 hit

● Continued next page

LONE GROOVER



BENYON

THE DAREDEVILS LAY IT ON THE LINE.



"Don't Look Down"

THE NEW ALBUM
FROM
THE
OZARK
MOUNTAIN

DAREDEVILS

"a rock solid slice of contemporary music"

AMLH/CAM 64662



The Englishman abroad: Mick Jagger on vacation in Bodrum, Turkey's hip Aegean coast resort, where he and Bianca stayed as guests of Ahmet Ertegun in September. Picture taken from the "Gunadyn" newspaper, sent by Sedat Nemli. Love the knees, Mick!

THRILLS

RODEO STORES Continued

● From page 17

"Desdemona", the best remembered legacy from a bunch of psychedelic miscreants, and released three solo singles in the following years.

He has also studied mime and fallen in front of cars at a stunt man for *The Avengers*.

Then in 1975 he and Martin Gordon formed Jet, a little sparkle at the tail end of the glam-rock comet which was steered rather erratically by its management, Mike Leander's glitter organisation.

Nevertheless, it was in Jet that the foundations were laid for Radio Stars, as the band also featured future Radio Stars guitarist Ian McLeod.

"Leander figured Jet could be a commercial Glitter Band," Martin Gordon recalls. "What the Glitter Band could have been if they were credible. We really got pushed."

"We had to wear the most stupid clothes — just look at the back of the Jet album! It's too embarrassing to talk about even."

Jet lasted long enough to record one album for CBS and complete a tour with the Hunter-Ronson band, but died quietly soon after.

About nine months later, however, Andy Ellison, Martin Gordon and Ian McLeod got back together and recorded "Dirty Pictures" which, after being refused by no less than thirteen record companies, became Radio Stars' debut single on the fearless Chiswick label.

Finally they recently found themselves a drummer, a Canadian called Steve Parry.

Since then the band has been tuning-up its live proficiency in readiness for their current tour and the release of their first album, "Songs For Swinging Lovers". Sinatra is not expected to sue.

though he might balk at the cover concept.

If you've heard Radio Stars' new single, "Nervous Wreck", you'll know that the recording technique used by Ellison & Co. would be even less to Sinatra's liking than their use of his album title.

"It's a method of recording where you do everything as much and as loud as possible," Martin Gordon explains. "Quite a lot of people use it — what we call the Eric Blatant principle — but it's used subconsciously. Status Quo are an example."

This element of humour extends further in Radio Stars' work. They are a quirky outfit, and a lot of it stems from Gordon's off-beat preoccupations. For example, collecting idiotic cuttings from the sensation mongering tabloids features in his list of activities, and many of the songs he writes are, well, not strictly serious.

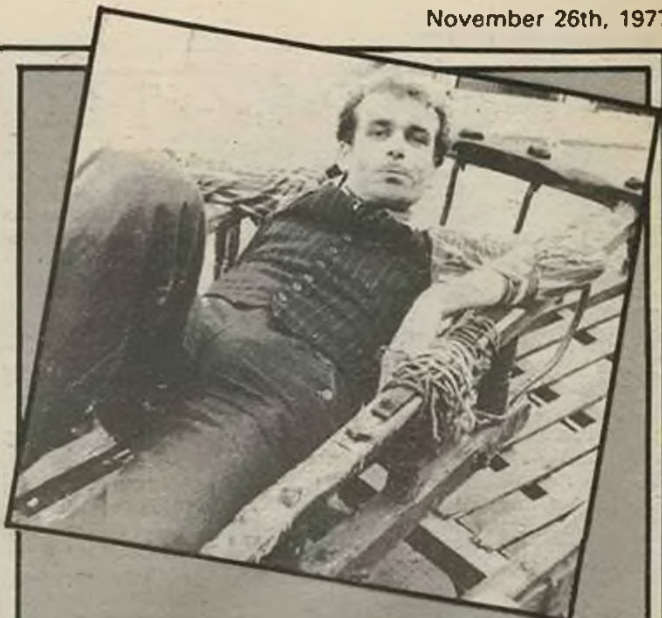
"I don't think I could sit down and write a song about a subject that didn't have any kind of humour in it, because I don't work like that. My songs are about trivial situations and things of no consequence, because that's what amuses me."

"Sometimes the themes in my songs are the usual themes people write about, which in themselves aren't particularly funny. But I find other people's approach to it — the humourless approach — very boring. Ours is the opposite of that."

Radio Stars are touring everywhere until Christmas, still wondering how to be photographed the way they sound.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



A ZEAL FOR XENOPHOBIA

GENUINELY FUNNY rock songwriters are thin on the ground. Birmingham's 27-year-old John Dowie, late of John Dowie's Big Girl's Blouse, is one of the few.

His first record release, the Virgin EP "Another Close Shave" — which has, of course, been stubbornly ignored by our wonderful radio network — features Dowie's hilarious send-up of the British Attitude To Foreigners in a song called "British Tourist", where Dowie tells the unsuspecting Dutch just where to stick their tulips.

In actual fact, Holland is one of the few places Dowie has performed outside the UK. Not expecting the song to be taken seriously, Dowie had no qualms about laying "British Tourist" on his Dutch audiences — and was nonplussed to be met with a stony silence.

Not wishing to offend, he changed the target of his ironic venom to the Belgians, but then found several Belgian nationalists in subsequent Dutch audiences. Complains a rueful Dowie: "There's not many people you can pick on any more. They've always got a representative everywhere."

Another cut from the EP eulogises Jim Callaghan. Dowie wrote the song after watching one of the Prime Minister's promo speeches. "I wouldn't mind if he looked like Superman or Charles Atlas," Dowie moans. "But he's just the standard Woolworths human being churned out for the masses. He looks like a greengrocer."

Other favourite topics for Dowie are deformities (he claims he wrote "I Want To Be Your Amputee" after watching a man with an amputated leg walk starkers through Birmingham's crowded Bullring area one Saturday afternoon) and premature ejaculation.

"People should realise," Dowie tells *Thrills*, "that premature ejaculation is as trivial as a pimple or dandruff, and that just because you've had a limb off it doesn't mean you're not normal."

With this ejaculation, John Dowie limped off into the distance.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

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...can play it up to four times a day, but no more.
It may be dangerous to exceed the stated dose.

Encore Out now on Virgin. Album VD 2506 Cassette TCVD 2506

TROWER TALK

Hmmm. This is a different Robin Trower. Bluntly, Trower has gone funky. Find that hard to swallow? I did. But after a while it slips down most enjoyably.

JIM EVANS
RECORD MIRROR

IN CITY DREAMS THE NEW ALBUM FROM ROBIN TROWER



'GOLDEN EARRINGS'

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Love on the Wire
The new album
and on tour with Graham Parker

Album 6350155 Cassette 7138094

NOVEMBER	26th/27th	LONDON, Rainbow
22nd	28th	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
25th	29th	BRIGHTON, Dome

Produced by Robert J. Lange

marketed by **phonogram** 





THE PROBLEMS OF BEING A DICTATOR IN GERMANY

WITH GERMANY BOLTING its shutters in fear of what's shaping up to be the Dr Strangelove of the '70s — the armed terrorist — it would seem to be the wrong time for hedraggled rock groups to go traipsing around that orderly country.

A couple of months ago The Vibrators were subjected to the attention of an edgy and anxious police force. Next victims were Peter Gabriel and his band, in Switzerland. Now it has happened to The Dictators.

Handsome Dick Manitoba's version of the story goes like this: "Dem Nazis came up to me and I said, 'You can't push Dick Manitoba around!' I smacked the cop, knocked the machine gun out of his hand and blew 'em all away..."

In fact what happened was a public spirited citizen telephoned the police after seeing The Dictators trying to buy their morning coffee with Dutch instead of German currency. About twenty minutes later the 'Tators' bus was surrounded by six police cars, two helicopters and some fifteen machine guns with faces at the other end barking commands in German.

Language problems prevented an immediate explanation of the Dicts' line of work, but, as Manitoba points out, "Even when they found out we weren't terrorists they wouldn't let us go. They started looking for drugs and so forth, so it wouldn't look like a total waste of a day's work. Anyway, they wound up with egg on their faces."

And the group wound up spending five hours with the police, catching colds through being made to stand in the freezing rain with just their shirts on, and missing that day's Berlin gig.

Which wasn't the end of their misfortunes in Germany...

Their projected Nuremberg gig happened to fall on the same day as Remembrance Day, a German public holiday during which only events of "cultural significance" are allowed to take place.

In what must have been a perverse joke on his part, the promoter took the "Go Girl Crazy" album down to the local authorities to try and prove that The Dictators were culturally significant. He argued his case by pointing to the track "Master Race Rock".

Needless to say, the gig didn't take place.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

The death of Elvis Presley has precipitated a crisis in the record pressing industry (they can't keep up with demand)... triggered off the biggest print run on any new book in literary history (for his bodyguards' memoirs)... drastically changed the face of live concert performance, with some Elvis imitators now able to draw larger crowds than many major rock stars... and has now given rise to a special, fascinating Thrills investigation into...

THE ELVIS INDUSTRY

THE KING MAY BE DEAD, but he'll live on forever in our memories. Business, big and small, will see to that.

The wheels of industry show no signs of slackening the pace at which they grind out Elvis Presley memorabilia.

Name your fetish, it's available. Tribute records, all manner of merchandise (mirrors, mugs, books, etc), statues, impersonators, stage shows... the lot. Not surprisingly, there's also rip-offs aplenty in amongst the oceans of cornucopia and the occasional worthwhile artefact.

Thrills has been holding its nose and monitoring the goings-on since Elvis kicked it at the end of August, and as our special tribute to the great Western icon — bread, dumplings — we thought we'd bring you a few edited highlights.

First off, the facts.

Estimates of Presley's total gross from his entertainments activities put his lifetime's earnings in excess of 4.3 billion dollars. Of this 50% has always gone to his manager, one-time carnival owner Colonel Tom Parker, who will retain control of all Presley's posthumous finances.

Soon after Presley's death RCA reluctantly divulged the figures on Elvis' sales whilst still alive.

During his 22-year RCA career Presley earned the company an estimated 150 million dollars. In total, he sold more than 600 million singles and albums worldwide, ten million of those since 1975.

Fifty-five of the singles were million sellers, with "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel" topping the 8,000,000 mark. Fastest selling was "It's Now Or Never", which did 1.4 million within three weeks of release.

Of the albums, 24 went gold, with "Blue Hawaii" topping out at 5,000,000.

As for Elvis' film career, while none too illustrious in content, the 33 movies still managed to gross more than 150 million dollars.

Since 1969 Elvis averaged 50 one-night stand live shows a year, earning an average nightly gross of \$100,000.

All these works will, of course, continue to earn mountains of cash. When it comes down to new ways of coining the Elvis legacy in the absence of Presley himself, however, a company called Factors Etc Inc. have got it all sewn up — officially.

Factors Etc Inc. recently concluded negotiations with Col Parker, Vernon Presley, the Elvis Presley Organisation, the Elvis Presley Estate and their merchandising vehicle, Boxcar Enterprises Inc. The result was Factors' acquisition of "the sole

and exclusive licence throughout the world to manufacture, distribute, advertise and sell all merchandise of whatever kind, size or nature utilizing the name, likeness, visual representations, etc of Elvis Presley."

Apart from RCA's rights to the records and tapes, in other words, Factors and its sub-licensees are the only people authorised to sell Presley product. The only condition of the contract is that they must not use photos of Elvis looking old and fat.

Factors muscle has already been successfully flexed. Just over a month ago the New York Federal Court upheld a suit brought by Factors against the Creative Card Company.

So Elvis joins a Factors roster which already includes Star Wars, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Rocky star Sylvester Stallone.

As for RCA themselves, they announced that earnings for the entire corporation — not just records — were up 88% in the third quarter of 1977, which included just six weeks' trading after Presley's death.

Quite a tribute to the king, huh?

Of the more conventional "tributes", the best-known here is probably Danny Mirror's "I Remember Elvis Presley", which took Sonet Records to the dizzy heights of No 3 in the UK singles chart.

While none of them have been that successful, tribute records seem more

STORM WARNING
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DEVASTATE BRITAIN!!

EYE OF THE STORM
NOVEMBER
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ROCK GARDEN Ldn/TUES 22nd THE
NASHVILLE Ldn/WED 23rd THE
GOLDEN LION Ldn/FRI 25th THE
MIDDLESEX POLY/SAT 26th H-F LONDON
POLY/MON 28th 100 CLUB Ldn/
TUES 29th BLUMPS CAMBRIDGE/
WED 30th MUSIC
MACHINE Ldn

DECEMBER
THURS 1st FULHAM
GREYHOUND Ldn/FRI 2nd
THE PENTHOUSE SCARBOROUGH
SAT 3rd THE CASINO WISAN
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HE LIVES!

ELVIS

THE DARK OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE WORLD

ELVIS WHAT HAPPENED?

STONE

ELVIS LIVES

ELVIS In His Own Words

ONE KING IS DEAD

commonplace in the States. Merle Haggard got closest to charting, with "From Graceland To The Promised Land" (MCA). Others included "Elvis Has Left The Building" by J. D. Sumner, who apparently sang bass on many Presley hits, "Hound Dog Man" by Lenny LeBlanc, and, sicker of the lot by several miles, "Welcome Home Elvis" by Billy Joe Burnett.

This tasteful waxing is narrated from the supposed viewpoint to Presley's still-born twin brother Jesse, greeting Elvis on his entry to Heaven.

Rivalling the tribute disc in the necrophilia stakes is the boom in Elvis impersonators. This market has apparently gone wild in the States.

One impressionist, Rick Saucedo, who has been aping the king for five years, says: "The audience reaction has easily tripled since Elvis died. People are crying and emotions are flying."

"I'll get rich if I don't get killed first!" I drew 13,000 people to Lesourdsville Lake in Cincinnati on September 2. It was the largest crowd in their history. We had seventeen

armed policemen with clubs and riot ropes trying to restrain the crowd."

Saucedo now earns five times as much as he did when Presley was alive — as does Bill Haney, an impersonator who works in and around Elvis' hometown of Memphis. He now has to hire guards to protect him as he leaves the stage nowadays. The audiences "are getting wilder".

Another guy called Johnny Harra, an uncanny lookalike, drew a 2,000 crowd in Dallas two weeks after Presley's death and caused a riot.

"Three people got hurt when I threw a stool out into the crowd," he recalled. "They just went crazy and came over the bleachers, screaming and hollering. It was scary."

And Harra's manager admitted: "Elvis' death is making Johnny a star."

Yet another Presley mimic, Alexander Longridge, has an album and single due out soon.

Probably the most ambitious gig so far by an impersonator took place over the weekend in Baltimore. A totally unknown character by the

name of Little El was booked into the local 12,700 capacity Civic Centre, which Presley sold out three months before his death, but which such highly successful rock stars as Ted Nugent don't manage to fill completely.

As yet, Thrills hasn't heard whether the 23-year-old cleaned up or bombed out.

More to the British taste — or so the impresarios hope — is an evening of nostalgia at the theatre, with yet impersonators labouring more discreetly under the guise of actors.

Two shows are due to hit the West End. Jack Good opens his dialogue-less Elvis revue at the Charing Cross Road Astoria on Monday. It stars three separate actors as Elvis — PJ Proby as the elder, Shakin' Stevens the middler, and the unknown 16-year-old Tim Whitnall as the young Presley.

The other show, also simply titled Elvis, opened up in Cork last month with 26 dancers and 17 musicians — and two Elvises, played by Donal McCann and Cahir O'Docherty.

Described as a play with music, it's expected to move to London at an as yet unknown future date.

Elvis played by two Irishmen? It's not as far-fetched as it sounds. A posthumous survey of Presley's background has discovered that his family emigrated from Ireland in the 18th Century. So there.

Meanwhile, the posthumous surveys of Presley's body are also all complete. Although ten drugs were found in Presley's bloodstream — an antihistamine, codeine, demerol and several tranquilizers, including Valium — it turns out that they did not contribute to his death.

Shelby County medical examiner Dr Jerry Francisco, who directed Presley's autopsy, stated that Presley "would have died when he did with or without prescribed drugs present in his body."

The cause of death was "hypertensive heart disease with coronary artery heart disease as a contributing factor."

Continued over page

FOOTBALL AIN'T THE ONLY FING PLAYED WITH BALLS

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ELVIS rocks on

● From previous page

As for Presley's personal physician, Dr George C. Nichopoulos, he is now under a 24-hour police protection following an attempt on his life at a football game.

The attack came after Nichopoulos released a story to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* newspaper, in which he said Elvis was "moody, taking certain drugs and also acting violent at times." He also claimed Presley took a rifle and shot out all the TV screens in his palatial Graceland estate.

Sounds quite sensible to us... Presley's father has severed all connections with Dr Nichopoulos.

Almost the first scam to break after the death, of course, was the body heist. This, it now transpires, was a hoax. Ronnie Lee Adkins, the man who informed on Presley's three would-be body-snatchers (who were supposedly going to hold the body for £1,000,000 ransom) has himself been arrested for fraud whilst impersonating a police officer at a local Memphis hospital.

Consequently, the body-snatch prosecution have dropped all charges against the arrested men.

Despite this, Presley's body has still been moved from its marble mausoleum in Forest Hills cemetery to a new resting place in Graceland — as has that of his mother, which had already been shifted once to lie alongside Elvis in the original tomb.

On the subject of mausoleums and stuff — another fave rage is statues. Already two have been erected in Nashville and Miami — whilst another, which the Memphis Development Foundation intended to stick up in Memphis, has led to yet more squalid legal problems.

The Memphis Foundation, see, is a charity — and they reckon that Factors Etc Inc., the people who own the copyright on Presley's image, have been illegally hindering them in

their efforts to get this Presley statue together. They've filed suit for 8.4 million dollars against Factors (yes, you did read that figure correctly).

More legal disputes: a Houston ticket company called Quick Tick International is suing another firm, MK Enterprises, for forgery. Quick Tick printed authentic tickets for an August 27 concert in Memphis, and they claim that MK copied their ticket style and sold souvenirs tickets for two dollars each.

Naturally, it's a red-hot market for rip-offs, and Presley's early records are starting to hit the shops at ridiculous prices.

The Elvis specialist Beacon Hill Music Shoppe in Boston has already tried to defuse the explosion by announcing that only Presley's first five Sun records are of any real high value. Before his death "That's All Right Mama" was already selling at over 500 dollars.

Barry Appleton of Rock On Records in Camden Town has now compiled a comprehensive Presley price-guide for this country, and tells us he is in the process of contacting other reputable dealers in an attempt to stabilise prices.

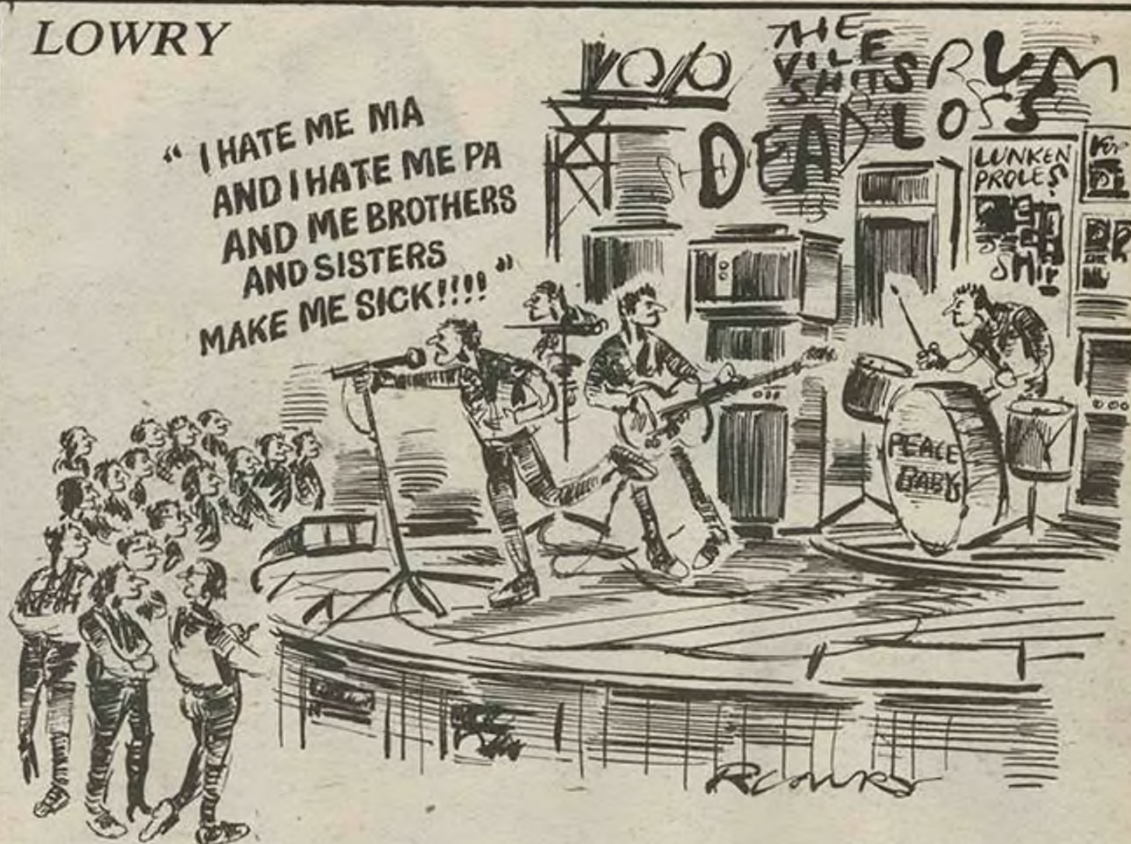
"If we wanted," Barry says, "we could ask anything we wanted and get away with it, because with the volume at which Presley's old records are selling, it seems that almost everyone is an Elvis fan."

"Things that were rare before his death are still rare, but we haven't put the price up — not like one bloke I know of who doubled the price of all his imported records the morning after Presley's death."

Appleton stresses that only mint condition records are valuable — and anyway, "at the most, mint copies of the HMV 'Sun' cuts are only worth around a fiver."

"Come Christmas, those rip-off artists currently flogging Presley gear

LOWRY



"That's what I like to see — all-round entertainment with something for every member of the family."

at extortionate prices will be selling *Star Wars* tickets on the black market."

A seller's market indeed — and we haven't even touched upon the welter of books flooding the market, many of which have been taken out of the remainder rack and reprinted.

Most ironic tale there is the one about the best-known Presley 'biography', *Elvis: What Happened?* — the junk expose written by three former Presley bodyguards: Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler. They sold their scuzzy reminiscences

to Sun magnate Rupert Murdoch before Presley's demise for a flat 50,000 dollars.

They must have had the smiles wiped off their faces when Elvis went and died, and Murdoch ordered up the largest print run on any book in publishing history — three million copies of the book, already having been ordered by the K-Mart Corporation, which owns 1,300 discount chain stores across the USA.

Three million also happens to be the number which American housewife Pat Mumford has in her

mind. She aims to collect that total of signatures on a petition to present to the White House, at the end of the two-year campaign she has just launched... to have Elvis Presley's birthday made a national holiday! The date to remember is January 8. As if they'd let you forget.

DICK TRACY
PHIL McNEILL
ROY CARR

THE END

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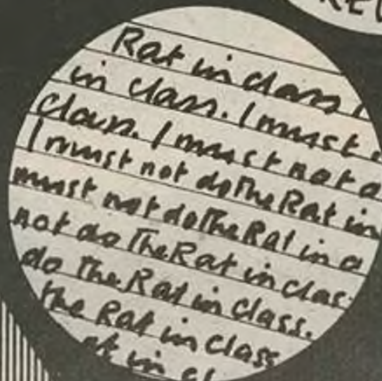
on tour

NOVEMBER 1977

24th/ Mantiqui-Falkirk
25th/ Clouds-Edinburgh
26th/ Good Mood Club-Halifax
27th/ Maxine-Barrow
28th/ Town Hall-Middlesbrough
29th/ Fusion-Aberdeen
30th/ The Circus-Romtrees
Corn Exchange, Manchester

The BOOMTOWN RATS MATCHING TIE & TOUR GUIDE.

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11TH: LEEDS UNIVERSITY
12TH: STOKE, HANLEY, VICTORIA HALL
13TH: NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL
14TH: BIRMINGHAM, TOP RANK

17TH: LONDON, RAINBOW THEATRE
23RD: DUBLIN, NATIONAL STADIUM
26TH: BELFAST — 30TH: CORK
31ST: LEISURELAND, GALWAY
1ST JAN: ST JOHN'S PAVILION LIMERICK



ALBUM: "THE BOOMTOWN RATS" ENVY 1

SINGLE: "MARY OF THE 4TH FORM" ENVY 9



LISTEN TO 'INNOCENT VICTIM' THE NEW ALBUM FROM URIAH HEEP... IT'S A MONSTER!

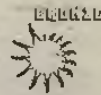


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 Tues 22nd Nov GLASGOW Apollo
 Wed 23rd Nov LIVERPOOL Empire
 Thurs 24th Nov BIRMINGHAM Odeon
 Fri 25th Nov SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
 Mon 28th Nov MANCHESTER Palace
 Tues 29th Nov PRESTON Guild Hall
 Wed 30th Nov NEWCASTLE City Hall
 Thurs 1st Dec LEICESTER De Montford Hall
 Fri 2nd Dec HAMMERSMITH Odeon
 Sat 3rd Dec IPSWICH Gaumont
 Mon 5th Dec BRIGHTON Dome
 Tues 6th Dec BRISTOL Hippodrome



'INNOCENT VICTIM': URIAH HEEP

BRON 504
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UFO spottin' in the age of punk

AS WE reach the summit of the hill Steve Hillage squats down on the verge of a wide, straight tractor path and gazes around the Wiltshire countryside where he now makes his home. Certainly, the guitarist figures, the tractor path is a ley-line. Wiltshire, he points out, is riddled with mystical associations. "But" he smiles enigmatically, "so is everywhere."

Thousands of feet above us an RAF jet fighter cracks the silence and the cloud-spotted blue sky. "Chasing UFOs, I expect" mutters Hillage matter-of-factly. He stands up and, with his sheepdog Dagabert just avoiding being sliced in two by a passing piece of agricultural machinery, begins to amble on down the path/ley line to the 17th century cottage he shares with Miquette Giraudy, his lady/synthesizer player, in the village of Great Bedwyn.

Walking pleases Hillage. "Eventually," he smiles, "men will be able to travel by thought. But even then they'll chose to walk on many occasions, simply because it's so pleasant."

Okay, okay, okay. Pseudo Corner stuff, you say? Well, perhaps we should nail our colours to the mast right now. This piece will contain occasional references to esoteric occult matter, and though ironic asides may now and then be made it will generally be treated with all due sincerity. The author, you see, has already made his decision, long ago suspending his disbelief, and, though perhaps not such an adept, is as fascinated by all this cosmic buffoonery as Steve Hillage.

The former Gong guitarist's view is that you may snigger *now* but necessity will shortly ensure that you change your tune.

"I think," says Hillage, "that we're living in a time when man's technological progress has suddenly come across a great barrier. This is why there is a growing interest in safeguarding our future by more inner-directed means."

Each of Hillage's three solo albums, "Fish Rising", "I.", and, now, "Motivation Radio" contain considerable reference to arcane knowledge. And to attempt to remain in contact with the spirits who are truly in command of our existence he endeavours to infiltrate his own existence with a "meditative discipline."

He does not feel he's being presumptuous in pushing his own discipline on to his audience.

"I think" — he leaps across a broad mud patch with one stride — "everyone does that but most people aren't aware of it. Every popular song lays down a particular myth. 'I went out with my baby on Saturday night' — that's still a myth, still a set of symbols."

"I realised that all popular music lays down a set of symbols and then thought of using it to put over spiritually motivated mythological symbols. I open myself and try and get the thing to pass through me. Which is what Gong did too."

"As I mention on 'Motivation Radio', to find the really big spiritually motivating force you have to rise up and direct it down yourself. If you just sit around and wait for it to come it won't happen. That's why most people don't believe in God: they don't make themselves rise up to a point where they can perceive what

Can'tcha feel it? Pic: DAVID HILL

is meant by this concept."

The former Kent University philosophy student, breaks off to point at several shafts of sunlight scything through a cloud. "That's rather nice," he smiles.

AFTER HAVING put out "Fish Rising" during the last months of his four years with Gong, Steve Hillage recorded "I." — his first release as a solo artist proper. — in Woodstock with Todd Rundgren as producer. He feels that although they share common head space Rundgren's "spiritually motivated rock" is "a little brash".

However, he does think that their studio mating was largely successful,

though he regrets Rundgren's inability to spend longer on "I." due to his Utopia commitments.

To record "Motivation Radio" Hillage and Miquette travelled to Los Angeles — "It's interesting to go to different parts of the world to make records. I might go to EMI, New Delhi, for the next one."

LA was chosen for three specific reasons:

"One: I wanted to experience life on the West Coast and the best way to do this was to go and work there."

"Two: I wanted to meet producer Malcolm Cecil, of Tonto's Expanding Headband fame, and work with him. We worked in the Record Plant and at Westlake which are the forerunners in all studio development. So I've now learnt all the necessities to become a producer in my own right and will

STEVE 'I was never a hippy' HILLAGE still picks up those cosmic vibes, follows ley-lines, deals in spiritually motivated mythological symbols. So how does it feel when gobbing is the new thing? CHRIS SALEWICZ checks out the state of play.

probably produce my own albums in the future."

(At present, in fact, he's putting his experience to good use, producing an album of flute playing in the Great Pyramid by former Hawkwind reedsmen Nik Turner. The music will be complemented by lyrics from the Egyptian Book Of The Dead.)

"Three: I wanted to work with young West Coast musicians."

The two West Coast musicians most prominently featured on "Motivation Radio" — drummer Jo Blocker and bassist Reggie McBride, both, incidentally, black — are currently working on the road with Hillage in the four-piece he now has for stage performances. The band, he says, is like two groups in one — "Me and Miquette producing spacey sounds. Me and the bassist/drummer playing rhythm together."

Los Angeles, Hillage remarks as we walk through the gate to his cottage, he found "potentially amazing but with an awful lot of bullshit. This was especially apparent as I was making a record which is about motivation which is, I think, a very important concept. The music you play inevitably reflects the motivation behind it."

Presumably he is implying that if a record is made just to make money then this will come over in the music.

He nods as Dagabert cocks a leg against a tree: "One of the problems of America is motivation. There are two basic streams in US culture: some people who went there were extremely creative and found Europe constricting, and others just wanted an easy time where they could kill a few Indians and escape themselves."

"On the West Coast these two motivations clash because they have"

■ *Continues over page.*

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Hillage

■ From previous page.

nowhere further to go. They arrived at this beach and built this great city full of loonies."

Though he is appalled by some grossly negative aspects of LA life, such as the dominance of the cocaine culture ("The LA coke culture freezes people's lives like it does your gums") and the fact that both he and Miquette became ill from breathing so much carbon monoxide, Hillage remains convinced that the city possesses much positivism if only it can be harnessed.

"Somewhere buried amidst all that insanity is an incredible energy centre. I think it's connected to the earthquake situation. LA has a very subtle relationship with the body of the earth."

However, not many natives of the city appear to understand how to utilise that energy, I point out.

Hillage nods. "I know. In England there's an unbroken tradition that goes back as far as the Druids. When Christianity first arrived in England it wasn't just a bloody invasion by missionaries."

"In America they wiped out

the Indians and thereby wiped out a lot of those ancient psychic associations with the land. I think one of the problems of America right now is that there are a lot of people who're out of touch with the soul of the land."

"But," he qualifies, "although there are a lot of things about American culture I don't like there's a lot of American people I do like."

AS TO the state of his former group, Steve Hillage does not seem too infatuated with the current Gong output: "It's mostly Pierre Moerlen's music now. As far as I'm concerned the Gong was that particular combination of people that made the records up to 'You'."

Perhaps Gong must now be viewed as a creature of our pasts. Certainly in the light of Virgin Records' current biggest selling act, Gong — and perhaps Hillage himself — appear somewhat anachronistic.

Placidly sipping a cup of Lapsang Souchong tea which Miquette has brewed Hillage sits in his oak-beamed kitchen and vehemently condemns the convenience of social groups as places in which to place supposed types of people. He was never, he insists, a hippy.

"I grew my hair long because I think I look nicer with long hair. When I cut my hair my head gets all lumpy. It loses a certain grace that it has when it's long."

Also, he says the rumours that he'd threatened to quit Virgin if they ever signed any punks were totally incorrect. Though he finds certain aspects of punkdom, like violence ("A lot of that is to do with certain drugs like speed which are not exactly great healing forces") thoroughly negative, the committed social changer within him is heartened by the movement.

Besides he wasn't caught too off-guard by its arrival: I recall him pontificating in 1975 on the imminent changes that all occult sources predicted we would see in the next couple of years.

"There was a time last year," he admits, "when I reacted a bit against it. At that time the whole thing seemed as nasty as Charles Manson. A bit of a drag to say the least."

"But I've changed my attitude. I still don't like the nihilism and violence. I just think violence is valueless. I suppose if you're pissed off and someone sings to you about being pissed off you feel they're expressing your feeling for you, but ideally pissed

off-ness is not a good thing to express. It just makes an endless circle in which you become more and more pissed off."

"If you want to stop being pissed off about things you just have to stop."

"Becoming negative or nihilistic is like falling at the first post in a particular set of obstacles that have to be overcome. Which is a very different story to generally reacting against something that wasn't quite right."

"Yet at the same time there definitely is a New Wave: in several spiritual teachings you can read of how a new energy arrived in the world at the beginning of 1975. New harmonics were set up. Punk is rock music that's grown out of this new energy, so it seems very alienated from what went before."

"But I'd say my music was New Wave. It's very much part of the later 70s. One of the themes of 'Motivation Radio' is a discussion of how to deal with them without becoming pissed off."

Even so, it seems virtually certain that Steve Hillage is viewed as a Boring Old Fart.

"Well," he smiles bleakly, emptying the pot of tea into his cup, "making judgements is always a dangerous thing."



REVIEWED By TONY PARSONS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: WHO-WHO-WHO

SLAPPED JOHN? IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS: Sweet Gene Vincent (Stiff). His first Stiff single and ex-Power Play of this Imperial Good Companion typewriter, "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll" was no one-shot wonder and this ash-tray eyed ode to the tortured avatar lifted from his "New Boots And Panties" album is destined for airplay at both The Black Raven and Vortex, an inevitable hit single that will end the stupid Teddy/Punky-boy friction and give hours of pleasure to anyone who doesn't have blotched and larded skin, particles of food in their teeth.

Spliced in two paradoxical sections, the first an evocative tribute to Sweet Gene over period-charm echo chamber vocal and poignant musical understatement by The Blockheads that exudes deep-felt empathy (albeit with a South Street 'Romford' vernacular) that never — *not ever* — crosses over into realms icky-schmaltz. The blocko rocker celebration segment is where the folk-hero plus Blockheads pay homage by taking no prisoners and the hoodlums bite their rancid nails. Shall I mourn your decline with some Thunderbird whine and a black handkerchief? Nah. "Who-who-who's slapped John?/White face!/Black shirt!/White socks!/Black shoes!/Black hair!/White Strai!/Dead white!/Dyed black!" It's a raucous wake for rotting rockers, completely wipes the floor with the rest of the opposition this week. Somewhere Eddie Cochran is sneering with delight. Bury me in my shades.



THE MOTORS: Be What You Gotta Be (Virgin). Pumping-iron fun-packaged mop-top HM beat group use brash, major-chords that overwhelm in the boredom stakes and are not helped in the search for a TOTP slot by the hoarse, strangled mucho macho vocal. If it was a disco

record they'd be telling ya to git down to the morning light, party-party thru the night, but as these guys are old white honkies their schtick is to make you wanna bawl and shout, let everybody know what it is all about. The Motors should do very well.

SAILOR: Romance (Epic). Those whacky matelots give the elbow to their brief flirtation with ubiquitous Discomat fodder with their latest nickeloden nonsense offering of chronic insipid *non-quayside* (Yah! Boo! Sucks!) contrived corn designed to capture the housekeeping purse-strings of the nation and splice the main-brace of swinging chart sounds after exposure through Diddy David's airwaves. Barnacles to you, sailor.

BOZ SCAGGS: Hollywood (CBS). White man sing with middle-aged Hip Easy Listening tongue dung done *avec* crass soul (less) singalong bouncy soundtrack that went out with The Four Tops ingratiating toothy beams eons ago. Or so I had ASSUMED! apparently *NOT!* Get yer shit together, Boz. At least clear up the mess on the reviewing room floor. We ain't in The Tower now.

CAROLE KING: Labyrinth (Capitol). "We are lost in a labyrinth!" the Mrs. Mills of Laurel Canyon whines in self-pity over quasi-Richman syrupy-cute-cute chopsticks Joanna and vacuous sentiments about peace, love and energy free your mind, presumably a token Pro-Plus reference tagged into the atrophying hippie adage as a concession to the punky-waver apocalypse. Sounds like the MOR folk-muzak that any number of West Coast professional starcrossed lovers churn out with interminable blandarama regularity. The title refers to the complex cavity of the internal ear and the record makes you sorry you scrubbed the wax out.

MANIACS: Chelsea 77 (UA). With a title like "Chelsea 77" a classic rock-45 song could have been written about how a prospective Tory MP called Jonathan Guinness living in the rich-bitch zone played host to an ex-SS officer. But; hey, baybee, rock 'n' roll! This is mere sheer sheet Heavy Metal drone albeit played at the speed of sound so I guess The Maniacs don't wear flairs. Producer Dave Goodman has been responsible for some stunning vinyl in the past with the Pistols and Eater and shouldn't waste his time with raw material as mediocre as this.

JOAN BAEZ: Time Rag (CBS). "Ripping along towards middle-age and my musical

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SINGLES



Ian Dury and the Blue Gene Bop

career kinda missed a page. Record sales began to drop and my management began to hop. "Not to worry!" they said. "You'll see! What you need is some new pub-lice-it-ee! Give us a nod and we'll all leap! Put you back on top of the heap!" I said, "FINE! GIVE ME A WHACK!" Pathetic ageing desperation with pitiful-mock-Zim spoken verses and depressingly predictable folksy songbird soaring, all about growing old in an industry that needs young blood like Snouls hacks need Valderma. Wrinkle-rock.

THE CRUSADERS: Put It Where You Want It/Stomp And Buck Dance/Keep That Same Old Feeling/Chain Reaction. Twelve-inch gross, mellow jazz dross, don't bother to hear it, dead mute they're no loss.



PATTI LABELLE: Dan Swit Me (Epic). Reviewing the efforts of all these old dears reminds me of Christmas when my Aunties pick me up and tell me how big I'm getting (I'm

only 38). Most gourd-churning unpleasant, it is. Patti Labelle here insults her gender, her race and my intelligence. "Dan Swit Me" is eye-rolling, melon-chomping self-hatred exploitation that translates into "Dance With Me", an uninspired funk flurry aimed touching wood and clutching rabbit's foot at the pose-and-pulling venues of UK discotheques. They're playing out song? Nah, *Dan Swit Me*. *Dan Swit Me*, ad infinitum.

NEW HEARTS: Just Another Teenage Anthem (CBS). Ahhh, Boring Young Farts, just as dire. New Wave? This sounds like The Rubettes striving to sound like The Jam, aims for punk and comes out pap, pretends it's teenage whereas it's just crap.

ISAAC HAYES: Theme From Shaft (Stax). Stax re-release a batch of classics and others this week and thereby earn the honour of having the Parsonic seal of Vinyl Factory of the week. They're so sheer, they're so chic. (Can I have it in used luncheon vouchers plus a ticket to L.A., sir?) The Hayes theme-tune will (wah-wah) already be very (tra-la-la-la) familiar to you unless (who's a sex machine to all the chicks?) you're (John Shaft!) a one-day old pit pony (shut yaw mouth) who's allergic to celluloid (but we can dig it) The Voices, sometimes I wonder if they're

real... you don't look so black. Isaac... (you don't look so white, slit-eye). The one damp squib in the week's Stax Explosion.

JOHNNIE TAYLOR: Take Care Of Your Homework (Stax). It's almost a decade since 1968 when Johnnie Taylor released this vastly underrated Sam and Dave derivative of timeless soul perfection of Otis Redding quality (whose worn vinyl I've revisiting lately as the geezer's been dead for ten years next month). Pure magic. A miss.

RUFUS THOMAS: The Breakdown (Stax). Joe Tex without the humour demonstrates latest model of Funky Turkey with the saving grace of staccato horn-blasts over the atmospheric nostalgia of true Mecca dance culture with irresistible bass-line and chopped snare. Rufus orders you to dance like a degenerate Moses. You take her in your arms and the light reflects on the metal clips of the braces holding up her white Levi Stay-Press as the Rude Boys set fire to the plastic palm trees. Nice here, innit?



BILLIE FREDERICKS: Love With You (Polydor). From the movie *Black Joy*. Jack Jones impersonation for someone who wants to sing "I've Gotta Be Me" off Idiot Cards in plush dicky-bow establishments. Sometimes I think they're so much more alive than we are, man.

STAPLE SINGERS: I'll Take You There (Stax). Life-affirming righteous family entertainment, tasteful though trite. Gospel meets superior disco... but they sound like they mean it so you can pogo to it without too much trouble.

WILLIAM BELL AND JUDY CLAY: Private Number (Stax). Genuinely moving scenario in the call-and-response mode that Bowie plundered for the sanitised, blanched soul of "Young Americans", with stifled sobs as the duo make Marvin and Tammi look like Cheech and Chong. Tangled love lines and vinyl to treasure forever. Probable buyers: enigmatic receptionists.



PUBLIC ZONE: Naive (Logo). Woman-hating would-be punks who still play their Roxy Music albums. "So naive! Your offer's always on your sleeve! Too easy to deceive! So naive!" They should have just released the sleeve, which is a striking red and black for those of you without colour sets.

WIRE: Mannequin (Harvest). Magnificent "Sweet Jane" riff repetition, ludicrous surfing back-up vocals, heavy petting in the middle of a fire fight from veterans of the Roxy era overcoming the age barrier with a shambling punkathised pop-consciousness and one for suitable vinyl fodder for a K-Tel Presents Punky Waver Explosion. Aimed at the position which will soon be held by The Rich Kids.

BILL WITHERS: Lovely Day (CBS). Just one look at you, he knows it's gonna be a lovely day. And the world's alright with him, he knows it's gonna be a lovely day. Gentle soul-jog with "Dah-dah-dee" Beach Boys harmonies over soothing strings and ribbon section, content platonic eternity fraternity pin wallpaper music suitable for the re-runs of Lassie and Crutch.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES: The Fever (Epic). He-Slut equivalent to Rula Lenska's single in which she drooled, dribbled and drawled. "Eez zaaat er gun een yawer pock-ee! or are yew jest glad tew see meee???" White dopes on bromide, darlink. "Ain't nuttin' else a paw boy-er kin dew!" Stop looking at Bruce like that, Southside, old chap. Sultry, burning, steaming, throbber, pyjama-sticking soul-shoes saxophone orchestration on Springsteen's song for swinging male strippers suffers from machismo overkill, John, me son. The Slight Thin Juke should release the highly evocative "Love On The Wrong Side Of Town" as a single if he wants to persuade nit-picking pop-punters to peruse his albums.

POCO: Rose Of Cimarron/Keep On Trying/Indian Summer/Staring At The Sky (Anchor). Hot dang, I aim a stream of gob at the review-room portable gramophone; obviously "Keep On Trying" is one of the most moving love songs of all time and totally transcends the spliff-taking C & W C & A that pollutes the remaining 75 per cent of this otherwise yawn-inducing 12-incher. But that one cut is worthy of Neil Young. Yea, I dig him, man/punk. Just to keep the population down. But I need ya now, and that's why I'm hanging around. (Written by Edinburgh bard Ronnie Gurr and the best fanzine in the world.)



Status Singles

STORMTROOPER: I'm A Mess (Solent). Grating pathological shyness about as musical as the sound of a commuter getting shoved under a tube train during the rush hour.

PVC: Deranged, Demented And Free/Pain/Put You In The Picture (Zoom). Do anything you wanna do, don't believe your elders, your teachers don't understand and your Auntie tells you fibs. Furiously commercially viable punk-solipists punish their frets relentlessly and slash out declaration of intent. The punks are revolting.

THE WARSAW PACT: Safe And Warm (Warsaw Pact). Plodding geriatric hippies struggle through quasi-Motorhead rock-schlock for middle-aged old maids who would like to relate to the kids in the street, dig? Destroy and recycle.

THE REAL KIDS: Common At Noon (Sponge). Anguished HM pop-pap from Boston bozos featured with a brace of disposable trash on "Live At The Rat", yet another double-album that would have made a superb EP. Johnathan Richman loves them.

THE DRONES: I Just Wanna Be Myself (Valer). My Auntie tells me lies but I don't drone on and one and on about it, do I?

RIKKI AND THE NUMBERS: The Heartbreak Kid (Rainbow). Finely honed headbanging sneer with highly sanitised "catchy" attempted chart-action "chorus" for a honey-menthol clear throated tune to appease all listeners who may have been offended by the "Wally" overtones of

the stoat... office girl



The Wasps.



the verses' watered down Led Zep cosmic ace posturing. Only for pop-kids who are still thieving their Mum's downers.

THE OUTSIDERS: One To Infinity (Raw Edge). Tuneless, gormless, gutless. An Anglo middle-class version of Blue Oyster Cult's rivet-punching guitar solos and portentous dark visions. The Outsiders are obese midgits who wear bicycle clips on their flairs because they think it looks punky. I like them a lot. It takes real punks to make a record like this.

THE STOAT: Office Girl (City). Undistinguished wet-dream fantasy amidst muddy guitar twanging as a pin-stripe stud lures shorthand typist nubile behind the filing cabinet for a clandestine keen trembler. Probable buyers: young executives who can't.

TALKING HEADS: Uh-Oh, Love Comes To Town (Sire). Fey Funk for passive intellectuals with added ingredients of hesitant steel band backing David Byrne's contrived flitty yelp. Their unfulfilled promise disappoints while hardly causing long winter nights of insomnia.

THE PANIK: Modern Politics (Rainy City Records). Excellent picture-sleeve reprinted courtesy of *Life* magazine 1964 depicting a gaggle of Peppermint Lounge embryo Debbie Blondies looking for the night. The record itself is provincial nihilism oozing with the self-directed loathing of unlistenable contemporary crassness.

HEADACHE: Can't Stand Still (Lout Records). Hot Rods R&B meets Velvets' zomboid repetition. Pass the Panadol.

KRYPTON TUNES: Behind Your Smile (Black And Red). Welsh fluoride punk-schlock that sounds like it was recorded in an old baked beans can. One of them sports a dead caterpillar on his upper lip. Devolution is looking better all the time.

THE WASPS: Teenage Treats (4 Play). Refreshing dynamic pyrotechnics.

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Why aren't these people holding guitars?

THUMP THOMSON makes no bones about it. He wants to be a pop star. Not for the adulation or the media coverage. And sod politics, definitely. Not even for the money, though he's averagely keen to pick up a bob or two along the way.

Nah, Thump's in it for the laughs. Just as well he plays bass for The Darts, really.

One ambition has already fallen by the wayside. He's appeared on *Top Of The Pops* — twice! The first time he was well chuffed at seeing one of Legs and Co ("The blonde frizzy-haired one") in the nude, the second time amused that one of Tom Robinson's Band bent over backwards, as it were, to assert his heterosexuality. "Cor, did you see Legs and Co?" he kept saying. "Alright, mate, I said 'We get the picture'."

Thump's serious about his music, mind. They all are. All nine of them. It's just that if he can't enjoy himself, then he'd rather jack it in. No chance of that. For the first time in his 10-year career, Thump's in a band which is taking off. And there are enough low-brow laughs flying around Darts to keep even Elvis "Smiler" Costello in fits.

SINCE THEIR formation in August '76 Darts, with ever-increasing momentum, have built up a devoted following on the pub/club/college circuit and are even now in the midst of a massive junket which is taking them the length and breadth of Blighty.

Everyone likes Darts live. Their hard-nosed doo wop/R&B is a Guaranteed Good Time and that, as our Asst Ed is always at pains to point out, is "what it's all about, innit?"

The Dury-esque Spencer was one of many who mourned the passing of Rocky Sharpe and The Razors. Darts don't.

Vocalists *par excellence* Griff Fender, Rita Ray and Den Hegarty (Rocky himself) and saxophonist Horatio Hornblower formed Darts from the ashes of Rocky Sharpe, adding singer Bob Fish, pianist Hammy Howell and the axis of the defunct John Dummer Band (guitarist George Currie, Thump and drummer Dummer) to the formidable cast list.

"Rocky Sharpe was popular," says Horatio. "But pretty shabby. The only reason we were popular was because of London Teds, who don't know any better. Darts have got direction."

DURING THE only break in their current tour, Darts went to Saarbrücken, West Germany to record a set for European TV. I went with them, in their 15-seater mini-bus, driven in turn by Thump and Bob Fish.

On the Dover-Calais ferry, Thump gives me an inkling of what I've let myself in for. He's describing the Darts Committee, membership of which is limited to those who perform "particularly vile acts above and beyond the call of duty".

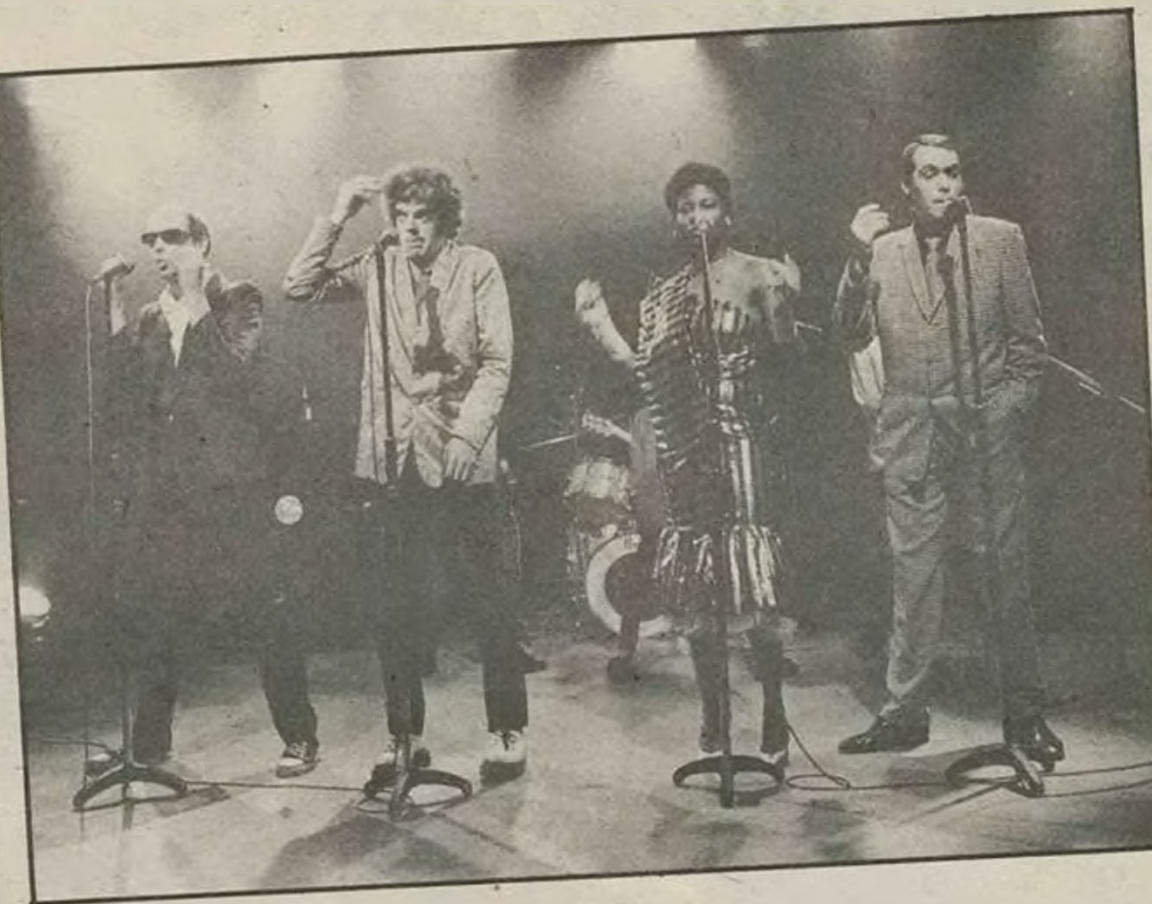
Like all road bands, the (male) Darts indulge in, er, eccentric activities to relieve the wearisome tedium of constant travelling. Membership stands at five, for the moment.

"Grandad (the band's nickname for Dummer) is in for rolling about in the sewerage on Stockport beach," says Thump, warming to the task. "He was covered in black mud and poops. McGoogy (roadie Dave McCann) for filling seven duty free plastic bags full of sick," adding proudly, "And me for dipping a chocolate biscuit into one and eating it. Hammy's in for shagging a girl who looked like Miss Piggy — and that's a generous analogy — and Horatio is a member for —"

He pauses, then concludes ominously, "Well, just for being Horatio, you'll see."

It transpires that Horatio, the 20-year-old baby of the group whose ambition is to be "the most hated man in the world", assumes the personality of one Arthur Higginbottom whenever he's pissed. Which happens often and very quickly.

By the end of the trip, he looks at death's door, having fallen prey to a flu bug. Thump puts it down to



Cos they sing the chewns and they got a whole bunch of people behind 'em who play the music.

They also got three crates of special brew behind the piano, seeing as how this is the NME DARTS DARTS featurette by MONTY SMITH MINTY SMOFF ...

general alcoholic excess and points knowingly: "Shot his bolt, didn't he?"

After a bright start (Den, Bob, Griff and Rita earn free beers in quaint Frog bar outside St Orme by putting on an impromptu acappella performance while the rest of us pay for the privilege of quaffing mugs of froth), nothing much worse happens during our Saarbrücken stay than the police being called to the hotel ten times in one night, the band running up a damages bill of some £200 and being evicted on the morning of the TV taping.

Dummer had started the trouble, ripping paintings and light fittings off the corridor walls. The pictures were awful, Tesco's gipsy dayglo prints positively artistic in comparison.

"They'd been getting on my nerves all day," was all he would say about it. The police — big, burly, armed to the teeth — thought it was a bit of a laugh. After all, one hysterical hotel manager and a bunch of British drunks are child's play compared to the Baader-Meinhof mob.

DARTS' MANAGER, an engaging wide-boy called Bob England ("No, no, your name, not where you are from," said the hotel receptionist), doesn't mind the aggro — he secretly enjoys it, to the point of being a sly investigator — so long as the band don't screw up the TV show.

Smokey Robinson and Roger Whittaker are also taping at the studio, for the same programme. "Christ!" says Horatio. "They'll make us sound like The Clash."

Darts' record company have sent their international lady, Sarah Jones, to supervise the session. She's been telling the Germans that Darts are a "sick, punk Manhattan Transfer". Thump looks skywards in amazement.

"I'll tell you what we are," he says, with mock authority. "A new wave New Seekers, teaching the world to be sick."

When Griff and Rita tape an interview for German radio, the poor bugger talking to them obviously knows nothing about Darts and even less about R&B. Hurriedly primed by Ms Jones, he asks, "Manhattan Transfer is an idol for you?"

Rita patiently explains that MT are swing ('40s), Darts doo wop ('50s).

"But you don't make black music," he rejoins in a surprised tone.

"This is black music," says Rita, exasperatedly. "Because of the situation in the States in the '50s, people didn't play this music."

But it isn't soul music, states the confused Kraut.

Griff's had enough. "Do you understand the term rhythm and blues?" he asks, condescendingly.

"Well, we do R&B, which is a forerunner of soul music. Is that clear enough for you?"

The interviewer, completely lost, changes tack and, hoping for safe ground, asks if Darts are interested in doing "punk and political songs".

"No, that's rubbish!" spits Griff. "Absolute muck. We do it for fun, not for ulterior motives."

OK, that is gut, ja?

The TV people — having heard about the hotel eviction and seen Den throw a characteristic tantrum in the studio reception area — are genuinely taken aback by Darts' professionalism, and all-out attack during the taping of "Daddy Cool", "Come Back My Love" and "Too Hot In The Kitchen".

Rita, resplendent in her glittering striped dress, is the cameraman's focal point as they attempt to sort out the assortment of jumble-sale spivs surrounding her. Den's anarchic stage antics keep the Germans amused and even though the lighting and sound men keep cocking up, the band are just about perfect every take.

After an especially vicious rendition of "Daddy Cool", Bob Fish shouts "That woke you up, didn't it?" to no one in particular.

I'VE SEEN Darts dozens of times, but watching them at close quarters in a TV studio really brought home their dynamic visual qualities. They perform to the manner born. But like many of their admirers, I'd been worried about how successful they'd be in transferring this considerable stage presence to vinyl.

Back at the hotel (another one) I spoke to some of the band about the recording of their debut album. Had they attempted to coalesce the stage choreography and nun's-twat tight arrangements in the studio?

"Very good question," says Dummer, propped up in bed, as

ursus horribilis of a man (Bit like you, Monty. — Ed.), rarely ruffled, but Darts' "Great Live But..." schtick tends to make him lose his rag.

"Any band that's visually good, people say that about. It's pigshit. A lot of people have seen Darts, but I don't think they've heard us. So many record companies came down to see us and said, 'Oh great, but how do you put it on record'."

"We are good time," says Bob Fish. "But serious. People who don't know the band, have only seen us once or twice, assume we're a joke. They see comedy on stage, like Den going off his head, chucking himself in the audience."

Thump butts in.

"But he could only do that if the band was fucking tight. One bloke in some review said about Den, 'He attacked the audience, like Iggy Pop used to, but Iggy did it for real'. He wants to have Den attack him one day. When Den goes on stage, he's not there. He does it for real, mate." Thump is equally dismissive of the people who've labelled Darts revivalists.

"How can you write doo wop songs? A song is a song. The vocal arrangements make them doo wop. 'Blue Moon' wasn't written as a doo wop song."

"The vocal style is all we're reviving. We're not trying to be a bunch of Fonzie's — we're as new wave as anyone."

"But when we get hit records, people who come to see us won't be disappointed. And that's the way round it should be." What people probably don't realise is that at least half the Darts' set comprises original numbers.

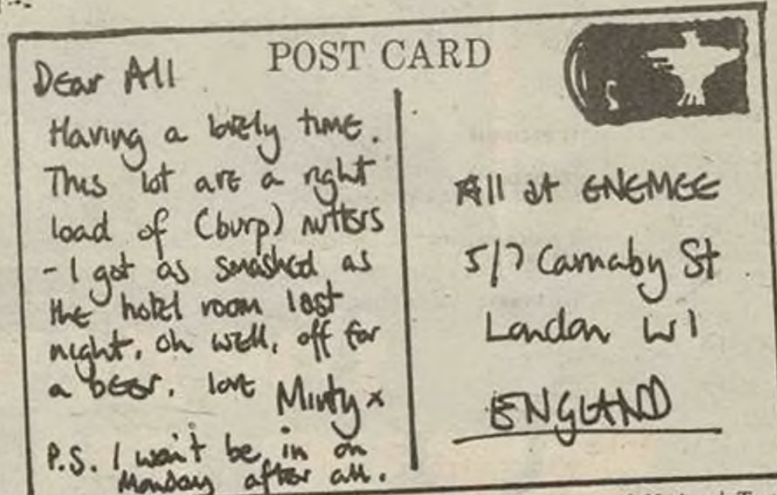
"Chewns, mate, like Charlie Murray said, that's what you've got to have. If you ain't got chewns, forget it. Music's always been about chewns — fuck politics."

On the way home, Den celebrated his acceptance by The Committee. In an Italian restaurant he'd spooned ice-cream up his sphincter.

Thump was glum at the prospect of confronting customs officials whilst sober. "It'll be nice to see a British bobby again," he mused. "No guns like those trigger-happy bastards, just pointy helmets and socks full of sand so they don't leave any marks when they give you a good hiding."

This happy bunch of loathish misfits are still schlepping around out there. Go see 'em.

It's the most fun you can have outside of swearing at foreigners.



Postcard courtesy of National Trust Liggers Collection.



You mean we have to list all that lot? Oh, alright then. l. to r. Bob Fish, Den Hegarty, Horatio Hornblower (ill), Thump Thompson (pointing), George Currie, Hammy Howell, John Dummer, Griff Fender (kneeling), and Rita Ray.

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top 115



BEFORE & AFTER SCIENCE

Thinking about
music with
BRIAN ENO.
Some monologues
recorded and compiled
by IAN MacDONALD.

Part 1: Accidents Will Happen

ON THE NIGHT of January 18 1975, whilst walking back from a Phil Manzanera session at Island Records' Basing Street studio to his home in Maida Vale, Brian Eno found himself engulfed by thoughts of darkness and sudden death . . .

"For about a week I'd been feeling that I was about to have an accident. It was the same feeling as I'd had before I got appendicitis when I was 16 — or before my lung collapsed when I was doing my first and last tour at exactly the same point in 1974.

"I always seem to sense when I've pushed too hard, you know? When I've been carried off on the momentum of media approval or professional opportunism and have ceased to think about where I am and what I'm doing.

"We'd just finished the song called 'Miss Shapiro' and I found myself thinking 'I wonder if that's the last thing I'll ever record?' and saying 'Well, I wouldn't mind so much if it was' sort of thing.

"And then I thought 'What the hell are you talking about?' You know — what a ridiculous train of thought to be on.

"About a hundred yards further up the road I walked in front of a taxi."

The taxi was doing about 40 mph. Eno stepped back instinctively at the last minute, but was too late. It hit him, running over his legs and throwing his head back against a parked car.

People from a nearby pub gathered around him while someone called for an ambulance. "He's a goner," observed some impartial witness.

Eno realised that this warm stuff running past his eyes must be blood. He touched the top of his head; it felt as if it was split open. Anxious to prevent his brain falling out, he kept his hands pressed to his skull until the ambulance arrived.

A few minutes later he was being wheeled along a hospital corridor, still holding onto his brain.

"The whole thing was horrible. I was conscious all the way through. And I was

thinking 'You stupid cunt, you brought this on yourself.'

"I knew absolutely that I was responsible for it. It was not an accident at all. It was a whole . . . trick that I'd brought on myself."

A nurse gently attempted to prize away his hands. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Keeping my head together, man," he replied.

BRIAN ENO WAS BORN in the village of Woodbridge, Suffolk, on May 5 1948 and educated by nuns and Brothers of the De La Salle order until he was 16 — at which point he enrolled for a two-year course at Ipswich Art School.

"I went to art school because I didn't want to do a conventional job. I saw a job as a trap and something to avoid. In fact, that's a characteristic of my life: making moves not so much towards things as away from them, avoiding them."

Although young Brian knew he didn't want to be ordinary, his conceptions were, at that point, quite as ordinary as those of his fellow students. He was in need of a shake-up.

"By a stroke of luck I happened to go to a very good school. Ipswich was run by a guy called Roy Ascot — a very brilliant educationalist, I think — and what he and his staff were concerned with was not the teaching of technique so much as experimenting with notions of what constitutes creative behaviour.

"So, instead of sitting there doing little

paintings, we found ourselves being required to get involved in discussions and self-investigation projects. Like, the first thing we had to do was a 'mind-map', which was constructing a series of tests to find out what sort of behaviour we exhibited in different situations, from which it was decided what sort of character type we each were.

"Having established that, we had to behave in a way diametrically opposed to our normal selves, i.e., if you were naturally extrovert, you had to be introvert; if you were a born leader, you had to be a follower, etc."

Which were you?

"I had to become a follower. I had to execute everyone else's ideas, not make a fuss, not try to dominate the proceedings."

"Some people really pushed it. One girl was very perky and exuberant and the only way she could get herself to calm down was to tie her legs to her chair. Another girl, called Lily, was very nervous — she made herself learn how to walk the tight-rope."

"I sat on this porter's trolley all day. If anyone wanted me to do anything, they had to wheel me to where I was required."

"All of this was very exciting and disorientating and aroused in me a lasting interest in working with other people under what might normally be considered quite artificial restrictions."

During this period, Eno met a major influence in the artist Tom Phillips, who was one of the staff, and began to get interested in music via a chance encounter with John Cage's book *Silence* and the occasional visit to the school of avant-garde composer Cornelius Cardew.

Unable, as yet, to manipulate a conventional musical instrument, he started playing about with tape-recorders and, by 1955 — at which juncture he left Ipswich for Winchester Art School — he had amassed about 30 machines, of which only two were in full working order.

Winchester was a traditional institution and Eno found his newly-inspired experimentalism forced underground. The staff and most of the other students made no secret of finding him rather odd.

"I felt that art was more serious and important than they seemed to think. They regarded it as merely decorative — or there to make things a

bit better or something. I thought there was much more to it, but I couldn't then put my finger on it.

"Also, there was my mother-in-law — a very bright woman, a logician into scientific method — who'd always say to me things like 'I can't understand why somebody with your mind is wasting his time doing this'. She was very cutting about it indeed."

"So I was forced into justifying my position and that started what has been a continuous train of thinking over the last ten years."

THE BASIC QUESTION seemed to be: What was it all for?

Eno began to read voraciously, picking up and discarding theories at an ever-increasing rate.

"First, I agreed with John Cage that 'art is purposeless play'. Then I dropped that and began to think that it was a kind of Zen meditation activity."

Round about then, The Who released "My Generation" and Eno pricked up his ears.

"I thought 'Oh-oh — rock music is going to do something' and realised that this area — which I'd previously imagined to be rather unserious — might actually turn out to be interesting after all."

And so, in uneasy alliance with his more solemn ventures into Lamont Young territory, Eno began a group — The Maxwell Demon — with co-student and guitarist Anthony Grafton.

"One night at the end of the Christmas term we got together and he just started playing the guitar and I started singing and that was the first thing we wrote — straight off. The first thing I did in rock was an instant success!"

"I've still got that tape. It's called 'Ellis B. Compton Blues'. It's got this amazing guitar solo in it . . ."

At the end of 1969 Eno moved to London to live in an artistic commune devoted to keeping its members from having to do boring jobs by pooling its resources on creative projects.

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Going on means going far.
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ALBUMS



THE BEATLES
Love Songs (Parlophone)

CHRISTMAS IS COMING, the goose is getting fat; please put a penny in the old man's hat . . . thank you, squire . . . and EMI have another compilation of The Golden Heritage of The Fabs ready for the Christmas Nostalgibuzz market.

It's called "Love Songs", and it's all packaged up in fake leatherette. After "Rock 'n' Roll" presented The Beatles at their toughest and grittiest and "The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl" showed them at their most exhilaratingly bubbly and teenage, all that was left was an album of their purest gloop. I took one look at the sleeve, checked out the song list and thought, "A wimp's guide to the Beatles".

As usual, I was dead wrong. Though I doubt that anything on earth could make me like syrup epics like "Yesterday", "She's Leaving Home", "Michelle" or "The Long And Winding Road", the presence of songs as exquisite as "Girl", "I'll Be Back", "Yes It Is", "You're Going To Lose That Girl", "For No One", "Norwegian Wood", "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and "It's Only Love" haul this album out of the treacherous wastes of Wimpyland without too much effort.

The one thing that pisses me off is EMI's lazy-minded equating of "love songs" with "soft songs". Most of The Beatles' best songs have been love songs, whatever their tempo, intensity or musical construction: EMI are using a term that defines content when the actual definition that rules this compilation is one of texture.

After all, "Help!" is one of The Beatles' greatest love songs, and so are "Can't Buy Me Love", "I Feel Fine", "Got To Get You Into My Life", "Good Day Sunshine", "It Won't Be Long" and many others.

If EMI mean that they want to do an Easy Listening Beatles album that's cool, but calling it "Love Songs" is to overlook the fact that Interpersonal Relationships are the subject matter of most of The Beatles' finest work, irrespective of style.

As might be expected, the album is dominated by Paul McCartney, though John Lennon worked as memorably in this vein as Macca.

One of the most popular misconceptions/oversimplifications that you generally hear about The Fab Moptops was that Lennon was The Rocker and Macca was The Crooner, but just as McCartney could rock his ass off when he wanted to in those days (stop laughing at the back and check out the "Rock 'n' Roll" compilation for substantiation), Lennon was more than capable of turning out a slow soft-touch ballad that could tear your heart out when you weren't looking.

In fact, Lennon's work in this vein is generally more satisfactory than McCartney's because of the harder edge of his vocal delivery and his ability to write with a directness then astonishingly rare in rock and roll ballads.

The aching beauty that he could bring to a song like "Girl" or "I'll Be Back" was

THESE WE HAVE LOVED

Part 1003



THE STONES, January, 1967

created by the added poignancy of the fact that we were listening to a hard man's tenderness, whereas McCartney sang with an unalloyed sentimentality which rarely carried more than limpid charm, and the love songs that he wrote seemed to be depicting far simpler, more one-dimensional situations than Lennon's.

The songs are models of construction. Simple yet moving chord changes, soaring middle-eights, and beautiful major/minor modulations — pure pop devices, the old ones effortlessly rejuvenated and the new ones adding vast new annexes to the language (musical and lyrical) of the pop song.

Some of it sounded soppy compared to the crusading tirades and raw vastness of Bob Dylan or the tough-talking blues cops of The Rolling Stones, but the effect of lines like "When I think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave her/She will turn to me start to cry/And she promises the earth to me and I believe her/After all this time I don't know why", was the real stuff, the warp and wool of relationships, the way it works when two people try to sort their lives out together and don't

quite make it. An astonishingly authentic form of romantic realism, and there's nothing the least bit trite about it.

At a time when the musical consciousness is dominated by Soporific City on one hand (songs that never get real and don't disturb) and Ramalamadoleque on the other, an album like this might seem irrelevant to both sides.

The blockheads might find that there's too much grit in the gloom to slide gently down their gullets, and the hard-core chain gang will find these songs too slow and too drippy (maaaaaaanaa), but hey, this album might well turn out to be Our Generation's equivalent to all those Frank Sinatra albums that our parents listened to when they were lovesick adolescents.

I mean, you know what's on it so you're not going to expect rock and roll dance music. You won't play it unless you feel in the mood for it, and when you do feel in the mood for it (which you will sometimes unless you're some kind of graceless oaf), it'll be there waiting for you.

Obviously, I've got a quibble or two with the selection (howcum no "Julia" and "Things We Said Today"? and the philosophy (if it can be

dignified with such a term) behind this compilation, but it does what it's supposed to and most of the songs are just fine.

Yeah, boys, you're still passing the audition after all these years. Just don't do anything stupid like making a reunion album, that's all.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE ROLLING STONES
Get Stoned (Arcade)
THE YARDBIRDS
Shapes Of things (Charly)

TWO BANDS from the R&B era of 1963-5; started out playing pretty much the same places; started out playing pretty much the same music, to the same people, for the same reasons.



THE BEATLES, February, 1964

From '64 to '66, the Stones and the Yardbirds were two of my four favourite bands (The Beatles and The Who being the other two). I bought their singles religiously.

In '67 both groups screwed up some — Jeff Beck left The Yardbirds and the Stones went psychedelic. Then The Yardbirds went through a mess of personnel changes to become Led Zeppelin and the Stones swapped Brian Jones for Mick Taylor to become The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World.

"Get Stoned" is a double album (as is "Shapes Of Things") and each side sums up one phase in the Stones' development. The first side is the Kick-Ass Little Blues Band with embryonic Jagger-Richard pop thrown in, all hesitant vocals and out-of-tune 12-strings on numbers like "Tell Me" and "Good Times Bad Times".

"Little Red Rooster" is the only example of their hard-core blues work included here, which is a pity because "I Want To Be Loved" (B-side of their first single "Come On", the only Stones A-side not included) was easily their finest moment as a blues band. Big Hits: "Not Fade Away", "It's All Over Now", "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction".

Side Two presents the Stones in their guise as Exploratory Pop Group. It's all A-sides: "Get Off Of My Cloud" (sneering defiance, a breath of Dylan and a garage-band wall of noise), "I Wanna Be Your Man" (Lennon-McCartney noised up with urban-blues slide guitar), "As Tears Go By" (harpsichord, virginals, Jagger in his "innocent" bag making a prat of himself), "19th Nervous Breakdown" (beautiful sneering noise and great put-down lyrics, all capped by Bill Wyman's apocalyptic juddering dive-bomb bass riff at the end), "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing In The Shadows?" (the Stones' most chaotic and incomprehensible record and a true treasure) and the sinister "Paint It Black", dominated by Jones' spidery sitar and Charlie Watts' whumping drums. Bonus: "Mother's Little Helper" from the "Aftermath" album.

The Stones' third role is as Acid Romantics. It's their least convincing phase, and a whole side of songs like "Lady Jane", "Ruby Tuesday", "Dandelion", "She's A Rainbow" and "2000 Light Years From Home" is a trifle too sickly for comfort, even when leavened

by the splendidly sardonic "We Love You" and dear old "Let's Spend The Night Together."

But finally there's the Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World with a straight run of triumphs like "Jumpin' Jack Flash", "Gimme Shelter", "Honky Tonk Women", "Street Fighting Man", "Sympathy For The Devil", "Wild Horses" and "Brown Sugar".

All in all, a fair accounting of The Rolling Stones from '63 to '71. Me, I figure that they've been going steadily down the pan since "Exile On Main Street", and if you've got "Love You Live", but don't have this, you're crazy.

The Yardbirds differed from the Stones in that (a) they weren't Symbols Of A Generation or anything much other than geezers who liked to play rock and blues and pop, (b) they had a rather unremarkable vocalist whose fate was to be upstaged by a succession of astounding lead guitarists and (c) they weren't very good at writing songs.

"Shapes Of Things" covers their career from the beginning through to shortly before Jeff Beck quit, since all of it comes from the period when they were managed by Giorgio Gomelski.

Therefore, it doesn't include "Over Under Sideways Down", anything from their second album (though there are a few backing tracks and outtakes of material that ended up on that album in different form) or anything from Jimmy Page's stay in the band. Inexplicably, it doesn't include "Heart Full Of Soul", their second big single and Jeff Beck's first A-side with the band, though the B-side "Steeled Blues" is here.

It opens up in fine style with the Clapton edition of the band blazing through Chuck Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business" in front of a sweaty, jam-packed Marquee crowd in '64, and they still played it as good as anyone could play it now. The tracks are mostly blues workouts, primitive "experiments" that are still more raunchy and more pop and more rock and roll than most of the "progressive music" that they helped to inspire, plus a lot of very good pop singles.

Funnily enough, none of the band were exceptional singers or musicians except for the stellar axemen and bassist Paul Samwell-Smith — who can be heard here playing a lot of stuff that most people think Jack Bruce introduced to the vocabulary of the rock bass player. But their simple, energetic playing and superb grasp of the neglected art of dynamics stretched their gifts a lot further than might be supposed. The off-key vocals of the late Keith Relf grate sometimes, but at least he sounds like he's trying and he played more than fair mouth-harp.

The ultimate Child's Guide To The Yardbirds can be found on a couple of American-release-only albums on Epic entitled "Yardbirds Favourites" and "The Yardbirds' Greatest Hits", but if you can't get hold of those, then this is a more than fair substitute.

If you want to check the Yardbirds out and you know a record shop where they'll let you listen to the stuff, ask to hear "Too Much Monkey Business", "I Ain't Done Wrong" and "The Train Kept A-Rollin'". To my knowledge, this is the first time that this classic cut has been available in this country on any record other than the original soundtrack album from the *Blow Up* movie in which the Yardbirds were featured, and my thanks to compiler Chris Welch for including it.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE DAMNED

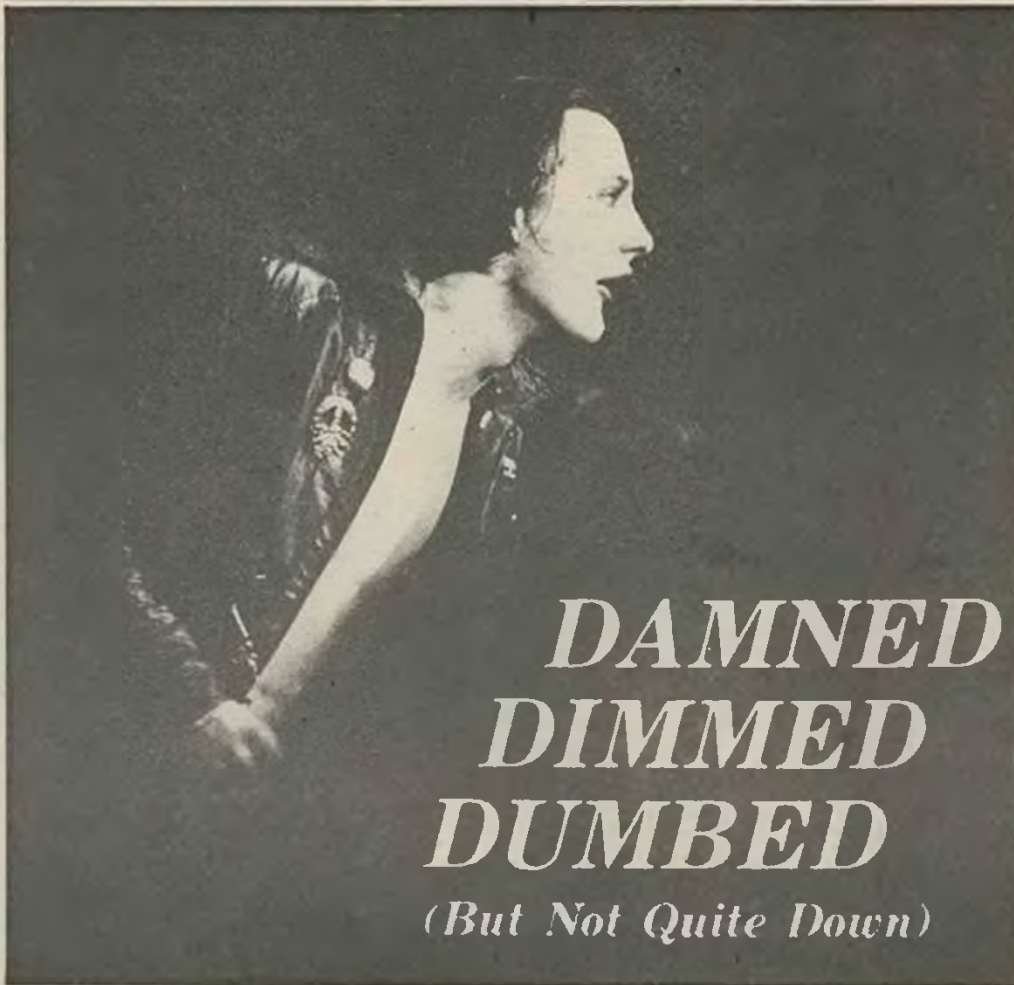
Music For Pleasure (Stiff)
THE DAMNED are in an almost stupidly unenviable position at present: they most definitely seem to be the group most likely to hit the pit and become the new wave first division's first floundering flop.

Everytime I read about the group these days, there's some new internal problem being hauled out for mass perusal and all of a sudden it's like we're supposed to be referring to the bunch strictly in the past tense.

You should all be acquainted with the scam by now — the fact that all manner of internal dissension has been reported, this having kicked off with Bryan James' decision to add a second guitarist right through the whole tasteless documenting of the Rat Scabies' exit to the latest number on how the band are having heavy management problems, the gravity of which apparently almost postponed this album's release.

To make things worse, two former active participants in the glory that was The Damned have been succinctly quoted as rating this second album as an artistic flop. Scabies himself the week after his departure, described it in pretty unenthusiastic terms as a sort of new wave "Satanic Majesties": an attempt to do something new which ultimately didn't quite come off.

Around the same time Nick Lowe, the band's original



DAMNED DIMMED DUMBED (But Not Quite Down)

Dave Vanian: Bluster in the dark (ho! ho!)

producer and consequent sharer in all the initial accolades when the first Damned tracks were cut, went into even further grim detail, confessing that he reckoned the band's new material wasn't up to scratch and that the only viable strategy he'd sighted for new Damned vinyl that would make the grade was an album of the poor sods amping up old late 60's heavy metal retreads.

Christ, it must be a pretty dispiriting existence being a Damned person these days. Not that I really feel inclined to offer critical garlands of

sympathy after hearing "Music For Pleasure". But one thing they do at the very least deserve is a bit of decent perception.

See, I reckon that rock critics have done a lot of damage to this group all down the line. They started off overrating the band — in some cases, to an almost ridiculous extent — and now all of a sudden it's the cold shoulder treatment.

The first album was no masterpiece, but it had some great moments, principally in obvious songs like "New

Rose" and "Neat Neat Neat", also those dazzling brief shots like "Fish" where the band actually attained a solid identity and played good abrasive modern rock 'n' roll.

What erked most was when the Damned tried to live up to their name, so to speak, giving way to really gruesomely artificial items like "Feel The Pain". The Stooges they most definitely were not and there was something not merely tasteless but very, very stupid in their adoption of that band's very real "Mark Of Cain" rock action.

Lead singer Dave Varian's whole vampire act was closer to Screaming Lord Sutch — pure vaudeville really and not strong enough in itself as the proper Damned image front. Thus Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible became the real personalities, the press again going stupidly overboard on reporting their every stunt.

I recall seeing Sensible at a reception at the height of it all in his usual madcap attire — a leather jacket and a ballerina's tou-tou. He was completely encircled by a bunch of cretin-sycophants willing him on to pursue further heights of self-demeaning idiocy for their own kicks. At one point, I saw his face that night looking so horribly vulnerable, so completely confused and bleak that it somehow mirrored just what that side of the whole Damned's image the whole gobbing headbanger shant had turned itself into.

But then again there's Bryan James who was the real leader even though he always got the least publicity, because after all he's the songwriter. He's written most of the songs on this new effort and even though the results prove that Nick Lowe was right in his summation that he and The Damned didn't have the goods ready for a second bout, James' essential style — that kind of oh so very tight rock dynamism that at its best gave the Damned a real edge — still impresses.

"One Way Love" for example mates the Damned patented good natured vitality with a Stones-ish raunch — the slide guitar is straight off "Exile" to neat effect while James' old "Fun House" infatuation, which caused that version of "1970" last time out, arguably provides the album with its ironic high-point in the closer "You Know". This time, James has gone the whole hog even bringing in Lol Coxhill to play some great sprawling ape-shit sax just like Steve McKay, only better I

reckon; the riff, though basic as hell, really is mesmerising.

Everything gets here — nothing gets in the way and the result is the closest The Damned have yet got to successfully working that truly crazed rock energy. The real drag though is that elsewhere James has failed to come up with anything of the distinctive mettle of "New Rose" and "Neat Neat Neat". Number after number just doesn't work right — either the riff's not inspired or else the lyrics get in the way, because unfortunately there are some godawful lyrics on this album. Time after time, either James, Scabies or even Sensible really get obnoxious by penning stupid, puerile put-down lyrics that only end up making the composers themselves look as obnoxious as the subjects they so relentlessly slay.

They've chosen a diverse bunch of victims, mind you — but it's always the same dumb problem that nags away. "Politics", of course, tries to put all the new wave sloganeers in their place but "Gimme fun — not anarchy" and references to "Fascist managers" just miss the point completely. "Creep" could be about anyone — it's the usual harangue but Vanian just can't pull it off.

"Idiot Box" — the most blatant slag-off on the album — actually has few merits. Written principally by Sensible, it's a ripped to shreds view of Tom Verlaine and his cold fish band and it's musically clever with an effective almost subtle parody of a Verlaine-style guitar break. But the lyrics yet again suck on ice.

And it's sad. Because James particularly should know better. He's proven himself a powerful rock composer and guitarist albeit in a very one-dimensional way. Here the sheer lack of substance backing up the almost relentless Vanian bluster is just unforgivable.

Nick Kent

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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BRAND X Livestock (Charisma)

I AGREE with Brian Case. With few exceptions, this jazz rock fusion music does come on like life in a large industrial complex — dreary and monotonous.

This is because it relies mostly on riffs and solos. Solos are worthwhile in the case of perhaps a handful of tenacious, creative musicians. Riffs however are rarely strung together with an ear for composition and melodic character.

Brand X, whose current album is their third in just over a year, rely on riffs, solos — and, to some extent, the reputation of their drummer, Phil Collins.

The music they make is not new; it's an amalgam of the music Return To Forever and Santana were making in '74, and the stoic introspection of ECM records. It isn't particularly gifted either, the soloing merely ordinary and the composition almost non-existent.

But within those boundaries Brand X work diligently and easily equal, sometimes surpass their American peers. They come off best when they don't play too fast. On three of the six tracks they allow speed to triumph over form and guitarist John Goodsall, supple and adept elsewhere, to indulge in a pastiche of "Welcome" period Carlos Santana. They end up chasing their own tails.

In the instrumental proficiency stakes percussionist

Morris Pert produces the most interesting ideas, followed by keyboard player Robin Lumley when he plays ensemble and manipulates synthesiser tones. Otherwise it's familiar Brand X.

Despite being recorded live from two gigs almost a year apart, there is little difference in the band's capabilities or the music they perform. This begs the question of how long they can continue without progressing.

Maybe this music doesn't demand progression, but I know I do.

Paul Rambali



GREGORY ISAACS Extra Classic (Conflict)

THE THIRD album from Gregory Isaacs, following some eight years' popularity on the roots rock scene.

"Extra Classic" is conclusively Mr Isaacs' top ranking album to date, featuring some half-a-dozen hits from the past eighteen months, including the big-selling "Black A Kill Black" (here retitled "Black Against Black"), one of last autumn's most popular tunes, as well as his last big UK success, "Mr Cop".

Isaacs is a sweet-voiced ghetto dread who croons lilting melodies of interdice, would-be regicide and confessions of romantic love. Some see him as among the handful of top reggae vocalists; certainly his music strikes an invariable response in the wallets of his audience.

His Master's Voice Still Rings Clear

MICHAEL CHAPMAN

The Man Who Hated Mornings (Decca)

AN EMBATTLED old folkie, Michael Chapman has downed more bottles of wine than Oddbins flog to Kevin Ayers in one year and long since successfully carved a unique little niche for himself — a robust form of early hours rock'n'roll best summed up by the title of one of his earlier albums, "Millstone Grit".

There's something very reassuring about Chapman's distinctively gritty delivery and each time I play one of his records, it's like reacquainting myself with an old friend. He never lets you down and though "The Man Who Hated Mornings" isn't quintessential Chapman, it's still a gutsy good time and always impeccably countrified.

It's his Northern hospitality, isn't it, and me being a Southern jessie, I'm a sucker for all that. His gumption only deserts him once, ironically on the title track, a jazz inflected number where the lyrics don't go far beyond rudimentary observation as Pete Wingfield tinkles away fussily on electric piano.

Chapman's at his blunt best on the three non-original numbers. The jaunty, crooked-teeth optimism of Danny O'Keefe's "I'm Sober Now" is lent a caustic disaffection by Chapman's matter-of-fact tone and "Why Do You Bob Your Hair Girls?" (which doesn't sound like a Jimmy, Les or Lou Reed song, so I guess it's one of Jerry's) is given an affectionate, clipped rendition, Chapman harmonising with himself.

Best of all is Dylan's "Ballad In Plain D", Chapman on guitar and wine. There's undeniable power and aggression in this singularly spunky interpretation, which gains much from the stressful voice and instruments (guitar and bottle).

And the crisp, clean, sharp "Dogs Got More Sense" (... than to sleep in the rain, but they can't play rock'n'roll") is as spritely a tune as Chapman's ever written.



"Turn this record up so the dog can hear it," he writes on the sleeve. "Listeners without a dog are strongly advised to get one." He's right. Get the album, live with it for a while, ignore what I've written and let Bowser point out the good bits.

Monty Smith

Personal preferences on "Extra Classic" — a joint Pete Weston/Lee Perry/Gregory Isaacs production — include "Dread Locks Love Affair", "Rasta Business", "Loving Pauper", "My Religion" and the aforementioned "Mr Cop" and "Black A Kill Black".

I also maintain a particular affection for "Something Nice", which utilises the "Thief A Man" rhythm track unaccountably absent from this set, but is nevertheless an enjoyable little number in its own right.

A pleasant excursion of North Parade sensibility that can be positively menacing played loud and is recommended.

Penny Reel



HORSLIPS Aliens (DJM)

AS JOE Orton might have put it, Horslips have got what's known as a dilemma — they're

on the horns of one.

With "Aliens", they've adopted a straightforward riff-rock approach, sacrificing the exciting integrated indigenous Gaelic qualities which so distinguished "The Tain" and "The Book Of Invasions".

Oh, we still get a bit of Charles O'Connor's fiddle and mandolin work, but it's negligible, given scant respect in the mix. Emphasis is placed on John Fenn's (admittedly excellent) guitar and Jim Lockhart's flute, flutter-tonguing away to blatant Jethro Tull effect.

It all gets hard work, particularly since the narrative exposition is often lyrically

clumsy and ambiguous, culminating in a climatic jump which the listener is dramatically unprepared for. That's "A Lifetime To Pay", an apositely brash and energetic, heavily ironic paean to the American Dream — success treated with quizzical cynicism and not a little bitterness.

For the consistently workmanlike, often inspired rock Horslips have given us, they deserve success. If the disappointing "Aliens" gives them the breakthrough they're striving for, let's hope they handle it more adventurously than this.

Monty Smith

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EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER

Works Volume 2 (Atlantic) IT'S BEEN quite some time since I last listened deliberately (or, for that matter, willingly) to Emerson, Lake & Palmer. The album in question was "Pictures At An Exhibi-

tion": after hearing it and seeing its filmic equivalent, I decided that I was going to avoid these cats like the plague.

Since then, I've accidentally (and, for that matter, unwillingly) been exposed to "Brain Salad Surgery" and excerpts from that appalling live triple album that they disgorged a few years ago. It all sounded pretty unpleasant.

Now here we are in the death throes of 1977, and ELP grace us with "Works Volume 2", a witty little product composed of no less than a dozen selections performed both individually and collectively by our talented three-some.

I suppose it's meant to be a crunchy little dessert to help the world choke down that

rather indigestible double album "Works Volume 1", which presumably (luckily I haven't heard it; it missed me by inches, though) contained all the Heavy Serious Stuff that these musical muscle men had to get out of their systems.

Enough of the serious stuff; let's have some jokes!

The first joke is Emerson, Lake and Palmer's reputation as virtuosi, master musicians, poll winners and general heavies. On the very first track, "Tiger In The Spotlight", they attempt to get down and boogie on a set of basic 12-bar changes. Greg Lake's blues guitar solo is so astonishingly inadequate that it plumbs depths unheard since the gorier days of the Blues Boom. The track struggles on in a game attempt to achieve mediocrity until Emerson



"Wonder what's the Italian for must be performed with piano crushing player? Pronissimo?"

drops in a piano solo that's even clumsier than Lake's guitar solo. By the time the massed synthesizers come in it's all over, baby.

No wonder they always concentrated on neo-classical barnstorming and swamp-crawling heavy metal riffs. In any style that requires raunch and feel, they're nowhere

Emerson has three more essays in Black American piano stylings with Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag", Meade Lux Lewis' "Honky Tonk Train Blues" and his own "Barrelhouse Shakedown" (on the former he is backed up by a bunch of mean session honchos known as the London Philharmonic Orchestra — isn't it wonderful that pop and classics can merge like this?). On all three he contrives to sound like a mechanical player piano. How can Emerson love boogie, barrelhouse, stride and the other blues piano styles to the extent that he must do in order to record so much in this vein, and yet still miss the point so completely?

White folks sho' is crazy.

Palmer takes his solo shots by updating "Let There Be Drums" twice: once under the title of "Bullfrog" with the assistance of Ron Aspery (alto saxophone) and Colin Hodgkinson (bass) of Back Door; both these gentlemen are credited solely with helping Palmer compose the tune even though they are unmistakably performing it with him. His second attempt is with the assistance of Nick South and it's called "Close But Not Touching". Highly appropriate, Carl.

Lake's taste leans to horribly gloopy songs like "Watching Over You" and "I Believe In Father Christmas", plus one of the album's most horrible moments (and, believe me, it has plenty competition) in his version of "Show Me The Way To Go Home" when — accompanied only by Emerson's piano and an orchestra — he sings the old song in a manner obviously intended to be soulful and moving.

The collective pieces are, if anything, even worse. One of them has a title which is obviously an indication of ELP's collective sense of humour. It is called "When The Apple Blossoms Bloom In The Windmills Of Your Mind, I'll Be Your Valentine".

Listen, all you heavy-duty connoisseurs of D-U-M-B-N-E-S-S in rock: these dudes make the Ramones come on, like Ph.D's by comparison. It's like watching chimps typing out Shakespeare: it's very difficult and I wish it had been impossible. To acquire so much technical skill (without ever developing any feel) and then expend it on producing such colossally stupid music is virtually tragic.

I suppose I had to hear this to find out once and for all if ELP were the way I'd had them pegged as being. I now know that they're about ninety-four times worse.

So a special message and dedication to Keith Emerson, Greg Lake, Carl Palmer and all their wonderful fans out there: hi, I hope you're all enjoying yourselves!

Charles Sharr Murray

THE ISLEY BROTHERS

Forever Gold (Epic) TIMELESS RETAINERS of impeccable soul credentials for nigh on twenty years; from the classic R&B of "Twist And Shout" through to the Motown Age as in "This Old Heart Of Mine" and "I Guess I'll Always Love You" right up to the distinctive panache of their Seventies contemporary brilliance, the Modern World Isley Brothers' superb, seminal "3 + 3" of 1973.

"Forever Gold" showcases the finest moments of the perennial Old Masters starting from that album and the trilogy it preceded — "Live It Up" in 1974, "The Heat Is On" in 1975 and "Harvest For The World" from last year.

The material here stands shining in its own right, alright. Three tracks from the "3 + 3" renaissance are true starting blocks: an exhilarating new found musical consciousness instigated by either Sly Stone or, more probably, the ex-Isley Brothers' sideman James Marshall Hendrix, one that suggested that mutual soul/rock plagiarism could be indulged to the full.

Ernest Isley's fluid axe whine is Jimi with the Virtuoso Overkill muzzled for the benefit of the songs' impact and steeped in the tradition that soul music is quintessentially emotional — music for dancing and screwing — whereas rock is basically cerebral — music for pharmaceuticals, theorizing and all forms of social preening and posing, polemics and pogoing.

Bittersweet vocals from O'Kelly, Rudolph and Ronald Isley; infectious, subliminal basslines handled with both hands by Marvin L.; chopped, crisp, clean, rolling-thunder skin abuse courtesy of George Moreland with Chris Jasper providing addictive purepop embellishments on electric piano and clavinet.

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Incidentally, if you're still wondering about "gabba gabba hey" check out 'Pinhead' from the album 'The Ramones Leave Home'.

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sexual sexuality under the continental quilt — the invigorating, obsessive funk of "That Lady" with its call and response vocal harmonies and lust-crippled stream of superlatives; "Summer Breeze" and "Highways Of My Life", both restrained, exquisite love-songs for romantics with a political consciousness.

"Live It Up" was released as follow-up to the cataclysmic "3 + 3" and maintained the balance of dancing to keep from crying represented here by the title track and screwing to keep from dancing as in the respectable face of Todd Rundgren. Refer to the anguished "Hello, It's Me" that the Brothers inject with a genuine warmth lacking in the original, which is never necessarily the greatest.

And so on. This album is the most perfect expression of seventies soulfire so far, and I can feel it in my loins that this here is as good as it gets. — Tony Parsons.

THE BABYS
Broken Heart (Chrysalis)
THE BABYS are a good five years behind the rest of the world.

Vocalist John Waite gives the impression that the only singer that he's ever heard is Paul Rodgers; the rest of the band sound like they learned



their respective instruments playing along with Led Zeppelin records but never quite mastered the pyrotechnics or natural slam of their heroes. For instance, once you get past the schmaltzy intro to "Wrong Or Right", The Babys lurch headlong into "House Of The Holy".

As if to disguise their lack of originality, almost everything is smothered in quasi-classical tearoom string arrangements. Everything has been expertly softened to the point where it can be played between the latest waxings by Barry Manilow and The Captain & Tennille without being detected.

Visually, The Babys are just as unoriginal in their appeal — hamstrung between Heavy Bubblegum and Kissy-Kissy mock-decadence. If ever I heard an empty gesture, this album sweeps the board.

Roy Carr.

IMPORTS

UNLIKELY but true is the news that the rival Oxford Street shops of HMV and Virgin are pooling their knowledge and resources to advance the flow of Euro-rock into Britain.

Already the relationship has paid off and resulted in the arrival of some previously unavailable Klaus Schulze releases, plus the re-stocking of PFM's first two albums on Italian Dischi Numero Uno, but perhaps the most interesting item currently in the racks is Clearlight's "Les Contes Du Singe Fou" (Isadora) which features the synthesiser expertise of Cyrille Verdeaux, Tim Blake and Francis Mandis on three tracks — "Time Scatter", "La Clee" and "Soliloque"; the vocalist being Ian Bellamy, who once fronted Zoo. Didier Lockwood (violin), Joel Dugrenot (bass), Yves Chouard (guitar) and Serge Aouzi (drums) comprise the rest of Clearlight on this occasion.

Still the new Stax releases continue to flood in, Fantasy obviously having a whale of a time with the 800-odd masters they've recently acquired. Perhaps one of the most potent is Johnnie Taylor's "Chronicle", a 20 Greatest Hits compilation, but Albert King's "The Pinch" should be acceptable to bluesmen and collectors of derriere adorned cover shots, while "Sunshine", an album of previously unreleased material by The Emotions, should find plenty of takers among those recently smitten by the group's "Best Of My Love" hit-parading goody. Tracks on this one include the Hutchinson's versions of Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine" and Lambert and Potter's "Put A Little Love Away", backed by the Stax house band, including Duck Dunn and the late Al Jackson.

The Players Association — Messrs Chris Hill, Mike Brecker, Jon Faddis, Dave Sanborn, Mike Handel and Co. — grab a little rent money via "Born To Dance" (Vanguard), a release which openly boasts such tracks as "Goin' To The Disco" and "Disco Inferno".

Frankly, not much else has happened to heat up the town albumwise, the only other arrivals being "Cowboy" (Capricorn), another from the Scott-Boyer — Tommy Talton band; Patti Austin's "Havana Candy" (CTI); Frankie Valli's "Lady, Put The Lights Out" (Private Stock); Jerry Lee Lewis' "Country Memories" (Mercury); Chocolat's "King Of Clubs" (Salsoul); Gino Vanelli's "Pauper In Paradise" (A&M) and "Rare Gems Odyssey" (Casablanca) by a six-piece soul group who have chosen that ungainly name.

Fred Dellar

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BOBBY BLAND
Reflections In Blue (ABC)
FREDDIE KING
Freddie King (1934-1976) (RSO)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Blues Came Down From Memphis (Charly)
Union Avenue Breakdown (Sun Roots Of Rock Vol. 12) (Charly)

THE BLUES keeps rolling on. Blues albums — both new and reissue — keep coming out almost as fast as WEA can delete them. To console you for the unforgivable deletion of Atlantic's excellent "Blues Power" series, here's what's current: old blues, new blues, borrowed blues and blue blues.

Bobby Bland is an uncommon bluesman: uncommon both for his astonishing singing, and for the fact that he neither composes any of his own material nor plays an instrument.

For both these reasons he's a

producer's dream: one of the finest vocalists in black music and yet dependent upon others for his material and for the flavour of his back-up. It was this combination of power and helplessness that made him swoon material with black audiences in the late '50s and early '60s.

Bland didn't achieve a vogue among white blues fans during either the '64 or '68 booms. He didn't have songs or an instrumental sound uniquely his own: just that voice, which is why kids who dug him were generally more into soul than the blues.

Now the boot's on the other foot; Bland can genre-hop with greater smoothness and alacrity than more instrumentally-oriented performers, which is why "Reflections In Blue" will probably make more sense to the modern soul fan than any blues album since Albert King's 1974 classic "I Wanna Get Funky."

Produced by the dreaded Steve Barri/Michael Omartian team who've been responsible for so many mediocre B.B. King records in the last few years, it uses soft-funk clichés around expanded blues chord changes, but the quality of some of the songs — notably "The Soul Of A Man", "I'm Gonna Take Your Place", "The Throne Of A Poor Man" and Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years" (despite the latter's misbegotten arrangement) — make for an album of compelling excellence.



Main pic: **FREDDIE KING**, by **PAUL CANTY**; above — **BOBBY BLAND**

Freddie King was unfortunate in that his name and style automatically compared him to Albert and B.B. If he'd been Freddie Fnuerg, then it wouldn't have been so inviting to say things like "sings like Albert and plays like B.B."

There were obvious similarities — his guitar playing wasn't as terse and idiosyncratic as Albert's or as mellifluous and elegant as B.B. — but as his two albums in Atlantic's "Blues Power" series ("Freddie King Is A Blues Master" and "My Feeling For The Blues") demonstrate — Freddie King was his own man.

King died late last year, and



his last label, RSO, have now released a memorial album compiled from assorted sessions from '74 and '75. He's heard backed by a team of star Brit sessioners, by his own group and — on a whole side — by Eric Clapton and his band. There's two pictures of Clapton on the back, a short eulogy by Clapton, and plenty of solos by Clapton on the second side. Indeed, on the last track, a live version of "Farther On Up The Road", Clapton even sings lead. It's

enough to make you wonder whose memorial album it's supposed to be. If a cat can't even monopolise his own funeral...

Oddly enough, King seems very subdued on the second side. After the titanic verve, energy and imagination with which he slices through numbers like "Tain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do", "Woman Across The River" and "Sweet Home Chicago" on the first side, one wonders what the point is of including

numbers like "TV Mama" and "Gambling Woman Blues" where he seems more concerned with being a well-behaved guest at Eric's party than with cutting loose like the F. King blues freaks know and love. The Clapton connection may serve to get King's music into a few more homes but there's ways and ways of doing that. Stick with the Atlantic albums if you can get 'em.

Sun Records is, justifiably, famous because of Elvis and rockabilly and the birth of rock and roll blah blah, but Sam Phillips got started recording the local black bluesmen, and the two Charly compilations of early '50s Memphis blues are fascinating both in their own right and because of the sidelights they cast on Sun's more famous music.

Some of the featured performers on the two sets were later to make their mark elsewhere, like Walter Horton, Pinetop Perkins, Dr Ross, Rufus Thomas, James Cotton and Little Milton. Others, like Willie Nix, Jimmy DeBerry, Sammy Lewis, Willie Johnson and Willie Stewart, are highly mysterious, but whether the singer is a "name" or not, the combination of rough, raw, driving electric country blues and the emergent Sam Phillips sound (most of these recordings predate "That's All Right Mama") is required listening for anybody interested in how music grows.

Charly are apparently readying albums of the early Sun work of Howlin' Wolf and Junior Parker, and personally, I can't wait to hear them.

One last thing: if you have a spare few minutes in a good record shop where the assistant is cool and will let you listen, check out Boyd Gilmore's "Believe I'll Settle Down" — the last track on side two of "Union Avenue Breakdown" — and listen to the incredible guitar by Earl Hooker. While you're listening, remember that it was recorded in 1953.

Here's to "The Howlin' Wolf Sun Sessions"!

Charles Shaar Murray

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COME
IN AND
SEE THE
SHOW

**I was £15,000 in debt when I left Roxy.
That's what you get for trying to be a rock star.**

FROM PAGE 33

ignored the possibilities of appealing to the senses — whereas rock seemed to be off in the opposite direction, there being a strong heavy metal revival on at around this time.

"So I figured something ought to happen in between that was extremely beautiful but unengaging, as it were. So you could enter it on any level you chose, i.e., sitting there with headphones on, really listening to what was going on — or else you could turn it down and let it sit in the background.

"The only thing I knew that sounded anything like that was Gavin Bryars' 'The Sinking Of The Titanic', which was why it was the first release on Obscure Records.

"Anyway, on May 9 1975, I did 'Discreet Music' which, for me, crystallized this new style."

"Discreet Music" is Eno's personal favourite amongst his own creations.

Oddly enough, it was actually produced by machinery, being a tape-delay pattern he set up and left going to produce a "landscape" for Fripp's guitar. All Eno did was play a brief phrase on the synthesizer keyboard; a Revox, on half-speed playback, did the actual music.

"It's one of a very select handful of pieces which I constantly return to and which I never seem to exhaust. They have this capability of being appreciated on any level. They don't dictate their terms. They're always fresh because they're always modified by their context.

"They're very bland, in a sense, and can accept any context you choose to play them in. It's no coincidence that, at around this point, I started to be involved in doing a lot of film music — and found that I enjoyed it almost more than the stuff I was doing for my own records.

"Because an important aspect of film music is that it lacks focus. It doesn't state a central issue, because the central image is the issue on the screen.

"And so, from then on, I began to remove focus from all my music — which led first to 'Another Green World', and then to this new one."

But, before we get to 'Another Green World', a word to you, the reader. Whatever you think about focus and context and why some things seem to be more obvious than others, put aside your prejudices against modern music for just one record, scheduled to be released in the New Year and called "Music For Films".

It is, as the title concisely suggests, a compendium of Eno's work as a soundtrack producer — which, it appears to me, is his true forte as a musician.

Should you hear his next official solo-album "Before And After Science" and agree with me (in which case you'll like best a track called "Through Hollow Lands"), then wait patiently for the release of "Music For Films" and I'm sure you'll be surprised and delighted.

And now: back to the Voice of Eno...

"HONOUR THY ERROR as a hidden intention was the first one."

"I started producing them during the early days of Roxy and just kept on adding to them until 1975 when my friend the artist Peter Schmidt showed me a list of mottoes and precepts he used in his own work which were incredibly similar to mine, and I decided we ought to get together and publish them."

These were the "oracle cards" or "worthwhile dilemmas" marketed in natty little black boxes as Oblique Strategies by Schmidt and Eno soon after the taxi accident. Although not widely used outside the immediate "family" of musicians around Eno himself, they form the subject of more than half of his fan-mail and change hands in America at fantastic prices.

Their function?

"Simply to bring the consciousness one has as a listener to one's consciousness as a composer — to deal with things in a much more studied

way. A modern studio is a surprisingly easy place to get lost in after you've been in it for a week or two, as I'm sure most musicians know only too well.

"Oblique Strategies help to break up what might be harmful obsessions in the minds of those who imagine they're in control of these enormous machines. They help you to outguess yourself and return fluidity to a situation that might be getting rigid and pathological by suggesting lateral moves, little exercises for the brain, and so on."

Eno's hoping to re-issue Oblique Strategies soon, so don't go forking out a lot of money if you chance upon a set that's up for sale.

As a point of interest, the cards receive their first credit on Eno's third solo-album "Another Green World", itself the result of a new style of approach.

"I found that if you went into a studio with demos, you spent all your time trying to re-create the demos — which was not only extremely time-consuming, but always prevented you from seeing what was actually happening. You might be missing all kinds of things because you had a fixed goal in mind.

"So I decided to risk going into the studio with no written material. And it's a real risk because studios are so expensive these days. If it just doesn't happen to be your day, you can spend £500 for nothing."

"And in the first four days working on 'Another Green World' absolutely nothing came out. It was extremely disheartening. I started to panic and was on the point of cancelling the studio-time and writing a whole lot of stuff and going back to the old system."

"But I thought 'If I don't try it now, I'll never know whether it can be done or not'."

"Very soon after that, interesting things started to happen. And these things seemed to crop up most frequently when I found myself playing around with a new instrument or new sound. For instance, I hired a Farfisa organ one day and immediately wrote 'Golden Hours' — and 'Sky Saw' was the result of finding a specific sound on a particular piece of studio technology."

And how did you decide what it was all about?

"Well, the album had a mood established before I started. I was thinking about escaping. I read a science fiction story a long time ago where these people are exploring space and they finally find this habitable planet — and it turns out to be identical to Earth in every detail."

"And I thought that was the supreme irony: that they'd originally left to find something better and arrived in the end at somewhere which was actually the same place."

"Which is how I feel about myself. I'm always trying to project myself at a tangent and always seem eventually to arrive back at the same place. It's a loop."

"You actually can't escape."

Are you trying to escape from the workings of your mind?

"I don't know. I just keep getting the feeling of 'There must be something else' or 'There must be more than this'. It is escaping from the workings of my mind, yes."

"You know, sometimes after I've been working for a very long time, I sit there and think: 'Well, what have I really done? I haven't done anything!'"

Which presumably stimulates you to further thought concerning avoidance of the consequences of stopping?

"I look at it this way: you only really learn and change and develop when your survival is threatened in some way. What happens when you start becoming successful is that those stimuli cease to operate because the effect of wealth is to insulate you against vicissitudes."

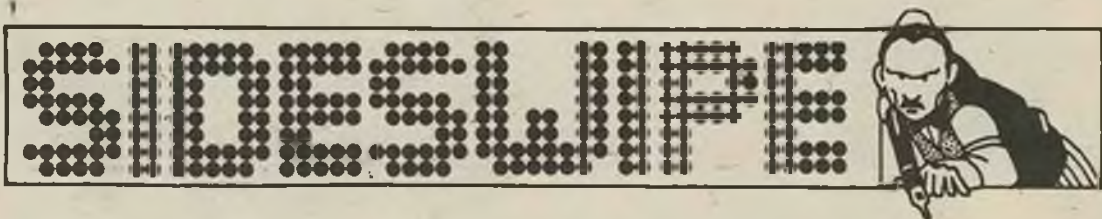
"So sometimes I have this yearning to be plunged into the unknown again. To escape into the unknown."

Next week: Intellectual crises, moving moments, "Heroes", and the False World of the Artist in Part 2 of this thrilling opus: 'How To Make A Modern Record'.

Dun Dndolph Dun Dun Dndolph Dun



While my guitar gently reads



CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY turns up the volume control

THE LITERATURE of the guitar develops apace.

Stacked up in front of me are no less than eight volumes devoted to various aspects of guitars and guitaring, ranging from the gigantic coffee-table type of volume (screw four legs into the book and you've got yourself a great little coffee-table) to the proverbial monograph or pamphlet (I presume a pamphlet is a small pamph, but no-one has ever been able to explain to my satisfaction exactly what a pamph is).

In descending order of weight, let's begin with *Guitars From The Renaissance To Rock* by Tom and Mary Anne Evans (Paddington Press £10.95), which is the most complete historical overview of the instrument that I've ever seen in my life.

It examines the musical and social history of the guitar, beginning in 13th and 14th century Spain with reproductions of paintings and sculpture depicting guitar-like instruments and moving to the *vihuela de mano* (the earliest existing instrument in this style dates from the first half of the 16th century), which was a six-course axe driven equally from the lute and viola. In fact, it was probably the first twelve-string guitar.

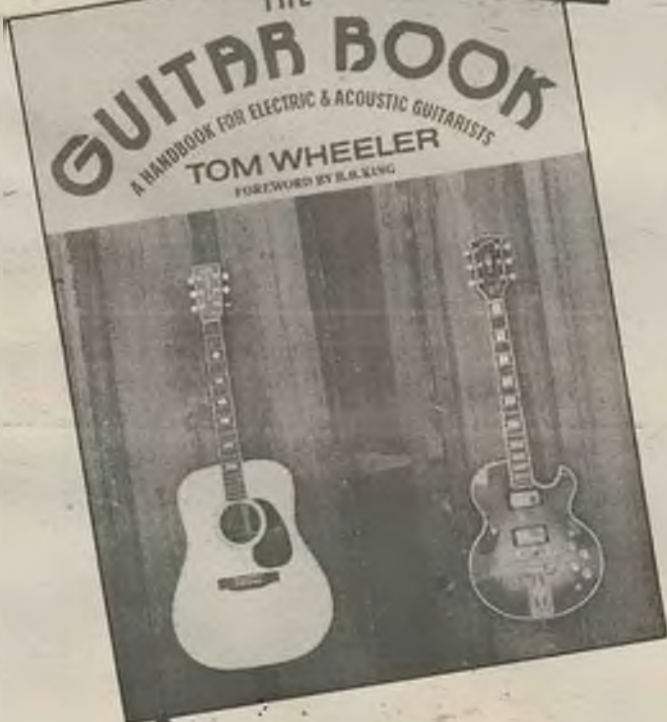
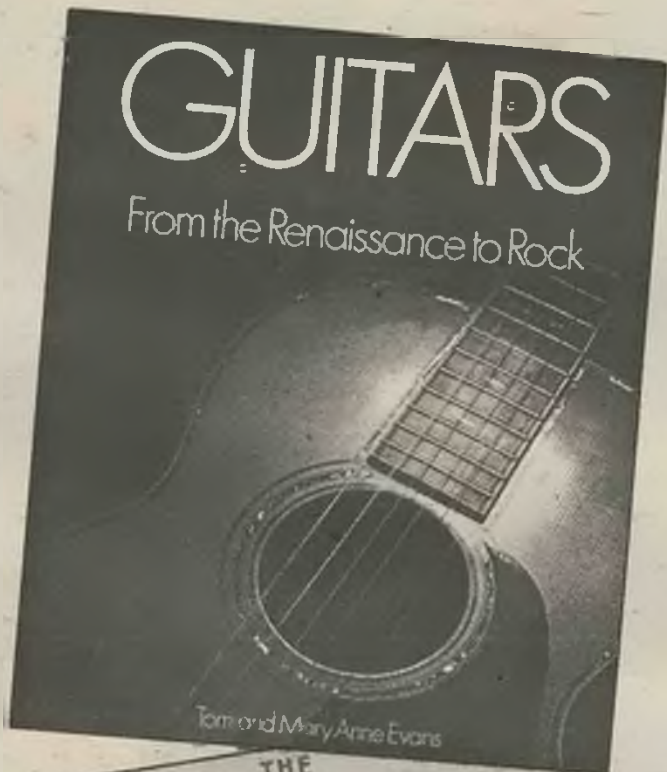
Instruments in this vein were often four- or five-course (i.e. eight or ten strings in pairs), but the first guitaroid object with six single strings was made by Orleans luthier Francois Lupot in 1773. So here's to ya, Francois. We'll never know what Chuck Berry would've done without you.

Similarly, it reveals that the first solid-body electric guitar was Rickenbacker's A-22 seven-string Hawaiian model (known as "the frying pan" because of its shape), the first electric six-string was Gibson's ES-150 (1936), an f-hole acoustic guitar with an attached pickup, the first solid-body conventional guitar was custom-made for country singer Merle Travis in 1947 by Paul Bigsby (most famous for the tremolo-arm unit which bears his name), the first commercially mass-produced solid-body electric six-string was the 1949 Fender Broadcaster (later renamed Telecaster), and so on.

The Evanses don't neglect their social history, either, and the spread of the guitar via Sears and Roebuck's mail-order service is just one of the fascinating examples of how they counterpoint the evolution of the guitar with the lifestyles of the people who play it and listen to it. *Guitars From The Renaissance To Rock* is subtitled "Music, History, Construction And Players" and whether your primary field of interest is classical, flamenco, "early music," folk, blues, jazz, country or rock, I seriously doubt that you'd feel that the Evanses have failed to deliver anything that the book's price and packaging would lead you to expect.

This book can't be recommended too highly, and if you know anybody who plays the guitar whom you feel like spending eleven quid on, look no further for your ideal Christmas present.

TOM WHEELER'S The Guitar Book (McDonald & Jane's, £5.50), subtitled "A Handbook For Acoustic And



Electric Guitarists", is less lavish and less expensive, and while it covers some of the same history that the Evanses deal with, its primary focus is technical, to tell you all you need to know about the choice, care and feeding of guitars (electric and acoustic), amplifiers, P.A.'s and FX units.

My technical knowledge of the guitar doesn't extend much further than cleaning the axes and changing strings — if the pickups blow or the neck falls off I'm completely lost — but I

feel considerably more secure knowing that I can at least look up the problem in me Tom Wheeler.

Not that I'd ever get around to building my own guitar, but now I know how other folks do it.

"I recommend this book to anyone who is interested in the guitar", writes B. B. King in his introduction to *The Guitar Book*. I enjoyed it, and I even found out a few things about Lucille that I didn't know

before." As a runner up to the Evanses' book (if you can't afford it) or a companion volume (if you've got enough bread for both), it's just champion.

MOVING AWAY from history and exposition and actually getting to fingers-on-fret grips with *The Instrument And The Playing Thereof*, we find *The Guitarist's Picture Chord Encyclopaedia* by John Pearce (Omnibus Press £4.95).

What it gives you is a selection of different positions and variations for all the standard chords in every key, in both diagram and photographic form, and is therefore equally useful for learning new chords to give variety and texture to riffs and tunes that you're playing, or to find out the names of chord variations that you've stumbled onto by accident.

I must confess, though, that I myself use several bastard chords (this is a technical term, Mrs. Whitehouse, please don't be offended) that Mr. Pearce doesn't appear to acknowledge and which I can't find in the book. Does this mean that they're not allowed?

It's certainly a very useful book for the guitarist who's graduated from Bert Weedon's *Play In A Day* but feels put off by Mickey Baker's massive jazz-chord book.

NEXT UP, three volumes culled from the pages of America's *Guitar Player* magazine; easily the finest publication of its type that I know of.

Rock Guitarists and **Dan Hedges' British Rock Guitarists** (both priced at \$4.95) and **Blues Guitarists** (\$3.95), all take interviews with musicians as their basic format.

British Rock Guitarists is the most unified, since it's the work of one author, and all his subjects (with the exception of Eric Clapton and George Harrison) have given him interviews.

The cast list is Jeff Beck, Peter Frampton, Steve Howe, Chris Squire, Big Jim Sullivan, Chris Spedding, Rory Gallagher, Mike Rutherford, John Entwistle, Alvin Lee and Steve Hackett, with Howe also contributing an introduction. The book also includes specimen solos by each man.

Rock Guitarists deals with its subjects in far less depth, but covers a ludicrous amount of different musicians — far too many even to list here — while *Blues Guitarists* covers Elvin Bishop, Mike Bloomfield, Big Bill Broonzy, Rev. Gary Davis, Robben Ford, Jesse Fuller, Buddy Guy, John Paul Hammond, John Lee Hooker, Skip James, Albert King, B.B. King, Mance Lipscomb, Taj Mahal, John Mayall, Brownie McGhee, Luther Tucker, Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter.

What emerges from the three volumes is that black bluesman make far less of a distinction between their music and their lives.

The rock guitarists go into enormous detail about their instruments, equipment and techniques, as distinct from the content of their music and their total lifestyle (and if you're into learning how certain sounds are produced, that stuff is interesting), but when a black bluesman talks of his music he's also telling you about his life, and vice versa. No artificial distinction is made.

The books, incidentally, can be obtained by writing to Guitar Player Productions, P.O. Box, 615, Saratoga, California 95070, where you can also get information about subscribing to the magazine. Reet!

FINALLY, two new books from the euphoniously-named

Musical New Services, publishers of Britain's *Guitar* magazine, no relation (and, sadly, no competition) to the aforementioned U.S. *Guitar Player* magazine.

Both books contrive to annoy reviewers, booksellers and potential customers alike by carrying no price markings whatsoever.

Adrian Legg's **The All Round Gigster** is a companion volume to an album of the same name which, regrettably, I haven't heard. Most of it is taken up with the sheet music (which, regrettably, I can't read) to the tunes from the album.

The remainder of the book is taken up with practical advice for the performing guitarist, all of which is extremely sound and written in a pleasant, amiable manner.

The book's hardly worth the price of admission (whatever the price of admission is) without the record, though.

Finally, Ken Achard's **The Fender Guitar** is a companion volume to Ian Bishop's *The*

Gibson Guitar, published by the same company earlier this year.

Achard writes far less stilted prose than Bishop, but the most illuminating comparison between the two books is the revelation of the disparate philosophies of the two major electric guitar firms.

Gibson have experimented continually issuing hordes of different guitars, while Fender have built their reputation on only four basic lines: the Telecaster and Stratocaster guitars (introduced in 1949 and 1953 respectively) and the Precision and Jazz basses (1951 and 1960 respectively).

Nothing that they've introduced since has really caught on to any great extent (though you see a few Mustang basses about and Elvis Costello may well do for the now-defunct Jazzmaster what Hendrix did for the Strat), but the company is still thriving on the simple excellence of those early pioneering models.

Final note of warning: don't try carrying these books in your guitar case.

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JAZZ

You Getz what you deservz

...Says Stan the Tenorman, with no time for hard luck stories and strong opinions on everything. He talks to **BRIAN CASE.**

PICT: ANTHONY WOLFF



JAZZ ALSO has its prima donnas. Walk-outs, let-downs, tantrums — the sensibility so finely balanced that the scampering of a mouse in a distant opera-box can set a ironweight of coloratura plunging for the volatile — Eh! Loosen the slaps! — convinced that she's the victim of a conspiratorial countdown for The Old Bronx Razzoo.

Intermittently murder to work

with, intermittently magic — and since magic ain't standard issue at the stores — charabanc parties not catered for — the long-sufferers in the foothills hang on, bite the lip, and wait for that rocket uprush of artistry to kiss everything better.

Stan Getz has that kinda rep. When the vibes are right — head, heart, chops in the Cusp of Hoeny — Getz will unfurl an unending peacock's tail of melodic invention; wrong, well — it ain't easy being that blessed in this world.

So what does he think of the music biz?

"It sucks."

He doesn't mince words, abhors the pretentious and the long-winded, does not suffer fools gladly. And, counter to expectations, turned out to be a courteous and witty host. In a mews house off London's Berkeley Square, Getz ponders briefly upon the classic Tristano dictum and definition of jazz's maladies.

"All emotion and no feeling?" he repeats. "Wait a minute, emotion is feeling."

I expand. He nods. We proceed. "All music, all art forms must have logic, form and content. You can't let it all hang out. You've gotta be selective." He fixes me with the baby blues. "What else can I say?"

"You said it," I allow.

"Right." He sits at ease in an armchair, crisp white tunic shirt, impeccable pale slacks, white shoes against an expensive backdrop of glass, brass, brocade. The elegant, boyish looks, a Hud for the horn, sag a little now as he approaches his half-century, but his health is good and his habits defeated.

Stan Getz's path has been strangely strewn with thorns and primroses. Born Philadelphia, 1927, he learned bass and bassoon before auditioning on tenor for Jack Teagarden. He turned pro at 15. He played with the big bands in the '40s, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, quitting Stan Kenton in 1945 because Kenton thought Lester Young 'too simple'. Invariably the youngest guy in the band, Getz drove himself to the limit to gain the respect of the veterans on the road.

At 20, he was recruited into Woody Herman's Second Herd. Getz, Giuffrè, Zoot Sims and Herbie Steward had been experimenting with close harmony, and Don Lanond, Woody's drummer, advised the handleader to huy. The Four Brothers sound became the hallmark of the Herd. In 1948, Getz recorded his "Early Autumn" solo and became the hottest property in jazz for the next decade. Sax players quit calling him Junior and re-named him 'The Sound'.

How long had he been experimenting with mouthpieces — plastic, metal, rubber?

A topic worth expanding upon: "All my life I've been trying to find the mouthpiece, you know. You look for the rainbow in the sky, but you never find it. The older you get, you realise that it's not the mouthpiece, it's you — that you're fucked up in your head, you want something that's not there."

"All saxophone mouthpieces are made imperfectly. The saxophone itself is an imperfect instrument — it was only invented like 130 years ago. It's outa tune. The mouthpieces are not made with care, because they make them to sell for the large market, for the high school kids. They don't play the way a professional plays."

"I go to the factory now and work with the genius there at the Linck factory. I've spent hundreds of hours with him now, you know, making my own personal mouthpiece. Every one I pick up has the exact same sound — the sound's coming from you, not the mouthpiece. What we need in a mouthpiece though is comfort. To be

able to get it out without strain."

Currently, he has eyes for the Echoplex. He jumps up to play me an eight-minute unaccompanied hall-of-mirrors from his next album "2001", he says. "I thought this was gonna be some pretentious shit, but now I think it's interesting. You play, and it's taped and immediately played back, and different amounts of time elapse between each repetition. You can build on top of that phrase and go on ad infinitum."

A quote from "Alice Blue Gown" surfaces and goes snaking away to infinity. The bottom register notes go off like depth-charges, and the runs come on like cavalry. At the close he signs off with the Porky Pig Loony Toon valediction: "Th-th-th-th-th all folks!"

"Intriguing and a great challenge to you, playing with yourself," says another interviewer.

"Right," says Getz, "musical masturbation." He acknowledges the laughter — "well, it was a natural" — and returns to his relationship with the hardware. "I don't look for electronics because I think they're fake, but now I see that it can be done tastefully."

"I was the first one to have the Varitone. I turned it on on stage and started to play and mess around with the dials. I was laughing and the people in the audience started laughing. I just put it away. Electricity takes the sound out of the saxophone, the human sound, the breath. You hear electricity."

Call me lusty if you must, but anything that takes Getz off the tenor is squanderville and fritterbug in my book. Soprano is circling at the moment — "I'll pick it up again. The trouble with soprano is it's so damned outa tune." He swapped horns with Gerry Mulligan for one side of an album once, and ain't about to repeat. "No, no — I think baritone is nothing more than a cast-off tenor player's instrument."

"Mulligan played fourth tenor in Gene Krupa's band when I played lead tenor, and he realised he'd better put down tenor and pick up something that he could manage. A cumbersome horn."

In the '50s, Getz led his own groups, including the classic combo of Al Haig, Jimmy Raney, Teddy Kotick and Tiny Kahn that recorded at Storyville. He jammed with everybody — Dizzy, Lionel Hampton, Chet Baker, Jay Jay — and toured with Jazz At The Phil which included his original inspiration, Lester Young, on the bill. Somehow, he never played with Bird.

DISASTER struck in 1954. Using a toy pistol, he held up a drugstore in Seattle. When he phoned to apologise, the police traced the call and the Getz arrest hit the headlines. Sentenced to six months for addiction, he attempted suicide. An emergency tracheotomy operation was followed by double pneumonia. Getz fought back, kicked his habit, convalesced in Sweden where he met his future wife, Monica, and returned to regain his New York cabaret card.

In 1958, he decided to quit the rat race, and settled in Denmark for the next three years. When he came back, not only his ascendancy but the entire improvisational arena had altered.

The New Thing had arrived, and Getz was out of favour.

He still doesn't like it. "You mean the free music? Yeah, I think all these people were trying to get attention, trying to get known, and they had no style to come up with so they came up with sheer nonsense."

Would he sympathize with Lee Konitz's ambition to play without ego, then?

"On the one hand, he's right, but not only in music, in the world there's ego. Everybody's ego has gotta have their go at it. Why should it be anonymous? Why shouldn't you sign your painting? That's what he wants, let him do it. We try to strip our ego down to the bare minimum because ego will destroy music if it becomes too masculine. Play the music for the music's self, not for your ego's self."

No-one could accuse Stan Getz of courting fashion. In 1961, in a prevailing atmosphere of wild insurrection, he cut the classic album, "Focus", with strings. "When you find a great writer like Eddie Sauter you don't tell him what to write. You give him carte blanche. He thought about it for nine months and wrote it in two weeks."

Incredibly, much of Getz's tenor improvisation over the complex orchestral chari happened on the spot. "Any record I make, anything more than two or three takes has had it. Most people like to do 20 takes. I lose it after one. It's gotta have that freshness."

The Getz-Sauter collaboration continued with the film score for Arthur Penn's *Mickey One*.

He has recently completed the music for a French film with Alain Delon, *Death Of A Rose*, playing over strings again. Also in the can is a reunion with Chet Baker in Italy, an album with pianist Jimmy Rowles, and the all-star Montreux line-up of Getz, Dexter, Golson and Wayne Shorter which I had caught at the CBS Convention in London.

"What a shame you weren't there the night before at Montreux," he said. "See, they cut it short at Grosvenor House because all these CBS executives were drunk. The night before we had a four-and-a-half hour concert and the people still wanted more. I mean — all these pro's get together."

Did he miss the old blowing battles?

"No. I like to do it, but I wouldn't like to do it all the time. For a one-time thing it's fun — but I like to make music, not have battles."

Future plans include a big band with the top arrangers, a further collaboration with Eddie Sauter, the addition of a guitar to his current combo, or a reunion with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. "We had a lovely three years together a long time ago. He's the kinda horn player I'd have, because if you have another horn player in a small band, your gonna have charts per se, and that restricts. See, the way I play a melody is different every night. I do little doo-dads around it, and with Bob we were mostly just floating in and out together. We made up endings together."

"Bob had the same trouble I had. He became an alcoholic and he stopped drinking. I stopped eight years ago."

Continues page 54

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25 Roundhouse London
26 Roundhouse London
27 Roundhouse London
28 Leicester De Montfort
30 Brighton Poly
Dec 2 Kings Hall Derby
3 Pier Pavilion Hastings
5 Top Rank Southampton
6 Top Rank Cardiff
7 Mountford Hall Liverpool University
8 Huddersfield Poly
9 Clouds Edinburgh
10 Apollo Glasgow
11 City Hall Newcastle
12 Surrey University Guildford
13 Bournemouth Village Bowl



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music for pleasure
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LIVE PAGE

"THIS HEAT"

CHARLES BULLEN, CHARLES HAYWARD,
GARETH WILLIAMS

Did you hear their second session for John Peel...?
+ FILMS, AFRICAN DRUMMING, REAL ALE
Fri. 25th Nov. 7.45. 80p Adv. £1 door.



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The Major London Appearance
of

SAD CAFÉ

+ "SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND"

Sat. 26th Nov.

Doors Open 7.45. Tickets £1 on door or 80p
advance from L.S.E. Union Shop

SAD CAFÉ ALBUM "FANX TA-RA" ON



VICTORIA HALL — KEIGHLEY
IN CONCERT

Steve Gibbons Band

PLUS SUPPORT: BETHNAL

TUES., NOV. 29th, 7.30 p.m. to 10.30 close

ADVANCE TICKETS £1.50 ON SALE NOW

Send S.A.E. to P.O., 59 CAVENDISH ST.,
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WILKO

Featuring Wilko Johnson

FRI 25

THE ONLY ONES

Supported by NEWS

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Friday December 9th at 8 p.m.

JOHN MILES

IN CONCERT with

TRICKSTER

£2.50, £2.00, £1.50, £1.25

100 CLUB, 100 Oxford St., W.1

MONDAY, 28th NOV. 7.30 — late

New Band Night

SORE THROAT + TEQUILA

BROWN BLUES BAND

+ Special Guests from Finland — THE HURRIGANES

Tuesday, November 29th

DOCTORS OF MADNESS

Plus The Boyfriends

BARS FOOD STUDENTS REDUCTION

MAHOGANY RUSH LONE STAR

FREE TRADE HALL

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FRIDAY 2ND DECEMBER AT 7.30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS, STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON
CENTRAL RECORDS - MIDDLETON & ASHTON UNDER LYNE. FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFFICE, 834 0941. OR ON RUCHE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

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SATURDAY 3RD DECEMBER AT 7.30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL 748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL 433 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 740 2245
LOCAL AGENTS: ORONIGHT

BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL

BIRMINGHAM B3 3DQ

WEDNESDAY 7TH DECEMBER AT 7.30

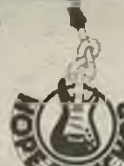
TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE TOWN HALL BOX OFFICE 10.00 AM - 6.00 PM MON - SAT
TEL 621 216192. OR ON RUCHE

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE

THURSDAY 8TH DECEMBER AT 7.30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE 10.00 AM - 12.00 PM MON - SAT
TEL NEWCASTLE 70007. OR ON RUCHE

BARBEQUE GRILL
NOW OPEN
UPSTAIRS



UPPER STREET
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FRONT ROW FESTIVAL

Thursday Nov. 24th £1.00
SHAKIN' STEVENS &
THE SUNSETS

Friday Nov. 25th £1.00
STEEL PULSE

Saturday Nov. 26th £1.00
THE SAINTS

Sunday Nov. 27th £1.00
THE TYLA GANG

Monday Nov. 28th £1.00
PHILIP RAMBOW

Tuesday Nov. 29th £1.00
999

Wednesday Nov. 30th £1.00
BURLESQUE

Thursday Dec. 1st £1.00
JOHN OTWAY

Friday December 2nd £1.00
ROOGALATOR

Saturday December 3rd £1.00
X.T.C.

Sunday Dec. 4th £1.00
CHRIS SPEDDING

Monday Dec. 5th Sold out
TOM ROBINSON

Tuesday Dec. 6th £1.00
THE ONLY ONES

Wednesday Dec. 7th Sold Out
MEAL TICKET

Thursday Dec. 8th Sold Out
WILKO JOHNSON BAND

Friday Dec. 9th £1.00
DIRE STRAIGHTS

Saturday Dec. 10th £1.00
X-RAY SPEX

Sunday Dec. 11th £1.00
SPECIAL GUESTS

Monday Dec. 12th
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Tuesday December 13th £1.00
THE PLEASERS

Wednesday Dec. 14th £1.00
DEKE LEONARD'S
ICEBERG

GENERATION X

THE SAINTS

THE LURKERS

THE VALVES

ROUNDHOUSE

CHAIRFARM NW1

SUNDAY 4th DECEMBER at 5.30

ADMISSION 11.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE TEL 267 2244. OR LONDON THEATRE
BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. W 1. TEL 433 3371. OR AT DOOR

IMPERIAL COLLEGE ENTS PRESENT

at UNION CONCERT HALL

Prince Consort Road, SW7

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 26th at 8 pm

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

+ THE HEADLINERS

Admission 75p on door

FRIARS

MAXWELL (VALE) HALL

AYLESBURY

Saturday November 26th at 3.30 p.m.

Here comes the weekend

THE JAM + NEW HEARTS

Special Extra Show 3.30 p.m. until 6.30 p.m.

The evening show has already completely sold out in advance. Tickets for early
show 175p available now from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High
Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free 'n Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore
Dunstable Bletchley & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or 175p at door on day at 3.30
p.m. Life membership 25p.

Usual Friars food and drink facilities available at early show

LOOK, LIFE IS VERY INTRICATE WHEN YOU'RE IN THE CROWD

PICKWICKS

Bradford, Road

Dewsbury

Every Monday 8.00 — 12.00

Monday November 28th

THE DRONES

+ The Strangeways

Monday December 5th

STEEL PULSE

+ The Jerks

+ Britain's No. 1 Punk D.J. FILTHY SPIKE SPERM

Psst! Keep it quiet, Rich Kids, Monday December 19th
Only regular punkers allowed

Booking Agents: BANKHOUSE ENTS 048-489 2478

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE 25

81 PFENG ROAD, SE25 778 6831

Friday November 25th

Saturday November 26th

ELECTRIX

STEALER

Disco every Sunday

IVANHOES

Manchester Road,

Huddersfield

Every Tuesday 8.00-12.00

Tuesday November 29th

BURLESQUE

+ Sneakers

Tuesday December 6th

STEEL PULSE

+ Strangeways

Tuesday December 13th

CHRIS

SPEDDING

Britain's No. 1 Punk D.J. FILTHY SPIKE SPERM

Psst! Keep it quiet, Rich Kids, Tuesday December 20th

Booking Agents: BANKHOUSE ENTS 048-489-2478

THE GREYHOUND Fulham Palace Road, W.6.

Saturday November 26th

COCK SPARRER

(The Heavy Metal Skinheads from the Mile End Road)

+ THE WINDERS

Admission 50p

FOOTBALL HOOLIGANS, SKINHEADS, & CLOCKWORK ORANGE
LOOKALIKES ALL WELCOME

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge,

Middlesex Tel Uxbridge 39126

Friday November 25th

The Rochdale Cowboy

MIKE HARDING

+ Supporting films (such as Mickey Mouse, etc...)

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on door

Wednesday November 30th

DARTS

+ Disco

Tickets 80p in advance, £1.00 on door

Thursday December 1st

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS

+ Support

Tickets £1.20 in advance, £1.50 on door

Friday December 2nd

BLACK SLATE

+ Disco

Tickets available from Social Secretary or City Electronics, The
Shopping Precinct, Uxbridge
Nearest tube: Uxbridge
Buses 204, 207, 222, 223, 224 pass the door

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

ABERDEEN Marischal College: TURNING POINT
 ASHINGTON Northumberland Technical College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
 BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: SHAM 69
 BASILDON Towngate Theatre: ALAN PRICE
 BATH Viaduct Hotel: KRAKATOA
 BEDFORD R.A.F. Henlow: J.A.L.N. BAND
 BEDFORTH Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
 BELFAST Fringe Festival: SWIFT
 BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
 BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon: URIAH HEPP / FURY
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
 BLACKPOOL Opera House: STATUS QUO
 BLACKBURN Lodestar: SCENE STEALER
 BRADFORD Princeville Club: AMERICAN TRAIN
 BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
 BRADFORD Tavern In The Town: DEAR JOHN
 BRAintree Wagon & Horses: THE CRACK
 BRISTOL Crookers: HARD UP
 BRISTOL Granary: THE MOVIES
 BRISTOL: Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
 BUXTON Railway Hotel: MERLIN
 CARLISLE Mick's Club: HOT VULTURES
 CHELMSFORD City Tavern: STILETTO
 COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
 COVENTRY Warwick University: SPLIT ENZ
 CRAWLEY Pelham Buckle: EDGE BAND
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
 DONCASTER College of Education: AUTOMATICS
 DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
 DURHAM Technical College: THE DARTS
 EDINBURGH Usher Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
 EXETER Groucho's: HERO
 EXETER Zhiyago's: FIRST CLASS
 FALKIRK Maniqui: EATER
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
 GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: FIVE HAND REEL
 GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
 HARROW Leisure Centre: SWINGING STRINGS '77
 HAWICK Town Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TRASH
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: JOHN OTWAY BAND
 LEEDS Staging Post: THE IDLE JACK BAND
 LEICESTER University: THE JAM
 LIVERPOOL Annabel's Disco Suite: ISIS
 LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
 LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
 LLANHARRAN Legion Club: STRIFE
 LONDON Alexandra Palace: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
 LONDON Bedford Corner Hotel: SORE THROAT
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WILKO JOHNSON
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI / THE TOOLS / SKUNKS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINERS SECT / TRADER
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GRAND HOTEL
 LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JAGUAR
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WIRE
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
 LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: CONTEMPT
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND / RIFF RAFF
 LONDON Marquee Club: BERNIE TORME
 LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
 LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: STAA MARK
 LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: FLYING SAUCERS
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CHER & GREG ALLMAN / SPLINTER
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: WHIRLWIND
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE DEPRESSIONS
 LONDON Tooting The Castle: PAINTED LADY
 LONDON W.I. Gulliver's Club: ROKOTTO
 LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'N' BLUES ENSEMBLE
 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
 MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
 MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: J.J. JAMESON
 NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: HOOKER
 NOTTINGHAM Carlton Folk Club: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
 NOTTINGHAM Langley Mill: SALT & PEPPER BAND
 NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
 PENZANCE The Garden: TYLA GANG
 PERTH Grampian Hotel: IGNATZ
 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
 PRESTON Polytechnic: THE REZILLOS
 ROCHESTER Nags Head: VENOM
 ROMFORD White Hart: DYNAMITE
 ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
 SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
 SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: STAMPS
 SHEFFIELD Art College: THE EXTRAS
 SWANSEA Circles Club: BURLESQUE / TRICKSTER
 SWANSEA University: LITTLE BOB STORY
 TORQUAY 400 Club: STRIDER
 WARRINGTON Carlton Club: PENETRATION
 WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: RED HOT
 WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: GARBO / CELLULOID HEROES
 WIGAN Haydock St. Oswalds: MUNGO JERRY
 WORKINGTON Slyp Disc: LOVE AFFAIR
 YORK University: STEEL PULSE

Friday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
 ABERDEEN University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
 BASINGSTOKE Technical College: TYLA GANG / GRAND HOTEL
 BATH The Carousel: FIRST CLASS
 BATH Pavilion: THE 'O' BAND/PEDRO



LINDA LEWIS returns to London Ronnie Scott's Club for a two-week headlining season, starting on Monday. And as a warm-up, she plays a couple of one-nighters this weekend at Guildford (Friday) and Cromer (Saturday).



NAZARETH undertake one of their rare British outings, though they're restricting themselves to just four major gigs, the first being in Manchester on Wednesday. Our picture shows singer Dan McCafferty in action.

BATH University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
 BATLEY Carlinghow: MODESTY BLAISE
 BELFAST Pound Club: SWIFT
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RADIO STARS
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
 BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
 BLACKBURN Sett Inn: FOSSIL
 BLACKPOOL Opera House: STATUS QUO
 BRAintree College of Further Education: PACIFIC EARDRUM / THE YOUNG BUCKS
 BRIDGLINGTON Spa Pavilion: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
 BRIGHTON New Regent: SIOUXSIE & THE BANISHEES / THE CRABS / WRIST ACTION
 BRIGHTON Seven Stars: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
 BRIGHTON Sussex University: STRAY / URCHIN
 BURTON 76 Club: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
 CAMBRIDGE Graduate Social Club: DESMOND DEKKER
 CANTERBURY Odeon: ALAN PRICE
 CARDIFF University: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & AND ASBURY JUKES
 CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: IGNATZ
 CHESTERFIELD A.G.D. Rock Club: DAGABAND
 CIRENCESTER Royal College of Agriculture: SKIN TIGHT
 CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: SPLIT ENZ / RUMBLESTRIPS
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
 CROYDON Swan & Sugar Loaf: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
 DERBY King's Hall: THE JAM
 DUNDEE Technical College: FLYING ACES
 DUNDEE University: BETHNAL
 DURHAM New College: AUTOMATICS
 EASTBOURNE Lottbridge Arms: PANAMA
 EDINBURGH Clouds: EATER
 EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: FIVE HAND REEL
 EDINBURGH Napier College: CHEAP FLIGHTS
 EDINBURGH Odeon: PETER STRAKER
 EDINBURGH University: COLOSSEUM II
 GATESHEAD Central Library: TURNING POINT
 GUILDFORD Surrey University: LINDA LEWIS
 HATFIELD Forum Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Carlton Club: DAWNWEAVER
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: SIX / ODD ENDS
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE STUKAS
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: PENETRATION
 HULL University: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
 KEIGHLEY Variety Club: MUNGO JERRY
 KNARESBOROUGH Borough Bailiff: HOT VULTURES
 LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
 LEVEN Hunting Lodge: THE BRAINS TRUST
 LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
 LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN OTWAY BAND
 LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
 LIVERPOOL University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE ONLY ONES / NEWS
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SOULDED OUT
 LONDON CAMDEN Queen Elizabeth College: STAN SMITH BAND
 LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND

LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED / THE DEAD BOYS
 LONDON City Polytechnic: STRIDER
 LONDON City University: RACING CARS / THE MOVIES / MUSCLES
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RICK GRECH & GRECHMAS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Seven Dials: THE DANDIES
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
 LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STEEL RULE
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
 LONDON LEICESTER-SQ. Centre Charles Peguy: JEREMY TAYLOR/BOTTLE OF BREAD
 LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDISWANK
 LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
 LONDON School of Economics: THIS HEAT
 LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: LITTLE ACRE
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SWEET SENSATION
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
 LONDON STRAND King's College: BUSTER CRABBE
 LONDON Victoria Palace: THE ENID/ALISHA
 LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: STAGE FRIGHT
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
 MANCHESTER The Square: THE EXTRAS
 MANCHESTER University Union: BLUNT/INTRUMENT
 MARGATE High Cliff: ZIB BAND/SAMSON
 MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: MOTORHEAD/THE WINDERS
 MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: LITTLE BOB STORY
 NEWPORT Village Club: TRAPEZE
 NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
 NORWICH East Anglia University: WILKO JOHNSON
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
 NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: TATUM
 NOTTINGHAM University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
 OXFORD New Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
 PETERLEE Senate Club: SCENE STEALER
 PRESTINGNE Memorial Hall: STRIFE
 RADCLIFFE-ON-TRENT South Notts Hockey Club: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
 READING University: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
 READING Windsor Hall: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
 REDDITCH Tracey's: STAMPS
 SALFORD University: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE REZILLOS
 SHEFFIELD Five Arches: FLYING LESSONS
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: STRETCH/WILDER
 SHIRLEY Drill Hall: ARMPIT JUG BAND
 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: URIAH HEEP/FURY
 STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: YACHTS
 STIRLING Albert Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND

SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
 ULVERSTON Penny Farting: BULLET
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University: MIKE HARDING
 WAKEFIELD Newto House: WHIRLWIND
 WEYMOUTH College of Education: THE PLEASERS
 WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: ODINSTORM
 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
 WORKINGTON Down Under Club: LOVE AFFAIR

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: TRICKSTER
 ADDISCOMBE Leslie Arms: THIEF
 ALFRETON Leisure Centre: SCENE STEALER
 AYLESBURY Civic Centre: THE JAM
 BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: STARDUST
 BATH Brilling Arts Centre: TIE MOVIES
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RADIO STARS
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENTFORD & THE NYLONS
 BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: MAD JOCKS AND ENGLISHMEN
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STARSTRUCK
 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ALAN PRICE
 BIRMINGHAM University: CADO BELLE
 BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: SOUL DIRECTION
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: CLIFF RICHARD
 BRACKNELL Arts Centre: STRIDER
 BRADFORD University: FIVE HAND REEL
 BRIGHTON Art College: WRIST ACTION
 BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE PIRANHAS / THE PLASTIX / JOBY & THE HOOLIGANS / THE SQUARES
 BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: SKIN TIGHT
 BURTON Rolleston Youth Club: GOBLINZ
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS Griffin Club: DAGABAND
 BUXTON Pavilion Gardens: CHRIS BARBER BAND
 CHELTENHAM Shaftesbury Hall: ROCK ISLAND LINE
 CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: PANAMA
 CLIFTONVILLE High Cliffs: BULLETS
 CLITHEROE Cricket Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
 COLCHESTER Essex University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
 CORBY Nags Head: STAMPS
 CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
 CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: LINDA LEWIS
 DARTFORD College: GRAND HOTEL
 DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
 DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STRAY
 DURHAM Grey College: HOT VULTURES
 EASTBOURNE East Sussex University: DEPRESSIONS
 ECCLES Patricroft Conservative Club: FOSSIL
 FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
 GALASHIELS Privateer: THE BRAINS TRUST
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE CHIEFTAINS
 GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
 GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
 GLASGOW University: COLOSSEUM II / FLYING ACES
 HALIFAX Good Mood Club: EATER
 HATFIELD Polytechnic: YACHTS
 HERTFORD Balls Park College: STRETCH / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
 HULL Willerby M. Hall: THE BANNED
 KEIGHLEY Variety Club: MUNGO JERRY
 LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: THE STUKAS
 LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
 LINCOLN R.A.F. Coningsby: STAGE FRIGHT
 LIVERPOOL Eric's: XTC
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UP
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JACKIE LYNTON BAND
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE 'O' BAND
 LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED / THE DEAD BOYS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RICK GRECH & GRECHMAS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE SHOPLIFTERS
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ALPHONSE MOUZON
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
 LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SAINTS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
 LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: THE WURZELS
 LONDON North East Polytechnic: TYLA GANG / HURRICANES
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
 LONDON School of Economics: SAD CAFE
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: X-RAY SPEX
 MALVERN Winter Gardens: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
 MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: DAVID ESSEX
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
 MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: WHIRLWIND
 MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY BAND
 MANCHESTER University: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
 MARGATE High Cliffs: BULLITS
 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
 NEWCASTLE New Tyne Theatre: PETER STRAKER
 NORTHAMPTON County Ground: RACING CARS
 NORWICH East Anglia University: TURNING POINT
 NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: VENOM
 NOTTINGHAM University: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH / SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
 OXFORD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
 PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BLOOBLO
 READING Bulmershe College: MUSCLES
 REDCAR Coatham Bowl: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
 RETFORD Porterhouse: SPLIT ENZ
 ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
 SHEFFIELD University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET

**MORE GIG GUIDE
AND CLUB ADS
OVER THE PAGE**

GIG GUIDE

SOUTHAMPTON University: WARREN HARRY
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
TOTMORTON Talk Of The Tot: SALT & PEPPER BAND
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: BULLET
WATFORD College of Education: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
WIGAN Casino: HEAVY METAL KIDS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
WORKINGTON Down Under Club: LOVE AFFAIR
YEovil Johnson Hall: WILKO JOHNSON
YORK University: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: FAST DRIVER
AYLESBURY Kings Head: ROOM 23
BARROW Maxim's Disco: EATER
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE CHIEFTAINS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLTON Brooklyn Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: URIAH HEEP/FURY
CARLISLE Market Hall: COLOSSEUM II
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: FABULOUS POODLES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: LITTLE BOB STORY
CROYDON Greyhound: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
DUNDEE Ambassador Hotel: IGNATZ
GALSTON Valley Folk Club: HOT VULTURES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GOURECK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
GREAT YARMOUTH The Broadway: BUSTER JAMES BAND
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: THE WURZELS
LANCASTER Redwell Inn: FIVE HAND REEL
LEEDS Polytechnic: PETER STRAKER
LIVERPOOL EVERYMAN Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS

RECOMMENDED TV

THURSDAY: Classic Judy Garland movie "A Star Is Born" (BBC-2).
SATURDAY: Steve Gibbons Band in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link); "The Two Ronnies" (BBC-1); Perry Como in "Parkinson" (BBC-1); Abba and Dennis Roussos in "The Basil Brush Show" (BBC-1).
SUNDAY: Sex Pistols/XTC/The Pirates in "So It Goes" (Granada ITV, but screened by London Weekend on Saturday); Oscar Peterson in "The Lively Arts" (BBC-2). Steel Pulse, Matumbi and Delroy Washington in "The London Weekend Show" (London ITV).
TUESDAY: Don McLean and the Tyla Gang in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2); "The Goodies" (BBC-2); "Rock Follies" (ITV network).

LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/BETHNAL
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: B52's
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLSQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: STRIPEY KITE
LONDON Marquee Club: ILLUSION
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JAGUAR
LONDON Victoria Palace: BEN SIDRAN
LONDON WCI Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: DON SHEPHERD
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: DAVID ESSEX
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: HORSLIPS/ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TRICKSTER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ALAN PRICE
NEWMARKET Kingsway Cinema: FLAKY PASTRY
NORWICH St. Andrews Hall: JOHN MARTYN
NORWICH Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: XTC
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: MIKE HARDING
PLYMOUTH Castaways: WILKO JOHNSON
PORTSEA Rotary Club: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: NEIL LEWIS & JOHN LUCE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE PIRATES
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
ROTHERHAM Silverwood Club: MODESTY BLAISE
SELKIRK County Hotel: THE BRAINS TRUST
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE JAM
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
ST. IVES (Hunts) St. Ivo Recreation Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
WIGAN Riverside Club: BROWNSVILLE BANNED

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: PETER STRAKER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE ACCELERATORS / THE V.I.P.s
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE JAM
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JOHN MARTYN
BOSTON Folk Club: GARY & VERA ASPEY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: WILKO JOHNSON
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PANAMA
BRIGHTON Dome: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
CARDIFF New Theatre: THE WURZELS
CARLISLE Crown & Mitre: FIVE HAND REEL
CASTLEFORD Working Men's Club: BULLET
CHIGWELL Row Camelot Club: PLAYBOYS

CHELTHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
COVENTRY Locarno: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
COVENTRY Warwick University: RENO
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BURLSQUE
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: THE BRAINS TRUST
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GUILDFORD Bunters: SCENE STEALER
HATFIELD Red Lion: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Grand Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GRAND HOTEL/THE PENCILS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BIG IN JAPAN / SUBURBAN STUDS/PEROXIDE ROMANCE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS/BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON EALING Technical College: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LANDSCAPE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PHILIP RAMBOW BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SUGAR MIAMI BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON NEW MALDEN Bryckbox Youth Arts Workshop: ACME QUARTET
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: BIG BEN SPEAKS
LONDON OXFORD ST 00 Club: HURRICANES / SORE THROAT/TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHRIS JONES BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ART ATTAX
LONDON STRAND Ripples Disco: SOUL DIRECTION
LONDON WEST HAMPTSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE DECORATORS/RIKKI SLICK & THE STREETS
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: URIAH HEEP / FURY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: EATER
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL: HORSLIPS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SPLIT ENZ
READING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
ST. ALBANS Watersplash: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SWANSEA Rainbow Club: STARDUST
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
TONYPANDY British Legion: TRICKSTER
UXBRIDGE Unit One: LONG VEHICLE
WEYMOUTH College of Education: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
WIGAN Riverside Club: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: DAVID ESSEX

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: EATER
BAGSHOT Panities Club: ST. LOUIS UNION
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID ESSEX
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Dome: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
CARDIFF Top Rank: SPLIT ENZ
CARDIFF University: TOM ROBINSON/NO DICE
CARLISLE Assembly Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: ISIS
CHELTHAM Tramps: MUSCLES
COLWYN BAY Showboat: TRAPEZE
DUNDEE Harry's Disco: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: LITTLE BOB STORY/THE STUKAS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TOADSLASHERS
HERTFORD Castle Hall: ADRIAN MAY
ILFORD Barons Club: KENTUCKY COUNTY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GARY GLITTER
KEIGHTLEY Nippers Club: GARBO/CELLULOID HEROES
KEIGHTLEY Victoria Halls: BETHNAL
LANCASTER Cartmel College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LEEDS All Saints College: RENO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PICK-POCKETS
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: PETER STRAKER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JENNY DARREN
LONDON Guildhall School of Music & Drama: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS/ADVERTISING
LONDON N4. The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: MICKEY MOUSE ROCK BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: HORSLIPS/ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: VOID
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Shop: NEMA
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: HURRICANES
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: WHIRLWIND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ALAN PRICE
NEWARK Palace Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE BRAINS TRUST
NEWCASTLE Wilmar House: SWIFT
NEWCASTLE University: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OAKENGATES Town Hall: THE WURZELS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
PRESTON Guildhall: URIAH HEEP/FURY
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: CLIFF RICHARD
READING University: STARDUST
SHEFFIELD The Penthouse: THE EXTRAS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DARTS/AMAZORBLADES
STIRLING Golden Lion: HOT VULTURES
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
WOKING Halls: WILKO JOHNSON

The Captain



... and Tennille



Hit American duo The Captain & Tennille fly in for their nine-day British debut tour, opening at the London Palladium on Wednesday.

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
ABERYSTWYTH University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: WHIRLWIND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID ESSEX
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: STAGE FRIGHT
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: SPLIT ENZ
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRADFORD University: BETHNAL/CADO BELLE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: KRAKATOA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE ENID
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve Club: DAGABAND
CLITHEROE Swan & Royal Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
COERAINNE NEW University: SWIFT
DURHAM Blue Bell Inn: RENO
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE JAM
GREENOCK Regency Lounge: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HUDDERSFIELD Top Of The Town: LOVE AFFAIR
HUDDERSFIELD White Swan: WITCHFYNDE
KEELE University: BULLETS
LEEDS University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/MEAL TICKET
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: DAWNWEAVER
LIVERPOOL University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WIRE/NEO/TRASH
LONDON CHELSEA College: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: COUNT BISHOPS/DOPLEGANGER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BURLSQUE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE CRABS/THE MONOTONES
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: ST. LOUIS UNION
LONDON Palladium: THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON School of Economics: THE PLEASERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS
LONDON W.14 the Kensington: RIFF RAFF
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: NAZARETH
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SHAM 69/THE SLUGS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
MANCHESTER Roundtrees Corn Exchange: EATER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: URIAH HEEP/FURY
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: JOHN MARTYN
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: MECHANICAL HORSESTROUGH
NORTHAMPTON Ling's Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NORWICH East Anglia University: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: VENOM
PLYMOUTH Castaways: ROKOTTO
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
PRESTON Guildhall: ALAN PRICE
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: AUTOMATICS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
SUNDERLAND The Royalty: HOT VULTURES
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Halls: WILKO JOHNSON
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE DARTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: HOOKER

WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Tuesday Nov. 29th

THE DARTS + AMAZORBLADES

Mary Jane Disco

Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or available on door

QUEENSWAY CIVIC HALL, DUNSTABLE

Thursday Dec. 1st THE ENID (Ex Bandits)

Saturday Dec. 3rd

MOTORHEAD + Extra Special Guests THE WINDERS

Food

West Runton Pavilion

Near Cromer, Norfolk
Tel: West Runton 203

Friday November 25th

SPLIT ENZ + Rumble Strips

Saturday November 26th

LINDA LEWIS + Alfalfa

Friday December 2nd

MOTORHEAD + JOHN OTWAY BAND

Saturday December 3rd

5000 VOLTS

Friday December 9th

HEATWAVE

THE 100 CLUB, Oxford St., West One

THURSDAY 24th NOVEMBER
DEMAND RETURN! REGGAE
SUPERSTAR *

★ DELROY WASHINGTON ★ and ZABANDIS

Plus! SILVER CAMEL SOUNDS DADDY KOOL
8pm to 1am Late Bars - Food
Eng. 01-348 2923.

SPOOKY LADY

Temple Mills Lane, Hackney, E.15
The best in live groups and support acts

Wednesday November 23rd 7.00 before 11 pm. £1 after 11pm

Thursday November 24th 7.00 before 11 pm. £1 after 11 pm

SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND

Friday November 25th £1.00

Saturday November 26th £1.00

HOLLYWOOD

Wednesday November 30th 7.00 before 11 pm. £1 after 11 pm

WARSAW PAKT

Licensed Bar 8.30 pm - 2 am

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE STAR & GARTER PUTNEY EMBANKMENT

Thursday November 24th at 8.30 p.m.

TENDERFOOT

60p

Sound system

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

OSIBISA

A Christmas Extrabaganza

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST W5

THURSDAY 22nd DECEMBER at 7.30

TICKETS £1.00 £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 (incl. VAT). ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL. 748 4001
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS: UNITS/SECRETARY TEL. 439 1371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL. 240 2245.
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marquee

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

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

Thurs. 24th Nov. (Adm 65p) BERNIE TORME Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon. 28th Nov. (Adm 75p) MUNGO JERRY Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Fri. 25th Nov. (Adm 75p) GLORIA MUNDI Swank & Ian Fleming	Tues. 29th Nov. (Adm 70p) ROOGALATOR + The Reactions & Ian Fleming
Sat. 26th Nov. (Adm 75p) ADAM & THE ANTS Plus support & Ian Fleming	Wed. 30th Nov. (Adm 65p) CRABS Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sunday 27th Nov. (Adm 65p) SUBURBAN STUDS The Members & Nick Leigh	Thurs. 1st Dec. (Adm 70p) FIVE HAND REEL Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & Cold snacks are available

RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday, November 24th 75p
WIRE
FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, November 24th 78p
MICHAEL CHAPMAN
+ RIFF RAFF

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, November 25th, 26th, 27th £1.00
BURLESQUE
+ JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Monday, November 28th £1.50
THE SUGAR MIAMI BAND

Tuesday, November 29th £1.00
ADVERTISING
+ **THE YACHTS**

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

PUBLIC WARNING

CATCH THE CRABS

AT THE MARQUEE WED NOV 30

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday November 25th
BITTER SUITE
Admission from 60p

Saturday November 26th
SPLIT ENZ
Admission from £1.00
Licensed Bar 8 pm-2 am

THE ROCK CLUB NEW WRITTLE ST. CHELMSFORD

Thurs. Nov. 24, 8-11 pm 70p
STILLETTO

Sun. Nov. 27, 8-11 pm 100p
LITTLE BOB STOREY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned

DEAD BOYS

THE DRONES

ROUNDHOUSE CHALKFARM NW1

FRI/SAT/SUN-25/26/27 NOV at 7-30

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BOOKINGS: SHARLESBY AVE. W.1 TEL 417 1371 0941 0009

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC S.U. Rotary St., S.E.1 Tel. 01-261 1525

Friday November 25th
LITTLE ACRE

Cheap drinks. Nearest tube: Elephant and Castle
Tickets 60p N.U.S. 80p others :: Next Friday The Pleasers

5 hand reel

ON TOUR

November.

23rd.....St Andrews University.
25th.....Edinburgh, Herriott Watt University.
26th.....Bradford University.
27th.....Lancaster, Redwell Inn, Camforth.
28th.....Carlisle, Crown & Mitre.
29th.....Newcastle, University Theatre.

Management: Brian Adams Tel: 01-751 2163.
NEMS Agency

RCA

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday November 27th
TOM ROBINSON
+ NO DICE & D.J. PETER FOX

Sunday December 4th
IAN DURY BAND

Sunday December 11th
THE JAM

TELEPHONE 01-387-04189

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST OFF. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE NW1

Wednesday November 23rd £1.00 THE ENGLISH ASSASSIAN Featuring Nigel Benjamin + Support Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.	Monday November 28th £1.00 BIG IN JAPAN SUBURBAN STUDS + PEROXIDE ROMANCE Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Thursday November 24th £1.50 GLORIA MUNDI THE TOOLS + SKUNKS	Tuesday November 29th £1.00 S.A.L.T. + Support Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Friday November 25th £1.50 Solid Gold Soul from SOULED OUT + Support	Wednesday November 30th £1.00 WIRE + NEO + TRASH Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.
Saturday November 26th £2.00 THE "O" BAND + Support	

Thursday December 1st £1.50
MOTORHEAD
+ Support

Advance tickets now on sale from Box Office and usual agents

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8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

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POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
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THE PIRATES + THE ONLY ONES

Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.30 on door
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Licensed Bar Sounds by Oasis Records

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

Monday November 28th £1.00
THE UNWANTED
THE TICKETS
THE MISTAKES
BLITZ
D.J. Nic Lee

Tuesday November 29th £1.00
THE KILLJOYS
THE MIRRORS
THE CANE
PATRICK FITZGERALD
D.J. Jerry Floyd

GENTS

THE ROKY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday Nov 23rd 50p
SPANKER
+ Jets

Thursday Nov 24th £1.00
LONDON
+ Rabies
+ The Tarts

Friday Nov 25th £1.00
SUBURBAN STUDS
+ Blitz
+ Mistakes
+ U. K. Subs

Saturday Nov 26th £1.00
MEAN STREET
+ Bears
+ Shoplifters

Sunday Nov 27th
PUNK ROCK DISCO
Members Free, Guests 50p
Jam Sessions welcome

Tuesday Nov 29th 30p
LEROY ZOOM
+ Plastics

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail New Barnet
Tel: 01-499 0465

Thursday November 24th
ASTRA

Friday November 25th
TRADER

Saturday November 26th
CARDIAC ARREST

Sunday November 27th
OUT OF THE BLUE
Tuesday November 29th
Roger Williamson

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday November 24th
NEO

Friday November 25th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Saturday November 26th
Special Guests
Ring for Details
Monday November 28th
MEN'S WEAR

Tuesday November 29th
HURRIGANES

Wednesday November 30th
UNCLE PO

Thursday December 1st
ALFALPHA

SHELLEY presents at CIVIC CENTRE, AYLESBURY
Thursday November 24th

PETER OUT & THE FADERS

+ Nebula Admission 95p

FILM

"IT HAS THE

Keith Carradine
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Sally Kellerman
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Geraldine Chaplin
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Harvey Keitel
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Lauren Hutton
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Sissy Spacek
Welcome to L.A.

WELCOME TO L.A.

Premiere Attraction from Nov. 10th
The Screen on the Hill
(OPP. BELSIZE PARK TUBE) Tel 01-435 3366

BODY COME THE MOVIE KLAUS SCHULZE



ON THE TOWN

Hell comes in spurts

Richard Hell & The Voidoids
Siouxsie & The Banshees
MUSIC MACHINE

THERE IS something about the Music Machine in Camden Town that severely dulls one's capacity for enjoyment of an evening of live rock.

It's probably caused by opening the doors at 8.30pm and putting on the band everyone came to see at 12.30am — the interim period being devoted to three bands of middling capability playing half-an-hour a piece with interminable gaps inbetween.

It probably benefits the bar sales, but it almost blew The Voidoids' chances of galvanising their audience, and most likely contributed to my being totally unmoved by Siouxsie And The Banshees.

The Banshees began their set with The Beatles' "Helter Skelter" and were not afraid to vary the speed of their songs from the standard breakneck setting. Other than that they have a drummer who plays with total disregard for convention (he doesn't even have a hi-hat) and Siouxsie.

Siouxsie's charisma, or anti-charisma, is not great. Nor is it, like Debbie Harry's, the stuff of sales campaigns.

But it is at least tidy and well-defined — a toe-kick, patent leather and a hint of pre-war teutonic decadence.

On the other hand, The Voidoids were totally magnetic.

Not strictly in terms of appearance (because in that respect they are more simply weird, like an Op-Art cartoon), but in the tension generated by their half-hour dose of sheer adrenochrome — something sorely needed by the time they came on, the dragging tedium of the evening having steadily deadened the crowd's spirits.

They played roughly ten songs, beginning with a screaming outburst of "Love Comes In Spurts" and ending, after Johnny Rotten stumbled on to heckle us into *really* shouting for more, with the Stones' "Ventilator Blues".

Inbetween which they hit relentlessly home with a selection of songs from the album taken about twice as fast and surprisingly not suffering for it. No loss of dynamics or structure, but appreciable gain in intensity.

The Voidoids' sound consists of three basic elements — Marc Bell's drums, a pounding, unflinching drive with the snare coming through hard and onbeat — rock'n'roll's killer instinct; Ivan Julian and Bob Quine's guitars work as one, the rhythm and lead roles obscured and merged into a clamorous electric frenzy that is not a mere wall of powerchords but has shape, colour and persuasive attack.

The sight of Ivan Julian barking madly through "I Wanna Be Your Dog", while not missing a move on his guitar, was especially one to cherish.

The final element was Hell himself.

He scrubs his bass strings and twists forward on his toes to sing, wringing a surprising variety of expression from his voice.

Witness their mesmerising version of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Walkin' On The Water", which, at that pace and in that environment, still came through dark and ominous.

Hell's delivery is the mirror-image of the band's: taut, manic and pressurized to the point of being crazed, but never over it.

Not once did they stray into the realms of mindless flailing; they just held on tight to their arrangements and balanced on the knife edge.

I would willingly have waited another four hours to see them do it again.

Paul Rambali



Miller, firing on all cylinders in Hertfordshire.

Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR

The man who inspires tender love and cliches

Frankie Miller
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

I'M BEGINNING to feel paranoid when I write reviews because half the adjectives I use always seem to turn up in next week's Cliche City list. My thesaurus is getting well thumbed.

Now I'm really for it, because I've written about Frankie Miller a few times and I always like him so I guess I'm running out of things to say about him that aren't boring (see tedious).

I don't know how to put it better than to say he's a superb (see excellent) singer and I like hearing him.

The present Full House aren't backroom boys to be overlooked either. With B. J. Wilson on drums, Mickey Moody on guitar, Chrissy Stewart on bass, Paul Carrack on keyboards and Chris Mercer and Martin Drover on sax and trumpet, Frankie has to keep his socks up.

There's no room in his present company for the Tartan Terror to trundle on stage heavily lubricated and flounder around for a bit, as he has been known to do a time or two in the past. And he seems well aware of this, showing a growing command and consistency in his forceful (see strong, assertive, compelling) delivery.

In fact, although on this particular night Frankie didn't ascend into his occasionally magical (see thaumaturgy) intensity, it was all fine, disciplined but exciting stuff.

The standards of the Miller repertoire have had their life expectancy boosted by the new musicians, with the fresh interest of Wilson's inventive drumming and the horns.

And there are some surprise elements in the newer additions to the set that work tremendously well — imagine taking "The Tennessee Waltz" as a sort of fast rockabilly swing, for instance.

The direction indicators in the new numbers are pointing to a more Stax-oriented funk than the brisker rockers I personally prefer.

But that's where Frankie's heart always has been, and there are no quibbles from me about his performance of, say, "Higher And Higher".

He needs this band pushing him, and it promises to be a more than satisfactory teaming.

The only danger in this line-up is that when the volume is as incredibly loud as it was this time the band is often on the brink of overwhelming the singer. Anybody without Frankie's gawdalmighty pipes would be lost.

I'll still say it loudly — he's one of the greats (see supreme, influential).

Angie Errigo



Hell and Rotten, orchestrating encores.

Pic: GUS STEWART



Siouxsie, looking for a gig with The Stranglers?

Pic: GUS STEWART



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Generation X PARIS

I RECENTLY saw Generation X play three nights in Paris at the Club Gibu, a venue specialising in Le Punk — which, as far as Frogs go, appears to have more than a hint of Browns and Fiorucci about it. And the impression given by the differing qualities of the gigs — in terms of material, style and quality — was that the four members of the band are still not always making contact with the core of Generation X.

However, when it does happen, when the forces are appropriately canalized, they present punk oneness on an almost Clash-like scale, making it logical to suggest that the band are already up in fourth punk place behind the Pistols, Clash and Damned.

After all, Generation X do appear to have set themselves apart from The Rest by their transcendence of the one-dimensionality of most punk subject matter.

Friday's gig began with an excellent new number, "Promises Promises" (only this weekend turned down as The New Single in favour of "Wild Youth"), slowish with a very potent hook plus a biting, twisted ending when the song shifts off on a totally different tangent.

Derwood, certainly a future guitar hero, turned in a tasty, menacing combination of minimalism and lyricism.

On his op art t-shirt Derwood sported the four words "Generation X Loud Guitarist" which (certainly for the convenient purpose of this review anyway) can be taken as a symbol of the campness that floats about the band. The t-shirts, made for them all by bassist Tony James, present the band's name and song titles ("Youth Youth Youth", "Wild Youth"), and the image and name of vocalist Billy idol himself, all welding together



Mixed facets of Le Punk

into a very definite Band Image embellished with a hint of surreal feyness.

It was unfortunate that Billy was hampered by a duff microphone, making it appear that he was really just a Fabian-esque pretty face stooge. In reality, as can be made out on the about-to-be-released single, "Child Youth", he's a prime New Wave exponent of restrained vocal power.

He is also a very powerful onstage figure indeed, as we saw on "London Life" when he leaned heavily on the proscenium arch out into the audience, legs straddled and running with sweat, a contradictory mixture of

lounge lizard cool and archly fatigued stud.

Gen X's visual balance is, in fact, quite aesthetically cool, with Idol and drummer Mark Laff, the band's rock solid new breed culture heroes, occupying the stage centre and balanced out with the classic Sensitive Beautiful Loser posturings of Derwood and James.

James appeared to be the provider of the energy spark — witness "Kleenex", when with his Lemmy-influenced nonstop chug-a-lug bass riffs seemed to duet with Derwood's guitar-work much of the time and drove the whole outfit along.

Indeed, the whole set was very racy indeed, utilising an almost Ramones-like sense of

GEN X. Pic: STEVENSON

urgency underneath the edge of constant striving experimentation.

James's onstage image closeness to Mick Jones was most striking, although since both were founder members of London SS and are close friends this shouldn't perhaps have been too surprising.

Perhaps the most initially fazing impression was not only how recent are many of the band's roots but also how poppy are those roots. However, as I also used to find early Gary Glitter and Sweet records to be as devastatingly good as did the four members of the band, not too much suspension of disbelief is required for me to get heavily into Generation X.

Chris Salewicz

Camden Jazz Week

THE ROUNDHOUSE

THE OPENING night of Jazz Centre Society's Camden Jazz Week looked on paper like the lion lies down with the lamb.

Don Weller is the very epitome of the boozier band spirit, a Dr Feelgood of the tenor saxophone who will give it one, way-hey! because that's what your side arm's for.

To leave this blowout of roast beef, his band, Major Surgery, work like dervishes to switch the points, stop-time, hoe-down, shuffle. Drummer Tony Marsh has to be one of the most flexible players around, and what sinuousness there is in Big Don's locomotive advance is down to him.

Rooted in Rollins, the leader's sound is booming, will pin the ears flat to the head, and — like Gene Ammons — is best pitted against another horn. I like Major Surgery, but prefer the Weller-Themen blowing battles in Stan Tracey's Octet.

Eberhard Weber's Colours hoe a very different row. Texture is at a premium here, nor — with the tigerish John Marshall in the drums — is wallop lacking.

Weber, playing a bodiless bass of obscure Italian origin which he found in an antique shop, conjures up a vast range of sounds. With electronic assistance, the instrument can switch from sitar to tabla, and possibly wake Weber up with a cup of tea in the morning for aught I know, which raises an interesting question. What axis of judgement does one employ for this miscellaneous Fort Knox of sounds?

Settling for suitability, I found his responses to the musical climate immaculate — always priming Charlie Mariano's saxophone flights with the relevant riff or meshing amazingly with Rainer Bruninghaus's forays inside the piano. Weber's solos scampered and trolled with a secure sense of pulse and structure, always imaginative, always succinct.

In the main, Mariano was workmanlike. Playing soprano and flute on "Sand" and nagawaram on "Sand Glass", he subordinated himself to the group spectrum, coming into his old-style spearhead alto

only on "Chicken Chicane" which had this pensioner's beret among the rafters. Mingus used him best.

Friday night featured Freddie Hubbard, or rather, Freddie's band for the first three minutes due to the star's delay. A bunch of anonymous jazz-rockers, and for me the yawns came thick and fast. By the time Hubbard arrived the cupboard was bare and I for one found it hard to disassociate star from stodge.

Not a problem for Hubbard, however, who played with consummate technique, the tone ravishingly burnished, the high notes, swoops and slurs pouring forth with ease. Contemptuous ease, I'm tempted to opine, as Hubbard strutted about the stage like a man drunk on his own reputation, glaring at the trumpet after executing a perfect Immelman Turn as if to say 'Shee-it! Fella could really cut some stuff if only he hadn't got this cockamamie horn'. Hubbard's been worrying Miles for years. Quite right.

Brian Case



FREDDIE HUBBARD:
shining in stodge

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Glenn Matlock, Midge Ure.

Rich Kids

LIVERPOOL

A FEW months ago, an age in terms of the intense, elusive punk/etc culture acceleration, I remarked to my cuddly panda in a moment of rare sleepy introversion that a group to treasure could well combine the spirit, aggression, pop pose of Slik and The Sex Pistols, two interesting examples of end-product transcending initial manipulation.

This whispered wishful-thinking intimacy was prior to Glen Matlock's inevitable exit from McLaren's loveless bourgeois/attitude situation cut-outs.

Matlock's pet project became the Rich Kids, and he

Rich Kids — a slik operation but...

seemed to spend a lot of time making sure that they were... perfect.

He needed a front man to wield choice guitar and croon toughly. Howard Devoto was an original choice but Devoto's pose is one of alienation / disturbance, hardly the necessary smooth / sharp identification-pose down-to-earth Matlock desired, which ex-Slicker Midge Ure certainly has.

The Matlock/Devoto couplet thankfully fell through,

the Ure/Matlock one patiently solidified. Ure and Matlock, two of a kind, previously trapped in unsuitable circumstances, to-gether. For ever. And ever.

The Rich Kids play vacuous, trivial, unaffected, but quite charming hard surging pop that is so easy to develop an on the spot fondness for and so easy to forget.

They're sharp-looking, precious and precocious... visually Pistols and Slik; when merged they merely regress

into the land of '60s Small Faces aggress-pop as opposed to inspiring modern sparks — but it was always pointed out that Matlock's affections lay well within the '60s, and without Jones/Rotten's guttural appropriations that's where they slumber, charmingly if nothing else, with The Rich Kids.

They played "Pretty Vacant", which was amusing, and "Sha La La", which was fun. No sparks, but lots of fun. Glen seemed to enjoy himself, sharing vocal duties with his good comrade Midge. Midge seemed to enjoy himself, sharing vocal duties with his good comrade Glen.

Still, they're gonna have to be a little more than pleasing archaic pop exponents with a neat line in dress, 'cos there's a lot of better stuff around.

And that's a shame. Ask my cuddly panda.

Paul Morley

Pic: Kevin Cummins



Karla Bonoff

LA folksy cool for cool folk

Karla Bonoff

BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK

FIRST SOME background: Karla Bonoff grew up near the Los Angeles Troubadour and in the early '60s played at the Monday night hoots alongside James Taylor, Neil Young, The Stone Poneys with Linda Ronstadt, Steven Stills, Tim Buckley and Jackson Browne.

It's no accident then that she sounds as LA folkrock as can be or that Russell Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Andrew Gold, Wendy Waldman and Ronstadt all played on her debut album.

She opened at the Bottom Line with "I Can't Hold On", bringing a cool California presence to New York.

She has a slightly hard edge to her voice which isn't noticeable on the album. Of course comparisons immediately spring to mind with Carole King and Linda Ronstadt — the Ronstadt association being obvious since Linda used three of Karla's songs on her "Hasten Down The Wind" album.

It was like the first days of hearing Carole King singing "Natural Woman" and "Up On The Roof", songs that other voices had made famous now sung by their original author.

Karla, a long tall woman in a black dress, moved to the piano. "Say You Will..." in a sing-whisper, sometimes a little breathy. I found myself liking her — but not her band.

They were a sleepy Californian bunch of professionals, shipped over and inflated backstage — so smooth and laid-back and mechanical that no-one stood out except perhaps Ed Black on steel guitar.

The other guys (Beau Siegel, drums; Brad Palmer, bass; Chris Montana, guitar) just had no stage presence at all and didn't in any way reach the standard of the Hollywood heavies who played on the album.

There was a sense of a private performance to friends, even though her communication with the audience was minimal. Her songs only really attain their fullest meaning in the privacy of one's own room.

Miles

The Pleasers

ROCHESTER CASTLE, LONDON

WHEN The Raspberries did their heavy metal Beatles impressions a few years ago it was a surprise, a novelty, and enough of a hybrid to be exciting on '70s terms.

When The Flamin' Groovies came over wearing the Beatle suits and opening their set with a note-perfect version of "I Feel Fine", followed later by "Hold Me Tight" and "Please Please Me", it was funny, nostalgic, exciting and slightly sad.

When The Pleasers pull the same trick in Stoke Newington, only with a set made up almost entirely of self-composed tunes which sound like the stuff the Fab Four rejected in '63/'64, it's just rather uninspiring.

As someone else said, "Good for five minutes."

The Pleasers expect to be big, mind you. "The Lifebuoy Generation", Will Birch dubbed it the other day — clean boys playing clean pop;

PLEASERS? NO THANKS

next year's big thing apparently.

"We're going to be the first new wave band (sic) for kids who are interested by the music but put off by the bands", Pleasers singer Steve McNeerney told one interviewer recently.

How marvellous. Them and The Stukas and Amazorblades and Dwight Twilley and Tom Petty and Greg Kihn — and, on the recorded evidence at least only Kihn with any depth to his music, and heart to back up the style. His new single, "For You" towers over the rest like "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" next to some turkey Merseybeat compilation.

The Pleasers don't even stand in the right positions, Paul-George-Johnwise. They should be playing Baileys nightclubs with the Dakotas and The Tremeloes.

Phil McNeill

Gordon Beck, Quarternity

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

AN UNGODLY place and an ungodly hour. As the theatregoers ambled out, the jazz buffs filed in. Leeds Playhouse is a cold, functional forum entirely suited to those repellantly unemotional aspects of modern jazz.

This was a shame, for the first half of the concert was devoted to a youngish British pianist, Gordon Beck, who possesses a warm and relaxed talent.

Much of his early inspiration derived from Bill Evans, a most flexible and inventive stylist, while his execution reminds one irresistibly of Keith Jarrett. But Beck has developed a voice of his own and if he can learn to admit greater risks with the rock-

bottom certainty of his technique, the dividends should be remarkable.

The second half was taken up by bill-toppers Quarternity, led by Henry Lowther, session man to the stars for nigh on two decades, and Art Themen the saxophonist cum surgeon.

Lowther on trumpet and flugelhorn and Themen doubling on tenor and soprano saxes, combine to make a most mellifluous front line. Quarternity's music is straightforward jazz — atonality and aleatorics rarely rear their ugly heads.

Despite the conventional framework of soloists and rhythm section, they manage to communicate a collective rapport that would leave most rock bands on the starting blocks.

Lowther himself is a graceful trumpeter, his ebullient tone and poised phrasing making him one of the most distinctive players in England.

Ultimately though, Quarternity lack that sense of desperation from which great jazz almost always comes, and whilst they may pleasantly divert, they rarely entrance.

Andrew Simmons

TROWER TALK

Robin has come up with 'In City Dreams', a recording of considerable maturity and authority that finds the guitarist working in what amounts to a virtually new musical language, but with that same authoritative stamp that declares it as Trower through and through.

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(Sorry, couldn't resist it)

Daavid Allen SHEFFIELD

THE FIRST thing you notice about Daavid Allen's latest set-up is the miniscule amount of equipment there is on the stage. Jeez, a pot-head pixie could set this lot up in ten minutes.

A far cry indeed from former fellow-traveller Star Hillage's approach to such things.

The second thing you notice is the audience. This is the first concert I've been to in ages where I can sit in a chair at the back of the hall and still see everything happening onstage, over the heads of the cross-legged masses.

The noxious stink of patchouli wafts gently around the place, mingling with the occasional whiff of illegality. The overwhelming impression is of a group of people deliberately forcing themselves into a stereotypical role — an observation just as valid for those spiky-barnet audiences, too. Inauthenticity rules, dear friends.

Things take off, of course, with synthesised rushings and burblings, to which is added, after a short while, an unimpressive rock riff.

Three runaways from Miss Primm's Finishing School for Girls prance on and practise Greek Dancing, clad in smocks with waist-ribbons and tight.

And then, along comes Allen, wearing dressing-gown, long johns and a ridiculous silvery polyhedral helmet, (save it for sharpening your razorblades the cosmic way, mate!), muttering something about "Floating Anarchy Radio".

"The news is that politics has been abolished", claims Australia's answer to Angela Rippon.

Oh yeah? The *real* news is that politics is alive and kicking, and that anachronism achieves nothing, my dear.

Still, give the bloke credit where it's due: his "Our fathers who art in power" rap ("Astronauts are heroes, yet you prosecute explorers of the mind", etc.) is charged with a vitriol absent in the old Allen. No happy acceptance of the Cosmic Tao here — this guy's getting just a little pissed off, it seems. Of course, it could just be a punked-up version of the same old thing, for the '70s sake.

Not quite as beautiful as it used to be, eh, maaaaan?

Musically, it's a bit more rocky-riffy than of old, although the synth's just as

cosmically aimless as ever, and the dancers just as graceless.

Truly, the last outpost of the summerlove sensation.

Mind you, for the most part, the intention's the same — brain-damage via spacey-synth and glissando-guitar for the mushroomed masses out front. Some of it, I'll admit, isn't without a certain nostalgic beauty.

Then, just when I was prepared to give him the thumbs-up, he had to go and spoil it.

Misquoting Marx, (not in itself a sin), he turns to the subject of addiction to introduce a song about same from drummer Kif Kif Le Batteur.

"There's lots of things to get addicted to. Television, for one. And money. Who can do without money?"

Embarrassed silence, (where in the past a few would have lied), then a solitary voice shouts "No-one!"

"Do you really think so? Really? I think I can do without money. Yes, I'm quite sure I don't need money."

Oh yeah, maaaaan? Then why didn't you tell everyone just how you made your last album, eh? "Recorded, mixed and all at home by Daavid" it says here.

Using — and I quote — two Teac 4-track recorders, two Revox A77 recorders with Taylor Hutchinson Stereo Echo Conversion, one DBX Compressor/Limiter, two Allen & Heath Minimixers, one Soundcraftsman Graphic Equalizer, and an unspecified number of AKG 202-mikes.

These "Soundcraftsman Graphic Equalizers" grown on trees, do they?

And the song, when it comes, is a peach: "Addicted to money and the city life — better get out while the going's good".

Right on, man. Trouble is, a lot of us don't have too much choice in the matter. And most of us ain't had enough money to get addicted to the damn stuff.

Andy Gill

Bethnal

MUSIC MACHINE

AS CHURCHILL would have said "Never was so much played by so many to so few." I wish I'd taken a white flag, and free admission before 10.30 with this ad, too. Maybe there was something good on the tele that night.

After a bearded gent had announced them as if proclaiming the cure for the common cold (i.e. "eureka!") we got action in the form of Bethnal, with "Soldier Boy".

The mad thing is, the stage at the Music Machine is in the wrong position — so I spent the first two numbers looking for the best sightline because one thing you don't do when watching Bethnal is take your eyes off them. Unfortunately the best place is at the back.

Bethnal operate on you in two speeds. Their opening blast takes you aback — it's as if they've been onstage for an hour already and you have to blink to sort out if you fell asleep an hour ago.

The second speed occurs when they've been onstage for ten minutes, which is sometime during their dance number called "Bartok". Or as their vocalist / violinist / keyboard player says — "The dance-floor's down there! Alright?" It's twice the first.

After their drummer comes up to the mike to shout hullo — an experience similar to watching a goalkeeper score a goal with his head!

While he's talking the rest of the team start "Who dat you're talking to?" And by the time he's strolled to his skins and kit they are well away. When the drums come in, it's perfect — this ain't choreography, not when you've been together five years.

"Let's see everybody clap!" And into "Baba O Reilly" without the backing tapes (or

safety net). In fact the keyboard riff is played single-handed! A spotlight flashes over the decor! I bang my head against the wall!!!

A song called "Superstar"? Anyway — Bethnal use it to demonstrate the three-chord trick in spectacular style; the drumming is especially syncopated. Two more high energy songs later they're off. No encore.

The D.J. says "Someone just remarked that it's like a church in here tonight." Well, true, but the fact that Bethnal delivered to a small congregation a performance both potent and engaging bodes well for such things as records and American tours.

Bethnal are about bringing things together. They work hard at communication, atmosphere, enjoyment and explosive great rock music. They've also got their own dance, which resembles someone ice-skating down an escalator (coming-up!).

Valerie Gaywood

Dwight Twilley Band BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK

THE DWIGHT Twilley Band played modern music — austere not funky.

It was high-pitched skull music with the guitar, bass and keyboards all very sparse and separate from each other so that the musical construction was not so much textural as architectural.

It was a little thing to what I'd been expecting, particularly on numbers like "I'm On Fire".

Twilley switched to acoustic for "Chance To Get Away"

and "You're So Warm" with the other guys providing high register harmonies like the early Hollies. It was very melodic and crisp.

He seems to fill whatever gap exists between Tom Petty and the Talking Heads.

The Petty connection of course comes from their friendship, (in fact Dwight is reputed to sing on Petty's "Stranger In The Night"). The Talking Heads connection comes from the use of small songs about simple experiences given straightforward treatment.

He chose to concentrate on rock material and, with Phil Seymour's drum kit given prominence by being placed right up front of the stage, there was a heavy rhythmic component and some interesting interchanges between drums and piano.

This kind of juxtaposition gave a lot of space in the overall sound.

Towards the end of the set Dwight took to bunny-hopping round the stage, making rather heavy weather of some fairly rudimentary rhythm guitar work.

The band also had a curious habit of all pointing in the air and grinning at the end of each number; not that this really detracted from the sounds of good rock and roll playing, particularly the two closing numbers, "Rock 'n' roll 47" and "TV", an update of the old "Rip It Up" riff.

Yeah, he was good, but I think that people were expecting just a little bit more.

Miles

China SHEFFIELD

ON THE showing of their album and this concert, China

are nothing so much as an exercise in superfluity.

I'd venture to suggest that had they not been able to make use of the Old Boys Act, they'd never have made an album, let alone done a tour with full-page press ads.

Formed — if one is to believe their press release — as a result of Elton's advice to guitarist Davey Johnstone and keyboardman James Newton-Howard, they're a classic case of sidemen getting above their station.

I don't mean that nastily; it's just that the ability to play an instrument competently has absolutely nothing to do with the ability to write good material.

Elton, for all his faults, had a gift for a good tune. China have not. Without him, they're lost.

They worked their way through a selection of tracks from the album, (best of which were the opener "Savage" and the almost-humtable "For A While"), plus a couple of others.

Exciting it wasn't.

Apparently, the 400-strong audience at Sheffield was the largest of the tour, and I'll bet a fair percentage of 'em came in the hope that E.J. would renege on his recent retirement promise.

He didn't show, but Kiki Dee did, for the encore "Into Eternity".

Which was also unastonishing.

Stablemates support band The Foster Brothers purveyed competent boogie-funk and Britblues, sang about Harlem and Atlanta, and were reminiscent, on some songs, of pub-rock Yankophiles Ace.

Both bands supported the theory that Elton has far more money than taste.

Andy Gill

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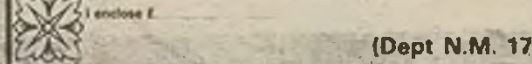
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YOUNG EXPERIENCED enthusiastic electric pianist required to complete original commercial rock band. Excellent recording, gigging prospects. Tony, Hatfield 63543 Now!

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 598152.

CELLIST, BASSIST needed for newly forming group playing all original material. Details, contact 01-359 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.

CHRISTIE 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 Angele at 101 Halsbury Road East, Northolt, Middx.

VOCALISTS WANTED

BAR-STARRED, punk group seek "Sinatra" type singer for bizarre musical experiment. crooners and yodellers welcome! Phone Jock, evenings only, 01-727 8070.

SINGER WANTED, must be prepared to tackle Motown coasters etc with enthusiasm for practising band. Live work in 1978. Chris 01-485 0681.

SINGER for original commercial ex-name new wave group. Dave 01-720 1675.

SINGER, RHYTHM guitarist required by newly formed band, aged 16-19. South East London area. Ring Aldon 01-670 4859.

FEMALE VOCALIST must be attractive, versatile and able to sing in tune for soft rock semi-pro band. Phone 01-393 4435.

HASTINGS AREA vocalist wanted for tuneful new wavis / n'b ish band. Currently rehearsing. Must look good. Must move. Mick Hastings 424380.

MALE VOCALIST wanted (18-20) for group newly formed, have some own material. Contact Dave 01-671 0615. Transport would help. Tony Walker, 44 Barrow Road, S.W.16.

WORK WANTED

DESPERATE CITY guitarist / writer needs musical incompetents to play own stuff. No eunuchs or tedds. Any fannies welcome. Hello Louise. 01-686 0588 Ext. 55.

LIVELY GUITARIST, clean style with class, seeks jazz / rock / blues band with feeling and taste. Pro / semi-pro. John, 01-930 2313 Ext. 222.

GUITARIST HAS gigged, needs spotty punks to play own material. I've got a foot in the door. C'mon bums, move. Phone Dave, 01-686 0588 Ext. 55.

COMPOSER / LYRICIST (with demo facilities). Heroes: Paul / Carly Simon, Wonder, Beatles, Who, seeks serious collaborator. (Two heads etc). Steven, age 820848.

LUVERLY LADY vocalist seeking band (own single due) into blues / rock / jazz / funk. No punks please! Into writing. C. Vanzant, c/o Harlequin, 1 Kings Street, London W6.

GUITARIST / VOCALIST wants tight new wave band — Boomtowns — Pistols — Motors. Semi-pro and shit hot. No ultra pinheads. Nord 01-546 4890.

BASS / SOPHISTICATED acoustic piano / writer wants to become a household name and join inspired band. Nick, 27 Compyne Gardens, NW6.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

DRUMMER AVAILABLE for North London band. Soul reggae, jazz, rock and most fusions. Session work considered. Phone Andy 01-889 2852.

PUNK BAND wanted for punk female (15), can't write nor sing too good but can use lungs. Sara Sugarman 01-692 2291.

TWO EXOTROENT females, loves punk and jazz / rock, wish to join group as vocalists. Susie, 2 West Mansions, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

RHYTHM GUITARIST Fender Strat seeks blues rock band. Phone Rick 01-555 9302 after 8pm.

POOR VOCALIST wants work, no experience but willing to learn. Likes Bowie, Status Quo. Not punk. 01-656 6257 evenings.

BASS GUITARIST (21) seeks group. West London area. Telephone 01-645 1301 after 6pm.

GUITARIST SUFFERING from musical masturbation. Playing with myself, prefer group activity. All styles. Even Mike Oldfield would you believe! Brett, Luton 67314.

EIGHTEEN YEAR old guitarist, incompetence a speciality, wants to join punk(ish) group who aren't fussy. Sole equipment: Vox guitar. Barry, 01-201 0150.

GRAVESEND: BASSIST 17, seeks band. New wave preferred. I have Marshall 100 Watt gear. Inexperienced, some talent. Unreliables don't reply. Geoff 0474 63248.

GIRL 17 wishes madly to join band as vocalist. No experience. Into Bowie, Jowis, 13 Hazlebury Rd., London SW6.

ROCK VOCALIST wants to join R & R/R blues band. No pros. West London area. Phone after 6pm. 01-679 5916.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

INEXPERIENCED GUITARIST, bassist 17-20 wanted to form rock/blues band. Call at 116 Tennyson Road, Cheltenham after 6 pm. Own gear.

PLAYERS PLEASE to form band, jazz rock-less form more content (mysterious keyboards please phone again) Trowbridge 63908. Melkham 704038.

GREATEST WHITE blooze singer in the World seeks other 'bigheads' for showdown. If your mojo is working contact Steve, Bristol 40007.

DRUMMER NEEDED, (gig experience not necessary) to complete band. Original material, versatility kit and brain essential. Harry, 119 Harroway, Andover, Hants.

PETTY/LOFGREN flavour band with Page/Pearlman vision doesn't exist, but might, given bass, drums and vocals. — 0749 72913 evenings.

BLUES BAND urgently require second bass player and keyboardist for university gigs, recording and fame b.o.f.s only apply. — Topham 3407.

NEW WAVE guitarist seeks other musicians to form Bristol new wave band. Phone John 0272-678739 after 6 pm.

WORK WANTED

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST wishes to join or form group. Also writes own music. Hurry! Bethesda 600236 (lan).

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER 18, excellent kit, seeks good pro/semi-pro rock band. No time wasters please. Phone Cardiff 763066, 6-7 pm.

YOUNG VOCALIST (male) requires backing group. Soul, pop, willing to travel. Anything considered. Write: Howard, 21 Goodwin Avenue, Southway, Plymouth.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER WANTED to join punk band. Must be able to travel to Thurnby Lodge. Must have own drums. Leicester 412024.

WANTAGE GUITARIST (22) seeks others for unclassifiable band. Guitar, bass, drums needed. Into Alcohol, ideas. Ring Wantage 3700 before 7.30 pm.

DIRTY DICK requires rhythm guitarist/drummer for heavy pseudo, nazi new wave rock group — leather gear provided. Dick, Usherwood (0235) 21511.

BASSIST NEEDED for band doing original material. Transport essential. Dedicated musicians only. Write/call Dave, 6 Regent Street, Oxford. Travellers accommodated.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST WANTED for five piece punk band. Own equipment not necessary. Contact Neale 17, Brookling Close, Great Barr, Birmingham.

VOCALIST WANTED Equipment preferable for recently formed rock band, Wolverhampton area. Aged 16-19. Phone John 756784, Matf 753639 after 5pm.

YOUNG FEMALE vocalist required for harmony doubling lead in country/rock cabaret act with good name. Work waiting Leicester 857105.

WORK WANTED

HIGH ENERGY drummer, double Ludwig kit, wishes to join working band. Anything considered, phone Bob, Nottingham 872063.

VOCALIST PUNK, no practical experience but plenty of ideas and energy. Form a band. Do it! Ant, Derby 763544.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 21, seeks pop/rock band, no experience but will work hard. No punks. Phone Kevin 021-440 6703.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join or form rock band in Telford area: Paul 97, Burford, Brookside, Telford, Salop.

YOUNG PUNK wishes to join band to play bass. No equipment but is willing to get it. Very enthusiastic, inexperienced. Phone Burton-on-Trent — 64891 (days) 48533 (evenings).

BOWIE LOOKING vocalist needs work with Bowie/Roxie type band. Visually excellent, plus adventurous stage ideas. Ring Pete now. Wellingborough 77484.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

CALLING GROUND control our circuits dead there's something wrong. Enthusiastic drummer and bassist wanted. No ability, no labels, no categories. Helen Rainham (Essex) 55158.

DRUMMER REQUIRES other musicians to form original band. No great skill needed. Apply: David Uhyatt, High Street, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

GUITARIST seeks to join/form rock band. Own gear. Influences: Who, Free, Walsh, Zep, Stones. Peterborough 689331 Ext. 435.

DRUMMER, NO experience, looking for band or others to form band. Into Yes, ELP, Zep, Heep also writes own material. 47 Hawthorn Avenue, Lowestoft.

RHYTHM GUITARIST required for blues rock band. Must be enthusiastic and have own transport. Plenty of gigs. Mike: Cromer 2085.

AMATEUR GUITARIST, R & B, rock etc., own gear, interested in joining others for jamming. Norwich area. John Norwich 810213.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer wanted for punk group. Into Pistol. Clash: Apply Jane Clark, 63 Kings Road, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

UNEXPERIENCED keen punks to form band. Ambition preferred to talent. Ian, 9 Maple Rd., Stowupland, Stowmarket, Suffolk 5913 — after 6.30.

VOCALISTS WANTED

MALE VOCALIST wanted to join newly formed group. Phone Tim. Bedford 81525.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE/MALE blockheads. Join ideas/lyrics/guitar. Can't play. Can't sing. We'll learn together. Write - Ian, Quinbury Cottage, Blakesley, Northants.

DRUMMER REQUIRES band, will consider any offer. Would prefer original group. Please contact David Ulyatt, High Street, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

WANT to form a folk, blues, rock band? Bass, drums, guitar, keyboards. Any standard. Neil — Manchester 061-740 4213 after 6.30.

VOCALIST GUITARIST wants to join or form rock band. Blackloy in Manchester area no transport. I'll walk to other districts. 061-740 9313.

MUSHROOM BAND needs hippie instruments of all kinds. John Drums. 0532-675888. Jerry Giassando, 7 Rochester Terrace, Leeds 6. Peace & Love.

NATURAL DRUMMER wanted for rock band into Beatles, Stones, rock. Already gigging, regular rehearsals. Age 16-18. Own kit. Tim Graham 0742 78497.

VOCALIST AND bassist wanted for amateur rock band in Manchester to play varied stuff. Phone 061-736 7469. Dennis.

BASS GUITARIST for enthusiastic rock band, Warrington area. Transport useful. Phone Tim, Warrington 39678 after 6 pm.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER and bassist needed for four piece rock/funky band. Must be cool and enthusiastic. Wigan 45181 — around 6 pm.

"THE STOUTS" require drummer and bass into hard fast punk. Excellent prospects await. Leeds area. Ring John — Leeds 648375 anytime.

FOLK-ROCK band (semi-pro) require bass and keyboards — own material and trad. (record out) — Telephone Tim Moon Bradford 33321 Ext 373.

"BLUE HONK" what drummer, must have rhythm and flare, experience not necessary, aged 15-18, phone Steve Buckit 051-379 3308.

BORED TEENAGER Burnley area. Requires similar to form nucleus of preferably speedy band. No timewasters please. Write: Paul Brannon, 162 Holcombe Drive, Burnley.

AMATEURS ONLY. Bass drummer and lead guitar wanted for rock stage act 16-18. Phone Paul 727-5893.

BASS PLAYER and drummer urgently needed to form punk band with guitarist and guitar/vocals we're desperate. Paul Hull 858156.

BASS GUITARIST into melodic and heavy rock seeks lead guitarist, drummer and keyboard player to form band. Barry Holmes, 26 Leicester Road, Dinnington, nr. Sheffield.

MUSICIANS WANTED for writer/players, own material for recording in December, casual or permanent basis, vocals, especially — Halifax 68640 evenings.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ENTHUSIASTIC VOCALIST desired for amateur rock band that's into anything. Interested and under 21? Ring Sony Dyl The Rab. Thirsk 22050.

WORK WANTED

BASS PLAYER, some vocals seeks working club band. Doubles on rhythm. Experienced. Newcastle area. Phone Newcastle 858728.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER wants to join/form group. Diversified musical interests. Rock, progressing, jazzrock etc. Own transport. South Manchester area. Paul Burkhill, 061-583 4566.

EXCELLENT DRUMMER (rock/funk) seeks professional work with band who can supply good kit and equipment — Steve 051-355 9245.

YOUNG VOCALIST wants to join

Illustration: LOWRY

FOR A number of weeks, my wife and I had been looking forward to seeing one of today's finest bands, namely The Tubes at the Guildhall, Portsmouth. At great cost to the promoter, this band had been brought over from America so that the people of Great Britain could be entertained by their unique presentation of contemporary music and theatre. The day before the proposed concert, we are informed by way of the local press that they have been banned from appearing.

Why? Ostensibly because they were due to appear on the evening of Remembrance Sunday.

Is it really the function of councillors to censor what people see? Surely by virtue of their elected positions they strive for what the people want — including better roads, more houses and a greater variety of entertainment.

The action of the Portsmouth Leisure Services Committee does nothing to help the cause of the ex-services associations. By taking away a planned and advertised entertainment at such short notice, they have antagonised the future remembrancers. The late Elvis Presley once sang "I forgot to remember to forget". All the Leisure Services Committee has done is encourage young people to "Remember to forget to remember".

I PROTEST!

M. SHORT, Havant, Hampshire

COPIES TO: Portsmouth Leisure Services Committee, Local Member of Parliament, Portsmouth Evening News, New Musical Express.

Just a small portion of the mail we've received from angry rock fans on the south coast protesting against The Tubes ban. Several other letters claim that Portsmouth and Southampton have several porn dives which evidently escape prosecution, making nonsense of the morality behind the ban. Do local councillors really want a disaffiliated young electorate? It ain't just the South that's rising up angry either. — N.S.

LISTENING TO Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious on Radio One, one remark really stuck. The interviewer said: "Do you want to go to America?" and John answered: "Yes, out of curiosity".

By this time I was thinking "Turncoats, sell outs". Then Johnny said something very valid, he said: "What have we got from this country anyway? We can't play, we can't even go out, and I haven't seen many complaints to the town halls or councils about it either."

It's true, what have we done about it? Nothing. I know I haven't, that is why I want to do something now. I don't blame them if they do go to America, what have they got here except rising record sales and more money. We would be really angry if they did go, wouldn't we. Are you content to lose the best rock band in the world? I'm not. British, so let's do our best to keep them. I'm appealing to everyone who cares about rock music today to complain, write letters, get petitions, anyway just do something!

ANNE GALLUP, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

Must be something in the air. It just so happens that . . .

DO YOU realise that it is now almost a year since the Sex Pistols last played publicly in Britain? The authorities are doing everything in their power to stamp them out. Are we really such pathetic gits as to let them win? How much longer is the greatest group in the world going to be oppressed and opposed by every petty little mind in existence while we go on living our boring comfortable little lives?

I'm starting a petition to the GLC (because they're the most influential council) and it must be big or it won't be any good. I appeal to every single person reading this to gather as many

signatures as possible everywhere you go and send them to me. And all you hypocritical music papers and fanzines who whine about 'freedom' — bloody well do something constructive!

You may think I'm just a soppy crank but so what. Anyway what else can we do short of taking a machine gun and mowing down the vile Brook-Partridge and all his contemptible toadish minions?

MOLLY GILLIGAN, 19 Turanio House, Shandy Street, London E.1

Well we could publicly snub them in the street. No? How about waiting until four o'clock and getting 'em behind the bike sheds? No? Oh well, never mind the apathy here comes the petition . . . — N.S.

Don't you think you should give that gag a rest? — J. ROTTEN

Strike while your dinner's hot. Or in the case of the firemen, strike while the fire is hot. Or in the case of . . . — N.S.

Oh shut up — MOLLY GILLIGAN.

HOW'S THIS for a smart-ass one liner?

MIKO

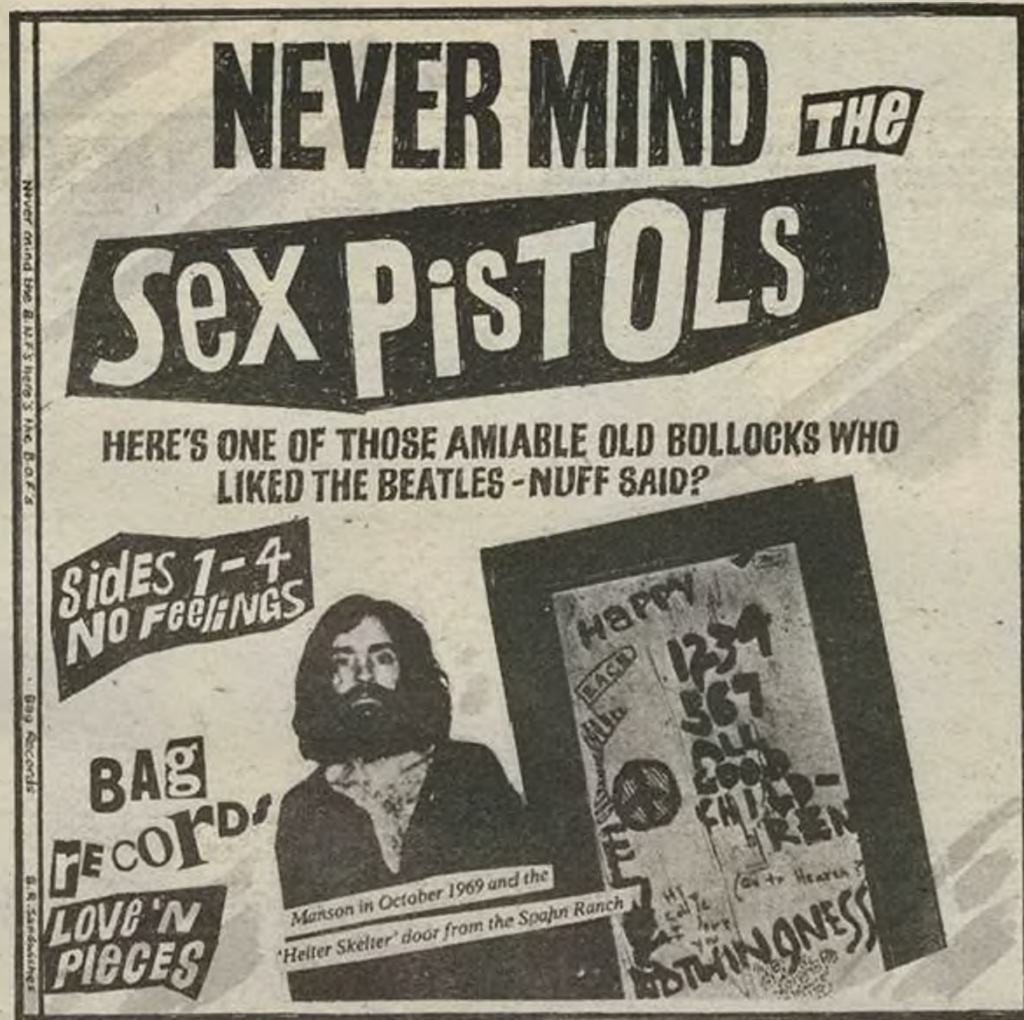
Pathetic. Stand back and watch how it should be done. — N.S.

THE CITY Fathers are trying to endorse the reincarnation of The Beatles of course, but the town has no need to be nervous.

N. KEATING, Whitstable.

I like it, I like it. And from Whitstable even. — N.S.

Hang on, doesn't this infringe my copyright? — B. DYLAN



Never mind Ray Lowry's illustration — here comes this week's GASBAG headline . . .

WITH REGARD to the current Sex Pistols furore, MacCaulay, the great nineteenth century historian, says it all:

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality".

CHRIS EVA, Cambridge

For a D.O.F. that's a pretty good S.A.O.L. — N.S.

I WAS wondering if your learned staff colleague, namely prickhead Tony Parsons attended the same Runaways gig in Belfast as I did. It ranked as one of the worst performances I've ever seen from a so-called leading New Wave Band. This opinion is shared by everyone I talked to who attended the gig (all 200 of them). The true success of the night was from the Count Bishops. It was they, and not the Runaways who received great approval from the audience.

Did Mr Parsons not see the large number of people who streamed out of the gig and went to the Porter's Office looking for their money back (I was one of them). Jet was hopeless, Vicki Blue looked bewildered, Lita Ford's playing was gruesome, and Sandy West beat the shit out of her drumkit without bothering to take note of what tune was being played. It was all so amateurish, and if Mr Parsons insists on calling the Runaways a female Led Zeppelin, he'll get his bum kicked.

By the way, just a mention for Rudi, Ulster's top Punk Band. I attended their gig a few nights before The Runaways, paid one-third of what I paid to see The Runaways and they were bloody marvellous.

A PUNK STUDENT, Queens University, Belfast

You weren't alone apparently. And how come we get so much GASBAG mail from N Ireland? And here's our thought for the day. — N.S.

DEAR JOHNNY, I enjoyed your album and can sympathise with you that you sometimes feel so fed up that you want to jump over the Berlin wall. I live in West Berlin and find it a bit of a hummer generally — but I prefer it to East Berlin because for one thing I can listen to whatever music I like here. Maybe I could show you round both sides sometime. I reckon you'd take London any day!

PAUL Berlin, Germany.

Thankyou. And now to more provincial matters. — N.S.

WHY Dunfermline? ADMIRER OF THE BLUE PIG Jock Street, Dunfermline.

Just what I said to myself. Why Dunfermline? Come to that, why Harlow? Why Surbiton? Why a duck? Or even . . .

DON'T KNOW about you geezers in downtown Carnaby Street, but I gotta sneakin' suspicion that Carlisle has been scrubbed from the Punk Rock Map. NO FUN!

DAVE MacLACHAN Morton Park, Carlisle.

Why Carlisle? — N.S.

The trains have got to stop somewhere. — L.M.S.

Too obscure for a S.A.O.L. — N.S.

ALRIGHT POSEURS get that dye out your hair, drop those pins, and come out, your time is up.

Tony Parsons was the first to be

open in his (well written) Consumers' Guide To Punk. Symptoms of disillusionment had been shown earlier with his Stranglers article but the Consumers' Guide was the clincher. The great discovery that he has made? PUNK ROCK WILL NOT START THE REVOLUTION.

This amazing fact has been gradually backed up by your other writers until the boring bumper issue in which Phil McNeill took some lessons from Tony in his "Glad to be Grey" review of Wire.

Most punters only went for the entertainment, excitement, etc. So "The Movement" has been diluted — then seek out the lepers and destroy. Don't turn your back on the whole lot. Some great new bands have been discovered because of what Rotten and Co. started and more people have a chance to see them. I reckon that you want to be the first off the wagon before it crashes — well quit the disillusioned bit and sort out the punks from the poseurs.

T. BOOTH, Yorks.

OK — but you have to help us — N.S.

IT WAS not "hippie people" who hated the punks at the start, it was the other way about. In fact, I and my fellow hippies were attracted to punk rock because of the talk of "Anarchy". I always thought that us hippies were the real anarchists. After all what was the Alternative, the counter culture, if not an Anarchist Society where there would be no need for laws of any kind, because when people became free there would be mutual respect, love and peace.

I have a suspicion that some members of punk rock groups are in fact straights.

A FLOWER CHILD, Glasgow.

Flowers in Glasgow? I don't believe. Otherwise, very interestink. — N.S.

IF BRIAN Case doesn't like British TV, then why on earth does the man bother watching it?

LADY PENELOPE, London, W1

We pay him to watch it. — N.S.

SO TONY TYLER supposes himself to be a scholar does he? (rhetorical question.) Well doesn't he know that it is now hip to slag Tolkien? (another rhetorical question.)

Those who have already read *The Silmarillion* probably burnt it before they finished it. (Unless they are members of The Tolkien Society, in which case they have probably written pathetic, over-enthusiastic articles for their "zine" on 'Was Elrond a Homosexual' or 'Was Gandalf an hallucination'. To those who have not read the book — Don't.

Come home Morgoth all is forgiven.

RICHARD

So you're still starting your letters "So . . .". So do you really expect answers to rhetorical questions? — N.S.

MAY I express my hearty congratulations on the printing of the page *Barbarians in the UK* (NME Nov. 5th). I could hardly believe my eyes that a paper would take such a positive stand against such a distasteful subject. Let's hope rock music can in some way stamp out bloodsports and other diseases like racism.

CHARLES EVERETT
The Vegetarian Society (UK), Youth Section, London N1.

Thanks, but you should see Julie getting stuck into a hamburger. Keep taking the parsnips. — N.S.

Never mind that this page was . . .

Edited by
NEIL SPENCER

Scribble your dribble or type your gripe to us at GASBAG, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, London 1B 1BG.

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DISGUSTING, DIABOLICAL, degenerate — the first three words of the *Sun* newspaper's "A-Z Of Punk", a puerile series running this week in the nation's second-best selling daily.

Disgusting, diabolical, daft — *T-Zers* reaction to the antics of the *Sun*, the BBC, the police and a bunch of Geordie louts concerning "the latest teenage craze" (*Sunspeak* for rock and roll). Whilst personable young *ZigZag* editor Kris Needs was being duffed up in Newcastle (see *Thrills*), the Long Arm of the Law continued to protect all us honest tax-payers from having "Bollocks" pushed in our collective face.

Yes, The S + x Pistols platter has brought the full weight of a wrathful constabulary upon various record dealers, and Virgin's Big Cheese Richard 'Wheez' Branson has been instructed by Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Squad to appear in court in Nottingham today (Thursday) ...

Will they never learn? The last time Branson was summonsed before the bench was seven years ago, when in charge of the Student Advisory Centre. In an informational leaflet, that naughty old venerable disease was mentioned and lo! Branson was cautioned under the 1916 VD Act (prohibiting public discussion of, ahem, VD). At his lawyer's suggestion, Branson changed the offending term to



JOAN JETT (left) blows bubbles as she comes runner-up in the Gaye Advert look-and-dress-alike contest. GAYE's not bothered. She's checking her diary to see when her next Knickers Monthly centre spread comes up ...

Due out soon



Th' Lone Groover introduces...

An ultra marvey humour mag layin' down
th' A-Z of how t' become an
International Rock Celebrity



It's got cartoons
an' words by
various NME
crets an' Guest
mutants. Its also
got a colour cover...
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LITA FORD (left) wonders why gentlemen prefer peroxide blondies as gatecrasher DEBBIE HARRY pretends to listen to the wooden spoonist in the Bernard Rhodes look-alike competition...



RICHARD HELL (left), roots as brown as his nicotine-fingers, discusses comparative philosophy with J. 'Don't Spill That Beer' ROTTEN as MICK JONES studies STEVE EMBERTON's focal range.

'social diseases', but after the SAC were inundated with acne-ridden problem cases, reverted to the original leaflet copy. Duly charged under the said Act, Branson was found guilty and given a token fine, but his defending QC, playwright John Mortimer, pointed out that the Government were also guilty, since they boldly displayed VD warning posters in public urinals. The law was changed, the VD Act abolished...

Don't be so sure of the right result this time out because, even though Mortimer will again be defending Branson, the police have a bingo hall full of Acts to choose from — 1824 Vagrancy, 1839 Metropolitan Police and 1889 Indecent Advertisements...

The pantomime continues: the BBC library copy of "Bollocks" has a strip of brown paper over the offending word. Mustn't put Diddy Hamilton off his muffins, must we...?

What all these nuds fail to realise is that Punk is Establishment, maaan. Must be, if the Sun is prepared to devote acres of space to the stuff. The Drones are giving away dog-collars as a promo device with their debut album and, for a mere three quid, you can pick up a Punk Tea Mug, with chain, safety pin and slogan in *The Sunday Times*. We mean it, you mean it and they mean it, maaaaa (Cont. Page 94)...

THEY STILL do dodgy things, though, don't they? Punks, we mean.

Employees of Rod Stewart's Riva Records are pretty sure that it was punky types with a grievance against Rich Rod who

co-stars Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris...

Whilst on the subject of ladies, today (Thursday) sees the second Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge at Kensington Gore's Royal College of Art. All the bands are female, including Painted Lady, 38 Bust and Dick Envy. Admission is 20p for punters attending what Stiff PR Glen Colson calls 'Wankers Night Out' (believed to be a reference to the 'dodgy' A&R men who turn up — their entrance fee remains at 20 guineas)...

Whether or not Patti Smith has been dumped by Arista (she says not), Johnny Thunders reckons Patti will land the starring role in the forthcoming movie version of William Burroughs' *Junkie*...

Other flick fax: Bette Midler to star as (gulp) Janis Joplin in *Pearl* biopic, Neil Diamond so desperate to play lead in *Young Elvis* he's prepared to drop everything (careerwise, dummy) to land part, and Nicolas (Performance, *Man Who Fell To Earth*) Roeg to direct 20 million dollar *Flash Gordon* in Britain next summer. What next? Leo Sayer in the Bob Dylan Story?...

At least Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Screaming Jay Hawkins and Larry Williams will be playing themselves in *American Hot Wax*, the screen version of Alan Freed's career, as will Mike Love, Dick Clark and Wolfman Jack in TV film *Dead Man's Curve*, the story of Jan and Dean...

APPARENTLY, Glen Matlock so badly wanted Deal School's bassist Mr. Average to join his Rich Kids, he was prepared to play lead / rhythm... Meanwhile Rich Kids' drummer Rusty Egan, reckons he's under threat of GBH from one of J. Rotten's bodyguards, following an interrupted rumble when Johnny referred to Egan as a "Shit Kid"...

Now, now lads. Why not follow The Beach Boys' hippy-dippy example? They've just lined all floors of their Santa Barbara mansion with five-and-a-half inches of foam so as not to bruise themselves when they come down from Maharishi Bogi's high-cost no-bounce levitation course...

Or why not get a bit of sparkling wit into their music, like Judge Dread, who's new single is "Up With The Cocks"...

Nutters Round-up: Supercharge's Albie Donnelly bought three copies of The Spitfire Boys' single, smashed 'em over his bald pate, and ate 'em... Peter Green (maybe with an advance from PVK Records, who knows?) recently bought a hotel in Wales... and Captain Beefheart's new Magic Band consists of two guitarists, a bassist doubling on synthesizer, manager Harry Duncan on harmonica and the Cap'n himself on soprano sax. Hopes, too, for a swiftish release of the "Bat Chain Puller" album, delayed over a year...

Boomtown Rat Bob Geldof seen sporting a 'Blast Is Back' badge on last week's *Top Of The Pops*. "What a Cult I turned out to be," huffed a chuffed Mr. Furnace. "Those badges are hard to come by. I don't even have one myself..."

Released by A&M in the States, The Stranglers' EP is being pressed on pink plastic. And we here at T-Zers always thought they were Real Men...

Drummer John Siomos — who's worked with Peter Frampton since the P.F.'s Camel days — exited in a huff a minute-and-a-half before a recent: Houston gig. Frampers played as a trio (keyboardist Bob Mayo replacing Siomos), but now Joe Vitale (ex-Joe Walsh) has joined the happy band...

A 1970 pic taken of Mick by Cecil Beaton on the set of *Performance* was snapped up by Mrs Jagger at a Sotheby's auction for a piffling £200. The naughtee Nicaraguan, always a great admirer of the male form, also splashed out over a hundred knicker on a 1962 Beaton portrait of Rudolf Nureyev,

reclining on a divan in a fetching white robe and matching tights...

Another exotic beauty, May Pang (the Oriental lass who once shared bible-reading lessons with John Lennon) has been appointed assistant to Island Records US president Charley Nuccio...

Bright Tunes Music, the plaintiffs in the plagiarism case against Hari Georgeson ("He's So Fine" v. "My Sweet Lord"), want the original court decision that Hari's plagiarism was 'unintentional' reversed...

Damages of £400 at Madisons in London's Camden Lock when Suzi Quatro, J. Rotten and punky chums smashed tables, glasses and huge cheesecake. "They've paid," said the manager, "And thanked us for a good evening..."

Blue Oyster Cult planning European tour with The Dictators next May...

Winston Rodney (Mr. Burning Spear) so knocked out by Aswad — who backed him on his recent UK visit — that he's sitting in his NY hotel room refusing to play unless they come over. "Burning Spear Live", from one of the Rainbow gigs, released next week by Island...

The Lesser Known Tunisians had to blow out their set at Hammersmith's The Swan last week after drummer Carl Marks had a bottle thrown at him during the second number. Carl's all stitched up now, and they'll be back there this Saturday...

After bumping into Generation X at a reception for an Olympics charity album compilation called "Supertracks" (The 'Oo, Zep et al), Keith Moon trundled along to a Gen X rehearsal, joined in on a few 'Oo classics and had what we in the biz call a 'good time'...

A writ taken out by Malcolm McLaren's Glitterbest company against a suspected Sex Pistols bootlegger was thrown out of the High Court on Tuesday by Mr. Justice Goulding. The accused, Nicholas Rochford, was awarded £25 costs, to be paid by Glitterbest, after it was discovered that the name on the writ was not actually his own, but that of a P. Rochman. The address, however was Rochford's. Justice Goulding gave Glitterbest leave to amend the writ. (*Hardly T-Zers style, this one. Please rewrite. — Ed.*) High Court poseur Mr. J-For-Justice Goulding flipped his wig and nixed out the Sued Pistols' injunction against some dude they reckoned had done a swift shot of bootlegging on some of their early work. Tough shit on McLaren — he got the wrong name on the writ and had to fork out £25 (exactly 0.02% of the Pistols' sortie into the EMI and A&M coffers, faxfrecks!) to the wrongly accused Nicholas Rochford. (*That's better — Ed.*)...

Personals: Could Margaret and Frances, both 17-year old lassies, please return the ten polaroids taken from the Post House Hotel during Thin Lizzy's recent visit to Edinburgh. Send to Chalkie Davis, c/o c/o NME. (psst, ya know girls THOSE polaroids)...

And while on the subject of cock-ups: Paul Rambali reviewed the Boz Scaggs album (*NME 12.11.77*). Tony Stewart reviewed Blackmore's *Rainbow* live in Newcastle last week...

Next week: Tony Stewart finds the NME kitchen after a long, hard bus ride...

Finally, the Beeb, displaying the remarkable double-standards (euphemism for hypocrisy) for which they are so rightly famed, have banned Kenny Williams' "(You're) Fabulous Babe", despite it already having been a Record of the Week and receiving over 25 plays. Reason? It's heard in a Faberge TV commercial. Just like "Jeans On" (Brutus). "Dancing Easy" (Martini) and "I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing" (Coke), none of which were banned. Daft, innit, just like when we came in...?

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TOM ROBINSON BAND
CIA
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WINDOL DAYS (RUNAWAY)
W.P.D. (TUES)
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2. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN (SEX PISTOLS)
3. CLASH POLICE
4. COMPLETE CONTROL
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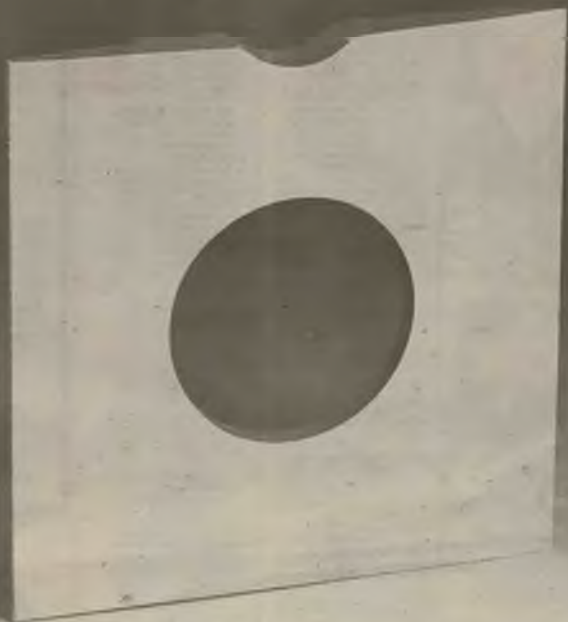
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