

MUSICAL EXPRESS

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CENTRE SPREAD



Nick
LOWE
THE
RAFFLES
OF
ROCK

P. 7 & 8

LONDON GUIDE
PART THREE OF NME'S
32 PAGE PULL-OUT ON
ROCK'S CAPITAL
CITY

WITH ADDED ATTRACTION

P. 47

SPOT-ON SOUND



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BASF



FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 17, 1973	
Last This Week	
1 (1) CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE	Stade (Polydor)
2 (2) THIS CENTURY BOY	T Rex (RCA)
3 (3) THE TWELFTH OF NEVER	Danny Ocean (MCA)
4 (4) HELLO NEURAY	Albie Cooper (Warner Bros)
5 (5) FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Detritus (Mercury)
6 (6) KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
7 (7) CINDY INCIDENTALLY	Faces (Warner Bros)
8 (8) GONNA MAKE YOU AN OYSTER YOU CAN'T REFUSE	Alvin Martin (Columbia)
9 (9) BABY I LOVE YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockfield)
10 (10) PART OF THE UNION	Strawbs (A & M)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 17, 1968	
Last This Week	
1 (1) CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLA	Easy & Abi Othman (Philips)
2 (2) LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
3 (3) ROSIE	Don Partridge (Columbia)
4 (4) DELIAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
5 (5) FIRE BRIGADE	Moni (Regal Zonophone)
6 (6) JENNIFER RUNNER	Danavan (Pye)
7 (7) DOCK OF THE BAY	Ona Bedding (Spar)
8 (8) MIGHTY QUINN	Maudie Mann (Fontana)
9 (9) SHE WEARS MY RING	Solomon King (Columbia)
10 (10) GREEN TAMBOURINE	Lynette Pipers (Pye Int)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 15th 1953	
Last This Week	
1 (1) SUMMER HOLIDAY	Chris Richard (Columbia)
2 (2) PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
3 (3) LIKE A FIRE NEVER BEING GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
4 (4) FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
5 (5) THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown (Pye)
6 (6) THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES	Bobby Vee (Liberty)
7 (7) THE WAY WIND WIND	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
8 (8) ONE BROKEN HEART FOR SALE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 (9) ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfield (Mercury)
10 (10) CHARMANTE	Backbeats (Decca)

CHARTS



SINGLES

This Last Week	Week ending March 18, 1978	Highest position in chart	Weeks in chart
1 (1)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	5 1
2 (4)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4 2
3 (6)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	7 2
4 (10)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	4 4
5 (3)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	7 1
6 (2)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	7 2
7 (5)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	6 5
8 (12)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	4 8
9 (11)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	4 9
10 (7)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8 5
11 (8)	ALRIGHT NOW (EP)	Free (Island)	5 8
12 (9)	JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog (Virgin)	6 7
13 (14)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	6 13
14 (16)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5 14
15 (—)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	1 15
16 (—)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	1 16
17 (23)	LILAC WINE	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	2 17
18 (25)	EVERY ONES A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	2 18
19 (—)	I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	1 19
20 (—)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	1 20
21 (15)	FIGARO	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	9 2
22 (—)	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY	Andy Cameron (Klub)	1 22
23 (24)	RUMOUR HAS IT	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3 23
24 (—)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	1 24
25 (17)	RIISING FREE (EP)	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	4 17
26 (20)	5 MINUTES	Stranglers (United Artists)	6 12
27 (—)	WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD	Nottin Forest & Paper Lace (WB)	1 27
28 (28)	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE	Real Thing (Pye)	2 28
29 (30)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3 29
30 (—)	RHIANNON	Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)	1 30
BUBBLING UNDER			
SINGIN' IN THE RAIN — Sheila B. Devotion (EMI); BABY COME BACK — Player (RSO); WHAT'S YOUR NAME, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER — Andrea True Connection (Buddah); STAY WITH ME BABY — David Essex (CBS).			

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 18, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Last Week	Week ending March 18, 1978	Highest position in chart	Weeks in chart
1 (1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	8 1
2 (6)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	3 2
3 (5)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	7 3
4 (11)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	3 4
5 (2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	55 1
6 (3)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	7 3
7 (4)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	19 3
8 (9)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	3 8
9 (13)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	2 9
10 (7)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	18 2
11 (15)	SOUND OF BREAD	Bread (WEA)	19 1
12 (19)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	9 12
13 (14)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3 13
14 (8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	7 7
15 (—)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	1 15
16 (12)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	10 3
17 (24)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3 17
18 (10)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	6 10
19 (17)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	59 1
20 (22)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Warner Brothers)	4 20
21 (20)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	89 1
22 (30)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	3 20
23 (—)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	1 23
24 (16)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	2 16
25 (27)	JESUS OF COOL	Nick Lowe (Radar)	2 25
26 (18)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	29 5
27 (—)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	18 2
28 (21)	MUPPET SHOW 2	Muppets (Pye)	5 21
29 (23)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles (Parlophone)	8 12
30 (29)	BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	5 25
BUBBLING UNDER			
TELL US THE TRUTH — Sham 69 (Polydor); STIFFS LIVE — Various (SW); WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIVE — Tubes (A&M); IT BEGINS AGAIN — Dury Springfield (Mercury).			

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 18, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Benson, McLean U.K. tours

GEORGE BENSON and his band are to headline their first major concert tour of this country in May.

The American singer-guitarist has previously only appeared in London: the last occasion being a sell-out midnight show at Drury Lane Theatre Royal in January. Benson will be promoting his live double album "Weekend In L.A." and single "On Broadway", both recently released by Warner Brothers.

The tour takes in Coventry

Theatre (May 21), London Royal Albert Hall (22), Bristol Hippodrome (25), Oxford New Theatre (26), Birmingham Hippodrome (27), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (28) and Edinburgh Odeon (30). It's unlikely that one or two more dates will be added.

There will be two performances on both the London (6.15 and 9.15 pm) and Manchester (6 and 9 pm) dates. Ticket prices at the Albert Hall are £5, £4.50, £4, £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. At all other venues they are £3.25,

£2.75, £2.25 and £1.75. Readers should contact the respective box-offices for information regarding ticket availability.

DON McLEAN fulfils his promise — made in the autumn, when he flew in briefly to headline a pair of London Palladium concerts — to play a full British tour in the spring, when he sets out on a 15-venue itinerary at the beginning of May.

London Royal Albert Hall (May 1), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Oxford New Theatre (5), Brighton Dome (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Coventry Theatre (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Sheffield City Hall (10), Preston Guildhall (12), Glasgow Apollo (13), Edinburgh Usher Hall (14), Newcastle City Hall (15).



GEORGE BENSON

Manchester Free Trade Hall (16) and Bristol Colston Hall (17).

Tickets for the Albert Hall are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £1.75.

SLADE HIT THE ROAD

SLADE undertake one of their rare British tours, starting this weekend and running to mid-April. The tour, which aids promotion of their newly-released Barn single "Give Us A Goal", is an unusual mixture of major concerts, cabaret dates and back-to-the-roots club gigs — and it climaxes with a big London show at the Hammer-smith Odeon.

Confirmed dates are Andover Country Bumpkin (tomorrow, Friday), Buckley Tivoli (Saturday), Birmingham Town Hall

(March 21), Purley Tiffany's (22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (23), Bury St Edmunds Focus Cinema (25), Sheffield Fiesta (26), Crawley Sports Centre (27), Wigan Casino (April 1), Bedford Nite Spot (2), London Southgate Royalty (4), Chesterfield Aquarius (5), Weston-super-Mare Webbing-ton Country Club (6), Port Talbot Troubadour (7), Stroud Leisure Centre (8), Farnworth Blighy's (9), Bristol Colston Hall (10) and London Hammer-smith Odeon (15).

McPhee's comeback

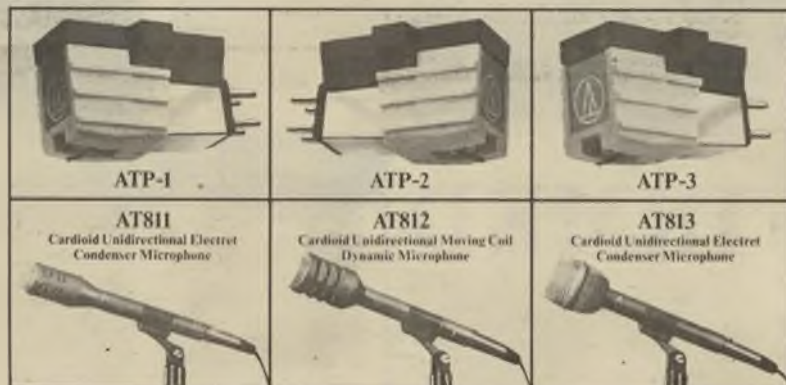
TONY McPHEE, former Groundhogs leader, begins a major British tour in late June with his new band Terraplane — and this will coincide with the release of his first album for two years. McPhee has been keeping a low profile for the last 18 months, since the break-up of the second version of the Groundhogs, only playing occasional gigs with Terraplane.

But now he intends going back on the road full-time with the band who comprise McPhee (guitar and vocals), Alan Fish (bass) and Harry Ricks (drums). During the coming weeks they'll be playing a few selected dates to wear in their new material, the first of these being at Darlington Polytechnic (March 25) and Bogpor Ocean Bars (April 7).

Dana Gillespie dates

DANA GILLESPIE goes back on the road next month after a two-year absence from the gig circuit. She's got together a new band comprising John Hawkins (keyboards), John Knightsbridge (guitar), Barbara Spitz (rhythm guitar), Neil Korner (bass), John Barber (drums) and Tony Hall (sax). Initial gigs will be confined to the London area, and the first four to be confirmed are at Kensington Nashville (April 1), Islington Hope & Anchor (5), Covent Rock Garden (7) and Fulham Golden Lion (8).

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RECORD NEWS

Wings single, album

WINGS follow-up to their phenomenally successful single "Mull Of Kintyre" is released by EMI on March 23. Titled "With A Little Luck", it was written and produced by Paul McCartney, and recorded in a mobile studio set up on board a motor yacht off the Virgin Islands in the West Indies. The single, which is taken from the band's upcoming album "London Town" (for spring release), features two new McCartney songs on the flip side — "Backwards Traveller" and "Cuff Link".

Chiswick Records have acquired British rights to America's Ace catalogue, which includes material by Huey Pano Smith, Joe Tex, Dr John, Bobby Charles, Lightning Hopkins, Elmore James and Sonny Boy Williamson, among others. First release is the Frankie Ford single "Sea Cruise", out this weekend.

Johnny Mopad's guitarist Slimy Toad releases his own single next week on his own Toad Records label, under the name of Slimy — tracks are "Controversial" and "Looney". And Mopad's album "Cycladic" is issued by Chiswick on March 23.



Frankie Miller's new album "Double Trouble" is released by Chrysalis on April 1. Recorded in New York, it was produced by Jack Douglas, whose recent successes include Pat Smith and Aerosmith. Besides Miller's regular band, the LP also features Aerosmith's Stephen Tyler on harmonica and backing vocals. A single from the album is due shortly.

Van Halen, a four-piece U.S. rock outfit recently signed by Warner Brothers, have their debut album "Van Halen" issued on May 5. They band make their first visit to this country to support Black Sabbath on their upcoming tour.

Qeibisa vocalist Del Richardson — who was featured on several of their hits including "Sunshine Day", "Dance The Body Music" and "Coffee Song" — has left the band to concentrate on a solo career. His first single "Soul On Fire" is issued by the Gull label on March 31.

Paul Simon has signed an exclusive long-term deal with Warner Brothers. He has one album owing to CBS, and will begin recording for Warners on its completion.

The Gorillas' much-delayed single "It's My Life" was finally released by Raw Records this week, and their debut album "Message To The World" is due on April 7. They will be touring Britain next month to promote it.

Coinciding with the release of his live album, announced last week, a Professor Longhair single titled "Mess Around" is issued by Harvest on March 23.

Mud's new single "Cut Across Shury" is released by RCA tomorrow (Friday). It will be followed a little later by solo singles from lead singer Les Gray and drummer Dave Mount. Mud's first album for RCA is scheduled for June 1.

The Kinks are currently finishing off their new album, titled "Permanent Waves". It's planned for late April or early May release by Arista.

Out this weekend is a revival of The Who classic "The Kids Are Alright" by Pleasers. It's on the Arista label and ties in with the Band's current 18-date tour.

Punk comedian Johnny Rubbish has been signed by United Artists, and his debut single for the label will be issued shortly.

Barry White's new single "Oh What A Night For Dancing", culled from his latest album, is released by 20th Century on March 23rd.

Country Joe McDonald's self-penned single "Coyote" comes out on Fantasy on March 23, and the same day Motown issue High Energy's US hit "Love is All You Need."

Otis Waygood Band, currently on tour supporting Tavares, have a Decca single rush released titled "Everything I Am".

Richard Myhr is a relatively unknown name, but he achieves a world first with the release of his single "I Take Two To Tango" — because it's believed to be the first-ever SQUARE record! It's pressed as a seven-inch square, but you don't need a special player — the grooves are still circular! It's Utopia Records' first release under their production and distribution deal with Phonogram's Mercury label. Price is 99p.

Polydor singles due on March 23 include "Slippin' Away" by Max Merritt, "Whenever I'm Away" by John Travolta, "Sons Of Survival" by Doctors Of Madness, "Whatcha Gonna Do" by The Jolt and "Long Live Rock'n'Roll" by Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.

Liverpool new-wave band The Mutants have a three-track single issued at the end of the month on the local Rox label. Titles are "Hard Time", "School Teacher" and "Lady".

The Dyna have a single called "Gutter Kids" out this week on the independent Bonaparte label. It's obtainable from trendy record shops (75p) or direct from Bonaparte at 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey (postage extra).

Coinciding with the release of his live album, announced last week, a Professor Longhair single titled "Mess Around" is issued by Harvest on March 23.

Warners sign Devo

DEVO — the highly-rated U.S. five-piece band who played their British debut gigs last weekend, and who are featured on NME's centre spread this week — have signed a long-term recording deal with Warner Brothers, made in conjunction with David Bowie's production company. They've just completed their debut album in Germany, co-produced by Eno and Bowie, although a release date has still to be set. Devo's debut single "Jocko Homo" is currently available on the Stiff label, and Stiff will be scheduling two more singles — "Satisfaction" and "Be Stiff" — before the Warners album comes out.



Marquee raided!

THE MARQUEE, London's premier long-running rock club, was raided for the first time in its 20-year history last Thursday. Police burst into the venue in the middle of Meat Ticket's set and started searching for drugs. After frisking the band on stage, they hauled keyboards player Rick Jones off to the nick. The other members then did their best to finish their act, encouraged by a sympathetic audience. Jones was released, pending analysis of 'certain substances', in time for Meat Ticket's second Marquee gig on Friday.

● Our picture shows Rick Jones, suitable arrested in prison garb, in action during Friday's gig.

NEWS BRIEFS

MUNGO JERRY will be the first Western rock group to visit Bulgaria, when they play there in the spring. They've been invited to appear in a song festival called the Golden Orpheus, and during their visit they'll also be filmed by Russia's Inter-Vision TV, which transmits to 90 million people across the Soviet Union.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS have patched up their differences with lead guitarist Mike Rossi who, three weeks ago, was reported to be leaving the band. He's now been welcomed back with open arms, said a spokesman, in time for the Dogs' short European tour. DAVID BOWIE has made a couple of changes in the line-up of his backing band for his spring British tour, reported last month. Guitarist Stacy Heydon is no longer in the band, and is replaced by two musicians — Carlos Alomar (rhythm guitar) and Adrian Belew (lead guitar). Alomar played with Bowie on the 'Station To Station' tour and his last three albums. CAROL GRIMES has teamed up with Head Over Heels, a fast-moving live-piece comprising two guitarists, keyboards, bass and drums. After fronting her own London Boogie Band and subsequently Sweet F.A., the venture marks a new chapter in the career of London's first lady of rock. Carol and the band will be playing a short series of London club dates prior to a German tour.

ULTRAVOX have a new lead guitarist in Robin Simon, formerly with Neo, who replaced Steve Shears in the line-up. He joined them immediately after their recently-completed British tour. The band have a live EP issued by Island this weekend, featuring four of their strongest stage numbers — 'The Wild', 'The Beautiful and The Damned', 'My Sex', 'Young Savage' and 'The Man Who Dies Every Day'.

KETHIC RICHARD'S trial on charges of drug possession and trafficking has been set down for the High Court in Toronto on October 25. This will be the full trial and not another preliminary hearing. The long delay will at least give the Rolling Stones the opportunity of completing recording commitments, and fulfilling tour plans, during the next six months.

CLAUDE FRANCOIS — the French pop star and composer of 'My Way', who was electrocuted in his Paris home on Saturday — makes his final TV appearance in BBC's 'Snowtime Special' on Easter Monday, filmed earlier this month in Switzerland. And EMI are going ahead with the release this weekend of his single 'Bordeaux Rose'.

B. Rats: Easter tour

BOOMTOWN RATS are playing a series of eight special gigs over the Easter period, tied in with the release of their new single 'She's So Modern'/'Lying Again', released by the Ensign label on March 31. They're billed under the general heading of 'The Rats' Danceband Dates', and the itinerary takes in:

Bristol Yate Stars and Stripes Leisure Centre (March 22), London

Strand Lyceum Ballroom (Good Friday, 24), Portsmouth Locarno (28), Croydon Greyhound (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30), Derby King's Hall (31), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 1) and Donstable Queensway Hall (2).

Support acts are Reggae Regular on March 22, 30 and 31; Blast Furnace and the Heatwave at the Lyceum; and Black Slate on the other tour dates. Tickets for all the gigs are at the one price of £1.75, and all shows start at 7.30pm.

MECCA BAN GEN X GIG

GENERATION X have been forced to cancel five dates in their current British tour itinerary — for three different reasons: The two scheduled opening gigs last week, at Norwich East Angles and Leeds Polytechnic, had to be called off when part of their P.A. system was stolen from the warehouse in which it was being stored; they have been banned from Coventry Locarno (this Sunday) and Dartford YMCA Hall (April 1) because of their 'punk reputation'; and Brighton Top Rank on March 22 is scrapped because of a double booking at the venue!

It's not clear why the Mecca-owned Coventry venue banned the group after initially accepting the booking, and the same goes for Dartford. The only repetition they have is for girls fainting! These gigs will be re-set for different venues in the same areas. Like-wise, dates at Norwich, Leeds and Brighton are being re-set for later in the tour.

Despite these apen, two new dates have been added to the tour — at Reading Bones Club (March 30) and Bishop Stortford Triad Centre (April 8).

THE JOLT, leading Scottish new-wave band, join the current Generation X tour from tonight (Thursday) at Manchester Rafter's, and continuing until the final gig at London Roundhouse on April 9.

● Reggae band 90° Inclusive support the Tom Robinson Band on their latest British tour, opening this weekend.

Ramones in May

THE RAMONES are now confirmed for a return British visit in May. It will be part of a European tour, which also takes in Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. Their UK itinerary is still being finalised, and details are expected to be announced in a week or two. Meanwhile, the band have a three-track single issued by Sire on March 23. Two of the titles are taken from their current 'Rocket To Russia' album — they are 'Do You Wanna Dance' and 'Cretin Hop' — and the other title is 'It's A Long Way Back To Germany' which hasn't previously been released.

More Rubinoos, Kihn

BESERKLEY acts The Rubinoos and Greg Kihn, already set to co-headline at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 1, will each play one or two separate gigs during their British visit. The Rubinoos are already set for Aylesbury Friars on March 25 and Kihn for Liverpool Eric's on March 31. The Smirks — who are signing for Beserkley this week — support on both these dates, as well as at Hammersmith. Other Smirks dates are at Reading University (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Nashville (Sunday), London Oxford St. 100 Club with Triggs (March 21), London Camden Dingwalls with The Stukas (22) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23).

ON THE ROAD

JIM CAPALDI, whose new single 'Sealed With A Kiss' is issued by Polydor on March 31, is special guest in the London concert by Kansas at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 25.

JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS play Stockton Fiesta (tonight, Thursday, for three days), Nonhampton Saloon (March 22), Chippenham West End Club (23), Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre (25), Manchester Piccadilly Club (27) and Norwich Cromwell's (30).

MUD are planning a 28-day college, concert and club tour, starting on June 1. It will tie in with the release of their first RCA album (see Record News).

SHOWADDYWADDY have a low date this month, in addition to their previously-reported concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 25. They're at Wakefield Theatre Club (tonight, Thursday, for three days), Blackburn Cavendish (March 20 and 21), Bristol Colston Hall (27) and Plymouth Castaways (28). Looking ahead a month, they visit Nottingham Commodore Suite on April 28 and 30.

KALUS WUNDERLICH, the German electronic keyboards player, undertakes a short British concert tour next month. He plays Sheffield City Hall (April 10), Edinburgh Usher Hall (13), Newcastle City Hall (14), London Royal Albert Hall (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Brighton Dome (24) and Birmingham Town Hall (26). Special guests are close-harmony girl trio Sweet Substitute.

FUNTLUCK have four concerts lined up for the spring — at Fokstone Lees Cliff Hall (March 23), Middlebrough Town Hall (28), Hull New Theatre (May 5) and Hatfield The Forum (6).

DAGABANO, now fully recovered from their serious road accident in November, return to the gig circuit this month. So far set for them are Heywood Seven Stars (tomorrow, Friday), Snodland Bull Hotel (March 25), Macclesfield Crumbles (30), Macclesfield Travelers Rest (31), Bakewell Mosaic Hall (April 2), Reading Tangle Club (8), Lincoln A.J.'s Club (8), Lancaster No. 12 Club (13), Liverpool Moonstone (14), Preston Moonrakers (16), Warrington Lion Hotel (17), Birmingham Bogarts (19), Stanley The Huntington (20), Sunderland Boller-makers Club (21), Sunderland Gilley Law Club (22), Southport Dixieland Showbar (27), Bradford Golden Cockerel (29), York Oval Ball (May 5), Bristol Granary (27), Chesterfield Adam & Eve (29) and Dewsbury Turks Head (30).

and book Buzzcocks as the replacement!

THE BUZZCOCKS have been booked to headline at Coventry Locarno this Sunday (19), replacing Generation X who've been banned from the venue by Mecca (see left), though they haven't said why they consider the former punk band a less formidable proposition than the latter: The Buzzcocks have also added a second date at Liverpool Eric's on March 28, their first show is at this venue tomorrow (Friday) being completely sold out.

The band, whose debut album 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen' is now on release, are in the studios this week working on a follow-up single to 'What Do I Get'. Among tracks being laid down are 'Noise Annoys' and 'Love You More', both of which they are previewing on their current tour.

Damned difficult

THE DAMNED, whose break-up was announced two weeks ago, are still struggling to find a suitable London venue for their projected farewell concert.

After discovering that the Roundhouse (their first choice) is fully booked for several months, they turned their attention to the Mecca-owned Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand, only to find that they are one of four groups still on the venue's banned list — the others being The Stranglers, The Adverts and The Sea Pistols.

They are now considering playing one of the bigger concert venues, either Hammersmith Odeon or the Rainbow, during the first week of April.

RADIO STARS play a three-day stint at London Kensington Nashville on April 8, 9 and 10. Tickets are priced £1 and are available by post only from Radio Stars, Asgard Management, 31 Grosvenor Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1. Cheques and P.O.s should be made payable to 'Radio Stars' and envelopes marked 'Ticket Application'. They'll be distributed on a first-come, first-served basis, the first batch receiving tickets for the first night, and so on.

DEAF SCHOOL have added another four gigs to their current tour — at Manchester Rafter's (March 24), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Glasgow Satellite City (27) and Nottingham Sandpiper (30).

RICHIE HAYENS has added a club gig to his British tour itinerary — it's at London Camden Dingwalls on Wednesday, March 28.

SHIRLEY BASSEY begins her British tour this week, marking the 25th anniversary of her entry into show business. Supported by the New Seekers, she plays Brighton Conference Centre (today, Thursday), London Royal Albert Hall (March 28-21-22), Preston Guildhall (25-26-27), Birmingham Odeon (29-30-31), Manchester Free Trade Hall (April 3-4) and Glasgow Kelvin Hall (6). There are two performances every night.

CLODAGH RODGERS headlines a concert tour at Palmington Festival Theatre (March 26), Nottingham, Theatre Royal (28), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (31), London Hammersmith Odeon (April 1), Slough Alfred Beck Centre (2), Margate Winter Gardens (5), Malvern Festival Theatre (6), Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre (7), Whitlaven Civic Theatre (8) and Corby Festival Hall (9). Support act is Robin Sarstedt, who is promoting his new Decca single 'Something's Going On'.

THE IMPERIALS visit Britain later this month, hot on the heels of their hit single 'Who's Gonna Love Me.' Dates so far confirmed are Blackburn Cavendish (March 23-25), Manchester Willow Valley Centre (26), Meesteg White Wheat (27), London Southgate Royalty (April 1), Watford Bailey's (2 weeks), Southend Town Of The South (11), Plymouth Castaways (12) and Derby Bailey's (13-15). More are being set.

RACING CARS have a couple of gigs this weekend at Reading Whiteknights Hall (tomorrow, Friday) and with Rumble Strips at Cheltenham Town Hall (Saturday) — and the HEAVY METAL KIDS are at Rochdale Roc Rock this Friday and London Marquee next Monday (20).

GRAND HOTEL play Bristol Granary tonight (Thursday), followed by London gigs at Woolwich Tramshed (March 23), Hillingdon Hope & Anchor (24), Covent Garden Rock Garden (25), Camden Blackrock (26) and Canning Town Bridge House (31).

BRITISH LIONS have confirmed another four gigs this month — at Carmarthen Trinity College (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), Blackpool Tiffany's (21) and Scarborough Penthouse (31).



Patti: Extra gig, single due

PATTI SMITH is to play a concert in Birmingham, in addition to her two sell-out shows at London Rainbow on April 1 and 2. It's at the Bingley Hall (Broad Street) on Friday, March 31 and tickets are on sale now — at the box-office, Virgin Records and various outlets in the Midlands — all at the one price of £3. Patti's new single 'Because The Night', co-written with Bruce Springsteen and taken from her latest album 'Faster', is released by Arista on the day of her Birmingham gig.

Drones nicked

THE DRONES were arrested last Saturday while rehearsing on the roof of their practice hall in Oxford Road, Manchester. It seems that, at about 5pm, they switched on their 3,000 watt PA for the benefit of afternoon shoppers — some 500 of whom congregated outside the building. Police duly arrived in some numbers and took the five-piece band into custody.

999 nikkered

999 had to call off their scheduled gig at Keighley Nikkers Club on Tuesday of last week because the venue is in danger of losing its licence. The club's regular male strip shows were the subject of a Sunday newspaper article the previous weekend, and this caught the attention of the local authorities, who have now threatened to withdraw Nikkers' licence if they stage any more 'rowdy acts'.

Jupp back

MICKEY JUPP — Southend legend and mentor of the Feelgoods, Karsaks and Hot Rods — returns to the stage as support act on the British tour by Elvis Costello, opening this weekend (see Gig Guide). Line-up of his band is Jupp (vocals and guitar), Mick Grabham (guitar), Ron Telemacque (drums) and John Gordon (bass). A 15 track album of the best of Jupp's past recordings will be issued by Stiff in early April.



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ON TOUR WITH HIS BAND, THE NEW ROCKETTES

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25	BIRMINGHAM	BARBARELLA'S
27	SWANSEA	CIRCLES CLUB
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APR 1	MANCHESTER	RAFTERS
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FOR THAT EXTRA YARD

WHAT YOU GET ON THE SWINGS,
YOU GAIN ON THE ROUNDABOUTS

"I WOULD rather retain the position of being a photostat machine with an image, because I think most songwriters are anyway..."

—David Bowie

Prologue: Top Of The Pops

EVERYONE GETS that glazed marzipan look in make-up. Maybe it's some weird chemical that they put in the booze in the Artists' Bar at Television Centre, but anyone who's been through the make-up procedure ends up looking like a waxwork.

Andy Williams, for example, looks like one of those ageing pretty-boy senators that periodically chance their lance for nomination as Democratic candidate in U.S. Presidential elections.

Health-club tan, meticulously arranged dry-look hair, leathery complexion drilled and scored with integrity-lines, "casual" clothes that look French or Italian but were almost inevitably purchased in Hollywood... you almost expect a campaign speech rather than a song. After hearing the song, I think I'd've preferred the campaign speech.

Nick Lowe, the Pure Pop For Now People candidate, sighs into his Bloody Mary. "I wouldn't mind looking that good when I'm his age." Following a five-minute varnish-and-respray job by the Beeb's technicians, Basher looks something like a waxed fruit himself. Stuffed into a fluorescent green suit festooned with question marks — based on The Riddler, a villain from the old *Batman* TV show — fractionally too small for him, he looks faintly unnerving.

"Damned unmanly, all that make-up," jibes Martin Belmont of The Rumour, who've been pressed into service to mime "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" with Lowe for tonight's *TOTP* taping, seeing as how it was them on the record and all.

"You just calm yourself right down," retorts Lowe as the scratchplate falls off his magnificent black Gibson Everly Brothers acoustic guitar. It's only held on with Blu-Tack, see, and he has the horrors that his axe is going to start falling to pieces right there and then on television. I mean, what a thing to happen to the Jesus Of Cool!

Of course, it's pure jostling. Nick Lowe is many things, but a Jesus Of Cool he ain't. He can perform the role for short periods of time if he's in the right frame of mind, but Nick Lowe is the Jesus Of Cool like Roger Moore is James Bond, and *Top Of The Pops* is the perfect place to carry off such an impersonation.

Believe it: the whole show is an impersonation. *Top Of The Pops* is an impersonation of a fast-moving, exciting, all-happening teenage rock and roll show, and of course it's a big barn of a studio with a few tacky sets, a bored orchestra stuck up one end, maybe three or four live acts and the rest on video, a bunch of kids being bossed all over the place, chased around by haughty floor managers and maddened ravening camera-tanks, herded into position in front of the acts to give the impression that there's a lot of them, and the capper: canned applause to give the impression that the audience are enjoying themselves.

The Jesus Of Cool and his Apostles Of Hip are standing around watching Darts do their number at the other end of the studio while the minions set up for Kate Bush.

She's doing her number at the piano this time round in a sort of witch costume, which seems something of a waste since her dancing and general shapes enhanced the visual presentation of the song on previous performances. Problem: the orchestra keep coming in early, and Kate Bush being a comparative newcomer, keeps blushing under her make-up and apologising to everybody.

Rumour keyboardist Bob Andrews, who's had enough to drink to be feeling no pain, can take no more and skids across the studio haranguing m.d. Johnnie Spence and

the musicians. Some of the younger, hipper players are on his side, but Spence is mightily upright when Andrews offers to conduct it himself. Eventually they get it vaguely together. Kate gets through her song and murmurs circulate that the Beeb won't exactly be going out of its way to have Bob Andrews back on *TOTP*.

Finally, Lowe And Co. clamber onto their tacky set and under a bright shower of canned applause do "Breaking Glass" while the kids down front try to suss out the rhythms enough to dance to them.

Lowe is enjoying his impersonation, playing non-chords or nothing at all on his Gibson and moving like Bryan Ferry while Andrews — clearly the man of the moment — does a brilliant looming mime to his splintered piano solo. They get it right first take and disperse. Lowe removes that "damned unmanly" make-up, changes out of his Riddler suit and the assembled company haul their butts over to Eden Studios in Chiswick, where Lowe is assisting Johnny Cash's stepdaughter Carlene Carter. She's a slim girl with long brown hair and a wicked smile, though — happily — she doesn't have a deep voice or a fixation with trains.

As they depart, Lowe is murmuring to Carlene, "Shall we hold hands in the vocal booth?"

THREE DAYS LATER, it's forty below zero in the great city of Buffalo in upstate New York. Once again, American technology has only just managed to cope with that weird meteorological phenomenon which we scientists refer to as snow. Lowe had flown in from Amsterdam the previous day with Martin Belmont of The Rumour to link up with Elvis Costello And The Attractions and act as extra added Attractions for the evening's two shows in Buffalo, the last U.S. date on what's been a six-week slog around the North American Continent.

Everyone's had a bitch of a time getting in to New York City to rendezvous at the Gramercy Park Hotel. Elvis and his boys were travelling in a customised luxury Greyhound bus which had broken down en route from Glendale, and Lowe and Belmont had been subjected to massive delays because JFK airport had been snowed in, a fact that also delayed the flight that me and Chalkie Davies had hopped from Gatwick. We'd originally arranged to meet at CBGB to see Pere Ubu, but we blew that one... whatever. A real teeth-chatterer.

Performing-wise, the deal was that Belmont came on to wind up Elvis' set with a storming, riotous "Pump It Up" and then Lowe — nervously cradling a borrowed Telecaster — would appear for the encore to do a medley of "Nuttin' By Reality", "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" followed by "Shake And Pop" and "Heart Of The City".

A rough and ready affair indeed, with Lowe's Tele plugged into Elvis' amplifier and Belmont using a miked-up 30-watt practice amp. Belmont prowls the stage, rearing and jerking like Herman Munster under electro-shock, mouth working furiously, slashing and wrenching at his brand new Gibson L-6 as if he was about ready to rip the neck off the sucker. His stage presence is exceptional, both because of the sheer force and conviction of his playing and because one has an inkling of the enormous amount of havoc that Belmont would be capable of wreaking if his temper ever got the better of him.

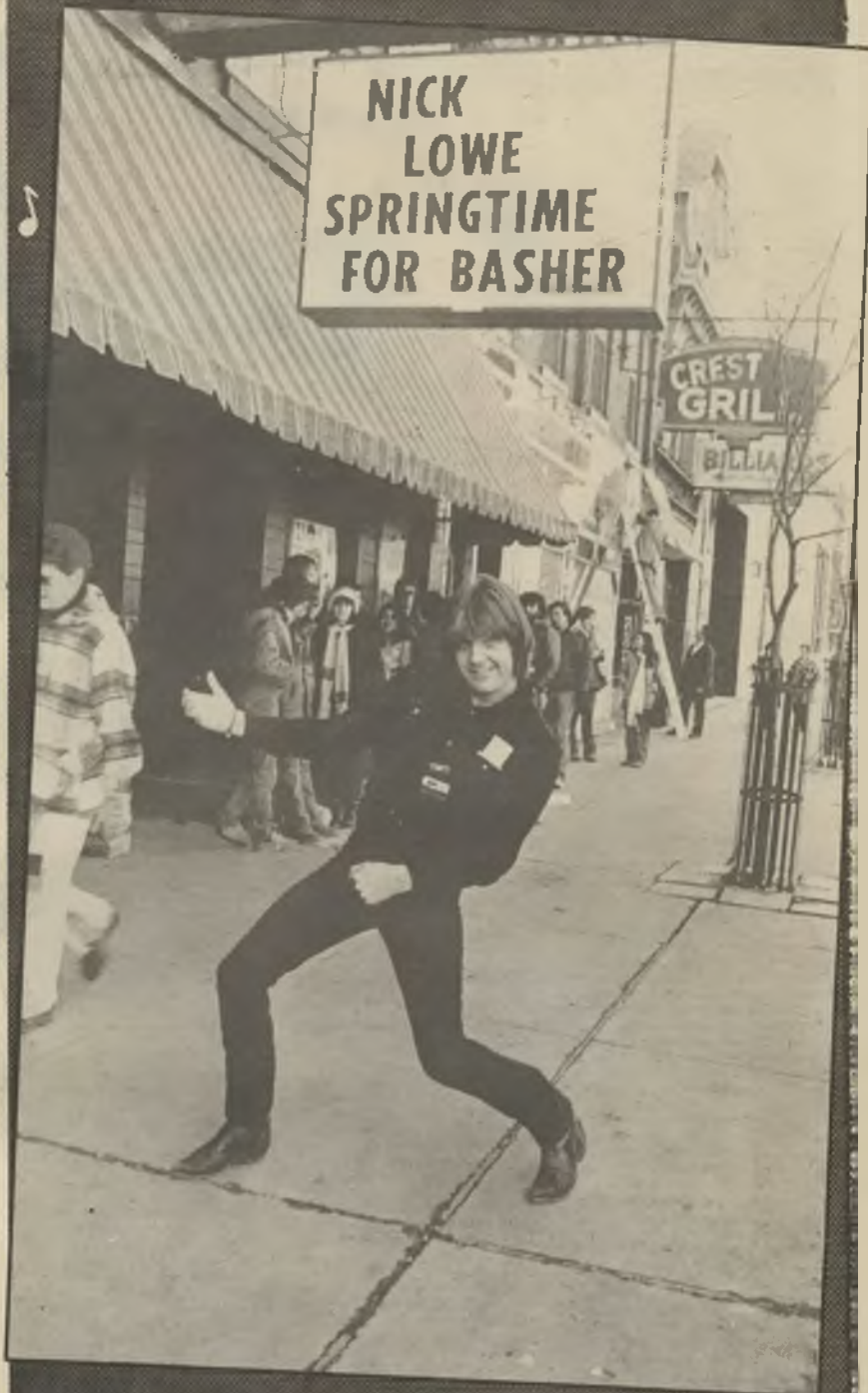
Costello slips into the role of backing musician with almost indecent ease, wandering up to the mike to sing spot-on vocal harmonies — he and the Attractions virtually learned Lowe's material at the afternoon soundcheck — and playing rock-solid second lead guitar between Belmont's compulsive solos and Lowe's scratchy, spiky rhythm.

The only one who seems the slightest bit ill-at-ease is Lowe himself, which is understandable considering that he's coming onstage after Costello has spent forty-five minutes or so winding the audience up to a state of almost unbearable

Continued over page

N. M. E. PRESENTS

NICK LOWE SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER



Watch out, there's a thief about! Songwriters, hide you licks when NICK LOWE slinks by.

Det. Insp. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY and Det. Sgt. CHALKIE DAVIES follow the trail of The Gentleman Burglar to the frozen wastes of North America.

● From previous page

excitement with weird, dangerous performances of "Watching The Detectives" (things always get weird and dangerous when Costello performs without his guitar) and a "Lipstick Vogue" that screws every nerve to shrieking pitch.

Also, apart from slinks with Rockpile and the Stiff tour, Lowe hasn't performed live with any regularity since Brinsley Schwarz split up (the group, that is. The guitarist is alive and well and in one piece and performing with The Rumour).

He must have presented U.S. audiences with a figure fully as weird as Elvis himself. Accustomed to boogie beasts, singer-songwriters so sensitive that they vanish under a strong light, and platform-booted exquisites, what are they to make of Nick Lowe? Big, beefy and beaky, crammed into tight black Levi corduroys and introducing himself by caroling, "Well, I heard they castrated Castro 'cui off everything he had'..." well, it's nice to know that chaps from Blighty can still show the colonials a thing or two.

At that first show, he compounded his nervousness by muttering self-consciously about hey, this is Elvis' show and I really shouldn't be here blah blah, but a rousing "Shake And Pop" and a flinty, propulsive "Heart Of The City" saved the day and by the second show he had it all down right nice.

And he'd better have it down better than that yet again in a month or so's time, because after Costello's British trek the King will be returning to the Americas, with Mink DeVille supporting and Nick Lowe opening the show. Nick Lowe and Rockpile? Nick Lowe and The Rumour? Nick Lowe and Thin Lizzy? (Ignore that last one. It's just a fantasy of Lowe's to perform "So It Goes" with Lizzy backing him, since he nicked half the riffs off Lizzy and sings it just like Phil Lynott). Nick Lowe and Led Zeppelin? Nick Lowe and... wait and see.

American audiences won't know they're looking at The Jesus Of Cool, since over there the album's called "Pure Pop For Now People". So's not to offend any of you religious folk out there who might be listening in to Radio Station KWIMP...

FIRST met Nick Lowe round about '72 or '73, when he was the bearded, pony-tailed bassist/singer for an all-hippies-together country-rock/soul/SOs reggae band called Brinsley Schwarz.

Martin Belmont was their roadie for a time ("He was one of the greatest roadies that ever lived. Ever see him lift a speaker cabinet? *Chris!*") and the rest of the group were Brinsley himself on guitar (now a Rumour), Bob Andrews on keyboards (ditto), Billy Rankin on drums (now, I believe, a barman) and Ian Gumm on rhythm guitar (about to re-emerge as a featured artist. Watch out!).

Apart from their early Crosby Stills and Nash phase, which I never much liked, they were pretty good and more than that during all their incarnations, and what incarnation they were in depended pretty much on whoever Nick Lowe was trying to write songs like at any given moment. He did an excellent Robbie Robertson, a fair Allen Toussaint and generally worked in a league that would have resulted in Instant Dedication (Asylum Records division) if he'd been American instead of English.

SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER

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And Lowe, the Jesus Of Cool showed up at Niagara Falls (as part of the ultimate CHALKIE DAVIES stunt) and froze it over with his mere presence...

The Brinsleys had their genesis when Schwarz and Lowe were at school together. Brinsley ran the school group, and he said that Lowe — an unreconstructed banjo player from the Lonnie Donegan era — could join if he would buy and learn the bass. This he did, and they happily set to work playing Beatles hits at school dances.

Fifteen years later, the connection still holds. The newly-named Brinsley Schwarz (they'd been together before as Kippington Lodge) was launched with the now-legendary hype disaster of the Famepushers' Fillmore affair.

You must have heard of that one: how the Brinsleys were booked as the

— and we had a marvellous time. We thought it was really great. It was after that that we thought Gaud, this just ain't it at all, and it was that that formulated the cynicism. We wanted to keep going and we couldn't think of anything else to do."

Yeah, but surely the act of taking the group into the pubs — and trust me, no-one gets to be a tax exile playing the Hope — was an act of idealism rather than cynicism?

"That wasn't the main reason. There were a lot of other things — like we were taking a lot of acid at the time — and we got this crusade. It was almost "We'll show the fuckers... no matter what happens we won't get conned again". Don't get me wrong, we were 'conned' in the literal sense: we did it with our eyes open, but we were very inexperienced.

"We had a marvellous time, I don't regret anything that happened, but it was just so horrifying to us. We developed this attitude, and we got this house. When groups share a house, you tend to share a lot of the same ideas: it tends to stifle your individuality quite a lot, which can be a very good thing, but it has its drawbacks as well. You can get intimidated and just go along with things.

"But for a good two or three years we played it very low key and that's why we got this almost legendary reputation. It wasn't because we were a particularly good group, because really we weren't. It was just that the attitude that we had used to intrigue people."

IN the British rock of the time, the main squeeze was the Bowie/Bolan/Roxy/Slade thing — and that's a massive generalisation, lumping together people who probably couldn't share a railway compartment let alone play together, but you get the idea — while underneath all that — literally, if you raze the cellar of The Hope into consideration — a bunch of people were discovering each other and forming alliances and friendships which would emerge in the late '70s as being one of the vital connections.

"At that time, there were a lot of people around who thought that they were the only ones who thought like that. There were a lot of events that brought a lot of people together who were involved in that pub-rock thing. Eventually it got very snobby and very elitist, but there were a lot of people who shared that cynical, idealist attitude. It showed itself in a lot of ways, like the style of writing in the music press which is very common now, but before then it was still very much 'what's your favourite colour, Nick?' 'What a snappy chap Cliff is first thing in the morning' and all that sort of thing. I think that was directly responsible in a lot of ways for the punk thing.

"Certainly in terms of fashion. English people always like to have some kind of badge to dress up to show what kind of music they like, and the Feelgoods were the ones to crack it clothes-wise."

It almost seems that there's a musicians' pool: a very fluid set-up involving Rockpile, The Rumour,

The Attractions, Lowe, The Blockheads and a few other bands with their vague genesis in such disparate scenes as London Pubrock, Canvey Island, and the Swansea Mafia. Consider the careers of the alumni of groups like Chilli Willi, the Brinsleys, Ma, Love Sculpture, Ducks De Luxe, The Kursaal Flyers and a few others. The fact that master gardener of rock's family trees — Pete Frame by name — now works at Stiff is almost an official blessing from God to the whole scene.

Yeah, but the reason that all that is such good fun is not necessarily because they're all wonderful musicians, it's because they've all got

Nowadays I just steal the stuff. If I hear a good lick I'll just pinch it

something up there." He taps his skull meaningfully. "They've got some brains, a bit of common sense. The thing is that there's just so few people around who've got any kind of flair. They don't have to be wonderful musicians, but they're good because they've got something up there."

"And that's what makes it different from that whole boring L.A. thing where all those musicians are on all those records, all those people who used to play on James Taylor's records. People would actually buy albums because Jim Gordon was on them. I wouldn't ever want it to be like that but I don't think it ever would be because it's too Blighty. It's all founded on a bit of a sense of humour."

"I don't mean that we're all loony chums perpetually having a great

laugh together, any kind of let's-all-piss-it-up-chaps sixth form outing. I'm deadly serious about the whole thing. Vicious, even. I could be vicious about it."

"It's not like we're all part of the same chums' club. That's why I like Elvis so much. He's deadly serious. He means it, maaaaaaan. It's not a drinking club. Bulshit."

"I mean, Jake (Riviera) and I have always had this agreement from the very start. It's like an agreement never to get too close because even though we like each other we respect each other for what we both do — and Elvis as well — and there's this element of keeping each other at a pole's length. All three of us are very committed in a very obscure way and if you're committed to something, you can never afford to cling onto something too tight, because it's a golden egg or he's a marvellous chum that you always want to be with."

"Because you can change your mind about people all the time. We've never actually talked about this: it's just how I feel. And it's this that keeps us tight, in a way. Okay, we're good buddies and everything, but always reserve the right to change your mind."

"You can go back on anything and not feel embarrassed or ashamed about it."

"You say, 'That was then, I've changed my mind. I'm really sorry, but I can't help it.' It's just an instinct that we all have. A recognition."

ALMOST equivalent, in a way, is that Lowe's songwriting mode moved from the ostensibly "personal" semi-autobiographical stuff that he was writing for the Brinsleys to the ironic, detached style of his current material.

Lowe's reaction to this comparison between a controlled distancing in his relationships with his colleague and the similar distancing between himself and his material is oddly unsure. He launches into a veritable barrage of urms and arths.

"I've always been influenced up until quite recently by musical trends. Sometimes if I hadn't... I've maybe just liked something that I've had a feeling for and copied it because of inexperience when writing songs and that style has become well-known for some reason... err... I'm trying to follow it too far back now. The answer to your question is yes."

"I used to write songs that were about me, and very lyrical and personal, but a lot of it... you can get away with murder if you write these sort of songs. You can waffle a lot, but a lot of people will think it's really wonderful stuff even though you know you're just a waffle-maker, and the more you go on the more you realise that you can't go any further with that. That's what you call experience."

"But when you're younger you tend to get influenced by very stylistic people, like I wrote very much in a Crosby Stills and Nash vein. Someone played me their first album which I thought was great, and I went overboard trying to write in that style. And then it was The Band. Then you get interested in their influences."

"I don't do that any more. I keep my ears open — I listen to the wireless, to Muzak in restaurants, anything — but nowadays there isn't an artist who I listen to and think, 'Oh, where did he get that lick?' You just make it up yourself. I know the chords now. I don't have to pretend that I'm Robbie Robertson or whoever."

● Continued on page 58

... awaiting his followers (who decided it was too cold and didn't show up).



... and Lowe, getting rather pissed off, he went to have a blow with his mates. L-R: Steve Nave, Pete Thomas, Basher (playing the Blastocaster), Bruce Thomas, E.C. and Martin Belmont.



Patti Smith
Out of traction
Back in Action



R. E. f. m.

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steve jolliffe
vocals/bass flute/alto flute/c flute/piccolo/zor anglais/bass
clarinet/hohner devinet/alto string synthesizer/grand piano/fender
rhodes/roland system 100 synthesizer/tenor and soprano
hornes/lyricon by computone

john franker
moog modular synthesizer/projekt electronic
sequencer/computerized digital sequencer/loop
melotron/melotron m 400/arp soloist synthesizer/other string
synthesizer/electronic percussion/oberheim sequencer/oberheim
eight voice polyphonic synthesizer/rby one

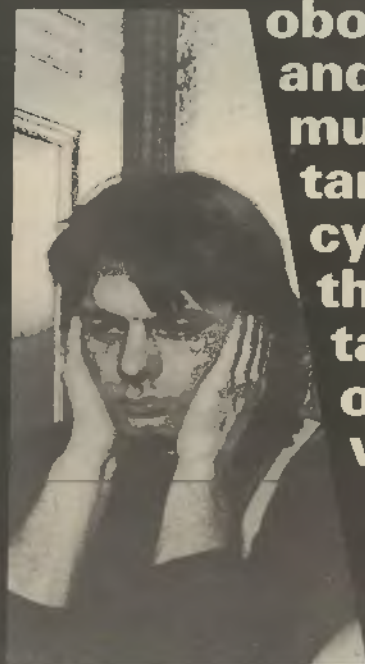
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THRILLERS

LOWRY (L.S.)



And it's number one — it's Top Of The Pops — L.S. Lowry with "Town Centre", a golden oldie from 1968. Reproduced courtesy of The Medici Society Ltd.

THERE NEED BE NO complaint about the variety of subject matter in the current Top 30.

Apart from the two football songs, there is a No. 1 that was inspired by the greatest romantic novel in the English language, and Bryan and Michael's "Matchstalk Men And Matchstalk Cats And Dogs", a tribute to the Lancashire artist L. S. Lowry, who died in 1976.

To be brutal, the song is over-sentimentalised, has a children's chorus straight out of Clive Dunn's "Grandad" and reaches a finale of sickly proportions with the lines "Now he takes his brush and he waits / Outside those pearly gates". Suffice to say that in comparison, Don McLean's "Vincent" seems like a doctoral thesis on Van Gogh.

The irony, however, is that while the song reeks of Northern working-class attitudinising, it is actually not phoney at all. Michael (Coleman), who wrote the song, was raised on those same grimy streets of outer Manchester (in the districts of Ardwick and Ancoats) which Lowry immortalised his paintings; he actually comes over on the phone like Lowry (no, not L. S. — Raymond, our cartoonist, who's also from that area, though no relation — at least, not that we know of). "Matchstalk Etc" was written over two years ago, and Coleman has been singing it to sympathetic audiences in local folk clubs ever since. "I just altered the last two verses after his death."

Kevin Parrott, who had already produced the Manchester United Wembley disc, took an interest in the song, and suggested instilling the Northern flavour via a wonderful brass band from Tintwistle (near Glossop, for Southern readers) and that unfortunate children's chorus. Coleman's partner, Brian Burke (they played the clubs as Burke and Jerk) made some suggestions, and the disc was born — though it was turned down by several companies before Pye accepted it. "They thought it was too local."

In fact, the song did have an immediate local appeal — "all the people round Manchester backed it" — but early promise quickly turned sour when the song's debut in the BMRB chart was quashed because of a suspicion that it had been bought in (and thus it was one of the two discs that precipitated the hyping furore). "It was very upsetting. We'd backed it with heart and soul, and nothing else; it was like the chance of a lifetime that was suddenly knocked flat."

The record, however, was reinstated the following week, and sales have since built naturally. Coleman says he's admired Lowry for years, particularly for his depiction of the old industrial landscapes that are now vanishing. He has a working-class background himself. "I've been a barrow-lad, and done humping and butchering. I've taken umpteen jobs on, just to keep me going in show-business." Hence, he says, all his songs are about Northern life, and the characters he's met.

So has this success turned him into a new man overnight? "I've been in this business for 15 years, and I've no intention of letting this change me now. Though the wife insisted that we had a new front door — and I'm pleased as Punch with that."

BOB WOFFINDEN

THE BIG BAD BADGE BOOM

BADGE CONSUMERISM is now an epidemic raging through the nation. And it threatens to spread across Europe.

Which is to say: images, styles, words, photographs, paintings, slogans, films, TV shows, comic book heroes, rock and roll music, newspapers, magazines, posters — all this and more is being copied, stolen, plundered, bootlegged, franchised and licensed by ambitious businessmen and maverick altruists and recycled to a mass market in badge form.

Badge buying is the consumer sport for '78. Badges have moved into bed with the old school tie and other private members clubs: No badge — no party!

Even the local newsagent has a badge board with as many as a hundred badges on it — the choice ranging from the Fonz, Muppets, Star Wars, drink slogans, Elvis, to astrology and The Sex Pistols.

The board is stocked with as much variety as possible — and IT PAYS!

On the back of an order form from one badge company are tips to retailers to help minimise profits:

(1) Learn which are the most popular badges and have sufficient back-up stock — a currently popular badge will sell as many as 20-30 daily. (2) Badges are subjective — it's impossible to know all the reasons why a badge sells. (3) The badge business is a 'live' business and changes continuously from week to week.

So who are the badge merchants who are coining the gold?

The hotshop is definitely Taylorscope Ltd, with over 5½ million sales claimed in the UK alone for '77. Their '78 projection is to quadruple this figure by storming Europe.

Company director Tom Norton explains: "We're new in this market. We deal solely with licensed

copyrights, mainly with film or TV tie-ins."

Their catalogue includes the Fonz, Starsky & Hutch, Elvis, skateboarding, Star Wars. And it all began by accident.

Norton's partner, Arthur Moss, advertised for new products at the beginning of '77, and a Midlands factory sent along a few Mr. Men cartoon badges. An investigation revealed astounding sales figures for the Mr. Men books — so why not badges?

Taylorscope went into the badge business and hit paydirt. Now, with over 15,000 UK newagents stocking their product, they have captured two-thirds of the retail market.

Another company in the dizzy heights of million unit sales is Communications Vector.

From a co-operative warehouse workshop in Chiswick, Peter Small supplies dealers with 180 different badge lines, and plans to introduce 50 new badges each month.

Sales are handled by a Fienzie computer. Small has geared CV into even higher production with the introduction of a new manufacturing process that prints the required image directly onto the metal, doing away with the paper image and acetate covering that is the standard badge copaculation.

He too got into the game by accident: "At a gift fair I saw a hand-operated machine. I was running the Carnaby St. Fleamarket. I knocked out some badges, put them on a board and they sold."

When Small looked for manufacturers to supply him with badges and found no one, he took the plunge. The CV catalogue now ranges from rock stars, cartoon characters, movie stars to cheeky sex slogans and witty sayings.

The badge profit margin is pretty hefty: manufacturing costs range from 2-5 pence; the recommended retail price from 15-40 pence. Where royalties are paid on copyrighted

material, the general figure seems to be around 1-2 pence per badge.

However, there is very little a rock band can do if a designed logo is pirated and stamped on a badge with a group photograph (which is the copyright property of the photographer). A direct steal, or complete rip-off is another matter — an example being the Tom Robinson Band.

The TRB have a well-known policy of giving away free badges at their concerts and to fans who write in to their offices. Recently, this same

badge has been sold by a number of firms. Colin Bell of the TRB office explains the problem:

"We give away about 1,000 badges each week. Now we find people are selling them. We can't stop people using the TRB name, but we can prevent them selling our copyrighted design. We've sent out ½ dozen requests to companies to ask them to stop trading. The next step will be legal action. For us, giving the badge away free is a political statement and anyone paying for it is being ripped-off. We see none of that

money."

Both CV and Taylorscope have TRB badges in their sales catalogues.

NME's own photographer, Chalkie Davies, says he has been ripped off recently by unscrupulous badge manufacturers. He too is threatening legal action against a firm who bought pictures from him ostensibly for a poster magazine. It was only when Bob Geldof — the subject of one of the pics — complained to Chalkie, that the photographer even knew the shots were going on badges.

● Next page

LOWRY (R.)



"We don't even converse in monosyllabic grunts anymore, just bloody badges and teeshirts!"



TRB (top) by CV in style of 'official' TRB badge and (bottom) by Taylorscope. Ants is a newbie by Jolly acid's one of his first efforts. Sex and Chaplin by CV. S.American motif by Tantra Pete.

PAYING UP FOR YER PIN-UPS

From previous page

Getting closer to the street scene, we have two infamous characters: Pete Douglas of Tantra Designs, and Jolly of Better Badges.

Tantra Pete launched his company seven years ago with Tibetan Mandala badges. Sales in the first 6 months were over 100,000. Pete used to meet the demand by driving day and night around the UK to health clubs, yoga clubs, universities, bookshops, newsagents.

Today he still deals with his 200 original outlets. His tantra motif has been expanded to include astrology, movie stars.

figure in the NME.

To date, Jolly has moved over 100,000 Sex Pistols badges, accruing £1,000 royalties for the band.

So what does the future hold for the industry?

Jolly offers: "We're moving into smaller badges to be sold cheaper. I've also asked people to come in with design ideas. If I like them, we'll go into production and pay out a royalty. I can see badge stars... hit badges and star designers."

Also in the pipeline from Better Badges is a Badge Magazine, to be published monthly, and a movement in the direction of the Art Gallery.

Can you see it? Right beside the Picasso and the Rembrandt — not framed in any way, but STUCK in the wall in a random manner — a hundred badges: the Fonz, Elvis, I'm Pissed, Enjoy Cocaine, FU2, Bored Teenager, Never Mind The Bollocks, The Ants, Blondie — shiny, shiny badges with a new ART STATUS glow!

Never mind the Art though — what about the money? In particular, how do the regular rock tour merchandising people feel about badge marketers? Obviously, they and the bands stand to make far more money out of their own badges than from a percentage of a badge specialist's take-off. John Lyons of Concert Publishing, whose recent tours have included Thin Lizzy and Hawkwind:

"It doesn't really hit us. Usually the tour badge is something special, related to and only available at the concerts."

"I would think that the pirates will be the ones who suffer. Why should kids buy a badge from them at 50-60 pence when they can get it cheaper locally?"

Indeed he claims that on the Thin Lizzy tour the merchandising pirates were completely defeated by the promoter, who issued a leaflet with each ticket sold stating that all tour merchandising was available only inside the venues.

The Badge Shop at 45 Monmouth St., London WC2, run by Des Kay, is a good place to browse if you're thinking of starting a collection. He has over 500 badges on show. Today's badge — tomorrow's antique.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS



Jolly of Better Badges

punk rock. Pooh Bear — with total yearly sales around the 1/2 million mark.

Pete openly bootlegs punk designs: "I feel it's part of the punk thing. I'm really into it — and the royalties involved are so small anyway. It's like advertising for the band, and if they want they can always come round and have a load of badges."

When the times moved ahead of him, Pete began to import hand-operated badge machines from the USA: "They sold from £50 to £200. It was like I had an S/M relationship with the business. I was setting people up in competition with me — but what really counts is that new ideas in self-expression were being produced."

In his own megalomaniac mind, Tantra Pete sometimes leans back and has a private chuckle that he might just be responsible for much of the present badge mania.

Certainly, Jolly at Better Badges started on such a machine. In '76 he did the round of summer festivals, cutting up magazine images to fit the mood of the environment. In '78, Jolly is unquestionably the Punk Badge King. The stock in his Ladbroke Grove warehouse looks like an A-Z of the new wave.

And unique in the industry, each week Better Badges print a top ten mail-order sales

ANIMAL GAMES LONDON

MCF 2823



MCA Records, 1 Great Pudding Lane, London W1

phonogram PHONOGRAM LIMITED

Memoandum

To: Nigel Givings
From: R. Cury
Date: 3rd March 1978

Accounts Department

RUSH DINNER — "September" 20th February

I organised a private dinner for the band at this restaurant in Fulham Road following their Hammersmith Odeon date. It was decided that the band would prefer a small dinner with half a dozen key Phonogram people and Ron Cury and I went to great lengths to organise this.

As you probably know the Boomtown Rats (plus ladies?) telegraphed the restaurant and it was embarrassing for the Phonogram execs to ask them to leave. We may have sent only 10 badges and therefore recharged you with the sum of £82 which was the amount incurred by your band. (Separate tabular accounts invoice), on Mr. Mollipham's instructions.

Sandra M.
P.R. Co-ordinator

Tsk!Tsk! Those naughty young Rats (plus ladies?) — busting up the party for our favourite laissez faire capitalists and landing them with an £82 bill for lemonade and trifle! (This is No. 76 in Thrills series: The Music Business From The Inside.)

THRILLS

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS



Kaya

Includes the hit single "Is This Love"
1LP 9517 Produced by Bob Marley and The Wailers



"One good thing about music
when it hits you feel no pain"

Bob Marley

'I THINK IT WAS LISTENING TO THAT BETHNAL ALBUM THAT DONE IT.'



'We live in Dangerous Times dearie.'

We also live for Dangerous Times,
Bethnal's new album from which
has been taken their new single
"We've gotta get out of this place"
Don't we?

Produced by Kenny Loggins

marketed by
phonogram
Phonogram Limited
129 Park Street London W1Y 3FA

Bethnal and Phonogram would like to thank the anonymous people without whose help this ad would not have been possible.



ELVIS COSTELLO & the Attractions tour

(Supported by The Mickey Jupp Band)

March

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 16 Stella Cinema | DUBLIN |
| 17 Ulster Hall | BELFAST |
| 19 Top Rank | CARDIFF |
| 20 Odeon | CANTERBURY |
| 21 De Montfort Hall | LEICESTER |
| 22 City Hall | NEWCASTLE |
| 24 Eric's | LIVERPOOL |
| 25 Eric's | LIVERPOOL |
| 26 Locarno | BRISTOL |
| 27 Winter Gardens | MALVERN |
| 28 Village Bowl | BOURNEMOUTH |
| 29 Top Rank | BRIGHTON |
| 31 Corn Exchange | CAMBRIDGE |

April

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Sports Centre | BRACKNELL |
| 2 Town Hall | MIDDLESBROUGH |
| 3 Tiffany's | EDINBURGH |
| 4 Satellite City | GLASGOW |
| 5 Top Rank | SHEFFIELD |
| 6 Rafter's | MANCHESTER |
| 7 Rafter's | MANCHESTER |
| 9 Pavilion | HEMEL HEMPSTEAD |
| 11 Garden | PENZANCE |
| 12 Guildhall | PORTSMOUTH |
| 13 Barbarellas | BIRMINGHAM |
| 14 Barbarellas | BIRMINGHAM |
| 15 Roundhouse | LONDON |
| 16 Roundhouse | LONDON |

50 PARKER STREET LONDON WC2

Cladhurst Ltd trading as Radar Records
In association with WEA Records Ltd
A Warner Communications Company



RICHARD KEMP (33) 13 years. Manufactured the purest LSD ever known. "His college lecturers had tipped him to become the world's top organic chemist." (Mail)



DAVID SOLOMON (52) 10 years. Supplied the base substance ergotamine tartrate. Well known author (*The Marijuana Papers*), wartime U.S. military intelligence operative. "An enigmatic figure, on the one hand expansive and gregarious, on the other mysterious and elusive." (Sunday Times)



RUSSELL SPENCELEY (27) 10 years. Courier. Wife Janine received two years suspended sentence. "He handled around 850,000 tablets and his rewards were large." (Mail)

CHRISTINE BOTT (31) 9 years. Acted as banker. Pic: below. Qualified surgeon, expert goat breeder. "Kemp and Bott became lovers, united in a dream of a revolution which they believed could prevent the ecological doomsday." (Mail)
"Put the world on LSD, said Dr Christine." (Mail)
ANDREW MUNRO (29) 10 years. Chemist. Policeman's son. "Bright and highly-educated." (Guardian)

● These were the stars among the 17 people convicted at Bristol Crown Court last week for making and selling LSD between 1970 and 1977.

HENRY TODD (32) 13 years. Marketing manager. Pig breeder, man about town. "Drove a Volvo, lunched at Harrods, dressed well, and had a number of girlfriends." (Times)
BRIAN CUTHBERTSON (29) 11 years. Todd's No. 2. Classical pianist, brilliant scholar. "Although he was unemployed, he had bank accounts in Switzerland, which showed deposits of £14,000 over a period of 14 months." (Times)

OPERATION JULIE

IN AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY of media hand-holding, the official version of the Operation Julie story has now been splashed across the headlines of the press and featured on primetime TV.

It's a comforting picture of police efficiency smashing an evil international drug network so that the schoolkids of our nation can be protected from the threat of that "heaven-or-hell" drug LSD.

Comforting maybe — but accurate? Simply put, the police offered the press their version of an exciting story, and they took it hook, line and sinker.

Of course, in a story this complicated, where everyone has an axe to grind, there is no such thing as the "ultimate truth". But in choosing to serve up only the police version of the story, and lace it with biased comment and questionable facts, most of the national media have shown themselves once again to be unreliable and only too willing to cooperate with the authorities.

What follows is an attempt to show up some of the media inconsistencies, and to provide some alternative views on what the BBC described as "the most sustained and successful police investigations ever carried out."

POLICE POLITICS

IN ORDER to fully understand the police's attitude and hence the press's stand on Operation Julie, it is necessary to realise that the whole affair had a great deal to do with internal police politics.

The 28-strong Julie team, seconded from eleven different police forces, worked outside the traditional police structures as an elite crew, and their activities formed the basis for Det Chief Supt Greenslade's vision for a national drug squad.

The team, characterised by the *Mirror* as "a handful of shabby supercops", were so secretive that, according to *The Times*, even the Metropolitan Police did not know about the planned raids until the last possible moment.

The Julie squad used every available trick in the book to break the case. At the farm in Wales they used for surveillance, "tons of secret monitoring equipment and scribbler telephones" — some on loan from the Whitehall security services — were quietly installed. Policemen, masquerading as hippies for months on end, infiltrated festivals, communes and the like in search of information.

Foremost among these was Detective Sergeant Martin Pritchard, described by the *Mails* as "more hippy than policeman."

Interestingly, the *Mirror*, who published his own story, revealed that they had taken a picture of Pritchard when he had to give evidence after he bust a cannabis racket in 1975. He said,

"The *Daily Mirror* published a rear-view picture of me so that it wouldn't blow my cover."

Even Detective Chief Inspector Lee, the operations expert from the Thames Valley Drug Squad, indulged in fancy dress, posing as "a London businessman recuperating from a major heart problem."

The police's Maigret-like expertise has been widely praised but, according to one defence lawyer, it's a myth. He told *Truth* that Julie was a "disgraceful operation" and claimed "they never got information as a result of their own investigations. It was all handed to them on a plate." The main leads were provided by Ron Stark, a former associate who shopped the others when busted for heroin in Italy.

As the *Mail* pointed out, Lee knew of the existence of the acid factory at the Welsh Mansion House in Carno for some time before the final raids. According to them: "He knew the drugs from the Mansion House would be distributed throughout the world. He knew they would be taken by young people whose lives could be ruined — they might even die as a result. He knew he could stop their sale by raiding the house. He decided not to." This the *Mail* presented not as criticism, but as a picture of Lee's heroic dilemma.

Perhaps as a result of Lee's delay tactics, two key figures — the international dealers, American Paul Agnabaldi and an Israeli named Zahi —

"Never in the history of British crime has the police public relations been so effective and so exaggerated. It has been accepted blindly and blithely by all concerned."

Defence lawyer

escaped despite being under surveillance for some time.

Following their success, real or overstated, Greenslade and others began pushing their idea for a super-police unit — an FBI-style national drug squad — who, they claimed, would be able to combat the drug menace more effectively. Many papers took their lead, and made their own demands for such a force to be set up — notably the *Mirror* and *Express*.

All the comments on this — including the bitter denunciations by the six members of the Julie squad who have resigned amidst complaints about "peny-pinchy" by Whitehall, and their bitching about the police treating

them as regular coppers rather than continuing the impetus of Operation Julie into a special force — should be seen in this context: as an attempt to pressurise the Home Office into setting up a special task force which neither they nor most local chief constables deem necessary.

Greenslade boasted: "The operation was successful beyond my wildest dreams. This could pave the way for a national police force." Presumably, also in his dreams, with Detective Chief Superintendent Greenslade at the helm.

It was obvious that following the huge police operation, including dawn raids by 800 police on March 26 1977, that much

"We were up against the intelligentsia — and we won."
Det. Chief Supt. Dennis Greenslade

would have to be made of this case in order to justify the huge expenditure involved.

Greenslade was at pains to point out in the press that: "In two years, operation Julie cost £500,000 — but annual wages, transport and expenses have to be deducted. We hope to recover enough in cash and property so that it will have cost Britain nothing." (In other words, kids, your acid outlay is financing this police operation...)

It remains to be seen whether Julie breaks even, and whether Greenslade's lobby will be successful.

THE NUMBERS GAME

THROUGHOUT THE PRESS reporting on the Julie case, numbers have been thrown about with gay abandon.

How much LSD was actually produced? The *Mail* claims 15 million doses, the *Times* 20-60 million, supplying a dozen countries.

The *Mirror* claimed that in 1976 alone the gang's turnover reached an estimated £200 million — equal to that of the British Homes Stores. This is disputed by the defence lawyer we spoke to — he claimed that the total syndicate take was nearer £700,000 throughout their entire operations.

Then there was the question of what fraction of the total LSD market the syndicate's output represented. The *Mirror* claimed it was "two-thirds of the world's supply," the BBC News said 90 per cent of Britain's and 60 per cent of the world's supply, while Greenslade told the *Express*: "In our view 95 per cent of LSD in Britain was coming from this source and so was half the world's supply." Of course, these things are impossible to gauge, but the mere act of printing them renders them "official".

When it came to the street price the estimates were even more diverse. The *Express* claimed that it was £1 a tab when the syndicate was in operation but that, since the bust, the street price had shot



DET. CHIEF SUPT. DENNIS GREENSLADE Head of No. 7 Regional Crime Squad — and of Operation Julie.
"We were up against the intelligentsia — and we won."



DET. CHIEF INSP. RICHARD LEE Head of Thames Valley Drug Squad. Tactician.
"Recognised as an international authority on illicit drugs." (Mail)
Now resigned. Working as security consultant. Writing his story of the case with a journalist from *Daily Express* — due out with indecent haste for national serialisation. Presented the story for BBC news.



DET. SGT. MARTIN PRITCHARD Drugs squad officer. Top undercover man, five years as hippy. Pictured (left) in uniform, (right) in drag.

"More hippy than policeman." (Mail)
"I got dressed, then rolled around in the garden and emptied the Hoover bag over my head. Then I was ready to go to work. I had to watch my food intake and booze very carefully. You never see a fat druggie. They are thin because they take drugs." Resigned from force when returned to normal duties and sold his story to *Mirror*.

POLICEWOMAN JULIE TAYLOR Gave her name to the operation. Discovered midway through the trial that she had gone to the same school as Christine Bott.

● These were the stars among the 28 "hand-picked detectives" on the case — six of whom have subsequently quit the force to write books.

DICK TRACY keeps tabs on the media's coverage of one of the most important drugs cases ever, and discovers a powerful police lobby pushing the Great British Public a load of junk.

up to £5 or even £8 a tab, a fact quoted in court. On the other hand, the *Times* said: "Last week in London it could be bought for £1 a dose or £40 a thousand."

Release, who are closer to the street than any Fleet Street journalist is ever likely to get, told *Thrifts* that bulk price was now £40 for 4,000 (10p a tab) with street price at £1. They also claimed that LSD, far from drying up, is now "almost as easily obtainable as cannabis", putting the lie to the police's claim to have wiped out Britain's LSD market. Of course, this has now led the press to speculate about a new 'Mr Big' who is moving in on the scene — speculation instigated, it should be noted, by Det. Supt. Dennis Greenslade, whose proposed national drug squad would, of course, track down the 'international godfathers' behind the new source.

Other random statistics appeared in print with no hint as to where they came from. An unknown 1973 survey was quoted which suggested that 600,000 people in Britain have tried LSD. Greenslade himself told reporters that he estimated "60 million LSD tablets have been made and swallowed in the last decade."

It would be interesting to learn how he arrived at that figure.

LSD PARANOIA

IT HAS BEEN standard practice in the British and American media for many years now to distort the true nature of the drug LSD. Medical research into the subject has been officially frowned on, but nevertheless there is a considerable body of evidence available, enough to refute most of the basic untruths. Needless to say, medical facts were ignored in favour of selling newspapers. Operation Julie provided the press with a field day, allowing them to dust off all the old clichés and trot them out into print.

The *Mirror* did not miss a trick in this respect. Their headline story read: "An entire city stoned on a nightmare drug — that was the crazy ambition of the masterminds behind the world's biggest LSD factory. They planned to blow a million minds simultaneously by pouring LSD into the reservoirs serving Birmingham." The water supply story can be traced back in the media to at least the mid-'60s and probably before. I have had personal experience of this while working in the information caravan at one of the large Isle of Wight festivals, when I heard an almost identical story being dictated over the phone by a *Mirror* reporter. It wasn't true then, either.

Most insidious of all was the *Express* story: "All too many young people have experienced with LSD for the thrill. One was 16-year-old June Duggan and it killed her." Now for the punchline: "It could not be proved that her pill came from the gang sentenced at Bristol, but in view of their huge output it seems possible."

— The piece continued: "Her father said:

Additional research:

MIKE MARTEN

"She liked pop records but many of them by people like David Bowie mentioned drugs. I suppose she didn't want to be square and felt she had to try it."

"Other young people who ended up in hospital from an LSD trip have lived — or rather, have not died. They have stayed there staring at the walls, transfixed with a terror they cannot explain and cannot be freed from."

Ironically, in a moment of high comedy, proof of LSD effects were provided by three policemen, who accidentally tripped out while cleaning up one of the acid factories. None of them jumped out of windows or became uncontrollably homicidal. Nonetheless, the Police Federation is now backing their claim to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board.

Mind you, the press were only following the lead of the police. In the *Guardian* a police spokesman said that half the admissions to mental hospitals in the USA were caused by LSD! This apparently referred to a brief period in the 1960s in Los Angeles, but the precise details were not forthcoming. Department of Health and Social Security figures were also quoted to show that 12% of all drug-related admissions to

"We hope through our efforts our children will inherit a better world than we did. The forces of repression are firmly in control, but I really believe we have started something no one can stop."

Richard Kemp

mental hospitals in the UK were "LSD-related", some 265 cases in 1976. Exactly what the "relationship" was is unclear.

The police in turn were supported in their attitude by the trial judge, Mr. Justice Park, who ignored the expert evidence of Dr. Martin Mitcheson, who runs the University College Hospital drug dependence clinic. Mitcheson told the court that LSD carried "relatively small risks compared to other dangerous drugs," and he claimed that any comparison was irrelevant.

Surprisingly, only the BBC report — by their science correspondent — provided an accurate analysis of the drug's effect, pointing out, for instance, that it is not addictive.

And nobody at all mentioned the fact that acidheads have gone almost totally underground these past few years — or, at least, acid has become completely unfashionable.

THE DEFENDANTS

THE DEFENDANTS stood little

chance, it seems, against the weight of public opinion which, in turn, was shaped by the media. They were variously described as the "international firm of L. S. D. (Unlimited)" and "one of the most educated teams of criminals the world has ever known."

The *Guardian* said "the flower of British post-war education were in the dock" and described them as a mixture of evangelists, middle-aged Americans and get-rich-quick merchants, many of them Cambridge educated. Their story, it was said, "sounded like the history of enterprising businessmen, too busy making their venture succeed to worry about a few social casualties."

Christine Bott and Richard Kemp were typically characterised as star-crossed lovers and tarnished idealists but, as Release pointed out, by providing the finest quality acid ever produced, Kemp could be claimed to have been providing "community service". His acid was "less likely to have negative effects" due to the fact that the impurities, which often cause the teeth grinding and stomach churning which sometimes lead to bums, had been removed.

The Leary connection was another interesting aspect of the case's coverage. There was no hard evidence to support this, of course, but mention LSD and you're bound to find California and Dr. Timothy Leary not far behind. One report claimed that the link was "a major strand of the counter-culture, stretching back 10 years to Dr. Timothy Leary and the heady days of the California acid heads." Much pay was made of Leary's Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a semi-mythical outfit which ceased to exist years ago; as a fashionable conspiracy theory, it makes 'sexy' (Fleet Street jargon for exciting) copy, but its veracity is questionable.

Even worse was the piece in the *Evening Standard* headlined: EXPLODING THE MYTH OF POP FESTIVALS.

It read: "The myth that free pop festivals were innocent happenings where youth did its own harmless thing and sought peace through flower power has been finally exposed by the Operation Julie drugs trials."

They further claimed that at the trial "pop festivals and the vast open-air happenings were finally shown up in their true form — as gatherings financed out of LSD manufacturing profits to attract hard-core drug takers with sufficient numbers of innocent fans to cover up the illicit drug trafficking and introduction to the drugs scene of new recruits."

So much for the *Standard's* understanding and attitude towards the youth culture.

EPILOGUE

PERHAPS THE SADDEST ASPECT of the whole affair is the lack of support and interest from the 'hip' or head community. *International Times* editors Max Handley and Lyn Solomon (David's

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS



NEW SINGLE

LIFE ON THE LINE

WIP 6438

Produced Ed Hollis Assisted Steve Lillywhite
FROM THE ALBUM ILPS 9509.



ISLAND

Manufactured and distributed by EMI Records Limited

THERE'S SOME REAL WEIRD LOOKING PEOPLE IN CHEAP TRICK . . .

THE MYTHOLOGY that inevitably springs up around any crew of characters banding together in a mobile contemporary entertainment unit can be a very treacherous thing.

It is prey for scribes who choose to project their bed-ridden fantasies on hapless victims. It is subject to weather-vane changes of fashion, and sometimes it runs perilous riot on the ego of the person around whom the mythology has arisen.

But Cheap Trick you gotta watch. Because when the mischievous imagination of a self-confessed inveterate kiddie like Rick Nielsen has a hand in that mythology, there is little recourse other than to stand by with a pinch of salt, and enjoy the fireworks.

RICK NIELSEN is the hyper-active guitarist and tunesmith with Cheap Trick. He is of indeterminate age — both physically and mentally — and renowned for a wacky dress sense and an ability to keep a straight face when situations demand, as well as being a guitarist of left field chain-saw expertise.

Cheap Trick are a new American rock band who released two albums last year — one of them, their debut — and possess a cunning sophistication beneath a deceptively simple sugarboy hard rock surface.

Right now they are the only part of the new breed of U.S. AM rockers worth a hoot: putting the likes of Boston and Foreigner straight back on the crud pile.

That much, at least, is certain. Less

precise are the details of how the off-the-wall combination that is Cheap Trick came to be, and why.

Talking to Rick Nielsen on the transworld hotline didn't help much. Your interviewer had serious problems keeping his mirth in check, and his subject had similar problems trying to keep a bubbling spirit and omnipresent sense of humour on the track of off-repeated biographical data — hence, for the sake of enlightenment, the odd factual distortion on Nielsen's part.

Inquiries reveal that Nielsen and bass player Tom Peterson met through enjoying the same extra-curricular school time activities in the town of Rockford, Illinois. Known locally as 'Screw City,' Rockford has more factories per capita than any other American city. Which has little to do with the fact that the pair have been scuffling around the back doors of rock'n'roll for some time now.

They took over The Nazis, Todd Rundgren's first band, when the runt went solo in the early '70s, and somewhere along the line became Fuse, who recorded a supposedly forgettable anglophile metal album for Epic.

"Tom and myself — he's the bass player, I'm the guitar player with the baseball bat — we've been playing together for around ten years. Not

RICK NIELSEN (ugh!)

Pic: RICHARD CREAMER



BUN E. CARLOS (yeuck!)

Pic: JOHN COX

just groups, but we've done studio work together, been in Europe together, didn't play for a while together, and started together. It's not that we're in love with each other. I just like his ideas and he likes mine."

Somehow, the two of them ended up wrestling fame fortune across the

alleyways of Europe. It is said they went in search of new faces to peer at, and they might even have had a band, called Sick Man Of Europe, but those who know had been got to first. (Eh?—Ed.)

Whilst in Europe they were impressed not by the architecture or

● Next page

THE BOYS

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... AND SOME REAL CUTE LOOKING FELLAHS TOO!

From previous page culture, but by the sight of a middle-aged chain smoker hammering out "unbelievably weird beats in a rock'n'roll context at a French tourist trap." Stigman Ben E. Carlos — for it was he — found the pair totally obnoxious, but gave in to his worst impulses and climbed aboard.

Then — in a Scottish folk club — they found Robin Zander, and the Maserati-like gear change capacity of his multi-faceted voice immediately registered in Rick's fevered cerebrum as the right man for the job.

Thus, through equal parts luck, determination and stubbornness,

Cheap Trick. "We wanted to have a name for our group that had deep hidden meanings, but we couldn't think of anything so we used Cheap Trick."

They returned to the American mid-west and commenced an average 300 gigs a year, playing every sort of dive imaginable. Producer Jack Douglas found them — this is somehow quite fitting — playing in a bowling alley.

And from that to the recording of

their first album was merely a question of natural momentum, which in the case of Cheap Trick knows no inertia. Their first album came out in February last year, and since then:

"We toured for a complete year with no break except to do our second album, 'In Colour,' during the summer. Two days after we finished touring we came here to L.A. to do our third album" — which they'd just finished recording when we spoke.

"As soon as we got done with the album we came to Europe, then we go to Japan, then we come back here and tour until September, then I'll catch my breath."

Cheap Trick's U.S.-release-only first album, despite the presence of at least three cold cut killers — notably "He's A Whore" — lacked the balance and incisiveness afforded by the switch from Douglas to Tom Werman as producer for "In Colour."

But both are distinguished by a twisted lyrical content in a deceptively clean pop-rock context — Beatles white album filtered through a '70s hard rock consciousness and other current neuroses, as evinced by lines like: "So you missed some school; you know that school's for fools. Today money rules — and everybody steals it."

Was Rick sad when The Beatles broke up?

"No, but whatever happened to Blue Cheer? ..."

He disclaims any of the Beatle influence that many have suggested with Cheap Trick, and says: "I went by the song. That's what we do — go for the effect and the song."

"One song'll be happy-go-lucky and getting married, and the next will be down in the dumps with heavy drugs use. Then there'll be one about growing up and realising your parents

are obviously more crazy than you are even though they think you're nuts, and then, say, one about gratuitous violence. And then something else."

"We're not a unidirectional band."

We don't say, "Alright, every song's going to be a rocker in the key of A and every song will mention rock'n'roll at least five times."

One-dimensional Cheap Trick certainly aren't. But the devious simplicity of their music, and the confusion that arises from having two prissy Frampton lookalikes, a telegraph clerk, and a goofy cartoon figure in the same band hasn't exactly been a bonus in this age of pre-packed mass appeal.

How long has he had this problem?

"My personality has always been the same. I've always been the quiet, shy type. ... Actually I've always been sort of a big mouth. My parents were opera singers and I grew up around screaming adults. Now that I'm getting a little older I'm screaming too, I'm trying to be heard too."

"People say, 'Oh look at the way you all dress.' What I do is go out once a year and buy a dozen sweaters, a dozen shirts, a dozen pairs of pants and about a hundred and fifty bowties. I'm all set — I don't worry about fashion."

All that remains now is to find out whether Cheap Trick can rip it up onstage as well as they do on vinyl. And you'd be short-changing yourself if you aren't at either their London date or at one of their support gigs with Kansas (not the ideal match) to find out, because the world needs Cheap Trick more than it can yet fully understand.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



ROBIN ZANDER (top) and TOM PETERSSON (swoon!). Pix: JOHN COX.

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W.H. Allen



How's that for rock roots, asks Tommy Cherry of Paisley, who spotted this ancient small ad in the Evening Times dated Monday July 1st 1957. Twenty one today, Alex! (P.S. — The Editor offers a quid to anyone who can track down the mysterious "Ma Logan" for him. Mummy?!!)

THE FALL (L-R):

WHY THE FALL MUST RISE

THE FALL FELL FLAT when they gigged in Nottingham. An evening at Katie's, a local club, produced flimsy reaction. Mark Smith — the band's singer — made numerous vain efforts to engage the attention of the crowd and club staff.

"This is a song called 'Frightened'. It's for the two women on the door," said Mark.

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Mark Smith, Martin Bramah, Eric, Una Baines, Karl Burns, in a picture photographer STEVE LYONS labels "The Bingo Master's Break-Out". Why? Why not?...



referring to the brooding hostility shown the band by the club organisers.

It was an incident (and an evening) to demonstrate The Fall's strongest asset: a keenness to communicate above everything else.

The Fall are: Mark Smith (vocals); Una Baines (keyboards); Martin Bramah (lead guitar); Eric (bass

guitar); Karl Burns (drums). The band emerged from odd non-musical sessions, bumbles and fumbles in backrooms. Tony Friel, an original member, recently left the band to form his own outfit, The Passage. Onto bass came Eric, a refugee from the Rabid kennel. Eric is a former Curious Yellow, out of John Cooper-Clarke's support unit.

The sound of The Fall is a harsh blend of aggression, menace and

malevolence. Shades of Patti Smith, Doors, Velvet: a finger pointing at the fears and foibles within us all.

At present there are no records by The Fall. Sometime ago the band recorded four songs in a local studio, and New Hormones offered to release the songs as an EP. That intention has gradually withered, leaving The Fall frustrated, disgruntled.

Prestwich is a few miles from Manchester, a grim place full of little figures pinned to pavements and rows

of crumbling terraced houses. Here The Fall assemble for an interview, wary and suspicious but willing to talk. This is what they had to say about themselves:

"It's a standing-joke in Manchester that The Fall are very deep and always arguing about things... and it's true. There's never a common agreement within the band. Instead there's a tension that makes us stronger."

"We've never been signed up. It's a

big help — we're independent and that's how we want it. We're not continually repaying agents and promoters for P.A.

"The songs we sing are just personal experiences. If you identify with them, that's fine."

"We're gonna be on this Virgin Electric Circus album. Just a one-off thing. We're waiting for a contract. The one they sent us wasn't very good — it was a different contract to the one they sent Buzzcocks and Magazine."

"We use a public phone box for getting gigs. It's great, works right to our advantage. People can't get in touch with you unless they really want to."

"We've been ripped off loads of times. Benefits tend to underpay if they think they can — that's why we got Kay (Carroll) in to manage us. She's also a friend. Seems you've got to have a figurehead... that's the disgustin' thing."

"Trying to get gigs is hard. Clubs want promotion pics of the band and all that fuckin' crap. When we do student places we always insist that outsiders can get in. That stems from direct experience. And sometimes you get the odd guy within the system who cares — there's a great bloke at Huddersfield (Polytechnic)."

"We enjoyed playin' the Marquee with Buzzcocks and The Worst. It was three different sounds all from one place (Manchester). It blew their heads off. The thing down there (London) stinks."

"We played the opening night of the Vortex. Our sixth gig. A London gig. Fuckin' terrible. The audience totally ignored us — so fuckin' cool. No-one reacted in any way. Everyone just stood there posin'. We were the scruffiest people in the place and we had no money for drinks or 'owt. An' there's all these street kids in bondage suits sippin' vodka and orange. It freaked us out."

"We get a lot of great letters from folks. And there's hundreds of people waiting for our record. It's all paid off... the fact that we're not in the papers every week. An' if we are, just a mention, never a photo. People appreciate that..."

If they don't fall apart first, The Fall must rise...

MALCOLM HEYHOE

THE END

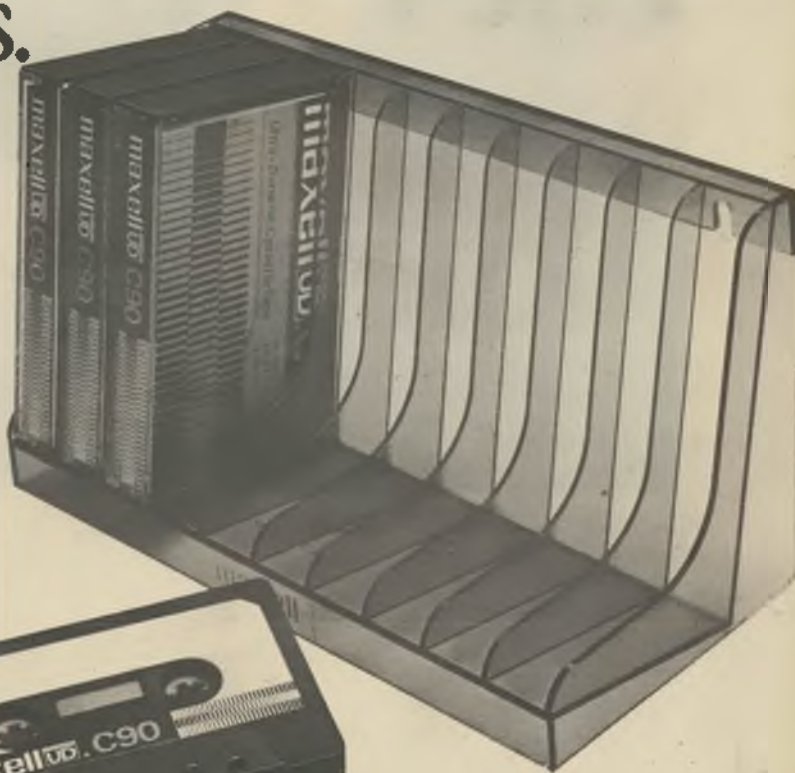
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LET'S JUST get one thing straight. Despite being produced by punk svengali John Cale and having their debut album packaged in a sleeve so vile it could stand alongside the "Bollocks" cover and not be outdone, punks Squeeze certainly aren't.

"Judy Garland is an influence as much as punk," declares Cris Difford, a straight-faced 23 and Squeeze's rhythm guitarist and lyricist. Guitarist Glenn Tilbrook echoes his colleague: "We play music different to punk."

Although punk has been an influence I don't think we ever want to be associated with it."

However, A&M obviously aren't totally averse to exploiting Squeeze's punk connections, however ignominious. After all, Rick Wakeman's records don't come wrapped in shocking pink sleeves.

Like current tour mates Radio Stars and Eddie And The Hot Rods, the band are riding the new wave — albeit belatedly.

Their penchant for the — how shall I put it? — off beat has already meant that one Squeeze song, "Deep Cuts", an opus about obscene telephone callers, was nixed from the A&M album because of its content. Instead it will be issued on Squeeze's previous label, Deptford Fun City, a small independent responsible for Squeeze's recording debut last year with "Packet Of Three".

UNLIKE THE numerous other hot combos with which the isle is currently teeming, Squeeze didn't just form and almost immediately land themselves a record deal. They've been together for four years.

Readers old enough to remember might find it interesting to know that their first manager was early '60s pop singer John Leyton who had a hit single with "Johnny Remember Me". Leyton met Squeeze via a mutual pornographic photographer friend, and wanted to get them into cabaret.

Apart from the addition of drummer Gilson Lavis, a beely geezer who comes on like a tame spiv, all wrinkle pickers and 'contrasting' shirts and ties, the line-up hasn't changed during the four years. But until Lavis's arrival they admit to being directionless.

Group faves span a broad arc. Difford is strong on Lou Reed (it shows on the album's "Hesitation (Roo Britannia)" and Zappa; bassist Harry Kakoulis is a sucker for reggae and funk, especially Bootsy Collins. Tilbrook lists his main-men as Zappa, Jonathan Richman, Ian Dury, Johnny Winter, Nils Lofgren, Hendrix, The Beatles, Roy Brown, Elvis and Fats Domino.

Under Leyton's direction they brushed shoulders with Island Records, for whom they auditioned three times, the verdict of current A&R man Richard Williams being that they were a good band with strong material — ahead of their time even — but too short on stage experience to sign.

Squeeze didn't argue since at this point (mid-1974) they hadn't done a single gig.

Eighteen months later they signed with RCA. They'd worked themselves in as a live band, at one point doing a regular three-nights-a-week stint at the Bricklayer's Arms, Greenwich. But after six months with RCA, during which time they laid down five cuts at Rockfield studios, their contract was terminated.

"They just weren't interested," complains Tilbrook. "It was almost like we were a tax loss."

Prior to the parting of the ways, RCA were about to issue "Take Me I'm Yours", their current A&M single, though the song bore little

Peripheral punks plump for perversion

There didn't seem to be much mileage in love songs so . . . how does obscene phone calls grab ya? SQUEEZE pant it out to STEVE CLARKE



Fig: PENNIE SMITH

resemblance to its 1978 re-incarnation.

Leyton had long since vanished from the scene and Squeeze were not managed by Miles Copeland.

Despite his considerable music business experience, Copeland found re-signing Squeeze difficult.

Glenn: "Record companies weren't sure whether we were hip enough to be signed as a punk band. They were just mucking us about."

Copeland promptly formed his own label, Deptford Fun City, for Squeeze and recruited the services of John Cale to produce the band's long overdue first waxing, the "Packet Of Three" EP. According to the group, Cale's interest in them was largely financial. "He wasn't that

interested," reveals Chris.

Nonetheless Squeeze were pleased with the results, and when last year they once more signed to a major label — this time A&M — Cale was again at the board and more enthusiastic about the work in hand.

ALONG WITH keyboard player Jools Holland ("He's another little Nicky Hopkins," was Cale's opinion) who despite his slender years (he's under 20) has the face of someone much older, drummer Gilson is Squeeze's most accomplished musician.

He's done the rounds — cabaret, backing Chuck Berry, and almost landing himself a gig with McCartney. Jools Holland, who's into Oscar

Peterson and Ray Charles and fond of wearing a leopard skin tiffy, is a demon boogie woogie pianist.

Mind you, the remaining musicians, especially Glenn Tilbrook on lead, are no passengers.

Visually, Squeeze — each of 'em wearing purely arbitrary threads and haircuts — are a rather downtrodden bunch who look as if they'd just raided the local Oxfam shop (they hail from Deptford, South London).

And yet even in such adverse circumstances as opening for Radio Stars and the Rods, they showed in their half an hour set that they have plenty going for them. Except for the speed of several numbers (check out "Get Smart" and "Sex Master" from the album), they have nothing in

common with new wave stereotypes save for their fixation with 'perversions'.

The group reluctantly agree that they're better musicians than a lot of their contemporaries. Tilbrook for one had come to the conclusion that musicianship was the be all and end all — until the advent of the new wave.

"When I first heard 'Anarchy' I thought it was a load of crap. I thought the chord sequence was dumb. It did get through to me later."

"The good thing about the new wave is that it cracked open an opportunity for a lot of bands who wouldn't have got through before. Like when we were around two years ago we were supporting various bands who we weren't at all suited to."

"They were so musically competent that they were sterile. You've got no hope of competing against them. It's like competing against jazz people."

When Squeeze started out they laced their own material with various '50s sounds like "Boogie Woogie Country Girl", "Down The Road Apiece", "At The Hop", and "Saturday Night". These days the only cover in their set is Berry's "Let It Rock" and then only occasionally.

Tilbrook and Difford are the writers. The afore-mentioned "Deep Cuts" was inspired by an episode of *Dan August*.

Difford remembers: "They caught this guy who was a disturbed chartered accountant. I just found it very amusing. This guy had a wife and three kids and like he was out there every morning making dirty telephone calls. It had me in fits. There must be people like that."

Is that something to laugh at?

Difford: "Well actually since then we've made a few of our own. A lot of people get really upset about them so it can actually be a very touchy subject." You don't say.

As it transpires, Squeeze mixed up a telephone to record 24 obscene telephone calls for inclusion on the B-side of "Deep Cuts". The calls were all made to people they knew — with Jools calling up Chris's mum and so on — but not everybody thought it was as funny as the band did.

Difford: "In some cases the women were getting upset but some people thought it was really great. They were saying, 'Yeah, come round'."

Isn't this a little irresponsible?

"If I'm quite honest I agree."

concedes Tilbrook, "but on the other hand we did let all the people know afterwards. I did feel guilty when we called up a girl from the office. She said she would have been really scared if she'd been alone."

Difford: "All our songs are almost perverted. Like 'Sex Masters' is a perverted song. I used to belong to this blue film club when I worked for Ready Mix Concrete. I only saw three 'cause I was put off by them. I thought they were stupid. 'Sex Masters' was written after seeing . . . I think it was called, *A Day Out In Denmark* — a SM romp complete with 'actors' dressed in monks' habit."

"Bang Bang" is about people losing parts of their anatomy. A lot of famous people have lost parts of their anatomy — Napoleon, Hitler, Van Gogh. It's just really amusing. And there's other songs that are creeping up now about Siamese twins and hippies."

Tilbrook: "We were writing love songs three years ago and the new wave came along and inspired us in a different way. If something else comes along in four years time we might go back to writing love songs. We didn't write perverted songs just because of the new wave."

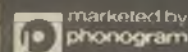
So what effect do they want these songs to have on people?

"I know it sounds really bland."

Tilbrook continues, "but we just want people to enjoy them. We're not trying to put any message across at all. It's too easy to write broad structured songs about being on the dole. It's so clichéd just even talking about it."

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Froese missing album traced

IN NME's review of Edgar Froese's "Ages", it was stated that the album was Froese's fourth solo effort — but the only others to be released are "Aqua" and "Epsilon In Malaysian Pale". So could you provide details of the missing item? — **LESLIE EASTHAM**, Penwortham, Nr. Preston.

I RECENTLY unearthed "House Of The Rising Sun", a 1970 single by Frigid Pink. Have the group got any albums available in this country as I have searched without success at my local store? — **MARK PRITCHARD**, Cwmbran, Gwent.

WOULD YOU tell me who plays piano on Chuck Berry's records? — **M. C. WRIGHT**, Blackpool, Lancs.

PLEASE TELL me the address of Beserkley Records — **NEIL PIKE**, Duns, Berwickshire.

Right — eyes down for the quick hit and home run spot. Chuck Berry has recorded with a whole mess o' keyboardists (Lafayette Leake, Otis Spann etc.) but the

guy who probably played on more Berry hits than any other pianist was Johnny Johnson, who played on "Maybellene" (1956), "Roll Over Beethoven" (1956), "School Day" (1957), "Carol" (1958), "Back In The USA" (1959), "Let It Rock" (1960), "Nadine" (1964) and many others.

The loonies at Beserkley are currently hiding out at 97 Kingston Hill, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey, where they're planning to unleash The Spitballs, an outfit formed by The Greg Kinn Band, Earthquake and The Rubinoos, upon an unsuspecting world.

"Ages" was of Froese-features fourth solo jaunt, the missing item being "Macola Transfer", an album not provided with a British passport, though it's entered the country on Brain 60-006, an import that bears German papers.

Finally, no Frigid Pink albums remain in the British catalogue, both "Frigid Pink" (Deram SMLR-1062) and "Defrosted" (Deram SML-1077) being deleted by Decca in 1974.

IS THERE a soundtrack album to the film *Silent Running*, which was recently

screened on TV and featured songs by Joan Baez? —

MICHAEL SANDY, Keete, Stalls.

I WAS looking through a John Hartford discography recently and found an Ampex album called "Jud" mentioned. I've never heard of this release, so could you enlighten me as to its contents? — **OLD HARTFORDIAN**, London S.W.3.

Ah! — encounters of a cinematic kind. The *Silent Running* soundtrack was released on MCA MUPS-458 in 1972 but was deleted two years later — so it's eyes down in the cut-out bins for anyone who wants a musical reminder of Doug Trumbull's space-station fantasy.

The "Jud" album is also a soundtrack affair, though where it came from is pretty obscure, neither Halliwell's *Film Guide* nor Schueer's *Movies On TV*, my usual references, giving it a mention. However, I do have some info on the record and can tell you that Hartford is featured on one track only — singing Dylan's "One Too Many Mornings" — the other cuts including American Breed's "Solitary Sanctuary", Barbara Robison's "Come To Me Anytime", Mason Proffitt's "Comin' Down Easy", Crow's "Something In Your Blood" and instrumentals by a Stu Phillips-led studio orchestra.

HOW MANY albums has Billy Joel made? — **PETE CLARK**, Canterbury, Kent.

If you're thinking in terms of solo jobs, then William Joseph Martin Joel has amassed just six to date — these being "Cold Spring Harbour", recorded for Family in the States and released here on Philips 6369-154 in 1972; "Piano Man", another Family affair that originally arrived in Europe on Philips 6369-160 but finally made it into Britain on CBS 80719 (1973); "Streetlife Serenade" (CBS 80766 — 1975); "Turnstiles" (CBS 81195 — 1976); "Souvenirs", a special promotional release featuring one side of live material (CBS AS-324 — 1977); and "The Stranger" (CBS 82311 — 1977).

Prior to his solo career, Joel was with a Young Rascals-type Long Island outfit called The Handies for three years, cutting a debut album "The Handies" for UA (UAS-6431 — U.S. only) in 1968, plus another which I've so far been unable to trace (help please!), before which I've so far been unable to trace before cutting out together with Handies drummer Jon Small to form heavy-duo Attila and providing Epic with an album of that name (U.S. Epic E-30030) of which Joel has claimed: "I received rave reviews from two people — both of them our road managers".

I HAVE a collection of old records (some 78s) in good condition and wish to dispose

of them. I suspect some of them are rare — but how can I find out their true value and where do I offer them for sale? — **PAUL WOOD**, Cambridge.

The fact that records are old doesn't mean a thing — in fact, most junk shops are loaded with discs from the '20s and '30s that are worthless except as ornaments. I can only suggest that you check through the pages of various collectors' magazines — *Record Man*, available price 50p from 16 London Hill, Rayleigh, Essex, is a good one for rock, soul, blues and '50s and '60s pop enthusiasts — and try to ascertain if any of your discs are in demand. Then if you think it's worthwhile, you can always auction your collection off and take the highest prices offered.

A FRIEND and I wish to set up a mobile disco but we've got limited funds and don't wish to waste any of our meagre resources. So could you advise us on how to buy cheaply but wisely and maybe also provide info on how to go about setting up gigs etc.? — **BILL DIAMOND**, Mitcham, Surrey.

Quite frankly, if I were you, I'd invest 60p of my loot in a copy of *All You Want To Know About Being A Deejay*, an impressive instruction booklet penned by DJ and journalist Bob Barton and available from Roger Squires' and other leading disco centres — or by post from Bob himself at 104 Harefield Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB8 1PN, adding another 12p to cover postage.

The book, which is now in its second edition and coming up for a third, provides info on buying equipment — "By shopping around and buying wisely, a complete set-up can be acquired for well under £200 — and you can undercut that further by getting stuff secondhand through magazines like *Exchange And Mart* or by building your own console" — on running a mobile — "A lot of guys make the mistake of thinking their record collection all they need to go out on the road with, along with the top 20 singles" — on DJ style — "To reach the right stage of perfection could take 12 months or 12 years" — plus sections on being a businessman DJ; pubs and clubs; the disco scene; working for cabaret; hospital radio stations; getting into commercial radio etc.

WHAT HAS happened to Pavlov's Dog since "At The Sound Of The Bell"? — **BILL ORMISTON**, Edinburgh and **KEITH CHAMBERLAIN**, Nottingham.

According to Max Bell, chief canine-lover and biscuit tester for Crut's, Surkamp and Co actually recorded a third album — this time produced by Mark Spector — though this remains unissued, Doug having been dropped by CBS. Seems that the company just couldn't afford to pamper the mutt any further.

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THE FLAMIN' GROOVES: Shake Some Action (Sire). Even when they were hip, I could never see the appeal of these San Francisco Anglophiles — save for this one record. First put out in 1976, it's not so much a re-release as a reactivation; it recently won Capital Radio's People's Choice against such lengthy odds as Elvis's "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea" after an extra persistent promotion man kept laying it on the DJs.

The main attraction is the number's superbly understated guitar riff and chorus chord progression. Insidious stuff. It should ride in on the wave of power-pop, since it's a great pop song (lots of teen appeal) given a rock treatment, and on it Les Groovies transcend their limitations as mere Beatles' copyists (eat your hearts out, The Pleasers) which is more than you can say for...



THE RUTLES: I Must Be In Love (Warners). Fabulous snort-tops The Rutles get full marks for duplicating Ringo's 1964 drum sound (or was it '63?), but fail to transfer their visual humour onto wax. Still, I suppose nothing can prevent the onslaught of Rutlemania now they've got that former Neasden record store owner in as their manager.

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: Life On The Line (Island). Quick-off-the-mark dedicated Rods' fans can score

SINGLES

REVIEWED
THIS WEEK
By STEVE
CLARKE



FLAMIN' GROOVIES. Pic: CLAUDE GASSIAN

themselves a 12-inch version that carries two bonus cuts, "What's Really Goin' On" and "Why Can't It Be?" Otherwise you'll just get the plain ole 45 backed with "Anything You Wanna Do". Either way, all tracks were recorded live at London's Rainbow, where the frequently questionable

acoustics may or may not account for these numbers' overall lack of pizzazz. "Life On The Line" has more energy than the rest and is the only cut on which Barry Masters gets to grips with the vocal, but even then it's nothing to get in a lather about. "Anything You Wanna Do", easily the group's

finest hour in its studio guise, with gloriously defiant power-rush, fails to muster the expected muscle. Approach with care.

BUDGIE: Smell Boy Smell (A&M). Muscle is one thing Budgie aren't short of, and regardless of current trends

they persist in employing it to the same old leaden effect. Mind you, there's some fancy bits in the middle.

SPITBALLS: Tekstar (Beverly). Now before you start writing to your local MP, allow me to point out that The Spitballs aren't some scraggy

bunch of upstarts out to make the life of yer average Fleet Street hack easier, but All American Boys normally found elsewhere on the Beserkley label as The Rubinoos, Greg Kihn (who featured The Tornadoes' neo-classic in his set on his recent visit to Old Blighty), and Earthquake. There are 21



geezers in this combo to don't expect to see them gigging at The Hope & Anchor. While "Telstar" clips along at a fair old pace, executed with a nice sense of fun, the B-side, John Entwistle's "Boris The Spider", performed with verve and whatnot, must take the honours.

DON EVERLY: Brother Jude Box (DPM). Bro' Don shows his roots on this admirable piece of country candyfloss about how now that his woman has left him his only solace is the juke-box down at the local cafe. Makes a change from country songs about finding salvation in a bottle of hooch.

CHILD: When You Walk In The Room (Ariola). We need another version of Jackie De Shannon's meisterwerk just like we need "The Iron Lady" as our leader — or, come to that, Roddy Llewellyn spread all over the newspapers. We need this arrangement even less. Seemingly to have been conceived and executed by a computer.

DAN McCAFFERTY: Stay With Me Baby (Mountain). Nazareth's singer has 'altered' this great mouthful of R&B

Al Stewart received a great deal of acclaim last year for his album, 'Year Of The Cat'.

As a result of public demand, we've released a compilation of songs from the now-deleted albums he recorded for CBS some years ago.

It's called 'The Early Years'.

If 'Year Of The Cat' was your first taste of Al Stewart, this is your chance to catch up on his past.

Or if you're a fan from way back, it's a great opportunity to replace your original recordings that have worn out.

Either way, 'The Early Years' gives a fascinating insight into the formative work of one of the most talented singer/songwriters around today.



Al Stewart: The Early Years

RCA
PL25131



brought to public attention ages ago by Lorraine Ellison so much that it's not until Dan reaches the chorus that you realise what it is. Saying this is overdone is like saying Centre Point is a bloody great tall building. The string arrangement comes straight out of a '40s sentimental Hollywood flick. I preferred him when he was a hairy-chested boogie singer. Make what you will of that.

MR. AVERAGE: Mr. Average (Warners). In case it eluded you, Mr. Average is Frank Average, bass player with awfully-difficult-to-pluck-up-the-courage-to-play-their-album Deaf School. Surprise, surprise, the song deals with that ubiquitous English fellow, Norman Normal. Frank's mum plays keyboards. Frank's dad slaps the drums. Nice production with an incongruous West Indian feel; the lyrics are entirely witless.

BYRN HAWORTH: Come See What Love (A&M). At a distance label-transfer Bryn

(he used to be with Island) vocally resembles Andy Fairweather-Low. Produced by J. J. Cale's producer, Audie Ashworth, A&M clearly have their eyes set once again on the lucrative Hip Easy Listening market with Bryn — who bears, no similarity to Oklahoma's own answer to valium. It's a simple song, graced with a tasteful string accompaniment, that doesn't transcend its category. Really, superior easy listening which in summer would be a sure-fire hit.

BILLY MURRAY: Heart And The Stone (State). Potential Cliff Richard cover here since Billy Murray could be this year's Clifford F. Ward. If I was them, I'd keep quiet about the fact that Messrs. Costello and Lowe have been working with Murray.

THE RED NOSES: "I Often Think About Girls Under 15" (Sgwar). So, what's new? These school-girl fetishes (naturally, there's a pic of a schoolgirl upping her gym-slip to show stocking-tops on the sleeve) are becoming

something of a cliché with acts on the periphery of punk. This little ditty is rendered completely unintelligible by dint of its being 'sung' in Welsh. This ethnicity is all very well, but isn't the medium all about communication? The Red Noses veer towards the beat group side of punk, and on the evidence of this waxing not too many A&R men need fret over not signing the first Welsh language new wave band.

MACHINES: True Life (Ear 1). These lads certainly don't believe in squandering their bread. "True Life" — along with three opuses — was recorded in just half an hour in a studio charging £8 an hour in Basildon, Essex, which indeed is a very long way from the Record Plant in L.A. Naturally an air of spontaneity prevails and the mix is such that the bass and drums are smudged, the one indecipherable from the other. Composition-wise, Machine don't have a lot going

for them, being strictly in the 1-2-3-4 ramalamadoleque mood, but their guitarist is so beautifully crazed that John Lennon himself would be proud of achieving this sound.

SEAWIND: One Sweet Night (CTI). Seawind are not, as their name implies, some half-assed techno-rock outfit, but a girl disco group — probably assembled by a producer for this on a one-off basis. Exuberant. Nice brass.

BILL WITHERS: Lovely Night For Dancing (CBS). Not of the same high standard as Withers' current hit "Lovely Day", but like that record, "Lovely Night For Dancing" is HEL disco. "Night" just misses out on the action because Withers has juxtaposed a reflective melody against a more standard up-tempo disco workout. This one will probably sound better late at night in your car than on the dance floor. It's the kind of record which seems as if it will



The world's first square record, by Richard Myhill (Utopia-Mercury)

improve with repeated plays but doesn't.

TRAFFIC: Hole In My Shoe/No Face No Name No Number/Paper Sun/Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush (Island). After the success of Free's "All Right Now" EP, Island have again cummaged through their excellent back-catalogue and come up with the A-sides of Traffic's first four singles. Apart from the whimsical "Hole In My Shoe", the only Dave Mason vocal of the four, the tracks sound as good now as they ever did, particularly Winwood's exemplary vocal on his ballad "No Face No Name No Number", the least psychedelic of the bunch. Those of you unfamiliar with Traffic, after all one of Britain's great rock bands, should put the record straight right away. If these psychedelic mutterings aren't to your liking, dip into the band's later, more abrasive work.

THE GORILLAS: It's My Life (Raw Records). Not The Animals' song, but a Jesse

Hector number that owes a lot to Bo Diddley and the phaser dial. Executed with gusto. **FREDERICK KNIGHT:** I've Been Lonely For So Long / I Betcha Didn't Know That (Seas). Double A-side re-release of Knight's fairly distinguished relaxed tempo Southern soul one-off British hit and its inferior follow-up.

HEARTBREAKERS: It's Not Enough (Track). Brings to mind the Stones' early minor classic "Play With Fire", the vocal coming on like a parody of Jagger at his most sexually threatening — a device that often falls on its bum anyway. A little sluggish, but it has a nice feel.

JOHN OTWAY: Genevieve (Polydore). Cut from Otway-Wild Willy Barrett album which will probably disappoint those who got off on Otway and Barrett's "Really Free", since it doesn't possess quite the same whacky charm. Wall-to-wall strings

● Continues over page

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SINGLES

● From previous page

provide a rather incongruous backing for Otway's idiosyncratic phrasing. If he's serious about all this balladry, I have my doubts. If he isn't — well, it's quite amusing.

EDDIE MONEY: *Baby Hold On* (CBS). Late last year when Money (a former New York cop) had an album available on import, his talent gave rise to a fair amount of critical knicker-wetting. He comes on like a chic Paul Rodgers — with similar Otis Redding derived phrasing but his appeal is likely to extend beyond the hardcore rock market. "Baby Hold On" is a superficially attractive little opus that doesn't quite fulfill its potential.

ERIC CLAPTON: *Wonderful Tonight* (RSO). Unlike *The Laid Back One's* previous single, the irritating "Lay Down Sally", the equally understated "Wonderful Tonight" is one of the better cuts from "Slowhand", graced as it is with a plaintive melody line and a sparse arrangement which doesn't make its unabashed sentimentality hard to take. The flip, "Peaches And Diesel", was named after two of No Dice which brings us to...

NO DICE: *Why Sugar* (EMI). Good album track this, but no way a single. Not so much old wave, as no wave at all. No Dice are clearly a fine rock 'n' roll band who, on this cut at any rate, shave off any dull or worthy connotations that description might evoke among the cynical. There are shades of "Tumbling Dice" and "Sweet Jane."

COLIN TOWNS: *Full Circle* (Main Theme) (Virgin). Shades of Mike Oldfield plagiarism here.

JAY FERGUSON: *Thunder Island* (Asylum). Title cut from Jay Ferguson's (formerly of Spirit) second album and all about beach nookie. Can't think exactly what that reminds me of, but it's almost identical to something else. Good, intelligent rock that verges on HEL with what sounds like a guest appearance from Ferguson's alter-ego, Joe Walsh. An American hit, for sure.

ECLIPSE: *You Really Got Me* (Epic). Instead of the hyper-potent power chords that charged the original, this laughable disco version employs what sounds like a stoned fart to play the riff. Hope Ray Davies doesn't get to hear it.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS: *The One And Only* (Boddah). In which our Glad attempts to repeat the perfect slusho melodrama of "The Way We Were" but fails because this time round it isn't such a good song. Overblown arrangement, dreadful lyrics — "Finding the one and only is like finding a needle in a haystack". Yeah, it hurts. Really, Ms Knight deserves better material than this, the theme song of some monster weepie movie soon to hit our screens.

MAGGIE BELL: *Hazel* (Swan Song). If ever anyone didn't deserve to sink without trace it's Maggie Bell. But I doubt whether this, the theme from the TV series of same name, will propel Maggie back into popularity. Perhaps realising the inadequacies of Andy Mackay's song, a blues for TV dramas, Maggie merely goes through the motions.

HELEN SHAPIRO: *Every Little Bit Hurts* (Arista). Undistinguished version of the Brenda Holloway chestnut from 1963's favourite schoolgirl when the beehive barnet was all the go.



ROBERTA FLACK WITH DONNY HATHAWAY: *The Closer I Get To You* (Atlantic). Typically classy performance from the duo who last scored six years ago with "Where Is The Love?" Though the actual song is a bit on the lean side, the production and arrangement is beautifully uncluttered. A snoggers' paradise.

RICHARD MYHILL: *It Takes Two To Tango* (Utopia Mercury). And finally... the world's first square record, or at least that's what Utopia — "the company that doesn't cut corners" — claim. Must have taken Phonogram ages to assemble the press kit that accompanies this little wheezer, for in it is included a photostat of the *Fred Astaire Dance Book's* chapter on the tango, as well as the standard promotional guff, drawing your reviewer's attention to the record's shape. Obviously, the record company are fostering no illusions about this geezer's talent, and I'm not about to argue with them.



An axe between the ears from Ted Nugent

The Madmans band is the greatest gonzo heavy metal outfit to be found anywhere - but anywhere - on the whole of our beleaguered planet.
SOUNDS

'Why America is anxious to develop the Proton Beam Weapon, when they already have Megadiscipal in the shape of Ted Nugent is a question worthy of consideration.'
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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'Every concert should carry a Government health warning.'
RECORD MIRROR

'In Nugent's case music means no-holds-barred, thundering guitar chords, he'll never tap you on the shoulder when he can belt you in the face.'
MELODY MAKER

THE CHIEF of New York's police department knew what he was talking about. During the massive power failure that wreaked chaos on the city in July of last year, he announced, with the usual American fondness for devising new speak for new situations, that: "What we have here is de-evolution."

Devo aren't in the least surprised that they go over best in cities. Not through some vague notion that city dwellers are more in tune with the cool, but because — to fall in line with the de-evolution band's habit of using their name as an adjective — they're already devo.

The pace of life in cities spans get shorter and the rate of consumption gets higher. This one's exactly progress, you

result of the logistics involved in keeping hundreds of millions of people alive, working and feeling contented in a given number of square miles

where things happen faster. Cities can take things to their logical conclusion quicker because there's more activity. Cities like Devo because, according to Devo, city dwellers can feel the course towards those logical conclusions on an acceptable, gut

simultaneously intellectual level, are busy marking out the course.

It's likely, though, that there won't

stopman dreamer because Devo seem to point towards a definitely anti-humanitarian future. They almost say that the state of society depicted in *Alien Nation's* *Phaser New World* was nothing to get hung up about. They might even be right, but that's beside the point, because Devo aren't looking for a way out of the mire, they're simply looking at it.

What they see, and how they interpret it, is hard to pin down. At first glance they appear to have constructed an elaborate set of gaps, gimmicks and stylistic devices that separate them at once from the mainstream of humanity by virtue of their sheer overall insanity. You've seen the plastic, plastic, plastic masks, sunglasses, wear, stockinged heads, work suits — misplaced occupational uniforms suggesting

That there was method to their madness look a little to filter through, and even now isn't fully apparent. The two angles they're "homeland" and the brilliant "Slippy" "Socialism" (both, along with a third called "Be Still"). Being unshaken here by an anti-Staff Society) — were a perfect shapes that had already surfaced in

Initially the records were negatively underfoot, almost palpable in the absolute simplicity of their

arrogance, and became saggingly incoherent partly for that very reason. On a musical point at least, Devo had

Their lyrics gave few clues to the common denominator that linked up the elements of Devo style. But they nevertheless were possessed of a uniformly naked functional quality. It was almost like what you hear when you left the lid of one of those quaint musical boxes, utterly simple, and despite of a slightly, somehow eerie familiarity. Anyone could Devo-ize

pictures that project sophisticated but usually domestic symbols alongside centerstage feelings, and they project it through their own personal



Hi! We're DEVO and we've come to get your toilet ready for the 1980's.

They aren't so much a rock band, more a fully-fledged conceptual banding nation.

THEY SAY they're spreading the good news about de-evolution, but the de-evolution band from the rubber producing town of Akron can't put their concrete lines around what they mean by the term.

They can give practical examples, and are prone to exclude when a

"This is devo right there," they'd laugh. "The best definition I can give is that Devo does to perform as

They'll say they're just following their genetic imperative and showing the

Devo have invented a colorful vocabulary for themselves. Even list

On a cultural level, though, the fact that the tape has only just become

"Things devolved to a point where a

tempted a desire to keep an all passing

Still, they are guilty of a certain rehearsal when it comes to relating

rehearsal studio in a greasy suburban

"Everybody was doing the best they

I have player Jerry Casale, he of the

"We're performing a responsible task. It's not like Kiss, promoting the silly fantasies of assholes..."

Motherbaugh has been trying to

Agree being the fifth anniversary of

The present line-up — Bob Casale

Mark Motherbaugh is quieter and

You can't help feeling that a band

With respect for that mystique

"We were all basically alien —

Devo have invented a colorful

On a cultural level, though, the fact

"Things devolved to a point where a

realize we were all the way through

"It was just a game," says Jerry. "It

"I'm not following this very well."

"With music a group comes out,

"In everybody's lives in different

and over but they're not getting any

"It was a lot of fun," says Jerry. "It

de-evolution, I prod for more

everybody just knows on a gut level.

Contrasting any surprise at Devo's

realize how cool people are

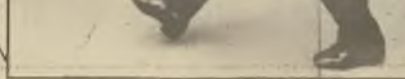
made it impossible to keep up with

Life in the small top story

But in punk spread to the States

since they began playing out of Akron

DEVO Theory, Glossary, Notes & Comment: PAUL RAMBALI. Light & Shade: ADRIAN BOOT.



and Bowie's patronage, but surely through their own special form of musical and visual high jinx, they've found the full place of media whirl

Earlier on, when asked why they had chosen music as their medium

sped up. We are sped up and we're

"It's fine," says Jerry. "There's

What are Devo promoting?

"Just the general activity of the

"Sure. There's nothing to

It's not an intellectual philosophy.

SO, IS THIS just a scam cooked

Neither and both really. Devo

point where it was no longer just an

They would have to believe they're

Though I would be my beta over

devo that the trajectory they're on

A Devo often is just seconds away

JOHN OTWAY



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ALBUMS

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Kaya (Island)

I WAS all set to give you the traditional schtick about how it's spring again, how the skeins of geese are arrowheads across the mild skies, how it's appropriate that a new Wailers album should be released as we finally shake off the long freeze.

But damn it if today isn't full of rain with more on the way, so I'll scramble to "Kaya" just the same by noting that rainfall involves missing hot and cold fronts of air, conflicting high and low ridges of pressure. "Kaya" likewise is mainly concerned with two such extremes — relaxation when the 'pressure' is off and agitation when it's on.

So much for meteorology. As Bob Marley remarked recently, "Kaya" is a "rest-place", a time to loosen the load and take stock of it.

Understandable, really. Marley may have gone to great lengths to disclaim any direct involvement with party line politics in Jamaica, but that didn't stop the crazies trying to shoot him down — not to mention the toll taken by Marley's emergence as a super nova star in our musical firmament.

Indeed, bearing in mind that most of "Kaya" was recorded at the same time as "Exodus" (a few months after the attempt on Marley's life), I don't find it too surprising that the album finds the man in a fairly philosophical frame of mind.

All the same, there isn't quite the same sharp line drawn between these two sides as there was between the forthright polemics of side one of "Exodus" and the relaxed vein of side two. Here the shades are rather more subtle. There are love songs on both sides, but they relate to very different concerns.

"Easy Skanking" opens, an equally easy groove spiced and spiced by Junior Marvin's quipping lead guitar. Marley sings "Excuse me while I light my spliff / Good God I gonna take a lift / From reality I just can't drift / That's why I'm staying with this riff". Maybe I'm missing something, but I can't suss just what exactly Marley means by reality — the spliff or the riff? A mooter than moot point, I reckon.

"Kaya", "Sun Is Shining"



Let I see now, what rhymes with 'Spliff'?

Pic ALLAN BALLARD

INSTANT KAYA GONNA GET YA

and "Satisfy My Soul" are old songs, first recorded with Lee "Scratch" Perry producing, their rhythms notably less 'sophisticated' than those of the current material.

"Kaya" is a paean to herb with a gorgeous middle eight melody and "Sun Is Shining" a sort of one man's week in love which I suspect Perry had a hand in mixing (catch the soft-echo effect on the rhythm guitar and the whole song's haze 'n' phase atmosphere).

So far, so old, so good. "Satisfy My Soul" however is curiously stilted and raises reservations about Marley's insistence on reprinting his back pages. The mild dub on Carlton Barrett's drums is effective, but much of the orig-

inal's heart and flame is missing. A mistake.

You're doubtless familiar with "Is This Love", the new single. Although Marley may rate love songs as easy game, he still fills them with a warmth, compassion and general concern for woman-kind that makes most so-called declarations of 'love' — especially those in the rock medium — seem callous.

Here as elsewhere Marley's refined his art to a degree of exceptional purity. The sentiments he expresses are often so simple, so direct that they positively ache with emotion. The ability to beautify the banal is a rare gift, and one that Marley doesn't abuse. Trite but true.

That's side one. Lie back or get up and enjoy — at least until just before lifting off the stylus hits a disconcerting little blast of noise, evidently too deliberate to be a pressing fault. A reminder, more likely, that the pressure is still very much on.

Side two's opening pair of songs have a common theme in love lost through commitment to cause, as in "My woman is gone... She say she couldn't take it any more, the pressure round me" and "There is one mystery I just can't express / To give your more, to receive your less... The power of philosophy floats through my head / You're light like a feather, heavy as lead". Surely it's no accident that "Misty

Morning" is set to strident horns reminiscent of those used on "Natty Dread".

"Crisis" shifts the focus abruptly, from personal to general. It's set to a sedate but brooding rhythm, the fine guitar-laced version of which you'll find on the flip of "Is This Love".

"So much have been said, so little done / They still killing, killing the people and they having, having lots of fun... But no matter what the crisis is... Live it up, live it up, give Jah all the thanks and praises" — a fiercely proud not to say stoic perception of faith: praise for — not pleas to — the godhead through suffering as well as celebration.

"Running Away" is perhaps the key song, weighing up as it does with brutal frankness. Marley answers charges of moral (and 'physical') cowardice with "I've got to protect my life and I don't want to live with no strife" and the biblical rejoinder that "It is better to live on the house top than to live in a house full of confusion".

Earlier he states wearily that "Every man thinketh his burden is the heaviest / But he who feels it knows it, Lord", managing to summarise three if not four horns of his dilemma within the space of one song.

In essence Marley has no answers beyond his own certainty and strength of purpose, both of which gleam through the gloaming with his final emphatic claim "No, no, I am not running away".

I can't think of many admissions of sheer mortal vulnerability or dissections of the maelstrom of conflicting loyalties that have simply, inexorably moved me so much. Marley's within a wisp of saying that even the rock of his faith can't sustain him, can't see him through, and that surely takes some courage. If this isn't enough, the song's impact is quadrupled by characteristic use of the I Threes as accusatory chorus.

Musically at least, the closing "Time Will Tell" comes as some respite, arranged as acoustic guitars over Rasta drums, like the similar finale to "Burning". It's both a song of solidarity and a finger stabbed straight at the entrails of Babylon with "You think you're in heaven, but you living in hell". Well, what do you think?

But time will certainly tell. Marley's next move is crucial. A second live album or — God forbid — some retrospective compilation won't solve much, only delay, not decide.

As it is, "Kaya" rounds off the portrait as recovering and re-assessing, albeit with a degree of distinct discomfort at times. But although Marley has "so much things to say", there're still only so many ways to say them.

I wonder just how long he can maintain the consistency and intensity of his work. Maybe he does, too. Whatever, I somehow don't see Marley recording a "Nashville Skyline" or a "Self Portrait". Remember Bob Dylan?

Like it as beneath the lyrics on the sleeve — to be continued...

Angus MacKinnon

GRUPPO SPORTIVO

10 Mistakes (Ariola)

Benelux Import

NOTE THE NAME. On the evidence of their debut album Gruppo Sportivo look set to become the first major continental rock'n'roll band of the modern age.

Proteges, it would appear, of Golden Earring, Gruppo Sportivo are a Dutch outfit whose first single "Out There In The Jungle" was produced by Earring's Barry Hay in December '76. They then toured Holland with Golden Earring and released a second single "Hoola Fever", produced by former Earring keyboard player Jan Robert Stips, who stayed with them after they switched labels from Polydor to Ariola for this album.

Let me give you some excerpts from their press biography. "Hans Vandenburg (guitar, vocals) is also 'Van De Fruite' — songwriter, composer and rock'n'roll addict... Organ player Peter Calicheer — this punk makes a song sound like any other song... Drummer Max McIlhenny (or Max Clima) had a terrible haircut the other day... The bass player Eric Wehmeyer is too much man! He's so steady... One of the many groups of Gruppo, Melike Toon joined the band as one of the Gruppettes. The other one is Jose van Iersel. Before going onstage the Gruppettes are dressed by the roadies Ed. Ton and Pete..."

You now know as much about them as I do.

The instant musical point of comparison is Blondie. Gruppo Sportivo's music is rooted in '50s and '60s pop such as Del Shannon, B. Bumble and the Stingers, The Shangri-Las. At the same time they are very much a group, both in the way the Gruppettes are neither more nor less important than their co-members, and in the band's blending of pop throwbacks with straight '70s rock.

To this familiar genre-juggling, they bring a wide-eyed, affecting Dutchness, especially in the deadpan innocence of the two girls — which is particularly effective when they're



TRIPLE DUTCH

describing smashing their boyfriend's head in or some similar B-movie scenario.

The language barrier also seems to add a great mystique of innocence to Vandenburg's often brilliant, fragmentary lyrics. Samples:

"It's some kind of situation out in the rain / Shot one take four tonight / A girl a crook with dynamite / I shoot the gangster down / Step on the gas, it's not that far / I want a scene in my dream with a movie queen..." ("Dreaming")

"Standing at the Eiffel Tower, nothing left to do / Our never ending holiday ended without you / So suddenly — c'est la vie / I'll buy a dictionary, and look up what you said to me..." ("Mission A Paris")

"Two hundred boys dancing and chattering / Switch on the

jukebox and let Lewis sing / About his underwear and his rubber lovin' thing..." ("Rubber Gun")

Very sexy, very crazy — like Vandenburg's great hero, Lewis Furey, whose "Rubber Gun Show" evidently provided the inspiration for "Rubber Gun". (And any friend of Lewis is a friend of mine...)

However, there's none of Furey's manic intensity here. Gruppo Sportivo have a marvellously flippant touch in all they do. Their humour reaches a peak on "I Shot My Manager", which alternates the lines "I shot my manager / Cause he used to keep my royalties" (to the tune of "I Shot The Sheriff") with a scathingly witty commentary on white blues, all in their rampant gobbledegook: "Four, go blind / Five, try to see / Six a lot of misery..."

Meanwhile the whole album rolls along on the interplay between the male and female voices, between the rock attack and the Woolworth organ sound, between the deadpan cliché melodies and the demented lyrics, between the weird sex overtones and the playful treatment.

It's an album overflowing with potential hit singles. "Girls Never Know (What They Wanna Do)" is just one — a prehistoric teen romance tune with deliberate quotes from "Apache", sliding easily across all kinds of pop terrain from Gary Glitter to '50s glumickery, with lyrics that capture perfectly all the fantasies implicit in cruising songs: "I lie a lot to girls but I never go too far / When I show them the engine of my car... / Ten in the back seat / Five next to me..."

In fact, the Gruppo vibe could not be better captured than in the cover shot, where one guy stares mesmerically at the screen in the flicks, munching his popcorn, unaware that his girlfriend is making out with the bloke sitting behind: trash, sex and comedy juxtaposed bizarrely with great skill and concealed care.

They've also got an excellent single out, "Rock'n'Roll", which is not included on "10 Mistakes". Ariola should release them both here without delay.

Phil McNell

The last bit.

The Sensational
ALEX HARVEY BAND



Rock Drill

Rock Drill. The last word from the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

File under 'Genius' in your History of Rock index.

You'll never hear the like again.



JEFFERSON STARSHIP

Earth (Grun)
FIRST OFF this is dreck of the most monumental redundancy — in fact I'm frankly shocked that it got any further than the studio by rights, the accumulated tapes should have been tossed straight down the most convenient dumper available.

More to the point, this record actively disgusts me. I would have simply felt some vague stirrings of pity for the musicians involved (who are so evidently beyond the realms of mere artistic bankruptcy that I believe the term 'senility' needs to be applied here) if it weren't for the almost criminal investment of gargantuan amounts of booty by their record company to promote this feeble work.

Before steering in further, I should quickly state that I'm not about to drag the Jefferson Airplane's late-'60s rep. for militant posturing skeleton out of the closet yet again to give my virioli added pith. Any fool should know by this stage of the game that this Starship enterprise stands for everything its protagonists once gave the finger to. Jefferson Starship is strict MOR pabulum — but that's not the real problem here, not whilst RCA obviously regard this latest album as a lethal contender in the multi-million, super-platinum placebo harvest reaped last year by "Rumours".

That is the light in which "Earth" should be seen — and there's where the real



Looks like we're the last two left awake, Paul Pini: MICHAEL TAPPIN

Starship Bores Of The Worst Kind

fireworks start. Because, taken in its precious context, "Rumours" at least delivered. There were decent melodies, strong hooks, an undeniable collective talent at work that at least didn't shortchange the purchaser. "Earth" however is so unbearably feeble on all salient levels that the only decent comparison I can offer is that the record is the aural equivalent of watching a toothless old man chewing oatmeal for 40 minutes.

Which is one way of saying that there is not one decent melody here, not one uplifting melodious instance, nothing remotely bracing in its execution.

The songs themselves are either based on the most obvious chord-progressions available to the budding MOR tunesmith, or pure muzak

fodder with almost farcically limp lyrics.

For the latter, the band's obvious lack of even the mildest quotient of fresh inspiration is underwritten by the use of outside songwriters for this mellifluous squalor. One Jesse Barish — apparently an acquaintance of Marty Balin's — contributes two pieces of airy-fairy lovey-dovey piffle for Balin to preeningly whine over in a manner that he, one presumes, sees as being some Casanova stance — whereas in effect he sounds like the quintessential wimp.

Balin, who nowadays due to his mammoth success with "Miracles" appears to demand 50% of the Starship's frontline action, seems so utterly bereft of inspiration that the one song he does contribute to — a quarter of a ridiculous opus

entitled "Fire" — sounds like some unintentionally hilarious take-off of Peggy Lee's "Fever". "Fire!" he screams as the number commences, sounding like someone has just set light to one of his farts. Elsewhere, he merely sounds like an arthritic Box Scaggs.

The other half of Starship's spotlight on "Earth" is dealt out to Grace Slick, whose whole voluptuous harriard pose has been rendered redundant for the past decade, even though she still appears not to have received the message. Both "Take Your Time" and "Show Yourself" are yet more retreads of the age-old Slick patent — the self-assertive, bombastic lyrics underscored by hideously long faced piano chord-progressions.

As for Paul Kantner — well, he's so obviously burnt out he

hardly bothers to contribute anything. Only one track bears his mark — along with seven other writers, mind you — and that's nothing more than an unembellished rehash of the "We Can Be Together" riff along with more "Go ride the music" drivel, sung in that solemn chorale style that must have pissed off even the most ardent Airship devotee at one time or another.

And the rest of the crew? Well, they're nothing more than a bunch of utterly faceless session men playing all the right notes, sure, but consistently failing to elevate any of the assembled material from the limbo it so obviously inhabits. Only guitarist Craig Chaquico deserves any sort of merit-star for his work — he provides the tunes for the two best numbers musically speak-

ing ("Love Too Good" and "Skateboard"), whilst his lead breaks at least give one the sense that there's a human being playing and not a computer. But then he's the youngest of the bunch so he has the least excuse to noodle pointlessly.

God only knows, by the way, why this nonsense is entitled "Earth". My guess is that some more enlightened joker suggested the title "Dearth" instead, the assembled 'Ship in their collective stupor thinking it sounded 'cosmic' and going for it but at mock-up time finding themselves too laid out to affix the 'D' on the chosen moniker.

My own alternative choice for titles of this opus incidentally are "Cosmic Senility" and "Money For Old Rope".

Nick Kent

LUCIO BATTISTI

Images (RCA)
Swarthy, handsome Italian superstar. Really — just listen: "In Italy... everybody wants to see him, be in his presence just once in their lives, and perhaps speak to him and even shake his hand!" Take another little pizza, my heart.

He's gonna be huge though, looking as he does like every Brut executive's ideal of macho. He can even sing. So what can a poor boy do but go to Hollywood and cut an album with the best session men like can buy. They even roped in Tom Waits's producer.

I hate this album. It smacks of product and soft focus films on *Top Of The Pops*. He sings with about as much sincerity as a stale pasta about "The Only Thing I've Lost" (the sun) in "The Sun Song".

He sings about all the moments, times and places of love: the sort of love which is idealised to the point of nausea, a soft sensuous package, gift wrapped, and to be opened before you're 30, otherwise it goes off.

Really wunnerful, friends, and I mean that most sincerely

Patrick Humphries



BLONDIE wish to apologise to everyone who didn't manage to see us at OUR PRICE RECORDS, Kensington, last Tuesday. It was great to see so many of you there.

Thank you all for your tremendous support and we look forward to seeing you on our Autumn tour.

 **Chrysalis**
Records & Tapes



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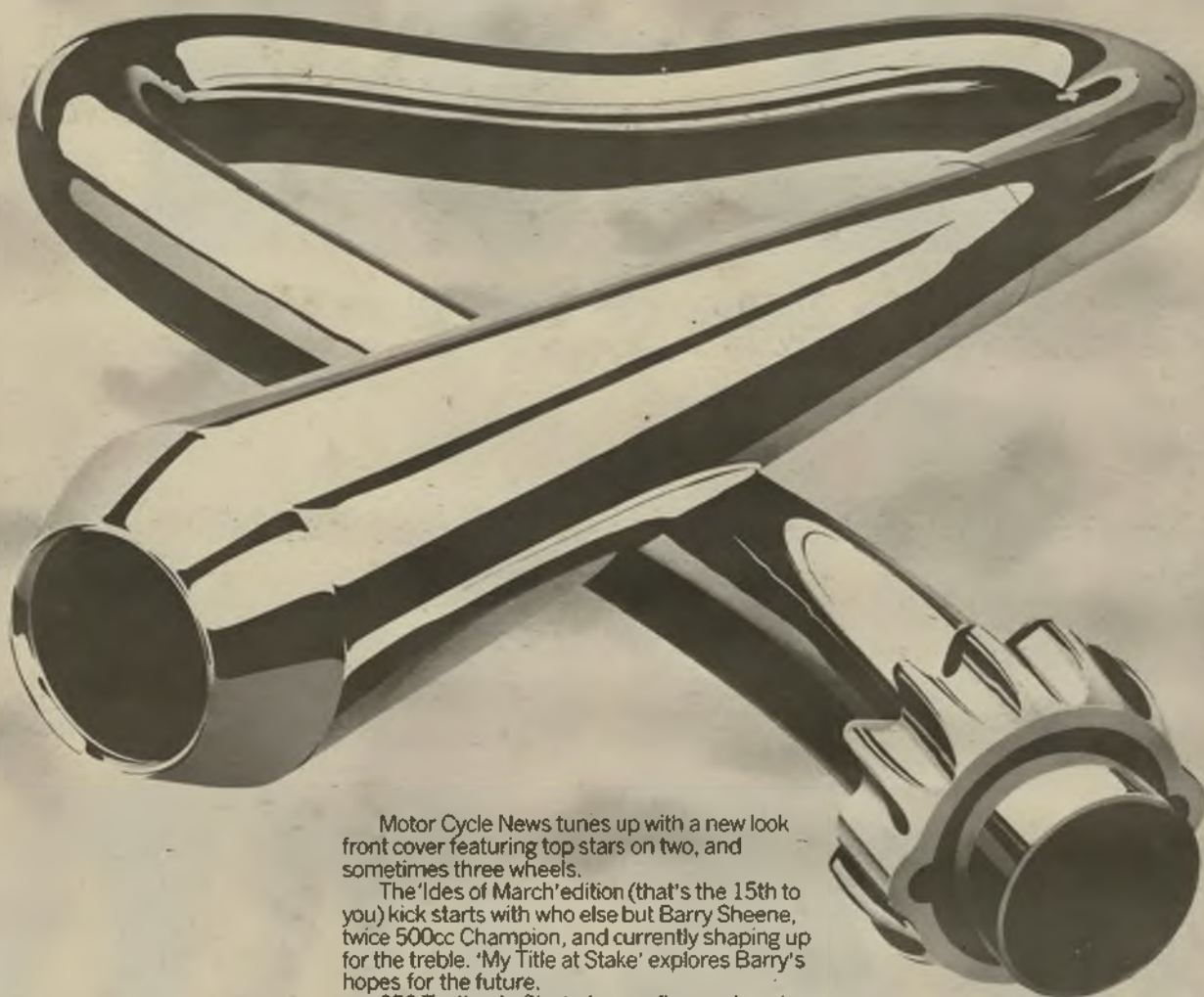
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'Disguised in violence from head to toe...those cowards only kill who they fear that's why they hide behind the hoods and cloaks they wear...'

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MCM TUNE UP



Motor Cycle News tunes up with a new look front cover featuring top stars on two, and sometimes three wheels.

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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING



ROBERT GORDON WITH LINK WRAY

Fresh Fish Special
(Private Stock)

THE DEATH of Elvis Presley appears to have had a disastrous effect on Robert Gordon's original vision of the '50s.

Gone is the sheer exuberance that made Gordon's solo debut so instantly appealing. On "Fresh Fish Special", it's replaced with a self-conscious stance, at times so sour as to render the singer little more vital than a second-string rock revivalist.

Gordon's obvious infatuation with the most recognisable Presley traits quickly degenerates into the embarrassing realms of grotesque parody and, except for a brief evocation of Ricky Nelson on "Red Cadillac And A Black Mustang", it's down to sub-standard Hillbilly Cat clichés. This failing isn't simply because Gordon chose to croon "I Want To Be Free" or that he has The King's former rear-guard The Jordanaires on tap; it goes much deeper.

The initial illusion garnered from his first LP that Robert Gordon was attempting to

personalise '50s rock 'n' roll is completely shattered by his new guise as The Man Who Would Be King.

As a stylist, he lacks the ability of artists like John Fogerty, Dave Edmunds, or Willy DeVille even to re-interpret his chosen genre without emerging as a clone. Furthermore, with the notable exception of guitarist Link Wray, Gordon's band The Wildcats are often bereft of the hand-to-hand combat expertise of a band like, say, The Pirates — compare Gordon's thoroughly lacklustre retread of "Lonesome Train" with The Pirates' version and there's no contest.

In concert Robert Gordon and The Wildcats perform so loudly they destroy true subtlety of the music. Furthermore here — Jack Scott's "The Way I Walk" (which would have been a better choice as a single than Springsteen's "Fire"), Gene Vincent's "Five Days, Five Days" and Eddie Cochran's "Twenty Flight Rock" excepted — the performance of the bassist Rob Stoner and drummer Howie Wyeth is laboured and uninspired. This is rock 'n' roll painting-by-numbers style.

If on some of the uptempo tracks the spontaneity (or noticeable lack of it) sounds forced and premeditated, Gordon is in even worse shape on the smoochers. "If This Is Wrong" and "Blue Eyes" prove Gordon just doesn't possess the kind of reserve to handle a straight-faced Presley/Orbison ballad with conviction. His voice is strained, his pitch sloppy, the atmosphere thoroughly uncomfortable.



ROBERT GORDON: disastrous vision...

"Fire", a Bruce Springsteen song complete with a bass riff not unlike "The Theme From The Magnificent Seven" doesn't smoulder as it should and, like most of the music, lacks any real or natural humour.

I seem to recall that rock 'n' roll albums used to contain at least a dozen songs (sometimes as many as 14 or 16): "Fresh Fish Special" is a 10-inch album of 10 tracks lasting just over 25 minutes being passed off as a bona fide 12-inch. The front cover concept — an

idea lifted from a recent Jerry Lee Lewis compilation — confirms that Robert Gordon doesn't have either the barrel or the necessary style-to-spare arrogance to rake the rug before the lens.

If Private Stock release "The Way I Walk" as a single, shelved. Until then you'd be much better served buying a Creedence Clearwater Revival hits album, Dave Edmunds' "Get It", Elvis Presley's "The Sun Sessions", or a bunch of Charly reissues.

Roy Carr

DISTINCTIVELY YOURS...

THE SAINTS
Eternally Yours (Harvest)

EVER SINCE I first heard "I'm Stranded" beating mysteriously out of a tranny I've had a lot of sympathy for the Australian outcasts, mainly because of the smugly indifferent reception accorded them by the painfully fashion-conscious 1977 music press.

Most of the reviewers had seized upon the idea that because The Saints played punk they should be wearing safety-pins and spiky-crops and darning round the stage in accepted 'amphetamine rock' style.

A very dumb attitude if you remember that The Saints come from the other side of the world and started by building their own style, completely separate from what The Ramones and The Sex Pistols were doing elsewhere.

Of course, similar times produced similar sounds and the critics tried to drop The Saints into the standard punk file. Not surprisingly, they didn't quite fit. They started out with the odds against them after the magnificent "Stranded" debut and the stream of enigmatic photos and reports that filtered through from the outback: no band was ever going to be quite as good as The Saints were supposed to be.

And thus the fact that they were pretty good anyway was overlooked. Nevertheless, after personnel change and experiments with double-singles and brass arrangements, here comes the second album.

Thirteen songs, the brass detectable to my ears on only one track, and it's clear the band haven't rejected their souped-up steamroller approach. Noise and simple muscle rather than flashy, clever stuff, but this time round there's subtlety as well. A lassie Ward replaced Kym Bradshaw on bass, but the songwriting remains the territory of guitarist Ed Kuepper and vocalist Chris Bailey.

Side one is bracketed by two presumably complementary tracks: "Know Your Product" and "No, Your Product". The first has the brass pumping brief figures over the straight fastrock framework, a curious effect that will probably reward further exploitation at some stage. Lyrically these songs are very sharp, apart from a few sadly predictable clichés.

The former is about advertising, specifically on TV, with slogans like "There's a new soap that's peachy keen, saves your soul and keeps you clean... Gonna improve your IQ..."



The promises are rejected by a sullen Bailey, his voice an even more attractive flat sneer than previously.

The latter is a more general view of life through the screen for the TV generation. "The TV screen becomes my eyes, it's the legal monster of the future time..." It's an acute picture of media brainwashing that broadens into a general harangue against restriction and suffocation in the modern world: "N.F. banners flying in the wind, like free lobotomies... Open your mouth and you get done, police state keeps you on the run..." Simplistic but well observed and chanted over a blazing riff.

"Private Affair" is another outstanding moment on the first side — a satirical commentary on fashion.

The second side opens with a familiar track, the pounding chant of "This Perfect Day": hard rock stripped of any unnecessary decoration. "Run Down" is a cynical jibe against someone who's made it and become just another cardboard star. Very well written study of the Popstar One's paranoia — "No one wants to see you but they'll still pretend... night time don't want to be alone, so find yourself a crowd until the dawn..." — starting with a wild harmonica blast it sounds, very aptly, like crank-ed-up Stones.

Only a group as unassumingly irreverent as The Saints would spell the title of the following track "Orstralia." They really don't like native soil: over a loping kangaroo-hop riff Bailey croons "Got no problems got no wars and you don't need your brain more in Orstralia..." "New Centre Of The Universe" is a short, unoriginal attack on a preening egocentric, lyrically reminiscent of "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" or "Play With Fire" but too brief to open any new slant on the theme.

"Untitled" is a straight lase song with pumping acoustic guitar. "I'm Misunderstood" launches with an electronic howl and swings into a driving dance beat as Bailey shouts directionless frustration.

Finally, The Saints preserve continuity with an acknowledgement of the first album. From their early rocker "Do The Robot" comes the new, improved "International Robots," a simultaneously funny and disturbing reflection of the mechanical world.

"All the little frigides think it's really cool so unplug your teacher and burn down your school! C'mon, c'mon, be like a robot..." There's nothing very humorous about the subject, but how can you worry when the rest of the band are chiming in with "dum-diddly-ums" and Bailey himself keeps cracking up. Then "Pinhead" freaks on to the last groove.

No doubt this album will remind some people of The Ramones but a closer listen will reveal a distinctive and unique Saints sound. It's heavy, ponderous and shakes the floorboards but the speed of execution and keen, wry lyrics makes for a thrill instead of a headache.

Kim Davis

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'Earth
is the cradle
of the mind.
But one cannot
live in the cradle
forever.'

K. E. Tsiolkovsky

Earth is the new album from Jefferson Starship.



Record: FL 12515
Cassette: FK12515

RCA

Jefferson Starship: Earth
Includes the single,
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And it's going to rock a lot of cradles.

March 18th, 1978

Billy Joel... the singer the songwriter 'The Stranger'

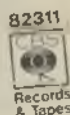
The craft of songwriting is practised by many but perfected by few. You probably have your own favourite writers who come up with songs that capture for you moments of life in a handful of beautifully structured lines.

Now add Billy Joel to that list. For the past nine years Billy Joel has been watching, noting and committing to paper and piano the places, sights, scenes, sensations and means of his life and the people around him. All rich and round, all live and touchable.

The nine songs which make up his flawless new album 'The Stranger' establish Billy Joel for all time as a master craftsman and make the album a masterpiece of frozen moments.

From teenage nights on city streets to sophisticated seduction scenes 'The Stranger' opens up another man's world for you.

**The Stranger
in concert -
Birmingham Odeon,
Friday, March 17th
Theatre Royal
Drury Lane,
Sunday, March 19th**



82311 Single: 'Just The Way You Are'
Album: 'The Stranger'



IMPORTS

THOUGH Russell DaShell's "Elevator" (Epic) is hardly bound for the basement, it's definitely not destined to reach any heights capable of promoting even mild vertigo.

And despite the fact that DaShell has assembled a tight little combo, with ex-Creedence stalwarts Doug Clifford (drums) and Stu Cook (bass) providing a fair amount of propulsion, the album's really no more than just another routine rock'n'roll songbook, full of tenth-time-around licks and ultimately just as potent as a rampaging newt. Next floor please!

Eddie Cochran's "The Crest Sessions" (Rave On) a French release, contains versions of "16 Tons", "See Them Laugh", "You've Been Torturing Me" and several other titles that didn't surface on the Rock Star and Union Pacific Cochran albums, while from Holland comes "Revolution" by Q&S, a further reissue in that country's Decca Pop Legend series. Considered to be the Dutch album of the mid-'60s, "Revolution" first surfaced in late '66 and features clog-beat versions of Willie Dixon's "Spoonful", "Bringing It On Home" (not the Sam Cooke number!) and "Down In The Bottom", plus Otis Redding's "Mr. Pitiful" and a brooding rocker called "The Life I Live" which once made it in the single stakes and has since been acclaimed by some Europhiles as being a classic item in best Shadows of Knight tradition.

Bobby Womack's back in action again with "Pieces", his second CBS album, this time employing The Detroit Horns, The Detroit Symphony, David Ruffin and Candi Staton in order to put his point across. On the same label Walter Egan has emerged with "Not Shy", a follow-up to "Fundamental Roll", on which the West Coast-based New Yorker renews his acquaintance with the high flyin' Mac. Lindsey Buckingham grabbing some of the production credits.

Singleswise, a new **Sex Pistols** item has been emanating from the States, where "Pretty Vacant" appeared with a different 'B' side in "Submission".

Back in album land there's been a lot of activity but little of importance happening — though **Country Joe McDonald's** "Rock And Roll Music From Planet Earth" (Fantasy), a Trevor Lawrence production, sounds like the poissonnier's best bet in a long time, valuable help coming from such eminents as Jay Graydon (guitar), David Foster (piano), Chilli Charles and Jeff Porcaro (drums).

Also worthy of adding to any check lists could be **Smokey Robinson's** "Love Breeze" (Tamla), **Michael Murphey's** "Lone Wolf" (Epic) and **Horace Silver's** "Silver'n Percussion" (Blue Note), one which the original soul keyboardman (even one of his middle names is Tavares!) harnesses the services of a brace of African percussionists.

And in this week's also-around spot, I offer **Carmell Dupree's** "Saturday Night Fever" (Versant), **Stanley Turrentine's** "West Side Highway" (Fantasy), **Jimmie Jackson's** "Frontier" (Motown), **Crystal Gayle's** "I've Cried The Blue Right Out Of My Eyes" (A&M), **Bill Cosby's** "Bill's Best Friend" (Capitol), a stand-up comedy routine that includes Cosby's views of drugs, puberty and Irishies; and "Focus Con" (Harvest), an unlikely affair on which Philip Catherine, Eef Albers, Thijs Van Leer, Bert Ruiter and Steve Smith meet P. J. Proby and emerge apparently unscathed.

Fred Dellar



BLACK OAK
Race With The Devil
MARK FARNER
Mark Farner (Atlantic)

MORE SUPERFLUOUS Big Men playing (with) Heavy Metal (themselves) and slobbering all the way to the bank.

BO (note the absent Arkansas — are they trying for mass appeal?) flaunt a sleeve starring Jim Dandy-Mangrum perched on a grotesque horse-like critter which I hope for it's own sake is made of wood. Why, it's uglier than the coy cowpokes themselves!

And that's going some, girls. Observe how less than evergreen Jim's looking. Turn over the sleeve and observe how old all six of the combo seem as they stand in a lake with gummy grins at the ready like six-guns. Nothingness like "Freedom" ("Do ya wanna feel free? Do ya wanna feel me?") — I'll pass on both, Jim! and the machoslop "One Night Stand" ("Hey pretty baby! I don't mean maybe").

Then there's a wheelchair barn-dance called "Daisy" (nice to see cows copping a few love songs) and an old age pensioners' hoe-down, "Not Fade Away" — real rebel music stuff, real stuff to deliver you from the days of old.

A worthy room-mate for the sexless sextet would be Mark Farner, ex-lead guitarist for some American cretin band and now solo bozo. The front cover on the elpee finds him also perching on a horse. The vile vinyl finds every track a match for BO in lyrical content and monotony.

For "Daisy" Mark has "Lorraine" For "One Night Stand" Mark has "Second Chance To Dance". For "Freedom" Mark has "Easy Breezes".

So much for personal liberty/civil rights/human rights as the words are defined by the USA. The right to make an moron out of yourself, the right to churn out retrogressive stupidity?

I'd rather live in a repressed land where they can stop little girls from going blind (Off you go then—Ed.) I suppose all you free-enterprise losers and Heavy Metal fans would rather have your daily injection of product. Short this lot up, suckers.

Julie Burchill



WATSONIAN INSTITUTE

Master Funk (DJM)

THIS PARTICULAR W.I. is Johnny Guitar Watson's backing quartet plus boss and friends. As I now regret being so cool about John's last album ("Funk Beyond The Call Of Duty") in a recent NME review — coz it's far better than I esumated on the spur of the moment — I'm happy to be able to redress the balance by applauding this release, especially as John produced the album, wrote five of the seven tracks and appears throughout on guitar, Fender Rhodes, clavinet, synthesizer and vocals.

In other words, apart from a

Disco
Dance
Disco
Dance
Disco
Dance



Product
More
Product
More
Product
More

BUT CAN YOU DIE TO IT?

BACCARA
Baccara (RCA)
SPACE
Deliverance (Pye)
CERRONE
Supernature (Atlantic)
CHIC
Chic (Atlantic)
THE TEE CEEs
Disco Love Bite (DJM)

GOD. What an awesome task. Listening to all these albums one after another is bad enough — but to write 'critically' about them? That seems about as worthwhile a way to spend one's time as, say, reading a Kingsley Amis novel.

Are there any recognised criteria for judging this sort of thing, any particular qualities to look for? Is there actually a barrel the bottom of which Baccara can be said to scrape? Who cares?

Enough procrastination! Assume a work ethic, and write! Okay. Baccara. Spanish derivation. Strictly, one presumes, for those with *Penthouse* Eurosex fantasy-projections. Triumph TR7s and no taste whatsoever. Worse than you think it's going to be. Absolute zero.

Part of the trouble with "Baccara" is that one Rolf Soja not only arranges and produces the whole thing but wants to hog the songwriting royalties too. Besides the two hits, he's had a hand in writing seven of the album's nine other cuts.

Rolf, you're a really boring person.

Space next. French origin, blame resting with Jean-Philippe Ilesco, who'd probably find Rolf extremely interesting. More of that dreadfully weed-organ sound, occasionally abetted by Madeleine Bell of Blue Mink fame, who should've been pensioned off long ago. Twice as bad where it deviates from monotony, and three times as bad if heard whilst perusing the Hippocampus cover.

Talking of which, about seven inches below a photo of "Joe Hammer" sitting behind a formidable array of roto-toms, cymbals and the like, there's a liner-note claiming the "this recording was made with keyboards only". Does the Trade Descriptions Act cover this contingency, or is "Joe" activated by keyboards?

Which brings us, quite conveniently, to Cerrone, whose "Supernature" is apparently Italian. Judging by the emphasis on drums throughout, and the way he's stroking his kit on the back cover, I'd guess Cerrone's responsible for this element of the music, one which he attacks with a manic single-mindedness rarely equalled in percussive history. The

Dave Clark of Disco?

Still, at least he's sussed the essentially functional nature of his product — there's hardly any deviation here from the principle of utilitarian music for people who want utilitarian entertainment. Comes complete with utterly repugnant animal mutant cover. Best of the bunch so far, which is a bit like evaluating methods of committing suicide.

And so to Chic, whose "Dance, Dance, Dance" is three good reasons for not listening to the radio. Dance Yankee variant, the brainchild of bassist Bernard Edwards, guitarist Nile Rogers and pianist Kenny Lehman, who write and produce the whole mess.

"Dance, Dance, Dance" and "Everybody Dance" try to make it by incantation rather than persuasion — I personally don't dig being ordered to dance, and there's a heavy authoritarian vibe emanating from those chants which suggests that maybe Edwards, Rogers and Lehman wished they had ways of making you dance.

There's the usual sprinkling of beside-the-point slow fillers, intended presumably for those energetic folk who want to indulge both their kinetic and carnal inclinations within the space of a single side. Something for everyone, eh, boys? I think it shows a truly wonderful concern for human happiness, and I hope you all become millionaires. Posthumously.

I left The Tee Cees' album till last because such patently throw-it-at-the-wall attempts at bandwagon-jumping are always good for a laugh, and I figured I might need a little light relief by this time.

True to form, it's hilarious — so much so, I seriously doubt whether producer/arranger Trevor Rabin's tongue is completely removed from his cheek. From the title ("Disco Love Bite" — I ask you!) to the final seconds of side two (wherein a coquette with a base sense of humour chuckles "You're disappearin'"), a statement which, thankfully, also applies to the music, the album is a perfect encapsulation of disco, hilarious breathy pseudo-orgasms and all.

True, there's no discernible drum-machine, but there's the usual dubious mingling of sexual and mechanical images to compensate for that, juxtaposition of titles like "Ecstasy" and "The Machine" hints that it's still computer congress music when all's said and done.

I see that Trevor produced it for the Zomba Corporation. How appropriate. Y'know, the more I think about it, the more likely it seems that Trevor's a conceptual artist with a sense of humour struggling to get out of a closet at DJM.

The ultimate disco album, if you see what I mean.

Hey! I just got me a whole set of criteria to judge this stuff by? Now I can start the review! (da capo)

Aedy Gill

slight bias towards the band (particularly on the two complete instrumentals, "De John's Delight" and "Coming Around"), it's virtually another instalment of the regular JGW series.

As such, you get what you'd expect: that special slinky sound, some righteous teamwork between musicians who are also close friends, hooks and changes and recurring melodies that are immediately familiar — but only as a signature of this one institute, not a copy of anyone else's ideas — and occasional flashes of scintillating guitar (description courtesy of Ian Dury).

Lyrics are minimal, serving more as chants and choruses than verses of full-blooded songs. The emphasis here is on the interplay between, as they like to say, their unified efforts, including some very fine passages from the augmented horn section.

Although Johnny Watson and his buddies (notably production assistant and drummer Emory Thomas) have faults — "Frinstance, consistency run riot to the point of repelition and a superstitious decision to only put seven tracks on each album — they have established a unique sound and continue to find a lot of compelling music

within that sound. It isn't simply luck that is carrying this team into the superstar category in America.

Cliff White



ART GARFUNKEL
Watermark (CBS)

A YEAR in the making, a cast of thousands including The Chieftains and the Oklahoma Baptist University Chorale (no expense spared) and a free hand with the Jim Webb songbook — and for what?

At least the rest of "Watermark" isn't as soapy as the Garfunkel, Paul Simon, James Taylor shooze-along arrangement of Sam Cooke's "What A Wonderful World". Art Garfunkel may be a prince at making easy listening records, yet "Watermark" is difficult to listen to in as much as there's nothing to listen to. It all waits

gently out of the speakers and gradually dissolves, never actually making contact.

The material is excellent — apart from the traditional "She Walked Through The Fair" and "What A Wonderful World", it's wall-to-wall Jim Webb — though wasted on Garfunkel's insensitive vocals and the gossamer production. He sings best when he cups his vocal phrasing from Webb's own.

Throughout instrumentation is understated and individual musicians are used sparingly. The Chieftains get a look in on two cuts, clumsily flanked onto "All My Love's Laughter" and used more generously on "She Moved Through The Fair" which Paddy Moloney co-arranged with Jim Webb. The Oklahoma choir make themselves heard for just the closing seconds of Webb's wistful "Wooden Planes", the gratuitous indulgence of a rich man.

It's somehow sickening to know that "Watermark" is certain to go platinum (probably already has) while Webb's own albums remain ignored.

Steve Clarke

RUFUS THOMAS

If There Were No Music

(Pye International)

ABOUT FOUR years ago, Rufus Thomas, who was then

still contracted to Stax, told me that he was sick of his role as the corp's dancing clown and had started work on an album that would show he had more to offer the world than pink hot pants.

Presumably this is it, for although it stems from AVI Records — the label he joined after Stax went bankrupt — some of the tracks are those mentioned in the interview, including "Blues In The Basement" (yeah, a blues) and "Hot Grits" similar to his funky dance hits, but without reference to dogs, chickens or penguins.

From aural evidence and what he told me at the time, I'd guess all nine tracks were cut in either Memphis or Muscle Shoals with the bands Ebony Web and The Internationals. They're not at all bad. As well as the aforementioned titles I particularly like his rough-hewn version of the Johnnie Taylor hit "Who's Makin' Love", and he isn't disgraced when interpreting country (Merle Haggard's "Today I Started Loving You Again") or vintage soul (Sam Cooke's "You Send Me").

Not an album that smashes through the outer limits of creativity, but possibly the best ever from Rufus Thomas.

Cliff White

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TEETH WITH
RAZOR BLADES...

SLAM

The Album

POW 001

'I Hate School' The Single

POGO 002

ON TOUR

16th March

Peoples Club, Norwich

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... with Zendo. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

WHEN SOMEONE is a respected player and collector of bass guitars it's understandable that he should be sceptical about trying out half a dozen inexpensive models.

Our guest musician, John Entwistle now has a collection of 76 basses, which even at a conservative estimate are probably worth in excess of £50,000. Through years of experimentation he has discovered that the Alembic range, made in San Francisco, suit him best. You pay 1,400 dollars for the cheapest they make, going up to \$3,000 at the top end of the scale.

Now an acknowledged connoisseur of the instrument, his respect in the business is such that Gibson recently sent him the prototype of a new model to evaluate.

The idea of a 60 quid Korean job in the clasp of his celebrated digits is almost laughable.

But then, the purpose of this article and our visit to Music City in London's Shaftesbury Avenue, is to examine the

THE TOOLS OF

Entwistle's budget bass survey

lower price range of bass guitars. Few of them are the tacky little knockups with a life expectancy of only a few months that you might expect considering the prices. In fact the store manager, Barry Feast, selected half a dozen models that offer good value to people buying on a particularly low budget.

Five of the basses were copies of renowned Fender and Gibson models: the cheapest being £59, going up to £219 (with case), which is an usually high price for a copy. The choice in this price range is

Who bassist John Entwistle, with a collection of 76 basses worth around £50,000, sets off down-market with Tony Stewart to road test a handful of cheap and not so cheap copies of famous models.

extensive, and once out of it you've got to be prepared to lay down something like £500 for an instrument.

One main exception to this rule is a Fender Music Master that Music City are offering for the comparatively paltry sum of £109. But as you'll discover later, it's not really the bargain it sounds, unless you only want to impress your friends by owning something from the revered house of Fender.

The good copies now on the market, manufactured by Zenta, CMI, Columbus, Ibanez and other foreign firms, shouldn't be viewed with instant disdain. They offer the beginner, the inexpert and even the talented pauper the choice of a reasonable instrument that, for financial reasons, wouldn't otherwise be available.

This statement also takes into consideration the prices of second-hand basses.

A glance at any instruments for sale column will show that the gear is going for at least twice the price of a copy, often a lot more, especially if the piece is in immaculate nick or owned by one careful granny with arthritis.

Also, many of the old and trusty basses are collector's pieces now, with a frighteningly bold price ticket to prove it. Recently Entwistle bought a '61 Jazz bass for about £700 in America. He thought it was a bargain.

Barry Feast reckons copies originally came out eight years ago, one of the first made by the German firm, Hoyer. The Japanese, doubtless sniffing a lucrative market opening, quickly moved in. They now dominate the action across the board, with drums, guitars and basses.

Entwistle unconditionally supports this trend because of its importance to the beginner.

He exudes none of the snobbish attitudes that you'd perhaps expect of such a collector.

"When I started," he recalls, "you went to see The Shadows if you wanted to see a Precision, or you popped round to Jennings' and pressed your nose against the window. There were only about three or four Fender Precision basses in the country then."

"Any of these basses," he adds, indicating the copies, "would be great to learn on."

According to Feast the price is not the only advantage. He's found that when delivered from the factory they're usually in a "playable" condition, unlike certain well-known makes. And the Jap models in particular have an excellent after-sales service.

When testing them out yourself it's best to adjust the action, height of the pickup(s) and even swap the strings depending on your own preferences and individual quirks. At least an hour should be spent diddling and noodling on the fret-board and controls.

That's more time than Entwistle had on this test session, but even so he was able to evaluate their quality without too many reservations.

Mind you he has a few personal prejudices, such as a dislike for hand rests, which he says should be offered only as optional extras and not standard fittings.

More overt are his feelings towards Rickenbacker basses, of which he isn't fond. And the first copy he tries, a **Stringers Ricky** retailing at £169, is quickly disposed of.

"It feels like my Rickenbacker did just before I got rid of it," he comments.

"There are things you can't do on one. For example, you've got a built-in damper on the bridge but you can't actually dampen the strings."

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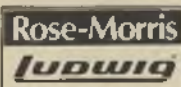
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... with Stringers 'Ricky'. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

THE TRADE



JOHN ENTWISTLE scales down with a Zenta. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

The tone's fine in dutifully approximating the original. Entwistle feels there are inherent limitations with the action. The only major difference, apart from the obvious lower quality of materials used, is a thicker neck on the Ricky, presumably for added strength because it only has one truss rod, and a spring on the hand rest.

"They've copied all the bad points and put one in of their own," he laughs.

The Ricky sells at almost £100 more than three other copies, thus relegating it to the bottom of Entwistle's shopping list immediately.

The cheapest at £59 is the Zenta Hondo II Precision bass. Obviously the finish could be better and the pick-up's not very powerful. But the main fault is the bridge — yet for another £21 you could, advises John, replace it with a genuine Precision tailpiece and you'd have even better value for money.

It has a good action, and he's pleased to notice that the neck design is based on the Fender models before they started thickening them. So impressed is he with the all-round performance that he claims, "I've played a lot of new Precision basses and they aren't as good as this one."

The second model from the same company, the Hondo II Jazz Bass at £74, also receives his approval. As with most Jazz models there's an extra pick-up, but in design the neck falls short because it's based on a Precision, therefore it's slightly wider than normal without appreciably upping towards the machinehead. As a result the action's slower, to a certain extent defeating its purpose.

Mind you, Entwistle has complained to Gibson about the increasing thickness of their instruments' necks, and they argue that it's a safeguard against warping (a measure of which he's disdainful).

As far as Jazz copies go, the Columbus at £11.95 more than the Zenta, is better if only because the neck is the appropriate shape and the finish, within certain limitations, is better.

"If you want someone standing 20 feet away to think you've got a Jazz bass, then this one is obviously a better buy," he remarks for the benefit of the narcissistic among you.

At the top end of the range for a comparatively astronomical £219 (even if it includes the case), is the Hohner Thunderbird.

Whereas Entwistle's own personal preferences worked against Ricky, here they're in favour of the 'B' Bird. A few years ago he scoured instrument shops in search of the original Gibson model when he heard they were stopping production. He bought a dozen, only to find a few years later that Gibson began making their own "copies".

Strictly speaking the Ibanez is a copy of a copy...

For power it leaves the other copy basses wheezing fitfully. The only differences from the original are that it has a detachable neck and a cheaper-looking finish.

"Gibson," John says, pointing to the £300 plus tag on the real thing, "have got a lot to answer for for making it that much more expensive. The name of course has got a lot to do with it."

Not to mention the

craftsmanship and superior quality of material that the name firms bring up as soon as their prices are questioned. But it's apparent from this brief look at the cheap alternatives that there's a lot to be said for the expertise of the copiers.

Unhappily for Fender their own inexpensive bass, the Music Master, compares unfavourably. The pick-ups, John decides, "are nothing special", and its faster action doesn't compensate for its short scale.

"It's a lady's bass," he jokes. "Or for somebody who's had their fingers caught in a door."

Surprisingly impressed by the refreshingly illuminating experience of bass slumming, Entwistle concludes, "If you're learning from scratch you should buy something like these basses."

"If you're actually going to turn professional, if you're serious about it and if you're good at it, then you go on to something better."

"Then you can start experimenting and buying a few more basses. You can also experiment by having basses made for you. I've had quite a few Frankenstein basses made with Precision necks, special bodies and Gibson Thunderbird pick-ups, and they've really worked out well."

"If you want to get the best you have to imagine you're an organ player. He'll go out and spend three or four grand on his equipment. You might as well do the same with bass playing, eventually."

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ON THE TOWN

Elvis Costello
and the
Attractions
EL MOCAMBO,
TORONTO

"HEY, ELVIS!!!"
There's this blonde gundrop down the front, see, shaking it down in that demure stoned way that hippie girls seem to favour, and she's splitting her throat to scream at the singer in the band every time he prowls in her direction.

"ELVIS!!!" OVER HERE, ELVIS!!!"

It's the second of two nights at the El Mocambo in Toronto, the last date of Elvis Costello's seven-week tour of the North American continent. El Mocambo is a funky little rock-and-roll dive that got famous when the Stones cut the blues side of "Love You Live" there last year or whenever it was.

Anyway, since then the place has received added emoluments of sheer, unsoldiered *glamour* that, thankfully, hasn't disguised the fact El Mocambo is a sweatbox of a club that has rock-and-roll dripping out of the walls. One of those places that get explosive any time the band is even halfway decent.

And this is Elvis' last date on the tour, so he and the Attractions are tossing every last iota of energy that they've got left into the pot, chucking in the energy by the handful knowing that after this one they get to rest up all they want... until the U.K. tour starts, that is, and then after that there's another international binge and then — wooooe, gang — they get all of two weeks off at the end of July and then they go through the whole palaver once again.

But for now they're burning up the last of the fuel and the place is going totally pineapple and...

"HERE, ELVIS!!" HEY, ELVIS!!" OVAH HEEYAAAAAAHH!!!"

And Costello's hanging off his mike stand, brows heeling and eyes hugging behind his cheaters as the Attractions bear down on that menacing descending figure from "Chelsea".

The gundrop moves in like a tank and, producing a handkerchief from somewhere or other, she begins, with a brutal sweetness reminiscent of an O.D. on golden syrup, to daub the sweat from Costello's brow.

Dab... dab... dab... Costello stays rigidly immobile at his mike. Maybe his eyes bulge a little more.

Over by the mixing desk, Jake Riviera takes a heroic plug on his vodka and grapefruit, watches the ongoing wispies situation and covers his eyes.

"Oh no," he moans. "Well over the top, this. Damned bad. You won't mention that, will you?"

"C'mon, Jake," I say. "Would I do a thing like that?"

The hippie girl ceases her ministrations and Costello moves back into the song.

The Attractions are a band of sufficient calibre to allow Costello to do whatever he wants to do — or to hold down the song when Costello's guitar packs up on him, which it's been doing with alarming frequency during the preceding few dates — and still stay on the case.

There's Pete Thomas on the drums, formerly of Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers, John Stewart and The Wilko Johnson Band (though that's a dark little episode indeed), the

epitome of 'cleancut whomin' stompin' powerdrive.

Bruce Thomas — formerly of The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver — plays bass in a manner that enables him to oscillate between the rhythm section and the front line or even occupy both territories simultaneously. He plays a lot like Rick Kemp, with whom he used to compete for sessions and whose salmon-pink Fender Precision bass he plays.

On keyboards is Steve Nave, a 20-year-old drop-out from the Royal College of Music and all-purpose mutant.

He can pick up and learn any style, riff or lick virtually overnight and lose any solid object known to mankind with equal alacrity. He has lost more cigarette lighters on this tour than most people own in a lifetime, and according to tour scuttlebutt he's been knocking down enough pussy these last six weeks to make Warren Beatty or Phil Lynott feel inadequate.

The surreal washes, robotic bleeps and outrageous quotes that he inserts into the music complement Costello's idiosyncratic singing and guitar and the rhythm section's two-fisted power and tigerish agility with almost alarming appropriateness.

What I'm saying is that Mr Costello has himself one screaming hulu of a band, an aggregation worthy of what he puts in front of it; one capable of outpunching most of the competition on their own turf and then moving with almost ludicrous ease into territories where lesser bands would never dare to tread.

It's during the knife-edge riotous finale of "I'm Not Angry" — with virtually the entire population of the club raising their fists and yelling "Ang-ree!!!" along with the band on the trade-offs — that it becomes apparent that the British New Wave has produced an exportable proto-superstar, possibly the most sophisticated British music that Americans and Canucks *et al* can connect with since David Bowie himself.

Costello can reach people who'd never understand The Clash in a million years.

He's capable of getting as big as Elton and Frampton and Fleetwood Mac and The Bee Gees (in case you haven't noticed, it's the Brothers Gibb's turn to be the biggest act in the history of the universe... for this month, anyway) without having to compromise his music by one iota. Like Dylan or Bowie or Neil Young.

ANYWAY, time and space wait for no man, and you want to know what the show's like and later for the long-range forecasts, so let's get on the case.

The intensive experience of long-haul touring in the U.S.A. can have several different effects on a band.

It can flat-out exhaust them, make them hate the sight and sound of each other, break 'em on the wheel. It can make them go for the easy option, bludgeoning audiences into submission with volume, trick lighting, crowd-pleasing shortcuts and the boogie truncheon.

Or it can tighten and focus their energy to a fearsome degree and train 'em up into the fittest fighting shape possible, which is what's happened to Elvis and his boys.

On the Stiff tour — which was the last time I saw 'em — they got their heads down and socked the songs to the audience as fast as possible, rushing through the set at a ferociously punky rate of knots that was



Holocaust in microcosm

Elvis and the Attractions: they love them live in Toronto



Report:

**CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY**

Pix:

**CHALKIE
DAVIES**

fashionable and impressive but did the songs something of a disservice.

Also, Costello's belligerent eschewing of the majority of the "My Aim Is True" material meant a shortage of immediate reference points for the audience.

Apart from the enormously powerful theatrical set-piece built around "I'm Not Angry", Costello hardly seemed to notice the audience at all.

That's all changed now.

The current show is a super-tight package of Costello faves old and new — with a hidden masterstroke in the shape and form of an entirely new set of lyrics to "Less Than Zero" written specially for U.S. audiences who misunderstood the original song because they thought that "Calling Mr Oswald with the swastika unwoo" referred to Lee Harvey Oswald instead of Sir Oswald Mosley (God, the kind of people who can get a knight-hood in this country).

So Elvis took 'em at their word and rewrote the song so that now it does refer to ol' Lee, and maaaaaahaaaaa, you shoulda seen the faces of all the hip kids were all fired up to sing along when Elvis hit 'em with the new words.

If they get around to it, a live version of the U.S. edition of "Less Than Zero" will be included as a bonus extra B-side on Elvis' next single. I hope they do it.

AND LISTEN, don't worry about success in a U.S. diluting Costello's mordant passion: his singing and picking — and the playing of every member of the band — now rock harder and tougher than ever, a raw nerve striking back.

His performance of "The Beat" is holocaust in microcosm: "Lipsick Vogue" reaches a derisive intensity that leaves you caught up in a sonic whirlpool and staring straight into the awful stillness at the eye of the hurricane and below, you can even readjust your ears it segues into a version of "Watching The Detectives" that makes the studio cut sound like The Brotherhood Of Man jamming with The Dooleys after seventeen hours of chasing mandies with meths. What I mean is it's good, Jack.

Bruce Thomas strikes every guitar-hero pose in the book with charming clan while Elvis throws tortured, splay-footed, knock-kneed shapes and makes a Fender Jazzmaster do things that the makers never intended. Nave just does insane keyboard stuff that leaves Ray Manzarek right back at the starting post next to Dave Greenfield.

Something's happening. I don't care what else goes down this year: Elvis Costello and The Attractions are the band to watch.

Everybody else is so far behind that they'd have to double their speed just to choke on his dust.

Spirit

RAINBOW

DO YOU BELIEVE in magic?

Me. I'm still dreaming, lost in the welter of sensory impressions that seeped into the Rainbow the minute Spirit dripped their thing all over the ecstatic faithful.

Truly, not just another rock concert; not even that rare moment when a band and its audience sparks off on the good foot and glides in on some mutual wave of affection.

Certainly no need for the distanced objective view of critical garbanzo because, ladeez and gentlemen, the three nights Randy California, Ed Cassidy and Larry 'Fuzzy' Knight have been given to reinforce their position in England as America's best travelled export will be entered into the annals as definitive displays of craft, energy and the positive vibration some people been telling me was redundant in the late '70s.

In fact, brother, I cannot imagine anyone else, save Jimi Hendrix (more later), being capable of turning on the mood that these three have made custom brand, the very same trio who were stationed on this time coast some four years back when the Randy California Experience was soured by ill-health and a personality breakdown that inspired the legends of a youthful death trip into the Yous.

But history has a tendency to befuddle the appreciation of the here and now. No point dwelling on a glorious past when the present is infinitely more exciting.

Due to the sheer promotional balls of Charmdale and Step Forward Records, Spirit found themselves at short notice hopping off from Germany, taking a risk without financial guarantee, and succeeding to convince that the record industry is more full of shit than the Tokyo sewage system.

Consider that both Epic and Mercury have said goodbye to a band with a track record that is 100% unimpeachable.

For the record, Spirit played a full two-hour set, drawing on material from their commercial golden age through to the initial restatement of intent, "Spirit Of '76".

With a range of possibilities that encompasses "Dr Sardonius" and a body of class honed '60s seminalism, it was unlikely that the songs would fall short.

What is more significant is that California's guitar virtuosity, his sense of colouration, the ease with which he finds the lost chord and, above all, his ethereally haunting voice make him and his comrades guardians of a very special flame.

For once, a major London venue managed to strike that balance between power and intimacy which is usually only locatable in a smaller hall.



Le Spirit, le son ensemble

Even the sound quality was perfect.

A slow geared opener like "Electro Jam" set the tone, hushious sonic waves of uninterrupted good karma. What Spirit give out they get back and they offer nothing but good.

"Mr Skin" made their bed in the heart of the nation, "Nature's Way" still held the pulse rate on the simple facts of life.

In terms of rock and roll's maturation Spirit's contribution has been manifestly important.

"Sardonius" is the summation of the best the last decade has to offer and it is from there that California trails his message sweet and clear.

It's no accident that he has stuck with arguably the crowning corpus of a ten-year hunting ground. His interpretations of Dylan/Hendrix masterpieces like "Hey Joe", "All Along The Watchtower", "Stone Free" and "Like A Rolling Stone" are the proof of the highest artistic empathy in a field where I know a careless comparison would be irresponsible.

Confronted with the evidence it is clear that California deserves and warrants the praise which will be his after this venture.

Aside from the Fender Stratocaster 'Byrds and Jimi Hendrix in the same song' side there are new songs of assured merit. "Love Charged" says bye-bye to the competition guitar heroes who developed their nasal intake while California was sunning his mentor's genius in Hawaii.

A new home for Spirit takes

them back to Los Angeles — "Hollywood Dream" and "Lookin' Down From A Mountain" scorching a Hendrix-styled fretboard and making the pedals play in synch with the gorgeous harmonies, not as reincarnation or homage but understanding (remember that Jimi and California made their New York debuts together twelve years ago).

Since then Spirit have developed under the Kaptain Kopter aegis but the bad trips of "Downer" are now the fruits of progression — Knight's power rock bass and Cassidy's jazz-influenced skin heat are the perfect foil to the grace of a wizard.

California has a personality to match his talent. Teeth pick guitar, the genuine euphoria of his stage dance, the headband and the uncanny afro profile were all eclipsed by his togetherness with the people.

At one point he left the boards and soloed into the stalls. Look he is not an icon, he is a real person. Real enough to touch and talk to, maybe outrageous but never ego bound.

During "It's All The Same", before the legendary Cass drum outing with the massive bass boom and the hand-to-drum combat (not all drum solos are boring y'know), California gave an ardent female admirer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Hendrix too had the sexuality of animal will; this boy is communicating in the same ring.

At the end of the concert the band duly informed the audience of their hotel's whereabouts and invited them down. 200 took up the invitation. Spirit are all about bringing their music off the business rails and solidifying the union of artist to fan.

In a period when the rising hierarchy are anxious to expunge the stigma of superior stardom (quite rightly so), Spirit are an object lesson in pursuing a sincere belief.

'60s terminology and attitudes have become regrettably unfashionable of late; California, Cassidy and Knight showed us this need not be so. Their concerts were wonderful. Righteous and uplifting experiences.

Spirit has the power, they constantly delight. They got a line on you. Use it to expand your mind.

Spirit pix: JILL FURMANOVSKY (above); PAUL SLATTERY (left). Devo pic: DENIS O'REGAN

NME DROOLING SPECIAL

MAX BELL sees
SPIRIT relight the
flame;
PAUL MORLEY
delights in DEVO.



Devo MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL SUDDENLY Devo!

A combination of small things... can it really be that just two, albeit enticing and unnatural, obscure and expensive import singles, a few columns of unfulfilling, confused music press journalism, a curious collection of dumb photographs, and the professed interest of Bowie, Eno and Iggy can create such a cult?

Are we really so constantly hungry for 'newness'?

Or do we (chuckle) subconsciously recognise something distinctive and proper within this band's apparently firm 'de-evolution' theories.

"Not want to walk on all fours. That is the law. ARE WE NOT MEN?"

"De-evolution: the proposal that you can go up by going down, forward by pushing back, attain the more complex by attempting the most simple."

What Devo have done is create a visionary, compact and unique theory that, despite its cryptic elements, indulgences and contradictory features, is positive, active and emphatically anti-apathetic.

And... to quote a 'devotee', Bob Lewis, "few, if any, music critics, executives, agents, bookers, whatever — possess the education or the information to evaluate or manipulate this beast".

So when Devo dictate the concept into a musical form ("the amalgamation of a sociological phrase and a time signature"), it's not specifically concerned with easing the theory, making it more accessible, but with solidifying rock forms; destroying past rock insipidity and boring components; producing rock music away from any corporate identity; in fact almost parodying past ill-formed propaganda.

And within Devo's limitations and 'conditions' there is no chance of them being corrupted by the business (Oh no? — cynical Ed.).

No-one understands them. They are virtually unsuppressable. They produce heady speculative rock music that uses an uncontrollable theory to keep the vultures at bay.

Live, and to some extent on record, Devo has to work on two levels: as rock'n'roll and as The Beast. They must co-exist.

At the Free Trade Hall what they seemed to achieve was a performance of rock'n'roll that, through its odd dramatic visual effects, tentative choreography, hectic body activity and stiff communica-

tion, left a definitive whiff of the unusual.

It wasn't just a performance, it had the edge of something greater. It was a strange, surreal 40 minutes of the barely familiar.

The performance commenced with a provocative showing of their disquieting, fragmented 16mm colour movie *In The Beginning Was The End: The Truth About De-evolution*.

It's a ten minute swift, disturbing juxtaposition of images, dialogue, dance and music. It's funny and confusing, its designs blurred.

DEVO MOBILISE on stage as the credits roll (such jargon!)

They begin with their intriguing rework of "Satisfaction", immediately establishing any necessary links with rock culture.

It is far harsher and more epileptic than their version on record, the two guitars of Bob Mothersbaugh and Bob Casale creating a sharp, crystalline texture, with Jerry Casale (bass) and Alan Myers (drums), an urgent rhythm section.

Mark Mothersbaugh's voice is totally individual, its phrasing working directly against the instrumentation for effective disorientation.



A Devo diverts.

They played stuff that I was aware of from the live tape that circulated a while back, and initially started the buzz.

Lyricaly dumb and primal — often call-and-response — the music utilises recognisable rock riffs, ever so slightly corrugated, and primitive, almost tribal, rhythmic structures that twist and turn, upsetting odd bursts of synthesiser sound.

They are intellectuals toying with simplicity and regurgitating complex deep music, aware of traditional values but concerned with innovation.

Of course, understanding and appreciating the full significance of the music was not necessary to enjoy and admire it; in fact, attempting such was a downright hindrance.

What each Devo performance aims to do is to highlight the several incarnations of de-evolution — The Smart Patrol (the workers?), ape-men (caricatures of the de-evolution formula), the appearance of Boogie Boy, the infantile spirit of de-evolution, the baby with the capacity to understand all.

It was difficult to discern whether their British performance dealt with this.

The only uniform changes (they deal with over-the-top uniformity to draw attention to the absurdity of rock's reliance on uniforms while simultaneously denying their necessity) took them from baggy yellow overalls to silly vests and shorts (deliberately humorous).

Their onstage antics were largely constant — peculiar, stiffly robotic apex dances and jigs. They never smiled.

IN THEIR yellow overalls they looked as if they'd done naughties in nappies, and their antics exaggerated the immature and retarded.

To virgin onlookers and listeners they were simply a bizarre, eccentric quintet playing a contagious brand of vastly entertaining modern music.

For the encore they added a final twist.

The hard riffs and twitchy rhythms had attracted a gang of prospective headbangers to the front of the hall, but Devo merely lined up, straight backed, in respect for some sort of taped anthem. They saluted.

"Goodnight. We hope you are Devo too".

While probably confusing many, Devo proved that they are something special.

What must be remembered is that the band are as much a joke and a backlash as they are serious. They innovate (by looking backwards). They are fun (by being immature).

Bethnal SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

ON PAPER, Bethnal look like an interesting prospect: working-class and multi-racial, fairly unorthodox instrumentation and with some claim to musical isolation, avowedly "on a wave of their own" despite a thorough rinse in the radical chic of punk.

On stage, it's a different matter altogether.

George Csapo (lead vocals, electric violin, keyboards), Nick Michaels (guitar, vocals), Everton Williams (bass, vocals) and Peter Dowling (drums, vocals) are the constituent elements of Bethnal, although the latter three on their own would merit little more than a cursory nod. Csapo provides the band with its musical identity, lock, stock and barrel.

The opener, "Soldier Boy", is typical: until Csapo contributes some electric violin, it's just another loud identipunk thrash. With Csapo's assistance, it becomes a loud identipunk thrash with added waiting.

In fairness, it must be said that occasionally, as on "Dangerous Times", the title-track of their first album, Bethnal achieve a fairly pleasing density of sound, although they hardly ever come up with even a few bars of what could be called "memorable" melody, and they rarely escape the limitations of their pedestrian rhythms.

Presumably intended as a nod in the direction of Bartok's predilection for Balkan folk-musics, "Bartok" begins promisingly. Csapo hammering piano eighth notes against a backdrop of *le style punk*, but slows down towards the end, Csapo taking to the violin to do one of those accelerating folk-dance things East of Eden used to bore us all with a few years ago.

Their version of "Baba O'Reilly", although pleasingly



BETHNAL'S George Csapo.

PHOTO BY BEERBLOWER

More of a ripple than a wave?

performed, begs the question. What value, if any, has a pretty faithful reproduction?

During "Out In The Street", there's a mass exodus as news of an NF rumble seeps through the audience (the gig's an R.A.R. job). Those of you interested in coincidences may be pleased to hear that this was followed by "We Gotta Get

Out Of This Place" and "The Outcome", the latter a tale about opposing sides in a confrontation situation. That so many could find the prospect of violence more interesting than the remainder of Bethnal's set is, I believe, a pretty fair comment on the gig. "On a wave of their own" hub? Seems like it broke way

out at sea and left the lads floundering in the middle of nowhere.

The Push are a local band formed around the aspirations of vocalist Charlie Paris, a professional actor turned would-be rock star with a rather stylised idea of how rock stars behave.

Their music is strictly R.B.-based rock, (with a reasonable white reggae number thrown in for good measure), with which the rhythm section of Jerry E. Meek (bass) and Tag (drums) cope more than adequately.

Guitarist Dave Carr, however, forced into a Wilko role of combining lead and rhythm guitars, shows the strain, often soloing too loudly or too hurriedly, especially on the aforementioned reggae song.

The Push's two best songs — "Maureen" and "The Cambridge Stomp" — are both spoils, to some extent, by Paris's habit of coyly enunciating the parts of each song which cry out to be roared. Despite that, they're both good, commercial propositions.

Their main faults, besides Carr's occasional stumbles into deep water, are a rather limited overall approach — there's no attempt made to try anything out of the ordinary — and Paris's enthusiastic attempts to get the audience's collective back up.

I know for a fact that Paris can be naturally magnetic onstage if he wants to be — I've seen him act — and it's annoying to see him ignore that gift in pursuit of a more acceptable, tried and tested "snoopy" approach.

Misgivings aside, there's no denying that they provided the only real moments of joy in an otherwise painful evening, with a fraction of the fuss and palaver surrounding Bethnal.

Andy GIB

The Stukas The Look The Monos Ekoes

PEGASUS, STOKES NEWINGTON

"BEAT NIGHT". Youth club atmosphere, Beatles records, and four (count 'em) powerpop groups churning out disturbingly similar sets of energetic, zappy, (cont. P 94). Strangely, it was like watching four stages in the development of the same group, starting with amateurish lack of confidence 'n' good songs (Ekoes), better pacing and presentation (Monos), 'we're gonna make it, so watch out' (The Look), and 'we've made it, but what next?' (The Stukas).

Ekoes played a futile set of forgettable 'pop' numbers. They're young, with time to improve but it was like watching a rehearsal of a band who, as yet, have nothing to offer.

The Monos were more interesting, playing 'commercial ditties' with titles like "French Kiss".

Occasionally dynamic, they broke no new ground, coming across as loud musical wallpaper.

The Look played tight, riffs, melodic songs, the subject matter of two of which had featured in numbers I saw Tonight perform a few weeks back.

Powerpop incense aside, this appealing four-piece have some good material, especially "My Little Book" and "Identikit".

They've taken care with song structures, which, coupled with well channelled energy, made them entertaining and impressive. A charismatic singer — corny guitar solos — they'd have been huge in '66!

Starting with "Kleen Livin' Kids", The Stukas charged through an enjoyable pop set, their strong R&B debt allowing them to deal with mundane topics (e.g. "Refrigerator"), without sounding dull.

Vocalist Paul Brown (look-



Some MONOS.

PHOTO BY GEORGE BODNAR

ing less bored, lately), remains as static as ever, belting out the numbers in his strong, emotionless voice, while 'pretend moron' guitarist Raggy Lewis slithers around, his 'act' having lost its freshness, and verging on the contrived.

Mick Smithers plays raunchy, fluid lead runs — the powerdrive rhythm section of John Mackie (drums), and Kevin Allen (bass), cranking the sound up to Ultimate Excitement Level.

Not all the quality lies in The Beal, however. The lyrics (especially "I Like Sport") have a wry touch redolent of Early Kinks.

Stukas are fun: see them once.

Martin Maytin

June Tabor

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

IT WAS good to see June Tabor moving about the LSE's compact stage recently, the only London date of her short tour; she's a very tasty lady, swathed, on this occasion, in a fetching black ensemble, looking like every Cossack's ideal of a bit of ninotchka in the back of his troika.

She's an accomplished interpreter of traditional songs, and possessed with a voice of pristine beauty.

Her vocal style is powerful and assertive, and her presence on stage compelling (but take a bow Martin Simpson, guitar, and keyboard wizard Jon Gillaspie).

It's on the unaccompanied traditional material, though, that she excels, hands defiantly on hips, as she cuts and weaves around the songs, stamping her unique style on each one.

She chose an admirable selection from her two Topic albums, the haunting "Lisbon" (which she described as "a sort of Peninsular War 'Stand By Your Man'"), "Streets of Forbes", "Earl of Arboyne", John Tams' "Pull Down Lads" and Bill Caddick's enchanting "Unicorns".

But she saved the best till last, two songs from the pen of the enigmatic Eric Bogle, the moving "Now I'm Easy" and the breathtaking "No Man's Land", which I swear is the most poignant and potent anti-war song I've ever heard.

Her delivery of such lines as "The countless white crosses in mute witness stand/To man's blind indifference to his fellow man" was stunning.

She quite rightly, but nonetheless elegantly, refused further encores after that, despite vehement exhortation, as the mood she created on "No Man's Land" could never have been improved upon.

If it was only for her efforts in bringing Eric Bogle recognition as a writer of supreme talent, she should be eternally thanked, but June Tabor has a

great deal more going for her. She's a talent we should be grateful for, and nurture carefully.

Patrick Humphries

The Roll-ups

GREYHOUND, FULHAM

THE WEIRD structure of The Greyhound makes it difficult for a band to win the full attention of an audience. The Only Ones failed. So did The Last Days Of Earth. But the Roll-Ups made it.

They play concise, punchy songs, combining the insistent bop of Ian Dury with the style and drive of Mott The Hoople. To hear it is to hum it. And as with all the best songs, just when you think you've heard it all, some new twist makes you break out in an appreciative smile.

If Powerpop is going to be any more than a passing whim of the media, it's gonna need this band to give it substance.

The Roll-Ups (a meshugenah name, but there you go) formed eight months ago, but they sound more mature. They're led by Lea Hart, who plays guitar and sings (despite laryngitis). He's like a kid, attacking his songs bright-eyed and tongue lolling.

Jeff Peters (I hope you're making a note of these names) plays tasty bass, never smart-arsed.

These two provide the main visual interest, though Paul Airey (keyboards) and Ricky Andree (drums) attract attention through skilful and exuberant playing. It's a long time since I've seen a band who enjoyed their music that much. Maybe sneering was last year's thing.

They need two things. One: to occasionally shift the instrumental interest from guitar to keyboards. And, two: to have Nick Lowe producing (he'd love 'em).

Mark Bastable

Warren Harry

CHELMSFORD

WARREN Harry looks and sings like Steve Harley, waves his arms about like Leo Sayer, pours beer over his head, runs frantically on the spot, and goes into the audience to threaten hecklers personally.

Warren Harry is a novelty act that's not quite a novelty, though the weirdness of his performance is almost compelling.

Warren sings jokey little songs like "I Am A Radio" and "I Want To Be In The NME" (Flattery might just get you that far, Warren).

His band features a bass player in wargear and a Maori headdress, and a keyboard player who does near Ray Manzarek impressions.

Warren Harry leads a nice entertaining club act. In a stadium, or even a concert hall, he might be less fun.

Bob Edwards

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Cliff Richard & The Shadows

LONDON PALLADIUM
ONE OF the more memorable disappointments of my childhood was Cliff and The Shadows pulling out of a Great Yarmouth gig for which I'd been bought a ticket.

On Monday, February 27 — the first time Richard & The Shadows had performed together for ten years — I finally got to see Cliff, on the very same stage where I had naively believed that the five of them appeared almost weekly... when *Sunday Night At The London Palladium* seemed as much a British television institution as *Crossroads* is now.

And even all those years of Cliff as family entertainer aren't enough to dispel a distinct lump in the throat as those famous curtains unfurl and quicker than you can say "MOR", Cliff and The Shadows launch in to "The Young Ones", the title cut of Richard's first movie.

Hank Marvin's guitar lines resound clean and limber around Richard's voice — pure and nasal, though not as nasal as it was once.

In contrast to The Shadows' bow-ties, Cliff plumps for 'the casual look', contrasting slacks and 'leisure jacket'. Marvin, stage right and beaming perpetually, has one humdinger of a jacket. Sequined velvet. Or something of that sort.

"Do You Wanna Dance" follows. The Shadows, augmented by Alan Jones (bass) and Cliff Hall (keyboards), look like they're having a whale of a time, and, as the subsequent solo numbers prove, still have a sense of commitment.

While there's no doubt that what is about to unfold is show business rather than rock-'n'-roll, The Shadows, for the most part, transcend the genre's crasser associations. One gets the feeling that if even now they were transported to some seedy rock dive they'd have no trouble in winning over the crowd.

They are professional without being calculating or perfunctory and that's no mean achievement considering how long they've been around. "The Sex Pistols of 1958" is how good-natured Hank puts it.

Cliff does a third song ("Devil Woman") before giving the stage over to "my backing band".

My only criticism of the act, which takes up the rest of the first half, is that there's not enough of the old well-known material.

There's "Apache" sounding as infectious as ever, "Wonderful Land" and "Atlantic" but no "FBI", "The Savage", "Foot Tapper" or several others.

Also, their only vocal, their Eurovision Song Contest entry "Let Me Be The One" should have been elbowed.

Time hasn't got the better of The Shadows' looks, but then Hank B. Marvin never looked like a teen-idol.

Only drummer Brian Bennett, the group's second drummer (joining after Tony Meehan's departure) looks on the verge of middle-age. At a distance he resembles Charlie Drake. Plays well, though, even if a Shadows' drum solo is no better than anyone else's.

They joke constantly about their age and it's difficult not to find their self-deprecating sense of humour endearing despite its predictability, the slightly tense-looking Bruce Welch acting as the fall guy for Marvin's 'insults'.

Of course the foot-walks are intact, the group only narrowly escaping self-parody during a high-kicking workout in "Apache".

Surprisingly enough, when their singer re-appears to open the second half it's not



Darling, we're the Old Ones . . .

with The Shadows, but his own band, a rather uncomfortable-looking bunch replete with three guitarists, two drummers and three back-up singers.

Cliff's all in white (naturally). He wiggles his hips a lot and makes the most of his tight-fitting white flares.

As time goes on, his visual antics become more and more embarrassing. They're mannered and self-conscious, his asexual ambience akin to that of, I suppose, The Osmonds.

The ratio of oldies to newer songs is in the latter's favour. Only the teenage pop of "Please Don't Tease" harks back to the vintage years.

The band's arrangements are rather obvious and there's no reason why he couldn't have done the whole show with The Shadows. Wasn't that what most of the audience was expecting?

Richard is certainly a better

performer with The Shadows, although when they return to back him on his first hit "Move It" (a classic record) it's impossible to take him seriously: of course, Cliff the rock-'n'-roller vanished years ago, despite the sentiments he expresses later in one of a handful of numbers that touch on the singer's religious beliefs. "Why Should The Devil Have All The Good Music?"

A mid-tempo acoustic version of Presley's "All Shook Up", Marvin and Welch sitting in with Cliff, is absurd in that he totally eradicates the meaning of the lyric.

Richard's voice doesn't have the edge that it once possessed — perhaps something to do with a lack of any real energy in his performance.

Of course, the audience lapped it all up, apparently unperturbed that only half of the show was given over to

Cliff Richard backed by The Shadows.

Surely it would have been better, as well as natural, for The Shadows to have had all the first set to themselves and the second set devoted to Cliff and The Shadows?

Unlike Elvis, Cliff isn't a pathetic figure as he nears middle age. Viewed on its own terms the Palladium show is, of course, a success; but even when backed by his former colleagues, Richard offered no indication that he was the erstwhile object of much teen adoration.

Really, it was stupid to expect more. **Steve Clarke**

The Tyla Gang

Marquee

I'VE SEEN The Tyla Gang twice in three weeks, I've spun the "Yaichless" album a few times too many and I now feel qualified to tell you that they bore me rigid.

How anyone can find the brand of heavy-handed grinding rock-'n'-roll the least bit exciting remains a mystery to me.

Ignoring the inexcusably dire lyrics of American 'street' pretensions, the songs themselves are all potentially great rockers. Yet any vitality they might have had was speedily steam-rollered into the floor by Sean Tyla's gravelly vocal tones, and not exactly helped by his manic lumberings around the stage with furrowed brow.

The set ploughed along with such numbers as "The Young Lords", and "It's Gonna Rain" and featured some nice slide guitar work, and a large amount of powerless and uninspired running.

By the time they slid into such better-known stompers as "Don't Shift A Gear" and "Hurricane", the whole show began to resemble a late-60s boogie revival night, but with none of the flair and excitement. (Come back Canned Heat, all is forgiven).

It's not the idea of their music I object to. I can't get enough of straight, solid rock-'n'-roll, and I'll gladly knock back pints of ale to Keith Richards rhythm chords all night. It's just Tyla's listless approach that really drives me spare.

I feel that, although his presence completely controls the band, without him The Tyla Gang wouldn't appear quite so much to waddle like some arthritic dinosaur from the realms of Stone Age Rock. **Mark Ellen**

The Vipers

GOLDEN LION, FULHAM

NAME CONFUSION: this lot have nothing to do with the Irish punk band of the same name.

These Vipers are, basically, an R&B band, and this was their first gig, although the four of them have played in bands before — which shows. None of them are extraordinary musicians, but bassist Gary Fletcher, playing a conventionally strung bass left-handed, perpetrated one of two impressive runs.

As a band they play average R&B more than averagely well. Personally, I could do with a little less harp. (I can't stand mouth organs. Freudian hang-up).

More fundamentally, two inter-related questions have to be asked. For a kick-off, is the cosmos in need of another R&B band? Search me; it's a branch of rock which tends to be an influence rather than a self-justifying style.

Secondly, even if another R&B band is vital to the survival of the human race, will said band be allowed to flourish despite their facial hair. (gasp) and the quite lengthy guitar solos that are a necessary part of their set?

This band has potential but they gotta be careful. If they don't slightly change their approach, they'll be slogging it round pubs forever.

P.S. Album title: "Vindicta" Heehee . . .

Mark Bastable

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Whirlwind Levi and the Rockats

100 CLUB

IF ROCKABILLY is to be a musical force to be reckoned with in coming months, then last Tuesday night at the 100 club should have been the ideal showcase for the capital's two leading teen Rockabilly combos.

The gig never approached anything like the triumphant assertion of the early "punk nights" on that hallowed stage, but an indefinable buzz was in the air.

The feeling you get when you know that something is happening and you want to know just what it is.

And while it's clear that both bands still have a long way to go — particularly the Rockats — the evening was a landmark of sorts as the first time the two bands had played on the same bill.

For the Rockats it is only the fifth gig, and the club is still filling as they drift onstage. They look exceptionally young, and have only been together a few months. A short, hesitant set gets little feedback from a 50/50 ted/punk audience.

Young Levi's stage gyrations are Eddie and Elvis to a tee, no doubt the result of all those hours spent in front of the bedroom mirror, but when it comes to the crunch musically there's not much there yet.

But with time — and manager Lee Black Childers — on their side they are worth looking out for.

Whirlwind are different. After a few hundred gigs, they sure as hell are professional.

Unlike the Rockats, not a bum note is heard, and their set is well paced with a couple of teen ballads thrown in between the more up-tempo numbers.

But it wasn't until the last few songs in the set — all from the album, including the self-written "Torn Apart" and "Rockin' Daddy" — that they really caught alight. And then they really rocked.

Their original drummer, Phil Hardy, has been replaced by a heavier, less authentic percussionist, and the loss of the former's backing vocals throws too much of the vocal weight on singer/guitarist Nigel Dixon.

It's still too early for conclusive judgement of either band, but for the time being more gigs like this one are needed, and the 100 club is an ideal venue (Ron Waits take note). They need the chance to grow.

Adrian Thrills

BRIAN. B. LIVES. (with his mum)

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Riff Raff

PLAYING THURSDAYS
at the
ROCHESTER CASTLE
23 Feb - 2, 9, 16 March
(Admission Free)
145, Stoke Newington
High Street, London N16
(01-249 0198)

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

THURSDAY, MARCH 18th
RADIO BIRDMAN
+ The Business

FRIDAY, MARCH 17th
SATURDAY, MARCH 18th
GEORGIE FAME
+ Spider Mike King

SUNDAY, MARCH 19th
THE SMIRKS
+ Skeets Boliver

MONDAY, MARCH 20th
ADVERTISING
+ The Look

TUESDAY, MARCH 21st
THE BOY FRIENDS
+ The Young Ones

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

FRIDAY, MARCH 17th
MATUMBI + THE STICKERS
Music Machine, Camden High St., N.W.1
£2.50 pay at the door

999

BLACK SLATE / THE STUKAS
ROUNDHOUSE
SUNDAY 19th MARCH at 5-30

CRACKERS

203 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

Thursday, March 18th
CAROL GRIMES' HEAD OVER HEELS + THE STREETBAND
Bar till 1 a.m. Admission £1.20

Wednesday, March 22nd
Rock 'n' Roll with the **FLYING SAUCERS**
Next Wed: Little Bob Story

VEHICLE MUSIC

ROGER THE CAT

Thursday March 18th
BRITISH LEGION, CHATHAM
Friday March 17th
DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET
Saturday March 18th
THE CRANBROOK, CRANBROOK ROAD, R.FORD
Friday March 24th
THE HAMBOROUGH TAVERN, SOUTHALE
MANAGEMENT
GILMOUR PROMOTIONS
01-204-9976

LANDSCAPE

play MUSIC for the NEARLY NORMAL

at Richmond upon Thames College, Epsom Rd, Twickenham on Wed. 18th March
at The Ritz, 100 St. James's Garden, London WC2 on Friday, 17th March
at Glasgow Pavilion, Pitt Street, Glasgow on Sat. 18th March (private gig for members of Pitt Street and Pitt Street - only more Scottish clubs to be announced soon)
Go into your local record shop and say "SCOTTISH-ROCKERS" (Street Records Records 198 137 distributed by Lightning Records)
Event Horizon Agency 01 703 7677 / 01 870 2861

DND HERTS COLLEGE

Welwyn Garden City
Saturday March 18th
Rag Ball
KEITH CHRISTMAS + OUTCAST
Bar 01ccs Admission £1.00

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MARCHINGTON CRESCENT TUBE, N.W.1

Wednesday, March 16th £1.00
S.A.L.T. + THE HEROES

Thursday, March 18th £1.30
ADAM & THE ANTS + JENNY WARMAN

Friday, March 17th £1.50
MATUMBI + THE STICKERS

Saturday, March 18th £2.00
DAVID COVERDALES WHITE SNAKE + HEAD WAITER

Monday, March 20th £1.00
SORE THROAT + CHAOS

Tuesday, March 21st £1.00
GLORIA MUNDI + Jeremy Carious & The Strangers

Wednesday, March 22nd £1.00
TONIGHT + STREET BAND

Monday & Tuesday March 21st & 22nd
TOM ROBINSON BAND
+ Special Guests 90" Inclusive
Advance tickets now on sale £2.00

LICENSED BARS • LIVE MUSIC • DANCING
3PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

+ THE MODELS & SPIZOIL

CORONATION HALL
DENMARK ROAD, KINGSTON
(Beside Swimming Baths)
Bank Holiday Monday, March 27th
Tickets at Door
KINGSTON 8.8

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thursday March 16th
THE VIPERS
Friday March 17th 30p
+ ROLL UPS +
Saturday March 18th 30p
THE BRAKES
+ Support (at 8.30 pm)
Sunday March 19th 30p
COCK SPANNER
+ Tickets (at 8 pm)

Monday March 20th 30p
SPUNKLER
(On New Faces this Sunday)
Tuesday March 21st
UNCHIN
Wednesday March 22nd
GIRLSCHOOL
(all girls)
Thursday March 23rd
THE VIPERS

LITTLE BOB STORY

Are Appearing At The
B.Q. CLUB
Wilson St., Bristol
Saturday, March 18th
Late Bar until 2 am
Admission: £1.25

For Advertising
details ring
BRIAN B on
01-262 6153

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail,
New Square
Tel. 01-489 0468

Thursday March 18th
HIGH & DRY

Friday March 17th
ROGER THE CAT

Saturday March 18th
LOOSE CHANGE

Sunday March 19th
JERRY THE FERRET

Tuesday March 21st
NEBULA

THE BANNED

Thursday, March 18th 75p

THE YOUNG ONES

Friday, March 17th 75p

Saturday, March 18th £1.00
From 10.00pm

STEP ASIDE

Sunday, March 19th 75p

COMEDY FACTORY

Monday, March 20th 80p

THE FAVOURITES

Tuesday, March 21st 75p

RADIO BIRDMAN

Wednesday, March 22nd 80p

THE SOFT BOYS

THE VIBRATORS

THE CORTINAS

CHELSEA

ROUNDHOUSE

SUNDAY 26th MARCH at 5-30

THE FFORDE GREENE ROCK SCENE

ROUNDAWAY ROAD, LEEDS 8

Fri. March 17th **SQUAD**
Sat. March 18th **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**
Sun. March 19th **THE MOVIES**
Mon. March 20th **CITY LIMITS**

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX S.U. PRESENT

A benefit gig in aid of P.R.O.P.
(Preservation of Rights of Prisoners)
THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd

999

+ The INMATES

Doors open 8.30 pm. Bar until 1 am
Tickets: £1.50 from S.U. and Parrot Records
Enquiries: Colchester 63211

THE CAVERN

CHURCH ROAD, WILLESBOEN NW10
(Beside White Hart Pub)
Monday March 20th

AUTOMATICS

+ The Mix

Monday March 27: **PENETRATION + The Visitors**
Licensed Bar 8pm-midnight
Nearest Tube (Hendon, Green) 200, 206, 297
Enquiries 01 459 7228

NATION WIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: THE MOVIES
AMERSHAM College: CRAFTYHALF
BARROW Maxims Disco: SUBWAY SECT/HE
LOUS
BATH Double Six: THE ROLL-UPS
BATH Brink Arts Centre: SURPRISE SISTERS
BEDFORD Cranfield Institute: ARBRE/SCREENS
BILSTON Borough Arms: FAZIE
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: PENETRATION
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM The Jug: DADA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: JOHNNY NASH (for
three days)
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: SHIRLEY
BASSETT NEW SEEKERS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: WOUNDED JOHN SCOTT
CREE
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: JIVE BUREAUX
BRISTOL Crookers: GRAPPVINE
BRISTOL Granary: GRAND HOTEL
BRISTOL Tiffany's: MOTORHEAD
BROMSGROVE The Engine House: ACKER BILK
BAND
BURY St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: JULIE FELIX
CHATHAM Drink Legion: ROGER THE CAT
CREWE Abbey College: MUSCLES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHIL
LIP GOODHAND-TAIT
DERBY Penine Hotel: GEORGE MEILY & THE
FEETWARMERS
DONCASTER Dulock Club: WAYNE COUNTY &
THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
DUBLIN National Stadium: GALLAGHER & LYLE
DUBLIN Stella Cinema: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE
ATTRICTIONS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: CROSSWIND
EAST DEREHAM Sunshine Rooms: RUBY JOE
EXETER Groucho's: UNCLE PO
GT. YARMOUTH Chicago Club: THE NEEDLES
HARTLEPOOL Raven Quits Club: SON OF A
BITCH
HAVANT Black Dog: COLIN SCOTT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: WHIRLWIND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE DARTS
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: GYGAFO
LANCASTER University: THE BUZZCOCKS: THE
SLITS
LEEDS Compton Arms: BEANO
LEEDS F Club: THE MEKONS
LEEDS Floride Green Hotel: ORPHAN
LEEDS Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC
LEEDS Roots Club: 999
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JOHN MILES BAND
JOHNNY COUGAR
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: JET OVERCOATS
WILDEBEESTE/STEAM HEAT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL University: JOHN
RENBOLN/STEPHAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY
GRAHAM/DICK BAKER
LONDON Alexandra Palace: SIOUXIE & THE
BANSHEES/REGGAE REGULARS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: MUVVERS
PRIDE
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIATORS FROM
SPACE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH
TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ADAM & THE
ANTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE
VIPERS
LONDON CAVENDISH SQ. The Phoenix: MEAN
STREET
LONDON CHARING X RD. St. Martin's School of
Art: EXHIBITOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden
ALFALPHA/J J JAMESON
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: NICK
NASTY BAND

LONDON ELSTON Camden Centre: STORMY
SIX/REDBRASS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: COCK SPARRER
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern
KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SCREENS
LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: OTIS WAYGOOD
BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: JOHNNY
SHIVO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Lion: THE YOUNG
ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED
RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: DOLL BY
DOLL
LONDON KENSINGTON de Villiers Wine Bar: GOLD
DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIO
BIRDMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON North East Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A Beckett: THE
TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: BLACK SLATE
LONDON SPITFIRE Royal City Ballroom: MATCH-
BOX TIME LIDS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORF
THROAT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BRIEF RAFF
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SOLEEZE
LONDON TOTTING The Cavite: THE
HEARTDROPS
LONDON University: STEPSIDE
LONDON WARDOL ST. Crackers: HEAD OVER
HEELS
LONDON WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel:
PRAYING MANTIS
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: LEE FARDON
MANCHESTER Raffles: GENERATION X/BLITZ-
KRIEG BOB
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE PLEASERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JOHN OTWAY &
WILD WILLY BARRETT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
NORWICH Arts Centre: THE GRAFFITI SHOW
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellows: TEST TUBE
BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sand Piper: THE VIBRATORS
OXFORD The Alma: BACK ALLEY PRINCES
PENZANCE The Garden: WIRE
PLYMOUTH Metro: ADVERTISING
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GORDAN GILTRAP
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: THE BOYS
POYNTON Folk Centre: BERT JANSCH
READING Bones Club: THE DEPRESSIONS
SALISBURY St. Edmunds Arts Centre: ALEX
ATTERSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: DEAF SCHOOL
STANTON HILL Victoria Hotel: RACE AGAINST
TIME
ST. ARSTELL Classic Cinema: PAM AYERS
STOKE Golden Hill British Legion: KEITH
MANFOLD
SUTTON Red Lion: MARTIN CARTHY
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE SAINTS
TUNSTALL Denton College: THE STUKAS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHOWADDYADDY
(for three days)
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: TONIGHT THE
SNEAKERS
WARRINGTON Padgate College: SOUL DIRECTION
WIGAN Casino: ENGLAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Albion Hotel: MIKE ELLIOTT
WREXHAM Asion College: SKRATCH

Friday

ASHFORD Brookfield Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
ASHFORD Kempton Manor: J.A.L. BAND
BAGSHOT Panicles Club: GONZALEZ
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: DAVID COVER-
DALE BAND

BELFAST Ulster Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE
ATTRICTIONS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBURBAN STUDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Edgbaston Bell and Pump: MIKE
ELLIOTT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BILLY JOEL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bar: STALLION
BOITON Institute of Technology: ARBRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: HEBRIC
BRADFORD University: GYGAFO
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE VIBRATORS
BRISTOL University: JOHN RENBOLN/STEPHAN
GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DICK BAKER
CAERNARVON Tennis College: SURPRISE SISTERS
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: BLACK GORILLA
CARDIFF Institute of Higher Education: LITTLE BOB
STORY
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WARM JETS
COLWYN BAY The Pier: THE ACCELERATORS
CONVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRADLEY Heath Haden Hill Leisure Centre:
STILL CRYER/STORMRIDER
CRAWLEY Technical College: GENO WASHING-
TON BAND
DERBY King's Hall: GENERATION X
DUNDEE Technical College: NO DICE
FASINGTON Village Club: SON OF A BITCH
FASTBOURNE The Archery: BAND WITH NO
NAME
EDINBURGH Clude: 999
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE MOVIES
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: DEAF SCHOOL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HOT CHOCOLATE
HAMILTON Bell College: IGNATZ
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: DAGABAND
HORNCHURCH Robert Bagard Youth Centre: JEBB
AVENUE
IPSWICH Civic College: GYPP
IPSWICH Royal William: DIAMOND LII
KINGSTON College of Education: EXHIBITOR
LEEDS Crick, Wine Bar: SPIDER BILLYS BAND
LEEDS University: PREACHERS DREAM
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: TURNING POINT IN
NER EAR
LJWES The Lamb: SOUTHERN RYDA
LINCOLN Technical College: THE STUKAS/THE
CRAB
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LONDON BARBICAN Guildhall School of Music and
Drama: THE SUPPORT GROUP/SINFITIX
LONDON BIRBECK College: GEORGE MEILY
AND JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEPSIDE THE
VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MATUMBI
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms:
JELLY ROLL BILLYS BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE
ROLL-UPS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden SPAR-
TACUS/CAITIE FABB
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: LAND-
SCAPE
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD
WATER
LONDON HAMPSHIRE Westfield College: SIMON
TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE
YOUNG ONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GEORGIE
FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: THE
EDGE BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: SPUD
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmith's College: SUPER-
CHARGE
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON PADDINGTON Olympia Club: BARON
CULTURE AND THE RAINCOATS IN SEX
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: REGGAE
REGULARS
LONDON REGENTS PARK Bedford College:
BETHNAL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE
MONOS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
RADIO BIRDMAN
LONDON STRATFORD Cars and Horses: WARM
JETS
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: THE
CADETS
LONDON University: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON University College: RADIATORS FROM
SPACE
LONDON Whitelands College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.I. The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER Raffles: RICHARD DIGNANCE
MANCHESTER The Squat: EXODUS/THE
ELITE/THE PASSAGE
MANCHESTER Valentines Club: MUNGO JERRY
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: DAYS OF GRACE
MARGATE Dreamland: COCK SPARRER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: REMUS DOWN
BOULEVARD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JOHN MILES BAND
JOHNNY COUGAR
NEWCASTLE University: SUBWAY SECT/HE
LOUS
NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: THE BOY-
FRIENDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIPHAZARD AND
THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: WAYNE COUNTY AND
THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
OXFORD Central Dully: SAMSON
PLYMOUTH Metro: WIRE
PONTERFRACT Town Hall: THE SNEAKERS
PRESTON Polytechnic: TONIGHT
READING Technical College: KRAZY KAT
READING University: THE SMIRKS
REDDITCH Bulls Club: SATAN'S RATS
REDRUTH Regal Cinema: PAM AYERS
RETFORD Postlethwaite: ADVERTISING
ROCHDALE Rox Rock: HEAVY METAL KIDS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ENID
SHERINGHAM Teen and Twenty Club: RUBY JOE
SLOUGH The Orchard: MISTY
SOUTHPORT Corporation Hotel: ROBIN GARSIDE
AND PAUL GOUGH
SOUTHAMPTON General Hospital Medical School:
LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: SCHOOL
SPORTS
STIRLING University: THE REZILLOS
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY AND
WILD WILLY BARRETT
SUTTON-IN-ASHFELD Golden Diamond: FAZIE
SWINDON Imperial Rooms: TOM ROBINSON BAND
TREForest Glamorgan Polytechnic: THE SAINTS



TANGERINE DREAM set out on their British tour this weekend, with initial dates at Oxford (Sunday), London Hammersmith (Monday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

- FATS DOMINO flies in with his full U.S. show for a one-off London concert this Sunday.
- BILLY JOEL arrives for just two concerts - they're at Birmingham (Friday) and London (Sunday).

WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TELEPHONE
HILL AND THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
WHITBY Spa Royal Pavilion: BEANO
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE PLEASERS
WORCESTER College of Education: TIF ALBION
BAND

WORKSWORTH Red Lion: ARNUP JLG BAND
WORTHING Assembly Hall: THE BOYS/BERNIE
TORME

Saturday

BARBURY United Club: BRETT MARVIN AND
THE THUNDERBOLTS/SORE THROAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GLORIA MUNDI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD AND
THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bagnalls: LIQUID MIRRORS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Rock Club: RICKY COOL
AND THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hair and Hounds:
JOANNA CARLIN
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DENNIS WATERMAN
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockley College: AFTER
THE FIRE WIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE
SAINTS
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: THE ADVERTS
BRIGHTON New Regent: WRECKLESS ERIC
BRISTOL Dugland Settlement: UNCLE PO
BRISTOL Granary: QUARTZ
BROXBORNE Civic Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
BURY ST EDMUNDS Griffin: GYPP
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE ALDION BAND
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: RACING CARS
COLCHESTER Essex University: REDEBRASS
CONINGSBY Castle Club: BLACK GORILLA
CRAWLEY White Knight: THIEVES LIKE US
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: GONZALEZ
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DONCASTER Biscote Leisure Centre: JOHN OTWAY
AND WILD WILLY BARRETT
DUNDEE Barracuda Club: SOUL DIRECTION
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: ZAL
EASTBOURNE Beach Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
FISCHGARD Frenchman's Motel: LITTLE BOB
STORY
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: NO DICE
HARROGATE P.G. Club: THE MOVIES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: EDDIE AND THE HOT
RODS/RADIO STARS/SOLEEZE
HATFIELD Onslow School: MIKE MARAN FLAKY
PASTRY
HERTFORD Bulls Park College: FROCK
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: GENERATION X
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: SUBMINAL GAP
LEEDS Floride Green Hotel: REMUS DOWN
BOULEVARD
LEEDS Polytechnic: TONIGHT
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS University: THE BUZZCOCKS THE SLITS
LEEN New Town Countryman: KEITH MANFOLD
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: CAFE JACOUES
STRATA LAB
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHIRLWIND
JOHNNY G
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DAVID
COVERDALE BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE
BRAKES
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELL-
MACQUE
LONDON DOWNHAM Northover: AFTER THE
FIRE
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern:
KESTRAL
LONDON FOREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel: THE
ENTS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LESSER KNOWN
TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER
HEELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor:
STEPSIDE

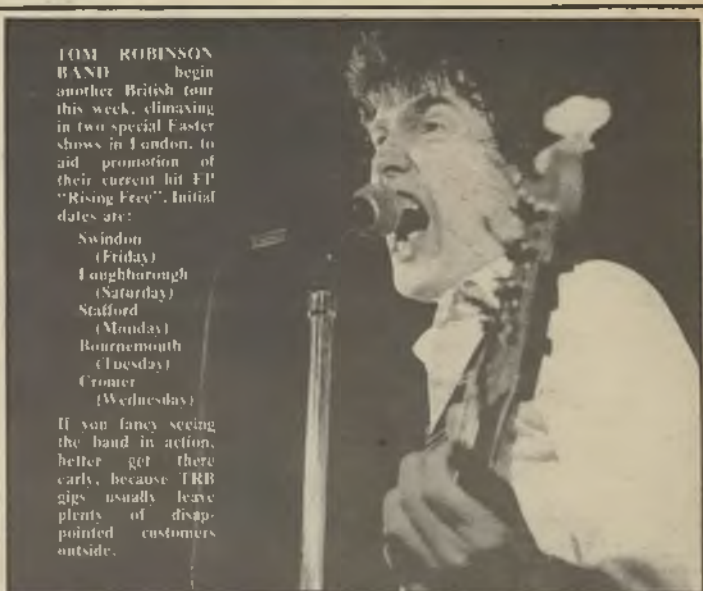
**MORE GIG GUIDE
AND LIVE DATES
OVER THE PAGE**



ELVIS COSTELLO and the Attractions are back on the road again after their second American tour, and this week finds them at Dublin (Thursday), Belfast (Friday), Cardiff (Sunday), Canterbury (Monday) and Leicester (Tuesday), with plenty more to come over the following three weeks.

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

TOM ROBINSON begins another British tour this week, climaxing in two special Easter shows in London, to aid promotion of their current hit EP "Rising Free". Initial dates are:



SWANSEA Circles Club: THE VIBRATORS
SWINDON Biunel Rooms: WIRE
SWINDON The Affair: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE
SLITS
THORNLEY The Club: SON OF A BITCH
TORQUAY Town Hall: JOHN MILES BAND
JOHNNY COUGAR
LIXBRIDGE Last One: CRAFTYHAIR

SUTTON BOXNINGTON College of Agriculture.
ZHAIR
TAUNTON Brewhouse THE YETTIES
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn LESSER KNOWN
TUNISIANS

Monday

BASILDON Double Six: LOOSE CHANGE
BIRMINGHAM Hermit Club: WRECKLESS ERIC
BIRMINGHAM Bar: DUGGY WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: GENERATION X
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: SHOWAD
BYRON
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE END
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: COCK SPARRER
BRISTOL Crookers: TOTALLY OUTTA HAND
BAND (for three days)
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE
STUDIOS
CANTERBURY Marlowe Theatre: THE YETIES
CANTERBURY Odeon: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE
ATTRACTIONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quayside: ZHAY
CHESTERFIELD Adair: EVE BEANO
CLEETHORP'S Winter Gardens: SUPERCHARGE
CORBY Executive Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CRYDDON Red Deer: SAMSON
DUNSTON Outlook Club: DEAF SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Bar: DUGGY WIDE BOYS & THE LOCS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: TONIGHT
FALKIRK Maniqui: WAYNE COUNTY & THE
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
GLASGOW Hammersmith: THE PLEASERS
GLoucester Leisure Centre: M. BOYCE
HEMERLEIGH Parkside Pavilion: EDDIE & THE HOT
RODS: RADIO STARS: SQUEEZE
HUDDERSFIELD Waggon & Horses: THE BIZ
HULL Tiffany's: SAD CAFE
HULL Odeon: Caudwell Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STORY
IPSWICH Theatre: CRUISER: ZIG-ZAG: JOHN
ROW
LEICESTER Bailey's: JOHNNY NASH (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MATUNBI
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: MAM SLIPSTREAM
LONDON Camden: DINGWALL: INTERVIEW
HANDBAGS: THE FAMOUS PLAYERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SIMON
TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON Chelsea: John Bull: STEPPIN' OUT
LONDON COVENT Garden: Rock Garden:
EXZIBITOR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TANGIERINE
DREAM
LONDON KINGSTON: Music & Anchor: RADIO
BIRDMAN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville ADVER-
TISING
LONDON Old Club: HEAVY METAL KIDS
LONDON Old Brompton RD. Troubadour:
THE BARBERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: PENETRATION
DICK ENVY
LONDON PUTNEY Hall Moon: BERT JANSCH
LONDON PUTNEY Stein & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: RICHARD
BARCE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall—SHIRLEY BASSEY -
NEW SEEKERS (for three days)
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: RED NIT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
FIREFES: FIRST AID
LONDON STRATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE
RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Cattle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE
JOLTS: THE DYAKS
LONDON WEMBLEY Hop Bine: JERRY THE
FERRET
LONDON WILLESDEN Cavern Club: ALTO-MATICS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: GEORGE
MELLY & THE SEFTWARMERS
MANCHESTER Rafter's: LITTLE BOB STORY
NEWCASTLE: ALVA
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAHIR
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: TUBEWAVE ARMY
OXFORD New Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE BRAKES
STAFFORD Top of the World: TOM ROBINSON

Tuesday

ALBRIGHTON Capital Theatre: CHRIS DE
 BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHARDT-TAIT
 AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: MIKE ELLIOTT
 BATH Viaduct Hotel: THE NEWS/DISCHARGE
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TONIGHT
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
 BIRMINGHAM Dismal: The Crown: DADA
 BIRMINGHAM Fighting Coles: BRUJO
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SLADE STRUGGLE
 BLAISEDON Cavendish Club: SHOWAD
 DWYDYO
 BLACKPOOL Poulton College: DAWNWEAVER
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: TOM ROBIN
 SON BAND
 BRIGHTON Conference Centre: GALLAGHER &
 BRIGHTON Sussex University: PLANET GONG
 CARDIFF Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL
 CHESTERFIELD Low Cabin: KEITH MANIFOLD
 COLWYN Bay Dialectal Showbar: THE
 VICTORS
 COVENTRY Location: EDDIE & THE HOT
 RODS/RADIO STRASQUEEZE
 EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHN MILES
 BLAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
 GLASGOW City Centre: WAYNE COUNTY & THE
 ELECTRIC CHAIRS
 HULL Tiffany's: NO DICE
 KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS/THF
 SLITS
 KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE
 KIDDA BAND
 LANCASTER Deas Playhouse: BRIAN DEWHURST
 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO &
 THE ATTRACTIONS
 LIVERPOOL St. Mary's Church Hall: ISMATES
 LONDON Abbie Court: MAX BOYCE
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: CARL MANN
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA
 MUNDI
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
 STREET BAND
 LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE BOY-
 FRIENDS/THE YOUNG ONES
 LONDON Marquee Club: WHIRLWIND
 LONDON OXFORD St. 100 Club: THE
 SKIDMAY
 LONDON STONE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLUNT
 INSTRUMENT/FAMOUS PLAYERS
 LONDON STONE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 THE ZONES
 LONDON Tooting The Castle: PIN-UPS
 LONDON Unicorn at Ronnie Scott's: BABY GRAND
 LONDON WEST HAMPELSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE
 DEPRESSIONS
 LONDON WCI, Church of St. George (Luncheon):
 SWIFT
 LONDON WOODWICH Tramshead STAGE/FRIGHT
 LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: WRECKLESS ERIC
 MALVERN Festival Theatre: GEORGE MELLY &
 JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWEARMERS
 MANCHESTER Rathies: DAVID COVERDALE
 BAND
 NEW MILLS Beech Knees: JEVILTSHTA
 NORMANTON Woodside Club: BEANO
 NORWICH People's Club: TAVARES
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
 OXFORD Elm Court: GENERATION X
 OXFORD New Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP
 PLEASANTON: PENETRATION
 PORTSMOUTH Gabriella's Club: THE SKIDMAY
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: TANGERINE DREAM
 READING University: SURPRISE SISTERS
 SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: BETHNAL
 SOUTHEND Seaports: KEISTRAL
 SOUTHPORT CARBON Final Hall: SUPER-
 CHARGE

Wednesday

BELFAST Kings Hall: YANA MOUSKOURI
BIRMINGHAM Bartholomae's THE PLEASERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TANGIERINE DREAM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: LIDDIE & THE HOT
BIRMINGHAM The Old Swan: SUEZEE
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM YARDLEY Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHN MILES
BAND JOHNNY COUGAR
BRISTOL The Star: BOOMTOWN RATS
BURNLEY The Library: BICYCLE THIEVES
CAMBERLEY Civic Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE
FEETWARMERS
CANTERBURY College of Art, 199: THE MFKONS
CARLISLE Coach House: MIKE ELLIOTT
CHESHAM The Tan & Shunter: WARM JETTS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CLIFTON Entertainment Centre: BEANO
COLCHESTER College of Higher Education: LITTLE
BOB STORY
CONVENT Burnt Post: ARMIT JUG BAND
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
DERBY Assembly Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
DERBY The Old Bell: RACE AGAINST TIME
EDINBURGH Colinton: WAYNE COUNTY & THE
TIGER CHAIRS
HEMEL HEMPTSTED Scamps: KESTRAL
HILFORD Oscar's: TRAPEZE
LEICESTER Jesters Country Club: GWYN JONES &
THE BIG RIG
LONDON Brixton The Telegraph: RENEGADE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: DOGWATCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dringwells: THE STUKAS: THE
SMIRKS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TONIGHT
LONDON CANTONERS The Square: THE YES LIES US
LONDON CANTON GARDEN Rock Garden: HEAD-
WATER
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: MATI MBI
THE CRABS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Linn: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE
BRAKES
LONDON Maitland Club: ZAL
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpellier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PLATNEY Star: GURTE: DANA
SIMMONDS & GREIG'S POLK AND BLUES
NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE
RIVVITS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: JOHN OTWAY &
WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RABY GRAND
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON W.1 Drill Hall: METABOLIST
LITTON Royal Hotel: ALTONATICS
MAIDSTONE Technical College: MOTORHEAD
MANNSFIELD CHURCH WARSPOT Tudor Barn
ABORTED
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: TAYARES
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE BUZZCOCKS
THE SLITS
NEWPORT Strand Club: THE SUPREMES
NEWPORT Stonaway Club: WRECKLESS ERIC
OXFORD New Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
PULFORTH Church of St. LEAF: SNAKE
PRESTON Portland Canal: MAX ROYCE
Reading Bines Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
SHOTTLE Railway Hotel: KETHI MANIFOLD
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
SOUTH SIDE STUBBERS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: FABULOUS
POODLES
STOKE Joltees: FRANKIE LAINE
WALSAIL West Midlands College: MUSCLES
WIGAN 21st: SUPERCHARGE 2nd &
3rd
DEARBORN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GLORIA MUDD

Sunday

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Spreadeagle Hotel. BICY-
 CLE THIEVES
 BARNES Civic Hall: 'UP COUNTRY' with MEL
 TARNER & WILWOOD The McSHANES
 WHISTLERS LODGE
 BIRMINGHAM Runday Hotel. ORPHAN
 BRADFORD Princeville Club. ARC ROUGE
 BRADFORD Tavern in the Town. DOWNWEAVER
 BRISTOL B Q Club. LITTLE BOB STORY
 BRISTOL Colston Hall. JOHN MILES BAND
 JOHNNY COUGAR
 BRISTOL Hippodrome. JASPER CARROTT
 BROMFLEY Churchhill Theatre. KENNY BAIL BAND
 CARMARLYN Lakeside Country Club. BILL
 FREDERICKS (for a week)
 CARDIFF Top Rank. ELVIS COSTELLO & THE
 ATTRACTIONS
 CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall. ADVERTISING
 THE BOYFRIENDS
 CHESTERFIELD A D C Club. BERT JANSCH
 COVENTRY Locarno. THE BUZZCOCKS
 COVENTRY Theatre. DENNIS WATERMAN
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall. GORDON GILTRAP
 CROYDON Greyhound. THE VIBRATORS
 DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall. TONIGHT
 GRANGEMOUTH Town Hall. THE REZILLOS
 HANLEY Victoria Hall. HOT CHOCOLATE
 JACKSDALE Grey Topper. BEANO
 LEEDS Florde Green Hotel. THE MOVIES
 LEEDS Grand Theatre. CHRIS DE BURGH & PHIL
 L. WOODHARD-TAIT
 LINCOLN Theatre Royal. GEORGE MELLY & JOHN
 CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
 LONDON BATTERSEA Nag's Head. JUGULAR
 VEIN
 LONDON CAMPDEN Brecknock. PAINTED LADY
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House. COCK
 SPARRER
 LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse. 999BLACK
 SLATE. THE STUKAS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden OFF
 DANCE
 LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal. BILLY
 JOEL
 LONDON FINSLEY Turrington. DICK
 MORRISSEY-JIM MULLEN BAND
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odéon. FATS DOMINO
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow. LESSER
 KNOWN TUNISIANS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville. THE
 SMIRKS
 LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster. JERRY
 THE FERRET

Words (Barry Clarke) City Hall, St. Albans
Saturday March 18th at 8 pm Saturday, March 25th at 8 pm

DEAF SCHOOL GENERATION X

MINOTAUR + BACK ALLEY PRINCES

Mary Jane Disco Bar Food

Advance tickets from Box Office Chequer Street, St. Albans
Tel. 0451 or available on door

Sat April 6th JOHN CRAMALDO'S CHEAP FLIGHTS + THE K-D's + THE MOONSTONE

THE PEGASUS
109 Green Lane,
Stoke Newington N16
Thursday March 16th
SORE THROAT
Friday March 17th
THE MONOS
Saturday March 18th
ARBRE
Sunday March 19th

Andrew Page Entertainment presents

SLADE

+ STRUGGLE

**BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL,
TUESDAY 21st MARCH
BUNTOL 10th APRIL
MONDAY 10th APRIL**

Tickets £1.50, £2.00 & £2.50 obtainable from Birmingham Town Hall Box Office
tel: 021 238 2392

Bunton Collection Ltd. As Agents tel: 0273 23987

Phone 01-261-6153 for a close encounter with Brian B.

**FOXES GREYHOUND**
AT THE
PARK LANE, CROYDON

SUNDAY MARCH 19th
Tickets at the door

THE VIBRATORS
+ THE YOUNG ONES & D.J. PETER FOX

Sunday March 26th
GENERATION X

WEDNESDAY MARCH 29th
Special Guest Night

BOOMTOWN RATS

+ Support & D.J. Peter Fox

Advance tickets £1.75 from Bonaparte, Croydon and Bromley, Virgin, Croydon, or send cheque & P.O. to Fox Ents 33/41 High Street, Bromley, Kent

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood St, Woolwich, S.E. 18
Saturday March 18th

BRITISH LIONS

+ SUPPORT

Licensed Bar Non students welcome Doors open 8pm

**ZONES** IN LONDON

Friday March 17th
GREYHOUND
Monday March 20th
NASHVILLE ROOMS
Tuesday March 21st
ROCHESTER CASTLE
STOKE NEWINGTON

Wednesday March 22nd
MARQUEE
Thursday March 23rd
SPEAKEASY
Friday March 24th
THE PEGASUS
STOKE NEWINGTON

1st Single Stuck With You / No Angels
OUT NOW ON ZOOM RECORDS
031-229 3533

TEAM-UP WITH RICHARD DIGANCE ON HIS NEW ALBUM.



Richard Digance and fellow loonies Barriemore Barlow, Rick Kemp, Doug Morter, John O'Connor and Mike Lewis, will be giving a concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, Monday March 20th at 7.45pm. Also giving her support will be Miss West Ham - Penny Bantley.

The concert will be recorded for a live album, so if you go and exercise your vocal chords, you could well be one of 1978's first superstars!

Tickets £2.00, (£1.75, £1.50 from the box office, 01-928 3191 and usual agents)
(Greater London Council, Queen Elizabeth Hall)
Director: George Martin O.B.E.
A Jo Lustig Presentation

Chrysalis
Records

TRIAD, Southmill Road, BISHOPS STORTFORD
SATURDAY MARCH 18th

**THE SAINTS**
+ The Jolt

£1.10 in advance £1.20 on door
Saturday April 6th **GENERATION X**

LONDON PALLADIUM
APRIL 13-14-15 4perfs only
LOUIS BENJAMIN presents

**THE SUPREMES**
MARY WILSON
KAREN JACKSON & KAAREN RAGLAND

BOX OFFICE OPEN-BOOK NOW 01-437 7373
APRIL 13th & 14th at 8.0, APRIL 15th at 6.15 & 8.45.

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday March 17th

ADVERTISING

Saturday March 18th

BITTER SWEET
+ **PONDERS END**

Admission from 85p both nights

**DINGWALLS**
01-267 4567 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 16:
RADIATORS FROM SPACE
SAT 18: WHIRLWIND, JOHNNY G.
TUES 21: FROM U.S.A. CARL MANN
WED 22: THE STUKAS and
THE SMIRKS
MONDAY 27 FROM NEW YORK
THE SHIRTS
N.B. CLOSED 23rd, 24th, 25th

100 CLUB,
Sunday March 19th, 7.30
Charlie Gillett's
Honky Tonk Party

Tuesday March 21st
WIRE
+ Special Guests THE SAWKES
Monday March 22nd
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ CHWIA STREET
Tuesday March 28th
THE TROGGS
+ PERKE ORANGE

CHAS & DAVE
+ GARENT WATKINS
Monday March 20th
PENETRATION
+ DICK ENVY

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARBING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E 16

GIRLSCHOOL (ALL GIRLS)
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22nd

RADIO BIRDMAN
"ANGLO STRIKE"
Rock Garden, Cuscut Garden 19th March
Hoe & Antelope 20th March
Rocky, Redwood 21st March
Rockstar Castle 22nd March
24th March
25th March
On Stage 9.00pm
Further dates to be announced

"RADIOS APPEAR"
At 10.00pm 19th March
"WHAT GIVES?"
At 10.00pm 20th March

ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCE
SATURDAY 18th MARCH
Edwards Hall, Letchworth Town Centre
GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
+ **ROCKHOUSE**
and THE CRAZY CAVAN DISCO

8pm to midnight
Bar - Snacks
Admission £1.50
Details: Hitchin 612851
Letchworth 6847

Saturday, MARCH 18th

David Coverdale WHITE SNAKE
+ **HEAD WAITER**
£2.00 pay at door
MUSIC MACHINE, Camden High St, N.W.1.

Chiswick Polytechnic, Bath Road, W.4
Reg Bk, Friday March 17th
Reggae with

Misty + The Gremlins
+ Hot Feet Disco
Admission 85p

BLAST BLUE WAVE

FURNACE
AND THE
HEATWAVES

"CATCH THEM AT THE LYCEUM FRIDAY 24th"

MAY THE E.P. BE WITH YOU - SOON!

TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

Mar. 16
BODIE AND THE ROTRODS
Mar. 18
GORDON GATRAP
Mar. 19
BILLY JOEL
Mar. 19
599
Mar. 19
FATS DOMINO
Mar. 20
RICHARD DIGANCE
Mar. 20/21
SHIRLEY BASSEY
Mar. 20/28
TANGERINE DREAM
Mar. 21
LASERUM
Mar. 22
JOHN OTWAY AND WILD
WILLY BARRETT
Mar. 23
JOHN MILES
Mar. 23
KANSAS
Mar. 26
TAVARES
Mar. 26
GONG (WITH JACK TAYLOR)
Mar. 26
PROFESSOR LONGHAIR
Mar. 26
JOHNNY NASH
Mar. 28
THE VIBRATORS
Mar. 27/28
TOM ROBINSON BAND
Mar. 28
CHARLES AZNAVOUR
Mar. 29
TAPPA ZUNI
Mar. 30/31
CHICK COREA
Apr. 1 and 2
PATTI SMITH
Apr. 1
RUBINOS AND GREG KHIN
Apr. 2
CHEAP TRICKS

Apr. 5th STYLISTICS + CANN STATION
Apr. 6
MARTY ROBBINS + DON EVERLY
Apr. 9
HOT CHOCOLATE
Apr. 9
THREE DEGREES
Apr. 9
GENERATION X
Apr. 18
MANFRED MANN
Apr. 19/16
ELVIS COSTELLO
Apr. 16
TAMPA TUCKER
Apr. 18/19
KRIS KISTOFFERSON, RITA COOKIDGE AND BILLY SWANN
Apr. 20
MAX BOYCE
Apr. 22/23
THE COMMODORES
Apr. 23
RANDY EDELMAN
Apr. 23
STEEL PULSE
Apr. 28/29
RORY GALLAGHER
Apr. 30/May 1
GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
May 3/4
BLUE OYSTER CULT
May 7-10
JETHRO TULL
May 15
STYX
May 15-20
ELKIE BROOKS
May 17
GRASS CONSTRUCTION
FOOTBALL
ENGLAND v BRAZIL
Wednesday, April 19th

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
95 SHAFESBURY AVENUE, W.1.
General Enquiries: 01-439 3371
Telephone Credit Card Bookings 01-240 0681

EASTER HOLIDAYS!!!

BRIAN B. goes on a nationwide tour this Easter. First dates are Plaistow, Walthamstow, East Grinstead, Weymouth, Doncaster, and St Mary Cray. His train leaves early on Thursday, March 23rd. So that's when all copy has to be in O.K. Don't forget, ALL COPY FOR APRIL 1st ISSUE MUST be in by 5 pm Wednesday, March 22nd.

Please help him start the tour on time!
Ta.
All at the N.M.E.

DESPERATE STRAITS

Tel. 01-486 8936 day
HomeTel Newgate 104421 60883
evenings

• Monday March 26th
QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE
Ilford
• Saturday March 25th
STROUD - SPRING FESTIVAL
• Sunday March 26th
YEOVE - JOHNSON HALL
• Friday April 7th
WARWICK UNIVERSITY
• Saturday April 8th
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD - DACORUM COLLEGE
• Sunday April 9th
COLCHESTER - ESSEX UNIVERSITY
Monday April 10th
CROYDON - RED DEER
• Friday April 14th
(To be confirmed)
London - Central London Poly or Watford Tech College
Saturday May 6th
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD - HEATH BARN
Saturday May 13th
ROSWORTH - THREE RABBITS
Monday May 20th
BRENTWOOD - YOUTH HOUSE
• Dates on Free Floating Anarchy Tour - with Peter Gang

SPRINGTIME FOR BASHER CONTD

Continued from page 8

"Nowadays I just steal the stuff. I don't try and write in anybody's style: if I hear a good lick on a disco record or something, I'll just pinch it and use it and by the time it's come out it's only students of the genre who'd recognise it and know where I pinched it from. In some cases it's almost a virtue to pinch — and it's like the difference between... Eric Carmen, say. When you hear him pinching from Paul McCartney — the style of the voice — he's trying to steal a bit of McCartney's thunder, you know, to get over to people like Paul does."

"He's got it down, he's very clever, but it's like the difference between The Beatles doing The Beach Boys on 'Back In The U.S.S.R.' That's so obviously Beach Boys and so obviously just jumped out of there. Eric Carmen is just 'ahhhhh, go listen to your bloody Paul McCartney records then', but The Beatles are 'woooooohhhh great! They've done a Beach Boys bit!'"

"That's what I'm trying to do. Basically I'll just lift ideas because I think ideas are the most exciting part of the whole thing. Nowadays, I buy the music papers, man, and I read them cover to cover because it's much more off-the-wall now. It's all just a lot more fun because the rule book's been bunged out of the window."

"I don't think of myself as a Songwriter or A Producer. I'm just in a great position to really live a few fantasies because I'm basically a fan and I can do what I want. And if people actually like it that's fantastic and if they don't... well, I'll go and do something else."

"It's all just ideas. And I can always change my mind. I might go jazz. Or folk."

"I've got a funny feeling about acoustic guitars. I think they might just come back in a big way. I've got a feeling about folk music and the folk scene... that whole scaling down of volume. I mean, Elvis could do a killer gig in a small place with just an acoustic. People who've got good chews and know how to put 'em, across. Because I'm not really a performer, but there's a few people."

"Yeah, but it was punk that virtually quadrupled the number of groups in the country."

"Just like the Beat Boom. But 95% of them will end up back in the biscuit factory and they'll have the Antoria Les Paul copy under the bed and get married and move into a council house. It'll be just like the Beat Boom. Can you imagine how many Gibson J35s under beds in Liverpool when the guy just thought, 'I know we're having another nipper and we need the extra money but I'll just keep the old guitar'?"

"It'll be just the same with the punk thing, but the ones that are really keen on it... it'll be just the same as happened to me during the Beatle era. I was just playing in school bands and all that, but it just gets to you. You can never do anything else again, and you'll force yourself to learn more about it, because there's nothing as pitiful as someone who hasn't got any fucking clue and is just hanging on."

"But the people from the punk thing who've got any kind of sense of what's going on... maybe they've been thwarted, and they'll go off and get jobs and then they'll learn a bit more and have another little stab."

"I'm convinced that anyone who's got any idea and thinks that they know what's going on, they're the ones who'll find that it'll come round to them."

"When I hear people moaning, 'Awww, fucking record company never did a thing for us, they fucked us up' — in a lot of cases it's true, but in too many cases it's because they're shit. And people can pick that up. You don't have to be a musician to know if someone's doing it. You could be a baker standing in the audience and you'd know if someone's really cracking it. There's no way, I'm serious, that Paul McCartney could not have been discovered. John Lennon probably yes."

"If they were fifteen years younger, Macca'd be on Top Of The Pops and Lennon would've had three singles out on Stiff."

THE BADGES emblazoned with "Pure Pop For Now People" started to appear almost a year ago, well before all this powerpop garb. What does "pop" mean to Nick Lowe?



"I started to want to do more pop stuff because I was sick of copying people. I just wanted to steal it. With a poppier approach and a bit of commonsense you can do whatever you want. It doesn't mean just doing all smiling faced pop songs. Anything to get across the emotion that you want to get across. You could do a heavy rock thing; you can buy gadgets now where you just step on a pedal and go from Nashville to Croydon."

"It's easy for me, that's why. I've got to make a living, and this is easy but also I think there's a lot of people who can do that and get off on it and dig writing in different styles without thinking. That's a bit uncool! I'm gonna get hard time for this. They can do that and get their personality across too. It's good from an audience point of view, because it's easy to listen to but still a bit thought-provoking."

"Yeah, but 100c exist as an awful warning for what happens if you follow that philosophy too far."

"Yeah, but they got worried about drying up and so they started to force it and use too much technology whereas what I'm into doing is keeping it simple and keeping it so that people can understand it. This whole 'pop' thing has sprung up now, whereas I mean it as a very simple, easy-to-use-on-embarassing-bending formula for listening to music which I described as pop music because then it was a real unfashionable word."

"Now it's fashionable and it's got these awful overtones — and I view it with mounting horror — of a rush of awful smiling groups like check-outs from New Faces all going 'I love you dicky dicky boo' with thin ties on. That'd be fucking ghastly. That's not what I mean at all."

"It has never got to be tepid. I love rock and roll with too much passion to ever let it wimp out like that. If I do something wimpy, it's gonna be super-wimpy. Right over the top."

Nick Lowe is a man without guilt or shame — musically, anyway. "I used up all my supplies of guilt years ago." The song "Little Hitler" on his album — and, just to set the record straight, is about petty authoritarianism with no straightforward political overtones whatsoever — derived from the time when Elvis Costello mentioned that he was writing a song of that title.

Lowe had his song down before Costello even had the time to finish his. A slightly aggrieved Costello subsequently suggested that Lowe's next album be called "Grand Larceny".

AN ANECDOTE for dessert. Lowe's nickname "Basher" was given him by Lee Brilleaux during sessions for the Feelgoods "Be Seeing You" album after the Nth time that Lowe told the band to "bash it down and we'll start it up later". Perhaps this ultra-causal approach can be best demonstrated by recounting what went down when Lowe delivered the tapes of Elvis' new album to CBS in New York for mastering.

"Mastering" is the process whereby a tape is transformed into the master disc from which copies of a record are pressed, and a lot of bands and producers use the mastering process to boost frequencies on the record to cover up for weaknesses in performance or mix.

So Basher swans in with the tape and the cutting engineer asks him, where he wants the volume and frequencies boosted. "No, it's all right squire," says Basher. "It's all right, I've mixed it. Just bash it down and make it as loud as possible."

The engineer can't believe this, because they spent three days tiddling about doing Chicago's last album, boosting here and there and what have you and here's this drunken Brit telling him to do it straight.

So after much headshaking and well-it-thats-what-you-really-want-it'll-be-your-own-fault-don't-blame-me, he does it like Basher says and lo and behold, it's the loudest, cleanest album he's ever mastered. He expresses his surprise.

"Told you it was all right, didn't I?" says Basher. "See ya."

And he slopes out.

FINALLY NICK, what's the last lick that you liked enough to steal and when can we expect to hear it?

"Oh, you bugger! That's a very good question, that is... you know what?"

"What?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

HURRY! LEVI'S HURRY!

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LONDON & SE
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BASSIST AND drummer wanted. Vast/punk. A new wave of our own. Lunatics and females preferred. Talentless. Jon. Cheshamford 72254.

DRUMMER REQUIRED, minimalist cymbals? Would be beginner? Do you understand? Yes! Phone Nick — 01-467 8127 between 6-8 pm inner London.

GOOD GUITAR player seeks exceptional New Wave Band. Some writing and gear. Yarnish, Maine. Alister — 274 5516.

GUITARIST WANTS to form Quo. Kite-type rock band. Own gear but no session room. Phone Wigton, Leicester, ask for Mark. 0533 852533.

GUY 23 seeks talented guys to start group. No punks or junkies, just hard work to move up. 01-567 5566.

HARD CORNE band. Old influences. Kate & Karen. No boys please. Incest is best. 01-321 4662. "Missing Time" — Harpenden 08262.

NEON ENERGY singer-song writer seeks pianist with open ear to form band. Pro. r/b, Kenosau inspired. Positive beats required. Owen 01-274 6891.

INVENTIVE DRUMMER wanted for Name New Wave group. 574 3058 (Rich).

LEAD GUITARIST with urge to sing. Wilko type rock and roll required to help form three piece, pop/dynastic band. Phone 693 6724 (Croydon).

LONDON SONGWRITER/Singer seeks young musicians to form band. Phone Steve — 01-253 3038 (evening).

NICKY HOUSE should not apply. Don't fret, lead guitarist needed for Enfield based rock band. Posh to punk. Dave 01-382 4662.

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OUTSTANDING SINGER songwriter seeks fellow artists for commercial venture. 01-228 6361 8-7 pm ask for Lawrence.

PSYCHEDELIC SCIENCE rock outfit forming requires keyboard, bass, drums with gear. Jazzy, funk, pop, funk. Time to rehearse. Phone Mike — 01-403 4884.

RUBBER FLOWERS want replacement bassist to help present art form. Guildford area. Alex, Cranleigh 2747.

SCHOOL BOY (bass) seeks punks to play and gig with in the holidays. Phone Watson 01-261 2847. Will answer.

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THIS IS your last chance. Good! Guitarist/singer needed. No punks, no wave. Otherwise it's back to the civil service! Evenings 01-446 4880.

URGENT: RHYTHM lead guitarist, some vocals — male or female for a group with bookings throughout the year. Ponders Bar 50500.

YOUNG ROCK/beat band urgently requires tight loony drummer must be totally committed. Transport, vocals preferred. Phone Rich — Gosport 83108.

12/177 Organist/singer, possibly guitar, wanted, harmonies, humour essential. Santana, Quo, Radio Stars. Albion influenced organ provided. Marlow 4847.

SOUTH WEST
DRUMMER (HUMAN), moodmaker, rocksteady, versatile for talented bunch of subnormal humans creating original wave music. Phone Bristol 36267.

MIDLANDS
BASSIST FOR Punk band. Original material. Must be enthusiastic and ambitious. Ray — 0213 8711.

BASSIST URGENT for original rock band. Pro minded. Enquiries, 21 Spradocks Drive, Widdowood, Stafford.

DRUMMER in early teens requires punk rock/beat band. Phone Mandy, Grantham 4447.

HAVE CONTRACT but no drummer — Phone Peter/borough 0733 222378.

NORTH
DRUMMER WANTED for tasteful rock band. Tel: Phil 061-344 5622.

FEMALE GUITARIST keyboard/vocalist for all genres. Gigs waiting. Genny — Blackpool 27999.

STRANGE? REUTERST — needed immediately, experimental drummer and guitarist with own equipment. Commitment essential. Nico. Wire influences. Gary — Grimsby 51308.

IRELAND
KEYBOARDS/VOCALIST and lead guitarist required to join amateur female group — aim to cut demo. Phone Belfast 21062. 5.30 — 7.30pm.

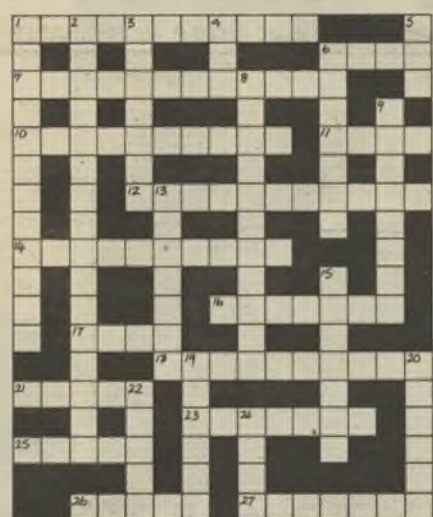
VOCALISTS WANTED 10p per word

SOUTH WEST
RECENTLY FORMED rock band need male singer. Experience or equipment not necessary. — Ring Ab, Clevedon 874482 evening.

WORK WANTED 10p per word

LONDON & SE
EXPERIENCED drummer seeks working musical band. Ring Trevor, 01 690 3116 (evening).

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Not the geocor from Nazareth, this is the one from the freezer! (5, 2, 4)
- 6 Singer with the Velvet Underground Mki
- 7 & 9 A.k.a. Punk's Greatest Hits (5, 4, 3, 8)
- 10 Neil Young meets "Holidays In The Sun" (2, 3, 5)
- 11 See 5
- 12 Breton harpist with ethnic bent (4, 7)
- 14 Jonathan Richman's cruising classic
- 16 America's best-selling album of 1977... of 1978... 1979... 1980?
- 17 Idiot of the grass!!
- 18 Count Dracula's punky offspring? (4, 6)
- 21 See 25
- 23 He's been called the inventor of country-rock (no, not Tony!)
- 25 & 21 Guitarist on 7/9
- 26 See 2
- 27 To Neil as David is to Graham!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Pastiche"; 4 Pub-Rock; 7 "Alright Now"; 11 Ann (Margret); 12 "That'll Be The Day"; 14 Crystals; 16 The Jam; 18 Lee Perry; 19 Tornadoes; 20 Beserkley; 22 EMI; 23 Jim Reeves; 25 Searchers; 28 (Kenny) Jones; 29 "Is This Love"; 30 "Hot Love"; 31 (Ann) Margret; 32 Darts.
DOWN: 1 "Plastic Letters"; 2 "Spread Your Wings"; 3 "Hot (Love)"; 5 Blondie; 6 Kenny (Jones); 8 Holland, Dozier (Holland); 9 "School's Out"; 10 "Layla"; 13 "Hot Legs"; 15 "Solbury Hill"; 17 "Maybelline"; 21 "Elvis"; 24 "School's Out"; 26 Asher; 27 Tina (Turner).

DOWN

- 1 Reggae artist, cut the original, "Police & Thieves" (6, 6)
- 2 & 26 An R&B golden oldie from 1960 — and The Drifters' first really big UK hit (4, 3, 4, 5, 2, 2)
- 3 The former Mrs Wonder
- 4 Krautrockers, for openness!
- 5 & 11 He was the original instigator of the ELO
- 6 Anything that's not powerpop or punk! (3, 4)
- 8 Defunct pop-rockers — one of them went into The Motors (5, 6)
- 9 See 7
- 13 Prince of Ponce, Duke of Sleaze, Godfather of Punk — that kind of stuff (3, 4)
- 15 & 22 A.k.a. Winston Rodney
- 19 One kind of B.B.&A
- 20 Admirable Bill, or, if you like, Admiral Bill!
- 22 See 15
- 24 As they were for "Do Anything You Wanna Do"

Voice Squad ROCK GARDEN

GOOD TO see a group jump out of the ashes of a former incarnation with even more enthusiasm than before.

They used to be Kokomo: now watch out for Voice Squad!

A smaller, more controllable unit with the addition of Trevor Marias on drums and vocalist Bonnie Wilkinson, the act possesses more dynamism and bite and the repertoire (hardly any Kokomo numbers) follows suit.

After opening with Paul Simon's up-tempo, "Gone At Last", Bonnie Wilkinson aired her talents on the second number — a gospel "Hallelujah I Love Him So" — and impressed everyone with the power and range of her voice.

Dyan Birch and Alan Maclean duetted on "You're All I Need To Get By", but it was the fourth number, "Moondance", which really invaded the senses with Bonnie turning in a remarkable performance.

By now Frank Collins was itching to display his prowess and as leader of the pack displayed his form on "Amazing Grace".

His control over the rest of the group is tight, almost tyrannical at times, but his undeniably astounding voice more than compensates for his often tiresome attitude.

Either mockingly chiding ("we've decided we're going to sing this next one in tune") or outright demanding (a loud "Shhh" when the band ignored his hand signals to drop the volume), he conducts, cajoles and encourages the singers and musicians through some very intricate manoeuvres: the vocal finales to one or two songs actually had me gasping at their precision.

The most unusual selection of the evening was George Gershwin's "Our Love Is Here To Stay" — sung round one microphone, which Frank admitted they all hated doing because it was so difficult.

Unfortunately it fell on clothbound ears for the most part, but the situation was quickly retrieved by Alan "The-Man-with-the-Golden-Voice" Maclean's rendition of "Smack Dab In The Middle", followed by the real pressure cooker of the evening, "Which Way Is Up", during which Collins proffered the mike to would-be vocalists in the audience.

Neil Hubbard's hard throaty guitar gave this and other songs the incisive edge that made them memorable. He uses every space on the fretboard, sustaining the near-perfect dynamic tension in each song by the insertion of brief flurries of notes that always left me drooling for more.

Organist Tony O'Mally then did a fair Ray Charles on "Anonymous Love" and the set concluded with Stevie Wonder's "As".

After a long pause Voice Squad encored with "Just Walk In My Shoes" — a pleasant stroll into the night. Hubbard looked set to play for a few hours more, but on turning round to find everyone else had left the stage he exited apparently as reluctantly as did most of the audience not long afterwards. An enthusiastic, genuine crowd, rather than massed fanatics, had enjoyed an evening's good music.

On this showing, Voice Squad have exercised the spectre of Kokomo and wisely, I think, seem more concerned with playing good live gigs in small venues than recording for a while. That's fine by me: a good gig lasts for ever.

Neil Norman

Gone Ideal??

Have you visited the Ideal Home Exhibition yet? Come and see us on Stand 619 where we're selling some of our recent tour merchandise — t shirts, sweat shirts, badges, posters, programmes etc. Don't forget it's a great show!

Go Ideal with Brockum



Brockum International, 55, St. Thomas Street Oxford, OX1 1JP.

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RING: 01-261 6122



Jimmy Pursey (left) and Sham 69 change image in this week's Bag — as do Skrewdriver (below), shock horror phew...



100% Pure Porky Prime Cuts Beefy Chops Skinless Bag

I AM WRITING this letter to attempt to put a few things straight. Number one is that Skrewdriver are no longer a skinhead band due to the increasing violence at our gigs. We also realise that as a skinhead band our gig schedule would almost be non-existent due to the skinheads' violent image. I do not also like the way in which certain people in the audience are picked upon and beaten to a pulp just because they seem to be enjoying the band. I have many skinhead friends myself but it is just a certain few who attempt to ruin the gigs. I do not mind who attends our gigs whoever they are so long as they are there to enjoy the music and not to beat the hell out of each other. We are making a conscious effort to stop any violence at our gigs and I only wish the audience would do the same.

Another matter I would like to bring up is the fact that I keep reading about Jimmy Pursey telling everyone who wants a fight to go to our gigs. Skrewdriver would very much appreciate it if Pursey would keep the problems in his audiences to himself. We have got enough of our own. If he cannot control certain sections of his audience that's tough, and don't load those problems onto someone else, specially us.

IAN STUART, Skrewdriver.

Yesh, OK Jan. — M.S.

IN REPLY to the Adverts fan from Kent (March 11th): I wasn't at the Greyhound that particular night but from your description of "muronic skinheads" involved, I know who they are.

For your information these particular goons have been going to the Greyhound every Sunday night for as long as I can remember, and I can assure you, that on a boring night they are the life and soul of the party. So if anybody has the right to criticise how they behave, it should be someone who goes there just as often, not some prat that goes down there once and just happens to get hit by a low-flying walking stick. So what if they have got new checked shirts and

braces, it's better than spending all day bitching about it — which doesn't say much for me, does it?

What 'ave we got? — Big boots and tiny minds — but who cares?
AN UNHINGED McDONALD LOVER, Creepy Crawley.

Er, Big Mac to go, easy on the fries.
— JON ANDERSON.

YOUR USE of sly innuendoes and unsubtle hints is rapidly becoming quite disgusting in its determined bigotry. I refer to the part of Brian Case's "Sham 69" piece in which he remarked on rock's attitude to race. Punk rockers, it seems, have a complete monopoly on all decent racial feeling, whereas those rotten BOF's are next door to being Nazis.

This, anyway, was the impression Case contrived to give, firstly by the use of convenient quotes from Rotten, Strummer and Pursey and then by the mention of Clapton, Stewart and Bowie. Firstly, Rotten said his piece and joined the Anti-Nazi League and got press coverage, all of which cost him nothing. Then, however, he performed and presumably got paid for performing the revolting "Belsen Was A Gas". Highly credible.

Then to Jimmy Pursey, with 'street credibility' positively oozing out of his ears, he preaches racial harmony — but class warfare. Why is it that hatred of immigrants is deemed to be worse than his hatred of the middle-class?

The same arguments would seem to apply equally well to Joe Strummer, who presumably condones Mick Jones' remark about 'middle class twits' in a recent *Radio Times*.

As for the fascist BOF's, the most hard done by would appear to be Eric Clapton. I can't recall reading any interview with or feature on the man, since his drunken ravings, in which he hasn't apologised for his remarks and retracted from the attitudes expressed therein.

Bowie is, was and probably always will be... a weirdo. He sees no hope for human society, and hasn't since the late '60s, so what he suggests that we do, while awaiting the end, does not seem in any way central to his thinking. (It's also amusing how you switch Bowie from old-wave to new-wave and back again whenever you find it convenient.)

As for Rod Stewart, he has made asinine remarks for which he hasn't apologised and that is inexcusable. He doesn't, however, like Rotten or Pursey, bring politics into his music and try to profit by so doing.

Brian Case avoided all mention of my points in his article. Alright, so space was limited, but if he didn't have time or inclination to examine or explain the whole truth, then he shouldn't have included that section, but simply kept to describing Jimmy Pursey's very creditable stand against racism.

THE AUTHOR.
As the most elderly BOF I have ever met — ditched Rock a bit before "Heartbreak Hotel" — I'm not about

to take up cudgels on behalf of either old or new wave rock. My quotes were taken from RAR's newspaper *Temporary Hoarding*; my hints once won a Blue Ribbon for subtlety. — BC.

AS A REGULAR reader of NME I must protest about the amount of anti NF items being printed in your paper. In the past few months there's been a considerable amount of items printed probably equal to that what's printed in the Socialist press about us. (Hey, this guy's got style! — Ed.)

There's got to be a stand against immigration (1 million, half unemployed), a housing shortage, Law Orders running riot, vandals, ruinous acts on private property daily, overmaning in the public sector, losing millions weekly, overseas aid going into Marxist controlled THIRD WORLD countries. How about the THIRD WORLD in this country? This is commonsense not Fascism.

It seems that your reports of D. Bowie giving a salute and E. Clapton saying support Enoch Powell is enough for hysterical people to set up left wing organisations like Rock Against Racism (sic) and shouting 'Nazis' at everybody who comments on the state of the country.

Your *Taz* reference to Lord Nelson statue as being a pigeon shit encrusted old tart is damn right insulting and to compare a national hero with the Sex Pistols.

JAMES TAYLOR, National Front Youth Officer, Leicester Branch.
The Wild Man of Rock strikes again. Listen Mr Taylor, I wrote that bit about Nelson and it didn't offend my man. Next time you write, how about enclosing your full address? — M.S.

MY FRIEND and I were strolling down the road last week whilst eating a scrumptious packet of Rowntree's Fruit Gums when, to our surprise, we noticed that the packet contained no less than five black ones. Is this a record?

RABID GRUNTER, Birmingham
Don't think so but you'd best check with the charming Mr. Taylor — M.S.

CAN I just say congratulations to Miles on his Rush article? It must have been bloody difficult not to say "off off" to those pea-brained numbskulls. All this talk of "freedom" reminds me of the bloody Jubilee and all the pompous crap that went with it.

In "Socialist" England, freedom means George Ward sacking workers for even mentioning a Union; it means J. Kingsley Reid talking about "Niggers, Wogs and Coons" and getting away with it; it means blacks being harassed by the police and the NF walking streets, beating up coons and you better not retaliate boy, 'cos this is a free country.

In Rush's ideal world, the strong survive, the weak go to the wall. Social Darwinism. Fascism isn't against Capitalism. Fascism is the most extreme form of Capitalism. Look at Latin America, Iran, Nazi

Germany. And if art is an extension of personality, Rush's music is an extension of their beliefs, just as The Sex Pistols' was.

Private property is OK — if that means your own house and belongings. But no man should have the freedom (call it privilege in the UK) to own another man's income as he can force him into homelessness, starvation, and poverty through the use of Capital.

We've enough Neo-fascists already. We don't need to import them.
TOGLIATTE, N. LONDON.

HOW MANY more silver spoon lardersed turd-brains are gonna beat all over their sanitised teen-kleen notepaper to *Gashag* about how your humble hero is making newsheet mince-meat of last year's punky-waver heroes? You verbal-wankers make me sick with your paper-macho middle-class factory boys desperately trying to be hip by being on the dole for the last nine months — I wouldn't join your Macho Boys' Club even if I was tall enough, and when I decide what's gonna be hip next you better move fast rich boys cos before you can say 'street-ehic' I'll be whining about the next Big Sell-Out right here in NME and you'll be caught with your C&A bondage strides around your ankles yet again.

Right here in Babylon solipsism rules, ma babe, and a man gotta save for his mortgage, so you misogynist bourgeois rich-bitch hordes needn't bother looking for me — after all, doesn't everyone know that I'm just a figment of Nick Kent's imagination? White wedding, I wanna wedding.

Yours with a studied sneer.
THE REAL TONY PARSONS, No fixed abode, Sheffield.

Don't believe this (for a moment). As don't we all. — THE DUMMY M.S.

WELL, there I was beating furiously over the new Blondie cover, when I thought I'd put on the single. Now here's the rub! I inadvertently put it on 33½ and made a staggering discovery. Do you know? Blondie, i.e. Debbie Harry is a chappie! It's all right you scoffing, go on and try it, play the record slow and all will be revealed. Is this why he/she sounds so good on record and so crap live? Should she be called Harry Debbie? Just who can you trust these days, Johnny?

WORRIED BOOKAN, Lancs.
We here at the Bag always figured Debbie was Kathy Kirby in drag. — M.S.

IS IT true that Debbie Harry has fallen in love with me?
DENIS, Pontishead, Avon
Poor deluded fool — CHRIS STEIN.

SOME OF YOU London hipsters should try living in Norwich. It's a wasteland as far as getting good gigs goes. Every time a tour comes up we look in hope for a gig somewhere in the area. Fat chance. So you can understand how anxious we were to

see Generation X when they booked a date at the University of East Anglia. Well the arseholes pulled out. Why? Cos they were filming for *Top of the Pops*. When did they let us know? At twelve o'clock on the day of the sold-out gig.

Billy Ibbot is a (Thank you. — Ed.) SLIGHTLY PERTURBED, Norwich.

FOUR AND a half quid to stand and see David Boring? If I wasn't so well spoken I'd tell him to go (Thank you very much. — Ed.)
FRIDO BAGGINS, Southampton

PLEASE send one "Modest Bob" badge for blowing Roogalator's cover. "Zero Hero" single comes from an Elmer Rice play of 1923 about a hero called Mr. Zero, who is unheroic. Incidentally, play's title reads "The Adding Machine".

Always on the checkout!
WILLIAM MAKE-UP WAR THACKERAY, Co. Down, N. Ireland.

Did you ever see the movie, though? Well duh. — MILO O'SHEA

IF W. H. SMITH are so smart in refusing to stock *Gay News*, how come they allow their staff to play TRB's "Glad To Be Gay" here in Stevenage, at the height of the Saturday afternoon rush? Did you say "hypocrites"? Right.
"HETERO" (ask my girlfriend) SHAUN KEOGH, Stevenage, Herts. Because they're (That's enough. — Ed.) ...

I LOVE the sound of stolen riffs, Bo Diddley-um-tum-tum-tum.
ISRAEL T. FURTWANGLER, Peckham, London

Haven't we had enough about Bascher in this week's issue? — NIK LOW GANN.

I NEVER realised getting a letter in NME was such a piece of cake, MR KIPLING, Winchester, Hants
Yeah, but try getting a token out of the tight wotsies — MAX JAFFA CAKE.

I'M JUST writing to tell everyone that I'm changing my name from Johnny Bullshit to Brian Bullshit.
BRIAN BULLSHIT, Huddersfield
Mum will be pleased — M.S.

I COULD fart.
WINDY MILLER
Out yer ear 'oles, no doubt. Why do these people share such intimate secrets with us? Or even ...

NME is what it is and nothing's gonna change it, so why do people write to you?
JOHN N.B.G.
Right. (Are we still allowed to use that word?) — M.S.



Edited by Montague Smith

WE LOVE the sound of Triple Dots cuz it means that we're back in the wonderful world of T-Zerz with the usual dizzying panorama of scurrilous gossip, misleading rumours, flat-out hoaxes and downright lies. So let's get movin' and see what we've made up (shouldn't that be "dug up"? — Ed) for you this week...

Tell you what, frankly we here at T-Zerz are sick and tired, maaaaaaan, of always opening up with items about bleedin' little poncey punk rockers, so we're gonna tell you about what happened when **Randy California** of **Spirit**, after playing a Rainbow gig that brought tears of joy to the eyes of the assembled hippies who'd travelled the length and breadth of this green and unpleasant land (along the ley-lines, natch) to see the group, invited the entire audience back to the group's hotel for an apres-gig whatever. Taking Horny Arizona at his word, two hundred boring old farts (bit frisky this morning, aincha? Watch it — Ed) showed up at the hotel and — ha ha ha — weren't let in. That'll teach 'em to trust someone over twenty.

Which brings us, logically enough, to this week's edition of **Basher** Bulletins, the spot in our column dedicated to everyone not totally fed up to the back teeth with **Nick Lowe**: London publicans today reeled back in shock at the news that Basher is giving up drinking in order to be able to (a) fit into his Riddler suit and (b) be able to remember what he did the previous night and (c) to be able to do anything in the evenings to be worth remembering in the mornings (I don't understand this bit — Ed). We also hear that he and Jake Riviera were seen, in a slight state of disrepair, leaving the offices of Phonogram Records clutching a **Peters And Lee** album. We'll just speculate briefly that this means that Basher will be taking the dynamic duo into the studio, mention that he's deffo doing the next **Albertos 45** and try and get through the rest of this column without mentioning him again.

Our **Costello** Clippings service informs us that The Man has not been inactive since his return to these shores. Rock's most fascinatingly enigmatic wearer of plate-glass hornrims showed up at the Roundhouse on Sunday to see the **Albertos** and **Devo** wearing **Ian Hunter**-type shades and accompanying his wife — and nobody recognised him (cept us — Ed). He also did a stint on **Nicky Horse**'s Thursday night show on London's Capitol Radio, whereon his record choice included **T. Rex**'s "Jeepster", **Fleetwood Mac**'s "Need Your Love So Bad" (a **Peter Green**-era track, of course), **Dylan**'s "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window", **Travis** by **Dusty Springfield**, **Richard Hell** and **Gram Parsons** as well as his current fave of the moment, "Bartender's Blues" by country star **George Jones** (written by and featuring on backing vocals

none other than **James Taylor**). He also played **Bowie**'s "Breaking Glass" off the "Low" album, dedicating it to his fellow studio guest (careful! — Ed) who stoutly maintained that he had never heard of the track before, which reminds us that freelance photographer **George Rodnar** was listening to "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" on his car radio when the windshield exploded for no apparent reason. George is currently considering invoicing **Jake Riviera** for the damages...

Last bit from **Costello** clippings: which **Stiff** Tour veteran is currently going around casting aspersions on the authenticity of El's trax on the "Live Stiffs" album? Incidentally, "Live Stiffs" is the first album to be released in the States under the auspices of **Stiff**'s new deal with **Arista**. **Clive Davis** sez: "Stiff Records has made a definite statement by demonstrating a keen ear for unique talent and representing it with style, wit, originality and real know-how." **Dave Robinson** sez: "In a world where courage is at a premium, Arista has given new meaning to the word Wreckless by taking Stiff into its hands".

Arista's second Stiff release will be **Ian Dury**'s "New Boots And Panties!!" even though U.S. Customs (boot hiss!) upped their already ludicrously high nerd count by refusing to allow the import of a few crates of "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll" badges.

ZIGZAG editor **Kris Needs**, invited to write a guest opinion column for **DJM Records'** tedious house mag **DJM Times**, was astonished to see that his list of fave-groups-for-'78 had had **DJM** signings: **Rikki And The Last Days Of Earth** inserted into it, thereby damaging what was left of his street credibility after **Sonet Records'** **Sunny Rae** (finally after weeks of trying) lured Needs to see **The Stinkas**. Alas, the dashing young editor consumed so much booze that he zonked out in his own waste products before the band even hit the stage.

Devo on **Johany Rotten**: "He's a press wanker; his inhospitality seems to end at the back door of the press. He's a dupe of the corporate entertainment syndrome and he may be headed for Las Vegas sooner than he thinks". So whadda you know about, Yanx?

Bassist Nigel Moore of **The Lurkers** copped electroshock off his amp at the Rochester Castle last Saturday and ended up in hospital. We here at T-Zerz are happy to say that he's a write now, so heal fast, pal.

Talking Heads commence recording in **Island's** Nassau studio this week, with **Eno** squatting cross-legged in the producer's seat.

This week's token statutory **Sex Pistols** single, **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** were among the cast of falshands playing with **Johany Thunders** at the **SpeakEasy** last week.

Street Chorus van... a maroon Ford Transit number **JFH 460D** — nicked from outside the **Clapham Two**



"You wouldn't laugh if Blondie came on dressed like this..." **C. P. LEE** and the other **ALBERTOS** layabouts knocked everyone on their fannies (Stateside-wise, man) at London's Roundhouse Sunday night. Pic by **ADRIAN BOOT**.

teazers

A WEEKLY CREPITATION

Brewers last Tuesday night... Suffers from fits of acute conscience pangs should contact Neil at 01-459-2379.

NME lensman **Chalkie Davis** wishes it known that he has not — repeat not — been the recipient of Arts Council grant, as reported in Sunday's **Observer** (We're not bloody surprised. Who do they think he is, **Henry Cow**? — Ed). However, his exhibition, featuring loads of ace pix and lots of **Thin Lizzy** garb, is at the Battersea Arts Centre from April 5 through to April 22...

Silkiest new rockbiz phenomenon of the week: a Warner Brothers act called **Root Boy Slim** and **The Sex Change Band** with **The Rootettes** debuting with a single called "Boogie Til You Puke". We look forward to bearing it as **Tony Blackburn**'s record of the week.

Looking after Number One and Number Two: **The Boomtown Rats** currently occupying the top two positions in the Yugoslavian chart with their last brace of singles...

Next **Graham Parker** album a double, three sides live, one side a 12-inch single. And **Bruce Springsteen**'s next album is called "Racing In The Streets" (Oh Wow — Ed).

And we don't believe this, but **Bruce** is being considered for a role in the **Hair** (Oh double wow — Ed) movie currently being

filmed by Czech exile **Milos Forman**...

Stiff and **Beserkley** had better watch out: there's a new Toronto label run by a staff of three and boasting one artist (the fabulous **Glen Ricketts**) called the **Filthy Rich Record Co**.

Hold the front page, **The Doors** are back — again. **Ray Manzarek**, **Robby Krieger** and **John Densmore** are giving it one more go with an album comprising new stuff, unreleased live material and interpretations of some **Jim Morrison** poetry...

An album of **Kenny Everett**'s 20 Worst Records should soon be reality, K-Tel releasing... And another one to cop should be "The Clean Tapes" by **Peter Cook** and **Dudley Moore** on **Cube Electric** later this year.

Former **Shadow** of himself **Jet Harris** a mite peeved that **Cliff Richard** didn't bother to ask him along to the **Palladium** with the other **Shadows** of their former selves. Still, he's got a band together, man, called **Grease** and they debut at **Holloway Jail** on Easter Monday, tickets available from the usual government outlets...

Book up, too, for **Cuba** where cigar-chewin' **Premier Fidel Castro** has given tentative approval for performances by **Stevie Wonder** and **Diana Ross**. (No wonder he was nuzzled by reality — Ed)...

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	last week
1 (2) SLANDER	1 (2) SLANDER
2 (3) SHAM 66	2 (3) SHAM 66
3 (4) ANARCHY	3 (4) ANARCHY
4 (5) BOLLOCKS	4 (5) BOLLOCKS
5 (6) P.O.D. (Wayne County)	5 (6) P.O.D. (Wayne County)
6 (7) CLASH—POLICE	6 (7) CLASH—POLICE
7 (8) BORED TEENAGER	7 (8) BORED TEENAGER
8 (9) PRETTY VACANT	8 (9) PRETTY VACANT
9 (10) RAMONES	9 (10) RAMONES
10 (11) RAMONES	10 (11) RAMONES

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JIMMY LINDSAY
EASYREMEMBER THE NAME
WIP 6431
ISLAND



Smiling sweetly, **POLY STYRENE** found herself in a "What's going on 'ere?" situation when a brace of laughing policemen requested she put a sock in it, as it were. Time: 2.00 am Sunday. Place: Highbury, Oxendon: Arsenal's. Voices of a party for **Marlane Faithfull** — haven't found out yet & weren't invited anyway. Pic by **DENIS O'REGAN**.

Be the first on your block.



With the debut album from Generation X, simply called Generation X (CHR 1169).
And watch them coming at you on tour.

MARCH

16th MANCHESTER Rafter's
17th DERBY Kings Hall
18th HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic
20th BIRMINGHAM Mayfair
21st OXFORD Elms Court
23rd YATE (BRISTOL) Stars & Stripes

25th ST. ALBANS City Hall
26th CROYDON Greyhound
30th READING Bones
31st MARGATE Dreamland

APRIL

2nd CHELMSFORD
Chancellor Hall

3rd BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
4th NEWPORT Stowaway
5th PLYMOUTH Woods Centre
6th PENZANCE Winter Gardens
8th BISHOPS STORTFORD
Triad Centre
9th LONDON ROUNDHOUSE

Generation X

 **Chrysalis**
Records