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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 3, 1973

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	3	PART OF THE UNION	Sirhan (A&M)
2	1	BLOCKBUSTER	Sweet (RCA)
3	3	CINDY DYNAMICALLY	Faces (Warner Brothers)
4	4	SYLVIA	Focus (Polydor)
5	4	DO YOU WANNA TOUCH ME (OH YEAH)	Gary Glitter (Bell)
6	4	WHISKY IN THE FEAR	Thin Lizzy (Decca)
13	7	BABY I LOVE YOU	Dave Edmunds (Riviera)
9	8	SUPERSTITION	Servie Wonder (Tama Motown)
5	9	DANIEL	Elton John (DJM)
12	19	LOOKING THRU THE EYES OF LOVE	Partridge Family (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 26, 1968

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	1	CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLI A	Emley & Ahl (Dorland)
1	2	MIGHTY QUINN	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
12	3	LEGEND OF KANABU	Dave Dee, Doz, Beak, Mick and Tib (Fontana)
3	4	SHE WEARS MY RING	Salomon King (Columbia)
9	5	FIRE BIRDS	Mary (Rough Trade)
7	6	PRETTY BOYS OF MATCHSTICK MEN	Stevie Nicks (Pye)
4	7	SEND ME SHA PE ME	Amos Coover (Decca)
5	8	EVERLASTING LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)
6	9	SUDDENLY YOU LOVE ME	Travis (CBS)
17	10	ROSE	Poa Partridge (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 1, 1963

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	1	PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	THE WAYWARD WIND	Frank Hatch (Columbia)
4	3	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
4	4	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Chiff Richard (Columbia)
5	5	LODY DE LODY	Frankie Yankovic (Phillips)
7	6	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	For Brown (Piccadilly)
7	7	DIAMONDS	Jan Harris & Tony Martin (Decca)
8	8	ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfield (Phillips)
13	9	LIKE FIVE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
4	10	LITTLE TOWN FLEET	Dot Stanson (London)



SINGLES

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist	Position	Highest
1	(1)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(3)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	5	2
3	(2)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	5	2
4	(12)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	4
5	(6)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	5
6	(10)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	4	6
7	(9)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog (Virgin)	4	7
8	(4)	FIGARO	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	7	2
9	(7)	HOT LEGS/ I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	7
10	(17)	ALRIGHT NOW (EP)	Free (Island)	3	10
11	(8)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet (Polydor)	5	8
12	(18)	5 MINUTES	Stranglers (United Artists)	4	12
13	(27)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	2	13
14	(5)	IF I HAD WORDS	Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	7	2
15	(30)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	15
16	(11)	SORRY I'M A LADY	Baccara (RCA)	7	9
17	(16)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	4	16
17	(-)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	17
19	(25)	RISING FREE (EP)	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	2	19
20	(28)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	20
21	(15)	DRUMMER MAN	Tonight (TDS)	3	15
22	(14)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers (CBS)	7	3
23	(22)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	2	22
24	(26)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel (CBS)	3	23
25	(21)	FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE	Smokie (Rak)	3	21
26	(18)	NATIVE NEW YORKER ODYSSEY	RCA	8	3
27	(-)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS	Clash (CBS)	1	27
28	(-)	RUMOUR HAS IT	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	28
29	(24)	THEME FROM WHICH WAY IS UP	Stargard (MCA)	4	23
30	(-)	SPREAD YOUR WINGS	Queen (EMI)	1	30

U.S. SINGLES

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist	Position	Highest
1	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	6	1
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	53	1
3	(3)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	5	3
4	(8)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	8	3
5	(5)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	17	3
6	(11)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	5	6
7	(4)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	16	2
8	(7)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	5	7
9	(12)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	17	1
10	(-)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	1	10
11	(28)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	4	11
12	(24)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	87	1
13	(-)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	1	13
14	(15)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	14
15	(9)	EXOOUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	27	5
16	(9)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	17	2
17	(-)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	7
18	(-)	DRASTIC PLASTIC	BeBop Deluxe (EMI)	1	18
19	(20)	FEELINGS	Various (K-Tel)	16	3
20	(-)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	1	20
21	(-)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	15	3
22	(8)	DISCO FEVER	Various (K-Tel)	16	1
23	(16)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles (Parlophone)	6	12
24	(-)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Warner Brothers)	2	24
25	(12)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Elton John (DJM)	19	5
26	(29)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack (20th Century)	3	25
27	(17)	WHITE MUSIC	XTC (Virgin)	3	17
28	(-)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	1	28
29	(23)	MUPPET SHOW 2	Muppets (Pye)	3	23
30	(25)	BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	3	25

BUBBLING UNDER...
 PUTTING ON THE STYLE — Lonnie Donegan (Chrysalis);
 JESUS OF COOL — Nick Lowe (Radar); WAITING FOR COLUMBUS — Little Feat (Warner Brothers); PLASTIC LETTERS — Blondie (Chrysalis).

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
3	(3)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
4	(4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(5)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
6	(9)	AJA	Steeley Dan
7	(10)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
8	(8)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
9	(7)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
10	(12)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
11	(6)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
12	(14)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel
13	(16)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
14	(11)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
15	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
16	(23)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
17	(21)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill
18	(19)	FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME	Parliament
19	(20)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
20	(15)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Soundtrack
21	(17)	ALIVE II	Kiss
22	(22)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman
23	(24)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
24	(25)	LIVE AT THE BLUO	Grover Washington Jr.
25	(28)	WAYLON & WILLIE	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
26	(16)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Baz Scaggs
27	(-)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
28	(-)	EVEN NOW	Berry Manilow
29	(30)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole
30	(-)	ENDLESS WIRE	Gordon Lightfoot

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: DEREK JOHNSON DESK

Knebworth: it's Genesis and Starship

GENESIS and JEFFERSON STARSHIP co-headline this year's one-day open-air festival at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire — and that's official! It takes place on Saturday, June 24, running for 12 hours from 11am to 11pm. Three or four support acts have still to be confirmed for the bill.

Details of the extensive 1978 world tour by Genesis were reported fully in last week's NME — though, at the time, no British dates were included in their itinerary. However, NME revealed that a major U.K. festival appearance was being lined up for the band — and this now proves to be Knebworth.

Jefferson have paid only two previous visits to this country, neither of them as Starship. They were here in 1968 and 1970, topping at the Bath Festival on the latter occasion, when they were known as Jefferson Airplane. Since then, many attempts have been made to bring them over, all to no avail — until now!

The new Starship album "Earth" is released by Grunt Records on March 10, together with a single titled "Count On Me". The band's current line-up comprises three original Airplane members — Grace Slick (vocals), Marty Balin (vocals) and Paul Kantner (guitar and vocals) — plus David Freiberg (keyboards, bass and vocals), Craig Chaquico (lead guitar), Pete Sears (bass and keyboards) and John Barbata (drums and vocals).

As reported last week, the Genesis nucleus of Tony Banks



JEFFERSON STARSHIP

(keyboards), Mike Rutherford (guitar and bass) and Phil Collins (vocals and drums) will be augmented by Chester Thompson (drums) and Daryl Stuermer (lead guitar and bass) on stage. Their new Charisma single "Follow You Follow Me" is just out, and their album "And Then There Were Three..." is due on March 31.

Advance tickets for Knebworth will cost £5.50 and they will go on sale on Friday, April 21 at all Harlequin Records shops throughout the country, and at all Virgin Records shops outside London. They may also be ordered by post from "Knebworth Concert" (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 28 Stratton Ground, London W.1. Enclose s.a.e. and remember that, here again, tickets will not be available for dispatch until April 21.

There will again be special train and bus services to and from the festival site, and details of these will be announced closer to the time.

The annual Knebworth event built up an international reputation over the years leading up to 1976, when the Rolling Stones topped the bill. But last year it failed to materialise, because promoter Frederick Bannister was unable to find a suitable headlining act. But this year it's back again — with two bill-toppers!

● Be-Bop Deluxe, who open a seven-week U.S. tour next Wednesday, have been approached to headline an open-air event on the Yorkshire moors in the early summer. No other details are yet available.

JETHRO TULL TOUR —and Rory Gallagher

JETHRO TULL return to the British concert circuit in early May after a lengthy absence. They have so far been confirmed for nine major dates, including four in London — and their London gigs are unique in that they are split between the Rainbow and the Hammersmith Odeon.

Tull's outing is part of the band's 1978 global tour, billed as "Heavy Horse World Trek" — so named because their new album, for release by Chrysalis on April 1, is titled "Heavy Horses".

The band will be featuring tracks from the LP in their new stage presentation, which occupies the whole show with no support act. It's understood that one or two more dates are likely to be added to their basic itinerary, which is:

- 1, Edinburgh Usher Hall (May 1), Glasgow Apollo (2), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (3)

and 4), Birmingham Odeon (5), London Rainbow (7 and 8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10).

Tickets are priced £3.50, £2.75 and £2 of the four provincial venues, and £4, £3.25 and £2.50 at both London theatres. They are available either by post or on personal application. If booking by post, remember to enclose s.a.e., and make cheques and POs payable to the respective theatres.

Tull's manager Jo Lustig explained that the band had deliberately opted for two separate London venues, because they felt it would be convenient for people living in different parts of the capital. He added that a further date, at both the Rainbow and Hammersmith, has been pencilled in for probable confirmation later.

RORY GALLAGHER is set for his first nationwide British tour since December, 1976. Eleven concerts have so far been confirmed for April, including two major London shows, and there's a likelihood of more being added.

Dates are Glasgow Apollo (April 9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Sheffield City Hall (12), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (13), Bridlington Spa Hall (15), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Southampton Gaumont (24) and London Hammersmith Odeon (28 and 29).

Tickets are already on sale at most venues, with prices ranged from £2 to £3.50. Support act is electric violinist Joe O'Donnell, formerly with East Of Eden.

Gallagher's plans received a setback recently, when he fractured a thumb in Los Angeles. When he had recovered, he had



to choose between finishing his new album or honouring tour commitments, and he decided on the latter course. This means the LP won't be ready to coincide with his visit — he'll complete it after his British gigs, for release in the summer.



Our picture shows Tull's IAN ANDERSON posing specially for NME with a heavy horse (a shire, to be exact) named Ken.

The Damned split up

THE DAMNED, one of the forerunners of the British new-wave movement, have broken up. This follows the decision of founder member Brian James, the driving force behind the band, to concentrate on a solo career. And the split opens up a number of intriguing possibilities for the future.

The official statement says the split "was felt to be in the best interests of all concerned. Musical differences of opinion between James and the other members had become increasingly apparent, and a break was the only obvious solution." It adds that the parting of the ways was amicable, and that there's a possibility of a farewell concert being staged in London.

From sources close to the band, NME learns that James was worried about the "clown image" which had become its main attraction, primarily through the antics of Captain Sensible and former member Rat Scabies. James,



BRIAN JAMES

the outfit's principal songwriter, apparently told the others he was leaving — whereupon they decided on the spot not to continue without him.

So what happens now? James will devote his energies to a solo career, which means that eventually he will no doubt form his own backing band. It's understood that guitarist Lu and drummer John Moss are likely to remain together, probably in a new band augmented by other musicians.

But it's the future of Captain Sensible and Dave Vanian that's causing the greatest speculation. It's already been reported that, before the Sex Pistols split, approaches were made to The Captain with a view to him replacing Sid Vicious in the line-up. And there is talk that he could now join Steve Jones and Paul Cook in a new-look Pistols band.

And the buzz concerning Vanian is that he could join the Doctors Of Madness, who are currently operating as a three-piece following the departure of Urban Blitz.

DEVO'S BRITISH DEBUT

—and The Rubinoos

DEVO — highly-rated five-piece from Ohio who describe their music as "Eighties industrial rock 'n' roll" — are set for their British debut next week. They interrupt recording sessions in Cologne, where they're being produced by Brian Eno aided and abetted by David Bowie, to play Liverpool Eric's (March 9), Leeds University (10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (12).

On the latter two dates, they appear as special guests on concerts by Alberto y Los Trios Paramoas. A spokesman for promoters Straight Music explained it had been impossible to book venues in either Manchester or London at such short notice, for them to headline in their own right.

DESERKLEY acts The Rubinoos and Greg Kihn co-headline a one-

off British concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, April 1, supported by new British band The Smirks. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the promoters are Straight Music. Meanwhile, Deserkley have issued the 1975 album "Greg Kihn" by mistake! They say that some 500 copies have found their way into shops, and they are worried in case it's mistaken for Kihn's new album, which isn't due out until just before the London concert.

Presley TV special

THE ELVIS PRESLEY in-concert special "Aloha From Hawaii" — originally shown in the States in January, 1973 — gets its first screening on British TV this Sunday, when it's transmitted by BBC-1 at 7.15pm. It's one of a trio of Presley shows acquired by the BBC, the others being the 1968 NBC special and the 1977 "Elvis In Concert", both of which will be seen later in the year.

MCA RELEASES
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 A New Signing to MCA

MCA RECORDS

GENERATION X begin their first major British tour next week. So far 23 dates have been confirmed, running through to early April — but more are being finalised, including a big London venue, and details of these will be announced shortly.

The tour coincides with the March 31 release by Chrysalis of their debut album "Generation X", produced by Martin Rushant and featuring the best of the songs written by Billy Idol and Tony James since the band's formation. Tracks are "Form The Heart", "One Hundred Panks", "Listen", "Ready Steady Go", "Kleenex", "Promises Promises", "Day By Day", "The Invisible Man", "Kiss Me Deadly", "Too Personal" and "Youth Youth Youth".

Dates are Norwich University (March 8), Leeds Polytechnic (9), Liverpool Eric's (10), Newcastle University (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Doncaster Oatlook (13), Keighley Victoria Hall (14), Manchester Raffles (16), Derby King's Hall (17), Huddersfield Polytechnic (18), Coventry Locarno (19), Birmingham Mayfair (20), Brighton Top Rank (22), Bristol Yate Stars & Stripes (23), St Albans City Hall (25), Croydon Greyhound (26), Margate Dreamland (31), Dartford YMCA Hall (April 1), Cheshamford Chesham Hall (2), Bournemouth The Village (3), Newport Showway Club (4), Plymouth Woods Centre (5) and Penzance The Garden (6)

TOM ROBINSON BAND are featured in "Slight And Sound In Concert" this Saturday, aired jointly by BBC-2 and Radio 1... BLONDIE co-star with Hot Tuna in "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (7), also on BBC-2.

Generation X tour AND OTHER NEWS WAVES



BILLY IDOL, of Gen X

THE JAM begin their second American tour in Buffalo on March 16. It takes in 22 dates, half as headliners and the rest in support to Blue Oyster Cult, closing in Los Angeles on April 15. Highlight is two nights at New York's Anderson Theater on March 30 and 31.

The Anderson is a newly-opened 1,500-seater venue devoted to new-wave. X-Ray Spex Dew to New York this week to play three nights there from tonight (Thursday), the first British band booked by the venue.

ROTTEN BACK

JOHNNY ROTTEN returned last week from his holiday in Jamaica, where he met and chatted with local musicians, visited a few studios and "generally had a good time". Commented a spokesman for Virgin Records: "We expect Johnny to be getting down to some hard graft pretty soon, and we're waiting for him to advise us of his future plans."

Meanwhile the two Sex Pistols who took themselves off to Brazil, Paul Cook and Steve Jones, are reported to have recorded a song in Rio — with train robber Ronald Biggs taking the lead vocals! Whether this was just for fun, or a serious commercial project, isn't yet known.

BUZZCOCKS have added another two dates to their current tour — at Brighton Top Rank (March 8) and Derby King's Hall (23)... 999 have also slotted in a couple of extra gigs at Swansea Circus (March 13) and Stafford Sitchfield Hall (25), and the support acts for their London Roundhouse concert on March 19 will be Black Slate and The Struts.

THE CLASH appear in an experimental BBC-2 programme called "Something Else" to be screened on Saturday, March 11, at 5.45pm, immediately before "Slight And Sound In Concert". It's in the nature of a pilot show which, the producer hopes, could develop into an autumn series. Idea is that the contestants are chosen by young members of the public, who also take part in discussions with the stars they've invited to appear.

CHEAP TRICK, the American four-piece powerpop band, have added another three dates to the two already set for their debut visit. The new gigs are at Plymouth Metro (March 29), Birmingham Mayfair (30) and Newcastle Mayfair (31). Previously confirmed dates are Manchester Apollo supporting Kansas (March 27) and headlining at London Roundhouse (April 2).



JOHN TOWE

DRIVER QUILTS THE ADVERTS

THE ADVERTS have parted company with drummer Laurie Driver, due to differences with the other members of the band. He's already been replaced by John Towe, who formed the original Chelsea band, and was subsequently a founder member of Generation X before leaving to form his own outfit The Rage — who supported The Adverts during their British tour last year. Towe will be seen in action with the band at these newly-confirmed March gigs — Dundee University (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen University (Friday), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), Bracknell Sports Centre (18) and Sheffield Top Rank (19).

RECORD NEWS

Bolan tribute

CUBE RECORDS release a Marc Bolan tribute EP on March 10 titled "Hot Love", retailing at 99p with the first 20,000 copies marketed in a four-colour bag.

Besides the title track it features "Raw Ramp" and "Lean Woman Blues". And the label reissues three Bolan albums from the 1970-71 period — "T. Rex", "Electric Warrior" and "Bolan Boogie". Cube is also putting out two earlier double albums in its Twofa series, which implies two records for the price of one (£4.05). The first set couples "My People Were Fair" and "Prophets, Seers & Sages", and the second combines "Beard Of Stars" and "Unicorn".

Phil Lynott and drummer Brian Downey of Thin Lizzy are at present in the studios working on Gary Moore's first solo album, for which Lynott has written several of the tracks.

Billy Ocean's new single "Everything's Changed", recorded at the famed Muscle Shoals Studios, is issued by GTO Records on March 10.

Charly Records reissue Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes" coupled with "Matchbox" on March 10, and the first 5,000 copies retail at 60p, which is 20p below normal price. The label is also re-promoting two Perkins albums from the Sun catalogue, "The Original Carl Perkins" and "Rocking Guitarman", as well as the four-track EP "Carl Perkins".

Polydor singles on March 10 include "Geneva" by John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett and "Friend Of Mine" by Barclay James Harvest. Out this weekend on the RSO label is Eric Clapton's new single "Wonderful Tonight".

Alvin Lee and his new band Ten Years Later have finished their debut album "Rocket Fuel" for release by Polydor International in April. Other members of the group are Mick Hawke and Tom Compton.

Scottish band Bone Idol release "Roar Of The Lion (Die Ally!)" through Charly Records' new Smash label on March 10. It's a tribute to Scotland's soccer team boss Ally McLeod, and it already has a 30,000 advance order — mainly North of the Border.

The title song from the movie "The One And Only" is the new single by Gladys Knight and the Pips, for Budnah release on March 10. Their album of the same name follows in May.

Ron Wood solo deal with CBS

RON WOOD of the Rolling Stones has signed a world-wide long-term solo contract with CBS Records. But he won't be recording his debut album for the label until later in the year — after the proposed late spring and summer tour by the Stones. He'll cut the LP in Paris, with a view to release before Christmas.



These likely lads are MASTERSWITCH, a London new-wave band who've already established something of a reputation on the capital's punk circuit. Now they're about to reach a much wider market, because they've just signed a world-wide contract with CBS Records, and are currently recording their debut single "Action Replay" for early spring release. They are (left to right) JAMES EDWARDS (vocals), MARTIN LEE (drums), MARK LOUIS STEED (bass) and STEVE WILKINS (guitar).

Marley's going home

BOB MARLEY returns to Jamaica to headline a special concert at the National Stadium in Kingston on April 21, his first appearance in his home country since the attempt on his life in December, 1976.

Since then he's mainly been living in London, but now he's agreed to go back to Jamaica at the invitation of the newly-formed Peace Movement, which

has arranged a truce between the rival political gangs in the ghetto areas.

Comments Marley: "I am in no way politically motivated or involved with any political party or individual cause, and I'm looking forward to the coming event." As previously reported, the new Bob Marley & The Wailers album "Kaya" is released by Island on March 17.

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- 3rd March Sheffield Pony
- 4th March Bristol Pony
- 5th March London Nashville
- 6th March Hull Tiffany's
- 7th March Leicester University
- 9th March Middlesbrough Rock Garden
- 10th March Stirling University
- 11th March Glasgow Queen Margaret Union
- 13th March Edinburgh Tiffany's
- 14th March Brunel Island, Half Circle Ballroom
Fife

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AND HERE, over the portals of my fan, I shall cut in the stone the word which is my beacon and my banner. The word which will not die, should we all perish in battle. The word which can never die on this earth, for it is the heart of it and the meaning and the glory.
The sacred word: EGO —
Closing passage of "Anthem", by Ayn Rand.

I GOT the job of interviewing Rush because I was the only one on NME who knew who Ayn Rand was — simple as that. Ayn Rand? Oh, she's an obscure ultra-right-wing American cult writer of the late 30s and early 40s and, yes, Rush follow her ideas. The epic "2112" is a re-write of her book *Anthem* and they also named their Canadian record label after the same book. But more about her later...

I did a crash course on Rush: played their albums, read interviews, re-read a couple of Ayn Rand's books and went to their concert at the Hammersmith Odeon.

I didn't think the concert was quite as bad as last week's NME review: I mean they're just a power-trio in the grand tradition of Cream, Nice and Blue Cheer updated into the late 70s with voice echoes, foldback EQ, phasing on the drums and a very sophisticated lighting system. Nothing to worry about.

Drummer Neil Peart explains: "Hard rock is our kind of music, the music we grew up on. It's what comes naturally to us. We just look at it as something that we're trying to keep contemporary. We're not trying to play the music of the late 60s. We're trying to play the music of the late 70s — which has grown out of the 60s. We're trying to take a modern approach, in the way The Beatles took a modern approach to Chuck Berry and so on..."

"For us, the people we followed were Jeff Beck, The Who, Cream, Hendrix — mainly British bands."

This could be the key to their great success here, explaining why they are so much more popular than other heavy metal groups like Aerosmith or Kiss:

"One would like to think it's because there's a stronger British influence in our music, our culture as Canadians, and because we're trying harder." Peart grins. And adds "For me, the mystery with Aerosmith is not that they are not successful here but that they're successful anywhere else!"

To return to the Hammersmith gig: Vocalist Geddy Lee has an interesting voice: very high-pitched and not unlike David Surrkamp of Pavlov's Dog (as he's no doubt sick of hearing). At dynamic peaks in the music he breaks into high castrati shrieks and yelps like a throttled blackbird clamped to the PA.

Alex Lifeson is a reasonable guitarist of his genre (I've been to too many Hendrix, Cream and Zappa concerts to say better than that). He and Geddy — who also plays bass and synthesizer — trot about on a white stage-sized Cossett carpet like excited poodles while a Cape Canaveral style lightshow keeps up the ol' visual excitement.

Neil Peart sits behind a massive double drum kit. I remember when Keith Moon's double kit shocked



Is everybody feelin' all RIGHT? (Geddit...?)

American on The Who's first US tour, but now it's become mandatory heavy metal equipment. Peart takes it to its logical conclusion with highly amplified runs around the toms and occasional use of a phase-shift. He plays very simple shapes — needed, in fact, in a trio with no rhythm guitar — but on the night I saw him I thought his timing was defective.

I asked him about the concert. "I was depressed. I wasn't playing like I should have been playing. There's a barometer there that says, 'This is what I'm shooting for tonight for that perfect show, and when I don't reach that level, it's not right.'"

Geddy: "By the same token, Alex and I both thought they were good nights."

Alex: "On the American tour, towards the end of the last month, I had that same feeling that I was not putting out like I should. But you just get to a point where fatigue is so deep, that you just can't."

Geddy: "When you do as many shows as we do, you are bound to slump sooner or later."

The Hammersmith gig was the 120th concert of their current tour. Neil: "It's extremely illusive. I would say that out of all those shows there are only three that I would consider as the standard — as the ideal show — so I've got to figure that all those other 117 were substandard. Well, I don't mean they were substandard but that they were below

The gist of this being that H.M. tourists RUSH are all RIGHT-er than most, as MILES discovers.

the perfect level."

Geddy: "We don't expect the audience to know the standard. It's purely a personal measure against past performances."

THIS BROUGHT up the matter of their attitude towards their audiences. At Hammersmith the audience was the usual HM crowd, pretending to play the guitar and giving power-salutes at the end of each number. Rush didn't seem to take any notice of them despite their obvious enthusiasm, if not fanaticism. It seemed as though Rush's

performance existed as a closed-off totality of its own, quite separate from anything the audience might do, and could have been performed the same just as easily anywhere on the planet. It wasn't a two-way thing at all.

Neil agrees and seems surprised that I should think that this was a bad thing. I said that I thought of a performance as an interaction with the audience. Geddy answered: "From their perspective it is, but not from ours. We just have a goal to achieve and a certain standard to get to. And if you don't get that, no matter how wonderful the audience was to you, you still know it when you come off stage."

Neil: "It's just got to be the best possible show we can possibly put on."

I complained that they seemed to make no effort to put their individual personalities across to the audience — to show anything of themselves:

Neil: "It's all there. We're so imbued in our music and our performance that... what you're seeing, I guess, is just a level of professionalism. We just couldn't put more of ourselves into it. Are you talking about telling jokes to the audience or telling them when our birthday is?"

I just seemed to me that with the Stones or Zappa, who are also very professional, that the individual personalities come across, whereas Rush behave as one.

Alex: "That's always been our goal. The whole point behind being in a

band is to be one unit."

Neil: "We don't want to be Mick Jagger and The Rolling Stones. That type of thing wasn't what we were after. It was important for each of us to be equal in input and output — each of us has to pull the same amount, musically, in composition and in every sense of being in the band. All of us have to pull together."

"It seems to me that's the only way you can have a truly creative aggregate of people is if they're all contributing in different ways."

With all the discussion about individuals it was inevitable that the conversation should turn to Ayn Rand — high priestess of the ultra-right reeds-under-the-bed brigade. It seemed very odd to me that a 70s rock group should dig up a cold-war hero and warm her up.

Neil: "She's just a very brilliant woman, an excellent writer but a brilliant thinker as well. She has a great clarity of thought."

Geddy: "I think she's brought forth a lot of concepts and philosophies which have confirmed for us a lot of different things. I've just found it very positive. I've found a lot of truth in what she writes."

AYN RAND'S philosophy, in her own words, is that "To be free, a man must be free of his brothers. That is freedom. That and nothing else." (*Anthem* 1937).

In other words, the exact opposite of Christian charity and the whole European humanist tradition. In fact she regards "altruism as incompatible with man's nature, with the requirements of his survival, and with a free society." This is the theme of her book *The Virtue Of Selfishness: A New Concept Of Egoism*.

Ayn Rand is, naturally, fanatically anti Communist. Her books are dedicated to "helping to prevent... a socialist America" and are filled with constant attacks on the evils of "collectivism". By this she means such communist horrors as free medical care, free schooling, unemployment benefits, sick pay, etc. Under the system of laissez-faire capitalism she advocates it would be a return to a total free-for-all with no controls at all on employers and with no welfare state at all. It's a system long ago regarded as absolutely unworkable even by such well-known communists as David Rockefeller... but there are still a few extremists left on the far right in the States and, surprisingly enough, Rush side with them. Our conversation went like this:

Neil: "We're certainly devoted to individualism as the only concept that allows men to be happy, without somebody taking from somebody else. The thing for me about Ayn Rand is that her philosophy is the only one applicable to the world today — in every sense. If you take her ideas, then take them farther in your own mind, you can find answers to pretty well everything on an individual basis. Putting the individual as the first priority, everything can be made to work in a way that it can never be made to work under any other system."

I began to object to this statement but Neil interrupted excitedly:

"You're living in the best example! Look at Britain and what socialism has done to Britain! It's crippling! And what it's done to the youth. What do you think The Sex Pistols and all the rest of 'em are really frustrated about? They're frustrated

Continues over page

the Vibrators

new single 'AUTOMATIC LOVER'
produced by Vic Maile



From previous page
because they're growing up in a socialist society in which there's no place for them as individuals.

"They either join the morass or they fight it with the only means left. They have literally no future and I lived and worked here and I know what it feels like and it's not very nice."

"Do you really think they're a product of socialism?"
"Yeah! What else? What else are they fighting against if they're not fighting that?"

"Fighting against socialism? I couldn't believe what I was hearing."

"Yeah! Why is there no future in England? What other reason is there? I really think that's the root of it. You could find all sorts of fancy answers but when it comes right down to the root of it, the reason that those kids are growing up and feeling that there's no future for them is because there's simply isn't. If they don't join the union and go to work with all their mates, then they're lost, there's nothing else they can do."

"I didn't really see how there would be much else for them to do under a capitalist free-for-all such as he was advocating. I said that the multi-national corporations — the most developed form of capitalism — infringed human rights all the time. This annoyed Neil who responded."

"How? By giving you a job? You can quit!"

"So now I understood the freedom he was talking about. Freedom for employers and those with money to do what they like and freedom for the workers to quit (and starve) or not. Work makes free. Didn't I remember that idea from somewhere? "Work Makes Free". Oh yes — it was written over the main gateway to Auschwitz Concentration Camp."

Neil: "You have to have principles that firmly apply to every single situation. I think a country has to be run that way. That you have a guiding set of principles that are absolutely immutable — can never be changed by anything. That's the only way!" (Shades of the 1000 Year Reich?)

"The government's only functions are to protect the rights of the individual, therefore you need a police force and an army. You need an army to protect the individuals and a law court to settle their disputes."

"You set up this subjectively defined law, system of laws, that are immutable and incontrovertible and the economy is totally laissez faire capitalism and everybody's free. That's it! Bang! Boom! Go for it. You're on your own. Jack! And things like trade unions can still exist. I don't think those things are wrong — obviously they're necessary when you have a group of a few thousand people bargaining with one — but not government-sanctioned and government-supported and government-involved trade unions."

"Just one trade union for one factory. One group of employees has one person that deals with their affairs."

I HAD TO ask the obvious: if it was true freedom for the workers at a factory to bargain with the boss, why wouldn't they be even more free if they did away with him altogether and simply ran the place themselves as a workers' council — after all, they do all the work?

Neil: "Because then your freedom is negated. You have no freedom. You do what you're told to do. By the socialists. By the good of the people."

I really didn't see the difference between doing what the boss told you to do for the good of his fat bank account and doing what was best for the workers at the factory. Neil spelt it out, country simple.

"The guy next to you may have four kids, needs clothes,

and he may have an aunt who has dyspepsia of the spine who needs \$40,000 for an operation ..."

"So my fellow worker's needs might influence my own financial position? But the factory owner's need for a Rolls Royce, a mistress and a yacht also influence my position. What made the boss fight?"

"He's taking steps to achieve his needs, through his own initiative. I've got problems too but I take care of them."

"Where does the boss's influence over the factory come from? He didn't build it, he may not work in it?"

"He owns it. Private property. The most inalienable individual right of all. If you own it, it's yours. Simple truth. If you own it, it belongs to you. You do what you want with it. How can you say it's otherwise?"

"Well I didn't want to get into an argument about ownership of the means of production being a different matter from personal property — particularly since I'd had to wait some time at the Holiday Inn bar before Rush could see me. The trouble with this argument was that Rush haven't the faintest idea of what socialism is. I said there were no truly socialist countries but Neil thought otherwise:

"Well, most of Europe is, isn't it? Canada is."

"What? A few nationalised industries? That's at best State capitalism."

"State capitalism? What's that?"

"Instead of a multi-national as boss, you have the government."

"You have the government that owns airlines that lose money, school systems that lose money, build roads that lose money, hotels that lose money ..."

"You not think free medicine a good idea?"

"Again, obviously not. Where are all the good British doctors right now?"

"The good ones are still here. "Oh yeah? You think so?"

"Where are all the British scientists?"

"Probably in the States."

"Yeah! Hahaha. So why is Britain in the state it's in? If it's not socialism what is it? Why is British technology 25 years behind America? If free enterprise had come in after the war this country would be fine ..."

I WONT bore you with our discussion about the war and American capitalism but it turned out that Neil didn't even think America was capitalist ...

"It doesn't exist anywhere. Even in America it's a mixed economy now. It's not true laissez faire capitalism."

I went back to the national health question and grumbled: Suppose I was an orphan and I was sick. I'd like to think that I would get free medical care.

"At whose expense?"

"At the State's expense."

"The State? Well where does the State get this marvellous magic money?"

Tax.

"Exactly. Well, maybe I don't wanna pay tax. There's the Salvation Army and all those voluntary organisations. Don't you think all those could look after those welfare systems where they are necessary? I'm not talking about the dole or all those kind of things which are abused, obviously."

"Are you aware of the medical care that the people who work at IBM get, for instance? I think that you'll find that they get taken care of very satisfactorily."

"Oh God, sell your soul to company. I hope none of you went to the Rush concert on dole money. That wouldn't fit in with Rush's philosophy at all."

Even though he had just told me that Europe and Canada were already socialist countries he went on to tell me the full horror of what happens to art under socialism:

"Ayn Rand makes a statement in one of her books about art — that any artist who thinks the businessman is his enemy is a fool."

(Well I'm sure that every musician or group who has been ripped off by his manager, record company or promoter will be pleased to know that!)

Neil continues:

"What would you advocate instead? An artists' guild? Say there was a guild of musicians and all the musicians in the world belonged to it and then, say, they wanted to run a concert here in London. They tell the artists' guild and say 'Okay, we need a band'. They pick five people at random, put 'em together and bring 'em to Hammersmith Odeon and put on a concert for the people."

"Whaaaat?"

"That's the only way it could be done. How would you do it then? How is the government gonna put bands together and send them out for people?"

To me this is getting too absurd to answer, because the whole extreme right position is so illogical and irrational.

THE THING is, these

guys are advocating this stuff on stage and on record and no-one even questions it. No-one is on their case. All the classic hallmarks of the right-wing are there: the pseudo-religious language (compare their lyrics to the Ayn Rand quote at the head of this article) which extends right down to the touring crew: road masters instead of road managers. The use of a quasi-mystical symbol — the naked man confronting the red star of socialism (at least I suppose that's what it's supposed to be). It's all there.

They are actually very nice guys. They don't sit there in jack boots pulling the wings off flies. They are polite, charming even, naive — roaming the concert circuits preaching what to me seems like phony-fascism like a leper without a bell.

Neil: "The example that we're trying to create, we live by. We don't want to get up on stage and be like John Lennon for instance, and ram the message down people's throats."

Again it comes down to choice. Those things are in our lyrics and if people feel like paying attention to our lyrics and trying to get something out of it, it's there for them. If they don't, fine and well — we've got other things to offer as well.

Goody: "Exactly. It's trying to have that kind of depth, that kind of a range in what we present. The choice is strictly up to the individual as regards on what level they're going to choose to be entertained by us."

whether they be stimulated by what we have to say lyrically, entertained by what we have to present visually or interested in what we have to play. It's all choice."

Just before my tape ran out, Neil scoffed at the idea that a welfare state could provide the things needed to make people free:

"For some people freedom is freedom from worry about medical care, for instance. But these things cannot appear magically, you know. This is the overlooked factor."

"For me, if I'm gonna be free, I have to be free from worrying about medicine, free from worrying about a job, free from worrying about food and free from worrying about a home. You provide that to me. That's what a government has to provide me to make me free. Obviously that's ridiculous, that's ludicrous ..."

Funny — I would have thought that it was something to work towards — as a human right in the technological age. Rush would like to return to the survival of the fittest jungle law, where the fittest is of course the one with the most money.

Make sure that next time you see them, you see them with your eyes open and know what you see. I, for one, don't like it.

VIBRATORS TOUR MARCH 1978

Thursday 2nd March	Glasgow	Satellite City
Friday 3rd March	Edinburgh	Clouds
Sunday 5th March	St. Andrews	University
Wednesday 8th March	Newport	Stowaway
Saturday 11th March	Redcar	Coatham Bowl
Sunday 12th March	Sheffield	Top Rank
Tuesday 14th March	Reading	Bones Club
Wednesday 15th March	Wolverhampton	Polytechnic
Thursday 16th March	Nottingham	Sandpiper Club
Friday 17th March	Brighton	New Regent
Saturday 18th March	Redditch	Tracy's
Sunday 19th March	Croydon	Greyhound
Thursday 23rd March	Leeds	Roots Club
Saturday 25th March	Northampton	Cricket Ground
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13th	Aberdeen	Capitol
15th	Bury St. Edmunds	Focus Theatre
16th	Leicester	De Montfort Hall
17th	Newcastle	City Hall
18th	Manchester	Apollo
19th	Bristol	Colston Hall
20th	Torquay	Town Hall
21st	Eastbourne	Congress Theatre
22nd	Bournemouth	Winter Gardens
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THRILLS

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This man is a world-famous pop star. In order to protect his identity, he asks to be known simply as C. P. Lee. He is planning something.



1

CHARTING THE HYPES

A Thrills investigation into the twilight world of the men who sell their soul for money (and give the disco stuff away free . . .)

COMPILERS OF DICTIONARIES might care to note that a new word passed into the language last week — or rather, a word which hitherto had possessed a rather imprecise meaning was given an accurate definition.

"Hype" was a word that *NME* (in common with other publications) had previously used to refer to any kind of overblown publicity campaign. After the activities of Fleet Street last week, the word could now be said to refer specifically to the practice of buying a record into the charts, or generally to

using any illegal or unethical method to get it there.

The music business — in common with many others, no doubt — is bedevilled with sharp and underhand business practices, and various scandals are periodically uncovered, both in the UK and the USA.

One potential malpractice was brought to light in 1967 when, in a front-page statement, *Melody*

Maker announced that it was restricting its weekly chart to a Top 30 listing, because a Top 50 (which it had previously been publishing) was too susceptible to manipulation. (And, as *NME* stated last week, this is the very reason why we have never printed more than a Top 30.)

One of the results of this was that the inauguration of a chart which it would be impossible to

'fix' was discussed, and so in 1969 the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB) chart was born. It was funded jointly by *Music Week* (at that time owned by Billboard Publications), who had the exclusive publication rights, the BBC, who had the exclusive broadcasting rights, and the British Phonographic Industry (BPI), the body set up to protect

● Next page

LOWRY



"Punk has certainly aroused my social conscience and had a profound and lasting effect on my outlook and attitudes — I now wear a motor bike jacket and tight pants instead of my old denim number and flairs."

THAT WAS THE DAMNED THAT WAS

DAMNED, DIMMED, DEAD . . . The Damned have vanished forever down the plughole of perished punks.

First band to sign on the dotted line (Stiff), first to release a single ("New Rose"), first to get kicked off a label (ex-Stiff) and pipped at the post when it came to calling it a day (ex-Pistols).

Other firsts include premier punk album ("Damned, Damned, Damned"), touring America (where Scabies and Sensible made total arseholes of themselves), first band to boast a neutered punk (Sensible thrown offstage at Mont de Marston to bollock-straddle some iron-railings) and, now, the first of the erstwhile punks to disband on that old hippie adage — *musical differences*.

"I decided to break up the band because the stuff I was working on was more a progression on the early stuff on the first album, whereas Captain and Lulu were doing more experimental stuff, synthesizers 'n' that," says Brian Jones.

What about these stories that you were pised off with Captain Sensible's increasingly stupid behaviour?

"No, no," gasps Brian. "There were no personality conflicts involved at all. We were just working on totally different things and it seemed ridiculous to try and get a recording contract and tie ourselves to a company for years when we're all interested in doing different stuff."

"We see 'em come and we see 'em go, eh, pop-pickers? 'Lulu should get his own band together,'" offers Brian. "Don't bother watching this space."

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS



CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: "Musical differences, man." Pic: GUS STEWART



The Trials And Tribulations Of A Would-be Hype Merchant

Starring C. P. Lee of Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias as the Hyper and Nick of Virgin Records, Notting Hill Gate as the Reluctant Hypee.

From previous page

the welfare of its members, the record companies.

Theoretically, since the BMRB had ample experience as a market research organisation, and was entirely impartial, and since its survey would be computerised, the resulting chart would be corruption-proof.

In fact, the reverse turned out to be true.

Since this chart was immediately presented as the "official" one, its quasi-authoritative status made it both more essential to fiddle and actually easier to do so (at least if we are to judge from recent publicity).

The first point is simply demonstrated: if a record entered the chart, its chances of securing a place on the BBC playlist were enhanced (and even if this wasn't true, it was widely believed to be true, which had the same effect). Certainly, extra airplay at one station or another was virtually guaranteed. Further, many of Britain's 5,000-odd retail outlets only stock Top 50 singles anyway.

Easier to fiddle? BMRB's chart survey was based on a sample of some 300 and 400 shops, and the identity of these could not long be concealed from the sales representatives of the various companies — if they weren't observant enough to spot the distinctive buff-coloured diaries in which chart returns were entered weekly, then companies could purchase a reasonably accurate black market list of the shops with little difficulty. It thus became child's play to manufacture a chart entry by organising a team of people to buy a copy (or, better still, several copies) of a particular disc at a particular shop.

In fact, NME itself had plans to

undertake just such an operation about 18 months ago to demonstrate how easy it was, but we were stymied by one overriding problem: we couldn't possibly do it without the complicity of the record company involved, since the records wouldn't otherwise be shipped into the shops to be bought anyway. In considering the vigorous protestations of innocence by record companies in the past week, this factor needs to be borne in mind

chart-return shops probably did become distressed. Many have noted cases of blatant hyping, and reported it to the BPI (the body ultimately responsible for the charts), but have not necessarily been given the assurance that anything has been done. This is not the fault of either the BPI or the BMRB, but is just a function of the intense secrecy which cloaks the compilation of the chart.

head! Inspiration! He will enter the shop himself and persuade the proprietor to invest.

3. The hype begins. Observe the pop star stuffing little blue notes into the assistant's pocket. Observe the assistant returning the bribe.

THAT WAS BY NO MEANS the only method by which charts could be fixed.

There was obviously scope for bribing a shop-assistant simply to falsify the chart returns (and no doubt it is virtually considered part of a rep's job to ask a girl assistant to "stick a few down for me, love") and there were still further ways to defeat the honourable intentions of the BMRB. (In this respect there is a skeleton in NME's own cupboard. In the '60s, members of the chart-compilation team were bribed to put a particular record into the charts; measures were promptly taken to ensure that the incident was never repeated.)

In any case, the shops aren't paid for their co-operation (the BMRB simply couldn't afford it), and there is no real incentive for them to provide accurate figures, other than the desire to keep an honest shop. One of the anomalies of the system has always been that the large retailers, such as HMV Records, Oxford Street, in London's West End, do not provide chart returns because they're simply too busy and sell too many records.

Meanwhile, many efficiently-run

Report:
BOB WOFFINDEN
Research:
DICK TRACY
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ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1977, a book was published by Michael Cable, pop columnist in the *News Of The World*. *The Pop Industry Inside Out* (W. H. Allen, 14.95) contained one especially interesting chapter, "Hit And Miss".

Cable wrote: "When so much depends on getting into the charts it is hardly surprising in a notoriously cut-throat business that there are those who are not prepared to leave it to chance. For the unscrupulous, fixing the charts has never presented that much of a problem."

He went on to list the various methods by which records are hyped

into the BMRB chart — though without giving specific examples. Nevertheless, the blueprint for the nationals' chart-fixing stories had been laid out.

(In any case, by this time it was already common knowledge that the BPI had instigated their own investigations into hyping, by calling in a private agency. What was not common knowledge was that they had also convened a meeting after which certain record companies were warned by officials of the BPI to cease their hyping activities.)

Most of the Fleet Street press — many of which had their own chart investigations pending — expedited their researches in the wake of the publication of the Cable book, and Garth Pearce in the *Daily Express* filed a story about hyping, mentioning that Richard Ogden (manager of The Mojos) had been informed that £1,500 could guarantee his band a chart placing. Ogden had declined the offer, and has since informed the *NME* that this person had informed him that he had secured chart placings for 11 records in one month.

The summering story finally began to break big two weeks ago on February 17, when Bob Hart's weekly column in *The Sun* published a story that two records (both on Pye, as it happened) had been excluded from that week's BMRB chart because there was evidence to indicate that they had been hyped in. (Ironically, one of the two entered the next week anyway, and is a bubbler this week in *NME*.)

No doubt Hart printed his disclosures in the knowledge that the *Daily Mirror* had decided to go ahead with theirs the following week.

Certainly, the *Sunday Times* was forced into printing its front-page allegations a week earlier than they had originally intended. *The Mirror* had its own series ("The Pop Chart Cheats") on February 20 — with some material provided by Michael Cable — and, with the story having already been widely exposed, the team of BBC-1's *Tonight* decided to scrap the investigation into chart-rigging they themselves were preparing.

PROBABLY BECAUSE FLEET STREET rivalry had panicked each paper into premature publication, the allegations conspicuously failed to net any big fish. Only two records mentioned had been sizeable hits — "The Crunch" by the Rah Band on the Good Earth label and "You Don't Have To Be A Star" by former 5th Dimension members Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis on ABC, which had already been a U.S. No. 1.

And yet of one fact most people in the business are certain: that hyping has been widespread, and that in any given week a substantial number of chart records have been artificially put there (Cable's book suggested that 17 out of 50 is a realistic figure). By restricting your own chart to a Top 30 you could be reasonably sure that most records had achieved their placements on sales alone; however, what you could never determine was how many of those had only achieved their status as a result of initial hyping.

Jonathan King made the point to us last week that hyping was not worthwhile where one-hit wonders were concerned; it only made sense if you were building the career of an artist. And Julian Beauchamp (head of Campus, one of the market research companies involved with hyping, according to the *Sunday Times* reports) apparently made about £80,000 from his undercover activities; that kind of money can hardly have come from small companies like the Good Earth label.

So last week there seemed a generous amount of sympathy within the business for A&M, the company which bore the brunt of the *Daily Mirror* revelations. Many company directors had long since regarded hyping as necessary, if only to ensure that you competed on the same terms as everyone else. While Jonathan King regards the activity as the bane of the business ("I haven't released a record for 18 months because I can't afford to hype it into the charts"), Al Clark, press officer of Virgin Records, agreed that the practice had been widespread for some time.

The Lone Groover

BENYON

THIS WEEK A SHORT MORAL DRAMA — (PLAYERS ENTER STAGE LEFT)

ACT I

ON GREAT WET-BOULEVARD HAVE SENT ME A PLASTIC JUMP SUIT WITH THEIR ALBUM THEY WANT ME TO REVIEW.

OH NO! ANOTHER GOLD INITIALED TYPEWRITER.

HEY, DID YOU GET TH PROMMO GERS FROM THE RED HOT LAYS?

HEY, DID CHRISTOJODOZ SENT ME A MASSAGE PARLOUR VOUCHER!

ON SATISFACTION ENORMOUS-WALLET HAVE INVITED ME ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR, ALL EXPENSES PAID.

ENTER STAINLESS STEEL. (SHE VIOLINS AND HEAVENLY CHOIR.)

DES ST FROM THIS BANGER CHAPS.

WHO AMONGST YOU WANTS TH MISSION TO INVESTIGATE TH DISHONEST RIGGING OF POP CHARTS?

AN ANWFUL SILENCE FALLS ON STAGE.

ACT II — (SOMEWHERE IN WASTELANDS) (RELEASE BLUEBOTTLES AN' HYENAS.)

SPEAKIN AS A REPORTER ON TH SUNDAY SLUDGE — WAZ PAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY TO RAPTISTS AN' MURDERERS FOR EXCLUSIVE STORIES — I'D LIKE TO SAY CHART RIGGING IS...

ER, SPEAKIN AS SOMEONE WHO GROOVES ALONE I'D LIKE T'SAY....

HOLD IT GROOVER! THERE'S ONLY ONE DODE PURE ENOUGH COMMENT — THAT'S TRAY TIM.

GOD BLESS US EVERYONE...

Tavares The Ghost of Love

The green vinyl single with the green paper label in the green singles bag...



4. The hype continues. If the assistant will not take money, then maybe goods in kind. A present! Some chempers? The assistant is teetotal...
 5. But the pop star has heard about these youths who work in record shops. Out with the stash, and greedily he shovels spoonfuls of drugs up the assistant's nose. The assistant just sneezes...
 6. An offer he can't refuse. Sex! The pop star entices the services of the nearest wench, but still the assistant will not be moved. So...
 7. He offers his own body! What greater sacrifice could he make for his art than this? Surely the assistant cannot resist! "Sorry dear, but I've



already got a date tonight..."
 8. Even now, the pop star refuses to give in. An honest shop assistant? It defies belief! Finally, in utter exasperation, he falls back on his last gambit — give him the bloody things for nothing. There you go — 100 per cent pure profit for you, and a slot in the charts for me! What do you say, square?
 9. "Scram — and don't come back!" (Gee, it's lonely at the bottom...)
 For further news of C. P. Lee's attempts to conquer the world of pop, see page 23.



Rust maintains that by creating a complete computer service which provides information not just on how a record is selling, but on why it is selling, they will eliminate hypocrisy. Their initial research has already discovered shortcomings in the present system — new wave records, especially, they feel, have never been adequately represented on the BMRB chart. Also, the Nottingham Forest F.C. record is currently outselling Abba 20 to 1 in Nottingham, but because of localised sales its full impact is unlikely to be measured on the BMRB chart. (For which, perhaps, the rest of us should feel quite grateful...)

While both the *Radio and Record News* and the *Record Business* charts theoretically have built-in paper detectors, teams on each paper believe that the most important anti-hype device is that there will be three charts instead of one — "and if you want to hype one, you've got to hype them all."

THE FOUR ORGANISATIONS who are hoping to secure the contract to supply the "official" BBC/BPI chart in future are BMRB (who have apparently come up with some fresh ideas, but are keeping them a secret); Gallup, Attwoods Statistics, a consumer research organisation who would use a system of electronic counting; and, fourthly, Research Surveys of Great Britain, who would use computerised cash terminals (though this system seems especially vulnerable to hyping, as computer cash terminals can be easily spotted, being expensive they can only be used in a limited number of shops, and, thirdly, even obviously fraudulent and hyped sales would have to be registered on it).

The irony is, though, that the contract will be awarded by the charts sub-committee of the BPI — and the members of this committee are all leading figures in record companies: in other words, representatives of the very organisations which have been unfairly capitalising on the present discredited system.

However, looking more positively at the situation, it is plain that, despite the obvious causes for concern, no-one is suggesting that the *Guinness Book of Hit Singles* should be re-titled the *Guinness Book of Hyped Singles*; and everyone we spoke to pointed out that the amount of manipulation of the UK charts was small compared to that in the USA. Certainly, it seems as though the proliferation of charts should help to ensure that, whichever one is adopted by the BPI, hyping will be eliminated in the short-term.

The fixers will at least need to draw up an entirely new plan of operations.

TRILLS

"The sight of record company executives on their soapboxes making pious noises is pointless. It is a standing joke in some companies."

He maintained, however, that Virgin themselves had remained "pathologically honest" in this respect — a claim which Virgin's indifferent fortunes with singles seems to substantiate.

Bob Mercer, managing director of the Group Repertoire Division of EMI, who is also a member of the charts sub-committee of the BPI, condemned the practice as well. He said that EMI had always made it clear to its own employees that any form of hyping would mean the loss of their job, and thus no internal investigation was considered necessary.

The BPI itself reacted to the publicity with a measure of dignity (see press statement, in panel.)

a consortium put together by Greg Thain, editor/publisher of *Radio and Record News*. He has been aware of malpractice for some time, and is hardly surprised at the current fuss ("although nobody's yet investigated the companies who are the worst"). His chart will be owned partly by *Radio and Record News* themselves, partly by IPC (since the chart will be published in *Melody Maker*) and partly by three independent commercial radio stations — Capital (London), Clyde (Glasgow) and Beacon (Wolverhampton).

Thain briefed the well-known market research company, Gallup, with exactly what he wanted, and they came up with a scheme and a price (at £110,000 a year, a heavy one). He maintains that the system will be corruption-proof (Gallup have been operating a similar scheme successfully in Italy — "and they've

envelopes with special ultra-violet stickers. And the dealers will be offered incentives to participate, because there will be a monthly draw with prizes.

By taking a sample of nearly 1,000 retailers, it is hoped to make hyping impossible. The intention is then to produce a weekly Top 100, starting on March 14, with specialist and regional charts as well. The latter will then be used by the appropriate commercial radio station in place of their own chart.

This is a novel approach for a British chart, but has always been the method by which U.S. charts are compiled, and is not as absurd as it initially seems if you consider that TV advertising and air-play create future sales. "Although", says Rust, "the last thing we want to do is to devise a chart which penalises records which don't get played on Radio 1 — because they're penalised enough already by not being played on Radio 1."

"At the moment, if you're outside

INITIAL RESEARCH conducted by *Record Business* has suggested that, under the present charts system, new wave records have been consistently, if unwittingly, discriminated against.

This has been most noticeable in the chart placings 31-50, which in recent months should have included a large number of new wave records, but total sales have been registered.

There are various factors to account for this. First of all, the diary return method encourages dealers to list only the sales of mainstream records (and, in this respect, oddies too have been the losers). And secondly, specialist shops are not surveyed — and this has hindered the chances of both punk and reggae discs obtaining chart placings; though *Record Business* does agree that this is a problem of the market, rather than one of chart compilation.

However, Godfrey Rust, research manager of *Record Business*, put forward what he felt was the major consideration involved: "A lot of new wave records have been on small labels who haven't got the muscle to push the record where it counts, most — i.e. in the chart return shops."

At the moment, large sales in a few shops count for less than small sales over a large number. *Record Business* hopes that their system of surveying the market will eradicate such shortcomings, and result in new wave music getting a fairer crack of the whip.

THE SECOND NEW SYSTEM will be inaugurated by *Record Business*, a new trade magazine which commences publication on March 20, and which has been started by Brian Mulligan, former editor of *Music Week*, who decided to leave when he arrived at work one morning to discover that Billboard Publications had sold him, his paper and his staff to Moore Harness.

The *Record Business* chart will similarly employ sophisticated computer techniques, and was explained to us by Godfrey Rust, the paper's Research Manager. The enterprise is actually known as the Airplay, Retail, Television, Hit potential and Exposure Reactor — which provides the acronym ARTHUR.

In layman's terms, this means that while their Top 30 positions will be based purely on sales, positions 31-100 will be determined by weighing several factors, including air-play,

the BMRB Top 50, you're in a sea of lost vinyl, and we want to make sense of that. We're hoping to cater for the intelligent dealer who stoek outside the Top 50 because they know their market. And since the large chain stores are so strong, and in a position to offer huge discounts, the independent dealer only can compete if he does know his particular market."

In return for their co-operation (and about 400 shops will be canvassed at the beginning, Rust hopes eventually to use about 700 weekly), dealers will be able to regard *Record Business* as an information centre, and ask ARTHUR's advice on matters such as local demand.

Like the Gallup method, dealers will work to an easier system. "When they calculate their orders for the coming week, the shops will total the sales of the last week. Many have already found it's improved their business."

The BPI last week issued the following press statement:

THE BRITISH Photographic Industry is surprised at the considerable publicity accorded by some sections of the Press during the last few days to allegations of the use of unorthodox methods in reporting sales for record chart compilation purposes.

The allegations are not new and have certainly not "rocked the British pop industry" as one paper suggested.

The fact that the charts may from time to time not be completely accurate at the bottom end is something that has engaged the attention of the BPI Charts Committee for some time.

Ideas to improve the British charts — widely accepted, certainly as far as the Top 30 positions are concerned, as probably the most accurate in the world — are constantly under review.

Some months ago, for example, BPI commissioned several different market research firms to put forward their own proposals. Their ideas will be considered during the next few weeks.

Whilst the view of the BPI is that this matter of accuracy is being amply emphasized, it is nevertheless the unanimous view of the BPI Management Council that, as clearly indicated in a letter to all members at the beginning of January 1976, chart distortion is a totally unacceptable practice which it will take all steps open to it to suppress.

AS THERE HAS BEEN scepticism about the validity of the BMRB chart, alternative options have already been in preparation for some time.

First of all, BPI itself asked for tenders from other market research companies, who have been making their presentations, along with BMRB, recently. Secondly, at least two separately organised charts are now on the point of materialising.

The first of these was instigated by

had to deal with the Mafia there").

While the BMRB system was devised nine years ago, this new system has been designed to meet the current situation, Thain claims.

It should be easier for the dealer to operate, in that their sales will be gauged from the way they fill in their own stock order books, and large stores that do their ordering by computer will be able to link up to Gallup's central computer. The relevant forms will be posted in

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 12th - 18th Mar WATFORD Bailey's
 20th Mar NEWCASTLE City Hall
 21st Mar WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
 22nd Mar MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
 23rd Mar EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club
 26th Mar LONDON Palladium

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Olivia Newton-John: Greatest Hits	£3.10	£3.60
Donna Summer: Greatest Hits	£2.99	£3.69
Manhattan Transfer: Pastiche	£2.79	£3.29
Fleetwood Mac: Rumours	£2.79	£3.29
Brighthouse & Rastrick Band: Floral Dance	£2.75	£3.49
Andrew Lloyd Webber: Variations	£2.89	£3.60



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£3.49	£3.99	Rod Stewart: Footloose & Fancy Free
£2.99	£3.60	Cleo Laine/ John Williams: Best Friends
£3.29	£3.99	Abba: Greatest Hits
£3.29	£3.99	Art Garfunkel: Watermark
£3.05	£3.55	The Muppets: Vol 2
£3.29	£3.99	Abba: The Album
£4.49	£5.29	Santana: Moonflower
£2.99	£3.75	Status Quo: Rocking All Over The World
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Very good news

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Merchandise subject to availability.
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THE CULT OCCULT AND THE DISCO NIGHTMARE



BLUE OYSTER CULT invade the UK at the end of April for the first time since 1975, when they turned the audience on but got a critical thumbs down.

Since then they've dropped some of the old warhorses that were captured, kept and cherished for ever on the "On Your Knees" set, still the only tour de force metal record extant.

Perfectionist rascals that they are, the band are inclined to pour scorn on that disc — and when I spoke to Allen Lanier last week in London I discovered that they aren't so gone on the new "Spectres" album either.

Admittedly, Lanier — who along with Sandy Pearlman and Donald Roeser has been involved in finalising the last days of May assault (*April, actually — Ed.*) was jet lagged and suffering from the effects of a hurried BBC confrontation. Still, his reasons for a very qualified satisfaction make sense in terms of the band's development.

BOC peaked their heavy lead and chaos routine on the double live and the studio tracts for forbidden knowledge. "Tyranny And Mutation" and the unsurpassed "Secret Treaties". The transition, the lull before the storm, was "Agents Of Fortune": a little less dominance, a little more submission.

Lanier's view is utterly objective. "Spectres", he observes, "is another attempt at the right thing, but I think it's a failure. We didn't get what we wanted. Every time we go in the studio wanting to capture some very heavy rock 'n' roll and we walk out with a polished production which has a lot of charm and ambience but doesn't kick."

The third phase is in fact the Cult's most approachable, in that the group have now established themselves as five individuals, albeit with a unified purpose, whereas previously they were a consummation of manager / producer Sandy Pearlman's pop art psycho-analytical genius.

The Phantom of the Paradise humour of such offerings as "Don't Fear The Reaper", which should be obvious to anyone with an I.Q. of plus ten, nevertheless escaped the American press, who promptly accused them of selling out (*Crem* bracketed them with Barry Manilow and Frampton) and / or propagating some political death trip on the fans, as if rock and roll was ever going to change anything.

The change of heart can be accurately traced to the "Reaper" hit. AM, FM and S&M — yes boys, you are accepted. It made for good Cult-sell-out copy, but created an uneasy alliance between commercial potential and their autonomous direction. Where do you go from there, boys? Then again, it also bought them some time.

"I liked the recording process more than the finished product," Lanier says now.

The BOC doctrine is that every man does his stuff at home and brings it in for approval, hence the variation in style and the overall coherence. In some places they broke through and some places they got stuck. Notes of dissension have arisen over the last single, a mistake to which even Eric Bloom, co-writer with Ian Hunter (Ian Hunter?) will attest.

"When Eric came in with 'Goin' Thru The Motions' we loved it because it seemed to come from the Spector (sic) genre — it was an exercise in style. In fact we recorded it in two takes first. Half before a Canadian tour, half afterwards. It sounded like a limpoid Beatles rip-off and we realised we'd failed entirely. So we did it again as raw as possible.

"It isn't an example of BOC ideology, because we tried for the evocation of something we all dug. I'm talking about early Phibes and Burt Bacharach material like 'Baby It's You'. We don't normally do songs in that vein, and this doesn't carry a lot of substance.

"It's an athletic exercise." Lanier's own contributions are rare — although he's writing more songs now than at any time since the Stalk Forrest days. His "Searchin' For Celine" is one of "Spectre's"



ALLEN LANIER sits down for a pleasant chat about bikers, Burt Bacharach and band ideology.

Eric Bloom (top) and Allen Lanier. By JOE STEVENS and MICHAEL PUTLAND respectively.

definite successes.

"The song is about nightmares," Lanier explains. "I'd been reading on Celine and then dreaming I was going to talk to him. I transferred that idea to a theme of total bitterness, the fact that a relationship can be as destructive as it is constructive. Love is a wipe out.

"People have said what the hell is this, a disco song? But I like certain elements in disco. You can dance to it, for a start, and it was fun placing an obscure lyric against that backing. I cheated by changing the gender, but what the hell."

Disco in this instance is in the eye of the beholder. Note the two guitar solos, though. Lanier's is the first, manic, nervous and frustrated; Buck Dharma slips up the second, smooth ferocity on a slipstream of his own design, always was and will be the best guitarist in the league. Did Mozart ever win a music poll?

Dharma's contributions to "Spectres" are truly faultless, marked by that tasteful attention to tone and the man's personal trademark a penchant for messing around with time structures in a taut framework of key and melody. Even when BOC were bleeding ears they were still ten times more tuneful than the boozy, macho, pelvis-strutting fools who are tools of their own eyes and who wear the sum total of their personality on their T-shirts. Buck can boogie them all offstage, but he can also hand over the goods in the shape of "Golden Age Of Leather", "Godzilla" and the gorgeous "I Love The Night".

Lanier construes on Dharma's behalf: "I prefer the music of 'Golden Age' to the lyric, which is a bit presumptuous (it was written by Bruce Abbott, an old buddy of Roeser's who also wrote a C&W song with him, so far unreleased). Bikerism is not that big any more — it's gotten to be a private not a public display. There are no more parades or Angels benefits, they died out with a lot of other '60s phenomena."

The Cult still draw large numbers of journeymen bikers to their Stateside shows though. Recently Bloom and Lanier found themselves riding backseat in the Bridgeport, Connecticut Chapter, breaking lights and stopping cars as the escort roared out to the clubhouse. That knot of honour remains sealed, although to Lanier ...

"I find Donald's supernatural songs more compelling. He has this way of writing so that in 'I Love The Night' the occult angle is secondary to the love aspect. An archetypal, bizarre situation becomes universal. Recently we were in San Bernardino, California and we heard 'Riders On The Storm' followed by 'I Love The Night' on the radio. It was a real thrill to see how they measured up to each other. Both had comparable qualities."

Part of the new direction is revealed in the cover artwork for the last two albums, mostly the concepts of Lanier. The "Spectres" shots are inspired by the turn of the century photographer Jacob Rees, whose *How The Other Half Lives* album depicted the classier gang members of the period in their true colours — the dandified three button suits sported by the band echoing a time that is not quite traceable in history — somewhat in the manner of a Fritz Lang movie.

Finally Lanier puts in a plug for his best girl Patti Smith. Her "Easter" record, he says, "goes right at you. It has none of the idiosyncrasies which prevented people from deciding whether they really liked her or not. Her band is so improved that the ambivalence has gone." One track to watch out for will certainly be "Because The Night (Belongs To Lovers)", co-penned with Bruce Springsteen and likely enough a hit single.

Lovers and legends aside, the most significant news is that BOC themselves are returning to Britain to prove that whatever Randy Newman says, small people make the best rock 'n' roll. To paraphrase Eric Bloom's Japanese, Godzilla is approaching the city. Can you feel the new dance breaking? **MAX BELL**

THRILLS

POP SLOT

A special Thrills round-up of the stars in the news this week!



● Willie Hamilton, MP

MP WILLIE JOINS DEVO

Motors take netball title

It's all happening in the pop world this week, kids! First the news that MP Willie Hamilton is set to join those weirdo boys from Akron Ohio (in the *Evening Times*), then the fantastic victory of Nick Garvey & Co in the basket shaking stakes, (*Lancashire Evening Post* — Amin to de netball!).

Spotted by James Haggerty and C. Phillip



MAGAZINE

And finally... Howard Devoto unveils his new band line-up, scooped exclusively for NME by Tim Ripley of Shustoke, Birmingham.

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ANDREW LAUDER — IS HE TOO GOOD TO LIVE?

"THE BANDS THAT I usually sign up to record," says Andrew Lauder, "are generally the kind of bands I'd like to be in if I was a musician."

For the last seven of the ten years he's been with United Artists, Lauder has been pretty true to his word. And it now looks as if he intends to carry on in a similar vein with Radar Records, which Lauder launched with the one-shot Iggy Pop-James Williamson album "Kill City," quickly followed-up by new releases from Radar's first long-term signings, Nick Lowe and Elvis Costello.

To quote Frank Zappa for the umpteenth time: just what the world needs — another record company! So why has Lauder branched out on his own?

Aside from the obvious benefits of autonomy, Lauder's motivation for inaugurating Radar (his partnership with former UA managing director Martin Davis and with a WEA distribution deal in his hip-pocket) is simple.

"There's room," insists Lauder, "for another record company. Last year, we all saw that labels like Sire and Chiswick were able to succeed on their own terms. Those labels, like so many others, were basically run by fans who not only wanted to do it themselves, but were able to do it with the right attitude."

"I feel that Radar has exactly the same chance, because with our backgrounds we have even more experience and expertise. After ten years in the record business — Martin has been in it even longer — unless we're stupid, we must have learned something of how the industry works!"

"There's never too many good record labels," he maintains. "I put myself in the role of a manager and think, which company would I like to talk to — there's really not a lot of choice. OK, if you're winning some of the very big labels can be great, but if it's taking time to break an act... Jorgel it, you can get lost."

A former part-time rock journalist, and still the most active of vinyl junkies, Lauder has always had an ability to anticipate trends and act accordingly — with Hawkwind, Dr. Feelgood, The Stranglers, Buzzcocks to name but four — though he is the first to point out that many of his signings (he cites the Brinkley's, Cocteau, Gypsy, Help Yourself) have been artistic successes, but commercial turkeys.

Quiet spoken and modest almost to the point of nervous embarrassment, Lauder claims to work primarily on intuition.

As it transpires, he reveals that he wasn't caught up in any big Gold Rush or forced to outbid the International Open Cheese Book Brigade for the likes of the

Feelgoods or Strang, and it was only when his opposite numbers realised he was serious wooing Buzzcocks that they started an auction.

Although aware that many labels will soon dump many of those acts that they signed last year in a fit of handwagon madness, Lauder doesn't feel the bottom of the barrel has been scraped. He insists there's still many good unrecorded new bands around Britain.

"In 1977," he theorises, "a new generation of kids discovered rock 'n' roll for the first time. This year, many of them will learn how to play it and those who've already learned to play it are now learning how to write it."

"There's a lot of bands around — some of them potentially very good — who still don't know what to do with what they've got. The result is that some of them have already knocked the punk thing on the head and are getting down to working on lyrics and melodies and their image. It's a fact: it's always down to good songs anyway."

He offers Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe and Ian Dury as prime examples of the new breed of highly personalised writers and performers.

Andrew Lauder is convinced there's more where they came from. So watch out for Radar detector vans in your neighbourhood.

ROY CARR



THRILLS

He's tougher than tough He's rougher than rough He's heavier than lead He's dreadier than dread



MAN CALLED
I-ROY
SOUNDS CALLED

'HEART OF A LION'

Out now on Virgin Records FL1001

ARCHIVE NO FUN



Yes, it's that highly popular chap John Tyndall, leader of the National Front (holding record), captured by the camera back in the days when he wasn't so coy about flaunting his hero-worship for mass murderer Adolf Hitler. In our picture Adolf looks down from the wall on a homely gathering of Tyndall's now defunct National Socialist Party as they spin the big beat today's kids still go for — Nazi marching records

AND THE SIGHT of earnest British democrats and parliamentarians putting themselves to great pains to defend the right of the National Front to express their views strikes you as vaguely laughable, not to say downright absurd, then you'll surely smile just as grimly at news that Mr Ralph Temple, the Jewish attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, is currently engaged in defending the right of the American Nazi Party to march through a strongly Jewish area of Illinois.

As it happens, nearly ten of the forty thousand Jews in Skokie, a north-west suburb of Chicago, are either closely related to survivors of the Nazi concentration camps or survivors themselves. The American Nazis plan to "goosestep" past Jewish homes, wearing stormtrooper uniforms and carrying swastikas.

Various court injunctions attempting to ban the march have been thrown out on appeal to higher courts. Mr. Temple himself appears to take the view that any infringement of the right to freedom of expression will necessarily lead to a complete erosion of that same right. And so it goes.

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David Coverdale will take you by storm. The man that shot to fame as Deep Purple's lead singer is now on the road with his own band, Whitesnake, and coming your way.

Whitesnake are: Micky Moody, guitar. Bernie Marsden, guitar. Neff Murray, bass. David Dowle, drums.

David Coverdale has two albums available, 'Whitesnake' and his latest Northwinds released on March 10th. This album includes the un-abridged version of the single 'Breakdown'.

So catch them if you can on tour or vinyl. Guaranteed to blow your mind.



SUBWAY SECT have been together in some form or another since the semi-legendary 100 Club punk festival in September 1976. The line-up on that date was Paul Smith on drums, Robert Simmons on bass, Paul Myers on guitar and Vic Goddard on vocals. Involved in the proceedings were also The Clash — and since then the majority of the few gigs they've done have been with The Clash, through the aegis of Bernard Rhodes.

Early days at the Royal College of Art, the ICA, Lucky Lady, after which Smith departed. A gap where nothing happened, and then Mark became the new drummer. The Clash connection continued when the Sect were part of The Clash's first major tour, the White Riot trek of last spring with The Shits and occasional Buzzcocks.

Following that, more drummer problems. Laff left, and then another gap before a small string of dates towards the end of last year with present drummer Robert Ward.

A little while ago there were a few days in Europe, again with The Clash, and that brings things up to date.

Now comes a sudden burst of concentrated activity. A single, recorded six months ago and viewed by the group with little fondness and merely as a mark in time, is due out in the next few days on Bernie Rhodes' Braik label, coinciding with a tightly organised tour of the country with The Lous.

Subway Sect make their move for recognition?

They're even doing interviews. Reluctant in the past to take part in forced conversation with journalists, they're now resigned to admitting that such games are necessary to a certain extent, if only to win an audience marginally prepared for their music.

Of course, such an attitude results in slow, if not difficult, conversation, reminding me of talks with The Prefects and the Banshees, and Phil McNeill's Wire tussle. For these hands it really does seem to be an alien and unnecessary activity.

We meet at the rehearsal studio midway between the Roundhouse and Dingwalls, which is a base-location for Subway Sect and The Clash.

On arrival two members of the Sect are fixing a door onto the studio entrance for a five

quid fee from the owner. Upstairs in the cosy scruffy office prior to conversation members of The Clash pop in, acting predictably juvenile as part of their tedious routine of interviews, photosessions, and radio station visits.

Subway seem unconcerned, sitting around morosely flicking through the week's music press, picking out licks on battered guitars. Their appearance and down-to-earth patience is in direct contrast to the battle uniform agitation of The Clash.

All four members sit down for the interview, but Myers, Simmons and Ward soon drift away as Goddard is closest to me, his voice all but inaudible to anyone but me. He has a doleful expression, but he's smiling, perhaps misinterpretation, the futility of performing in front of identical strangers.

"I think that Subway are concerned to some extent with provocation. We aim to leave some sort of bait. Not like 'Star Wars' or American cop shows that just go right through someone and leave nothing. It's people in the past that have proffered bait that have interested me, and I'm trying to operate in that tradition."

"So what type of people have you bait, opened doors, for Goddard?"

"Dylan. Definitely Dylan. Maybe Bowie. But not many rock musicians. Some films, some books," he grins, possibly at the hopelessness of listing them all. "East European obscure TV programmes for children that were like a breath of fresh air, so simple. I like simplification. Maybe that's reactionary."

Goddard claims that with Subway Sect he's trying to incorporate many ranges of the possible, continually aware of the limitations imposed by a rock format — such as the largely structuring element of rhythmic percussion. He wants to exaggerate rock's components, and also to introduce elements normally associated with jazz, pure improvisation for instance. That seems worthy. About the lyrics Goddard seems reluctant to reveal to be, concern, purpose. He does say that he deals with separate images within a song, so that they will appear disjointed and would definitely achieve better purpose on record.

"I want to reach people — and there must be many — who feel like myself."

Onstage Subway Sect perform as if bored. They are always intriguing. It is strong, hard, flexible music, music that the individual must approach — for Subway Sect will not compromise for accessibility.

We enthuse over Wire, we enthuse over Devo. Goddard regards his modern comicorporates as Talking Heads, Buzzcocks, Television, Richard Hell, and we enthuse over them. Will we enthuse over Subway Sect, and if we do so in large numbers, can they manage? It is a challenge all round.

PAUL MORLEY
THRILLS



PAM of The Lous

DOWN IN THE SUBWAY WHERE THE SECT HANG OUT



Above: SUBWAY SECT (L-R): Rob Simmons, Bob Ward, Vic Goddard and Paul Myers. Left: THE LOUS (from top): Tolmin, Pam, Sacha, Raphaëlle. Pix by PENNIE SMITH (Lous) and UPSTART (Sect).



... AND A LITTLE FRENCH GRAFFITI FROM THE LOUS

"IT WAS A GOOD EXPERIENCE. You have to cope with that. I think we make a few little mistakes, but that's mainly because of our language problem. It was stimulating to have a reaction."

That's Pamela Popo, French lead guitarist with all-girl combo The Lous, who were moronically canned, bottled and gobbed off stage by a cretinous audience at last month's Clash gig in Duxstable.

There are not many bands — and even fewer female ones — as tough and vibrant as The Lous.

After bumping into The Clash at last year's Mont De Marsan festival, they came over the channel for The Clash's last tour with Richard Hell and have hardly been home since, and are now under the wing of Clash manager Bernard Rhodes.

Also since those forty dates with The Clash, they've played the Rainbow, been to Italy with Penetration, and are now out on the nationwide "Great Unknowns" tour with Subway Sect, put together by Rhodes.

Just before they left on that particular joint, I went along for a chat at The Lous' London base — the Regent's Park home of Clash graphics man Sebastian Coarui. The white town house isn't what could be termed a bad property, but it's closer to being a squat than the infamous White Mansion which some would have you believe.

Arriving late, photographer Pennie Smith and I are led down some dimly lit stairs, past a pinball machine, for another interview in a dingy kitchen.

Once two missing members of the band return from their unsuccessful trip around London looking for petrol for their van, we settle down with our cups of cold tea around a kitchen table. The Lous decked out in their new uniform of Seditionaries bondage gear and striped Marks and Sparks blouses ("They were very cheap").

Now my French is broken and The Lous' Anglais n'est pas bien, so from the outset, our main problem is one of communication. For the first few minutes, each enquiry is met with a bemused silence or, at best, "Eh?" (to be read in a French accent).

Dutch drummer Sacha, a former solo singer, does most of the talking along with singer Pam. Guitarist Raphaëlle puts on an unnecessary belligerent front, snapping one word answers to most questions, while the dark featured bassist Tolmin plays the quiet mouse in the corner, and says now.

They formed in Paris about a year ago and played throughout France up to the Mont De Marsan gig, but already they feel more affinity with the scene over here than they do with their homeland.

"In France it is like another world. Over there, rock and roll has much of an intellectual side. There is too much thought about what is "good taste." They take it too seriously. Most of zem are more like jazz musicians," says Sacha.

• Tournez la page, bozo!

(Don't Want To Go To)

THE SECT

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SUBWAY LOUS

● From previous page

The problem, as Pam sees it, is that everything is centralised on the capital.

"It's nothing happening except Paris, Paris, Paris! Now things are starting in the countryside a bit more to move a bit, but most things still happen in Paris. It's very different.

"In France they are not ready for us," she goes on. "So we are not yet going back now. We might go back with The Clash when they play in France."

The Lous' attitude to touring and playing is to take nothing for granted. Their workmanlike approach meant that on the Clash tour, they were able to look after themselves adequately without the usual entourage of roadies and tour people, setting up much of their own stuff, finding their own hotels and driving their own van.

"In France," Pam adds, "most of the bands are so slick, you don't feel it is spontaneous, so it doesn't give you that feeling to play harder and with more guts."

Sacha takes the point further.

"With The Clash, you get the point that they are very enthusiastic, very happy in a certain way. It makes you want to play harder. And the atmosphere becomes more lighter with us around.

"There should be more chicks around, even as roadies."

Our communication breaks down as I ask them about their family backgrounds in France.

"In France it is very difficult," replies Sacha. "It's so expensive to get hold of a cheap guitar."

Er, yeah, maybe, but where do your family come from? What about your schools? What were they like?

"Horrible schools," asserts Pam.

The Lous carry their surly, no-frills attitude onto the stage with them. Decked out in their same everyday clothes and never wearing make-up, they deliver their unique brand of choppy, ramshackle R&B-tainted rock. They're closer in musical format to the American garage punk bands of the mid-'60s than they are to punk as in ramalamannabored, an influence acknowledged in their cover of The Seeds' "No Escape." (They are also thinking of introducing another cover into the set, The Clash's "What's My Name.") They're a band who I'd challenge anyone to go and see and not come away feeling the better for it.

They recently recorded some demos and right now are choosing between the Seeds song and one of their own, "Hey Stroned" — "a satirical song about getting basted" — for their debut single.

They are already signed with CBS in France, but are not overkeen to record for them just yet.

"We won't make records with their engineers. The French are not yet ready for us. They would make us sound like something that is not us. We don't want to do that," explains Sacha.

One thing which intrigued me was the band's precise involvement with Bernie Rhodes — renowned for his obtuse dealings with people, although, underneath all the talk about "ideas" and "being creative," a man genuinely interested in helping bands at all levels. But as the subject of Bernie, the band are vague — although the deal does seem to be a long term one.

The Lous, firstly as girls and secondly as foreigners, are well aware of the prejudices of our so-called open-minded rock audiences, as Sacha again tells me.

"Sometimes it takes the audience three or four numbers to forget the fact that we are female, but the big problem is still one of communication.

"When we have technical problems, we can't talk to the audience. It's a strange reality! It means that we sometimes have a hard time, but in the future that will be good for us for the experience. You should be able to get over to the audience without talking. There are all sorts of other ways."

Raphaelle named the band after the French bikers known colloquially as the loulous, a group she obviously admires.

"They're not teddy boys or what you call rockers, just bikers."

At home she rides a Yamaha 650 bike, and if the band make some money, she'll buy a bike over here. But what of the others? How will the spoils of fame and fortune affect the other three? Will they join the rock elite with villas in the South of France?

"What more do we want?" quips Sacha. "We already have a house in London."

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS



SHAM CALLS A COOL

SHAM 69's appearance at the Central London Polytechnic last Friday would've tied in the actuarial tables with a life policy on Jesse James: no takers.

Trailing the kinda reputation promoters sheer away from, singer Jimmy Pursey threatened to scratch any further London fixtures if Sham's skinhead supporters made with the Dr. Martens. Previous gigs at the Roundhouse and LSE had been attended by scenes of

which the Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse need not have felt ashamed, and £8000 worth of damage had led to a total ban on punk rock at LSE.

To add to the thunderclouds, the National Front, possibly piqued at the banning of their Iford march and never too forbearing in the face of the Rock Against Racism campaign, had promised a guest appearance. With droves of police outside, hordes of security inside, platoons of skinhead Sham supporters, West Indian Mistry supporters, punks and

National Front infiltrators, your man's ploghikare armour and trenching tools drew hardly a glance.

In the event, everything was joke. Under the Rock Against Racism banner, Desperate Bicycles pedalled their stuff, Charge applied the spurs, and the heterogeneous audience co-existed. Jimmy Pursey came on stage and announced that The Press was present, hungry for trouble, and about to be disappointed. The skinhead amen corner invaded the stage in a matey way, sang

"CBGB & OMFUG" is what it says over the door of Hilly Kristal's rock and roll dive down on New York's Bowery. That's the club which launched the likes of The Ramones, Patti Smith, Television, Talking Heads, Mink de Ville and a small horde or two of other New York hotshots, so it's only logical to discover that "CBGB" is short for "country, bluegrass and blues."

"OMFUG" stand for 'other music for uplifting gourmandisers,' muses Kristal. "I guess I'm doing more of the OMFUG than the CBGB these days."

Hilly Kristal is a stocky, bearded man with tired eyes and lumberjack clothes. His musical tastes may be to the left of Lester Bangs, but he dresses somewhere to the right of Neil Young. He's the Big Daddy of '70s New York rock and roll.

He'd started out presenting jazz musicians like Rashied Ali and Jeremy Steig, and putting on blues and country rock in the West Village at a club called "Hilly's", but had gotten something of a — how you say? — negative reaction because some of the country rock was a little too loud for the staid elements in the area — "though it was nowhere near as loud as the music we're putting on now," he remarks wryly.

So he moved to the Bowery, and opened up CBGB. "I started to have country music and a little jazz there, some rock and some of the old glitter rock... and then all of a sudden there were a lot of new bands. It wasn't glitter rock... well, everyone talks about punk, but we just called it 'street rock,' because that's what it was. It was people with torn T-shirts and torn jeans. They didn't have any money, and that was what they wore around, that's what they practiced in and that's what they played in."

"Television were not the first, but they were the first to be successful. The Stilettos, which Blondie came out of, came along in the first four weeks, and then came The Ramones..."

"Actually, it was Terry Ork who badgered me into having Television back time and time again, because they were so god-awful when they started. He kept saying, 'Well, we'll have another band with them next time and we'll try some new things...' It was always one thing or another to get them back. They were interesting... the combination of Tom (Verlaine) and Richard Hell was great. They may not have gotten along, but their music was real interesting."

Hell next showed at CBGB as bassist/vocalist with Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers. "They got to be really good, but" — he sighs — "I guess it just didn't work between Richard and Johnny and Jerry (Nolan). Richard should have always just been allowed to do his own thing. I like Richard a lot, he's very creative."

"My first impression of The Ramones was that they were just a very, very loud band. They'd come in from Queens where nobody liked them. They worked very, very hard and played more and more, and it was good to have them because they always brought amps and a P.A. in, because we couldn't then afford a house P.A. They put ads in the paper, worked very hard, and really believed in themselves. They made themselves happen. Danny Fields always believed in them right from the very beginning."

"I don't know how they seem to people over here or how terrifying they may seem at various times, but they're good people. They're straight. I hope my saying that doesn't hurt their image, but in our relationship we always get along. You'll always get the right time of day from The Ramones."

"All of a sudden, there was something very interesting about them. They were doing these short 17-minute acts and they knew what they were doing. The audiences may have thought that they

WE'RE NOT SAYING . . .



THAT THE ACTS HILLY KRISTAL BOOKS . . .



ARE JINXED OR ANYTHING, BUT . . .



THEY DO SEEM TO SPEND A LOTTA TIME IN BED

Pictured in bed (from top): JOEY RAMONE, PATTI SMITH (well, in brace anyway), RICHARD LLOYD OF Television. Pix: DANNY FIELDS, JOE STEVENS, GODLIS.

were kidding, but they knew. "They became very exciting. All of a sudden they went from being a nonentity . . . see, what CBGB was was a place where they could develop. All of these bands had something; the ones that didn't we didn't book again, because they didn't have a feel. The Ramones had character. They were very crude, but they had something very vital. The ones that didn't I wouldn't have again because who cared? With most of them it took a long time to happen all of a sudden, because it really does happen all of a sudden. That little magical thing happens and then it's all there."

How did Patti Smith — one of the most prominent CBGB alumnae — enter the picture?

"Patti and Tom Verlaine were going together, and when Television were playing Jean — who was then Patti's manager — came down and said she thought CBGB was just the place to break her."

"Her development? I don't know . . . the first time I heard her — and I've heard a lot of people, been in music all my life — she just had a magnetism. She may not have been a singer, but she sure sounded like one. She stayed on pitch, she bent the notes just right, she sang real well. She communicated. The life was simple for her. It was all new. She was doing something that she'd probably wanted to do all her life. She was excited by her own feeling that it was happening for her. She loved it. I heard the same performance over and over and she was one of the few people I could listen to over and over."

"With all due respect to John Cale, and to the gentleman who produced her second album, I should imagine that she was disappointed with her records. I was disappointed with her records, because I don't feel at all that they were as good as she is. I would have liked to hear her absolutely live and then I would have been happy. On the second album, I guess the producer didn't know what she was up to and didn't let her do her thing. I don't know for sure, because even though I've known her a long time, me and Patti don't talk very much."

CBGB played host to the first advance party of the New British Invasion when Kristal put The Damned on last year. It wasn't exactly one of his greatest successes.

"I'd heard all about the scene in England and about how all the groups were better than the American groups, so I thought it was a bit chancy putting The Dead Boys on with The Damned. But The Damned succumbed to something that they'd always been in the habit of doing: they didn't tune up and they screwed around a lot, and the first night when all the reviewers came was pretty bad. They improved on the second day, and the third day was much, much better, but they were careless, and you can't be careless on an important gig."

"They're nice people, and by the end of their run they were better than they'd been written up as being. But they didn't have their sound together at all."

Kristal's just opened up a CBGB theatre on 2nd Avenue, a bigger and more prestigious venue, the opening shows at which were covered not long ago in *On The Town*. He's also tipping The Erasers — who had John Rotten sitting in with them on drums at CBGB's other week — as the next New York happeners, so keep an ear out for them if you've dug other CBGB graduates in the past.

People like Hilly Kristal are vital if rock and roll's going to keep on growing, because new bands will always need places to play, and club-owners who're prepared to take commercial risks by nurturing new scenes and new performers when they could far more easily feather their nests by sticking to tried-and-trusted formulae. CBGB is an outpost oasis of rock and roll in the heartland of disco, and long may it prosper.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

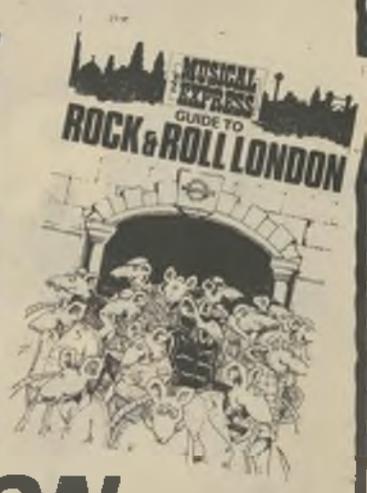
THRILLS

along to "Ulster", "George Davis Is Innocent" and "Borstal Breakout", waded down at the less fortunate, and were generally convivial and gregarious. The National Front shouted their wares a few times, but the aromatics were against them, or possibly even poor diction. I distinctly heard "National A Front" twice and "National Grant" once. An odd arm was raised after the fashion of chaps who want to be excused, and that was it from *The Night Of The Right*. "I knew I could trust you," said Jimmy Parsey, clearly relieved — and he even jotted Mistry later to cross "Israelites".

BRIAN CASE



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THE WAY THE barmaids and staff at Amsterdam's Milky Veg club greet Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias as long-lost buddies you can tell that the group have been through some lean times.

After all, you don't imagine that all those second and third league British rock bands spend their time between UK tours laying down tracks in the studios or jetting round the States do you?

Most of them are making out by humping round the Myriad gigs of the Euro-circuit, making a lay, a living and a reputation. The Albertos are no different — whatever the game, the slog's pretty much the same.

As the walking mountain ranges in control of the sounds turn down "Stairway To Heaven" at C. P. Lee's request for Salsa music ("I took it up after Island's attempt to market it last year failed"), I reflect that the early '70s were not exactly the ideal backdrop for a group dedicated to deflating pomposity rather than promoting it.

For the Great British Rock Public, satire, parody and humour evidently ran a poor second to the obese complacency that was the order of the first part of the decade, and which to some extent still is. Tequila Sunrise over the council estate, anyone? Row YY72 Block C at Wembley for the Bay City Rollers playing "Henry VIII" on ice to synthesiser accompaniment? Fortunately for the Albertos were in there too, sending up each of rock's earlier excesses with erratic but often heady glee (them and Us at the end of course). Still, like I said, the GBRP remained profoundly impressed.

These days the Albertos find themselves in a fairly comfortable position. News of an impending Albertos tour might not send a shiver of expectation through the nation's ticket agencies, but the group have received some of the recognition they might justifiably expect.

One of the funniest and most inventive observations we possess, largely of course as a result of their unique and innovative musical satire of the '70s. (Sleak).

The Milky Veg is a venue which plays a second string to Amsterdam's Pinky Club as city hippy opium den, and I'm here to grog a second viewing of the Sleak production — its 70th performance, the 70th (in Rotterdam) being by all sources the best performance ever — since the Albertos have sworn never to do the show + live in Britain again.

Their resolution is a determined one: not to let Sleak become a Tommy-like albatross, stifling the considerable array of ideas and projects continually being booted round the Alberto camp. "In a way it's become a bit of a millstone but we've done a few regular Albertos gigs to keep us sane," says C. P., "and it's opened the doors to so many things for us . . . TV and everything."

The show, it seems, refuses to be downed. Plans for a low-budget Sleak movie are well advanced, funded in part by an anonymous bunch of very successful old wave rock musicians waking up early from their '70s stumble, and there's also talk of the show finally finding its way onto a New York stage.

Undoubtably Sleak deserves its widespread critical acclaim and all the success it can get. It remains one of rock's finest moments in '77 and certainly the funniest, though its London residency and the theatre cross-pollination which the latter suggest that it was less than widely appreciated as such by the rock public, for whom the "Snuff Rock" EP on Stiff Records remains probably the only point of contact.

Sleak's origins go back to '70 and the publicity surrounding the death cult 'snuff' movies that had sprung up in America's City of Night, Los Angeles, where unwitting humans were filmed being slaughtered. Following these barbarities, an idea for a concept album afloat in the fertile grey matter of C. P. Lee. "Snuff Rock", he decided, was the logical development of current U.S. corporate rock marketing policies. "Live On Stage — Death".

Acquiring indefinable punk undertones en route — this was, after all, the time that The Sex Pistols were turning the lamentable state of UK rock culture on its head — "Snuff Rock" quickly mutated from a concept

album into a rock musical, acquiring a handful of actors to complete the cast list before finally being staged at The Royal Court Theatre and later The Roundhouse.

"Rock musical" slides off easily, yet Sleak is as far from the trumped-up escapism of *Evita* or whatever as Rod Stewart's lifestyle is from that of his fans.

THE STORY of Sleak is deceptively simple. Norman Sleak, nonentity and archetypal member of the Mandrax and Greatcoat Heavy Metal Brigade of Rock Legionnaires (Northern Division) is persuaded by Sammy Spincother, archetypal seedy, greedy and unscrupulous rock manager and impresario, to become a living sacrifice in the cause of rock and roll and Sammy's bank account.

The story, though it sounds uncomfortable and even precious in cold print, is less important than the hilarious and often devastating insights on the rock scene that it offers on the way to its bloody and inevitable climax.

In fact, what makes Sleak so valuable is not that its "Snuff Rock" numbers the excesses of the Alice Cooper/Tubes school of voyeuristic American rock extravaganza, but that it portrays the realities of the British rock culture with such accuracy and wit. Because, unlike all the other funny punk pish-takes of the straight media indulged in last year, Sleak's humour is borne of experience and sympathy rather than off hand malice.

Sleak, in fact, presents a veritable modern *Canterbury Tales* of rock characters. Norman himself — and "there's a little bit of Norman in us all", as Lee says — is brilliantly played by Alberto Jimmy Hibbert, who does for the greatcoat what Marlon Brando did for the leather jacket in *The Wild One*, though on a somewhat different level.

Do you ever feel you're turning into Norman Sleak? I ask "No. Never. I can't do him without the greatcoat," he laughs as he bursts into a bout of "idiot tap dancing".

In our society, Norman is one of the ultimate losers — an unemployed, amiably moronic headbanger whose main delight in life is Status Quo.

"He's the archetype from the Black Sabbath belt," says Lee. "You know, it snakes down from the North East, through the Midlands, down towards Bristol . . . we meet a lot of Norman Sleaks on the road, especially in

Middlesbrough. I'm sure in 25 years they'll be holding Black Sabbath revival nights where someone gets the order of the Golden Mandrax or something . . ."

Then there's Norman's "liberated" girlfriend, Sandra Goodwright — "Manchester's first lady plumber" — and again played with delightful empathy by the delectable Judy Lloyd, an actress who used to attend Alberto gigs as "Jaqueline Kennedy" ("until they sacked me") and who once appeared as a Victorian prostitute in a *Dr Who* adventure.

The whining, malevolent roadies, Mike Plugg and Jack Sockitt — played by Gordon Kaye and Arthur Kelly — are again part of modern fable, as are Norman's two scurrilous mates, played by Alberto Boh Harding and actor Michael Deeks, who has the rare distinction of having featured in three TV plays that have been banned from broadcasts, among them the infamous Borstal drama *Scum*, where he played the unfortunate who gets taped by an elder boy.

Finally there's C. P. Lee himself, playing the part of Sammy Spincother with a manic glee that betrays his taste for Groucho Marx and the excesses of Victorian melodrama.

It says a lot for the talent of the Albertos that the joins between the actors and group show not at all. The group themselves — C. P. and Bob Harding both double up roles — play the part of The Worst Group In The World. Which means they not only behave with an arrogance all too familiar among certain household name acts and rough up the unfortunate Norman, but also get to run through a handful of Alberto spool numbers.

One of the highlights of the show is their sublime, doo-wop version of "Anarchy In The UK", complete with a choreography that verges on the truly anarchic, and which brought forth the biggest applause of the night from a Dutch crowd barred linguistically from the intricacies of the Smart Ass One Liners that litter the show like coke cans at a rock festival.

Oh yeah, and I almost forgot to mention the awesomely one-toothed Les Prior and his send-up of the DJ at the "heavy disco" . . . This is The Chieftains, wow, groovy sounds of the IRA," he yells as X Ray Spex or somesuch comes over the speakers.

It's a great show, and like I say, its relevance is unquestioned. That much *Continues over*



HASH CITY MOCKERS: The Albertos brave the armed might of the Dutch police in their gallant attempt to free the Low Countries from the yoke of the belled tyrant Olivia Newton-John. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

ALBERTOS

From previous page

should be ever more apparent in the screen version, which C. P. promises "has lots of surprises I've written in... I mean, like Norman's bedroom!" he explodes. "Then there's all these incredibly sleazy scenes down the dole and so forth."

THERE'S AN unfortunate tendency in British rock humour toward the artsy and the farsty — art skool kids getting cutesy on the one hand, wet-raspberry-blowing beergut ribaldry on the other — that often sells it short, and which has, to some extent, earned it a bad name.

While the Albertos' direction hasn't always been as clear as it now seems to be, they've avoided these pitfalls, and while the group remain firmly in the tradition of home grown comedy from Tony Hancock to Bonzo Dog, they've also borrowed extensively from American satire like early Frank Zappa.

and *Nanana Lampoon*. Like all the best satire, which seeks to shock people out of their folly by making them laugh at it, a fine moral conscience is at work here.

"People ask 'Do you hate the people you send up?'" says Lee. "But it's the business, and what it does to the music and the artists that's the enemy. The way it puts money before everything else."

"The send-ups are more of a homage really. Like we do Lou Reed, but he's great. Same with the Pistols — it would be easy to do the three-chord superfast job, which we've dropped now, but doing 'Anarchy' doo-wop style is like... well, it's the ultimate homage really."

"Christ, what a load of pretentious crap."

Still, the fact remains that the "Snuff Rock" EP is actually better than a lot of the 'Ramalama - dole - queue - comprehensive - boredom' punk clichés it is sending up. I mean, "Gobbing On Life" is a great song, musically, while



PICT: CHALNIE DAVIES

"What's he saying about us now?" "I dunno but I don't like it." L. to r. Jimmy Hibbert, Bob Harding, Michael Deeks, Judy Lloyd.

lyrics like "Don't wanna be cremated or buried in a grave/Just stick me in a plastic bag and leave me on the pavement" just ooze class. "Snuffing In A Babylon" too is a great piece of white reggae.

So anyway, C. P., what do you think of the way that the Punk movement has gone?

"Well, we played a gig recently where a bunch of punks showed up, and they just stood there as we went through 'Old Truss' (their C&W send-up) and our regular stuff. Then as soon as we played something from 'Snuff Rock' they were pogoing and gobbing like crazy. I mean... he breaks off in a disbelieving chuckle.

mention should be made at this point of the Albertos' uncanny musical versatility and the fact that all the looming tends to conceal their very real musical abilities. Guitarist Simon White, bassman Tony Bowyers and guitar/bass man Bob Harding all become animated at discussion of names like Dylan and Beefheart. Though the group's tastes extend variously to C&W, dub, country...

Later, at a post-Sleak knees-up, I'm privy to a display by the George Suggden Sextet — the group's alter ego — that puts quite a few of the touted bands on the pub/club circuit to shame, and includes knockout versions of The Monkees' "I'm A Believer", a dub-style "Strawberry Fields Forever-er-er-er" and a super-charged rendition of Benny Spellman's R&B classic "Fortune Teller". If these guys ever got tired of spoofing, they'd have no trouble cutting it as a regular band.

As things stand they have several recording plans up the collective sleeve. "Snuff Rock" aside, the group's recording career has never been a particularly successful one. Formerly signed to Transatlantic, a company not noted for the frequency of its chart incursions, their first album was by general consensus a disaster, while their second, "Italians From Outer Space", was too patchy to wield any real impact.

Wisely, they're now determined to "keep whacking out singles and EPs", primary among which seems to be the issue of the doo-wop. "Anarchy" (a sure fire classic) as a double A side, backed by an Abba take-off called "Juan Lopez The Lonely Goat-herd".

Then there's a projected "triple-box EP set" which should include their psychedelic EP "You're Either On The Bus Or Under It" (a corruption of Ken Kesey's famed dictum) and their MOR EP, called "Back to Slacks" or "OK Fleetwood Mac We Give Up". They're now signed to Logo, the company that bought out Transatlantic.

RECORDING PLANS in any case comprise only one aspect of Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias plans for world domination. They're equally animated by the possibilities presented by the fast-growing

field of video, which, C. P. opines, is "the next big thing... but don't quote me."

"No, really. Sony have a video coming on the market for £150, which makes it realistic finally for people to own one, and the price is bound to drop."

The Albertos have seen TV as their ideal medium all along, though needless to say ambitions in this direction haven't exactly been encouraged by our own wonderful British TV stations. They did have one stimulating encounter with a German TV show, however, which they say proves how dull the set-up over here is. A recent appearance on BBC's *Sight And Sound* did nothing to revise their opinion of British rock TV.

Then there's the link-up between C. P. Lee, drummer Bruce Mitchell — a deadpan comic, gentleman and 'card' — and Manchester's rising beat combo The Smirks. At one time the duo were planning to manage The Smirks, and even cut some demo tapes with them.

"We went along and saw them a week after they were formed and were totally knocked out," said Bruce. "So we thought we might as well try to make some money out of someone else for a change."

"I mean, I'd recorded with Niek Lowe (who produced "Snuff Rock")," continues Lee, so I figured I knew all about production — you know, the clap clap clap handclaps going all the way through. We were going to sign them to Harvey Mogulheimer Enterprises, a subsidiary of Sammy Sphincter Productions, a subsidiary of Paranoid Plastics.

"Harvey isn't like Sammy, who's the old school of manager. Harvey dresses Californian style, and is all 'Product viability per unit'."

With record companies falling over themselves to sign The Smirks though, Harvey's plans may well have to be shelved.

Still, with the Great British Rock Public showing themselves more better disposed than in many years towards acts that don't fit into the labelled and weighted sacks that we media persons are prone to abuse, something else is bound to come along for a group so endlessly inventive as the Albertos.

Could it be that at last the world is ready for a bunch of piss-taking ol' hippies who stay resolutely in tax detention in Manchester? Well, could be.

Anyway the names and fashions may have changed but the boys in the corporate marketing division don't give up easily, and Brian needs the Albertos to help keep the record straight.

"I was listening to the radio the other day," says C. P. Lee. "They were playing Fleetwood Mac and I thought, 'This is how I want to be remembered, for my fight against this kind of music... you know, one man's mission.'"



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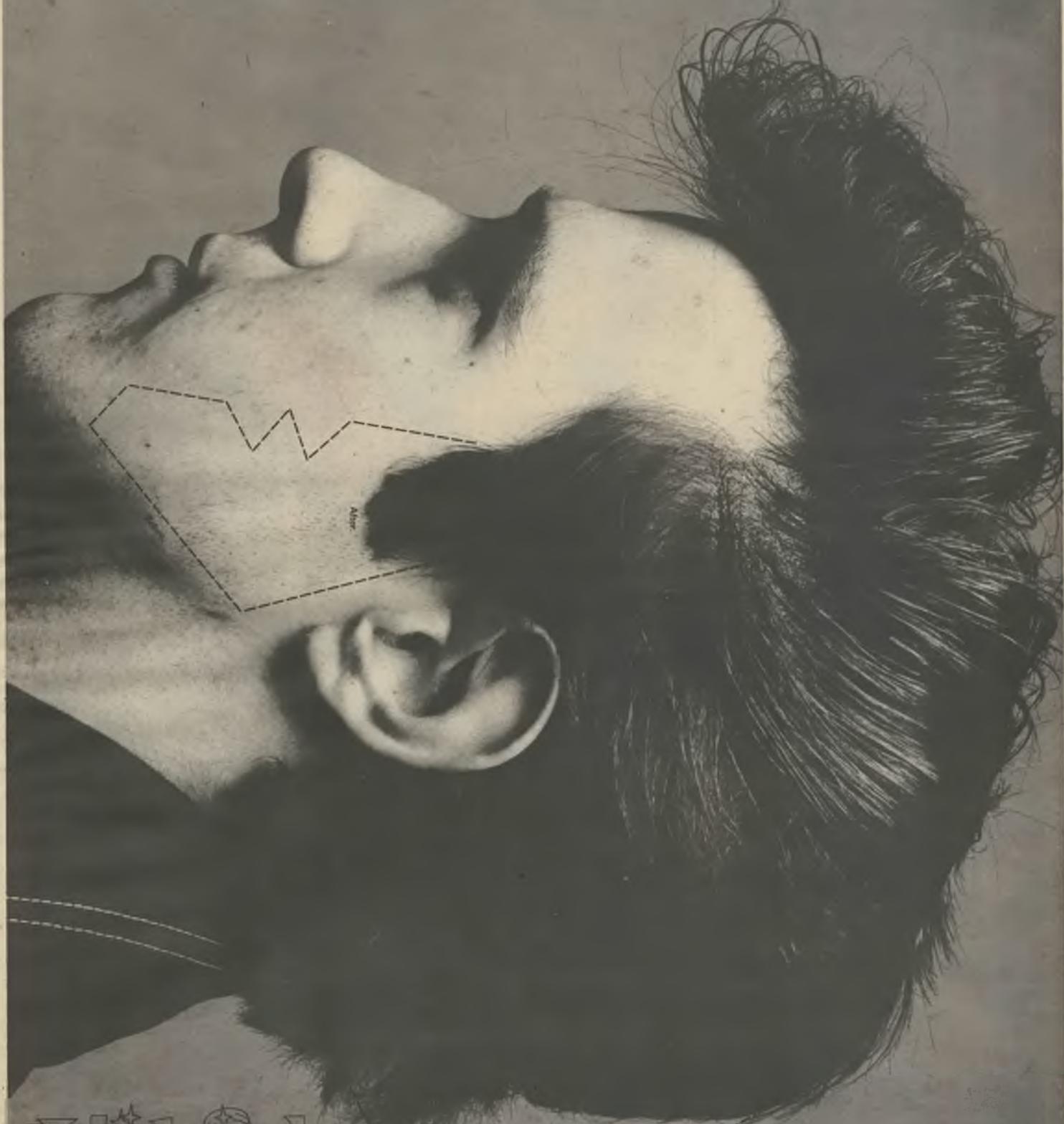
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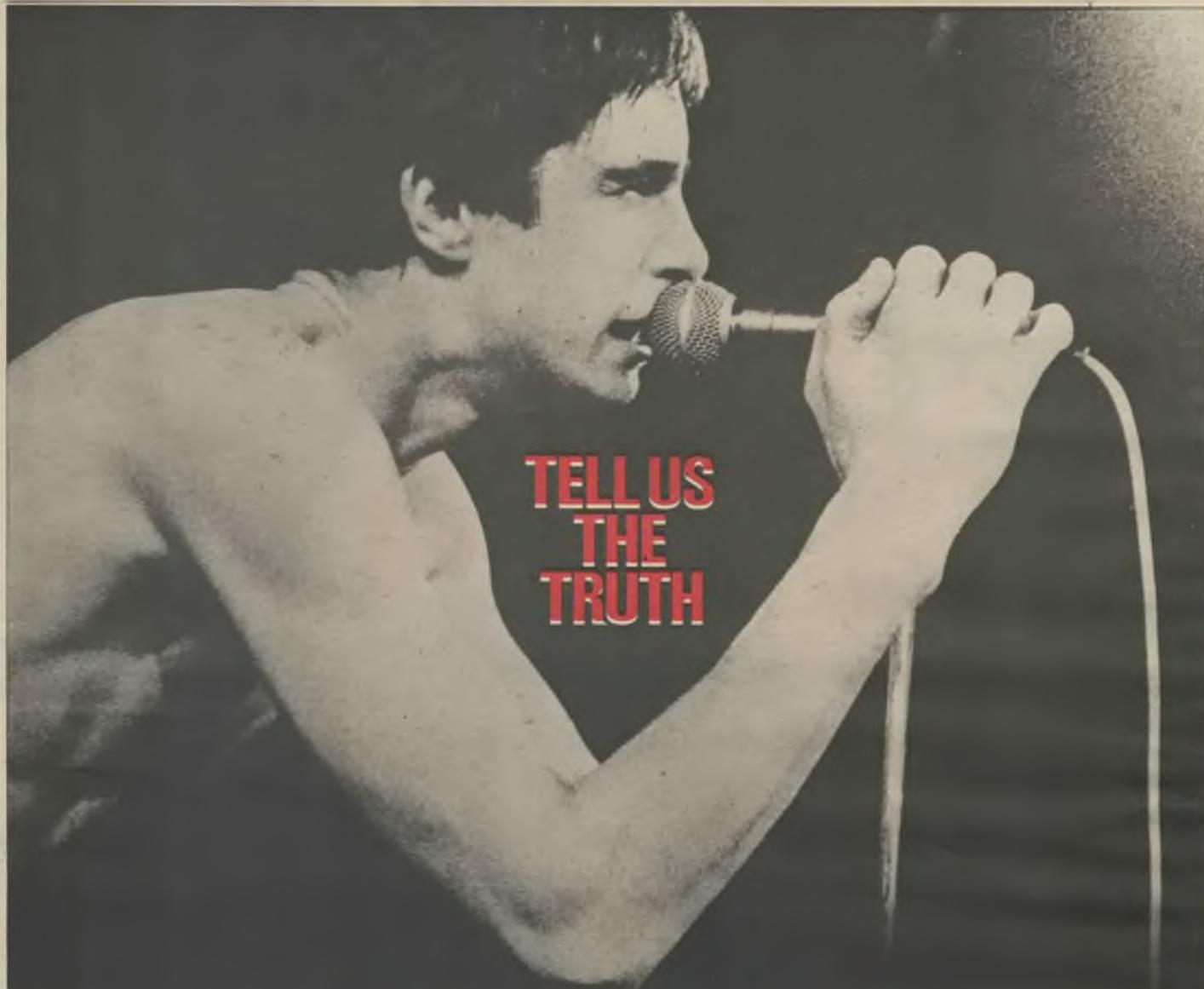
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SINGLES

The man Costello does it again!

UNUTTERABLY FAB NEW WAXING GRABS SINGLE OF WEEK ACCOLADE

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRICTIONS: (I Don't Want to Go To) Chelsea (Radar). The whole business is beginning to make me feel faintly sick. I mean, how Elvis Costello can just sit around making an apparently endless supply of records that are plainly and simply better than everybody else's except The Ramones and Muddy Waters is just beyond me. This single 's so good that the very act of releasing it amounts to bragging on a colossal scale.

Cases: a dark, chunky rhythm track, Steve Nave's by-now-patented Garth Hudson liffs (check out Dylan's live version of "All Along The Watchtower" from the "Flood" double), spiky, angry guitar interpolations from The Man Costello, a mordant insinuating vocal and the Nick Lowe production to end all Nick Lowe productions (fat chance).

The song is a veritable blinder: a nightmare vision of the Swinging London of the mid-'60s — and, by extension, now — with imagery drawn from *Blow Up* and *Smashing Time*. The line "Call her Natasha but she looks like Elsie" is a direct reference to that latter movie, a hideous exploitation flick starring Lynn Redgrave, Rita Tushingham and Michael York.

Put it this way: Nick Kent bet anyone in the office a fiver that "Chelsea" would make top five and no-one would take him up on it. If Radar can maintain the standards set by their releases thus far, they should reign as unchallenged in their field as Costello does in his.

RUNNER-UP SINGLE OF THE WEEK (i.e. better than anything released this week apart from Elvis Costello).

STEEL PULSE: Ku Klux Klan (Island). A double rarity: a 12-inch single that totally justifies its existence as such, and a totally committed, militant piece of music-making wherein the musical and political intentions are identical and inseparable: every lick and syllable count and meld to contribute to the totality, and the tension and interest of the piece is sustained admirably for close on seven minutes — no mean achievement in itself.

It creates an atmosphere of dankness and terror that is well-nigh overwhelming: I'd start throwing terms like "expressionist" around if I thought they'd help convey what this record sounds like. Its vision of England engulfed under a gradual tide of racist sewage is a more powerful pointer to the desperate need for positive changes than any amount of brick-throwing. "Ku Klux Klan" is a lethal package: both musically and emotionally moving and wrenching. No way a hit (e' mon! get serious!), nevertheless an important record. Hear it.

OLD SONGS FOR THE MODERN WORLD

An unusually high proportion of this week's singles are remakes/remodels/revises/re-reads (how 'm I doing, Paul?). A sampling follows, in no apparent order.

STANLEY FRANK: Cold Turkey (Polydor): Stanley Frank, allegedly a Canuck of some, materialised a white back on Private Stock with the excellent but—sadly—non-chartbusting "S'ool Days". "Cold Turkey" is a savage, claustrophobic assault on John Lennon's nerve-shredding junk-sickness classic. It doesn't match the original — I don't think anyone could — but Stanley Frank is clearly a man not without courage and acuity. "Cold Turkey" is a brave and admirable record: it will undoubtedly leave Stanley Frank in his ongoing non-chartbusting situation.

BETHNAL: We Getta Get Out Of This Place (Vertigo): I've long felt that this song had a current relevance that rendered its resurrection something of a social necessity. Bethnal have done it up proud and deserve a hit with it: sadly, it also qualifies for an Anti Award as the worst-pressed single of the



week, being hampered with a loud, malevolent hiss that considerably impairs enjoyment of the record. Whoever's in charge of quality control at Phonogram should pull their fingers out f-a-s-t; if they are many more copies as bad as this one then they'll seriously hamper the chances of what is a very fine single.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS: Quick Joey Small (Decca): "Featuring Mick Ronson" it says in huge great letters on the label, and sure enough Himself's guitar can be heard blazing away under the vocal on a pleasant, bopping version of the old Kasenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Classic. What puzzles me is why the Dogs chose to do this song so soon after being described as "The Last Bastion Of Punk". To conform with the dictates of New Pop?

Reviews by Charles Shaar Murray



THE BANNED: Him Or Me (Harvest): Song courtesy of Paul Revere and The Raiders. These guys sound so innocuous that I bet they couldn't get themselves banned from Sunday mass.

FLINTLOCK: Moxy Moxy (Pinnacle): Song courtesy of Tommy James And The Shondells. There's nothing more pathetic than an unsuccessful teenybop band (the jollity gets desperate, see) and this record is unlikely to ameliorate matters for these five wimpets.

HELEN DAVIS: Satisfaction (Carree): Song courtesy of The Rolling Stones. We like music but we hate zer disco sound OOH! Dinky arrangement and horrible strings, but the drummer(s) just above save(s) the show with more sizzle and punch than the record strictly deserves.

SANTANA: Black Magic Woman (CBS): Song courtesy Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac. It's a recent live cut with — ahem — real swell guitar but the arrangement and the vocal are too droopy to do justice to the obsessive terror and power of the song. Slick (as if it needs saying) to t'original.

CYANIDE: I'm A Boy (Pye): Song courtesy of The 'Oo. If Pete Townshend hears this he'll ask for cyanide.

DEE JAY: Gloria (Chrysalis): Song courtesy of Van Morrison and Them. If you still need another version of "Gloria" after Them, Shadows Of Knight and Patti Smith, be warned. This ain't it.

ERUPTION featuring PRECIOUS WILSON: I Can't Stand The Rain (Atlantic): Song courtesy of Ann Peebles. The one-in-a-million ace disco record that makes me suspend my recent decision to have everybody in the disco industry rubbed out by the paid assassins who unquestioningly obey my lightest whim. Near riff, explosive vocal, GREAT SONG! A disco record for people who like music. Incidentally, there's a pretty hot version of "I Can't Stand The Rain" on Albert King's new album.

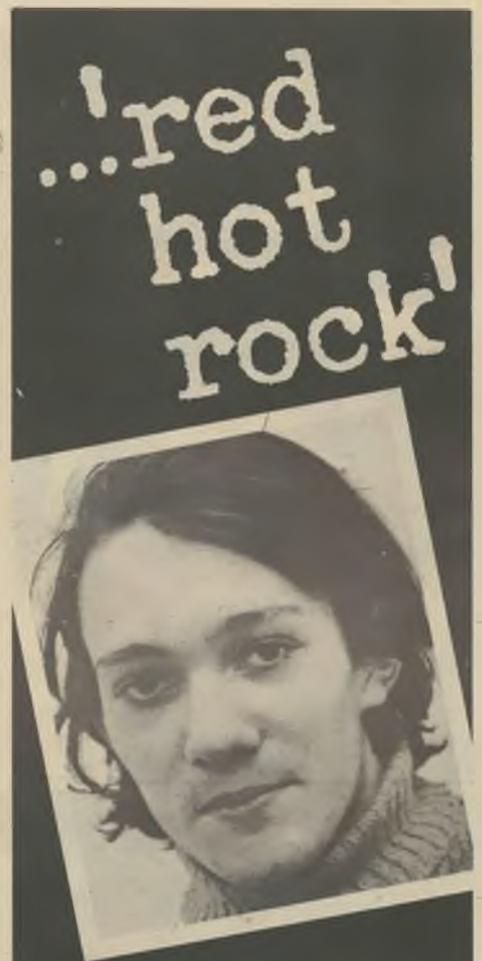
LONNIE DONEGAN: Putting On The Style (Chrysalis): Song courtesy Lonnie Donegan. I'm afraid I was a bit too young for Lonnie (I've waited for years for something to come along that I could say I was too young for the first time round — job!) so me here at the Singles would just like to say that even though it sounds a bit rropy to me I'm sure that all Lonnie's old fans will really dig it, and so will the wonderful New Audience that this will undoubtedly bring him.

KEITH BARBOUR: Do You Believe In Magic (Private Stock): Song courtesy John Sebastian's Lovin' Spoonful. I still like it after hearing this version, too. Snappy and ingenious: the kind of ingenuousness that only the most professional and expensive session players can bring to a track.

REISSUE CORNER

FLEETWOOD MAC: Rhinoceros (Reprise): Hey, what is this? Can't these people be bothered to cut something new for their worldwide legion of fans? I hope you're as disgusted by this flagrant high-handedness as I am. It'll take more than the re-cycling of this attractive piece of fluff to placate the seething rage of the Fleetwood masses, mark my words.

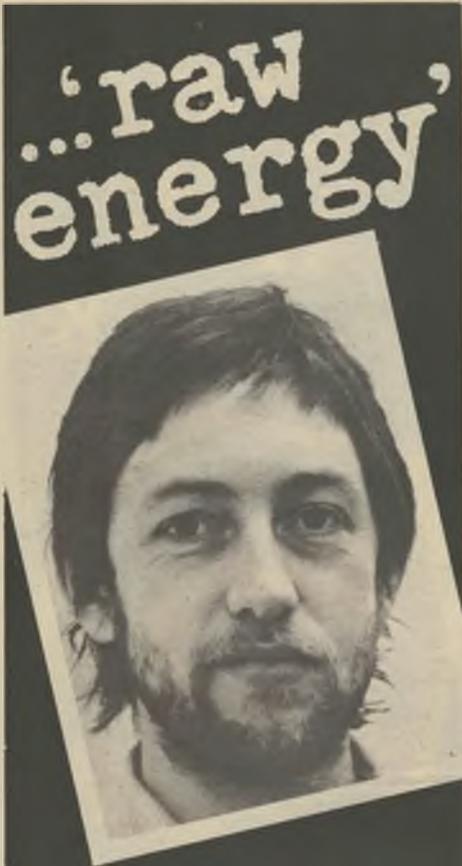
CARL PERKINS: Blue Suede Shoes/Marchbox (Capitol): The stuff of sheerest delight, music from the age of innocence. "Blue Suede Shoes" is a quintessential rendition of one of the quintessential rock songs, and "Marchbox"



I thought I'd had enough of American so called 'rock' musicians. Then I picked up a copy of 'Musical Chairs' and found it is a great album that covers a wide field of music. It not only generates red hot rock numbers like 'Turn up the music' 'Reckless' and 'Don't stop me now!', it also produces beautiful songs like 'Try (Try to fall in love)'. If you miss this album you miss a musical masterpiece, so give it a good listen and just 'Turn up the music'.

ANDREW FLETCHER, GRAVESEND

More over page



Musical Chairs by Sammy Hagar is an album spanning the musical spectrum. From speed and raw energy on tracks like 'Reckless', that any new wave band would find impossible to match, to beautifully produced love songs, 'Try (Try to fall in love)'. Anyone like myself already treasuring his previous album 'Red' will soon realize Sammy has once again put together an album of high quality and lasting appeal. Its now up to the punk indoctrinated public to realize what talent they are missing in ignoring Sammy Hagar. I think 'Its gonna be Alright'.

IAN KAY, BECKENHAM

SINGLES

Continued from previous page

is an inspired rockabilly reworking of a perennial country blues theme. No pair of ears is complete without a copy of this single.

AND THE REST OF THE REST

SLADE: Give Us A Goal (Bam). Having virtually lost their deposit last time they stood for re-election, the Slade candidates now appeal to the terrace constituency in an attempt to make it back onto the front benches. This one seems a bit wide of the mark to me... in fact, it's almost a slow-motion action replay. Not a notable moment in the history of rock and roll.

THE JAM: News Of The World (Polydor). Cliff White reviewed a test pressing of this last week, but it's now surfaced as a proper record with a pic sleeve an' t'ing. "Jam strictly roots" it says on the posters, and I wouldn't doubt it for an instant, except that Bruce Foxton isn't (yet) the songwriter that Paul Weller is, and the song lacks almost completely the edge and construction of the latter's efforts. For a multiplicity of reasons — the title not the least amongst them — I wouldn't have thought this to be a propitious single right now. Weller's "Aunties And Uncles" is one of the two B-sides, and it's nice if a little subdued, but...

SUBURBAN STUDS: I Hate School (Pogo). Great! A real old-fashioned punk single like they used to make back in '77!

TED NUGENT: Homebound (Epic). A tender, wistful instrumental played almost entirely with feedback! What will this man think of next?



ERIC CARMEN: Boats Against The Current (Arista). Even Elton at his soppiest was never *this* soppy. So wet it'll short circuit your sound system.

DONOVAN: Dare To Be Different (RAK). The last Donovan record I liked enough to buy was "Sunshine Superman", and this bears a close resemblance to its illustrious forebear. Maybe there's life in him yet.

GENESIS: Follow You Follow Me (Charisma). Grade A wallpaper from one of the most enduringly popular wallpaper manufacturers of our time.

MIKE BATT: Railway Hotel (Epic). Fine song let down by overly soft-centred string-laden production.

SCRUFF: Get Out Of My Way (Track). Clean-cut aggression and a good tune. Commercial potential.

SUZI QUATRO: If You Can't Give Me Love (RAK). Firmly back under the Chinnichap wing (composition and production), Suzi Q does her best on a song that sounds as though it was originally intended for Chinnichap's current front-liners, Smoke. It's a pity that the whole farrago is so limp, because Suzi's improving continually as a vocalist.

IGGY POP AND JAMES WILLIAMSON: Kill City (Radar). More and yet more Iggy! This one sounds like "Brown Sugar" with desperation instead of slyness. Taste and try, then check the album.

THE SECRET: Do You Really Care? (Arista). I hope you're not waiting round for an answer, boys...

ROCKERS TIME

THE REGGAE BYWORD used to be, "You can't go to Zion with a carnal mind", but now carnality's chic again it seems, as Jah Love takes second place, just as it did in the days of Rock-Steady.

Take **The Jays**, for example, one of the best vocal groups around. The b-side of their new Hitbound 12" disc is "Give Me The Right", a worthy updating of the ten-year-old Heptones' tune; while the A-side goes to Curtis Mayfield for inspiration: "I'm The One Who Loves You" is a refined but rootsy version that evenly matches the original.

It's a different story with **Jimmy Lindsay's** "Easy" (Island), ineffectual reggae with none of the casual appeal of the Commodores' original: easy listening that's hard to take, and the record's forgotten before it's finished (which doesn't explain its popularity of course). In a way, **Ken Boothe's** "I'm Gonna Walk Away From Love" (Sovereign, 12") is another superfluous version of a soul hit, but Ken gets so worked up, you can't help being involved: when he sings about "a dread that shakes my body", you know he's not referring to a Rasta vendetta; existential nausea, more like. The impeccable Charmers production makes for perfect pop reggae.

Marley's switched to love songs too, and "Waiting In Vain" was one of last year's prettiest songs; if his "Is This Love?" (Island) is too confused to be successful, it does show off his voice to good advantage. It's time, though, that Bob ditched the vocal support of the I-Three — their squeaking is a mild irritant at best, and gets in the way of the tune. They're much more successful as soloists: **Marcia Griffiths**, for example,

racked up some enormous hits in '77, and is doing it again with "Peaceful Woman" (Sky Note), which is on the verge of chart success. Somehow, her plea for a bit of the old laissez-faire lacks conviction, but I suppose the rhythm slides away easily enough. It's a Sonia Pottinger production, as is "Stop The Fighting" by Culture (Sky Note), a livelier record in all departments. Culture's prophesying "Two Sevens Clash" was last year's most over-rated record, but a few more like this and credibility will be re-established. It's not a love song, but a complaint about screwfaces frightening children on the way to school, a change from old men exposing themselves but still not a pretty sight.

IT MAY not sound it from the name, but PM Records is one of the brighter labels, presumably set up to issue the Lee Perry productions which Island reject. **Jah Lion's** "White Belly Rat" is a typical Upsetter throwaway, and is best ignored. But the b-side is "Vampire" by **Black Art**, a

Reggae singles reviewed by NICK KIMBERLEY

fine horns version of a rhythm first displayed last year on Devon Irons' "Ketch Vampire", which would have made a better plug side. Still, PM's plan to avoid the usual a-side/dub arrangement works better with **Jur Delgado's** "Sons Of Slaves"/"The Congos" "At The Feast": Delgado's is a spirited performance in the Ken Boothe style, but a bit short on imaginative lyrics; while "Feast" contrasts a dense drum sound with straining falsetto vocals, and more dull lyrics: "Hail nary dread, have you any herbs/yes my brother, ten crocus bag full"; well, I mean to say.

Delgado pops up again on the D.E.B. label with "Famine" (12" only), not so much like Ken Boothe this time. The perky rhythm offsets the doomy vocal, and producer Dennis Brown makes good use of the horn section. The flip is

even better: "Love Don't Come Easy" is another Heptones tune, which, even in today's fancy make-up, still sounds a classic. The bass line is copied plank for plank from the original, which in turn borrowed bass-and-drums from "Frozen Soul" by the Soul Vendors. The dub of Delgado's cut is "Frozen Soul" by **Leonox Brown**, and so it comes full circle: reggae's ability to feed off itself like this is one of its main survival mechanisms.

On the other hand, records like **Dillinger's** "Loving Pauper" (Jamaican Sounds) could send JA music to an early grave. Recorded live at the Music Machine, it's a lazy, fumbling attempt at another oldie, and brings to mind the whole sad affair: Dillinger, in red, gold and green pyjamas, trying his hand at a "Punk-Rock-Reggae" singalong which degraded him and his audience. The label threatens a whole album — resist it at all costs.

Still no need to be gloomy, sometimes reggae surfaces in the most unexpected places. **Dennis Matumbi's** "Rolling Down The River" (Serious Business, 12") is a ranking piece of UK reggae in the Burning Spear style, with sax adding spice to the dub. The b-side is a gentle love song, "Choose Me", which is only spoiled by some messy and old-fashioned synthesiser.

More good UK reggae on "Black Star Liner" by **Reggae Regulars** (Greensleeves), another of those earnest bands trying to breathe life into the English scene. Mostly they succeed, but the Black Star Liner is a well-worn metaphor now, and looks like sinking with all hands if used again. "Tenystallin Wandimac" by **The Abyssinians** (Roots, 12") is a definite piece of collectors' rock: a reissue of their '75 classic, with a new dub. On US import it comes a bit pricey, but if you haven't got the original issue, it's worth the price. This mug thinks so, anyway.



In absence of Black Star Liner, Reggae Regulars take over cover-nients log.

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ALBUMS

BUZZCOCKS

Another Music In A Different Kitchen (United Artists)

ONCE THERE was metal machine music. A grinding drone of screeching electric guitar with little soul or feeling. Then along came this kid Shelley who formed a band to play this Light Metal music. But instead of just taking the sound, the kid used it. Used it to sculpture pop songs and then in turn used these songs as a vehicle for his wry observation on life and love.

Singing in a Mancunian whine, he wasn't content to do as so many others and just reflect the world's greyness in his songs, but in these colourful little vignettes he gobbled on life with compassion as well as bitterness. And if some of the music on the Buzzcocks' debut album does make for uneasy listening at times, the songs themselves are never less than human.

"Some old stuff dragged out from the vaults, a lot of new stuff and a lot of surprises."

Some six months ago, that was how Pete Shelley described the contents of the forthcoming Buzzcocks' album *Recorded under the guidance of Martin Rushent at the beginning of the year in London, that platter is now with us, and, with a few minor reservations, the wait has been well worth it.*

Shelley's description of the songs is particularly apt. The songs come in practically the same chronological order that they were originally written and first performed by the band.

So, by means of a prelude to



(Yeah man, the album really cooks)

ALL PHOTOS BY KEVIN CUMMINGS

ANOTHER ALBUM FROM A BRAND NEW

(Infra-red, Modular, Self-regulating Micro-wave)

OVEN

favourite Buzzcocks' track closes the first side. This brave, punchy bolero pushes relentlessly on towards a chaotic false ending of hectic white noise before returning to life for the final killer stanza.

"And I hate modern music, Disco, Boogie and Pop! It goes on and on and on... How I wish it would STOP!"

"I Don't Mind" is the closest that the band come to the pure pop consciousness of their great "What Do I Get" single. While the lyrics concentrate on the mental anguish of the lover in doubt of his partner's affections, the chorus borrows from the Monkees' "Steppin' Stone" and Paul Weller would swoon over the classic key change for the final verse.

Pete Shelley as The Disillusioned Romantic emerges into full view on "Fiction Romance". With the heavy, discordant riff lodged in your brain by John Maher's

sledgehammer drumming, Shelley begins his tirade against the glorification of romance as found in books and magazines (not the hand, you understand). The Romantic trying to get to grips with harsh reality.

Crucial to the future of the Buzzcocks is the development of guitarist Steve Diggle as a songwriter. And if his debut on "Another Music" is anything to go by, then that future is rosy indeed.

His first song for the band, "Autonomy" is a little masterpiece. Diggle sings against an eerie backdrop of cascading chords and the sort of majestic guitar phrasing that would have graced Bowie's "Heroes". A pointer to the future.

Three minutes of light relief come in the shape of "I Need", another of the early songs revived for the album. The riff is pure Quo, the subject matter the all-consuming lust to need

side two. As "Pulsebeat" fades away into the distance, a gap of half a minute (like Abbey Road) ensues. You're left wondering why the record arm hasn't rejected until a short, snappy instrumental reprise of "Boredum" springs from the speaker, followed by a minute of electronic bleeps which transfer onto the run-off groove.

They're trying to be clever. I can remember a time when it was very uncool to be as flashy as this, but such is progress. Still a small fit of pretentiousness does little to spoil the overall impact.

This might be the Modern World, but there's still a place for dreamers.

Adrian Thrills

PAUL MOTIAN TRIO

Dance (ECM)
HAVING FELT like a bit of a foul around the ECM product in the past — lotta mood, little action, Jack — I was delighted to find the old sensibility included in for a change.

Paul Motian, drummer to Bley and Jarrett, a neat, fleet worker, has come up with a cracker. His writing for trio covers a fairly broad spectrum, and the team turns it every way but loose, letting the adrenergic surge without endangering the balance.

Charles Brackeen, excellent on his own Strata-East album, "Rhythm X", proves that the intervening years have slimmed down the Ornette influence. He sticks to soprano here, except for tenor on "Prelude", and gets well away from that jiggling attack. A full-blooded, cutting player, even his ornamental flourishes sound impassioned enough to shake the bars.

David Izenzon, ex-Ornette



the stunning brilliance of some of side two's more adventurous songs, the first side presents mostly the stuff "from the vaults" of the Devoto/Shelley period. Indeed, Devoto probably had a distant hand in the composition of several of the songs here.

A nod to their roots in a brief instrumental snippet of "Boredum" from the "Spiral Scratch" EP opens before we segue into the simplistic "Fast Cars", the first of three undistinguished tracks.

"They're so depressing/Going round and round/Ooh they make me dizzy/Fast Cars, they run me down/Fast Cars, Fast Cars, I hate Fast Cars." Not the cruising anthem you might

have expected from the title, eh?

Neither "You Tear Me Up" or "No Reply" hint at the goodies to come, which begin to materialise with the dreams of sweet escape on the fourth track, "Get Out On Our Own".

A big plus to "Another Music In A Different Kitchen" is the fact that only one song, "Love Battery", has appeared before on record. None of your Pistols or Nick Lowes here. As it is, "Love Battery" is far from being a great song, but the mix is certainly an improvement on the version which appeared last year on the live *Roxy* album.

"16 Again", probably my



things, material and otherwise.

The longest track is "Pulsebeat", driven along by John Maher's jungle drumming, with two lengthy instrumental passages and then out of the blue — the first new wave DRUM SOLO!!!

It's a song which works much better live than on record, where it seems much too long and drawn out, never warranting the six minutes given to it here. And a drum solo is a drum solo, whether it's Billy Cobham of John Maher. Need I say more?

When Shelley was talking last year of the "Surprises" on the album, he must have been referring to some of the strange goings on which close

master of arco bass, is a helluva heavyweight to have on the strength, shuddering up crypts and gothic licks while Motian teases up a filigree of gongs, snares and shakers in that incredible ECM stereo.

The title track is a model of controlled intensity, and very exciting. "Prelude", too, is up in the paint cards, Brackeen overblowing through a maze of snags and spurs. Melody that survives without the usual acres of space and diminuendo is one of the virtues of this fine album, and if "Asia" collars a little of the solitude of Taps, it certainly subjects that mood to an obstacle course. "Kalyso" is charming, and I charm hard.

Brian Case



YUSEF LATEEF IS THE "ROBOT MAN" CTSP012

A Smash Disco single taken from Yusef Lateef's forthcoming album on CTI Records "Autophysioptic" CTI

DE BASEMENT OF THE ARTS



VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival (Warner Brothers)
WHETHER THE majority of the bands represented have either the stamina or the inspiration to stay the distance in these turbulent times is still very much open to conjecture.

As it is, this splendidous compendium (yours throughout March for £4.49 and £5.99 thereafter) offers a crash course of the list of runners, enabling one to both reassess the form and subsequently hedge bets.

Between November 22 and December 11 of last year, The Hope & Anchor beef boutique in Islington promoted a cross-section of The Best of British at roots level.

Capital Radio transmitted the proceedings nightly and, under Warner Brothers banner, a dozen labels have combined to record highlights for this double album.

Whilst compilations of this very nature seldom succeed for innumerable reasons (one most noticeable being that the participants have little in common to appeal to a more general audience) "Front Row Festival" proves to be a most welcome exception.

Though every act rowed in its own producer (and/or remix engineer), there's no apparent conflict of interests or technical patchiness. The overall quality of George "Porky" Peckham's deft mastering creates a uniform excellence and continuity of sound



I'll get it right next time

Pic PHILIP DEAN



Come on, s'tassy

Pic CHARLIE DAVIES

Such are the atmosphere and acoustics of the H&A's subterranean cavern that, unlike the majority of "live" albums, there's no irritating void between amps and microphones. A live'r album you'll not find anywhere.

There are moments, in particular the two cuts each from The Stranglers and The Pirates, where you'd be hard pressed to find any other recorded evidence by these

two bands that surpasses the licks they laid down on November 22 and 23 respectively.

Sure, cutting the mustard in front of an audience may well be The Pirates' forte, but you'd have to toss a coin to decide whether The Pirates' "Gibson Martin Fender" or The Stranglers' "Hanging Around" emerge as this collection's finest moment.

As far as The Stranglers are concerned, "Hanging

Around" and "Straighten Out" open up a whole new perspective on this much-maligned group's musical expertise. Recently bad-mouthed for less than scintillating gigs, the sooner they release some live material of this standard, the better for all concerned. These cuts are dynamite and will prompt many to re-evaluate the group's prowess.

However, it's possible to

slice up this double into fairly loose groupings. The Stranglers, Pirates, Tyla Gang, Steve Gibbons and Wilko Johnson Band purveying the clout that has long been the trade mark of Hard Rock Brit Bands — though in Wilko's case "Dr. Feelgood" reveals his vocal limitations and suggests he'd be well advised to start holding auditions for a throat pronto.

The idiosyncratic XTC affirm their reputation with

"I'm Bugged" and "Science Fiction" and hint at a renewal of psychedelic wars. Roogalator argue that there's still considerable mileage in personalising R&B, as in their excellent "Zero Hero".

I'd be interested in hearing something more from Dire Straits but not from Burlesque. The endearing X Ray Spex have yet to top both their live and studio versions of "Oh Bondage" whilst The Pleasers fail to do just what their very name implies with "Billy" or "Rock And Roll Radio", and The Only Ones could have chosen something a little more representative than "Creatures of Doom".

Similarly, the kamikaze stormtrooping of The Studs, Saints and 999 may generate sufficient energy to light up Harlow New Town, but in the process all three fail to avoid obvious clichés with the result that they seem self-consciously dated — already!

On the plus side, cameo appearances by Steel Pulse with their dub-heavy "Sound Check" and Philip Rambow's "Underground Romance" vouch well for both their immediate futures and add to the collection's desirability.

Sure, there are few double albums in existence that couldn't be pruned down to make an even better single, but "Front Row Festival" doesn't carry too much excess baggage.

Furthermore, unlike the "Roxy" and "Vortex" albums, "Front Row Festival" won't by this time next year be viewed purely as nothing more than a quaint period piece.

Quite the contrary, along with "Live Stiffs" and the Tom Robinson EP, "Front Row Festival" stands as an accurate documentation of the most interesting year the '70s have so far offered.

Pity someone couldn't have squeezed in something somewhere by Bowie, The Clash and The Pistols.

Roy Carr

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DUSTY SPRINGFIELD
It Begins Again (Mercury)

I ONCE saw Dusty Springfield, on a package tour with The Searchers and Gene Pitney at the Sreatham Odeon in 1964. I used to like Dusty Springfield — those beguiling panda eyes, that succession of enjoyable chart singles through the '60s and that voice which for a convent girl was remarkable.

Then came the mysterious, self-imposed exile and now, four years on, a heavily promoted return album. Well, it's nice to see you back, Dusty, but ...

This sounds just like the sort of album you might expect after a four year lapse. Every track is impeccably chosen, the production is meticulous in the extreme, cotton wool round a precious Ming vase.

The voice is fine, but the material is not. Surely there must have been a wider and more representative choice of material available than what is offered here? A touch of Nona Hendryx, a spoonful of Carole Bayer Sager and a sprinkling of Barry Manilow — bring to the boil, then allow to simmer.

It probably won't disappoint ardent fans, but it's unlikely to win her any fresh converts either. The single, a rousing version of "A Love Like Yours" is included. Buy that, but not the album.

Patrick Humphries

**I'M AN AMERICAN ARTIST,
I HAVE NO GUILT,
I TRUST MY GUITAR**

PATTI SMITH
Easter (Arista)

PATTI SMITH said that Jesus died for somebody's sins, but not hers. She's a brave girl.

She calls the third Patti Smith Group album "Easter", ostensibly because the Easter weekend last year was the date of her first gig since putting her neck in traction with an untimely fall. She calls it their resurrection album.

But that's as far as the connection goes, because Patti Smith has no sins to atone for — at least not in her eyes. Her uncompromising, but at the same time utterly self-conscious, view of herself as poetess, mystic, iconoclast and many other things that are guaranteed to grate the nerves of those whose precious rock-'n'-roll has no business in the hands of some culture clique queen, is just that.

Like she says at the climax of the heated invective that prefaces "Rock'n'roll Nigger": "I am an American artist and I have no guilt". And elsewhere, "I trust my guitar".

If she accepts and revels — without guilt — in the consequences of her own actions, then any responsibility for the results falling to live up to the expectations of others must fall squarely with those others. Because, despite her rather naive claims (for instance that "Easter" will "inject hope into people who think that things — like the new wave — are faltering a little") she really only ever saves herself. Anybody who says Patti Smith is salvation is letting their romantic tendencies get the better of

them.

Which means, basically, that when I hold "Easter" up next to "Horses" and shake my head in the negative, it's my problem.

It's been almost two and a half years since her debut album, and the trajectory that took her from solo beat poetry to the dark throbbing spectres of "Horses" has, naturally and inexorably, moved.

After the relative aesthetic failure of "Radio Ethiopia", which wasn't a bad album as such but was too conscious of living up to and evoking recent glories for its own good, and after the by-off caused by her accident, we find Ms Smith still plagued by the problem of getting her stream-of-consciousness raps in synch with the hard pumping rock of her band, and of getting it down with the ferocious energy it possesses live, whilst using convincingly the opportunity for control of mood and texture that studio performance affords.

This problem is sadly paramount here, due to producer Jimmy Iovine's reliance on studio trickery rather than empathy. On the more straightforward cuts — most of which are intoxicating stuff, even if they go more for mainstream than the jugular — Iovine's beefing up the group's sound is discreet and brooks few complaints.

But on "25th Floor/High On Rebellion", the one studio trance dance, Patti's words are lost in a flurry of overmixing, her effect reduced to all as the band thrash on to a fairly strained climax.

Though the verse that



Well,
we here
at the neck of
Patti's guitar
ain't quite
so sure

Pic: DONNA SANTISI

intersperses certain other cuts is equally lamely handled, it isn't all the fault of the producer. If the songs are generally as strong, searching and occasionally harrowing as before, the potency of the lady's diatribe is at times noticeably reduced.

Only on "Babelogue", the live opening to "Rock'n'roll

Nigger", and "Rock'n'roll Nigger", which despite having a chorus that wouldn't even say much for The Cortinas is still a paean to rebel defiance, does her fury surpass itself and the venom cut loose.

Don't let nit-picking disappointments cloud the focus though. Patti Smith's energy is irrepensible and contagious.

She pours enough of it into "Easter" to keep the average artist going for years. Aside from slight misgivings as to creative direction, which time will either surface or suppress, my only real complaint is that ex-John Cale alumni Bruce Brody is no substitute for Richard Sahl.

Paul Rambali

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BIM SHEIMAN
Love Forever (Tribes Man)

FEATURING A selection of self-produced sides — the majority of which have already surfaced in pre 45s over the past three years and proven themselves on the UK sound-system circuit — "Love Forever" marks an auspicious album debut by 26 year old Kingston dread, *Bim Sheiman*. All ten titles share his idiosyncratic, pervasive, understated vocal style, pleading the cause. To casual ears "Love Forever" is unlikely to make much impression; only upon further acquaintance is the elusive quality of the singer and endurable tenor of his songs revealed.

The title track dates from early sessions in 1975. It is a pretty love plaint, finely spun, its sustained active service via Coxone Hi Fi at the time of its original issue, although it's not to my own particular taste.

More to my preference are "Fit To Survive" (originally titled "Tribulation") and "Keep On Trying" (plain "Trying" on Kismet and Red Sea labels at one time) — the two other 1975 releases.

Even better is "Danger", a 1976 rave. The same rhythm later serviced Sheiman's supreme "Ital Nest" title, sadly not included. His paen to herb and sound-systems, "Black Jah Jah Sound", similarly merits consideration.

Produced by the Ja Man team of Swaby and Hollett, "Fight Against Natty Dread" (formerly "Mighty Ruler") is a finely honed as any of the singer's Scorpio self-

productions even if its equivocal tale lacks sting in comparison.

In toto, an admirable introduction to a fine singer and honest writer. *Bim Sheiman* is not uptown top ranking, he's downtown ghetto; and that's where the soul of reggae remains.

Penny Reel

ANDREW LLOYD-WEBBER
Variations (MCA)

IN WHICH Andrew "One isn't really a performer" Lloyd Webber of "JC Superstar" and "Evita" notoriety plunders the work of Italian 19th century violinist Paganini, proposing a series of "Variations" (deviations, more like) to be performed by his ocellist brother Julian, pianist Rod Argent, saxist Barbara Thompson and sundry members of Jon Hiseman's Colosseum II.

All of which only proves what we already knew — that rock and classics should never be brutalised into cohabitation. As it is, "Variations" manages to hit more lows than even Deep Purple's horrendous exercise in Total Kitsch, "Concerto For Group And Orchestra". More to the point, how did Lloyd-Webber manage to persuade a fine rock guitarist like Gary Moore to help perpetrate this sort of high camp sugar misting?

"Variations" is also the current theme music to *Belvyn Bagg's South Bank Show*. Need I say more . . .

Angus MacKinnon

HUMMINGBIRD
Diamond Nights (A&M)

NOBODY'S REALLY been certain of what Hummingbird have been trying to achieve, but "Diamond Nights" at last establishes an identity for them.

To some extent this sudden clarity of vision and new found purpose has been forced on them by a record company who want the music to be commercially acceptable. Such

"guidance" has been beneficial, because with their first two sets the band breezed along unhurried, showing there was no pressure on them to ship vast quantities of "product".



The players have had dual careers with other work, until now, taking precedence. On each set they've encountered lineup changes, with the ex-Beck trio — Bobby Trench (vocals and guitar), Max Middleton (keyboards) and Clive Chaman (bass) — remaining constant, but picking up drummer Bernard Purdie on the last album, and guitarist Robert Ahwai on this.

No longer stylistically uncertain (or uncommitted) Hummingbird have now found a direction for their considerable collective talent. Instead of meandering they emerge here as a superbly imaginative r'n'b/soul band, especially evident on "Got My Led Boots On" and the sensitive reading of Jules Freedman's "Losing You" by Trench.

Musically they're terse, creating a black feel in the rhythm section, overlaid by Middleton's clavinet and electronic doodling on moog, Ahwai's guitar occasionally breaking through, generally relying on Trench's vocals — a confidence which is never misplaced.

Yet such restraint does have its drawbacks. Instrumentally several of the tracks could have been a lot more eventful, and a major criticism concerns the added strings and brass

David Coverdale's Breakdown.



A rock 'n' roll story of how Deep Purple finally ground to an end.
 "Shot you full of rock 'n' roll, couldn't make your soul."
 Screaming like a wild cat, David Coverdale one time lead singer of Purple tells you how it was, on his latest single 'Breakdown,' taken from the new album 'Northwinds.'

Breakdown the single PUR136 Northwinds the album TPS3513.

embellishments which are often unnecessary and at times — "She Is My Lady" and "Spirit" — are nothing more than a commercial ploy, taking the band dangerously close to MOR.

But "Diamond Nights" is successful and indicates that once they put their minds to it, there's a lot of good music still to come out of the band.

Tony Stewart



VARIOUS ARTISTS

All You Need is Love: A Story of Popular Music (Theatre Projects Records)

JUST WHAT the world needs — the 'soundtrack' from the series that precious few people watched any year, released the best part of a year after it finished its run.

All You Need is Tony Palmer attempted to tell the story of popular music. If ever a double album was really merited, then this would seem to be instance. Instead you get 20 seemingly random selections crammed onto a single album with a paucity of sleeve notes.

Chronologically it's way up the shoot. What sort of programming is it that slots in The Velvet Underground's "I'm Waiting for My Man" between The Shadows' "Apache" and a Neil Sedaka song?

Let it be said though, there are some great tracks here. Blueberry Hill "Whole Lotta Shakin'" and "Layla" will never pall, but on the other hand could Slade, The Osmonds and 10CC really be

EXCHANGE & DART

New Yorkers Not So Tuff

TUFF DARTS
Tuff Darts: (Sire Import)

REMEMBER THE live double album that they released as an EP? That's right, the CBGB affair.

"The Home Of Underground Rock", the album was subtitled, but the most glaring thing about the track selected to represent it as the lead-off on the EP, Tuff Darts' "All For The Love Of Rock'n'Roll", was how on-underground it was.

You thought they were all real weird down CBGBs, right? Patti Smith, Talking Heads, Ramones, Richard Hell, Television... Well, I'm here to tell you that this is one Sire/CBGB band that's not ashamed to play like average

Joe's when the feeling takes them.

Sorry to disappoint you, but Tuff Darts are about as new wave as any bar band amalgamating a touch of ghoulish humour with a little New York swagger and a bunch of underamped heavy metal riffs. That's not to say that "Tuff Darts!" is a bad album. Just as long as you don't expect cosmic punks, that's all.

Tuff Darts are Tommy Frenzy, rather weak vocals, Jeff Salem, pleasant lead guitar and half the songs, Bobby Butani, guitar, John DeSalvo, bass and the rest of the songs, and new drummer John Morelli.

Their forte is pop heavy metal. Whether because they are a bar band rather than a



true-blue heavy outfit, or because Frenzy's voice couldn't really cut it against a more metallic setting, they never stray far enough into HM territory to be budgeting.

Their songs tend to trade on the shallow humour of perversion — "Phone Booth Man" depicts a heavy breather, "She's Dead" a strangler — or sexual potdowns — "(Your Love Is Like) Nuclear Waste" features "slimy kisses" and the like, while "Slash" is about a suicidal impotent. All pretty run-of-the-mill adolescent stuff, mildly amusing, low on clichés, but irritatingly inconsequential.

Also, it's written mainly by the guitarist and bassist, which probably explains why much of

it's pretty unsingable. That's a shame because they do have a few strong melodies — albeit scattered in amongst an overload of eminently forgettable hack rock.

I imagine they're really good live, but this set suffers from not being treated quite seriously enough. The same goes for the production. Yet occasionally Tuff Darts' melodic flair, energy and rock sensibility combine to suggest that they could yet make million-selling heavy pop classics. They'll have to work harder than this though.

As a point of interest, The Shirts contribute innocuous backing vocals on a couple of tracks. Now there's a band whose debut album I await with real interest.

Phil McNeill

called representative of the wide scope of popular culture?

I'm sure the copyright hassles must have been tremendous. Getting The Beatles alone must have made Palmer or whoever wonder if it was all worthwhile, but Status Quo instead of... Well, fill in the spaces yourselves.

Patrick Humphries

TERJE RYPDAL

Waves (ECM)

RICHARD BEIRACH

Hubris (ECM)

AFTER THE solo "After The Rain", "Waves" finds Terje Rypdal back within a group format — Palle Mikkelborg (trumpet, flugelhorn, keyboards and ring

modulator), Sveinung Hovensjø (6 and 4 string basses) and Jon Christensen (percussion) — but continuing the trend towards instrumental diversity exhibited on the previous album: the familiar, tense Rypdalian guitar doesn't predominate as it used to, Rypdal spending more time than is perhaps merited on synthesisers.

Admittedly, his sympathetic textures are far removed from the Wagnerian excesses of technoflash operators, but there's no doubt that his greatest ability lies in his nerve-shredding guitar technique.

The diversity extends to the pieces themselves, only "Charisma" (dreadful title) bearing any definite resemblance to his previous work.

Andy Gill

THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS

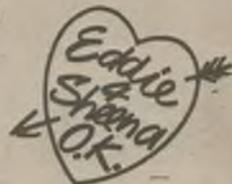
NEW ALBUM SAFARI LONG 1



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- 16th March DONCASTER, Outlook
- 17th March NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
- 19th March WHITLEY BAY, NORTHUMBERLAND, Rex Hotel
- 20th March FALKIRK, Maniqui
- 21st March GLASGOW, Satellite City
- 22nd March EDINBURGH, Crowds
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- Sun 12th CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
- Tue 14th SHEFFIELD, Top Rank
- Wed 15th BRISTOL, Tiffany's
- Thu 16th LANCASTER, Uni.
- Fri 17th LIVERPOOL, Eric's
- Sat 18th LEEDS, Uni
- Mon 20th SWINDON, The Affair
- Tue 21st KEIGHLEY, Nikkers
- Wed 22nd NEWCASTLE, Mayfair
- Thu 23rd DERBY, King's Hall
- Fri 24th BIRMINGHAM, Top Rank
- Sat 25th MANCHESTER, Mayflower
- Sun 26th MANCHESTER, Mayflower
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NEW PRODUCT ALBUM UAG 30159 CASSETTE TCK 30159



DAVE CLARK FIVE
Twenty-Five Thumping Great Hits (Polydor)

OH NO, not more power pop! Don't worry mate, this is the real thing: vintage 1963 Beatlecuts and those great white roll-neck shirts.

The DC5, London lads rather than Merseybeaters, had style, image and a lot of success. Fourteen consecutive hits in two years, still big names in the early '70s and with a classic teeny-bop cult film to their credit. A memorial of some sort was a good idea.

There are two reasons why it doesn't quite work. Twenty-five tracks on one album sounds like good value until you realise that one side is packed with essentially disposable late-period thrillers. Also, despite its undeniable charm, the earlier hits do sound painfully dated in comparison with some of their contemporaries. "Glad All Over", "Do You Love Me" and "Bits And Pieces", the opening broadside, are packed with energy, brashness and rough rock enthusiasm. The elephantine drums and jolly, singalong vocals haven't worn too well over the years.

Side one proceeds, thankfully in glorious mono, with a selection of familiar material from the group's beatboom heyday including "Can't You See She's Mine" and "Because." They show their rock 'n' roll roots on "You've Got What It Takes" and "ReeSing And Rocking", but my personal favourite is the breezy theme from the film *Catch Us If You Can* — highly reminiscent of "The Monkees Theme", teenagers on the run, having fun.

With a switch into stereo, Side two begins well with the "Good Old Rock 'n' Roll" medley (Part One only) and an excellent rocker in "Wild Weekend".

Unfortunately, that's about



DAVE as a boy

the extent of the record's value. From there it deteriorates as the DC5 pass into middle age along with their audience.

A frustrating epitaph for a group who had their own lucrative little niche in fun rock 'n' roll history. I remember staring for hours at the photos of their haircuts in the local barber's window.

There's some worthwhile material here but it's always sad when your memories let you down. See the film if you can.

Kim Davis

WAR

Galaxy (MCA)

SEVEN YEARS of consistent hitmaking doesn't appear to have done War much good. Sometimes with, sometimes without reservations I've enjoyed all their albums (about eight of them), but this new one terminates an affectionate relationship.

"Galaxy" sucks. It reeks of rip-off and a sterility of ideas as exemplified in the extended jazz-funk work-out on the final cut, "The Seven Tin Soldiers".

Guitarist Howard Scott gets good tone but the entirety is essentially a 14 minute wank-off, a regrettable development of a direction ominously hinted

at on their previous album, the otherwise commendable "Platinum Funk".

Considering the only other cut on side two is the insubstantial singalong "Hey Senoria" (which sounds like the kind of number War could've played in their sleep, that's half an album down the dumper.

There are times, momentarily, on t'other side when War's percussive arsenal (namely Papa Dee Allen) shows just what Santana might have achieved if they'd stayed away from all that Devadip malarkey. The title track — already a hit single — is as musically attractive as much of War's previous work (Lonnie Jordan's acoustic piano adding drive to the overall symphonisation), but the endlessly repeated phrase "out of sight" and the star patrol/some hero references turn "Galaxy" into disco fodder, a sonic bleep sci-fi cash-in.

Thank God for "Baby Face", a smile-happy intro — Charlie Miller's befuddled tenor honking drunkenly over the spastic, lurching drums, preceding a quaintly simplistic song, a strange, desultory cross between Southern small town steaminess and urban sidewalk jive.

Makes you forget that the affluent gents in suits 'n' shades on the cover have seemingly long-forgotten the street-wise joys of "All Day Music" and "The World Is A Ghetto".

Monty Smith

MATUMBI

The Best Of (Trojan)

PATCHY COLLECTION spanning the group's five association with the Kensal Green set up.

Unsympathetic to Matumbi's inherent talent, Trojan saddled their signing with a succession of producers to cut homegrown reggae versions of songs like Norman Whitfield's "Law Of The Land", Kool and The Gang's "Funky Stuff" — as "Reggae Stuff" — and

"Running In And Out Of Life". When this indifferent batch of bullshit failed to generate



interest, the company forsook the fledgling outfit. It wasn't until Matumbi had made a

name for themselves with the Safari "After Tonight" hit and Bob Dylan's "The Man In Me" on their own label, as well as the pseudonymic 4th Street Orchestra and African Stone successes, that Trojan reappeared on the scene waving injunctions.

To save complications, Matumbi decided to relinquish their tapes to Trojan for a minimal consideration, and set out their contract with the company. Hence the inclusion of "The Man In Me" and Bagg's solo "Can't Satisfy" on this set.

Safari, however, refused to relinquish the "After Tonight" tape, although they agreed to stop pressing the single, and so

the version you hear on "The Best Of" is a slightly inferior re-cut.

For the rest, "Wipe Them Out" from 1972 has always been a mainstay of Matumbi's stage act, and has endured well, although I personally prefer their 4th Street Orchestra reworking of the song on "Ah Who Seh? Go Deh!", while the "Brother Louie" toast has its moments.

Investigate "The Best Of" if you're at all interested in the early career of Britain's leading reggae outfit. Better still, search out "Ah Who Seh? Go Deh!", "Leggo! Ah Fe We Dis" and "Yu Learn" on the Rama label.

Penny Reel

IMPORTS

IMPORT, THE US label that's won a fair bit of kudos through its policy of reissuing choice British fare, has now changed its name to Visa.

But though the name has changed, the policy remains the same, the label's latest release being "Vision" (Vino IMP1016), a Peter Hamill compilation that includes cuts from "In Camera", "Chameleon In The Shadow Of The Night", "Nadie's Big Chance", "The Silent Corner" and "Fool's Mate", including two of the songs Hamill penned in conjunction with the legendary Chris Judge Smith.

Meanwhile back in Tennessee, Gusto-Starday have come up with the latest gimmick in the cash-in-on-Elvis campaign by corraling Terry Tigre, an ex soundalike, into a studio along with such notable Presley sidekicks as Scotty Moore, D.J. Fontana and The Jordanaires, re-cutting "Heartbreak Hotel", "Don't Be Cruel" and all the other sounds that once accompanied a couch surfing through Brytstream. Anyway, the name of the resultant album is "Elvis We Love You" (Gusto) and it's around to avoid if you wish.

Clog-rockers Kayak have a newie out in "Starlight Dancer" (Jama) a shuffle of tracks produced by the band and Jack Lancaster. And, incidentally, Kayak are up the creek without a paddle right now, being sans vocalist. So if you fancy yourself as chief milk-moulder with the dyke-busters then just send a demo-tape, plus a snazzy snapshot and details of your depressing past to Fritz Hirschland, P.O. Box 1759, The Hague, Holland and it's possible that you'll be on the band's next US tour in April. No kiddin'.

The Donegan re-emergence appears to be sparking off all kinds of reaction — for now Selecta are importing "The Fantastic Skiffle Festival" (German Decca), a double-belping of washboard-strumming and ten-chest bass plunking that includes cuts by The Worried Man and The Blue Jeans; some mid-'50s razzies by The Ken Colyer Skifflers (from whence Alexis Korner came); Bob Cort's "Six Five Special" (a must for members of the Pete Murray fan club) and some tracks from Korner's own historically important band, an outfit which included the late, great Cyril Davies.

Sticking to a nostalgia tack, it's worth noting that The Every Brothers' "Two Yanks In England" is around once more via a Dutch Warner Bros. release. Not a great Every release surely — Don and Phil's rehashes of "Somebody Help Me", "FBI The Flea" and "Pretty Flamingo" won't exactly have you cutting your heart out — but the sleeve is a classic, replete with shots of Don and Phil in Swings' London (mini-skirts rule, natch).

And as I climb back on my Lambretta, I'm close by listing this week's other meagre batch of arrivals, which include Miles Davis' "Dark Magoo" (CBS/Sony), a Carnegie Hall live shot from '74; The Manhattan's "There's No Good In Goodbye" (Columbia); "Vintage '78", the first Antez offering from Eddie Kendricks, once a Motown stalwart, and Mahogany Rush's "Live" (Columbia), on which Frank Marino and Co., show what they did on their hols during 1977.

Dream freaks.

Fred DeBar

IGGY POP & JAMES WILLIAMSON KILL CITY I GOT NOTHIN' ADA 4

DEAD!

Henry on page 6



BOTH SNADERS DEATH PRETENDED.—This is perhaps the most remarkable exclusive picture in the history of criminal photography. It shows the actual scene in the Sing Sing death house on the fatal evening merged through Ruth Snyder's body at 11.00 last night. Her helmeted head is visible in death, her face mask and an electric shaver in her hair, right by. The autopsy table on which her body was removed is inside her. Judd Gray, standing a prayer, followed her down the prison corridor at 11.11 "Father, forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing" says Ruth's last words.

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PLEASE GIVE me information on any Nina Simone recordings that might be available, as my local shop cannot even find out which label she records for. I would particularly like to obtain recordings of the following songs: "To Love Somebody", "Young, Gifted And Black", "Ain't Got No Life", "I Put A Spell On You" and "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" — can you help?

JEREMY MORT,
Leamington Spa,
Warwicks.

Frankly, the Nina Simone album scene is a pretty dismal one for all this fine artist's Phonogram, Contempo and RCA recordings have been deleted and the only Simone discs currently in the British catalogue are "Fine And Mellow" (Pye GH697), "Golden Hour Of Nina Simone" (Pye GH535) and "I Love You Forgy" (Bethlehem BCF6803), none of which contain the tracks you require.

The U.S. scene is equally pathetic, with no Simone discs appearing in the latest *Schwann* listing, and though *Interpol* reports that there's a "Best Of" compilation out on French Philips — which doubtless contains "I Put A Spell On You" and "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" — and that Nina recently turned up in Brussels to cut a newie for CTI, it would certainly appear that the one-time Eunice

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Simone deletions disaster

Waymon's former kits are extremely hard to come by.

CAN YOU provide details of the drum kit owned by Dave Mattacks of Fairport, Albion Dance Band and multifarious sessions fame? Also, what is he doing right now?

A. W. KING, Chiswick, London W.4

THE kit owned by David J. You've got to be kiddin'! According to Mattacks he

owns no less than five separate set-ups, two for live work (one being an Eddie Grant kit finished in plain black, and comprising a 14x5 snare (wood), 18x12 bass drum and 12x8, 14x14 toms, with Ludwig and Rogers hardware, stands and pedals; the other being an Eddie Grant in wood finish, with a 14x5 Gretsch wood shell, 14x14 bass drum, 14x10, 16x16, 18x16 toms, and Rogers hardware, stands and pedals).

He has two that are purely used for studio and recording work (A custom-built Eddie Ryan kit with Rogers lugs and fittings, all drums being single-headed and finished in marine pearl, comprising a 14x5 wood snare, 20x14 bass drum, 8x5,

10x6, 12x8, 13x9, 14x12, 16x14 toms and Rogers stands, pedals and hardware; plus a Gretsch kit finished in plain white and formed by a 14x5 metal snare, 20x14 bass drum, 12x8, 14x14, 16x16 toms and Gretsch/Ludwig/Rogers stands, pedals and hardware).

Finally, there's one other kit which can be used for either live or recording work, this being a Gretsch set-up in silver glitter and comprising a 14x5 metal snare, 12x14 bass drum, 13x9, 14x14, 16x16 toms, plus Rogers hardware, stands and pedals.

Three of the kits have their own sets of fibre cases, while two have custom built flight cases. Mattacks also has around 40 cymbals (mainly Paiste 602, Avedis and K. Zildjian) plus nine additional snare drums (mainly Ludwig — one being about 40 years old) and other assorted paraphernalia.

Since last May, Mattacks has been mainly studio-bound, working on the Phil Manzanera and Eno albums, plus two albums with Gus Dudgeon (Roy Hill and Chris Rea), a Julie Covington single etc., etc. Recent weeks have found him spending time in a studio with Ralph McTell, while he's also worked on the Albion's forthcoming "Rise



DAVE MATTACKS: five kits.

Up Like The Sun" album and will be touring with the band during this month and the next.

I'VE JUST found "Simon Says"/"The Marquis" by The Amboy Dukes, released on Polydor 56243 — could you tell me if Ted Nugent plays on it? D. SIMPSON, Stockport, Cheshire SK3 3AX.

Sorry, but there were two bands called The Amboy Dukes and you've found a disc by the British outfit of that name. Therefore, your discovery is Nugent — and, if my memory serves me well, is a remarkably rare effort, produced by Donny Elbert or some such passing soul survivor. Press the abort button and run.

COULD YOU list the bands Steve Gibbons has played with and also provide the address of his fan club, if there is one? PETER DUNN, Hambleton, Leamington.

WHERE CAN I get more info on The Steve Gibbons Band, plus maybe a few photos of the man himself?

JUDE, Bromley, Kent.
Gibbons, once a plumber's mate, was originally a member of The Dominettes, a band that later became The Uglies and cut several singles for Pye, CBS and MGM before splitting in 1969. He then joined Trevor Burton, Denny Laine and ex-Spooly Toothie Mike Kellie to form Balls, during this period commencing work on a solo album, "Short Stories", which was released on the Wizard label in May '71. Contractual problems then kept him pretty much off the band scene until 1973, during which year he formed The Steve Gibbons Band, became successful and once more could look at a ball-rock without the whole of his past life flashing before his eyes. Though Steve G. hasn't got a fan club, further and less facious info on the Brass-rocker can be obtained from Polydor Records, 17-19 Stratford Place, London W.1.

HOW ABOUT giving us some info on the 13th Floor Elevators? And don't forget the discography replete with catalogue numbers! MORTEN ELTVEDT, Oslo 6, Norway.

Oh God, not another threatening letter from Morten the nasty Norseman. Well, anyway, for the benefit of my normal readers (all two of 'em) I'll reveal that the 13th Floor Elevators were a '60s punk band from Texas, who recorded four albums: "The Psychedelic Sounds Of" (LA-1), "Easter Everywhere" (LA-5), "Live" (LA-6) and "Ball Of The Woods" (LA-9), plus numerous singles for the Austin-based International Artists label and one for Contact.

Lead vocalist with the outfit was Rocky Erickson (aka The Rev. Roger Rocky Kynard Erickson) who got busted on a couple of occasions and was

eventually ruled insane by the Court of Travis County, Texas, on October 6, 1969, spending the next three years in Rusk State Hospital. He was released even though a local DA claimed that "To put this man on the street again is to sign his death warrant — he'll OD in three months", and in '75 turned up at the Palamino, Hollywood, leading a band known as Bleib Allen and providing *Bomp* magazine with a rare interview. Incidentally, International Artists went flat years ago but further info on the label can be obtained from the I.A. Fan Club, c/o Greg Turner, 4857 Beeman Ave, N. Hollywood, CA 91667.

I WAS mildly bemused by a letter from one Rod Jones (Info City, January 21) regarding the album "To Keep From Crying" by Comus. For my name used to be Roger Wootton and I was once founder member and main songwriter for that now defunct band. To go into details about the fate which befell Comus would be far too tedious a tale to relate. Suffice to say that I am still alive and well and writing songs under the name of Roger Raven. After three years of trying to get a deal with various British record companies, I received a phone call from an English new-waver in Sweden, who on the strength of an ad I'd placed in *NME* offered me a month's residency at a Scandinavian club. And this being the first offer of work I've received in those three long years, I have accepted and will shortly leave for the frozen north, where I now hope to live and work, since I have found it impossible to generate any sort of interest in this country.

ROGER RAVEN, Chestfield, Nr Whitstable, Kent.
What with half our musicians moving out because they earn too much money and others having to make the big shift because they can't earn anything at all, it's a queer state of affairs isn't it? Anyway, good luck to ya, Roger, may the kronor readily flow in your direction.

I RECENTLY obtained a single by Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs titled "Oh That's Good, No That's Bad" / "Take What You Can Get". Can you tell me anything about the disc — how successful it was, when it was released, and if it's very rare etc? TERRY H., Putney, London S.W.15

Sorry, but your Sham-rock item isn't particularly rare and you won't have it declared as Treasure Trove — but the disc was a moderately successful one, reaching 54th spot in the *Billboard* Hot 100, soon after release in early '67. Sam's real name, by the way, was Domingo Samudio, the Sham bit being an R & B term for sluffing or jivin' around to music, probably derived from the "Shimmy" dance of the '20s.

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Avon 3430.

This guitar has a double cutaway allowing easy access to top frets. Two pick-ups of single pole type with individual tone and volume controls. Three-way pick-up selector switch for either or both pick-ups. Tulip style machine heads and fixed tailpiece/bridge combined unit. Slim neck with 22 wide frets. Finished in Cherry Red.

Avon 3430.

This guitar has a double cutaway allowing easy access to top frets. Two pick-ups of single pole type with individual tone and volume controls. Three-way pick-up selector switch for either or both pick-ups. Tulip style machine heads and fixed tailpiece/bridge combined unit. Slim neck with 22 wide frets. Finished in Cherry Red.



Avon 3431.

This guitar is a short-scale guitar with two cutaways for comfortable playing at the top of the neck. Single pole twin pick-ups with individual tone and volume controls. Three-way pick-up selector switch for either or both pick-ups. Nickel-plated machine heads and fixed tailpiece/bridge combined unit. Slim 22 fret neck. The guitar is finished in an attractive Yellow Sunburst.



Shaftesbury 3399.

This is a double cutaway bass guitar with an ash body and maple type neck. It has two pickups and a damper on the tailpiece. The action is fully adjustable and the controls are: volume control, two-tone controls (one mid-range one treble) and a four position switch for channel changes between the pickups. It is supplied with a fitted case.

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TEAC A-3340S



TEAC A-3300SX

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The fact that almost all TEAC machines not only accommodate a 10 1/2 inch tape spool but also incorporate both 15 and 7 1/2 ips record/playback speeds means that when operated at 15 ips it's possible to take a direct mixed-down copy from a multi-track studio stereo master and enjoy a playback true to the original.

Indeed, this is how most A&R departments "preview" the latest offerings from their artists and bypass accidental wear 'n' tear resulting from replaying a hand-cut acetate. Similarly, making direct recordings at 15 ips, gives optimum results and little if any noticeable loss of quality. If you're using the TEAC A-3340S (£780) for multi-overdubs, a 15 ips speed really works to the user's advantage.

A four track/ four channel machine with four separate output level controls and "Simul-Sync", the A-3340S has facilities to transform the record head into a monitor head for the purpose of quality control overdrubbing and mixing.

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As all TEAC machines house three heads (erase/record/play) and a three-motor transport system (either one Hysteresis Synchronous Capstan Motor or a Direct-Drive DC-Servo Capstan Motor plus two Eddy Current Induction Reel Motors), constant and precise tape movement is guaranteed, thereby eliminating the kind of tape distortion that can often as not ruin that one-off never-to-be-repeated performance.

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HI FI: By ROY CARR

Though in the past I've muddled at length with the A-3340S and achieved excellent results (especially when doing vocal overdubs) comparable with REVOX, this time around I pulled the TEAC A-3300SX — a four track/two channel recorder which weighs in at around £538 — and used it primarily for tape-to-tape and disc-to-tape transference.

For this test run, I utilised a selective playlist which I felt covered practically every commercial spectrum:

"The Hope and Anchor Front Row Festival" (Stranglers, XTC, Pirates, 999), "Once Upon A Time" (Donna Summer), "Man Ab Warrior" (Tapper Zukie), "Rumours" (Fleetwood Mac), "The Gauntlet" (Soundtrack), "Heroes" (David Bowie).

To test it on tapes, I used

private concert recordings by The Beatles, Bowie and Dylan.

Utilising the 15 ips speed exclusively I discovered that in every instance the overall quality of the playback signal enhanced the original source of material, beefed up the highs and lows and all but removed any flaws inherent in the pressings.

Furthermore, the positioning of the finger-touch control panel eliminated having to fiddle with awkward dials and switches to the extent that every operation could be conducted with just two fingers of one hand.

Sure, it was a dream to operate, but then taking into account the asking price, it should be!

Actually, the price of many reel-to-reel machines is something which must make many hi-fi buffs reject them in favour of cassette decks (despite the latter's drawbacks).

Though most of the time I monitored all recordings directly off the tape through headphones, the fact that I used Celestion-Ditton 33 speakers (approx £168 a pair) for the final grand-slam playback checks meant I was assured the best possible reproduction.

Don't laugh, but truthfully, I have sensitive ears(!) and more often than not find that far too many speaker systems are so "artificially bright" that they irritate and, worse still, distract from the quality of the music to the extent of "colouring" the original sound.

Over the last few months I've ceremoniously junked at least three sets of speakers in preference for my Celestion-Ditton stack. Indeed, I've reached the point whereby I now use Celestion as

a yardstick by which I measure all hi-fi hardware I pump through those speakers.

To their credit and my audio satisfaction, Celestion have managed to design a wide-range of speakers (to suit all budgets) which strike a comfortable balance between "warmth" and "brightness" without impairing the dynamic range of the original software or flattening the dimension of sound.

The Ditton 33 houses three speaker drive units: a soft dome "pressure" type HD 1000 tweeter that reproduces a frequency range of 2.5 kHz to 25kHz, a 127 mm diameter transmission line loaded midrange speaker that operates between 500 Hz and 2.5 kHz, while the 25 cm diameter bass unit produces accurate reproduction at ultra low distortion.

They also look swell. From experience, I've always felt that most

headphones defeat their object, often being too heavy and too tight and giving the user the impression of having her/his head locked in a vice.

Headaches and headphones often go together.

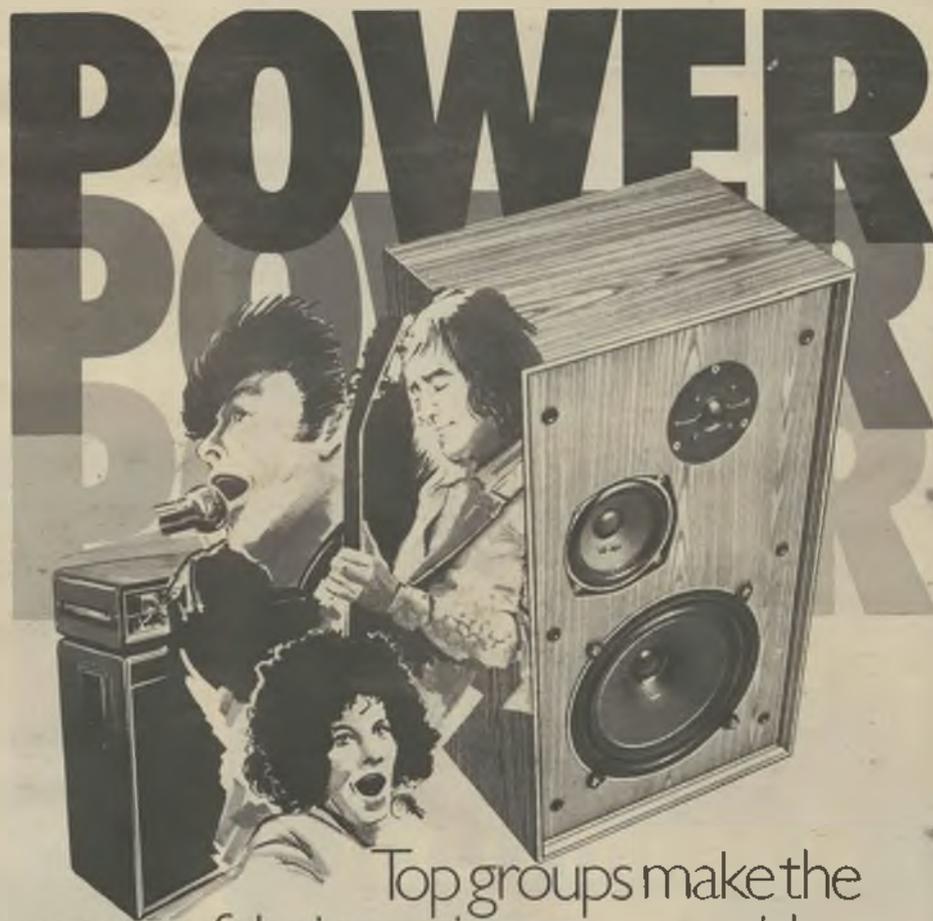
On the other hand, those headphones that don't give the appearance of being the latest line in chic bondage gear are so flimsy as to impair full listening pleasure. Also, they break in next to no time.

When test driving hi-fi equipment (especially tape and cassette decks), I invariably have to wear cans for hours on end. After one session lasting well over four hours I can honestly state that I encountered absolutely no discomfort whatsoever from the pair of Koss Tech-2 (£30) I was wearing.

Furthermore, they cupped my ears in such a manner that I could accurately evaluate the dynamic range of sound of both playback and monitoring.



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Ian Dury & The Blockheads DINGWALLS

IAN DURY isn't the prettiest bloke in rock-'n'-roll; quite the opposite in fact.

He's ugly, and because of it, unnerving. He shunts his squat twisted frame on to the Dingwall stage; his hair's greased back from a face that's hard and worn with thick age-lines gorged down and across it, and his eyes are sunk like deep plugholes under his temple.

The description shouldn't strike you as distasteful because Dury effectively exploits his own looks as a dramatic counterpoint to his lyrics.

And his character frequently slices through this harsh exterior shell, showing him as an affable comic, cynical, but having a playful shiftness to irritate and then humour his audience.

For many people he's a "new discovery", if only because his name has at last become familiar outside the loyal coterie that supported him through Kilburn And The High Roads and never doubted this East Londoner would one day be acknowledged as a major talent.

At one time he might just have been dismissed as a cockney cripple: a bizarre human curiosity who partly satiated the morbid fascination of the general public, but was recognised and remembered for little else.

His album "New Boots And Panties!!" rightly received the critical acclaim that "Handsome", the Kilburns' only platter, neither deserved nor got.

And now, five years after he first attracted any attention as a performer, Dury has a style and a band that looks like realising his artistic potential.

He might have already penned his own anthem in "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll..."

And he might also be the most impressive performer I've ever seen, putting on a show that's harrowingly grotesque, musically satisfying, and frequently so funny the laughs of the punters suddenly froth up their pints of lager. And for

ON

Mighty Dury, due to be mightier

this one at Dingwalls he can still draw a full house even when there's a heavy toll of three quid a ticket with the proceeds going to charity.

But he still isn't anywhere close to reaching the high plateau of his own talent.

Watching him trying to get there is, of course, the most powerful aspect of his act.

Despite his reputation as a somewhat vicious bullyboy, (mistakenly derived from his renowned lyrical bluntness), Dury is very much a charmer, cajoling the audience into his music with surprising politeness and control.

Even his feel for rock theatre, both in his own mime with facial contortions and his eyes dancing ludicrously in their sockets, and in the way he produces his peeps of under-clothing, silk scarves and a knife like a conjurer in a black comedy, is good humoured encouragement to the less hardy souls who might initially be repulsed by his appearance and song subject matter.

It's also in these songs, most of which come from "New

Pants" for his set, that there's an impression of understatement, again suggesting Dury has not yet touched his real composing zenith.

The affectionate "My Old Man" hints at greater melodies yet to be written, especially with the chorus which stops short of being the rousing anthem his audience could adopt.

And with "Wake Up And Make Love With Me" Dury's vision seems confused, the role of the man suddenly changing from being dominant to being the submissive partner.

As on the album, "Blackmail Man" comes in the set as the only piece of undisciplined rock-'n'-roll, a bonus to the Blockheads (joined by saxist Irish John Earl) who worked behind Dury's vocal rasps and croaks with tasteful diligence, and a compatible measure of restraint that even keeps the potentially unruly "Paisiow Patricia" in order.

Even with the saxes hectically pushing the pace, John Turnbull casts off the type of excellent guitar solo that



"I didn't realise these things could bite..."

PHOTO BY ROBERT TAUSSIG

THE TOWN

should be framed for admiration at a later point.

As a writer Dury isn't unique. Steve Marriott composed songs in a similar tradition when with the original Small Faces, particularly "Lazy Sunday". But life as an experience with him is down in the street, and not day-dreaming from the distance of a bedroom window.

And his roots bulge out like varicose veins, especially convincing on one of the many highlights of his show, "Billeneay Dickie".

Really, it's the combination of Dury's lyrics, his acting, and not least of all The Blockheads that now creates some of the best rock'n'roll entertainment in the country.

But you can take a bet on one sure thing: this is just the beginning of Dury's "newly discovered" excellence.

There's more.

Tony Stewart

Blondie

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY

AFTER THE European tour, Blondie's second British gig represented something of a homecoming to the fans here who remembered the band in their subservient role as Television's support act way back in the days when New Wave was new.

And everything was right on the night; the band justified their recent media take-overs with precise renditions of their healthy, meticulous songs; the University organisers got themselves a free course in security; Chrysalis reps swanked over their £500,000 bargain buy from Private Stock, and the acolytes — as if they could ever forget — stole themselves a time to remember.

It's too early to know (or care) how Blondie's uniqueness is likely to evolve, but whatever, on the strength of this performance, the band are headed for the big time.

Advertising, opening the show, were not so much subservient as token riders on the gravy train.

They did all they could to pull out the big one at this, their biggest break after gigning in modest Home Counties venues, and if you can imagine another Power Pop band probably influenced by XTC and definitely inspired by The Beatles, then you can get some idea of whether or not Advertising are worth checking out.

Singing about lingery underwear ("Suspenders Fun") and stealing girls ("Stolen Love") their sexist lyrics and attitudes (not that I care about that) might have washed before The Stranglers cornered the market.

Nevertheless, the band is possibly much more talented than it came across on the night, and of course, at this gig, more or less any band with the gall to support Blondie would have been redundant.

Blondie took their stations after a lengthy interval, and perhaps significantly, Debbie Harry's entrance was fairly low key — no instrumental preamble, no gimmick visuals, just straight into "X Offender" and reasonable equal light dispersal between band members.

Nevertheless, the spotlight that shines brightly on the New Wave Jean Harlow revealed her wearing red thigh-length boots and what looked like an open-quartered football shirt she might have picked up the previous night outside the Blackburn city limits.

After a couple of numbers, she feels the heat and strips down to a strapless hooped

rugger vest which in mini-skirt days, you'd have called around half-inch decent.

Of course, you could call this sexism if you must, but that's the way it is. That's Debbie Harry for you. Declining requests to "Take 'em off" she glides her way through "Little Girl Lies"; "Look Good In Blue And She Looks Good In Sweat"; "Man Overboard" and then she whips out the maracas.

By this time, the melee upfront has intensified.

Fans grope for Debbie, but as she sings "In The Flesh" you get to feel the sexuality of her persona maybe isn't so calkous. A self-confessed former groupie, we know, but a trace of romanticism eases its way through now and again, and wouldn't we like to believe this is where her heart is?

But no. The kids are going back home to unload their Blondie badges, posters and calendars, and Debbie knows it.

She pats and eventually reaches for the outstretched hands with the premeditated trajectories. She ceases with style, moving continually, not with choreographed exactness, but always with undeniable cuteness.

As the fans begin to get a little over zealous, the blurring monitors assume the role of audience/band segregators; the roadie with the long hair gives the concept of "over-working" a whole new dimension. Whatever he gets paid, it isn't enough. It's all very reminiscent of Runawaysmania; except here, there's only the one girl responsible for the whole shooting match.

The show is an event more than anything else, which is why commentaries on the music are difficult, if not impossible, if not irrelevant.

Suffice to say that you have to work hard to make yourself aware that the guys in the band are no stooges.

And when you've done that, you see a fine guitarist in Chris Stein (there was plenty more where the lyrical intro to "Ruff Range" came from), a player who occasionally threatens to let it flow, but keeps everything tastefully



PHOTO BY JILL FURMANOVSKY

together for the sake of the band.

Along with Stein, Clement Burke (drums), Jim Destri (keyboards), Nigel Harrison (bass) and Frank Infante (rhythm) contrive a subtle pop sound as fresh, welcome and not totally dissimilar to that created by The Doors in their '60s easy listening phase.

And Debbie herself? Well, contrary to criticism expressed at certain British gigs, she's an original, stylised vocalist; more than that, her total performance projects true class.

The sex is just a bonus, if that's the way you like it. One enigma remains.

The band encore with "I'm Not Playing With Fire", minus Destri, but he shows up midway through with a free-lance lunge for (Debbie's boyfriend?) Stein. Burke chips in, ending the number with a berserk assault on his kit; Harrison hugs Debbie sympathetically and affectionately.

Something is happening and we don't know what it is. Invidious jealousy? No matter. At least they kept it to themselves.

Emma Ruth



Ms. Harry got the fans groping again.

PHOTO BY GUS STEWART

Jam solve the Where-do-they-go-from-here riddle; they get better

The Jam

MARQUEE JUICY confessions.

Just under two years ago I wrote something to the effect that The Sex Pistols would never create "a raw music for their generation". While I might still, by ridiculous academic semantics, justify that by arguing that the Pistols only rarely transcended their heavy metal limitations, it is an absurd statement in the face of these halcyon days.

Two days after seeing Wire and XTC, you have to choose between Sham 69 and The Jam playing at good venues just half a mile apart, with The Rezillos, Ian Dury and dozens of others all visible in London clubs within the space of seven days. It's not quite believable.

Leading up to The Jam's current tour of London, aspersions had apparently been cast of the where-do-they-go-from-here variety.

The instant they bound onstage at the Marquee, such questions become as irrelevant as my own skeleton-in-the-closet quote on the Pistols. They are sheer magic.

Gone are the dreadful sound problems that plagued them at the Clash Rainbow affair. Gone too is the frantic pacing that reportedly ruined their last tour.

They've always had a deep vein of maturity underlying the nervous energy, and now the two forces are on equal terms — even though they open with one of their less distinguished songs, "The Modern World".

Actually, their concept of "modern" is pretty strange. "Modern" isn't a modern word anyway — very '50s —

but their assumptions about the '60s as expressed principally in "Carnaby Street" are extraordinary.

Apparently Carnaby Street is "not what is used to be" — when it was part of "the British monarchy".

Sure, the mid-'60s were truly wonderful, but I can't help thinking that honising such institutions as Cathy McGowan and Carnaby Street is like looking back at the mid-'70s from a decade hence and remembering Jordan and the Kings Road.

Without wishing to detract from the star of Jubilee, I rather think that I'll remember The Jam.

For the record, they are wearing tasteful grey suits — "out power pop suits... and smiles," grins Paul Weller — black ties and delicately pin-striped tab-collar shirts.

They look good and they sound great.

Their greatest hidden asset is their vocals. Both Foxton and Weller have got really mellow hoarse voices, and together they make an irresistible blend.

Their next greatest hidden asset is Rick Buckler, whose drumming throughout the evening is absolutely superb. Deceptively leisurely, he seems to be the one responsible for the band's new-found calm attack, with Weller scattering in tinny chords over Bruce Foxton's dense, rhythmic bass.

If there is a predominant style among the better new bands it is not, in fact, buzzsaw guitar and amphetamine riffing and all that garbage, but the tendency for the bass to assume a virtual lead role.

However, after the initial rush of hearing them so clearly and on such confident form, things slacken off somewhat.

The bulk of the main set is taken from "This Is The Modern World", omitting the more 'poetic' songs — "Life From A Window" and "Tonight At Noon" (the latter song, incidentally, is literally poetic in that much of it is taken word for word from a poem by, I believe, Adrian Henri).

Paul Weller has yet to rise above the formulaisation that dogs many of his songs. Out of the best they've recorded, "All Around The World", "In The City", "I've Changed My Address", "I Got By In Time" and "Away From The Numbers", the last two aren't played at all, and the first two are left until the end.

This means that the core of the set, while excellently executed and quite good enough to keep you feeling happy (which, soft though it may seem, is how The Jam make me feel), is a little undistinguished.

Still, they make up for that by closing with "In The City", which Weller introduces as "Holidays In The Sun", and encoring gloriously with "Art School", "Carnaby Street" and finally, one of the most underrated singles of last year (along with "Complete Control" and the Pistols' most brilliant opus, "Holidays") — "All Around The World".

That is the standard The Jam should aim for with every song: energy built into the structure rather than through physical effort, a rhythm guitar part that is both essential and distinctive, intricate vocal parts, a chorus you can sing all night... a veritable masterpiece.

Anyway, it's great to see them working, back in the clubs where they've always been at their best (and the Marquee actually closed the doors before suffocation set in for once), and playing rather than jumping up and down.

I'm going back for more at the Music Machine. See you there.

Phil McNeil

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New bands from old...

Zal SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

QUITE A lot of people will have been awaiting Zal's emergence with some interest, what with Zal Cleminson, Chris Glen and Ted McKenna from the old SAHB on guitar, bass and drums respectively, and all those conveniently-timed rumours about "a guitarist from The Tubes" joining the band.

The "guitarist" in question is actually one Leroy Jones (who presumably has a thing about militant black homosexual poets), who I believe was the male dancer in The Tubes revue.

In Zal, he functions as the vocalist/front-man, a role in which he appears to have been influenced by Fee Waybill's extremist version of a pain-in-the-ass Yank. The band's fifth member is guitarist Billy Rankin, a seventeen-year-old Scottish lad who on this occasion ended up doing perhaps more than he bargained for, as Cleminson was plagued throughout the gig by amplifier gremlins, abandoning some of his guitar parts with obvious frustration.

Rankin plays pretty well, within the confines of the group's musical identity: the kind of solid rockaboogie with frills which suggests Zal are aiming for the American market.

As a singer, Jones proved something of a disaster: the possessor of a voice with neither clarity nor character on this occasion, he consistently obscured the meaning of song after song, possibly in the belief that his "dynamic stage presence" would make up visually for what he lacked aurally. It didn't.

Even bearing in mind the chaos caused by malfunctioning equipment, there was an awful lot of aimless, shambling prattling-around going on onstage, mostly originating in the area which should have been providing the focus of interest: centre stage.

And if Jones is so keen to stress that "this isn't the SAHB without Alex, this is Zal!", why does he insist on dragging in some half-formed ideas about rock theatre which are obviously the product of his period with The Tubes, and which fail to gel cohesively with the music?

The most successful song of the evening — "Touchy Subject" — featured Cleminson rather than Jones on lead vocals, and dealt with things like stroke-mag guilt and the white man's burden of racial conscience. Not that any questions were answered, or even asked: the *status quo* was merely stated with candour, and left at that.

Part way through the song, Jones returned to the stage swathed in polythene, and proceeded to roll around the floor, grunting incoherently into a microphone while



From left: RAY MAJOR, JOHN FIDDLER.

Pic: CHRISTINE SIVOUR

Cleminson produced machine-gun sounds from his guitar. It was both the most interesting part of the show and the most outrageous piece of crap I've seen on a stage in a long time. On this showing, neither group nor equipment are ready to perform in public. Drawing-board department, I think. Andy Gill

British Lions YORK UNIVERSITY

THE BRITISH Lions came here as a £250 agency deal to provide Valentine's Ball action three days after the romantic day, and the event proceeded to expose York's status as a rock and roll void. A token audience showed up, and, not

knowing whether to expect a heavy Medicine Head or Mott with a new vocalist, the artisans pogoed, the students played it cool, and the entertainments committee lost credibility.

The Lions themselves were not unaffected by the modesty of their reception, feeling perhaps that the city had been inadequately briefed on their collectively impressive pedigrees.

For Mott stalwarts Overend Watts and Buffin, having seen Mick Ralphs pull out the big one for Bad Co and Ian Hunter achieve sizeable — if occasionally tenuous — cult elitism, it must have seemed like starting all over again ten years after. A strong Phonogram investment, a ludicrous came to live with, concomitantly ham

album art-work, and then a suspect venue for their launching.

Support acts The Lads and Frisky didn't exactly help to contrive a congenial mood either.

The Lads played "Don't Believe A Word" several times in several camouflages, throwing in the occasional bum note to justify their re-working of the song.

Frisky were similarly ambitious with treatments of "Lido Shuffle", "She's Not There" and sundry originals contaminated with "Jessica" riffs.

Both bands are to be reckoned with as holiday camp residents. "Let's have a few bevies," suggested Frisky's frontman. The teetotalers hung around for the next number.

The British Lions, with everything stacked against them — mostly intelligentian blasé vibes and pogoers who couldn't get to the Amazon-blades Scarborough gig — had to work hard to justify their reputations to those who knew and cared.

The band methodically duplicated the heavy metal songs from their excellent debut album, and while one could question the validity of another band of this genre, it has to be said that the Lions deliver the goods with precision and style.

With or without facial hair, John Fiddler is a powerful vocalist, anxious to prove that his liaison with Mott is no desperate swan song. And while Medicine Head made some unique singles, one wonders why Fiddler waited so long to free himself from the duo's unsympathetic image. He obviously believes in what he's doing now.

The other players are likewise fully committed to the new venture, while being simultaneously aware that playing their kind of music in '78 isn't the easiest thing on earth to get away with. And in fact, the band appear to have a leit motif in punk references; "All you young people/Don't you forget where it's leading us/Don't fix with a steeple/And you get no respect/Just from sniffin' glue" ("Eat The Rich"); "Look like a fool/If you're too old to pogo" ("Booster").

Not the best lines that Fiddler has come up with, they could even be interpreted as a shot at self-justification for the band. And then you have Watts sporting a geological hammer bolstered to his pants and Morgan Fisher spraying wine at the punk-deprived punks.

It was all very tongue-in-cheek, but also very indicative that the Lions are aware that their music is against the current vogue, and they're not



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London HAMMERSMITH ODEON - March 25th

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sure where their audience is going to come from.

The band is unprepared, and possibly — through self-respect and pride in their roots — unable to be compromised or influenced by the new music, even the more sophisticated styles. It's probably a viable decision, too. If the Lions are yet another heavy metal band arriving on the scene late in the day, then, to their credit, at least their songs are songs — the single, "One More Chance To Run", with its mooring vocals and beautifully memorable hook; the tasteful Holly feeling of "Break This Fool"; Fiddler's Springsteen vocals on "My Life's In Your Hands".

Only very occasionally, as in Fowley's "International Heroes" (with its Young Dudes intro and general Mott feel) do the band acceptably regress into their aesthetic back catalogues.

Inevitably, the Lions are playing roulette with the times, but they're prudent troopers who seem to know what they're doing, old and wise enough to see it through. And as a tribute to the band's integrity, it has to be said that there's no bandwagon the Lions are jumping on that they haven't already created for themselves.

Emma Ruth

Deke Leonard's Iceberg

EDINBURGH

IT WOULDN'T be too hard, I suppose, for some fertile mind to concoct a pretty strong case for Deke Leonard being the true spirit of rock'n'roll itself.

There's no hint of glaucoma or pose about this hardy annual as he stands there in his jeans and chined leathers (they look like Dory Previn), eyes shut with the intensity of it all, unburdening his energetic, no frills hard rock to a small but appreciative audience.

A real people's man, in fact. I wouldn't be surprised if Deke Leonard was born in a Transit

van, fated forever to drive the motorways from one small-time gig to the next.

Indeed he seems to be a man more celebrated for his on-the-road lifestyle than for any actual contribution to music itself. Nothing he's written has been particularly outstanding, and for hard rock it's remarkably pleasant and inoffensive, hovering somewhere between basic Quo boogie and tight but lightweight rock tunes. It certainly causes a minimum of disruption to the system.

On this particular occasion the gig was again low key — a college of education — attracting upwards of a hundred or so, including the usual kernel of highly partisan devotees and, oddly enough, a sizeable posse of glad-to-be-gays.

Starting with one of his more memorable and incisive numbers, the powerful "7171 531", Leonard and his three-piece Iceberg drove their hard-working way through a set drawn mainly from the "Iceberg" and "Kamikaze" albums.

A couple of new numbers in the same straightforward vein were also included, along with one to two interesting odds'n'sods, like John Cippolina's "Stuck" (from Man's "Maximum Darkness" collaboration) and the old Man favourite "Daughter Of The Fireplace" (as an encore).

Deke himself turned in his usual sturdily effective display on guitar, but he could do with a more aggressive co-frontman (where's Malcolm Morley these days?) to share the load and help attempt something more ambitious. I gather, however, that pianist Howard Hughes is newly added and just finding his feet, so maybe that one will sort itself out.

The climax to this momentarily diverting but ultimately insubstantial rock'n'roll smack is his almost-hit "Hard Way To Live". The nearest to commercial success old workhorse Deke may get. A hard way to live indeed, and I only hope he enjoys it.

Ian Crahan

... old bands from old

Steeleye Span THE DOME, BRIGHTON

IT SEEMS like only yesterday that I was legging it downtown to buy Steeleye's second LP, "Please To See The King". And a very impressive album it was too.

Now, on their last tour, after eight years, 700 gigs, and several personnel changes, their music seems to have completed a full circle.

Not only has Martin Carthy rejoined their ranks, but the set (thankfully) has bypassed their little sortie into jukebox jive that spawned such 'strictly



MADDY PRIOR. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

roots' pop tunes as "All Around My Hat".

Among the usual rustic ditties about plum pudding and wanion women were a few outstandingly good songs. "Montrose", for example achieved the balance of an electric sound that gave it more projection, without seeming the least bit obtrusive. Also, they used an off beat backing perfectly to produce the distinctive lilting quality in the vocals.

The Brecht/Kurt Weill song "The Black Freighter" made

the most impact on the crowd — but very little on me. Such enormously powerful lyrics from Germanic cabaret, and Maddy Prior's almost virginal tones, seemed totally incompatible. I felt that if she'd slipped in a couple of "Wack-Fol-Der-Riddle-Oh's", no-one would have noticed the difference.

The band are far more impressive within the format of much simpler songs like "False Knight On The Road". Not only does Maddy's excellent sense of rhythm come across clearer, but their arrangements

have a much greater impact when less involved in attempting complex mood changes.

John Kirkpatrick did a little deft shuffling in a display of Morris dancing, and they finished up with a few rousing jigs and a five-part harmony gospel number, "Down In The Valley".

I'm not sold on Nigel Pegrum's drumming. Kept simple, it was great. But his over-exuberant fills successfully stomped on any remotely medieval feel. (What market for power-folk, I wonder?)

Steeleye's overall sound in general, now minus Peter Knight's violin and plus Kirkpatrick's superb accordion playing, seems a little more staid. As did much of Maddy's performance. She was so laid-back, she was practically horizontal. Her leap into the stalls for a spree of wreckless cavorting made things look somewhat contrived.

I was disappointed — but not really for any technical reason. My initial enthusiasm for Steeleye Span back in the beginning was simply for their innovation of electric folk. Over their eight years they have explored its every possibility, and I, for one, would now welcome a return to the acoustic.

Mark Ellen

JAZZ DIARY

OXFORD STREET'S 100 Club presents Mr Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band, plus The Barney Bates Trio on March 1st. Acker's lot are very active these days with tours and frequent TV and radio exposure. Mike Westbrook's Brass Band are currently making their first major European tour, playing in East Germany, Sweden, Finland and Denmark, and following this up by a collaboration with Henry Cow in Scandinavia in March.

Hugh Davies and David Toop are playing a concert at the Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High Street, on March 5th; admission 75p, starts at 3pm. The London Musicians Collective present Richard Bewick, Tony Wren, Roy Ashbury, Harrison Smith and Bob Carter on 10th, Bewick, Phil Wachsmann, Hugh Metcalf, Larry Stabbins and Matthew Hutchinson on 11th, both concerts beginning at 8pm at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1. Jazz Centre's Jazz At The Show has fixed Midnight Follies

Orchestras and The Harry Gold Pieces Of Eight for March 20th, the Zbitnew Namyslowski Quartet and Elton Dean's Ninesense for 21st, Great Jazz Solos Revisited and the Lennie Felix Trio for 22nd, a Guitar Night for Thursday 23rd, with the Pat Metheny Quartet, the Terry Smith Quartet and the Gary Boyle-Kenny Shaw Duo, the Willem Breuker Kollektief and the Tony Oxley Quartet for 24th, and George Grunz and Co, Franco Ambrosetti and Mal Waldron on 25th.

The Mike Osborne Quartet is at the Phoenix on 8th, and Kathy Stobart with Marion Williams at 7 Dials on 9th. The Star & Garter comes to an end as a jazz venue on March 4th.

Projection Records of 9 Grove End, Rectory Grove, Leigh-On-Sea, Essex, announce that the entire Shadur catalogue is now available through them, which means Cecil Taylor's triple album and Ayler and Sun Ra's doubles. Both of David Murray's Circle albums are also on Projection's books.

Columbia's new boss, Bruce Lundvall, an ex-tenorman himself, just keeps on signing up the right cats — Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw, Cedar Walton and now Bobby Hutcherson. Chap's hellbeat on a beret award.

Brian Case

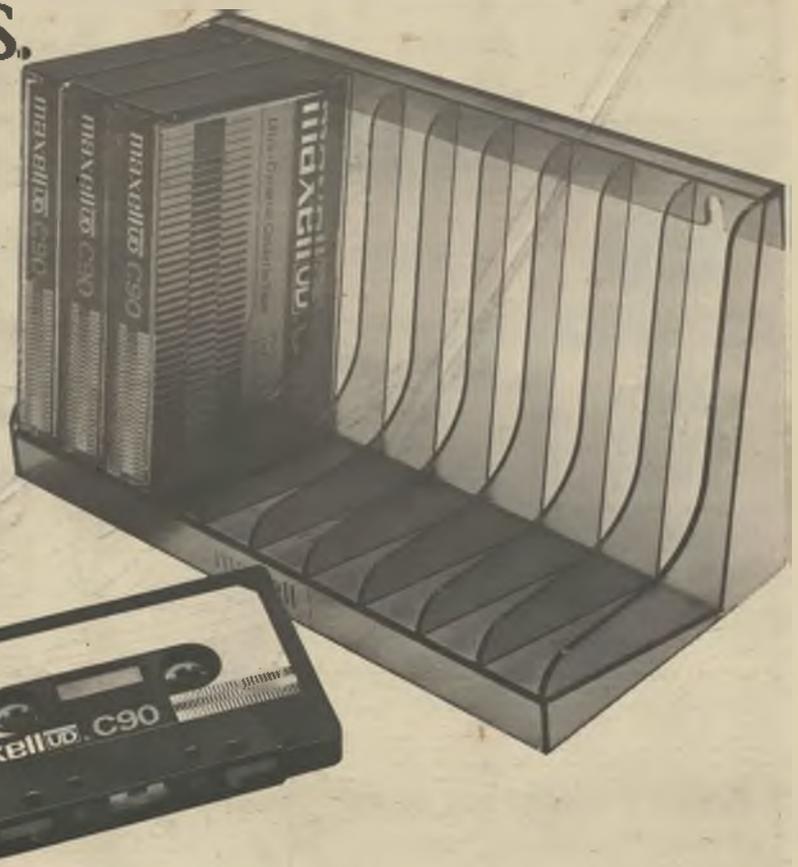
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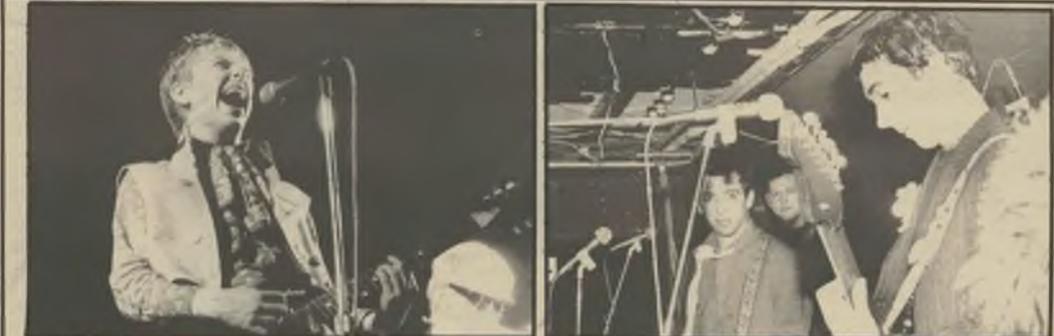
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BARTON STACEY Bumpers Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BASILDON Double Six: WARM JETS
BIRKENHEAD Mr Dippy's: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL AND THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Westfield College of Education: SCRATCH
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: KRAZY KAT
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: ALLAN TAYLOR
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: THE NEAT
BRISTOL B.Q. Club: CHARGE
BRISTOL Crookers: BRENT FORD AND THE NYLONS
BRISTOL Granary: ZHAIN
CARDIFF University: HOT CHOCOLATE
CNATBURN Pandal Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CHESTERFIELD Art College: THE LIMIT
COVENTRY Hand and Heart Inn: HARD TOP 22
DERBY Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH (for three days)
DERBY King's Hall: BUDGE/MUTZ
DONCASTER Outlook Club: 999
DUNDEE Caird Hall: EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
DUNDEE University: THE ADVERTS
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: BLONDIE/ADVERTISING
EDINBURGH Stuart's Ballroom: THE PIRATES
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: THE DARTS
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
HARROW Queen's Arms: PANAMA RED
HIGH WYCOMBE King Head: WRECKLESS ERIC
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: PAM AYERS
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: THE STUKAS
LEEDS F Club: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LEEDS Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT
LEEDS Routs Club: WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LEEDS Town Hall: NOEL PAUL STOOKEY
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE DESTROYERS/THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON Camden Dingwall: MATUMBI
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON Camden Music Machine: THE JAM / BLACK SLATE
LONDON Canning Town Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: REBEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SOLLO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: FRANCES GILRAY AND MICK BURKE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMPTSTEAD Westfield College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON KENSINGTON President Club: KESTRAL
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON North Polytechnic: ETRON FOU LELOUB-LANSABLA MAMMAS MANNA
LONDON OLD KENT RD, Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SALES/STIGHT
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: COCK SPARRER
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RUFF RAFF
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: NOEL MURPHY/MATTHEWS BROTHERS/DREW McCULLOCH
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: THE INTELLECTUALS
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: STRIDER/THE VIPERS
LONDON WEST HAMPTSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAYING MANTIS
MANCHESTER Ralters Club: WIRE



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NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE BOYS
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: THE INDEX/THE VAMPS
OXFORD R.A.F. Abingdon: GOBBLINZ
PENZANCE The Garden: HEAVY METAL KIDS
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: ROY WOOD'S WIZZO BAND
PLYMOUTH Metro: PATRICK FITZGERALD/THE LATE SHOW
PORESMOUTH Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: XTC
READING Bones Club: EATER/FRONT
SOUTHPORT District Showbar: BODY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: ARBE
WAKEFIELD Emily Hall: THE ALBION BAND
WORTHING The Balmar: THIEVES LIKE US
YORK Oval Ball: WHIRLWIND

LIVERPOOL Playhouse Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LIVERPOOL University: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON BRITXON Little Bit Ritzy (ex-Classic Cinema): MATUMBI / PSALM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwall: ROKOTTO / BRIAN PARRISH BAND
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SUNDERLAND Locarno: ENGLAND
LIVERSTON Penny Farthing: 999
WALTON-ON-THAMES Walton Hog: THE DIALS
WIGAN Asquill Rugby Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: LITTLE ACRE

BEDFORD College of Higher Education: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SAD CAFE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: RAMROD
BIRMINGHAM Hagwood Rock Club: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: NOEL MURPHY
BISHOPS STORTFORD Railway Hotel: THE STUKAS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: ILLUSION / AMAZING BLONDEL
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: XTC
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: PAM AYERS
BRADFORD University: THE DARTS
BRIGHTON Arts College: SURPRISE SISTERS
BRIGHTON Rugby Club: THE SNEAKERS
BRIGHTON Clarence Hotel: THE CRUISEES
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE ROLL-UPS
BRISTOL Barton Hill Centre: ADAM & THE ANTS
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS (different band from one of the same name at Birmingham)
BRISTOL Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Theatre: MUD
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: DIAMOND
COLCHESTER Essex University: WIRE / THE ONLY ONES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE SUPREMES
DARLINGTON Barbs Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION
DARLINGTON Technical College: ZHAIN
DERBY King's Hall: THE RICH KIDS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BRITISH LIONS
DURHAM College of St. Hilda & Bede: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: SPUD
FOLKESTONE Lincs Cliff Hall: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
GLASGOW Burns Mowf: CHOU PARROT
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: THE ADVERTS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: STRAWBS
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: GONZALEZ
GRAVESEND Centre of Wales: REBEL
HARROGATE P.G. Club: KRAZY KAT
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: JULIE FELIX
HITCHIN College: HEAVY METAL KIDS / RUMBLE STRIPS
Huddersfield Polytechnic: ZAL
LEEDS Florida Green Hotel: THE MUTANTS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS University: HOT CHOCOLATE
LEICESTER University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
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Seven tours open

HOT CHOCOLATE tour opens at Cardiff (Thursday), Lancaster (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Norwich (Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday) and Eastbourne (Wednesday).
WRECKLESS ERIC and The New Rockets tour opens at High Wycombe (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Bristol (Saturday), London Kensington (Sunday) and Hull (Monday).
RENAISSANCE tour opens at Manchester (Thursday), Cardiff (Friday), Plymouth (Saturday), Bournemouth (Sunday) and Liverpool (Tuesday).
THE BUZZCOCKS and The Sits tour opens at Cambridge (Friday), London Woolwich (Saturday), Hemel Hempstead (Sunday), Plymouth (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday).
TAYARES tour opens at Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday) and a season at Leicester (from Tuesday).
GORDON GILTRAP tour opens at Sheffield (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).
JOHN MILES and U.S. rock singer Johnny Cougar tour opens at Hull (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough (Wednesday).

Other highlights

ALEX HARVEY makes his comeback at the London Palladium on Sunday with his new band, plus orchestra and choir.
DICKEY BETTS plays a one-off at London Rainbow on Tuesday with his re-shaped band, the Great Southerners.
PETE SEGER headlines a charity concert for Chile at London Albert Hall (Tuesday) and plays Newcastle on Wednesday.

Saturday

ASCOTT-UNDER-WYCHWOOD Tiddy Hall
DEREK BRIMSTON
AVR Darlington Hotel: DELROY WILLIAMS / SOUL EXPLOSION / MR. SUPER BAD

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

STAVE'S LIVE PAGE

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Saturday March 4th at 8.30 p.m.
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In The Sports Centre

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+ JOSH WHITE JUNIOR
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7th The Stowaway, Newport
8th Claire Hall, Haywards Heath
9th Town House, Wellington
10th Greyhound, Fulham
11th Barton Hill Youth Centre, Bristol
13th Crystal Ballroom, Bury
15th Star & Garter, Gt. Yarmouth
16th Centre Point, Epping
17th Sunshine Rooms, Dreamland, Margate
19th Bridgehouse, Canning Town
20th Hermit Club, Brentwood
23rd Digby's, Birkenhead
24th Double Six, Basildon

APRIL
1st Florde Greene Hotel, Leeds
5th Barbarella's, Birmingham
6th Wickford Youth Centre, Wickford

Scottish dates still being finalised and will be announced as soon as possible
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Thursday March 16th
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Admission 95p before 10.30 pm, £1.25 after 10.30 pm

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The Telegraph

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MAR 11: COLLEGE OF EDUCATION COVENTRY
MAR 12: TOP RANK CARDIFF
MAR 14: THE RAFTERS MANCHESTER
MAR 16: UNITY HALL WAKEFIELD
MAR 17: PRESTON POLYTECH
MAR 18: LEEDS POLYTECH
MAR 19: CARNEGIE HALL DUNFERMLINE
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MAR 21: BARBARELLA'S BIRMINGHAM
MAR 22: MUSIC MACHINE LONDON
MAR 23: TROUBADOUR PORT TALBO
MAR 25: CORN EXCHANGE
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MAR 26: VILLAGE BOWL
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MORE TO FOLLOW

TONIGHT

"DRUMMER MAN"

TJS RECORDS

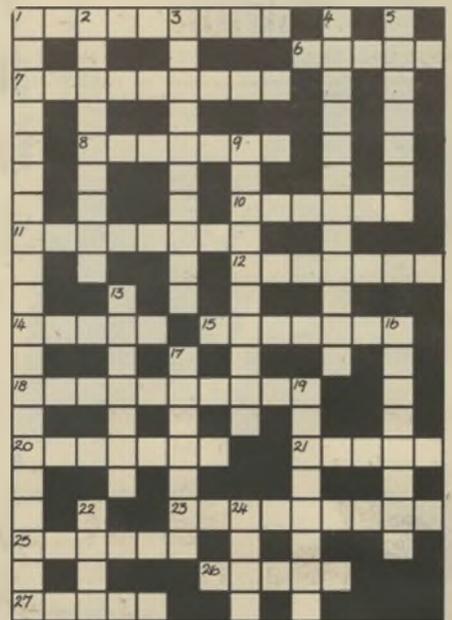
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CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- 1 & 5 Emily Brontë in the Top 30!
 - 6 & 26 The blues band he founded is now one of the world's most successful groups
 - 7 Of Earl's Court, British Leyland and "Dancin' The Night Away" (3, 6)
 - 8 Rainbow guitarist
 - 10 After F. Mac, America's No. 1 'hip easy listening' combo
 - 11 A D. Bowie production starting I. Pop (3, 5)
 - 12 Punk's original 'one chord wonders'
 - 14 By Debbie Harry after Randy and the Rainbows
 - 15 On early Elektra LPs, he was among first singers to record songs by unknowns Joni, Jackson and James Taylor (3, 4)
 - 18 There's Mona rearranged in New York City! (3, 7)
 - 20 Their singer / guitarist was recently killed in a shooting accident
 - 21 & 27 Ian Macdonald, Andy Ellison, Martin Gordon, Steve Parry collectively
 - 23 Connection between Pink Floyd and The Damned (4, 5)
 - 25 Ponia, producer and half '60s songwriting partnership of Anders & Ponia
 - 26 See 6
 - 27 See 21

- 2 Manchester punk combo, monotonous like a humming bee! (3, 6)
- 3 Scare a bit (ang. 3, 7)
- 4 Canvey dandy of the beer-stained mohair whistle'n'flute (3, 9)
- 5 See 1 across
- 9 Classic Beach Boys cruisin' anthem (1, 3, 6)
- 13 First half of "Evita" partnership (3, 4)
- 16 The one who married Patti, surname of
- 17 By the one who married Yoko, album of
- 19 Clash City Rocker
- 22 A McGarrigle sister
- 24 Racing kind of pub-rock transportation!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 The Boyfriends; 8 Herd; 10 Southside Johnny; 12 Ork; 13 "Tulane"; 16 "Apache"; 17 Bad (Company); 18 "Sound And Vision"; 22 Angie Bowie; 24 "Hey Jude"; 26 Jimmy Page; 27 Jerry (Lee Lewis); 28 "Substitute"; 29 Pappas. **DOWN:** 1 The Stooges; 2 (Andrew) Oldham; 3 Family; 4 "I Knew The (Bride)"; 5 New Orleans; 6 Sha Na Na; 7 (Link) Wray; 9 Punk; 11 "I Knew The Bride"; 14 Saints; 15 Mamas And (Papas); 17 Bonnie Raitt; 19 "Oxygene"; 20 (Richard Hell's) Voidoids; 21 (Billy) Idol; 23 (Jerry) Lee (Lewis); 25 Jorma (Kaukonen).

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Further information available from:
The Administrator, Wavendon Allmusic Plan, The Stables, Wavendon, Milton Keynes, MK17 8LT. Tel: (0908) 582522.

Way back in late 1976



Adam Ant
Pic: ROSS HALFIN

Adam And The Ants

NASHVILLE

FOR HIS part in 'Jubilee', Adam Ant just got his mug on the cover of *Films And Filming*, and after witnessing the Ants at play at the Nashville I reckon that movies are the boy's best bet.

With the same Kings Road origins and 'Sex' shop baroness Jordan as their manager, the group are basically Pistols surrogates.

In fact, they seem hopelessly stranded in late 1976 — punk dinosaurs. They play clumsy three-chord songs with blurred vocals and James Williamson riffs.

Adam himself comes on in Iggy demi-bondage and Ziggy grease paint, but no amount of torso torture and gesture could compensate for an utterly unimpressive vocal presence and a feeling of calculation.

Jordan came on for one number, strutted and howled like a Macbeth witch in candied 80's drag, and totally outshone her protégé. Her career doesn't seem in doubt.

God knows what The Inmates were doing on the same bill, or why they have such a punky name when they're a '60s R&B/Beat combo turning out stylish versions of Animals, Berry and the like.

There seemed to be no originals, and their choice of material was on the predictable side — classy update of Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" notwithstanding — but they generate a certain intensity, largely through the come-on of chunky lead singer Bill Myers — and the easy precision of lead guitarist Peter Guner, who runs a cool line in tab collars and Chuck Berry riffs.

Ned Spencer

Loudon Wainwright III

LONDON PALLADIUM

IT'S YEARS since I've been to a pantomime, but I didn't realise they'd changed this much. Apparently, times are hard: instead of a multitude of performers in flashy costumes there's only one man, sporting a very realistic beard.

Instead of lavish decor and sets there's only a grand piano, a bottle of lager and a scattered selection of guitars.

This more stylised interpretation of the pantomime tradition seems to be popular with hairy young men in afghans rather than the kiddies, but I must say Loudon Wainwright gave a very fine performance as Hans Christian Anderson; warm, witty and believable.

Gone are the old Danny Kaye favourites; Loudon performs a long, almost endless, list of his own songs, each immediately recognised and applauded by a devoted audience.

In fact, the crowd were so familiar with the material that Loudon dispensed with introductions completely.

Thus I find myself, in retrospect, unable to distinguish one aeroplane song from another, one love song from the next. He sang about almost everything during the set, from Jesus to golf, from swimming to suicide.

Loudon Wainwright's also a much more visually riveting performer than I would have expected, having been bored senseless by almost every other solitary man with an acoustic guitar in the world.

Every gesture, expression, passionate dance-step is a parody of stage histrionics, musical genres.

I found it difficult to understand why the audience hooped appreciation every time Wainwright derided musical forms which in other circumstances one might expect to be their favourites.

His basic stage persona is that of a double-dumb hipster slouching affably through life, crooning passionately about every ordinary, trivial phenomena.

He squeals in anguish about doing the breast-stroke then snickers in glee at the prospect of hanging himself.

After a couple of more serious, sincere songs I started to wonder whether this was "Hans Christian Anderson" at all but my doubts were quashed by a jolly singalong, clapping rendition of "Wine With Dinner". The kiddies would have loved it.

If this had been a real life gig I might have said that I knew nothing about this sort of music, that Loudon Wainwright is a relic from 1967, maybe even that this has got nothing to do with rock 'n' roll.

As it was, I enjoyed a nice, cosy pantomime.

Kim Davis

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IT'S USUALLY good for a laugh when Nick Kent slips one of his 'sophisticated' references to movies into an article or review, because more often than not he gets the reference wrong.

But it's not so funny when Kent gets to misrepresent an entire movie the way he did Derek Jarman's *Jubilee*, especially when the film is one of the very few made here recently that's actually worth seeing and thinking about. It doesn't much matter that he greets *Jubilee* with a bizarre mixture of professed boredom, abuse and moral outrage, but it *does* matter that he takes more than a page of the rag to do it, and still manages to avoid even mentioning at least half of the movie's contents. Kent has obviously picked up a trick or two from Mary Whitehouse: ignore all the bits that don't fit your thesis, and then slag off the rest as "irresponsible".

Readers who only know what Kent has told them about the film may be interested to learn that the entire "punk" section of the action is seen through the eyes of Queen Elizabeth I, whose presence and reactions bring one hell of a lot more than "A whiff of moral judgement" into the proceedings.

The movie opens in Elizabeth's court in 1578, with the astrologer John Dee summoning an angel to provide a vision of an unspecified future. (No-one says it's 1984, incidentally, that's purely Kent's interpretation). Elizabeth and Dee are then seen at fairly regular intervals throughout the film, commenting both directly and indirectly on everything they witness. It's important to the meaning of the film (but, of course, ignored by Kent) that both Elizabeth and Dee are played by Lenny Runcare.

Even in the 'contemporary' footage, though, Kent sees only "innumerable scenes of violence". Pity, that, since Jarman goes to great lengths to relate the violence to other factors — like the roles that women are forced into in a male-dominated society, and the survival strategies that some of the wilder feminists have proposed (look at Valerie Solanis' *SCUM Manifesto*, for instance). Kent might also have noticed that Jarman uses the impresario character Boygia Ginz and scenes like the murder of Wayne County to comment on the use of violence in entertainment. And that the film also contains a lot to do with sexual politics, not least a "cabaret" by the Lindsay Kemp Troupe that reflects the current appeal by *Gay News* against its conviction for "blasphemous libel".

Fortunately, *Jubilee* is strong enough to stand up for itself, and an attack as confused and partial as Kent's isn't going to harm its chances. That's just as well, because Kent clearly has no more idea of what it takes to make a film like this than he does of how to discuss the finished article. The fact is that if *Jubilee* is anything like as successful as Jarman's previous film *Shogun* was, it will prove to the film industry at large that it is possible to make a viable, low-cost feature film in this country. And anybody who really cares about the prospects for film-making here knows only too well how important that is.

In this light, it's Kent's pose of moral concern on behalf of supposedly slighted punks everywhere that is irresponsible, and *Jubilee* Tony Rayns. London WCI.

ps. The reason that I'm in a position to react to Kent's review is that I'm another media hack who was sent to review the movie. I liked what Kent didn't like, but that isn't the point.

good for The Bag. We here at The Bag haven't seen *Jubilee* but then that's not the point. I do think you're going too far to compare Nick to Blighhouse; Mrs. W. was never into Iggy Pop and leather strides as far as we know. Hack off. — N.S.

PLEASE KEEP on slagging 'Heavy Metal'. That way it will never die. Every time the music press prints reviews like Mark Ellen's about Rush at Hammersmith, Heavy Metal accumulates new found energy and an increased following. (Just read the "Sold Out" ads. in your paper).

Your man talks about "horrendous volume"! Ha! My car stereo plays that loud. I wish they would have turned it up. He continues "thoughtless sections of heavy riff, extreme rambling on synthesizer". What a load of bull. I think he must have spent the night in the bar and dreamt up this picture of what run-of-the-mill rock critics think "heavy metal" is all about.

Having never heard any of their records I went to see Rush merely on reputation. They turned out to be veritable and quite unlike any three piece band I have seen before.

I also read your comments in reply to F. Banger's letter. Maybe you are right in saying that Punk music is heavy metal played fast. I quite like some punk bands, but which of them could rival a performance by Rainbow.

As for saying "heavy metal is past its time" I do not agree. Heavy Metal will be around long after Punk has been finished dead and buried. In fact it's almost finished now the initial impact is over.

JOHN WESLEY, *Newport Pagnell, Bucks.*

"CSM says it's 'cos you like it played slowly with dumb sword and sorcery lyrics. Not dead culture surely, but definitely past its time." — N.S. *Gastrop, 25/2/78.*

Well listen yer man, I reckon yer talkin outa yer arse an' I'm sorry to say you is jus another poor corrupted

fool. Think in the proverbial shit you print in this comic every week, hundreds of innocent freaks like me have been pulled into a web of uncertainty, whether to fight or fall captive to P^{nk} worshipping.

For a start you can tell me just who you reckon plays slow dumb sword and sorcery music.

Man I'm getting hotted up with all ya cheap braino remarks. Why doncha go boil a chicken cos I can't take mucho more of da spiky hair an imitation plastic clothes wot don't fit, and you... — you of all people, promote it.

I'm tellin yer now man if yer don't give us freaks a bit more stit I stand in we's gonna fall all over yer anarctic flunkies an spit on yer split ear.

So just wipe yer nose and show us some respect an maybe I'll order yer comic for another couple'a weeks. **A FRACTURED FREAK.** *Glamorgan.*

A **megatrom of pro-Rush, pro-H.M. mail ripped through the NME offices last week, leaving us blitzed but unrepentant.**

Points: If you don't think Rush are loud, your ears are probably damaged. (Serious funk). As for Rush — pshaw and bah! How you guys expect me to take seriously three guys in silk kiltans waffling about recycling the worst aspects of Led Zeppelin AND coming out with crypto-fascist remarks such as you can read on pages 7 & 8 is beyond me. And who comes out with dumb sword and sorcery lyrics? Rush for one, Judas Priest for two, Uriah Heep for three... I won't continue. Oh, and I do wish Rush would leave Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* alone; they have nothing at all to do with the spirit of early C19 Romanticism, unlike, say, The Fugs singing William Blake. As for Fractured Freak — you don't have to "p^{nk} worship" OR "HM worship" — no false gods. Anyway, take our next correspondent. — N.S.

HAS ANYBODY else noticed the new breed of rock fan which has

developed since 1977? This new breed actually likes/listens to/dances to B.O.F. bands such as Sabbath, Zep, Hawkwind, etc. Not only that, these outcasts of society do the same to B.Y.F. bands — Clash, Vibrators etc.

This breed of fan is normally about 17 as Paul Morley says in the first of his articles on Judas Priest. This bloke must be astounded that some people actually like both new wave and old wave music. Surely this is because most punk bands play a form of music similar to that of the old wave HM bands. I've only seen two concerts this year — Judas Priest and The Vibrators. According to Morley, because I attended a Judas Priest concert, I exist in an alternative world — an underground teenybopper.

Where does this put The Vibrators? At their concert, the fans were all aged about 17 and there were even peace signs. So it's okay for Morley to make fun of a young Judas Priest audience but he wouldn't do the same about a punk audience.

He also thinks that a solo is a moment of ego fulfilling indulgence. I agree that is often the case with bands like Yes, Floyd etc. but not Judas Priest. After all, they only played for an hour so there wasn't much time for solos of any length. Anyway the new wave is into guitar solos — listen to the new Adverts single as an example.

Marley also says that HM is for the football louts, but so what? In Bristol, punk rock has more to do with which local football team you support than music, i.e. City hate punks, therefore Rovers fans are punks (or vice versa).

All I can say to Paul Morley is that your generation don't mean a thing to me (and incidentally, that song is a rip-off of "Paranoid").

A PAUL MORLEY FAN, *Filton Branch, Bristol.*

Oh yeah, too old at 19... what does that say for the bands you went to see? — N.S.

EVEN THOUGH he's a boring lump, Tony Parsons is rather sharp when it comes to spotting trends — Tory Rock. Well, it hadn't even

occurred to me until Tony's admirable hatchet-job on the Hot Rods.

Seems the idea of TR is to have loud, over-bearing, drone-like guitars played by token axe-heroes, backed by a neanderthal rhythm section idled over with the most banal, naive adolescent lyrical imaginable. This musical sledgehammer is used to beat the kids over their heads with until they kneel in acceptance.

Since people today are only too willing to sacrifice their individuality to some ideal Big Brother, Tory Rock goes down a storm with young headbangers. They reckon they're part of something vital, dynamic and rebellious. Quite the opposite is true.

TR is the new rock establishment. Its attitudes are negative: Young, promiscuous blokes are OK, but females start off way behind, and are only good for screwing. If they sleep around, they're tarts. If they won't screw me they're frigid. It's the Boys Club syndrome. It stinks. It's pathetic. There is no excuse.

John Rotten is an intellectual, he had it all sussed, and the Establishment tried its best to snuff him out. Now they don't have to bother; Tory Rock is doing the job of pacifying the kids, channelling their energy into harmless frivolities — just like bloody discomat.

THE IDIOT, Finchley.

Look, this is getting ridiculous. You have a point BUT by demanding that all art toe some "revolutionary" line — especially when your definition of what is revolutionary is so obviously feeble — you in fact prevent it from being revolutionary. Look what happened to Russian art when Stalinist attitudes got hold if you don't believe me. Dull, boring, stagnant, reactionary. Remember, nothing can stop the Duke Of Earl. — N.S.

THIS MORNING the new Genesis single was played on Radio 2. 'Nuff said.

PETE *disillusioned, University Park, Nottingham*

JESUS BUT you London boys make me puke. YOU COOL FOOLS! What's the matter, Rambali; don't tell me that "Powerpop" (which we have been mercifully spared thus far) is so bad that the Rezillos are good? Huh?

"What is the sublime essence of their quirky Celtic charm" ... The Rezillos are a bunch of clapped-out ageing hacksters who used to amiably admit, before it got dangerously unfashionable to do so, that they were only in it for the money and their egos. If Rambali is such a pea-brain that he mistakes their brand of calculated flash and tarted up skiffle for true fun-time teenweirdness, then at least have the decency to save his "me-next-for-the-next-thing" wanking for page 96, not a *centre-spread*. (Under duress, I'll grant them "Can't Stand My Baby" — but as an inspired fluke, no witty masterpiece; it's the best number they do).

And, more important, save your unsuspecting readers from mistaking them for the real thing or, Christ help us, the best that Scotland has to offer. What about Dunfermline's "Skids", Glasgow's "Jolt", or best of all Dundee's "Bread Poetice"?

B. WARNED, Aberdeen.

IN CASE you wanted to know what were the badges worn on T.O.T.P. by Magazine's drummer Martin Jackson, the white one on his right said "YODEL" and the black one on his left said "I'VE YODELLED WITH JACKIE AND JORJA".

If you're not sure about yodelling, ask The Damned.

JORJA.

Yeah, and look where yodelling got them. — N.S.

THIS IS THE MODERN BAG

THAT YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT

Letters Edited By **NEIL SPENCER**

Jordan gives the punters the bum's rush in 'Jubilee'

We here at The Bag say what's good for British independent cinema is

ONE-TWO... test... test... okay! Ladies and gentlemen, lets have a big round of applause for the hardest-working triple dot in show business today, the immortal... the inimitable... the incomparable... and considering that *Gasbag* is lurking on the opposite page, the *inevitable*... **TEAZERS!!!**

Thank you for that great introduction, Hughie, and now without any further ado, let's open the show with **Basher Bulletin**, the spot where we here at *T-Zerz* relay interesting facts about rock's most fascinating man. For openers, when is **Nick Lowe** not **Nick Lowe**? Answer: when he's **Dave Edmunds**. Check the pic that appeared in last week's *NME* ads for Basher's exquisite new cipee "Jesus Of Cool", and compare it on the album sleeve with the five other shots, and it'll soon become apparent that the commanding figure in the leathers 'n' shades is none other than **Dashing Dai Edmunds** in cunning disguise. God, will these people never cease tormenting us with their diabolical cleverness?

Furthermore, one wonders if this enigmatic subliminal guest appearance by Edmunds is some sly **Jake Riviera**-inspired hint as to why there are no backup credits anywhere in the album's packaging — or whether it's all just a **Roumour**.

And the last Basher Bulletin for this week: copies of our boy's early single as a member of **Kippington Lodge** (the group that later osmosed into **Bristley Schwarz**) is now changing hands in New York for around eighty quid a throw (*Don't believe it — Ed.*). It's just as well Basher's going to New York next week: if he takes enough Kippington Lodge singles with him he could make his air fare back, no trouble.

Are you sure you can see for miles, **Pete**? Recording of the long-awaited (*your hair for understatement just floors me — Ed.*) new album by the **Oo** has been temporarily derailed due to a slight case of **Pete Townshend** having a reality problem and walking through what he thought was an open door and then finding out that it was a glass door. A closed glass door, in fact. Damage was minimal, we're happy to say, and Pete won't die until he gets old. Get well soon, sunshine, and mind how you go.

Now that **The Damned** are once and for all **The Dimmed**, whither will they wander? According to vibrations reaching the gently waving antennae of **Teazers**, **Lu** and drummer **John Moss** will be — you should pardon the expression — getting a new band together and **Captain Sensible** has been receiving plenty of offers of session work and — so we hear — a proposition of sorts from a couple of geezers who used to be in a group called **The Sex Pistols** (we know we've heard the name before *somewhere*) while **Dave Vanlan** may link up with **The Doctors**. If we're right, remember where you read it first. If we're not, don't say **Teazers** told you.

Oh dear, what a giveaway: our favourite person in the whole wide world, **Mrs Mary Whitehouse**, was recently more than embarrassed to discover that the secretary of the Cornwall branch of her **Viewers And Listeners' Association** was also the local branch organiser of the **National Front**. She was even more embarrassed when the man in question told the **Sunday People**, "In any case, aren't the **Viewers' Association** and the **National Front** really in the same struggle over many of our aims?" Couldn't have put it better ourselves.

Okay, social conscience comes out of the way for another week: let's get on with the real business of numbering people. Still catching hell from his ex **Dee Harrington** in the **Sunday Mirror** (fine paper, never miss it) is lovable old **Rod Stewart**. In last week's fab ish,



A WEEKLY CREAM PUFF EXPLOSION

Teazers

we learned that Rod chucked a pint of beer over Dee because she danced with **Ryan O'Neal** at a club while he was talking to **Denis Law** (oh no! surely not!), accused Dee of having been unfaithful because he found a scratch on her back — which she said was caused by sleeping in her jewellery — and having his dad tell her dad when she came to pick up her gear after the final bust-up that since Britti had already moved *her* stuff in, Dee couldn't come back without an appointment. It all sounds very sordid to us.

Still, last we heard Rod was still very happy with **Babe Bael**, and speaking of **Todd Rundgren** (*that was a bit nasty, wasn't it? — Ed.*), his next album "The Hermit Of Mink Hollow" — recorded without **Utopia** — is set for spring release — if he doesn't walk through any glass doors, that is.

Here's a silly one: **Jenny Darren** — a singer, we're told — had her dressing room burgled at a recent gig, and all that was missing was J.D.'s underwear. The tea-leaves had taken three pairs of knickers and a bra, but left several amps and a radio. We here at *T-Zerz* say we'd have taken the amps.

Let's not split hairs. **Squeeze** inform us that the organic debris chucked at them in beautiful downtown Bournemouth 'other week consisted of three pig foetuses rather than one dog foetus as reported in *Teazers* last week. Can't see that it makes that much difference, boys, but you got your names in the paper again.

Captain Sensible, **Kid Strange** of **The Doctors** and **Magazine** (minus **Howard Devoto**, who was probably asleep at the time) showed up to see **XTC** at the Lyceum last week, according to **Virgin Records**. Al (pardon my dangling participles) **Clark**, who also informed us that **XTC** made a right royal mess of the cake at their post-gig party. We're just glad it wasn't us who had to clean up after these inconsiderate pop-star louts (see pic). What about the workers then, boys? (*No bleedin' different from Keith Moon, are they? — Ed.*)



This pop star rilly takes the cake...

It pains us to have to insert the following item between such monolithic walls of squalor and degradation, but even so it gives us here at *Teazers* great pleasure to inform you that fearless **Frank Lamb** of *NME*'s advertising department and part-time **Blast Furnace** and **The Heatwaves** roadie, got married on the 18th of February to the very lovely **Bernadette Ryan**, who's far too good for him but wed him anyway. The *NME* staff — not to mention **Blast** and the boys — wish 'em both a long and happy one. And a few more besides.

Who says there's no such thing as coincidence? **Phil Lynott** and former **Lizzy** axeman **Gary Moore** were recently in the studio working on a revised version of "Don't Believe A Word" — done a la **Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac's** "Black Magic Woman" — for **Phil's** forthcoming solo album when who should walk in but the recently reactivated **Green** himself? **Green's** own album is due shortly, as is **Lizzy's** live effort.

Aren't radio people funny: a **Sire Records** person laid a copy of **The Flamin' Groovies** two-year-old "Shake Some Action" single on **Capital Radio** to soften 'em up for the band's next bunch of product and to everyone's surprise it got played on **Capital's People's Choice** show, and ended up as the winner, beating out newbies from the likes of **Andrew Gold** (really?), **Bob Welch** (who'd a

thought it?) **Suzi Quatro** (shaaaaame!) and even our boy **Evis Costello** (oh no! What a turn up for the books) **Justice** at last for power pop's forgotten boys?

Who's got it in for London roots men **Black Slate**? Last year their van got nicked; last month a guitar and a £200 H/H echo unit got ripped off from the **Rochester Castle** in **Stoke Newington**. Needless to say, if you know anything about it give us bell and we'll try and put you in touch with the band.

It brings a tear to our nose: co-operation between **Stiff** and **Chiswick** reached new heights on the night of the Edinburgh edition of the **Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge** audition concert series when **Stiff's Dave Robinson** and **Chiswick's Ted Carroll** shared a hotel room. The bootleg of the snoring comes out next week on **Deftford Fun City Records**.

Hey, here's a weird one. **John and Yoko** have bought some dairy cows to graze on their new 140 acre farm in Delaware County, New York so that 3-year-old son **Sean** (according to **Dad**) has "a chance to keep in touch with Mother Nature." And a few udder things.

US release of **The Band's Last Waltz** movie (directed by **Martin Scorsese**) has been put back until March to avoid clashing with **Dylan's** disastrous **Renaldo & Clara** extravaganza-flapperoni. And the ex-Mr **Prestley's** ex, **Ginger Alden**, has been signed for a quickie-flick version of **His Life, The Living Legend** (sic). To stave off jail, **Grunting** **Gregg Allman** must settle up \$10,000 in alimony and child support owed his first two wives. No wonder he's toying with the idea of reforming **The Allman Bros** — with sunny **Cheer** on motorbike.

Presumably to afford himself a better view of his 'homegrown' barnet rug (as yet unveiled), **Walford** chairperson and part-time singer **Elton Dwight** has finally forsaken all those silly specs for contact lenses.

Panl Michael Glaser, the goon who plays **Starsky**, is preparing to record his own debut album after learning that **David Soul**, the berk who plays **Hutch**, made nearly a million from his warbling last year.

Wary of appearing on **Melbyn Bagg's South Bragg Show**, **Patti Smith** was finally persuaded to do it when she realised that the date for recording her segment was February 28. The 'significance' being that that's **Brian Jones'** birthday, or used to be. **Patti**'s written a special little tribute to mark the occasion.

BETTER BADGES

1. ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
2. PRETTY VACANT
3. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
4. NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
5. RAMONES EAGLE
6. BOWIE HEROES
7. BLONDE
8. BORED TEENAGER
9. COMPLETE CONTROL
10. SHAM 69

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| FRIDAY 3rd | THE PENNY FARTHING, ULVERSTONE |
| SATURDAY 4th | THE ROCK GARDEN, MIDDLESBROUGH |
| TUESDAY 7th | NIKKERS CLUB, KEIGHLEY |
| WEDNESDAY 8th | BRIAN'S CLUB, READING |
| THURSDAY 9th | RAFTERS, MANCHESTER |
| FRIDAY 10th | BARBARELLA'S, BIRMINGHAM |
| SATURDAY 11th | ERIC'S CLUB, LIVERPOOL |
| WEDNESDAY 15th | STOWAWAY CLUB, NEWPORT |
| THURSDAY 16th | ROOTS CLUB, LEEDS |
| FRIDAY 17th | CLOUDS, EDINBURGH |
| SUNDAY 19th | ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON |
| TUESDAY 21st | PEOPLE'S CLUB, NORWICH |
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