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CLASH

CLASH

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(and sees the Promised Land)**

Pages 31-34

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FIVE YEARS AGO
Week ending December 5, 1972

Last This Week		
1	1	MY DING-A-LING..... Chuck Berry (Chess)
2	2	GUDBUY T'JANE..... Slade (Polydor)
3	3	CRAZY HORSES..... Osmonds (MGM)
4	4	WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS/ANGEL..... Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5	5	CROCODILE ROCK..... Elton John (DJM)
6	6	WHY..... Danny Osmond (MGM)
7	7	LOOKIN' THROUGH THE WINDOWS..... Jackson Fire (Tama Motown)
8	8	LAY DOWN..... Strawbs (A & M)
9	9	BEN..... Michael Jackson (Tama Motown)
10	10	I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU..... Stylistics (A&M)

TEN YEARS AGO
Week ending December 6, 1972

Last This Week		
1	1	HELLO GOODBYE..... Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN..... Long John Baldry (Pye)
3	3	EVERYBODY KNOWS..... Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
4	4	SOMETHING'S GOTTEN HOLD OF MY HEART..... Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5	5	IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN'..... Val Doonican (Pye)
6	6	CARELESS HANDS..... Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7	7	I'M COMING HOME..... Tom Jones (Decca)
8	8	ALL MY LOVE..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	9	THE LAST WALTZ..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
10	10	WORLD..... Bee Gees (Polydor)

15 YEARS AGO
Week ending December 7, 1962

Last This Week		
1	1	LOVESICK BLUES..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	RETURN TO SENDER..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	3	LET'S DANCE..... Chris Montez (London)
4	4	GUITAR MAN..... Duane Eddy (RCA)
5	5	SWISS MAID..... Del Shannon (London)
6	6	SUN ARISE..... Rolf Harris (Columbia)
7	7	BOBBY'S GIRL..... Susan Maughan (Philips)
8	8	DEVIL WOMAN..... Marty Robbins (CBS)
9	9	TELSTAR..... Tornados (Decca)
10	10	THE NEXT TIME..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)



SINGLES

Week ending December 10, 1977				Highest position in chart	
This Last Week				Weeks	Position
1 (1)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (EMI)	4	1	
2 (3)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	6	2	
3 (7)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighthouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	4	3	
4 (12)	I WILL	Ruby Winters (Creole)	5	4	
5 (2)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen (EMI)	7	2	
6 (5)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	9	1	
7 (11)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	6	7	
8 (6)	DADDY COOL	Darts (Magnet)	4	6	
9 (8)	DANCIN' PARTY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	6	
10 (18)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVES	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	5	10	
11 (4)	NAME OF THE GAME	Abba (CBS)	8	1	
11 (19)	PUT YOUR LOVE IN ME	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	2	11	
13 (9)	SHE'S NOT THERE	Santana (CBS)	6	9	
14 (10)	LIVE IN TROUBLE	Barron Knights (Epic)	6	9	
15 (16)	MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	15	
16 (—)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	1	16	
17 (25)	LOVE OF MY LIFE	Dooleys (GTO)	2	17	
17 (—)	LOVE'S UNKIND	Donna Summer (GTO)	1	17	
19 (29)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	2	19	
20 (23)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	4	20	
21 (13)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	8	4	
22 (27)	WONDROUS STORIES	Yes (Atlantic)	10	8	
23 (21)	WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE	Tubes (A&M)	3	21	
24 (17)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE	Baccara (RCA)	11	1	
25 (15)	BELFAST	Boney M (Atlantic)	5	15	
26 (14)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	1	
27 (—)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED	Julie Covington (Virgin)	1	27	
28 (—)	L.A. RUN	Carvells (Creole)	1	28	
29 (22)	NEEDLES & PINS	Smokie (Rak)	8	9	
30 (19)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	18	
BUBBLING UNDER...					
WHITE CHRISTMAS — Bing Crosby (MCA); AS TIME GOES BY — Dooley Wilson (U.A.); JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY — Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island); SAN FRANCISCO — Village People (DJM).					

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 10, 1977				Highest position in chart	
This Last Week				Weeks	Position
1 (1)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle	4	1	
2 (2)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees	6	2	
3 (3)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debbie Boone	4	3	
4 (6)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE	Chicago	4	6	
5 (8)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt	5	8	
6 (7)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge	6	7	
7 (5)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas	7	5	
8 (10)	ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys	8	10	
9 (11)	YOU MAKE LOVIN' FUN	Fleetwood Mac	9	11	
10 (12)	IT'S SO EASY	Linda Ronstadt	10	12	
11 (15)	SENTIMENTAL LADY	Bob Welch	11	15	
12 (14)	YOUR SMILING FACE	James Taylor	12	14	
13 (16)	SWINGTOWN	Steve Miller	13	16	
14 (4)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave	14	4	
15 (18)	BABY COME BACK	Player	15	18	
16 (23)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart	16	23	
17 (17)	GONE TOO FAR	England Dan & John Ford Coley	17	17	
18 (21)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN	L.T.D.	18	21	
19 (20)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx	19	20	
20 (22)	SHE'S NOT THERE	Santana	20	22	
21 (24)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton	21	24	
22 (27)	SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY	Paul Simon	22	27	
23 (25)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis	23	25	
24 (26)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT	Carpenters	24	26	
25 (28)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen	25	28	
26 (—)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman	26	—	
27 (30)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas	27	30	
28 (—)	THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT	Bay City Rollers	28	—	
29 (—)	YOU CAN'T TURN ME OFF (IN THE MIDDLE OF TURNING ME ON)	High Energy	29	—	
30 (—)	RUNAROUND SUE	Leif Garrett	30	—	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending December 10, 1977				Highest position in chart	
This Last Week				Weeks	Position
1 (1)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	6	1	
2 (6)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	5	2	
3 (11)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	5	3	
4 (9)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	5	4	
5 (2)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	2	
6 (4)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	4	
7 (5)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	6	4	
8 (3)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	2	
9 (7)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	5	
10 (13)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	43	3	
11 (13)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	4	11	
12 (8)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	5	6	
13 (10)	40 GOLDEN GREATS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	2	
14 (15)	30 GOLDEN HITS	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	4	14	
15 (—)	ONCE UPON A TIME	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	15	
16 (17)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	6	16	
17 (18)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	8	11	
18 (20)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	76	1	
19 (16)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	11	2	
20 (—)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	48	1	
21 (29)	ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	21	
22 (24)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	21	1	
22 (—)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton (RSO)	1	22	
24 (21)	HEROES	David Bowie (RCA)	7	5	
25 (12)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tama Motown)	14	1	
26 (28)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9	8	
27 (—)	GREATEST HITS, etc	Paul Simon (CBS)	1	27	
28 (—)	CRIMINAL RECORD	Rick Wakeman (A & M)	1	28	
29 (—)	STAR IS BORN	Original Soundtrack (CBS)	33	1	
30 (—)	RED STAR	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	29	
BUBBLING UNDER...					
COME AGAIN — Derek & Clive (Virgin); STICK TO ME — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo); LIFE ON THE LINE — Eddie & The Hot Rods (Island).					

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 10, 1977				Highest position in chart	
This Last Week				Weeks	Position
1 (1)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt	1	1	
2 (2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac	2	2	
3 (3)	AJA	Steely Dan	3	3	
4 (5)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley	4	5	
5 (7)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd	5	7	
6 (6)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	Elton John	6	6	
7 (8)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas	7	8	
8 (5)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy	8	5	
9 (14)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart	9	14	
10 (19)	ALL IS ALL	Earth Wind & Fire	10	19	
11 (11)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin	11	11	
12 (12)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debbie Boone	12	12	
13 (17)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra	13	17	
13 (16)	MOONFLOWER	Santana	13	16	
15 (9)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack	15	9	
16 (20)	LIVE!	Commodores	16	20	
17 (18)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch	17	18	
18 (10)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner	18	10	
19 (13)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE	Barry White	19	13	
20 (22)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel	20	22	
21 (—)	ALIVE II	Kiss	21	—	
22 (24)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Crystal Gayle	22	24	
23 (28)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman	23	28	
24 (30)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy	24	30	
25 (—)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen	25	—	
26 (—)	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John	26	—	
27 (—)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boyz n the D	27	—	
28 (25)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce	28	25	
29 (15)	CHICAGO XI	Chicago	29	15	
30 (21)	ANYTIME... ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge	30	21	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
Derek
Johnson

Pistols: a cleaner image to overcome ban on gigs

THE SEX PISTOLS are determined to perform in Britain next year, even if it means "cleaning up their image" to some extent. This is the direct result of attempts that have been made to set up a spring tour for the band — attempts which, so far, have met with almost solid resistance nationwide.

So says John Jackson, the band's agent, who told NME: "We are involved in extensive negotiations with all the major city councils. So far we've had a lot of refusals, and I do mean a lot. There's a great lack of co-operation on the part of many city authorities, but we have found some councils who've shown a degree of understanding and — with their help — we're hoping to get clearances to set up a fully co-ordinated tour."

"This time we intend to make sure we have all the necessary council approvals before the tour, so as not to suffer cancellations after dates have been booked, as happened with the Anarchy tour. We're working hard at this, and we're confident it will all come right in the end."

"The Pistols will also be playing European dates, but there's no problem about fixing those up. And we've had offers for them to tour America and Australia — we shan't ignore these, and we'll probably

get around to visiting those markets later in 1978. But Britain remains the priority and supercedes everything else, and we're concentrating all our efforts in this direction."

In fact, the Pistols set out on Tuesday on a short-notice tour of Holland, opening at Rotterdam's Eksit Club and running for two weeks. This was arranged last Friday during a phone conversation between the band's manager Malcolm McLaren and a Dutch promoter. And the Pistols were pleased to accept because they "are bored with not being able to play."

Another reason for slotting in the Dutch tour is that the starting date of their full-length feature film has been delayed until January 2. It was originally scheduled to go into production last week, but it was thought unwise to rush the preparatory work. And in any case, it would have been pointless to begin shooting, only to take a two-week holiday break virtually as soon as it was under way.

Sid Vicious and his lady Nancy were bailed last week after "certain substances" had been found in their London hotel room. Police had been called to the hotel after other guests complained of a disturbance in Sid's room, and it seems they took the opportunity of searching it. He and Nancy now have to re-appear at Paddington nick next month after the "substances" have been analysed.

STRANGLERS PLAYING SECRET JANUARY GIGS



THE STRANGLERS

RONSON TO PRODUCE KIDS' DEBUT ALBUM

THE RICH KIDS, the band launched by former Sex Pistol Glenn Matlock and featuring ex-Slik singer and guitarist Midge Ure, have acquired Mick Ronson as their record producer. He is currently working with them on their debut EMI album, and the initial object is to complete three or four tracks fairly quickly, with a

view to one being chosen as their first single for release in early January.

The Kids, whose debut British dates were announced last week, have switched their December 17 gig from Liverpool Eric's to Nottingham Katie's — and further shows are now being lined up for them in January and February.

BUZZCOCKS CANCEL

THE BUZZCOCKS this week cancelled the three opening dates of their "Tour Number 2" — at Plymouth (Tuesday), Torquay (Wednesday) and Penzance The Garden (Thursday). Reason is that they needed the time to record a new single for rush release — it features two of their most popular stage numbers, "What Do I Get" and "Oh Shit". The band say that the three cancelled gigs will be rescheduled for some time early in the New Year.

Tom Robinson Band were forced to cancel three gigs at the weekend, when keyboard player Mark Ambler went down with gastric flu. They were at Loughborough University (Saturday), Stafford Top Of The World (Sunday) and London Islington Hope and Anchor (Monday). The band say that these venues will be given priority when they return to the road after recording their next album in the New Year.

'Streets' extension

THE "STREETS" package tour, featuring acts appearing on the Beggars Banquet compilation album of the same name, has been booked for four more pre-Christmas gigs. Doll and Cane play London Hammersmith Red Cow (December 15); Snivelling Shits and The Lurkers are at London Islington Hope and Anchor (16); and The Lurkers, Doll and Reaction visit both Bamboo Club (21) and Cliftonville Queen's Motel (23). The "Streets" gig at London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle, with The Lurkers and Doll, is switched to tomorrow (Friday). The package continues on the road in the New Year, and university dates are now being set for January.

SHAM 69 NIX ITALY

SHAM 69 have pulled out their projected Italian tour, reported last week, because they feel they would rather play to home audiences over the holiday period. Accordingly they have been booked for two special Christmas gigs at London Covent Garden Roxy Club on December 22 and 23, and two New Year shows at London Wardour St. Vortex Club on

January 2 and 3. Admission to both venues is 75p and support bands are Masterswitch, Menace, Blitz and Mistakes. The band also play a hometown date at Woking Centre Halls on January 5. Commented singer Jimmy Pursey: "We cancelled the Italian tour so we could say thank you to the kids who have supported us this year."

THE STRANGLERS, who last week completed their extensive British and American tour in Amsterdam, have already laid plans for the first half of 1978. These include British club dates, an American tour, their third album and fifth single — and, towards the end of the period, another U.K. concert tour.

The band want to get "back to the roots" after Christmas, so they'll be undertaking a series of British club gigs early in the New Year — these will be unannounced beforehand, to avoid small venues having to cope with massive ticket demands. They

are now being lined up for a six-week American tour, starting in March — and their next string of U.K. concert appearances is scheduled for May.

The Strangers' next single, probably one of their most popular stage numbers "5 Minutes", will be issued in early January — and they start working on their third album in February.

Meanwhile, a Strangers' EP has just been released in America by A & M (their U.S. outlet), pressed in white plastic with red streaks! It contains "Something Better Change", "Sometimes", "Grip" and "No More Heroes", and it's currently available in British import shops priced £1.50.

GENERATION X have slotted in another near-London gig before Christmas. It's at Croydon Greyhound on Sunday, December 18. They are likely to arrange one or two more dates this month, between their current intensive recording sessions.

Ramones extra

THE RAMONES have added another three dates to their British tour itinerary, exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. The tour now kicks off two days earlier than originally planned, with additional dates at Carlisle Market Hall (December 17) and Edinburgh Clouds (18), and the third extra gig is slotted

in on December 29 at Hanley Victoria Hall.

This brings the total of Ramones dates to ten, and it's unlikely that any more will be added — which means that the band will not, after all, be performing on Christmas Eve. Scottish band The Rezillos support on all ten dates.



Boomtown Rats members JOHNNIE FINGERS (left) who plays keyboards, and guitarist GARRY ROBERTS

NOW IT'S THE RATS BANNED IN IRELAND

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have become the latest victims of the anti-punk campaign by leading Irish venues. Their gig on December 21 at Dublin National Stadium, where they have previously appeared twice, has been called off — partly due to insufficient insurance cover and partly because, said a spokesman, "the trustees would have nothing to do with the Rats."

And a concert planned for

Belfast White Hall just after Christmas has also been given the cold shoulder. This comes a week after their proposed gig at Newcastle City Hall on December 13 was scrapped, by order of the local council.

Late news: it was learned at press-time that the Rats have now fixed an alternative Belfast venue. They appear at the Students Union on December 28.



Be-Bop's BILL NELSON

Bebop U.K. bash

BE-BOP DELUXE return to the U.K. concert circuit in the New Year, with a major tour occupying virtually the whole of February. They'll be presenting a brand new stage act on their 22-date nationwide outing, which precedes tours of America (March and April) and Europe (May). Tickets are on sale now at all venues, and the date sheet comprises:

Coventry Theatre (February 5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Aberdeen

Capitol (8), Leeds Grand Theatre (10 and 11), Halifax Civic Theatre (12), Sheffield City Hall (13), Bradford St George's Hall (14), Hanley Victoria Hall (15), Leicester De Montfort Hall (16), Preston Guildhall (18), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (19), Liverpool Empire (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Brighton Dome (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (25 and 26), Bristol Colston Hall (27) and Portsmouth Guildhall (28).

The band have a new album scheduled for release by FMI to coincide with the tour, though the exact date has not yet been set. Titled "Drastic Plastic", it's their first studio LP since September 1976. It was recorded

Stones facing another delay

THE ROLLING STONES face another two-month period of suspense and uncertainty, before they know the final outcome of drugs charges against Keith Richard.

He appeared before a Toronto court last Friday, and it was hoped that the judge would show leniency in view of Richard's determined attempts to kick drug addiction. As reported last week, the Stones were so confident that they had made tentative plans for a British tour next spring, with Jamaican artist Peter Tosh supporting.

But when it came to the crunch, the judge refused a defence plea to drop the charge of possessing heroin for the purpose of trafficking — this is the most serious charge of all against Richard and, under Canadian law, can carry a maximum sentence of life imprisonment.

Richard has now been sent to a higher court, where he will be tried by jury in early February. So he now has the task of convincing 12 members of the Canadian public that he is sincere in his efforts, and that he is not guilty of trafficking. Meanwhile, the Stones' plans for 1978 are having to be shelved.

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Orders £4 or over add £1.00	£1.50

PASH MUSIC STORES 5 ELGIN CRESCENT LONDON W11



Tina Turner: another date

TINA TURNER has now been confirmed for a second British date during her New Year visit — it's at Sheffield Fiesta on February 12. As exclusively reported by NME last week, Tina is bringing over her full 17-piece Las Vegas revue for a 20-date European tour, which includes a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on February 11. Promoter Arthur Howes announces that tickets are now available for the Hammersmith gig priced £4, £3 and £2.

DIRTY TRICKS IN COMEBACK

DIRTY TRICKS, inactive for the past six months apart from the October release of their "Hit & Run" album, hit the road again early next year with a new augmented line-up. Dave Hall, formerly with Urchin, takes over as lead singer from Kenny Stewart. And ex-Wally keyboards man Ade Cook comes into the band to join founder members John Fraser Binnie (lead guitar), Terry Horbury (bass) and Andy Beirne (drums). They are now being lined up for a six-week club and college tour starting in late January, after which they record a new album and then visit America.

A FEELGOOD XMAS PARTY

DR. FEELGOOD are playing their traditional Christmas Party gig this year in the Midlands — at Malvern Winter Gardens on Friday, December 23. For those wishing to make the journey to see them, the venue is 35 miles from Birmingham and 119 miles from London! But if you prefer to wait until after the holiday, it seems likely that the band will be touring again in the New Year. Meanwhile, the Feelgoods — who begin a brief five-day Spanish tour on December 16, can be seen in the BBC-2 showcase "Sight And Sound In Concert" this Saturday (10).

NME NEWS ROUND-UP



ROLAND KIRK IS DEAD . . .

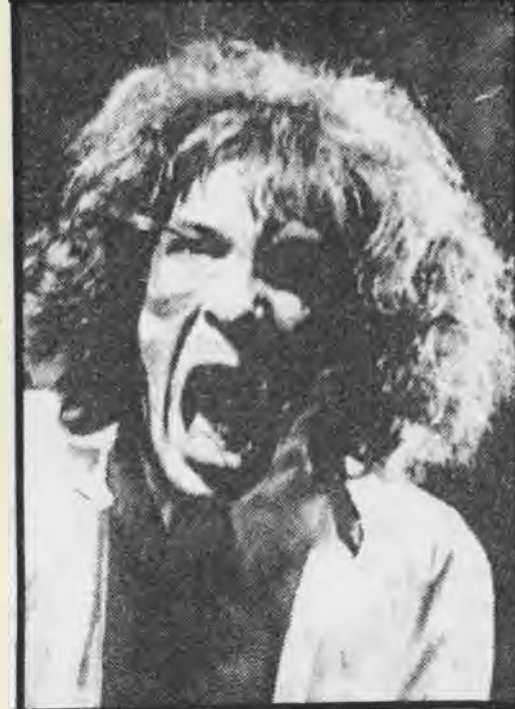
RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK, the renowned avant-garde jazz multi-instrumentalist, died on Sunday. He collapsed in a car while being driven from a concert he had played at Indianapolis University, was rushed to hospital and found to be dead on arrival. Kirk, a great favourite on the London jazz circuit (particularly at Ronnie Scott's Club where he played countless seasons), is the subject of a special tribute feature in next week's NME.

McTELL SET FOR DOUBLE

RALPH McTELL headlines a benefit concert in aid of children's charities on Sunday, December 18, when he appears at London Kingsway Sound Circus (the former Royalty Theatre) — tickets are now available at the box-office and usual agencies priced £2.50 and £2. He is also playing another pre-Christmas date on December 15 at Belfast Grosvenor Hall for which some tickets remain at £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

McCULLOCH'S '78 ALMANAC

DREW McCULLOCH, ex-member of Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance, has re-formed his band Almanac. Line-up comprises Alan Park (ex-Tiger), Gordon Sellar (ex-Beggars Opera), Iain Lyon (ex-J.S.D. Band) and a drummer still to be named. McCulloch's latest single is scheduled for January release by Polydor, and the band will be gigging to promote it. Further recording sessions are planned for the spring.



JOHN OTWAY

OTWAY BACK WITH WILLY

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT, who last week made their NME debut in the Top Thirty, reunite in the New Year for a full-scale tour together. Dates are already being pencilled in for February and March, and the duo are considering the possibility of forming a full band to back them on stage. During the past two months Otway has been working solo, backed by Scratch, while Barrett took time out to concentrate on writing and production. As reported last week, Otway headlines a major solo London concert at the Victoria Palace on December 16.

ROCK MOVIE'S LONDON RUN

THE FILM "London Rock & Roll Show", which had its British premiere at London Rainbow on November 28, is now showing daily at London Covent Garden Cinema Club (29 King Street, W.C.2) where it will run until at least December 17. The movie features the 1972 Wembley Stadium concert with Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Bo Diddley, Bill Haley and many others. Support film is the short "Steppenwolf", and there are three programmes on weekdays (with extra late-night shows on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays), plus two on Sundays. The club, whose annual membership is 20p, is planning a special Sex Pistols film night on New Year's Eve.

NO DICE, BUT PLENTY GIGS!

NO DICE are set for an extensive series of dates through until the end of January. So far confirmed for the EMI band are Chelmsford City Tavern (tonight, Thursday), Dudley J.B.'s (Friday), London Institute of Education (December 14), Burton 76 Club (16), Bristol Granary (17), Abertillery Six Bells (21), London Camden Music Machine (24), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (January 3), Coventry Mr. George's (5), Hitchin College of Education (7), Reading Brian's Club (11), Liverpool C.F. Mott College (14), London St. Mary's College (18), Reading Windsor Hall (20), Plymouth Castaways (23), Bradford University (25), Aberdeen Technical College (27), Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (29) and Leeds Polytechnic (30).

TV'S FOLLIES: NOW A FILM

"ROCK FOLLIES", which this week ended its second TV series, is to be made into a big-budget cinema film next year. Several companies have been bidding for the screen rights, but they have now been acquired by producers Davina Belling and Clive Parsons of Film & General Productions. Howard Schuman, creator of the series, has been commissioned to write the screenplay. It's expected that the original "Little Ladies" trio will re-create their roles in the movie, with Andy Mackay again providing the music.

STEVE WOLF IS MURDERED

STEVE WOLF, the Los Angeles concert promoter who helped launch the U.S. careers of scores of British rock bands, has been shot to death by raiders at his Beverly Hills home. He returned to find burglars ransacking his house and, after neighbours heard shots, he was found lying on the floor with chest wounds. Wolf was responsible for the initial Stateside success of Led Zeppelin and Jethro Tull, and subsequently promoted tours by numerous British bands — including Ten Years After, Joe Cocker, ELP, Humble Pie and King Crimson.

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RECORD NEWS

Rod due in to boost massive ad campaign

DESPITE its current chart success, Rod Stewart's album "Foot Loose And Fancy Free" is the subject of a £75,000 TV advertising campaign, starting next Monday and lasting until December 23. Riva Records are concentrating commercials in the Granada, Trident, Tyne Tees, Yorkshire and ATV areas during this period — but they are already thinking of spending more money to expand the campaign to other regions after Christmas.

Stewart is now nearing the end of his sell-out coast-to-coast tour of the United States and Canada, and on December 22 is due back in Britain, where he will stay until the end of February. During this time, he'll be promoting the album and a new single, which will be released in early January.

It's expected that he will also take time out for preliminary talks on his projected British tour this summer, which is likely to take place either in June or August mainly at outdoor venues, leaving July free for him to watch Scotland playing in the World Cup in Argentina.

Wings' current No. 1 hit "Mull Of Kintyre" is the fastest-selling EMI single this year, and has already sold over 500,000 copies in Britain alone. It's also being hailed as the band's first-ever chart-topper in this country, but in fact their "Silly Love Songs" reached No. 1 in the NME Top Thirty in June last year.

Gloria Jones is to carry on recording, despite the recommendation — made at the inquest on Marc Bolan — that she should be prosecuted. She flies to Los Angeles at Christmas to stay with her brother Richard and put the finishing touches to her album, which should be ready for release early in the New Year.

A live double album by Glen Campbell is rushed out by Capitol this month. Titled "Live At The Royal Festival Hall", it features the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and

includes medley tributes to Elvis Presley and the Beach Boys, plus many of Campbell's hits. The same label is also reissuing the Beach Boys' 1964 "Christmas Album" this month.

Upcoming albums from Capitol in the New Year include "Musical Chairs" by Sammy Hagar and "Thankful" by Natalie Cole (both in January), and "The Golden Time Of Day" by Maze (February). Mink DeVille record a new LP in Los Angeles next month, with a view to March release.

Fantasy Records have signed The Originals, after they had spent 11 years with Motown. A new album from the group is due early in the New Year.

Bryan Ferry has arrived in Switzerland, where he's just begun work on a new album, for release in late winter or early spring. There's a possibility that he may play some concerts here when the album comes out, but nothing is yet confirmed.

CBS, who normally distribute Virgin Records product, have refused to handle any more copies of the new Derek and Clive album "Come Again". They shipped 40,000 copies last week, but have now decided not to continue. Virgin are arranging for the LP to be distributed independently, but meanwhile it may be in short supply for a week or two.

Smokie, currently touring Germany, have a new single issued by Rak on January 6. Title is "For A Few Dollars More".

THE BUILD-UP TO CHRISTMAS

On The Road

JOAN BAEZ has added two more dates to her current British tour. The first is at **Oxford New Theatre** on Friday, December 16. And the other is a third show at **London Hammersmith Odeon** on December 21, where she is already set for the two previous nights.

BILLY CONNOLLY plays a couple of pre-Christmas concerts at **Pitlochry Regal Cinema** (December 19) and **Hanley Victoria Hall** (20). These are in the nature of warm-up gigs for a BBC-2 'In Concert' showcase he is filming immediately afterwards.

FOSTER BROTHERS have added two more gigs to their December date sheet, reported last week. They are **Leeds Devonshire Hall** (tomorrow, Friday) and **Nottingham Katie's** (17).

ADVERTISING have gigs at **Egham Royal Holloway College** (tomorrow, Friday), **London Hammersmith Red Cow** (this Saturday, December 17) and **Christmas Eve**, **London Hornsey Art College** (12) and **London Kensington Nashville** (18). They also support **John Onway** at **London Victoria Palace** on December 16.

THE PIRATES have added **St. Albans City Hall** (December 17) to their tour itinerary, but have cancelled their projected gig at **Edinburgh Tiffany's** (19). They make a personal appearance at a new **London** shop **Our Price Records**, 100 Kensington High Street, today (Thursday) at 1pm — when they will also be playing a short set.

SPLIT ENZ have cancelled their gig at **London School of Economics** this Saturday (10). They are replaced by a package featuring **Merger**, **Tonight, Sore Throat** and **Tequila Brown**.

THE ROCKABILLY PACKAGE — with **Ray Campi** & **The Rockabilly Rebels**, **Mac Curtis** and his band and **Rollin' Colin Winski** — have added two more dates to their British tour. They are **South Shields The Tavern** (December 28) and a rebooking at **London Southgate Royalty** (29).

LONDON MARQUEE this year has The Enid headlining its special party night on Christmas Eve. And in the build-up to the New Year, the club has booked **Alberto y Los Tios Paranoias** (December 27 and 28), the **Fabulous Poodles** (29) and **X-Ray Spex** (30), with **Ultravox** seeing in 1978 on New Year's Eve.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS, originally set for **London Marquee** on December 27, now headline their own self-promoted gig at **Covenry Locarno** on that date. Other new December dates for the band are **London Kensington Nashville** (13) and **Newport Stowaway** (30).

THE BOYFRIENDS, the band formed by ex-Vibrator **Pat Collier**, play three nights at **London Hammersmith Red Cow** on December 14, 21 and 28. They are also at **London Islington Hope & Anchor** on December 30.

THE BOYS, who have just finished work on their latest Nems album at **Rockfield Studios**, are back on the road with gigs at **Harrigate P.G.'s** (tonight, Thursday), **Scarborough Penthouse** (tomorrow, Friday), **Nottingham Katie's** (Saturday), **Doncaster Outlook** (December 12), **Torquay Gatsby's** (14), **Barnstaple Chequers** (15), **Wolverhampton Lafayette** (16), **Dudley J.B.'s** (17) and **London Camden Music Machine** (22). Dates for after Christmas will be announced shortly.

BONE IDOL become the second band to be set for a **London** gig on Christmas Day — it's at the **Brecknock** in **Camden**. As reported last week, **Merger** appear the same day at **Brixton Clouds**.

DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG, who guest on the last nine dates in **Ian Dury's** tour starting tomorrow (Friday), also have gigs on their own at **London Islington Hope & Anchor** (December 14) and **London Camden Dingwalls** (20). The band comprises **Leonard** (guitar and vocals), **Terry Williams** (drums and vocals) and **Lincoln Carr** (bass and vocals).

THE CRABS visit **Axminster Town Hall** (tomorrow, Friday), **Woking Centre Halls** (Saturday), **Doncaster Outlook** (December 12), **Leeds New Ace Of Clubs** (13), **Bradford University** (14), **Lancaster No. 12 Club** (15), **Torquay Gatsby's** (17), **Barrow Maxim's** (18), **Dewsbury Pickwick's** (19), **Huddersfield Ivanhoe's** (20), **Luton Royal Hotel** (21) and **Rotherham Windmill** (22). After Christmas they play **East Dereham Sunshine Rooms** (27), **Manchester Electric Circus** (27), **Manchester Electric Circus** (27) and **Woking Centre Halls** (31).

THE REAL THING have gigs at **Wolverhampton RAF Cosford** (tonight, Thursday), **Stroud Leisure Centre** (this Saturday), **Aberystwyth University** (December 15), **Chester Cellar Club** (19) and **London Southgate Royalty** (24).

MUNGO JERRY play their last dates this year at **Carmarthen Trinity College** (tomorrow, Friday), **Fishguard Frenchman's Motel** (Saturday) and **Bradford College** (December 16).

TEQUILA, who recently supported **Little River Band** in their British tour, have gigs in their own right at **St. Albans Horn Of Plenty** (this Saturday and Christmas Eve) and **London Camden Music Machine** (December 16 and 23).

THE DEPRESSIONS play **Arrist Social Club** (this Saturday), **Newbridge Club & Institute** (Sunday), **Tonypandy British Legion** (December 12), **London Regent's Park Bedford College** (13), **Swansea Circles Club** (15) and **Nottingham Katie's** (22).

AMAZORBLADES, who support **The Darts** on a number of gigs this month, also have dates on their own at **London Hammersmith Swan** (11), and **Chelmsford City Tavern** (22). Their visit to **London Camden Brecknock** is switched from December 19 to 27.

S.A.L.T. have pre-Christmas gigs at **Leicester Polytechnic** (tomorrow, Friday), **Farnborough Technical College** (Saturday), **London Marquee** (December 13) and **Ewell Technical College** (16). After the holiday they play **Bristol Granary** (29) and **Burton 76 Club** (30).

LULU tops the bill in a special Christmas show being staged at **London Rainbow** from December 28 to January 7 inclusive, with **Berni Flint** also appearing throughout the run. Other acts appear for shorter spells during the season, including the **Wurzels** (December 28-30), **Ed Stewart** (28-January 2), **Mud** (2-7) and the **Barron Knights** (7 only).

ALKATRAZ go back on the road this week, and their first confirmed gigs are at **Repton Pears School** (tonight, Thursday), **Warrington Padgate College** (Friday), **Accrington Lakeland Lounge** (Sunday), **Tiverton Motel** (December 14), **Dundee Technical College** (16) and **London Finchley Torrington** (18).



Above: BLUE OYSTER CULT
Left: RUSH

HEAVY METAL INVASION 1978

Rush, Cult visits set

RUSH, the Canadian heavy metal trio who played their first ever British dates in June, return to this country in February for a more extensive tour. During the period February 11-28, they'll be heading a total of 14 concerts nationwide — including two each in **Newcastle**, **Manchester** and **London**.

Not to be confused with another Canadian trio **Mahogany Rush**, who are currently touring here, the band made their British debut last summer — and surprised the cynics by completely selling out the majority to their seven dates, even though they were virtually unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

Because of this response, they are playing a longer tour in the New Year, and promoters **Straight Music** will be announcing details of their itinerary in a fortnight's time. The band then go on to tour Europe for six weeks.

Back in the States, the trio — **Geddy Lee**, **Alex Lifeson** and **Neil**

Peart — have just been presented with three Gold Discs for U.S. sales of their albums "A Farewell To Kings", "All The World's A Stage" and "2112". And they have re-signed worldwide with the **Mercury** label, who will issue their latest LP to coincide with their visit.

BLUE OYSTER CULT were this week confirmed for a British visit in the spring, their first here for 2½ years. They will be playing at least six major concerts during the last week of April and the first week of May, though details of their itinerary won't be available for a couple of months.

Like **Rush**, the band will be bringing over their full US show. **Cult** are now featuring what they claim to be the biggest laser show ever, and this will be an integral part of their British gigs. Commented a spokesman: "Forget The Who — just wait till you see **Blue Oyster's** lasers!"

Whistle Test's holiday specials

THE TRADITIONAL Christmas Eve edition of BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test", which for the past few years has succeeded in capturing a major act live in concert, has run into problems this year — mainly because no suitable gigs are taking place that day. Producer **Michael Appleton** originally intended to screen **Emerson Lake & Palmer** live at **London Olympia**, but the trio called off the gig. Now it looks as though **Appleton** will have to settle for a pre-recorded show and, at presstime, he was making plans to film **The Kinks** at **London Rainbow** the previous night.

The Christmas Eve 'Test' will be transmitted late-night, in a stereo link with **Radio 1**. Because of this, the usual Saturday "Sight And Sound In Concert" reverts to sound only on December 24, when **Radio 1** broadcasts an hour of **Todd Rundgren & Utopia**.

The "Whistle Test" has also been frustrated on New Year's Eve, when it is usually on the air through the midnight hour. But this year it has been relegated to the 10-11.25pm slot.

Prior to Christmas, "Whistle Test" presents a special hour-long show on Tuesday,

December 20, filmed at **Bearsville** in the summer. Among acts seen are **Corky Laing**, **Jesse Winchester**, **Elizabeth Barraclough**, **Tony Wilson** (ex-Hot Chocolate), **Foghat**, **Paul Butterfield**, **Dr. John** and **Todd Rundgren**.

And on Wednesday, December 28, BBC-2 repeats last year's Christmas Eve "Test" special, with **Rod Stewart** in concert at **Olympia**.

Also on BBC: a **David Soul** special (Boxing Day) and a season of ten **Elvis Presley** films over the holiday period.

JUKES EXPLAIN MOONLIGHT FLIT

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the **Asbury Jukes** have now offered an explanation for their sudden departure from Britain late last month, leaving three dates unfulfilled, including one at **London Kensington Nashville**. Tour manager **Jim McHale** said that, after their November 25 gig in **Cardiff**, the band were physically in rough shape — **Johnny** had a heavy cold and was losing his voice,

and three of the **Jukes** were suffering from flu.

Said **McHale**: "They held a meeting to decide what to do, and I just felt it would be better for everyone to go home straight away. I'm the one to blame, but I knew they had a heavy schedule of 18 December dates in the States, with a new album to record in the New Year. Everyone apologises and we'll make it up next time round."

LIZZY EXTRA

THIN LIZZY have added one more date to the tail end of their current tour, which officially ends at **London Lewisham Odeon** next Tuesday and Wednesday. The extra gig is a special Christmas Party show at **Southend Kursaal Ballroom** on Saturday, December 17. Tickets

are now on sale for this date, which again features **Radiators From Space** as support act.

After **Southend**, **Lizzy** take a well-earned break from touring, having been on the road in America and Britain since September. In the New Year, **Phil Lynott** starts his solo LP.

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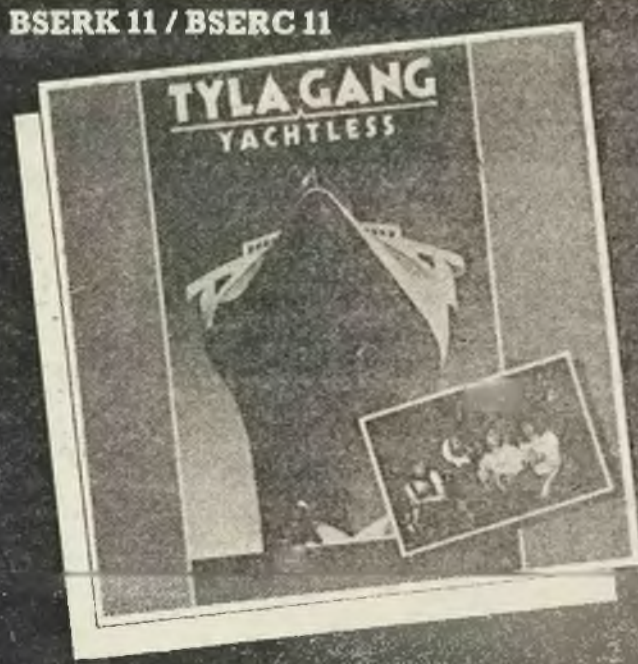
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WINSTON RODNEY IS BURNING SPEAR IS THE MAN IN THE HILLS, IS THE SOUND OF THE PRESENT AGE

NEVER UNDERSTOOD all the fuss about reggae, huh? Then stick around. Better still go out and pick up a copy of Burning Spear's "Marcus Garvey", "Man In The Hills", "Dry And Heavy" or the new live album. Or — even though they'll cost you a fiver a throw — either of his pre-Island Studio One albums on import.

Don't rush them, though. Work at them. Attempt to mingle your spirit with the music's. Take a couple of days over it, a couple of weeks if necessary — remember, you're dealing with Jamaican time. Also, this isn't some disposable consumer disco sound that you're playing. It's like the difference between chemical and herbal remedies; the latter may take longer but the final results are immeasurably more edifying. After all, Spear is as close to — dare I say it? — great popular art as anyone going into a recording studio this decade.

With the self-righteousness of a convert I must mention that I was not convinced of the merits of reggae until a couple of years back. Though my record collection included the stock early seventies Jamaican recorded icons — "Harder They Come", "Catch A Fire", "Funky Kingston" — they were regarded more as reference works than as organic beings with which I could communicate.

Then I got hold of "Marcus Garvey". I'm still not certain what it was that kept drawing me back to play it over and over again: the combination of epic vision and utter humility in Rodney's superbly powerful, wide-ranging vocals and social / cultural writing; or the evocative morning sunrise beauty of the horns that underline his voice; or the backing of the cream of JA roots musicians. Or, and back to abstractions one more time, just the uplifting sense of Zen wholeness about that and, as I've subsequently discovered, each of Spear's other

records, the same uplift supplied by the live show I saw him give at the Rainbow, where he was backed by Aswad.

It's the only music of which I'd use the term "laid back" without pejorative intentions. It's almost the only music I know beautiful enough to bring tears to my eyes. In addition to all the above, Burning Spear also provided me with the key to getting into and understanding reggae.

EVEN WITHOUT his musical abilities Winston Rodney would be fascinating as the romantic outside figure that is a Rastafarian (*Steady on Chris — Ed*).

True to form, when I arrive at the comfortable service flat where he's staying for his spell in London, I find the 32 year-old musician sitting on the lounge couch wearing only a towel and a pair of khaki cotton pants cut-off at the knees. He is watching colour television. His right hand holds the inevitable smouldering sacrament.

Rodney's reggae is not the sound of Trenchtown Rock. He was born in St Anne's, a small fishing parish on the Jamaican coast where he still lives and where he runs his own label, Spear.

As is suggested by the title of his second Island album, "Man In The Hills", he is very much a person of the country, in touch with the spirits of his environment. He doesn't object to Kingston but prefers where he was brought up — "Where I live is more slow. Don't move too fast in that place, y'know."

This, he agrees, accounts for the

gentler, more mellow mood that permeates his music — "More cooler, more vibes." It may also account for the almost Meher Baba-like smiling mellowness he himself osmoses.

St Anne's was also the birthplace and early home of Jamaican visionary leader Marcus Garvey, a man who holds a central place in Spear's music, and in the Rastafarian doctrine.

"Burning Spear" is another name for Jomo Kenyatta, the black African leader — "A man who is important to all descendants of Africa, almost as important as Marcus." Jomo Kenyatta also known as Burning Spear also known as Winston Rodney — you begin to understand the dignity this man feels his music must possess.

On the first two Island albums Rodney worked with back-up vocalists Rupert Willington and Delroy Hines. They were not, however, part of the Burning Spear group. Rodney is Burning Spear. They were back-up vocalists. They no longer provide back-up, however,

**CHRIS
SALEWICZ
takes Jamaican
Zen lessons**



because they "not got enough interest. Lack of interest in themselves." To say the very least, commitment is needed to be a part of Burning Spear's music; the reason why he was so impressed with British reggae group Aswad's back-up duties at his British concerts after only three days practice.

Willington and Hines also, maintains Rodney, didn't actually take part in any of the writing on those two albums, even though their names were featured on the track listings: "No, they didn't write. Just give 'em credit."

That Burning Spear has the might of Island Records thrown behind him is no doubt largely due to his immense talents. That he seems to be receiving the same rock star marketing that ultimately moved Bob Marley into the upper reaches of the US charts is also no doubt due to his sharing Bob Marley's manager, Don Taylor, who also looks after the career of Max Romeo.

PRESUMABLY UNUSED to, or perhaps just unaffected by (*Right — Ed*), the necessity to provide Good Copy for journalists, Rodney responds to a considerable number of questions with little more than monosyllabic grunts.

The emotions you pick up from Winston's music are an extension of his natural persona and his company is as relaxing as his music. The good vibes are, no doubt, a result of the confidence that comes from

self-knowledge. After all, when you're asked when it was you first realized that your music could give much to many people, it's no bad thing that you're able to reply: "From the first time I play it. From there on until this time."

But beneath the impassive front lurks a very sassy person. The country boy is very wordy. Even so, conversation can get difficult for both of us — and pretty confusing at times.

Thus: Winston Rodney, along with bass vocalist Willington, made his first records — the two albums plus a stack of released and unreleased 45s — for Clement "Sir Coxson" Dodd's Studio One Label between 1969 and 1971.

1969 was, in fact, the year of his introduction to the music business, the year when he started writing and recording. I ask him what he was doing prior to that.

"I learned tiling," he tells me. "The tiling trade. But I never really stick to it, y'know."

And it was in '71 that you stopped recording with Studio One?

"'72, '73, '74, kinda cut out from Studio One."

Were you doing anything during that period?

"Renovating," he tells me, with a thoughtful scratch of his beard.

Renovating, eh? As in regeneration of the inner man, no doubt. Renovating yourself?

"No." — slightly put out — "Just renovating."

Ummm... exactly what were you renovating, Winston?

● Continues over page



SPEAR

• From previous page

"Clothes. I press pants after breakup from Studio One."

Ah, clothing re-texturing — the St Anne's branch of Sketchley's, I suppose.

Actually I wouldn't mind betting that the re-constructing Winston did between '72 and the end of '74 did involve more than just pressing pants. When he returned to the music scene his material was even more spiritually orientated and he was singing about Marcus Garvey for the first time; one of the landmarks in reggae. "No-one remember old Marcus Garvey," sang Rodney, reminding Jamaicans of their heritage.

IN THE reggae tradition Winston retired for those two years because he felt he'd been ripped off: "Stopped music because I never really like what was going on with Coxson, never really liked the attitude. I wasn't getting my share. That is one of the main things why I did 'ave to stop."

"After awhile t'ings appen and tek it up again. Do a deal with Jack Ruby. But after a while stop that, too. Began to deal with meself."

Jack Ruby who, when still only a sound system operator, had recommended Rodney to record for Studio One produced "Marcus Garvey" and "Man In The Hills" plus the "Garvey's Ghost" dub album. With him also, though, "someth'ing go wrong. Even more than with Coxson." He refuses to expound further.

Tales of rip-offs and underhand dealing in the Jamaican recording industry are, of course, so widespread as to be almost a cliché.

To my question why this villany is so prevalent, Winston just philosophically shrugs his shoulders and hits on his spliff. "Someone not like to share. Most Jamaican artists usually pass through this struggle before they really mek it. It's just 'ow it goes. It appen everywhere, but it appen more someplace than some."

So is that to do with the nature of

Jamaican society and how the whole country operates? The colonial legacy of theft?

"No, I wouldn't say that." He shakes his head. "Is more to do with dealing with that whole musical area. The music world is just so it goes." And he shrugs.

IN JAMAICA Rodney releases all Burning Spear material on his own Spear label, and now handles the production work himself too. Much of "Dry And Heavy", the recent studio album, has appeared before, however, on Studio One under different titles, whilst "The Youth", a recent 45 on Spear, was formally known as "Pick Up The Pieces" on the "Burning Spear" album.

"Same songs run over again," Rodney agrees.

So the JA practice of "running over again" — Marley has re-worked material for his Island albums that he originally laid down with Lee Perry and Coxson — is interlinked with the other rip-offs. It's not so much a drying-up of creative ability that motivates reggae artists in re-recording old material, but a desire to receive what they believe is just payment for it.

"All the singers do it. Bob do it. It

all come from the roots of the business. If the business was a straight upfront family then it wouldn't 'ave to do it. But now do songs over to straighten out finance-wise. Only way that I can do it."

Although it's been suggested that you did this because the songs had stopped coming.

"Dem people don't know goin' on."

Rodney assures me that, rather than experiencing any creative blocks, he's now hitting a creative peak. Many of his recent songs have come out as 45s in Jamaica, he says: "We live off 45s, off singles. When is time for a 45 is just time. When is time for an album is just time, whether we do the same tune or we have more stuff."

"We always 'ave the thing going' mon. We can't stop writing 'em. Never stop. It is 'ow the 'ole system is goin' now. Just can't stop. From ever since the bus'ness reach t'ese certain new stages evert'ing improvin' more and more. Songs can't stop write. Songs can't stop arrange. Studio system can't stop. Musicians can't stop. And everyt'ing that's around same way. Right now I at work all time on music."

"My business or the world's it can't stop. And Jamaica's business or the

world's music system it can't stop neither. For if Jamaica stop no-one goin' to get no new music. It just am goin' all the way now. Jamaica music just a boy, can't stop boy right now."

His thoughts are momentarily interrupted by the chiming of the door-bell. Winston looks happy. "Must be De Man dis," he chuckles. "Yeah, mon," he continues, "We can't stop write now. Write all the time."

In fact, Winston is delighted that finally Jamaican music is on the verge of being accepted throughout the world. "At last," he smiles contentedly, "Jamaica is nearly a mon. It good, mon. Very good."

He also doesn't find it curious that white middle-class audiences should be so attracted to reggae: "Shows that to them is someth'ing in it, y'know. I wouldn't say I find it strange. If man like someth'ing about our music then do it for them. Music don't 'ave to be about special country."

"It not strange. It might seem strange to people like you," he laughs.

"No, no. It only seems strange to me that it doesn't seem strange to you," I retort.

"Not strange to I and I," laughs Winston.

WE SIT back with what De Man has brought. We rap about Marcus Garvey — "Just prophecy, just hist'ry. When sing about Marcus singin' strictly bout me roots." We rap about the States whose Eastern seaboard Winston has just toured — "Don't t'ink any different about America from what I t'ink of London. Two nice country."

We rap about Rastafari — "Singing of Rasta is a message saying that we accept that in the past we were free and we are still free. I can sing for everyone who can pick up something from something... But I speakin' on behalf of music not Rasta. Separate, mon. And yet Rasta the foundation of the music still. Rasta roots, mon... I'm a musician and I'm a Rasta but don't always make sense to involve Rasta in it."

I go into the kitchen where Phillip Fullwood, Rodney's occasional lyric writer and conga player, is brewing a pot of tea. He tells me that he, in fact, co-wrote three of the songs on "Man In The Hills", not just one as credited. But: "Doesn't matter givin'

a nother man credit. Puttin' down friend's name. They all know who wrote it. We feel love like brothers, y'know. When it comes to the business part I not really respond."

Back in the lounge Winston is sat at the table with a cassette recorder harmonising with his own vocal parts on a song called "Marcus Children" that he will cut at Island Studios that evening with Aswad backing. He is eating a traditional Rasta meal of milk and corn-flakes.

We return momentarily to the subject of Rastas: as with hippies and now with punks there has been a proliferation of highly suspect, and thereby devaluing, "Rasta" reggae records over the past year or so. Though he sees the problem, Winston doesn't believe it to be a danger. "You 'ave good music and bad music," he considers, waving his spoon at me, "and you only find out what you like."

"Right now we 'ave many different kinds of music coming from Jamaica. You 'ave a few singers dealing with The Message and dealing with the culture and some dealing with things you can't really get sense out of. But generally it go straight. Besides, everywhere you find this sort of t'ing appen."

"But many good performers in Jamaica. Jamaica produce the best right now. Come to our time."

Of course, I agree. Whether one looks at it from the point of view of numerology — as in the title track of the reggae album this year, Culture's "Two Sevens Clash" — or the Bible, or astrology, or other occult oracles, the one inescapable recurring fact is that 1977 is a year of vast change.

We digress into the subject of Africa. Though I've only visited northern countries on that continent Winston pumps me with questions: "What does the people there need? What is the difference between black people you see from Africa and the black people you see from Jamaica?" By this time a considerable amount of stoned eternal wisdom is going down.

"Now is the ages for t'is t'ing," nods the ever smiling Winston Rodney. "For t'ese changes."

"Right now Jamaica people is uplift. Jamaica people always look up now. Step out. Step up. Straight upwards. Jamaican people goin' ever'where."



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WISHBONE ASH ON MCA

THE BOYS.

PUBLIC OPINION



"I'VE HAD A BOY"



"SO HAVE I!"



"I WON'T BUY
ANY BOYS RECORDS
BECAUSE THEY'RE
BLACK"



"BLESS 'EM"



"THE BOYS GET
AROUND MORE
THAN I DO NOW.
LOOK AT THAT
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SANDY NELSON

Imperial Records Inc.
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THRILLS

Edited by
PHIL McNEILL
and
KATE PHILLIPS

INSIDE INFORMATION

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P. 13: The Pleasers deny Cavern fetish. If you believe that...
P. 14: The international page, with Derek & Clive live by satellite from Bermuda, and the Wiltshire sound of XTC.
P. 16: A Birmingham banning for those controversial characters, Status Quo.
P. 18: The Elvis cash-in continues; Farren monitors the scuzz.
P. 19: Exclusive details of Dylan's new flick.
P. 20: Lennon turns on in Inside Dope.



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real smart dresser. . .

. . . until I discovered that a torn
shirt gets you accepted."

ANIMAL LIBERATION NEWS

THREE MEN WHO CLAIM to be members of the Animal Liberation Front are currently on trial at Carlisle Crown Court charged with wrecking the grave of the legendary huntsman John Peel, a kind of patron saint of bloodsports.

The three accused are David Hough (48), a company director, Michael Huskisson (23), a student, and Gary Treadwell (21), currently unemployed.

The prosecution alleges that these three toppled the grave's headstone after hitting it with a pick, and dug up the grave to a depth of three feet, leaving inside the hole a stuffed fox's head and a poem which was described as "lacking in literary merit as it was in taste". The poem's message was that this act was to revenge all the foxes Peel had killed during his career.

The case continues.

★ ★ ★

THE FIRST MAJOR animal liberation case to appear in the American courts is currently underway. Two students from Hawaii University are facing charges of grand theft after two dolphins, who for eight years had been taking part in communication experiments, were taken from their marina and released into the sea.

Dr Louis Herman, a professor of psychology who had been conducting the inter-species communication experiments, returned one morning in May to find two rubber toy dolphins in the pool instead, with the messages "Set my people free" and "Slaves no more" written on their backs.

The two students will be claiming that the dolphins were not stolen, but released from oppressive captivity. Their case is being supported by the American Society for Animal Rights, whose president, Ms Helen Jones, says: "I have the greatest respect for those who released the dolphins. It's to do with anti-war, women's rights, civil rights, a sudden awareness of rights."

"Animals have waited a long time."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



SID & NANCY

THE SID VICIOUS GUIDE TO LONDON HOTELS

IT WAS AT THE A&M Sex Pistols press conference, convened early this year, that newly appointed group bassist Sid Vicious gave his brusque views on the fate of Keith Richard, who'd just been charged with possession of about an ounce of heroin in Toronto.

"I wouldn't piss on him if he was on fire," opined our Sid.

Now, some nine months later, grisly parallels are being drawn twixt the two, uh, controversial rock personalities — parallels that reached a none-too-pleasant head last week with a police raid on the hotel where Vicious (nee John Beverley) and his constant companion, American exile Nancy Spungen, had been residing for the past three weeks.

Blood on the furniture, blood-curdling screams disturbing co-inhabitants of the hostelry — the dailies had a field-day. The receptionist had apparently entered the room, from whence some sort of mayhem was presumed to be taking place, only to come face to face with a haggard-looking Vicious clad just in his underpants, sporting various gashes on his flesh and screaming abuse at her.

The cops were called, and took away "various substances" for forensic tests.

OK, so make as much of a meal of that last angle as possible, print the name of the hotel concerned (the Ambassador Hotel in Bayswater) in bold type — and you could just as easily delete the names Vicious and

● Next page

The Lone Grover

BENYON



● From over page

Spungen for Richard and Pallenburg and nobody would know the difference.

It's become a fairly open secret over the last few months that Sid Vicious has been far from satisfied with his situation within The Sex Pistols. Up until the commencement of the Pistols' Scandinavian tour, both Rotten and Vicious were ensconced on the top floor of a house on the seazier side of Maida Vale, the former with his entourage, the latter with Nancy. The whole bunch were having to fork out an exorbitant £60 a week for the lay-out.

Then, after the quartet were flown off to Sweden, those who remained — principally Ms Spungen — were rudely booted off the premises, causing all manner of strife between her and Sid.

This animosity was not allayed when the Pistols returned and McLaren's office promptly found permanent accommodation for Rotten — a nice flat in the Chelsea area, replete with a 24-hour bodyguard (one Steve English, a hefty lad who'd been a mate of the Pistols since the beginning) — while Vicious and Nancy were apparently left to fend for themselves.

And then?

"I call her Nauseating Nancy," blared the headline of one of Britain's leading dailies last week, when the news of the Vicious hotel drama hit the press.

The quote was attributed to Mrs Beverley, mother of Sid, who'd been rudely awakened at 8.30 am by Fleet Street hacks. Mrs Sid had allowed her house in Dalston to be turned into a crash-pad for her son and his beloved — after numerous other accommodating folk had given the couple the proverbial heave-ho, claiming that Nancy in particular had generally overstayed her welcome.

Mrs Vicious/Beverley echoed her thoughts on the subject when *Thrills* contacted her on Monday, claiming that the relationship had been the virtual ruination of her son. *Thrills'* principal interest in calling Mrs Beverley, however, was the stories

which had sprung up in the wake of the hotel saga, concerning Sid's position in the Pistols.

Some months ago, after a particularly close shave with the law, Sid stated adamantly that: "Whatever I do, there's no way the Pistols can ever sack me now."

Yet at the weekend, rumours from within the McLaren camp claimed that the Pistols themselves had had enough of Sid's behaviour and intended to dump him from the group.

Most surprising of all was the claim from at least one of the McLaren clan that Messrs Cook, Jones and Lydon wanted Vicious out and that — wait for it — Clash bassist Paul Simonon was ready to step in at a moment's notice. However, of all people, Malcolm McLaren wanted Vicious to remain in the band — even though the latter has repeated on numerous occasions how vehemently he hates McLaren and how the hatred is mutual.

So much for the rumours. Now for the facts, as far as they can be divined at this stage.

According to Mrs Beverley, no charges are being brought as a result of last week's incident at the Ambassador Hotel. "I know that if he was in any real trouble, Sid would've phoned me up. The fact that he hasn't leads me to believe that no further proceedings are being taken over the whole incident."

Meanwhile, Glitterbest are doing their usual "no comment" number, acting tight-lipped about the whole thing in their archetypal "all journalists are scum" fashion.

The Clash office responded similarly concerning the fanciful Simonon rumour.

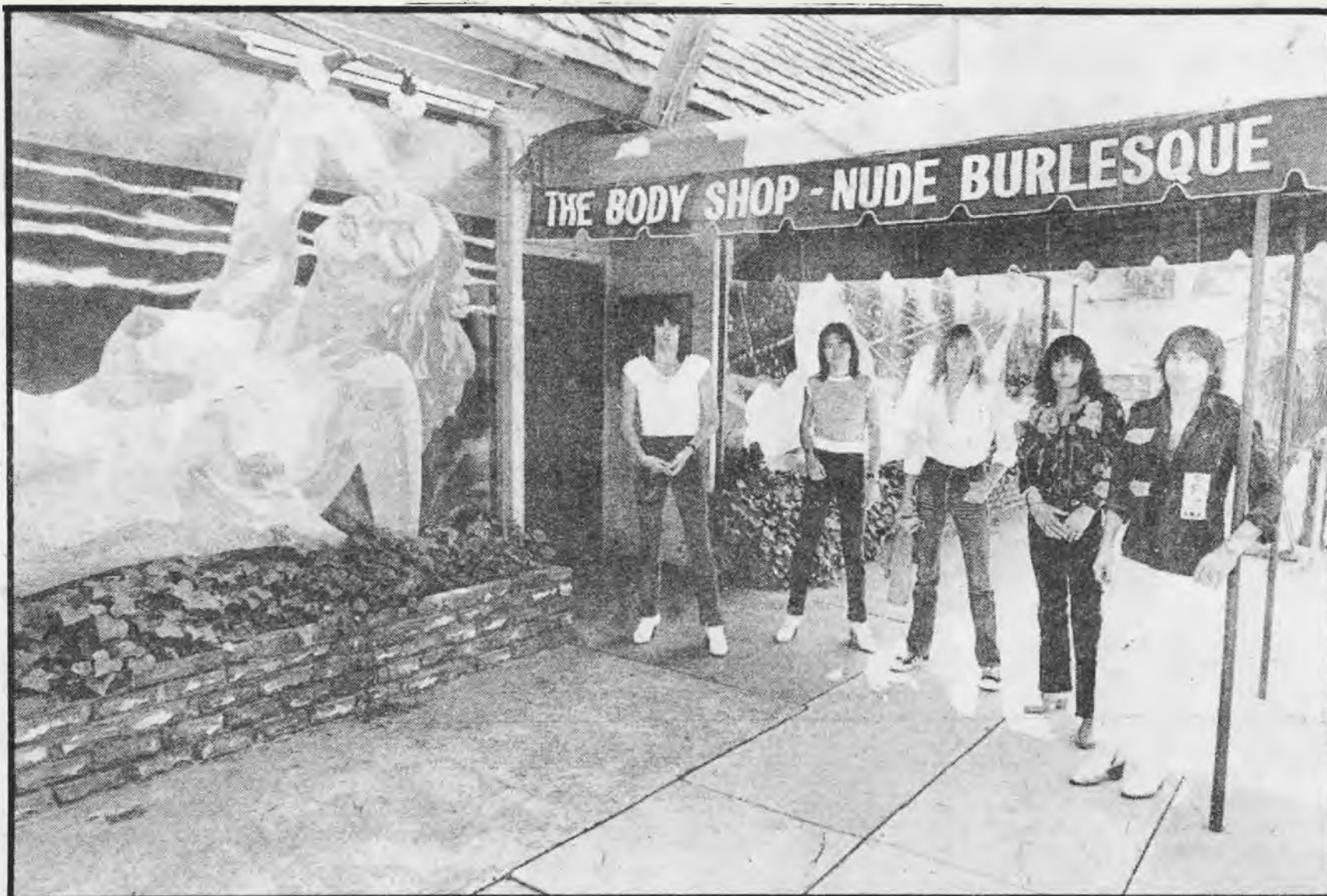
Vicious has finally been granted a respite from his accommodation problem, and now has an agreeable property in the North London area.

Oh, and on Tuesday The Sex Pistols were due to play the first of several impromptu gigs in Rotterdam. It was expected that all four members would be present and correct for duty.

NICK KENT

THRILLS

UFO form a queue. CHALKIE DAVIES looks on.



SPARE A SOB for UFO, willya?

Time was when UFO could be written off by saying that they were — wait for it — Big In Japan. Nowadays they're big in the States, supporting the likes of Rush on tour. They've even got their very own billboard on Sunset Boulevard to advertise their "Lights Out" album. The world is their proverbial oyster.

And yet... they're still not entirely happy. What more could they want? You may well ask.

The thing is that these boys want to be Big In Their Native Land. Trouble is, punk has taken over while they've been out

of the country being Big In Japan and Big In Germany and big in all those other countries that lost the war, and consequently they've been overlooked.

Even though Michael Schenker (guitarist, vanisher) and Phil Mogg (vocals, silly name) are approaching Cult Figure status in the USA, the number of British consumers who give a shit about UFO could be listed on the fingers of one thumb.

At the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium earlier this year, they tore the joint apart (they play rock and roll when Paul Raymond picks up a guitar and boring technoflash HM when he plays keyboards, with Schenker doing the standard ecstatic/legiac solos).

Despite bassist Pete Way rolling around all over the stage like Captain Sensible on downers, they still can't crack in the UK. Here they are outside a famous LA strip club waiting for someone to tell them why.

Hint: it's got nothing to do with the fact that Larry Wallis (famous Stiff person) used to be in the band.

To win the special star prize, write to UFO c/o Chrysalis Records, 388 Oxford St, London W1 and tell 'em why UFO ain't happening in this country. Phil Mogg'll be glad to hear from ya. They've already booked the haircuts and made arrangements to flog the keyboards.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

The good Punks

PUNK rockers have come in for a lot of adverse publicity, razor blades around their I don't think this is really fair, and as a regular churchgoer I know there are at least two punk rockers in the congregation every Sunday.

And what a joyful sound they make during the hymn singing.

Of course they like their electric guitars and heavy music during the week, but what harm is there in that?

The lads I know wear neckties but they insist they only do it because it is part of the gear. And besides they say they come in very useful when they are doing odd jobs about the garden for the old folk.

The young generation are a fine lot despite everything. RICHARD BROOKES Laburnum Grove, Nottingham.

From the Nottingham Evening Post.
Sent by John Slater.

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DRAGGIN' OUT THE DRAGON

THE STRANGLERS may remonstrate "No More Heroes", but their fans are reckoned to be amongst those currently spearheading a local Bruce Lee revival that originated in Japan!

Four years after martial-arts star Bruce Lee died in mysterious circumstances at the age of 32, "The Little Dragon" has emerged as one of the biggest-ever selling recording artists throughout the Orient.

Surpassing even the hysteria and morbid curiosity surrounding the premature deaths of both James Dean and Elvis Presley, the popularity of the Third World's first international superstar continues to escalate unabated.

So far, the Japanese Tam label has released dozens of lavishly-packaged singles, EPs and albums, with still more to come. The bulk of these recordings comprise dialogue, bone-crunching, good-kickings, fearsome war-cries and incidental music from the soundtracks of *The Big Boss*, *Fist Of Fury*, *Enter The Dragon* and *Way Of The Dragon*.

There is no foreseeable end to the mileage inherent in such a restricted catalogue, because Tam need only change the cover and permute the tracks to instigate more frantic over-the-counter action.

The demand for Bruce Lee records has rapidly expanded beyond the Orient. Any one of Lee's four feature films has only to be re-screened in France to stimulate bulk-buying, and closer to home, Flyover Records of Hammersmith (the sole importers) are only just managing to keep up with the increasing demands.

ROY CARR

Last Sunday saw several pupils competing in a badge event at Rivelin Valley, Sheffield. Karen Holt again reached gold standard and having now reached that level three times in the W13 class, qualifies for the much-sought-after BOF Gold Badge.

From the *Bury Times*, 13.11.77, sent by Martin Rigby

PLEASERS rave it up (L-R): Paul, Ringo, John, Bert.

Pic: ROBERT ELLIS



Not that we ever went there, mind, but . . .

GOSH, ISN'T IT JUST LIKE THE CAVERN!

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY something new is happening.

The original energy and enthusiasm behind punk is almost spent, and already the new wave is fanning out to fill the gaps. Pogo is now almost as predictable as disco, and people really want to dance again.

So pop music is being taken seriously for the first time this decade; short songs, simple arrangements, sharp melodies and hit singles are back in fashion.

In a pub in Covent Garden something is happening. Steve McNerney is crushed in a crowd of

football fans gaping at World Cup action on a tiny telly. Bo Benham is making himself heard above the frenzy, telling me why the next big thing in music is going to come from Cobham, Surrey.

"Because that's where I come from."

Bo is a Pleaser. He says The Pleasers can become the most important band in the country, and I can't think of reasons to disagree.

Bo is 22 and would like a girlfriend with blue eyes and a new car. Steve is 19, his knee is recovering from a recent road accident, he lives in Wembley and would like his own vegetable garden. He is wearing a bright blue suit and red tie,

replacements for the old black gear which had people comparing them to The Jam.

The Benham-McNerney story starts in Grays Thurrock. Bo: "Steve was lying around, so I collected him into one pile and carried him to the State cinema where I was rehearsing songs with friends. We both had a load of songs, but more were unfinished than finished, so we got together."

"Which really boils down to the fact that we've got a lot of material. You couldn't imagine how many songs we've got. Even the Queen Mother couldn't."

Steve: "The material just started vomiting out of us. We were waking up in the morning puking good songs."

In one month we wrote about seventy-five per cent of our stuff. Since then it's been few and far between because we've been working."

After a fortunately abortive attempt to sneak on to the glam handwagon a couple of years back, The Pleasers began to move in their own direction with Steve on guitar and vocals, Bo on keyboards. Even then they sounded remarkably like The Beatles — although they still deny that this is contrived.

Steve: "It's so unfair — somebody else can say, 'I like McCartney', but we're getting really paranoid about it. That was what we grew up listening to, but now people say we're ripping them off. We only do two non-originals in our set; if people came to see us impersonate The Beatles, we'd be doing cabaret now . . . and earning a fortune."

Last Christmas Bo and Steve spotted Dave Rotchelle in the Red Cow, Hammersmith.

Steve: "I haven't seen a drummer like Dave for years. He really wants to be in it, a front-man. The complete circle is there now."

The last link in the ring of energy is Nick Powell. "Nick is tremendous, he's put new life into the whole band. He's slick, he's thin. He looks helpless but he's a real hard-nut."

Thamesbeat, as The Pleasers like their music to be known, is in your local store already, in EP form. Producer Geoff Haslam has got two of the stage favourites, "Lies" and "I'm In Love", leaping out of the speakers with total power — something most bands will never achieve.

Onstage The Pleasers may look like just another beat group, and there will always be people to point this out. But a band with such faith in melodies, lyrics and their own ability is going to take a lot of stopping.

By next year they predict they'll have moved on to something else. (What, *Herman's Hermits*? — Ed.) "We're going to be big," says Bo. "We've got to be."

KIM DAVIS

THRILLS

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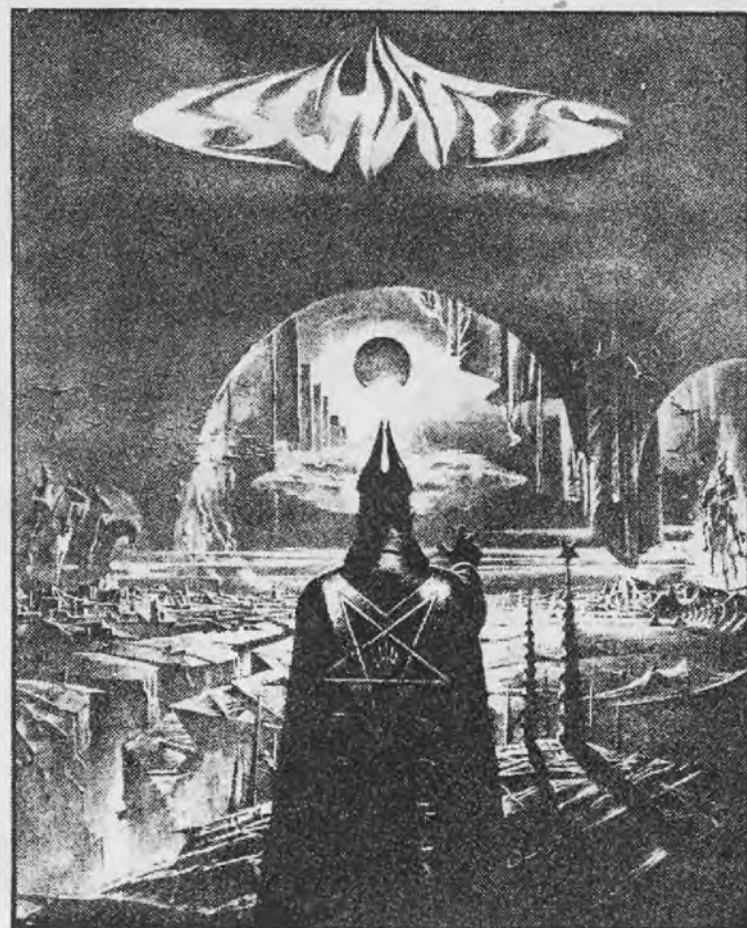




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XTC's Andy Partridge double-dating at Stoke Newington's most venerable Rochester Castle.



XTC DEFINITELY feature heavily amongst the pleasing new populace of bouncy / wholesome / spirited POP groups which may well be the best by-product of punk/etc.

Many of the best come from out of town — cynicism and POP music being mutually exclusive. XTC come from Swindon.

YOKELS!

CHECK THE WONDROUS westish curl in their warm accents! A happy bunch: Terry Chambers, drums; Andy Partridge, guitar / vocals and solo albums when the mansions and Bentleys arrive; Barry Andrews, the kind of keyboards Eno used to soak those live Roxy gigs with; and Colin Moulding, bass.

Their past — and unlike many they're not ashamed of it — includes a full glam-rock period circa '73, during which they could have been seen performing an angular / aggressive New York Dolls take-off.

"No-one quite understood what was happening," explains Partridge, with ever-present cheeky smile and laugh in his speech. Yes, a happy bunch — quips, smiles, deriving affectionate humour from the unfortunate dorks in everyday existence. Pax of ambition and lots of shots of lemonade (healthy lads these — but, of course, I exaggerate; they enjoy a shandy as much as the next man).

LOCATION

THE MANOR. The new middle-class rock comforts. Mike Oldfield, Steve Hillage,



POP GROUP SWIGS SHANDY, RECORDS HICCUPS AND KEEPS BOTTLE

Sunday Times Colour Supplement, "Consequences". But XTC?

Partridge: "We thought we were gonna end up laid back or something... We feel a bit out of place, it runs at a tangent from what we're about."

"We've done sixteen tracks in a week. There's been no fussing about, or we'd have killed the spontaneity, and that's important — the spark!"

From those sixteen tracks will be chosen the tunes to decorate their imminent debut album for Virgin. It will definitely include their eerie / intense / masterful

interpretation of Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower", sparse and flexible with chilling inter-action between organ and vocals, as well as their two contrasting versions of the "Theme From Fireball XL5" — one of a tinny/trashy '60s hop, the other a hesitant dub version. The album will be angular, modern, speculative, technicolor.

HOLY OBSERVATIONS

SOME CAN PLAYS. "Monster Movie". "It's almost dub. So empty."

Lots of holes. I like empty music. We leave lots of holes in our music... yeah! I found a way of singing... I leave holes.

"My voice is so dull — if I just sing it'd be just like aural wallpaper, so I leave holes in my singing, like the music. I sort of hiccup..."

"XTC aren't trying to be clever, just interesting."

"We don't hide that we want success, course we do. I don't know how big we're gonna be, but I wanna make a dent..."

ENO

OH YES, LOTS of Eno in XTC — the POP Eno, the tune Eno, the structure Eno.

"Actually, he's quite fascinated with us. He came to see us a couple of times and said it reminded him of some of the things Roxy could have done if they'd stayed together and branched off in the right direction. We seemed to him the sort of band he'd always wanted to get together — he even offered to play with the band."

"Obviously our own balding keyboard was having none of that — one balding weirdy is enough for any band — so nothing came of that. But he's still hovering about."

FACTUAL CONCLUSIONS

XTC APPEARED on *Maggie* the other week. Pop slot. It was great, all flashing lights and zooms and bursting sound — at five o'clock yet!

Andy Partridge's eyes are green. His favourite food is steak, and, no, but he's going steady.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

THEY USED TO CALL ME CUDDLY DUDLEY



IT WAS A SPECTACLE that no connoisseur of the truly absurd could resist.

Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, famous cuddly-type family entertainers and TV darlings, were in Bermuda (of all places) sunning their alter egos Derek and Clive — famous non-cuddly-type lavatory attendants, part-time philosophers and major recording artists of our time — and so it was decided to hold a press conference by telephone.

Thus it came to pass that a distinguished khazi of characters from the journalistic profession gathered together in Virgin Records' domestic annexe to communicate with the Unholy Ones via a squawkbox executive no-hands telephone.

The first entire disembodied press conference: the astral essence of the interviewees, as it were, waiting through the ether.

"Hello, this the real Howard Hughes here." 8 a.m. Bermuda time (beep) and

Peter Cook is awaiting both room service and the arrival of his other halves. Ranging as freely between his own persona and that of Derek as is possible for a sober man who's just woken up, he zipped elegantly through a few preliminary topics.

What kind of groupies do Derek and Clive attract now that they're popular recording artists? "Elderly men, mostly... elderly men with flowers in their hair who like to talk to them about the '60s." Are they lovers? "They could be." How have their wives (Derek and Clive's wives, that is) reacted to the duo's newfound success? "They know nothing about it. Totally ignorant."

Also briefly noted was the forthcoming sex manual *The Derek and Clive Guide To Loving* ("Put it in her hand and weep") and the theory that money causes cancer ("A nickel was surgically implanted into a mouse and it developed cancer").

● C-nt overleaf

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DEREK & CLIVE!!

● From previous page

Once Mr Moore and his alter ego arrived, money and cancer rapidly became the primary topics of conversation — apart from the inevitable subject of masturbation.

A charmingly earnest gentleman from the *Grauniad* doggedly pursued the twin topics of Filthy Lucre and Distinguished Comedians Resorting To Four-Letter Words. Eventually Moore shut him down by remarking, "I'm afraid I cannot discuss such painfully personal matters. I'm willing to talk about masturbation but not money."

The Derek and Clive albums were "essentially an endeavour in the realms of Pure Art *pro bono publico*." And why does he think they sold so well? "It sold because it's a pure work of art."

Most of the music press personnel present were more into attempting to beat Derek and Clive/Cook and Moore at their own game by spurring them on to ever more picaresque heights of jack-off gross-out improv, but occasionally there was an outbreak of Serious Discussion of the quartet's motives for unleashing such scabrous works on the defenceless innocents of this nation.

"It wasn't as if we discovered four-letter words last year. We've been talking to each other like that when we're pissed for about the last twenty years. We

just didn't have the nerve to do it. The original Derek and Clive tape was around for about three years before it came out."

"I'm as proud of this as I am of anything we've done," says Moore. "I've played it to people who I love and respect, and they've thoroughly enjoyed it."

Like who?

"Oh... Beethoven, for example. He liked it very much. I'm as proud of this as I would be about playing his Double Concerto with Yehudi Menuhin..."

"Derek and Clive," interposes Cook, "are normal Christian wankers with firmly-held beliefs. They represent all that is best about mankind: the primal search for the numero uno wank."

Also, rage is a constant factor. They find the whole world highly enraging."

The reporter from the *Melody Maker* leaves the room to go to the toilet. This fact is relayed to the deadly duo.

"*Melody Maker* has been in the toilet forever," ripostes Cook.

Finally, what would Derek and Clive's concept of the Ideal Society be?

"Naked women with signs on them which explain what to do. You see, they've never actually had intercourse..."

CHARLES SHAAR
MURRAY

THRILLS

RICK PARFITT surveys the devastation wreaked upon his environment by the rabid S. Clarke.



HAPPINESS IS... A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WITH STATUS QUO

SEASONS CHANGE, kingdoms topple, princesses give birth and magistrates reluctantly concede that certain words are, after all, just a load of bollocks.

But in the midst of all this turmoil, that most die-hard of all British rock groups Status Quo remain intact, pull in the crowds, and go about their business the same as ever.

Well, almost the same as ever, for as Quo celebrate their 15th year together with their first number one single in two years and their first trek around Britain in a year and a half, the group do admit to a change in attitude as far as performing is concerned.

"On our last British tour we were stiff — mentally stiff," reveals Rick Parfitt, spread out on a Wolverhampton hotel bed after the night's Birmingham Odeon gig — a relatively tame affair by Quo standards.

"Then, everything had to be in place, and if it wasn't, it was a disaster. Now everybody's laughing a lot more. If we bump into one another it's not, 'You silly bastard!' It's just, 'Oh, there you go, I just bumped into you.'"

"But the attack is still there," Francis Rossi, lying on the bed opposite Parfitt's, takes up his colleague's theme.

"We used to get very serious. Drinking seriously."

"But you've got to go and do it. You've got to wake up in the morning and go and do the next one. You can wind yourself up into such a state thinking the one the night before was bad."

Parfitt chimes in: "You know the facts of life yourself. If you just let it all come out and don't worry about it, just go out there and do it, it does tend to work much better."

"And that is the attitude that at least half the band have."

"In all truthfulness, this tour has felt the best Quo has ever felt."

Quo's habitual candour is demonstrated when Parfitt tells me how reluctant the band were to go on tonight. He'd had a bitch of a day, including learning that a friend had wrecked his car, and he's right pissed off about Birmingham Odeon's attitude towards the legendary Quo audience and Birmingham Council's reaction to the band.

It isn't only the likes of The Stranglers and The Clash who suffer at the hands of these folk. Birmingham Council had taken the extraordinary step of preventing Quo from selling their official scarf in the Odeon foyer.

A scarf? What, you may wonder, is wrong with that? Well, this scarf was made up of cuttings from the music press, and one piece happened to contain the word "fuck". This had so offended the authorities that, in their eyes, it necessitated the banning of the garment! How petty can you get?

To further dampen the Quo's collective spirit, the Odeon management had made

moves to ensure the "Quo Army" — regulation uniform denim waistcoats, jeans and lank long hair — didn't destroy too many of the theatre seats, and had widened the distance between band and audience by moving the stage back. As Quo would have had to pay for any damage anyway, they're understandably annoyed.

As it transpired, at the end of the play (for the uninitiated, a Quo gig is the nearest live rock gets to a football match — much more so even than a Faces or Rod Stewart gig) only a few seats were the worse for wear.

"When an audience is that far away," moans Parfitt, "we don't produce as much energy as we know we can, cause you get off on kids."

"You cop one kid, and he's really going, and you'll go with him. He'll cop you and you'll come back and he'll come with you. In the end you'll almost built up a relationship with one another."

As for the Quo Army itself, if anything, it's now younger than before, and shows no signs either of depletion or of becoming less fervent.

"We have to live up to something," Parfitt reckons, "and I think the fans have got it into their heads that they have got to live up to something too. It's like a football team. They support a team, and they support them win or lose."

Does Status Quo's continued popularity surprise the band?

"It's only just surprised us," Parfitt opines.

"I feel that Quo..." he draws in his breath. "It's going to be hard to put this. It's reached a line where it's there. It's established, and along that line are the Quo, The Who, The Beatles, Zeppelin and the Floyd."

"Along that line if you don't make another album for a year you're going to be there — and I think we're bordering on that line now. Maybe that sounds a bit pretentious, but that's how it's making me feel now. And I tell you what, that's a very warm feeling. Honestly."

Prior to the tour Parfitt was feeling a shade worried about losing some of their audiences to the younger bands, but now that he's once again experienced the Quo crowd in full flight, his worries have been allayed.

"The band has never lost its roots. I don't know what leaving your roots is all about, 'cause I've never left them and I know nobody else in Quo has. I think it would be our downfall if we did."

"I went to see Rod Stewart the last time he played here and Paul McCarthy, or whatever his name is, was there. Everybody was crashing in to get their pictures taken with the stars."

"I don't feel any need to have my picture taken with Rod Stewart or McCartney. That's where we're different. Basically, put in a nutshell, we keep ourselves to ourselves — and we enjoy ourselves."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

WE STILL LOVE THE PIRATES



A MAN IMPRISONED for his belief in free radio began a hunger strike in Walton Prison, Liverpool, last month.

The prisoner, a Merseyside DJ by the name of John Jackson-Hunter, was originally convicted in May 1976. His crime? Displaying a Radio Caroline sticker on his car windscreen. For this offence, Liverpool City Magistrates imposed a suspended sentence of three months imprisonment plus £500 costs.

Jackson-Hunter refused to pay the £500, and began a 60-day prison sentence in October. He immediately went on hunger strike.

All that, for one little sticker?...

Jackson-Hunter was charged under the Marine Etc. Broadcasting (Offences) Act of 1967, which makes it an offence not only to broadcast, but also to promote the interests or publish the broadcasting details of an illegal radio station. The car sticker told the world what frequency Radio Caroline operates on. That was all — but it was enough to make John guilty of "publishing and promoting" the outlawed ship.

Jackson-Hunter had also been operating a "Radio Caroline Roadshow" disco in a local hotel — but he was not charged with any offence in connection with it. (The hotel manager, however, had previously been convicted of displaying a poster that advertised Radio Caroline).

As he was put away, Jackson-Hunter issued a statement saying that to pay up "would be defeatism, and a scar on the face of freedom."

He's still incarcerated in Walton, having now dropped his hunger strike at the request of the prison governor. He is hoping to take his case to the European Commission on Human Rights.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

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NO DICE. Fresh from the triumphant global tour No Dice, the world's premier rock 'n' roll band, are preparing for the release of their new triple album set.

Advance orders in excess of 10 million built up as the band stormed their way across America and Europe and on into Russia, China, Japan and Australia. It is expected to become the first album to appear in every single home in each of these territories. Roger 'Peaches' Ferris, Dave 'Deezal' Martin, Gary Strange and Chris Wyles were joined on the album by guests and friends Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, Paul Simon, John Lennon, Elton John, Rod Stewart, Stevie Wonder and Robert Plant, as the tracks were laid down in the recording studios owned by the band's management team and set high up in the Andes mountains of Peru. The album opens with a dedication from world leaders including President Carter, President Breshnev and Prime Minister Jim Callaghan

thanking No Dice for their work in setting up the World Home for Aging Rock 'n' Roll Stars. Following the release of their new album, their 28th release in the last 3 years (all have been certified silver, twenty went gold and the last 8 were recorded platinum sellers), No Dice are planning to buy Brazil and spend the winter relaxing and writing. Guests in the band's new retreat, it's rumoured, will include Princess Margaret, Margaret Trudeau, Jackie Onassis and Britt Ekland, but lead singer 'Peaches' refused to confirm this. "I can't say who'll be flying in. We only bought Brazil 'cause I wanted to own a football team and the other lads drink a lot of coffee". Already tax exiles, the band have made a bid for England in an attempt to get back into the country. If they succeed then plans will get under way for a special return concert at London's Marquee with special guests Johnny Rotten, Jimmy Page and Ronnie Scott.

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BECKY YANCEY. y'all

Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR



"Hi, we're Becky Yancey and we'd like to welcome you to another scuzzy Thrills post-mortem on Mr. Presley and his many admirers, both rich and po'. Say, what does scuzzy mean?"

FURTHER RATTLINGS OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S GHOSTLY CHAINS

MICK FARREN meets his secretary (left), sees the show (below) feels sick, etc, etc.

IT'S LIKE HITLER, really. Everybody's got a book to write about Elvis. I mean, I even fell into the same trap myself. It was only a matter of a few weekends ago that I sat down and hacked through a transcript of just about every bootlegged Presley interview known to man.

It was the lure of the money, y'ken?

It was pressed into my hand by a beneficent publisher. "Whack out a slim volume on Elvis," he said, smiling seductively. "You've got all of six days." And I did. Maybe I've got no shame.

Neither, it would seem — check the "Elvis Industry" feature (*Thrills* 26.11.77) if you have any doubts — does anybody else. If you as much as breathed the same air in the same city as the man you must have a book about him.

We've already had Red and Sonny West with their "I was Elvis's bodyguard" epic that chronicles the superstar's galloping case of sex, drugs and rock and roll. Now it's the turn of the ladies.

I would imagine that Priscilla (Mrs. Presley) and Linda (whatever she was called, seeing as how the king didn't leave them bean one in his will, are still dickering around seven figure sums for the "I was Elvis's wife / girlfriend" cruncher. Right now we have to content ourselves with *My Life With Elvis* by Becky Yancey.

Becky Yancey? *Becky Yancey?* A secret romance, a now-it-can-be-told torrid tale by Presley's hidden mistress? Well, not quite.

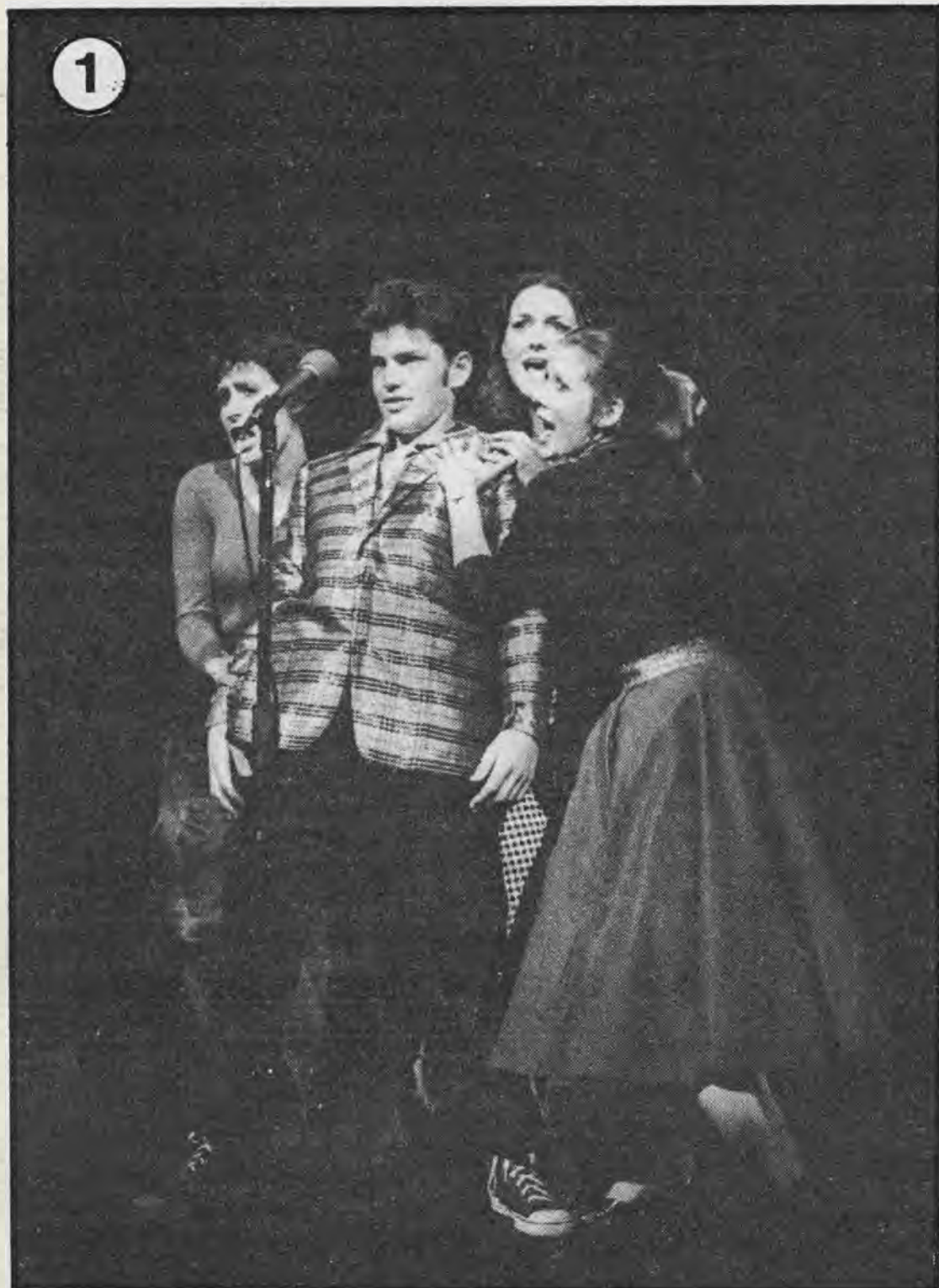
Becky Yancey was, in fact, Elvis's secretary. Well, er, no, that's not quite accurate. She was actually Vernon Presley's secretary when of Vern (Elvis's dad — and when do we get his book?) was taking care of domestic business in and around the Memphis mansion.

Ms Yancey, down at the core, tells pretty much the same tale as Red and Sonny, but she manages to gloss over a great deal of the shock horror as Presley plunged downwards into his private psychological bunker.

The incidents are the same. There are the guns, the girls, the tit-grabbing alcoholic monkey (remember him, o faithful?) and all the rest of the multi-millionaire Mickey Mouseism indulged in by Presley and his pals. Becky Yancey manages, however, to skate over this mobile menagerie with such empty innocence that the criminal absurdity, the sheer bloody waste of it all, is never allowed to sink in.

There's something incredibly disarming about the Yancey testament. Even when she's giving away titbits about Presley senior's back door man love life, or bitching about his militant meanness (Elvis bulldozes and burns the summer house just for fun, while dad pays the hired help a great deal less than the national average and expects them to eat lunch on three dollars), she still manages to be disarming. The whole book reads like a typist's letter to one of her mates.

In the flesh, Becky Yancey is just as disarming, mid-thirties, medium height, slim, trim, with one of those hair jobs that can only come from Dixie. Given a healthy dose of charisma, she could almost be one of those Tammy Wynette style country singers. (Or maybe it's just that most of the ladies I meet from the South seem to be Tammy Wynette style country singers.)



Elvis Astoria sessions:
PENNIE SMITH

Ms Yancey is polite, charming, a trifle nervous, but more than willing to talk about her time in the Presley mansion. Willing, that is, up to the suggestion that there was anything weird about Elvis's lifestyle.

"A lot of people don't realise that Elvis was normal."

Normal? Here's this geezer, the most idolised individual on the entire planet, with the possible exception of Chairman Mao, who, according to most reports, indulged in just about every form of conspicuous consumption that flitted into his head, and this lady is trying to sell him to us as Joe Regular.

"Sure, Elvis had a temper and he'd get mad now and again, but most of the time he was a polite, generous and caring person. He'd always say, 'If you need anything, just tell me'."

If you mention any incident that places Elvis Presley in a less than glorious light, the stubborn side of Becky Yancey comes right to the front. No way will she admit that Elvis was anything less than Mr. Nice Guy. I bring up one story in her book about how Elvis and his buddies decided to cut up the building next to her office with submachine guns. Becky recalls crouching under a desk as the ricochets flew thick and fast. Even this is not considered to be aberrant behaviour.

"You have to remember that most Southern men collect guns. It's natural. When Elvis's daddy went out and spoke to him (about the gun play), Elvis just told him, 'It's only money, daddy.' Elvis made a lot of money and he liked to spend it. That was his right and privilege."

Needless to say the book by the three bodyguards, Red and Sonny West and Dave Hebler, which present

IT'S VERY EASY to get sidetracked by a show like *Elvis On Stage*. The simple line is to speculate on why people should be expected to flock to see a montage of Presley facsimiles act out the various stages in his career. The simple questions are who needs it, is it a celebration, a tribute or cheap cash in?

The answers are pretty simple, too. Obviously someone — presumably producer Jack Good — decided that the original Elvis charisma was sufficiently powerful to attract a viable audience to third or fourth hand imitations of the real thing.

Jack Good does, after all, have the surface credentials to carry off this kind of project. Didn't he produce *Six Five Special*, *Oh Boy*, *Shindig* and the first Beatles TV spectacular? Wasn't he also the man who brought Gene Vincent to Britain, dressed him in black leather and gave the divine bopper a whole new lease of life? Surely if anybody could stage a musical biography of Elvis Presley, it had to be Jack Good.

And indeed, he has done something of the sort. There's certainly an Elvis Presley musical playing at London's New Astoria Theatre.

As a fun night out for mum, dad and the kids, it's harmless enough. There are a lot of songs, 82 of them in all (some are just fragments, of course), most recorded by Presley plus a few inserts like "I Want To Hold Your Hand" and "Goodnight Irene" which point out the march of time. There's energy, a few laughs, a good deal of broad, easy to understand irony and the obligatory tear jerk by way of conclusion.

What isn't immediately clear is the point of the entire exercise.

The story is simple. It adheres strictly to the non-controversial canon of the Elvis legend. Dialogue is dispensed with. The narrative is carried by broad (and often crude) juxtaposition of songs and equally broad (or crude) back-project photos and films that are flashed up on the giant screens that box in the stage.

The opening is quite intriguing: the final few minutes of a Marx Brothers movie (*Love Happy*, to be precise). This is followed by an advert for ice cream and candy, informing us that

Presley as some sort of stoned out megalomaniac, finds little favour with Ms Yancey.

"Frankly, I think it's a load of bull."

What about the story of Elvis attempting to take a Mafia hit contract on Mike Stone, the karate instructor who ran off with his wife?

"Bull! Even after the divorce, Elvis and Priscilla remained very good friends."

Another thing that fails to find favour is talking about Elvis Presley and Howard Hughes in the same breath.

"Elvis was nothing like Howard Hughes. Elvis was performing, making records, filming. He wasn't some sort of millionaire recluse. He'd often go down to the gates of Graceland and talk to the fans. People saw Elvis all the time. How many people saw Howard Hughes in the last fifteen years?"

The real measure of Elvis Presley that can be gleaned from talking to Becky Yancey is the power to inspire loyalty he must have had. She's not an isolated fan living in some cosy fantasy. She had close contact with Presley over a number of years and must have seen most facets of his personality. Despite this, her faith and obvious 'recognise no evil' attitude are unshakable.

Becky Yancey in her devotion to Presley can be as hard as nails, and yet you can't help liking her. You start off wanting to give her a hard time and end up posing with her while her husband snaps pictures to take back to Memphis.

Leastways, that's what she had *this* reporter doing...

THRILLS

we're in Loew's cinema in Memphis. The year is 1951. After two singing cowboys work out on a tune, the "singing usher", 16-year-old Elvis Presley, is brought onstage from the audience to perform a sincere, if nervous, rendition of "Old Shep".

So far, so cute.

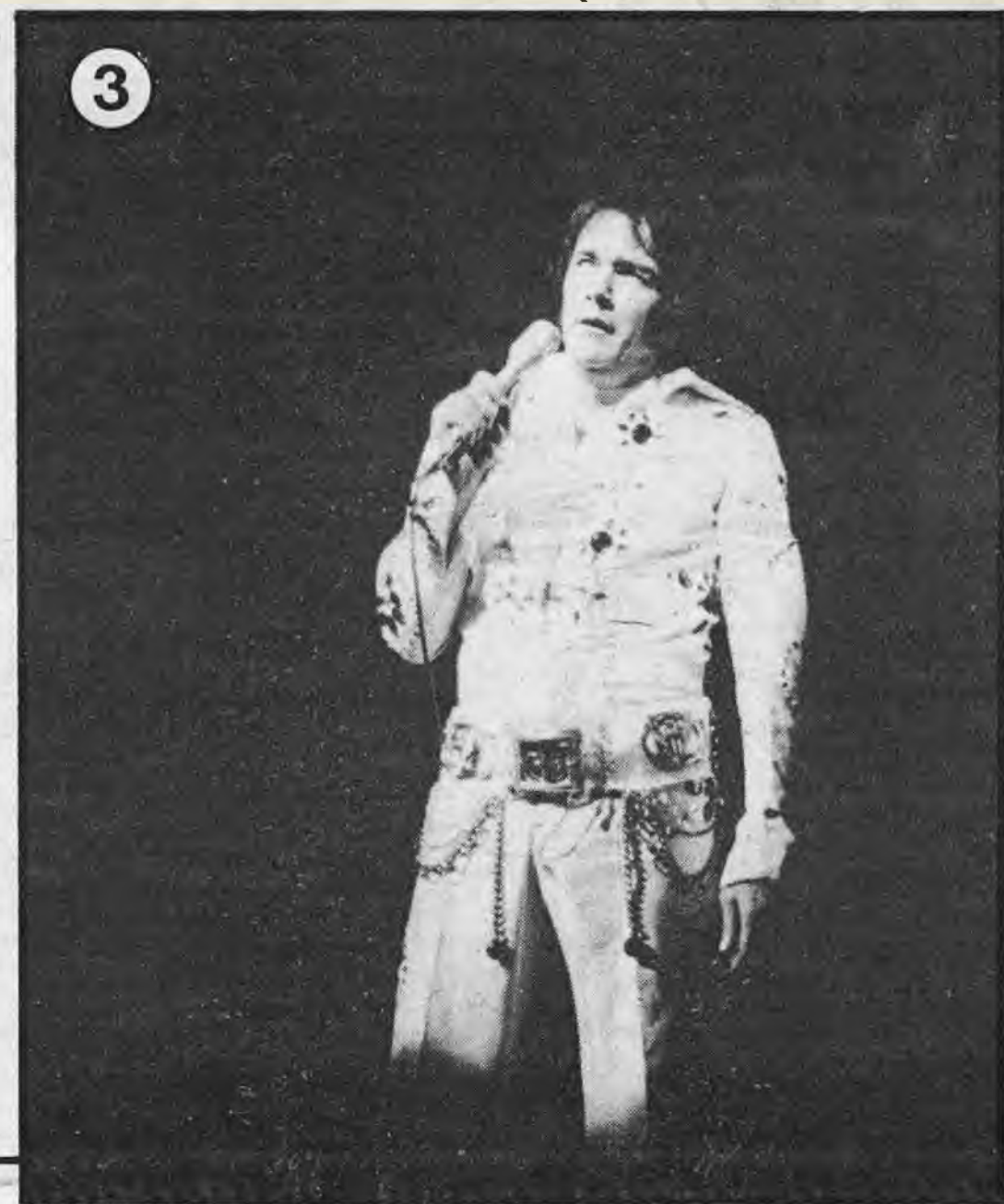
Unfortunately the charm quickly wears thin from then on. Taking the production as a whole, the kindest thing you can say about it is that it's patchy. Jack Good's TV heritage streams from every pore in the show. The overall effect is something akin to a tribute to Elvis on the Donny and Marie show, except that some slabs of social realism, back flashes of depression ravaged share croppers, Billy Graham, Hitler, Russian tanks in Budapest, are inserted in a play for significance.

After a nationwide search Good found himself three individuals to portray Presley at the different stages in his life. The youngest is an unknown 16-year-old schoolboy, Tim Whitnall. Whitnall is good-looking, has a potentially fine voice, and general boasts all the ingredients to flutter teen hearts that are not already held in thrall by Messrs Rotten, Strummer or Idol. Given the right career opportunities he could quite easily piss all over David Essex.

As Presley, however, he only rates a brave try. This is hardly his fault. He's obviously too young to have any direct experience of Presley in first youthful flight. The blame has to rest on the choreographer (credited as Carole Todd), who has totally failed to teach him the basic mechanics of Presley's movements. He tends to flounder when he should be fluid and pose when he should be passionate.

Shakin' Stevens acquires himself much more creditably as the middle Presley. He carries the weight of the rock and roll material and obviously cares deeply about that he's doing. Stevens is, after all, a well respected jobbing rocker (and so, for that matter, was Elvis Presley, albeit on a much more elevated level). He has clearly studied Presley's moves, probably most of his life, and although he doesn't have the agility or build to duplicate Presley's wilder displays he knows his limitations and works well within them.

His voice is powerful and experienced, and he seems to be



WORLD
EXCLUSIVE

RENALDO ZIMMERMAN AND THE CUBIST MOVIE

WHEN THE ROLLING THUNDER Revue ended two years ago, Bob Dylan took the 400 hours of film footage that had been shot during the tour and carried it off with him back to his Xanadu in Malibu, California. Later, in Los Angeles, he and director Howard Alk (*Janis*) set about making sense of it all.

Alk, who was in charge of camerawork during the tour, was mainly responsible for the technical expertise, while Dylan was more concerned with the editing and putting the scenes together.

Dylan says that audiences shouldn't expect to see a documentary about the Rolling Thunder Revue. The real purpose of the whole tour was in fact to make the movie: it was a convenient vehicle to get people together in various situations for filming and also for providing the working cash needed for the project.

Renaldo And Clara is Dylan's art movie. "It's very much a poet's film," he says. It is not about Bob Dylan, but it is a movie that Dylan directed. He and Howard Alk have been talking about it for ten years or more.

Renaldo is played by Bob Dylan — the film is Renaldo's dream.

Renaldo never looks directly at the camera (*Gaspo!* — Ed). The most you see of him is one shot, late in the film, where he is looking in a mirror. The mirror image reflects Dylan's preoccupation with the way that everything changes, can never be repeated twice the same way, can never be fully grasped or seen from all sides at once. Dylan the Cubist.

This seems to be the point of the film. Dylan was able to stop time dead in its tracks and examine as many sides of each situation as possible. It takes him 4½ hours to do it, in the course of which there are 47 songs or fragments of songs.

As soon as an event happens it's gone — unless you managed to film it. Then you can see it in replay and, by contrasting it to other bits of replay, it can be examined and the sense drawn out of it. In this way the new movie is in much the same tradition as Dylan's two previous movies, *Don't Look Back* and *Eat The Document*, the latter of which never made commercial release. (Dylan: "People weren't ready for it.") Both were both montages of events edited together to tell their own story.

Renaldo has an alter-ego — a masked man, the man in white-face who is Renaldo onstage. Throughout the Rolling Thunder Revue Dylan always performed in white face paint

and blue and black eye shadow — the classical costume of the mime.

Clara is played by Sara Dylan.

Bob Dylan is played by Ronnie Hawkins, and Mrs Bob Dylan is played by Ronce Blakely. These sections were shot in Canada, since Hawkins was only on the Rolling Thunder tour for a few brief days in Toronto.

Joan Baez plays 'The Woman In White', a mysterious death figure who drifts in and out of scenes. Allen Ginsberg is 'The Father Figure', with guitarist Dave Mansfield of The Alpha Band as 'The Son Figure'.

Mick Ronson plays 'A Guard', while Bobbie Newirth — and this should be good — plays 'The Masked Tortilla'. 'The Soul Sisters' are Denise Felieu and poet Anne Waldman.

Sam Shepherd, the film-maker and playwright, plays 'Rodeo'. Shepherd has his own book on Rolling Thunder, *The Rolling Thunder Logbook*, out on Viking Press in the USA. He was only on the first part of the tour, eventually leaving because he couldn't stand it anymore. He had been employed to work on the film and it just didn't seem to make any sense to him.

Steve Soles, guitarist with The Alpha Band, plays 'Ramone', a character from the song "Durango". Throughout the film Dylan pulls characters from songs in a constant cross-reference between the songs, the theme of the movie and his own imagination.

T-Bone Burnette, also a guitarist with The Alpha Band, is 'The Inner Voice' who makes the odd comment now and then. Bass player Rob Stoner is 'The Musician'.

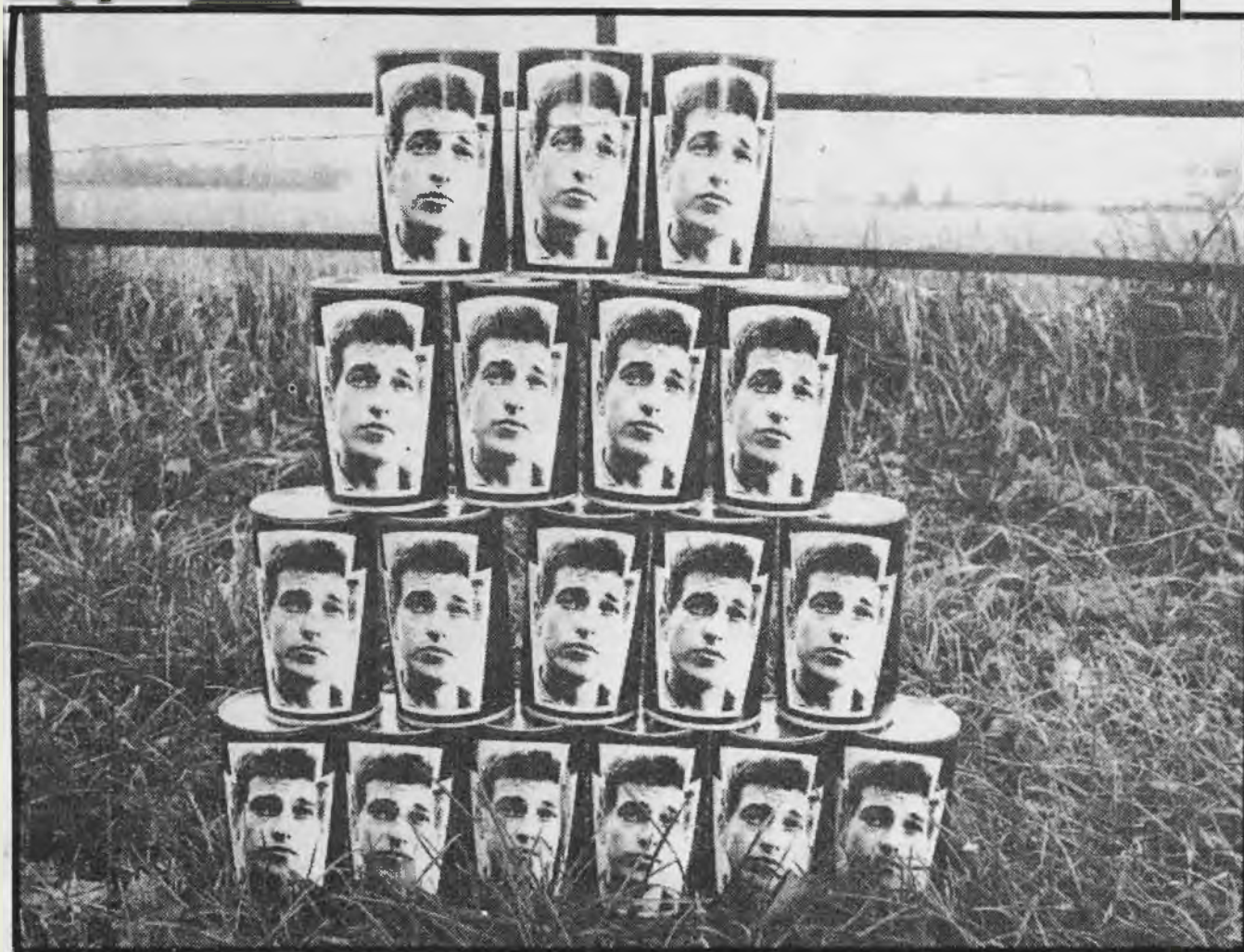
A New Mexican Indian plays — or maybe is already — Mad Bear, and Kevin Crossley from Studio Instrument Rentals, equipment suppliers to the RTR, plays 'The Piano Player'. Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Mel Howard and others play character roles, and there is even a woman playing 'The Girlfriend Figure', who is dressed all in white and represents — of all things — purity.

As you can see, Dylan's choice of characters is haphazard, the roles chosen with a definite sense of whimsy.

The film is finished and will probably be released in the States in late January. It is very long, but Dylan is firm about not cutting it any more. Since almost all the scenes were improvised spontaneously, the only linking factor between them is the sequencing.

To make sure that he had got this right, Dylan recently flew Allen Ginsberg out to Los Angeles to confirm that the film did actually make sense and that there was a story thread there. Ginsberg's answer: yes, there is.

MILES
THRILLS



"Tin cans in a field" by PENNIE SMITH. This shot will not be seen in Bob Dylan's new film.



sincerely trying to work into the part, and not just run through an Elvisised version of his own stage routine.

Unfortunately the same can't be said for P. J. Proby. Although he bears a passing resemblance to the late period Presley, he appears to be totally engaged in remaining Jim Proby. His suits are well made. His voice is strong enough to carry Elvis's Vegas ballads, and that appears to be enough for him. When he goes into one of Presley's often-filmed routines it's lax, perfunctory and occasionally grotesque.

He even slips in a few of his own '60s trademark mannerisms, almost as though he had decided that his schtick was superior to Presley's.

Okay, so Proby may consider himself to be some sort of rock and roll legend, but he is supposed to be playing Elvis Presley and if he tried as hard as Shakin' Stevens he might have pulled off a minor coup. As it is he just seems to pose his way through the entire part. When he gets to the "American Trilogy" finale, it's obviously supposed to produce a mighty run on Kleenex. In fact, he manages to reduce the sequence that segues from "Dixie" to "Battle Hymn Of The Republic" to "All My Sorrows" into depressing kitsch.

Apart from Shakin' Stevens, the hardest working people in the show are the augmented Fumble, who are onstage for the whole two or so hours and lay down the backing like the road hardened professionals they undoubtedly are.

Over the past ten years there has

been an awful lot of glib talk about so-called rock musicals. From *Hair* to *Rock Follies*, too many people have assumed that his is a kind of happy marriage between rock and legitimate theatre. Following on from this premise we've had the Age of Bloody Aquarius rammed down our throats until I, for one, feel physically ill.

The truth is that rock musicals have precious little to do with rock and roll.

With the exception of a few serious non-rock composers like Stephen Sondheim, the musical is a vehicle for escape. It's no coincidence that World War II was a prime era for lavish shows. The musical is an excursion into cloud cuckoo land, a place where boy meets girl (or God in a few recent cases) and after a few trivial tribulations lives happily ever after.

On the other hand, the majority of rock and roll that's worth its name has some connection with reality, however tenuous.

Elvis On Stage does manage to avoid one of the worst pitfalls. There are no specially written show tunes. Every note comes from the Presley repertoire.

It does, though, fall squarely into the other trap. It attempts to formalise the story of Presley into a jolly singalong with some vague look-alikes and leave the audience with a weep at the end.

You simply can't do this to the Elvis Presley story. A musical requires the suspension of belief; rock and roll requires empathy.

The two do not mix.

THRILLS

LOWRY



"You have to admire their total rejection of the technological excess that characterised so much of the rock and roll music of the '70s."

DAMNED HIT HARD TIMES AS RAT TRIES NEW BAND

FORMER DAMNED drummer Rat Scabies played a couple of surprise gigs last week with a make-shift band. They appeared at the Speakeasy on Saturday as The Speedometers From Russia, and at the Croydon Greyhound on Sunday as Rat Scabies and the Runners. Neither name is expected to be permanent — nor, for that matter, is the band.

The Speakeasy gig was "an absolute disaster", Rat told *Thrills* on Monday. As for Croydon, "the audience hated it, I hated it, the band hated it... I suppose in a way it was quite a good gig!"

The Runners/Speedometers consisted of Rat (drums); Kelvin Colney (vocals, formerly of Sister Ray, Tuff Darts, London SS, The Tools, etc); a New York guitarist called Denise Mercedes (who, Miles informs *Thrills*, is a friend of Bob Dylan's and plays a black Gibson donated by Bob); and Steve on bass. The one permanent member in the exotic company, Rat describes him as "a geezer I know".

Scabies hopes to get a fulltime band

together soon, possibly debuting at the Greyhound on Boxing Day with The Adverts.

MEANWHILE THE DAMNED seem to be hitting more bad luck on their current UK tour. To coin a phrase, they're reckoned to be stiffing out somewhat.

Recent audiences were described by the venues as "pretty poor" (Sheffield Top Rank, where they drew about 500), "not as good as we expected" (London Roundhouse, where the three-night season appears to have been one night too many — ½, ¾ and ½ full respectively), and at Leicester, where pulled in 1200, "reasonable — but not a sell-out like David Essex".

Two dates, at Hastings (Dec 3) and Southampton (5), have been cancelled because of what Stiff term "difficulties with promoters".

The record company draw attention to several possible reasons for the low attendances: (a) poor local publicity; (b) the album delay; (c) a punk backlash; and (d) the fact that so many tours are on the road, with The Damned running up against the likes of Thin Lizzy appearing elsewhere in the same city on the same night.

THRILLS

PUNX GET YOUNGER EVERYDAY

KIDDIES LIBERATION strikes again.

Calvin Shulman is 11 years old. He also happens to play bass in a Portsmouth punk rock band called Chaos.

It's a family trade: his 17-year-old brother Damon is the group's singer, and dad Phil, now a teacher, is a former member of Gentle Giant. In fact, two of Calvin's uncles still are.

Apparently Damon and Calvin write their own material. Damon reckons he's in the business for a giggle, but Calvin says he's looking for a career.

Better getchase a good manager, Calvin, and remember — don't trust anyone over 15.

JAMIE MANDELKAU



The precocious Calvin Shulman (above, onstage and left with his dad and bruvver), captured by the camera of JOHN ANDOW.

What's the worst/best job you ever had?

JIMI HENDRIX'S ACID TASTER

THE BEATLES were first turned on to marijuana by Bob Dylan, when their planes happened to cross at John F. Kennedy airport. They all hesitated to try it except Ringo, but when he emerged from behind a hangar with a big grin on his face, the others decided it was safe.

This is just one of a whole mass of anecdotes in an article entitled *Who Turned On Whom* by Peter Stafford and Bruce Eisner, published in the American drug monthly *High Times*. In a carefully documented historical overview of the psychedelic revolution, the authors reveal some surprising information.

For instance, did you know

that Hendrix had his own personal "acid taster", who sampled the wares first before the guitar god imbibed? Or that Ken Kesey, Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter and Abbie Hoffman all received their first taste of LSD courtesy of US Army drug experiments?

According to Stafford and Eisner, the Beatles' first acid trip came courtesy of their doctor, Dr Robert, who spiked their after-dinner coffee. Michael Hollingshead, a Leary convert sent to London to set up a psychedelic centre, is credited with giving the first doses of LSD to Donovan, Keith Richards and The Yardbirds, among others.

The authors claim that LSD made its debut in rock in 1962, in a single by The Gamblers.

There are many amusing anecdotes. When Timothy Leary first turned Allen Ginsberg on to psilocybin, for example, the poet immediately tried to call Jack Kennedy, Jack Kerouac and Nikita Khrushchev — his three favourite K's.

Then there's the time Grace Slick and Abbie Hoffman attempted to spike up Richard Nixon at a White House party held for his daughter Tricia. They didn't make it past the security guards.

Finally, there's the tale of Richard Alpert (later Baba Ram Dass), who attempted to smuggle some LSD through customs in a shaving lotion bottle. Unfortunately, the bottle broke and the precious fluid soaked into his suit. Unperturbed, Alpert hung the suit on his wall and invited would-be trippers to suck the fabric.

THE LATEST Home Office figures on drug convictions during 1976 reveal the disturbing facts that cannabis convictions are up by 1000 and that cultivation cases have risen by 36%. There has also been a 30% increase in the number of amphetamine cases — presumably an unfortunate fall-out of the new wave.

The authorities claim to have seized 5,000 kilos of cannabis, which Release estimates to be worth some £2 million. This, according to the *Police Gazette*, still accounts for only 1% of the total dope coming into this country.

THE FIRST practical test for measuring the level of marijuana in the blood has been perfected in the laboratory and could conceivably be put to use along the roadside before too long.

Needless to say, the federal drug agency and the Highway Patrol are most interested, especially in light of the fact that a recent survey carried out by the Californian Justice Department discovered that one in every five motorists stopped for drunken driving had marijuana in his or her blood.

ONE OF THE biggest oil drilling companies in the world has blown the whistle on drug taking aboard oil rigs. A recent issue of the *Odeca* oil company magazine claims that the problem is widespread both on North American offshore rigs and in the North Sea.

Even drinking beer is banned on rigs, due to the risk of sudden disaster, but one student who put in time as a roustabout in the North Sea claims: "I reckon 80 per cent of the guys on my rig were stoned 24 hours a day."

THE RICH and famous were heavily involved in drug news in the last month. American tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis, 23,

shocked the tennis world by admitting that he smoked marijuana and took cocaine — although he admits that the white powder is "no good for my reactions".

Constantine Niarchos, the richest schoolboy in Britain, has been expelled from Gordonstoun, along with five others, following an enquiry into drug taking at the exclusive school.

Actress Judy Carne, of *Laugh-In* fame, is out on \$5000 bail after being charged with illegal possession of a drug prescription for tranquillisers and possession of marijuana.

Meantime students at Towson State University, Maryland, were shocked when celebrity lecturer Truman Capote turned up blind drunk. Capote, who was paid \$3,500 to make the lecture, told a reporter before he went on: "I'm an alcoholic. I'm an alcoholic. I'm a genuine alcoholic. I mean not just a fake, phony alcoholic — I'm a real alcoholic."

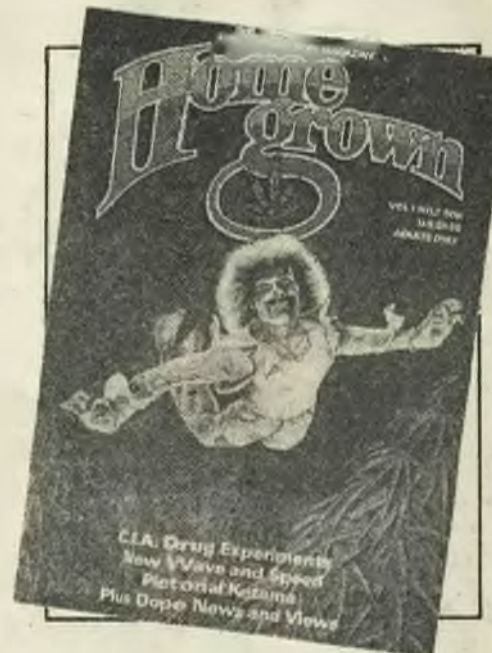
INSIDE DOPE



By DICK TRACY

The charges of conspiracy to possess cocaine filed against Waylon Jennings and reported in a previous *Inside Dope* have now been dismissed.

EVERY YEAR more than 1,000 babies in New York City are born heroin addicts because their mothers are using the drug. The report by the U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control which threw up this horrific statistic also claimed that it costs an addict an average of \$20,000 a year to support his or her habit, and that 35% of the street crimes in America are committed by drug addicts.



AND FINALLY... Britain's own drugs mag, *Home Grown*, hits the stands with its second issue. Features include the full Operation Julie story; drugs featured include speed and psilocybin.

THE END

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Before and after Science

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Eddie and the Hot Rods



THE NEW ALBUM

Life on the Line ILP6 9509

THE NEW SINGLE

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*"...more energy than most bands muster in a year.
Ten out of ten for star quality and presentation."*



Phil McNell, NME

Fifty Tabs A Day Turned This Man Into A Tree (nearly).

FRANK MARINO would like you to know that he is *not* the reincarnation of Jimi Hendrix. Frank Marino has this to say: that he does *not* play heavy metal; that he *never* goes to rock concerts; and that punk rock is *not* his "cup of tea".

He also has this to say: that he is a "Deeply religious" man; that he once took 1,500 tabs of acid in one month and spent a year recovering; and that he is *furiously* his record company haven't translated his "World Anthem" into Russian.

I say this: Frank Marino is a great guitar player. He says he is the only person in the world who truly *understands* Jimi Hendrix, and I am inclined to believe him.

Frank is tired. So tired he's shaking. He stepped off a plane from New York at 10.00am, attended a press reception in his "honour" at lunchtime, has already undergone a bout of interviews, and now, at four o'clock, he's sagging painfully and deliriously in his CBS corporate chair, waxing soft and intense about the guy he must spend his life telling journalists about: James Marshall Hendrix.

You'd be forgiven for thinking Marion really was Jimi's ghost. Not only has he got a sublime control of his guitar; not only does his band, Mahogany Rush, line up like the Experience; not only does his drummer, Jim Ayoub, throw himself around the kit almost as delicately as Mitch Mitchell; not only does Frank sing like Hendrix, dance through innumerable subtle guitar tones and drift casually across the frets like Hendrix... but sometimes he even *talks* like the guy!

Frank Marino is gifted. Literally. Playing guitar came so easy to him that he now strings a guitar left-handed at home and puts himself through the tribulations of learning the damn thing, just to see what it's like.

Can he bear telling the story yet again? Happily, he can, and he takes it back to the days when he was just a teenager hanging out on Montreal street corners. The summer of '69...

"I was just a kid who hung around the park and beat up on other kids and took drugs. What was happening '69 in America was only just starting to happen there. Montreal was very backward.

"So when the drugs finally hit me, I had nobody to go to. Hallucinations? What's that? It really hit me, man. I was doing a *lot* of acid, and in the last month before I quit — I quit drugs after that — God, I did easily 1,500 trips of acid.

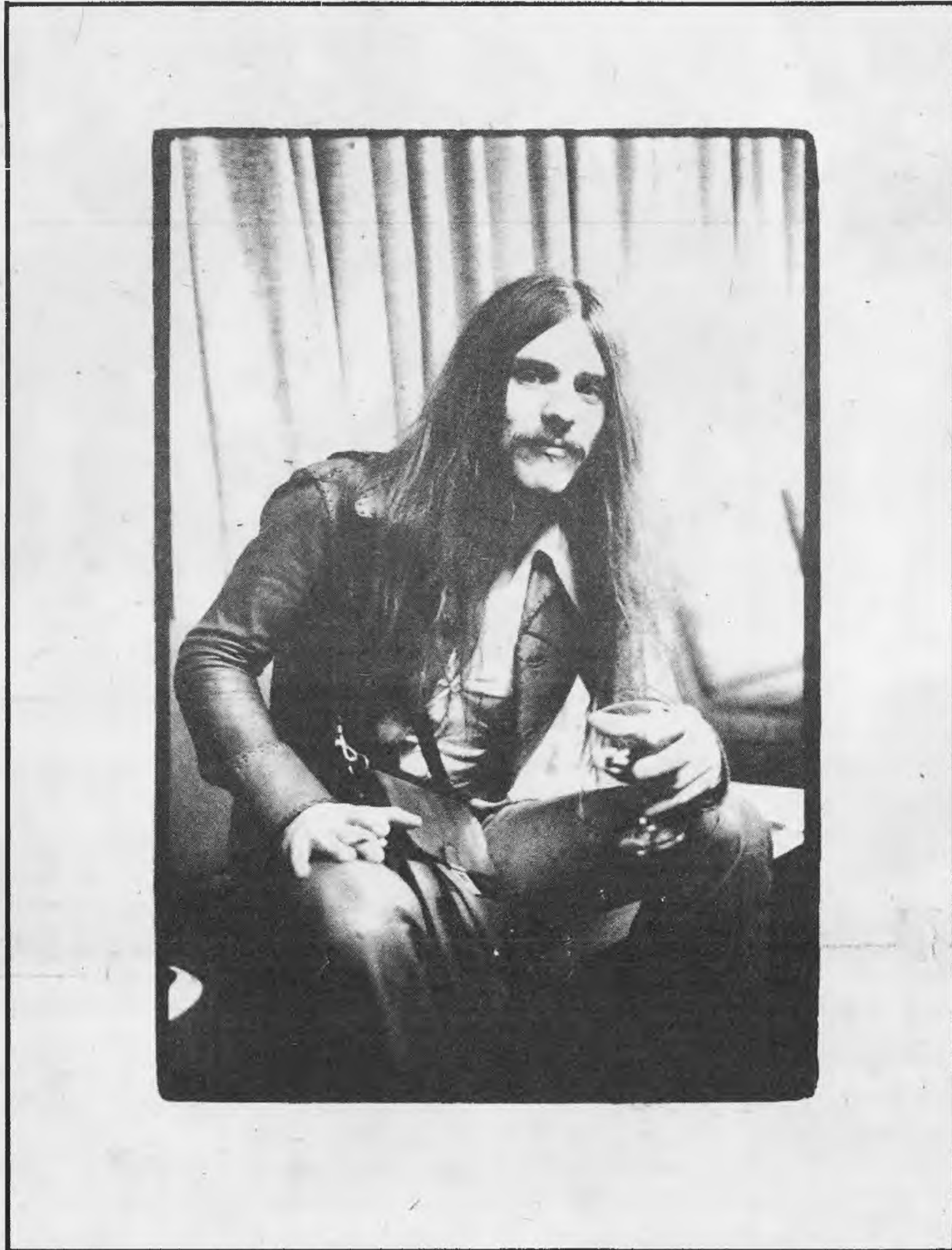
"And I got very sick. Physically. Demolished myself. I was 14 going on 15. And to make a long story short, I was in this hospital, fucked up — and believe me, freaking out isn't the word: it took me a year to recover.

"So here I am half dead, not knowing where I am — in fact that's where the name Mahogany Rush came from, because I felt like I was turning into a tree or a lot, like mahogany, and whenever I felt like that I used to tell to tell my brother I was having 'mahogany rush'.

"So I'm in this hospital, thinking of these tunes I'd been hearing on record players all summer — they happened to be Jerry Garcia tunes — and there was a guitar there..."

AND out came Frank as an over night acid guitar virtuoso.

"I never had any illusions that I really was Jerry Garcia or Jimi Hendrix," he insists. That, apparently, is a myth that's been blown up from the first interview Frank ever did, when, a year or so after he left the hospital, he recounted his experiences to the *Montreal Star*.



Mahogany Rush's FRANK MARINO branches out to wax lyrical about his roots, maan. PHIL McNEILL pins back his lug-holes and twigs on, maan. JIMI HENDRIX scores 13 guest appearances, BACH and SPLINTER none. They wood, woodn't they? PENNIE SMITH took the pix on a non-acidic trip to the New Forest...

Still, Jimi is there, ever-present in the conversation. As Hendrix weaves in and out of the interview, it transpires that Frank, if pushed, will accept just one categorisation on his music: Jimi's own stated goal, Sky Church Music. He asserts calmly that he understands Hendrix — musically — better than anyone else alive. In the same way that Hendrix was talking, shortly before drugs got him, about augmenting his band with guitarists whom he would direct, so Frank toys with the notion of adding three axes and some keyboards to his own trio.

His ambition is Hendrix's achievement; that peak of



MAHOGANY RUSH on stage in Montreal. **FRANK's** third from the left.

performance where you cease to hear guitars, you just hear *music*.

Marino asks me to imagine listening to some glorious filmtrack and picking out the violins, cellos and piccolos. You just don't think about it.

He hasn't quite caught that yet, but on record at least he reckons he's close.

The idea, he assures me, is "never to lose sight of yourself". Religious talk? Well, Frank is a religious person.

He points to the heart-shaped gold locket around his neck. "You may think I'm crazy," he shrugs, "but in that locket there's a piece of cotton, and in that piece of cotton there's a

piece of the cross of Jesus Christ. My mother is Arabic, and her mother, and *her* mother, straight from the old Arabic country — my father is a Sicilian — and this has been handed down and down and down...

"I am a deeply Christian person. People might be cynical about it — that doesn't matter. I'm not pushing it on anybody. I'm not saying: 'Have you heard the good news?' like those people in the street. Nobody wants that. I don't even want that."

NEVERTHELESS, he does admit that religion governs some of his music. Lyrics, in fact, are Marino's prime shortcoming, many of his numbers being trivial love songs.

Those that aren't often resound with the skyblown idealism of Todd Rundgren.

The prime example is the title track of Mahogany Rush's latest album, "World Anthem". In an explanatory note on the LP sleeve, Frank informs the listener how he's come to realise that what all people are searching for is "ultimately the same thing — peace and unity. I decided that the most useful part I could play in the achievement of this goal would be to create a world anthem."

Here's a sample of "The World Anthem":

*Now we stand united and
We pledge eternal brotherhood
Now we sing as one and bring
Our hearts to all that's good.*

The thing is, Frank doesn't sing it himself. The "World Anthem" track is purely instrumental; you sing the words yourself. To aid the process, the song is translated into no less than 11 different languages on the cover!

When I compliment him on this ingenious concept, he suddenly shrugs off his weariness and positively leaps across to me.

"Bravo!" he yells. "Let me shake your hand! You're maybe the fourth person who has realised why I didn't sing the words on the LP. Other people have said, 'Why don't you sing it?' But I said, no... they'll understand one day.

"Let them have it," he says grandly — "Them" being the people of the world. "Let them put the words on that *they* want. As soon as I put my voice on it it would become a Canadian World Anthem, or an American World Anthem."

So who did the translations?

"CBS. I asked them for the translations... I asked them for translations that they didn't give me! I wanted it in every language in the world, including dialects, Swahili and everything.

"Okay, they didn't wanna give me everything except the major languages. So why did they not include Russian? Why would they not include Russian? I screamed and yelled at them. I said the whole point, the whole *breaking* point in the world today is the Russians and the West.

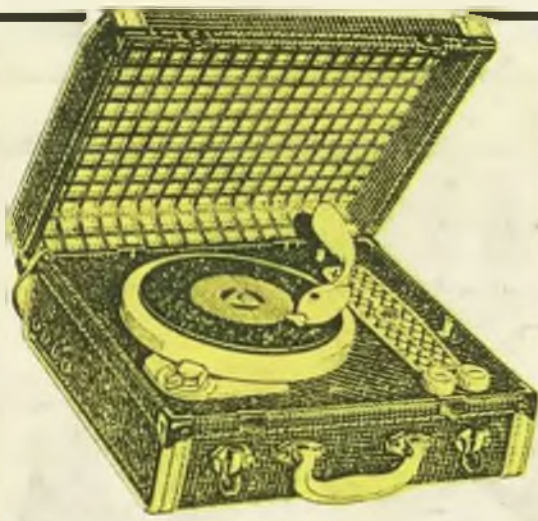
"It's not... France, or... the real war is the Russians, that's the whole point. *And you don't give me Russian?* And I'm giving you a World Anthem! A World Anthem, but not for the Russians! That makes me look like I'm stupid! And I'm *not* stupid.

"But it was too late, and they wouldn't get me the translation. What could I do?

"I'm a victim of bureaucracy."

In concert, too, Frank Marino is also a victim — of technical limitations. I make no guarantees whatsoever about his onstage performance; at the time of writing, it remains to be seen.

But this I will say. If you have any love for electric guitar *music*, then a record collection without a Mahogany Rush album is like a World Anthem without a Russian translation.



SINGLES

GOOD ON Santa. His imminent arrival means that instead of having to wade through 60 or so singles, your reviewer only has to listen to around half that number.

See, now that Christmas is just around the block, it's more difficult than ever to get a record on the Beep's almighty playlist. Therefore most companies pull in their reins (geddit?) in these pre-Christmas weeks, and seeing that Xmas is a time for nostalgia, there are more than a few re-issues. So without further rambling, let's hear it for:

RE-RELEASED SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE BEACH BOYS: Little Saint Nick (Capitol) Recorded in 1964 when Brian Wilson's pop sensibility was intact, this is the kind of dippy Christmas jape that only he or Spector could pull off. The Beach Boys' exquisite harmonies croon about Saint Nick (and they don't mean Logan), as Brian supplies a disarmingly naive melody and rudimentary piano, simple but not dumb. Should bring a yuletide smile to the most angst-ridden face.

NEW SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE REZILLOS: (My Baby Does) Good Sculptures/Flying Saucer Attack (Sire) Debut Sire single from Scots new wave band (their first came out on their own Sensible label) and a double A side. Uncontaminated by London chic, The Rezillos (sharp name) show a good deal of originality, imagination and wit without going to bizarre extremes, and both A and B sides have a strong pop feel. "Flying Saucer Attack" is the most adventurous cut, featuring a quirky vocal melody sung in tandem by Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds. "My Baby Does Good Sculptures" is performed at breakneck new wave speed, and distinguished by both its arrangement and inventive lyrics. Hope this doesn't get lost in the rush to snarf up "Mull Of Kintyre" and whatever other candyfloss is being consumed by record buyers this Yule.



Brian and the boys do their thing for the Xmas publicity photo.

Hey, it's getting near Xmas — tell the boys at marketing to roll the re-issues.

OTHER NEW WAVE

THE RAMONES: Rockaway Beach/Teenage Lobotomy/Beat On The Brat (Sire) If only The Ramones had more good tunes, they would indeed be the late '70s answer to The Beach Boys. As it is, "Rockaway Beach", a track from their latest elpee "Rocket To Russia", captures the spirit of The Beach Boys' paens to teenage life without showing that The Ramones have the necessary class to hit the dizzy heights scaled by California's most illustrious surfers in the days when they were a pop group. "Teenage

Lobotomy", from the same album, is less distinctive, just standard gobbling fare, while "Beat On The Brat" is The Ramones' so-called classic from their first album (*Whaddya mean "so-called" ya pinhead? — Ramones Ed.*)

LONDON: Animal Games (MCA) These punks seem as confused as the rest of us (*Speak for yourself — Ed*). On the one hand they glorify lust for its own sake and yet here's some of them wagging fingers at a girl who does just that. Musically, London have got beyond the identikit punk they were intent on banging out

when they supported The Stranglers last summer (*Another bunch of chauvinists with double standards — Ed*).

despite uttering punk platitudes as passe as satin pants. OK, so they're not about to write another "Route

Reviewed STEVE CLARKE

but ironically what they've gained in song-writing ability they've lost in energy.

THE FLYS: Bunch Of Five (Zama Records) Five cuts from a Coventry punk band who sound worthy of a major record company contract

66", but they know how to handle a riff with controlled energy, something which renders them safe from the 'Just Another New Wave Band' tag. Available from Virgin stores throughout the land and London's Rough Trade among others.

Continues over page

ROCKERS TIME

ANYONE LOOKING to Jamaican music for their inspiration and recreation should find the present season more than a trifle glum with a positive dearth of records packed with the invention and vision we've come to expect from Jamdown.

Mediocre disco mixes, predictable talk-overs, and lacklustre dancefloor romances seem the order of the day in most quarters with producers and artists largely content to rework old themes and seams rather than blast open new motherlodes of creativity. All of which marks out one record well ahead from this month's disappointing batch:

DOCTOR ALIMANTADO: Born For A Purpose (Greensleeves) This character — who sings and DJs with equal ease — has been sneaking forward as a major cult figure among roots

cognoscenti for some time now with (sometimes zany) outings like "Best Dressed Chicken In Town", "Self Defence", and "Sitting In The Park", and widespread acclaim can't be far away now the Doc's got a UK release for one of his hottest compositions. Cut after he'd fallen/been pushed beneath the wheels of a Kingston truck, "Born For A Purpose" is a vituperative assertion of life and faith strung over an urgent unorthodox rhythm and adorned by the catchiest of horn riffs. "You said I must die and JahJah said No/Because I was born for a purpose, to do God's work," claims the Doc defiantly. Already a strong-seller on pre-release, and a cross-over success, thanks in no small part to John Rotten spinning it on his radio spot earlier this year.

(The disc was apparently a great source of consolation to the Pistol after he'd been attacked by Islington vigilantes). The version, though not up to the Doc's usual standards of dubwise

brilliance, still cuts a superior swathe. Essential purchase for any queesting music fan. Buy buy buy.

Reggae singles reviewed by NEIL SPENCER

ALTHEA & DONNA: Uptown Top Ranking (Lightning) Downtown gobs ranking more like, since the punks are currently going apeshit for this, with everyone from John Peel and Kid Jensen to 'Hungry' Nick Logan not far behind. Heaven knows why. As a reggae teenybop singalong it's cute enough, but its pedestrian beat and overworked catchphrase lyrics — a pale shadow of its inspiration, Trinity's "Three



The good Doctor Alimantado poses for the reggae hall of fame.

Piece Suit" — leave this critic flat as a week old patty. Pass.

DENNIS MATUMBI: Blood A Go Run (Serious Business): Raindrops (More Cut) Just to emphasise the slack period the JA scene's going through, two of the best current records are British in origin. Dennis Matumbi — the surname's cos he's a member of the group of the same name — opts for a stuttering unexpected drum rhythm and a characteristically cool production for his ominous "Blood", then uses a similar sound for a romantic excursion on "Raindrops". Fine dubs on both.

TWELVE INCHERS

THE GLADIATORS: Pocket Money/Evil Doers (Virgin) One of JA's best — and most under-rated — vocal units work out with all their customary class and offbeat personalised harmonies on two self-penned numbers that admonish the wrong doer and urge Jamaican pacifist

Continues over page

CRIME: Frustration (Crime) These San Francisco 'punks' fall into all the traps you'd expect from a band attempting to copy something they've probably never experienced first hand. Whether or not the untogetherness of it all is intentional is by the way, this might as well be a parody of the real thing. C'mon, how can you make records like this when there's all that sunshine out there?

ELVISPLOITATION

FRANKIE ALLEN: Just A Country Boy (UA) Four months later and they're still at it. Allen's elegy to The King is one of the more tasteful tributes, neither maudlin or sentimental, but an affectionate and honest tribute redolent of "Return To Sender" and complete with Jordanaire-type vocal back-ups and Presley vocal phrasing.

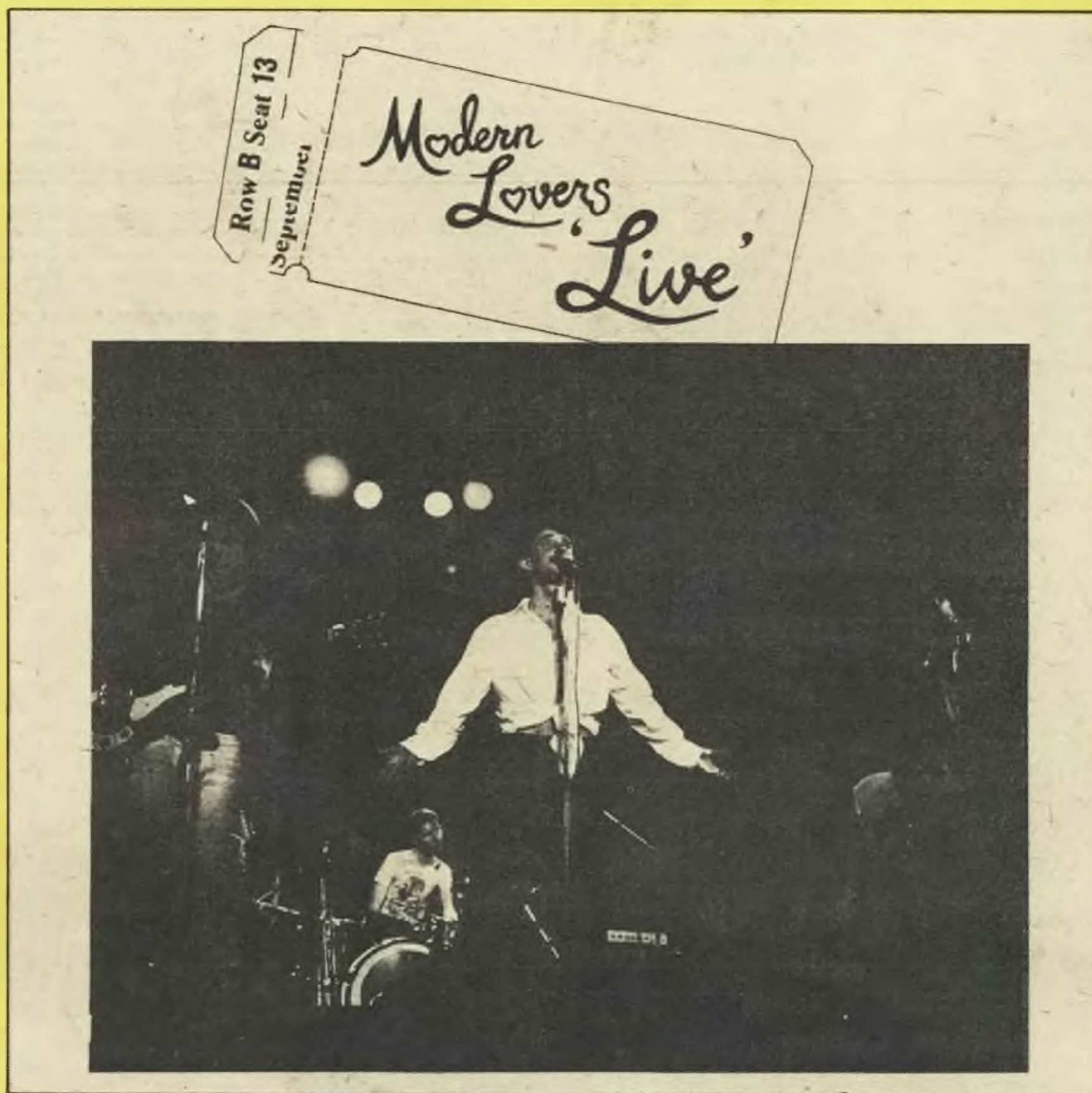
THE COMMON HERD

SMALL FACES: Stand By Me (Stand By You) (Atlantic) The Small Faces couldn't have picked a worse year to reform if they'd tried. Still, this latest waxing is better than anything on their disappointing album "Playmates" even though they seem over intent on re-writing "All Or Nothing". Though it would make a fair album cut, this lacks the punch needed to propel it chartwards.

STEVE HILLAGE: Not Fade Away (Glad Forever) (Virgin) Pretty much as you'd expect as 'cosmic' keyboards and guitar nestle down behind the familiar riff of Buddy Holly's classic hunk of R&B, with Hillage proving beyond reasonable doubt that a great rock 'n' roll vocalist he isn't. In fact the vocal Hillage employs here would be more suited to Donovan at his most whimsical.

DAVID RUFFIN: You're My Peace Of Mind (Motown) **JERMAINE JACKSON: You Need To Be Loved (Motown)** **SYREETA A & C.C. CAMERON: Let's Make A Deal (Motown)** Inferior material dogs these records, each of them characteristically well performed and put together, but lacking any real credentials as songs. Sure, you can dance to all of them and just about hum the hook, but that's as far as it goes. Syreeta's offering is the worst of them all, a shame, because

This album does The Egyptian Reggae (LIVE)



BSERK 12/BSERC 12

The eagerly awaited Modern Lovers Live album, four new songs, including the next single 'The Morning Of Our Lives'
As Ian Birch so succinctly put in Melody Maker "It was a magnificent evening and if/when they return, do not hesitate to go every night they're playing"
There comes a time in everybody's life when the only thing to do is to get silly - Get Silly, Buy the Album!

So does this one! (In an Echo Chamber)



BSERK 9/BSERC 9

Beserkley
Home of the Hits

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

From previous page

under the aegis of Stevie Wonder she's come up with some of Motown's better records this decade.

THE METHOD: Kings On The Corner (Do It). As far as I can tell The Method aren't a punk band. They certainly don't sound like a punk band. What they do sound like is Sixties pop R&B, even down to the blues-wailing harp solo and incessant sax riffing. Too bad more information didn't come with the record, since it's one well worth getting to know and will doubtless get lost in the Christmas rush.

GLORIA JONES' Bring On The Love (Why Can't We Be Friends Again) (EMI). Can't think why EMI chose to release this now. Ms Jones' attempt to do a Gladys Knight doesn't come off, and after a promising start the song fails to materialise into anything remotely memorable.

EDDY GRANT: Hello Africa (Ice). Clocking in at over 12 minutes, I'd say that former Equal-turned-Rasta Grant is mistaken if he thinks this is going to enable him to return



to the public eye. While "Hello Africa" reaffirms Rasta Back To Africa sentiments, the music isn't even quasi-reggae, though Grant performs what is basically a chant with commitment.

MIKE OLDFIELD: The Cuckoo Song (Virgin). What this is doing on a rock label, only Richard Branson knows (*Making money — Ed*). It isn't even muzak; far too irritating for that. Presumably the percussion (it sounds like sleigh bells) is planned to capture the pocket of the unsuspecting Christmas shopper.

GONZALEZ: I Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet (EMI). Desperation creeps in as Gonzalez try to corner a slice of the action by putting out a record in the Philly mould.

RE-CYCLED DROSS PAUL JONES: High Time/Thinkin' Ain't For Me/I've Been A Bad Boy/Aquarius (EMI). **ADAM FAITH: What Do You Want?/Lonely Pup (In A Christmas Shop)/How About That/Someone Else's Baby (EMI).**

THE FOURMOST: Hello Little Girl/I'm In Love/A

Little Lovin'/Baby I Need Your Lovin' (EMI).

THE BARRON KNIGHTS: Call Up The Groups/Under New Management/Pop Go The Workers/An Olympic Record (EMI).

SHANE FENTON AND THE FENTONES: I'm A Moody Guy/Walk Away/Cindy's Birthday/It's All Over Now (EMI).

CILLA BLACK: You're My World/It's For You/Alfie/Love's Just A Broken Heart (EMI).

Christmas nostalgia a-go-go (*I say, that one was around when I worked here — The Dummy Tony Tyler*) is the reason behind re-releasing this lot which proves the '60s wasn't all psychedelia and free love. Much of it was sentimental glop (Cilla Black), average beat groups (The Fourmost and Shane Fenton, the latter better known now as Alvin Stardust), limp rock 'n' rollers (Adam Faith) and misdirected R&B singers (Paul Jones). Can't think why anyone should want to find any of this bunch in their stocking. Shame about Paul Jones, though, he definitely has one of the best R&B voices ever to come out of Britain.

solidarity with a pure, proud elegance that's all too rare. Booming atmospheric dubs from producer Tony Robinson highlighting the superb sticks work of Sly Dunbar make this oversized EP an appealing proposition for the punter. Recommended.

POET & THE ROOTS: All We Do Is Defendin' Five Nights Of Bleedin' (Virgin).

Intriguing attempt at something out of the ordinary as 'Poet' — aka Lynton Johnson, a young black writer from JA/Brixton whose poetry has already earned him widespread recognition — recites two of his rootspeak poems over a stark rhythmic backdrop. The theme is black youth in disillusion and revolt, and the effect is like The Last Poets' meet Big Youth at the grassroots of London town with strains of Fela Ransome Kuti floating around too. The atmosphere Johnson evokes is dark, brooding, and menacing: an urban landscape of menacing night-time shadows flashing with blades and blood. "Night number four at a blues dance... pressure pushing up... rebellion rushing down the wrong road... ritual of blood at a blues dance... war amongst the rebels, madness madness war." Rebel music you'll never hear on the radio (prove me wrong Peelie) but well worth checking out. Dubs are better than you'd expect, but next time a bass line of more than two notes please.

producer who's certainly been one of the leading lights in the dub and rockers movements. Last year's "Nile" at last secures a UK Release and remains a subtly convincing exercise in muted dub atmospherics (boost those tone controls) though fans of the perpetual "King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown" may be disappointed if they're expecting such dramatics here. They shouldn't be though.

TE-TRACK: Let's Get Started (Hawkeye). Another Pablo production, this time for a vocal unit who might sound more distinguished if they had a stronger grip on the perennial problems of hook and tune. Predictably, the version is better.

TAPPER ZUKI: Liberation Struggle (Achilles). The Man from Bozrah — or should I say New York — been taking a back seat to the likes of Dillinger and Rank (ing) Trevor in the DJ stakes since his gargantuan "MPLA" victory of a year or so back, but this fierce uptempo rap could find him back in favour — even though it's not on a disco mix twelve inch! No new sentiments or licks in fact, almost all old ones but undeniable vigour and personality. Dub is appalling as crass rock guitar (hope that ain't you Lenny) crunches over rhythms that would be letter left unsullied.



JIMMY LINDSAY: Easy/FABIAN: Prophecy (Black Swan). Longtime producer Lloyd Coxone offers a likeable sweetmeat dancefloor reggae version of The Commodores hit on the top side, together with a statutory dub. Flip is more engaging, thanks mainly to the intriguing and disturbingly ambi-sexed voice of Fabian (whoever he is) rather than the song. The growling disco-oriented backing (Jack Ruby joins Coxone on production duties) is too cluttered for my tastes but is already proving popular among sound systems. Another likely to do likewise is...

RICCO: Ska Wars (Island). 'S right a reggae version of the *Ska Wars* theme (Ska Wars — geddit?). Inevitable, but at least it's done with style as veteran 'bonist and his ensemble take the theme far from the loathsome tinny mechanisation of Meco and show how a horn riff should be played. Interplanetary club effects add to the fun and should find fans among non-reggae disco goers. What's next? "2001: A Skank Odyssey"?

SEVEN INCH PORTABLES

AUGUSTUS PABLO: East Of The River Nile (Hawkeye). Some find it strange that a man whose main claim to fame is apparently that he blows a glorified comb and paper — the melodica — should enjoy a heavyweight reputation like Augustus Pablo. In fact, Pablo is a formidable and innovative



JUSTIN HINDS: Rig Ma Roe Game (Sky Note). Unfashionable but pleasantly lilting tones of oldtimer Justin Hinds and his cooing Dominoes provide almost pastoral relief from urban fire on this Sonya Pottinger production. Hardly a stand-out but fans can purchase with confidence.

REGGAE REGULARS: Where Is Jah (Greensleeves). Stately mid-tempo song with a deceptively catchy hookline. Again a clean sounding vocal group this time intent on reprimanding non-believers and re-affirming the Divine Omnipresence. Attractive.

MARCIA GRIFFITHS: Peaceful Woman (Sky Note); CAROLYN CATLIN: Peaceful Woman (Lover's Rock). Popular piece of dancefloor romantic hokum with swaying mildly compulsive riff. Certainly in a class above most of the let's-get-to-clinches schlock that's put out in such quantities. The Marcia Griffiths is the original and greatest but the Carolyn Catlin cover is so faithful that it's far from bad.



Mull of Kintyre is number one.



Graham Hughes

Thanks a lot, folks!
 Paul McC... Thanx
 up you Kilt, I have a half-Million
 Linda
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THE EMPIRE may be terminally stagnant, but every time I come to England it feels like massive changes are underway.

First time was 1972 for Slade, who had the punters hooting, but your music scene in general was in such miserable shape that most of the hits on the radio were resurrected oldies. Second time was for David Essex (haw haw haw) and Mott (sigh) almost exactly two years ago: I didn't even bother listening to the radio, and though I had a good time the closest thing to a musical highlight of my trip was attending an Edgar Froese (entropy incarnate) press party. I never gave much of a damn about pub rock, which was about the only thing you guys had going at the time, and I had just about written you off for dead when punk rock came along.

So here I am back again through the corporate graces of CBS International to see The Clash, to hear new wave bands on the radio (a treat for American ears) and find the empire jumping again at last.

About time, too. I don't know about you, but as far as I was concerned things started going downhill for rock around 1968; I'd date it from the ascendance of Cream, who were the first fake superstar band, the first sign of strain in what had crested in 1967. Ever since then things have just gotten worse, through Grand Funk and James Taylor and wonderful years like 1974, when the only thing interesting going on was Roxy Music, finally culminating last year in the ascendance of things like disco and jazz-rock, which are dead enough to suggest the end of popular music as anything more than room spray.

I was thinking of giving up writing about music altogether last year when all of a sudden I started getting phone calls from all these slick magazine journalists who wanted to know about this new phenomenon called "punk rock." I was a little bit confused at first, because as far as I was concerned punk rock was something which had first raised its grimy snout around 1966 in groups like The Seeds and Count Five, and was dead and buried after The Stooges broke up and The Dictators' first LP bombed.

I mean, it's easy to forget that just a little over a year ago there was *only one thing*: the first Ramones album.

But who could have predicted that that record would have such an impact — all it took was that and the ferocious edge of The Sex Pistols' "Anarchy In The UK," and suddenly it was as if someone had unleashed the floodgates as ten million little groups all over the world came storming in, mashing up the residents with their guitars and yammering discontented *non sequiturs* about how bored and fed up they were with everything.

I was too, and so were you — that's why we went out and bought all those shitty singles last spring and summer by the likes of The Users and Cortinas and Slaughter and the Dogs, because better Slaughter and the Dogs at what price wretchedness than *one more* newly-mouthed simperwhimper from Linda Ronstadt. Buying records became fun again, and one reason it did was that all these groups embodied the who-gives-a-damn-let's-just-slam-it-at-'em spirit of great rock 'n' roll. Unfortunately many of these wonderful slices of vinyl didn't possess any of the other components of same, with the result that (for me, round about *Live at the Roxy*) many people simply got FED UP. Meaning that it's just too goddam easy to slap on a dog collar and black leather jacket and start puking all over the room about how you're gonna sniff some glue and stab some backs.

Punk had reaped the very attitudes it copped (BOREDOM and INDIFFERENCE), and we were all waiting for a group to come along who at least went through the motions of GIVING A DAMN about SOMETHING.

Ergo, The Clash.

YOU SEE, dear reader, so much of what's (doled) out as punk merely amounts to saying I suck, you suck, the world sucks, and

who gives a damn — which is, er, ah, somehow *insufficient*.

Don't ask me why, I'm just an observer, really. But any observer could tell that, to put it in terms of Us vs. Them, saying the above is exactly what They want you to do, because it amounts to capitulation. It is unutterably boring and disheartening to try to find some fun or meaning while shoveling through all the shit we've been handed the last few years, but merely puking on yourself is not gonna change anything. (I know, 'cause I tried it.) I guess what it all boils down to is:

- (a) You can't like people who don't like themselves; and
- (b) You gotta like somebody who stands up for what they believe in, as long as what they believe in is
- (c) Righteous.

A precious and elusive quantity, this righteousness. Needless to say, most punk rock is not exactly OD-ing on it. In fact, most punk rockers probably think it's the purview of hippies, unless you happen to be black and Rastafarian, in which case righteousness shall cover the land, presumably when punks have attained No Future.

It's kinda hard to put into mere mortal words, but I guess I should say that being righteous means you're more or less on the side of the angels, waging Armageddon for the ultimate victory of the forces of Good over the Kingdoms of Death (see how perilously we skirt hippiedom here?), working to enlighten others as to their own possibilities rather than merely sprawling in the muck yodelling about what a drag everything is.

The righteous minstrel may be rife with lamentations and criticisms of the existing order, but even if he doesn't have a coherent program for social change he is informed of hope. The MC5 were righteous where The Stooges were not. The third and fourth Velvet Underground albums were righteous, the first and second weren't. (Needless to say, Lou Reed is not righteous.) Patti Smith has been righteous. The Stones have flirted with righteousness (e.g., "Salt Of The Earth"), but when they were good The Beatles were all-righteous. The Sex Pistols are not righteous, but, perhaps more than any other new wave band, The Clash are.

The reason they are is that beneath their wired harsh soundscape lurks a persistent humanism. It's hard to put your finger on in the actual lyrics, which are mostly pretty despairing, but it's in the kind of thing that could make somebody like Mark P. write that their debut album was his life. To appreciate it in The Clash's music you might have to be the sort of person who could see Joe Strummer crying out for a riot of his own as someone making a positive statement. You perceive that as much as this music seethes with rage and pain, it also champs at the bit of the present system of things, lunging after some glimpse of a new and better world.

I know it's easy to be cynical about all this, in fact, one of the most uncool things you can do these days is to be committed about anything. The Clash are so committed they're downright militant. Because of that, they speak to dole-queue British youth today of their immediate concerns with an authority that nobody else has quite mustered. Because they do, I doubt if they will make much sense to most American listeners.

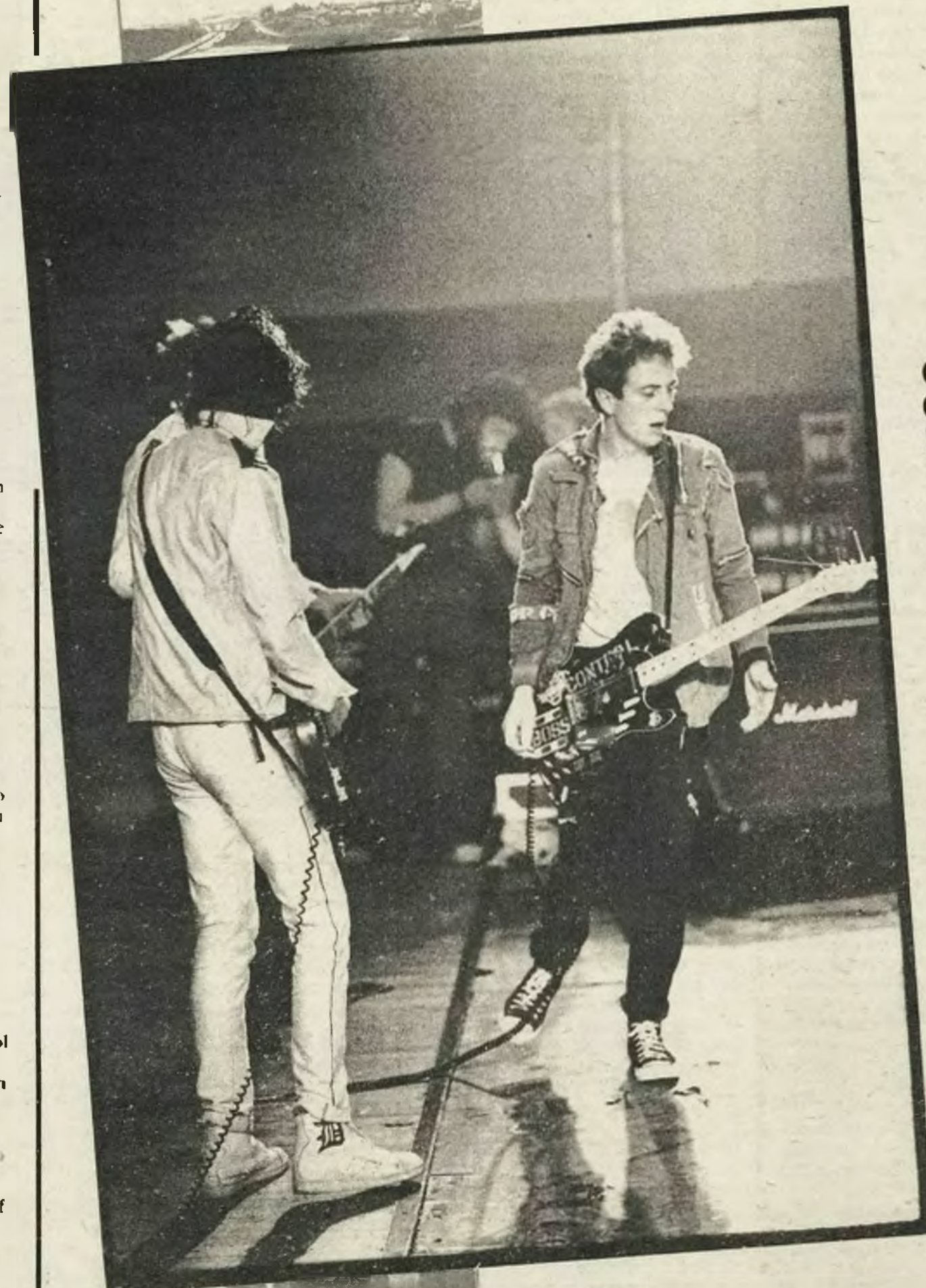
But more about that later. Right now, while we're on the subject of politics, I would like to make a couple of things perfectly clear:

1. I do not know shit about the English class system.
2. I don't not care shit about the English class system.

I've *heard* about it, understand. I've heard it has something to do with why Rod Stewart now makes music for housewives, and why Townshend is so screwed up. I guess it also has something to do with another *NME* writer sneering to me "Joe Strummer had a fucking middle class education, man!" I surmise further that this is supposed to indicate that he isn't worth a shit, and that his songs are all fake street-graffiti. Which is fine by me: Joe Strummer is a fake. That only puts him in there with Dylan and Jagger and Townshend and most of the other great rock song writers, because almost all of them in one way or another were fakes. Townshend had a middle-class education. Lou Reed went to Syracuse University before matriculating to the sidewalks of New York. Dylan faked his whole career; the only difference was that he

● Continues over page

'IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN YOUR LI'L OL' COUNTRY AND I THINK YOUR PUNKS ARE WONDERFUL' SAYS LESTER BANGS (AMONG OTHER THINGS).



CONTINUES OVER

SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD WITH THE FOREMOST GARAGE BAND IN THE LAND



FAB PIX: PENNIE SMITH

used to be good at it and now he sucks.

The point is that, like Richard Hell says, rock 'n' roll is an arena in which you recreate yourself, and all this blathering about authenticity is just a bunch of crap. The Clash are authentic because their music carries such brutal conviction, not because they're Noble Savages.

HERE'S a note to CBS International: you can relax because I liked The Clash as people better than any other band I have ever met with the possible exception of Talking Heads, and their music it goes without saying is great. I mean you think so, don't you? Good, then release their album in the U.S. So what if it gets zero radio play; Clive knew how to subsidize the arts.)

Here's a superlative for ads: "Best band in the UK!" — Lester Bangs. Here's another one: "Thanks for the wonderful vacation!" — Lester Bangs. (You know I love you, Ellie.) Okay, now that all that's out of the way, here we go...

I WAS sitting in the British Airways terminal in New York City on the eve of my departure, reading *The War Against The Jews 1933-1945* when I looked up just in time to see a crippled woman in a wheelchair a few feet away from me. My eyes snapped back down to my book in that shameful nervous reflex we know so well, but a moment later she had wheeled over to a couple of feet from where I was sitting, and when I could fight off the awareness of my embarrassment at her presence no longer I looked up again and we said hello to each other.

She was a very small person about 30 years old with a pretty face, blonde hair and blazing blue eyes. She said that she had been on vacation in the States for three months and was now, ever so reluctantly, returning to England.

"I like the people in America so much better," she said. "Christ, it's so nice to be someplace where people recognize that you exist. In England, if you're handicapped no one will look at or speak to you except old people. And they just pat you on the head."

I T IS four days later, and I've driven from London to Derby with Ellie Smith from CBS and Clash manager Bernard Rhodes for the first of my projected three nights and two days with the band. I am not in the best of shape since I've still got jet-lag, have been averaging two to three hours sleep a night since I got here, and the previous night was stranded in Aylesbury by the Stiff's Greatest Hits tour, hitching a ride back to London with a roadie in the course of which we were stopped by provincial police in search of dope and forced to empty all our pockets, something which had not happened to me since the hippie heyday of 1967.

This morning when I went by Mick Farren's flat to pick up my bags he had told me "You look like 'Night Of The Living Dead'..."

Nevertheless, I make sure after checking into the Derby Post House to hit the first night's gig, whatever my condition, in my most thoughtful camouflage. You see, the kind of

way down through the pogoing masses, right into the belly of the beast, and stood there through openers The Lous and Richard Hell and the Voidoids' sets, waiting for the dog soldiers of anarchy-apocalypse to slam my skull into my ankles under a new wave riptide.

Need I mention that nothing of the kind transpired?

Listen: if I were you I would take up arms and march on the media centers of Merric Old, NME included, and trash them beyond recognition. Because what I experienced, this first night and all subsequent on this tour, was so far from what we Americans've read in the papers and seen on TV that it

I have been at outdoor rock festivals in the hippie era in America where the vibes and violence were ten times worse than at any of the gigs I saw on this Clash Tour... I found English punk everywhere to be manifestly gentle people...

amounts to a mass defamation of character, if not cultural genocide. Nobody gave a damn about my long hair, or could have cared less about some stupid sweater. Sure there was gub and beercups flung at the bands, and the mob was pushing sideways first right and then left, but I hate to disappoint anybody who hasn't been there but this scene is neither *Clockwork Orange* nor *Lord Of The Flies*. When I got tired of the back-and-forth group shove I simply stuck my elbows out and a space formed around me.

What I am saying is that I have been at outdoor rock festivals in the hippie era in America where the vibes and violence were ten times worse than at any of the gigs I saw on this Clash tour, and the bands said later that this Derby engagement was the worst they had seen. What I am saying is that contrary to almost all reports published everywhere, I found British punks everywhere I went to be basically if not manifestly gentle people. They are a bunch of nice boys and girls and don't let anybody (them included) tell you different.

Yeah, they like to pogo. On the subject of this odd tribal rug-cut, of course the first thing I saw when I entered the hall was a couple of hundred little heads near the tip of the stage all bobbing up and down like anthropomorphized pistons in some Max Fleischer cartoon on the Industrial Revolution.

When I'd heard about pogoing before I thought it was the stupidest thing anybody'd ever told me about, but as soon as I saw it in living *sproing* it made perfect sense. I mean, it's obviously no more stupid than the second idiot-dance popularized five years ago by Grand Funk audiences. In fact, it's sheer logic (if not poetry) in motion: when you're packed into a standing sweatshop with ten thousand other little bodies all mashed together, it stands to reason you can't dance in the traditional manner (ie sideways sway).

No, obviously if you wanna do the boogaloo to what the new breed say you gotta be dint of sheer population explosion shake your booty and your

YOU FIGURED OUT SOME MORE ORIGINAL WAY OF SHOWING YOUR APPRECIATION.

(After the second night I asked Mick Jones about it and he looked like he was going to puke.

"But doesn't it add to the general atmosphere of chaos and anarchy?" I wondered.

"No," he said. "It's fucking disgusting.")

END OF moral lecture. The Clash were a bit of a disappointment the first night. They played well, everything was in the right place, but the show seemed to lack energy somehow. A colleague

who saw them a year ago had come back to the States telling me that they were the only group he'd ever seen on stage who were truly *wired*. It was this I was looking for and what I got in its place was mere professionalism, and hell, I could go let The Rolling Stones put me to sleep again if that was all I cared about.

Back up in the dressing room I cracked "Duff gig, eh fella?" and they laughed, but you could tell they didn't think it was funny. Later I found out that Joe Strummer had an abscessed tooth which had turned into glandular fever, and since the rest of the band draw their energy off him they were all suffering. By rights he should have taken a week off and headed straight for the nearest hospital, but he refused to cancel any gigs, no mere gesture of integrity.

A process of escalating admiration for this band had begun for me which was to continue until it broached something like awe. See, because it's easy to sing about your righteous politics, but as we all know actions speak louder than words, and The Clash are one of the very few examples I've seen where they would rather set an example by their personal conduct than talk about it all day.

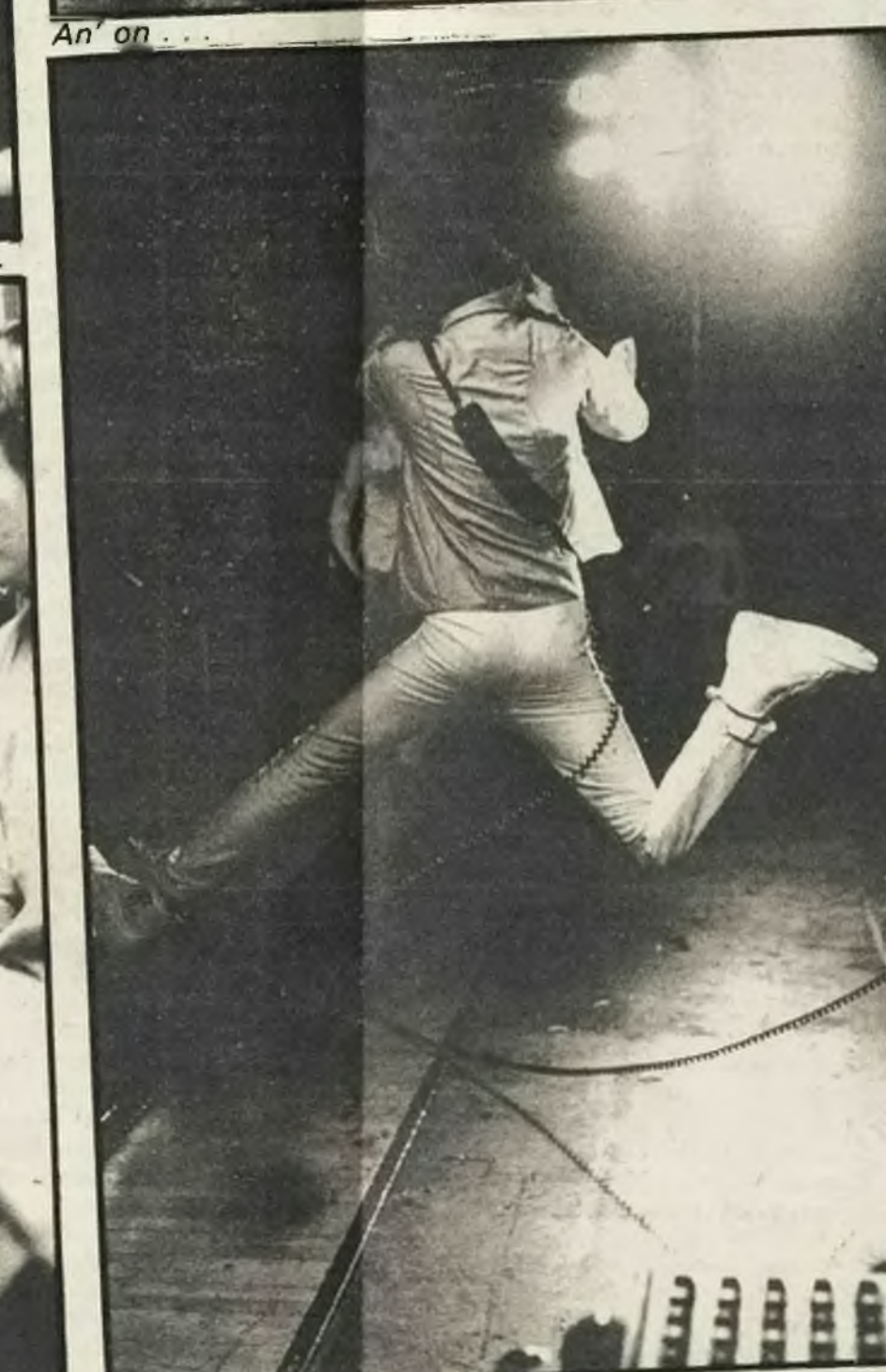
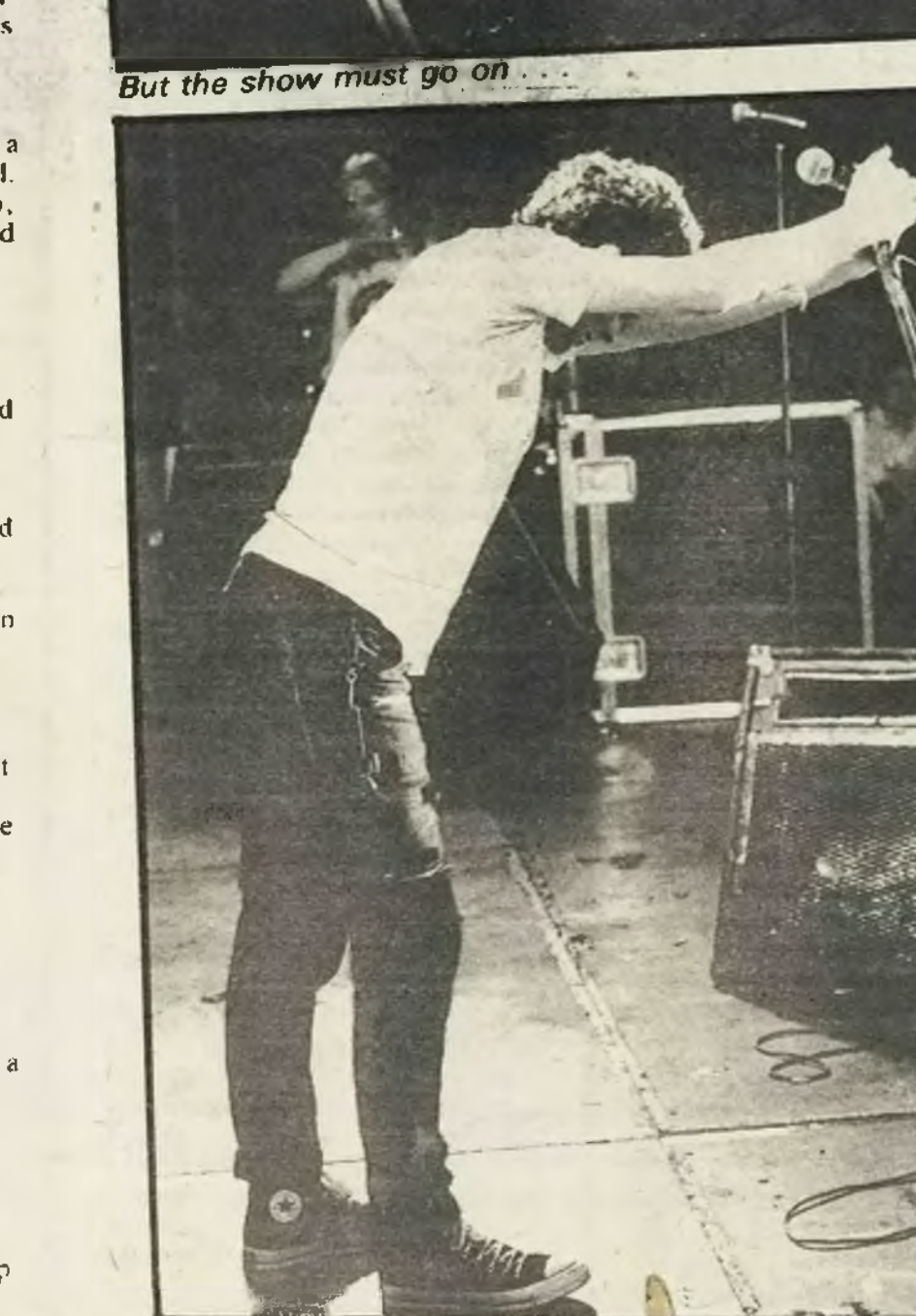
Case in point. When we got back to their hotel I had a couple of interesting lessons to learn. First thing was they went up to their rooms while Ellie, Pennie, a bunch of fans and me sat in the lobby. I began to make with the grouch squawks because if there's one thing I have learned to detest over the years it's sitting around some goddam hotel lobby like a soggy douchebag parasite waiting for some lousy high and mighty rock 'n' roll band to *maybe* deign to put in an imperial appearance.

But then a few minutes later The Clash came down and joined us and I realized that unlike most of the bands I'd ever met they weren't stuck up, weren't on a star trip, were in fact genuinely interested in meeting and getting acquainted with their fans on a one-to-one, non-condescending level.

Mick Jones was especially sociable, so I moved in on him and commenced my second mis-informed balls-up of the evening. A day or two earlier I'd asked Mick Farren what sort of questions he thought might be appropriate for The Clash, and he'd said, "Oh, you might do what you did with Richard Hell and ask 'em just exactly what their political program is, what they intend to do once they get past all the bullshit rhetoric. Mind you, it's liable to get you thrown off the tour."

So, vainglorious as ever, I zeroed in on Mick and started drunkenly needing him with what I thought were devastating barbs. He just laughed at me and parried every one with a joke, while the fans chorled at the spectacle of this oafish American with all his dumbass sallies. Finally he looked me right in the eye and said, "Hey Lester: why are you asking me all these fucking questions?"

In a flash I realized that he was right. Here was I, a grown man, travelling all the way across the Atlantic ocean and motoring up into the provinces of England, just to ask a goddam rock 'n' roll band for the meaning of life! Some people never learn. I certainly didn't, because I immediately started in on him with my standard cultural-genocide rap: "Blah blah blah depersonalization blah blah solipsism blah blah yap yap etc..."



"What in the fuck are you talking about?"

"Blah blah no one wants to have any emotions any more blah blip human heart an endangered species blah blah cultural fascism blah blurb etc. etc. etc."

"Well," says Mick, "don't look at me. If it bothers you so much why

"Forget it," said Strummer. "If they haven't got the courage to do it on their own, I'm bloody well not gonna lead 'em by the hand."

don't you do something about it?"

"Yeah," says one of the fans, a young black punk girl sweet as could be, "you're depressing us all!"

Seventeen punk fan spike heads nod in agreement. Mick just keeps laughing at me.

SO, HAVING bummed out almost the entire population of one room, I took my show into another: the bar, where I sat down at a table with Ellie and Paul Simonon and started in on them. Paul gets up and walks out. Ellie says, "Lester, you look a little tired. Are you sure you want another lager?"

Later I am out in the lobby with the rest of them again, in a state not far from walking coma, when Mick gestured at a teenage fan sitting there and said "Lester, my room is full tonight; can Adrian stay with you?"

I finally freaked. Here I was, stuck in the middle of a dying nation with all these funny looking children who didn't even realize the world was coming to an end, and now on top of everything else they expected me to turn my room into a hippie crash pad! I surmised through all my confusion that some monstrous joke was being played on me, so I got testy about it. Mick repeated the request and finally I said that Adrian could *maybe* stay but he would have to go to the house phone, call my hotel and see if there was room. So the poor humiliated kid did just that while an embarrassed if not downright creepy smile fell over the room and Mick stared at me in shock, as if he had never seen this particular species of so-called human before.

Poor Adrian came back saying there was indeed room, so I grudgingly assented, and back to the hotel we went. The next morning, when I was in a more sober if still jellified frame of mind, he showed me a copy of his Clash fanzine *48 Thrills* which I bought for 20p, and in the course of breakfast conversation I learned that The Clash make a regular practice of inviting their fans back from the gigs with them, and then go so far as to let them sleep on the floors of their rooms.

Now, dear reader, I don't know how much time you may have actually spent around bigtime rock 'n' roll bands — you may not think so, but the less the luckier you are in most cases — but let me assure you that the way The Clash treat their fans falls so far outside the normal run of these things as to be outright revolutionary. I'm going to say it and I'm going to say it slow: most rockstars are goddam burly corps of hired thugs to keep the fans away from them at all costs, excepting the usual select contingent of lucky (?) nubbies who they'll maybe deign to allow up to their rooms for the privilege of sucking on their coveted wangers, after which often as not they get pitched out into the streets to find their way home without even cabfare. The whole thing is sick to the marrow, and I simply could not believe that any band, especially one as musically brutal as The Clash, could depart so far from this fetid norm.

I mentioned it to Mick in the van that day en route to Cardiff, also by way of making some kind of amends for my own behaviour: "Listen, man, I've just got to say that I really respect you..."

I mean, I had no idea that any group could be as good to its fans as this...

He just laughed. "Oh, so is that gonna be the hook for your story, then?"

AND THAT for me is the essence of The Clash's greatness, over and beyond their music, why I fell in love with them, why it wasn't necessary to do any boring interviews with them about politics or the class system or any of that: because here at last is a band which not only preaches something good but practices it as well, that instead of talking about changes in social behaviour puts the

model of a truly egalitarian society into practice in their own conduct.

The fact that Mick would make a joke out of it only shows how far they're going towards the realization of all the hopes we ever had about rock 'n' roll as utopian dream — because if rock 'n' roll is truly the democratic artform, then the

democracy has got to begin at home, that is the everlasting and totally disgusting wall between artists and audience must come down, elitism must perish, the "stars" have got to be humanized, demythologized, and the audience has got to be treated with more respect. Otherwise it's all a shuck, a ripoff, and the music is as dead as the Stones' and Led Zep's has become.

It's no news by now that the reason most of rock's establishment have dried up creatively is that they've cut themselves off from the real world of everyday experience as exemplified by their fans. The ultimate question is how long a group like The Clash can continue to practice total

egalitarianism in the face of mushrooming popularity. Must the walls go up inevitably, eventually, and if so when? Groups like The Grateful Dead have practiced this free-access principle at least in the past, but the Dead never had glamour which, whether they like it or not (and I'd bet money they do) The Clash are saddled with — I mean, not for nothing does Mick Jones resemble a

wing and already slightly dispirited Keith Richards — besides which the Dead aren't really a rock 'n' roll band and The Clash are nothing else but. And just like Mick said to me the first night, don't ask me why I obsessively look to rock 'n' roll bands for some kind of model for a better society. I guess it's just that I glimpsed something beautiful in a flashbulb moment once, and perhaps mistaking it for a prophecy have been seeking its fulfillment ever since. And perhaps that nothing else in the world ever seemed to hold even this much promise.

It may look like I make too much of all this. We could leave all significance at the picture of Mick Jones just a hot guitarist in a white jumpsuit and a rock 'n' roll kid on the road obviously having the time of his life and all political pretensions be damned, but still there is a mood around The Clash, call it "vibes" or whatever you want, that is positive in a way I've never sensed around almost any other band, and I've been

The politics of rock'n'roll, in England or America or anywhere else, is that a whole lot of kids want to be fried out their skins by the most scalding propulsion they can find, for a night they can pretend is for the rest of their lives.

around most of them. Something unpretentiously moral, and something both self-affirming and life-affirming as opposed, say, to the simple ruthless hedonism and avarice of so many superstars, or the grim taunting monomaniacal ambition of most of the pretenders to their thrones.

BUT ENOUGH of all that. The highlight of the first day's bus ride occurred when I casually mentioned that I had a tape of the new Ramones album. The whole band practically leaped at my throat: "Why didn't you say so before? Shit, put it on right now!" So I did and in a moment they were bouncing all over the van to the strains of "Cretin Hop", "Rocket To Russia" (Nick Kent = *fool*) thereafter became the soundtrack to the rest of my leg of the tour.

I am also glad to be able to tell everybody that The Clash are solid Muppets fans. (They even asked me if I had connections to get them on the show.) Their fave rave is Kermit, a pretty conventional choice if you ask me — I'm a Fozzie Bear man myself. That night as we were walking into the hall for the gig in Cardiff, Paul said, "Hey Lester, I just figured out why you like Fozzie Bear — the two of you do look a lot alike!" And then he slaps me on the back.

All right, at this point I would like to say a few words about this Simonon

fellow. Namely that HE LOOKS LIKE A MUPPET. I'm not sure which one, some kinda composite, but don't let that brooding visage in the photos fool you — this guy is a real clown. (Takes one to know one, after all.) He smokes a lot right, and when he gets really out there on it makes with cartoon non sequiturs that nobody else can fathom (often having to do with manager Bernie), but stoned or not when he's talking to you and you're looking in that face you're staring right into a red-spiked bigeyed beaming cartoon, of whom it would probably not be amiss to say he lives for pranks. Onstage he's different, bouncing in and out of crouch, rarely smiling but in fact brooding over his fretboard ever in ominous motion, he takes on a distinctly simian aspect; the missing link, cro-magnon, Piltdown man, Cardiff giant.

It is undoubtedly this combination of mischievous boychild and paleolithic primate which has sent swoonblips quavering through feminine hearts as disparate as Patti Smith and Caroline Coon — no doubt about it, Paul is the ladies' man of the group without half trying, and I doubt if there are very many gigs where he doesn't end up pogoing his pronger in some sweet honey's hive. Watch out, though, Paul — remember, clap doth not a Muppet befit.

I have begun to see this trip as a somehow a symbolic pilgrimage to that Promised Land that rock'n'roll has cynically sneered at since the collapse of the sixties.

The gig in Cardiff presents quite a contrast to Derby. It's at a college, and anybody who has ever served time in one of those dreary institutions of lower pedantry will know what manner of douse that portends. Once again the band delivers maybe 60% of what I know they're capable of, but with an audience like this there's no blaming them. I'm not saying that all college students are subhuman — I'm just saying that if you aim to spend a few years mastering the art of pomposity, these are places where you can be taught by undisputed experts.

Like here at Cardiff about five people are pogoing, all male, while the rest of the student bodies stand around looking at them with practiced expressions of aloof amusement plastered on their mugs. After it's all over some cat goes back to interview Mick, and the most intelligent question he can think of is "What do you think of David Bowie?"

Meanwhile I got acquainted with the lead singer of The Lous, a good all-woman band from Paris. She says that she resents being thought of as a "woman musician," instead of a

the afternoon drinking cognac and writing. By now I'm ready to go with the flow, with anything, as it has begun to seem to me delusory or not that there is some state of grace overlaying this whole project, something right in the soul that makes all the right in the headache including day to day pain in the ass practical logistics run as smoothly as the tempers of the people involved, the whole enterprise sailing along in perfect harmony and such dazzling contrast to the brutal logistics of Led Zep type tours albeit on a much smaller level... somehow, whether it really is so or a simple basic healthiness on the part of all involved heightened by my mental state, I have begun to see this trip as somehow symbolic pilgrimage to that Promised Land that rock 'n' roll has cynically sneered at since the collapse of the Sixties.

At this point, in my hotel room in Bristol, at six white horses and a chariot of gold had materialized in the hallway, I would have been no more surprised than at room service, would've just climbed right in and settled back for that long-promised ascent to endless astral weeks in the heavenly land.

What I got instead around 6 p.m. was a call from Joe Strummer saying meet him in the lobby in five minutes as I wanted to go to the sound check. So I floated down the elevators and when I got there I saw a sheepish group of little not-quite punks all huddled around one couch. They were dressed in half-committal punk regalia, a safety-pin here and there, a couple of little slogans chalked on their school blazers, their hair greased and twisted up into a cosmetic weekend approximation of spikes.

"Hey," I said, "You guys Clash fans?"

"Well," they mumbled, "sorta."

"Well, whattaya mean? You're punks, aren't ya?"

"Well, we'd like to be... but we're scared..."

When Joe came down I took him aside and, indicating the poor little things, told him what they'd said, also asking if he wanted to get them into the gig with us and thus offer a little encouragement for them to take that next, last, crucial step into full-fledged punk pariahdom and thus sorely-needed self-respect.

"Forget it," he said. "If they haven't got the courage to do it on their own, I'm bloody well not gonna lead 'em on by the hand."

On the way to the sound check I mentioned that I thought the band hadn't been as good as I knew they could be the previous two nights, adding that I hadn't wanted to say anything about it.

"Why not?" he said.

I realised that I didn't have an answer. I tell this story to point out something about The Clash, and Joe Strummer in particular, that both impressed and showed me up for the sometimes

get a chair on the other side of the table where my back's to no one and I can keep an eye on the red-domed Muppet. Only trouble is that I'll find out a day or so hence that it wasn't him set the fires at all: it was Bernie, the group's manager. Eventually the beer runs out, and Mick says he's hungry. Bernie refuses to let him take the van out hunting for open eateries, which we probably wouldn't be able to find at 4 a.m. in Cardiff anyway, and we all go to bed wearing egg salad.

NEXT MORNING sees us driving to Bristol, a large industrial city where we put up in a Holiday Inn, much to everyone's delight. By this time the mood around this band has combined with my tenacious jet-lag and liberal amounts of alcohol to put me into a kind of ecstasy state the like of which I have never known on the road before.

Past all the glory and the gigs themselves, touring in any form is a pretty drab and tiresome business, but with The Clash I feel that I have re-apprehended that aforementioned glimpse of some Better World of infinite possibilities, and so, inspired and a little delirious, I forego my usual nap between vantrip and showtime by which I'd hoped to eventually whip the jet-lag, spending

Actions speak louder than words, and the Clash are one of the very few examples I've seen where they would rather set an example by their personal conduct than talk.

From previous page
hypocritical "diplomat" I can be. I mean their simple, straightforward honesty, their undogmatic insistence on the truth and why worry about stepping on people's toes because if we're not straight with each other we're never going to get anything accomplished anyway.

It seems like such a simple thing, and I suppose it is, but it runs contrary to almost everything the music business runs on: the hype, the grease, the glad-handing. And it goes a long way towards creating that aforementioned mood of positive clarity and unpeachy morality. Strummer himself, at once the "leader" of the group

(though he'd deny it) and the least voluble (though his sickness might have had a lot to do with it), conveys an immediate physical and personal impact of ground-level directness and honesty, a no-bullshit concern with cutting straight to the heart of the matter in a way that is not brusque or impatient but concise

If rock'n'roll is truly the democratic art form... the walls between artists and audience have got to come down. The stars have got to be humanized.



Nicky Headon finally gets his pic taken.

and distinctly nonfrivolous. Serious without being solemn, quiet without being remote or haughty, Strummer offers a distinct contrast to Mick's

voluble wit and twinkle of eye, and Paul's looney toon playfulness. He is almost certainly the group's soul, and I wish I could say I had gotten to know him better.

From the instant we hit the hall for the sound-check we all sense that tonight's gig is going to be a hot one. The place itself looks like an abandoned meatpacking room — large and empty with cold stone floors and stark white walls. It's plain dire, and in one of the most common of rock 'n' roll ironies the atmosphere is perfect and the acoustics great.

MEANWHILE BACK in the slaughterhouse, another thing occurs to me while The Clash are warming up at their soundcheck. They play something very funky which I later discover is a Booker T. number, thus implanting an idea in my mind which later grows into a conviction: that in spite of the brilliance manifested in things like "White Riot", they actually play better and certainly more interestingly when they *slow down* and get, well, funky. You can hear it in the live if not studio version of "Police and Thieves", as well as "White Boy In Hammersmith Palais," probably the best thing they've written yet.

Somewhere in their assimilation of reggae is the closest thing yet to the lost chord, the missing link between black music and white noise rock capable of making a bow to black forms without smearing on the blackface, get me! It's there in Mick's intro to "Police And Thieves" and unstatedly in the band's whole onstage attitude. I understand why all these groups thought they had to play 120 miles per hour these last couple of years — to get us out of the bog created by everything that preceded them this decade — but the point has been made, and I for one could use a little funk, especially from somebody as good at it as The Clash. Why should any great rock 'n' roll band do what's *expected* of 'em anyhow? The Clash are a certain idea in many people's minds, which is only all the more reason why they should *break* that idea and broach something else. Just one critic's opinion y'understand but that's what god put us here for.

In any case, tonight is the payoff. The band is taut terror from the instant they hit the stage, pure energy, everything they're supposed to be and more. I reflect for the first time

that I have never seen a band that *moved* like this: most of 'em you can see the rockinroll steps choreographed five minutes in advance, but The Clash hop around each other in all configurations totally non-selfconsciously, galvanised by their music alone. Jones and Simonon changing places at the whims of the whims coming out of their guitars, springs in the soles of their tennies.

Strummer, obviously driven to make up to this audience the loss of energy suffered by the last two nights' crowds, is an angry live wire whipping around the middle of the front stage, divesting himself of guitar to fall on one knee in no Elvis parody but pure outside-of-self frenzy, snarling through his shattered dental bomb site with face screwed up in all the rage you'd ever need to convince you of The Clash's authenticity, a desperation uncontrived, unstaged, a fury unleashed on the stage and writhing in upon itself in real pain that connects with the nerves of the audience like summer lightning, and at this time pogoing reveals itself as such a pitifully insufficient response to a man by all appearances trapped and screaming, and it's not your class system, it's not Britain-on-the-wane, it's not even glandular fever, it's the cage of life itself and all the anguish to break through which sometimes translates as flash or something equally petty but in any case is rock 'n' roll's burning marrow.

It was one of those performances for which all the serviceable critical terms like "electrifying" are so pathetically inadequate, and after it was over I realized the futility of hitting Strummer for that interview I kept putting off on the "politics" of the situation. The politics of rock 'n' roll, in England or America or anywhere else, is that a whole lot of kids want to be fried out of their skins by the most scalding propulsion they can find, for a night they can pretend is the rest of their lives, and whether the next day they go back to work in shops or boredom on the dole or American TV doldrums in Mom 'n' Daddy's living room nothing can cancel the reality of that night in the revivifying flames when for once if only then in your life you were blasted outside of yourself and the monotony which defines most life anywhere at any time, when you felt supra-alive, when you supped on lightning and nothing else in the realms of the living or dead mattered at all.

gabba gabba hey?

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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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MODERN LOVERS

Modern Lovers Live
(Beserkley)

JONATHAN RICHMAN reminds me irresistibly of Fotherington-Thomas in the old Nigel Molesworth books: forever skipping about burbling "Hello sun, hello trees, hello sky."

The stance adopted on his last two studio albums, "Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers" and "Rock And Roll With The Modern Lovers", is accelerated here into a kind of "Songs For Swinging Vegetables" approach which gives the horrific impression that Richman suffered some kind of irreversible brain damage after recording the material on the first album "The Modern Lovers".

That debut album was quite staggering: songs of a genuine sensibility executed with verve, power and a goofy/seductive garage band style based around a delightfully shitty cheap organ sound. Portions of it were genuinely scary;

I'm thinking particularly of "Hospital".

This one's live: It's a truism to say "you shouldabindere", but I wasn't and in the privacy of one's own home this doesn't make it. Richman's playground vision of life seems fatuous rather than funny, and ultimately just plain silly. As in silly boring rather than silly funny.

God knows I'm not accusing Jonathan Richman of being fraudulent. Doing this kind of stuff in a spirit of cold calculation would be too twisted a notion for even the most earnest devotee of sleaze and decadence to contemplate. If Richman's a fraud, then Noddy and Big Ears are simply aliases for Keith Richard and Ron Wood.

Pitter patter pitter patter. Tra la la. Hello skies hello trees, Jonathan Richman thinks he's a little aeroplane and a little dinosaur, and sings songs to a little insect and his little kookenhaken. I'm just a little nauseous.

Some of it almost works on the level on which everyone tells me that Modern Lovers

stuff is supposed to work. "New England" has some of the same Massachusetts/Maine cosmic consciousness as "Roadrunner" (there are three great songs called "Roadrunner": Richman's, Jr. Walker's and Bo Diddley's; someone should either do 'em as a medley or write a fourth). "Morning Of Our Lives" is a parody of those awful hey-cheer-up songs like "You've Got A Friend", "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and — gloopest of all — John Sebastian's "Rainbows All Over Your Blues".

The trouble with songs like that is when you're feeling really down and someone comes on with that kind of asinine jollity you just want to smack 'em in the mouth for being dumb enough to think you'd be depressed if your problems were really that easy to solve.

The boy stood on the burning dreck and Richman keeps repeating "Ice Cream Man" for over eight minutes. Presumably it made perfect sense in Hammersmith Odeon on a Saturday night; it makes no sense at all in Islington on a Sunday afternoon.

Listen, if you're a Richman freak and if you've seen him live and liked him and you've got a yen for a takeaway souvenir of whatever it was that you liked about it I'm sure that this album delivers perfectly. Me, I'm not, I haven't and I don't.

I think Jonathan Richman is a wet and a weed and I can't for the life of me see what this album has to offer to anyone except acid casualties and very small children.

Charles Shaar Murray



synthesiser on "Run For Cover", not the poor substitute for the original's Will Gibson string arrangement you might expect.

More generally, Streetwalkers combine ferocious riff assault with high class melody. Guitarists Whitney and Bob Tench are evenly matched. Both are excellent rhythm players — Whitney sharp and sweet, almost jazzy, Tench chunky, fat and full. Both are also individual lead stylists.

Much as I loathe most riff rock, to hear these two cut out the bragging changes to "Walking On Waters", topple into the inimitable lurch of "Burlesque" or splice up the stop-go scatter of "Run For Cover" is pleasure zone central, nothing less.

Leadwise Whitney's eerie slide intro to "Me An' Me Horse" takes the honours, with object lessons in unison cohesion and contrast from both him and Tench, throughout a close-run second. At the same time, those of you already familiar with the material here will note that much of it has been extensively (and usefully) modified since first appearing on album; only "Burlesque" doesn't quite hit the necessary high.

Chapman and Whitney are no nearer artistic redundancy than when they first brought Family out of Leicester in 1967. Long may they run.

Angus Mackinnon

STREETWALKERS

Live (Vertigo)

EVER SINCE the disappointment of the live side of Family's "Anyway" (good songs badly recorded at a bad gig), I've been holding out for further and better representation of Messrs. Roger Chapman and Charlie Whitney on stage.

And this is it, a mere seven years later. More double live tripe? Don't you believe it; this is a pearl among swine.

There's no appreciable pressure drop across the four sides. Better still, tedious solo escapades and over-indulgence in Leicester audience participation rigmaroles are conspicuous by their absence.

"Live" is an appropriately rough and ragged mixdown. It plays like music played to people, not to a 24-track console.

The 11 songs are taken from the three Streetwalkers albums — "Downtown Flyers", "Red Card" and "Vicious But Fair" — and Family's "Bandstand".

Chapman's in fine vocal fettle throughout, his diction consistently clearer than in the studio, his raucous — all grace 'n' gruff — vibrato still one of the British rock voices. And I'm always taken aback by the strength of his lyrics.

Take Chapman's own "Sympathy For The Devil" in "Crazy Charade" for instance, crammed with strong imagery, or the wearily resigned "Dice Man", the classic blues bent of "Toenail Draggin'", the warm, worldly philosophising of "My Friend The Sun". And, best of all perhaps, the camp outrage of "Me An' Me Horse An' Me Rum".

The present rhythm section — Michael Feat on bass and Dave Dowle on drums — strut briskly. Bruce Johnstone's keyboards integrate well, as in his breaks on the more reflective sections of "Dice Man" and his muted Roland

BURNING SPEAR

Live (Island)

"LIVE" IS Burning Spear at The Rainbow last month. Burning Spear is Winston Rodney is Spear is . . .

Scribble and scree before me now, but I still can't seem to catch the case in hand. Taking the measure of Spear men and Spear music is an obsessively intractable task.

But some strands stick — like someone describing Spear on stage as "the kind of evening that really has you believing love will conquer all".

Agreed. It was an enraptured occasion, communion of a kind. And Rodney himself? Many things to many men and women. How on earth do you react to a man singing about his people's enslavement? Do you just take the music as sheer physical enjoyment and leave it at that? Or on the off chance it might (or might not) clarify some, I'll cast a different lot.

I was brought up on stories of the Highland Clearances, an unpleasant period of Scottish history. Nineteenth century English landlords and Scottish



JONATHAN RICHMAN. Pic CHALKIE DAVIES. Inset: WINSTON RODNEY. Pic DENNIS MORRIS.

entrepreneurs literally 'cleared' the Highlands of Scotland to make way for sheep (and profits).

They did so ruthlessly, with armed militia and no compensation. Thousands were forced to emigrate to Canada and the USA with no prospects. Many died in the appalling conditions on board ship, among them most of my own family.

Now it might seem presumptuous if not downright insulting to compare such a relatively trivial episode with the enforced mass exodus from black Africa over centuries and the systematic destruction of that vast continent's cultures, but I think there are certain parallels.

On occasion I've felt very bitter about The Clearances in a frustratingly misdirected way. Kicking without much to kick against. After all, I'm doing fairly well for myself so why the gripe? But then again, past isn't always past and racial memories don't erase themselves overnight. Some of my cousins still won't speak to an Englishman.

At least I felt bitter until a friend played me Spear's "Marcus Garvey". Rodney's recapitulation of his own people's infinitely greater suffering, his draught of anger and pride, of resilience and humility was — rightly or wrongly — something I drank deeply, and still drink.



Jamaican to Scot to . . . I suppose I'm trying to suggest that Spear's message is everyman's. I can accept Nick Kent's point about JA mysteries (Selassie, Rastafari, etc) seeming impenetrable to the civilised (ha, ha) and cynical Westerner, but I couldn't pin that badge on Rodney. It just wouldn't stick.

Or again. If you feel that one of any music's highest functions is to communicate and clarify emotions or experiences that we often fail to understand in their entirety, then hear Spear soonest.

Enough bush beating. "Live" is seven songs from the "Marcus Garvey", "Man In The Hills" and "Dry And Heavy" albums. Production is sensurround — you can hear everything pretty much how it sounded on the night.

The band is Aswad from London and three from JA in Rodney's co-writer Philip Fullwood on congas, George Lee on sax and Bobby Ellis on trumpet.

Aswad's playing is unbelievably good, especially as they only rehearsed Spear's repertoire for a couple of days impromptu after the non-arrival of his usual backup from JA: they succeed in striking a purposeful balance between respect for the songs in their original format and redefinition of same. The GB connection.

There's a lot to savour: the cropped mesh of Brinsley Forde's rhythm and Donald Griffiths' lead guitars; the insistent root melodies of Courtney Hemmings' keyboards; George Oban's ectoplasmically strong bass and Angus Gaye's propulsive drumming.

Spear music is often typified by strident horn parts; Lee and Ellis clip the charts to sometimes unearthly effect. Brass to blow down the walls of New Jericho.

"Marcus Garvey" is the apocalyptic overture. Urgent on the wings of the storm. "Marcus Garvey has come to pass . . . Weeping, wailing and moaning — you only got yourselves to blame."

"Slavery Days" is more sedate in pace. In remembrance of a terrible past, an emotional exorcism. "Do you remember?" "Yeah!!!!" is the roared response and release.

The songs end abruptly. No clumsy, toppling codas. Rodney mutters a curt "thank you" between each.

"Black Soul" is at once tender and tense. Rodney rrolls out his lines, pushing words for what they mean as words and sounds. Another song of race and creed, fraught with foreboding — "It is not good to travel today. Deserts are dry, so dry . . ."

Rodney's voice itself? One moment coarse-grained and declamatory, the next soft and intimate. Reminiscent of charcoal fire. And always the hypnotic measure of the songs, an earth spirit moving.

"Lion" and "Man In The Hills" are rural hymns. Wonderment at nature, at everyday, at the power and symbolism latent in both. "Old Marcus", another chapter of reclamation and expectancy, of past, present and future bound inseparably, parts the pair.

"Throw Down Your Arms" coasts on churning guitars, makes friends until, like "Get Up, Stand Up" on the live Marley album, it fades.

And that's it. Solace and strength. I only miss the sight of Rodney dancing.

Angus MacKinnon.

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STEVIE WONDER
Anthology (Motown)

ON AUGUST 5th, 1975, Stevie Wonder signed an historic contract with Motown.

Apart from the little matter of a \$13 million guarantee, the deal reputedly gave him carte blanche to do what he wanted when he wanted, providing he delivered seven albums within the seven years following the date of contract.

According to Constance Elser, authoress of *Stevie Wonder* (to be reviewed): "The first thing that Stevie had wanted for signing the new contract was that Motown would not release its much publicized triple 'Anthology' album, even though the LP had been pressed already. Stevie wanted 200,000 album copies destroyed. He felt that the multi-set album was too much like a Greatest Hits package than a history of his music. At the moment, Clarence Paul is working on a new Anthology album."

"Clarence: 'In co-ordination with Stevie I'm gonna put an album together that will have two unreleased recordings per year since Stevie started with Motown. In between, the Anthology is gonna have interviews with disc jockeys who broke Stevie's records and friends of his. Depending on how much stuff we use it's either gonna be a double or even a triple album... and it's gonna surprise many people in terms of what stuff has been canned away and not been put out when it was fresh'."

Imagine my surprise. Is this the revelation promised by Clarence Paul? Uh, well no, actually it appears to be the original triple-set that Stevie had wanted destroyed. Or a close facsimile thereof.

If a retrospective compilation like this counts towards his minimum quota of seven albums, and assuming that doubles count as two albums and triples as three, it occurs to me that Stevie might have finally consented to this release in order to stay ahead of the game. Having taken over two years to come up with the "Songs In The Key Of Life" double, he's now got the best part of four years in which to deliver his next new recording.

If, however, this Anthology is outside of his contractual obligations, it's reasonable to assume that Stevie must have had a change of heart about his early recordings. Even if Motown's lawyers had just found a loophole in his contract enabling them to



ROOGALATOR
Play It By Ear (Do It)

IT'S EARLY December on Do It, not early October on Square as they told Paul Rambali, but Roogalator finally have the album out. The bad news? No major distribution before '78.

With a loser's sense of timing, the Roogs sacked longtime pianist Nick Plytas for "lack of commitment" just before the offering escaped. Plytas played well and wrote the atypical "Love And The Single Girl", but with Danny Adler there on guitar the band will still sound fuller than many quartets.

Three of the four numbers already released are here: "Single Girl"; "All Aboard" and "Cincinnati", the latter two thankfully re-recorded after the murky BBC prototypes on the Stiff EP. James Brown's "I Feel Good (I Got You)" is understandably omitted as Adler's own "Sock It To My Pocket" achieves the same feel to better effect.

The standout feature of "Play It By Ear" is the absence of standard rock rhythms. Not that Justin Hildreth gets into 17/10 time signatures, but purposeful tempo changes abound, laced with a bit of shuffle and a lot of swing — always possessing the necessary wallop when required.

All of which suits Adler's quirky guitar style a treat. His



excellent riffs are often almost slyly introduced and never overplayed; meanwhile the spacey stuff at the end of "Cincinnati" and the surreal fills on "Single Girl" are just two examples of his range.

Should this sound a bit clever like, let me say that anything less arty-crafty would be hard to find. Straight to the pleasure centres of this musical primitive, no bother at all.

The songs are largely great. All Danny's bar one, they range through choppy mid-tempo to frantic flat-out and easy-rolling choogle. The audible lyrics are highly idiosyncratic. No LUV but much affection — for place names, musicians' names, daft titles, simple pleasures ("Walking In The Heat") and the like.

So Mr Jagger reckons white people get all the accents wrong. Listen Mick, Ian Stewart would love this.

Harry Robinson
("Play It By Ear" is available from Virgin and other hip stores, or from 48A Friars Stile Road, Richmond, Surrey for £3.70 inc. P&P).

release the "Anthology" against his wishes, I don't think they'd risk alienating him.

So let's assume that you're being offered what Stevie wants you to hear. Not an Anthology of his entire career to

date but a chronological prologue to the time when he began formulating the musical direction that's made him one of the most influential and successful black artists in the world today. The set ends with

IMPORTS

FROM OUT of left peat bog comes "Camouflage", an individual and imaginative release on the Bothy Band's Mulligan label by Sonny Condell, who for four years formed half of Tir na nOg.

For the past couple of years, the multi-talented Condell — songs written and sung, guitars strummed and saxes blown while you wait — has been back in Ireland, earning his keep by putting in time on the college circuit and playing a residency in a bar on Dublin's Baggot Street. Now he's back on disc again, emerging with a mainly acoustic set on which he's backed by Clannad bassist Ciaran O'Braonain and members of Supply, Demand and Curve. The result is a refreshing amalgam of folk/rock and jazz that's kinda Jesse Colin Young with warts on — so dash out and buy two copies now, thus impressing everyone with obviously high IQ.

An Al Stewart retrospective, "The Early Years", has just been released by Janus. A double LP, it's formed by the complete "Love Chronicles" album plus ten selected tracks taken from "Bedsitter Images", "Orange" and "Zero She Flies".

"Watching The Detectives" has been included as an extra track on the US version of Elvis Costello's debut album (CBS). And while we're on the subject of McManus minor, Ei collectors could find that it's worth investigating the import single of "Alison". For not only has the track been remixed but a synthesised string

sound has also been added.

Most chic release of the week is The Stranglers' EP on US A&M, which features "Straighten Out"/"Something Better Change"/"(Get A) Grip (On Yourself)"/"Hanging Around" and comes in a fetching shade of mottled pink vinyl.

Latest in the long line of movie soundtracks utilising rock oldies is "The Chicken Chronicles" (UA). Classics IV freaks will probably tune in, as the album contains four tracks by Dennis Yost and his fellow Floridians, other cuts featuring Canned Heat's "On The Road Again" and "Going Up The Country", Jackie De Shannon's "Put A Little Love In Your Heart", Boffalongo's "Sea's Getting Rough" and The Dirt Band's "Buy For Me The Rain."

Also around are Johnny Guitar Watson's "Funk Beyond The Call Of Duty"; Natalie Cole's "Thankful" (Capitol); Melba Moore's "A Portrait Of Melba" (Capitol); Spinners' "8" (Atlantic); Ray Campi's "Rockabilly Love" (Rolling Rock); Van McCoy's "Rhythms Of The World" (H & L); Harold Melvin And The Bluenotes' "Now Is The Time" (ABC); Eric Gale's "Multiplication" (CBS); and Johnny Rivers' "Outside Help" (Soul City), on which the one-time John Ramistella (Alan Freed changed his name) revives Curtis Mayfield's "Monkey Time" and "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um."

Fred Dellar

four tracks from his "Where I'm Coming From" album, recorded in 1971.

It begins at the beginning: a mawkish little tribute to his mum. "Thank You (For Loving Me All The Way)", which was reputedly the first thing he ever recorded (in 1962) and was eventually released as a flipside to his sixth single.

From thereon things had to get better, a progression that's naturally outlined by 23 A-sides of singles, all but two of which were hits — "Contract On Love", another early misfire, and "Alfie", a Larry Adler style harmonica instrumental which was released in '68 as by Eivets Rednow. (Unfortunately, another track from the same session is also included, wasting space that I'd have though could have been far better utilized).

All of these tracks have previously been issued, and are still available, on two compilations of Greatest Hits. Nevertheless any sensible resume of Stevie's career needs to include most of them, from the immature, squeaky enthusiasm of "Fingertips" (1963), through his acceptance into the mainstream Motown sound of "Up Tight, 'I Was Made To Love Her'" and "Shoo-Be-Doo-Bee-Doo-Dee" (1966-68), to when his music began showing signs of independent shape and direction, "Never Dreamed You'd Leave In Summer" (1971).

Of the assorted flipside and album tracks that make up the rest of the collection, the ratio of entertainment is about equal to that between the two previously unissued tracks, "Until You Come Back To Me" (not a patch on Aretha's later version but worth hearing after all these years) and "If I Ruled The World" (best forgotten).

Stevie Wonder's musical ability is hardly disputed. What he has achieved, in terms of his own career and his influence on others, is a natural fact. Any doubts about him lie in what he chooses to do with all that ability and influence. His last few award-winning gold plated albums have shown him to be frustratingly erratic, capable of simultaneously creating an immensely forceful statement and the most sentimental clatrap.

Here's where he got the grounding for both extremes.

Cliff White



MONTY PYTHON
Instant Record Collection
(Charisma)

OR THE pick of the best of some recently repeated Python hits again (Vol. 2).

It's all here — peppermint flavoured Chablis with a lingering afterburn, pederasts grafted on to Anglican bishops, Guildford's Yvonne Gumby theatre, ducks attacking Alastair Cooke, sporting girls from Purley, exploding Mrs Nigger Baiters, pushing the pram a lot in Camelot, the automatic gainsaying of any statement the other person makes, watery tarts lobbing swords at King Arthur in a self-perpetuating autocracy, Cyril Connolly, how to rid the world of all known diseases, Hobart Muddy for all real emetic fans, amateur gynaecologists, Norwegian Blues pining for the fjords, streams of bats' piss, cheese emporiums uncontaminated by the fermented curd, and two pikes called Chris.

Oh, and a new one, where contestants dressed in swimsuits have to summarise Proust in 15 seconds. The winner is the girl with the biggest tits.

Eight out of ten for a reasonably silly compilation. Not much swearing, absolutely no poofdahs.

Reg Le Crisp



Neo: discernible promise. Pic: STEVENSON

VARIOUS Live At The Vortex (NEMS)

THE VORTEX replaced the Roxy as London's name punk, etc. venue (which means little, probably nothing, to most of us . . .).

The club epitomises all that is a pitiful disgrace about this new media monster/low humour subject, the soak-up, the slit-eye manipulation by the slickers our music will always attract.

The Vortex — and specifically its management's cash-orientated aims concerning expansion into all things avant-punke (fanzine, venue, coffee bar, record shop, record label) — is a sadly authentic representation of what has happened on the top-surface these last few months.

This album is a ragged, unlistenable display of hopelessly lost direction. An epitaph, hopefully, to the chaos and suitably dumpy defiant. If the Roxy album was a five-colour, fondly nostalgic rip-off then this album is a stark black and white warning, all the more useful for that. The wagon is in little splinters under the weight. It's time to think. Alert onlookers ill sniff around the wheels of other wagons . . . "Nothing is so valuable that it need not be started afresh, nothing is so rich that it need not be enriched constantly . . .".

The ingredients and the groups involved here (the players could be mechanical for all the emotion emitted — clone worship) are either obviously in the early stages of development with traceable nuances of nervous ideas tied to pre-packed ideologies (Neo and Art Attax) or else as set as they're ever going to be and hopelessly derivative/static and angry without cause, solution or alternative (Bernie Torme, Suspects, Maniacs).

Living Death at The Vortex

Meanstreet are just Status Quo taking everyone's advice and metamorphosing discreetly into 'punks' (surely!).

The Wasps intrigue. By virtue of execution they belong with Torme, Suspects and Maniacs — routine rotating riffsaw. They start the album with "Can't Wait For Seventy Eight" which, as the title suggests, is refreshingly optimistic and it's a lumpy Ramones-ish stomp that hints at some kind of pop sensibility. They ruin this energetic charge towards some light by later that side cockily chopping out

a desperately weak "I'm Waiting For My Man". They should be allowed time to develop/formulate.

Time! Everyone's in so much of a hurry (getting in before 'everything' dies down? Doesn't exactly give the listener great confidence).

Elsewhere Buzzcocks are a great example of strolling along, making sure everything's straight, and still doing things before everyone else.

Neo and Art Attax should travel through a few months' hard thinking and playing and evolve into something worth

recording. Their appearance on this suffocating album could well disrupt them, should certainly embarrass them and definitely won't help them. The reason they're on it must be their naivety and they'll surely regret it.

Neo are tentatively alert/art/angular, but their neat vocal and instrumental phrasing are draped around too many ugly bass riffs. They're a long way to go.

Art Attax appear as humans playing at robots playing at humans. Harsh humanistic-mechanistic assault and imagery but too reliant on thrash and blatant accessibility. They should inject braveness and disregard dragging rock confines.

If Neo and Art Attax at present possess false sentiments (duty?) to produce material that alienates most passion for creativity, at least they wear a cloak with a pattern of some sort of future. They don't excite but they stand well above the claustrophobic and reactionary rest.

From the latter, aggressive, ponderously flamboyant wedges of sound for the ambitionless/terminally depressed/almost dead. Defiant muzak. The defiance of self-pity and contrived hopelessness. The muzak of taut control. Muzak that lacks wonder.

The barely discernible promise of Neo and Art Attax comes nowhere near to making up for the overall crass repetition and undernourished voyeurism of this album. It is insubstantial, irrelevant and should appeal only to friends and families of those involved.

This is the end of 1977. The best of the year has yet to be fully documented. The worst (a sample of . . .) get a good airing on this album. The words for '78 are moral fibre, attitude, spontaneity and threat. (I reckon it's going to be a good year!)

Paul Morley



ART ATTACKS

The emphasis is on hyper-efficiency, fenced in by the granite hard pairing of guitarists Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner cemented to Prakash John's bass and Pentti Glan's drumming (this mixed too far back most of the time). Fred Mandel provides the obligatory keyboard virtuosity.

This is really another greatest hits package assiduously fending off the stronger work of the original Cooper Band ("Eighteen", "Under My Wheels", "Is It My Baby" and "School's Out") with the noticeably less inspired post-breakup projects, pulling out tracks from "Nightmare", "Goes To Hell" and "Lace And Whiskey" for playmates.

Possibly to counter accusations of Cooper going 'soft' — his last few hits have all been dippy ballads — the tenor of the album is one of ball-crashing amp-outs. Though the opening passages of "Wheels" and "Eighteen" pack the requisite weight and menace, the show soon gets slack and predictable.

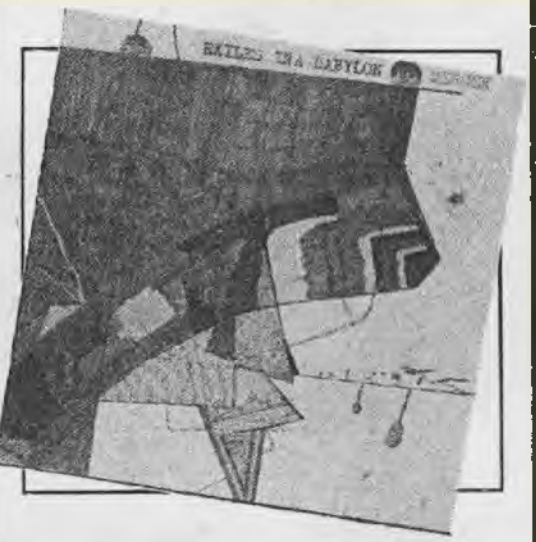
Barely one song is given a fully committed workout, ultimately making the whole album sound nothing more than a glorified medley.

And those ballads? Cooper was always at his best when closest to his original Detroit heritage of hard rock ramalama; the very fact that in current interviews he claims that something as stupidly drippy as "You And Me" will stand as his greatest musical achievement seems to prove he's really lost all sense of perspective.

The greatest hits collection of the original Cooper band is a far, far better investment than this, as is America's similar set.

Oh well, Viva Las Vegas!

Nick Kent



MERGER Exiles Ina Babylon (Sun Star)

NOT THE world-shaking manifesto I'd been led to expect, but still at times a startlingly fresh debut album from three London-based musicians, recorded on a minimal budget and released on a small independent label.

Merger are Michael Dan (keyboards, bass, vocals), Barry Ford (drums, percussion, flute, guitar, vocals) and Winston Bennett (guitars, vocals).

This is British reggae attempting a crossover somewhat akin to that undertaken by Third World, refining roots with an ear to contemporary rock, soul and jazz sounds. The nine songs are lavishly arranged and make maximum use of unusual and exotic combinations of tone and timbre. The mix is on the soft side (too soft for my taste, to be honest), airy and atmospheric over Ford's tidy timekeeping.

So far so effortless and interesting. Merger compensate for their lack of an outstanding lead vocalist by careful harmony verses and at least three songs — "Life Song", "Understanding" and "Waterfalls" — are blessed with almost numbingly beautiful melodies.

Lyrical though — well, the themes are standard ("Exiles Ina Babylon" itself and "Massa Gana"), too often prone to repetition and, as with Third World, oddly misplaced in their recorded context. Heavy statements and lush backdrops are not easy bed fellows, I'm afraid.

All considered, a confident and very worthwhile debut even though I think I'll prefer Merger live.

Angus MacKinnon

The Great American Disaster

ALICE COOPER The Alice Cooper Show (Warner Brothers)

AMERICA America Live (Warner Brothers)

A PAIR of albums that provide the most persuasive argument yet that Los Angeles is the scumplit of the world.

Not that either Cooper or America started out in L.A. I remember America when they were just a trio of gangly nonentities that Jeff Dexter used to hype onto support slots

at The Roundhouse on Sundays.

Back then they were a straightforward, mamby-pamby rip-off of Crosby, Stills & Nash — so arch in their plagiarism that they seemed little more than a bad joke.

Whereupon one of this chubby-faced trio struck lucky with a diluted Neil Young — as - MOR - wooden - Indian trick entitled "Horse With No Name" — and that iced it.

A formula had been hit upon and David Geffen, who at that time was signing up anything

that knew two minor chords and could whine "ooooohh" for more than three seconds at a time, offered them a hot contract including the obligatory mansions in the Hollywood hills.

They bit the bait and since then there's been no looking back. Every year brings them another new hit album. Two years ago we had the greatest hits package, so it's only right and proper that a live album should be made available now. They've lost one of their front-line trio so the whole scam is appropriate, I guess.

Not that they slouched around. Why, they've even got the great Elmer Bernstein to orchestrate their noodlings — but even he can't disguise the inconsequentiality of virtually every bar this bunch have trapped themselves in trotting out again and again.

From the obsolete preciosity of America to the phoney gutter-perv sleaze of the Alice Cooper live experience. After exposing myself to the toilet tissue of the former, Cooper's trifle almost impressed for an instant.

HISTORIC GREASERS IN MASS BREAKOUT

*Eight more compilations
escape from Sun vaults*



The Big 'O' gleaming brightly



VARIOUS

*The Best Of Sun Rockabilly
Vols. 1 & 2 (Charly)*

JERRY LEE LEWIS

Nuggets Vol. 2 (Charly)

**THE LEGENDARY SUN
PERFORMERS**

*Junior Parker & Billy Love
(Charly)*

Billy Lee Riley (Charly)

Howlin' Wolf (Charly)

Rosco Gordon (Charly)

Warren Smith (Charly)

IN THE autumn of '76 Charly Records issued so many rock and blues albums in such a short space of time that last November it took nearly two pages of reviews in *NME* to deal with the buggers. Would you credit it, they've been at it again this year.

What with industrial action at the printers and a change of address to contend with, we've probably overlooked a few of their recent releases. Having switched distribution since last year and deleted a lot of their early releases, Charly have added to the confusion by re-issuing many tracks in new packages. On top of that, just to really set the head spinning, alternative takes of familiar titles abound everywhere.

It'd need a couple of days of computation with slide rule and pocket calculator to accurately assess the current state of affairs. All I know is, I've got eight albums here which I reckon are worth your attention; all of them 16 track compilations from the Sun vaults.

First off, there's a couple of redneck assortments titled "The Best Of Sun Rockabilly, Vols 1&2" which must be aimed at new converts to the mixed delights of country rock.

Volume one is a straightforward reissue of the 1973 Phonogram compilation, "Sun Rockabilly/Put Your Cat Clothes On". Phonogram was the company that had the rights to the Sun catalogue before Charly and this album was the very first of the current flood of related issues. It might even have been partly responsible for the recent surge of interest in rockabilly, selling far better than was anticipated and becoming a valuable slab of vinyl as soon as it was deleted.

With a new sleeve design you don't get the original photos but you do get session details and exactly the same music, which encompasses a wide range of Sun whiteys, from Harmonica Frank Floyd to Jerry Lee Lewis via the likes of Carl Perkins, Warren Smith, Sonny Burgess, Roy Orbison and Billy Lee Riley. All good stuff.

Volume two is a similar concoction from various

sources (including two other Phonogram compilations) which I don't rate so highly. But then I'm just a passing enthusiast, not a dedicated collector of everything recorded by Sun. It's probably a Pandora's box of gems for the more diligent connoisseurs among you.

"Nuggets, Vol 2", a further installment from the vast repertoire of Jerry Lee Lewis, is much more up my street and highly recommended to one and all. At first glance it looks as if most tracks have been freely available for years. In fact several are alternate takes (which in Jerry's case generally means they're noticeably different to, but as great as, the issued versions) while the others are album tracks or single flip sides which have long been deleted.

My only moan is that it doesn't include "Bonnie B", which may not be one of The Killer's best recordings but, as far as I can work out, is his one and only previously issued track that still hasn't been put on an album. Nevertheless, you could do a lot worse than start your Jerry Lee collection with this excellent balance of rock ("High Powered Woman"), "Hillbilly Music", country ("It Hurt Me So", "I Can't Help It") and blues ("Hello Hello Baby") and then work back to the hits.

The other five issues are the first of a new Charly series called "The Legendary Sun Performers", four of them devoted to one artist apiece — Billy Lee Riley, Warren Smith, Rosco Gordon, Howlin' Wolf — and the fifth featuring eight tracks each by Junior Parker and Billy 'Red' Love.

Each in its own way is a worthy release, although I'd have thought that it's really only Riley, Smith and Wolf who deserve such lavish attention.

Despite the fact that Parker cut three seminal Sun tracks ("Feel'n' Good", "Love My Baby", "Mystery Train") which were a considerable influence on the company's later recordings, including those by Elvis, and which still sound great today, his previously unissued material is either a facsimile of the known sides or of lesser interest.

Love, a brasher artist from the big beat school of R&B, is similarly limited, without the added appeal of ever having recorded at least one standout track on base minor variations.

Gordon, who did have hits, but not on Sun, is arguably the dreariest of the lot, being represented by a remarkably unremarkable selection of off-key blues and leaden boogies. What is interesting about his recordings is that he frequently

used a particular riff (so frequently that Sam Phillips of Sun called it 'Rosco's rhythm') that's a dead ringer for Blue Beat/Ska. I'm not surprised to hear that his album shows signs of selling well to middle-aged Jamaicans.

The albums by Smith and Riley each match nine previously issued sides with a balance of archive material. At the time of their original Sun releases both men appeared to be similarly wild rockers, but Riley ("Flyin' Saucers Rock 'n' Roll", "Red Hot" etc) turned out to prefer a heavier R&B sound and what is now called swamp-rock, while Smith ("Rock 'n' Roll Ruby", "Ubangi Stomp" etc) was the more traditionally country-orientated of the two — differences that are clearly defined by these releases.

Both men are now minor legends in rockabilly circles; neither album harms their reputation; both should sell in prodigious quantities.

Finally, there's The Wolf. I suspect that Blast Furnace'll want to get his blues-plucking mitts on this one to review it more fully. I shall just note that, as far as I can deduce from the ambiguous sleeve note, only four of the tracks were issued at the time of recording (1951/52) and five of the others were first released on an early Charly album that's now deleted. A must for any self-respecting blues freak, I'd have thought.

Cliff White

DONOVAN: Donovan (RAK)

IN THE harsh climate of the late 70s, it's hard to imagine a delicate flower child blossoming with ease once more. And indeed, this particular specimen seems to have gone so far to seed that even green-fingered Mickie Most will be hard-pressed to save him from the compost heap.

Most was the producer for Donovan's greatest hits 10 years (or whenever) ago, and neither of them have lost their ears for commercial tunes. So it should be simple, then, for them to dump all that flower power manure and get by on a few nifty tunes.

There are plenty of those here. "Astral Angel", "Brave New World", "Lady Of The Stars" and "The Light" all sound like potential chart songs, even if the lyrics are twee.

The problem is that modern punters demand ferocious commitment to ideals and whatever commitment Donovan still has, it's about as relevant as a tract from flat-earththers.

Bob Edmonds



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JAZZ

While my khasi gently weeps . . .

STAN TRACEY, man and myth, takes a laconic look at fame and fortune. Our reporter, looking flushed, is BRIAN CASE

DEEP in my memento basket, among the curling locks and lockets, the billet-doux, the carnet du bal ticked to capacity, I have a cherished remembrance of Stan Tracey elbowing protocol at Westminster Abbey.

Duke Ellington was playing one of his Sacred Concerts, and paying punters like Stan and myself had been relegated to the rear of the abbey behind an ornamental reredos of Norman vintage and total impenetrability. We could barely hear and we couldn't see at all. At the close, sacerdotal tannoys announced that we were to remain standing until the Quality had quit the joint.

"Fuck this for a game of soldiers", came a cry from my right, and looking up, I encountered one of the more original processions.

In order, the panoply read: Princess Margaret in full regalia, The Hon Armstrong-Jones in formals, Stan and his son in belted raincoats, The Earl of Harewood piped in ermine, The Archbishop of Westminster in cope and mitre.

"I just couldn't stand any more shit rubbed in my hair," Stan explained a week or so back, over my general merriment. He'd never seen any of That Lot at any of his gigs, and as far as he was concerned, Ellington was the only one worth standing for. Stan Tracey could not embroider for Britain, which is one reason why he has lasted for 34 years in his thankless profession.

"It's weird, you know. I get this one all the time. People say, Oh it's great you've really hung in there in spite of all this — but I wasn't consciously aware of hanging in. All I was aware of was that I was a jazz musician, that was what I wanted to be, and like you have periods when it's rough and periods when it's a little better." He laughed at the littleness of the little better. "I haven't thought about it."

In 1973, somebody finally recognised Stan's unique contribution to music, and staged a '30 Years In Jazz' celebration at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Stan's announcement drew attention to the quality of the piano. "I just wanted to make the point that lots of people in there had listened to me on shit pianos for years. Here I was on a good one, so they were hearing a different me."

Had the anniversary had any effect on his getting work? After all, the year before he had contemplated giving up and becoming a postman.

"Immediately," said Stan.

"So all you hafta do is hang on in

The Biz for 30 years?" I said.

"The answer is so simple I don't know why these other chaps don't do it. If my income rises any more, I'll be dizzy! Well, it's on a higher level now than it was, though it fluctuates — which is another way of saying Yes. I'm getting £25 a week."

WHILE EASILY distinguishable from a prairie fire, Stan's career has perked up a bit of late. He has a couple of tours lined up, and has been invited to this year's Baden-Baden Festival, with the possibility of Bombay's Jazz Yatra in February and Switzerland in May.

After years of slipshod handling by the major record companies, he now runs his own label, Steam. Limited distribution, but great enthusiasm. Roughly half his income comes from royalties and writing commissions like "The Bracknell Connection" and the most recent "Salisbury Suite".

"Borough councils will now put on jazz concerts whereas at one time there wasn't a hope in hell of that happening. There needs to be more recognition from those type of bodies, then people'll start taking it a little more seriously. I mean, it's still regarded as something rather frivolous or rubbish or indecent. Attitudes are changing a little. I've never really gone into why — I'm just glad when."

Had he ever thought of writing a hit?

"Many many years ago, at the time when Russ Conway and Winifred Atwell had their boom, I allowed myself to get talked into a jangle-piano thing which I did under the name of Sam Tacit. Thank God nothing happened with it."

Basil Kirchin, a handleader with a hatful of chimerical schemes, once talked to Stan about recording a musical version of Churchill's speeches. "Strange ideas," said Stan laconically, "did abound". Apart from "The Avengers" series, which he does for Laurie Johnson, he avoids studio session work.

"It would screw me up in the end. The pressure of getting it right the first time and every time, because the whole thing is geared to money and time. You gotta get it down. Apart from that, pride is involved — in fact, I think it's pride most of all. You know, looking a burke in front of everyone else, cocking up a part. No — I just do what interests me."

Stan started off in ENSA, playing accordian in a gypsy band. "We useta play things like 'Souvenir d'Ukraine',



STAN TRACEY. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

'Bugle Call Rag', 'Chattanooga Choo Choo'. I recall a stunning arrangement of 'In The Mood'. I had a ball. I just wanted to be a musician. The rest of the guys were into jazz and that's where I started hearing different people. They all had Basie records. The fact that we had to play a lotta shit music didn't really matter because we were all about 16 or 17, and we didn't have the dedication yet."

After The Gang Show with the R.A.F., Stan's dedication started to take: Laurie Morgan's Elevated Music, Eddie Thompson Quartet, Kenny Baker, Ronnie Scott, Tony Crombie, Ted Heath, eight years as the house pianist at the Ronnie Scott Club, The New Departures Quartet, The Stan Tracey Orchestra . . .

Throughout 1951, he played on the transatlantic liners to get a chance to hear the scene in New York, and copped for Bird and Diz, Lester Young, Miles, Gene Ammons, Stitt — "I saw the Ellington Band at the Apollo, Harlem, which is a nice place to hear Ellington," Stan recalled. "Sheer magic".

Was the '50s experimentation with Laurie Morgan a result of discontent with current musical confines? A pre-New Wave?

"The spirit I've always been aware of is getting it on with the music," said Stan. "We didn't have the same awareness about doing something different that I think people do today. Like, when people are getting into something different now, it takes on a whole new meaning from what it used to — you know, it's a whole big deal, big new product. Before, it just useta happen."

The only one of his generation open to the freeing-up process emanating from The Little Theatre Club, Stan has played with Mike Osborne, John Stevens, Trevor Watts and Keith Tippett.

"The lack of conventional harmony didn't bother me much. Some of it I

didn't care for, but overall I could hear a potential in the music that hadn't been fully developed. It makes me think differently, and I take something from my past into it, and bring back something of the present."

And Cecil Taylor?

"Jesus Christ! Obviously I'm knocked out with what he does. The only reservations I have about it is it's all at the same level. I've heard him in other situations so I know he's capable of mood creation. I just wish he'd employ some different colours."

FOR THOSE who imagine that the African drums-Western piano correlation started with Cecil, Stan's collection of African drum albums goes back over 20 years. "Me, Kenny Graham, Phil Seaman — we useta mostly go round Kenny's place, stay up all night listening, talking, playing the rhythms. I suppose," he said with customary unassertiveness, "some rhythmic influences must have found their way into what I do."

Musicians who work in intense and raging climates tend to worship strange and gothic gods. Stan doesn't. "You're not the most mystical of geezers, are you?" I remarked.

"No, I'm not. All there is is the music. The reason for everything is the music. No, I can't get into things mystical. I'm interested to the extent that I'd like to think that there was something in it, simply because it would be such a nice change from what we're stuck with. I wish flying saucers were real. I wish to Christ there was a Loch Ness Monster — OH GAWD — IT'S THE BLOODY KHASI!"

For a moment, my mouth dried and my palms went clammy. Whatever could this strange cabalistic invocation of Stan's signify? Not mystical — not 'arf Arfur! And then, following his quivering finger, I saw water pouring through the ceiling of

the living room. His wife Jackie and son Clark galloped upstairs with buckets and cloths to stem the lavatory overflow.

"That khasi," Stan shook his head, then gazed morosely at the ceiling. Drip drip drip, Debussy chords splashed upon the table and bounced onto the carpet in the tastefully appointed Tracey homestead.

"Do you ever play the vibes these days?" I asked, reminded.

"Never. Got fed up carting them around. Plus the fact I just can't give two instruments all the attention they should have."

"Not tempted by electric piano?"

"I just like piano. I mean, I'm not crazy, mad, in love with it, but if I've gotta play a piano, I like an acoustic. I couldn't work the way I work on electric piano. I rely on a lot of physical weight."

"You mean you belt it?"

"Yeah".

HE'D BEEN playing a tape of the "Salisbury Suite" to Don Weller when I arrived, head down, shoulders hunched, lost to the world. Stan looks the same way when he plays, the long improvisations flowing like a river of broken ice, all angularities and jostle.

"Funny the different interpretations people place on music," he mused, looking directly at me. "I had the old big band down the 100 Club one night, and we were playing something from 'Alice In Jazzland'. I had this guy come up to me and place a heavy interpretation on a certain section. He thought it was putting over an attitude to Life and Society."

"I know when I was writing it all I was looking for was something that jumped. I had a hard time convincing him, and when I did, he was a disappointed man."

How did he set about composing? Did he write for certain players?

"For certain parts, yeah. As the music grows, it arrives at a certain place where I'll think, Yeah — that's a good place for him to do that. Or did you mean do I feel a French horn coming on?"

I tittered. "Do you envisage the actual sound and passion a player will bring to the score?"

"You can never foresee that one, but when I write it, I do it with a sort of token passion. Like, minimum level for passion — and anything above that, lovely. I wish I had the courage to write more. I just find it such bloody hard work. You know, all the bars that've gone before, I'm very happy about — it's all the ones to come that bother me. It's like climbing a very steep gradient. It's exciting, engrossing, boring, difficult, easy, frustrating."

"I got ages to do the 'Salisbury Suite'. I got commissioned in 1976 to do it by September, 1977. In February I wrote 12 bars. Then I mulled it over for the next few months and I ended up still trying to finish it on the eve of the concert. Everybody works like that. It seems it's the only way to make the bloody stuff come out. The fragments only come when I think if I don't start today, all is lost. You have a deadline awareness."

"You're tickled by the word 'awareness', aren't you?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Yeah — it says it all. It's a shit Americanism, and it has a certain twang that I enjoy. I won't keep it forever, but at this particular period in hipful history I'm using it."

And practice?

"Oh, I'd like to. It's my legs, you see. They're attached to my bum which is attached to this seat. That's the trouble."

Jackie rushed past with a bucket. The drips were slower now.

"No good pushing Stan," she said. "He'd refuse."

Stan sat there looking as if he'd seen everything at least twice



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BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE LURKERS / DOLL / REACTION
BOLTON Technical College: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS
BOURNEMOUTH Tiffany's: THE DARTS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: FAZIE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PANAMA
BRISTOL Granary: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
BRISTON Hippodrome: DAVID ESSEX / ALESSI
BURNISLAND Hall Circle: SKIDS
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
CHURCHILL Churchill School: FIVE HAND REEL
COVENTRY Locarno: THE JAM
COVENTRY Warwick University: BETHNAL
DONCASTER College of Education: STARDUST
EDINBURGH University: IAN DURY & THE BLOC-KHEADS
EXETER Groucho's: THE STOATS
FARNHAM The Mallings: THE BRAINS TRUST
GLAMORGAN University: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
GREAT MISSENDEN Memorial Hall: THE PLEASERS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE BOYS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: THE XTRAVERTS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: STAA MARX
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
KEGWORTH Odd Fellows Hall: JUNE TABOR
KIRKALLY Cuznie Neuk Hotel: THE JOLT
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: CHARGE
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LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
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LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
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MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: THE CAPTAIN & TENNILE
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NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
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PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
POYNTON Folk Centre: PETE FARROW BAND
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ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
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SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
WAKEFIELD Breton Hall College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: MUD
WOLVERHAMPTON R.A.F. Cosford: THE REAL THING
YEOVILTON R.N.A.S. Station: MUSCLES

Friday

AXMINSTER Town Hall: THE CRABS
BAKEWELL Mansal Head: MERLIN
BATH University: FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Bordesley College of Education: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE LURKERS / DOLL / ART ATTACKS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PAT RYAN
BRIGHTON Alhambra: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BRIGHTON Sussex University (all-nighter): KEITH CHRISTMAS / LIGHTNING RAIDERS / VISITOR / STEVE BROUGHTON / XLS / THE TRIBE / HUMAN BEINGS / TYLA GANG
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
BROMLEY Stockwell College: GONZALEZ
BURTON 76 Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
CANTERBURY Odeon: THE JAM
CARMARTHEN Trinity College: MUNGO JERRY
CHALFONT ST. GILES Newlands Park College: GRAND HOTEL
CHELTHAM Shaftsbury Hall: THE BANDOOGS
CHICHESTER New Park Road Community Centre: PTARMIGAN
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: LISSEN
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: MOON
CROMER West Runtion Pavilion: HEATWAVE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JOHN MILES / TRICK-STER
CROYDON Swan & Sugar Loaf: THE DYAKS / KRYPTON TUNES
DUNFERMLINE Images: THE JOLT
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: ADVERTISING
EGREMENT Tow Bar Inn: BAZOOKA JOE
FARNBOROUGH Dick's Club: STAMPS
GLASGOW Jordanhill College of Education: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE PLEASERS
HARPENDEAN Aldwickbury Manor: RON WEST & CASSAVETTI CRUSADER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: DOLL BY DOLL
HEREFORD College of Education: ALFALPHA
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: STEPPIN OUT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WIRE / TRASH
HULL College of Further Education: MUSCLES / FLASHCATS / HI-BALLERS
LEEDS Devonshire Hall: FOSTER BROTHERS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Haddon Hall: BULLETS
LEEDS Polytechnic: MAHOGANY RUSH / LONE STAR
LEICESTER Granby Halls: STATUS QUO
LEICESTER Polytechnic: S.A.L.T.
LESLIE Town Hall: SKIDS
LEWES Lamb Hotel: PANAMA
LINCOLN R.A.F. Nocton Hall: LOVE AFFAIR
LIVERPOOL Erics: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HUNTER / RUMBLE STRIPS
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LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY ROLL BLUES BAND
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LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CONTEMPT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: RACING CARS / BOWLES BROS.
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: SQUEEZE / THE MOVIES / TONIGHT
LONDON HIGHGATE Wellington: SHIFT
LONDON ISLEWORTH Polytechnic: LANDSCAPE
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LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: CHARGE
LONDON Marquee Club: SPUD
LONDON Middlesex Hospital John Astor College: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Queen Mary College: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND / RADIO STARS / DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON School of African and Oriental Studies: MERGER
LONDON School of Economics (afternoon) doubling
GUILDFORD Surrey University (evening): COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON S.E.1 College of Printing: BURLESQUE
LONDON SOUTHWALL Community Centre: XTC
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LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LURKERS / DOLL
LONDON STRAND Kings College: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANAIAS
LONDON TOOTING Furzedown College: VISITORS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: THE SPINNERS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MAIDSTONE College of Art: SPLIT ENZ
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MANCHESTER Moseley Hall: ATTILA THE HUN
MANCHESTER Rafters: STEEL PULSE
MARGATE High Cliff: CONTEMPT
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ROCHESTER Medway College: JAGUAR
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: EDGE BAND
SALFORD University: IAN DURY & THE BLOCK-HEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
SHEFFIELD University: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG / J.A.L.N. BAND
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SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: CLIFF RICHARD
STRATFORD College of Further Education: JOHN OTWAY BAND
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE ONLY ONES
STEVENAGE Gordon - Craig Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEET WARMERS
STOKES North Staffs Polytechnic: BERNIE TORME
SUTTON Public Hall: REDBRASS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: STRAY / STRIFE
WARWICK Budbrook School: ARMPIT JUG BAND
WATFORD Waldo's Jazz Club: THE BEARS
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: CHASER
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: THE BRAINS TRUST
WOKING Albion Bar: THE OUTPATIENTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BUZZCOCKS

Saturday

ABERDARE Boot Hotel: SKIN TIGHT
ARRILIST Social Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
ASKERN Spa Centre: BULLET
AYLESBURY Friars: WILKO JOHNSON
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
BETCHWORTH Village Hall: WILDLIFE / CHART ROSE
BICESTER Nowhere Club: SAMSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: JAKE THACKRAY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STARSTRUCK
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: THE SPINNERS
BOLTON Grammar School: FOSSIL
BOLTON Institute of Technology: STRIDER / VILLAIN
BRADFORD Beckhill Club: BULLETS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Hippodrome: THE WURZELS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: MECHANICAL HORSET-ROUGH
BRISTOL Yate Stars & Stripes: GRAND HOTEL
CROWTHORNE Parish Hall: DOG BREATH & THE K-NINES
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DARLINGTON Bowes Cellar: BLITZKRIEG BOP
DERBY Kings Hall: MAHOGANY RUSH / LONE STAR
DONCASTER Bircotes Sports Centre: THE PIRATES
DUBLIN National Stadium: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND / MOTORHEAD
DUDLEY Technical College: HEAVY METAL KIDS / GENO WASHINGTON BAND
EASTBOURNE Lottbridge Arms: PANAMA
FARNBOROUGH Dick's Club: STAMPS
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: S.A.L.T.
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: MUNGO JERRY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE DAMNED / DEAD BOYS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: MEAL TICKET
GRIMSBY Leisure Centre: MIKE HARDING
HAMILTON Bell Technical College: CADO BELLE
HORNCHURCH The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
HUNTINGTON B.R.J. Club: BLOOBLO
KIMBOLTON Youth Club: REMNANTS
KINGSTON Gypsy Hill College: FOSTER BROTHERS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER Polytechnic: JOHN MILES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PEZBAND / MEDIUM WAVE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOON
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LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: SHIFT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: CARAVAN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Marquee Club: WIRE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY BAND
LONDON PENTONVILLE The Bell: PENETRATION
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: JUNE TABOR
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stuart College: PENETRATION
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LOUGHBOROUGH University: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: SPUD
MANCHESTER University: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / STAA MARX
MANCHESTER William Hulme School: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MARGATE High Cliff: CONTEMPT
MARGATE Lafayette Club: WILDER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: DESMOND DEKKER
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: ULTRAVOX
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE BOYS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: MERLIN
NOTTINGHAM University: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
PETERLEE Senate Club: BAZOOKA JOE
READING Bulmershe College: SPLIT ENZ
READING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: DAVID ESSEX / ALESSI
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: CLIFF RICHARD
ST ALBANS City Hall: BRITISH LIONS / THE AMAZING GRIND
ST ALBANS Horn of Plenty: TEQUILA
STOKPORT Lexicon Club: JOHN COOPER CLARKE
STOKE Madeley College of Education: MUSCLES
STROUD Leisure Centre: THE REAL THING
SWANSEA Leisure Centre: MUD
WAKEFIELD Technical College: SUBURBAN STUDS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: FAZIE
WHITEHILL Royal Oak: PTARMIGAN
WIGAN Casino: STRIFE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE CRABS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: FIVE HAND REEL

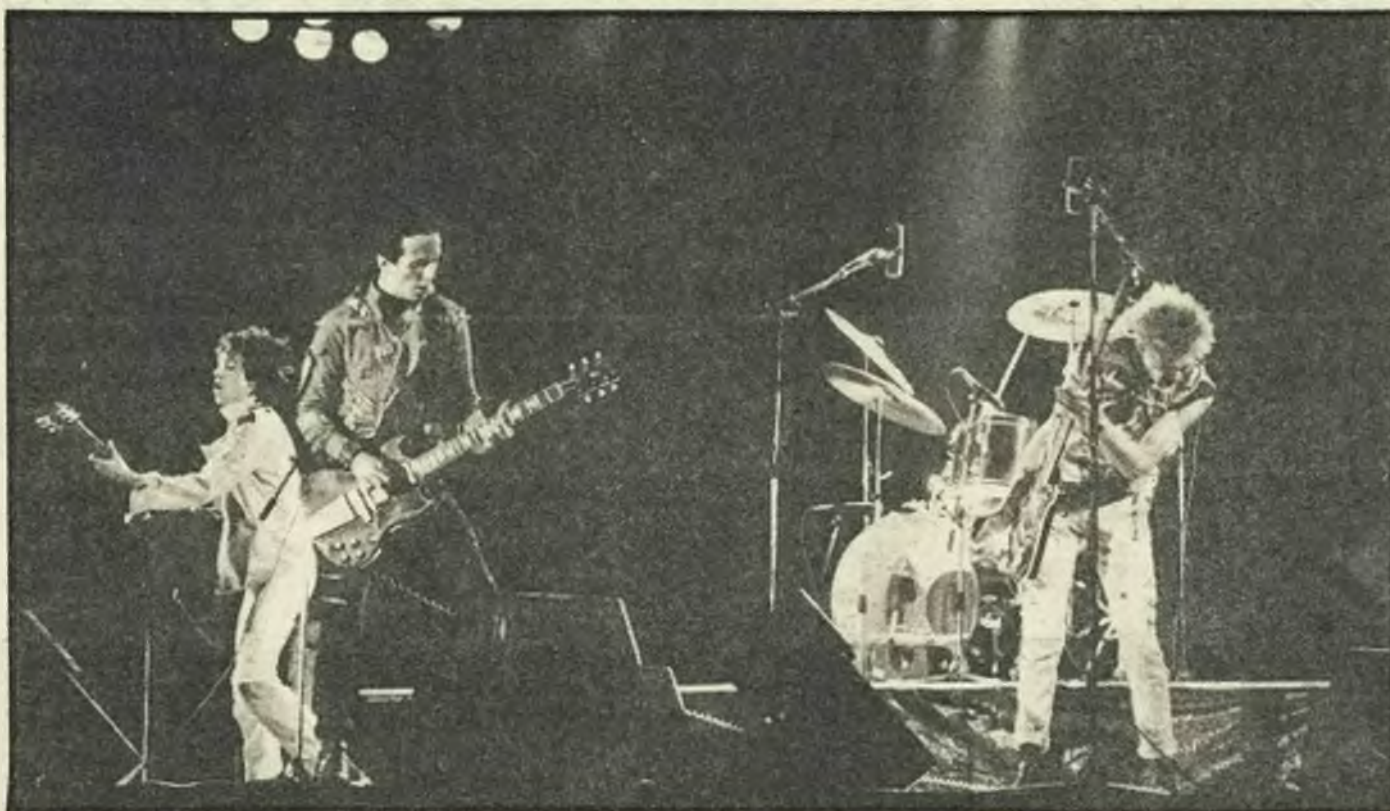
GIG GUIDE ENTRIES: HOLIDAY DEADLINES

Due to protracted holiday arrangements for Christmas and New Year, Gig Guides for that period are being prepared in advance. If you have entries for insertion in these columns, please note the following deadlines.

Gigs for the period DECEMBER 22 to JANUARY 4:
Closing date — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14

Gigs for the period JANUARY 5 to JANUARY 11:
Closing date — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21

Please send your entries as soon as possible to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.



THE CLASH climax their nationwide autumn tour by playing three nights at London Rainbow from next Tuesday. Extra security measures have been laid on, but we're assured they will be "light weight". Let's hope so!

**MORE GIG GUIDE
 AND CLUB ADS
 OVER THE PAGE**

GIG GUIDE

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: BULLET
AYLESBURY King's Head: LAZY
BANBURY Prince of Wales: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BARROW Maxim's Disco: BAZOOKA JOE
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BELFAST Queen's University: FRANKIE MILLER'S
FULL HOUSE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: THE PLEASERS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: DAWNWEAVER
CAMBRIDGE Kelsey Kerridge Sports Centre: THE
SPINNERS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE MOVIES
CROYDON Greyhound: THE JAM
EDINBURGH University: MEAL TICKET
GRAYS State Theatre: DAVID ESSEX / ALESSI
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVEN-
TION
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: WHITEFIRE
HULL New Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LEEDS Staging Post: BULLETS
LEEDS University: BOOMTOWN RATS / YACHTS
LEICESTER University: MOON
LITTLE BLOXWICH Nags Head: EAZIE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: IAN DURY & THE BLOC-
KHEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE BUZZ-
COCKS / SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES /
SUBWAY SECT/PENETRATION
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Round-
house: VISITOR 2035
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE BRAINS
TRUST
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED
LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: FIVE
HAND REEL
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: FOSTER
BROTHERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THIN LIZZY /
RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON &
THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: AMAZORB-
LADES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DANDIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STEVE
GIBBONS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE 'O'
BAND / GAFFA
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: JOHN
GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: ISLAND ROX
BAND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster:
GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE
MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE
ROLL-UPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON Victoria Palace: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON W.1 Cafe Royale: STAMPS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERC-
LAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LUTON Cesar's Palace: ALVIN STARDUST
LUTON The Unicorn: STEPPIN' OUT
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: FIVE
HAND REEL
NELSON Silverman Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE DEPRESSIONS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE DAMNED / DEAD
BOYS
NEWCASTLE Rex Hotel: BLITZKRIEG BOP
NORWICH White's Club: RUBY JOE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: STEEL PULSE
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE TURBINES
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: MERLIN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SAMSON
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JOHN MILES
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: MECHANICAL HORSET-
ROUGH
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: JEREMY TAYLOR
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: PTARMIGAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: 1812 / TOM YATES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: XTC
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEARSBY Bath Hotel: VENOM

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE MUTANTS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: FIVE HAND REEL
BOLTON Institute of Technology: BOB WILLIAM-
SON/STEVE TILSTON
BOSTON Folk Club: ROY HARRIS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: MUD
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: STATUS QUO
CHELMSFORD City Football Club: THE
BANDOGGS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: PAT TRAVERS
BAND
CROYDON College of Art: GRAND HOTEL
CROYDON Red Deer: MICKEY MOUSE BAND
DEWSBURY Pickwicks: THE BUZZCOCKS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE CRABS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: CADO BELLE
ELY Cutter Inn: FLAKY PASTRY
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE DAMNED/
DEAD BOYS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: BOOMTOWN
RATS/YACHTS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS

ROCK ON THE BOX

IAN DURY and the Blockheads, currently heading
their own British tour, land themselves a big TV
break on Saturday when they're showcased in
"Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio
1 stereo link). They co-star with Dr Feelgood,
each band playing a 30-minute set.
Same channel's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on
Tuesday is also dishing out the breaks, this time
to a couple of middle-order rock bands on the
verge of the big-time — Meal Ticket and Crazy
Kat.
ITV's "So It Goes" ends its present run in style,
with film of The Clash performing at Manchester
Elizabethan Ballroom. Reggae band Steel Pulse
also appear. Screening is restricted to the London
(Saturday) and Granada (Sunday) areas.
"Get It Together" returns for another run on
the ITV network at Christmas, and it's preceded
by two repeats from the last series — the first is
on Tuesday with Eddie and the Hot Rods. BBC-1's
sole contribution is at tea-time on Saturday,
when you can see Lou Rawls and the Dead End
Kids.

THE DARTS, currently high in the charts with their single "Daddy Cool", continue their
massive 50-date autumn tour this week. It's all building up to the doo-wop band's own headliner
at London Rainbow on December 21.



LEEDS Polytechnic: IAN DURY & THE BLOC-
KHEADS/DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DAVID ESSEX/
ALESSI
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JAGUAR/THE
SCREENS/THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LEE KOSMIN &
THE GROOVE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
CONTEMPT
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STAMPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIP-
STREAM
LONDON HORNSEY Art College: ADVERTISING
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College:
FIDDLERS DRAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BETHNAL
LONDON LEICESTER SQUARE Empire Ballroom:
SAILOR
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: CHRIS
BARBER BAND
LONDON NORTHOLT Oriel Youth Centre: THE
SATELLITES
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador:
DIANE NICHOLAS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: COUSIN
JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS/TEQUILA BROWN
BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JO-ANN KELLY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE RAGE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club:
WAYNE COUNTRY'S ELECTRIC CHAIRS/
MENACE/THE SKUNKS/BACKLASH
LONDON WEST HAMPTSTEAD Railway Hotel:
SQUEEZE/HANDBAG
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: THE PIRATES
MANCHESTER Band ON The Wall: SWIFT
NORWICH St. Andrews Hall: JOHN MILES
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: LESSER KNOWN
TUNISIANS
TONYPANDY British Legion: THE DEPRESSIONS
UXBRIDGE Unit One: SAHARA FARM
WATFORD Town Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
WOLVERHAMPTON Wulfrum Hall: MUSCLES
YEOVILTON R.N.A.S. Station: MECHANICAL
HORSETROUGH
YORK Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING

Tuesday

ABERYSTWYTH Colleg of Librarianship: MECHANI-
CAL HORSETROUGH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: IAN DURY & THE
BLOCKHEADS/DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE DAMNED-
/DEAD BOYS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE DYAKS
COLWYN BAY Pier: PAT TRAVERS BAND
EVESHAM Marine Ballroom: GARBO & THE
CELLULOID HEROES
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: JOHN MILES/TRICK-
STER
HERTFORD Castle Hall: JEREMY TAYLOR
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: CHRIS SPEDDING
BAND
KEIGHLEY Nickers Club: XTC/THE
ACCELERATORS
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: STAGE FRIGHT
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: X-RAY SPEX/THE CRABS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FOSTER
BROTHERS/STEEL PULSE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE
VAMP/VISITORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STATUS QUO
LONDON HOUNSLOW Technical College: SIMON
TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE
PLEASERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOCTORS
OF MADNESS
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: THIN
LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster:
MICKEY MOUSE BAND
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD Troubador:
STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: THE
LURKERS/DOLL/PORK DUKES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CLASH/DEAF
SCHOOL
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE
DEPRESSIONS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BERNIE TORME
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST Vortex Club: EATER-
/RAPED/THE MEMBERS/DICK ENVY
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: DAVID
ESSEX
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE ROLL-UPS
MAIDENHEAD British Legion: CRAFTYHALF
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Ballroom: THE
PIRATES
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: THE
DARTS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Collingwood Club: MUD
PLYMOUTH Good Companions: CHRIS BARBER
BAND
READING University: SPUD
SOUTHEND Scamps: STAMPS

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: ALVIN
STARDUST
YORK Cal's Whiskers: LOVE AFFAIR
YORK Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: BOOMTOWN
RATS/YACHTS
BLACKBURN Lodestar: THE LURKERS / DOLL /
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
BRADFORD University: BETHNAL
BRIGHTON Dome: DAVID ESSEX / ALESSI
BRISOL Bamboo Club: THE SPITFIRE BOYS
BURNISLAND Half Circle: SKIDS
DERBY Kings Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
FALMOUTH Green Lawns Hotel: CHRIS BARBER
BAND
GREENOCK Regency Lounge: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE SPINNERS
HAVERFORDWEST R.A.F. Brawdy: MUSCLES
HULL Scamps: THE MONITORS
LANCASTER University: THE JAM
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY
LUMPS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: CHART-
REUSE / SHAD THAMES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: XTC
LONDON CHELSEA College: MECHANICAL
HORSETROUGH
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY
THE FERRET

LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex Polytechnic:
CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STATUS QUO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BOY-
FRIENDS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: PROP-
AGANDA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DEKE
LEONARDS ICEBERG
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: THIN LIZZY /
RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LONDON PADDINGTON Fags: STARDUST
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CLASH
LONDON Royal College of Art: FABULOUS
POODLES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus:
DEPRESSIONS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON Thames Polytechnic: VISITORS
LONDON W1 Gulliver's Club: SPITERI
LONDON W14 The Kensington: RIFF RAFF
MALVERN Winter Gardens: JOHN MILES
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: JOAN BAEZ
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: BLITZKREIG BOP
NEWCASTLE Northern Counties College: ARBRE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: PAT TRAVERS BAND
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: WIRE
PORTSMOUTH Old House: JUNE TABOR
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: LESSER KNOWN
TUNISIANS
PRESTON Polytechnic: THE DARTS / AMAZOR-
BLADES
READING Target Club: STAA MARX
SALISBURY College of Technology: GENO
WASHINGTON BAND
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Mounbatten Theatre: COUSIN
JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWANSEA West Glamorgan Institute: THE PIRATES
TIVERTON The Motel: LOVE AFFAIR
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: THE
MOVIES
WISBECH The Old Bell: FLAKY PASTRY
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE RICH KIDS

Residencies

BATLEY Variety Club: TRENT & HATCH
Week from Sunday
BOURNEMOUTH Winston's: TAKE TWO
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crookers: CORKSCREW
Monday (12) for three days
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Round-
house: "VAMP" (rock horror musical)
Tuesday until December 22 (except Sunday)
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: GEORGE MELLY &
THE FEETWARMERS
Monday for three weeks
LONDON WOOD GREEN Jingles: STAMPS
Wednesday (14) for four days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: BARRON KNIGHTS
Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE SEARCHERS
Week from Monday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club:
LEE & MARIE GRANT
Week from Sunday

Next Week

LIZZYCLASHDEADBOYS

THINLIZZYCLASHDEAD

BOYSTHINLIZZYCLASH

(Very good. Now try it again with punctuation)

THIN LIZZY! CLASHBANGS

(part the second)! DEAD BOYS!

(Better. Now tell 'em where to find it)

All in next week's serious, committed, socially
conscious, gritty, witty, mighty, flighty,
frivolous and highly amusing

(Hurry up. We're almost out of space)

NME!!!

(Dreadful. Start again)

NOT A QUICK FLASH FROM, FROM... YES I'M AFRAID SO.

I CAN'T TELL A LIE IT WAS ME! AND I'M PROUD OF WHAT I'VE DONE I DONE IT FOR THE...

THE STINGS OF DEATH WHEN YOU COME TO YOUR FLOOR!

LIVE PAGE!

Brian B QUOTED THIS IN THE LIFT

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. 8th Dec (Adm 85p) LONDON Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon. 12th Dec (Adm 70p) NO DICE + Support & Jerry Floyd
Fri. 9th Dec. (Adm 70p) SPUD Plus support & Ian Fleming	Tues. 13th Dec. (Adm 75p) SALT Plus support & Joe Lung
Sat. 10th Dec. (Adm 75p) WIRE Plus friends & Ian Fleming	Wed 14th Dec. (Adm £1) THE CORTINAS Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Sun. 11th Dec. (Adm 70p) ADAM & THE ANTS Plus support & Nick Leigh	Thurs 15th Dec (Adm 90p) THE PIRATES Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

5 hand Reel

ON TOUR

DECEMBER

7th..... Bristol, Victoria Rooms.
8th..... Churchill, Churchill School.
9th..... Bath University.
10th..... Wolverhampton Polytechnic.
11th..... Manchester, Royal Exchange Theatre.
12th..... Blackpool, Jenkinson's Club.

Management: Brian Adams. Tel: 01-751 2163.
NEMS Agency

RCA

IRIARS

MAXWELL (VALE) HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday December 10th at 7.30 p.m.
Psychotic R 'n' B

WILKO

+ RADIO STARS
+ STEVE HOOKER & THE HEAT
A.C. Sound & Vision

Tickets 150p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n Easy Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 150p at door on night. Life membership 25p.

THERE ARE NO RUSSIANS IN RUSSIA

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

Mile End Road, London, E.1
Tel: 01-980 1240

Friday December 9th, 8.30 pm — 6 am

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

MAGNA CARTA CAESAR
JAZZ BAND STEEL BAND FILM
Food & Real Ale Bar

Tickets £3.00 in advance, £3.25 on door
Nearest tubes: Stepney Green & Mile End

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday December 9th 50p
WARSAW PAKT
Saturday December 10th 60p
ADVERTISING
Sunday December 11th 60p
CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
Wednesday December 14th Free
THE BOYFRIENDS

Thursday December 8th Free
HEAT
FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

CHANCELLOR HALL CHELMSFORD

SUN. DEC. 11th at 7.30
PEVEREL ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

THE MOVIES

ALBUM "DOUBLE A" ON G.T.O. RECORDS
+ TONIGHT
W.E.A. RECORDS "BAND FOR 1978"
Advanced Tickets from Box Office Chelmsford 65848.
LICENSED BARS

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Thursday December 8th 75p
CAROL GRIMES SWEET F.A.
+ Tequila

Friday December 9th £1.30
WILKO JOHNSON BAND

Saturday December 10th 75p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Sunday December 11th £1.00
THE "O" BAND
+ Gaffa

Monday December 12th 75p
BETHNAL + WIRE

Tuesday December 13th 75p
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ Razor

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday Dec 8th
CASUAL BAND
Friday Dec 9th
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Saturday Dec 10th
VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
Monday Dec 12th
MENSWEAR
Tuesday Dec 13th
RUMBLESTRIPS
Wednesday Dec 14th
SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
Thursday Dec 15th
ADVERTISING
+ Killjoys
Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday Dec. 7th
Audition Night 50p
NAZI
+ Jets

Thursday Dec. 8th £1.00
U.K. SUBS
+ Acme Sewage Co
+ Open sore

Friday Dec. 9th £1.00
STREETS
+ Youthenasia + Defects

Saturday Dec. 10th £1.00
MENACE
+ Backlash + Void

Sunday Dec. 11th
PUNK DISCO
Members Free, Guests 50p
JAM SESSIONS WELCOME
Applications to Club Manager
Tuesday Dec. 13th
Audition Night 30p
XL5
+ The Visitors

grand HOTEL

Band enquiries: 01-858 7439

Friday Dec 9th
Newlands Park College
Chalfont St Giles

Saturday Dec 10th
Stars and Stripes
Yate, Nr Bristol
Monday Dec 12th
Dr. Jims, Croydon College
of Design & Technology
Wednesday Dec 14th
Rock Garden
Covent Garden

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday December 11th
THE JAM
+ NEW HEARTS & D.J. PETER FOX

Sunday December 18th
GENERATION X

VORTEX

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

Monday December 12th
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Featuring Wayne County
MENACE THE SKUNKS BACKLASH
D.J. Nic Lee
Admission £1.00

Tuesday December 13th
EATER
RAPED THE MEMBERS DICK ENVY
D.J. Jerry Floyd
Admission £1.00

MUSIC MACHINE

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

Wednesday Dec 7th £1.00
BETHNAL
+ Tonight
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday Dec. 8th £1.50
CADO BELLE+
Krysia Kocjan

Friday Dec. 9th £1.50
STRETCH
+ Support

Saturday Dec. 10th £2.00
The Last Ever Appearance of
MOON
+ Out Of The Blue

Monday Dec. 10th £1.00
LEE KOSMIN & GROOVE
+ Lip Service
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

Tuesday Dec. 13th £1.00
STEEL PULSE
+ The Brakes
Free admission with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday Dec. 14th £1.00
X.T.C.
+ Support

Thursday December 15th £1.50
MUD
Advance tickets on sale from Box Office and usual agents
LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

NEW WAVE—PUNK

BANDS + DISCO at NIKKERS CLUB,
59 CAVENDISH STREET, KEIGHLEY Tel 602822

TUES, DEC. 13th, 8pm to 1am
XTC plus ACCELERATORS

TUES, DEC. 20th, 8pm to 1am
BUZZCOCKS

DEC. 27th... ALL DAY MUSIC
FESTIVAL! 12 hours—1pm to 1am
6 Bands
SKUNKS, DRONES, V.2.,
DAWNWATCHER, ROUGE,
RUDI & THE ZIPPS Plus JOHN
COOPER CLARKE
Bars open all day. Tickets £2
Available now — enclose SAE

CLUB CAPACITY 700 AGENTS TEL. 602822 FOR BOOKINGS

SPOOKY LADY

Temple Mills Lane, Hackney, E.15

Wednesday December 7th 70p before 11pm — £1.00 after 11pm
NEW WAVE NIGHT

Thursday December 8th 70p before 11pm — £1.00 after 11pm
TONIGHT

Friday December 9th £1.00
HOLLYWOOD

Saturday December 10th £1.00
BOUNCER

Wednesday December 14th 70p before 11pm — £1.00 after 11pm
PENETRATION

Thursday December 15th 70p before 11pm — £1.00 after 11pm
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
Licensed Bar 8.30 pm — 2 am.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
Tel. Uxbridge 39125

Friday December 9th
A Heavy Metal Benefit in aid
of P.R.O.P. & H.C.A.R.F.

STRAY

+ STRIFE

Tickets 80p in advance £1 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary or City Electronics, The Shopping Precinct, Uxbridge.

Nearest tube: Uxbridge
Buses: 204, 207, 222, 223, 224 pass the door.

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail: New Barnet
Tel: 01-499 0465

Thursday December 8th
SHAKE BEFORE USE

Friday December 9th
HOTLINE

Saturday December 10th
BLUNT INSTRUMENT

Sunday December 11th
GRAND HOTEL

Tuesday December 13th
COLD STEEL CURSE

BRIAN B's
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ON THE TOWN

A generation that could last for years

Generation X ROUNDHOUSE, CHALK FARM

THE FIRST TIME I encountered Generation X (or at least their lead singer/figurehead Billy Idol) it left an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

The poor little sod had been collared by one of London's most hideous punk rock managers at a party and the vision of beauteous Billy's coyness coupled with the screaming queenishness of his predator-chaperone led me to the erroneous conclusion that here was just another effete would-be pop star with zero talent but the kind of looks that would endear him to all the seedy gay rock-biz entrepreneurs.

In other words, Idol seemed the perfect '70s new wave equivalent to all those pretty nonentities that the likes of Joe Meek would pick up and turn into overnight sensations back in the '60s.

Idol, in fact, appears to have suffered from all manner of parallel-drawing with '60s pretty boys, even dying his blonde hair diverse shades several times because too many people reckoned he looked like Heinz.

All of which is more than a little unfair because on Sunday at the Roundhouse Idol and his band proved quite conclusively that they belong firmly in the vanguard of the New Wave's premier division, right alongside the Pistols, Clash and the Heartbreakers.

Generation X are, in fact, in a unique but not necessarily uncomfortable position right now.

The collective visual pretty boy youthfulness has them pinned as perfect pop-star fodder for the nervous - giggling - and - wet - seats girlie set but their music is paced with such a resoundingly defiant clout that great rock-'n'-roll anthems flow naturally from them.

At their best for example (and Sunday's gig certainly caught them in the proverbial ascendant) they seem able to override almost all of the

shortcomings that continually dog other similarly-placed bands.

Their sound possesses both clarity and an abrasive muscle, their lyrics are assertive without being stupidly dogmatic and even though they seem determined to make every song consciously an anthem to modern youthful rock'n'roll, the sheer exuberance of their performance continually and effectively backs it up.

Of course, they have their shortcomings. When taken out of the context of the merciless firepower pacing of their set, the rockers all stand up individually, but en masse they tend to overkill, all being built up in a thrilling, but similar, fashion.

In fact, Generation X are yet another New Wave band who have either refused or are too young to understand the necessary dynamics of pacing a gig (and the old rock warhorses as much as you want, the best of the old school still know how to pace a set better than any of this new breed).

Also, in choosing a relentless build-up of songs for a set, they end up working twice as hard to create an effect; it would pay more dividends if they were to toss in a well-honed ballad or at least a slower-paced number with a particularly strong melody.

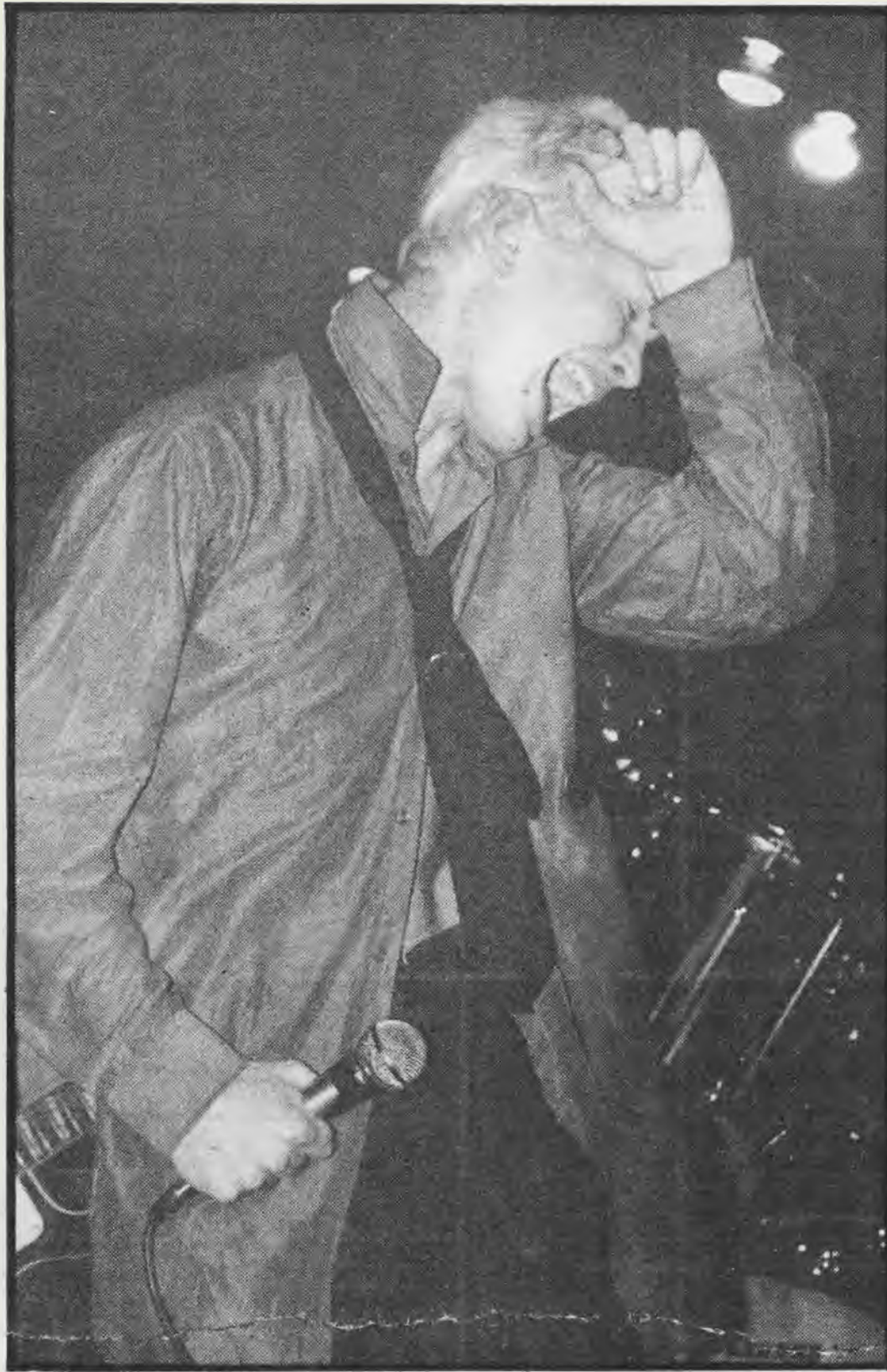
Generation X have so much going for them on one level — their rockers all scream out at you with great hook-lines, and riffs — that to deny the inclusion of just one number with a more thoughtful and well-conceived sense of melody is just keeping the whole set stuck in the old one-dimensional field like all the other New-Wavers.

Still, it's early days yet and I have a lot of faith in this bunch.

Sunday night proved more conclusively than at any time before that they're one of the privileged few who don't have to reach out desperately for the attitude and mode of attack. It all comes naturally.

They've got the mark of greatness, and don't let anyone tell you different.

Nick Kent



Selective misfortunes: Billy Idol has a headache...

Joan Baez

EDINBURGH

AFTER A career that has included vast numbers of both concerts and political rallies, on Sunday at the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, Joan Baez seemed to find a perfect synthesis of the two.

The strident polemicising which has sometimes tended to undersell her abilities as an interpreter of both traditional and contemporary songs was replaced by a more subdued (though no less staunch) commitment. The sell-out audience proved quietly responsive to the ensuingly relaxed atmosphere.

Joan had already imbued a political consciousness into the concert, since the proceeds from all her European shows are going to a variety of charities. Further, some of her songs were dedicated to particular personalities — "Kumbaya" to Steve Biko, and the Israeli folk-song, "Donna Donna" to Sadat ("since political acts of intelligence are rare"); but there were no lengthy diatribes. She let the songs do the talking.

Though she initially promised to lighten her repertoire with a selection of new songs, this intention was undermined by her willingness to allow the audience to dictate her choice of material, and so the ultimate selection, which spanned the spectrum of her career (from every stage, right) featured only two unrecorded songs.

There were in fact, twice as many songs from her 1960 debut as from her latest album, though perhaps this was inevitable since she was performing solo and she has become accustomed to using musicians on recent recordings.

From the new album was "Time Rag", "a kind of talking disco beat blues". Without any support, she could do no more than simply recite the lyrics in a rhythmic fashion, but it was a performance that captured the song's humour more successfully than on record.

Of the others, she included all those songs that will be eternally associated with her ("There But For Fortune", "The Night They Drove Old

Dixie Down", "Diamonds And Rust" and "Joe Hill", which she always seems to use as a closing song, so future audiences should refrain from requesting it if they want a long set), as well as the acappella renditions of "Amazing Grace" and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" that she uses as set-pieces; on the latter, she dispensed with the microphone, to allow her soaring voice to flood the hall.

There were, of course, also a selection of Scottish ballads, which were warmly appreciated.

It was, altogether, an elating opening night for her short British tour.

Bob Woffinden

Frankie's a wonderful person, but he's still got problems

Frankie Miller/ RAINBOW

IT GIVES me no pleasure to inform you that Frankie Miller's first major London appearance with his new band was, at best, a sham-ble.

Retaining just Chrissie Stewart from the previous Full House line-up, he now has the backing of drummer B. J. Wilson (formerly?) of Procol Harum, Paul Carrack (formerly?) of Ace, a two-piece horn section of Chris Mercer (tenor sax) and Martin Drover (trumpet), and guitarist Mick Moody.

On the evidence of Thursday night's gig, this latest Miller aggregation fail even to summon the questionable muscle of the last line-up, going as they do for an identikit British rock R&B-derived swagger, very much in the Free tradition.

In terms of notes and chords this kind of rock music isn't difficult to play but, as this gig made only too clear, unless it's played with the right kind of control it ends up hopelessly dated. Moody was particularly at fault here, injecting licks into the proceedings which sounded plain tired.

But the biggest disappointment of the evening was B. J. Wilson, one of the country's best drummers. As you probably know, he was once considered for the Led Zeppelin drum seat.

Though renowned for his power, on Thursday night he was noticeable for his lack of it.

Most of Miller's material requires the kind of beefy, straight fours Simon Kirke excels at; but strangely enough, Wilson insisted on putting in embellishments when they weren't required, and failing totally to give the band the necessary thrust.

Miller's own performance, sad to report, only reflected the band's lack of any real cutting edge. The singer too often bawled his way through songs, rather than demonstrating the vocal prowess that has resulted in so many accolades being heaped on him in recent years.

Only on one song, "Falling In Love", one of several new numbers, did Miller really get to grips with his material and interpret it with sensitivity.

It's one thing having talent; it's another knowing what to do with it. And Miller still has problems with such elementary tasks as pacing his set and choosing the right songs to include in it.

He has enough good material strewn over his four albums to put together a suitably hard-hitting set and, anyway, with a voice like that he shouldn't have any problems finding suitable songs to sing.

What's more, the band's arrangements only emphasised the predictability of it all.

Sound problems didn't help things, and neither did the audience, a restless and thugish lot who both handicapped Miller through their constant inattention and also gave him far too easy a ride by applauding vigorously at the end.

Judging from Thursday night's events, Frankie Miller seems fated to become the most notorious under-achiever of the late '70s, after what can best be described as a faltering career. You could compare him with Joe Cocker — but at least he managed to lay his considerable talent on a world-wide audience before ending up as something of a laughing stock.

Miller already seems to be content to be treated that way. What was that The Staple Singers once said about respecting yourself?

Admittedly, support band Meal Ticket went down surprisingly well, and this was undoubtedly due to Miller's detriment. A sizeable portion of the audience seemed to be at the gig solely to see the band, a reason why so much shuffling around occurred during Miller's set.

The general critical consensus regarding Meal Ticket is that they're excellent musicians, but rather dull as a band by dint of their inability to project themselves or write good material.

By the standard of Thursday night's performance they didn't even play well, making the kind of routine mistakes more in keeping with a gig at the local youth club. Their only redeeming factor was some good vocal arrangements and an excellent sound (that was to compare very favourably with Miller's.)

All in all, rather a sad evening.

Steve Clarke



A tent has just fallen on Joan.

Pic: JOE STEVENS



... and Frankie Miller looks constipated...

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Danny Ray 100 CLUB

SELF-STYLED playboy Danny Ray failed to attract much of an audience to his gig at the 100 Club weekly Thursday roots session; nor did his performance suggest he might improve upon this at a future date.

It might have been a fair presumption to suggest Ray a considerably greater attraction than box-office receipts actually proved; as he is a more than half decent singer, and with "Playboy" had scored one of the most popular ethnic hits of 1977. This one will run and run.

Sadly, empathy between the singer and his backing group Eclipse was conspicuous only by its absence; and on several occasions the hands was at odds with itself, playing two different numbers at the same time.

They opened the show with a fairly competent, if only barely inspired, reading of Zukie's "MPLA", before the lanky vocalist bounded onstage to croon "Ain't That Loving You?", followed by "Revolution Rock", "Ain't It A Beautiful Morning?" and Del Wilson's "Rain From The Sky" — all of which Danny read well, even if their treatment suffered from this aforementioned lack of rehearsal.

For his interpretation of The Paragons' "Happy Go Lucky Girl", Ray was joined by talker Super Star — who shares the singer's record company, Golden Age — and helped disguise some of the show's shortcomings with his own brand of nonsensical skank.

Super Star's own achievement in the field of recorded reggae has been a small hit with a record entitled "Move Up Hutch", which is self-explanatory.

The toaster and the singer

Marino show proves deafeningly awful

Mahogany Rush
HAMMERSMITH

FRANK MARINO is one of the most accomplished and potentially exquisite guitarists on the planet, but you wouldn't have known it last Saturday.

He looks awful, for a start. His 1973 dress sense, waist-length hair, Yes shirt and high-heeled knee boots, allied to a bleak lightshow, made for a gruesome sense of bleakness.

The excruciating volume only compounded the hellish atmosphere. As each successive song peeled further layers of skin off the skull, one's main thought was of retreat.

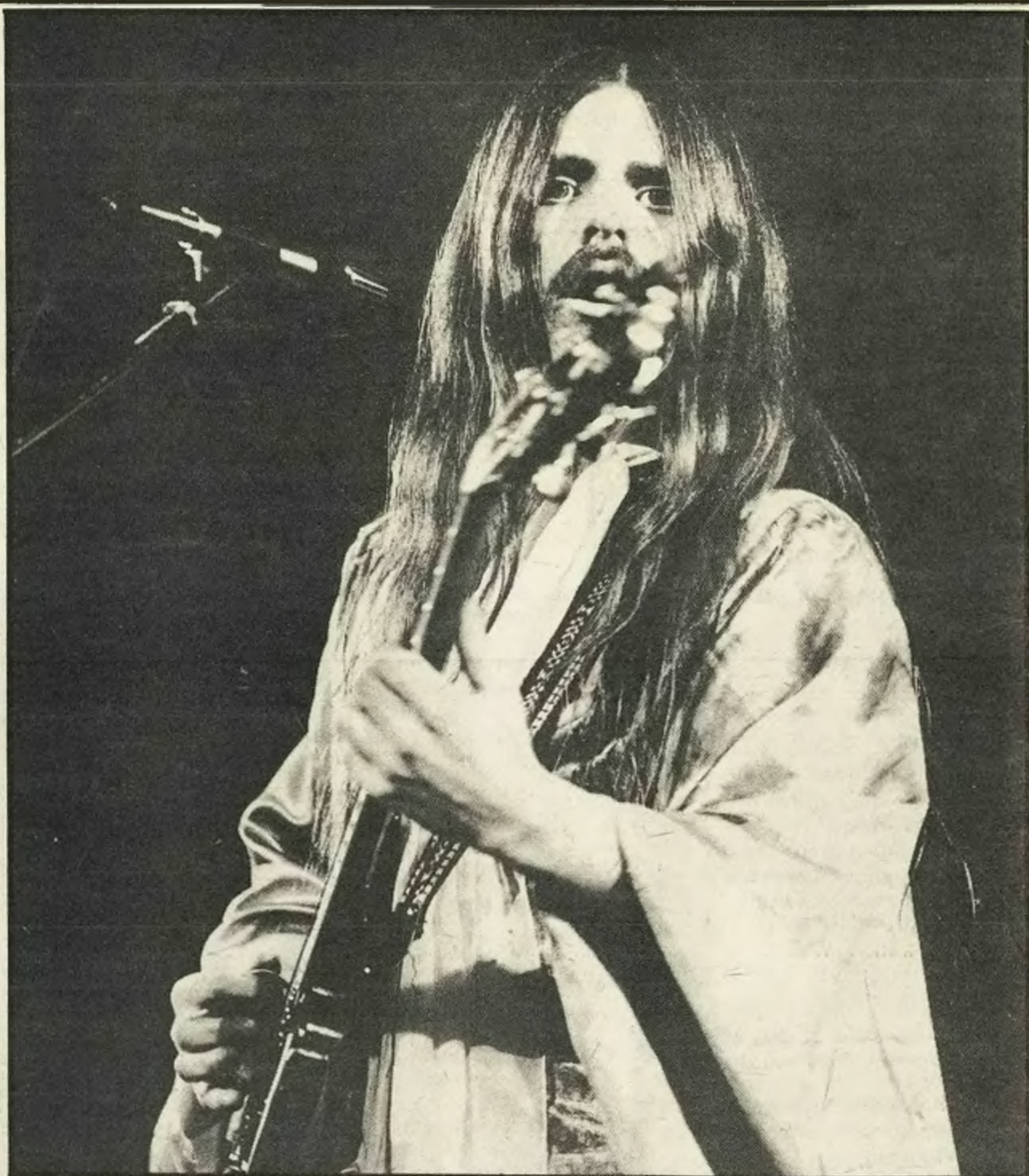
Marino demonstrated that he has a fantastic range of sounds at his command — aided on occasions by judicious use of tape backings — and he even quietened down enough on "Look At Me" to play some fairly subtle guitar. He's a brilliant player.

It would be totally wrong to bracket M. Rush with either the bombastic attack of Kiss or the HM operatics of Rush.

Like Aerosmith, Marino left me thinking how he'd blow the Roundhouse into tiny pieces if ever some promoter stopped to think for ten seconds about how misrepresented touring American bands always are in London.

This show, for me at least, was cold, cavernous and extremely disappointing. Not Frank's fault.

Phil McNeill



FRANK MARINO looking awful. Pic GUS STEWART

remained together for the remainder of the set, which included The Diamonds' "Why My Black Brother, Why?", Marley's "Waiting In Vain" and "Want More", and Danny's own "Playboy", which proved the most successful execution of the evening.

A more successful execution

would have been... Well, never mind.

Danny Ray makes fairly pleasant records; and his stage show gave every suggestion that he is capable of entertaining a crowd with his voice.

However, he needs to rehearse some before hitting the road.

Penny Reel

David Essex / Alessi

EDINBURGH

THE FIRST time I encountered Alessi was on the radio, when I genuinely thought that I must have hit the Radio Two button by mistake. In due course, the seductive shuffle of

"Oh Lori" invaded my sub-conscious to become one of the year's most pleasing singles.

In concert Alessi adhered pretty closely to the recorded article. The twins themselves cut a pretty pair, snug in their clean-cut, white clad, American beauty. Their high harmonies floated prettily out

into the auditorium on a percussive patter.

Meanwhile the note-perfect backing musicians potted about happily and at the end of each number the young female audience gave vent to high pitched hurrahs of approval.

It was all rather like a bumper edition of *Cracker-jack*.

BURNING SPEAR



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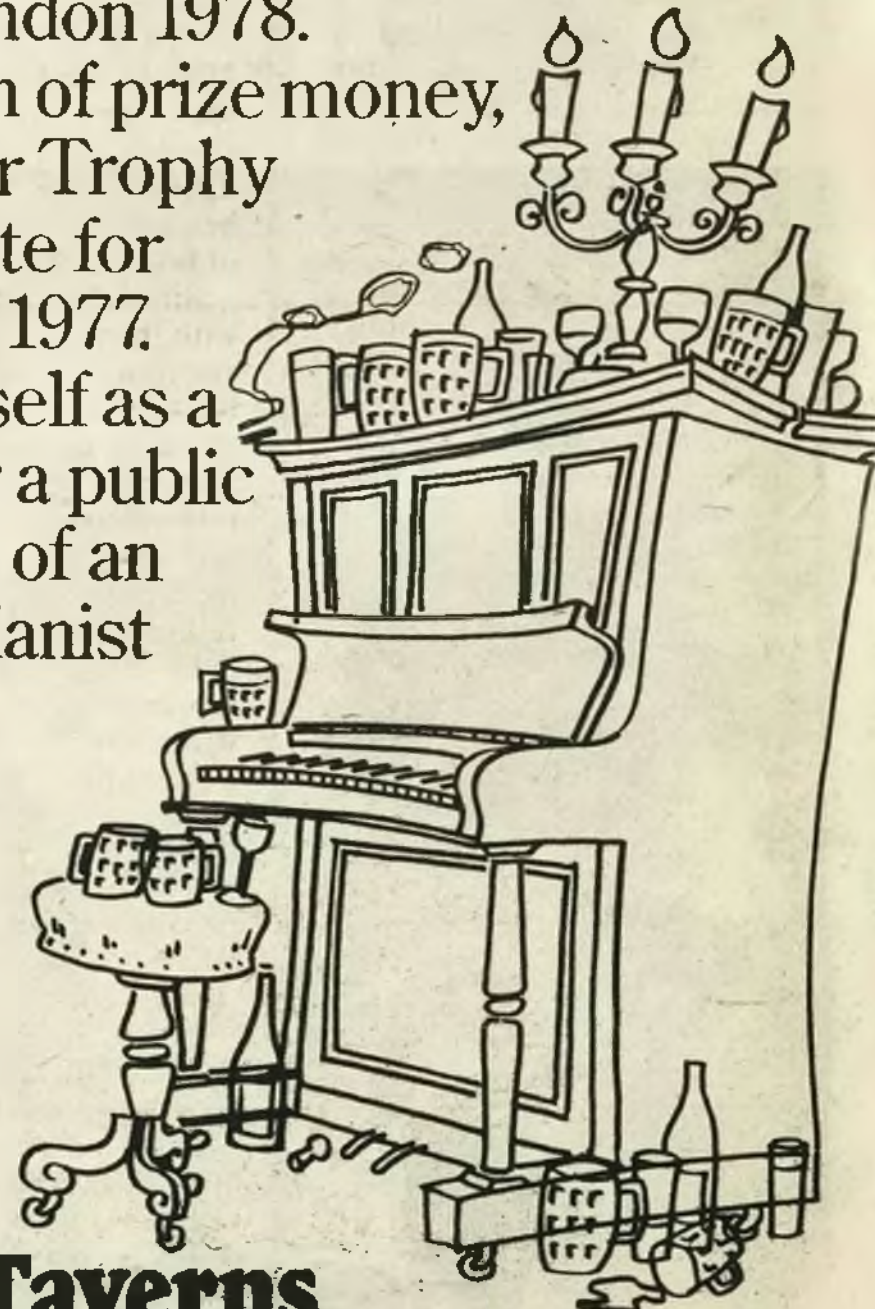
There's £500's worth of prize money, and the Silver Cauliflower Trophy to be won. The closing date for entries is December 31st 1977.

So if you fancy yourself as a Liberace of the saloon, or a public bar pianissimo, grab hold of an entry form for the 'Pub Pianist of London 1978' at any St. George's Tavern. Like allegro!! Or contact The Pub Information Centre, 2 Caxton St., London SW1. Tel: 01-222 3232

for details.



St. George's Taverns
—a lot more than a drink.



Penetration show proves deafeningly awful

Penetration,
NASHVILLE

SUNDAY NIGHT, it's freezing and this big cold barn of a place slowly fills with obvious punks and neo-punks, some of whom look like they've crawled out of the woodwork especially.

The more choice members seem to have arrived from Hounslow with the support group and render them vociferous support.

The name is Milk which, unfortunately, I remember as white and wet.

OK, it's also wholesome

There wasn't apparently too much of either effort or feeling, but clearly there is more to Alessi than mere MOR appeal or the teenybop interest evinced by the pubescents.

Even though they occupy the sanitised and characterless end of the rock spectrum, some of their writing has a substance and sophistication that belies the airy-fairy delivery.

Fronting a suitably faceless but correct band, David Essex arrived on stage to an ear-piercing scream and ran effortlessly through his greatest hits, occasionally hamming it up to drive the teanies into new paroxysms of frenzy.

There were also some numbers from the new album, "Back Street Crawler" and "New Horizons", which tantalisingly hint that there is more to David Essex than making the little girls scream.

I've always reckoned there was, especially after the excellent "Gonna Make You A Star" when he smilingly posed the question: is he more, too much more, than a pretty face? (Only to have his chorus chant back, *I don't think so!*)

Well, I do think so, but it certainly should have materialised by now.

Essex plays everything so safe that he never once came close to walking the line.

Sometimes he looked happy, occasionally he looked bored, but mostly he just looked nothing at all.

Even when he came off at the end of the set (I was standing back-stage) he looked totally emotionless.

Perhaps he's been too long in the acting profession to let the real David Essex — always assuming that there is one — forge through and take over.

Ian Cranna



and nourishing — a long way from the spirit of this band, however.

They look like The Clash in their white boiler suits and play a fairly standard thrash of ditties with titles like "I Want To Do Rude Things To You" (which includes an inexplicably mild reference to "making love") and a vitriolic "I Hate The G.L.C."

That phrase is repeated until the guitar solo after which it's resumed until the end. Two aging punkettes coyly play the spoons and a beer glass behind the band.

One needed a pretty thorough anaesthesia of Extra Special Bitter to get through this, so by the time Penetration had changed and tuned I was ready for anything.

Indeed, you get used to groups looking like this: singer Pauline in leopard-skin top, cropped hair, leathersuit and black-rimmed eyes, a lanky bass player in the Hammer/Humphrey Ocean mould, lead guitarist dressed like a Pirate, drummer quite normal (really disturbing).

Talking with them before the set they were genuinely nice friendly people, all from the same street in a small North-Eastern mining town.

Last week they got their first ever wage from the music business (£5 each); Pauline went and lost her purse with the fiver in it.

Tonight they play hard, but at what?

All the numbers are based around power chord riffs, some of them all-too-familiar, like the 'A' side of their single "Don't Dictate", straight off Sabbath's "Paranoid", "Never, Never" a Bachmann-Turner derivative or "V.I.P.", which is "I Can't Explain" at 78 rpm.

Guitarist Gary Chaplin sets this pace, but doesn't do much else; his solos don't go anywhere and R. Blamire on functional Fender bass plugs away at the root notes of the chords.

Maybe I'm jaded. "Don't Dictate" had the pogoers at the front going, while I was standing on a table straining to hear the lyrics which the band had assured me were the result of hours of work.

Similarly "Free Money". As with the rest of the set, the vocals were distorted to a bleat by the excessive volume, although you couldn't miss Gary Smallman's drumming (always fifteen to the dozen and spot-on) or the way Pauline fondled the chops of a bashful, red-face punk in the front row.

Dynamic overkill did for this set, and rhythmic monotony was relieved briefly by "Silent Community" which featured an interesting beat and a neat coda.

Yes, I tapped my foot a lot, but that might as well have been a Pavlovian reaction to a rhythm box.

On the last number Pauline exhorted the audience with "You can dance to this one."

Oh yeah? A mass of bodies including an incongruous bearded in a yellow anorak ossillated vertically.

I finished my pint and fell off the table.

Steve Taylor



PENETRATION. Pix: ROSS HALFIN



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"MORE THAN A WOMAN"



Hello, he's back again...

Gary Glitter
RAINBOW

THE GARY Glitter Silver Star Xmas Cabaret Extravaganza with **OOOMPH!** tinsel, sequins, slapstick and sleaze both front and rear, was being well received by the young ladies next to me. In fact the whole joint was going nuts.

On stage the spotlight centred on Glitter's backside. It wiggled. The crowd screamed. Glitter fell to his knees and held out his arms. The music stopped.

Glitter inched his way front-stage like some tinsel Moses. He said nothing. The crowd screamed.

You have to hand it to him. Glitter has his parody of the star syndrome down to a fine art. You can't resist it.

I sat in the middle of a crowd

that included moms with three-year-old children, middle-class couples conservatively dressed with idiot glowing green bangles around their necks, teenagers decked out in fan-club finery, an 80-year-old woman with a huge silver top hat, Johnny Rotten with his mom, brother and Paul Cook and Steve Jones, and a few thousand others.

It was a safe show. A re-run of sing-along with Gary, see Gary on the motor cycle, see Gary do the electric chicken — flapping his wings and skipping/strutting around in circles... whatever Glitter did, the ladies next to me were breathless with hysterics.

Glitter was the fab clown. He said it himself: "I don't know why I've been away but I'm back and I'm never going away again!"

There was a lot of talk later that people had seen him in better form.



Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

That's true. But the last word goes to Johnny Rotten's mom who waited backstage with both sons, hoping that Gary would give her a little of his time.

"I've always wanted to meet you every since I saw you on the telly," she said to him. "I thought you were wonderful." How about that?

Jamie Mandelkau

Wire duck? Wire not?

Wire
MUSIC MACHINE

WIRE ARE a four-piece postcard.

The line-up is right to left, a guitarist, a singer, a bass guitarist. At the back is a drummer.

The guitarists have cords from their instruments to their amplifiers. The vocalist has a microphone connected to a public address system. The drummer has microphones around his drumkit which transmit the sound of his kit through the public address system.

The strings on the guitars are metal. When the guitars are played the magnetic pick-ups on the guitars transmit the signal along the cables, through the amplifiers, past the spaces and to your ears.

If you are close to the group, that is, if you are in the same building as the group, you hear

music.

On the musicians are clothes. The clothes are quite black. On the bass musician's shirt is a red shiny heart. The vocalist has white shoes. The other guitarist is also in black. He is very tall and very thin.

When I was watching Wire play I noticed that some nice girls put their fingers in their ears. Also, I decided not to have another drink.

Their songs are very short. Their songs are either fast, slow or medium. They played exactly 19 songs.

Some of their songs are 20 seconds long, the longest is three minutes.

After they completed their set the disc jockey played Elvis Costello's new single. Before Wire played he played "Cocaine In My Brain".

Wire are not "a good band". Wire are not "a bad band".

Wire are a twist of nylon in a smokesignal.

Valerie Gaywood

Nina Simone
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE

YOU CAN'T keep tabs on everybody all the time.

It wasn't until this concert was announced that I realised there hasn't been much heard from, or about, Nina Simone in many a day.

Eight years to be precise, when she last visited Britain.

Since then, what's happened?

Something not entirely clear cut, that's for sure. I just had the vaguest impression that she's been living somewhere in Africa on an extended sabbatical from show-biz but there seems to be a lot more to it than that, a lot more.

We all ought to know about it. (Certainly, I'm ashamed to admit, I ought to).

Did she jump or was she pushed?

Judging by some of her sardonic comments, and the devoted audience's knowing response to her remarks, she was shunted out of the limelight because of her uncompromising tendency to speak her mind on matters great or small, be it the fight for black equality or the musical shortcomings of a fellow artist.

Perhaps she embarrassed a few too many people. Why, for instance, has this internationally respected artist no record company behind her? It bears thinking about.

It was about halfway through her two-hour solo performance that these thoughts began to gell inside me, along with the realisation of just how extraordinary this woman really is.

Never having seen her before, it took me that long to stop trying to categorise the unexpected and simply relax into the fact that whichever way she chose to express herself (and she certainly chose some diverse ways during the course of the evening) she was giving of herself more openly, more deeply, than most artists I've ever seen.

And the overwhelming impression was one of simmering anger born of a multitude of pains and sorrows, personal grief and universal injustice.

Most of the time she sat at the piano in the centre of a bare stage, where she wrung herself through more styles of songs than I'd care to mention — particularly as I didn't know them — nearly all either harrowing or sombre, if not in content then by interpretation.

Among the more straightforward songs, if such a description is right for material so uniquely embroidered, I did recognise The Bee Gee's "To Love Somebody" and a couple of her earliest recordings, "Fine And Mellow" and "Mississippi Goddamn".

Unlike most performers, she seemed as emotionally affected by the memories as those members of the audience who were shouting requests and encouragement.

The audience was almost an act unto itself.

A mixed and motley crowd, ranging from middle-aged couples who seemed to have dropped in from the nearby opera house and insisted on shouting "Bravo!" to scruffy old hippies (and scruffy old journalists), they were united by a very apparent love for Nina.

During one of the brighter moments of the concert, one of several occasions when Nina left her piano to perform accapella songs and chants, the unison was such that they were coaxed into providing a three-part harmony moan with additional sound effects to accompany a particularly haunting African song.

A magical moment in what was not entirely a joyful evening, but one which I certainly shan't forget in a hurry.

Cliff White



Wire: the singer, stage centre.

Pic: GUS STEWART

Son et lumiere for the 1980's

Laserock
PLANETARIUM

WITH ITS capacity to inflict death and destruction at vast distances, the laser would seem to be the ideal visual accompaniment to rock music.

When the punks finally break through in the States, in the early '80s, the art of mutilation could be taken to a new, higher level.

As for gobbing, that would be relegated to no more than a polite form of social intercourse.

In the meantime, we must settle for the use of the laser at a fraction of its full potential. Hence, *Laserock*: "The beauty of Laserium with the power of Rock'n'Roll".

Laserock is staged at the London Planetarium, a building whose usual function is to explain the mysteries of the planets to charabanc loads of schoolchildren from the sticks.

As a result, the lasers are able to dance to mystical effect among stars projected onto the concave ceiling. Very stunning it is, too, for the first 10 minutes or so.

After that, all those squiggles begin to look like a tired businessman's doodles on a cosmic blotter. What his analyst would make of those patterns is anyone's guess.

A further snag is that the Laserium's idea of powerful rock'n'roll is Joe Walsh playing "Rocky Mountain Way" or Yes with "Roundabout". Or, inevitably, "Oxygene".

In other words, MOR rock acceptable to Americans.

This sadly bland choice of music (coupled with a feeble lack of wattage) tends to throw the aesthetics of the whole venture into question.

The antics of the lasers themselves are certainly most ingenious.

Lots of intriguing geometrics loops and warps, like cobwebs spun by spiders on acid. Enough to give Ladies Embroidery Circles a nasty turn.

The ultimate snag, though, is that there's a limit to what can be achieved with all those spindly strands of light. Which is no doubt why the more sensitive rock bands use them with restraint.

And why an hour of this stuff at the Planetarium could seem like a long time.

Bob Edmands

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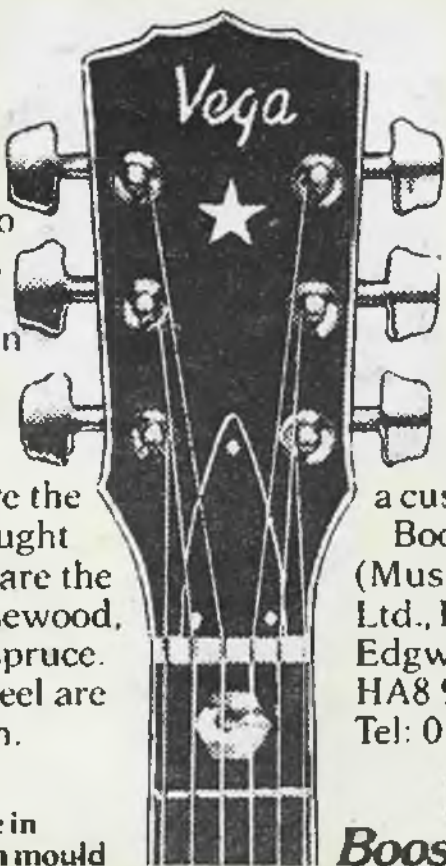
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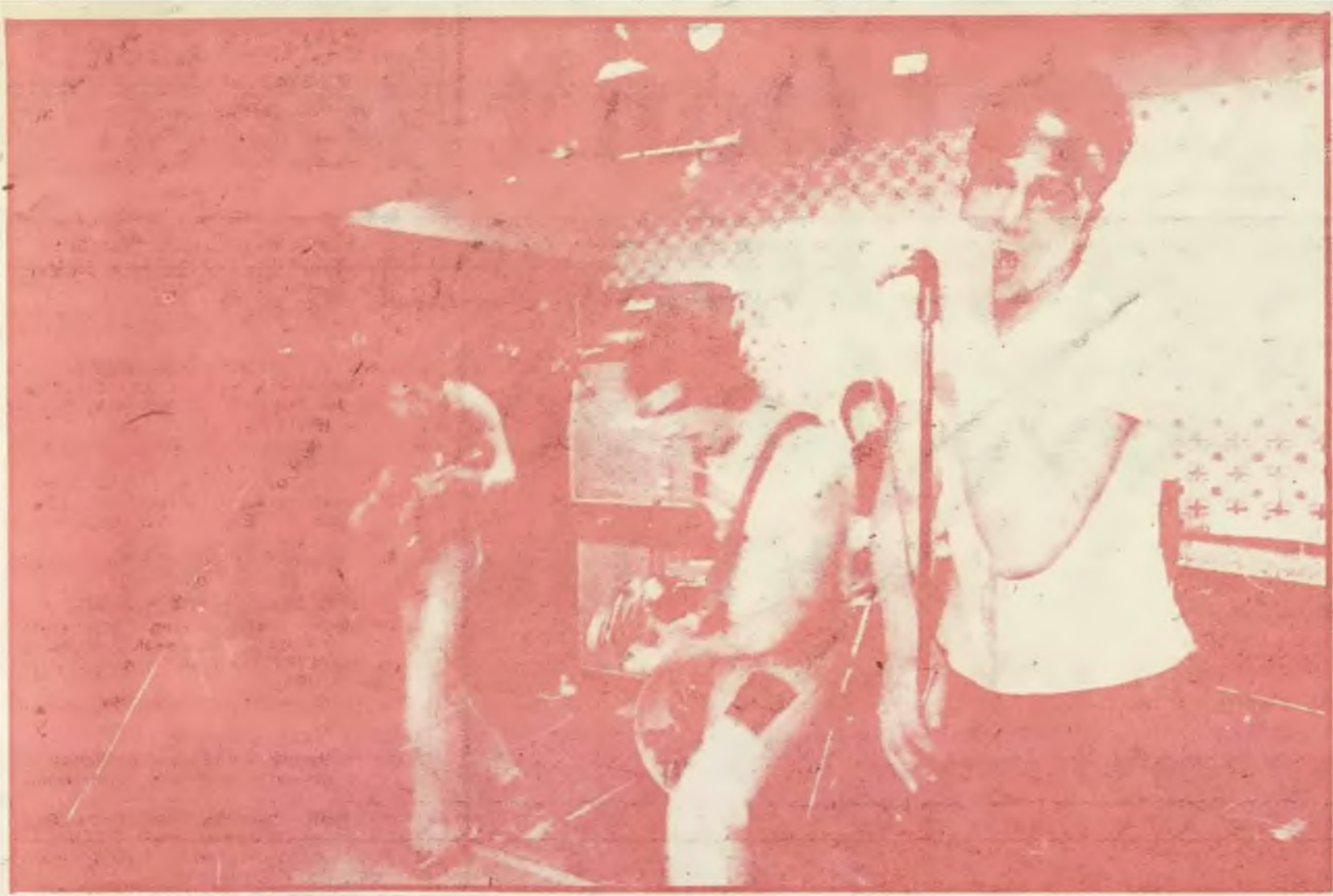
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Rumble Strips come before The Fall

(on this page anyway)

Rumble Strips

RED COW,
HAMMERSMITH

WE SEEM to be waking up these days to the virtues of bands nurtured beyond the steamy hot-house confines of Sin City, but the idea of a post-New Wave band from East Anglia doesn't seem quite right.

But now along come Rumble Strips and they are gonna make a mark too, no two ways.

This is the fourth Wednesday they've played here at the spartan, uncomfortable Red Cow and each week has seen a steady improvement, sound- and confidence-wise.

They need their confidence, this lot, and more of it to get over their brand of provincial brashness and exorcise the more academic traits in their performance.

On stage they are theatrical in a very integrated way; front-man Philip Bird giving away his former theatrical calling with every robotic guitar-arm action and prolonged manic stare.

Familiar gestures, fair enough. The real payoff of that experience came on a song like "Headache", delivered as a dramatic monologue, or in "dealing with" hecklers, or the lone exhibitionist idiot dancer who by some time-warp appeared on stage.

"City People" is the only number in which overt theatricality rears its ugly head (i.e. Bird's which looks like it's been sprayed with polyurethane) but this is kept in perspective by a) its singularity and b) the music in which guitarist Hal Chenhall seems to have invented a new rhythm form.

He pumps out measured, thigh-clenched riffs which

underpin most of the songs and his acerbic tone is right forward in the mix acting as a cutting edge to the band's sound.

Rumble Strips go way beyond much New Waving in their apparent willingness to absorb really popular current rhythms without giving up on breakneck speed or a metronomic pulse where needed.

So "Scared" comes over as a kind of android reggae, "I Want To Go To London" shoots through like a Norwich-bound transit after a gig and "Admit It" can be transformed from a piano-based Carpenters intro by Chenhall's sharp guitar licks.

At the Red Cow the energy level is high, even when there's only been a skeleton audience due to a local football match, with Paul Wooldridge (drums) and Lyndall Leuw (real name, bass) sweating pure Norfolk macho.

Overall, it's as if by putting so much energy into what is, in effect, a comment on contemporary rock, they've come out the other side of parody/pastiche with some genuinely new and vital music.

Lyrical distance from London has given them a new lease of life, beyond the banal loyalties of supposedly 'London' bands. Some of their most grabbing stage numbers are in this vein, "Black Rain", "City People", "I Want To Go To London".

So look out for the Strips, as they're bound to become known, preferably at a more congenial gig than the Red Cow, somewhere for instance where one week the sound doesn't suddenly cut dead halfway through the set two bars before the end of a number.

The reason: the meter ran out.

As for the band, as soon as power was restored they went straight into those two lost bars.

Steve Taylor

The Fall,

KATIE'S, NOTTINGHAM

BEESTON IS a slice of smug suburbia, two miles from the centre of Nottingham; an unlikely location for Katie's, a recently-opened Midlands rock venue.

The club convenes twice weekly to challenge the University's stifling monopoly as the city's principal provider of live music. The existence of Katie's as a new and needed venue rests on the uncertain mix of public support and promotional flair.

The Fall from Manchester came to play Katie's on a damp Thursday evening.

In Manchester the band attend the Musicians Collective; gig sporadically at the Squat (a vacant University building); and have frequently supported The Buzzcocks.

Today misuse breeds distortion as the term "political" grows more meaningless when used in a rock context. The Fall are tagged a political band.

Mark Smith, their lyricist and singer, feels The Fall are wary of cultivating a career out of such a label. He says the band sing four directly political songs.

Before The Fall, The Worst and The GT's performed short, timid, tedious 'sets'.

The Worst are the worst! The GT's unlistenable.

In this difficult atmosphere The Fall delivered a curious set earmarked for mayhem and discord.

Visually odd and angry, their songs are short, sharp summaries: "Hey Fascist" for the innocent; "Dirty Old Estate" for the residents; "Steppin' Out" for the lonely; and "Frightened" for the uncommitted.

Each song is constructed around a single recurrent phrase etched out by guitar or keyboards. Such a consistent approach tends to make their music sound too similar, though the band fought a fruitless battle against a restrictive, inadequate P.A.

Finally, The Fall played "Repetition", their best song. Then Mark the singer, mouthed into the microphone, the title of the next song, "Bingo Masters". As if on cue, the power was removed, the house lights switched off, and the club plunged into darkness.

From the stage rose embittered voices, "We'll get Robin Hood . . ."

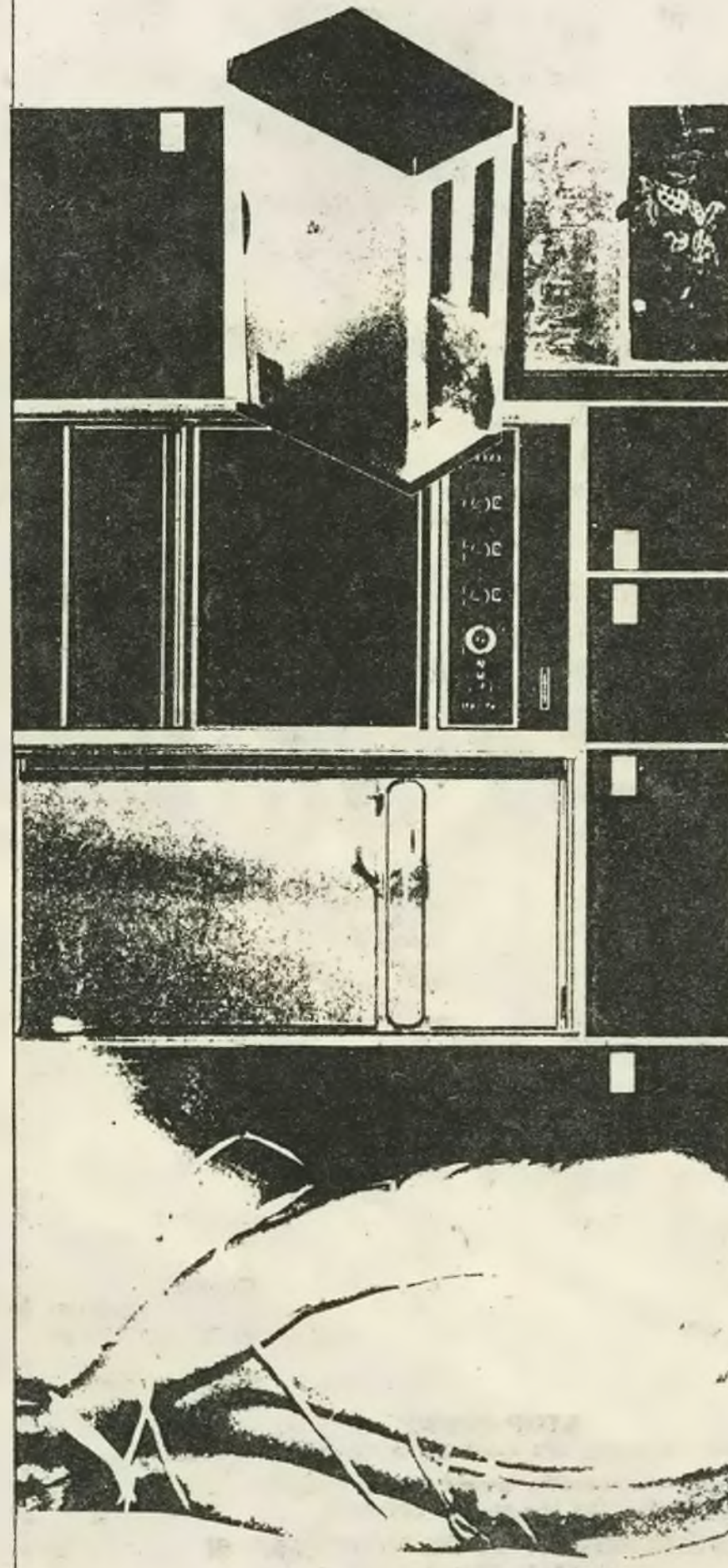
Malcolm Heyhoe

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Jimmy Coul: Body Of The Year?

Pic: HOWARD PHILLIPS

The fastest band in the land

Warsaw Pakt

HAMMERSMITH

THE WARSAW Pakt have only been together four months and have everything, but everything going for them.

Five anorexics with spray-on jeans playing fast, tight russian roulette to an audience of frenzied dirty mags and blue hair.

A sound that is very together. A sound that hits you like lead in the stomach. A sound that was recorded last week-end for their debut album.

The music is high-powered, neat and rocking. Suicidal

Spermicidal, guaranteed to abort the most sober of minds. The numbers are gyrating, pulsating, leaning heavily on bass.

Lead vocals, Jimmy Coul, wins the "Body of the Year" award for his theatrical vivacity. The band promote high energy nihilism... the punks at the front adore them. Enthusiasm spits lakes of enjoyment on the floor.

A femme fatale with lurex legs and geriatric hat adds to the drama on stage. The band are the audience. The audience is the band. Everyone, but everyone, is having a fun time...

The band are impressive. Good looking look-alikes. No incongruity.

Well-oiled machinery playing the whole set in top gear. No need for overtaking, they are already in the outside lane.

They break into "Safe And Warm", their soon-to-be-released single. It's unmistakable. It kicks like a mule and sticks out a mile. The rest of the set fades into oblivion.

Island reckon they're onto a good thing. The promotions bandwagon is starting. Warsaw Pakt are unmistakably racing towards something. Hopefully towards a green light.

Bev Briggs

Don't look this gift horse on the lips

Horslips

RAINBOW

OVER THE last four years Horslips' fortunes have risen and dipped over a series of troublesome business and musical switchbacks.

But their show at London's Rainbow Theatre last Tuesday was enough to prove the course of their career is no longer haphazard.

The gig sold out, like most of the dates on their British tour.

and the audience comprised people who were as familiar with the songs from the most recent albums, "The Book Of Invasions" and "Aliens", as they were with the material from the group's debut set, "Happy To Meet, Sorry To Part".

Curiously, the fans have remained committed to Horslips' music in a way that the band haven't themselves.

On stage they've tirelessly experimented with their style, moving from early beginnings as essentially a rock group whose work dripped delightfully with their Irish heritage of

JAZZ DIARY

OXFORD STREET'S 100 Club follows the Jazz Centre Society Xmas Party on 9th December with Alex Welsh plus The Original Eastside Stompers on 10th, The Gene Allan Jazzmen on 11th, Pete Corrigan's 'Band Of Hope' Jazz Band on 14th, and Jabula on 16th.

Last call for The Globe Unity Orchestra, playing their final gig at London School of Economics Old Theatre on 7th December.

Anyone at a loss for what to buy a jazz buff for Xmas need look no further than Valerie Wilmer's *As Serious As Your Life*, a study of the new jazz published by Allison & Busby.

Readers will know her photographs, but possibly fewer will know that her writing is every bit as good. There's a comprehensive reference section at the end that is gonna get thumbed to death. Indispensable.

Under its new boss, an ex-tenorman, CBS are taking their jazz catalogue seriously and are in line for the annual Case Rehabilitation Beret Award.

December sees the release of volumes 2 and 3 of "The Lester Young Story", "A Musical Romance" drawn from the Lester-Lady Day collaboration, and "Enter The Count" from the 1938-9 period with Basie.

The first of the Charlie Parker releases, "Summit Meeting At Birdland" with Dizzy, Bud Powell and Milt Buckner, comes out this month, followed next year by "One Night At Birdland" with Navarro and Powell, and "Bird With Strings."

Stan Getz and Jimmy Rowles are featured on "The Peacocks", a double album of Hubbard, Shorter, Hancock, Carter and Williams, "The Quintet-VSOP", "Natural Elements" by Shakti, "Magic" by Billy Cobham, and Maynard Ferguson's "New Vintage" all have December release dates.

January, CBS are releasing "Paris Festival International De Jazz" with the Tadd Dameron Quintet which included Miles, recorded in 1949, and Volume 1 of "Montreux Summit" featuring Getz, Dexter and Golson.

February you can wrap the mudhocks around "Sophisticated Giant", Dexter over an 11-piece band.

Pablo releases include a double of "Montreux 77 - The Jam Sessions", "Count Basie Big Band", "Joe Pass" which is solo.

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Horslips: Fean and Devlin caught in animated pose.

jigs and reels, to become a blatant rock'n'roll act, and finally reach their present position, which falls comfortably between the two.

But the changes haven't been part of any logical evolution: more a series of abrupt convulsions.

That was indicative of stylistic uncertainty, but it's now undoubtedly in the past; the band now seem to know what they're trying to achieve.

Significantly, their set consisted of newer material, mostly drawn from "Invasions" and "Aliens", where they synthesised American musical influences with their own Irish roots.

But the major difference in their act was one of approach.

Their former bold wildness of a paddy band who imagined they were still performing in a Dublin ballroom was missing, and instead they preferred to show greater restraint.

Whereas this didn't prevent guitarist Johnny Fean occasionally crossing swords with Charles O'Connor's electric mandolin, there was a vast improvement in the vocal control, particularly when bassist Barry Devlin pushed himself in front of the microphone.

Although in appearance the band were more solemn (with the exception of drummer Eamon Carr who continually bullied his kit), their intention during the major part of the set was to establish their musical abilities.

With Jim Lockhart flitting from organ to flute and then to whistles, and O'Connor alternating between mandolin and fiddle, this they achieved, despite some sound problems.

The highlight of their set was the long section from "The Book Of Invasions": a near perfect example of their instrumental and vocal subtlety through the contrasting movements of Celtic melodies.

Obviously it is with this type of material where the band's collective strength rests, but towards the end of the act they couldn't resist launching into the high spirited, "King Of The Fairies", and then "Deary Doom".

With most of the audience crowded round the front of the stage, they returned for three encores, including the bizarre choice of Johnny and the Hurricanes', "Red River Rock".

Tony Stewart

The Extras SHEFFIELD

SINCE I last wrote about The Extras (NME June 25th), they've dropped all the cover versions of Bowie, J. J. Cale, Roxy and Cohen songs they used to scatter throughout their set, but without making any overt concessions to punk.

However, despite emphatic denials on their part, they still get numbered as a "new wave" outfit by those bent on categor-

isation. So they find themselves in limbo.

Not being punks, they remain uncool and unrecorded (a tragedy), but being the first Sheffield band categorised as new wave, they've accumulated a sizeable local following based on their thorough grass-roots approach, playing anywhere and everywhere in South Yorkshire.

Unfortunately, what they've failed to realise is that what Sheffield rock fans (and that includes punks and other sub-species) really want is not their own "local rave" band, but to be first in on a Big Thing.

And The Extras, having diligently built up a local following unknown in the past decade in Sheffield, have not moved on from there.

Stranded by their staunch refusal to sell out, they find themselves, after several months of mild record company interest, with no contract and a dwindling audience, as former fans gravitate towards newer, more identifiably "punk" local outfits like 2-3.

So where does that leave them?

Musically, on this showing, in their strongest position to date.

Lacking any comparisons, they've carved themselves a little space of their own, sounding at times like "Warm Jets" period Eno, at others like the early Velvets could have been if they'd had a pop sensibility, but really like nothing so much as The Extras.

Months of hammering out a regular set seem to have finally eradicated the looseness in their rhythm section — until recently, there were holes in the sound large enough to drive The Clash's limousine through — and the first couple of numbers, "Omega Mile" and "New Hydra", storm along with the tension of a Chieftain tank crossing the Niagara Falls by tightrope.

Their greatest plus-factor is the textural depth possible from an instrumental line-up which includes sax and keyboards besides the usual guitar / bass / drums framework; their riffing combines the leaden churning of "Sister Ray" with the currently-fashionable sharp edge of punk, and they're not averse to changing tempo in mid-song.

And in a mild-mannered Simon Anderson, The Extras have a guitarist who'll one day make a lot of money from his fretboard.

Always their standout soloist, he's now showing a maturity lacking in certain guitarists of world renown.

Not that the rest of the band (Ed Ake — vocals, literate lyrics and incurable romanticism; Robin Markin — electric piano, vocals, black gloves and stare; Andy Quick — sax and alien appearance; Cliff Face —

drums and natty dress; Rob Allen — bass and insularity) have remained stationary these last few months.

Where, before, the various elements pulled in different directions, now they're heading the same way, producing a performance both exciting and impressive, sprinkled liberally with potential hit singles like "What More Can I Say", "Goldie" (dynamically, their best number) and "Big Business", and climaxing with the breakneck insanity of "Doctors In Uniform".

Despite the never-ending saga of malfunctioning equipment and almost inaudible vocals, it was quite a magical occasion.

Andy Gill

Deke Leonard's Iceberg NASHVILLE

WHO-WHO! Who freaked Deke?

Deke Leonard — a battle-scarred old rock and roll warrior in a semi-new leather jacket — looked somewhat nervous at the start of his first major London gig with his new Iceberg, but he needn't have worried.

Working with only a rhythm section for support (only a rhythm section? Lincoln Carl —bass) and the wonderful Terry Williams (drums) are more than just a rhythm section) means that Iceberg has a cleaner, sharper sound than the Manband: no room for the old guitar/synthesiser extravaganzas of yore.

This time, the watchword is clean, concise playing with steamroller impact and lots of *chewns*, drawn mainly from Deke's two excellent (but deleted) solo albums.

Without Micky Jones to bounce riffs off, nothing gets in the way of Deke's hard-edged, melodic rock and roll. There's still the occasional quirky psychedelic guitar line, but it doesn't hurt a bit.

Dai Davies (manager of The Stranglers, boss of Albion Agency etc) kept shouting in my ear that Terry Williams is the best drummer in the world, and I really couldn't muster too many arguments to the contrary.

Things came to a suitably riotous conclusion with Eddie Cochran's "My Way", Little Richard's "Slippin' And Slidin'" and Elvis P's "Big Hunk O' Love".

More on the subject in next week's *Thrills*, but in the meantime remember that nintenths of an Iceberg is always submerged.

Charles Shaar Murray

The Makers

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The Makers are a new band.

A kick in the groin band. A needle in the arm band. An everything you've always wanted but never thought you'd hear band. An Alka Seltzer after a New Wave hangover. All this and a bunch of five fresh-faced nubile . . .

The Makers are the clean-cut guys who move in as the safety pin brigade move out.

Musically it still bangs your head off the wall, spikes your red corpuscles and ties your bondage strap in knots. You can gob to it, pogo to it, puke to it . . . but hang on . . . you can also sing to it!

Some nice heavy bass for anarchy bit, and a nifty lead guitar for some of the prettier moments. Add some adolescent enthusiasm, harmonies and one hell of a lot of energy and you've got the makings of the 1978 era . . . Add splashes of Yachts/New Hearts and Noo Wave and you've got The Makers.

O.K. So you've never heard of them . . . neither had I until I saw them . . . even The Beatles had to start somewhere!

Bev Briggs



Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

Delroy Washington

100 CLUB

THE SECOND appearance by Delroy Washington at the 100 Club in Oxford Street within the past two months was slightly marred by the singer's barely-disguised contempt for his audience; even though his ire was considerably tempered in comparison with the previous visit.

On that occasion, Washington gipped at the height of the highly-objectionable "Jah Punk" craze, publicly dismissed by Washington in an interview . . .

"I don't like when a man put Jah Punk," he was reported saying. "Is like them ah call God a Punk. Jah is not a little business wha' you joke about . . . I would like to show the Punks that life does mean something and you must not go around joking with other people life . . ."

Confronted by a crowd the majority of whom were dressed in Punk fashion, Delroy at first refused to appear unless the preceding new-wave act were scrubbed from the bill.

This complied with, he gave a short, dismissive performance; during which, he seemed to point his "Dress Back Satan" song to the audience, chanting "Jah Ras Tafari" like so many sheep.

It was a more relaxed Delroy Washington who took the stage last Thursday; the more hysterical trappings of "Jah Punk" having receded into time.

He opened with "This A Reggae Music" and followed this with "Be On The Move", before cruising into the brilliant "Jah Wonderful" track from his first album. A song that the singer seems to improve upon with every rendition; giving an inspired performance on this occasion.

Before singing "Dress Back Satan", Delroy asked his audience to shout "boo to the screw-face."

A few people cheered, which seemed to unsettle the singer, and again one was conscious that the 100 Club crowd might not be the least of his lyrics' venom; chanting "dress back Satan, move yah . . . and leave Jah Jah children alone . . ."

Introducing "Get Up You Freedom Fighters", Delroy made another attempt. "I want everyone to shout 'freedom for the people'," he said. A few half-hearted cheers went up.

Washington persisted — only to meet with similar response. And neither did his third exhortation prove much more successful.

Finally, he turned to the crowd in disgust, crying "okay, I want you all to shout 'freedom for the system'. Pure system that is, you know," he added to nobody in particular.

He then performed "Stoney Blows" and "Give All The Praise To Jah" before leaving the stage.

I believe he was genuinely surprised by the crowd's insistence for an encore; and it was some few minutes before the singer could be persuaded to return to the stage for "Rasta".

I think he could understand more of an audience's psychology. Just because his crowd refused to support him in vigorous chants, did not mean they were not behind the singer, as he seemed to think.

Relax Rasta, don't be so quick to take offence.

Musically, he was on excellent form, supported sympathetically by backing band Zabandis.

Penny Reel

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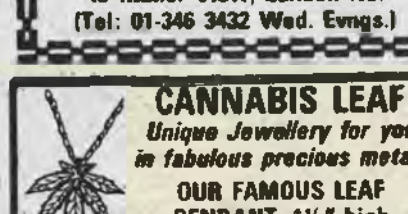
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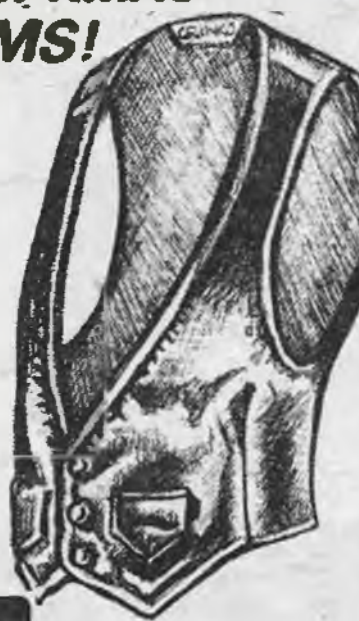
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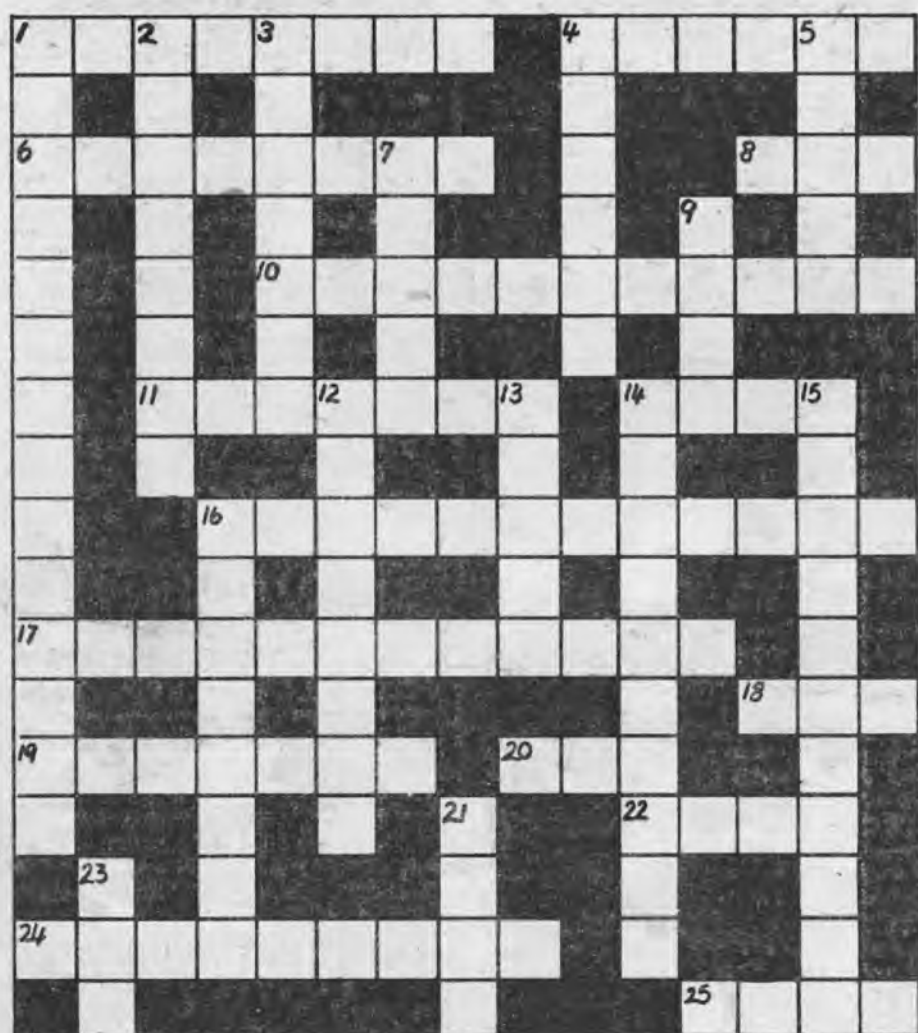
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CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Spoilt brats of the bourgeoisie with S. Pistols' origins? (4,4)
- 4 See 5
- 6 Otherwise Glenn D. Hardin, Jerry Allison, Sonny Curtis and Kerry Packer (Kerry Packer???)
- 8 Initial support for the Memphis Group-leader? (1,1,1)
- 10 Gentlemen, lechers and perverted punks prefer her Noo Wave group (6,5)
- 11 Birthplace of Punk, and the name of one of the early (now defunct) bands
- 14 To be more precise, the S. Pistols' link in 1 across
- 16 Sharp-shooting Midlands rock'n'roller, had his first hit in '77 after several years' waiting (5,7)
- 17 Yes, ten please (anag.8,4)
- 18 See 14 down
- 19 The spirit of Gene Vincent incarnate ... and also in Upminster, in Billericay, in the back of Rita's Cortina, in the Stiff offices, in the public bar ... (3,4)
- 20 Palindromic Dan!
- 22 Brass, rubber — that kind of thing?
- 24 The Modest Rat (3,6)

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band — meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? Then place your ads FREE in NME. To take advantage of this limited period free offer all you gotta do is fill in the coupon below as indicated and send it too us NOW!

LONDON & SE

MUSICIANS WANTED

INEXPERIENCED GUITAR, drums, lead bass / vocals, lead guitar, good gear. Iford area, phone Gary 550 0840 after 6 pm. No punks.

BASS PLAYER and guitarist wanted to help form R & B type group. Phone Simon at 624 6338 after 7 pm. No posers.

VERSATILE DRUMMER 17-21 for amateur jazz / rock band. Original material, rehearsing for future gigs. Phone after 6. Dave Southend 588357.

REG ALLIBONE seeks a punk guitarist. Rest of band complete. No posers. Into Sex Pistols, all perverted. Phone Tonbridge 352066.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER for working band. Must have experience and enthusiasm. Gigging now. Ring John, Sittingbourne 74013 or John — New Romney 4542.

LEAD GUITARIST required. Good frontman — own gear essential. Transport asset. Own ideas and lively personality. No punks. Kevin 223 1705 — 6 pm.

DOG DAYS (recently formed) want guitarist in Harrow / Wembley area. Transport an asset. Phone Carol — 807 5433 and leave phone number.

NEW WAVE Bass & Drums required. Into Bozominis, Rats, Pistols. No wrist merchants. Tele The Kid — 366 7022 (Enfield) after 7 pm.

FEMALE BASS player required for new wave band. Experience not essential. Write to: June, la Fawcett Street, London, SW10 — Urgent!

DRUMMER REQUIRED, dedicated — into celestial sound, scenery — opportunity for details — phone 485 0268.

BASS, DRUMS, vocals wanted by two good guitarists. Must be good, hard-working. Gigs A.S.A.P. — pref NW London. No punks — John 340 3176.

VOCALIST / RHYTHM guitar wanted. R & B, R & R Blues band. N. London area. Gear essential. Contact Mike or Steve. 164 Tufnell Park Road after 6 pm.

AMERICAN MUSICIANS sought by original singer / songwriter to form band. Lead, bass, drums — black or white. Phone Roger — 688 6792.

THE TORPEDOS are hunting for drummer 18-22 with flare. All standards considered. Equipment essential. Write: Ricki, 15 Welcot Square SE11.

BASSIST, GUITARIST own P.A. Rehearsal rooms need drummer with enthusiasm. New Wave R & B. Beatles. Amateur only — Looney, Local? Steve — 450 1872.

JEWISH-LOOKING guitarist for singer / writer's band. Forming Spring 78. Star-struck hearts only. Ross, 58 Earls Court Square, S.W.5.

SYNTHESIZER / ELECTRONICS urgent for Modern band — working soon. 733 3711.

LOVELY BANDLESS musicians wanted, male / female, 16-20 + progressive rock band. "Starborn". Dedication essential. Write: "Starborn" 8, The Willingdons, Basildon, Essex.

ARE YOU obsessed with doom-laden, avant-garde rock? (Television, Eno, Doors, R.E.M., Velvet) Yes? Ring Luke — 994 3294.

DRUMMER, GUITARIST for Stones / Faces band. No pros. 20ish, also M/F vocals. Very urgent — ring Peter 953 2881 evenings except Fridays.

ENERGETIC BASS and drums for New Wave music / theatre. Sense of the absurd an advantage. Dave 732 2656.

PORTSMOUTH PUNKS, bassist and drummer wanted urgently for New Band with lots of enthusiasm and new ideas. Phone Hayling Island 66301.

LEAD GUITAR new band — rock with a difference. Vocals an asset — phone 550 3729 Blue — 555 2723 Doug — after 6 pm. No time wasters.

BASSIST needed urgently. Competence, dedication and own gear essential for high energy band. Must rehearse for January bookings. Working 69927.

WANT to join the 1977 Beatles? We have a Paul and George. We need a John and Ringo. Martyn — 904 3300.

FEMALE BASSIST wishes to form rock band with other female musicians in London / Brighton area. Phone Lili Ann — Eastbourne 26653.

BOY GUITARIST nearly 17 seeks guitarist similar age to play as a group. Thrashin Newbury, Reading area. Nigel — Thatcham 63435.

DRUMMER wanted for young rock band age 16-19. Transport pref, but not essential. Phone Shane 539 3452 after 6 pm.

SEX DRUGS, rock and roll all boring when compared to the sound of the world's most astounding harmonies. Write — 794 2184.

SINGER-SONWRITER for rock band. Many influences. Must have strong powerful adaptable voice. Enthusiastic, young and inexperienced? Phone Martin 673 3181.

PISSED OFF with being a stereo-type? Had enough of Juveniles? Join people not stars. Guitar, drums wanted. 01-866 2720 evenings.

DRUMMER, BASSIST, no experience needed. Ability to play not essential. Epsom 25372.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG vocalist seeks ambitious musicians to form Stones, Hawkwind. Who type old wave rock band. Mark 01-603 5803 after 7 pm.

BASSIST wanted by amateur band with ideas. No labels — no categories. Helen — Rainham 55158.

DIRTY DRUMMER for clean band. Ambition essential — transport an asset 17/21 — Phone Colin — 01 570 4896. Between 6-7 pm. We know you're out there!!

CELESTIAL SOUND productions require Bass Player. Phone 01 485 0269.

ENTHUSIASTIC PUNK guitarist with basic chords — minimal equipment wishes to form band — Ring 01 727 4921 after 8 pm.

GUITARIST DEDICATED — sessions, recording, gigs. Slide, bottleneck, lead, rhythm wanting work. Record Company, management, agent. Ronny 01 485 0269.

LOVE GUITARIST seeks band with balls. Willing to live rough, get busted, rule the world! Lets move! — John — 01 674 5822.

JOHN MITCHELL singing voice, dislikes pop, enjoys punk/rock, have sung before — seeks enthusiastic group to make harmony (plays guitar). Karen — 01 472 5442.

HIDEOUS VOCALIST seeks work with New Wave band. Little experience but really keen. Basingstoke area. Phil — 01 472 5442.

ROCK GENIUS (20) requires bass, keyboards, drums and place to rehearse for experiment in new music. 01 697 3832.

FUTURISTIC ACOUSTIC New Wave surf music seek London bass, flute, percussion, lead etc. Have music, need prospects. Jerry 01 445 7254.

GUITARIST/VOCALS recently moved Sutton seeks local band into Lizzy, Rush etc., for gigs, playing own material. Mick 01 542 3866.

GUITARIST FORMING band into R & B Blues — not good but o.k. own gear needed. Farnham area — Guy, Farnham 4251.

KEYBOARD PLAYER needed to form amateur rock band with semi-pro intentions. Phone Andrew Garston 74768 or Den — Watford 43509.

AMBITIOUS DRUMMER contemporary wanted Epsom based band. Work available. Burgh Heath 51727 — ask for Simon. Please no time-wasters!

FRUSTRATED LYRICIST seeks imaginative group/songwriter needing vaguely punk words. Les Swain, 20 Rowan Crescent, Stevenage, Herts.

GUITARIST & VOCALIST for hard heavy rock band, into Zeppelin, Bad Co. etc. No pros, own P.A. — Ring Albert — Berkhampstead 6533.

BASSIST & VOCALIST to join forming rock blues band — ground footin' / Steatham area. Enthusiasm essential. Transport an asset — 01 767 3283 — Len.

DRUMMER WANTED for young rock band starting out. Must like Santana and preferably have own kit. Phone South and 48682.

ENTHUSIASTIC DRUMMER (18) wants to join/form rock band (no punks) own equipment, transport — will travel. Ring Ian — Billericay 22253.

DRUMMER WANTED to form band only totally inexperienced persons need apply. Own gear, transport essential. North London area. Gary — 01 805 6653.

DRUMMER NEEDED desperately for all original punk band in North London. 15-20 — gigs confirmed — gigging experience unnecessary — Phone Sean 01 527 8652.

DRUMMER WANTED for desperate New Wave Band, phone 01-527 8652, ask for Dave.

POST MORTEM require drummer must be enthusiastic and musically tight, phone Loss, 01 390 1991 after 5.30 or Cliff 01 393 4815.

INEXPERIENCED DRUMMER needed for New Band forming in Kingston area. P.A. Rehearsal room, no sweat, Jam type band. Steve 01-330 1872.

VOCALIST, GUITARIST, Songwriter — sparkling innovative ideas within New Wave spectrum music to form band with other ambitious creative, geniuses — Ian, 112 Priory Road, London N8 7HP.

MANIACS ARSE Mad guitarist needs help! Bassist, guitars and drums awaited! Seaford others! Phone 352 1850 now! Up the Pinks!

URGENT BASSIST wanted for rock / funk / blues band. Must have good plonker and wheels. Details from John 01-508 3059 (evenings).

POWERFUL DRUMMER required by punk band. Phone 01 592 7682.

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST/Harmonist urgently needed for London based contemporary outfit awaiting album releases. Phone Maidenhead 29021 anytime.

DRUMMER WANTED (Not you John!) For fast tight new wave band. Own kit. Rub gig prospects. No pros. Rob 01-948 7244.

BASS WANTED Woman/Man tel John 01-221 4255 Mon-Sat not Wed 10-8.

TWO SONGWRITING/Singing nobbies want guitarists and drummer to form New Wave/Rock Band. Southampton area. Phone Dee. Botley 4685 or Adele Hytha 842055.

KEYBOARDS WANTED Tel Hugh 01 969 3344.

DOG DAYS (Harrow/Wembley area) Need a guitarist now. Transport an asset. Phone Carol — 01 907 5433 after six.

VOCALIST — FRONTMAN — good image, transport, must be into pop/rock 16/26 willing to rehearse 3 times a week intentions of turning pro Harlow 21179.

AGILE INTELLIGENT voice, male/female, front person, preferably doubling instrument — equipment, transport desirable — rehearsing original. Luton, St Albans area. Luton 596760.

BASSIST: DRUMMER: no experience needed. Reggae, punk, Epsom 25372 enthusiasm essential.

DRUMMER AND Lead singer/guitarist wanted to join guitarist and bassist in close, dedicated, ambitious group. Phone Dave 01 346 7553.

DRUMMER WITH Zap/Fair required for New Wave/Punk group. The Torpedos 16-22, gigs in store. No pros / time-wasters. Richard 01 493 2461 (9-6 pm).

PUNK BAND want drummer now. Ingrebourne 41899.

COMPOSER/LYRICIST with demo facilities (Heroes: Carly/Paul Simon, Wonder, Beatles) seeks partner. Two heads etc. Stevenage 520648 — Let's talk!

SAXES, VOCALISTS, bass, drums. Join keyboards, guitar, congas / vocals. Forming original band. Pro or bust — Val Ascot 24744, days.

GUITARIST WANTS to start band, not punk, need bassist, singer, drummer. Telephone Glenn, Darnford 25540 Transport and own gear necessary.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer wanted by bassist and GTR/Voc to form rock n' roll band 18-25. S. London — Adam 01-937 5432, ex 351.

GUITARIST/DRUMMER wanted form new wave band in N. London. Lunatics / beginners / nobles OK. No stiffs, pros, wankers. — Telephone Mark 01 340 2773.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

WANTED! HOMICIDAL axe man / vocalist forming heavy R & R, R & B, loud ensemble for the use of. No punks or jerks. — Telephone 01-669 6724

BASSIST/LEAD guitarist wanted. Essex based band, aged 16/17. Creative, original material. Into Syd Barrett / Velvet. Good transport / equipment. Matt. Ongar 2009.

VOCALISTS WANTED

INTELLIGENT M/F voice needed. Ring Michael 'Deepee' Chapman — Luton 596760. To discuss tastes and influences, ambitions and desires. Evenings please.

WORK WANTED

SONGWRITER SINGER requires publisher to listen to tape. Would like a chance of a recording contract — 01-904 5684

DJANGO LIVEST There must be 3,000,000 guitarists out there who can already play 3 chords. What chance have I got? Brett, Luton 67314.

NEW WAVE Punk singer/dancer. Vital, projection: modern to join or form. Thursday, Friday 6-7 pm — David, 01-964 4368.

RHYTHM GUITARIST seeks band in W13 area. Fast / noisy / shit. 'Fraid I've only got 50 watt combo — Dave after 6 pm. 01-587 0988.

HARMONICA PLAYER/VOCALIST wants to join R'n'B band and do early Stones. Feelgoods type material. — Robin, 53 Peel Road, Gosport, Hants.

EXPERIENCED VOCALIST seeks punk band, sixteen with good strong voice. — Telephone after 5.00 pm (Clair) Guildford 61795.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

BRISTOL/PUNK Band forming requires trumpet (other horns considered), guitar, bass, drums to join ex-keyboards. Phone Banwell 2545 (evenings).

XANDAR KMLL seeks idols to form band. I've got L.C.P. and Marshall 100W. Psilocybin punk into Tunes, Little Feet, Outrage. Chris, Andover 63210.

MUSICIANS OF professional standard wanted by lead guitarist, bass, drums, second guitar or keyboards, vocalist. No big heads — Brimscombe 2067.

HEAVY ROCK Keyboardist wanted to help build/play synthesizers. Rhythm guitar advantage, accommodation probable. Into fun not depression. Steve 0752 68521.

VOCALISTS WANTED

NIGEL, PETE and Eric require an Eldridge with P.A. for Somerset rock band No Wurzel's Petty style envisaged — Wells 72913.

VOCALIST AND Drummer for Somerset band. Good gear essential. Fast learners with experience, and ethics. Work by Xmas. 0749 72913.

WORK WANTED

VOCALIST INEXPERIENCED willing to work with band, can also play some guitar, likes any rock, pop — Call Tim, Romsey 515952.

BLUES MUSICIAN seeks others for Jams gigs etc. Alan 3 Lena St. Bristol 5.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

DERBY'S NO fun Agree? Wanna form a Real Punk Band? Aged 15-17? Instant admittance if you're Debbie Harry's Double! — Telephone Littleover (Derby) 755179.

COME ON you sods! If you're a NAW — T.R.B. group and wanna energetic bass player, phone Spud on Leicester 693116.

YOUNG PUNK vocalist wants really tight cosmic band to back him. Must be young — 20. Highland View, Kingston, Hereford.

NME LIKES us. We'd like inspired lead vocalist/instrumentalist to complete line up / intensive rehearsals, imaginative progressive rock. Rob 021 708 0452.

NEED MONEY? We've none yet, but need talented vocalist to complete dedicated original progressive rock band. Phone Rob 021 708 0452 anytime.

LEAD GUITARIST with transport seeks dedicated original band influences include Floyd, Hendrix, Gong, no beginners, ring Leicester 700928 6-7 pm evenings.

UNDERGROUND STYLE Rock band (newly formed) require lead guitarist and keyboard. Phone Kettering 711160 or 71064.

VOCALIST AND Bassist wanted for amateur rock band in Manchester. To play varied stuff. Phone 061 736 7469. Denis.

SCREAMING for adventurous keyboard player for three piece band with no guitarist, worker preferred, no jerks, phone Crewe 41937 pm.

WONDERFUL GUITARIST wanted write or call 748 Portland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

CLASSICAL ROCK guitarist for inexperienced musically flexible band. Keyboards, Flute, writing assets. Oxford area. Phone Mark. Cumpor 2684 after 6 pm.

BASS PLAYER wanted for new wave band into energy must be dedicated, teenager preferred. Coventry area. Phone John, Stag 611517.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE LYRICS needs producer, composer, musicians or group to establish first class work and take it to the top. Write Patricia Hill, 12 Fritchley Close, Chadderton, Derby.

ROCK DRUMMER wishes to join rock band in Dudley/Tipton area. Phone 021 557 1502 between 8 am and 6 pm.

SUBURBAN RHYTHM lead guitarist wants to join or form modern group. Telephone Fri, Aldridge 57508 after 6 pm.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join band into Dylan, most styles considered, own P.A. — Telephone Ken, Coventry 22056, also 12 string acoustic.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

JOHN CALE/Hamill/Graaf. Influenced bassman/lyricist seeks musicians, into weird songs. Mike, 49 Peyton Ave, March, Cambs. March 55465.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNKETTE (17) wants to join band as singer and manic dancer. No experience but plenty of enthusiasm — Ricky Abattoir, 62 Mayfield Street, Hull.

BAD GIRLS and lonely planet boys wanted with musical and visual cuteness. Into Johansen, Dolls, Shangri-La's. — Steven, 061 881 7125.

BASSIST willing to work hard for South Manchester rock band Vocals an asset — 061 226 5265.

NEW WAVE folk rock band requires bass and keyboard. We get work, own P.A. — Telephone Tim, Bradford 33321 ex 344 (work).

THE YOUTH needs bassist, must be good. 100w amp. ready and waiting. Roy Kirkham 683169 after 6 pm.

IMAGINARY PEOPLE wanted, experienced in dissecting clouds and Se Meand. Into X.Y.Z. Spaces. Any instrument. Real babies, stay in time — Den Minton, 21 Pinewood Crescent, Leyland, Lancs.

BORED PUNK students (girl) wants to form band, no pros, no experience, but we'll try. 16 Balfour Avenue, Lavenham, Suffolk. Manchester 19.

EXPERIENCED LEAD Guitar into blues, jazz, rock. R & B, seeks band, preferably working with plenty of ideas. Larry, Phone 061 336 9815.

PUNK ROCK lead and drummer wanted. Experience not essential. Apply or write 72 Pallister Ave, Brambles Farm, M30, Cleveland, Yorkshire.

GUITARIST (BEGINNER) into Runways, needed for all girl rock band. Contact Denise, 3 Norton Road, Southwick, Sunderland.

DRUMMER WANTED for new wave band, own material ready an ready to gig, must be experienced, ring Alex, Liverpool 227 1703 days.

KEITH, PETE and Pete seek drummer and bassist for hard rock band. No experience needed, preferably with equipment. Newcastle 681773.

BASS AND drums require band or other musicians to form rock band. Into Rush, UFO, Quc. Nigel 061 430 7071.

MANCHESTER BAND urgently need guitar/vocals for electric/acoustic rock. Atherton 79788.

DRUMMER WANTED 19/20 for punk rock band, recording contract gigs. New Year, no big mouths — Phone Jer, Leeds 68368 evenings.

IN-EXPERIENCED GUITARIST seeks band rock, HM, NW, own gear, Wallasey area, ring 638727 any day except Thursday.

REMEMBER MANCHESTER? Guitarist wanted for band into Dolls, Shangri-La's, Bessie Smith, Tallulah Bankhead, Tel Steven 061 881 7125. Dare you!

BASIC FACT Heaven is Hollow. This is total rebellion. Join Cosmic Source Band — a mix of all Sound: Be radio/active. Den Hinton, 25 Pinewood Cres, Leyland, Lancs.

BASS PLAYER for R'n'B/Blues band. Doing old numbers. Stones, Animals, etc. Exp. player pref for Wythenshawe band. A Marshall, 9 Denville Cres., Crossacres, Wythenshawe.

KEYBOARD PLAYER (17) wants to form or join semi-pro rock band with people similar age. Rod, 2 Lawns Lane, Carr-Gate, Wakefield.

WANTED Bass drums for demo later gigs with guitarist indie rock. Neil Young, Mode, Write Shaun, 6 Orchard Grove, Crossgates, Leeds 15.

DRUMMER AND singer wanted for new pro rock group 15 — 19 phone 0723 582236 call Michael Colman, 18 Osgodby Lane, Scarborough, N Yorks.

VOCALISTS WANTED

SHEFFIELD PUNKS are desperate for vocalist. No experience necessary but plenty of enthusiasm. Gigs soon. Phone Martin — Sheffield 333224.

ROCK VOCALIST wanted for Okham based band. Ring Mark 051 624 1315.

MARY, MARGON based band seek vocalist aged 16-22. Please get in touch, we're desperate. Phone Chris or Nick, Runcorn 74222.

YOUNG HONORIC enthusiastic vocalist! (16-18) Instruments an asset. No geniuses. Punk, funk, rock originals. Key or Alan, Liverpool 220 1659/228 1014.

ROCK VOCALIST needed to complete line up original material Lizzy, Ash, Climax, etc. Plenty gigs, ring Roy, Horwich 66062 daytime.

SHEFFIELD BAND wants lead vocalist other instruments! an asset, phone Mark, Sheffield 0742 661713.

VOCALIST WANTED for rock band. Must have own gear 17/19 years. Stockport area. Tel 01 427 1997 Richard. Into Zep, Stones, own material.

WORK WANTED

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE'S DREAM

New Musical Express

MAILBAG

Win a crappy album nobody else wanted

ABOUT YOUR remarks on our forthcoming Sex Pistols book (*NME*, 3/12/77).

The 'healthy five figure advance' for the *Sun* serialisation is a healthy four figure total payment, (£6,500 before tax and 15% to our publisher/agent).

As far as we can see, your allegation that our description of Brook-Partridge's activities are 'untrue' is either frivolous or academic, or wrong. Could you explain?

No one but you ever described our book as an 'official biography'. We were in no way commissioned nor did we accept any brief from anyone. That's why it's such a good book.

Your method of reviewing a book on its contents page is certainly new, but misleading. When you read what the band, and Sid especially, says about pop journalists, you may improve.

Vermorel, not Vermoral: o before e except after V.

OK dunces?

FRED & JUDY VERMOREL, Church Crescent, N10.

PS: If you don't print this we will have you buried under tons of hippy jounalese.

Thanks for your letter — all grist to the publicity mill, eh? The 'healthy five-figure advance' was the quote we got from Star, their angle no doubt being "if they paid that much for it, it must be good." Incidentally, we reckon that with an initial print-run of 50,000 copies (Star's figure again), an author's usual rake-off of approx 5p per 75p copy should vouchsafe you £2,500 to add to your £6,500 — plus USA advances... Hey, you must be on a cool £10,000 for this thing!

As for B. Brook-Partridge (not Partridge, dunces!), not long ago Tony Stewart did a *Thrills* investigation which unearthed the fact that The Sex Pistols were not banned in London, because they hadn't tried to put an application to perform through the GLC machinery. When they do, and if they are then thwarted, let's hear about it. Anyway, Brook-Partridge could not decide on his own — it's a committee function.

The term "official biography", we admit, was a slight semantic confusion. Star told us it was "The Sex Pistols' own book".

Shit, we review records from the sleeve notes — so why not books? And if you know any hippy jounalese that hasn't splattered over me already, you can henceforth consider yourselves honorary guardians of the vaults of Cliche City, OK? — P. McNEILL.

IT SEEMS TO me that the fuss about 'Why can't the Pistols play' is a big con-trick, probably of McLaren's instigation. It's absolute rubbish that the Pistols can't get gigs; there have always been places in London that would welcome them with open arms, and I'm bloody sure that the glut of nationwide tours is an indication that a lot of promoters now realise that new-wave gigs aren't necessarily synonymous with getting their halls wrecked. The Pistols could arrange a nationwide tour anytime they chose.

The album controversy? Another case of media manipulation. How many other bands has this happened to? If you go looking for trouble you'll usually find it, and there's a difference between deliberately being controversial and not selling out.

For instance, The Clash LP is about as uncompromising a new wave statement as you can get, but Smiths and Boots still sell that. Don't you think it's interesting, though, that The Clash record only showed briefly in the charts, at a low position, whereas "Bollocks" shot in at No 1? Nice one, Male.

Right, so why do the Pistols want exposure through the media and on record, but not to live audiences? The answer seems to be that what works well on record doesn't always work well live.

A good proportion of their original material consists of medium-paced songs, necessary to highlight Rotten's usually excellent lyrics. The trouble is that to work well live, new wave

music has got to be fast and catchy, otherwise at a high volume it's a pain on the ear when heard live. Rotten's singing wouldn't be much more than a blur.

It's true that I've never seen the Pistols play but apart from the obvious buzz of seeing them, I wouldn't anticipate anything more than a good rock show, no better than any number of the new bands. On the other hand, of course, the bands that I most enjoy seeing live, The Heartbreakers and The Ramones, don't really convey the live energy onto record.

That appears to be the dilemma; either to write potent lyrics that don't make it at live show or concentrate on the rock'n'roll but lose out on record. Of course, it might be unfair to say that "Malcom's a business man, and he knows where the money is"; I'd prefer to believe that the band are sticking to their ideals, and placing them even above their fans.

I did misunderstand McLaren, didn't I, when he said in the other week's *NME* that he wanted the Pistols to play in out-of-the-way places where "they haven't seen it all before"? He didn't mean that he was

scared of a comparison with other groups — did he?

How about a tour of Britain, ending with a season at The Vortex, to prove me wrong?

JOHN DAVIE, Hatfield Herts

PUNK ROCK (The Movement at least) is fast becoming a paradox. The whole idea was that people should be individuals doing their own thing. But what's happening now? We have the fashion of being 'anti-fashion', which is just a reverse of what was before, and the music is becoming duplicated (with the exception of some bands).

The momentum Punk Rock had when it began is now fizzing out because of commercialisation which is caused by you, the public. It's ironic. All this crap about being anti-political is downright idiotic and short-sighted. It's your bloody country (empire?) — don't you think you should have some say in how it's run? (More directly than singing about it). "You don't do what you want and you'll fade away". — INNOVATE.

And what about more punk bands playing in Scotland (Central Region) as many seem to be avoiding here. VAL HERMAFRODITE, Stirling.

Hands off The Damned

★ STAR LETTER ★

WHAT A CHICKENSHIT cop-out, Nick Kent! So you've been listening to all those rumours that The Damned elpee was supposed to be a stinker. Tony Parson has decreed that The Damned are now 'arseholes', so faced with this fine piece of nicely presented sound active vinyl ("tasty treats" — John Peel) old fart Nick Kent lays down a luke-warm review, sort of nearly slugging the album, but hedging his bets just in case things turn out alright for the lads in the end.

Well, get things right, Kent; things will turn out all right, for this is a fine album of fine music from the band which laid out one of the first punk singles, one of the first punk albums, and some of the most enjoyable music heard on the planet Earth.

For therein lies the key to the whole thing, which your decrepit tone-deaf reviewer seems to have missed as he tried to hear this album whilst slurping egg down the front of his (Marks and Spencer) shirt, that the title of the record is "Music For Pleasure", available from your local music store (yeah, even Smiths, Boots and Woolies) just to be enjoyed.

Unpretentious music for fun-loving people, get it?

Okay, so it's not hip to like The Damned just now, but believe me, this record has shipped in and out of my record shelf as many times as "Never Mind The Bollocks" during the last two days, and will continue to do so... "You know... you can't fool me". And Parsons is a wanker.

JEFF MERRIFIELD, Leicester Road, Tilbury, Essex.

Bravo! Magnifique! Superb stuff! We here at *NME* are lost for words. Letter Of The Year! Sensational! — N.L.



● The Damned's Captain Sensible. Illustration by Pablo Picasso.

LISTEN, you bastards! Your review of the new Quo album was a load of shit. Status Quo are not a "pop group", they are a bloody brilliant "HARD ROCK BAND".

Phil McNeill has not got a clue how to review an album which is increasingly obvious after the "Quo review".

The *NME* on the whole has turned from a good rock weekly into a Punk rag. It was hard rock bands like Quo, Heep, Sabbath that lifted the numbers of papers sold of the *NME* and now you have abandoned them and are concentrating to a great extent on PUNK.

Well you can go take a flying fork (*Hard to read this bit — NL*) because these bands will outlast your PUNK TRASH.

THE LEGENDARY QUO FANS OF SCOTLAND.

Glad to see you're sticking at the evening classes — NL.

BRING BACK Max! (no, not Bygraves you fool!)

G MONKSON, Dublin.

Bloody Max who then? — NL.

IS CHARLES Shaar Murray a prat? He must be if he says Emerson, Lake and Palmer are a joke (26/11/77). This is on behalf of their great admirers.

BIFFO, Merseyside

P.S. Where can I buy a CSM disintegrator.

I HAVE BEEN an ELP fan for five years now. However, after hearing "Works Volumes 1" and "2" I must agree with Charles Shaar Murray that ELP are finished as a trio.

Their latest releases seem to lack the excitement or power that were once their trade mark. ELP used to stand for fast, heavy, electronic music, which I like despite the press opposition.

But now ELP have gone completely lame. Classical music is very nice in its place but not on an ELP album, please Keith, even if you did write it yourself.

As for Greg Lake's soppy, wet, love songs, the only thing they move me to is to throw up. Carl Palmer is little better, although "L.A. Nights" is the best track on "Works Volume 1". His excursions into jazz can at best be described as mediocre and, at worst, absolute rubbish. After "Works Vol 1" I thought ELP could not get any worse, but "Works Vol 2" proved me wrong.

PHILIP TILLEY, Fetcham, Surrey.

WHY THE BLOODY hell do you let Mr Old Fart Murray review an album by ELP ("Works Vol. 2") and single ("Fanfare For The Common Man") if he doesn't like the band. It's like Tony Blackburn reviewing a new Yes album. Let's get things right, *NME*, or I'll be saving myself 18p a week.

GREG LAKE

That can't be the real Greg Lake. It must be the Dummy Greg Lake — NL.

Is there another kind? — CSM.

IT HAS LONG been my contention that the staff of *NME* are, in fact, products of the IBM Corp: their programmes continuously up-dated to include new trends, hip sayings, etc.

This is good practise as regards IBM 4000/78 (Murray/Farren), but IBM 4000/56 (Parsons/Burchill) seems to require modifications to the input side like D.E.S.T.R.U.C.T.

SINGED FEEL LINGERING, East Yorkshire.

P.I.S.S.O.F.F. — IBM 40001

I WAS LAZING in the sun on my balcony, 12 floors up, in De Banana Hilton on some sweaty tropical isle, watching my Super Deluxe 26" Colour TV transmit to my little brain a black and white episode of *Hawaiian Eye*, when an entirely predictable thing happened.

I began to formulate my theory on Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Other Associated Matters.

Three months later, when it was finished, I sat it on the intricately white Formica Bench in the nice Kitchenette. It gleamed with meaningfulness, purring as it prepared for the first of its philosophical out-pourings.

"Psychedelia is a natural progression from Punk," it suddenly spurted. I feigned disdain. Noting my deliberate cool, it decided to go in for the kill.

"Rock is nurtured by the Establishment as a means of channelling anarchistic youth into mindless self-destruction". It obviously thought this was a pretty damn heavy thing to say, so I played dumb and laughed at it. It was getting angry. If it had had a brow it would have been sweaty. It might do anything now.

"Rock is a substitute for the sexually inadequate," it blurted. There was no stopping it. Visibly shaking, it yelped, "Only poofers like punk!"

In a final scream of superior intellect it calmly stated, "I'm going to tell my mummy," and exploded. I fed the bits to the manageress's cat. So much for theories, what?

UNSIGNED, No address supplied.

Kit-E-Kat's tastier. — THE

MANAGERESS'S CAT.

ANYONE WHO WOULD like to see the long lost Spirit album "Journey Through Potatoland" released please write to me at the address below and give your support or it may never be released.

Or even put a petition up in your local record store and then send it on to me by the New Year. Thanks.

KEITH URWIN, 11 Orchard Avenue, Acomb, Hexham, Northumberland NE46 4PZ.

BETCHA I CAN JUMP on a band wagon faster than you can. Everytime.

STEVE BUDSIT, Barnston, Merseyside.

Here's one you missed. — NL.

Beep... Beep... Boing... Beep... Beep... Sprong... Beep... Beep... Boing... Beep... Beep... R2D2.

In English, rust-pot. You wanna become a chamber-pot in the Royal Stables. PRINCESS LEIA.

I WOULD LIKE to congratulate the management of the Colston Hall, Bristol, on their handling of the Thin Lizzy concert on Monday.

I know it is not usual to thank security guards, but they helped to make a great night even better.

It is so nice to be able to stand up and dance and shout without someone shoving you back in your seat again.

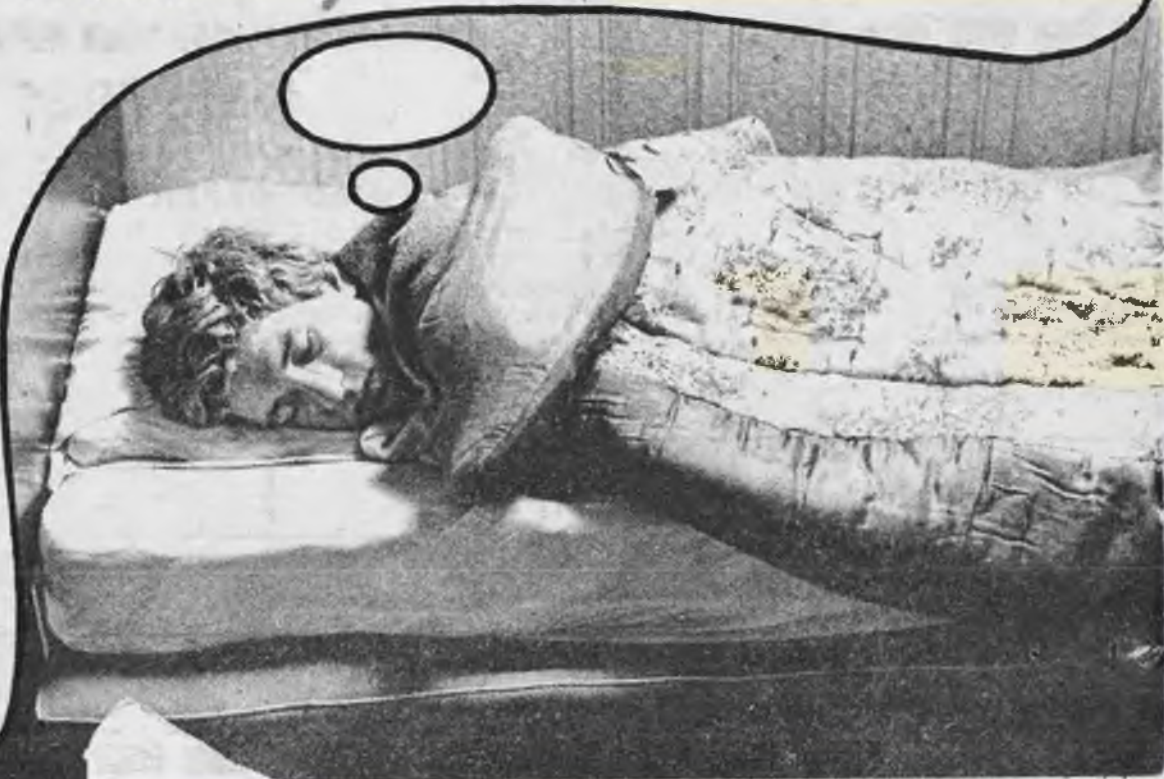
Phil Lynott, naturally, provided all the crowd control that was necessary.

It was a superb concert, well worth the 300 mile round trip (not many bands visit Cornwall). Thanks to all concerned.

ELIZABETH WILTON, Cornwall.

Hang about, is that it? What about The Sex Pistols? Anarchy? The 'Bollocks' controversy? A smart-ass one-liner? Something, anything? We've only got two lines left.

Sensible's stirring, he's waking... — NL.



EDITED
BY NICK
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THANKS FOR all your votes on the **NME** Readers Poll (currently being used to line the editor's budget cage — sorry, being counted by a team of trained accountants). A sneak peek at progress so far shows **John Peel** way out ahead as Top DJ — just reward, **T-Zers** reckons, for his pioneering of the new music. **Freddie Mercury**'s holding off all challengers as **Prat Of The Year**, and **Andwar Sadat** is looking a good bet for Most Wonderful Human Being. And that's all we're giving away for now. Full results as soon as possible.

But in the real world (heh, heh), rancour returns to rock 'n' roll — and it's good to have a bit of boover back. Brightens up these chilly evenings, don't it, your honour? Wot wiv the reliably uninformed speculation suggesting maybe perhaps that **Los Pistoleros** want to get shot of **El Sid** (see *Thrills*) and the occupants of **Rat Miller's** (or is it **Chris Scabies**?) new tepid combo might be underwhelmed at their own debut performances over the weekend (see *Thrills*, also) things are looking up in the hot poop seedy scam department. (Yeah? So how come *Thrills* gets all the goodies? — Ed.)

Still, **J Rotten** was in a cheery mood when he and his mum met **Gary Glitter** backstage at London's Rainbow last week over a few bottles of sparkly. As Mr Glitter signed Mrs Lydon's programme, he mentioned that his son had copped a **Paul Cook** autograph and would thus be strutting in the schoolyard for days. When Rotten left he grabbed Gary's paw and gave it a twist, an act reciprocated by Chesty Bewigged One. "Boring old fart," said Rotten. "You're losing your strength." Glitter, showing scant concern for his topper, flicked his head: "I would've nipped you." Rotten playfully pointed that his knee was ready for Gary's bonce.

More serious punch ups in pop involved, appropriately enough, **The Dead Boys** and **The Saints**. After Friday night's Wolverhampton gig, Saint's roadie **Ian Ward** badly duffed after a contretemps with those amiable custodians of law'n'disorder commonly known as 'bouncers' (usually spelt b-a-s-t-a-r-d-s), and it's thanks to **Irish** and **John** from Dudley for scraping Ian off the pavement and into the local nick. Four men are being charged with actual bodily harm.

At London's Roundhouse, meanwhile, **Dead Boy** guitarist **Jimmy Zero** was getting well cheesed off at being hit by large industrial staples, catapulted through the air by some berk in the audience who sat there grinning and pointing at himself. Jimmy dumped his axe, waded through the crowd and punched the guy out. "I wouldn't normally do that sort of thing," explained Mr Zero in a tired and sweaty apres gig situation. "But I'd been drinking with **Phil Lynott** and he told me to do that if there was ever any trouble."

Advice of a distinctly less volatile nature, but may be just as dubious, was offered by **Greg Kihn** to Berserkley stablemates **Tyla Gang**. Instructing **Brian Turrington** in the correct way to win over American audiences, Greg says, "Hit them straight off, throw in some slow ones, only start really cooking towards the end and always save your best for the encore." Bit calculated for 'honest straight pop' innit, Greg?

These Yanks are all alike though, ain't they? **Southside Johnny's Asbury Jukes** reckon a smart arse telegram to **NME's Roy Carr** offers some sort of excuse for blowing out their last couple UK dates on overnight notice (see last week's ish). Message reads: "Last seen leaving Cardiff in



"Wanna discuss the record deal, Wayne?" "Now, let's just talk about the first thing that pops up, Mark." Only **WAYNE COUNTY** and **MARK P** know who took this picture, since **RAY STEVENSON** didn't write his name on the back.

teazers

YOUR WEEKLY INNUENDO.....

supercharged mobile oxygen tent, wasted, drunk, disorderly and in a state of extreme battle fatigue, suffering withdrawal symptoms caused by lack of peanut butter and jelly (on white, hold the mayo). Oh well, says **T-Zers**, that's all right then.

SOME BANDS are still in action, though. Like busy **Generation X**, playing London's Nashville on Saturday under the name **Wild Youth** (yeah, like the single) and going through a load of early '70s rock numbers. More nom-de-joue gigs in the future, they say, even though they're in £20 a week (less than the bleedin' firemen as manager **Jonh Ingham** churlishly points out...)

And those spunky little devils **The Jam** continued gigging even when **Paul Weller** contracted food poisoning and **Bruce Foxton** required five stitches in his cracked head.

Bravery Award of the Week, though, to the drummer with Liverpool-based **The Mutants**. A part-time worker

in a butcher's shop, he hacked half-way through his thumb with a knife, but missed only one gig while the hanging flesh was grafted back into place. **Hippy-Dippy-Old-Wave-Do-Gooders**.

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SLADES OF PICCADILLY
26, Wardour Street, London, W.1.

of the week are **The Drones** who, guaranteed £150 for their gig at Nottingham's **Katies**, refused to take a penny more than the £65 taken at the box office. Oh, and a bowl of brown rice each.

At **Cock Sparrer's** disappointingly attended gig at Stratford Town Hall dahn the

LOOK AT THE REPLIES THESE ADS GOT

FEMALE VOCALIST must be attractive, versatile and 40+ to sing in tune for soft rock semi-pro band. Phone

NEW WAVE R'n'B drummer for band in Enfield North London area. No pros. 10+

DESPERATE CITY guitarist / writer needs musical incompetents to play own stuff. No ethnics or feds. Any fannies welcome. 15

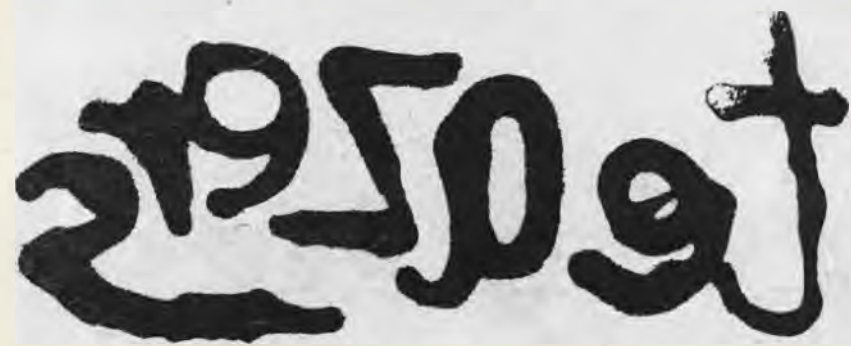
**NME
BEST FOR MUSICIANS**



In Town Tonight: MICK FARREN (left, tilting), ALEX CHILTON (right, crumpled) and two Ork Records people (centre, posing) doing something weird and horrible and terribly chic at Olympic Studios.

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

..... AND OUT THE OTHER



Fast End of London, the garishly attired Cockney pearly kings and queens hired by the record company for the night were in their element in the fish'n'chippie reception before the show but embarrassed by the onstage antics of a supple stripper and finally flummoxed by Sparrer's impenetrable wall of sound.

Besides producing **Rambow** and **Ronson** in the studio, **Chris Thomas** is also doing **Tom Robinson's** live album. And **Ronno** himself is producing **The Rich Kids** this week.

An unlikely collaboration on forthcoming album from **Steve Hillage** and **Nik Turner** (both old ain't they? — Ed.).

In one of those overpriced glossy mags that we can't afford but get to see anyway, **Caroline Coon** says she wants to spend Christmas curled up with **Paul Simon**. And we think **J. Rotten**, **P. Cook** and **S. Jones** want to get to know Mr Simon a bit better an' all.

Remember **Motorhead's** wall-size mural in Shepherd's Bush (pictured in *NME* a while back)? It'll be covered up by this weekend. **Lemmy's** lads had been paying £50 a month for the use of the house side, which has now been taken over by the Notting Hill Housing Trust, a so-called social organisation. They were demanding £800 a month for rent of the wall, even though **Motorhead** had completely renovated it themselves before painting it. So it goes.

And any of you who don't want *So It Goes* to go, put your views in an envelope marked 'So It Goes' and whip it off to Stiff Records, 32 Alexander St, London W2. They're gonna petition Granada TV, the myopic bozos who don't reckon the show is worth another run.

Red alert for all heavy metal bashers. Former **Deep Purpool** vocalist no longer a tax exile, but residing in a modest London N6 abode.

Two new reggae labels — **Sun Star** and **Greensleeves** — both promising to work at street level, and another couple punk labels, **Phonogram's Dip Records** (**Pere Ubu** and **Suicide Commandos**) and **Ariola's** **Zombie**.

and **Kevin Godley** were too polite to tell **Mr Cook** to shut up when he rambled his way through their epic "Consequences". They didn't have the heart to restrain Pete's improvisation nor to edit them out afterwards. No wonder they ended up with a triple album.

Virgin, meanwhile, utterly refute imputations that they had anything to do with **Derek and Clive's** "Live" appearing on children's "Black Beauty" cassettes. A spokesman for Pinnacle, marketing the kiddies' bedtime stories tape series, said: "The possibility of some unsuspecting child being confronted on Christmas morning by four letter words is too terrible to contemplate."

T-Zers offers a night out with **Stiff's Kosmo Vinyl** in their Name-Anne's-Baby Royal Sweepstakes. Second prize is two nights out with **Kosmo**.

And just to make the princess a teensy-weensy bit jealous, **Steve Miller** was

presented with a championship Arabian mare (with foal) for a decade with Capitol Records.

Alice Cooper took time out from his hospitalisation (where he's undergoing treatment for alcoholism) to film his contribution to the *Sgt Pepper* movie. "I want to try working for a change," says Alice. "Anything you do for too long is boring and I'd been doing booze for too long."

Funny that no one noticed that a life-size dummy stood in for **Alan Lancaster** in *Quo's Top Of The Pops* film. Not even **Francis Rossi**.

Excellent double bill at London's Electric Cinema Club (until December 14) of *The Harder They Come*, starring **Jimmy Cliff**, and *Joe Boyd's A Film About Jimi Hendrix*.

Former **Yes** guitarist **Pete Banks** getting together new band in L.A. It's called **Empire**. He must be getting homesick.

Paul Simon, the man who's written two songs in two years, wants four million dollars an album to stay with CBS. (Special *T-Zers* Cheeky Bigger Award).

Anti-gay crusader **Anita Bryant** (that sweet little ol' pie in the face gal) staggered that **Rod McKuen** has told his comedian friends to make her the 'joke of the century'. "If it can happen to me, it can happen to anyone," says **Miserable Bryant**. "It's like the McCarthy era."

And **Dean 'Vino' Martin** upset bonnie **Prince Charlie** during a Beverly Hills dinner in his honour by saying, "The Prince's mother wanted me to sing 'God Save The Queen', but **Anita Bryant** wouldn't like it." He called **Charlie Chuck**, who said, "Martin told me he hadn't done this kind of thing for 11 years. I'm not surprised."

Strangers in Amsterdam fascinated to find a Hell's Angels club which is sponsored by the Dutch government to the tune of £50,000, just to keep the greasers quiet and off the streets.

Unfortunate end to **Frankie Miller's** post-Rainbow party last week when six youths started scrapping in the theatre foyer. Peering down at the fist'n'booticuffs from the safety of the circle bar were **Roger Chapman**, **Bobby Tench** and **David Coverdale**.

England's much maligned former soccer supremo, the right hon. berk **Don Revie**, would never have stood for such things. As **QPR** defender **Don Shanks** was saying to **Harvest PR Andy Childs** just the other day, all that stuff about England players being 'forced to relax' by playing bowls'n'bingo before a big game was absolutely true. Not quite so well known is that, immediately prior to each international, **Revie** would lock the dressing room door, ask the players to stand up and make them sing "God Save The Queen." No fun, eh? And no wonder we kept losing.



You get some weird-looking people at Gary Glitter gigs these days. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY



Steve Bell.

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