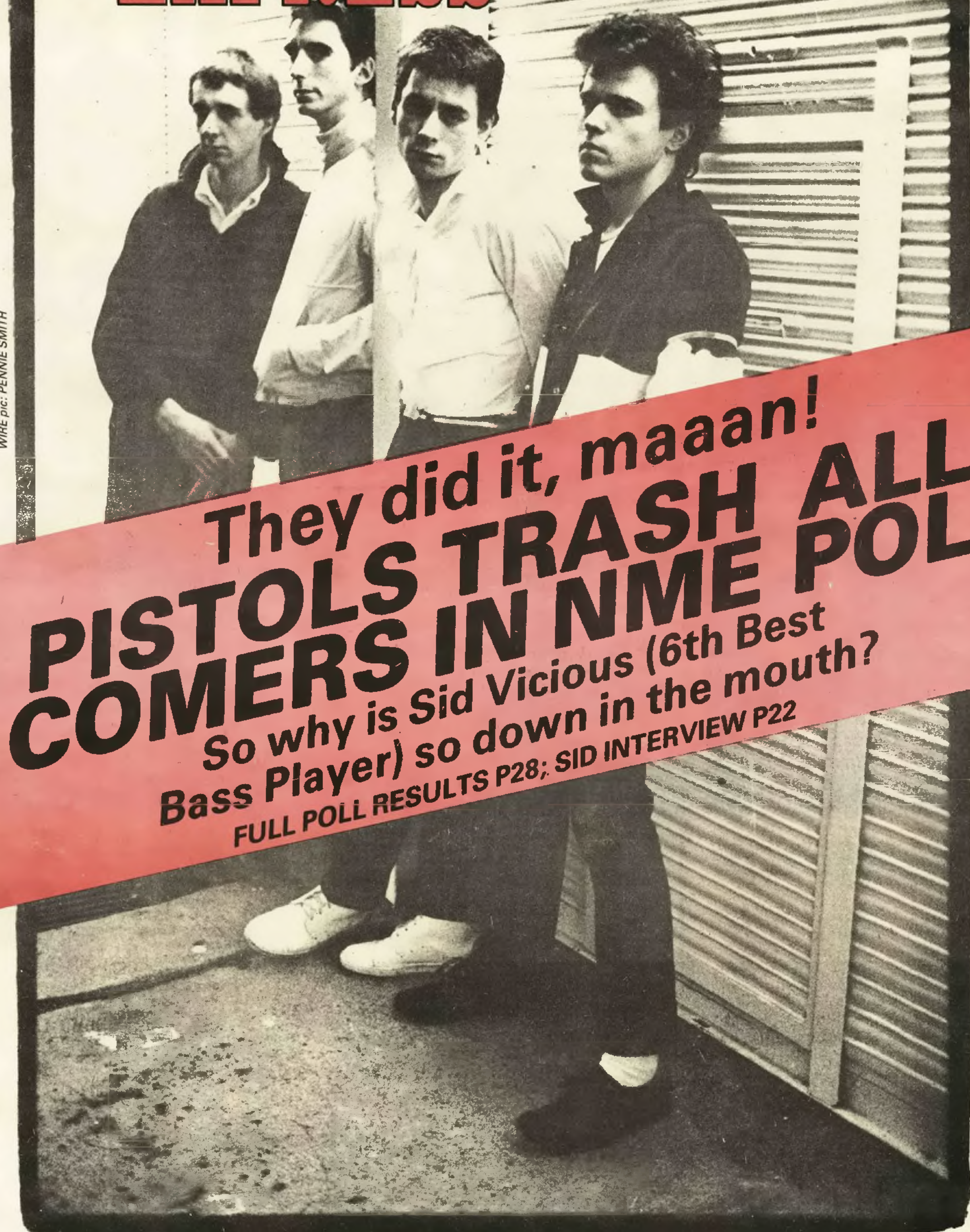


MUSICAL EXPRESS

WIRE pic: PENNIE SMITH



They did it, maaan!
PISTOLS TRASH ALL-
COMERS IN NME POLL
So why is Sid Vicious (6th Best
Bass Player) so down in the mouth?
FULL POLL RESULTS P28; SID INTERVIEW P22

No pun(k)s please, we're Wire.



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 12, 1972

Last This Week		
1	1	GUDBUY T'JANE.....Slade (Polydor)
2	2	MY DING-A-LING.....Chuck Berry (Chess)
3	3	CRAZY HORSES.....Osmonds (MGM)
4	4	WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS/ANGEL.....Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5	5	BEN.....Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
6	6	CROCODILE ROCK.....Elton John (DJM)
15	7	SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION.....T. Rex (T. Rex)
21	8	LONG HAIR'D LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL.....Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
6	9	WHY.....Donny Osmond (MGM)
7	10	LOOKIN' THROUGH THE WINDOWS Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending December 13, 1967

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

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 14, 1952

Last This Week		
2	1	RETURN TO SENDER.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
1	2	LOVESICK BLUES.....Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	3	SUN ARISE.....Rolf Harris (Columbia)
10	4	THE NEXT TIME.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	5	BOBBY'S GIRL.....Susan Maughan (Philips)
4	6	GUITAR MAN.....Duane Eddy (RCA)
3	7	LET'S DANCE.....Chris Montez (London)
5	8	SWISS MAND.....Del Shannon (London)
18	9	ROCKIN' AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.....Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
9	10	TELSTAR.....Tornadoes (Decca)



SINGLES

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

BUBBLING UNDER...
GET ON THE FUNK TRAIN — Munich Machine (Oasis);
HOLLYWOOD — Boz Scaggs (Epic); WILD YOUTH —
Generation X (Chrysalis); SAN FRANCISCO — Village
People (DJM).

U.S. SINGLES

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending December 17, 1977				
This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	6 1
2	(1)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	7 1
3	(4)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	6 3
4	(8)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	7 2
5	(3)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	6 3
6	(5)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6 2
7	(10)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	43 3
8	(6)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5 4
8	(7)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	7 4
10	(11)	GET STONED	Rolling Stones (Arcade)	5 10
11	(12)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)	6 6
12	(27)	GREATEST HITS, etc	Paul Simon (CBS)	2 12
13	(—)	DEREK AND CLIVE COME AGAIN	Peter Cook and Dudley Moore (Virgin)	1 13
14	(13)	40 GOLDEN GREATS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	10 2
15	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7 5
16	(19)	NO MORE HEROES	Stranglers (United Artists)	12 2
17	(16)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley (RCA)	7 16
17	(30)	RED STAR	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3 17
19	(18)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	77 1
20	(14)	30 GOLDEN HITS	Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	5 14
21	(—)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)	1 21
22	(—)	WORKS VOL 2	Emerson Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)	1 22
23	(17)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	9 11
24	(25)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	15 1
25	(15)	ONCE UPON A TIME	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2 15
26	(28)	CRIMINAL RECORD	Rick Wakeman (A & M)	2 26
27	(22)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton (RSO)	2 22
28	(21)	ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS	Roxy Music (Polydor)	4 21
29	(—)	SECONDS OUT	Genesis (Charisma)	8 8
30	(20)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	49 1

BUBBLING UNDER...
JOHNNY NASH COLLECTION — Johnny Nash (Epic);
TUBES NOW — Tubes (A&M); DEATH OF A LADIES' MAN —
Leonard Cohen (CBS); BEST OF BING CROSBY — Bing
Crosby (MCA).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 17, 1977				
This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac	43 3
2	(1)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt	5 4
3	(4)	ELVIS IN CONCERT	Elvis Presley	7 16
4	(5)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd	3 17
5	(10)	ALL IN ALL	Earth Wind & Fire	6 6
6	(9)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart	6 2
7	(7)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas	19 25
8	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra	7 5
9	(3)	AJA	Steely Dan	2 26
10	(8)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy	24 30
11	(11)	LET'S GET SMALL	Steve Martin	12 2
12	(16)	LIVE!	Commodores	15 1
13	(21)	ALIVE II	Kiss	2 22
14	(14)	MOONFLOWER	Santana	6 6
15	(12)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone	7 4
16	(17)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch	3 7
17	(6)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II	Elton John	9 11
18	(24)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy	24 30
19	(20)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel	10 10
20	(25)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen	7 4
21	(27)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs	11 11
22	(23)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman	14 20
23	(15)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack	1 23
24	(26)	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John	1 24
25	(—)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond	1 21
26	(22)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Crystal Gayle	5 17
27	(—)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx	2 22
28	(28)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce	1 28
29	(18)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner	1 29
30	(—)	LOVE SONGS	The Beatles	1 30

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
Derek
Johnson



TUBES RETURN

THE TUBES have been lined up for a return British tour in the spring, following the enormous success of their recent debut visit — which included a string of five nights at London Hammersmith Odeon, during which they broke the house record for a concert engagement of

an equivalent duration.

Their second tour, scheduled for May, will be appreciably longer than the first — and will include venues they have not previously visited. And it's understood that no less than seven consecutive nights have been reserved for them at the

Hammersmith Odeon.

Commented promoter John Curd of Straight Music: "They could easily fill a couple of nights at Wembley Pool or Earls Court, but I don't think they are suitable venues for The Tubes, so I'm taking them back to Hammersmith where they've already proved themselves."

FOUR HOPE NIGHTS BY STIFF PACKAGE

STIFF RECORDS are presenting a string of four special pre-Christmas package shows next week at London Islington Hope & Anchor, from Monday to Thursday inclusive (19-22). All the label's main artists will be featured during the series — including Ian Dury, The Damned, Larry Wallis and Wreckless Eric.

Entrance to all four gigs is free of charge, in terms of cash — but everyone is being asked to bring along a toy or game, which will then be donated to a sick child in hospital. A spokesman explained: "We are prepared to accept cash donations to the charity, but we would prefer toys."

Stiff are now working on two projects involving their package which toured Britain earlier this year — with Dury, Wallis and Eric, plus Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe. The live album, recorded during the tour, is being prepared for February release, and a 50-minute semi-documentary film of the package in action is being edited, and Stiff hope to negotiate national release as well as selling it abroad.

Also being finalised is a major American tour in the New Year by a full Stiff package. The bill will be somewhat different from the recent British tour, as Costello and Lowe have now left the label, but it's likely that The Damned will join Dury, Wallis and Eric on the U.S. trek.

New label nets Costello, Lowe

ELVIS COSTELLO and Nick Lowe, who both walked out of Stiff Records early in the autumn, have become the first artists to sign with the new Radar Records company. The label was launched recently by former United Artists managing director Martin Davis and A & R chief Andrew Lauder, and it's being distributed by WEA.

The long-term Costello-Lowe deal was set up by Stiff Records co-founder Jake Riviera, who left that company at the same time as the two artists, and the agreement is worldwide with the exception of the United States, Canada and parts of Scandinavia.

Costello and his band The Attractions, currently in the charts with one of their last Stiff recordings "Watching The Detectives", are at present on their debut U.S. tour. They

return for their three-day pre-Christmas season at London Kensington Nashville (22-24).

● The Boomtown Rats have now found themselves a venue in Dublin, to replace their banned gig at the National Stadium. It's at the Tivoli next Wednesday.

Ramones extra Rainbow show

THE RAMONES have been booked for a second night at London Rainbow. Their gig at this venue on New Year's Eve — which was to have been the final date of their tour — has now completely sold out, so another Rainbow concert has been added on Sunday, January 1 (tickets on sale now). Promoter Barry Dickins of MAM said on Tuesday that Generation X will be appearing in both Rainbow gigs, in addition to regular tour support band, The Rezillos.

four singles. And their last concert tour was as part of the CBS summer package, which also featured Crawler and Boxer, though they have subsequently played some gigs in their own right.

A spokesman for the band commented: "We've been on the road for a long time, and we've had our share of problems — some managerial, others financial. We were getting fed up with barely being able to eke a living, and we felt the time had come to call it a day."

THE 'O' BAND also decided to chuck it in this week. They played their last London date at the Nashville on Sunday, followed by two midweek provincial gigs. The five members will be resting over the holiday period and, in the New Year, they individually start looking for new gigs.

The band have had two albums issued by United Artists

Pistols gigs — but no crowds, please

THE SEX PISTOLS were returning today (Thursday) from their Dutch tour, reported last week, and they launch straight into a series of semi-secret British gigs which last until Christmas Eve.

They'll be playing seven or eight club dates during the period December 16-24, but they are not totally hush-hush like their previous gigs earlier in the autumn. This means they are being advertised locally in each area, but not nationally or in the trade Press.

A spokesman explained: "The Pistols could fill Wembley for a week and, with such enormous interest in the band, the smaller clubs simply couldn't cope with the demand if people were coming from all over the place to see them. We don't want pilgrimages to these gigs."

"That's the only reason they're not being announced in advance — it's nothing to do with the threat of being banned. But just in case there are

any last minute problems, we have stand-by venues in all towns, to which the gigs can be switched if necessary."

The NME has unearthed details of several of the Pistols' gigs, but is complying with the band's wishes by not publishing them. Suffice it to say that readers living in Coventry, Birkenhead, Newport, Uxbridge and Swindon would be well advised to consult their local newspapers!

Tickets for all dates are a uniform £1.75, though it's understood that some box-offices already open have inadvertently charged more and, in these cases, refunds will be made.

The band's Dutch tour, which was arranged at short notice only 48 hours before they left for Holland, was conducted on similar lines. Said the spokesman: "It preserved a degree of anonymity, without too much fanfare or preparation" and, from all accounts, it went off extremely smoothly.

● The Pistols will not be gigging after Christmas because, as already reported, work on their feature film is scheduled to start on January 2.

Buzzcocks blame other punks for cancellations

THE BUZZCOCKS, at present trekking their way around England with their "Tour Number 2", are one of the few new-wave bands to succeed in overcoming the massive insurance problems in Ireland — which have resulted in the cancellation of many dates by such acts as The Clash, The Stranglers and The Boomtown Rats.

As a result, they have booked an Irish tour for the second half of January, including gigs at Belfast Queen's University (26), Dublin Trinity College (27) and Cork Arcadia (28).

The band are now being lined up for their most important tour to date, starting in late February and occupying most of March. The significance of this tour can be gauged from the fact that many of the dates are being presented by one of Britain's leading concert promoters, Harvey Goldsmith.

But The Buzzcocks did run into problems this week, resulting in the cancellation of two of

their gigs at Dewsbury Pickwick's (Monday) and Derby Kings Hall (Wednesday). Both shows were called off when local promoters apparently got cold feet over new-wave acts, after recent visiting bands failed to attract the crowds.

Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon reckons that promoters "have had their fingers burned through 3rd and 4th generation punk bands not pulling in the crowds, and this is now reflecting on the more established bands."

VIBRATORS TOUR, LP



THE VIBRATORS went into the studios yesterday (Wednesday), after two weeks of rehearsal, to start work on their new album titled "V2". Further sessions follow in Berlin, and the LP will be ready early in the New Year, when the band plan a major British tour — though dates are not yet available. Album producer is Vic Mabele, who was responsible for the current Tom Robinson hit single, and who has previously worked with The Who and Dr Feelgood. The Vibrators are recording 20 original songs, from which a final selection will be made.

CHELSEA RE-EMERGE

CHELSEA are alive and well — and preparing themselves for a New Year tour. So says leader Gene October, vehemently denying widespread rumours that the band have broken up. In fact, in readiness for a busy 1978 schedule, they have added a second guitarist — Dave Martin — to their line-up.

Said October: "We toured all over Britain, and then decided to take a breather and record a new single. I suppose our absence from the gig circuit prompted the split rumours". The new single, titled "High Rise Living", is released this week by Step Forward Records.

STREETWALKERS, MOON, O's SPLIT

THE STREETWALKERS announced this week that they have now disbanded, almost three years after they were formed. Their recently released live album will be their last and they are now going their separate ways, though Roger Chapman is considering plans to undertake an album project with Charlie Whitney.

However, Chapman definitely intends to follow a solo career, and he goes into the studios early next month to start work on a solo album. Commenting on the split, he said: "I can only repeat what I said when Family

broke up — it's just time to start working on something new and with different musicians." But he emphasised that the break-up is totally amicable.

Other members of the band — Whitney, Brian Johnson (keyboards), David Dowle (drums) and Micky Feat (bass) — have not yet announced future plans. Dowle and Feat came into the band in 1976 after Nicko and Jon Plotell left the original line-up. Streetwalkers recorded four albums for Phonogram — "Downtown Flyers", "Red Card", "Vicious But Fair" and the live set.

MOON, a band frequently tipped for stardom, have broken

up — and the main reason is that they were barely managing to survive as a unit. They played their farewell gig at London Camden Music Machine last Saturday, and now all the members have gone their separate ways — although two or three are likely to remain together in singer Andy Desmond's backing band.

Moon's heyday was when they were operating as a big band, but this proved to be an uneconomic set-up, and they recently slimmed down in size. They recorded for CBS who released two of their albums, "Too Close For Comfort" and "Turning The Tides", as well as

— "Within Reach" in 1976 and "The Knife" in June this year. And they attribute their split to "financial hassles".

Commented the band's Craig Anders: "We seemed to be making ground in 1976, specially

when our first LP sold 50,000 copies, and we were hoping to make the big league this year. But it seems we've been hit by the upsurge of the punk movement, just when we were hoping for major success."

MUSIC BY POST

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PASH MUSIC STORES 5 ELGIN CRESCENT LONDON W11

The Who's story in big budget film

THE WHO are currently deeply involved in a four-million-dollar movie project called "The Kids Are Alright", which traces their career over the past 13 years. They have already filmed a special live performance at Shepperton Studios, in which they recently acquired a controlling interest, and are now assisting in the compilation of film and tapes from their earlier days.

The resulting picture is described as a "fast-moving rock comedy" combining footage from many of their worldwide performances — from their first gigs at Wealdstone Railway Tavern in North London, to their half-million audience at Woodstock — coupled with



backstage and behind-the-scenes sequences, plus typical Who antics!

Many of the band's million-sellers are included, as well as lesser-known items and some previously unreleased material — like "The Who Are You", recorded at the recent Shepperton sessions. And at one stage, the film follows the development of a song, from its inception to actual recording.

The movie is planned for March release, when hopefully it will go out on one of the national circuits. It's directed by Jeff Stein and produced by Sydney Rose and Tony Klinger. Commented Rose: "It's not like any other rock movie to date. This will be a picture for everyone to enjoy. The Who at their crazy best!"

STEELEYE LONDON GIGS

STEELEYE SPAN have now announced details of their major London concerts, which will be the highlight of their New Year tour, reported two weeks ago. These are at the Hammersmith Odeon on February 17 and 18, and tickets are on sale now for these gigs priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

The band have cancelled one of the gigs on

their original date sheet — at Cardiff Capitol on February 14 — and that's because the venue is finally closing down, as forecast by NME earlier this year. This means that Steeleye's itinerary now totals 28 concerts, from February 4 to March 12.

Their shows at Bristol (February 13), Coventry (19) and Portsmouth (21) will be

recorded, with a view to releasing a live album in the spring. Support act on the first ten dates are the Tannahill Weavers, but the support for the remaining gigs is not yet known. Steeleye said this week that everyone purchasing tickets for any of the 28 dates will be given a special voucher, entitling them to £1 off the retail price of their new LP "Storm Force Ten".

DEREK AND CLIVE COME AGAIN:

WARNING



The **CLEAN UP NOXIOUS TRASH** Association has been specially formed to oppose and, if possible, prevent the release of this obnoxious and filthy gramophone record.

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Out on Virgin Records. Album V2094. Cassette TCV2094.



NME NEWS ROUND-UP

THE SKUNKS have lost their lead singer Colin Ward, who left the band last week — to join the Army! He will not be replaced in the line-up, and the outfit is continuing as a four piece with guitarist Gerry Lambie stepping forward to take over lead vocals.

NEIL DIAMOND's second NBC-TV special "I'm Glad You're Here With Me Tonight" (the same title as his new CBS album), shown in America earlier this month, is likely to be screened in Britain by BBC-TV in the New Year. It includes excerpts from his Woburn Abbey concert in the summer.

ELVIS PRESLEY's ten films being screened by BBC-1 every morning during the holiday season, starting December 22, are "Fun In Acapulco", "King Creole", "G.I. Blues", "Jailhouse Rock", "Blue Hawaii", "Kissin' Cousins", "It Happened At The World's Fair", "Stay Away Joe", "Change Of Habit" and "Paradise Hawaiian Style".

JOHN MILES has a new keyboards player in his backing band, replacing Gary Moberley who has now left. Newcomer is Brian Chatton, formerly with Eric Burdon and Kiki Dee, and who played on the "Rock Follies" albums as well as on sessions with Keith Emerson and Jon Anderson. Miles' third Decca album, recorded in New York with producer Rupert Holmes, is scheduled for January release.

THE ROCK OPERA "Jesus Christ Superstar" became the longest-running musical in British stage history last Friday, when it beat the 2281 performances of "My Fair Lady". It opened at London Palace Theatre in 1972, and is still playing at the same venue, where it has taken over £5 million at the box-office.

ROOGALATOR keyboards player Nick Plytas has left the band, though he has no immediate plans for other activities in the business. The outfit will continue as a three-

piece comprising Danny Adler, Julian Scott and Justin Hildreth, and they are being lined up for a 30-date tour to start in February.

ELTON JOHN, who recently announced that he will play no more concerts, seems intent upon branching out as a compere and presenter. Tonight (Thursday) he makes his debut as host of BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops", and on Sunday introduces ITV's "The Big Match" (London and the South only). He's also being lined up for his own Radio 1 record show in the New Year.

BOB WELCH — the former Fleetwood Mac member, whose album "French Kiss" and single "Ebony Eyes" have just been released by Capitol — was arriving in London today (Thursday) for a promotional visit. He will be doing Press, radio and TV interviews for the next week.

"EVITA", the latest rock opera by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, will definitely be staged in London's West End next summer. Lord Delfont has confirmed that it will open in June at the London Casino, which is being converted into a full-time theatre and re-named the Prince Edward Theatre. Casting for the show has not yet begun.

LINDISFARNE have now sold out all four of their concerts at Newcastle City Hall from December 21 to Christmas Eve inclusive, solely on the basis of postal applications. The promoters say that bookings are continuing to pour in by the hundred, and they stress that no more tickets are available.

DAGABAND bassist Don Crewe suffered head and face injuries, and a damaged foot, when the group's van ran off the road and hit a lamp-post on the way to a gig at Chesterfield. Because of this, the band have been out of action for nearly three weeks, but Crewe is now out of hospital, and they plan to resume gigging within the next few days.

RECORD NEWS

Capaldi signs with Polydor

JIM CAPALDI, former Traffic drummer and now a solo performer in his own right, has signed a long-term recording contract with Polydor. The deal is worldwide excluding North America, and he makes his bow on his new label with an album in February. Capaldi, who was previously with Island, will be undertaking a British concert tour in the New Year — it's scheduled to start at the end of January, and dates will be announced shortly.

Roberta Flack's new album "Blue Lights In The Basement", her first for almost two years, is released by Atlantic on January 13. Recorded in New York and California this autumn, it features Donny Hathaway, Deniece Williams, Jim Gilstrap and Eugene McDaniels as backing vocalists.

Terry Wogan, whose constant plugging of "The Floral Dance" by Brighouse and Raistrick helped boost it into the charts, has now recorded his own vocal version of the song. It's released this weekend by Philips.

The Strawbs have signed a worldwide recording contract with Arista. Their first album for the label, titled "Deadlines", is scheduled for February release.

MCA rush out a new single by War this weekend. It's the lengthy title track from their album "Galaxy", occupying both sides of the single — but which nevertheless has still had to be edited.

Maria Muldaur is back in the studio working on her first album for two years, under the supervision of Chris Bond who produced the last two Hall & Oates albums. British release is tentatively planned for February.

Wings' chart-topper "Mull Of Kintyre" has now sold over 800,000 in Britain, and the one-millionth copy was pressed at the EMI factory last weekend.

MCA are rush releasing a new album version of Harry Nilsson's musical fantasy "The Point". It's by the cast of the production opening at London Mermaid Theatre on December 22 for eight weeks, including former Monkees members Davy Jones and Micky Dolenz. The 16-track LP features several new Nilsson songs not included on the original studio album.

Arranged and produced by Andrew Lloyd Webber, the album "Variations" is based on Rachmaninoff's Variations on a Theme of Paganini and features top British musicians including Rod Argent, Jon Hiseman, Gary Moore, jazz saxist Barbara Thompson and cellist Julian Lloyd Webber. It's released by MCA on January 20, with "Variation No. 1" coming out as a single on January 6.

"You Light Up My Life" by Debby Boone, which failed to make the charts in Britain, has sold over two million copies in the United States — making it the only platinum single of 1977.

The debut solo single by Twink, formerly of the Pink Faries, will be the double A-side "The Psychedelic Punkeroo"/"Do It '77" for release by Chiswick in January. Twink is currently working on his second LP — Titled "Germania", it's a concept album set in underground Berlin during the Sex Olympics of 1988!

Two new signings to the Polydor label are Lee Kosmin & The Groove and reggae band The Cimarrons, and both acts will have new singles out in January.

Osibisa play 17 concerts

OSIBISA, already set for a Christmas Party concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 22, this week announced plans for a full-scale New Year tour. A total of 17 dates have so far been set, and others are still being finalised. Their confirmed itinerary comprises:

Aylesbury Friars (January 7), Plymouth Fiesta (9), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Swansea Top Rank (11), Aberystwyth University (13), Leicester Polytechnic (14), Hatfield The Forum (15), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Newcastle Polytechnic (20), Redcar Coatham Bowl (21), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (27), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (31), Keele University (February 1), Oxford Polytechnic (2), Guildford Surrey University (3), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (4) and

Croydon Fairfield Hall (5).

This will be their first tour with their new line-up, which sees Potato (congas) and ex-Johnny Nash keyboards man Emmanuel Rentzos coming into the band. Osibisa have a new single issued by Bronze on December 30 — titled "Livin' Lovin' Feelin'", it's a different version from the one which appears on their live double album "Black Magic Night".

● Former Osibisa member Kiki Gyan has his first solo album released early in 1978. He's supported on the set by two other former Osibisa sidemen Kofi Ayivor and Jake Sollo who, together with Gyan, walked out of the band three months ago. Gyan has also formed a new band with Ayivor and yet another ex-Osibisa man, Paul Golly, plus two other musicians and backing singers — and they will be going on the road in the New Year.

ON THE ROAD

Zoot gigs on Coyne dates

KEVIN COYNE plays five dates early next month with Zoot Money under the banner of "Dynamite Days", which is also the title of their joint album for February 10 release by Virgin — preceded on January 27 by a single called "Amsterdam". They play London Covent Garden Rock Garden on January 6, 7 and 9, and London Marquee on January 8, with one other date still to be finalised. And to prepare for these shows, they have a warm-up gig at Bath Brillig Arts Centre on January 3. A Virgin spokesman said that Coyne will be headlining a full concert tour in March.



JENNY DARREN headlines a four-week concert and college tour starting in late January, immediately following the release of her new DJM single "Too Many Lovers". Meanwhile she completes her current gig series at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (tomorrow, Friday), Whitley Bay Rex Ballroom (Sunday), Milton Keynes Open University (December 21) and Kirkcaldy Country club (23).

RICKY COOL & The Icebergs, a country-swing band from Birmingham, get the biggest break of their career when they support The Darts at London Rainbow on Tuesday, December 20. This will be The Darts' final British date until the spring, as they are set for extensive European and American tours in the New Year.

THE SURPRISE SISTERS, just back from America, launch their new stage act at Torquay South Devon College (tonight, Thursday) and London Fulham Golden Lion (this Sunday). They go into the studios early next month to record their first album for Track, and dates are now being set for a full UK tour starting at the end of January.

THE DEPRESSIONS have extra gigs at Lincoln College of Technology (tomorrow, Friday), London Covent Garden Roxy Club (Saturday), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (December 21 and 28) and Brighton New Regent (30).

DAVID ESSEX had added another extra performance to his six-day season at London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion all next

week. It's an early evening show on Friday, December 23, starting at 6 pm.

JOHN OTWAY has added another date to his current tour. It's at Newcastle Guildhall on Friday, December 23. This will be his last solo gig backed by Scratch, before re-uniting with Wild Willy Barratt for a New Year tour.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS complete their 1977 programme with a special New Year's Eve show at Nottingham Katie's.

THE STUKAS round off the year with gigs at Portsmouth Highbury Technical College (tonight, Thursday), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (Saturday), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (December 28) and London N6 Jackson's Lane Community Centre (31). They also support Eddie & The Hot Rods at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on December 23 and 24.

DEAF SCHOOL play Wigan Casino (this Saturday), London Marquee (Sunday), Doncaster Outlook Club (December 19), Worthington Rendezvous Club (21), Manchester Rafter's (22) and Birmingham Barbarella's (23 and 24).

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS round off 1977 at High Wycombe Nags Head (this Friday), and start the New Year at Liverpool Eric's (January 6), Bristol Barton Hall Centre (7), Croydon Greyhound (8) and London Marquee (9).

MEAL TICKET, who have been touring extensively throughout the autumn, complete their travels with two special Christmas party gigs at London Kensington Nashville next Monday and Tuesday (19-20). Admission is £1.50.

THE ENID have now confirmed their first five dates for the New Year. They are at Aberdeen University (January 13), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (14), Uxbridge Brunel University (25), Cranfield Polytechnic (27) and Brighton Polytechnic (28).

RACING CARS have been booked for two London dates at the end of the year. They headline at Kensington Nashville on December 30 and 31, supported by Rumble Strips. And these will be their last gigs for some weeks, as in January they start rehearsing for their next album.

Pat Travers cancels tour

PAT TRAVERS BAND have cancelled their short pre-Christmas concert tour, which was due to climax at London Rainbow next Wednesday (21). A spokesman said that all ticket money will be refunded at the point of purchase, and the gigs will be re-scheduled for as soon as possible next year. Reason for the cancellation is that Travers has had to fly to Canada, where he is appearing in Ottawa High Court as the main defence witness for his best friend, who is on a manslaughter charge as the result of a driving accident when Travers was a passenger in the car.



MOTORHEAD TOUR, FILM

MOTORHEAD, now nearing the end of their current one-nighter series, start a new tour early next month — and they'll be accompanied on the road by a camera crew, who will film their activities for posterity! The movie, said "to cover every aspect of Motorhead", is being made by Roxy Club DJ and cameraman Don Letts — and he will also be shooting sequences in the recording studio. It's expected to be ready for release some time in the spring.

First seven dates to be confirmed for January are at Plymouth Castaways (4), Penzance The Garden (5), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (9), Dudley J.B.'s (12), Swansea Nutz Club (19), Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt (21) and Bishops Stortford Hockerill College (28). Further gigs, including a major London concert, are being finalised and will be announced shortly. There are plans for a Motorhead EP to be issued next month.

TV SHOWCASE FOR RAMONES

Kinks extra for live Xmas 'Test'

THE KINKS are to play a second Christmas show at London Rainbow. They are already set for a headlining concert there on December 23, and they will now also be appearing on Christmas Eve. This second date is to be screened live by BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" as their traditional December 24 special. NME forecast last week that The Kinks would be the subject of this year's telecast, though it seemed at the time that it would have to be pre-recorded the previous night — but now the extra gig enables "Test" producer Michael Appleton to screen it live.

Upcoming '78 tours

DELROY WILLIAMS headlines the Soul Fever Tour, a four-act package show which goes on the road for a month from February 18. Joining Williams' seven-piece band in the line-up are the Soul Explosion, Mr Superbad and the Satin Belles.

MARTHA REEVES and the Vandellas and Junior Walker and the All Stars are both being lined up for British visits in February. They will be touring separately, but it's likely that they will come together to co-headline a few major concert appearances.

CHICK COREA is due in London in late February, but this time without his band Return To Forever. He plans a concert featuring only himself on acoustic piano, with Herbie Hancock as his special guest. It's not yet known if he will also be playing provincial dates.

THE STRAWBS start an extensive tour at the beginning of February, opening in Britain and then taking in the United States, Canada and Europe. It ties in with the release of their new album (see Record News).

GALLAGHER AND LYLE are going back on the road in the New Year. A British concert tour is being lined up for them, covering late January and early February, and dates and venues are being announced shortly.

NEW ROXY'S GIGS

LONDON's new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, which opens next week, has already set a string of 20 concerts for 1978. They are mainly "nostalgia" shows along the lines planned by the venue's chief Terry Collins for this autumn, before GLC regulations forced a postponement — but they also feature contemporary names. Details are: Searchers and Edison Lighthouse (January 6), Billy J Kramer and Merseybeats (7), Rupert's "Tribute To Elvis" Show and Mojos (13), Marmalade and Billie Davis (14), Helen Shapiro and White Plains (20), Mungo Jerry and Paper Lace (21), Alvin Stardust and Pinkerton's Colours (27), Joe Brown and Tommy Bruce (28), Wayne Fontana and Swinging Blue Jeans (February 3), Marty Wilde and

Troggs (4), Craig Douglas and Sweet Sensation (10), Georgie Fame and Fourmost (11), Sandie Shaw and Leapy Lee (17), Frank Ifield and Casuals (18), Bert Weedon and Ivy League (25), Mud and Love Affair (March 3), Gerry and The Pacemakers and Gerry Grant (4), Three Degrees (29), Platters (April 28) and the New Seekers (May 5). Further dates are being added to this list.

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WIRE ARE UNIQUE among the numerous major bands to emerge in 1977, because they have 'made it' on their music alone. By this I don't mean that their music is necessarily better than the rest, but unlike any other new 'stars', they've got absolutely nothing going for them except their music.

No image, no charisma, no mystique, no following, no gimmicks, and virtually no press.

They aren't a punk rock band. The cover of their album, to take a trivial example — the first time our own Paul/Morley set eyes upon that pink flag standing strange and clean against a washed blue sky, he pointed out that it must be a rock album. It could even be a Gentle Giant sleeve; it couldn't be a Clash sleeve.

Again, Wire are unique among the '77 front-runners (curse these abject terms!) in that their first release was an album; a 21 track set which delivers such a staggeringly coherent picture, it really brings the whole singles fetish — to which I myself usually subscribe — into question.

Wire do not feel part of a "movement". Indeed this is obvious. Despite a totally misleading veneer of Ramones-style minimalism, Wire stand alone in the class of '77 in that their inspiration comes from within. They write songs so indirect as to be almost incomprehensible.

They have virtually no concern for stock punk themes like politics, for quintessential rock'n'roll and the pop sensibility and all that stuff. They are different.

The first time I saw them was perfect. It was a Rock Against Racism gig in some enormous North London town hall. The tiny audience was 50% black, 40% RAR hearties, 10% small children, and two punks.

Wire came onstage, drab and emaciated, and proceeded to play a startlingly austere set to blank astonishment all round. People laughed, people jived, people put their fingers in their ears. Nobody pogo'd. And nobody underestimated them; the applause may have been polite, but everybody was interested.

At the end, one pipe-and-bearded RAR person even came up to me and asked: "Is that punk rock then?"

Although Wire accused me of being elitist, I reckon it devalues a really strange band when they are accepted as normal — i.e. when Wire play to punks and are accepted as punks.

Not that I'm a great one for accepting artists anyway. We all fall into the trap at times, but the writer who is always certain about his subject, who has no curiosity, is a pain. It would be pretty hard for anyone to take that attitude to Wire, anyway — but me, I don't accept them.

WHICH IS JUST AS WELL, because they certainly don't accept me. I've spoken to them on occasions, and I'm little nearer to finding out what they run on than when I first heard "Lowdown" on the "Roxy London WC2" album.

The two-hour interview I did with them recently was the most arduous I've done since I exhausted Generation X in a Cleethorpes fish'n'chip house a few months ago. Common to both gruelling sessions were the interviewees' refusal to discuss their past, the blind alleys that talking about individual songs led to, and an unwillingness to discuss the rock scene outside themselves... which doesn't leave much room to manoeuvre.

Unlike Gen X, however, Wire's attitude verged on sullenness. It didn't help that my requests to both the EMI press officer and the band's manager, one Mike Collins, to talk to just a couple of the band at a time, were ignored to the extent of having all four of them sitting there making life mutually uncomfortable, and to have Collins hovering mutely in the background throughout.

So here we all are, sitting in their newly-chic Covent Garden office, with publicist-to-the-stars (Strangers, Buzzcocks, Heartbreakers) Alan Edwards in the office across the hall, former



WIRE (L-R): Robert Gotobed, Bruce Gilbert, Colin Newman, Graham Lewis.

"WE ARE NOT SHOWROOM DUMMIES!"

PHIL McNEILL discovers that WIRE are not just three robots and a mannequin, but actual human beings with Bodily Functions and Emotions and that.

(Mind you, that doesn't stop the manager hanging about trying to pull the strings...)

Roxy boss Andy Czewowski downstairs, a studio in the basement, and Wire's mannequin in the corner.

First task is to tell them apart. Not them and the dummy, you understand, but one Wire from the other. What they certainly do share with punk rock is that gaunt face — very (ahem) wiry.

Graham Lewis is easy — black curly hair and dark brows, a 24-year-old art college graduate and ex-fashion designer who only, he claims, took up bass guitar when Wire formed in February this year.

In fact, Wire all reckon to have started playing for the first time this year — singer Colin Newman being the only one to admit previous familiarity with an instrument (guitar). Just as they are adamantly insistent that their Roxy album tracks were *not* doctored in the studio (a

myth that has reached categoric proportions, since their sound is so much clearer and their playing far more accomplished than the other groups featured, even though it was recorded at about Wire's fourth gig ever), they are also insistent that they only began playing this year.

So how come they play with so much more assurance than most other new bands?

Lewis, with typical arrogance: "That's their problem."

Anyway, let's return to the task of identifying the other three members — a tricky problem, as they look like brothers: cropped hair, lean jaws, and all far more reticent than Graham.

The quietest one is Robert Gotobed (his real name), the drummer, who used to be the singer with Motors *meister* Nick Garvey's old band, The Snakes (who cut one single for Skydog last year — the Groovies' "Teenage Head").

"We just used to do old R & B numbers," he mumbles. "It wasn't very serious."

Guitarist Bruce Gilbert — at 31, considerably older than the other three — holds out against Graham Lewis that what we were doing before Wire is actually relevant, in that they were all "seriously creative". He used to be a painter, while singer Colin Newman goes on record as a former "drawer" — a commercial artist. Acquaintances rather than friends, Wire came together because the time was right — because, in the Roxy, there was somewhere for unconventional bands to play for the first time since the rock business wrung the adventure out of rock'n'roll in the early '70s soak-up.

"The important thing is that it developed round the songs," says Colin Newman.

They deny that they ever set out to concentrate on one particular style. "A song is always considered on its merits," Newman goes on. "If it turns out to have some sort of thread to it, then maybe that's something to do with the way we play, our limitations. There certainly was never any masterplan. If you're gonna start off with that standpoint then you might as well not do it."

Graham Lewis, one of those irritating people who don't converse so much as boast, adds: "We weren't there to copy anyone. It's all open."

I drag in my comparisons with Captain Beefheart — one of the closest reference points I can locate for Wire — and they admit to "appreciating" him. It's evident there's no real feeling of affinity on their part.

Colin Newman, however, agrees that they both "function on an ideas level", and that, unlike most rock artists, they both adhere to their original ideas (by which I presume he means that Wire don't allow traditional modes like verse/chorus to affect their song structures — which are of far greater importance to them than most bands — and instead they shape the structure to suit the idea).

THEY ASSURE me that this is the band they would have formed and the music they would have played *whenever* they did it, but only the "opening up" of rock last year meant they could do it and find work.

"But even though the whole field opened up," Lewis interjects, "for some people it was more open than it was for others. While other people were filling the pages of music papers and gigging here, there and everywhere — and getting banned from here, there and everywhere — most people didn't even want to consider us."

This bloke evidently doesn't know he's born. Two tracks on a Top Twenty album within two months of forming the band, an acclaimed debut album with the band just ten months old... and he's complaining about lack of attention? It's a constant deceit of, uh, punk rockers — their never-ending whine about how persecuted and mistreated they are, when most of them have had an easier ride to success than anyone since Tommy Steele. At least Wire don't let their self-pity into their music...

Lewis points out how their faces didn't quite fit the new "status quo". Fair enough — even so, it's pretty extraordinary to get where you are in ten months, isn't it?

"It's pretty extraordinary that we stayed together at all," he rejoins, which rather contradicts the last ten minutes' spiel about how committed they all are.

But surely you've had encouragement all along from quite influential people — like Andy Czewowski (who managed the band for a short period) and Mike Thorne (the EMI staff producer responsible for the Roxy album and the superb production on "Pink Flag").

"They're not influential people," says Lewis. (Tell that to the 50,000 bands struggling to get a gig at the likes of the Dog and Partridge's annual Christmas shindig out there in Lower Dunwiddy, who haven't done a gig for a month and will only get twenty quid if they *do* land the Big One).

Even more strangely, considering how he's been moaning that lack of attention nearly broke the band up, he goes on: "Anyway, they came to us rather than us going to them."



In fact, you do seem to have been very reticent all along. You haven't actually gone to people and hustled them - like I'm sure you could have got greater press coverage if you'd hustled a few journalists to come and see you.

"Well, we were more interested in what we were doing," Lewis brags, "rather than having our pictures in the press."

Yeah? Then don't bloody moan about it!

AT THIS point the phone rings, and it acts like a watershed for the mutual exasperation that's been building up. Awright, new topic. The four-way credit on all the songs, is that just a democratic gesture?

"It's not a gesture," Lewis replies. "It's democratic."

But do you all write all the songs?

"That's private," Lewis starts to say, but Colin Newman doesn't notice.

"A lot of the earlier stuff especially, because we weren't tight or accomplished, somebody couldn't say: 'Look, I've got this song, this is how it goes.'"

"It wasn't possible to do that. The songs had to actually develop up themselves - although one person or two people did write them originally. They developed because of the musical limitations of the people who were gonna play them."

The album title track, for instance, Graham tells me originated in a jam.

"I was sold up the river to the red slave trade, the stores were gathered, the plans were laid, synchronised watches at 18.05, how many dead or alive, in 1955..."

Despite their stark, evocative quality - a quality which is equally striking throughout the album - the words came later, written in response to the music.

So why, I wonder, do Wire write songs?

Graham: "Because we can't stop. There are too many things to write about."

Bruce: "It's like having a shave."

Colin: "Or a shit. It's a function, a biological function."

So do they think they have something to say? I mean, I don't come round and watch them shave in the morning, so why should I listen to their songs?

"That's the creative thing again," says Bruce.

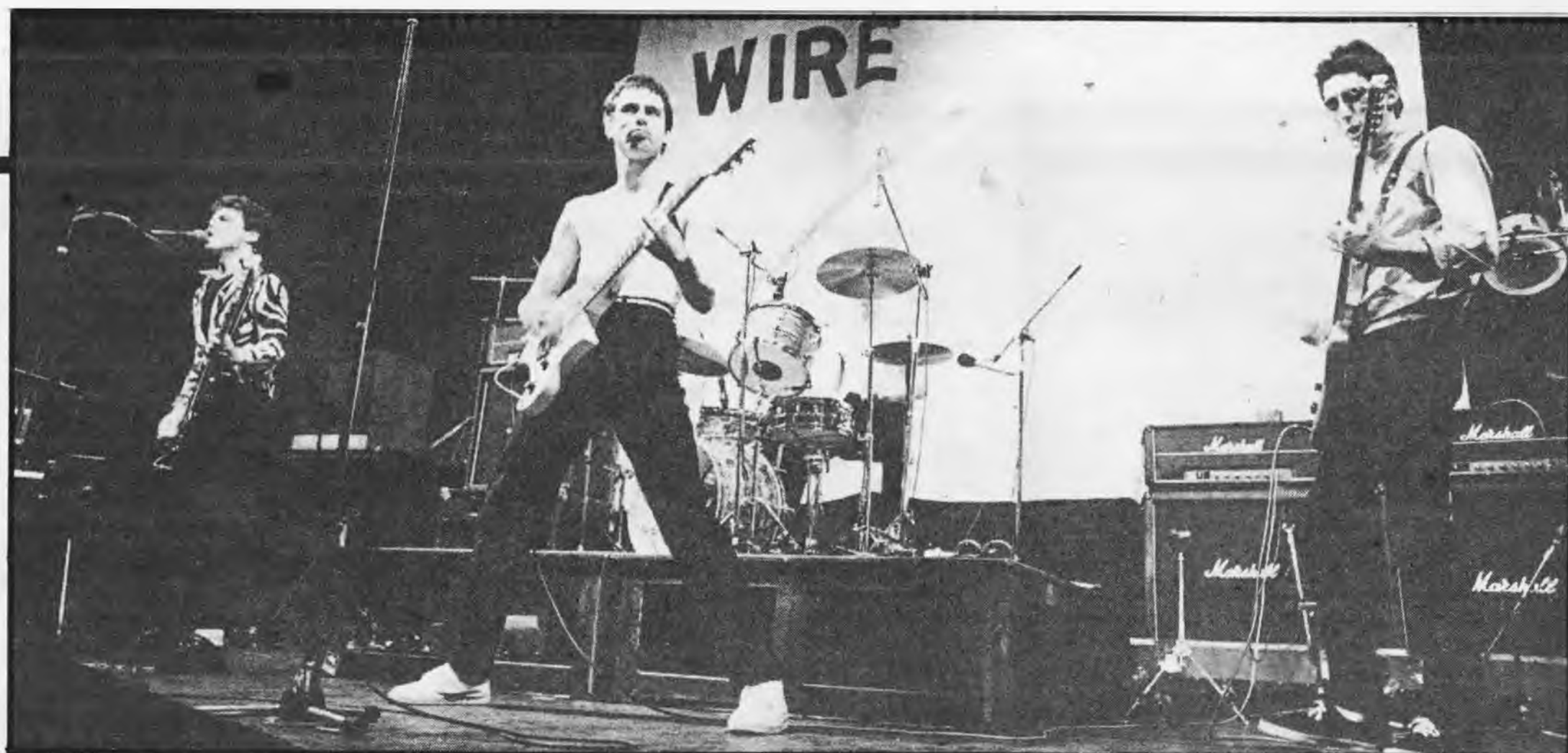
"Art can't exist in a void," Colin cuts in.

"You do it for the simple reason that... if it's a song, you want people to hear it."

"It just so happens that the medium we've chosen is a very public medium," says Bruce.

So if the roles, say, of poets and musicians were reversed, then you'd just be doing the

MORE WIRE



equivalent of 1,000 print limited editions?

"Sure."

"Yeah."

"Oh yeah."

"In a way, we were all getting on with what we wanted to get on with before this happened," Graham Lewis expands. "Keeping the creativity we had going... But I suppose this is what we've always wanted to do."

Do you like the rock band life-style?

"We don't have a rock band life-style,"

Graham answers instantly - always first off the mark with the haughty retort. Next, true to the pattern of conversation, Colin or Bruce amends Graham's reply with something more modest. Robert remains silent.

"We have our own life-style," says Bruce.

In what way is it different, then?

"It's not the same," Graham says. Thanks, Graham.

"It's not to do," Colin explains haltingly,

"with drinking as much beer as you can possibly drink..."

"Or fucking as much as you possibly can,"

adds Graham.

Colin: "It's not the kind of '60s idea of the continuous party. We're not doing it as an access, to be able to consume more."

The rock life-style is very much at odds with creativity...

"That's why we don't do it..."

But I don't just mean non-stop party, I also mean the routine where you go into the studios tomorrow (as they were discussing earlier) to cut a John Peel session, mess about there all day, then dash straight to Hammersmith to play to a Tubes audience who probably couldn't give a

damn about Wire. Every night you've got to do another gig, and that's a completely separate world to the four of you getting together to write a song... unless - as thankfully Wire don't - you just want to write about rock and retread your own clichés.

Wire are surprisingly unconcerned about this drain on their energies. It's all part of "the process". It also surprises me, for a band who obviously think fairly hard about their music and appear to be deliberately stylised, that they claim just to "be ourselves" onstage. Still, Kraftwerk probably say that too.

IT'S NOW SEVERAL hours since I wrote that last paragraph. In between times I've been to see Wire at the Marquee. They tell me they find live gigging as rewarding as recording - but if they found tonight's gig worthwhile I'd be amazed.

Not that it was a bad gig. In fact, it was probably the most consistently enjoyable gig I've been to in months. But the audience...

Personally, I reckon I'd rather not play at all than perform in front of a kindergarten full of prats intent solely on stomping on each others' feet, spitting at the band, tossing full beakers of beer at the drummer and parading their pathetic attempts to outdo each other for self-mutilation.

The guy yelling "Posers!" and "Smooth twats!" I could sympathise with: at least he'd paid attention and made his mind up. What's more, he's right.

This band is smooth compared to, say, the Pistols or The Clash - apart from a sluggish beginning and a semi-abortive improvised encore, there was none of the raggedness which seems almost a vital ingredient of the punk vision. Wire respect their compositions above all else, and adhere strictly to structure.

It follows that for them to appear to be a punk band - a tag which circumstances have dumped on them rather than them seeking it - is a pose. They're not punks, and the heckler realised that. Sadly, the rabble who constituted almost half the audience were completely oblivious to the fact.

Oh, but Wire are good. Colin Newman is particularly impressive: no histrionics, the occasional bow to computaspeak, but mostly he just stands stock still and delivers his words with perfect phrasing, perusing the audience in between with a cold stare that tonight at least could very excusably be contemptuous; cool, collected, and in brilliant voice.

If Newman's anonymity might appear to be posed, there's no doubt that Bruce Gilbert is "being himself". He looks quite timid, as he strums out the bare chords - no leads - that support Wire. Whether his technical limitations are inherent or self-imposed, he's certainly formulated a style and, more importantly, a sound that are eminently listenable, even addictive.

That Robert Gotobed and Graham Lewis only started playing this year I find increasingly hard to believe. Gotobed's drumming in particular is immaculate.

Apart from Graham once telling the gobbers to desist, Wire's response to the audience is zero. It may actually be that this attitude encourages the beer-throwers to ever more gross attempts to gain the band's attention, but for me at least it's most pleasing not to be harangued from onstage. There are precious few performers charismatic enough and together enough to carry off a personal audience relationship.

Colin: "I think the traditional method of presenting a rock show..."

Graham: "It's great to be here in Newcastle..."

Colin: "If you leave that out - sometimes I never say anything - people say, 'Why didn't you say anything?' Well, what is there to say? I'm not gonna say any old rubbish..."

Graham: "It always comes out as so clichéd. If people want to clap along, or sing along, or whatever, that's up to them. But there is no way that we're going to force people. There is no forced reaction. They can do what they like."

On the other hand, maybe a forced reaction is better than none?

"Well," Newman shrugs, "it helps present a fun night out."

So you don't want to be a fun night out?

"That's too sweeping. I talk to a lot of people

who do have fun at our gigs. It's their idea of a fun night out. Probably if they went to see someone who's presenting yer actual fun night out they'd be bored, or even find it depressing."

Too true.

PLUCK another new topic out of the air with a dumb question. Do you think your songs are comprehensible?

"I think they're unconsciously comprehensible," Bruce opines. "There are certain reference points in the songs which people can recognise. Some of them are very indirect - things like 'Reuters'..."

"Reuters"? What a strange choice! To me, that's extremely easy to understand. The opening track on the album, it begins with eerie chiming chords which give way to a brilliant relentless drone, harsh and paranoid - probably the most inspired track on "Pink Flag".

"Our own correspondent is sorry to tell of an uneasy time, that all is not well. On the borders there's movement, in the hills there's trouble, food is short, crime is double. Prices have risen since the government fell, casualties increase as the enemy shell, the climate's unhealthy, flies and rats thrive, and sooner than later the end will arrive. This is your correspondent, running out of tape, gunfire's increasing, looting, burning, rape..."

That's the entire song, sung just once. Draw the scene, sigh to a close, fini. Perfect.

"I thought that was really straightforward,"

Graham protests.

"Incredibly straightforward," Colin agrees.

"But my interpretation of it isn't," Bruce explains.

Does it refer to any specific war?

"It's a media thing," Graham tells me - shows how clearly I'd understood it... "The news reports are always relatively the same. You can substitute names in all the appropriate places, and you can describe the situation anywhere with that song - which is why it's called 'Reuters'. It could be any country."

"I always interpret it as this country," says Bruce.

My own interpretation of "Reuters" was that it sets the tone for the album, both with its plangent, desperate drone and with its bleak portrait of a disintegrating civilisation. Graham Lewis disputes this. His world view, at least as expressed to me, doesn't seem to take into account the increasing likelihood of, uh, global apocalypse.

The band as a whole, in fact, reject the impression of them that I drew in the "Pink Flag" album review. Stark, drab, bleak and grey - a little implausibly, I reckon, they deny this over-riding image. The greyness, the uniformity of consumer society - this thread seems to me to run through the whole album.

"Maybe that's something that you're concerned about," Colin suggests. "I would say there is something about media..."

Do you think the media debate people? There are several mentions of glossy mags, page three...

"I think a lot of those references are very personal," says Bruce unhelpfully.

The message is that I'm not only wrong to portray Wire as robotic (which they misinterpret as meaning they are robots, rather than it being a pose they strike), but it is also incorrect to see them as unemotional reflectors of the times. Their songs, they say, are actually intensely emotional and often very personal.

Feel free to read into them whatever you want, but Wire style themselves optimists.

"It's like with 'Lowdown'," Graham exclaims.

"Everybody put a really doomy slant on it, but like, when I wrote the lyrics it was like... it was a hopeful song when I wrote it. Can't you see it from a positive stance? Your view seems so negative of everything we do."

"The time is too short but never too long, to reach ahead, to project the image, which will in time become a concrete dream. Another cigarette, another day, from A to B, again avoiding C, D and E, 'cos E is where you play the blues. Avoiding a death is to win the game, to avoid relegation, the big E. Drowning in the big swim, rising to the surface, the smell of you - that's the lowdown."

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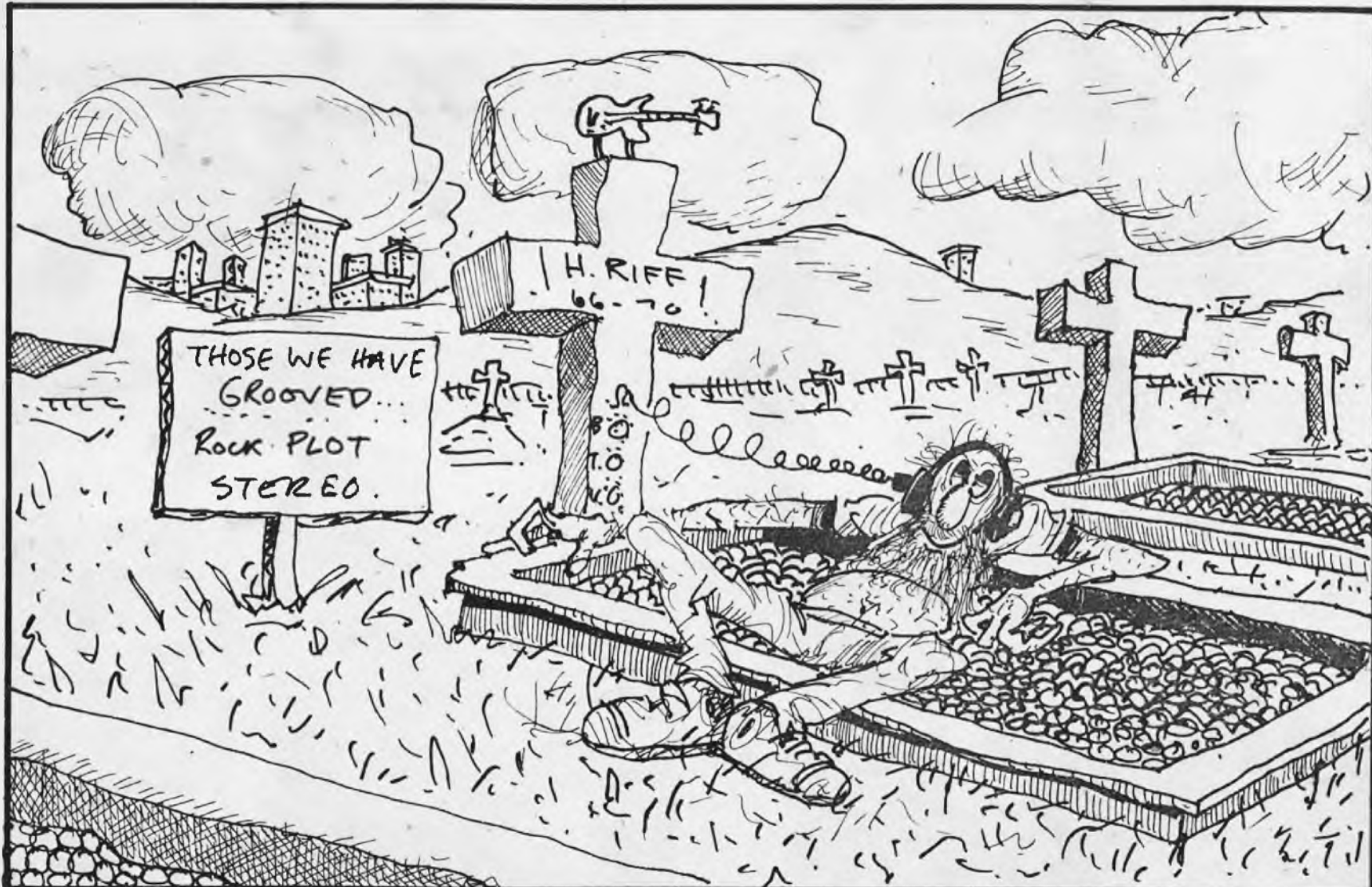
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THRILLS

ROCK DEATH COURT CASE

ON THE FOURTH DAY of last month a young Londoner, it has been alleged, died after a fracas with bouncers at a rock gig.

Henry Bowles, aged 22, of St Andrews Place, NW1, had gone to the Bell pub in London's Pentonville Road on October 23 to see a gig featuring The Necromats and Subway Sect. During the interval between bands, a member of the audience allegedly let off a banger in the bar, following which the pub's security men removed Bowles from the premises.

He was thrown out, a court was told, and died from his injuries 12 days later.

On December 6 at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court, two men — Frank Flood, aged 22, a labourer from the Caledonian Road, and John William Godden, 32, an electrician from Bedfordshire — were charged with inflicting Grievous Bodily Harm. Godden was also charged with manslaughter.

The two men have been remanded on bail until the case is heard before a jury at the Old Bailey. Due to court procedural uncertainty, a date for this trial has not yet been arranged.

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS

The Bell, Kings Cross, scene of the incident.
Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



Bit of a dead Thrills this week — or rather, a totally coincidental theme of death seems to run throughout, from the entirely frivolous Dead Boys on page 20, through the extremely silly (above), to the deadly serious (left). Strangely enough, Stiff Records aren't mentioned once — but we do take note of the passing of the bloke who invented the long-playing record (page 14), as well as talking to Gloria Jones as she takes her first steps into the rock world since Marc Bolan died (page 12).

Also knocking about: Deke Leonard (right), The Dictators on 12, Penetration on 14, Hughie Green on 18, and reggae star Dillinger lining up with the good guys against the Front on 15. Spliffing good show, old chap!

DYLAN FOR FAR EAST BASH — BUT NOT EUROPE

BOB DYLAN IS ON THE MOVE again, but he ain't coming here. For that matter he's not playing the States either. He's touring Japan and Australia. Rehearsals begin in New York in January, and by the end of the month they'll be flying east.

No Rolling Thunder Review this time — though all the musicians on the tour were also on the RTR. The line-up consists of:

Rob Stoner on bass. Rob played on "Desire" and was chosen by Dylan as bandmaster for the Rolling Thunder Review. He is a tough, versatile player who recently formed his own group, Topaz, and with them has an album out on Columbia Records in the USA. Topaz are understandably a bit pissed off at his just upping and taking off everytime Dylan calls, but can you blame him?

Howie Wyeth on drums. Another veteran of "Desire" before playing on the Rolling Thunder Review. Howie is currently touring the USA with Robert Gordon and Link Wray. When not playing sessions he is part of a sometime funky gospel band called Greasy Cookin' that does cafe dates round New York City just for fun.

David Mansfield, multi-instrumentalist. On the Rolling Thunder Review he played mainly dobro and slide. That was his big break, since his previous band, Quakey Duck, didn't exactly make the big time. After RTR he and two other RTR alumni formed The Alpha Band to try to continue the atmosphere of the tour. The two others are also with Dylan on the Eastern tour.

Steven Soles on guitar. Another slide player and co-founder of The Alpha Band. He co-wrote a number of songs with Artie Traum back in the early Greenwich Village folkie days and has been a session man for years.

The final Alpha Band member is T-Bone Burnette. Ex-of the Texas blues combo B-52, he is a powerful guitarist and vocalist with a singing style not unlike Dylan's. Both T-Bone and Steve Soles are rumoured to have become some kind of Jesus freaks recently, but I'm sure Dylan's not fussy.

Dylan is apparently also considering bringing a black percussionist named Otis on the tour. Otis has been playing sessions round New York for years.

Dylan is expected to decide whether or not he needs to recruit a keyboard player for the tour when the new band rehearses.

MILES

THRILLS



DEKE asleep

Pic: CHAUNCEY DAVIES

WHY DOES THIS MAN SLEEP WITH HIS GLASSES ON?

DEKE LEONARD IS HOWLING: "It's a haaaaaaaaaaaard way to live" at a bunch of frantically bopping/pogoing/swaying/running/jumping/standing still kids in Swansea Top Rank.

It's the Hometown Gig for Deke Leonard's Iceberg — not Iceberg Mk II, as some of the rock rags have dubbed the band. "It's more like Iceberg Mk VII," according to Deke.

Hometown Gigs are always that little bit special, if only because the band in question has to show its goods to the people who were around when they were up and coming as well as to its current audience. If they're good they get a hero's welcome; if they're bad they get the bum's rush. Hometown audiences don't take no messin'.

"Iceberg" was the name of the

album Deke Leonard made after quitting the Man band for the first time; it's also the name of the group he formed during his sabbatical, and it's the name of the group he's got now; as tight and tough a three-piece band as you'll find anywhere this side of The Pirates and that side of The Jam.

Nine months after the umpteenth incarnation of the Man band finally thrashed itself to pieces, Deke's back up front as a leader and main man, unhampered by the occasionally uneasy democracy of Man.

"In the Man band," Deke explains from behind a cloud of smoke, "I'd write a song and it would become the band's. Quite often, they didn't turn out what I wanted them to be. This way I can say exactly how I want them to be."

● Next page

DEKE SPEAK

• From previous page

In Man and the previous editions of Iceberg, Deke always worked with another guitar player, which resulted in a series of lengthy guitar shoot-outs which either bored or enthralled audiences, depending on taste, chemical state or whether Deke and his oppo (Micky Jones in Man and Brian Breeze in the original 'Bergs) were having a good night or not. This time, he's out front on his own.

"It's not for the first time, though. I originally learned my trade in a three-piece band called Lucifer and the Corncrackers — you know, from the old song 'Jimmy crack corn and I don't care'."

When was this? Around Cream and Hendrix time?

Deke looks faintly shocked. "Noooooooo... more like around Big Three time. There was The Pirates, of course, but they were still with Johnny Kidd at the time so they weren't really a three-piece. In fact, we played with the Big Three and they were surprised, because they didn't know that there was another three-piece around at the time."

So what difference does it make playing without another lead instrumentalist after all this time?

"None, really... I just have to be a bit more concise and keep the solos down a bit. The main thing is the song, so I just concentrate on playing the songs the way they should be played."

Ah, yes... the songs. What Iceberg are playing now is a melange of material from the "Iceberg" and "Kamikaze" solo albums, plus some drastically rearranged and trimmed down versions of songs done with Man, plus several new songs and a handful of '50s standards played as hard and scorching as anyone can play 'em.

Bassist Lincoln Carr — who resembles a slightly less physically extreme version of Phil Lynott — and drummer Terry Williams (also late of Man and currently moonlighting between Iceberg and Dave Edmunds' Rockpile) both kick in with backing vocals, and provide a diesel power fuel-injection foundation for Deke's wracked, sardonic singing and flinty guitar work. There's nothing superfluous or self-indulgent in Iceberg: the three of them play everything that needs to get played and nothing that doesn't.

One of the more positive side effects of the new wave (and as time wears on that term grows more obsolete) has been that apart from stimulating an upsurge of new bands, it's also encouraged a lot of veteran rock and rollers to reassess what they should be doing. What it's done for Deke has been to inspire him to put a band together that would get its priorities right.

"The whole idea of the new wave," Leonard ruminates, "is that energy and enthusiasm are more important than skill and mechanics, which is the way I've always felt."

Which is why the likes of Deke — and Dave

Edmunds, a fellow charter member of the Welsh rock mafia — are back out playing for kids again, and demonstrating that all you need is a knowledge of what makes rock and roll happen, an ability to make great rock and roll happen and a total crazy demented passionate love for the music.

Speaking of Dave Edmunds, the presence of Terry Williams in Iceberg makes one wonder if there'll be any conflict of interests between the two Great Welsh Wonders as to who gets to hold hands with the man Dai Davies calls the World's Greatest Drummer.

"Rockpile's my baby," admits Williams, "but I don't really think that there'll be any real problem." "Me and Edmunds, see, had this idea..." Deke is grinning like a fool now. "That we'd have one band which we'd both use at different times. I'm sure we'll be able to work it out..."

Seems like a fine idea, except for the sudden unnatural silence that fell over the room like an asbestos curtain when I casually mentioned Nick Lowe.

"There's no one lower than Nick," comments Deke wryly. "I always thought Brinsley Schwarz were about as exciting as a bowl of vegetables. They just jumped on too many things — like when they started they wanted to be Crosby, Stills and Nash and then they wanted to be The Band and then they did reggae and then they did heaven knows what. I felt that you should always be aware of what's happening, but you shouldn't just copy it."

"Besides," he continues, warming to his theme, "there was always a bit of animosity between me and Billy Rankin (the Brinsleys' drummer). I gave this interview to an American magazine where they asked about the Brinsleys and I said that their drummer looked like a waterbed. The trouble was that Billy was sitting reading this interview round at U.A. one day when I came by."

"Nick Lowe's a good songwriter, though," he adds helpfully.

Deke is currently without a recording deal at the moment — the Man band's contract with MCA now being null and void — but Andrew Lauder, who originally signed Man to United Artists when he was with that company and now runs Radar Records, looked to be having a very good time when Iceberg played the Nashville the other week, especially since Deke's got a clutch of excellent new songs and — presumably — a lot more where those came from.

Listen, it's gonna be 1978 before you know it, so why waste your precious time and money going to see a battered old Welsh hippie when you could be seeing something a little more — uh — relevant.

Well, it could be because you dig hard-core bullshit-free rock and roll built around real songs with real chews, served up red hot but still raw, and played by a man who plays some of the meanest rock guitar known to science.

Icebergs are usually ice cold and totally inert. This one's hot and alive. What about you?

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

DICTATORS DEBUNK NEW YORK CHIC

SO WHY IS DICK Manitoba nicknamed Handsome?

"I didn't name me Handsome Dick Manitoba," says Dick modestly. "My parents did. They got it out of the bible — Handsome Jesus Christ."

Manitoba is lead singer with The Dictators. His interests in life are few and simple.

"The Dictators are into health," he admits. "Except for Dick Manitoba, who is into... you name it. I'm into leather, S&M, sausage — God, I love sausage — and wrestling. I used to wrestle semi-pro in Canada, but I dropped it because I'd rather be a rock'n'roll star."

"I still love wrestling, though. People misinterpret the showmanship, they think it's fake. They're missing out on a lot of fun. My idols are the Valiant Brothers — and I just happen to be wearing a Valiant Brothers T-shirt!" He opens his jacket and points to his chest. "Handsome Johnny Valiant and Luscious Johnny Valiant."

That explains it. Luscious Dick Manitoba just doesn't sound right.

"I like Woody Allen, Muhammad Ali and The Rolling Stones too. I used to like Lou Reed when he was in the Velvets, but now I call him a creep."

"I met him once when I had this really wonderful job. Before I was in The Dictators I had this job handing out abortion pamphlets. On 52nd Street one time Lou Reed walked by. He was so excited that I talked to him — even when I was down in the dregs he had heard of Dick Manitoba. He got real nervous and real excited — I think he was scared I was going to take his money away from him..."

The Dictators came together originally around ex-Cream rock critic Andy Shernoff. In the early '70s he wrote about a fantasy rock band for his fanzine *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*, putting himself and his friends Ross (the Boss) Funichello and Scott (Top Ten) Kempner into the stories. Logically, the next step was to form a real band — which they did, with Manitoba becoming lead singer after proving a total failure as their



Dick and a "member" of the S-c F-cks.

Pic: JOE STEVENS

cook and roadie.

A matter of months later they recorded their "Girl Crazy" album — but the world wasn't ready for it. Apart from having some of the funniest one-liners ever, "Girl Crazy" neatly captured the spirit that the brothers Ramone later simplified to success. It's no accident that they do The Dictators' "California Sun" — or for that matter, that they chant "Let's Go!"

The Dictators' spirit was white, suburban, adolescent hard rock; where fun rhymes with weekend, cars and girls.

"Most people thought it was a joke," says Shernoff despairingly. "It was a complete failure in the States except for the critics. We were very depressed about it."

The Dictators' fate hung in the balance during the two years odd between their two albums. They fired their drummer — "because he was a schmuck" — and were quietly dumped by Epic Records (who in a sudden about-face are now re-releasing "Girl Crazy"). Finally they signed to Asylum last year — and with "Manifest Destiny", again produced by the BOC's Krugman and Pearlman team, The Dictators proved they

could take their music seriously without sacrificing their sense of humour.

"We wanted to make a record that would get played on the radio," Shernoff explains. Despite its eminent playability, however, that was not the fate of the record. This is probably symptomatic of the continuing misunderstanding that surrounds the band.

"When we first started in New York it was the glitter era. We were wearing our leather jackets and everybody else was wearing platform shoes and satin, including Joey Ramone. There was no scene in New York then, no punk rock or whatever you want to call it, and people didn't accept us."

"It's funny, though — we come here and they call us old hippies trying to cash in!"

When The Dictators finally get in the right place at the right time, which the signs say is going to be soon, they will surprise a great many people.

Like Dick Manitoba says, "Most people say: 'I'll try anything once.' Dick Manitoba says: 'I'll try anything — a thousand times'."

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

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GLORIA PICKS UP THE PIECES

GLORIA JONES IS BACK in business, hobbling on crutches across the hotel lobby towards the bar, mumbling hoarsely.

She's been on the northern radio circuit, promoting her latest single, "Bring On The Love", and she expresses a determined optimism for '78: "It's really funny, but after a birth and a death you get this rush of strength that comes from somewhere else that you never knew you had."



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"I've been producing Gonzales. We have a brand new sound for them. A kind of cross between the American and British sound. We're looking at the international disco scene. They're number one right

now with a song I wrote and produced, called 'Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet'."

On past production credits her name has been linked with such Motown heavies as Marvin Gaye, The Supremes, The Commodores. She was the top female backing singer in the USA when she met Marc Bolan in '72. And when the throat mends:

"I'm going into the disco market. It's very big. The Grace Jones bit. A good gimmick. And the gay clubs. They break a lot of records, the gay clubs."

Ever since the Bolans' Mini hit a tree on Barnes Common on September 16, the daily London rags have been falling over each other with scoops about Gloria being charged with drunken driving, with rumours of child-napping and a rift between Gloria and Marc's parents.

"Look, I don't see all that negative bullshit, you know. I see the positive side. The accident could have gone any way — Rolan (their son) could have lost both his parents. I'm happy that I was able to spend the last moments with Marc. It's a tragedy, but at least we were together."

"Marc didn't have a death wish, but he sure didn't want to be thirty either! At least God gave us five years together."

"I don't think Marc is unhappy. The only thing that's happening up there is Marc is telling Elvis how to sing and Jimi how to play."

"I saw his last two TV shows on video in hospital. It was real rock'n'roll."

On the day Bolan was buried, Gloria was informed about the death by her manager and brother.

"I had to draw on all my strength to live out the week. I was ready to die."

"I had a lovely dream about Marc the other night," she laughs. "It was real weird. In the dream, every Monday he was going to this place called the sanctuary where he'd meditate and play his guitar."

"I mean, I don't see that in a situation like this, Marc's energy that he put into my career should be thrown away. There's no way I could have an interview right now and not discuss him."

When I left the hotel I had the feeling that Gloria Jones was going to be telling people how great it is to be alive for quite some time. She's a very brave lady.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS



£5000 OF HI-FI PRIZES TO BE WON!

IN THE SPECTACULAR

STARSPANGLED NAMEDROPPER Competition

Here are 40 top artists who can be found on the Warner Brothers, Elektra/Asylum, Atlantic and associated labels.

GEORGE BENSON · BONEY M · DOORS · JACKSON BROWNE · AMERICA · RY COODER · ALICE COOPER · DOOBIE BROS · CSN+NEIL YOUNG · DAVE EDMUNDS · EAGLES · ELP · FLEETWOOD MAC · FOREIGNER · FOUR SEASONS · DAVID GATES + BREAD · ANDREW GOLD · EMMYLOU HARRIS · LED ZEPPELIN · LITTLE FEAT · YES · MANHATTAN TRANSFER · TRAMPS · RALPH McTELL · JONI MITCHELL · VAN MORRISON · CANDI STATON · ROD STEWART · SMALL FACES · LINDA RONSTADT · TODD RUNDGREN · FRANK SINATRA · ZAPPA + MOTHERS · JESSE WINCHESTER · ROLLING STONES · CARLY SIMON · BONNIE RAITT · AWB · ROSE ROYCE · DETROIT SPINNERS.

All you have to do is use your skill and judgement to select the three artists that you believe we have chosen as having the strongest AMERICAN connection, bearing in mind that the names of these artists have another very strong link...

The three starspangled names are being held in a sealed envelope under lock and key.

All the correct entries will be put into a grand draw on 25th January 1978.

The first three correct entries picked out will each receive a Hi-Fi system comprising:

Wharfedale Airedale SP Loudspeakers - Akai GXC 730D Cassette Deck - Rotel RX 803 Receiver - Akai APO03 Turntable.

The next two correct entries picked out will each receive a Hi-Fi system comprising:

Wharfedale Glendale 3XP Loudspeakers - Akai CS702D Cassette Deck - Rotel RX 402 Receiver - Akai's APO01 Turntable.

ROTEL AKAI WHARFEDALE



We then have 10 pairs of Akai ASE7 Headphones and 10 pairs of Rotel RH640 Headphones - one pair to be given to each of the 20 runners up! Winners will be notified by 31/1/78.

How to enter

When you buy the new Rod Stewart album or perhaps the Stones 'Love You Live' or any LP, cassette or 8 track by one of the 40 artists listed here, your record dealer will stamp and give you your free Starspangled entry form.

Remember, your dealer must stamp, or mark the entry form in some other way, to confirm your purchase.

Fill in the form, send it off and await the call! Alternatively, provide proof of your purchase, write the three names on a card mentioning the other connection and send this to:

Starspangled Namedropper Competition, P.O. Box 358, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey, KT15 2BJ.

The more albums you buy the more times you can enter - there is no limit!

Competition closes 13th January 1978

A full set of rules can be obtained by sending a SAE to **wea** Records Limited, Marketing Department, 20 Broadwick Street, London, W1V 2BH.

Slaughter & The Dogs

new single

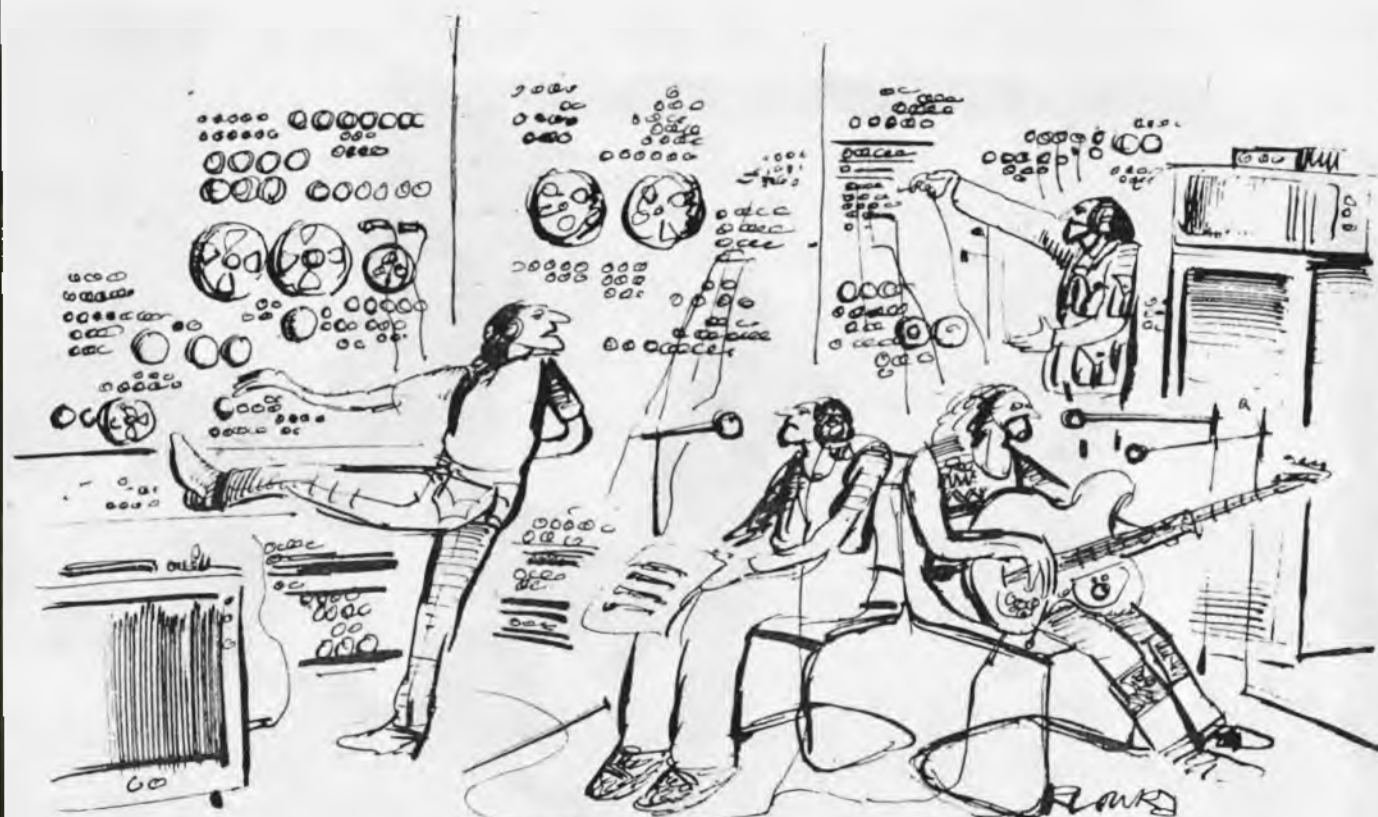
DAME TO BLAME



DECCA

F13743

LOWRY



"I guess I'm just an old greaser at heart."

WHITE NOISE ECSTASY AND PENETRATION

THERE IS penetration and there is Penetration, and on a good night one is not that removed from the other.

The gleaming metal music of the pride of Newcastle, scratchless music eased out of darkness and constriction. Blocks of dramatic sound — precise beginnings and endings, climaxes, high spots, low spots — charged with black light. Penetration play it for all it's worth, a peculiarly tough yet naive romanticism.

At the moment Penetration are more preservers than innovators — preserving the uncompromising, beguiling, articulate, dark elements of hard metal music.

The group are barely twelve months old. They played a handful of gigs in their native North-East before being forced by disinterest and a lack of focus to venture south, to their first London gig. In April this year they played the Roxy.

For the band, Penetration was a new thing, an outlet, spurred inevitably by the example of the Pistols.

"We've never been in a group before, though we'd messed about and reached rehearsal stage. It was totally fresh — we weren't changing any views.

"The Roxy costs us literally hundreds of pounds. Vans, hiring a PA — things we'd never bothered with before."

Were they naive?

"Only as naive as we are now... no, our attitude has matured — we can spot the wide-boys more easily."

For Penetration the filthy realities of the business and its Mecca, London, are absolutely disillusioning.

"It was frustrating. Bands were getting on in London and we were working harder and not. It was basically geography."

Penetration couldn't be in London all the time, and didn't really want to be. Third generation punk bands swept nihilistically in (when there shouldn't have even been second generation bands), and received the exposure, silly acclaim, etc. Penetration set out bravely to conquer new territory, to retain respect in bewildering times.

About five months ago they made a demo tape. They admit it was fairly duff, but the manager of Newcastle's Virgin shop asked for a copy and sent it down to Virgin headquarters.

"They must have seen something through it, because they offered us a one-off deal!"

"Don't Dictate" — a rock single, a hard single. It halted any possible undeserved slide into anonymity. It also highlighted the band's improvement over the last few months in terms of excitement, heart, pace. It promised.

Now, they are in limbo. Virgin have not taken up their option.

"We love rock'n'roll and want to enjoy ourselves. We're absolutely committed to Penetration and rock'n'roll. Rock'n'roll through Penetration. It's very awe-inspiring, you know that if it's a duff gig it's you you're letting down, no-one else."

Enthusiastically arrogant, tentative and a little scared, they play "Free Money" unashamedly. I want that money, buy me things I never had. They want acclaim and all that entails.

Penetration seem to be one of the few groups who can get up onstage — angry, not pointlessly violent — and carve out a set of solidly unpretentious hard rock without lecturing, moaning, snapping, or depressing. They obviously enjoy themselves, and will the audience to do likewise and not to respond blindly.

"I don't know what it is. Maybe it's just because of where we come from." No paranoia in Newcastle.

Or maybe it's their almost physical sense of commitment.

"We wouldn't do what people wanted us to do, just for the sake of it. We have to be committed to what we're doing."

Positive attitudes — in their commitment, friendliness, concern for entertainment, in their honest admission that the words are more important to the group than to their audience. No lyrical pandering — they have to feel comfortable.

"We've like to think our songs are saying it's not as black as it seems, as some people have painted. It's not that bad."

On Sunday at the Roundhouse, supporting Buzzcocks, their positive attitude gave them an easy rapport with the packed audience. Pauline sang Patti Smith better than Patti Smith. The band's sense of deep Americanised dynamics gets surer and more confident all the time. Their huge relieved smiles after the gig reflected how much they enjoyed it.

Don't let anyone kid you. Penetration are one of the best bands in the country.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS



PENETRATION (from top): Gary Chaplin (guitar), Gary Smallman (drums), R (bass), Pauline (vocals).

NEXT TIME YOU BUY an album or switch on your colour TV, spare a thought for Peter Goldmark, the man who invented them both and who died last week in a car crash, aged 71.

Goldmark was a native of Hungary who emigrated to the United States in 1933, and spent most of his working life at the CBS laboratories. He began there with one assistant and a single room, and graduated over the years to Director of Research and Development, with a staff of 500.

During that time he was responsible for more than 150 inventions in the fields of acoustics, television and film production.

Having invented the world's first practical colour TV in 1940, Goldmark went on to develop the LP, perhaps his greatest triumph.

JAMAICAN REGGAE STRIKES A BLOW AGAINST THE NATIONAL FRONT

ONE OF THE more disturbing features of the National Front's rise to prominence in the past few years has been the ambivalent attitude shown towards this heinous gang of racists by the ethnic communities it most threatens.

It has been left (no pun intended) to what the *West Indian World* almost invariably refers to as "white liberals" or even "anarchist hooligans" to voice any real opposition to the rightist organisation's questionable morality.

Despite the Front's avowed rhetoric against all the minority groups — a fact that circumscribed NF sympathisers of Jewish descent living in Redbridge might consider — it remains the patriots' concentrated deprecation of the Asian and West Indian communities that have proved the Front's most effective propaganda piece.

Part of this minority group ambivalence might be seen simply in terms of fear of reprisals.

"We've still got to live here afterwards, miss," was how the black pupils of a teacher friend responded to her suggestion that they march in a recent demonstration against the Front.

But even this only amounts to a justification of a much larger consideration — which is that loyal servant of genocide, apathy! You know, the ability to lie down and take it which sent European Jewry to concentration camps like so many rock fans to a festival in the '30s.

Happily, a wind of change seems to be blowing in this direction. You can hardly walk into a blues

dance these days where a sound-system DJ isn't sounding off against the NF, between offering the normal chants of glory to His Imperial Majesty; whilst British acts like Delroy Washington and Steel Pulse have been moved to similar denunciations of the Front in recent months.

And now a Jamaican reggae star, in the shape of toaster Dillinger, has also come out of his apolitical closet . . .

"Let war go and let love stay," he pleads. "No matter what they do, I mean no matter what them say, I-man still nah gwan run away, I would say . . . when I tell you 'bout the National Front — them a grunt. Beware of the National Front."

This unambiguous indictment is to be found hidden in a Third World 12" recording called "Stop In The Name Of Love", featuring Delroy Wilson and Dillinger. Suitably apprehensive, label-owner Count Shelly has played down the toaster's sentiment by merely titling the tune "Rockers".

Dillinger may be safely (!) back in Jamaica, but it would appear that the good Count also "still has to live here afterwards".

Your fearless *Thrills* correspondent shares no such apprehensions; in fact, your reporter's immediate neighbours might testify its existence at sixty watts volume any Saturday morning around 3 am.

The best two quids' worth o' protest on the market.

PENNY REEL

THRILLS

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR New Single 'NEW YORK SHUFFLE'

6059 185



DILLINGER (right) buys a hat. Pic: KATE SIMON

THE MAVERICK INVENTOR

A serious amateur musician, he became concerned at the short playing time and poor sound quality of 78 rpm discs, and determined to produce something better. It was to be a long struggle.

Some CBS execs laughed at his idea, which only made him more determined, and with \$100,000 backing he set to work. His first step was to change the raw material of the disc, discarding shellac in favour of vinylite — which, although it cost twice as much, was lighter and more flexible. After discovering that 90% of all symphonic works could be played in 45 minutes, he plumped for a 12-inch disc, which was also practical as it would fit the standard turntables of the time.

Although he gradually managed to extend the playing time of his disc by packing more grooves to the inch, the sound quality soured. In tests, a pistol shot sounded "like a baked potato falling on the floor". Finally, he discovered that the microphone he was using was causing the distortion.

Only after these and many smaller problems had been resolved was CBS finally convinced to launch the system in 1948, in a blaze of publicity.

Then began a war of recordings between CBS, at that time a relatively small outlet, and the giant electronics firm RCA, who had developed their own 7-inch version of the 78, which spun at 45 rpm and was nicknamed "Madame X".

The outcome appeared settled

when, in the summer of 1948, three of the four principal independent record companies — Decca, London and Mercury — adopted the LP. RCA threw 2 million dollars into a last-ditch advertising effort for the 45, before finally conceding defeat.

It was not too long, however, before record players capable of playing both speeds of records came on the market, and the 45 found a place as the right medium for pop singles.

Goldmark, the thin, near-sighted Hungarian who called his autobiography *Maverick Inventor*, may be dead but he has left behind him a permanent vinyl memorial. (Someone give this man a job in Hollywood—Ed.)

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

The Noise

Buy this fantastic 12 track limited edition **SAMPLER** from any
of the Noise Box stockists listed below

Jan Gillan Band

A storming hard driving album propelled by the unmistakable Gillan voice, and one of the most exciting rhythm sections on record. In the words of Sound's Pete Makowski, 'It fuses all the finest qualities of its predecessors, at the same time progressing into new areas of brilliance... first rate rock, played with style and excitement. You won't disagree.'

Third World

A masterpiece of 'fusion' music. Third World work reggae rhythms with the warmth of soul and come up with one of the tightest most rhythmically exciting albums in a long, long time. 'Treat any fusion music with well deserved suspicion BUT THIS ONE WORKS', commented SOUNDS. Eclectic music at its very finest.

Ultravox!

The album to stop the rot in the New Wave scene. 'It's creative, committed and equal to the best rock around' (Stephen Rapid - Hot Press). Ha! Ha! Ha! is no joyride, it's vital... and fills the void where the rot's set in. Ultravox! won't be classified, it's too original, too complex to be stamped with the standard clichés.

Bunny Wailer

After such a classic debut album as 'Blackheart Man', Bunny simply hammers home the point with 'Protest' that he is one of the new leading lights in reggae. Old favourites 'Get Up, Stand Up' and 'Johnny Too Bad' are given his unique vocal treatment, and if you're not singing 'Quit Trying' after two plays you've got no soul. Powerful, urgent and totally compelling.

JESS RODEN

This is Jess Roden like you've never heard him before. The feel is still there in his music... and how!... but there's a softness and subtlety that balances out the power and grit in his songs. The result: a totally new dimension in sound, and a killer album.



Straight-ahead, no-nonsense rock and roll is what the Petty Band are all about and the urgent dashing style of their hit single 'Anything That's Rock 'n' Roll' leaps out from every track. The album that shot Petty to stardom, including his classic 'American Girl' - an object lesson in thrusting unfussy Southern rock and roll.

**MX-80
SOUND**

Guaranteed to baffle you at first, 'Hard Attack' won't grow on you, it'll grab you by the jugular and demand attention. Inventive, adventurous and more than surprising - don't say we didn't warn you.

**BOB MARLEY
AND THE WAILERS**

A surefire reggae classic. With two hit singles to its credit (Exodus and Waiting In Vain) it looks like three in a row with 'Jamming'. No other Jamaican band can match the vitality and brilliance of Marley and the Wailers, and who can match this album? Essential listening, one of the truly great JA showpieces.

**BURNING
SPEAR**

It's not often that a legend comes to life but Spear surpasses all expectations with a performance of sheer magic. To quote NME's Chris Salewicz, 'The most awe inspiring show I've seen in a long, long time'. 'Marcus Garvey', 'Man In the Hills', 'Throw Down Your Arms' - all the classics are there. This is one live set that won't disappoint.

Eddie and the Hot Rods

The Rods live up to their 'highest high-energy band' tag with their second album, a rush of pure power that'll knock you sideways and leave all the other rock albums this year gasping for breath. Includes the classic 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' and their latest 7" powerhouse 'Quit This Town'.

**John
Martyr**

His first studio album in three years and John breaks all the barriers of categorisation, blending his unique vocal and musical talents with a mixture of blues, folk rock and reggae. 'Most mesmerising album of the year. Just plain better than anything else', commented NME's Monty Smith. The definitive John Martyr.

Grace Jones

The Darling of New York's discos, and currently one of the hottest properties in Europe, Grace Jones combines sophistication with her very own brand of dynamite funk. An exciting new talent with an album to match, including her new single 'La Vie En Rose' / 'I Need A Man'.

Box Special

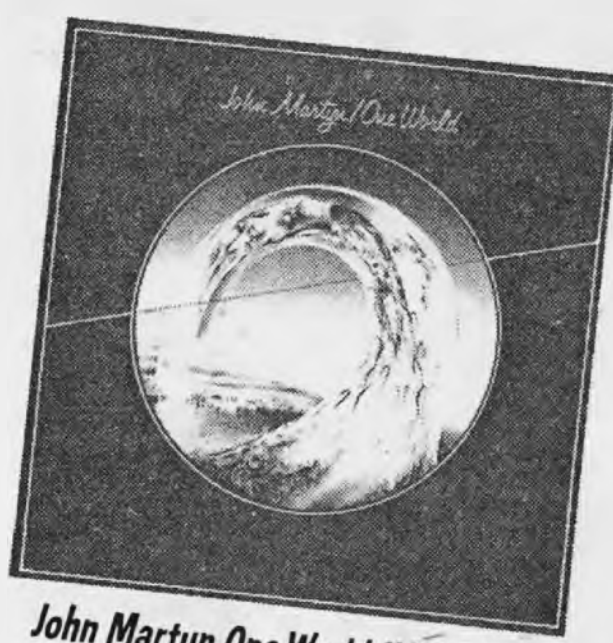
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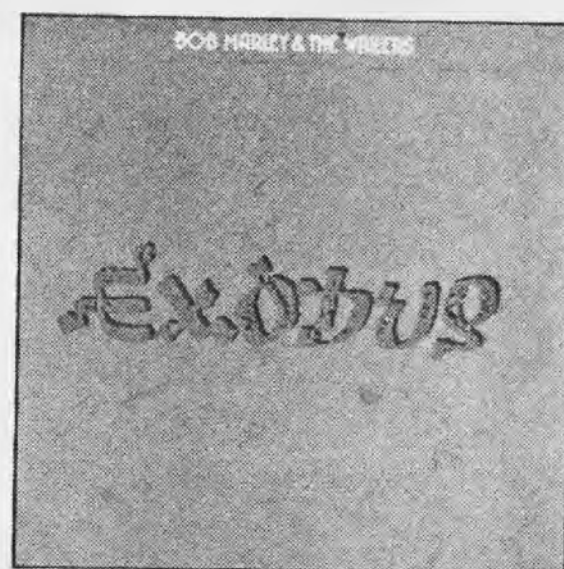
Ultravox! *Ha! Ha! Ha!* ILPS 9505



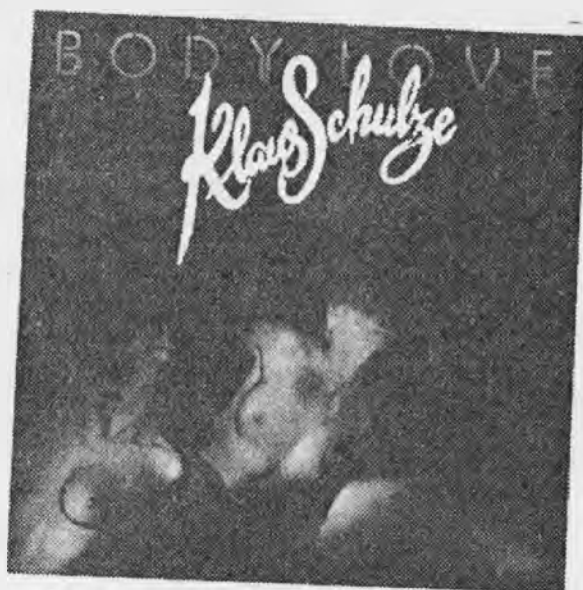
Grace Jones *Portfolio* ILPS 9470



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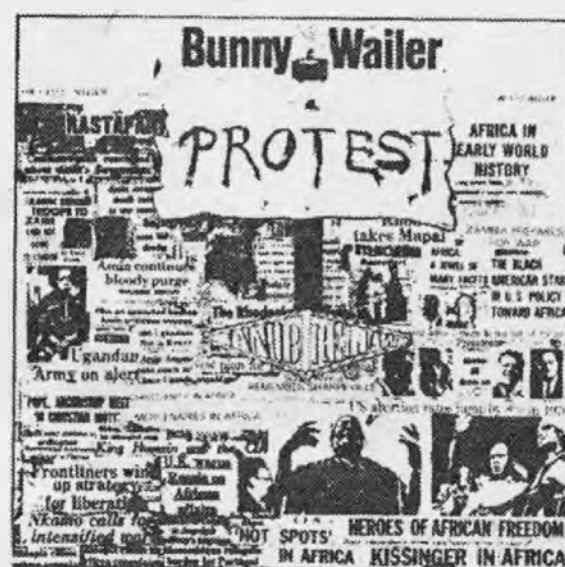
Bob Marley & The Wailers *Exodus* ILPS 9498



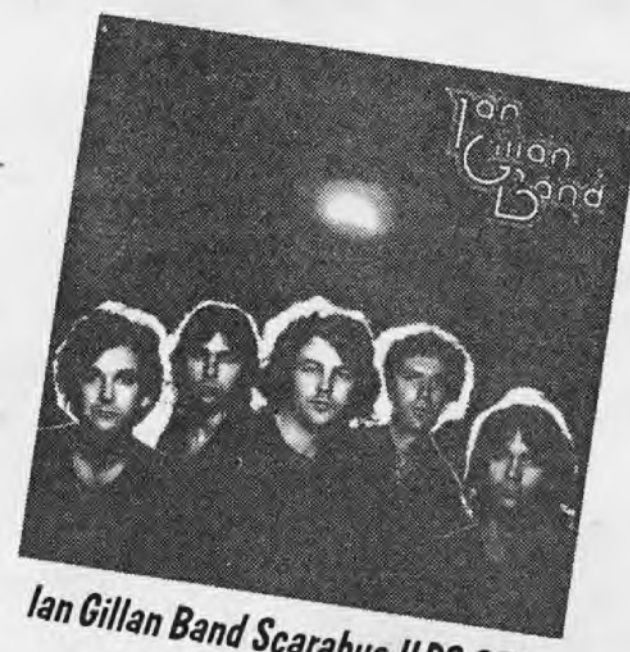
Klaus Schulze *Body Love* ILPS 9510



Eddie & The Hot Rods *Life On The Line* ILPS 9509



Bunny Wailer *Protest* ILPS 9512



Ian Gillan Band *Scarabus* ILPS 9511



MX-80 Sound *Hard Attack* ILPS 9520



Third World *96° In The Shade* ILPS 9443



Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers *ISA* 5014



Jess Roden *The Player Not The Game* ILPS 9506

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EVER GIVEN UP your seat to some filleted veteran of Dunkirk, short on limbs, long on gongs? Listen — I don't want to crow, but I have just been through *New Faces* AND *Opportunity Knocks*, and if that doesn't put me a clear hobble ahead of the Deserving Damaged and a coupla billows of nausea in front the the Heavily Pregnant on public transport, then I'm giving up on the nation's youth.

Now, I don't know what they put in these TV talent competitions, but somewhere after the third or fourth sequinned welterweight, the mind releases a protective chemical not unlike the way candy-floss forms about the prodding stick. In short, variations begin to brew under the beret.

For example, why has nobody devised a Fringe Light Entertainment Talent Show? After all, the theatre has developed its own anti-body, and the case for challenging the blandness of Light Entertainment must be considerably stronger. Up go the panellists' thumbs for a trio of jugglers dolled up in afterbirth; and put ya hands together, ladies 'n gennulmen, for a richly eviscerating though deeply flawed fire-eater from Frinton.

The judging system on both shows was as impenetrable as Kabuki theatre. *New Faces* employed four panellists, three categories, and an audience that applauded the panellists' enthusiasms. My personal favourite judgment was passed on a Jewish comic from Potters Bar — "not Jewish enough" — though in the Presentation category he was commended for a cheerful and pleasant appearance. Neither Keaton nor Bruce would've got far with this lot.

Verdicts were uniformly mealy-mouthed, and it took a while to adjust to the nuances. "Quite a success in your own right" then comes over as eccentrically talentless, while the faint reservation that the contestant will do all right if he "keeps on the right tracks" hints disquietingly at some inner psychotic instability that I must say I entirely missed in the vocalist.

Opportunity Knocks, or "Opportunity Marks" as the compere calls it, uses a Clap-o-meter, presumably supplanted in our hospitals by the introduction of the Wasserman Test. As the applause wells up, a tiny flag scuttles along the calibrations like an elf on a fireguard.

I was reminded of a Swing-o-meter a practical mate of mine once devised at General Election time. Six foot of solid timber bolted into the picture rail within sight of the TV screen, the physical effort required to keep it abreast of the constituencies made the cast of *Metropolis* seem like slippered sybarites.

New Faces was celebrating its 150th edition. A recap of successful alumni — by now presumably Old Faces, unless they had this weird portrait in the attic — was unfurled, but neither myself nor my terrier recognised any of them. A cake bearing 150 candles was then shown, and pledged to a Home for the Handicapped, no connection.

Four chaps came on and reminded us to laugh although we were crying inside, which put a bit of starch into the dog, three chaps from Barnsley rendered a soul number, complete with falsetto, and the panel chortled about medical curiosities. I must say,



DANGEROUS

in view of the well-documented black vocal tradition of falsetto — Skip James, J. B. Lenoir, Curtis Mayfield, Al Green — this shook my faith in the deliberating body.

Shaken, it crumbled entirely when the top ratings went to a singer with five gold discs in South Africa, admittedly a country renowned for its discrimination and original judgments. Cheeks blowing in and out with indignation, I dismantled my own scoring apparatus — a simple swear-box with gussets — switched the plasma back on to occasional, and waited for Hughie Green's slot.

The two days sped past faster than either programme, and I felt rested, chipper, and thoroughly aired in the appraising gear. On came a pair of mind-readers, one in a blindfold, the other in a bowtie. "What am I holding here?" said the man. "A driving licence." "First letter of the serial number?" "It's an 'A'." All this

telepathic communication rattled along like a Texas auction, leaving my hackles no time to descend between insights, and I was wrung out by the time they buggered off — the most uncanny bit of mind-reading of the lot.

More endearingly home-spun than *New Faces*, *Opportunity Knocks* has all the improbable tenacity of a D. C. Thompson publication, a 'People's Friend' among the *Penthouses*. Hughie Green is very much the old-style compere, swishing between contestant and viewer like a pantomime Buttons. "And now — it's 'Make Your Mind Up Time', he says, straightening his shoulders to level with the camera. "And remember — it's YOUR vote, and your vote ALONE that counts." He lets that sink in for several beats, before launching into gestural aids.

"Just drop us a letter" — mimes rectangle — "with a stamp" — mimes a smaller rectangle — and was changing microphone hands yet again for another pass, when my concentration suddenly evaporated.

An old movie cracked under the nostrils soon brought me to. *Harlow*, a biopic on the movie sexpot, has a script it would be churlish not to cherish. Jean Harlow, who had the body of a woman but the emotions of a child, pegs out in a deathbed scene that had my cheeks shining.

"She's beyond help now," diagnoses the doctor, adding, with an emphasis in illuminated capital, "OUR help." Her agent has the last word. "She didn't die of pneumonia, doctor. She died of Life. She gave it all to everybody else."

BRIAN CASE

THRILLS

WARNING: ROCK'N'ROLL IS DANGEROUS

THE KILLJOYS are at it again — dredging up more evidence that rock music is, uh, dangerous.

Dr John Diamond, a New York doctor who's also president of the International Academy of Preventive Medicine, recently claimed that certain forms of rock music are the most serious agents of noise pollution in the world.

In a speech delivered to the Dallas Athletic Association, Dr Diamond claimed that the worst kind of rock was that which employed an anapestic beat, ie. where the last beat is the loudest. "Satisfaction" by The Rolling Stones is a prime example.

The good doctor claims this type of beat can heighten stress and anger, reduce output, increase hyperactivity, weaken muscle strength, and could play a role in juvenile delinquency. Whew!

Further attacks on rock'n'roll came from an anonymous South African doctor (clipping courtesy of a keen *NME* reader) who had to be treated for deafness after visiting a rock concert. He claimed his hearing had been impaired by 20 decibels "due to the loud music". A leading Johannesburg ear, nose and throat specialist commented: "I would not go near a rock concert."

Finally the old chestnut about laser beams at rock shows damaging fans' eyesight surfaced again in the American press. Michael Shaffer, a spokesman for the Federal Bureau of Radiological Health, claimed it was dangerous, saying: "These rock groups may know little about the safety margin for lasers. And they flash the beams indiscriminately over the audience."

As *NME* pointed out in an article earlier this year, rock bands who use lasers do know what they're doing — often better than the authorities who slag them off.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON



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31st Dec - Rainbow, LONDON

SPECIAL GUEST ARTISTES

THE REZILLOS



Marketed by
Phonogram



American sales? The image in the Mid West? DAVE GREEN-FIELD's got his "Competition Monthly", so why should he worry?



THE STRANGLERS' American company, A&M, in an effort to stir interest in their new acquisition, took ads in certain U.S. magazines offering a free EP to anyone writing in.

They refused, however, to put an ad in the *Trouser Press* — which, considering that mag's anglophile collector bias, should have been an obvious choice.

Contacted by *Trouser Press* for an explanation, A&M replied: "We don't want The Strangers to be thought of as a punk band."

Considering other ads run by *Trouser Press* in that issue were for Tangerine Dream and Crowler, this seems rather strange.

Stranger still, though, is how A&M do want the Strangs to be seen. The ads proclaim that "everything you've heard is true" and the EP offered as proof comes pressed in hideous pink vinyl flecked with blood-red streaks.

Despite all this, er, shrewd marketing, their first album has failed to capture the imagination of American youth in the proportions anticipated.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



SEXMANIACS.

If you can't get it, ask us.

We refer, of course, to the 1978 *Sex Maniacs' Diary*—an absolute must for lusty lovers.

It's packed with naughty facts, daily sex positions, weekly kinks, star news, wild games, saucy foreign phrases—there's nothing but joy between its thrilling sheets.

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Above: STIV BATORS and a bosom friend. Right: Stiv observes a flying bottle.



Above: CHEETAH CHROME and fan conversing in sign language.



Pix: JOE STEVENS

SICK BAND? JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE AUDIENCE . . .

AS THE DAMNED finish their sound-check, Dead Boy Cheetah Chrome does a double-take of Brighton Polytechnic's main hall and sneers: "This place is so small the kids can lean against the far wall and gob on us from there!"

Spittle showers are, so The Dead Boys maintain, an appreciative gesture they can take or leave. But as it turns out, not a solitary Green Gilbert or Chocolate Charlie is aimed from the audience's side of the footlights on this particular night.

Despite the fact that their live sound is an improvement on the dreary quality of their "Young, Loud And Snotty" album, The Dead Boys are greeted at this sparsely attended function with overwhelming apathy, except for sporadic outbursts of pogoing during "Search And Destroy".

Yet in their native America this band are apparently notorious. Audience participation varies from bottles and chairs being hurled at the stage, girls being humped in time to the music over the drum kit and singer Stiv Bators having his naked puny chest slashed open by razor-wielding basket cases.

Very strange.

Over there, it seems they are celebrated not for their music but for the type of psycho-sicko fans they attract, and precisely what happens when both factions meet head on.

Scandal-monging scribes are obsessed with stories (short and tall) of the sexual abyss in which this band are reported to be wallowing.

Songs like "Caught With The Meat In Your Mouth" caused them to be castigated alongside The Strangers as punk sexists. And, as a bonus, comparisons with The Sex Pistols are drawn.

So who are The Dead Boys and where lies the truth?

A resurrection of a Stooges-influenced Cleveland crew, Frankenstein, they consist of Stiv Bators, vocals, self-flagellation and a penchant for dropping his trousers mid-song; Cheetah Chrome, lead guitar and looking like *Happy Days* Ralph Malph following shock treatment; Jimmy Zero, who also plays guitar, sports the frayed features of Paul McCartney and does most of the talking; while, in keeping with their accepted roles, bassist Jeff Magnum and drummer Johnny Blitz appear shy and retiring.

Basically, they look like the kind of All-American kids you'd expect to find on probation.

Zero insists that their approach is really one of Black Comedy. The problem is that in the States their image has begun to backfire.



"I think," he suggests, "that in the very beginning we should have made it quite clear that our songs are about *individual* girls . . . *certain* girls . . . the kind that hang-out at punk gigs."

"Those with either an unhealthy male-ego or those who can only get their kicks from sexual abuse."

"In an indirect way we've asked for whatever criticism we're getting. We're not really complaining, but truthfully, the people who come to see us in the States are usually dreadfully sick and have heavy sexual hang-ups."

Like Kiss, The Dead Boys fill the vacuum left when Alice Cooper blew his cover. But trying so late in the game to put their dubious stance into something like a clear perspective is causing a public identity crisis.

Sure, they snigger and boast about after-hours japes they get involved in, but gang-banging a member of the audience (no matter how willing) during their set, won't, I feel, improve their chances of a landslide victory in the Best Live Band category in any poll.

So what's it like being the freaks' fave rave?

"I never thought things would end up like this," reflects Zero, "with us attracting the kind of kids that we do. The possibility of

any one of us getting killed does cross my mind."

With The Great American Dream having been assassinated along with Kennedy, Zero maintains the only culture left in America is media trash which has lulled the public into a false sense of security. At its extremes, America's perverse fascination with death and the more violent aspects of hard-core porn are just approaching flash-point. Witness the alleged scenes at Dead Boys gigs?

Alice Cooper exploited this fetish for fun and profit, but right now, appetites have been sated with media make-believe. As a result, the likes of Charles Manson, Son Of Sam and Gary Gilmore become elevated alongside kill-crazy TV cops as folk heroes.

"People only clutch to the Gary Gilmores because they're bored. They've read all the gruesome details in the press and seen them re-enacted on TV. Now they want the real thing!"

For a time, there were moves by sections of the American government to have Gilmore's execution televised, and Zero believes that the motives of many who wanted it made public were highly questionable.

"Probably," he muses, "it wouldn't have proved to be as explicit as Hollywood's glorification."

"The public would have felt cheated unless it was really gory and professionally directed."

So what can we expect? Rollerball ousting Baseball? The Roman as opposed to the Olympic Games?

"They'd be a sell-out. People are so bored, they want something more hard-hitting. Gary Gilmore might have just been it!"

Or maybe The Dead Boys?

Zero's not too optimistic of The Dead Boys' immediate future.

"Things are stacked against bands like us and it's proving difficult for us to go anywhere."

I can see what he means.

ROY CARR

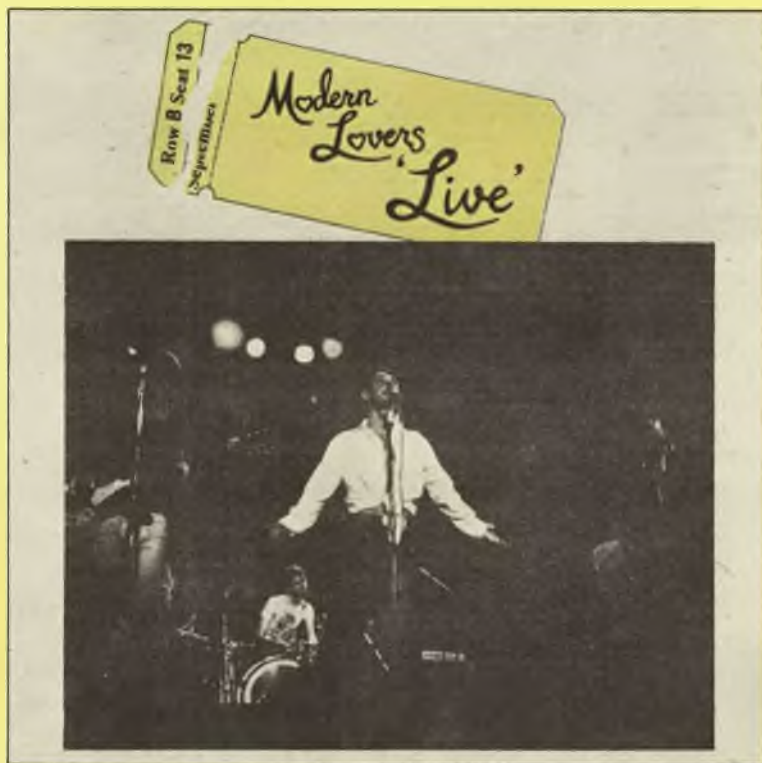
THRILLS



ABOVE: Self-confessed heterosexual Greg Lake poses with a flower, some ten years back into his misspent youth. Even Roy Carr never heard *The Shame*—there's a cu-t figure for you!

THE END

This album does The Egyptian Reggae (LIVE)



BBERK 12/BBERC 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)



BBERK 12/BBERC 12

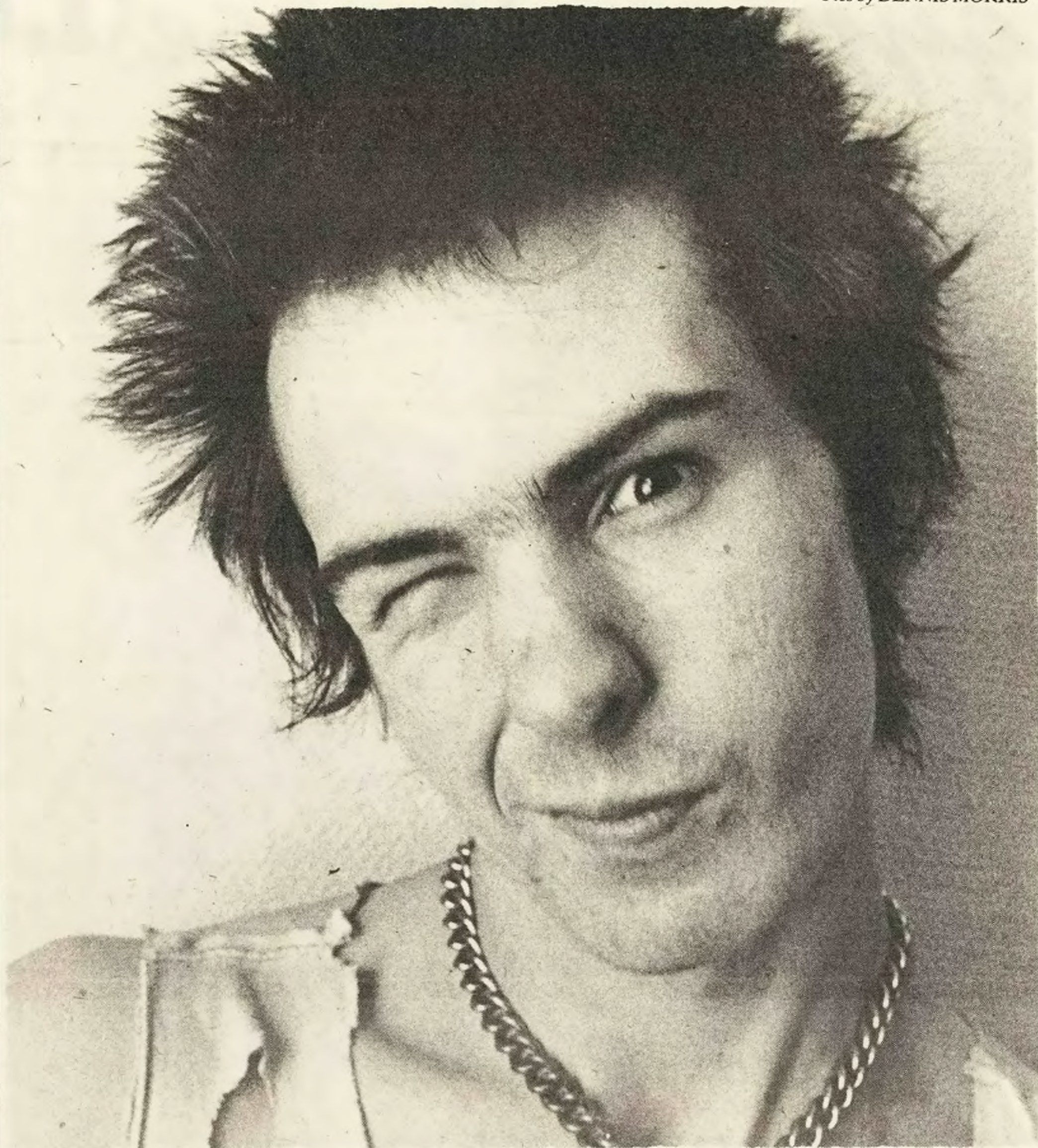


Beserkley
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Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers . . .
... the most fun you can have with your clothes on

Never mind the Sex Pistols,

Pics by DENNIS MORRIS



As J.R. and the boys clean up Pollwise, NICK KENT opens the SID VICIOUS file and discovers an ironic can of worms.

IT WAS THE LAST day in November when the whole ugly mess finally exploded. Sid Vicious, the bass player of The Sex Pistols, had once more traipsed down to his band's rehearsal room for a much-needed repertoire brush-up, merely to encounter yet again the irksome absence of the other three members of the band.

This wasn't the first time that week that Vicious had turned out as instructed for what were believed to be a series of rehearsals for a three-month long Sex Pistols 'Tour of the World', a highly secretive project that Malcolm McLaren was organising under clandestine and particularly unorthodox (as far as rock tours go, anyway) terms, to find that he was the only one who had turned up at what he'd understood was the time set.

As far as the World Tour was concerned, time was running out, and Vicious in particular was more than a little hacked off.

Various clubs in Europe had already been booked, and the tour was also mooted to be taking in a period of gigging in both the Americas and Britain — though the McLaren strategy was apparently one of deliberately avoiding not only advance publicity but also all venues in any of rock's most widely accepted centres. Cities like New York and London had been ruled out (a management decision apparently seconded by John Rotten).

The tour itself, however unorthodox and stupid it seemed in part, particularly to Vicious, at least presented a respite from all the confusion and indolence that had come in the wake of McLaren's other recent obsession, the Sex Pistols' film. This project was recently shelved after months and months of stop-go non-activity, leaving the band — who, so it is said, were reluctant participants — either more frustrated or more slumped in a limbo than ever.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'm just the bassist for the greatest rock band ever — in this whole universe," Vicious would state to this reporter. "Touring and playing is what we should have always been about. All that film crap of Malcolm's was just stupid shit that could have really blown it for us."

Vicious was speaking from his hotel room somewhere (he didn't claim to know exactly where) in Belgium after a day of being driven round cities to private doctors by a Pistols' roadie for some kind of temporary cure to his constant bad-health problem (to little avail).

IT WAS PAST 2 a.m. in the morning when he phoned during yet another sleepless night — his fifth, he reckoned — yet one thing had occurred the night before that made this whole painful exile worthwhile.

The previous night, in Rotterdam, Vicious claimed, The Sex Pistols had

played the best rock 'n' roll gig ever. The old feeling was there after months of unabated frustration — and for Vicious that meant a light at the end of the tunnel for all his problems, principally those involving his continued allegiance with the band and the mutual respect thing which had seemed all too absent until that gig.

But last night wasn't last week, and six days back things had never looked blacker. The last non-rehearsal farce, Vicious felt, was the final straw.

He'd spent the subsequent hours of the evening getting hideously drunk and morose before returning to his room at Bayswater's Ambassador Hotel. He then phoned guitarist Steve

Jones and, after trying to extract some kind of explanation for the non-appearance of the rest of the band earlier that evening, broke into a hail of verbal abuse pitched against what he saw as the band's apparently slothful lack of commitment.

After the phone-call, Vicious continued to get more depressed and, at one point, attempted to throw himself out of the third-storey window — an attempt at suicide that would have succeeded had not his girl-friend Nancy Spungen been able to grab Sid's belt as he was hanging by his finger-tips from the ledge and drag him back inside.

Once inside, Vicious, in yet another fit, grabbed Spungen's blonde hair

and drove her head against the wall relentlessly again and again until he finally stopped just as she was about to lose consciousness, blood from her scalp running down the wall.

At this point he broke down in tears and, after a period in hysterics, was finally calmed down. The pair finally collapsed into bed at 5 a.m. in the morning.

Some two hours later, they were awakened by the hotel receptionist, who chose to make an entrance after the screams from the earlier hysteria had long since died down, and who, seeing blood on the wall and the room in some disarray, promptly called the police.

The police arrived, and, according

to Nancy Spungen, questioned them about a stolen ring. They took away what Ms Spungen says was legally-prescribed medicine belonging to her, and it was this that was used for the 'certain substances' scam that consequently appeared in the news reports.

After a period in the cells and the usual questioning, the police, having discovered that the medication was legal and that the ring charge could no way 'stick', let the couple off with no charges pending, although a previous unpaid fine of Ms. Spungen's was dragged up.

The sum of £35 was quickly paid by the Pistols' Glitterbest organisation and that appeared to be that.

However, when the dailies grabbed the whole sordid, trivial episode and threw it all over their tabloids, the shit well and truly hit the fan.

McLaren and the Glitterbest flunkies hit the roof, and Sid's version of events is that Messrs Jones, Cook and Rotten declared in adamant unity that Vicious was to be ousted immediately. Then, however, McLaren apparently had a change of heart and decided to defend the bassist from this three-pronged attack. Or so the rumours claimed.

"Yeah, that's right," Vicious consequently verified when he called from Belgium. "Malcolm did come to my defence all of a sudden. He just realised that my side of things had a point. That what I was doing was just living out the original idea of the band as four complete nutters going out and doing anything and everything. Just having fun, which I always reckoned was the whole thing about the Pistols from the very beginning. It just got so fuckin' wet, so serious. That was what he said anyway."

"But, of course, there had to be 'conditions'. They took me back on the premise that I... uh, 'straightened up'."

Vicious said he would to a requisite extent, but what he didn't know was that as the five talked it out, Nancy Spungen, whom it had been decided was the 'one-woman ruination of simple Sid', was being 'persuaded' by two of the Pistols organisation to take the next flight back to New York.

"They were saying to me, 'Oh come on Nancy, let's go for a drive while Sid goes to the dentist'. I realised pretty quickly what they were up to."

Ms. Spungen claims she only escaped by remonstrating in the strongest terms with the female half of her escort team, who had apparently been put in full command of the manoeuvre.

"That was so-o disgusting," Vicious claims now. "Them using Nancy as the scapegoat for 'my problems'. Ha! I've been doing every-fuckin'-thing they reckon she turned me onto two years before I met 'er."

ALL THE AFORESTATED version of events so far has come from the accounts of Nancy Spungen and Sid Vicious after the former phoned me at the NME to offer their side of what at that point just looked like a fuzzy culmination of ugly rumours and scandal that both the dailies and various nosy outside sources had been spouting at second-hand.

At present Nancy and Sid are separated — that appears to be the main crunch of the reconciliation 'conditions' — maybe for three months, with a few days off in between. Neither is sure.

THE MONTY PYTHON RECORD

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here comes the Wrath of Sid!

After months and months of literally dossing around on various accommodating folks' floors/couches/spare rooms, with the odd respite (provided by Glitterbest) of spending brusque periods of time ensconced in various London hotels that would tolerate the presence of a 'Sex Pistol', just last week the pair finally found a flat in a particularly secluded alley-way on the fringes of London W9.

But before embarking further on the contemporary trials of Sid, perhaps a few highly interesting shots of hindsight might be in order here.

WHEN I FIRST encountered our subject, he was known purely as 'Sid.' Ironically enough, it was in front of the Earl's Court Olympia on the last night of The Rolling Stones' summer season there a year and a half ago. I was wandering around with all four members of The Damned, while stray figures who'd later be identifiable as members of the Pistols and The Clash were there also.

We all had one thing in common that evening. We couldn't get into the gig.

Even then, mind you, 'Sid' stood out in the crowd. The awesomely lanky physique topped off with an unhealthy-looking jet black head of spiked hair and unearthly grey visage made him look like an extremely mean-looking human chimney brush obviously well acquainted with the full meaning of the initials 'G.B.H.'

The Damned members talked to him briefly and later revealed that they'd once approached him to be their lead singer. We were not actually introduced at that time.

Sid, however, was himself to provide that introduction in his own inimitable style the next time I saw him, at a Sex Pistols' gig at the 100 Club. That night he looked positively scary, as if he'd partaken in a gargantuan quantity of amphetamines just prior to his arrival and bearing all possible signs that said-intake was scouring his brain-plate like 2,000 Vim cleansers locked in tandem overdrive. His blood was definitely... uh, how you say... 'up'... and I soon became uncomfortably aware that he had picked me as the intended victim on which to vent his spleen, so to speak.

After sauntering around the club's perimeters relentlessly, often flanking John Rotten, who, I figured, might have been using him as his paid-flunkie and added muscle to back up his already extravagant mouth-offs (he later was revealed to be Rotten's best mate), he settled his sights firmly on yours truly, waiting until the band had traipsed onstage to move up right in front of me, completely blocking my view of the gig.

Asking him to move aside is what did it. A couple of insults, and before I had time to think, he'd whipped out this ugly-looking rusty bike chain and was brandishing it, bouncing up and down, his teeth gritted and eyes almost literally bursting out of their sockets.

A friend of mine seated next to me lurched forward but was kept back by the chain which first nicked his ear and then the top of his head, while all of a sudden, I was confronted by a colleague of Sid's, who'd pulled out an open switchblade and was brandishing it about four inches from my face.



I was still seated, by the way — unable to move a muscle.

Then, as suddenly as he'd appeared, this grim knife-wielding apparition disappeared (possibly on Sid's say-so), but not before the latter had made one final lunge scoring a bull's-eye dead across my scalp.

By then a couple of bouncers had grabbed him, wrestling him to the ground, while my colleague and I swiftly got the hell out of the club.

While the blood poured down from my head all over my chest (it looked a lot worse than it actually felt mind, and didn't fortunately warrant any stitching up), Vivien Westwood, McLaren's wife, ran behind apologizing profusely and remonstrating — "That guy who attacked you was just a nutter... a psychopath. We've told the band not to have him around." Blah, blah!

From that night on, 'Sid', or John Beverley as he was christened, was given a surname.

In honour of my scalp contusion, John Rotten affectionately named him 'Sid Vicious'.

Thenceforth he was a walking celebrity — they guy whose claim to

fame was that he had chain-chipped Nick Kent at the 100 Club.

First there was McLaren's press-handout a week later, published only in *Sounds* (who printed the piece without bothering to check the other side of the story), which not only publicly exonerated the Pistols from either planning or taking part in the incident, but also introduced the name 'S. Vicious' to the national media. A few weeks later *Sounds'* Jonh Ingham was quoting Vicious, "The Sudden Star," extensively in a six-page 'Punk Rock Break-Out' spread.

Great quotes some of them were, too. "I've only ever fallen in love twice — once with a beer-bottle and once with the mirror" was the best.

Mc, I was too disgusted and depressed by the whole scam even to think about presenting some public back-lash. I decided to retire from rock 'n' roll-playing and writing altogether, and I spent a miserable six months broke.

However, just before Christmas, I was hanging around briefly with The Heartbreakers, and, at an after-gig

party, spent an hour or two chatting pleasantly enough with Paul Cook and Steve Jones who'd just come off the road after the whole depressing 'Anarchy' tour foul-up.

During an amazingly amiable conversation, I happened to mention Sid Vicious's name.

"Oh don't worry about 'im," retorted Cook immediately. "Listen, believe me, Sid Vicious is a complete 'nutter'. He doesn't mean a thing and we're in no way associated with him."

A month later, the rumour became a press-statement.

"Bassist Glen Matlock has left The Sex Pistols to be replaced by Sid Vicious." To make things just that much more gorgeously ironic, in his first press conference Vicious boasted that he'd been chosen purely for that redundant incident at the 100 Club all those yonks back, while John Rotten referred to me as "the greatest hypocrite on Earth". Laugh, I never thought the strap on my bondage strides would ever dry!

Then McLaren sent a telegram to all the music press stating yet again that Vicious had been chosen because

he'd given Nick Kent "just what he deserved."

That really iced it.

No-one was going to turn me into the trendiest thing in town for Sex Pistols fans to beat up, particularly someone like McLaren, and I turned up at a Clash gig in Harlesden armed and looking for the latter. He wasn't there so I, in turn, vented my spleen in a review of the gig — easily the most painful and anguished piece of cynicism I've ever puked up in print. To this day, I'm still amazed that I was pushed to those extremes to write such a thing.

It was the latter snide epic that brought about my third encounter with Vicious. I'd scarcely walked through the door of Dingwalls a week after the piece was printed when I came face-to-face with Vicious yet again. He'd come bounding up to me in his inimitable lurch, positively glowing with friendliness. He said he thought *The Clash* review, in which I'd been particularly snide about both him and Rotten, had been "really really great!"

I was completely taken aback by this show of friendliness — and possibly also because I thought he was taking the piss and was about to set me up for another chain-whipping session I offered my hand and we shook in a conciliatory "let's-be-friends" sort of gesture.

After that, we seemed to get on like a house on fire. I met both him and Nancy at a Ramones party — I was pretty drunk — and had a highly agreeable chit-chat during which he actually apologised for the incident at the 100 Club.

"I'm really quite a laid-back geezer, y'know," he remarked at one point. From then on, I'd tend to bump into him at least once a week over a period of several months and would sit around listening to him bragging about himself, all his vituperative put-downs of 99.9% of humanity in general, being either repelled by his tales of conquest (Sid seemed particularly fond of recounting tales of wrath-letting on characters he'd find in usually horizontal positions) finding his raps highly amusing.

I was particularly partial to his re-telling of fights he'd had with Malcolm McLaren — how he hated him — not to mention great vitriolic word-spews about John Rotten and Steve Jones' weight problems (both of which even I hesitate to dredge up, verbatim, in this family periodical).

When all was said and done, I really liked Sid a lot — even felt mildly concerned for him when he appeared in the street proudly covered in large wounds and gashes all over his chest ("I got this one in a fight... that one a copper gave me when I was drunk... that one I did to myself when I was bored one night") and perversely respected him — almost — for his resilient accentuation of all things simplistic and (often brutally) physical.

Also he made me laugh a lot.

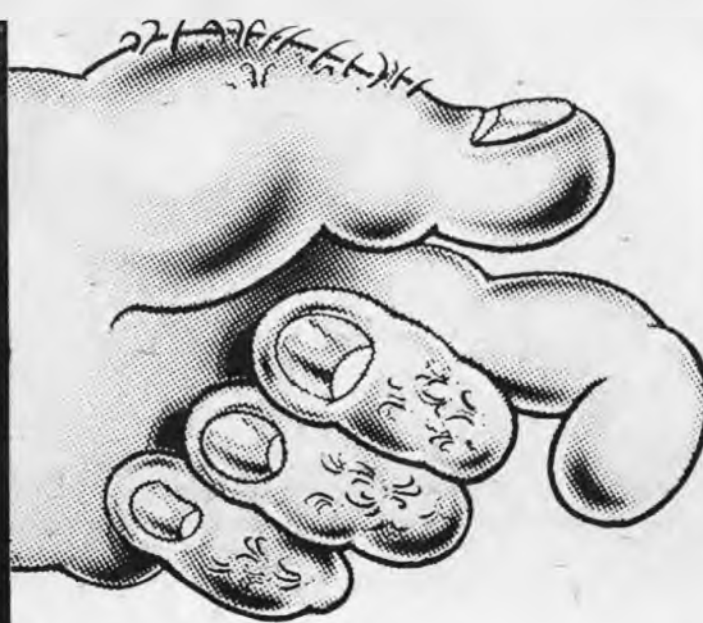
Christ, I even let the sod stay at my old 'gaff' once — him and Nancy both — and didn't even mind when he told me he'd lost the Vaseline he usually uses on his inimitable hair-style and had used butter instead (the melting stains are still all over the pillow-case).

One morning I returned from the local supermarket to find Sid relieving his bladder right against my front-door (when a simple 180-degree

**More of Sid
page 50**

INSTANT COLLECTION

Marketed by Charisma Records



SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD TO THE PROMISED LAND

(IN LAST week's episode, our fearless though slightly misapprehensive Ishmael shipped out only to find the dreaded newpube Leviathan a massive — though not Trojan — lamb, which did not so much allay his quave as charm his pacifist heart. This week he continues on the White Star Liner to Coventry, a voyage fraught with anecdote and ruminations both utopian and pragmatic. So keep a close eye on him and a ratchet handy 'cause he could slip back into this penny-dreadful prose at a moment's notice . . .)

BACK AT the hotel everybody decides to reconvene in the Holiday Inn's bar to celebrate this back-in-form gig. I stop off by my room and while sitting on the john start reading an article in *Newsweek* called "Is America Turning Right?" (Ans: yes.) It's so strange to be out here in the middle of a foreign land, reading about your own country and realising how at home you feel where you have come, how much your homeland is the foreign, alien realm.

This feeling weighed on me more and more heavily the longer I stayed in England — on previous visits I'd always been anxious to get back to the States, and New York homesickness has become a congenital disease whenever I travel. But I have felt for so long that there is something dead, rotten and cold in American culture, not just in the music but in the society at every level down to formulaised stasis and entropy, and the supreme irony is that all I ever read in *NME* is how fucked up it is for you guys, when to me your desperation seems like health and my country's pabulum complacency seems like death.

I mean, at least you got some stakes to play for. Our National Front has already won, insidiously invisible as a wall socket. The difference is that for you No Future means being thrown on the slagheap of economic refuse, for me it means an infinity of television mirrors that tell the most hideous lies lapped up by this nation of technocratic Trilbys. A little taste of death in every mass inoculation against the bacteria of doubt.

But then I peeked behind the shower curtain: Marisa Berenson was there. "I've got films of you shitting," I said.

"So what?" she said. "I just sold the negatives to WPLJ for their next TV ad. They're gonna have it in neon laserium. I'll be immortal."

I mean, would you wanna be a ball bearing? That's how all the television families out here feel and that's how I feel when I go to discos, places where people cultivate their ballbearingness. In America, that is. So what did I go down into now but the Bristol (remember Bristol?) Holiday Inn's idea of a real swinging disco where vacationing Americans could feel right at home. I felt like climbing right up the walls, but there were girls there, and the band seemed amused and unafraid of venturing within the witches' cauldron of disco ionisation which is genocide in my book buddy, but then us Americans do have a tendency to take things a bit far.

THIS CLUB reminded me of everything I was hosannah-glad to escape when I left New York: flashing dancefloors, ball bearing music at ballpeen volumes, lights aflash that it's all whole bulb orgone bolloxed FUN FUN FUN blinker city kids till daddy takes the console away. I begin to evince overt hostility: grinding of teeth, hissing of breath, balling and banging of fists off fake naugahyde. Fat lot of good it'll do ya, kid. Discotheques are concentration camps, like Pleasure Island in Walt Disney's *Pinocchio*. You play that goddam Baccara record one more time, Dad, your nose is gonna grow and we're gonna saw it off into toothpicks.

I'm seething in barely suppressed rage when Glen Matlock, a puckish pup with more than a hint of wry in his eye, leans across the lucite: teentall flashlight pina colada table and says, "Hey, wanna hear an advance tape of the Rich Kids album?"

"Sure!" You can see immediately why Glen got kicked out of the Pistols: I wouldn't trust one of these cleanpop whiz kids with a hot lead pole. But I would tell 'em to say hello. I don't give shit for The Raspberries and Glen looks an awful lot like Eric Carmen — except I can't help gotta say it not such a sissy — and it's all Paul McCartney's fault anyway, and I mean McCartney ca. Beatles wonderwaxings we all waned and wuvved so well, but in spite of all gurgling bloody messes we're just gonna have to keep on dealing with these emissaries from the land of Bide-a-Wee and His Imperial Pop the Magic Dragon, besides which I'd just danced to James Brown and needed some Coppertone oil and band-aids.

Let's see, how else can I insult this guy, shamepug ripplin' off the galvanic force of our PUNZ flotilla with his courtly gestures in the lateral of melody, harmonies, Hollies, all those lies? So he puts it on his tape deck and it's the old Neil Diamond penned Monkees toon, "I'm a Believer".

"Hey!" I said. "That's fuckin' good! That's great! You gotta helluva band there! Better than the original!"

Ol' Puck he just keeps sitting back

drop the whole mess right in the middle of Caesar's Palace, and since Johnny Rotten is obviously a hell of a lot smarter than Hunter S. Thompson we got ourselves a whole new American Dream here. No, guess it wouldn't work, bands on the dole can't afford past the slot machines, cancel that one. We go up to Mick's room for beer and talk instead.

He's elated and funny though somewhat subdued. I remark that I haven't seen any groupies on this tour, and ask him if he ever hies any of the little local honeys up to bed and if so why not tonight?

Mick looks tired, more wasted than he actually is (contrary to his git-pikkin hero, he eschews most all forms of drugs most all of the time) (whole damn healthy bunch, this — not a bent-spoon man or parlous freaksche in the lot). "We don't get into all of that much. You saw those girls out there — most of 'em are too young." (Quite true, more later.) "But groupies . . . I dunno, just never see that many I guess. I've got a girlfriend I get to see about once a month, but other than that . . ." he shrugs, "when you're playin' this much, you don't need it so much. Sometimes I feel like I'm losin' interest in sex entirely."

"Don't get me wrong. We're a band of regular blokes. It's just that a lot of that stuff you're talking about doesn't seem to . . . apply."

See, didn't I tell you it was the Heavenly Land? The Clash are not

No sanctimony, no phonies . . . This is what I mean by Clash equals model for New Society; a society of normal people, by which I mean we are surrounded by queers, and I am not talking about gay people.

sipping his drink laughing at me through lighthouse teeth. Has this tad heard "Muskkrat Love?"

"Whattaya laughin' at?" I quack. "I'm serious. Glenn, anybody that can cut the Monkees at their own riffs is okay in my book!"

Then the next song comes on. It's also a Monkees toon. "Hey, what is this — you gonna make your first album 'The Monkees' Greatest Hits'?"

Well, I know I'm not the world's fastest human . . . from the time it was released until about six months ago I thought Brian Wilson was singing "She's giving me citations" (instead of the factual "excitations") in "Good Vibrations", I thought the song was about a policewoman he fell in love with or something. So as far as I'm concerned The Rich Kids SHOULD make their first album (call it this too, beats "Never Mind The Bollocks" by miles) "The Monkees Greatest Hits". I'd buy it. Everybody'd buy it. Not only that, you could count on all the rock critics in *NME* to write lengthy analyses of the conceptual quagmire behind this whole helpful heaping scamful — I mean, let's see Malcolm top that one. Come to think of it, the coolest thing the Pistols could have done when they finally got around to releasing their album would be to've called it "Eric Clapton". Who cares how much it helps sales, think of the important part: the insult. Plus a nice surprise for subscribers to *Guitar Player* magazine, would-be closet hearthside Holmstrummed Djangoes, etc. They don't want a baby that looks like that, even if it's last name is Gibson. Les Paul, where are you? Gone skateboarding, I guess.

With Dick Dale.

OH YEAH, The Clash. Well, closing time came along as it always has a habit of doing at obscenely punescent hours in England — I mean, what is this eleven o'clock shit anyway? Anarchy for me means the bars stay open 24 hours a day. Hmmm, guess that makes Vegas the model of Anarchic Society. Okay, Malcolm, Bernie, whoever else manages all those like snorkers and droners all over the place, it's upROOTS lock stock and barrel time,

only not sexist, they are so healthy they don't even have to tell you how unsexist they are; no sanctimony, no phonies, just ponies and miles and miles of green Welsh grass with balls bouncing . . .

Now I will repeat myself from Part One that THIS is exactly and precisely what I mean by Clash = model for New Society: a society of normal people, by which I mean that we are surrounded by queers, and I am not talking about gay people. I'm talking about . . . well, when lambs draw breath in Albion with Sesame Street crayolas, we won't see no lovers runnin' each others' bodies down, get me. I mean fuck this and fuck that, but make love when the tides are right and I do want a baby that looks like that. And so, secretly smiling across the rain, does William Blake.

NEXT DAY was a long drive South-West. Actually this being Sunday and my three days assignment up I'm sposed to go back to London, but previous eventide when I'd told Mick this he'd asked me to stick around and damned if I didn't — a first for me. Usually you just wanna get home, get the story out and head beerward.

But as y'all can see my feelings about The Clash had long ago gotten way beyond all the professional malarkey, we liked hanging out together. Besides which I still kept a spyglass out for that Promised Land's colours seemed so sure to come a-blowin' around every fresh hillock curve, hey there moocow say hello to James Joyce for me, gnarly carcasses of trees the day before had set to mind the voices "Under Milk Wood" . . . land rife with ghosts who don't come croonin' around no Post Houses way past midnite with Automatic Slim and Razor Totin' Jim, no, the reality is you could be touring Atlantis and it'd still look like motorway :: car park :: gasstop :: pissbreak :: souvenir shop :: at deadening cetera . . .

Joe kills the dull van hours with Nazitrocity thrillers by Sven Hassel, Mick is just about to start reading Kerouac's *The Subterraneans* but borrows my copy of Charles Bukowski's new book *Love Is a Dog* ● Continued over page

LESTER BANGS MEETS THE CLASH

Part Two: I Do Want A Baby Like That



MICK JONES (pose courtesy Keef Guitar Heroes Inc.)



RICHARD HELL (pose courtesy Brando & Rodin Assocs)

Pictures this page: PENNIE SMITH

2 - 4 - 6 - 8
WHO DO YOU
APPRECIATE?



NME Poll Awards
Best new group/act 1977



Top: Paul impresses on a Lou which is the stronger sex. Above: Mick holds court.

PROMISED LAND CONTD.

From previous page

From Hell instead which flips him out so next two days he keeps passing it around the van trying to get the other guys to read certain poems like the one about the poet who came onstage to read and vomited in the grand piano instead (and woulda done it again too) but they seem unimpressed, Joe wrapped up in his stormtroopers and Paul spliffing in bigeyed space monkey glee playing the new Ramones over and over and everytime Joey shouts "LOBOTOMAY!" at the top of side two he pops a top out of somebody's head, the pogo beginning to make like spirogyra, sprintillatin' all over the place, tho it's true there's no stoppin' the cretins from hoppin' once they start they're like germs that jump. Meanwhile poor little Nicky Headon the drummer who I won't get to know really well this trip is bundling jacket tighter in the front

Below: Clash fans at Leeds. Bottom: Joe makes friends.



music papers like one thickplug pencil's line piledriving from here on out to Heaven.

I mean look, face it, both reader and writer know that 99% of what's gonna pass from the latter to the former is just buncha jizjaz anyway, so why not just give up the ghost of pretence to form and subject and just make these rags ramble fit to the trolley you prob'ly read 'em on . . . you may say that I take liberties, and you are right, but I will have done my good deed for the day if I can make you see that the whole point is YOU SHOULD BE TAKING LIBERTIES TOO. Nothing is inscribed so deep in the earth a little eyewash won't uproot it, that's the whole point of the so-called "new wave" — to REINVENT YOURSELF AND EVERYTHING AROUND YOU CONSTANTLY, especially since all of it is already the other thing anyway, The Clash a broadside a pamphlet an urgent handbill in a taut and moving fist, NME staff having advertised themselves a rock 'n' roll band for so many years nobody can deny 'em now, as you are writing history that I read, as you are he as I am we as weasels all together, Jesus am I turning into Steve Hillage or Daevid Allen, over the falls in any case but at least we melted the walls leaving home plate clear for baseball in the snow.

ARE YOU an imbecile? If so, apply today for free gardening stamp books at the tubestop of your choice. Think of the promising career that may be passing you by *at this very moment* as a Greyhound. Nobody loves a poorhouse Nazi. Dogs are more alert than most clerks.

Plan 9: in America there is such a crying need for computer operators they actually put ads on commercial TV begging people to sign up. British youth are massively unemployed. Relocate the entire under-25 population of Britain to training centres in New Jersey and Massachusetts. Teach them all to tap out codes. Give them lots of speed and let them play with their computers night and day. Then put them on TV smiling with pinball eyes: "Hi! I used to be a lazy sod! But then I discovered COMPUTROCIDIC DYNAMICS INC., and it's changed my life completely! I'm happy! I'm useful! I walk, talk, dress and act normal! I'm an up and coming go getter in a happening industry! Good Christ, Mabel, I've got a job." He begins to bawl maudlinly, drooling and dribbling sentimental mucous out his nose. "And to think . . . that only two months ago I was stuck back in England . . . unemployed, unemployable, no prospects, no respect, a worthless hunk of human shit! Thank you, Uncle Same!"

So don't go tellin' me you're bored with the U.S.A., buddy. I've heard all that shit one too many pinko punko times. We'll just drink us these two more beers and then go find a bar where you know everybody is drinkin' beer they bought with money they owned by the sweat of their brow, from *workin'*. get me, buddy? 'Cause I got a right to work. Niggers got a right to work, too. Same as white men. When your nose is pushin' up grindstone you got no time to worry about the size of the other guy's snout. Because you know, like I know, like we know, like both the Vienna Boys' Choir and the guy who sells hot watches at Sixth Avenue and 14th St. know, that we were born for one purpose and one purpose only: TO WORK. Haul that slag! Hog that slod! Whelp that mute and look at us: at our uncontested NOBILITY: at our national biological PRIDE: at our stolid steroid HOPE.

Who says it's a big old complicated world? I'll tell ya what it comes down to, buddy: one word: JOB. You got one, you're okay, scot-free, a prince in fact in your own hard-won domain! You don't got one, you're a miserable slug and a drag on this great nation's economically rusting drainpipes. You might just as well go drown yourself in mud. We need the water to conserve for honest upright workin' folks! Folks with the godsdod sense to treat that job like GOLD. Cause that's just what it stands for and WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK I KEEP TELLING YOU IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE UNIVERSE? Your ticket to human citizenship.

One man, one job. One dog, one stool.

THE HOTEL has a lobby and coffeshop which look out upon a body of water which no-one can figure out whether it's the English Channel or not. Even the waitresses don't know. I'm feeling

good, having slept in the afternoon, and there's a sense in the air that everybody's up for the gig. Last night consolidated energies; tonight should be the payload.

We wind through narrow streets to a small club that reminds me much of the slightly sleazy little clubs where bands like the Iron Butterfly and Strawberry Alarm Clock, uh, got their chops together, or, uh, paid whatever *dues* were expected of them when they were coming up and I was in school. This type of place you can write the script before you get off the bus; manager a fat middle-aged brute who glowers over waitresses and rockbands equally, hates the music, hates the kids but figures there's money to be made. The decor inside is ersatz-tropicana, suggesting that this place has not so long ago been put to uses far removed from punk rock. Enrico Cadillac vibes.

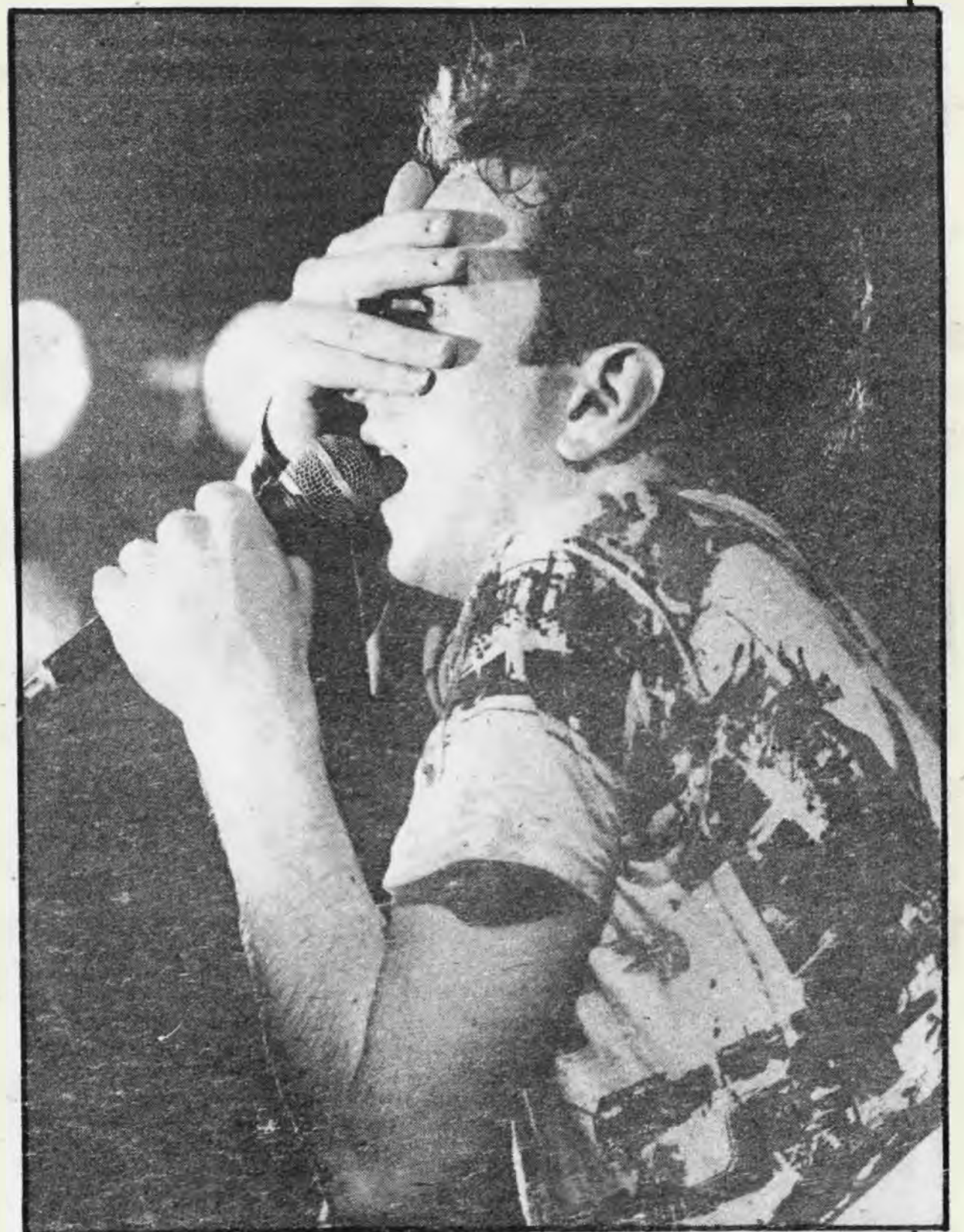
I walk in the dressing room which actually is not a dressing room but a miniscule space partitioned off where three bands are supposed to set up, almost literally on top of one another. The Voidoids' Bob Quine walks in, takes a look and lays his guitar case on the floor; "Guess this is it".

Neither of the opening acts have been getting the audience response they deserved on this tour. These are Clash audiences, people who know all their songs by heart, have never heard of The Lous and maybe are vaguely

and Quine are both totally down.

Someday Quine will be recognised for the pivotal figure that he is on his instrument — he is the first guitarist to take the breakthroughs of early Lou Reed and James Williamson and work through them to a whole new, individual vocabulary, driven into odd places by obsessive attention to "On the Corner" era Miles Davis. Of course I'm prejudiced, because he played on my record as well, but he is one of the few guitarists I know who can handle the supertechnology that is threatening to swallow players and instrument whole — "You gotta hear this new box I got," is how he'll usually preface his latest discovery. "it creates the most *offensive noise* . . . without losing contact with his musical emotions in the process. Onstage he projects the cool remote stance learned from his jazz mentors — shades, beard, expressionless face, bald head, old sportcoat — but his solos always burn, the more so because there is always something constricted in them, pent-up, waiting to be let out.

"Groupies . . . I dunno. You saw those girls out there. Most of 'em are too young."



Strummer sees the Clash groupies.

Pix this page: BOB GRUEN

The Teds are a hell of a symptom of the rot in your society, much more telling in their way than the punks.

familiar with Richard Hell. Richard is totally depressed because his band isn't getting the support he hoped for from their record company on this trek. The "Blank Generation" album hasn't been released yet — The Voidoids think it's because Sire wants to flog a few more import copies, although I hear later in the week that strikes have shut down all the record pressing plants in Britain. The result is that the kids in the audience don't know most of the songs, the lyrics, nothing but that Ork/Stiff EP to go on, so they settle for gobbing on the band, screaming for The Clash.

I tell Hell and Quine that I have never heard the band so tight, which is true — there's just no way that night-after-night playing, in no matter how degraded circumstances, can't put more gristle and fire in your playing. Interestingly enough, Ivan Julian and Marc Bell, Hell's second guitarist and drummer, are both in good spirits — they've toured before, know what to expect — while Hell

Tonight's crowd is good — they respond instinctively to The Voidoids though they're unfamiliar with them, and it doesn't seem at all odd to see kids pogoing to Quine's Miles Davis riffs. (He steals from Agharta! And makes it *work!*) Hell and the Voidoids get the only encore on my leg of the tour, and they make good use of it, bringing Glen Matlock out to play bass. The Clash's set is brisk, hot, clean — consensus among us fellow travellers is that it's solid but lacks the cutting vengeance of last night.

Even on a small stage — and this one is tiny — the group are in constant motion, snapping in and out of one another's territory with electrified sprints and lunges that have their own grace, nobody knocking knees or bumping shoulders, even as The Voidoids in certain states which they hate and I think among their best reel and spin in hair's-breadth near-collisions with each other that are totally graceless but supremely driven. You can really see why Tom Verlaine wanted Hell out of Television — he flings himself all over the stage as if battering furiously at the gates of some bolted haven, and if Ivan and Bob know when to dodge you can also see plainly why Hell would have been in a group called The Heatbreakers — because that sumbitch is hard as oak, and he's just looking for the proper axe because something inside seethes

• Continued page 30

NME READERS POLL

Wake up, Johnny, you got the big one!

LISTEN, IT'S official: 1977 was the year in which the nice, neat rock hierarchies which bossed the interim period between the end of the '60's and the *real* beginning of the '70s (1976) broke down.

If you haven't already looked at the results of the individual sections in this year's poll and you're reading this bit first, STOP. Check a few results and I'll meet you back here for the next paragraph in 90 seconds time. Okay?

Okay. This year the Pistols ruled. Check it out: best band, fourth best new act (last year they were sixth best new act, for what it's worth), best album (and best album sleeve), three of the year's ten best singles (including the first two), third best

songwriters, plus they were responsible for three of the most important Events Of The Year.

Plus Johnny Rotten came in as second best male singer (topped only by David Bowie — last year's number two), most wonderful human being, and runner up for Prat Of The Year. Not to mention Steve Jones (runner-up guitarist behind Jimmy Page — pretty good for a geezer who's only been playing two years), Paul Cook (best drummer) and dear old Sid Vicious (sixth best bassist — eat your heart out, Stanley Clarke).

The Clash and The Stranglers have come smashing in with the proverbial vengeance: they're fifth and sixth best band respectively. "Rattus Norvegicus" scored at 4 in the album listing and Jean Jacques Burnel walked Best Bassist by a ridiculous margin over his closest competitor, Chris Squire.

Tom Robinson, however, grabbed Best New Act from our friendly neighbourhood misogynists by a (pubic?) hair, also copping fourth best single in the process, with The Boomtown Rats coming in third: a tangible reward for two hot singles and an awful lot of hard gigging.

Last year's *wunderkinder* Eddie And The Hot Rods, however, vanished from the Best Group section after an impressive entry at 11 last year and a victory in Best New Group, though they're still in Best New Group — at 12.

Among the hardy perennials, Led Zep, Genesis and Yes held on pretty good (second, third and fourth best bands), though the once unassailable Robert Plant slid to 4th Best Male Singer with a sizeable gap between him and the first three (Bowie, Rotten and Yes's Jon Anderson). The only non-New Wave singles to make our list were ELP's "Fanfare For The Common Man" (fifth) and Bowie's "Heroes" (7th), though D.B.'s at least an honorary member.

Apart from the Pistols' virtual takeover of the poll, the other factor gladdening the hearts and warming the beards at Virgin Records is Julie Covington's left-field victory as Top Female Singer. Isn't TV wonderful?

Speaking of TV, it's nice to see the new improved *So It Goes* (compared by the old, unimproved Tony Wilson) rated so highly. Its adventurous musical policy makes a welcome change from the endless supply of Californian

lunkheads dredged up each week by Whispering Bob on *Jld Grey Whistle Test* (an easy winner, by the way), and it would be nothing less than criminal if the massed *Schnurdoes* at Granada TV didn't bring it back for a third series. You told 'em, right?

Radio-wise, John Peel returns to the top: a resounding recognition of his espousal of New rock and roll and a reward to him for still having the best ears on radio (a trifle grimy and misshapen, though).

Most of your coupons were straight-down-the-line for either punk and post-punk or for longer-established rockers (how's that for diplomacy), though there was a sizeable faction represented by the nuttier whose entry for Best Group read (1) Genesis (2) Pistols (3) Stranglers. Which side of your face do you wear your beard on, pal?

I'll leave you to check out the rest of the results for yourselves, except to chide you for the shortage of votes for reggae acts (where were all you Marley freaks when it came to coupon time) and to relish the most absurd results of the year.

Dig: Gaye Advert got 11th female singer even though she's strictly a bass player, Hugh Cornwell was voted 9th in the keyboard section even though he's a guitarist/singer and Ian Dury came 10th in the Miscellaneous Instruments section despite being strictly a vocalist. Freddie Mercury is to be congratulated for his triumphs as Prat Of The Year (even though Johnny Rotten ran him pretty close) and 12th Best Female Singer.

Other anomalies: our second best drummer (Rat Scabies) is currently without a recording deal, and our 14th best female singer (Siouxsie) has never had one at all. Get on the case, record companies!

Finally, we'd like to thank everybody who voted — even the silly ones — for proving that you're the hippest readers of any rock rag in the country. Your votes prove it — as if we didn't already know.

Once again — THANKS.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Best Group

- 1 Sex Pistols
- 2 Led Zeppelin
- 3 Genesis

- 4 Yes
- 5 The Clash
- 6 The Stranglers
- 7 Thin Lizzy
- 8 Pink Floyd
- 9 Status Quo
- 10 Rolling Stones
- 11 Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow
- 12 The Who
- 13 The Ramones
- 14 Queen

- 15 Graham Parker
- 16 Dr Feelgood
- 17 Steely Dan
- 18 Fleetwood Mac
- 19 The Jam
- 20 Lynrd Skynyrd

Best New Group/Act

- 1 Tom Robinson
- 2 The Stranglers
- 3 Boomtown Rats

- 4 Sex Pistols
- 5 Elvis Costello
- 6 The Jam

- 7 The Clash
- 8 The Motors
- 9 Television
- 10 Generation X
- 11 The Tubes
- 12 Eddie and the Hot Rods
- 13 The Darts
- 14 Graham Parker and The Rumour
- 15 Tom Petty
- 16 Lone Star
- 17 The Adverts
- 18 Blondie
- 19 XTC
- 20 X-Ray Spex

Male Singer

- 1 David Bowie
- 2 Johnny Rotten
- 3 Jon Anderson

- 4 Robert Plant
- 5 Elvis Costello
- 6 Peter Gabriel
- 7 Freddie Mercury
- 8 Lee Brilleaux
- 9 Bob Dylan
- 10 Ronnie James Dio
- 11 Rod Stewart
- 12 Phil Collins
- 13 Graham Parker
- 14 Paul McCartney
- 15 Mick Jagger

Female Singer

- 1 Julie Covington
- 2 Joan Armatrading
- 3 Elton Brooks

- 4 Linda Ronstadt
- 5 Debbie Harry
- 6 Joni Mitchell
- 7 Stevie Nicks
- 8 Kiki Dee
- 9 Poly Styrene
- 10 Patti Smith
- 11 Gaye Advert
- 12 Freddie Mercury
- 13 Joan Jett
- 14 Siouxsie
- 15 Emmylou Harris

Best Album

- 1 Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols
- 2 Heroes (David Bowie)
- 3 Going For The One (Yes)

- 4 Rattus Norvegicus (Stranglers)
- 5 Seconds Out (Genesis)
- 6 The Clash
- 7 Animals (Pink Floyd)
- 8 My Aim Is True (Elvis Costello)
- 9 Rumours (Fleetwood Mac)
- 10 Marquee Moon (Television)

Best Single

- 1 God Save The Queen (Sex Pistols)
- 2 Anarchy In The UK (Sex Pistols)

- 3 Watching The Detectives (Elvis Costello)

- 4 2468 Motorway (Tom Robinson)
- 5 Fanfare For The Common Man (ELP)
- 6 Pretty Vacant (Sex Pistols)
- 7 Heroes (David Bowie)
- 8 Do Anything You Wanna Do (Eddie and the Hot Rods)
- 9 Peaches (Stranglers)
- 10 Complete Control (The Clash)

Songwriter

- 1 David Bowie
- 2 Bob Dylan
- 3 Sex Pistols

- 4 Jon Anderson
- 5 Joe Strummer / Mick Jones
- 6 Elvis Costello
- 7 Jimmy Page / Robert Plant
- 8 Stevie Wonder
- 9 Paul McCartney
- 10 Jean Jacques Burnel

Best Dressed Sleeve

- 1 Never Mind The Bollocks Here's The Sex Pistols
- 2 Heroes (David Bowie)
- 3 Going For The One (Yes)

- 4 Seconds Out (Genesis)
- 5 Rattus Norvegicus (Stranglers)
- 6 No More Heroes (Stranglers)
- 7 The Clash
- 8 In The City (Jam)
- 9 Animals (Pink Floyd)
- 10 Hotel California (Eagles)

Guitarist

- 1 Jimmy Page
- 2 Steve Jones
- 3 Ritchie Blackmore

- 4 Pete Townshend
- 5 Mick Jones
- 6 Steve Howe
- 7 Eric Clapton
- 8 Keith Richard
- 9 Brian May
- 10 Paul Weller

Bass

- 1 Jean Jacques Burnel
- 2 Chris Squire
- 3 Phil Lynott

- 4 John Paul Jones

- 5 Mike Rutherford
- 6 Sid Vicious
- 7 Stanley Clark
- 8 Paul McCartney
- 9 Gaye Advert
- 10 John Entwistle

Keyboards

- 1 Rick Wakeman
- 2 Dave Greenfield
- 3 Keith Emerson

- 4 Tony Banks
- 5 Eno
- 6 Bob Andrews

- 7 John Paul Jones
- 8 Stevie Wonder
- 9 Hugh Cornwell
- 10 David Bowie

Drums

- 1 Paul Cook
- 2 Rat Scabies
- 3 John Bonham

- 4 Cozy Powell
- 5 Phil Collins
- 6 Carl Palmer
- 7 Keith Moon
- 8 Mick Fleetwood
- 9 Alan White
- 10 Charlie Watts

Miscellaneous Instrument

- 1 Mike Oldfield
- 2 Brian Eno
- 3 David Bowie

- 4 Ian Anderson
- 5 Stevie Wonder
- 6 David Greenfield
- 7 Elton John
- 8 Phil Collins
- 9 Laura Logic
- 10 Ian Dury

Disc Jockey

- 1 John Peel
- 2 Alan Freeman
- 3 Nicky Horne

- 4 Anne Nightingale
- 5 Kenny Everett
- 6 Noel Edmunds
- 7 Kid Jensen
- 8 Charlie Gillett
- 9 Roger Scott
- 10 Paul Gambaccini

Radio Show

- 1 John Peel Show
- 2 Alan Freeman Show
- 3 Your Mother Wouldn't Like It

- 4 Kenny Everett
- 5 In Concert/Sight And Sound
- 6 Noel Edmunds' Breakfast Show
- 7 Radio Caroline
- 8 Anne Nightingale's Requests
- 9 Rock On
- 10 Honky Tonk

TV Show

- 1 Old Grey Whistle Test
- 2 Happy Days
- 3 Sight And Sound/In Concert

- 4 So It Goes
- 5 Muppets
- 6 The Rise And Fall Of Reginald Perrin
- 7 Citizen Smith
- 8 Top Of The Pops
- 9 The Prisoner
- 10 Match Of The Day

Event Of The Year

- 1 Elvis Jylly
- 2 Sex Pistols / Today Programme / Bill Grundy
- 3 Scotland qualifying for the World Cup

- 4 Sex Pistols Jubilee boat trip
- 5 Lewisham
- 6 Sex Pistols on Top Of The Pops
- 7 England v Italy
- 8 Yes tour

Prat Of The Year

- 1 Freddie Mercury
- 2 Johnny Rotten
- 3 Tony Blackburn

- 4 Rod Stewart
- 5 Danny Mirror
- 6 Malcolm McLaren
- 7 Julie Burchill
- 8 Bob Harris
- 9 Tony Parsons
- 10 Charles Shaar Murray

Most Wonderful Human Being

- 1 Johnny Rotten
- 2 Me
- 3 Antwan Sadat

- 4 David Bowie
- 5 Jimmy Page
- 6 Freddie Mercury
- 7 Fozzie Bear
- 8 Blast Furnace
- 9 The Fonzes
- 10 Brian B



From top: PISTOLS, GAYE ADVERT, TOM ROBINSON, JEAN JACQUES BURNEL.



From top: BOWIE and PUNK, SIOUXIE and BANSHEES, JAMES PAGE.



SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD CONT.

● From page 27

poisonously to be let out.

I would also like to say that Richard Hell is one of the very few rockers I've ever known who I could slag off in print and still be friends with. After my feature on him in this magazine I was half-wondering if I was gonna have another Patti Smith (cracked and bitter "I am the Oracle!") on my hands, but he was totally cool if contentious about it — a sane person, in other words.

BACK IN the dressing room I met some fans. There was Martin, who was 14 and had a band of his own called Crissus. I thought Martin was a girl until I heard his name (no offence, Martin) but look at it this way: here, on some remote southern shore of the old Isle, this kid who is just entering puberty, this *child* has been so inspired by the New Wave that he is already starting to make his move. I asked him whether Crissus had recorded yet, and he laughed: "Are you kidding?"

"Why not? Everybody else is". (Not said cynically either.) I asked Martin what he liked about The Clash in particular as opposed to other New Wave bands. His reply: "Their total physical and psychic resistance to the fascist imperialist enemies of the people at all levels, and their understanding of the distinction between art and propaganda. They know that the propaganda has to be palatable to the People if they're going to be able to a) be able to listen to it b) understand it, and c) react to it, rising in Peoples' War. They recognise that the form must be as revolutionary as the content — in Cuba they did it with radio and ice cream and baseball and boxing, with the understanding that sports and music are the most effective vectors for communist ideology. Rock 'n' roll as a form is anarchistic, but if we could just figure out some way to make the *content* as compelling as the form then we'd be getting somewhere!"

"For the present, we must recognise that there is only so much revolutionary information that can be transmitted in so circumscribed a space and time, after all, and so we must be content in the knowledge that the potency of form ensures the efficacy of content, that is that the driving primitive African beat and boarlike guitars will keep bringing the audience back for

repeated hypnotised listenings until the revolutionary message laid out plainly in the lyrics cannot help but sink in!"

Martin was bright for his age. Not quite as bright as all that, though. Or maybe brighter. Because of course he didn't say that. I made that up. What Martin said was, "I like The Clash because of their clothes!"

And so it went with all the other fans I interviewed over the six nights I saw them. *Nobody* mentioned politics, not even the dole, and I certainly wasn't going to start giving them cues. This night, I got such typical responses as: "Their sound — I dunno, it just makes you jump!" "The music, which is exciting, and the lyrics, which are heavy, and the way they look onstage!" (which is stripped down to zippers and denims for instant combat, or perhaps stage flexibility).

If Freud was right when he said that all societies are based on repression, then England must be the apex of western civilisation.

As we were all wandering out, Mick in the middle of a cluster of fans as usual, not soaking up adoration but genuinely interested in getting to know them, about halfway between bandstand and door, the owner of the club began making noises about "Bleedin' punk rockers — try to have a decent club, they come in here and mess it up —"

Mick looked at him indifferently. "Bollocks."

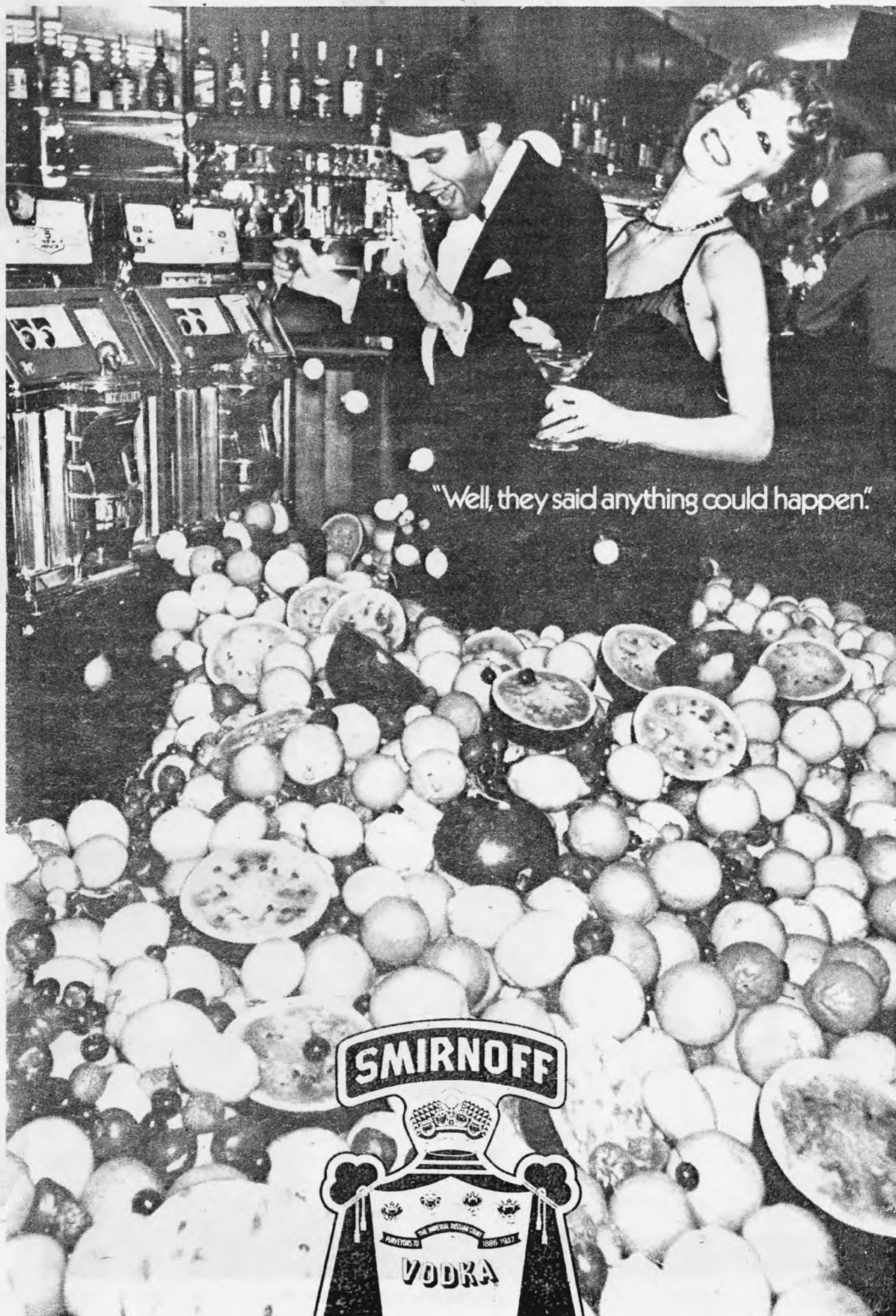
"Look, you lot, clear out, now, we don't want your kind hanging round here," and of course he has his little oaf-militia to hustle them toward the exits. Finally I said to him, "If you dislike them so much, why don't you open a different kind of club?"

Instantly he was up against me, belly and breath and menace:

"Wot're you lookin' for some trouble, then?"

"No, I just asked you a question."

You know, it's like all the other similar scenes you've ever seen all your life — YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO GET INTO



SOME KIND OF STUPID VIOLENCE WITH THESE PEOPLE, but you finally just get tired of being hearded like swine.

WHEN WE got out from a few Teds showed up — first I'd seen in England, really, and I had the impulse to go gladhanding up to them every inch the Yankee tourist gawker dodo: "Hey, you're *Teds*, aren't you? I've heard about you guys! You don't like anything after Gene Vincent! Man, you guys are one bunch of stubborn motherfuckers!"

I didn't do that, though — I looked at Mick and the fans, and they looked wary, staring at indistinct spots like you do when you scent violence in the air and don't want it. They were treading lightly. But then, outside of certain scenes with each other, almost all the punks I've ever seen tread lightly! They're worse than hippies! More like beatniks.

But what was really funny was that the Teds were treading lightly too — they just sort of shuffled up with their dates, in their ruffled shirts and velour jackets and ducktail haircuts, shoved their hands in their pockets and started muttering generalities: "Bleedin' punks . . . shit . . . buncha bloody freaks . . ." Really, you had to strain to hear them. They seemed almost embarrassed. It was like they had to do it.

I had never seen anything quite like it in the U.S., because aside from certain ethnic urban gangs, there is nothing in the U.S. quite like the Teds-Punks thing. We've got bikers, but even bikers claim contemporaneity. The Teds seemed as sad as the punks seemed touching and oddly inspiring — these people know that time has passed them by, and they are not entirely wrong when they assert that it's time's defect and not their own. They remember one fine moment in their lives when everything — music, sex, dreams — seemed to coalesce, when they could tell everybody trying to strap them to the ironing board to get fucked and know in their bones that they were right. But that moment passed, and they got immensely scared, just like kids in the U.S. are mostly scared of New Wave, just like people I know who freak out when I put on Miles Davis records and beg me to take them off because there is something in them so emotionally huge and threatening that it's plain "depressing."

The Teds were poignant for me, even more so because their style of dress made them as absurd to us as we were to them (but in a different way — they look "quaint," a very final dismissal). They looked like people who had had one glimpse in their lives and were supping at the dry bone of that memory forever, but man, that glimpse, just try to take it away from me, punk motherfucker . . . not that the punks are trying to infringe on the Teds — just that unlike the punks, who pay socially for their stance but at least have the arrogance of their freshness, the Teds looked like people backed into a final corner by a society which simply can't accept anybody getting loose.

In America you can ease into middle age with the accoutrements of adolescence still prominent and suffer relatively minor embarrassment: okay, so the guy's still got his sideburns and rod and beer and beergut and wife and three kids and a duplex and never grew up. So what? You're not supposed to grow up in America anyway. You're supposed to consume. But in Britain it seems there is some ideal, no, some dry river one is expected to ford, so you can enter that sedate bubble where you raise a family, contribute in your small way to your society and keep your mouth shut. Until you get old, that is, when you can become an "eccentric" — do and say outrageous things, naughty things, because it's expected of you, you've crossed to the other mirror downside of the telescope of childhood.

In between, it looks like quiet desperation all the way to an outsider. All that stiff-upper-lip, carry-on shit. If Freud was right when he said that all societies are based on repression, then England must be the apex of Western Civilisation. There was a recently published conversation between Tennessee Williams and William Burroughs, in which Burroughs said he didn't like the English because their social graces had evolved to a point where they could be entertaining all evening for the rest of their lives but nobody ever told you anything personal, anything *real* about themselves. I think he's right. We've got the opposite problem in America right now — in New York City today there's a TV talk show host who's so narcissistic that every Wednesday he lays down on a couch and pours out his insecurities to his analyst . . . on the air!

You guys strike me as a whole lot of people who laugh at the wrong time, who constantly study the art of concealment. Then again, it occurs to me that it could actually be that there is something irritating me that you don't suffer from — which is certainly not meant as self-aggrandizement on my part — but that you've been around a while, have come to wry terms with your indigenous diseases, whereas we Americans got bugs under our skin that make us all twitch in Nervous Nervousisms that must amuse you highly. But even here there is a difference — at our best we recognise our sickness, and struggle constantly to deal with it. You're real big on sweeping the dirt under the carpet. So it's no wonder that, like Johnny Rotten says, you've got "problems" — more like boils bursting, I'd say.

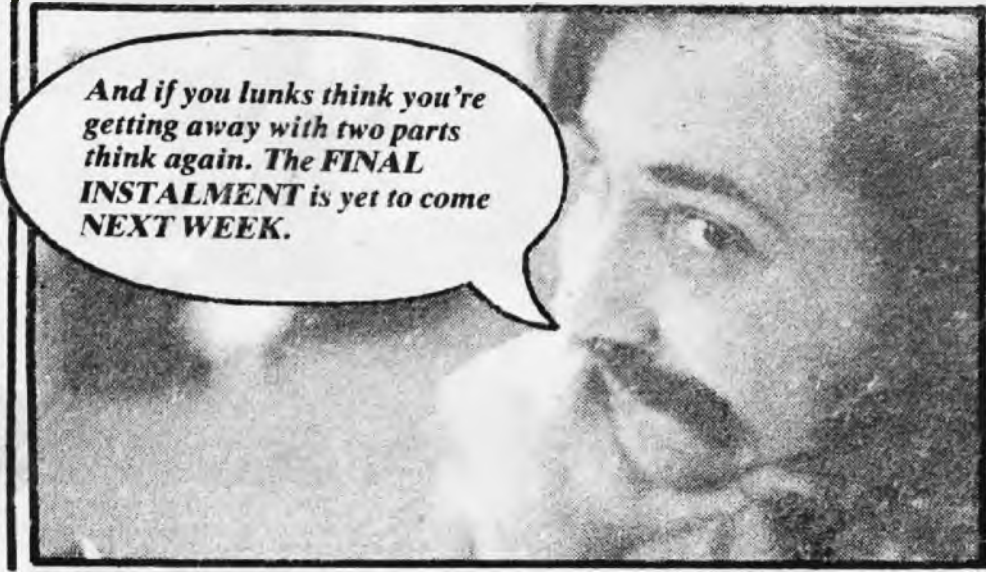
AND NOW, as I get ready to close off, I feel uncomfortably pompous and smug — I'll be back with the payoff next week, the sum of what I see in this whole "punk" movement, for anybody who want to hear it — but here I sit on what feels like a sweeping and enormously presumptuous generalisation on not just the punks but your whole country.

Well, then, let the fool make a fool out of himself, but I'll tell you one thing: the Teds are a hell of a symptom of the rot in your society, much more telling in their way than the punks, because the punks, much as they go on about boredom and no future, at least offer possibilities, whereas the Teds are landlocked. You cocksuckers have effectively enclosed these people, who are only trying to not give up some of their original passions in the interests of total homogenization, in an invisible concentration camp. Your contempt stymies them, so they strike out at the only people who are more vulnerable and passive than they are: the punks.

The almost saintly thing about the punks is that for the most part they don't seem to find it necessary to strike out with that sort of viciousness against anybody — except themselves.

So to anyone who is reading this who is in a position of "status," "responsibility," "power," unlike the average *NME* reader, I say congratulations — you've created a society of cannibals and suicides.

And if you lunks think you're getting away with two parts think again. The FINAL INSTALMENT is yet to come NEXT WEEK.



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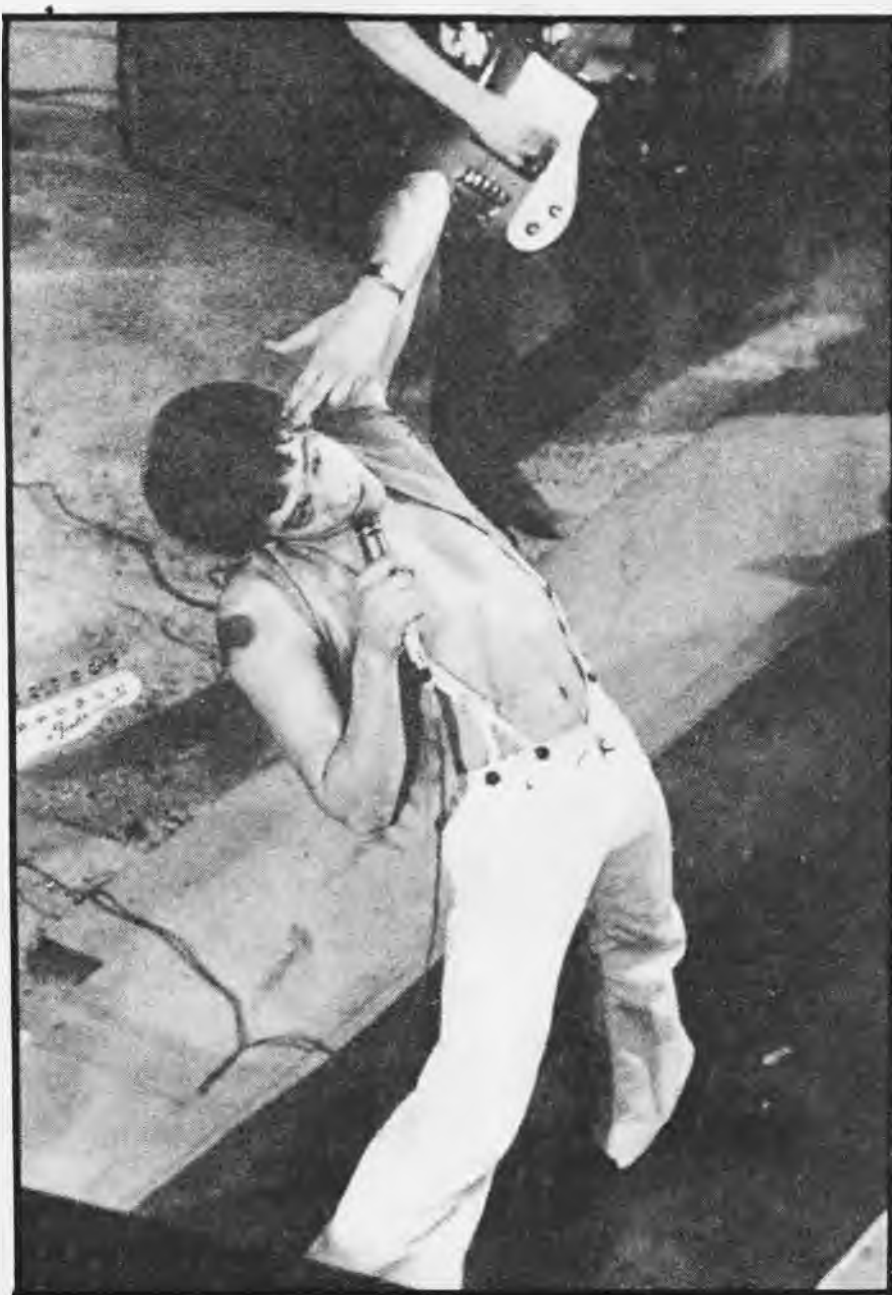
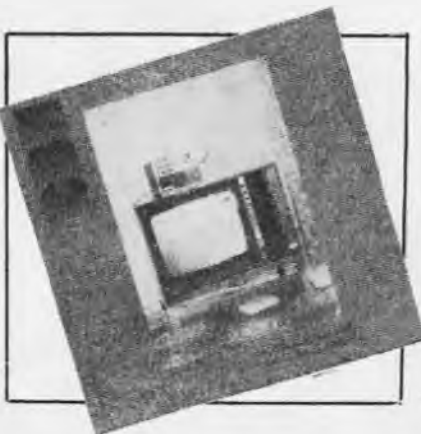
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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Quit This Town (Island). Britain's snappiest Old Wave act finally come out of the closet and declare themselves. Rods, the punkish abbreviation of their name, has been abandoned, and they're Eddie and The Hot Rods once more. Which leaves only the Americans thinking that Barrie Masters has anything in common with Johnny Rotten. But then, they'd believe anything.

As it is, this is an appropriate song to mark the end of an irrelevant hype. The pace and attack are directly in the tradition of "Get Out Of Denver" and its ilk, but the melody and hook represent the team of Douglas and Hollis at their glossiest. "Quit this Town" may lack the MOR appeal of "Do Anything You Wanna Do", but it shows that these guys have found an intriguing musical amalgam with more than the dabbings of many of those with passing cult credentials.



The Hot Rods' **BARRIE MASTERS**. Pic: **CLAUDE GASSIAN**.

themselves sadly disappointed. This 12-inch platter is stamped out on piss-coloured vinyl and comes (geddit?) in a picture sleeve guaranteed to bring on widespread apoplexy among moral custodians and even among the more faint-hearted members (geddit?) of the child-molesting community. The illustration depicts a pig in a Nazi helmet about to have his (its?) way with a bonded nubile. As for the Dukes' songs themselves, they're riddled with explicit references to assorted sexual pastimes and others that are less fun. Among them, nose-picking. The great irony about all this is that musically the Dukes are simply unable to get it up. The guitars, bass, and drums are limper than a senile vicar, and the vocalist sounds as though he could get a job as a harem guard on the strength of his considerable disinterest. Maybe this explains why the Dukes work so hard at being butch and offensive. They're trying to compensate.

DEAD BOYS: Sonic Reducer (Sire). The Dead Boys ought to be a necrophiliac's delight, but the musical corpse they're humping is so decayed it's disintegrating. The Boys are strictly an old-fashioned heavy metal act hyped up out of perspective. 'Sonic Reducer' could be a cut from a Ted Nugent album, so conventional is its form. Ear-busting riff, snarling vocal, venomous

guitar, and lame-brain hook. Deaf Boys is more like it.



LOL CREME AND KEVIN GODLEY: O'Clock In The Morning (Phonogram).

Creme and Godley are clearly suffering the consequences of believing their own inflated hype. If this is the strongest song they can muster from their triple album then there's simply no question of blowing a year's paper found money on acquiring it. Essentially, this is an overblown big ballad in the style of The Moody Blues, distinguished only by the occasional witty lyric and a new style of hissing electronics. Sad to think that these guys once wrote classics like "Donna" and "The Dean And I". You can't help but suspect that in those days they crammed more brilliant ideas into three minutes than they can muster now for three hours.

BARRY CHRISTIAN: Alison (Mercury). It's hard to imagine

REVIEWED THIS WEEK

By **BOB EDMANDS**

that any little friends would want to take off Alison's party dress in this latest incarnation. Elvis Costello's sensual little waif has become big, brassy, and blousey. Not just a wallflower, but boorish with it. To switch metaphors, Mr. Christian deserves to be thrown to the lions for his heresy, and an even worse fate devised for producer Robert John Lange for putting him up to it. Lange is the man who produced Graham Parker's finest album, "Heat Treatment" and he really should know better than to get involved in this grotesque caricature. Still, it is recognition of sorts for Costello's skills as a songwriter, but a back-handed compliment for all that.

WAR: Galaxy (MCA). *Star Wars* is gonna have to be a totally exquisite movie to justify its all-pervasive influence. You can't take a crap these days without finding *Star Wars* bog-rolls hanging in readiness. Over the next six months, you won't be able to turn on the radio without catching some dire disco band doing the cosmic hustle. But there's no way that War need this kind of interplanetary pedantry to peddle their act. The quality of their music is in the playing, and there's no grounds for finding fault on that score. The cut stomps along with enough ferocity to give a wookie ingrowing toenails. War have always had the Force with them, and they don't need to ride on the tail of anyone else's comet.

NEIL DIAMOND: The Grass Won't Pay No Mind (MCA): The Bertrand Russell of the middle-class brain-damage set returns with another philosophical gem. As the song title suggests, Mr. Diamond is of the opinion that grass will not raise any objections to anything that transpires. As a result, in the absence of any protest from vegetation, it's okay to have a bit on the side. As syllogisms go, this is not a very sound one, but it will no doubt cause something of a frisson among non-logicians, primarily housewives under house arrest, burdened with babies, ironing, and Tony Blackburn.

RAY COLEMAN AND HIS SKYROCKETS: Jukebox Rock 'n' Roll (Roller Coaster). According to the sleeve notes that accompany these historical cuts, Ray Coleman was known in his hometown of Essington, Pennsylvania, as "the hillbilly Bill Haley" way back in 1957. These songs clearly reflect Coleman's



enormous debt to the king of the kiss-curl. But these days, of course, Ray's musical heritage is somewhat overshadowed by his reputation as the man who tipped Rough Diamond for the top, and he's known as "the hillbilly William Rees-Mogg" for his work as an old-time dancing journalist. In his day, though, the scribe of the strict-tempo circuit was a good deal less staid, and it's kinder perhaps to remember him that way. Who knows? When you get to his age, maybe you'll need regular organ supplements, too.



CHELSEA: High Rise Living (Step Forward) As London new wave bands go, Chelsea perhaps lack the raunch of acts like Shepherds Bush, Willesden, Stoke Newington, Acton, Islington, Ilford, and Ruislip. Still, their analysis of the tower block way of life is potent enough, as witness the depth of their sociological insight: "High rise living gets me down, down, down." There, in a single sentence, is the nutshell of the contemporary impasse. Without the likes of Chelsea to guide us, we'd be forced to turn to the Neil Diamonds to show us the way.

STADIUM DOGS: Easybeat (audiogenic). Garage bands seem to be getting ever more ambitious. This lot, from Reading, tart up the standard gabble-gabble-hey with what sounds like a fairground steam organ. There are also some predictable Beach Boys harmonies thrown in for good measure. The cut's only failing is the lack of a memorable tune. But on the strength of their ingenuity, they'll probably get a licensing deal with one of the majors. **THE CARPETTES E.P. (Small Wonder).** The

Carpettes are an amiable little beat combo from Tyne and Wear. They have a clean-cut singer with a cute teen appeal voice. They sing nice simple songs with predictable choruses. Their label, Small Wonder, specialises in this sort of thing. If you can't remember all those endlessly similar Merseybeat groups from 15 years ago, you may find this a pleasing experience. Steer clear of The Carpettes though, if you're looking for something more rugged.



JOHNNY AND THE SELF ABUSERS: Saint And Sinners (Chiswick). One day Chiswick may live up to their early promise and score a hit single. This isn't it. Sadly, Johnny and The Self Abusers entirely live up to their name. The song is a drab parade of New Wave clichés that jerks off aimlessly into the void. While they're keeping their hands to themselves, they should do the same with their records.



JOHNNY G: Call Me Bwana (Beggars Banquet). A satirical account of the black man's lot that's confused enough to offend the very people it seeks to support. Johnny G has got himself done up in black-face on the sleeve, leering like Al Jolson, and Eddie and The Hot Rods' producer Ed Hollis has come up a sharp, clean sound for his reggae pastiche. But Johnny G's viewpoint perilously lacks coherence, and he risks being accused of being patronising at the very least.

JOHN CHRISTIE: Here's To Love (EMI). Marginally less awful than a twee Christmas record is one celebrating the New Year. Apart from anything else, there are less dreary musical clichés to be dragged in. Needless to say, producer Dave Clark (of Dave Clark Five fame) has used the obvious one, "Auld Lang Syne", but he's done it with something approaching good taste.

The new Christmas single from Steeleye Span.

'The Boar's Head Carol' backed with 'Gaudete' and 'Some Rival'



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AEROSMITH

Draw The Line
(Columbia Import)

AND AT the fifth fence, the prize Boston fillies tumble down.

Which is a sorta fancy way of saying that for the first time on record, Aerosmith have blown it. And blown it badly.

I mean, I've said this before maybe twice but a brusque reprise is really only the done thing. Without possessing any speck of originality or truly decisive 'style', Aerosmith have still placed all their smarts in one basket and hit home with some of the 'sharpest', slickest old patent rock 'n' roll around.

As far as those first four albums were concerned, they just kept getting better, always willing to tighten up, exploring new albeit 'safe' pastures and always just that bit slicker and more impressively cocksure. Topping the list has to be last year's "Rocks" which pitted Stones "Exile" era grit against a stolid Led Zep-at-their-best dynamism and ended up beating both the archetypes at their own game simply because "Rocks" sounded so much tougher and more self-assertive than either "Presence" or "Black & Blue".

I was actually looking forward to this next instalment, hoping for and almost expecting a greater improvement on the "Rocks" formula. But oh dear! Where once there was muscle is now all flab, where once there was a tenacity is now an adamant loss of direction. Or more precisely, where once there were good hooklines, clever riffs and a real intensity of feel is now all half-baked, idolent boring riffs of little consequence and thus a dour lack of unity of purpose within the band.

I mean, they're still thrashing away adeptly enough and Jack Douglas has still got all the earmarking of a great hard rock producer but the material here is all so stiff, so uninspired.

The title track "Draw The Line" is the opener and at once we're confronted with a dilemma. It's the old Aerosmith 4/4 hard rock, ramble-tamble, but I've heard that riff coming from them before and always somehow better. Whereas "Rocks" opened with "Back In The Saddle", a piece that had me tensing my muscles in appreciation of its sheer "sass", this new soul simply doesn't do anything.

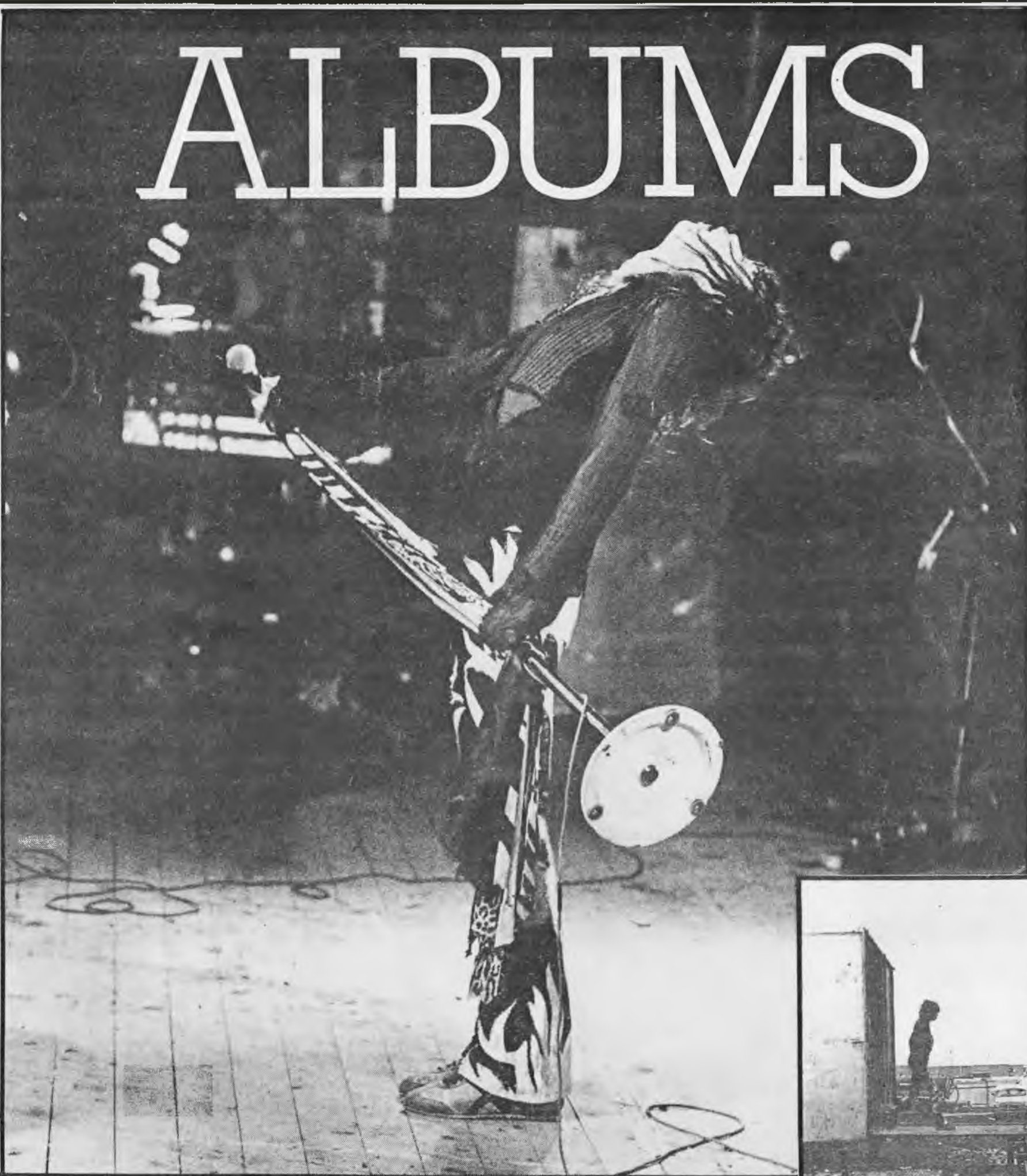
And that's the problem with, at least, the whole first side here. "I Wanna Know Why" sounds like another Stones "Exile"/era rocker, but somehow it never rises and, like the whole album itself, you're left waiting for a punchline that never comes.

The only time Aerosmith seem at all inspired is actually on side two's epic "Kings & Queens". Basically a fairly daft song with its whole "In days of olde" slant easily worthy of the prattish posings of Freddie Mercury, "Kings & Queens" still has its moments, principally a brilliant break where Douglas (I presume) superimposes Bernard Hermann's nerve-tensing stringed screams straight off the *Psycho* soundtrack onto a great rush of Aerosmith amyl nitrate rock.

That though is the only moment to come anywhere close to being this album's so earnestly desired payoff line. Worse still, even Aerosmith's usually successful retread of the occasional old rock classic — I'm thinking principally of their inspired and abrasive "Train Kept A-Rollin'" — finds cold comfort here with a disturbingly lukewarm "Milk Cow Blues".

The main problem may ultimately reside with guitarist Joe Perry. Until now he could invariably match Steve Tyler's not unappealing lyrical bluster

Big pic CHALKIE DAVIES;
little pic PENNIE SMITH



How much more of this Rubberman posing? My digestive tracts are in tatters... Ah, that's better by far

AEROFLOP!

with good riffs and chord progressions.

Here he just doesn't seem to bother — and his own solo venture, a short spew of directionless, hotcha-fast rock jive entitled "Bright Light Fright", sounds as amateurish as any mediocre new wave band

(when adequately recorded) currently doing the rounds in this country. Also, it's worth noting that the album's musical highpoint — "Kings And Queens" — is a song not bearing his signature.

At the last count it's all down to indolence, I guess. It's been a weird, rather unevent-

ful and often downright mediocre year for Aerosmith and maybe that's all reflected in this their dour product.

There's a fan club communique in the package exhorting Aerosmith fans to join a new club branch, the name of which is "Aero

Knows". Unfortunately on "Draw The Line" the once cocksure and fleet-footed Bostonians don't know and it's that which makes this whole album so miserably dispensable.

Sad but true.

Nick Kent

Lonnie Donegan
The Lonnie Donegan File (Pye)

TAKES YOU back a bit, doesn't it? I'd almost thought the world had forgotten about Lonnie Donegan. Which was really a crying shame since Donegan, although nobody mentions it too much these days, had an incalculable influence on the path taken by home grown British rock and roll.

The Skiffle craze of the late Fifties provided a crash course in guitar picking for a nation that had no tradition of either R&B or country music for its junior rock and rollers to draw on for inspiration and technique.

Without Lonnie Donegan there would have been no skiffle, no raw crude groups belting out up beat folk music in garages and youth clubs:

There might have been no Quarrymen and, as a consequence, no Beatles. The same equation can be applied to almost everybody in that generation of rock stars from Eric Clapton to Ron Wood.

The skiffle thing started almost as a joke. Donegan, then banjo player with the Chris Barber trad band, decided to do an interview spot

POLL LATEST



Donegan and band circa 1960

with the kind of do-it-yourself guitar, bass, banjo and washboard outfit which, according to blues legend, had been the backbone of poor folks' rent raising parties.

The joke was finally put out on a single, "Rock Island Line". To everyone's amazement (particularly Donegan's — he only got a ten pound session fee for the record) it was a huge hit on both sides of the Atlantic.

After this, Donegan went into business on his own account. He mercilessly plundered the entire canon of American rural folk music, both black and white.

Borrowing songs from such diverse sources as Leadbelly, Alan Lomax, Josh White, the Carter family and Woody Guthrie, Donegan constructed a backing sound light on drums and heavy on slapping bass that's very reminiscent of Sam

Phillips's Sun records, although none of his guitar players even got close to the brilliance of Scotty Moore.

Donegan delivered all his songs in a high nasal voice which he'd lifted almost intact from Woody Guthrie, in much the same way as Dylan was to do some four or five years later. As Donegan moved further into the big time he was sadly lured by the seductive call of cabaret and variety. He succumbed to cockney music hall songs, cheap shot comedy and cretinously speeding up his songs regardless of the content. Fortunately the bulk of this collection covers Donegan's early, more considered work like "Lost John", "Midnight Special" and "Dead Or Alive" and soft pedals the thick ear "My Old Man's A Dustman" period.

For those who are old enough to remember, this package could be a delightful piece of Xmas nostalgia, a wander down memory lane and all that. For those who aren't it's a document of an almost lost era of British pop that helps explain how the blurred American carbon copy rockers like Tommy Steele were supplanted by a generation of musicians who could, for nearly a decade, whip the Yanks at their own game.

Mick Farren



RICK DANKO

Rick Danko
(Arista)

IT'S ODD that the least prodigious songwriters in The Band should be the quickest to deliver solo goods. First Levon Helm and now, hot on his heels, bassist Rick Danko.

Helm dodged the song problem, but took on another by making music that relied mostly on how it was played, the songs being everyday, standard vehicles that any rag-tag bunch could pass on, but few could do real justice to.

Danko, who has at least a couple of notches on his barrel — he wrote "This Wheel's On Fire" with Dylan and collaborated with Robbie Robertson on about four Band songs — has approached the task a little more courageously. His name appears under all the songs, alongside either the original "See You Later Alligator" man, Bobby Charles, or the near-notorious Emmett Grogan.

And so in general this is a more satisfying, fulsome record than Helm's. Though on its own ("Sip The Wine" and "Shake It") Danko's songwriting tends toward the simple and lyrically childish, in partnership it works wonders.

The three Danko/Charles songs are basically saloon stuff, dealing in themes that might occupy any surly, hard-drinking pioneer's mind. They recall the later Butterfield Blues Band rather than the great Bobby Charles album of '73, which Danko co-produced and which yielded the original "Small Town Talk" — such a fine song that it would take an imbecile to miff it. Danko's not that man and his new version here holds water.

The remaining songs were written with one Emmett Grogan, a political activist during the acid years as leader of San Francisco's Diggers and before that (if we are to believe his autobiography *Ringolevio*) an adventurer extraordinaire.

It's these four that are the album's strength. Grogan's lyrics have a literary quality about them — no simple construction or rhyme — and this seems to have spurred Danko into writing music with a rich construction and no simple tunes, redolent of The Band in their heyday.

And something, in turn, has spurred on the musicians (apart from organist Jim Gordon and ex-Wings drummer Denny Seiwell, a little known crew). On these songs they play with power and discipline; elsewhere they play merely well.

But that doesn't explain why Danko has bought in the likes of Ron Wood and Eric Clapton. They add a solo each, some star weight in the credits and nothing else. Michael DeTemple walks off with the fretboard honours easily.

Mention of old Clapton leads me to suggest that the music here lies somewhere between his post "Ocean Boulevard" albums and of course, The Band's, with Danko in splendid tough and raucous vocal form throughout.

It's good, but the parts have yet to prove as great as their sum.

Paul Rambali

IT'S IT'S . . .

CROSBY-NASH

Live (Polydor)

THERE'S MORE 'mans' on this, man, than you'd expect, even from Crosby and Nash, man.

There's "Immigration Man", man, which is bludgeoned to death, retaining not a whit of its original snap-piness. Then there's "Simple Man", man, which even David Lindley's violin can't save from Nash's all-enveloping mawkishness, man.

Finally, there's "Foolish Man", man, but that's a Crosby song so it's got a bit extra, though not enough to stop it from being womanly, man.

Half of a super group? Super wimps, man. And three quarters of The Section (Danny Kortchmar, Russ Kunkel and Craig Doerge) don't guarantee instant credibility. Their ragged, rambling version of "Deja Vu" is a fat pain and my ire is compounded by the inclusion of Crosby's classic "Page 43", as wan and weedy as Nash's harmonies. Man.

Good points: Steve Stills isn't on it.

THE SECTION

Fork It Over (Capitol)

THE SECTION get an album all to 'emself and, generally, prove they're just about worth it. "Suckers On Parade", with militaristic drumming from Russ Kunkel, is a spritely opener but Craig Doerge's keyboard work, here as elsewhere, gradually assumes synthesised command.

Danny Kortchmar's guitar work is gutsy in a refined sort of way (bit like the whole project) though the fake Mahavishnu parts ("Moon Over Fontana") are wearisome. Ideal aural fodder for gaps in strained conversations.

Good points: No vocals.

TOM SCOTT

Blow It Out (Epic)

ONCE ADMIRER, revered even, as leader of the LA Express, Tom Scott's now just a short-house hornplayer picking up easy money as a quickie flick composer; witness his "Gotcha" theme from *Starsky And Hutch*, as busy, brutal and empty as the programme itself.

And they wonder why it doesn't make sense to us, over here. They can go back to the drawing board. We can switch to ITV.

Good points: The cover shot is out of focus.

NAZARETH

Expect No Mercy (Mountain)

'COS YOU don't get none, right from the word go with the amphetamine goodtime title track throwing in a couple of crafty spastic stops-and-starts.

Not much of it is up to "Close Enough For Rock-'n'-Roll" standards, though "Gimme What's Mine" is an age-old riff effectively tarted up. "Kentucky Fried Blues" proves they've got a few licks up their sleeves yet and Dan McCafferty is still rubbing his epiglottis against sandpaper. Ferocious, raucous rock, infinitely superior to . . .

URIAH HEEP

Innocent Victims (Bronze)

POOR OLD Heep, who attempt to coalesce various forms of commercially viable muzak (as in speed-rock, country, disco and roll, sort of), like "Keep On Ridin'", an abortive amalgam of US Top 40 radio formats. Ken Hensley sounds like Demis Roussos is standing on his testes. Wam, bam, no thanks.

Good points: They play in tune.



The new view over Atlantis — Smuff risks neck and gut for breathtaking critical overview.

SMOKIE

Bright Lights And Back Alleys (RAK)

PLENTY TO remind you of bright lights (brash, vulgar, noisy) but precious little of a back alley sound to bring you



down to earth. Their trebly hit "Needles And Pins" is representative of the entire

album's clean, lifeless poppy timbre.

Good points: Only two Chinnichap songs.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCH

Classic Rock (K-Tel)

A BLOWSY, bloated dinosaur. "Bohemian Rhapsody", "Life On Mars", "Sailing", "Whole Lotta Love", "Paint It Black" and others done a la mode with bloody great dollops of syrup on top. Even Mendelssohn was never this indigestible.

Good points: No one will have the gall to be seen buying it in public.

FOGHAT

Live (Bearsville)

BIG IN the States, Foghat mean less over here than the colour of Jackie Onassis' knic-

kers. They're hardworking sons of Savoy Brown and listening to them pulverise a crowd of screaming colonials is hard work, too.

The eight-and-a-half minute "I Just Want To Make Love To You" is a nightmare of protracted rhythmic trickery. Rod Price is yer standard heavy rock guitarist but Lonesome Dave Peverett's voice is a bit thin for such a fat-sounding band. Still, "Fool For The City" is certainly tougher here than on their last studio outing.

Good points: It's not a double set.

THE DIXIE DREGGS

Free Fall (Capricorn)

WOULDJA BELIEVE Southern fried boogie funk with synthesisers? It's got a

modicum of loony left-field charm, I suppose, but a whole 12" 33 1/3's worth is pushing it a bit even if they do have a neat fiddle player.

Good points: It's got to be a one-off.

CARPENTERS

Passage (A&M)

LOTS OF jiggery-pokery in the skittish arrangements, clever-clever stuff that reaches its apotheosis in the "Evita" extracts (which won't please your hippy maiden aunt as much as the other aural pacifiers). Karen's voice is cute, though.

Good points: Snazzy label.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

Southpaw (MAM)

HE USED to be quaint with his pudding basin haircut and

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... MONTY SMUFF'S PHLYING PHLOBS

quirky melodies but Gilbert's (highly publicised) hermetic existence tends to give him the aura of a pain-in-the-tormented geniarse. Which really doesn't fit, since he still turns a neat chewn, quite bright and chirpy, and the silly little intros on both sides are a sweet trick.

Good points (one of them): Chris Spedding plays guitar (thought you'd give up all that, Chris?).

CATE BROS BAND

Cate Bros Band (Asylum)
THEIR THIRD outing and they've lost, inevitably, the



warm spontaneity of their debut. The Cates (the guys who made redundant the query 'Can blue men sing the odds') now sound unremarkable, certainly a bit flat and stale now that Steve Cropper's not contributing guitar or knob twiddling.

Good points: With their



I dunno, Graham Nash still sounds a wimp at 30,000 ft.

contract coming up, they'll probably get their fingers out next time.

ALBERT FINNEY

Albert Finney's Album (Motown)

FINNEY SINGS (his own words, music by Denis King), appropriately enough for an unashamedly twee autobiographical project like this, not a bit like Hamlet or Lear or any of them geezers but rather like you'd expect, say, Reggie Maudling to sound if he ever gave his tonsils an airing. Hideously over-arranged.

Good points: Jimmy Webb didn't have anything to do with it.

Monty Smith

GRACE JONES Portfolio (Island) CISSY HOUSTON (Private Stock)

KNOW WHAT happened to the Jamaican bishop's daughter? Well, she posed for *Vogue* and painted her hair and got a wagonload of press and — naturally — cut a cruddy record.

Fight your way past the startling sleeve-shot of Grace's face in four frames of terrific tack — cerise skin, leopard hair — and Miss Jones' amazing graceless debut smells like yesterday's Summer, Gaynor and Andrea True hotted up and served under a new name.

The seven tracks are as tempting as last week's bacon rind. "Sorry", "Tomorrow", "That's The Trouble" and "I Need A Man" are songs for swinging eunuchs with nothing to swing. Just as alluring are the jazzed-up, shot-down standards "La Vie En Rose", "What I Did For Love" and "Send In The Clowns" — don't bother, they're already here.

Vast instrumental passages construct a maze of monotony between the short-stops of Grace's mews, growls and howls. Her approach to her art is as delicate as her courting foreplay and the whip she wields — "Men just love the whip." Definitely one for masochists.

Cissy Houston on the other hand, doesn't get her flesh in



The *Sunday Times* and *Cosmopolitan* — because this is an art of style/art of artifice age and because she has a high

neckline, a sensible hairstyle and three almost-grown children.

Coincidentally, she too sings a song called "Tomorrow", the weakest of a healthy litter of unknowns. She too tackles a gaggle of ramshackle old standards such as "He Ain't Heavy, Etc" and "Your Song", but she approaches them cool and courteous as opposed to careening.

You don't need it, but after Miss Grace it comes as a fix to the foolish.

Julie Burchill

MX-80 SOUND Hard Attack (Island)

PEOPLE SAY this album of leaping, obvious, tart confusion meets a cold controlled master is great/speculative/THE future, etc.

It's not. It's pretty terrible. This isolated combo from Bloomington Indiana, USA have appeared from nowhere to prove to everyone that they've a shrewd perception of what's happened in the slightly left-of-centre, far-out, sub-experimentation rock game over the last few years.

This disc is toothpaste. Squeeze it, apply it but don't expect it to cure bad breath. It's texturally drab, monotonous and shallow — the worst type of giggling self-indulgent, Zappa-esque sardonic brutality crossed with numbing, icebox jazz-rock surges to the end of the song. And start again. The voice is suitably mannered and non-human. Everything is non-human. That's the best thing about it — if only the band were robots!

This disc is plastic and dumb. Tight and well wrapped. Despite its obvious attempts at modernity it's a little dated. MX-80 play a self-confessed roadblock of sound but the road they're on was covered and blocked a long time ago.

Disregard. They've come from nowhere and they're going straight back there again.

I want NEW music.

Paul Morley

COYNEAGE!

KEVIN COYNE

Beautiful Extremes
1974-1977 (Virgin)

IN THE tussle of rockanroll only the strongest survive. For the rock performer to combat the cancer of music as business, he needs — to quote Neil Spencer (*NME* 21/5/77) — a sense of artistic integrity and an evolving relationship to the world at large.

Kevin Coyne fits that bill.

Throughout "Beautiful Extremes 1974-1977" he continues to examine his eternal affairs of love and hate with the world at large.

The album (Coyne's sixth solo) is a collection of songs culled from numerous sessions over the past four years. Oddly it's an official release from Holland and available in Britain only on import.

Coyne is a realist and romantic with a basic belief that the misfits amongst us are maybe more lucid than those whom a callous society casts as normal.

Indeed it's an album — which conveys with immense character the feel of fatmen in the long grass and faces in the mirror; Woolworths pearls and one room flats; men in overalls and little ladies; battered babies and whisky bottles.

Musically the songs stalk familiar ground, recalling the stark and matt atmosphere of Coyne's first album "Case History". In fact the spartan settings of the material help reveal the directness of the man's distinctive melodies; "Beautiful Extremes" is extremely tuneful.

There are no guest stars and no 'nice' arrangements. Coyne's only assistant is Bob Ward: soundman, tape-fiend, and friend. Ward's eloquent guitar contributions extend the album's musical range; his sizzling electric work is the ideal balance of Coyne's customary thumb-thrashing



Kevin ponders Derby County's chances in the Cup.

guitar and plink-plonk piano. Trevor Griffiths' play *The Comedians* offers a telling definition of the true comic: "He dares to see what his listeners shy away from, fear to express. And what he sees is a sort of truth, about people, about their situation, about what terrifies them, about what they want."

He could be talking about Kevin Coyne and "Beautiful Extremes".

Malcolm Heyhoe

EATER

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Ohnonotanother rock album!

TYLA GANG YACHTLESS CRITIC SPEECHLESS

TYLA GANG
Yachtless (Beserkley)

OH GOD, please let this be the one. As I sit me down to type for third time, my heart is filled with despondency.

I hate this record. I resent it dragging me out of bed an hour early on press day for yet another attempt at reviewing the damn thing. I've had it a fortnight, and I still can't think of anything whatsoever worth saying.

Even the album's driving energy can hardly lift the burden off my back. Awright, from the top one more time

Rock'n'roll, doncha just hate it? Believe me, you would if you had to write about it. "Yachtless" is sheer, unadulterated ROCK, all scrawny guitars writhing around molten rhythms — and if you can think of anything new to say about that, gimme a call the job's yours.

It is a good rock album, in the classic vein. Two guitars, bass and drums yammering away at eternal semi-cliche riffs and borrowed-but-new chord changes in indivisible close formation.

That's it then. What? Oh, the history. Come on, You must know all that stuff about Sean Tyla being frontman with Ducks Deluxe, who also included some Motors and a Rumour. And if you don't know that drummer Michael Desmarais and bassist Brian Turrington used to be in The Winkies (who were doing this sort of stuff way back when it was a real rare treat), then you ought to.

You don't need to know that Turrington joined the uninspired National Flag after The Winkies, but I suppose maybe I ought to make some statement like: Desmarais and Turrington are the most fantastically brilliant rhythm section since Baker and Bruce (Hylda and Forsyth) — well, they're very good, anyway.

So, for that matter, is the only Gangster without a past, guitarist Bruce Irvine, who meshes his squawking lead around Tyla's scratched rhythm like the proverbial chicken-wire around a field of wild heifers.

Yes, it's all truly marvellous stuff. I hesitate to point out the two slight drawbacks of "Yachtless", in case I have to meet Sean Tyla one day and he's rude to me. Heck, I imagine he'd be rude whatever I said — apparently he's

wonderfully blunt and all those other 'virtues' writers love to lionise in rock stars but which they'd detest in their next door neighbours.

But Tyla isn't the world's most wonderful singer (don't hit me!) — I mean, he gets by, but he's just not quite strong enough to really stamp an individual mark on "Yachtless" (strong as a singer, I mean — honest!).

Nor do his songs ever quite escape the heard-it-all-before level. Apart from that, though, it's truly wonderful. There's ballads, there's hard rock,

there's hard rock ballads.

Best track: "Dust On The Needle", with about six close runners-up. Worst tracks: the one or two fast rockers which get dragged down into Cliche City either by an overbearing slide guitar ("Hurricane") — and only an egomaniac could print words like "Bad living and boogie rhythms" on the sleeve — or by a hack feel unalleviated by the intensity Tyla can bring to a ballad.

But on the whole, yes, it's great. Can I go now?

Phil McNeill

EATER CLASSLESS CRITIC FEARLESS

EATER
The Album (The Label)

EATER HAVE always appeared a shade irrelevant. Whining/riffing on the outside in all the little clubs. A curio.

Eater play lots of gigs, most of which have been notoriously numbing in their immature mediocrity, have released three singles, each one worse than the last, and now vouchsafe us THE Album. But does anyone want them? And does this matter?

It might be construed that Eater are genuine rebels. They are after all on an independent label. They have apparently resisted envelopment by virtueless manipulators. There has been no excessive media burst.

In their own way they are 'expressing' their comfortably tormented souls. Singer/lyricist Andy Blade whines out (limited idea of delivery) the type of pained Fifth Form exercise book scribbles we all self-consciously used to write casting a doleful ear to "Five Years" and "Sister Ray".

The crude, blurred dark side of inexperience is presented confidently, as if it's all been done before. There's the bitter insulting of pitifully viewed and tight authority; the dumb low side masturbatory fantasies; the utter selfishness; the impatience to grow up.

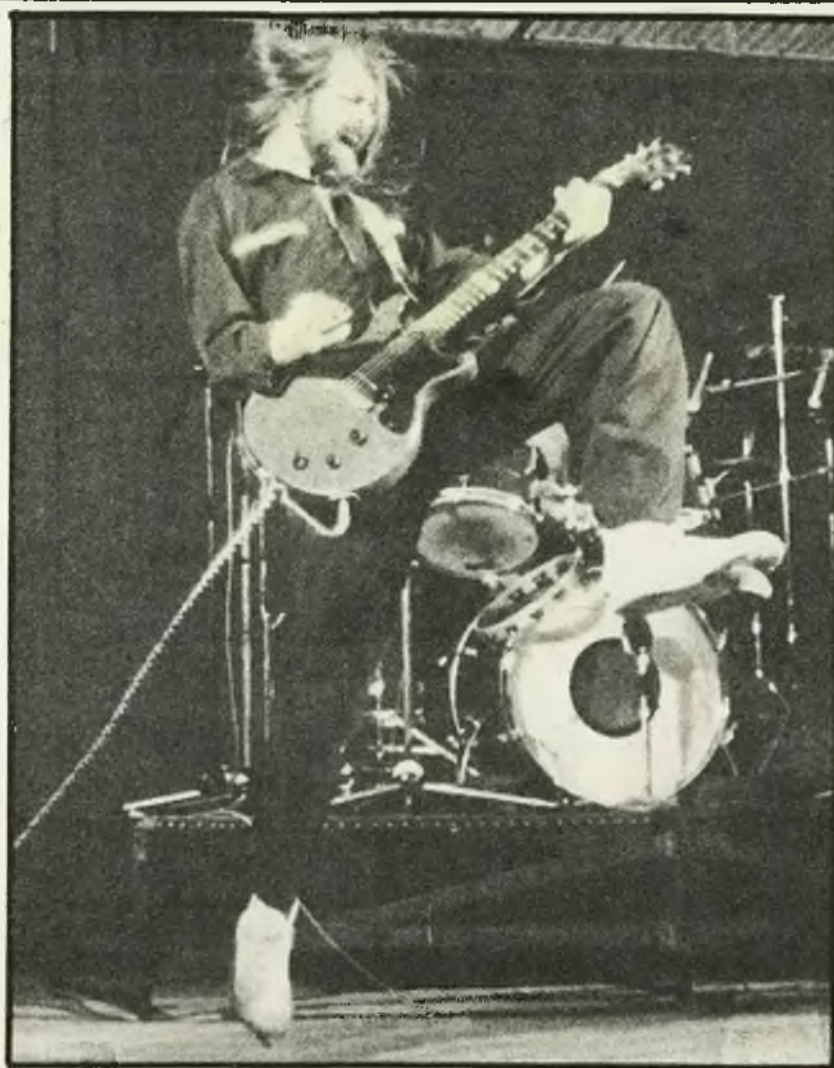
Eater feel there's a place for all this in rock 'n' roll. Their appeal is nil. And for



Andy Blade about to deliver feeble karate chop to Ray Stevenson's lens.

those who've found remnants of punk a fine means of exercise and don't give a damn about the tone of execution, Eater are too thin and weedy in their attack, not possessing the presence and dynamics of the biggies (perhaps because Eater were weaned on glam as opposed to heavy metal). Live they can perhaps get away with it by sheer volume, but on record they come over like chipmunks.

Which is of course charming. The tunes on this album are great background songs for scooby-doo type chases: breezy, ridiculous expressions. The album itself is quite charming. Such knowledge of early '70s riff/pop, a fair understanding of how to structure and lead songs within obvious limitations, bound



Tyla attempts to leap off page, is repelled by tough linear border.

with the results of a hard stare at the contemporary sounds of a year ago. Produced with sympathetic clearness by Dave Goodman, who creates a jet stream sound that's quite endearingly unique. It's a new bubblegum sound, perfect in its irresistible vitality.

There are sixteen tracks, all flatly one-dimensional and indistinguishable, and that I love. They dash hastily and with much irreverence through Alice Cooper's "Eighteen" (15), Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" and Bowie's "Queen Bitch", almost succeeding in spitting them out as anonymously as their own material. This is some feat. This is some definition of 'classless'.

None of their own songs are as fresh as their first single "Outside View", but they feature much the same ingredients. The squeezed guitar, jaunty bass, toneless vocals, predictable areas of exploration. Wonderfully disposable. Chance flirtations. Horrible singing. Shameful words.

What's needed is perspective. This is the first album by a young group. Current cynicism about anything deadend punk washes my views about it. It is well made. It has its moments. It's not absolutely thrilling, but it's certainly far better than the new Flintlock album, Eater's genuine contemporaries.

It is understandably a naive album, not least in the faithless, hateful statements it tries to make. The question is should they have been allowed to make this album so early?

No. "The Album" should be disregarded, but its promise kept in mind. Eater's next step should be to try some balancing of attitude, some intentional charm (then they'd be really threatening).

Paul Morley

PAUL SIMON
Greatest Hits Etc (CBS)

BEST PUT this down as one of the great wasted opportunities of the gramophonic year.

It could have been a more than mildly stunning compilation, a chance to sift the whimsical dross and sentimental chafe from the hard polished kernels of Simon's work. Instead, as on the three solo albums that contribute to this collection (with a little help from his live album, a trailer for his next album plus an



oddment), the wholesome fayre is dressed about with the man's sickly excesses.

If Simon himself chose this selection — as he surely did — it just shows he's as bad a judge of his work as most of his public. Give him a chance to steer into an interesting ditch and there he goes cruising down the middle of the road, hip as a bulging wallet in a bulging waistband.

It's small wonder that mentions of his name invariably call forth cries of 'Yah boo rich New York wimp', at least in the offices of this particular newspaper, when he insists on spooning out ersatz folkiness and Huck Finn hokum of the "I am just a poor boy" variety in the likes of "Duncan" (live), or "Me and Julio". Or worse still "romantic" gush like "I Do It For Your Love" or "Something So Right", sentimental noodlings with none of the emotional spine that great and impassioned love songs demand (be my witness Dylan, Ferry, Donne).

More disturbing is the sticky complacency much of Simon's work exudes. Take "Slip Sliding Away", his current non-hit; "The nearer your destination the more your slip slidin' away" is less a comment on the human condition (as all Simon's 'genius' taggers would no doubt have you believe) than an exercise in hopelessness and fey stoicism, just like "Bridge Over Troubled Water". "Have A Good Time" dresses up the same resignation in mock irony, but the closing line "God bless our standard of living let's keep it that way... have a good time" comes across with more conviction than bitterness.

What makes it more excruciating is that Simon can and has written great and memorable songs. When he

stops treating his emotions like a box of paints for the psychiatrist's colouring book and pulls a face at reality he's neat, witty, on target. "Mardi Gras", "Mother and Child Reunion" express a realer and more deeply felt sense of longing than his pseudo folkie stuff. The parameters of reality also shape and inform "Kodachrome", "One Man's Ceiling" or even "Little Town" — though the last two aren't included here — and beat Simon's middle class nostalgia into shape.

Likewise "Fifty Ways To Leave Your Lover" is the antidote to his indulgences in his lo-o-ve songs, and "Love Me Like A Rock" for all its borrowed gospelism — or perhaps precisely because of it — has an undeniable compulsion.

All of which makes "Still Crazy After All These Years" the most enigmatic track here. Anyone less "crazy" than Simon would be hard to imagine — crazy as in psychoanalyst's couch crazy maybe, but crazy in the implied sense of Randle McMurphy/Dean Moriarty hardliving crazy... no way. Indeed, the whole tone of the song tells you that Simon is almost pitifully well adjusted to the rigours of American commercialism and family life, and his role therein; which makes the song an outing in self mockery, the clean cut college kid's lament that he didn't live it up more when he was younger. Either that or the man has serious self-illusion.

His "American Tune", of course, remains justly celebrated, Simon no longer bridging but drowning beneath the troubled waters of the Nixon era, and what too often comes across as adolescent yearning translated into something whistful and haunting.

If only he was as hard on himself all the time. As it is, he gets away with both good and bad largely because he's an immaculate tunesmith, and a vocalist and producer that knows how to tickle the MOR ear.

Incidentally, the oddment "Stranded In A Limousine", is perfectly feeble.

Oh well, Happy Christmas Jonathan and Sarah.

Neil Spencer



TAVARES
The Best Of Tavares (Capitol)

STRAIGHTFORWARD COMPILATION of the 12 tracks that have been successful for Tavares in America, about half of which have also been international hits.

All tracks are unedited so the playing time is generous, roughly 25 minutes each side, although whether this represents value to you is of course entirely dependent on your susceptibility to black harmony vocal groups who juggle with pop love ballads and hearty disco rhythms.

Tavares seem to me to be among the most entertaining of the breed, even though the album does nothing to shake my belief that the group promised a lot with their first hit ("Check It Out", 1973), began to realise that promise when produced by Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter ("She's Gone", 1974 — "It Only Takes A Minute", 1975) but have gradually deteriorated under the direction of Freddie Perren ("Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel", 1976 — "One Step Away", 1977).

Irrespective of personal bias though, it's an excellent resume of their career to date.

Cliff White

IMPORTS

PLENTY of good sounds hit the air in London's importoriums this week as wholesalers Stage One snuck in with a fine haul of Dutch releases.

Top of the heap was "Crazy Horse" a "Historic Recordings" reissue of the classic album cut by Neil Young's back-up band in '71. Featuring the unbeatable line-up of Danny Whitten and Nils Lofgren (guitars), Jack Nitzsche (piano), Billy Talbot (bass) and Ralph Molina (drums), plus helper-outs Ry Cooder (slide guitar) and Gib Gilbeau (fiddle), the disc contains the original version of "I Don't Want To Talk About It" (later recorded by Rod Stewart); Danny Whitten's Merseybeatish "I'll Get By"; "Beggar's Day", which showcases Lofgren as singer, writer and guitar soloist; a cajun-influenced workout on Neil Young's "Dance, Dance, Dance"; and "Gone Dead Train", which was used in the film *Performance*, sung by Randy Newman.

Other reissues emanating from Van De Valkville include Randy Newman's "Sail Away" (Reprise), now clad in a sleeve that contains no track listing; "The Association" (WEA-Midi), a "Star Collection" compilation that pretty well amounts to a "best of..."; Van Dyke Park's "Discover America" (Warner Bros) on which the "Smile" co-writer actually discovered the Caribbean; and Todd Rundgren's "Runt", the whizz-kid's first for Bearsville. Meanwhile, on the newie front, "Jan Akkerman" (Atlantic), which features the ex-Focus man in some settings arranged by Mike Gibbs, has also winged its way in.

Mention of Focus reminds me that This Van Leer forms part of the dream big band assembled by CBS for "Montreux

Summit Vol. 1", the title track which spotlights a Bob James arrangement played by Stan Getz, Benny Golson, Dexter Gordon (saxes), Woody Shaw, Maynard Ferguson (trumpets), Hubert Laws, Bobbi Humphrey, This Van Leer (flutes), Eric Gale, Steve Khan, Janne Schaffer (guitars), Billy Cobham (drums), Alphonso Johnson (bass), George Duke (keyboards) and Ralph McDonald (percussion) — which you gotta admit ain't a bad little katzenjammer of a line-up!

Other jazzmen featuring on this week's list include Bill Evans, whose "Alone" (Fantasy) contains a number of lengthy solo workouts on standards; Blue Mitchell, recently a sideman with Ben Sidran but now out on "African Violet" (Impulse); and ex-Crusader Wayne Henderson who's now a producer with his own "At Home" company, one of his productions being Side Effect's "Goin' Bananas" (Fantasy), which I'm told is pressed in banana-coloured plastic!

Also around are Al Green's "The Belle Album" (Hi), on which Green writes all his own songs, sings, plays guitar and takes all the production credits; National Lampoon's "That's Not Funny That's Sick" (Label 21), a release that has Ellie Greenwich doin' back-up chores; "All In The Name Of Love", the latest John Hartford solo album for Flying Fish; "It Takes One To Know One" (Swan Song) from Detective, the band formed by Michael Des Barres, Jon Hyde, Tony Kaye, Bobby Pickett and ex-Steppenwolf guitarist Michael Monarch; Parliament's "Funkentechy Vs The Placebo Syndrome" (Casablanca), with which punters receive a poster and an eight page comic book, and "Hardness Of The World" (Cotillion) by Slave.

Fred Dellar

Grace Jones

Her New Album

Portfolio



Includes "La Vie En Rose"
c/w "I Need A Man"
Produced by Tom Moulton WTP 6415

"Everybody to the Bombshelter,
this woman is Dynamite!"

HOT PRESS



ISLAND

Produced by Tom Moulton
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RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK at Ronnie Scott's on his last visit to London.
Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

REQUIEM FOR RAHSAAN

THE DEATH of Rahsaan Roland Kirk at the age of 41, shortly after playing two concerts with his group, The Vibration Society, at Indiana University last week, rounds out a year that has already seen the premature demise of altoist Paul Desmond and pianist Hampton Hawes.

Back in February, Kirk had a stroke which paralysed the right side of his body, and although he recovered most of his embouchure, the strain of the jazz performer's life was clearly not what the doctor ordered.

His season at Ronnie Scott's left everybody amazed at the sheer unstoppable courage of the man. A born problem-solver, Rahsaan had his flute re-shaped to bend downwards, added various bits of adhesive tape and elastic bands to his armoury of instruments, and carried on mobhanded with one arm.

"They don't give you no encouragement at the hospital," he told me. "For them, I wasn't gonna play any more music. I'd better set down and write some music, that's what they said." And with a defiant grin, added, "Hospitals don't know what saxophone is anyway."

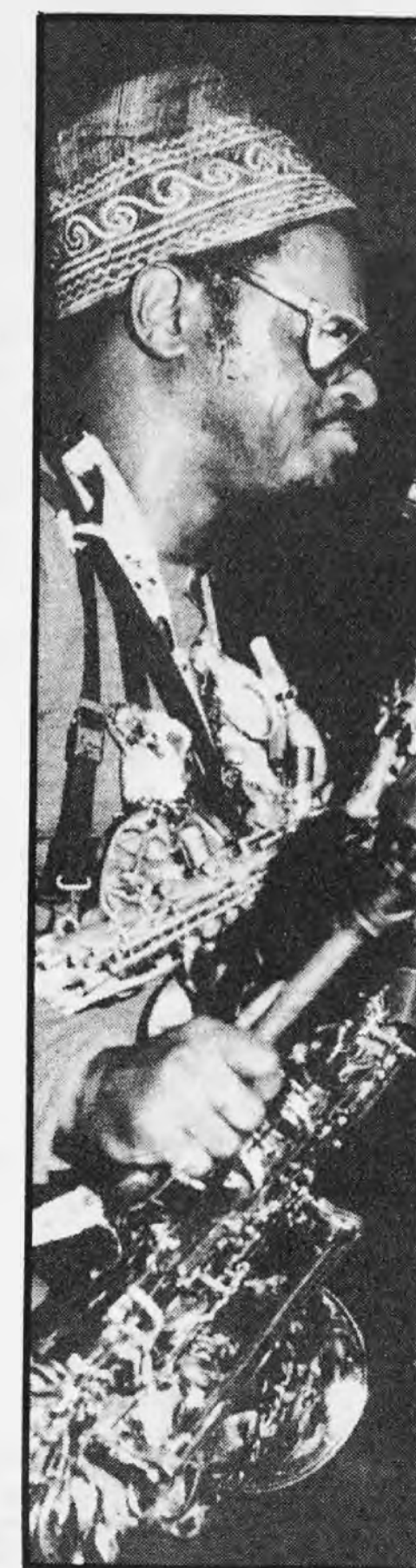
Born in Ohio, he saw himself as part of the Mid-Western tenor tradition in particular, and a part of the black heritage that started back in New Orleans. His respect for the tradition comes across in pieces like Fats Waller's "African Ripples", Duke Ellington's "Creole Love Call" and Charlie Parker's "Blues For Alice". Plans for a radio show on "black classical music" — everything from Paul Robeson to Monk", and a book on the tenor saxophone were impeded, he felt, by a conspiracy of greed that kept the musician confined to the bandstand.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, blind from birth, was playing in R&B bands at 11, and fronting his own unit at 14. He never expected special treatment, arts grants or sympathy, and, being born black in America, this was merely realistic. At 24, he joined Charles Mingus

which reinforced his respect for all periods of jazz.

Critics usually dismissed him as an eclectic, an arid and pointless judgement on a musician whose creativity ransacked black music, and whose personality represents a meeting point for so many of its strands. Gospel, the tent shows, R&B, the surreal inventiveness of scat, blues and be-bop came together in this unique and lovable artist.

He never got his dues for his innovations either. Nobody else has ever been able to make music on three horns at the same time, or play two with the mouth and a flute up the nose simultaneously.



Pic: ALAN JOHNSON

Vaudeville, said the Establishment, but the harmonies could blow you out of your seat.

If Rahsaan had a dollar for every cat who copied his method of flute-playing — a mixture of humming, gasping and note production — he'd have had enough to convalesce properly instead of being forced back on the circuit three months after his stroke.

Nobody has ever used circular breathing to such spectacular effect, either. Simultaneously inhaling and blowing, he could produce an unbroken stream of music for hours on end. "I try to think in terms of a carpet," he told me. "No break in the phrase. Like a carpet, man."

I asked him whether it was true that he used to drop ice cubes out of his hotel window, and try to reproduce the sound of the splintering on his horns. "Yeah, that was true. My goal now is to catch the sound of the sun. When the sun burns down on ya, it's like a hum. The sun has all the notes in it."

The gentle mysticism came over in his announcements and song titles, a strange inner world of Kirkatrons, Eulypians, and childhood visions, but it never threatened his instrumental mastery or awareness of how the socio-political cookie crumbled. "There's an awful greedy thing going on and the musician's getting the short end of the cake," Yes.

As a performer, he could warm up the house like a furnace. Hung with horns like a Christmas tree, tenor, strich, manzello, clarinet, flute, nose flute, police whistle, siren, Rahsaan just plain outlandished allcomers. When he played, it was party time, and he'd distribute flutes and whistles to the audience so that everyone could get in on the act. Ronnie Scott's announcement hits the spot: "Rahsaan Roland Kirk — to mention but a few."

Independent, Rahsaan wrote his own epitaph. "When I die I want them to play 'The Black And Crazy Blues'. I want to be cremated, put in a bag of pot and I want beautiful people to smoke me and hope they get something out of it."

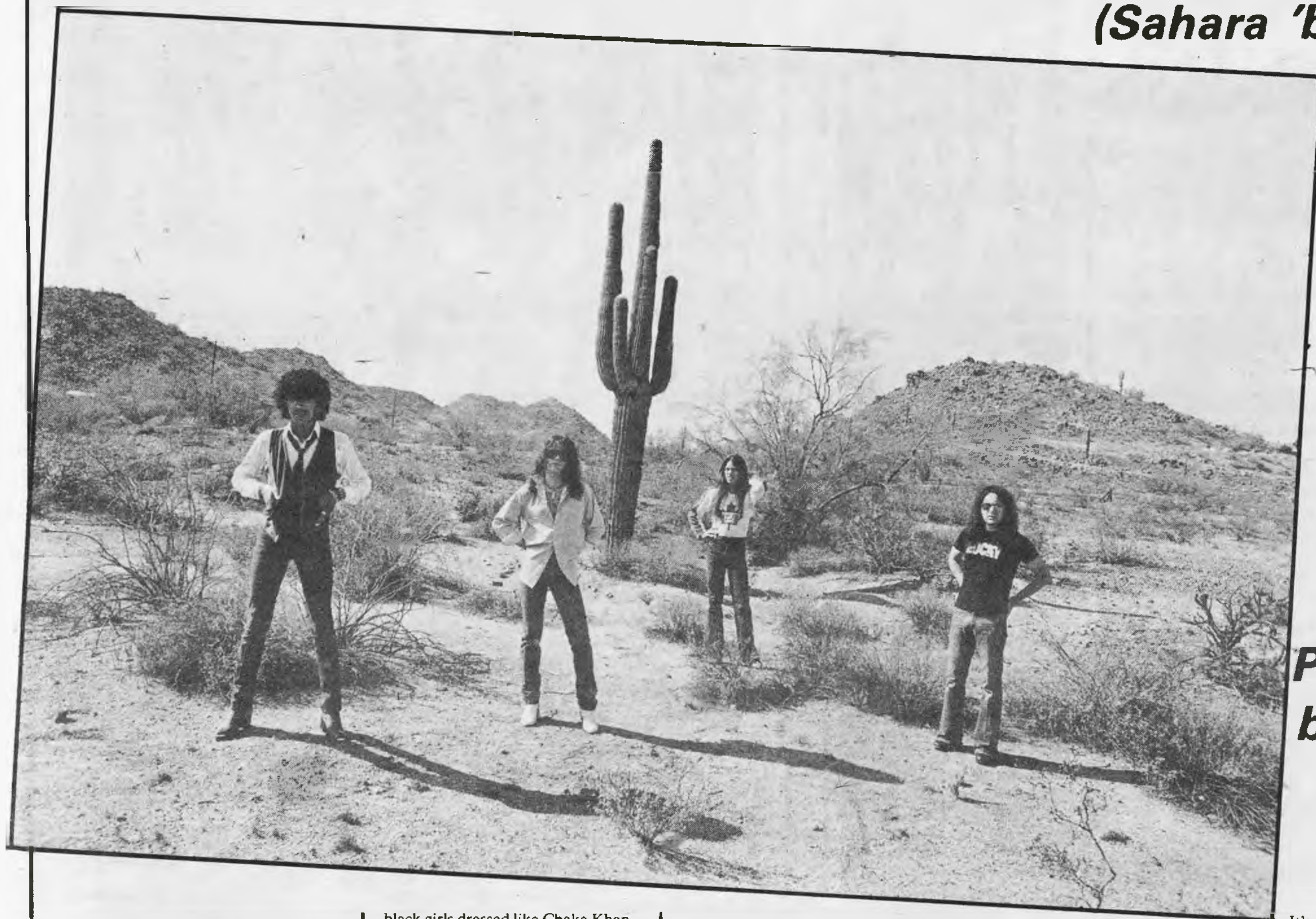
BRIAN CASE

Gobi Gobi Hey!

(Sahara 'bout that!)

**Sinai
here as
CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY
sees THIN
LIZZY
get their
just
deserts.**

**Pic (after the style
of Hipgnosis)
by CHALKIE
(Arizona
work)
DAVIES**



AN ANECDOTE: hopeful young Irish band up in London for the first time. Their bass player — Philip Lynott by name — is exploring the wonders of the Tube for the first time, since subway travel is not one of the features for which Dublin is particularly renowned.

So: the tube train gets nearer and nearer, rumbling towards the platform, lights in the tunnel. Our young hero sees the train coming towards him and leans over the edge of the platform, waving his arm imperiously to make the train stop.

He is pulled to safety just in time by an alert bystander.

Time passes, and the hopeful young Irish band go through a few changes in *dramatis personae*, score a fistful of hit singles and albums and become a major attraction in most of the rock-oriented sections of the globe. Several years after the tube train incident, the very same Philip Lynott — now A Star — is seated in Madison Square Gardens in New York U.S.A., attending a concert by Pink Floyd.

He had gone along in the expectation of being quite seriously bored, but after getting a trifle on the stoned side he's quite getting off on watching the pretty lights and listening to David Gilmour's guitar whizzing round and round the hall. Suddenly, Philip feels something warm, wet and liquid splash down about his person.

Leaping to his feet and gazing above him, he sees a giant pig passing majestically overhead. He turns to his companion and yells, "That bastard thing just pissed on me!"

A few seconds later, he realises that some overenthusiastic teenager has just poured his beer over the balcony.

Okay, now who's going to be the first to say that success has changed Thin Lizzy?

"DAAAAAAAancin' in the moonlite..."

SANTA MONICA Civic Auditorium is on its collective feet, doing the sway this way and that way. Behind me, two young

black girls dressed like Chaka Khan are standing on their chairs clicking their fingers to the pulse and looking just plain delighted.

"... it's got me in its spotlight an' it's alright..."

They're doing primetime disco step-nology while the white kids around them just thrash about, ecstasy-blind.

"... dAAAAAancin' in the moonlite"

The songs that Phil Lynott dredges out of his Dublin subconscious make just as perfect sense in California U.S.A. as they do in London or Dublin or Glasgow or Harlow New Town or anywhere else, because they're about real things that happen to real people, and despite a few narrow escapes on the new album, the words "pretentious" or "grandiose" don't seem to be in the Lynott lexicon.

"... on this looooooong hot summer nite."

The young Los Angelenos know that number. In California, damn near every night is a looooooong hot summer nite. But where too many bands simply get their identity and individuality diffused when they move out of their home turf and become international — flavour gets muted as the group get too adaptable — Lizzy seem to thrive on it.

Their style, content and presentation naturally bridge gaps, straddle everything from current "street" obsessions right through to the almost endearingly nostalgic flowing hair/Les Paul histrionics of post-hippie cinerama rock.

Which is why — while T'in Lizzy aren't New Wave, they aren't BOF's either. They make perfect sense in The Age Of Punk just as they did a year or two years or three years ago.

What makes that happen is Lynott's ability to stay connected to The Modern World without abandoning his — you should pardon the expression — roots.

An example: the support act on the British leg of the Bad Reputation Tour are The Radiators From Space, a Dublin New Wave band who started out at the same time as the by - now better - known Boomtown Rats.

Most bands in Lizzy's position would probably be carting around some no-hope cheesebrain Heavy Metal band sponsored by their own record company: someone safe, mediocre and vaguely acceptable to whatever Market Research had decided the Lizzy audience happened to be.

At least, that would've been the safe thing to do, but once you've spent a life as a black Irish Catholic rock and roll bassplayer, I guess that doing things *safe* loses its attraction.

In the front seat of a limo (wanna make something of it, maaaaaaan?) freeway-rolling towards Los Angeles airport, Lynott explains why he picked the Radiators.

"Originally, we wanted to take The Runaways — give the boys something to look at, *hurr hurr hurr* — but they had their own tour to do. Then I wanted The Boomtown Rats, because they're from Dublin, but they're headlining now. So I picked the Radiators, because they're a Dublin band and they're doing something new and I wanted people to hear them."

Okay? Now, you know all the rockbiz legends about how support bands get regularly shit on and get screwed out of their sound checks — I mean, it's been on *Rock Follies* an' allsorts. Not in this tour, sugar.

Hunkered up in the stalls at Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday afternoon talking to Rick Rogers, an independent PR who handles the Radiators and a few other New Wave acts — mostly associated with the Chiswick label — asking a casual question about how the Radiators have been doing on this tour.

"I've never seen a support act get treated so well on any tour ever," opines Rogers. "They're gotten to do a sound check *every time*, and sometimes Phil does their sound check himself, spending his own time to make sure that their sound is right. How many times do you see that happen?"

And of course there's a final connection. The Radiators are on Chiswick, the label run by Ted Carroll, himself a Dubliner and Thin Lizzy's first manager. In fact, it was Carroll who first brought Lizzy to London way back at the dawn of the '70s. They gave Ted a plug in their Decca single "The Rocker" — remember that line "I buy my records at the Rock On stall"? — so who says you have to be an elephant not to forget?

Up on stage, Lizzy are whacking their way through the fourth of about seven run-throughs of "Dancin' In The Moonlight" with Super-Special Guest Star Mel Collins on tenor sax, playing the line that Supertramp's John Helliwell played on the record

and the Rumour's John Earle played on the U.S. leg of the tour. On the rest of the British tour, Lynott had played the line himself on a toy Woolworth's sax working on the kazoo principle, further confusing the slower members of the audience who already thought that he was miming to something because he was using a cordless radio-mike lead on his bass, eliminating the heretofore obligatory umbilical connection between guitar and amp. No more space-walking on the lifeline: pure man-powered independent rock and roll flight.

Even under zero lighting in his beat-up old leather jacket, Lynott still has *ka-riz-ma*: even though I suspect that if he wasn't a black man in rock and roll clothes he'd look just like Bruce Forsyth. Kid you not: compare jawlines something.

BACK IN THE dressing room prior to showtime, we're talking about big halls versus small halls ("Most of the time," Lynott observes at the outset of the conversation, "interviewers want to talk about my sex life, Brian Robertson's drinking or Scott's hippie past.") and why Lizzy don't want to know about Wembley or Earls Court or — indeed — anywhere larger than Hammersmith Odeon.

"In the big places, half the audience can't see properly and they complain about bad sound even if it isn't actually that bad simply because the size of the place gets in the way. They've paid their three and a half quid and they deserve something good for that."

Shriek of mental brakes: abrupt psychic gearchange. We're talking about the disparities between the prevailing mood of Britrock (ramalamadolequeuecomprehensive-boredom, maaaaaaan) and the ins-'n'-outs of functioning alternately in each environment.

"I've never heard the term 'MOR' so often as on this last trip to the States," says Lynott. "What people don't realise is that the charts and the radio stations are really very misleading. All that stuff is what gets bought, but the States is so big that there's room for a lot of music to really thrive despite all that. If whassname from the Grateful Dead — Jerry Garcia — wants to tour he'll sell out."

It's just that the charts and the radio are really stagnant, and it makes it difficult to get anything new moving over there, but that doesn't mean that there are necessarily that different over there."

Unless a rock band is suffering from terminal insularity, intensive touring in the Americas is going to — pardon my jargon — put 'em through rilly rilly heavy changes. In the Lizzies' case, New York — last stop on the tour — was The Crunch.

"We didn't have Graham Parker's punters at that gig — they're mainly sort of '60s snobs — but our kids go wilder over us than his kids do for him. It gave us a lot of direction which maybe we'd been lacking before. We really got the set together after that. It got us more together."

Despite the excellence of their records — a generalisation that maintains its validity despite the slight letdown of their last album — Lizzy's main squeeze has always been as a live band, which is why the next joint project is The Live Album. (The project after that is Phil's solo album, but let's leave that particular story for another time.)

"We've got stacks of tapes from Hammersmith last year and from America — there's a couple of particularly good shows from Philadelphia. It's just a case of going through it all and picking out the best stuff."

What's the priority: feel or technical quality?

"If the guitar was out of tune on just a little two-bar phrase but the rest of take was really good, then we'd probably re-do that one little lick and own up on the sleeve. But if someone was out of tune all the way through even if it was good from an audience point of view...," he grimaces, "we'd probably scrub it. But you can't really make a distinction between technique and feel. We'd only use a take if it was... good, knowharramean?"

Considering the quality of Lizzy's performances over the last year, something would have to go seriously wrong for the live album to be anything less than a snow-blind stormer, specially since Lynott and his boys have too much genuine regard for their fans to unleash anything that they didn't consider to be the very best artefact possible.

That looooooong hot summer nite ain't over yet. And there's still a riot goin' on.

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS BRIAN B GAVE TO ME 12 INCORRECT DATES 11 SPELLING MISTAKES
 10 SLOW BLINKS 9 HALVES OF LAGER 8 FRENCH KISSES 7 LEAPING LIZARDS

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Sat 17th Dec (Adm £1.25) CHRIS SPEDDING Plus friends and Ian Fleming	Thurs 22nd and Fri 23rd Dec THE MOTORS Plus guests and Ian Fleming Advance tickets to members £1.25
Sun 18th Dec (Adm £1) DEAF SCHOOL Plus guests and Nick Leigh	Sat 24th Dec (Adm £1.50) Marquee Christmas Party THE ENID Plus guests and Ian Fleming

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Wednesday, December 14th 70p before 11 pm—£1.00 after 11 pm
PENETRATION

Thursday, December 15th 70p before 11 pm—£1.00 after 11 pm
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS

Friday, December 16th £1.00
HOLLYWOOD

Saturday, December 17th £1.00
To be Announced

Wednesday, December 21st 70p before 11 pm—£1.00 after 11 pm
WIRE

Thursday, December 22nd 70p before 11 pm—£1.00 after 11 pm
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
 Licensed Bar 8.30 pm — 2 am

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IAN DURY

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WITH GUESTS

DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG YACHTS

ANDY DUNKLEY - "THE LUVIN' SANTA"

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Thursday December 15th 50p
Streets Night THE DOLL
 + Cane

Friday Dec. 16th Free
The Molesters

Saturday Dec. 17th 60p
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Sunday Dec. 18th Free
Pumphouse Gang

Wednesday Dec. 14th Free
The Boyfriends

Wednesday Dec. 21st Free
The Boyfriends

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday December 15th £1.00
ROOGALOTOR

Friday December 16th, Saturday December 17th £1.00
THE FABULOUS POODLES

Sunday December 18th 75p
THE PLEASERS
 + THE BOYFRIENDS

Monday December 19th, Tuesday December 20th £1.30
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 + CHARLIE DORE'S FRESH OYSTER.

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SUBURBAN STUDS

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Streets Night THE LURKERS
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Saturday Dec 17th 75p
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XTC
 + The Maniacs

Friday Dec 16th £1.50
GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND
 + Tequila

Saturday Dec 17th £2
ROKOTTO
 + Support

Monday Dec 19th £1
LANDSCAPE'S
 Christmas Party + Sore Throat
 + The Caboodles (Fiery Eating Clowns)

Tuesday Dec 20th £1
FOSTER BROTHERS
 + Blaze

Wednesday Dec 21st
 BERNARD RHODES & ENDALE PRESENT
 ?
 Who Knows, Who Cares
 D.J. Don Letts
 Advance tickets now on sale £1.25

Saturday Dec 24th £2.50
Christmas Eve Party Night NO DICE
 + The Ritz
 Hats, Balloons, Streamers, etc.
 Please come early to avoid disappointment.

Thursday Dec 15th

MUD

Tickets on the night £2.00

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SHAM 69

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 DECEMBER 22/23

ADMISSION 75p

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 opp mornington crescent tube 8pm-2am — £1

special guests sore throat plus fire eating clowns

landscapes NEW EP "U2XMEIX2MUCH" out now £1
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CHRISTMAS CRACKER

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MINDSLAVE + LUCIFER

Friday, December 23rd, 8 pm to midnight
 Disco Licensed Bar
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WORDS (BARRY CLARKE)

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
 Saturday December 17th at 7.45 pm
 Out of their Skulls

THE PIRATES

+ Very Special Guests
 Mary Jane Disco Bar Food

Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or available on door.

THE PIONEER CLUB, ST. ALBANS
 (Harpden Rd., next to Fire Station)
 Xmas Eve Party
 Saturday December 24th at 8pm
 Some Moonshine 69 with

THE WINDERS

+ BLEAK HOUSE

Disco Bar (applied for) Food
 Advance tickets from Record Room, St Albans, Chip Shop
 at the Quadrant, Marshallswood, or available on door.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERYSTWYTH University: THE REAL THING
BANBURY Blues Club: SAM APPLE PIE
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: THE BOYS
BASILDON Double Six: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
BATH Pavilion: STEELEYE SPAN
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: RALPH McTELL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRISTOL Crookers: FREEMANTLE
BRISTOL Granary: AWGUST
CAMBRIDGE University Arms: ACKER BILK BAND
COLCHESTER Essex University: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
COVENTRY Locarno: THE BUZZCOCKS
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE RICH KIDS
DERBY Bailey's: DESMOND DEKKER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: STEEL PULSE
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
EXETER Zhivago's: NEW YORK JETS
FALKIRK Maniqui: BILBO BAGGINS
GLASGOW Amphora: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Merist Wood College: ALFALPHA
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE JAM
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: THE PLEASERS
KEGWORTH Sutton Boddington School: MERGER
LANCASTER No 12 Club: THE CRABS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: AMERICAN AUTUMN
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MISTER SISTER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MUD
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: STEPPIN OUT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HACKNEY Spooky Lady: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STATUS QUO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DOLL / CANE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SUBURBAN STUDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: THE PIRATES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NORWOOD London College: THE PIN-UPS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON Rd. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BLACK SLATE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE CLASH
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GLENN MILLER ANNIVERSARY CONCERT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: RAY CAMPI & THE ROCKABILLY REBELS / MAC CURTIS & HIS BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE FLAMES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.C.1 Bedford Corner Hotel: G.B.H. / THE LONDON W.I. Quaglinos: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: ADVERTISING / THE KILLJOYS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE CADETS
MANCHESTER Rafters: BLITZKRIEG BOP / WIRE
MANMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OXFORD R.A.F. Benson: GRAND HOTEL
POOLE Turtle Club: SOUL DIRECTION
PORTSMOUTH Highbury Technical College: THE STUKAS
PORTSMOUTH Oasis Club: STAA MARX
POYNTON Folk Centre: ANDREW DWYER
PRESTWICH Catholic Club: WHITEFIRE
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
SWANSEA Mumbles Nutz Club: THE ENID
TAUNTON County Hotel: RACING CARS
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: STARDUST
TORQUAY South Devon Technical College: SURPRISE SISTERS
USK (Gwent) College: MECHANICAL HORSE-ROUGH
UXBRIDGE Technical College: THE AUTOMATICS / JAGUAR / PENETRATION
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: WHIRLWIND
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
WEST BROMWICH College of Commerce: SCREENS
WIGAN College: TRAPEZE
WOLVERHAMPTON R.A.F. Cosford: MUSCLES

Friday

AYLESBURY Grammar School: THE PLEASERS
BATH Pavilion: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
BICESTER The Courtyard: THE RADIOACTIVE MORONS / L.S.D. / VILE BODIES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: SOUL DIRECTION
BOGNOR Sussex Comprehensive School: STAA MARX
BRADFORD College: MUNGO JERRY
BRADFORD Star Hotel: CHRIS FOSTER
BRENTWOOD Warley Wood Hospital: JOANNA CARLIN
BRIDLINGTON SPA Royal Pavilion: JOHN MILES
BRIGHTON Alhambra's: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BUZZCOCKS
BURTON 76 Club: NO DICE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE JAM
CHELLENHAM Pavilion: N.W.10
COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: THE ACCIDENTS
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: RADIO STARS
CRAWLEY College of Technology: SCREENS / SHANGHAI / EDGE BAND
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: MEAL TICKET
CROYDON Addington Hotel: BUSTER JAMES BAND



THE RAMONES (above) fly in this week for their eagerly-awaited ten-date tour, climaxing at London Rainbow on New Year's Eve. Opening gigs are at Carlisle (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

● Other highlights this week: Christmas concerts by **RALPH McTELL** (Belfast on Thursday and London on Sunday), **STEELEYE SPAN** (Bath on Thursday and London on Saturday) and **THIN LIZZY** (Southend on Saturday). And the **BOOMTOWN RATS** and **THE JAM** end their tours with big London concerts on Saturday and Sunday respectively. See next page for Christmas gigs by **ELKIE BROOKS** and **LINDISFARNE**.

CROYDON Susan & Sugar Loaf: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS/BLUNT INSTRUMENT
DUNDEE Technical College: ALKATRAZ
EDENBRIDGE Spital Cross School: WILDER
EWELL Technical College: S.A.L.T.
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: WIRE
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
HADDINGTON Corn Exchange: BILBO BAGGINS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: THE BEARS / JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE DTRANGERS/OUT-CAST
HEYWOOD SevenStars: BULLETS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/URBAN DISTURBANCE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE MOVIES
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JASPER CARROTT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MAGAZINE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON ACTON Priory Youth Centre: THE SATEL-LITES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MERGER/BLACK SLATE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TEQUILA/GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN The Basement: PUNCTURE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE MOLES-TERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SNIVEL-LING SHITS/THE LURKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL/THE KILLJOYS
LONDON N.1 Tractors Club: SAMSON
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JABULA
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: HOTLINE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIK & NIGEL'S FOLK & BLUES NIGHT
LONDON S.E.1 College of Printing: THE MISTAKES
LONDON SOUTHALL Lady Margaret: THE NIGHT- /BLACK ENCHANTERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE MAJORS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PENETRATION
LONDON S.W.18 Whitelands College: FOSTER BROTHERS/GRAND HOTEL
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON Victoria Palace: JOHN OTWAY / SCRATCH/ADVERTISING
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: GLENN MILLER ANNIVERSARY CONCERT
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LUTON Royal Hotel: LANDSCAPE
MAIDSTONE College: TRAPEZE
MANCHESTER Portland Hotel: ACKER BILK BAND
MANCHESTER St. John's College: THE FALL/MAN-ICURED NOISE/ELITE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY DARREN
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE SPINNERS
NEWPORT Village Club: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: TATUM
NUNEATON 77 Town Club: LOVE AFFAIR
OXFORD College of Further Education: AMAZORBLADES
OXFORD New Theatre: JOAN BAEZ
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket: STAGE FRIGHT
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS
RIPON College of Ripon & York: STARDUST
ROTHERHAM Clifton Hall: RAY CAMPI & THE ROCKABILLY REBELS/MAC CURTIS & HIS BAND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: XTC
SHAFTESBURY Folk Club: MECHANICAL HORSE-ROUGH
SOLIHULL Civic Hall: THE INVADERS/VENOM
SOLIHULL The Sheldon: EAZIE
SOUTHEM Bread & Cheese: HYMIE BLOWS IT
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: DAWN-WEAVER
STOKE Alsager College: THE DARTS
TONBRIDGE Hugh Christie School: CHRIS BARBER BAND
TROWBRIDGE College: SKIN TIGHT
WAKEFIELD College of Technology: STRIFE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BOYS /MOTORHEAD

Saturday

BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH Brilleg Arts Centre: SKIN TIGHT
BATH Green Park Tavern: JUST UNTITLED BAND
BICESTER Goble's Restaurant: FLAKY PASTRY
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: DROWSY MAGGIE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JOAN BAEZ
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BIRMINGHAM Rialto Club: DESMOND DEKKER
BOLTON Technical College: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Granary: NO DICE
BRISTOL Stars & Stripes Club: RAY CAMPI & THE ROCKABILLY REBELS/MAC CURTIS & HIS BAND
CARLISLE Market Hall: THE RAMONES/THE REZILLOS
CARSHALTON St. Helier's Arms: VERNON & THE G'S
CHESTER Tivoli Ballroom: DEAR JOHN
CORBY Executive Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CORBY Stardust Club: STARDUST
COVENTRY Mr. George's: DEAD FINGERS TALK
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: MUD
CROYDON Addington Hotel: BUSTER JAMES BAND
DORCHESTER Coach & Horses: MECHANICAL HORSE-ROUGH
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE BOYS
DUNBAR Golden Stones Hotel: THE EXILE/THE SUBHUMANS/THE JERK
EASTBOURNE Lottbridge Arms: PANAMA
EXETER Zhivago's: TAXIS
GLASGOW Burns Howf: CHOU PAHROT
HITCHEN College: MOTORHEAD/THE WINDERS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: STRIFE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LINCOLN R.A.F. Scampton: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LIVERPOOL Dog & Gun: BODY
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE FALL/PENETRATION
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: THE ACCELERATORS
LIVINGSTON Howden Park Centre: BILBO BAGGINS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUMBLE/JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROKOTOT
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STEELEYE SPAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BASH STREET KIDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON Marquee Club: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND/THE MONITORS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: LANDSCAPE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BOOMTOWN RATS/YACHTS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STUKAS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SQUEEZE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON W.C.1 Bedford Corner Hotel: THROBBING GRISTLE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: BRIT-ISH LIONS/REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MAIDENHEAD Bell Hotel: N.W.10/SOFT TOUCH/OWEN D. BRAY
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE SPINNERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: MEAL TICKET
NORWICH Black Boys: RUBY JOE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: FOSTER BROTHERS
NUNEATON 77 Town Club: LOVE AFFAIR
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: IAN DURY & THE BLOC-KHEADS/DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
PORTSMOUTH Clarence Pier Pavilion: SHAZAM-/COMMERCIAL ROADSHOW/THE TIME LORDS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: JOHN MILES
REIGATE College of Art: WILDER
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON

SHEFFIELD Broadfield: RADIO EARTH
SLOUGH College: GRAND HOTEL
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: ALLAN TAYLOR
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE PIRATES
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: WHIRLWIND
TORQUAY Gatsby's: THE CRABS
WATFORD Waldo's Jazz Club: THE BEARS
WIGAN Casino: DEAF SCHOOL
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: ARBRE
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with ED NIX & BUSTED/TAMMI SIOUX/GOLD & SILVER
BARROW Maxim's Disco: THE CRABS
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BUXTON Playhouse Theatre: BULLET/MERLIN
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: PANAMA
COVENTRY Antelope Club: EAZIE
CROYDON Greyhound: GENERATION X
EDINGBURGH Clouds: THE RAMONES/THE REZILLOS
GRAIN Working Men's Club: HOTLINE
HARROW Old Tithe Farm: SUCKER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: WHIRLWIND
HITCHIN Folk Club: FLAKY PASTRY
IPSWICH Kingfisher: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LEEDS Staging Post: ISIS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN MILES
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: THE SPINNERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG / YACHTS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: ALKATRAZ
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE JAM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PUMP HOUSE GANG
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: COMEDY FACTORY with JOHN GORMAN/JOHN DOWIE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOY-FRIENDS / THE PLEASERS
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: RALPH McTELL
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: THE FLUFF SHOW
LONDON Marquee Club: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BARIS MANCHO & KURTALAN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SKINNERS RATS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE RICH KIDS
MANCHESTER Elizabethan Ballroom: THE BUZZCOCKS/PENETRATION
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TRAPEZE
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: AMERICAN AUTUMN
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
POYNTON Folk Centre: CITY WAITES/MARTIN & GRAHAM
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD Willows Variety Centre: STARDUST
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE PIRATES
SWANSEA Waun Wen Inn: SLEEVER
WHITLEY BAY Rex Ballroom: JENNY DARREN

Monday

AYLESBURY Grammar School: YACHTS
BATH The Bell: JUST UNTITLED BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: D FEATURES/THE V.I.P.S
BRISTOL Victoria Rooms: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHELLENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
CHESTER Cellar Club: THE REAL THING
COVENTRY Tiffany's: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAP-LANE
CROYDON Red Deer: HOTLINE
DEWSBURY Mr. Pickwicks: THE RICH KIDS / THE CRABS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: DEAF SCHOOL
DURHAM New College: ARBRE
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CHOU PAHROT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE PIRATES
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE RAMONES / THE REZILLOS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: THE SPINNERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KRYSIA KOCHAN / TAIL LIGHTS / GRAHAM ROBBINS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CHARING X Global Village: LOVING AWARENESS
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MERGER
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S XMAS PARTY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN BAEZ
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SLIP-STREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STIFF RECORDS PACKAGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: STATUS QUO
LONDON Marquee Club: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON Road Troubador: JOHN CHANDLER
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS / JO-ANN KELLY / GARET WATKINS / SHAKY VICK / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND / THE BLIMPS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BERT JANSCH

**MORE GIG GUIDE
AND CLUB ADS
OVER THE PAGE**

GIG GUIDE



ELKIE BROOKS headlines a seasonal charity concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE JAGUARS
LONDON TOTTENHAM Spurs Football Club: THE DARTS
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: MEMBERS / REACTION / CANE / THE DRONES
LONDON WEST HAMPTON Railway Hotel: MENACE / RAPED
LUTON Sands Club: RAY CAMPI & THE ROCKA-BILLY REBELS / MAC CURTIS & HIS BAND
PITLOCHRY Regal Cinema: BILLY CONNOLLY
SLOUGH Langley College: THE ENID / CONTEMPT
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall (Solent Suite): STORM WHITE ROSE / AUTUMN
SWINDON The Affair: WIRE / SATAN'S RATS
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH

Tuesday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: NO DICE
BANBURY Winter Gardens: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Haden Hill Leisure Centre: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BRISTOL Bamboo Club: THE LURKERS / DOLL / REACTION
BURNHAM BEECHES Night Owl: CRAFTYHALF
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: THE HAWAIIAN SURGEONS
CORBY Festival Hall: BETHNAL
CROYDON Whitist School: SHANGHAI
CUFFLEY Youth Centre: LOVE AFFAIR
DORKING Halls: WILDER
GREENOCK Regency Lounge: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: BODY
ILFORD Oscar's: STRAY
LEICESTER Scamps: VENOM
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE PIRATES
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: XTC/DIRE STRAITS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE KILLJOYS / CAFE JACQUES
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: HOTLINE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RHYTHM TRAMPS / HOT POINTS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE BRAINS TRUST
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN BAEZ
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: STAMPS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STIFF RECORDS PACKAGE
LONDON Marquee Club: CHELSEA / MENACE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE DARTS / RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Tooting The Castle: SUCKER
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.C.1 Bedford Corner Hotel: SORE THROAT
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE CRABS
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: THE RAMONES / THE REZILLOS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: PENETRATION
MILTON KEYNES Open University: JENNY DARREN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
PERTH Salutation Hotel: BILBO BAGGINS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: STRIFE
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH

SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
TIVERTON School: THE ENID
TORQUAY 400 Club: JOHN OTWAY BAND
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: SUBURBAN STUDS
WORKINGTON Rendezvous: DEAF SCHOOL

Wednesday

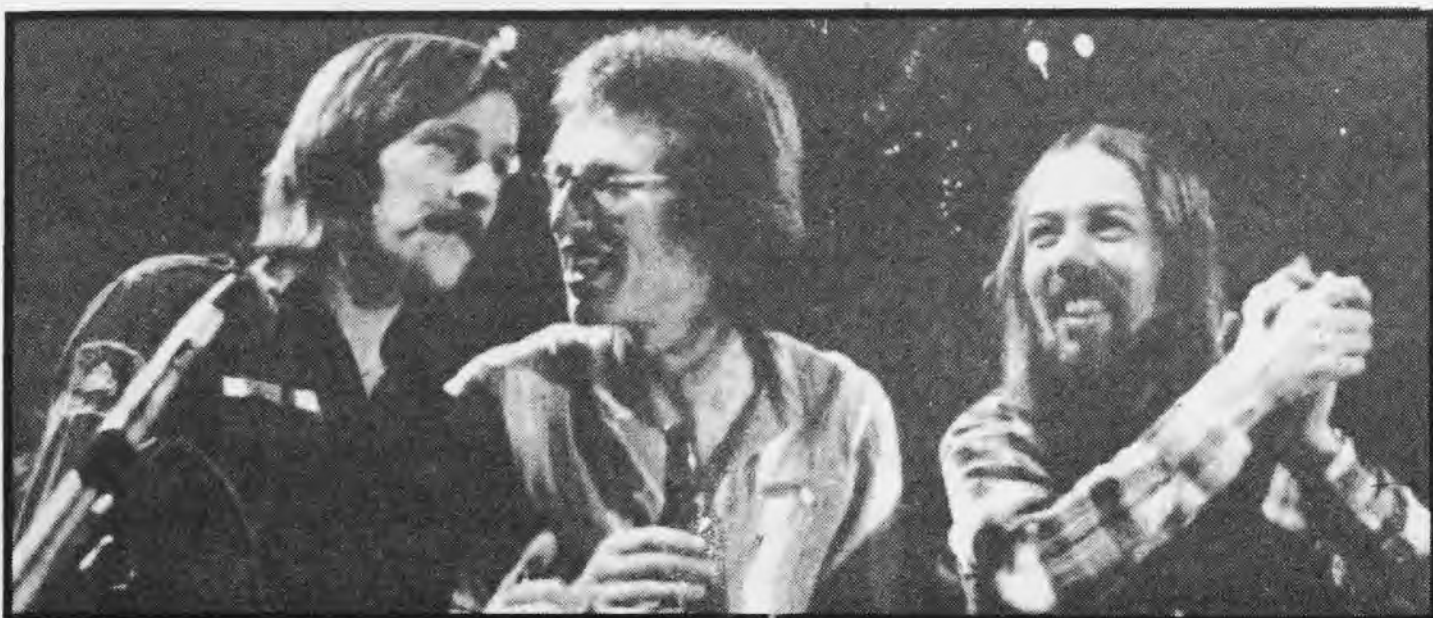
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBURBAN STUDS
BIRMINGHAM Cedar Club: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BRIGHTON New Regent: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
BRISTOL Locarno: THE CORTINAS
FLEET Fox & Hounds: HOT VULTURES
GLASGOW Saints & Sinners: JIMMY ALSTON BIG BAND
HANLEY Victoria Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: THE RICH KIDS/THE CRABS
KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: THE BUZZCOCKS
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: XMAS PARTY (Seven local bands)
LEICESTER Grooby Folk Club: ARMPIT JUG BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: GODZ TEETH
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN BAEZ
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STIFF RECORDS PACKAGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: STATUS QUO
LONDON Marquee Club: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS / PINK PARTS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: ELKIE BROOKS / RICHARD DIGANCE / BRIGHOUSE & RASTRICK BAND
LONDON S.E. White Swan: STEPPIN OUT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TONIGHT
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex Club: MERGER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: STRIFE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JOHN OTWAY BAND
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: PENETRATION
PONTYPOOL Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre: RACING CARS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: HOTLINE
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH

Residencies

ABERDEEN J.J. Club: BILL FREDERICKS
 Week from Sunday
BRISTOL Crockers: LISSEN
 Monday for three days
ST AGNES Talk Of The West: ALVIN STARDUST
 Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE FLIRTATIONS
 Week from Monday
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: THE DOOLEYS
 Week from Sunday
LIVERPOOL Allinson's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY
 Week from Sunday
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JOAN BAEZ
 Monday for three days
LONDON HARLESSEN Roxy Theatre: DANA / GUYS & DOLLS
 Week from Monday
LONDON Palladium: TOMMY STEELE in "HANS ANDERSEN"
 Open Saturday for a season
LONDON TOTTENHAM-CT. RD. Dominion Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
 Week from Monday
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
 Wednesday (21) for four days

ROCK ON THE BOX

AFTER THE success of their highly-acclaimed "Sleak!" musical, **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias** land themselves a well-deserved TV showcase this weekend. They're featured in "Sight And Sound In Concert" on Saturday (BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link), and the support band are **Splinter**. Same channel's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday was filmed at Bearsville during the summer. Seen in action during the hour-long show are **Todd Rundgren**, **Dr. John**, **Corky Laing**, **Jesse Winchester**, **Foghat**, **Paul Butterfield** and **Elizabeth Barracough**, among others. Granada's "Get It Together" is back on the ITV network on Tuesdays, but various regions are screening the series in different order. This week most areas see the show with the **Dead End Kids** and **Paul Nicholas**. In passing, you may like to catch **Elton John** hosting "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1 Thursday); **Lou Rawls** with **The Muppets** (ITV weekend, day of screening varies); a repeat of **Dory Previn** in "The Camera And The Song" (BBC-2 Monday); and the "Max Boyce Christmas Special" (BBC-1 Wednesday).



LINDISFARNE are together again for a string of Christmas gigs in Newcastle, starting on Wednesday. They could lead to a permanent reunion next year.

Teenage spots.

This new two-minute-a-day treatment has everything you need to clear them fast. Clinical tests show it works.

Spots, pimples, blackheads . . . aren't they a nuisance! But now, you needn't live with them for long, because now Clean and Clear is here.

Clean and Clear was specially developed by Beecham dermatologists after studying young people's skin problems just like yours. Clinical trial has shown how well it works. And it takes only two minutes a day to use.

Everything you need

Clean and Clear is different in two important ways. First, it's a medicated gel wash, not an ointment, cream or lotion. Secondly, it combines, in one preparation, everything you need to clear spots fast.

Clean and Clear cleanses thoroughly but gently - carries away excess surface oil and germs, and dries up spots. It frees blocked pores, to dissolve unsightly blackheads and it checks the cause of inflammation. What's more, it has an antibacterial agent expressly selected for its ability to penetrate and combat bacteria deeper down.



How to use Clean and Clear. Make a lather with water. Massage in for 1 minute twice daily. Rinse and pat dry.

Clinically tested

In order to demonstrate how successfully Clean and Clear works, a strictly controlled trial was undertaken in the dermatology clinic of a leading London teaching hospital.

DEVELOPED BY BEECHAM



Clinically tested for clearing spots

Available only at your chemist. Starting today, Clean and Clear your skin.



All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

Clear healthy skin

Massaged in for just one minute twice daily, this Medicated Wash could make a wonderful difference for you too . . . effectively treat unsightly spots and pimples, help your skin look clearer and healthier than for years.

Get Clean and Clear at your chemists today. It's easy to use, non-greasy, and no unpleasant odour or telltale trace remains on your skin. Most important of all, it has everything you need to clear spots fast - and clinical tests show it works.

6 BITS OF ARTWORK **5** FINGERS CLICKING **4** BAD DEBTS **3** BOUNCING CHEQUES
2 LIVE PAGES and **1** SLOW BLINK

For the Last Word in Singing ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 (He was No. 10 at least).

FOXES GREYHOUND
 AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
 Sunday December 18th
GENERATION X
 + METAL URBAIN & D.J. PETER FOX
 Sunday January 1st
 THE LURKERS, THE DOLL, ART ATTAX

Derek Block presents
JOHN OTWAY
 with SCRATCH
 plus ADVERTISING
 Victoria Palace, Friday, December 16 at 8pm
 Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50, £1 Box Office 01-834 1317/8

Have A Boxing Day Relapse With
SIOUXSIE
 & THE
BANSHEES
 At The Music Macine
 See Next Week's Press For Details

The BOOMTOWN RATS
 with supporting group
YACHTS
 SATURDAY
 17th DECEMBER
 at 8.00pm
RAINBOW THEATRE
 Tel: 01 263 3148
 Tickets: £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 Also available
 from Carnaby Market, 8/14 Beak St, W.1.
 01 437 0986/7 and usual agents

NEW WAVE — PUNK
 BANDS + DISCO at NIKKERS CLUB,
 59 Cavendish Street, Keighley. Tel. 602822
 TUES, DEC. 20th, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.
BUZZCOCKS
 DEC. 27th
 ALL DAY MUSIC FESTIVAL
 12 hours — 1 p.m. to 1 a.m.
 SKUNKS, DRONES, V.Z., 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

100 CLUB
 100 OXFORD STREET W1
 Monday December 19th 7.30-late
 British Blues Christmas Party
 BRETT MARVIN + THE THUNDERBOLTS,
 JO ANN KELLY, TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND,
 GARET WATKINS
 Tuesday 20th December
 WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
 Plus Guests PINK PARTS + SURPRISES
 Tuesday 27th December
 THE ADVERTS + EL SEVEN

Christmas Rave-up!
 Colchester Institute of Higher Education S.U.
 (Sheepen Road)
 Present
 Friday December 16th at 8 pm
THE ACCIDENTS
 + The Gremlins + The Hipsters
 Disco Late Bar Admission 70p

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE.25
 81 PENGELAND ROAD, SE25 7TB 6831
 Friday December 16th Saturday December 17th
STEALER **ANGEL WITCH**
 Disco every Sunday

THE
CORTINAS
 WED DEC 14 Marquee Club London
 TUE DEC 20 Locarno, Bristol
 + THE PIGS

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SPEAK-EARLY
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 50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus,
 W1
 Reservations 01-580 8810

EAZIE
 16th DEC, THE SHELDON,
 SOLIHULL
 18th DEC, THE ANTELOPE
 CLUB COVENTRY
 21st DEC, THE RAILWAY,
 BIRMINGHAM
 22nd DEC, TIFFANY'S,
 HALESOWEN

DUKE OF LANCASTER
 Beside British Rail: New Barnet
 Tel. 01-499 0465
 Thursday December 15th
JERRY THE FERRET
 Friday December 16th
SMILER
 Saturday December 17th
PEKOE ORANGE
 Sunday December 18th
NEBULA
 Monday December 19th
JABB AVENUE
 Tuesday December 20th
BIRCH

The Rock Club
 New Writtle St.,
 Chelmsford
 Thurs. Dec. 15th 8pm-1pm
NUTZ
 Sun. Dec. 18th 8pm-11pm 50p
CRUISER
 Thurs. Dec 22nd 8pm-1am £1.50
XMAS PARTY
 JOHN OTWAY
 & BAND
 AMAZORBLADES
 + TOUPLANX

 ROLLIN' ROCK U.K. PRESENT
ROLLIN' ROCK ROAD
SHOW '77
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 Brian B.



ON THE TOWN

Oh, the predictability of it all . . .

Magnificent every time

Moon sadly call it a day.

Ian Dury
Moon

SHEFFIELD TOP RANK

ONE WAY for student promoters to get round the "Students Only" question is to hold their concerts in outside halls, thus avoiding those sticky little "members and bona fide guests only" laws which cover the running of clubs (which is what, legally, students unions are).

Of course, there's the added expense of hiring a venue, but in certain cases this is easily offset by the wide appeal of the performer concerned.

And in Ian Dury's case, it's a very sensible move on Sheffield Polytechnic's part.

Somehow, in a few short months, he's managed to work his way up from has-been nonentity to crossover cult-figure, slipping out one of the year's best albums (and ditto single) along the way.

There's all manner of sub-cultures present when it's time for Dury to perform — students, punks, hippies, categories, even a number of off-duty soldiers — and every last one of 'em, by the sound of things, seems to enjoy sex and drugs and rock and roll.

Strange, isn't it, how pose-barriers collapse when you're enjoying yourself?

This being an Xmas Party-type event, there's the usual "variety" act thrown in to warm things up, a middle-aged

peroxide-blond Glenda Slag figure called Josie Cody who puts on a wild-west show (of sorts) to the accompaniment of well-merited catcalls and sarcastic cheering.

Moon follow, opening with the instrumental "Holy Innocence" before vocalist Noel McCalla stretches his larynx on "Back Rooms" and "Nights".

It's absurd, really, that such a band should still be playing support spots (especially with a singer like McCalla), but such, I suppose, are the vagaries of fashion.

It transpires, part way through the act, that this is the last time we'll be likely to see them — by the time you read this, Moon will not exist. And that's a real sickener, believe me.

And it's especially sad in Moon's case, because they so obviously enjoy playing together.

On the other hand, McCalla's one of the few singers around who really merits the Toussaint-produced solo album treatment (which, no doubt, he'll be accorded).

A trifle pointless reviewing them now, I guess, save to say that whilst it was obviously uncool for punky-wavers to dance to Moon, those who forgot their fashion hang-ups had themselves a ball.

Ian Dury was — quite predictably — magnificent, justifying several times over the acclaim he's had heaped on him this past year.

As he sauntered on in a tatty black suit and bowler, with purple frilly panties over his

trousers and garter-belts round his arms, he seemed every inch the well-dressed pervert. The mothers of this country would probably prefer their daughters to bring home that nice John Rotten rather than this old degenerate . . .

His set was, naturally, similar to that on the Stiff Tour: all the album plus "Sex And Drugs" and a few others, (including the old Kilburns' rude Caribbean-style "You're More Than Fair"), all received with unanimously vociferous approval by a sizeably sozzled audience.

Not that their approval got them any favours, mind: Dury's idea of "audience contact" is to insult them good-naturedly between songs; his idea of set-pacing is deliberately obtuse — following the steamy "Plaistow Patricia" with "My Old Man", he takes great delight in informing the energetic crowd that "the next one's a slow 'un, 'cos you're all so happy".

And he carries it all off with an almost vindictive aplomb.

It's curious, and rather amusing, to view those who danced to certified punk discs, and ostentatiously refrained from dancing to Moon's infectious funk, going bananas over Dury, as his particular brand of punk-funk is closer rhythmically to Moon's than, say, The Clash's.

Just another example of how fashion dictates, I guess; but how does Dury feel about achieving success largely on a gestural, symbolic level rather than on a purely musical one, I wonder?



While this great performer is still on the way up . . .

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

The original and still the best . . .

The Sex Pistols

GRONINGEN,
HOLLAND

THIS WAS night five of the Pistols' lightning tour of Holland, taking in about ten packed-out church hall-sized gigs — each preceded by a day's minimal publicity.

It was just great. The Pistols may still be into chaos in the wider context, but when it comes down to gigging they're out to give a good time, straight as a pickled Thomas.

Johnny Rotten, dressed in plumped-up tartan trousers and a striped grey shirt with "A True Star" monogrammed in Bic over the right breast, grabbed the audience with his persona and scything vocals right from the start of "God Save The Kerween", until the third encore of "Submission".

He alternated manic fits of upper body, head and eye activity with a motion not unlike wading through deep water, all petulance a-go-go. Behind him, Jones, Vicious and Cook laid down rounded, so-right music that sounded like the records through 200-watt headphones.

Their straight approach is what confirms the Pistols in their position as original and best. They know they don't need to be more punk than punk, which virtually all bands in the second league and below fall over themselves trying to be.

Jones to audience: "Spitting ain't in fashion no more, so don't do it!"

The set was the regular selection, with the addition of "Belsen Was A Gas", which had only just been worked out

(or so McLaren said afterwards).

Musically it's on a par with any of the past singles; as far as the words go, I could only pick out the chorus of "Be a man, Belsen is a gas" (I think), and no one was giving anything away afterwards — so I guess guardians of public morality will have to wait until the New Year to see what treats are in store.

Of the old songs, "Anarchy" and "EMI" were the hottest, Rotten's voice and Jones' raunchy guitar between them building a solid wall of sound.

The second encore, "Liar", was done with the house lights on — because "you've been looking at us all night, now we wanna see you."

The audience, surprisingly — Groningen being a northern university town — was not made up of curious student types come to see a sensation, but was rather the kind of genuinely appreciative crowd you get at a British punk gig outside London.

There was no damage and no violence, just a lot of smiles and sore toes.

I spoke to the Finsbury Park Anti-Christ after the gig, and found him very unimpressed by existence.

He was completely wiped out by fatigue (as was Vicious too), and saw no prospect of relief. The band's immediate intention seem to be to play the rest of the world, 600 people at a time.

Any satisfaction Rotten may get out of what he's doing is being increasingly eroded by the sheer exhaustion he's experiencing, and by his cynicism about the image people expect from him.

Oh, and by the way — the Pistols could be in your area this week. (Keep your eyes and ears open).

John Hurst



. . . this great, and sadly under-rated, band bowed out last week.

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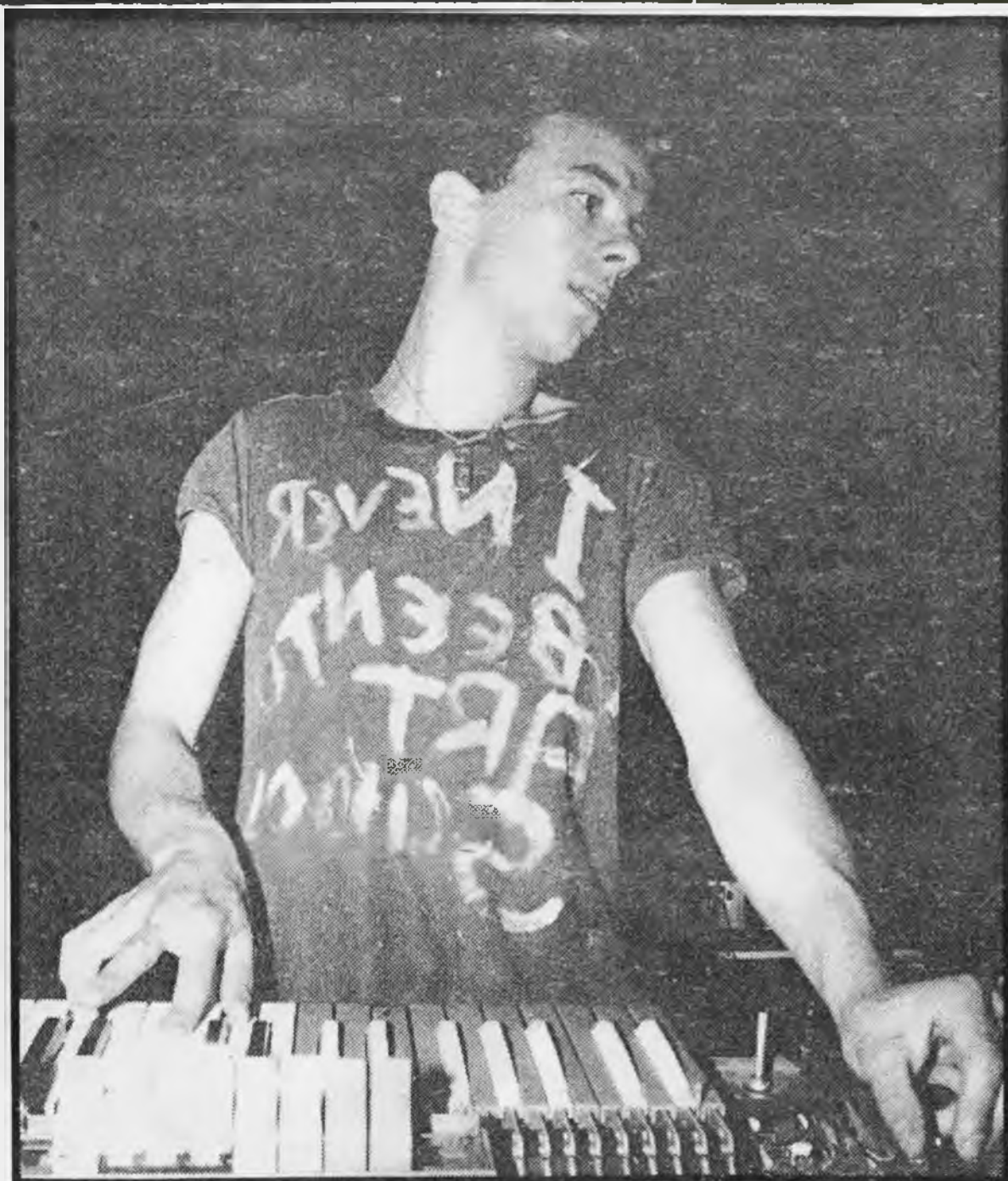
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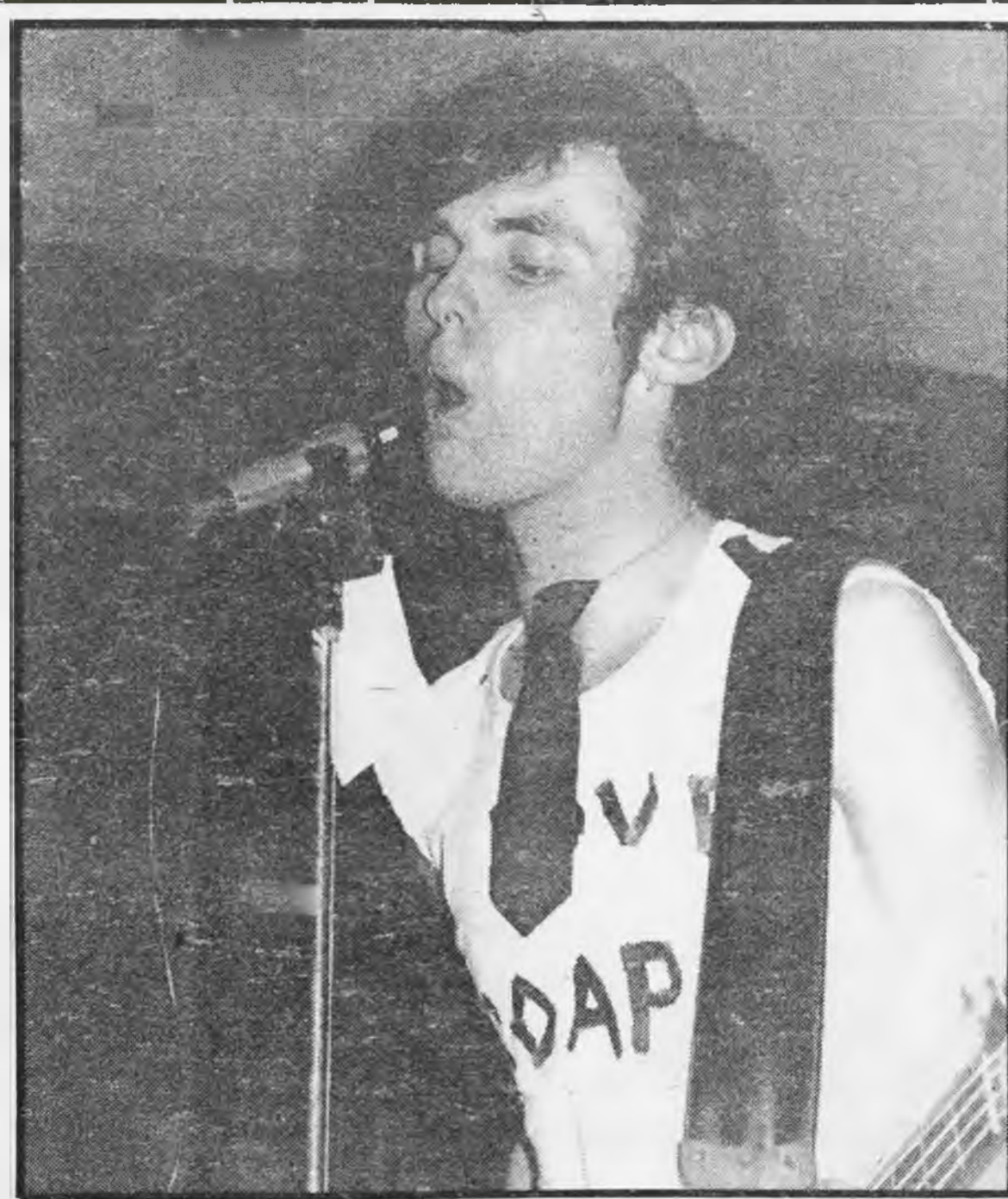
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Barry Andrews (left) and Colin Moulding (right). Pics: KEVIN CUMMINS, WALT DAVIDSON.



Super-sonics over Swindon

XTC SWINDON

LISTENING to XTC for
an hour is like hearing a
pneumatic drill under your
bedroom window at six
o'clock in the morning.

It wakes you up, it makes
you think, it leaves your
body shaking in harmony.

XTC are as difficult to dance
to as a pneumatic drill as well;
you only have time for an
involuntary physical stutter
before they pause and launch
into a new rhythm. They play
fast and very well.

Only a band this tight could
afford to be experimental and
genuinely progressive at such
scorching pace.

They've been compared

frequently with The Stranglers,
probably because of the line-
up with Andy Partridge and
Colin Moulding, guitar and
bass respectively, sharing
vocals.

The front line acts as a
rhythm section, even the
vocals working as percussion
rather than decoration, with
the keyboards adding the short
melodic motifs like splashing

water on chattering flames.

In front of a wildly
enthusiastic home-town crowd,
they run through a smooth,
polished set, performing their
next single "Hang On To The
Night" twice as well as "Into
The Atom Age", their unique
interpretation of "All Along
The Watchtower" and the
outstanding "Neon Shuffle".

Some of the material seems
to take a back seat to the
musical shuffling, but this is
redeemed by a healthy pop
consciousness: the songs are
too sharp and brief to become
self-indulgent.

It's unfair really to pick out
these small criticisms of a
young band with such energy
and talent, but anyone who
tries something new must be
ready for a few puzzled
glances.

XTC have worked exhaus-
tively throughout the country,
one of the bands who have
earned popularity by constant
gigging rather than cultivating
publicity hypes.

They came home to Swindon
on a cold, wet evening to a
rapturous welcome, first from
an under-18 crowd, then from
a packed adult audience.

They've already accom-
plished much: a distinct iden-
tity, a popularity spanning new
wave, rock and progressive
audiences, an EP that garnered
healthy sales and a lot of live
work.

With an album on its way
they've got a grip on the future
as well.

Kim Davis

The Jolt

EDINBURGH

"THE REVOLUTION was
just an illusion / You've just
become another institution,"
chant The Jolt in "Everybody's
The Same".

How true, how true.

And how ironic. The Jolt are
the Scottish three piece New
Wave outfit who signed with
Polydor just before the bottom
fell out of the punk market.

The band went south and
promptly disappeared,
hamstrung by lack of an agency
and consequently gigs. Now
here they are back in their
native land for a brief tour
after their "big break".

It's just too bad, it seems,
if you can't make it to the right
places to play, whatever your
credentials.

If The Jolt had been in
London at the beginning, their
playing skill and writing talent
would have seen them estab-
lished. Now, their evident
abilities count for little if they
can't be seen.

And meanwhile the audi-
ence tire of silly names and raw
energy, and start to look for
something a little more
(whisper it) sophisticated.

And The Jolt's dead serious
accusatory lyrics begin to
appear awkwardly naive and
just a little desperate.

It's a pity because The Jolt
are good, even in the light that
the New Wave isn't going to
become the new status quo of
rock'n'roll after all.

Their playing tightness is as
impressive now as it was
welcome then when it
delighted amid the cacophon-
ous buzzsaw frenzy of others.

Iain Shedden is a fine,
powerful drummer, Jim
Doak's bass handling is im-
proving all the time, while
Robert Collins demonstrates
on songs like "Hard Times"
that there can be few to match
him when it comes to blitting
off those superb razor sharp
guitar breaks in full powered
progress.

Their energetic reworkings
of their second hand R&B
roots (songs like "Whatcha
Gonna Do 'Bout It" and
"Money") remain as successful
as ever, and in Collins they
have a writer of considerable
potential.

Hard rock toons are his
speciality, and one of them, "I
Can't Wait", could be a major
hit if handled properly.

So all the bases for a success-
ful lift-off are still there . . .

I really hope The Jolt don't
miss the boat. And it's going to
be mighty interesting to see if
the much vaunted raw energy
and honesty remain as valued
in the next few months as they
were in the last few.

Iain Cranna

The Doctors 100 CLUB

I LIKED Doctors of Madness.
I'm not too sure about the
Doctors.

They are and always have
been a bunch of teasers, prom-
ising instant orgasm but deliv-
ering headaches and frustra-
tion. Tonight's set promotes
the need for vibrator and/or
rubber doll. I don't have
either. I feel badly done to.

The night started badly. The
Boyfriends as support were a
mistake. The "too good to be
true" Top Of The Pops fodder
didn't go down too well.
Conveyor belt harmonies with
a mass produced keyboard.

Trying too hard to be nice
boys — about as entertaining
as golden syrup. As original as
Woolworths. Their set was
short, no encore — if nothing
else they are realists.

Next The Doctors. Kid
Strange and Co. have changed.
Visually no impact. No blue
hair, no, not even black!

A metamorphosis inverted.
Butterfly back to cocoon. Four
weary black musicians living
too long on potential.

My God! If only I could have
seen them two years ago . . .
now *that's* when it all could
have happened.

Forty-five minutes were
spent with an enthusiastic
delivering of all the numbers
off their forthcoming album.

Kid Strange was isolated out
front — whatever happened to
the rest of the band? Urban
Blitz, maestro of the electric
violin, is fading into the obli-
vion of a cardboard cut-out. He
used to add guts, he now deliv-
ers only whimpers.

The new stuff is faster,
trying to keep pace with some-
thing, but resulting only in
castrating what they used to
have.

"Back From The Dead", the
joint effort of Mr. Strange and
T.V. Smith, inspired no
hallelujahs. "Bulletin" is a
total non-event delivered live.
It's unadulterated trash on a
single. "Sons of Survival" is
the only reason to have any
hope for the album . . . the
lyrics are satisfyingly
depressing.

Back again to the old
numbers for those of the faith.

Forget what I've told you.
Everything they had is still
there. Stoner is still the bass
playing zombie, the "mercury
man", the cadaver echoing out
desolation. Blitz saws out an
SOS while Strange contorts,
mainlining madness.

I hate them/I love them. The
start was lousy/The end was
good. "Suddenly we're the
illegitimate sons of survival!"

Where are they going/Will
they succeed? "Dead on
Arrival!"

Bev Briggs

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No T-shirted 'security' apes bouncing kids off the backs of seats at the first drink of a pogo... no seats at all downstairs in fact... two bars constantly open... like I say, the best venue, as evidenced by the great Marley and Stiff shows I've witnessed here, both of which were recorded for live album posterity, same as tonight's show will be.

I arrive at half past nine — excellent timing, missing that cruddy second-rate mainstream four-piece that EMI are trying to hype into something special. Nah, that's pure bigotry. I never even seen 'em, but if their demo tapes on the Alan Freeman show were anything to go by...

Weird audience this... can't figure 'em out at all... some punks, some gays, lib front fellers, pop kids, anonymous squelching masses,

straights, some long-haired freaks (who've rather unconvincedly swapped idiot dancing for the pogo), plenty of earnest looking gaggles of under assistant executives swanning around with their vodkas...

...huh, didn't see them down The Stapleton and The Brecknock last winter for the TRB. Oh well, never mind the bitching, be thankful the TRB are gettin' a wider audience. They sure as hell deserve it...

how to make it and remain human... still, sure am glad that I'm not reviewing this gig, wonder what Kent'll make of it all. That's funny, I ain't seen him here...

Ah, here's the band. Straight in with a fast 'un, blimey, "Motorway" already still sounds good. Great single, must have mixed it on a car radio speaker. Oh yeh, light and bitter please.

The audience is going apeshit, thundering the choruses, punching the air and waving their scarves like they were straight off the North Bank... terrace chic, huh?

No doubt about the secret of this man's success; he just radiates charm. And warmth. And commitment. You can tell he's got flu though, his voice can't hold the highs. Lotsa smiles, plenty of passion, hey he's doing "Winter of '79", great protest song this, probably his best number.

Robinson spits it out with plenty of venom, you can really feel his pain. "Glad To Be Gay" — another of his best... here, what's he doing this music hall bit in the middle for? Wish he'd leave that to Ray.

Band are good though. I still think the drummer's like early Carl Palmer, and Danny Kustow has to be one of the best rock guitarists to emerge this year; just as well really 'cos Tom still spends as much time waving his hands in the air as does playing his bass, maybe he should recruit a fifth TRB member...

Well, what can you say about this gig? Just the proverbial blinder really. Christ, he's still doing "Waiting For My Man" on the encore... and still lousing it up... really it's just like a giant version of the Brecknock in here tonight.

Great gog this ennit? I canna' glad I haven't got to review it though. He's a complex phenomenon is Tom Robinson.

Neil Spencer



Last week's heroes about town: (left to right) Robinson, Kihn and Lynott. Pics: LFI, KEITH MORRIS, CHALKIE DAVIES.

A week of winter warmers — all the gigs came good

Greg Kihn

MARQUEE

BY WAY of introduction, says Greg Kihn, short, smiling, bopping, "We're from Berkeley; that means we don't give a shit about nothing".

He's right. This band really isn't worried. In fact, they're so upfront confident they almost challenge the crowd to be sullen.

They're clean too — both visually and musically — but not so much sanitized as streamlined. The look like four college freshmen who've just found out the campus has gone co-ed.

And Kihn is beyond doubt the ringleader.

He is magnetic. His personal traits are few and ostensibly nothing remarkable — he bobs his head incessantly, ducks around the stage and grins a lot — yet at the same time he commands attention.

He obviously has that special quality the record industry would shop its own mother to find, and he has an abundance of it.

So too has his music. But, like Kihn himself, it presents a paradox of sorts. Taken in cold, objective terms there is nothing to get excited about. It sounds totally familiar.

The guitars peel in blockbuster chords and blues-derived solos across yer basic macho punch rhythm section. The dynamics are simple, firm and always in the right place, and the melodies likewise.

Yet you've never heard it sound quite like this before.

It echoes The Byrds, "Loaded"-time Velvets, and the school of American Mersey-inspired '60s pop — Tommy James, Paul Revere and a host of others I don't remember. But it doesn't sound like anything closely.

Leaving the excellent musical attributes of the band, particularly guitarist Dave Carpenter and drummer Larry Lynch, aside, I suppose it all boils down to Greg Kihn. His version of rock'n'roll is unique, persuasive, tough and tender.

He effectively allies a simple lyric to a simple tune and a simple beat and makes it sound so right that anything more complicated would be mere indulgence.

Combined with a live sound of astoundingly clear clout, and the reassuring revelation that he is not the wimp his

sometimes mawkish pop sensibility might lead one to expect, Kihn wins over.

He played three new songs — "Secret Feeling", "Museum" and "Chinatown" — and made three minor mistakes.

The first was letting Dave Carpenter solo into overtime once or twice. The second was doing "Roadrunner" as his fourth encore, an unnecessary selection.

And the third was not including any softer numbers in the set, possibly a wise concession to the British climate, but it spoilt the pacing somewhat.

Otherwise it was just fine, right down to their credibility-straining potential hit version of (get this) The Tornadoes' "Telstar".

Paul Rambali

The Rezillos

EDINBURGH

THE RAMONES ain't gonna like this. On the forthcoming tour, The Rezillos will be supposed to warm up the

crowd for them, not *overheat* them...

It seems that The Ramones are in severe danger of being upstaged. The two bands have basically the same approach: carrying on the great pop tradition from where it left off in the '60s, delivering hot songs with '70s aggression and incredibly concentrated energy.

Now while The Rezillos' own writing may not yet be up to The Ramones' consistently good standard, they definitely have the upper hand when it comes to the sheer presence department, so much so that The Ramones are going to have to go some to top a display like this.

The Rezillos are a band you will undoubtedly be hearing a great deal more of. In the past few months, they've lost guitarist Hi Fi Harris, which has paradoxically worked out as an improvement. The songs have been pared down to absolute simplicity, and the remaining three musicians have closed ranks for a very effective directness.

Angel Paterson is a venom-

ously mean drummer and the loping figure of William Mysterious in his tartan lame jacket (I kid you not) works his bass like a twin lead instrument with Luke Warm's brash lead guitar. These gentlemen are, 'ow you say, right on the button.

The golden oldies are still there too, taking on a new Stage Two life, like the rousing "Glad All Over". The snarling new version of the Electric Prunes' "Get Me To The World In Time" works a treat, bursting with vitality.

But the oldies numbers are being steadily depleted as Warm's own songs thrust vigorously through.

The fabulous new single, "Good Sculptures" (last week's NME single of the week) heads the line but already the catchy chorus hook of "No!" earmarks it as a potential claimant to the beat throne. Great stuff.

But it's on the visual side that The Rezillos really score. The two lead singers, Eugene Reynolds and Fay Fife, in their absurd costumes simply exude

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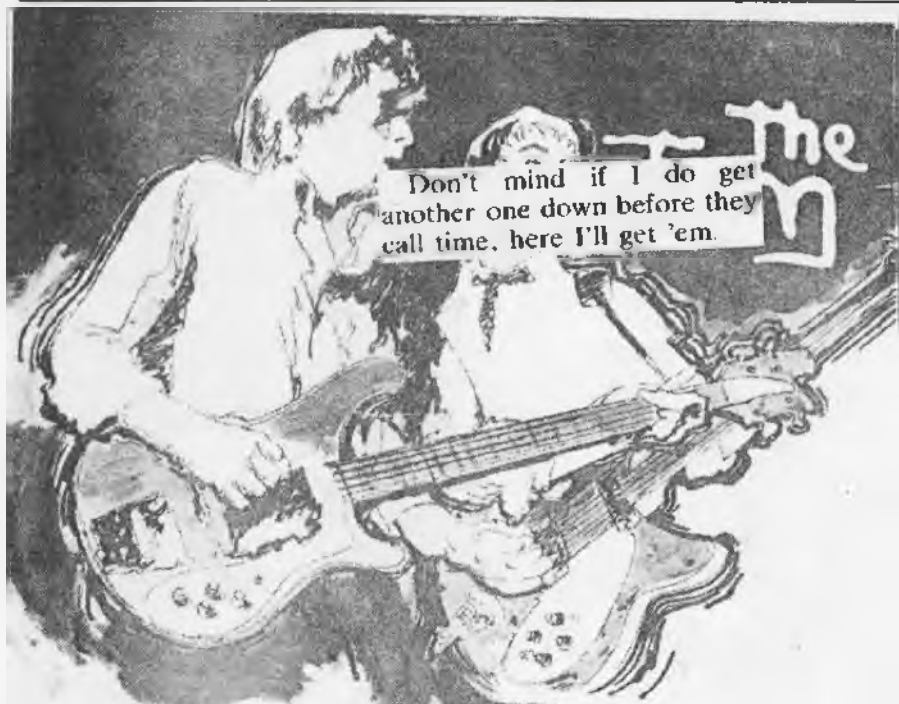
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energy and excitement in every move. Fay's freakout for the frantic classic, "Can't Stand My Baby" (the early single on Sensible) leaps out as an amazing climax to the set.

In her polka-dotted PVC miniskirt with Christmas tree baubles as ear rings, the flailing figure seizes and tugs Warm's lapels and together they pogo in tandem about the stage, his guitar still blazing forth, never missing a lick! What a trooper! Truly the stuff of which legends are made.

Incredibly, The Rezillos topped even that, Eugene Reynolds stopping the band in mid-encore to quell bouncer agro.

Egged on by the singers the crowd howled down the 'security' line and after a few bars then thronged onto the stage to dance and sing along. Further encores and mucho joy ensued. Just to prove it is possible, no damage was done and nobody was hurt. Management everywhere please note.

Definitely one of the bands for '78.

Ian Crahan

Thin Lizzy

HAMMERSMITH

Any FAINT hearts who still don't seem quite certain whether or not they should admit to liking Thin Lizzy, should've been at Hammersmith last Saturday night when the band showed that, as I'd suspected when I saw them play Dalymount Park in Dublin back in the summer, they really are The Perfect Hard Rock Band.

Thin Lizzy have attained their current state of awesomely powerful grace by digesting all the requisite hard rock elements and honing them perfectly.

To this they have added the

vital ingredient, the four members' remarkably talented rock'n'roll spirit, a unique product of the chemistry of three Celts (one of whom, as you shouldn't need reminding, is black) and one LA American.

The current set is the most finely crafted that I've yet seen from the band.

Gone are the fatuous "Shanna-Na" and the over-rated "Fighting". Gone too, though, is Bob Seger's "Rosalie".

The songs left, though, are all Lizzy originals, those combinations of Celtic myth and Metropolis street that are Lynott's unique vision.

On stage right Brian Robertson, he of tattered outlaw chic and mangled Louis Quinze locks. The blunt Scottish orneriness of his image is, naturally, reflected in his playing, in the rusty razor-blade grittiness of his solos, in the tough bark of his chords.

The emotions of his solo on a slow number like "Still In Love With You" far transcend the limitations set for the genre by Jimmy Page on "Since I've Been Loving You" or "Stairway To Heaven".

Whether it's due to the lyrical beauty within the twin lead guitars (they interlace rather than offer ludicrous Wishbone Ash-like guitar duels. Indeed it's frequently hard to tell who's playing what) or the rhythm's section's heritage of hearing Irish showbands, Thin Lizzy really swings.

Over on stage left is Scott Gorham doing his mellow, mellifluous Piscean stage whirlings and offering those deep, whining notes that are the sound of the junked downtown end (as opposed to The Eagles' Hollywood Hills end) of LA.

At the back the hardly visible Brian Downey just lays it

down, but lays it down with such verve and feel that his (almost entirely) tom-tom solo on "Don't Believe A Word" is really great (and, like you, I hate drum solos) and instead of deflating the set continues the red-hot, steamin' wind-up that has had the whole audience on their feet since the set opened with "Soldier Of Fortune" and on which they are now soaring, high, utterly out of it on the power and, almost paradoxically, beauty this band has about its utterly distinctive sound.

Stage-centre, right up at the front, of course, Philip Lynott, the black molasses huskiness of his vocals not displaying the least sign that this is something like the sixtieth date in the US and UK tour this is all a part of.

Lynott, with his Errol Flynn smirk on his lips, looks like nothing less than a hustling street dealer with a heart of gold.

And, though there is no danger of his overshadowing the other members onstage, it is from Lynott that the real

warmth and strength within the very three-dimensional (even on record it operates on many levels) act inevitably springs.

As is also inevitable, much of the material onstage is from "Bad Reputation", the most recent album. There is also "Are You Ready", a new number with the kind of self-explanatory title that permits end-of-set audience participation, plus the by now inevitable "Me n' The Boys Were Wondering How You And The Girls Were Getting Home Tonight" as first encore.

If you've never seen Lizzy live you should be told that this unrecorded number, which for a long time has been part of the live set, is an archetypal Lizzy bass-anchored rollick, featuring some near-scat Lynott vocals and an almost disorientating Robertson howling solo.

By the end of the hour and a half, however, with the audience's having followed the energy level's upward trajectory until they are all flying, it becomes apparent that there is much Lynott suss in this apparent madness.

Thin Lizzy is one of the truly great bands of all time.

Chris Salewicz

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's fund to establish a National Jazz Centre has already passed the £100,000 mark.

In February, JCS are bringing over the Dutch Gijs Hendriks Quartet for a short tour. The leader and the pianist, Siegfried Kessler, have an impressive track record, having played with Dizzy Reece, Johnny Griffin, Art Taylor, Slide Hampton, Barre Phillips and Archie Shepp. At the end of January, they hope to get the Tomasz Stanke-Edward Vesala Quartet over.

An amazing jazz festival occurs between 12-18th. February in Bombay for those of you with bikes.

Jazz Yatta will feature Sonny Rollins, Clark Terry, Don Ellis, Albert Mangelsdorff, Pierre Favre, Joachim Kuhn, Gunter Hampel, Sadao Watanabe, Zbigniew Namyslowski, Nucleus, Karin Krog, Rena Rama, Norma Winstone, John Taylor, Adam Makowicz, Stan Tracey and Alexander von Schlippenbach. Vindaloo strength.

Humphrey Lyttleton and his Band are giving a Christmas Jazz Party at the Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, on 16th December. The Pizza Express, Dean Street, has Wild Bill Davison with the Lennie Hastings Quartet on 16th and 17th December. The Cobblestones Wine & Real Ale Bar continues its Wednesday jazz gig with Don Weller and Henry Lowther on 21st, and Art Themen and Don Weller on 28th. Good atmosphere, hamburgers, booze, great music, Cobblestones is where it's at in Streatham, unless you're a skater.

JCS gigs include the Elton Dean Quartet at the 7 Dials on 15th which Ogun Records are recording, Semuta at The Star & Garter on 17th and the Bobby Wellins Quartet at The Phoenix on 21st December.

New albums include an Archie Shepp-Horace Parlan duo playing hymns and blues, "Goin' Home" on Steeplechase; "Penthouse Jazz" by David Murray & Low Class Conspiracy, which includes Don Pullen and Fred Hopkins, for Circle Records, obtainable at Collet's Record Shop.

Brian Case

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Geoff Rees.

NME
BEST FOR MUSICIANS

SID

From page 23

manoeuvre could have sent that same shard of Vicious urine spindling into Olde Father Thames down below).

ACTUALLY, I HADN'T seen Sid for some time when he started getting his recent burst of plum, front-page headlines. The whole 'Ambassador' snafu was the veritable 'cats whiskers', I guess, but Sid had struck lucky once before with a front page 'share-in' spot with Princess Grace of Monaco, who apparently had caused a heap of steam over a projected scene in the Pistols' film — "Who Killed Bambi?" — where Sid was supposed to eat a Mars bar between his mother's (played by Marianne Faithfull) thighs in a "steamy sex scene" from the film.

About that film. The way Vicious explained it, he'd never been interested in it much, but the original script by the brilliant *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls* scriptwriter Roger Ebert was all right. Then, apparently the scrip-writing credits went Ebert-Mayer, then Ebert-McLaren, then Ebert-McLaren, then...

The film itself is book-ended around the opening and closing scenes, which lend the film its actual title. A rich, ageing rock star with the initials "M.J.", wearing a mask so as to resemble a member of the, uh, Rolling Stones (three guesses), shoots a deer and gets his chauffeur to tie it up against the obligatory Rolls-Royce.

In the final scene, the young girl, whose pet deer (named Bambi) it was, shoots "M.J." (possibly Rotten himself in the Jagger mask) at a Sex Pistols gig that is supposed to represent the band's appearance two years back at Andrew Logan's famous party.

In between these enigmatic episodes the story winds itself around the trials of the Pistols (the first scene involving the band apparently has them waiting in a dole queue) with lashings of Meyeresque big boobs as erotic props (the Pistols reside in a hotel run by proprietress "O" whose claim to fame is the largest pair of breasts in America), and McLarenesque perversities. The controversial Vicious-Faithful scene is alleged to be Meyer's innovation too, though not only Princess Grace complained about its contents apparently.

"Sid said he wouldn't do it unless I played his mother," Nancy Spungen claims, as always vying for attention. "A chick with a reputation" and only 18, Ms. Spungen bears a lot of the marks of a girl who grew up too quickly without checking her bearings along the way.

Even though she can be a pain at times, I'd still defend her against a lot of the bad rap that's been circulating, particularly the all-too-pat-and-thus-uncalled-for "Nauseating Nancy" handle that Sid's mum coined for the press to beat down on.

With her dollish face under a viper's nest of blonde curls, she looks positively radiant when next to the ragged frame of her boyfriend (they're not married, by the way.)

"**'ERE, HAVE YOU noticed — I've lost my 'glow'!**"

Well, to be honest, Sid, I hadn't really...

"Well I reckon I have. I've been lookin' fuckin' awful the last few months, But I'm getting it back now. When I get back to London, you'll see! I haven't even been carryin' my chain around but now..."

Vicious runs down a list of dissolute vocations he's ready to continue which might not make, uh, suitable reading even here. The conversation inevitably turns to the subject of John Rotten, once Sid's one true mate and certainly the one guy who successfully pushed to get him in the group originally. Things haven't been going too well between the pair of late and Vicious was particularly cut up about his old comrade's particular shortcomings of the last few months. Probably even you, dear reader, may have noticed strange changes of late.

Rumours in the press about bodyguards and new cars and fancy Chelsea apartments don't sound like the Rotten of yore, more like your successful popstar getting flash. Just like Rod Stewart and Bryan Ferry and...

More to the point Rotten seems scared. Reports that he's become highly paranoid and insecure, constantly requiring the presence of a sizeable 'entourage' wherever he may be, are verified by both Vicious and Spungen. The latter claims that "John's gone crazy — he thinks gangsters are out to get him", while Vicious takes perhaps a more thoughtful tack.

"It's something that I don't want to talk about that much because it would really hurt John because in a way, he did lose his 'bottle'. He really did! But I can understand that because — hell, here's this young guy, and all of a sudden, everybody knows his face, he's 'Public Enemy No. 1' and everybody wants to kick his face in. That would freak anybody out."

"And John, whatever impression he may give, is not that tough physically. I mean, the number of times he's been nearly killed. Once at the Roxy I had to protect him from these five geezers who were ready to beat him up. It was insane."

"But it's still true he lost it

for a long while. The whole band did — for months! Those Swedish gigs... that secret tour of England... all those gigs were terrible, awful, and it was all down to him 'poncing' about."

"One time, I took him aside and said 'Listen mate, just take a look at yourself in the mirror! You look awful! And worse than that, you've become a hypocrite. You're acting just like all those pop stars you started off putting down, mate. Just take a good look!'"

"And he broke down and admitted it to me. He knew I was right."

"Like", Vicious continues, "I've been just so-a depressed about this band, you wouldn't believe. We were just wanking off, that's all, when we should have been doing what we're supposed to be all along, which is... being the greatest rock'n'roll band in the universe."

VICIOUS IS STILL split in his views on the rest of the band — "I mean, all three of them are real straights in a way. I mean, I can't stand their lifestyle. Sitting around bars drinking beer, getting fat and screwing the occasional whore. Disgusting, it is."

Yet Steve Jones remains "still the greatest guitarist on this planet" and even though Vicious half the time raves about his own brilliance, he's still totally unsure of himself. "Half the time I just feel I'm the most useless cunt in the whole group. That's the worst thing. I'm certainly the worst musician... but I'm... I do believe this... I'm the only one left with any real sense of what this band started out to be, originally."

And that's all true. Vicious doesn't have a bodyguard or a new car (the latter unlike the other three) and he's still very much out on the edge. Indeed his whole 'hazardous' life-style has more than once had him pegged as the next 'dead' rock star.

One ex-confidante of McLaren's claimed once, perhaps in spite as much as anything, that McLaren only took Vicious on because he'd make a good image for the band when he died. A gruesome proposition, I still mention it to Vicious at one point in the conversation. Strangely enough, his agreeable answer is quite disarmingly off-hand.

"Yeah, maybe that's true. Maybe that's why Malcolm has me in this band. I mean, I could easily end up dead quite soon. But then again, that's just my tough shit, isn't it?"

Yet when all the bitching's said and done, Vicious is adamant about one thing. And that is — that last night in Rotterdam the Pistols played their best-ever-gig. In a set that kicked off with "God Save The Queen", finished with "Anarchy", and forced in every recorded Pistols track

everbarring only "Did You No Wrong", the band even played "Belsen Was A Gas", Vicious's old Flowers Of Romance song with added lyrics from Rotten which will possibly be the next single.

Which can only mean one thing: that The Sex Pistols will only transcend this current dilemma by their own musical strengths. Whether the others like it or not, they need Vicious and Vicious needs them. He talks in hazy terms about if he was kicked out he'd like to work only with The Heartbreakers or Dee Dee Ramone — but the Pistols is still number one in his heart.

And even if, like me, you have personal reasons for loathing the band, only a fool would deny their greatness as the supreme rock 'n' roll band right now. There's just no-one better.

McLaren, as ever, probably still has the right idea.

He had the formula all those years ago when in one of the first ever gigs, he said, shaking his head "I've never met a bunch of blokes who hate each other more than this band. But they hate each other because they need each other and they know it too." When they lose sight of that fact, then-and-only-then will The Sex Pistols' days be over.

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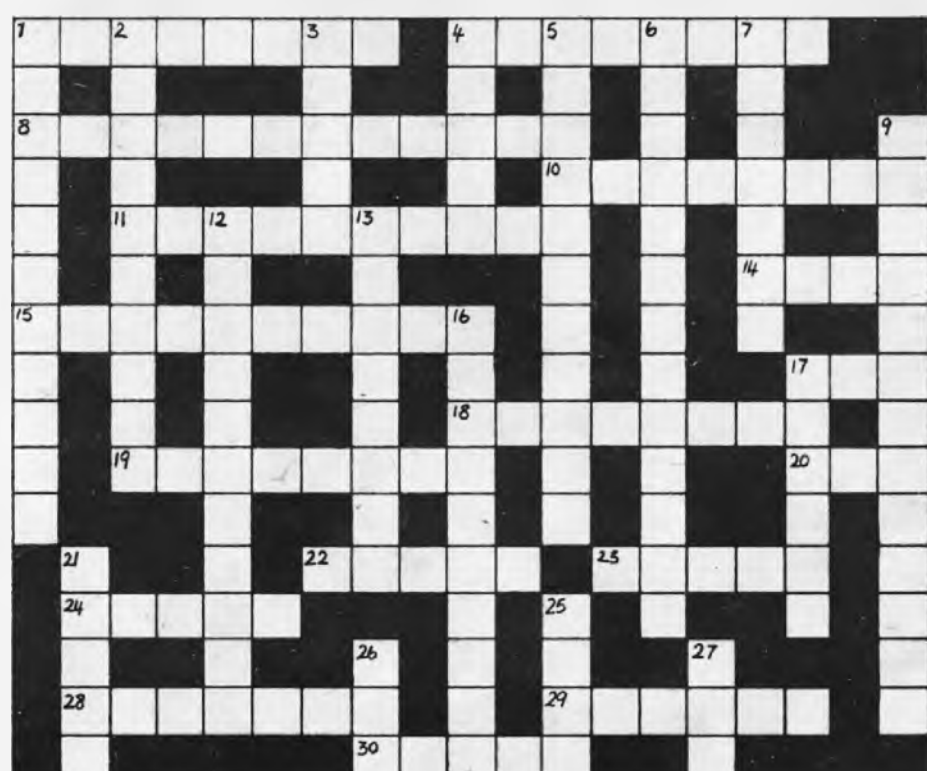
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CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 The former Slik, recruited to Glen Matlock's Rich Kids (5,3)
- 4 See 22
- 8 Traditional hymn, it was a big 1971 hit for Judy Collins (7,5)
- 10 The kind of graffiti found in the changing rooms? No! Oh well...
- 11 *Dynamic hobo!* Presumably, by day, he wears red tights and a blue cape! No! *Gawd, you lot are hard to please!*
- 14 As in Gallagher or Tate!
- 15 Alice Cooper's first UK hit — a No. 1 too (7,3)
- 17 See 29
- 18 Thunder in his heart? Sounds more like a feather in his throat! (3,5)
- 19 A consequence (*geddit?*) of the 10cc split (3,5)
- 20 and 21 Rattus drummericus!
- 22 and 4 across Sell lost voice (anag. 5,8)
- 23 *Treacherous cow!* As in Stones' number and 1974 Elton John hit
- 24 Miss Logic or Miss Nyro
- 28 Ex of the Fudge, Beck Group and now with Rod Stewart
- 29 and 17 across A.k.a. Becker and Fagen, the Odd Couple of Rock
- 30 As in showing Sunday!

DOWN

- 1 Sell lost voice's (see 22) debut album, right on target (2,3,2,4)
- 2 Yet another art college rock band — with hearing problems! (4,6)
- 3 Who you'll likely find in Cairo, germicides permitting!
- 4 She khan even if you khan't!
- 5 Of Herman Hesse, "Born To Be Wild" and all that macho metal chunder
- 6 She was a member of Gram Parsons' band before his death and the start of her solo career (7,6)
- 7 Little Richard oldie
- 9 Mark P's got the answer to 16 down! (11,2)
- 12 Hum Rolo crap (anag. 6,5)
- 13 Philly soul producer — worked with Gamble and Huff (4,4)
- 16 Contemporaries of The Ramones on the New York new wave scene
- 17 Medical chappie, with an acute case of gumbo jumbo! (2,4)
- 21 See 20
- 25 Omsk is sweet home for Ace Frehley!
- 26 ... Lewis, ex of the Hot Rods
- 27 Julie Covington's alter-ego?

ACROSS: 1 Rich Kids; 4 (Edgar) Winter; 6 Crickets; 8 (Booker T. & The) MGs; 10 Debbie Harry; 11 Chelsea; 14 Glen (Matlock); 16 Steve Gibbons; 17 Steeleye Span; 18 "Gabba Gabba" Hey"; 19 Ian Dury; 20 "Aja"; 22 Band; 24 Bob Geldof; 25 Roxy (Music or

Club). **DOWN:** 1 "Rocket To Russia"; 2 Chiswick; 3 Kiki Dee; 4 Weller; 5 Edgar (Winter); 7 Tubes; 9 Paul (Weller); 12 Lee Perry; 13 "Argus"; 14 "Gabba Gabba (Hey)"; 15 Nona Hendryx; 16 (Chris) Spedding; 21 Wood; 23 Roy (Wood).

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NOW HEAR THIS. EVERY ISSUE OF NME IS SPECIAL — BUT THIS ONE IS MORE SPECIAL THAN MOST.

... FOR STARTERS, WE'LL

be putting out one 80-page issue over Christmas/New Year instead of two skinny rush-job issues like we used to do (and the others probably will). We've spent weeks dreaming up every possible form of entertaining weirdness to make our Final Solution to 1977 something to keep in the time capsule instead of lining the cat tray. So what's so special? Glad you asked. Well, for starters there's a colour cover and colour pages inside with the ultimate Strangers poster of the year...

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL

like you've never seen him before (unless you're a very special friend of his). Let's just say that every nubile should have one.

THE ULTIMATE MOVIE OF THE YEAR

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ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY 1977

Seven top photographers contribute their favourite Pics of the year... Seven ways to cover the bloodstains on your wall.

PLUS

To commemorate the second year of the REAL '70s, we give you 50 reasons to be glad you didn't kill yourself in 1977 (i.e. the usual infallible NME Guide to the best albums, singles (and other manifestations) of the year.

In our Fun'n'Games division, MICK FARREN (chairman of The U.K.

Branch of Paranoids Anonymous) has compiled a — how should we put it? — Quiz With A Difference. If that's too bizarre for you, there's always our FULL PAGE KHRISTMAS KROSSWORD to drive you crazy.

Celebrating our Bandwagon Of The Year nomination, there's a full-colour special on Star Wars and Science Fiction movies in general... just to prove that we ain't forgotten the technoflash freaks amongst us.

Special enough for ya? Plus we'll be taking care of noooooooooormal business with news, revuse (of a sort), a special super-comprehensive Holiday Gig Guide... and even a few features, like the final (we've got our fingers crossed) instalment of CLASHBANGS, On The Road With IAN DURY and

Fair Play For THE DAMNED.

And that's just the stuff we've got room to tell you about.

Right now, you're wondering what the catch is. Well, since it represents two week's worth of material (actually, more like a month's), we've got to charge you two week's worth of 18ps.

But what the hell, who else is gonna be giving you so much for so little? Eighty pages — and it ain't gonna be crammed with ads, either — of deluxe weirdness in both colour and black and white, like you'd expect — only better.

So remember, next week's NME is ten times the goods at only twice the price.

Never mind the price — buy the paper! You know we'll look after ya (heh heh)...



REF: YOUR article in NME November 26 "The Problem of Being a Dictator in Germany". Isn't it interesting that I have to read an English newspaper to learn about such events as you described?

We here in Germany never learned through our newspapers what happened to The Vibrators, Peter Gabriel and The Dictators (and several other groups). The papers just keep death-silence about the terror of our police (by the way — these 'policemen' are mostly aged 18 to 20, and they've got more fear than patriotism).

You can't do 20 steps in our street without bumping into one of these damned cops who are armed up to their noses. The police used to send spies to pubs, to rock-events, to any places where young people are (whether or not long-haired or in punk-gear doesn't matter — you're suspected as long as you haven't settled down and become a BOF).

The best one can do is to keep your big mouth shut and never talk about your political opinions or drugs (to get stoned is as bad as to kidnap a fat old arse-hole) in public. And not even then can you be sure that the police won't raid your flat because of an anonymous denouncer.

It's a fact that Germany is on its way back to the level of 1933. And you can't blame only the terrorists for it — it would have happened anyway; I know my folk. A German will always stay a law-and-order-man. In the negative sense of the word.

Well, our neighbours will surely love us therefore.
ELINOR LANG, Munich 40.
PS — Do me a favour and forget my address.

I WRITE WITH mouth agape, after reading Bob Geldof's appalling slag-off of all things Steely Dan in last week's fun Singles Section. So Mr. Geldof may not like horses-head soup, but it's sheer ignorance to file the Dan under Anglo-American Easy-Listening just because he thinks it's old-hat. I'm surprised he left The Eagles out of his "America got what it deserved" line. Biting cynical Bob.

If he used to work for NME he should recall that past reviewers of the Dan's output have burned their fingers in your pages i.e. the cover of "Katy Lied," and the epic Max Bell review of "The Royal Scam" without a lyric sheet.

The band have plainly had little control over Anchor's A & R dept., the inside cover of "Aja" makes that clear. But any marketing device (that's all 12-inchers are) that gives Joe Public two previously unobtainable Becker/Fagen songs can't be all bad.

Geldof talks of it being 'music by numbers', when his own four-cord wonder was "Looking after Number One". Gawd. Turn up the Boomtown Rats, the neighbours are listening.
J.L. PRITCHARD, Cheshire.

IS BOB GELDOLF in love with himself and the Boomtown Rats, or is it just my imagination? In his singles reviews, he put down every record but two and brainwashed us with "We here at the Boomtown Rats say" at least three times. But don't worry Bob, there's always a place for you on TOTP. You always were good at posing.
BRETT COLE, Stanmore, Middlesex.

What you got to complain about? Me and Eve Boswell haven't had so much as a line in this dismal rag in 15 years.
— **THE GOLDEN TRUMPETER.**

I HAVE JUST seen the best concert in Edinburgh this year. I think I've seen most New Wave bands this year (including The Spots) but last night the Boomtown Rats played without doubt the best set of all those. Thank you for a brilliant, exciting night, Rats — long may you be Rodents.
PETE ROLLS, Edinburgh
P.S. I talked with Modest Bob after the show, and he is exactly that. Modest. He is also very funny — am I in love?

Am I supposed to answer this? — **EDDIE.**

IN YOUR December 3 issue, CSM suggests that in response to thieving from the consumer by the Record Industry the consumer should refuse to pay up (a strategy which in the long run will hurt the rebel more than it will dent the sales of the corporations. We're not dealing with the corner-shop).

Glad to see, though, that there is a speck of interest in the NME about exploitation, for I was talking to a



1955 HIT PARADER PHOTO OF GOLDEN TRUMPETER EDDIE CALVERT BAG

This week's Bag
edited by NICK LOGAN
and entered for
the Obscure Bag Award, 1977

musician friend a few nights ago and he was bad-mouthing his owners with an extraordinary frustration.

I told him to cast his vote with his feet and carry his talent somewhere else, as he must have an exceptionally evil benefactor(s).

"No," he said, "you don't know anything do you?" I agreed for I would like a bit more information on how the machine ticks over from week to week; once in a while or even regular reports. Much more interesting than the magnified squabbles between vague vagrancy acts and Pistols, though no less important. Tell us all that happens (or as much as the Portcullis of libel will allow) before it arrives to be £3.89 in the shops.
A WELL WISHER, Fulham, W6.

RECENTLY I RAN into an EMI executive en route to Berlin and naturally conversation got round to New Wave. I don't wish to knock punk but I was dismayingly informed that record companies aren't

interested in auditioning any group that isn't New Wave. This means that any potential non-punk band is shunted for recognition.

Wishful thinking, but we could have artists bubbling under of magnum qualities, but there is no way they are going to make it with the current attitudes of record companies towards music.

I like to think of myself as one interested in any dimension of music (bar soul) and certainly don't want my taste narrowed to entirely New Wave. I'm sure there are hordes of people in this country who sympathise with this — if so stand up and make yourselves known.
J. P. CHICHESTER.

US NUBILES would like to nominate, and if possible present (personally), Jean-Jacques Burnel with the nice - bum - and - balls - of - the - year award.
2 DEPRAVED NUBILES, The Gerbil Cage, Close to the Stick Insect Tank.

Girls, your dreams are about to be

answered. Check out the announcement on the opposite page and make sure you get next week's NME. — **ALADDIN AND HIS LITTLE MAGIC LAMP.**

"GO WEST young man". So I did.
"Wow! The Dead are where it's at!"
"You're English? Ever heard of the Beatles?"

"You mean you don't like Kiss".
"New wave?"
"You like Rock? Oh great! I've got this new Aerosmith album you've got to hear."

"Punk Rock? Oh yes, they're the ones who sing rude songs aren't they?"
HELP!

No one understands me.
SOMEWHERE IN New York State.

And you're surprised? — **EDDIE AND HIS GOLDEN TRUMPET.**

DURING THE LAST week of November. I sent off a card to "Al Clark, Virgin, London" underlining my support for the Pistols amidst all their hassles. He not only received it the next day but replied promptly

SAPS: Students Against Pistol Stomping!

I WAS SICKENED and disgusted to read that Reading University Executive rejected an offer from the Sex Pistols to play under the name 'Spots' for a mere £400! The reasons put forward as objections are nothing less than pathetic, as you can see from the enclosed cutting (below).

Praise must go to the Pistols' management for considering universities, colleges and other 'closed shop' institutions this time round, where, believe me, they have a sizeable following.

As soon as we heard the news, we launched a protest, which achieved something in that it attracted the attention of certain members of the executive, namely welfare officer

Colin Matheson, who told us he knew nothing of the decision to reject the offer, and he was entirely in sympathy with us. President Mike Kemp's reaction was entirely unsympathetic, stating that it was likely that riots would have occurred due to people from the town not being able to gain entry.

It seems to us that blame must be placed principally upon the Social Secretary, who had nothing to gain by accepting the Pistols, but everything to lose if anything went wrong.

To rub salt into the wound, we've just heard that the Social Secretary was offered Boomtown Rats and Adverts for the Rag Ball. Did he accept this time? Sure, we've got Mud

and Cado Belle instead.
PETE LAWRENCE, Reading (on behalf of many others).

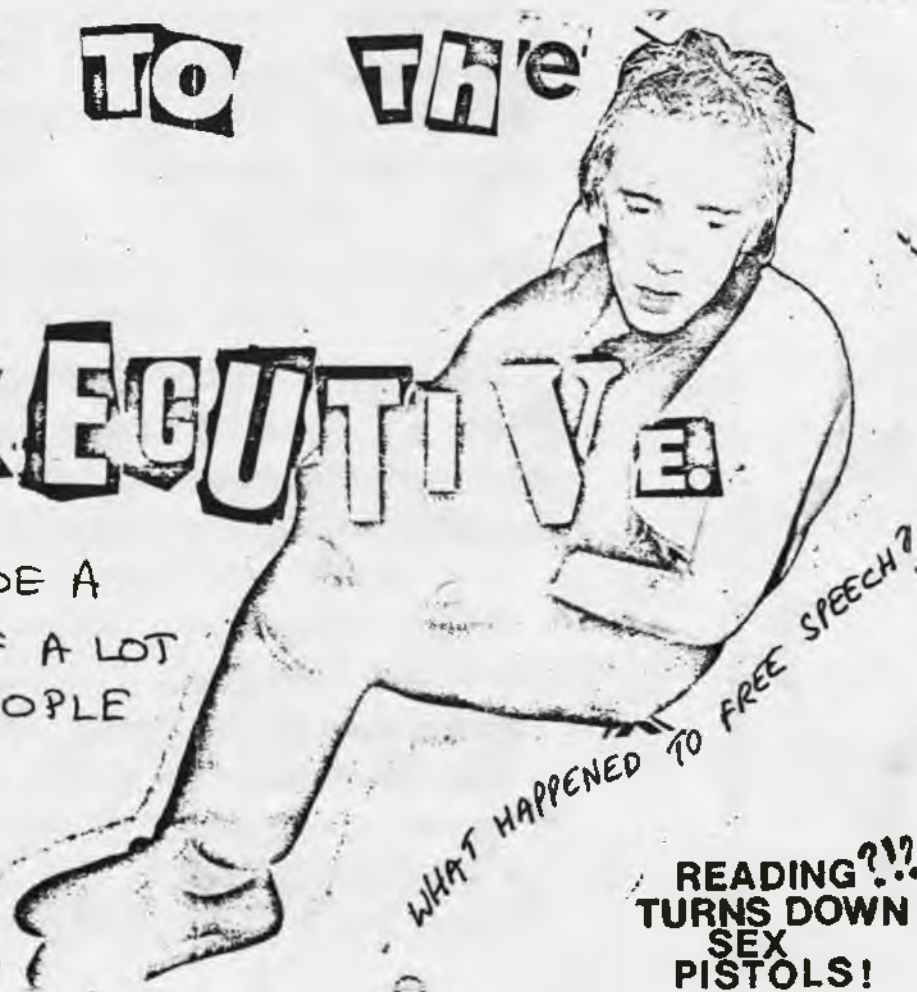
I WAS A PUNK before I was a student and yeah, 99% of students are bland, rich bastards, especially at Reading. But some of us, if we'd known, would've put the other side of the argument. There ain't no democracy in our Union at all. Sorry Johnny, Steve, Sid, Paul — I still remember you live, just wish the bastards would've let you play (though Reading don't anyway deserve it). This time it was "Never mind the Sex Pistols here's the Bollocks."
ANNOYED PUNK, Reading U.

BOLLOCKS TO THE UNION EXECUTIVE!

THE SEX Pistols were offered to the Social Secretary of the Union last week. He summoned an ad hoc meeting of the union officials in the building at the time to decide whether to take them. SEX PISTOLS were willing to go under the name S.P.O.T's which stands for Sex Pistols on Tour, or to play 'underrated'. They would charge £500. Typically they gave us 1 hour to decide. THE AD HOC meeting discussed the matter for an hour.

IT WAS felt that the happiness that accruing to the 700 who would be able to see them is outweighed by possible damage to the Union building which could be in excess of £1,000; damage to our 'reputation' — the town papers might have a field day; the salaries of those unable to see them and unable to get into the 1 o'clock bar extension on the last Wednesday of term; the 'physical' damage to members of the union — no joke. HOWEVER we can tell you that the SPOTS will be at our bar in the next few weeks. We don't know when and where. P.S. they're a bit secretive because they tend to get banned when going to other bars here about the show in advance.

YOU MADE A
HELL OF A LOT
OF PEOPLE
VERY
ANGRY



(hand-written) assuring me that "The fight continues."

I'd just like to say how pleased I am that Virgin is still small enough to treat its fans as individuals. Not like ... EMI etc ... oooops ... can I print that!?!?

NIGEL, Darlington, Co. Durham

Thanks, Al. And now it's Waxie Maxie time ... — **NL.**

YOUR ROCK and roll readers will be interested in a discovery I have just made. I have recently become the proud owner of what must be the rarest record ever. It's an EP entitled "Tennessee Saturday Night" credited to "Scotty & Bill" on the Big State label.

But the vocal is definitely that of ELVIS PRESLEY!

It must be his first ever record as he isn't even mentioned on the label. I thought I knew all his records but tracks like "Uncle Penn" and "Don't Cry For Christmas" are new to me.

The question is: what other "Scotty & Bill" recordings do Big State possess and why the heck don't they do something about releasing them?
M. P. HAWKINS

Elvis did record "Tennessee Saturday Night", but as far as we know it was only pressed-up on a South African compilation and withdrawn before it ever reached the shops. Legend has it that only six white labels ever existed. Bootlegs of unreleased Presley's Sun sides did make sporadic appearances during the late '50s/early '60s and it could be (but we ain't putting money on it) that the EP you claim to possess is a naughty one. Anyways, we only have your word that this EP exists. Howabout sending us a xerox of the cover and the disc itself! — **ROY CARR**

IT OUGHT to be of concern to you that I have cancelled my sub for NME, but concealed little gnomes like you probably couldn't care less.

Reasons are:

1). Obsessions for punk rock/new wave. Anyone would think it was the only form of music. What short memories some people have. It's not even worth wasting time on for 90 per cent of the time. Notable causes are the Pistols and Stranglers.

2). Diversion into politics (Lewisham etc). It couldn't be so biased (and doctrinaire almost) in approach). Anything not Red seems to be bad.

3). Your apparent support for criminal damage, i.e. raving over the ALF (Animal Liberation Front). In the original article, Burchill (some urban upstart) wrote such a load of bullshit that it made me almost feel sorry for her to think she could believe it. What happened 100—200 years ago doesn't necessarily apply today, strangely enough. And I'd give good odds that Dick Tracy's 'Facts' (as he called them) on foxes were a good old fudge. The survey was probably in Essex, and the figures twisted to meet your views. Now, you come down here and ask 1000 Somerset farmers what they say (if you dare). To publish a list of crimes on the scale of the ALF in your pages and praise them in all but words, is tantamount to aiding and abetting their cause and incitement to cause damage.

After all this, it may interest you to know that I've never been on or followed a hunt in my life, but just cannot sit by while a bunch of do-gooder know-alls from insulated towns write about something which sounds appealing (dear little foxes etc ...) and yet which you know so little about. Quite nauseating.

What you lot need is to do some bloody work for a change, instead of sitting about on your fat arses all day; and if you think you do know what work is, then you're more conceited than I realised.

You wouldn't last a month on a farm. Burchill would be lucky to last a week.

O. H. A. DOWDING, Wincanton, Somerset.

A day, even! — **MOTHER GOOSE.**

DOES JULIE Burchill's dislike of right-wing speakers mean that she's only got half a stereo at home?
JENNY TALS, Totton, Southampton.

Yeah, but you should see the revolutions per minute! — **NL.**

I AM STILL alive. The First World War was a mistake.
ARCHDUKE FERDINAND, Sarajevo.

LET ME THROUGH, I'm a nurse!
F. NIGHTINGALE, Radlett.

That's enough, Eddie. The nutters have arrived. — **RICHARD THE LIONHEART.**

Hey! Tell the world **THE GORILLAS** Are back



Jesse, Alan & Gary wish to thank their millions of fans for their support.

The new single:-

It's My Life/My Sons Alive. RAW 14. Released Jan 20th 1978.

The new album:-

Message To The World. RWLP 103. Released Feb 24th 1978.

Watch for details of forthcoming nationwide tour Feb/March

HELLO AND WELCOME to the T-Zers that never end... and the poll that goes on forever. With a welter of mail that threatened to overwhelm us, the NME's team of trained hippies were forced to work by gaslight to bring you the results of The World's Most Significant Opinion Poll (see centre pages).

The most nailbiting moments inside NME (complete) control tower were spent watching the mounting votes for 'best new act' with **Los Stranglers** and **Signor Tomberio Robinson** vying closely. The TRB finally finished a shave ahead, probably because of a current hit single and the man's low chauvinism count — or what we doctors call "cross market appeal," something which T-Zers' favourite sons **The Sex Pistols** also apparently possess in abundance judging by their effortless showing in most sections...

So where does that put the opinion survey conducted by Harlequin Records, which found that a quarter of all record buyers interviewed thought that 1977's pop records were "boring" while another 15 per cent thought that they were "terrible", with only 18 per cent plumping for "exciting" and "fantastic". The survey team must have been hanging round the U.S. 'progressive' counter or sommat. Anyway **Laurence Krieger**, Harlequin's managing director, still opined, "Youth are still waiting for something exciting. Punk has not filled the gap." Try telling that to our readers chum...

Another significant fact to emerge from the poll is that the UK appears to be shaking off the shackles of U.S. Coca-colonisation. American acts took a real trouncing. Only three Yankee bands featured in the Best Group Top 20, and only five in the Best New Group section, while the colonials could only muster one snivelling album out of ten and no singles at all. That ain't all — the top three female and male singers are all (swell of chest) British, while the only actual American winner was **Elvis** (for dying) in Event Of The Year (massed choruses of "Land And Hope And Glory", flights of Spitfires victory roll overhead, clouds unfurl etc. etc.)...

Meanwhile, at the Lyceum last Tuesday the **Tom Robinson Band** justified their poll placing with a you-shoulda-bin-there homecoming concert to an elated crowd. Demand for tickets apparently pushed prices in some places above the £1.25 ceiling which Robinson and promoter **Harvey Goldsmith** had fixed. "We didn't make the money, Harvey didn't make the money — so next time go to the box office and not to the ticket agencies," Tom told the crowd. Among his other remarks: "EMI have asked me to apologise to each and everyone of you for sacking **The Sex Pistols**. Sorry..."

Incidentally, the concert was recorded on the Island mobile. A live debut album? Possible...

At the **Tin Lizzy** concert at Hammersmith Odeon last Friday, several of the audience demanded their money back, claiming that **Phil Lynott** was miming to a pre-recorded tape, this conclusion being reached because Lynott was playing his new, look-ma-no-leads bionic bass guitar which transmits signals to the amplifier via transistors rather than wires... Oh, and **Gary Moore**, who replaced **Brian Robertson**

teazers

YOUR WEEKLY MEDICATION



New York City hospitalisation for Television's Richard Lloyd followed a doctors' diagnosis of sub-acute bacterial endo-carditis (well that's what it says here). As a result, recording sessions for Television's next album have had to be postponed by four to six weeks while the guitarist recovers. Never mind mate, we'll get Jimmy Young to play you a request. Make sure your headphones are plugged in... Pic: GODLIS

temporarily in the States, joined the Lizzies for the encore...

Meanwhile, the nation stands poised for scramble the moment warning of imminent **Pistols** dates is sounded from the tongues of provincial street criers as their footsteps fall crisp and even on the snow covered cobbles of yuletide (get on wiv it — Ed). Though T-Zers knows several of the venues, we ain't telling when and where because the gigs are intended for locals, but may The Force be with you in your search, o ye faithful. And you'll have to be pretty faithful in some cases cos one gig is planned for Christmas Day itself. Blathering newspaper headlines of "Blasphemy, Særeilege, Defilement, Punk Christmas Shocker Outrage blah" predicts a wizened T-Zers Aulde Almanacke staring into its teacup, where it also unveils the inscription "Bloody sight better than *The Generation Game* any road; cultural freedom for all" in Blackmail lettering...

Other **Pistols** news: the next single is scheduled for the first week of '78 — probably "Belsen Was A Gas." The Fab Four then fly to the States where they're playing Texas, Illinois and Louisiana among other non-hip locations. All the same, Warner and his Brothers confidently expect the lads' album to go to gold over there, and are preparing a massive TV, radio, and poster campaign to make sure it does sodding well go gold. The City reacted favourably to the news and **J. Rotten's** bank account had risen five points on the *Financial Times* index by the end of day's trading, helped no doubt by good reviews of the band's current tour of Holland in

the Dutch press (including the nationals)...

Latest news from **The Clash** is that the world's most bezzipped rock band have managed to firm up a Belfast date at Queen's University on December 17, supported by **The Lous**. Also booked into Belfast: **The Boomtown Rats** on December 28.

After deciding that the cover of their debut album would show the four members of the band sprawled in a white room pinioned in straight-jackets, the **Suburban Studs** ran into trouble when they actually tried to borrow said threads from the local mental hospital, who refused to loan them, and then from the police station, where they were told that the boys in blue did indeed have straight-jackets in the cupboard but would rather the public weren't made aware of the fact...

More straits: **Dire Straits** have signed with Phonogram, who are also about to complete a deal with New York's **Ork Records** that will give them access to the current catalogue of **Alex Chilton**, **Chris Stamey**, **The Feelies**, **The Cramps** (possibly the ugliest band in the world), **Roky Erikson**, and various other esteemed cult figures (but they can't be no good cos they're American surely?)...

And if you still don't believe that these days the land of opportunities is b-o-o-r-i-n-g and grubby ol' Albion is where the action's at, you should hear what they're saying about **Rolling Stone** magazine's two-hour U.S. TV special. "Overblown, pretentious, slow moving and generally cheapening to both rock'n'roll and the magazine's

own good name," is how American *Billboard* summed it up, with some tantalising descriptions of **Ted Neeley** (who played the lead in *Jesus Christ Superstar*) singing a medley of **Beatles** toons (yorno), someone in a **Richard Nixon** mask singing "I'm A Loser" and dancers dressed as wild strawberries cavorting to "Strawberry Fields Forever"... Gawd, and you thought Whispering Bob was silly. Despatch a gunboat laden with punk bands immediately, Fanshawe...

Back to things British: dopers' monthly *Homegrown* found themselves in trouble with Rothman's (of "When you know what you're doing" fame) when they carried a lampoon of the tobacco company's ad in their first issue, with the Rothman's nicotine product changed to cannabis flavour. Rothman's have threatened a hefty lawsuit unless *Homegrown* hand over the artwork, film, and printing plates from their parody, plus any issues still unsold. Commented A. Spokesperson: "We gonna comply with Rothman's wishes, man, cos we can't face a lawsuit from a massive corporation structure and because the first ish of *Homegrown* sold out ages ago." Incidentally when *Thrills* reviewed ish number two last week, it failed to mention that it includes a three-page feature of all things amphetamine by our own (hang on, well they belong to somebody) **Tony Parsons** and **Julie Burchill**...

A moment of sad silence and a sweet smile for the late **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** whose own epitaph was: "When I die I want them to play 'The Black And Crazy Blues', I want to be cremated, put in a bag of pot and I want beautiful people to smoke me and hope they get something out of it." Full obituary to **Rahsaan Roland** by **Brian Case** on Page 38.

Correction corner: **The Speedometers** are not, as suggested in *Thrills* last week, **Rat Scabies'** new band. On the contrary, they pulled out their Speakeasy gig to let **Rat** and his lot — **The Runners**, who didn't really exist anyway — perform. Sorry lads...

Generation X have dispensed with the services of one time Sweet producer **Phil Wainman**. "He didn't understand," they plained a trifle mournfully to T-Zers...

Is anyone out there interested anymore? **Rod "I'm Still One Of The Lads" Stewart** hinting at a reconciliation with **Britt**. "We're the best of friends now," quoth the tufty one, "perhaps she is still the one... she will probably come to the gigs. There are millions of happy couples in Los Angeles but I'm sure none of them is in rock'n'roll." Oh no, how about **Flo'n' Eddie** (oh hang on, they've split up), **Sonny and Cher** (oh hang on, them too). Well how about **The Righteous Brothers** (sorry, them an' all)... He's probably right

Take the case of **Robert and Sarah Dylan**, for example. Now divorced from her talented hubbie, the ex-Mrs. Dylan was accused last week of trying to choke a teacher when she went with three private detectives to remove her children from a school near The Zim's home. It's claimed that she assaulted the teacher and disrupted the class, for which she stands liable for a six month jail sentence if found guilty. Since their divorce, of course, the Dylans have been fighting a bitter court battle over the four Zimmerlings. A report from the District Attorney's office said that while the three younger children accompanied their mother home after the schoolroom incident, the oldest boy, **Jesse** (11) ran away back to Dad's house, though a superior court recently ruled he must be returned to Sarah's custody. The trial takes place on December 20

Finally, rough tough West Ham-supportings, football-totin' East End punkish **Cock Sparrer** blew out their St Albans gig last Sunday — because lead singer **Garrie Lammin** had to go to his parents' wedding anniversary. Isn't this taking being down home too far, asks T-Zers...

BETTER BADGES

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2. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN (SEX PISTOLS)
3. CLASH POLICE
4. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN (SEX PISTOLS)
5. HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN
6. PRETTY VACANT (SEX PISTOLS)
7. ADVERTS
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10. THE BOYS

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3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
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Special Projects Editor: **Roy Carr**
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Kings Reach Tower,
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