

MUSICAL EXPRESS

new

THE
POP
GROUP



BUDGIE READY TO TAKE OFF

BUDGIE begin a 22-date autumn concert tour next month, supported at all venues by Strife. This will be their first outing in this country since Tony Burge left the band, to be replaced by ex-Trapeze guitarist Rob Kendrick. And now that session man Myl Isaac has also departed, Budgie are back to their original three-piece format. The tour is promoted by John Giddings of MAM, and the itinerary is:

Liverpool Empire (October 12), Cambridge Corn Exchange (13), Croydon Greyhound (15), Southampton Gaumont (17), Plymouth

Metro (18), Lancaster University (20), Glasgow Strathclyde University (21), Newcastle City Hall (22), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (23), Cardiff University (25), Swansea University (26), Hull University (28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (29), Manchester Apollo (30), Birmingham Odeon (31), Brighton Top Rank (November 1), St. Albans City Hall (3), Derby Assembly Rooms (6), London Hammer-smith Odeon (7), Maidstone College (10), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (11) and Sheffield Top Rank (12). One or two more gigs may be added.



Steve Hackett first solo tour

STEVE HACKETT, the former Genesis guitarist who left that band early this year, is going out on his first solo tour. Together with a band put together specially for this venture — comprising Hackett (guitar), Peter Hicks (lead vocals), John Hackett (bass and guitar), Dick Cadbury (bass), John Shearer (drums) and Nick Magnus (keyboards) — he's undertaking a European tour, including seven concerts in this country.

He plays Cardiff University (October 23), Manchester Apollo (October 24), Glasgow Apollo (26), Aylesbury Friars (28), Birmingham Odeon (29) and London Hammer-smith Odeon (30), with one more venue still to be confirmed. Box-offices are now open for the first six shows. Chrysalis release Hackett's new single on October 6 — titled "Narnia." It's a re-recorded version of a song from his latest solo LP "Please Don't Touch."

Mini-tour by Quatro

SUZI QUATRO and her band, now featuring new keyboard man Bill Hurd as replacement for Mike Deacon, are set for a six-date mini-tour starting at the end of next month. They play Ipswich Gaumont (October 27), Peterborough ABC (28), Manchester Apollo (29), Sheffield City Hall

(30), Oldham Civic Hall (31) and London Hammersmith Odeon (November 2). Suzi then leaves for Los Angeles to film further "Happy Days" episodes and for recording sessions. Her new album "If You Knew Suzi" is issued by Rak Records tomorrow week (October 6).

RECORD NEWS

Tosh: album, single, tour

REGGAE GIANT Peter Tosh has signed a long-term deal with EMI Records, who will release his product on the Rolling Stones label. His first single through this outlet is "You Gotta Walk Don't Look Back", with vocal support from Mick Jagger, which is rushed out this weekend. His album "Bush Doctor" follows in late October. Together with his band Word Sound & Power, he'll be playing ten British concerts — including two at London Rainbow — as part of a European tour starting October 25.



New Elton John album

ELTON JOHN returns to the album scene on October 20 with the release of his first new LP since "Blue Moves" two years ago. Titled "A Single Man", it's the first under Rocket Records' new distribution deal with Phonogram. Tracks are Shine On Through, Return To Paradise, I Don't Care, Big Dipper, It Ain't Gonna Be Easy, Part Time Love, Georgia, Shooting Star, Madness, Revere and Song For Guy.

Musicians featured are Clive Franks (bass), Tim Renwick (guitar), Steve Holly (drums) and Ray Cooper (percussion), with orchestral scorings by Paul Buckmaster — and there are cameo appearances by Chris Barber's Jazz Band and the staff and players of Watford Football Club! One of the songs "Part Time Love" is issued as a single on October 6, coupled with a track not on the album called "I Cry At Night".

Jam, Sham: new singles

THE JAM AND SHAM 69 both have new singles scheduled for release by Polydor on October 6. Jam's is a rocker called "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight", which Paul Weller describes as "anti-violence and pro-curly", while the B-side is their tribute to Keith Moon titled "So Sad About Us". The Sham single "Hurry Up Harry" sees them augmented on piano by co-producer Peter Wilson, who was featured on organ on their previous hit "If The Kids Are United", and it's coupled with "No Entry".

J.A.L.N. Band's new Magnet single "Universal Love", issued this weekend, is followed on October 20 by their latest album "Movin' City High".

Johnny G has recorded a one-man-band EP, for release by Beggars Banquet at the end of October. Titled "Monophonia", it features four tracks but retails at normal singles price.

Steve Ellis is back in action with a new single out this weekend on Anisla titled "Soothe Me". It's taken from his upcoming album, for November release.

Hawkwind's former Top Ten hit "Silver Machine", recorded live at London Roundhouse in February 1972, is reissued by United Artists on October 6. The first 15,000 copies are 12-inch in a mirror board bag, with the Hawkwind logo embossed on the cover. It then reverts to a seven-inch in a picture bag.

Motown Records have signed three major acts to their stable — Billy Preston who joins from A & M, Bonnie Pointer formerly of the now-disbanded Pointer Sisters, and read-man Grover Washington Jr. First product is from Washington whose new album "Read Seed" is out on November 10, and the other two are currently working on debut product for the label.

The new XTC album "Go 2", for release by Virgin on October 6, will include a free 12-inch EP titled "Go Plus" featuring inverted dub versions of five of the LP tracks. This applies only to the first 20,000 copies, after which it reverts to normal packaging.

The majority of the initial pressings of the Dapford Fun City album "What You See Is What You Are", recorded live during the recent free tour by Hers & Now and Alternative TV, have been found to have a technical fault. Those unhappy with their copies should return them for replacement to Grant Showbiz, 47 Stoneleigh Street, London W.11. Those who are still awaiting copies by mail will have to wait a little longer, while new copies are pressed.

Two singles, both released in picture bags tomorrow (Friday) by Radar Records, are "Hysterie Connective" by Metal Urbein and "In The Colonies" by The Steroids.

Lynda Kelly, the former 5000 Volts lead singer who recently signed with Phil Wainman's Utopia Records, has changed her name to Lynda Virtu for her debut single "Treat Me Like A Woman". It's issued this weekend through Mercury.

Spherical Objects' new single "The Kill" comes out on October 13, complete with picture sleeve and lyric sheet. It's released on Object Music, which is distributed by Rough Trade, Virgin, Lightning and Wynd-Up.

Slade have a new single coming out on October 6 to coincide with the extensive tour they've just begun. Titled "Rock'n'Roll Boogie", it's on the Polydor label.

Worcester band The Tights release a double A-side single this week on the Cherry Red label, comprising "Howard Hughes" and "China Eternal". Issued simultaneously by Soho Records is "All The Time In The World" by The Nips, formerly The Nipple Erectors.

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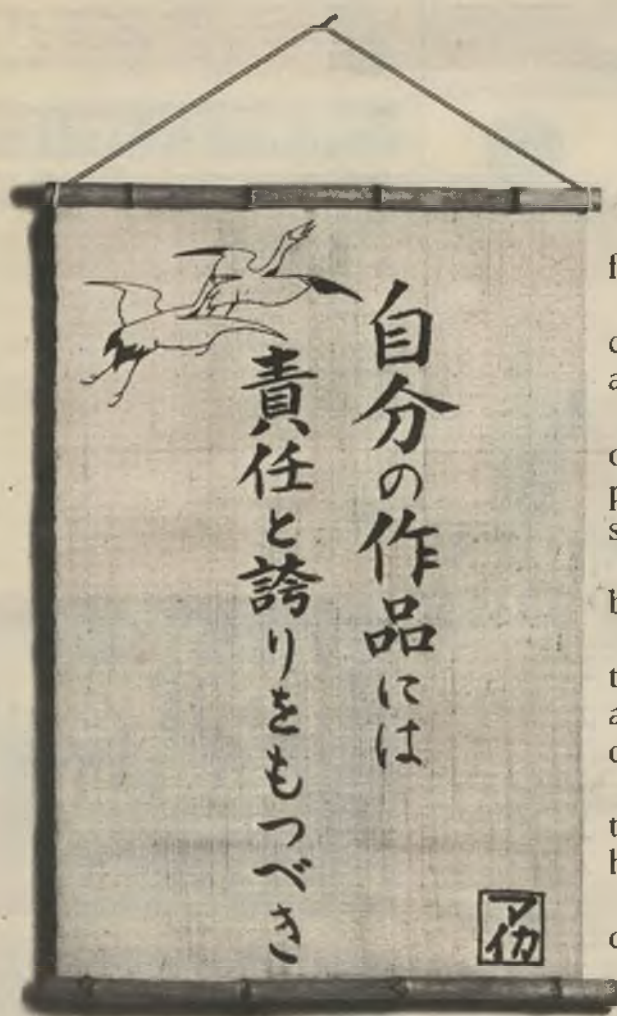
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Queen elpee: bare facts



QUEEN, who are currently recording their new album in Nice, plan to have it ready for release in time for the pre-Christmas market. It has the working title of "Jazz", and the band flew to London ten days ago to supervise photo sessions for the gatefold sleeve. This involved a nude bicycle race, staged in great secrecy at Wimbledon Stadium, by 60 ladies of all shapes and sizes! This explains the titles of the tracks from the LP, which are being issued as a double A-side single next week — "Bicycle Race" and "Fai Bottomed Girls".

Is a motto like this out of place in a modern Hi-Fi factory?



Translated, it reads 'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make'.

Appropriate perhaps to the village cabinet maker. But to a computerised, highly automated Japanese factory?

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AKAI 'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'

PARDON ME if I've misunderstood, but amongst all those pretty speeches and petty let-downs didn't somebody once ask for 'new music night and day'?

And did they get it?

Not quite.

Maybe you, like a good few others, feel more than a little deflated at this moment. And then again maybe you don't. Maybe it summons no wince at all to hear of members of Generation X twinning across the Atlantic with a high fashion vamp on each arm. And maybe you're perfectly happy to frequent some dismal hole in the vain hope of finding something to pogo to.

The hairstyles may come and the hairstyles may go but the facts remain the same. And one of the more incontrovertible facts, is that much of the promise and hoped-for held forth over the past two years simply hasn't been fulfilled. Some of it has, of course, and I'm grateful for that.

But there's also the fun-while-it-last-ed line you will sometimes hear sobbed over a pint. And if you weigh these two attitudes, both somehow on the forcedly bright side of regret and disappointment, against what might have been, the discrepancy is obvious and the potential still massive.

I refer you now to The Pop Group.

They are neither punk saviours nor any other kind of great white hope embittered scribes are wont to foist upon their hapless public. But they are just about the proudest example of what Rotten and Perry's edicts should have wrought that I've encountered in a long time.

This is no idle connection. I could have set The Pop Group against a background of technological and industrial neuroses, ideological masterplans, intellect, eclecticism and weirdness. They would probably have owned up to about three counts and this year's myth would have stood up to one more parade.

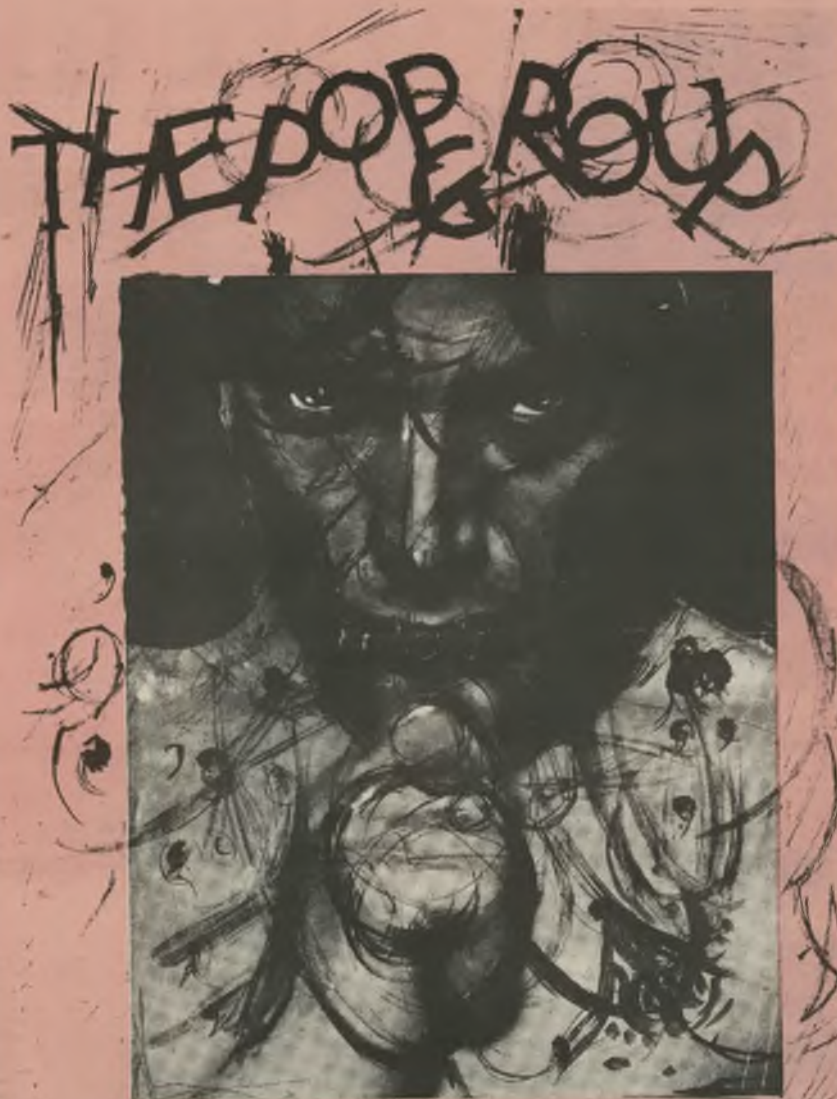
Yet the perpetuation of myth is something none of us needs, and is indirectly something The Pop Group rail against. To put it simply: they want you to think for yourselves and do for yourselves.

Some of our older readers may perceive an echo of the '60s most enduring catchphrase: "Don't Follow Leaders". Younger factions will recall only the aforesaid inflammatory call-to-arms and ensuing promises, promises. Both would have to agree that The Pop Group put those words into practice.

Chances are The Pop Group are an unfamiliar quantity. They aren't given to turning up once a month at the local watering hole, and they've yet to make a record. The name itself leaves no clues. Think about it. At once it conjures everything and anything. From this ambiguity the least you can expect is the unexpected. And you wouldn't be far wrong.

Guitars don't talk, they scream and words just won't give it away. Comparisons will not do either, because if I said they were like Smokey you probably wouldn't read on whereas if I said they were like Television or The Magic Band you might, this being the kind of dead-end conditioned response The Pop Group want to dispel.

They're a hard band to contain.



By PAUL RAMBALI

WHAT SHAKES me up most about this music, simply, is that it has the open, spontaneous temperament of the best jazz — a rare quantity as jazz itself sinks further into the synth-musak mire. Even rarer to find this coupled to raw, breathless, insurgent rock.

I wonder how they did it, when so many who began from the same point seem now to merely aspire to being this week's pop sensation or next year's headbanger herd leader.

"Because we just approached it in a different way," explains Bruce matter-of-factly. Only himself and guitarist Jon Waddington had any previous playing experience.

"There's so many things involved," mutters Mark. "It's not just picking up an instrument. We're not just musicians."

Back to Bruce: "That's the problem with a lot of these guys in bands. All they concern themselves with is music, which is okay, but they cram their heads with it and end up with blinkers on. Everything else gets shoved aside."

Dialogue with The Pop Group goes back and forth like a tennis ball. One person will explain and expand on what the previous has said. They are, on the whole, remarkably unconscious.

"We try to leave ourselves open," says Gareth, "like Leonardo Da Vinci. You know the tale of a child of five wants to learn all the time? He just stayed like that."

"That's what we want to do," chimes Mark. "People only use a small amount of their potential. I don't see the point in just giving up at a certain stage and sinking into a comfortable lethargy with comfortable all-sewn-up attitudes."

"Yeah," Bruce again. "You've gotta keep learning and keep discovering and keep going forward all the time."

Mark fumbles for a record. The afternoon's listening encompasses "Miles Davis live with Gil Evans", "Leggo Dub" and James Brown's "Get Up Offa That Thing". I groove instinctively.

ONSTAGE and off, Mark Stewart looks like an archetype teenage hunk — tall, lean and hungry. When I first saw them I thought I had it sewn up: this lot may not sound like a pop group, but they definitely think they look like one. My theory goes down like egg on a new suit.

It was Mark, Bruce Smith and Gareth Sager who originally formed the band some eighteen months ago. They'd known each other for years and Mark finally talked Gareth into buying an old Burns guitar. Bruce already had a drum kit, and the first song they played together was "My Generation". They got the chords right and couldn't stop, a crazy noise that lasted for three hours, Mark straining his lungs in the absence of a microphone.

Gareth, apart from being a compelling onstage visual factor, at times ranks as a willfully obnoxious runt. "He's the only person I know," says Bruce, "who doesn't mind people disliking him, and sometimes goes out of his way to get just that reaction."

◆ Continues over page



POPGROUP

From previous page

Bruce, born in California but relocated to Britain at the age of seven, is almost the opposite: an outgoing, salubrious person who obviously takes great pleasure in conversation. Mark is pensive, speaking in short, angular bursts, much like his singing and onstage demeanour.

Simon Underwood, in whose small Bristol flat we are gathered, is talkative, enthusiastic — he'd never even looked at a bass guitar before joining the band — while Jon is simply taciturn.

They've acquired a reputation for being intellectuals, because they like the stimulus of ideas, and reclusive, because they'd rather dictate their own pace in the quiet Bristol confines than scramble for the big city at the merest favourable noise. I could throw in a few book titles spied on shelves for elitist measure, but suffice to say they walk, they think, they have girlfriends, they have fun. Their collected ages add up to

f. to r., Mark, Simon, Bruce, Jon (standing), Gareth.



almost a hundred, their collected 'A' levels add up to one. They have unusually keen appetites for knowledge. They steer clear of dogma. "People often can't figure that out," says Bruce, his

Americanisms at odds with a West Country accent. "They can't understand why we haven't been to university, why we haven't spent six years at music school. All we've learnt is what we've learned from all

around us."

Gareth: "It's not that we've got anything to hide. Nor is it like The Residents, we're not trying to concoct some big mystery. We're just average characters who got pissed off

very quickly."

Pissed off with what? "Everything."

Oh. Mark breaks this temporary deadlock: "We're in exactly the same position as everybody else really. But the difference is we're trying to make something happen where a lot of people aren't. People can make things happen outside of bands, they could do all sorts of things."

Bruce: "It's just that music is a very effective form of propaganda — you can get across to everybody."

That's why people call us a rock band, muses Gareth. "Because we're up there with guitars and things. I try to say I'm not in a rock group but it's pretty difficult."

Must be a case of guilt by association, I offer.

"The thing is, we use the standard rock instruments..." Bruce's words solicit groans all round. This has obviously been repeated enough times by them to attain cliché status. Mark gives an analogy: "We're just using words that don't really mean anything anymore."

And we try to do things with those basic instruments that people don't usually do, instead of getting a synthesiser, say, to create new sounds. If you provide yourself with a limit then you can work inside it. Constantly hit the walls and just see if you can't actually break them down.

"There's so many people," he adds in exasperation, "who think the only thing you can do with a guitar is play like Jimmy Page."

"We're showing different places to work in," says Mark. "It's like: we've got arms and legs and so forth and we've done this. You've got arms and legs, think what you might be able to do."

Bruce: "It's a question of setting yourself free and not worrying about inhibitions and people saying you can or can't do that. We want people to question as much as possible. All the rules, conceptions, everything. They should question every action they take."

And they want to make you do this not by soap-box sloganeering, because most likely this would just substitute one set of glib, comfortable delusions for another, but through suggestion. In the sense that their music itself is a pointer towards unexplored, unconsidered possibilities, they disrupt expectations, force you to respond on instinct.

"And the harder we try the more we're going to get across — the more people are going

to start thinking about that kind of thing."

"I like to think that when people are watching us they really feel something, some kind of emotion. They don't just get up and bop around or sit down and contemplate." "That's the reason why we don't give so many performances," continues Mark. "We give everything. We're like stripping ourselves bare when we go out there. We don't hold back and act casual or relaxed, we give it everything we've got. And we hope people realise we give everything we've got and maybe give everything to us. He brightens suddenly.

"That'd be great. We'd meet in the middle like a big ball..." With a broad sweep of his arms he gestures coming together and eruption.

"Chaos. And after the chaos maybe something new will happen. I'd love to inspire people. To inspire somebody would be one of the best things we could possibly do."

IT'S NO act conducted for the benefit of the visiting journalist, and they are at pains to ensure he goes away with a proper understanding of the band and not some half-baked combination of selected fact and projected fantasy.

They speak their minds, they know what they want, and even have a few ideas about how to get it. They are self-contained and autonomous and want to remain so, sharing the chores — creative and otherwise — of keeping the band in action amongst themselves and a group of friends who have grown with them.

There's a short tour forthcoming, the proceeds of which will go via Amnesty to help prisoners of conscience. This isn't trendy concern for trendy causes — the last benefit they did was for old people's homes and you can't get less fashionable than that.

After which they will record an album. Matumbi's Dennis Bovelle agreed to work with them but his band commitments have sadly scotched the project. They're now considering using John Cale.

They might seem like impassioned young idealists but they deny the charge. They reckon what they want is not an ideal so much as a fact that just needs waking up to — they're optimistic realists. They don't want to pull the wool over your eyes, they want to pull it away.

Are we so cynical yet?



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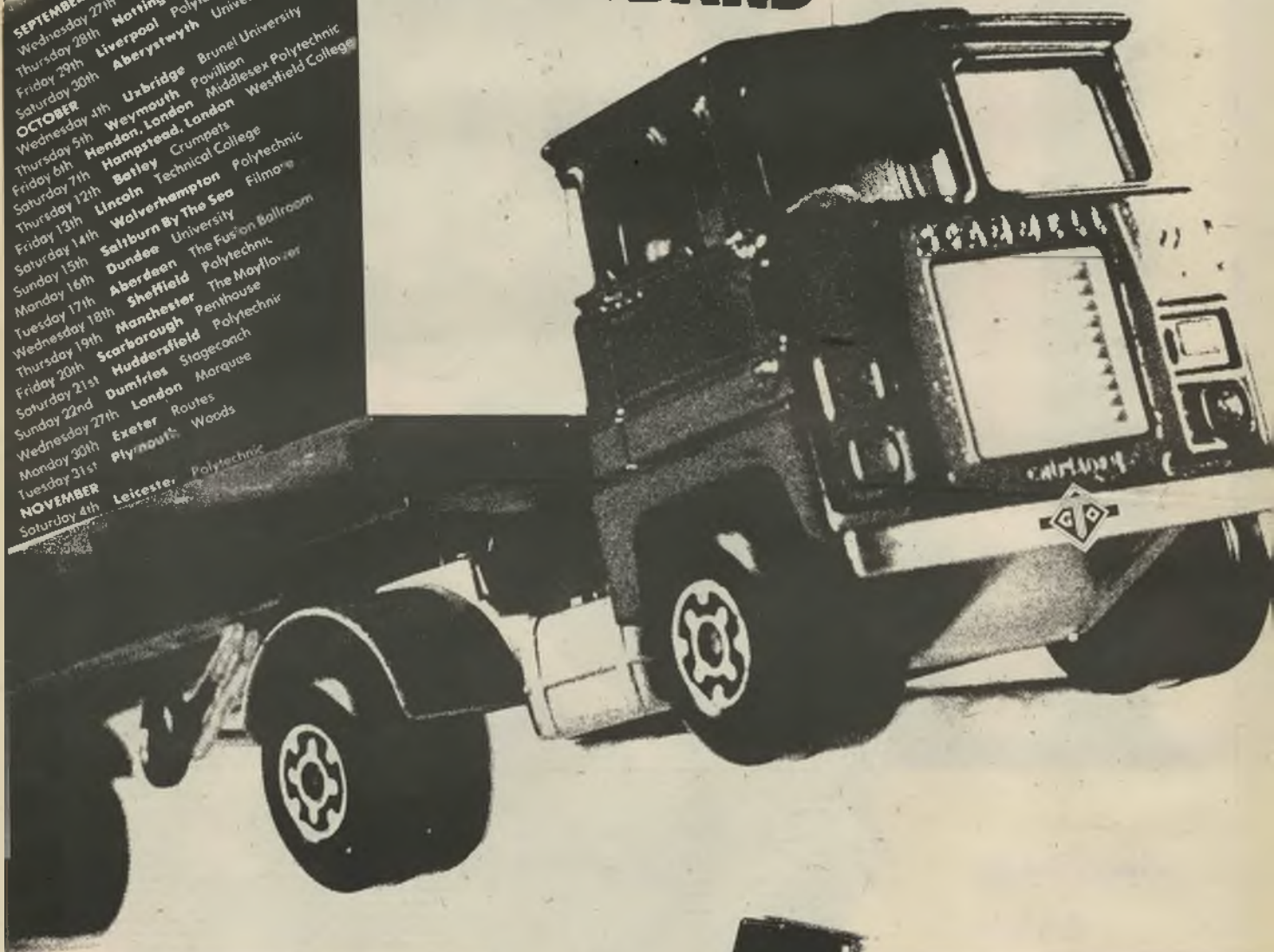
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Friday 6th Hendon, London Middlesex Polytechnic
Saturday 7th Hampstead, London Westfield College
Thursday 12th Batley Crumpets
Friday 13th Lincoln Technical College
Saturday 14th Wolverhampton Polytechnic
Sunday 15th Salisbury By The Sea Film
Monday 16th Dundee University
Tuesday 17th Aberdeen The Fusion Ballroom
Wednesday 18th Sheffield Polytechnic
Thursday 19th Manchester The Mayflower
Friday 20th Scarborough Penthouse
Saturday 21st Huddersfield Polytechnic
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THRILLS



ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE'S LONG HOT CARNIVAL

Observations: **GRAHAM LOCK**

Pictures: **PENNIE SMITH**

THE ANTI-NAZI League ended their long, hot, glorious summer on a note of muted triumph.

50,000 people took to the streets on Sunday to demonstrate their opposition to the racism of the National Front, but the front tactic — typically astute — of marching through the East End on the same day not only split the ANL ranks, but it also cast a disconcerting light on the nature of their support. Repeated appeals for volunteers to defend Brick Lane elicited little response at the concert. People preferred to lie in the sun and enjoy the music. Which is understandable, but it's not a very effective way of smashing fascism.

The ANL has also been under attack from the Tory press, who are probably scared shitless that the racist policies of their own party will be the League's next target. The argument goes that the ANL is merely a front of the Socialist Workers Party. Hysterical though it is, this suspicion could damage the League's popularity with those apparently numerous rock fans who seem to equate any left-wing group in the UK with the Stalinist policies practised in Eastern Europe.

Personally, I agree with the SWP's point that fascism can't be eradicated without fundamental changes to the society in which it flourishes. But I'm also unconvinced that the society they propose would be a preferable alternative.

Still, the point is that punters who think politics should be kept out of rock have their heads stuck firmly in the sand. Opposing the Nazis is a political act, and it doesn't just end there. As Tom Robinson said in his brief speech at Hyde Park, racism is more than the NF, it's probably three-quarters of the Tory party, half of Labour and most of the British police force as well.

After the speeches, predictably

well-intentioned and mealy-mouthed, the march proper got under way about noon, raising great clouds of dust as it left Hyde Park. Punks with green and pink hair mingled with skins, hippies, students and the occasional, lonely representative of the middle-aged middle classes. A lot of black kids too, though fewer Asians — maybe they were in Brick Lane, or maybe it's that their culture tends to get overlooked on occasions like this. Where are you now, Ravi Shankar?

Tourists gaped, angry car-drivers remonstrated with policemen, but the carnival atmosphere ensured that those on the march had a good time. Chants and songs and several floats, with steel bands and new wave groups as diverse as The Members and China Street kept the crowds entertained as the procession headed south across the water in brilliant sunshine.

In Brixton itself, people lined the streets and applauded the marchers, who applauded back. Brixton Gays

hung a banner across the street, welcoming the march. Farther on, Lambeth Town Hall was festooned with a huge banner, "Council Workers Against The Nazis", while across the road the Little Bit Ritzy cinema had changed its name to "Ritzy Against The Nazis".

There were already several hundred people waiting in Brockwell Park when the head of the procession arrived, and people were still streaming in all through Stiff Little Fingers' opening set. Standing in at the last moment for Sham 69, SELF played competent, unexceptional punk, their lyrics often referring to the situation in their home town of Belfast. I was surprised that the lead singer went out of his way to disassociate the band from the Troops Out movement. Apparently, he thinks the soldiers are there to keep the peace. This seems a bit naive to me, and I'd like to suggest the

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ELVIS at Carnival

... BUT ALL IS NOT WELL AT ELVIS' WARM-UP GIG

ON SUNDAY, Elvis Costello played for Rock Against Racism. The night before, he and his entourage had engaged in some Rock Against Journalism.

A reporter sent to cover Costello's New Brighton warm-up gig prior to the carnival wound up with a broken wrist and five stitches in his head — the work, he claims, of Costello's manager Juke Riviera.

In a now familiar display of 'concern' for his charge, Riviera (ne Andrew Jakeman) demanded that all press be excluded from backstage after the gig. And after a heated exchange, Mike Simpson of the local Birkenhead News was trundled unceremoniously out of the superstar's sight.

Apparently, Simpson had been attempting to glean why the Great Man had decided to play a small town like New Brighton. Costello is rumoured to have lived in the area for some time, but the last contact he had with the unfashionable side of the Mersey was primary school.

In answer to what seemed to Simpson a fairly innocuous question, Riviera said that he did not like people with "long hair, velvet jackets, flared jeans... or hippies wearing plimsoles."

Further attempts by Simpson to be granted an audience were rewarded with a headlong flight down a staircase. The reporter later received treatment for a head injury requiring five stitches and a broken right wrist.

When questioned on the subject by Thrills, Riviera said: "Lots of people came backstage as they always do when you play small clubs. I asked one particular group of three people, 'Are you journalists'."

"They said they worked for a local paper and flashed NUP cards all over

the place. One of them said he worked for Record Mirror as well and wanted to ask Elvis some questions."

"I asked him to leave. He asked why, and I said we didn't do interviews. Elvis isn't doing interviews with anyone at the moment. Plus he was trying to talk to his mum at the time. I asked him to leave again."

"The people with him left, and he said he didn't want to get hurt. And I said he wouldn't get hurt if he would just leave."

"He said, 'I won't leave unless you give me a valid reason.' So I said, 'I don't like people with long hair.' He said that wasn't a valid reason. So I said, 'Here's a valid reason', and hit him."

"A few punches were thrown and then Elvis leaped in. Des Brown (Costello's tour manager) pulled Elvis off. He was saying, 'Ease off, champ'. The guy was just a pissed blockhead who wouldn't take 'No' for an answer."

And how exactly did Mike Simpson happen to find his way down that flight of stairs?

"I don't know, man. I was in the dressing room counting my teeth and making sure I still had all my bridgework. I'd just been punched in the mouth four times and I wasn't at my most alert."

A colleague of Simpson's denies that Riviera was punched four times. "There wasn't time," Eric Harwood — also of the Birkenhead News — told Thrills. Simpson has now taken a fortnight sick leave because he can't type with his arm in plaster, and is seeking legal advice.

This is not the first time local journalists, photographers or fanzine writers have complained of assaults backstage at Riviera's hands. Let's hope it is the last.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover



BENYON

• From previous page

alternative explanation that they're there to protect the ruling class.

But my political differences with Stiff Little Fingers were nothing compared with what, for me, became the biggest problem and drawback of the afternoon — Rastafarianism. Misty played some lovely music, the slow, sensuous tug of their bass and keyboards was simply bliss, but I can't add that I think it stinks, too. And this needs to be repeated because, though sexism and racism are equally vile, the former is possibly more prevalent than the latter. You don't find The Stranglers making 'jokes' about beating up Jews or blacks, and you don't find The Stones issuing promotional posters of a black man lying chained and beaten.

There's also the matter of the Rastas' sexism. Julie Burchill has already written about this, so I'll just add that I think it stinks, too. And this needs to be repeated because, though sexism and racism are equally vile, the former is possibly more prevalent than the latter. You don't find The Stranglers making 'jokes' about beating up Jews or blacks, and you don't find The Stones issuing promotional posters of a black man lying chained and beaten.

After Misty, Jimmy Pursey made a short, emotional appearance, attacking the press for the "lies" they'd printed about Sham's withdrawal, and emphasising that he had turned up because he supported wholeheartedly the ANL and RAR. Then John Cooper-Clark read a poem, and next came Elvis Costello, resplendent in red jacket, with a fine set taken mostly from the "This Year's Model" album. Highlights were the amazing, expanded version



of "Watching The Detectives", with Elvis a master of timing, the new (to England) "Radio Radio", and a thoughtfully apt encore of "Peace, Love And Understanding". Inevitably, it lacked the intensity of his indoor gigs, but for me it was the most enjoyable part of the day. Still, I'm a fan.

Aswad topped the bill, a useful political gesture, though hard to justify musically. Their hard, slick sound lacked the appealing warmth of

Misty, but they worked away and had the crowd swaying, waving and punching the air with unabated enthusiasm, even though the sun had gone down and a chilly wind was blowing across the park. The smell of dope hung in the evening air, the lights were needed on stage for the first time, and many people began to make their way to the exits.

Aswad finished with a furious jam, the stage packed with waving, dancing people, and Red Saunders of Rock Against Racism urging: "the struggle will continue".

These thoughts and doubts, written down immediately after the event, are intended as a contribution to that struggle. There can be no doubt that the history of popular music this century is largely the history of black music — Bessie Smith, Robert Johnson, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Muddy Waters, John Coltrane, James Brown, Smokey Robinson, Chuck Berry, Jimi Hendrix, Aretha Franklin, Bob Marley... the list is endless. Anyone

who has ever danced to their music, anyone who has ever bought one of their records, has no choice but to stand up and fight against the racism of the NF and the sympathisers in whatever party.

There is a poem, quoted in the Carnival programme, by Pastor Niemöller, "victim of the Nazis of Germany": "First they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out — because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Communists, and I did not speak out — because I was not a Communist. Next they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out — because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me — and there was no one left to speak out for me."

Think about that, before you decide that politics is just too nasty, and go off to play your new Devo record.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

NEW TOSsing RECORD



"So that's why they wear kilts!" ejaculates Auntie H, who spotted this beauty in Off Licence News.

JOHN BRYANT

IN OUR issue of November 12, 1977 we reported in an article about the Animal Liberation Front that Mr. John Bryant and others broke into the laboratory of ICI and stole two beagles being used for experiments.

It was completely untrue that Mr. Bryant stole the dogs. We wish to make it clear that the dogs were taken to Mr. John Bryant, who is a member of the Council of the R.S.P.C.A. and the Manager of the Ferne Animal Sanctuary. He later placed them in new homes. Although he was charged with receiving the dogs, the prosecution offered no evidence and he was, therefore, acquitted. He agreed to be bound over to keep the peace for two years.

We apologise for any distress or embarrassment caused to Mr. Bryant by this error.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER MURPHY

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Make the most of your Boots.

How to almost drown your way to a name and fame

THOSE OF YOU hip to, or at least vainly searching for, the brand new single "Tele-Tele-Telephone" from the brand new cult artiste Wazmo Nariz, will no doubt be thirsting for some introductory information about this unknown giant of new music.

As you might have guessed, Stiff Records — for some the unparalleled centre of the universe, for others a small but ambitious record company in London — are responsible for unleashing the contrived mystery that is Wazmo Nariz. They picked up the world distribution rights on the single from a small American label called Fiction, will be releasing it here on September 29.

And it will chart, and it won't be fun anymore. This all happened with Devo. Remember when Devo were entertaining?

But let's not get depressed. The questions remain... Who is Wazmo Nariz? Where does he come from? Is he for real? Is he a Christian? Or (shudder) a MORMON??

Wazmo Nariz is from Chicago, Illinois; this much is certain. Previous musical history is vague. Back in the

early '70s he composed a glitter rock opera for two acoustic guitars. He then stumbled upon the talents of an obscure British folk-pop cult artist called Cat Stevens, who influenced his work up to November of last year. He even discovered Talking Heads.

"My God," he cried, "I can't believe it. This is actually creative! And it's in rock!" As he told the *Emerald City Chronicle*: "It just blew me away. It really inspired me to write this particular kind of music."

This particular kind of music is a dramatic and learned distillation of all the MODERN techniques of impact by someone who is obviously more in love with classical music than rock — and by 'classical' I don't mean Yes. His music is impossibly rhythmic, erratic, humorous, eccentric, lust and startling.

His is plastic pop with mannered mythology and testing theories to fall over with and laugh at, just like Devo's. And there's nothing wrong with that (who am I kidding?). He even formed a band: Keith deWolf on bass; Jeff Boyndon on keyboards; Jeff Hill on guitar; Bruce Zelesnik on drums and the man himself on acoustic guitar and vocals.

On the record his voice is truly unique. He cites his vocal influences

as Dolby Factor, Elvis Presley, David Byrne and Cat Stevens. Throw them all together and get some idea of his vocal contortions.

He performed some gigs in the Chicago area, described by the *Emerald City Chronicle* as "a joy. There are few more eye-catching stage antics, and certainly none more imaginative and entertaining." Playing songs such as "Touchy-Feely People", "I Want to Have Sex", "Animal Hospital", "Propinquity", "Wacker Drive" and "Dirty Pictures", Nariz reckons it is "off the wall music."

"When I wrote those songs, I really had no intention of being commercial at all. Because I knew very little about the music industry and... it's like Frank Zappa. He's not commercial, yet he holds a real substantial segment of the music market. That's what I would much rather do as opposed to being commercial."



I've got to live, you know?

"But so far as wanting a hit and sitting down and saying 'This is going to be a hit' — that's crazy! I never want to do that."

Don't you believe it. "Wazmo Nariz" is simply a concept of manipulation with definite commercial ends, like Howard Devoto, Elvis Costello or Bryan Ferry. What the artist gets out of it all is not what you'd want to believe. "Nariz" is an extensive comedy — and this time, be prepared for the hype. If you're ready for the hype, it ceases to be one. Current bets on who Nariz really is run at: John Lennon 2/1, Cat Stevens 4/1, Gandhi 1,000/1, Reg Presley 8/1, John Cale 4/1, Spike Milligan 16/5, Samuel Beckett 50/1, John Cage even.

Stiff refuse to substantiate rumours that Nariz is currently working on a film production based around the story of the derivation of his name. "I was scuba diving in the Bahamas — does this sound like I made it up? — in January. I was down at, oh, 50 feet, and my oxygen valve cut off."

Suddenly... nothing. I saw my life flash before my eyes. What have I done? Where am I going? Why is there water in my mask? I forgot to change the oil in my car. What will my mother think? She told me not to go.

Just then, my oxygen valve clicked on again, just in the nick of time. And I thought 'Wazmo Nariz'. Why not?

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

"Like Patti Smith said in an interview, I have no great desire to be the starving underground artiste either. I want to make some money."



Unsolicited plug — the current MAD is a disco edition. Do not miss it.

The Cortinas



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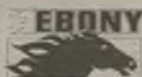


'True Romances'

82831



The Cortinas



Album: EBY 1003
Cassette: EBK 1003

Restless nights is tricks of light,
loose sheets and lumpy pillows.
Restless nights is straying arms, cold
shoulders and her hair across your mouth.
Restless Nights is Alan Ross's new album.
Turn on the lights and start again.
With Alan Ross.

the Alan Ross band Restless Nights



ANNIE cues up "The World Of Great Classics." "You think we're joking, don't you?"

WHISTLE TESTING

WHY THE BBC MAKES YOUNG WOMEN CARRY OUT THIS HIDEOUS ANCIENT RITUAL

IN THE DAYS before Angela Rippon and the Dawn Of

Enlightenment, it was virtually impossible for a girl to break into the male bastions of broadcasting.

In this area at least, women were considered the inferiors of men. Prejudice ran rampant. There were, for example, rumours that an early controller of Radio 1 used to play audition tapes of would-be lady disc-jockeys to his dinner guests to break the ice.

So it's only after a decade or more of striving that Anne Nightingale has found herself an indispensable voice over the air-waves, sitting as well as looking pretty. The

cornerstone of her present success is her deservedly popular Sunday afternoon Radio 1 request programme. To that and her other regular assignments — personal appearances at colleges throughout the country, a weekly Daily Express column, and a review programme for the BBC World Service — can now be added a 39-week stint as the new presenter of *The Old Grey Whistle Test*.

"I'm on the verge of panicking," she admits. "There is a point where you have to worry you don't take too much on."

She lives in Brighton, in a large town house on one of the streets climbing steeply away from the coast. Dressed in pink slacks and matching T-shirt advertising Advertising, she's tall and frequently gets

recognised about town; people are always making record requests in the supermarket and Chinese take-away.

The residence is shared with Binky (her new husband of six weeks), the two children of her first marriage, a large juke-box, and accumulating piles of records that constantly frustrate her best efforts to keep an orderly house.

I interviewed her there, on one of those perfect September days last week, the day after the screening of the first of the new *OGWT* series, and the conversation was frequently interrupted by friends in the business telephoning their congratulations.

At the beginning of this year she had been producer Mike Appleton's choice as stand-in for Bob Harris, when a late change in transmission plans



had forced the latter to drop out. "At last the 1978 show," announced The Adverts on that occasion, and indeed her mere presence had seemed to recharge the show's batteries. When Harris, growing increasingly sensitive to criticism of his presentation, indicated his desire to assume a different role, Annie was a natural successor.

She doesn't really know yet how the programme works, or even if its budget — notoriously small in the past — has been increased to accommodate the new magazine-style format ("I didn't ask"). However, she has the right credentials for the job, especially a passionate interest in rock music which reaches its apogee in a great fondness for Ian Dury and all his works.

Also, while no-one could possibly doubt the sincerity of Harris' commitment to the music, she seems to have the right approach for an entertainment form which is, after all, taken far too seriously by far too many. In aiming for wit and humour, she will inevitably avoid Harris' stultifying reverence which regularly undermined his presentation: even in last week's programme, a band for which he was attempting to convey especial enthusiasm, The Cars, were damned by association when he described them as "this year's Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers".

Not that Annie anticipates any problems working with him. "He's very sweet — he says this is the way that he wants it."

A LONDONER by birth, Anne Nightingale started working in journalism with the *Evening Argus* in Brighton, and began contributing items for radio programmes like *Woman's Hour*, operating from a small, little-known studio in the Royal Pavilion.

"When the pirates and then Radio 1 came along, I was very keen to get involved. I seemed to find that broadcasting came easy — certainly easier than writing. But nobody wanted to know."

Instead, she obtained work in television, and was employed by Rediffusion (the company that preceded Thames) when they were doing *Ready Steady Go*. "They had another programme of requests, called, um, do you know it's gone? — oh, *That's For Me*. I was going to be a slightly older Cathy McGowan. We had groups like The Who — it was their first television appearance — and The Yardbirds, but even so they killed it."

She also compered the Brighton Song Contest, which was a painful attempt by independent television to fashion a rival to BBC's Eurovision Song Contest. Even though the show featured acts of the stature of Manfred Mann and Marianne Faithfull

(with whom Annie shared a dressing room — "we've still got one of her bras upstairs," added Binky, with some relish), it was a dismal failure.

"Then they said, 'Well, you can do this quiz, programme,' so I became a sort of Anthea Redfern."

"We all make mistakes, and that was my big one. It was called *Sing A Song Of Sepence*. I had to add up the scores and bring the contestants on. It was really the dumb blonde bit."

"The thing was, I could never add up. Every week my knees were jelly — not from fear of television, but from fear of getting the score wrong."

"I made the mistake of thinking, oh, it's television, and probably thought it all very glamorous."

"Nobody wanted to know after that. I'd blown my credibility."

She duly paid penance, and found a job doing the pop column for the old *Daily Sketch*. When the paper began to fold, she was the first to go. However, she was given a rock programme on Radio Brighton, with two others (one of whom was Binky). The wages were hardly tempting ("We got paid £2 a week — between us") but it was good fun. Then finally she got a break with Radio 1.

That she did was due to the intervention of Derek Taylor (former Beatles PR, and now WEA executive) and his assistant, Mavis Smith (wife of a former *NME* editor), who mentioned her name to Douglas Muggenridge who, as Radio 1 controller, was contemplating using a lady DJ.

In the event, Annie, in competition with five male DJs (one of whom was Noel Edmonds) was given a trial quota of six Sunday evening programmes. As a result she was allocated a regular spot on *What's New*, and then *Sound Of The 70s*, with Alan Black. Then, three years ago, she was offered the Sunday afternoon request show.

"I remember saying to Bernie Andrews, the producer, that it should be the best programme of all, because we had absolutely everything to choose from."

Readers will need no reminding that good programmes on Radio 1 are, like British summers that coincide with summertime, few and far between. She and Andrews have made this one of the few.

To begin with, they endeavoured to find the correct musical balance.

"Doing a request show, you learn what kind of music people like, and they aren't nearly as boxed-in as those of us in the business tend to imagine. Most listeners have surprisingly broad tastes."

They also edited the letters carefully, and focused some attention on running gags; she enjoys the desultory

◆ Next page

LOWRY



"There's all the pent-up fury and aggression of several years of excessive toilet training by a beastly nanny, a sheltered upbringing in the home counties and a minor place in an obscure public school, coming out here."

BLACKMAIL THE BOZO —AGAIN!

HERE WE GO again, Blackmail fans — another below-the-belt thrust at the precious credentials of those ageing dodos — sorry, bozos — we all know and love, rock'n'roll superstars!

There's hardly any need to tell you which decade the embarrassing picture on the left dates from. But what we want to know is, who are they? Which latterday heavy rock stars are posturing inanely in their ranks? And does LSD cause irreparable damage to human brain cells? Think carefully now.

As before, you've got a week to cough up the answer. If you can name the superstar you get a £3.50 record token. First three correct entries score, so post 'em off to: BLACKMAIL THE BOZO No. 2, NME, 5-7 CARNABY STREET, LONDON, W1.

Of course, if the dodos, sorry, bozos in question would like to spare themselves the howls of derisive laughter that will no doubt greet our revelations, they can always donate thirty quid apiece — they're not quite as well situated as the last one. Ritchie Blackhead, so we've had to drop the ante — to the charity of our choice. And what we'll do is pay off those in the know and leave the rest of you guessing.

All correspondence — from superstars and competitors alike — must reach us by 10 am on Monday.

Well, they said anything could happen.

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

Remember whatever happens, don't overdo it.



● From previous page

correspondence of the International Apathy League in Southampton.

Producer Bernie Andrews deserves a paragraph or two to himself, since he's been associated with virtually every worthwhile BBC pop/rock music radio programme, right from the days of Brian Matthew's *Saturday Club*. He also worked on *Top Gear* and an excellent oldies show with Johnny Moran.

He is an inveterate consumers' champion. On the one hand, he will return light-bulbs to Oxford Street stores if he feels their output has been below par, and on the other will sometimes telephone correspondents himself, informing them when their requests will be on the air. He believes strongly in meticulous planning. To him, fading a record is sloppy programming.

"If a record can be faded, then it shouldn't be in at all," adds Annie.

She would like to develop *OGWT* along the lines of her request show. "There's no way you can define exactly how that programme's put together. What we try to do is pick out the right bits of each kind of music, and put it all together. Hopefully, *Whistle Test* will become more mixed like that."

Despite her multifarious, and sometimes bruising, encounters with the music business, she does not have a jaded ear. "I still enjoy it all. There's enough in it to make it interesting and fun and constantly stimulating."

BOB WOFFINDEN

THIRDS

★ IN CONCERT ★ THE RAMONES

America's largest Punk Band

ULSTER HALL

SATURDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER

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"Can't wait to see the size of these boys!" says small reader J. Carson of Carrickfergus.

Who's Next?

About this time last year, Elvis, Bing, Groucho and Marc (Bolton) took their final bows on earth. Last week's successive departures of Charles Boyer and Robert Shaw might augur a similar showbiz death-rate in the days ahead. Who's next?

A macabre coincidence published just before Keith Moon's death in the current issue of "In Dublin" magazine. Sent by Ed Butler of Athlone.

THIRDS

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Danish Hall

I LIKE TO watch TV — but I come from a school where I saw some of my smartest friends get stupefied and shrivel away on a diet of television and secretarial courses, so occasionally at *Closedown* I get edgy and wish I could count my braincells, before and after, just to be on the safe side.

I can't read a book, see a film or watch a TV programme that hasn't got at least two girl characters in it — not because I can identify with them, or for any kinky or romantic reasons. I know it must go deeper, but the only reasons I can find are that I like seeing how other girls do their make-up, and because I find all fictional men vaguely identical, making it hard for me to follow a story.

Now that Joe Stahn's biography has finished, my favourite girl character is also the most politically appealing thing on TV. She is Elizabeth Bourne (played like a thinking, cool piano by Sally Osborne), the eldest doctor daughter of the appalling landed gentry in *The Cedar Tree* on a Sunday afternoon loop, this has just ended, too. As well as being a fashionably lacquered film-blondie (Celia Johnson, more Carol Lombard), all super-waves and common sense, she is quite gloriously left-wing, waving — she's feeling her way towards a more, nostalgic pre-war sort of English socialism which follows its heart and logic at money and fashion, like the anti-socialist English left today.

A beautifully paced soap opera, *The Cedar Tree* set out in the early '30s and ended at the precise moment Chamberlain negotiated "peace" with Germany. It presented politics to a soap audience in a singularly charming and righteous way; social issues interspersed with weddings, births, and deaths. It was never po-faced, it never talked down and working-class women watched it avidly. (As did us working-class men — Ed.)

As period parlor drama, *The Cedar Tree* confirms all your most ridiculous suspicions as to what

the leisured classes must have been like in the olden days. Set in the stately country seat of Larkfield, everyone is always drinking but blotting only once in a blue moon. They play human chess. "Mr. Henderson's here." "Put him in the study." Everyone is always getting the huff about something and forgiving and forgetting in the next scene because they're all "family", after all. Every single person in it, so long as they are over 12 and under 90, is primarily a loose end waiting to get wedged to a loose end of the other sex.

The writer of *The Cedar Tree* could easily have made the late '30s and all the horror that the decade implies no more than a place setting (like they did to the late '60s in the awful *Loose Change*) and it would have lost no viewers except me, but he/she didn't. Realistically, the family are shown attempting to put politics away from them, but the character of Elizabeth gracefully grabs Nazism by its neck again and again and serves it up to a placid, post-Sunday-roast audience.

The Cedar Tree was *The Forsyte Saga*, minus the heavy breathing and plus the race-class-sex war and splitting seams — the ultimate taking of politics to the populace, in a gentle, sentimental Sunday afternoon soap, moral and modern. I shall really miss it.

I ALSO MISS *Wonderwoman*, though her politics were typical American-lousy and she was a worse actress than Farrah Fawcett and Cheryl Ladd stuck together. I liked Lynda Carter because she was the first Amazonian soap sex object that the Travolta Generation have been treated to — shoulders and legs and that genuine waist and all — and what a genuine waste of woman *Wonderwoman* was.

Shlurrrp, booo, sob! — it's *Loose Change*! Ostensibly masses more relevant, modern and controversial than *The Cedar Tree* — actually the glibest, most reactionary portrayals of women I've seen in a long time — *Loose Change* is the TV equivalent of the new *Rolling Stone* book, *The*

Sixties: The Decade Remembered Now By The People Who Lived It Then.

The main gist of the programme, blaring loud and clear and reassuring as a police car, is that political action is desirable only as a teenage phase to be weathered like homosexual crushes. The only bearable broad in it, Jenny (the plainest one, naturally; women who can hike it on their looks don't get bitter enough to worry their pretty little heads about social injustice), who started out doing anti-nuclear, anti-war and Civil Rights marches — real great, admirable, fun stuff — but matured into well-adjusted womanhood as bland and neurotic as her two pals.

I'll tell you what these girls were like — they were like Patti Smith if she'd been born pretty instead of hideous. The kind of girls who insist on having it away out of wedlock and then afterwards feel like real whores.

They look like Germaine Monteil adverts, especially when they aren't meant to be wearing make-up. They all marry typical fat ugly American capitalistic '60s radical pigs — the type of man (you must know a hundred or two) who has the screaming ab-dabs if someone so much as gives a negro a black look, yet takes it as a matter of course that his wife would quit work and ejaculate smelly clones of Big Daddy for the rest of her life.

The men wear their shirt collars outside their jackets, brush their hair forward and fail in their (always 'creative') careers. They hit the girls and the girls let them get away with it. Then the girls commit adultery, having meaningful relationships for one night at a time, and pretend to feel guilty about it. They smoke dope as 'therapy' sessions and confess they've been 'pretending' all along. They act artistic, get primal, smash things and get divorced.

Liberal girls... don'tcha just pity 'em?

Loose Change's sub-title is *Three Women Of The Sixties*, but Kent Stille, Luther King, JFK, Bobby Kennedy, Chicago and

Vietnam are dealt with in a split second each — often in the form (I swear) of a newspaper headline. Someone's sordid and unsuccessful sex with a married man, however, gets half an hour — par for the course.

Loose Change annoyed and flabbergasted me, but I liked it blankly in the same way I can sit through *Charlie's Angels* without goofing off; I find it fascinating to see a script-writer take a handful of forgotten girls' names, hang them on lousy actresses and then blindly endeavour to chip out what he fondly deceives himself are personalities — a dash of feminism here, a pinch of wackiness there and TV opens to think you have a new human being ready to tout. The girls of *Loose Change* were as breathing, as sympathetic and as vacantly lovable as *Charlie's Angels*; their three 'personalities' paralleled, even. Jenny was Sabrina, Kate was Chris and Tanya was Kelly — that simple, that flat, that hard, that's the state TV writing is in today.

So bereft are both channels of clues to new characters that they've dug up old '60s detective series, put new faces in old roles and shoved it back up for youth consumption. BBC have *Sexton Blake*; ITV have *The Avengers* and now *The Saint*. Unfortunately Simon Templar is now played by Ian Ogilvy, whose best-known steady TV role was as Elizabeth Bellamy's impotent-but-only-with-girls husband in *Upstairs, Downstairs*. I'm sorry, but I feel that all the acts of physical strength and valiant life-saving that this Saint takes in a day's work will always seem to me to be the actions of an anxious actor trying to prove he's not really a poofter.

Also revived from last decade by ITV is *The Rag Trade*, weak scripts saved by the brilliant cast of seamstresses; they also have the ace of the stupendous *Loverue And Shirley*, the funniest thing around. BBC humour, not to mention morale, has slumped to an amazingly low level — everyone good seems to have defected, giving rise to sitcoms like *Reginald Perrin* and *Don't*

Forget To Write to give us a run for our licence money. In both of these disasters I have heard the wonderfully witty word "breasts" get the most massive canned laughter since Elvis died.

I see *Roots* is getting a second chance now that *Holocaust* is over. We're taking bets right now that the next attempted genocide the BBC will use as a cheap ratings-war thrill will be the slaughter of the American Indians.

I watched about 15 minutes of each episode of *Holocaust* and was hardly able to believe it. Of course it's vital that no new generation should ever be allowed to forget what happens when right-wing savagery is allowed normal democratic rights, but there are reminders which are respectful: the *Genocide* episode of *The World At War*, for instance. The documentary footage of what it was really like and the glossy holiday-brochure version shown simply to take viewers off of ITV are not remotely about the same events.

In the entertainment version, concentration camp interiors looked as clean and homely as the motels which pass for prisons in this country these days, and the inmates looked fresh off the health farm. We were also informed that the Final Solution was the brain-wave of a psychotic Nazi lawyer (who the BBC have the grace to admit is fictional)...

After the last episode, I watched the *Tonight* programme. It was a discussion between the producer (William Brodwin, who distressingly seems to be a Jew himself), an actor and a rabbi who had survived a camp against a German and a Jewish historian. The historians were just plain ignored as the producer, the actor and the rabbi congratulated themselves, each other and the BBC. It was a sickening sight.

Five nights earlier, a Jewish woman in Lancashire had watched the first episode, taken off her wedding ring and killed herself.

JULIE BURCHILL

■■■■■■■■

DAINGEROUS VISIONS

WOMEN ON TELLY

John Carter

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Living In The USA

A DREADFUL HOLIDAY WITH 10cc ON A RAFT OFF BARBADOS

IN THEY COME, two at a time, autograph books in hand and eyes out like organ stops, shuffling through the smoke-filled confines of the City Hall dressing-rooms in an attempt to bound out members of 10cc.

As Eric Stewart graciously poses for another barrage of Instamatic flash bulbs, and Duncan Mackay scans the horizon for Bacardi bottles, it appears that the cog-wheels of another world tour are turning with their characteristic well-oiled routine.

That afternoon, the band could be found (and frequently were by yet more insistent autograph hunters), scattered around the expansive foyer of their Newcastle hotel.

Apart from Stewart, Graham Gouldman and Paul Burgess, their drummer since '73, their ranks are completed by second drummer Stuart Tosh, lead guitarist Ric Fenn, and the recently-added Duncan Mackay, one-time keyboard player with Cockney Rebel.

The present 10cc set only uses the singles from their early days for which Stewart and Gouldman were solely responsible, and they make it very clear that they all consider 10cc Mk 2 as a band of very different potential. As the mention of the reasons for the split-up in '76, Graham is more than non-committal, in fact he sounds heartily pissed off.

"Everyone's got their opinions as to who was right, and who was wrong. There's nothing that we haven't already said."

They elaborated a little more about their present tour which, after Europe and the UK, takes them to the States, Poland and eventually to Australia and Japan. Did they ever feel that by playing places like Tokyo they were creating a demand that subsequently they wouldn't be able, or even want, to maintain?

"It's as close as the nearest jet flight," says Eric, "Just a day away — it's so easy. But you do get to the point where you've got more places to play than you can fit in a year, and obviously some of them have got to take second place."

Last week they demonstrated they were in the two-nights-at-Wembley league. Was that a direction that they particularly wanted to follow?

Graham immediately assumes a defensive tack.

"If it happens that way — good, but the implication has been that the bigger you get, the more bland, the

ERIC STEWART (left) and GRAHAM GOULDMAN — currently at No. 1 with a tale of racial confrontation. Who said the anti-racists had all the best tunes?

more middle-of-the-road, the more commercial you become. But these things happen. The Beatles were world-wide great. I'm not comparing us to The Beatles in any way, but there's a very high-quality musical band that just appealed to everybody and nobody criticised them for it. I do detect a certain dislike of big bands.

"A band of this size, with this equipment and crew, is really expensive to keep on the road. We want to get to as many people as possible so we have to do bigger venues."

At the moment they're using a

small amount of video film on stage, together with their sand-coloured carpet and palm beach back-drop. Are they going to expand into using larger visuals?

"We'd like visuals," continues Graham, "but we'd like visuals to enhance rather than take over. You can overdo it. People come away from our concerts saying it was great music rather than saying 'Weren't the lights terrific?' Our lights are just there as a background to us. They're not on a par, or ahead of us."

Ten tracks from the recent album get an airing in their two-hour set.

Graham: "It's called 'Bloody Tourists' 'cos we're bloody tourists. When we started doing the album it became apparent that a lot of the songs, quite co-incidentally, were about being away from home, either on the road or on holiday. We did so much work last year, and so much happened to us, that it was worth writing about."

"The song 'Dreadlock Holiday' came about when I was in Barbados," explains Eric. "I was on a raft with Justin Hayward in the middle of the ocean, and we were going to do this parachute sailing. There were three black guys on the raft who were very, very heavy, with Justin in particular.

They wanted his silver chain and said they'd give him a dollar for it. They also said, 'If this was Jamaica, we'd cut your hand off.' It was an amazing confrontation between black and white on this 12-foot piece of wood in the middle of nowhere."

But apart from "Dreadlock Holiday" and the anti-Communist "Reds In My Bed", the album doesn't suggest much of the more substantial overtones of their earlier material. Didn't they think that the lyrics carried a lot less weight?

"Well the subject matter's different," asserts Graham. "We're not in a particularly cynical mood at the moment. If every album we did was a cynical album, I think people would get bored with that. There are so many sides to 10cc, and I don't think we've ever repeated ourselves. Every record could possibly be by a different band in a way."

And now comes the inevitable slugging of the press, whose view of "Bloody Tourists" has been predictably jaundiced. Eric Stewart reckons rock journalists have no real power — though at the same time he blames the press for "convincing the public" that 10cc were geniuses and then ditching them.

"You get in this strange situation, where you release two or three albums and the media start pushing you down as a cynical band. You release an album that isn't cynical, and they say 'What happened to the old cynicism 10cc used to have?' I mean you just can't win — it's a pile of shit."

"The only metre you've got for your success is that the box offices are full, and that your records are constantly gold records."

"We're not profound world-changers, we're musicians purely and simply. We're the dreamers, and whatever we're dreaming about at that particular time we write about."

"There's no other angle you can go on," adds Graham. "We don't do anything outrageous off stage, besides having the occasional game of backgammon."

"We don't smash hotels — we redecorate them. It's one of our hobbies."

MARK ELLEN

THRODS



AIMING FOR PEACE: Birmingham-based lad Steve Pulse. From the good old Daily Mirror, sent by Steven Pulse, Liverpool.

At SuperBike we felt it was time to put the clock forward.



October's SuperBike really throws the throttle wide with its own gut-knotting re-run of 'Death Race 2000'.

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OCTOBER:

- 2nd - LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon
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SNIPS



M. JAGGER, 23, bound for Lewes Jail back in 1967. (OK, so it was pills — but Brian Jones was busted for dope that year . . .)

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

FIFTY YEARS OF DOPE BUSTS REVISITED

THE ROLL CALL of musicians who've fallen foul of the cannabis laws over the years would fill a fair-sized telephone book by now. Their very profession makes them suspect.

Similarly, if you're young or black or just look the part, you stand a fair chance of being stopped in the street and searched — just on suspicion, of course.

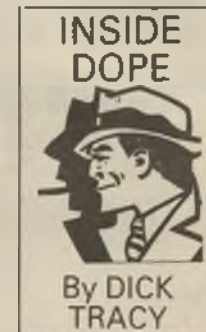
The cannabis laws as they stand enable the police to invade your privacy on the slenderest of excuses; and that is why the cannabis laws must become a political issue.

This week sees the 50th anniversary of Cannabis prohibition, so the curious history of why it became illegal in the first place bears repeating.

Initially, in 1923, it was the South Africans who started the ball rolling. They were concerned that the smoking of cannabis was having an adverse effect on the black labour in their mines and proposed to the League of Nations they should consider controlling the drug.

The subject was taken up again the following year by the Egyptian delegate at an international Opium Conference, who, in lurid fashion, claimed that the leading cause of insanity in his country was cannabis and proceeded to paint a picture of Manson-like figures who messed with da dope:

"The countenance of the cannabis addict becomes



gloomy, his eye is wild and the expression of his face is stupid. (I think I know that guy — Ed.) He is silent, has no muscular power, suffers from physical ailments, heart troubles, digestive troubles etc, his intellectual faculties gradually weaken and the whole organism decays. The addict very frequently becomes . . . eventually insane."

At this point Britain had one of the most enlightened attitudes towards the cannabis plant. It was widely used in medicine (Queen Victoria being its most famous patient) and cannabis tincture was available from all good chemists.

Britain had also set up the first Government inquiry to determine the drug's effects. The 1894 Indian Hemp Drugs Commission diligently spent two years interviewing 800 witnesses and emerged with 3,000 pages of evidence which

found in the drug's favour.

However, this laissez-faire attitude soon was swept under the carpet when, on September 28, 1928, the Dangerous Drugs Act became law. Britain had responded to international pressure based on flimsy, hysterical, unfounded evidence — and began a period of prohibition that has lasted for five decades.

Since then the pattern has taken on a strange dimension, with a number of large Government inquiries all finding in favour of the plant and against prohibition — and Britain responding by going in the opposite direction, increasing penalties and widening the scope of the laws.

In 1965 a new drug act came into force. The Dangerous Drugs Act, which made the penalties for cannabis the same as for heroin.

Then came the 1968 Wootton report, the first Governmental study in Britain since 1896. It concluded: "In spite of severe penalties and considerable effort of enforcement the use of cannabis in the United Kingdom does not appear to be diminishing."

"There is a body of opinion that criticises the present legislative treatment of cannabis on the grounds that it exaggerates the dangers of the drug and needlessly interferes with civil liberty."

Sullen Jim Callaghan was in power at the time as Home Secretary, and his biased stance — together with the hysterical shredding the report

Continues over page

This year
JOAN ARMATRADING
takes her music
TO THE LIMIT

listen..... and you can't help but follow.



TO THE LIMIT-THE NEW ALBUM



From previous page

received at the hands of Fleet Street — very quickly dug a hole for the Wootton conclusions.

Callaghan even suggested that Baroness Wootton's Committee had been influenced by the "notorious advertisement" in *The Times* of July 24, 1967.

Under the banner stance of 'The Law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice', a whole host of notables put their names in cold print. All the Beatles were present with their freshly-minted MBE's, as were Brian Epstein, R. D. Laing, George Melly, Kenneth Tynan, David Hockney, Graham Greene, Tony Garnet, David Bailey, Tariq Ali, Tom Driberg and Brian Walden and the now-executed Michael Abdul Malik.

This was the high point of the drug lobby — an amalgam of intellectuals, radical lawyers, rock stars and media personalities, backed by solid grass roots support. But, like all fashionable issues, the pendulum turned, the lobby disintegrated.

The figures for 1976 starkly reveal the current situation. In that year, the latest for which figures are available, 89 per cent of conviction for cannabis were for simple possession. Furthermore, cannabis convictions accounted for 78 per cent of all drug convictions.

The roll call for that year reached

8,592 convictions for simple possession. Of these, 23 were given absolute discharges, 759 conditional discharges, and 6,094 fined. More important, 33 people were sent to detention centres, 30 landed borstal, 493 received suspended sentences while a further 510 went straight down.

Nothing's changed since 1967 when Keith Richard was sentenced to a year inside for allowing his premises to be used for the smoking of The Weed — except that there aren't screaming crowds outside magistrates' courts these days.

Many people consider that, since most people don't think smoking marijuana is any great shakes now, there's no need to be concerned. But they could not be further from the truth.

Old lags with records might like to know that current police procedure, in the metropolis at least, means that if you are pulled for anything and you have previous convictions, then you'll have dope-detecting dogs round your home. Fun it isn't.

The cannabis laws can be used against you even if you've never touched the weed. And this massive invasion of personal liberty that continues year after year must end. Our apathy can only maintain it.

THRILLS



Tyndall & Co. . . . the classic was a full page Stranglers review which turned into a dissertation on sexism.

"They . . . above all never lose sight of the paper's prime function, to provide accurate news about music."

And a big thank you to Tom Robinson for those flattering words in this week's *Socialist Worker*, in a feature by Tom on ANI, RAR, EMI, TRB and lots of other things with three initials. What can we say? Blush

BUSKERS BOW OUT AT BOW ST.

BUSINESS AT Bow Street Magistrates Court has been booming since that fateful Sunday in Rupert Street last April when street performers David Mahon and Judy Boyle were interrupted by two plainclothes policemen 30 seconds from the end of their short kiddies play "Willie The Clinker" and booked for 'obstruction'.

In all, 16 other performers have since been arrested on two separate occasions for demonstrating in their support at Leicester Square.

On the most recent occasion (Aug. 25), 12 white-faced clowns were confronted by police upon entering the square. Nine of the 12 will appear at Wells Street Court on February 7, while three took the less time-consuming route of pleading guilty to obstruction charges at Bow and forking out the £15 fine.

What irks the performers most, they say, is that two of their number specifically took the trouble of contacting the police at Saville Row to check out demo procedures beforehand, and on receiving no indication of police opposition, went ahead — unaware that two vanguard of policemen would be waiting to whisk them off to Bow Street.

So, the rebellious spirit of these street performers has taken to the great indoors for the time being, and on alternate Fridays starting September 29 onwards, eclectic and colourful 'benefits' will be held at 13 James Street in Covent Garden from 8.00 - 12.30 featuring live music, films, junk art and other goodies. Two very successful parties have already been held, everyone is welcome, and admission is by donation. The sizzling *International Times* has, of late, also taken up residence here.

Meanwhile the original catalysts for

the above chain of events were due last Thursday (Sept. 21) at Bow Street. As David and Judy's case got underway only one vital thing was missing: David. A spokesperson said that David, a Muslim, had split the country a month ago to return to New Zealand after suffering a "nervous breakdown" while fasting for Ramadan and working 16 hours a day as a chef. Nevertheless, with the aid of official letters his absence was accepted by the court and Judy forged on alone, attired for the event in electric pink overalls and bow-tie.

Perhaps a more subdued approach would have made all the difference, for during the 90 or so minutes of the trial it was the two policemen's testimony against hers.

Where Judy, an English teacher, and her witness, a Mr. McCann, were positive that the crowd gathered in the five minutes of performing numbered no more than 30, one of

the officers estimated the crowd to be in excess of 150.

Judy's defence claimed that she and Mahon were not causing an obstruction because, as photographic evidence showed, people could and did walk through their act.

Ultimately, though, the magistrate was satisfied that there had been some amount of obstruction, "without lawful authority," and while he found street performance a "normal and colourful part of the London scene" he made it clear that it must not encroach on pedestrian or drivers' rights.

Both defendants received a conditional discharge of six months.

So the fate of street performers still lies in the hands of passing policemen — that is, either laissez faire or "get in the car".

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS



BEHIND THE LINES

IT EXISTS to convey news about rock music . . . which it does . . . within an entertaining and readable format. It has an idiosyncratic style and wicked sense of humour . . .

"What sets *NME* apart is that leaping through its pages one may happen across pieces on blood sports, drug laws, nuclear power, the *Guy* News trial, the arms race, Fischer



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MEMBERS Nicky Tesco (left) and Jean-Marie Carroll. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

"LIVING in a bedsit! Travelling on a tube train! WORKING ALL DAY LONG!!!"

Combining the rigidity of a day job with the nightly rigours of strutting your stuff on the stages of the capital's rock clubs and pubs can be a thankless task.

If you don't believe me, go ask The Members.

By day, four-fifths of the band are busy slaving for a crust; bank clerk, factory worker, airport hand and draftsman.

Come sunset, after hot-heeling it home to their suburban semis and bedsits, and strapping on their axes in the back of a transit van, they're to be found devastating bewildered boozers and pooped pogoers in the Hopes And Anchors of this world, the Windsor Castles and Acklam Halls, and the likes of the joint we're headed for tonight, West Hampstead's Railway Hotel, a '60s blues haunt.

The stuff of which legends are made?

We can only wait and see.

For the time being, in the words of a typically wacky member, Brian B's, page a New Musical Express.

The Members have a first-class rock and roll group, just any old combo could do it. It's not the fact that they could just prove themselves to be the most vital band to burn on London's night life scene. It's the fact since last summer, when they were Sham on.

And I've got the feeling — even though The Members have a secure future — that the day jobs could be the end of the world.

They are the sons of West London and Camberley suburbs of West London. The Kids band barely on the scene. The present line-up is the fourth since they formed last autumn.

The Members Mark 1 played their debut gig at The Roxy (where else?) almost exactly a year ago.

Slot on a midweek bill, they played The Victims. It was the end of a calamitous, with singer Nicky Tesco's audience-haranguing apparently meeting with a less-than-enthusiastic response. (Incidentally, whatever happened to The Victims?).

Since then, guitarists have come and gone with a regularity too alarming to detail here, bringing the band to today's state, hopefully a permanent set-up.

Fronting the band is vocalist Tesco, an animated, witty founder Member. A middle-class lad through and through — university background, no less — he exudes a remarkably unaffected rootsy cool offstage.

Sharing the bulk of the songwriting duties with "Fearless" Nicky is rhythm guitarist Jean-Marie Carroll, a Clever Trevor wide-boy of French parentage, known to the band simply as JC.

Behind Tesco's gruff vocal and JC's coarse fret-chopping, the two tallest Members, bassist Chris Payne and drummer Adrian Lillywhite, form an adroit, dextrous rhythm section.

The last Member, the band's most recent acquisition, is lead axeman Nigel Bennett. He gives them their

zappy musical raunch with some of the most fluid, fluent conventional rock playing I've seen in a long time.

From their early daze at The Roxy, The Members wandered onwards to a place on Lurkers manager Nick Austin's "Streets" compilation, released to heavy critical flak on Austin's Beggar's Banquet label at the end of last year.

The Members boasted one track — their own "Fear On The Streets" — on that album, which was produced by Hot Rods manager/writer Ed Hollis.

As we sit in the modest upstairs dressing room of The Railway Hotel, prior to the band going onstage, I put it to JC that the "Streets" album, though a laudable idea culling material from a range of independent labels, ended up as a pretty unlistenable affair.

"I reckon that it's a real shame that there aren't albums like 'Live At The Roxy' and 'Streets' anymore."

"People really like stuff like that. Like we played on that compilation and got well slagged. But the other night some guy came to see us at the Rochester Castle. He'd come 20 miles and he was there well before we started."

"I asked him why he'd come and he said, 'Well, I really liked that track on the Streets album.'"

"That's the kind of people who like that stuff... like my girlfriend's younger brother and all his mates at school. They all really like stuff like the Streets album. Now all the time I'm channelled..."

The Members' only other vinyl outing is "Solitary Confinement", a quickie ode to the problems of being in a band, built around a great riff pushed by Larry Wallis and released earlier this year on Stiff's One-Off series.

For my part, a song was written from the experience of trying to secure a gig of his own, getting it, and then finding only disillusionment when he moved in.

"It's a pathetic to see that," but in Nicky Tesco, flashing the cigarettes. "You go around to see someone in a bedsit, you ring the doorbell and they are there in seconds. It takes them a quarter of the time to get to the door than it would anyone else!"

It was a single that deserved a better reception that it got.

Tesco, in particular, is annoyed at the manner in which he feels "Solitary Confinement" was ignored by Stiff at the expense of Dave Robinson's efforts to force Akron, Ohio, onto the record buying public.

And Tesco will vouch that there are bands on the London club circuit right



MEMBERS Nicky Tesco (left) and Jean-Marie Carroll. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

now that could kick seven shades of Devo album vinyl out of most of the stuff on the Akron compilation.

"Robinson could have picked up plenty of London stuff that would have blown the ass of that Akron stuff. He's just taking things back to the way there were before... looking towards the States for inspiration again."

FOR SEMI-struggling.

Up-and-coming London bands, the climate in the clubs seems to have changed noticeably over the last 12 months. Without the central focus of the Roxy and Vortex — and the ready-made audience therein — things are a lot harder now than in 1977. Only the most determined, the most angry are fit enough to surface. A good thing in some ways, but one in which a lot of the fun is missing.

"The whole thing's just turned about face," sighs Nicky exasperatedly. It's no longer possible to go and see four bands in a night for

a quid, like at The Vortex."

"Suddenly everyone's a musician," he proclaims, slipping mockingly into a California drawl.

"Suddenly Derwood's in the States, mizing down the album and Stevie's goin' over to produce on an album."

"On the London circuit, punk is getting squeezed out. Places like the Marquee and Nashville are squeezing it out in favour of things like Champion, Clem Clemson's band, or Heroes, Simon Townsend's band."

A casual glance over the London date sheet in recent months would seem to bear this out.

"It's a management thing," he adds, the haughty mocking tone returning. "We played the Nashville and packed the place out, but they told us our audience was too young. They clamp down on bands like us and then book all this old stuff."

"And the Marquee. We were supposed to have five support gigs down there. We turned up for one and they just said, 'Sorry lads, you don't pull a crowd'. It was obvious to us that some other band — one with a record label behind them — had got our gig."

But unlike China Street and The Specials, a very promising multi-racial outfit from Coventry, The Members are not exclusively reggae.

"It's an interesting sound," explains Nicky Tesco. "But we're trying to do things in our own style. We're not getting up and singing about Jah Love."

JC takes it further. "It's like the way soul music came in and really influenced white music in the early '60s. Then that was followed by blues and the same thing happened. It's only natural that reggae should as well."

"Like my rhythm guitar playing is definitely reggae-based with the cross-cut rhythms. It gets people moving in a different way than if you just blast them with a wall of sound."

American Soul is also admired. A cover of Norman Whitfield's "I Wanna Get Next To You" (sung by Rose Royce in Carwash) is an occasional encore. JC's hero is Otis and the flip of the "Confinement" single, "Rat Up A Drainpipe", owes a lot to slinky disco "soul".

"In Camberley all there is to go to is the discos. The kids only go there for the sex. The discos are just a sexual roundabout," proffers JC, eyes beaming.

The last time I saw The Members, their dressing room was packed with pretty girls. "Groupies?" I ponder innocently wondering whether the band had been visiting any of their local discos the previous night.

"Nah... girlfriends!"

P.S. This speculation also applies to factory workers, airport workers and draftsmen. THE MEMBERS, a group of young gentlemen to whom the problem is of some interest, talk to ADRIAN THRILLS.

THE MEMBERS' live set is notable for its variety. The band generate a strong reggae feel on songs like "Love In A Lift", "Sally" and, best of all, "electricity", an instrumental opener permeated with impressive dub-like texturing.

"There were no sets. Sometimes we'd get up and play for ten minutes and all break out and split. We'd just do it however it would happen. It wasn't a gig, it was the Acid Tests where anything was OK. Thousands of people, man, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a roomful of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out, beautiful magic." — Jerry Garcia, quoted in *Garage Sale* — Ken Kesey, Viking/Compass 1973.

"You're asking me whether the Grateful Dead still represents the ideals of the '60s but we're trying to uphold something else. Not so much idealism, more a delicate state of anarchy: anarchy in the USA, I guess, and now anarchy in Egypt. Coming here is a dream we've had for a long time — and the Pranksters are here too, which is great. This is the Grateful Dead's annual pyramid prank. It's great, I love it." — Jerry Garcia talking to Max Bell on the Sound and Light set, El Giza, September 16, 1978 — a total eclipse of the full moon.

CAIRO AIRPORT at four in the morning. Nowhere to sleep! Searching in a fogged stupor for some resident not afflicted by the terminal amnesia which affects the Egyptian. Glibly the newcomer is attempting to locate the State officer who will whisk him to that all expenses paid hotel.

Our government friend welcomes on the meeting. Of course. Nothing works in Cairo except the mosquitoes, and they're on overtime.

An apparently friendly tour guide comes between the newcomer and his wallet, despatching him to the Sheridan and assorted Nile hostels where the laughing countenance of the night desk clerk lets him know he's been burned before the sun has even had time to clean its teeth.

Finally a cupboard masquerading as a room kisses off the budget, but at least it has a TV and a shower that doesn't leak. Accepting the redundancy of the modern world and all back with a slug of J.W. Harper. Too tired to shiver. You marvel at the thrumming air conditioner. Clouds of dirty smoke blow into the ceiling and fall as condensation.

THE CHARM of Cairo and the Egyptian mentality can wear thinner than the hide on that bag of bones — buffalo — calmly trundling buckets to infinity on some Archimedean contraption while Africa's largest city (10 million souls — and a sewage system designed for three million) drags itself kicking and screaming into the 20th Century.

It's a city where the Occident and the Orient meet in a high-noon culture shock shoot-out. The reporter and his quart of J.W. Harper acknowledge defeat and let nature take its course.

The Egyptian manages fine without deadline and time piece. He is adept at bustling, hustling the ingenious out of the airport and into the 90 mph night. Bakshesh-effendi is the password, so keep hold of your money boy — here we go.

Expecting to beat the Arah on his own patch is akin to jumping off the fifth ring of Dante's inferno without a parachute.

Cairo was founded for modern purposes by the Fatimids in 1000 AD, though as Herodotus so dryly remarked: "Egypt is the gift of the Nile." Attracted to that gift, the Greek and Roman governors arrived on a human time scale of round about last week. They couldn't handle the locals either, and Bedouin — insurrections forced the poor bastards a hundred miles north to the sea and safety of Alexandria where the more acceptable sport of Coptic bawling beckoned.

Egypt probably hasn't changed much in the 5,000 years since Aha and Sma's ran up a few burial mounds at Saqqara and collected their long-distance information in Memphis. Today the city is a cauldron of sound, heat and smell. It fuses its all-seeing Ujjat Eye on the tourist, whose only guaranteed amulet can be found at Thomas Cook's downtown office. Neither the brochure nor the driver will show you round the ghettos where the loaves, the ones who can't get their hassling together, lie like the unshackled in heavy medical discomfort. Sewage taints the air, human decomposition comes fast in his heat, and gags the innocent nose.

You leave the driver in a state of panic and enter an off-tourist bazaar. The alien European at the roots of life in Egypt is not pressurised for his piastres. The natives are gentle and their "welcome to our country" is no longer the signal for a mass shell-out of lubricant. Now you can walk at peace and drink with the owner of the juice bar, perhaps sharing hookah or puffing lazily on the hubbly-bubbly.

Smoking hashish is fun enough here. Apart from being a communist, nothing much is criminal for the visitor. No *Midnight Express* beckons, so squatting in the dirt the bedouin splits his stash from the

Lebanon or cuts up the Chandu for the water pipe. Opium from the East takes his mind off tomorrow. "The hubbly-bubbly, yes? Now you forget." Indeed you do.

STROLLING BACK across six lanes of hell-bent traffic, cannon dog-packs and produce-humping donkeys, you enter the Saracen City of the Dead.

Here you are a genuine oddity. American tourists don't bother to find the real Egypt, and the tourist office is glad.

The burial custom of the Dynastic kings was to construct pyramids in preparation for the journey to the underworld, and Edgar Cayce, John Mitchell, Kurt Mendelssohn et al will fill you in there. But the ordinary peasant saved for a simpler tomb (still does) — a plot in the City of the Dead, Qalaa Street. Dark pyres billow over the monumental emptiness while the Citadel of Salah el Din glistens another eastern promise high in the Mokattam Hills and the industrial estates of Africa's fastest exploding metropolis answer them back in the language of Gulf and Western at Khan el Khalili.

Yet the idea of a modern Egypt seems a hopeless anachronism. Cairo's communication network works off emotion, not electricity, and Anwar Sadat finds a million people waiting to see him back safely after Camp David. The saying of the Middle East still governs a country bedevilled by chauvinism, press censorship and heavy-handed political propaganda.

AWAY FROM the mosques and mosquitoes, an expectant crowd of familiar type is gathering in the coffee shop, bar and lobby of the Mena House Hotel. Obey.

The Mena, an idyllic and ornate watering hole for the rich, is not the real Egypt. The entrance is guarded against unwelcome visitors by men with ArmaLite. Now you remember that Egypt has been in some state of war with Israel for 30 years.

Usually the Mena is an oasis for upmarket tourists. Now it houses the Grateful Dead and their entourage, and it can hardly believe its eyes.

Everywhere long-haired Californians in cut-offs and 100 per cent cotton Kelley Mouse-day-glo T-shirts spend money like mango juice. Some of them have adopted the native unisex dishdash, a long-robed garment like a high dress. The women top this off with jangling head dresses and ethnic turquoise scarves.

The reporter strolls past them and notices a larger figure with a massive beard and homely bunches of greying black hair on the side of his face. It is

THE GRATEFUL FIRST PYRAMID

The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test heads East
MAX BELL (hieroglyphs)
& ADRIAN BOOT (pictograms)
hitch a ride.

Jerry Garcia, the boss man.

A girl brings him coffee oblivious to the fact that the man she is serving has launched a thousand trips. The Captain reads Philip Jose Farmer's *The Dark Design*. The reporter approaches him with caution and an open hand. Garcia peers up from behind a pair of shadow shades, his face wreathed in smiles. Trepidation ceases. We are on the case.

I NEVER believed that I'd find myself sitting on a stone wall next to Ken Kesey while the Grateful Dead did their inimitable thing to a backdrop of Cheop's Great Pyramid and Kheper's Sphinx. Three days back in England, the experience still didn't connect.

The last surviving wonder of the ancient world, reeking with the symbolism and wisdom of man's proudest architectural feat (financed in part by Cheops sending his daughter out whoring), it seemed the most perfectly bizarre place to witness the resurgence of an American wonder. The Kem of Isis, Osiris, Re and Amen welcomes the Dead.

The Grateful Dead have the advantage of inhabiting the clatter that is Cairo's life blood. To many they are the ultimate in rock and roll indulgence, an anachronism that is hopelessly outdated, incapable of relating their marathon musical performances to modern economy. If they are tolerated at all, it's for something they often represented to a generation of people who got old before the Dead did.

So the reporter arrives suitably armed with a list of devil's advocate questions that intend to explore the survival of the beast.

"But hold on, let's play tag with the reader here. The reporter is not inclined to side with the Grateful Dead's detractors. His objectivity is

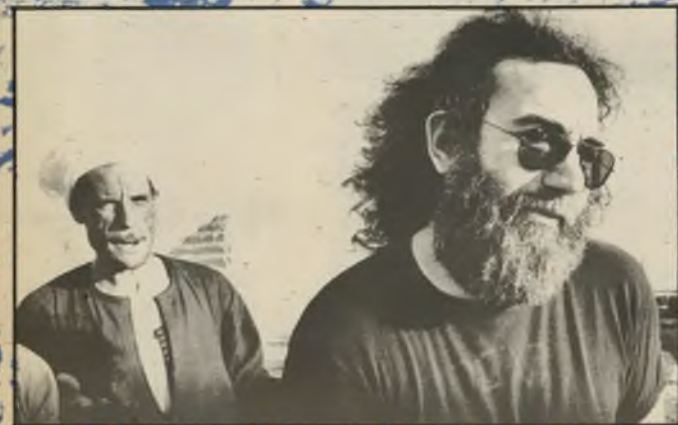
shot. In view of the enormity of this adventure, he prefers to emphasize the selfless beauty of the Grateful Dead's ultimate prank thus far in their 14-year career.

The finances behind coming to Egypt will leave the band more broke than usual. 500,000 dollars' worth of advances against potential royalties have been sunk into this venture. Any profits go to Mrs Anwar Sadat's Faith and Hope Society for the rehabilitation of the handicapped and the Department of Antiquities, itself responsible for the restoration and maintenance of Nubian culture.

The project was not accomplished by magic. It stemmed from a photographic mission by the Dead's manager Richard Loren, who was determined to find appropriate venues for the apogee of his charges. The visit was finally blessed by the Egyptian Ministry of Culture and assisted by the efforts of a middle-aged couple, Joseph and Lois Malone of Middle East Research Associates Inc., Washington DC. It was their vision and knowledge of two worlds which made the passage through government work. Later advice was freely given by Jonathan Wallace, editor of the *Middle East Economic Digest* in London and an acquaintance of both Robert Hunter, the Dead lyricist, and the group's English co-manager Alan Trist.

When Trist, Loren and bassist Phil Lesh came to Egypt last March they were delighted to find that it was possible to stage the event in front of the Pyramids on the stone apron of the Giza Son et Lumiere theatre. The news of an imminent total eclipse of the moon made the visit more vital than ever to the corporate ideal.

In the event, the whole encounter went off without any sizeable hitch — except one. The Grateful Dead were scheduled to return via London, where their English fans would see them play for the first time in four years since the ill-fated Alexandria Palace stint. Tickets had sold out in



Tourists all the same, you get on the camel.



play the gig

DEAD'S ANNUAL PRANK

four days — but doubts lingered.

Could the band fulfill a promise they'd broken before in 1976 when they were to headline over Santana and the New Riders at Wembley Stadium?

Typically, they could not.

Harvey Goldsmith, the promoter, must have cursed the Pharaoh when he heard the news by telex. Firstly, his plan to get The Who on the road had met with tragic results the previous week. Now he had to break the bad news of the Dead's second

cancellation on him in as many years.

The news stunned this reporter too. After all, it necessarily qualified the impact of describing the Dead in full flight when there would be no supporting proof, no chance for the thousands unable to trek over to Egypt to see the band for themselves.

It is difficult to estimate the damage the Dead have done to their reputation by pulling out. The timing and the errors of judgement on recording the new album,

"Shakedown Street", were badly handled from the start. Had more notice been given of these concerts, many more fans would have joined the pyramid prank. The Rainbow tickets should never have been sold if there was any doubt about their being honoured.

THE CONCERTS were attended by some thousand people a night, at least three hundred of them were American fans who'd taken a charter from San Francisco.

Interest in the project was sufficient to guarantee the presence of CBS and NBC film crews. Even *Rolling Stone* had their man on the spot — and they haven't taken so much as a rain check on the Dead for years. Credibility for the venture ran high in England too. Those who for reasons of their own have derided the Grateful Dead's recent significance without so much as a cursory listen to the recorded evidence (I'll stand by "Wake Of The Flood", "Mars Hotel" and "Blues For Allah" as '70s masterpieces come what may) were agog at this trip.

Give 'em their due, the old bozo hippies had pulled some class with this one, and there were plenty of modern men in their late twenties and over who had clearlight flashbacks all their own, they packed me off to Cairo with a twinkle in the eye and the sound of conch shells ringing somewhere in their subconscious.

But your scribe is not a Dead Head. He is 22 years old — certainly not a leftover from 1967, but rather a '70s initiate. A first time viewer.

IT WAS SOME surprise for him to see Ken Kesey in Egypt, but it should have been obvious. Tom Wolfe chronicled the Acid Tests for posterity in his bible for the '60s, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, back in the days when Haight and LSD-25 were too pure to incur the wrath of the law.

Back then Kesey and the Dead were weaving their messages in perfect synch. Though Wolfe's book is compulsory reading for anyone who wants to find out what happened to American youth when it discovered the psychedelic experience, for the people who packed away their kaffans the past few busy months, perhaps an observation that cannot be repeated.

Yet the Pranksters continue to Junction on Chuck Kesey's creamerie. There are practising Pranksters in Eugene, Oregon, and Springfield and Pleasant Hill. Ken Kesey is currently engaged on his new work, *The Trial Of Neal Cassidy*, being a faro.

constructed around the Prankster supreme. He is also finally editing down the miles of film and tape that accompanied the Acid Tests. The Last Whole Earth Catalogue will finally make sense.

So really the surprise bonus of seeing Kesey ceased to be unbelievable. And there's Mountain Girl and George Walker and Mike Hagen and the *Realist* editor of yore, Paul Krassner, and Zonker with his bedouin outfit pushing a metal detector round the Sphinx and doing OK. If Babbs and Sandy and Boise and Gretchen Fetchen were here we'd have a quorum, although for Kesey the real shadow over the event is still the absence of Cassidy. "He's here in spirit, I know it. Cassidy would go nuts here."

Garcia and the band are phased too because the Pranksters are here to offer immortal support. On Friday I finally head up to the guitarist's room, and interviewing begins.

GARCIA'S ROOM is on the top floor of the Mena House overlooking the Great Pyramid reflecting in his glasses. We're looking at the Pyramid of Cheops, at the summit (the peak was made of precious metal and no longer remains) where a tiny figure can be seen shinning up the spike. This is George Walker, one of the maddest Pranksters. He seems to slip, but rises his balance without rising the 481 foot tall Garcia, looking through a telephoto lens, yells: "He's doing it! The brave fucker's got the Grateful Dead flag up there!"

"The laughing jap", skull and flash, shows from the top for all to see. Bob Weir walks in: "He's gonna try and throw a baseball off but he won't do it. People have tried to clear the Pyramid with a golf ball but you can't, the wind just blows it straight back."

A procession flows through Garcia's room. Phil Lesh takes a peek at Walker and returns to the bar. In the entire five days we were there, Lesh could be found on a permanent fixture on a bar stool, him and his girl Debbie Kashmir and liberal quantities of Egyptian Estelle, he drank so much that you figured he was changing his name to Lush.

Attention diverts back to work. Garcia is happy to rap, and answers all questions carefully and succinctly. He is eminently affable, and somehow fan heavier than any other

rock and roll performer the reporter has encountered.

The half stump of his right-hand middle finger is at a piece with the man's extraordinary character. The famous faded dark blue 'Dead' T-shirt is still his principal wardrobe — that and a pair of tatty old Levis.

The rest is Garcia, massive, solid, reassuring, powerful. He commands respect without trying.

Garcia, like Weir, is attempting to force a new tack for the band. Despite the Egyptian fantasy — or because of it — the Dead have to get practical.

"We simply couldn't afford to leave Egypt, fly back to California, finish the album and come straight to London. We want to go out and promote the new album as soon as possible. We've never co-ordinated that before... never. This way we can cement our relationship with Arista."

Mickey Hart, however, put it slightly differently when he told me that "Arista might just as well be selling fish. They're another record company — there have been more before 'em and there'll be more to come."

But back to Garcia. "We feel bad about postponing too," he pleads. "Honest to God, I ain't bullshitting y'all, we love London. We'll aim for the spring."

He gazes over to the window where Mountain Girl is stoking the jehers. "Sure it'll harm our reputation — we

continually harm it. It's a bit late to be thinking about building a career. We've fucked up before."

Any suggestion that the Dead are one of those bands who lie around in the Californian sun counting royalties is greeted with wholesale hilarity. "Fuck, no! That's a total misconception. Bullshit, we don't have servants or lots of cars, we don't accumulate money or invest it in apartments or any of that crap. Some years lots of money goes through, but we don't keep a lot..." Mountain Girl intervenes: "They've lost several fortunes."

THESE DAYS The Grateful Dead work to full capacity. Their touring schedule is at least as heavy as it's ever been, while Weir and Garcia have their own separate tour bands. Garcia expresses a liking for The Ramones and has no prejudice against American new wave save the label.

"Sociologically punk rock is different in the States. At its biggest, Long Island, the New York scene, it is produced by the cultureless middle class. Musically it's just rock and roll to me, either good or bad. Sometimes you can be all out of tune and the singer's screaming wild and it can still be good."

Labels are exploitative, they don't even help the public. I object to us being labelled purely a psychedelic band."

The Egypt visit is seen as a source of new inspiration to the Dead, though lyricist Robert Hunter is conspicuous by his absence. Rumour has it that he disapproved of the expense involved.

"Hunter... that rat... he was too stingy to buy a ticket, he convinced himself it wouldn't be important. But he translated the transitional piece we do with Hamzad (Hamzad el Din, a Nubian oud player of local renown and Californian residence who is opening the concerts)."

The Dead are overdue for a landmark album. Their most recent releases, "Steal Your Face", "Terrapin Station" and the collection, "What A Long Strange Trip It's Been" all prove to be far from indicative of the live power the band still wield, and were controversially received by the group members.

"On 'Terrapin' Olsen went hog wild," says Garcia. "He had this less-is-more approach to producing, all that clean, uncluttered crap — and then he comes back with a gazillion fuckin' strings and counterpoint you can't hear! It made me mad. He and Paul Buckmaster (orchestral arranger for the title suite) had an erroneous rhythmic sense, they changed it from a dotted shuffle to a marching four time... it shoulda been a loose shuffle, they screwed up the feel." Garcia sighs behind a smoky veil.

Still, there are further sections of "Terrapin Station" yet to come. Garcia sees the work as an overview: "A theme covering our real past and our fictitious past, gathering loose ends."

Final titles have not been agreed for the "Shakedown Street" album, but it's certain that Garcia is pinning a lot of hopes on its success.

"We chose Lowell George because we wanted someone who understood band mechanics. Really it's better work without a producer at times. I'm not happy with all the basic tracks on this — but I'm never completely happy."

"I think it's a modest album, like 'American Beauty', simple in design."

One of the album's highpoints, "Fire On The Mountain", is a song which reflects the large amount of live work they have already given it, particularly in its long-time reggae pacing. "We are influenced by reggae of course — we're influenced by anything. We aren't so much inspired by the syncretized bass or the foot on four or the backwash drumming, it's the richness reggae gives real phrasing for an instrumental."

"Fire" is a Mickey Hart and Robert Hunter number which the drummer has been flogging with for five years. "Shakedown Street" also includes another familiar song in "All New Minglewood Blues" (aka "Born In The Desert"), which Weir has expanded somewhat without losing its old mania.

The band showcased some new material over the three nights at Giza, including a stupendous version of the title cut — heavy-duty disco-Dead: it came in on the back of a monster slice of funk spontaneity, recalling that the

Continues over page



everybody and his brother try to get in the dressing room

From previous page

band have been messing on an instrumental version of The Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive" (honestly).

BOB WEIR'S hand on the record is revealed by a composition shared with Hart, tentatively entitled "France", and a Weir-Barlow tune with a hard rock bias that reflects Weir's claim that he's been listening to a lot of pop music on the radio recently.

Weir has begun to assert himself fully on stage, and of all the band is the least enamoured of feedback presentation. There is something of the image maker in Weir's attitude — he is more conscious of tightening the Dead's laissez-faire democracy than Garcia, who is content to let things happen, go with the flow. Asked why the group have suffered so many organisational and economic disasters thus far in their career, he claims that "We look for it. Each one of us is the legendary soft touch."

Yet Weir is far from naive. His recent solo album, "Heaven He'll Be The Fool", a calculated break with Dead traditions in sound and concept that snubs the imitating tendency certain Dead fans have of taking offence at Weir's supposed anti-type stance, furthered his image as the straight man. His leaving the late Kingfish (not counting the album version that is currently on the road) also led to many hither-to staunch devotees to wonder if it was well in Bobby Ace's head.

"Kingfish needed drastic rearrangement to survive," he says. "It was hard to lose that truth on them. They were friends. Dave Torbert was kinda difficult to work with at times." (Torbert had the same view of Weir, but he was far more vitriolic when I spoke with him last year.) "Heaven Help The Fool" was a self-serving move to pursue a solo commitment for personal fulfilment. The truth is that I have a number of colours on my palette and if I don't

kick myself out of the nest nobody will do it for me. I need to fly by myself and the band needs me to do that.

Before I was being sheltered by the Dead. The development became inbred — it was in danger of staying too close to the same format.

I put it to Weir that this was precisely why so many reviewers pounced on the band, accusing them of being a '60s anachronism playing protracted and unnecessary solos and generally failing to conform to the ingredients which the majority of rock writers expect in their entertainment. (For instance, see the article penned by Lester Kohn in NME, June 18 month).

"I've read reviews to the contrary," Weir replies. "We are a real good band on a good night. There's been a different reflection in the last couple of years. I don't toss off criticism if it's well taken. I ponder it for a while."

"Technically we are open to criticism, the way we construct shows and engineer presentation. Slowly, organically, we are altering. The solos aren't as long as they were, there's a mutually succinct approach and we get a bigger variety of songs down."

"We do play for a long time, but rather than visit three great nebulous regions in the second set we'll visit a lot more."

Weir is adamant that he doesn't altogether go for "space music", as he puts it: "unless the feel is there. The Giants Stadium gig last week in New York was a case in point. We played for 3 1/2 hours and I think Garcia slept through it. It was too easy for him."

Not everyone in the Dead gets on with Lowell George as producer. Mickey Hart, says Weir, prefers to be left to his own devices: "George produces us with a feather touch. Mickey is strong-willed and inflexible, so he lets him alone. And Garcia can do it on his own pretty much. With a 24-hour schedule, Garcia often ends up working alone too."

THE LEGENDARY Grateful Dead family is very much in evidence. Considering the length of the group's career, that's a testament to their on-the-bus spirit. But none of the '60s groups survive in their original format and the Dead are no exception. The forgotten rock and roll death of the great Pigeon gives their death's head aspect a grizzly substance.

Weir will admit that the band are not always bosom pals.

"There are age-old impasses which we ignore. These people are the closest things to brothers I have. Although at times I can't imagine how we've made it from day to day. Having said this far, the intimacy we have should keep us going."

"I've been quiet before, twice in the past year. He says he still has an opinion on the ugly rumours that have surrounded the band (particularly the release of "Manic Monday" which point their finger at Weir — it's not his guy).

"I don't know what we're doing. I'm not heavy into dope, though I have done in the past. I got all I can handle in my life and my music."

"Any drug use over a period of time interferes with my ability to create."

Weir's constant "red hot buddy" in Egypt is David Freiberg, the Jefferson Starship bassist.

Freiberg and Weir reek of physical fitness, going off on regular jaunts through the desert. Despite a Cuban beach wave and temperaments of 115 degrees, Freiberg was once heard to describe Weir as "not too hot to handle" it now. He tells me that the Starship are together again and close to recording, but he's here "for the occasion, like everyone else". Freiberg's opinion of the Dead is one of utter respect.

The image of Weir as bland is just one aspect of the critical mass. The Grateful Dead have been immersed in a world of writers aren't lambasting them for being hippies — the old convenient pigeon hole — they're vomiting because the band had the temerity to make a live triple set and several doubles. These writers are also adept at knocking the rock establishment for its lazy lifestyle and the Dead are high on the list for that dose of vitriol also.

Obviously the points are incompatible. If the Dead were really clustered in Marin County with terminal nasal ski-poles, then how come they've made more albums, individually and collectively, than any other '60s or '70s aggregation? As the majority of those have been released in the last eight years, they can hardly be singled out as victims of the modern complacent malaise.

The Dead are highly critical of their own artefacts. Weir won't subscribe to their status as "a way of life. We hit peaks because we're good, it isn't

extra-musical. We do have a sense of adventure which pays off sometimes, like this. Musical formulas are always the same — we were punks on our first album, we changed. I can listen to any well-executed music — mostly R&B but I like Petty and some Patti Smith."

THE STREAMLINING Weir speaks of is evident over these concerts. Sets build around an opening 90 minutes, a lengthy break, and a final set determined by mood.

By Dead standards the gigs are special. Barely repeating a single number, they produce close on fifty songs, skeletons from the chest, cools from the chest and fugue material.

Hart tells me that Pete Townshend came up to them last year when the Who shared the bill and gave Garcia his hand: "I've got to give it to you guys, you played five hours two nights running and didn't repeat a song. We've been playing the same set for six years."

Hart likes The Who a lot. They were a sister band to the Dead for a long time when Bill Graham booked them as virtual unknowns into the long closed Fillmore West. "Keith Moon was one drummer I had to get up the when we played together, 'cos I knew how he'd blow me off if I didn't. He gave it all he had — a monster, a powerhouse... a whole lot of little drumming society."

Mickey Hart's own performances are beyond criticism. With Bill Krovatin drumming on one hand and a mallet on the other, he's been playing for the day before leaving. Hart bears the brunt of the band, and is the orchestrator behind the Dead's percussive extravaganza, a section of the show which makes Cage and Stockhausen sound like telephone engineers.

ON SATURDAY the eclipse weighs the air down with apprehension. A strong lunar

wind lifts the sand in waves, sending it scudding into the skin. In the hills, bedouins form eerie caravans, their chilling wails almost a match for the craziness on stage. The armed soldiers attempting to keep out wall-hoppers cannot cope with the vibration and retire to the perimeter.

Prior to the 9.06 total eclipse my camera refuses to work. A taped interview with Garcia between 6.00 pm and 7.00 pm doesn't record. At the entrance to the Sphinx an uneasy rifled guard keeps out the unwary who are mad enough to mess with the curse. Walking around it is enough for me. Implacable and inscrutable, it possesses an aura of monolithic proportions.

Garcia, a voracious reader and self-educated man of 36 (high school drop-out and San Mateo Jr's prize pupil), had thoughts of his own on the subject. "The Mariner space probe showed that there was evidence of pyramid-shaped objects on Mars..."

We're back of the stage, early evening. Absolute quiet except for the squeaking of overhead bars and distant tribal chants. Garcia picks at his Doug Irwin custom, pulls the filter off a Winston and lets it burn to the fingertips before smoking.

"Just being here in the open, collecting sensory information, is better than contriving theories to suit a hypothesis. I don't subscribe to the conventional pyramid power, but I'd like to know who it is and why we're here."

"I don't care how I find out. A lot of our people get high, dropped out or turned out some disciplined PhD's trying to understand the pyramids experience."

He tells me of an influential book on the subject by the brothers McKenna, *The Invisible Landscape: Mind Hallucinations and the I-Ching*; it's to do with the properties of ultra violet psilocybin located in the Amazon delta.

Continues page 50



JERRY GARCIA



MICKY HART



KEN KESY



BOB WEIR

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20 DUNDIE, Skye
21 DUNDIE, Skye
22 DUNDIE, Skye
23 DUNDIE, Skye
24 DUNDIE, Skye
25 NEWPORT, Sweeney
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28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
29 LEICESTER, University
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SEPARATES



FARREN

Is there life after Dingwalls?

By SALEWICZ

DESPITE the silk shawl wrapped about its neck to prevent its head falling off, there is a dignity, a pride, even a sense of all-knowingness, about the stuffed anti-eater as, from its corner in the room, it maintains an unceasing vigil on the British Relay Colour 26-incher.

Just like Mickey might've planned it, *Crossroads* is showing.

We sit, Mickey and I, on the cushions on the floor, smoking and drinking tea.

Mickey isn't drinking anything stronger than tea at the moment (though that's not to say he won't have changed his mind in an hour or so).

Drinking makes Mickey go and do strange things.

Like make albums with interesting titles like "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money".

This is why I'm sitting on Mickey's floor right now.

Mick Farren cut "Vampires" in the early spring of this year at Pathway Studios in North London. He was, he says, "pretty ill" at the time.

He was pretty ill from too much booze.

Mickey likes the odd tippie. A couple of months before he'd cut the album, I sat in the very same room on a different cushion in Mickey's top floor flat just off the W10 end of Ladbroke Grove, and watched him get interviewed about punk by a U.S. film crew. During the course of the interview, as well as consuming many other things, Mickey drank a whole bottle of Chivas Regal malt whisky.

Why does Mick Farren drink so much?

"Because I'm paranoid and insecure."

Mick talks about the album. "Most of the songs were written during a period of, like..." he hesitates, "pretty serious alcoholism both on the part of Larry Wallis (producer, guitarist, and co-songwriter) and myself. It just seemed to come out of all that, really. We were tapering off and drying out to such an extent that when we got outside the studio we cried 'No whisky!'..."

"We did actually lapse a little as the days went on, but we were working 18 hours a day."

"So making the album was almost a drying out process."

AS READERS of this paper, it's unlikely that you pop kids can have missed out on the news that Baron Farren of Ladbroke was once an ardent word arranger within these pages. "The Titanic Sails At Dawn", the Nashville epics, The Doors, lots of stuff about watching TV... Don't miss the coming retrospective of his finest features at the ICA.

In addition to being a mere scribe in a pop paper, though, Farren's name has been turning up all over the place for the last twelve years: former editor of *IT*, science

fiction novelist, Yippee activist and, up, leader of the British White Panthers — even his very own Old Bailey obscenity trial when *Nasty Tales* got busted.

Plus — and here lies the heavy new wave credibility — in the late '60s Mickey used to have his very own rock band, The Social Deviants, one of the most anarchic combos ever to grace a stage.

One morning shortly after last Christmas, an executive voice from Logo Records woke Mickey up. The executive voice told Mickey that Logo had acquired the rights to the Deviants' material, and that they were intending to re-release some of it.

"Don't do that!" begged Mickey from underneath the bed-clothes. "Let me come round and talk to you about this."

Mickey met the man from Logo. Like so many other episodes of Mickey's life, the pair "got talking and had a few gins." By the end of the gins Mickey appears to have managed to blag himself a somewhat frugal record deal.

Instrumental in scoring the Logo deal, of course, was the Farren EP stuff put out at the end of last year.

"We played it to them and said, 'This is what we're into doing — only over and above it'."

"Because in some respects the EP was a look back at the past: it had Paul Rudolph on it and we done one old Deviants tune on it" — "Let's Loot The Supermarket (Again, Like We Did Last Summer)" — "and a couple of the other songs were very much about what had gone down previously."

In its turn the EP had been sired somewhat by Mickey's sudden realisation that not only was he not scorned by the new wave, but he was actually treated with a measure of respect. "You get people like Mick Jones telling you when you're both drunk how he used to go and see the Deviants at the Roundhouse when he was 14 or something. I hope it doesn't make me sound like Lord Sutch saying, 'Oh, we were doing all that stuff nine years ago' — but it's sort of true."

"I mean, no one understood what we were doing in the '60s. There were two sets of people — Iggy and The MC5 — who were the only people who came anywhere close to it. We used to really freak out people who were on acid. This wall of noise would come howling out and everyone'd jump about and scream: 'Enough!'"

IT IS NOT merely the mixture of live star brandy, cheap cigar stubs and throat virus cultures in which Mickey soaks his vocal chords when he takes them out at night that accounts for his wounded bear recorded growl. In common with other great un-singers like Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa, Mickey nicks his vocal licks from Mr Howlin' Wolf.

Not only his vocal licks, in fact, but even his guitar lines. Mickey is delighted with the

Hubert Sumlin licks Wilko Johnson put down on "People Call You Crazy" on "Vampires".

Just like Keef did when Ron Wood was cutting his first solo LP. Wilko dropped by one day to parody himself on the "I Wanna Drink" cut and stayed to play lots more.

"Unfortunately," says Mick, "a general lack of time and money and organisation did tend to mean that Wilko'd be putting down a guitar part after the harp part had already gone down — which can mean that it sounds a bit odd."

"Though hopefully that's the sort of thing that can be rectified next time we do something together."

Yes indeed. Provided Logo maintain their support — and at the moment "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money" is selling a thousand copies a week, so there seems to be no reason why they shouldn't — Mickey will be returning to the studio shortly.

"What I'd really like to do is continue recording with Larry Wallis and myself and a few other people. Larry's album's got to be done at some time. He can't afford to stay in bed and watch TV much longer."

"Then I'd like to get much more of a Bill Building situation. I've never previously come anywhere near having a parent attitude from a record company where they'd just let me exploit my daff ideas. For example, after I'd seen *Star Wars* last year I wanted to do a Darth Vader record with this peculiar voice on it. To do it almost as a disco record with

lots of weird electronics on it. "You see, there's an awfully big pool of talent about and a lot of people that don't really get into standing bands. I mean, I don't want to be in a band. It's just a question of following through everything you've learnt."

Current Farren follow-ups to what he's learnt include selected live dates with The Good Guys (who feature an approximation of the musicians who played on "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money"), a novel entitled *The Feelers* that's being published this month, plus a futuristic private eye novel he's in the process of putting down on paper.

He freely admits to having been influenced by the greater sense of artistic freedom that the advent of the new wave permitted.

"I mean, it's like Don Letts. Now I've got no great desire to make movies at the moment but now..."

Now it seems possible to...

"Right! But there still is — though it seems a lot less than it was a while ago — a lot of petty hostility shown if you want to step outside your avowed profession. 'Oh, you can't do that, man. You're a writer!'"

"Bollocks I can't! Just watch me!"

"Ere! Which way's this going?"

In the corner the anti-eater sits in silence, practising the Zen art of nodding in agreement without moving its head.



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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SINGLES



Reviewed this
week by
DANNY BAKER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK:

Sylvester: Dance (Disco Heat) — (Fantasy Import).

The Beach Boys made great, carefree records in the '60s. In the '70s rock once again finds itself too important for such things (unless they're esoteric or deleted or part of an in-joke), and so Disco gets better and better.

Mention a passion for Disco in rock company and people will think you're trying to be hip, wacky or worst of all, Moderne, simply because it's inconceivable to rock'n'roll's snottily little clique mentality that something might actually be going on... out there.

Disco couldn't care less who the bass player used to be with or what the papers say. It either sounds good or it don't, and the hits just keep coming.

"Dance (Disco Heat)", along with "Night Fever", "Shame", "White Man In Hammersmith" and "Mighty Real", lodges firmly amongst the best singles released this year. But Sylvester, the old drag and bone merchant himself, has little to do with this searing blitz of rhythm. As on "Mighty Real", drummer Randy Merritt, sweating blood for the cause, proves the true star of the day, closely rivalled by the magnificent Two Tons Of Fun duo who handle what vocals there are.

There's no analysis, cats. The record doesn't claim to have anything to say. It's just eight minutes twenty of absolute energy, pace and fun, stopping and starting over and over so as to crank the excitement to ludicrous limits. When the warbling speaker-to-speaker synthesizer bubbles in halfway through it is one of the year's sharpest peaks.

This 12-inch tears the album mix to shreds, will reduce dance floors to heaps of charred lino, and if Fantasy don't release it here soon they shall be razed to the ground! Hallelujah!

And also...

BONEY M: Rasputin (Atlantic). Just when I thought Boney M were to be the first major hitters to leave me cold since The Osmonds, out comes this diamond:

"Ra Ra Rasputin. Love of the Russian Queen/There was a cat that really was Gone/Ra Ra Rasputin, Russia's greatest Love Machine/It was a shame how he carried on!"

What? I should say so! Now had I not had the fortune to make such a disc in their healthier days, everyone would have fallen over themselves in praise of their wit, skill and all round sharpness. But I can see those po-faced dullards at rival publications writing about how Disco will murder us in our beds or admitting to loving it in a 'futuristic' way while pondering the modern significance of the drum sound.

Mass production? Mindless Consumerism? Modern World? My Arse? This is purely and simply a good record that can be yours for 85 pence. Strong, crisp and joyful, it cracks away like a coachman's whip, impossible to better. (Perhaps, though, it could have had a drum break wherein we could all chant, 'You put your Rasputin, your Rasputin, in out, in out,

shake it all about...)
Ha Ha Halkyon Days!!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THINGS (Lower Than The Basic Wage).

DEEP PURPLE: New Live And Rare, Vol 2 (Purple).

RAINBOW: L.A. Connection (Polydor).

WHITESNAKE: Lie Down (EMI International).

Real mindlessness... thick as a docker's sandwich. The dirge that is "New (Ha) Live And Rare, Vol 2" is an appalling mixture of hard riffing against stolid churning backgrounds and singer who screams and groans like the NME office when the expenses are late.

Do people really think that all of a sudden these tapes have been unearthed from a long-lost wing in EMI House and released after it was discovered how good they were? More likely nobody thought them worth releasing (till the group were between albums and, well, ha, a buck's a buck).

Whitesnake come on with the old "because I quite like you I'll do you a favour" type arrogant crap that scuttles from concert hall to concert hall where boys can cheer it on and feed its poison.

Much-loved Rainbow still create an atmosphere like a suicide attempt in Lenin's tomb. "L.A. Connection" plods on red vinyl to show you that although the sleeve says "Long Live Rock'n'Roll",



rock is in fact bleeding all over your turntable.

Heavy metal is a loser's music that throws up the most obnoxious 'stars'. Be on your guard. Perhaps vigilante groups are the only answer...

If you think we're gonna get letters about this section, here's...

BOB DYLAN: Is Your Love In Vain (CBS).

ERIC CLAPTON: Promises (RSO).

DAVID GATES: Never Let Her Go (Elektra).

I think it's marvellous that, at his age, Mr Dylan can still find it in him to make records. OK, so these days they may be rather pathetic, but that's not the point — we should encourage this sort of effort in our gentlefolk rather than send them to do menial jobs in those homes. This latest waxing is quite obviously influenced quite heavily by the winner's march at the end of beauty contests (hear the opening minute for concrete proof).

Meanwhile Eric Clapton is getting very shoddy treatment indeed from the RSO label (made famous by the Bee Gees). "Promises" can do nothing but humiliate this grand old gentleman still further. All concerned should be ashamed (although they probably think themselves quite clever) for forcing Eric into signing these contracts which must be baffling to the old Powellite. This latest offering is more acoustic shuffling, with Eric having difficulty in mouthing the lyric, but I dare say it'll sell well in his native Rochdale which, I understand, he has recently visited.

Mr Gates, however, is an altogether more sinister case. Unlike his neighbours in this section he has never known true glory, and has a history of public outrage ("Guitar Man", "Make It With You" etc). Some people campaign for his release from Spandau Recording Studios where he has been since justice caught up with him on the release of his 'first solo album'. But this latest outburst is proof the authorities are right. Force yourself to hear it once. Let us forget...

A 12 INCH A 12 INCH: MY KINGDOM FOR A 12 INCH!

SWEET THUNDER:

Everybody's Singing Love Songs (Fantasy — import)

MUNICH MACHINE



SYLVESTER

White Shade Of Pale (Oasis)
MUSIQUE: Summer Love (CBS)

MICK JACKSON: Blame It On The Boogie (Atlantic)
EVOLUTION: Summer In The City (EMI)

Three outa five ain't bad. Although led to expect great things because of a no-holds-barred review in *Black Music*, Sweet Thunder's platter has won me over since I first met with it. Without being essential (although the best in this section) it falls between funk and disco in a way nearer to the preferences of rock listeners without being too faced (which is usually how rock audiences like 'black' music).

An Earth, Wind and Fire-type workout, I still find it a little joyless to be a truly serious single.

The Munch Machine are delightful, but it's a pity they didn't have a more substantial song to muck around with than the dreadful old Procul Harum standard. But of course they do improve on it, and there is a glorious break which allows just the double bubble electronics to bounce around like a bus full of fat men. Should have Gary Brooker spinning in his grave.

"Blame It On The Boogie" commits the indecency of being an "OK" record with a nod to Stevie Wonder, but really it's just the outrageous number of great singles around which makes it seem a little grey I suppose. Michael Jackson of The Jackson Five has a version out too (hence the chumminess with which this edition's artist presents himself), and that take is probably better than this. However, the man in the shop only had a seven-inch copy and, I mean, would you give a starving dog a rubber bone? Evolution deserve to suffer

for their inhuman BBC brass section rendition of the Lovin' Spoonfuls' "Summer In The City". It's worse than the hot dogs in Oxford Street. And *Musique* are wetter than a runner's armpit with their Biddo-type arrangements. Make that two and a half outa five.

IJAH MAN: Heavy Load (Island). Haven't I heard this somewhere before? I don't actually dislike reggae, its just the blind acceptance of the thing by hordes of crud that makes me suspect 90 per cent of it. I dunno, it all seems a little dreary after "Train Tour Of Rainbow City". Mr Jah Man croons along quite happily and I'm sure it all makes sense when they rub the 'herb' on their chests or whatever the procedure is.

HIGH AS AN ELEPHANT'S EYE SECTION

REAL THING: Raining Through My Sunshine (Pye)
CARRIE LUCAS: Street Corner Symphony (RCA)
JOE THOMAS: Pluto's Retreat (TK)

Although the Real Thing single isn't that new and e'en now climbing the charts, it's just I don't remember seeing a review of it in *NME* and I think we should recommend it while we can. The kind of single the boys wait for before daring to pop the terpsichorean terms to the girls. Lush and warm, another great single from our own Real Thing. Snap one up and name the kid after me.

Now I always feel that strings have to be exceptional to work on anything in areas outside classical, but when they fit as well as they do on both Carrie Lucas' and Joe Thomas' efforts it is rewarding.

When I saw the label on "Street Corner Symphony" the whole thing nearly frisedge'd its

way onto the railway lines. "Including 'Stand By Me', 'My Girl', 'Licking Stick', 'DUKE OF EARL'!"... is part of the text. D.O.E. being one of my favourite-ever, I waited for the worst. But what a grand piece this is. Swirling and punchy, the backing and lead vocals cruise and swoop, harmonising on a disc deserving even the 85 pence of Gene Chandler himself. Sharp stuff.

A little lighter runs "Pluto's Retreat". It's no more than candy floss, but you've got to be a sour old shit to get worked up the wrong way by it.

Completing the trio of Dream Disc Dancers is Phil Huri's "Giving It Back" — and it may well be the capper. The vocal's so good, layered and echoey it makes *luc's* "I'm Not In Love" seem positively garage bandish. Kicking just above mid-tempo it reeks of excellence and puts most other assembled singles here firmly in the trash can.

Four out of four!

THE BOYFRIENDS: Don't Ask Me To Explain (United Artists)

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ: Love, Peace and Understanding (United Artists)

FISCHER Z: Wax Drols (United Artists)

THE EDGE: Macho Man (Albion)

CHELSEA: Urban Kids (Step Forward)

Though The Boyfriends start off OK the track is soon lost in its own averageness — and isn't helped one jot by lyrics and harmonies as wholesome and clean as the lounges in Salt Lake City.

From 1974, Brinsley Schwarz can embarrass any of today's power-poppers with the worthy "What's So Funny About P. L. & U.". A thick sound without being cluttered,

this may well be the best 'rock' single on show this week — which goes to prove something, coming as it does from a time when rock'n'roll wasn't.

In 1978, Fischer Z should take a close look at their vocalist, who goes a long way towards ruining a promising intro and taking the track too close to a parody of Talking Heads to let it have a decent shout. Sags out of sight on the third playing, though, annoyingly, that beginning still sounds strong.

I thought The Edge might be doing a version of the Village People gem from earlier this year, when in fact their "Macho Man" is self-penned and very similar to The Stranglers' sound — so similar in fact that his just has to be a dog. However, but the words are not clear enough in attack. Again there's no real reason to recommend, no real reason to put it down. (This column's least ambiguous insult!)

Then there's Chelsea, to whom nobody wants to go. After two years of playing the dives Chelsea are still no nearer cracking it then they ever were, and this single has all the invention and attack of an "I'm Bob, He's Dickie" show, despite the curious effort made on the artwork. The handout that came with it has the band making big things out of the fact that they've stayed with an independent label. It's not made clear exactly who else has offered them deals.

M: Modern Man (Do It)
FOUR TOPS: I Can't Help Myself (Motown)

The members of M bought Bowie's "Low" and had their heads turned around and around. The cover has the obligatory random sets of numbers all over it along with a shot of an escalator, which we are supposed to see in a weird kind of futuristic light because it's the modern world. All I can see is a photo of an escalator and all I hear is a pretentious single.

"Modern Man is obsolete/Modern Man repeat, repeat."

Oh wow, man, y'know like the universe is expanding and still The Four Tops single from 1965 shows 'M' there's more than one way to expose an eggplant. Moderne like a tene bobe note.

Fan-the real modern world.

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Sandy (RSO). Another lift from *Grease* and another bit.

Travolta is a fair actor who's made some good singles and hardly deserves the stick shown him by people who ought to know better. This, though — a '50s type ballad — only works in the film and is way out of context as a single. The B side, "Can't Let You Go", is from his upcoming solo album and is ominous in its lacklustre attempt at the awful David Soul's ground. You better shape up, cos they need a man!

PUSSYCAT: Wet Day In September (Somet). Remember Mississippi? Forget it.

Enough of this pap! The Mothership Connection Is Here!

THE BRIDES OF FRANKENSTEIN: Disco To Go (Atlantic) (Import)

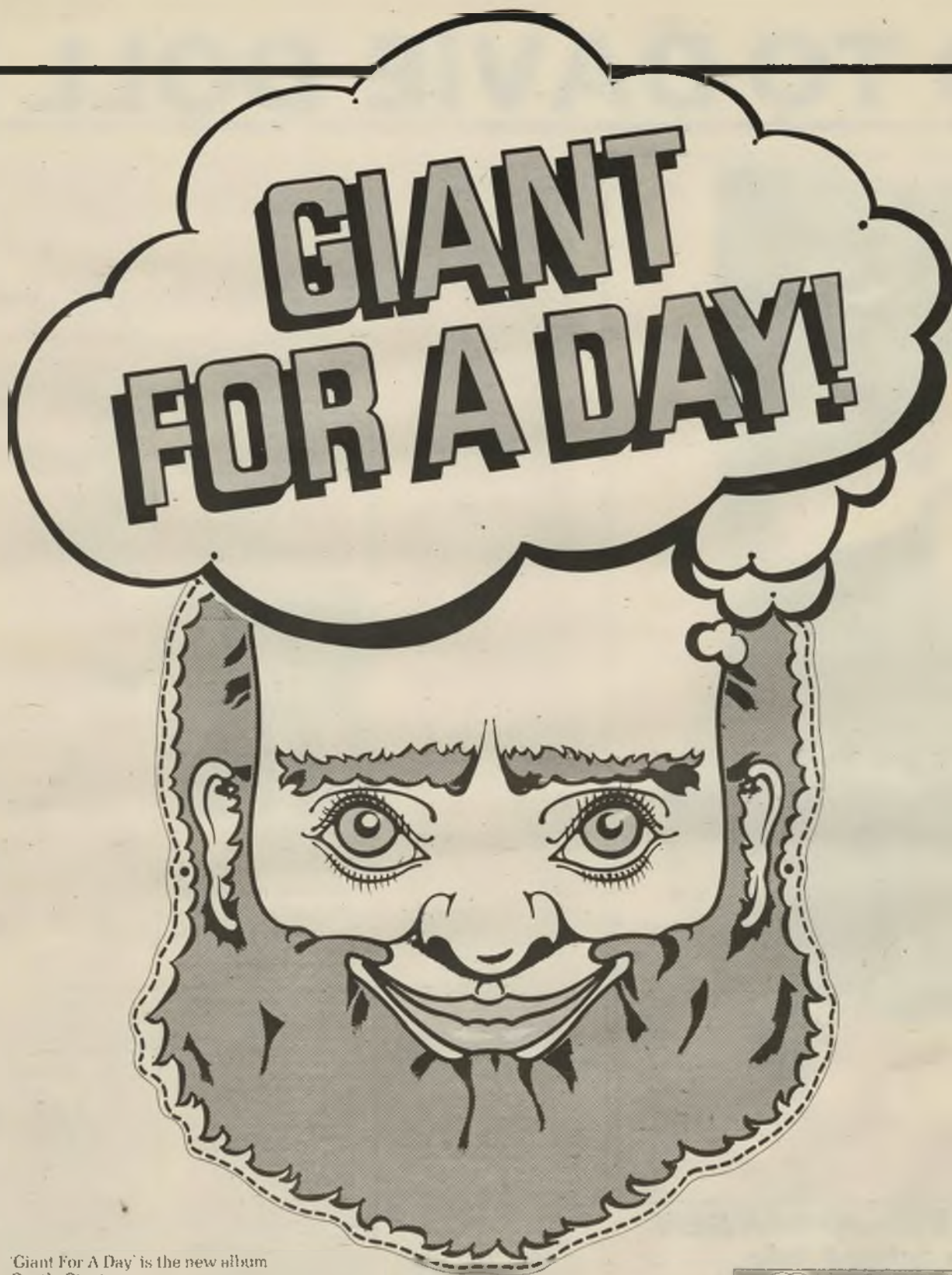
Collins and Clinton unveil their latest laboratory creation with a single treading as lightly as frogman boots on rice paper. Better than any track from either Parliament or Bootsy's last outings, the gals chani, punch and scratch holes through the heaviest of funk rhythms. Domestic Atlantic have no plans to release this over here as yet, and with import singles just pence dearer than regular, forget about that copy of "The Biggest Blow (with Interview)" and buy all the singles recommended here. It's guaranteed that, at your next party, toots will be flogging tickets outside.

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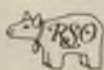
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ALBUMS

DAVID BOWIE Stage (RCA)

HOW COULD he even hope to follow "Heroes"? How could we ever forget "Peter And The Wolf"?

I don't intend to talk about Bowie as a singer / songwriter because that's been done to death by those older and more impressionable than I and, anyhow, there's no new songs here for me to slander.

Instead I want to argue that David Bowie mattered to the '70s in the way James Dean and John Kennedy did to the '50s and '60s — not as a talent (James Dean was a bad, hammy actor and Kennedy was a corrupt, sloppy politician, but that didn't have anything to do with the way they looked) but as a beacon, a giant, vital lifebuoy: some symbol that helped a few less teenagers than usual start thinking middle-aged the moment they hit 20.

Kennedy on a political level and Dean and Bowie in a solipsistic way appealed to a sizeable group of very untypical youth of above average intelligence who were grossly miscast in life and altogether sick of their allotted lot. The catch is, once you've got your keds over their rough patch, and they're growing up for better or worse, you're pathetically spare. There's nothing so useless as an outgrown catalyst.

Kennedy spoke of change and advancement for the WORLD. Bowie told his black sheep to make over (glitter for eyebrows and plum lipstick essential, fingernail tattoos optional) and advance THEMSELVES, see THEMSELVES as the New Age — and sod the piddling little PLANET. He made you really feel for a bit of the fame cake, that's how he was useful, that he helped more than a few.

As the kids who were teenagers in the early '70s not to get trampled down.

A lot of them went into hard dressing — that's not a joke or a cheap condemnation, it's just the only possible, traditional, creative outlet that

Bowie sees The Blimp



Pic: IMAGINE

99% of working-class teenagers ever get a glimpse of.

The only ones among the new generation of artists who have successfully remodelled and UTILIZED what they saw in their idol are, predictably, girls: Poly Styrene, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Runaways and, massively, Kate Bush. By really catching that awful mawkish Joni Mitchell streak

that ran through Bowie's easy listening efforts, and putting it to work on Bowie's weird fifth form sex poetry, that Kate girl has fashioned herself into a gold-mine. I can't stand her songs, but what with the markets she covers and how

young, pretty, personable and privileged she is, she'll be bigger than Bowie by 1980.

Recorded live on Bowie's 1978 tour, this double album has been put out just to use up the rest of his RCA contract. It's not Shangri-La, time standing still, is it, Toto? It's that toothless old hag that David Bowie said was rock'n'roll. It's that old piece of burnt meat that David called his music about being cooked all over again. It's that toothless old piece of meat David Bowie proving that, just like his good friends Lou and Iggy, all his good for is hanging out with other has-beens.

Side One: "Hang Onto -

Yourself" sounds like a punk tribute to a la Ester's "L.S." "Ziggy Stardust", "Soul Love", "Five Years" ("My brain hurts a lot" — just like a Gumbie off Mony Python) and "Star" (a good song, horribly folded, spindled and mutilated) all sound like Foreigner doing a Bowie medley. The lyrics, great and helpful in 1973, are now indisputably ancient.

gibberish, as archaic as Bob Dylan's currentist verbiage.

Side Two: "Station To Station" songs off his best and most honest, historic album (the creep), the one he should have given up after. The terrible boy backing singers

make some great songs — "Station To Station", "TVC15" and "Fame" off "Young Americans" — sound like the burblings of a bunch of butch buddies at a football outing. He rushes through this side like he has a hot line laid out in the dressing-room and can't wait to get back to it.

Side Three: "Warszawa", that great little toe-tapper of an onetime number, is overrated with half-hearted whistles and limp screams. Let's see you up out your seats and boogying to "Art Decade" and "Sense Of Doubt", chickies — all those wild, wacky, family favourites we have loved. "Speed Of Life" has lost its spazzy charm;

and David actually sings on "Breaking Glass". Hysteria in the audience! Really, the way they applaud him throughout this wretched side is just like the way Jonathan Richman, a grown man, crawled round the Odeon stage on all fours singing "I'm A Little Dinosaur" and got 28 encores or something. Jonathan Richman must dislike his fans almost as much as David Bowie does.

Side Four: "Heroes" is slow and watery; "What In The World" is done tailor-made for Bob Marley to stick on his next bland black album product — a really good song, this, ruined. "Blackout" gets the best performance of all four sides — with a bit of speed, but unharmed. "Beauty And The Beast" closes — the only interesting thing about this song is that it's where Abba's "Summer Night City" single comes from. David should huddle up to Bjorn and Benny sometime — they might be able to give him a hand with his hit-making.

Possibly buyers? Cherie Currie.

I get all the post-glam depression I need off side two of "Japan" and in an inspiring kind of way. I get no kick out of watching a mentally dead man's life flounce across the stage. This album don't even make you want the old days back, just grateful that it was all over so fast. For the feel of the early '70s, only more modern, humane, humorous and ambitious — music to help you on with what you thought you were going to do to the smug old world in 1974 — hear "Girls", "Pain In My Heart" and "Funky Bui Chic" off David Johansen's new album, or just play your early Roxy Music records.

Those Bowie fans who have learned their lesson well and gone on ahead will have no use for this: those who were forced for economic reasons to dump their Diamond Dog Day dreams will still scream and salivate for Bowie and wake up every morning wishing it was still 1973 and they were still

only 14 with all their blank screens before them. This, however, is one straw they'd do best not to clutch at.

David Bowie, you belong in Vogue. You are about as relevant and useful to young people today.

Julie Burchill

BUZZCOCKS

Love Bites (United Artists) "WHY US?" Pete Shelley ponders Buzzcocks' popularity in the latest Zigzag. "It's either that we are something or that we've got the ability to convince people into thinking that we are. If somebody made a definitive study of the Buzzcocks they'd find that nobody, even the people who buy the records, knows exactly what's there. It's just their own interpretation."

Buzzcocks have never been an easy band to define. Shelley: new age romantic, the Peter Pan of rock, a punk Smokey Robinson... It's all critical hogwash, journalists projecting their own fancies onto a blank canvas outlined by an attractive image — diffident, Mancunian, self-styled ambi-sexual — with no hard commitments to rub people's ideologies up the wrong way.

But now there is a change in the air. Unfortunately, Buzzcocks made this album in

a rush and it's not very good; I just hope that they aren't now going to be subjected to the squalid sort of attacks that the likes of Blondie and Patti Smith have received at the first signs of human weakness.

The crowd-sun is that Buzzcocks have never been all that good. John Maher is an infuriating drummer — most of this album is virtually unlistenable, it's so overburdened with ungainly drum rolls and half-cocked time-keeping; Pete Shelley is no vocal virtuoso; his compositional sense often betrays him — a result no doubt of inexperience; and the guitarist's penchant for ambitious spacey lead guitar lines strikes a weird imbalance with the bulldozing rhythm section.

Buzzcocks' prime strength has always been their irresistible hooklines — just read the titles and you hear the choruses: "Boredom", "Breakdown", "Orgasm Addict", "What Do I Get", "Fast Cars", "Get On Our Own", "Love Battery"... This has been backed up by their "experimental" mystique (though closer investigation shows that most of their unconventional gambits have actually worked against their



Pete Shelley

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

But Does It Hurt?

music); by Shelley's success in turning his kind of eight-year-old's whine into an appealing effete aggression; by their attention to detail (such as the nippets of "Boredom" on "Another Music In A Different Kitchen"); and by an equal attention to continuity in their packaging and presentation (though this last

may also now begin to work against them — partly because good packaging only goes down well with the critics as long as you're unsuccessful).

Like "Another Music", "Love Bites" is mainly an album of love songs. Also like "Another Music", it has a good-to-excellent first side and a predominantly turgid flip.

Basically, it's a gamble which didn't pay off. They cut it just six months after completing the first set, and consequently it's full of half-developed songs, good ideas which go nowhere.

To take the second side first. "Walking Distance" — an Indian drone instrumental by bassist Steve Garvey makes an interesting filler onstage but means nothing on wax. "Love Is Lies" — an acoustic-based ditty by Steve Diggle, insubstantial enough to be a Cliff Richard release. "Late For The Train" — another instrumental, shades of Emerson, Lake & Palmer, ugly and boring. "ESP" — a ponderous riff out of Shelley's archives which palls after a few plays.

The one bright spot is "Nothing Left", the only mainstream Buzzcocks number: lost love, tired, vitriolic vocals, hammering riff, scrawny lead break — good rock'n'roll, despite a totally pointless middle section where they drain out all the energy.

The first side can only get better. "Real World" is a competent enough opener. "Operations Manual" — 3/4 time, always dodgy — is a humdrum song weighted down

with silly slow bits. "Nostalgia" boasts an Only Ones minor chord vibe; you'd have to listen to it for a year to get the words, but the awkward chorus line "Nostalgia for an age yet to come" doesn't help — still, it's got good driving chords.

"Just Lust" revises Shelley's apparent concern with the conflicts between sex and love — and it also revises Buzzcocks' performance. Despite occasional stumbles courtesy of Maher's weird drumming, it rides through on a strong melody — catch it on the B-side of the single.

The only other songs up to the standard of their previous best are "Sixteen Again" — a cleverly relentless tune — and "Ever Fallen In Love", which has all the attributes of a pop classic; twice as much energy as the rest of the album put together, ringing guitar lines, beautiful minor chords driving the sort of chorus you simply can't resist singing for sheer exultation of peeing the dirt fragments of the line together.

If you've got 80p in your pocket, go and buy the single, this instant.

But as for "Love Bites" let's hope that for Buzzcocks it's once bitten twice shy.

Phil McNeill

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Are you sure Billie Holiday sung it this way?

Pic: DAVID HALL



The Lady Sings Her Blues

JOAN ARMATRADING
To The Limit (A&M)

WHAT IS it about Joan Armatrading that brings forth The Apathetic Appreciation Society in their droves? Critical accolades are now reduced to slight, half-hearted appraisals of her 'command' of the lyric or the 'funkiness' of her music. Soulful rock or soulful soul — surely it's deeper than that?

She is remarkable in the sense that she effortlessly crosses the board from so-called FM-radio music, attracts a mild interest from those unwilling to become too involved with her often disillusion-saturated songs and yet also maintains a deep, deep appreciation from her fans.

For this her fifth album, Joan has either decided or felt that she wants to rock, really move, really move. She thinks she's succeeded — thank God she hasn't, not completely. Of all her past work it's the songs in which she isn't merely trying to encapsulate certain emotional episodes (those she claims she has observed but not experienced) in order to make them seem real that work the best. Apart from "Wishing", all the songs here are more love poems, strange songs coming from someone who denies all specific involvement. Interesting.

Personally I don't place too much importance on the source of her inspiration. Whether or not "Love And Affection", "Show some Emotion" and "Save Me" were autobiographical, we can still presume she's a born onlooker and assimilator of emotional drama. And the *Bunny* and *Beano* comics on the sleeve? Teenage romantic fantasies and child fun — perhaps they keep her sane.

Initially, as usual, nothing makes too much of an impression. Then the actual form of the songs begins to take firm shape and you can decide between Joan Armatrading as easy listening, local radio music and catchy background!

foreground pop or Joan Armatrading as heart stirrer, stealer of soul banks and life support system supreme.

The only musicians remaining from the last album are bassist Dave Markoe, the omnipresent root of that full sound, and drummer Henry Spineth, kitsman on two songs on "Show Some Emotion". Recorded after the high of the Blackbushe festival and using the same band, laid down almost live with very few overdubs, the songs have a very basic feel yet maintain the perfectionist standards set by her past work. The ever sympathetic Glyn Johns takes the production credits once again.

The whole of the first side has a flowing consistency. "Barefoot And Pregnant", "Your Letter", "Am I Blue For You", "You Rope You Tie Me" and "Baby I" make for a flawless side. The two tracks that don't impress so easily are "Bottom To The Top" and "Taking My Baby Uptown"; they open the second side.

The former's "D'yer Mak'er" reggae eventually sheds that absurd comparison and gratifyingly takes on a new aspect. The latter is a deceptively shallow song about crowds mocking a couple in the street. There and elsewhere, musical credit where credit is due should go to guitarist Philip Palmer, pianist Red Young and saxist and flautist Quimman Dennis.

As any appreciator of Ms Armatrading's music knows full well, the best songs only raise their heads above the totality when the album becomes increasingly familiar. If there are any hit singles here, I neither know nor care which or what they will be. The current "The Flight Of The Wild Geese / No Way Out" single tracks are not included.

This is simply another excellent Armatrading album with which to while away the coming winter nights. It's a lifelong investment for admirers and a perfect starting point for those hitherto put off by the lady's overtly romantic yet detached approach.

To the limit, from the bottom to the top. It's not that bad a feeling.

John Grey

FRANK ZAPPA
Studio Tan (Discreet)

"STUDIO TAN" drops into the industry's autumn orgy unheralded. It's Frank Zappa's studio 'orchestra' album, and one of a harvest Warner Bros. had collected but apparently did not want to release to the general record consuming public. No doubt they feared outbreaks of mass hysteria comparable to those provoked by that certain kind of movie which operates through the dubious manipulation of the under-developed nostalgia and sexual insecurity of wholesome teenage folk. (He means Grease — Ed.)

But "Studio Tan" is relatively 'straightforward.' Zappa is not a manipulative arranger or conductor in the accepted sense of using the orchestra as an instrument to play the audience. Rather, it is his manipulation of whatever technique — or whatever technique in trend and in situ — which distinguishes and which looms.

Even at this late stage, even after psychedelia, people misinterpret and misuse Zappa's interpretation and use of contemporary themes and attitudes. It is still a question of the context in which we place things, the modern composer's role being to aggravate this meditation. ("Zoot Allures," for instance, was a portrait of the 'average man' listening to "Zoot Allures," and "Apostrophe" one of the great

Pic: CHESTER SIMPSON



Aunt Meat?

misunderstood albums of our time).

Here the texture and dimension — parodies of repression, parodies of techniques to achieve same — are intertwined and cross-referenced until one imitates the other and background is foreground, until attack is hull — and joke is judgment.

Side one of "Studio Tan" is "Greggory Peccary," a modern urban opera for prepared orchestra, cartoon character and little red Volkswagen. It uses equal inheritances from Weill / Brecht, Charles Mingus and Robert Stigwood. It embraces "all the usual themes."

The bouncy two minute disco-cert "Let Me Take You To The Beach" is similarly concerned with the state of stasis in America (and by implication British) culture: this is emphasised through the use of some 'meat' former vocabulary and textures (nostalgic parody of parodied nostalgia).

"Revised Music For Guitar and Low Budget Orchestra" is self-explanatory, and there's no tangible division between it and "Redundant." This is familiarly impersonal and intimate: clinging, tonal guitar, gliding, solid and smooth like a harp, all underscored by woodwind, tinged with lush, hesitant piano and cheeky percussion.

In the structures we find the archetypal restatement blooming into an accomplished total design — as opposed to merely cursory revision. There are almost casual hints of the newer jazz — orchestral fusions (Anthony Braxton to the fore). Very self-indulgent? So they say.

These are repossessions and deftly engineered dry echoes of older and other work. It still bounces. It could be an anonymous soundtrack (there are no credits) for a Stigwood production of "Uncle Meat." It's a package, a fun and games machine.

It's still working. I'm still suspicious. "Gnom" is the word!!!

Ian Penman

the SMIRKS

"Always had that je ne sais quoi!"

THE TOUR

Thursday	28th September	LIVERPOOL	Polytechnic
Friday	29th September	SHEFFIELD	Polytechnic
Saturday	30th September	WARWICK	University
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- LIVERPOOL EMPIRE 7
- BIRMINGHAM ODEON 8
- SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE 9
- CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE 10
- TAUNTON ODEON 11
- PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE 13
- TORQUAY TOWN HALL 14
- SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE 15
- HANLEY VICTORIA HALL 16
- MALVERN WINTER GARDENS 19

- 20 BLACKPOOL TIFFANYS
- 21 GLASGOW APOLLO
- 22 ABERDEEN CAPITOL
- 23 EDINBURGH ODEON
- 24 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
- 26 BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
- 27 MANCHESTER APOLLO
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- 4 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
- 6 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION
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- 12 MANCHESTER APOLLO

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on tour with "Subway Sect"

What Is This Thing Called Linda?

LINDA RONSTADT
Living In The USA
(Asylum)

LINDA RONSTADT — oh my God, she's so hunky. Those long, bronzed legs, that Ms Piggy face, those capable fingers — is it any wonder that this pneumatic sufferer from terminal cuteness has won the heart of America?

With her, any good American boy could imagine an evening of purest bliss. As the soul craves onto Malibu beach, he could pick up his burnished Martin guitar and strum as she sings, maybe adding a subdued vocal harmony (just like the unfortunate Waddy Wachtel — last seen propping up Bryan Ferry, in fact — does on this album) until that magical moment when she reaches for him as if he was Governor of California, and the stars blink in over the beach and...

WAKE UP!!! THERE'S BEEN A SLAUGHTER HERE!!!

It starts the moment your stylus touches down on track one side one of this latest platinum statistic and this astonishingly weedy guitar stumbles through patented

Chuck Berry intro 7b. The song is Chuck Berry's "Back In The USA", the lead guitarist is Dan Dugmore and his playing would certainly get him bottled off the stage of the Nashville for sheer lack of sinograms.

Now look, gang. Not wishing to come on like a boring old sociologist voyeur from Coventry University, it remains necessary to point out that "Back In The USA" is one of the most ferociously double-edged critiques of the US known to mankind. This was subtly but tellingly pointed up in the Berry version and slammed home with 50,000 watts of emphasis by the MCs. When toothsome Linda wraps her epiglottis round it, it's just another poem to peaches.

The torture doesn't stop. Rogers and Hammerstein get the skin-cream treatment when Mike Mainieri (Brian Case will be very very angry with you, Mike) adds his vibes to "When I Grow Too Old To Dream" and Linda belts it out like Stravinsky without the Hebrew ego-burger that makes her compelling even when she's repulsive. Wham! "Just One Look" (last seen courtesy of The Hollies) gets one of those insipid platters-panch

numbers that LA sessionmen turn out when the producer (in this case the endlessly culpable Peter Asher) prizes the "reggae" button on their chest consoles. The word came down and the word was "awful". Next!

Well, the next creative person smothered by Linda's attentions is none other than well-known bespectacled person of medium height Elvin Costello. With slattery dripping from every pore, Linda sings "Alison" and demonstrates that her aim is well on the shaky side. It is to E.C.'s credit that the listener has not developed a total blind hatred of the song itself after Ronstadt gets through siphoning out every last globule of meaning or intensity from it.

"Alison" is one of those songs so totally personal that one has to be either a titan or a complacent, insensitive oafette to even think about covering it. Alas, no titan she. Even the thrilling alto sax of David Sanborn seems embarrassed.

The final turkey on the first side is a song by someone called Souther entitled "White Rhythm And Blues". "All I need is black roses, white rhythm and blues" it goes and

song and performance alike are so dry that you could turn it upside down and still not stain your tablecloth.

On side two, there is a dangerous moment on the intro of L. Ronstadt's version of Elton's "All That You Dream" when it seems that the band are in peril of playing with a modicum of intensity, but — whew! as soon as Linda gets to singin' all is safe again. Besides, these days Ronstadt and Feat deserve each other.

We'll skip over the rest. "Living In The USA" has all the vitality of and power of a smacked-out ant, and considering it is produced by people who have somehow gained (among certain deluded souls) a reputation for sensitivity, it is remarkable only for the complete lack of sensitivity with which this inimitable dolly deep-throats the songs her business advisers tell her will be hip to record this year.

When the San Andreas fault wakes up and gets down to business, I'd be perfectly happy to give Randy Newman and the Berserker gang 24 hours to get clear, but NO-ONE else.

Charles Sharer Murray



JETHRO TULL
Live — Bursin Out
(Chrysalis)

IN THE mirror I look like an insect, but Ian Anderson looks like God and this naturally causes me the greater discomfort.

I feel that Ian Anderson is an enigma, but an unworthy one. A loudhailer and 2000cc of William Blake, Anderson is an intellectual refugee from a holiday camp. Whose bum will he pinch next?

In a greater or lesser person, Anderson's demented squeakings might well be interpreted as some form of vision. Who said "myopic"? I can't stand surreptitious unconscious giggling. Leave the womb.

Jethro Tull have always been more articulate than their Heavy Metal peers, always more gritty than their English Fantasy peers. Anderson continually eschews whimsy for cynicism. Or does his cynicism get in the way of his whimsy? Why does he wear a cod-piece?

He wears a cod-piece to emphasise his role. He is a Modern Minstrel. This is a dichotomy, but a rather stale one, like Anderson's God-figure. Aqualung.

But Anderson's repression gets in the way of his religion. Think back: God as the common Man ("Aqualung"), "Locomotive Breath"? God as omnipresent in the beauty of nature ("Songs From The Wood"?). God as the entertainer, that archetypal Tull fool/prophet ("Minstrel In The Gallery"?), someone who is either in possession of forbidden knowledge or in the latter stages of syphilitic decline.

Think back, and "Live — Bursting Out" is but a resumé of the confusion. Anderson not taking himself seriously, but Anderson swearing, hating rock critics, women, and his audience with equal vehemence.

But is this THE REAL ANDERSON or is this obnoxious persona (repressed impotent English aristocrat) simply a mask? To his followers Anderson is God, Bopie Man, Clown, or even someone who strums his willie a lot and hates the Modern World (whilst continuing to be as big and objectionable a part of it as hamburgers and sex shops). I think he's laughing more at us than we are at him.

And on the cover the Modern Minstrel stands under a gigantic inflated hot air balloon.

Kafkaesque. (Exactly — A beetle).

Ian Penman

THE SCRATCH BAND
The Scratch Band (Big Sound Records Import)

ROGER C. REALE & RUE MORGUE
Radio Active (Big Sound Records Import)

A WEEK ago I'd never heard of the Scratch Band. Roger C. Reale or Big Sound Records, but if there's any justice in the world they'll be famous before much longer.

"Radio Active" has traces of John Fogerty, Dave Edmunds and good-time rock'n'roll filtered through a dynamic version of homegrown punk. There's a 90 second blast through Chuck Berry's "Dear Dad", a surging, densely-textured version of The Troggs' "I Can't Control Myself" plus eight originals which prove Reale is no slouch as a songwriter. He has a hard, grainy voice, plays monstrous bass, and receives solid support from drummer Hilly Michaels and the frantic guitar of G. E. Smith, from the Scratch Band. A little more variety, and Rue Morgue will be deadly.

The Scratch Band themselves are better still, their diversity astonishing. A compact, versatile five-piece, they muster two fine singers and two excellent lead guitarists. "When You Dance" opens the BP (Big Play — a six-track mini-LP, clocking in at around 25 minutes) with a slow, deliciously insidious slide into that spirited bluesy rock the Stones used to play when they had heart.

"Don't Go No Further", a Willie Dixon tune, is treated with a rhythmic vigour reminiscent of Pere Ubu, and features a startling harp solo. "The Last Song", modern rock'n'roll, borrows the descending guitar riff from "Holidays In The Sun" and belts along with almost as much power.

Side two has an intelligent protest song, a Lou Reed spoof that outclasses the real thing, and a devastating interpretation of Dusty Springfield's "I Only Want To Be With You" — plain piano and bass behind Christine Ohlman's nervy, breathy vocals that replace the poppy submissiveness of the original with a desperate edge of obsession.

Big Sound Records is a small, independent New York company run by rock writer Jon Tiven. A recent distribution deal with Decca means that most of their catalogue, hopefully including the above records, will shortly be available in the UK.

Graham Lock

FRANKIE VALLI
Is The Word
(Warner Brothers)

THE FIRST Frankie Valli album I've ever listened to, and I expected a far higher standard of vocalise than Mr Valli seems capable of delivering these days. What ever happened to those wondrous pop standards of the '60s — 100,000 copies of "Sherry" are reputed to have gone over the counter in one day Stateside — each and every one of them graced by the famous crystalline falsetto. Four Season fans beware.

The first single to be taken from the album, not unnaturally, is "Grease", theme song from the film of the same name. Anybody who has heard it will have formulated their own opinions: it was of course written by a Bee Gee. In fact the whole album was co-produced by one Barry Gibb, in itself a giveaway.

There will undoubtedly be many more singles culled from this album, and one of them will be "Over Me", a medium-paced dance floor contender with oodles more grit than "Grease", and on which Frankie actually manages to break cover and sing a bit.

As for the rest of the material, I suppose it could be best described as cocktail muzak.

John Hamblett

GARY BURTON
Times Square (ECM)

THIS MUSIC builds nicely in empty moments. It's glassy, abstract and antique — a mobile, melodic construction to recline in. A good vibes record by a good vibes player and his group.

Two Keith Jarrett compositions, eight pieces altogether, and it's slightly sublime.

It doesn't do to differentiate between numbers or players, it's not really called for. This is ECM, it exists, what can I say? Worth 28 million 'fusion' records, but worth your five quid?

Only because it's autumn.

Ian Periman

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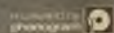
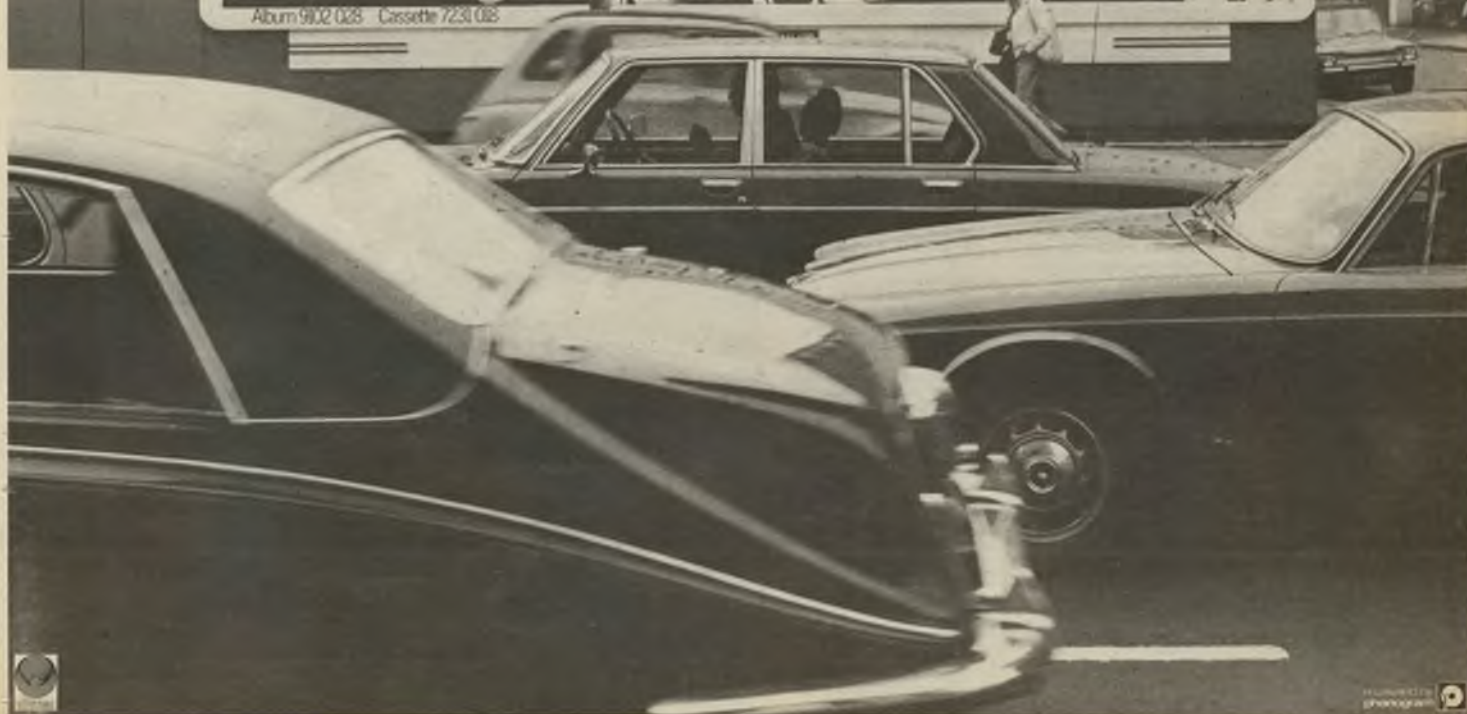
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ROBIN WILLIAMSON & HIS MERRY BAND *American Stonehenge* (Criminal Records)

I'VE STILL kept a few incredible String Band albums like "The 5,000 Spirits Or The Layers Of The Onion" and "The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter" because every now and then (mainly then), I pull them out and indulge in their mystical, folk inspired music.

That unique, often stormy combination of Mike Heron's and Robin Williamson's songs was, at one time, a most interesting sound. But a lot of their fanatical fans left the fold when they signed to Island and left the old Elektra acoustic days behind. They may have gained a younger following for their electric incarnation, but they never matched the earlier, multi-instrumentalist duo period.

I've always felt a far stronger affiliation for Heron's work than Williamson's, a state of affairs that hasn't been changed by the latter's "Myrrh" solo album, nor by this. Judging by his extensive sleeve notes here, I'd say Robin's as sincere as ever in his attempts to compose a contemporary folk/traditional music. On this occasion he's decided to concentrate on the creation of a modern Celtic form, as opposed to re-interpreting the same old hand-me-down songs.

The fact that he's thinking in ye olde terms is in itself the sole reason why this record sounds like a pale imitation of the real thing, and is consequently a total failure. "Her Scattered Gold", one of two instrumentals, actually sounds like laid-back Chieftains, if that's possible, and features the most pathetically weak bodhran playing ever committed to vinyl.

The quaint, pure image

Williamson purveys on the sleeve and in his writing is totally unconvincing. Perfect perhaps for those who can't face up to modern society. If you want to bury your head in the gold leaves of autumn (see sleeve), longing for the good old days, then this is the record for you. But beware, the price you pay for an instant time warp is very high: this music provokes restless sleep.

John Gray

CAMEL *Breathless* (Decca)

I ALWAYS look forward to a new release from the UK Camel, that sturdy, most resilient and adequate of creatures. In these days of fluctuating tomfoolery and adolescent aggression, it is nice to be able to rely upon a group who'll deliver the goods, come rain or safety pin.

And if "Breathless" isn't exactly a whole new different ball game — well, it's all the better for it. Some of us still respect the exactitudes and amplitudes which once made boredom something one could certainly plot a graph of — not to mention Chinese food.

Well, this is just like 1973 all over again. Desire is well up on Tolkien again after an unfortunate mishap with a concrete poet, whereas I'm really rather pro-Positivism at the mo, and "Breathless" is just what we both want, understand, and can relate adequately to as it fizzles away in this glass of Alka Seltzer we call home.

The sound quality throughout is marvellous; Andrew Laimier plays guitar, Andy Ward the drums, Richard Sinclair the bass, Peter Baines the keyboards, and even Mel Collins is here on flute and saxes.

The magically scaled rift between the omnipresent

futuristic yearning and the archetypal Camel harking, barking and hiking back to the countryside is especially pleasing; we still have to all keep a firm hold on our roots, eh?

This is what you call progressive music.

Ian Penman

DOWNLINERS SECT *The Rock Set's In* (Charly)

THE DOWNLINERS Sect were a '60s punk R&B group who, despite reforming recently, look like going down as one of the many likeable obscurities in rock history.

"The Rock Set's In" was their third album, a rock'n'roll revival record first released in 1966, and now revived again courtesy of Charly, who've also reissued their two earlier LPs. The second of which was (they claim) the first C&W album ever made by a British group, and described by the NME of the day as "sensational".

Sorry I can't say the same about his one, lads — will "quite good" do instead? It reminds me slightly of the Beatles album with Tony Sheridan — the same brash, abrasive rock-cum-pop which makes up in panache what it lacks in polish, and which gives this record some credence as an ancestor of contemporary punk.

Overall, though, it does sound dated and a little ordinary in these exciting modern times. As indeed it must have done in 1966 compared to the likes of "Blonde On Blonde", "Revolver" and "Aftermath".

Which may be the price of being 12 years ahead of your time, but is more likely the folly of trying to sound several years behind it.

Graham Lock

A prehistoric person rooting for their roots

Triceratops courtesy of The British Museum



Back In Dem Dinosaur Swamps

THE SAINTS *Prehistoric Sounds* (Harvest)

THE THIRD album from the Australian quartet, and the decisive one. It shows a third shift in sound, so that the difference between this and "(I'm) Stranded", the amusing single that made their reputation way back in 1977, is considerable. You wouldn't know it was the same group.

Those ignorant but for the group inevitably beneficial comparisons with The Ramones — although Quo, of course, would've been truer and bluer — are now even more ludicrous. More absurd comparisons would be with The Doors (joyless and defiant, but no organs), the Stooges ('wild' and claustrophobic, but no Iggy) and even Edgar Winter's White Trash (R&B rowled, with blended brass). This is faithful progressive rock. Genuine turn of the decade heavy and doomy rock, authentic as in the pretentious

and spiritually subversive qualities of the MCS.

In fact as this album conclusively proves, The Saints were a naturally old fashioned cut-off rock group who idolised American politico rock from afar, and who found themselves unwittingly (and unfortunately) booked into an undiscriminating and all-devouring British punkrock scene 'cos they were fast and angry and had short hair. This underlines just how reactionary and old hat that old new sound really was. And how dumb we must all have been. Suckers for a rampant guitar sound.

The sound of the record is sluggish, dark, clanging and literally heavy.

Chris Bailey's voice could be used for the Iggy Pop character if they ever got round to doing an Iggy cartoon serial, or it could passably imitate Jager for a MFP Stones hit package — or Bailey could have plastic surgery and join the American ghoulish circus as Jim Morrison. Who said The Saints would never take themselves seriously?

The album is an attempt to systematically build a coherent

statement of disillusionment and despair at modern life through a series of image-clogged vignettes. The impression is one of petty pessimism: an intuitive realisation of futility on a par with Grand Funk Railroad. Check the restless opening cut "Swing For The Crime", which is dispassionately concerned with the criminally psychotic and the reasons, actions and treatment of same. Next is "All Times Through Paradise", which continues the feeling of terror. Rock music for 1984, they imply.

The two non-originals they tackle are Otis Redding's "Security" and Aretha Franklin's "Save Me", both significantly rooty-tooty standards, meant to say a lot. As is the resignation of "The Church Of Indifference", the cynicism of "The Prison" and the sneering irony of "Everything's Fine".

Oh deary dear. Angry young men. Feel the power of their revolution.

"Prehistoric Sounds" is moody and mediocre. You'll probably love it, but then I lost faith in you a LONG time ago.

Paul Morley

IMPORTS

ONCE, RECORD companies used to decry the whole import scene, claiming that it creamed off a lot of their sales.

Now they're even importing discs themselves, for various reasons, and recently A&M have joined the party in an effort to ascertain whether the British release of certain discs could be a viable operation or not. Which is why they've brought in a limited number of copies of "The Randle Chowning Band", "Peter C. Johnson" and Gino Vanelli's "Brother To Brother" and sold them to dealers in and around the London area at a price compatible with normal issues. Vanelli you know about, a Canadian signing, he's had albums released over here since 1973. The name Randle Chowning may be reasonably familiar too, for he's the guy who's been swapping guitar, mandolin and harp licks with John Dillon in the Ozark Mountain Daredevils.

But it's the unknown Peter C. Johnson who grabs my bet in the "album most likely to succeed" stakes. A vocal chameleon — he manages to sound like Dylan, Al Stewart, Rod McKuen and Jerry Lewis along the way — his songs are easy to get to grips with, often contain neat lyrical flashes and have such happy help-outs as Bonnie Raitt, David Bateau, Andy Pratt, Freebo and Nils Lofgren to boost the surround sound. Not a thousand miles removed from a hit single is Johnson's totally irreverent version of "Catch A Falling Star" the old Perry Como hit. "Records are like life" someone yells at the conclusion of the track, thus giving a free plug to Andy Pratt's debut LP. Certainly both life and records are unpredictable — and "Peter C. Johnson" more than most.

I can't keep up with the various permutations there are on the Stones' "Miss You" single. Following the initial big pink, which became an import job within a few days of British release, I've since seen a US 12" pressing in a different sleeve and black vinyl, retailing at £2.75, plus a Euro-job in red which retails at £3.75. I'm assured there are other versions around but rapidly I'm losing all interest in the subject as I become progressively colour-blind.

This situation is not helped by the arrival of the French pressing of The Tyto Gang's "Mounproof" (Berserkey) which is in cold-custard yellow and which I would ignore except for the fact that this version contains a workout on Rufus Thomas' "Walkin' the Dog" that is not to be found on the made-in-the-UK issue.

Reader C. White of Buckinghamshire will no doubt be delighted to hear that Funkadelic's "One Nation Under A Groove" (Warners) is now with us, while my own personal bit of good news is that Flyover have at last received supplies of the Mille Jackson "Live In Tokyo" (Polydor) set — though I'm still not certain how to dig up the £9.50 required for this particular goody.

Meanwhile, I'm indulging in reading various sleeves so that I don't have to outlay on comics. This occupation has been helped considerably by the info on the back of the US version of Blue Oyster Cult's "Some Enchanted Evening", which reveals that two of the cuts were done live at New Castle (sic) City Hall. Next week, The Bee Gees live in South Hampton.

Fred Dellar

TALKING HEADS

New Single

TAKE ME TO THE RIVER FOUND A JOB

SIR 4004

Released on 29th September
from the album

MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD

Sire K56531

First 10,000 copies
also include

PSYCHO KILLER

from the album Talking Heads 77
SR 6036

LOVE — BLDG ON FIRE
their first single

While I'm Still Young
I wanna stay out all night
Darcy

The Saints

new album
SHSP 4094

Gee — I'm not Julie Christie and you're not Warren Beatty . . . so what the pickled pumpkin are we doing in —



DYAN CANNON and CHARLES GRODIN in bed.

Heaven Can Wait

Directed by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry
Starring Warren Beatty and Julie Christie
(CIC)

WELL, IT MAY be true that The Devil has all the

good tunes — plus a tight lock on Movieland's current casting — but old God, like the 7th Cavalry, can still get it up and garner 'em in. I felt *Heaven Can Wait* with a lump in the throat, contrition on the wig, and a deep misgiving that my emotional development had failed to rise above the loss of a

boyhood teddy.

A remake of that squashy warhorse *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, the movie is amiable and ambitious in all departments, most of which — production, direction, script and starring — are down to Warren Beatty. The plot, lazier enough to set the flats flapping, is deeply unfashionable, vastly enjoyable and taking in great

"The wisecracks come thick and fast"

IAN CHRISTIE, DAILY EXPRESS

"Altogether a hilarious experience"

MARGARET FORWOOD, THE SUN

"It's very, very funny"

MARGARET HINXMAN, DAILY MAIL

"A gorgeously enjoyable cast"

KENNETH BAILY, SUNDAY PEOPLE

Who dunnit?

Peter Falk

Ann-Margret

Sid Caesar

James Coco

Louise Fletcher

Madeline Kahn

Marsha Mason

Abe Vigoda

Nicol Williamson

Eileen Brennan

Stockard Channing

Dom DeLuise

John Houseman

Fernando Lamas

Phil Silvers

Paul Williams

This time it's Neil Simon who's really dunnit.

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Prehistoric Sounds

On Harvest Records and Tapes

cabbage in the States. Beatty plays a pro-footballer who, prematurely whisked off to a heavenly halfway station before his road accident, refuses to accept that his ass is grass, and demands reincarnation. James Mason, silky as the celestial ferryman, outfits the client from recent stock, and Beatty returns as a company tycoon seen off by his adulterous wife (Dyan Cannon) in his previous earthly life.

Obsessed with getting this new body back into shape for the football final, Beatty's touselled, dumb-bell sincerity sits ill in a household of formal dinners, flat-raising rituals and terming butlers.

"Do I play polo?" asks Beatty 2 as he is valeted into jodhpurs and crop: "Not really, sir."

Gradually, the falsity of his previous tenant begins to exercise the athlete, and with the appearance of Julie Christie as an accusing ecologist, reform links arms with love.

Throwing his rascally enterprises into reverse, he wins her heart, and thanks to Jack Warden's coaching and a lawful of butlers in shorts, he successfully tries out for his old team — only to be murdered



"Aw, come on Case — it ain't that bad!" MATTHAU takes a powder in HOUSE CALLS

by Miss Cannon again. It's all clocks out for the finale: will he get a new body in time to win the game, will Miss Christie love it, and will Miss Cannon get her come-uppance?

Impossible really to single anyone out, except that master of clumping engines, Jack Warden, our decade's William Demarest. Everybody's OK, nothing special — and yet, quite upstarm and against the odds, I had the mouerboire out for the finale.

Brian Case

House Calls

Directed by Howard Zieff
Starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson (CIC)

WALTER MATTHAU, the screen personification of trailing shoelaces, trails also the stereotype critical response: amiable. The victim of so much broken elastic, slap-shoe walk, that nose, those eyes and a stance that seems to swag down from a clothes-peg located somewhere in back of the collar just has to be amiable. He's a great cartoon figure, and I wish he wasn't so lazy.

In fact, I wish the entire premise behind *House Calls* wasn't so lazy. Hollywood's daily bread has always been the retreat rather than the trail-blazer, but this creak of cannibalism struck me as conceitiously conceived.

Take the flipper cap and shorts from *The Odd Couple*, stir in *The Great Lover* joke from *The Secret Life Of An American Wife*, use a pinch from *The Hospital*, and ginger up the old *Pillow Talk* formula with a skin on the Hays Code and what you've got is yesterday's leavings as the plat du jour, and a solid profit.

Matthau plays the chirpily bearded surgeon dissipating his middle years on waterbeds



BOGART and BACALL in the Pirelli classic EL GROSSO SNORO

and Boz Scaggs concerts. Enter Glenda Jackson, supine with a broken jaw but clearly no pushover, and the plot is set for a gladiatorial contest that had my thumb pressed to the cinema carpet. I only wish I was drawing royalties on the final scene, that old kiss 'n' make-up in the traffic and the loveable old camera trackback.

Everybody's talent is squandered. Art Carney, so good in *The Late Show*, settles for a caricature, and Glenda Jackson's clipped beadiness will not add a gloss to her Oscar.

Director Zieff seems to have either forgotten what he knew about movies when he made *Slither*, or settled for a Brownie with a Cub in the cutting room; no pace, no pith, no punch.

Veteran screenwriters, Max Shulman and Julius Epstein, could hardly avoid getting some cadences right, but never the wit.

Brian Case

SCREEN DREAM

GREAT news for Dashiell Hammett fans (and that should mean you) — not only has *The Dain Curse* been made into a reportedly excellent TV movie (starring James Coburn), but also *Hammett*, based on Joe Gore's book about the Man's early years in San Francisco, is to be helmed by Kraut wunderkind Wim Wenders (replacing limey Nicolas Roeg). Finance coming from tubby Yank F. F. Coppola's altruistic Zoetrope company...

The Bogart Boom continues with a 'Bogie' biopic and frontrunners in the casting stakes are John Cassavettes as The Hero and Lauren Hutton as Lauren Bacall. Also in production is *The Man With Bogart's Face*, the story of a guy who has his face surgically re-arranged so he looks like guess who...

One-man publicity machine and lunkhead polemicist Sylvester Stallone claiming to be the fittest man in Hollywood. "People will be shocked when they see him in his next film," says trainer Dr. Franco Columbu. "He lifts weights for 90 minutes at a

time and doesn't even want to rest between sets." "Sly" has been pumping so much iron for the sequel to *Rocky*, and is also working on *Paradise Alley*...

Meanwhile, genuine superstar Clint Eastwood's new movie will be out for Xmas, a comedy called *Every Which Way But Loose*, co-starring lovely Sondra Locke and an orang utan. (Oh dear. — Ed.). Next month, the Big Clint starts his next flick, *Escape From Alcatraz* (if anyone can do it, he can. — Ed.) in which he teams up with hardened action director Don Siegel for the fifth time...

Mr. Eastwood, incidentally, a bit miffed after recently subletting his 400-acre Carmel Valley spread to two men. These guys, in turn, had sublet to some marijuana growers, who got busted in a million dollar haul...

For the first time since *Tod Browning's* notorious 1932 classic *Dracula*, Hollywood is approaching a similar theme with *Dracula*: *Myths And Images Of The Secret Self*, a semi-documentary based on Leslie Fiedler's bestseller...

Dick Tracy



"Tough cheddar, Walter, old boy — Mr Cass appeared to take quite a shine to me." BEATTY makes a point in HEAVEN CAN WAIT

TALKING HEADS

New Single

TAKE ME TO THE RIVER

FOUND A JOB

SIR 4004

Released on 29th September from the album

MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD

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First 10,000 copies also include

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from the album Talking Heads 77

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LOVE → BLDG ON FIRE

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BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE CRUSADERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Princess Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRADFORD Thomson Club: BANDANNA
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BRIGHTON Dome: BRAND X
BRIGHTON Granary: JENNY DARREN BAND
BRISTOL Polytechnic: YACHTS
BURNWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: NAUGHTY LUMPS
CARDIFF University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
CARSHALLTON Public Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CHELMSFORD Odeon: DR FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
COVENTRY Tiffany's: JAB JAB
COVENTRY Wyden Pippin: RENO
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE DUBLINERS
EDINBURGH Odeon: TOM ROBINSON BAND
GALASHIELS College of Textiles: LANDSCAPE
GLASGOW Asphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: KTC
GLOUCESTER 400 Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
GUTHRIE Thompson Hotel: THE SNEAKERS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: OCEAN BOULEVARD
HARTLEPOOL Garby's: ZHAIN
HELSTON Cudmore: RASCAL
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KINGHLEY Working Mens Club: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS Fan Club: 999
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS/PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: COUP DE GRACE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAJNE
GRUFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON Furniture College: JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: APOSTROPHE
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: MICKEY JUPP/RACHEL SWEET
LONDON Marquee Club: GILLAN
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: SUCKER
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ASWAD
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK/RED RUSE
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH The Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'S
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SHAZAM
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
LOUGHBOROUGH University: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE STRANGLERS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: RADIO STARS
MANCHESTER Pops: NEON HEARTS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: TRIBESMAN/EXODUS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE ADVERTS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE RAMONES
NEWCASTLE UNDER-LYME El Syd's: THE ACCELERATORS
NEWPORT Tiffany's: JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAPREGON
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
PURLEY Tiffany's: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
SCUNTHORPE Berkeley Hotel: LIMELIGHT
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE LATE SHOW
SHEFFIELD University: RICHARD DIGNANCE
SOUTHAMPTON Saloon: THE DRIFTERS
STIRLING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
SWANSEA Circles Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
SWANSEA Butz Club: 29th & DEARBORN
WATFORD Butz's: SLADE (for three days)
WHITCHURCH Fighting Cocks: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS

Friday

AYLESBURY Friars: STEEL PULSE
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: JALN BAND
BATH University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
BELFAST Round Club: KTC
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MARSHALL HAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Coach & Horses: SIDEWINDER
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Dava: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROSE ROYCE
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: 29th & DEARBORN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLANDFORD Corn Exchange: THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PETER BOND
BRIDGINGTON SPA Pavilion: THE STRANGLERS
BRIGHTON Dome: THE SHADOWS
BRISTOL Vate Centre: ULTRAVOX / NW10
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: BANDANNA
BURTON 76 Club: YACHTS
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: THE DRIFTERS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: DR FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
CHELSEA Technical College: WARREN HARRY
COVENTRY Tiffany's: JAB-JAB
CROMER West Ruston Pavilion: ROCK ISLAND LINE
DARLINGTON Bowes Cellar: R.B.O.
DARTINGTON College of Art: FISH CO.
DERBY Bell Hotel: STRANGE DAYS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
DUMFRIES Snugs: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TOM ROBINSON BAND



PETER HAYCOCK of Climax Blues Band



ANDY PARTRIDGE of XTC

Autumn tour mania nears peak

ANOTHER frantic week on the tour circuit, with a big batch of new tours getting under way, and we've picked out nine for special mention:

● **MARSHALL HAIN** start their first-ever British outing, following their recent chart success. With their specially-formed touring band, you can catch them at Batley (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday) and Cardiff (Monday).
 ● **XTC** begin a lengthy trek on Thursday, when they open in Glasgow. Then it's over to Ulster to play Belfast on Friday, prior to playing a string of gigs in Eire. The bulk of their British dates start in a week's time.

● **ROSE ROYCE**, who've been in the big league of top singles recording artists for two years, undertake a major concert series. They're headlining at Birmingham (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

● **CROWN HEIGHTS** AFFAIR haven't been around as long as Rose Royce, but they've already made a chart impact, and are hugely popular in the discs. Their debut U.K. tour opens at Glasgow (Friday), Carlisle (Saturday), Nottingham (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Sunderland (Tuesday).

● **THE FOUR TOPS** are perennial visitors to these shores, and their traditional autumn tour starts this weekend with a couple of cabaret engagements. They're at Stoke (Friday



KIT HAIN (Marshall Hain)



BARBARA DICKSON

and Saturday) and Watford (all next week).

● **STEEL PULSE**, arguably the most successful of British-based reggae bands, are playing their most important tour to date — though they only have two gigs during the coming week, and they're at Aylesbury (Friday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

● **BARBARA DICKSON** and her all-star backing band will be touring around the country throughout October, kicking off in Southend (Sunday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

● **CLIMAX BLUES BAND** set out one of their all-too-rare British sorties, with the bonus of the Dave Lewis Band as support. Initial gigs are in London (Saturday), Cleethorpes (Monday), Hull (Tuesday) and Bedford (Wednesday).

● **WIRE** have lined up a massive itinerary, running through to early November. Dates include Newcastle (Friday), Doncaster (Saturday), Leeds (Tuesday) and York (Wednesday).

● Four special London concerts on Sunday are worthy of note...
 ● **THE KINKS** are playing a one-off at Hammersmith Odeon: KOKOMO have re-formed for a solitary date at Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **THE ONLY ONES** play the biggest gig of their career so far, when they headline at the Strand Lyceum; and **DAVID BROMBERG** is at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

● Another one-off to bring to your attention is by **JOHN McLAUGHLIN**, who is at the London Rainbow on Tuesday — and back to electric rock.

GLASGOW College of Art: LANDSCAPE
GLASGOW Plaza Ballroom: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
GLEN ROTHES Rothies Arms: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
HATFIELD The Forum: THE DUBLINERS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
HERTFORD College: AFTER THE FIRE
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: MOTORHEAD
HONTON Community College: THE FANS
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: ALWOODKEY JETS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
KIRKCALDY Dutch Mill: ZHAIN
KIRKLEIGH Country Club: LIMELIGHT
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LICHFIELD Civic Hall: PARADOX
LINCOLN Technical College: 999
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE CRUSADERS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: UK SUBS / THE TICKETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LONDON CHELSEA College: HI-FI
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: FRED WEDLOCK / MIKE ABSALOM
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex: Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS / THE VYE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WRECK-LESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: RAISED ON ROBBERY
LONDON Marquee Club: GILLAN
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON North Polytechnic: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON NIS Club Morek: BROWN SUGAR
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT

LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON University Union: CRAWLER
LONDON WELLING St Michael's Community Centre: MIGHTY SHADES / TRIARCHY
LONDON WID Acham Hall: TERESA D'ABREU BAND / PEARLY SPENCER / GRASS
LUTON The Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE RAMONES
MANCHESTER The Factory: CHELSEA / THE FALL
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS
NEWCASTLE University: WIRE / THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Village Club: CADO BELLE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: EATER
OLDHAM Civic Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
OXFORD New Theatre: MIKE HARDING
PECKHAM Walmer Castle: SCRATCH
PLYMOUTH Metro: CRAWLER
SCARBOROUGH Penitence: SORE THROAT
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: AFTER THE FIRE
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: DAVE EDMUNDS
ROCKPILE
SLOUGH Community Centre: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
SOLIHULL Library Theatre: RENO
SOUTHAMPTON Old Mill: EYES
STIRLING University: THE ADVERTS
STOKE Alagar College: MUSCLES
STOKE Jollies: THE FOUR TOPS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: THE ACCELERATORS
SUTTON Coldfield Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: FABULOUS POODLES
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: PETE SHAKESPEARE
WALSALL West Midlands College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: PRESSURE SHOCKS
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: WARM JETS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: REGGAE
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: JOHNNY COPPIN
YORK Revolution: NEON HEARTS

Saturday

ABERYSTWYTH University: THE MOVIES
BICESTER Nowhere Club: THE ACCELERATORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: YACHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Head: Hare & Hounds: JAKE THACKRAY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE RAMONES
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLANDFORD Railway Inn: THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: THE SNEAKERS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRADFORD University: 29th & DEARBORN / SUPERCHARGE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: CLAYSON & THE ARCONAUTS / 999 INCLUSIVE
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: TANZ DER YOUTH
BRISTOL Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
BURTON Stapehead Labour Club: NIGHT CREEPER
BURTON The Rollston: PARADOX
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: THE DRIFTERS
CABLE Cosmo Club: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
CORBY Nags Head: GAFFA
CORK Arcadia Ballroom: XTC
COVENTRY Theatre: DR FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE SMIRKS
CROMER West Ruston Pavilion: MARSHALL HAIN
DERBY Lonsdale College: PRESSURE SHOCKS
DERBY Market Place (afternoon) and DONCASTER Granby Road Club (evening): STRANGE DAYS
DONCASTER Brookes Leisure Centre: WIRE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: SORE THROAT
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE CRUSADERS
EDINBURGH Calton Studios: LANDSCAPE
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE ADVERTS
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: THE END
FISHGARD Frenchmans Hotel: RASCALS
FOLKESTONE Les Cini Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
HATFIELD Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
HEBDEN BRIDGE Calder College: GIANTKILLER
HITCHIN College of Education: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: THE MCAL-MANS
LARGS The Lagoon: ZHAIN
LEEDS AS Saints Trinity College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: BANDANNA
LEEDS Horsforth College: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LEEDS Sapping Post: SPIDER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUGI & DA BOYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: 999
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'S
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: T.L.C.
LONDON BLACKHEATH Kodrakes House: LEON ROSSELSON / TRAVERS GATE
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE TOURISTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PHIL MAY & THE FALLEN ANGELS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY MENASTY
LONDON CHARLTON Mayson Park (2-10 pm): THE CONVENT NUNS / THIS HEAT / FERAL GLAZE / THE INFANTS / THE MONITORS / JIMMY LIND-SAY REGGAE BAND ETC. (The All-Greenwich Multiracial Carnival)
LONDON CHELSEA College: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatstall: OVERSEAS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: THE ONLY ONES / THE MEMBERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON E17 Markham Lane Youth Club: BLACK SLATE / THE NIGHT / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON FULHAM The Swan: COUP DE GRACE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CAMEL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TRANS-AM
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE NEWS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: SWIFT
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stuart College: MUSCLES / TRIBESMAN
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: THE DUBLINERS
LONDON SOUTHWICK King George's Park Sports Centre: OXY & THE MORONS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OLYMPIC RUNNERS / KANDIDATE
LONDON STAKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W19 Acklam Hall: METABOLIST / ANGLETRAX
MANCHESTER Lesser Free Trade Hall: CRISPY AMBULANCE / AVALON
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: CHELSEA
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
MANCHESTER University: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: BEANO
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE EDGE / THE VYE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: THE INCIDENT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: GILLAN
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: MIKE HARDING
PETERBOROUGH Polytechnic: REGGAE REGULAR
SHEFFIELD Highfield Hotel: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
SHEFFIELD University: THE PLEASERS
SLOUGH College: THE PIRATES
ST. ALBANS City Hall: ULTRAVOX / DOLL BY ALL
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
STOKE Jollies: THE FOUR TOPS
SWANSEA Arts Workshop: ICE
WAKEFIELD Technical College: THE BISHOPS
WALSALL Dirty Duck: VIDEO
WALSALL Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: OCEAN BOULEVARD
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK Revolution: AFTER THE FIRE

CONTINUES OVER...

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON



Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: AFTER THE FIRE
BAKEWELL Mosses Head: ALWOODLEY JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: VIDEO
BOGNOR Esplanade Theatre: GEORGE MELLY &
JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: CHELSEA
BRADFORD Princeville Club: SPIDER
BRISTOL Locarno: MARSHALL HAIN
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE SHADOWS
CARDIFF Top Rank: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: DOLL BY DOLL
CHESTER Valentino's: ANGRY YOUNG MEN
DAGENHAM The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
DUMFRIES Stragococh: 999
EDINBURGH Odeon: ROSE ROYCE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: BARCLAY JAMES
HARVEST
HARROW Headstone Manor Park (starts 1.30 pm):
MISTY / INDECENT EXPOSURE / ISOLATORS /
BOZO BROTHERS etc. (Harrow Multiracial
Carnival)
LEEDS Grand Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SKINNY CAT
LEICESTER Braunstone Victoria Club: STRANGE
DAYS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DR. FEELGOOD /
THE BISHOPS
LIVERPOOL Sportman: 29th & DEARBORN
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR
VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE YOUNG
BUCKS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS
DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roadhouse: KOKOMO /
MATUMBI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
CENTRY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: DAVID
BROMBERG BAND / ANDY DESMOND
LONDON EAST HAM Rankin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FENCIBLE Torrington: BIG CHIEF with
DICK HECKSTALL SMITH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE KINKS
LONDON Herat Club: QUASAR
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope / Anchor: THE
INMATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS
LONDON Palladium: ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM /
VINICIUS DE MORAES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE
MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: N.W.10
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BRAND X
LONDON SOUTHBANK Olivier Theatre: THE
ALBION BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTO-
GRAPHIC
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE ONLY
ONES / BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE /
THE BUSINESS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnut: OSSIAN
LONDON W.C.1 Pinder of Wakefield: SWIFT
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON
BAND
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Palais: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
OXFORD New Theatre: THE BUZZCOCKS
PERTH City Hall: THE MCALMANS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: CRAWLER
SHOTTON Central Hall: THE EDDY
SOUTHEAST City Pavilion: BARBARA DICKSON
SOUTHAMPTON University: WARREN HARRY
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: JOHNNY MATHS
STOCKPORT Tiffany: WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING
DARK HORSE
WATFORD Bailey's: THE FOUR TOPS (for a week)
WORCESTER City Football Club: THE
ROTORATORS

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES
HARVEST
ABERDEEN The Platform: LANDSCAPE
ABERDEEN Ruffies: THE STRANGLERS
AMPTHILL Folk Club: LEN HOLDEN / SOFTELEC-
TRIC BAND
BATH University: YACHTS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: T-FORD & THE
BONESHAKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BENNY & THE JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUIO
BIRMINGHAM Bognor: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: CRAWLER
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: RAY STEVENS (for a
week)
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JASPER
CARROTT
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE
NYLONS
BRISTOL University: THE POP GROUP / GARDEZ
DARKX / SPICS

Our pictures on this page highlight tours which opened Yesterday (Wednesday). We mentioned them briefly in last week's Gig Guide, and promised more about them in this issue. So true to our word, here are:

● **THE BUZZCOCKS** (left) play Belfast (Thursday) and begin their mainland tour at Oxford (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Norwich (Tuesday) and Chelmsford (Wednesday).
● **BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST** (right) continue their extensive trek with major concerts at Liverpool (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Aberdeen (Monday) and Derby (Wednesday).
● **WILKO JOHNSON** (below) is busy doing the rounds with his Solid Senders, visiting Cardiff (Thursday), Bath (Friday), Milton (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday).



CANTERBURY Kent University: THE EDGE
CARDIFF University: MARSHALL MADY
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: CLIMAX BLUES
BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
DARLINGTON Speedwell: R.B.Q.
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CHELSEA
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
FAREHAM John Peel: STAA MARX
ILFORD Cavendish Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE MODS
LEICESTER Bailey's: SLADE (for a week)
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE HELICOP-
TERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE
FRIDAY FAVOURITES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE
RAMONES
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College:
WARREN HARRY
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: HI-FI
LONDON PUTNEY Blue Moon: STEVE ASHLEY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: THE SHADOWS
LONDON STRAND Kings-Club: JOHN GRIMAL-
DI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON Uptons at Ronnie Scott's: THE NIGHT
LONDON WEST HAMSTEAD Railway Hotel: PHIL
RAM BAND / HANDSHAKE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: AFTER
THE FIRE
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: LAST CHICKEN
IN THE SHOP
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: THE DRIFTERS (for
a week)
MANCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: CROWN HEIGHTS
AFFAIR
MILTON KEYNES Crawford Club: HARLOW
NEW BRIGHTON Golden Guinea: RASCAL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ROSE ROYCE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE WHIZZ KIDS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: WHEELZ
OXFORD New Theatre: THE CRUSADERS
OXFORD Polytechnic: CAMEL
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: ASWAD
WOLVERHAMPTON Top Rank: FUNKY TEAM

Tuesday

ABERDEEN The Platform: LANDSCAPE
ABERYSTWYTH Kings Hall: WHIRLWIND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ULTRAVOX
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cock: BRUIO
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: THE DOOMED
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN / BLUE
MAX / STORMER
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Arts Centre:
SCRATCH
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: KEITH PEARSON'S
RIGHT HAND BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: STAA MARX
BRIGHTON Dome: JASPER CARROTT
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE CRUSADERS
CARDIFF University: THE SMIRKS
CARDIFF University: THE RAMONES
DUBLIN McGonagles: XTC
DUNDEE Whitehall Theatre: THE MCALMANS
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE PIRATES
HATFIELD Victoria Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
HULL Tiffany: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE
LEWIS BAND
LEEDS Fan Club: WIRE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: VICE SQUAD
LIVERPOOL Eric's: CRAWLER
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: JOHN GRIMALDI'S
CHEAP FLIGHTS



LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JAM
SESSION
LONDON City Polytechnic: THE INMATES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE
YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: JOHN McLAUGHLIN
LONDON School of Economics: HI-FI
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE JAGS
LONDON WEST HAMSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE
MEMBERS' BIRTHDAY PARTY
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: THE SLITS / THE INNO-
CENTS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
MANCHESTER Ashton Tancade Theatre: THE
DUBLINERS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DR. FEELGOOD
NEW MILLS Boes Knees: R.B.Q.
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
PENANCE The Garden: ASWAD
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: CAMEL
PRESTON Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHS
SALFORD University: JAB-JAB
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: 999
SMETTHWICK Blue Gates: CRYER
SUNDERLAND Locarno: CROWN HEIGHTS
AFFAIR
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK
HORSE
WORCESTER The Retreat: BIFFO

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffies: THE ONLY ONES
ABERYSTWYTH University: CAMEL
BEDFORD Home & Groom: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: OLYMPIC
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUIO
BIRMINGHAM Bognor: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green: The Sherwood
CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: AUTO-
GRAPHIC / LITTLE BO BITCH
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JACK JONES
BRADFORD University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND /
DAVE LEWIS BAND
CHELMSFORD Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHESTER Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
CHESTER Valentino's: AMSTERDAM
DERBY Assembly Rooms: BARCLAY JAMES
HARVEST
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
EXETER Routes: ASWAD
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DR. FEELGOOD
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: JOHN GRIMAL-
DI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
GRAYS University: GILLAN
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: BENNY & THE JETS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
HEMEL HEARNSHED Pavilion: MIKE HARDING
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: 999 / RAZAR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GULLIVER
LONDON ACTON White Hart: MATCHBOX /
STUNSHOT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PRESSURE
SHOCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: S.A.T.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROSE ROYCE /
STARGARD
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor:
TRIBESMAN
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SMIRKS
LONDON PADDOINGTON Western Counties: THE
YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA
SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES
SHOWCASE
MANCHESTER University: RACING CARS
MIDDLESBROUGH Mulsos Club: MUSCLES (for
five days)
MOTHERWELL Civic Centre: THE MCALMANS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE DOOMED
NORWICH Boogie House: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S
BATTLEAXE
NORWICH University of East Angles: WILKO JOHN-
SON'S SOLID SENDERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM University: STEEL PULSE
OAKENGATES Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
PORTSMOUTH New Arcadia Ballroom: XTC
PRESTON Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHS
PRESTON Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX / DOLL BY
DOLL
READING Bones Club: THE EDGE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: JAB-JAB
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: REGGAE REGULAR
SHILLHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: JASPER
CARROTT
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE POP GROUP
SWINDON The Affair: WHEELZ
SWINDON Lancastrian Hall: GEORGE MELLY &
JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE MOVIES
WORTHING Balmoral Hotel: STAA MARX
YORK Pop Club: WIRE

On The Road

JOHNNY SHINES, the near-legendary Mississippi country-blues singer and guitarist, makes his only British appearance on Sunday, November 12, when he appears at London Oxford St. 100 Club.

THE ENID continue their autumn tour with dates between recording sessions at Farnborough Technical College (this Saturday), Sheffield University (October 7), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (8), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (13), Cranfield Institute of Technology (14), Swansea University (18) and Oxford Polytechnic (20).

STAA MARX have gigs at Fareham John Peel (October 2), Brighton Alhambra (3), Worthing Balmoral (4 and 5), Bury White Buck (9), London Woolwich Tramshed (10) and Reading Target Club (11).

ASWAD play London Oxford St. 100 Club (Monday, Thursday), Plymouth Woods Centre (October 2), Penance Garden (3), Exeter Routes (4), Huddersfield Polytechnic (7), Cardiff Sophie Gardens (9), London Camden Dingwalls (11), Aberdeen University (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (14), Motherwell Civic Centre (15), Edinburgh Astoria (16), Manchester University (18), Bristol Blue Lagoon (21), London Camden Music Machine (25), Belfast Polytechnic (31) and Belfast The Pound (November 1 and 2).

999 have added more dates to their previously-reported six-week tour, which opened last weekend. They are Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (October 20), Dundee Sandhalla's (22), Leeds Fan Club (31), York Pop Club (November 1), Carlisle Market Hall (2) and Preston Polytechnic (3).

MATCHBOX are touring throughout October, and gigs so far are London Southgate Royalty (5), London Tottenham White Hart (6), Manchester Champagne Charlie's (7), Carlisle St. Helier Club (11), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (12), Farnworth Rock Club (13), Wolverton Crawford Arms (14), Milton Keynes Triad Centre (16), Sheffield Top Rank (25), Farnham Rock Club (27) and Luton Kingsway (28).

MAC CURTIS, the rockabilly veteran who's just completed a U.K. one-nighter series, returns here after his current European tour to play London Southgate Royalty on October 26. Plans are under way for the show to be recorded live by Rollin' Rock Records.

XTC have made a few changes to their tour itinerary which opens today (Thursday). Swansea Circles (October 30) and Edinburgh University (November 3) are cancelled. Sheffield University moves from November 9 to 3, and a new booking at Blackpool Tiffany's now comes in on November 9.

JOHN GRIMALDI'S Cheap Flights are so far confirmed for these October gigs: London Strand King's College (2), Liverpool Polytechnic (3), Glasgow Strathclyde University (4), Nottingham Sandpiper (7), Portsmouth Polytechnic (12), Hatfield Polytechnic (13), London Mile End Queen Mary College (19), Reading University (20), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (23) and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (27). More are being set.

MARSHALL HAIN have added Birmingham Barbarella's (tomorrow, Friday) to their debut U.K. tour, reported two weeks ago.

RACING CARS promote their newly-released Chrysalis album "Bring On The Night" with gigs at Manchester University (October 4), Exeter University (6), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (7), London Kensington Nashville (12 and 13), London North-East Polytechnic (14), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (15), Bedford Porthouse (20), Bolton Institute of Technology (21), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (22), Newcastle University (23), Scarborough Penthouse (November 3), Manchester Mayflower (4), Birmingham The Gig (6), Portsmouth Arcade (15), Belfast White Hall (16), Cork Arcadia (17), Dublin Belfield University (18) and Galway University (19).

JOHNNIE RAY begins another British tour next month, despite reports that he was taken seriously ill in Australia. It seems he merely had a minor stomach infection and will be fit to play Eastbourne Kings Country Club (October 21), Westcliff Queen's (22-28), Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (31), Ilford Kings Club (November 6, 8 & 11), Birmingham Mackadon Hotel (9), Purfleet Circus Tavern (10) and Corby Festival Hall (13 and 14). Other dates, including a London concert, are still being set by promoter Henry Sellers.

THE POP GROUP are undertaking a series of four charity concerts, from which the profits will go to Amnesty International for the benefit of their Prisoners Of Conscience Week campaign (October 15-22). They play Bristol University (October 2), Swansea Circles (4), Manchester The Factory (8) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (12).

GILLAN, the new concise name for Ian Gillan's re-shaped band, have lined up a few more gigs to follow their London debut at the Marquee tonight and tomorrow (28-29). They play Northampton County Ground (this Saturday), Graye University (October 4), Birmingham Barbarella's (6) and Salford University (8). Others are being finalised.

CRAZY CAYAN n' The Rhythm Rockers top a strong rock bill in an all-day event at London Watford Romy Theatre on Saturday, November 11 (noon-11pm). Also appearing are Flying Saucers, Freddie 'Fingers' Lee, Riot Rockers, Gina & The Rockin' Rebels and special guest Woe Willie Harris. Advance tickets cost £3.25 from the Romy box-office or by post from GMC Promotions (to whom cheques should be made payable), 29 Cambrian Way, Buckland Lane, Basingstoke, Hants. On the day they will cost £4.

WIRE have slotted another couple of gigs to their extensive tour, which opens tomorrow (Friday). They are at Colchester Woods Centre (October 12) and Nottingham Sandpiper (23).

JOHNNY MATHS has added two more London dates to his current British tour, following the complete sell-out of his Royal Albert Hall concert - they are at the Palladium on October 24 and 25. Other confirmed Palladium headliners are Sammy Davis and Buddy Rich (October 27 week), Cleo Laine and John Dankworth (November 20 week) and Liza Minnelli (December 4 week).

ARTIST'S NOTE: BRIAN DID MEET 13 PEOPLE, THEY ALL BOUGHT HIM A DRINK, SO THE REST OF THE DAY WAS A COMPLETE BLANK!

Capital Radio & Robert Paterson
present



**BARRY
MANILOW**

IN CONCERT

London Palladium
(by arrangement with Louis Benjamin)

BY PUBLIC DEMAND
Four extra shows on
October 11, 12, 13, 14 at 8.00 p.m.

£10, £7.50, £5, £3.50
at Box Office (01-437 7373) and Agents
(limited to 4 per application)

Brunel University S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Telephone 39125
Wednesday October 4th
in the Kingdom Room

THE MOVIES

+ The Street Band

Friday October 6th
in the Kingdom Room

CADO BELLE

+ support

Tickets £1 in advance, £1.20 on door
Tickets available in advance from Social Secretary and City Electronics. Nearest tube Uxbridge, Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

The V.I.P.'s
Debut Single...
Music for Funsters
out now!



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SATURDAYS - BLUE-COAT BOY
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Rock Garden (TONITE) THURSDAY 28th SEPT.
Trafalgar SHEPHERDS BUSH SAT 30th SEPT.
Trafalgar SHEPHERDS BUSH SAT 7th OCT.

R.G.K. Promotions present at the
**TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE, SOUTHMILL ROAD,
BISHOP'S STORTFORD**

October 4th
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Little Bo Bitch

October 11th
VIBRATORS
+ Skids

October 18th
CGAS5
+ Magnets

October 25th
THE PLEASERS
+ The Banned

Advance tickets available from Box Office, tel 54303

PEPPERS, HIGH WYCOMBE TOWN HALL

Friday September 28th at 7.30pm
MOTORHEAD
+ Lightning Raiders
(ex Pink Fairies)
Tickets at the door £1.70

Wednesday October 7th at 7.30pm
999
+ Razer
Tickets £1.50 in advance from
Scorpion Records, or Venus
Records, High Wycombe or Chil-
tern Sounds Marlow

Friday October 6th **THE STRAWBS**

TRIFARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Friday September 29th at 7.30pm
First night of British tour

STEEL PULSE

+ China Street
A.C. Sound and Vision

Tickets £1.95 from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Scorpion Records, High Wycombe, Harport, Amersham, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton; H-Yu, Buckingham; Discovery Records, Stratford Upon-Avon (where?) or £1.95 at door on night (if available) Life membership 75p

Tomorrow's what we're on about!

GIG

Monday Oct 2nd
CRAWLER
+
CHAMPION
SOUNDS: ERSKIN T

Thursday October 5th
DOOMED

Monday Oct 9th
SUPERCHARGE

Thursday Oct 12th
SPLIT ENZ

8pm till 2am
Hurst St.,
Birmingham

NICKY TESCO and MEMBERS

invite you to Tesco's birthday and the
members first anniversary
A GALA EVENING
at the

MOONLIGHT CLUB

Railway Hotel, W. Hampstead
On Tuesday 3rd October
Special guests include

UK SUBS
THE PLANETS

Admission will be £1.00 or 50p
To those with suitable party head
gear!

Come early! (Like Tesco!)
Also catch the members at City Poly,
Sat. Sept. 30th

PEGASUS

101 GREEN LANE,
LONDON N16
01-226 5930

Thursday 28th September 1978 Free
TRANS AM

Friday 29th Sept 1978 Free
YOUNG BUCKS

Saturday 30th Sept 1978 6.0p
BIG CHIEF

Sunday 1st Oct 1978 6.0p
AUTOGRAPHS

Monday 2nd October 1978 Free
FAME

Tuesday 3rd October 1978 Free
JAGS

Wednesday 4th October 1978 Free
BENNY AND THE JETS

RAPED

+ Support

at the
VAN GOGH
Paycocke Rd., Basildon, Essex

Monday, October 2nd

Admission: £1.00

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD

ACROSS: 1 Brian Wilson; 5 Sham (69); 7 "I Shall Be Released"; 8 (Paul) Simonon; 9 JJ Cale; 10 "Hong Kong Garden"; 12 Francis Rossi; 14 (Steve) Cropper; 18 (Ronnie) Lane; 20 "Love Me Do"; 22 Del Shannon; 23 OGWT; 24 Physical (Graftin). DOWN: 1 British Hustle; 2 Amazing Grace; 3 Wilko Johnson; 4 Siren; 5 Searchers; 6 Midge Ure; 9 Jarro (Song); 11 Gospel; 13 Isley (Brothers); 15 Ronnie (Lane); 16 (John) Lennon; 17 (Jarro) Song; 19 Noddy (Holder); 21 Paul (Simonon).

From page 26.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Garcia subscribes to *Scientific American* and *The Brain News*: "The transition of material reveals that you as an organism are continually breaking out of rock, say, arises from the surprise element... intelligence would rather be surprised... it's more delightful."

AROUND 9.30 pm the Dead take the stage for the third time. Bill Graham, who lent his enormous experience to the visit, introduces them.

It was Tom Wolfe who described the original Acid Tests in all their inspired glory. "(They) were one of those outrages, one of those scandals, that create a new life style or a new world view."

The sound of the Dead; he wrote, "went down so many microphones and hooked through so many mixers and variable lags and blew up in so many amplifiers and rolled around in so many speakers and fed back down so many microphones, it came on like a chemical refinery."

Twelve years on, they still create that brain-scrambling candy, "wholly new and deliriously weird". Without the mammoth P.A. — Owsley's dream, long since dismantled and pawned to meet their debts — the Dead are nevertheless manufacturing a Sandoz laboratory of aural dimensions refined to a purity that other rock and roll bands cannot comprehend. It's a painless anarchy of the senses, faithless, intangible, scary and delightful.

No concert like a Grateful Dead concert? How could there be?

"Bertha" flows into "Good Lovin'" and the sounds echo an unearthly resonance through catacombs of stone and timeless tunnels. Transfixing. The journeyman Dead Heads from the San Mateo, S.F. New York. Relix Chapters are goosy on liquid dropper bottles, smoke passes down the line, the band sits on the beat. "Look out, look out the Candyman, here he comes and he's gone again."

Weir's slide is slick. Garcia's custom style a magically sinuous spontaneous combustion next to his young partner's perpetual motion Ibanax gymnastics.

"Row Jimmy" sails through reggae time into shuffle and R&B and finally on-beat country. "El Paso" saddles up for "All New Minglewood Blues". Born in a desert, raised in a lion's den —

Weir details his number one occupation and the rhythms break over the hand. Even sleepy Keith Godchaux is wide awake ("and he always looks bored" — Weir) and hammering heaven and hell on a bar-room stool out of his now functioning piano.

Lesh rocks "Deal" on a running attack bass line, the band pushes itself beyond barriers. Donna Jean Godchaux's presence begins to make some sense.

For this final night Hamzad el Din and his back-up troupe come on at half time for the culture joining transitional piece. It's hypnotic, a 15-beat Nubian rejoicing. Garcia maps out the intro for "Fire", offering up a vocal of emotional enchantment.

A strange cache of hidden talents emerges during the disco-Dead "Shakedown Street", my Saturday night fever begins to take hold. The hips and fly-past chords settle into an evocation of the album cover, penned by wizard cartoonist Gilbert Shelton. Garcia troops them off, leaving Hart and Bill the drummer to visit some unknown places, a mélange of percussive machinery... electronic slick drums, thumb pianos, wooden drums, steel drums, maracas, timbales, the whole earth catalogue.

Owsley is proud of the Dead this night. The Merry Franksters are going apeshit side stage. Chuck Kesey

passes a pipe to Ken, who puts down his harmonica and his army of tapes and Super 16mm hand-held camera arsenal and plugs himself into the P.A.

Atop the stage Hagen and Zonker light up fireworks, girls with flowers in their hair scream and topple off their seats. Doc Strange looks on and laughs and suddenly the whole band is meandering like the tributaries of the Nile until they hit this one mammoth explosive quake of power, rising and subsiding with the vibration crawling up Cheops' grave. Shaking the sphinx, the Dead are "Truckin'" with the clarion call: "What a long strange trip it's been."

Chuck gets his dues on "Around And Around", a perfect synch, moon, music, lunar pranking, the all-time solid stone band getting mileage twelve out of ten. The Ave favourite is encore. "One More Saturday Night". Weir's anthem, but not just any old Saturday night.

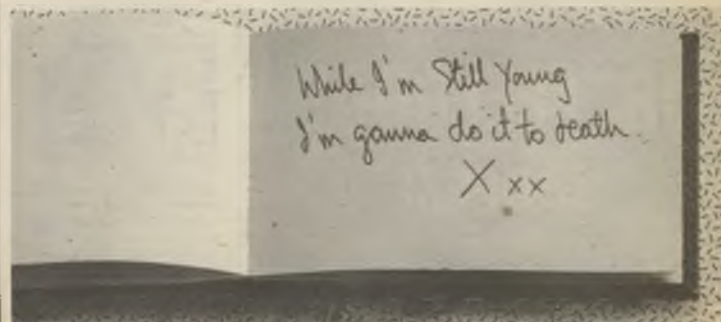
STUNNED AND I find myself back at Mena House. Lesh and Kesey are pumping each other up and down in the bar. The Big Frankster with the freckled granite rock-hewn body is yelling down Lesh's ear: "That was the Dead like the Dead, hey man! Fucking crazy — I can't believe it." Kesey packs his two beautiful daughters Shannon and Zane off to bed and disappears.

TEN MILES outside Giza is a place called Sahara City, a garish pot pourri of Western ranch outhouses where jail goats rummage through the garbage and tiny cats scuttle by the Arabian stallions chasing sand fleas. Here Bill Graham is throwing a party for the band. A sultry belly dancer provides an antidote to some gloriously inept Egyptian renditions of old folks favourites.

Kesey and Garcia are rapping intently. Kesey regales Uncle Jerry with a cautionary tale of the Arab's choice love of money and the beauty of Luxor and the Sudan, next ports of call for those Dead members who like to collect ethnic examples at first hand.

As if to prove Kesey's point, Hart and Bill Graham have a race with trays of Tuborg and the promoter is mighty peeved when a gaggle of Arabs appear from nowhere and snaffle the lot. "What is it with these people?" Graham sighs to no one in particular. A large Angie roadie staggers to his feet and waves a bottle of Jack Daniels threateningly in the air like an iron club. "R all yew guys sittin' round talkin' 'bout books?" he glowers. Kesey gets up and walks outside where the glimmer of a new dawn is pecking its first hot rays with an enticing balm.

People follow at random, magnetised by Kesey's cool. I slipped off down a scree and lit up in peace. Above me the clinking of cans mingled with the exhalations of myriad hash receptacles. Bedouin and Westerner cross the boundaries of ethos and nationality. Beneath me Weir, Krasner, Hart et al are racing steeds over the dunes. Gazing north the pyramids are revealed in their early morning splendour like the monuments from another planet. Garcia had spoken of, dwarfing the horizon. The intrepid Tripssters have me one take over the line but when I pinch myself I'm still there. Fatigue, exhilaration and nausea fight for control, five days of solid living broil and mist in my head. And after all, the light's all shining and in the land of the night the ship of the sun is still drawn by the Grateful Dead.



ON THE TOWN

BRUDDERS BLAST OFF IN BELFAST

The Ramones

ULSTER HALL, BELFAST.
ONE-TWO-Free-Foam!

The boys from the Bowery rocketed to Northern Ireland for the opening salvo of their fourth visit to Britain in two years. Twenty-six songs honed, polished and delivered in just under one hour. Shock treatment indeed.

It's easy to see why The Clash (Ulster's favourite band by a mile) rate the rock-starved kids of these six counties as the best audience in the world. Although I was assured that this gig was a mild rather than a wild affair by Belfast's own heady standards, they lapped up everything the band had to offer.

And it's not hard to see a reason for that either. It was The Ramones' first trip to Belfast (a date there during their last tour had to be called off, the usual problems: venue, insurance) and seeing bands as good, original and inspiring/influential as this for the first time is an unforgettable experience. Ah yes, apeshit time. I remember it well.

Of course, the knives have been out on Da Brudders of late. And I, for one, wouldn't argue that any band who makes amholes of themselves in print the way The Ramones did at the end of Nannie Lester's NME piece last week don't deserve to come under the hammer.

But do things really change so much in the space of a year? The answer has to be no, they don't. The Ramones are still a great live group, and there'll most likely be gigs even better than this — at times a slightly restrained opener — on the present tour.

They've got a new drummer, but, basically, it's the same Ramones. The visuals, for a start, are just as expected: the Regal Eagle backdrop, the ripped jeans, the jackets — as old hat as the odour of stale Airfix. Joey even still brings the "Gabba Gabba Hey" banner on stage during "Pishead".

But don't for one moment doubt that it's anything but peerless stuff.

Sure, everyone wants change, but, in a nutshell, if The Ramones were ever to drastically alter their music... well, they just wouldn't be The Ramones, simple as that, and that would be sad indeed. They're the exception that proves the rule.

However, any allegations that they don't care about the quality of their gigs are patently untrue. The Ulster Hall audience got so caught in a mid-1977 time warp, making it difficult for Johnny and Dee Dee to work the stage properly. But even on the slippery, salvered boards, they put in a whole lot of effort.

Rhythm guitarists with the flair and timing of Johnny Ramone — even if he did cock up the intro to "Surfer Bird" — are rare. Apart from one break in "Don't Come Close" (a disappointingly flaccid, flabby new single) this man is now practically alone in totally eschewing that deadly enemy of old, the guitar solo.

For sheer kamikaze malevolence, probably only Lurker Pete Stride approaches this sort of stuff.

After the set, in a moment of backstage weakness, Johnny himself came close to admitting that the "Road To Ruin" album was mixed down for American radio play. It sounds that way anyway, but, thankfully, the inimitable punch, pace and power of the blitzkrieg live sound have yet to be bopped.

If Johnny is the headbanger, Joey is the geek: the beanpole with a nervous Cheshire Cat grin rocking gently on the maketand until those sporadic, often hilarious, jumps, his voice, as ever, an updated harmonic Buddy Holly hiccup.

Then there's Marky, Marc Bell, the new Ramone. Hunched over the traps, he looks worried, but plays studiously. A more solid, faster (yeah, faster!) stickman than Tommy.

Dee Dee just plugs away and shouts the obligatories (one/two/freefoam!) before each number.

Like the early Sex Pistols, The Ramones don't look like a rock band. (Onstage they appear incompetent and inelegant to the casual observer, stumbling and fumbling in their movements, though only rarely in the actual playing.)

The set is pretty much that of the last tour and the new year Rainbow gigs, with the addition of half a dozen songs from the decidedly weak new album.

Best moments are the highlights from their two bona fide classics, "Rocket" and the unsurpassed "Leave Home," although worth a mention is the bulldozing fanfare of the churning "California Son", an extraspecially impressive moment and a blurring Clash tour-style medley of old stuff towards the end — "Today Your Love", "Judy" and "Gue" making a magnificent three-pronged encore.

The Ramones, here today, gone tomorrow. Not on your life.

Why do I like them?

Just The Beat. Catch it.

Adrian Thrills



JOEY RAMONE. Pic: CHRIS HORLER

SCHOOL PREFECT WOVES OXFORD CHAPS

Tom Robinson
Band
OXFORD, NEW THEATRE
IT'S AS if the entire audience has been put through a series of rigorous rehearsals. Like the way they do on TV where everyone responds on cue.

Tom Robinson is on stage all of five seconds. He claps his hands, and before you can say TRB, 99 per cent of the audience follow suit. Oxford are not only eating out of Tom

Robinson's hands tonight (Saturday), they're also doing backward flips, standing on one leg and performing conjuring tricks for their hero.

Power in the darkness. Too right.

While the TRB's (sounds like some dumb British invention, doesn't it?) set has remained substantially the same this past year, the audience have — if Oxford is typical — become committed hyper-fans.

And I don't mean politically committed — for while a part

of me is very pleased that Robinson (after all, no closet gay) can attract an audience of 'regular teenagers', one can't help wondering whether at least some of them will still discriminate against homosexuals after the gig.

It's like the racist Muhammad Ali syndrome: "I don't like blacks, but he's different."

Average age at Oxford must be around 16. And whether they realise it or not, the audience is here at least partially because of his views i.e. because they've been exploited by EMI Records, the media and Robinson himself.

But whether they go along with his worldview is another thing.

The major reason they're here, loosely knotted ties and all, is because the TRB are often a very exhilarating rock band and because Robinson, though an inadequate musician, is an engaging personality onstage.

Despite his seemingly eternal quest for working class credibility, his desire to be "one of the lads", Robinson's persona is that of an amiable school prefect, or your older brother whom you love very much. There's absolutely nothing threatening about him.

Mum wouldn't object to your inviting him round for tea.

Which isn't to say he isn't powerful onstage. Because he is. Or that he hasn't been accepted by 'the lads'. 'Cause he has. In a big way. Miraculously Robinson projects the fun that has, and hopefully always will be, one of rock's trump cards, while simultaneously pointing out the defects manifest in today's society.

He doesn't do it with the wit and subtlety or humour of some of rock's more gifted performers, but for all his naivety and sloganeering,

Robinson's concerts are enjoyable affairs. Above all else he's a good entertainer.

At Oxford a sense of community prevailed with none of the hostility or misguided aggression often on view at gigs in the capital.

Despite their musical conservatism (TRB sound exactly like a good late '60s rock band, and Danny Kustow plays more like Paul Kosoff than anyone else I've ever heard) the Tom Robinson Band are one of the best acts British rock has to offer in 1978. Even if they did make a duff album. **Steve Clarke**

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29—LONDON North London Polytechnic

October

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4—NORWICH Boogie Club
5—LONDON Dingwalls
6—STAFFORD North Staff Polytechnic
7—PLYMOUTH Polytechnic
11—YORK Derwent College
13—RETFORD Porterhouse
14—HITCHIN College
16—EXETER Roots
20—LONDON Marquee
21—BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas
22—LONDON Rainbow
(supporting Van Halen)
23—MILTON KEYNES Crawford Club
26—BATELY Crumpets
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Bram Tchaikovsky

SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO HAVE A DOMINEERING MOTHER . . .

Bette Midler

PALLADIUM, LONDON

BETTE MIDLER has a big ego to match her mouth, tits, and arse. It's easy to see why she appeals to gay chaps with domineering mothers.

As luck would have it, I found myself sitting next to a one-man Continental Baths. He applauded punctually and noisily at the start and finish of every song, laughed uproariously at every noisiness of the script, and hissed sibilantly along to every chorus.

With friends like that, no performer needs enemies. Besides, Ms Midler is too much of a trouper to need that kind of cheer-leading. Her virtues rant loudly for themselves.

Every last paper in Fleet Street has given her a drooling review. The names of Streisand and Garland are mentioned gushingly in the same breath.

It seems to me that a more appropriate comparison might be Mae West, as the greater part of Midler's act is given over to bawdy humour delivered in a batch sort of way, out of the corner of her mouth.

Those critics who've applauded her intercession towards showbiz tradition are essentially right. She's not



Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

quite Lenny Bruce, but this is the Palladium.

Sample joke: "My boyfriend said to me: 'You've got no tits and a tight box.' I said to him:

'Get off my back'."

Second sample joke: "I saw a sign in a window that said: 'Dressed crabs.' I thought: 'Holy Shit! The little fuckers

are wearing clothes now'."

When Bette Midler did an American TV special, she lay on her back, lowered a bulbous microphone into her mouth, and said: "My favourite position".

Midler's vulgarity is clearly a force for the good. She also has a totally gross sense of bad taste.

One sequence of spoof songs from an Hawaiian musical features Midler dressed as a mermaid in an electric wheelchair with a palm tree attached to the back. So adept is Midler at the controls that she makes the wheelchair dance. Ironside was never in this league.

Less amusing were the jokey versions of songs from the '40s and '50s, like "Lullaby Of Broadway" and "Leader Of The Pack". Once you've heard one, you've heard the lot.

As a singer, Midler really scores with big ballads of vaguely rock origins. She accords Leon Russell's "Superstar" rather more pathos than The Carpenters managed, and her version of Dylan's "I Shall Be Released" almost aces Joe Cocker's classic reading.

The major snag with Midler's show is that she's on stage for two-and-a-half hours. After an hour, you begin to feel somewhat bludgeoned. By the final curtain, you're on the phone to Amnesty International.

Bob Edmunds

PAINFUL PERFECTION

10 cc

WEMBLEY ARENA, LONDON

"YOU CAN touch the magic tonight," claimed guitarist Eric Stewart.

10cc performed at Wembley Arena in front of 18,000 fans, concluding a truly memorable week for the group — number one in the single charts, number eight in the album chart, a position in the American chart, the finale of a hugely successful British tour.

They played an impeccable two-hour set for their adoring fans, notably mixing old hits with songs from their new LP, "Bloody Tourists", and undoubtedly convinced sceptics that they are a group, not four sidemen propping original members Graham Gouldman and Stewart.

Each handsome member of the smart sextet contributed equal amounts of effort and craft.

The show was lavish, polished, stable. The sound was loud and beautifully mixed. Subtle lighting provided soothing visual variation, colourfully winking the cheerful musicians in alluring greens, blues and reds.

10cc were perfect! Perfect by their own standards — standards that should be SMASHED! For they soften our minds.

The group over-excitedly opened with "Wall Street Shuffle", a once-charming ditty stilted and deodorised, the harder

and heavier parts bluntly emphasised for easy minimum effect. Other 'hits' were rendered over-developed and functional: "I'm Mandy Fly Me", "The Things We Do For Love" (or "the things we do for hits" as Stewart discreetly switched it, with cynical double bluffing), "Good Morning Judge", "Art For Art's Sake".

Hits for hits' sake were mixed in this performance with new album cuts to me even less attractive, even more sterile and laboured.

No mistakes, no naturalism, everything symmetrical, as meticulously laid out as the positioning of the speakers and potted plants at either side of the stage. Poppy, choppy heavy metal with gratuitous funkiness and intricacy. Popular muzak, the curse of the late '70s.

During the show, in front of 10,000 consciousnesses (stop and think about that), up the naivety, hollowness, . . . sexism!

"We'd like to play one of our big hits," Stewart haltingly gushed. "We like big hits. Kate Bush has got big hits. Linda Ronstadt has got greatest hits." One example of an insane, clumsy attempt to be clumsy.

Notice the gross self-satisfaction acceptance of the position the group have been placed in by an affluent, easily and willingly moulded audience.

It's all conditioning . . . Cool air conditioning to make us feel 'comfortable'.

Hull way through the set they delightedly play the letbargie shuffle "Dreadlock Holiday", introducing it by

modestly thanking the faithful for putting it where it is. At the top.

Everyone roars in appreciation. At what, I'm not quite sure.

All through this 'big hit' the audience clap and respond appreciably more than they did before it, while afterwards the atmosphere systematically gets them drunk and proceedings build up to a peak of acclaim prior, during and after the end song of the set proper, "I'm Not In Love".

This latter almost psychedelic, almost sensuous, impressionist, fascinating song surfaced excitingly out of the rest of the impotence despite its sentimentality and castings of sugar.

But sadly the sextet never exploit its tantalising speculations, and it drifts and pulsates, threatening, as turn of the century Russian composer Scriabin wildly anticipated, to dissolve into an aroma!

10cc's ultimate lack of imagination — beyond technical skill and versatility — was to me apparent at the end of "I'm Not In Love", where improvisation appeared to be the obvious development, with pathways begging exploration.

Instead they safely and dully extinguished the piece.

Compare this to the finely detailed extended jam of unbelievable cowardice and repetition at the end of "Art For Art's Sake".

10cc. Complacent. Trivial. Perfection itself.

Paul Morley

Renaissance Ian Matthews

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

COMPARED to a Renaissance audience, the average fan club convention must be objectivity itself. It was one of those do's where you felt a social leper knowing neither the tune nor its album of origin, inducing a feeling of acute alienation.

Yet, surprisingly, I quite enjoyed it. After all, it was Sunday evening and Renaissance's pomp-rock closely resembles the kind of costume drama I might otherwise have been watching. The transparent sincerity and commitment are somehow endearing.

Judging from the song titles, it was fortunate the lyrics were largely inaudible. "Day Of The

Dreamer" was, we were told, "about a man's search for himself: it took a long time, so it's a long song." Halfway through, John Tout's piano signalled one of their arbitrary time changes and — holy cakes in the rain! — it was the upbeat section of "MacArthur Park" revisited.

Tout is the dominant figure. Michael Dunford's acoustic 12-string is largely inaudible, his eclectic work inconspicuous. Jon Camp (red trousers, bass and announcements) achieves a beautiful tone in the upper register, usually against a lush, synthesised backdrop, but succeeds mainly in highlighting Dunford's limitations.

Annie Haslam enters realms of asexual tonal purity unvisited since Jacqui McShee stopped singing with Pentangle, which is good news

for fans of that sort of thing. Drummer Terence Sullivan alone reveals a rock 'n' roll vocabulary, displaying sufficient latent funkiness to suggest he could do an Alan White in reverse and slot into a more terrestrial combo.

But I doubt it. To burst the cocoon of mutual admiration enveloping Renaissance and their audience would be akin to leaving the Civil Service to become an encyclopaedia salesman. The longer you remain institutionalized, the harsher the outside world must seem.

Ian Matthews, supporting, gave notice that his stop-go career may at last be lurching decisively forward. Still boyish-looking, his pater was surprisingly assured for one absent from the boards for so long.

Phil Palmer (guitar) and Jim

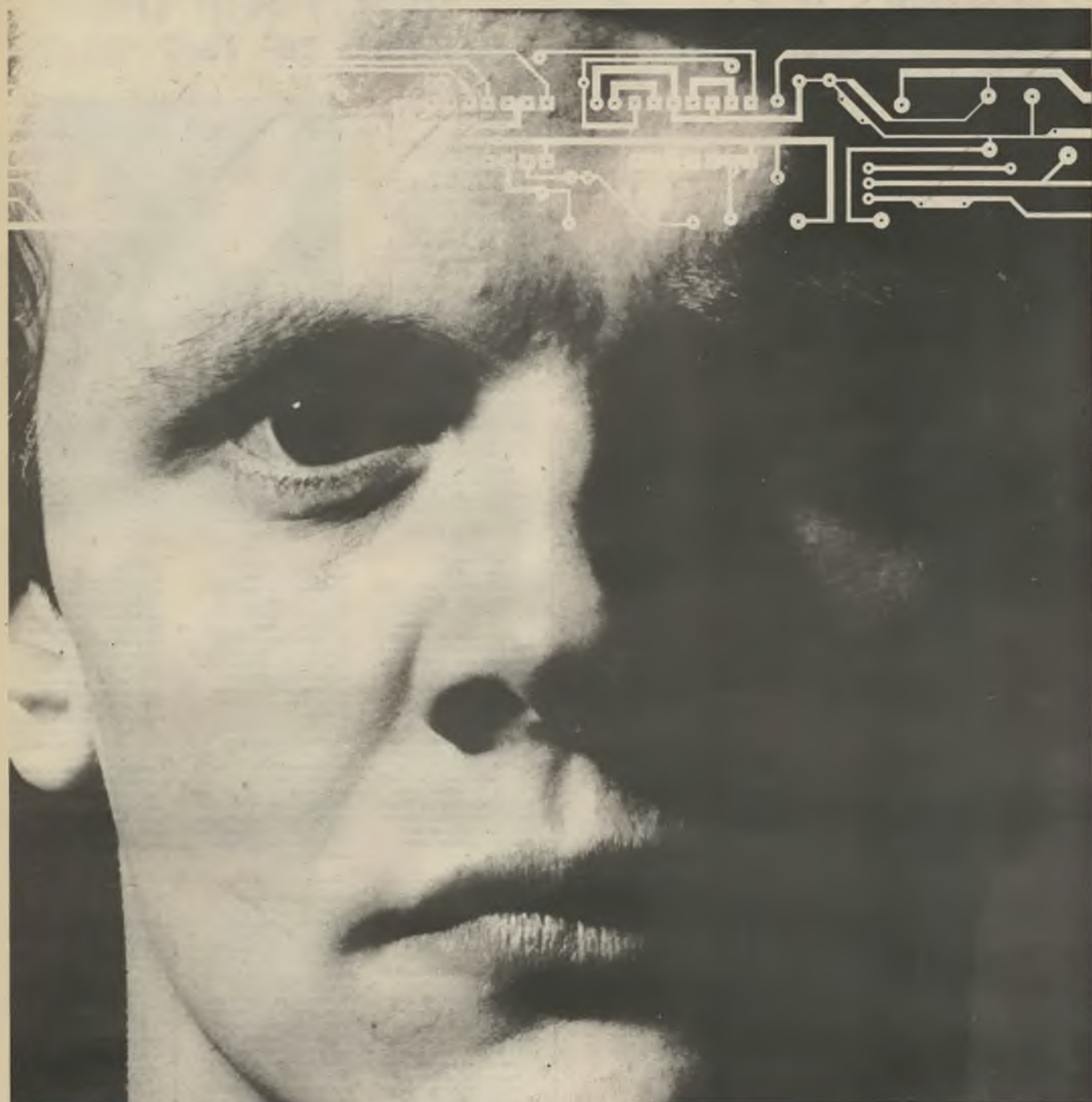
Russell (drums) remain from his album band, the line-up being completed by Joel Tepp (slide guitar), ex-Southern Comfort guitarist Mark Griffiths (bass) and Mick Weaver (keyboards).

Recording in England again seems to have done Matthews good. The overtly American flavour of his U.S.-made albums has been replaced by a more personal ambience, though Tepp owes a lot to David Lindley.

Jesse Winchester's "Payday" rocks hardest, with good piano from Weaver, but "Dancing Shoes" and a tautly percussive version of John Martyn's "Man In The Station" are distinctly infectious.

If he can avoid Eagles-type digests like "King Of The Night", this man could yet give sensitivity a good name.

Harry George



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READY FOR THE SOUND OF THE '80s?

Strangeways WAKEFIELD

RETURNING TO their native Wakefield as a prelude to a more comprehensive national tour, Strangeways turned in another performance of musical authority and invention — this time for the partisans for whom they can do no wrong.

The band, newly signed to Real Records, features a fairly standard line-up of two guitars, bass and drums, with Ringo (Higginsbottom) — drums, naturally) the only one not taking a shot at lead vocals. Standard, but by no means stale — Ada Wilson and Bas Smith share the lead riffs (although most of the rock-off stuff goes to Smith, while Ada comes more into his own on the six-string arpeggios).

Bob Marsden's bass is energetic but never erratic, executing scales with flair; Ringo drums with flourish. It's good all-action music — they make it look fun to play as well.

What's more, the competence of the musicianship is not (as so often happens) undermined by shortcomings on the vocal front — in fact, the standard of singing is a positive strength. Bob, Bas and Ada can all trot out a tasty tune, and when not actually in the fore, can adapt to neat Lennon/Mac/Beach Boy harmonies.

The majority of their material is original, ranging from the disappointing (and critically written-off) power pop single "Show Her You Care" and "Strangers rip-off" "Losing My Control" to the subtler, more melodic "Don't Say It" (somewhat reminiscent of the Kumbas) and the reflective, tunefully heavy, "The City".



STRANGEWAYS. Pic: CHRISTINE SIVOUR.

Not all the songs work — some are too obviously derivative, some amazingly banal, and sometimes Ada's lyrics strive over-energetically for the poetic. But enough of the material (especially "Scapegoats", "Shine On" and "Don't Say It") testifies to the band's wit and ingenuity, suggesting that here are the seeds of a talent which must surely grow.

As yet there might be a lack of overall commitment to finesse. Bas Smith — who says he's not Peter Frampton's younger brother, but take a look, see what you think — can look a shade awkward as he spreads himself out, while the others occasionally look a little stilted in their various stances.

But there is more than enough fluency in the music to compensate. By the time they concluded the set with a (can you believe?) valid re-work of The Archies' "Sugar, Sugar", and a delightfully exuberant "Route 66" jam, there was a decided momentum about the performance — which still lingered about the Unity Hall as the boys hopped off the stage and picked up their pints.

Perhaps it's too early to talk about post-New Wave music, but it does seem that in Strangeways we have a young band who could well make a positive and original contribution to the catalogue of the '80s.

Heard it all before? Go buy yourself a course in credibility. Emma Ruth

Simon Townshend Band GOLDEN LION, FULHAM

PETE TOWNSHEND'S flirtation with keyboard synthesizers has emerged as a fully-fledged love affair in his young brother Simon, making it the dominant instrument in his highly polished five-piece.

Fronted by Ian Hunter-type vocalist Graeme Tarrant the band moved at a measured pace through a dozen songs, all jointly composed, some of which suffered from the customarily God-awful pub sound and some stage business which went off at half cock.

Genesis and Yes unavoidably crop up by way of musical references, which is a pity as there is enough talent on display to suggest a departure into something really original. As it is, the songs are all multi-tempoed, the lyrics laboured and pretentious and the excitement dissipated through indulgence. Many of the numbers

sounded like derivative medleys, a touch of Yes here, a shade of Roxy there, and sprinklings of Floyd and Santana for variety. And the rhythm section comprising Pat Ahern (drums), Tony Butler (bass) and David Bowles (rhythm and lead guitar) went to a lot of trouble to display their polyrhythmic versatility. "Flyaway" was the only vaguely hummable tune (just as well as they've chosen it as their potential single) and "Candlelight" with its Osibisa percussion finale had some sort of cohesive power. It got a second airing as an encore at any rate.

Individually, they're more than competent. Townshend has an undeniable understanding of keyboard dynamics, piling structures like upside-down pyramids; and the group, especially the drummer, would not be outmatched in many of the big-league groups.

But they lack that dark energy that is always the deciding factor.

It's a tough life as a younger brother.

Neil Norman

Cuban Heels

BURNS HOWFF, GLASGOW
BUSINESS CONSPIRACIES force us into the bars instead of concert halls of Glasgow, but fortunately local bands are queuing up to play in the handful of pubs which let them.

Scotland's best bands (Retellos, Skids) are the ones which make some sense of the term "power pop". And, although lacking the trash panache of the former or the latter's excellent songs, The Cuban Heels are another.

They're also another band with immaculate taste in older ("Matthew And Son", Penita Clarke's "Downtown"), although these songs lack wit or, possibly, affection in performance. Don't be a comedy band, but have a sense of humour and you'll be stars, guys.

They have style, too. John Malarky (vocals, Jackie Palla hairstyle) twitches well and, even though all except guitarist Laurie Cuffe have given up trying to look like their cartoon logo.

Glenn Gibson

Autographs

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'They can't do this to Cody Jarrett!'



'Face up to it my son, it's the —

Gas Bag For You!!!

HAVING BOUGHT the NME now for more years than I care to remember, it strikes me that when someone first gains some notoriety and you like them, you tend to heap lavish praise on them. Once the band has become established and popular, your lavish praise becomes lavish criticism. Recently you've done this to Tom Robinson, Elvis Costello, Patti Smith, Blondie, The Sex Pistols and The Stranglers. I suppose it's only a matter of time before you treat The Clash and The Rezillos in the same way.

Now, I don't suppose that this matters very much. After all, it's only pop music, and unless your value system is rather unusual, listening to records isn't going to make much difference to anybody's life.

However, when the NME starts espousing political opinions, for instance, in relation to the Anti-Nazi League, and starts sticking them in amongst the entertaining trivia with which it deals quite adequately, I get scared. How long will it be before the leftist humanitarian ideals you're now proclaiming become unfashionable? Pop music doesn't matter. The NME doesn't matter (except to you).

Stick to pop music.

ANON

OUCH! Yes, I take your point, and sometimes think it's a self-defeating contest for commitment. No, I can't give you a forecast. Mostly, I hope for a points win: some of it will stick — B.C.

IT COST ME at least three quid to get down to Rye for the Carnival last Saturday, which is nearly two weeks pocket-money to me and therefore a lot, but I thought it'd be worth it to see The Flys. We bugged about all afternoon till The Flys came on about six, when suddenly we realised that all the punks — and there were few enough to begin with — had quietly crept away, leaving us, two girls and two blokes, and what seemed like 50 greasers-cum-teeds.

Oh well, it doesn't matter, that ted versus punk thing's over now, we thought merrily. Then one of the boys in blue came up and warned us to get out because a girl punk had just had her ear cut up. A few bewildered glances and feeble smiles later, we

were walking up the road to the station — but the bastards were everywhere, on street corners, at the station.

They followed us into pubs and my nerves were in shreds. Luckily, a police car was by the station, so we managed to get on the train — where we found the punks who had left earlier — and get home under shouts of abuse.

Thank you Elvis fans for making my day a little bit happier. I missed 90% of The Flys' set because of you, was scared out of my mind and really terrified for us girls. I'm sure you'd have beaten us up as soon as look at us.

A PUNKETTE, Margate.

Would it help to say you've made a happy man very old? — B.C.

I'M PISSED OFF at hearing and reading so much shit on the subject of sexism. The section of society who are really repressed are not women but ugly people. It's not their fault that they were born that way, yet society is so structured that they are endlessly persecuted and without a hope of real happiness.

AN AVERAGE-LOOKING

STUDENT, Coventry

I am not secure enough to be compassionate, as Monty just threw up in his hand when I said hello. — B.C.

TO EVERY Bryan Ferry fan, or ex-Bryan Ferry fan: you just read this. You are the most ungrateful sods around. Bryan Ferry gives you bloody good music for five years, and you repay him by not buying his records, and he works damn hard on his records. His latest two singles did not go well, not because you did not like his records — it's just that you are a load of shit.

You have betrayed him just because he has not been with Roxy Music for two years. Is this the way to repay him?

Who would pay £397 a night for a room? He didn't — it was just the media that made him out to be a posh sod. He is not. When he is not doing concerts and making LPs, he's thinking of new music for sods like you. And, by the way, he is making a new Roxy Music LP NOT for the money, but for you sods out there.

Just to end with, while he was making his new LP, he and the rest of

the crew started crying as his music touched them and Bryan — and that shows how much Bryan Ferry puts into his music.

P. PHILIPS, Bitchington, Kent.

One of the most stilted persuasive arguments I've ever encountered. I only hope it isn't too late to make amends, and I'll certainly make every effort to find out who he is. — B.C.

IT HAS been a year since Marc passed away, so please print this poem for him so that he will know that we still love him. If tears could build a stairway And memories a tape, I would walk all the way to heaven To bring Marc back again. But love in death should let us see What love in life should really be. And if roses grow in heaven, Lord Please pick Marc a bunch for me. MITCH, Lancaster, Durham.

I don't know that it works that way, Mitch, but just in case, would you settle for radishes? B.C.

NO, NO, NO, no! Please let us keep the paper that used to have such choice snippets for us occultists free of statements like Ian Penman's, that "Aleister Crowley was a Black Magician and all-round excessively malignant guy".

Fair enough, people who chose to be close to him did tend to crack up, not through his malignancy, but through their inability to understand and contain the force with which he worked.

Hitler was a black magician, Crowley was an unthoughtful magician — and also a shit-hot astrologer. I'm sure the difference between the two should be studied and understood — particularly in this confusing and unsettled City Age. I'm sure that if Ian Penman and others bothered to

spend their time finding out about the motives of magicians, they'd not only change their tune about Aleister Crowley, but also be better equipped to appreciate music, or that part of the human soul from which it comes. COLONEL ALOSTRAEL BLINK, St. Ives, Cornwall.

ALEISTER CROWLEY was not a Christian. As Satanism is a Christian heresy, Crowley was not a Satanist or Black Magician. His magical system was complex, but honourable above all. Nuit or Nu, Goddess of infinite space, followed by Hadit, "the point of concentration within infinite space", then a curious deity, Ra Hoor Khui who is also Hoor Paar Kraat, which combined personality is Herv Ra-Ha, a sort of blend of the old Egyptian God-brothers Horus and Set.

Finally, Theron and Babalon, the Beast 666 (Crowley himself and his successors in the office of Prince-Priest) and the Great Whore. Babalon (Crowley's many mistresses took this role and he did indeed treat them foully, with the swaggering confidence of the nineteenth century born-and-bred M.C.P.-Crowley was all for women's lib in theory, but in practice he was sadly lacking).

Nevertheless, Crowley's "Satanism" was confined to his reaction against his puritan upbringing, and his later occult studies transcended this position. He ascribed fear of Satan to what he saw as the pathological timidity and self-mistrust of the Christians, and identified this cosmic principle as Set-Shaitan/Aiwaz — the solar-phallic goat-god Pan, hated by the antisexual Puritan Christian tradition, but not in the least evil from Crowley's point of view.

He was never head of the Order of the Golden Dawn. He left after a leadership crisis in the early years of the century, forming his own order, the Argenteum Astrum, and became involved in the Ordo Templi Orientis which practised sexual magic similar to Tantric Buddhism.

In conclusion, I find it astonishing that NME, a paper supposedly supporting rock musicians who are dissenters against authority, should perpetuate these hoary half-truths about a man who believed in everyone's right to live in the way they chose, free of authoritarian interference. Surely Crowley was an

early torchbearer of the spirit of dissent and mistrust of the orthodox that has found its flowering in the youth culture of the last ten years. Whatever his faults, he deserves our respect as a forefather. TANKMISSIMUS, Hambley, Hants. I never even fathomed Tommy Cooper. — B.C.

FED UP with the loutish behaviour and the comments against society of vile little safety-pin festooned punk rockers, I turned to the great classical masters for some clean fun.

Well! Imagine my shock when I found Beethoven was a naughty man! Yes, he was a self-confessed hater of the aristocracy, though he did have to rely on them for financial backing. There is worse to come, for Beethoven used nasty words! For example he said to one reviewer, "Was ich scheisse, ist besser als was sie schreibt", or "what I" — here he uses a naughty form of poo-poo, which I dare not mention — "is better than what you write".

Gosh! Now I've become very confused because I'm sure I've heard something like this before, but for the life of me, I cannot think where.

A. BEETHOVEN PISTON

This poo-poo — anything to do with his last movement? I'm groping here. — B.C.

DEAR ROD STEWART, We have a photograph of you on a Californian street with your flies undone. I am sure you would pay highly for the negatives.

M. CLUBURN & CHRIS CORP, Reading, Berks.

No. Done up are rarer. — B.C.

I KNOW I'm an ignorant bastard, but as it was mentioned twice in the Tubes articles last week, what does S/M mean? I do realise how unhip and uncool I am not to know — still, you must admit I'm pretty groovy to use words such as "hip" and "cool", eh, eh?

A. K. A. PELLO

It's an abbreviation for Sunny Murray, a music journalist's shorthand for quality drumming. What are Tubes? — B.C.

I HAVE wanted to write to you for some time now. Unfortunately, this has not been possible until today. Before today, I found that I couldn't put into words what I felt I had to say to you, but at last I have overcome that final barrier.

AVON

C'mon hashful, you can tell me — you're Laurence Sterne ain't ya? — B.C.

I USED to think that the letters printed in your musical paper were written by members of your own staff. However, I now know that I was wrong.

MARK HELFOND, Hendon, London.

Thought the left-tip would fool me, eh Monty? — B.C.

I WAS extremely annoyed to read in your T-ZERS page, 16th September, that the Move are re-forming — and especially at the way in which you hinted that this would be a "money-making scheme". This resulted in me receiving a barrage of embarrassing phone calls and letters during the past week.

I don't know where you usually obtain your information, but you must seriously ask yourself if he is the right man for the job.

If any such re-formation had been imminent, I have certainly not been told about it — neither has Rick Price nor Trevor Burton, and I still socialise with both of them. In fact, we wouldn't consider the idea for all the tea in Scunthorpe. Even though I have not seen Jeff Lynne or Bev Bevan for some time, I can positively say that they would feel the same way, as the whole thing would be pointless — and they certainly don't need it!

I have, on the other hand, been approached to produce a record for Carl Wayne. This depends entirely on the time factor, as I have just finished a new album with my band, Wizzo, and we intend to have another one ready before Christmas. I will also possibly be working with The Rezillos.

I hope this letter has helped to clear this matter up. Please try to get your facts right, or phone me — everybody else has!

ROY WOOD, Worcestershire

Roy Carr has owed up. Roy, and we've all spanked his ample booty. "A really reliable source told me," whined Roy (not you, our one) — apparently it was the last thing he heard before passing out. Sorry. — B.C.

Edited by
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T-ZERS

WAVES ALOHA

STAND BY FOR A Christmas Day blitz from Finsbury Park's most famous ex-inhabitant, **J. Lyndon** esquire. **T-zers** understands The Rainbow has filed an application for Johnny Lydon's **Public Image** to take the boards at the Finsbury Park theatre on December 25. The application is being considered today (Thursday). **T-zers** awaits their decision with baited breath, though trusts it'll be the right one.

In the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*, **Pete Townshend** describes Lydon as "like a white **Jimi Hendrix**." Talking about the first time he met Lydon, Pete said: "I can't explain it. Just the feeling of being in the presence of someone that's really great. And who isn't gonna compromise." You should hear what he says about you Pete...

Ironically, both *Stone* and *Creem* carried **Who** cover stories the week of **Keith Moon's** death. Wrote *Rolling Stone's* **Dave Marsh**: "Moon seems to be on the way to recovery from whatever physical and mental demons have plagued him..."

Bruce Springsteen outrageously magnificent at New York's *Palladium* for three consecutive nights last week. Bruce played for nearly four hours on closing night, and left the audience, including *NME's* **Tony Parsons**, howling for more. Bruce collapsed after the show.

Glad to see there's some sense left within the pages of our popular press. Writing about the weekend's **Anti-Nazi League** Carnival in Monday's *Daily Mirror*, master novelist **Keith Waterhouse**, wrote, in typically sardonic fashion: "What the Anti-Nazi League is riddled and infested with is a manifestation of that new social class I once identified as the **Polyeracy**. It transcends all the old boundaries of accent, upbringing or postal district, laughs at the supposed difference between one shade of skin and another, is impatient of orthodox politics and has a naive habit of saying what it means." If only more thought like that...

Meanwhile, back in trivialland,

Elvis Presley's Corvair jet, which he bought for a cool \$1m, has been bought for \$4m by a Las Vegas doctor. He plans to turn the place into a tourist attraction to raise money for an **Elvis Presley Heart Clinic** in London...

With peerless crassness, the latest ish of America's *National Enquirer* (it makes the *Sun* look like *New Society* — well almost) devotes its cover story to how a medium made contact with **The King's** spirit. Criticising **Presleyfication**, 'Elvis' said: "They're like wolves. This is like a sideshow, a zoo." Expect triple live set soon...

More from the land where **Krass Is Kool**. On the night of **Keith Moon's** death, fierce competition from radio stations eager to present "the ultimate Keith Moon tribute"...

RAR "furious" with police estimates of 25,000 at Carnival. They say **Lambeth Council's** official estimate was 105,000. Our man **Graham Lock** split the difference and settled for 50,000 — for report, see *Thrills*...

Nell Young's "Comes A Time" still conspicuously absent from record shops, and in LA

the **Rotten Apple** to join **Jones** and **Strummer** where they're busy aggravating **Sandy Pearlman** in the **Record Plant** studios. Whilst in town, they visited **CBGB's** where their bar bill was picked up by club owner **Hilly Kristal**. "Lissen," slurred Hilly, "if yashe guyshe play a sheit here ya can own the goddamn joint!" The **Clash** declined the offer. While at **CBGB's** The **Clash** were impressed by the **B-Girls**, the following night less ecstatic about **Richard Hell**. Hell, incidentally, is splitting **Sire** and giving a heavy come-on to **Rolling Stones** Records (*He'll be lucky — Non-nihilistic Ed.*)...

Needless to say, The **Clash** are totally bemused by the **Bernie Rhodes** stories that have been appearing in the press since their arrival in America. Re **Rhodes'** remarks about The **Clash** dumping the **Roxy** date in protest against the lack of airplay on British radio, Strummer said: "We didn't know about that **Roxy** date. That's just **Bernie**." Added **Jones**: "As far as I know, we're going on the road as soon as we get back to England"...



Cartoon by STEVE BELL

Young has been presented with a gold acetate award for test pressings in excess of half a million units. Neil didn't like the quality of the **Continental** pressing and demanded that several hundred thousand of them be melted down...

Almost, but not quite. When **DJ spun Clash's** "White Riot" in Paris punk palace **The Bataclan**, the Parisian Punks sang "Quiet Riot". As for the lads themselves: **Topper Headon** and **Paul Simonon** have now flown to

According to Strummer, **Rhodes** says he's going to collaborate with **Malcolm McLaren** on a group called **The Black Arabs**.

And the final word on these shenanigans. Just what is **McLaren** doing in NYC having talks with **RCA**? Selling the **Pistols** or has **Malc** already moved on to **The Black Arabs**?

Still **In Noo Yawk**, not everyone is glad to see **Johnny Thunders** and **Co.** back in town. Seems that not all are pleased

GRATEFUL DEAD roadies cheer the arrival of their bonus payments — a pack of **Camel** cigarettes (not a fat in a carload, is the proud boast), though we suspect the fine gentleman in the fez has partaken of something a mite stronger. The truck is by **British Leyland**, the pic by **ADRIAN BOOT**, and all will be revealed in **MAX BELL's** Egyptian epic on pages 24-26.

with their habits... **John Townshend**, guitarist with **The Blockheads**, is now missing a cassette player and his black/dark cherry **Gibson SG Special**, number 969973. The guitar, stolen from his **Crouch End** home, was given to him three years ago by **Pete Townshend**. A reward is offered for its return. Those with any information should ring 01 229 8211.

This week's **RIPs**. **Tanz Dev** Youth, the band **Brian James** formed after **The Damned's** demise, have ceased to exist. Refusal to work unless a heavy advance was forthcoming was the cause. **James's** future is uncertain, but **T-Zers** hopes he can resist all temptation to reunite with his old comrades in **The Doomed**. Other double queue candidates are the **Hugh Cornwell**-produced **Leila** and **The Snakes**. After mass walk-out, all that remains of the combo are **Leila** and her guitar player, **Moss Evans** was unavailable for comment.

Still, it's not all loss and heartbreak in the land where the plectrum is king. Down Georgia way **Grumlin's** **Gregg** and his awful pleasant chum **Dicky Betts** have reformed **The Allman Brothers Band**. The re-grouped outfit recently performed a 90-second (*Great!* — *Ed*) set at the **Seventh Annual Capricorn Records Barbecue**. A tour and album are imminent. **Jimmy Carter** almost choked on his fried chicken when he heard the news.

More exciting news (*Is this some kind of joke — Ed*) has it that a British publisher plans to put out a limited edition of **George Harrison's** songs in their original form. That is, scrawled on envelopes, note pads and anything else available at the time. **Hari** is penning a commentary for each chune and the books will be numbered and individually **Harri**-signed. The publisher claims the scraps are now "historical documents" — which is presumably why he's charging \$300 a copy.

Lynott In Cool Quotient Drop Shock: When **Tin Lizzy** were playing **Columbus, Ohio** (near fashionable **Cleveland** and **Akron**, trend-spotters), well known bass player **Phil Lynott** suffered a somewhat undignified attack of **Proby's** Complaint (i.e. his strides split). The unfortunate **Phillip** was thus forced to retreat behind the drum nostrum (still whacking away at his bass) while **Gary Moore** took over lead vocals and no less than three roadies grabbed their crowbars and attempted to pry **Lynott** out of his damaged netherwear and replace same with an unblemished pair. The audience, for some reason, found all this very amusing.

Stop Press **Spurs** tour announced on news pages has been postponed cancel...

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	The Last Word
20p Alternative (Clash, My Way, Slim, Slim, Love Slim, Slimly pre. Slim 1)	1 (1) Animal Liberation
20p Smiley Bears , Telephones (France), Studio No. 4, Bowie PL James Dean, Don't Go Home, Saw Throat	2 (2) Clash Police
POP ART 20p Remix into Style, No Hiss, Anti Social, Very Five in Felt, Anti-Destruct	3 (3) Shoxxie Special
Barrow, Pastic Barrow, Clow	4 (4) Buenavista
	5 (5) The Jam — N.O.W.
	6 (6) Sham Army
	7 (7) Steel Pulse
	8 (8) Penetration
	9 (9) Chick City
	10 (10) Chick City

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