

Elvis Costello: This year's model. P37.

new **MUSICAL
EXPRESS**

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BASF SPOT-ON SOUND FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 10, 1973

Last This Week		
13	1	CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE.....Slade (Polydor)
2	2	CANDY INCIDENTALLY.....Fanny (Warner Brothers)
3	3	PART OF THE UNION.....Savoy (A & M)
4	4	FEEL THE NEED IN ME.....Detroit Emeralds (Island)
5	5	SYLVIA.....Fanny (Polydor)
6	6	20th CENTURY BOY.....T. Rex (E. Res)
12	7	MELLO MURRAY.....Alex Cooper (Warner Brothers)
3	8	BLOCKBUSTER.....Sweet (B.C.A.)
16	9	KEEPING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG.....Robyn Flack (A & M)
6	10	WHISKY IN THE JAR.....Thin Lizzy (Decca)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 5, 1963

Last This Week		
1	1	CINDERELLA ROCKERFELLA.....Father and the Son (Phillips)
1	2	LEGEND OF KANADU.....Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
5	3	FIRE BRIGADE.....Steve (Regal Zephyrus)
2	4	MIGHTY QUINN.....Madred Mann (Fontana)
10	5	BOSS.....Don Partridge (Columbia)
4	6	SHE WEARS MY RING.....Solomon King (Columbia)
13	7	JENNIFER JUNIPER.....Donovan (Pye)
8	8	PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN.....Stanton (Pye)
15	9	GREEN TAMBOURINE.....Lennon (Pye)
21	10	DELLAH.....Tom Jones (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 9, 1948

Last This Week		
4	1	SUMMER HOLIDAY.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
1	2	PLEASE PLEASE ME.....Beatles (Parlophone)
6	3	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO.....Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	4	THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.....Bobby Vee (Liberty)
9	5	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE.....Billy Fury (Decca)
2	6	THE WAYWARD WIND.....Frankie Vaughan (Phillips)
7	7	LOOP DE LOOP.....Frankie Vaughan (Phillips)
19	8	ONE BROKEN HEART FOR SALE.....Elvis Presley (B.C.A.)
8	9	ISLAND OF DREAMS.....Springfield (Phillips)
10	10	DIAMONDS.....Jan Harris & Tony Martin (Decca)



SINGLES

Week ending March 11, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(4)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	1
2	(2)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	6	2
3	(1)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	6	1
4	(17)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	4
5	(6)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	5	5
6	(3)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	6	2
7	(5)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	5
8	(10)	ALRIGHT NOW (EP)	Free (Island)	4	8
9	(7)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog (Virgin)	5	7
10	(13)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3	10
11	(16)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	11
12	(23)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	3	12
13	(11)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet (Polydor)	5	8
14	(17)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	5	14
15	(8)	FIGARO	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	8	2
16	(20)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	16
17	(19)	RISE FREE (EP)	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	3	17
18	(9)	HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	7
19	(14)	IF I HAD WORDS	Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Papper)	8	2
20	(27)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS	Clash (CBS)	2	20
20	(12)	5 MINUTES	Stranglers (United Artists)	5	12
22	(24)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel (CBS)	4	22
24	(28)	RUMOUR HAS IT	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	24
25	(1)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	25
26	(1)	WORDS	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	1	26
27	(1)	BIG BLOW	Manu Dibango (Decca)	1	27
28	(1)	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE	Real Thing (Pye)	1	28
29	(21)	DRUMMER MAN	Tonight (TDS)	4	15
30	(1)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	29

BUBBLING UNDER
I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS — Nick Lowe (Radar); FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME — Genesis (Charisma); MATCHSTICK MEN AND MATCHSTICK CATS AND DOGS — Brian and Michael (Pyl); I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA — Elvis Costello and the Attractions (Radar).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 11, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending March 11, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	7	1
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	54	1
3	(3)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	6	3
4	(5)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	18	3
5	(6)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	6	5
6	(10)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	2	6
7	(7)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	17	2
8	(8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	6	7
9	(13)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	2	9
10	(11)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	5	10
11	(17)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	11
12	(4)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	9	3
13	(1)	25 TRUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	1	13
14	(28)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	2	14
15	(9)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	18	1
16	(1)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	1	16
17	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	58	1
18	(15)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	26	5
19	(14)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	14
20	(12)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	88	1
21	(29)	MUPPET SHOW 2	Muppets (Pye)	4	21
22	(24)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Warner Brothers)	3	22
23	(23)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles (Parlophone)	7	12
24	(1)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	24
25	(1)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat (Warner Bros)	1	25
26	(26)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack (20th Century)	4	25
27	(1)	JESUS OF COOL	Nick Lowe (Radar)	1	27
28	(30)	BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	4	25
29	(18)	DRASTIC PLASTIC	Be-Bop Deluxe (EMI)	2	18
30	(20)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	20

BUBBLING UNDER
FONZIE FAVOURITES — Various (Warwick); WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIVE — Tubes (A & M); SMALL CORNERS — Cliff Richard (EMI); STAINED GLASS — Judas Priest (CBS).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 11, 1978

This Last Week					
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	(6)	AJA	Steely Dan		
6	(7)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton		
7	(8)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx		
8	(10)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas		
9	(5)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac		
10	(13)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent		
11	(12)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel		
12	(11)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart		
13	(16)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson		
14	(9)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire		
15	(28)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow		
16	(14)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt		
17	(17)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill		
18	(19)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd		
19	(15)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra		
20	(25)	WAYLON & WILLIE	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson		
21	(18)	FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME	Parliament		
22	(23)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch		
23	(27)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack		
24	(24)	LIVE AT THE BUJU	Grover Washington Jr.		
25	(20)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Soundtrack		
26	(30)	ENDLESS WIRE	Gordon Lightfoot		
27	(21)	ALIVE II	Kiss		
28	(1)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan		
29	(29)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole		
30	(26)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boyz n the City		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
Derek
Johnson

TV SPECIAL TOMORROW

Bread due here soon

BREAD are at last confirmed for a major British concert tour in June. It will be their first tour here since they re-formed 18 months ago. Dates and venues have not yet been announced, but a spokesman told NME: "They're not just coming in for a couple of London shows — this will be a full nationwide tour." The band last appeared here in 1971, and were scheduled for another visit in 1973 which had to be cancelled when they disbanded.

The upcoming tour was signed and sealed when they slipped into London last month. They came over primarily to film a TV show-

case for producer Stewart Morris, which is being screened this Friday by BBC-2 at 9.30 pm under the title of "The Bread Special", returning to the States immediately afterwards.

Interest in the band has peaked in recent months due to the success of their "Sound of Bread" album, now in its 18th chart week, including five weeks at No. 1. WEA revealed this week that the LP has now gone Double Platinum in Britain, which means sales to the value of £2 million. One of the tracks in the album "Diary", is released as a single on March 17 on the Elektra label.



DAVID GATES of Bread

Scotland's top venue looks set for bingo!

APOLLO CLOSURE THREAT

THE FUTURE of Scotland's principal rock venue, the Apollo Centre in Glasgow, is in jeopardy and there's a very real threat that it may have to close in the summer — leaving the city (and, indeed, the whole of Scotland) without a major venue for top international rock acts.

It's understood that the Mecca Organisation wants to take over the theatre as a bingo hall, and — under statutory regulations — it has already advertised this fact in the local Press and slapped a notice on the building. The company's application for a bingo licence will be heard by the licensing committee of the Glasgow District Council in May.

This situation arises because the Apollo's lease expires on July 15. The venue formerly operated as a ballroom under the name of Green's Playhouse, but was leased to Carnivals Ltd. four years ago, and they have been running it as the Apollo rock centre. They are anxious to

re-new their lease and to continue in their present role, but the prospects look distinctly grim.

It seems that the owners are keen to sell the property to Mecca once Carnival's lease is up. And although there has already been considerable local opposition to it being converted to a bingo hall, it's believed the owners would still sell the theatre — perhaps even to a property developer — if Mecca fails in its application.

At present, the last official booking at the Apollo is David Bowie's four concerts in June. No more bookings will be taken by the 3,500-capacity venue after that until the position is clarified — and that won't be until the licensing committee meets in May.

Members of the public could possibly help the situation by writing to the Glasgow Council to protest at the threatened closure. Of course, the council cannot order the owners not to sell the theatre, but they could refuse to grant a licence for use as a bingo hall.

Blondie set return visit



DEBBIE HARRY and Blondie will be back in the autumn. Picture by Chris Stein.

BLONDIE, who completed their highly successful British tour this week, will be returning to this country in the autumn. Dates are already being lined up for their next visit in October and, on that occasion, they'll be appearing at leading concert halls — including at least two shows at a major London venue.

Most of the band's gigs during the last fortnight have been overcrowded with many people unable to get in. A spokesman commented: "We apologise to those who suffered, but when the dates were set up three months ago, the possibility of a hit album and single seemed remote. We shall rectify that in the autumn by switching to bigger-capacity venues."

GENERATION X LONDON SHOW

GENERATION X have now confirmed the major London date, which climaxes their extensive British tour, reported last week — it's at Chalk Farm, Roundhouse on Sunday April 9. And they've added another gig to their itinerary — at Oxford Elm Court on March 21.

Dead not disbanding

DESPITE reports to the contrary, The Dead told NME this week that they are not disbanding, following the death of their singer Tom Deak in a Paris hit-and-run accident in January. They are still looking for a new singer and, as soon as they find one, they'll be lining up a British tour. Meanwhile their single "Mystery Girl", penned by the band's Brian Smith and Nicky Webb, is released on their own Angry Records label on April 7.

Siouxie at the Pally

SIUXIE & THE BANSHES make a special one-off appearance on Thursday, March 16, at the Palm Court in London's Alexandra Palace, supported by Reggae Regular and The Unwanted. The event is promoted by Hornsey College of Art, and tickets will be available to the public on the doors.

Blondie's first task on returning to the States is to record their third album. Then they set out on a major coast-to-coast tour, in the hope of establishing themselves as effectively in America as they have already done in Britain.



Vibrators: another 13 dates set

THE VIBRATORS, who've been touring extensively throughout February, have now confirmed 13 more dates for this month — including an Easter Sunday show at London Roundhouse. These extra gigs are at Redcar Coatham Bowl (this Saturday), Sheffield Top Rank (Sunday), Reading Bones Club (March 14), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), Brighton New Regent (17), Reddish Tracey's (18), Croydon Greyhound (19), Swansea Circles Club (20), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (21), Leeds Roots Club (23), Northampton County Ground (25) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (26).

FOUNDER MEMBER REJOINS LURKERS

THE LURKERS have replaced bassist Kim Bradshaw in their line-up with original founder member Nigel Moore, who re-joins the band from Swank. Currently rehearsing for their upcoming album, they take time out to play five gigs during the coming week — at Swansea University (tomorrow, Friday), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (Saturday), Leeds Roots Club (March 13), Newcastle University (14) and Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (15). They'll be going out on a full nationwide tour in the late spring, to coincide with the album's release.

Violence on the campus

VIOLENCE is now rearing its ugly head on the campus, according to The Enid, who have experienced three unsavoury incidents recently — and as a result, they say they won't be playing any more gigs on the college circuit.

Trouble occurred at Ewell, where the band's sound mixer had face stitches after a scuffle, and two members of the audience were taken to hospital: at Basingstoke, where there was a knifing in the audience; and at Kingston, where a spectator was rushed to hospital with a suspected fractured skull.

A spokesman for The Enid commented: "This new trend in colleges is very worrying to us, specially as we regard ourselves as a fun band. We can only think it's a punk backlash, enflamed by the current violent environment."

The band's agent Terry King told NME: "We're not saying that students are necessarily to blame, because most of these gigs are open to the public. The trouble is that many of the smaller colleges have a security problem and are not very well organised. So in future, we shall stick to the larger universities, where the security and other facilities are much better."

Lizzy gig for filming

THIN LIZZY are to play a special one-off London date later this month. Details of the date and venue are still being finalised and will be announced next week. Object of the exercise is to enable camera crews to film them for an upcoming TV special. The gig will tie in with the release by Phonogram of their live album "Live And Dangerous", from which the single "Rosalie"/"Cow Girl Song" will be extracted.



LIZZY TAYLOR

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11



CARL PERKINS playing a surprise gig at the Nashville last month

Perkins and Diddley gigs

TWO OF THE key figures in the history of rock'n'roll, Carl Perkins and Bo Diddley, co-headline a string of ten British concerts next month.

They play Inverness Eden Court Theatre (April 12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Chatham Central Hall (19), London Southgate Royalty (20), London Lewisham Odeon (21), Weymouth Pavilion (22) and Bournemouth Winter

Gardens (23).

Perkins, who is already here to promote his new Jet Records album "Old Blue Suede's Back", takes part in the Country Music Festival at Wembley during Easter. He is the fifth artist appearing in this event to be named for a subsequent tour — as already reported, Don Everly and Marty Robbins are touring together, and so are Merle Haggard and Joe Ely. Bo Diddley flies in specially for the dates with Perkins and is not in the Wembley festival.

COSTELLO: A FREEBIE

A FREE Elvis Costello single will be given away to the first 50,000 purchasers of his new album "This Year's Model" which, as already reported, is released by Radar on March 17. Titles are "Stranger In The House" and a live version of The Damned's "Neat, Neat, Neat".

BEE GEES: U.S. FEVER

THE BEE GEES are currently having a field day in the U.S. charts, thanks in no small measure to the success of the "Saturday Night Fever" soundtrack album (at No. 1 this week), for which they wrote all the music. Their "Night Fever" (track from the film is at No. 4 and other songs from the movie are K.C. & the Sunshine Band's "Boogie Shoes" (No. 64), Trammps' "Disco Inferno" (70) and Tavares' "More Than A Woman" (91). Additionally, the group figure at No. 3 with "Stayin' Alive" and No. 31 with "How Deep Is Your Love", and they wrote and produced Samantha Sang's current No. 1 single "Emotions". To cap it all, brother Andy Gibb is at No. 2 with "Love Is Thicker Than Water".

● Radio Stars have signed a new two-year pact with Chiswick Records, so squashing rumours that they were about to clinch a deal with another company. The band's Martin Gordon, on his only day off from the band's current tour with Eddie and the Hot Rods, spent last Thursday producing tracks by The Boyfriends.

● Claydon & The Agonisers are in the studio this week with producer Hugh Murphy, who was responsible for Gerry Rafferty's current single and album. They are recording their debut single for Virgin, titled "The Taster", as well as laying down self-penned tracks for a future album.

● To coincide with his British debut at the New London Theatre on March 26, reported last week, New Orleans blues pianist Professor Longhair has his album "Live At The Queen Mary" issued by Harvest on March 23. It was recorded on board the former British liner, now anchored off California, at a party hosted by Paul McCartney.

● Xciting Plastic is a new label which makes its bow at the end of this month with a single by The Outsiders titled "Vital Hours".

● Out this week on Mountain is a single by Nazareth front man Dan McCafferty — it's his version of the standard "Stay With Me Baby" and is taken from his solo album, issued some time ago.

RECORD NEWS



Television's TOM VERLAINE

Television new elpee

TELEVISION have their second Elektra album confirmed for release on April 7, titled "Adventure". All eight tracks were penned by lead singer and guitarist Tom Verlaine, though one was co-written with lead guitarist Richard Lloyd. Verlaine also co-produced the set with John Jansen. Titles are "Glory", "Days", "Foxhole", "Careful", "Carried Away", "The Fire", "Ain't That Nothin'" and "The Dream's Dream", with a total running time of 37 minutes. Unfortunately there are as yet no plans for a return British tour by the band.



● A Todd Rundgren solo album titled "Hermit Of Mink Hollow" is issued by Bearsville on April 7. The 12-track set is his first solo release since "Faithful" two years ago, but it is stressed that it's a one-off project, and that Rundgren remains a member of Utopia.

● MCA launch a new series called "MCA Disco" on March 31 with 12-inch limited edition singles by War and Stargard. The War release is "Hey Senorita" coupled with a special disco-mix of "Galaxy", which is different from both the existing single and album. Stargard's is "Love Is So Easy", again coupled with a disco-mix of their current single "Which Way Is Up". Both releases revert to seven-inch after the initial 15,000 pressings.

● RCA are rushing out as soon as possible a live Iggy Pop single titled "I Gotta Right", recorded during his tour with David Bowie last year.

● Camel's live album, issued by Decca on March 17, has the inspired title "A Live Record". It's virtually a history of the band since 1973, and includes tracks recorded at the Marquee and Hammerstein Odeon, as well as their "Snow Goose" concert at the Albert Hall. One previously unreleased title in the set is "Ligging At Louis".

Wilko is a Virgin!



WILKO JOHNSON BAND have signed an exclusive long-term deal with Virgin Records. Their first single is nearly ready and will be issued shortly, while material for their debut LP is in preparation. One-nighters are being booked by the band, to be followed by a full British tour starting in late April. The band's line-up, from left to right, is STEVIE LEWINS (bass), ALAN PLATT (drums), WILKO JOHNSON (guitar and vocals) and JOHN POTTER (piano and vocals).

The Band ALL-STAR FAREWELL

THE THREE-LP set of The Band's farewell concert at San Francisco Winterland last year, featuring a host of big-name guest stars, is set for April 7 release by Warner Brothers. Title is "The Last Waltz", and the film of the event, produced by United Artists, is scheduled for June screening in Britain.

Track listing is as follows: THE BAND "Theme From The Last Waltz"; "Up On Cripple Creek"; "Stagecoach"; "It Makes No Difference"; "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down"; "Shape I'm In"; "Ophelia"; and "Life Is A Carnival"; RONNIE HAWKINS "Who Do You Love?"; NEIL YOUNG & JOHN MITCHELL "Helpless"; DR. JOHN "Covote"; NEIL DIAMOND "Dry Your Eyes"; PAUL BUTTERFIELD "Mystery Train"; MUDDY WATERS & PAUL BUTTERFIELD "Mannish Boy"; ERIC CLAPTON & ROBBIE ROBERTSON "Further On Up The Road"; BOBBY CHARLES & DR. JOHN "Down South In New Orleans"; VAN MORRISON "Tura Lura Lura"; "Caravan"; BOB DYLAN "Baby Let Me Follow You Down"; "I Don't Believe You"; and "Forever Young", plus "I Shall Be Released" with back-up vocals by Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Dr. John, Eric Clapton and Van Morrison, plus Ringo Starr (drums) and Ron Wood (guitar). Final track is "The Last Waltz Suite" in which The Band are joined by Emmylou Harris and The Staples.

and Farewell to the Roxy

APRIL 7 is the official release date of the Lightning Records album "Farewell To The Roxy". The 14-track set was recorded live at London Covent Garden Roxy during three days over New Year weekend, and it features:

Blitz "Strange Boy"; Acme Sawage Co. "Smile And Wave Goodbye"; Billy Karloff & The Goats "Relics From The Past"; U.K. Sube "I Live In A Car" and "Telephone Numbers"; The Tickets "Get Yourself Killed"; The Red Lights "Never Wanna Leave"; XLS "Here Comes The Knife"; The Jets "T.V. Ork"; The Streets "Sniper"; Plastic "Tough On You"; The Bears "Fun Fun Fun"; Open Sore "Vertigo"; and The Crabs "Lullabies Lie".

● Albion Music, who handle The Stranglers and S99 among other acts, are launching their own label, which will be known as Albion Records and British distribution is by United Artists. First release is the debut single by former Brinsley Schwarz singer and guitarist Ian Gomvis, titled "Come On".

● Carlene Carter — a member of country music specialists The Carter Family, whose step-father is Johnny Cash — is in London recording her debut album and single for Warners. She's working with The Rumour and guest musicians Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Graham Parker. Her debut single "Never Again" comes out on March 31, with the LP following later in the spring.

● The new Brian Auger & Julie Tippetts album "Encore" is released by Warner Brothers on April 7. It was recorded in San Francisco last autumn, and marks a reunion of the partnership which — as the Brian Auger Trinity with Julie Driscoll — had a smash hit a decade ago with "This Wheel's On Fire".

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ON THE ROAD

Corea returning

The concert at London Roxy replaces the show originally scheduled for the Fatback Band and now cancelled (see separate story). Their arrival coincides with the launch of a new reggae label, instigated by Zukie, called New Star Records. First releases out this week are the seven-inch "New Star" and the 12 inch "What's Yours," both by Zukie.

The Cortea gigs are the first to be promoted by the new J.T.B. company formed by Rod McSweeney and Barry Dickens. Top promoter Dickens left the M.A.M. Organisation last weekend, after 12 years, to co-head the new firm which is working out of 4, Tilney Street, London W.1. They are already lining up several major tours from spring onwards, details to be announced when Dickens returns from his current U.S. visit.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND have made a few changes in their upcoming tour itinerary. Their Glasgow Apollo gig is moved from April 10 to 8, replacing Edinburgh Usher Hall which is now cancelled. An extra date is cloned in on April 20 at Huxley Victoria Hall. And their Manchester concert on April 21 switches from the Free Trade Hall to the Palace Theatre.

BERT JANSEN does the rounds this month at
Liverpool Folk Club (tomorrow, Friday),
Liverpool St. Catherine's College (Saturday),
Rushmore Hotel (Sunday), Coventry
Merca's Centre (21), Ryeonfol Centre (18),
Shrewsbury Highgate Hotel (18), Cheshire
A.D.C. Club (19), London Putney Hall (20),
200, Glasgow Patrickburgh Hall (24), Aldershaig
Town Hall (25), Oban Gethering Hall (26),
Ambleside Folk Club (28), Newcastle Apollo
Centre (29), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (30),
and Rathfriland Centre (31).

GENE PITNEY returns to Britain for a spring cabaret tour. He visits **Dublin Stardust Club** (March 28 week), **Farnworth Brightys** (April 4-8), **Porthcawl Stonleigh Club** (9 week), **Luton Cesar's** (16 week), **Wakefield Theatre Club** (May 14 week), **Cleethorpes Bunnies Club** (22-23), **Stoke Joffes** (24-27), **Birmingham Night Out** (29 week) and **Uak Stardust Club** (June 4 week). Other dates are being finalised.

FIVE HAND REEL have a handful of gigs this month — at **Dundee Technical College** (tomorrow, Friday), **Durham University** (Saturday), **London Putney Star & Garter** (23), **Southport Dixieland Showbar** (25) and **Barnsley Civic Hall** (26). The Putney show is a special Easter gig, also featuring **Noel Murphy** and **Biggles Wintime Band**.

DENNIS WATERMAN, of "The Sweeney" fame, headlines a short concert tour starting later this month. He plays **Birmingham Odeon** (March 18), **Coventry Theatre** (19), **Ipswich Odeon** (25), **Bristol Hippodrome** (26), **Sheffield City Hall** (April 2), **Swindon Oasis** (8), **Southampton Odeon** (9) and **London Lewisham Odeon** (16).

JOHN RENBOURN. Stefan Grossman, Davey Graham and Duck Baker comprise this year's "Kicking Mule" Guitar Festival. Confirmed dates are Hatfield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Wyre College (Saturday), London Bounds Green Folk Club (Sunday), London Woolwich Tramshed (March 13), Sheffield Hollamshire Hotel (15), Liverpool University (16), Bristol University (17), London Putney Star & Garter (18 and 19) and London Alexandra Palace (25).



Spirit here this week

NEAR-LEGENDARY West Coast band Spirit fly into Britain at short notice this weekend and play three hastily-arranged gigs — at Colchester Essex University (tomorrow, Friday), London Rainbow (Saturday) and Bristol Loarno (Sunday). At press-time, two venues had confirmed ticket prices — at the Rainbow they are £3.50, £2.50 and £1.75; and at Bristol £2.50 on the doors, and £2 in advance.

The band are coming over with the same three-piece lineup that played here on their last visit four years ago — Randy California (guitar and vocals), Ed Cassidy (drums) and Larry Knight (bass). In the interim period, Knight left Spirit — and was replaced by the Andes brothers, Matt (guitar) and Mark (bass) — but these two have now departed, and Knight is back in the line-up.

Support acts are Alternative TV and The Police, except at Bristol where local band Gardez Darkx take over from Alternative TV.

Spirit haven't had any second product issued in Britain since their Mercury album "Future Games" a year ago. But both the main support acts have new singles out on March 31 — Alternative TV's is "Life After Life" on the Depitford Fun City label, while The Police have "Roxanne" in a one-off deal with A & M.

Sabbath
add two

FOLLOWING their five extra gigs reported last week, Black Sabbath have added another two concerts at Manchester Ardwick Apollo on June 14 and 15. Their first date at this venue on May 22 sold out within three hours of the box-office opening, after hundreds had queued through the night.

A spokesman for the band said: "All their originally announced dates are now a complete sell-out. And because of the huge ticket demand, which has surprised even Sabbath, still more gigs will be slotted into their tour itinerary during the next week or two."

APRIL FOOLS BENEFIT '78

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THE RUBINOS

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Push off punk and powerpop! The poker player's picked his pack.



THE ONLY ONES. PH. JOHN TYGIER

**Non-alliterative Ed's note:
A feature on THE ONLY ONES
by NICK KENT.**

IT WAS AN EVENT of no great consequence. In a swoop on EMI's press department back in spring 1974, intent only on plundering as much vinyl as I could decently get away with, I was sidetracked into listening to a tape that one of the house PRs, smirking somewhat, informed me was a rare unreleased set of Lou Reed tracks.

I was still quite taken by Lou Reed at this point and needed no further persuasion. I listened reverently to a couple of tracks, and sure enough there were all those really arch, Velvets-like characteristics spurring up all over the place. The teasingly doomy monotony of the backing track, that early Reed patented anti-melody song structure and, of course, slicing through the endless sleep of a song, that cold sardonic drawl, the very epitome of all things 'mondo'.

As a V.U. archetype it was almost perfect. Just occasionally, though, minor discrepancies could be noted. The lyrics, for example, seemed at first hearing to be wrought strictly from the mould that oozed forth such hair-brained gobblegook as "Transformer's" brainless "Andy's Chest", but then there were clearly idiosyncratic little couplets that completely threw one off that scent. Couplets like... well, "Two men from Poland keeping us apart/We're poles (sic) apart". Lines that were both very silly but effectively witty in that peculiar fashion that only idiosyncratic songwriters of the Barrett/Ayers ilk seem able to light upon.

After the tape had run its course the smirking PR decided to come clean. The tapes were not the work of Lou Reed but of some likely unknown quantity and his band. No, EMI itself wasn't interested in signing them, but the people in the press office were taken with the band's quirkily nascent charm enough to play them privately to visiting journalists as a sort of party-piece.

I muttered something like, "Oh I'll keep an eye out for them", and promptly forgot their name altogether.

UNTIL THAT IS, three years later when the walls of reactionary, music-biz Jericho had been trumpeted down by the Brave New Wave. Things were happening for the first time in this whole mealy-mouthed decade, and new bands were popping up all over the shop. It was in a *Sounds* round-up of all native new wavers circa early '77 that I first came across the name — The Only Ones.

It was our own Max Bell — a man of pristine discriminating suss — who really lit the fuse however, when he chose to pen a laudatory *Thrills* article on The Only Ones during the same season, in particular singling out leading-light Peter Perrett's talents as a songwriter which lifted him above the morass of punk 'new order' merchants.

Swiftly following Max's piece came an Only Ones single — the intriguing "Lover Of Today" coupled with "Peter And The Pets" — and finally the connection was lit. For, upon listening to the "Pets" B-side, I duly made that dim association from three years back with the EMI tape.

It was only the recurring "Pole"-pun couplet that did it, mind — otherwise I would never have recognised it as the same song and singer. Gone was the earnest Reedesque monotone — Perrett himself refers semi-embarrassedly to it now as his "Mid-Atlantic" vocal style — to be replaced by a most disconcerting angular Home Counties whine so extreme in its sense of pitching that at first it was cited as the principal draw-back to the whole Only Ones enterprise.

A number of different record company A&R folk, claims Perrett, found his vocals so disorientating that they used this as the reason for turning the band down.

Even Dan Loggins CBS's A&R chief, had severe misgivings initially when confronted by Perrett's voice. Loggins apparently hated the band the first few times he heard them live, until he noted some perverse gem-like quality lurking somewhere beyond the realms of his initial loathing and, after a period of negotiation, he signed them up.

The "Peter And The Pets" archetype that first teased my ears back in '74, by the way, was performed by Perrett's first-ever

group, then known as England's Glory. The band itself suffered from all the habitual draw-backs of functioning out in outer suburbia, while the demo-tapes never caught the right measure of attention needed to provide further impetus for continued solidarity.

By mid-'74, England's Glory were no more. Perrett, disillusioned and diffident, retired to pursue what had long become characterised as a fairly indolent, vicarious existence — living off girls in relationships that were often noted for their illogical, obsessive and polygamous traits while earning a modest income from his prowess as a poker player.

PERRETT HIMSELF is an intriguing guy in many respects, most of them vastly removed from the more common personality stereotypes perpetuated by others of his composing bent.

Blessed with very good looks moulded firmly in the 'romantic aesthetic' style, perfect for playing up the 'sensitive poet' slant, Perrett could easily give Billy Idol heavy competition on the teeny-bop pin-up stakes were he to shave more often, lose the somewhat wasted look that continually bleaches his features a pale chalky colour, and remove the hash burns from his ratty old furcoat.

Perrett, however, is not in the least interested in the latter market — for beneath an almost impenetrable veneer of diffidence and an almost ghost-like lack of presence, hides the soul of an obsessive.

Indeed, the only time that Perrett becomes animated is when he talks about his songs, the way he wants them presented, the exactness of mood and arrangement needed.

He has even worked out the finished order of track sequences for the first CBS album, though a goodly proportion of said-tracks haven't even been recorded, and already he's meticulously chosen the A and B sides for the next four (no less) singles.

The extent of his fanaticism regarding the marketing of his songs was displayed at full force when Perrett blew a fuse upon being informed that The Only Ones' contribution to the WEA "Hope & Anchor" live set had been pressed bearing the words "Creatures Of Doom" as opposed to the intended, singular *creature*. It was too late to make the vital alteration but this didn't stop Perrett from instigating numerous harangues by telephone in an effort to vent his spleen.

As to details of Perrett's writing career, the facts follow a fairly logical sequence. Apparently a schoolboy prodigy in mathematics (from whence comes his supposedly incredible abilities as a poker hand), his early teenage years drew him away from pursuing the latter course, instead motivating him towards writing poetry and embarking upon more romantically-inclined pursuits.

By the time he was 17, Perrett had talked his father into buying him a cheap guitar with the single-minded intention of using the instrument solely to compose songs. He was besotted by Bob Dylan, the only true musical idol he cares to admit to.

The Lou Reed affectations were a phase now over, he says — an example of using influences at an early stage before a personal style had been fully evolved.

As for Dylan — well, Perrett reckons that "Blood On The Tracks" surpassed even "Blonde On Blonde". Dylan's is the only music he still listens to regularly. Perrett, in fact, slumps back into his diffident manner when the question of other influences is explored.

From the few times I'd seen The Only Ones live, I'd noted down Perrett's voice and quirkier song structures as being far too coincidentally redolent of Syd Barrett's work both during and after the Pink Floyd sojourn.

Also there were comparisons with that other idiosyncraticist, Kevin Ayers (not to mention the undeniable fact that Perrett and Ayers look very similar).

Perrett, however, doesn't see it at all. More to the point: "I'd never really heard them... well, I'd liked the Pink Floyd when Barrett played with them — down at the Middle Earth — but I'd never followed him on to even bother to listen to his solo stuff. Kevin Ayers, too. In fact (he laughs lightly) "I did recently hear an album of each of them. This guy lent them to me, after he'd noted the same thing as you. He was from the music papers, too."

Continues over

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rhythm guitar

TOM PETERSSON
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Ian Birch Melody Maker. 11.2.78

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Geoff Barton Sounds. 11.2.78

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And In Black and White.

Cheap Trick new album 'In Colour' featuring
'I Want You To Want Me', Better than TV.

produced by Tom Werman

ONLY ONES

From previous page

The Barrett parallel will however, be given added impetus by the aforementioned "Hope & Anchor" double-set. "Creature(s) Of Doom" is not one of Perrett's better works.

Boasting a herky-jerky coda replete with extremely strange rhythms, it's actually similar in structure to Barrett's "Apples And Oranges". Lyrically and vocally, the composer is not at his best — the sentiments highlight the more potentially irksome side of Perrett's particular vision... the poet facing the kiss of death, grappling with doom-slaked destiny and all that while his voice, which is either effective or extremely nerve-jangling, becomes the latter when whining over the juxtaposed rhythm.

But if "Creature(s) Of Doom" displays Perrett and The Only Ones' less appealing characteristics there are plenty of songs that even in fledgling demo forms denote a striking and potentially devastating talent.

The first CBS single, "Another Girl, Another Planet", catches them in their corporate ascendant, showcasing a style of rock so alien to the norm and yet so deadly effective that it knocked them back with exactly the same sensation of mesmerizing disorientation that I felt on first hearing Roxy Music.

A DISPARATE crew of individuals The Only Ones are too. No skiffers here, mark you, but musicians of proven calibre who, the way Perrett tells it, fell together in the most haphazard fashion imaginable.

Perrett, sec, by the twilight months of 1976, had gathered enough self-confidence and general single-minded purposefulness to start a band once more.

First appeared guitarist John Perry, who, the songwriter claims, veers disconcertingly from the sublime to the hideous, whose only prior claim to fame had been an almost-but-not-quite alliance with Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter when the latter was looking for a back-up band to work on his second album.

Both bassist Alan and former Spooky Tooth drummer Mike Kellie metamorphosed out of nowhere during various auditions, simply walking in unannounced, listening quietly and then consequently informing Perrett that he was the man for the job.

Mike Kellie's career and the reason he's now playing with The Only Ones provides some interesting insights, by the way. In a long career that dates back to R&B bands in the mid '60s he made his mark primarily in Spooky Tooth who, along with Traffic, provided the Island label with its initial white-rock back-bone.

Kellie also gained a solid reputation as a session drummer, and was heavily in demand well into the early '70s, playing with Peter Frampton at one point.

However, for reasons that no-one seems too keen to elaborate upon, he acquired a reputation for being a loser — unreliable and all — causing him to lay low, garnering nothing more than the occasional "Whatever happened to...?" mention in conversation.

Kellie's link up with The Only Ones forced him to make more than mere professional commitments. As a direct consequence of the decision, he left his wife, while, at the same time, many of his old friends and musical contemporaries were actively alienated by his choice of musical vocation.

Extremes, it appears, have consistently fuelled and afflicted the band on every level imaginable. When The Only Ones started gigging regularly, for example, they were faced with the gruelling extreme of

either disorientating the blasé habitués of the Speakeasy or else facing a barrage of gob and heckling from the massed headbangers when it became immediately apparent that their chosen musical perspective was rather more adventurous and varied than the old "1-2-3-4" amphetamine shriek.

Indeed, Perrett claims the band would literally take their life in their hands when choosing to play an actual ballad. A torrent of... uh, *disapproval* would be inevitably hailed down upon them — though Perrett claims that the audiences' sheer negative gusto only made him more perversely intent on continuing in the same vein.

As it happens, so me Perrett is at his most affecting when performing slow, melodic items. One such song, "It's The Truth" has a truly epic quality, mating melody and lyrics perfectly while the placid tempo allows his vocals to relax enough to achieve a haunting poignancy.

Better still is "The Whole Of The Law", which captures perfectly that ethereally hypnotic texture so graphically achieved on Syd Barrett's "Terrapin" while at the same time fashioning within this subterranean mode a quite disarmingly beautiful love song. Simple, direct and quite mesmerizing, the main coda repeats itself in my brain over and over as relentlessly as that other nagging contemporary music work, Elvis Costello's "Chelsea".

Meanwhile, Perrett and The Only Ones are readying themselves for the oncoming grand assault. The time is as right as it'll ever be, what with no real incendiary trends on the ascendent to brow-beat the sheep out of their one-dimensional stupor (the current spate of punk clichés now sound as drearily dated as yesterday's trends invariably do, while powerpop is just too facile a concept to be taken half-way seriously).

That's nothing to crow about, however — in fact, it's been such a bracing and perplexing year or so that we all need a brusque armistice to get a proper perspective on the music before the next wave crashes in.

Meanwhile, former minor cult artists like Ian Dury and Elvis Costello are suddenly climbing into the Top Ten and it looks at least as if the individual with his vision and his talent can overcome the curse of cult status to embrace a larger audience.

Which is one long-winded way of saying that '78 is going to be the vital year for The Only Ones and Perrett in particular. He has the vision, the talent in abundance, a strong image certainly and yet there's a difference: the irresponsible nature at work, not to mention all those character quirks and bouts of brooding self-obsession that could so easily up-turn the whole jig on its head, sending the composer sloping back disgustedly to a vicariously-lived anonymity. But then, it's also precisely those characteristics that fuel his inspiration.

Perrett, when directly faced with the question, maintains adamantly that nothing will defuse his current vocation and path of progress. And then again he's lucky in that not only has he a perfect band (though he intends adding a fifth member on "when the right one comes along") but also the perfect manager in Zena, whose prowess as a business-woman is quite awesome.

Meanwhile, one fact at least remains clear to stand above all other mooted contentioneering. The Only Ones' album will be a scorcher. Having dispensed with a short-list of producers (including Bob Ezrin, Matthew "King" Kaufman and Chris Blackwell), the band are producing themselves. The tracks I've heard are uniformly superb.

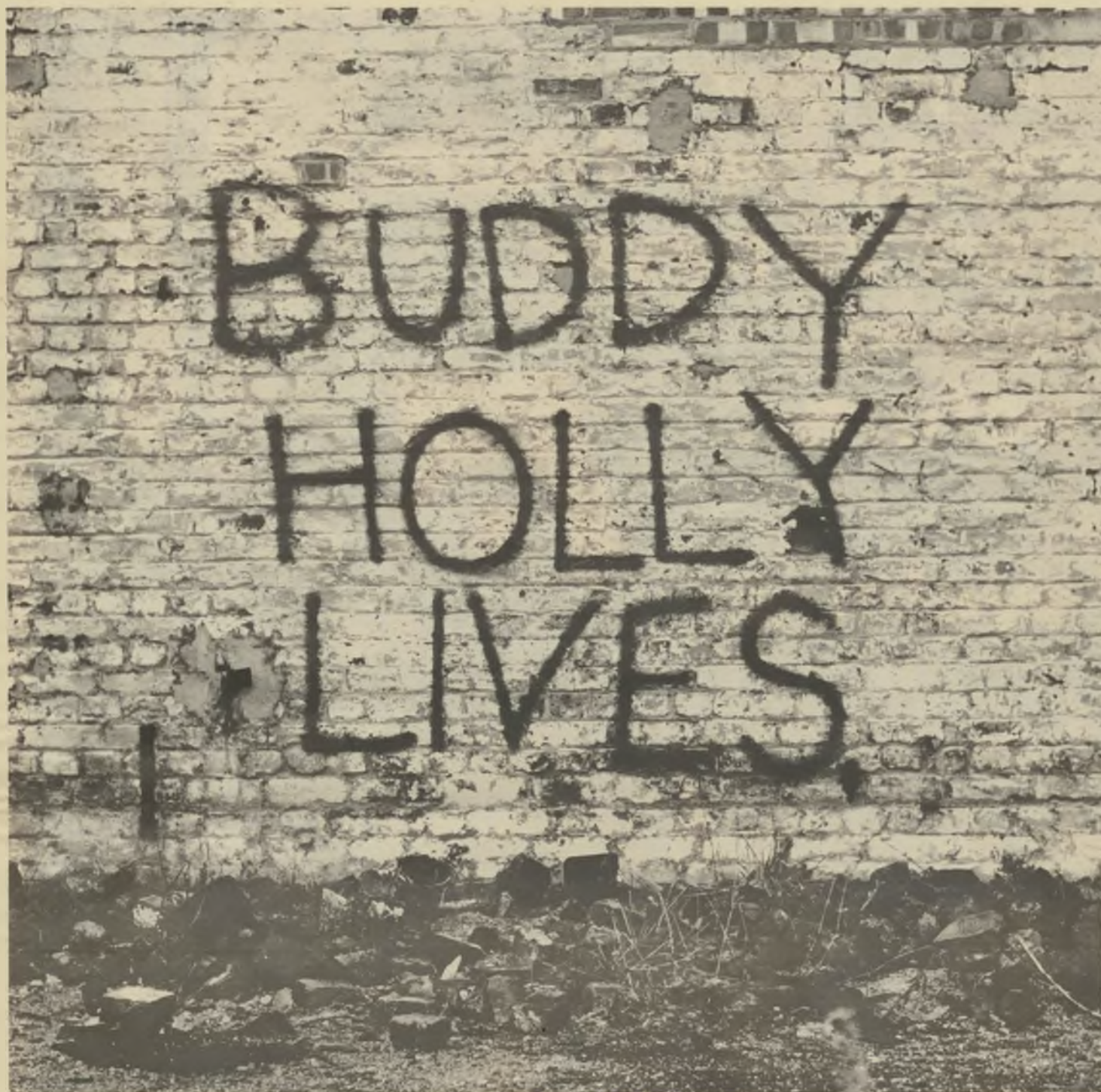
As a live unit The Only Ones are still deliberating over a proper strategy for gigging and general exposure. When they do step out (after the album's completion), I'll wager that the spit and cat-calls will be a thing of the past, replaced instead by appreciative ears.

Whichever way it turns out, you'd be a fool to miss it.

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V2097



THRILLS

MANCHESTER:—

Do the silly smirk with the latest fave rave idiot combo, The Smirks! Page 12.

NEWFOUNDLAND:—

Seal bashing in the frozen wastes. Page 16.

JAMAICA:—

Peace breaks out in Kingston as the warring political gangs lay down their guns — and a few new dubs to celebrate. Page 18.

RIO DE JANEIRO:—

Paul Cook returns from his holiday in the sun to enthuse about his new-found father figure — Ronald Biggs. Page 20.

HAMBURG:—

Out of the licentious bierkellers of Germany and the beat cellars of Liverpool come the Next Big Thing — The Rutles! Page 14.

TOKYO:—

Bob Dylan plays gigs, plays tourist, plays possum, Playboy. This page.

KENYA:—

The rhino hunters have less than a week to kill the last few remaining specimens before the curio trade is outlawed. Page 16.

AUSTRALIA:—

The ideal place for it, 'cause it's dead bo-o-oring, but punk's about as welcome as a school of killer sharks in the prosperous environs of Sydney. Page 23.

DYLAN IN LAND OF RISING SUN

ONE OF THE FIRST statements Bob Dylan made on his just completed tour of Japan was this: "I am not a god."

Nevertheless, he still found time to trip out to Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, to visit such tourist spots as the Temple of the Golden Pavilion and the rock gardens of the Ryoan Temple, where, according to one's interpretation, he either sat by a lake meditating or maybe just sat... in godlike repose.

Or maybe he was wondering where the mountain people were?

Dylan's one confrontation with the Japanese press, see, was a press conference held at Haneda International Airport on his arrival in Tokyo from Los Angeles. Apart from reassuring the throng of a hundred journalists, a hundred photographers and five TV stations of his mortality, he was also at pains to tell them why he'd come to Japan: to see the mountain people.

In the process, over 100,000 Japanese got to see him at a total of eleven concerts — eight in Tokyo, three in Osaka, all sell-outs.

Springtime in Tokyo, and Bob Dylan's in town. Actually, 'ol Bob didn't really get about much — spent most of his time practising songs in his hotel room. When he did get out, he went shopping for traditional Japanese woodblock prints and parakeets, caught a Kabuki play (traditional Japanese theatre in which all the parts are played by men), went to see F.I.O after they'd been to see

him, and hopped the "bullet train" — reputedly the fastest in the world — en route from Tokyo to Osaka.

Meanwhile his backing band turned up at a local country'n'western club and jammed on a version of "Heartbreak Hotel".

Despite all this "working out", however, it seems there were still a few loose ends to tie up at gig time. Riding a 12-piece band — that's right, a 12-piece! — Dylan apologised for any mistakes, explaining that they'd only been rehearsing for a week. (This tends to confirm rumours printed in *T-zers* in January that Dylan was having difficulty putting a band together).

Information:
HARUKO MINAKAMI

Translation:
BERT TANIMOTO

Regurgitation:
PHIL MCNEILL

The motley crew featured ex-Rolling Thunder stalwart Rob Stoner on bass, along with two blokes out of Stoner's off-duty combo, Topaz — lead guitarist Billy Cross and keyboard player Alan Tasqua; Alpha

Band members Steven Sole (rhythm guitar) and David Mansfield (violin, mandolin, dobro, pedal steel, boy genius); former King Crimson drummer Ian Wallace, ex-Phil Spector saxist Steve Douglas, and former Motown lady percussionist Bobby Hall; all topped off with a vocal trio consisting of Debbie Douglas, Joanne Harris and Helena Springs. Oh, and Bob makes 12.

It was a flexible show, though Dylan — or rather the band — always opened up with (wait for it) an instrumental version of "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall". Then on would mosey the maestro, in white face and very relaxed, to run through

a "strictly rock'n'roll" show including huge chunks of his best loved material — "Blowin' In The Wind", "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" (Clapton reggae style), "I Want You", "Don't Think Twice", "Like A Rolling Stone", "I Shall Be Released" (very excellent), "Maggie's Farm", "Just Like A Woman", "Rita May", "One More Cup Of Coffee", "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)", "All Along The Watchtower", "Girl From The North Country", "I Don't Believe You", "Love Minus Zero", "I Threw It All Away"...

True to form, many of them were rearranged, Dylan keeping pretty low profile between songs except to mutter an occasional "thank you" and, on the last gig, to promise that he would return to the land of the rising sun one day.

● Next page



PHOTO: BOB GRUEN

● Ms Minakami is Editor-in-Chief of Japan's leading rock magazine, *Music Life*.

GOT BLONDIEMANIA YET?

BRITAIN IS IN THE GRIP of Blondiemania!

From Glasgow to Dunstable, the scenes of mayhem, chaos and controversy have been unrivalled by any band since the halcyon days of the Rollers and, previously, the Fab Four.

At least, so we'd been led to believe. After all, hadn't they needed a police escort in and out of one gig? Hadn't the band witnessed scenes of mindless violence in the audience? And hadn't the audience witnessed scenes of equal violence onstage?

Something was happening. However, at the Roundhouse on Sunday the whole affair was positively placid, both the audience and band acting with reserve and, God forbid, politeness.

Although a small number of youths perspired excitedly under their shoddy raincoats, presumably acquired especially for Debbie

Harry's benefit, they were disgustingly orderly in their appreciation of seeing her in the, ahem, flesh. In fact it was a series of prostrate teen nobles that the ambulance people dragged away from the front stage area.

This was nothing compared to the fans' reaction at previous gigs. The 1,500 tickets for Blondie's appearance at Glasgow's Strathclyde University on February 25 were cleared out within two hours of going on sale, and there were that many disappointed aficionados outside the hall that the police guarded the band's entry and exit. Those inside were so enthusiastic that roadies had to lie on the stage holding the hardware fast in case it was uprooted.

The concert at Dunstable's Queensway Hall last Thursday turned into a violent affray early in Blondie's set. According to eye-witness Michael Johnson, a "bunch of drunks and maniacs" precipitated the havoc. And he claims that at the end of show police dogs were brought in to control the crowd.

Another eye-witness, Neil Setchfield, says that "three thugs" trying to get on the stage led to a "full

scale battle at the front which spread throughout the hall.

"Debbie went mad. 'Turn on the houselights', she screamed. 'Turn on the fucking houselights'."

They did, and she and the group left the stage for 15 minutes while some semblance of order was regained.

Not surprisingly, Blondie have been perturbed by these experiences.

"I think they feel it's a bit of drag," said their UK publicist, Alan Edwards. The situation had been caused, he continued, because the venues they were playing weren't suitable. He explained that they were booked by the MAM agency three months ago, and because they've since had a hit album, "Plastic Letters", and single, "Denis", they attracted larger audiences than originally anticipated; hence the crush inside and the bedlam outside halls.

Perhaps the level of Blondie's British success has also got to the band themselves, because at their Sheffield concert on February 24 (only their second date here) Jim Destri attacked Chris Stein onstage during their encore, as reported in Emma Ruth's *NME* review last week.

Edwards said he thought this was a manifestation of the intra-group jealousy which exists because Stein, as Debbie's boyfriend, accompanies her on all press interviews.

Understandably the others get hacked off at the media spotlight leaving them in the shadows.

"It was just a flash in the pan," Edwards added.

The incident, however, was an exact replica of one at London's Dingwalls exactly a month earlier, so perhaps it was more than that.

Can we then be the first to suggest that as Blondie's popularity heightens into teenomania, personal differences within the group will become even greater? Does it merit a Blondie to 'split' rumour?

Apparently not, because after finishing their highly successful nine-date UK tour on Monday, the band returned to America to record their third album. No group changes are anticipated, and already British dates for the autumn are being booked.

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

● From previous page

Every gig finished with "Forever Young", and the triumphant encore each night was "The Times They Are A-Changing". One new song was unveiled: "Is Your Love In Vain" (not Robert Johnson's).

So what else can we tell you? Who went? Well, Jimmy Cliff was there — and so too was the black folk singer Odetta, to whom Dylan dedicated "Tomorrow Is A Long Time".

On the Japanese front, there was Hidari Misora, the top female singer these past 20 years; Yoshui Inoue, the "Japanese Bob Dylan", who was busted recently for possessing marijuana; top rock singer Kenji Sawada; Education Minister Mr. Sunada... you name 'em.

On the whole, even the press liked him. Sure, there were a few sports who reckoned he was too old and came just for the money, the movie and divorce having set him back somewhat, but most folks realised he'd come to see the mountain people and went with the flow of a bunch of fine rock shows.

Dylan flew out on Sunday to continue his tour into New Zealand and Australia. After that, it's on to L.A. for Mr. Zimmerman to put together his next studio album. Meanwhile the Tokyo gigs were recorded for a local-release "Live In Japan" album. Look for it in your import shops around August...

IT'S A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE that Odetta should have turned up for a dedication at Dylan's Tokyo shows, because she is just one of several intriguing conversation topics in a lengthy Dylan interview in the March issue of *Playboy*.

"The first thing that turned me on to folk singing was Odetta," Dylan avows. At the end of the '50s he heard one of her records in a record store, and "right there and then I went out and traded my electric guitar and amplifier for an acoustic guitar, a flat-top Gibson."

Other early inspirations: Harry Belafonte and Brigitte Bardot (the latter being the subject of Dylan's first-ever song).

Later, Dylan surprises us all by claiming that "psychedelics never influenced me", and informing interviewer Ron Rosenbaum that there is a sound he hears in his mind. "The closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was on individual tracks on the 'Blonde On Blonde' album."

"It's that thin, that wild mercury sound. It's metallic and bright gold... I have to get back to the sound, the sound that will bring it all through me..."

Fascinating stuff — except that shortly hereafter Dylan and Rosenbaum enter a most embarrassing hand-jab phase. Dylan starts it off in lyrical vein with further descriptions of that sound — "the sound of bells and distant railroad trains and arguments in apartments and the clinking of silverware and knives and forks and beating with leather straps. It's all there..."

Unfortunately, Rosenbaum gets in on the act. "Late-afternoon light?" he suggests helpfully. "The 'jingle jangle morning'?" Snigger slobber...

Ho hum. So you skip the next few pages, where Dylan blathers on about his new film, until you discover that far from resenting Jimmy Carter bandying his name about, he's happy to say that Carter is his friend, he knows him personally, and his heart's in the right place.

After all, as Bob concludes: "Love will conquer everything."

Oh yes, and Christina Smith, 34-24-35, says her goal is "to find myself a decent man and to become a successful model." Bob Dylan is not among her favourite musicians.

THIRTEENS



THE SMIRKS (L-R): Ian Morris, Simon Milner, Neil Fitzpatrick, Mike Doherty.

SMIRK SMIRK SMIRK

(and the whole bloody world smirks with you)

"IT'S A BELTIN' DAY THIS," smirks Simon Milner as he strolls down Carnaby Street in optimistic February sunshine.

There are three other Smirkpeople walking alongside him: Neil Fitzpatrick, Ian Morris and Mike Doherty. All Mancunians, just into their twenties, The Smirks are a pop group.

Not just any pop group. They are probably the hottest young band to make their London debut so far this year. A handful of club gigs, culminating in a triumphant support set at the Music Machine, was enough to plant the seeds of a hard-core London following. It takes most bands six months to do that.

The Smirks have been playing as a recognisable unit since just before Christmas. They made their major assault on public consciousness (oh alright, press consciousness) at Liverpool's Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge — and I've never heard so many superlatives about a group in one evening.

You see, The Smirks aren't some polished paprock product served up as a safe record company bet. They're totally unpredictable on stage. They break strings, their inexpensive instruments go out of tune, they've even been known to play two versions of the same song simultaneously.

They've got one element on their side, the most important one: true magic. It's impossible to describe, but anyone with half an ear who's seen them will say the same.

In the beginning, bassist Ian wanted to be an actor ("I wasn't good enough...") and the group's songwriting axis, Neil and Simon, weren't obsessed with the idea of being in a band.

"We were just going around playing our acoustic guitars. We had a natural inclination towards music."

In fact, the Milner-Fitzpatrick legend starts in the world of busking. They decided to play their way to Australia, work in mines and get rich.

"We should have done that, shouldn't we? We got as far as Israel. In France, where we were stuck for ages, we kept getting offers from record companies, so we told Ian to come over and be a pop star. He was playing a tambourine on the streets."

Simon and Neil, singer-guitarists.



Pic: PETER MARLOW.

Operational diagram for "Discreet Music"
The black line indicates the signal path

obscure

Synthesizer with digital recall system



avoided the "Mickey Mouse company" contracts. Only "Ya Ya" has survived from their busking set, apart from that it was Beatles/Stones/Platters numbers. The reason they became phenomenally successful at the game, rather than lapsing into obscure poverty, was the act that went with the songs.

Odd, quirky dance steps, spontaneous, hilarious routines, bags of constructive energy: the framework around which the present group is built. "After about four songs we used to stop playing and wait for another crowd. We had to keep working out new dances to do."

This started about two years back under the name of The Crabs.

Eventually, drummer Mike Doherty was invited by Ian to meet his two busking friends. Mike had been playing with Ed Banger (of Nuschleeds fame) but was talked into putting his kit behind the Smirk front-line.

When new wave hit the record companies, Neil and Simon were in Paris: they only heard the best-known punk discs and don't believe the scene affected them apart from opening more places to play. They've already made their TV debut on Tony Wilson's Granada show *What's On*. Simon and Neil haven't always played songs as punchy and lively as the present Smirks repertoire. "The stuff we used to do was like lullabies, all about women we've known, soft and melodic style."

"I think what they're trying to say," suggests Mike, "is that it was absolute shit." Mike himself used to play Hawkwind at school.

Neil says he likes Glenn Miller and The Andrews Sisters — possibly in an attempt to destroy all combersome street credibility in one swift blow.

They've played about twenty gigs together now. "It all started in the Globe at Salford, playing 'Dixon Of Dock Green' for a fire-eating stripper."

"She didn't take everything off, thank God, she was 'orrible."

They got a place on the Stiff-Chiswick Liverpool bill without even auditioning. Typical of The Smirks' haphazard but unstoppable rise towards success, the only gigs that have been reviewed in the national music press (Liverpool's *Eric's* and the *Hope and Anchor*) were musical shambles but still highly praised.

The next major event for the group is supporting the Albertos on a major tour. At the time of the interview, a recording deal had not been finalised, although The Smirks had been dabbling with producer Kenny Laguna in a London studio, which could indicate Besserkley involvement.

Whatever, they hope to have their first single out by the end of the month. It will almost certainly be "OK UK", a brilliant West Coast put-down: jangly guitars, Beach Boys harmonies in Manchester accents, inimitable Smirks humour.

The Smirks are true originals, yet they raise echoes of the past; they refuse to be categorised. Their songs are clever and catchy, even if they don't always play them right. Their stage act is fast and funny, but they're no comedy group.

Only one thing is certain about The Smirks. One day they'll have you doing the silly smirk too.

KIM DAVIS

THIRTEEN

● Last week, in "Charting The Hypes", we stated that *Billboard* Publications sold *Music Week* to Moore Harms. In fact, Morgan-Grampian were the lucky recipients.



BARGAINS FOR BLOCKHEADS!

IT'S LIKE THIS. For NME's recent Christmas thrash, we got together with Stiff Records and pressed up a special limited edition of 500 copies of Ian Dury's deleted anthem "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" on the Stiff-NME label.

By way of a bonus, we slapped a couple of hitherto unreleased live tracks by Ian & the Kilburns on the flip: "Two Steep Hills" (a recitation) and his jubilant "England's Glory".

These freebies were then distributed amongst the revellers when, in the early hours, they stumbled out of Dingwalls and fell into the Camden Lock canal. Some of the copies later floated to the surface, and now exchange hands for vast sums on the vinyl blackmarket.

"Pity," mused Dury on the night, "that the kids are gonna miss out on this one."

We agreed.

"Tell ya what," said Dury. "I'll strongarm Stiff into getting another 500 copies pressed if you can find some way of distributing 'em amongst your readers."

Er, 500 into something like 190,000... I never was too good at maths! Who do we give them to?

"BLOCKHEADS!" replied Dury.

"You must have seen parties of Blockheads," added Clever Trevor.

"With blotched and larded skin," we interjected.

"Correct," added Dury. "Blockheads with food particles in their teeth, what a terrible state they're in."

Oy-oy, yer on.

So once again dear reader, it's GROSS-OUT TIME!!

Right: terribly rare artefact



Actual size!

IF YOUR MUM calls you treasure, 'cause everytime her friends see you they ask where she dug you up from... if young children scream when you smile at them... dogs bark at the sight of your face... grown men break down and cry... you insist on wearing shoes like dead pigs' noses... well, here's your one and only opportunity to vindicate yourself.

If you're a bona fide Blockhead, or if you know someone who fits the picture, well it's time to jump outta the closet and show yourself to the world.

In conjunction with Ian Dury

and Stiff Records, the world's greatest gross-out gossip sheet (NME, dummy!) is seeking 500 Blockheads.

If either you or a friend have got what it takes, then don't keep it to yourself, send us a black & white photograph (no drawings or magazine cuttings) and turn us off!

Like we said, we've got 500 copies of our special pressing of Ian Dury's "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" up for grabs, but we're also looking for an unholy trinity of bona Blockheads.

We await your entries with keen anticipation!

THE OUTRIGHT WINNER will also win a night out with Ian Dury himself, plus a pair of new boots and panties, plus an autographed copy of the best-selling LP of the same name.

A second prize of new boots and panties plus the LP and single is up for grabs, whilst the third prize will comprise the LP and single.

And that still leaves 497 runners-up who'll all receive copies of the limited edition EP.

By the way, we accept no responsibility for any smashed camera lens or any four-poses-in-four-minutes-for-20 machines which refuse to reproduce your likeness.

HOW TO ENTER (IF YOU DARE!)

CUT OUT THE COUPON on the right and complete it, not forgetting to add your signature certifying it to be the genuine article. Write your name and address on the back of your photo and attach it to the coupon; only one photo per coupon. Send the entry to the following address, to arrive by Thursday, March 23 1978:

BLOCKHEADS COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET
LONDON SE9 6YP

All entries received on or before the closing date will be examined and

the first prize will be awarded to the sender of the most hideous, pathetic and Blockheaded likeness of themselves. Remaining prizes will be awarded for those considered next best (or worst) in order of merit. All entries must be photographic, must not have been published elsewhere, and must be of the accredited entrant.

NO photographs will be returned.

The competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS or STIFF Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

NME BLOCKHEADS COMPETITION

55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE9 6YP

NAME.....

(Block letters)

ADDRESS.....

Tel No (if any)..... Boot size.....

The enclosed photograph is of myself, and I hold the copyright on it. I agree to abide by the published rules.

SIGNED.....

Closing date Thursday, 23rd March 1978

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

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Brian Eno Discreet Music

"For me it's the favourite of my own records... it's the only one that I'm wholly satisfied with; that I can't fault and I want to make two more that are geared to different times of the day. And one for large spaces, that could be used in airports and places like that."

Gaining upon OBSCURE — 1. GAVIN BRYANS — "The Smiling Di The Tones" 2. CHRIS TOPHER HOBBS — JOHN ADAMS' GAVIN BRYANS — "Ensemble Pieces" 4. DAVID TIDP — MAX EASTLEY — "Two And Redcovered Music Instruments" 5. IAN STEELE — JOHN CAGE — "Voice And Instruments" 6. MICHAEL NYMAN — "Decay Music" From good record stores

Obscure 3

Music From The Penguin Café

AS PROMOTED BY MEMBERS OF THE PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA

"This one's quite interesting because he (Simon Jeffes, composer) comes very much from an experimental music background, but is now moving towards rock music, which I think is interesting because he is right on the edge. Most music is a bit more committed to one side or the other... this is right in the middle. When it was first released it got incredibly good press—the Rock Press—really took this one to their hearts. They really did regard it as an important cross-over album."

Obscure 7

New Release

Harold Budd

THE PAVILION OF ORGANS

"The middle period of the Obscure label, which documented areas that might have otherwise gone unrecognized, is now over and the kind of thing I'm doing now is more like Harold Budd (the first addition to the original seven albums). It is in that general area of music that is appealing to listen to, but happens to be experimental as well. The first side features the saxophonist Manon Brown."

All quotes Brian Eno

Obscure 10

Billy Joel 'The Stranger'



It took Billy Joel nine years of playing his songs in bars, various bands, and on a number of albums before coming up with his current set 'The Stranger'.

Make the time to give it a listen. Melody Maker Editor Ray Coleman made the time, he also saw Billy perform in America recently. He described Billy Joel as 'the brightest spark on the current musical horizon' and the experience of his concerts as 'spellbinding' and there's more...

'His words are always pertinent, often blood-tingling. He can touch your heart and your nerves with glorious love ballads and yes sir, he can boogie with the best pianists around.'

So varied are his styles, so insightful his lyrics into everyday affairs, so compelling and emotive his voice, so originally structured his compositions, that no one song can adequately sum up such blazing versatility.

Meet The Stranger on his own ground in concert -
Birmingham Odeon, Friday, March 17th
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Sunday, March 19th

82311



Records & Tapes

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



ALL YOU NEED IS MONEY

NOT TOO LONG ago, that well known national monument Paul McCartney and his family were watching a re-run of an old Fab Four movie on TV, when one of Macca's off-spring enquired, "Who are the other three, Daddy, and were they friends of yours?"

Touche.

Much has been written (yours truly included) about the mythology surrounding rock's greatest-ever group. However, it has been left to humorist Eric Idle and cohorts to not only tamper with the legend but to also lay bare the true story of this century's most amazing musical phenomenon — The Rutles.

The most audacious 'in' joke ever conceived (and the most expensive — Ed.), *All You Need Is Cash* is a made-for-TV movie which vividly relives their incredible rags-to-riches-and-back-to-rags story with The Rutles portraying themselves, [writes Roy 'Donner' Carr, author of *The Rutles — An Illustrated Record* (who hasn't actually seen 'The Rutles' yet — Ed.)]. The movie covers the exploits of Ron Nasty, Sug O'Hara, Dirk McQuickly, &

Barry Wom — the Prefab Four — from the days when they commuted between Hamburg's seedy Rats Keller and Liverpool's Cavern, how they were discovered by Leggs Mountbatten, made their historic appearance at New York's Citi Stadium, goes behind the scenes of such movies as *A Hard Day's Rut*, *Ouch*, *Yellow Submarine*, *Sandwich* and *Let It Rot*, the making of *Tragic History Tour*, the rise and demise of their own Rutle Corp, close encounters of an odd kind with Surrey mystic Arthur Sultan, their unhappy association with American financial trouble-shooter Ron Decline and their subsequent mud-slinging split. Such melodramas being enacted against a soundtrack featuring highlights from Rutles LPs like *Band* and *Shabby Road*.

No turd has been left unstoned. No ikon has been left unsmashed. Rutlemania begins here. Though it could be over there or better still, to the right of the rubber plant but slightly in front of the chaise-longue!

P.S. — Mick Jagger, Ron Wood, George Harrison, Bianca Jagger and Paul Simon appear remotely resembling themselves — *The Donner*, a.k.a. *Spirits' Flatties*.



John Miles

ZARAGON

TXS 126

It is over two years now since John Miles with his album 'Rebel' and hit single 'Music' walked through the 'STAR' door. This was followed by supergigs with Elton and the Stones. Now after the special 'Stranger in the City' album and another hit single 'Slow Down', comes the much awaited

'Zaragon' album

A bigger door is opened...

new single

No Hard Feelings

FR 13757

TOUR

MARCH

- 7th HULL City Hall
- 8 MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall
- 9 NOTTINGHAM Sports Hall
- 10 LANCASTER University
- 11 SHEFFIELD University
- 12 GLASGOW Apollo Centre
- 13 ABERDEEN The Capitol
- 15 BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Theatre
- 16 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
- 17 NEWCASTLE City Hall
- 18 MANCHESTER Apollo
- 19 BRISTOL Colston Hall
- 20 TORQUAY Town Hall
- 21 EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre
- 22 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens
- 23 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
- 24 OXFORD New Theatre
- 25 BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome
- 26 BRADFORD St. George's Hall

Also Available on Tape



Produced By Rupert Holmes For



11TH MARCH
BBC Sight and Sound
IN CONCERT
PROGRAMME



Hi there! Welcome to that special page where Thrills flouts its Social Conscience and everybody from Tory MPs to I-don't-care punk rockers gets their chance to sneer at us dilettantes sitting in our ivory tower offices laying down the law to those poor misunderstood huntsmen (remember the Hunt furore?), animal experimenters (remember the Animal Liberation Front expose?) and now — seal and rhino killers (here's your chance, boys!) . . .

THE BEAT GOES ON

BETWEEN 100,000 and 400,000 elephants were killed in Africa in 1976, according to estimates at the World Wilderness Congress in Johannesburg in 1976.

Rare species are already protected by law, but now many common animals are at risk, including certain species of zebra, rhino, giraffe, lion, leopard and cheetah — all of which are being relentlessly destroyed.

Kenya, alert to the dangers, banned the 106 licensed professional hunters in the country in May 1976 as the first step in trying to stop the slaughter. Poachers still flourished, however, due to the huge tourist and export market of the country's 230 curio

shops, which sell statues, necklaces, rugs and other artefacts.

In Nairobi you can buy fresh impala chops from the local supermarket.

Sordid tales of the curio trade are legion. One prominent curio dealer paid five Somali poachers \$2000 to kill three members of Kenya's sole surviving rhino family. He only wanted the horns, one of which weighed 24 pounds — they are ground down and sold for a small fortune in Hong Kong, where ground rhinoceros horn is highly prized as an aphrodisiac.

Kenya has now outlawed the curio trade, making it illegal after March 12. It is hoped this ruling will allow the country's wildlife time to recover.

Meanwhile, on an international scale, animal piracy has developed into a multi-million pound industry involving the illegal sale of rare and endangered species.

Private collectors buy and sell animals as if they were rare stamps. Like the Greek icon merchants, they hold little

respect for the law. Some animal dealers even pose as zoos in order to trade in rare species. Shades of Philip K. Dick . . .

In order to try and combat this, eighty nations signed a convention in Washington on the International Trade in Endangered Species. 36 have so far implemented it.

In England, the most active organisation in this field is TRAFFIC, which consists of just three people and a secretary, partially funded by the World Wildlife Fund.

In the US, however, they have 250 part-time enforcement officers and they've cracked some big cases. Last August, after 2½ years of investigation, a Federal Grand Jury named eight top zoos in America, claiming that they had received, albeit unknowingly, part of a consignment of 1,000 protected species of reptiles. 12 people were indicted, but complex legal machinery makes action slow.

BUT BOTH THESE ISSUES are mere sidebars to the Main Event — the mass kills of whales, seals, dolphins and other sea mammals.

Few issues raise such heated emotions from such a wide range of people. In the process some of the real issues of the situation tend to become obscured by emotion and rhetoric. Thrills spoke to animal activists to learn what's going down.

The most immediate and obvious struggle is over the annual seal-pup hunt which



A seal 'hunter' kills a baby seal with a pick off the coast of Labrador — one of just 180,000 seals that will be slaughtered this year in Canada alone. Pic: CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

begins on March 10 in Newfoundland.

There is to be a mass rally in Trafalgar Square on Saturday March 11 at 2pm. One NME staffer, suitably enraged, had already written the Canadian embassy in London to protest; she got eight pages

of duplicated doublespeak in return — some measure of the amount of mail that must be coming in.

I put some of the embassy's points to Alan Thornton, longtime worker for Greenpeace, the radical group whose direct action tactics against seal and whale boats on the open sea has reaped front page media coverage the world over, and whose organisation has grown from one small office in Vancouver to a network of 12 offices in several countries including Britain.

The picture he painted made it clear why Greenpeace fight so hard. The seal hunt, he said, was just a "traditional, cultural thing", custom-made to allow hunters to "prove their masculinity".

Basically, the Canadian Board of Fisheries which regulates the hunt have made the most optimistic estimates of the total seal population and based on those figures have set a limit on how many seals can be killed. Greenpeace point to the Board's tacky record in the past, and claim that the seals are being wiped out. The population has declined by 70% in the last 20 years.

Alan Thornton claims that the Canadian government spends more money on

maintaining the hunt than the total income the hunt yields — and even if it were economic, it would only need a redirection of priorities to find an environmentally sound alternative like salmon fishing to bolster local economies. The powers that be claim the seals are killed not only for their fur but also for their flippers, a delicacy, and their meat, but Thornton claims that 3-4 million pounds of meat are just left to rot after each year's hunt.

Greenpeace refuses to sit back and watch the seals die. In the wake of their astonishing bravery in putting to sea against the enormous whaling fleets, they have now stepped into the fray on the seals' behalf.

The seal hunts from both Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Norway were delayed when Greenpeace members chained themselves to the rudders of the ships.

Right now in London, Greenpeace are outfitting their own trawler, the "Rainbow Warrior", which is due to set sail on May 7 for a publicity tour round the North Sea ports before heading to Norway, the Faroe Islands and Iceland to try to disrupt the hunts.

◆ Turn to page 18



Fur coats, anyone?

SUBS



OFF1



**GIMME YOUR HEART
PARTY CLOTHES**

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Greenpeace volunteers chain themselves to a sealing vessel in Alesund, Norway, to delay its departure for the Newfoundland kill-in.



STRAWBS ON TOUR

MARCH

Wed 8 **Reading**
Reading University
Thur 9 **Hatfield**
Forum
Fri 10 **Salford**
Salford University
Sat 11 **Bradford**
Bradford University
Sun 12 **London**
Hammersmith Odeon

Plus special guest artist
ROY HILL



SPART 1036 Cass. TCART 1036
Their first album on Arista Records out now

... AND THE BEAT GOES ON

◆ From page 16.

OF COURSE THE WHALING ISSUE is not that simple, as the case of the Eskimos and the bowhead whale illustrates.

The International Whaling Commission declared the bowhead a protected species, as its population had fallen dramatically to an estimated less than 2,000. The Eskimos, however, claimed their special right to continue hunting the whale.

Their spokesman told the authorities: "Our culture revolves round the bowhead. It is the only mammal that symbolises our culture. We have a celebration every spring when we hunt whales."

Point taken, but Greenpeace and others maintain that the "time-honoured custom" argument is no excuse for the extinction of a mighty species like the bowhead. The Eskimos in turn described the protesters as a "vocal minority of animal-loving, man-hating conservation groups."

Ultimately a compromise was reached to allow the Eskimos to land 12 whales or make 18 strikes per season, whichever came first — an unsatisfactory conclusion which ignores the root issues.

There has been some measure of success though, claims Jon Brazdo of Friends of the Earth. Pressure from international conservation groups has resulted in whaling quotas being steadily reduced every year — though he admits that this is also due to the fact that there are fewer and fewer whales left to kill anyway. Of the 10 great species, only five are still hunted commercially, due to scarcity. Japan

and Russia are still main offenders.

The International Whaling Commission will meet again in London on June 20-26 to decide next year's quotas. FOE will of course have an observer inside, and protest marches will be held. Some who might doubt the effectiveness of all that will be interested to hear that a Bill is currently being prepared for Parliament to try and ban the import of all whale products.

At present the UK imports some 8,500 tons of sperm oil annually — which requires the killing of 2,200 whales. Principally sperm oil is used for softening leather goods but one company — BurmahCastrol — also uses it for machine oil. Public pressure could easily shut this loophole as a positive step.

Meantime the stupidity goes on and on. In late February off the coast of Southern Japan 1,000 dolphins were herded into a narrow bay by 300 boats and slaughtered with guns, knives and clubs before their bodies were dumped into the deep ocean.

The fishermen described the bottlenose dolphins as the "gangsters of the sea", who eat all their cuttlefish and threaten their livelihood — besides which, they collected \$12 bounty a head provided by the Nagasaki provisional government.

Ironically, a fishing company in another part of Japan recently announced their sale of 40 trained dolphins to dolphinariums in Europe, at a cost of £350 each.

It seems the more pieces you add to this gory jigsaw puzzle, the more unpleasant the final image appears to be.

DICK TRACY



Greenpeace volunteers put their minute craft between a Russian factory ship and a whale somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, 1976.

Greenpeace
47 Whitehall
LONDON SW1A 2BZ
01-839 2093

Friends of the Earth
9 Poland Street
LONDON W1V 3DG
01-434 1684

"The portrayal of those who protest against cruelty as sentimental, emotional 'animal lovers' has had the effect of excluding the entire issue of our treatment of non-humans from serious political and moral discussion."

Peter Singer — *Animal Liberation* (Penguin Books)

THRILLS

... AND THE BEAT GOES ON

SATURDAY FEB. 18 saw the opening of London's much-vaunted answer to the Cavern, the Newbeat Club. Brainchild of Ian Freedman, bassist with The Echoes, the club found a home at the Pegasus pub in Stoke Newington.

The first night fulfilled the highest of expectations, a packed audience witnessing a fine set from the still improving Sukas as well as Newbeat debuts by The Look and The Echoes.

The most notable appearance of the night, however, was probably that of The Monos — hard-driving pop and a striking, colourful stage image.

The Pegasus is trying hard to create the right atmosphere for the club; there's even a beat disco. Two magazines were available, a resident news letter called *Newbeat* and the teenzine *Teen Talk*.

The only real disappointment was the number of elderly (over twenty) punters. Maybe Stoke Newington is too inaccessible for younger fans; anyway, the club certainly wasn't intended as a refuge for ageing Beatles freaks.

And not a mini-skirt in sight either.

KIM DAVIS

THRILLS



PEACE CONFERENCE IN A WESTERN KINGSTON

ON JANUARY 10 of this year, Samuel Dreckett — JLP (Jamaica Labour Party) Councillor for the Western Kingston district of Tivoli Gardens — entered the adjoining PNP (People's National Party) territory at Beeston Street and Matthews Lane and requested an audience with his rivals.

As a result, hundreds of residents from the surrounding areas assembled later that same day to hear leaders of the two factions pledge a truce bringing a halt to the political gunplay that has plagued the city's downtown ghetto since 1967.

Local spokesmen Claudius "Claudie" Massop of the JLP and Aston "Buckie" Thompson of the PNP urged the crowd to "put away your guns and channel your energies into building your communities."

According to *The Jamaican*

Weekly Gleaner, the two leaders declared: "We who have been observed by elements in the society as being the foundation of all badness will now demonstrate that we can live in love and unity. We will demonstrate that we can survive without the shedding of blood."

That night, members of the rival gangs mingled with each other in the Pink Lane / Beeston Street area, where they "greeted one another, shook hands and hugged."

Another reporter observed: "The Beeston / Oxford Street intersection in the ghetto belt of West Kingston was at the best of times an area where one stepped softly. But since Monday night it has had almost a carnival atmosphere."

"Before then there were well-defined areas. If you were JLP, you did not go east of Rose Lane as from Spanish Town Road on the south or North Street on the north. If

you were PNP, you did not go from Rose Lane to the west of anywhere as far as Pink Lane.

"The political boundaries had been well-defined. If you live in a certain section you do not go into another without risk."

"After six in the evening, not even dogs ventured out. The only barking was that of guns."

"It was a sight to gladden the hearts and to bring tears to the eyes — that gathering at Oxford Street and Beeston Street on January 10."

The day after, the Corporate Area declared its verbal truce the alliance spread to embrace further districts.

A gang spokesman told the *Gleaner*: "In this area youth no have father; father dead from gunshot. We want to park gun, mek gon get rusty and throw away."

Commenting on the truce, Jamaican PM Michael Manley congratulated the parties involved,

LOWRY



"We want you to put together a series showing how popular music has contributed to revolutionary changes in attitudes, assumptions and ideas and made for real progress in altering the social structure. Concentrating on the '60s so that we don't knock the existing status quo, of course."



Left: Riverton City, West Kingston. Below: TRINITY. Photographers: DAVE HENDLEY. PAT GRIFFITH.



adding that "other crucial steps must be taken to ensure that the truce becomes a lasting peace, thereby bringing tribal warfare and gang violence to an end."

"Is this connection, the illegal guns cannot remain on the streets and therefore all those who have already shown a willingness to be constructive should endeavour to take the other necessary step, which must be the handing in of all guns, offensive weapons and ammunition."

Manley's statement was accorded the denision it merited. Asked if he would be handing in his gun, one youth replied: "You mad? We have baby mother and children to protect. When dem (JA Security Forces) come what we must do? All I will say we not turning we guns against one another again."

The schism dates from 1962, the year Jamaica gained its independence from Britain, under the late Sir Alexander Bustamante.

During this time, West Kingston's Corporate Area housed sprawling communities of overcrowded and squalid shanty towns. There was Ghost Town, Newland Town and Hopeful Village (now rebuilt as Arnett Gardens, or "Concrete Jungle" as it is popularly known); Ackee Walk and Back-O-Wall, where the legendary Rudele gangs of the '60s were "dropped" (Tivoli Gardens); and there was Jones Town, Trench Town, Rose Town, Admiral Town and Victoria Town (now Wilton Gardens or "Rema"), Federal Gardens, Riverton City, Smith Village and "Dungle".

The same year, the current leader of the JLP, Edward Seaga, emerged in the political forefront with a scheme to raze Ackee Walk and Back-O-Wall and build the model community of Tivoli Gardens. Successive governments followed his lead with similar redevelopment at Arnett Gardens, Wilton Gardens, Federal Gardens, Tavaras Gardens and Lizard Town.

A less altruistic motive was discerned when Seaga proceeded to populate Tivoli Gardens with JLP loyalists. Soon afterwards, the guns had become a feature of campaign policy, leading in turn to a limited State of Emergency declared on the eve of the 1967 elections.

The 'vician gangs have pretty much ruled the Corporate Area ever since. They were active throughout the years of Hugh Shearer's JLP premiership; and they crusaded alongside the "Wood Is Love — Better Must Come" Michael Manley PNP renaissance in the early '70s. Nor did a Gun Court act and indefinite Detention ruling in 1974 deter them; neither a further State of Emergency two years later.

In December 1976, the gunmen reduced Jones Town to a virtual ghost town, and around the same time took responsibility for the widely-reported attempt on Bob Marley's life.

The catalyst of this recent breakthrough is generally agreed as arising out of the "Green Bay Incident" on January 5, 1978, when

Security Force troops ambushed a party of fourteen men conducting target practice at Green Bay, St. Catherine and shot dead five.

Details of Green Bay remain vague, pending a public inquiry, but general feeling shared by both PNP and JLP supporters is that the five men were "set up for the killing because they were more useful dead than alive," and both sides seem quite determined that there shall be no more betrayal by "politicians who talk peace and subsidise war."

REGGAE MUSIC has peddled a form of journalism ever since the infancy of ska, and it did not take the industry too long to make capital out of the peace treaty.

Leading DJ Trinity was first off the mark, issuing a matter of some half-a-dozen new titles per month, he

celebrated the events of January 10/11 by issuing "Peace Conference In A Western Kingston" — also the title of an upcoming Trinity LP. Grove Music informs me — wherein he reiterates the title in a number of variations, claiming "everyone a shake them hand" and concluding "music is strength" in a style that owes much to the inspiration of Big Youth.

Not content with one espousal of a topic when two will do equally nicely, Trinity has also since praised Massop and Thompson on a further toast entitled "Strictly Idrin".

Tapper Zukie is another artist who has seen fit to make comment. A fervent Seaga supporter and personal friend of Claude Massop, he dedicates "Peace Heroes" to the Tivoli Gardens peacemaker, calling him a "Healing hero" and recounting "they send 'im to prison so many times and I know 'im was innocent."

Virgin Records, who last week signed Zukie to a long-term contract, are similarly keen as to the commercial ramifications of the treaty; and the title of the man from Bora's first album for the company will be "Peace In The City".

Other enlargements on the theme have come from Errol Scortcher's "Peace Man"; Leroy Johnson's "Peace Truce"; a truly hideous Jacob Miller effort entitled "Peace Treaty Special" sung to the tune of "Old MacDonald's Farm"; and Jah Frankie Jones who sings "The War Is Over" by reworking the "Ballistic Affair" tune he originally composed for Leroy Smart, and adapting its lyric to fit recent developments.

Finally, Claude Massop, Tony Welch and Earl Easley have set up a Peace Council, and were recently in London. Speculation suggests that they were here to talk to Bob Marley.

At least, Marley is now back in Jamaica for the first time since his attempted assassination in December '76, and will play a Wailers re-union benefit gig for the Peace Movement alongside ex-Wailers Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingston.

PENNY REEL

THRILLS



ROCK AND ROLL MOTHERS DAY! Why didn't anyone think of it before? The stars unveil their private lives... Great angle! And pictured here are just some of the musicians and their mothers who attended a party last Friday to celebrate the release of the "Hope And Anchor Live" album and say cheese for the nice photographer. Front row (L-R): John Potter (Wilko Johnson band) and Mrs Potter, Keith Owen (Suburban Studs) and Mrs Owen, Steve Poole (Suburban Studs) and Mrs Poole, Jean Jacques Burnel (Stranglers) and Mrs Burnel, Jet Black (Stranglers) and Mrs Black. Back row (L-R): Dave Caroli (Steve Gibbons Band) and Mrs Caroli, Trevor Burton (Steve Gibbons Band) and Mrs Burton, Paul Morton (Suburban Studs) and Mrs Morton, Steve Gibbons and Mrs Gibbons, Alan Mair (Only Ones) and Mrs Mair. Publicist Alan Edwards denies that he intends to get Buzzcocks rolling boiled eggs down a hill at Easter and Hugh Cornwell taking a leak for St David's Day...



Yes, it's that famous trio Biggs, Cook and Jones, rehearsing "Anarchy Down The Amazon Way" under the guidance of Malcolm McLaren (that's him looking over Biggs's shoulder — the one with the big teeth). Now all they need is a bassist, and rumour has it that Alfie Hinds is up for the part. Graham Greene is said to have turned down his option on the life story, but Richard Attenborough will definitely direct the movie. Adios, bwana!

DYNAMITE DAZE



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KEVIN COYNE

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

"**R**OTTEN'S BEEN LYING and contradicting himself so much that I really don't want to say anything about it. I don't really feel that I've got anything to say."

Steve Jones is still in Rio, putting the finishing touches to "God Save The Queen" as recorded by Ronald Biggs, but Paul Cook's back in a rainy grey London, drinking Lowenbrau in a Cambridge Circus pub and looking healthy and happy.

Principally, Paul's back in London to see that everything's still tickety-boo at the flat he shares with Steve, and to scout around for the next musical project to attract the dynamic duo's interest. Alternatively, he might just go back to Rio, because he digs the weather and the women.

Meantime, he's still not sure what shape the old Pistols contracts are in and whether he's still obligated — as an individual — to Virgin in the U.K. and Warners in the States. "They'll probably want Rotten as a solo but I can't see us getting back together. The idea is just so remote from my mind that I literally haven't thought for one second about getting the Pistols back together."

Rumours about a link-up between the Cook/Jones pair and Captain Sensible of the now dimmed Damned were greeted with polite incredulity (would you believe semi-polite incredulity?) and emphatic denials. "I can guess where those rumours came from," murmured Cook sardonically.

Also bounced out of court were rumours to the effect that Paul and Steve were considering linking up with Johnny Thunders.

"I like Thunders a lot, but we don't want to do anything like that. We want to do something different, something new."

He takes another hit on his lager. "You know, I was remembering something Rotten had said in that interview you did with us in Sweden. It really stuck in my mind. He said something about how he hated whites playing reggae because it was . . . condescending. I think that what was said. I hope he remembers that too."

He'd also perused Chris Salewicz' recent interview with Sid Vicious in these pages with great interest.

"He was one of the main reasons we broke up. We all like Sid a lot, but he was such a cunt to himself and everybody else."

It was getting near time to go. Paul reminisced about how Ronald Biggs was "just like my Dad or just like your Dad" and how he subsisted on pay-offs from the likes of Australian film crews and interview fees.

"Remember," he said, draining his beer and sliding towards the door. "Jones, Biggs and Cook . . . the next big thing."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

MEANWHILE, ol' Sid had a bit of a work-out at the Speakeasy ten days ago with a combo by the name of The Living Dead, which included Johnny Thunders, Peter Perrett of The Only Ones, various Electric Chairs and Hot Rods, Pat Paladin of Snatch, and Sid falling over onto the drumkit.

Asked whether it was permanent, Sid replied: "No . . . (long pause) . . . maybe." He did assure us the gig was just a one-off affair, but he couldn't say anymore until Johnny Thunders returned from France, where he was accompanying The Only Ones on tour.

As it happened, Thunders had just arrived back in town even as we spoke to Sid, and he was busily looking for Heartbreakers manager Lee Black Childers with a view, it would appear, to reuniting with Billy Rath and Walter Lure (currently still in New York) to get The Heartbreakers back on the road.

According to the band's agent Dave Woods, the split rumours have only served to enhance The Heartbreakers' "legendary status", and there's plenty of demand for them to work. His hunch is that they'll re-form as the same band, just a different drummer . . .

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

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NEVER MIND THE COBBERS — HERE'S RADIO BIRDMAN

(Australia's one decent band, says our man in the outback)

EVERY MAJOR TOWN in the western hemisphere probably has its own 'small, but enthusiastic' punk scene by now. Sydney is no exception.

In fact, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane are the ideal places for such a movement to develop. All three are grey, unexciting cities with vast, sprawling suburbs filled with the kind of aimless, directionless youth who, in London, would identify strongly with The Adverts' "Bored Teenagers".

A small new wave underground has grown up in Sydney, serviced by one or two specialist record shops who stock the latest imported singles, albums and assorted punk paraphernalia, and keep their customers up-to-date on the latest trends in London and New York. About twenty bands have formed recently who consciously identify themselves as punk rockers — they relate strongly to their overseas counterparts and refuse to have anything to do with the more established forms of rock music.

Most of them are fairly faceless. With names like Johnny Dole and the Scabs, The Psychosurgeons, World War 4, Tommy and the Dipsticks or Shocktreatment, they all play two- or three-chord sub-Ramones anti-social rock.

Punk in Sydney is modelled on the English rather than the New York original. New Wave means short, fast, raucous, buzz-saw chord songs, and while there's nothing of this available, it's highly unlikely that Australia will produce anything as innovative as Talking Heads, Television, or Elvis Costello.

Similarly, new wave fashions include safety-pins, razor blades, spiked hairdos and torn clothing. The only New York group really popular with new-wavers in Sydney is The Ramones.

The primary value of the local punks is their sheer energy — plus the fact that they are the only groups available playing such brutal, intense dance music.

There are now two venues in Sydney where one can see punk bands

regularly on the weekend: the back room of the Grand Hotel, which is located in a slightly seedy section of downtown Sydney, and a small club called the Bondi Lifesaver. Both are tiny locations, packed and sweaty, and vaguely 'atmospheric' in a flea-bitten, aggressive way.

The two biggest attractions with the torn T-shirt set ironically both pre-date the new wave revolution of '76/'77. The Saints had been playing their brand of musical anarchy in Brisbane when punks were only found in Hollywood gangster movies — and their successors to pre-eminence since they moved to Britain are a Sydney group called Radio Birdman.

Radio Birdman are far and away the best rock band in Australia. Although they have been together since 1975, they are associated with the new wave now because of the outrageousness of their live shows and their total dedication to The Stooges. They are closer in spirit to the new punk bands than to anything else currently treading the Australian boards.

What separates Radio Birdman from the rest of the local new wave is the sheer superiority of their songs and the power of their onstage execution. Legend has it that when they first started out they used to smash guitars during the acoustic numbers in their set.

Radio Birdman consist of Rob Younger, vocals (who looks like a psychotic Rick Wakeman), Deniz Tek, lead guitar and songwriting, Chris Masauk, rhythm, Warwick Gilbert, bass, and Ron Keeley, drums. Before he cancelled his Australian tour last December, they were scheduled to back Iggy Pop — which would no doubt have fulfilled Detroit-horn Deniz Tek's life's ambition. It's lucky Mr Pop opted out, because the Birdman would have blown him offstage before a hometown crowd. Radio Birdman have graduated from pubs into the town hall circuit now, and they are currently holidaying in the States where their first album, "Radios Appear", has been released on Sire.

Although it is slowly growing, punk is still an extreme minority taste in

Australia. It has risen in the midst of, and as a reaction against, a pop culture that is so dull that it is often hard for anyone outside the country to believe.

The local club-town hall touring circuit is dominated by mindless boogie bands of the Bad Company/Bachman Turner calibre. The airwaves are controlled by sugary pop sounds — German disco, L.A. soft rock, Sherbet and the Little River Band being the most common and the most adventurous thing heard.

A part from these staples, every so often there is a new big sensation. In the past eighteen months these have been Abba, Frampton, Fleetwood Mac and lately ELO and Boz Scaggs. Overseas content consists of whatever's popular in the USA — i.e. whatever local record companies believe will return profits.

Yet this does not mean Australian rock is non-existent. In fact, in Australia you can find local bands to satisfy just about any musical taste, from symphonic rock to white reggae. Although these bands command local and enthusiastic audiences they'll remain small-time, like punk rock, because of basic grass roots apathy from most people under 25.

The vast majority of young people in Australia simply are not worried about investigating anything that is not played to them on commercial AM pop radio. The motivation just does not exist. They are quite happy with pleasant, sophisticated hip easy listening.

Record sales and concert attendances seem to prove it. In November 1977 Fleetwood Mac, Santana and Little River Band played concerts in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane and attendance figures topped 40,000 for each show. ELO and Boz Scaggs both toured recently, and played to 35,000 people each in Sydney alone. Abba, and even Neil Diamond, received similar reactions when they toured.

Punk rock is popular with about 0.001% of the local youth. Like some kind of unfortunate mistake, it is treated condescendingly by all — press, music industry and kids. When The Sex Pistols appeared on TV

newsreels just over twelve months ago they were viewed as a freak show — just looked at, laughed off and forgotten.

The press is learning the emotive value and newsworthiness that the word punk holds, but their features are usually limited to self-righteous accounts of mutant teenagers throwing up on the floor at a punk gig, or snickering photo-spreads of the more outrageous tastes in bin-liners and safety-pin chic. Hostility, condescension and a complete lack of understanding are hallmarks of the Australian media's coverage of the new wave.

Even so, most new wave records are released in Australia. The Ramones, Television, Fatti Smith, Sex Pistols, Damned, Clash, Vibrators, and others all have local album releases, but the music business isn't pushing.

Sydney's leading commercial pop radio station, 2SM, did begin playing "Pretty Vacant" and Radio Birdman's "New Race" in December,

when interest in the new wave rose slightly due to Blondie's tour and the expected visit of Iggy Pop, but this was obviously just a purely commercial move to see if they could cash in on a successful overseas movement. When no reaction was forthcoming from their audience both singles were promptly dropped.

What is perhaps more disturbing is that the 'kids-on-the-street' are not well disposed towards punk rock. They have been on such a sophisticated, bland Californian diet for so long that anything as basic and aggressive as punk is rejected instantly. As far as they are concerned, new wave is synonymous with "crass, simple and stupid".

Social conditions are possibly a major factor in the ascendancy of easy-listening music, and the small following for punk rock.

Australia is the most affluent country in the world. Few people here have to live in depressing tower blocks, we have no serious racial problems, and the sun shines for three hundred days of the year. There's no tension or aggression in such an easy-going society. When four teenagers put together a band, they're far more likely to be inspired by The Eagles or Led Zeppelin than any radical desire to change things, or voice their rage through savage rock and roll.

Even now, when Australia is in the middle of its worst depression since the '30s, and the unemployment level for the 16-25 year-old age-group is staggering, one would think that punk would take off — and it has, but only in a very small way.

Nope, even when Johnny Dole shouts "Stuff your rules!" to a frantic, popping audience at the Grand Hotel, Australia seems destined to remain the California of the West Pacific.

STEPHEN DOWSE

THE END



The Birdman cometh.
Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

The Lone Groover



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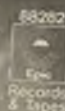
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Gonzo!



Bill Nelson Knows We're All Doomed...



BeBop live repertoires. Also included is a number not yet released, but scheduled to appear soon on an EP made up of material left over from "Drastic Plastic".

BeBop watchers will recall that the new album was originally envisaged as a double, but the music business which Nelson so despises thwarted his plans.

"Before I turned professional," he states, "the irony of the situation not apparent in his cold-stricken voice. 'I'd done every creative thing I'd come up with — multi-media shows, poetry, mime, films... nobody ever put up any objections to any of them. I was given free range."

"Since I've turned professional I've lost a lot of faith."

Though Nelson had written ample material for four sides (21 songs, all of 'em penned last March), EMI, he says, refused to go along with his scheme for putting out the double album for the price of a single LP — even if the group financed it themselves. BeBop's management endorsed the band's plans but no dice. Still, the company did point out that certain cuts seemed tailor-made to fit together on a single album.

"When we listened to it we found a lot of it worked well as a unit," admits Bill.

Nelson had approached the songs from which "Drastic Plastic" was culled from a new stance; simple structures and lyrics that owed more to abstract ideas than personal experience. "The previous albums have been diaries — though I dare say I'm probably the only one capable of untangling them."

"Several songs on the new record were put together purely for their aural effect. There's nothing on the album which is difficult to play. Any band on the street could play it. It seems more difficult that it in fact is because of the way it was recorded."

"I wanted to do what wasn't expected. Everybody expected more long guitar solos, lots of overdubs, and lots of complexity."

NELSON'S DESIRE to get away from his guitar hero image — something which EMI seized on in marketing the group — is evident in BeBop's current stage act. Thankfully, these days there are no flame-throwing histrionics from Nelson's guitar. Instead a detectable wryness creeps into his onstage attitude towards himself as axe-man supreme. (Pardon us — Ed.)

But surely if BeBop are ever genuinely to make it into the Big League, playing down Nelson's guitar heroics isn't the way to go about it.

"I would like to sell more records without having to appeal to the lowest common denominator," Bill explains. "If the band has any influence on its audience I hope it's in opening their ears up to different kinds of music."

"That's the kind of change I'd welcome — to actually change people's ears rather than make social changes. I'd like to stretch an audience's imagination, but without getting into silly flash histrionics."

Quite. Nelson, avid readers will recall — last year he penned a feature for *NME* in which he harped on about the dubiousness of rock acts making social comment — has no truck whatsoever for the current trend which stresses 'attitude' before music. Tom Robinson was quick to take on Nelson's views soon after "Nelson's Column" and had his say in these very pages.

Cynical to the end, Nelson wasn't convinced by Robinson's reply. "When I first read that piece I did think he was an opportunist," he admits — although now, after hearing Robinson spout forth on numerous occasions to the media, he grudgingly concedes that Tom's "an honest enough guy."

Mind you, Bill's still a long way from plastering his Yamaha SG 2000 with Rock Against Racism stickers. "I tend to think the things Robinson's campaigning for are very basic things

But in the meantime what can a Yorkshire boy do but make records, play tours and uphold the artist's sanity?

STEVE CLARKE discusses the problems of being Be-Bop De Luxe in the modern age.

that everybody's aware of anyway. I'm much more in favour of anarchy than any constructive political thing. I'd rather disrupt than give solutions, 'cause I think that disruption in the long run throws people into enough panic to find real solutions. Independent solutions.

"I just throw up at the idea of people setting themselves up as... I used to be involved in a gospel band way back which did a lot of prison and borstal work... maybe I was soured by that. I met a lot of people who were very, very sincere, very devout Christians, but with this manic urge to convert all and sundry. (Witness BeBop's "Blazing Apostles"...)

"The whole idea of having to have people set themselves up as spokesmen seems immoral to me. Granted, it's necessary. A lot of kids pick up on these things from the press and without really knowing the implications of what they're doing go along with it 'cause it's fashionable."

"Tom Robinson's initial publicity was all to do with his politics. They were selling his records on his political leanings. I find that disgusting."

"To use people's emotional involvement with each other to sell records is criminal. I'm not attacking him personally — I think the actual basis of his campaign is admirable — it's just the way it's being presented."

"Tom Robinson's band is a band. It isn't just a bunch of campaigners. The music business is marketing his ideals like soap powder."

In Tom's reply to Bill's piece, he suggested that BeBop's music was inoffensive and thus tame compared to, say, The Sex Pistols. Nelson angrily points out that it wasn't so much the Pistols' music which people found offensive, but rather their behaviour.

"I started out as a musician. Not to outrage people. Any outrages I can make are in musical terms, and they're not that obvious that they're going to be picked up by anyone anyway. They're subtle and they're not necessarily upfront. If anything, the Pistols' music is easier to digest than ours."

"If you played both to a middle-aged woman she'd probably go for The Sex Pistols 'cause it's easier to sing along to."

Wasn't Robinson's remark about the Pistols using the business more than any other act close to home?

"I don't know how much money they made out of it. Or what criteria they have for using the business. My

criteria for using the business would be to get exactly what I wanted out of it without any compromise whatsoever. And obviously I've failed."

BE BOP'S CURRENT single, the Bowie-esque "Panic In The World", is yet another example of how EMI has messed with Nelson's creativity. As the title implies, the number deals with the familiar subject of late 20th Century doom.

Totalitarianism is the order of the day, there's death and decay in the streets, etc. The way Nelson originally saw it, the song ends on an optimistic note with a couple escaping to find a brand new start after being put through the rigours of interrogation and other kinds of humiliation. In its edited form — the single version — "Panic In The World" ends in a pessimistic mood, the closing verse having been topped off.

Surely such a song is making some kind of social comment, Bill?

"Yeah, but I'm making it in very ambiguous terms. I'm not being specific. It's hopefully still provoking thought within the grounds of it still being entertainment. I'm not saying follow this or that movement."

"All I'm saying is that this is a situation which is rapidly approaching — interrogation of individuals, particularly people with an individual way of thought."

But isn't this what Tom Robinson is saying?

"It might be," he chuckles. "The difference is I'm not selling records on it, I'm not using it as a stance."

"It's a very decadent thing to say, but in a way I'm saying I'm not that concerned with attitude. Basically I'm pessimistic that the world's doomed anyway. I'm more concerned with the atmosphere that a song like that creates mentally than any far-reaching results it might have. It's the effect of being faced with that inevitable decay that I find more interesting than any solution to it. I don't see any solution to it. If I did then I would be a Tom Robinson figure."

So the artist's role is not to correct society?

"No. It's to reflect and to express the artist's own inner world whatever that might be. To find your own limits and extremes. I'm not worthy to provide answers and basically I don't think anyone else is either."



IT'S TYPICAL OF BILL NELSON that he considered something as drastic as knocking Be Bop De Luxe on the head last year, at the peak of the band's popularity. Reason? He felt they had got themselves in a rut.

"We didn't sit down and say, 'Let's split up,'" reveals Nelson, in the tacky splendour of his Leicester Holiday Inn room. "But we thought we'd give it

some time and if we didn't feel we were getting any further creatively we'd call it a day."

Another rethink is planned for June.

In the meantime, BeBop's latest platter "Drastic Plastic" has given Nelson and his cohorts the desired new enthusiasm.

To ensure that boredom is kept at bay, the current BeBop set is drawn largely from "Drastic Plastic", only "Forbidden Lovers" and "Fair Exchange" remaining from previous

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Starring Austin Stoker
(Miracle)

ANY JADED poppinjay who thinks that the familiarities of genre — the blues, the western, the gangster movie — render it fit only for contemptuous camp and cannibalisation, has another think coming. *Assault On Precinct 13* is a genre masterpiece. All it really takes is a director like John Carpenter, who understands the function of familiarity, boosts off the shorthand speed of its assumptions, respects its symmetries, and the old indestructible armature will run like a yearling.

The plot is simple. A vast streetgang in a run-down neighbourhood of Los Angeles pledge themselves to terminal mayhem. A black police lieutenant is sent to supervise the closing down of a police station due for demolition. Three prisoners, including a murderer, are transferred from one state penitentiary to another by bus. A father and daughter set off by car to persuade mommy to come home. From these standard ingredients, Carpenter mixes the tastiest movie since Melville's *The Samurai*.

Everybody converges on the depleted Nick. The phones are off, the lights cut out, the gang attack, first posing notice of their kill-mission with a tribal presentation of blood and banner.

We learn nothing much about anybody, and we don't need to. The movie is not secretly about centaurs or existentialism or anything else but the mastery use of film. The lieutenant (Austin Stoker) tells the girl (Laurie Zimmer) one incident from his childhood — and remains as opaque as the murderer (Darwin Joston) who refuses to explain his bizarre christian name, Napoleon. The downbeat love affair between Joston and Miss Zimmer — a Hawksian hipness of shared cigarettes and respect, "you were pretty good in there" — is honed to the bone, judged to a nicety, and confident that the audience will bring their own colouring kit. No doubt the gang come from broken homes, they never speak.

The movie operates on cycles of tension and release. The sequence building from the conversation of father and daughter and ending with her death will take some beating for touch and timing. We hear the merry jingle of the ice-cream van, and see the nervous face of the salesman as he watches the ominously prowling car. The little girl buys an ice-cream and starts to skip back to her father, the car stops and unloads its silent cargo of death. Oh God, don't let her go back! — but back she skips for the blackest joke of the film: "I asked for vanilla ripple".

Successive waves of attack are imaginatively varied, with a particularly arresting ballet for bullets and stationery contrasting with the brutally earthbound hand-to-hand struggle in the finale. Yes, it's a violent film, pump-guns and spouting bodies in the family-size, but it isn't sadistic. It's the tension you remember, not the carnage — the lieutenant frantically prying at the lock on the gun-box as the horde

crash through the windows, the Group 'O' showerstorm on the squad car roof that finally — "doesn't sound like rain, sergeant" — alerts the outside world.

The script is properly functional, and can afford the odd quirkiness without breaking pace. The scene where the two prisoners find a childhood variant on tossing a coin — "I'm unlucky with coins. Let's do potato" — is preposterously effective. The leitmotifs and repeats of the dialogue are B-movie and proud of it. Joston, cuffed out of a chair by a brutal warder — "he don't sit so good" — gets his revenge with a looping lariat of chain — "and he don't stand so good either". As they never tire of telling him, he's got some fancy moves: an actor to watch.

As they say in the police recruitment posters, dull it isn't, and when the lights went up, Monty and I raised emphatic thumbs at each other, and will be remaining in journalism. Loved it.

Brian Case

Dark Star (A)

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Dan O'Bannon

ONE OF THE films of the year — *Dark Star* — is at last getting a belated release, presumably due to the selling wave of SF movies. Although smaller scale than *Star Wars* or *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* it is anything but a rip-off. Started seven years ago and completed in 1973 at a cost of 60,000 dollars (no noughts missing), *Dark Star* is a labour of love that looks like a million

dollars (which contrasts with, say, the recent *King Kong*, that also looks a million, but actually cost 25 times that amount).

Dark Star is the name of a faster-than-light space ship 10 light years away from the earth that exists in order to blow up unstable planets with atomic bombs. As a further refinement of the 'smart' bombs used in Vietnam these devices can talk back (hence the Slogan 'Bombed out in space with a spaced-out bomb').

The message is that no matter how ritzy and refined man's technology gets, he will find the ways and means of balling things up. The three crew members are irritated with each other after 20 years in space (relativity being what it is they have only aged three years), their captain has been deep-frozen to keep his brain limping along after being accidentally electrocuted and the mission is held together by the ship's computer.

Despite echoes of previous SF movies (like 2001, *Dr. Strangelove* and *Solaris*) *Dark Star* doesn't droop along as a cute and spooky take-off. It is a witty and visually impressive film that is always one step ahead of its audience (you may be able to guess the ending, but the way it actually happens will take you by surprise). One of the crew members (Dan O'Bannon, of whom more later) gets involved in one of the best running gags ever as he tries to recapture the ship's alien mascot (a large beach ball with claws) that escapes during feeding time and hangs out in the ship's lift shaft area.

Dan O'Bannon, in addition to a starring role, also co-wrote *Dark Star*, edited and designed it and did the special effects work (later he worked on *Star Wars*).

The other prime mover is John

Carpenter, who co-wrote, produced and directed it. Using their minuscule resources brilliantly, they have created a big film out of virtually nothing — a space yarn you can enjoy without having to forget that you have a brain between your ears.

Martin de Carteret

The Boys in Company C (X)

Directed by Sidney J. Furie
Starring Stan Shaw (EMI)

THE FIRST feature film on the Vietnam War, Sidney Furie's two-hour marathon relies mainly on narrative strengths rather than the diagnostic. We follow the fortunes of a bunch of raw recruits — the traditional ethnic mix — through the rigours of marine boot camp and into combat, and watch them variously reject the conditionings of patriotism in favour of self-preservation and brotherhood.

There's big, tough Tyronne Washington (Stan Shaw), the bitter black who learns enough compassion to elbow a racket for smuggling back heroin in body bags, rechannels his ghetto-built combat ability into helping the boys get out alive. There's Vinnie Fazio (Michael Lembeck), the smartass Brooklyn-Italian, and his buddy, the bookish Alvin Foster (James Canning), and there's the good old country boy, Billy Ray Pike (Andrew Stevens), whose love of contact sports takes a body blow when he discovers that much of America's Vietnam campaign jess-ain't cricket.

An old-fashioned film in many ways, it occasionally equates with the radicalism of *Catch 22* and *M*A*S*H*. The boys invent a fictitious victory by zoning in the massed hardware onto an unoccupied hill, and, back at base, blow up the general's caravan, apart from that the movie's heart is squarely in James Jones territory.

The director revisits flashbacks, so the love interests — wholesome budding apart — is as thin on the ground as Vietnamese agriculture after Westmorland.

Brian Case

Holocaust 2000 (X)

Starring Kirk Douglas, Agostina Belli and Simon Ward
Directed by Alberto De Martino (Rank)



KIRK whispers to Mr BELL's beauty in one of HOLOCAUST'S 'up' moments.

THE BIGGEST sock of this movie is seeing movie icon Kirk Douglas running nude through a desert, writhing hysterically in a whitewall asylum and generally kicking over the traces. The disaster, demon and suspense film merge in *Holocaust* as plans to build a Third World thermonuclear reactor become inextricably linked with the Antichrist, a nasty piece of work which Simon Ward handles well. Much hailed as the first of many Anglo-Italian productions, it has the freshness of a spaghetti western but lacks Clint Eastwood's considerable presence. Recommended for stale brains.

Dick Tracy

The Duellists (A)

Directed by Ridley Scott
Starring Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel
(Paramount)

REMEMBER THAT recent run of Hovis ads, those painstaking recreations of old England? They were the work of Ridley Scott, who makes his big screen directorial debut with this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad short story rather unsurprisingly entitled "The Duel".

Trouble is, Scott hasn't really managed to throw off the Hovis mantle. In much the same way that his TV shorts conveniently ignored the harshness and sheer drudgery of town and country life at the turn of the century, so his full length film conveniently ignores the tough, bitter kernel of Conrad's work.

Set in the Europe of the Napoleonic Wars, *The Duellists* follows the fortunes of two French husbands as, for reasons that are never publicly disclosed, they fight a series of duels.

How much of the original, apparently factual tale's dilution is due to Gerald Vaughan-Hughes'

script and how much to Scott and/or the inadequacies of his cast is hard to assess. Conrad's lowering fatalism and finely honed characterisation is almost totally absent here.

Keith Carradine is drearily unconvincing as the aristocratic D'Hubert, especially since he retains his American accent; Harvey Keitel fares somewhat better as the monomaniac Feraud, cutting a nicely cramped, embittered figure. Sunday colour supplement starlet Diana Quick plays Laura, D'Hubert's one-time love in the field, and would doubtless have made more of an impression in a role that required less breast beating (and, for that matter, showing).

As an authentic period piece, *The Duellists* is well nigh impeccable. All the brass, buckles, belts and buttons are present and very correct, but Ridley's insistence on cluttering every outdoor scene with 'significance' is plain irksome.

Impressive though his visual feel for landscape may be (time and time again he shows beautiful views of countryside under immense sweeps of sky), it's hard to resist the notion that he's choreographed every goose, sheep and cow in sight, that he's rented light planes to swoop just that much more rain over to the

north-west, that he's even realigned whole swarms of trees with complex arrays of rope and pulley in an attempt to have everything just so. More important, it's very unlikely that any film maker, let alone Scott, is going to surpass the pastoral lyricism of Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*.

Still, the duels themselves are tightly and realistically arranged, all too isolated moments of tension, and the ending's pleasantly unexpected. But that's not enough, particularly when Conrad's story suggests that so much more could have been made of the character conflicts, of the strange obligations of honour and the equally peculiar pressures of waging wars by gentlemanly rulebook. Scott's racy romanticism leaves a sweet taste that soon turns sour.

Angus MacKinnon



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SINGLES



"Y" put your first finger behind the second fret... MICK GREEN. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE PIRATES: All In It Together (Warner Bros). A strum-along guitar intro invites you to swan around the room before the others crash in mob-handed. There's no question, this is the one because it's about rock'n'roll, it is rock'n'roll and it sounds terrific.

From electric intro on in it's built in a vice-like time and you either surrender or go away. I'm sure it's cynical as hell ("We're all in it together! Don't it make you wanna spew"), something about always being taken for a ride and following the band who shouts the loudest. Whatever, the change of gear a third of the way through is a real liver splitter. I'll tell you who's following: The Pirates this week — effin' everybody, that's who. Mick Green, Johnny Spence and Frank Farley-piss on egotists, diarrhoeanists and-ists in general forever. From as great a height as possible.

THE VERY CLOSE BUT THE CIGAR'S NOT LIT AWARD

JOHNNY MOPED: Darling, Let's Have Another Baby (Chiswick). These lads have come on a pace since the Roxy album if this smashing Berk song, is anything to go by. Imagine a godawful C&W jerker taken at a leisurely, ever-so-slightly punky

clunk-a-chunk: "If you ever leave me, I'll cry a million tears/I'll go to the nearest honzer and drink ten pints of beer." You know tongues are bursting through cheeks but it's done quite straight, making it all the more effective. A happy ending, too: "When we have another baby/I'll be quite happy to wash and change its nappy." As a bonus, there's a clean,



neat rendition of Big Eddie's "Something Else" on the flip, plus "It Really Digs" in which a Derek or Clive character says, briefly, that he hates the world but he loves himself.

SOME AMERICAN WEIRDOS

STUMBLEBUNNY: Bad Habits (Slip-Shod EP). Producer Chris Robinson was in the New York Dolls Mx. 11 together with Peter Jordan, and Robinson has written three of these four songs. None of them's much cop. There are Wild Man Fischer — you know, all manic assertion — vocals on "I Can't

Remember," wherein our hero forgets what he did last night. Me too. With a late show soundtrack, "Valium" is a soap opera for the benefit of the protagonist's doctor. "Bad Habits" is duff and "Tonight" sounds as bad as it's spelled.

KIM FOWLEY: Control (Mercury). Believe Mr. Fowley likes to do it with ducks, in all positions. He's your sink, he's a robot, he's the crazy, he ain't your dog. He's in control. He reckons. Crap with a bloody great S

PATTI SMITH: Hey Joe (Version) (Sire). Warpo Patti's 'version' of "Hey Joe" seems to be about Patty Hearst spreading for a well-hung black revolutionary. Not too many laughs here, despite Tom Verlaine being on lead guitar. Seventy-three minutes of "Piss Factory" on the flip which we all love, or not. A grand, sweeping social commentary in the finest Zola tradition, in which all the characters wind up pregnant and get run over by a bus in the end.

LEILA & THE SNAKES: Rock'n'Roll Weiridos (Asp). Imported from San Francisco, Jane Dornacker goes at Life Itself. Female Tubes, I guess. A little bit quacy, cheesy and greasy (they said it). Nice hums, though. On the B ("Pyramid Power") you can get deep into her cry, if you like.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY MONTY SMITH

DOGGONE MY SOUL, HOW I LOATHE THEM OLD SONGS...

LEIF GARRETT: Runaround Sue (Atlantic). A 16-year-old turnip who makes Dion's original seem HM and what he does in "California Girls" on the B doesn't bear thinking about. This guy must've been brought up on candyfloss in Disneyland. Sooty and Sweep, Pinky and Perky, you name it, could have done better. Leif it alone.

SAM & DAVE: We Can Work It Out (Contempo). The Beatles' song taken at a lugubrious pace (quick check on turntable speed) by the blokes who floored everyone with "You Don't Know Like I Know" and "Hold On, I'm Coming" 13 years ago. Those first two hits are performed on the flip, somewhat perfunctorily.

MICK WHITAKER: When A Man Loves A Woman (Rubber). Jeze, I was never remotely a soul freak but even I know that Sam and Dave have blown it and that this guy rilly, rilly (I mean that most sincerely) messes on Percy Sledge's dirge. Sludge ain't the word.

ANTHONY WHITE: I Can't Turn You Loose (Salsoul). And the blips keep on coming. Otis Redding's song as a blaring *Starsky And Hutch* theme song, fast and crude plus strings and choir.

GEORGE BENSON: On Broadway (Warner Bros). The Mann-Leiber-Stoller-Wells-Crosby/Still/Bob/Ted/Carol and Nash classic turned into a sell-out show-filler cop-out, all easy funk and scuzzy scat singing.

UNCLE SAM: Oh, Pretty Woman (Ariola). As if Roy Orbison (and your humble scribe) hadn't suffered enough, this is rendered as pure poisonous disco track.

RIGBY: The House Of The Rising Sun (Logan). Chuck it all in — Santo Esmeralda handclaps, "You Really Got Me" fuzz chords, watery synths and some dozy bints bleating breathlessly. A hit.

QUEBEC: Mama Rous (Harvest). Canadian outfit (just guessing) turning Dr. John's honourable song into an anonymous bleepy bash.

VAN HALEN: You really Got Me (Warner Bros). Had high hopes of this one, but the longhaired LA trio contrive, by use of tricky wah-wah, overemphatic percussion and Method-school vocals, to turn Ray Davies' magnificently simplistic blitz into something akin an anal Rush extravaganza — and all in two minutes 36. The Count Bishops' "I Need You" reigns supreme as the best non-Kinks Kinks song.

...UNLESS THEY'RE DONE RIGHT

THE TROGGS: Wild Thing (Lightning Old Gold). From the moment the needle hits the deck, Reg and his Androids deliver sheer perfection. Chip Taylor's song being given all kinds of sexual connotations amidst the trebly rhythm and tuppenny-flute solo. Reg's own "With A Girl Like You" graces the flip, all two minutes of it, still sounding like a demo out-take. Great.

When can we have "I Can't Control Myself"? That's always good for a giggle. Power Pop? Wassat?

POINTS WEST, POINTS EAST

DEBBY BOONE: California (Warner Bros). From the home of mighty Burbank, a Product of Mike Curb Productions (it says on the label). Yes, the same Mike Curb who, when MGM's president, publicly dropped all 'druggie' acts from his label in 1970, except Eric Burdon because he was still selling records then. Ms Boone delivers the yukky words ("Everyone out here is pretty — yeah, pretty boring") in a weak, personality-minus voice as we are told that "The laid-back way of living makes you feel all kinds of good." Give that writer a rise!

Unfortunately, musically (strings and cocktail piano aside) it bears a passing resemblance to The Byrds' excellent "Gunga Din".

DUESENBERG: California (Polydor). Oooh-pa-pa-oooh intro before weedy Krauts (just taking a wild guess) attempt a hall-less Beach Boys pastiche, place name-dropping all over the

shop. Produced by Wolfgang Schleier, so you will enjoy.

U.S.A. U.K.: California Bound (MAM). Some berk's going home to "The sweetest little gal in San Francisco town" in a muddy awful blend of cabaret and disco. Arranged by Karl Jenkins apparently.

SPLINTER: New York City (Who Am I?) (Dark Horse). A friend of Hatti Georgeson's, mate, otherwise you wouldn't be in the studio with Norbert Putnam. Anyhow, the tough, gritty city ("A guy who's trying to hustle you for bread...") — wor, bleedin' bakers on strike again? — is presented by Splinter in as bland and drippy a way as the Californian Chamber of Commerce merchants above.

AND POINTS IN BETWEEN

LINDA CASSADY: Little Teardrops (CK All-American). Pure C&W hoke. "Teardrops are sadder than you think/That they come and go in a blink/It's a wonder they know/When to stop and when to flow." Lotsa steel guitar and very, very funny.

BOBBY BARNETT: Burn Atlanta Down (CK All-American). Gee, that's what I call real genuine radicalism, eh, boy? Not exactly. Mr. Barnett merely wonders whether he'll have to burn Atlanta down to find his erring baby. More C&W schlock-rock horror phew what a whimper

■ Continues over page



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New, from Suburban Studs

SINGLES

From previous page

THREE ESCAPES FROM THE I.A. ASYLUM (OR OUT ON WEEKEND PASSES ANYWAY).

ANDREW GOLD: Never Let Her Slip Away (Asylum). Beach Boys "Do It Again" at half-speed. Mr. Gold (son of Mr. Exodus) blows it every which way. The first album was cute, the second clever, but if this is an example of the third.

WARREN ZEVON: Werewolves Of London (Asylum). A jolly nonsense piece which appears to concern Chinese takeways and those mutilation murders so popular amongst young Californians. Nicely played, of course, but the sum total adds up to sweet FA. Sweet Nick Kent reckons the flip ("Tenderness On The Block") but it all sounds the same to me — dead naff.

JACKSON BROWNE: You Love The Thunder (Asylum). Thankyou Jackson, producer of Warren, for sharing all your pain with us mere mortals. "Cocaine" is on the other side, if you fancy a sniff.

GIVE ME JOHN FORD, EVERY TIME.

DEAN FORD: The Fever (EMI). Lethargic reading of B. Spongebear's song. Dean's light West Coast inflection entirely inappropriate.

JOHN FORDE: Atlantis (EMI). "Stardance" was John's previous single, apparently, and now he plunges the depths in an abortive attempt to avoid all the other SF/Disco rip-offs. It's limp, wet and still smells worse than stepping on a jelly fish. This week alone there are half a dozen disco stompers with either "Space" or "Super" in the title. They order you to dance. They're

mindless, insidious, dangerous and incredibly depressing.

SOME OF THE REST

MENACE: G.L.C. (Small Wonder). "You hate it and the kids in the shop love it," says Pete in his scribbled note from Small Wonder. I don't hate it. I just think it's funny: good ol' headbanging on-low-ceiling-punk, the chorus ("G.L.C. G.L.C. — you're full of shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit") delivered so fast that the object of their ire comes across as Chelsea. Watch it damn the Shed, lads. If they're serious.

RADIO BIRDMAN: What Gives (Sire). The Assies catch up to Brit-rock a year late (as usual). Fast, raucous and God knows/care what it's all about. Very tame, really, and no chews.

JOHNNY COUGAR: I Need A Lover (Riva). You need an arranger, mate, never mind a lover. Very dramatic, like *Crossroads* in Panavision. On his side, Cougar's got a cultured gruff voice, some session men who know when to start and stop and lots of... er... extravagant publicity, so this could well be a hit. Let's hope not, it's dead boring.

melted popsicle that falls into the muddy morass between the Beats of Mersey and Thames. "Suspender Fun", on the flip, delivers it all in the title.

SUBS: Gimme Your Heart (Stiff). On Stiff's new 1-Off label, a Larry Wallis neo-production all the way from Scotland. Neanderthal Man drumming from Ali Mackenzie and vocalist Callum Cuthbertson sounds suitably disgruntled. Not one of Stiff's great moments, tho' there's a nice Buddy Holly touch to the B-side, "Party Clothes".

done in garage-band French? Better than the Fairports hit in Froggy ten years ago, but worse than all those old Manfred Mann 'versions'.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: Mighty Quinn (Bronze). Woops-a-bleedin' daisy, here they are now and a bit of an on-going non-event situation it is, too. Is it really live or is that audience reaction just tacked on? Hard to tell, since it's so messy. Don't usually go in for such drastic measures, but come back Mike D'Abo...

people are compared to Darts, who are genuine innovators/archivists. Showaddywaddy are pappy puppets, straight out of the Opp Knox-supper club circuit who are making one last ditch for rock credibility with this, an obvious attempt to emulate Darts' vocal pyrotechnics — and falling flat on their waddies in the process.

THE DESPERATE BICYCLES: New Cross, New Cross (Refill EP). Six tracks at 33 1/2 rpm for 70p — great! But the Bicycles can't even tune



then this is a joke — but if it's a parody, it's brilliant, down to the rhyming of magistrate with masturbate and the "Fuk Off The World" etched next to the matrix number. Now look, let's not get high-handed about this but so long as the Labour Party are in power then I don't worry overmuch about petty bureaucrats in regional government. And if, as seems likely the Blue Rinsed Iron Maiden does emerge as a serious contender for Downing St, then I'll leave it to the deeply felt chauvinism and influence of the working/unemployed man (remember the three day week?) to sort things out. Are we not men?

VINCE CADILLAC: Memory Lane (Satrib). Should've had a silly names category, shouldn't we? Still, Vince's vocal is immaculately produced, like he's standing in the room next to you. Real John Barry propulsions and the all-in chorus is OK, too. Good pop record, so I won't mind if this is a hit.

JOHNNY PAYCHECK: Take This Job And Shove It (Epic). Hard-ass country, well produced by Billy Sherrill, and a great shame that it doesn't quite live up to that great title.

ADVERTISING: Stolen Love (EMI). Don't think even Billy J. Kramer (or Philip K. Dick) would've bothered with this, a

KOOLSKOOL: I Can't Hide (MCA). Clever stuff, I mean, it's not exactly a working class "Bohemian Rhapsody", but it all fits. Actually, it's better than that — neat intro, good chews, plenty of dynamics. The lead vocals are positively balanced between being strained and matter of fact. Superior pop and sure as hell beats Abba. Played it six times and managed to keep my lunch down.

BIJOU: Si Tu Dois Partir (Philips). Never cared much for Dylan in English, so why should I go bananas over "If You Gotta Go (Go Now)"

THE PALEY BROTHERS: Ecstasy (Sire EP). Boston's Paley Bros are as yummy looking as Peter Frampton clones and come across like the Alessis. Astonishingly wet but then guitarist Jonathan did play with J. Richman and keyboardist Andy served time with Patti Smith. Four songs, all sounding like Phil Spector demos with a kind of rickety fence of sound. I realise the '60s are where it's at, man, but these guys obviously learned nothing.

SHOWADDYWADDY: I Wonder Why (Arista). Really pisses me off when these

their own instruments. Maybe that's great, too, though the bassist, woefully inadequate, is a real aspirin job. Throughout, they sound like Mungo Jerry on a Monday morning, and the irony contained in some of the songs (which are all duff) is tres heavy. Sounds OK at 45 though.

SNATCH: All I Want (Lightning). Patti Palladin and Judy Nylon sound like the GTOs, all sweet schoolgirl sneering. All women have a great man behind them (GTOs had Zappa), but Snatch don't appear to have anyone. Recorded a year ago and it shows.

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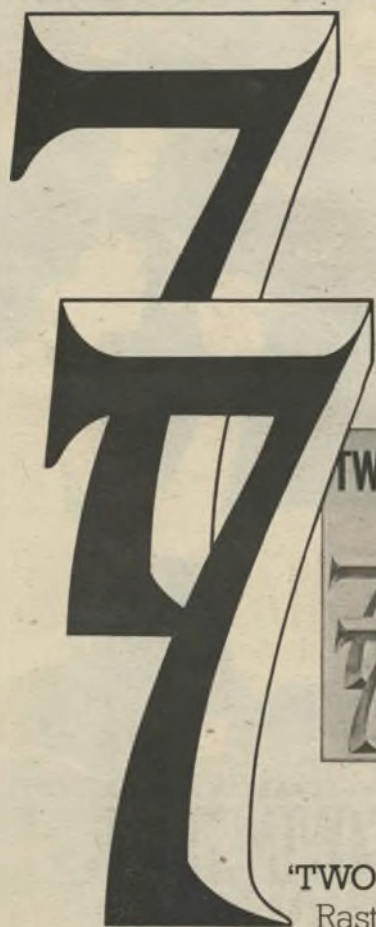
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JOE 'UP-TOWN TOP-RANKIN' GIBBS

**'TWO SEVENS CLASH' - CULTURE -
THE MUSIC IS THE MESSAGE.**

CULTURE LIPI  
'TWO SEVENS CLASH'
Available on Lightning Records and Tapes.

JAZZ

IF THIS ageing process keeps up, I thought, bleating across a pub-table at the two young second-generation Free Music players, I'm gonna wind up like Scrotum, the wrinkled old retainer, mumbling about 'seein' the first of 'em and seein' the last of 'em' while servicing the ear-trumpet for yet another snort of innovation.

Nigel Coombes and Roger Smith, one wearing enough hair to stuff a duvet, the other cropped to the nub, side-by-side like a before-and-after advert though the only preparation in evidence is a formula exclusive to Young's brewery. Beer abides.

We are talking about national differences in Free Music.

"The Dutch are still theatrical and the Germans still seem loud and aggressive," says Nigel. "English music is neither. It's more intimate, generally quieter, less emotional-seeming, less blatantly experimental or avant-garde. It has a chamber-like quality."

Roger, round glasses, great coat, stubble, comes on allegro. "There are young people there too, and it doesn't have to end up all Bennink and Broitzmann. I think these people have to be thought of as something of the past, in a way. You can predict when there's going to be a roar from Bennink or when Mengelberg is going to go into 19th Century straight music. Oh, not again — here he goes!"

I reflect upon Bennink, who showered me with peanuts during a recital, and Mengelberg, who cut half an album with his grey, red-tail parrot, Ecco. Passe, huh? I know what he means, though. The same reaction took place in modern painting, against the hot and into the cool. Pollock & The Drip-School Dervishes beached by the clean, dispassionate Hard Edge wielders of protractor and T-square. And conch too has its peanuts and parrots in the static persons of Gilbert & George.

Roger moves up a notch. "In fact, the whole LP thing — the whole market so far as going to concerts and listening — is possibly doomed."

I gasp and bite the knuckle. Roger continues. "The whole thing of struggling to try to get albums out, whether on the small labels or through the big companies, because a lot of musicians who nobody will support — neither classical nor jazz Establishments — are just not interested in getting a record out. "See, if you want to appeal to somebody, you have to throw in things which will appeal to them — but you can ignore that totally and just get into the music on your own."

Some can of beans he'd opened here. "So who would it be for?" I ask.

"Just for you?"

"No — for others who realise that fact exists. There's a difference between Nigel and myself. He — possibly in a pessimistic way — thinks the music we play is for living rooms, and that it doesn't really go much further than that. I think a fair living can be made from it

and there's a lot of hope. This is just the beginning for Free Improvisation, not the tag-end of what's been happening. I just feel hopeful."

Nigel defined his position. "I think music in a living room is often more successful because it's a lot more relaxed." And then, in an honest and undogmatic way, added: "That may be because I suffer from stage nerves anyway. I haven't really played Free Music to a very large audience. Living rooms and chamber music — they are suited to each other."

DON'T YOU feel any obligation to bring your music to the people?" I ask, defining that abstraction, as usual, as massed chaps on the factory floor.

"Well, they're listening to a cacophonous row all day, so they can't be expected to" — Nigel's neat bit of casuistry is cut short by howls of laughter. "No, unfortunately factory workers don't have the chance to get to grips with not only this music, but much other."

"It's not my fault that what I'm doing is elitist. I think people wouldn't like it much anyway. I suppose it's heavy going."

Roger, too, avoided the force-feeding position of the avant-gardist. "I was a remedial teacher for a while, and the fact that I was playing what to them was sheer rubbish didn't matter — they accepted that the thing existed. The fact that you just do it should be accepted."

Nigel Coombes has been playing his violin in a Free Music context for eight years. At 12, he was copying for Bartok, backtracking to Bach and Vivaldi long after his debut as a Free player.

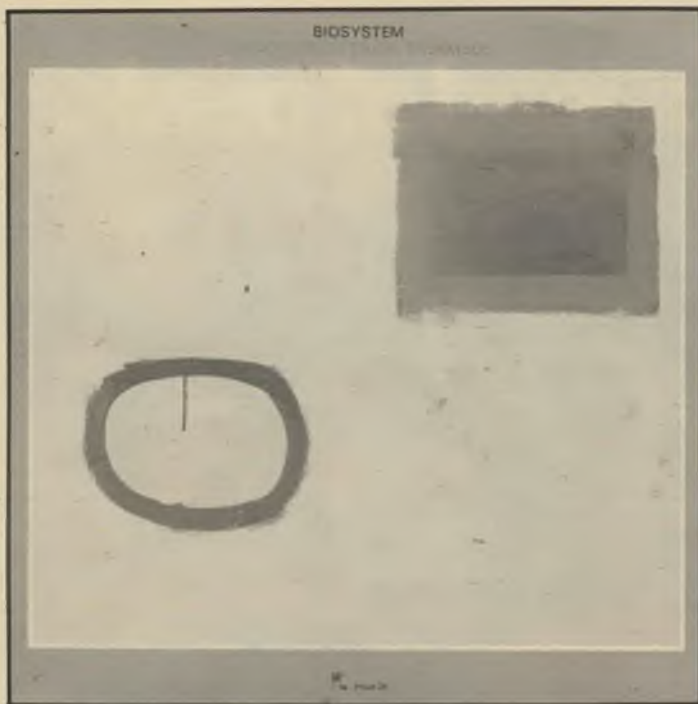
"I came into music through the backdoor really. I hadn't heard that much because my technique was insecure and I had to work hard at adjusting that. I might be headed towards being a straightish-music musician, though Free Music will always be important to whatever I'm doing."

If Nigel is rooted in Free Music, Roger Smith's antecedents are more traditional. Tatum, Willie The Lion Smith and Fats Waller rubbed shoulders with Bach, Beethoven and Brahms back home in Nottingham. At 15, he gave up piano and took up guitar — "It was all blues and jazz tunes, not improvising on them because I didn't really know the chords." When Roger came to London, he went to Derek Bailey for lessons in basic harmony, and came away the wiser for his contact with that careful, analytical mind.

IF THE first generation of British Free — John Stevens, Trevor Watts, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Barry Guy, Tony Oxley, Paul Rutherford, Howard Riley — reached their emancipation after years of working

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE COOL FRONT ROOM

The British Free Music scene is in its second generation — young fellows like NIGEL COOMBES and ROGER SMITH forcin' our man through a wrinkle check. Strong opinions, these boys: seems like LPs and concerts may be last year's thing — living rooms the big venue. BRIAN CASE gets under the rug.



NIGEL COOMBES and ROGER SMITH (Coombes is the curly one on the left).

within the system, the second generation — Steve Beresford, David Toop, Nigel and Roger — have been criticised for dodging the dues.

"I know what sort of criticism is going to be levelled against me, but what can I do? Ten years of playing Butlins?" says Roger. "The fact that you are another generation means you're going to be accepted reluctantly by some people, anyway. You do things as intelligently as possible to get out of it."

"I do the best I can. I mean, I can't produce Charlie Parker runs on the guitar, and I can't be bothered to learn Charlie Christian lines though I know a lot of them in my head. I can't go out and play those lines to an audience reared on Be-Bop because they'd probably laugh because I'd be throwing in atonal intervals, which would be meaningless to why they're there."

Nigel seemed less bothered. "The situation is inevitable, because if the first generation created the music, the second generation are going to take shortcuts to it. I don't think all that dues drudgery comes out in the music. While I agree that any musical experience is good for Free Music, I don't expect others to go through all that. I don't think it is paying dues. If you're going to play Free all the time, you're going to work in as convenient a way as possible to get what chops you need to do that."

Neither is trying to make a living through music, and both have experimented with the effects of day jobs on the human reserves of energy and optimism necessary to sustain practice and playing at night. Both get occasional gigs on the Musicians' Collective circuit at Action Space or the ICA.

"From your comments on Dutch predictability, I take it that you're aiming to play without memory?" I try. Actually, I'm having more problems than they are in the field of un-learning. I keep expecting them to come on like a cadre of Necheyev disciples, when in fact they seem singularly free of round black bombs and bite.

"There's bound to be a style," says Nigel, sensibly. "But there's a difference between that and using the same tricks. It can be cut to a minimum."

Hmmm. I essay a loony theory to blow their cover. The political philosopher Fourier devised a series of smocks which buttoned awkwardly at the back, necessitating universal co-operation. Was the short, pecking line — the dominant characteristic of British collectives — a similar hobbling of self-sufficiency? Thirdly, had my mind finally snapped?

Roger jumped in. "Han Bennink criticised a Three Pullovers tape by saying he didn't like 'insect music', and calling it pointillistic which I think is absurd. My playing there isn't pointillistic at all — it's a fine. Cloth-eared Dutch — they're gauche in their listening! With SME, the only way you can get together satisfactorily is to compromise like that, with the short line."

Nigel amended that. "You can come out with a long line, but it doesn't finish as you thought it would because of

changes in the meantime. You get into something very practical here — what you do and what you don't do when you're playing. You're into exceptionally fast thinking at the time, and when it's something THAT close, it has to be done that way. No line can go on for too long because everything changes. I suppose the fragmented approach is a post-Webern thing."

Disappointingly reasonable, I thought, retrieving my co-operative smocks

ROGER SUMMED up my situation. "From your point of view, a bloke who writes, you're damned to only appreciate a certain kind of music because you're into words. If you spent your whole day NOT allowed to read anything, NOT allowed to write anything, it'd probably alter the sort of music you'd listen to. If you're playing music on a factory floor, it will alter your taste in music — and that's not even saying anything about your background. What I'm saying is that I accept all those arguments and attitudes — and go on doing what I'm doing."

"And if Free Music does screw people up — and I know most people don't like the sound of it, and probably never would — then it's their loss. It'd be a bigger loss, though, if the musicians concerned stopped doing it."

"You don't mind Free Music remaining a minority thing?" I ask.

"Things are going to alter radically," says Roger. "I think it may well get to a point where there is enough interest to sustain study or play music without having to work and have it as a hobby."

"There will be a degree of passion in the Collective to get things going, and the battles being fought now will bring results. A little coterie will develop which won't be fucked up by what's going on — I mean, by things like Rick Wakeman earning a lot and them earning nothing."

Other groups of people and everything that's gone before will just be ignored. No interest at all. There's a lot of analogies — Classicism versus Romanticism, Satie's rejection of Wagner, punk rock's rejection of superstar rock."

"Yeah, but if the tradition's healthy, it'll assimilate and not collapse."

Not for nothing do they call me The Stately Beret.

"Assimilation into the tradition is very good," says Nigel, "but rejection is still needed."

Back home in my living room, I catch the end of *Shane*. The prime varmint is explaining why he plumb can't abide new settlers on his patch. "I gotta bad shoulder yet from a Cheyenne arrowhead." Sure, but what about a Be-Bop background?

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
Ian Brighton, "Marsh Gas" (Bead);
"The Three Pullovers" (QMC cassette);
"Tea Time" (Incus); Spontaneous Music Ensemble, "By system" (Incus).

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ALBUMS

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRactions This Year's Model (Radar Records)

THERE'S ONLY one real problem facing the reviewer assessing this, our El's second album, but if it's tricky enough to deal with then at least it's easy enough to define.

"This Year's Model", you see, is simply so ridiculously good that one's immediate inclinations are to clamber effusively over the top, superlative peaking superlative to the point where well-meaning enthusiasm turns an unattractive tint of bloated sycophancy.

I was so awed by this record at one point that I was ready to blunder into that boarist of clichés—the "brazen young troubadour as new Bob Dylan" line that has ended up blighting more than one or two young chappies' credibility count under a hailstorm of hyperbole.

Then again, the case history of Elvis Costello does tend to throw all uh, 'orthodox perspective' out of the window. It can't be much more than a year since Costello modestly announced his talents via the "Less Than Zero" single on Stiff.

The record was potent enough to cause initial minor-league cult interest although Costello's photogenic incongruities plus the presence of arch vinyl-jesters Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera caused most spectators to chuckle, as they acknowledged Costello as little more than another Stiff crazy gang product—talented, sure, but a touch heavy on the old Graham Parker, Van Morrison, etc. influences.

But then came the album, "My Aim Is True", and then things began to happen. "Aim" stood out, even in the generally incendiary context of rock's newfound action. Costello was no longer just some quirky Lowe invention but a veritable walking time bomb, a man possessed and loaded with truly dangerous visions.

With "Aim" Costello established himself instantly as rock's most subversively obsessive artist of this decade. His "sex" songs, for example, totally up-ended all the beef-cake posturings of the medium's macho patent by instead hoeing in with brutal self-effacement on his chosen role as sexual incompetent, all trembling flesh, guilt-ridden, and down so far he couldn't even lick his wounds.

And when it came to 'love' Costello outdid even the perverse naked truth stant of the aforementioned genre by mating, in "Alison" at least, an exquisitely tender melody with a portrait of passion turned so ugly and desperate that the singer could only exorcise a mixture of disgust and despair, both harrowing and heart-wrenching, at the consequences.

Anyway, "My Aim Is True" scored a spectacular victory last year, not merely as a critics' fave but also managing to shift a considerable weight of units both here and in The States (where even now it languishes in the lower 40's).

Its often savage extremities of subject matter and attitude of framed around a needle-sharp sensibility for strong musical backdrops, whether it was the raging rock swagger of "Mystery Dance" or the irrep-ressible riff of "Miracle Man", straight through to Costello's oh-so-very-deft adoption of various prime mid-60's pop stylisations.

"Aim" hit you on so many levels that even if you happened to be repelled by the more extreme aspects (and I've met many—women, most often, as it happens—who find Costello's revenge/guilt-fetish personae totally unappealing), you couldn't help but be impressed by some other area of the man's astonishing talents.

"Aim" hit the jackpot anyway—even finding itself cloistered in the hallowed precincts of rock's reactionary media bastion, *Rolling Stone's* five classic albums of '77, residing between the platinum pebbles of "Hotel California" and "Rumours" no less.

And here's "This Year's Model". A joyous event, this, a follow-up to a first-off classic that totally outstrips its predecessor (The Band's following "Big Pink" with their magnificent second album was another, albeit



The Aesthetics of Frustration

Nick Kent Details Elvis' Uneasy Listening

random, instance) in virtually every respect.

Costello himself is stronger, more abrasively confident in his vocal delivery, while his songs are almost all proverbial blitzers. However, arguably the decisive improvement is the change in back-up personnel.

For "Aim" Elvis was supported by West Coast exiles Clover who, though involved in a mere session-playing capacity, nonetheless consistently outdid themselves, providing some superbly emphatic playing. By the time the album had been released Costello had drawn together his own band, The Attractions, a corporate with their own sound and personality that gave a thrilling taster for things to come.

The Attractions, see, provided a tension for songs like "Waiting For The End Of The World" that gave the song's sentiments a gripping snap that the recorded version barely hinted at, while the newer pieces were imbued with such a thundering intensity that the ensemble seemed at times to be working on some eerie level of telepathic interaction.

In this month's *Playboy* interview (easily his most revealing dialogue for over ten years), Bob Dylan described the sound he was aiming for during his cataclysmic mid-60's electric period. He stated that "the closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was in the individual bands on the 'Blonde On Blonde' album. It's metallic and

bright gold, with whatever that conjures up".

What that "conjures up", in effect, is exactly the sound that Costello and The Attractions have consistently attained throughout the songs on "This Year's Model". "That wild mercury sound" is the perfect description for the powerdrive rush through the album's most immediately stunning achievements—the already much-lauded "Chelsea" and side two's "Lipstick Vogue".

The latter has long been a personal fave ever since I first heard it played live, and the album version eclipses even the manic imperiousness of the stage song. Firing off at a truly fearsome intensity, Costello and band interlock taut as a clenched fist getting

tighter and tighter until the veins bulge out like railroad tracks. Costello spits out some of his most vitriolic lines: "Don't say you love me when it's just a rumour/Don't say a word if there's any doubt/Sometimes I think that love is just a rumour/You've got to cut it out".

Meanwhile three tracks earlier the band have staged a similarly awesome assault on the senses with "Chelsea", a great, great single up there with "Positively 4th Street" and "Substitute".

"Model" is, by the way, similar to "Aim" in that it's instantly devastating moments tend to overshadow the rest. For at least a day I was transfixed between "Lipstick" and "Chelsea", only occasionally venturing elsewhere. Don't be fooled though—after a week spent with the record, its overall omnipotence is undeniable.

Fave tracks constantly change until virtually all 12 numbers rank level. Next, for example, it was "This Year's Girl" with its Beatles cop intro, hammerhead drumming and rock steady melody supporting El's sly observations on all the Farrah Fawcett-Majors of this world: "A bright spark might cut a mark in this year's girl/You see yourself rolling on the carpet with this year's girl".

Then came "Living In Paradise" with its contagious limbo shuffle jerking seductively into a raging power-pop (not the trendy cliché but the real thing this time, hepatics) chorus with Costello dissecting the sick viceroy of Los Angeles luxury, playing with the corporation boss, nudging with a perverse cuckold twist in "Later in the evening when the arrangements are made/I'll be at the keyhole outside your bedroom door/Cos I'm always the first to know whenever the plans are laid... You think I don't know the boy that you're touching/But I'll be at the video and I will be watching".

And there's "Little Triggers", the album's ballad and placed, strategically perhaps, at the same juncture as "Alison" on "Aim". At first the song disappoints—a Solomon Burke type soul thing with quirky, trembling flesh imagery. Later one uncovers a gorgeously understated melody with moments that nod towards the influence of Burt Bacharach, whose "I Don't Know What To Do With Myself" Costello performed exquisitely on the live Stiffs album.

"Pump It Up" is steamy and sensual with a Dylanesque raunch quotient. Like "You Belong To Me", it is a hot-blooded example of rhythm and blues stylisation, though both songs tend to impress considerably less within the so virulently fraught confines of the album.

Finally, straight after "Lipstick", Costello chooses to exit with the grim portents of "Night Rally". Just as "Aim's" finale "Waiting For The End Of The World" portrayed a doomy and all too realistically ominous scene of social breakdown/apocalypse, so "Model" leaves the listener unnerved by an all too frighteningly vivid image of the National Front gaining influence.

"Everybody's ringing their hands on their heads about decency in the darkest hours/It's just the sort of catchy little melody to have singing in the showers". No bloated pontificating here, no "Eve Of Destruction" hysteria—Costello simply sees all the signs, strings them together and rounds off a chilling scene with "You think they're so dumb/You think they're so funny/Until they've got you running to their right rallies".

The title phrase repeats itself over and over whilst the organ motif rings out like a siren, leaving one disorientated and not a little scared.

So that's "This Year's Model" for you. Nothing's really changed, Costello's bitterness and obsessive vitriol is still there but, like Pete Townshend and Dylan before him, Costello knows that the true essence of rock as potent music is as a vehicle for frustration.

Costello is currently the best. There's simply no one within spitting distance of him. He has his finger on the pulse of this desperate era and his perceptions are so disquieting because all too often they're too damn real to be strenuously ignored.

Meanwhile "Model" is just too powerful, too dazzling to be ignored or sidestepped.

Uneasy listening. The perfect antidote to the placebo syndrome. Recoil at your peril.

Nick Kent

Neat, neat, neat — and neat?

Pic: CHRIS GABRIEL



999

Sharp Sharp Sharp

Smart Smart Smart

Yeah Yeah Yeah

999

(United Artists)

YES, EXCELLENT, a very pleasant surprise: this label certainly seems to know what it's doing in new wave terms. Is there anything more to be said?

Well, if you must know, this is a very mature debut by 999, South London spike-tops who might be called rock-punk more aptly than punk-rock. Twelve good, varied songs and a sound as clear and punchy as that on any punk album.

They don't play at a monotonous gallop, they do write tunes and they haven't put a foot wrong except maybe the inclusion of the disposable "I'm Alive" single.

I saw 999 on stage several times at their early gigs and was very impressed by their energy and their material. The two singles, "Nasty Nasty" and the aforementioned "I'm Alive" were great disappointments.

I half-expected the LP to be predictable punk-product and I'm staggered by the improvement. The blank label prevents me from gleaming information on the writing credits or the production but the performance of the group itself is impressive to say the least.

Nick Cash's voice tends at times to disappear into a whine but it's undeniably distinctive (and you can hear what he's singing about). The musical

assault is punched home by Gay Daze's sharp, rapid guitar blasts, not original but more insistent and menacing than the standard new wave power drill.

First impressions leave "Emergency", the new single, as the most memorable number. It's always been their stage highlight and I don't know why they didn't bring it at the public before. It's an urgent, sinister chant, almost a perverse nursery rhyme beat which blossoms into a flying, crying chorus.

You know you've got something special on the turntable from the opening track, the curious, mild-paced meandering of "My Desire", strange choppy rhythms under Cash's cackling.

Then there's a hard, pounding version of a stage favourite, "Chicane Destination", with an irresistible hook and claustrophobic lyrics, also more class on "You're So Easy" (?) — almost too clever to dance to: "... I am what I am and I'll do what I do and your number is my number".

There's a rocker on side one which starts like "Wide Eyed And Legless" and tears into hot, beaded-up pop, "Give Me Sympathy". The interval is bridged by "I'm Alive", something of a drone but almost salvaged by its hook.

Side two starts quietly with over-the-shoulder public transport paranoia. Who's looking

at me? That's "Titanic Reaction", a sliver of irrational fear, closely followed by a defiant, individuals-rule hymn, then the peak of "Emergency".

Perhaps that should have been breathless climax of the album, but it's followed a couple of less unusual quick-steps, the band opening out at full pace. It's probably the old theory of using up the stage standards on the debut album, but 999 pull off the trick with such aplomb it's pointless to carp.

"Nobody knows, nobody cares!! they fight to win and always lose..." Okay, it's simplistic stuff but it finishes the record in a blaze of pure noise, Guy Daze wringing all sorts of agonised shouts from his guitar without ever wasting time with a solo.

The final groove is a shock explosion which can only be the producer splitting the atom in the studio for extra impact. There's power in those grooves and I'm still astonished at a record which not only captures the whole essential energy of the new wave but also threatens to be well-received in every corner of the rock market. I only wish I could have listened for another week before garbling about it.

It's music like this which makes you think it's going to be a great year.

Kim Davis

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SMOKEY ROBINSON
Smokey's World (Motown)

I WILL hear not a word against this superfine compilation. None of yer chest beating and hollow cries of up the revolution, none of yer pitiful ranting 'bout how romance is dead and all that's happening is 2½ minutes of slurrp 'n' sweat, none of yer scornful denial of chords and tunes and similar.

I know y'all got a soft spot somewhere — there's as much marshmallow masquerading as mulchster now as there's ever been — and when it comes time to relax the defences, Smokey'll get to you everytime. Especially in concentrated doses of his most potent creations.

Here we have a 15 track collection of The Very Best Of Smokey's Recordings since he stopped fronting The Miracles in 1972. The exceptionally high quality within emphasises two misguided ideas: the American industry's insistence that albums are the be-all and end-all of the business, and the general public's vague impression that Smokey hasn't cut much impressive cloth since his classic compositions of the '60s.

Because of the first misconception (artistically speaking that is; commercially it often pays off), most artists are now pumping out albums faster than their creativity warrants. And although Smokey has been relatively modest in his output (six solo albums in six years) there's no doubt that his

KAMIKAZES MAKE KAPUT

The SUICIDE COMMANDOS *Make a Record*



SUICIDE COMMANDOS
Make a Record (Blank Import)

AMERICAN PUNK groups are absolutely terrible. Ungainly viewers of Britain's recent upsurge and sorry translators of same. Dils. Germs. WeirDOS. Crime. ScreamerS. Dickies — an endless list of the grotesque and waffling on empty. They seem adorable. They seem diseased.

Not as diseased nor as Brit-influenced as I hoped / feared are the Cleveland trio Suicide Commandos (David Ahl, Steve Almas and Chris Osgood). This is their first album and appears on the label shared by Pere Ubu.

Suicide Commandos seem audacious voyeurs, possessing no ability to filter influences. They tap unashamedly the riffs, styles and allsorts of more groups than it's possible to realise, let alone list here. Notable fixations are Blue Oyster Cult, Love, The Ramones, Nuggets school of irregular punk scrappiness. Without the intelligence or the class, though.

Which might be a good system. There's some great rock 'n' roll on the album — noisy, fleeting and chaotic patterns. The crude dynamic puny is only tempered by the Commandos' tendencies towards cleverness, an urge they don't seem able to control.

"Make a Record" tries hard to be something different, offering rhythmic, disturbing variations instead of dumb, thrashing riff rock. The Commandos drop all kinds of limp confusions amongst a number of methodical, obedient, disruptive odes to the short, punchy and tasty, thus ruining any semblance of pulp consistency.

Some songs are allowed to escape almost untarnished, mean and nasty, but others are streaked with little insertions and quirks that upset their coherence. The whole album just jumps around too much — which would be admirable enough if the trio could pin down their different modes of execution more decisively.

Perhaps it seems unhealthy to find fault with variation. Side one's first three tracks, "Shock Appeal", "Attack The Beat" and "Mosquito Crucifixion", are as hectic and as profound as their titles would suggest. Those following vary the mood and style, but only irritate with their lack of focus.

Side two is messier, more 'poppy', with emphasised melodies. There's a tired version of The Monkees' "She" — a low, low spot — and the final track is the recent single, "Match / Mismatch", a spirited, formal track, perhaps the most successful on the album in terms of sheer sophistication.

"Make a Record" is a strangely unsatisfying album. It doesn't turn out to be the great pulp-punk album the first three tracks promise (so unfairly). It's an awkward alliance of — to borrow a track title — the semi-smart and the trashy. And it doesn't mix. Not at all.

Paul Morley

DAVID BROMBERG BAND *Reckless Abandon* (Fantasy)

I SAW the Bromberg Band at the last Cambridge Folk festival, and an incongruous hunch they were too — but versatile, as this album demonstrates.

They effortlessly absorb country, folk, cajun, blues, ragtime and rock on one album, impeccably played and arranged. But perhaps it's that eclecticism which makes "Reckless Abandon" no great shakes as a cohesive album, a tantalising glimpse, but overall just an entertaining imbrogio.

It's not, as I initially feared, a case of ex-Dylan sideman forced to come up with another album of 'product'; Bromberg and producer Jim Price really do seem to have tried to compile an album demonstrating aspects of the band's diverse potential.

And it almost comes off, apart from a lamentably over-long piece of self indulgence in the shape of "Beware, Brother Beware". The remaining tracks are varied enough to sustain interest, but quite who'd buy a David Bromberg album these days is another matter.

Patrick Humphries



NATALIE COLE
Thankful (Capitol)

"INSEPARABLE", "Unpredictable", "Thankful". Do you get the impression that Natalie Cole is becoming somewhat stereotyped?

Three years on from the exquisite "This Will Be", gone are any traces of that mighty debut single's abrasive exhilaration. Still under the guiding hands of former soul cult figure Chuck Jackson and her husband Marvin Yancy, her music still firmly piano-based (now courtesy of her onstage pianist Linda Williams), Ms Cole still shows touches of her initial Aretha Franklin influence, but it's tempered with a mellow maturity that verges on indifference.

Passion is what's lacking. A classic example: "Keeping A Light", her own song, is a fine easy ballad handled with great skill that runs through all the right tried, tested but still valid licks until the repeated descending line to fade with Natalie doing a classic screaming-scream-sing pattern. It ought to be magic, but isn't.

Elsewhere she evidences the traditional dilemma of the uncommitted soul singer, dabbling in polished, extremely competent swing / jazz vocalising and mellifluous latino workouts. Unfortunately, more suitable album titles might be "Undecided", "Restless" or even "Superficial".

She should worry. This album's already in the American Top 30.

Phil McNeill

reflexes are not as sharp as they once were, so that his albums have been patchy.

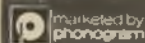
But along with the ordinary items have been some stupendous tracks, particularly most of those chosen for single release. That brings us to the second misconception, for the best tracks are easily the equal of anything he recorded with The Miracles — and now here they are on one album. (Edited in some cases, but all the better for it).

From his sensitive tribute to his ex-partners ("Sweet Harmony", 1973) to his proof

that disco music can be enjoyable on the home front ("Big Time", 1977) there is barely a dull moment, whether gently persuasive ("Just My Soul Responding", "A Silent Partner in A Three-Way Love Affair", "Quiet Storm") or vigorous and fun ("Open", "Vitamin U").

With the hindsight provided by this smartly chosen selection, Smokey can be included with the formidable talent of the '70s, not just written off as a clouded memory of former times.

Cliff White



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PERE UBU
The Modern Dance (Blank)

Every week a new version of the future, every other week a new soundtrack of the times. Seems like the race is on to see who can coin the most potent version of the world as we experience it now.

Each participant gets theoretically the same basic materials — a sea of possibilities and a blank slate. At stake is the cherished idea that music can do more than just enhance the ambience of your living room.

Yet whoever, if anybody, does walk away with the prize, the signs all say that their expression of the contemporary malaise will be harsh, brutal and in no way pleasant to behold.

Why it will be that way is, for the purpose of this review, irrelevant. What counts is that the document reflects the mood of the times in a way that relates to and that can paradoxically offer both relief from and instruction on those times.

Pere Ubu offer neither relief nor instruction (except perhaps in that it's oddly comforting to have your worst suspicions confirmed), they just simply experience things. They experience the human condition as it presently stands and, aside from a moment of Zen resolve in the final cut, find little or nothing to be joyful about. Their only escape comes, not surprisingly, when they're with a woman.

Those who would have to believe Ubu are playing the industrial hex blues are missing the point, and maybe making too much of the Cleveland factory-town-produces-machine-sound connection.



CHERIE CURRIE
Beauty's Only Skin Deep (Mercury Import)

THIS ALBUM is a rather disturbing document of one unfortunate artist's career being publicly sacrificed for the benefit of another, with the result that neither party comes off looking good in the process.

Kim Fowley, who must it seems take the full blame, has apparently chosen to use Cherie Currie's sales-potential to further advance his latest protegee Steven T — a former member of Venus & The Razorblades. Of the ten thoroughly disposable cuts, Steven T wrote three single-handed, co-authored a couple with Fowley and another with Currie. The overwhelming crassness of the whole operation being brought into painful relief during the first verse of the title track — not The

Crocus Behemoth sighs personalised apocalypse ahead.

Pic: JIM JARMUSCH/New York Rocker Mag



WRECK-LESS UBU:

Waiting For The End

And anyone with suicidal tendencies is hereby warned off this record, because Pere Ubu's music is about despair — which at least has more poetic edge than plain old boredom — and the black feeling that says life is just one big bucket of shit.

But they aren't dumb enough to think that sort of thing sells records, though of course it might, and so when the diamond hits the first side you hear the openly enticing "Non-Alignment Pact". No sense of foreboding here, just Ubu at their most approachable, showing their roots in Stooges city overdrive.

Start with side two though, and you find "Life Stinks", the lyrics of which go something like: "Life stinks. I need a

drink. I can't think." The accompanying music is like a series of abruptly painful screeches linked together by guitar and drums trying to sound like chickens dancing.

Ubu get progressively less normal as they proceed, reaching the peak of their attempts to sound more like radio interference than a living, breathing rock band on "Sentimental Journey". Concrete music. A procession of abstract aural shapes that supposedly represents the humdrum existence we all call home. I hated it at first. Now it's almost pleasurable.

If this sounds horribly pretentious on paper then rest assured that it isn't on disc. It's a little indulgent perhaps, and also seems at times as though

their powers of expression have yet to catch up with their ideas, but for the most part Ubu stay on their tightrope.

Only on "Real World" do they slip — David Thomas clanks on about living in real time to a suitably mechanised accompaniment, and you realise the urban industrial reality schtick could soon get very tedious.

But, as mentioned earlier, that's not really what Ubu are about. Despite their fondness for surreal landscapes of sound and slabs of blistering white noise and despite the odd lobotomized rhythm, Ubu have a heart — albeit a dark one.

And it's when that heart shows through — when they're on the track of the modern loneliness (post-industrial isolation, desolation and ways out of same, if you will) that they are most effective. This works for eight out of the ten songs.

David Thomas may not have much of a voice as far as rock vocals go, but he can articulate the sentiments of the songs with naked clarity. Same goes for the band; they may not yet have the instrumental capacity their music demands, but they play with total surrender.

When all this converges on a picture of a world where billions of lives can go down the drain in the cause of civilisation and we are still no closer to what makes it go round you have a delicious medicine.

There are many more things to be said about this band. Not least the striking images they use ("In the desert sand, a hot dog writhing in the sun" — from "Laughing"); the possibility of pro-Red sentiments in "Chinese Radiation" (oddly one of the few moments of hope on the album); and maybe also "The Modern Dance"; and the sheer brilliance of "Over My Head", "Laughing" and "Humour Me".

But, most important, although Ubu aren't going to bust charts, break hearts and save rock 'n' roll, their mutant jack-hammer sound isn't as impenetrable as such descriptions suggest. Sometimes, even, it's almost friendly.

Paul Rambali

Temporaries classic, but an embarrassing slab of narcissism:

"I was born beautiful eighteen years ago, got the super silver smile, my hair it shines like gold/No one on earth has ever said to me, I read between the lines, you have a beautiful mind."

Yuck!

Having been ousted by The Runaways (I won't bother going into the details), this LP is crucial to Cherie's immediate survival and Fowley should have gathered up the best possible material around and, not only that, but gathered together a bunch of musicians who could have at least faked some semblance of enthusiasm.

Cherie Currie may pose with precocious intent on the sleeve, but the whole affair is the quickest short-cut to a welfare cheque I've encountered in ages.

Though it's not intended to appeal to Runaway fans, I'm at a loss to figure out just who this is aimed at. It's devoid of the necessary broken-hearted, little girl lost lip-gloss to act as a serious rival to the likes of Olivia Newton-John, Linda Ronstadt or even Marie Osmond.

Still, there's always Japan! Roy Carr



PLAYER
Player (RSO)

PLAYER CARE about long hair. They wear flares! But I think they're brand new, if only for this edition.

Their first single "Baby Come Back" hit the top of the American charts. Los Angeles, Galveston and Liverpool boys produced by The Righteous Brothers/Four Tops team were born for it, weren't they? On the sleeve four XY chromosome owners, on the credits and press pic five (these boys sure breed quick), the addition brings Player's moustache quotient to two.

This apparently useless observation may sound like my usual whining trivia, but here's the root of Player's problem: the presentation of this record and the boys' awful faggy/macho looks will encourage you to smirk, walk on by and regard them as mere New

Faces Heavy Pop filth, whereas they're pale pigmented soul recalling decaffeinated Hafl and Oates circa "She's Gone", back when they cared more about their girls than each other.

You can imagine how the radio should be. There's so little disposable genius handy these days. This is light, insubstantial music, love-in-a-mist with a hint of technology to make it so smooth. Never science gone screwy, never the hysterical hard sell. So cool, so warm, so player. As victim with "Baby Come Back", "Goodbye — That's All I Ever Heard", "Cancellation" — all exceptions to the cringing rule.

Their strength lies partly in the root that they don't write all their own songs. Singers who never have a hand in what they emote are wets (c.f. Presley and Ronstadt), but singers who write everything they sing get to sound dreary, somewhere along the track.

Dwight Twilley, Tom Petty, Greg Kihn and all have quick minds, neat sleeves, pretty faces and chic labels but none of them have yet learned. Player have understood through inclination or necessity, that CLICHE IS PREFERABLE TO PRETENSION. Plastic soul, plastic shoes, plastic romance — Player are a brilliant plastic band.

Julie Burchill

WRECKLESS ERIC
Wreckless Eric (Stiff)

IT'S RATHER appropriate that you can buy a hideous dung-coloured version of Wreckless Eric's first album. Like the person who reminds you that the Queen defecates, Eric's an obsessive debunker, constantly pricking holes in the sanitised skin of life and pointing out the imperfections underneath. A twentieth-century Kaspar Hauser, in some respects.

It's a picture which doesn't come across on the singles, where Eric's somewhat twee, "untutored innocent" side is emphasised — although "Reconnex Cherie" does have that great balloon-bursting couplet "Do you remember all those nights in my Zodiac/ playing with your dress/ underneath your pacamac?"

Even the cover to "Wreckless Eric" is disquieting: there's this circle bearing the legend "ONLY 69/11d", which serves as a frightening reminder that this album costs more than twice as much as, say, "John Wesley Harding" did when first released. And it's not a "removable" (ha ha) sticker — it's a permanent reminder.

The brown tea-inch version is for those mugs who place collectability over content, seeing as how they pay the same 69/11d and get two fewer tracks, these being the classic "Whole Wide World" and a captivating little tale called "Telephoning Home" about a teenage girl who leaves home, finds that The Big City ain't Canaan, tries to telephone her parents, and ends up committing suicide (or getting murdered?) by strangling herself with the telephone cord.

The ostensible reason for their non-inclusion is that they use different musicians to the other eight tracks, which all feature Eric on guitar and vocals. Dave Payne on sax, Dave Lutton on drums, Charlie Hart on keyboards and Barry Payne on bass.

The album's highlights, for this listener at least, are the closing trio of "Personal Hygiene", "Brain Thieves" and "There Isn't Anything Else", the latter an apt closer worthy of single release and featuring a smart guitar part by Larry Wallis (who also produced the album).

"Personal Hygiene" is probably the best-realised piece on the record, a catalogue of cosmetic cover-ups culminating in the



Eric sights public lars ahead.

CROCUS ERIC:

Watching The Defectives

cautionary couplet "Sluice yourself down in the bath, and pray God your souls keep clean", all set to a slow, melodramatic plod over which Davey Payne blows some appropriately dirty sax.

I suppose parallels could be drawn with the working-class obsessions of Ray Davies and Ian Dury but, unlike Davies, Wreckless Eric doesn't romanticise situations which are lacking in finery. Like the foot-dangling faults in front of our faces, he peeks behind the finery to reveal those embarrassing understoreys — a similar process to some of Dury's work, but Eric employs a humour that's blacker and didactically nastier than Dury's. (Incidentally, the only non-original on "Wreckless Eric" is Dury's "Rough Kids").

It's the most eminently quotable album I've heard since Talking Heads' "77" and Wire's "Pink Flag", and, like those, it's also sufficiently idiosyncratic musically to set it at a distance from all other albums. Of course it's flawed and rough in places: what

would be the point of harping on about imperfection and then tarring it up in God's Own Arrangement?

As it is, it's got a reckless (Ha, ha, Ed) vitality reminiscent of the Kilburns, which may be due in part to the presence of Davey Payne, but which seems to stem from something deeper. It's spirited rather than spiritual.

It's an album which grows on you, but it's so initially off-putting (I hated it the first time round) that it'll probably be remembered before long, to be hailed as a masterpiece in three years' time. Me, I reckon it's pretty important already, and I think it speaks volumes about the revitalised state of music in Britain that a genuine but unorthodox talent like Wreckless Eric can have the chance he deserves.

And even if you don't reckon his acute observation of imperfections is reason enough to buy the album then at least you've got to admit it goes some way towards explaining why he bites his nails as badly as I do. Are you satisfied with things?

Andy Gill

are their superb vocals. And so the solo instrumentalists don't compete against them, they work with them.

The result is music of the quality of The Temps' hey-day, which owes little to any old formulae. Two cuts, in particular, "In A Lifetime" and "She's All I Got", must become classics. If they don't move you, you're strictly geriatric.

The rejuvenating effects of a move to Atlantic have long been evident in the case of the Spinners. This is their first with new vocalist John Edwards, and his voice turns out to be remarkably like that of Phil Wyne — though, perhaps, lacking a little of Wyne's evident humour.

But if producer Thom Bell appears to have flagged with recent albums, here he's again reasserting himself. His deftness of touch hasn't been this evident since "Pick of the Litter". The style is familiar enough. Cross little ballads with insistent choruses — but served up with such charm and panache. Stand-outs are "Back in the Arms of Love", "(Love Is) One Step Away", and "Easy Come, Easy Go".

If Elton John creates anything half as classy from his collaboration with Bell, he'll have topped himself. And talking sadly of Tops... They're

still on the way down. Lawrence Payton produces them. He and Renaldo Benson helped write half the songs.

The result is a dreary jumble of other people's ancient innovations, with the magnificent voice of Levi Stubbs fighting for survival. Not a potential hit single within earshot.

Bob Edmunds

GORDON LIGHTFOOT

Endless Wire (Warner Brothers)

OUT to prove that there's more to the Canadian folk tradition than Neil Young and Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot has come up with an album which I found surprisingly refreshing. I say "surprisingly" because Lightfoot was always just the bloke who wrote "Early Morning Rain" before.

It's not that "Endless Wire" offers any refreshing insights into the state of the society, relationships or man's future on this planet — but he's come up with ten songs in the grand troubadour tradition: strong melodies and an ability to write well about well-tried subjects with more than an iota of original observation, without ever lapsing into self-pity.

Patrick Humphries

IMPORTS

IT'S BEEN a long time since the last train to Hicksville rolled our way, but patient commuters will no doubt be chuffed to hear that Dan Hicks, that palm-tree bedecked loco driver, has recently checked in at most import termini with a vehicle known as "It Happened One Bite" (Warner Bros).

Purported to be a 1975 soundtrack to a visualised but never completed animated movie, it features Hicks' usual amalgam of Hot Club De France and western swing ticks, allied to an equally diverse line in vocals proffered by Maryanne Price and the ol' Charlatan himself — which is all that accredited Hicksters (a body that includes Robert Plant, who once demo'd a Hicks track during an interview session) really need in order to fulfil their vision of cornucopia.

In 1977, the oracles at Harlequin's Dean Street bazaar decided it had to be Joe Ely's year, causing virtually every country-oriented ear in the industry to be bent in the direction of the Texan's superb debut album. And now they're off again, this time dragging in any passing journalist, musician or DJ to hear tracks from Lee Clayton's "Border Affair" (Capitol), as potent a piece of plastic as is likely to emanate from Nashville during '78.

Frankly, I hadn't heard Clayton before — though I know he did an album for MCA a few years back and also penned "Ladies Love Outlaws", a Waylon Jennings speciality — but the ex-jet pilot from Joshua State Park (where Gram Parsons' body got smoked) has emerged with an album that is lyrically, vocally and instrumentally impressive. So if you were ever turned on by "Shotgun Willie", the raunchy offering Arlo Mardin produced for Willie Nelson, then "Border Affair" should have you climbing right up the yymara. Try, buy and fly!

"Van Halen" (Warner Bros) possesses all the visual hallmarks of an archetypal fully-loaded Stuka attack. But don't be deceived, for though the Van Halen brothers are undeniably heavy metal, their album is a copybook exercise in the use of dynamics, aggression and power being untuned with an intelligence usually missing from such ferrie forays — thanks, probably, to the employment of the excellent Ted Templeman as producer.

"We All Know Who We Are", Cameo's second album for Cecil Holmes' Chocolate City label, is a tasty-enough portion of whistle-bawling street funk fashioned by a nine piece headed by keyboardist-arranger Straps Johnson and drummer-guitarist-vocalist Larry Blackman; while on the folk front there can hardly be a better release around than "The Whistlebinkies" (Claddagh), an enchanting record by a Scottish band who play much in the Chieftains tradition. Standout item on this one is "Fatewell To Nigg", an instrumental watercolour evoking the prophecy of one Brahan Seer, who foretold the coming of black rain and was subsequently boiled in oil for his predictions — just a few miles from Nigg, close to the North Sea oilfields.

Blue Cheer's "Vincebus Eruptum" (Philips), a Cream-influenced special from 1968, is now back in the shops once more, another blast-from-the-past being John Mayall's "So Many Roads" (Dutch Decca), a 12 track compilation that includes the band's "Rubber Duck" single. Also around: BTO's "Street Action" (Mercury), Eugene Record's "Trying to Get To You" (Warner Bros), Suede Commandos' "Make A Record" (Blank), Roy Ayers' "Let's Do It" (Polydor).

Fred Dollar

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THE TEMPTATIONS

Hear To Tempt

You (Atlantic)

DETROIT SPINNERS

Spinners 8 (Atlantic)

FOUR TOPS

The Show Must Go On (ABC)

NEW ALBUMS from The Temptations and The Spinners reaffirm that they were never Motown factory fodder. The Four Tops' latest sadly confirms their chronic dependency on their old label.

The Temptations' set is their first for Atlantic and, with the help of producers Norman Harris and Ron Baker, it's a memorable debut.

No silky-smooth Smokey schmalz. No waves of Whitefield wah-wah. This is essentially a snappy dance album, which even eschews disco clichés. Messrs Harris and Baker have clearly realised that The Temps' greatest assets

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ROBERTA FLACK

Blue Light In The Basement (Atlantic)

TERRIBLY REFINED, of course, but this is a righteous entry to the American Top Thirty listings. In her scrupulously crafted art, Roberta Flack is virtually unrivalled.

In its unhistrionic fashion, "Blue Light In The Basement" is a work of complete integrity, one woman following the dictates of her heart/soul/variety and if it sells that's a bonus. In this Ms Flack is rare among what used to be called soul singers. For every Millie Jackson or Denise LaSalle there are innumerable Melba Moores, Natalie Coles and Deniece Williams dancing (albeit willingly) to the strings of a Van McCoy, Marvin Yancy or Maurice White.

This is an album that yields its joys up slowly, each play reveals new subtleties. Yet despite the overwhelmingly cool stance, it's curiously memorable. The two most immediately enjoyable tracks, "Why Don't You Move In With Me" (disco swing) and "25th Of Last December" (which conjures up the rhythm of falling snow...), I discover implanted in my brain from the only other occasion on which I'm aware of having heard them — Flack's London concert of fifteen months ago.

From the deliberate (must be!) cross-references to "Killing Me Softly" in "25th Of Last December" to the sublime harmonies with Donny Hathaway on "The Closer I Get To You", this is the hippest easy listening album to come my way since Billy Joel's "The Stranger".

Phil McNeill



Fig LEN HOOPER

BETHNAL

Dangerous Times (Verano)

IT'D BE a shame if Bethnal became known only for their multi-racial lineup,

the fact they're the first new wave group to use violin, and because they've done a magnificent version of Pete Townshend's "Baba O'Riley".

All this may make good copy but "Dangerous Times" is interesting for more than that. Even so, if a hasty description of the set had to be made, you might glibly suggest it was particularly kind of Bethnal to

BETHNAL'S NEXT

More Dangerous Visions

provide The Who with the natural follow-up to "Who's Next".

That's how it comes over, although I don't mean to be disparaging. For Bethnal The Who are a source of energy and inspiration and with that powerline to their music ensuring explosive dynamics and furious pace throughout the ten songs, this North London quartet go on to develop their own, original ideas.

Unlike The Jam, who have, I suspect, less than honourable motives, they're not a surrogate Who. With late '70s British rock styles in mind, Bethnal are hard to place. They don't sit comfortably with the brash disorderliness we've come to associate with punk, nor is their image or sound clean-cut enough for the so-called powerpop faction.

Lyrical though, they're perfectly attuned to the frustrations of the present teenage generation, and voice their disenchantment with as much conviction as, say, Sham 69 with "Leaving Home", "Where Do We Stand" and "The Outcome".

Bethnal comprise two Greek Cypriots, a black Jamaican and one white Englishman, and so possess an obvious "political" awareness — their misgivings and fears are expressed strongly in the title track, "Soldier Boy" and "Who We Gonna Blame".

Although these songs are simple word frames containing only the suggestion of images, their meaning is always clear, even if the lyrical economy of the three writers — George Csapo, Nick Michaels and Everton Williams — occasionally leads to gross overstatement. For instance, the mass emigration portrayed in "Leav-

ing Home" borders on the sensational.

In this context it's apparent that "We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place" (the single) and "Baba O'Riley" (misspelt O'Reilly on their sleeve) are included not as an indulgence in mid-'60s and early '70s nostalgia, but because they're bleak scenarios which in subject complement Bethnal's concerns. Only two songs, "Out In The Street" and "Bartok", lighten this grave pessimism, with the latter spinning off into a delightful reel with Csapo leading on violin.

In a way the lyrical intensity and sheer force of the music does Bethnal a disservice because their impact detracts from the subtlety they possess. With Williams on bass and Pete Dowling on drums there's a strong foundation to the band, reminiscent of Entwistle and Moon, but all too often they work with guitarist Michaels as a heavy rock trio, leaving Csapo to concentrate on his excellent vocals.

Neither the obvious strength and success of this format can be questioned, except to say that producer Kenny Leguna (for some time associated with Bessieley acts like Jonathan Richman and Earthquake) tends to bury the brief organ, piano and lead guitar passages under the instrumental triumvirate, thus depriving the listener of any real contrast.

But it is a debut album and for all that a remarkable recording. It's benefited from the group's decision to go in the studio only when they'd gained more playing experience and had a clearer view of what they wanted to state in their songs. Would that others were so wise.

Tony Stewart

Good Music By Any Other Name

SOFT MACHINE

Alive And Well (Harvest)

GONG

Expresso II (Virgin)

TIME WAS when Soft Machine and Gong had David Allen and Canterbury in common.

A decade or so later and the ties that bind are different. Both bands have lost all their founder members, both are making music that deserves and demands a far wider audience than one dictated solely by past reputation and family tree.

All new material, "Alive And Well" was recorded in Paris last summer and punchily produced by Roxy Club and Wire soundman Mike Thorne. Softs' anchorman is Karl Jenkins (keyboards and synthesizers). He joined for "Sixth" and has lately assumed much the same role as Josef Zawinul within Weather Report — player, composer and arranger in residence.

Side one is classic Jenkins, a long piece in seven sections. Majestic melody ("Eos" and "Sunbird") and resounding riff ("Puffin" and "Huffin"), forward flow ("White Kite") and febrile friction ("Bulls And Blades"), all are seamlessly counterbalanced and/or combined.

Side two's "The Nodder" is more of same, a lingering tonal jump to a hip-cutting tempo. And that's your starter for 20. In Steve Cook (bass) and John Marshall (drums) Softs have an all-purpose rhythm section, in John Etheridge (guitars) and Ric Sanders (violin) two gifted soloists.

Given his tight brief in Softs, Etheridge is astounding, able to move fearfully fast yet maintain maximum emotional



impact. He features on his own with "Number Three", wry homage to Django Reinhardt, as does Sanders with "Surrounding Silence", angular improvisation over eerie tape loop.

Which leaves the stand-out "Soft Space", a studio tall story. It's a mesmerizing disco (yeah, you read right) mutation, Jenkins' serried synthesizers pulsing out a programme that makes the instrumental track of Donna Summer's "I Feel Love" seem like the work of a complete incompetent (which it wasn't).

Marshall's steady snare beats the juddering rhythm whilst Etheridge repeats a peal of bell-clear notes — the genius touch and, like the whole exercise, freshly effective for its sheer simplicity.

Should be a single, I thought, and it will be soon. Harvest permitting. The bulk of disco product I find pretty demoralising since it seems to echo only despair and the glib triumph of machine over man, but "Soft Space" abruptly turns the tables, tempers the technology and humanises the hardware. Simply sensational.

"Expresso II" is Gong's second shot along an all-instrumental vein. Pierre Moerlen (drums) still holds centrepiece as once again he,

Benoit Moerlen and Mireille Bayer provide a bewildering range of percussive orchestrations.

Xylophone, glockenspiel, marimba, bells and more — Gong's use of them as rhythm and lead instruments is imaginative, absorbing and, though I speak as one who can't abide the saccharine sweetness of, say, Mr. Oldfield's tinkling timbres, never coy or cloying.

Handford Rowe (bass) completes the full-time lineup. Allan Holdsworth (guitar) becoming part-time and mad reedman Didier Malherbe swelling the ranks of the dear Gong departed.

John Wood produced, opting for upfront mass instead of the distant thren Dennis Mackay applied to "Gazeuse". Wood's touch is strong alchemy, especially on "Heavy Tune", a determined riff job with choice lead guitar from Mick (the same) Taylor.

Other guests include Darryl Way, who adds sparkling violin to the ironically titled "Sleepy" and "Boring", two of the most hyperactive pieces here. "Sleepy" also features some strangely throttled fretting from Holdsworth — an erratic technician at his best. Rowe meanwhile sounds firm and fresh throughout, refusing to peddle clichés.

All told "Expresso II" betters the unfairly maligned "Gazeuse". The material is stronger, the playing more forceful and Moerlen's ambitions overall concept much more firmly based. There's jazz in the freedom for heady soloing, rock in the rhythms and Gong in the generosity of it all.

Never mind the names, here's good music.

Angus MacKinnon

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ON THE TOWN

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

NICK KENT and ANDY GILL report on contrasting attitudes to today's game

Buzzcocks turn pro; Eric's still a Corinthian casual

Buzzcocks The Slits

WOOLWICH

THE LAST time I reviewed Buzzcocks it was, to say the least, not under the most propitious of circumstances.

They were one of the bands involved in Bernard Rhodes' one-off attempt to transform a Pakistani cinema in Harlesden into a viable new-wave venue, and were second-billed to The Clash and preceded by The Subway Sect and The Slits.

Back then, Pete Shelley had bleached blonde hair and, from a distance anyway, appeared like some effeminate elf complete with a high-pitched Northern accent redolent of yet 'we George Wood' archetype, while the bass player was a veritable bullock of a fellow, po-faced, making the four-piece the most ridiculously incongruous-looking ensemble I'd encountered for ages.

That, coupled with my fairly brutal state of mental disorder, already prone to an — albeit irresponsible — penchant for crass cynicism, plus the absolutely dire P.A. system that would have probably destroyed any sparks of musical interest played that night anyway, moved me to pen a brusque snide critique of the event; the main thrust of which, as I recall, made out the band to be nothing more than a bunch of minimally competent surrogate Ramones.

Well, a year has elapsed since that little episode occurred and many changes have been wrought.

Shelley, for example, no longer has blonde hair but his own natural dark-brown tint

and the bovine bassist Garth has been replaced by the more agreeably photogenic Steve Garvey.

More to the point, Buzzcocks have a record contract, an album just out and lots of positive support from most members of the rock press.

Even more to the point, the aforementioned has provided the band with the momentum and wherewithal to set out on a nationwide tour supported by The Slits.

Woolwich, way out there in the jungle-land of outer London suburbia, apparently doesn't get that many rock bands playing for its natives, which could well explain the not-inconsiderable quotient present at Thames Polytechnic for Saturday's gig.

To them, Buzzcocks' performance was a triumph, certainly, and was far as most bottom-line criteria go, that triumph was warranted.

Now blessed with a decent P.A. System and enough experience to sharpen up previous musical shortcomings and general sloppiness, the band present their wares with, dare I say, a professional authority.

Yet, the gig itself left me a touch bemused by it all — on the whole for reasons that I'm still not quite sure about.

Having been exposed to the album only very recently, I've still to reach a definite opinion, on the group's merits as a vinyl proposition anyway.

However, even at this stage, it's evident that an integral factor in Buzzcocks' *raison d'être* (sorry about that, just couldn't think of anything less flowery at the time) is Shelley's lyrics which provide so much of the substance.

At Woolwich, the latter's wry verses couldn't be heard properly so that ultimately the band's attraction lay solely in their adeptness as musicians.

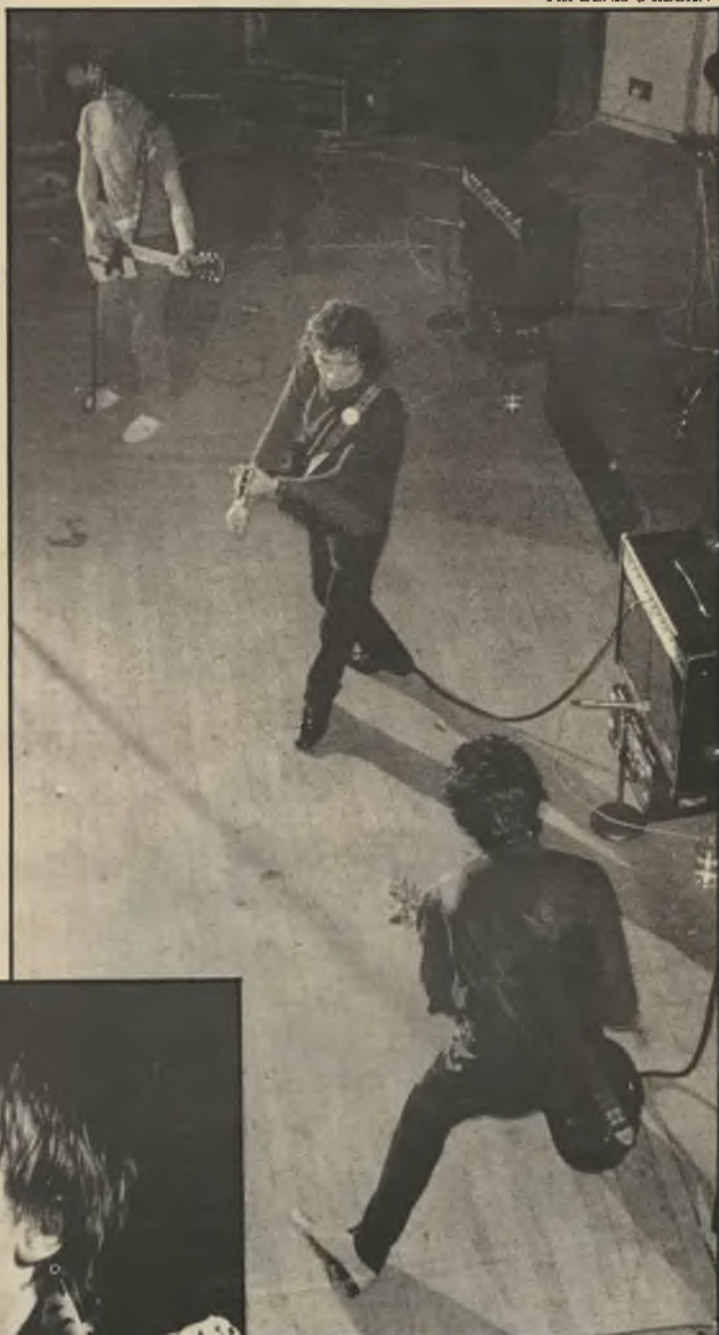
As a musical unit, they keep to fairly conventional pop/rock basics with the odd twist here and there that, although it never veers into the clever-clever terrain of an XTC, say, never packs the truly individual punch that the group sometimes hit when they're on form.

There are moments, mind you, when the band do achieve something truly compelling, particularly guitarist Steve Diggle's "Autonomy" which was one high-spot; another purely instrumental piece featuring Shelley and Diggle's duelling guitars counterpointing sprightly melody-lines pointed at further ground-breaking.

Yet as a live band, Buzzcocks appear still to have to learn how to project the lyrics/music juxtaposition that makes their recorded work so appealing; either they'll work out how to integrate the two or else, as was the case at Woolwich, they'll remain as frustrating to listen to as they are occasionally invigorating. I await their Lyceum gigs with interest.

Meanwhile, The Slits supported and at least half the compulsion to travel out to

Continued on page 61



The Wreck himself

Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

matters much, he's an unknown quantity as yet, and the audience has no standards by which to judge the performance.

And Wreckless, well, he doesn't seem to be in a fit state to care, let alone judge.

Which, as I mentioned, is just as it should be: the guy down front who asks Eric to "pull himself together" after an appropriately rough-hewn version of "Rags And Tatters" (featuring a sterling burst of "Yakety Sax" from Glyn) is missing the point.

As with the almost-lamented Prefects, Wreckless Eric's music would decline in

value if the veneer of amateurism were to wear off completely. In fact, in many ways, his drunken dithering between songs and his occasional rhythmic lapses stand as a stoic, individualistic bastion against the pre-planned, programmed excesses of more populist rockers.

And what he lacks in style and execution, Wreckless Eric makes up for in imagination. So if you condemn him for his amateurism, you're placing too great an emphasis on technique and ignoring completely his ideas. In other words, your musical values are in a mess, Jack.

(Yes) "Do you want me to ever do anything else?" (Silence)

SUPPORT group Garbo's Celluloid Heroes are a six-piece (two guitars/keyboards/bass/drums/vocals) who look suspiciously like a bunch of old rockers who've wised up.

Nothing wrong with that, but their mixture of punk and boogie, overlaid with a few glitzy elements, is pretty horrible.

The provide a convenient contrast with Wreckless Eric: the one slickly unadventurous, the other sloppy but interesting.

GCH appear to be the victims of an unfortunate and childish death-obsession, which they fail to carry off successfully.

Songs like "Won't You Come To My Funeral", "Down Among The Dead Men" and the single "Only Death Is Fatal" rely on absurd singalong hook-lines which are as embarrassingly contrived as the subject-matter and onstage posturing.

Ultimately, their death-obsession is all they have going for them; but if Adam Ant can get mileage out of cheap S/M references, I see no reason why Garbo's Celluloid Heroes shouldn't do the same with death refs.

Unless, of course, certain criteria change

Andy Gill

Wreckless Eric

SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

A YOUNG lady appears on the stage and proceeds to shout something about today being her birthday, saxist John Glyn accompanying her (less than diplomatic) efforts with a few well-chosen phrases.

I realise she is a trifle juiced, as Wreckless Eric takes the stage to an incongruous "hero's" welcome. He too is a trifle juiced.

All is as it should be. For me, one of the most welcome surprises of the Stiff Package Tour's Sheffield gig was Wreckless Eric's slab of what could reasonably be called "Sloppy Rock".

Quirky in conception and anarchic in execution, the music matched his visual presence perfectly: a blend of the innocent and the slightly insane which contrasted neatly with the slick contrivances of the musical-old-lags-made-good who comprised the rest of the package.

The question is: does it succeed on its own, outside the balanced atmosphere of that tour?

The answer is: yes, if you let it.

This time around, he's replaced the pick-up band of the Stiff Tour with The New Rockets, a motley bunch comprising Dave Lutton (drums), Barry Payne (bass), John Glyn (sax) and Charlie Hart (keyboards), all of whom appear on the new album, with the Wreck himself on guitar.

"This isn't Elvis Costello and the Attractions, you know — I haven't written any new songs, so we can't do anything off the next album" mutters Wreckless cryptically as they launch (perhaps lurch would be more correct) into "Semaphore Signals", now afforded the dubious status of Collector's Item by dint of non-inclusion on the album.

The sound, to begin with, isn't as cohesively dense as it should be, the organ poking conspicuously through the mix on both "Semaphore Signals" and "Rough Ride".

Not, of course, that it

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

EMI



THE MONOS (northern version)

Pic: LAURIE EVANS

The Stiffwick Expedition...

Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge

EDINBURGH

THE FOURTH Stiff-Chiswick expedition. Their mission: to find new bands, discover next month's thing, to boldly sit through more acts in one evening than any ears have withstood before.

There were eight hopefuls in all at Edinburgh's Clouds disco, and the bill wasn't varied enough to sustain interest throughout the night: seven of the bands were new wave, five were more or less straight punk.

Nevertheless, the objects of the mission were tackled bravely, and as there was no bar to retreat to, the bulk of young Scottish talent was subjected to scrutiny.

The Monos were the most entertaining because they were distinctly unusual. Not to be confused with the London-based combo of the same name, they boasted an interesting, close-cropped vocalist stepping slowly round the stage like a bionic Action Man. Throaty new wave calypso, hummable tunes and plenty of contrast.

Contrast is just what the local heroes, The Skids, lacked, providing awful, droning, heavy metal punk with interminable feedback wails from the super-macho guitarist.

The Subs were the event's main hand, already signed to Stiff for their first single and far superior to their brother punks on the night, despite amp problems; a solid set of songs, with a similar young and jumpy feel to The Boys, and a commanding singer oblivious to the yelps of "Glasgow perverts!!" from a partisan crowd.

The group who could be the name to watch, however, were The Cuban Heels. Starting with a sharp, Feelgood-style instrumental they produced the most memorable songs of any of the groups. "Pablo Picasso" being especially good.

They seemed to know very little about putting them across to a large audience, however, and I wasn't consistently impressed with the vocalist's stage presence. But the potential was undeniable.

An honourable mention for The Freeze — the last act and, judging by their youth and energy, far better than they seemed at the time.

It was one of those strange evenings that seem much better in retrospect. A genuine crowd this time, rather than a gathering of the music business, and an unquestionably worthwhile venture. Rumour has it that larger companies

intend following in Stiffwick's footsteps, so there might not be many more of the real thing.

Next stop Manchester.

Kim Davis

Roy Harper

GUILDFORD

THE BIG question about this tour, on which Harper is accompanied only by the excellent Andy Roberts, is how he can carry off a set on two acoustic guitars when for the last four years we have been used to him having a band.

How can we survive a show without "Referendum" or "Highway Blues"?

The answer is, Easily. The lack was only apparent on one song, significantly the newest, "Cherishing The Lonesome" gains dynamic power on "Bullinamvase" from the band entering in full cry at "O help me now, my long lost love". The limitations of the acoustic duo meant that its effect was pretty small, and moreover the break at the end on acoustic was no contrast.

Following on from that low point was the highlight, "The Game". First he recited it as a poem, which ten-minute process sounds as good a tranquilliser as any. But no. As he recited, the music ran through my head, and as that changed, I expected the sense of the words to divide at the same points. It does not, which explains some of the difficulties I have had in understanding it.

More surprisingly, it worked brilliantly on acoustic, especially when Andy Roberts added some fine ornaments near the end.

The strength of the set, though, was the return of songs which Harper has not sung live for years: "South Africa", "North Country", "One Man Rock'n'Roll", "12 Hours Of Sunset", and particularly "The Same Old Rock" and a blistering "White Man".

I dreaded this gig. I might have found a disappointed man bitter about his commercial failures. I got two hours of Roy Harper excitedly rediscovering himself, literally cherishing the lonesome.

Mike Holman

Sweet

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THESE POOR buggers can't win. Four or five years ago they got, 'ha! Pop schmuck crap'; and now they get, 'well, it's okay, but why can't they make classic singles like they used to? Oh, the irony of it all.

The lovely bitch Brn. Mick, Andy and Steve (plus two slick guest musicians who seemed to know their place) opened with "Action" and "Ballroom Blitz"; the sound was perfect,

the band (and lighting) beautifully tight.

Credibly, they didn't do a set of Chinnichap's Greatest but concentrated on their newest material, assuming, I guess, that if the fans didn't know it by now, it's about time they did.

I didn't. However, the heavy numbers sound uninspired but intelligently put together, while the quasi-romantics, like "Lady Of The Lake", seem (hoho) wet.

The frontline shared the vocals (Scott high; Connelly, macho; Priest, burlesque) and harmonised accurately though predictably.

They proved very fond of harmony guitarwork too.

Over all Sweet showed more good points — Cile's "Cocaine", long version of "Oxygen", "Blitz" — than bad — "California Nights" with back-projection of surfing yet.

So how come they're not regarded as a 'respectable' class rock band? If they'd like that regard, I think maybe they're too late. On the other hand, with audience reaction like they got Friday why should they worry?

The support, Bob Williamson, was a sort of latterday George Formby, except that the level of his humour made of George look like Peter Ustinov. Maybe he'd have done better without the vociferous hecklers.

Mark Bastable

Turbines Transmitters

NOTTINGHAM BOAT CLUB

THE TRANSMITTERS have two delectable nubbles singing and saxing alongside a diminutive Ferry move-alike, and the first flush is latterday Roxy Music.

After ten minutes Deaf School seems more appropriate and by the end neither companion suffices. Their sound is as yet too flurried to pin down.

Let's simply credit them with the potential to be very exciting indeed.

The Turbines have been together three months and not yet decided which direction to take.

At present, they have maybe four really good songs, of which "Tot!" Personality Change" is the best.

In bassist Chris Joyce they have an obvious frontman, and should consider giving him the job. The others are about as visual as a box of spanners, and, while they play considerably more proficiently, they need to pay immediate attention to both vocals and timing.

Faults aside, when they do get burning, as during the extended encore, they rock with a conviction that evinces definite promise.

Stephen Gordon

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**CHAS DE COLLIS,
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reveals the full facts about the
HOPE & ANCHOR
FRONT ROW FESTIVAL**

The release of 'Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival' must surely establish this North London landmark as Britain's most famous rock music pub. Situated at 207 Islington Upper Street, just a two minute walk from Highbury and Islington tube station on the Victoria line, the pub ranks as one of the first in London to run regular rock gigs.

It was back in the early Seventies that people first started to talk about 'Pub Rock'. Of course, even at that time numerous pubs were featuring rock groups, but very few were emerging with any apparent aspirations towards greater success. The Tally Ho in Kentish Town was probably the first pub in London to specifically cater to a rock audience. Bands like Bees Make Honey and Brinsley Schwarz (with Nick Lowe) played regular gigs there, paving the way for Ducks Deluxe, Kilburn and The Highroads (fronted by Ian Dury), Ace and Chilli Willi, among others.

The Hope & Anchor was originally a jazz venue, but about this time started to feature rock bands on Fridays and Saturdays. When the Tally Ho changed landlords and discontinued rock in favour of Irish showbands the Hope quickly took over as North London's main pub rock attraction.

The rock policy was pulled into shape by Fred Grainger and Dave Robinson, who ran the pub on a shoestring not to mention a "devil-may-care" attitude.

The upstairs bar was dominated by at least the most interesting jukebox in London running a spectrum of sounds from Professor Longhair to Van Morrison to in-demand 'Pub Rock' singles.

Down in the cellar one could regularly catch The Stranglers, Graham Parker & The Rumour, Dr Feelgood, Steve Gibbons Band



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and The Kursaal Flyers, to list but a few. Why, the pub even installed its own recording studio, though this is now defunct.

As the years passed, Fred eventually quit the Hope to open a rock club in Brighton while Dave joined Jake Riviera in running Stiff Records. Albion Management and Agency took over the tenancy of the Hope in January of '76 under the auspices of bearded, genial landlord John Eichler. Since that time John has organised various benefits in order to keep the pub open in the light of numerous threats of closure from the brewery. The Front Row Festival grew from one of these ideas, with name bands returning to the pub and performing for only expenses. Ian Grant of Albion narrowed down a long list to a final 22 bands — all of which had played at the pub at one time or another. Then an "ideas meeting" was called.

It would surely have been crazy with such an amazing collection of bands not to arrange that the recording of the Festival be issued on a double album, and what an album! 17 Hope & Anchor bands live.

And so the Hope & Anchor continues with its policy of live rock, attracting a hard core of punters alongside the usual gaggle of A&R scouts. Latest news is that the upstairs restaurant to the pub is being converted into an after-hours membership club for tired record company execs, music biz hacks, DJ's and producers. And why not? Perhaps the best is yet to come.

The Hope & Anchor is situated on the corner of Upper Street and Islington Park Street in an up and never came part of North London. In the bowels of this establishment lies or rather lurks a black smoke-filled cellar of matey proportions.

This subterranean world's overlord is the bearded Fred Grainger, originally from good old Shoreham-On-Sea, a non commuter part of Sussex.

In the early years, jazz could be heard bubbling up through adjacent Islington drain pipes. Colds have been caught there by many, from the late Phil Seaman to Jo-Ann Kelly.

The Hope has been father to such as Brinsley Schwarz (should have made it), Chilli Willi, the Ducks, Ace and the Bees and in the words of lesser commercials 'many, many more'.

The then Brinsley's manager and most pleasant person Dave Robinson moved in upstairs and with Grainger formed Upper Street Music and have filled their clammy kingdom with the most exciting sounds around.

'Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival' is an excellent example of what wafts up from the lovable black hole of Islington.

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Mar. 10 GALLAGHER & LYLE Mar. 11 BUZZCOCKS Mar. 12 SPIRIT Mar. 13 RALPH MATELL Mar. 14 RENAISSANCE Mar. 15 STRAWES Mar. 16 ALBERTOS/DEVO Mar. 17 HOT CHOCOLATE Mar. 18 EDDIE & THE HOTRODS Mar. 19 GORDON GILTRAP Mar. 20 JULY JOEL Mar. 21 FATS DOMINO Mar. 22 RICHARD DIGANCE Mar. 23 SHIRLEY BASSEY Mar. 24 JOHN OTWAY & WILD Mar. 25 WILLY BARRETT Mar. 26 JOHN MILES Mar. 27 KANSAS Mar. 28 TAVARES Mar. 29 GONG (WITH MICK TAYLOR) Mar. 30 PROFESSOR LONGHAIR Mar. 31 JOHNNY NASH Apr. 1 THE VIBRATORS Apr. 2 YON ROBINSON BAND Apr. 3 CHARLES AZNAVOUR Apr. 4 TAPPA ZUZI Apr. 5 CHICK COREA	Apr. 1 & 2 PATI SMITH Apr. 3 RUBINOVICH & GREG KINN Apr. 4 HOT TUNA Apr. 5 CHICK TRICKS Apr. 6 & 7 STYLISTICS + CAROL STATION Apr. 8 MARTY ROBBINS + DON EVERLY Apr. 9 HOT CHOCOLATE Apr. 10 THREE DEGREES Apr. 11 GENERATION X Apr. 12 MANFRED MANN Apr. 13 ELVIS COSTELLO Apr. 14 TAVARES Apr. 15 KRS KRSSTOFFERSON Apr. 16 PITA COLOMBE & JULY SWANN Apr. 17 MAX BOYCE Apr. 18 THE COMMODORES Apr. 19 STEEL PULSE Apr. 20 RORY GALLAGHER Apr. 21 CHANNAN PARKER & THE RUMOUR Apr. 22 BLUE OYSTER CULT Apr. 23 JETHRO TULL Apr. 24 STY Apr. 25 THE VIBRATORS Apr. 26 SHRIPS CONSTRUCTION Apr. 27 BLACK SABBATH Apr. 28 DAVID BOWIE
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

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Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

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SUNDAY MARCH 12th
NEW LONDON THEATRE
4 PM - 10.45 PM

STORMY SIX (ITALY)
Henry Cow (FRANCE)
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SOULED OUT

Admission both nights from 95p

FOXES GREYHOUND

AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday March 12th Tickets at the door

MOTORHEAD

+ PSYCHOS & D.J. PETER FOX

CRACKERS

203 Wardour Street, W.1.

Thursday March 9th

TRAPEZE

+ RUMBLESTRIPS + Support

Bar till 1 am Next week: CAROL GRIMES Admission £1.00

Middlesex Polytechnic (Hornsey) Presents

At Alexandra Palace

SHOXSSE AND THE BANSHEES

+ Reggae Regulars + The Unwanted

Thursday March 16th at 7.30 pm

Tube: Finsbury Park, then W3 bus

Enquiries: 01-348 7304

THURSDAY 9th MARCH

JOHNNY "CALL ME BWANA" G

AT THE STAR & GARTER, PUTNEY BRIDGE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Art College: HENRY COW
ABERDEEN University: BETHNAL
BARNSTABLE Chequers Club: THE CRABS
BARROW Maxion's: THE STUKAS
BASILDON Double Six: PEKOR GRANGE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Golden Cock: ORPHAN
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: KEITH CHRISTMAS
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Crookers: NEW YORK JETS
BRISTOL Granary: STRIDER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: ADVERTISING
BRISTOL Tallyho's: WIRE
BRISTOL University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD
WILLY BARRETT/THE FLYS
CANTERBURY Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
CARDIFF Pops: THE DRONES
COVENTRY Lancaster Polytechnic: PENETRATION
COVENTRY Warwick University: RALPH McTELL
CROMER West Runtin Pavilion: RENAISSANCE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SHAM 69
EXETER Grosche's: THE PIGS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GORDON GILTRAP
HARLOW Painted Lady: JERRY THE FERRET
HATFIELD The Forum: THE STRAWBS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
HUDDERSFIELD Technical College: MUD
HULL University: THE DARTS
HULL Pelham Buckle: THE EDGE BAND
LEEDS Floride Green Hotel: R.B.O.
LEEDS Polytechnic: GENERATION X
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BOYFRIENDS
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOTORHEAD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ALFALPHA
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemason's Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: KATY HEATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Valhalla Wine Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Becken: THE HAMBERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: U-BROWN & THE EQUATORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FRANKIE REED BAND
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE DUFFS
LONDON TOTTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North East Polytechnic: METABOLIST
LONDON WANDERER ST. Crackers: TRAPEZE RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON WEST HAMSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAYING MANTIS
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.I. Duke of Sussex: SWIFT
LONDON W.I. The Kensington: PANAMA RED
MANCHESTER Ralters: 999
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WRECKLESS ERIC
NEWCASTLE The Coopers: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: ZAL/THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
NOTTINGHAM University: UNIVERS ZERO
OLDHAM Tower Club: THE ONLY ONES
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: TROUT
OXFORD Polytechnic: SPUD
PENZANCE The Garden: TONIGHT
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE BOYS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: PACIFIC EARDRUM
PORTSMOUTH Loarno: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
PRESTON Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS
PARANAIOS

READING Bones Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
READING Hexagon Theatre: THE SPINNERS
READING Target Club: STAGEFIGHT
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
SHEFFIELD University: BERT JANSCH
SUTTON Red Lion: MICK RYAN & JOHN BURGE
SWANSEA Circle Club: THE PLEASERS
SWANSEA Nuts Club: THE ENID
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: KRAZY KAT
URKIDGE Brunel University: RICHIE HAVENS / JOSH WHITE JR.
WALSALL Coach & Horses: SKRATCH
WELLINGTON Town House: COCK SPARRER
WINSFORD Civic Hall: SAD CAFE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: STEELEYE SPAN

Friday

ABERTILLERY Leisure Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
ABERYSTWYTH University: LITTLE BOB STORY
BARNOLDSDWICK Stork Majestic: STING
BATH Academy: ADAM & THE ANTS
BATH Pavilion: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/THE FLYS
BATH University: RENAISSANCE
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANAIOS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: REGGAE REGULAR
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: WILF
BOGNOR Odeon Bar: EXODUS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: LESSER KNOWN TUNIS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: YORKSHIRE RELISH
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BOYS



GENERATION X (above) begin their major British tour this week, opening at Leeds (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Middlesbrough (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and Keighley (Tuesday). There's plenty more dates to follow next week. DEVO (left), the highly rated U.S. outfit from Ohio, make their U.K. debut this week with gigs at Liverpool (Thursday) and Leeds (Friday). They then guest with the Albertos in concert at Manchester (Saturday) and London (Sunday), which sounds value for money.

BRIGHTON Sussex University: LIONHEART
BURTON 76 Club: ADVERTISING
CANTERBURY Kent University: TENNIS SHOES
CARDIFF University: RICHIE HAVENS/JOSH WHITE JR.
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: TROUT
CHESTERFIELD A.G.D. Club: DAGABAND
COLCHESTER Essex University: SPIRIT
COLWYN BAY Dairland Showbar: THE ENID/AMSTERDAM
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
COVENTRY Technical College: SCHOOL MEALS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE SPINNERS
DARTINGTON Civic Centre: PACIFIC EARDRUM
DERBY King's Hall: SHAM 69
DOUGLAS L.M. Palace Lido: THE ONLY ONES
DUDLEY College of Education: THE PIRATES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GLORIA MUNDI
DUNDEE Technical College: FIVE HAND REEL
DURHAM Technical College: THE CARPETTES
EAST GRINSTEAD Inverhorne School: EDOE BAND
EDINBURGH University: BETHNAL
EXETER University: ETRON
LEOUBANSAMLA MAMMAS MANNA
COSPORT Jubo Pool: THIEVES LIKE US
GUILDFORD Surrey University: DEAF SCHOOL
HANLEY Victoria Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
HARRIGATE P.O.'s Club: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
HATFIELD Polytechnic: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
HEREFORD College of Education: GONZALEZ
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: STEPPIN' OUT
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WIRE
KNABESBOROUGH Folk Club: SPREDTHICK
LANCASTER University: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Trinity & Ad Sains College: THE SNEAKERS
LEEDS University: DEVO/DOWNWEAVER/THE MEKONS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: LANDSCAPE
LEICESTER Polytechnic: MUD
LEICESTER University: SPUD
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GENERATION X
LONDON CAMDEN Diagonal: TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WHIRLWIND/THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON EDMONTON The Cook: KESTRAL
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: COCK SPARRER
LONDON FULHAM The Volunteer: LOGARITHM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SUBS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Westfield College: CADO BELLE
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: NEW HEARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: TRAPEZE
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: EXZIBITOR
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary's College: RALPH McTELL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: REEL UNION
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DAVID PARTON
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JEBB AVENUE
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LONDON W.I. Actium Hall: SONS OF JAH/UCU-KOO/HIGH TENSION/KNIGHT FLIGHT
LONDON W.I. The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER ARDwick Apollo: SAD CAFE
MANCHESTER Staybridge The Commercial: ANY PROBLE
MARGATE Dreamland: STAA MARX
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE STUKAS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE DARTS/THE YOUNG BUCKS

NEWPORT Village Club RADIATORS FROM SPACE
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: THE SAINTS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
NOTTINGHAM University: SUPERCHARGE
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: PAM AYERS
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE PLEASERS
POOLE Technical College: JENNY HAN'S LION
ROCHDALE Football Ground: MOTORHEAD
SALFORD University: STRAWBS
SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: THE MOVIES
SHEFFIELD K.G.B. Dance Centre: THE XYRAX/TEST TUBE BABIES
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD University: BRITISH LIONS
SHEFFIELD Wingington Park Centre: KRAZY KAT
SLEAFORD Nags Head: THE NEXT BAND
SOUTHERN College of Technology: WILKO JOHNSON
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BOB STEWART
STAFFORD College of Further Education: SUBURBAN STUDIOS/DEPRIVED
STIRLING University: WRECKLESS ERIC
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
SWANSEA Cape Horn Hotel: SLEEVER
SWANSEA University: THE LURKERS
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: GOBBLINZ
WYEMOUTH College of Education: GARBO'S
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ZAL
WOLVERHAMPTON Rock Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
AYLESBURY Friars: MOTORHEAD / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BAGSHOT Families Club: GONZALEZ
BANGOR University: THE PIRATES
BATH Brilling Arts Centre: BRUCE OGSTON
BATH Walcot Hall: BRONZE / THE INTERCEPTORS
BICESTER Nowhere Club: SAMSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NEW HEARTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogans: GRANDNOCK
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Heywood Rock Club: SLEDGEHAMMER
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: 1812
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
BLAENAVON Leisure Centre: DAYS OF GRACE
BOGNOR Technical College: LESSER KNOWN TUNIS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: FRANCHISE
BRADFORD Royal Standard: ORPHAN
BRADFORD University: STRAWBS
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BRAKES
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: WARSAW PAKT / THE VAMP / THE TEAM
BRIGHTON Technical College: REGGAE REGULAR
BRISTOL Barton Hill Centre: COCK SPARRER
BRISTOL Brunel University: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: LIZARD
BRISTOL Granary: WINDOW
BRISTOL Stonehouse Club: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BUCKLEY Troik Ballroom: THE STUKAS
CANTERBURY Kent University: DEAF SCHOOL
COVENTRY College of Education: TONIGHT
COVENTRY Theatre: PAM AYERS
CROMER West Runtin Pavilion: ROKOTTO
DOUGLAS L.M. Palace Lido: THE ONLY ONES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE REZILLOS
DURHAM University: FIVE HAND REEL
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THIEVES LIKE US
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: GOBBLINZ
EWELL Technical College: ZAL
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: THE ENID
FOLKESTONE Less Chiff Hall: RICHIE HAVENS / JOSH WHITE JR.
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: WRECKLESS ERIC
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: BETHNAL

Sunday

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: TROUT
BLACKPOOL Jenson's Bar: SON OF A BITCH
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: THE BOYFRIENDS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: GLORIA MUNDI
BRISTOL Coburn Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
BRISTOL Locarno: SPIRIT
CARDIFF Border Terrier: ISIS
CHELMSFORD Chaceclor Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
CROYDON Greyhound: MOTORHEAD
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: THE STUKAS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
HANLEY Victoria Hall: LEGENDARY LONNIE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
LEEDS Grand Theatre: PAM AYERS
LEKESTER De Montfort Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
LEKESTER Digby Hall: THE PLEASERS
LEKESTER Tiffany's: THE BOYFRIENDS
LIVERPOOL Centre Hotel: BAND WITH NO NAME
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BOUNDS GREEN Folk Club: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANAIOS/DEVO
LONDON CHARING CROSS Road Astoria
LONDON DRYDEN Lane New London Theatre: FESTIVAL OF PROGRESSIVE ROCK with HENRY COW (British) and four Continental bands.
LONDON FINCHLEY Therington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON FULHAM The Volunteer: PANAMA RED

MORE GIG GUIDE
AND CLUB ADS
OVER THE PAGE

TELEPHONE 01-387-04289

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST OFF MARCHINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - NW1

Thursday March 9th

MOTORHEAD + Support

Pay at door £2.00

Wed. March 9th THE STUKAS + Support Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm	Mon. March 13th NO DICE + Support Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm
Fri. March 10th ROX Featuring Chris Stills, Mike Potts, Bernie Holland, John Marley, Fred Gault + support	Tues. March 14th THE BOYS + Linen
Sat. March 11th CADO BELLE + Magic	Wed. March 15th S.A.L.T. + Heroes

Saturday March 10th **DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE**
Monday & Tuesday March 22nd & 28th
TOM ROBINSON BAND
+ Special Guests 90' Inclusive
Advance tickets now on sale £2.00

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC S.U.
Rotary St. 9E1
Tel. 01-261 1525
Friday March 10th

WARREN HARRY

Adm. 50p S.U. 70p others. Cheap drinks. Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle.

THE FFORDE GREENE ROCK SCENE
ROUNDAWAY ROAD, LEEDS 8

Fri March 10th **ALCHEMIST**
Sat March 11th **BAND WITH NO NAME**
Sun March 12th **GYGAFO**
Mon March 13th

WARM JETS

MARCH ON...

1st Royal College of Art
2nd Double Six, Basilidon
3rd Orange Tree, Friar Barnet Lane
4th Cart & Horses, Stratford
6th Bridge House, Canning Town
10th John Bull, Chiswick
11th Cart & Horses, Stratford
13th The Cavern, Willesden
14th White Hart, Acton
15th Tam O'Shanter, Chatham
17th Cart & Horses, Stratford
18th John Bull, Chiswick
22nd Tam O'Shanter, Chatham
25th Cart & Horses, Stratford
29th Bridge House, Canning Town
30th Speakeasy, WI
31st Tam O'Shanter, Chatham

Enquiries: 01-599 0492

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THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E 16

Thursday March 9th THE VIPERS Friday March 10th PIN UPS Saturday March 11th JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS Sunday March 12th REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD	Monday March 13th FILTHY McNASTY Tuesday March 14th FILTHY McNASTY Wednesday March 15th THE VIOLINS (at Cockney Rebel, Cafe Society) Thursday March 16th THE VIPERS
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THE ROCK CLUB AEW WRITTLE ST. CHELMSFORD

Friday March 10, 8 pm - 11 pm DOGWATCH Adm. 50p, 40p S.U.	Sunday March 12th 8 pm - 11 pm SPUD Adm. 70p, 60p S.U.
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NORTH LONDON POLY S.U.
Rock Against Racism

JOHN MARTYN
MARTIN CARTHY
BOB DAVENPORT

Monday March 13th at the Theatre, Holloway Rd. N.7 (opposite tube)
Tickets £1.25 advance, £1.50 on door

LANDSCAPE
— MUSIC FOR THE NEARLY NORMAL

Fri 10th March PROXY THEATRE, Upper Bowen St., Leicesters. Last night show 11pm
Wed 15th March Richmond College, Epsom Rd., Twickenham
Fri 17th March 883V, Noel St., Covent Garden, London WC2
Live C.P. "UZZYBEE KZMUICH" in The New Wave charts and in the shops NOW
Enquiries: Event Horizon 01 703 7877/878 2861

Frontier Artists presents
From the U.S.A. The Legendary

SPIRIT

Randy California — Guitar
Ed Cassidy — Drums
Larry Knight — Bass

* SPECIAL GUEST from Deptford, the pre-legendary

ALTERNATIVE TV

★ to keep order

The POLICE

Friday, March 10th: Great Hall, Essex University, Colchester
Saturday, March 11th: RAINBOW THEATRE, London. £3.50, £2.50, £1.75. Tel. 263 3148 or usual agents
Sunday, March 12th: Locarno, Bristol (Spirit - Police — Gerdaz — Darko). £2.50 on door, £2.00 advance

THE CAVERN
CHURCH ROAD, WILLESDEN NW10
(Beside White Hart Pub)
Monday March 13th

THE DEPRESSIONS

+ WARM JETS

Licensed Bar
Nearest tube: Neasden. Buses: 280, 286, 297

SURBURBAN STUDS
are appearing at the

B.Q. CLUB
Wilson Street, Bristol
Saturday March 11th
Late bar until 2 am
Admission £1.25

Tuesday March 21st
Easter Dance at the

FLORAL HALL, SOUTHPORT
with

SUPERCHARGE

+ 29th & Dearborne + Disco
Tickets £1.75 in advance, £2.00 on night

SALISBURY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Southampton Road, Salisbury, Wilts
SU presents
Wednesday March 15th

BOYFRIENDS + ADVERTISING

+ ASTROMANCER ROADSHOW

In the Main Hall
Admission 50p in advance, £1.10 on door
Enquiries: Salisbury 33893

EDDIE & SHEENA TOUR

ELECTRIC CHAIRS

featuring Wayne County
Levi & The Rockers

Saturday March 11th at 8pm
Trud, Southmill Road, Bishops Cleeve, Shropshire
£1.10 advance - £1.20 door - March 18, The Saints

MAXWELL HALL

FRANKS AYLESBURY

Saturday March 11th at 7.30 pm

MOTORHEAD

+ THE RADIATORS FROM SPACE

A.C. Sound & Vision

Tickets 145p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Halford Amersham, Fries 'n' Easy, Hemel Hempstead, F.I. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Ki-Vu Buckingham, or 145p at door on night
Lis membership 25p
WHO SAID WE WEREN'T MEDIA TREAS. T.V. TUBEHEART
ALL GOOD CLEAN FUN

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx. Tel. Uxbridge 39129
Thursday March 9th - In The Sports Centre

RICHIE HAVENS

+ JOSH WHITE JUNIOR
+ JACKIE WILLIAMS

Tickets £1.50 in advance, £1.50 on the door
Tickets available from Social Secretary, or City Electronics, Shopping Avenue, Uxbridge
Nearest tube: Uxbridge Buses: 204, 207, 222, 223, 224 pass the door

RADIO BIRDMAN "ANGLO STRIKE"

Rock Garden, Covent Garden 10th March
Huge & All Right 10th March
Nashville 10th March
Nashville 10th March
Pochester Castle 10th March
Spike 10th March
Nag's Head 10th March
Huge & Anchor 10th March

On Stage 9.10pm
Further dates to be announced

"RADIOS APPEAR"
All ages over 9.10pm

"WHAT GIVES?"
Stage 6.78pm

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail, New Barnet
Tel. 01-499 0446

Thursday March 9th
BACKLASH
Friday March 10th
SHAKE BEFORE USE
Saturday March 11th
REDNITE
Sunday March 12th
I.O.U.
Tuesday March 14th
CLOUDOES

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 9 HEAD OVER HEELS WITH CAROL GRIMES
TUES 14
FROM U.S.A. THE ORPHANS
WED 15
LITTLE BOB STORY (recording live)
COMING SOON TUES 21
CARL MANN

"ALL-NITE" PUNK PARTY!
featuring

THE EXTRAS

+ TEST TUBE BABIES
+ "PUNK" DISCO

This Friday, Mar. 10th, Midnite-8 am.
K.G.B. Dance Centre, Abbeydale Road, Sheffield 7. No age limit
Members £1.50 Non members £1.00

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH ANTI-WINDSCALE BENEFIT
at THE ALBANY EMPIRE, Creek Rd., Deptford, SE8
with

TARGETS + GYPP

Tuesday March 14th
8pm onwards
Adm. £1 Bar & Disco
Info: 01-850 1226

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7790

SPEAK-EARLY

Thursday March 9th
WHIRLWIND
Friday March 10th
From New York
THE 2-TIMERS
Saturday March 11th
JOHNNY THUNDER
Monday March 13th
DOPPELGANGER
Tuesday March 14th
NO SWEAT
Wednesday March 15th
PRESSURE SHOCKS
Thursday March 16th
LEE FARDON
50 Margaret St. Oxford Circus, WI
Reservations 01-580 8810

53, 63—some guys boogie for life

(So don't knock Methuselah Rock)

Muddy Waters

BOTTOM LINE NEW YORK

THE BADGE I'm proudly sporting this evening has a mug-shot of Muddy Waters on it and the warning "I'm Ready", and you best believe it ma'am!

See, Muddy Waters might well be 63 years old come April, but he is not only ready as he'll ever be, but more than capable of whipping the ass off anyone.

The passing of time doesn't appear to have dissipated his energies one iota; if anything he continues to gain strength with maturity. When, during "Hoochie Coochie Man", he snarls "I can make pretty women jump and shout" there ain't anyone in the audience who would contest his claim.

Let's get something straight. Unlike Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard (fill in your own list), Muddy Waters ain't some relic of a bygone era just going through the motions; this man possesses a quality very few artists ever manage to attain — dignity.

However, dignity isn't Muddy Waters' only virtue or saving grace.

As an artist, he's lost none of the vital blues power that made him a bona fide legend in his own lifetime.

Tonight, the date-sheet might read New York's prestigious music-biz showcase, The Bottom Line, but the way Muddy and his men shake the action, it could just as well be Teresa's back home in the Windy City.

First of all, the nucleus of the "I'm Ready" album band take the stage.

Drummer Willie "Big Eyes" Smith sets the pace, Pine-Top Perkins jangles the ivories, Jerry Portnoy blows harp and two guitarists and a bass player set the mood for the next hour or more.

After three numbers have been filed, The Man himself strolls onstage, straps a Telecaster across his barrel-chest, perches on a stool, grins and lurches into a lascivious "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl".

As it transpires, the sound-man isn't the only person who's got his shit well and truly together this evening.

The inter-band balance is so exquisitely defined that not only do Muddy's vocals come through fine on things like "Baby, Please Don't Go", "Hoochie Coochie Man", "I'm Ready" and "Kansas City", but it's possible to hear (and enjoy) each and every instrument the way it's supposed to sound.

No ego audio overkill for these guys — give that sound-man a taste!

Whether hollering the blues, slashing out nimble guitar breaks or indulging in some greased slide work, Muddy's work is so imaginative that he persistently draws spontaneous applause from an audience who haven't braved a blizzard for the sole purpose of being seen to be seen, but who (like your reviewer) are so enthralled in the proceedings as to almost be brought to the brink



Magnificent Muddy

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

of tears by the sheer joy of the occasion.

As a preface to performing material from "I'm Ready", Muddy informs the congregation, "The album's so good, I think I'll buy me one".

If only I could find a store open at this late hour I'd buy everyone a copy.

Gigs as good as this are, I'm sad to say, few and far between.

Tonight, like most nights, Muddy Waters is playing to an all-white audience whilst way Uptown blacks are struttin' their stuff to The Bee Gees and Baccara's "Yes Sir, I Can Boogie", and discussing the blues as "Down" music.

Obviously, they ain't ever heard Muddy. Pity.

Roy Cam

Roy Brown

NEW LONDON THEATRE

HALFWAY through, this chaotic gig had all the makings of one of the Great Disasters Of Our Time.

By the end it was little short of a triumph, thanks, and thanks only to the man that mattered — the vital chunk of R&B history that is Roy Brown.

With a marvellously agile voice that doesn't seem to have changed since he first recorded in the late '40s, energy that belied his 53 years, a warm and jovial personality that endeared him to everyone, and a seasoned professional's gift for overcoming mere trifles like half-assed accompaniment, Brown finally ensured that there was good rockin' this night.

As I heard someone remark afterwards, "Blimey, think what he must have been like when he was young and had his own band."

Without wishing to dwell too

long on the game but ultimately inadequate crew who are in the Tequila Brown R&B Revue, it must be said they're not completely hopeless.

Their leader/singer/guitarist Andy, their bassist and one of the saxmen, coped proficiently in both their own set and their supporting role to Roy Brown.

I'd even be generous enough to say that for three numbers in their own set ("I'm Ready", "Fannie Mae" and "Green-back Dollar Bills") the whole band started to pull together.

Beyond that, though, they were as ragged as a pair of cast-off knickers and it's going to take a lot of fine stitching to make them serviceable.

Passing quickly over the miserable interlude when a squat little nutter joined them on stage to clown his way through "St. Louis Blues" (at which point the p.a. mercifully packed up and the more sensitive among us retired hurt to the bar — thereby missing a set by a pianist who stayed around to accompany Roy Brown), we come to star time.

Resplendent in a maroon suit and shiny black pumps, 'The Mighty Man' immediately turned the show on its head by opening not with a traditional rave-up but his biggest blues hit, "Hard Luck Blues."

"Let's turn back the clock," he suggested. "Yurrhhhh!" we agreed enthusiastically.

Suddenly, there it was: Southern R&B of the late '40s and early '50s, right before our very eyes and ears.

Interviewed by Charlie Gillett on Radio London's *Honky Tonk* earlier in the day, Brown had modestly disclaimed his supposed influence on successors, saying that many of his unknown contemporaries could cut him dead when it came to singing.

Possibly. But then they remained unknown.

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During his hour or so on stage I was more than convinced that Brown's general presentation and exciting vocal range — from mellow huskiness to gospel-based cryin' n' wailing — was the basis for all sorts of later developments, including the exagerrations of James Brown and the vocal pyrotechnics of Jackie Wilson.

Fighting his way through the background mess (including, as an added bonus, saxman Dick Heckstall-Smith, who was surprisingly lame, not to say out of his element) Brown led us through several historic encounters, "Let The Four Winds Blow", "Letter From Home", "Boogie At Midnight", "Love Don't Love Nobody", interspersed with a lot of genial rapping, much of it as entertaining as the music.

Short on rehearsed material, he came close to blowing a good thing when he performed one of his new recordings, "The Clock", twice, but we were all more than happy with two lots of "Good Rockin' Tonight", an ad-lib jump blues vaguely based on shouted requests, "Miss Fannie Brown" and "Up Jumped The Devil".

And for an encore? Well, he started the whole show again, did he. Stands to reason.

When I had to leave he was still on stage, signing autographs, beaming happily, and probably wondering why he'd never been asked to visit Britain before now.

It's thanks to promoter John Steadman that he made it at all, and John has already got more axes ready to tumble out of his sleeve, including Professor Longhair, Jimmy McCracklin and Bo Diddley. (See News, page 4)

Keep your eye on the New London Theatre; the joint is jumping. **Cliff White**

We used to believe . . .



. . . in rock'n'roll

. . . Until we discovered MOR
The effect was mellowing

PHOTO: Steve Emerson (Inset)

Gallagher & Lyle
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
I'VE SEEN a lot of audiences in a decade of gig-going, but nothing like this.

Never before have I been literally terrified by the bland politeness of so many people.

I suppose it's known in the biz as a "crossover" audience, which means it's a suitable gig for the grey-haired businessman in front of me to take his blonde sunny secretary to.

It's like finding yourself in the middle of an Osmond family get-together, the smiles of simplicity perfectly matching the onstage bonhomie of the Gallagher & Lyle band. I'm reminded of those televised Spinners concerts where everyone looks joyously happy as four misfits play penny-whistles.

On these disconcerting foundations was built an evening of increasing paranoia, as I realise I'm the only one in the hall who doesn't applaud (politely, of course) the opening bars of "Breakaway." Who doesn't applaud anything, in fact.

Well, there's not really anything worth applauding.

Gallagher & Lyle's sound is characterised by its almost complete lack of high, piercing sounds, all sacrificed, it seems, to the god of mellow M.O.R.

Just, even The Eagles have a greater dynamic range than this lot!

"This lot" are Gallagher on bass, guitar and piano, Lyle on guitar, Billy Livesay on keyboards, Ray Duffy on drums, plus another keyboard player, another bassist and a two-man horn section.

Towards the end of the show, they've augmented by Bryn Haworth on slide guitar, to very little avail.

Livesay provides most of the humour quotient, Gallagher & Lyle being likeable but a trifle too nice. y'know? Still, they are engaged in making nice music, I suppose.

They do a fair selection of stuff from the new "Showdown" album, including "You're The One", "Throwaway Heart" and the title-track. All are received with polite thanks.

There's a song about meeting a former girlfriend after several years apart, which doesn't hold a candle to David Ackles' "Down River" (now there's a songwriter!), and there's something called "The Runaway", which is of interest only in that it's another title with "away" in it.

"I Want To Stay With You" and "Heart On My Sleeve" are saved — surprise, surprise — for encores, which is just as well, since they're what everyone's come to hear. And when they've heard them, they file out of the hall in Pavlovian satisfaction. What fun.

Bryn Haworth warmed everyone up to the level of tepid expectation necessary to undergo the Gallagher & Lyle experience, with a brand of pleasant, innocuous country funk with fittingly pointless lyrics.

A few of the songs, like the title-track of his new album "The Grand Arrival", were religious, and it's difficult to get more pointless than that. Careful, mate, your vicarments are showing.

He's a good guitarist, but predictable to the point where you can take bets on what his next phrase'll be: his group — former Ace members Sam King, Tex Comer and Fran Byrne on guitar, bass and drums respectively, and Mick Weaver (formerly Wynder K. Frogg) on keyboards — play with the kind of immaculate tastefulness you'd expect from such old hands, but there's nothing, really nothing to turn off, if you see what I mean.

"This is a song about just enjoying being alive", says Haworth, introducing a dreadful wimp ballad called "Moments".

No, no, man — I want MORE!

Andy Gill



THE NEWS DEBUT SINGLE

BLUE THRU



The News are about to make the headlines. They are a young band with an original brand of music that's both energetic and melodic, yeah that's right, melodic. They've a debut single 'Blue Thru' that says it all . . . and a nationwide tour with Roy Wood.

Making The News are:

Sam Smith, lead guitarist and vocalist. Formed the nucleus of the band with old friends: Graham Culpin, bass player and co-writer. Lindsay Elliott, ex-Cockney Rebel



percussionist followed. He couldn't wait to get behind the drum kit. Michael Taylor, keyboards, came next. The old man of the band at 23! Finally, Alan Richards, a second guitarist (the idea being to give Sam more freedom to take the stage); joined them straight from an ad in the music press.

The News debut single is 'Blue Thru' — produced by Barry Blue and written by Sam and Graham.

BIG UK TOUR STARTS MARCH

- 2 PLYMOUTH Fiesta
- 3 BRISTOL University
- 6 NOTTINGHAM Tiffneys
- 7 MANCHESTER Rafteries
- 11 GLASGOW University
- 12 BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel
- 15 WESTON SUPER MARE Civic Hall
- 17 WEST RINGTONS Pavilion
- 18 WIGAN Casino
- 20 BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
- 21 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
- 22 CARDIFF Rank
- 23 SWANSEA Nutz Club
- 25 FOLKESTONE Leigh Cliff Hall
- 27 CRAWLEY Sports Centre
- 31 SOUTHGATE Royalty Theatre

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THE NEWS
with



Q. WHAT 'AVE WE GOT?

A. BAG ALL!

CONGRATULATIONS on the worst interview I have ever read in any of the three main music papers. I refer of course to the "Rush" interview.

As Rush are one of my favourite groups I eagerly began to read the interview expecting the usual interesting format of a concert description, anecdotes of the past, earlier recordings, discussion of the latest album and plans for future recordings and tours. However you had other ideas. Obviously knowing little about the band's history or anything else, you decided to spend two pages turning the whole thing into a political lecture with nothing to do with their music whatsoever, and forcing an old hag called Ayn Rand down our throats.

Okay, I didn't realise Rush were right-wing extremists, but does this stop left-wingers or anyone else enjoying their music?

Of course not! Miles gives the impression Rush's only purpose is to somehow transmit their personal ideas over to the Heavy Metal fans via their music. I can see little real evidence of this, only exciting music and lyrics based on science fiction, Tolkien-type fantasy etc. . . . unless of course the likes of "Bytor and the Snow Dog" is really symbolic of the fight between left or right or that "Cygnus X-1" shows how Communism can suck up freedom and opposition like a black hole. That may seem ridiculous, but that is what Miles is saying.

The fact that if you look into any song deep enough looking for a particular idea of philosophy, you'll find it. "ZUIZ" could easily just as well be about a left-winger fighting against the tyranny of a fascist dictatorship as well as an Ayn Rand dictator as a Communist government.

Rush fans like Rush because of the music they play, not their political leanings, and although I also find their philosophy quite disturbing, I'll still play their records and see their concerts because when you boil down to it, it's the music that counts.

You don't hear the House of Commons talking about rock music because it doesn't really concern them. So why do you need to fill up your MUSIC paper with politics? DAVE EDWARDS, Chester.

I ADMIRE the Rush article in last week's NME. The rejuvenation of HM is obviously happening at the expense of Punk. This may be good or bad. Why have you altered your stance against HMs from loud and open to sly and underhand?

Admittedly Rush's political views are totally wrong and naive, and should be brought to the notice of the general public and the interview itself considerably altered my estimation of them and prevented my buying their current album. But why place so much emphasis on their political views? It is their music, surely, that is most important.

SOCIALIST HM (AND PUNK) FAN, Stoke

If the music really is the most important thing, see HM & Punk Fan, why didn't you buy Rush's album? Clearly how you react to people and their music depends to some extent on what you know about their intentions. That's one reason why we published the Rush piece. If you're a real Rush fan, Dave Edwards, surely you're interested in the views that they hold so very strongly and which help from their music — whether it's lyrics or music actual notes, chord sequences, riffs etc. Anyway, I don't think you can isolate 'music' from the group's overall stance and style, though I'm not out to stop Rush fans going and enjoying their faves — unlike some of the people this week's Gasbag correspondents complain about later on. — N.S.

THE ATTEMPT by Miles to characterise Rush as inheritors of the mantle of the Third Reich (2/3/78) is typical of the nauseating double standards you bozos employ.



Otherwise known as The Nothing-Ever-Happens-In-Southport-Bag

NME welcomes politics in rock when the views expressed are from the left, but let anyone dare to express a contrary view and the knives are out.

I can well imagine your whimpering rage if a right wing daily had done a similar piece in TRB or the Clash. THE EMPEROR HORACE, Bramhall, Cheshire

Hey, I got news for you. Right wing — and liberal — dailies do comparable pieces on TRB and the punk movement. And it's not double standards to have ideals — N.S.

MUCH AS I loath HM music such as that played by the likes of Rush, I was staggered to see the criticism of their philosophy put forward by Miles.

If he can't see that socialism represents the complete and utter end of the individual then there's just no hope for him and his kind. I'd just ask him to think for a minute whether Elvis, Dylan, the Beatles or the Pistols would have emerged from his bountiful worryless collective state. Finally, regarding his comment "fighting against socialism, I just couldn't believe what I was hearing" related to the Pistols. What the hell does he think "Anarchy" is about? Particularly the almost subliminal line "or just another council tenancy"?

It's complete loathing for the very state of being that fools like Miles think would be so great. ALAN, Southborough, Kent

Dunno about that. More likely the line's just against any repressive system, whether it be so-called 'left' or 'right'. After all the chop's pretty much the same whether you get it from France or Stalin. I think our next writer has a better view of things — N.S.

LIBERTARIANISM advocates less government, and goes with Nazism like apple pie and mustard. You know very well that Fascists are fundamentally opposed to a free market, which they regard as decadent as a free society. You also know that libertarians are, by definition, not racists.

Please — and I ask this gently — could you consider representing others' views fairly and letting their strengths and weaknesses come out freely, so they can be argued about? If your opinion is correct, there is no need to sub-edit Neil Peart's so venomously. STEVE ROGERS, London NW1.

Right you are, guy. At least you Rush fans know who you're dealing with now. BU like the Ko Klux Klan getting let in isn't it? — N.S.

IF I say the music of Blondie is a reflection of the tension which is a part of a modern industrial society etc. etc. will this give you another excuse to print a picture of Debbie Harry? A BLOND FETISHIST.

You got the cool pants and trumpet on page 11 didn't you? I'm sure you'll

agree it's only fair if we give the Rush fan something to pin above their beds. — N.S.



Blondie greets UK fans

WE HAVE decided to write to you because Geography lesson is boring. We thought you would like to know that at least two people out of the many millions who buy your paper actually enjoy reading it. Why is the majority of Gasbag complaints? Because we don't enjoy reading why some people have an aversion to other people's opinions.

There is just one complaint. Could you try to find something good about The Stranglers and for once give them a good write-up. Could we possibly have a few more nude pictures of them as that was the most interesting bit of the paper.

TWO NEARLY CONTENTED NUBILES, Somerset.

So many complaints . . . well, it gets boring sitting around reading how wonderful you are. I'm sure rock bands agree (see beh j). Something good about The Stranglers . . . oh, they support the movement for prisoner's rights. The rest you can look after yourselves. Now for the real heavy roots stuff — N.S.

LAST NIGHT I paid £1.20 to see The Rich Kids at Newcastle. I did not pay to see: (a) A boring support band (b) Lots of hairies dancing to Led Zeppelin and Blackmore's Rainbow records. (c) 20 minutes of The Rich Kids. (d) Midge Ure get his head split open by a flying glass.

If you're reading and you're one of the cretins who were throwing glasses, I hope you're squirming. I managed to get backstage and Midge was sitting on the floor as white as a sheet. What harm did he do? The band just wanted to play — lots of people wanted to hear them.

If you don't like the band why didn't you stay away? The Mayfair will probably ban all new wave bands — The Guildhall is already considering it. It ain't our (the fans') fault and we can't do anything about it. One more point. When it was announced over the p.a. that Midge Ure would have to go to hospital and have stitches the cretins cheered.

It's not tough or clever to stand in the shadows and hurl missiles at people who are only trying to have a good time. Of recent weeks this

problem has got worse at various venues in Newcastle. It won't be long before bands refuse to come here at all.

DEBORAH WOOD, Scrap Metal Fanzine, Ponteland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

It's amazing the number of letters we get in complaining about . . .

A WORD to the moronic skinheads who were at the Adverts gig at Croydon Greyhound last Sunday. Does it make you feel big having nice new check shirts and braces and 'Sham 69' in not-yet-dry paint on your jackets?

One of you dumb sods was cracking heads by wielding a heavy walking stick like an axe. Wow, what a man! You didn't quite spoil the evening for us completely though. Tim Smith's got more guts than the whole flock of you sheep. Instead of intimidating him, you had exactly the opposite effect: "Yeah, I know there's more of you than there is of me, but fuck off!" he said, and we ended up with the best set I've ever seen the band play, even if we were banned from pogoing.

What did you thickies with the big boots and the tiny minds get apart from a few sick kicks? AN ADVERTS FAN, Kent.

The sick behaviour of various groups of fans, who should know better . . .

I AM just writing this letter to apologise to Eater who replaced The Lurkers at the last minute at Lincoln Technical College on Friday 24th February. There were a few of us there who wanted to see them play, but many soul fans arrived just looking for trouble.

As soon as the band appeared on stage they were subject to immense gobbing and glass throwing. After warnings from Andy Blade, the band left the stage after two numbers under a shower of abuse and two fingered gestures from soul fans. The band re-appeared minutes later after scuffles in the crowd to continue their set. After pleas from other members of the band for the abuse to cease, the soul fans provoked other members of the audience by 'accidentally' kicking them, etc. I and many others thought Eater did a tremendous job on stage. Credit also to the bouncers who kept their cool. I once again apologise for the animal-like behaviour of some of the audience.

PUNK FANS, Lincoln

. . . than to take out their frustrations . . .

I WAS wondering if you have ever visited the pleasant, scenic, picturesque coastal town of Southport. If you have, you will realise it is really an enormous over 70's Conservative Bridge Club.

It is also the city of the half dead, the half dead being the pea-brained, under-sexed, Newcastle Brown shandy drinking bikers, commonly known as Smellies or Nebs. These suped up F.S.I.E. riders dominate the music scene and freak out nearly every night to Sabbath, Quo and Hawkwind (wow, groovy, wild, zappo, and dig-it man etc).

When Bethnal appeared last year they got about as much response as the Des O'Connor show. Punk is non-existent further north of Liverpool due to groups not playing at Southport. We hope that the various small groups of punks in Southport will stop hiding away and join together to give any punk bands in future their support. MAX BYGRAVES, Mother of two, Southport.



. . . on people who aren't their enemies . . . and who should support the people who are still concerned . . .

STUDENTS UNIONS don't just discriminate against punks, they hate everybody.

The planet Gong are shortly going on tour as "The Floating Anarchy Tour" — it's free and anybody is welcome.

Well this weekend Here & Now (with whom Daavid Allen & Gilli Smythe make up the Planet Gong) did a warm-up at Kingston Polytechnic so lots of us near and how fans turned up to be there. Unfortunately, a large tough looking item on the door was doing his best to be a wall.

Large item — "Are you students?"

Us — "No, but we know the band."

Large item — "Sorry, students only."

Us — "But you just let in 3 people who aren't students."

Large item — "Sorry, but I must draw the line somewhere."

Us — "But you lose money by turning us away."

Large item — "Sorry but I'm only doing my job."

Etc., etc.

Anyway, we got in through the windows opened by the band plus the lucky few who passed the guardian of the door.

Beware of counterfeits. Just because it's dressed like a revolution, don't mean it's one. Dammit, you can even pogo to Here & Now, and there they are; riding around in a communal bus, playing for free, looking like the much maligned archetypal hippie — yet re-iterating Johnny Rotten's superb one-liner "Anarchy — it's the only way to be."

MIKE DUDLEY, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

to make the world a better place. And how's that for 'Anarchy', Alan of Southborough? — N.S.

I GET the feeling that Bob Edmunds was probably engrossed in a platel of curried Daily Mirror when he attempted to review Wreckless Eric's single. The suggestion that Wreck, a Yorkshire lad, should turn Cockney is preposterous. How about a mention for the swee-e-et accordion and the oh-so-sleazy sax? It's a charaband sash, me add lad. Getting Radio One daytime airplay too, despite the inclusion of the public bog in Wreck's reminiscences. Boy-buy. FRANKLIN D. ROUSTABOUT, Accrington, Lancashire.

DEAR JIM, Could you please fix it for me to do a commando-style raid on the NME offices?

THE PAINLESS KILLER, Bristol.

OK guys and gals, been meaning to do that for a long time. — Nick Logan. Oops, sorry — Jimmy Savile.

WOT A pity the G in your post-code isn't a C. 'cos then you could say "NME is WIV IPC" — geddit? Ah well, a big hi to Paul, Sheila and Roisin anyway. PETE THE OWENS, London NR, Co. Dublin.

Geddit? We wish we could get rid of it. — N.S.

Letters Edited By
NEIL SPENCER



ANOTHER MUSIC
IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN

ALBUM UAG 30159 CASSETTE TCK 30159

