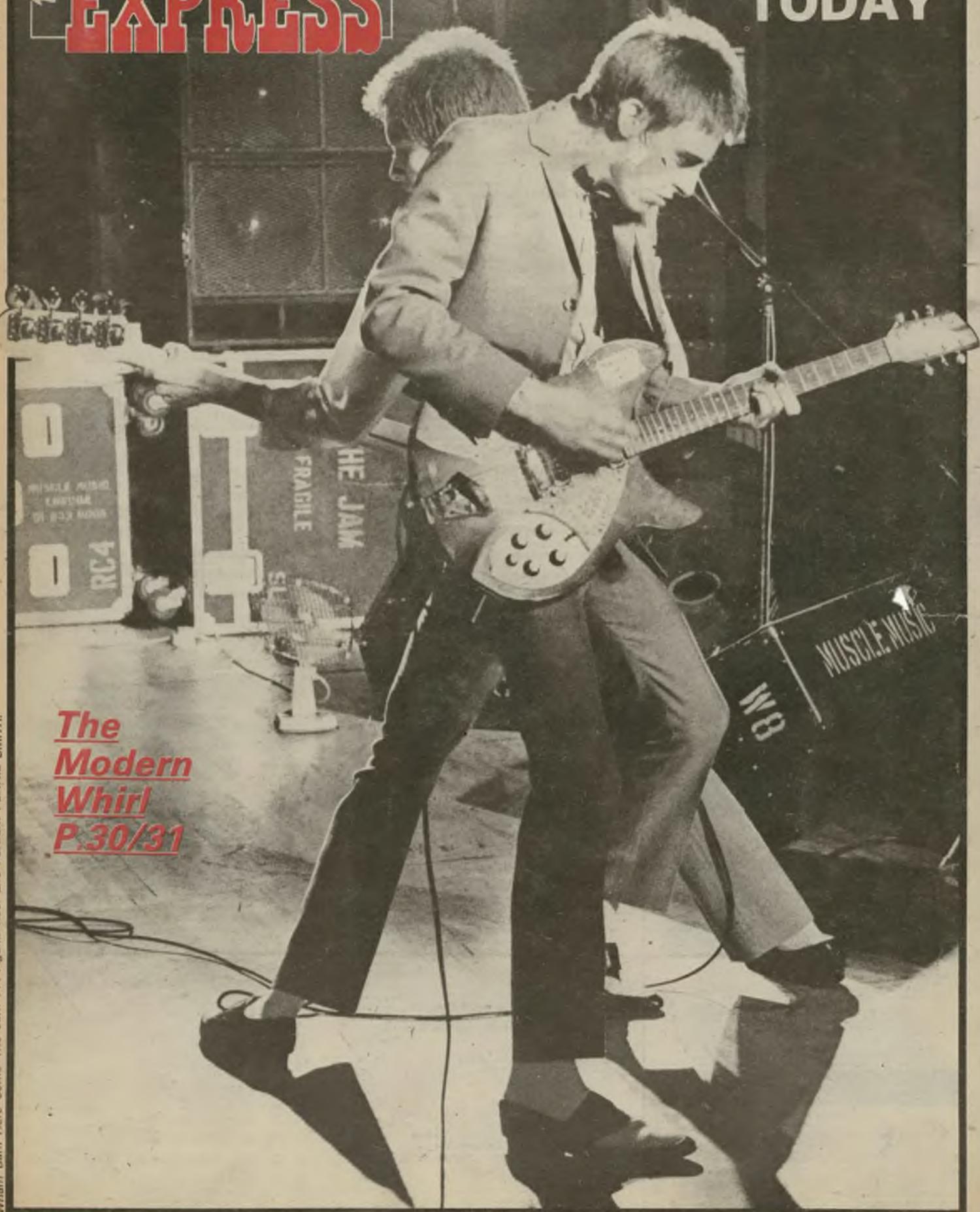


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CHS 2266
IN A COLOUR BAG, LIMITED EDITION ONLY.
Chrysalis



SINGLES

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label	Position	Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton John	(RSO)	7	1	1
2	(2)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)		6	2	1
3	(5)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)		3	3	1
4	(7)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)		3	4	1
5	(4)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midson/Polydor)		5	4	1
6	(3)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)		7	3	1
7	(17)	PUBLIC IMAGE	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)		2	7	1
8	(9)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)		4	6	1
9	(12)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)		6	9	1
10	(19)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)		3	10	1
11	(8)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)		6	5	1
12	(6)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)		7	2	1
13	(15)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)		6	13	1
14	(10)	HURRY UP HARRY	Sham 69 (Polydor)		3	10	1
15	(13)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)		7	9	1
16	(14)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle (UA)		7	11	1
17	(-)	BIICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS	Queen (EMI)		1	17	1
18	(18)	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT	Jam (Polydor)		3	18	1
19	(24)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Ariola)		3	19	1
20	(23)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Sky)		2	20	1
21	(27)	BRANDY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)		3	21	1
22	(-)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)		1	22	1
23	(21)	MEXICAN GIRL	Smokie (Rak)		4	16	1
24	(-)	PART TIME LOVE	Eton John (Rocket)		1	24	1
25	(20)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Mick Jackson (Atlantic)		2	20	1
26	(29)	GET IT WHILE YOU CAN	Olympic Runners (Polydor)		3	26	1
27	(26)	DIPPETY DAY	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)		2	26	1
28	(-)	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)		1	28	1
29	(11)	GREASE	Frankie Valli (RSO)		10	3	1
30	(-)	RADIO RADIO	Elvis Costello (Radar)		1	30	1

ALBUMS

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label	Position	Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	GREASE... Original Soundtrack	(RSO)		17	1	1
2	(3)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)		16	1	1
3	(3)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	Various (Motown)		6	2	1
4	(2)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)		18	2	1
5	(14)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)		4	5	1
6	(9)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)		28	1	1
7	(5)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)		14	2	1
8	(17)	PARALLEL LINES...	Blondie (Chrysalis)		7	7	1
9	(13)	STAGE	David Bowie (RCA)		5	8	1
10	(-)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)		1	10	1
11	(8)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)		5	8	1
12	(15)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)		46	3	1
13	(6)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)		13	6	1
14	(30)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)		12	7	1
15	(25)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)		8	14	1
16	(7)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)		7	3	1
17	(20)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)		6	9	1
18	(18)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)		3	18	1
19	(-)	SOME ENCHANTED EVENING	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)		1	19	1
20	(12)	LOVE BITES	Buzzcocks (United Artists)		4	12	1
21	(24)	TO THE LIMIT	Joan Armatrading (A&M)		3	21	1
22	(-)	GO 2	XTC (Virgin)		1	22	1
23	(11)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)		3	11	1
24	(-)	25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)		1	24	1
25	(-)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)		1	25	1
26	(-)	MOVING TARGETS	Penetration (Virgin)		1	26	1
27	(10)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)		4	10	1
28	(-)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket Records)		1	28	1
29	(-)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow (Arista)		1	29	1
30	(-)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Status Quo (Phonogram)		1	30	1

ONLY YOU (Close The Door) — Teddy Pendergrass (Philadelphia); FOOL (If You Think It's Over) — Chris Rea (Magnet); TEENAGE KICKS — Undertones (Strel); PRANCE ON — Eddie Henderson (Capitol).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label	Position	Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder		1	1	1
2	(3)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer		2	2	1
3	(2)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile		3	2	1
4	(4)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray		4	3	1
5	(5)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins		5	4	1
6	(13)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner		6	13	1
7	(7)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones		7	7	1
8	(12)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia		8	12	1
9	(9)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who		9	9	1
10	(10)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille		10	10	1
11	(14)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow		11	14	1
12	(6)	REMINISCING	Little River Band		12	6	1
13	(8)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty		13	8	1
14	(18)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli		14	18	1
15	(21)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook		15	21	1
16	(17)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle		16	17	1
17	(20)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges		17	20	1
18	(19)	GET OFF	Foxy		18	19	1
19	(15)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey		19	15	1
20	(11)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt		20	11	1
21	(22)	IT'S A LAUGH	Daryl Hall & John Oates		21	22	1
22	(24)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis		22	24	1
23	(28)	ALIVE AGAIN	Chicago		23	28	1
24	(27)	BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)	Slyx		24	27	1
25	(-)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart		25	-	1
26	(29)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic		26	29	1
27	(23)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel		27	23	1
28	(-)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT	Pablo Cruise		28	-	1
29	(-)	STRAIGHT ON	Heart		29	-	1
30	(-)	PRISONER OF YOUR LOVE	Player		30	-	1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label	Position	Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists		1	1	1
2	(2)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt		2	2	1
3	(5)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer		3	5	1
4	(3)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who		4	3	1
5	(4)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston		5	4	1
6	(6)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner		6	6	1
7	(8)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Slyx		7	8	1
8	(9)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones		8	9	1
9	(11)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart		9	11	1
10	(21)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel		10	21	1
11	(7)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg		11	7	1
12	(15)	HOT STREETS	Chicago		12	15	1
13	(14)	TORMATO	Yes		13	14	1
14	(10)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins		14	10	1
15	(17)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic		15	17	1
16	(12)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel		16	12	1
17	(13)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band		17	13	1
18	(22)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart		18	22	1
19	(19)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson		19	19	1
20	(25)	COMES A TIME	Neil Young		20	25	1
21	(16)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile		21	16	1
22	(20)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various Artists		22	20	1
23	(24)	CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ	Chuck Mangione		23	24	1
24	(28)	BROTHER TO BROTHER	Gino Vannelli		24	28	1
25	(18)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores		25	18	1
26	(27)	ALONG THE RED LEDGE	Daryl Hall & John Oates		26	27	1
27	(23)	SKYNYRD'S FIRST AND LAST	Lynyrd Skynyrd		27	23	1
28	(26)	SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists		28	26	1
29	(29)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise		29	29	1
30	(-)	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY	Anne Murray		30	-	1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

on the one hand...
...and on the other
SUN & SOUND
Chicago Strings

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending October 30, 1973

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label
1	(1)	PPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)	
2	(2)	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)	
3	(3)	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)	
4	(4)	GOODYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)	
5	(5)	CARDINE	Strain Quo (Vertigo)	
6	(6)	MY FRIEND STAN	Bary Cimo (RCA)	
7	(7)	FOR THE GOOD TIMES	Maude (Polydor)	
8	(8)	A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL	Bryan Ferry (Island)	
9	(9)	LAUGHING GUNME	David Bowie (Mercury)	
10	(10)	NUTTING CITY LIMES	Be & The Tunes (United Artists)	

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 30, 1968

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label
1	(1)	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)	
2	(2)	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal Zampogna)	
3	(3)	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)	
4	(4)	LITTLE ABIGAIL	Lady Lee (MCA)	
5	(5)	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marley (Polygram)	
6	(6)	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremones (CBS)	
7	(7)	LISTEN TO ME	Hollis (Polygram)	
8	(8)	IS AMINE	Carole (Decca)	
9	(9)	THE OLD HEART OF ME	Billy Scotters (Tommy Motown)	
10	(10)	RESISTANCE DE RESISTE	Foghorn (Mercury)	

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 1, 1963

Last This Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Label
1	(1)	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)	
2	(2)	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)	
3	(3)	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Auger and The Trinitys (Mercury)	
4	(4)	LET'S GET IT ON	Marley (Polygram)	
5	(5)	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (Capitol)	
6	(6)	SUGAR AND SPICE	Santeleros (Pye)	
7	(7)	THEN HE KISSED ME	Chrysalis (London)	
8	(8)	MEMPHIS TENNESSEE	Chuck Berry (Pye Int)	
9	(9)	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)	

NEWS DESK

Muddy in Clapton's concerts

MUDDY WATERS, the near-legendary blues giant, returns to Britain later this month with his seven-piece band to appear as special guest on Eric Clapton's previously-reported British tour. It opens at Glasgow Apollo and takes in nine major concerts, closing at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 5 and 6.

And because the two London shows are already completely sold out, Waters will additionally headline his own concert in the capital — it's at the Rainbow Theatre on December 8, and tickets go on sale this Saturday priced £3.75, £3 and £2.50. He is also guesting in Clapton's European tour during the first half of this month.

● Promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who is staging the Clapton and Waters shows, announces that his four Olivia Newton-John concerts have now sold out. So she'll now be playing an extra date at London Rainbow on December 3, and tickets (£6, £5, £4, and £3) are on sale now.

Pere Ubu's secret gig

PERE UBU have organised a special mystery gig "somewhere in Greater London" for November 16, and the venue will not be announced beforehand. Tickets cost £2, which includes a coach journey to the secret location, leaving the West End at 7pm and returning by midnight at the latest. Guest artists are The Red Crayola, and tickets (which must be purchased in advance) may be obtained by post from Final Solution, c/o Chrysalis Records, 12 Stratford Place, London W1N 9AF (cheques and POs to "Chrysalis Records Ltd").

THE PLEASERS, who wound up their latest batch of provincial gigs last Saturday, have slotted in a couple of London shows this weekend — they're at Kensington Nashville tomorrow (Friday) and Saturday. Tomorrow also sees the release of their new Arista single "A Girl I Know".

Rod's tour set



DETAILS OF Rod Stewart's eagerly-awaited December tour of Britain have at last been confirmed. He's headlining 12 major concerts at five of the largest venues in the country — and in fact, it will be his biggest U.K. tour in terms of the number of people who will see him perform.

The dates are Manchester Belle Vue (December 2, 3 and 5), Leicester Granby Hall (8 and 9), Brighton New Conference Centre (11, 12 and 13), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (16) and London Olympia (21, 22 and 23).

It's significant that the tour does not include any shows in his native Scotland. This is because it was booked before the fate of the Glasgow Apollo was known and, at the time, there were no other suitable venues.

But there are two consolations for his followers North of the Border. Firstly, one of his Manchester concerts is to be filmed by BBC Scotland, who will subsequently televise it in two one-hour parts, on Saturdays, December 9 and 16 (both at 11pm) — and it's also being shown at the same time by RTE in Ireland, as a sop for his non-appearance over there. Secondly, negotiations are under way for Stewart to play an open-air concert at a large venue in Scotland next summer, though details won't be announced for some time.

Tickets for the concerts are available by post only, except at Leicester where the box-office opens to personal callers next Monday (6) with admission all at the one price of £5. Elsewhere, mail orders are also being accepted from next Monday, and details are:

MANCHESTER: Tickets £6, £5, £4 and £3. Write to Bella Vue, Hyde Road, Manchester.

BRIGHTON: Tickets £6 and £5. Write to Ticket Booking Office, The Brighton Centre, Brighton, Sussex. Cheques to "Brighton Borough Council".

BIRMINGHAM: All tickets at £5. Write to BMMF, P.O. Box 410, London W1A 4LQ. Cheques to "BMMF". LONDON: Tickets £6, £5, £4 and £3, plus a limited number of gallery box seats at £10, £8, £6 and £5. Write to BMMF Concerts, c/o Olympia, Hammersmith Road, London W11. Cheques to "BMMF".

It's also stressed that on all postal applications a stamped self-addressed envelope, no smaller than 7 1/2" x 4", should be enclosed.

Release of the new Stewart album "Blondes Have More Fun" is finally set for November 17 release by Riva Records. Tracks are *Da' Ya' Think I'm Sexy*, *Dirty Weekend*, *Ain't Love A Bitch*, *The Best Days Of My Life*, *Is That The Thanks I Get?*, *Attractive Female Wanted*, *Blondes (Have More Fun)*, *Last Summer*, *Standing In The Shadows Of Love* and *Scarred and Scared*.

All are new numbers penned by Stewart in conjunction with various members of his band, except "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" which is the Holland-Dozier-Holland standard. Riva say advance sales already guarantee that the album ships gold. The opening track "Da' Ya' Think I'm Sexy" is issued as a single on November 10.

Rod's band featured on the album are Carmen Appice (drums), Billy Peek, Gary Grainger and Jim Cregan (all guitars) and Phil Chen (bass). They will also be backing him on tour together with new keyboards man Kevin Savaris.

NEWS WAVES

THE REZILLOS — who, as reported last week, begin a 35-date British tour later this month — are playing two special warm-up dates at London Marquee Club on November 12 and 13. They'll be supported (as on the tour) by Irish band The Undertones, and advance tickets are now available priced £1.75, while on the doors they'll be £2. Two of their dates announced last week have been transposed — they now play Birmingham Town Hall on November 29 and Coventry Warwick University on December 4, instead of vice versa.

THE JOLT, now a four-piece, have

arranged a series of ten dates to introduce their new guitarist Kevin Key. They play London Islington Hope & Anchor (November 12), Durham University (17), Manchester The Venue (18), Newcastle Canteen Club (22), Grangemouth Town Hall (23), Hamilton College of Education (24),

Glasgow University St. Margaret's Hall (25), Dundee Samantha's (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (28) and Exeter Routes (29). They then go into the studios to record their new Polydor single.

THE VALVES, one of Scotland's leading new breed of bands, are in London during the coming week. They play Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), Kensington Nashville with The Pleasers (Friday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Saturday), Camden Music Machine with Punishment of Luxury (next Tuesday) and Acton White Hart (Wednesday).

Magazine — longest tour yet

MAGAZINE set out later this month on the longest British tour they have ever undertaken, playing a total of 19 dates, of which 16 have so far been confirmed.

Gigs set are at Portsmouth Locarno (November 21), two shows nightly at London Victoria The Venue (23 and 24), Manchester University (25), Plymouth Metro (27), Bristol Locarno (28), Liverpool Mountford Hall (29), Lancaster University (30), Newcastle University (December 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (3), Sheffield University (4), Birmingham Barbarellig's (6), Coventry Locarno (7), Hanley Victoria Hall (8), Aylesbury Friars (9) and Cardiff Top Rank (10).

Remaining three dates will be announced next week. At the London gigs, Magazine appear without a support act, but elsewhere special guests are Neo — whose new single "Trans-Sister" is released by Jet Records on November 10.

Following the tour, Magazine — who now have John Doyle as their new drummer — start recording their second album and follow-up to "Real Life", for release early in the New Year.

COBHAM CANCELS

BILLY COBHAM has cancelled his British tour later this month. It was to have opened on November 9 and taken in eight major concerts, including an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon (14). He was also scheduled to appear on BBC-2's "Whistle Test" next Tuesday.

Two reasons have been given for calling off his visit — in the first place, two members of his band left last week at the end of an extensive U.S. tour; and secondly, Cobham is suffering from exhaustion as a result of that arduous tour, and has been ordered by his doctors to rest. Promoters MAM say they are now hoping to re-schedule the tour for the New Year, but meanwhile ticket-holders must apply for cash refunds.

HARLEY RETURN

STEVE HARLEY returns to London before Christmas to form a band of British musicians. After rehearsals, he'll start recording an album in February — and when it's finished, he'll go on the road with the new outfit. His new single "Someone's Coming" is being issued later this month.

HARDLY GREAT, MORE A MEDIUM FESTIVAL!

THE GREAT British Music Festival at London's giant Wembley Arena, starting at the end of this month, has now developed into a sort of middle-sized music festival! Promoter Mel Bush originally planned a full week of concerts at the venue but, due to the unavailability of any more headliners, he's now decided to settle for just the three days he's already set up. As reported, billtoppers include The Jam, Generation X and Slade (November 29); Lindisfarne, Frankie Miller and John Miles (30); and David Essex, The Rich Kids and The Real Thing (December 2).



IT'S PURE HELL!

PURE HELL, the black New York punk band, arrive in Britain in a fortnight's time to promote their debut single — their version of the 1966 Nancy Sinatra hit "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" — which comes out on November 10. They've so far been lined up for headlining gigs at Birmingham Babarella's (November 15), London Camden Music Machine (16), Manchester Mayflower Club (17) and Liverpool Eric's (18), with the likelihood of more to follow.

Currently touring Holland, the band's personnel is: Kenny "Stinker" Gordon (vocals), Preston "Chip" Morris (lead guitar), Kerry "Lenny" Boies (bass) and Michael "Spider" Sanders (drums) — and they're believed to be the world's only black punk outfit. Before leaving the States, they played a gig at New York Max's Kansas City with Sid Vicious (prior to his present troubles) with whom they're here pictured backstage along with ex-Heartbreaker Jerry Nolan.



Sham in London

SHAM 69 have now added two London concerts to their "Guy Fawkes Memory" tour itinerary, which opened in Edinburgh yesterday (Wednesday). They are at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Thursday and Friday, November 30 and December 1. The tour finishes two days later with the second of a brace of concerts at Canterbury Odeon. Sham are supported in London, as on the rest of their dates, by the CIMARONS — and the two bands are pictured here holding up the traffic in London's Oxford Street last weekend, when they staged a pre-tour march along the middle of the road (for some reason!).

SORE THROAT are to support X-Ray Spex in their concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon (November 27) and Manchester Apollo (29), which are part of their U.K. tour reported last week. Sore Throat also have gigs in their own right at London College of Printing (tonight, Thursday), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (November 18), London Camden Music Machine (22) and Sheffield Limit (24). They soon start recording their new Albion single "On The Hook", one of their stage numbers, under the supervision of X-Ray's producer Falcon Stewart.



Lynyrd Skynyrd Down South Jukin'

4 TRACK SINGLE FEATURING THESE SKYNYRD CLASSICS Down South Jukin' - Call Me the Breeze Lend a Helpin' Hand - That Smell

MEEP 101

MCA RECORDS

Jagger filming in Jamaica, and TOSH TOUR IS NOW DEFINITE

PETER TOSH has apparently recovered from his injuries rather sooner than expected and will, after all, be undertaking a British and European tour — though three weeks later than originally planned. His injuries were reportedly sustained when in police custody in Jamaica, after he'd been picked up allegedly for smoking pot, and it was at first thought that he wouldn't be fit enough to tour until the New Year.

His first U.K. commitment is an appearance in BBC 2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on November 14, and he then plays Manchester Apollo two days later (15). Tosh subsequently leaves for a string of gigs on the Continent, returning here later in the month to play a few more dates. London Rainbow has been pencilled in for November 23 and 24, but these are still subject to change, depending on his European schedule. And a few more dates will be arranged as soon as his

timetable has been clarified. Meanwhile, Mick Jagger flew to Jamaica this week to make a short film with Tosh, to promote his current single "(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back" — on which Jagger sings. And the new Tosh album "Bush Doctor", featuring Keith Richards guesting on two tracks, is issued by EMI this weekend.

● Before leaving London, Jagger commented on the outcome of Keith Richards' trial last week, when he was pined on probation and ordered to give a benefit concert in Canada in aid of blind children. Said Jagger: "I think the judge was very fair though, under the circumstances, I felt it would have been more appropriate to do the show for drugs rehabilitation." He added that, with the Stones planning a New Year tour of Australia followed by British dates, the Canadian concert is unlikely to take place before the spring.



Now Sayer adds Glasgow season

LEO SAYER — currently headlining a nationwide tour, and already set for a Christmas season at Manchester Apollo where he stars for six nights from Boxing Day — is to play another season engagement early in the New Year. He appears at Glasgow Apollo for four nights — from Wednesday, January 3, to Saturday, January 6, inclusive — and special guests are The Dooleys. Sayer also has a new single released by Chrysalis on November 10 — it's his version of the old Buddy Holly hit "Raining In My Heart".

● THE THREE DEGREES play their only British concerts this year on Sunday December 3, at Croydon Fairfield hall (5.30 and 8.30pm). Tickets are £6, £5 and £4.

OFF THE RECORD

Darts' new single is "Don't Let It Fade Away", issued by Magnet this weekend. And later this month K-Tel issue an album called "The Amazing Darts", a compilation drawn from their first two albums, plus several B-sides of singles.

Kiki: single album, tour



KIKI DEE, who's been living in Los Angeles for the past year, returns to the recording scene this weekend with the release of her new Rocket Records single "Stay With Me Baby" — available in both seven-inch and 12-inch form. It's a track from her upcoming album, her first for nearly two years, which is planned for New Year release. And to promote the album, Kiki will be touring Britain in early 1979 with her new band who include Davey Johnstone (guitar), Dennis Conway (drums) and Bias Boshell (piano). Meanwhile she sets out on a six-week U.S. tour this week.

● Todd Rundgren—who, as previously reported, plays London Victoria The Venue from December 15 to 21 inclusive—has his new Bearsville album "Back To The Bars" issued on December 1. Guests on the LP include Stevie Nicks, Spencer Davis, Hall & Oates and Rick Derringer. It's preceded on November 11 by his single "All The Children Sing".

● A new Neil Young single "Four Strong Winds", taken from his current album "Comes A Time", is released by Reprise on November 17.

● Jethro Tull's new single, issued by Chrysalis this weekend, couples "A Stitch In Time" (a brand new studio track) and "Sweet Dream" (taken from their current live album "Bursting Out"). The release includes a limited edition of 15,000 copies pressed in white vinyl.

● The second Kate Bush album "Lionheart", is scheduled for November 10 release by EMI. All the titles are self-penned including "Kammer Horror"—which is also her new single, out this weekend.

● The next Elvis Presley album "Legendary Performances Vol. 3" will be issued in the States in picture disc form — that is, with his picture imprinted in the grooves. RCA say that British release, planned for the New Year, will be on normal black vinyl — but they will be importing copies of the American picture disc for sale here.

● Midlands-based label Shoestring Records have signed Smethwick bend Soused, and release their debut single this weekend. It comprises three A-sides — "I Like You", "The Perv" and "Tango".

● The first disco single from Different Records is "Blue Danube Boogie" by Richard Austrian, issued on November 10 with a limited 15,000 run of 12-inch pressings. It's taken from his upcoming album, due in December, featuring disco treatments of other Strauss waltzes. Same date also sees the release of reggae band Immigrants' first single "One World" on which they're joined by the ZAPU Choir.

● Third World's new single and the follow-up to their Top Ten hit "Now That We Found Love" is released by Island on November 10, titled "Cool Meditation". Island also announces that they are to distribute the New York label ZE Records in Britain, the first two singles being "Hard Day At The Office" by The Reasons and "Disco Clone" by Christina, both out this weekend — and a 12-inch version of the Christina single follows on November 10.

● Pye release a three-track Ronnie Hawkins single on November 10, the day before he headlines a day-long rock'n'roll event at London Harlesden Roxy Theatre. Titles are "40 Days", "Southern Love" and "Who Do You Love". The latter song is also performed by Hawkins in the movie "The Last Waltz", but the single version is his original recording on which he's joined by Band members Rick Danko, Robbie Robertson, Richard Manuel and Levon Helm.

● Ariola are releasing a five-LP boxed set of all the recordings made for the Savoy label by near-legendary jazz saxist Charlie Parker — titled "The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions", they all date from over 30 years ago. This follows last week's news that Waters are putting out a six-album set of Parker's material on the Dial label, all roughly the same vintage.

● Liverpool band The Resistance have signed a long-term management and production deal with Tim Hinkley, and they go into the studios with him this week to record a single, which they plan to release on their own label in early December.

● Contrary to reports, Patrick Fitzgerald has signed with Polydor Records, not CBS. He'll be releasing his first work on the label early in the New Year.

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Ex-Hawks play one-off

SEVERAL ex-members of Hawkwind are getting together for a one-off gig at London Camden Electric Ballroom tonight (Thursday). The line-up is expected to be Nik Turner, Alan Powell, Dick Mick, Simon King, Hugh Lloyd-Langton and Lemmy, with the possibility of Del Dettmar flying in from Canada specially for the show.

Main absentee is Simon House, who's currently touring Australia with David Bowie. The idea was the brainchild of Lemmy, who has a day off from his touring schedule with Motorhead, and it comes at a time when the reissued Hawkwind single "Silver Machine" looks like being a hit for the second time.

Boys of the Lough, Albion Band touring

BOYS OF THE LOUGH, currently completing a tour of Ireland, begin a 14-date British concert series in the middle of this month. They visit Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 16), Liverpool Mountford Hall (17), Edinburgh Usher Hall (18), Brighton Sussex University (21), London Queen Elizabeth Hall (22), Dumfries Theatre Royal (23), Bristol University (24), Glasgow Theatre Royal (25), Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre (26), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (28), Dundee Bonar Hall (30), Aberdeen Music Hall (December 1), Burnley Thomson Centre (3) and Rotherham Civic Hall (7). The London and Rotherham concerts are being recorded, by Capital Radio and Radio Sheffield respectively, for subsequent broadcast. The band, whose new live album "Wish You Were Here" (recorded on their recent tour of the Scottish Highlands) has just been issued, are supported on all dates by Cyril Tawney.

THE ALBION BAND are going out on a late autumn concert tour, mainly on the college circuit, but also taking in a few selected public venues. More dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but the 14 confirmed so far are Hull University (November 16), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (17), Loughborough University (18), London Victoria The Venue (19), Exeter Routes (20), Malvern Winter Gardens (21), Poole Arts Centre (23), Oxford Polytechnic (24), Bristol University (December 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (3) and Dudley Technical College (8).



ZUKIE GIG IN LONDON

CONTROVERSIAL Jamaican toaster Tapper Zukie headlines a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, December 16. And another top reggae artist Dillinger appears at the same venue three weeks beforehand — on Saturday, November 25. The two gigs are presented by Outlaw Concerts, and tickets for both are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. There's a possibility that Zukie may play one or two other gigs around this period, although nothing is yet confirmed.

GILLAN ADDS MORE

GILLAN, the concise and official name for the re-vamped Ian Gillan band, have added a few more dates to the three reported last week — including two in London. They are Aberdeen Ruffles (November 7), Dublin University College (11), Belfast Queen's University (12), London St. Mary's College (17) and London Camden Music Machine (December 7). Additionally, venues for gigs in Swansea (November 16), Plymouth (December 5) and Exeter (6) have still to be finalised, and further dates are being lined up.

BOYCE TOUR EXTRA

MAX BOYCE continues his autumn tour with December dates at Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Brighton Centre (8), Southampton Gaumont (9), Bristol Hippodrome (10), Taunton Odeon (11), Reading Hexagon Theatre (12) and London Wimbledon Theatre (15 and 16). Tickets are on sale now at all these venues. And this weekend EMI release a new Boyce single titled "There Were Many Babies Born."

JAPAN NIP ON

JAPAN go on the road later this month to promote their new Ariola album "Obscure Alternatives". They'll be playing 15 dates in all, but only five have so far been confirmed. These are Batley Crumpets (November 17), Manchester Mayflower Club (18), Leeds Florde Green Motel (19), Birmingham Barbarella's (24) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (26). Details of the remaining gigs follow in a week or two.

SKELLERN CONCERT

PETER SKELLERN makes his first-ever appearance at the London Palladium, when he headlines a concert there next Wednesday (8). He's supported by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band, who are featured with him on his latest album "Skellern" and new single "Love Is The Sweetest Thing" (a revival of Ray Noble's 1932 composition). It's believed to be the first time a brass band has ever played the Palladium.

STRAIGHT 8's TEN

STRAIGHT 8, whose single "Modern Times" is released this week by EMI Records, preview their upcoming album — tentatively titled "No Noise From Here" and produced by Pete Townshend — by way of a string of London gigs this month. They play Camden Music Machine (tomorrow, Friday), Marquee (5 and 26), Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (10), Fulham Golden Lion (14 and 28), Islington Hope & Anchor (16), Camden Dingwalls (17) and Hammersmith Swan (23 and 30).

Supercharging

SUPERCHARGE are set for another string of dates during the next few weeks, taking in Middlesbrough Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Bedford College of Education (Saturday), Birmingham Aston University (November 10), Nottingham Boat Club (11), Wolverhampton Lafayette (17), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (24), Batley Crumpets (25), Wigan Bluto's (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (December 1), London, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (2), Chippenham RAF Station (7) and London Chelsea College (9).

Stranglers: students escalate campus ban

STUDENTS throughout Britain are reportedly up in arms over The Stranglers' treatment of their audiences at Guildford Surrey University last month, when they walked off stage soon after starting to film a BBC-2 "Rock Goes To College" programme. As reported two weeks ago, the Guildford students have banned the group from any further concerts at that university, and have written to all other student unions asking them to support the ban. A spokesman said this week that the letter has met with "a very favourable and positive response".

The Stranglers sought to justify cutting short the concert and swearing at the audience — so ruining the TV show, which had to be scrapped — by blaming the students for mishandling their allocation of free tickets. It was alleged that many tickets were sold at inflated prices to members of the public, and that some were being touted outside the university.

The band say that tickets should have been distributed equally, and free of charge, between students and the public — and the failure to do so prompted their involuntary walk-out.

But the band's assertions have now been challenged by the Guildford Students Union, who insist that they complied with regulations laid down by the BBC, with whom they had a contract. In an official statement, the union puts the blame squarely on the band's shoulders, by claiming that The Stranglers' management released a large number of unauthorised stage passes in Guildford. It adds: "This action was unethical and irresponsible, since it could seriously have threatened the security of the university hall."

● Jean Jacques Burnel is currently busy recording a solo album titled "Euroman", planned for release in the New Year.

TAVARES in this month

TAVARES return to Britain later this month for a 13-concert tour, culminating in a major London appearance. Dates confirmed this week are Croydon Fairfield Hall (November 26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (28), Southport New Theatre (29), Witherssea Grand Pavilion (30), Middlesbrough Leisure Centre (2), Stoke Jollies (3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (6), Poole Arts Centre (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10). A new single will be issued by Capitol to tie in with their visit, though at press-time tapes had not arrived from America, so titles are not yet known.



IAN MATTHEWS DUE

IAN MATTHEWS begins a European tour in Belgium on November 18, arriving in Britain early next month. First dates to be confirmed for this country are Birmingham Barbarella's (December 4), Manchester Mayflower Club (5) and London Camden Dingwalls (6 and 7), but several more are still being finalised. As a prelude to his visit, Rockburgh Records are releasing his new single "King Of The Night" this weekend.

PLANXTY RE-FORM

PLANXTY — the Irish folk band who were formed in 1972, but broke up three years ago — have re-formed and are already rehearsing new material in preparation for their comeback next year. They retain their original line-up of Christy Moore, Liam O'Flynn, Donal Lunny and Andy Irvine, but have now been augmented by Bothy Band flautist Matt Molloy. They'll be undertaking a reunion tour next April, including an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on Easter Monday.

STUDIO 54 SWITCH

STUDIO 54, the London version of the top New York disco, won't be opening this year after all. And when it does finally materialise, it won't be at the New Victoria Theatre, as originally planned. It looked as though all was progressing smoothly at the New Vic, but the Greater London Council has apparently been inundated with objections to the scheme. So rather than risk a council rejection, the backers have withdrawn from that venue, and now hope to open at an alternative London venue in mid-1979.

NEW MILLER VENUE

FRANKIE MILLER'S new-look Full House Band have added another gig to their extensive British tour, reported last week — it's at Norwich East Anglia University on November 8, and this now becomes the opening date of the itinerary. It's also stressed that Meal Ticket guitarist Steve Simpson, who's playing with Miller throughout the tour, is only a temporary member of Full House. He remains a member of Meal Ticket, who'll be touring soon after Full House finish.

LIONS IN FEBRUARY

BRITISH LIONS, just back from a ten-week visit to America where they toured with Blue Oyster Cult, are lining up a major British tour to start at the beginning of February. They are currently in the studios recording their second album, as yet untitled, and the U.K. dates will follow the release of the LP at the end of January.

OTWAY TV SPECIAL

JOHN OTWAY is featured in a 45-minute ATV-Midlands documentary called "Star dust Man: The John Otway Story" tomorrow (Friday) at 10.30 pm, filmed mainly at his free open-air concert before 12,000 people in Aylesbury Market Square earlier this year. But if you don't live in the ATV area, BBC-2 offers Robert Palmer and Elkie Brooks in LeB Sayer's show, followed by the Climax Blues Band in "Rock Goes To College" from Birmingham Polytechnic.

Rods gigs off

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have cancelled their six-concert tour of Scotland and the North of England. It was to have started in Newcastle next Monday and taken in gigs in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Dundee, Edinburgh and Preston. But it's been scrapped due to the illness of band members which, in turn, has delayed recording sessions for their new album. These dates will now be incorporated into the Rods' full British tour, which is being set up for early in the New Year, to coincide with the LP's release.

STRAITS SHOW OFF

DIRE STRAITS have been forced to cancel their appearance at London Strand King's College next Tuesday (7) because of what they describe as "an inadequate power supply and other considerations". This means there is now no London gig in their 16-venue tour, which opened yesterday (Wednesday). Support act on all dates is Lee Fardot & The Legionaires, whose new EP "Fast At 17" has just been released by Arista. Instead of London, the tour now takes in Colchester Institute of Higher Education on November 7.

Martyn: extra baker's dozen

JOHN MARTYN has added another 13 concerts to his British tour itinerary, for which initial dates were reported last week. The tour, which opens next Wednesday (8), now comprises a total of 22 gigs and the latest to be confirmed are Bristol University (November 10), Southampton Guildhall (12), Plymouth Polytechnic (16), Birmingham Town Hall (21), Newcastle University (23), Sheffield University (24), Keele University (29), Glasgow Pavilion (30), Edinburgh Odeon (December 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Durham University (4), Manchester University (6) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (7).

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Gettin' Down In The Heart Of Texas

THE HALL is modern and spacious, the steeply tiered seats going all the way up to the gods. An electronic scoreboard hangs like a giant, futuristic Habitat chandelier from the domed ceiling, but the San Antonio Spurs aren't playing basketball in the arena tonight.

The 8000 people inside this Texan convention centre are giving the six musicians on stage a reception way beyond that deserved by the predictably insipid performance.

The band in question are Toby Beau, and as luck would have it, I don't have to write a word about them. I'm just intrigued by the audience's willingness to lap up their every Eagle-like lick. Still, they're a local band and they are supporting one of America's singular rock and roll worthies in Bob Seger, so I guess the San Antonians want Toby Beau to feel at home.



Berks, I think, as they're rewarded with an encore. Not so much of the band as of the shaggy, bedimmed audience — but it's their seven and a half bucks. Besides, they must realise Seger hasn't arrived yet, and even another half-assed banjo tune is preferable to bumping into someone you'd rather not see when the houselights are up.

San Antonio is not that big a town. It's vaguely Mediterranean, on a twisting river, with oversized palm trees and curious groupings of architecture: termite-ridden old wooden mansions near the garish splendours of hamburger drive-ins and rundown taco bars, the equivalent of our 'greasy spoons'. The Alamo's around here somewhere, but it's probably non-lit by now.

The population is predominantly Chicano ("And even they're 60 per cent Indian," a young barman told me, disgustedly) and there's also a large military base nearby. Hard rock and heavy metal is what they go for and the three biggest sellers in San Antonio record stores are Rush, Kiss and... er, Budgie — really. They don't sell a bean outside Southern Texas, but they sure are big knobs there.

And Bob Seger's pretty damn popular, too.

I REALISE the reception for Toby Beau's beatific bumpkin verged, in fact, on torpor when the Silver Bullet Band are greeted with a sustained roar of approval.

Seger, tresses flowing over his black shirt and ubiquitous waistcoat, immediately assumes complete command of centre stage, much trimmer than I'd imagined him and deceptively unprepossessing in blue cords and training shoes. His favoured stance is one foot on the front-stage monitors, mike stand held at an intimidating phallic angle.

As he hurls himself into Frankie Miller's barrelhouse rabble-rouser "Ain't Got No Money", I notice for the first time the high proportion of young Texan ladies in the audience, most of whom have legs going all the way up to their bottoms and are not exactly unattractive to men.

The funny thing is, it's them who

are mouthing along to the words. How about that, rock-rock knockers?

As has been said many times before, The Silver Bullet Band are right — tight as Charlie Murray when it's his turn to buy a round. It doesn't matter that they're a motley crew — bassist Chris Campbell in subdued Nudie-suit, guitarist Drew Abbott topping his Keegan Krazz with a beret, horn man Alto Reed in a well-pomped blue satin suit and shin-high booties, with Robyn Robbins and Dave Teegarden hiding anonymously behind keyboards and drums respectively — because they all grunt and grind like good 'uns.

They do most of the "Night Moves" and "Stranger In Town" albums in with the older favourites like "Ramblin' Gambler Man", "Turn The Page" and "Beautiful Loser", and two fezzed ladies take the drum rise for dead-on ooh-ahs during the appropriate numbers — they shake good maracas, too.

Slick? No way. Seger's too gutsy for that, but if delivering a powerhouse professional show is a crime then

yeah, he's a guilty man.

The one concession to the bread-and-circus fans is when Alton, during the climactic, third encore, is suddenly spotlighted precariously balanced on an upper tier way to the side, somehow avoiding the clutches of admirers as he blows searing sax across the auditorium. That's one way of taking it to the people, I suppose.

The lights are up, the band line across the stage for the final curtain call (a la the back cover of "Stranger") and a grinning Seger bounds off stage embracing drummer Teegarden. Later, he's going to tell me it was a shitty show.



LATER IS much later, because the next stop is Dallas, the town where Lee Harvey Oswald had a couple of big hits 15 years ago. Fifteen years. About the time it's



taken for America to realise that Bob Seger isn't a third-rate old war horse who churns out second-hand riffs, but an urban rocker who writes strong, personal songs about growing up, turning up and screwing up which are the equal of his major current influence, Bruce Springsteen, and better than anything else emanating from the States.

Seger may aim a bit lower than Bruce, but that only makes the punch more effective.

Granted, it was Springsteen's "Jungleland" that inspired Seger to his grandest moment so far, the achingly nostalgic "Night Moves" song, but he remains a man closer to Chuck Berry than to Phil Spector.

He's a fierce as John Fogerty, with as good a grasp of quintessential rock language, and it must irk him that his lyrics are often belittled in this country purely because they're so utterly indigenous to America, the squalid icons of mid-West Michigan in particular.

Americans really do talk a different language, you know, and it annoys me when otherwise intelligent English people contemptuously dismiss, say, a fundamentally important and moving film like *Sometimes A Great Notion* just because they think they understand the lingo and consider Ken Kesey's story to be some half-baked paean to reactionary individualism, just because of the cracker accents.



Similarly, Seger suffers from a certain amount of condensation because his songs strike straight at the heart of American rock and roll, and although they don't exactly require subtitles to make sense outside of Detroit, their finer points, brashly delivered, will go flying over the heads of lods from London to Larnark.

Because they don't live in America, they weren't brought up there and America's shithouse anyway, right?

Well, don't confuse fat with stupid. Don't confuse tourists with Texans. Don't confuse Bob Seger's "Heavy Music" with Ted Nugent's heavy metal.

WHEN I'M introduced to Seger, I don't recognise him. Sitting in San Antonio airport waiting for the Dallas flight, his hair is tucked beneath a floppy tan cap and his mirror shades make his almost perpetual beaming appear quite unnatural.

He's far too effusive with his greeting: "Yeah, sure, do the interview later, yeah, right, great."

Jesus, I wonder, is he really the affable hozo he's always made out to be? Did he turn down a *Rolling Stone* interview because he actually does believe he's a boring man?

He sits in front of me on the plane, promising not to lean his seat back. He scans a newspaper, concentrating on the sports pages, so I hand him a couple of *NME*'s. He's intrigued by the fact that Frankie Miller's got a hit with "Darlin'" and is soon engrossed in Tony Parsons' Springsteen piece.

"Can I hold on to these?" he asks. "The print's so small. People in England must go blind reading this stuff. We're used to this and Jane Fonda over here."

Dallas airport is a huge, sprawling conurbation and downtown is just as hopelessly widespread, with acres of construction work and blobs of shanty-town shacks and gleaming new skyscrapers here and there. Nick

■ *Continues over*

From previous page

Lowie could never have written "Horn of the City" in Dallas - there ain't one.

The title of Kennedy's assassination is soulless, too. Dealey Plaza being no big deal, just an anonymous stretch of road flanked by two dog-poop sized bits of grass. They want to forget all about that anyway. It's history, and they even play it low-key in the JFK Memorial Museum over the road from the Texas School Book Depository.

But you can pick up a cute crust there, John's face on one collar and Jackie's on the other. For three bucks, I couldn't resist, but why is she the salt?

I seek refuge in the first bar, escaping the sauna-strength heat which has played havoc with my leper-like complexion. Ronnie Millsap's on the radio, singing "The girl who waits on tables used to wait for me at home", and already I'm missing San Antonio. Especially the barman who could recite whole sections of Monty Python's Piranha Brothers sketch in passable English accents and the tasty Tex-Mex food (except guacamole, an avocado confection that looks like someone's thrown up into a chappati).

To further win me over, that bar's boys bore Bozdog graffiti - nothing incredibly witty, in fact merely the words "Bozdog", but it's the thought that counts.

Assuaging myself with Coors beer I was at least safe in the knowledge that I would be visiting the toilets for at least four bowel evacuations that day - what do they put in the stuff?

Kosmo Vinyl told me what happened to him once in a Texan bar. His sartorial elegance went no further than Alaskan red brother creepers and white-flecked Elvis suit, but this big beery trucker leant over and said to him, "You're dressed like a nigger, boy."

Kosmo just tucked into his chile and milk. I didn't meet anyone with a neck redder than my own and I only attracted well-meaning basket cases.

"You've come all this way just to see Bob Seger?" said a lady seated at the bar, obviously talking me for some kind of well-off, eccentric male groupie. I suppose, slumped against the counter, I didn't much look like I was working and seeing as she thought Bob was some kind of kin of Pete Seeger, I didn't bother to explain.

Max Bell, bless him, had also given me a bum steer about Texas. "You can't even smoke cigarettes in the auditoria," he'd said. "The police hit you on the head. And the kids seem a little restrained."

WELL, MAX must've been talking about a Poco gig or something, because the nauseating stench of sweet weed hung heavy in the arid air inside the Dallas convention centre. I hadn't eaten since breakfast, so I withdrew, leaving the audience to continue pulling and wildly cheering each number before, after and during its performance.

The cops weren't as dumb as they looked, since they were standing just inside the exit tunnels, which offered optimum sound and vision.

The show was pretty much the same as in San Antonio but I'm jet-lagged and plain shagged, and can't make out whether it's great or merely good.

The cops remain resolutely blasé, rubbing their eyes and stifling yawns though they never go for their guns. I go to the toilet, wondering whether I dare risk another Coors.

Backstage, after the predictably rapturous reception, Seger sits on a dresser and meets all-comers, mainly Capitol higgers, with that same peculiar "aw shucks" grin and loose-limbed handshake. He's obviously a shy man and I can but Squirro for him.

"I hate backstage things like that," he says an hour or so later in his hotel room. "It's a really stupid situation to be in - what can you say to someone in two minutes? But that's part of the business and it's just human nature for people to act that way. I don't know why people want to meet me unless it's to tell their friends."

He preferred the days when the band just went on stage, did their bit and scarpered. "But then you get the thing of He thinks he's too cool to meet anyone." You can't win. So what you do is grin and go through with it. And when it's done you go off and get on your way.

Seger's life has changed dramatically since the double "Live Bullet" album broke big in 1976, eventually - woops - going platinum the following year. "Night Moves" and "Stranger In Town" have

since followed suit, completing the set and setting him up.

But it's been a hard slog - 15 years on the road and 11 albums supporting disks like Kim and having fine records like "7" lost in the shuffle - and if his life has changed his lifestyle hasn't: neither has his hairstyle.

He still lives near Detroit with his lady companion of longstanding, Jan Dunsdale. And he still prefers to unwind after a show by reading till he drops off, rolling one up or roaming the streets - nothing barmy.

Even now he's got on that cap, he's barefoot and wearing a red tracksuit. His face is a touch too round to be menacing and scowling is obviously foreign to his well-ordered features, but he's crowding six foot, gruff-voiced, and you can believe the stories you've heard about his dodgy adolescent escapades on the streets of Ann Arbor.

You know the deal - deprived roughneck from broken home forms garage band in 1963 and, fuelled by bull-headed stamina and a firm belief in the work ethic, makes it on his own terms after a mere decade and a half.

So Christ knows what he's got to grin about half the time; and he's also got the vaguely disconcerting habit of laughing rather too heartily at the end of some sentences, even when no joke is immediately apparent. Perhaps he's over-compensating for his shyness but, whatever, for an obviously intensely private man he bends over backwards to make the public Bob Seger eminently approachable - he really is as likeable as you're led to believe, and almost embarrassingly self-effacing. I reiterate his lack of flash.

"Well, I have gone a little overboard lately. I bought a Ferrari, which I've always wanted though I always said I wouldn't get one because they weren't practical. But coming from my background I couldn't help but want, at one time in my life, to own the ultimate car. I don't go into it too much. I sure don't dress good."

The laugh is warranted. Drew is probably the wisest guy in this band and when our success started happening, the money rolling in and everything, he said, "Just remember, don't be possessed by your possessions." So we all sorta follow that. Some of the guys are really car crazy but me personally, I don't know, ostentation just doesn't appeal to me."

BUT DOES it bother him that he's had to wait so long for success when bands like Foreigner or Boston click virtually overnight?

"That's not really true. Those guys came from dues-paying groups. True, when they made their first record they clicked, but they'd been playing in bars for eight years, too. They earned it."

Seger's first and biggest influence was James Brown, even though he was brought up in the shadow of Motown.

"I was a greaser, an all-night hoodlum, and we tuned into the southern R&B stations late at night. We'd pick up on James Brown and Wilson Pickett, and when we formed our own bands we were anti-commercial; we'd play a lot of that music. It just had more power, more aggression than the Motown stuff. And it was good for my voice too. I learned to sing real hard."

So good for his voice that the annual US Rock Awards, based in LA, magnanimously nominated Seger in the Best New Male Vocalist category... in 1976.

"They did the same to Gary Wright that year, and obviously that's pretty stupid too. The Silver Bullet Band nomination wasn't so far off - we were only three years old at that time. But, yeah, it was a little crazy."

There's no trace of bitterness in his voice, more a touch of resigned humour, but even so I'm delighted that the prunes who run the Awards can't get a sponsor for broadcasting this year. American media is goopy enough as it is, of course, West Coast driven dominating FM radio and tired old country-rock outfits faves for the boob on bores like the Midnight Special.

Two weird ones: Joni Mitchell's fragile dissonance is consigned to MOR stations while La Ronstadt is plugged mercilessly on 'rock' programmes; and those lovable Bay City Rollers front a Saturday morning TV show called Superstar in which they mime on sub-Monkee soundtracks and one of them sports a torn T-shirt held together by - gasp - safety pins. Not a hair out of place.

not a dry seat in the studio.

Seger reluctantly concedes his influence on the British new wave ("Maybe it was '77, which was pretty high-powered"), and I tell him how important his partings were in at least staking up complacent Blighty BOFs.

"I think we need that here, too. The radio's gotten so mellow. It's like what Woody Allen said in Annie Hall, 'If I get too mellow, I ripen and rot.' I like some of it. It's not the kind of stuff I take home to listen to. But I've been with rock and roll since '55, and it may be new wave to the young kids, but it's difficult to get excited about something I've heard before, many years ago."

"It is good in that it's getting a lot of young people up on stage, getting some youth in the business. Whether it's new or not, I don't know."

The weird thing is, it was the old songs I missed in the two shows I saw, bully-boy bowel-busters like "Get Out Of Denver", "Katmandu" and the Bo Diddley stuff.

"You know, we do a lot of 'Night Moves' and 'Stranger', we're getting tired and maybe it's time we used some old blood. I heard a Bo Diddley song on the radio after the show tonight and I thought maybe it's time to work him back in there. We hadn't done 'Come To Poppa' in six months and that's when it's good, when they're fun to do, when you bring them out after they've been resting for a while. It's good to put a different song in because it gives you a fresh perspective on the whole set, and that's kinda important when you play as much as we do."

He's laughing, but this guy has played all over the pitch several times. He's taking it easy this year, mind, by being on the road just six months instead of the usual eight. Doesn't he ever worry about the physical and mental debilitation such schedules are wont to induce?

"I take pretty good care of myself physically. I'm one of those lucky people who never get sick. Smoke too many cigarettes, but they're the low tar ones. If I'm not on the road, I'll jog. I eat less when I'm off the road. Really, I'm the exception to the rule. I get skinnier when I'm off the road, 'cos I need a lotta energy when I get up on stage."

"Course, I am 33, but I just don't feel that way. I think touring keeps you young. It's a little bit of that dream - you're going up on stage and the people are going 'Yay! I don't know. I've been doing this 15 years, man, and I'm still the same! I'm the same as I was at 16, 'cept I got 15 years experience."

But it does drive a lot of musicians completely bonkers, doesn't it?

"The worst part is right here, in the hotel room. Here in Dallas it's not so bad - I'm doing an interview, so my mind is occupied. When I'm in Johnson City, Tennessee, and everything's closed, and it's four or five in the morning - that's probably the hardest part of touring."

That's where "Turn The Page" came from - that incredible loneliness. I don't want to call the lady 'cos I know she's sleeping, so you just tough it out.

"There's always drugs. They're always there, and if you fall into that then you can get into real bad trouble. But, hell, when you're sitting with six guys, what are you gonna do? You can only talk about things so long. So you gotta avoid drugs, so that you can go to sleep when you eventually do."

"The travelling is boring because you've done it for years. The same airports, the same towns, the same hotels - this is the third time I've stayed in his hotel. I can tell you right where everything is, and that's when it gets scary."

"But that's just those 20 hours of the day. The soundcheck can be fun and the show is always fun, because it's what you look forward to doing. It's the only time I'm sweating, like a working person should, and that's sorta important to me."

Yet he wasn't happy with his performance in San Antonio. "I just had a mediocre night. I had another one tonight. I feel off-centre. I don't know what the matter with me - end of tour, or something."

But the audience reaction was well up to scratch, wasn't it?

"Oh, you do a show for five years, I guess it should go down well if it's paced right. And the band's playing good. I'm just one member of the band, you know, and I feel bummed at myself. I started doing exercises today and it helped a little bit tonight. It's still not where I want it to be yet."

Over the years, have you ever seriously lost faith in your ability, because you did quit for a while in '69, didn't you?

"Six weeks in college, that's all it was. But it was more being fed up with the band I was with at that time. We'd had 'Gambler' ideas, been right up at the top, then right at the bottom again and I just said 'Screw it!'"

"This is the first band I've had that is really behind me, instead of all that 'How about we do one of my songs?' 'But your songs are shitty?' 'But I want some money, too?' 'You know. But, yeah, I've had a lot of times when I've had self-doubts. You can't go through 15 years and not. But in the past five or six years I haven't had what you'd call a dry period. I don't believe in 'em. I don't believe in inspiration, either."

"You take out a blank sheet of paper and it's tough, because that's what you start with every time. It's a battle to start out, and it can be nerve-wracking, but you gotta develop the discipline to summon it up. I think it gets harder as the years go on, too, because you know the short cuts. You're trying to avoid 'em but sometimes you must slide into 'em."

SEGER WRITES reams of songs for each up-coming album, upwards of 50. He finishes every song he starts because he may happen upon one good line in the last verse. "Till It Shines", for instance, is made up of fragments from discarded songs.

"I must have seven or eight hundred songs on tape, done. I've forgotten 'em, too. When we have long breaks I go back to listen to 'em and I just crack up at some of the shit I used to write."

The fact that his lyrics are undervalued in Europe doesn't really bother him. "I sorta expect that. They were gonna send us to France and Germany and - well, frankly, I thought our lyrics meant more, that they had more to do with our music than evidently they do."

"I could see a group like Genesis or Yes being any plabe because they go through so many musical changes and the lyrics don't really mean anything. Our music is a lot more primitive. I don't know..."

He pauses, before guffawing - "Well, less pretentious!"

"But our lyrics are very Americanised and how many people could relate to 'Night Moves' in England? I don't think they can, because they've probably never experienced that drive-in mentality of cruising for burgers."

He's toying with my half-empty beer glass - bugger, he's just polished it off, the swine - and is clearly uncomfortable, again, when confronted with his work.

"I think the lyrics are good," he continues, after the only significant gap in the conversation. "Sometimes they're great, I've got to be honest. Maybe they only mean that to me. It's not something you worry about."

"God, I hate to say that rock lyrics are anything approaching art, because they're not, but there are some lyrics that are worth remembering for, say, ten minutes rather than not even worth listening to. I think rock music could develop into some really good communicative deal, but it's nowhere near art - nothing like a good novel or even a good film."

SEGER WATCHES a lot of movies and the "Stranger" album is clearly a departure for him in that most of the songs are stories, with strong narratives and discernible characters.

"I try to work like a movie director or a screenwriter, bring in some colour, throw 'em a curve, and I guess it shows. A lot of the new movies are shitty but there's been some real classics, and I tape 'em off TV. Something like Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove* I'll watch ten times and think 'God, he was saying so many things here.' And you try to get those kind of pictures into words, stimulate someone's imagination."

"Like 'The Famous Final Scene', that's totally celluloid. It came from watching a relationship that was breaking up and during that period of about three months I was jotting the shit down."

He has utilised actual film titles on occasion ("Ship Of Fools", "Fire Down Below"), always, coincidentally, he says, but never so strangely as with "Night Moves", which he wrote before the Arthur Penn-Gene Hackman movie had opened. It's such a singular coupling of words, I thought it odd that they'd been applied to two such disparate subjects.

"It doesn't seem weird to me on the song, but it does seem weird on the movie. I don't get the connection - it's

just a detective story."

But the Hackman character inhabited a twilight world.

"Well, yeah, just because he was a detective. But to me, the title said when you're growing up and you're just getting your role together, which everyone is at 17, you're looking for someone to emulate - John Wayne, Clint Eastwood, or whatever."

Doesn't everybody do that for the rest of their lives, though, role-playing?

"I don't think everybody does. I think the more stable people see the fallacy of all that. Maybe on stage or in public life they might, but when they go home I think they put it away. You can't be on all the time, is what I'm trying to say. I think that's one of the problems a lot of rockstars come against - they think they've got to be as cool as they were on stage, and that's a very dangerous pitfall. Hell, when you job's done, be yourself."

"I'm lucky - when I put my hair under my hat I can walk pretty much anywhere. I don't want to be that well known. I love being able to cruise through towns and airports and just be me. If you lose that ability to observe then it's more than unfortunate. Because not only do you pick up a lot of ideas for songs but you learn a lot about life too. It's something I'd hate to lose."

And you don't like being observed? "No. I've never been comfortable with that. I don't think anybody likes that."

AS WE'RE sitting in Dallas, I remark on the existence of an LA shock-rock outfit called Dead Kennedys.

"Really? Must be a punk band," says Seger, disinterestedly. "Typical. I don't think they'll play too well in Hyannis Port." As far as I can ascertain, this was the only actual joke Seger cracked.

What was he doing when Kennedy was shot? "That's the question everybody can answer. I was going to rehearsal. What were you doing?"

I was watching *Harry Worth*, and the Beeb cut transmission halfway through.

"I was on my way to this rehearsal and - banal - it came over the radio. And Ann Arbor stopped dead in its tracks. We were going to rehearse, we had a gig that night, but we thought 'Screw this' and just sat around staring at the TV. We played in the bar that night and there wasn't anybody there. Nobody came."

Do you follow politics? "You have to in this country, 'cos you're bombarded with it. I vote but I don't get involved in it."

You didn't vote for Nixon, though, did you?

"No. Thank goodness." He chuckles. I've met quite a few Americans but no one who actually voted for Richard Nixon.

"Oh, a lot of people voted for him, but no one's admitting it anymore. I almost voted for Nixon because during the last couple weeks of the campaign George McGovern was saying 'Nixon is really corrupt' and I thought that was some kind of cheap-shot mud-slinging, you know? And McGovern was right."

SEGER'S SON RECORD is going to slow down, become more 'sophisticated'. Is that right?

"It'd be nice. But I think it's gonna be a very gradual process because we still love to tour and we still love to rock and roll. But you gotta realise, inside your head, that it can't go on forever."

"Right now we're appealing to some people my age, but mostly to the younger concert-goers. And it's going to reach a point where they won't want to see us anymore - it's inevitable. So when that point is reached I would like to get into something a little less hectic, a little less crazy. I still want to keep playing. Maybe the theatres, some real good blues. I don't think I'll ever be a jazz cat, I'm not that good a musician. But to be able to do my songs, to do some really esoteric shit, because I haven't got to fill the canyons, you know."

It won't happen for a while - like the man said - and besides, you've got eleven albums to catch up on yet.

"I gotta admit one thing," says Seger, as he leaves to join his bassist in some serious trouble. "I lied - I voted for Nixon." We both laugh this time, long and hard. Like John Kennedy said in 1962: "If we are faithful to our past, we cannot be fearful of our future."

Too right - Bob Seger set that to music and called it "Rock And Roll NEVER Forgets".

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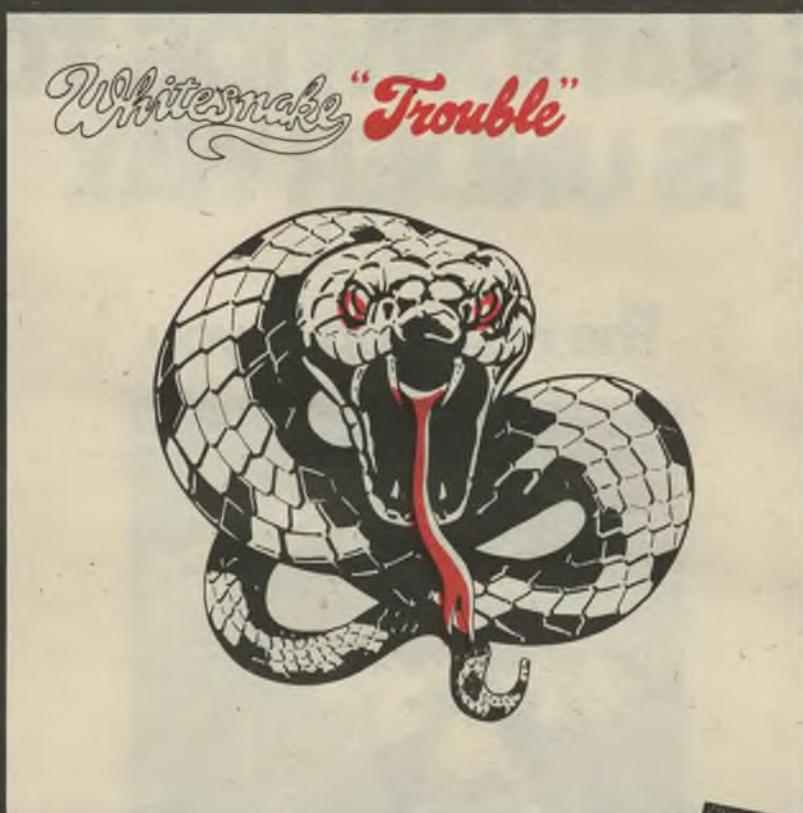


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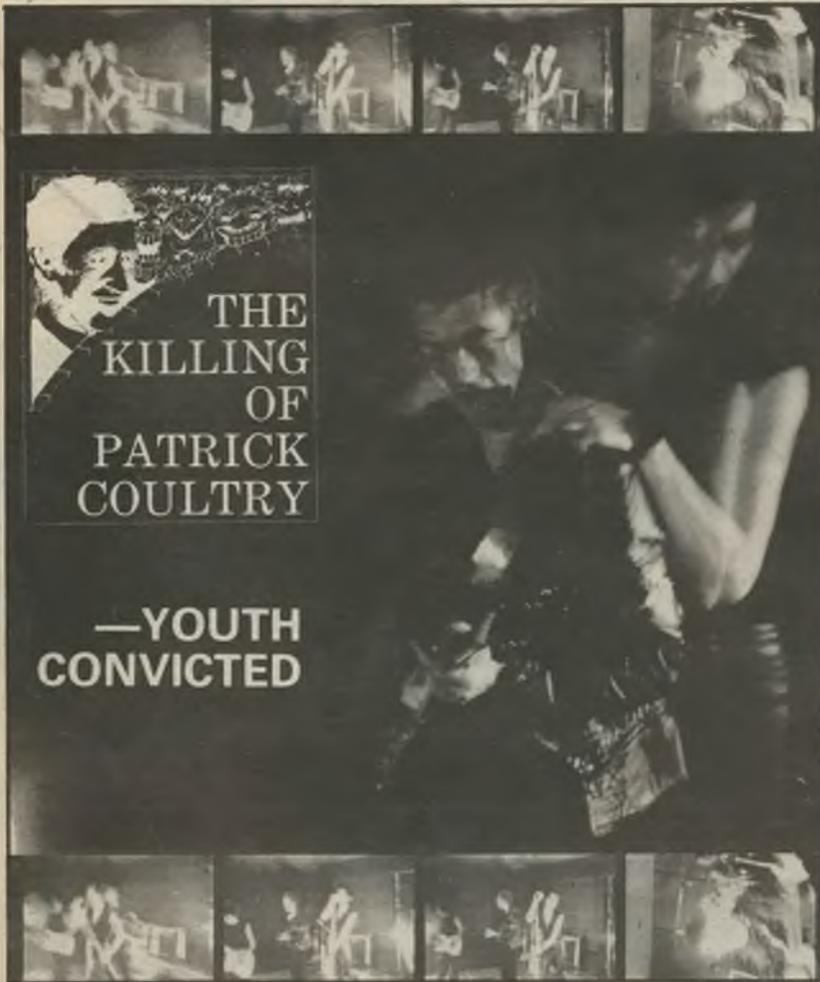
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Listen to *Whitesnake* and get into "Trouble"



THRILLS



THE KILLING OF PATRICK COUNTRY

—YOUTH CONVICTED

Pictures taken at the Bellfield gig of The Radiators From Space, who maintained calm after the death of Country.

READERS OF *Thrills* will recall the murder of 19-year-old student Patrick Country, who was stabbed to death with a kitchen knife at a rock gig held in Bellfield, University College Dublin on Saturday, June 23 1977. Last week Country's killer, one Mark Halpin, aged 17, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years imprisonment after a trial that lasted four days. Chief witness in the trial was a girl student who had been present at the concert, headlined by The Radiators From Space and The Undertones. After the fight in which Country was killed, she heard someone remark to Halpin: "A guy back there has been stabbed." He replied: "Yes, I did it."

Mark Halpin, who comes from a middle class background — his father is a prominent official on the Eire Electricity Board — was described in court as an intelligent youth with no previous criminal record. He was said to be drunk at the concert, and claimed that someone had given him a drag on a "roll-up cigarette". His character witnesses assured the court that he was contrite, and he repeatedly apologised for the stabbing of Country and expressed regret at the distress brought upon Country's family. There was no evidence that Halpin was psychologically unbalanced. The Country affair cast a dark shadow over the punk scene in Southern Ireland. Understandably, Bellfield were reluctant to stage similar concerts and there were

insurance problems for visiting English bands such as The Clash and The Stranglers for at least a year afterwards. Niall Stokes, editor of Dublin-based fortnightly rock paper *Hot Press* told *Thrills* that violence at gigs in the South is not common. Press coverage of the Country event, he claimed, placed the local scene in an unfair light. Like other observers of the Halpin trial, Stokes expressed surprise at the lightness of Halpin's sentence. In Eire, as in the UK, a two year sentence may turn out to be far shorter. On the same night that Country died, a man raped a Dublin girl — admittedly also at gunpoint — and received a spell of 15 years. **MAX BELL**

THROGGS



JONES, HEADON, STRUMMER and SIMONON voice their feelings. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

RHODES TO FREEDOM

BERNARD RHODES, the Silent Enigma of Punk, has won the first round of his legal battle to retain the legal managership of top pop group The Clash. After receiving notification from the band's lawyers, the Saturday before last (Oct. 21) that his services as manager were no longer required, Rhodes last week obtained a high court order directing all The Clash's earnings to be paid straight to him. Rhodes claims he has an agreement with the band entitling him to 20 per cent of their earnings. He has given the court an undertaking to account for all monies received on The Clash's behalf, and remit 80 per cent to them within a week. After the court decision, taken on Tuesday by Justice Oliver in the Chancery Division, Rhodes said he still hoped to continue managing The Clash. At the moment their affairs are being handled by rock journalist Caroline Coon, who lives with Clash bassist Paul Simonon, and a team of CBS lawyers and accountants. "I can't tell what my chances are of working with the group again," Rhodes told *Thrills*, "but if they want me to get them out of the mess they're in, I'm quite prepared to do it." When asked what "mess" he was referring to, Bernard became uncharacteristically silent. **THE SOURING** of the relationship between Mr Rhodes and Messrs Strummer, Jones, Simonon and

Headon has been a music business talking point for a couple of months now. One of the main bones of contention was the cancelling of a date at the Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on September 9. Rhodes issued a statement saying the group were taking 'industrial action'; they on the other hand claimed the gig had been set up behind their backs while they were working on their "Give 'Em Enough Rope" album in the States. Rhodes' talk of 'industrial action', they say, was completely unfounded. "I've been doing this for 17 years," Bernard retorted this week, undersubbing a Rhodesian stream-of-consciousness into which *Thrills* attempted to insert the occasional question. "Do you think I'd arrange a gig without a bud's knowledge?" So what about this 'industrial action' line? "They weren't going to be here anyway," he replied, "so I thought I might as well draw the fans' attention to something else." At the time bands were on strike at the Marquee and I thought this should be raised." But weren't they recording the album at the time? "The album was supposed to have taken five weeks at Basing Street (Island Records' London studio). You've got to remember that McLaren and I built the audience up. I wouldn't take liberties with the audience." **• Continues next page**

The Lone Groover



BENYON



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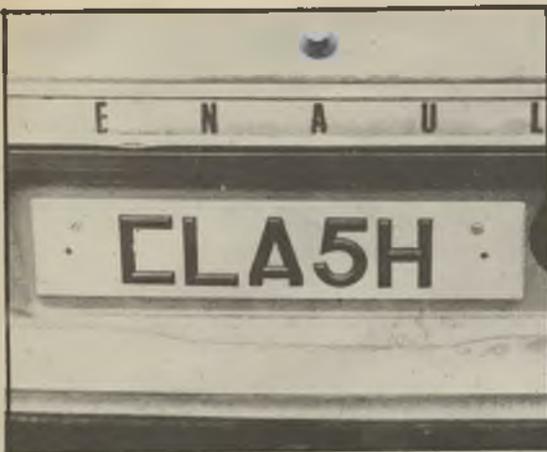
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Portrait
Records & Tapes



Looks like Bernie's going to have to get himself a new car. . .

● From previous page

"All this nonsense about managers as rip-off artists is not on. That's the old, not the new. It went out years ago. It's like managers' lib if you like. You can't have a general rule that all managers are bastards and all groups are wonderful."

So how much was he paying The Clash a week?

"I don't want to talk figures." It's been said that the contract you had with The Clash was, from their point of view, very tight?

"They had a lawyer look it over. I'm basically an artist. I have to be a manager through circumstances."

The question of your wanting to replace Mick Jones with Steve Jones has been raised . . .

"I've been accused of certain things I'm not guilty of. I was an observer. I didn't want to boot Keith Levine out of the group. The Clash became popular because of a direction and because we worked as a team. I was the team-leader. I had no opinion. I don't play in the group."

What are his feelings on Sandy Pearlman producing The Clash?

"I don't care who produces so long as it only takes six or seven weeks. I'm not saying he's good or bad. I'm only good at doing certain things; I'm not very good at labouring ideas."

ALTHOUGH THE advance The Clash received from CBS has never been revealed, it's generally taken to be somewhere in the region of at least £50,000, since Polydor Records had all but clinched The Clash with an advance of £25,000 plus free recording when Rhodes suddenly upped and signed his group with CBS.

Prior to working with The Clash, Rhodes had worked alongside 'Tacky' Malcolm McLaren, first becoming involved with McLaren's Let It Rock shop and later designing T-shirts (or so he says — Ed.) for the shop once it had transmogrified into Sex. The two had met four years before, Rhodes told *Thrills* he can't remember how, but whatever the circumstances, the two struck up a friendship.

"At the time we were the only two people who could talk about mad things and act on them," said Rhodes.

Before his link-up with McLaren, he'd run a Renault garage in Camden, North London. Rhodes had



"He's a famous Labour peer, ennobled for selling out his socialist principles."

previously been involved in the music business, but he says he had quit in favour of the motor trade because "everyone was getting into growing brown rice plants at the time".

His disgust with the music business had reached its nadir when flat-mate Nobby Finn was trounced from T.Reiz. Rhodes also claims that at £7 he used to share a flat with the late Graham Bond, the R&B musician who threw himself under a tube train at Finsbury Park in May 1974. Another former Rhodes flat-mate is Led Zeppelin/Bad Company tour manager Richard Cole.

RHODES CURRENTLY manages The Specials, The Subway Sect and The Black Arabs. The latter who,

according to The Clash, play disco versions of Pistols songs (Rhodes says they do "jazzy versions" of punk songs) are a group of black teenagers from Harlesden. Rhodes suggested the name to them.

He says he's finding it difficult getting them work, but refuses to play London's famed Marquee Club "because he doesn't want to contribute to that situation". He once said he wouldn't let The Clash play clubs like the 100 Club because they didn't have any air-conditioning.

One record company executive who's had dealings with Rhodes remarks: "He's a difficult bloke to deal with. He's very paranoid. He's always into money, although he pretends not to be. People find it

difficult to relate to Bernie."

Nonetheless, Bernie is adamant that The Clash will have to try. His contract with them runs until December 1.

"I'm not legally sacked," he states, adding that he was 'absolutely stunned' when he first heard that The Clash wanted to break with him.

"My job is not to freeze their assets but to get on with the job. Our dispute is over a point of discipline. In order for them to be successful they need to carry on working."

"It's my job to continue working with The Clash."

STEVE CLARKE



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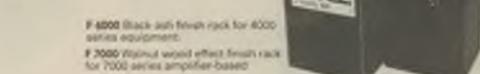
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OY! 'OW COME THIS WHITEHOUSE LADY WANTS TO PUT A BLINKER ON US THEN?

PAUL DU NOYER listens to **HOT GOSSIP** and lives.

"CHECK OUT Hot Gossip," they asked me. "It'll do wonders for your libido." Libido, eh? A swift glance at the dictionary and I agreed like a shot. To Country Cousin, therefore, a London Kings Road restaurant, to view them in cabaret.

And the troupe troop on — eight girls and two blokes, Hot Gossip are the sensual dance-act you'll recall from the *Kenny Everett Video Show*. Formed three years ago and the creation of choreographer Arlene Phillips, they shot to prominence via the good offices of publicist *par excellence*, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, by virtue (if that's the word) of their extremely rude routines.

But what are they really like in the, so to speak, flesh?

Essentially, they're a fetishist's jukebox, costume-changing by the minute — schoolgirls, chambermaids, SM or drag, just name your specialist subject, Magnus, they've got it covered.

Around the stage they writhe and grind, mostly to a spacey disco soundtrack. Add a light-show, a whip or two and just a touch of dry ice ... And, yes, they are very rude.

So here goes. One girl enters in a leotard and — erm, shouldn't somebody tell her? — the audience can see right through it. She's followed by another in riding hat, with crop, plus jodhpurs but — oh dear — nothing else in between.

Diligently, I fumble for my notebook. There's a sneeze-sequence to the sound of "Walk On The Wild Side", some Donna Summer and, as you'd expect, a routine around Hot Gossip's own record, "I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper", vocals taken by Sarah Brightman.

The girls are magazine-model in looks though, apparently, their work-rate makes coal-mining seem like relaxation in comparison. As for the blokes, they're sort of ... well, you don't see many like them in Bootle, I know that much.

Close-ranged they're more impact than I remember from my last sighting when the troupe played with The Tubes at Knebworth (left me binoculars in me other mac, didn't I?). As Sarah told me later, they're keen to work again with rock acts in the future, though immediate plans revolve around further cabaret work and a forthcoming Kenny Everett Christmas Show. There should be more recordings as well although, to be honest, I won't be holding my breath on that score.

Live, Hot Gossip are slick and witty. They parody fantasies rather than enact them. With style.

THRILLS



Come on, own up time, these dancers are purely artistic, and if you see anything remotely salacious in their strutting then, boy, do we feel sorry for you, sunshine.



Porno pix by GEORGE 'F Stop' BODNAR

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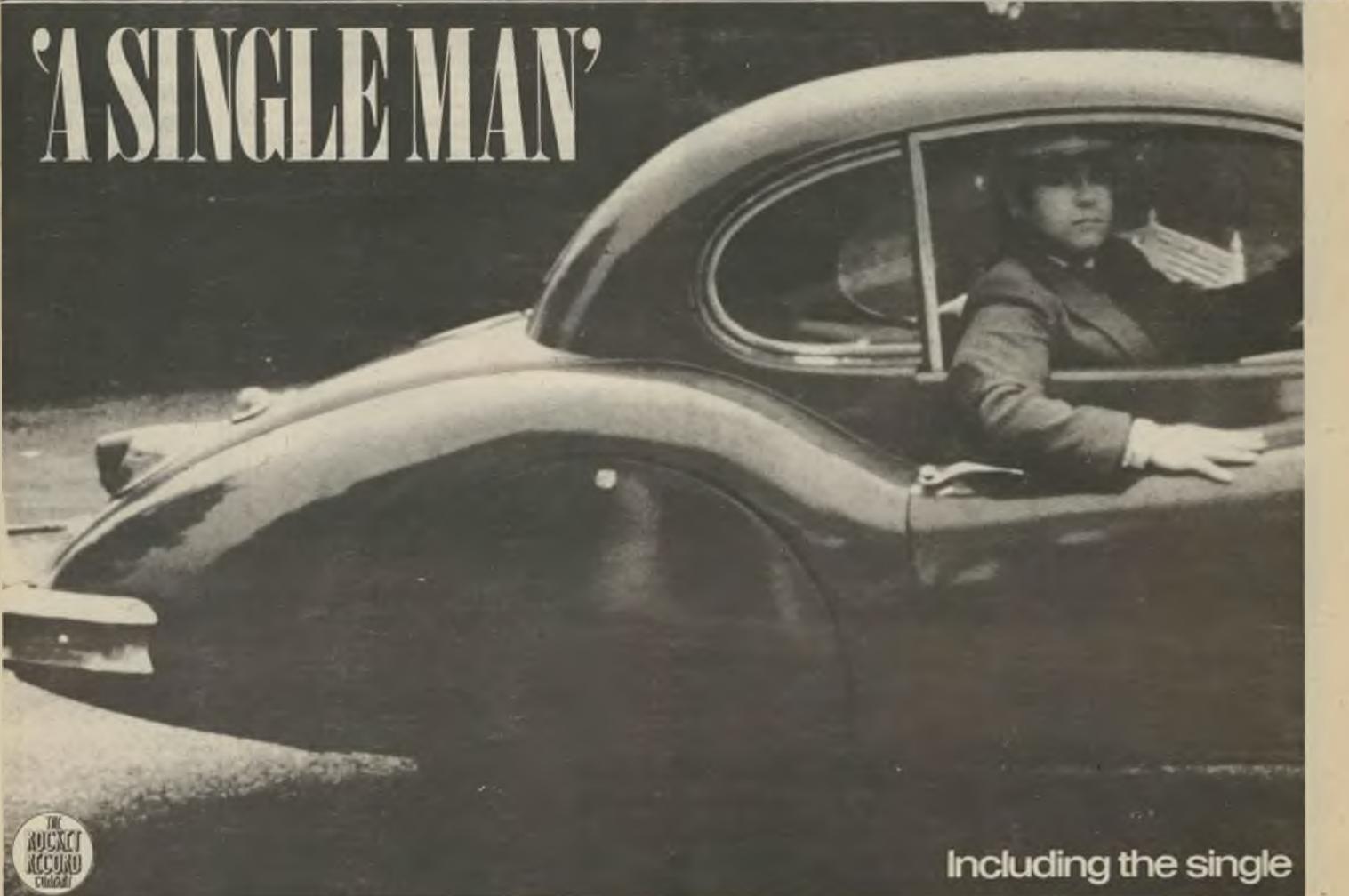
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LAYDART



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ELTON JOHN



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Album TRAN 1

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GAS fire, 4 burner with log effect £5. Kettering 790307 after 6 pm.

... good condition. Kettering Evening Telegraph strikes again.

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER



Taking time out from shooting at Pakis with his flabby friend Steevin Joans — well, that's how he spent it on a cheque he sent to Nick Kent recently — personality-plus Paul Cook often finds further relaxation in posing *au naturel* for friends and relatives (it upsets his dad, 'comedian' Peter, you see) after a night out on the town.

Before playing 'doctors and nurses' with himself, however, Paul lounges about on florid cushions and pouffes (as captured for posterity in Floada Film's foto above) showing off the make-up hints he's copped from Ms Wayne County, and displaying the familiar high-fashion styles favoured by the likes of 'Talc' Maky McLaren.

Should Pauly feel the inclination to come forth with a cheque in the region of, like, an economy return fare to Rio de Janeiro, then we'll say — and reveal — no more.

Otherwise the fly that was on the wall that night might tell all, know what we mean, Paul?

MARY QUAINT

THRILLS

DAVE LEWIS

T O U R

Special Appearance at the Music Machine on Nov. 8th

- 2nd November Bristol Granary
- 3rd Marquee (Support Band Teaza)
- 4th Birmingham University
- 5th Finchley — The Torrington
- 8th Music Machine (Support Band Teaza)
- 10th Leeds Forde Green
- 11th Bedford College of Education
- 16th Swansea Circles Club
- 17th Burton on Trent — 76 Club
- 23rd Batley — Crumpets
- 24th Dudley — Dudley
- 25th Nottingham — The Boat Club
- 26th Newbridge — Institute Hall
- 1st December Manchester Mayflower
- 2nd Birmingham Barbarellas
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11th LANCASTER University	22nd YORK University
12th BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome	23rd DERBY Assembly Rooms
13th OLDHAM Queen Elizabeth Hall	25th LOUGHBOROUGH University
14th NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal	26th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
15th MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall	27th LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
16th GLASGOW Apollo Theatre	28th BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
17th ABERDEEN Capitol	29th COVENTRY Theatre
18th DUNDEE Caird Hall	30th LONDON Wembley Arena
20th EDINBURGH Odeon	(Empire Pool)

DECEMBER

1st BRISTOL Colston Hall	12th BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
2nd SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall	13th BRIGHTON Dome
3rd CARDIFF Top Rank Suite	14th PLYMOUTH Poly
4th PRESTON Guildhall	15th BATH Pavilion
5th LIVERPOOL Empire	17th BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
6th BLACKPOOL Opera House	18th SHEFFIELD City Hall
7th To be announced	19th To be announced
9th LEEDS University	20th NEWCASTLE City Hall
10th STOKE-ON-TRENT	21st NEWCASTLE City Hall
11th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	22nd NEWCASTLE City Hall

November 8th Oxford Polytechnic (Rock Goes To College BBC2)



marketed by
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XTC

November

- 2 LEEDS Polytechnic
- 3 SHEFFIELD University
- 4 NEWCASTLE University
- 5 REDCAR Cotham Bowl
- 7 BRISTOL Locarno
- 8 NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms
- 9 BLACKPOOL Tiffany's
- 10 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
- 11 AYLESBURY Friars
- 12 LONDON Electric Ballroom
- 14 GLOUCESTER Tiffany's
- 15 BRIGHTON Top Rank

New album Go2 out now
on Virgin Records.

V2I08

ON-TOUR

Skids

November

- 14 NUNEATON 77 Club
- 16 MANCHESTER Russell Club
- 17 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
- 18 LIVERPOOL Eric's
- 21 PLYMOUTH Metro
- 22 READING Bones
- 23 LEEDS Ford Green Hotel
- 24 EDINBURGH Clouds

December

- 10 LONDON Lyceum

Don't miss Skids I2" four track EP
in red vinyl.VS232I2.
7" single in black vinyl.VS232.

RENTAL & LEER AND THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIS

TWO SINGLES were released in mid-September by two Scottish friends who now live on either side of the Thames.

Robert Rental lives in Battersea, south of the river. His record, titled "Paralysis"/"A.C.C.", on the Regular label is two sides of blurred, nebulous music that uses sound, repetition and treated voice to create messy synthetic noise collages. "Paralysis" drifts and splutters. "A.C.C." is short and whimsical; near reference points are inevitably Can, Cluster, Froese.

Thomas Leer lives in Finsbury Park, north of the river. His record, "Private Plane"/"International", on the Oblique label was shrewdly chosen as Tony Parsons' last single of the week. "International" is a simply great record: beautifully structured, active and melodic. "Private Plane" is also neatly structured, with gorgeously subdued dynamics and a strong combination of sound effect and melody.

Both singles were recorded in the respective musicians' living rooms: 'living room electronic chamber music'. Each used bass, guitar, drum machine, voice, with the synthetic textures ingeniously created by a Stylophone. Leer, having some familiarity with the hired four-track tape equipment, helped with the production of Rental's record.

The construction of each record was the same. A first track was recorded, with the rest of the instruments and voice then systematically layered over each other, improvised to some extent; the finished product was seamless.

Considering the inexperience of Leer and Rental, and their limited recording and instrumental facilities, both records are remarkable achievements.

650 copies of each single were pressed for an overall cost of less than £150 each (covers xeroxed and labels hand stamped). They are being distributed by Rough Trade, who refused to take the original tapes onto their own label because they considered that the sound was 'too rough'. Already, those 650 are close to being sold. Leer and Rental were unsure whether to press up another batch. However public demand has forced them to act. Leer's record in particular has genuine commercial potential.

A new independent label called Company are doing the honours.

Both musicians are in their mid-twenties. Both have been trying since the beginning of the decade to make some sort of mark, separately and together making music, writing songs, making films, organising absurd experimental performances and moving down from and back up to Scotland in search of like-minded creative souls, inspiration and audiences.

They have that type of unorthodox, uneducated intelligence, a result of trial, error and experience, that means their theories and plans are individual and committed. Their closest contemporary would seem to be Mark Perry.

Prior to 1976 and The Sex Pistols, Leer and Rental's music bent towards the German electronic people — Can, Faust, Beinhart, Hamill, the Velvets and reggae. Their musical activities at the time reflected this. By 1977 the influence of the times urged them to form 'a straight punk group', 'The closest we ever got to a working unit'. After gigging sporadically and chaotically they became frustrated. Shown the way by (among others) The Desperate Bicycles, they decided to make a record. To scratch their itches, to show people that they existed. Despite having done most of their musical experimenting together, they decided to make separate singles.

Leer: "When we decided to do it, well, we'd just picked up on The Residents and we thought, 'Good God, who are these guys? This is what we were doing three years ago!' I'm sure there were hundreds of other guys all over the country saying that, and here are these guys from San Francisco actually making it... let's get a record out!"

"At that time we'd both been working separately and we'd both accumulated lots of ideas, so when it came to the

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D/2

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LEER

RENTAL

LEER



crunch we both decided to do it alone. At first we were going to put them on the same label — Air Raid — but we even changed that at the end."

Rental: "We keep bouncing off each other. We say we're going to do something together then we bounce away. The records were made on the rebound."

Although the influences and approach are all but identical, the two records seem totally distinct. The broad split is between Rental's excitable romanticism and Leer's studied realism.

It seems to be a productive partnership. The next step is apparently for the two to come together again, to form a group with Liz Farrow on synthesizer and possibly a drummer. "A real drummer", insists Leer, fond of the drive of traditional rock music that he feels is missing from his record and most electronically flavoured rock. Although they admire groups like The Banshees, The Prefects and The Fall who use orthodox instruments to create unorthodox sounds, the plan is for the group to be heavily electronic.

Rental: "It'll be electronic, but there's a lot of shit involved there. People think of Pink Floyd, Dan Dare suits and synthesizers. But at the same time it's possibly the best field to work in, so many



possibilities. Everything tends to reach back to Chuck Berry, which is okay, but electronics opens up so many other possibilities."

This brings us to the new 'synthesizer syndrome'. Rental and Leer fear a new breed of little Suicides, Cabaret Voltaires and Human Leagues popping up, to follow the clone Pistols, "twiddling away on synthesizers and making hack statements".

Leer's ambition is to experiment with sounds, retain rock's power and beat, to evolve, and to reach people.

"Already we've been put on a par with Cabaret Voltaire and The Human League and such — sort of, add another two forces to the list. Which is very nice, to be related to anyone, but at the same time I don't feel any affinity, except that possibly musical influences come from the same places. In terms of what I've created and what I intend to carry on creating, it doesn't seem to have that much in common with them."

So what is it all about? Perhaps trying to bridge the gap between the post 1945 avant-garde and the public, using 'rock'?

"Your average Joe doesn't want to know. Schoenberg, who the fuck's he? John Cage? YAWN, y'know, gimme something with a beat,

y'know, they don't care. I'm only people that really care are the rock intellectuals who are easily bored; these are the people who are getting into Cabaret Voltaire and the likes, people who are fed up with the norm. But the average Joe, he doesn't want anything new. He's quite happy getting the same tripe rammed down his throat.

"So how do you do it without putting people off? A lot of people have tried but failed. It's questionable how many people Cabaret Voltaire and Throbbing Gristle are actually getting to. How many frustrated industrial kids are there who actually know that they're frustrated and industrial?"

"The only way to do it perhaps is to pick up on the escapist ploys and inject something into it, which I think is where bands like Kraftwerk are going to take off. But this music is really just reaching the intellect at the moment. It's not got as deep as where punk got. I mean, you had to be a pretty dumb kid not to get off on what the Pistols were saying. You could easily dismiss Throbbing Gristle or you could easily dismiss me — although I'm pretty poppy."

It is difficult to dismiss Leer and Rental, despite their own words. They are gritty, shrewd and enthusiastic musicians who can relate to both 'Joe Public' and 'The Rock Intellect'. The electronic pop of David Bowie, Donna Summer, Kraftwerk, et al, has been predominantly shallow and poorly balanced, but it has opened slightly a door which Leer and Rental hope to push wider with their balance of tradition and experimentation; melody and noise have ignited, and the pressure has already begun to reach them. If they can ride this, stay level-headed, and get to use better equipment and facilities, their potential is nothing less than staggering.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

GLOBAL NUKE PROTEST

AN IMAGINATIVE plan to hold anti-nuclear demonstrations on the same day throughout the world have been proposed by leading campaigners in Europe.

Initial plans were laid at a meeting held in Basel on June 24-25 this year with all the North European countries present except, for some reason, Britain. They proposed that on June 3-4, 1979, demonstrations should be held in as many countries as possible with the aim of demonstrating the international scope of the problem by calling a halt to work on nuclear installations.

A network of contacts is being established: the next meeting is on December 2-3 and we'll keep you posted as things develop.

Meantime you can mark that date down in the 1979 issue of the successful Big Red Diary, whose theme this year is nuclear power. Editorial strength was provided by members of the Undercurrents collective, and the result is highly recommended.

In a fact-filled introductory section, useful information about the whole issue is natively presented. As you run through the diary, strategically placed facts about macabre nuclear disasters, big protests and anniversary dates are supplemented by a wide and witty collection of graphics. A timely printpiece, it is also an optimistic sign that the issues of nuclear power are beginning to gain a stronger political edge.

The Big Red Diary 1979 is published by Pluto Press, £1.50, available direct from them at Unit 10, Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LH.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



Join a rock band, pose for sleazy pictures by FIN COSTELLO. The South's not all that's rising... (What? The band? Search us. Probably a bunch of schmucks like VAN HALEN.)

STEPHEN STILLS · THOROUGHFARE GAP



Stephen Stills breaks away from the pack with *Thoroughfare Gap* — a new album that really carries a kick. *Thoroughfare Gap* features ten blistering tracks, eight of them written by Stills himself, plus two thoroughbred rockers — Greg Allman's 'Midnight Rider' and the classic 'Not Fade Away'. *Thoroughfare Gap* will be a classic in your collection, so gallop out and get it today.

FEATURING THE NEW SINGLE 'CAN'T GET NO BOOTY'

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Records & Tapes

"I COULDN'T believe it," says Seb Wang of his audition for The Young Bucks. "They didn't want to know if I could play the drums, but how hard I could hit them."

The reason for this, the group hasten to explain, was not because they were particularly loud, but because they were particularly broke. "We didn't have a big PA," says Pat Rafferty, "and we couldn't afford to mike up the drums. But we did need a drummer with a heavy snare drum beat, like on those Tamla records. If you listen to those, it's all boomp boomp boomp boomp. It's so good."

A love of the Tamla and Stax sounds of the mid-'60s is the one musical taste which is common to all the band. It's a sound which they incorporate into their own music, without being in any way a revivalist band. "We do two or three covers in a set of 18 songs," says Pat. "We're definitely not an R&B band."

The Doors, Dylan and Van Morrison are also (faintly) discernible influences on the Bucks, though their music is completely their own — a warm, soulful funtime rock which just feels so good.

One aspect of the band's music which is frequently overlooked is its political content. "Seen It All Before" casts a jaundiced eye on the reemergence of fascism, while both sides of their Blueport single — "Get Your Feet Back On The Ground" /w "Cold Cold Morning" — display a closer acquaintance with real life than is customary for rock songs. The latter, incidentally, has traces of Dylan's "115th Dream" style in its lyrics.

Nor do the Bucks stop at words. They've done RAR gigs, plus benefits for a battered wives refuge, a children's home and the anti-Windscale movement.

Ecologist of the band is bassist Steve Brookes, who was doing a course on sewage



BUCKO boys (L-R): Pat Rafferty, Seb Wang, Archie Brown, Steve Brookes, Tony Wadsworth.

BUCK UP — YOU'RE IN THE YOUNG BUCK GENERATION!

disposal at Newcastle University before he joined The Young Bucks. "I was studying shit and piss," he says succinctly.

Co-founders Pat Rafferty (keyboards) and Tony

Wadsworth (guitar) were also students at the university — they formed the band in 1975, and are the only original members to remain.

Steve joined about two years ago, before the band had

played any gigs. Another student, Archie Brown, joined six months later, replacing sax player John Glyn, who went on to work with X-Ray Spex and Wreckless Eric. Now Archie, Pat and Tony write the songs,

and share the singing between them.

The present line-up was completed when Seb Wang replaced Tim Wilder on drums about a year ago. A fact which, much to Seb's disgust, went

mysteriously unnoted in the *NME Book Of Modern Music*. Four months ago, the Bucks moved down to London for keeps, and they've been gigging solidly ever since. Now they're booked-up until Xmas, with residencies at the Kensington, the Rock Garden and the Brecknock, and a college tour is being planned for early spring. A&M, Arista, EMI, Polydor, RCA and others have shown interest in the band, which augurs well for their ambition to record an album with a major company. "The dream's faded with things like Stiff," declares

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Tony: "We've had our own record company, and tried that. We want to be able to get down to making music without meeting financial obstacles at every turn."

"For a start, our gear's obsolete, so we need to buy new gear. Then we want to concentrate on an album. We'd like to get a recording contract for about £50,000, which sounds a lot, but really it would just be enough for us all to live on for about a year. And I don't see that's any submission of artistic integrity as long as we stand firm about what we want to do musically."

I look suitably dubious at this simple faith in the beneficence of record companies.

"Even with a £50,000 advance, we'd only be on £40 — £50 a week," puts in Archie, "which is a lot less than the average guy earns."

At present, it seems, the Bucks are just above starvation level, and working almost non-stop. On his rare days off, you'll likely find Pat Rafferty at Bakerloo underground, busking for his beer money.

"I don't know any other band that rehearses all day and then goes out and gigs at night. And we do that four or five days a week. We must be working 70 — 80 hours each week," Pat pauses. "But I wouldn't do anything else. I mean, I don't resent it, I love it."

The Young Bucks should be able to love it and eat well in the very near future.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

THE KILLER DISC!



Soccer thugs' new weapon of terror

From The Sun, Tuesday — presumably a reference to the large number of dead whales found floating belly up in the Atlantic after being exposed to Yes's last single.

This week's edition of Thrills was brought to you by courtesy of the makers of Slickee Ducktail Hair Lotion and the proprietors of the Taco Take-Away Cabaret Lounge, Clacton, in the heart of the Essex Riviera. From all of us to all of you — have a very good day and until next week, remember: don't put anything on your hair you wouldn't put on your chips!



STRANGLERS FANS!

Don't say we don't do anything for you beely boys. Here on the ol' NME we've been racking our brains all week to come up with some special little enticement to make you buy next week's paper. So here it is: Name the Macho Dude above, and we'll send you a genuine mansize chest wig. No kidding. First correct answer wins. Post to: Name The Macho Dude, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1.

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Remember the first time you ever heard Lindisfarne?

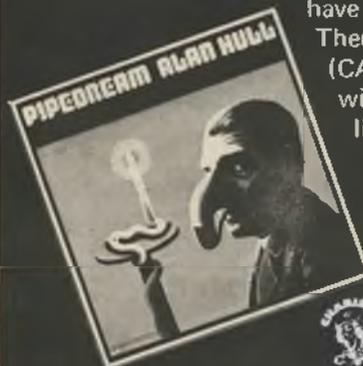


Lindisfarne are back together again, and every bit as good as you remember them.

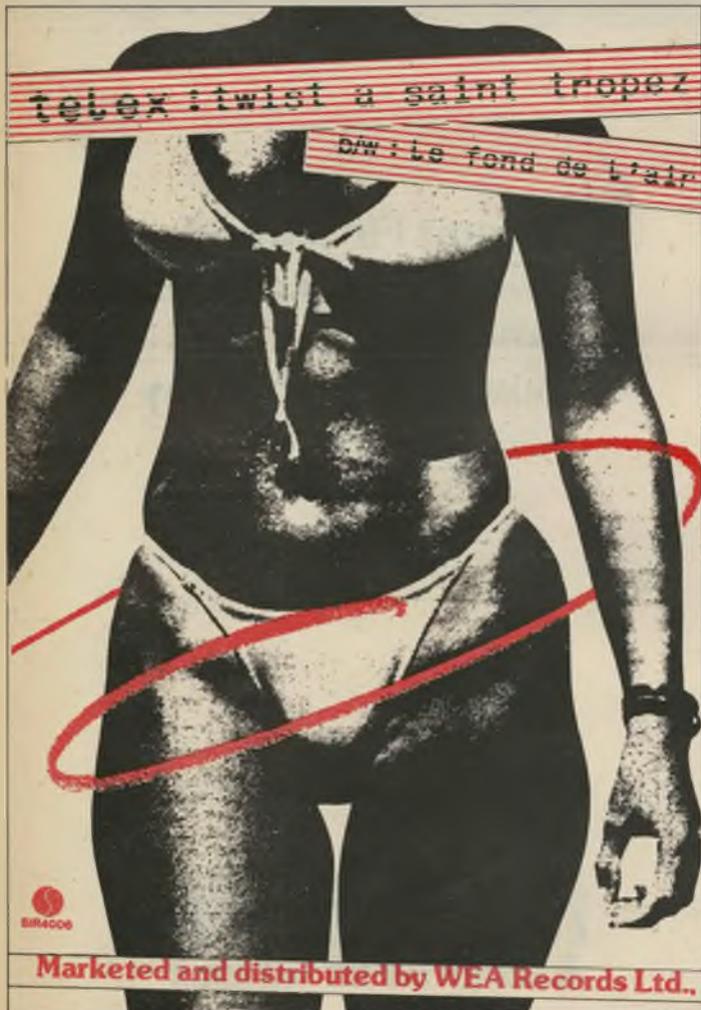
For absolute proof of this, listen to two albums that have just been re-released.

There's Nicely Out of Tune (CAS 1025—Tape 7208560) with unforgettable numbers like Lady Eleanor, Clear White Light and We Can Swing Together.

And there's Alan Hull's superb solo album, Pipedream (CAS 1069—Tape 7208564).



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CRASH COURSE IN CORRUPTION

FIST OUTSTRETCHED above his head, Fergal Sharkey flails his arm like a helicopter propeller going into take off as The Undertones hit into the revolving guitar intro of their brand new hit "Teenage Kicks" for the second time this evening.

Para-jacketed youths, lotsa sweet young things and even a few older, hairier folk follow Fergal's lead as the hall fills with demented human helicopters. It's just one of the countless encores the band play; a series of encores begun by Sharkey himself taking the microphone and leading the audience in a chorus of "We want more".

The Undertones are a cliché of most rock journalists' imagination — it's easy to apply hackneyed, well-worn phrases like "youthful vibrance", "lustful aggression" and "teenage exuberance" to them — but for once this band actually fits the bill. They produced a beautiful noise, all wacky Thunders-style guitar, excitable vocals and bouncy poppy rhythms; it may be messy and immature at times, but when you've only seen sixteen summers pass you by it makes more sense than almost anything you've ever heard.

DERRY IS a city with some of the worst housing and unemployment figures in the UK, a town of two communities segregated by a river and religion. As you may have guessed, Derry isn't the most exciting place in the world. Jesus, even the town's football team was axed from the Irish League a few seasons ago.

In about 1975 the O'Neill brothers (John and Finney) got together with a gangling acne-smitten jokester called Micky Bradley and a fresh-faced drummer called Billy Docherty. They were all pretty well pissed off with just playing football and doing little else, so they thought it would be a "good crack" to start a rock band.

As they learned to play on borrowed equipment, to the tune of such pre-punk manuals as "Nuggets", they realised that a younger O'Neill brother (Daimion) might be more suitable as a lead guitarist (although Finney remains connected to the band as van driver, roundsman and all-round helper) and that the silly kid with the squint who sat beside Billy in English class, name of Fergal Sharkey, might with time turn out to be just what they were looking for — the ideal vocalist. Or the next best thing, anyway.

"Bill was always on at me in come round and sing for this band, but I just kept whistling and singing to keep him going," says Fergal.

Eventually he was persuaded to come round to a rehearsal in John's bedroom and after seeing they had guitars and some equipment he joined. In the months ahead Fergal could be seen arriving at practices in a state of fatigue after carysying his record player for two miles across Derry to put a microphone through and use as a PA.

Following a few feet-funding gigs in Derry in 1976, they played the infamous Casbar in early 1977. The venue has since been immortalised in The Undertones' "Louie Louie" offspring, "Casbar Rock", which more or less documents the attitudes towards them in those early days when they were more likely to get a shower of beer glasses than an encore from the reactionary dandruff carriers who frequented the pub.

"It was good when everybody hated us. We used to get all these old hippies laughing at us and calling us shite. Billy kicked his drums in the

first time we played there — it gave us a sort of adrenalin."

TRAVELLING to Dublin twice in 1977, they found great encouragement from the alternative music scene there, moving out and away from the morass of showbands and bearded folkies weened on Guinness.

However, their second visit to Dublin was at the Bellfield Festival which culminated in the tragic death of Patrick Coutry last summer.

Billy Docherty was unfortunate enough to be wearing the same garb as the suspected murderer, and found himself being grilled by cops in both Dublin and Derry. The band split up for a while, confused and shocked by the aftermath of Bellfield.

But braving the beer, gob and glass at the Casbar until Christmas was to reap its dividends. As they built up a hardcore following of kids just like themselves, the band at last found themselves playing for their real audience: Derry's lost youth.

It should be remembered that The Undertones remained the sole originators of the scene in Derry. There were no groups or fanzines, and the distance between Derry and Belfast made co-operation with emerging bands there impossible. They've always been a singular phenomenon and John, with typical modesty, opines: "If we can do it, anyone can. We were just a group of fellas playing to people like ourselves. It could just have easily been them playing and us in the audience."

They recorded a demo tape which was sent to and refused by most of the

attuned his ear to the fact that there was life beyond Stiff Little Fingers the DJ expressed interest in hearing the band's demo tape. Suitably impressed, he arranged a session to be recorded.

But Belfast's Good Vibrations label also got a taste of the tape, and the band recorded an EP for the label (Got 4) the day after their first ever Belfast appearance at a Battle of the Bands gig at Queens University.

THE REST is common knowledge — fervent plugging by Mr Peel led to a £36,000 recording contract with Sire Records, a Peter Powell record of the week, TOPP and a golden classic of a single called "Teenage Kicks" which, I'll be darned, seems destined for No. 1.

On the afternoon before the gig I saw last week, the band stopped off in Coleraine. Their initial qualms at going into the city centre — religious differences — were soon washed away when a visit to the local music shop saw John and Daimion returning to the van beaming. "Two guys asked us for our autographs," John tells me.

But for tonight's gig at Chesters Arcadia in Portrush the band still have to make do with a borrowed PA because various hassles with van hire firms made it impossible to shift the band's own PA up from Belfast. This calls for considerable readjustment of the stage, after which recreation is sought playing football with a cigarette carton, or listening to "Teenage Kicks" at 33 rpm (try it, it bears more than a passing resemblance to Bryan Ferry) or alternatively down at the local

shop window. "Hey boy, that's a great picture! Look at it, you can't see my acne!"

When he hears the band are to do *Top Of The Pops* he suggests the make-up department will have to lay cosmetics on with a trowel to hide his pubescent pimples. Bradley's a card; onstage he finds time to play bars amidst pulling a whole range of comical expressions, engaging in often hilarious rapport with his mates at the front and haranguing the rest of the band with good-natured banter.

Billy Docherty is slightly reserved, but he sums up the band's attitude succinctly enough before the gig: "Fun, Fun, Fun — Fun is the key word. As long as we get two busloads of people from Derry out to have fun we'll be happy." He may be quiet onstage, but put him behind a drum kit and he'll lay into it with the gay abandon of a bunny rabbit about to get its jollies cracked.

THE BAND provide one of the raunchiest rock 'n' roll shows I've ever seen. They make no compromises to punky wanedom. Micky wears white skinnies, Fergal sports a natty line in rollecks — they look like they could have come straight out of a Jilted John scenario. Their numerous little anthems of frustration, exemplified by "Teenage Kicks" (the actual inspiration for that particular gem comes from The Crystals' "He's A Rebel"), provide catharsis for the post-punk and has-been teenyboppers in the audience.

John occupies the left flank, a

Their record's bubbling under...

major independent labels (who's sorry now?), but after a phone call to the ever helpful John Peel had

amusement arcade. In downtown Portrush there's a picture of Micky Bradley in a record

human rocking horse with wayward knees-to-the-shin dance steps, merrily slashing out metal splinting

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SINGLES

● SINGLE OF THE WEEK ROY HILL: I Like I Like I Like (Arista)

I like the way Roy Hill takes the piss out of rock and roll's sexual mores, social manners, tribal customs etc with such an ingenious glib-face that it's often hard to tell whether he's extolling their virtues like some "decadent" "philistic" Yankee "anachronism" or flaying them to ribbons.

Most of the skaz sub-culture's punny underbelly is here, so why not Lingua-longue as he takes you down an ageing Outlaw's shock-horror-outrage memory lane... A sense of reality that is quite unreal, the click of a six-inch heel, the feeling of a ten-inch spike, I Like I Like I Like, long, blonde platinum curls and — most of all — leather clad girls, hating rock music (it's just too much noise), preferring the comfort of mechanical toys, I don't like sculpture but I know what I like, I Like I Like I Like...

I like the way the carefully concealed hand is suddenly shown with a truly genuine rock "The New Wave" music!

I like that band — the rest of the U.K. has got to the E Streeters — and what I'd really like is for the rest of the world to quit the Roy Who? bullshit and recognise the genius as one of our greatest songwriters with no eyebrows raised. He's written far better songs than this one, see, and a still wipes the floor with the best of the rest this week. Even.

X-RAY SPEX: Germ Free Adolescents (EMI)

In every dream home a bottle of Listerine. This is the title track of the forthcoming album, a beautiful asexual leys-song, all deodorised libido with a fitting "Baba O'Riley" motif running throughout, a soul version of "For Your Pleasure" though Poly agonises in the face of her perceptions whereas Ferry tended to wallow in his ("Well, I've been in all night... AGAIN?")

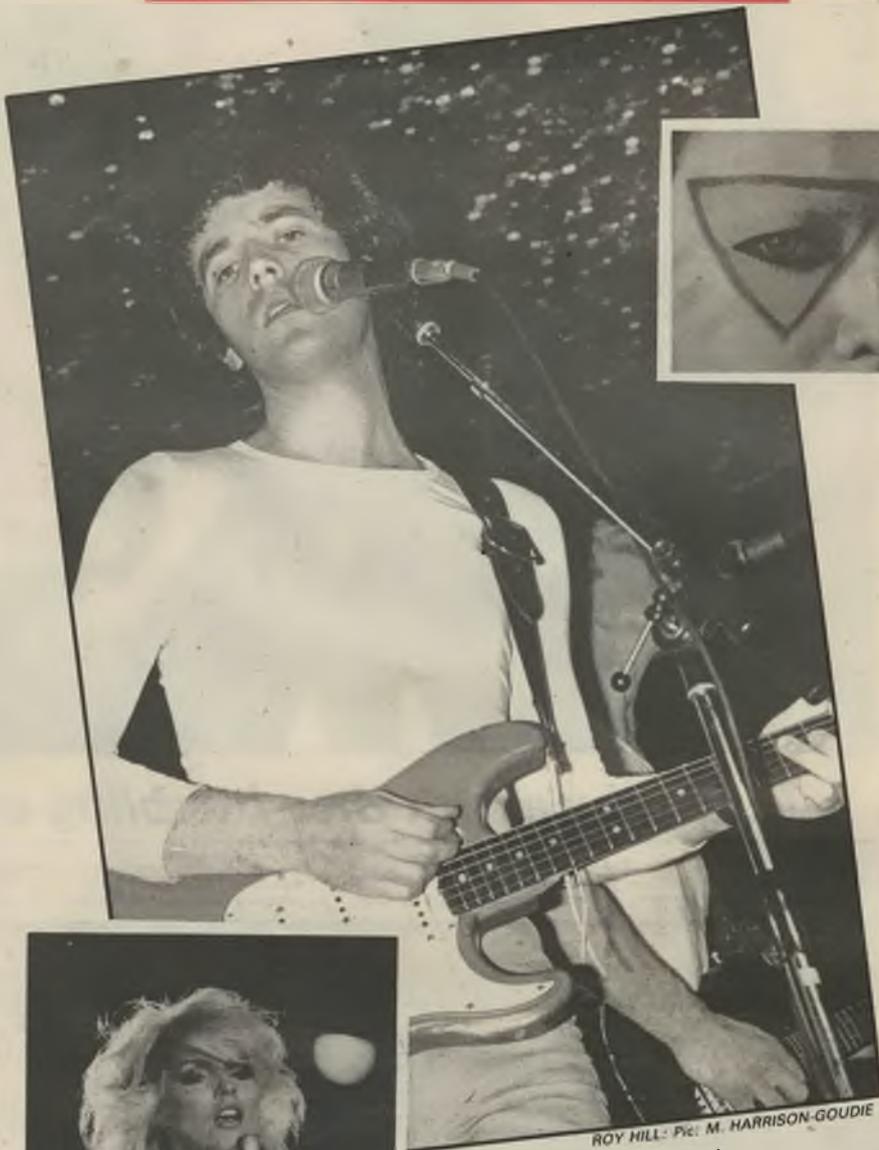
Poly's a soul singer now, Veal Brown incarnate, she's that good, with all the grateful sense of theatrical melodrama that implies.

"He's a germ free adolescent, cleanliness is her obsession, / Cleans her teeth ten times a day, / Scrub away, scrub away, scrub away, the S.R. way." An emotive indictment on personal hygiene. Not backed with a cover of "The Merton Hap".

BLONDIE: Hanging On The Telephone (Chrysalis), GRUPPO SPORTIVO: Hey Girl (Epic), XTC: See You Giving Me (Virgin)

Three extremely busy little songs where nothing much happens. Blondie manage to quell their burning artistic creativity (i.e. that much-mocked songwriting) and severely sanitise West Coast punk-but-chic band The Nervies' number. It elaborates the "Picture This" theme: what your right arm's for. Deborah's salivating bitch-on-heat predator, bemoaning on her knees, darling, please, why do ya keep me hanging on?

After Blondie produced one of the greatest debut albums of the 70s — which you all blithely ignored — it's tragic things have sunk this low. I mean, singles calculated to appeal to boys who still live with their mothers! Still, you should have a good run on this one, Chris. But, as Lou Reed once



ROY HILL: Pic. M. HARRISON-GOUDIE



BLONDIE

remarked, the kids are being hyped.

Gruppo Sportivo come across like third rate comedians, just dumb clogheads who — if they weren't chummy with Lewis Furey, if they didn't have pretensions to Abbaranto charm and a brace of blonde birds in their line-up — would be reduced to peddling their populist wares in some back street Amsterdam window.

"She said, 'Your nose is runny, honey', I said, 'Sorry, but it's snaf' ". Thanks, gang, I hadn't heard that one since behind the bicycle sheds in primary school.

XTC are quirky, kinetic, inconsequential, one of those bands who say they don't care about the rock press yet start believing their own publicity the moment everyone starts gawping at how clever they are. You can tell they've toured with Talking Heads. I pine for the captivating simplicity of "Statue Of Liberty". I remember how happy I was with XTC then, ah, yes, I remember it well, this is catchy to the point of irritation. I keep singing the

title. People are looking. They think I'm mental.

THE SHIRTS: Lonely Android (Harvest). Punk got cosmic buffoons, too.

13th FLOOR ELEVATORS: You're Gonna Miss Me (Redox). Superior pop-psychadelic lifted from the "Nuggets" compilation, reminiscent of Them on Acid. Which way is this going Vasannn?

THE FLYS: Walkiki Beach Refugees (EMI). And where do the surfers go

after The Last Wave? What happens when your tanned pectorals sag, when your black roots are showing and the surf-board's got dry-rot? Gawd knows. This single has imaginatively illusive imagery, an infectious riff-motif and, he concluded, it's a punky "Honky Tonk Women" coming down off Dodos.

CHAS AND DAVE WITH ROCKNEY: Strummin'/I'm In Trouble (EMI). If ten Dury hadn't spent ten years in art schools would he have been Chas and Dave? And would he have minded splitting the royalty cheques with himself? Anyhow the line, "I'll have a cold one out the fridge!" is touched with a peculiarly Anglophic genius that panned, "Where hamburgers sizzle

on an open grill night and day!" "Andsome. 'Ugely 'umorous.

BRYAN & MICHAEL: Mam When's My Dad Coming Home? (Poly). What's an Edible Complex, then? When a Greek boy refuses to dine in restaurants and stays home all the time eating his mother's cooking. Seriously, though, this is all brass bands, shaving mugs, barefoot children's choirs, cloth caps and clogs: Sham 69 if they'd been born in Scunthorpe instead of Surrey. Eeeee, but it was a grand ride back, though but, our kid, etcetera. Lads' music. And I'm sure all you lads will be very happy together. Safety in numbers, right?

UK SUBS: C.I.D. (City). ... is i.n.n.o.c.e.n.t. Contemporary if unlikely. Actually, it's Sweeney backlash vitriol with the lead guitar's impersonation of a Panda's mating call increasing my paranoia, like looking in my mirror and seeing a police car. Backed with "I Live In A Car", the last, the very last, truly great punk song to resonate in the murky bowels of The Roxy.

JOE JACKSON: Is She Really Going Out With Him? (A&M). Jilted John for adults. Great stuff.

Reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS



13th FLOOR ELEVATORS

MEAT LOAF: All Revved Up With No Place To Go (Epic). How could I possibly hate a record that blatantly rips off the meodic framework of Bonnie and The Treasure's "Home Of The Brave"? Bruce's sense of dynamics and Spector's production techniques? I dunno, but I manage it somehow.

AL STEWART: Time Passes (MCA). Al thinks that everyone still lives in a bed-st. He could be right.

THE PALEY BROTHERS AND RAMONES: Come On Let's Go (Sire). Alessi Twins for pinheads.

BRYAN FERRY: Carnickergus (Polydor). The "Mull Of Ointyre" of the Mankberry's set. I've worn out me copy of "Sign Of The Times", though. Honest, Bryan.

WILLIE NELSON: Blue Skies (CBS). Piquant Irving Berlin comes to poignant Marlboro County. Heart-wrenching.

FRANKE VALLI: Save Me, Save Me (Warner Brothers). Crap is the word, is the word that you heard, and crap is the thing we are throwing, Frankie.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Talkover (Rough Trade). Casual Kraftwerk bootlegged in the bath. Meaningful.

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: The Last Time (RCA).

I was going to say I'm a sucker for ballads with that stirring Jack Nitzsche-ish arrangement, but you got to choose your words carefully with John'n'Dar. Contagious. Or do I mean malignant?

THE RED CRAYOLA: Wives In Orbit (Radar). Imagine 78 rpm Fastfoods fronted by an hysterical David Byrne rhyming "Destiny" with "Depressing me, depressing me" and such like, his obsession shifted from sociology to space-thrills, backed by shrieking banshee vocalists... Imagined it? Buzare, right?

WRECKLESS ERIC: Take The Cash (K.A.S.H.) (Sire). Chuck Berry would have admired Wreck's business acumen but a strained desperation to be whacky and indifferent songwriting ability is hardly the foundation that I personally would employ to work my way towards that elusive first million.

PROTEX: Don't Ring Me Up (Good Vibrations). Protex have the solid, punchy, economical infectiousness of The Heartbreakers but with a vestige of innocence that the boys from New York City left behind them in some Manhattan loft many moons ago. This sounds like it was recorded in shoe-box full of shit in Shoreham (thanks, Charlie) but my contact (a Northern Ireland assured me that Protex are going back into the studio soon for another shot at "Don't Ring Me Up").

This is still the best thing to come out of Belfast since Victim's "Strange Thing By Night".

THE GO-BETWEENS: Sing Lee Remick (A&M). "I-I-I Love Lee Remick, she's a darling!" Touching tribute to beat Sheila from three love-sick Brits, reading pure-pop nonsense lines, platonically sweet and

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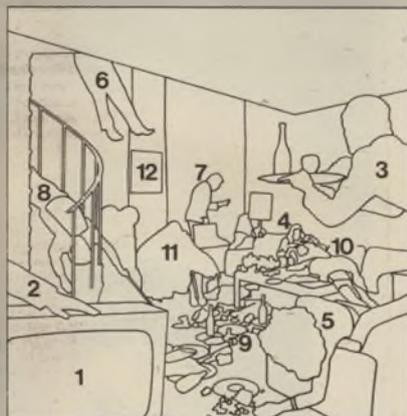
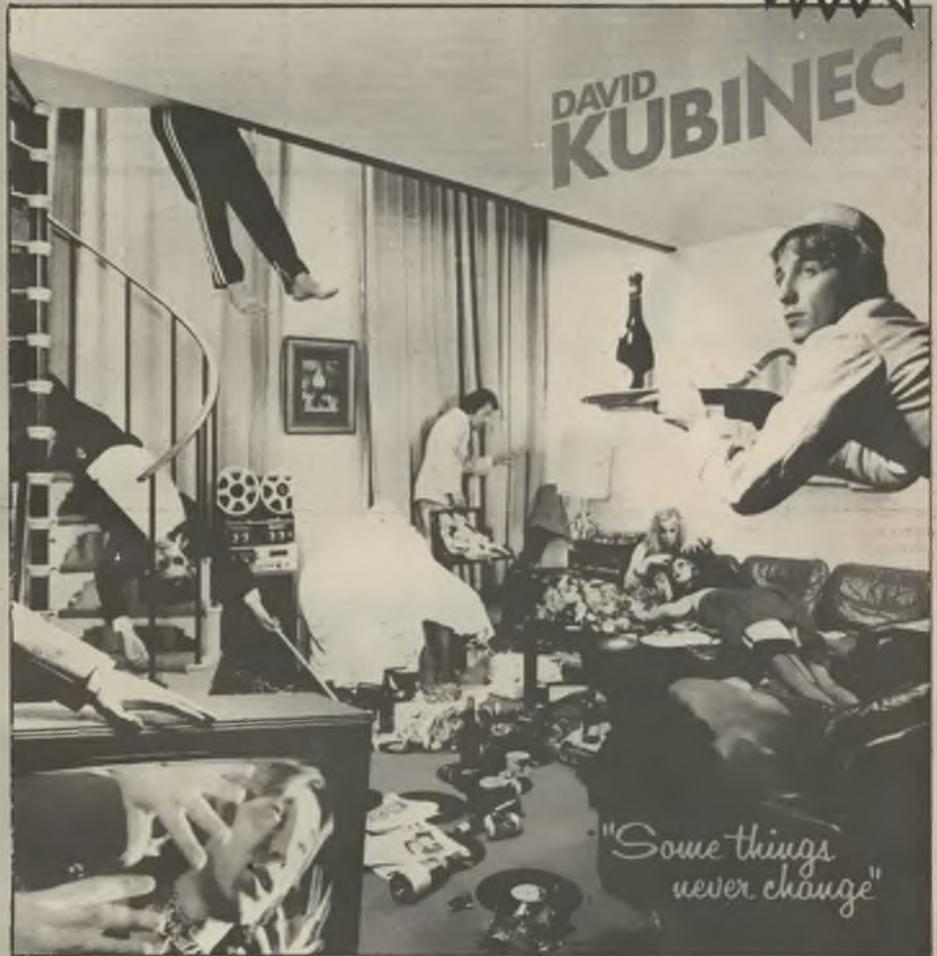
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From page 26

poofers. I bet they never camped by a billabong in their lives.

THE TWEEDS: Underwater Girl (Autobahn).

Such a relief to discover a German band who don't want to be an IBM machine. Sub-aquatic fantasia, a real little toe-tapper, that memorable melody so artfully plundered my brain hurts trying to work out where it comes from. The sand gets everywhere, don't it?

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

VAN MORRISON: Wavelength (Warners). THE MOODY BLUES: Driftwood (Decca).

CHICAGO: Alive Again (CBS).

SLADE: Rock 'N' Roll Bolero (Barn).

MICKEY JUPP: Old Rock 'N' Roller (Stiff).

A Doctor writes: the position that Slade occupy these days in the sad netherworld of pop's wasteland has a reservation or ten already booked for the current TOTPunks in a few years time. The symptoms remain the same — the string of hit

singles: the lengthy, unsuccessful hammering away at Uncle Sam's 24-carat door while the neglected homeland fans move on to other things (rock bands living forever but not so little boys, pogoing and phlegm propulsion soon making way for other toys); predictable talk of getting more involved in the moving pictures field: the life support machine of fading past glories

Slade seem subdued, Noddy himself is so mellowed that I look forward to the band covering "Christmas (War Is Over)", and any song that rips off Ravel for their hookline-punch has just got to be a load of cobblers.

After influencing more 70s songwriters (count 'em) than any other musician, it's a too bad Van Morrison has apparently become infatuated with a Jackson Brown inflatable doll. This is like an FM "Roadrunner" strongly seasoned with JB's "Running On Empty", not a bad little record by almost anybody's standards except those of Dick Van Morrison himself.

While I can appreciate the inherent black humour of

Chicago's "Alive Again" after that unfortunate William Tellish, do-it-yourself-lobotomy incident, this is just a 78 rpm re-run of their more mawkish mush like, "Cranium, What A Big Surprise" (which was also a kinda funny title, come to think of it).

The Moody Blues "Driftwood" is their usual I-wish-I-could-be-like-David-Gates gentle womb-rock. Adored your solo "Forever Autumn", though, Justin.

Bob Dylan is as profound as a pissing toad, under the delusion he's old man Moses to boot.

"Well, I've been to the mountain!" And don't tell me, Bob — you're bringing us the word, right? Am I warm?

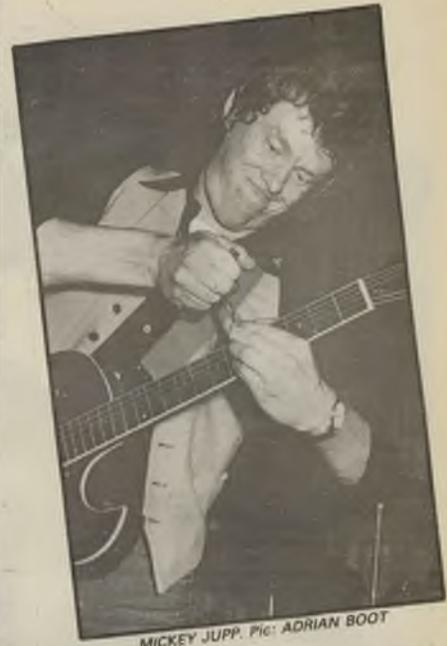
"Are you so fast that you can't see I must have solitude?/Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow? Do you understand my pain? Are you willing to risk it all or is your love in vain?"

A whiney dirge, unbelievably self-centred and trite. Rumour has it that Sarah named the song as co-respondent during her divorce from Bobby, and if you think that "Street Legal" is in the same class as "Blood On The Tracks", then who's the biggest sucker — you or Robert?

The sole member of this battered veterans' category who retains this dignity, who injects some energised good humour into his music, who proves himself capable of holding his own alongside any greenhorn still wet behind the plectrum, is the quasi-mythical Mickey Jupp. He comes clean and you don't have to remember rationing for it to put a smile on your chops and get those feet moving as if possessed with a will of their own...

"I can't do it! I'm too old! I'm way out of touch! I don't play guitar, I use it as a crutch! And as for my singing, well, that ain't up to much! I can't do it! I'm too old! It ain't my scene! I aint done this kinda thing since I was 17! But the man said, 'Do it, or you don't get a bean!' So I do it, I do it till I'm blue in the face! Sing and play guitar and jump all over the place! Sing some heavy lyrics in a costly suit! Nobody will ever know I'm pissed as a newt!"

For Mickey Jupp it's yesterday once more. The rest of you can go now.



MICKEY JUPP. PIC: ADRIAN BOOT



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BLINDED BY THE WHITE!

"Motorhead" is the essential Motorhead. It's Album One and it's two fingers up to the music biz liggers who sneered when it first wrecked their speakers in the summer of '77. It's re-released Nov. 10th with the first 10,000 pressed in a delicate white vinyl.

"MOTORHEAD" by MOTORHEAD.
CWK 3008





Ban The Fascists!

Ban Nuclear Energy!

Ban Pollution!

Save The Whale!

Ban Racism!

BRIXTON. The Carnival Against The Nazis carves its exuberant, banner-waving, slogan-driven path south down Stockwell Road, in brilliant, lazy Sunday afternoon sunshine.

"The National Front is a Nazi Front. Black and White unite and fight. Smaaaash the National Front !!!"

The chants rise above the strictly rockers-orientated floating musical accompaniment provided, in this instance, by lorry-bound Lancaster band China Street, the rimshot drumming cackling away like the cacophony of tin cans at a test match as a loping bass line tugs the group gloriously into their speedy, reggaified "Rapid Powers".

But for China Street themselves, the omnipresent euphoria is tempered by the immediate reaction to their music of the onlooking Brixton Dreads, expressed via a swift and pronounced thumbs down.

"When I saw that, it really brought me down," muses singer Martin Pilkington.

"After they had heard a few bars I think they quietened down a bit," blond bassist Adam Williams continues. "They were listening and they didn't like the fact that what we were playing sounded right... if they had closed their eyes they would have been digging it."

"Their first thoughts were that these white guys are trying to rip off their music. They weren't thinking that these white guys are playing their music because they enjoy it. We play reggae because we love it!"

When they play reggae China Street meddle with a music the essence of which stems from a culture removed from their own by the matter of some 4,000 miles and one gaping spiritual and environmental chasm. And any pale-skinned English band who reckon that they are not going to be misunderstood somewhere along the line while doing that are one set of naive, deluded geeks in this man's book. A serious thing indeed.

China Street reckon that any such illusions in their camp went out the window cons ago.

Formed last year in the Lancaster street of the same name by Pilkington, Williams, pianist Chris Sugden, drummer Dave Willan and a since-departed sax player, the molley conglomerate of surrogate Little Feat renegades all in their "early to mid '70s" played their first gigs before soul-destroyingly disinterested local pub and working men's club audiences.

In those days the reggaemantic rhythms that now account for a good half of the band's stage set were conspicuous by their absence.

Their first onstage forays into that field came only nine months ago at the start of the first of their two tours with Steel Pulse.

Recalling those particular gigs while simultaneously trying to prize open a beer can on a canteen table leg at Leeds University — where China Street were again supporting The Handsworth Revolutionaries — Dave Willan equates his initial attempt at mastering reggae drum technique with a musical Mission Impossible.

"I was really getting into reggae music," he confides, "but the frustrating thing for me as a drummer was that it was so difficult to play. I used to get really upset when things went wrong."

Bassist Adam, an immediately likeable, taciturn South Londoner, who had originally moved up to Lancaster in the hope of finding work as a carpenter, nods in agreement.

"It's not very easy to play if you're used to playing rock music. Reggae comes from the gut and not the head, but anybody with soul can play it. It



CHINA STREET: Dave Willan, Martin Pilkington, Adam Williams, Chris Sugden. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Yeah, these boys have their hearts in the right place

... but even then y'get criticism. Seems like the Rastas can't quite get next to white reggae — and that's just for starters. CHINA STREET, contenders for the Most Socially Conscious Band In The Land title, explain to ADRIAN THRILLS

doesn't matter what colour they are. Technically, the important thing is actually what you don't play... the spaces you leave."

Whereas bands as diverse as The Clash, Members and Specials incorporate the odd reggae readjustments here and there while still playing what is essentially rock and roll music, China Street respect the suckers rhythms more stringently when they use them.

The resultant sound is not a total success. China Street could pass as one of the multitude of small time British club reggae bands currently on that circuit but, as yet anyway, they are leagues behind the likes of

Matumbi, Misty and The Cimarrons. "But we don't regard ourselves just as A White Reggae Band anyway," argues drummer Dave defiantly in a scrawny Glaswegian accent. "We regard ourselves as China Street we don't mind being pushed as a reggae band. It's a compliment. But we're not just A White Reggae Band."

What China Street are, in the final reckoning, is one hellava musical oddity. A band compensating for their lack of truly progressive musical muscle with numerous stylistic twists and variations that allow traditional elements of jazz, boogie and even good old rhythm and blues to bellow

unheralded at times from their speakers alongside the reggae stuff. Where they start to go burning that pollution and illusion — including that in the Jah Music they hold in such high esteem — is in their lyrics. Like "Oh, Jamaica", earmarked for their next single — a vehement, if slightly clumsy, attack on Rastafarianism and black racism.

"If a black man from Jamaica wants to earn some bread/He could go into a studio/get gonyad out of his head/And when he comes to England/And wears yellow, green and red/He can write about Selassie/And all the things he did."

"Oh Jamaica, we love your

music/Not so sure about your hype. Just how many Rastafarians do we have to undergo/I don't believe they're all sincere/I don't believe they know/Just how much more racism do we take from every side/Forget the war and hatred/And leave the past behind."

"It's just that we can't stand racialism of any kind," explains Adam. "And white people feel racialism as much as black. A lot of black records are anti-white."

Like who? "Like Dennis Brown for instance who is very into an independent black society. I don't believe there should be any race hate. It's the same with extreme feminism which is just another form of chauvinism."

Of course, in these troubled times, it is well fashionable to play for the Anti Nazi League and to flaunt all the attendant appendages.

But China Street, who, after all, even went as far as to call their last single "Rock Against Racism", get pretty angry when people sling that handwaggoning charge in their direction.

"We've done more RAR benefits than any other band except Misty," protests Martin. "No way are we just jumping on a handwaggon."

In fact, the band have played one RAR benefit too many for the liking of their pianist Chris Sugden who, in an alcoholic celebration of the band's success at the recent Brixton carnival, fell and broke his arm.

But just like Aston Villa, they struggled through what looked like an impossibly bleak injury crisis when session man Fred Reeves deputised at short notice, after a frantic search by the band, on the just-completed Pulse tour.

Martin, a former biology teacher and one time member of Freedom's Children, a band which he assures he achieved some sort of notoriety in the early '70s, sets the China Street stance straight.

"We want to have a good time in this band. You saw us onstage we were really having a good time, enjoying it."

Right. "But we also want to be able to point out a few things that we notice along the way. We're anti-Fascist, anti-racist, anti-pollution and anti-nuclear energy."

"I can only write about the things I feel strongly about. I find it difficult to write about anything else."

Such songs deal with a few of the causes a little less chic — but every bit as worthwhile — as RAR, although a committed opposition to all those who smell of too many right wing meetings remains at the crux of just about every

"Nuclear Holocaust" is about the potentially catastrophic consequences of expansion work at the Windscale power station in Cumbria where nuclear isotopes imported from Japan and West Germany are being reprocessed before disposal into the earth's crust.

Another song, "SS", is about murdered black South African activist Steve Biko, already saluted in song this year by Tapper Zukie.

"We did a song called 'Bank Job' about the Baader-Meinhof group, not because we're on either side. It's more like a television documentary, just pointing out certain points of view... like that of the bloke sitting in a prison cell knowing that he's going to get the chop any minute."

"We're just trying to comment rather than preach and take sides," concludes Adam.

"We don't want to be hailed as a heavy political band. We're into playing for people to enjoy themselves. We're also into making a point so that people, while they're enjoying themselves, can think."



Above: BRUCE FOXTON, below: RICK BUCKLER, PAUL WELLER, FOXTON and WELLER in A-C-T-I-O-N!



THE JAM — here comes the weekend ... Pictures by PENNIE SMITH.

ALL DRESSED UP AND SOMEWHERE TO GO

JOHN HAMBLETT meets and greets THE JAM and their fans down in Galway Bay at midnight. If you weren't there, be jealous.

I FEEL THAT the mod scene was very close to the punk thing: wholly youth — like going out with green hair. It changed you, made you someone. It's something every kid goes through. You just want to be noticed, to be recognised.

"I thought that was the most important aspect of punk."

Paul Weller is sat on the edge of the bed in my Galway hotel bedroom. Chain smoking, introspective, anxious to communicate but perhaps not wholly confident in his ability to present his case in the truest light, he is nervous and edgy — the off-duty manifestation of the high wire tension that transforms his on stage personality.

Charged with something less tangible than physical energy, Weller has the same mammoth need to say things that can't be said that fires Joe Strummer, the same need to be down hard on something.

"But the mod image is not one that I would push, y'know. That's really taken out of context sometimes. I've been dressing like this for three or four years now — I used to have a scooter, the whole bit — so for me to change my image now... No, I don't regard it as image, it's not like a pantomime... There's no way I'm going to change."

"I'm just trying to stress that the mod image is not that important to The Jam. It's more important to me personally, because it's what I am."

A MORE unlikely rock 'n' roll town than Galway, to my knowledge, does not exist anywhere. It's a seaside resort where middle-aged Americans from Boston probably congregate in the high season in order to hunt for their heritage. The barren landscape verges on the desolate — picturesque, I suppose, if they're the kind of pictures you get off on.

The actual gig is part of a sports complex. Across the hall an instructor is teaching the local women to breast stroke while The Jam run through their sound check. You could fit maybe 1,000 people in this place and still have room to play a football match. And I shouldn't imagine that there are 1,000 people currently residing in Galway under the age of 40. Should be some gig.

Today is Saturday. Last night The Jam played their first Irish gig ever, in Dublin. The venue was the Top Hat Club, which had been the main hangout for the local skateboarders up until a couple of months ago. My guess is that the alterations didn't exactly break anybody's pocket. The plaster was falling off the walls, the dressing rooms were damp and steamy, and the toilets didn't flush. But what the hell, there was a stage at one end with an open space in front, and if it was good enough for The Clash, well, who could ask for more? Ah yes indeed — The Jam onstage in their sharpest suits, presenting the ultimate grass-roots dream ideal to

thousands of young people who are too used to being talked down to and too ready to be patronised.

The Jam's audience will never become some kind of cafish Jam Army, because The Jam offer an infinitely more attractive reality: all dressed up and somewhere to go. The razor creases in their trousers are like a blade twisted into the inverted snobbery and false pride of people who attempt to glorify the 'nobility of the working man'.

'Show me what I have to do/Batman/Cause I want to be like you/Batman...'

THIS IS the first time the Irish youth have been exposed to the Jam music making machine. A fact that takes sometime to sink in — after all, the Sharp Boys have been creating the flash, spit and polish of their insinuating, neon and mohair magic for us for two years.

Two years. The first time I saw The Jam they were supporting the fast-rising Strangers. In a hall half empty, made to accommodate 800 souls, we stood and watched... they played and we swayed to the music, this way and that as though being rocked by someone else's hand. Everybody smiled a lot as I recall. No doubt we all looked like dumb-hysterical monkeys, but I don't suppose anybody was in a mood to give that much of a damn.

After the gig I walked all the way home, six miles, staring at the cracks in the pavement, feeling hot and cold because it was nearing winter, and I was still sweaty and tingling. It wasn't until the next day that I could jerk myself loose from the dazed, fall-out cocoon of gilt-edged remembrances for long enough to appraise and define what had happened.

Somehow The Jam had managed to unveil an awareness that I had inadvertently suppressed for five or six years — one that I abandoned, or chose not to refer to, until some time later when I had occasion to return to the stomping ground of my early teens, the Northern Soul circuit. Once again the realisation returned, tinged on that particular night with the ambiguous melancholy of nostalgia...

'Ah'm gonna wait till the midnight hour...'

A PROFILE in sun glasses, word perfect in his best mohair, a flicker-book sequence of the same dancing figure trapped in different backdrops, reflected off similar dancefloors. Each frame helping to perpetuate, if only for a short while, the Grand Old Lie. Hours in front of the mirror, and the practice finally pays off, as he sees something that wasn't there before. Ready at last to give the girls a glimpse of the promised land.

"I went to an all-nighter once, but I'm not a dancer and I couldn't really get into it. But I'll tell you one thing — 'Non-Stop Dancing' on the first album was about Northern Soul. My mate used to be a real fanatic, and he told me about all these kids speeding and dancing all night, and I thought great, a real youth movement..."

"Actually quite a few Northern Soul kids come to our gigs. They obviously like us because of our image, but I don't think they can relate to the music."

'Take me back to Gotham City/Batman/Take me where the girls are pretty/Batman...'

THE BAT PILL makes them all say yes. The Bat Pill in this case is the image, as complete and unimpeachable as a winter's night by an open fire in your favourite armchair. The Jam present visual evocations of beatific times which most of the spectators are too young to recall as anything more concrete than a hazy pre-pubescent vision. Times they have only read about after the fact, or heard about secondhand, through the early songs of The Who and The Kinks and their ilk.

Nostalgia, you say? Well perhaps, in theory, it is. Personally I prefer to view it as a young artist's desire to re-establish the naive guile of a more consciously and unashamedly aesthetic era. Re-modelling visual and aural images of the essence of English youth culture, and placing them with meticulous care into a contemporary frame of reference.

"I've read a few books on it (Pop Art), and I think it had a lot in common with the punk thing. Before the Pop Artists came along, there was the Expressionists, who were just dealing with their own, very self-indulgent art, but the Pop Artists brought into art everyday images that ordinary people could relate to. Which is why it really interests me."

"I see The Jam along those lines — using things that everybody knows are there, but presenting them in a different way, in a different art form."

"Like 'Tonight At Noon' (a track on The Jam's second album, 'This Is The Modern World'), which originally was a poem by Adrian Henri. I just adapted some of the lines, like 'among the dripping trees' — I don't know, they just sounded like really great lines for a song."

"Everything is there to be used. Actually the poem those lines came from is called 'In The Midnight Hour', which is another one of his — I just thought it would be a good idea to swap the titles." (In fact Adrian Henri lifted the title 'Tonight At Noon' from a Charlie Mingus album, which I suppose proves Mr Weller's point.)

DURING THE week prior to my departure for Ireland I could be found reading The Jam's press clippings, listening to their records, making a few notes — nothing too heavy, you understand, just one or two personal observations — when I remembered the sketchy outline of a quote from a book I'd just finished reading. This quote seemed almost unreasonably relevant in the light of everything I'd digested about the band.

"They explain the new by the old — and the old by the older still, like the historians who describe Lenin as a Russian Robespierre and Robespierre as a French Cromwell. When all is said and done they have understood nothing at all."

I wrote that down on a postcard and showed it to Paul Weller.

"Well obviously I suppose everybody has their roots somewhere. Originally — and I suppose this sounds like a very obvious statement — we started playing songs we enjoyed hearing. Honestly, that's the most truthful reason why we did it."

"It had nothing to do with wanting to change the world, or anything like that. It was just playing songs you could dig. I was listening to old

rhythm and blues, Stax and Motown — and I think it's important to state that I still do — but we had to drop all those songs because of that '60s revivalist tag. That really pissed me off.

"I'd like to be outside all labels and just have people say it's The Jam and Jam music. It's dangerous. I think categorisation..."

WE TURN the talk to The Jam's new album, 'All Mod Cons'.

"I should say the songs were written in a span of... oh, since we got back from America, which would be March/April night up until we went into the studio. I suppose I wrote most of the material just before we went into the studio."

"Actually I wrote a lot of songs in America, but they were all crap, so I threw them out. We went through Harlem, and that was really inspiring, but that has nothing to do with me. I've got no right to write about it... like Graham Parker's 'Heat In Harlem' — I just don't consider that he has the right to write about other countries' problems. There's too much going on in this country, go up to Glasgow."

"We've got Harlems of our own."

Were you at all nervous about including an acoustic track on the album?

"Yes, actually I was very embarrassed, but I thought that once we'd done it, it sounded really good."

Listening to the album, I wouldn't have thought that "Tube Station" was the obvious choice for release as a single.

"Maybe not. I know what you mean — there are other more commercial tracks on the album. Like 'In The Crowd' is a really commercial sound, but I thought the same about 'David Watts', and I didn't want our fans to think we were getting into a bland-out thing. 'Tube Station' is more subtle."

We discuss the increasing complexity of The Jam's music, Paul citing that as one of the reasons why he and Bruce don't write together. Does he ever worry that his songs could become too complex and introverted for the kids to relate to?

"Sometimes, yes, but I don't think that that should necessarily stop you. I mean, I'd be too embarrassed to write something like 'We're all going down the pub', even though that is probably real to thousands of kids, and very truthful. I just feel that I should reach for something higher..."

"Yes, I think music is an art form. A highly abused art form."

Admitting that your songs are becoming a little more adventurous, can you ever foresee a situation where you would consider taking on another band member in order to make them work in a live situation?

"No, definitely not. It would spoil our visual tightness. Besides, I write and play guitar in a very distinctive style, so if we drafted in another guitar player he would have to play exactly what and how I told him to, which wouldn't really be fair..."

In previous interviews you have expressed a forceful disinterest for the contemporary music scene. Have you seen anything lately that has forced you to revise your opinion?

"The best bands are the small ones, like The Gang of Four. I've only seen them once, down at the Nashville the other day, but I thought they were great — they're still playing supports around the clubs."

"Physically they are better than

bands like The Jam and The Clash, but not mentally."

"Actually I've seen a couple of good little bands lately. I thought it was all dead, but it isn't — you've just got to be willing to get there at half past eight to see the support bands. I relate to the little bands..."

'... Do all the things I told ya/In the midnight hour...'

GIG TIME back at the sports hall. Anybody for tennis?

As the band make ready to move into action I walk to the back of the hall, and believe me there is plenty of room to walk. I'd be surprised if there are more than 300 people in here — long hair, flared jeans, crypto-punks, school ties, school girls and fishermen, ages ranging from 13 to 30.

Not that it really matters, because in all honesty I am bound to admit that I have never seen a crowd go so entirely mindless.

I start out at the back of the hall, as that's where the sound's best. The area between me and the main body of the crowd, probably a distance of about 20 yards, is continually crisscrossed with cartwheeling, tumbling figures. The less gymnastically inclined content themselves with charging full tilt from one side of the hall to the other (the really cool guys manage to pull this off while simultaneously miming inexpressibly intricate guitar riffs). Quite what the big black dog who's roaming around is into I can't work out.

Meanwhile up on the stage the band are playing like bandits. "Billy Funt", "Mr Clean", "Bricks And Mortar", "News Of The World", "Away From The Numbers", everything from "In The City" to "Tube Station", delivered with pagan glee.

Weller is still exercising the same old devils, sinewy and wired, while Foxton and Buckler are still the most funky-melodic rhythm section in any working band in this country, perhaps anywhere. The crowd demand two encores, and they would take more, if The Jam had more to give.

When it's all over the dressing room is crowded with young Irish people too unaccustomed to post-gig fawning to feel self-conscious.

Bruce Foxton, leaning exhausted against the wall at the back of the room, paper cup in his hand, greets people individually as they line up to present themselves. The promoter's Tonio sidles up close. "Shall I clear the room?" "Nah, they're all right," he replies.

Rick Buckler is shirtless and smiling, striving to function in the prescribed manner, the chewy local brogue occasionally getting the better of him.

Paul Weller, in black leather jacket and trilby, sits in a hardbacked plastic chair with a guitar across his knee, explaining something to the support band's guitar player.

After the gig, looking out over the hall from the stage, I realise just how sparsely attended the gig really was. But The Jam obviously didn't consider this factor for an instant once they were out on the boards. True professionals, to give anything less than everything would never occur to them.

Two young guys dressed in conservative motorcycle garb enter the dressing room, straight off the street, and collar Rick Buckler. "What time are you going on then?" "This could only happen in Ireland."

Pulstar
Spiral
To The Unknown Man
Albedo 0.39

Bacchanale
Aries
Beaubourg Excerpt
So Long Ago, So Clear

The essential Vangelis: 8 milestones in a truly progressive career.

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Spiral
Record: PL 25116
Cassette: PK 25116



Beaubourg
Record: PL 25155
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SILVER SCREEN



Audé Landry rushes home to read NME's judgement of Chabrol's *Blood Relatives*.

Blood Relatives

Directed by Claude Chabrol
From the novel by Ed McBain
Starring Donald Sutherland and Stéphane Audran (Rank)

A cross between a straightforward American urban thriller and a French

bourgeois domestic drama, *Blood Relatives* is set in one place that could feasibly combine such genres — Montreal, Canada. In fact, it is a Canadian-French co-production, with a part-French, part-English cast, and the difficulties inherent in a bilingual film are never entirely overcome: one thing that Chabrol never manages to convey is something that has always been the stamp of his finest work — a sharp

sense of place.

The film begins with The Murder — a particularly brutal assault on a 17-year-old girl in an ill-lit alley during a torrential downpour. The girl's younger cousin, herself bloodied, escapes to the sanctuary of a police station — the red imprint of her hands on the glass doors testifies to her horrific experience.

The case is handled by Steve Carella, whose inquiries lead him from the city's 200-300 known child

molesters to the murdered girl's lower-middle-class home background, where he uncovers a real can of worms. The parents — he watches television, she bores — have little notion of what their family is up to, and seem only peripherally interested when informed that it could well be brutal murder.

Donald Sutherland is superb as Carella. An anachronistic screen cop — intelligent, conscientious, self-critical — he dresses smartly, and is protective of his own family environment.

though a chance innocent remark of his own 13-year-old daughter — "we're like lovers, aren't we, Daddy?" — reminds him that the distinction between filial and sexual affection can sometimes get confused.

That's one of Chabrol's neat ironic touches, but there are few such in *Blood Relatives*, which bears the director's trademark of a skilfully, deliberately unfolding narrative but which lacks many of the finer points of attention to character and place that have enhanced his major works. Some scenes — for example, a *Hamlet*-pinch where the son hurls himself astride his cousin's coffin at the graveside — seem curiously leaden.

Donald Pleasance and David Hemmings make guest appearances as suspect paedophiles (the former shifty, the latter smooth), while Stéphane Audran — a fixture in Chabrol movies, as Nanette Newman in *Bryan Forbes'* and perhaps for similar reasons of matrimonial loyalty — is cast against type as the mother, a lush with her hair permanently in curlers; she could never be convincingly dowdy.

Chabrol's recent form has been erratic, and if this hardly matches his prime cuts — *Le Boucher*, for example — it is certainly better than laboured efforts like *Just Before Nightfall*. He can still tell a murder story as well as anyone and, for that reason if for no other, *Blood Relatives* is worth seeing.

Bob Woffinden

The Eyes Of Laura Mars

Directed by Irvin Kershner
Starring Faye Dunaway (Columbia-Warner)

Now I know how frustrated the priesthood must feel.

unable to piss and moan about the laity without divulging the secrets of the confessional. I'm bawling to administer a swift kick up the khyber to both killer and plot in *The Eyes Of Laura Mars*, but the etiquette of the thriller seals my lips and stays the boot. Blast.

Still, if I say that I regard an outburst of psychological babble about broken homes and dual identities in the last reel as a poor substitute for clues, you'll get the general idea: unfair. John Carpenter, who directed *Assault On Precinct 13*, wrote the original story and had a hand in the screenplay, though neither is up to much.

Fashion photographer Laura Mars has made her name on sleazy mixtures of haute couture and homicide. Not only do her pictures duplicate those in the police files, but she begins to experience precise premonitions of mayhem. Troubling stuff, and worse to come when the killer moves in on her patch, stabbing her models through the eye with an icepick.

Various suspects are trailed, the ex-husband, the chauffeur, while Laura falls in love with the police lieutenant, a *Nurbey* lookalike played by Tommy Lee Jones. "I'm supposed to be looking for the goddamn killer," he chuckles, as he chases her around an autumnal clump. Faye Dunaway, who gets paler in the cheeks with each performance, here resembles Sylvano Mangano in something Theban.

A dismal, frigid grey-green predominates in the interiors, and a lot of subjective camera-wobble in the premonitions. The heroine's Swifitan morality is talked about, but hardly invested, and you have to pick the bones out of the para-normal phenomena yourself. I put mine on the side of the plate.

Brian Cass

Stuntman on a crash course

After long years of taking the hard knocks out of sight, the stuntmen are this year's movie stars. King of the heap this time round is Hal Needham, the highest paid stuntman in the world and director of the newly released movie *Hooper*.

Hal Needham, 47, gained risky experience as a tree-topper and parachute-tester before picking up his first stunt job: wing-walk in the 1957 movie *Spirit of St. Louis* starring James Stewart. He claims, not without some justification, that "I was probably the most versatile man in movies — cars, cycles, fire, water. When I was called, you bet your ass it was gonna be something scary."

Happily, Needham survived the thousands of celluloid disasters he was paid \$100,000 a year to perform, though he did break his back twice and crack 41 other bones in his body besides. He has now moved successfully behind the camera due, in part, to his longtime friendship with lookalike Burt Reynolds.

Hal and Burt are both of Indian descent (Needham's great-grandfather was a Blackfoot) and — since meeting up 20 years ago on the *Riverboat* TV series — Hal has done the dangerous bits in all Burt's movies.

After gaining experience as second-unit action director on such movies as *Little Big Man* and *French Connection II*, Needham directed his first movie last year — and made a fortune. The film was *Smoky And The Bandit*, starring Burt in a light-hearted, stunt-filled

chase movie that grossed close to \$200 million, making it the second biggest movie of 1977 after *Star Wars* and earning Needham a place in the top five of the All Time Box-Office Champs.

Hooper is an autobiographical study of Needham in many respects and has the distinction, quite naturally, of using more stunt men and women than any other picture, and of having the highest stunt budget — some \$400,000 out of a \$6 million total cost.

Among the spectacular stunts in the film are three world records. There's the longest car leap — 450 feet across a river gorge — in a modified Firebird Trans Am with its 8000 pounds of thrust and 14,000 horse power engine fuelled by hydrogen peroxide. A new speed record was established for sliding down a high-rise while another stunter, A. J. Bakunas, set a new record with a 232-foot free-fall from a helicopter.

In fact Bakunas lost his record last April when Dar Robinson performed the same stunt from 286 feet. Sadly, Bakunas lost more than that this year. While directing his movie *Steel*, 'Bionic Man' Lee Majors decided that he needed a record-breaking stunt to publicise the film.

A. J. Bakunas accepted the challenge and plunged 329 feet from the top of an office building, hit his specially designed air bag at 115 mph — and went straight through it. In his whole career Bakunas had been injured just twice in 2,500 jumps. He died at the

age of 27 from massive lung damage.

Hal Needham knows that stunting is a hard business. As he puts it: "Anybody who says stunting isn't dangerous. I'd say they're full of shit. If it goes wrong there's an old saying — 'they're gonna be walking slow and singing low behind you in a couple of days'. Since I've been in the business, they've killed about ten stuntmen and crippled 12-15 others. And I mean bad cripples."

Stuntmen work without insurance, the studios paying only for hospital bills. Having survived intact, Needham has put his skills into a new type of Hollywood operation called *Stunts Unlimited*, featuring the talents and expertise of the 35 top stuntmen in the business.

More stunt pictures are being planned and one stunt coordinator, Allan Wyatt, who lost a leg earlier this year, is trying to stage an international olympic-style competition for professional stunters.

All of which is a far cry from the days of the silent movies, when the average career of a stuntman lasted three weeks.

Final word belongs to a famous stunter of the period, called 'suicide' Buddy Mason. In 1924, in a *Photoplay* interview, he was asked if stuntmen had any criteria whereby they judged each other's performances.

"Suicide" replied: "Nope. It's just — well, when you get so they call you by your first name when you come into the hospital, then you belong."

Dick Tracy

Ain't nobody can fly a car like Hooper...

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ALBUMS

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND
Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)
(Warner Brothers Import)

Our friend makes its long overdue appearance, a record of fragments that has a bewildered Beefheart crawling out of the menses of '74/'75 and trying to reassure himself. It proves that his 'gift' didn't long ago choke on itself. It is a work of selective surgery that is pale and pasty next to "Trot Mask Replica" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby" but is still beautiful. Maybe it's even a successful compromise, if such a thing can exist.

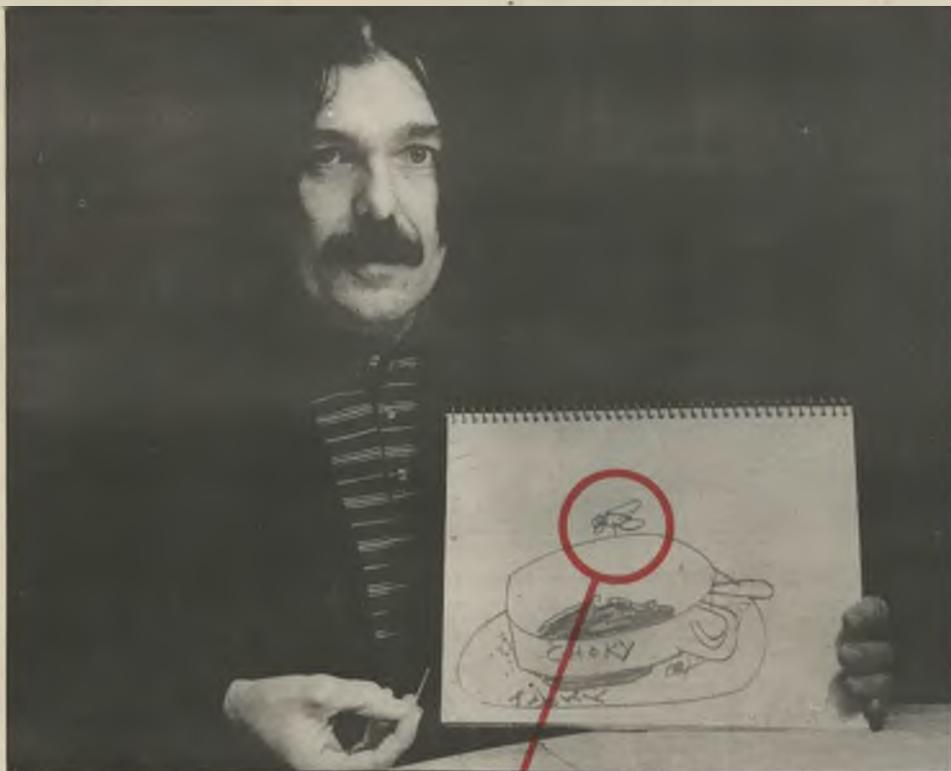
All curves of the Beefheart creative anatomy are present — preened, open, together. The successful shines, the essential qualities of Beefheart's influences and visions have been extracted and rationally, even sentimentally, spliced. As a result, the remote, the cosy, the caricatured, the parodied, the disjointed, the vulgar, the cynical, the ironical, the mischievously poignant and the delightful all bustle and leer in the music.

Syncope, freedom, flickering vigour, colliding rhythms, odd connections, security, intensity, sweetness — this is in some ways an accessible sampler of Beefheart's first 14 years on record. The four major curves show up consistently: country-blues, avant-garde, rock and the straightforwardly whimsical shaped by an apprehension of reality. If the album is one huge Beefheart grin, it isn't a particularly comfortable one, nor how could it be.

Beefheart's best work balances between precision and chaos, waiting and sighing, the awesome and the banal, the casual and the compelling. There is never any real sense of chronology. This album is one long dilapidated balance. It's not quite committed. It tries to behave. It's strong Beefheart because it's a strong attempt to recover a frightening innocence, because it tantalises, accuses, annoys and amuses. It is also acutely affected at times, deliberately clumsy and unintentionally trite. But it is more a search for truth than a demand for acceptance.

Side one is full of macabre and hopeless collapses of logic and thick, horny syllables. It is perhaps a danger in innocent and not so innocent situations. "The Floppy Boot Stomp" has dark detail, uses arch repetition and strives to vividly capture a few instances. The music is terse and penetrative as singers chorus in mock concern and Beefheart crawls through his vocal range testing the instruments. It is comedy. It shakes. It is classical Beefheart.

"Tropical Hot Dog Night" relies on typically sophisticated juxtaposition. Its grim melodrama is articulated hairily by Beefheart and he plays an affectionate eight-note sax line that contrarily twists the piece into prettiness. Throughout Beefheart reveals a new soprano sensitivity that has risen from his old vitality. Not so wild and primitive, more cheeky and 'musical'.



The Captain exhibits metaphysical sketch of industrial food processing

Claude Gassian

A Period Of Revision

Examples of his effectiveness include the instrumental "Ice Rose", which is a sensitive if stunted piece of music fuelled by Beefheart's soulful and suave sax parts. The irregularities continue with the plonking vignette "Irene Harry", a deceptively cheery monologue, bizarrely Newmansque, a play on words abruptly supplying a vital belaying the sluggishness of its structure. "You Know You're A Man" is a batch, almost conventional parody and objection to specific lifestyles, the Magic Band typically assertive and acidic.

After this run of melodrama, morafing, mumbing and mordancy, the macabrous "Bat Chain Puller" concludes side one. Beefheart breathes a lush lyric about a turning, churning, giggling backing that protects and projects a muted marriage between cropped free-rock and electronics.

Side two weaves through a number of love and greed permutations. The raving "When I See Mommy I Feel Like A Mummy" is basically a decomposed and ironic Beefheart blues lacerated with loose-limbed sax and a dislocated vocal. A gruesome repetitive vocal part creeps through for nonsensical emphasis. "Daved T'Alex" also stretches and humours a blues riff with Beefheart voluptuously intoning and reveling in his language's further limits.

"Candle Mambo" is transparent, grotesquely brisk and boppy. "Love Lies" is a fanciful love song skulking, stalking and swinging gently. "Suction Prints" is a fine and fiery instrumental, split by a more typically explosive Beefheart soprano doodle. A spoken poem finishes.

"Apes-Me" perhaps outlines mental, physical and spiritual limitations.

Very much an album of survival, Beefheart announces that he has things under control. Maybe he has. This record is a long way from the vital, definitely symmetrical of his 'true' work, but it is a fidelity work of matter that returns Beefheart (and what) relating to those deep, enigmatic impulses. It is murky but muscular. It is painful. One day.

Paul Morley

PETER TUSH
Bush Doctor
(Rolling Stones Records)

New that Bob Marley is deemed to have gone into cabinet, the dubious honour of being us hoboes. I've read that Rebel has apparently passed to Peter Tosh. I'm not sure whether he's the instigator or victim of this process. Probably both. All that Black Panther Surplus Store gear he used to sport seemed rather obvious. He signed to catch the firm of radical chic. But when you have Mick Jagger glowing his way all over your new single, who needs enemies?

It may be genuine, but "You Gotta Walk Don't Look Back" sounds like a horribly phoney old chums act. Keith Richard makes a more useful contribution to "Bush Doctor", the understated guitars on "Stand Firm" being the best thing about the track.

That this is such a disappointing album, though, is squarely down to Tosh himself. The lyrics are feeble, the music strangely enervated — pleasant jog-along rhythms under Tosh's lethargic vocals, the only lively elements being the horns and the uncredited women background vocalists. No political songs, either, just

dreary, indimony and a few inconsequential love songs. And all this after the magnificent power and drama of "Equal Rights".

Only "Pick Myself Up" and "Bush Doctor" retain some of the bite and groove from that last album. The former asserts an unassuming dignity to the record's most melodic music. The latter is another of Tosh's "legalise marijuana" raps, the one time here he sounds really bothered, though he undermines his case by claiming that dope cures asthma (it does — Herbal Ed.) and that legalising it would pull an immediate end to police brutality. Fat chance.

The rest is pretty dismal. "Yes-The Toughest" is a silly retread of "Stepping Razor", without the pride and poetry. Tosh repeats "Yes the toughest" so frequently you can only wonder why he's trying to convince. As if the religious songs are just dull sermons. "Moses The Prophet" declares Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, Satan and Marcus Garvey are alive, well and unknacking around "Jagan earth still" and Tosh states that "religions except Tosh's are dumb while "Dem He Fe Get A Beatin'" proposes that people who don't agree with Tosh deserve a dose of the nasties.

And "Creation" is... well, embarrassingly dreadful. The opening is unintentionally hilarious. Cue angelic chorus singing Handel. Cue bird noises. Cue Tosh solemnly declaiming Genesis. Cue thunder bolts. Cue the sea. And so on. If this song was a film, it would be pure cornball Hollywood.

There's something terribly sad about a "rebel" music which simply resurrects and bundles together the sacred cow clichés of decaying

Western culture. Take away the sound effects, and "Creation" is a perfect Victorian hymn; precisely the kind of excruciating righteousness set to a sluggish drone which drove people out of the churches in their millions.

Graham Lock

STATUS QUO
If You Can't Stand The Heat
(Vertigo)

What is beyond Status Quo, I often wonder? What is beyond tracks with titles such as "I'm Givin' Up Worryin'", "Gonna Teach You To Love Me", "Long Legged Linda" and "Like A Good Girl"? What is beyond the boogie, the grimace, the superstition, the stagnation, and the gaps between their lags? What is beyond the mere myth...? Maybe a lot. Status Quo play, and how far removed this is from orthodox creativity is interesting. Passing go and collecting £200 for the 1470th time or composing the opening moments to Beethoven's 7th — is the thrill similar? Only Quo know.

Status Quo have all their survival problems under control, and have surplus nervous energy which requires an outlet. Status Quo play to discharge their energy (as in toddlers or young monkeys gathering experience) then what are Quo practising for? Something transcendent — or have they already achieved this?

The opener here is "Again And Again"; it's crucial in a number of respects. Nostalgic and speculative, descriptive and ironic, sacred and exhaustively enthusiastic, it is as important within the Quo fairytale as Descartes

reasoning 'I think, therefore I am' is for cigar smokers. But how much intent is there in the weighty words "again and again"? Are Quo being valid or is there a measure of detachment?

This album, their ninth and fourth best investigation into activity for activity's sake, has as ever no openly significant signs of intent, although it goes without saying that the implications are immense. Obligations to introduce variety and versatility into the musical scope are unhappily apparent (as on such as the slumbering ballad "Someone Show Me Home", which didn't make me cry) but — a good sign — also half-hearted.

When Quo attempt to be anxious, sensuous, ambiguous or even verbal, they evade the actual truth of their essence. Their role is ultimately an essentially tragic and even pessimistic understanding and acceptance of man, monotony, the world and futility. Despite this (because of this?) when they stick to their own flat, fiercely uninvincible and intimately driving boogie, they provide for many the ultimate freedom.

But not for me.

Paul Morley

STEELEYE SPAN
Live At Last (Chrysalis)

Steeleye's farewell album, recorded at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, last March. Not their finest work, but intermittently brilliant and, overall, not an unworthy epitaph.

The only non-traditional piece on the record is Brecht's "The Black Freighter", a marvellous song about the risk getting their come-uppance. Here it's given an equally marvellous treatment, full of drama and ferocity, with Maddy Prior's stirring vocals providing my favourite moments on the album.

The most ambitious track is "Montrose", a 15 minute epic of medieval heroism and intrigue — impressive, but it drags a little and never quite lives up to its promise.

The rest is more standard fare: the jaunty instrumental opening of "The Atholl Highlanders/Walter Bulwer's Polka", the heavy rhythmic near-chant of "Hunting The Wren", John Kirkpatrick's morris dance on "Bonnets So Blue" — which obviously loses its visual impact, though you can hear his bells dancing eerily from speaker to speaker, and Martin Carthy's lovely accompaniment is a treat in itself.

The last track is "The False Knight On The Road", which harks back to Steeleye's masterpiece "Please To See The King". They rattle through it at a fair old pace, lively indeed, but not quite with the precise clarity of the original studio version.

Still, it would be silly to carp. This is a fine record, from a group who have given millions enormous pleasure and provided them with a potted history of English traditional music to boot. Thanks.

There can't be many people left now playing electric folk. Somebody better start a Preservation Society quick.

Graham Lock

CAN
Cannibalism (United Artists)

A splash of a Can dictionary, more for those with piggy than memory banks as their foremost priority.

Oh, do you really want to tango with the terrors of history? The mathematics of it all? The fulsome and haunted motion scowling, rolling behind the blazing landscape here assembled? If so, leave "Cannibalism", and make paper hats out of your modern music guide . . .

Listen. We start with a serial. It is 1921. Arnold Schoenberg is a German composer, and invents a new starting point for composition. Serialism: twelve notes in a chromatic scale, arranged to a fixed order, a series, a hidden theme, this used to vitalize melodies and harmonies, and it extends to certain extents.

Hop, skim and jump to a point over the hurdle of WW11, to Karlheinz Stockhausen, a young German composer, whom for the purpose of brevity we will call a reinforced concrete serialist. Stockhausen co-initiates but then breaks out of a revised serialist gesture, now partially arranging sound into considered 'moments'.

In Cologne, Stockhausen fiddles with the new horizons and reasons offered by electronics, often with crude and unexpected results. There is a live performance of his Kontakte featuring a pianist and percussionist improvising with a tape of the original Kontakte's bare composition (Brian Eno probably in primary school at about this time) and also a performance of his Kurzwelten for instrumentalist and shortwave radio.

Many of these decisions and explorations will be dredged up years later in 'rock' music. Brave and new.

Meanwhile, Stockhausen teaches at the Kranichstein Institute in Darmstadt. One of his pupils is Irmin Schmidt, a pianist, another is Holger Czukay, a bassist.

In 1968 Schmidt starts work on a film score, and enlists the help of old friend Czukay, along with free jazz drummer Jaki Liebeck, guitarist Michael Karoli, American flautist David Johnson, and black American singer — neither academic nor professional — Malcom Mooney. Here they go: Can, they.

Think of it. Hendrix had bent sound, Zappa had organised it, but here were the living cross-section Can. And here was a new rhythm, not jazz, not avant-garde classical, not rock but a distillation of all. A new 'rock' rhythm with gaps, with projections, the theoretical elements of chance and violence pioneered by Stockhausen, Cage et al, but without their sophistry. Back to top. Look forward to now.

Soundtracks are recorded, music is recorded, released on The Can's first two albums "Monster Movie" and "Soundtracks" minus Johnson, departed, and much of the latter minus the manic

Either: From Schoenberg to Shelley



Can as was (l-r): Holger Czukay, Irmin Schmidt, Michael Karoli, David Johnson and Jaki Liebeck

Or: From Arnold to Pete — How to be serious about serialism

Mooney who is replaced by a Japanese, Damo Suzuki.

OK. "Cannibalism" is two times two sides of Can from the 16 sides (including "Movie" and "Soundtracks") in the UA catalogue, although the bitty scrapbook "Limited Edition" is ignored, presumably as it went on to form part of a Virgin double. Separate songs, sequences and compositions have been selected, some re-edited, some re-engineered, and then lovelessly jumbled, splintered. A windowless assessment.

"Cannibalism" doesn't arrange the tracks into chronological sequences (unlike last year's excellent Soft Machine "Triple Echo" compilation), and doesn't supply any information, least of all a hint of Can's positioning in times past and present: Influence, confluence of influences. At best you can piece together a blurry journey from the publishing credits, but then not even those are complete.

"Cannibalism" doesn't include line-ups or personnel changes, doesn't group together tracks from individual albums. The sleeve notes (by Pete Shelley) are pointless and not a little embarrassing, as are the title and the cover; it all screams a rock compilation, shoddiness, commercial gain to the quick, cut-out controversy, shrug of the shoulders.

I refuse to shade in further. The links — ATV, Pere Ubu, XTC, Wire, Buzzcocks, Cabaret Voltaire, Thomas Leer, Robert Rental, and so on — are shredded wheed for all it

matters to UA. Tell all the children, journalist, about those links, a little of this year's last year's thing. What?

The Ultravox/Bowie fans who wear their leather coats to Fritz Lang films will e-d-o-r-e this blank, adaptable statement, envelope, coat hanger, with its flash/machine cover. How contemporary, why not a picture of Astrid Prell, uh?

And also what a Christmas pressy for all the plain young men and women weaning themselves off the campus' abstractions and into, pause, real life, with feminism, jogging, Save The Whale, vegetarianism, China, Jamaica, West Germany . . . I wish you a merry myth-making.

The real Can compilation hasn't been born yet. The 'real' title is "Can: Tapes Of The Panther When The Tide Arrives . . ." You can make of that what you will. You can't with "Cannibalism".

Goodnight. Ian Penman

BAY CITY ROLLERS Strangers In The Wind (Arista) FABULOUS POODLES Unsuitable (Pye)

In which the Fabulous Poodles refuse to grow up, while the Bay City Rollers try but fail.

Older readers with long memories may remember the Rollers. For "Strangers In The Wind", the Rollers have forsaken even the smooth, synthetic liveliness of their ancient hits, and instead we get dreary ballade, plus one or two plodding mid-tempo numbers. I guess this

represents an attempt to move up-market, to shake off the last vestiges of their teenybopper image and become Real Artists.

This must be why they write stuff like "Another Rainy Day In New York City" and "Strangers In The Wind", which is Jackson Browne for 5 year olds, and even claim to be "back on the street" in the song of that name.

The music, though, remains pure dinky toy. Eric Faulkner is in no danger of becoming an exciting guitarist, and the album is laden with strings and synthesizers. Even OAPs have more vitality than this.

Indeed, avid OAP readers of Gasbag may recall the Fabulous Poodles as the cause of a rumpus at an RAR gig at Brighton last May, when a lot of people were incensed by their sexist lyrics and general rudeness. After listening to "Unsuitable", my sympathies lie entirely with the protesters. The Poodles deserve to be booted off every stage they play for trotting out pathetic rubbish like "Til Photographer Goes", "Topless Go Go" and "Convent Girls".

It's not only that they're sexist songs, they're also tediously silly and utterly trivial. Laughs don't come much cheaper. The rest of the album is little better. "B Movies" is a second-rate rewrite of "Pamela Pamela", "Toytown People" must be about the band themselves, and there's a clumping version of "Third Rate Romance" which completely misses the weary resignation of the original. The music is

equally weedy. Doodling guitars, pit-pat rhythms, clichéd arrangements: no power or imagination whatsoever.

The Fabulous Poodles are like a reheated version of a pale imitation of the Kursaal Flyers — they have no wit and no musical bite. This album isn't unsuitable, just unnecessary. Christ, even the Stones do it better.

Graham Lock

THE EMOTIONS Sunbeam (Kalmbe)

The excellent Emotions come through with a danceable and loveable collection of songs. Anybody who has ever taken time out to listen to The Emotions will be fully aware that on a good day they can mix it with any girl soul trio anywhere — with the possible exception of the much lamented Labelle. I think this album must have been recorded on a good day.

If I had my way just about all of this album would be released as singles — simultaneously. This would ensure that the charts become a safer and healthier place for all of us. However, as I hardly ever get my way, I suggest that the persons responsible put out "Smile" and "Whole Lot Of Shakin'" without further delay.

The Emotions have been performing for an awful long time now, and it shows. They know what to do and they know when and when not to do it. More importantly, they sound like they still get a hit off doing it.

John Hamblett

ERIC CARMEN Change Of Heart (Arista)

THE cover drags 1930s depression into 1970s Synthetecism as Carmen sits all onsome in structure shadows with his big toffee eyes. This is nostalgia: ever fallen in love with someone with consumption ever fallen?

But Eric's consumption is fit for consumption, ya know? He has made an album of predominantly orchestrated songs which is approximately "Good Old Boys" without Randy Newman's humour, knowledge or humanity.

A cluttered sigh, a drawn-out non-idea, a sack of clean potatoes. If you want maudlin and real, real excess, then the B-side of Alex Chilton's "Kizza Me" single on Aura, "Dream Lover", is mud, glorious. Cheap.

Ian Penman

SLIM HARPO He Knew The Blues (Sonet)

Slim Harpo: Louisiana blues rather than Chicago, lazy drawl and swamp cool rather than declamatory bellow and sweatbox raunch. He wrote "I'm A King Bee", "Shake Your Hips", "Scratch My Back" and stuff like that, died in 1970 four years before his fiftieth birthday, thereby qualifying as a "younger bluesman".

This album carries no session details except that it was licensed from Nashboro Records, one of the few US labels who persist in recording bluesmen, albeit with mixed results. This one, however, is an unalloyed success. Behind that mock-Oxtoby cover are 14 gems of modern blues, drawing on soul and rock just enough to wipe out any charges of "anachronism", cooking on the back-burners with an intensity that simmers rather than blazes.

Harpo's singing is cool and witty but never detached, his mouth-harp (which shares the lead with a very adaptable and creative guitarist of the Albert King persuasion) is driving and melodic. The rhythm section are hip without being flashy and traditional without resorting to the plodding which so infuriates devotees of modern soul and rock. The songs — mostly original apart from magnificent versions of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillen" and Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues" — are excellent and the whole thing adds up to one of the finest blues albums of the last few years.

No doubt there are several carloads of fashionable and important modern-world products just crying out for your shekels and attention — you know, the ones that get the heavy review in the rock rags, get promoted by world tours and TV campaigns and even get discussed by Derek Jewell — but if you want something that's designed to be listened to rather than discussed (a record to play rather than a sleeve to display prominently when your mates come visiting) then go to the hippest record shop in your area, ask for Slim Harpo and lay your money down.

Charles Shaar Murray

NEW LOOK / A NEW BAND / A NEW SINGLE

The Phonies

"PHONIES / Kick Out"

First 5,000 available in eye-dazzling double sleeve

PAUL STANLEY
Paul Stanley
GENE SIMMONS
Gene Simmons
ACE FREHLEY
Ace Frehley
PETER CRISS
Peter Criss
All (Casablanca)

We sons and daughters of Albion haven't got that much to boast about living as we do on this wretched Isle of ours but — give credit where credit is due — we Limays have exercised a resilience almost akin to the old Dunkirk spirit whilst forcing off the hideous spectre of the Kiss machine.

But what of this latest 'product' manoeuvre? These four solo albums are being released simultaneously with themselves and, in America, some made-for-TV film *Kiss Meets The Phantom Of The Park*. Nor should we forget the second Kiss Marvel comic, currently available on import for those few dopes over here who feel the overwhelming urge to wallow in that sort of thing. Altogether, it dovetails very neatly, and the albums themselves can be sold to the zombie hordes into whose consciousness the chant of "I wanna rock'n'roll all night long and party every day" has long been tape-looped under the pretence of allowing the poor folks the thrill of getting awfully closer to the men behind the masks.

It's difficult to say just which album will appeal most to the aforementioned dopes' desires. Only Ace, the godawful lead guitarist, sticks strictly to the lowest common denominator throughout, with Kiss house producer Eddie Kramer at the board dutifully capturing track after track of low rent hard rock histrionics; there's plenty of fuzzy guitar overdubbing and dumb posing for them as wants it. In fact, Frehley's record is quite hilarious in some parts, and the Albertos should seriously consider doing "Snowblind", for example, as it beats their "No Nonsense Boogie" pastiche into frayed tatters as prime heavy metal dork fodder.

Mind you, Ace is not of course the most popular member of the group. That glorious accolade rests somewhere between the grip of the truly hideous Gene Simmons and token pretty boy Paul Stanley. This could become something of a fight to the death as Stanley goes for modesty in terms of tone and execution, using totally unknown musicians for his predominantly fey Anglophile love songs while Simmons, the rabid dog egomaniac that he is, plays dirty by dragging in as many superstars as are prepared to suffer a credibility loss for their part in this ostentatious affair.

Simmons has procured names as diverse as Donna Summer and Bob Seger, Aerosmith's Joe Perry and some of the Beatle clones from that *Beetlemania* force, not to mention a swift cameo gratis from current lovebird Char to flesh out his utterly forgettable ditties. Gene leaves no niche untapped, carousing from hard rock grist

to straight Beatles pop imitations (that's where the Beatlemaniacs come in, naturally) and even tossing off a Disney outtro of "When You Wish Upon A Star". None of the stars add anything to any of the songs, primarily because these are so characterless anyway.

Paul's effort is slightly more palatable, simply because it's more modest. But talk about a closet wimp! Stanley's songs are appallingly winsome, save for an occasional pleasant chord progression similar to those favoured by Eric Carmen of The Raspberries. Stanley seems to see himself as Kiss' own Paul McCartney, an attitude which fits nicely alongside that manufactured for final Kiss twit and drummer Peter Criss.

Peter has obviously been set up as the Ringo of the group. No expense has been spared in this operation, with even Starr's old songwriting chum Vince Poncia tossed in as the producer, granting Criss a virtual 'disco' feel to his songs akin to what Arif Merdin whipped out for latterday Ringo product.

In all fairness, Criss can sing and, if you bother to peer past the disco pop veneer, there are a couple of good tunes with interesting horn charts somewhere in here. Otherwise, it's strictly more plabum for the peons, the longstanding Kiss method.

Ultimately it doesn't matter which album is best or worst. Business is business...

Nick Kent

GIL SCOTT-HERON & BRIAN JACKSON
Secrets (Arista)

Ever since hearing his second "Pieces Of A Man" album — the one that featured such jewels as "Home Is Where The Heart Is", the infamous "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" and the title song itself — I've had a certain respect for Gil Scott-Heron. Unfortunately this fast dwindled as he became increasingly popular in the USA and subsequently had to sell himself short: the price he paid for success.

Since signing with Arista three years ago, Scott-Heron's work has veered slowly towards the funkier end of the market. This might not have been so serious an inclination, if only his lyrics and subject matter hadn't become so predictable before he even put pen to paper. The soundtrack for the revolution certainly won't be a case synthesiser.

It's really a case of preaching to the converted. And this from a man of obvious integrity. Shame.

John Gray

Jimmy's Joyce?



The boy in the barn Penny Smith

SHAM 69

That's Life (Polydor)
Jimmy Pursey's *Ulysses* — a day in the life of a working class kid! A shrug of the shoulders.

An impressive success at overcoming the rigid confines of the four-minute track punk long-player by framing the songs within a challenging concept or an astonishingly naive project? Both.

What we get is ten Sham songs, vaguely related to clumsy dialogue, apparently improvised by barely distinguishable non-actor friends. We get the Sham energy and the Pursey message, the 'wit' and the 'wisdom'.

Morning, and our hero is called from bed. He's late, he can't get into the bathroom, his kid sister's in there and she won't budge. Downstairs (good stereo effects here) his mum and dad argue, triggered off by Hero's inadequacies. A cacophony of nagging and apte fires the band (innocent bystanders?) into the self-explanatory "Leave Me Alone". On the bus Hero la stared at because of his neat blue suit. "It's my boss who makes me wear it", he spits, "And anyway, who gives a damn?" ("Who Gives A Damn").

At work, late again, Hero is none too pedantically dismissed. And so on into the reflective "Everybody's Wrong", with Hero moping "I'm a sweater on the wrong way round/Hanging on the line to dry but the dirt won't wash out" (Pursey at his most symbolic and

illuminative). Side one finishes with Hero grumbling with his mates at a cafe, and a visit to a betting shop where his last wages are put on a friendly tip ("That's Life" and "Win Or Lose").

Side two commences with Hero winning £100. He goes round to his pal Harry and exhorts him to come down to the pub, a run of dark dialogue that sparks off the already legendary "Hurry Up Harry". After a few bevies, Hero and Harry reveal their cross urges for 'a bit', which naturally leads to the boggie-eyed "Evil Way", a grossly sexist (realistic?) banter. So off they go to a disco, and chat up a couple of 'birds'.

Here Pursey experiments over-ambitiously and wrecks his simple, safe plot by messing about with dreams and open endings. "Reggae Picks Up Part One" implies a brief flare of pleasure, Hero channelling all the day's resentment into a trainee secretary. "Sunday Morning Nightmare" is a good, hard look at the results (love bites on the neck, sick on the trousers) of an indutgent night out; it begins a confusing sequence of where the day could end up: a fight over a stag and/or nicking a car for a joy ride and crashing it. ("Reggae Pick Up Part Two" and "Angels With Dirty Faces").

After Hero has snapped off of this nightmare, the record finishes with an honest, bald appraisal of fundamental existence (wouldn't you just believe it?) "Is This Me Or Is It You?". We leave our Hero pondering this, and await his

appearance on another record.

I love it! The naive, alcohol sod in me beats out the pseudo-intellectual. Only Pursey could get himself involved in such a thing. He is always trying. It is an inarticulate, over-eager, presumptuous attempt to record and relate the futility, fightings, frustrations and failings of youth. It is exaggerated, unintentionally funny, maybe plain bad, but what the hell are we to expect — a work of art? Social Realism? Pursey would love to think it's that, but it's not; it's not embarrassing either.

This is Pursey, an intense perfectionist, trying to better himself. As a musician he is adopting new ways of expression and adapting to his new, continually changing and unreal environments. He is evolving, if only lyrically and conceptually. His words are coarser, tauter. The pattern of "That's Life" is different from the pattern of "Tell Us The Truth". That is progression.

Musically the practicality, the simplicity but most of all the sheer function of Sham's dumb rock and roll is enough, and will probably never change. Introductions like Dave Parson's rapidly maturing of ordinary guitar strokes and Pursey's more versatile vocal tricks are limits on any expansion. The word is 'disposable' and Pursey understands that.

The rock on this album is watered down mid-period Mott The Hoople: shameless flamboyance, tinged of theatricality and hopeful ballads. I'll never listen to it to move or inspire myself, but then I never listen to rock for these reasons anyway. Those who knock the effective rubbish on this record and who then run off to listen to Led Zeppelin or Yes or Elvis Costello are at the least misjudging or at worst being excessively bigoted.

Despite its faults — basically those of articulation and composition not of experience, so there's in fact an irregular sort of authenticity here — "That's Life" communicates quite a lot. It succeeds in fashioning a picture, certainly an over-simplified and distorted one, of a youth's social and domestic claustrophobia.

The sense is that of a person who doesn't control their own life, a feeling we all know. It may be flawed, a blotchy self-realisation, it may offer no answers, but it is sincere. The overall moralizing is peculiar and detrimental. Pursey is over-emotional and foolish, the story is extreme, inconsistent and inconclusive. Such factors are continually redeemed by the ebullience and vitality.

Pursey remains as true as possible deep within a system of utter artificiality. (Forgive him his confusion). Ultimately, the man is enjoying himself so much, his enemies can only be jealous. If the worst comes to the worst, think of it as comedy.

Paul Morley

Imports

When William Joseph Martin Joel split from group life with such outfits as The Hassles and Attie and opted to make it on his own via an Arnie Ripp-produced pizza known as "Cold Spring Harbour", he was instantly proclaimed as an Elton soundalike and filed under "forgettable" by most members of penpushers anonymous.

But being the odd man out — probably as a result of having sweaty feet as a boy — I refrained from voicing such opinions and so was considerably bucked when the said Mr. Joel and his accompanying Steinway later hauled themselves not only up the charts but into critical acclaim. "52nd Street", Joel's new Columbia set, is, bless its jazzy little heart, a veritable goody.

Over at the Brothers Warner, Arlo Guthrie's been making friends with an outfit known as Shenandoah, the result of the relationship being "One Night", a mainly live album. It is however patchy, containing a nondescript version of the Dave Bartholomew song that lends the album its name, an effective Simon and Garfunkel-go-bluegrass take of The Beatles' "I've Just Seen A Face", and a piece of ragtime piano partying on the traditional "St Louis Tickle".

"It's always surprised me when a talent of the magnitude of Les McCann finds it hard to break through to a larger audience," claims that well-known sleeve annotator Herb Alpert on the overcoat to McCann's "The Mann" (A&M). And he has a point, for McCann, who along with Horace Silver, virtually invented the "soul" category, has made the US Hot 100 only once in his lengthy career. "The Mann" is an obvious attempt to rectify that situation, being a funk-filled entity that manages to walk the line between an artistic earful and a commercial pop-out without stepping too far in either direction.

Also around are Mark-Almond's "Other People's Rooms" and Dr. John's "City Lights", Claus Ogerman providing the arrangements on both these Horizon releases.

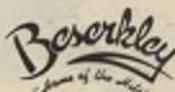
A pic disc of Boston's "Don't Look Back" (Epic) is available for those who wish to waste £11.95 on a disc that bears the inscription "not intended for normal play". But those with more sense and maybe a soft spot for folk with a difference should be pointed in the direction of "Clannad In Concert" (Ogham), which contains some of music recorded on Clannad's Swiss tour in '78. Of course, the lyrics are all in Gaelic and you won't understand a damn word. But if you don't at least get off to the harp-filled beauty of O'Carolan's "Planky Burke", then now's the time to check your pulse. It's possible you died a few hours ago.

Fred Deller

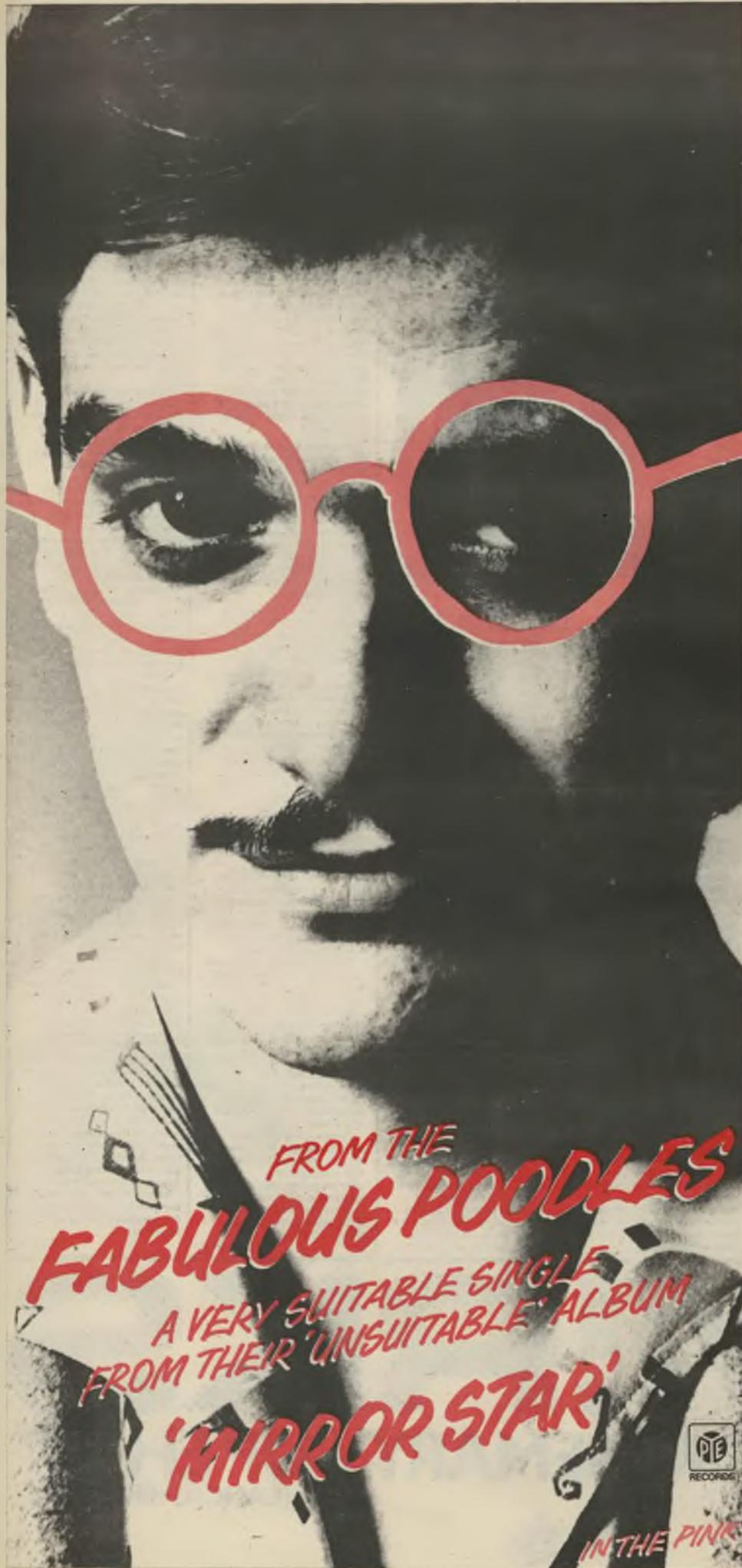
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IN THE PINK

VARIOUS The Savoy Reissues (Arista/Savoy)

Like Blue Note, Savoy have the sort of jazz vaults that stimulate Nixonian fantasies of a plumbing operation, flashlight, sockhat and double-gusset swagbag. The problem for the paying punter, however, is that the 15 reissues are all good which makes shortlisting difficult.

"Bird", "Long Tall Dexter", "Pres" and "Dee Gee Days" would have to be my indispensable quartet, albums I've lived with over the years and which would have to be taken into consideration in any criminal prosecution for loutish behaviour.

"Bird — The Savoy Recordings" are the master takes only of numbers like "Billie's Bounce", "Now's The Time", "Ko Ko", "Parker's Mood", and it sounds odd not to plough through all the abrupt reed squeaks and producer's whistles that beset Bird's studio sessions. This is some of the greatest playing in the most perfect idiom ever devised for improvisation, I've heard nothing better in almost 30 years of listening, and if Roy Plomely pins you down to one album and the works of Shakespeare, this is your only option.

The Dexter Gordon is Bebop '40s vintage, swings unstopably from the off, and is characterized by the hobnail charm of titles like "Blow Mr. Dexter" and "Dexter's Cuttin' Out". The tenorman's harmonic imagination is often overlooked in the face of his massive attack and exuberance. It doesn't sound clever: it is. Bud Powell, Todd Dameron, Fats Navarro and Sonny Criss are also on hand, though Dexter's takes with Leo Parker — a baritone player to out-fout all others — only rise to the expected knees-up on "Dexter's Riff".

The Lester Young sessions are classics, drawn mainly from his pre-Army period when the relation was still audacious. "Blue Lester" sounds as if it was recorded sitting down, hat over eyes, legs loosely crossed, sax at the slant and fag under the rods: "Exercise In Swing" cooks like crazy.

The Dizzy Gillespie double comes from his own vintage Dee Gee label, and bulges with curiosities. The parody of Louis Armstrong on "Pope Confession" is very funny, as is the vocal duet by Diz and Joe Carroll. Milt Jackson sings horribly on "Time On My Hands", and Coltrane makes a near-debut on "We Love To Boogie".

The three compilations are worth confusing your filing system for. The drolly titled "Brothers & Other Mothers" features Lester's "gray boys", Getz, Cohn, Chaloff, Brew Moore and Allen Eager, the white disciples of The President. Eager's "Booby Hatch" gives some idea of why the man is a legend, and the same goes double for baritone Serge Chaloff on "Serge's Uge": neither man recorded much, neither are forgotten.

"Black California" features some of the best of the West before the excitement of Bebop gave way to formalism. "Backbreaker", the long track featuring the great Wardell Gray at his loping best, also gives an airing to Sonny Criss on the same album as a young Eric Dolphy — in Roy Porter's band of 1949 — which ought to spur someone on to compare similarities. That other great altoist, Art Pepper, gets four fine tracks with Hampton Hawes. Slim Gaillard and Helen Humes are still funny thirty years after the event, the latter's "Airplane Blues" still censorable in its sexual imagery.

"The Changing Face Of Harlem" features a variety of jump bands from the early '40s, a style which eventually led into R&B. Suck Ram, whose 11-piece outfit featured an unrecognizable Earl Bostic,

produced these sessions before going on to The Platters. Bostic also graced the alto chair with Floyd "Horsecollar" Williams in the Hot Lips Page Band, also generously featured. Bird turns up, and Ben Webster and Ike Quebec in this fascinating collection.

"Mister B. And The Band" refers to Billy Eckstine, the baritone with the voice you could stand a spoon up in, and his impossibly glittering orchestra which included Parker, Gillespie, Navarro, Dorham, Miles, Dexter, Stitt, Ammons, Wardell Gray, Lucky Thompson, Leo Parker and Art Blakey, Sarah Vaughan sharing the goathish vibrate spots with the leader, and charts by Dameron, Gillespie and Jerry Valentine. Nuff said.

"Savoy Jam Party" by tenorman Don Byas gives a fine cross-section of his bag — sinuous and caressing on ballads like "What Do You Want With My Heart", and elegantly belting on "How High The Moon". All the small groups are bouncy, with sidemen like Charlie Shavers and Rudy Williams better than many of today's leaders.

Lucky Thompson, like Byas, is too often taken for granted. He turns up on Milt Jackson's "Second Nature" and blows with seamless symmetry throughout like a man with a blueprint for beauty. Bags was taking time out from the restrictions of the MJQ, which usually led to a knock-about with his mates rather than more grandiose projects, and he plays a blinder.

Jackson's axe might look like a tea-trolley, but it comes on like an envil.

Another vibist, Red Norvo, manages to make a completely different impact, his lack of vibrato militating against mood but adding to the velocity of his solos. "The Red Norvo Trio" will probably sell today for Tal Farlow, a Christian-based guitarist with a cult following, and the young Mingus.

Tenorman Yusef Lateef, born Bill Evans, took an earlier interest in ethnic music — particularly Eastern music — than most, and "Morning" has plenty of exotic touches in the use of argol and rabat. It may sound cautious in the light of contemporary Cook's Tours — bassist Ahmed Abdul Malik plunged deeper into the yashmak — but back in 1957 it was a lonely furrow. Rahsaan got the credit for a lot of Yusef's inventions.

Lateef went on to join the commercially successful Cannonball Adderley band, caught in its infancy on "Spontaneous Combustion" from 1955. Cannonball hit New York and was immediately overbold — like Frank Morgan — for his ferocious projection, while altoists like Sonny Criss, Phil Woods and Jackie McLean who had always played like that continued business as usual. Not Cannonball's fault, of course, and he plays with great conviction throughout, with "Flamingo" and the title track characteristically greasy and lyrical at once.

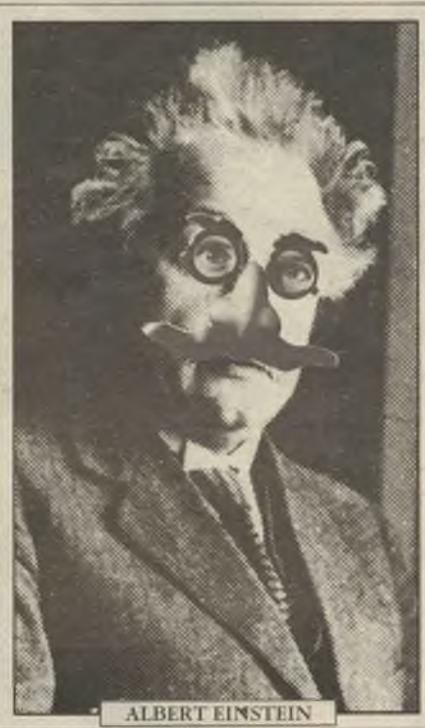
Erroll Garner's "The Elf" is gorgeous, always balancing the plashing prettiness on numbers like "Love Walked In" with beefier chordings in the left hand. Romanticism sounds different today — Jerratt, Tyner — and it may be that Garner is hard to get back to, and his stride roots don't help.

Finally, "Countdown" from John Coltrane and Wilbur Harden with two hitherto-unsuited takes of the magnificent title track, and one each for "Wells Fargo" and "Rhodomagnetics". "Giant Steps" was only a year away, and Coltrane was casting a long shadow over Harden's session. Not that the flugelhorn player was negligible — his compositions and his fervent blues playing were extraordinary — but that the tenorman was incomparable.

Brian Cesa



ISAAC NEWTON



ALBERT EINSTEIN

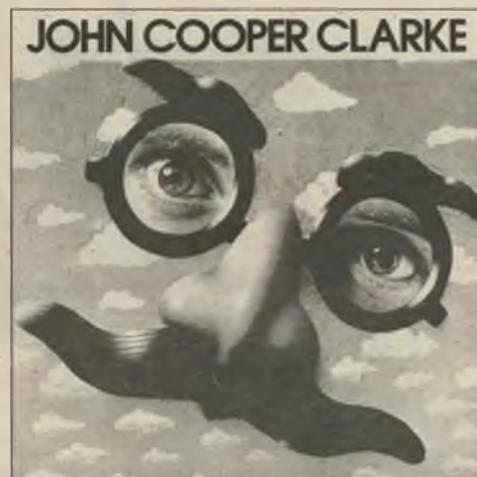


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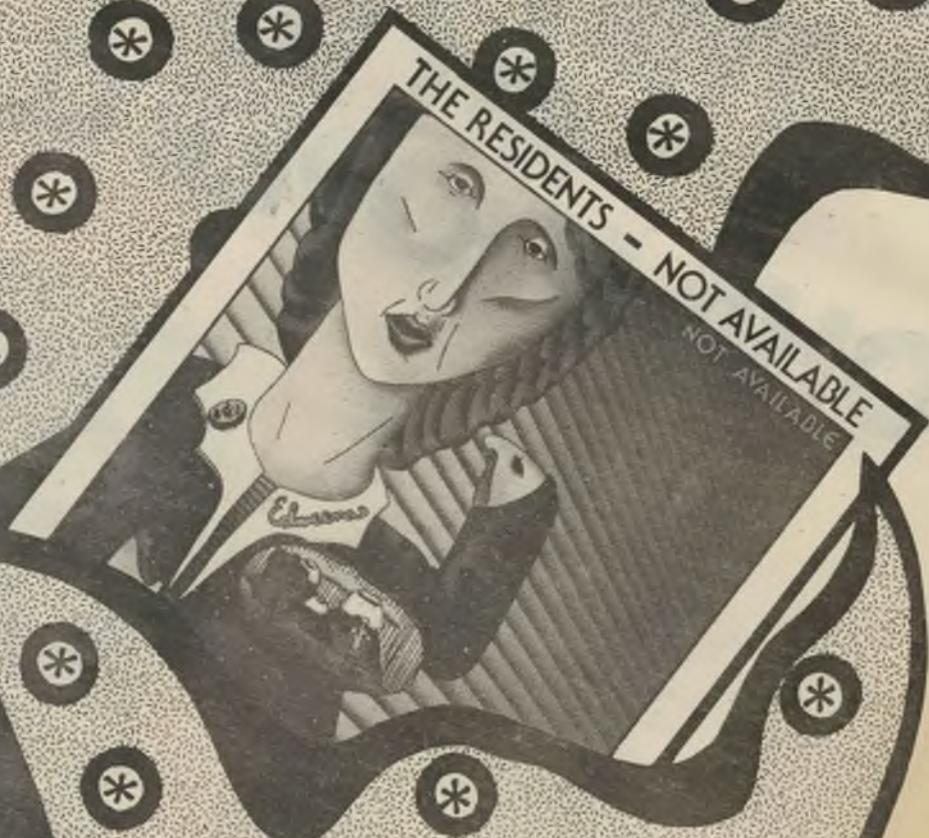
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JAZZ



TED DANIEL. PH. VALERIE WILMER

As Quiet As It's Kept . . .

Trumpeter **TED DANIEL** may be between hotels but he's sure of a niche in the trumpet tradition.
By **BRIAN CASE**

reaction. Last night's gig had sent one punter's beret spinning like a frisbee, and lots had been drawn as to who should hold his tongue in the event of a fit.

"If that's his reaction," said Ted, "it doesn't bother me. On the tour, one fellow in the audience got completely out of hand and lost control of himself. That's not what the music is about — not to get so grooved that you're disruptive. I put that responsibility on the management. Music is therapeutic for the performer and the listener, and sometimes when you get into the Free Music, it can be so refreshing and enlightening and exciting that the release does that to people.

"It's sorta like in the black church, people 'get happy' as we call it, just give themselves completely to the spirit and talk in tongues and so forth. See, this is why it's very hard for me to separate the music, the different genres of black music in the States, because I am all of it and I play all of it. I won't be dictated to in terms of what to play — then I am locked up, then I am not free.

"I like to see people enjoy themselves and I can play off that. If I get reactions, it helps. That's the main difference between playing for a black

audience and playing for a white audience. You'll get a definite feedback as to what you're doing immediately from a black audience, and you can gauge your thing from there. Everybody's involved. I almost got involved with Ernestine Anderson at Ronnie Scott's last night. She was singing the blues and I was eating dinner, and I almost started talking with her because the feeling she was putting out was just that good."

LIKE A lot of his generation, Ted has his own record label, Ujaama, but at the moment hasn't either the time or money to release any of his store of tapes. He doesn't want to go the same way as Charles Tolliver, who has more or less deserted trumpet to manage his label, Strata-East. One of his main interests is his big band, Energy, which boasts Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett, Charles Tyler, David Murray, Arthur Blythe and Joseph Bowie, playing charts like Trane's "Grand Central" and Pharoah's "Upper And Lower Egypt" as well as Ted's compositions.

"I'm very proud of it. It's the only New York big band of young musicians on a regular

bass. I started it in 1975 and reformed it in 1977 to write and let others write in a workshop situation. We always have a home at Rashied's."

"Was it intended as a training ground for young cats like the old big bands?"

"Well, it is unfortunate that people miss that experience of maybe playing together with three or four trumpets in a section — just another aspect of the music that's part of your education. It's not really possible on the financial side to operate a big band now, as the original purpose was as a dance band and people aren't dancing to the music of the big bands today. It's virtually impossible for that tradition to be as strong."

"My motivation was really that I like to hear that big sound and write for it. Aesthetic more than anything else, you know. To show that I had the ability to put together a large unit, rehearse it, write the scores, lead it and play."

There's also a big band where Ted lives. Three thousand mixed artists share a couple skyscrapers between them on 43rd and 5th — an artists' complex which houses Dexter, Mingus, Frank Lowe, Joseph Bowie, Chico Freeman, etc. Some address:

"In my music now, I'm using more vocal aspects, shouts and chants, using the voice as a rhythmic instrument," said Ted. "I find it helps the audience because the voice is the primary instrument and people are able to relate to that because they have a voice too. I'm mixing my trumpet playing with my voice — I'm not a singer, but I do have

■ Continues page 53

THE VIENNA Riding School couldn't turn out a better seat than Andrew Cyrille's. Bolt-upright, contained, a cuirass of muscle under a white sweatshirt, he deals from the drumkit like a master, hooves cantering, sidestepping and overlapping at his bidding. We've had Andrew before with Cecil Taylor and the Carla Bley band, but never with his own outfit, a flowing four-in-hand with Nick Di Geronimo on bass, David Ware tenor, and Ted Daniel on trumpet.

Leader apart, Ted is the most impressive musician here, with a classical symmetry of shape about his improvising, no flash, no facile fury, no ego. He's a melodic player and he gets right in amongst the tune, and like Dizzy — and hardly anybody else — he has the ability to play quietly with the concentrated energy of a burning glass.

I met him in the bar of his hotel. Small, muscular, balding, Ted Daniel has an impressive track record with Sunny Murray, Dewey Redman, Archie Shepp, Noah Howard and Sam Rivers. At this moment, he was between hotel rooms, and a mountain of luggage was stacked at his elbow.

"Quietly?" says Ted. "You know, I try to make dynamic contrasts in my performances. I can play loud all night, but it's good to make a contrast. I think it's like another voice if you put a mic on and play quietly — and then take it out. You don't hafta play loudly because the contrast is so clear."

"It's a little more difficult if you wanna play quietly and play high on the horn. I enjoy doing it as opposed to blasting all the time. You can really pinpoint the ideas. I think that's maybe one of my trademarks."

Every time I get to New York, I find attitudes — let alone fashions in hand-shake, gimme five, catch my thumb — have shifted. Recently, there has been a general movement away from the sound-and-fury and a drift back to tones and spaciousness.

Ted agreed. "Right now in my

development, I'm concentrating on playing more melodically. It's a good way to develop a solo, and people are able to follow me a little better if I give them a melodic concept, and then I can lead them into some of the other technical things that I do.

"I think that's really where it's at in New York, yeah. My particular place in the history of the music at this point, well, when I came into it in the late '60s it was about energy. Sunny Murray and Albert Ayler came before me. It was really new, very fresh and very strong — and it wasn't much about playing pretty melodies.

"Out of that energy, a diamond was being made. You know, you get a rough diamond? Now, the cats that are left, that came out of that tradition — and I identify with those people — are refining the music. These elements, that energy, is now a valid part of the black musical expression — a part to be used.

"It's about refinement. Like, what I'm doing now, I've moved through that particular area of energy. See, fourth generation cats who're younger than me, people like David Murray, they didn't hear Albert except on record, and here they come with that same concept."

Ted, like Andrew, will play simple where simple works. Narrative gifts will probably outlast hand-held emotions.

He sipped at his Bloody Mary. "It's been 10 years. We play differently now. Music is constantly moving as the different nuances in society change, and as musicians mature. Socially for black people after the '60s, it's a period of reflection and consolidation and unification. That's the type of thing that's happening, and I think it's reflected in the music. It's influenced by society as well as influencing society — it's difficult to say just how it transposes into musical expression, but it happens."

TED DANIEL was born in Ossining, upstate New York, in 1943. His cousin is Sonny Sharrock, guitarist with Herbie Mann. He started at eight with the trumpet his father

bought him, but found his home-town less than jumping.

"There really weren't any active musicians in the town. When Sharrock and I got together, we had to go to different towns in order to sit in, and we gigged around the suburbs with our own little band.

"My early musical background was the African Methodist Church where my father played saxophone, and a lotta R & B singing groups. When I was about 14 I heard a Clifford Brown record and I was amazed, because I'd never heard anybody play trumpet like that. I had no idea how he did it! I said, that's what I wanna do! Then I started listening to Dizzy and Lee, Ornette and Trane.

"When I was 19 I moved to Boston and went to Berklee for a semester. I couldn't afford it — and I really wasn't interested in sitting in classrooms then."

Ted moved to New York and put in eight months with Redman, Shepp and Giuseppe Logan before being drafted to Vietnam. The Army band spent more time ducking than cooking, and he sees this interlude as a musical waste of time. He won a scholarship to Central State on demob and wound up with a degree in music.

"When I was at Central State for that year, I formed a group with my brother, called Brute Force. We recorded for Herbie Mann on Embury. There was no jazz-rock out at that time so they put it out as pure jazz and didn't push it.

"Some of it was funky, but some of it was pretty stretched out because we got into some free things also. It was a mistake because we threw everybody off. I remember reading a review in Downbeat's Blindfold Test by Bill Evans. He said, 'if this is where jazz is going, I don't want to have anything to do with it! I'll be damned if that was a where it went! We were a forerunner, but you hafta have connections to make money at that just like anything else.'"

"Jazz-rock? It's fun, man. It's good to see the people laughing and enjoying themselves, but there's also the part of the musician wanting to express himself — and that exists."

We talked about audience

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Thursday November 8th	£1.00

THE YACHTS (live recording)
THE PLEASERS + The Valves
THE PLEASERS + The Flames
LITTLE BO BITCH + The Idols
THE MEMBERS. THE RUTS. VIPS
MATCHBOYS + Bleach Boys
FABULOUS POODLES + Screens

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SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Aldon Management present

999 + CHELSEA
+ John Cooper Clarke + Razar + Salford Jets
Sunday 5th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

WRECKLESS ERIC MICKEY JUPP JONA LEWIE RACHEL SWEET LENE LOVICH
Sunday 19th November £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
JAPAN
+ support
Sunday 26th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 91-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

Radio Stars

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
THE REACTION
ROUNDHOUSE
SUNDAY 5th NOVEMBER at 5-30

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

Monday November 1st £1.50 ADAM AND THE ANTS + The Monochrome Set + U.K. Subs	Tuesday November 2nd £1.00 THE MOVIES + Streerband
Wednesday November 3rd £2 TRIBESMAN + Straight 8	Thursday November 4th £2 GONZALEZ + Steve Lymon Band
Friday November 5th £1 SALFORD JETS + Angelo Palladino Free Admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm	Saturday November 6th £1 DAVE LEWIS BAND Featuring Charlie McCracken & Rob Tewkeshead Free Admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm
Sunday November 7th £1 PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + The Valves	Monday November 8th £1 NOBODY'S BUSINESS + Sucker

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC + DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Nov 2nd £1.00 JOHNNY CURIOUS	Monday Nov 6th 90p ZAINE GRIFF
Friday Nov 3rd 75p JUICE ON THE LOOSE	Tuesday Nov 7th 75p ONE-WAY SUBWAY
Saturday Nov 4th 75p THE VALVES	Wednesday Nov 8th £1.00 JAMBALA
Sunday Nov 5th 75p OK	Thursday Nov 9th £1.00 JAB JAB

SOUTHBANK POLY S.U. Rotary St., S.E.1.

Friday November 3rd
SCENE STEALER
+ Slow Motion
Admission 80p NUS, £1.20 others
Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle

J&P presents

Judas Priest

LEA HART

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17th 7.30 PM
TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £2.00

JUGGERNAUT

HIT AND RUN TOUR

November	December
1) Masonic - Liverpool	4) Sportans - Liverpool
2) Gaily Set - Stoke on Trent	5) Mesanic - Liverpool
7) Oval Ball - York	8) Agorians - Scarborough
11) Royal Park - Leeds	13) Sportans - Liverpool
14) Bramsgate - Leeds	12) Chelsea Reach - New Brighton
17) Haddon Hall - Leeds	14) Crombie - Macclesfield
19) Grand Junction - Crewe	16) Taverns - Northcote
21) Duke of Wellington - Congleton	17) Duke of York - Yeovil
22) Great Northern - Manchester	18) Sportans - Liverpool
25) Labeland Lounge - Accrington	21) Scarborough - Seaford
27) Sportans - Liverpool	22) Nowhere Club - Oxford
28) Grand Junction - Crewe	23) Balls Head - Solihull
30) Raven - Flint	28) Grand Junction - Crewe
	29) Royal Standard - Bradford

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Cannon Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 2
LANDSCAPE
SUN 5
R&B NIGHT WITH RAMROD
WED 8
PRESSURE SHOTS
REGGAE NIGHT
THUR 9
CADO BELLE
BOOZE IS 1/2 PRICE BEFORE 10pm

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.
FAST PRODUCTS PRESENT

THE HUMAN LEAGUE
THE MEKONS
GANG OF FOUR
+ New Protege's Scars
Saturday November 4th
Admission £1.50
8.30 pm - 2 am

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

KITTIHAWKS
(The Crew of SILVER MACHINE)
Featuring Nick Turner, Lemay, Simon King, Samoa House, Hugh Lloyd-Langton, Dik Mik, Allan Powell, Andy Calhoun.
+ LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Thursday November 2nd
Admission £2.00
8.30 pm - 2 am

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday November 2nd 30p WARM JETS	Monday November 6th 30p YOUNG BUCKS
Friday November 3rd 40p JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND	Tuesday November 7th SOUNDER + Support
Saturday November 4th 40p ZAINE GRIFF	Wednesday November 8th THE CRUISERS
Sunday November 5th 40p REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD	Thursday November 9th 30p THE IT BAND?

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

THE REVOLUTION

8 nights not reviews
Lady Pockets Yard YORK Tel: 26224

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Sat 4th Nov
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Wed 8th Nov
IMELY ONES
Thurs 9th Nov
ACCELERATORS
Sat 11th Nov
MEKONS/GANG OF 4
Thurs 16th Nov
THE DEFENDANTS
Fri 17th Nov
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Wed 22nd Nov
SQUEEZE
Wed 28th Nov
Open Wed to Sat - Live Music every night

LAST THE WHITE HART PUB BASTION!

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Stamp Music Ltd. Presents
Wed Nov. 8th
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ The Ruts
+ DJ Jerry Floyd
Doors open 7.45pm.

Cowbell presents IF THE BARRY BLOND YOU'VE GOT IT

AC/DC

+ GUESTS **BLAZER**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
NOVEMBER 15th 16th 7.30 PM
TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £2.00

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
ABERYSTWYTH Arts Centre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
BATLEY Crumpeys: JOHN OTWAY & BAND
BELFAST Queen's University: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE FOUR TOPS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: OCEAN BOULEVARD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: WHITESNAKE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Organ: ORPHAN
BLACKPOOL Mardi Gras: MATCHBOX
BLACKPOOL Technical College: ANDY DESMOND/ THE ACTORS
BRADFORD Prince of Wales: RED EYE
BRIGHTON The Richmond: NICKY & THE DOTS/ THE DODGEMS
BRISTOL Granary: DAVE LEWIS BAND
BRISTOL Polytechnic: PENETRATION
BURNWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: SPRING OFFENSIVE
CANTERBURY Art College: THE MOLESTERS
CHARLESTON Market Hall: 999
COKESTOWN Clubhand: GIRLSCHOOL
COVENTRY Lambeth: STEEL
COVENTRY PULSECHINA STREET
COVENTRY Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BILLIE JO SPEARS/LOVE/ GREENYERKON/ OXFORD/ RONNIE PROPHET
DUNDEE Card Hall: LEO SAYER
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: ISAAC HAYES/ REVUE/ EDWIN STARR
EDINBURGH Astoria: NIGHTSHIFT
FARNHAM Art College: STAA/ MARX
HALFPOWEN Tiffany's: QUARTZ
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag Head: THE YOUNG BUCKS
HORNCHURCH The Bull: REDNITE
HULL University: WRECKLESS/ ERIC/JONA LEWIE/ LENE LOVICH/ RACHEL SWEET/ MICKEY JUPP
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LEAMINGTON SPA Crowna Hotel: THE DEFENDANTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: XTC
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE JAM/ THE DICKIES/ PATRIK FITZGERALD
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: GAFFA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LONDON Camden Dingwall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Dudge House: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE WALKERS
LONDON EAST HAM Town Hall: RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE College of Printing: SORE THROAT/ THE EDGE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SALFORD JETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SUZI QUATRO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HI-FI
LONDON HIGHGATE Jacksons Lane Community Centre: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHNNY CURIOUS
LONDON KENNINGTON Cricketers: MANYANA
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS
LONDON KENTISH TOWN Polytechnic: THE RESISTERS
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: THE STREETS
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
LONDON Marquee Club: THE TOURISTS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Clubs: TRIBESMAN
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: THE SHADES
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BARY RICHARDSON BAND
LONDON STRAND Kings College: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: NICOL & MARSH
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE HAWKLODS
MANCHESTER Kelly's: PEGASUS/PATHEX
MANCHESTER The Ritz: THE RADIO STARS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: THE SMIRKS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: HOGARTH'S WORLD (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Manimba Club: SOUL DIRECTION (for three days)
NEWCASTLE Mayflower Ballroom: AC/DC
NEWCASTLE The Catican: THE SQUAD/ THE 4's
NEWTON ABBOT Dysons: THE FANS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: RAYMOND FROGGATT
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: LONNIE DONEGAN (until Saturday)
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: DIRE STRAITS
PERTH St. Albans Hotel: URE/HAND JONES
PETERBOROUGH Barnabas Hall: U.K. SUBS/DOLE
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE LURKERS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: OSCAR PETERSON
POYNON Folk Centre: TOMMY DEMPSEY
REDCAR Royal Hotel: HOT CULTURES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
ST. HELENS Glassblaze Club: ANY TROUBLE
STOKE Gaety Bar: JUGGERNALT
SWANSEA Nite Club: THE PIRATES
USK (Gwent) Stardust Club: PATTI BOULAYE (for three days)
WANTAGE The Swan: N.W.10
WATFORD Bailey's: SMOKEY ROBINSON (until Saturday)
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: AIRPORT



ALEX HARVEY is back in business this week, after a year's absence from the bright lights — apart from a one-off Palladium concert in the spring. He's got together a brand new band and they make their debut at London's latest rock centre, The Venue in Victoria, where they appear for three nights from Monday (two shows each evening).



WHITESNAKE have concerts this week at Birmingham (Thursday), Derby (Friday), Bourneouth (Monday) and Hanley (Tuesday). We printed a shot of David Coverdale last week, but this is the first picture of the full revised line-up, which now also includes keyboards wizard Jon Lord — which gives the band more than just a tinge of Deep Purple.



MILLIE JACKSON flies in to give us a taste of her U.S. revue that's built around her latest album. It's not being presented here on such a grand scale as in the States, but it's still a full production show. You can catch Millie and her team in action at Southampton (Friday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Manchester (Wednesday). More gigs follow.



JOHN MARTYN begins a month-long concert tour on Wednesday in Brighton, confining himself mainly to the college circuit. If we have any so-called "cult performers" in this country, then Martyn surely comes into that category. He has a very strong following, particularly on the campus, and never fails to give good value for money.



SHOWADDYWADDY were the first of today's sizeable batch of doo-wop bands, and still going as strong as ever. Their extensive month-long tour, which includes the Royal Variety Show and a London Rainbow concert, starts this weekend. First gigs are at Bristol (Sunday), Swansea (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday). Dave Bartram is the guy in focus.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

EDWIN STARR
BRADFORD St George's Hall: THE JAM / THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
BRADFORD University: ONE EYED JACK
BRIGHTON Albamora: THE MOLESTERS
BRIGHTON Fortune Of War: AIRPORT
BRISTOL University: RADIO STARS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE HAWKLODS
CAMBRIDGE Grenadier Club: THE CRUISERS
CANTERBURY Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
CHELSEA Chelsea Institute: THE SODS
CHIDDINGLY Six Belk: THE EXECUTIVES
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: GAFFA
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: MENACE
COVENTRY Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: THE REAL THING
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
DERBY Kings Hall: WHITESNAKE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ONLY ONES
EDINBURGH Art School: THE TOOLS
FARNHAM University: CADO BELLE
EXETER University: THE LURKERS
GLASGOW Amphora: THE SHAM 69
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CUBAN 69
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: N.W.10
HARLOW Technical College: MUSKS & THE VIDEO KINGS / TOULPANK
HATFIELD Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: "SALUTE TO SATCHEL" with HUMPHREY LYTTLETON / ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM
HEMEL HEMSTEAD Arts Centre: REALLY FREE/RAVE FROM THE GRAVE
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: STAA/ MARX
HORNCHURCH The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
HULLERSFIELD Coach House: ANNIVERSARY
HULLERSFIELD Polytechnic: WRECKLESS/ ERIC/ JONA LEWIE/ RACHEL SWEET/ LENE LOVICH/ MICKEY JUPP
HULL College: JOHN OTWAY BAND
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
KIRKLEVENINGTON Country Club: CHAS AND DAVE
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY-KY'S BATTLEAXE
LEEDS Playhouse Theatre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
LEEDS Vire Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
LEICESTER University: YACHTS

LESMAHAGOW Craigpeth Hotel: SURE SHOTS
LEITH Transport Hall: NIGHTSHIFT
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHIES/SPIZZ OIL
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: MARY O'HARA
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: ANDY DESMOND/ THE ACTORS
LONDON BOW The Bombay: Grab: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Dudge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: BLACK SLATE/ THE MEMBERS
LONDON City University: THE PIRATES/BLAST FURNACE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICK ABRAHAM'S BAND
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: SCENE STEALER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE FOUR TOPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: LITTLE BO BITCH/BOGART
LONDON HOLLOWAY North Polytechnic: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE/ED BANGER/GIRO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Marquee Club: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON Middlessex Polytechnic: THE BISHOPS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENTS PARK Bedford College: THE ACTION/RED/RIFF THE NEWS
LONDON SE7 South London College: CGASS
LONDON South Polytechnic: REVELATION
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BLOOBLO
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LONDON W10 Actlam Hall: CYGNUS: THE IDOLS: THE NIGHT
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MOTORHEAD
MANCHESTER Hatterley Community Centre: ANY TROUBLE

MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: WILKO JOHN-SON'S SOLID SENDERS
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: FLINTLOCK
MANCHESTER The Factory: PENETRATION
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MEKONS- G'ANG OF FOUR
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: 29th & DEARBORN
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: JENNY DARREN BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: DIRE STRAITS
NEWPORT Village Club: QUILL
NORTHAMPTON Post Graduates Medical School: THE ROTAVATORS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE V.I.P.'s
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
PLYMOUTH Metro: BETHVAL
PRESTON Polytechnic: 999
READING University: ALTOGRAPHS
SALFORD University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SMIRKS
SHEFFIELD University: XTC
SMETHWICK Gaety Bar: PARADOX
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
STANFORD Bingley Hall: SANTANA
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE EDGE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: BUDDIE/STRIPE
ST. ANDREWS University: WHIRLWIND
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: REDBRASS
THURING Brewer & Baker: ROSIE HARDMAN
ULSTER University: STEEL
PULSECHINA STREET
WARWICK Hatton Village: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: REGGAE
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: BILL CADDICK
YORK Revolution Club: ZIGGY HEROE

Saturday

ASCOIT-UNDER-WYCHWOOD Wychwood Folk Club: BRIAN COOKMAN
BATH Brilig Arts Centre: ANDY DESMOND / THE ACTORS
BATH University: SNIPS & THE VIDEO KINGS
BELFAST The Pound: GIRLSCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarell's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hire and Hounds: ROARING JELLY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CLIFF RICHARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM University: DAVE LEWIS BAND
BISHOPS STORTFORD Railway Hotel: THE SODS
BLACKPOOL Norbock Castle: JAGS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: OSCAR PETERSON
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: MUSKES
BRISTOL University: THE ONLY ONES
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: GYPP
CARLISLE Cosmo's: HI-TENSION
COLCHESTER Essex University: MATUMBI
COVENTRY Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
DERBY Sinfon Moor Club: STRANGE DAYS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE CRUISERS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: STEEL
PULSECHINA STREET
DUNDEE University: THE TOOLS
DURHAM University: DIRE STRAITS
DYED Cross Hands Club: MATCHBOX
FASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE PIRANHAS
EXETER University: THE FANS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LEO SAYER
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: WILKO JOHN-SON'S SOLID SENDERS/ SURE SHOTS
GOOLE Station Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: THE SMIRKS
HANLEY Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: THE REAL THING
ILFORD Odeon: THE HAWKLODS
KEELE University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Club: THE SNEAKERS
LANCASTER Football Club: BUSINESS/ANNIVERSARY
LEEDS University: WRECKLESS/ ERIC / RACHEL SWEET / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
LEICESTER Polytechnic: JENNY DARREN BAND
LEICESTER University: THE MOVIES
LINCOLN Castle Club: GAFFA
LITTLEHAMPTON Spotted Cow: NIGHTRIDER
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOY DIVISION/ OED BYRDS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ISAAC HAYES/ REVUE/ EDWIN STARR
LONDON BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole Club: ROCK HOUSE
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE HUMAN LEAGUE / MEKONS / GANG OF FOUR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STEVE LINTON BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Dudge House: ZAINNE GRIFF
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: NUCLEUS / BARBARA THOMPSON'S JUBILAE / TURNING POINT
LONDON CHELSEA Winesheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOE JACKSON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: MYSTERY TRAIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: TONIGHT
LONDON HIGHGATE Jacksons Lane: THE PLEASERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SALFORD JETS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: ACCELERATORS
LONDON N.W.1 Musicians Collective: FRED FRITH / SALLY POTTER
LONDON School of Economics: THE INMATES
LONDON South Polytechnic: REVELATION
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHEF with DICK WHEATLAND
LONDON University: IMMIGRANT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BLOOBLO
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: THE EXTRAS
LONDON WEST HAMPTSTEAD Railway Hotel: SPER RIVIT
LONDON West London Institute: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: BETHNAL
MIDDLESBROUGH University: YACHTS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: RACING CARS- STRAW DOGS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER University: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHIES/ SPIZZ OIL
CONTINUES OVER . . .

NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE JAM/THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
 NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
 NEWCASTLE University: KTC
 NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KRAKATOA
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
 NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: PARALEX
 OXFORD College of Education: THE PIRATES / BLAST FURNACE
 PRESTON Charter Theatre: JOHN OTWAY BAND
 REDDITCH College: PRIMA DONNA
 REIFORD College of Education: PARADOX
 SHEFFIELD City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
 SHEFFIELD Hatfield College: MIKE GIBBS BAND
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: AC/DC
 SLOUGH College: THE SKATES
 SOUTHAMPTON University: THE BISHOPS
 SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OX-FORD/RONNIE PROPHET
 STEVENAGE The Swan: SPRING OFFENSIVE
 SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
 TOLWORTH Recreation Centre: SWIFT
 WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAFLANE
 WEST BROMWICH The Bush: VIDEO
 WYMOUTH Steering Wheel: FRINGE BENEFIT
 WIGAN Casino: FLINTLOCK
 WISHWAY Crownning (luncheon): SURE SHOTS
 YORK Revolution Club: SCREENS

Sunday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRAYER
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ISAAC HAYES REVUE / EDWIN STARR
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
 BISHOPS STORTFORD Old Millings: ANTARES (luncheon) / SWING STREET (evening)
 BRACKNELL South Hill Park: SWIFT
 BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
 BRADFORD Princeville Club (luncheon): THE EDDY
 BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE MEKONS
 BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
 BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHOWADDY WADDY
 CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: HOT VULTURES
 CASTLE DONINGTON Priest House: FOGGY
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
 CROYDON Greyhound: THE LURKERS
 DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: DIRE STRAITS
 DUNSTABLE Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
 EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE PIRATES / BLAST FURNACE
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE JAM/THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
 HANLEY Victoria Hall: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
 HANLEY William Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
 JACKSALLS Grey Toppers: JENNY DARREN BAND
 LINCOLN Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
 LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
 LIVERPOOL Woolley Hollow Club: HEATHCLIFFE (for a week)
 LONDON BATTERSEA Naga Head: JUGULAR VEIN
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAMROD
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
 LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: RADIO STARS/BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE/THE REACTION
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BROCKLEY BAND
 LONDON EAST HAM Run Arms: DOG WATCH
 LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DAVE LEWIS BAND
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MOTORHEAD / JOHNNY MOFFET/THE BUSINESS
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BO BITCH/THE IDOLS
 LONDON Marquee Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
 LONDON N 15 Club Norfolk: REVELATION
 LONDON Palladium: DOROTHY SQUIRES
 LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (luncheon): BLUE MOON
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF
 LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: 99 / CHELSEA / JOHN COOPER-CLARKE / SALFORD JETS
 LONDON THE MALL Institute of Contemporary Arts: TOYAH & HER BAND
 LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: TICKLERS FOLK PARTY
 LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: PAZ
 LONDON WOODFORD Tramshed: DAVE SWARBICK & FRIENDS
 MAESTEG White Wyal: THE REAL THING
 NORWICH Theatre Royal: OSCAR PETERSON
 NEWCASTLE City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
 NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
 PLYMOUTH Metro: THE ONLY ONES
 PORTSMOUTH Locarno: STAA MARX
 POYNTON Fols Centre: DICK GAUGHAN/STONE GROUND
 READING Herizon Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
 REDCAR Coatham Bowl: XTC
 SHEFFIELD City Hall: LEO SAYER
 SHEFFIELD Crouche Theatre: MARY O'HARA
 SHEFFIELD Top Rank: WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/MICKY JUPP
 STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
 STROKE Near Club: STRANGE DAYS
 UXBIDGE Brunel University: RICHARD DICANCE
 WALSALL Dirty Duck (luncheon): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: THE JAM/THE DICKIES/PATRIK FITZGERALD
 AMPFILL Folk Club: CHRIS SADDLER
 BIRKENHEAD Charing Cross Club: THE GERMS
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
 BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
 BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: OCEAN BOULEVARD
 BIRMINGHAM Herat Cross: ORPHAN
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: PRIMA DONNA
 BIRMINGHAM The Irons
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: WHITESNAKE
 BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: SLOW MOTION
 BRISTOL Crookers: STONEY (for three days)
 BRISTOL Hippodrome: THE CHIPTAINS
 BURY Crystal: WHITEFIRE
 CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
 CANTERBURY Kent University: THE PIRATES / BLAST FURNACE
 CARDIFF Link/The HAWKLORDS
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JASPER CARROTT
 DERBY Assembly Rooms: BUDGIE/STRIPE



THE BUZZCOCKS have been touring extensively since late September, and they reach the climax of their itinerary this weekend, headlining at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday. Other gigs during this period are at Canterbury (Friday), Hemel Hempstead (Monday) and Brighton (Wednesday). That just leaves Guildford on Thursday of next week to wrap up their 32-concert tour schedule. Our picture shows them in action earlier in the tour.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

EXETER Routes: THE LURKERS/NEON HEARTS
 FIVE St. Andrew's University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
 GOSPORT John Peel: THE PIRANHAS
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: THE BUZZCOCKS
 ILFORD Castlflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
 ILFORD Kings Club: JOHNNIE RAY
 LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
 LEEDS Victoria Hotel: THE SNEAKERS
 LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JUDAS PRIEST
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE IDOLS
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SALFORD JETS
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE INTERLEKTUALS
 LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ACKER BILK
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ZAINE GRIFF
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MEMBERS/THE V.I.P.'s
 LONDON Marquee Club: HI-FI
 LONDON Palladium: SMOKEY ROBINSON
 LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DUCK BAKER / SAMMY MITCHELL
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LEARGO
 LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
 LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: BILLIE JO SPEARS/VERNON OXFORD/LLOYD GREEN / RONNIE PROPHET
 LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAGUE/THE STREETS
 LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JERRY THE FERRET
 MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHINA STREET
 MANCHESTER Russell Club: PRINCE FAR I
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PARTY
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAHIR
 PETERBOROUGH Cresset Club: HI-TENSION
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: ISAAC HAYES REVUE / EDWIN STARR
 PRESTON Guildhall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
 SALFORD University: WRECKLESS ERIC/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/JONA LEWIE/MICKY JUPP
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JAGS
 SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
 SWANSEA Top Rank: SHOWADDY WADDY
 WHITEHAVEN Civic Theatre: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: AC/DC

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: FASHION
 BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUIO
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPEED LIMIT
 BOSHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE HEAT
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE BUZZCOCKS
 BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: COCKY / KATY HEATH
 BRISTOL Colston Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
 BRISTOL Locarno: XTC
 CARDIFF Top Rank: SHOWADDY WADDY
 CHELTENHAM E's Disco: THE PIRANHAS
 CHESTER Saniaries Club: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAFLANE
 COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: DIRE STRAITS
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JASPER CARROTT
 EDNBRUGH Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
 BRISTOL Locarno: XTC
 EXETER Routes: REGGAE REGULAR
 FIVE St. Andrew's University: THE JAM / THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
 GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
 HANLEY Victoria Hall: WHITESNAKE
 HULL New Theatre: THE REAL THING
 IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: LONNIE DUNNEGAN
 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHAM 69 / CIMARONS
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SOUNDER
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE YOUNG BUCKS
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BUDGIE / STRIFE
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MATCHBOX / THE STICKERS
 LONDON KILBURN The National: FIVE HAND-REEL / NOEL MURPHY

LONDON Marquee Club: ANNIVERSARY
 LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE WINDERS
 LONDON Palladium: SMOKEY ROBINSON
 LONDON SHEN Derby Arms: FREDDY'S FEET- WARMERS
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SOUL YARD
 LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
 LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: THE RUTS / THE PLANETS
 MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: PASSAGE / CERTAIN RATIO / SLIGHT SECONDS
 NEWCASTLE Coopage: SABRETTES
 NEWCASTLE University: WRECKLESS ERIC / RACHEL SWEET / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / MICKY JUPP
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
 NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE BOY-FRIENDS
 NUNEATON 76 Club: PENETRATION
 PENZANCE The Garden: THE LURKERS
 POOLE Wessex Centre Hall: ISAAC HAYES REVUE / EDWIN STARR
 SOUTHORPE Tiffany's: FABULOUS POODLES
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club: GARY BOYLE BAND
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THOMPSON TWINS / WRITZ
 SHEFFIELD Tiffany's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
 SHEFFIELD Tolley College: JAGS
 SHOTTON Central Hotel: THE EDDY
 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: AC/DC
 SWANSEA Top Rank: HI-TENSION
 WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
 WOLVERHAMPTON Brinsford Lodge: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
 YORK Oval Ball: JUGGERNAUT

Wednesday

BATH Fernely Hotel: WORKING CLASS HEROES
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CARTOONS
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: DNUIO
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
 BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
 BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
 BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: AFTER THE FIRE/FABULOUS POODLES
 BRADFORD St. George's Hall: MARY O'HARA
 BRADFORD University: THE PIRATES/BLAST FURNACE
 BRIGHTON Sussex University: JOHN MARTYN
 BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
 BURNHAM BECHES Night Owl: THE SKATES
 CHELTENHAM Gaumont Theatre: LONNIE DUNNEGAN
 COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: FOGGY
 COVENTRY Theatre: AC/DC
 DERBY Old Bell Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
 EDNBRUGH Usher Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
 EXETER Victoria Inn: THE FANS
 GLASGOW Amphora: Star & Gaster: THE COBAN HEELS
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JUDAS PRIEST
 GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: THE HAWKLORDS
 GUILDFORD Surrey University: HOT VULTURES
 ILFORD Kings Club: JOHNNIE RAY
 ILFORD Gaumont Theatre: LONNIE DUNNEGAN
 KEELE University: DIRE STRAITS
 LEEDS College of Music: GARY BOYLE BAND
 LEEDS University: THE CHIPTAINS
 LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SILICA
 LIVERPOOL University: BETHNAL
 LONDON ACTON White Hart: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
 LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DAVE LEWIS BAND
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE CRUISERS
 LONDON CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: DOG WATCH
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SAMUEL GOODNIGHT/ZAINE GRIFF
 LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
 LONDON PUTNEY Star & Gaster: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
 LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
 LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: NANCY WILSON
 LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN/SURVIVOR
 LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE LATE SHOW

LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: MUSCLES
 MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
 MANCHESTER University: SQUEEZE/JAGS
 MANFIELD Great Northern Hotel: WITCHFYNDE
 NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE CRABS
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAHIR
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
 NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Room: XTC
 PLYMOUTH Top Rank: SMOKEY ROBINSON
 PONTYFRYDD Wales Polytechnic: GAFFA
 READING Bones Club: PENETRATION
 SHEFFIELD University: CABARET VOLTAIRE
 SOLIHULL Golden Lion: ORPHAN
 SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: LEO SAYER
 SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
 TAUNTON Odeon: BILLIE JO SPEARS/VERNON OXFORD/LLOYD GREEN/RONNIE PROPHET
 TORQUAY 400 Club: THE LURKERS
 WHITEHAVEN Civic Centre: THE REAL THING
 WIGAN Bluto's Disco: MOTION PICTURES
 WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
 YORK Revolution Club: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

Upcoming

FISCHER-Z continue playing dates with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders on their current tour, but also have gigs in their own right at Strensage College (November 10), Newbridge Club & Institute (12), Swansea Circles Club (13), Guildford Technical College (17), Leeds Fan Club (21), London Marquee (22), London Camden Dingwalls (24), Coventry Warwick University (25), and London Islington Hope and Anchor (28).

JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS have November gigs at London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Princeville Club (9), Leeds Polytechnic (10), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (12), London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (13), Oxford College of Further Education (18), London Chiswick John Bull (19 and 26), Swindon Brunel Rooms (21), Newport Stowaway (22), Leeds Ford Green Hall (24), Weymouth Technical College (25), and Sheffield Limit Club (27).

DAME EDNA EVERAGE (a.k.a. Barry Humphries) has her own show opening at London Piccadilly Theatre on December 14 for a 12-week season, titled "A Night with Dame Edna". And due out this month on Charisma is her new album "The Sound of Edna", which features such songs as "Every Mother Wants a Boy Like Elton".

SALFORD JETS have arrived down South to play a short series of London gigs. The Manchester band, newly signed by WEA, are at Fulham Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (Friday), The Mercury (Saturday) and Camden Music Machine (next Monday). They also support 599 at the Strand Lyceum this Sunday.

MUD have added another seven dates to their upcoming college, concert and club tour. They are Barnstable Chequers Club (November 19), Plymouth Castaways (21), Reading University (22), Walsall Town Hall (24), Strensage Arodisia Theatre (December 3), London Barkin North-East Polytechnic (5) and Nottingham University (8).

THE CRUISERS, who'll be supporting Mud at several of their venues, have added more gigs to their own one-nighter series reported last week. The extra shows are at London Canning Town Bridge House (November 5), Bristol University (17), Coventry Warwick University (23) and Bradford Royal Standard (December 10).

WRITZ may be a new name, but they're not a new band. Fish Co., an outfit well-known on the college and club circuit, have decided on a name change and become Writz this week. First gigs under the new banner are Sheffield Polytechnic (November 7), Glamorgan Polytechnic (22), Bristol Polytechnic (26), Plymouth College of St. Mark & St. John (December 1), London Guy's Hospital (9) and Bristol Granary (16).

MICK ABRAHAMS plays his first London gig for nearly three years tomorrow (Friday) when he appears at Covent Garden Rock Garden, backed by session musicians who perform on his upcoming album.

MATCHBOX, Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers, Flying Saucers, Gino & The Rocking Rebels, Freddie 'Fingers' Lee and Shades are among acts already booked for a weekend rockabilly festival being staged at Great Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre from March 2 to 4. American artists, including the near-legendary Ray Campi, are also being negotiated. Working dates, including chit-chat moderation, are priced £12.50 - available now from London Southgate Royalty Ballroom.

AFTER THE FIRE have added Leeds Trinity College (December 2) to their current tour. And their gig on December 8, originally planned for Leeds Staging Post, is now switched to Farnborough Technical College.

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE has a series of gigs this month at London Holloway Rd. North Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London Strand Lyceum supporting 599 (this Sunday), Wolverhampton Brinsford Lodge (7), York Revival Club (8), Leeds Polytechnic (9), Coventry Warwick University (11), Wakefield Brontë Hall College (15) and Lancaster University (19).

HI-FI, the four-piece band newly signed by Aura Records, have gigs in their native London at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (tonight, Thursday), the Marquee (November 6), Canning Town Bridge House (15) and Chelsea College (25).

GRAND HOTEL have London gigs at New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (November 13), Woolwich Tramshed (14), Canning Town Bridge House (17 and December 15), Marquee (November 20), Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 1), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (4), Middlesex Polytechnic (8) and Camden Brecknock (20). And they have provincial dates at Basingstoke Technical College (November 24), Northampton Nene College (25) and Exeter University (December 11).

WILD HORSES, the band launched recently by Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson, have added six extra dates to their debut tour - at Bristol Granary (November 9), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), Dundee Art College (23), Norwich Boogie House (December 7), Scarborough Penhouse (9) and Redford Portchester (19).

BETHNAL have added a last-minute date to their current tour - it's at Brighton Polytechnic tonight (Thursday).



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Sunday November 5th REAL THING + Support	Saturday November 18th JAPAN + Support
Wednesday November 8th THE VIBRATORS + Guests Tommy & The Hot Rocks (The world's first rock 'n' roll punk rock band)	Sunday November 19th MERGER + Support
Thursday November 9th IAN GILLAN BAND + Support	Thursday November 23rd STADIUM DOGS + Support
Friday November 10th SKREWDRIVER + Guests Bitch	Friday November 24th SNIPS + Support
Saturday November 11th GLORIA MUNDI + Support	Saturday November 25th DAVID JOHANSEN BAND (Ex N.Y. Dolls) + Support

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Thursday November 2nd	Radio One D.J. PETER POWELL
Friday November 3rd and Saturday November 4th	LITTLE ACRE
Monday November 6th	RACING CARS
Tuesday November 7th	VIBRATORS
Thursday November 9th	HI-TENSION
Friday November 10th	From Holland ONE WAY SUBWAY
Saturday November 11th	THE TOURISTS
Monday November 13th	from U.S.A. THE SHIRTS
Tuesday November 14th	SQUEEZE
Wednesday November 15th	From U.S.A. PURE HELL The World's First All Black Punk Band
Thursday November 16th	BEACON RADIO ROADSHOW
Friday November 17th	THE SKIDS + Special Guests
Saturday November 18th	From U.S.A. DAVID JOHANSEN (Ex New York Dolls)
Sunday November 19th	WILD HORSES Featuring Brian Robertson Ex Thin Lizzy & Jimmy Bain from Rainbow

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Thursday November 2nd	From BARRY RICHARDSON BAND	50p
Friday November 3rd	MONOS	50p
Saturday November 4th	BIG CHIEF Featuring Dick Haddock South	50p
Sunday November 5th	ZAINE GRIFF	Free
Monday November 6th	LEARGO	Free
Tuesday November 7th	SOUL YARD	Free
Wednesday November 8th	MYSTERY BAND	Free

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Monday November 27th 8pm - 1 am
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Saturday November 4th

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+ BERNIE TORME

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Fri 16 BBC1 TV 2.30 pm (Fri)
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Wed 16 University College, London
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Thursday Nov. 2nd WINDSOR CASTLE, W 9	Friday Nov. 10th THE CLAMIDGE, ST. HELENS	Thursday Nov. 16th KELLY'S, MANCHESTER
Friday Nov. 3rd BOMBAY GRAB, L3	Saturday Nov. 11th THE REVOLUTION, YORK	Saturday Nov. 17th RED LION, GRAVESEND
Saturday Nov. 4th PURE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET	Sunday Nov. 12th THE PEAR TREE, PRESTON	Tuesday Nov. 21st LORD RAGLAR, WOLVERHAMPTON



LIVE PAGE

For details of advertising ring Brian B on 01-261 6153

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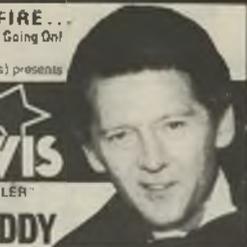
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Tue. Nov. 21
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Mon. Nov. 27
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ON THE TOWN

SIOUXSIE Pic: BARRY PLUMMER

Siouxsie

Penetration



PAULINE PENETRATION. Pic: PENNIE SMITH



Matumbi Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Penetration

Roundhouse
Penetration are a strange band, full of promise that always seems to elude total fulfilment. "Don't Dictate" was one of the most under-rated singles of 1977, but "Firing Squad" was like more of the same only not quite as good. "Moving Targets" is similarly uneven — the hard rock stodge of "Stone Heroes" and "Future Daze" opposed to the sheer exhilaration of the Murray / Chaplin numbers, while the tentative experimentation of "To Many Friends" and "Reunion" provides hope that the present line-up will develop in a fruitful direction. Tonight, though, they are magic, absolutely superb entertainment. Seeing them live the album becomes too careful — if only they had let themselves go like they do on stage that slight chill of studio restraint would have been joyously transcended. They play all the album except "Reunion", plus two flips — "V.I.P." and "Neva" — plus the first two singles. Personal favourites are "Lovers Of Outrage", with its gorgeous chorus, a stunningly brilliant "Free Money", and the stirring finale of "Don't Dictate". Pauline is magnificent, a skittering dervish of energy, her voice stronger and far more expressive than on record. The band also have some delightful moments, dashing around the stage to grin and sing at each other — their sense of fun and enthusiasm being a major factor in the audience feeling the same. They encore with a powerful "Firing Squad", eclipsing the single version totally, but then spoil things a little by closing with a repeat of "Life's A Gamble", a disappointing, cautious

choice which noticeably undercuts the fervour they've previously built up.

My only other quibble is that, whatever he says, Fred Purser's guitar style is pure HM flash, the one difference being that his breaks are mercifully brief. I hope he can adapt his style soon, at the moment his solos are more like an antique intrusion than an asset.

Support groups were Fusion and Black Snake. Regrettably I missed Fusion, but as for Black Snake, after reading their absurdly misogynistic remarks in *The Leveller* I almost dislited them on principle.

I also dislited their blatantly hypocritical audience raps, their dull, grinding music, and the kindergarten religious threats of their lyrics — "Everything you do, Jah Jah is watching you". Pure schmuck! And that's all I'm gonna say about them.

Graham Lock

Matumbi Quartz The Vipers Holding Strong

Lyceum

Sunday night in Mecca's Bellroom Babylon. The place is half empty. And if the atmosphere is subdued, perhaps acting against the natural exuberance of bill toppers Matumbi, then there are good reasons why.

The quadruple billing of HM valium rockers The Vipers and Quartz with two genuinely creative reggae outfits left much to be desired. The white man's music was an embarrassment to behold, the lengthy bouts of headbanging an insult to the Lyceum's graceful, ornate porticos.

At least The Vipers were

plain awful without Durence Quartz, though, may well be the worst band in Britain today with their grunging assimilation of Zeppelin cliché and sexual boize noise, wanking on the fretboard, songs about "dirty girls", the epitome of bad taste.

The rent-a-crowd auditors who can't get enough of each at Quartz were quite happy to have their religence insulted; fortunately, the majority of the audience took umbrage and yelled timely insults.

BMJ opensers were Holding Strong, an eight-piece garage reggae delight whose triple guitar axle gave them room for exploring all manner of subtle melodic undercurrents, somewhat in the vein of *This World*. Holding Strong seemed to excuse itself, abandon its songs like "Blame" and "Find A Job", quite at odds with the lack of upfront punter support.

Being an unknown factor even gave them the edge over Matumbi, fresher excitement perhaps.

The headliners themselves took the stage at 11.00 when the crowd were completely opposed on the mundanities of the downer faction. Matumbi took a while to wake up as well.

They're near the end of a breaking tour, close to "securing a support with Tosh and lacking in the security of their fine "Seven Seals" album which they chose to promote in full, leaving them little time to return to their prolific output of recent years.

A lot of spiritual money lies on the success of the T.V. series *Empire Road*, for which Matumbi composed the theme song, but on this showing the better material is the more complex.

Augmented by Godfrey and Bammie on trumpet and sax, they got the rhythm going on

the work-outs and the instrumental dubs.

Visually, Matumbi are a knockout, with the dual lead vocals of Glaister Venn and Bevin Bagga Fagan meshing intricate textures against Dennis Blackbeard Bovell's fluid lead and rhythm lines.

They don't push potestic either, mixing the humorous "All Over This World (Money)" with the spiritual "Guide Us Jah", the commonsense anti-pills message of "Hook Deh" and the gloriously understated memories of "Blus Beat And Ska".

The lengthy and genuine encore jam out gave Bovell and keyboard man Webster Scratch Johnson space for manoeuvres, although I'd have preferred less of the dub extravaganzas and greater use of the horns. At times Matumbi looked like flagging in predictability and with the freedom they possess in an expert nine-man team they ought to be surprising rather than pleasing.

More ears to Matumbi should divert them further on their path of excellence — rock steady. They're carrying a heavy load. — Max Bell

Siouxsie And The Banshees

Leeds
Hello Siouxsie! Good to be back, huh?

Well, not that good. The Banshees' third or fourth trip to Leeds was the first time the city had seen the band since they finally put their cards on the table, generated some capital investment and decided to take their music to the people.

It took a lot of time, sporadic fracas, dry frustration and several rounds of "Sid Vicious is Innocent" before Siouxsie introduced herself to the gathered multitudes at the university. When she did, it seemed to have been worth

the wait.

Moving like an impassioned marionette (her critics would say sub-Patti Smith), dressed almost *haute couture* in various permutations (and layers) of black and white, Siouxsie rightfully presented herself as another Star for the New Age.

The rest of the band are no stooges: black-dressed, implacable guitarist John McKay, hair falling like a German egghead's, thrummed some interesting up-tempo dirges, while drummer Kenny Morris (employing the same wrist action as the guy from Sham) treated concepts like 'convention' and 'orthodoxy' like they were dirty words.

Bassist Steve Severin, of course, is a different player in a different ball game. Co-architect of The Banshees' integrity putsch, Severin has come a long way since the days when the band were contractless, their music was 'copyright control' and he used to dedicate "Heiter Steiler" — the first number here — to Roman Polanski. *Likelihood* is up for grabs in this band!

But if you can't believe everything you read about Siouxsie and The Banshees, you still have to believe something — and if only 10 percent of their much vaunted obsession with ice-hoatey and complete control is really true then that's 30 per cent more than on other most other places.

They got a bad deal here. Apart from having their road crew busted after the gig, the roughnecks here were even more boorish than usual.

The songs are a problem, too. "Switch", "Mirage" and "Suburban Relapse" are pretty good live numbers, but they came over as computerised punk to the people who had no previous experience of the band.

Similarly, "Metal", for John Hartfield (the legendary Anti-Nazi montage propagandist) meant little to the uninitiated: like the others, this song really needs to be recognised, which is why (in the provinces, anyway, and before the release of "The Scream") the band seem to distance themselves into an identity crisis.

"Hong Kong Garden" — received ecstatically — proved the point: much of this audience (if not the bulk) thought of The Banshees as an avant-garde singles band (with a very nice-looking cantatrice). Which is why, after average responses elsewhere, the band played their traditional "Lord's Prayer" finale and declined to encore.

Siouxsie had sensed all along that the circumjacent mood wasn't too cool. Deprived on the night (at Siouxsie's request?) of canned grog, there was nothing for the goons to fling but huge quantities of slanderous abuse and multi-coloured sputum. (Your lensman for the night paid the price for coming between Siouxsie and the line of fire).

She tried hard to get them to "calm down" (and it was no punk put-on) but, as she said, she couldn't "feed" off us such was the aggressive, distastful attitude.

Siouxsie probably thought she's seen the last of this number a long time ago.

The Banshees have played better and they will bring it on home again. It was suggested that they couldn't handle an audience of this size. Or that even Snow Queens can have off-nights. But I'd guess that The Banshees really are trying to rip the perimeters of Radical Art, and that they recognise they're not going to achieve that without intelligent support.

Emma Ruth

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NEW SINGLE DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT

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The Clash

Roxy Theatre

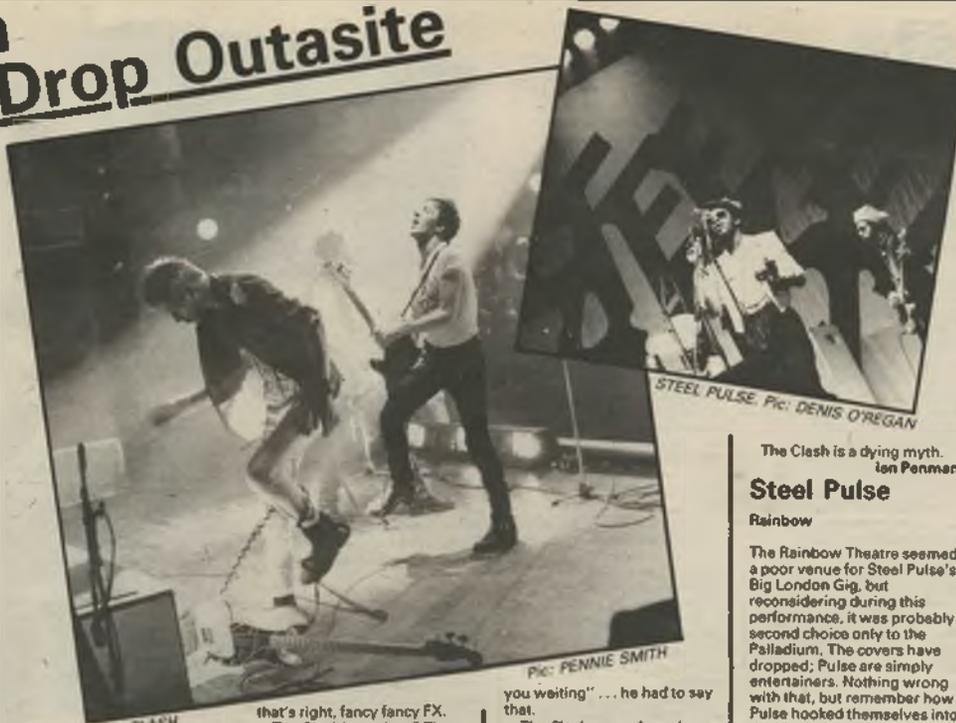
Weapons exist, but some people can't see them for looking.

The Clash take the obvious lines of misrepresentation, superficiality, and hold up the tacky backdrops, the disinfected battleclothes, the turbulent, tubercular grimaces, and most of all the rock instruments as their weapons, not forgetting air rifles — roots rock rebel!

But these plain chaps with art school roots... what is it exactly they have rebelled against? Tell me that! On the basis of this performance, one of the two re-scheduled at the Roxy theatre in Harlesden (immigrant population, heavy industry, how convenient) I for one won't fall in with the future they are supposedly leading us into.

A joyless, emotionless, directionless, self-important music, something like a shamotic HM quartet converted to Mao minutes before a show but still retaining the original ego-pushy set, swaggers and all.

Perhaps this heavy manners street band have finally come to realise that the "street" houses expense and excess as well as the romantic oppression visions. What is this myth about the "street"? Remember, the street is the basis not only of free enterprise (market place credibility?) but of capitalist exploitation... and I'm sure The Clash have been exploited as much there, naked in the street, as much as — more than — anyone.



THE CLASH

Which is probably how they come to be in their present sorry state. There are embarrassing runs across the stage, HM poses, hackneyed guitar solos — no idea of how to mix and assert different positions and degrees of sharp rock sound, unlike, say, Penetration.

Headon's drums are leaden and lumpen — I fail to observe any reggae inflexion either there or with Simonon — a different part of the sound from Strummer's rehearsed spastic twanging and Jones' nowengineered playing —

that's right, fancy fancy FX.

The Clash's motives? There don't seem to be any anymore.

The Clash is The Clash is The Clash, no relationships between the individual members of the band, or between the band and the audience.

On stage, there's only the disgusting mock stand - and - deliver confrontations, the choreographed bumping into one another. The only concession to the 'kids' came at the very end of the set when Jones stopped sprinting for a second to garble "Alright? Sorry to keep

you waiting" ... he had to say that.

The Clash are awkward. Unlike their peers — Travolta, Brotherhood Of Man, Dooleys — they have not come to terms with their role of working class entertainers. They aspire; they do not want to be seen to simply perspire.

They have not come to terms with anything beyond The Clash, and now, after all the sycophantic press, after the coke busts, after the second album gap. The Clash don't know what to do with themselves, don't know what to do with rock music, but I and you know what it's doing to them.

PICTURE: FENNIE SMITH

STEEL PULSE. PICTURE: DENIS O'REGAN

The Clash is a dying myth.
— Ian Penman

Steel Pulse

Rainbow

The Rainbow Theatre seemed a poor venue for Steel Pulse's Big London Gig, but reconsidering during this performance, it was probably second choice only to the Palladium. The covers have dropped; Pulse are simply entertainers. Nothing wrong with that, but remember how Pulse hooked themselves into the big time and it's slightly depressing.

Pulse's appeal may have been their 'idealism', their 'roots' (plus a right time, right place thing, and the influence of the present hip reggae circumstances) but it was a very meaningless, affected bag of tricks, a glossy petulance.

There were never any real risks taken... a very bitty sense of style, nothing actually uncomfortable. Their appeal now (and forever more...) is their predictability.

The show wasn't such an effort to watch as the likes of

10cc but soon come a time when Pulse will be a vague equivalent to say Fleetwood Mac... or The Average White Band.

I like reggae as a combination of sounds, as with Coleman or Company, but Pulse's combination of sounds is as formal and as limited as any traditional six piece rock group.

Despite each individual instrument never coming over any better than adequate, especially the knobby, erratic bass, the whole unit proved mundanely sophisticated, with only the drums supplying any bite and threatening to push the sound into harder, less precise areas.

'Dub effects' are limited to stop... echo... start, or simple mixing manoeuvres, while the vocals are non-descript and the harmonies thickly smooth. Visually, Pulse have failed to develop any theatre, still relying on mildly symbolic uniforms with a few light show the depth of their innovation. Steel Pulse as entertainers are flat and unimaginative.

And all these references to Jah, the herb, desperation, revolution, rastafarie. What is it all about? Is it a joke? Why am I not laughing? How long before these plain chaps run out of rehearsed moves?

Steel Pulse are yet another bundle of ultimately accessible contradictions. They are a 'good reggae band' like Clash are the 'best rock'n'roll group in the world' or Robinson an 'effective catalyst'.

All these minimally seductive, superficial, 'revolutionists' are essentially naive, musically staid, lyrically obvious, visually twee and one mass compromise. Illusion, delusion, glamorous escapism — a damning indictment of the state of the nation. I've had enough. I can't put up with any more.

— Paul Morley



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Third World

Oxford

Let it be said right at the start that Third World are hardly roots.

Though keyboardist Michael "Ibo" Cooper and percussionist Irvin "Carrot" Jarret appear onstage as barechested, loose-belted hills rastas, the visual presences of bassist Richie Daley and lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist Bunny "Rugs" Clarke — neatly cut jackets and berets, for example — suggest sophisticated media-blacks.

Indeed, Third World's appearance reminds one most forcibly that, after Bob Marley, they are the only reggae outfit to have gained any sort of US chart success or following.

It is hardly surprising, then, that during the 16 numbers the six-piece outfit plays it is the word "funk" that comes to mind most often.

Any reggae outfit that is heavy or hard would certainly be beyond the cultural scope of North America.

Also, and not just on the obvious O'Jays "Now That We Found Love", it is funk as in Philadelphia Funk.

"Dreamland", for example, suggests a perfect understanding of the Philly Sound circa '73.

Such influences are hardly out of keeping, incidentally. The O'Jays, MFSB, Harold Melvin et al were — indeed

still are if the fairly colossal success currently being enjoyed by Teddy Pendergrass is anything to go by — commercially highly successful in Jamaica.

There are also times when, probably due to the highly adept percussion of Carrot and the drums of Willie Stewart, one is reminded of Carlos Santana discovering The Grass Roots Of Dub — Rankin Ibo, incidentally, fulfils the role of Dread At The Controls at his stage centre keyboards from where he frequently — at the end of the beautiful '96 Degrees In The Shade' for example — provides near-dub vocals.

There are also less pleasant times when they suggest, due mainly to Ibo's keyboards, an early period Emerson, Lake and Palmer. But thankfully such rare aberrations in influence are generally rectified — "Third World Man" sounds like an out-take from "Tarkus" until the vocals and then the harmonies settle it down to a rather above average reggae hymn replete with beautiful frills and dynamics from the drums and percussion.

Actually, as the set develops — it has all the highs and lows and apparent refreshment pauses of a white rock set — what becomes most noticeable is the outfit's deliciously adept Blue Mountain stream clean harmonies, to which each

member contributes with quite moving dignity.

On "African Woman", off the new LP "Journey To Addis", a guitar-less Rugs may strut about with just a hand-mike doing his slinky Rasta stage-lizard routine; about which, incidentally, Gregory Isaacs could certainly show him a thing or two. But numbers like "Cool Meditation", also off the new album, with its gorgeous mango-sensuous six-part vocals underlaid by some deliciously mellifluous Ibo organ, suggest where Third World's future lies not just in commercial terms but quite possibly artistically, too.

After all, if reggae's going to break through worldwide on any sizeable scale it surely stands more chance with harmony acts singing good commercial tunes.

Can Grimsby take toasters? Is this not one of the great existentialist issues of our time?

Yes, Third World are coffee table reggae. But only just, in fact, if they wise up in time and don't go buying laser beams as soon as they can afford it (they are awfully keen on theatrics, and, in fact, put on a musical play in Kingston earlier this year) they may well escape the fringes of that category.

After all, there is a great sense of Youth about them. And, as we know, it is up to The Youth to change things for they are strong.

Also, as Les Perry observed, each man must fulfil his purpose. And if it is the purpose of Third World — and outfits like The Diamonds — to open up people's heads to reggae music by initially presenting them with a slightly bastardised form then this is how it must be.

For the meantime, Third World put on A Good Show and offer A Most Pleasant Evening out.

Chris Salewicz



THIRD WORLD'S Bunny Clarke. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Matchbox

Rock Garden

A night when Matchbox grabbed the keys of the door to the big wide world and Rockabilly may have come of age in Britain — that is, ceased to be just a cult phenomenon solely supported by the kind of audience that tends to deter less committed individuals from poking their noses in where they think they're not wanted.

Despite a few contrary moans in *Gasbag*, it's been my experience that Teds, Greasers, Rebels and suchlike are a far more tolerant lot than they're usually made out to be. As long as you don't step on their brotzel creepers or goose their deary befogged without asking permission, you should be in for a good time at a Rockabilly gig whatever you look like.

Naturally, if you're female, look about 16, have long hair and wear stockings and a suspender belt beneath a flaired skirt, you'll be in for an exceptionally good time.

Anyhow, be that as it may, this was not an especially partisan gig for Matchbox; on the contrary, it was deliberately chosen to introduce the band to a broader audience than

usual. And as they went down a storm with everyone present it seems like the experiment was well justified.

Punky types pogoed cheek-by-jowl with jiving Rockers, even a few Skins got to grips with the intricacies of the Bopcat Shuffle, and assorted grades of indeterminate punters all joined together to crowd the limited floorspace of this unlikely venue.

By the time "Hold Me, Hug Me, Rock Me" and "Old

Black Joe" topped off the hour long set, everyone was on the same wavelength and partying without fear or favour.

Matchbox succeed where others of their ilk fail because they're not simply just a bunch of Rockabilly revivalists.

Course, they don't unexpectedly break into a frantic punk thrash or trip their switches for a sudden burst of heavy metal, but within the general scheme of countryish rock 'n' roll

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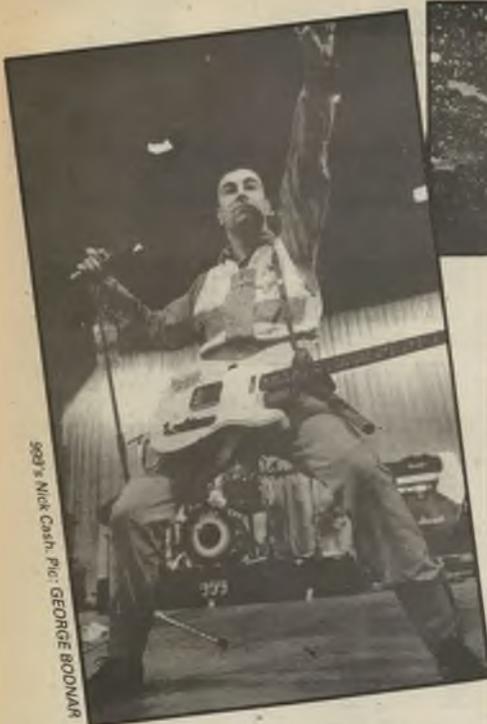
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999's Nick Cash. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

DOCTORS OF MADNESS
going out in a blizzard of gob
... Pic GEORGE BODNAR

stepping out, with upcoming gigs at the Hope And Anchor and The Nashville. Should be fun for all concerned.

Clim White

Doctors Of Madness

Music Machine

Cabaret Voltaire appeared first. A trio, I caught the final 20 minutes of their performance, and was fairly absorbed.

A member of the trio later informed me that when watching and listening to the group a smile on the face is not amiss.

So remember, when you go to see Cabaret Voltaire ... SMILE! (You don't like crazy music?)

The Doctors of Madness last ever concert; a private party I wasn't prepared or qualified to drop in on.

So this is how Vanilla Fudge sounded after they lost their toes.

Kid Strange always was over confident about his own ability. At best (with violinist Urban Blitz) the Doctors were wacky, at the worst (tonight) dire.

But of course it really doesn't matter any more!

We say Bye-Bye Doctors of Madness ... until we meet again.

varied and colourful support to lead vocalist Graham Fenton.

Although a few of the oldies in their set are deliberately performed as originally recorded (exceptionally well, too), for the most part the character of the band and their individual talents are the main attraction rather than — as in many similar cases — the fact that they're dedicated to playing a special brand of music.

Matchbox aim to keep on

they're game and able to ring the changes through as diverse a repertoire as possible, including a good percentage of their own songs — most of which are as strong as the carefully selected oldies.

Mandolin, harmonica, steel and acoustic guitars and stand-up acoustic bass are all employed with the same notable musicianship as the familiar three - guitars - and - drums line-up and all of the players are also capable singers, providing

999 call for a future?

Of course we will — it's part of the plan.

Which no one really cares about.

The most unfashionable group of all time tamely flickered out to much acclaim. As weird as a whistle.

It was a good time? The performance had a distinct aura.

Of a quest for IDENTITY. T.V. Smith sang three songs with the Doctors of Madness.

I left fearing my life before Dave Vanian swooped on stage.

If he even did ... and I doubt it as much as I believe it.

The Ultimate Statement, let us not forget was within the Doctors potential this sad night ... and I thought that was the implication behind the 'last ever performance' hype. That after they'd played, they would kill themselves.

The Ultimate Statement ... the one sure way they had of getting a good review.

I left early because I knew that they wouldn't kill themselves. So what was the point? Had they run out of ideas, used all their imagination up, have they better things to do, is it a trick?

This piece has no end. I have no end. I wonder why? Paul Morley

999 Glasgow

Glasgow University is the only one in the world which still retains separate unions for men and women. Every year a vote is taken to dispel such foolish notions, and every year the beer-bar jingoists stop singing rugby songs and drinking yards of ale (chugalug chugalug) long enough to adversely affect the voting.

This isn't the only problem they have. According to Pablo Labritain the non-student public have been allowed into 999's gigs everywhere in the country. In Glasgow not only do you need a student to sign you in at the door, but credentials must be displayed once more before entering the bar.

As for 999, they're the kind of band who inspire clichés such as 'solid', 'workmanlike', 'grass roots following', a band who work hard for their audience and need a similar response from the opposite direction.

The handful of people who did manage to get in jump up and down and crash into each other and generally have a good time. How can you criticise a band who do that? Here goes.

The endless two-chord stampedes have been dropped. In their place are

more standard rock songs, slower and bad for pooping. 999 are beginning to learn dynamics, proper composing, chromatic sevenths, harmonic variations and lots of other things of which I know nothing and care less.

Possible projections of the future? They could break up soon due to lack of encouragement. Or, they could continue playing round the universities and clubs of Britain learning their trade, enjoyed by a small but dedicated audience, perhaps becoming stars in Switzerland.

Maybe one day they'll get to be like Foghat or the Climax Blues Band; idolised in Middle America; unappreciated in Britain.

Right now they still care about their fans and their music. They have some good rhythmic ideas, helped particularly by Jon Watson's mutant computer discoid bass. I especially liked "Subterfuge" and "Crazy".

They encored with a screaming tirade against beer-throwing poseurs and dedicated the last song to their real fans.

Nick Cash knows who they are.

Simple Minds played support to even less people. I've seen this band several times throughout their career, right since early days as Johnny And The Self-Abusers — remember "Saints & Sinners" on Chiswick? — and on each occasion they had improved dramatically.

Right now they're astonishing.

This was one of their lesser gigs, not really gaining assurance till near the end; and not helped any by speakers full of porridge. The quality of the material shone through, however.

Their demo tape rarely leaves my cassette machine. You should be jealous.

Glenn Gibbon

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- 13th Scarborough — Penthouse Club
- 14th Birmingham — Barbarellas
- 15th Newbridge, Gwent — Memorial Hall
- 16th Liverpool — Eric's

19th Nottingham — Sandpipers

- 20th Birmingham — Aston University
- 22nd St. Andrews, Scotland — St. Andrews University
- 25th Aberdeen — Ruffles Ballroom
- 27th Dundee — College of Technology
- 28th Edinburgh — Herriot Watt University
- 29th Loch Maben, Dumfries — Baicastle Hotel

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- 2nd Sheffield — Limit Club
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- 5th Jacksdate, Nottingham — Grey Topper Club
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Chimps Of The Cosmic Cabaret?

Yes

Wembley Arena

"I think we're all a tiny bit cosmic sometimes." Speak for yourself, mate... After all Jon Anderson hasn't been stuck in a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam on the North Circular this past half hour.

Still, what else do you expect from a geezer like Anderson, who these days yields more power than ever onstage with the rest of Yes. Without doubt Anderson has no time for being macho.

His onstage persona is closer, to say, Puck in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* or the wimp Ariel in Willy's *The Tempest* — rock's most unlikely frontman.

It will always puzzle me why he's so popular with rank and file youth, the kind of guys to be found knocking back pints of lager in the nation's public bars, bell bottoms and all.

It's not only the taking set that buys tickets for Yes concerts.

Don't believe that claptrap about people liking Yes 'cause they think they're complicated and therefore they like them because it flatters their intelligence.

One of the biggest cheers on Saturday was, predictably, for Steve Howe's time-honoured crowd pleasing stunt, "The Clap". Yet given a guitar with six strings, the right kind of chimpanzee could just about learn to play "The Clap". Complicated it's not.

Yes audiences (and they hardly come any bigger) like the band for their songs and their playing, and the way they always turn in something different presentation-wise. Whether Chris Squire drives a Silver Cloud or a Honda 50 is not taken into consideration.

Unlike more fashionable acts, Yes audiences haven't been pressured into liking the band either. Suffice to say, the new wave has had about as much effect on Yes as a single hammer blow would have on Centre Point. Yes are not a monstrous turkey, even if at times they steer in that direction.

As with the vast majority of their well-oiled peers (the Floyd, Stones, Zeppelin, Jethro Dull and possibly Genesis) there is now an element of cabaret in their set. Their act doesn't walk a tightrope. It's very safe. Tried and tested. Slick. And the sound at Wembley was perfect.

To their credit Yes worked hard to reduce the appalling barn-like dimensions of the Arena to something approaching a modest theatre by situating a circular, revolving stage slap in the centre of the auditorium.

But the sight of them rotating around and around like figures on a musical box tended to increase the cabaret quotient.

The centre podium was occupied for most of the time by Anderson — the only time he left it was when Squire or Howe stepped up to play their solo spots; Squire's "The Fish" being one of the highlights.

His devastating bass solo was the first time I haven't been bored during this kind of caper. Jaco Pastorius should learn a thing or two from Squire's economy and sense of melody.

Wakeman's solo spot, particularly his fluid acoustic piano work, was similarly impressive, while Alan White too distinguished himself — often rekindling memories of his great performance on John Lennon's "Instant Karma".

White relies on controlled force and not sheer bombast; he's not a complicated drummer.

Anderson's over-the-top romanticism, however, all too often puts these musicians in the shade, and I was left itching for Yes to rock and roll.

In keeping with the 10 year anniversary feel of the concerts (since when was rock and roll about anniversaries?) Yes' set was a journey through the past and present, even including the "hippy" sentiment of "Time And A Word", one of their earliest songs.

But like The Rolling Stones, Zeppelin and Tull, Yes have in recent years always included a considerable proportion of oldies in their set.

Don't be surprised if in 15 years Yes are playing their 25th year anniversary gigs. Only then they'll be at Wembley Stadium and each seat will have its personal video screen. I doubt if Anderson or Squire (the only two original members) will have the bottle to break up the band

Steve Clarke

Dr Feelgood

Hammermith Odeon

No mistaking it, London's happy to have them back. Winding up their tour with two nights at the Odeon, the Feelgoods respond with everything that's expected of them.

And that means everything: an all-out performance that's epitomised in the title of one of the numbers, "99 1/2 Won't Do". The Doctor shows no signs of mellowing and if there's a term that means the opposite of "laid back" then that's just what the Feelgoods are.

Their unique tension, controlled frenzy, is personified in Lee Brilleaux himself, fists clenched and teeth gritted as if urging the others on to an ever greater intensity.

The guitar of John Mayo sounds the way Lee Brilleaux looks; sharp, frenetic, straining at the invisible leash that tethers it; just the right side of HM overkill.

It's crucial to the group's personality, the way in which this Mayo/Brilleaux partnership — wired-up, short-fused — is counterbalanced by the staid, solid and sturdy Sparks and Figure Martin, the rhythm-section men who 'anchor' the band in both the visual and musical senses.

They play an even set, no peaks, just consistent and maximum R&B from start to end. Nor is there any useful distinction to be made between the established numbers ("Stupidity", "Beck In The Night", "Roxette") and the "Private Practice" innovations like "Sugar Shaker", "Milk And Alcohol", "Take A Tip" and "Night Time."

"Down At The Doctor's", in particular, established its credentials as the very stuff that heads are banged to.

Finally, we're reassured that the riot still goes on in "Cell Block No. 9" and are treated to a song called "Johnny B. Goode" which, I'm told, is actually a cover version...

If it all sounds pretty unadventurous to you then I'm not the one to argue — the Feelgoods' story has always been one of excellence maintained rather than one of progression. And while I've seen them play to more ecstatic audiences in the past, and been more excited by them than I was tonight, nobody went home disappointed so far as I could see.

Every ritual of the Rock Concert had, after all, been observed.

Supporting were Squeeze who, it's always stressed, hail from Deptford though I've not yet grasped the significance of this fact. Jolly rock 'n' rollers, whose pianist Jools Holland was to re-surface later with Or Feelgood, they varied from the likeable ("Take Me, I'm Yours") through to the not-at-all-bad ("Get Smart", "Bang Bang") to the downright sniggering awful "Touching Me, Touching You" which is one of their naughty songs.

"What a bunch of auto-eroticists" and "Get off, you onanists!" were just some of the cries not to be heard resounding about the auditorium.

Lee Brilleaux Pic:
PENNIE SMITH

Paul Du Noyer

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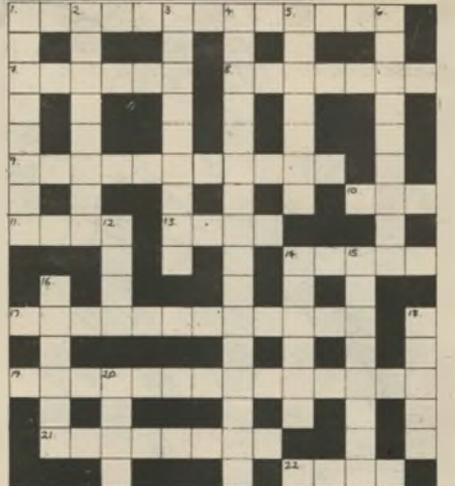
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- Exit Reg, anon. (anag. 10, 1)
- Mister Waybill the Tube
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- Dolenz or Mouse!
- Come on, come on — the Babychams are on Jimmy! (5, 2, 5)
- 22 The world of contemporary music, at the opus of a button — as Radio Times might say (beasargh!) (3, 4, 7, 4)
- Jockey Liverpoolian combo led by Mike McGear, a.k.a. McCartney
- See 19



DOWN

- The witching hour — as in at the oasis, in the underground, or in the Wicked Picket's R&B oldie!
- West Country punk combo who might have figured at Motor Show if Ford's hadn't gone on strike!
- Genesis keyboardman (4, 5)
- TRB single, from the "Sloganize-along-a-Tom" LP (2, 7, 3, 4)
- See 20
- Mechanical Krautrockers
- Ancient hippie musical which (gosh!) was one of the first to put (gulp) naked bodies on the stage!
- Belmont or Barre
- Girl group who were Phil Spector's first signing to his own Phil's label
- Eric Idle's protracted joke on the Fab Four
- Peddaling Freddie & Co.
- 5 Influential ex-Burd whose death in California desert was surrounded by bizarre circumstances

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Road To Ruin"; 8 "Aja"; 9 "Stage"; 10 Emmylou (Harris); 12 Charisma; 13 Randy (Newman); 14 Andrew Gold; 15 (Hall and) Oates; 16 (Billy) Idol; 17 Akron; 19 Nelson; 21 Man; 23 Parliament; 25 "The Bride Stripped Bare; 26 Dr Feelgood.

DOWN: 1 "Respectable"; 2 "Again And Again"; 3 "The Bride Stripped (Bare)"; 4 Roger McGuinn; 5 New York Dolls; 6 "L.A. Connection"; 7 Can; 11 Byrds; 18 Jilted (John); 20 (Denny) Laine; 22 Abba; 24 Eno.

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The absolutely Last Bag . . .

and it's all your fault, sending in such rubbish to NME, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1, and expecting to see it in print. 'Til next week. then . . .

Perhaps some people feel the music scene is really looking good at the moment. All of these fine new albums by Buzzcocks, Penetration, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Clash, XTC, Wire. And what fun all these gimmicks are (luminous vinyl, free 12-inch EP), those wonderful, arty and witty sleeves ("Moving Targets", "Go-2").

Yes, let's all go to our record stores and buy all this wonderful product (all the albums by the bands mentioned will set you back at least £25, possibly more), because Virgin Records are knocking a pound off and the music papers think they're all great.

Well, I for one won't be buying all these new albums because I'm tired of wasting my money on something which lies unused, after about four weeks, amongst all the other pieces of plastic I have bought over the last two years.

I feel very disappointed in all these bands, they have just become another part of the record business. It's the same old thing that's been going on for the last fifteen years or more: one or two albums a year, a few singles, play on Top of the Pops and The Old Grey Whistle Test, go on tour etc. etc.

All of these bands have taken the easy way out, they all have nice careers ahead of them and the record companies can't wait for the money to come rolling in. Personally I think all these bands play great music. What I object to is the methods they use to bring it to the fan. When Punk first started it was supposed to change all this, but has it?

People now say Punk is dead, now we are back to the same old routine. In a way they are right — the Buzzcocks at Hammersmith Odeon and most of those bands mentioned have deemed it necessary to go on TV and bring the music to the people. Shit! Television has diluted the music and turns these bands into a joke!

Fortunately there are still a few bands around who have refused to compromise, who are at least trying to find a different way: ATV, Pop Group, Mekons, Punishment Of Luxury, Cabaret Voltaire, Throbbing Gristle.

Despite the fact that the music press have been trying to drag them into their scheme of things, they still survive, but for how long?

Unfortunately as John Peel says, many people will regard the likes of Mark Perry and the Mekons as hopeless naifs. That kind of attitude is pathetic. If we all support these bands then I'm almost certain things could change. Mark Perry talks sense, if he can play free gigs, why can't the Buzzcocks etc. If they tried hard enough they could, but then it's so much easier to sign on the dotted line and let the big company do all the work.

Free gigs, bands with their own labels, at least is an alternative.

Of course perhaps most people don't agree, perhaps they are quite happy with the way things are at the moment, perhaps they don't want to change. If this is so, then I can see no reason why Punk should have surfaced in the first place. The only people who stood to gain anything are the record companies — more bands equals more

product equals more money!

People should form their own bands and spend their money on music equipment rather than buying records, as the Mekons say. But of course Apathy rules and I can't think of anything more pathetic than sitting down listening to records all day.

Alan Phillips

Didn't take long, did it? Two and a half years later and what's changed? Hair length, jeans-style, Jackie pin-ups, fuck all!

Who's to blame? We are! All of us!

The initial spark/flood/wave of new bands, Pistols, Clash, Damned, Silts, Buzzcocks, bloody fantastic! Bloody marvellous! Form your own band. Play your own music. Record on your own label. Yeah, c'mon, let's do it!

But the novelty wears off, eh boy! Why form your own band when there's all this fab vinyl in the shops, huh? And all these fab bands playing at the Music Machine/Fan Club/Outlook, huh?

Because, boy, the reason for all this fab vinyl/gigs is that, how you say, "da bux" has taken over again. You know, CBS, U.A. EMI (see-amm-eevyve, remember?)

You know, like punks are in, boy. Punks are *chained* product, boy.

So come on all you fucking electric warriors! Sell your stereo! Buy a real music piece! Get some people together and shake the walls in that church/village hall!

Show them we will no be emasculated/assimilated!

Or maybe the plug in the Titanic ain't so tight?

Berry Good, North Yorks.

Why waste 5p on a stamp, Barry, when you could've put it in your piggy bank towards an amp? And as for you, Allan, when was the last time you were hoisted inside a record shop and forced to shell out for an album? You want marketing with integrity? Or just plain no marketing? Either way, you're as bound to lose as Stockport County. Things aren't quite so bad on board the Moderne Muzak as you'd have us believe — MS.

Dear "Young Bag", I am thirty years young and have just watched Parkinson on Saturday night and, Maan, Sammy Davis and Buddy Rich were really good and honest. I am a Stones, Beatles-era freak (if I have to be bagged) but those cats on the tele were what you started out to be when I read your paper when I was twelve.

Punk is skunk! But it has a purpose to serve to the mindless ones . . . Yours no longer.

Bob Graves, Brackley, Northants.

See? That's one less rat on the ship already — MS

I think that Danny Baker is really Paul Weller with a wig on judging by all the crap he wrote about "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight". This 'song' isn't an attack on anything except my eardrums. But if by any chance (although I very much doubt it) there is such a 'person' as Danny Baker he must have a very good imagination or a very poor hearing aid.

And as for you Charles Shag Moggy, your real name is Andy Pandey. Come on, admit it. How do I know, you may ask? Well, I have got very good inside information. So if you don't print this letter I will tell Little Ted not to let you play on his tricycle anymore and that will sort you out, won't it? And by the way, don't you dare write any smart-assed comments after this letter or you could lose your job as Britain's premier clown.

Wee Jeannie, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

I have nothing to say to this person — CSM.

Wot he said — DB

That prat Parsons is really pathetic! How many more times are we going to hear that once upon a time he was on a demo in Lewisham? That was 14 months ago. What have you done this year, Tons? Apart from posing with the stars and name dropping like the prize ligger you've become?

What's it like to be last year's rebels?

Paul, Ex-NME Reader, Lewisham.

Tony would be delighted to send you a full curriculum vitae on request, but never mind about that — did you know Nick Kent used to play guitar in an early version of the Pistols? — A Stirrer Fascinating — A Doctor

I read your page of reviews on Feelgood, Wilko and Potter's Clay, it only convinced me

more that Lee Brilleaux should stop flogging his guts out for nothing and join the Solid Senders. When I was a Feelgood fan all they wanted was a keyboards player. Now all Solid Senders want is a vocalist to allow Wilko more freedom. Brilleaux is the best and that harmonica is great too. Sparko's too fat for a rock'n'rollier. It's hungry music. Another live album won't stop Feelgoods' downfall!

Bruno, Boreham Wood, Herts.

Burp — Sparko I'll drink to that, as it happens — Lee Brilleaux

With reference to Andy Gill's lucid critiques of the recent Buzzcocks and Feelgoods gigs in Sheffield, I would just like to say: Bollocks! Was he really at those gigs, or did he send his grannie?

Heads-down No-nonsense Dave and Dave, Endcliffe, Sheffield

I'm led up with being called in to speak on behalf of little Andy. I was saying to that nice Mr Brilleaux just the other day, Lee I said (cont. page 94) — Grannie Gill

Sid my obnoxious hero! I don't think that you didn't kill Nancy, I know you didn't kill Nancy. I know you would never kill the only woman you ever loved. Show them Yankee gigs just what your made of. Prove your innocence.

I love yer, Sid and I know as well as you do more than enough people believe in you! Just try and live through all this pomp!

A Schoolgirl who cares!

Is it too late to say that Sid Vicious is the Attamant of Punk?

Reif Winsome, Oxford

Too early, mate. He's still the Dorothy Squires of the Roxy generation — MS

I hate Sid Vicious 'cos he's ugly. I also think he's guilty. Just 'cos he's a punk doesn't mean I have to support him.

One of the 15 punks on The Lurkers LP

Bastard! Bastard! — The other 14 punks on The Lurkers LP

I wasn't at the match and didn't see the incident, so I think that I'm in the best position to comment.

A person who wishes he lived in Woodford Green but who lives in Ayr at least 300 miles away — God, it's sickening Right. Fine. Back to you Jim — Tony Buggs

Who cares about the music? I only buy NME for the pictures of Rachel Sweet.

Jim, Dumfries

Dirty Scottish-looking sexist paedophile bastard! — A punk who wasn't on The Lurkers LP and never got over the fact

Can I be the first to say I don't like the new print?

Erich von Swine, Duke of Serutan

I don't believe this Swine — An Optician

I thought last week's Bag was badly presented and

uninviting, so I've wrote you this to brighten the page up.

Jonty Thompson, Stanley

I get a reasonable salary for being an asshole. Jonty. What's your excuse? — CSM (for it is he, and he was in charge of the Bag last week)

I love the NME. I read it on the bus every Thursday morning and slyly glance around at people to see if they're watching me, impressed. I don't understand a word of it, but they don't know that, do they?

Steve Cum, Cornwall

You know, it took me nearly four and a half hours to read every bastard word of NME (including the ads) last week, without stopping. Easy? You try it then.

A. Knacker-eyed, Salford, Lancs

Whilst tackling your crossword for week ending October 21 I noticed that 'last week's answers' were in fact this week's answers. Next edition why don't you print next week's answers and let people try and work out the frame?

Russ Coote, Crossword Compiler Against Racism, Southend

Thank God for that! At last, a crossword even I could do. I still had a bit of trouble with the numbers though, so perhaps this week could you just fill it straight in.

A Black Sabbath Fan, Aberdeen

We put our heads together and still couldn't do the crossword last week.

D.B.S.I.W. Society (even you don't know who we are)

So what?

Diddo Bugger, Manchester

I totally agree with the letter above.

A very silly person, Shrewsbury

I hate all these letters finishing with "Does this make me a...?" Does this make me a hypocrite?

A. Knob, City Poly

I've just bought an unlimited edition seven inch single in black vinyl, which came in a white paper sleeve. Is this some sort of record? Herman the Rubber Vulture, Manchester.

Doubt it. It must be some kind of new fangled promotional device — MS

Print this. Somebody will think it's funny.

N.B

About as funny as Leonardo's cartoon mash — MS

M**** M**** is still only 15p

Captain F Ballcock, Cockermouth, Cumbria

So's the Sunday Telegraph, isn't it? Can't you see what's afoot? — MS

Letters edited by MONTY SMITH

T-ZERZ

LIGHTS THE BLUE PAPER AND RETIRES

DOWN IN THE T-Zerz bag at midnight, something stirred. It was a bunch of scandalous, exciting, mercilessly accurate, slashing, evil and above all hilarious items about the private lives, personal habits, secret vices, underhand dealings and actionable slanders of famous pop stars who appear frequently on television, and all these items were kicking each other in the niagaras and chucking bits of sharpened metal in each others' faces in order to earn the prized honour of becoming the lead T-Zer.

Unfortunately, all these scandalous exciting etceteras managed to get completely slaughtered in the resulting melee, so this is all we're left with...

First off, we've got a bunch of disasters and catastrophes, like poor ol' Neil Young's house burning down in an L.A. blaze that wiped out the homes of several movie stars. We'd've thought that Nellie could've saved his domicile by parachuting Graham Nash (the world's wettest human) on to the conflagration, but he didn't think of it in time. Too laid back for show business, these people...

Meanwhile, back at Sid Vicious, the fast we heard was that Sid's methadone cure is going quite nicely, with his current dosage tapered off from 30 milligrams a day to 40. He's under observation in a bed in the corridor of the 5th floor of New York's Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, where the commotion interrupts his sleep and the food is "not terribly appetising." Sid told the ever-present Joe Stevens, "I spend all my time thinking about Nancy. She was the most important person in my life, and I miss her so much." More news as it happens when it happens...

Other legal entanglements going on at the moment include Elvis Costello's divorce proceedings (we haven't the faintest idea who started it or why, but we shudder to think what the King's fourth album will be about). Stardom takes its toll even on the sacred institution of holy matrimony, we muse

Still in the divorce courts, Bianca Jagger's representatives called at Mick's hotel to serve some papers on ol' Rubber Nips (wait a minute, I thought Bianca was ol' Rubber Nips? — Ed.) Only to find that Mick had left for Jamaica (where else?). The proverbial spokesperson announced to a breathlessly waiting world, "I think Mick had left as soon as he heard they were after him. He has a feeling about this sort of thing." We bet he has (found Jerry's ring yet? Haw haw!). Incidentally, the same syndrome hit Roistering Rod Stewart (ex-Faces, Jeff Beck Group, Bebe Buell, etc) when Britt Ekland called at his mansion to pick up the last of her belongings. The 23-year-old super bore hid in the bushes until Blushing Britt had split...

After the Canuck courts



Look, we know that tiny oiks have been piping, "Penny for the guy" all over the country for the last six weeks, but we might have coughed up if we'd known that this — the new Paines' Lemmyatic — was what was going to end up on the bonfire come November 5th.

Instructed Keef to play a charity gig, the whacky Rolling Stone celebrated by taking it all Very Seriously and getting the hell out of Toronto (baybee) to start rehearsals immediately. By the next day, he'd made it as far as New York City where he powerpopped up jamming with Dave Edmunds' Rockpile at the Bottom Line...

Beh gum, it has been a busy week in the court. As the Heatwave vs Blast Furnace And The You-Know-Whats struggle dragged on into its 94th week proceedings were enlivened by some of the plaintiffs' watchdogs spotting a few Blast posters which had been vandalised by passers-by who'd removed the sticker which covered up the contentious portion of the name. The Blast team were hed up on charges of contempt of court. Tough ol' world, innit?...

The most pressing problem facing theologists today is: do the Grateful Dead really exist? Are they some sort of mass phantasm which,

vampire-like, cannot even be photographed? 'Twould appear so, since their film was cancelled for the third time last week when — once again — the American distributors failed to deliver the print on time. Harvey Goldsmith's office claim that the print was unsuitable for showing at The Rainbow (site of the cancelled concert, ho ho) for technical reasons. The film still isn't even in the country. Refunds are available from The Rainbow, but what of the wasted money incurred in travelling around to score tickets for non-happening gigs, movie showings and so forth? Large amounts of people are now heartily sick of The Dead, The Rainbow and Harvey Goldsmith. What a long strange boring futile trip it's been.

Creativity runs rife: "Remote Control", the new single by Phil Manzanera's 801, written by NME's ex-very own Ian MacDonald

Too hee; according to Charlie Gillert, *Monotony Maker's* neo-editor Richard

(improvise your very own mantra) Williams instructed his rag's man-on-the-stiff-train (epicene, giggling Allan Jones) to deliver a putdown of the event and was most displeased when Jones actually enjoyed himself. Isn't life unpredictable...

Stars come out to play: Dr Feelgood's Hammersmith Odeon gig on Sunday graced by Jools Holland from Squeeze (who were supporting) and Dave Higgs of the Hot Rods, who jammed on the encore while wearing a pair of sensible jeans. On the other side of the monitors was Modest Bob Geldof, enjoying the show in the company of Paula Yates (he left his saxophone at home, though)

Kah-roo-ah op-or-CHEW-nit-eeez-ah — say it aloud and it'll make sense! former Darts pianist Hammy Howell having v. nice time working on his English and Music A-levels down Twickenham way...

Former Banshee Pete Fenton (now with Heroes) is somewhat miffed: it appears that "Carcass" and "Love In A Void" on the band's album are credited to the current line-up, while Fenton claims to have had a hand in writing both during his tenure with Siouxsie. Can this be triquetra?

Sound the klaxons: XTC's November 12 gig at London's Roundhouse has been magically transformed into a 2-show night at the Electric Ballroom (same tube stop, so not to worry) because of Straight Music's inability to cope with unexpected GIC hassles...

We here at T-Zerz would like to get serious here just for a moment (muffled sniggers) in order to offer our sincere congratulations (ill-restrained splutters of mirth) to a really great guy (hankies stuffed into mouths, nails digging into palms): Virgin records press officer (unashamed chorles) Al Clark now assumes the office (lusty guffaws) of Virgin's Director Of Publicity (three hernias in the back row, St John Ambulance men summoned, etc), which means that all branches of the media will now have the opportunity to enjoy the conversation of this fascinating man (building collapses as earthquake sunders entire nation) to the same extent as we journalists (planet explodes) already do. Congrats, Al (complete silence)...

Oy oy (and other quaint catchphrases also available on sputum-coloured vinyl in a pic sleeve): the new Ian Dury single "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" will be ready for your inspection in around three weeks' time, even though the new album will be delayed until next year...

Hey hey (and other catchphrases delivered on 12-inch to the sound of a lonesome harmonica and three large boilers signing in harmony) Dylan's live-in-Japan '78 album now officially imminent...

Let my mansion be my weapon and my statement: Strangler Dave Greenfield (keyboards, lache, royalty cheques) splashed out £50,000 on a dwelling place in the Milton Keynes area. Street credibility? Only the children of the wealthy can afford to... Don't mention it (do Huge Cornball and Jack-Off Barnowl know about this?)...

about shrinny stunted weedy dwarffolk rock musicians whose egos force them to overcompensate for their ludicrous stature or lack of same Apart from Kevin Allen (who isn't famous enough to be abused in this week's small space), the first stunto who we're going to expose is Martin Belmont. The only way this tiny weed can carry off the illusion that he is in fact six foot live is by perpetrating the Finnish trick of standing next to Graham Parker, which is really cheating on a grand scale. Parker himself is only nine inches tall, and the reason that his tours take money is that he and his group have to stand in front of a giant magnifying lens at all their gigs

BETTER BADGES

- This List week
- (2) Love
 - (1) Blues
 - (3) Clash Police
 - (4) Buzzcocks
 - (-1) Penetration
 - (5) The Sins
 - (-1) My Way
 - (8) Alternative Ulster
 - (10) Rockies
 - (6) Smirks against Travolta

New Releases
 Zip Make Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge Pt. 2, Zig Zag Bandits, Lemmy, Animal Lib No. 2
 Zip New Singles, Undertones, The Dogs, Ghazal, Pretty Vacant
 X-Series Zip, Fast, Shilly, Culture, Poly

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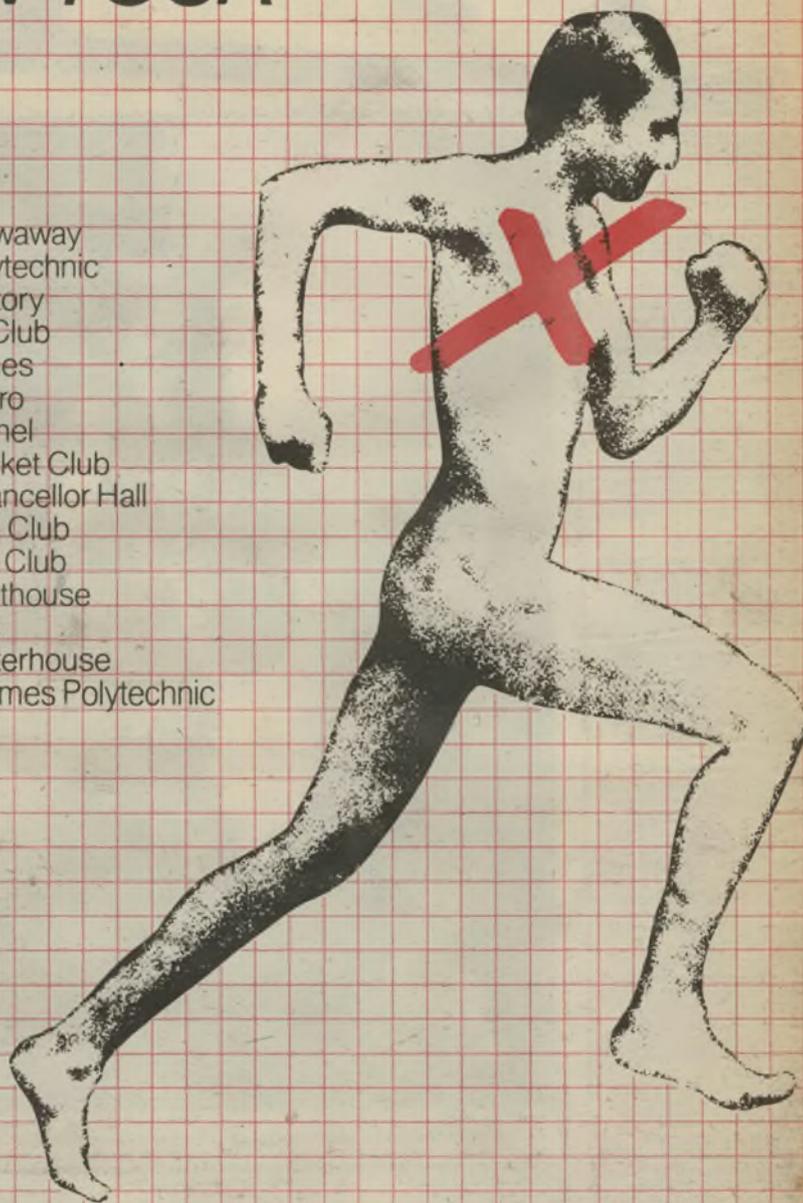
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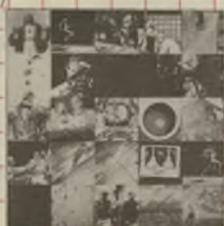
PENETRATION ON TOUR

NOVEMBER		
1	NEWPORT	Stowaway
2	BRISTOL	Polytechnic
3	MANCHESTER	Factory
7	NUNEATON	77 Club
8	READING	Bones
9	PLYMOUTH	Metro
10	UXBRIDGE	Brunel
11	NORTHAMPTON	Cricket Club
12	CHELMSFORD	Chancellor Hall
15	YORK	Pop Club
16	LEEDS	Fan Club
17	SCARBOROUGH	Penthouse
18	DUDLEY	JBs
24	RETFORD	Porterhouse
25	LONDON	Thames Polytechnic



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