

new

MUSICAL EXPRESS

BOWIE DATES_{p.3.}

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HOWARD DEVOTO

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 24, 1973

This Last Week		
1	(1)	PART OF THE UNION.....Savoy (A & M)
2	(2)	BLACKBUSTER.....Sweet (RCA)
3	(3)	DO YOU WANNA TOUCH ME.....Gary Glitter (Mercury)
4	(4)	STYLISH.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	(5)	DANIEL.....Elton John (DJM)
6	(6)	ROLL OVER BETHOVEN.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
7	(7)	CINDY INCIDENTALLY.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
8	(8)	WHISKY IN THE JAR.....Thin Lizzy (Decca)
9	(9)	SUPERSTITION.....Sister Sledge (A&M)
10	(10)	PAPER PLANE.....Status Quo (Vertigo)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 21, 1963

This Last Week		
1	(1)	MIGHTY QUINN.....Meredithbone (Parlophone)
2	(2)	CYNTHIA RIVER.....Basil & Alvin (Parlophone)
3	(3)	SHE WEARS MY RING.....Solomon King (Columbia)
4	(4)	BEND ME SHAPE ME.....Amen Corner (Decca)
5	(5)	EVERLASTING LOVE.....Love Affair (CBS)
6	(6)	STUDENLY YOU LOVE ME.....Status Quo (Pye)
7	(7)	PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN.....Foghorn Leghorn (Decca)
8	(8)	AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET.....The Beatles (Columbia)
9	(9)	FIRE BRIDE.....The Beatles (Columbia)
10	(10)	GIMME LITTLE SIGNS.....The Beatles (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 22, 1948

This Last Week		
1	(1)	THE WAYWARD WIND.....Frank Field (Columbia)
2	(2)	PLEASE PLEASE ME.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
3	(3)	DRAGONIS.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
4	(4)	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.....Bobby Vee (Liberty)
5	(5)	LOOP DE LOOP.....Frankie Vaughan (Parlophone)
6	(6)	LITTLE TOWN FLIRT.....Del Shannon (Mercury)
7	(7)	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
8	(8)	ISLAND OF DREAMS.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
9	(9)	STANDER HOLIDAY.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
10	(10)	SAVYAKI.....The Beatles (Parlophone)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending February 25, 1978

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME Abba (Epic)	4	1
2	(6)	COME BACK MY LOVE Darts (Magnet)	4	2
3	(5)	WISHING ON A STAR Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	4	3
4	(2)	FIGARO Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	6	2
5	(3)	IF I HAD WORDS Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	6	2
6	(8)	MR BLUE SKY Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	6
7	(12)	HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING Rod Stewart (Rival)	4	7
8	(13)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN Sweet (Polydor)	4	8
9	(14)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT Yellow Dog (Virgin)	3	9
10	(24)	STAYIN' ALIVE Bee Gees (RSO)	3	10
11	(9)	SORRY I'M A LADY Baccara (RCA)	6	9
12	(20)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS Kate Bush (EMI)	2	12
13	(4)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING Althia & Donna (Lightning)	8	1
14	(7)	LOVELY DAY Bill Withers (CBS)	6	3
15	(18)	DRUMMER MAN Tonight (TDS)	2	15
16	(25)	EMOTIONS Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	3	16
17	(30)	ALRIGHT NOW EP Free (Island)	2	17
18	(10)	NATIVE NEW YORKER Odyssey (RCA)	7	3
19	(16)	5 MINUTES Stranglers (United Artists)	3	16
20	(11)	MULL OF KINTYRE Wings (Parlophone)	13	1
21	(—)	FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE Smokie (Rak)	2	21
22	(—)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN Eruption (Atlantic)	1	22
23	(15)	THE GROOVE LINE Heatwave (GTO)	6	10
24	(—)	THEME FROM WHICH WAY IS UP Stargard (MCA)	3	23
25	(—)	RISE FREE EP Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	1	25
26	(23)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE Billy Joel (CBS)	2	23
27	(—)	BAKER STREET Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	1	27
28	(22)	FANTASY Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	22
29	(—)	WALK IN LOVE Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	1	29
30	(—)	IS THIS LOVE Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	30
BUBBLING UNDER				
NERVOUS WRECK		Radio Stars (Chiswick)		
WINE		Elkie Brooks (A&M)		
WHAT DO I GET		Buzzcocks (United Artists)		

ALBUMS

Week ending February 25, 1978

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(2)	RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	52	1
3	(8)	VARIATIONS Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	4	3
4	(6)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE Rod Stewart (Riva)	15	2
5	(3)	OUT OF THE BLUE Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	16	3
6	(4)	GREATEST HITS Donna Summer (GTO)	7	3
7	(9)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES Ian Dury (Stiff)	4	7
8	(11)	DISCO FEVER Various (K-Tel)	15	1
9	(5)	EXODUS Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	26	5
10	(15)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS Sex Pistols (Virgin)	16	2
11	(10)	REFLECTIONS Andy Williams (CBS)	4	10
12	(7)	SOUND OF BREAD Bread (WEA)	16	1
13	(13)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 Elton John (DJM)	18	6
14	(16)	FLORAL DANCE Brighthouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)	4	14
15	(17)	ALL 'N' ALL Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	15
16	(12)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS Beatles (Parlophone)	5	12
17	(22)	WHITE MUSIC XTC (Virgin)	2	17
18	(—)	I WANT TO LIVE John Denver (RCA)	1	18
19	(—)	ARRIVAL Abba (Epic)	57	1
20	(19)	FEELINGS Various (K-Tel)	15	3
21	(21)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT Neil Diamond (CBS)	5	15
22	(—)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD Status Quo (Vertigo)	12	4
23	(27)	MUPPET SHOW 2 Muppets (Pye)	2	23
24	(20)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS Abba (Epic)	86	1
25	(—)	BEST FRIENDS Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	2	25
26	(—)	COUNTRY GIRL MEETS COUNTRY BOY Various (CBS/Warwick)	1	26
27	(—)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC Crystal Gale (United Artists)	2	27
28	(28)	DISCO STARS Various (K-Tel)	3	28
29	(25)	STAR WARS Soundtrack (20th Century)	3	25
30	(—)	GREATEST HITS Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	4	23
BUBBLING UNDER				
DRASTIC PLASTIC		BeBop Deluxe (Harvest)		
WAITING FOR COLUMBUS		Little Feat (Warner Bros)		
PASTICHE		Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)		
BACCARA		Baccara (RCA)		

THE CHART-RIGGING SCANDAL

NATIONAL PRESS allegations and revelations concerning chart-rigging, which have received widespread publicity during the past few days, have not been directed at the NME Charts.

NME has steadfastly adhered to Top Thirty charts, as opposed to Top Fifty, always believing that any lower positions would be more vulnerable to hyping. Obviously, comparatively few records would need to

be sold to achieve a placing between No. 31 and No. 50. And this, NME believes, is a "grey area" open to possible manipulation.

This is why NME has, despite numerous requests from readers, adamantly refused to extend its Charts beyond the Top Thirty. And why it is confident in the authenticity of those Charts.

See also page 21.

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 25, 1978

This Last Week		
1	(1)	STAYIN' ALIVE.....Bee Gees
2	(3)	EMOTION.....Samantha Sang
3	(5)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER.....Andy Gibb
4	(2)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE.....Billy Joel
5	(4)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH.....Dan Hill
6	(6)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE.....Chic
7	(7)	SHORT PEOPLE.....Randy Newman
8	(11)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME.....Lynyrd Skynyrd
9	(8)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS.....Queen
10	(14)	PEG.....Steely Dan
11	(9)	BABY COME BACK.....Player
12	(21)	LAY DOWN SALLY.....Eric Clapton
13	(25)	NIGHT FEVER.....Bee Gees
14	(16)	GO CRAZY.....Paul Davis
15	(15)	NATIVE NEW YORKER.....Odyssey
16	(10)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART.....Rod Stewart
17	(24)	FALLING.....LeBlanc & Carr
18	(19)	FFUN.....Con Funk Shun
19	(20)	(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS.....John Williams
20	(23)	THUNDER ISLAND.....Jay Ferguson
21	(29)	WONDERFUL WORLD.....Art Garfunkel with James Taylor and Paul Simon
22	(27)	THE NAME OF THE GAME.....Abba
23	(28)	THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO.....Rita Coolidge
24	(30)	JACK AND JILL.....Raydio
25	(—)	ALWAYS AND FOREVER.....Heatwave
26	(13)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE.....Bee Gees
27	(—)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU.....Barry Manilow
28	(—)	HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.....Little River Band
29	(—)	(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS.....Meco
30	(—)	GOODBYE GIRL.....Styx

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 25, 1978

This Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(4)	THE STRANGER.....Billy Joel
3	(2)	NEWS OF THE WORLD.....Queen
4	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY.....Jackson Browne
5	(3)	RUMOURS.....Fleetwood Mac
6	(6)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE.....Rod Stewart
7	(7)	ALL 'N' ALL.....Earth Wind & Fire
8	(8)	THE GRAND ILLUSION.....Styx
9	(11)	AJA.....Steely Dan
10	(13)	SLOWHAND.....Eric Clapton
11	(9)	SIMPLE DREAMS.....Linda Ronstadt
12	(15)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN.....Kansas
13	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE.....Electric Light Orchestra
14	(16)	WATERMARK.....Art Garfunkel
15	(18)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND Original Soundtrack
16	(—)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO.....Ted Nugent
17	(12)	ALIVE II.....Kiss
18	(19)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT.....Box Scaggs
19	(20)	FUNKTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME.....Parliament
20	(21)	STREET SURVIVORS.....Lynyrd Skynyrd
21	(24)	LONGER FUSE.....Dan Hill
22	(23)	LITTLE CRIMINALS.....Randy Newman
23	(28)	WEEKEND IN L.A.....George Benson
24	(26)	FRENCH KISS.....Bob Welch
25	(30)	LIVE AT THE BUOU.....Grover Washington Jr.
26	(17)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT Neil Diamond
27	(22)	GALAXY.....War
28	(—)	WAYLON & WILLIE Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
29	(10)	DRAW THE LINE.....Aerosmith
30	(—)	THANKFUL.....Natalie Cole

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

C-&W STARS ON THE ROAD

Robbins and Everly tour

MARTY ROBBINS and DON EVERLY co-star in an eight-city British tour, immediately after their appearance in the Country Music Festival at Wembley Empire Pool over Easter weekend. They play Gloucester Leisure Centre (March 29), Oxford New Theatre (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (31), Peterborough ABC (April 1), Norwich Theatre Royal (2), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (4), London Hammersmith Odeon (6) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7). Supporting the two U.S. stars will be the two winners of the nationwide Country Music Talent Competition, the finals of which are being staged at Wembley Conference Centre, also during Easter.

Two other artists featured in the Country Music Festival, Merle Haggard and Joe Ely, are going out on a separate tour after the Wembley event. They are playing seven dates together — at Southampton Gaumont (March 31), Brighton Conference Centre (April 1), Coventry

Theatre (2), Dublin Stadium (4), Belfast King's Hall (5), Ipswich Gaumont (8) and Liverpool Empire (9).

Joe Ely's single "Fingernails" comes out on March 3, and the album from which it's taken is due the following week, titled "Honky Tonk Masquerade". Haggard's new single "I'm Always On A Mountain When I Fall" is released on March 10. All are on the MCA label.

Dog slaughtered by his brother!

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS have parted company with lead guitarist Mike Rossi, after what's described as "friction and grievances" within the band. The decision to take Mike out of the line-up was made by his brother Ray Rossi, who manages the band, and they are now auditioning for a replacement. Meanwhile they are continuing to gig, using a temporary stand-in.



SAINTS OUTING ROUND BRITAIN

AUSTRALIAN band The Saints begin their third major British tour next month, coinciding with the release of their new EMI album "Eternally Yours". They'll be touring with the brass section which is featured on their current single "Know Your Product". Nine gigs have been confirmed so far, and more will be announced next week. Dates set are Plymouth Castaways (March 6), Port Talbot Troubadour (9), Northampton County Ground (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (11), Blackpool Jenkinson's (13), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Swansea Circles Club (16), Treforest Glamorgan Polytechnic (17) and Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (18).

STORY SETTLING HERE

TOP FRENCH rock band Little Bob Story have decided to base themselves in London. They feel they've achieved all they can in France, and they want now to concentrate their efforts on the British market. Next week they begin a short Irish tour visiting Cork, Dublin and Limerick, then playing Belfast Queen's University (March 7) and Coleraine Ulster University (8). They then begin an extensive tour throughout the U.K., and the first of these dates will be announced next week.

JOEL, DREAM EXTRA Betts delays London show

DICKEY BETTS BAND have postponed their one-off London concert at the Rainbow Theatre until Tuesday, March 7. The gig was originally scheduled for this Sunday (26), but the band are not arriving in Britain in sufficient time for this date. But the band's previously-reported "Old Grey Whistle Test" special went ahead on Tuesday of this week as planned, because they popped into London to film it on their way to Europe.

BILLY JOEL is to play an

extra concert at Birmingham Odeon on Friday, March 17. This is in addition to his previously reported gig at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on March 19, which has now completely sold out.

TANGERINE DREAM's concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 20, which is part of their previously-reported seven-date British tour, has now sold out. So they have added a second show at the same venue on Tuesday, March 28.

RECORD NEWS

Hope festival: album tracks

FULL TRACK details have now been announced for the Hope & Anchor "Front Row Festival" double album, released by WEA on March 3. After a few minor changes, the set now comprises 25 songs by 17 different bands, as follows:

Wilko Johnson Dr. Feelgood / Twenty Yards Behind; The Stranglers Straighten Out/Hanging Around; Tyla Gang Syrotoam/On The Street; The Pirates Don't Munchen R/Gibson Martin Fender; Steve Gibbons Band Speed Kills/Johnny Cool; XTC I'm Sugged/Science Friction; The Pleasers Billy/Rock'n'Roll Radio; Suburban Studs I Hate School; Dire Straits Eastbound Train; Burlesque Bizz Fizz; X-Ray Spex Let's Submerge; 999 Crazy/Quite Disappointing; The Saints Demolition Girl; The Only Ones Creatures Of Doom; Steel Pulse Sound Check; Roogator Zero Hero; and Philip Resbow Underground Romance.

"The Flamin' Groovies" is the title of their new album, recorded at Rockfield Studios in South Wales and produced by Dave Edmunds. It's set for April release on the Sire label. Of the 12 tracks, the three best-known are probably The Byrds' "Fool A Whole Lot Better", the Cliff Richard hit "Move It" and Lennon-McCartney's "There's A Place".

The Crabs have been signed by Lightning Records in a deal for two singles and an album. First three-track single is for mid-March release and features "Victim", "Save My Skin" and The Crabs' anthem "Blue Unicorn". Producer was Mike Berry, who has also just completed the "Farewell To The Roxy" album.

The first 18,000 copies of the new Taverses single "The Ghost Of Love", out on Capitol this weekend, are pressed on green vinyl. Their album "Future Bound" follows in March, during their British tour.

Virgin Records this week launch a new reggae label called "Front Line", with an estimated output of ten albums per year. First LP out tomorrow (Friday) is "Heart Of A Lion" by I Roy, whose single "Fire Stick" follows on March 3. The Gladiators' album "Proverbial Reggae" comes out on March 17, preceded by their single "Stick A Bush" on March 3.

GTO Records have postponed indefinitely the release of their three-track Donna Summer single "Back In Love Again" originally due out this weekend. This follows discussions with Donna's current label Casablanca, who have just issued her official new single "Rumour Has It".

Steve Gibbons Band are at present recording their fourth album with producer Tony Visconti. Early May release is planned by Polydor, with a single taken from it scheduled for April.

An EP featuring four tracks by Traffic is issued by Island on March 3 — they are "Hole In My Shoe", "Paper Sun", "No Face, No Name, No Number" and "Mere We Go Round The Mulberry Bush". The first two titles are released simultaneously as a normal single.



Riva Records have signed American rock singer Johnny Cougar, and release his single "I Need A Lover" this weekend, followed by his album "A Biography" on March 3. Together with his band Streetheart, Cougar tours Britain as support act in John Miles' 19-date itinerary, opening March 7.

The Count Bishops will have a single out in March and an album in May, both on Chiswick, and these releases will mark their change of name to The Bishops.

Amends Lear — singer, actress, model, nude centre-fold, and erstwhile escort of David Bowie and Bryan Ferry, among others — has her LP "I Am A Photograph" issued by Arista on March 10. The album has already established her as a major star in Germany and Italy.

COSTELLO, LOWE LPs

ELVIS COSTELLO's new album, released by Radar on March 17, is now officially titled "This Year's Models". Produced by Nick Lowe and entirely self-penned by Costello, it contains these 12 tracks:

No Action, This Year's Girl, The Beat, Pump It Up, Little Triggers, You Belong To Me, Haggard In Hand, Cbebe, Lip Service, Living In Paradise, Lipstick Vogue and Night Rally. Nick Lowe's own album "Jesus Of Cool" comes out on the same label this weekend.

ALBION BAND IN LONDON SEASON

THE ALBION BAND, whose new album "Rise Up Like The Sun" is released by Harvest on March 10, are to appear at London's National Theatre in "Lark Rise". It's a play adapted for the stage by Keith Dewhurst from Flora Thompson's book "Lark Rise To Candleford", and it opens on March 29 for an indefinite run. Besides providing the music for the production, the band also have acting roles in the play.

Prior to this, they play a string of concerts at Brighton Sussex University (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Eric's (February 28), Wakefield Unity Hall (March 2), Huddersfield Polytechnic (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Nottingham Theatre Royal (5), London Charing-X Road Astoria (12), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14), Worcester College of Education (17) and Cambridge Corn Exchange (18). One or two more may be added.

KEVIN COYNE AMSTERDAM



OUT NOW
ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS203

Patti Smith back in town

PATTI SMITH returns to this country at the beginning of April, after a long absence caused by her serious neck injury. Together with her group, she's gigging in Europe throughout March — including a full week at Park Olympia (26-31) — before flying into London to headline two nights at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday and Sunday, April 1 and 2. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.

Her band now includes new keyboard player Bruce Brody, who joins original members: Leony Kaye (guitar), Ivan Kral (bass) and Jay Daugherty (drums). Her visit is preceded on March 3 by the release of her third Arista album "Easter", so named because she regards it as her resurrection LP, following the injury which kept her out of action for virtually the whole of last year.

The album includes a song co-written with Bruce Springsteen called "Because The Night" and her own self-penned numbers "25th Floor", "Space Monkey",



"Till Victory" and "Rock'n'Roll Nigger", plus the only non-Smith song "Privilege".

WIRE, BOYS EXTRA

WIRE have added several dates, and made a number of changes, to their extensive U.K. tour itinerary announced three weeks ago. Newly-booked venues are at Newport Stowaway (March 3), Brighton Polytechnic (8), Bristol Tiffany's (9), Scarborough Odeon (11), Sturminster Taffy's (12), Bournemouth The Village (13), Reading Bona Club (15), Penzance The Garden (16), Plymouth Metro (17) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (20). Gigs cancelled from their original date sheet are Norwich Teppers (March 1), Harlow Technical College (3), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (15), Brighton Sussex University (17), Wolverhampton Lafayette (22) and

Keighley Nikkers Club (March 27).

THE BOYS, who've been touring extensively this month, have now added ten March dates to the tail end of their itinerary. This is to coincide with the March 3 release of their new Nems single "Brickfield Nights", followed a fortnight later by the album from which it's taken, titled "Alternative Chartbusters". The extra gigs are at Reading Bona Club (March 4), Nottingham Sandpiper (2), Bath Pavilion (3), Newbridge Club & Institute (5), Swansea Circles Club (6), Bristol Locarno (8), Plymouth Metro (9), Brighton New Regent (10), Port Talbot Troubadour (16) and Worthing Assembly Hall (17).

NEWS WAVES

THE BUZZCOCKS have added The Sits as support act to their upcoming British tour. They have also slotted in three extra dates — at Bristol Tiffany's (March 15) and Manchester Mayflower Club (25 and 26). The Manchester gigs were booked after great difficulty, all other venues in the city having turned down the band.

BLONDIE have now completely sold out their concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, March 5. Support acts for this one gig only are The Pop Group and The Boyfriends.

999, whose British tour was reported two weeks ago, have switched their gig at Margate Dreamland from March 24 to Easter Monday (27). And they have added Bristol Tiffany's on March 29 to their itinerary.

FORMER Damned drummer Rat Scabies is busy rehearsing with his new band, with a view to playing debut gigs from mid-March onwards. They have already laid down several tracks in the studio, though a recording deal hasn't yet been finalised. Joining Scabies in the line-up are former Tuff Darts vocalist Kevin Blacklock, bassist Steve Turner and ex-Chebers and The Rage guitarist Eddie Cox.

THE PLEASERS undertake their first nationwide tour next month, tied in with the mid-March release of their next single, for which titles haven't yet been selected. The band, currently recording material for their debut album, play Newcastle Polytechnic (March 5), Edinburgh Tiffany's (6), Stirling Albert Hall (7), Swansea Circle Club (9), Plymouth Metro (10), Portsmouth Polytechnic (11), Leicester Digby Hall (14), Liverpool Eric's (15), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16), Wolverhampton Lafayette (17), Manchester Rufflers (18), Glasgow Tiffany's (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (22), Wakefield Unity Hall (23), Dudley J.B.'s (25), Swindon The Affair (27) and London Camden Music Machine (29).

ROBINSON'S TEN DATES

TOM ROBINSON BAND are set to play a series of dates in March, climaxing in two London gigs on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

This latest tour, which aids promotion of their current EP "Rising Free", takes in Swindon Brunel Rooms (March 17), Loughborough University (18), Stafford Top Of The World (20), Cromer West

Runtun Pavilion (22), Bridlington Spa Hall (23), Middlesbrough Town Hall (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25) and London Camden Music Machine (27 and 28).

A further date on March 21 at Bournemouth Winter Gardens is still subject to confirmation. The band are at present busy recording their album which, at press-time, was nearly half finished.

Eric adds seven

WRECKLESS ERIC has added another seven dates to his British tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago, making a total of 30 gigs in all. And still more may be slotted in for early April.

The tour now opens at High Wycombe Nags Head on March 2, and other new venues are London Kensington Nashville (5), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9), Newport Stowaway (22), Cardiff Top

Rank (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (April 2) and Swindon The Affair (3).

This week he announced the line-up of his New Rockets band who will accompany him on tour — Eric (guitar and vocals), Keyboards (keyboards), Bass (bass), Drums (drums) and Saxophone (saxophone). As reported, "The Wreckless Eric Album" is released by Stiff on March 3.

SHAM 69 THREAT TO LONDON GIGS

SHAM 69 have threatened that their gig at the Central Polytechnic tomorrow night (Friday) will be their last in London, if there is any outbreak of violence. The band's Jimmy Pursey told NME: "We've had a lot of trouble at our London gigs recently, but none at all out of town. Friday's show is a special Rock Against Racism event, and we really want to try to bring everyone together. And we warn the audience in advance — behave yourselves, or you'll never see us in London again."

Meanwhile, the band have confirmed another eight dates for March, all of them away from London: They are Margate Dreamland (3), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (5), Coventry Locarno (7), Nottingham Sandpiper (8), Doncaster Outlook



JIMMY PURSEY

(9), Derby King's Hall (10), Sheffield Polytechnic (11) and Stafford Stychfield Hall (13). And their gig at Liverpool Eric's, postponed last weekend because of racist Dave Treganua's illness, has been re-scheduled for March 18.

THE DARTS have switched three of the venues in their March tour itinerary, exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. They now play Hefax Civic Theatre instead of Doncaster Riverside Centre (5), Hull University instead of Southorpe Baths Hall (8) and Sheffield University instead of York College of Ripon (14).

HOT CHOCOLATE have added another two concerts to their near sell-out British tour next month. They are second shows at Portsmouth Guildhall (March 7) and Oxford New Theatre (22). More extra dates are likely to be slotted in.

THE PIRATES headline two special London shows during Easter weekend. They're at the Marquee Club on Good Friday and Easter Saturday (March 24 and 25).

IAN GILLAN BAND make a solitary appearance at London Camden Music Machine tomorrow (Friday). Other upcoming one-off dates include THE CHIEFTAINS at London Wembley Conference Centre (March 4) and RAVI SHANKAR AT London Woodwich Odeon (March 16).

TONIGHT tour extensively during the coming month, to promote their current hit single "Drummer Man". They play Kirlawington Country Club (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), St Albans City Hall (March 4), Plymouth Metro (8), Penzance The Garden (9), Coventry College of Education (11), Leicester Tiffany's (12), Birkhead Hamilton Club (13), Manchester Rufflers (14), Wakefield Unity Hall (16), Preston Polytechnic (17), Leeds Polytechnic (18), Dunfermline Carnegie Hall (19), Edinburgh Tiffany's (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), London Camden Music Machine (22), Port Talbot Troubadour (23), King's Lynn Corn Exchange (25) and Bournemouth The Village (26).

THE YOUNG ONES, who pulled out their support spot in The Vibrators' current tour, now have a string of London gigs to promote their first Virgin single "Rock'n'Roll Radio". They play the Speakeasy (March 1), Hammersmith Red Cow (2, 9, 23 and 28), Camden Dingwalls with Fumble (4), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (5), Canning Town Bridge House (7), Stoke Newington Pegasus (8), Covent Garden Rock Garden (10), Marquee (11), Fulham Greyhound (12), Oxford St. 100 Club with The Stukas (13), Kensington Nashville with The Boyfriends (14, 21 and 28) and Kingston Hope and Anchor (17). Provincial gigs include Bealton Six Belles (March 3) and Burton 76 Club (24).

THE RICH KIDS play another four dates at the beginning of next month, to end up their current tour. They are Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (March 1), Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (3), Derby King's Hall (4) and Croydon Greyhound (5). Their gig on February 28 is switched from Leicester Tiffany's to Doncaster Tiffany's.

NEW HEARTS play selected dates at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), London Hendon Middlessex Polytechnic (March 10), Birmingham Barbarella's (11), Manchester Rufflers (13), Doncaster Outlook (21), Norwich Peck's Club (28), London Camden Music Machine (30) and Brighton New Regent (31).

ON THE ROAD



GORDON GILTRAP has now completed the line-up of the band he'll be taking on his British tour, opening in Sheffield on March 6 and fully reported three weeks ago. It comprises Giltrap (acoustic and electric guitars), former Jethro Tull drummer Clive Bunker, ex-Caravan bassist John G. Perry, and Eddy Sydes and Rod Edwards on keyboards and synthesizers.

GONZALEZ have March gigs at Newcastle Freeman's Hall (3), Grantham Kesteven College (4), Hereford College of Education (10), Bagshot Park (17) and Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (18).

KATE BUSH, currently riding high with her debut single "Wuthering Heights", is busy rehearsing with her band for upcoming live appearances. Details will be announced in a week or two.

KANSAS have switched their concert at Manchester Ardwick Apollo from March 24 to 27. As reported, the only other British date for the U.S. six-piece band is at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 25.

THE LURKERS play a few selected gigs during the next three weeks, between recording sessions for their first album "Heart In The Shadow", scheduled for late April release. They're at London Lincoln College (tomorrow, Friday), London Oxford Street 100 Club (February 28), London Deftford Albany Empire (March 8), Swansea University (10), Nottingham Kate's (12), Newcastle University (14) and Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (15). They open a nationwide tour in May to promote the LP and first confirmed dates are Oxford Cape of Good Hope (18), London 100 Club (19), Reading Bona Club (10) and Margate Dreamland (12).

REGGAE REGULAR have gigs at London Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Eric's (February 27), London Oxford Street 100 Club (March 2), Birmingham University (10) and London Aston Town Hall (23). From March 31 to April 8, the band will be on tour with The Gladiators, dates to be announced shortly.

THE CRABS are on tour through March to promote their new single (see Record News). They play Doncaster Outlook (2), London Willesden Cavern (6), Bristol Brunel Technical College (7), Barnstaple Chequers (9), Luton Royal Hotel (15), Lincoln Technical College (17), Reading Bona Club (23), London Deftford Albany Empire (23), Buckley Trolly (25), Newcastle University (28), Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (29) and Coventry Mr George's (30).

BLACK SLATE have London Kensington The Nashville this Saturday, Bristol University (March 3), London Camden Dingwalls (8), York University (10), Manchester UMIST (11), London Oxford Street 100 Club (16), Plymouth Metro (30) and Torquay 400 Club (31).

THE DEPRESSIONS headline at the re-opening of London Wadour St. Vortex Club, which is now under new management, on February 27 with the Speedometers supporting. Other dates for the band are London Covent Garden Roxy Club (March 4) and Manchester Polytechnic (14).

SUBWAY SECT and French girl band The Lous have made a number of changes in their "Great Unknowns Tour", reported last week. New venues are Middlesbrough Rock Garden (this Saturday), London Camden Music Machine (March 6), Birkhead Mr Digby's (9), Nottingham Sandpiper (10), Swindon Affair (13), Newcastle University (17) and Edinburgh Clouds (20). Date switches involve Barrow Maxim's (February 27 to March 16), London Kensington Nashville (March 5 to 4) and Manchester Mayflower (March 10 to 11). Previously-reported gigs at High Wycombe (March 2), Dunstable (4), London 100 Club (6), Oldham (9), Wolverhampton (12) and Halesowen (13) are now cancelled.

EATER go back on the road to play Leeds F Club (tonight, Thursday), Reading Bona Club with Front (March 2), Burnt Island Half Circle (25) and Nottingham Kate's (28). More dates will be announced soon, and the band will have a new single out on The Label Records at the end of March.

AFTER THE FIRE are back on the road to promote their debut album "Signs Of Change", issued next week by Rapid Records. They're at Falkirk College (tonight, Thursday), Hull College (Friday), Rochdale Central Hall (Saturday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (February 27), London Hampstead Westfield College (March 2), Bishop's Stortford Hockerill College (3), Teunton Brookhouse Theatre (4), Southend Roots Club (5), London Queen Mary College (11), London Twickenham Technical College (15), London North-East Polytechnic (16), London Whitehalls College (17), London Downham Northover (18), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (19), London Marquee (20), Worthing Pier Pavilion (27), London Rock Garden (28), Cambridge YMCA Hall (April 21), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (22) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (May 12). More gigs are being finalised.

Renaissance: March tour

RENAISSANCE headline a ten-date British concert tour next month, including a major London show, to coincide with the March 3 release of their new Warner Brothers album "Song For All Seasons". Singer Annie Haslam also has her own solo album "Annie In Wonderland" issued by the same label on April 7. Dates are Newark Palace Theatre (March 1), Manchester UMIST (2), Cardiff University (3), Plymouth Polytechnic (4), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (5), Liverpool University (7), March 8 gig to be confirmed, Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (9), Bath University (10) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11).

H'Wind in April

HAWKIND are being lined up for a short British concert tour starting at the end of April, and dates will be announced shortly. This follows a major U.S. tour by the band, running from March 4 to 26.

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Feb 26th	LONDON	Marquee
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March 3rd	STOKE	North Staffs College of Education
March 5th	NORTHAMPTON	College of Education
March 7th	CARDIFF	Top Rank
March 9th	ABERDEEN	University
March 10th	EDINBURGH	University
March 11th	GLASGOW	Strathclyde University
March 14th	LOUGHBURGH	Town Hall
March 15th	KEEL	University
March 17th	LONDON	Bedford College
March 18th	MARGATE	Deamland
March 21st	SHREWSBURY	Tiffany's
March 23rd	LONDON	Music Machine
March 27th	STAFFORD	Top of the World
March 28th	COVENTRY	Locarno
March 29th	NORWICH	Toppers
March 30th	LEEDS	F Club
March 31st	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair



CHARLES SHAAR
MURRAY sees the eye
make-up, absorbs the
vibes, hears the
philosophy, remembers
Roxy Music

HOWARD DEVOTO'S ENIGMA VARIATIONS

HOWARD DEVOTO gives good face. Unlined and triangular, topped with a vast expanse of forehead; the kind that popular folklore maintains is the unmistakable dead-giveaway telltale characteristic of The Intellectual. With such a forehead, a man could establish his credentials in that arena just by standing around and looking enigmatic.

Check it: having a high forehead (never say "receding hairline": it's cruel to mock) gave Brian Eno intellectual credibility long before his music did.

Devoto's face fits his music as if they'd been designed to match by some bright art student: he could be a 2000-year-old man who'd discovered the secret of eternal youth in his early 20s.

He has the air of a man who's been somewhere else: on stage he gives the impression that he's just been somewhere other than a sleazy dressing room, that he's arrived at the gig by time/space warp and that the fact doesn't bother him unduly.

And it's all down to face and demeanour: simultaneously fierce and abstracted. When he sings he grips his microphone like it was the only thing between him and annihilation; when he's finished his verse or song he relinquishes it contemptuously as if it were some totally useless appendage, a crutch he no longer needs because he can walk again unaided.

The effect is impressive: his demeanour lends authority to his music, a direct reversal of the usual scam whereby the music lends authority and justification to the antics of the performer. It was seeing him on *So It Goes* last year that got me interested: never having seen him with Buzzcocks (admission of first omission) or even heard the "Spiral Scratch" cepee that is the only recorded documentation of his period with the band (admission of second omission) I was unprepared and therefore impressed with the personal power and authority with which he carried himself.

That TV spot was taped on his second gig with Magazine.

MAGAZINE IS Devoto's new band: straight from the off they were a band to watch. The New Wave has changed a lot of people's ideas about a lot of things, notably the amount of time which a band has to spend slogging around before media people take notice of

them — the most extreme case being a group who got an interview and picture in *Snobs* before they'd even bought all their gear let alone done anything as vulgar and futile as play — but even so it was unusual for a band to get on TV with their second gig before they'd even released their first single.

Saying that Howard Devoto has a cult following is like saying that King Kong was a big hairy gorilla: it's superficially accurate but doesn't really convey the full-scale picture. On that *So It Goes* he came on with the most powerful presence I'd seen since the first time I clapped eyes on Johnny Rotten or Elvis Costello or Ian Dury. The kind of guy who's going to get a big hoopla but who deserves it.

Wham, a first single: the darkly powerful "Shot By Both Sides" — thunderous, melodramatic, richly textured, naggingly memorable, paranoid, self-important, an adolescent fantasy captured and expressed with adult power — bam, a first hit and a curiously unimpressive and unexpressive *Top Of The Pops* where Devoto appeared too static and sluggish behind rather silly eye make-up and where John McGeoch's guitar solo came out and said what Devoto's vocal performance merely hinted at.

By next week they'll be a big deal. The most convincing post-punk band so far. The true inheritors of the mantle of the original Roxy Music.

THE "F" CLUB in Leeds is a reggae/punk crossover no-man's-land. Small, grimy and lively with a scattering of incongruous tables and chairs provided for the benefit of those unwilling to get pogoed on but who want to get — to co-opt Mr Zimmerman's felicitous phrase — just far enough in to be able to say that they've been there, it plays music compounded of equal parts of reggae, New Wave and David Bowie.

The customers vote with their asses as to what they want to dance to, and "Heroes" emerges as something of a clear winner. In between records, forthcoming gigs at this and other venues are announced.

The instrumental members of Magazine — guitarist John McGeoch, bassist Barry Adamson, drummer Martin Jackson and newest addition Dave Formula (keyboards) had spent the period between the soundcheck and the gig sitting around in a Chinese restaurant waiting for a large and expensive paid-for-by-visiting-firemen-from-Virgin-Records-type meal.

It arrived just in time for the assembled company to eat the first

course and then light out.

Devoto didn't join us for dinner. It's his habit to lock himself up in a room by himself before performing. This solitary sequestering is but one of his eccentricities: another is never doing interviews on the same day as gigs or recording (when he *does* do interviews, that is).

Does he meditate, read or cloister himself in the bog to take painful giant shits? "It's just to clear my head, stamp up and down the room a bit and to sleep. I frequently sleep. I'm trying to get out of the habit now but it's a bit like I'm conditioned to it at the moment. I just sleep for half an hour to an hour. It's impossible to arrange things so that I can get in about eight hours and then walk onto the stage. That's just not possible, but I've been able to get in the odd hour.

"I don't know whether it's a good thing either. It got to the point where

it was all part of a ritual. This had to happen and then this had to happen and then I had to have a sleep and then this and this would happen and it'd be the gig. At one of the gigs none of that happened, and it was one of the... it was a good gig."

More prosaically, Devoto probably spends a certain amount of his meditation hour putting on his eye make-up.

Does he find ritual comforting or worrying?

"I don't really indulge in it very much. I suppose only at important moments, and I suppose in that way it is comforting, but I'd become worried if I was living a ritual all the time."

The opening of Magazine's set is an excellent double-bluff, one that will

undoubtedly achieve the status of ritual if they keep using it. Of course, then it'll become like a conjuror's trick when the audience knows how it's done; a favourite bedtime story to which all the kiddies know the ending.

See, what happens in this: the band all come on and launch into a near-instrumental with Devoto standing on the extreme left of the stage playing rhythm guitar and wearing a flat, at pulsed down to hide what he describes — wryly, I hope — as his "distinguishing feature." He sings a few bars towards the end, but not enough for an audience unfamiliar to him to suss him instantaneously.

Then at the end everyone's looking around expectantly wondering from which end of the stage Devoto is going to appear.

Suddenly — surprise! — the unassuming figure on the end doffs headgear, jacket and guitar and stands revealed in red pants and T-shirt and gleaming scalp as Howard Devoto!

Wowee Howie! And he didn't even have to change in a phone booth!

He moves the mike to stage front/n centre and crashes into "Shot By Both Sides."

The band are excellent: no novices or passengers. McGeoch alternates hard, slamming rhythm with hyper-thyroid screaming lead and menacing riffs. Adamson's bass is an agile anchor. Formula's keyboards add texture, depth and witty, adept solos and special effects and Jackson never lets the pressure drop for an instant.

Owing to the layout of the club, it's impossible to decipher much that Devoto sings or says if you're standing right at the front. If you're hearing material with which you're familiar from records under such circumstances it's not much of a problem — after all, as someone once said, at gigs one doesn't so much wish to hear lyrics as to be reminded of them — but when dealing with unfamiliar songs it can be somewhat annoying.

The only numbers thus recognisable, therefore, were "Shot By Both Sides", which as well as opening the set proper also closed it, the old Buzzcocks chew "Boredom", and the set's sole non-original, John Barry's "Goldfinger" from — *namo* — the movie of the same name.

Continues over page

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Well, guys and gals — do you recognise this week's Mr & Ms-tery couple? There's a special presentation set of Thrills Cosibed acrynylon sheets and a holiday for two with Brian B for the lucky winner, so put those thinking caps on! (Hint: it's not Nick Logan and Fiona Foulger.)

PISTOLS MEMORIAL SCRAPBOOK PLUG

RAY STEVENSON'S *Sex Pistols Scrap Book* finally hits the streets this week after months of hassles. As the title implies, it's a visual record of all that happened to the Pistols, from the band's inception until the sacking of Matlock and beyond.

It contains 180 pics, many previously unpublished, and some real classics, both live and offstage. There are also reprints of some of the better and more interesting pieces of prose written about the band, as well as comments here and there from Ray.

Available only by post at £1.25 from Ray Stevenson, c/o 299 Bullards Lane, London, N12. A sample page is reproduced on the right.

CHALKIE DAVIES



WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON OUT THERE?

ON THE NIGHT of December 2 and during the morning of the following day, many Americans living along the East Coast were shocked awake by the sound of seven large explosions for which scientists and military experts can find no explanation.

Dr William Donn, an atmospheric scientist who has been examining the blasts, speculated that each one was caused by the detonation of 50 to 100 tons of dynamite above the surface and about 50 miles out to sea off the coast of South Carolina.

Then on December 12 it happened again — five more blasts between 8.30 and 10.30 am. Dr Donn commented: "What caused them is quite a mystery. They were the strongest we've ever picked up on our equipment, except for nuclear blasts."

Early in the New Year came news that on the side of the ocean, observers in Cornwall had been having trouble with unidentified bangs too. Some coastguards reported that the blasts were strong enough to rock their observation posts.

None of the bangs fits in with Concorde's flight schedules, and a number of other possibilities have also been bottomed out. Coastguard Peter Barker said: "There is something going on out there that defies explanation."

There's still no official word on the subject.

On January 12 it happened yet again. Residents in Charleston, South Carolina flooded police switchboards to report the bangs.

One resident said: "I've felt most of the booms, and this was the worst. I was running down the stairs and things were shaking so much I was afraid to make it."

Another said: "It sounded like the ocean rolling in. It rumbled right over the house, moved the chairs on the floor, and shook the windows so much I was afraid they would break."

Of course, there's probably a simple, rational explanation to all this.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

THRILLS

LOWRY



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8th SUSSEX University
9th BRISTOL University
10th BATH Pavilion
11th NOTTINGHAM University
15th NEWCASTLE Guildhall
16th MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall
17th SUNDERLAND Polytechnic
18th HARWORTH - Nr. Doncaster
Bircots Sports Stadium
21st BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
22nd LONDON Lyceum
30th - April 11th EUROPE



DEBBIE BLONDIE MEETS HER MENTORS

ARCHIVISTS
PLEASE NOTE: as Blondie gather kudos and sales with their exquisite single "Denis", it should be pointed out that the song is masculinisation of a number called "Denise", written by one Neil Levenson and originally recorded in 1963 by — wait for it! — Randy and the Rainbows!

A hot combo from the fine borough of Queens, N.Y. — home of The Ramones!!!! — they were previously The Dial-Tones and Junior And The Counts. Apart from bass singer Ken Arcipowski, the group consisted of two sets of brothers: Domenick (a.k.a. Randy) and Frank Saffio, and Sal and Mike Zero (as in Rotten, Generate, etc, no doubt).

This story has a happy ending: despite breaking up after their last release in 1967, they are now Back Together Again.

And hey, remember where you read it first. Capesh?

DUDU WHOPPER



THIRDS



BASKET HOUSES — THE REAL FACTS

BETWEEN her recent dates in London, the elegant Ms Emmylou Harris could be found decorously ensconced in the Kensington Hilton Hotel.

She had been recording in the States until the Friday evening and arrived in the UK the following Sunday for a short tour — Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, London, all the highlights — to promote her excellent new album "Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town" (the title, I am led to understand, refers to units of American currency).

The Hot Band are committed to one more studio album this year, and there's a live album scheduled for 1979, but in the meantime there's the imposing triumvirate of Emmylou, Dolly Parton and Linda Ronstadt due to dent the vinyl real soon.

"The album's due out in April," Emmylou offers, "all being well. All the record companies were remarkably helpful about contracts — the three of us just said, 'Well, we really should do an album together.'"

"Quarter Moon" was finished in November, so I managed to contact Dolly and we rehearsed some material together at her house in Nashville on New Year's Eve. And we got in touch with Linda, who was touring, and recorded it in two weeks in January. Very enjoyable sessions they were, too. It'll probably be called 'Linda, Dolly And Emmylou', or something."

But not even your intrepid cub reporter could elicit any track details. A tight-lipped "No Comment" was all the information Ms Harris would offer at this moment in time.

Emmylou does loosen up, though, when I asked her about when she used to play basket houses in New York in 1967/8. (Play the what? — Ed).

"You'd end up with Canadian coins and subway tokens in the baskets," she laughs. "Enough to live on — if you didn't eat too much! I was doing pretty much the standard repertoire, Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan songs."

Although she professes to love New York, when her daughter was born in 1970 she decided to move down to Nashville. There her marriage broke up, and she was forced to work as a waitress, a model, and a hostess for Model Homes — "20 dollars a day! I was almost convinced to stick in Real Estate."

Fortunately she changed her mind, and went up to Washington to stay with her parents. She started hanging out around the clubs again,



PIC: RICHARD WALLIS

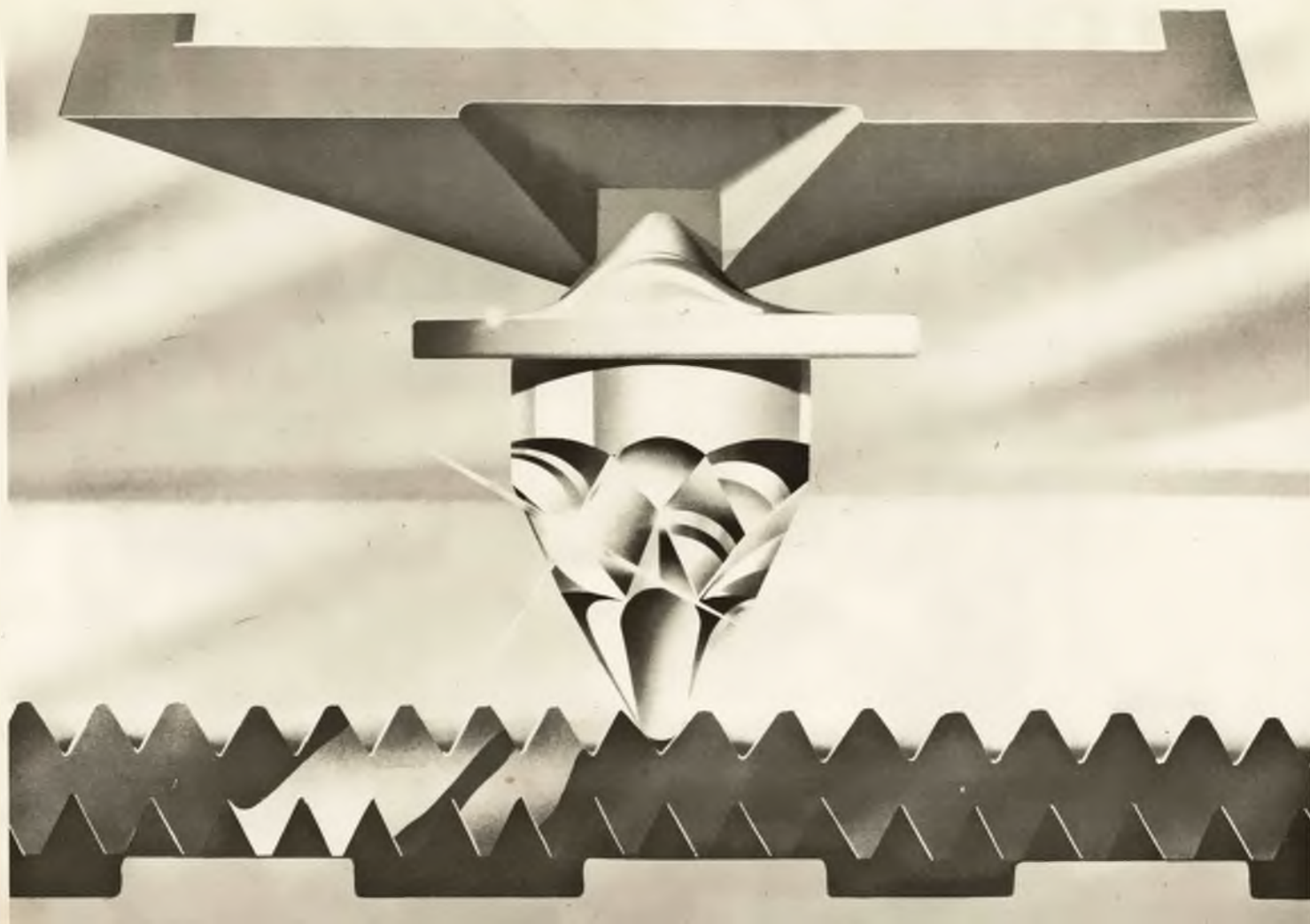
"An' who's this one? — 'Just like that!'"

eventually ending up playing six nights a week round D.C., and got mixed up in the whole Flying Burrito Bros. Circus. Through her vocal chores on Gram Parsons' albums, she landed a contract with Reprise and got her own band together.

"Oh, there was a vinyl shortage, and I'm sure Reprise thought: 'Just what the world needs, another chick singer,' and that I'd break out and get pregnant on the road, and other myths."

A series of consistently excellent and critically appealing albums followed — and her success was substantiated when, in 1975, she got a phone call asking her to sing on Dylan's "Desire" album.

● Join the rest of us hobos on page 14.



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EMMYLOU HAIRPIECE

● From previous page

"At first I thought he wanted to maybe do a country duet with me. I don't think he'd heard of me, but my name had been recommended to him."

"The sessions for that album were definitely spontaneous, no over-dubs, just get the song down. Dylan's certainly got a very positive energy force — he knows exactly what he wants in the studio. Sometimes we'd do three completely different versions of the same song. Like 'Romance In Durango', which is my personal favourite on the album. I'd like to have done some of the Rolling Thunder shows, but I was touring with my own band at the time in Europe, so it just wasn't possible."

And that was effectively that. We retired to Emmylou's room, with half

an eye to 'Pop Star in Hilton Bedroom Shock', but there were a couple of blokes waiting, one of 'em had a cassette recorder, they must have been newshounds — so what can a poor boy do?

As we were taking the snaps to live up this piece, the snow started plummeting down in true *Dr. Zhivago* fashion, so we passed the time of day talking about the weather, well it was England. Maybe she'll write a song about it, maybe not, but you come back real soon Emmylou, y'hear.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

THIRTLIES



HOT BAND (L-R): Glen D Hardin, Hank DeVitto, Ricky Scaggs, Emory Cordry, John Ware, Albert Lee, Dolly Parton

Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

"BIG IN JAPAN... BIG IN JAPAN... BIG IN JAPAN..."

Ah, yes, I remember it well. The Hope Street Fringe Festival, an open air alternative echo to a big business jubilee celebration in Liverpool. A typically warm communal Liverpudlian gathering of those unorthodox cultural types who just love to be involved from making the tea upwards, all performing, as is their wont, on a small scaffold stage situated in a side yard. A warm day at the tail end of last summer. A whole host of varied musical aggregations, from touching Quintessence spin-offs through to the old punk/etc handwagon jumpers. Something for everyone.

Something for everyone? Time was late, as a few conspicuously garbed people assembled on stage under the collective name Big In Japan. In my usual drab state, it was noticeable they were of high fashion, elegantly coiffured, street Zandra Rhodes.

These 'beautiful' people turned out to be idiots. If the guitarist grasped the fundamentals of sculpting a coherent sound, the other musicians totally ruined it for him. The sound lurched and stirred, a messy unrhymic chaos.

In their first 'song' — which in fact seemed to be their only one, repeated at least three times in the face of their total failure to produce anything different — there were bare elements of some kind of construction, almost as if the 'musicians' were discovering empathy as they played. A lean lady plucked straight out of the more extreme pages of a high class glossy mag screamed with oblivious delight, as if from years of experience. "BIG IN JAPAN... BIG IN JAPAN... BIG IN JAPAN..."

The group blundered on to dawning pleasure, the audience realising, and revelling in, the jokes: The Year In Which Everyone Could Get Onto A Stage Without Being Able To Play.

The festival ran too late, police were called, almost amicable. Big In Japan greedily continued churning out their illustrious theme tune, with vast numbers of friends and fellow musicians joining in, including, I



BIG IN JAPAN (and Liverpool) (L-R): Kev, Phil, Jayne, Holly and Ian. Bill couldn't make it.

FROM LITTLE IDIOTS BIG IDIOTS DO GROW

swear, a cop, on the whacky chorus. BIG IN JAPAN... BIG IN JAPAN

"What a mess!" "Yeah, we wanted to make a record straight after. Just charge in and do it. We thought, 'Got to have it done before the week's out'."

In fact, during "a week of madness" Big In Japan did sensibly commit their theme tune to some sort of permanence. "Big In Japan" by Big In Japan is available on Eries Records (well, a handful are still scattered around), which is the label of the club of the same name in Liverpool.

The record was made a good few weeks into Big In Japan's existence, after three or four appearances and after the group's personnel had been 'painstakingly' sorted out. Original members Bill on rhythm guitar, Phil

on drums and Kev on vocals were eventually joined by Ian on lead guitar, happy Holly on bass and Jayne ("I've always felt one of the boys") on vocals. In the early days musical attributes were approximate; now they are concrete.

Their first gig was with fellow Liverpudlians The Yachts at Wakefield Technical College. Bill and Phil volunteered to roadie for the group in return for use of equipment to play. Once committed, three songs were hastily composed. They enjoyed the gig, it went down well — but "on a totally joke level. The whole thing was a sham. We would've loved to be able to have played, but we knew we couldn't, and the audience knew we knew. Perhaps if we'd gone down badly we wouldn't have continued."

Three or four gigs, the recorded

Ten more players and they'd be a rugby team,



BRITISH LIONS

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One More Chance to Run

Single 6059 192

but as a rock band British Lions don't lack balls.

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JAYNE of Big In Japan — Thrills Pin-up Of The Week.



Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

piece of impudence, then Big In Japan took time out to assess. "In the early days we wanted people to laugh, and that was it. We weren't trying to shock, we weren't rebelling against anything. It was fun. "We were just nonsense. We started to rehearse because a point is reached where the novelty of getting up onstage without being able to play a thing wears off. You want to be good. You want to play songs."

By the time the group reached London to play the Music Machine, they really could play. Even so. "We were top of the bill, above Suburban Studs, who were vastly more experienced and had a far longer set."

Such is the power of reputation — and Big In Japan did nothing to tarnish theirs. They may have become 'musical', but fun is still their mainstay. Abstract pop. Solid songs that go click. (My favourite kind! — Ed.)

The group are at the head of a slightly jealous but generally healthy Liverpool scene. Not a distinct sound, but, like Manchester, challenging and extremely divergent. The Yachts, of course, have ventured elsewhere, but that still leaves the enterprising Accelerators, the mean tortured rhythm 'n' pop of Torch and the Moonbeams (who owe a superficial debt to Elvis Costello and mid-period J. Richman). The Naughty Lumps and more. Big In Japan look set to land a major deal and lead the way.

And then? Hit singles? Pop stars? Big In Japan are lovable and watchable and made for success (remember, this is the year of surrealism, along with its first cousin, Dada, and its second cousin, Kitch). "We'd like to be pop stars for a few weeks! It would be nice! If we had a hit it would give us the time and money to do different things. We appear in other bands and have outside interests — though Big In Japan is the main one."

"I like mountaineering," says Bill. "With a hit record I could finance expeditions."

And Holly, the one with the crewcut, bowtie, leather jacket and tartan trousers, he wants to open a chippy.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

SO YOU THOUGHT IT WAS DEAD!



And the safety pins still keep a-comin'. Punk sweeties (what next, gob-flavour ice cream?) was seen on sale, for real, in a local shop by Jonah of Wallasey. As for the magnificently sculpted punk snowmen, that's the handiwork of Meggot from Hull.

THRILLS



MCA 2820

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One of America's finest country rock groups have been at the Record Plant in San Francisco laying down some fine new material. It's now in your stores on an album called "Marin County Line".

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Beautiful front loading Dolby cassette deck. Full auto-stop, oil-damped cassette eject, cue & review, and a W & F of only 0.09".



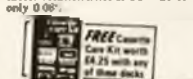
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DECCA

Mr. S. PEARLMAN at the gates of the apocalypse.



CULT FIGURE CUTS CLASH TO SUIT AMERICAN DREAM MACHINE

SANDY PEARLMAN IS A BRISK and lively talker. He can probably offer an animated dissertation on any number of irregular topics, ranging from advancements in the field of archeological exploration to the state of play with those past masters of base metal transmutation the Blue Oyster Cult, for whom he is co-producer, lyricist and creative consultant.

But right now he's talking about The Clash. Because, in a development that's bound to add further armour to the Clash sell-out partisans, Sandy Pearlman is producing the second Clash album.

Pearlman's credentials, to those familiar with the rarefied strata of cerebral hard rock in which he works, are above doubt. He excels at combining guitar maelstroms with sublime wide-screen atmospherics, most readily found on the nearest BOC album, but available in more experimental permutations with The Dictators and Pavlov's Dog — the latter taking a deliberately extreme, lushly romantic avenue, and the former being the first professional garage record ever made, as Pearlman puts it.

Objectively, though, Sandy Pearlman's reputation is that of an accomplished (record company speak for someone who has made records that get in the charts) American hard rock producer. His involvement with The Clash raises some interesting questions.

Like, for starters, who's so bored with the USA now?

And to follow: with The Sex Pistols defunct, has it escaped CBS' notice that there is probably a large American market, fostered by the media barrage for punk in the past year, that is ready and waiting for the first bona-fide ambassadors to come up with a readily palatable sound?

Pearlman can't answer those questions, of course. But, to put it bluntly, does he think he was asked to do it in order to bring The Clash sound more in line with what's acceptable to American ears?

"Yes. That's exactly why I was asked to do it," he declares with admirable honesty. "What The Clash are going to have is a record that sounds better than they've ever sounded live."

"When I see them play here and do so well they're being accepted on the basis of stage presence, their material, and their performance, but not on the basis of what they sound like. Their sound, not the way they play or execute their material, but just their sound — the consequence of what they're playing out of — is not good enough to succeed in the States."

Surely that thick, gruff, and to some impenetrable Clash sound is essential to the make-up of the band? If you can't relate to it, then you were never meant to relate to it.

"The first time I heard The Clash album I couldn't hear anything," he admits. "By the third time I'd gotten past my high technology prejudice and realised the sound was just right for what they're doing. In fact it's almost flawless, it's the best punk record ever made — and I've made two of them with The Dictators."

"But in America there are a lot of people who will not listen to lyrics at all. I know this will disappoint Joe, but all they listen to is patterns; rhythm patterns and so on. Unfortunately, you can sing about any sort of morose thing and it will not be noticed."

"Giving them a chance to sound good, though, doesn't mean they're going to compromise. This record will not sound like The Bee Gees."

"I don't think The Clash is a particular thing," he adds enigmatically. "I wouldn't care if they made two million dollars a year — which they won't — because that would have nothing to do with the fact that at this moment there is a real revolutionary, anti-authoritarian, subversive consciousness in those songs."

"All I care about is the effect — that you generate an effect and an impression to the audience. I don't care how that's done. So I think The Clash will be able to make their point."

● Next page



THE LONDON MUSIC biz was astounded on Wednesday when the NME darts team, The Dribblers, thrashed all opposition to win the Chrysalis Annual Darts Tournament.

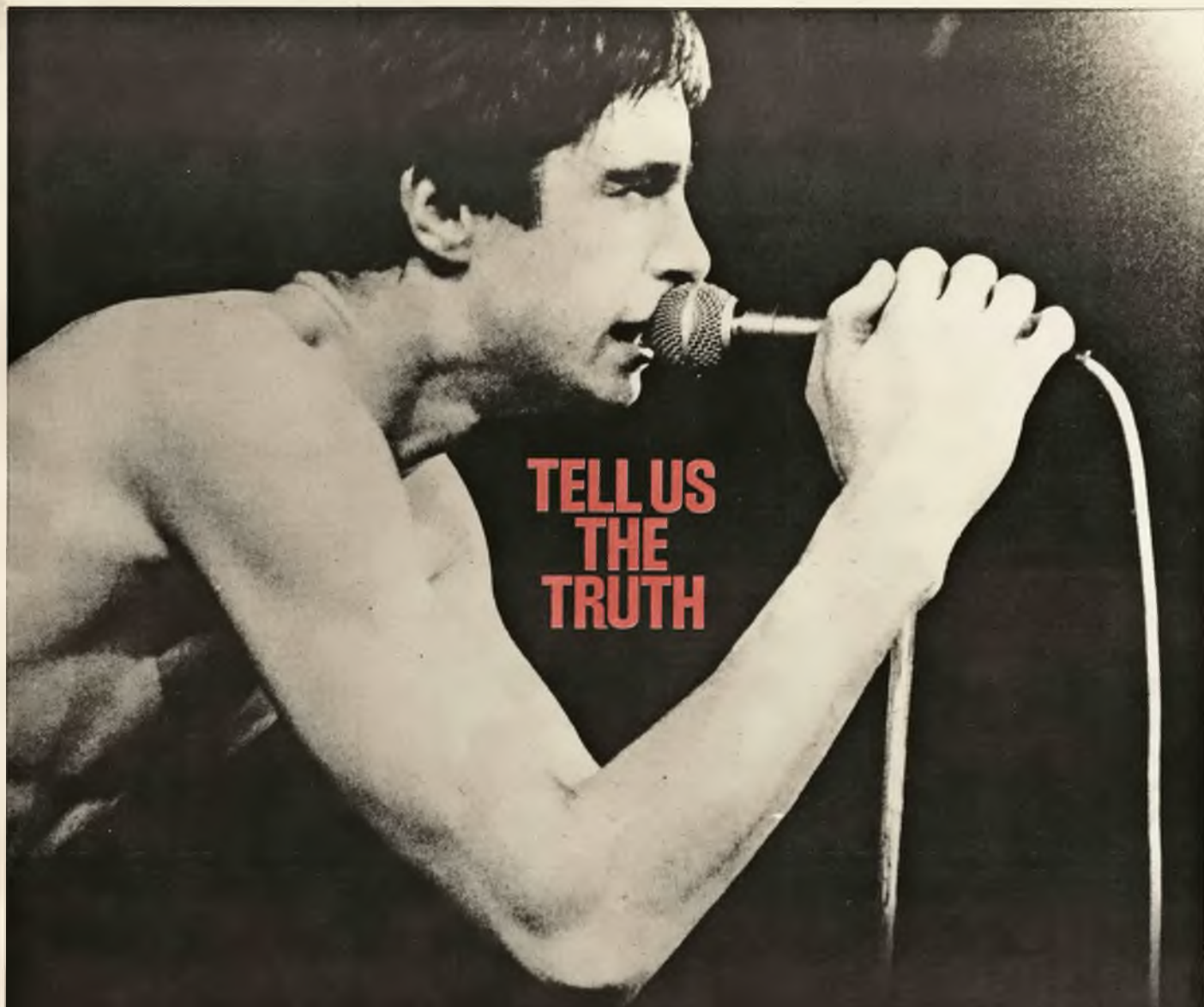
Held at the Lord's Tavern, St. John's Wood, for the fifth year, The Dribblers were considered hopeless outsiders, not to mention arrogant sods. But as the boys hammered all four teams in their league — Chrysalis Bunterflies, the Fleet Street Fumblers, All For 1 (Radio One) and Music Week Allstars — the odds of them winning were shortened to a 1000 to 1.

A confident World Of Sport were beaten in two straight games in the semi-final. With the taste of victory in their mouth (along with brandy, beer, vodka and meats), the determined Dribblers disposed of another Radio One team, The 247 Flech Pots, in a tense and drunken final.

THRILLS



The mysterious case of the disappearing title... Top: Aerosmith's "Draw The Line" LP as issued in Britain and below, as put out in the States — where they don't need no telling who their four favourite heavy heroes are supposed to be.



SHAM 69



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 11TH—POLYTECHNIC, SHEFFIELD
 13TH—STYCHFIELD HALL, STAFFORD

The Album—TELL US THE TRUTH
The Single—There's Gonna Be A Borstal Breakout





From page 16

To set the record straight, the connection came about through CBS A&R man Dan Loggins sending a short-list of their recent signings to see if Pearlman would be interested in producing any of them. His interest kindled by the album, he opted straightaway for a crack at The Clash.

Pearlman reassures us that The Clash album won't sound like the *sine qua non* of high technology production, unlike the two recent Blue Oyster Cult albums. Which brings us round to the subject of Cult operations.

He says that the reason for his reduced contribution to the Cult song pool on "Agents Of Fortune" and "Spectres" was merely a matter of him being too busy with other projects, and not, as was rumoured, Eric Bloom's refusal to sing Pearlman lyrics because of their near total lack of standard rhyme and meter construction.

Talk of Cult disenchantment with the Pearlman/Krugman tag team production style is also unfounded. The venture into areas of aural foreplay on the above albums was, like all Cult matters, a case of communal decision.

"With 'Spectres,'" he admits, "there was a deliberate attempt to make an album that would sell three million units, and beat Fleetwood Mac. I can honestly say I would like to sell three million units. I'm not sure I'd like the psychic burden of being Fleetwood Mac though."

Pearlman's involvement with BOC runs deep; right back to their inception at Stonybrook University. It was he who suggested the original name, Soft White Underbelly, and through his acquaintance with Elektra's Jac Holzman — Pearlman was then a part-time writer for *Crowdaddy* and was once asked to produce The Stooges' first album — got them their first record contract with Elektra.

He is also partly responsible for the hard-core mutant symbolism that pervaded and eventually plagued the Cult.

"In 1970 everyone in this band was walking around in leather and black boots. Whether they looked like axe murderers or not, that was the way they dressed."

"But, yes, I probably had most of the ideas of the presentation of the band to the public."

These ideas, and also his fascinating lyric conjuring, sprang largely from what he calls the enormous stock of *own* knowledge that he carries about with him.

"I've always been interested in things like technology, science fiction, horror literature, obscure wars, junk information, romantic information."

As will be obvious to anyone who has deciphered his lyrics, he is also keen on arcane history.

"My single favourite year is 1905, because it was a watershed year. The first Russian urban revolution, the defeat of Russia in the Russo-Japanese war — which was the first time a European power had been defeated from outside — the radical spread of industrialisation all over the world... Einstein formulated the theory of relativity in 1905, and I could go on."

"I'm interested in change: how two eras come upon each other, the old and the new, and there is then either a dynamic or a conflict generated. Or else defective interfaces, where they'd never mesh, and one culture or both cultures, or one tendency or both tendencies, are subsumed in conflict."

Like The Clash coming up against the established American rock order. Interface or defective interface?

PAUL RAMBALI

THIRTEENS

GRAPES AND FLOWERS FOR MR STRUMMER (WARD 12)

YOU CERTAINLY COULDN'T TELL there was something wrong with the man from the way he went at it onstage in Coventry the previous week. The Clash in general, and Joe Strummer in particular, were just precisely what all the American writers who had been over here said they were: the best band. Period. Patti Smith, Lester Bangs, Robert Cristgau, Beverly Wiltshire... they weren't saying The Clash were the best band in a certain scene, or the best band since this one or that one or the best band except for... No, all reports were the same: The Clash are the Best.

So I stepped off the plane from sunny, healthy California expecting The Clash to be phenomenal live — and they were. And if Joe Strummer performs even better when he isn't yellow and about to go into hospital... well, I can't see how that's really possible.

But be that as it may, two weeks later there he was in Ward 12 of Western Hospital, a placid view of a cemetery out the window, recovering from hepatitis. Hepatitis? Not a very new wave disease, is it?

Hepatitis, see, is usually associated with dirty needles. Not in Strummer's case though — he reckons he got it from being gobbled up. Despite being quite gruesomely ill, he was so agitated he was actually sitting there writing a book about it. He's calling the tome *Saliva Missions*.

"There's a lot of saliva going around," explained Joe. "I'm not saying it's particularly healthy. That's my excuse why I am here. I'm not a junkie, ya see. See, either you're a junkie or you're been licking toilet bowls out or something — or people have been spitting on you for hours on end all over the country. Europe, too, and Ireland."

"See, I got one down my throat in the middle of a tour, and I told it to this guy at a pub, and he told me about a policeman at a football match who got one down his throat and three months later he died of some disease beginning with T. And I said, 'No, you don't say.' And I forgot all about it."

The little health mishap was a bit of a set-back for The Clash, who were all ready to go into the studio with Blue Oyster Cult producer Sandy Pearlman. But then again, being in hospital was giving Joe the opportunity to write some new material. (For inspiration: a TV set, a cassette player and radio and stacks of books, everything from Dashiell

JOE STRUMMER models his bondage pyjamas from a London hospital bed.



Hammett and Genet to a three volume set of Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*.)

"I've been doing some rockabilly stuff," he enthused. For The Clash? "That depends if I can twist their arm hard enough."

Except for the nice view of the cemetery out the window, the only

thing Joe had to look at all day was a poster he'd tacked up on the wall. It's a kind of arty-looking xerox job for a film called *Guzzi Elvis*, due out in May.

"It's about Elvis and the Bader Meinhof gang," explained Joe. Turns out he did two versions of "Heartbreak Hotel" for the flick — a cajun version and a "terrorist version," and the film-maker, Diego Colez, had been by earlier with the poster.

I figured that as long as Joe was confined to the bed he was obviously too sick to get at me if I antagonised him a bit, so I started explaining how in America a lot of people love The Clash not only because they are a seminal rock'n'roll band, but because lyrically and spiritually they seem to be able to articulate the social passions and frustrations — politics — of all the non-rich young people and...

"It just stems from two songs," he jumped in. "One was called 'White Riot' and the other was called '1977'. It just stemmed from those two songs. I can't see why..."

What about "Career Opportunities" and "Police and Thieves"? I was prepared to go through the whole repertoire if necessary.

"Well, if that's politics, I'm glad we're politics," he scowled.

Yes, so am I, believe it or not. Why the snot?

"We always go on the defensive when confronted with this political stuff. We see it as a trap — a hole to get shut up in. We want to move — in any direction we want, including a political direction. But if everyone is saying, 'Ah, you're political,' then obviously you say, 'Well, fuck you — I'm gonna go down there and get drunk for seven days and seven nights and then I'm gonna go over there and get smacked out of my head and then I'm gonna go over there and fall in a canal. Fuck your ideas.' And then shrug it off."

"It's just force of habit when anyone mentions the word 'politics'. We kind of go into a defensive, boring monologue — like this. But the thing about the defensive thing — they were using it to put us down. And for a time in London it was really hip. People were going, 'Oh, the Clash — they're too political.' A lot of people were putting us down."

How The Clash will resolve this dilemma remains to be seen. Joe is now out of hospital and back at the rehearsal studio, getting back on course for the new album. Meanwhile their American record company wants the band to de-politicise and become more commercial (like in maybe-you-should-try-somebody-else's-songs-hoys).

From his hospital bed, Joe looked up and gave a sickly yellow smile. "We," he said, "will do whatever we want."

JACK BASHER

THIRTEENS

Even bright young Beatle babies cannot escape from...

BLACKMAIL CORNER

CALLING ALL Power Pop fans! Recognise the young man strumming his guitar on your left? No? Well pay heed to the words of the one who sent the picture, a resident of Guildford by the name of Paul Cook (surely no relation?):—

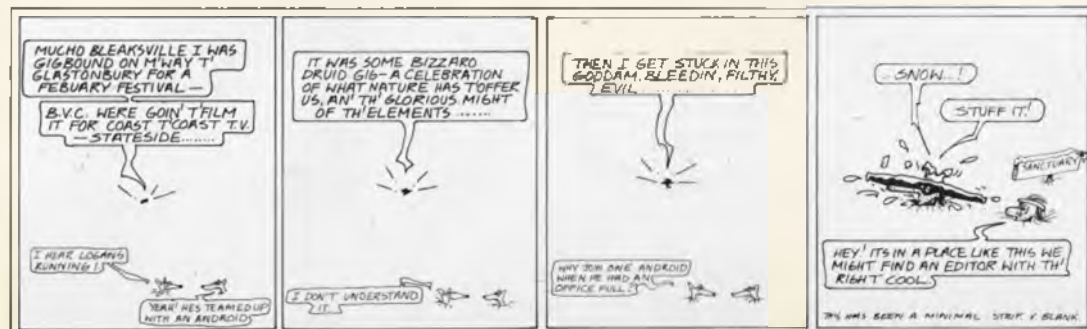
"Here's a photo you might be interested in. It shows Nick Powell of The Pleasers going through his 'White Album' stage during the summer of 1975. Although he couldn't afford to go to India, he did get a job as a manure subsidy clerk at the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries & Food in Guildford, which was to exert a great influence on his future musical career."

Couldn't have put it better ourselves.

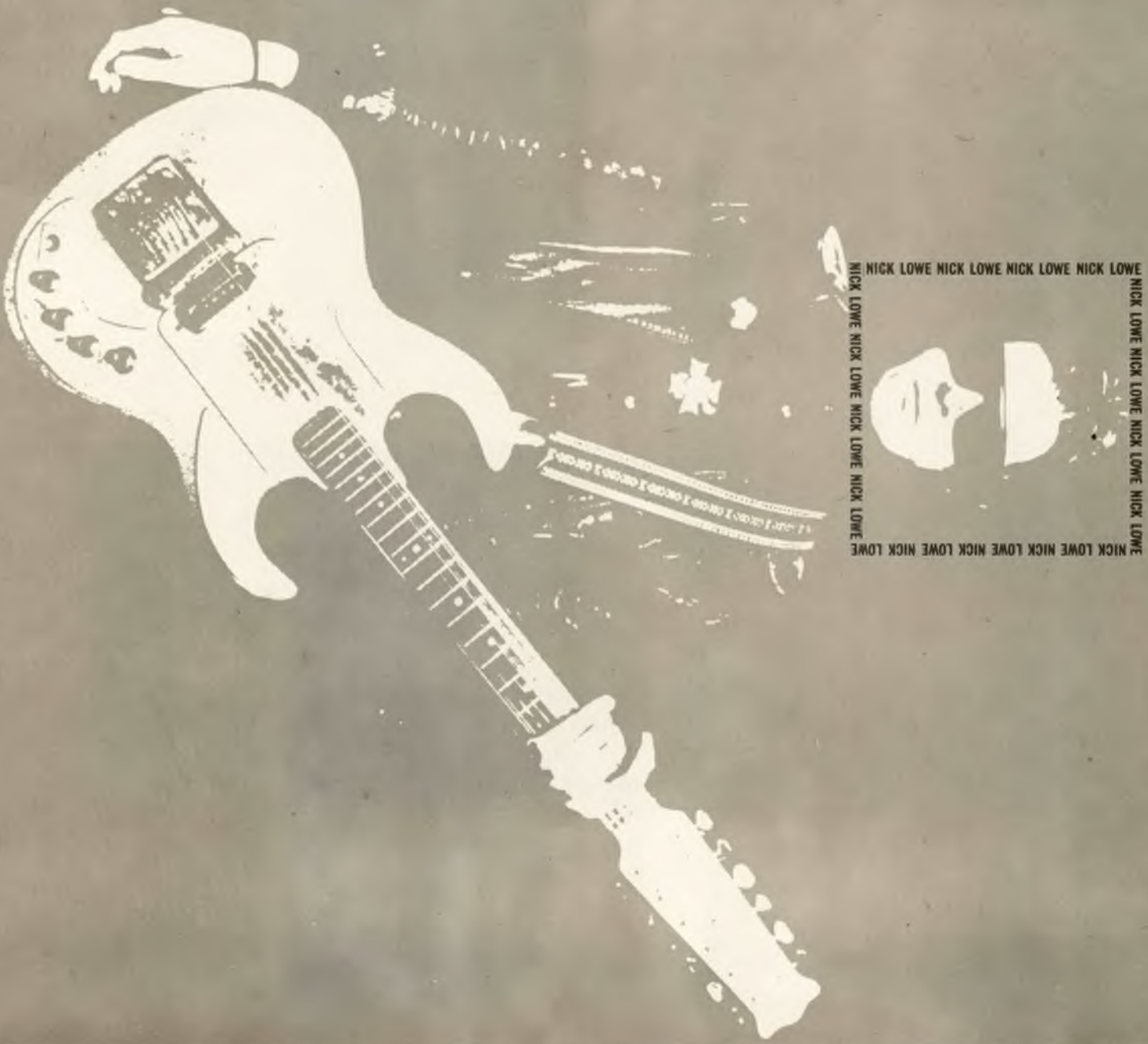
Below: THE PLEASERS circa '78.



The Lone Groover



BENYON



Nick Lowe
NICK LOWE IS THE MAN
OF THE YEAR
© 1978 NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME's Mr. Fixit — Charts Rigby, in a rare and candid photograph by PENNIE SMITH.



CHART RIGGING REVELATIONS

AFTER AT LEAST A YEAR of rumours that Fleet Street journalists were chasing a major pop chart 'hyping' expose, the story finally broke this week in three national newspapers — the *Sun*, *Mirror* and *Sunday Times*.

Thrills understands that all three papers were investigating via separate sources, and the current revelations are believed to be no more than the opening salvo in a clean-up war that could, or should, last a very long time.

The current scandal concerns the way, it is claimed, records may be bought into the British Market Research Bureau chart — which is used by *Music Week*, *Record Mirror*, *Sounds* and the BBC, and, like all pop charts, is syndicated worldwide.

The difference between a placing in the eighties and the forties on the chart may only be a matter of a handful of sales. Once a record hits the Fifty or the "Starbreakers" it automatically receives Radio One and TOTP exposure, the artist stands to double their live gig fee overnight, and so on.

The BMRB chart is compiled from the returns of shops on a secret list — which, the *Mirror* claims, is available on the black market for a mere £50.

The *Mirror's* allegations have centred around A&M Records — their informant was an ex-A&M employee called Mike Brown — and by taping telephone calls (!) between Brown and his former A&M bosses, they conclude that the company executives were deeply and knowingly implicated in chart rigging.

A&M managing director Derek Green issued a statement on Monday promising that A&M would conduct an internal investigation into the *Mirror's* allegations of a few isolated cases of sales representatives buying up records.

Press Officer Kit Buckler added that investigating A&M was "like accusing someone of stealing sweets while next door they're robbing a bank."

Derek Green also pointed out that A&M "do not use marketing companies who specialise in chart rigging." This follows allegations in the *Sunday Times* that two London companies, Marketforce and Campus

General Trading, employed housewives up and down the country to go into shops on the BMRB list and buy selected singles.

However, this week the BMRB told *Thrills* that they keep no "lists" as such, and that the lists which are undoubtedly sold around the music business are not copies of one compiled by them. The black market lists, they said, varied in accuracy, but some are "far more accurate than they would be by chance."

The record business watchdog organisation, the British Phonographic Industry, is already employing private detectives to investigate chart rigging. On Sunday their solicitor, Mr Tony Hoffman, said: "We are on the verge of having enough evidence to justify asking the Director of Public Prosecution to call for a police investigation."

Meanwhile the tabloids spill a few more beans every day. Full report next week. This is only the tip of the iceberg.

THRILLS

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? (We'll all be rockin' that night)

SIDE FROM THE FACT that Little Richard and James Brown both came out of Georgia, and each, in his own way, cut a groove in musical history that no man, woman or society has yet been able to totally erase, it might seem that the two legends have little in common. But look behind either man and there you will find Roy Brown.

Sift through the mess of overlaying influences and youthful memories of the majority of rhythm'n'blues/rock'n'roll stars who emerged in the '50s — be it B.B. King or Elvis Presley — and there you will also find Roy Brown.

Of course, you will find others as well, but you will undoubtedly find Roy Brown. This man impressed 'em all.

Born in New Orleans in 1925, his heyday was short-lived, yet his

influence so long-lasting that it's still sometimes discernible today, albeit handed down and adapted through consecutive generations.

He first burst onto the scene with "Good Rockin' Tonight" in 1948; the very same that young Presley cut at his second proper recording session, six years later. (It has even been claimed that Presley wanted to join Brown's band about this time.)

For the following three years Brown vied with Wynonie Harris as one of the hottest attractions in the southern states. By all accounts, a forceful personality on stage, he was certainly a forceful voice on a string of successful records that included "Boogie At Midnight" (1949), "Hard Luck Blues", "Love Don't Love Nobody" (1950) and "Big Town" (1951).

Strangely though, for reasons not altogether clear, as his successors began to strut their stuff so Brown

gradually faded away into obscurity. Despite some dynamic records in the Fats Domino vein — "Saturday Night" (1956), "Party Doll", "Let The Four Winds Blow" (1957) — and a few equally strong, if completely atypical, rockabilly sides which he cut with young, white southern musicians, by 1958 he was down and out.

Assorted obscure releases have found their way into collectors' homes over the last 20 years; now Britnos — well, Londoners — have their first chance to see the man in person.

He may be a shadow of his former self; he may be great. Who knows? His appearance at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane, this coming Sunday (26) will reveal all.

(And if that don't grab you, Professor Longhair at the same venue on March 26 will.)

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

THOSE CHARTS

— NME SPEAKS OUT

AN EXPOSE OF OUR OWN — that's what we were needing here at the World's Most Hyped Rock Weekly (why, my auntie alone brought up the entire stock at W. H. Smith's Epping Branch last week). After "The Pop Chart Cheats" (*Mirror*), "The Pop-Pushers' Secrets" (*Sunday Times*) and "Who's Rigging The Pop Charts?" (*Sun*), how were we going to compete?

And then we found the answer... right in our own backyard.

After all, business has been bad lately. Ailing record companies and shoe-string punk managers can hardly scrape up the mere £1,000 they need to get their artistes a "Bubblegum Under" slot, let alone the £5,000 or more it takes to put their acts in the NME Top Thirty. But it wasn't till last week, when our dedicated young editor "Staleness" Steele received an angry phone call from Dorkbats manager Dan Eden, that we sussed the real miasma of evil that lurked in the NME Charts Department.

And the man in the hot seat today — NME ratings man "Charts" Rigby.

For years Charts did his job in time-

honoured fashion. Taking the money, selling the Number One slot to the highest bidder, running a clean, tight operation.

But the pressures of the Tin Pan Alley lifestyle wore him down. He tired of the cheques, the phone calls, the endless hours spent hunched over a pocket calculator.

And Charts began to take short cuts. He made up his lists from genuine over-the-counter sales returns. He checked them scrupulously. And he pocketed the money of innocent victims like Dan Eden — without intending to give them anything in return.

In today's NME, Dan speaks out against the scandal of the "Honest Charts".

"Three thousand nicker I handed that jerk," accused the angry Dorkbats manager — "and what did I get for it?"

"Not so much as a mention by Fred Dellar."

Damning words from a leading figure in the twilight, bright lights world of pop.

But NME promises one thing.

Charts Rigby — if not his petty cash box — will have to go.

THRILLS

MYSTERY COUPLE REVEALED

Well, guys and gals — did you guess it? Yes, as you can see, it's First Lady of Country Dolly Parton and First Lord of Cool Arthur Fonzearelli (the Fonze, beanhead!). Score ten points if you got 'em both, six for Fonzie only, four for Donny and Marie Osmond, two for Dolly on her own, and none for Elton John and Kiki Dee. Lose ten for Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye.

(Late news: the winners have just been announced. Brian B, meet Kate Phillips of Shangri-La, Little Boilockham, Dorset, and Phil McNeill, dress unknown.)

Pictures:
CHALKIE
DAVIES



THE END



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WOULD YOU BUY A USED GROUP FROM THESE MEN?

IN RECENT TIMES, the concept of a well-loved '60s English rock band reforming to peddle their nostalgia-slaked wares in the cold light of the twilight '70s hasn't provided the current scene with much beyond badly-attended concert tours, and albums doomed to pad out the 'loss-leader' racks.

Last year saw the original Animals reconvening to provide us with a respectably mediocre album and now else, while Mel Bush's concerted efforts to establish the dog-eared Cockney chirp of the Small Faces once again... well, the less said about that pitiful campaign the better.

Nope, it's not exactly been the season of mellow fruitfulness where ageing rocker-reunions has been concerned — and rightly so. The very idea of regaining contemporary credibility on memories perpetuated by old warhorses more often than not hopelessly out of kilter with the new age while a whole host of young-bloods are ready, willing and able-bodied to flail forth with a fierce new perspective, is, to say the least, a touch redundant.

And yet in the face of all these uh... extreme conditions, stand The Pirates, their colours aloft and sailing close to the wind — a '60s band who've adamantly K.O.'d all the test threats of new wave redundancy, to transplant their skull- and -cross- bones right up there in the vanguard of late '70s hard rock, carousing with a vengeance.

There's something intensely pleasing, when all's said and done, about surveying The Pirates' current state of grace.

Their modest reunion — initially kicked off as nothing more than a couple of one-off blasts for old times' sake back in the early winter of 1976 — drew a modest, inquisitive audience there primarily to pay their respects. The group, though, displayed a cock-sure, thoroughly dynamic style of brusquely paced hard rock timeless and potent enough to walk tall alongside the most rabid examples of the punk genre.

I witnessed the second of those two tentative reunion thrashes when the trio, looking faintly ridiculous in their buccaneer rig-outs (eminently more suitable for a pack of extras doing a stint in some local rep company's adaption of the *Pirates of Penzance*) modestly stalked out to play a veritable 'blinder' of a set. They reaped a full-blooded heart-warming ovation from the audience there primarily to have a razzle-dazzle courtesy of teen-beat merchants, Eddie & The Hot Rods.

The Pirates creamed the Rods that night and have since gone forward to put the fear of God into the likes of such new wave darlings as The Clash, even, who apparently ducked out of sharing a spot, following the appearance of the cut-throat triumvirate on *So It Goes*, excellent last series.

A similar Pirates coup, this time consummated at the expense of The Steve Gibbons Band, sometime last year (again at the Roundhouse) finally and irreparably transformed a grimly whispered *renie* into a full-blown dictum. "Never follow the Pirates," it states, "unless you want your gigging credibility instantly mashed into a zillion specs of fine powder."

MEANWHILE, THE PIRATES keep on keeping on in their own irrepressible fashion — slow but sure, with one fine album under the belt, another on the way and a date-sheet as long as your arm, covering all quarters of the Isle with gigs marked out every-which way like healthy veins.

As far as I'm concerned, and I honestly don't give a toss how reactionary this might sound to some quarters, a Pirates gig is one of the precious few truly worthwhile rock events still available on the unpretentious roots rock level of a



Green and Spence look over a discarded Mark 2 Consul 375.

NICK KENT would. What's more he'd give 'em bit parts in 'Hazell' and an interview to discover the legends behind the legendary PIRATES.

PENNIE SMITH took the pix.



Farley recalls his days with Captain Kidd.

local club or some similarly agreeably intimate environs. Time and time again they deliver what most of their younger peer-groups merely promise, playing that rare breed of rock that needs no endless analysis or theorising over because it anchors its clout solely to the timeless essences of all great rock — dynamism, high-energy, mastery of technique and feel, attitude and brevity.

And anyway Mick Green is still the only guitarist doing the rounds whose fretboard finger excursions unfailingly keep my eyes entranced, even though I still haven't caught on to his secrets yet.

OK, SO THAT'S THE superlative strewn section taken care of — doubtless you've read similar outpourings on the band's live prowess before — but when it comes to an actual story on The Pirates, other things loom into view.

The age factor, for example. Once they've plunged in, one tends to ignore the band's corporate visual — the hard-bitten surly visages, in fact, provide the trio with an impressively thuggish image. The owners of these brutish mugs have the perfect sideline were they ever to consider taking bit parts as East End G.B.H. merchants for the *Sweeney/Hazell* type of homegrown cop show.

But then again, behind the image lurk three pretty ordinary Joes, all in their mid thirties, with all the weighty responsibility of marriage, kids, mortgages and all the palaver that make up the gruffling dictates of "security" — staying buoyant in these trying times. Hardly the prime time to be suddenly gadding up about up and down motorways and tossing your chips into the potentially crippling consequences of a full time career playing rock 'n' roll all over again.

Even when tackled individually, the three members echo each other's determined sentiments when the subject of their career gamble is lit upon.

But then all three appear disarmingly similar in a host of ways. Living out in the fringes of London suburbia, drummer Frank Farley and bassist Johnny Spence live only five minutes walk from each other in modest identikit houses, pink brick with plenty of wooden wall panelling. Only Mick Green lives further away in Ilford, though his abode still bears the traits that personify the domestic accoutrements and design of his compatriots. (Kent means their living rooms look similar — Ed.)

A colour snap of each on their respective wedding days takes pride of place alongside snaps of the kids. You almost expect the presence of flying plaster ducks or a Woolworth's print of Treichikoff's Chinese Woman to be on the wall.

DRUMMER FRANK FARLEY was the first Pirate. Pennie Smith and I were introduced to a former bodyguard, his fearsome build and harsh features, further amplified by a brash head of curls and a brutal looking moustache, effectively disguise a paradoxically gentle and soft spoken nature.

He seems quietly ill at ease as he talks, probably genuinely disorientated by being interviewed and thus talking about his past in any detail, while his wife weighs in with further info and opinions.

Farley started young as a semi-professional, backing up one Cuddley Duddley, a bug-eyed black novelty singer who, Mrs. Farley claims, advertised himself as Bristol's answer to the Big Bopper. After a few other stray gigs, Farley ended up a Pirate, seated behind the traps for the now legendary Johnny Kidd.

Farley's reminiscences of the singer are similar to the others in that they undermine Kidd's image as a tough, uncompromising rocker. Kidd, claim all three Pirates, was a rather weak character, blessed with a strong macho front that worked well for his chosen pitch as buccaneering rock

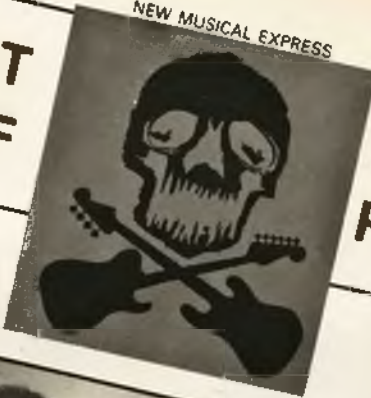
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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

February 25th, 1978

MORE LOST LEGENDS OF

THE LEGENDARY PIRATES



• From previous page

purist, but cursed with a manager whose policy was to manipulate the singer away from the hard rock stance toward a middle of the road clubland had Kidd's career not been destroyed in that fateful car crash, he would most definitely have become just another mediocre cabaret turn, claims Farley.

The drummer went on to follow in the footsteps of guitarist Green, who particularly grueling stint at some seaside resort to join Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas before Kramer couldn't pass a mirror without staring at himself for ages," adds Mrs. Farley, finally causing Farley to quit the business altogether by 1966.

By the mid '70s, however, Farley had located himself a part-time drumming gig for a '50s styled band at weekends at a venue near his home. Spence, by this time having used to duck down for an occasional job to job, unable to commit himself to anything in particular.

By the mid '70s, however, Farley had located himself a part-time drumming gig for a '50s styled band at weekends at a venue near his home. Spence, by this time having used to duck down for an occasional job to job, unable to commit himself to anything in particular.

Thus the Roundhouse conquest occurred, followed swiftly by our own Roy Carr booking them to play the 1976 NAME Christmas party. At the latter event they were approached by Larry Yaskiel, who offered them a management deal there and then, finally cementing what was initially a one off thrash into a fulltime committed enterprise.

SPENCE WAS actually the only one to make a truly heavy decision in going with the band. The choice forced him to abandon the used car market which was just starting to show real profit. Farley, though, admits to taking to the scheme like a duck to water, while



"So then he tries to tell me the transmission's clapped."



"I like the company and the hours suit me."



Kidd and Pirates in swashbuckling publicity pic circa 1962. Note Gibson guitar and Fender bass looted from Spanish galleon.

Green himself is more than candid about his reasons for reconvening the Pirates full time. He was, he claims, at his lowest ebb ever, career-wise, the break up of Shanghai being the culmination of a depressing period of professional dissatisfaction.

"When Frank's call came I literally had no idea in hell what to do. In fact, Wilko was looking around for me in possibly do."

Wilko is, of course, Wilko Johnson. Pirates' current history, as he has been Green's most indefatigable publicist ever since Dr. Feelgood first admitting to noticing a distinct, uh, sound and their own particular '80s' patent, speak about the Feelgoods and the now departed Wilko in particular with great fondness and mutual regard.

The day I interviewed Green, by the way, he'd just returned from doing an advertising jingle session, with, among others, Clem Cattini on drums. This is only relevant in that it provides the info that the first classic Kidd/Pirates tracks were recorded without the assistance of Green.

Spence and Farley. It was Cattini and guitarist Joe Moretti who played not only on my particular fave, "Restless", but also on, God forbid, "Shakin' All Over".

"Call yourselves the original Pirates!" Cattini had barked at Green during the ad jingle session. In fact, the current Pirates are present on, and all the hits that came after, including "I'll Never Get Over You" and "Hungry For Love".

And Green himself — well, he was a pleasure to interview. When not regaling me with hilarious stories about his sojourn backing up Englebert Humperdinck in Las Vegas ("Gordon Mills — EJ's manager — would keep yelling 'Make it funky boys, make it funky'") or the time he walked into a room in 1966 to encounter the dubious spectacle of Billy J. Kramer trying desperately to sell recording "Purple Haze", he casually demonstrated the supernatural technique he somehow evolved in order to play rhythm and lead guitar at the same time.

Above all, The Pirates are going to stick around to make their mark in style. It's not going to happen quickly, but it will happen — and in the process they're going to leave us a legacy that'll dwarf even the Kidd years back when they and Billy Fury were the only two English rockers worth their salt.

Maybe it's just the chemistry between the three of them. It was Johnny Spence who described how they first met — "This little kid in short trousers turned up on my doorstep one day — we were both fourteen — holding a guitar and said, 'I'm told you know the opening bit to 'Cumberland Gap'. Can you teach me?' That was Mick Green."

So how did Farley meet Green then? "Oh, he fell out of a tree right on top of 'is head."

FREDA PAYNE

with her first album on the Capitol label

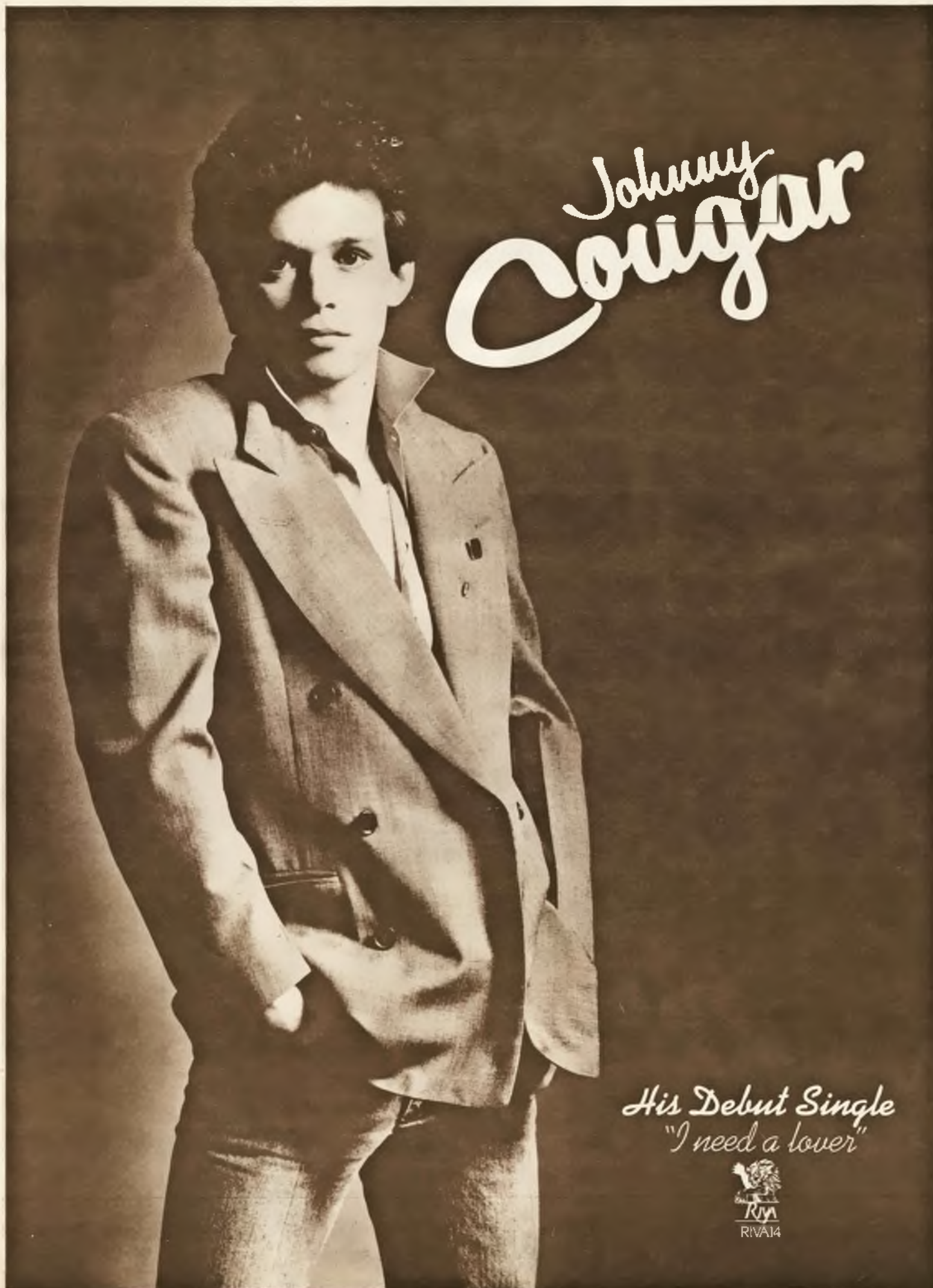
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Johnny Cougar

*His Debut Single
"I need a lover"*



Stroszek (AA)

Directed by Werner Herzog
Starring Bruno S
(Contemporary Films)

SOME SURPRISE. *Stroszek* makes a clean break with the rapturous but decidedly arcane dreamweaving and mysticism that suffused Werner Herzog's last two features, *The Great Ecstasy Of Woodcarver Steiner* and *Heart Of Glass*.

Whereas both the latter were set amongst cloistered rural communities in some unspecified past, *Stroszek* is set in contemporary West Berlin, New York and Wisconsin, USA.

Fittingly subtitled "a ballad", this is a wry, lyrical film. It sees Herzog offering for the first time a direct alternative to the cheerless "realism" of the new German cinema's other frontline director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Predictably perhaps in the light of his tenacious romanticism, Herzog's own brand of cinema *verité* is delicately fashioned — certainly philosophical, sad even, but never unduly pessimistic.

The film's "action" is straightforward enough. *Stroszek*, a street musician, is released from prison, takes in Eva, a prostitute, is harassed by her pimps, leaves with both



In Search Of...

her and Scheitz, his elderly neighbour, for a new life in the USA.

The remarkable Bruno S is *Stroszek* (is himself). Bruno, who played the founding Kaspar in Herzog's *The Enigma Of Kaspar Hauser*, was himself discovered by the director. Bruno was cleaning

lavatories at the time, after years spent in mental institutions, the victim of a broken home and inadequate social services.

Somehow doubt Herzog uses anything more than a rough script when working with Bruno. *Stroszek* certainly gives the impression that for

most of the time Herzog simply lets his lead actor (non-actor?) get on with the business of being himself in various situations.

Stroszek/Bruno is an immediately engaging but naggingly complex character. He's a mixture of childlike naivety and adult worldliness, also fiercely intelligent with a wayward understanding of how life should be lived.

Insofar as *Stroszek* is, among other things, a film about dislocation (individuals cut into the cold outside of social norms), it echoes much of Herzog's earlier work. But it's very humorous too, on a par with say, prime Woody Allen at times only here events — however absurd they might seem later — seem totally credible as and when they happen.

For instance, *Stroszek* and the impishly decrepit Scheitz resort to armed robbery to make ends meet in Railroad Flats, Wisconsin. The bank is closed, so they hold up a barber for a few dollars, only to rush across the main street to buy food in a supermarket. By the time they reach the checkout, the cops have arrived and Scheitz is promptly arrested. Bruno, an unkempt, smallscale Neil Young in headscarf and lumberjacket, escapes, a rifle under one arm and a huge deep frozen turkey under the other.

And so on. *Stroszek* is full of such scenes which might otherwise seem like gratuitous eccentricity but for the sympathetic direction (or lack of same) Herzog gives his cast.

As for the film's closing moments — well, Bruno's own

Abba The Movie

Directed by Lasse Hallström
(Warner Communications)

I DIDN'T realistically expect Abba's move to the Big Screen as a harbinger for celluloid experimentation in terms of plot, screen-play or even, say, editing and visual technology. *Abba The Movie*, however, was one to gog even on such meagre expectations.

The group have dabbled with film before, often providing *Top Of The Pops* with a cute little promo-film to accompany their latest hit — at least one of which — the work to complement the excellent "Knowing Me, Knowing You" — was thoughtfully conceived and executed. This full-blown multi-million dollar epic, though, is shockingly bad, providing the Abba-fan with an embarrassingly feeble plot-line to off-set the preponderance of Abba music.

The latter is presented mostly in the form of the band playing "live" at various Australian stadiums, although it's a moot point as to whether the music is really "live" or whether the band are miming on stages specially designed to approximate the Aussie-land experience. The sequences are still agreeable fare with a strong if conventional visual opulence and excellent sound

(although what the music in terms of sound quality alone, will sound like when it leaves the plush Quadrophonic confines of West End cinemas to do the provincial circuit, I shudder to think).

Back to the plot, however. The film was shot totally in Australia, where one in three inhabitants apparently boast the possession of at least one of the group's records and where Abba-man is more akin to a national religion.

The plot centres round an Aussie D.J. — ineptly portrayed by one Robert Hughes — employed by his boss to get the goods on Abba by means of an in-depth interview and being consistently thwarted in his attempts at the latter. It's trite as hell is all, and the pay-off line is that the group are portrayed as being without any hint of personality, scarcely even speaking. Instead, they walk around, perform, smile beautifully and generally prove themselves to be about as interesting in real life as four ventriloquist-dummies. Some punch line!

I've got a strong feeling director Lasse Hallström was forced to take on this feeble plot as a route to back-track away from the featured group's threadbare potential as film personalities. Though their prowess as superb light-weight pop tunesmiths is undeniable, as a visual entity they're ordinary to the point of being virtually opaque invisible.

Nick Kent

The Good Life



solution to his predicament (Scheitz in gaol, Eva whisked away by an overweight trucker) is almost surreal. In essence he creates mayhem in a small town near the Canadian border. I won't say more except to mention that the ensuing chaos including a blazing truck running in circles, a rabbit leaping on to a toy fire engine, chickens — Herzog's cherished symbol of "devilish stupidity" — dancing and playing a miniature piano, a ski lift with Bruno aboard, more police and what sounds

like a single shot — or maybe it's the truck fuel igniting.

Herzog's targets — social deprivation, plain old loneliness, The American Way, etc. — may well be sitting easy, but the warmth and compassion in *Stroszek* demolishes them much more effectively than any amount of hamfisted didacticism.

A lovely little film and recommended, regardless of whether the name Herzog means anything to you or not.

Angus MacKinnon

Oh, God! (A)

Directed by Carl Reiner
Starring George Burns
(Col—War)

This time, God chooses a decent supermarket manager to go forth and preach His



MOVIES STARRING God fall into two categories, the historic and the contemporary, and interestingly enough — unlike the laws of perspective — the further away the bigger the figure.

Up the Mount Rushmore end of Central Casting, there has been Orson Welles and Charlton Heston bunting hills about and hellowing quadrophonically between cumulus. Apart from catchpenny wartime projects like *God Is My Co-Pilot*, movies starring the Modern Dress Edition have gone for charm and sentiment and the lighter touch. Less risk of lightning, maybe.

The latest, *Oh God!* fits into the latter category, and stirs up dim recollections of a rash of late-'30s *Miracle At Macy's* vehicles which pumped sunshine up the skirts of floorwalkers and sales ladies.

"This high up I feel a little nearer God — that's how literal-minded I am."

Brian Case

Sometimes
when you reach
for a dream
you have to leave
something behind.



You Light Up My Life

It's a song you'll always remember. It's a movie you'll never forget.

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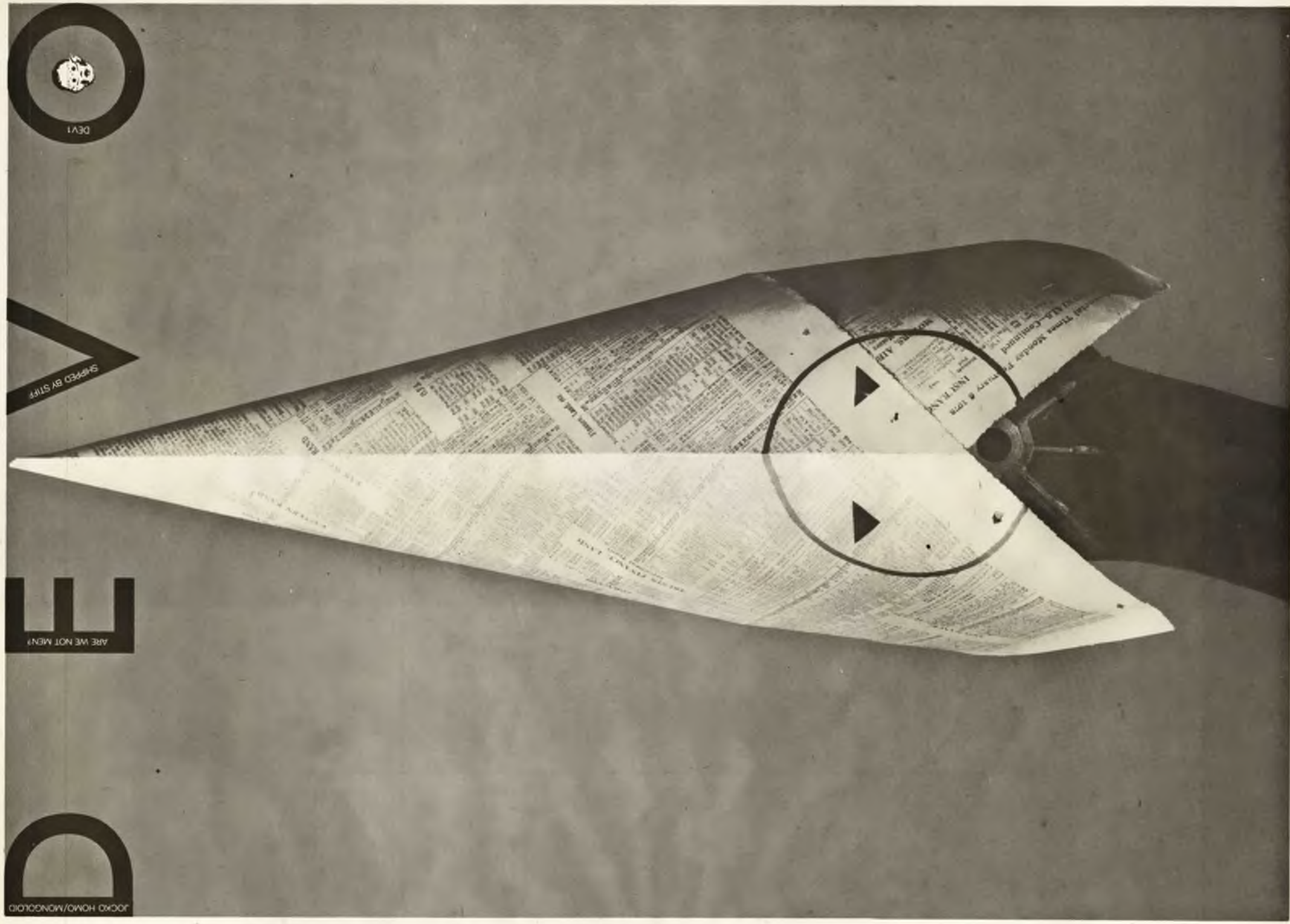
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Get to know Billy Joel 'The Stranger'

If it took Billy Joel nine years, two bands, three years of piano bar gigs and four previous solo albums to come up with a set as good as 'The Stranger'. Then surely you can spare 40 minutes 17 seconds of your life to listen to it!

Melody Maker's editor Ray Coleman did just that and writes: "Billy Joel writes lyrics of such outstanding observation, weds them to beautiful hook lines that won't leave your subconscious for days and weeks, and rams them home with economical arrangements that are the hallmark of great performances".

'The Stranger' is an album of nine superbly-crafted songs written and sung by Billy Joel.

Meet The Stranger on his own ground in concert -
Birmingham Odeon, Friday, March 17th

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Records & Tapes

Single: 'Just The Way You Are'
Album: 'The Stranger'



put-down of male arrogance which was originally the more successful of the two tracks.

A perfect coupling: a great release. (Mind you, both Brown and Knight have slipped into obscurity since they cut these sides in 1974 and '71 respectively, so perhaps they weren't so on the ball as they sounded).

Several more reissues this week, but the only other one to overrule the new releases is:



CARL PERKINS: Boplin' The Blues + 3 (Charley E.P.). With rockabilly currently enjoying more attention in Britain than it ever did during its heyday (circa 1956-58), it's sharp of Charley to re-activate the main man — especially as he is about to arrive in the country. Two of the four titles could have been better chosen to represent this bopping legend, nonetheless, the title track and "Dixie Fried" rip through the flanks of modern rock. Cal clothes on and pick up on this.

And so to modern times, via a throwback:

WHIRLWIND: Hang Loose (I've Gotta Rock) (Chiswick). Seemingly from from nowhere, and in a short space of time, Whirlwind have zapped in to dominate Britain's contribution to rockabilly. Deservedly so. If this track, which isn't on their excellent album, had been recorded in the late '50s by an obscure American country boy it'd now be fetching £25 a go at auctions and probably be reissued on one of Bill Millar's compilations. Judging by the reaction of the nubile in my household, though, this isn't just a specialist sound. It's a goodie for any denomination of rock 'n' roller.

VEDA BROWN: Shortstopping (Stax). When black American women take it upon themselves to get sassy they invariably walk all over the male competition. Aspiring white female manhandlers ought to note this action, for, despite occasional freaks, in the 20 years that I've been buying records there has been little sign of any equivalent in rock music. Not so eloquently expressed with this kind of confidence, anyway.

Veda Brown is not bitter, aggressive or hysterical — she's just totally in charge of the situation. Her accompaniment is suitably calm and authoritative: a strong, rolling rhythm punctuated by typical Memphis horns.

The flip, which I've just noticed is officially the main side, is Jean Knight's "Mr. Big Stuff" — another deft

WET WILLIE: Street Corner Serenade (Epic). Likewise, this has several things going for it: not least of which is a close relationship (although different overall sound) to Southside Johnny and pals. Good song and singer; strong band; catchy chorus — it can't fail to be flop.

ROOGALATOR: Zero Hero (Do-It). Their strongest release to date. Good song and impressive musicianship, as is their norm, juggled together with far more guts than they usually care to display. If they carry on like this people might even start thinking of them as a new wave band.

WIRE: I Am The Fly (Harvest). Considering the unwholesome ideas this lot have about themselves, they've constructed an unexpectedly



SINGLES



CARL PERKINS. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

alluring screen around their diseased chant; reminiscent of the sort of invitation to singalong that John Lennon once taped in a Canadian hotel room. In the dustbins of your paranoid mind, massed ranks of droning nasties are even now gloating with one accord, "I can spread more disease than the fleas which nibble away at your window display..."

DEVO: Mongoloid (Stiff). Deceptive, this metallic hunch of weirdos. At first I thought they were exploiting a pathetic human condition simply for a quick shock and a bit of a giggle. On second thoughts, they seemed to be compassionate without being sentimental. On third thoughts, they're not really saying much at all. The song is sufficiently shallow — and more to the point, sufficiently catchy — that I can visualise football terraces around the country echoing to the strains of "Monga Lloyd, 'e wozza Monga LLOYDD..." (which may be good, I don't know. I have no great theories to offer about taboo subjects in Western Society).

GLORIA MUNDI: Fight Back (RCA). The press handout accompanying this review copy very neatly made me chuck the whole package straight in the trash can (could someone please explain "Neo-expressionist lighting

and sado-masochistic pirouetting"), so it came as some relief to hear a halfway decent record. Their lyrics are typical chip-on-the-shoulder, you're-all-bozos ranting (much like London) but the core of their aggression is on target and they wrap it up with more class than a lot of their ilk.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By CLIFF WHITE

THORBURN: Brick Wall (Mouth: Australian import). Looney, leftfielder of the week. Against a 12-string guitar, harmonica and brushed snare-drum accompaniment that's like a cross between Canned Heat and Mungo Jerry, a perturbed Ozzy gent wakes up to find that his lady is in the process of having him enclosed in a brick compound. I know the feeling well.

THE VIBRATORS: Automatic Lover (Epic). If The Vibrators sound like this in person they must be dynamite. Alas, I suspect they're just a muzzy row on stage like all the others. If I'm

not mistaken, the group have somehow managed to blow their initial rush of credibility. That being so, they should go a long way to salvage their reputation with such a sharp slice of energy. (There again, I like it, so they're probably doomed).

THE JAM: News Of The World (Polydor). Cuts is hardly the word. "Punk Rock" and "Power Pop" come echoing out of a brief dub-style intro over a typically brash New Wave riff. If they'd have slung in "Ranking" as well, they'd have had all the essentials covered. Still, that's the point of the song — to number the media clichés. Don't believe everything you read and all that. Why they should chose to name their song after such a responsible organ of public debate I simply cannot imagine. (This has been a stop press bulletin; there will be two more tracks on the real record that follows this acetate).

TWINK AND THE FAIRIES: Do It 1977 (Chiswick). Stuttering, dumb-assed one-liner that goes on... and on... and on, eventually fading into a wandering guitar solo that loses what little impact it starts out with in a mess of crashing accompaniment. Crapola, thought I. But just in case I was misguided, I checked with the authority. "Boring rubbish", she said, and she should know.

J. J. CALC: I'm A Gypsy Man (Shelter). Askew mix of cosy singing and galloping Diddley beat; like Rick Nelson attempting "Who Do You Love." The Sonny Curtis song is nothing special — and neither, for that matter, is Calc's voice — but the guitar and drum work makes it all worthwhile.



VEDA BROWN

DAVID ESSEX: Stay With Me Baby (CBS). I can't hear anything in this tortured ballad that hasn't already been played out in numerous other versions; nonetheless, it's not a performance to be jeered at. Bert De Coicieux's arrangement is much like that on Lorraine Ellison's original recording.

HOT CHOCOLATE: Every I's A Winner (Rak). Crafty amalgam of several of their previous hits (Not really; I mean it sounds like an amalgam. Who said they all sound the same anyway?) which will undoubtedly go steaming up the charts as fast

as you can say Heaven Is A Sexy Disco Thing In The Back Seat Of My Queen. And all very jolly too.

CIMARONS: Harder Than The Rock (Polydor). Perhaps a bit more interesting than most of the few such recordings that get released on major labels, but nothing 'shakin'. As a novice in matters-reggae I have to be guided by emotion and this neither startles nor moves me. I don't even feel like dancing.

MICHAEL JACKSON: Ben (Motown). Young man serenades his rat again. Admirable, delicate performance that once set many hearts flutter, but why the re-issue? I thought that rats were last year's thing.

THE CRUISERS: Get A Job (Alaska). I believe that Darts once considered recording this, then rejected the idea because The Silhouettes' original version is unbeatable. The Cruisers should have come to the same conclusion. Their drum-dominated simplification of what was originally a complex masterpiece will probably sell to Gary Glitter fans, if anyone.

LEON HAYWOOD: Baby Reconsider (Fantasy). Archetypal Northern soul rave, with sugarpie-honeybunch riff and other essential Motown-soundalike qualities. If the market hasn't been saturated with imports and bootlegs it'll be hot news in the chillier parts of the country (and cause a storm of apathy in the home counties).

TOBI LEGEND: Time Will Pass You By (R.K.). Ditto. This specially compiled maxi,

which also includes a track apiece by Dean Parrish and Jimmy Radcliffe, is already selling well enough to appear on local charts from Birmingham on up.

QUEEN: Spread Your Wings (EMI). As both sides of this single ("Sheer Heart Attack" on the flip) have been available for some time on album, and as most Queen fans have long been trained to buy albums, I must assume that this is primarily aimed at new Queen fans. But I didn't think there were any.

RAYDIO: Jack And Jill (Arista). Don't understand this at all. It's a very familiar tune (Thom Bell's "You Are Everything" I think, without checking) speeded up and given a soppy lyric, based on the nursery rhyme. Some time I must investigate a few of the people who churn out this sort of thing, in the desperate hope of finding out what's going on in their heads.

THE ROCKABILLY RAIDERS: Hurricane Rock (Sam). Nothing whatsoever to do with rockabilly; more like The Pitdownt Men. If you remember them you might just enjoy this slab of sax and stomp.

TIMMY THOMAS: Tooth To Touch (T.K.). **WILLIE FISHER: One Way Street (Jama).** **FAT LARRY'S BAND: Castle Of Joy (Stax).** The best of this week's batch of disco singles; not necessarily to dance to (there were about 650 Euro-productions for that purpose) but to listen to. There is some agreeable talent involved here, although I wouldn't actually recommend that you pay hard cash to hear it. Not full-price, anyway.

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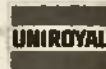
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All pix by ROB HALL

NOT EXACTLY the bunch of rowdy Antipodean upstarts you'd expect, Split Enz aren't. About the most disorderly-conduct-becoming-a-beat-group this lot get up to is shouting over table football machines and sweating it all out apres-gig in hotel saunas.

Not exactly over-enamoured of the press, either, Split Enz aren't. With some justification. After all, if you'd been slogging up and down this country for a couple of years playing left-field rock (i.e. songs with real chews and decipherable lyrics), and all you'd got to show for it was a few pix showing how daft you look and a handful of reviews by perplexed journalists clutching at Genesis-alike straws, you'd be pissed off, yes? Particularly when an august organ like *NME* carries a review (21/1/78) wherein vocalist Tim Finn is mistaken for Neil (Tim's 19-year-old brother, twin-guitarist in the Enz with recently rejoined member Phil Judd), and percussionist Noel Crombie is called Neil, too.

We all know that every Australian male is christened Bruce, but not all these New Zealanders are named Neil.

The fact that they are constantly being taken for Aussies is, apparently, a minor irritant to Split Enz — "New Zealanders feel inferior to everybody anyway," says Tim — and of more immediate concern to the band is the media's inability to see through the semi-theatrical visuals and hear the music. And those off-the-wall Genesis/King Crimson comparisons have got to stop.

"We've had those phrases chucked at us for so long," says Tim. "And it astounds us."

Own up time: I, too, was a Crimson-Enz put 'em-together until I discovered "Disrythmia". The punchy follow-up to their debut, "Mental Notes" (well-nigh impenetrable art-school rock). I described it in an *NME* review as "like moose turd pie — an acquired taste." Tim remembers that, but refuses to admit that the Enz are in any way complex. Not even in a densely-layered song like "Crosswords".

"Musically it's really quite simple. It may come over as reasonably intricate, but it flows along, there's no involved soloing."

"We don't waffle, our songs are to the point

The problems of being strange

Not all that strange either, claim SPLIT ENZ, but it's enough to throw punters and pundits off the scent. MONTY SMITH hears the sad story

You've got to admit, we do very little improvisation on stage.

No argument there. At Sheffield Poly a couple of weeks ago the Enz played an extremely tight set — superior, in many ways, to their recent London Roundhouse gig.

THERE'S SEVEN of them, all (except drummer Malcolm Green) in stinking 'structuralist' jackets, like people from 1984 complete with approved hairstyles and regulation clothing.

Really, the one concession to stage theatrics is Noel's (not Neil's) uncanny ability to remain virtually motionless throughout — spoons solo excepted, of course — his face a discomfite cross between Buster Keaton's fatalism and



Harry Langdon's bathos. When in full strobe-light flight, though, there's no denying Split Enz resemble guys who'd have been shown the door from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*.

See? "I'm doing it now — putting the Enz into some kind of time warp category, when all they're doing is playing rock songs. I've got to forget. 'I'm suing Sassoon' haircuts on 'all that they look, er, weird."

"If we all wore jeans and T-shirts, we'd probably still look strange," reckons Neil (yes, the real Neil).

Big brother Tim points out that, this time round, they've intentionally toned down the visuals: "We're sick of reading about how we look."

Right, right. The music. With Phil Judd rejoining the line-up, replacing saxist Rob Gillies, a more basic sound is inevitable, yes? Room for less complexity? "I don't know," says Tim, "staring at the tape machine, rarely raising his eyes to look at me." We just write as we write. We're conscious of leaving more space in our songs.

He cites Elvis Costello's "Watching The Detectives" as the supreme example of a heavy-duty song incorporating massive space.

"We're never going to be that skeletal, but it is something we're becoming more aware of — leaving space, not everyone playing at once."

Not even counting the fanatical Frenz of the Enz (a group of dehard followers).

lots of people go see the hand play. At Sheffield Poly (nice place — "Less wogs, more jobs" graffiti scars the dog walls, waddaya expect from a city with two struggling football teams?), they earn two encores. They sold out the cavernous Roundhouse for the second time in six months. But neither of their albums has sold well. Never mind the time warps, does Tim ever think they're working in a vacuum?

"As far as the media's concerned, possibly, but not as far as the people are concerned."

But those people aren't buying your records.

"Well, we haven't had much radio or TV exposure. But we have to face facts — the next album is fairly crucial for us."

"We're just developing at our own pace. We still consider ourselves very lucky compared to a lot of bands. We're able to work and we're still being paid a wage, despite losing money."

HOWEVER, YOU must be aware of some quirkiness since you introduce "Play It Strange" by saying that's what you do most of the time.

"Yeah, well, compared to a lot of things I guess we do play it strange. You don't have to play that strange to be strange in rock'n'roll. Most people still play it pretty basic."

He does see the band as being outside the mainstream, unfashionable, and is delighted that a certain Mr. S. Vicious reputedly hates them.

"It made me go all warm inside when I heard that," says Tim, almost smiling. "I'm glad that we're the direct opposite of him and hope we always will be."

His belief that Split Enz will finish up as leaders, not followers, that their music will be accepted on a mass scale, stems from the band's composing talent within the band.

"We've got some of the best songs being written today, which isn't difficult because the standard of songs is so bad."

"We're not a great band, yet, but I think we have the seeds of greatness. Our main influence is The Beatles, and always has been. That's why the King Crimson/Genesis tags have always puzzled me — we're far more interested in songs than they ever were."

"We're far more in the mould of bands like The Kinks, The Move, The Who — and I think the next album will prove that once and for all."

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ALBUMS

NICK LOWE

Jesus Of Cool (Radar)

THERE'S NO-ONE lower than Nick, it's been said, and here's the booty to bear that out.

After all it takes some gall to steal riffs and ideas from such a motley collective as David Bowie, Chuck Berry, The Jackson Five, 10CC, Tommy Roe, Kenneth Anger, The Upsetters, Brian Wilson, Paul McCartney, Judas Priest and Zager & Evans for your first solo elpee release, but such is the sort of sly, underhand mentality with which we're dealing here.

Just check out that title once more. "Jesus Of Cool" is it now? Yeah, and I suppose I'm The Duke Of Ellington. Just who does this acid-casualty and ex-pubrock wastrel think he is nowadays? Norman Mailer??

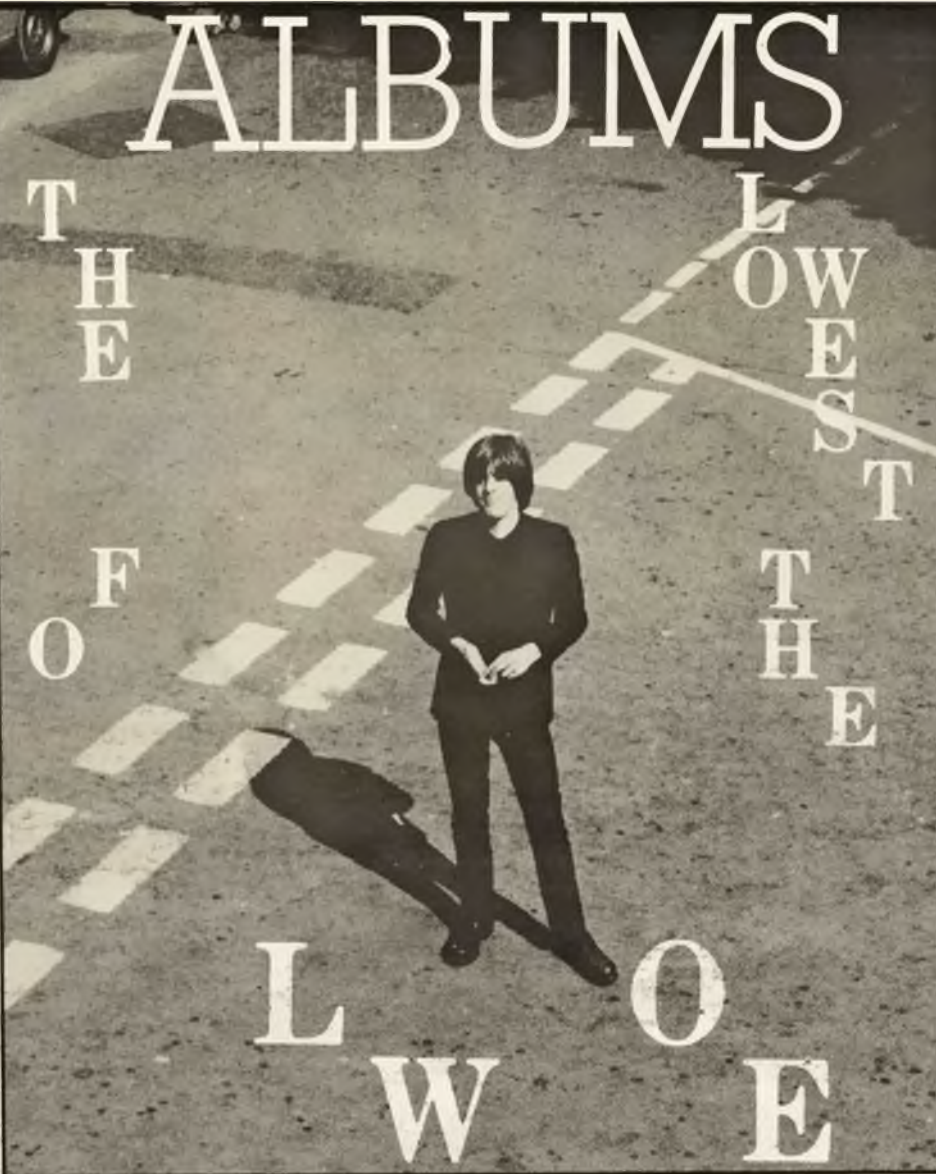
Well, cutting no corners, I can honestly state that there are absolutely no credits given on either the inner or outer sleeve that might indicate exactly who played what and where.

So onwards then. It can be safely claimed that Nick Lowe's "Jesus Of Cool" is a more than worthwhile purchase as well as being overall a very good album. It is not however a great album (great as in potentially classic), it also possesses at least two severe drawbacks — one being length (it's worryingly short), the other being actual content (I refer directly to the regurgitation of no less than five previously released Lowe tracks).

Indeed, Lowe watchers are going to be more than a little pissed off at the inclusion of both "Heart Of The City" and "So It Goes", the former an exhilarating though dreadfully murky live workout from the Stiff tour, the latter the same take that graced the first ever Stiff single.

Over and above this, they have to contend with the reappearance of "Bowie's" star track "Marie Provost" with an ever so slightly modified mix but otherwise nowt else to differentiate it from the EP's archetype.

And if that's not enough to rankle all you Lowe fans, there's the new single "Breaking Glass" here plus a different version of its flipside, though the latter is graced with a title change and a new arrangement. The flipside is a straightforward Rockpile rocker entitled "They Call It Rock"



whilst the Lowe album boasts a jerkier, slightly disorientating workout by the name of "Shake And Pop".

That's it for the rereads and if you're not already familiar with these titles then you at least have nothing to complain about, seeing that they're almost uniformly superb. Still, some Lowe fans I've encountered have mumbled angrily

about reports of some 75 Lowe songs hidden away deep in Pathway Studios needing just a cursory mix to be transformed into pure pop masterworks. And frankly, I must agree with them.

But what about the new songs? Well, no-one can claim that ol' Basher doesn't give his listeners plenty of variety. There's one morsel of super-

cynical heavy metal ("Music For Money"), straight pop pillow ("Tonight") — must probably the song Lowe boasted as having written with Peters & Lee in mind, performed here in an unbearably sissyish voice with layers of Beach Boy-like harmonies woven in and out. I must admit, one of our kid's more memorable efforts) and more

subversively implemented pop stylings (the Bowiesque "Breaking Glass" counts here obviously, plus "Little Hitler").

Also included are a slither of strong white reggae that could have appeared on any of Brinsley Schwarz's later albums called "No Reason" as well as the Nick Lowe adaptation of the Chuck Berry mainstream rock mode as illustrated in

"Heart Of The City" and "Shake And Pop".

One track remains unheralded, although it could well fit cosily into the subversive pop cloister, and that's the ornately titled "Nutt'd By Reality". It's worth picking out firstly because it's the album's best song and secondly because it catches Lowe at his best on all counts.

The song is constructed in two sections edited together in a fashion that all too accurately recalls the second side of "Abbey Road". The first part, underpinned by a marvelously contagious riff pinched straight off one of The Jackson Five's brilliant first trio of singles, has Lowe cutely bemoaning the fate of Cuba's chief dignity:

"Well, I heard they castrated Casio/I heard they cut off everything he had/What a lowdown, dirty thing to do/To mess him up so bad."

You get the drift, I'm sure. After a couple of similarly witty verses, Lowe lurches off to opine that the unfortunate "people's leader" was "nutt'd by reality", going on to describe this condition further with some quickly autobiographical tid-bits.

All told, it's the perfect illustration of what Lowe has currently set as his particular niche, this being frankly ridiculous lyrical conceits involving a mixture of the grotesque and the inane to great effect while basing the whole edifice on thoroughly innocuous pop tunes. "Marie Provost", a chapter from Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon* that concerned an actress eaten by her starving pet dachshund, also fits that brief, as does "Little Hitler" and its way observations of music biz egomania.

Elsewhere Lowe misses his chosen mark at times, particularly with "Music For Money" — its silly cynicism sounding too much like the clever-clever speciousness of 10CC — though "Shake And Pop's" lyrics accurately summarize the ridiculous biz games that surround any prospective rock musician.

Ultimately then, "Jesus Of Cool", though it often tends to portray its creator as a scheming pop jack of all trades, is at its strongest when it proves Nick Lowe to be the master of subversive pop. That alone causes me to hesitate taking the artist further to task for the album's other shortcomings.

Nick Kent

Never Mind The Lubbocks, Here's Buddy Holly (Who?)



BUDDY HOLLY AND THE CRICKETS

20 Greatest Hits (MCA)
THE ROCK and roll of the '50s produced three incomparable all-rounders equally adept and influential as singers, composers and guitarists.

Chuck Berry has already had the TV-advertised greatest-hits package riff done on him with "Motovatin'", Eddie Cochran is long overdue for the heavy promo that his work deserved, and now the pride of Lubbock, Texas — Charles Hardin a.k.a. Buddy Holly —

is getting his go-round.

"20 Greatest Hits" is a no-mess'n' compilation of Basic Buddy Holly For Everybody; more of Buddy Holly's songs than you ever knew you were capable of singing along with.

Titles you want, titles you got. Eyes down: "That'll Be The Day", "Peggy Sue", "Words Of Love", "Every Day", "Not Fade Away", "Oh Boy", "Maybe Baby", "Listen To Me", "Heart Beat", "Think It Over" (deep breath, turn over for side two) "It Doesn't Matter Any More", "It's So Easy", "Well . . . All Right", "Rave On", "Raining In My Heart", "True Love Ways", "Peggy Sue Got Married", "Bo Diddley", "Brown Eyed Handsome Man" and (where) "Wishing".

Welllllll . . . can't really quarrel with *this* selection, even though the definitive Holly collection is the "Legend" double album, which features all of the above tracks plus no less than twenty-two others plus lengthy

and informative liner note plus complete who-did-what-where-and-when personnel breakdown for all of the tracks plus nifty pix.

Plus I do miss "Midnight Shift", "I'm Lookin' For Someone To Love", "Rock Around With Ollie Vee", "Reminiscent", "Umm Oh Yeah", but 20 tracks is 20 tracks and you've got to draw the line somewhere.

Whether this sudden upsurge in Holly consciousness has anything to do with (a) powerpop (b) the fact that the Poet Laureate of Argylshire recently acquired much of Holly's publishing or (c) the price of megadons in Finchley is a matter of pure conjecture. The fact remains that if you don't have this music in your home (on this or any other album or set of albums or singles), you're missing out.

Why? Though it's fashionable to deride Holly as the first of the great rock wimps, his music and stance were by no means as fey as this calumny would imply. While



Holly demonstrates primitive acupuncture technique.

he lacked Cochran or Berry's wit, street-smarts and aggression, he had a beguiling gift for the nuances of teen romance, all the little exhilarations and disappointments of hi-skule love.

He played a tough, ringing Seratocaster, romping, rocking and joyful, as befits a man who learned much of his trade playing dances with only a drummer for support. However, his main calling card was always his voice: light but

with considerable reserves of power (who could ever forget — having heard it — that unique "Well-a-well-a-well-a little things you say and do" that opens up "Peggy Sue") and a sophisticated phrasing that owes a lot to the Muddy Waters and Little Walter records he heard on the radio as a kid and which influenced Dylan to a still audible extent.

Maybe you don't want to be told again that Buddy Holly was a genuine heavy, that he bought it at the age of

23 and that he produced a vast amount of exceptional music in a comparatively short time and all the other garb that people drag out about him.

Let's just say that "20 Golden Greats" — hideous title, especially since the "Buddy Holly Lives" graffiti cover says it so much better — is the best album of its type since "Motovatin'", and it'll hold that title until someone does the same sort of thing for Eddie Cochran.

Charles Shaar Murray

T.V. Smith crossing Gaye, in a manner of seeing.

Pic: STEVENSON



Crossing The Good With The Garage

THE ADVERTS

Crossing The Red Sea With The Adverts (Bright)
ONCE UPON a time, the fastest way of revealing yourself as an Old Fart Who Didn't Understand The New Wave was to allege — in even the mildest and most non-derivative terms — that occasionally the musicianship left something to be desired.

It is now — by my reckoning, at least — late February of 1978, and most of the New Wave bands who're still around have obtained a sufficient command of their instruments to do justice to their material. The Clash and the late lamented Pistols got to be very good very fast. The Damned and The Stranglers and The Jam played good right from the beginning. The likes of XTC and Magazine cheated by having been good musicians before the New Wave even got started.

The Adverts are in the curious position of having one of the best lead singers currently functioning, and a repertoire of some highly interesting songs (good words, good chews, nifty chord changes) while still being total musical featherweights despite having gigged solidly for well over a year.

I don't know how they do it. They even open the album



with "One Chord Wonders", a reprise of their first single for Stiff, which deals rather sardonically with this problem. The fact that the intervening period between the Stiff session and this 'one hasn't improved their rather ramshackle playing by one iota could be interpreted as some kind of amusingly ironic gesture, or simply as an indication of loyalty to old ideas of determined amateurism.

Laurie Driver (drums) thumps away enthusiastically, the very lovely Gaye Advert (bass) thumps away somewhat less so, with the result that she drags the beat ever so slightly all the way through, a state of affairs not particularly improved by guitarist Howard Pickup's rather Mickey Mouse sound. The end result is more Garage Band Purist than anything else, especially when you take the sophistication of the material into account.

As stated above, T.V. Smith writes and sings very well

indeed, "One Chord Wonders" is a song of more than a little wit, and "Gary Gilmore's Eyes" (regrettably not included here, though its B-side "Bored Teenagers" puts in an appearance) was truly excellent.

"No Time To Be 21", the current single, "The Great British Mistake", "Drowning Men", "On Wheels", "New Boys": all fine songs with an odd tint of fluorescent psychedelia infiltrating the monochrome.

If The Adverts could learn to play these songs in any manner other than the most totally obvious bang-their-way-through-the-chords manner — or at least bang their way through the chords with one quarter of the zap and flair of The Ramones or the Pistols — they'd be one of the most exciting bands around. Can you imagine these songs played with the kind of raunch that Steve Jones and Paul Cook could bring to them? Gaye's certainly no worse a bass player than Sid Vicious.

Unless the Adverts can be ramshackle and unmusical in as exciting a manner as The Velvet Underground, they'll be in the unusual position of having a repertoire to which they are simply not competent to do full musical justice.

Weird one. Be glad it ain't your problem (unless you're T.V., Gaye, Howard or Laurie, in which case — hi!!!)

Charles Shaar Murray

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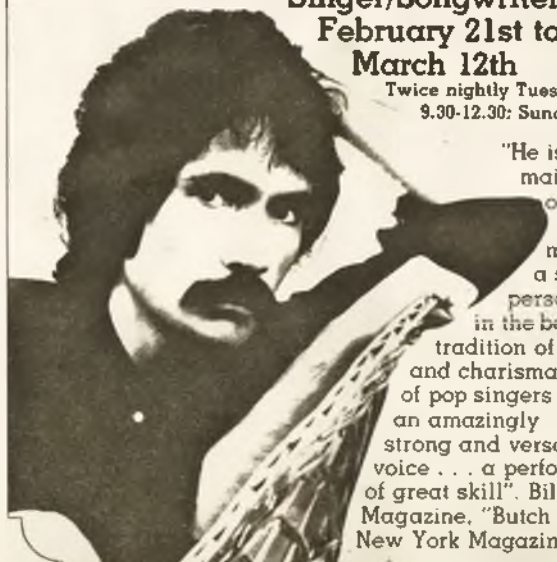
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KING SPECTOR MEETS THE GROOVIES UPTOWN

Yeah, De Boys Are Back

JIM CAPALDI

The Contender (Polydor)

"JUST WANNA write my songs the way I feel", croaks Capaldi in the opening cut, "Dirty Business", before doing over Uddell and Geld's "Sealed With A Kiss", all Billy Fury-ed up like a 6.5 Special outtake.

The whole album's like that, a bit of a hodge-podge, mostly produced by Capaldi but helping hands on the knobs from Jimmy Miller and Peter Sullivan.

Ralf Richardson's steel pans lend "You Burn Me" a superficial charm but side one is hopelessly weighed down with AM fodder like "Daughter Of The Night" (sickly moog and winsome backing vocals) and the maudlin, overlong and overripe "Game Of Love".

Side two sounds rougher, but it remains dreadfully ordinary. The title track, a ponderous paragon to welterweight boxer Hedgemont Lewis ("He's a man who's been through storm and rain/He's a man and he's trying to make a stand"), gains poignancy merely by the fact that it's Paul Kossoff on late guitar — gee, when was this album made, Jim?

The whole sorry mess finishes with "Hunger And Greed", an astonishingly clumsy Dead End Street kids ditty (rhyming 'drunk' with 'junk' with 'sunk').

Traffic may well have been terrific but on this dismal showing Capaldi has about as much chance of being a serious contender as did Brando in *On The Waterfront* — not much.

Monty Smith



'Kid' Reid: NAM or boy?

THE BOYS

Alternative Chartbusters

(NEMS)

"SORT THE NEMS from

The Boys!!"

Matt Dangerfield's

t-shirt succinctly sums up how

The Boys feel about their

record company. As a band

who played their first gig at

The Hope And Anchor in the

summer of '76 and had a

record deal by the end of the

year, progress has been

painstakingly slow.

And if you ask weary travellers like Dangerfield and his songwriting partner Casino Steel just why, then they'll put the blame squarely outside the group and on the shoulders of the biz.

One thing that would certainly warm their hearts would be the sight of an album recently recorded at Dai Edwards' Rockfield studio and tentatively entitled

"Alternative Chartbusters" in

the record shops within something less than the four months it took NEMS to release their debut last year.

Pure Pop For Numb People might well be a catchphrase for some in '78, but for my money The Boys' ideal lies closer to the trashy white rock 'n' roll dream of Thunders'

Heartbreakers than it does to the shallow pop pushed by The Pleasers, Tonight and their ilk, though sometimes The Boys only escape such trappings by

the skin of their teeth.

The new album at least shows an ability and courage to progress and diversify evident in few of the more charismatic of last year's would-be heroes.

Three tracks stand out: the Spectorish "Brickfield Nights" (the forthcoming single); "Heroine" and a surprising adaptation of an early '60s hit in "Sway".

Spot the lift freaks will enjoy "Brickfield Nights" — King Spector Meets The Groovies Uptown? It highlights Dangerfield's belated development as a songsmith. In his late twenties, he's gazing back on teenage mystery girls with long hair and make-up that's never quite right, on nights in Brickfield, his home patch and an industrial estate in Leeds.

"Heroine" is an angst-ridden ballad in the vein of early Lennon. With vocals again handled by Dangerfield, it concerns itself with a hoary Lonely Man Meets Movie Star Girl story.

The band grease up on "Sway" — but in the Mediterranean marimba sense, not the Rockabilly one. The song was a hit in 1961 — the year Cochran and Vincent all time low year for rock 'n' roll. It was then sung by one of the dozens of immaculately clean-cut Bobbies of the day (Rydell, in fact).

Dangerfield himself sings eight of the new songs, compared with only two on last year's album. Loving respect is paid to record companies in a song which will already be familiar to any who've caught the bad live in recent months — "(Do The) Contrast Hustle".

The massed guitars and vocals on tracks like "Stop, Stop, Stop" (which sticks close

to The Hollies' original), "Classified Suzy", "Talkin'" (not the Brass Construction song in case you were worried) and "Neighbourhood Brats" (about Steel's former band, the Hollywood Brats) point yet again to The Flamin' Groovies and "Shake Some Action" as a sound reference point.

Bassists Duncan 'Kid' Reid takes only one writing credit for the unspectacular "Taking On The World" but chips in on vocals for the amusing "Backstage Pass", among others. It's a song about groupies — or one in particular — but not from the usual macho rockstar as supertud angle.

"When all the punk bands/All sound second hand/I will still be loving you/When Johnny Rotten has been forgotten/I will still be loving you/You've had all The Jam/Even Paul's old man/But when you're bored with Anarchy/You will still be special to me."

The words are those of second guitarist Honest John Plain — a bloke previously noted only for having a beer gut as disgusting as that of his counterpart in The Sex Pistols. Plain's throw-away lyrics (he also wrote their near hit "First Time") are much less serious than Dangerfield's: they're also to be found on two other songs — "U.S.A." (underage sexual intercourse) and "T.C.P."

"T.C.P." touches on the sensitive territory of teenage spots, rather perversely gives individual namechecks to each of those ageing powerpoppers The Ramones.

And if you dug that last album and think The Jam's debut beats "Modern World", then you'll take to this too.

Adrian Thrills

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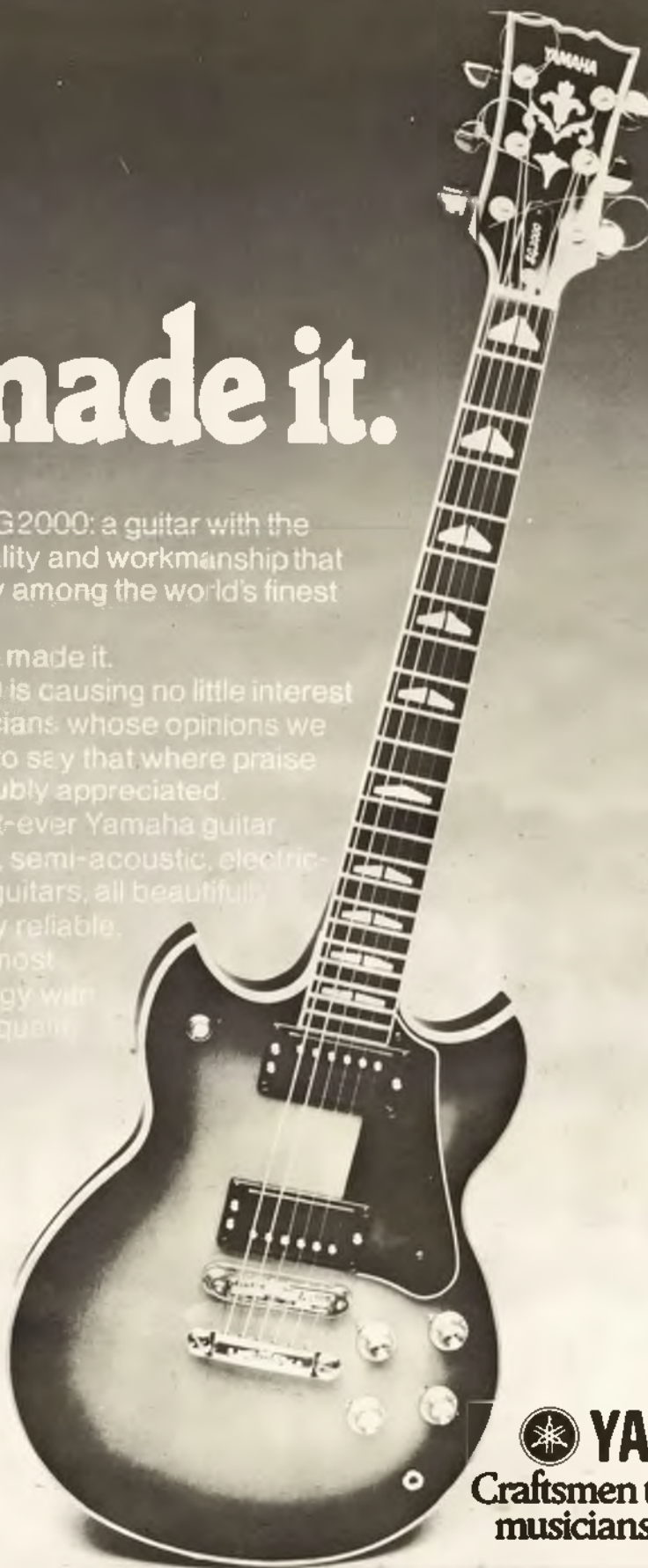
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SAFE AS SNAKES

**CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
&
HIS MAGIC BAND**
Safe As Milk / Mirror Man
(Pye)

THIS SET was actually released before Christmas. I've sat on it ever since — not because it's a boring album, but simply because Captain is just so daunting to write about.

To take the lesser known morsel first, "Mirror Man" was first released here on Buddah in either 1971 or 1973 (as the original is undated, it depends whose story you believe — I'd go for '71) and recorded in Los Angeles in either 1965 or 1967 (I'd choose the latter), possibly at a live gig (which I'd doubt).

Certainly, if there is an audience present they're either amazingly well-behaved or, more likely, asleep. Out of the four tracks on the album, two of them — "Tarotplane" and "Mirror Man" itself — run between 15 and 20 minutes each. Sadly, not even the title cut justifies much more than a third of that timing. They're both repetitive weirdo-blues jems of the kind towards which the much maligned "Strictly Personal" occasionally teetered, but which it managed to avoid.

The other tracks are "Kandy Korn", a version of which appears on "S. Personal", and a rather beautiful little grey-



I was always into horns

dinosaur humble-bumble opus called "25th Century Quaker", which checks in at just under ten minutes — a fine example

of that trance-like, deceptively diffident approach of the "Strictly Personal" Magic Band.

As for "Safe As Milk" — recorded in 1965 but not released until 1967 and still years ahead of its time — no praise is too high. I still remember, as clearly as I recall the first time I heard Howlin' Wolf himself, the first time I heard this bloke who sounded just like the Wolf wrapping his extraordinary voice around the pure psychedelia of "Electricity" on J. Peel's revered *Perfumed Garden* show.

The launching pad for possibly the most exciting recording career in the whole of rock, the scope, adventure and skill of "Safe As Milk" are even more stunning now than in '67. Certainly Beefheart's most listenable album, the combination of bubblegum, psychedelia, country blues and R&B, all processed through Don Van Vliet's completely unique vision, makes it one of the most indispensable albums ever.

If you haven't got a copy... look, you know that feeling like there's something missing in your life? It isn't love or any of that claptrap. It's the first Captain Beefheart album.

They should give it away free with school milk. Judging by the title, that's probably what the Captain intended. (Doubt it. The Captain apparently meant the title ironically, reckoning yer average US pint to be full of gunk and filth. Instead of school milk, maybe — Ed.) (Smartass! — P.M.N.) Phil McNeill

DEAF SCHOOL

English Boys/Working Girls
(Warners Bros)

DESPITE THE irritating arty image of the band, despite the sometimes contrived feel of the lyrics, this is not a bad album.

You see, it's got something which many more intense, more relevant, (okay) more cool albums lack — good tunes. Things you can hum in the bath or at the bus stop.

It's got a bright, melodic pop sensibility which prevents it becoming too serious or too self-indulgent. The band line up on the sleeve, sulky wimp poses for the camera, self-consciously flamboyant modes of dress, and they don't really look too promising. Token bespectacled member, token receding hairline person, token Clark Gable smoothie, token female.

All the standard 'types' you tend to associate with groups that aren't too interested in rock'n'roll. Fortunately, first impressions are deceptive.

"Working Girls" starts with solid, echoing drums and blossoms into a grandiose anthem for production line females. Condensing "Up The Junction" lyrics but a very full, fat, over-the-top sound. Produced by Robert John Lange, the whole LP has got a huge, Spectatorish wall of noise, a most effective way to drown the naive lyrics.

The three front line vocalists (Bette Bright, Enrico Cadillac and Eric Shark) come on like a full choir on "Golden Showers", a neat love chant spilt only by the occasional whine of "... dig it, dig it!"

The highlight of the record is "Thunder And Lightning", a highly derivative but impressively executed soul-pop tour de force, a peculiarly Sixties purity of expression and a family familiar hook.

"What A Week" is an exam-

ple of words that are clever, topical but ultimately patronising. It's all about Elvis. The Front, New York powercuts, the closing flickers of 1977. Trouble is it's observed rather than felt. Mind you, it's only fair to say that four 18 year olds playing this twice as fast could have made a great single.

"Refugee" — Same complaint. All about rebels, outcasts on the run, too glib by far. Saved by cute bubblegum keyboards. "English Boys (With Guns)" isn't as tuneful. It's very annoying to hear a bunch of comfortable, self-satisfied musicians dabbling in

distanced social comment.

"All Queued Up" is a song that's been crying out to be written. All about the modern stand-in-line world. If you get more than two people standing together, everyone forms a queue behind them. Safety in numbers syndrome but Deaf School sound a bit too furious about it.

The ideas begin to run out on the second side. "I Wanna Be Your Boy" repeats the melody from "Thunder And Lightning". "Morning After" is a slow, low profile MORISH dirge.

"Fire" is another song that doesn't really sound convinced or convincing. It's all about the way people stop in the street to gaze at disasters; good subject but distinctly unhot treatment.

"O. Blow" is the closer — very amusing and pretty accurate punk send-up. It's typical of the album in that it doesn't take itself too seriously, which is just as well.

The instrumental work takes a backseat to the vocals and the result is a polished, professional product. It hasn't got a lot of heart or a lot of purpose

but there's a handful of really good songs.

Nothing to do with rock'n'roll really. One revealing line claims "I felt just like a kid again". Sure, but you don't sound it.

Kim Davis

KENNY WHEELER *Deer Wan* (ECM)

JUST AS a rose grower crosses cuttings to breed new varieties, so ECM supremo Manfred Eicher shuffles his roster of musicians. Some of his hybrids wither, others blossom.

Trumpeter Wheeler's first ECM date, "Gnu High", saw him ably assisted by bassist Dave Holland and drummer Jack De Johnette. All well and good. Enter pianist Keith Jarrett, whose noodlings I for one found about as sympathetic to the spirit of the session as the Soviets are these days to the Somalis. In fact Jarrett's "lyricism" — garish slabs of colour — completely unbalanced the set.

"Deer Wan" is different. The rhythm section remains the same, as circumspect as ever. Jarrett is thankfully out, replaced by saxist Jan Garbarek and electric guitarist John Abercrombie.

Wheeler's robust lyricism finds itself an unusual foil in Garbarek's more penetrating, slightly nasal tones on tenor and soprano. Abercrombie is the consummate accompanist, flicking unussy rhythm chords and soloing with modest good grace; his oddly fluted tunings are very distinctive.

"Peace For Five" is a vehicle for solos based on a figure not too far estranged from "Slightly All The Time" off Soft Machine's "Third". Garbarek's racy, raucous tenor break is especially strong.

"Sunother Song" bridges from muted melancholy into fleet free space, a chance for Wheeler to fluster hotly before Holland and Abercrombie's deliciously cool duet. Garbarek is reckless again on the title track, Wheeler busily browsing.

Guitarist Ralph Towner guests on "Afternoon", a seductive ballad, his 12-string acoustic adding characteristic resonance to the pastoral setting. Another fine match, like the whole album really.

Angus MacKinnon

KARLA BONOFF *Karla Bonoff* (CBS) KATE BUSH *The Kick Inside* (EMI)

THOUGH ON the surface just another member of the incestuous West Coast singing/songwriting sisterhood, Karla Bonoff is different in one crucial respect — she isn't on Warner Brothers.

Her pedigree has already been well-established — and she even lives next door to Linda Ronstadt at Malibu. She has the advantage (like Joni Mitchell, Kate and Anna McGarrigle and others) of having already established a reputation through her compositions, and she owes a particular debt to Ronstadt who saturated her "Hasten Down The Wind" album with Bonoff material.

She's undoubtedly accomplished as both singer and songwriter, if distinctive as neither. She can't belt it out like Ronstadt of course (who can?), but her clear vocals carry the often attractive melodies without difficulty. If her songs are of variable quality, the best are excellent.

Her lyrics dub her yet another Californian beauty foundering on emotional rocks; love lost is the predominant theme, occasionally relieved by love not yet achieved in the first place. But if her songs wear the mantle of subjugated feminism, the frailties depicted are never clichéd. Her most poignant composition, "Someone To Lay Down Beside Me", is a



Bonoff



Bush

KB² (When The Two KB's Clash?)

companion piece to Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through The Night" in its evocation of the need for short-term sexual and emotional comfort.

Being already a fully paid-up member of the LA branch of the Millionaire Musicians Union, she's naturally accompanied by all the inevitable accompanists who render all the inevitable accompaniment that inevitably renders them more of a hindrance than a help.

I make the tally six good songs, two indifferent ones, and two (both by other writers) that I'd rather have done without. Kenny Edwards'

production is businesslike and, "Home" apart, can't provide anything as concrete as excitement. It's an album that comes in plain colours, but one which suggests that, at the very least, Bonoff will be able to live unhappily ever after on songwriting royalties.

Initials apart, Kate Bush has nothing in common with her, her debut album is less successful, though arguably more interesting. Ms. Bush is reticent about her background, but seems to be 19 now, and was apparently raised in the Home Counties. She was discovered a while back by the Floyd's Dave Gilmour, who nurtured her prudently, lest

her precocious talent burn too brightly too quickly. Like another Home Counties prodigy (David Bowie) she has also been through the Lindsay Kemp theatrical mime academy — Gilmour and Kemp presumably being "Them Heavy People" of Kate's song.

Since she won a surprise testimonial from Dusty Springfield at her comeback press conference and "Wuthering Heights" is clearly going to be a hit single of monster proportions, it might be as well to keep things in perspective. This is no debut album was, say, "Songs To A Seagull" — far from it.

Kate Bush has a distinctive, waiting voice that initially suggests an enviable range, but in fact she gives little hint of this, nor does she ever settle into any comfortable vocal style. Many of the songs are also ordinary, constructed in identical fashion.

On the credit side however, the relative novelty of her approach guarantees interest: "Wuthering Heights" is certainly something special. Inspired by the book of the same name, it aims for the wild, incorporates atmosphere of its raging climax, and is utterly mesmerizing. Lyrically it's simply flaccid; more meatiness is provided by a song like "Room For The Life".

Strangely, the album seems more a product of 1968 than 1978, with its smatterings of orientalism and mysticism, references to Gurdjieff, a production which employs some of those widescreen sound effects so essential in those days of rampant psychedelia.

The production (by Andrew Powell) is far too fussy, and rarely works satisfactorily; two of the successful tracks, "Feel It" and "The Man With The Child In His Eyes", benefit from utterly straightforward arrangements.

It's a bewildering record. While sometimes it just seems pathetically contrived, at

others it suggests that there's talent struggling to get out.

Should the name Kate Bush resume its former anonymity in a few months' time, this album will be guaranteed a cult following in years ahead; I think it more likely that she'll make albums that are infinitely better than this one.

Rob Wolfenden

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SUNSET



Kansas: Give us a number, any number, and we'll play it...

The State(s) Of Things To Come



KANSAS

Point Of Know Return (Kirshner)

STARCASTLE

Citadel (Epic)

MUST BE all those vast expanses of mile upon endless mile of wheat country conjuring up visions of untold wonder and grandeur. That, and all the reports of UFO sightings. How else do you account for America's most popular techno-rock outfits materialising out of the Mid-West?

Kansas, all set for their British concert debut, hail from — you guessed it — Kansas and with several albums behind

them (this is their fifth) are no newcomers. The more aptly named Starcastle base themselves in St. Louis.

Of the two, Kansas have the most to offer, facing their boisterous histrionics, played with a not unendearing sense of enthusiasm (I'm being kind) and an arsenal of standard heavy metal licks. Strictly speaking, despite their penchant for spicing up with Wakemanesque organ flourishes, Kansas aren't die-hard techno-rockers. Their current hit single "Point Of Know Return" sounds a lot like the Anglo-American combo Foreigner.

Kansas don't go overboard with synthesizers. They only occasionally sound pompous. Sure, they're not averse to top heavy arrangements which sometimes take in the odd line from Bach, but Kansas actually sound like they're having fun and don't take themselves all that seriously. We'll forget about lyrics.

Starcastle are a personality-less bunch who unashamedly plagiarise Yes. Not only are

"their" melody lines almost note for note rip-offs of Yes songs, but they also oop whole bass lines from their mentors.

And while Starcastle eschew Jon Anderson's stream-of-consciousness hippy mysticism, they're not too proud to embellish their material with the triest "cosmic" prattlings. Approach at your peril.

Steve Clarke

CHARLIE HADEN

The Golden Number (A&M Horizon)

BASSIST CHARLIE Haden's previous series of duets, "Closeness", was respectable rather than killing, a conclusion which also hovers over side one of the latest, "The Golden Number".

Nothing wrong with the collaboration with Don Cherry on "Out Of Focus", a nicely balanced piece with a prologue and epilogue of slowly tolling bass chords and flute, and a central section of brave brandished trumpet figures and urgent bass.

The meeting with Archie Shepp, "Shepp's Way", is a maddening affair. Haden running his lines as a tangent to the tenorist's, which unfortunately leaves the impression of Shepp stewing in his own juice. Maybe the theme, one of Haden's three originals, is unsuitable; certainly Shepp sounds less than stimulated here, if unstopable.

At the risk of sounding counter-revolutionary, I think a fair case could be made for the blazing success of side two being down to continuous playing. Ornette's tune, "Turnaround", a vehicle here for the late, great Hampton Hawes, leaps into life as piano and bass invest the more traditional roles.

Listening to Hawes' mastery of Be-Bop piano, the abrupt delirium of the long chopping runs, the fervent feeling for the blues, the sheer richness of his assault on the emotions, you can't help reflecting that the Bop bag was by-passed rather than exhausted. Comparison with the earlier Jarrett-Haden duet, "Ellen David" — admittedly more wistful terrain — might provoke another dollop of reflection on relative weights and measures.

Haden's work on the title track is another kind of random, not the WALK — DON'T WALK cycles beloved of Be-Boppers. (And traffic signals) but a bolstering of the emotional core of the piece, a cortege tread under the trumpet's requiem.

Ornette's playing here is gripping. Never over-excited about his non-saxophone explorations in the past, I found myself more moved by this than by his also playing duet on "O.C." or his recent "Dancing In Your Head".

Some of the high-strained phrases still spurt down like Cherry's squibs, but the majesty of imagination is all Ornette's.

Brian Case

IMPORTS

AND STILL they come, The legends in their own minds. I mean.

Latest of the lineage is one Armand Schaubroeck, or Schaubroeck Steals as he sometimes calls himself, who currently has his "Live At Holiday Inn" (Mirror) double-album available for inspection. Frankly, he's a blues-bashing bore, his band offering up the riff and nothing but the clichéd riff, while ole A.S.S. (apt, those initials) yells his slogans in likewise interminable manner.

But then he's the stuff cult figures are made of, having done three years in the reform shed for safecracking (hence the "Steals" nomenclature?) while his past track record on disc includes a triple-album listed as "A Lot Of People Would Like To See Me Dead" and "I Came To Visit But Decided To Stay" (both on Mirror), the latter being a normal (?) single-album on which A.S.S. remembers both Edgar Allan Poe and Robbie Burns.

So now you're absolutely fascinated (well, aren't you?) and itching to lend your lugs to an earful of Schaubroeck's four-track record, Holiday Inn set, an item that features the most outrageous audience overdub ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting record-buyer. And I guess now that it's only a matter of time before some well-meaning fanzine latches on to A.S.S. and starts appraising his lyrics in a way only previously afforded the inscriptions on Moses' tablets from the mountain. But then, that's how legends are born.

Already a legend in back-of-the-bus territory is black South African Margaret Singana, who works with a drummer called Crash Flash and a vocal group who answer to the name of The Jo'burg Street Cruisers.

She slugs out a solid line in Bantu bodymusic and does it to such effect that "I Never Loved A Man", her last single, went treble gold in her homeland. And now "Tribal Fence" (Casablanca), an album which includes "Man" along Lady Africa's version of "It's A Man's World" and John Fogerty's "Have You Ever Seen The Rain", is available here as an import rack filler.

London's HMV superstore, Oxford Street, tell me that they'll be offering a choice line in Chess-Checker-Cadet import bargains in their forthcoming sale, which commences on March 4. For they've unearthed such Aretha Franklin offerings as "The Gospel Soul" and "Never Grow Old", both toughies from a collector's point of view; plus Howling Wolf and Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley's "The Super, Super Blues Band"; Albert King and Otis Rush's "Door To Door", etc.

Meanwhile, due to New York's recent blizzard battering, few newies have arrived, though those brought in by the huskies include Pete "Wet Behind The Ears" (Arista); Cherie Currie's "Beauty's Only Skin Deep" (Mercury); a Kim Fowley production job; Konga's Africanism" (Crocos); a Cerone instigated affair; and Wild Man Fischer's "Wildmanias" (Rhino).

Fred Dellar



RED LIGHTNING BLUE FLASH



FOR SOMEONE whose baptism into this business was an association with Mick Farren and The Deviants at the height of their Anarchic Drug-Crazed Hippies Horror Probe era, Pete Shertser is a remarkable survivor — especially as he went straight from touting for Farren to recording the blues, and this at a time when the last echoes of the '60s Blues Boom had all but faded away.

An incurable optimist, he's a garrulous, disorganised and altogether likeable looney who struggles on as director and bottle-washer of Red Lightning Records, the tiny but persistent specialist label he started with Ian Sippen (now dec'd) at the beginning of the '70s.

Today, Red Lightning is in better shape than it's ever been, with more and better albums released in the last couple of years than in all the previous six. There are plenty more on the way too.

I believe there have been 16 'official' Red Lightning albums so far, of which I'm going to concentrate on the last eight. For details of the earlier issues, which include LPs by John Lee Hooker, Albert Collins, Junior Wells, Earl Hooker, Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown and an excellent anthology of '60s blues obscurities called 'When Girls Do It', write to: 517 Eastern Avenue, Ilford, Essex, IG2 6LT.

And so to the rest:

LITTLE MILTON
Raise A Little Sand (RL.0011)

LITTLE MILTON Campbell's vast talent so completely fills the gap between Bobby Bland and B.B. King that you can't really see the joins.

Many would claim that over the last 15 years he has gone so far as to shoulder aside his two main rivals — certainly on record, if not on stage. Recorded from 1953 through to '59, this collection of 16 of

his earliest sides is obviously the work of a less mature and authoritative artist, when he was much more of a straightforward B.B. imitator, nevertheless it's essential stuff for Blues Furnaces and like-minded blues fans.

Seven tracks were cut in Memphis with Ike Turner and cronies and released on the Sun and Meteor labels; the remaining nine in St. Louis with Oliver Sainds band for Bobbin. In Straight Ahead Mono.



BILLY BOY ARNOLD
Blow The Back Off It (RL.0012)
Sinner's Prayer (RL.0014)

HARMONICA PLAYERS once crowded Chicago's ghetto streets like commuters in a rush-hour tube train. In the final analysis it'll probably be Little Walter and the two Sonny Boys who'll be most highly revered, but Billy Boy is a natural for close runner-up.

Recorded 1953-57, "BTBOI" is Arnold at the height of his popularity, singing and playing in front of the likes of Bo Diddley, Otis Spann, Henry Gray and other Windy City notables on 13 tracks that were mainly, if not all, released on Vee Jay. A better sampling of his work does not exist. S.A.M.

To these ears "SP" is of less interest, although by no means a dull album. Recorded in 1970, it's a good indication of what Arnold is like on stage even today (although this is a studio recording) — as competent as ever he was but, sadly, somehow rather irrelevant. Even in stereo.

JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON
The Gangster Is Back (RL.0013)

NOW MAKING platinum-selling albums from DJM, this unique dunc (and I say unique advisedly, there's no-one quite like him; guaranteed) was once an eccentric young rhythm & blues man with a full reputation and an empty pocket.

The 14 tracks here (plus a

couple of fuzzy cassette interludes) capture many of his different early styles, including the original versions of "Gangster Of Love" and "Looking Back". Recorded 1955-61, it's not 100 percent kosher, but what a bargain already. S.A.M.

IKE TURNER'S KINGS OF RHYTHM
I'm Tore Up (RL.0016)

BEST KNOWN to the world at large as the ex-partner of Legs Tina, Ike Turner has actually had the kind of career that sends discographers into ecstasies of vault-rummaging. He bossed assorted bands around America from the late '40s until sometime recently, played piano and/or guitar on seemingly hundreds of sessions, as well as talent-scouting, writing, producing, arranging and all that jazz.

Many of these 19 tracks were recorded in Cincinnati in 1956 and released on Federal under the various guises of the singers in his band of the time. They're big voiced and stomping, slow and moaning, and all fairly dissonant — typically erratic but mainly good examples of rough and ready '50s R&B in fact. A good companion to Charly Records' Ike Turner release (which is probably now deleted). S.A.M.



VARIOUS
Guitar Star (RL.0017)

A CUNNINGLY conceived compilation this, presenting nine different acts over 16 tracks, all associated with Chicago in some way and all featuring at least a snatch of righteous guitar work.

The styles are varied, from B.B. King imitators to originators via light and heavy-handed axemen. So far I've found I'm most often playing Mighty Joe Young's "Hard Times", Fenton Robinson's "Directly From My Heart" and "Somebody Loan Me A Dime" and Bobby Parker's "Blues Get Off My Shoulder" — that's what I haven't got

time to listen to the whole album S.A.M.

EARL HOOKER/JODY WILLIAMS
The Leading Brand (RL.0018)

TO TRACKS by Earl: Six by Jody. Stylistically different but not altogether dissimilar singer/guitarists who are both proved capable of exciting work by this evidence, without sustaining that promise for very long.

I don't know, perhaps it's just me, but I find all these ringing notes and droning saxes good fun in small doses but increasingly predictable over several tracks. Still, they weren't originally intended to be heard one after the other on an album like this, so that rules me out of court. A collector's item. S.A.M.

TOMMY TUCKER
Mother Tucker (RL.0022)

IN FEBRUARY 1964, T.T. had a sizeable American hit with "Hi-Heel Sneakers". A very fine record indeed, it was immediately adopted by half the groups in the western world, became one of the great clichés of the age, and the originator was never taken seriously again.

Which is a pity, because this belated 16-track anthology of his work (recorded 1962-76) proves that he had a lot more to offer than was generally recognised. Mind you, there's no evidence here that he could successfully impress today's market but he does a fair old job with various styles of music that were heard throughout the '60s.

Surprisingly, the 1962 track is a version of "Hi-Heel Sneak-



ers" that sounds suspiciously like an alternate take from the same session as the hit. If so, it was one hell of a sleeper. No room for more detail; try to get to hear the album. Mostly stereo.

Cliff White

JOE WALSH
So Far, So Good (ABC)

RIGHT, YOU can throw away all those irritatingly patchy Joe Walsh albums because this generally sensible compilation is a welcome reminder of Old Coke Bogie's vice-like grasp of hard rock/middling metal dynamics — before, that is, he chucked in the towel to join those Beagles lounging around the Hotel California bar.

Chestnuts like "Rocky Mountain Way" and "Turn To Stone" are as familiar (and endearing) as West Ham's annual fight against relegation, and that certainly doesn't mean they're not worth preserving (the songs and the Hammers).

Walsh was never that heavy you had to wear a surgical appliance when listening, but the carefully shaded development of riff-rock like "Welcome To The Club"

carried immense power, his anguished vocals adding immeasurably to the overall effect of anticipatory tension.

And his passing interest in classical romanticism, of all things, came through on the bombastic "Mother Says" and, more specifically, in his moog doubling of old Maury Ravel's Pavane for some old bim kipping in the woods, which served as a prelude for the tasty "Time Out" (both here and on "So What").

The only dull spots are the inclusion of "Walk Away" and "Meadows" (both fine songs) from that dreadful contract-fuelling 'live' job, "You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind", on which Walsh's voice was as wrecked as Dresden and the musicians showed off by playing everything too fast.

Sorry if I keep referring to Joe in the past tense, but really, since he became a Beaglette...

Monty Smith

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JAZZ

LIKE A LOT of things made Up North, Howard Riley's sense of purpose is foundry-built. Fat chance of Howard cramming that cast-iron, drop-forged concept into switchy-hip stuff-strutters, of gittin' up with it, or lugging it on up the alley. Jack — WATCHOUT! — of gittin' Ready for Freddie. Messy with Bessie, or indeed altering by one brass-bound jot or tittle the compass-course of his creative life. Howard is a jazz piano player.

"I find that whole jazz-rock area very boring," says Howard, dipping the beak into a pint. "It isn't coming from the innards like something somebody actually believes in. I think a lot of American musicians are willing to go the way the industry points them, so that jazz over there has passed from being a folk music into an industrial music. Not all of them," he hastens to add. "Obviously there are still plenty who put music first, and they're the ones I'm interested in."

I do not give him a hard time on this, and we sit very expansively opposite each other in the wooden booth of a bar off Shaftesbury Avenue. Dobella and Coletti carriers stacked against the wall, a hah in the hard day's quest for Twardzik albums. "I'm not interested in music as an adjunct of an industrial situation run by businessmen," says Howard, compendiously. "I think you've got to have been around in music for a while to appreciate those processes — the insidious forces of industry that are at work."

A small Chinaman walks into the bar, inserts a coin into the jukebox, and a shattering explosion of Country & Western severs the stalks from our heres.

"Do you think he's an insidious force of industry?" Howard bellows, laughing, as I switch off the tape recorder. "That Chinaman?"

"How much did the bugger put in?"

Confrontation with the insidious forces of industry

*Strange Chinamen playing C'n'W on the jukebox may or may not qualify. But pianist **HOWARD RILEY** has the real problem under control. **BRIAN CASE** hears the story.*

I fret, as the last lariat of laminated lament subsides.

We continue. Howard believes that American commerce has hobbled American supremacy in jazz, and that Europe is now where it's at.

"Historically, the way jazz has evolved in Britain, you have to go through that period of imitating Americans, and certainly up until about 10 years ago there was a massive inferiority complex here."

"We've seen a lot of American musicians here now, and the idolatry aspect has diminished. You realise they have good nights and bad nights like anyone else. I think a very specific European situation has arisen."

We watched aghast as a very specific second Chinaman crossed to the jukebox and studied the selection from right to left. Reggie. The jukebox glowed, the Chinaman glowed. I switched off the tape recorder.

"You have to bloody laugh, don't you?" laughed Howard.

We aneked off in search of something a little more Eicher & Van Gelder in the pub line. Howard Riley started piano lessons at six, under the guidance of a musician father and the spell of Winifred Atwell. That was

back in 1949 in Huddersfield. Bo-Bop — Parker, Gillespie, Monk, Powell — got him curious about how it was done.

"I started playing in the jazz clubs in the North, and I went through several embarrassing situations where I didn't really know enough about the theory of music to cope with the gigs I was presented with. Eventually, I decided I wanted to study music because I never did that at school — partly because you weren't allowed to in the technological drive of the late '50s, and music, especially in the North, was considered an effeminate subject to study."

HE WENT to Bangor University, studying under the composer Bernard Rands, himself an ex-Berio pupil, plugging in immediately to contemporary developments in European straight music.

"I was very interested in the sound spectrum of straight avant-garde music. It's stupid to pretend it doesn't exist and not to let it influence your own work. The problem is integrating it into your playing in an

unselfconscious way.

"When I sit at the piano, I improvise. I'm not interested in playing written music by Beethoven or Stockhausen — I admire it as music, but as a performer I don't want to know. The big difference is your starting point, and mine was doing jazz gigs and the whole psychological thing that goes with that."

"I've developed into the free-area of playing in the last 10-15 years, utilising the emotional projection of jazz with some of the techniques of European music."

Right through his university days — and Howard has blotted up a B.A. and an M.A. from Bangor, an M.Mus. from Indiana and an M.Phil from York — the pianist has taken care to deal with the cats. Oh, there was the odd Mickey Mouse gig, strictly from hunger, a season in Butlins opposite a pre-Beales Ringo Starr — "He was in The Beat Ballroom with a group called Rory Storm And The Hurricanes."

"In the summer of '65 I played with Evan Parker in Birmingham — the best situation I'd been in, jazz-wise. Evan was playing very much like Coltrane and I was doing a cross between McCoy Tyner and Bill Evans. I've still got a tape, and there's

just one track which is a foretaste of the future. It's a trio — soprano sax, piano, bass — and we're playing very freely. You can hear the seeds in a very embryonic form of what we're doing now."

Howard turned to me and laughed. "Oh, you'll like this. I remember Evan saying to the bass player, 'If the music gets too fragmented, just go into time and pull it together a bit'."

We found a quiet pub in Gierard Street, not a betel-throut from Ronnie Scott's Old Place, scene of so many revolutionary happenings in the '60s. Howard, with Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Paul Rutherford, Tony Oxley and Paul Lytton, founded the seminal Musicians' Co-Op.

A lot of factors came together to push the pianist into the Free. "For me it was inevitable that I'd get away from chord structures and harmonic progressions. After years of playing that, I got to feel restricted. I think that feeling was in the air in the mid-60s."

"Was Cecil Taylor an influence?" I asked. An ancient Scotsman in a sock hat sat silently glowering at us two tables away. Two large suitcases rested against his shins, a half and a half against his fists.

"Oh yes, but I separate listening and playing," said Howard. "From the critical point of view, anybody who uses clusters or plays with a rapidity of ideas immediately gets labelled as a Taylor-influenced pianist. I also use a lot of other pianistic things. One of the most important things for me was just getting away from using chords in the left hand and single notes in the right — the standard Bud Powell thing."

"I felt I needed a more two-handed approach and I had to equalize the hands out. I really felt emotionally that just sitting there going plonk bang plonk wasn't going to be it for the rest of my life. You don't have to abandon what's gone before, but you mustn't let yourself be a prisoner of that."

He spread his fingers. "Stride piano, for example, is one of the best things you can do for your hands."

He shook his head. "I can never understand why people find what I do difficult, because to me it sounds very traditional. Maybe it's because the reference points are not solely from within jazz?"

Up came the Scotsman, and sat

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HOWARD RILEY. Pic: PHILIP GOTLOP

down. "Yer talking to Jock Mackay," he said. "Yer dun't like me because I'm a working man. Yer hate me." "It's not just that, Jock." I reassured him. Great to have him on tape and that, but wasn't he worried

about leaving his suitcases? "I'm no worried about my suitcases. They're full of money." Under the woolly hat, his eyes bored relentlessly in tandem with his conversation. Jock could bore for The Border.

WE PRESSED ON. Howard has had extensive experience in the States, playing and studying. In Indiana, he hung out with David Baker, the one-time trombonist with George Russell. "In

fact, I wrote a thesis on Russell's Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organisation," said Howard.

"Yer a fuckin' bastard," said the Scotsman. "and yer hate me." Howard pushed on. "I've never used the system because I'm not playing tonal music, but I've never regretted doing it because Russell's got a very interesting mind." He turned down an offer to play with Morton Feldman, the avant-garde composer, because he wasn't interested in just playing his music. "I'd have come away feeling I'd only done half the job — I can't project enough of myself into the situation."

"Yer talking to Kock McJoy," said the Scotsman. What with stickbuddy Chinamen and drunken Scots, the insidious forces were mustering some impressive flak tonight.

"On your hike, Jock," said the barmaid, and deposited his suitcases on the pavement. "She hates me because I'm a working man," said the Scotsman, and left.

"Do you ever wonder if maybe your music, or Cecil's, is intrinsically difficult?" I asked the pianist. "Nuclear physics as far as the public are concerned?"

"My problem is just reaching the audience that could be there," said Howard. "I'm sure there are people out there who enjoy genuine things, but they're interfered with by all the middleman hype that gets in between. They label it avant-garde and difficult. I'm not too starchy-eyed. I don't think my music is ever going to be a mass music, but it's not intended to be. I think if audiences are allowed to hear it..."

He grinned robustly. "But then again, I read a movie mogul the other week saying you can fool all the people all the time if the promotion is good and the money's adequate." I drank morosely. "Would you say an ideal improvisation of yours came close to written music in terms of structure? Have you ever tried notating a solo afterwards to see how tightly organized you are in the moment?"

"I'm very interested in constructing a piece, yes. My long solos have motifs that run throughout — interrelating, running concurrently, separating, fragmenting — but my feeling is that when you've done it, you've done it. When you leave a gig, you can feel it, good or goof. You can intellectualise things out of existence.

Fillington said, 'Too much talk stinks up the place.' I think it might make it all too self-conscious.

"Composing satisfies a different side of my character, but I'd never be happy just sitting in an ivory tower writing music to be perfectly reproduced. I've gotta have an outlet for physically getting to grips with playing. Composition and performance are very different activities."

THE LAST time I'd seen Howard play, it came like water after drought. The previous cat in to bat had lain under the piano and kicked the wood-work before really getting his chops up and springing about on the keyboard. Howard, commendably expressionless, retrieved the piano stool from someone's dinner, and simply thronged the room with his music.

"My interest is purely and simply playing the piano, going as far as I can and seeing where it'll take me. I can only concentrate on one thing at a time — I don't diversify. Whatever I'm into, that's it. The criteria for that other music are different — that verges on theatre."

"People think jazz is like manna from heaven that pours down upon gifted individuals. My theory is that it is a lot of hard work. I came out of a grafting environment. Maybe this is missing in some of the younger generation."

"I mean, Derek Bailey backing Gracie Fields was a very important part of his development, or Tony Oxley being fired for daring to question Paul Anka's musical director. You have to experience that to realize what your priorities are. No excuses — you've got to make that initial commitment."

"Every day, I can wake up and get totally involved in what I'm doing. No amount of money could ever compensate for that. That's the ultimate reality for me."

Howard lifted his glass and grinned. "Here's a question for you," he said. "Now I admire Anthony Braxton, but how is it that he's applauded for studying Cage, while others are accused of being intellectuals?"

"Others?" I asked, innocently, casting about for interruption.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
"Discipline" (Opportunity); "Angle" (CBS Radio); "The Day With Come" (CBS); "Flight" (Furtive); "Solo Impromptu" (Jaguar); "Sonnet" (them); "Interludio" (Meraki); "Shaped" (Mogul).

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ON THE TOWN

... and the air was tense with expectoration

Eddie & The Hotrods

AVIESBURY

AT THE risk of sounding salty and a little preserved, lemme say that one wave is much like another — Hi, Peaky! — and that rock's New Wave is Old Hat. A handy journalistic tag, the New Wave label has seen some service. Licked and smacked on the side of French cinema in the '50s, Free Jazz in the '60s and Punk in the '70s, it nevertheless succeeds in gumming together a few common characteristics.

Squeeze, the first team up to the plate, were energy incar-

nate. The rise in Manx which loosed those frantic jump-cuts onto Gallie celluloid, extremes of pitching in instrumental jazz, here manifested in the tearaway trajectory of "Sea Master" and "Bang Bang". All right while you still remembered the preface silence, undifferentiated thump as that contrast dims.

Budgeting apart, Squeeze do have some promising individualisms struggling under the Punk blanket. Towards the end, the keyboard player unleashed some tasty boogie and barrelhouse breaks, and the drummer, first showing his form on the third number, "Strong In Reason", with a nicely graded release figure, ended up lifting himself clear of the numbing orthodoxy to

reveal the head, shoulders and profile of a genuine musician.

Radio Stars field, in fact, one star — a blond singer who bounces up and down like a budge as he sings; adrenalin made visible. I couldn't hear a fat lot of difference between "Is It Really Necessary?" and "Macaroni And Mee" — maybe I was listening for the wrong things, maybe listening itself is the wrong thing.

Riff followed riff, got louder. The singer scuttled about on top of the speakers, bracketed, even at that altitude, by tracers of gob.

As with the previous New Waves, ancient and obvious participatory devices were tapped — hand-held camera, marching bands — and towards the end the singer launched himself off the stage into the audience itself which didn't do a lot — "OUCH! GEROFF!" — for the lyrics.

The bill-toppers, Eddie & The Hotrods, have traded in the workshop aspects of the idiom for a seamless professionalism — less endearing, but less boring too. The tail isn't wagging the dog here, and the pogoing audience move like pistons in the Hotrod's scheme of thing. Where the earlier groups milked about, jacking off the guitars, or buzzed like carbide around the furnishings — Christ, you gotta do SOMETHING — this lot have their stage choreography down so tight even the smaller gestures register.

Not unlike the Feelgoods, their best numbers, "Gimme Money", "Telephone Girl", "Schoolgirl Love", use a South Side bazzing in which the repeating guitar figures resolve into a lemony, legato wall. Elmore, you should live so long.

Definition is the crispest of the concert, belying the seasoned weariness of the singer, a traditional winner's formula. Jagger's mixture of



HOTRODS. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

peevish and lunge has not passed unnoticed. Eddie & The Hotrods have got, had the house craning in a moment of expectation rather than expectation as a little insouciant blues tuning suddenly snapped into a walloping performance of "What's Really Going on". Good theatre.

Brian Case

Rush

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

EVERY band has a right to be had — but Rush abuse the fact. Such a deluge of noxious heavy rock and pretentiousness, at horrendous volume, reduces brain cells to the

consistency of scrambled egg.

The sight of this Canadian combo strutting inanely amid the smoke screens, decked out in flimsy satin jackets, is almost beyond belief. I'm not saying Geddy Lee can't sing. It's just that he sounds not unlike a half-strangled turkey that's being boiled alive in caustic soda.

The music is unmitigated overkill. Thoughtless sections of heavy riff, punctuated with extensive rambling on synthesizer and guitar, with flashy, cluttered drum rolls, "Closer To The Heart" and "Cinderella Man" being supreme examples.

I don't deny their immense popularity, and I can readily understand why such well played, but directionless,

shmalz goes down so well.

But "Xanadu"? Their translation of this evocative poem into the medium of heavy metal seemed artistically akin to hanging a van Gogh in a Wimpy Bar.

The only thing that impressed me was the light show. Simple, yet imaginative, it was used superbly to accentuate a glamour stage act that should have been dumped six foot under several years ago.

I was accosted by some frenzied punter on my way to the exit. "Just three guys, man!" (the lad seemed deranged) — "Just three guys making all that sound! Amazing!"

And it was, in a sense, I wouldn't see them again to save my life.

Mark Ellen



RADIO STARS. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

The dangers of being likeably listenable

Be-Bop Deluxe

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

JUST THINK for a minute or two — how many rock stars come from Yorkshire, Joe Cocker excepted? Not a very long list, is it? Do you realise that the most famous band the land of the Selwyn Froggitt reality-principle has produced so far is probably *Smoke*? Not too good for morale, really.

So when nice-local-boy-made-good Bill Nelson comes to town, he's greeted with a mixture of reverence and provincial chauvinism unparalleled in the area. Sell-out house, packed hall, and it's obvious they're rooting for him, hanging on his every note.

But oh, so reverent. Not a soul rushes the stage! It's as if everyone's wary of distracting Nelson, in case he makes a boob. Boob? This guy's probably never hit a bum note in his life!

To give Nelson, Be-Bop and the audience their due, they all undoubtedly enjoyed each others' presence immensely, as evidenced by the insertion of several unscheduled old faves into a set taken largely from the new "Drastic Plastic" album. Their first live numbers, in fact, were from that record — a dangerous gamble at the best of times, let alone following them with an out-take nobody's heard. But it seems to pay dividends for Be-Bop.

"New Precision", the opener, is typical of much of the newer material: likeably listenable, but of no particular importance. A powerful medium-paced stomper, it churns along happily but only opens up with the archetypically fluid Nelson guitar break. It's very nice, neat music, performed with care and attention, but with as much passion as a celibate monk on downers.

In this respect, it's interesting that the closest Be-Bop come to a standard rock song is "Dangerous Stranger", which Nelson

claims started life as a "rock 'n' roll pastiche". Nothing wrong with pastiches, and there's no denying Nelson's ability to make with the R'n'R cliché-chords. It's just that he does it with a studiousness incongruent with the tone of the song — as if he were a session guitarist playing rock'n'roll to order.

Nelson's showcase is "Shine", a clapping funk piece which starts smartly but meanders into an overlong, boring, non-ongoing situation. He's obviously a gifted guitarist, at times undeniably tasteful, but he exhibits an annoying tendency to fall back on his own clichés; a pity, because with more investigative application, he could probably come up with some stuff that *really matters*. Moderation is mediocrity, and no good ever came from that.

It's perhaps unfair not to mention the contribution of drummer Andy Clark, keyboard player Simon Fox and curious bouncing Maori bassist Charlie Tumuhai; but to be quite honest, their musical presence is completely subliminal, and their visual presence (with the exception of Tumuhai) almost literally non-existent. Like, you never forget who's running the show.

"Lovers Are Mortal" is the softer, more melodic side of Be-Bop. Acoustic guitar, synth and grand piano combine like Weetabix, sugar and milk to form a smooth, sweet mush which needs no chewing and serves only to bolster the communal criticism that Nelson's poetic/artistic aspirations are inclined more towards a "poetic" self-consciousness than to creative rigour. It's a false picture, but plainly not without its adherents.

The best numbers, for my money, were "New Mysteries", "Panic In The World" and "Love In Flames", all somewhat harsher than the majority of the set, and all on the new album — which I suppose means that Be-Bop's music and my ears would find their most equitable nexus on "Drastic Plastic".

"Love In Flames" was quite an eye-opener: frantic by their

standards, Nelson's vocals diverging for the first time from his usual well-mannered enunciation, it hinted that maybe there's more to the band than the accepted picture of clinical precision n-pogo. They should obviously try harder, and more often, to stretch their stylistic and textual limitations.

On the whole, though, there's very little to surprise the ardent Be-Bopper, despite the proliferation of shiny new material; a new Be-Bop tour, to promote a new Be-Bop album, with that carefully-cultivated Be-Bop aura of all things modern — perspex and glass, chrome and steel, speed and machines — scientifically strained and murdered in Marinetti till the edges are smooth. Ah, isn't technology wonderful!

Warning up a Be-Bop Deluxe audience is the last place I'd expect to find John Cooper Clarke. Well, maybe not the last, but quite a way down the list. And warning 'em up in Nelson's hinterland? Unenviable, to put it mildly.

Mind you, he's a sharp feller, and knows how to handle hecklers. "If I had a face like that, I'd teach me arse to smile."

The ratio of humour to "social comment" in his poems was higher than I'd expected, which probably goes some way to accounting for his good reception: when Cooper Clarke's funny, he's a riot, and there's a bumbling spontaneity about his deportment which can't fail but endear him to an audience.

The "George Formby Of The New Wave", however, he is not. (The inconsequential Cap Sensible's got the corner on that market). Okay, so he's funny and he's from Lancashire. So what? His pun-littered verse displays a wit completely absent in the latter's antics.

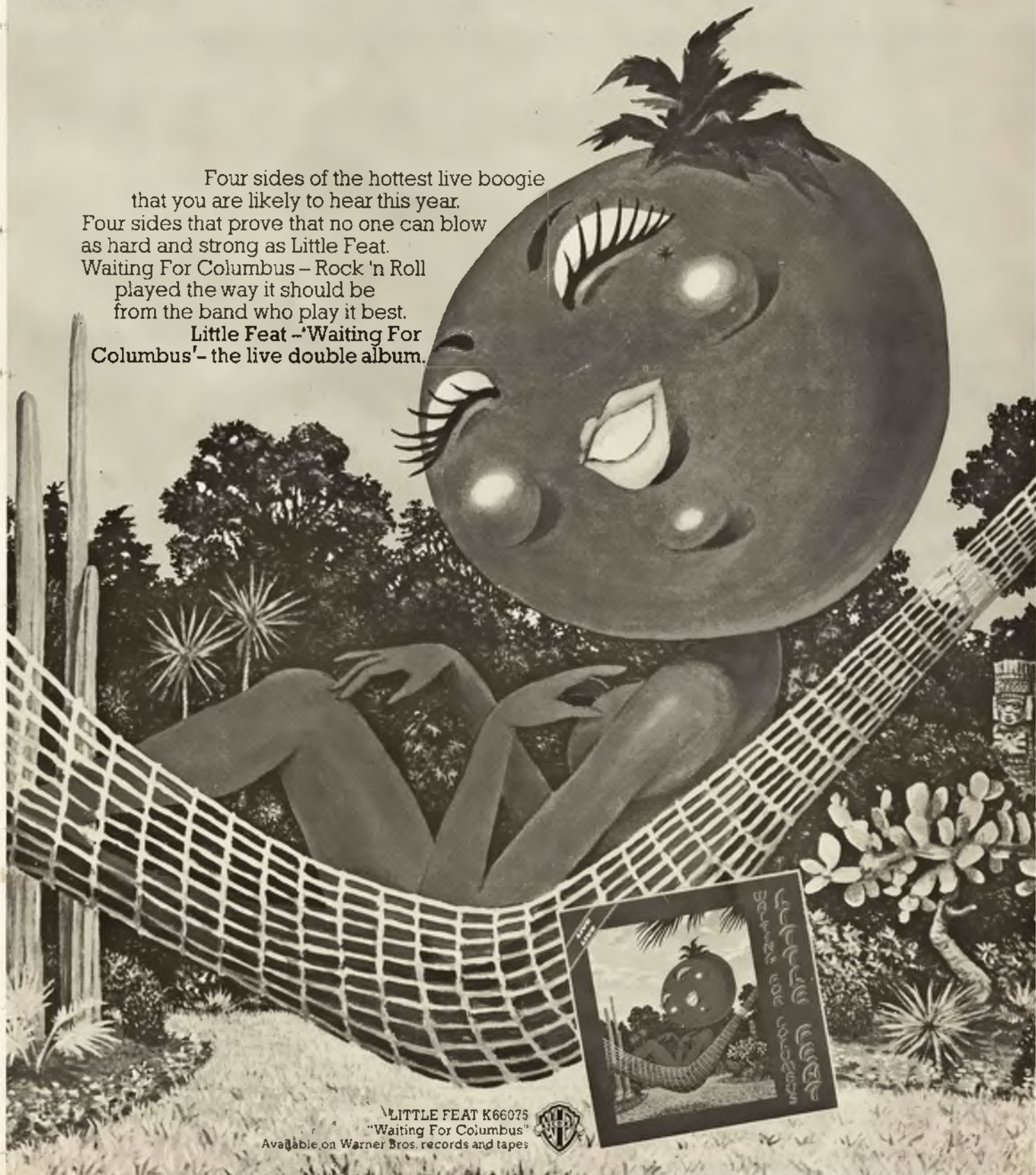
If you derive pleasure from the humorous application of words, you'll probably find Cooper Clarke rates not far behind the Fire Sign Theatre on the scale of interest. Heavy commediation, but I reckon he can live up to it.

Andy Gill

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The Boys BIRMINGHAM

A LARGE but low profile crowd at Barbican... Locals say that only The Clash have managed to get this audience moving in any positive way, and although The Boys sweat and strain they earn only appreciative applause and few spasmodic pogos.

They come on to the sound of a raped terrace chant and launch into "Cast Of Thousands", a top-speed screaming football song.

The sound is loud, very loud, and the vocals are badly mixed. The Boys look young, flashy, full of energy. Kid Reid is a good singer, an adequate bassist, and with his remorseless, manic leaping and dancing, a fine front-man. Between songs he stands with his hands resting on his bass, legs wide apart, collar turned up and eyes coldly viewing the audience, a sort of comic-strip James Dean.

Matt Dangerfield shares lead vocals and plays violently fast lead guitar. Honest John Plains' on rhythm, only his hands and gun-chewing jaw moving to the beat. Jack Black is hidden behind the kit and Casino Steele is almost out of view stage-right.

Cas is playing one-hand Farfisa piano, singing, sipping Pils and looking quite unmoved as the rockers tumble out in a blur of music and motion: "No Money", "Soda Pressing", "Box Number", their new version of "Stop Stop Stop."

On the songs from the first album they tend to play at full speed all the time — a tendency that has halted the progress of numerous young bands over the last year. But on their new material The Boys begin to show the seeds of development and change.

The new single, "Brickfield Nights," has power behind the punch: "Sway", a number

The Boys start growing up?



THE BOYS. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

from the forthcoming LP is an intriguing punk bossa nova. "The First Time" elicits surprisingly little reaction from the crowd and the set builds to a climax with an aptly strobe-lit "Living In The City" and "Sick On You."

Kid Reid looks near collapse as they wander off but he comes back for a spirited crowd pleaser, the shamefully underrated "I Don't Care."

The Boys have always been a popular, hard-working live act with a great youth image. Only promotion and distribution problems have held the records back. Now with their imagination growing and their style broadening, they've only got to learn the art of pacing (it doesn't have to be fast to be exciting) to become a much more widely appreciated group.

Kim Davis

Dillinger CENTRAL LONDON POLYTECHNIC

ON THIS opening night of his first full-length tour of the UK college circuit, Lester Bullocks better-known as Dillinger maintained an impressive, large and volubly enthusiastic audience "under tight wraps", to quote a phrase made famous by the man himself.

I had often wondered about the existence of that huge Albion army of Dillinger devotees about which one hears so much these days. Well, here was its evidence; or at least a considerable contingent of it. There was hardly a face in the crowd to cause a nationalist affront.

Following a pleasant, lightweight set from Psalms, the

Zabandis outfit took the stage and proceeded to settle into a comfortable niche with a couple of instrumentals featuring their own brand of rocking reggae, before the star of the show bounded into view, hideously attired in a garish array of red, gold and green stripes.

Immediately, Zabandis struck up the singular bass refrain of Leory Smart's "Wreck Up My Life", to which Dillinger toasted his "Trials And Crosses" tune from the "Talkin' Blues" album; wherein "a long time we call you an 'you jus' free to roam, mek we suck ya little tongue; man me seh you don't need no glasses — a trial and crosses."

This was followed by "Roots Natty Congo" with Dillinger filling in the vocal passage originally provided by his spar Johnny Clarke.

A huge cheer resounded the Polytechnic hall at the introduction of Dennis Brown's "Here I Come" rhythm, or the hilarious "Flat Foot Hustling", as it transfigures in the toaster's handling.

"This a flat foot hustling, come mek we look a little scuffling." Not true, dreadde! Right now you've got them under tight wraps, skip.

Beaming across the vista of his dog-collared audience, Dillinger then made eulogistic noises on the subject of safety pins, by way of introduction to his truly horrendous "Funky Punk" — "all dressed in junk" — excursion. The less we dwell on this particular exposition of sycophancy — replete with the toaster's "New York" accent re "Cokane In My Brain" — the better for everybody.

"Seh one dread, two dread, satta pon a CB200." (Say it out loud for fullest appreciation). And with Zabandis striking the chords of the familiar Channel One melody we were transported back to the early days of 1976; memories of my former esteem for the toaster came flooding forth, and for the first time that night I flashed on the incredible appeal of Dillinger, a fact I'd

forgotten of late. "Natty a dally down a Barclay's fe draw little interest, fe give it to 'im princess; natty dally down a V&A, fe go buy Clarke's hoaner." Hilarious!

The "Natty Bsc." variation proved less delectable; but my mood of elation returned in some degree with "Plantation Heights".

All sympathy finally dissipated, however, at the unpleasant infliction of "Cokane In My Brain". I have never liked this tune; but its reception on this night — not to mention its popularity with the Van Der Valk mentality, who sent it soaring to the top of the Dutch charts last year — proved me a lone dissenter.

The encore call was vigorous and genuine. Paying tribute to pal Trinity, Dillinger executed a note for note interpretation of his brother toaster's "Loving Pauper" skank.



A popular set of — forgive I — tight raps; a further forward step in the continuing saga of national recognition of reggae; and another nail in the music's coffin.

One step forward, two steps backwards — in a Babylon. Penny Reel

Pumphouse Gang RED COW, HAMMERSMITH

THE PUMPHOUSE Gang have nothing whatsoever to do

with Tom Wolfe, New (i.e. Old) Journalism, or maniac surfers. The band come from the Isle of Wight.

Still, it's a good name, and they deserve one.

This is a manic little combo that combines flashy, hard-nosed rock tunes, with psychedelic dabbings and nudging pub honour.

A weird mixture, you might think. But it works extremely well, and even seems oddly unified.

This is no doubt in great part due to the aggressive salesmanship of their lead singer. Pulling faces like Ginger Baker in the ecstasy of a 45 minute drum solo, this guy careers around the tiny stage, bellowing away like Captain Beefheart in extremis.

There's also a studious looking lead guitarist, who resembles Clive James.

Mainly, the hard blast away at full tilt, but the echoes of psychedelia come in songs like "Monstrous Fantasy", their current single. There are shades of Uncle Frank in the chorus which descends into 16 r.p.m. and a strangled impassioned burst of earnest New-wave.

The song was recently dismissed by Paul Morley as "reactionary pop" and that's exactly right. That's why it's great.

Other songs in the set have similar moments of peculiar inspiration, and it starts to sound dangerously like a new style. Still, they are performing in a pub. So we get a punk version of The Shadows' "Dance On" from the Clive James surrogate. A rendition of "Starfucker" which is enough to make you wince with embarrassment for them. And songs by Elvis Costello and Graham Parker.

But their clutch of rampaging originals — songs like "Ain't Nobody's Fool" and "Tired Of Rock'n'Roll" — suggest considerable potential — if only they learn to believe it.

Bob Edmunds



WILKO. Pix DENIS O'REGAN

run, a slide, a jerky C3PO walk — guitar dipping like a dowser's wand as he spins and strums huge chords (like Roger McGuinn on "Eight Miles High").

Oh God, they did "Move On Down The Line" — superb — with real rock 'n' roll triplets on the piano from Bob Potter. It was beautiful, I loved it!

"Walking On The Edge" and Wilko demonstrated the 1967 Arthur Brown Egyptian head twist while doing a James Brown side-walk across the stage. People cheered in admiration.

The Angels were boogying and dancing in their colours like slow-motion breast stroke swimming — arms raising above the pogoing crowd.

Wilko did a slide leading to a three-point kneel. It was neat stuff. The energy graph built steadily. A magnificently all out version of "Highway 61" confirmed it.

The audience were bobbing up and down like corks in a tidal wave.

A Townshend flying-V jump; very effective and rarely done properly.

But now the one that everyone'd been waiting for: At the climax of a solo — the psychopathic, eyes-staring grunt randomly firing his M60 at the audience while spinning out of control!

Phew!

He encored with "I Gotta Woman", the old rock classic. He'd finger a chord then hold the guitar out to the front line audience for them to strum it.

He ran about the stage, attached to his amp by his guitar lead — like an excited abasation trying to break loose from its leash.

It was a great party. The Wordsworth letters were saved! Everybody had a good time. Well, I sure did anyway.

Miles



Martha Reeves And The Vandellas

THE ROXY, HARLES DEN

ALTHOUGH possibly no fault of the manager — who probably accepts at face value the posters and billing details of the artists who tread his boards as they are sent from the promoter — it does not stimulate a warm glow in the heart to arrive at this venue and observe that:

(1) Mary Wilson (one of the founders of the scattered Supremes) has recently appeared there as "THE SUPREMES' Mary Wilson".

(2) The opening act on Martha's night is billed as Bruce Ruffin, "Jimmy's brother", when he is no relation, either in blood or music, and (3) Martha's two female singers are billed as "The Vandellas", when Martha wants to escape from her past and, anyway, her two temporary companions are nothing to do with the original Vandellas.

Apart from the facts that the theatre was freezing and Ruffin was abysmal, the other main downer of the evening was Martha's accompanying musicians.

Picture, if you can, a ragged group of elderly white gents in regulation penguin suits stumbling through the sort of crazy cacophony you'd expect to hear from such an inappropriate crew and you'll begin to get some idea of what Martha and her audience were up against.

With an evil glint in her eye, towards the end of the show Martha called for a round of applause for "some of England's finest musicians". Unfortunately, the audience missed the sarcasm and duly applauded.

Performed this night were seven of M & The V's famous Motown recordings (all given an afternoon concert — on — the — end — of — the — pier

treatment), that freshly-minted 'standard' "Feelings", a couple of indifferent songs from Martha's recent repertoire and, the one gem in an otherwise pasty display, a magnificent gospel-like rendition of "Many Rivers To Cross".

There was no encore.

Cliff White

Alexis Korner

NEW LONDON THEATRE

THE LAST time I saw Alexis Korner was in 1968 in a sweaty shed back of the Angel Hotel in Godalming, packed in with the other schoolkids who'd saved their dinner money to hear yet another noisy ruvrum and blooze combo.

Surprise, surprise! Here was a guy on his own with a halo of frizz, shades, electric guitar and a subterranean voice. That was as near to the roots of the British Blues Boom as we ever got.

It seems emblematic in some way of what's gone down since then that tonight the man's appearing in the plush New London Theatre with its alienating civic centre architecture, extravagant seat and bar prices and an audience of young Kensington trendies (second division).

And it's ironic that support act, No Mystery, sound like a stylistic throwback to those dimly remembered Sunday evenings — a classic retreat of Mac / Shack / Bluesbreakers riffs and phrases played, however, with so little imagination and conviction that they could be trying to sell the stuff by the yard.

The addition of Victor and Annette Brox ain't going to save the proceedings none because for starters the lady seems so unsure of herself that she hardly dares look the audience in the eye. Her voice is fine for a slow mellow blues like "Trouble In Mind" but fails to muster the necessary grit for the gospel songs e.g. "When The Battle Is Over".

With such lacklustre support, feeble sound farting out of hundred watt cabs perched on formica-topped tables, such an unenthusiastic crowd (sic.), Alexis Korner is up against the odds.

Fortunately he is a real survivor, no museum piece. It can't be the first time he's played to a quarter-full theatre. This is more like it — one slightly grey-haired figure with a semi-acoustic set to prove just how various the manifestations of the blues have been.

Korner opens with "Stomp Blues" and "Hammer And Nail" cramming all manner of dynamic changes into these short songs, that sexy velvet growl intact. A string breaks, so he switches to electric and goes straight into the clipped funk of Curtis Mayfield's "Mighty Mighty Spade And Whitey", rocking through a spirited "Honky Tonk Women" that finally manages to move this turgid audience.

But that's it, sad to say. Korner's daughter Sappho comes on to harmonise nervously on James Taylor's "Lo And Behold" and the stage fills extraneously with those who appeared earlier.

Korner simply doesn't need bass, drums or guitar back-up and it's redundant in the songs that follow.

Like John Martin, his solo electric guitar style is so complex and infectiously rhythmic he sounds best on his own.

The evening ends with an embarrassing mass re-thrash of "Kansas City" (second time tonight) which leaves me, for one, wondering why the man doesn't just pick up his box and stand up in the back room of his local.

It'd make a lot more sense at a time when rock itself is shaking free from the stranglehold of concert halls and high ticket prices. And besides, if Lonny Donnegan can make a comeback, why not Alexis Korner?

Steve Taylor

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Roogalator 100 CLUB

ROOGALATOR really are the "small, mobile, highly intelligent" unit Robert Frapp used to theorize about, especially since the departure of Nick Pylas. In name alone are they a guitar trio.

I enjoyed their first piano-less gig (at the Marquee before Christmas) more, probably because the length of the 100 Club dissipates the audience, making Danny Adler's particular brand of communication hard to achieve.

But if Roogalator let such things bother them, they'd have gone under long ago. In fact, Adler's compulsory audience participation, bit in "Where Were You?", in which sedentary punters were physically persuaded to their feet, worked as well as British reserve and asexual seating arrangements would allow —

not surprisingly, as this is one of the friendliest bands around, without that fatal modesty that held back the Brinsleys.

Danny's voice, sly and confidential, creates a more intimate rapport than most singer-songwriters. A McCartneyesque delight in the absurd — for "Monkberry Moon Delight" read "Sweet Mama Kundalini" (no, not cannibals!) — is tempered by a highly personal wit, as on "Zero Hero", the new single.

Reduction to a trio has upped the already high spontaneity quotient, so that the Marquee's improvised blues tribute to Angela Rippon was followed by "Blue Monday At The 100 Club", making humorous capital out of an unpromising situation and confirming my suspicion that Danny Adler is a survivor who'll one day be a winner.

His use of the electric guitar's full natural vocabulary

put me in mind of "Let It Bleed" Keith Richard, though in an altogether looser framework. Having decided that Roogalator pleased approximately the same regions as my Count Basic records, it was a jolt when they jumped dynasties with Diz and Bird's "Night In Tunisia" — a welcome jolt, mind, as some rich-toned Adler guitar, almost trombone-like in places, totally vindicated the choice.

Justin Hildreth and Julian Scott are fully as flexible as their leader, with Scott particularly impressive on the faster, funkier numbers like "Hero" and "Sock It To My Pocket".

and Hildreth's drums simultaneously free-ranging and no bull-shit.

Though the Roogalator promotional machine is some way from juggernaut proportions, they are not the well-kept secret you might expect. Gigs as far-flung as Aberdeen and Carlisle have brought album sales of 5,000 without major distribution — an upcoming Continental deal should change this — and quiet confidence is the keynote. So it should be, with songs like "Ride With The Roogalator" and "Gusha Gusha Man" joining the album favourites.

Harry Robinson

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 - Of the Asbury Jukes (9,6)
 - Pioneering U.S. New Wave label, released Television's debut 45
 - Steve Gibbons' hit
 - Shadows' oldie
 - Company your mother wouldn't like!
 - See him, hear him, David Bowie! (5,3,6)
 - Talking of whom, this is his morbid missus! (5,5)
- DOWN**
- Subordinate puppets (Concise Oxford Dict.) behind Jimmy Osterberg (3,7)
 - Town in Lancs/Former Stones manager
 - Roger Chapman's old band
 - Written by Nick Lowe, recorded by Dave Edmunds (1,4,3,5)
 - One of the most famous of U.S. music centres — home of R.B.B. Dave Bartholomew, Professor Longhair, Allen Toussaint etc (3,7)
 - Rock and roll revivalist outfit (3,2,2)
 - The link with Robert Gordon!
 - Shena's kind of rocker!
 - See 4
 - Australian punk combo
 - Formed in New York by Greenwich Village folkie John Phillips, the four of them shifted base to Los Angeles to make their play for fame (5,3,5)
 - L.A. born blues and folk singer, her father was a Broadway musical troupier (6,5)
 - Jean Michel Jarre's Euro-jaw success
 - Empty heads behind Richard Hell!
 - Gen X's bland starlet!
 - See 27
 - Formerly Airplane, currently Hot Tuna guitarist/leader



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ACROSS: 1 "News Of The World"; 6 Wayne (Kramer); 8 Asylum; 10 Eric Stewart; 11 Thom Bell; 12 Alan; 14 Roxy Music; 15 "Lovely Day"; 16 "Rag Doll"; 17 "In The City"; 18 Nina Simone; 19 Rice; 21 Tim (Rice); 22 "Martin"; 24 Sweet; 25 "Lovely Day".
DOWN: 1 "New Boots And Panties"; 2 Wayne County; 3 "That's Allright Mama"; 4 Wild Willy Barrett; 5 Dion; 7 Eric Burdon; 9 Mana Muldaur; 13 Nick Lowe; 17 "Imagine"; 20 "In The City"; 23 "Rio".

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Music by - Can't Be Bad

North-West Tour:

Thurs. 23rd Feb: Band on the Wall, Swan St.

Manchester - 8.30 pm (see p. 55 for details)

Fri. 24th Feb: Chester Arts Centre, Market St.

Chester - 8 pm

Sat. 25th Feb: Preston Polytechnic Arts Centre, St.

Peter's Sq., Fylde Rd., Preston - 8 pm

Tues. 28th Feb: Last Stop at the Station, 2 Crouch

Hill, London N4 - 9 pm

BBC World Service Broadcast: "Matthew on

Music", Wed. 22nd Feb. 11.30 pm 270000 kHz

Enquiries: 01 870 2061 / 01 703 7677 / 01 603

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SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC S.U. Rotary St., SE1

Friday, February 24th Tel. 01-261 1525

S.A.L.T. + The Young Bucks

Adm 60p, NUS £1.00 others Cheap drinks: Harriet Tube: Elephant & Castle

Next Friday: The Boyfriends



DEBBIE HARRY of Blondie

The week's highlights

A BUSY WEEK ahead, with more gigs during the next seven days than at any time since the peak mid-autumn period. And of all the near-600 dates listed here, we've picked out 11 names for special mention:

● **BLONDIE** are back in Britain, happily coinciding with the chart entry of their album "Plastic Letters". They open their tour at Blackburn (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Lancaster (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday). And their arrival provides a genuine excuse to print another picture of singer Debbie Harry — not that we really need any excuse! Support on most dates is Advertising.

● **THE JAM** begin their "London Blitz" mini-tour as a warm-up for their upcoming U.S. visit, and tied in with the release of their new mini-single. First three dates are at the Marquee (Friday and Saturday) and the 100 Club (Monday), with the fourth and last show to follow next week.

● **IAN DURY** is also playing a few dates prior to a major American tour and, together with the inevitable Blockheads, you can see him this weekend at Plymouth (Thursday), Exeter (Friday) and Oxford (Saturday). ● **BUDGE** haven't toured here for ages, and during their absence they've been busy estab-

lishing a big reputation in America. Now they're back to headline a concert series, aiding promotion of their new album "Impeccable" (sueh!). They play Sheffield (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Hanley (Wednesday).

● **DARTS** are perhaps the biggest success story of 1978 so far, and they're topping two tours to prove it — one in March, the other in May. The first of these kicks off in Redcar on Wednesday.

● **RICHELIE HAVENS** also starts his U.K. trek on Wednesday — in Newcastle, to be precise. He's playing nine dates in all, and the special guest artist in all his shows is Josh White Jr., son of the near-legendary folk-blues singer.

IAN DURY
three gigs this week

● **FRANK ZAPPA** sold out his string of concerts at London Hammersmith (Odeon recently) — in fact, ticket demand exceeded supply. In view of this, he's returning after he finishes his current European tour to play further gigs at the same venue on Tuesday and Wednesday.

● **BE-BOP DELUXE** have been touring extensively for the past few weeks, and they're now nearing the end of their itinerary. Climax of their tour comes this weekend, when they head-line two big shows at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday and Sunday.

● **SWEET** haven't performed here for practically three years, mainly because they've been working consistently abroad. But they rectify that omission to some extent by headlining a one-off London concert on Friday.

● **JR. WALKER & The All Stars**, those perennial purveyors of the Motown sound, jet in for a major London appearance at the new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on Wednesday.

● **EARTH QUAKE** played a couple of gigs here earlier this month, before shooting off to the Continent. Now the Besen-ley band are back for another two dates — at Birmingham (Friday) and London Roundhouse (Sunday).



RICHELIE HAVENS

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BARNSTABLE Chequers Club: DEAF SCHOOL
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BILSTON Borough Arms: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: MARY OHARA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: BLONDIE / ADVERTISING
BRISTOL Granary: RADIO STARS
CBATHAM Town Hall: THE PIRATES
COLWYN BAY Deedon Showbar: BRITISH LIONS
CONGLETON Duke of Wellington: ANGEL VISITS
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: THE AUTOMATICS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: LITTLE ACRIE
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE VIBRATORS
CRANFIELD Technical College: ZAL
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
DERBY Bailey's: HEAVY METAL KIDS
TANNAHILL WEAVERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: RETINAL
FALKIRK Technical College: JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS / AFTER THE FIRE
GLASGOW Doune Castle: SIMPLE MINDS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: ZHAIN
GLASGOW University: IGNATZ
GOSPORT H.M.S. Sultan: SOUL DIRECTION
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: STAGEFIGHT
HALFPOWEN Tiffany's: KILLER
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GRAND HOTEL
HULL City Hall: STEELEVE SPAN
ILKLEY Water Gardens: PREACHERS DREAM / KNIFE EDGE
KINGSTON Grove Tavern: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: GOBBLINZ
LARGS Disco Harry's: BAND WITH NO NAME
LEEDS Staging Post: DEAR JOHN
LIVERPOOL: Empire Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LONDON CAMDEN Blackrock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Druggalls: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOTORHEAD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NEW HEARTS
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FLYING ACES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: AMITY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LATE SHOW
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAWS HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ZAINÉ GRIFF
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE POLICE
LONDON KENSINGTON Presidents Club: JERRY THE FERRER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEDIUM WAVE BAND
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverside Hall: LITTLE GINNY / NICK CARTER
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.I.T.
LONDON N.W.1 Dublin Castle: THOMAS TRANSIT
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Farnham A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ZABANDIS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre (Upstairs): THE DRONES / THE SLUGS
LONDON SOUTHCOTE: Royal Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / SHADES
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: TERRACOTTA
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RUFF RAFF
LONDON Tooting The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON TWICKENHAM St Mary's College: EXHIBITOR
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JOHN PETER'S S

LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: PUMP HOUSE GANG
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
LUTON College: WARREN HARRY
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RUSH
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Raiters Club: THE BOYS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
NEWCASTLE The Hawthorn: THE FAMOUS FIVE
NEWCASTLE Youth Centre: SPIDER
NORWICH Samson & Hercules: DELROY WILLIAMS / SOUL EXPLOSION / MR SUPER BAD
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katics: SUBWAY SECT / THE LOUS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE FAVOURITES
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
OLDHAM Tower Club: STRANGEWAYS
OXFORD New Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
PENZANCE The Gardens: EATER: THE CRABS
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: GILBERT O'SUL-LIVAN
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
POYNTON Folk Centre: THE HOMETOWNERS
RAYLEIGH El Padrine: DAVE BERRY
READING University: TRASH: THE WORKS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: HANDBAG
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: JUNE TABOR / JOHN JAMES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BUDGE
SHEFFIELD Springvale Hotel: THE RAW DEAL
SOUTHEAST Cliffs Pavilion: PAM AYERS
SOUTHPORT Oriskany Showbar: CIRCUS
SWANSEA Circus Club: KRAZY KAT

Friday

ABERDEEN Technical College: ZHAIN
ABERDEEN University: JENNY DARREN BAND
BATH Drilling Arts Centre: SHORT WAVE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Bacharella's: EARTH QUAKE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Mason Hall: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: KUSHMITS
BOGNOR Ocean Barr: SLIPSTREAM
BRADFORD College: MUSCLES
BRADFORD Star Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BRIGHTON Dome: BE-BOP DELUXE
BRIGHTON New Regent: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: ALBION DANCE BAND
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: DAVE BERRY
BURTON 76 Club: KRAZY KAT
BUXFORTH War Memorial Club: THE NEGATIVES
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE ADVERTS
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE VIOLINS
CARDIFF University: THE STRAWBS
CHATHAM Tom O'Shaner: RUBEL
CHELMSFORD Chelmer Institute: SAD CAPE
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: SUBWAY SECT / THE LOUS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: LISSAN
CHESTER Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
CLEETHORPES The Submarine: QUORUM
COVENTRY College of Education: THE BOY-FRIENDS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: XTC
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE YETIES
DARLINGTON College of Art: 99
DERBY King's Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
DUNDEE University: ROY HARPER
EASTBOURNE The Archery: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
EDINBURGH Clonks: THE SUBS / THE FREEZE / THE CUBAN HEELS / GROPER / SCARS
EXETER University: IAN DURY & THE BLOCK-HEADS / WHIRLWIND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
GLASGOW Art College: THE VALVES
GLASGOW Burns' Hall: JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS
GLASGOW School of Art: 90° INCLUSIVE

GLASGOW Third Eye Centre: SIMPLE MINDS
HARROW Technical College: ZAL
HIGH WYCOMBE College of Art & Technology: SWIFT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE LOOK/URBAN DISTURBANCE
HULL College: AFTER THE FIRE
KINGSTON Polytechnic: HERE & NOW / THE TABLE
KIRKBY LONSBALE Town Hall: CHINA STREET
KIRKLEIGH Country Club: TONIGHT / BAND WITH NO NAME
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: CYRIL TAWNEY
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Gruby Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Dr. Monahan Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
LEIGHAM Buzzard Hunt Hotel: THE STUKAS
LEWES Landport Centre: SOUTHERN RYDA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BUDGE
LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: THE MUTANTS
LIVERPOOL Camden Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REGGAE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: IAN GILLAN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: SHAM 69 / CHARGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEOR-GIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rosy Club: MENACE
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: ZAINÉ GRIFF
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SWEET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PUMP HOUSE GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOWLES BROTHERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: EXHIBITOR / ANGLETRAX
LONDON LEICESTER-SQ. Royal Dental Hospital: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Lincoln College: THE LURKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE JAM
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: WARM EYES
LONDON North Polytechnic: THE RESISTANCE
TERRY QUAYE'S MOONSPRINT
LONDON N.19 Canon House: THE RESIS-TANCE / LAPPERCLAW
LONDON PARK ROYAL Park Royal Hotel: THE SATELLITES / THE PRISONERS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PAUL MILNS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Kester: GRIEG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Rennie Scott's Club: SPITFIRE (for four days)
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: S.A.I.T.
LONDON SOUTHCOTE: Royal Ballroom: CHEQUERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: SHAKIN' STEVENS' SUNSETS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLACK SLATE
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: SOUL DIREC-TION
LONDON W.1 Middlesex Hospital Medical School: THE ENDSPEID
LONDON W.14 Speakeasy: LITTLE ACRIE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MACLESDIFF Travellers Rest: ANGEL VISITS
MAIDSTONE Technical College: KRAKATOA
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: RUSH
MANCHESTER University: JUNE TABOR / JOHN JAMES
MILTON KEYNES St. Martin's Hall: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: STEELEVE SPAN
NEWCASTLE Market Ballroom: RICH KIDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: PENETRATION
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE TURBINES
ORMSKIRK Edgehill College: BULLETS
OXFORD College of Education: THE PIRATES
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE DEPRESSIONS
PRISTON Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT

PRESTON Sacred Heart Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
RETFORD Porterhouse: WIRE
SALFORD College of Technology: EMERGENCY
SALFORD University: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: THE SURPRISE SISTERS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
SHEFFIELD University: BLONDIE / ADVERTISING
SOLIHULL The Sheldon: EAZIE
SOUTHAMPTON New Bridge Inn: PANAMA RED
SOUTHEAST Broad & Chace: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SOUTHERN Top Aces: THE MACHINES
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: SEODA CROIL
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: PLUMMET AIRLINES
ST. ALBANS City Hall: PAM AYERS
STROUD Subscription Rooms: SUBURBAN STUDS
SUNDERLAND Mecca: SON OF A BITCH
TROWBRIDGE Civic Hall: ACKER BLIK BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: DEAF SCHOOL
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: VESUVIUS
WINCHESTER Students Union: THE SOFT BOYS
WOLVERHAMPTON Club: EL SEVEN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BRITISH LIONS
WORKSOP Wharfedale Club: THE TROGGS

Saturday

BEDFORD College: KRAZY KAT
BIRMINGHAM Bacharella's: ZAL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: BRONZ
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: TANNHILL WEAVERS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLECHLEY Sycamore Centre: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
BOLTON Institute of Technology: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: DANNY WILLIAMS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
BRADFORD University: THE VIBRATORS
BRIGHTON New Regent: STAA MARX
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THROBBING GRISTLE / ACME SEWAGE COMPANY
BRIMINGTON The Tavern: WITCHEFYND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
BRISTOL Docklands Settlement: CHARGE
BRISTOL University: THE PIRATES
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: RUBY JOE
CAMBRIDGE Exeter College: WARSAW PAKT
CHATHAM Tom O'Shaner: LATE SHOW
CHENDRIFORD Rugby Club: SOUL DIRECTION
COLCHESTER Essex University: DEAF SCHOOL
COVENTRY Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: ALVIN STARDUST
CWMABRAN Congress Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DUNSTABLE Queenway Hall: KEITH DICKENS BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: TONIGHT
EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
EDINBURGH University: IGNATZ
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: STEELEVE SPAN
EXETER University: BLUESIX
FARNHAM Royal Oak: SHORT STORIES
FIFE St. Andrew University: ROY HARPER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: BLONDIE / ADVERTISING
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: DELROY WILLIAMS / SOUL EXPLOSION / MR. SUPER BAD

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

GIG GUIDE

HITCHIN College of Education: SUPERCHARGE
HORLEY Russ Hall Hotel: ACKER BILK BAND
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRETT
KIETH Gordon Arms Hotel: ZHAIN
KINGSTON Polytechnic: THE ENID/THE TROGGS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEEDS Daffon Hall: THE SNEAKERS
LEEDS University: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: THE MCALMANS
LEICESTER Polytechnic: MUSCLES
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RUSH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BOYS
LONDON BATTERSEA Ruby Cinema: MATUMBI
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: BABYLON/UNCLE JO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: KRAKATOA
LONDON City University: NEIL LEWIS & JOHN LUCEMIKE ELLIOTT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: YACHTS
LONDON FINCHLEY Wilnot Youth Centre: THE DRONES/THE SLUGS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ZANE GRIFF
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON FULHAM The Volunteer: PANAMA RED
LONDON JACKNEY Chats Palace: IGNITION
POETS-COXYMORON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: THE LOOK
LONDON Marquee Club: THE JAM
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE CROOKS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: THE ADVERTS
LONDON PENGEE Freemasons Tavern: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON REGENTS' PARK Cecil Sharp House: STRAWHEAD
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Social Club: KESTRAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Edinburgh: THE SURVIVORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF featuring DICK HECKSTALL SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: FLYING ACES
LONDON TWICKENHAM Richmond College: EXHIBITOR/ANGLETRAX
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: MARY O'HARA
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: BUDGIE
MANCHESTER MOSS SIDE Club Afric: THE NEGATIVES
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: SPUD/CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MANCHESTER University Union: EMERGENCY
MARGATE Sunlight Rooms: REBEL
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: BAND WITH NO NAME
MIDDLEBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: PENITRATION/BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWARK Palace Theatre: JUNE TABOR/JOHN JAMES
NEW MILLS Art Theatre: JEVUTSHTA
NORWICH Keswick Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
NOTTINGHAM Healy Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: THE STRAWBS
OXFORD New Theatre: IAN DURY & THE BLOC
KHEADS / WHIRLWIND / WIRE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: 999
PRESTON Polytechnic: LANDSCAPE
READING College of Technology: THE BRIANS TRUST
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE RICH KIDS
RETFORD Porterhouse: SUPERCHARGE
ROCHDALE Central Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
SOUTHAMPTON University: WARREN HARDY/ THE ONLY ONES/LITTLE ACRE
SOUTHPORT Dialland Showbar: FOSTER BROTHERS
SOUTHPORT Norrick Castle: JENNY HAAN'S LION
ST. ALBANS City Hall: XTC
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: DAWN-WEAVER
STOKE Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRATFORD-LIPON AVON Green Dragon: VESUVIUS
SWANSEA White Swan: SLEEVER
UXBRIDGE Unit One: THE NIGHT
WATFORD Red Lion: THE WINDERS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: EAZIE
WINDSOR Casino: TRAPEZE
WINCHESTER Students Union: FROGSON
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE STUKAS

Sunday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BARROW Civic Hall: FRANK JENNINGS & SYNDICATE
BATH Viaduct Hotel: CHARGE
BATLEY Variety Club: THE DUBINERS (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BUDGIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN

BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ROY HARPER
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: RULLITS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: RUSH
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: DIANE SOLOMON
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House: ARMIT JUG BAND
CHILMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE ENID/SPUD
CORBY Nags Head: THE RAW DEAL
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE STRAWBS
CROYDON Greyhound: THE ADVERTS/THE NIGHT
DONCASTER White Hart Hotel: THE STUKAS
DUBLIN Olympia Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRETT
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STEELEYE SPAN
HORCHURCH The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
KEELE University: JUNE TABOR/JOHN JAMES
LITTLE BLOXWICH Nags Head: EAZIE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: BRITISH LIONS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: EARTHQUAKE/DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG/THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SWIFT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOPPELGÄNGER
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: ROY BROWN
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILIP GODHAND-TAIT
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: RHODE ISLAND RED
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON Marquee Club: THE REZILLOS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REBEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LATE SHOW
LONDON STRAND Adelphi Theatre: PAM AYERS
LONDON Victoria Palace: SAD CAFE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GEORGE CHISHOLM BAND
LONDON W.I. Portman Hotel (lunchtime): DICK CHARLESWORTH QUINTET
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Inn: KRAZY KAT
NOTTINGHAM Best Club: THE TURBINES/THE TRANSMITTERS
NOTTINGHAM Healy Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: TONY CAPSTICK/TURNPIKE
RECAR Coatham Bowl: THE VIBRATORS
REDFHILL Lakeland Hotel: SCHIMO
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE RICH KIDS
SKENEN British Legion: DAYS OF GRACE
SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
WALSALL Bilton The Cock: ANDY DWYER
WHITLEY Bay Res Hotel: THE ONLY ONES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: QUILL

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
AMPTHILL White Hart Stable: FLAKY PASTRY
BASILDON Double Six: QUORUM
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: ZAL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: THE THREE DEGREES (for a week)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
BOURNMOUTH The Village: KRAZY KAT/GYGGAFO
BRIGHTON Dome: MARY O'HARA
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
BRISTOL Stone House: CHARGE
BURTON J&P Club: ARMIT JUG BAND
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: STAGEFRIGHT
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
DISBURY The Cavalcade: AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE RICH KIDS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BLACK SLATE
GLASGOW Agglophs: CHOU FAHROT
GUILDHALL Civic Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILIP GODHAND-TAIT
LIP GODHAND-TAIT
LIVERPOOL Borough Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JUDAS PRIEST
HIFORD Cauldwell Hotel: ORIGINAL FAST SIDE STOMPERS
LANCASTER University: BLONDIE/ADVERTISING
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: THE SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: THE CRABS/THE HARDSTAMPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: BAND WITH NO NAME
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ROB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: TRADER



LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVID LEWIS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BOYS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: FERENC ASZMANN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: THE JAM
LONDON Palladium: CLIFF RICHARD & THE SHADOWS (for two weeks - all sold out)
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: WIZZ JONES/BILL BOAZMAN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHECKMATE
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE DEPRESSIONS/SPEEDOMETERS
SHEFFIELD University: 23 THE VIP'S
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: RUSH
STAFFORD Top of the World: BRITISH LIONS
STIRLING University: CAFE JACQUES
STOCKPORT Our Lady & The Apostles Club: THE NEGATIVES
UXBRIDGE Unit One: MATCHLESS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE STRAWBS

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BLONDIE / ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILIP GODHAND-TAIT
BRISTOL Locarno: THE ADVERTS
CARDIFF Top Rank: BRITISH LIONS / ROSES
CLOWNBY BAY Dialland Showbar: THE DRONES / THE SLUGS
COVENTRY Locarno: XTC
DONCASTER Tiffany's: THE RICH KIDS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
GLASGOW Satellite City: BLACK SLATE / THE CUBAN HEELS
HULL Annabella's: THE STOPS / THE MONITORS
KEIGHLEY Nixons Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ALBION DANCE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: FIRST AID
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WARREN HARRY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE LOOK
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FRANKESTEIN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SUBURBAN STUDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: JOHN GRIMALDIS / CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: SON SEALS BAND / THE LURKERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fanga Disco: PHOTONS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: STAGEFRIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE ROYFRIENDS / THE MONOCHROME SET / THE KFOES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: MENACE
LONDON WEST HAMPTON Railway Hotel: RAPED / HANDBAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ZANE GRIFF / RED TRACK
LYVERN Festival Theatre: PAM AYERS
MANCHESTER Raffles Club: KRAKATOA
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: THE ONLY ONES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BUDGIE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: CAPTA
OXFORD New Theatre: JUDAS PRIEST
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: THE STRAWBS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BE-BOP DELUXE
RAWTENSTALL Avoria Ballroom: BRIAN DEWHURST
SCINTHORPE Baths Hall: THE PIRATES
SOUTHEND Zhongy's: DELROY WILLIAMS
SOUL EXPLOSION / MR SUPER HAD
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: SON OF A BITCH
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: HAZZARD

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: CLUMS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO

Above: THE JAM, pictured in action at London Nashville. Below: American outfit EARTHQUAKE. Both bands are in action this week - see Highlights, previous page, for details.



BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: NUTZ
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLIE BARRETT
BRIGHTON Top Rank: JENNY DARREN BAND
BRISTOL Stars & Stripes: WHIRLWIND
BURNISLAND Half Circle: IGNATZ
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: DAYS OF GRACE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: SWIFT
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CROMER West Ranton Pavilion: RENAISSANCE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
EASTBOURN Congress Theatre: THE STRAWBS
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE BOYFRIENDS
GLASGOW Third Eye Centre: THE EXILE
GREAT YARMOUTH The Telegraph: 999
HANLEY Victoria Hall: BUDGIE
IPFORD Oscar's: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
KEELE University: SAD CAFE
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: ZHAIN
LONDON BREXTON The Telegraph: REBEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON CHARING X RD. St. Martin's School of Art: METABOLIST
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Tren Park College: SPUD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CAFE JACQUES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON HARLESDEN Romy Theatre: JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SOUNDER
LONDON MARQUEE CLUB: KRAZY KAT/GYGGAFO
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: KESTRAL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: TRADITION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WARSAW PAKT
MANCHESTER Raffles Club: XTC
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
MILTON KEYNES College of Education: CARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: RICHIE HAVENS
NEWPORT Slonaway: WIRE
NORTHAMPTON Saloon Ballroom: MUD
NORTHWICH Arts Centre: SON SEALS BAND
READING Bones Club: THE BOYS/THE JERKS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DARTS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: MARY O'HARA
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: JUDAS PRIEST
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINDON The Alfons: THE INDEX/THE VAMPS
WORTHING The Balmoral: PTARMICAN



THE DARTS are on tour (see Highlights, previous page)

LIVE PAGE

THE PHONE NUMBER
OF THE LIVE PAGE
IS 01-261 6153

WORDS (BARRY CLARKE)

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday Feb 25th at 8 pm.
X.T.C
+ **THE SECRET**
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans.
Tel. 64511, or available on door.

DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL
Thursday March 2nd
Rip Her To Shreds...
BLONDIE
+ **ADVERTISING**
Advance tickets from Queensway Box Office, Tel: 603326

WELSH NEW WAVE
EVENING
at DINGWALLS, LONDON
with
BEGGAR
+ Special guests
DIA-KAPPS
+ Revolver
Monday, April 3rd
8 pm - late

DINGWALLS
01 261 4957 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 23 FEB SUPERCHARGE
FRI 24 REGGAE REGULAR
supported by EFAIK
SAT 25 TERESA T'ABREU'S
BABYLON
supported by UNCLE PÖ
WED 1 THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
featuring Wayne County supported by
LEVI AND THE ROCKATS

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC
ENTS PRESENTS
Saturday, February 25th,
at 8 pm
in the Main Hall,
Penryn Road

**THE
ENID**
+ **THE TROGGS**
Admission £1.00
In advance,
£1.20 on door

WARM JETS
COMING...
Wednesday Feb 22nd
TAM O'SHANTER, CHATHAM

Friday Feb 24th
UNION HALL, GOLDSMITH
COLLEGE, SE14

Saturday Feb 25th
CART & HORSES £15

Thursday March 2nd
DOUBLE SIX, BASILDON

Saturday March 4th
CART & HORSES, £15

Enquiries: 01-599 0492

**THE FFORDE GREENE
ROCK SCENE**
ROUNDHAY ROAD, LEEDS 8

Fri Feb 24th
Sat Feb 25th
Sun Feb 26th

**GOLD
SCENE STEALER**
Tony McPhoe's
TERRAPLANE

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday February 26th

THE ADVERTS
+ Support and D.J. Peter Fox

OCCE SU ENTS present

**THE PIRATES
+ SHEIK**
Friday, February 24th 8 pm
Oxpens Road, Oxford

EAZIE
Feb 23
Borough Arms, BILSTON
Feb 24
The Shades, SOLIHULL
Feb 25
Coach & Horses, WEST BROMWICH
Feb 26
Nags Head, LITTLE BLOXWICH
Mar 1
Lafayette Club, WOLVERHAMPTON

CRACKERS 203 Wardour Street, W.1.
Thursday March 2nd

STRIDER
+ **THE VIPERS** + Support
Bar till 1 am
Next Thursday: Trapeze
Admission £1.00

TICKETS... TICKETS... TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS
OF THE FOLLOWING:

Feb 24
THE SWEET
Feb 25/26
SE DOP DELUXE
Feb 26
CHRIS DE BURG
Feb 26
STRAWBS
Feb 26
SAD CAFE
Feb 26
EARTHQUAKE
Feb 27/Mar 1
CLIFF RICHARD
& THE SHADOWS
Feb 28/29
FRANK ZAPPA
Mar 1
GORDON GILTRAP
Mar 2
THE JAM
Mar 3
GEORGIE FAME
Mar 4
CHIEFTAINS
Mar 4
BUDDIE
Mar 5
BLONDIE
Mar 5
ALEX HARVEY
Mar 7
PETE D'EGGER + OULAPATUM
Mar 7
RICHIE HAVENS
Mar 8
DANIE BETTS
Mar 10
GALLAGHER & LYLE
Mar 10
BUZZCOCKS
Mar 11
RALPH MCTELL
Mar 12
RENAISSANCE
Mar 12
STRAWBS
Mar 12
DARPS
Mar 12
ALBERTOS
Mar 12
HOT CHOCOLATE
Mar 13/14
NARGHATAN TRANSFER
Mar 16/17
EDDIE & THE HOTROOS
Mar 18
GORDON GILTRAP

Mar 20
BILLY JOEL
Mar 19
WED
Mar 20
TANIGERNE DREAM
+ LASERJUM
Mar 20/21
SHIRLEY BASSEY
Mar 22
JOHN OTWAY & WILD
WALLY BARRITT
Mar 23
JOHN MILES
Mar 25
KANGAS
Mar 26
JAVARES
Mar 26
JOHNNY RASH
Mar 26
THE VIBRATORS
Mar 27/28
TOM ROBINSON BAND
Mar 28
CHARLES AZNAVOUR
Mar 28
TAPPA ZURO
Apr 2
CHEAP TRICKS
Apr. 5/6
STYLISTICS +
CANDY STATION
Apr. 6
MARTY ROBBINS +
DON EVERLY
Apr. 9
HOT CHOCOLATE
Apr. 9
THREE DEGREES
Apr. 9
GENERATION X
Apr. 15/16
ELVIS COSTELLO
Apr. 16
TANYA TUCKER
Apr. 18/19
KING KROGGERSON.
RTA COOLIDGE
& BILLY SWANN
Apr. 23
RANDY EDELMAN
May 15-20
ELKE BROOKS
June 1
BLACK SABBATH
June 29/30
July 1
DAVID BOWIE

Telephone Credit Card Bookings
01-260 0801

For more information send s.a.s. to:

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1. Tel. 01-439 3371

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART
(Kensington Gore, S.W.7)
Friday February 24th

**PRESSURE SHOCK
EXZIBITOR
ANGLETRAX**

Stardate Concerts Present

BUDGIE
with Guests
NUTZ
at the
HAMMERSMITH ODEON,
Queen Caroline Street, W.6.
Friday, March 3rd, at 7.30 pm

Tickets £2.75, £2.50, £2.00 & £1.75 (incl. VAT) from Box Office. Tel: 01-748 4081; London Theatre Bookings Tel. 01-439 3371; usual agents or on door.

**POLYTECHNIC OF
CENTRAL LONDON S.U.**
115 Cavendish Street, W.1.
Tel: 01-536 6271
Friday February 24th at 7.30 p.m.
Rock Against Racism

SHAM 69
MISTY (ROOTS REGGAE)
Desperate Bicycles Charge
Sands by Arambee the Electric Toaster
Admission £1.50, 75p unemployed
Advance tickets from 104/106 Bolsover Street.

In concert at the Victoria Palace
Theatre on Sunday February
26th. Show starts 7.30pm.
Tickets from usual
agents and box
offices £1.50,
£2.00 and
£2.50.

SAD CAFE
The Sad
Café album,
'Fanx Tara',
is available on RCA.

TO ADVERTISE YOUR GIG ON
THE OTHER LIVE PAGE
(See Page 52)
YOU'VE TO RING
BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex
Tel. Uxbridge 39125
Friday February 24th at 8.30 p.m. in the Kingdom Room

**DEAF SCHOOL
+ SORE THROAT**
Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.20 on door
Coming Soon: Ralph McTell, March 4th
Richie Havens, March 9th
Tickets available from Social Secretary or City Electronics,
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Nearest tube Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 222, 223, 224 pass the door

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
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Thursday Feb. 23rd Free
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange
Friday Feb. 24th 30p
* **ROLL UPS** *
Saturday Feb. 25th 30p
DOGWATCH + Support
Sunday Feb. 26th 20p
TRADER

Monday Feb. 27th Free
**THE BAND WITH
NO NAME**
Tuesday Feb. 28th Free
THE LOOK
Wednesday Mar 1st & Thursday Mar 2nd Free
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange

A "Punk Rock" Club
ALL-NITE!!
PUNK PARTY
FRIDAY, MARCH 10th
Midnight - 8 am
Featuring
THE EXTRAS
Plus "Punk Sounds" spun by Nigel
Lockwood, Bob Baker, and friends,
Ray-Gee-Gee, Dennis Centre,
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0742 56094
From Railway Station cross road to
Pond St Bus Station, catch No. 26 or
208 OR 17, 24, 26, 75, 78 from High
Street.
Snack Bar open all night
"All Nites" Every Month - If
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Adm. £1.50 members only
BY LAW you must be a member 48 hours
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FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
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NEW WAVE BEATLES ROLLING STONES ETC ETC

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TAKES 15 CASSETTES
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Both are made from well known
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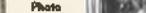
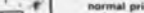
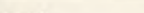
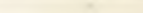
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STEVE DAY Tel. 01-524 4976.

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Tap into talent

DRUM CASSETTE course details send see to: S.L.B. Drum School, 42 Ashwright Road, Merple, Cheshire.

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THE IVOR MAIRANTS POST GUITAR COURSES help you become a perfect technician. A special offer.

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Spanish guitar
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10p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on immediate basis. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Consultants, 75a Market, Novemberburg House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinxten, Middx. **WORKING HOLIDAY** & free travel guide. Pinxten, 80a Market, Novemberburg House, Oakhill Avenue, Middx.

IF YOU WOULD like to train and work as a piano technician, write: — Don Moore, 28 Milton Trading Estates, Abingdon, Oxfordshire, today.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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UNEMPLOYED PERSON was
employment in music or any business.
Good brains, hands. Do work anywhere.
Graham, 10 Wharfedale Way, Castleside,
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BASS, VOCALS for New Wave
recording band. Must look good (under
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tunities only. 0288 45562.

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Major block capitals after the first two words are changed in double row

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CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

Want to form or join a band - meet the boy/girl in the next street who sings or plays guitar, drums or whatever and wants to meet you? This is the final chance to place your ads FREE in NME so fill in the coupon below and send it to us by February 24th. Last free ads will appear March 4th. Another special offer will be made next week. Remember, NME classifieds reach more people than any other music paper.

LONDON & SE MUSICIANS WANTED

LETHAL GENE wants rhythm guitarist into Duo. Zap, punk, about 14. Guildford area. - Write: Paul Crouch, Woodlands, Tilford, Farnham, Surrey, GU10 2BQ.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wanted for 50's rock and roll band, some vocals wanted. - Telephone Group Union Enterprises on Southview 565795, ask for Patch.

VOCALIST with material, wants guitarist, bassist, drummer with equipment for creative funk punk band 16-19. - Telephone Whitebait (Kent) 26210.

BASS GUITARIST wants heavy rock band. No pros but no wasters. See Mark, 20 years old. - 34 Biddestone Road, Holford, Notts, NG12 2JH.

INTELLIGENT DRUMMER for extraordinary East London band with brilliant material. Influences include Beatles, Velvet Underground, Television. - 01-566 6636, evenings.

RAMPANT VOCALIST for good heavy amateur rock band. Instrumental. - Kappell, Rush, etc. We're desperate! Epsom area. - Phil, 01-337 1873.

BASS PLAYER wanted for rock/new wave band 16-19. - Telephone Dave, Camberley 24266 or Mark 01837 or Colin 26860.

DRUMMER bassist wanted to form rock blues band. No pros, own equipment and enthusiasm. - Keith, East Dunchurch 983 4402 after 7.30 pm.

ARE YOU really rock musicians, no experience, 20-30. - Whitebait/Kent based, info new wave, no guitars then move. - Telephone Tommy 01-520 2892.

DRUMMER wanted for heavy metal into Motorhead, no old men must rehearse. - Telephone 01-992 4548.

BASS PLAYER 16-18, to join vocalist and guitarist, just getting it together. - Bown, Uxbridge, S. London - Telephone 01-856 6816, Rock.

ACE VOCALIST of guitar/song seeks band like Jam, Rods, N'front. People with own good songs preferred. - Noel, Ewings 01-548 4859.

NEW WAVE vocalists with material, requires drums, bass, guitars, organ, etc. Forming in Brighton area. - Allyson, 8 Brading Road, Brighton, BN1 3JG.

GUITARIST REQUIRED - young, intelligent, enthusiastic, easy going for new wave/late punk. Band. Own material. - Ring John 01-474 5322 anytime.

NO CONTOTIONSISTS wanted. We require lead / rhythm guitarist, into flower punk and 60's music. Age 19-20. - Dave 01-781 2174 daytime.

BASS and drums for newly formed band, must be prepared to rehearse. - Telephone 01-474 5322 anytime.

MAJOR 10/17 or 01-622 9550 for a choir.

DRUMMER wanted. Major 10/17. - Telephone Kirk, Ashford, Kent 01783 421 5336.

GUITARIST wants band, shit amp but good effects. Into Sabbath, Black, anything considered except punk. Good writing. - Midgton, Southampton 788550.

BASS, KEYBOARDS for new group. Influences, Bowie, Bolan, punk, Osbourne. - Telephone Adrian 01-473 6650 after 6 pm. Intelligent and good looking? Let's go.

GUITARIST into heavy metal, seeks similar musicians to play and write. Good gear. Sutton area. - Telephone Ian, 01-542 3685 after 6 pm.

BASS PLAYER wanted urgently for reforming rock band into funky and metal styles. - Ring Steve, Wiltford 6120.

KEYBOARDS wanted (18-22) for writing partnership with vocalist later to form band. Enn, Bowie, Doors etc. - Joe, 01-730 5566.

YOUNG DRUMMER and bass wanted to join new Lennon / McCartney ambition and fun before experience. - 881, 01-415 1477 after 6 pm.

FIFTH PERSON wanted. Tenor sax, trumpet, trombone or anything else. - Telephone John 01-221 4255 daytime only.

DRUMS, BASS, RHYTHM for punk band. Young image, original fun. - Telephone Dennis 01-730 5566.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD area, banter seeks lead drums, vocals into Rush. No pros, Rotten/Black/Mars/Mohr and subculture. - Telephone Steve, Heath and Reach 464.

GOD FUNKY group, six drums required for formative band. W/ be good studio session soon! Kevin, Welford 25291 daytime only.

GOOD LOOKING young guitar player and bassist required. Stamina and looks over ability, get rich quick. - Telephone Peter 01-227 0233 mornings.

YOUNG KEYBOARD and / or guitarist wanted. Modern music with a taste for the buzz. Enn, Talking Heads. - David 01-677 3333 day 01-637 7745 evenings.

THE SCOTCH need drummer, keyboards, sax, must like Sci-Fi/Clones. - Telephone young band, Rotten based, for adventures in sound. - John 01-553 001.

FAB VOCALIST seeks great group. Talking Heads, Dots etc. S. London. Amateur, dedicated, honest, intelligent, modest. Contacts - Adam 01-937 5432 Ext 351 - daytime.

SYNTHESIZER into psych-funk technology seeks to join/form band. Influences: Gang, here and now. Phone Richard - 01-883 9174 I need you.

ROCK MUSIC into Sabbath, Deep Purple, wants to join dedicated heavy rock group. Richmond, Dorchester. Phone Mark after 8pm - Rainham 22745.

SOUTH W. MUSICIANS WANTED

NEW BAND playing own material need drummer. - Unleashed, enthusiasm required, age immaterial. Bristol 27837. Pete or Mark 421424 - Tony, Phone.

MUSICAL APPRENTICES also play in or acoustic groups to team up with vocalist 18-22, Western Bristol. Taunton area. Plymouth 27837.

PLYMOUTH PUNKS, Andy needs an organ to help him make it. Maurice or Andy himself, Plymouth's power punks. - Plymouth 27837.

WANTED MUSICIANS for jamming at Woods Brake Circus, Plymouth, on Thursdays Tel Torquay 268118 P.A. backing drums supplied. Doors open 7pm.

ALCOHOLIC BASSIST, drummer and lead guitarist wanted for new X band with Tom Petty influence and original songs. Phone Ted Bristol 42526.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE NO experience, no equipment. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

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E. ANGLIA MUSICIANS WANTED

JOHN LOND and Ian Gillan required for young exciting rock band. Good work ethic. All own material. - Grantham 61497.

BASS PLAYER wanted for flexible rock band, 16-18. Rehearsal, gigs waiting. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WE NEED bass/drums to form new wave band into Enn, Strangers. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

THREE BOYS need drums and other equipment. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

KEYBOARDS required for young talented East Midlands rock band. Experience essential. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

YOU C., of a drummer who hasn't answered any previous freest Midland ads. - Telephone Barry, Clifton 813755 or 1, yourself.

AERIALS want original vocalist, keyboards and drums, starting with Velvet, Slogos, Doors but writing our own. - Telephone Nick, Norwich 27837.

WORK WANTED

DRUMMER 26 wants to join/form country rock type band, some experience. - Dave Durrant, 7 Louis Dault Road, Burchett, Great Yarmouth, 781105.

VOCALIST, LYRIC and song writer wants to join band, own 200w a p with transport. - Telephone Kettering 771180 after 6 pm.

NORTH MUSICIANS WANTED

PUNK lead bassist wanted - going places. Write or apply - 72 Falsiter Road, Bury, Greater Manchester, M9 7JH, Cleveland or ring Midlands: 743775.

JERRY MOLAN type drummer wanted into Duo. Glim rock for newly formed band. Enthusiasm and enthusiasm essential. - Phone 061-881 8790.

WANTED: DRUMMER, any rock, religion, sex, etc. We need you. - Telephone Stuart, Bradford 68443 (bassists) or Marlyn, Haslemere 499910 (guitarists).

BURNLEY based rock band need good drummer. No time wasters. - Telephone Burnley 21680 after 6 pm.

FEMALE BASSIST seeks female musicians for the band of 1978. Good gear, image, punk, lead, spirit essential. - Denny, 0263 27999.

IS THERE a rock blues band in Manchester, if there is a phone us. - Telephone 01-627 5248.

KEYBOARDS required for future name band. No time wasters. - Telephone 01-627 5248.

PURVIS based Manchester area increased in forming band, ring Jo and Sarah after 4pm except Thursday. - 081 430 2012 or 081 427 5248.

DRUMMER into N.Y. Dots, Trash, for newly forming glam rock band need not be experienced but enthusiastic. - Telephone Bob, 081-881 8790.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST wanted for new rock group. Playing own material. - 18 Osprey Lane, Scarborough, N. Yorks. - Telephone 01753 582230.

BOWNE FANATIC wishes to sing in Bowne style band. Durham area. - Telephone 0191 250000.

RUEH/AMERICAN N.M. influenced band require vocalist. Good onstage personality, also singing. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

ROCK VOCALIST wanted for band in Oldham. Must be a good mover. - Ring Mark, 081-824 1315.

WORK WANTED

THE AGE of the guitar is dead. You need a capable mandolin player. Has gear and experience. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

PROFESSIONAL GRL vocalist required. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

NEW WAVE vocalist, no experience, no pros. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

BORIS PINKETTE (16), wants to join or form group into Pirelli, Clash, morose degenerates, please apply: 21 Croft Gates, Rhodes, Middleton, 67240.

DRUMMER (18), requires other musicians into Zeppelin, Steppenwolf, etc. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

COMPETENT DRUMMER wishes to join or form a funky reggae band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

TAPE/SYNTH person. Influences: - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WAKE UP North. KTC. TBR. Contact Kev, 061-205 5139.

NORTH MANCHESTER drummer, excellent, young, versatile, wishes to join new wave / power pop band with own material. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

SUPREME rock vocalist. No p.a. but will make up with talent. No time wasters. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

NASTY hot punk singer wants nasty hot punk band to shock national media and crush 'power pop'. Experience but no p.a. or transport. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

FIPPING DEBONAIR vocalist requires band to sing with. No-x but quick learner into Buzzcocks, Marley, Gilbert O'Sullivan, Iggy, Magalini, etc. - Ian Smith, 3 Newark Street, Tylsley, Manchester.

SAVE URANUS. Rhythm section needs unusual instrumentalists and vocalists. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

PAUL PUEB rotten singer, wants band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

CONQUEROR WANTS lead, bass, drums and someone with P.A. to perform original songs and hit the big time. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

RUBEN bass and drums for pure dress punk rock group. Denny area. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

MUSICIANS WANTED for charity work in Lancashire area. Must have own transport. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

BASSIST, DRUMMER & keyboards wanted. Residents type music. Own equipment necessary. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WOULD be vocalist needs drums, bass guitar to form band. No experience required. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

VOCALIST or rhythm/guitar/vocalist, also keyboard player, own equipment necessary. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

AMATEUR band or mature individuals. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

VOCALISTS WANTED

CAR you want? Gotta p a? Dyer wants a band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

VOCALIST from Glasgow or surrounding area urgently required by newly forming band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

TWO PUNKETS wanting work in young punk band into Pirelli, Buzzcocks. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WORK WANTED

NO BAD drummer with apathetic band seeks new band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

GOOD GUITARIST Gibson plus 100W p.a. seeks band into jazz/funk. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

N.M. GOVT. punk who sings is still looking for work. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

ANY PUNK groups needing a sick revving singer. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

MALE vocalist wants to join or form band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

FEMALE singer/guitarist wishes to join group. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

POST singer (21 years) into John's work with good musicians. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

STEVE clearly, couldn't find you. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

THE TAXI sales want to hear from Welsh punk groups interested in doing a punk festival. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

WORK WANTED

WANTED bassist for punk band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

GASS guitarist into Pirelli, Bowie etc. with own gear and transport seeks others to form band. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

DRUMMER into Can, Beehives, Buzzcocks, bank clerk residents, seeks band with 'mysterious' ideas. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

THE ANDROIDS need a bass player. - Telephone 01-520 2892.

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FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

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☐ NORTH	☐ SCOTLAND		
☐ WALES	☐ IRELAND		
☐ OTHER			

WHAT'S THIS bullshit you print periodically, between interviews with unknown London punks, concerning Heavy Metal?

NME writers seem to be under the impression that H.M. has disappeared from the face of the earth during the last few years. Paul Morley, especially, is embarrassed that it is still alive and seems surprised that there is music other than p*ss.

Now to the Priest review. 'Crap man' We "gritty knowledgeable aficionados" like "simplistic frameworks filled with fuzz, echoes, screams and solos" — otherwise H.M. would have disappeared. Then there's Halford's voice. Great. I, and others, realise that Halford's voice fits superbly with Priest's music and song material. What do the words.

"machine gun riff", "busy drumming", "screamed guitar solos", "triumphant thrashing", mean to you reading this? Answer, "No Attack At All?" I don't get it.

If Paul Morley knew anything about contemporary music, he would know that, as an almost unknown group, Rush sold out their last tour here. He would know that several H.M. albums enter the top 50 (some fear for a "dead" culture). And he would also know that Sabbath, like H.M., had never gone away. As for "teenybop underground movement", I am 17, and don't consider myself a "teenybopper". If so, I would be writing to the *Record Mirror*, not the *New Punk Express*. In short, I hate punk, Paul Morley, and the NME in general. This is one person you will stop ripping off for 18p per week. ED BANGAR. Chwyd.

P.S. What witty piss take comment will appear at the bottom of this?

Since you ain't buying the NME any more why should you care (shaw haw haw). Sure Morley knows Rush sold out last tour — he reviewed it. Why do you hate punk when so much of it is only Heavy Metal with a spiky haircut? CSM says it's 'cos you like it played slowly with dumb sword and sorcery lyrics. Not a dead culture surely, but definitely past its time. — N.S.

FOR SOMEONE who stopped listening to reggae in late 1975 (convenient, when every other critic was pumping on the Rasta bandwagon at that time), Paul Ramhani's review of "Man Ah Warrior" featured some quite surprising errors and misconceptions.

I was most interested to discover that Rastafarianism began to "inweave reggae with clouds of facile sloganeering" in 1975. Would Mr. Ramhani please tell me which artists are playing at religion and which are sincere? Also, I would like to know the difference between a person proudly announcing his beliefs to the world because they are his beliefs, and someone saying the same thing with facile slogans — after all, it's the beliefs that mean more to a believer than whether he's saying what someone else has already said.

I was also of the opinion that Rastafarianism was a part of Jamaican music long before late '75 — what about Burning Spear's first two albums, Max Romeo's singles of the early seventies, Wailers tracks like "Who Feels It", "Small Axe" and "400 Years" amongst countless others? It's also news to me that Toots joined any rush out of the closet — what about "Six And Seven Books" in 1962? Was that about dancing or sex? In any case, Toots was advocating righteousness and religion in NME as far back as mid-1974 in a Neil Spencer interview piece called "You Didn't Have To Be So Nice".

So Rasta has played a part in reggae for more than two years and will continue to do so despite the con-men and rippers-off described in the piece — the cream will float to the top, eventually.

Two more points before I go. Firstly on the subject of "New Star": there are a few obvious reasons why it's not on "Man Ah Warrior" (e.g. (1) The single and album are on different labels (2) "Man Ah Warrior" is still an import, while the single is on UK release and (3) "New Star" was released in 1978, and the album was released in 1973 — it's a reissue on Patti Smith's label, a fact that your reviewer omitted to mention. Secondly, the bass on "Marley Live" still sounds as good as the first three albums to me.

These criticisms notwithstanding, it was a good review and made some pertinent observations. DOUGIE THOMPSON, Editor "Ital Rockers", Edinburgh

HEAVY METAL

THE THREAT TO OUR NATION'S YOUTH

GASBAG asks the questions every mum will want answered.

Write to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1.

Just what I and I told 'im. The Zakie album is brilliant, much better than most new talk-over discs. Your mag gets a plug on *P-zers*. — N.S.

RE BOB EDMAN'S REVIEW of "Thanks For Everything" by Roy and Jackie Todd on 18th inst. of current fiscal month.

I thought that record from an Oxfam shop in Reading, placed a sticker with the words "not for resale" over the price ticket (20p) and posted it to you from Huddersfield where myself and the Argonauts were playing that night. It was a sort of art statement, like.

ALAN CLAYSON, Reading. Yeh and Bob's review was an art reply. At least that's his story. — N.S.

WHY IS IT that every "reputable" music paper seems to take great pleasure in slagging down the *Old Grey Whistle Test*. Before last Tuesday I hadn't watched *OGWT* for at least a year, mainly due to the ridiculous time it goes out at, but seeing as there was sod all on the other channels I thought I'd risk a quick look.

What was I confronted by? Two good live sets from XTC and Radio Stars, two good album tracks from Blondie and Prism and a touch of sentimentality from Kristofferson and Mrs. O.K. Bob Harris might not be everyone's idea of a presenter and *OGWT* is still guilty of showing



EARDRUM of a HM fan after a Kiss concert

obscure no-hopers occasionally, but the majority of the music seems to be excellent.

Am I being fooled by one good show, is there really hope for the future?

KIERNON ORR, Basildon, Essex.

You're being looked. You missed three years of solid idiom and complacency. We wish we had too. Still, since *OGWT*'s ludicrous "Best of '77" (1977?), they seem to be making some effort to come to terms with the late '70s. — N.S.

THE NEXT person to tell me how great the legendary and totally unobtainable Little Feet bootlegs are gets my fingers up his/her nose. And that's a promise. MATTY, Bury St Edmunds.

Yeh isn't it annoying. They are great though. (smug glow). — N.S.

IN REPLY to the nerd who commented (?) on the Sham 69 1. S.E. gig, he too must line up amongst the 40 or so skinheads at the gig as a wanker. As one of those outside who managed to get in, on Jimmy Pursey's instruction I might add, I was not going to leave because:

1) The L.S.E. were letting in people/friends who did not have tickets, whilst those who did were not being let in.

2) People already inside said the place was only a third full, confirmed when we arrived upstairs. If that was all the fire, or whatever, restriction allowed, why hold the bloody thing in the refectory? We walked up the stairs, all 70 of us (400? there were only about 500 at the gig altogether). I saw not one bottle thrown or knife raised — who the hell were we supposedly attacking? Most people on the outside had friends on the inside.

I partook in none of the violence, poster ripping or any destruction (what a hero). I went alone to see the band and steered clear of any trouble. God knows what the guy who wrote that misleading letter did. Doesn't he know when to keep his mouth shut?

Finally, re. Les Mescalables statement, "Dunno why Jimmy S. puts up with the skins", you would find out that Jimmy has told skin fans of Sham 69 persistently that if they want to fight they should go to a Skewdriver gig. "Tell us the truth" next time. A STUDENT

THANKS JIMMY Pursey. I really enjoyed getting my head kicked in by your 'males' outside the Roundhouse on Sunday. The best bit was the six stitches in my lip and the broken nose, not to mention a ripped jacket, jumper etc. Now I look like a real punk.

If these mindless morons are the "ordinary blokes" that you sing about, then I have no sympathy for your cause, and I value my face too much to go to any more Sham gigs. Maybe Jimmy, you should stop treating the skinheads at your gigs as part of the band, and stop ignoring what they get up to before, after and during the gig (yes, I was down at the "Vortex" as well). They listen to you Jimmy.

Tell them what they do is dumb, for the sake of the band and for everyone else. CUCKOO, Holloway.



FANS emerge shocked from a concert by American star Ted Nugent.

Jimmy Pursey tells 'em alright, but do they listen? Evidently not. Still, you can't knock Jim for likin' 'em if he's trying to put 'em straight. — N.S.

WHY DO you on the one hand glorify violence, sorry "amphetaminized aggression" ("running with the shed knowing the society that produced you is terrified of you", "first steel-tipped toe-cap of the year" etc.), and then shit yourselves everytime someone gets a beer can on the head at a gig, talking about "thugs" and "louts" like some sort of Sunday People editorial? VISCOUNT LINLEYTIEPIN, Slough Park.

The contradiction is between different people on the paper who have different attitudes to violence. Most of us are real sappy and think violence is dumb and strictly from squaresville. — N.S.



ON STAGE: Judas Priest in concert

DON'T PANIC, 'Tony! Accusations and threats may be flying around your head like spitballs at a Slaughter and the Dogs gig but I'll save your stained reputation.

'Sunny isn't it? I've cherished an utter hatred for all of Parrhill's writings in the past, chiefly cos of a blinkered attitude to what constitutes essential listening, and my sickening aversion to the writing style what Nick Kent called "the current trend among self-conscious new-wave writers... all lumpy multi-syllables joined together... But hang on a minute, I'm supposed to be the cavalry not the hatchet man".

Anyway, I think one of the most well written ironical, perceptive and

true features I've ever read was Parson's Ramones job. Blondie wasn't at all bad either. Good on yer Tony, it's obvious the Ramones are lacking in some areas, you simply pointed it out. I hate appraisal overkill too and you were simply redressing the balance which had been tipped unrealistically in the Ramones favour.

Your response to the Debbie Harry syndrome was spot on, especially the sexist thing, with NME and a rival paper coming on like *Penthouse* rather than a paper who knows where it's at. Do me a favour though, ask your little lady to make her writing just a little plainer eh? I prefer pics of Julie to Debbie anyway... ooops! Does that destroy my credibility? Ah well 1-2-3-4!! NORMAN JOHNSON, North Shields, Tyne & Wear.

TO MAX BELL: I never managed the Dils! I hate their music I co-produced "Alley Oop" I loved the money I wrote "Nutrocker" I adored the achievement. I read you reaction to me as a talent and a person. I dislike, hate, and am bored by you. You are not a legend. I am!

Get lost failure cock, KIM FOWLEY, The Magnificent, Los Angeles.

You are middle-aged and unattractive. Max is young and wholesome. If you're a living legend why are you writing to GASBAG? Especially on such terrible notepaper? — N.S.

I'VE GOT A friend who knows a bloke who's a friend of Bob Geldof's Radio Stars album please. B COSLAND, Clackmannan.

I know a bloke who said he once met a bloke in a pub whose brother went to school with someone who once got an album taken from GASBAG. Funny of world innit? — BOB GEDDIE

"Someone's got it in for me/They're planning stories in the press" — Letting that bitch Lester Bangs air his schoolboy jealousies of El Zim (4/2/78) is like giving Ian Paisley Pope Paul's new novel to review. After his gutter rantings on the Forest Hills triumph, the lad's credibility is a big fat zero. Part of the kick of being here at all is having a hero or two — and all that this requires is rose-tinted glasses and UNQUALIFIED applause, applause Bangs invents some snack-bar philosophy then looks for a scapegoat to pin it on. You must be so unhappy, Lester, you frosty old asshole. El Zim Forever! THE BRAZIL BROTHERS, Sandymount, Dublin

REGARDING THE complete non-arrival of Powerpop on the music scene. Your paper and *Shoals*, said it would be the music of '78, you will now see that it just isn't happening. Example was on Sunday at the Roundhouse. The crowd, as you pointed out in your review of the gig did have its short-haired brainless element, but there were a lot of punks there too. Also some straights, students etc. Even one bloke with an ABBA sew-on badge. (must have been Malcolm McLaren).

The Boyfriends came on first — Powerpop. There was a complete lack of reaction. Nothing. People couldn't be bothered to boo them off stage, they were so bland and boring. The Roundhouse must've booked them to make more money at the bar.

They Andy Dunkley — the Living Jukebox? — had the cheek to pick up the mike and tell us that we were the most apathetic bunch of wankers he'd ever seen. What does he expect us to do if we don't like them — throw glasses? Gosh! We made our minds not to applaud, which is the audience's privilege. CHRIS REDSTON, Amersham, Bucks.

P.S. I have a piece of wood 1/2" long who would like to apply for the job as editor of NME.

No chance, but it might get you a seat on the board — NICK LOGAN

**Letters Edited
NEIL SPENCER**

OY OY! This is Teazers — in case you couldn't tell. We come from NMEya, we've very glad to see ya, an' we're doing very well.

Right, now that's out of the way, let's get down to business: the real business of Saving The Collective Soul Of The Human Race. This week's Most Concerned Individuals, writes our Decency Correspondent **Censor Yumour**, are headed by *The Financial Times*, who have proved unwilling to allow advertising for **Fred and Judy Vermorel's** book *The Sex Pistols* to pollute the pristine purity of their proud pink pages. This despite the Four Loveable Foul-mouthed Spike Tops' recent accolade as Young Businessmen Of The Year.

Bubbling under (as they say in the charts) are your friends and ours, the admirable and indefatigable Festival Of Light, who has successfully managed to persuade publishers W. H. Allen to delay publication of *The Sexual Outlaw* by American **John Rechy** (author of *City Of Night*, *The Four Angels* and *The Vampire*, among others). They threatened to prosecute after advance extracts from the book appeared in *Gay News*.

Next up are the BBC, still gamely playing "Don't Take No For An Answer" off the **Ten Robinson Band's** "Rising Free" ceepee, even though Capital are playing "Glad To Be Gay." Are the Beeb avoiding "Glad To Be Gay" because of its references to *Gay News*? *The Sun* and *The News Of The World* — which, theoretically, are advertising — or because of its subject matter?

Yep, business is booming! There could be a place for you in the ever-expanding industry of human oppression!

Okay, enough social conscience for this week: it's time for thrilling items about rich, ageing pop stars. Who better to start with than dynamic, well preserved **Mike Jagger**? Mick keeps himself youthful and nice to know with the aid of Elizabeth Arden beauty products (to keep his face looking like a baby's bottom) and "perfume from Tangiers" (to keep his wrists, ears and bottom smelling like a baby's face).

There, now don't say we never tell you anything, and still in the same nauseating vein, the last issue of the *Sunday Mirror* (fine paper, never miss it) carried yet more of **Dee Harrington's** intimate confessions about Life with **Rod**. We'll give you three more dots during which to prepare for aforesaid revelations, so get set.

Ready? Well, Rod used to try and make Dee star in his home porn movies (Shame, Dirty bleeder!), used to shove large amounts of cocaine up his nose (Well, we never! Who'd a thought it!), booze himself into a stupor (What a lad!), get paranoid delusions that his servants were cheating him, have fits of hysterics during which he'd refuse to leave the house on the grounds that he didn't have a thing to wear (Oo what a carry on! Never seemed the high strung type did he?).

"Dad, who's that man with the camera." Pete Townshend goes to see the premiere of the *Abba* movie.



"Alright, Malcolm's not looking, over the side and swim for Rio". Pistols at Golden Gate bridge, California. Pic: **JOE STEVENS**.



A WEEKLY EXHALATION

teazers

lock his pet parrot up in a safe when it got on his nerves (Well, I must say! Is there no end to this man's depravity?) and hide in the bedroom if any visitors came round (Tell us more!).

Personally, we here at *T-Zers* would like to say that we think it unfair that a man of Rod's stature should be publicly pilloried for what seem to be perfectly normal behaviour especially after all that he's done for this country (That's quite enough of that, thank you. Can we have some more Teazers about normal behaviour, please? — Ed)

Ahem. We are informed that at a recent gig at a Bourne mouth veterinary college, a member of the audience threw bottles of blood and a dog foetus at Squeeze, but was ejected before hill-toppers **Eddie And The Hot Rods** came on. That normal enough for you? (No, it isn't. Please try again — Ed).

Well, we've just heard that **The Damned's** new material features **Lu** on synthesiser (That's not normal either. Stop messing about — Ed). How about the one where **Andy Ellison** of **Radio Stars** was swinging from the rafters at a Bourne mouth Club (he gets up to this sort of thing sometimes) when the roof gave way and the band had to pay damages of £580. What is it about Bourne mouth this week?

The Stranglers did a gig Tuesday before last under the name of **Johnny Sax** (bloody good that, we thought. Geddit, geddit?) at the Duke of Lancaster in New Barnet (are you sure it wasn't in Bourne mouth? — Ed). This has no earthly connection with the fact that **Geddy** vocalist **Peter Wolf** has apparently patched things up with his wife **Faye Dunaway**. Someone told us what **Gruntin' Gregg** and **Chirpin'**

Cheer are currently up to, but we've forgotten and we couldn't care less, either.

GREAT CULTURAL events of our time: the astonishing **Mehyn Barg** convulsed the nation on Thames TV's *South Bank Show* as he "discussed" (it says here) **Bob Marley's** forthcoming cleepe "Kaya." Demure 'n' dapper **John Peel** deftly defended the dread against assorted Baggian calumnies, including some reference to marijuana (oh what? Surely not! Well I never etc. etc.). Barg himself claimed that he found reggae "Somewhat repetitive" whilst a lady member of our land's intellectual elite compared the music to some obscure 17th century classical mode. Fortunately, the whole sorry mess was redeemed with some film of **Jah Bob** in concert.

Great cultural events of our time part two: a 25-minute documentary on the heyday of punk (a year ago or so, for the benefit of those of you with short memories) entitled **Apathy For The Devil** and directed by Sheffield-based film maker **Simon Fiction**, received a private preview a couple of weeks back. It includes footage of **The Damned** at the height of their powers performing "Fan Club", hilarious speeded-up film of **The Continas** and a highly contentious interview/stitch-up of **CSM**. Seem if it happens to hit any alternative film bills in your manor.

This week's **Basher Bulletin** for all you **Lowe Profiles** out there: if the "Jesus Of Cool" item hasn't staked your thirst for Saint Nick's various effusions, please be advised that he, **Dave Edmunds**, **Billy Bremner** and **Terry Williams** have been ensconced in Rockfield Studios recording a Rockpile album to follow up last year's excellent "Get It" for Swan Song (or "Swine Song" as the artists have been known to occasionally refer to it). It is not believed that Edmunds will be recording Lowe's song "I Love My Label" for this album. Meanwhile, if **Dame Rumour** — who ever she is — can be believed, **Basher** has been busy in Scandinavia forming a band of Nordic youths to help him further his plans for Pure Pop For Now People world domination by 1979.

John Cooper Clarke, supporting on the **Be-Bop Deluxe** tour, forced to quit the stage of the Glasgow Apollo after ten minutes of abuse and missiles. "Let's call it a draw," he suggested afterwards.

Ah said it once, ah'll say it again: **Wilko Johnson Band** a-maz-ing at the **Punks For Wordsworth** charity gig last Saturday. Wilko is believed to be in the process of signing with Virgin Records at the moment.

so get set for product... **Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves**, who opened that show to more-than-positive reaction, record their debut ceepee this weekend. They're hoping to include a live version of "Crosscut Saw" from the Roundhouse gig (how did that get in here? — Ed).

Fanzine (time: **Dougie Thomson** edits an excellent reggae zine called *Ital Rockers* from 70 Milton Road West, Edinburgh EH15 1QY. The first issue — entirely self-written, by the way — has excellent material on **Max Romeo**, **Burning Spear**, **Steel Pulse** and others. It's a 20p zine, so support it, see?

Dogs go rabid shock: **Slaughter and the Dogs** lead guitarist **Mike Rossi** apparently dropped by the band over alleged behavioural problems (in the context of the group's — ch — ongoing situation). What makes it slightly weirder than you'd think is the fact that the chop was administered by the group's manager **Ray Rossi**, who is — wait for it — Mike's elder brother. He ain't expendable, he's my...

More spiky tidbits: by the time you read this, **John Rotten** should be back in the country after his Jamdown sojourn. Virgin Records' cult figure, taciturn tight lipped PR Al ("Name, rank and serial number") Clark admitted that John "may have shown his face in a studio or two", but refused to speculate as to possible future release of musical performances recorded therein. If you didn't make any records over there, John, all we at *T-Zers* can say is: why the hell not????

Meanwhile, **Steve, Paul and Malcolm** (remember Malcolm? He's the geezer that quit the rock business two or three weeks back) are still swanning around Brazil with **Ronald Biggs**. And **Sid** is still enjoying himself in his usual quiet way.

Oh, here's a nice, warm, cuddly item (About time too — Ed) about how **Gaye Advert's** Mum ripped up her best ocelot coat to make her daughter a guitar strap. She also bought Gaye some stick-on patches to keep the howling chilly winds from infiltrating Ms Advert's jeans but, reports Gaye, "they stuck to my bottom instead." Lucky patches. (Enjoy these sexist items while you can).

Following a Valentine's Day appearance in the *Granatad* sandwiched between **Callaghan** and **Thatcher** (never heard of them. Are they like **Gallagher** and **Lyle**? — Ed). **Poly Styrene** received a 'phone call from *Women's World* asking her what her fave sandwich was for a celebrity sandwich feature. Poly told 'em, "Polystyrene spread."

Finally, ain't rock and roll a world of contrasts: while those of us with nothing better to do wonder whether **Brian Eklund** really did settle up with **Rod Stewart** to the tune of a cool million (we at *T-Zers* figure that anyone who could put up with him for as long as she did deserves at least that much), R&B pioneer **Jackie Wilson** is still alone and broke in a coma in hospital after a heart attack.

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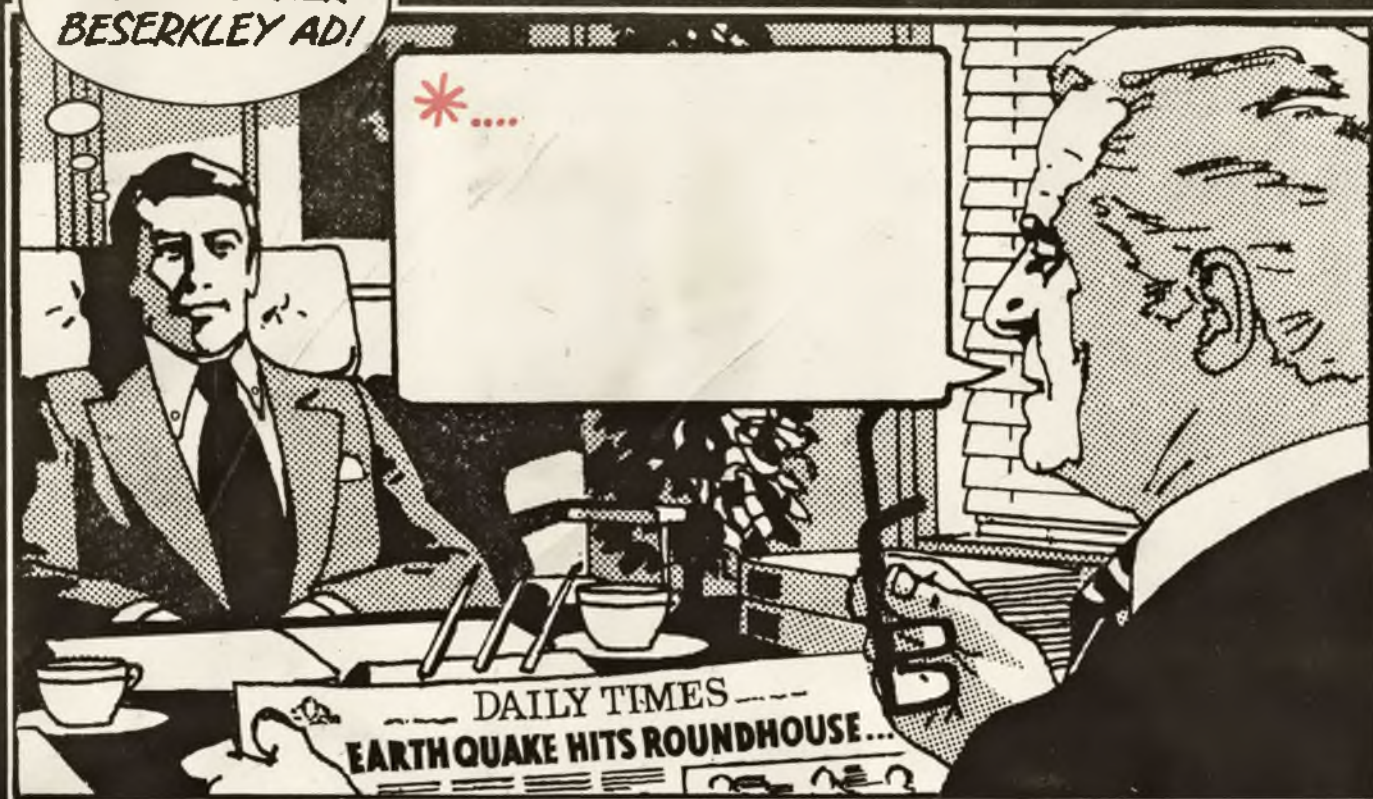
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