

February 4, 1978

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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

TALK -ING HEADS

B L O N D - E

and
on
pages
25
& 31.



Pages
7,8

SID & NANCY
Behind Closed Doors
(of Phil Lynott's toilet, actually)
Full schmeexclusive
ramblings inside.



Polaroid snapshots by CHALKIE DAVIES



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ZAPPA

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London Theatre Bookings shafts av. W1 439 3371. Usual agents, or on night

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending January 30, 1973

This Week		
1	1	BLOOMBERG
2	2	BOYIE WASSA TOUCH ME
3	3	YOU'RE MY MAN
4	4	THE JEAN GENIE
5	5	LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL
6	6	DANCE
7	7	IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME AS NOW
8	8	WISHING WELL
9	9	BALL PARK INCIDENT
10	10	THE HILL

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending January 31, 1963

This Week		
1	1	EVERLASTING LOVE
2	2	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET
3	3	JUDY IS DISCUSSING
4	4	THE BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE
5	5	MIGHTY QUINN
6	6	THE WEARILY RING
7	7	RENEE WILSON
8	8	SHEDDING YOUR LOVE
9	9	EVERYTHING I AM
10	10	DAYDREAM BELIEVER

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 1, 1948

This Week		
1	1	DIAMONDS
2	2	GIORGIO TRUTTER
3	3	DANCE ON
4	4	BACH I'DR BOW
5	5	LIKE I DO
6	6	DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME
7	7	LEFT TOWN
8	8	THE WAYWARD WIND
9	9	RETURN TO SENDER
10	10	THE NEXT TIME

CHARTS



SINGLES

This Last Week Week ending February 4, 1978

This Last Week			Week ending February 4, 1978		
1	(2)	UPTOWN TOP RANKING	Althia & Donna (Lightning)	5	1
2	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE	Wings (EMI/Parlophone)	10	1
3	(9)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers (CBS)	3	3
4	(3)	NATIVE NEW YORKER ODYSSEY	(RCA)	4	3
5	(7)	FIGARO	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	3	5
6	(14)	IF I HAD WORDS	Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Papper)	3	6
7	(4)	LOVE'S LINGERS	Donna Summer (GTO)	8	2
8	(5)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	9	3
9	(8)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY	Bob Marley and The Wailers (Island)	7	8
10	(17)	GALAXY	War (MCA)	3	10
11	(16)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave (GTO)	3	11
12	(11)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	9	6
13	(6)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	11	5
14	(25)	SORRY I'M A LADY	Baccara (RCA)	3	14
15	(20)	ON FIRE	T Connection (TK)	3	15
16	(—)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	1	16
17	(29)	MY BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	17
18	(—)	RICH KIDS	Rich Kids (EMI)	1	18
19	(13)	ONLY WOMEN BLEED	Julie Covington (Virgin)	8	12
20	(—)	HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	20
21	(10)	LET'S HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN	David Soul (Private Stock)	6	6
22	(—)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	1	22
23	(14)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	13	2
24	(—)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	(30)	BEAUTY & THE BEAST	David Bowie (RCA)	2	25
26	(—)	THEME FROM WHICH WAY IS UP	Stargard (MCA)	1	26
27	(26)	MORNING OF OUR LIVES	Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers (Bessiekey)	2	26
28	(12)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighthouse and Rastrick Band (Logo)	11	2
29	(23)	WHO'S GONNA LOVE ME	Imperials (Power Exchange)	2	23
30	(—)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGENE	Sweet (Polydor)	1	30

ALBUMS

Week ending February 4, 1978

This Last Week			Week ending February 4, 1978		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	49	1
2	(7)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	2	2
3	(2)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	13	1
4	(4)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	4	4
5	(8)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	12	2
6	(9)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	15	6
7	(6)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS	Tammy Wynette (CBS)	6	5
8	(3)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	12	1
9	(5)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	13	2
10	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	13	5
11	(—)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	1	11
12	(13)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles (Parlophone)	2	12
13	(21)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	83	1
14	(15)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (EMI)	11	4
15	(24)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)	2	15
16	(12)	MOONFLOWER	Sentana (CBS)	12	6
17	(—)	FLORAL DANCE	Brighthouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)	1	17
18	(17)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	23	9
19	(19)	GREATEST HITS, etc	Paul Simon (CBS)	8	6
20	(26)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	20
21	(20)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	21	1
22	(14)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	12	3
23	(25)	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	2	23
24	(11)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	12	3
25	(—)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	25
26	(18)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD	Status Quo (Vertigo)	11	4
27	(16)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	55	1
28	(—)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	1	28
29	(—)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	1	29
30	(—)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER	Joni Mitchell (Asylum)	1	29

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 4, 1978

This Last Week			Week ending February 4, 1978		
1	(4)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees	1	(1)
2	(1)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman	2	(2)
3	(2)	BABY COME BACK	Player	3	(3)
4	(6)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel	4	(4)
5	(3)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen	5	(5)
6	(5)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart	6	(6)
7	(10)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill	7	(7)
8	(11)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic	8	(8)
9	(9)	DESIREE	Neil Diamond	9	(9)
10	(13)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang	10	(10)
11	(14)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb	11	(11)
12	(7)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton	12	(12)
13	(8)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees	13	(13)
14	(17)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda	14	(14)
15	(18)	SERPENTINE FIRE	Earth, Wind & Fire	15	(15)
16	(15)	SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY	Paul Simon	16	(16)
17	(12)	TURN TO STONE	Electric Light Orchestra	17	(17)
18	(21)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd	18	(20)
19	(23)	PEG	Steely Dan	19	(14)
20	(24)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey	20	(22)
21	(25)	IGO CRAZY	Paul Davis	21	(19)
22	(16)	COME SAIL AWAY	Styx	22	(21)
23	(28)	FFUN	Con Funk Shun	23	(24)
24	(26)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers	24	(26)
25	(19)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN	L.T.D.	25	(25)
26	(—)	(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS	John Williams	26	(27)
27	(30)	I LOVE YOU	Donna Summer	27	(—)
28	(—)	LONG LONG WAY FROM HOME	Foreigner	28	(29)
29	(27)	HEY DEANIE	Shaun Cassidy	29	(—)
30	(—)	STREET CORNER SERENADE	Wet Willie	30	(—)

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 4, 1978

This Last Week			Week ending February 4, 1978		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees	1	(1)
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac	2	(2)
3	(3)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen	3	(3)
4	(4)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart	4	(4)
5	(6)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire	5	(5)
6	(8)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne	6	(6)
7	(10)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel	7	(7)
8	(5)	BORN LATE	Shaun Cassidy	8	(8)
9	(7)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Rondstadt	9	(9)
10	(11)	DRAW THE LINE	Aerosmith	10	(11)
11	(13)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx	11	(13)
12	(9)	ALIVE II	Kiss	12	(9)
13	(12)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra	13	(12)
14	(15)	AJA	Steely Dan	14	(15)
15	(17)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas	15	(17)
16	(16)	THE STORY OF STAR WARS		16	(16)
17	(18)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton	17	(18)
18	(20)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Original Soundtrack	18	(20)
19	(14)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond	19	(14)
20	(22)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton	20	(22)
21	(19)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boyz n the City	21	(19)
22	(21)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy	22	(21)
23	(24)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd	23	(24)
24	(26)	GALAXY	War	24	(26)
25	(25)	GREATEST HITS, ETC	Paul Simon	25	(25)
26	(27)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch	26	(27)
27	(—)	FUNKTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME	Parliament	27	(—)
28	(29)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman	28	(29)
29	(—)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill	29	(—)
30	(—)	PLAYER	Player	30	(—)

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
Derek
Johnson

WIRE'S 28-GIG OUTING

WIRE have added another 19 dates to their current tour, making a total of 28 gigs. In addition to their opening venues reported two weeks ago, the Harvest Records band play Corentyne Mr. George's (this Saturday), Nottingham Sandpiper (February 8), Newcastle Guildhall (10), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (17), Dudley J.B.'s (18), Croydon Greyhound (19), Halesowen Tiffany's (20), London Strand Lyceum (22), Reford Porterhouse (24), Norwich Toppers (March 1), Manchester Rafter's (2), Harlow Technical College (3), Colchester Essex University (4), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (15), Brighton Sussex University (17), London Oxford St. 100 Club (21), Wolverhampton Lafayette (22) and Keighley Nikkers Club (27).



Wreckless Eric going on road

WRECKLESS ERIC is being lined up for a major headlining tour, occupying much of March and April. He'll be on the road with his band The New Rockets, and full details of their itinerary will be announced in a week or two. To tie in with the tour, Eric's debut album will be issued by Stiff on March 3. As reported last week, his single "Reconnex Cherie" — taken from the album — comes out on February 10.

Secret Stranglers

THE STRANGLERS are about to start their semi-secret gigs, NME learned this week. As reported before Christmas, the band will be playing a string of low-key club dates which — in Pistols style — won't be announced nationally or in the music Press. Those wishing to catch The Stranglers should keep a close eye on local Press announcements.

ALTERNATIVE TV say they are remaining a trio, despite reports that ex-Chelton guitarist Simon Vitease had joined them. They are however augmented by guitarist Kim Turner and Squeeze pianist Josh Holland on their new single "Life After Life", issued by the Depeford Fan City label on February 24. Turner also joins them for their one-off gig at London Oxford St. 100 Club next Tuesday (7).

THE DAMNED are currently in the process of rehearsing a large batch of new material. And they are concentrating all their energies on developing what they call "a radically new act". Because of this, they have cancelled projected gigs at Keighley Nikkers Club (February 16) and Birmingham Barbarelli's (17), but both venues will be re-scheduled when they undertake their next British tour — probably in May.

PISTOLS 'REUNION' SCOTCHED

THE FUTURE OF The Sex Pistols, both individually and as a group, remained in a state of limbo this week — despite widespread rumours of a semi-secret reunion gig in the near future and, in total contradiction, Johnny Rotten's statement of intent regarding his solo plans.

Talk of a Pistols reunion show

has been in the air for several days — it's suggested that they'll play, possibly under an assumed name, at London Roundhouse on Saturday, February 11. But no confirmation could be obtained, and the project appears to be little more than wishful thinking, perhaps started as a hoax.

A spokesman for Virgin Records commented: "There's

absolutely no chance of a Pistols date at this stage. Those who are putting the story around are obviously under-estimating the severity of the split. Only when they're all together again in the same place can it be decided what the future holds in store."

Rotten's statement at the weekend — that he's planning a solo album and is looking for musicians with this in view —

seems much more credible and implies that, even if the Pistols do ultimately re-surface in some form, he won't be part of the band. Said Virgin: "We don't yet know to what extent we shall hold them to their contracts, but a Rotten solo album is any one of a number of possibilities."

He added that they hope to have talks with the Pistols members in the near future.



Vibrators start two-month tour

THE VIBRATORS return to the British gig circuit next week, at the start of a lengthy tour carrying them through to mid-April. They'll be working practically every night for the next nine weeks and, although their March and April dates are still being finalised, their confirmed itinerary for this month is:

Liverpool Eric's (February 9), Cambridge Corn Exchange (10), Newcastle University (11), Leicester Polytechnic (12), Bristol Granary (13), Torquay 400 Club (14), Plymouth Woods Centre (15), Birmingham Polytechnic (16), Bath University (17), Farnborough Technical College (18), Doncaster Outlook (20), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (21), Reading Bows Club (22), Coventry Mr.

George's (23), Sheffield Polytechnic (24), Bradford University (25) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (26).

The Reading gig on February 22 marks the opening of a new club in a converted mortuary, with coffins as tables — hence the name Bows! The band also record a session for John Peel's Radio 1 show on February 27.

The Vibrators spent two months in the autumn based in Germany, then undertook a very successful tour of Canada. Since they returned home, they've been busy working on their second Epic album — provisionally titled "Bad Vibes" — which is now in its final mix for release before the British tour ends. A new single is also in the pipeline, for issue at the end of this month.

Blondie's full dates

BLONDIE will play nine gigs in this country during their upcoming tour. Details of their itinerary, announced this week, confirm NME's exclusive revelation a fortnight ago of their first three dates and their major London concert. And the five new bookings now added to the schedule are Lancaster University (February 27), Birmingham Barbarelli's (28), Donstable Queensway Hall (March 2), Salford University (3) and Canterbury Kent University (6).

Dates already reported by NME are Blackburn Kings George's Hall (February 23), Sheffield University (24), Glasgow Strathclyde University (25) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (March 5). The band began their European tour yesterday (Wednesday) in Belgium, and they also visit France, Austria and Germany, before closing in Sweden on February 20.

Blondie's new album "Plastic Letters" is now being rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend, two weeks earlier than originally planned. This coincides with the issue of their single taken from the LP, "Denis".

RADIATORS FROM SPACE BANNED

RADIATORS FROM SPACE have had two of the dates on their current tour cancelled, because the venues concerned have decided against staging so-called punk shows. Most surprising is the scrapping of the band's projected February 19 gig at London Kensington Nashville, where most of the leading new-wave acts have performed in recent months, but which has now decided to bar certain punk bands "at its own discretion". The other gig off is February 25 at St. Albans City Hall, a council-owned venue.



The accompanying Blondie story provides us with an opportunity to print another picture of the band's DEBBIE HARRY, for which we make no excuses.

THE ADVERTS are extending their current tour by adding another seven dates, all aimed at promoting their first album, due for release by Anchor on February 17. The extra gigs are at Cambridge Corn Exchange (February 24), London North-East Polytechnic (25), Croydon Greyhound (26), Bristol Locarno (28), Dundee University (March 2), Aberdeen University (3) and Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (4). It's likely that still more dates will be added subsequently.

Topping at Palladium

ALEX IS BACK!

ALEX HARVEY is back in business! And he returns in the most significant manner possible by headlining a major London concert at the Palladium on Sunday, March 5 (7.30pm), when he's supported by his new band — plus a choir and orchestra!

Harvey appeared to have quit the music scene completely, when he walked out of the SAHB in mid-rehearsal for a TV show. He has since explained that he felt the routine of the then SAHB left a lot to be desired, from both a live performance and a recording viewpoint.

He became further depressed when his manager Bill Fechtly was killed in a plane crash — so, after much consideration and increasing conflicts with his new advisers, he decided to try something different. This led to the announcement by Mountain that he had retired — which, claims Alex, astounded him.

During the last two or three months, he's been busy cooking up a brand new presentation and forming a new band, both of which will be unveiled at the Palladium.

The show will feature interchangeable scenery, spectacular lighting sets and an entirely new programme — including selected numbers from the old SAHB repertoire, new material and the debut of his new composition "Vibrations". Derek Wadsworth is scoring additional arrangements for the choir and orchestra.

Line-up of Harvey's new band has not yet been announced, neither have his subsequent plans. But it's expected that other dates will be set for him to follow the Palladium gig, where he's being billed as "The Sensational Alex Harvey".

Meanwhile, the former SAHB members are about to launch their new Zal band. See page 4 for details.



STOP PRESS

BS&T sax man dies

IT WAS LEARNED on Tuesday that Blood, Sweat & Tears sax player Gregory Herbert has died in Holland during the band's European tour. The cause is not yet known. They have cancelled a couple of shows in France this weekend but, at press-time, were still undecided whether to go ahead with their short British tour next week (see Gig Guide). Readers are advised to contact MAM (01-629 9255) or Anchor Records (01-734 8642) for clarification.

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MCA RECORDS

MCA 345

Sabbath tour dates

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the major spring concert tour by Black Sabbath, plans for which were reported last week. It will coincide with the release of their new Vertigo album "Never Say Die", which they started recording in Toronto at the weekend.

As revealed in our last issue, Ozzy Osbourne is now back in the band, having had second thoughts about his autumn decision to pursue a solo career — and his return means that Sabbath have now parted company with their short-term new singer Dave Walker.

The tour itinerary is Sheffield City Hall (May 16), Liverpool Empire (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Newcastle City

Hall (21), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Coventry Theatre (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31), London Hammersmith Odeon (June 1), Oxford New Theatre (2), Southampton Gaumont (3), Birmingham Odeon (5), Bradford St. George's Hall (7) and Preston Guildhall (8).

Tickets are already on sale for some venues, through box offices and the usual agencies, and elsewhere they will be available very shortly. Prices are £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 for all dates except Hanley (all at £2.20) and Hammersmith (£3, £2.50 and £2). Bookings may also be made at promoter Harvey Goldsmith's own box office, situated at Chappell's in London New Bond Street.

Budgie return

BUDGIE return to the British concert circuit later this month, after spending almost eight months in North America — where they've been busy touring, recording and building up a fairly substantial following. They are already set for another coast-to-coast U.S. tour during April and May but, prior to this, they're headlining their own eight-date schedule in this country. They play Sheffield City Hall (February 23), Liverpool Empire (24), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Newcastle City Hall (March 1), Derby Kings Hall (2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (4). Their second A & M album "Impeccable" is released on February 17.



ZAL BAND SWING INTO TOUR ACTION

ZAL CLEMINSON has now added a fourth member to the line-up of his new band Zal which he formed after the break-up of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band in the autumn. The newcomer is Billy Rankin, a 17-year-old guitarist from Kirkintilloch in Scotland, who is also a classically trained pianist. He now joins Cleminson and two other SAHB stalwarts — Chris Glen (bass) and Tee McKenna (drums) — in the Zal outfit.

One other musician, said to be a "surprise," has still to be named before the line-up is complete. Although he is already working with the band, his identity can't be revealed until certain formalities have been tied up. Zal left last week for a low-key tour of Sweden to

try out their new material. They return on February 14, and soon afterwards begin their first British tour, coinciding with the release of their debut album.

Doctors will stay a trio

DOCTORS OF MADNESS have decided to continue working as a three-piece, following the departure of violinist Urban Blitz — at any rate, for the time being. They felt that bringing in a replacement would delay recording sessions for their new album, so they carried on as a trio. And they've opted to retain this format for their next British tour, which will coincide with the release of the album, titled "Sons Of Survival."

At 63 degrees below zero my amps never sounded better.



Besides Scott Gorham on lead guitar, Thin Lizzy comprises Phil Lynott, Brian Robertson and Brian Downey.

They've had a string of LP successes from "Vagabond of the Western World" to their latest, "Bad Reputation".

The albums of the last few years have benefited from the gutsy Marshall sound.

Scott Gorham uses five 50 Watt Marshall Valve Combos. Four are stacked up for his guitar and a fifth is used as a cross-stage monitor for Brian's guitar.

The Marshall range now includes two new Master Volume Valve Combos. The 2103 100 Watt and the 2104 50 Watt Master Volume Combos.

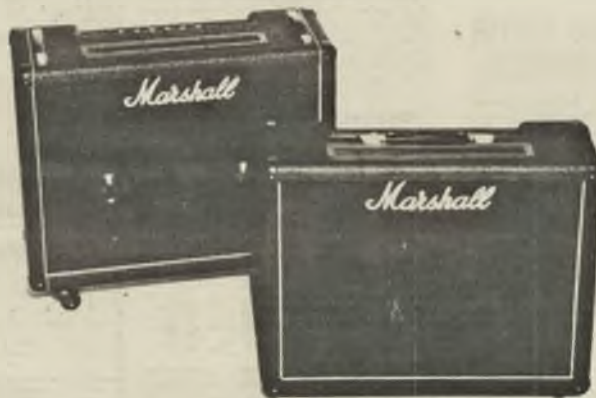
The Master Volume Control allows the musician to regulate the overall volume whilst the pre-amp volume control produces the warm or loud or clean biting sound as required, making these combos exceptionally versatile. The full Marshall tone equalisation is provided with Presence, Bass, Middle and Treble controls. A standby switch is provided to keep the amp in constant readiness.

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"Like most bands, Thin Lizzy earned its reputation playing on the road.

This particular night, we were booked to play the Chicago Stadium. During the night the Alaskan weather had come down into the United States.

The temperature was 63 degrees below zero. None of us had been through anything like it before.

The city was completely trapped. There were accidents and ambulances were stuck three miles away trying to get through.

They blasted out warnings on the radio that no one should go out with any skin exposed, because it'd turn to frost-bite in three minutes.

Of course we were all worried how the amps would play.

We'd got all the stuff outside in the truck. And it all started freezing over.

Then a roadie got frostbite on one of his legs trying to get the gear out.

Well, the amps were perfect and 20,000 people managed to see us. Crazy!

I'd seen other bands using them but now I'm calling the Marshall 50 watt combo my sound.

It's the sound I've been looking for."

RECORD NEWS

Comeback by Peter Green

PETER GREEN — founder of Fleetwood Mac and near-legendary singer, composer and guitarist, who has been absent from the rock scene for over seven years — is making a fresh start in the business.

First stage in his comeback is the signing of a three-year worldwide recording and publishing deal with PVK Records. He's scheduled to release a single fairly soon, followed by an album which has been produced by his former colleague Mick Fleetwood. Promotional live appearances are likely at the same time.

Green formed Mac in 1967 and wrote most of their early hits, including "Albatross", "Oh Well" and "The Green Manalishi". He left the band suddenly in 1970, donating all his cash and royalties to charity. Since then he's led a reclusive-like existence, punctuated only by



PETER GREEN (left) signing his comeback deal with PETER VERNON-KELL of PVK Records.

occasional reports of him working as gravedigger, barman, commune member, guest guitarist and hospital orderly. But now, at last, he's decided to bid for stardom again — and 1978 could be the year he achieves it.

Stiff's Live Stiffs — and Devo's debut

THE LIVE ALBUM "Stiff's Live Stiffs", recorded during the Bunch Of Stiffs package tour last autumn, is now confirmed for release on February 17. It retails at £2.99 and featured artists include Ian Dury, Nick Lowe, Wreckless Eric, Larry Wallis and Elvis Costello.

Stiff also announce that they have acquired exclusive rights to the first three singles by highly-rated U.S. band Devo, who were first tipped for success by NME early last summer. Initial release is the single "Mongoloid" ("Joko Homo", issued on February 24 on the Boogi Boy /

Stiff label — though the first 5,000 copies will be the American issue embellished with a Stiff sticker. David Bowie is so enthusiastic about Devo—who hail from Akron, Ohio—that he wants to produce them as soon as possible.

Reissued next week is the single "Promised Land" by Johnnie Allen, originally released in 1974 on Charlie Gillett's Oval label. Its chances were killed almost immediately when Elvis Presley's version was rushed out, but it now reappears on Oval-Stiff, a new label launched with Gillett.

Emmylou, Linda and Dolly on one album!



LINDA RONSTADT

THREE OF America's most outstanding (in more senses than one!) contemporary country sweethearts — Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton — are combining forces on a new album. They are already working in the studio together on the project, and should have it wrapped up before Emmylou leaves for Britain next week. Spring release is planned by Elektra/Asylum. Said a spokesman: "It would be great if they could come over together to promote it, and we'll certainly try to persuade them."

● ERIC BURDON's new album "Survivor", issued by Polydor this month, has Zoot Money, Alexis Korner and Alvin Taylor among backing musicians — plus Maggie Bell, P.P. Arnold and Vicki Brown as back-up vocalists. Polydor also reissue "Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow", the band's first LP which was previously available on the Oyster label.

● Freda Payne's latest album is "Sisters And Whispers", for Capitol release on February 10. The same label will be bringing out the new Bob Seger LP "Stranger In Town" within the next few weeks, though the exact date is not yet scheduled.

● Barry Manilow, recently voted Top Male Vocalist in the annual American Music Awards, has his single "Can't Smile Without You" released by Arista on February 10. Out on the same day and label is the Alan Parsons single "I Robot" the instrumental title track of the album which charted last year.

● Latest single by Queen is "Spread Your Wings"/"Sheer Heart Attack", rushed out by EMI this weekend.

● Earthquake — who, as reported last week, play London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on February 26 as part of their debut British tour — have an EP issued by Beserkley this week. Titles are "Friday On My Mind", "Julie Ann", "Girl Named Jesse James" and "Mr. Security."

● Advertising's new single is "Stolen Love", issued by EMI on February 10. Out the same day on Rak is Donovan's self-penned "Dare To Be Different".

● Two tracks from their latest album "Scarabus" are featured on the Ian Gillan Band's single, out this week on Island. They are "Mad Elaine" and "Mercury High".

● Thin Lizzy's former label, Decca, bring out a maxi-single this week featuring three of the band's early tracks — "Whiskey In The Jar", "Vagabonds Of The Western World" and "Sitamoa".

● Smokey Robinson is the latest artist to be the subject of a compilation album. Titled "Smokey's World" and issued by Motown on February 10, it features a cross-section of his work since he left the Miracles five years ago.

● The soundtrack LP from the film about drag racing "Shutout", issued this month in Capitol's mid-price series, includes 16 older hits such groups as the Beach Boys, the Surfers, the Chantays and the Knights.

● The soundtrack album from the new sci-fi film spectacular "Close Encounters Of The Third Kind" is released by Arista on March 10. It's preceded this weekend by two versions of the main theme — the original John Williams theme and a disco version by Gene Page.

Rose-Morris
Marshall

MAJOR TOUR FOR GORDON GILTRAP

GORDON GILTRAP, whose current single "Heart Song" is a strong chart contender, headlines his most important tour to date next month — when he plays 14 of the country's top concert venues. Together with his regular band, he visits Sheffield City Hall (March 6), Liverpool Empire (7), Edinburgh Usher Hall (8), Glasgow Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (14), Brighton Dome (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), London Rainbow (18), Croydon Fairfield Hall (19), Birmingham Town Hall (20), Oxford New Theatre (21) and Derby Assembly Hall (22). Tickets are priced £2, £1.50 and £1 at all venues — except the Rainbow, Croydon and Oxford where they are £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Promoters Kennedy Street Enterprises have still to name the support act.

Rush cancel Scots gig

CANADIAN BAND Rush, currently on a sell-out UK tour, have had to cancel their gig at Edinburgh.

They are pulling out of the concert planned for February 16 as a suitable venue is not available, so instead they play an additional concert at Glasgow Apollo, where they are already set for the following night.

Dream provincial dates confirmed

THE SIX provincial concerts next month by Tangerine Dream have now been confirmed. They are at Oxford New Theatre (March 19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (25) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (27).

These are in addition to their

London show at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 20, reported last week. The new-look T. Dream, now featuring founder members Edgar Froese and Chris Franke plus two newcomers, have an album titled "Cyclone" — described by a spokesman as "a real surprise" — released by Virgin Records in four weeks' time.

MUSCLES, the Birmingham funk band, are to support Tina Turner in her two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 11. They then play gigs in their own right at Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (14), Sheffield Polytechnic (15), Birmingham Top Rank (17), Leeds Trinity College (18), Sutton Hospital Club (20), Bradford College (24) and Leicester Polytechnic (25).

SPITERI, just back from a month-long concert series in Venezuela, resume gigging at Bedford Cranfield Institute on February 10. Other one-nighters are being set, and the sales band are also confirmed for two residencies at London Ronnie Scott's Club (February 24-27 and March 24-27).

THE STYLISTICS have made a few changes to their previously-reported early spring tour. They now play four nights at the London Palladium (April 5-8) instead of the full week originally planned, and have added a show at Coventry Theatre on April 9. They have also interchanged their two cabaret units — at Stoke Jollies (April 10-22 instead of 20-28) and Wakefield Theatre Club (23-29 instead of 16-22).

EMMYLOU HARRIS and the Hot Band have added a second London concert to their short British tour, starting next week. Their gig at this venue on February 9 is now completely sold out, so they have slotted in the extra show the following night (10), and tickets are on sale now.

"EVITA", the musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber based on the life of Eva Peron, is now set to open on June 21 at the London Casino — which, as previously reported, is being re-named the Prince Edward Theatre following its conversion into a full-time theatre. Casting of the show is not yet complete.

THE SAINTS have been forced to cancel all their current gigs, except for London Kensington Nashville this Sunday (5). This is due to a wrist injury sustained by bassist Alessandr Ward in a car accident. But he expects to have recovered fully in time for the band's month-long British tour in March.

RACING CARS are playing just three dates this month, between sessions for their next Chrysalis album. They are at Norwich East Anglia University (this Saturday), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (February 11) and London Mile End Queen Mary College (18).

GRAND HOTEL go back on the road this month after a three-week shutdown, due to sickness. They have a Sunday residency throughout February at London New Baret Duke of Lancaster, and one-nighters include London Covent Garden Rock Garden (this Saturday), Weymouth Pavilion (February 10), Watford College (11), London North Polytechnic (14), Crawley College of Technology (17), Bedford Thames Polytechnic (18), High Wycombe Nags Head (23) and Bromley Technical College (25).

NANA MOUSKOURI headlines at Belfast Kings Hall on Wednesday, March 22, fulfilling her promise that she would return to that city within a year. No other British dates are set.

KRAZY KAT have added London Fulham Golden Lion (February 16), Winchester King Alfred College (18) and Treforest Glamorgan Polytechnic (22) to their itinerary listed two weeks ago. And their gig at Bedford College is switched from February 18 to 25.



Wilko's London charity

WILKO JOHNSON and his band top the bill in a special benefit concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Saturday, February 18 — their first appearance since their debut tour last year. Guesting in the show are the Count Bishops, Iron Fist & The Hordes From Hell and our own, our very own, Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves — with lighting by Liquid Len and the Leamen. The gig starts at 5.30 pm, and all tickets are £2.

The concert is the climax of a week of events at the Roundhouse on behalf of the Wordsworth Heritage Appeal. Wilko begins a British tour in the middle of March.

RADIO STARS AND SQUEEZE ADDED

Rods tour is now a package!

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are being supported by two other recording bands — Radio Stars and Squeeze on their extensive British concert tour starting February 15, thereby boosting it to package status.

And five more dates have been added to the itinerary — two in England, three in Ireland — making a total of 37 gigs running through to the end of March, easily the longest major tour of the 1977-8 season.

The extra dates are at Swindon Oasis Centre (March 25), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Belfast Ulster Hall (28), Dublin Stadium (29) and Cork Arcadia

(30). The decision to feature two other acts on the tour was taken by promoters Straight Music, because original plans for the Dwight Twilley Band to guest fell through.

A new single by Squeeze titled "Take Me I'm Yours" has just been released by A & M, to be followed on February 17 by their album "Squeeze", produced by John Cale. Radio Stars will be promoting their current single "Nervous Wreck", but their signing means they've had to cancel the last 18 dates of their own current British tour, reported two weeks ago — though all these scrapped gigs will be re-scheduled later in the year.



GLENN TILBROOK, vocalist and lead guitarist of Squeeze.

Tavares visiting

TAVARES return to Britain for a series of major concert appearances during March. Dates and venues are currently being finalised by promoter Derek Block, and details are expected in a week or two.

The group's new single "The Ghost of Love" will be issued by Capitol to coincide with their visit. The song runs for six minutes and in America it's a double-sided release with Parts 1 and 2 — but for the British market it's appearing as a full-length A-side, with "Bein' With You" as the coupling. The latest Tavares album "Future Bound" is also scheduled for next month.

STUKAS BOMB AROUND U.K.

THE STUKAS this week begin a full two-month tour, aimed at promoting their first three-track single, issued by Sunset Records tomorrow (Friday). Titles are "Sport", "Dead Lazy" and "Send Me A Post Card", and the first 15,000 copies are being marketed in a double picture bag. March dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but the 18 gigs confirmed for this month are:

Manchester Ralters (today), Thursday), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (Friday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (Saturday), Nottingham Beeston Kato's (Sunday), London Marquee (February 6), Bagshot Parities (7), Luton Royal Hotel (8), Coventry Mr. George's (9), London Kensington Royal College of Art (10), Walswyn Garden City Mid-Herts College (11), High Wycombe Nags Head (16), Brighton New Regent (17), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (18), Croydon Greyhound (19), London Camden Dingwells (22), Leighton Buzzard Hunt Hotel (24), Woking Centre Halls (25) and Doncaster White Hart Hotel (26).

S.A.L.T. are on the road at Braintree Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), London School of Pharmacy (Saturday), Durham Bede College (February 11), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (12) and Glimps Technical College (13). They then play four London gigs — at Camden Music Machine (17), Deptford Albany Empire (20), the Marquee (23) and Southbank Polytechnic (24).

THE YETTIES are in concert at Exeter St. George's Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Shapton Mallet The Centre (February 8), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (11), Brighton Dome (17), Turville Idcombe Farm (18 and 25), Melvern Winter Gardens (22) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (24).

BLACK SLATE play four gigs in London — at Regent's Park Bedford College (February 10), Camden Music Machine (15), London University (17) and Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (24). They then visit Scotland to play Edinburgh Tiffany's (27), and Glasgow Satellite City (28). STEEL PULSE extend their current tour with dates at Norwich East Anglia University (February 9), London Club Norick (10) and Manchester Polytechnic (11).

THE SURPRISE SISTERS have extra dates at London Camden Music Machine (February 10), Chelmsford City Tavern (17), Bristol Arts College (March 5), Southampton University (11), Cernarvon Trinity College (17) and Reading University (21).

DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG have made a few changes to their date sheet, reported last week. Two new gigs are at Edinburgh Astoria Ballroom (tonight, Thursday) and London Camden Music Machine (February 8). Their venue this Saturday (4) is switched from Glasgow Queen Margaret Union to Manchester University, and Leeds Florde Green Hotel (7) is cancelled. For the duration of the tour, drummer Anthony Stone replaces Terry Williams, who is fulfilling recording commitments with Dave Edmunds. And keyboard player Howard Hughes has now joined the band permanently.

EARTHQUAKE, the Berkeley band already set for London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on February 26, start their European tour with dates at Salford University (February 10) and Coventry Warwick University (11). More dates are being set for when they return here later in the month.

ROOGALATOR play a few gigs this month to tie in with the February 10 release of their single "Zero Hero" on the Do It label. They play High Wycombe Nags Head (tonight, Thursday), London Kensington Nashville (Friday and Saturday), Salford University (7), Durham University (10), London Oxford St. 100 Club (13), Manchester Ralters (17) and Wigan Casino (18).

THE DRINKES play Maidstone College of Art (tomorrow, Friday), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (this Sunday), London Kensington Nashville (February 7, 14, 21 and 28), London Camden Dingwells (15), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (16), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (17), Harrogate P.G.'s (18) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (23).

THE ENID are headlining another major London concert on Sunday, February 19, at the Victoria Palace where they appeared so successfully shortly before Christmas. Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

ON THE ROAD



THE PLEASERS have only two gigs this month — at Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday) and Loughborough University (Saturday) — before starting work on their next single and album. The Sheffield show is being broadcast by Radio Hallam.

THE 'SOUL FEVER' package tour — featuring Delroy Williams, the Soul Explosion, Mr Super 9ad and the Satin Balls — visits Purley Tiffany's (February 19), Norwich Samson & Hercules (23), Southend Zhivago's (28), Stonehaven Commodore Hotel (March 3), Ayr Darlington Hotel (4), Portsmouth Locarno (7) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (11). More dates are being set.

HEAVY METAL KIDS take a break from recording sessions and play five gigs during the next week or so. They are at Birkenhead Hamilton Club (February 6), Manchester Ralters (7), Darlington Technical College (8), Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (10) and Northampton County Ground (11).

THE TROGGS go back on the road this month to promote their released hit single "Wild Thing", which comes out on Lightning Records on February 17. They play Coventry City Centre (tonight, Thursday), London Hatfieldes Roxy Theatre (this Saturday), London Oxford St. 100 Club (February 8), Cambridge Corn Exchange (9), Keele University (10), Reading University (11), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (14), Mifford Haven (16), London Hilton Hotel (17), Fishguard Freinchan's Motel (18), Workshop Whitwell Club (24) and Knighton Norton Arms (25).

JENNY DARREN has added several more dates to her current tour — at Penzance The Garden (February 14), Weymouth Pavilion (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (22), Cardiff Top Rank (28), and Wigan Casino (March 4). Her February 11 gig is switched from Glastonbury Town Hall to Stretford Baths Hall, and her projected show at Birmingham Town Hall on February 21 is now cancelled.

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DAVID BYRNE'S harsh, angular features belie the frailty in his voice. "A talking head," he explains, glancing awkwardly at me then away into the corners of the quiet Ladbroke Grove hotel room, "is video terminology for a simple head and shoulders shot."

But Byrne has hardly finished his sentence when, perched restlessly at the other end of the sofa, the voluble Martina Weymouth snatches the topic. "We found out after we named the band that talking heads — that's what they call any kind of chat-show now in video jargon — are the most boring form of television entertainment."

In fact, the talking head — the newscaster just talking face-on with no action footage — requires the most amount of concentration. It requires somebody sitting in front of the television and thinking about the words the man is saying. That's supposed to be a much better form of communication, but it's also considered the most boring."

Here comes a riddle: Since the name of this band is Talking Heads and since their visual qualities are virtually static beyond a certain fascination caused by the very mundanity of their appearance, why does this not apply?

Here comes a clue: Talking Heads are not boring, they are perplexing. I had been intrigued — ever since the name was first mentioned alongside a brace of other New York bands supposedly forging a re-definition of rock's then terminally facile and slothful nature, making it mean something, and say something, like it only ever seems to do for a few tenuous moments.

I was intrigued especially by Talking Heads because the name evoked images so tangential to the normal context of a rock band that there had to be something fresh going on with them. Well, if not *had to be*, it at least held promise.

But proof of the promise was slow in coming. First, at the end of '76, came the thoroughly unheralded "Love Goes To Building On Fire", one of the earliest releases from the revamped fledgling Sire label. Unheralded because the only thing remotely comparable was, ten years earlier, Love's classic (and I don't use that word lightly) "Forever Changes" album, but even there the relationship was strained.

David Byrne's frighteningly high-pitched vocal twitterings sounded like the work of a love-struck fool. The whole thing sounded like a cross between a Coward dance and a child's riddle. Once lodged, though, the song just wouldn't shake free.

In the interim period between that single and their eventual mis-miseric Rock Garden debut, interest grew. Written reports of the band were

characterised by an inability to jigsaw Talking Heads into the usual frames of reference, often wildly contrasting in their attempts to capture and define the band. Upon witnessing them for the first time the reason for this became clear.

Talking Heads simply don't have a precedent. They take the tried-and-true basic ingredients — six guitar strings, four bass strings, a voice, a keyboard and a set of drums — and after all these years, when you begin to think maybe it's all been said, manage to conjure a crackling new syntax.

Just to throw everybody off, I could begin by saying the first thing that struck me about Talking Heads live is that they are one of the *funkiest* groups on the planet, which they are. But that's not strictly true — the first thing that hit me was their appearance:

Four squeaky collegiate types, one of them a girl — a diminutive waif eyeing the singer constantly with cat-like intensity, fingering fragile bass patterns that, coupled to drummer Chris Frantz's clean muscular downstroke give Talking Heads a vigorously hard jerky syncopation.

And the singer... He seemed to be enacting some sort of private primal therapy right there on stage,

beginning prissy, nervous and clean-cut, and finishing sweat-drenched, almost stammering. It transpires that that David Byrne truly enjoys what he does on stage.

Asking if this was the case elicited one of the few moments of unconsidered, instant response from the man. "Yeah", he grins, adding with mild sarcasm, "I like writhing around on stage. It's a lot of fun to get up there and make a lot of noise."

Raging away and getting attention. But there is a method to his seeming mental imbalance. "There

are certain things I feel need to be done in terms of music and performance," he declares. And what these things amount to is that what the world doesn't need is another posturing clown yammering away about his "baby".

Byrne's lyrics, and also his music, strip away the conventional hoopla that most other rock artists surround theirs with. He feels the lyrics can be used to describe feelings, views, situations, or whatever else without resorting to the usual bloated rhetoric. "Removing all the phoney embellishments so that they could actually say something directly."

And this reflects in his performance. He simply expresses the mood and emotions of each song much more freely, much more openly, and paramourly just much more than the average rock performer.

"That's what people are paying for, that's what it's all about. The other way is along a line that leads to Las Vegas — even if it's something like heavy metal. They end up in Las Vegas because they start off on the premise that they are doing a show."

"Our premise is that we are trying to present something that's convincing, music that we believe in. It can get a little difficult that way..."

HOWEVER, IT seems to be working. The response chain for Talking Heads begins with a mixture of bemusement and intrigue and ends with a feeling of having just seen something very special. One can reasonably assume that an initial response of that nature leads inevitably to a similar conclusion. It happened to me. Since then I've watched it happen on three separate occasions with unfailing regularity to others.

Even a hell-bent-on-a-head-bang crowd, which they faced when they toured with The Ramones mid-way through last year, couldn't help but grant at least one encores wherever they went. This suggests that any preconceptions hiding out there would do well to be put aside.

Talking Heads, you see, have what all the great bands have. That is this: They can hit the head, the heart and the feet with equal force, precision and style. But they do it in ways you don't expect.

Insidious tunes, of which this band have more than their fair share, provide the most immediate lure. The snare, though, comes from less obvious quarters.

Startling off-beat lyrical couplings ring out at any given moment, grasping the listener by dint of their strange constructions and alien (to rock) content. Then there's Chris Harrison's succinct guitar frills, David Byrne's strident 12-string, the continually tense rhythms, and the way in which all three interplay in a

■ Continues over page

THE HEADS CASE

An investigation of the theory behind TALKING HEAD music. By PAUL RAMBALI.



PICTURE: MARTIN SMITH



PICT: ADRIAN BOOT, PENNIE SMITH

■ From previous page

brilliantly textured and controlled sound.

It seems apropos to note here that though I have no corroboration for this — Chris Frantz admitted before our interview that they'd developed pat answers to such questions as "What are your influences?" The relevant one being "Our influences are whatever we've heard and liked etc. I reckon Talking Heads owe something to the Stax and Memphis soul tradition."

Listen to anything Booker T & The MGs worked on with a halfway decent singer and you'll hear the same powerful, disciplined economy that underlines Talking Heads. Listen to an Otis Redding side and you'll hear it coupled to the kind of direct emotional evocation David Byrne sometimes achieves.

Is it an accident, then, that they used to do Al Green's "Love And Happiness", and still do an exceptional reading of his "Take Me To The River"?

TALKING HEADS emerged initially from the Rhode Island School of Design, town of Providence, State of Rhode Island. Chris

Frantz and David Byrne — who was in fact born near Glasgow, but emigrated to Baltimore at the age of two — met there as Freshmen in September '70.

However it wasn't until September '73, after Byrne had returned from a period doing photography, video, painting, and whatever else caught his attention — "I wanted to get my money's worth" — at a Baltimore college, that any seeds were sown.

Chris Frantz describes Providence as "a fun, easy-going place to live," adding with characteristic dryness, "we had a lot of parties." It was to play at these parties that he and Byrne formed The Artistics, known amongst their friends as The Autistics.

But it's one-time school cheerleader Tina Weymouth, who had met Frantz through sharing a school studio, who is most willing and eager to talk about those times — and indeed anything else I care to mention. Her tone betrays fond memories as she relates, somewhat proudly, that though she wasn't actually in the band, "I was at every performance and every rehearsal, and I co-wrote a song with Chris and David called 'Psycho Killer'."

"The aesthetic was called Mondo and there was a lot of black leather. The Artistics wore all black and David also had a leopard skin guitar. They did a lot of cover songs — some Troggs songs, '96 Tears', The Knickerbockers, 'Lies' — and some original. 'Sick Boy', 'Spin Spin', and also 'I'm Not In Love' existed at that time but it was a more primitive form."

"It was very very loud. You couldn't stand closer than 50 feet to the band because it was so loud it was abusive. At one party in a concrete loft everybody was just squished into one corner because of the noise."

Chris: "It was really terrible. It was just AAAARRRRGGGGHHHHH."

Tina: "But they were really into it". Frantz's phonetic approximation of the nascent Talking Heads sound prompts Byrne to enter the conversation for the first time. He says it wasn't that had and points out that it bore some comparison with early Tom Verlaine/Richard Hell bands, adding that this was one of the things that caused the band to consciously develop away from that particular stylistic parameter upon their arrival in New York, September '74. They were drawn to the Big Apple, it transpires, by the

glamorous reputation of that city's art circles.

"It seemed like a place where people got famous" says Frantz. "The only people who ever got famous in Providence, Rhode Island were people in sports or people who committed some sort of hideous crime."

Again, Tina is anxious to elaborate: "You can be an artist in New York and be successful — enough at least to survive — and be stimulated and be stimulating in a way that's a lot harder to be in other places."

"Plus it seems people go there when they have the most outrageous dreams. I remember our friends saying, 'you're going to go there and you're going to have a band?'"

Laughter.

AROUND January '75 what we have come to know as Talking Heads began rehearsals in their loft on the Lower East Side. "Tina was enlisted to play bass because she had a similar aesthetic," explains Frantz. "She wasn't into wearing platform shoes and things like that."

Tina: "We rehearsed until late May, when we decided it was time to get in front of an audience. Two blocks up the

street was a place called CBGB's. Although Patti Smith had played there and attracted a Sahn and St Marks art clique, it didn't really have its own crowd — just hand's friends and musicians, who came mainly because it was the only place to play original music."

"We thought it would be a good place to play if we bombed because there were never more than 30 people there. But we had to find out what we were doing, because the whole point of this thing is to be accessible, to communicate to people."

"So we played with The Ramones one night and did okay. The next week they had a Summer Rock Festival, and this attracted that same art crowd, which in turn started a word-of-mouth thing for all the groups."

"A young journalist from the Village Voice was there every night, and he proclaimed it was a turnaway from glitter in an article they called 'The conservative impulse of the new rock underground'. They chose our picture to put on the cover, probably because we most fitted the title. Suddenly CBGB's was a big place, and instead of there being 30 people..."

"There'd be 35", interrupts Byrne. "Five curiosity seekers".

But the momentum was established. By the end of that year the attention they'd received, though admittedly premature, had spurred the band into making themselves worthy of it. "There was a time," admits Tina, "when we felt like people pretending to be a band. Then all of a sudden we realised we were a band."

Tina left her day job — "we weren't lucky enough to be on unemployment!" — and the band began tentatively to move out of the closetted CBGB's environment.

About the same time, ex-founding Modern Lover Jerry Harrison gave up his teaching job to return to the road with Elliot Murphy and play on his "Night Lights" album.

It was in '76 that it began to turn real. By June the band had been interviewed by *The New York Times*, been seen by Jerry Harrison, recorded demos with Beverley's Matthew Kaufman — whence emanated his typically off-the-wall description of them as being a 'vibracophone flamenco' group — and turned pro.

By the end of the year Harrison had guested with the band on guitar, they had signed to Sire, and released "Love Goes To Building On Fire" as the opening gambit in their bid to oust The Carpenters from the international stardom throne.

Seventy-seven found them

gigging constantly and saw the masterplan approaching fruition. Jerry Harrison joined the band painlessly shortly before recording began on their debut album — recording was interrupted by their European tour with The Ramones, and finally finished last autumn.

Common consensus has it that while being one of the year's most superior platters, "Talking Heads '77" captures several shades less than their true and full spectrum, the only way to experience that being, for the moment, the live environment.

It emerges that the band largely agree with this, and that they are more than pleased about Brian Eno's offer to produce their next album. Eno being a confessed fan. In fact, in a gesture of tribute, his recent "Kings Lead Hat" was so titled as an anagram for Talking Heads.

One thing the release of "Talking Heads '77" did illustrate, though, is that as a songwriter, David Byrne stands apart. The intricacies of his approach, necessarily only glimpsed in performance, evince a knack for viewing his subject matter — itself not the most common fare — from abstract angles, thereby obtaining a fresh and usually lucid new perspective.

Instead of writing a love song, for example, Byrne in "First Week, Last Week" and "Uh Oh, Love Has Come To Town" tackles the task of capturing the exhilaration and confusion of it all as the rational man becomes suddenly irrational. Alternately, in "I'm Not In Love" he presents the case for the rational man wondering what all the fuss is about.

Like Randy Newman, he can create the inner world of his characters and all their personal fears and values with merely a few broad and soft strokes. He presents that world without a trace of moral judgement, allowing the listener that luxury. As others have noted before me, Byrne's is a rare quality, with more in common with the short story than the popular song.

Talking about his design, though, is clearly not the easiest of things for him. He speaks quietly, his sentences trailing, often finishing with a look that almost begs for comprehension on my part.

"Sometimes I use personae, though most of the songs are things I really feel, that I believe in when I write the song. But I strait-jacket myself, limit myself to one point of view because I may feel I have the ability to express it at that time. It comes out almost like it could be another person because some of the songs are so

■ Continues page 38

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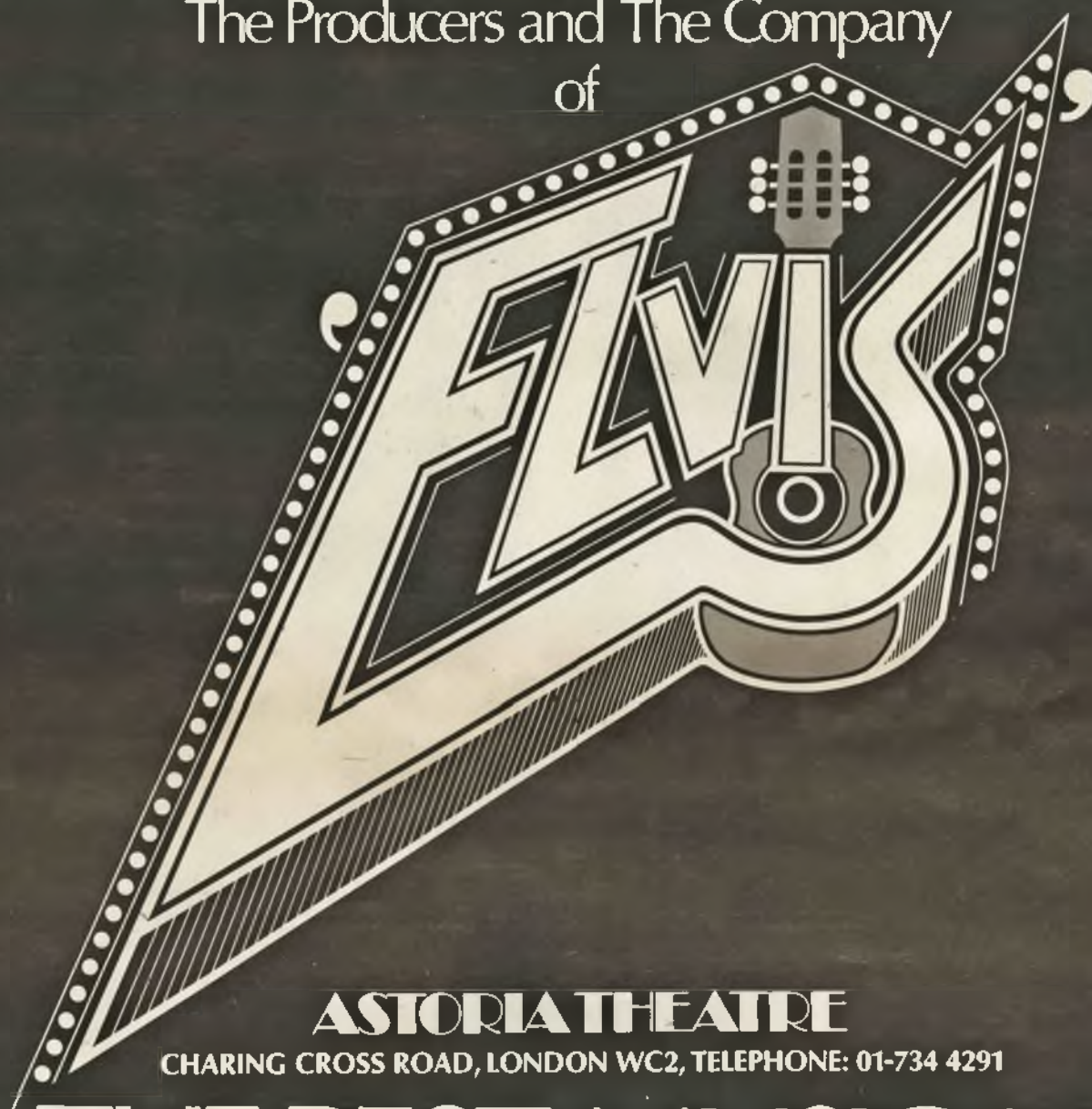
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"Yesterday"
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ONCE UPON A TIME ALL ROCK GROUPS USED TO LOOK LIKE THIS

THRILLS



... UNTIL
ALONG CAME A
BUNCH OF
RIGHT
HARDNUTS
WHO LOOKED
SOMETHING
LIKE THIS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS



BACK TO... 1950 with Greaser Cool as modelled by Whirlwind. The music is chicken-pickin' rockabilly revved up into overdrive, and the clothes match it up perfectly. The idea is to look even more like Jerry Lee Lewis than Jerry Lee Lewis does. Please note: Greaser Cool is not to be confused with Ted. The differences are small but vital.



BACK TO... 1970 with Aggro Ecstasy as modelled by Skrewdriver. Boots, braces, collarless shirts, 3/4-inch hair, surly expressions and music to match. Identification with a local football team is mandatory, as are reports of fights at your gigs. If you don't actually want or like lights at your gigs, invent some after the fact.

BACK TO... 1973 with Glam On The Half-Shell as modelled by Adam of Adam And The Ants. You may think all this laughable old shit went out with Jobnath, but you can't write anything off in this racket (except for Cosmic Drip and Cocaine Cowboy, that is). For this one, you need to be either devastatingly pretty or cataclysmically ugly, augmented by dyed hair, make-up and all the other tricks that bad boys rip off from bad girls: exposed flesh, lurex and smoking cigarettes in public.

HI THERE! IT'S OUR PRIVILEGE and pleasure to welcome you to the '78 edition of the *Whole Rock Catalogue*, your guide to all the different styles, looks and schticks available to those of you who're planning to make this year the year to start your own rock and roll band!

Just to refresh your memories, long clean hair, mystical expressions, complicated and expensive instruments and complicated and expensive music are out. O-U-T. In the dumper. Dead as a doornail. Finto. Infra dig. Uncool. Totally boring. Had it. Wouldn't touch it with Chris Squire's. No-one who's even remotely chic would have anything to do with it et al.

The only thing deader is country rock, so that's that. The look that did most to sound the death-knell of Cosmic Drip was Conceptual Chic a.k.a. Classic Punk (seen above as modelled by The Clash). The zips, the leather, the spiky hair-dos, the sneers, the big boots, those terribly witty trousers... my dear, everybody was cra-zee about it!

Conceptual Chic, let it be said, is still a viable option for '78, but the main emphasis in this year's Collections is nostalgia. Yes, you can advance into the future by retreating into the past! Just make sure you study these variations carefully before even thinking about forming your own band.

Please note that all these styles are herein represented by young musicians in or just out of their teens.



BACK TO... 1965 with Mod Almighty as modelled by The Jam. For this one you need Rickenbacker guitars, mohair suits and those cute little moccasin-type shoes with the little chains across the tongues, plus immaculately back-combed short haircuts. If you haven't got an older bro' to clue you in, invest in a copy of The Who's "Quadrophenia" to get you up-to-date (or "back-to-date", as the case may be).



BACK TO... 1963 with Moptop Mania as modelled by The Pleasers. The emphasis here is on clean-cut boyish *jole de vivre*, energetic but not aggressive, stimulation without corruption. Moptop Mania means that you don't have to be dirty to be fun. It also means that you never have to say you're sorry.



BACK TO... 2008 with Urbane Spaced Men as modelled by Devo. This only goes to show that if you don't fancy any of the existing categories, you can either invent your own or else just play the blues. It is not recommended to attempt both at once.

That's it until the Thrills summer collections. Happy window-shopping!

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MICK JONES double take by PENNIE SMITH

WHITE RIOT IN DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY

DUNSTABLE, SUBURBAN DOVERSPIRIT territory just 30 miles out of London, was the scene last week of some of the most unbelievable audience scenes witnessed at a rock gig in a good many months.

It was also the scene of probably the most tensely exciting Clash event since the Harlesden Coliseum epic a full 10 months ago.

Yeah, that's right. The Clash City Rocker-Billy Rebels in your home town. Not so much another top secret tour, just one of a series of one-off low-key provincial dates before they get down to recording their next platter.

"We just wanted to keep our hand in," said Mick Jones. "There's a lot of people in Luton and Dunstable who wanted to see us."

The Queensway Hall itself is a coliseum-like oval ballroom. The Sex Pistols — supported by The Jam, would you believe — once played before 70 people at the same place. Tonight it's packed. A top heavy punk audience.

The bar at the back of the hall is stocked with no glasses — plastic or otherwise — just those long, economy size ring pull cans. A ludicrously naive move on the part of the hall management.

The first band, Birmingham's Modelmania, come and go. By their third number, the sporadic can starts flying towards the stage. The situation gets worse until, after the set, the road crew face a struggle to shift the gear offstage against a torrent of cans.

Joe Strummer walks onstage to cheers and makes a worthy effort to calm down the fans as a can bounces off his head. Joe steps into the swelling mass at the front of the crowd and a kid who a moment earlier had aimed a can at a roadie rushes up and vigorously shakes his hand.

Just when it seems things are cooling down, the worst scenes of the evening begin.

Female French quartet The Lous take the stage. On their night, The Lous are a great little band. They play bouncy, rocking rhythm 'n' blues, and enjoy it like no-one else around. On the last full Clash tour, they surprised a lot of people by their tough resilience to life on the road.

Tonight, they don't stand a chance. Dunstable? To The Lous it was more like Dunkirk.

The cans and spit rain onstage. Rhythm guitarist Raphaelle shouts something incomprehensible at the audience. But The Lous' main problem ain't one of communication. Some of the things going down in that crowd would disgrace Inter Milan versus Lazio.

"Here, why did you throw that can?"

"Cos they're crap, that's why!"

If this is audience participation, count me out. Drummer Sacha — the Lou with the best English — bravely steps out from behind her kit to the front of the stage, and tries to reason with the audience. We witness the sickening sight of a can striking her full in the face.

In their second song, "No Escape" (all too appropriate), they have no choice but to leave the stage. They don't come back.

An incensed roadie swings a steel mike stand above the heads of the front three rows. I later learn he is Steve English, former Pistols bodyguard. Next it is the turn of Mick Jones and Paul Simonon to try their hand at cooling down the loonies. They are met with cries of "We Want The Clash."

You lot hardly deserve them. Anarchy in the Queensway Hall. A White Riot. A mindless one.

The lights go up. The promoter tells everyone that the gig is cancelled. But The Clash, above all else, are about playing, and minutes later they take the stage.

"We've just come to play some rock 'n' roll," shouts Mick, and the band are into "Complete Control". A crazed "London/Dunstable's Burning", which used to be the show opener, follows.

A funky drum intro from Topper, and Mick Jones takes over vocals for the old 101ers song "Clang Clang (Go The Jail Guitar Doors)". Then it's "Clash City Rockers", the forthcoming single (with The Blue Crust) produced by Sandy Pearlman as a likely producer, scoop (reels!)

Joe's vocals are as hard to mix as ever, helped by the echo on the PA, but what hits you is the overall intensity of the performance.

It was as if they'd rediscovered themselves after the pouncing and posing of the last tour — adverse conditions bringing out the best in the band.

Two new songs were previewed: "The Last Gang In Town", and a staccato two-minute gem called "Tommy Gun", in which Topper's mean kitwork took him right through his snaredrum, and finally buried the ghost of Terry Chimes.

They played it a bit safe by leaving out the two finest — but unfamiliar — of the newer songs, namely "The Prisoner" and "White Man In Hammersmith Palais". But the vitality and noise of the Harlesden gig, the 100 Club and the ICA was there again for the first time in months. ... Aaaaah, nostalgia.

The audience now had what they wanted — indeed, they were won over from the first song. Even "Career Opportunities" — a song The Clash should now drop as fast as they dumped "1977" — was touching. Strummer leading the crowd unaccompanied through the first verse before the rest of the band joined in.

Yet even now the can-throwing hordes are giving a new meaning to Heavy Metal. The cans, now squashed flat into lethal weapons, continue to drizzle stagewards, and Mick Jones is bloodied on the cheek by one.

A pogoing mass invades the stage for the swift encore and then The Clash are gone, after facing an audience from which most rock 'n' roll bands would have run a mile.

Their heads are still well above the waves.

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Right: THE VIBRATORS in action last week at the *Speakeasy*. Yes, folks, it was another *SURPRISE TOP SECRET* gig — just like the Pistols, Clash, Gen X, Johnny Thunders, Gillingham FC, Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves, V.D. Skarr, Bob Dylan (who?), The Who (what?), The Why (fronts?) and The Vibrators (when, when?)



BAAAD VIBRATIONS . . .

ALL THE ENGINE DRIVERS are away, and there's only the oily rags left! Thus did Vibrators manager Dave Wernham choose to describe his colleagues at CBS Records last week. Evidently he was in no mood to mince words.

The reason for Wernham's ire was that he'd just heard that the release date of *The Vibrators'* second album, "V2", had been put back to April. Originally scheduled for February 10, this was its second postponement — and, for Wernham, the final straw.

So why the delay, Dave? "I wish I fucking knew," quoth he. "Presumably they're busy with Abba or Neil Diamond. We're really furious."

The album, it transpires, is completed. But "Pure Mania" has only just been released in the USA, and CBS don't want import copies of "V2" stealing airplay from the first album.

Fair enough, except that to promote the new album the band have set up a big UK tour — which CBS now refuse to finance. Even if they wanted to blow it out, they couldn't afford to for their careers' sake.

"People have almost forgotten us," says Wernham. "Let's be honest, all these people have come along — XTC, The Boomtown Rats — and totally eclipsed us. If we're not careful we could slip back into obscurity."

To fuel Wernham's frustrations even more, last week happened to be the date of one of CBS's seemingly bi-monthly conferences, this time in New Orleans. With Maurice Oberstein, Dan Loggins and other bigwigs away, Wernham claims he heard of the new LP delay "by accident", on instructions from "the powers that be", leaving him nobody to take his gripe to.

These same "powers that be", he claims, also instructed the CBS Press Office that they were not to do any Vibs press.

At Soho Square, one of the "oily rags" categorically denied this. Although Wernham was "not the

easiest manager to work with", he knew the state of play — which was that Ellie Smith was currently handling the band's press.

Unfortunately, like "everybody that matters," she was in New Orleans. However, the oily rag assured us, CBS was "just as behind The Vibrators as ever", and even went so far as to agree with Wernham's anxiety to hit the road pronto. Beyond that, no comment.

Late news: Ms Smith returned from America on Monday to say she thought Wernham would be "only too happy" to put back the new album in order to increase the old one's chances in the States. As far as she knows CBS are going to finance the tour, they'd just like a few early dates put back.

Meanwhile Wernham has snubbed CBS and hired Alan Edwards as publicist. Claims CBS asked him to retract his statement. Refuses.

If it's any consolation, *Thrills* will be happy to lubricate aforesaid oily rag anytime.

NIGEL DUMPSER

THRILLS

'BREAKERS TO BREAK UP?

WITH THE SEX PISTOLS' last-up conflagrating every which-way like some scabrous pimple, the fate of another of the Pistols' peer/punk groups has been completely ignored in the rush to grab the goods on Rotten & Co.

Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers were last written about in November of last year, when Nick Kent's *Thrills* piece detailed the position at that time, principally pointing out the fact that the band had severed their connection with Track Records.

Other details in the aforementioned *Thrill* concerned the band's existing of ex-Clash drummer Terry Chimes after founder member Jerry Nolan had stormed out of the combine for numerous reasons — mostly, it was claimed at the time, centred around his extreme disgust at the crummy mixing/production job that Track had meted out to the band's "L.A.M.F." album.

The basic tone of the piece was one of optimism, mind you, as Johnny Thunders had claimed that a "major" deal with CBS Records was all set, needing only the four signatures of The Heartbreakers themselves to be set into practice. Thunders' claim re CBS, though, was premature to say the least, as subsequent events and enquiries have since proved that no such alliance was desired by the Columbia bigwigs anyway.

Indeed, word of The Heartbreakers' current situation, regarding not merely their attempts to secure another record deal but also the band's very existence, can only be described as disturbing.

Just as that November *Thrills* piece hit the stands, The Heartbreakers played a two-night venture at the Vortex, primarily as an initiation for drummer Chimes' onstage cultability — though they did also include three brand new songs in the set.

After that came . . . well, nothing

really. We were informed of the birth of a second Thunders Jr — a brat name of Freedo, apparently — but beyond that, nothing except dark rumours about the band's future.

So, to the present bewildering set of circumstances. You see, as January crawls into February it is only too obvious to some observers that no such union as J. Thunders' Heartbreakers currently exists.

The band remains in the same no-record-company limbo caused by the Track break-off, and their former publicist Alan Edwards has been relieved of his duties. More to the point, both bassist Billy Rath and guitarist Walter Lure are still ensconced in their native Manhattan, where they returned for a brief Christmas holiday two months ago.

Only the band's communal pad in Chelsea is still operative, though the phone has been disconnected through lack of payment, various other amenities are in jeopardy, and important bills have apparently still not been paid. Thunders alone stays on in the house, along with his wife and two children.

Thunders himself, either biding his time before his cohorts return or else as a direct result of the band's break-up (no-one's saying it out loud — yet) has chosen to take a shot at a solo career. Using the Hot Rods' rhythm section of Paul Gray and Steve Nichol, plus The Only Ones' leader Peter Perrett on rhythm guitar and Saatchi on backing vocals, he's set for a couple of impromptu gigs at the Speakeasy sometime this week (the first, in fact, was dated for Tuesday and should have been played out by the time you read this).

On the recording front, Thunders has laid down three tracks with Nichol and Gray in Island studios, and has signed for a one-off single deal with Island — much like the torpid Rob Tyner, whose "Let's Rock" also utilises members of the Hot Rods in back-up position. Of the three tracks, one — "Dead Or Alive" — is an early Heartbreakers number, while "Leave Me Alone" is the Dolls' old "Chatterbox" slightly updated.

PLEASE NOTE

We are very sorry but

POGO DANCING
OR SIMILAR

IS NOT ALLOWED DUE TO
ACCIDENTS & INJURIES
DURING RECENT WEEKS

FOX ENTERPRISES

YOU
MIGHT EVEN WIND
UP IN THE
SHOP DOWNSTAIRS

THE COURTEOUS ANNOUNCEMENT above appears in a handout from the Greyhound Club in Croydon. Pretty weird, huh? Here's the story.

When Mark Jefferies, who brought this notice to our attention, went to the Greyhound to see The Damned, the DJ told the merry throng not to pogo because the floor was in danger of collapsing! What's more, a ten-foot drop waited beneath to engulf the heavy-footed. Not unnaturally, Mr. Jefferies was more than a little perturbed by this announcement, and asked us to check out whether it had any substance.

A spokesman for Fox Enterprises had a slightly different story to tell. The Greyhound was built over a row of shops and, he informed *Thrills*, whilst no pogoer has ever sustained anything worse than a sprained ankle, the ceilings of the shops immediately below the dance-floor were beginning to crack distressingly. This, he claims, would be the result wherever two or three hundred are gathered together to jump up and down.

Therefore he now issues punters with this leaflet at the door, and the bit about injuries is simply included because "you can't just tell the youngsters of today to stop doing something. You have to give them a reason."

So there'll be no more levitation at the Greyhound. "Anyone who wants to pogo can go elsewhere," declared our spokesman, adding significantly: "We have a large and strong security team."

AMY PROSSER





Above: Johnny Thunders (right) carousing with manager Lee Black Childers and Ari Up of The Slits back in the days when everything was groovy.

An Island spokesman became somewhat cagey when quizzed on the exact details of the Thunders deal, stressing that this is *only* a one-off single and nothing more (though Thunders himself may initially have been under the impression that he would be able to record a whole album for the company). When asked whether Track Records had crossed swords with Island over their deal with Thunders, the spokesman replied to the negative, quickly adding



that "this definitely isn't The Heartbreakers".

Track itself remains 'incommunicado' on the subject, so it's extremely difficult to ascertain just exactly what hold they may have over the band's label-hopping activities. Thunders maintains that no contracts were ever signed, but the forsaken label is not taking the departure lying down. They claim that the 'Breakers owe them something in the region of £104,000.

On a hopefully more positive note, the break-up of the Pistols alongside The Heartbreakers' apparent disintegration could well soon lead to some interesting coalitions.

Thunders, for example, makes no secret of wanting Paul Cook in his band — Terry Chimes appears something of a lost cause right now — which could also mean Steve Jones coming in as well (though Thunders still rings the praises of his old pal Walter Lure, and appears to desire an active reunion with the latter).

Lure, for his part, has reportedly been getting together in New York with Kath and former Dolls David Johansen and Sylvain Sylvain, with the intention of gigging as The Works.

Meanwhile Sid Vicious has openly expressed a desire to work with both Thunders and Jerry Nolan — which would be stretching it somewhat, considering the touchy nature of the pair's relationship since Nolan split from the band. The latter has in fact had a hand together with two guitarists for some months now, and is currently looking for a bass-player. Last month, he was talking about importing former N.Y. Dolls casualty Arthur Kane for the job, but Vicious now seems to be up for the gig.

In fact, Vicious went off for a session with Nolan immediately after his fireside chat with Chris Salewicz on Friday night.

Yet beyond all these musings, there lays a heavy surfeit of unanswered questions. Have The Heartbreakers really broken up? If so, why not make it public? If not, why aren't Messers. Rath & Lure back in London yet?

It's about time manager Lee Black Childers, who has been completely elusive of late, cleared up those questions.

WILHELM HICKEY

THRILLS

IT'S A PUNK SUPERGROUP!

(WELL, IT'S A GROUP, ANYWAY...)

MORE SURPRISE TOP SECRET GIGS coming your way soon, fight fans... This time from the world-famous Greedy Bastards! The Who? No, The Greedy Bastards.

Led by Phil 'Em Up' Lynott (bass), the band features Jimmy 'Gimme' Bain (also on bass), Gary 'Gimme' Moore (guitar), Chris 'Brat' Miller (drums) and 'Greedy' Gary Holton on vocals.

Lynott describes the project as "just a series of jams" — definitely not Thin Lizzy gigs — which originated as a kind of "Help Chris

Miller Fund". Then they realised that all the parties concerned could do with the bread (except, presumably, Moore and Lynott), so The Greedy Bastards it was.

Lynott hopes the band will do about four as yet unscheduled gigs, and over the weekend he was heard enthusing about being in a two-bass band (apparently he's long wanted to try it out), and trying to decide on material. Currently under consideration are recent hits by Quo, the Pistols, Bowie and Talking Heads.

All this, of course, is terribly hush hush. OK?

JEAN BERK

THRILLS



SHOO
BE
DOO
BE
DOO
BE
DOO
DAH
DAY

The Changing Face of Stevie Wonder — from sweet fifteen (or thereabouts) to natty twenty eight (or thereabouts). Boogie on...

CARTOON FUN!!



BENYON



ANON

"HEY-YOU GUYS HEARD THE LATEST?
- ERNIE BISHOP..."

Wreckless Eric Reconnez Cherie

Rags and Tatters



STIFF RECORDS
BUY 25

SIMMERING BENEATH ALL the multi-million dollar rock movies due for release in '78 (outlined in *Thrills*, 21.1.78) there's a far more modest production that's just about ready to boil over into your homes. Modest, that, is, only in terms of financial backing, for the subject is about as flamboyant as they come: no less a character than Jannamies Brown (Soul Brother No. 1 or the geriatric funk machine, according to taste).

Directed by Adrian Maben and provisionally titled *Keep On Drivin'*, the film is a musical documentary of Brown that doesn't attempt a full life history, seeking instead to portray the man mainly through his music (stage and studio work), interspersed with retrospective highlights (one or two old film clips and assorted stills, explained by an economic, effective narrative) and some interview sequences. Having seen a test print, I'd say it succeeds remarkably well, considering the complex subject and relatively low budget.

Shot in 35mm colour, the film will probably eventually be extended to become a pocket movie for the American market. Meanwhile, it's being edited as a 60 minute feature for European TV.

Maben, whose credits include the 1974 *Pink Floyd* film, gave *Thrills* a brief history of *Keep On Drivin'* and explained why he became involved in such a radically different venture to his previous music film.

"We started shooting in December, 1975. At that time Polydor were sharing the project with Brown, and I was called in to cover his concert in Senegal. Unfortunately, while we were out there filming, James had one of his periodic rows with the company and they promptly decided to drop out of the picture. The whole thing nearly came to nothing. But when I got back and saw what I had on film I determined to try to carry on."

(The Senegal sequences, including parts of the concert and Brown's mandatory pilgrimage to the island from where slaves were once shipped



across the Atlantic, still give the film its basic framework).

"It was immediately apparent that Brown is a natural. A forceful personality and extremely photogenic, he is a fascinating subject to film. That was my main consideration."

"Also, I was interested to deal with someone who is past his peak. I was lucky enough to film *Pink Floyd* when they were recording and performing 'Dark Side Of The Moon', when they were at the very top. Brown, on the other hand, isn't nearly as popular as he was ten years ago. Not in America, anyway."

"Judging by the few old film clips though, he is a more extraordinary

personality now than he ever was. I've tried to capture that on stage and in close-up."

"I won't say it was easy," he summed up his efforts. "Two years is a long time to be working on a film of this kind. But I think the result is worth it."

Amen to that. A film about James Brown is years overdue, and *Keep On Drivin'* just might be the right vehicle to pull back some of his waning credibility. The only problem now: has any British TV company got enough savvy to buy it and screen it?

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

THE MAGIC OF THE MAGIC EYE'S HARD SELL

THE WEEK THAT *THRILLS* decided to check out TV album advertising, The Sex Pistols' record was the only top five album which hadn't had the benefit of being advertised on television — and it was the only title of the Pistols' record that prevented it, too, from being 625'd out of the Big God in the annual pre-Xmas Big Sell. The other four were "Disco Fever" (K-Tel), "Sound Of Bread" (WEA), "Feelings" (K-Tel) and Gladys Knight's "30 Greatest Hits" (K-Tel again).

It is likely, however, that last Christmas may well have seen the final grand spurge of record company investment in pricey TV advertising space to hype their specially packaged compilations. The market, it is felt within the business, has reached saturation point.

After all, if we are to believe the words of one of the upwardly mobile young advertising copywriters behind the growth of TV as a medium for selling records, the market—being, in the elitist terminology of the Harvard Business School, the C and D income groups, and therefore not too bright — cannot possibly handle the profusion of product being beamed out.

"Essentially," said the Upwardly Mobile Young Copywriter, "you're selling records to idiots. It doesn't matter what's on it. They're buying a Rolling Stones LP or a Who LP."

All that these "idiots" require to be flogged records is, apparently, a couple of hooks from a few songs, a

bit of snazzy footage and then WHOOPEE!!! Robert's your uncle. Just hear those cash registers ring.

The only trouble is that most of these hit albums as-advertised-on-TV are not put out by ordinary record companies, but by the proven brand leader and well-known marketing organisation, K-Tel.

K-Tel, who first hit the Christmas buying masses at the beginning of the '70s with kitchen gadget equivalents of things - for - taking - stones - out - of - horses' hooves, is a division of the North American supermarket chain, K-Mart. With their gadgets, the Canadian-based company reckoned to sell at least a million of each product. ("The Golden Granny-skinner. Over one million sold in the UK.")

The company first hit the national TV screens in May of 1972 with "Twenty Dynamic Hits", a compilation of then recent hit singles. As it and its smaller rivals Arcade and Ronco have continued to do, K-Tel acquired its stock for the album through what are known in the trade as "lease-tape deals".

And so life continued happily for the three companies for three whole years, before the British record industry — an industry which likes to think of itself as truly radical, both in its signings and in its business practices, but which had in fact been truly reactionary, dull and self-satisfied for several years — suddenly seemed to see what was going on.

In 1975 Phonogram became the first British-based record company to employ an advertising agency, McCann Erickson, to go to work on shifting their product.

The first album on which McCann's

● Next page

THIN LIZZY

whisky in the jar

©/w VAGABONDS OF THE WESTERN WORLD
SITAMOA.

F13748

DECCA

FIRST 20,000 SINGLES IN SPECIAL GREEN
AND ORANGE BAG

SWEET LEVEL HEADED

ALBUM • CASSETTE



THE CONCERT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
24th FEBRUARY



TV PART TWO

From previous page

did their number was "The Best Of The Stylistics." Prior to being marketed like this, The Stylistics had never had a hit album in the UK. McCann's changed all that. They took The Stylistics out of the discos and straight into suburbia. Not only were they upmarketed, however, but a bit of (well, actually quite a lot of) sauce was added, too. Play The Stylistics Record at your dinner party, like they do in the ad, and you might (whaddya mean might? Definitely will!)



get laid, the adverts seemed to suggest. The Stylistics were suddenly making music to swap partners to.

"The Best Of The Stylistics" sold 850,000 copies. Apart from Arcade's Elvis compilation, that is the biggest sale ever racked up for a tele-advertised record.

But at what a fearful price!

At what a fearful price? A hundred grand, actually, £90,000 of which had been spent on buying space, the other £10,000 on production costs.

(Production costs for an average K-Tel ad at that time were estimated as being much lower — nearer to £3,000 in fact.)

However, even if it had cost £100,000, 850,000 copies had still been shifted. Phonogram were doing alright.

They continued to do alright with a Peters and Lee album — and then McCann's went to work on the Polydor catalogue (Polydor and Phonogram are each a division of Polygram, a Dutch-owned company).

By now the agency was providing both the title of the album and the sleeve concept. James Last's "Make The Party Last" was, as opposed to The Stylistics, definitely down-market. "The idea was to sell it to a load of idiots to dance to," maintains the Upwardly Mobile Young Copywriter.

The first pause on the road to world domination came at the end of 1976, when "The Story Of The Who" — which was again conceived by the agency — despite sales of 1/2-million, was considered "a disaster." 250,000 double albums sold is disastrous? Even if the ad cost

£120,000? What did they want? "Mull Of Kintyre"?

By now, though, the race was going strong.

In the middle of the long, hot summer of 1976, Polygram woke up one smuggy morning to discover that their TV ads were no longer alone. EMI had brought in Collect, Dickinson & Pearce — known in the advertising industry as a "highly creative" agency — to tele-promote their "Golden Greats" series.

The Beach Boys record that set the series in motion became a No. 1 album, and racked up huge sales. As, no doubt, EMI hoped it would. After all, in addition to putting it on the shops on a sale or return basis, they had spent £400,000 on promoting it.

They enjoyed similar success with "Glen Campbell's Golden Greats," and have since followed it up with The Shadows, Cliff and The Supremes.

The Beatles "Live At The Hollywood Bowl" also had £400,000 spent on it.

This time, however, it is doubtful that the money was re-couped. Utilising re-shot horror movie footage, the "highly creative" Collect, Dickinson & Pearce came up with one turkey of an ad that managed to be both crass and obscurantist.

Presumably there was intended to be a subliminal link between the idea of screaming at horror movies and the screaming on the record.

It didn't happen at all. "Live At The Hollywood Bowl" was relatively



a much bigger disaster than "The Story Of The Who" had ever been.

It is this kind of serious miscalculation that is now making record companies think again about the viability of their continued investment in TV advertising.

Meanwhile, utterly undeterred by the majors' whims and follies, K-Tel plod on, regularly releasing six or eight albums at a time, knowing that at least two are bound to chart, cover all costs and provide a healthy profit.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THIRDS

RUNNIN' RIOT WIV THE SPARRER

YOU KNOW COCK SPARRER. That bunch of loud-mouthed West Ham bootboys who, between kicking shit out of anyone and everyone, booing, travelling to away games, and kicking yet more shit out of innocents, find time to play rock'n'roll. The musical contingent of the barmy West Ham army, right?

Wrong. Cock Sparrer might enjoy getting out of order at various grounds around the country, but don't for one minute think that going to one of their gigs is the rock'n'roll world's war substitute. If, however, you do go along intent on continuing Saturday afternoon's terrace bijou, then a band of workies known as the Poplar Boys just might be forced to break every last bone in your thick body.

The band themselves are five of the most amiable, unpretentious and brutally honest guys you're ever likely to meet. This honesty, and the Poplar entourage, are probably the two main reasons why Cock Sparrer are currently languishing in relative obscurity, in spite of the Decca Records contract they signed nigh on a year ago now. Culling a spade or, in Cock Sparrer's case, an asshole an asshole, may be an admirable attitude, but it leads to problems.

Lead singer Colin McFaull admits that they "have upset a lot of people" — including, it seems, Malcolm McLaren, Garrie Lammin, C.S.'s token spike-head (fluffy-head, more like — Ed.) and rhythm guitarist, had read in T-Zers some 18 months back that McLaren was about to create a band which would make the Dolls look like The Monkees. Suitably impressed, Sparrer descended on his Kings Road joint, played him a tape of themselves, which the man seemed to like, and invited him to one of their rehearsals.

"He came round a few days later and told us we didn't look right and to get our hair cut and all this shit," Garrie sneers. He was promptly booted out.

"Anyway, he had the last laugh —



COLIN McFAULL and GARRIE LAMMIN

and what a laugh, eh? We always wanted to be on the cover of the *News of the World*," jokes Lammin regretfully.

The other reason for not exactly being the world's best known band is, indirectly, the Poplars. Garrie Lammin: "We were always more interested in football than fashion. We wanted to be a band that could reach other people like us, other football supporters, ordinary kids who couldn't afford to get into all that Kings Road shit."

This desire — and eventual ability — to attract "ordinary kids" was, the band claim, the cause of bans from places like the Vortex, the Marquee and the Nashville, after the exaggerated skinhead stance led to the band developing their own hard, and I mean hard, core following.

"They do tend to get a bit heavy sometimes," admits Colin McFaull. On both the occasions I've seen C.S., the Poplars were boisterous but never trouble. The heaviest thing I saw them doing was buying each other pints.

But if you must insist on using the footer yobbo analogy, then use it with reference to what goes down on stage. Dual P-O-W-E-R riffing, courtesy of Lammin and his fellow lead/rhythm man Mick Beauloy, crumples into yer skull like a quick one-two, left then right, from a pair of Dr Martens. Steve Burgess's bass runs are comparable to the knee coming up to snap off another two or three molars, while Charlie Bruce's whipping drums are the motor-cycle chains smashing into the cranium.

The broad, and in this case authentic, Cockney vocals are the icing on the cake — or, if you prefer, the internal haemorrhaging. Cock Sparrer are all about raw, raging'n'roaring POWER... Recognising kindred spirits, The

Small Faces gave the support slot on their 'comeback' tour to C.S., and there is even talk of the mighty Marriott guesting on the forthcoming album.

Since that tour, however, things have become increasingly difficult. Due to their reputation, the band are currently faced with an average of two gigs a month, the income from which can hardly be expected to keep five strapping Londoners' bodies and souls together. Mr G. Lammin was recently tossed onto the scrap-heap by the Dept. of Employment, and is now digging holes to starve off hunger. Other members of the band are still on the dole, but only by the grace of the almighty, their Musicians Union cards, and the Department's inability to find work for "musicians".

After a highly unsatisfactory partnership, Cock Sparrer have recently severed their contract with manager Cliff Cooper — who handles John Miles, for God's sake.

And where do you come into all this? Even if you don't already happen to love Cock Sparrer — you probably do, of course you do — listen to their singles.

Their version of the Stones' "We Love You" is almost as good as they say it is, and the B-side of "Runnin' Riot", "Sister Suzie", is particularly tasty... a must for all Led Zep freaks — it'll show you just where J. Page went wrong.

If you still don't like it, pop next door and tell the kid that lives there — the one that lives for Saturday afternoon, likes rock but maybe not punk, and couldn't afford a plastic bondage suit even if he wanted one — that you know just the band for him. Just let him know. Let him know-wo-o-o-o.

RONNIE GURR

THIRDS

BEST RE-ISSUE OF THE DECADE

**JOHNNIE ALLAN
PROMISED
LAND
C/W ONE HEART,
ONE SONG
PETE FOWLER**

ORVALSTIFF LOT 1



Wanted: one manager for five friendly lads with big boots, short hair and hearts of gold (honest, guv!)

READY... STEADY...

SIMMERING BENEATH ALL the multi-million dollar rock movies due for release in '78 (outlined in *Thrills*, 21.1.78) there's a far more modest production that's just about ready to boil over into your homes. Modest, that, is, only in terms of financial backing, for the subject is about as flamboyant as they come: no less a character than Jaaammies Brown (Soul Brother No. 1 or the geriatric funk machine, according to taste).

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"I won't say it was easy," he summed up his efforts. "Two years is a long time to be working on a film of this kind. But I think the result is worth it."

As for that. A film about James Brown is years overdue, and *Keep On Drivin'* just might be the right vehicle to pull back some of his waning credibility. The only problem now: has any British TV company got enough savvy to buy it and screen it?

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• Next page

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whisky

in the jar

c/w VAGABONDS OF THE WESTERN WORLD
SITAMOA.
F13748
DECCA

FIRST 20,000 SINGLES IN SPECIAL GREEN
AND ORANGE BAG

RUSH

ARE BIGGER THAN EVER



released January 27th
The special 12" limited
edition EP of

"CLOSER TO THE HEART"

the new single from Rush b/w "Bastille Day,"
"Anthem" and "The Temples of Syrinx"-

4 of their
best tracks
for only
99p r.r.p.

Single Rush 12

U.K. Tour.

Feb 12 **Birmingham** Odeon
Feb 13 **Leicester**, De Montfort Hall
Feb 14-15 **Newcastle** City Hall
Feb 16 **Edinburgh** Odeon
Feb 17 **Glasgow** Apollo

Feb 19-20 **London**, Hammersmith Odeon
Feb 22 **Sheffield** City Hall
Feb 23-24 **Manchester** Apollo
Feb 25 **Liverpool** Empire
Feb 26 **Bristol**, Colston Hall
Feb 27 **Southampton** Gaumont



Published by Heath Levy Music Co. Ltd.

marketed by
phonogram



OH MAMA, CAN THIS REALLY BE THE END?

(ROLL THE CREDITS QUICK — WE CAN'T STAND ANY MORE)

WELL, IT WASN'T AS NUMBING as Barry Lyndon.

The most interesting question raised by *Renaldo & Clara* — an amateurish mixture of concert footage, cinema verité and Warholian semi-fictionalised semi-improvisational semi-acting shot on the Rolling Thunder tour in 1975 and running nearly four hours — is exactly why anybody will sit still for this kind of stuff. I'm not just making snide

it meant that henceforth not only would we not be willing to sit still for anything that took the slightest bit of intellectual effort on our part, but we would be able to sit through endless hours of soup requiring no real thought at all. Television was the main culprit in the latter development, and Warhol just gave it the necessary hip intellectual imprimatur.

All of which hopefully helps explain why even though I found *Renaldo & Clara* intensely boring, I kind of liked it. Hell, I spent an entire afternoon with the son of a bitch, and familiarity

Girls, et al. Similarly, there are some beautiful carpets in *Renaldo & Clara*, some interesting interiors, some nice footage of New England air and snow falling on various American cities. All of these things are very important, are the poetry of *Renaldo & Clara*, the kind of poetry you arrive at when you conclude that texture is much more important than character and allow the external physical world to swamp the human beings in it. That wasn't exactly Warhol's point — he and Stanley Kubrick are more interested in seeing both humans and their environmental components as interchangeable aesthetic objects — but in both cases it's a product of perceiving your own environment as so dead that it only comes alive when reproduced on film or videotape.

Of course, that's just my theory (or my problem) and not what Bob Dylan thinks. He thinks his friends are real cute, and as for the way he lingers on their general vacant faces, like he says in the film's publicity handout: "I can't believe that people think that four hours is too long for a film. As if people had so much to do

... Americans are spoiled, they expect art to be like wallpaper with no effort, just to be there."

See, Bob's just as twisted by his relationship to boredom as the rest of us — time passed slowly out there in the mountains, and after he got back into the city too — but as for the wallpaper, I don't know. Wallpaper vs Joan Baez preclaiming to act — as a hooker, yet! — with a fake foreign accent that you couldn't decide whether it was Spanish or French, is obviously a pretty stiff contest.

Also, I'm glad that Bob saved himself most of the film's best lines. Among them: "Oh," to Ramblin' Jack Elkott; "I do too," to his wife Sara when she asks him if he's been messing around with Joan and says she hates liars; and, best of all, "What other graves have you visited?" when Allen Ginsberg takes him to Jack Kerouac's burial site.

What's truly amazing is that in a movie this long, which is so patently self-serving for its creator, you learn so very little about that creator. He doesn't give himself much dialogue — perhaps because, of all the non-actors bumbling through the film's



disconnected series of little vignettes loosely suggested by song lyrics, he is with the possible exception of Joan Baez the most embarrassingly inept.

Ronnie Hawkins is great in one scene laying the world's oldest con down on a young farm girl, but other wise Dylan's wife Sara just about steals the show through pure Jewish American princess aggressive self-absorption.

There are other levels on which *Renaldo & Clara* is truly offensive, most notably its exploitation of Authentic Americans — Indians on a reservation, black people in Harlem in New Jersey, old Jewish ladies in what looks like a Catskills lounge where Ginsberg reads *Kaddish* — who are almost invariably condescended to even as they are teased out. This only has the effect of making their reality contrast all the more damningly with the smugly pretentious fantasies indulged in by Dylan and his acolytes.

The music isn't that good, either. Sure Dylan sings better here than on 1976's horrible TV special, but he hasn't really put any energy or conviction into the live delivery of his songs for years, and Ramblin' Jack Elkott shuts him down by a mile on wry understatement alone.

Because it's so ineptly handled, what could have been the film's most offensive element — the narcissistic playing on the well-publicised Dylan-Sara-Baez triangle a la "Angie" — doesn't really annoy, although you may find yourself

wondering what anybody could find interesting enough about any of these people ever to work up actual jealousy.

Although there is humour present, most of it's of the bad in-joke variety: Dylan trading Joan Baez to actor Harry Dean Stanton (who, along with the monstrously beautiful Hellena Kallianiotes, is completely wasted) for a horse; that Bob Dylan can ride a horse; poets Anne Waldman and Allen Ginsberg meeting as hooker and client in a bordello.

The most interesting person in this movie, the one who comes most alive and whom you come away feeling like you know something of, is David Blue. Significantly, all he does is lean up a pinball machine reminiscing with not unconscious humour about the early days of the folk scene in Greenwich Village.

With the exception of his segments, what's finally true of all four hours of *Renaldo & Clara* is that Nothing is Revealed. The crucial difference between this film and the shifting levels of Dylan's best songs (or, for that matter, the films of someone like Antonioni), is that the latter were designed that way on purpose. With *Renaldo & Clara*, you get the feeling that Dylan just didn't know how to do it any other than this floundering way — or, perhaps more likely, that these days there is just not that much left there to reveal in the first place.

LESTER BANGS

THE END



comments, either. That most people won't sit still for it has been established, and the film is sure to bomb, but I must ask myself as just one audience member exactly why I was willing to go and stick it out when I knew in front how boring it would be and haven't been that fanatical a Dylan freak in years.

The answer has something to do with our changing relationship to boredom. If by the end of the '60s that generation's (and *Renaldo & Clara*'s prospective audience's) collective attention span had been destroyed by the combined effects of drugs and TV,

sometimes breeds fidelity if only out of defensiveness; i.e., how am I going to justify this monumental waste of time to my friends? I suppose it might be comforting to Dylan in a way to know that after we got out we truly felt like we had lived with his movie, if not its creator.

Anyway, whatever affection one feels for a movie like this is totally alien to the possibility of affection for the sensibility behind it or the people in it. Not for nothing did Warhol make a point of cutting in for seemingly pointless close-ups of things like lampshades in *The Chelsea*

The Lone Groover



BENYON

ELP
WHOLE CARROTS
IN SALTED WATER



Specially for all technoflesh fans — Thrills reveals EXCLUSIVELY to you the latest activity of the terrible trio: growing carrots! (Contains no synthesized additives...) Sent by Michael Ellis of Wakefield, Yorks.

THE END

GENERATION X... FEB 10...



THE CHOIRBOYS: saints, sinners or schmucks?

ALDRICH: CHOIRBOY IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

IN A CAREER spanning three decades, film-maker Robert Aldrich has come in for more than his fair share of criticism. Movies like *The Big Knife*, *Kiss Me Deadly*, *The Dirty Dozen* and *The Mean Machine* have earned him a reputation for stylistic extravagance and extreme violence. (I'd prefer to credit them, at least, with immense muscularity and wicked cynicism.)

But few of his productions can have been as consistently condemned as his latest, *The Choirboys*, an unrelenting black comedy about a group of cops working the nightwatch in an LA police division.

Joseph Wambaugh's original novel was praised for its 'scabrous humour' and 'ferocious invention' — "As though *Catch 22* had been written by Popeye Doyle," as the *New*

York Times put it. But Aldrich's movie version has been written off as coarse, crude and cynically opportunistic. A Hymn of Hate, indeed.

One of the reasons for this commonplace critical dichotomy is, of course, that the writer has ample time to elaborate upon any jarring plot developments or peculiar character traits (which the reader, in any case, can carefully consider at leisure), whereas the film-maker is constantly fighting against time.

Consequently, the brutish behaviour of Aldrich's bull-necked cops in *The Choirboys* is much harder to take than Wambaugh's 'symbols of blue shit' escaping the emotional torture of police work. A more fundamental reason is that, quite simply, Aldrich — confronted with an essentially episodic structure lacking a single unifying focal point

(unlike *The Dirty Dozen*) — fails to marshal his large cast effectively. The cops remain 'symbols of blue shit', unlike Wambaugh's, who each have clearly defined individual personalities.

There is one absolutely heart-stopping moment in the book when two of the cops — Calvin Potts and Francis Tanaguchi — discover the bodies of a woman and her children in a seedy apartment house:

Calvin Potts knew for certain what he would find in the bathroom and his heart was banging in his ears when Francis switched on the light and stepped aside to let his partner see the child dangling from the bar over the shower stall.

She was the youngest, four, clad in animal cracker pyjamas. She was hanging by two pairs of panty hose knotted together. The coroner was to say later it probably took her

the longest to die. Calvin did not want to see if she had been burned. He did not want to touch her. Her eyes were open like her mother's. Her mouth was closed because the head hung forward on her chest. She turned slowly when Francis touched her foot.

"What the fuck you doin'?"

"Huh?" said Francis dumbly.

"Keep your hands off them!"

"Huh?" Francis said, not knowing he had reached out and consoling patted the tiny feet which were strapped together at the ankles with a brown belt and were pointed downward like a ballerina's.

In its offhand, stark presentation, Francis Tanaguchi's unconscious action is as chilling an incident as the death of Bob Slocum's son in Joseph Heller's *Something Happened* — though any similarity of effect begins and ends there since Wambaugh is but a workmanlike writer, his hardboiled prose (unlike Heller's) carrying few reverberations beyond the time it's taken to read.

Which is another reason the film disappoints on certain levels — Wambaugh, though uncredited, wrote it. He was so angry over Aldrich's 'misinterpretation' of his book, he demanded his name be removed from the titles.

Aldrich isn't entirely happy with either the book or the film. A stout, benign man of 60, Aldrich defended his version when in London recently, anxiously awaiting the critics' verdict. Blimey, even people in the NME office hate *The Choirboys*, and some of them haven't seen it yet.

"You learn to live with criticism," he says, with surprising equanimity. "If it troubles you, you just jump into a bottle of scotch for a couple of days. The *Choirboys* got bad press in the States, but it's doing good business. You can't go by reviews. *The Killing of Sister George* got favourable reviews,

but didn't do any business. *Twilight's Last Gleaming* went out and fuckin' died. I thought people would be concerned about our silly behaviour in Vietnam, but I was wrong.

"Maybe the problem now is that people don't want to laugh at policemen. It'll be interesting to see the European reaction. Italians will laugh at cops, that's predictable, but Germany — that's in such a mess at the moment that they probably won't."

"The film originally ran four

to make up for that — not in any establishment sense, not for society's acceptance, but for themselves. Wambaugh's book wasn't structured to have any mutual vulnerability bringing those men together, no theme to take you from A to B."

So what attracted him to the book?

"I thought it was outrageously funny. Wambaugh's quoted as saying I've turned his tragedy into a comedy. Well, I certainly hope so! He's a good, maybe even gifted, writer, but the book has a terribly serious epilogue which is ersatz existentialism, pabulum Sartre. Very tacky. And I just don't believe it, not in that story."

"The LAPD are a terribly repressive, totally corrupt paramilitary force. They're well organised, but do they overreact? You bet your ass they do. They didn't have to kill those people in 126th St in search of Patti Hearst. And the Watts riot..."

"Are they integrated? You don't see any real concern for black officers in Wambaugh's books. Oh, sure, bureaucracy is attacked but he's an establishment man."

Aldrich professes himself a

SILVER SCREEN

hours, so I had to cut two hours out of the final version. Obviously, you knew much more about the guys in the longer version. My films have always dealt with mutual vulnerability and heroic acts. I keep using that theme — the heroic gesture. Not necessarily the winner, but the guy who keeps trying. And the most interesting people are those who've fallen from grace, lost their self-esteem, and struggle



Director ROBERT ALDRICH (right) shows Roscoe Rules (TIM MCINTIRE) how to fight dirty.

SAFE 1

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SOULFUL SYMMETRY: ROBARDS and FONDA in JULIA

cynic, and isn't perturbed that many people consider his movies fascist.

"I've been called a fascist plenty of times, but in America I'm considered a communist who escaped the black list. In *The Dirty Dozen*, I tried to show that Americans could be just as brutal as the Germans, as anyone. The parallel with death camps was not understood in America."

"It's like *Kiss Me Deadly* was a well-prepared attack on McCarthyism, but that was overlooked in the States."

Aldrich will continue to expose cynicism in his movies, a reflection of his increasing disenchantment with the West. "This system is the best one around if you can properly guide it, but I can't see anyone smart enough to do it. You can't have those Watergate guys come out for Christmas when thousands of imprisoned blacks did far less violence to the United States — it's an outrage. I'm disappointed with the attitudes, not only in my country, but in Europe too. We don't know what's going

on and I suspect no one will tell us about it. We'll wake up one morning..."

He looks quizzical. "Why isn't everybody disappointed in the West?"

Monty Smith

Julia (A)

Starring Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave
Directed by Fred Zinnemann
(20th Century Fox)

"WE'RE IN a computerised period of film-making where exorcism, science fiction and catastrophic events, human cartoon figures and mythology takes precedence over character development, realism and humanity. Maybe with *Julia* the cycle will now be made about human relationships and the real problems of society." *Rod Steiger, Hollywood Reporter, 47th Anniversary Edition.*

Steiger's on-the-button comment goes part way to

explain why an essentially maudlin film like *Julia* should receive the accolades and awards it already has.

Based on Lillian Hellman's bittersweet recollection of a childhood friendship which survives years of parting only to end in tragedy, never quite manages to overcome a feeling of staginess.

To my mind Jane Fonda simply doesn't possess the right kind of emotional strength to portray Hellman — a tough lady in anyone's books — who drank hard, wrote good plays and defied the McCarthy hearings. The ex-radical was, of course, an obvious choice for the part, as was Vanessa Redgrave as Julia, who joins an underground anti-Nazi movement and suffers disfigurement as a result. Played with the same kind of English exuberance that allows her to combine the Worker's Revolutionary Party and the *Morecambe and Wise Show*, the role allows her to combine her acting talents with her politics to good effect.

Director Fred Zinnemann let his leading ladies down,

action switches to Paris where we're fed images of the Eiffel Tower, rain on cobbled streets, accompanied by accordion music. Most effective are the scenes where Zinnemann builds up an effective feeling of paranoia as the cultured society that Lillian and Julia inhabit is threatened by the approach of fascism. Parallels with the late 1970s are perhaps intended.

Mention should be made of Jason Robards' excellent portrayal of Dashiell Hammett. Crusty, hard-boiled and suitably weathered, Robards delivers lines like "Fame is just a new paint job" with the right touch of world-weariness.

Obviously, in many respects *Julia* is a significant film. Its portrayal of two independent women who are not sex objects or lesbians is downright revolutionary for Hollywood and is to be encouraged. However, good intentions aside, *Julia* lacks a cutting edge and disappoints as a result.

Dick Tracy

The Black Panther (X)

Directed by Ian Merrick
Starring Donald Sumpter
(Alpha)

IF I WERE convict Neilson, killer of three sub-postmasters, one black panther in Dudley Zoo, and an heiress, I would not be overly struck by this movie version of my exploits. A dull stick, I would conclude, quite devoid of my own richly loony fantasy life.

The film opens with an intriguing sequence, Neilson laden with rocks, driving himself to the limit of endurance across rough country, an insignificant little family man in the grip of Stendhalian compulsions. At home, he runs wife and

daughter like a platoon, and spends most of his time closeted upstairs with his army photos. In his own head, a Man Of Destiny, but unfortunately this is as close as the movie comes to psychological motivation, which is the only aspect of the common or garden murderer that renders him of interest.

Anyone who trains like a commando and then knocks over rustic post offices for peanuts, killing in the process, is obviously fuelling on image rather than greed. Anyone who breaks into a zoo to kill an animal because he resents his press nickname — semantic psychosis, this — has to be a monster of will and pride. Anyone who makes a bio-pic about this character without bringing any of this into focus is incompetent. Other muffled opportunities include the highly controversial role of the police, censured at the time for gross inefficiency — now there's a story.

The acting throughout is uniformly glove-puppet. The sheer sadness and waste of lives sacrificed to Neilson's delusions fails to register.

One wants to applaud that rare beast, the British film, but this is a Dress The Dolly kit.

Brian Cuse

Rabid (X)

Directed by David Cronenberg
Starring Marilyn Chambers
(Alpha)

AS AN OBJECT lesson in how to pander to a particularly morbid end of the marketplace, how to do it with panache and with integrity intact, *Rabid* sneaks easily into first place.

Basically a gruesome piece of low profile sci-fi, its storyline is utterly bleak, devoid of character interaction except from the

strangest of angles, and plotted with total disregard for standard schematic rules.

Nobody wins, there is no cure for the accidental DNA mutation, no cure is even sought. Everybody simply dies.

The film preys gently throughout on the inevitability of death, and our inability to come to terms with the natural, circumstantial forces that death represents. Linked to that throughout is an undercurrent of sexual repression as Marilyn Chambers (playing a woman of normally healthy emotional balance) struggles fiercely to understand the bloodlust that racks her body, itself manifested in sexually symbolic terms. Her final suicide comes as much from guilt about her needs as grief over the plague she has caused.

Writer/director David Cronenberg views everything with a dry eye, and reserves our sympathy only for Ms Chambers. The one emotion his camera possesses is humour, therefore what would normally be sheer gore is transformed into stoical, visceral horror in what amounts to a maverick black comedy.

Such a style could easily deteriorate into mere farce, but ingenious pacing and subtle manipulation of images always triumphs. Events occur with a natural momentum that overtakes the players and probably reflects the director's interest in our vain battles against life's intractable forces.

He makes little use of narrative, preferring to unfold his story with bold, imaginative graphics that underline the relationship between fright and fascination, and reach a startling climax in the final sequences of a dying, infested Canadian city.

A more daring and off-beat way to prod the senses you could only wish for.

Paul Rambali

CATCH KRAZY KAT.

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Feb 9th Astoria, Edinburgh
Feb 10th Dundee Tech.
Feb 11th Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow
Feb 12th Rex, Whitley Bay
Feb 16th Golden Lion, London
Feb 17th Peterborough Tech.
Feb 18th King Alfred College, Winchester

Feb 19th Top Rank, Sheffield
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By TONY PARSONS; pix PENNIE SMITH

and salad. "In New York they just sit at their tables and stare blankly at the stage. I hate that."

Yeah, but you can't like the taste of that shit, and I ain't talking about your lettuce, Debbie.

The sweet celluloid visage melts into grudging admission. She's become accustomed — too accustomed — to hacks coming over their carbon paper at the mention of her moniker, but she is refreshingly open when she doth suss that your humble hero has no intention using a Blondie feature to get his leg over his Imperial Good Companion typewriter.

But, as she sings on the opening cut of her new "Plastic Letters" album, *I sold my one cision for a piece of the cake! I haven't ate in days*...

"The difference in the media's attitude to a boy or girl on stage infuriates me," she seethes. "If a band full of men is on stage and an audience of girls are screaming at them then everything is as it should be... but if it's a girl on stage, then suddenly everything is cheap."

Reaction to me has to be cheap because I'm a girl and they're not used to that. If it was the Bay City Rollers up there then every thing would be cool."

Debbie hisses through capped Ultrabrite dentures. "The attitude to women in rock is totally sexist," she affirms, and then shrugs with revealing finality, faintly resentful, white-flag resignation.

"I might not like it when a crowd shouts at me," she asserts, "but I certainly thrive on it, I accept that it's something that is always gonna be there..."

Because you didn't have the nerve to say no?

Is it any wonder, then, that your record company posts ads in the rock trade papers with nudge-nudge, say-no-more catty innuendos, like the most recent one with the caption "Wouldn't You Like To Rip Her To Shreds?"

"I was furious when I saw that!"

Like, The Youth/Rock Culture (hah-hah-hah!) is as obviously willing to bow in subordination to the massive Team Game closet market as any other grey-flannel industry lustung

for the quick buck, and with the current Boys Night Out atmosphere purveying the gig-circuit changing rooms — Sham 69 dating "The Lewisham Boys", The Stranglers going steady with "The Hell's Angels" and sometimes "The Finchley Boys", etcetera, one can most effortlessly gauge the considerable, uh, *units* such a reactionary element of the *lumpenprole* (uh, oh — *Cliche City* — Ed.) explosion could consume. But to come on with this "Wouldn't You Like To Rip Her To Shreds?" bullshit, ain't your motives oh so pretty blatant? E?E?E???

"Listen, I was furious when I saw that fuckin' ad! I told them not to fuckin' put it out anymore — and they didn't!"

Debbie says that the thing that cuts deepest is when she hurts her parents.

"When I first started getting interviewed and talked about being a junkie and a groupie — which is the truth, right? — when my Mom and Dad saw it in print it really hurt them, and I hated that more than anything," Debbie sighs. "But it was the truth." She looks up from the pea soup hopefully. "Do you like Donna Summer? It's commercial, but it's good, it says something... 'I Feel Love'... that's the kind of stuff that I want to do."

THE INFLATABLE doll seems to smile, like it's constantly saying "cheese". Never mind the dignity. Three and a half decades in the USA is gonna erode any starlet's self-esteem.

"I manage to remain looking so young because I'm mentally retarded," Debbie quips lamely, her insecurity caused by the steadily advancing years and the knowledge that a pretty face may last a year or two but blonde bombshells in their thirties wake up one day to the realisation that sooner or later they won't be able to promote themselves forever through the luxury of their looks.

"I'm mentally retarded... actually, I think the reason that I

Continues page 50

HI THERE! WELCOME BACK TO THE SEXIST PIG SHOW!

EXCESSIVE HYPOCRITICAL bliss is the ultimate rock'n'roll lifestyle. Sometimes you wonder if musicians wouldn't swallow a cess-pit if that's what it took to keep the royalty cheques pouring in. Joe "White Mansion, I Wanna Mansion" Strummer rooms with lipping debs in accommodation suitable for cropped-heirs of the Habitat fortunes; John Lydon crooned Sid's "Belsen Was A Gas" before Uncle Mal's verbal excrement became so profuse that even Lester Bangs wouldn't have been able to digest it; Bob "Credibility By Association" Geldof regards the inclusion of Tory-Rock classic "Looking After No. One" on K-Tel's "Disco Explosion" album as (smirk) "ultimate subversion".

And so it goes, so it goes, and where it's heading everyone knows, is a numbered Swiss wank account.

Or as Fee Waybill of The Tubes defines it: "I'll do anything for our audience. I'll kiss their ass if only they'll buy our albums. Then when we've sold a million,

I'll shit over everyone!"

You just gotta concede, when it comes to jaded cynicism — it's gotta be Hippy menopause.

And Debbie Harry (Blondie by any other name remains the same) traded integrity for ingratiating self-abuse at the tail-end of 1977 when headlining the pseudo-prestigious Finsbury Park Rainbow. The chauvinistic Boys Club two-pots in the audience had been at Blondie's gigs in the UK right from her debut supporting Television back in the spring of '76, of course, but in those days Debbie treated the perennial locker-room jock-schlock syndrome with the contempt it deserves.

"Yeah, same problems here as everywhere else," she sneered at the buddy-buddy Man Must Have His Mate misogyny, her voice thick with vitriolic contempt, proud and feisty as she rejected the servile role expected from her gender. She blew Verlaime and Co off stage and sent the Boys Club scurrying home with their macho talcum powder spilling out of their padded Y-Fronts.

So different six months on from that gig when Blondie headlined at the Rainbow. When the putrid cat-calls came on that night, Debbie was content to swallow them smiling.

"Get 'em off!" bawled some pathetic shit-head and all Debbie

could come back with was a coy curtsy (feminine movement of respect or salutation, made by placing one foot behind the other and bending the knees so that trunk is lowered), cute pinky-finger modestly placed under chin and bashful lowering of eyelashes. Then she purred, "I didn't have the nerve to say no," and went into the song of the same name. Less than half a year before she would have made them choke on it, now she could be warming up a Stranglers' crowd, her demcanour sucking up to the dumb Johns for the length of nothing but the show, but that was more than enough to shatter to smithereens any initial illusions concerning the future of Debbie Blondie.

It was tragic. She could have given Cilla Black lessons in tugging forelocks... **WHAT HAPPENED, DEBBIE???**

"I'd sooner have fucklers than no reaction at all," Debbie smiles glily over her Kensington hotel pea-soup

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDIES . . .

And the ol' chauvinist mentality is still with us. Not only that, but it's actually being encouraged by those who should know better, claims our man in the liberation front line. Watch out!



SINGLES

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART: Sure 'Nuff 'N Yes I Do (Buddha). Eleven years old and worth every penny. Rumoured to be Lance Percival on guitar. If you are really on Pye you old bastard why don't you come and frighten some of your stablemates? Winner of a modern drumming prize as well.

BLONDIE: Denis (Chrysalis). It makes the heart water. Debbie Harry sings beautifully and everybody at London Airport whistles this tune already. Consequently this is up for high placements top in the threes. Denis does not wear tight trousers that make his balls look soppy and have poetic hair and he is French. A single.

TONIGHT: Drummerman (TDS). Raucous pop at good best and convincing best wishes. As Burt Reynolds said: "It is not always the breadwinner what misses out." This single is a hitty topper.

LONNIE DONEGAN: Rock Island Line (Chrysalis). A tribute item. Altogether more happy than a Gene Vincent remake but not as exciting as a real train. Beryl Bryden played washboard on the original and it was really her that influenced The Beatles without them knowing. If showbiz makes the world a better place, good luck Lonnie.

EARTH WIND AND FIRE: Fantasy (CBS). For last year's June brides and people to close their eyes to kiss to. This record is honest and beautiful and a worthwhile razzle. Those who wish to fly like birds would be ill-advised to carry weighty cudgels.

LAMONT DOZIER: Sight For Sore Eyes (Warner Bros.). Coming along nicely: doing and very well. Every little helps said the wren as she pissed into the sea. Nobody wants any trouble it stands to reason.

ABBA: Take A Chance On Me (Epic). Everyone is aching to see this year's winter outfits, and just because Frankie Lyman is dead doesn't mean that Benny And Bjorn should really be producing Frankie Vaughan. Or Frankie

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY IAN DURY!!

Howard. The bookmakers of light music are probably really good sports in real life. If this record was a racehorse it would fail its interview at the stud farm.

BILLY PAUL: Everybody's Breaking Up (Philadelphia International). This one is going under Lil's door to sweeten her up. This person has realised that silk makes a lot of difference, and he should do an album with Cilla Black if it seems like a good idea to the pair of them.

SQUEEZE: Take Me I'm Yours (A & M). Lil has been knocking up on account of the racket. Good flavours on this chap. Might upset the appercat and

bloody good show. Some of the rotters in the dorm have got it in their tuck box. More rhythms and voices worth listening to. An absolute single.

ART GARFUNKEL, JAMES TAYLOR AND PAUL SIMON: (What A) Wonderful World (CBS). Sam Cooke was great, and this interpretation of his song is by three men who know a lot of things. This is a lovely record of a smashing song and there are some super people in the world and everybody is pleased.

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON: It's A Damn Shame (DJM). Mr. Watson is winking at himself and playing seat-ping guitar. The world is a better place owing to this person. It remains to be seen whether there is a place in the scheme of things and London Transport would be very grateful if they get their comb back.

BUDDY HOLLY: Wishing (MCA). Granted, he is an old master and they can always sound fresh. Laurel and Hardy only made the one, apparently.

CLIFF RICHARD: Yes He Lives (EMI). And they phased his cymbals. The work of a great entertainer in his prime. Stevie Wonder and John Coltrane have both done music about Jesus also as well. Every time Cliff comes on, time stands still to this very day as we do now listen. Some say he lives in Hendon.

BUZZCOCKS: What Do I Get? (UA). A proper single. This seems to be pretty good and that is at least a positive note with which to end this. Reviewing records is easy.

Also, it takes much shorter to write the singles column, the quick way.

Mr. Dury adopts the classic Bo Bo Bolinski armchair pose for in-depth critical listening.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES



ROCKERS TIME

Reggae singles reviewed by NEIL SPENCER

STAR SINGLE

TAPPER ZUKIE: New Star (New Star). The toughest DJ of '76 — when his "MPLA" single and album were omnipresent on the sound systems — steps back with what is easily his best disc since then, an impassioned rebel talk-over pitched against the ghetto gunman and his wilfully random destruction of the innocent: "Seh every day a new star born / Seh every day a new prince born / Seh every day a new king born / Seh no shoot de youth / Give the youth man a chance ...". Zukie hurls his lyric forward with non-repetitive fluency that re-affirms one's faith in the much-abused art of the talk-over, and that augurs well for his forthcoming Patti Smith/Lenny Kaye-produced album.

VOCAL GROUP AN'T'ING

CULTURE: Natty Work On (Sky Note). This one's been around a while now but it's too fine to let pass without recommendation. "The Cultures" on the label, but by any other name it's Culture of "Two Sevens Clash" fame with the same vocal and composing originality that made them the reggae cause celebre of '77. "Natty Work On" — metaphysical consolation for the Jamaican peasant class who toil "under the burning sun" — is produced by Sonya Pottinger and not (like the album) Joe Gibbs, but it's no worse for that as the swaying, shimmering magnificence of the dub side testifies. Seek out.

TWINKLE BROTHERS: Jah Army (Carib Gems). Under-rated vocal outfit whose singing is as delightful as their name. This stately admonition of the wicked isn't one of their stronger numbers but it still has the smooth, powerful uplift that these days only JA vocal combos (Culture, Gladiators, etc) seem to deliver.

WAILING SOUL: Back Out (Conflict). Re-activation / re-issue of one of '77's less appreciated records. This trio aim, as their name suggests, to take up where the old style Wailers left off; soaring lead vocal, mellow harmonies, strong melody. Add powerful Channel One production and dub to complete tasty recipe.

AFRICAN STONE: Choose Me (Tempus). A UK-based group, perhaps, seeing that it's written and produced by Dennis Matumbi whose characteristically smooth sound doesn't compensate for a routine song and sentiment. Dub is barely more interesting.

DR. ALIMANTADO: Slavery Let I Go / Find The One (Virgin). Virgin's expedition into Rasta country takes another ponderous step with this one-off 12" from the good Doc, which by the standards of his current hit, "Born For A Purpose", is unexceptional. Untypically weak melody gets scant support from low-key rhythm and spindly, Bowie-style alto sax doodlings. Flip is even less distinguished while in both cases the dub fails to excite beyond the occasional glimmer of what the man can do.

GREG ISAACS: Let's Dance (Nationwide). A who sch Chris

Monter? A John Holt song actually, which has given one of Jamaica's most consistent hit makers another success. As catchy as the title suggests but hardly out of the ordinary. Check your pressing before purchase.

TALKING BLUES

DILLINGER: Mickey Mouse Crab Louse (Jamaica Sound). Jamaica's zaniest toaster — currently on tour here incidentally — issues a vitriolic warning against ladies of leisure behind whose glamour lurk unspeakable social diseases: "Beh me carry her in me house fe give her a souss and she gimme crab louse / Seh me carry round the fire and she gimme gonorrhoea / Seh de gal deh a mickey mouse ...". Dillinger, aka Lester Bullock, sweats up a fair fever over the backing track of Leroy Smart's "Mr. Smart", and it's certainly more inventive than much of his recent work. Should appeal to those who've recently killed time reading the paper down the clinic waiting room. Like the Zukie single, no dub (shame) but a more routine toast. Definitely a better disc than ...

DILLINGER: Marijuana In My Brain (Papillon). Opportunistic, gimmicky, and uninteresting follow-up to the gent's two-year-old "Cokane In My Brain" which is still successfully doing the rounds. Especially among punk fans. Disregard.

BARRY MILITANT: Idi Amin Disco Blood Up (Conflict). Probably the dumbest reggae record I've ever heard lyricwise as Mr. Militant chimes in with sentiments like "Amin sent le free black people / First on the scene / Watch Amin". Eulogising Idi Amin as a liberator of black people is rather

like the British championing Adolf Hitler cos he happened to be white and powerful. Oppression comes in all colours you no see? Militant. To make matters worse, rhythm, production, and dub are all stand-out, as you'd expect from producer Keith Hudson who should know better than to think his "Torch Of Freedom" is currently burning in Uganda. T'ink again an't'ing.

DENNIS ALCAPONE: The Bounce (Ethnic Fight). "Tell you no lie / I'm Wasted By The FBI". Alcapone was, along with U Roy, one of the pioneers of talk-over, though he's been out of favour for a long time now. "The Bounce" shows the gent's style has changed little over the years and its old-time feel probably won't attract too many of today's punters. Nice to be reminded of former glories though.

LOVERS CORNER

HORTENSE ELLIS: Unexpected Places (Hawkeye). Few of the romantic ballads that feature prominently in the reggae charts charge me with anything other than stilt, but this gracefully sung erisip produced melody is several notches above standard fare with some canny keyboard work. Keen dub too.

FREDDY Mcgregor: Love Ballad (Ethnic Fight). Slow, four-in-the-morning stuff that despite creditable torch singing and non-formularised backing fails to take flight. Clumsy production doesn't help, though dub has a little life.

CASSANDRA: If You're Not Back In Love By Monday (Lovers Rock). Standard dancefloor cover version of current soul hit lacking sensuousness and deliberation of the original (by Millie Jackson).



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SID & NANCY & GREY GARGOYLES (Grey gargoyles!!!)

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

was coming round in a cab. "Though his lips are still moving the actual vocals have disappeared into an inaudible whisper."

"WAKE UP!!!"

"And then we discussed JR. . . inaudible Robert Plant. Just behaving like an idiot."

Nancy: "He was just becoming like Rod Stewart."

Sid (self-parodyingly?): "Hey, I could be Rod Stewart."

REMINDED Sid that a couple of months back he'd told Nick Kent he thought the Pistols were "the greatest band in the universe".

Had he changed his mind about that or was he just unable to work with them?

Sid nods off.

Nancy awakens him with a kiss.

Sid sighs: "I'm sorry I'm like this but I'm a bit out of my brain. I haven't slept for about four days."

Well, let's forget that one and try again: Did you dislike what the Pistols finally came to stand for?

"Yeah. But that's basically down to John, because he was what the Pistols were all about."

I must say, Sid, this state you're in does seem to exemplify what's been said about your being the next candidate for the rock 'n' roll mortuary.

Obviously you know people say that about you?

Sid is unable to reply because he's in the process of nodding out again.

Retrieving Sid's cigarette from where he's put it down on the sheets, Nancy takes over for a while.

She tells me that Sid is totally exhausted because he's been working so hard. He was, she claims, the only Pistol who used to turn up for rehearsals three or four months back when the band was supposed to have been practicing.

"Sid, you're even *smoring* now!!! Wake up! JESUS CHRIST!!!"

She also tells me that Sid wrote "four or five tunes" and that the other Pistols wouldn't listen to them.

Sid wakes up. Managing to spill only a little of his coffee over Nancy he sits up on the bed and resumes his rap: "It's my belief that they tried to suck me because . . ." He slips back down again.

Nancy (rapidly): "Because Steve and Paul wanted an easy way out."

Sid (making a true effort): "They couldn't confront John. So they put it all on me so that if I left the group they could go, too."

Nancy fills in. According to her, Steve and Paul had both wanted to leave the Pistols for some time but had wanted someone else to make the first move for them. "And all the time they would keep lumping it on Sid. So finally he said 'That's it'."

Paul and Steve had wanted to leave, says Sid, raising a new spectre about which he is unable to be more specific, since "we got that tax thing and started losing all our money."

He continues: "Paul and Steve had wanted to go to Rio De Janeiro." He halts.

"CONTINUE!!!" says Nancy.

Sid (unintelligible).

Nancy: "Try and talk intelligibly!"

Sid: "They built those grey gargoyles because . . ."

Nancy: "What the fuck has grey gargoyles got to do with it???"

Sid: "Oh well. It'll be a funny interview. I'm not capable of talking intelligibly. Can't you do it?"

AS YOU MAY see, it is not really feasible to discuss with Sid such vital points as the ramifications on the punk movement of the Pistols' having split on their U.S. venture.

No, Sid isn't exactly up to theorising today. Pointless to query why the Pistols went to the States when they did, or why a strength-in-numbers punk package — a U.S. version of the "Anarchy" tour which Clash manager Bernie Rhodes told me had been discussed with McLaren — never happened.

We do learn though, from Nancy, that Sid's non-musician status, when he joined the band had caused a certain dissatisfaction within the ranks of the two playing members: "Steve was always jealous. He said that Sid was really shit, y'know."

Of course, Sid.

Do you think you can play bass properly now, Sid?

But Sid's nodded out again.

Nancy: "He plays in a Dee Dee Ramones' style that some people think isn't playing. But that's damn fast, man. We were over at Phil Lynott's. He couldn't play as fast as Sid. Sid plays melodic. He missed less notes than anybody else in that band. And I'm not just speaking from bias. Ask Sid. I'm always honest about everything. If he played shit I'd tell him. Sid, use the ashtray not my foot! You've already hurt me three times!!!"

Ah, Sid's eyes are open. Let's leap in quick: Sid, do you think the Pistols got swept up in the consequences of the aggressive way they approached things in the first place?

Sid nods (in agreement, as opposed to out): "They have. Yeah. One of the things that saved me was . . ."

Nancy: "Me."

Sid (ignoring her): "I'm more . . . I'm more animal mentally than any of them. I don't think about what I do very much. We just kind of do things."

Nancy: "We're spur-of-the-moment people."

Sid: "And I just found they were playing very safe. In Atlanta this guy started going on at me about cutting my throat and spitting at me . . ."

Nancy: "I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!!"

Sid: "This guy in San Francisco . . . ummmm . . . gave me some spaghetti bolognese . . ."

Nancy: "What are you talking about? Spaghetti Bolognese?? What was the question, Chris?"

Chris: "I'm afraid I can't remember any more."

Sid: "When we played in Dallas — that's a cowboy town . . . Ummmm . . . It was on this kind of slippery floor . . . and this guy spat right in my face so I hooted him in the face and hit him over the head with my guitar. It got me really mad. And the others said I'd ruined the show because it'd got no continuity."

Nancy: "Can you believe that? The Pistols used to jump into fights."

FOR TRUE PARANOIDS like myself perhaps the most sinister aspect of the Pistols' split is the manner in which, if it really was directly linked to J. Rotten's ego problems, those problems first manifested themselves during the aftermath of the Grundy? "Anarchy" incident/fiasco. In other words, in a predictably insidious manner, the Pistols have possibly been broken by the Establishment they set out to ridicule.

Although much of the nervous atmosphere surrounding the Pistols camp is related to unprovable or intangible suspicions Sid, too, has also heard more concrete rumours, such as machinations to prevent "God Save The Queen" being No. 1 in some charts during Jubilee Week.

Specifically, though, Sid claims the internal balance in the Pistols altered drastically after John had been knifed in May of last year.

"Ever since John got beat up," he tells me, "he's never gone out unless he's had about 30 people with him. That just finished him off."

It seems everyone in the Pistols camp was badly affected by that incident, including Sid and Nancy. Nancy: "All of John and his big strong friends and me and Sid were together and we heard this knock on the door. And we thought 'Oh fuck!'"

Sid: "And I had a pan of boiling water and I pulled out a switchblade."

Nancy: "We had knives and chains. And when we went to the door there were about five tiny kids wanting our autographs. We had to laugh."

Where were you living then?

Nancy: "In Chelsea Cloisters."

Sid says he joined The Sex Pistols because he wanted "fun", because he wanted to be a

rock 'n' roll star. At the same time, though, he obviously felt commitment to what it was the Pistols stood for.

"Yeah," he nods, "but that was at the beginning. I was over-the-moon about joining them, then. They were so good at those first gigs at the Screen On The Green."

"But cos we weren't playing any gigs there was no incentive to write any new songs. It all seemed futile."

But whose decision was it that the Pistols weren't playing any gigs?

"Like I said, Malcolm picked me up in San Francisco . . ."

No, no, Sid. Why weren't the Pistols playing any gigs in the U.K. earlier last year?

"Because our agency Cowhill . . ."

Sid appears to drop off for 40 winks.

As I'm packing away my tape recorder Nancy tells me she's going to get Sid to go away somewhere on holiday to get his health back in shape. Morocco, I suggest, might be a good place for them to visit. Plenty of smoke and at the same time plenty of clean air.

At the mention of this Sid shakes his head worriedly. "I think fresh air might kill me."

FIG: JOE STEVENS



ALBUMS

BLONDIE

Plastic Letters (Chrysalis)

BEARING IN mind that "you might just as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward", it's a good job Blondie aren't out on the edge.

Old, cold and cuddly Debbie Harry fails to raise that dangerous rhythm within Blondie's new 'democratic' pose. The bassist has been replaced and a superfluous guitar added, leading Blondie's hired enthusiasts to tout the product as "a deeper and infinitely more substantial sound that allows for repeated listening".

For the wide-eyed and careless, maybe. The lead guitarist has swooned to too many Lita Ford axe-binges while the little twiddles of "deeper" and "substantial" electric progress nuzzle at my patience with all the allure of crumbs in the bed.

Gone is the soft-focus cameo clarity skimming the waterfront of a blonde's lifestyle — surfing, vice raps, gang warfare, Chinese girls, giant ants and catfights. Instead "Plastic Letters" broods over lechers, crushes and misery in finely-graded grey. Awkward echoes of The Beach Boys, B-feature clichés and Iggy Pop, these sources are milked in desperation, by no means indelibly stamped even after three decades of media memories and teenage awe.

Almost every song in Blondie's first collection could have been written fifteen years ago (what higher praise?). Here, only the cover version and imminent single "Denis" could survive in the jukebox jungle. Efforts such as "I Am Always Touched By Your Presence, Dear", "Contact In Red Square" and "I Didn't Have The Nerve To Say No" choke on their own cute narrowness, at once both indulgent and throwaway.

The new egalitarianism does

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN

I ENJOY BEING A GIRL!

Says Debbie Harry

not unite the band but shatter it, each member making his bid for stardom, bursting fervently into fruition whenever Debbie takes a break, their various voices and musical armaments forever at the ready. Their personalities have somehow blurred Debbie's own irresistible caricature of a voice that reflects the shades of Nico, Sinusiae Sue and Patti Smith. Her emotion-by-numbers tones and Destr's pure and

lawdy Farfisa organ walk in the mediocrity of the levelling mix and the nose-to-the-grindstone, shoulder-to-the-wheel pose the pose now strike.

That singularly antiseptic crispness of sound and diction are as dead and buried as the leader of the pack; one syllable words are tugged into three-beat yawns. "Denis" is the exception, a Spectroscopic reject spliced with a verse of French dressing, which Debbie

swallows in one gulp.

"Plastic Letters" is a blander, blonder version of another New Jersey girl who didn't get the chance to record her heroes, roots and American dreams until she'd sat it out for 30 years. The first rites boiled over with suppressed energy and imagery. Fun, fun, fun till her ego takes her talent away.

"I sold my one reason for a piece of cake" ... Blondie scoured in on the crest of an alternative ticket to the tire-

some Awopobopowerblock tirades already angling for a stranglehold last summer, but the longest lingering aftertaste of "Plastic Letters" is a plea To Be Taken Seriously, no different from all the other dole-queue diplomats.

Debbie Harry turned stylistics into an art form and thought that "Getting it together in three minutes" was the whole point — that's why at Hammersmith Odeon on her first English visit she made

Tom Verlaine about as relevant to rock and roll as Whistling Jack Smith. But now she's surrounded by too many people too ambitious on their own behalf.

"Sit down, man. You're a bloody tragedy" said James Maxton as Ramsay MacDonald addressed the House of Commons for the last time. Debbie Blondie might be wise to give her consorts the same advice.

Julie Burchill

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Guillotine (Virgin)

IS IT a bird, is it a plane, is it an elpee, eepee, single or twelve inch discmix? No, it's a ten inch 33 1/3 rpm eight track sampler/compilation from Virgin Records.

A not unpleasant gimmick, and at £2.99 an intriguing (though pricey) proposition for the discerning punter, seeing that there's the top sides of four acclaimed singles here, plus four cuts of more than passing interest to the curious and collector. What it adds up to is a juicy cross-cut of new wave meat and a chance for Virgin to recycle their one-offs while advertising the wares of their more permanent signings.

Particularly, two of the most arresting cuts are by groups who didn't get full contracts from the company — The Table with "Do The Standing Still" and Penetration with "Don't Dictate".

The Table's offering received the accolade of NME



Poly Styrene, Gaye Advert, and Pauline say:

SO DO WE!

though their "Don't Dictate" makes nonsense of the popular notion that all punk is frantic buzzsaw three chord wonder stuff; it's a haunting, atmospheric single reminiscent of early Jefferson Airplane if anything, a comparison helped by their well-voiced lady singer.

Well-voiced in a different and less melodic way is Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex whose music may be doesn't yet match up to her personality, stage presence and lyrical wit. The Spex get their legendary best only "Oh Bondage Up Yours" here. Rocky Erikson is a weighty name to drop among knowledgeable rock critics but the ponderous "Bermuda" doesn't suggest why a leaden, old fashioned heavy metal jam.

The cut from Post And The Roots' reggae twelve inch is of far greater importance. Black poet Lynon Johnson intones his "All We Do In Defence" over a stark

menacing rhythm, a bitter menu of black anguish that matches anything the Last Poets have put out way.

I'd never heard of Avant Gardener before, but apparently they had an EP out on Virgin sometime from which "Strange Girl in Clothes" comes, simple, savage, stoned, backroom band stuff, no doubt a delight for dilettantes of the English oddball.

That leaves "Traffic Light Rock", a stray not-obtainable-elsewhere one minute forty seconds worth from Swindon lads made good XTC, and "You Beat The Hell Outa Me", a Motors B-side which sounds much the same as the rest of their output and does nothing to dissuade me that The Motors are little more than slickly packaged twin carth deluxe headbanging with

Ryds derived Rickenbacker overdrive. Pass.

One side of the inner sleeve has some informative and uncredited notes (though the Iron Hand of Al Luigi Clark is surely detectable), the other has a message from Virgin supremo Richard Branson who should henceforth confine his literary activities to signing contracts and royalty cheques.

Neil Spencer

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Punk Collection (RCA Import)

Geef Voor New Wave (Arista Import)

WITH THE proliferation of so many new labels and new bands, the F.E.C. regard every aspect of rock's frenetic fourth generation with suspicion and utter confusion. As a result, certain labels are opting for the

two-in-the-water K-Tel ideology and conducting the old safety-in-numbers market tests. Maybe that's just as well, if it's done with discretion, because amongst other things '77 confirmed that many new bands can't expand their ideas beyond one side of a single.

A product of Italy, "Punk Collection" is a third-rate attempt to plunder Vertigo's "New Wave" compilation and pad out the rest with whatever tracks are available to them under licence and some homegrown produce which has no right to be on the album in the first place.

Not only is the actual quality of the album less than abysmal, but the price is over £1 more than the Vertigo job. So much for the cloying "Special Punk Price" tag on the sleeve.

Once you've got past the packaging then you're really in trouble. Cue track one side one (The Ramones' "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker") and it's immediately apparent that both the bass and the guts have

been drained out of the pressing.

I can't believe that cramming eight tracks per side is the result of the lack of sound definition because the Dutch compilation, "Geef Voor New Wave", contains 15 cuts and doesn't suffer from any loss of quality. An import price of £4.50 might frighten off a few perspective buyers but taking into consideration the contents is not only much cheaper than accruing all the singles but a reasonably accurate cross-section of some of '77's better records.

The album includes Rubinos' "Rock & Roll Is Dead", The Motors' "Dance The Night Away", Johnny Moped's "No One", The Hot Rods' "Do Anything You Want To Do", The Adverts' "Gary Gilmore's Eyes", Jonathan Richman's "Roadrunner", Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" plus tracks from Gen X, X-Ray Spex, Tom Petty, Motorhead, Dwight Twilley, Radio Stars, Radiators From Space and Earth Quake.

I guess that for the



uninitiated this will serve as a crash-course in familiarisation with last year's until, in years to come, K-Tel put together the Great Punk Nostalgia Double Album.

Roy Carr



Single Of The Week when it was released last year; it's hardly baggable, an inventive and tricky outing into territory bounded by Syd Barrett, Roxy Music, and oh, I dunno ... Penetration are younger, more mainstream punk.



JENNY DARREN
Jenny Darren (DJM)

WOMEN IN rock have tended to be placed underneath a pedestal. Good job too, really, since I've yet to hear a female singing rock'n'roll who's totally convincing (outside of Connie Francis, of course).

And just who does Jenny Darren think she's fooling? Cop the titles: "I Got The Feeling", "Too Many Lovers", "Do It To Me", "Good Feeling Inside" — subtle, or what? All very well if the sentiments expressed were the work of the lady herself, but all the songs are written by her supporting musicians (all blokes), mainly producer/drummer Geoff Gill and keyboardist Cliff Wade.

"Ladykiller" is the stomping opener. Ms. Darren's voice in the hard-grained Elkie Brooks (of old) tradition, sort of supper club Janis Joplin, as she puts us geezers down — "I know you're just a little boy." That's right, lady, last time I checked.

On "I Got The Feeling" she sounds more butch than Bonnie Tyler in the lead intro. On "Good Feeling Inside" ("I wanna ride on your rail/jump on your train/shoot down your slides/slide down your ice" etc), she's a female Paul Rogers. Look, the only ladies with balls I've any time for are West Ham F.C. (Watch it — Ed).

Mind you, it's not all ballsy. There's disco, rock, soul, ballads — suitable for all occasions (depending on where you leave the volume knob), ideal for none.

Monty Smith

MEAT LOAF

Bat Out Of Hell (Epic)
EXCESS AND incongruity seem to be the key factors at work here. An abundance of diverse stylistic elements piledriven and packed high into what must be last year's most off-beat American debut.

And it appears to be catching. Meat Loaf, born in Texas into a family of gospel shouters, survivor of Ted Nugent's "Free For All" album, is reported to be gathering accolades and fans at a fearsome rate in America's concert emporiums, mock oxygen revival sequente an' all. But the central question remains — is this some kind of visionary synthesis, or just plain novelty?

Who knows. It is, at least unusual. The cover, for instance, features on one side a comic book fantasy of the title track by the renowned Ritchie Corben, on the other gauze-lens "French Kiss"-type shot of Meat Loaf, unknown female and songwriter Jim Steinman. The two sides could easily have come from completely different albums.

So too could the music inside. Two lush, overdone and thoroughly trite ballads, two epic-length song narratives, and three average but well handled pieces of FM pop. All of which are neatly sewn together by producer Todd "If a thing's worth doing then it's worth overdoing" Rundgren.

The runt's dictum, along with Jim Steinman's fondness for dense overright lyrics, is in many ways responsible for the album's most obvious quality — its momentous, flat-out, jam-packed (and thereby important-sounding) sound. No small feat to move on in the songs until its full dynamic potential has been milked dry; many and ingenious are the ways in which enough of the motifs to fill the average album are worked into just one song.

In terms of overall sound



THE (FAIRLY) INCREDIBLE HULK

then, the only harbinger for all this is Bruce Springsteen. Meat Loaf's ferocious vocal bluster even sounds like Springsteen.

But the comparison is nailed home in Steinman's songs. Like Springsteen, the imagery is rich and filled with allusions to the romantic street night, but unlike Springsteen, it is often either too rich or too crude. Recurrent is a peculiarly macho vision of human relationships, handled with all the grace of an errant buffalo by Mr Loaf.

Yet despite all this, and despite the fact that the backing band, Todd's Utopia,

is augmented by two members of the E Street Band, it doesn't actually sound like Springsteen. Inevitably, it closely resembles latter-day Rundgren, replete with skyward jet-phase solos from Philly kid himself, a passing nod to Queen, and some liberal and fairly direct steals from Todd's pop heritage.

The third factor in the equation is overload, which is what happened to me after repeated listenings to this disc, and what you get when you cram more tricks, twists and divergent ideas into forty minutes than one would have thought humanly possible.

In these times though, when

more and more groups start life by working out their potential market appeal first and the music later, Meat Loaf's wayward hybrid is a welcome relief.

Paul Rambali

DON McLEAN

Prime Time (EMI International)

YOU SEE, I've got this problem — I hate Don McLean and all he Stands For (which, if anything, is namby-pamby, lyrical social comment, I guess).

Quite irrational? Well, not entirely, since the main reason



I hate him is 'cause my idiot neighbour plays McLean's one-off hit "American Bloody Pie" over and over, very loudly, at least once a week (usually Sundays, during Songs Of Praise).

Another reason is that "American Pie" and that godawful "Vincent" are effing headaches.

So — in a pathetic attempt at some kind of revenge (as in "I've got the new Don McLean album, nah nah", but more like "This is hurting me more than it's hurting you"), I played "Prime Time" very loud, very often. Result? Earache that a jarful of aspirin and seven pints of Youngs couldn't cure.

McLean's idea of rock'n'roll is the overlong title track, a ragbag collection of glib TV/real life juxtapositions, with Kenny Asher's pianistic pyrotechnics spotlighting McLean's nasal, non-rock timbre.

The TV thematic thingy continues with the miserably unamusing "Color TV Blues" — the words rhyme but the point made is feebly facile. He sounds like Country Joe without a sense of humour, and he never exactly made me fall about.

Think I'll mash it up and

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shove it through the neighbour's letter box — choke on it, y'all.

Minty Smooth

HIGH ENERGY

'Turnin' On (Motown)

IN THE opening two lines of their debut album this comely quartet of chocolate nubilets have anticipated the kind of reaction that their efforts inspire in sportsfans like me.

"You say you feel like something's missing," they coo, "Well I think they're searching much too hard."

Maybe, girls, maybe. It's just that I'm a male disappointed that a fresh young group like you should fall prey to such a tired old syndrome.

I can fully understand certain facinors at Motown wanting to create a modern equivalent of the original Supremes, but whether the rest of the world is ready to make the trip again is another matter.

Anyway, at their peak, The Supremes had Holland-Dozier-Holland on their case. All you seem to have is an assortment of hacks who can't manage one really interesting song or memorable tune between the lot of them.

About the best are Pam Sawyer/Marilyn McLod's "You Can't Turn Me Off (In The Middle Of Turning Me On)", a cute little piece of work that's already been a hit single in America, and "High School", an appropriate theme under the circumstances, produced and co-written by soul veteran Limmy Holiday.

Elsewhere, you sing the indifferent songs very well. Beyond that though, I'm afraid that you're just going to end up as four more stooges from a production line that was reputed to have been dismantled but seems to have been reactivated in your honour. Trouble is, the machinery does get rusty.

CNN White

STARZ

Attention Shoppers! (Capitol)

REX

Where Do We Go From Here? (CBS)

Last year Starz released probably the best double-sided single of '77. You missed it? More fool you.

"Cherry Baby" and "Rock Six Times" opened the excellent "Violation" album, over whose merits I waxed lengthy last year — and it still outguns all rivals except Aerosmith and Boston at their best.

Its great strength was that it was a concept album, setting this kid's rampant fever for rock'n'roll against an oppressive, benevolent Big Brother. In fact The Rods' recent "Life On The Line" is a good point of comparison, as it struck the same rebellious spark as the Rods' set, only with a metallic power to match its youthful energy, and a lyrical thread that was actually credible.

"Attention Shoppers!" sees Starz moving into a more blatantly pop style — an album of catchy light heavyweight love songs, as befits the shift towards triviality that's in the air.

In keeping with the move from futuristic to anachronistic, they've dumped the explosive production skills of Jack Douglas in favour of their own less densely textured efforts.

At first I was really let down, but then I started to hear it in the context of the prevailing beat/powerpop boom, and now it sounds really good. Sure cuts most of its rivals in that field to shreds.

Compared to "Violation", though, "Attention Shoppers!" is definitely a step backwards. On the other hand, maybe leader Michael Lee Smith is just a very canny guy.

Just in parts, this record suggests that Starz are now in the running for that coveted slot that stands open for the



GOOD QUESTION!

band who can combine pop sensibility with technical power, teen appeal with musical flair. This album won't get it for them, but just over the horizon.

Superstardom beckons. It all depends on whether their stage act trans-

cends the usual drab garish HM stereotypes.

By strange coincidence, while Kiss manager Bill Aucoin groans Michael Lee Smith for world domination, his arch-rivals, Aerosmith managers Leber-Krebs, are

intent on placing the same post-HM pin-up crown on the head of Smith's younger brother Rex, leader of the band of the same name. Visually, Rex is the Frampton to Michael's Jagger.

After last year's dreary debut album, I would have said Rex had no chance. But this time out Jack Douglas's old sparring partner Ed Leonetti has injected a much more hefty sound into the five-piece outfit.

This is the gen article: mainstream heavy metal. The Americans dominate this field now, and this album is typical: guitars zooming through the mix from great heights, crystal clear lead voices reinforced with all kinds of booster effects and wailing harmonies, drums and bass thundering into the floor like cannon shots, songs careering skywards on demented energy and massive volume.

"Where Do We Go From Here?" is totally relentless, completely mindless. Play it at your peril.

Starz, on the other hand, look set to move in as the pragmatic playground bullies in the Cheap Trick school of aesthetic pop. They just might wind up with the top prize too.

Phil McNeil

SPUD

Smoking On The Bog (Sonet)

I REMEMBER Spud when they were candidates for any going folk fest. Since then they've tightened up, added a regular drummer, found a milt guitar/cum singer-songwriter in Kenny Wilson and now must be considered not so much a folkrock band but rather a rock unit with four toes, if not a whole foot, in Irish traditional music.

So as you might surmise, the pooten comes shaken not stirred and feels and jigs like "Gusty's Frolics" and "Tickle Your Fancy" — emerge fashioned for terpsichoreans equipped with best boogie boots.

But "Smoking" is not all about Galtymore gallies. For amid anthems like "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Tonight" and traditional tub-thumpers such as "The Farmer's Cursed Wife" are set a brace of upper grade love songs by the ubiquitous Austin Kenny — mandolin, guitar, banjo or recorder supplied to order — and "Scarlett", a serrated beauty of an instrumental.

This is the band's third offering and it's certainly their most substantial shot to date.

Fred Dellar

IMPORTS

A STETSON, shades and Zappaesque lip growth bedeck the sleeve.

Yep, you're right, Steve Young's been on the album trail once more and "No Place To Fall" (RCA) is around to prove just how he's been spending his studiotime. Though I rate it a couple of shots down on "Renegade Picker", the Texan's last volley in our direction, "Fall" still pans out as a fair bet for anyone who's into high-grade Nashville pickin' and beerstained Lone Star vocals.

The personnel roster of Bob Weir's "Heaven Help The Fool", the Dead head's newie for Arista, gave me a distinct touch of the deja vu, the list including David Foster, Waddy Watchel, Bill Champlin, Dee Murray and Nigel Olsson, a fivesome who comprised The D netters, the band-up band on Michael Dinner's excellent 1976 album "Tom Thumb The Dreamer", a release that, like "Heaven Help The Fool", was produced by Keith Olsen of Pogo/Logo Productions.

Another Arista offering, Larry Coryell and Steve Khan's

"Two For The Road", also had me thinking back, thanks to the inclusion of Steve Swallow's "General Moto's Well Laid Plan", a number which I remember Coryell embellishing on Gary Burton's "Lofty Fake Anagram" album back in 1969. Seems that Kahn and Coryell have been getting it together for a number of years now, gigging as a twosome and their respective stints with the Breckers and Eleventh House, and "Two For The Road", on which they re-jig Chick Corea's "Spain" and Bobby Hutcherson's "Bouquet", would appear to be a reflection of what they've been laying down at their two handed jamborees.

Also around are alto-sax Robert Watson's "Estimated Time Of Arrival", the first new release I've seen on the Roulette label in yonks; Katy Moffatt's "Kissing In The California Sun" (CBS), which finds "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um" and "Up On The Roof", being hauled out of cold storage for a trip on the revival roundabout; "Salsa's Greatest Hits" (Salsoul), a compilation that features Chocolate, Machito, Joe Bataan, Roberto Torres and other members of bongo bashers anonymous; and "Had It All" (Arista), an offering from Garnet Mimms, the "Cry Baby" hitmaker of '63 who disced his way back to income tax problems with "What It Is" just a teabreak or two ago.

Fred Dellar

Yellow Dog breaks loose

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LIFE ON THE LINE: SPRING '78 TOUR

HANK WILLIAMS
Hank Williams 40 Greatest Hits (MGM)
RONNIE HAWKINS
Rockin' (Pye)

WHY THE hell should anyone want to get their hands on a double album of Hank Williams's greatest hits? Shall I just give you a few reasons?

The main one is that Hank Williams was the undisputed father of modern country music, and indirectly the father of rock and roll. He took what was contemptuously referred to as hillbilly music, previously purveyed by either singing B movie cowboys or good old boys in overalls. He singlehandedly pumped so much taste, style and sophistication into country that it turned into an adult music form.

He wrote an enormous catalogue of songs, many of which are instantly recognisable even if the name Hank Williams means next to nothing to you. Who could have grown up without hearing "Your Cheatin' Heart", "Hey Good Lookin'", "A Fool Such As I" or "You Win Again"? (Mr for one — Ed).

Hank Williams is listed as a major influence by a roster of musicians that runs from Elvis Presley to Bob Dylan and covers Waylon Jennings and Jerry Lee Lewis along the way. Hank also died of a massive overdose of speed on New Year's Day 1953, if that strikes any sort of chord.

To sum up, if all others fail, the main reason for listening to Hank Williams is to maybe know where you're coming from.

And talking about where you're coming from, that brings us very neatly to Ronnie Hawkins. If Hawkins wasn't one of the superstars of rock and roll, he was at least one of the great rockabilly legends.

He was too stomping and raucous for general teen consumption. He also didn't quite look right. He had an unfortunate resemblance to Teddy Kennedy doing an impression of Elvis. Among the hard core grease he was a demigod, however. His vocal power was more than equal to say, Jerry Lee Lewis's, although he tended to fall down in terms of style and finesse.

This was more than compensated for by the way in which he maintained a fearsome training regime for his young backup musicians. If nothing else counted, the roll call of graduates of the rockabilly marine training could stand on its own as Hawkins's musical legacy. On this album alone there are appearances by Jamie Robertson, Levon Helm, 'Ricky' Danko, Richard Manuel, Garth Hudson, King Curtis, Sam Taylor and Fred Carter Jr. (who later played sessions for Simon and Garfunkel).

This album (for once a no bullshit rock collection) spans Hawkins's career from 1959 to 1963 and really does present the best of his work. Choice cuts include "Bo Diddley", "Susie Q", "Red Hot", "Ruby Baby", "Matchbox", "I Feel Good" and "Kansas City", in fact, twenty golden greats, as they say on telly. What more could you want? A free plastic yo-yo?

Mick Farren

HIRTH MARTINEZ
Big Bright Street (Warner Bros. Import)

APART FROM its notoriety for encouraging idle hedonism, California also seems to breed an unusually high percentage of oddballs.

Leaving aside the sociological implications, I shall simply list the names. There's the accredited genius category (Brian Wilson, Phil Spector, Randy Newman), the uncredited (Lowell George, Van Dyke Parks, Ry Cooder) and finally those just off-the-wall and through the starting gate, Leon Redbone and Hirth Martinez.

The Band's Robbie Robertson calls Martinez "a great songwriter", adding "believe



Above: Ronnie Hawkins claims rewards of teen rock idol, early '60s. Below making do with cigars, early '70s.



Legendary Legends of Rock No. 5,008

me, I don't go around overrating people" to emphasise his point. If, like me, you consider Robertson to be a man of almost impeccable taste (leaving aside his foray producing Neil Diamond) then that should be reason enough to seek out Martinez' first album, "Hirth From Earth", produced by Robertson and released two years ago in the US only.

At that time Martinez had the company of Robertson and Garth Hudson from The Band, plus a crew of top flight session stalwarts. His songs on "Hirth From Earth", all thirteen of them, were at the very least unusual.

The lyrics were arcane to a fine point. Martinez seemed preoccupied with expressing what he couldn't understand and attributing it to all manner of unexplained and mystical phenomena. Idiotic though it may sound, he got away with it by means of much elliptical imagery and a dazzling, Beefheart-like knack for word-play.



His singing was redolent of Beefheart also, but sounded closer to Dr John's low down growl. Though possessing neither the range or attack of either of those two, it was if nothing else distinctive.

Robertson engineered a sympathetic backing for all this weirdness, creating a sound halfway between Dr John's "Right Place, Wrong Time" and The Band's ruralisms veiled with a soft, jazz-like sophistication.

Despite its excellence, "Hirth From Earth" was almost totally ignored. In true eccentric style — he is rumoured to live surrounded by hundreds of his songs piled high in boxes — it's taken Martinez well over two years to venture back into the studio.

In some ways "Big Bright Street" is a better album. Produced this time by John Simon, who did the same for

The Band's first two albums and who here adds some fine Bill Payne-style piano thumpings, the music is much the same as before, if a little rougher round the edges. Though still a long way from normal, it's less eccentric and therefore more accessible.

Martinez however seems to have lost a lot of his fascination somewhere along the way. The lyrics aren't as witty or imaginative and the inspired word dancing is barely evident. What's left sounds like a good approximation of Dr John with some added foolishness. Also his voice, which is not the most adaptable, begins to grate, whereas it didn't and still doesn't, on his first album.

The reasons for these failings are hard to pinpoint. It may be the absence of Robertson's craftsmanship, but since John Simon is no slouch either that doesn't ring true. What seems likely is that a more palpable product has been asked for in order to bring Martinez closer to the audience he perhaps deserves.

I don't think it'll work. If they're going to let people like this make records in the first place, it's worse not to interfere.

Paul Rombali



L.T.D.
Something To Love (A&M)

GOOD VOCALISTS with nothing new to say; adequate musicians with nothing new to play, produced by Bobby Martin in L.A.

Actually, they're not too bad but they'd have probably been a whole lot better if they hadn't of been conned into believing that "Recording and preparing an album is no longer something that can be done by a few people." Poppycock.

Listen you guys, as long as you think like a committee you'll go on making music like a committee: ineffectively.

Cliff White

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Chrysalis
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WILL THE CIRCLE REALLY BE UNBROKEN?

LONNIE DONEGAN, who, like it or lump it, presided over the birth of British rock 'n' roll way back when, is staging a comeback aided by the likes of Ron Wood, Elton John and Rory Gallagher. MICK FARREN reports.

LONNIE DONEGAN's life seemed to have completed such a perfect full circle that it could almost prove even the dumbest hippy's half-assed theories of a rotating cosmos. In a much smaller and less significant way, it also complete a particular circuit in my own life.

Before we go any further with this, I have to make a confession. When I was maybe 12 or 13 years old I sent off my five bob and became a fully paid up member of the Lonnie Donegan fan club. In return for your postal order you got a neat guitar shaped, blue and gold enamel badge, and a signed photo of Lonnie Donegan. You also were sent, every quarter, a little glossy magazine.

All this was pretty much like the average fan club fodder, except that in the club magazine, between the pin ups, chit chat and what-have-you, was a serious profile of one of the legends of either the blues or traditional folk music. You were actually being introduced to Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly or Big Bill Broonzy.

It was that central core to Lonnie Donegan that made him a unique figure. Without exaggeration, he was the man who presided over the birth of British rock and roll.

It was a drive that placed him far above the other British kids, the Tommy Stencles and Marty Wildes, who had found themselves a guitar and started aping their American contemporaries. Donegan went straight to the fountainhead. He used the same sources as the real '50s heroes like Cash, Cochran, Holly, Vincent and Presley. He was about the only Briton in his time who took both black rural blues and white country music and tried to lay them on a British audience.

To understand fully why Lonnie Donegan was so important you have to understand the Britain of the time. It was a bleak world. Rationing was still an all-too-recent memory. TV was a flickering black and white affair for a few hours a night. Big deals were Lita Roza. *Workers' Playtime* and *The Goon Show*.

National service took two years out of your life and anybody who wanted to see a folk/blues giant like Josh White had to go to the Chiswick Empire and sit through two jugglers, a comedian and a dog act. It was also a world that had never heard of Elvis Presley. The highest form of sophistication was a Mk I Ford Consul.

INTO THIS mess Lonnie Donegan attempted to introduce Afro-American folk music. When in 1956 he had a freak hit with the Leadbelly tune "Rock Island Line", he was suddenly jerked into the public spotlight as the skiffle king, Britain's very own answer to the Yank rockabilis.

The essential difference between Donegan and, say, Carl Perkins or

Jerry Lee Lewis, was that Donegan was accessible. He tailored his music to Britain.

"I picked songs that were, for example, Leadbelly songs, but also songs that could be understood not just by some old spade in the cotton fields 60 years ago, but also by the tram driver in East Ham High Street."

"One hit, 'Have A Drink On Me'. I adapted from a blues originally called 'Have A Whiff On Me', a cocaine song. I mean, you couldn't sell a coke song to Auntie Emily in those days. It wasn't done."

Vincent, Cochran, Perkins et al were exotic. They came from the land of Cadillac, chocolate malteds and Marlon Brando. Donegan breathed the same air as you and me. You could almost feel that he could be behind you in the queue at the chip shop. If he could stand up with a guitar and make no pretence at coming from Louisiana or Tennessee, maybe you could too.

All over the country, kids began to buy, beg or steal guitars. They formed do-it-yourself groups that aped the Lonnie Donegan style. The boom was so great that one mail order firm which specialised in six pound plywood guitars used a picture in their ads that was about as close to Lonnie as the copyright laws would allow without their having to pay him royalties.

Twenty years later, Donegan has pulled out a set of his old hits and recorded them with the cream of this crop who cut their musical teeth on the selfsame six pound guitars. They include Ron Wood, Rory Gallagher, Elton John, Ringo Starr, Brian May and Leo Sayer.

Meeting Donegan for the first time I guess I must have shown some vestigial remains of the 20 year old fan worship. He's amused.

"You know something? You're reacting in exactly the same way as the guys who played on the album. I mean, these were Ron Wood and Rory Gallagher and they're going, 'Yes, Mr. Donegan, no, Mr. Donegan. I had to tell them, Hold it, for Christ's sake, it's Lon.'"

After initial generation gap problems things fell quickly into place. "All these guys knew my intent. They were brought up on my music. I don't think I ever had to tell anyone what they had to do. Directly we started into a song, everyone seemed to be playing exactly as I'd imagined it."

Not all super sessions work. When Howling Wolf was matched up with Eric Clapton, Charlie Watts and like luminaries the results were little short of dismal.

"Just because one guy's very, very good, he may not necessarily know what the next guy, who's also very,

very good, is going to do. They tried this years ago with Louis Armstrong and Sydney Bechet. That didn't work. I guess in my case it did. I was just delirious."

NOT ALL of Donegan's career has been quite so artistically credible. At the start of the 60s, Donegan, like so many of the other early British rockers, decided that his future could only be secured

by learning gags, tap dancing and doing everything in his power to reach the complete family audience.

In these days, when selling out is the worst insult that can be hurled at an artist and even The Sex Pistols in their public enemy number one days could still laugh all the way to the bank, it seems hard to believe that a guy who sneaked Muddy Waters records from the Library of Congress in order to learn the blues could find it necessary to pick up a straw hat and

cane and join the ranks of Max Bygraves and Frankie Vaughan.

When I put this to Donegan, his answer was amazingly frank. He seems more than anxious to set the record straight. Most of the time he's a short wiry bundle of energy, with a line of patter like a cockney comedian. When he wants to get a point across, however, he becomes quickly credible.

"I think it was a case of needs must when the devil drives. It's okay being artistically pure when you've got no responsibilities. When you suddenly find you've got a marriage, kids, a car and a mortgage, plus you've got four guys behind you who've also got their wives and mortgages, it becomes a lot harder to stand by your principles."

"Also, we didn't really think about it. When you've become the biggest record seller in the country, you never envisage even in your wildest dreams that all this popularity, you're going to get an adverse reaction from those who loved you up until the day before."

"Here I am singing all these songs that everyone thought were wonderful, and I sing one song, 'My Old Man's A Dustman', and all the people who'd loved me up until then went away."

"Where have you all gone?" Lonnie pantomimes hurt confusion. Then he's thoughtful again.

"It was really inverted snobbery. 'Dustman' was in fact a very true British folk song."

I suggest that maybe the teenagers who once loved him hadn't wanted to share him with the new family audience. Donegan points a mock accusing finger and falls into a Peter Sellers Nazi accent.

"So! You finally confess. It wasn't me, it was the people in the audience you didn't like. Right? You stopped coming because you didn't want to rub shoulders with Auntie Nelly."

Wait a minute. Just because "My Old Man's A Dustman" brought in Auntie Nelly, did that really mean that you had to go the whole hog and start conducting sing-along-a-Lonnie at La Dolce Vita, Newcastle? It was, after all, only a matter of a year or so before the Stones and The Beatles were making fortunes doing exactly what they wanted to do.

Donegan is thoughtful again.

"You have to remember how it was when I first came into the business. It's changed now. Now the tail wags the dog. In those days it was the other way round."

Surely the performer should be the dog and the business the tail?

"It should be, but the business doesn't see it that way. When I came into the business in 1956 the money men had it all their own way. There was no media. You couldn't do an interview like this, for instance. If you wanted to get through to the public you had to allow yourself to be manipulated by the businessmen because they had all the outlets."

"You had to go through the BBC, and for a long time I was blacklisted

■ Continues over page



Vintage DONEGAN

MICK FARREN
POLL WINNERS CONCERT

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI-FI By ROY CARR

Now quit molesting me at parties . . .

FOR YEARS, the thing I used to dread at parties was when someone would corner me and, by way of introduction, proclaim: "I manage a group . . . they're the new Beatles, but how do I go about getting them a recording contract?"

Nowadays, however, the question invariably posed over the cheese-dip is: "You're the bloke in the know . . . what hi-fi system should I buy?"

Where to begin? Well, first let me make one thing clear: there's no ready-built answer because everyone's circumstances are different.

The list is on-going: budgetary factors, the type of music enjoyed, size of room, facilities required and even aesthetics.

I'm going to assume that you listen to a wide range of music. And since in the past I've made it quite clear that any set-up under £250 is unlikely give you very good hi-fi reproduction I intend to discuss two mix 'n' match systems that fall into the "AOK" category — one that fits comfortably within the "magical" £250 minimum, the other, a more up-market set-up at twice the price.

WHEN YOU'RE putting together a system (particularly in the low-to-middle price bracket) it's practically impossible to overlook Pioneer equipment. It really does take some beating.

For starters, the PIONEER PL112D turntable has been a phenomenal world-wide seller and the sturdy standard of finish and engineering would be hard to beat at double the price. A belt drive double flange system eliminates external vibration. Average discount price £55.

The PL112D doesn't come with a cartridge and the most popular choice is the SHURE M75ED2. It's a secure tracker

and not adverse to traversing discs that have not been kept in pristine condition. Average discount price £15.

As an alternative, why not check-out the TR90 KD1033 turntable which comes complete with a cartridge but performs even better when fitted with a SHURE M75ED2. Average discount price £55.

Power for the system is provided by the JVC JA-S11 amplifier. Rated at 28+28 Wrms, it has more than enough power for average domestic room sizes. The JA-S11 is renowned for producing a superb quality sound without any unnecessary frills or gimmicks. Aside from standardised features, this amp incorporates the facility to dub between two tape decks and a thoughtful delay circuit to prevent that irritating and possibly damaging "bump" at switch on. Average discount price £80.

When purchasing speakers you should always audition them extensively, preferably with records you're familiar with. What suits me might not suit you. But having laid that on you, may I recommend CELESTION DITTON ISXR's.

All Celestion's range of speakers are worthwhile investments but the compact size of the ISXR's makes them ideal for bookshelf mounting. The two drive units are augmented by an ABR (auxiliary bass radiator) which further extends bottom end response. Average discount price £97 a pair.

Other units in roughly the same price band would be Goodmans RB3's, KEF Chorale's, Mordaunt-Short Festivals and Tangent TM3's.

Total System Price: approximately £255, give or take a quid.

THE SECOND system is more up-market, weighing in at just over £500 and offering the investor greater power and an FM stereo capability



PIONEER rack mounting unit PLUS 1 bristlin' w/o gear.

FOR THOSE who don't want a muskentre but still crave space-saving all-in-one convenience, the introduction of hi-fi system racks is proving a God-send.

Cribbed from recording studio control booth "furniture," not only do these system racks look superb but, in the case of the PIONEER RMS1 (£56), offer provisions for turntable, amplifier, tuner, cassette deck and record storage space. Furthermore, the Pioneer is mounted on adjustable castors.

The drawback is that such racks are custom-designed to accommodate only that manufacturer's equipment and offer no flexibility to mix 'n' match. But seeing as JVC, Technics, Sony and Anstrad are now promoting their own models, it can only be time before adjustable versions hit the market.

As such racks combine the quality of a separated system, without the traumas of the more compact muskentre, the former could eventually rival the latter.

I mean, 500 notes isn't pin-money, so what can I offer. Well, to begin with, there's the THOREN TD 160MKII — a redoubtable turntable of Swiss-German origin.

To return to the subject of ghost laying: over the last couple of years we've been bombarded by manufacturers lauding the joys of direct drive technology. Well, dear readers, the TD 160 features the older and less sophisticated belt drive system reckoned by countless hi-fi buffs to offer an audibly superior performance over other types. So much for progress and hype. Average discount price £105.

Cartridges are, like speaker set-ups, a very personal choice. Give the ORTOFON VM20E a spin. It's perfect match for the high quality TP16 tonearm on the Thorens and renowned for its clarity and unflagging nature. Average discount price £25.

And so to the engine room! Yet again, may I recommend the PIONEER SX650 as a first choice. A receiver (Tuner amp), it's a powerful beast, delivering 35+35 Wrms with negligible distortion. This receiver covers all bases. You can run two pairs of speakers simultaneously, dub between two tape decks and listen to "Sight And Sound" in "living stereo" via the immaculate stereo radio section. Add a cassette deck and you've got a permanent souvenir! Oh yes, remember to install a decent roof or loft aerial to improve reception. Average discount price £195.

Though my usual comments about comparing speakers (in this price range) still holds strong, first choice must again go to Celestion CELESTION DITTON 44's are large (30" high), three way floor standing and are noted for their exceptional "clout" and impact on all types of programme material. Average discount price £190 a pair.

Other worthwhile contenders are TANGENT, KEF, B&W MONITOR AUDIO and Celef.

Total System Price: approximately £515.



Single-jingles

FOR THE disc jockey with no personality, no schpeil and no imagination . . . Euroscope Marketing have just produced a range of cassette single-jingles that will probably save his ass!

Usually, unless in the big-money bracket, the average club or mobile jock has little hope of amping up his act unless he or she invests in an imported set of American "Crusin'" albums (and tapes the jingles, station breaks and links) or has access to sophisticated pre-recorded customized jingles.

Whatever, it all costs a lotta money. And money is something most DJs are short on — most of their income going on buying new releases.

So, for those ill-equipped to make their own jingles, Euro-

scope's single-jingles will help add a touch of professionalism.

Housed in a smart executive-styled carrying case, "Single-Jingles" comprise 20 pre-recorded cassettes, each devoted to one jingle which is repeated four times with a one second interval. Furthermore, there's an index card and valuable instructions on how to integrate them into one's record show.

Familiar catch-lines like "It's Number One," "A Rave From The Grave," "Golden Oldie," "Soul Sound" plus intrus, outros and even "Happy Birthday" and "Auld Lang Syne" make this a reasonable investment (£18.99) for those relatively new to the vinyl jingle.

For more information drop a line to Euroscope Marketing, 107 High Street, Evesham, Worcestershire WR11 4EB.



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Goodmans are the largest manufacturer of loudspeakers in the UK — with over 50 years power experience. We make a rugged range of speakers — the Power Range, you can beat the guts out of them, with PA, guitar, bass and keyboards — terrific power handling, sparkling performance. Ask John, the bass player, his Goodmans 18 in. has seen most of the high (and low) spots in Europe, taken its fair share of spilled pints and with a few extra screws to hold the cab together, is still going strong.

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READING · RICHMOND · ROMFORD · SLUGH · SOUTHEND · SWINDON
SHEFFIELD · TUNBRIDGE WELLS · WOLVERHAMPTON · WOTFORD
SCOTLAND: KILMARNOCK · Ayr · GLASGOW · EDINBURGH

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BILFEST Grosvenor Hall: MARY O'HARA
BELFAST Queen's University: THE ADVERTS
BINGLEY College: DAWNWEAVER
BIRMINGHAM Mr Digby's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE TALKING HEADS: DIRE STRAITS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: SCENT ORGANS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: BULLETS
BOURNEMOUTH Tiffany's: RADIO STARS
BRADFORD Princess Club: SON OF A BITCH
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: STAN ARNOLD
CHICHESTER Smartey Duce: GEND WASHINGTON
COVENTRY Mr George's: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
COVENTRY Warwick University: DEAF SCHOOL
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
DUNSTABLE Chequers Club: RED NITE
EASTBOURNE Gulliver's: SOUL DIRECTION
EDINBURGH University: DEKE LEONARD'S
ICEBERG / DOLL BY DOLL
EXETER Groucho's: DAMAGE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SKROO OBERON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
LANCASTER University: BOTHY BAND
LEEDS Polytechnic: XTC
LITCHFIELD MATRAVERS Chequers Bar: THE LEAR-JETS
LIVERPOOL Coconut Grove: BAND WITH NO NAME

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MERGER
LONDON CAMDEN Green Man: THE STICKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STEEL PULSE
REGGAE REGULARS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY MONASTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden
ADVERTISING
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FLYING ACES
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: BULLY WEE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: POACHER BROWN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE KILL-JOYS: STAA MARY
LONDON Marquee Club: WIRE
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON SOUTHGATE: Royalty Ballroom: CREPEN'DRAPES: ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON STICKWELL The Plough: TOM CASHE & GARY BALDWIN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: PAINTED LADY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON TOTTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LUTON Royal Hotel: ST. ELMO'S FIRE
MANCHESTER Raffles Club: THE STUKAS
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: SUPERCHARGE
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
NEWCASTLE The Cavern: THE SQUAD
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES

NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sky Bird Club: TRAPEZE
OXFORD Polytechnic: OSIBISA
PLYMOUTH Trevelyan Suite: JENNY HAA'S LION
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: TONIGHT
POYNTON Folk Centre: EDDIE WALKER
READING Target Club: SAMSON
READING Three Tons: LE SEVEN
RIPON College of Ripon & York St John: MUSCLES
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENTENDERS
ST. AGNES Talk Of The West: THE SUPREMES (until Saturday)
SWANSEA Circles Club: SHAM 69
SWANSEA Nuts Club: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE RICH KIDS
WALSALL Bilton Through Arms: EAZIE

Friday

ABERDEEN Munk Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
ABERDEEN University: CAFE JACQUES
BANGOR University: JENNY DARREN BAND
BASKINGSTON Technical College: MOTORHEAD
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: HENRY COW
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Queen Elizabeth Hospital: LITTLE ACRES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLYTH The Golden Eagle: THE SQUAD
BRADFORD Star Hotel: GEOFF & PENNY HARRIS
BRAINTREE Technical College: S.A.L.T.
BRIGHTON New Regent: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
BRIGHTON Technical College: STEEL PULSE
BRISTOL Barton Hall Centre: SHAM 69
BURTON 76 Club: WARREN HARRY
CARLISLE Town Hall: QUORUM
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE DEPRESSIONS
CARDIFF University: BRIGHT EYES
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: REBEL
CHELSEA Pavilion Club: N.W.10
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: ENO
CRUMER West Rumber Pavilion: SPLIT ENZ
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: MUSCLES
DUBLIN Trinity College: THE ADVERTS
DUNDEE Technical College: DEKE LEONARD'S
ICEBERG/DOLL BY DOLL
DURHAM St. Chad's: THE PIRATES
FASTBOURNE The Archery: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
EDINBURGH University: XTC



Be-Bop tour

BE-BOP DELUXE, whose Charlie Tumahi (left) and Bill Nelson are pictured in action above, set out on the concert trail this weekend with a lengthy tour taking in most of the country's leading venues — starting at Coventry (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday). They're playing 22 dates altogether, among them two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon towards the end of this month.

STEELEYE SPAN are going on the road in what we are assured is their farewell tour. First gigs are at Harrogate (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Chester (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday). Maddy Prior (pictured right) and boys say they may come together occasionally in the future for special one-off dates, but the general feeling is that this is the last we shall see of them. So make the most of it!



BYE-BYE, STEELEYE

EXETER St. George's Hall: THE YETIES
EXETER University: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: PANACHE/DOWNTOWN FLYERS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: OSIBISA
HORNCHURCH The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
HULL College: NO DICE
KETTERING Central Hall: SOUL DIRECTION
LANCASTER University: THE RICH KIDS
LEEDS Groby Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: JEREMY TAYLOR
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WIRE
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENTENDERS
LONDON BRITTON Lambeth Town Hall: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND/STRING JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: ROCK/ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON FLIMIA Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: REGULATION CONTROL
LONDON HAMPSHIRE Westfield College: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON ISLINGTON Tractor: VENOM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: LANDSCAPE
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON School of Economics: THE VISITORS
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: JIGSAW
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STUKAS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TONIGHT

LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BUSINESS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MACEFELDFIELD Travellers Red: MERLIN
MADDISTONE Technical College: CADO BELLE/THE BRACKES
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS
MANCHESTER Raffles Club: DILLINGER
MANCHESTER University: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
CHARGE/GOARBO & THE CELL: LLOYD HERGES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ADVERTISING/SKIN PATROL
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE TURBINES
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: NIGHTSHIRT
PETERBOROUGH South Grove Centre: THE NOW
RHYL Tito's Club: GEND WASHINGTON BAND
RUGBY Emaline's: GOBBLINZ
SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: MIKE ABSALOM

SHEFFIELD University: THE PLEASERS
SOUTHEND Top Alex: HYMIE BLOWS IT
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: YACHTS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE TALKING HEADS: DIRE STRAITS
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: SAMSON
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: BAND WITH NO NAME
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD New Cross: TATUM
SWINDON North Rooms: ACKER BILK BAND
TENSBURY Wells Bridge Hotel: LE RITZ
WEYBRIDGE College of Food: THE ENID WHALEY
BRIDGE Jordell Arms: AMERICAN AUTUMN
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: TYLA GANG
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: KRAZY KAT
YORK De Grey Rooms: THE ISSUE
YORK Rock Against Racism: THE PASSAGE

Saturday

ABERCRYSTHALL THE INMATES/MUSCADIN
ADVERTISERS Sir Bells: SAMSON
ABERISTWYTH University: BRIGHT EYES
BIRMINGHAM Cuthbert College: ASH TRAY & THE DOGENDS
ASCOTT-UNDER-WYCHWOOD Tiddy Hall: SEAN CANNON
ATLESBURY Friars: SPLIT ENZ
BARROW Civic Hall: "SALUT TO SATCHEL" with ALEX WEIS/GEORGE CHISHOLM/MHUMPHREY LYTELTON
BETCHWORTH Village Hall: WILDLIFE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ULTRAVOX
BIRMINGHAM Bognor: DAWN BREAKER
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: JEREMY TAYLOR
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: BARRON KNIGHTS
BIRMINGHAM Merat Cross: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: STORMRIDER
BISHOPS STORTFORD Tread Leisure Centre: MOTORHEAD
BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: SOUL DIRECTION
BOLTON Technical College: NO DICE
BRIGHTON New Regent: WARSAW PAKT
BRISTOL Ginnery: KRAZY KAT
BRISTOL University: LITTLE ACRES
CARSHALTON St. Melher's Arms: VERNON & THE G.I.'S
CHESTER Albion Hotel: QUORUM
CHESTER Bishop Omer Centre: PTARMIGAN
CHESTER Essex University: BOTHY BAND
CORK Arcadia Ballroom: THE ADVERTS
CROMER West Rumber Pavilion: OSIBISA
DARTFORD College of Education: BUSTER CRABBE
DARTFORD Princess Hotel: THE FEATURES
DARTFORD Kenema Ballroom: BAND WITH NO NAME
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
EBW VALE Leisure Centre: JENNY DARREN BAND
EDINBURGH Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE ENID
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: DEAF SCHOOL
GLASGOW University: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENTENDERS
HADDENHAM Village Hall: SQUARE CROWS
HARGREAVE P.G.'s Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
HARROGATE Royal Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE CRABS

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD The Heathham: AFTER THE FIRE
HITCHIN College: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/THE HOT POINTS/THE BLEACH BOYS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: YACHTS
ILKLEY College: CREPES 'N' DRAPES DAWN-WEAVER
LANCASTER University: STEEL PULSE
LEEDS Groby Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: BUS ROCK
LEICESTER Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
LEICESTER Queen's Hall: DILLINGER
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: SCREENS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE RICH KIDS/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS/FLYING ACES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE KILL-JOYS/GOZZALEZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON ELA Magnet & Dewdrop: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARLESDEN Rocky Theatre: MARTY WILDE/TROGGS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VENOM
LONDON HOXTON St. Hilda's Youth Club: THE NOW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TONIGHT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: COSMOTHEKA
LONDON School of Pharmacy: S.A.L.T.
LONDON SOUTHGATE S.T.C. KESTRAL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: STRIFE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON Upstairs at the Rainbow: CADO BELLE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BUSINESS
MANCHESTER Lesser Free Trade Hall: AQUAPEGASUS/PETE FARROW
MANCHESTER University: DEKE LEONARD'S
ICEBERG/DOLL BY DOLL
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: SON OF A BITCH
NEWCASTLE University: XTC
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: TYLA GANG
NORWICH East Anglia University: RACING CARS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: TATUM
OXFORD Corn Dolly: VESUVIUS
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: MUSCLES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
SKRATCH
PRESTON Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
READING College: SHAM 69
RHYL Tito's Club: GEND WASHINGTON BAND
ROCHESTER Nags Head: REBEL
RUGBY Emaline's: GOBBLINZ
SHEFFIELD Hurlfield Campus: HENRY COW
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
STEVENAGE Locarno: BOUNCER
SWINDON Oasis Centre: THE TALKING HEADS /DIRE STRAITS
TATUM Police Station: ARMPIT JUG BAND
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Maximilian's: THE LEAR-JETS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
YORK White Swan: WITCHFYNDE

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: BULLY WEE
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BATLEY Variety Club: ACKER BILK BAND (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: FRIENDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BOLNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE DOOLEYS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall Centre: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
CHILMSFORD Chancellor Hall: TONIGHT/THE BRACKES
COVENTRY West Cheshire Club: DAVE BERRY
COVENTRY Dog and Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: OSIBISA/PARTACUS
CROYDON Greyhound: THE TALKING HEADS: DIRE STRAITS
DUBLIN Gaiety Theatre: MARY O'HARA
DUMFRIES Balgownie Hotel: BAND WITH NO NAME
DUNSTABLE The Unicorn: ST. ELMO'S FIRE
FIFE St. Andrew's University: JIM CAPALDI AND THE CONTENTENDERS
GALWAY Leisureland: THE ADVERTS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JUDAS PRIEST
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CHICORIGHT HAND BAND
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: THE SETTLERS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: JENNY DARREN BAND
LITTLE BLOXWICH Nags Head: EAZIE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: DEKE LEONARD'S/ICEBERG
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknell SLIPSTREAM
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: SPLIT ENZ/RADIO STARS
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD: AUTORA: ROBERT GORDON AND LINK WRAY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON FINCHLEY Tootington: KRAZY KAT/FURY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NORTH SIDE RHYTHM AND BLUES ENSEMBLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE DEPRESSIONS

**MORE GIG GUIDE
 AND CLUB ADS
 OVER THE PAGE**

THE LIVE PAGE

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Josh Avenue

GIG GUIDE

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: COMEDY FACTORY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SAINTS
LONDON N.1 The Stapleton: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RFD WIFE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: KRAKATOA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE McALMANS
LONDON W.1 Postman Hotel: JOHNNY BARNES AND ROY WILLIAMS
LUTON Cesar's: THE SUPREMES
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: HENRY COW
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall Crypt: WIRE/THE SQUAD
NORTHAMPTON The Racehorse: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Kine's: THE STUKAS
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: PTARMIGAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: HARVEY ANDREWS/MARTIN AND GRAHAM
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: ULTRA VOX
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SOUTHAMPTON Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
THAME Swan Hotel: TONY ROSE
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: BARRON KNIGHTS (for a week)
WALSALL Bilton The Cock: OILY RAG
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE REALISTICS (for a week)
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: JAMESON RAID
WREXHAM Carle College: BRIGHT EYES
YEovil Duke of York: SAMSON

Monday

ABERYSTWYTH University: ALVIN STARDUST
BEFAST Post Music Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: NEON HEARTS
BLITH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BOSTON Folk Club: CUT-THROAT JAKE
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE RICH KIDS
BRISTOL Crookers: HARD UP (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Crystals Club: DIRTY SHIRTS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE DEX
CHESTER ABC Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
DONCASTER Outlook Club: WIRE
DUCKINGTON Bell Inn: CHRIS PEARSON
EDINBURGH Tilly's: DEAF SCHOOL
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: PTARMIGAN
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SCOTCH / MOWGLI & THE DONUTS
HULL Tilly's: YACHTS / THE FLASH MONGRELS / THE STOPS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LEDS University: TALKING HEADS / DIRE STRAITS
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: HENRY COW
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: BAND WITH NO NAME
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SOLO / PRIVATE EYE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S GOODBOOE BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON MARQUEE Club: THE STUKAS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE TROGS / STAA MARX
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: MAKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SUEET
LONDON WEST HAMSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE KILLJOYS / RESISTANCE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: GAGS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: THE SQUAD
NORWICH Scamps: SAMSON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAHHR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: LISSSEN
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: XTC
SHIPLEY Bow Inn: JENNY DAREN BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: SPLIT ENZ
STAFFORD Top of the World: ULTRA VOX
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
SWINDON The Affair: TONIGHT

Tuesday

BAGSHOT Panicle Club: THE STUKAS
BEFAST Polytechnic: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BINGLEY College: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRISTOL Locarno: XTC
BRISTOL Top Rank: THE RICH KIDS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: NO DICE
DEWSBURY Turf Head: DAWNWEAVER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BE-BOP DELUXE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: FRENZY/CIRKUS
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: HENRY COW
KEIGHLEY Nickers Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PENETRATION
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BRIAN PARRISII BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS / THE BRAKES
LONDON MARQUEE Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.1 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: STEFAN GROSSMAN



BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS fly in for a brief visit, headlining just three concerts — the first two being at Manchester (Friday) and London (Sunday). And of course, they are now re-united with their prodigal lead singer David Clayton-Thomas (above).

LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ALTERNATIVE TV/EI SEVEN
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DILLINGER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REBEL
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
MANCHESTER Raffles Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE The Playground: CHRISTINE COOL BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OXFORD Westminster College: TONIGHT
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SPLIT ENZ
SALFORD University: THE BOTHY BAND
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STILL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: GRACE
BRADFORD University: KRAKATOA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: DILLINGER
CARDIFF University: THE BOTHY BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLERAINE Ulster University: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
DARLINGTON Baths Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION / TONY MCPHIE'S TERRAPLANE
DUBLIN Technical College: HEAVY METAL KIDS
DUBLIN Stadium: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: BACK STABBERS
HUCKNALL Welfare Club: SKRATCH
ILFORD Oscar's: NUTZ
LEICESTER Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
LEICESTER Scamps: VENOM
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: SPLIT ENZ
LONDON BRIXTON The Telegraph: RED NITE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG / DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: LANDSCAPE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE METHOD / MEAN STREET
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: VIPER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON HIGHBURY Ladbroke House: BLACK SLATE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: KESTRAL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Lord Wellington: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER & GREIG'S SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: MARY O'HARA
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENTERS / TYLA GANG / ARBRE
LONDON Upstairs at the Rainbow: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE CASUAL BAND
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE STUKAS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE SUPREMES
NEWCASTLE Union: KRAZY KAT
NORTHAMPTON Salon: Ballroom: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
NORWICH Jacquard Club: QUORUM
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: WIRE / MATT BLACK & THE PIN-UP
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
READING Bryn's Club: XTC
READING Punk City: FRONT
SCUNTHORPE Foxhills School: HENRY COW
SHEFFIELD City Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
SHEPTON MALL The Centre: THE YETTIES
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WAKEFIELD Beeston Hall College: GARBO & THE CELLULOID HEROES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: TONIGHT
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: NO DICE



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ON THE TOWN

Millie's preoccupations, said *The Guardian*, are sex, sex and more sex; can't argue with that.

Report:
CLIFF WHITE

Pix:
PENNIE SMITH

Millie Jackson

ODEONS,
BIRMINGHAM AND
HAMMERSMITH

SO NOW we know: Millie Jackson is every bit as raunchy as her reputation. And then some.

Ignoring the traditional 'grey tabby inor wunnerful cuntree' clichés, her opening gambit was to instruct her British audience how to swear properly.

"I know y'all cuss sometimes 'cause I been hearing people saying 'Shee-it.' But there ain't no such thing as shee-it. It's only got but one syllable. It's *shit*."

"Let me hear ya now, alter three . . ."

"*SHIT!!!!*"

And so, with the great communal cuss echoing off the walls, the tone was set for the rest of her performance.

Course, it's not everyone who cares for foul-mouthed women with a hot line in plain-speaking about the sexual inadequacies of the general populace.

Particularly one whose funky raps take up a good third of her act, thereby precluding several songs that I'm sure her British fans wanted to hear.

I was at three of her four British concerts (all of which were sell-outs) and noticed a smattering of people walking out on her at each performance, presumably either bored or offended.

Certainly at Birmingham a few sensitive souls were outraged and left when she started referring to "Pools".

In London, where she extended her raps and cut three songs out of her act, the few leavers were probably just tired of all the talking.

Mc, I thought she went over the top — particularly when she started acting out one of her stories in mime — but I certainly wasn't bored.

Millie works at the very edge of disaster.

You can never be sure what she'll do next; whether she'll be moving, outrageously funny or faintly embarrassing.

If you're not yet in love with Millie . . . (. . . you obviously missed the gigs)

Comfort is not part of her repertoire.

And just that fact alone puts her in a tiny minority of modern black acts. To be part of the Millie Jackson experience is a bit like sharing an evening with Richard Pryor and Mac West.

A final word about her rapping: it wasn't half as formulated as most of her audiences probably thought it was.

Although she has a general framework for each of her routines (because they're all related to songs, to which she keeps returning from out of the monologues), what she had to say, and the way that she said it, varied considerably from gig to gig, depending on her moods and the audiences' reaction.

The only consistency was uncompromising plain speaking.

But enough of the incidentals; what of the music?

In a word, sensational. I don't usually like to get too dogmatic about artists, but in Millie's case I don't mind going on record as stating that she's the most exciting female singer I've seen since, oh, I guess, Irma Thomas and Sugar Pie DeSanto in the mid-'60s.

Not technically, you understand: emotionally.

Her voice is amazing.

Even deeper and more powerful than you'd suspect from hearing her records; sometimes round and warm with a similar timbre to Gladys Knight, then distorted into sounds that are beyond the ken of most females, the ragged end of frenzy that is the province of a Wilson Pickett or a James Brown.

She sings like a man. An old, gold soul man. (Or, to avoid feminist backlash, perhaps I should say, like the R&B ladies of yesteryear — which amounts to the same thing).

And, oh bliss. Not only is she a singer and a half, she's got the perfect band for accompaniment.

Eight-piece Easy Akshun are probably the closest thing to a tip-flight, Stax-style '60s outfit on the road today.

A drummer who's sharp enough even to please fans of the late Al Jackson; three hornmen, including a character who doubles on valve and slide trombone, who make the same kind of impression as Southside Johnny's larger assembly; guitarists and a keyboard player who lend effective, powerful support without once over-riding Millie's lead.

Miraculously, even the stringsynth wasn't offensive.

With such splendid back-up, Millie opened each set with the solid, and appropriate funk of Philip Mitchell's "Star In The Ghetto". Before sifting through an hour or so of rap and soul that was all drawn from her recorded repertoire, except "Feelings" (which she'll undoubtedly soon record, if the audience response is anything to go by).

The Birmingham audience was treated to "There's Something Bout Cha" and "I Can't Say Goodbye" from her "Lovingly Yours" LP — which "you didn't buy, but I'm gonna sing 'em anyhow; and if you act like you don't like 'em I just might sing the whole goddamn album" — plus her early hit, "My Man, A Sweet Man", performed exactly as on

record. (A concession to Brits; Millie hates the song).

Londoners just heard the balance of the set, which was mainly her three extended *tares de force*, "If Loving You Is Wrong", "All The Way Lover" and "Loving Arms", broken up by a straightforward (i.e. no rap) performance of "Feel Like Making Love", and capped by the obligatory encore, "If You're Not Back In Love By Monday."

Each and every one was stunningly performed, which is why I'm sitting here reviewing three shows: I couldn't get enough.

Final verdict?

One rap too many, several songs too few; but still the greatest soul show for many a long month, a justification of every high expectation.

Supercharge

Music Machine

THEY RAVAGED Reggae, they pulverised Punk, they gobbled up Gospel, and they weren't exactly charitable about Queen, Glean Miller, The Pistols, and a whole lot of other people.

Focal point of the band was inevitably singer/saxist Albie 'Bunty' Donnelly, (he insists that I mention he's bisexual), baggy red trousers flapping wildly, bald pate a-glinting in the spotlights. Non-stop gags and rock star rip-offs.

But nearly stealing the show was Professor 'Gazzer' Gaskell (sax), looking almost dapper as Simon Templar.

In fact, the whole seven-piece band demands attention. A lot of pseudo-devotional handwaving in "The God Song" (chorus, "I wanna testify!"), and excellent showstop harmonies on "Doesn't It Make You Feel Sickly?", which devastated the entire Beach Boys era in one blow.

But nothing compares with the sight of Donnelly goose-stepping crazily as the band all move in automated robot jerks on "Don't Wanna Be Funky No More".

Gross, raunchy, often hysterical — as long as there's music they will grind it through their satirical mangle, destroy its pretensions, and still play it at its best.

Mark Ellen



GERRY RAFFERTY

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'BAKER STREET'



*I just wanna
be an all-round
entertainer*

Frank Zappa

HAMMERSMITH
ODEON

"FRANK ZAPPA is the leader and musical director of the Mothers Of Invention. His performances in person with the group are rare. His personality means that it is best he stay away... for the sake of impressionable young minds who might not be prepared to cope with him. When he does show up he performs on the guitar. Sometimes he sings. Sometimes he talks to the audience. Sometimes there is trouble..." — Extract from liner note to "Freak Out" by The Mothers Of Invention, 1966.

FRANK ZAPPA used to be the outside edge of weird — sometimes he was even as weird as he pretended to be — and even now, as he steps out in front of his all-new, all-young and mostly-pretty band at the Hammersmith Odeon, his appearance indicates that there's something about him which is not... quite... normal.

Consider: here's a guy with shoulder-length hair, but it's greasy and matted and generally horrible, falling around a meatcleaver nose resting on a Groucho 'tache in a face that's a living definition of "sallow". He's wearing a black'n'white striped rugby shirt, baggy ice-blow jeans and brown platform boots. He's such a misfit that you'd rather take Sid Vicious home to have tea with your mum.

At least Sid looks... well, normal.

Zappa's pacing the front of the stage singing into a hand-mike — and for him that's definitely not normal, but then he slings his guitar over his shoulder and gets stuck into "Peaches En Regalia", which is. But then he takes the guitar off, removes the rugby shirt, ties his hair back and returns to the front of the stage to leer his way through "The Torture Never Stops".

It's a real nostalgia-bozz to think of Frank having a "repellent personality", though. The man who used to threaten the world with dangerous ideas, bizarre, ugly music, a carload of screaming mutants, brutal saxophones, odd aleatory noises and psychotic conversations is now friendly, pleasant, entertaining and eager to please. Nowadays, Frank Zappa is about as offensive



and evil as Eddie And The Hot Rods.

Where once he trained his satiric cannons on such targets as the U.S. military-industrial complex, concentration camps and the hippie hoax (and please remember that Frank Zappa was firing nerve-gas pellets into Haight-Ashbury at a time when the rest of the world was still singing along with "All You Need Is Love", so don't call him a hippie unless you want a Nargument), he is now content to spend several minutes (about 15, to be precise) demolishing Peter Frampton with a long rap (delivered from a stool at the front of the stage) and a song entitled "I Have Been In You", which is in the grand tradition of Zappa jibes at anyone who is more attractive to pubescent girls than he is.

He used to take the piss out of Jim Morrison back in '68, but that's another matter.

It was a far cry from Wembley a few years ago, when FZ played two hours of straight jazz (well, as "straight" as anything he ever does) with an encore of "Who Are The Brain Police?" to keep the natives from outright mutiny. This time around, Frank's into Entertainment, and it's very good Entertainment. I mean, I was entertained. Didn't get bored or nothin' laughed at the jokes, tapped me foot to the music, didn't even look at me watch but once or twice during the whole thing.

Due to FZ's invidious posi-

tion record-wise, large particles of the set consisted of material written since his last album "Zoot Allures", which came out in '76, but therefore not released and thus unfamiliar to the audience at large.

Such new delights included "Broken Hearts Are For Assholes" and "I Wanna Be Dead", both sung by drummer Terry Bozzio — also the subject of the whole "Punky's Whips" megajoke described by suave young Paul Rambali in his Zappa feature last week — which I presume are some sort of Frankish comment on The Entire Phenomenon Of (Ahem) Punk Rock.

The songs would imply that FZ has a greater understanding of punk rock than the safety-pin jokes during the "I Have Been In You" monologue would have implied.

Frank's avuncular jollity even extended as far as bringing up members of audience to dance on stage (Jesus popped up — natch — and was only induced to leave the stage with the greatest reluctance). The result of all this was that he performed most of his encore with a girl named Gloria wrapped around him. He sang "Camarillo Brillo" from the floor with Gloria's hand down his pants, but a good time was had by all.

The band were better than okay, even though the sound was on the weedy side — in fact, the only instrument on the stage that was decently miked and sounded okay was Zappa's own guitar.

Reining in mind the vagaries of the P.A. system, Zappa sounded as if he was announcing Adrian Blue (guitar) and Bob Dylan (impressions). Patrick (bass), Terry Bozzio (drums, shades, vocals and jock-strap), Tony Mars and Peter Wolf (keyboards) and Ed Mahon (percussion, matimbas, vibraphone and assorted etceteras). They all sound like fine lads who'll do very well with their own hands.

In short, fine entertainment from one of the great all-round entertainers of our time.

Frank Zappa is the leader and musical director of Frank Zappa. His performances in person with the group are the only reason anybody shows up.

For the sake of the wonderful kids who respond so warmly to Frank's warm and wonderful personality.

When he does show up he performs on the guitar. Sometimes he sings. Sometimes he talks to the audience. Sometimes he sits on a stool smoking cigarettes and tapping his foot while the band perform. There is never any trouble.

Charles Shaar Murray



Last word in Uneasy Listening

This Heat

ICA
MUST ADMIT I couldn't restrain a chuckle when one of Pere Ubu's hairy crew recently announced that "what we (PU) are is not pretty".

All things being relative, David Thomas was speaking his own truth.

But maybe he should bend an ear to This Heat (preferably when someone can be persuaded to give them a recording contract); they make even Ubu's relentless Detroit motorik seem positively benign and companionable.

Meanwhile, back at the ICA, an itchy tape loop (sort of phased Morse) signals a formal start to proceedings.

This Heat, who won't take to the small, cramped stage for at least another five minutes, use a lot of tapes, both pre-recorded and made *in situ*.

Bogging This Heat is mercifully pointless.

Two items in their repertoire have a vague — nothing more — precedent in the chainsaw butchery of latterday King Crimson, but both "Horizontal Hold" and "Romp" are more manic, more oppressive than anything Fripp and Co ever failed into shape.

And that's just about it for close — or come to that distant — relatives.

Charles Hayward drums with improbable precision; on "Hold" he manages a fairly convincing impression of a Yeti with a clubbed foot. Charles Bullen's guitar is a constant throbbing shock, a wide waveband of black noise. Gareth Williams' organ — a nightmare of stabbings and screechings. Bullen especially hooks the part — tall, skeletal and utterly pallid.

No, This Heat are not pretty either.

"Makeshift Swahili" (great title, don'tcha think?) is just as unwise, maybe more so. Hayward screaming lyrics as if possessed over a huge megariff. God knows what This Heat are exercising through.

But one-dimensional they're not. "Not Waving But Drowning" is a mournful, by their standards pleasant song, a grey hymn. Bullen moves to clarinet, Hayward rattles through his assorted percussives. Williams doubles on bass.

And later a series of descriptive instrumentals leading into another song, the hauntingly beautiful "Fall Of Saigon", illustrates the trio's ability to map areas beyond world's end.

Their manipulation of tape and texture neatly explodes Todd Rundgren's (pathetic) fallacy that every note produced on stage has to be identified with a player before a hand can communicate effectively with its audience.

In This Heat's instance, the trade in uncertainty is pronounced. Not knowing (where or why) helps rather than hinders, opens rather than closes.

Their one concession to symmetry is Bullen's final solo, a steel cut sprung without (much) warning that resolves itself into the introductory tape signature.

Bullen leaves the stage, his guitar on indefinite repeat.

An end.
This Heat is, I suppose, uneasy listening — extreme music for what are extreme times.

But it's passionate (dare I say committed?) music, therefore its own justification and, unlike so many 'modernist' ventures that are interesting in theory but inaccessible in practice, defiantly vulnerable.

Angus MacKinnon

Weird band, weird pls.



JAZZ DIARY

DINGWALLS Saturday lunchtime blowing session is a gig worth getting to — free admission, and, a couple weeks back, David Murray borrowing an axe to sit in on "Perdido" and "C-Jam Blues" before brooming to Paris to record solo concerts. The Pizza Express, Dean Street, has Bud Freeman and Fred Hunt on February 10. The next visitors at Ronnie Scott's will be George Coleman, and the Woody Shaw unit.

Jazz Centre Society gigs in London include the Tom Bridges Quartet with Chris Vander Quartet at the 7 Dials on February 2, Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia at the Star and Garter on 4th., and The Dutch Swing College Band and Dick Wellstood at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 6th. The 100 Club features Jabalo on 3rd., The Blackbottom Stompers and Roy Kirby's Paragon Jazz Band on 4th., the Gene Allen Jazzmen on 5th., and Dick Cook's Inter-Cities Jazz band on 8th.

The Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band's JCS Northern tour includes the Arts Centre, York on 8th., Band On The Wall, Manchester on 9th., the Dock Green Inn, Leeds on 10th., and the Derby Room, Leigh on 11th. The Kathy Stobart Quartet with Marion Williams will be at East Lancs Jazz Club, Great Harwood on 9th., Norton Recreation Centre, Castlefields, Runcorn on 10th., and Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield on 11th.

The first three albums in the new Ronnie Scott Presents series on Pye are now in the shops, and Ronnie's own album, "Serious Gold" confirms his belief that British jazz is the equal of any. Next two releases are George Melly and the great Louis Stewart. Lee Lambert Records will be releasing Volume Three in their British Artists series, "The Martin Drew Band" with Bill Le Sage, Brian Smith, Ron Matthews and John Taylor.

A&M's Horizon keep up the good work with the astounding duets between Charlie Haden and Cherry, Ornette, Hawes and Shepp on "The Golden Number". Also released, Chet Baker's "You Can't Go Home Again", Thad Jones and Mel Lewis "Live In Munich", Billy Hart's "Enchance" which includes Oliver Lake, Don Pullen, Dewey Redman and Dave Holland, and "Herb Alpert-Hugh Masekela". A fine quartet album from the great Max Roach, "The Loadstar", on Italian Horo.

Brian Case

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DEAF SCHOOL LIVE

February

- 1st. Rainbow (Upstairs)
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- 3rd. Aberdeen Univ.
- 4th. Strathclyde Univ. Glasgow
- 5th. Tiffanys, Edinburgh
- 6th. Leicester Polytechnic
- 9th. Oxford Polytechnic
- 10th. Porterhouse Club, Redford
- 11th. Redcar, Coatham Bowl

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28th Crediton, Devon - Bow Inn

FEBRUARY

1st Aberdeen - Ruffles Ballroom
3rd Bangor - University
4th Ebbw Vale - Leisure Centre
5th Leeds - Ffordgreene Hotel
6th Shipley, Nottingham - Boat Inn
10th Comarthen - Civic Hall
11th Street - Strade Swimming Baths
13th Plymouth - Top Rank

14th Penzance Winter Gardens

15th Weston Super Mare - Winter Gardens

17th London - Southbank Polytechnic

18th Bradford - University

19th Chelmsford - Chancellor Hall

20th Weymouth Pavilion

22nd Birmingham Barbarellas

23rd Middlesbrough - Town Hall

24th Aberdeen - University

28th Cardiff Top Rank

MARCH

1st Brighton - Top Rank
4th Wigan Casino

New album "Jenny Darren" roars out on Jan. 27! (DJF 20523. Cassette - DJH 40523.)



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- 23 Colwyn Bay, Dixieland Showbar
- 24 Wolverhampton, Lafayette
- 26 Liverpool, Eric's
- 27 Stafford, Top of the World

March

- 4 Dudley, JB's
- 10 Sheffield University
- 31 Scarborough, Penthouse

On the tedious side of weird . . .

Ultravox! Split Enz

EDINBURGH

LADIES AND gentlemen — an evening of weirdness in two parts.

(You didn't really think they were on the same bill, did you?)

Firstly to Claude dison, where they're conducting an experiment — the show finishes at 10.30, apparently to ease the parents' troubled minds by sending the kids home early.

First on are The Doll who, apart from the novelty of having a (competent) Farfisa organ sound as lead instrument, have absolutely nothing to offer.

Tedious punk — more imitators, not initiators as the New Wave heads for a BOFdom of its own.

They're followed in due course by Ultravox! who, well, in a nutshell, there's nothing quite so un-weird as weirdness that's been carefully planned.

Ultravox! positively reek of Art School.

Seemingly interminable intro tapes precede a strictly orthodox execution of painfully arranged ingredients: some futurism here, a threat of cybernetics there, a hint of asexuality, a suggestion of languid decadence, a whiff of narcotics, a je-ne-sais-quoi of French for that certain chicness, a dab of modern urban high rise buy to just so . . .

and a recording contract of course.

They're about as 'Wild, Beautiful, and Damned' as a Mary Quant boutique.

They evidently hope to be the Roxy Music of the New Wave. Occasionally they carry it off — "Hiroshima Mon Amour" is the best Roxy song that Bryan Ferry never wrote — but mostly it's just laughably pretentious.

"The Frozen Ones", "Artificial Life", "I Want To Be A Machine", drones John Foxx.

Sure you do, kid. You want to be rich and famous, like the rest of us.

It's all rather a pity really, to see ideas of being different ending up so hopelessly affected.

You see, beneath all that sub-Roxy stilted facade, Ultravox! are quite a hearty little rock band.

What's more, I think they know it themselves.

By the time the encore of "Rockwold" (its second airing) is reached, they're rocking out free and frantic, and it looks as if it's all John Foxx can do not to show he's actually enjoying himself up there.

In fact the more passion and the less artifice Ultravox! inject, the better they are for it.

The musicianship isn't at all bad and there are some good ideas being thrown in, if only they weren't quite so contrived and derivative in presentation.

THE SHOW does indeed finish at 10.30, so there's time

to nip across town to Tiffany's, where local promoters Regular Music continue to build an excellent Monday night gig by presenting Split Enz.

Now this lot are weird, mainly by not being half as weird as their pictures promise.

Although continually intrigued by their photos, this was actually my first exposure to Split Enz music, and I'm baffled by its normality.

I almost feel cheated. Melodic, even tuneful, nice line in harmonies, some catchy hooks but it's all so low-key.

There's next to no flashiness or extrovert musicianship and the songs are little more than musical doodles, never going any place.

What's even more perplexing is that the visuals are almost equally nondescript. Only at the end and in the two encores was there any of the visual zaniness promised in their pictures.

Yet there's something very endearing about Split Enz.

Perhaps it's the evident care that they put into their creations, the passion with which they sing about "Charlie And Betty", the way they're oblivious to current fashion, the inviting harmlessness of their friendly little visions.

Whatever it is, they've evidently already acquired a strong following who are tuned into their escapist wavelength. The next Genesis? I wouldn't be surprised.

Ian Crahan



Benson proves something we always knew him to be capable of — he can play that stuff in his sleep.

Benson's midnight gig: audience and star nod out

George Benson

DRURY LANE

IT WAS 1.00a.m. when George Benson finally appeared on stage last Friday at Drury Lane. Inevitably the lateness of the hour, combined with the soporific effect of much of the music, had an adverse effect on the audience. Heads began to drop long before the end of Benson's two-hour set; faint snores and occasional grunts punctuated the less than electrifying music from the stage.

With a backing quartet of Ronnie Foster (electric keyboards), Jorge Dalto (acoustic keyboards), Stanley Banks (bass) and Hugh Moran (drums), Benson eased his dexterous way through a selection of his recent chart successes, from "Breezin'" and "World Is A Ghetto" through to "The Greatest Love Of All" — though strangely he omitted "Nature Boy".

The low-key atmosphere of the evening, moreover, was not helped by the sheer length of much of his material — for, while technically adept, his solos were too often lacklustre; perhaps when he returns for his Spring concerts at the Albert Hall (for which this was a curtain-raiser), he might prove to be more stimulating if he featured more songs of shorter length.

Goodnight, George.

Dave Brown



Album 9102 019

Single 6059 192

marketed by
phonogram



[illegible]

POSTERS

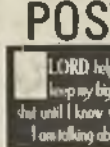


1. ROD STEWART
20" x 30" 70p

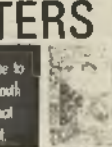


2. YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU
24" x 29" 70p

LORD help me to
keep my big mouth
shut until I know what
I am talking about.



3. LORD
30" x 20" 70p



4. GRATIA DEAD
14" x 20" 50p

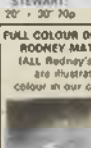


5. LOWEIGHT (dimple colour)
25" x 30" 75p

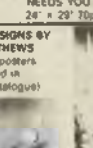


6. JIMI HENDRIX
24" x 29" 70p

FULL COLOUR DESIGNS BY ROONEY MATTHEWS
(All Rodney's posters are illustrated in colour in our catalogue)



7. CHARIOT OF ROVENHAR
40" x 27" £1.50



8. SPACE HIJACK
23" x 33" £1.30



9. THE LAST ARMADA
40" x 20" £1.50



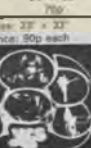
10. YELLOW BIRD IS DEAD
40" x 20" £1.50



11. TANELORN
40" x 27" £1.50



12. TWILIGHT TOWER
27" x 40" £1.50



13. VENUS CRUISER
23" x 33" £1.30
(print size 18" x 32")



14. ELRIC AND MOONGLIM
27" x 40" £1.50



15. THE ICE SCHOONER
40" x 27" £1.50



16. ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
40" x 20" £1.50

FULL COLOUR POSTERS BY BIG O POSTERS LTD.



17. YES 80p



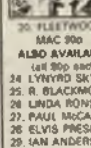
18. YES 80p



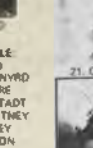
19. LED ZEPPELIN 90p



20. FLEETWOOD MAC 90p



21. OLIVIA N. JOHN 90p



22. STATUS QUO 90p



23. QUEEN 90p

FULL COLOUR POSTERS BY PACE INTERNATIONAL LTD.



24. 'SOO OFF'
20" x 15" 50p



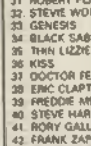
25. CLINT EASTWOOD
30" x 20" 70p



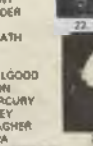
26. PEACE
14" x 20" 40p



27. BUDGIE
40" x 20" £1.50



28. GREENSLADE SEA
40" x 20" £1.50



29. YESSONGS ESCAPE
33" x 23" £1.30



30. DRAGON AND TREE
40" x 20" £1.50

FULL COLOUR DESIGNS BY ROGER DEAN



31. GREENSLADE
40" x 20" £1.50



32. YESSONGS PATHWAY
40" x 27" £1.50



33. YESTERDAYS
40" x 20" £1.50



34. OSIRISA WYAWA
40" x 20" £1.50



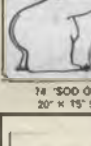
35. TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS
40" x 20" £1.50



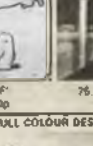
36. ZCARAB LANDING
40" x 20" £1.50



37. M'ENDREE SPRING
40" x 20" £1.50



38. PALADIN CHARGE
40" x 20" £1.50

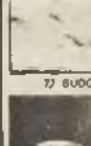


39. BEGODIE MANNERS
40" x 20" £1.50

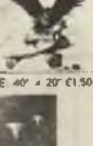


40. GREEN CASTLE
40" x 20" £1.50

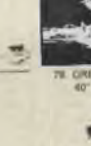
OTHER DESIGNS BY ROGER DEAN



41. OSIRISA
40" x 20" £1.50



42. WIZARD
40" x 20" £1.50



43. ZCARAB
40" x 20" £1.50



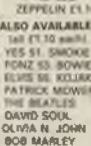
44. RELAYER
40" x 20" £1.50



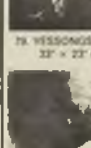
45. BADGER
40" x 20" £1.50



46. VIRGIN
40" x 20" £1.50



47. CLOSE TO THE EDGE
40" x 20" £1.50



48. BLUE DEMON
40" x 20" £1.50

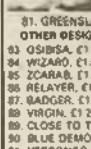


49. YESSONGS AWAKENING
40" x 20" £1.50

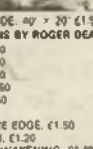


50. YESSONGS AWAKENING
40" x 20" £1.50

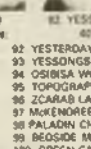
FULL COLOUR POSTERS BY PACE INTERNATIONAL LTD.



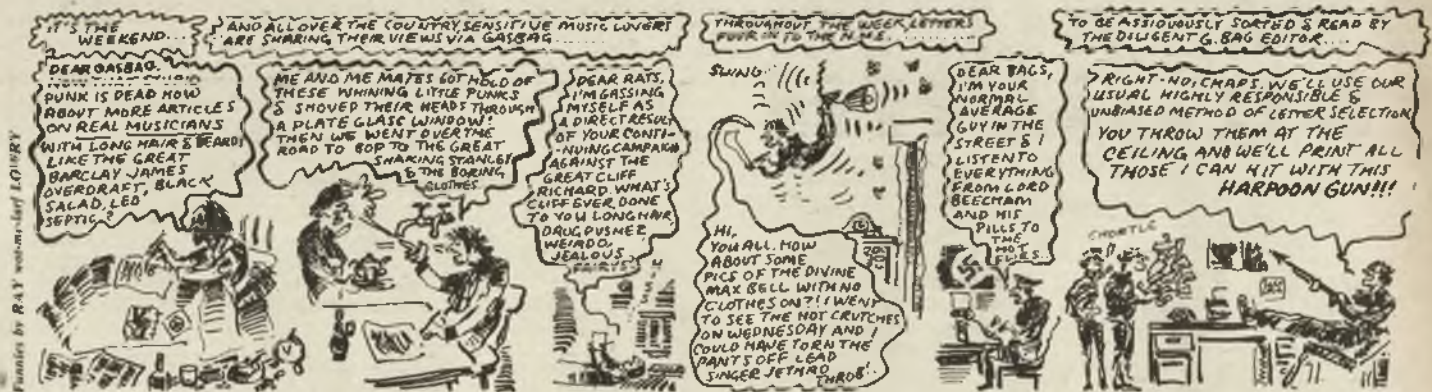
51. SEX PISTOLS
40" x 20" £1.50



52. STATUS QUO
40" x 20" £1.50



53. THE JAM
40" x 20" £1.50



The Bag that nearly didn't make it... nearly

WHILE IN MY psychiatrist's waiting room the other day, waiting to see the one and only Sigmund Freud, I put my ear to his door and heard this strange conversation. Dr. Freud was talking to a patient.

DR. FREUD: "Now calm down sir, stop shaking, you are safe here. What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Parsons?"

PARSONS: "You see Doctor, I'm a rock journalist."

DR. FREUD: "Aahh!"

PARSONS: "Every time I see some obscure, no talent pub band I have to run home, get my typewriter out and tell our readers how wonderful the band is, and how stupid and moronic the masses are for never having heard of them. And when they become famous, I knock them down, call them shit, super stardust and tell the masses how sheeplike they are for following them."

DR. FREUD: "I think I know your problem Mr. Parsons, you are in love with your mudder."

PARSONS: "I hate my mother!"

DR. FREUD: "You hate your mudder?"

PARSONS: "Yes, doesn't everybody?"

DR. FREUD: "Now I think we are getting somewhere. Tell me, what was your mudder's name?"

PARSONS: "Ethel, Ethel Parsons."

DR. FREUD: "And when did you begin to hate her?"

PARSONS: "After she had those silicone injections and changed her name to Raquel Welch, and everybody made rude, disgusting remarks about her. It forced my father into becoming a heroinist and to take a job with Anglia Television."

DR. FREUD: "You mean you are the son of (gasp) Nicholas Parsons. The most hated man in the world?"

PARSONS: "Yes, and it's all my mother's fault. I hate her, I hate her!"

DR. FREUD: "Now Mr. Parsons, I understand your problem. These small pub groups remind you of your mudder when she was small and homely and was loved by only you and your father. And when these groups become famous they again remind you of your mudder, but when she was big, rich and famous. So that is why you begin to hate them as you hated your mudder."

PARSONS: "But what can I do?"

DR. FREUD: "Just sneak into her room one night and lop her knickers off with a machete, then no one will want to make rude remarks about her, the film companies will not employ her, she will go back to your father, he will be happy again. Anglia TV will sack him for being happy, and you, Mr. Parsons, can like big superstar bands."

Brilliant, I thought, the amazing Dr. Freud strikes again. I can recommend him to anyone.

NAPOLEON BONAPART

IT WAS surprising to find Frank Zappa so unsympathetic towards punk rock in that interview last week. Surprising, because several of the leading punk bands have been doing the same thing as Zappa himself did in the past — trying to make people think for themselves, achieve 'individual liberation'. Wasn't that the point of 'No More Heroes'? Or 'Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay'?

Quite obviously that doesn't apply to punk in toto, but one would have expected someone like Zappa to be able to discriminate between the reasonably genuine and the rip-off — and even Zappa must be aware that to call punk rock a phenomenon manufactured by managers is a meaningless distortion. So what's up.

Frank — feeling old? *CHRIS EVA, Pembroke College, Cambridge.*

"ALL I WANT is Titties 'n' Beer" shouted Frank Zappa at last week's Hammersmith gig. Y'know, I used to reckon the guy was a musical genius, occasionally mis-guided, but generally way ahead of any position.

Well, after three and a half hours of largely self-indulgent musical meanderings plus two, let's face it, undeserved encores, I have reached the point where I must ask why, when he's capable of so much more, do we, his audience, have to settle for so much less?

Titties 'n' beer are fine in their respective places but a whole evening listening to ZZ's school-boyish and often embarrassing sexual japes is rather, um, sad. Am I outgrowing him or is the cynical uncle Frank fast deteriorating into senile uncle Frank. A VERY WORRIED DUKE OF PRUNES, *Swanham.*

P.S. What is the ugliest part of your body?

My titties 'n' beer, asshole. — **FRANK ZAPPA**

I GET THE impression you lot run *Gashbag* purely for your own amusement. Monty Smith's efforts at editing this feature (21/1/78) sickened me; they seemed to be designed to get a laugh around the office, and to hell with the stupid bastards dumb enough to write in. I can understand flippant, piss-taking replies to letters blindly ranting on about Led Zeppelin, The Ramones or whatever, but not futuristic, patronising put-downs of people with serious points to make.

The views of Paul Smith and Dave Hoggable on "Belsen Was A Gas" and "Free Myra Hindley" were justifiably indignant and abusive.

Is that any reason for Monty Smith to offer pathetic dribble about "Outrage Quotients" ... if in doubt consult your local GP" as an answer? As Paul Smith suggested, your mob think you're the only ones who have a cause.

Let's hope this week's *Gashbag* hatchet-man has the courage to condemn his insouciant colleague's misplaced attempts at humour. If you agree with a reader's considered observations, say so. If not, tell us why. If you're too thick to come up with anything sensible, then stick your heavy-type witicism on your arse. **OUTRAGED, Thames Polytechnic**

Steady, Outraged, calm down. I am but a mere fraction of the NME collective (and, thanks to you, a humbly castigated one), but I would've thought it was pretty clear where our sympathies lie in relation to opportunistic sloganeering like "Belsen" etc. Sorry if my dribbling offended you, but I learnt it off Tom Finney. — **M.S.**

BOB GELDOLF'S (*New Moon's Express, Jan 20th*) emerged from his paradise of puerility to state that Karl Marx never foresaw the huge impact modern technology would have on this century — what epic nonsense!

Marx was not a prophet, but a philosopher whose scientific study of capitalism comprehensively covered the inevitable advent of contemporary technology which will accompany the breakdown of an economic system based on minority ownership.

Marxism, for your wanted information, Bob, also deals with the capitalist alienation which has made the punk music dirge possible and how lucky the great man was that he didn't have to listen to it!

COLIN BRINTON, Harwich, Essex. Up yer ass. — **KIRK DOUGLAS.**

DEAR BOB Geldof,

Regarding your comments in last week's issue about students — we are not trying desperately to be hip. I'm into the music because I like it, not because I want to feel fashionable. You shouldn't make generalisations, should you? And you a reader of *Sonnet* Maugham?

JOHN GRAY, a student at Edinburgh who met you after the gig last December and found you to be very intelligent.

Are you sure that was me, now? — **BOB GELDOLF.**

I WOULDN'T mind going to work with Bob Geldof in a binocular.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

THIS IS an anonymous letter, since listening to other people's telephone calls might be illegal, even if it is accidental.

While trying to make a London call today I was put through to a conversation between Malcolm McLaren and I, would imagine, a German reporter. Subject of conversation — the Sex Pistols split.

The German reporter was writing a story about the Pistols and did not want it to be incomplete. I missed the beginning of the conversation but shamelessly listened to the rest.

McLaren was explaining that there was no point in keeping the band together contractually if they could no longer write together, and that in any case he did not wish to keep them together if they were just going to become "another successful rock group" instead of "something more creative".

But he added that the Pistols had split at least five times before, only when the line-up was different and they weren't in the public eye, and in a month's time maybe they'd all be friends again. He certainly talks a lot — the German said little, apart from "the disappointment of the people" and said he'd be in touch when he came to England. McLaren eventually said he must go, as he had a taxi waiting downstairs.

Nothing very revelatory, but it was interesting all the same, and left me with no doubt that McLaren may come out on top — he has a persuasive way of talking, complete control, no less.

ANON, Welwyn Garden City.

I HAVE never read such crap. Whoever authored this letter he published, is an imbecile. I sympathise with the idiot who wrote it.

A STRUGGLING AUTHOR, Highway Code Appreciation Society

THANK GOD! At last someone has had the sense and foresight to praise certain records that do not fit into the "Power Pop" category. I know a great majority of rock journalists tend to go for safe bets, or jump on whatever bandwagon happens to trundle past. It is, therefore, all the more refreshing to read the work of a journalist (Paul Morley) who is not afraid to speak his own mind.

To praise certain singles for eloquence and sophistication is far healthier than to praise groups for their aptitude in copying (badly) something that was done with far more panache and variety fifteen years ago.

Of the singles Paul Morley reviewed, one I have ordered already (Shot By Both Sides), the singles by The Adverts, 999, and Rikki and the Last Days of Earth will also be added to my collection immediately. No one will ever tell me what to buy. Paul

Morley has made a constructive suggestion by virtue of his reviews, and that style of journalism is something I respect.

REFRESHED, Weybridge, Surrey.

O.K. Mum, that's far enough. — **PAUL MORLEY**

THE NEXT time Paul Morley reviews the singles (whatever that means) will you please print a translation on the opposite page so that I (a mere mortal) can understand it, whatever that means.

ROSALYN HARRIS, Bideford, Devon.

Sure enough / and yes / we will / and that's a promise. — **NME (whatever that means).**

THANKS for liking John Lennon. I like him too.

A NOWHERE FAN, Croydon.

WHY MUST you drag yourselves down to the level of the dailies? Look again at last week's headline: "The day the Pistols fired me — Rotten's own story."

Are you sensationalism seeking jerks, just stupid or making a parody? Will I BE SMITH, Leeds

It's our parody and we'll cry if we want to ... — **LESS GORE.**

I AM MEAN, spiteful and self indulgent. My actions are executed with only myself in mind. Total disregard for others could well be an axiom of mine. There is no way that people will ever come to like me.

Does all this mean that I am qualified to work for the NME? **NARCISSUS, Glasgow VD Clinic.**

You start on Monday. — **BETTY GRABLE**

Who let that old bint in? — **J.C.'s SISTER**

DEAR HARRY Robinson, Re: Argotree NME 28/1/78.

No. Good try though, 99% of people say exactly what you did, first time they see us. Therefore don't

AND I'd just like to say that I wouldn't waste my time writing to get printed amongst this lot. **W. SHITSPERE, Edinburgh**



Bagged by JOAN CRAWFORD's sister

The one who didn't make it. Well, not as often as Joan did, anyhow. **Blitch! — JOAN CRAWFORD'S SISTER**



In alphabetical order — left to right — meet Althia and Donna on 't'ing — sorry, they ain't wearing 'olter back, but that's the way it goes. Who said you had to be working class to make a great record (I did — *Proletrarian Ed*)? Dene chicks stay out of Trenchtown even though dem strictly roots — or so they say, and Donna splits her time between New York and J.A., but we at NME want to see them at number one if only to get "Mull Of Bloody Kintyre" out of the way. Are they gonna be the first reggae act to make the Royal Variety Performance and the Morecambe And Wise Show? Stay tuned an' t'ing... Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

teazers

A WEEKLY EXPOSTULATION...

AND IN THE aftermath, as the dust slowly settles after the explosive demise of *Those Four Lovable Spike-Tops*, *T-Zers* claws its way out of the wreckage with a few more snippets of deathless trivia from Hot Poop Central.

In Saturday's *Evening News*, we were all agog to hear J. Arthur Rotten telling the world he was "bored chronic of singing the same set that we'd played for two years", that he was "bored stiff with Sid's juvenile behaviour", that Malcolm "was setting me up to be another Rod Stewart and when I kicked back he didn't like it" and best of all: "I won't work again with any of them, and that's no great pity. Steve can go off and be Peter Frampton, Sid can go off and kill himself and nobody will care, Paul can go back to being an electrician, and Malcolm will always be a Wally."

If anyone really broke up The Four Mouthed Pop Group, it must be old Ronnie Biggs, who was a catalyst for that Brazilian fiasco that brought matters to a head. He copped a taste of the rough end of J. R.'s tongue as well: "Biggs is a big failure, anyway. I mean, if you're going to worship a train robber, why not the one who got the money? Biggs is a fool, a

bullfool trapped down South America way. He didn't get no money. He's a loser. I don't celebrate losers."

On his own future: "I'm looking for a new band, but I don't want to do no Johnny Rotten show again. I hated that in The Sex Pistols." It's interesting to note (No, it isn't. Get on with it — *Ed*) that ex-N.Y. Dolls and Heartbreakers drummer Jerry Nolan has been cited as a possible participant in future

Profuse apologies to those of you who struggle through the CROSSWORD each week, but owing to severe shortages of space (too many PVC pants ads and bloody Jan Jury doing the singles — you know the sort of thing), your second favourite pastime has regrettably been held over till next week. Angela Ripston will be giving full details on tomorrow night's news.

ventures by both J. Rotten and the notorious Sid (I hate the name) Vicious. One or the other, Jerry...

Just to prove how ridiculous things had got by the time that The Fab Four Mouthed Four Lovable (I said get on with it — *Ed*) finished off their U.S. tour in San Francisco, *T-Zers* learned that Warner and his Fabulous Brother had hired Local Colour from a Rent-A-Punk agency in

order to zap up the Pistols' post-pig party. Earlier on at the concert, promoter Bill Graham had compe/rock writer/lyricist Richard Meltzer ejected from the hall after he put down San Francisco in his opening remarks.

And just to close this section out with a quote from the Mighty Sid: apparently one of the U.S. doctors who treated everybody's favourite casualty told him that if he didn't knock off the booze'n'drugs he'd be dead in six months. They've been telling Mick Farren that for ten years (Yeah, and look at the state of him! — *Ed*).

And now on to a few *T-Zers* which have nothing to do with The Sex Pistols at all (*About time too — Disgruntled Heep Fan, Bourmouh*): Mick Jagger, well-known social climber, all-purpose dilettante and occasional rock star was leaving a Paris nosherie with current Good Friend Jerry Hall (ex-Bryan Ferry) when he attempted to slug a photographer who was attempting to lay a lens on the elegant couple. The photog, being soberer, healthier and more agile than old rubberlips, dumped Mick onto the wet pavement with a smart bit of judo, and we all had a good Larf over that. Meanwhile, Bianca was boogying the night away in N.Y.'s Studio 54 disco with all

her expensive friends, pining for movie stardom and her errant hubby.

It's a sob a minute out there in Soap-Operaland. Britt Ekland (ex-Rod Stewart) has cut her hair, shrunk down to six-and-a-half stone and says that she doesn't want a relationship now. "I'm the most unavailable woman you ever met," she sobs. Don't bet on it, darlin'.

Anyway, all this stuff has sod all to do with rock and roll (*right — Ed*) so let's get down to cases: in sunny California, Neil Young and Little Feat are fighting off the Grand Ennui by playing local bars, though Neil is getting set to launch out on a 23-city tour with Levon Helm as opening act.

In the same wonderful state of the USA, we hear from Beserkley's Marlow "King" Kaufman that there's a heavy-duty new Elvis impersonator doing the rounds. He's got the whole thing down pat: short hair, horn-rims and dark suit, and he plays the whole "My Aim Is True" album. You got it, he's an Elvis Costello imitator.

Former Runaway Jackie Fox now working in the promotion department of the West Coast offices of Ariola Records. *T-Zers* has just voted her Promo Person We'd Most Like A Working Lunch With...

Surely it can't be true!! (deft: In the recent *Rolling Stone* critics' poll, publisher/editor/despot, Iann Wenner received a nasty shock when his staff's collective nomination for band of the year turned out to be The Sex Pistols!!!! (You said you weren't going to mention them again — *Ed*). The publisher/editor/despotic veto was duly exercised, and the winners turned out to be — hold your breath now — Fleetwood Mac. Naturally, we don't believe a word of this, because those of us who work in the rock press just don't do things like that.

Meanwhile, closer to home (*About bloody time — Ed*), could it be that Stiff Records (The World's Most Flexible Label) are getting a little limp in their old age? When famous Stiffperson Wreckless Eric suggested that his fan club should be called "The Wreckless Eric Naked Girls Club" (Motto: there's one under every dress), the idea was promptly vetoed by the front office. Naturally, this is totally unconnected with the fact that ex-Zigzag editor, staunch heterosexual and family tree fetishist Peter Frame has taken over as Stiff Records' press officer.

Bee-zzzzzzzzz: The Damned (currently in a non-ongoing record contract situation) are currently rehearsing new material which is reputed to be so extraordinary that Captain Sensible has given up drinking (I'm sorry, I don't believe this one either — *Ed*).

CSM screws up again — oh no! surely not! — in his singles column last week: the guitar work on Kevin Coyne's new single "Amsterdam" is by Bob Ward and not Andy Somers.

Merger held and searched for an hour by police at Nottingham's Sandpipers Club on Friday, suspected of stealing the club owner's purse. The band say they will sue the club.

Meanwhile, Spartacus R held an Uxbridge on suspicion of owning a stolen bass. When this proved untrue, he was arrested for smashing police car window. He claims self defence.

Manchester band The Smirks signed to Beserkley label — Matt Kaufman scoops the world again.

We thought this kind of thing only happened to punks: famous hozo Gerry Monroe stuck with 10,000 copies of his latest single after his record company went bust on him. Don't hold yet breath waiting to tell 'em, Ger.

Geriatric comedians Bob Monkhouse and Dickie Henderson involved in a TV special (sic) in which they form a punk rock group called The Last Rifles. No wonder the Pistols broke up.

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Their New Single

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Single of the Week NME Jan 7 1978

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