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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 13, 1973

Last Week	This Week	Song	Artist
1	1	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
2	2	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (S&B)
3	3	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
4	4	TOP OF THE WORLD	Carpenters (A & M)
5	5	DYNA-MITE	Mud (Rak)
6	6	PHOTOGRAPH	Ringo Starr (Apple)
7	7	WHEELS OF FIRE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
8	8	CAROLINE	Staten Quo (Vertigo)
9	9	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)
10	10	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Clitter (S&B)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 13, 1968

Last Week	This Week	Song	Artist
1	1	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
2	2	ELDER	Billy Ryan (MGM)
3	3	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
4	4	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	Edley Brothers (Atlantic)
5	5	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
6	6	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marbles (Polydor)
7	7	LIGHT MY FIRE	Joe Foweraker (RCA)
8	8	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Blindfold (Decca)
9	9	ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER	Sam Heald's Experience (Track)
10	10	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 15, 1953

Last Week	This Week	Song	Artist
1	1	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Garry and the Percussion (Columbia)
2	2	SEE LONESOME	Barley Ryan (MGM)
3	3	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Poly)
4	4	BE MY BABY	Barclay (Parlophone)
5	5	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Don Fogelberg (Columbia)
6	6	SCRY TLOVA	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
7	7	ILL KEEP WALKING	Shirley Boney (Columbia)
8	8	BLUE BAYOU	Billy J. Weaver (Parlophone)
9	9	MY HAPPY THING	Ray Orbison (London)
10	10	MY HAPPY THING	Chuck Berry (Poly)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(2)	RAT TRAP	Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	5	1
2	(8)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	3	2
3	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	9	1
4	(4)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	3
5	(5)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	5	5
6	(3)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	7	3
7	(—)	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL	Cars (Elektra)	1	7
8	(15)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	8
9	(10)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	4	9
10	(—)	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	10
11	(13)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Arista)	5	11
12	(8)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	8	6
13	(9)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	8	2
14	(16)	BICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS	Queen (EMI)	3	14
15	(7)	PUBLIC IMAGE	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	4	7
16	(12)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	6
17	(21)	I LOVE AMERICA	Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	2	17
18	(14)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	9	3
19	(24)	TOAST	Street Band (Hog)	2	19
20	(22)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	2	20
21	(—)	PART TIME LOVE	Elton John (Rocket)	2	21
22	(11)	HURRY UP HARRY	Sham 69 (Polydor)	5	10
23	(18)	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT	Jam (Polydor)	5	18
24	(—)	GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	1	24
25	(19)	DIPPITY DAY	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	4	19
26	(—)	DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY	Darts (Magnet)	1	26
27	(—)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart (Rive)	1	27
28	(—)	GIVING IT BACK	Phil Hurt (Fantasy)	1	28
29	(30)	BRANDY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	5	21
30	(20)	RADIO RADIO	Elvis Costello (Radar)	3	20

BUBBLING UNDER ...
DON'T CRY OUT LOUD — Elkie Brooks (A&M); SHOOT-
ING STAR — Dollar (EMI); I'M GONNA LOVE YOU
FOREVER — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury); HAMMER
HORROR — Kate Bush (EMI).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	MAC ARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer	5	1
2	(6)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia	2	6
3	(2)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder	3	2
4	(3)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile	4	3
5	(5)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner	5	5
6	(16)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Barbra & Neil	6	16
7	(9)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Berry Manilow	7	9
8	(4)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray	8	4
9	(11)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli	9	11
10	(12)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook	10	12
11	(8)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins	11	8
12	(14)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges	12	14
13	(7)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones	13	7
14	(18)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart	14	18
15	(19)	ALIVE AGAIN	Chicago	15	19
16	(10)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille	16	10
17	(26)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY	Andy Gibb	17	26
18	(20)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis	18	20
19	(27)	STRANGE WAY	Firefall	19	27
20	(21)	BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)	Styx	20	21
21	(24)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT	Pablo Cruise	21	24
22	(23)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic	22	23
23	(15)	STRAIGHT ON	Heart	23	15
24	(13)	REMINISCING	Little River Band	24	13
25	(—)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel	25	—
26	(29)	CHANGE OF HEART	Eric Carmen	26	29
27	(—)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees	27	—
28	(—)	THE POWER OF GOLD	Don Fogelberg/Tim Weisberg	28	—
29	(30)	EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE	Stephen Bishop	29	30
30	(15)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who	30	15

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	GREASE... Original Soundtrack (RSO)		19	1
2	(2)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	18	1
3	(15)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Status Quo (Phonogram)	3	3
4	(4)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)	3	4
5	(14)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket Records)	3	5
6	(5)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	16	2
7	(20)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	14	7
8	(3)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	20	2
9	(6)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	Various (Motown)	8	2
10	(7)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	30	1
11	(16)	ALL MOD CONS	The Jam (Polydor)	2	11
12	(12)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	6	5
13	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	48	3
14	(11)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	7
15	(8)	STAGE	David Bowie (RCA)	7	8
16	(10)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	15	6
17	(28)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	11
18	(29)	THE AMAZING DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	2	18
19	(19)	INNER SECRETS	Santana (CBS)	2	19
20	(18)	IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	18
21	(25)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	3	21
22	(23)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	10	14
23	(27)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	6	9
24	(24)	25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	3	24
25	(—)	JAZZ	Queen (EMI)	1	25
26	(22)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	7	8
27	(—)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	1	27
28	(—)	DON'T WALK BOOGIE	Various (EMI)	1	28
29	(13)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	9	3
30	(30)	ECSTASY	Various (Lotus)	3	28

BUBBLING UNDER ...
ELVIS — 40 GREATEST HITS — Elvis Presley (RCA);
KILLING MACHINE — Judas Priest (CBS); GIVE 'EM
ENOUGH ROPE — Clash (CBS); DISGUISE IN LOVE —
John Cooper-Clarke (CBS).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	Song	Artist	Position	Weeks in chart
1	(4)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel	1	4
2	(1)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer	2	1
3	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists	3	1
4	(2)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt	4	2
5	(5)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner	5	5
6	(24)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin	6	24
7	(6)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston	7	6
8	(8)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones	8	8
9	(7)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx	9	7
10	(11)	HOT STREETS	Chicago	10	11
11	(14)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart	11	14
12	(10)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who	12	10
13	(9)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart	13	9
14	(12)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg	14	12
15	(17)	COMES A TIME	Neil Young	15	17
16	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel	16	16
17	(15)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic	17	15
18	(20)	BROTHER TO BROTHER	Gino Vannelli	18	20
19	(13)	TORMATO	Yes	19	13
20	(30)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John	20	30
21	(19)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band	21	19
22	(26)	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY	Anne Murray	22	26
23	(18)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins	23	18
24	(21)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson	24	21
25	(—)	CRUISE	Village People	25	—
26	(28)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull	26	28
27	(—)	LIFE BEYOND L.A.	Ambrosia	27	—
28	(—)	WEEKEND WARRIORS	Ted Nugent	28	—
29	(23)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists	29	23
30	(—)	THE MAN	Barry White	30	—

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

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GERM-FREE ADOLESCENTS

THE ALBUM

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Continued from page 3. © 1978 by Island Records Ltd. London W 11 3 4BB P 44



EIGHT HEADLINING SHOWS FOR CHILD

CHILD set out early next month on their first headlining concert tour, following the chart success of their singles "When You Walk In The Room" and "It's Only Make Believe". They're playing eight major dates, promoted by Mel Bush, and their itinerary comprises Southampton Gaumont (December 3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), London Rainbow (9) and Birmingham Town Hall (10). Tickets are on sale now, priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all venues. The tour promotes their debut album "The First Album" (issued this weekend by Ariola-Hansa) and their recent single that's already contending for the charts, "Still The One".

MIGHTY SPARROW, DILLINGER

Jamaicans' journeys

THE MIGHTY SPARROW is back in Britain for a short tour, coinciding with the release of his new Trojan Records single "El Reloj", which is already a chart hit in some European markets. It's taken from his recently-released album "Only A Fool". He opens with a concert at London Rainbow tonight (Thursday), then plays Bradford St. George's Hall (Friday), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (Saturday), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (Sunday), Bristol Colston Hall (November 21), Manchester Kings Hall (24) and

Birmingham Town Hall (26). DILLINGER, whose appearance at London Rainbow on November 25 has already been reported, also plays provincial gigs at Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Russell Club (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (November 21), Plymouth Metro (22), Brighton Top Rank (24) and Bristol Locarno (26). He's promoting his new album and single, titled "Live At The Music Machine" and "Out The Light" respectively, both on Jamaican Sounds Records.

EARTH WIND & FIRE, BILLY JOEL TO VISIT

EARTH WIND & FIRE are being lined up for a British and European tour early in 1979, and it's expected that their dates and venues will be announced shortly. As a prelude to their visit, CBS release the compilation LP "The Best Of Earth Wind & Fire — Volume 1" next month — it's a collection of tracks from their first six albums and includes their two 1978 hit singles "Got To Get You Into My Life" and "Fantasy". BILLY JOEL, whose latest album "52nd Street" — currently a smash hit in the U.S. charts — is issued by CBS this

week, is also planning British dates in the New Year. The new LP, the first since his successful "The Stranger", coincides with a single extracted from it titled "My Life". Reports elsewhere suggesting that several other CBS artists — including Boston, Bruce Springsteen and Aerosmith — are all set to visit Britain early next year were denied by the company this week. A spokesman commented: "Naturally we're hopeful of bringing them in — we have been for some time. But nothing is remotely like being confirmed."

ROBIN WILLIAMSON'S COMEBACK CONCERTS



ROBIN WILLIAMSON flies in from his home in California to headline a British tour next month with his Merry Band. It's his first visit to this country since the Incredible String Band broke up just over four years ago. The band's line-up includes Jerry McMillan, Sylvia Woods and Christopher Caswell, and they specialise in contemporary Celtic music "using old instruments in a new way". The band's second album "American Stonehenge" has

just been issued by Criminal. Confirmed dates are Bath Brilliant Arts Centre (December 1), Birmingham Town Hall (2), London Kingsway Royalty Theatre (3), Edinburgh Leith Theatre (9), Glasgow City Hall (10), Scarborough Panhouse (14) and Portsmouth Centre Hotel (17). Ticket prices range from £1 to £2.50, depending on the venue, and they are all available now — except at Portsmouth where they will be sold on the night.

Hinkley's Heroes on tour

HINKLEY'S HEROES — the all-star band fronted by Tim Hinkley — are touring Britain in the near future. The three dates so far confirmed are London Victoria Theatre (December 6), Birmingham Barbarella's (7) and Manchester Mayflower (9). Several more dates are being finalised for next month, including gigs in Norwich, Newcastle, Leicester and Bournemouth, and details will be announced in a week or two. Further gigs are also likely to be added. Featured in the band's line-up are such well-known musicians as Mitch Mitchell, John Halsey, Henry McCullough, Mel Collins, Roger Caplan, Mike Patto, Poli Palmer and Bob Trench.

NEWS BRIEFS

H-TENSION have added three dates to their current tour at Nottingham University (November 24), Gl. Yarmouth Tiffen's (27) and Hull University (December 8). Their gig at Liverpool University, originally planned for November 24, is put back to December 9. The group's new single and album, titled "Autumn Love" and "H-Tension" respectively, are issued by Island this weekend. VIV STANSHALL, who played a pair of sell-out concerts at London Collegiate Theatre last month, headlines another two — this time at London School of Economics (Houghton Street, W.C.2) on Friday and Saturday, December 1 and 2. Plans are now under way for Stanshall to perform a series of provincial concerts in the New Year.

A BEATLES Convention is being held in the group's home town of Liverpool on December 28. It's staged at the Renshaw & Juliet Club from noon until 8pm, at which time everyone moves to the cinema across the road for an all-night showing of all their group and solo movies. More details from Alan Williams, 15 Grove Park, Liverpool 8. (051-733 4969).

DAVE LEWIS BAND have been forced to cancel a number of gigs on their current tour, after Lewis sustained injuries in a car accident at the beginning of last week. The incident occurred when he was returning from a gig in Birmingham, and he was taken to Nuneaton Hospital suffering from cuts, bruising and concussion. It's hoped to pick up the rest of the tour as soon as possible.

THE MARQUEE, London's No. 1 rock club venue, has announced two of its major attractions for the coming holiday period. The club are to headline the traditional Christmas Eve Party, and topping the bill at the New Year's Eve shindig will be Radio Stars.

JACK GOOD, producer of the classic "Oh Boy!" TV shows, is to present a series of London concerts with a similar format. Inspired by the current resurgence in interest in basic rock 'n' roll, he plans to stage the so-called "Oh Yay!" concerts from early February onwards at the Astoria Theatre, in London's Charing Cross Road — the present home of the hit stage musical "Elvis".

ISAAC GUILFORY is special guest on the last three dates of Barbara Dickson's tour — at Southampton Theatre (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Alhambra (Friday) and London Rainbow (Saturday). These are his first solo spots for some time, since he became an active member of Pacific Eardrum. A new Guilfory single is due for release soon by Charisma.

SPEED-O-METORS, whose debut single "Tonight, Tonight (Liverpool Ladies)" is due in mid-January, play Nottingham Boat Club (tonight, Thursday), Lincoln A.J.'s (Friday), York Revolution (Saturday), Oxford Corn Dolly (November 23), London Fulham Golden Lion (24), Basildon Double Six (25) and London Marquee (December 2).

MUD, whose latest British tour opens this Saturday, are to complete their itinerary by playing a three-day London engagement just before Christmas. It's at the new-lock Greyhound in Fulham on December 20, 21 and 22.

ELTON JOHN's songs are the basis of a rock musical called "Ego", conceived and written by the students of Hillelde School in Boreham Wood — who previously attracted considerable attention with their 1976 production of "Sgt. Pepper". With a cast of 50 students and a ten-piece band, they're staging it at the school for four nights from December 6.

LINDSAY LARK have now sold out their three hometown concerts at Newcastle City Hall on December 20, 21 and 22, which climax their current U.K. tour. So they've added a fourth show at the same venue on December 23. Tickets priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50 from Lindlars's Xmas Party, P.O. Box 111, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT (cheques to "LMP Ltd").

IAN MATTHEWS has delayed his British tour until the New Year, due to the success of his current dates in America. Early December gigs previously announced for him are now cancelled, and instead he now plays Birmingham Barbarella's (January 29), Manchester Mayflower (30) and London Camden Dingwall (31 and February 1), with more to follow.



Cafe Jacques drummer MIKE O
CAFE JACQUES

CAFE JACQUES, the Edinburgh band who've been enjoying U.S. chart success with their first album "Round The Back", begin a new series of British dates later this month. They'll be without regular member Geoff Richardson, due to other commitments, and he's replaced on the tour by ex-Cado Belle guitarist Alan Darby. Confirmed dates are Dumfries Stagecoach (November 26), Edinburgh Tiffany's (27), London Camden Music Machine (December 1), Bristol Granary (2), Sheffield Limit Club (7), Manchester Mayflower (8), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Norwich Boogie House (13), Scarborough Penthouse (15) and Birmingham Barbarella's (16), with more to be added. The band's next LP "Cafe Jacques International" will be issued by CBS on January 5.

THE PLATTERS

THE PLATTERS return to Britain this week for their first tour here in nearly ten years. During this time, there have been several tours by various splinter groups, but this is the outfit handled by The Platters' original founder and mentor Buck Ram — though the line-up has changed appreciably over the years. With their new album "Reborn" issued by Psycho Records this week, they play Manchester Golden Garter (currently until Saturday), Caerphilly Double Diamond (all next week), Wrexham Leisure Centre (November 29), Southampton Gaumont (30), Ipswich Gaumont (December 2), Slough Fulcrum Centre (3), London Quagline's (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Taunton Odeon (6), Corby Festival Hall (7), Dundee Town Hall (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9) and Edinburgh venue to be set (10).

MATCHBOX

MATCHBOX have extended their current one-nighter series through into the New Year, with newly-booked gigs at Feltham Bison Club (December 2), Bromley Northover (8), Bristol Trinity Hall (9), Bourne-mouth Tiffany's (14), London Willesden Bobbysox Club (15), Carshalton St. Helier Arms (16), Ryde L.O.W. Lakeside Inn (17), Rayleigh Crocs Club (18), London Tottenham White Hart (22), Lowestoft Rocks Inn (23), London Southgate Royal (January 1), Southend Minerva (6), Barking Old Maypole (13), St. Albans City Hall (18), Willesden Bobbysox again (19) and London Hackney Adam & Eve (27).

● The new Grateful Dead album "Shakedown Street", produced by Little Feat's Lowell George, is released by Arista on December 1. The previous week (November 24), the same label issues The Outlaws' LP "Playin' To Win". And this weekend sees the re-release of The Kinks' seasonal single from last year "Father Christmas".

● "Jazz", the previously-reported new album by Queen, is released by EMI this week. It was recorded in Montreux and Nice, and contains 13 tracks.

● Renowned rock star Curtis Knight is in Britain for the launching of his own record label Golden Sphinx, which bows in this weekend with the single "These Boots Are Made For Walking" by New York black punk outfit Pure Hell — who, as previously reported, opened their British tour yesterday (Wednesday). The label is distributed by Spartan.

● Greenaloes launch a new label called Cool Rockers this weekend, with the release of a single called "Silhouettes" by East London band Cygnus, who are to support Tappin Zukie on his UK dates next month. And on Greenaloes itself, Keith Hudson's "Bloody Eyes" comes out next week (in limited edition 12-inch, then on red vinyl seven-inch), followed by a 12-inch from Ranking Joe & The Steppers called "The Homer Claps Clap Them".

● Top Belgium act Viana Couter, noted for their wild stage act, have their first British single issued this week through Big Bear Records. It's titled "Moneybags" and the first 10,000 copies are pressed in coloured vinyl, described as "brusel sprout green".

A Boney Xmas!

IT LOOKS AS though Boney M (currently the NME Chart Points Table for 1978, though being closely challenged by Travolta & Mowtown-John) will have this year's big Christmas hit single. They've just recorded their version of "Mary's Boy Child". Belafonte's 1957 hit, for November 24 release by Atlantic-Nansa.

TOURS ROUND-UP

Sylvester plays two

SYLVESTER, of "You Make Me Feel" chart fame, flies into Britain in three weeks' time to play two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and Saturday, December 8 and 9. His visit is part of a European tour and these gigs, promoted by Straight Music, are the only ones he'll be doing in this country at this time. He'll also be making a couple of TV appearances to promote his new single "Dance (Disco Heat)", just released by Fantasy.

CRAZY CAVAN

CRAZY CAVAN 'n' The Rhythm Rockers have a busy schedule leading up to Christmas, with gigs at Birmingham Mackadon Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Stafford North Staffs Poly (Friday), Measteg White Wheat (November 21), Walsall West Midlands College (22), Portsmouth Poly (23), Margate Grand Ballroom (24), London Kensington Nashville (25), Ryde L.O.W. Lakeside Inn (26), Badgers Mount Black Eagle (27), Swansea University (29), London Southgate Royal (30), London Willesden White Hart (December 1), Cheltenham Town Hall (2), London City Poly (8), Basingstoke Community Centre (9), Middlesbrough RAOB Club (10), Sunderland Boilermakers Club (11), Hatfield Poly (13), Newport Kings Road Hotel (14), Guildford Star Club (15), Loughborough Town Hall (16), Northolt White Hart (20), London Royal again (21) and Bromley Northover (22).

MERGER

MERGER, who've been off the road since they opened Bob Dylan's concert at Blackbushe Airport in the summer, are selling up a new series of dates. A record deal is understood to be imminent for the reggae band, who play Birmingham Aston University (tomorrow, Friday), Durham University (Saturday), Manchester Mayflower (Sunday), Preston Polytechnic (November 24), Kingston Polytechnic (25), London Kensington Nashville (28) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (30). Several more gigs are being finalised for early December.

JAPAN

JAPAN have been forced to re-set their British dates, due to the extension of their current visit to America. They now play Sheffield Polytechnic (November 24 instead of 29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30 instead of 24), Nottingham University (December 1), Northampton County Ground (2), Lancaster University (6), Leeds Polytechnic (7), Birmingham University (8) and Manchester Mayflower (9 instead of this Saturday). Their show at London Strand Lyceum on November 26 is unchanged — but gigs at Batley (tomorrow, Friday) and Southampton (November 25) are cancelled.

OFF THE RECORD



Alice LP about his alcoholism!

ALICE COOPER relates the story of his struggle with alcoholism, and his eventual cure, on his album "From The Inside" which Warner Brothers release on December 1. That's the concept theme of his new work, on which all ten tracks were written by Cooper, Bernie Taupin and Dick Wagner. Musicians featured on the set include Jim Keltner (drums), Dick Wagner and Davey Johnstone (guitars) and Dee Murray (bass), with backing vocals by Kiki Dee and Flo & Eddie. Cooper recently completed a very successful U.S. tour and, although there is no official news of a British visit, rumours persist that he will be performing here in the spring.



ROGER FERRIS of No Dice

NO DICE

NO DICE go back on the road later this month, after recording their second EMI album on the Rolling Stones mobile. They play Aberdeen Ruffles (November 23), Dundee Technical College (24), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (25), London Marquee (30), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (December 1), Manchester Mayflower (2), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (4), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), Northampton Nene College (8), Hitchin College (9), Batley Crumpets (10), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (11), Weymouth Pavilion (13) and London Camden Music Machine (15).

MARSEILLE

MARSEILLE are currently working on their first album, which Mountain Records plan for late January or early February release. But between recording sessions, they've managed to fit in nine gigs — and these are at Leeds Florde Green Hotel (November 24), Manchester The Venue (25), Swansea Circles Club (27), London Camden Music Machine (28), York The Venue (December 6), Winchester College (7), Burton 76 Club (8), Dudley J.B.'s (9) and London Marquee Club (13).

GONZALEZ

GONZALEZ, who've recently acquired two new members in Sergio Castillo (drums) and Hugh Bullen (bass), have set a series of dates to preview their upcoming LP. They play London W.10 Acklam Hall (November 24), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (25), London Royal Garden Hotel (26), London Kensington Nashville (30), Watford Herts College (December 1), Bromley Stockwell College (8), London Cockfosters Trent Park College (13) and London Europa Hotel (15). More gigs are being finalised.

DETROIT EMERALDS

DETROIT EMERALDS arrive this weekend for a short tour, taking in British clubs and ballrooms, as well as U.S. bases in the country. Their date sheet includes Poole Wesssex Hall (November 21), Cleethorpes Bunnies (22), Norwich Cromwell (23), Wigan Casino doubling Buckley Trivett (25), Stoke Trentham Gardens (26), Chesterfield Aquarius (29), Colchester Embassy Suite (December 3), Plymouth Fiesta (5) and Torquay Carlton Club (6).

● January is now the official release month for the next Elvin Presley album: "The Legendary Performer — Volume 3", which includes eight previously unused tracks. As already reported, RCA will also be importing some picture-disc pressings from America.

● A new album from Cat Stevens is due out on December 1, almost two years since the release of his last set. Title is "Back To Earth" and it's on the Island label.

● Beggars Banquet, one of the most successful independent labels over the past four years, has signed a five-year licensing deal with WEA. First product to be made available under the agreement is the Ivor Biggin set "The Winkler's Album", and it's following on November 24 by two new singles — "Just Thirteen" by The Lurkers and "Hello My Baby" by Ivor Biggin.

● Three of ELO's early albums — "On The Third Day", "Eldorado" and "Face The Music" — are reissued on December 1 as a special boxed collection, retailing at £8.99 and including a 12-page colour booklet. The band also have an EP out the same day comprising "Can't Get It Out Of My Head", "Evil Woman", "Strange Music" and "Ma Ma Ma Belle". And their long-running hit double album "Out Of The Blue" is also being made available in blue vinyl.

● Release of Polydor's alternative hits compilation album "Twenty Of Another Kind" has been delayed, because Slaziser & The Benshoes' "Hong Kong Garden" has been withdrawn from the track listing. They say they never wanted the song included and were not consulted on the matter. Originally due out this month, the LP has now been re-scheduled for early in the New Year.

Public Image LP set

THE LONG-AWAITED debut album by Johnny Rotten's new band Public Image Ltd., with their name as its title, is now officially set for release by Virgin on December 8. It contains eight tracks, including their current hit single.

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**Don't Fight The
System.
Create Your Own.**

The Noble Art of Rhythm'n' Biz

**Meet GEORGE CLINTON,
the man who created Funkadelica.
By CLIFF WHITE**

WARNER Brothers' New York Office on East 54th is only two blocks across and three up from the Taft hotel on West 51st; close enough for most Britons to consider it just around the corner yet far enough away (they're big blocks, y'understand) that most Americans would probably cab the distance.

But George Clinton enjoys a walk. Which is how I came to be taking a 10-minute stroll through the Manhattan evening rush-hour crowds with a character in pink, stack-soled, calf-length boots covered in white stars, pink satinette pants, a pink quilted jacket, a multi-coloured, sparkling, Funkadelia-flag shirt and a bright red beret sporting various badges and medallions.

George Clinton is not a shy individual.

Neither is he dumb. In fact there's good reason to suspect that he may even be the sharpest dude currently operating within (and yet, simultaneously, outside) the all-embracing, claustrophobic, single-minded, terrifying business machine that is the modern day American phenomenon laughingly

referred to as the Music Industry.

George Clinton is a freak. He has conceived, given birth to, raised and now controls an ever-expanding and magnificent family of multi-talented clones... No, not clones, that implies mindless copycatism, many similar humanoids out of one mould or seed, whereas he attracts and works with diverse personalities who nevertheless respond to the same stimuli, who fit in the same groove... who are all rebels in the sense that they have rejected the accepted norm and yet as a unit, a crew aboard a Mothership commanded by Clinton, are using the system to their own advantage rather than being used, abused or rejected as is almost everyone from, say, the sublime to the ridiculous — from Marvin Gaye to Sid Vicious. (And if you think that Master Ritchie, whether innocent or guilty, and as obnoxious and devoid of talent as he is, is anything more than a pawn in a game that is completely beyond his understanding, then you're kidding yourself!)

We have previously mentioned the Funkadelia Force in the pages of *NME* on several occasions but in case you're still not clear what's going down, here's the current state of play.

After 13 years as a regular singing/writing leader and ultimately producer of a not especially extraordinary black vocal group, The Parliaments — a trip that led from New York/New Jersey doowop days via five abortive years with Motown

to a series of increasingly strange recordings in Detroit — in 1969 George Clinton founded a brand new thing.

Untypically for a black American musician in his late twenties, especially one then operating out of the Motor City centre of so-called soul music, Clinton had his head turned around by the 1966/68 drug/rock changes (hence the increasing strangeness of The Parliaments' last few singles) and he'd already started to think about a

revolutionary musical concept a couple of years before the actual event. He was finally provoked into making the jump in order to survive when he temporarily lost the right to the name of his group.

Since about 1965 Clinton had been employing a small band behind the singers (five ostensibly anonymous musicians who were by then in fact an integral part of The Parliaments in everything but contractual detail), so in 1969 he deftly switched emphasis, making the band the featured part of the group and temporarily relegating the singers to the anonymous back-up role. The band he called Funkadelic and the whole crew then began recording under that name for a different record company. Naturally, only the five musicians were credited on the first album sleeve, and the two following releases bore no personnel credits at all.

Meanwhile, circa 1970, the original debacle was settled (temporarily again, as it turned out, but that's too complex a story to go into here) and so an album supposedly just featuring the singers was released on yet another record label, only now they were simply called Parliament.

It wasn't until 1974, when a proper new recording deal was arranged for the Parliament persona with Casablanca, that Clinton's masterplan really began to bear fruit, but, just to recap — coz I've probably lost you by now — by 1970 George Clinton had arrived at the situation where he was

juggling five singers including himself (known as Parliament) and five musicians (Funkadelic). A small circus of ten black freaks operating under two different names on two different record labels.

A Parliafunkadelic Thang.

TODAY that circus is probably about 55 persons wide and deep as you want it to be. I say probably 55 because although that was the figure quoted by Funkcat Vickers, GC's press liaison officer (Funkaganda Agent), by the time you read this nearly two weeks will have elapsed since that estimation. The way things are going, half a dozen more new recruits may be aboard the Mothership by now.

The contractual position seems to vary according to circumstance but generally speaking, as far as I can make out, individuals on board are signed to Clinton's own company Thang Incorporated, not to a record company. Clinton then negotiates deals with record companies under group names that do not stipulate any particular personnel (although presumably Bootsy's Rubber Band has always got to feature space-bassist Bootsy Collins, and keyboard players Bernie Worrell and Junie Morrison are also releasing albums under their own name).

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THE ALBUM

INS 3023



■ From previous page

This arrangement not only gives most of the Mothership personnel independence from record company politics, it allows immense freedom of movement within the circus, which is essential, as they all sing and play on one another's records. On top of which, it's not uncommon for a half-finished track that was originally intended for one act to be re-assigned and completed under another guise. For instance, Funkadelic's latest smash hit, "One Nation Under A Groove" was originally going to be a Parliament release and The Brides Of Funkenstein's "Disco To Go" was originally a Bootsy Collins track.

Since Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band are now placed with Warner Brothers, The Brides Of Funkenstein (and also The Horny Horns) with Atlantic, Parliament (and The Parlets) with Casablanca and Worrell's album will appear on Arista, you can imagine the chaos if all the interchanging individuals were contractually split among the different companies.

That's all very well, I hear you cry, but what's all this talk of method and structure and so forth got to do with the music? In this day and age, a lot. Especially in America.

Especially when we're discussing this particular mob. George Clinton and clan are prime exponents of the new R & B — Rhythm & Business. Within the general scheme of P-Funk, the Perfect Funk, are several stages of musical progression: apparently simple, though skillfully constructed, combinations of riffs and chants that are primarily designed to grab your attention, get you up off your butt and get you involved; a miscellany of bizarre variations on traditional black music forms, harmony group vocals, savage R & B, sanctified testifying and the like, that take the audience from familiar ground to alien territory before they've had time to worry about the journey; rock that drives and soars in the wake of Jimi Hendrix; and finally, a wide-open expanse of barely explored possibilities in which anything can happen, and frequently does. Through it all runs a crazy line of lyrical inconsequence, poking and stroking, occasionally flirting with direct social comment but more often indirectly subverting normality with jive raps and comic-book concepts.

To get to the stage where Funkadelica could fly its true flag and yet stride through the 'normals' to become one of the top three black acts in America took planning — method and structure — and a skin-tight sense of survival: *Rhythm & Business*. The message comes through: don't fake the funk but don't fight the system, you'll never win. Laugh at it, ignore it and step right around it. Create your own system.

JUST short of the Taft, a block along 7th Avenue, George invited me into Wolf's Deli, a favourite little snackerie from his years of sitting and planning. Over a large dish of fruit trifle and a celery soda he explained the Funkadelica philosophy.

"We make it satirical or funny, not point blank aggressive like maybe the punks. You know why? 'Cause we are the direct descendants of 'You're fucking up', the end result of the 'You're fucking up' society. This is us. But that's a dangerous one to play with because the fact still remains that you will get popular. And if you get popular you might believe it. And if you believe it then you'll live and you'll die being a pawn for real. So I have to play with it because when I come off stage I wanna tuck it away somewhere. It's too intense otherwise."

"James Brown, Jimi, Sly and ourselves took the whole other thing so far that most of 'em ain't nowhere near catching up. I mean Jimi — we'll be chasing him for years."



Above: The Brides Of Funkenstein. Dawn & Lynn. Left: George spreads the message. Below: Jimi Morrison articulates



"Look at that cat Sid Vicious. That's serious programming right there. They directed him so once he got into it he could not stop himself from where he was going. It's happening throughout society but it's specially strong if you're in the theatre. Once you believe your part, once you can't step back from being what they want you to be, it's all over."

That makes sense. So far, so good. But is there anything behind what you're saying? I mean, I happen to think the whole Mothership trip is the most exciting musical force around right now, but then funky music turns me on and you're creating music that's about five years ahead of what anybody else is achieving. But by the same token I like a fair amount of modern American black music simply because it sounds good, even though I seldom take any notice of the lyrics, which are nearly always about get up and party or, worse, shallow philosophising.

A lot of PTF songs are funny or cutely hip but aside from an impression that comes across that you're all crazies who are bucking the system, you're not actually attacking anything specific.

"Well, that's the new way of looking at it — because the other way is a trap. The wrong way is to go out and riot and make yourself mad when you

ain't really doing nothing but diverting your energy with a little blowing up. The new way of looking at it is 'Screw it, we won't pay it no attention one way or the other.' It's always alright 'cause we ain't gonna deal with 'It's all wrong'. We won't even look at that no more. Yes, there's still the ghettos but we're looking at it different now and we're feeling more positive about what's happening. That way we can do more about it."

"As for the 'Get up and party' stuff, that's just black America's way of expressing that we got a raise and that we're being more like what white success looks like. You know, violins, big productions, disco, the Teddy Pendergrass, it all sounds like white pop music of the '50s. A lot of it is cool, but it's still just a rehash of what white America did. Give 'em time, it'll gradually change."

"James Brown, Jimi, Sly and ourselves took the whole other thing so far anyway that most of 'em ain't nowhere near catching up yet. I mean, Jimi — we'll be chasing him for years. And Sly and ourselves, I think we were doing about the same time. He got the breaks though, whereas we went too far too soon."

"It took me a while to realise that I wasn't getting played on no white stations because I was black and I didn't get played

on black stations 'cause to them it sounded like I was white. So then I had to go back and meet 'em half-way with the Parliament situation, the horns and things, and then hand-walk 'em up to where Funkadelic is at. Even from there we had to take Bootsy to get 'em real young to walk 'em to Parliament to walk 'em to Funkadelic. Now they're gonna pledge groovallegiance to the united funk of Funkadelica."

So Funkadelic is the ultimate P?

"Yeah, Funkadelic is a combination of everything. Funkadelic is anything that will subsequently be thrown in. Funkadelic is an attitude to whatever it takes. You can get away with so much when you haven't got to think about structures or constrictions and can leave yourself to your instincts and know that it's cool and all the musicians know it that way. Then the possibilities are unlimited."

"Even now the music scares us sometimes, like 'Wow! Did you hear that?' So think what we might eventually achieve. At the same time we know it just ain't us; it's something coming through us. No deep thing. What I mean is we've learned how to relax and play and be inspired by one another, and by being crazy all along we don't have to go by no rules."

But even if it's a loose musical booty, presumably you run a disciplined ship when it comes to taking care of business?

"Oh yeah, oh yeah. You got to stay on the pocket now. And that's sometimes hard to explain to members of the group. Some of 'em might say, 'Why don't we have the Cadillacs or Lamborghinis?' but you see that sort of trip will take you out. You get all of that then you spend your first chance. 'Cause you rarely get but one good shot; you're lucky if you get two. By the time your third comes around you're gonna be so fucked up by the record companies you're gonna be mad enough to wanna sue — and if you ain't saved no money you're in trouble. And if you was dumb enough to buy all them cars, you was dumb enough not to take care of business."

"Nobody encourages you to learn nothing about this business. Record companies would rather you stay dumb, not even think of it as a business, so they can either rip you off or get you out the way in five years to make way for the new groups."

"Where I figure that I might have done at least one thing that had a little intelligence in it was the fact that we tied all the groups together. One could support the other when necessary; it made us less vulnerable. Also I knew how the system likes to play one artist off against another, so we were able to get around that."

"Like when Bootsy came along it was obvious that they would eventually shoot for him as the star... that trip is laid down automatically, from family, friends, record company, everybody runs that one down every time. And sure enough, as he got more popular, people started telling me, 'You're the one that made him and now he's using you', while at the same time they were telling him exactly the same thing about me."

"But before he'd even started doing his first album we spent a month on a boat in Miami, just fishing and tripping and talking about what was bound to happen and what we could do to plan our way around the system. So when it came time for them to pit him against me I said, 'I ain't gonna rap now 'cause anything I say is incriminating now we're both big. Just remember what we talked about two years ago.' And he went away, it took him a month, and he came back and said, 'Yeah, just like we planned it.' And that it itself kept us past the point where we were supposed to bust up."

■ Continues page 69

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THRILLS

The Mysterious Case Of...

THE STONE WITH THE GOLDEN ARM

IT SEEMS it was just one of those strange coincidences that the bad boys of the old wave and the new wave were both in court within a week of one another.

Down in New York Sid Vicious was charged with murder at the Chelsea Hotel, while in Toronto Keith Richards was facing the trial of his life over a rather different kind of a hotel room incident.

Strongest of all connections was the junk network. Vicious was undergoing method one treatment for heroin addiction, a habit that Richards, perhaps more than any other rock star, had made chic. Richards' title of *The World's Most Elegantly Wasted Human Being* had served to make the hard drug socially acceptable in certain circles, the ultimate hip kick; Vicious subsequently earned the title of *The World's Most Inelegantly Wasted Human Being*...

Vicious only had a few friends, his mum, Malcolm McLaren and Virgin Records to call to his aid. Richards, an important lynchpin of the Stones' corporate empire, had money, influence and power. The verdict should surprise no one, but the events surrounding the case have been underreported over here.

What follows is the fullest account to date in the British press of the case of the Stone with the golden arm.



By
DICK TRACY

Additional
Research:
**JAMIE
MANDELKAU
(Canada)
KATHY KELLY
(London)**



KEITH RICHARDS arrives for his big day. Pic: ERIN COMBS / TORONTO STAR.



Keith Richards
in Court/Oct 23

He was wearing
a 3-piece tan
colored suit, a
dark brown
tie with a white
shirt. The
Courtroom was
filled to
capacity.

Illustration: LAURIE MCGAW / TORONTO STAR

THE TANGLED tale began on February 24, 1977, when Keith Richard, Anita Pallenberg and their son Marlon arrived at Toronto Airport. Maybe they hadn't heard of the airport's reputation of being a 'suicide alley' for drug smugglers, with a crack nars squad always on hand.

Anita had 28 pieces of luggage with her, and customs became suspicious. In the search a bag containing 10 grams of "high-quality hashish" was unearthed, plus a spoon with traces of heroin on it.

According to a source close to the Stones, Keith "was groggy at the airport and, when their luggage was being searched, actually thought it was record company people who had come to the airport to help him. He had no idea it was the RCMP."

Pallenberg, 34, was arrested and was later to be fined \$400.

Meantime Keith and his family checked into Rooms 3223-24-25 at the Harbour Castle Hotel under the name of K. Redland. Another Stones employee reported that their suite was "almost a fortress, with security guards imported from Buffalo to keep watch." Inside, he said, "their room looked terrible, because they didn't want maids snooping around. Both Keith and Anita looked awful."

It was just three days after the airport incident, at 4.30 am on the Sunday morning, that the big bust came down.

Rumour has it there was a tip-off from another guest in the hotel. An unspecified number of Mounties and Ontario provincial police arrived at the hotel with a warrant in Pallenberg's name, spent 45 minutes locating Richards, burst in and searched the suite. In the bathroom they found a leather pouch containing heroin, a hypodermic needle and a teaspoon with traces of what later turned out to be cocaine. Richards and Pallenberg were arrested, their passports confiscated, and all hell broke loose.

MICK JAGGER arrived in town on March 3 and, by all accounts, took control of the situation.

The Stones were in town to complete their live American tour album and start work on a new LP. Out on bail, Richards attended the rehearsals held every night at Cinevision, a film studio in the suburb of Lakeshore.

A Stones employee later told reporters: "I was amazed Keith made it to rehearsal every night because his situation with the arrests had almost ostracised him from the band. They were supportive, but they felt uneasy about the pressure."

Worse was to come when the Stones appeared at the El Mocambo Club and in the audience was Canada's First Lady, Margaret Trudeau. She followed the band to New York, bringing scandal and sensationalist publicity in her wake.

Canada had been a bad place for the Stones — and the future of the band looked bleak indeed.

THE WHEELS of justice everywhere in the world grind slow, and it was almost 18 months before Richards

● Continues over page

WILL THE REAL STEVE AUSTIN PLEASE STAND UP?

Bionic Inflation: The Eight Million Dollar Man.

Read 'The Real Bionic Man' in OMNI. The University of Utah has already gone one step beyond the Six Million Dollar Man.

They've just spent over eight million dollars in bio-engineering. And achieved some remarkable results.

Will Des. Res. with All Mod. Cons. include a Home Computer?

Read about 'Computer Lib' in OMNI. You can buy a domestic computer for as little as £300. And some of these small machines are more powerful than the computer that ran international businesses only 15 years ago.

The 'Future Shock' author asks: Are we living in the future now?

Read the Alvin Toffler interview in OMNI.

What kind of society are we creating? A new society? Or merely an extended larger-than-life version of our present society?

Toffler has other ideas.

Dolphin Talk – can we fathom it out?

Read 'Communicating with Dolphins' in OMNI.

Dolphins are known to make certain sounds in the presence of humans. And only in the presence of humans.

Computers are now helping us to decode Dolphin talk into language we can understand.

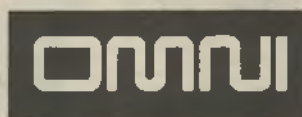
If you were the last whale you would sing a sad song too.

Read 'Whale Song' by Leigh Kennedy in OMNI.

The whale had felt the danger for weeks, tasting man-ness and potential death in the water.

He'd called and called for others. This season he heard nothing. I am lost. I am alone.

New



TOMORROW'S MAGAZINE TODAY.

ROCKPILE AND KRAMER TO JOIN KEEF IN CHARITY BASH?

AFTER SCOOTING down to New York's Bottom Line to jam with Rockpile immediately following his drugs bust, Keith Richards is now reportedly planning to use them as his backing band when he plays his Concert For The Blind next February.

Apparently he struck up a strong relationship with Lowe and Edmunds' crew — though not Edmunds himself — and joining them so shortly after the Canuck judge smacked his wrists and told him to play the charity show, it was understandable he should discuss the project with the lads. And it's even rumoured that Nick Lowe may produce the next Stones album.

Ah, true friendship! And there's more... By a particularly ironic twist, Wayne Kramer may play at the charity gig too. The former MC5 guitarist, you'll recall, was sent down for two years for possessing cocaine — but a fraction of the amount of heroin Keef was nabbed with.

It seems that in their remedial role for busted druggies, Rockpile are also planning a "tentative" bash for Kramer.

However, there's no truth in the rumour that Wayne is joining the Stones as their stash-man.



"Aw, quit buggin' me..."

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THE HEROIN TRIAL

● From previous page

was to return to Toronto for his court appearance.

One can only speculate on the deals that went down over that period. Richards' only public interviews concentrated strongly on what was to be the main plank of his defence — his cure at a clinic in New York. The man in the dock was obviously to be presented as a reformed character.

With the huge financial investments at stake in the Stones' future, nothing was to be left to chance. Obviously, the Stones' power as a live and recording act would be severely muted if Richards spent time inside.

CUT TO Toronto a week before the trial is to begin. Down at the courthouse on University Avenue, special security precautions are being arranged. Rumours are circulating the city that Richards will not show, a

story quickly squashed by Stones publicist Paul Wasserman, whose other clients include Neil Diamond and Bob Dylan.

"That's silly," he pointed out. "After all, if he didn't turn up for the trial, he could be extradited from almost anywhere, with the exception of somewhere like the Yemen. And they don't have 24-track recording studios, so he couldn't go there."

Sure enough Richards arrived, very much the family man, with his mother and two kids, Marlon and Dandelion, in tow. There was no trace of the man who had a string of drug and other convictions stretching back ten years, the hedonist who had once owned a yacht called Mandrax. Richard was under heavy manners and facing the heaviest bust so far.

With money no object, the Stones had hired the best Canadian lawyer they could find: Austin Cooper, a 49-year-old criminal lawyer with 25 years experience, a man well respected in legal circles for being the prime mover behind introducing the legal aid system in Ontario. He was to tell reporters: "I'm just a lawyer and I'm really awfully dull. I don't even play the guitar."

The case was to be heard by Judge Lloyd Graburn, a 52-year-old with a college haircut and two sons. Unaware of who exactly Richards was, he had to ask around before realising the true celebrity credentials

of the defendant.

As is common in most legal cases, plea bargaining was the order of the day.

With the judge's approval, the more serious charge of trafficking heroin was dropped, as was the cocaine possession charge, leaving Richards to face a simple heroin possession rap. This still meant, though, that he was looking at the chance of going down.

The defence tactics soon became clear. Cooper explained to the court that Richards had bought the heroin in bulk to reduce the chances of detection. His New York score amounted to 22 grams of 34% pure smack which, when diluted, was enough for 440 injections with Richards shooting them up at the rate of 10 a day.

Cooper's oratory was overwhelming. Richards was described to the court as a man with "a poor self-image... a tragic person who became addicted to heroin to prop up his sad personal life." His name was ranked alongside such other tormented artists as Van Gogh, Judy Garland, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday.

The Cooper version of Richards' habit began in 1967. "It was after a very gruelling schedule with the group, and he was exhausted after all the playing and touring. He experimented with drugs.

"In 1969 he started with heroin, and it got to the state where he was taking such quantities of the drug and getting no euphoria from it. He was taking such powerful amounts — as much as 2½ grams a day — just to feel normal."

The first cure came in 1972, "but he fell back into the cauldron." Another cure attempt at a Swiss clinic the following year worked for a while, Cooper claimed, "but again he fell off the wagon, so to speak."

In 1974 he failed again, but since May 1977 Richards had been undergoing treatment at the Stevens Psychiatric Centre in New York, and this time he was winning the struggle.

Health factors aside, Richards' habit took a heavy financial toll. In just two years, the court was told, Richards spent \$650,000 on heroin.

Cooper pleaded eloquently: "He should not be dealt with as a special person, but I ask your honour to understand him as a tortured creative person — as a major contributor to an art form. I ask you to understand the whole man."

Perhaps the strangest note of Cooper's defence came when he claimed that Richards was in the process of setting up an international addiction centre at an undisclosed location. Richards later told a press conference that he did not instruct Cooper to say that, and claimed: "It may be true and it may not. I'll let you

know when I've paid the lawyers."

The defence rested, and the prosecutor asked the judge for a jail sentence on the grounds of the amount of heroin snatched, Richards' previous record and his age. The judge decided to retire and deliver sentence the following day.

THE VERDICT was a shock to nearly everyone. The judge said jail was out because Richards was taking the cure. "His efforts to remove himself from the drug subculture can only have a salutary effect on those who admire him." Secondly, because Richards had money — it has been revealed that in 1977 Richards earned some \$300,000 — he was unlikely to resort to crime to support his habit.

So Richards was put on a year's probation, ordered to continue his cure and to play a concert for the blind. Richards gave a clenched fist salute to the packed courtroom before leaving with his bodyguard. Another trial, another day.

Reactions to the verdict in Canada were mixed. Former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was outraged and urged an appeal, but the largest paper in Canada, *The Toronto Globe*, denounced the verdict in its editorial as "a model of enlightened sentencing, one which should pave the way for a more equitable and civilised treatment of convicted drug addicts in Canadian courts."

It should be made clear that less than half the people convicted in Canada of simple possession of heroin go to jail.

But it was the concert for the blind that raised most eyebrows. How had the judge reached that idea? One strong rumour was that Cooper had suggested it, but this was tracked down to blind superfan Rita Bedard, who attended the trial every day and was invited in by Cooper to meet Richards and get his autograph. It turned out that she was responsible for the story. Cooper dismissed it.

In fact the judge had called John Simmons of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB) just 30 minutes before going into court on that final day. Simmons claims: "He asked me if I would object if he sentenced a young musician to play music at the Institute. We only found out later it was Richards. We were shocked and pleased."

But not everyone was that euphoric. CNIB's John Rae said it could negatively affect public attitudes towards blind people, and called the verdict "outrageous, bizarre and patronising."

"We're seeking equal rights, not a handout," he said. "If the judge intended to help blind people, there are a number of organisations besides the CNIB that should have the opportunity to benefit as well."

The big problem for the CNIB now is that their auditorium on Bayview Avenue only holds 200, and their switchboard has been jammed with people hustling for tickets. The owner of the 16,000 seater Maple Leaf Gardens has offered his venue for the event, but no final decision has been reached.

● Continues over page

XTC

ELECTRIC BALLROOM

FRIDAY 17th NOVEMBER at 8:30

TICKETS £12.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £14.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £15.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £16.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £17.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £18.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £19.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £20.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £21.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £22.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £23.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £24.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £25.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £26.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £27.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £28.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £29.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £30.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £31.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £32.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £33.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £34.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £35.00 (incl. GST) + £1.00 (incl. GST) = £36.00 (incl. 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THE HEROIN TRIAL

● From previous page

THE COURT scene over, Richards arrived an hour late for a press conference, his last public appearance before waving Canada goodbye. Wearing jeans, a scratched leather jacket and a T-shirt with the legend 'Robbie Rocker' on it, he fielded a barrage of press enquiries.

How had the whole incident affected him?

"Oh it's all show business. Every day of my life is show business. I didn't give it much thought until the last few days. I mean, it wasn't as if I was waking up each day thinking the trial is coming."

Had he made any jail contingency plans?

"I just wondered if the uniform was with stripes or arrows?" He described his probation officer as "sweet".

On the subject of heroin, he said he gave up his addiction because it was boring and commented: "You lose your respect and confidence. Once you get to the stage of addiction it is just where you get to ask, 'Where is the dope?' You wonder what you're doing sitting in an apartment with four men who are dribbling."

"I'm happy to be off it... I have become a lush."

When asked about the Stones' reaction to the verdict, he said: "They were very ticked off I didn't get put away for 30 years. I'm going to use the bail money to bribe the rest of the band to do the benefit."

Of the judge's comment that some Stones' songs glorified drug use, he said: "I think that is a misconception. There are drug overtones in about one per cent of the band's material and Mick wrote them, not me."

So Richards is out once more. Meanwhile Vicious spends time in Belle Vue psychiatric hospital after a suicide attempt. Another week in the history of rock and roll.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



I LOVE THE SOUND OF TRASHING AMPS...

THE BUZZCOCKS concert before a capacity audience of 1,950 people at Brighton's Top Rank last Wednesday November 8 ended in all-out riot when fans invaded the stage, trashing John Maher's drum kit, damaging a bass amp, making off with Pete Shelley's amp and chucking two other amps off stage, one of them hitting someone. Mike Nolan, Buzzcocks' stage mixer took a full beer can below the belt and was rushed to hospital. Fortunately he was not seriously hurt.

The riot began midway through Buzzcocks' hour set, when a hail of plastic beakers and bottles landed on the boards. According to the band's label United Artists (The Artists United will never be defeated! — Ed) the fighting that ensued was inflamed by sections of the crowd. However, two NME readers' eye-witness accounts suggested that the group's now legendary "couldn't care less" stance aggravated the tension. Steve Diggle refused to play an encore — a seemingly misguided decision in this instance as it might have mollified the baying Brightonians. No member of

the band's entourage explained it and the house lights were left off.

Total damage amounts to around £1,500. This doesn't take into account the repair bill for the house P.A. cabinets, which were toppled from the balcony, destroying one of them. The cabinets narrowly missed departing fans and Buzzcocks' own P.A.

Later that night police apprehended four people carrying pieces of stolen equipment. They may bring charges of criminal damages and theft. At present it isn't known whether Buzzcocks will ever perform in Brighton — or a Top Rank venue — again. Diggle suggested they wouldn't, while John Maher's tearful countenance at the sight of his kit told its own story.

The stage manager at Brighton Top Rank, Tony Buck, told Thrills: "Insurance between the promoter and us has been settled. We'll have to replace one of the P.A. cabinets. I wouldn't book the hall out to the Buzzcocks twice within a year as a general policy. We'd review our position in the future."

New wave (ahem) gigs are not immediately threatened as a result of last Wednesday's disturbances. XTC are next on the bill.

RANKING TOPPER

THRILLS

HOW TO KEEP TRACK OF A ONE TRACK MIND

If you know someone whose thoughts keep returning to the same subject the **1979 Sex Maniacs Diary** could be just what you've been looking for.

It's the perfect gift for someone who likes to keep track of all their naughty activities. And it's full of ingenious and entertaining ways to keep that person's mind firmly on one track.

There's a special sex position for every day of the year, as well as a kink of the week for those who fancy an occasional fling. And there is also invaluable information about the world's sexiest clubs, sex and your stars, and erotic games which anyone can play with anyone.

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I know someone who needs the **1979 Sex Maniacs Diary**.

Please send me _____ copy/copies of the 1979 diary at £2.50 each incl. VAT, p & p.

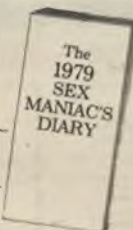
I am over 18, but definitely not over the hill.

I enclose cheque/postal order for _____ payable to Executive Distributors (Sales) Ltd.

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D/4

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NOT ALL ALBUMS ARE CREATED EQUAL ...



SEE FOREVER EYES

PRISM

APR 1978
RCA
RECORDS
& TAPES

ROCK AGAINST SECTARIANISM — NEW ANGLES

FOLLOWING last week's *Thrills* article on the newly formed Ulster organisation Rock Against Sectarianism And Repression, there have been some new developments which require a renewed perspective on the subject.

Firstly, we have learnt that the organisation's debut gig was cancelled by the actual owners of the Harp Bar, as distinct from The Punk Workshop, run by Terri Hooley, who merely have a lease for the venue on Friday and Saturday nights. And secondly, Protex, one of the bands who RASAR planned to feature at the gig, have decided not to align themselves with the organisation.

As their drummer explained: "We're against sectarianism but don't want to become trapped by politics."

The Ruefex, another group who were going to play the gig, have also voiced their reservations. "The organisation's concept is OK but we don't trust organisations," says guitarist Jackie Forgie. "Although we may play one or two gigs for RASAR that doesn't mean we agree with everything they say. It's organisations like RASAR that tend to be open to leftist dogma."

They are at pains to stress however that it is not a question of stepping down or 'chickening out'. "We've been tackling sectarianism for the last

year on a purely music against sectarianism level."

They illustrate this and their reluctance to put themselves behind RASAR by referring to their song "Political Wings": "Ideology and paradigm are meaningless bluff! When the people you are fighting for have died for you enough."

Our article last week mentioned Terri Hooley's opposition to the RASAR benefit without giving his reasons for this opposition. It should be made clear that Hooley's involvement in Belfast's alternative music scene has been vital in the nurturing of a culture which by its very democratic nature is anti-sectarian, and that his opposition to RASAR was the product of due consideration and careful thought. The Punk Workshop will be issuing a statement on the matter next week.

The Punk Workshop's circumspection is understandable. Some of the views expressed by the participants in RASAR already give cause for concern, and it may eventually transpire that the organisation is submerged too deeply in the quagmire of complex Irish politics for it ever to achieve the fullest support of much of the Belfast rock populace.

At the time of going to press, RASAR were looking for an alternative venue for their gig, still planned for November 29.

GAVIN MARTIN

THIRTEENS

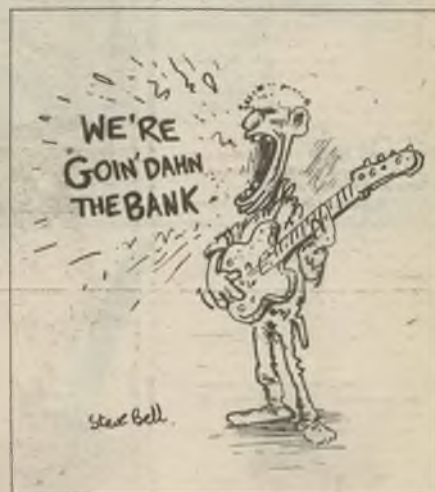


AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY DAYS

NO, THAT'S not a queue of eager culture vultures waiting to view the interior precincts of Australia's Only Building. The mass of bodies on the dexter side of the pic, painter, is a wedge of Sydney yool actually in the process of experiencing Thin Lizzy. You'll remember that the freebie took place a couple weeks ago. Well, the 'person' who took the pic, a certain CHALKIE DAVIES, is now back in the Land of Pom Agitators, having completed a round-the-world jaunt which makes the 80-day saga of Phineas Fogg (A Jules Verne production) look like a Giant African Land Snail in indecisive mood.

In fact the Pheerless Photog circumnavigated the terrestrial globe in something like 20 days. His itinerary included Bombay (that's in India), Singapore, Sydney, Brisbane, Newcastle (the Australian one), Melbourne, Auckland, Fiji, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, London (Ontario), New York and London, England. He even backtracked a few times: following Lizzy in Oz, and hunting Elvis the C. in Canada.

While in Fiji the Rich One stayed in the same hotel frequently graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness What's-Her-Name (Rod's chumette) — the Yauca Island resort — and when in Sydney stayed at the same hotel as the World's Tallest Woman (whose name escapes us). Yes, it was quite a journey. And the poor bastard had the runs the whole time.



THIRTEENS

BY PUBLIC DEMAND

VIVIAN STANSHALL

"Sir Henry at
Rawlinson End"

AT THE

OLD THEATRE, L.S.E. HOUGHTON STREET
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FRIDAY DECEMBER 1st

AND

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2nd ALL TICKETS £1.50
From the L.S.E. union shop
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"The GREAT BRITISH eccentric, whimsical
confusing, brilliant STANSHALL should be
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often clever and witty verbal ramblings:

N.M.E.

"Charisma have the taste to release an hour's
worth of Rawlinsonia as a testimony to
STANSHALLS wayward genius"

Evening News

"It's certainly the wittiest record
I've heard for a long time"

Sounds

"An inspired outburst from a genius of British
humour"

Record Mirror

"It's very humorous"

NEW ALBUM



CAS1131 Marketed by Charisma Records

BLACKMAIL CORNER

COP AN EYEFUL of the geezer in the 'tache, grannispex and Charles II barnet in the panoramic pix on our left. You wouldn't by any chance think that the bloke sitting in the park bore even the remotest, feeblest resemblance to — errhm — Bob Dylan, would you? Obviously not. However, if we told you that the park in question is in Manchester (Clue number one), that the body in question used to be a member of an aggregation known as the Brownsville Jug Band (Clue number two), that Elvis Costello thinks that he's the feline's nightwear (Clue number three) and that he's currently referred to by people who are overpaid to simplify as "The Punk Poet" (Clue number four, five and six), then all you could logically say is:

"I certainly look daft sitting there in the park/Exit the facial hair, enter John Cooper Clarke."

So if Rabid Records will be kind enough to hand over a small portion of the transfer fee they received from CBS for the Manchester Mouth's services, we'd be considerate enough to tear up the pix.

And seeing as we've mentioned the oak, perhaps Mr Costello's representatives — be they his lawyers, his psychiatrists or the usual boring old Jake Riviera man file — would like to slip us a bob or two before the publication of the next *Blackmail Corner*, which features a provocative picture of Elvis in a no-glasses situation with, gasp, another woman.

W. H. AUDEN (by arrangement with W. H. Smith and *The Sunday People*)

TRIRILDS

A
PRE-PUNK
HAMMER FILM
PRESENTATION



EAR, EAR— WOT'S ALL THIS DIN, THEN?

CAN'T YOU see what's afoot? Aren't you twiggung something here? Don't your shell-likes tell you what's going on? That you're being forced, against your will, to buy Linda Ronstadt albums? Well, almost. Listen.

A mysterious little credit has been popping up recently on albums as diverse as the latest Meatloaf, Tompall Glaser and Boice efforts. The inert recipient of hundreds of namechecks goes by the name of the Apex Aural Exciter. The Exciter is a mixing gadget as common in the well-equipped studio as the Digital Delay, Harmonizer or Graphic Equalizer. The difference being that at present you can't buy one — you have to hire it from Pink Floyd's production company.

The Apex patent is owned by its eponymous American makers who designed it as a boon for engineers rather than for implanting subliminal chord sequences into the unsuspecting punter's sub-conscious. The gadget doesn't look anything special — two channels, Notch meters, assorted knobs, encased in a silver and black box — but no one is letting on as to the internal components of this modern hardware.

Ostensibly, the Apex allows the engineer to obtain correct balance between acoustic and electric signals. Roughly, the finished sound enhances, or makes succinct, those acoustic

ingredients, voice, piano, guitar, sax, etc., which are usually muffled at low level playback by electric noise.

The stereo listener won't notice any difference in his reception but if the chart successes of Franki Valli, Bee Gees and Andrew Gold (to name but ninety) are indicative of the Apex magic then any radio-conscious band/engineer is going to consider using the thing.

Of course, the cost might put them off. The Floyd are sole licensees to the American mother company and presumably reap a share in the enormous profits that must accrue with a loan rate of £15 per minute of track (roughly £100 an hour). That puts it beyond the reach of all but the most financially solvent outfit if unused takes, re-mixes et al are taken into account.

The engineer records the mileage and returns his form to the licensees for corroboration. A curious set up but if the makers claims are correct then the Apex will make Dolby redundant, particularly if it can be applied to live environments.

So, next time you're jiving along to "Grease" or Andy Gibb's current fab waxing let your clapped out wireless relax as you sample the pleasures of ear massage. Aurally exciting isn't it?

MAX BELL

TRIRILDS



TELEVISION'S OVER

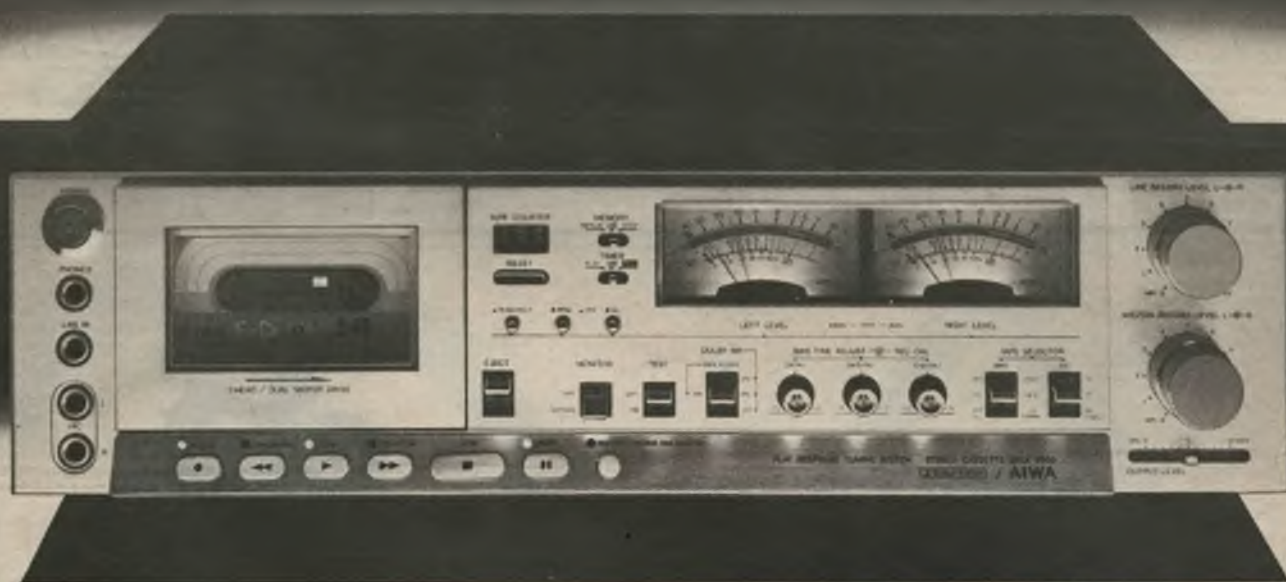


BACK FROM THE DEAD



You too can have a body like mine — The James Pursey Guide To Health And Happiness, illustrated by PENNIE SMITH.

If it was any more advanced, you'd need to go to night school.



The Aiwa AD 6900 is the most advanced machine of our range. It costs around £485.

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SEDITIONARIES T-SHIRT RAID

WHILE MALCY'S away, the police will play... As Malcolm McLaren tirelessly toils on behalf of the Sidney Vicious

Defence Fund in far-flung corners of the globe, so Chelsea Poth Squad detectives decide to raid the Seditionaries boutique in King's Road, London.

Even men in uniform like their jollies, you may think, but these chaps mean business. And this time it's Section Three of the Obscene Publications Act which has allowed the police to confiscate bundles of T-shirts from the shop.

One of the shirt designs involved depicts two, er, well-hung cowboys.

Two years ago, co-owner of Seditionaries Vivienne Westwood was charged under our old friend the Vagrancy Act — an obscure law dating from the Napoleonic War, forbidding destitutes to display their wounds for profit — for displaying these shirts in the shop, thereby holding an 'indecent' exhibition.

Sex Pistols album sleeves ('Never Mind The Bollocks') were later confiscated under the same ruling.

The T-shirts were deemed to be obscene on three counts: that the cowboys were obviously homosexual; that their appendages were out of proportion; and that they were standing too close together, one fixing the other's necktie.

Ms Westwood was fined, but was not directed against selling the shirts. And she continued to do so — until last week.

The police took four other types of T-shirt: Marilyn Monroe's face with 'Piss' written over it; Snow White in Ugandan situations with punky dwarves; a nude 12-year old boy smoking, on a Sex Pistols logo; and two obviously gay leather boys, with the lettering 'Fuck your mother' and 'Don't run away punk'.

Ms Westwood sees the confiscation as part of a general police harassment policy against punks.

"People should be allowed to wear what they want," she says.

"I see myself as just one person in a long line of people who've campaigned, if you like, against these absurd laws. On a basic level, I'm trying to de-mystify these silly taboos."

Does she not find it odd that the police should confiscate these daft T-shirts, yet leave her with a shop full of the distasteful Sid and Nancy jobs?

"She's dead, I'm alive — I'm yours?"

"No", she says. "They're not pornographic, and they could never be proved so."

"I like that shirt because it reflects that Sid is vulnerable. He's a product of our times and we feel responsible for him, as he would for us — a sort of 'what's ours is yours' set-up."

"Anyway, you don't make people think unless you upset them emotionally."

No charge has yet been made against Ms Westwood or Seditionaries.



Young SID is one of Viv Westwood's creations.

Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.



ROUGH JUSTICE

THE CHARGE of obstruction brought against Simon Milner, lead guitarist of The Smirks, during the demonstration at the premiere of *Groove* which was part of the band's Rock Against Travolta (RAT) campaign, was dismissed at Bow Street magistrates' court last Friday when the arresting officer failed to show.

Good news? Sure — but...

Despite the fact that the whole episode had been a complete waste of everyone's time, the magistrates refused to award costs ("No blame can be laid at the door of the police").

The issue of costs in British court cases — highlighted last week in the *Vanessa Redgrave/WRP v. The Observer* libel case (and we still don't know who won that) — is becoming an increasingly exasperating one; proving one's innocence can be an expensive business.

Milner said afterwards that he was "disturbed by British justice". The costs of his legal aid — unnecessary, as it turned out — came to over £100, and yet no prosecution evidence in the case was ever heard.

Furthermore, Milner had originally been refused legal aid (even though his income of £25 a week was sufficiently small for him to have qualified for it) on the grounds that the case was too trivial. The authorities assumed that, innocent or not, he should just plead guilty.

There is not even any question of Bescikley (The Smirks' record company) coughing up.

They are now distributed by Polydar — who also lease the rights of RSO Records, the company which has perpetrated all the horrors indirectly responsible for the closing down of live venues, criminalisation of an entire generation, economic enslavement of the western world — which Milner alleges.

He hopes to be able to find the money within the next 30 days, else he could be back in court again. If you want to help, you could always buy a "Smirks Against Travolta" badge.

BOB WOFFINDEN

THIRILLS



Alternative Routes

The new album from Tradition

(PL25186)

Also available from Tradition
'Tell Your Friends About Dub'

(PL25169)



See Tradition at:

Nov. 15 Music Machine, London

Nov. 20 Tiffany's, Edinburgh

Nov. 24. Central London Polytechnic

RCA

PINK FLOYD GO CAMPING

KEEN to maintain their hard working image of an album and tour every other year or so, the Pink Floyd have plans afoot to take a travelling concert hall on tour with them at the end of 1979 — and blame O'Rourke. It's a tent.

According to Floyd's manager Steve O'Rourke: "The halls in Britain just cannot take the band's 45 tons of equipment and 45,000 watt PA system. The only way we can play to audiences in Glasgow, for example, is by taking our own hall on the road."

The 'hall' is a massive inflatable canvas tent with room for 5,000 fans and stage. It packs away into a handy, portable pocket size envelope and can be transported to each location by carrier pigeon or boy scout. Says Steve: "It will take about a day to set up the tent in each city, but it should be worth it." Quite.

The Floyd enter their studios soon to start work on the new album tentatively entitled "The Wall" — as reported in last week's Thrills — due for June release. Betcha can't wait. But that's not all, campers. Hard on the heels of "The Wall" comes a film, called, wait for it, "The Wall" and gasp, swoon, cop a fughole full of this, it actually features the band playing live — in their tent!

SIDI BARANI

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Sent in by readers I. Gardier and Phil N. Groovey, from the Runcorn Weekly News and Hastings & St Leonards Observer.

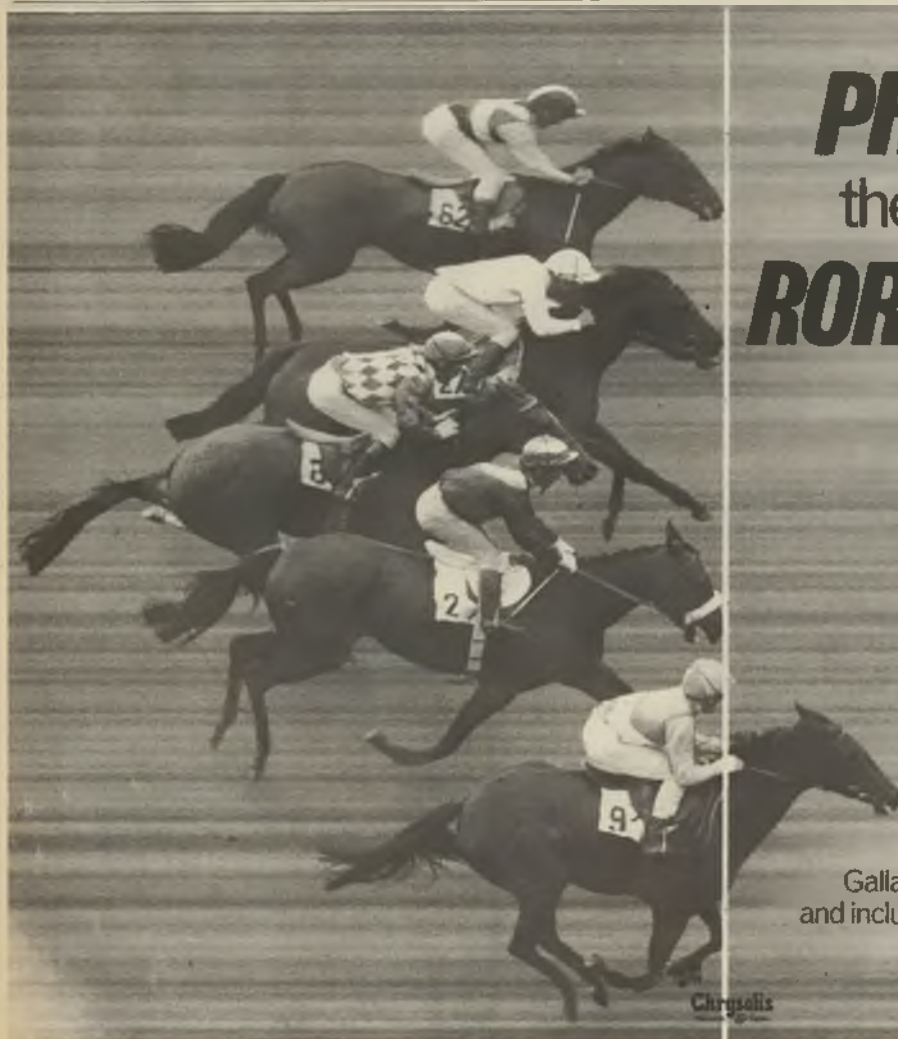


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SQUATTING FOR FUN, IDEOLOGY, & PROFIT . . .

Living ~~X~~ with The Edge

IT'S reassuring to find that a band who write lyrics roundly slagging various aspects of establishment, power and excess, are in real life actively employed in driving the bourgeoisie barmy.

Indeed, the jet-setting occupants of North London's most palatial pads were recently a little peeved to hear that a local Victorian mansion was being infiltrated by aliens. There were rumours of clapped-out cars, of weird-looking people, of pigeons getting shot, soon to be followed by the unmistakable strains of a rock band drifting, at sizeable volume, over their leafy garden walls.

The truth was out — the Edge were moving in.

Their musical talents matched only by their skill at legally squatting exclusive property, I met the band in their west wing rehearsal room.

They were originally formed by ex-Damned members Lu and Jon Moss, when The Damned "officially" folded in February, turned down Captain Sensible's offers to be their new guitarist, and set about writing a bunch of new, and very different, material. They sat through auditions with no less than forty duff bass players before singing out Glyn Havad as the man for the job. "He's thirty," says Lu disparagingly, "but he's still got a lot of life in him."

Next, almost an errand of mercy, they salvaged Gavin Povey from the Mecca Ballroom circuit, where he'd suffered too long playing keyboards with such notaries as Tom Jones and Gilbert O'Sullivan.

Working as a "co-operative," they rehearsed for a few months, fusing their varied musical backgrounds into a hard-driving set of sharp lyrics and uncommonly tight, structured instrumentals. There's even a distinct jazz feel about much of Lu's guitar work, something that he attributes to a past of being force-fed Coltrane and Charlie Mingus albums, claiming "you don't have to like something to be influenced by it."

Over the last five months, they've played very few of the prestigious dates that would have reached the ears of the music papers. Was that a deliberate move?

"There's two ways of starting a

band," says Lu, "you either go mad all at once, or you just let it happen. If you get hyped up, it means you don't last as long."

Was that something he'd learnt from The Damned?

"If people had been prepared to accept The Damned on completely new terms, it would have worked. It was the punters themselves that destroyed the band. Punk was always meant to develop, but once they'd got over the three-chord wonder thing, they wouldn't go any further. It's happening now 'cos people are using jazz. Even The Stranglers aren't sticking to regular rock patterns, and have started doing odd time signatures."

The Edge's debut single "Macho Man", that slaps the karate/biker/stud image of "a local Tarzan", has been interpreted as a direct hit against The Stranglers' JJ Burnel, which Lu hotly denies.

"It's just about macho men," he explains, "and the whole ritual they go through — who's done the most jobs, who's the toughest and who's got the most shotguns. It's about an attitude, and I don't have to go and see The Stranglers to see that attitude."

"It's about blockheads in cars with Ted and Berthe written on the windscreen," adds Jon.

Did they want to use their lyrics just

The Edge hide from their neighbours



Photo: Neil

to make a statement?

Lu: "If you go to a gig and you don't really hear the lyrics, then the music's meaningless. The music and the lyrics have to tie in to an essential theme. Like 'Downhill' was written on a descending sequence, and 'Winning Streak' is actually meant to sound like it's a race. Everything's got to tie in to give the audience a bigger impression of what you're trying to

get across."

Did any of their anti-establishment sentiments extend to the rock business?

"I think it's very threatened by Stigwood," says Jon, "I mean he's got the power and money to push out other forms of music."

Then did he think large-scale entrepreneurs were taking away their potential audience?

Mobs of anti-Mach demonstrators stormed the building after breaking through a cordon of British troops.

The embassy's twenty-seven staff, led by ambassador Sir Anthony Parsons, were later reported to be unharmed.

Today's birthdays include: Mr. Robin Day (15); Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C. (85); the Earl of Cromartie (74); Lord Elwyn-Jones (69); the Marquess of Salisbury (62); the Earl of Gainsborough (55).

Congratulations to TP for finally making it onto the Foreign Office payroll, and belated birthday greetings to Panorama's sprightly link-man, who seems to wear his age better than he wears his bow-ties. Spotted in the Mirror and Yorkshire Evening Post by reader Peter Simons (45) of no fixed abode.

"You could say that if people didn't want 'Grease', then they wouldn't listen to it. But nowadays taste has been pushed out of the window, and it's more hype, and how you can persuade people. It's not so much the merit of the actual thing, it's the way that it's presented. The class has been taken out of music, and it's just been made so it's accessible."

But weren't rock promoters trying to do exactly the same as Stigwood, but with less money, and therefore less influence?

Lu: "If you really want to play five nights a week, and make records, which is the reason I'm in this business, then I think you've got to have packaging, and you've got to get hyped up. So I guess I'll have to brainwash myself."

MARK ELLEN

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THE CLASH

GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE



Produced by Sandy Pearlman

M'Cadillac's goin' 'bout 104 . . .



THE CARS: (from left) Elliot Easton, Ben Orr, David Robinson, Greg Hawkes, Ric Ocasek

THE CARS have picked up speed in America. Will they pick up here? **TOBY GOLDSTEIN** sends a few hand signals from New York.

I WILL always hold on to one memory which defines what American cars must represent to Britons. In the midst of a sea of neat little vehicles parked row upon row at Heathrow Airport could be spotted a monstrous black Cadillac, its bulk extending over one and a half parking spaces, its beacon yellow New York state license plates an embarrassing reminder of my status as a citizen in the land of conspicuous consumption.

Fortunately, Boston, Massachusetts' Cars in no way resemble such gross symbols. They are compact machinery, efficient purveyors of pop closer to quirkiness than chaos, which has certainly made their New-wave image less forbidding to the chart arbiters, the radio programmers.

In less than six months The Cars have won a Top 20 single, "Just What I Needed," a gold (almost platinum) debut album, "The Cars", and are well along the way to duplicate success for their follow-up single, "My Best Friend's Girl."

It's the kind of attention that leads to a band being subjected to rivers of hype, enough pats on the back to knock them over, and all the other show-biz trivia about which Cars writer/singer/guitarist Ric Ocasek calmly declares, "I have no illusions about this business . . . all written words are fiction anyway."

Onstage, Ocasek appears to have been dropped by wire from a distant planet, impossibly tall and thin, hooded by sunglasses, wrapped in vinyl.

In morning light, perched in a room of a midtown skyscraper hotel, he

takes on far more human dimensions, revealing blue eyes, relaxed features and a ready laugh.

He also drops off into unexpected mumblings, typing him as an absent-minded professor of rockology who'd rather be at home in New England with his Silver Apples disc (1968-vintage experimental) than a constant participant in airport life.

Home is where the mini-studio is, a modest facility, but sufficient to have given birth to countless demo's, including the prototype for "Just What I Needed."

"I don't have the time to do that anymore," Ocasek laments. "You know, I went home last week and the stuff was covered with dust. It's just funny to go down there and see, it's like a scene from a movie; there's all these books lying around open to a certain page and there's half songs and the last chord I played."

"And I took off somewhere and came back two months later and it's all sitting there covered with dust, the place where I was."

The Cars were named by their drummer, David Robinson, who quit another Boston landmark, The Modern Lovers, when his kit grew too large for Jonathan Richman's tender ears. He sounds just fine with The Cars, as do longtime Ocasek friend and collaborator, blond vocalist/bassist Ben Orr, lead guitarist Elliot Easton and keyboard man Greg Hawkes.

Given their blend of rhythmic constancy topped by crisp harmonies, The Cars should've been around sooner, to play gigs with The Motors — vehicles on parade!

"We played in Boston with a couple of bands just for the name," counters Ocasek. "When we played at The Rat (to Boston's scene what CBGBs and Max's are to the Apple) we played with The Mechanics, and there was

actually another car-oriented bill.

"I remember at first not knowing if I liked the name or not. But then, riding around in cars and talking about it made it seem better. We were saying, look at that, we could just take that sign off the road and put it on stage, or we oughta put up a traffic light. Or here's a thing that says, Cars Enter Here."

"And you're outta gas, and all the puns, and the fact that it's so easy to spell, doesn't have Z on the end. Real authentic, it's pop art in a sense. It's America. You ride around, get in it and turn on the radio."

"Cars are great; they go through all the changes that musicians do, too. They all wear out, they get broken parts and some are better than others, and some go in the junkyard . . ."

DESPITE OCASEK'S facility at describing wheely ways, there are no songs about cars on "The Cars." What there are, in abundance, are bouncy little numbers that toss off the absurdities of love and desire as effectively as the recorded car crash announces the group's show.

"I don't care if people think I'm perverse," he smiles, as he considers the lyrics which, in part, comment "when you bite your lip it's some reaction to love" or "I guess you're just what I needed/I needed someone to bleed."

Under their varnished exterior, The Cars are talking about appetites whetted by fascination, exactly what mom and dad fear as junior borrows the keys for his hot date.

"They forget about the vetoes when they hear the chorus," Ocasek smiles with some relief. "See, I like to do as much as I can with the words as far as imagery goes, so that it's really left open for a lot of things, even though I remember a specific impression of something I had at the time. Once they're done, they're out there, in public domain."

The Boston public wanted what it could get from The Cars, even before they had a proper release. Local deejays played Ric's home-made demo of "Just What I Needed" and "You're All I've Got Tonight," luring the record company spotters to Boston, 500 miles northeast of New

York, so that "they come in once a year, take one band and leave, that's about it."

The Cars were picked off the assembly line as this year's model.

To reinforce their love for magical sounding (and preferably British) pop, the group selected the production God of Clean, Roy Thomas Baker, to do the album honours.

Baker was chosen for two reasons, neither of which had anything to do with his reputation at making hit, if sometimes sterile, albums.

"We figured he would know which frequencies wouldn't conflict with each other. And how to mix for radio — more so than us, 'cause we're used to mixing it the way it feels."

"Most of the producers we were looking at, like Chris Thomas and Tony Visconti, were also English. We liked how English pop music is usually more eccentric than American pop music. Even the stuff that doesn't make it on the radio and that's not commercially viable is still corny in a funny way."

"Like when I was at A.I.R. (cutting the album) and I heard other bands trying to turn out singles, some of it was like a mixture of Abba and hard rock and some chord changes that go off into funny European places."

But you never thought of home quite like that . . . so much for mystique.

THE CARS knew they had a good disc and an alluring show.

Nonetheless, they didn't expect to hear themselves on teenybopper transistor radios quite so soon. Nor were they exactly prepared to leave a comforting routine of frustrations, attempts and local heroism for setting out on a yellow-brick road paved with amphitheatres.

They opened for Cheap Trick. They opened for Bob Seger. They opened for Styx—Ocasek admits it so painfully it comes out in a breath. They opened, once, for Dickie Betts.

"That was good, because the Dickie Betts audience hated us, which was great, because I don't need them. Those 60s leftovers . . . afraid to move any further."

Given the sludge that dominates America's mainstream, it is a relief to

hear aggro from a 27-year-old potential star.

"I think our audiences are a little bit awed, especially when we play with a band like Foreigner, who are real flamboyantly dressed in Jumpin' Jack Flash stuff. But nice guys," he hastens to add. "We're not like them, we don't come out and go (he mimes handclaps and sky high split trouser leaps,) so it's very strange. It's getting weird."

"We just went from clubs to arena rock, which I can't stand anyway. The adjustments are like — well, in Boston, you're home and then you go to your gig and you come home and eat doughnuts and see what's on *Five All Night* on TV. But now the schedule's tight that you're up and you're gone and you're out all day and looking for time for yourself. At least an hour if you can find it. And it's not like you can go write a song when you want, you just have to wait. And the gigs are all big. There are 20,000 at each concert and they're screaming drunks."

OCASEK PEERS out the terrace of the hotel room, some 20-odd floors above Central Park, and hastens to reassure the onlooker that, although he adores Suicide, the band, he's not contemplating the final solution.

He scoops up a sheaf of papers, packs a slim case, thinks longingly of the afternoon shuttle flight back to Boston, where The Cars will have five days of precious freedom before heading out to renew their acquaintance with the Top Ten. Some new songs for the second album, played in unfinished form on a cheap cassette machine, still sound like success stories, with or without the gloss of Roy Baker.

But before he can catch that plane, Ocasek must report to his label, to finish mixing Cars concert tapes for a broadcast. With one hand on the mixing board, the other writing free verse, Ric Ocasek parallels a curious contrast that marks the city of Boston, "the oldest place settled in this country, the land of Paul Revere, and right next to it, the Hancock Building, where the glass falls out in the wind."

He heads down the pavement, hesitating when he thinks he's left something important behind.

Derek and Clive

BRING A LUMP TO THE THROAT

Proving the opposite: AC/DC's ANGUS YOUNG



Part 76 of an occasional series in which NME generously allows distinguished columnists to air valid if unfashionable opinions. This week: JOHN HAMBLETT

howling-at-the-moon BIGBEAT in that? You ever tried getting drunk as a skunk with a robot?

AC/DC, the outrageous Aussies, get into the only type of music that could conceivably go with this outside, desperate goodtime atmosphere; blistering and warping electric waves of hard nose music, a mishmash of the most unholy influences imaginable.

Where the music is coming from is obvious. Where it ends I have not the foggiest notion.

It emanates, quite obviously, from the five young men on the stage — huge heavy slabs of metallic sound that should hang in the air like steel webbed clouds, but don't. I feel the music must be absorbed by the bodies in front of me, but no visible signs of transformation are apparent.

Sweat seems to be draining out of my body at an alarming rate, particularly my head; teardrops of warm moisture ping out of my forehead and run into my eyes, making them smart, obscuring my vision. The ceiling is dripping water as though it were attempting to disguise all the leaky plumbing systems in town. And the walls appear to be freshly hosed down.

This, I think, is what rock'n'roll is all about.

A NEW DIRECTION? Look what happened to The Rolling Stones. They started looking for a new direction, going off on tangents, and they produced shit. And then the punk bands came along and scared 'em, and now you will notice, they are going back to producing what they've always done best: rock'n'roll. You progress, sure you do, but you move forward in the same direction. You do not shoot off on some tangent.

Bon Scott has abandoned his tea cup of scotch and coke, and now contents himself with taking lethal razor-backed hits straight from the bottle. He's been a drummer, was in prison for two years, became a bubblegum pop star in an Australian sugarpop band called The Valentines, he's painted ships and sung in a country and western type band whose name I can't remember. He used to be serious, but now he tries to be amused.

By this time everybody is ingloriously drunk. I keep imagining I need a piss and stumble off to the toilet every five minutes, only to find I don't.

This state of affairs is totally confusing, because every time I come back they're talking about something fresh. I try and throw my weight into the conversation, but everybody forgets what they're supposed to be saying halfway through each sentence.

"I listen to the best. Ike and Tina fucking Turner, the best of Ike and Tina Turner. THE BEST OF THE BEST. The best of Fats Domino... Good music. I just listen to good music... The Buzzcocks hahahahaha."

I don't exactly know why Malcolm Young is laughing, but by this time I am perfectly willing to go along with everything.

"We ought to release an album. The Best of Angus Young's Guitar Solos." Hahahahahahaha... I am not precisely sure that I am supposed to laugh at this, but I do anyway. Angus Young, Last of the Guitar Heroes...

Angus Young, of course, is the lead guitarist all decked out in schoolboy drag, shaking and jitterbugging all around the stage like a drink-crazed Pinocchio on the lam from the toy-maker's. Solos seem to appear despite his manic efforts to screw the life out of his guitar. Generally speaking, guitar solos bore me to sleep, drunk or sober, but I'm forced to tip my hat to this mildly mad little person.

Ah, AC/DC, proud and unashamed utilitarian, obvious and guileless perpetrators of the BigBeat. Their saving grace is that they have no pretensions — that's their big fat beaming ace-in-the-hole redeeming feature. If you wonder why thousands of kids still get off on music like this, then you're an asshole, because the facts are there for all to see.

It's only rock'n'roll but it's here to stay.

These Ozos are no Bozos

I'M SICK OF reading shit. You will print the truth," says AC/DC's hirsute rhythm guitarist Malcolm Young, taking a massive hit on his bottle of scotch.

I execute what I hope is a sage nod and squint over at vocalist Bon Scott, who for some reason appears to be laughing like a maniac.

The quantity of scotch consumed is causing problems all round. I've had the odd half bottle myself.

But it's time to sort out an intelligent, searching question.

Okay fellas, why do you think you are so popular with the public — AC/DC sold out two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon three months in advance — yet so consistently ignored by the rock press?

"Because the music press is totally out of touch with what the kids actually want to listen to," replies Scott.

"We've done six tours of this country and we know."

"These kids might be working in a shitty factory all week, or they might be on the dole — come the weekend, they just want to go out and have a good time, get drunk and go wild. We give them the opportunity to do that."

Thinking back over the scenes in the hall a couple of hours earlier, I feel in no position to argue the point.

THE GIG. Yeah... We're in Sheffield, and I can't recall ever having seen so many bodies packed so tightly into such a comparatively small area; the crazy ones and the deliriously drunken ones jumping up and down, and shaking themselves like mad wet dogs, holding up the frailer ones.

Later, when things get really hog wild, this built-in safety mechanism falls short of requirements and bodies are frequently hauled out over the stage apron into the safety of the backstage area.

The crowd cheer anything and everything, setting up a big football type chant of "ANGUS! ANGUS!", riding on each other's shoulders, waving their shirts in wild salty arcs over their heads, already sweating and steamy.

They're kids mostly, a neat cross-section of counter culture: long

haired bairns with flared jeans and distant vagueness in their eyes, and the washed-out tail feathers of the punk scene with boutique-type leather jackets and school shirts and school ties.

All young, post-hippy, post-acid, post-love and peace, Big Beat Niks, all hungry for a two-hour slice of the sex and drugs and rock'n'roll dream cake.

Not one of them looks like he or she gives a solitary damn about any pie-in-the-sky abstract questions of social relevance or contemporaneity.

Hell, why should they? They've got real problems crowding up their heads, like what the heck to do with Saturday night to make the rest of the week bearable?

Eno, Kraftwerk, Devo? Dogs, man, high falutin' dogs. I mean, where's the fun in that? Where for Christ's sake is the spiky rolling -tank-track straight-thru-brick-walls



long bags at last!

BOWIE

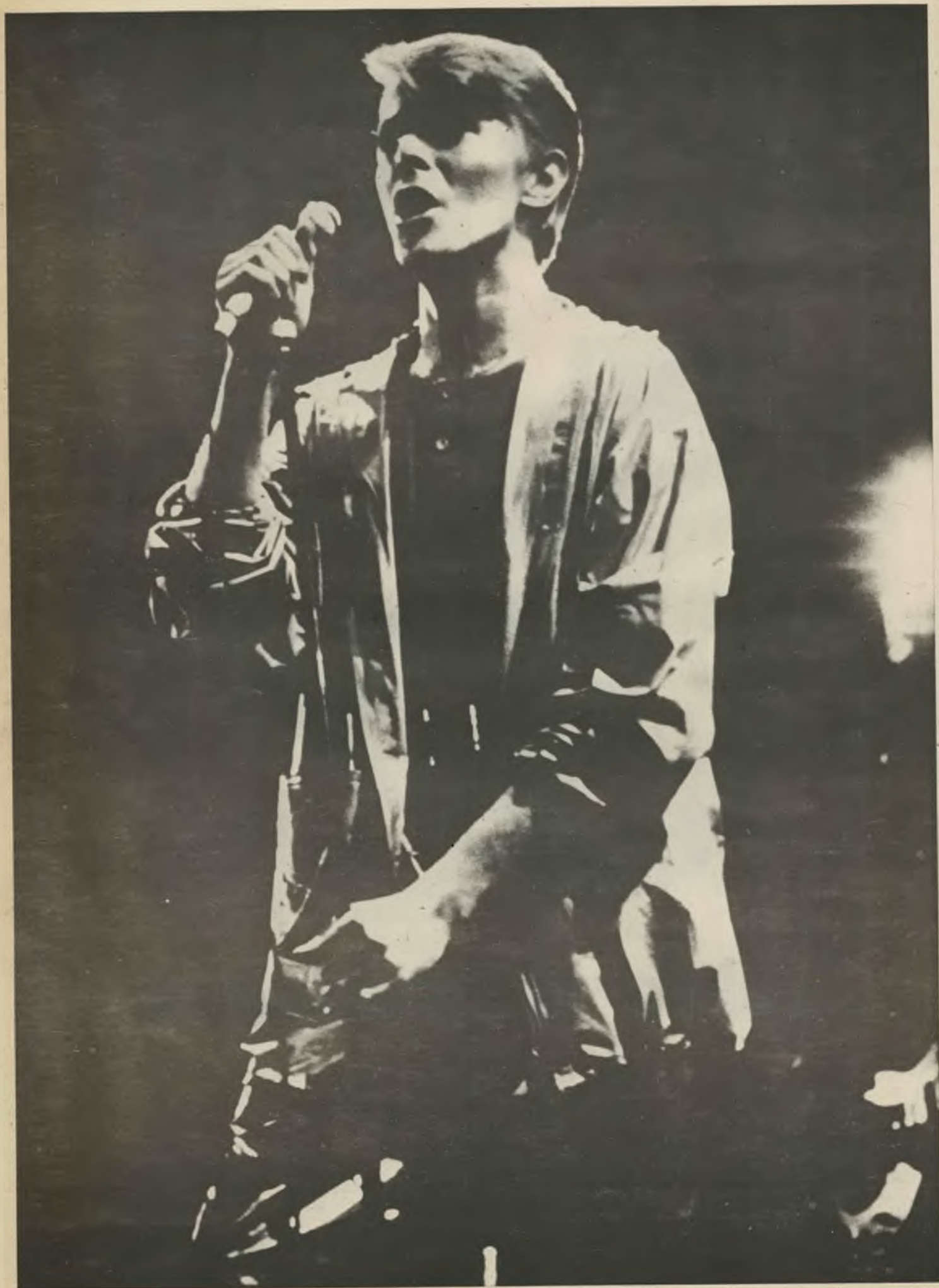
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THE WEST COUNTRY INVASION STARTS HERE

IT WOULD appear that someone's got it in for Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69. You see they're planting stories in the press to the effect that our James and his cronies have somehow — ho hum — betrayed their public in pursuit of activities both hedonistic and irresponsible.

In recent weeks, and particularly since the release of their compulsive "Hurry Up, Harry" singalong, Sham have been accused by various writers of encouraging a stance of nihilistic aspect; with Jimmy himself defamed as cretinous, barbarous, simplistic and — according to one effete journalist — as displaying an "ambivalent individualism" that "reeks of a cop-out to me."

Criticism of this adverse tone has been not without its effect on the bouyant Mr. Pursey, and those close to the man speak feelingly of the consternation and hurt he's suffered on account of the more virulent reviewers' remarks.

At present, however, midway through their Guy Fawkes UK tour alongside Cimarons — and with the partisan Sham vanguard demonstrating its loyalty to both group and leader at every venue — Jimmy is in ebullient spirit, giving philosophical reply when I broach the subject.

"The ultimate thing," he states, "is for you to be pleasing yourself and the audience at the same time. Because,

Attitudes, platitudes, beatitudes:
the Shams meet the Cims out of town
Hurry up, PENNY REEL—
PENNIE SMITH'S going down the pub

and everybody knows this Penny, in ten years' time they're not gonna pick up a Sham record and say, well he said this and he said that, and the band did this and the band did that. They are going to say: 'Hey, this is a bloody good record. You listen to this.' 'Cause it's a bit of plastic, and it's good in their ears, and they like it. They're not gonna remember interviews in the *Melody Maker*, or fucking *NME*, or anything else.

"It's like I say I fucking hate Johnny Rotten, you know, to this kid that's got the thing... and I say do you know like what he says? And then I went home the other night and I sat down and I thought — but then, them kids are enjoying that. So what right have I got to turn around and tell them about something that they don't know anything about, when they just enjoying themselves. Even Siouxsie and the Banshees, that I fucking detest."

"You're as guilty as the journalists, slapping people off."

"No. Just hold on a minute. You didn't let me finish my statement, did you? Because what I was gonna say was, I then thought to myself, but why should I have a go at Siouxsie and the Banshees? They're still doing their thing."

"The way I'm talking in this room right now, I'm very free. I'm very open. There are many reporters I can sit with and I just go pff, because I know that I'm getting a negative response from a person that is not really interested in what I believe in, but is doing his job; and is listening to me just because he's been sent to listen to me."

"So I'm sitting there thinking, well what am I trying to achieve with this bloke? All I say will just be put down on a bit of paper with the way the man feels, and not with the mind and body of what I've been saying."

"Anyway, who gives a damn? I'm doing the best I can."

SHAM ARMY is set to invade the market town of Taunton, Devon in considerable force. An advance despatch, led by Jimmy the P, has already arrived by road earlier in the day and is now at work in busy strategic preparation for this coming evening's manoeuvres.

At the front line stands the trio of musicians who maintain the Army's aural flourish: baby-faced guitarist Dave Parsons, co-writer with Pursey of all Sham material; pint-sized bassist

Dave Treganna, known to his compatriots as "Kermit"; and bulwark drummer Mark Cain, who sports a newly-acquired ½" crop specially for the occasion. These in turn are flanked on either wing by the constant presence of tour manager Tony Newman and chauffeur Peter Rush, which latter personage refers to himself as the Sulphate Strangler and informs me that he is presently suing the manufacturers of Carlsberg Special Brew for permanent brain damage and loss of memory.

Also in close attendance, a motley contingent of Pleistocene Clerics skinheads, of whom personal assistant Grant Fleming aka Scarlet O'Harrington and roadie Big Vince and Binsy I form the *corps d'élite*.

These suave disciples of Trevor Brooking have championed the cause of Sham 69 since the group's earliest days playing in front of two dozen people at the late Roxy back in 1977, and remain as essential to the Army's image as does Mr James Pursey himself.

"It's our crowd," explains Binsey with a gremlin-like glint through his spectacles. "Like, we was the same geezers as always hung about together. You'd go and see all of your mates either down the terraces at

West Ham or else at a Sham 69 gig. At first we was just supporters sort of thing, then we started going for all the propaganda and stuff, and now we work for them."

Whilst Binsey, Vince and their accompanying road crew set up the stage for Sham's sound-check later that afternoon, the four group members and O'Harrington scour the streets in reconnaissance of Taunton's toyshops. Pursey acquires a cap gun that he spends all one memorable ride firing in time to The Rolling Stones' "High Tides, Green Grass" album, blaring from the cassette player in the Shamobile.

As Pennie Smith observes, 69's fascination with toys is not dissimilar to that of the respective Clash members for sweets and confectionery.

Lacking an equivalent enthusiasm, I make my way back to the hotel for an hour's idle gape at the football results, news, and continuing Forsyth/Grayson ratings war saga.

ONSTAGE AT Taunton Odeon, in the wake of a pleasant and well-applauded Cimarons set, Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69 proceed to demolish their critics with a performance that attracts the entire crowd from its seats and down to the front of the stage.

The band open with the tommy-gun chords of "Red London", followed by "Angels With Dirty Faces" and its "Cockney Kids Are Innocent" B-side, and succeeded in turn by "Leave Me Alone" from the first album, and "I'm A Man, I'm A Boy" from the second.

Continues next page



PURSEY lets it all hang out. FRANKLIN DUNN
fingers fretfully.

INVASION

From previous page

Jimmy then introduces "Rip Off" as "a nice song for Mr Malcolm McLaren," which earns him a huge cheer, although the newer "That's Life" and "Who Gives A Damn?" that come next fail to excite the same ecstatic response.

"Ulster Boy" prompts Pursey to speculate. "Listen," he urges. "Shit Little Fingers said we had no right to sing this song. All the papers keep telling us we have no right to sing this song. Every day I get up and read somewhere that one more kid's been shot in Ulster. And as long as kids are getting killed, and as long as they keep telling us we have no right to sing this song, we'll just keep right on making up our own minds. OK?"

The climax of the show is the preceding quartet of songs, each of which everyone in the audience deems necessary to accompanying chant: "Borsal Breakout", "Sunday Morning Nightmare", "No Entry" and, most beloved of all, "Hurry Up, Harry".

Charting a passage through "Evil Way" and "If The Kids Are United", Sham bring their set to its close with "I Don't Wanna", reappear for "What Have We Got?" and, in response to the audience's foot-stomping encores, return yet again for encore of "United" and "Harry" both.

Later, outside the theatre, Jimmy Pursey courts some hundred-odd loyalists, signs as many autographs, dispenses Taunton Army badges, and finally leads his flock to a nearby public house where, much to its leader's pleasure, the massed congregation break into spontaneous acapella chorus of — what else? — "Hurry Up, Harry", whilst the tipplers inside gaze at the scene in bewilderment.

SATURDAY NIGHT gives way to Sunday morning — however, there is nothing remotely resembling a nightmare taking place at this particular animated moment.

Seated in the congregation of the righteous in my hotel bedroom, a party of worthy citizens are whiling away the small hours to that special



"So how do you spell backless anyway?..."

exchange of relaxed conversation such as descends upon us all at this time of night, and especially in lieu of maka dispensation.

All five Cimarons are present, lams off and locks free, so to is Jimmy Pursey seated upon the television set, and his silent shadow Kermit, myself and Pennie Smith.

Jimmy is doing most of the talking.

"What I believe," he argues, "is that half these kids that are so-called National Front are not National Front. And that's why I'm fighting, that's why I'm talking to 'em, and that's why I want 'em there, to say: hang around a minute, when reggae and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles and all them type of bands were playing, nobody was going 'ah fucking 'ate black men.' They were going dum-de-dum-de-dum... down the ol' discos; yet they are the kids that are saying it now. And I tell you why. Because of the Sun, the Daily Mirror, People, and all that. They're the ones plugging it down the kids' throats."

I demur at the Mirror, Jimmy, but I take your point. So you think the press is to blame.

"No," comes the reply, "not just the press. A system. A barrier. The biggest thing in this world is a barrier."

No man can understand a majority, so therefore no man can ever judge millions.

"That is why National Front and Rock Against Racism; that is why Liberal and Conservative; because everybody has a mind, but what happens is a flock, another flock..."

"If a kid likes disco, there is automatically another person that doesn't want to agree because he's got his own mind, so he says 'Well, I like rock'n'roll.' So a kid says I'm anti-Nazi, so the next kid says I'm NF. That's what it all boils down to, and it's not their fucking fault."

Ism and schism. It's like there are two buttons, one red and one blue. One says left, and the other right. Political thinking invariably relates in terms of black and white.

"What it all boils down to," Jimmy reiterates, "is we all want to be the man in the middle. Mind you, if we were all united, it'd be the boringest fucking world. If you've got everything, you've nothing to achieve."

"The other big point is that our generation will never understand the African, the Russian, the Chinese or Japanese, because all these different people don't understand us, the European. The next generation will

be just the same, because of the way we're gradually being brought up."

But Jim, all those so-called different men are really the one same man, right?

"Yeah, they are the same. It is only the colour of skin of different environment we are brought up in. If you're from, say, Australia in the outback, and all you're doing is fighting for existence and running around with a spear all the time, that is all you know. And if someone plants a television in front of you, you wouldn't even know how to fucking look at it."

"A serious thing," assents Cimarón Carl Levy. "You don't have to check television, because you don't need it."

"And I'll tell you something else now," Jimmy turns to Carl, "you've just summed up something else there. What you haven't got, you don't need. And you don't miss it. There's an old statement: the rich man wants to be poor, and the poor man wants to be rich. In fact, everyone wants to be the man in the middle."

No. The man in the middle is invariably fighting to be the man at the top. The middle-classes are always aiming for that.

"I'll tell you something," Jimmy

concedes. "The happiest man is that man always fighting to get something. If you can't grab hold of something, you're a happy man. As soon as you've grabbed hold of it, you ain't happy no more."

"Yes I," Carl nods. "That is why perfection is so dangerous. Any time you attain it you have problems."

WHEN WE GO on stage we never have anything written down." The discussion has shifted focus, and Jimmy is riding another of his hobby horses — spontaneity.

"Y' see," he continues, "rock'n'roll died, and reggae died, and rock died, and anything else died as soon as someone done it. As soon as someone goes like that and starts strumming and it's never been heard before, and someone goes, 'Hang around, this sounds alright. I'll do that.' So they do it," Jimmy clicks his fingers, "commercial. So, it is not soul anymore."

"As soon as you write a song and you put it to music, it's antique. Because, if you reproduce exactly the same thing on stage, you're a robot, the same as a computer."

"You will be late man," Carl takes advantage of the pause. "You must be able to breathe whatever you do creatively."

"And that," adds Jimmy with finality, "is the reason why the only true rock'n'roll is a jam. Is when someone's getting into something, they're doing at that certain time."

But part of the essence of rock'n'roll, surely, is like records on a jukebox. Or just sitting at home in your room spinning singles. That's not an antique, that's also a very genuine rock'n'roll feeling.

"Well, yes it is," Jimmy considers for a moment, "but — how can I explain it to you? — it's like the other night when I went off stage, right? I stormed off at Leicester because I felt I was being a robot. I felt that I was just going through the motions. There was me with a terrible headache, all these prats shouting National Front and all this bollocks, and I'm standing here singing away, saying what the fuck you think you're doing? Pack it in. And there's all this bad vibe, everybody lensed up. I just went boink, and I walked off."

"And I thought now you know that

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I'm a fucking human being, and I'm not just going through the motions. I want people out there to understand that I'm me, and I'm gonna continue being me, and not do everything as it's supposed to be written down in a rule book."

Upon the close of these last vehement sentences, there is a general murmur of applause. Several Cimarons speak at once.

Locksley Gichie: "Well said, Jimmy."

Carl: "Ease the pressure and live." Franklyn Dunn: "Go forward each time. Every day you must just keep moving on."

"That is the same argument what the I see," Carl now adds. "You know Penny, ease the pressure and fucking live. What's the point in putting yourself in chains? Face up, man."

"But when I told that reporter from *Melody Maker* the same thing,"

Jimmy shrugs, "he said that I was very naive in the type of things that I believed in. Well, maybe I am naive, but in that case I'd rather be naive than live in a reality that is giving you nothing."

"I at least believe that you can try and achieve certain things."

"Even if it's fuckeries," points out Carl.

"It's all to do with emotions,"

Jimmy picks up another thread.

"Which means, if I am sitting in this room now and I feel very upset, I'm gonna cry in front of you, because I feel I wanna cry. Or I wanna laugh. Or I wanna shout."

"That's why anybody gets anywhere, because they're giving out from themselves what they feel at that certain time. That is what the blues was all about. I mean, if you're in a cotton field and someone's whipping you on the fucking back, and you're still singing because you wanna sing, and you wanna get it out of your system how you feel. You are showing your emotions."

"And that," he proclaims excitedly, "is the way life should be."

"You know what he just said?"

Carl now takes his eyes off Jimmy, who he had been studying at some length during the latter's speech, and turns to me. "You know what he just said?" he repeats. "He just brought out the essential argument in British culture, European culture to a point. Because it has gone out of its way during the past few centuries to show all emotion as fuckeries; and that you



Jimmy's on the telly...

must move emotion out of your system."

Manners.

"See't deh! My argument is this, the heavy manners is to fuck."

"If an Englishman sees a dirty fork," Jimmy makes a parable, "he will do one of two things. He will either say nothing at all, or else he will say, 'Waiter, I have got a dirty fork'. Whereas, he won't go to the person next to him, 'Look, a dirty fork', and clean it up and just carry on with it in front of somebody else, because he feels he shouldn't be like that. He has got to act the part out."

AND HOW DO you two groups feel about being on tour together?

Locksley and Winston Reid, in unison: "Great."

Franklyn: "I love the idea."

Jimmy: "This is another thing, right?"

Carl: "Hol' on a minute. Before you go into this argument, I just want to answer 'em' pon this one. Me a reason why I come on through and do this tour with Sham. 'Cause I listen to what you are saying, Jimmy, and I personally believe that. If you anytime believe in a something, you go outside and fucking do it. That's me a deal with."

"Yes", from Franklyn. "I believe that fully. We should play together, and plenty situations like this should be. It should be a natural cause and thing, right here now. England 1978. '79. Now! Today! We shouldn't be thinking about doing these things. It should be just a natural occurrence."

"You see," points out Jimmy, "the people they think are mad are the people that actually do it. They are the madmen of this world. The person who wants to lie on the grass in the nude is a madman. But is he a madman?"

Every man do his thing a little way different.

"And he's doing what he wants to do. Therefore, in front of someone who's walking around in a flash suit on, to him he's mad. But to the bloke in the nude, the bloke going to work eight-to-five is mad."

"Okay," Jimmy adds. "Now this is why I get annoyed about Rock Against Racism. It's gotta be a congregational thing. To me, every time I play a gig it's rock against racism."

"Yes I," puts in Carl. "It's one

constant thing. A living thing."

"That's why I put my foot down," Jimmy demonstrates as much.

"Another reason I got annoyed was ninety per cent of the people were white, and only ten per cent black. I thought why go out there and shout my mind off about black and white being together when ninety per cent of the audience is white?"

"Listen now," says Carl, "when we say watcha now, we're going to tour with Sham 69, the amount of negative vibration we come up against. Nine out of ten person I-man met them say, 'You tour with Sham 69?' I said yes. True that now, any time the argument come round them say 'Watcha now, how serious you wan' deal with the white man now?'"

"And you no f'c really take it serious, because it just a natural thing. You don't come so to I and I, you go out there, go play with them because what? This is what I's talking about. This is what the I know. This is what the I believe. This is what the I doing. I been doing it for years."

"But them bombah-claat! Cimarons been doing this constantly. The place where we play reggae music, people never dream of going there to blood-clut."

"Truly," says Franklyn, "from 1968 that's what Cimarons been doing. Yes I. That way there now. We were rocking against racism before them even start call it that way there."

"Do I have to wear this label saying I only like punk rock?" Jimmy asks.

"Oh yes, I've got a lovely rule book and I follow that rule book and don't do anything else. I just walk around with a light bulb hanging from me earhole, couple of swastikas on each side, not knowing what the fuck's going on. Walking in Seditionaries and buying a Destroyers T-shirt, out trotting down the road like a peacock. Is that what it's all about?"

To some people.

"And that's what I'm fighting against. Listen, this country is so lucky. We got rock 'n' roll, reggae, jazz, blues, anything you want. In London, you can go to the Palladium, to the Roxy, from opera to punk. That's fucking marvellous. And people are moaning they've got nothing to do, nowhere to go."

But you say: "What have we got? Fuck all."

"Because everybody's got fuck all. From the rich to the poor, we're all fighting to achieve something."

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December 5	Phymouth Fiesta
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'LOOKIN' KINDA ROCK 'N' ROLLED'
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MAGAZINE ON TOUR

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Saturday 25th November **Manchester** University
Monday 27th November **Plymouth** Metro
Tuesday 28th November **Bristol** Locarno
Wednesday 29th November **Liverpool** Mountford Hall, University
Thursday 30th November **Lancaster** University
Friday 1st December **Newcastle** University
Saturday 2nd December **Derby** King's Hall
Sunday 3rd December **Middlesborough** Town Hall
Monday 4th December **Sheffield** University
Tuesday 5th December **Leeds** Polytechnic
Wednesday 6th December **Birmingham** Barbarellas
Thursday 7th December **Coventry** Locarno
Friday 8th December **West Runton** Pavillion
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SINGLES

● **IN FULL COMMAND**
SUBWAY SECT: *Ambition*
(Rough Trade)
ALTERNATIVE T.V.: *Life*
(Deptford Fun City)

Pop music discovers Vic Godard and has a definite hit on its hands, the satirical stain of which will not wash off at all easily. If we accept that Tom Verlaine is the missing link between Bob Dylan and Vic Godard then 'Ambition' is no surprise. Or maybe just slightly — who'd have thought it'd be this good? We all knew Subway Sect would hop onto a Pop spot, but with such confidence?

With a refreshed formation, Sect's dancey-jumpy, light-77 machine snickers somewhere between "What Do I Get?" and "Love You More", a grinning Rock Star Godard arranging a tense, elliptical score for dinky-toy organ, furrowing and folded power-guitar, bubbly background squeaks at odds with the skimming, self-mocking rhythm and perfectly kept-secret percussion.

Don't wait to be told how important Godard is — (definitely one of the People: Lydon, Devoto, Perry, Shelley) — just marvel at his mixture of Peter Noone and Kafka. Come on, hurry up!

Only briefly hint at the connections... Perry and Godard make 'clever' music without recourse to any reptilian ephemerality or smugness, and who knows where either will move? They both take conventions and well-worn frameworks and adjust, with passion, vision, and the key: *Humour*.

A.T.V.'s "Life" dates from the time when Alex Ferguson was still working in the band — "it was going to be our Xmas single but Alex and I parted company before we could re-record it with the full choir and string accompaniment that it so fully deserves" — R.I.P. Mark Perry.

And "Life" is as about as wonderful as Xmas singles get, jokey, catch-sing-along-meaningful: "Life's about as wonderful as no electricity/I don't like acoustics and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young/Life's about as wonderful as no electricity/I'll make out it's poetry, that's why I'm screaming at yer!"

The bonus is "Love Lies Limp", the floppy free-disc once given away with *Sniffin' Glue* — pale, peeling-bedroom-reggae, nostalgia which clips in noiselessly, and maybe purposefully, maybe not. Look forward to now.

● **OPTIMISM AND PUBLIC LANGUAGE**
(NO BO DIDDLEY RIFFS AT ALL)
prag VEC: *Existential EP*
(Spec)

SCRITTI POLITTI: *Skank Bloc Bologna/Is And Ought The Western World/28-8-78*
(St Pancras)

Two self-financed, self-designed records which make us all want to crack jokes about "Complete Control" and EMI financed revolutionary statements. Our subversive - popular - populist - rock units never even attempted to make these records, and haven't begun to achieve this calm, clear synthesis between commitment, information, and interest.

Two records for useful unrest — that necessary balance between function and heart, political abstracts and personal alienation, past and potential, 'messages' and 'art'. This is a contribution. This is education. With



SUBWAY SECT's Vic Godard exhibits the new angst.

WAITING FOR GODARD AND OTHER YOUNG INTELLECTUALS

co-operation and co-ordination it might well bring about the right manner of public aggravation. prag VEC is non-aligned and 'noisy', a 'rock' machine derided, railing and hesitant, alarming, bitty, brainy. A grainy, grey collage, uncertainty presented as tight and finished, scruffy and untrustworthy. Do you take all that in? What do you expect? (Can you dance to it?) — Ed.

Scritti Politti are a course between sections and stutters of recent Jamaican music, toy-jazz and Wyatt. Slack and piercing, they don't have to try to have to sound difficult, and would have to be called 'peculiar' or 'political'. They investigate what Robinson, Clash, China Street, Steel Pulse, Henry Cow etc couldn't or didn't want to investigate or introduce — relationships, alternatives and spaces in a 'political' framework. Saying: this fact isn't separate from this one that political abstracts are not to be lovelessly embraced, quickly, with a fist, a pamphlet. Intuitive, accessible, provocative: the (any) 'revolution' cannot be externalised, sloganized,

trivialised, or simplified. And what a prickly, perfectly downbeat dance...

Come on.
THE FALL: It's The New Thing (Fall Forward)
This is going to be "Single Of The Week" everywhere. "Single Of The Week" — a convenient cage for it, a container — but then isn't A Single? Flash! There goes The Single — own it.

Killing Time With This Week's Singles: IAN PENMAN

something nice to go with the paint in your bedrooms, something NEW. It's a nice game (monopoly). You're a nice coffee table. Make it yourself!

Whizwhizwhiz... but what, Fall, what? What are you aiming for (every one aims in the music business?) "It's The New Thing"... oh, I want to cry, The Fall's naive pessimism. "It's The New Thing" — a single about singles... the attitude inherent in The Press's

attitude... whizwhizwhiz: people stare for a minute: a pic sleeve fading in the window, watching the detectives, watching the men put the fire out? A Thrill.

Poor Fall. To enclose (in other) explanatory words: certain of us here in the corridor (black coffee machines behind our ears) are strongly attached to or

were aimed to knock The Fall's hesitation into the realities (sic) of Our Leisure Industry. Don't crack, somebody may take?

This is so good... but so chummily fascistic: if you don't agree with The Fall, that's it... you're just another digit in the mass conspiracy against The Fall. "It's The New Thing" you can guess.

"Various Times" is as massive a song as "Ambition"... all previous spokesman redundant (you like that?) Godard (see above) and Smith are admitting things no one has ever liked to touch upon: ignorance, hatred, fear, ambition, impotence, innocence... and they are not masked behind the usual communicative methods (intrigue, mystery, cool, poetry, pedantry, decadence, self pity, romanticism).

We have to own up to these things... do we have to own them? Such important messages...

TELL ME MARK! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?

(This single is ultimate, buy it, make The Fall Popular!)

● **KANT ASKS ABOUT 'SOUL' BUT CAN'T GET DOWN**

FUNKADELIC: *One Nation Under A Groove* Warner Brothers)
EMOTIONS: *Whole Lot Of Shakin'* (CBS)

Undeniable, irresistible. Illogic magic — without and within, helix-twist twee beat and blat, a dangerous, perfectly balanced more! bounce — and like all the above rock releases, there's nothing "modern" (yes enough) in either of these records beyond their force and usefulness, a radius between feet and flight. You'd be foolish to avoid either. I've no idea which part of the cartoon show Funkadelic are, but the handclaps alone are worth an album, as I'm sure David Cunningham (Flying Lizards) would agree.

The Emotions record is something to restore faith, as in: *I Remember when Soul Music was...* Best timing - of - diverse - activities - to - a - conventional - sequence of the week. A sensual dislocation. Yes, fun can be intense. Are these Disco records?

● **PLAIN CHAPS AND CHANTEUSES**

PHIL MANZANERA: *Remote Control* (Polydor).
RACHEL SWEET: *B-A-B-Y* (Stiff).

Manzanera underestimates himself further into a cosier corner of the Plain Chaps market, pretending to be a) exotic b) futuristic c) in control. The promises of the "Diamond Head" expedition were never fulfilled and an idiosyncratic but collapsed-introverted guitarist seems doomed to wander, precisely and perfectly engineered in a wilderness of plastic palm trees and lazy Concepts For The Campus... with McKay, Eno, Pursey, and all the other Plain Chaps under fancy dress and duress.

Rachel Sweet seems to be a Dolly Button without the shiny partons: twee, nasal, a song - sung - Pinky - and - Perky over a clownish, loutish, boorish Stiff-stiff-staff rill-rash trash-trash, misgrained gear solo and all. If Rachel is such a good girl then why's she let herself be moved like a pawn between MALE songwriter, MALE backup band, and MALE record company? Plain, plain.

● **TEACH ME FOREIGN LANGUAGES**

MARIE ET LES GARCONS: *Attitudes/Re Bop* (Spy Import)

A French band, this the second single to be made available through import channels, and much more definite than the first, massively more definite and separate than any of the newer French rock music. John Cale is involved so it's credible to believe that "Attitudes" recycles old limits and lines without any cloying camp, clump or crush... a full, detached structure of chorus, chant, and instrument filling. Responsibility? Hanging pop, can't nail it...

B.B. KING: *Hold On (I Feel Our Love Is Changing)* (ABC)

A perfectly produced record — i.e. you wouldn't know it. The Crusaders are involved — but wait, don't fall asleep. It works, King is the archetypal seen-it-all entertainer whose cufs cut 'cos of what's left out and been left behind. Get the

■ *Continued over page*

DETROIT

FOR

NOV
26 EDINBURGH Odson
27 GLASGOW Apollo,
29 NEWCASTLE City Hall
30 SHEFFIELD City Hall

DEC
1 BIRMINGHAM Odson
2/3 LONDON Hammersmith Odson
4 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall
6 LIVERPOOL Empire
7 BRISTOL Colston Hall

Special Guest's Doll by Doll

From previous page

soft-sharp coaxed drum and shark bass, the gospel-hold, the sparse, sweet, swimming guitar. Reminds of Bobby Bland's "Ain't No Love (In The Heart Of The City)". That's class(y). Is this a blues record.

THE MOTORS: Today (Virgin).

One strum and pullover nearer a Batchelor's Special Christmas Edition takeover. (A joke for your cracker is that both The Motors and The Batchelors are souped up! ha ha.)

THE COMMODORES: Just To Be Close To You (Motown).

Definitely the missing link between The Beatles and Paul McCartney.

YACHTS: Yachting Types (Rader).

How we'd all love to see what Andrew Lauder's list to Sente is made up of! Are the Yachts a New Year's Resolution? Is Mike Yarwood involved? Who's slaying the guide?

THE SKIDS: Wide Open (Virgin).

Is Dike Leonard the missing link between Black Sabbath and The Skids? Four tracks in red vinyl, which is too near Christmas to be a coincidence. Thump thump thump. Is it too late to say mistletoe?

BUZZCOCKS: Lipstick/Promises (United Artists)

Howard's choice was right. The lunatic moodiness of the riff... oh, gosh, you don't know? This is that partnership which should have been endured:

Devoto/Shelley: Intellect/Romance? Pauline/Siouxsie?: Forced naivety/defensive pessimism.

Howard didn't like being out of breath. Went home to the settee and watched "Civilisation". Or so it seems.

"Lipstick"/"Shot By Both Sides" — a twilight song. Both songs use the same riff but it goes a little further than "rifft" doesn't it?

This is a history, a real romance, a nostalgia which didn't materialise. Play "Lipstick", then play "Shot By Both Sides". Isn't it too obvious? Don't you want to lose control?

Remember "Orgasm Addict".

In other words, "Rock" music never came this close before (or alternatively never this far away. What is life? etc — Ed).

ROCKERS TIME

Meanwhile Back At The JA Connexion

THE MYSTIC: Forward With The Orthodox (Upsetter)

From sparse to Scratch, and the dub's important again.

Producer Lee Perry has the

guide to call it "Orthodox Dub" — this the usual Perry

inner ear hollow bubble of

cluttered traffic light jabs

and jams — just like putting

your ear to a seashell (if

seashells dropped acid,

it-mass as a aan!) The

daffy chorus runs

throughout: "Forward with

Jah orthodox/And get

freedom from the

h'income tax." I'm

converted.

HUGH MUNDELL: Book Of

Life (Rockers)

"Produced by A Pablo" —

the Pablo actually. But this is

one occasion when artist is

more than equal to

producer. Hugh Mundell is

approximately the Tim

Buckley of this sort of thing,

and that good a voice over

an Augustus Pablo

construction is a real swoon.

DENNIS BROWN: A True

(Joe Gibbs)

Neither the stoned-James

Galway flute nor the Tree

Degree backup vocal can

diminish the poignancy and

pitch of Brown's vocal.

Considered as an overall

sound, the disc's a success,

though Plain Chap(ter) J.

Gibbs tries his hardest to

stamp t'artiste out in a sea of

FX. Surreal thing? Nah.

THE MEDITATIONS: Think

So (Black Ark)

In terms of sound, like the

Every Brothers trapped

inside Nightshift at the

Cannery. Very jagged but

too long; only harmful in

patches.

DELOY WILSON: Consider

Yoursell (Cactus)

I always think of "I'm Still

Waiting", Delroy's 1977 Big

Hit, and "Consider Yoursell"

seems an appropriate title as

regards decline in

performance. A lethargic

pop song.

CORNWELL CAMPBELL: My

Country (Cactus)

In which Cornell triumphs

over want of spectacular

producer in fine, measured

style. Plain, but as emotive a

popular music hit as anyone

could desire. Easily

obtainable.

LEROY SMART AND

RANKING JOE: Miserable

Woman (Cactus 12)

I can't be anything other

than objective with 12"

pressings (unless they're by

Dennis Brown) 'cos as a less

than affluent "street" kid

their expensive talkovers are

a talkover too high far I. This

won't give the genre a good

name anyway; as is so often

the case, it would have made

a desirable short-cut 7"

single with alt singer and no

mumbling DJ. Get smart

Leroy.

FIL CALLENDER AND JAM

STITCH: Baby My Love

(Cactus 12)

See Leroy & Joe.

BENJI LEVI AND I AND I:

Love Number One/Cool

Runnings (Island 12)

Not my brand of oatmeal at

all... Peter Frampton

influenced reggae muzak for

the Christmas market

opened up by Third World?

JOHN HOLT: Rock With Me

Baby (Trojan)

One for your children.

Ian Penman

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PERE UBU

BY PAUL RAMBALI

UNIQUE IDEAS LEAD TO PRISON

WHIS tone, Huck! The large, bulky the seat next to me delivers his quote from Mark Twain's fables of a more naive age with that strange mixture of affection and apology that in these post-Watergate times many Americans seem to hold for their birthplace.

The four other Ubu's are not slow to laugh at the underlying irony, as the skyline of the Buffalo metropolis rises over the long arc of the Peace bridge, separating Canada from the U.S. Carey to the eastward horizon, flecked by one boat carrying crude cargo to the Flats' voracious mills. Just like Ontario. Vanishing to the west and east is mostly is Lake Erie. It is a big country. A 500-hour drive from Toronto to Ontario's

Chris Gabbri covers a twentieth of the continent's breadth when seen from a ship. Seen from the truck's window, the vista hardly attains a visible limit, what can you cross down to the bottom, bright wood-frame houses, thin forests, gleaming new cars. It's home, more because it's a place and a place — unlike Canada, which is unimportant seems to have a

space change — but when all is said there's so much space, space enough to be disappointed.

Radio offers a different perspective. The stifling monotony of the rock stations leaves six people, all of whom profess a healthy and positive interest in things musical, blankly dial spinning. Country stations afford a chuckle; but the needle comes to rest on an ethnic broadcast, a station devoted to the large Indian population of the Toronto area. Radio makes

What amuses the passengers though, are the old ones, where to get the best deal in used cars, which supermarket has the best on a local level. The Ubu's are on a road. A recent consumer spending mated by the ethnic accent and strange penchant for heavy revolvers to a most bizarre party.

"These people," cracks David Thomas, "are up to against," "to be honest, from American culture

Not two minutes after the border, however, and he drives for this deal again, twiddling it to a stop at the football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Buffalo Bills, where it stays through Pennsylvania, through Ohio, down into Cleveland. Thomas hoots occasionally at plays of a game whose finer points escape him. He looks absorbed, anxious, but happy. The Browns won.

SIGNS of life in Toronto are thin on the ground. The skyscrapers light up through the night, but the streets — but one Saturday morning shopping drag — are

There's more happening on TV and in the newspapers. Keith Richards is getting a solo, his habits written off to the strain of art, like Billy Holliday or Janis Joplin, as it proves, like he did when granted a

Modesties have been accused of investigation. The citizens, meanwhile, seem to be making time.

No more or less than in the Horseshoe Tavern, a C&W lounge gone downhill in the middle of an area marked by successive waves of immigration. But the old Clunkers, street signs have given way to the trendy preserve of the antiques and health food crowd, and inside the Tavern, to the anger of the old American-Indian whose food counter trade has shown a marked decline, Pere Ubu play.

I had no idea they were that good. I knew they were good, of course. Hours, now years, of listening to their records had taught me so. But seeing them live brought home the fact with a stunned certainty.

"Heir Of Darkness", which different from its incarnation on the stream-lined gusts of sound into the performance is such that people

hardly have time to draw their breaths before it's over and the gleam in Thomas' eye says "take that!" rightly proud. Any trace of the comic bluster of the original which, though appealing, sometimes made me wonder why I liked what could have been just a happier Hawk wind, is after two years' growth inevitably gone. Replaced by a cooler, tighter sensitivity, no less potent.

Just as in the wake of those four prized Heartian singles that staved off the emptier months of "77", "30 Seconds Over Tokyo", "Final Solution", "Street Waves" and "The Modern Dance" — their "Modern Dance" album seemed at first to be an under-achievement, or the wrong achievement, so there has been a further relapse. Thomas says the band took leaps and bounds in the studio for "Dub Housing", not all of them comfortably, some of them positively unpleasantly, but the results are plainly glimpsed on record and on stage.

Even Ubu's older songs refuse to live on the tired taint of "back catalogue" in the light of this. They don't seem as many hands do, eager to get the old me out of the way and get into the new. Each and every song lives.

This has a lot to do with the band as well as the band. Everybody contributes, but the glory is the band's Scott Krauss' crisp, propulsive drums which are not just a thing.

Continued over page

I've been listening to this music for almost two years now, and I still find more depth, more inspiration, more surprises every time. There's an intensity of vision here that rock only throws up once in a blue moon.

From previous page

without the rhythmic flesh of Tony Maimone's bass, which could only work with Tom Herman's splintered, spidery guitar, which has to counterpoint Thomas' broken, freighted vocals, which are atmospherically charged by Allen Ravenstine's static bursts...

Though the real centre of this circle is the band, there's visually a more compelling fulcrum. David Thomas' presence lends an air of the surreal wherever he goes: the shopping centre, the gas station, the stage — the effect of this big, overcoated figure is the same. People become unsettled, ever so slightly.

When Thomas sings, his screwed-up features resemble the Orson Welles of *Citizen Kane*, his manner equally tense and intense. When he jokes and small-talks between songs, he looks like the rotund half of the Abbot & Costello team, shuffling his weight from foot to foot as would a baby elephant.

The Tavern crowd sit at long tables drinking beer dispassionately. An odd quietness — not quite awaiting the band because there's no eagerness or tension, more just a marking of time — and the fact that it seems to be very cool to look like a member of Kansas combine to make the British visitor, used to a bit more uproar and bustle on these occasions, somewhat uneasy.

To his surprise though, they warm to the bundle of open nerve ends — as Thomas was once fairly accurately described — with curiosity and amusement. They seem to thrill to the band too. But Thomas has to work to break their ice, being garrulous and friendly, an onstage role he doesn't seem quite comfortable with.

"Yeah," he agrees, "I know that the singer is the frontman, and his job is to be the interface between the band and the audience, but that is not related to singing. I sing during the song and then during the breaks my job more specifically is to prepare the audience in various ways, to clear their brains out from the last song, to get them ready for the next, to entertain them even."

"We want to eliminate the us vs. them thing," he declares, adding in mock neanderthal tones; "we artists, you audience. That's bullshit. I'm so tired of that stuff. A performance is a social event. It's like when you come over to someone's house you don't just sit there and stare at them."

I relate the culture shock I experienced at the first gig I ever saw in America — how an attitude of "come on, I paid my five bucks, entertain me" seemed stiflingly pervasive.

"That reduces things to the level of whoredom: you play, get your money, and leave. I don't want to be a whore. And I resent it when I'm forced into that position."

"There's always this thing about bands thinking that the audience should rave about them all the time, that the audience is their tool. That's bullshit too. Musicians need to expect from audiences as much as audiences expect from musicians; so while the audience is sitting there expecting the band to entertain them, the band is there expecting the audience to love them."



Ubu cross the Canadian border

Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

"It's the whole worship of personality cult that, for instance, this interview, any interview is contributing towards. All that stuff is pretty irrelevant."

Which doesn't mean that Pere Ubu don't like to play live, just the opposite in fact: "I like live music more than recorded music," says Thomas, "that's when a band is actually a band. That's when it counts."

It's just a syndrome which leads to certain inevitable contradictions between Thomas' role as frontman and central visual presence, and his job as singer.

"The band is a unit. Because I attract a lot of the attention doesn't mean that isn't so. But, oh, I hate performing," he cheerfully admits. "It's real hard to get up there. Obviously I have to take a lot of shit because of my size and all that and because of the way I act. But part of the discipline is that you get up there and you do it."

NOTHING much happens in Cleveland. Nothing at all, in fact. I'm struck by people who look like the grotesque caricatures of Ralph Steadman's American nightmare. Only he wasn't exaggerating — those people really do exist.

An unspoken curfew falls at dusk, and the streets are morbidly empty except for maybe a group of teenage stragglers walking to and from their cars, or perhaps the odd trace of night-time vermin.

Like the hookers soliciting passing cars down on Prospect Avenue, a tangle of seedy hotels and run-down bars amidst which, like a black hole time warp surrounded by neon signs, stands a fine example of American Gothic architecture called the Plaza, where all the members of Pere Ubu except David Thomas live.

The Plaza was built to house the mistresses of the financial barons who controlled the city's industrial wealth during its heyday, the latter part of the last century. At the start of that century Cleveland was the frontier, the wild west, a prime settlement because of its position on Ohio's Cuyahoga river delta. At the end of that century the influential Rockefeller family moved east to New York, because the city councillors had hassled their plans to erect a huge

corporate centre building, trying to prove that Rockefeller didn't really run the town.

That was the turning point. The vitality started to dissipate and after the '40s things really went downhill, though decades of American post-war prosperity hid the fact till now. For example the extensive city parks system, a product of times of more benevolent government, has festered. The sprawling Liberty Park has become a lawless zone, its gardens deteriorating into swamp.

"There are lots of things like that all over the city," bemoans Thomas, "not just parks. The housing projects have become ghettos, and the newer estates in the suburbs will too when the money runs out. Neglect is basically the problem. The city has been left to die."

And what do you do in a dying city where there's nothing to do except drive around, coasting the street waves, with the radio on. Thomas is loyal to the city's once great FM station — the station that broke Bowie in the States, as the jargon goes — though it's now indistinguishable from any other, awaiting the onset of aural computerisation, because that's what the most amount of listeners find the least offensive, the least likely to surprise them.

You might drive around the Flats, the dark sprawl of heavy industry on the Cuyahoga river beds, watching the steam bubbles from the safety valves of a gleaming tangle of pipes that run for square miles, between the stockyards and diesel and giant foundries that smell the raw materials for Detroit's motor vehicle conveyor belts, a few hundred miles further up the Great Lakes.

Everybody drives in America. They drive their cars to the shopping malls, the "new centre of urban community" according to an article in *New Times* recently. People meet in the enclosed environmental womb of shops and cinemas and fountains and benches — maybe that's why the streets are so desolate — and there are different malls for different spending crowds, evoked by the type of fast food soaked on sale.

Up-market malls sell waffles, but down-market malls sell Dog-on-a-stick. Thomas's favourite is Randall Park Mall, where you can buy your batter-dipped hot dog from a place lined with behind-the-counter

mirrors, so when the mini-skirted waitress bends down to get your dog out of the fat, you get a flash. Not for nothing did Americans invent the term "gross".

PEOPLE outside Cleveland have all these illusions about what it must be like here. They're all wrong. They have no idea of the desperation that is actually here. They haven't gone through the things that people go through here. People go through the same things everywhere else, but there's outlets.

"New York, for instance is big. You can get lost, or find diversions. In Cleveland there's not that many things to do, so you're stuck with the desperation all the time. You can run away and have the illusion that it's better but it's the same in most places. All the trappings are removed in Cleveland and there's no way you can escape it except by giving up. Not sinking into it, but finding your place in it and trying to do the best you can."

Place in what? In a system that allows, on one level, the worst kind of bumbling bureaucratic self-interest. The local gas company, for example, came close to destroying the city last year when they created a gas shortage so as to raise prices. An exceptionally cold winter meant the already artificially low levels fell further, and there was imminent danger of a catastrophic blow-back explosion.

And on a more specific level, in a system that ignores one of the most creative and important new bands in the whole of America in favour of the imported sanitized output of the country's rock megalith. Pere Ubu played their first gig in Cleveland since touring Europe and recording their new album. An event of sorts. Local band makes good etc... They were lucky to get a mention in his gig lists.

People prefer their muzak from the bar bands, where most Cleveland musicians end up if they want their daily bread, playing copies of popular songs in what must be a soul-crushing impersonation of a mobile juke-box. "All Cleveland bands keep talking about 'going original'," explains Thomas, "but they put it off year after year, and after about five or six years they become shellshocked. They've been playing the game so long they become real bitter and cynical."

They've been machines so long they reach the point where all they can do is reproduce other people's sounds. They do it real well too. They're excellent musicians."

"It's probably the same around the country but it's pretty intense here. Cleveland is a closed world, so everything is real underground, real insulated. There's been excellent underground bands playing since at least '71, and it's still the same. There's been no money put into it, nobody taking any chances."

But surely people get tired of hearing bland copies of a kind of music that is already so vacuous it's a wonder it doesn't simply vanish away into the ozone. Surely if you eat hamburgers all the time there'll come a day when you crave a piece of steak? It transpires that I'm knocking my head against a wall that Thomas long ago tested the thickness of.

"We've been going for almost four years now. I gave up trying to beat the system at least 18 months ago. The only thing we can do about it is to keep playing the places where all the underground bands play, and try to support it as much as possible."

"Johnny does a lot, and he gets a lot of grief for it" — that's John Thompson, who runs the city's only real record shop, the Drome, and who shares a house with Thomas in the quiet tree-lined suburbia of Cleveland Heights, where we are now ensconced — "the record companies think he has a bad attitude, the radio stations won't run his ads, and now the customs department is on his back."

The Drome recently acquired an old cinema where, as Thomas puts it, "Johnny keeps organising these special entertainment events, and hardly anybody shows up."

All of which helps explain why when Allen Ravenstine says "we've never really felt appreciated until we played England," His gratitude is genuine. And why when Thomas tells me they recently sold out four nights in a Chicago club — a modest feat in these stadium-scale days of US rock gigs — and is justifiably proud. And why when Tom Herman laughs at the suggestion that Pere Ubu are now famous, saying: "when people in Cleveland ask me what band I'm in and don't say 'Pere Ubu' when I tell them..."

Cleveland, like Thomas says, is a heartbreaking city.

PERE Ubu made their first record at the beginning of '76 — an oscilloscope trace of the in-light tension during a wartime bombing run, still very scary to hear — for the absolute simplest of reasons.

"We wanted to have the record and hold it in our hands and look at it and play it," says Thomas with unconscious innocence.

"I was tired of all these bands just disappearing without trace. That was why all those early records were made — because we wanted to leave something behind before we disappeared — cause that was expected at any moment."

"Then it wasn't a band as such, the name Pere Ubu was just put on the

Main pic: PAUL SLATTERY
Others: CHRIS GABRIEL



label. There was a connection between what I wanted to next and the concept of the Ubu character, but that has still changed. I still see a connection. It would take a long time for me to explain, but it's becoming less and less important. What it acts as is a colouring. It colours everything a certain way, shades it, tints it.

As did, for instance, Steve Taylor's brilliant cover illustration for "The Modern Dance." "The Red Guard" implications of the cover and of songs like "Chinese Radiation" and "Humour Me" were not explicit statements so much as broad sketches, to be read into if desired, nowhere near as didactic and therefore in a rock context as facile as The Clash's latest turns.

Thomas himself seems to mistrust the word politics and doesn't subscribe to any political solutions. And a lot of the words to the songs just tumble out anyway.

"Heart Of Darkness" was actually the first Ubu song, which fits in because it's also the most primitive. It was real loose because we'd only been together about four times, most of which effort was put into translating "Tokyo" from what it had been to something new. Between recording it and putting it out various efforts were made to get the band working as a band. Then the band was broken up and reformed because of various personal things. Other

"Most rock music is wallowing in sexuality!"

members... problems they were having.

"30 Seconds Over Tokyo" was originally a Rocket From The Tombs song, as was "Final Solution" — not a song about the holocaust. I hasten to add, but a simple trivial and comic story. Rocket From The Tombs also featured two members of the Dead Boys and the late Peter Laughner, a member of Pere Ubu for a short time, who died through drug abuse. It's a cloudy side of their past, that Thomas is loathe to recall.

Vainly searching for some kind of credibility on their last album, The Dead Boys added Laughner's voice saying over and over "I'm dead" behind one of the tracks. Here's a more enlightened perspective from Thomas.

"Peter was a very talented musician; he was also a very talented artist. He was also a fool, and the fool killed him."

Allen Ravenstine, whom Thomas once said was at the core of the band's music, came in and out of the band at that time. He used to be a painter, but showed interest in electronic music when a friend showed him how to convert a fuzz box into a tone generator.

Finally someone told him he could get all the gadgets he was playing around with in one box — called a synthesiser. So he bought an EML model, which are mostly used for sound effects and teaching. Weather Report's Joe Zawinul is the only other musician who uses one.

Ravenstine's decision that he could indeed play live brought the band to the verge of solidarity. When Tony Maimone — who also plays the uncredited piano on some of Ubu's songs — replaced Tim Wright in July of '76 they solidified.

Thomas had then been singing for nearly two years, after an aborted spell at college and a stint as music writer for a local paper called *The Scene*.

"I originally wanted to be a guitar player, but my fingers are horribly stubby and worthless for that stuff," he admits, holding his hand up in evidence. "So the next thing was singing. I could just start singing. I was real horrible, real bad for a long time. I still can't understand how people can put up with my singing. But I know I get better and I get better."

"But I'm surprised. I've learned

that a lot of this other singing, this rock 'n' roll singing, is absurdly simple! That's why I like singers like Beefheart and Roy Orbison and all those others that transmit some sort of character."

THEY'RE a hard band to define. This Pere Ubu. If you think they're playing weird industrial robot music for this year's fetish then you're probably the kind of person who tends to believe what you read without bothering to verify the truth of the matter and this will cause you no end of problems in later life.

What can I say? I've been listening to this music for almost two years now, and still find more depth, more inspiration, more surprises every time. There's an intensity of vision here that rock only throws up once in a blue moon — like, say, "Astral Weeks".

Ubu's songs aren't about one thing or another, nor do they toe to any underlying attitude. They mostly just experience things. And they communicate feeling with an amazing unconscious eloquence. Like after seeing a really good film you feel like you've just borrowed somebody else's eyes to look at somebody else's world for however long it was.

"Well," says Thomas, because Pere Ubu are as hard to explain as they are to define. "When you make a film you try to make it real, of most

film-makers do. Most music is not. It does not attempt to deal with creating something that's real, that has as many facets as real things do, real situations, whatever. Most rock 'n' roll music is dealing with fantasy, with the old macho sexuality. Most rock music is wallowing in sexuality!

"And then a lot of just deals with the horror aspects of things. A lot of art bands get involved with how bad it all is and the nightmare of it, or the comedy, or the terror, and that's also limited. That's not real either."

"The point is to try as much as possible to reproduce, or try to create, a reality. And to try to appeal on as broad and full and deep a dimensional level as possible. Rather than just" — and here he makes a noise that sounds uncannily like Thin Lizzy — "that sort of thing."

"So my job in the unit is to try to be the talking that goes on inside your brains, okay? Everybody in the band has various jobs related to that. Obviously the words inside your head are all about the same thing: the world and you. So what I write is all about the same thing although I couldn't say 'that thing is such and such...' We just try to create a reality, a human reality."

This kind of thing comes hard to Thomas. His eyes shift nervously and his speech stumbles, aware that he might sound pretentious, but finding no other way to express it. So, I offer, you're reflecting this environment?

"That's a real problem. Because obviously you reflect something, but it's difficult to talk about that stuff when you get into a situation like the band, which is a unit. Everybody is equal and contributes as much, and a lot of times come from real opposite directions on the same issue, but all perceive the same thing, all perceive the unit. So it's not a simple mirror, more a synthesis. The unit directs everything. The direction of the band, since a long time ago... We go with what the band is saying. The unit is in control, so we tend to let everything else sort of happen."

"For instance, at a certain point the critics will start turning against us. Fine. I have nothing to do with that. Our job is to create the unit and the music and the performance. The only time we exist is when we're on stage, and the most important thing is performance."

"But, yeah, the studio is a great place. It's the ideal performance place because you get the best sound there, and it's a challenge. It's like a football game: you have to perform within a set period and you have to do the best you possibly can."

"We got stronger in the studio while we were making 'Dub Housing', as people, as musicians, everything. It was a major transition. I mean, we all had to have jobs until late this summer. The last person stopped his outside job in September. It's a whole other world now. To be able to do this, to just do music, is an amazing achievement. We've worked so long, it's very important to us to be able to do this. Scott has a family, he has two kids. Allen has a kid. Tom has a kid coming. I'm the youngest person in the band and I'm twenty-five."

"I'm deliciously happy that I'm now getting paid to do music and proud too because everybody has been working at getting to this point for a long time. It is a transition period."

THEY are, no two ways around it, a strange band. Just as their music is at times utterly without light, so there is at times a bitterness about them that can't be dispelled. But then reality isn't always bright and jolly, and life would only get depressing if it was.

They are, in other ways, a very remarkable band. Most of their music stems from seeds of ideas from any particular member improvised and shaped into songs. They record at Cleveland's Suna studio with Ken Hamann — who's been a recording engineer since the '40s — cutting virtually live.

It's a traumatic way to work. There's a huge hole in one of the walls of the Plaza made by Tom putting his fist through it in a fit of exasperation.

That it's a volatile mixture of people can be sensed in the tenseness in the air when they get together that, even in trivial moments, is equally hard to dispel.

David Thomas says he feels that he will never be in a band like this again. I say that's because there won't be a band like this again.

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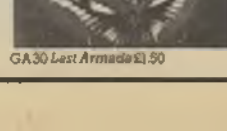
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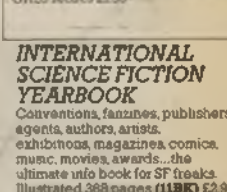


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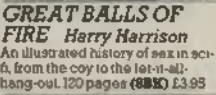
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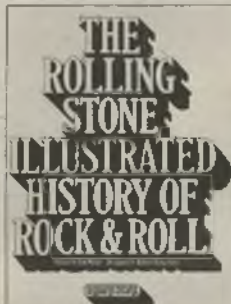


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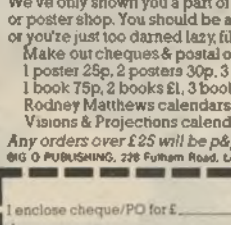
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BY JAMAICAN standards, Third World are pretty unique. Going against the run of the studio-dominated JA music scene, founder members guitarist Stephen "Cat" Coore and keyboardman Michael "Ibo" Cooper conceived the group as both a recording unit and a working road band.

There are, in fact, only something like ten bands in Jamaica that actually work together with any kind of consistent line-up.

Third World bassist Richie Daley dumps the blame for this situation on the notoriously corrupt Jamaican music business set-up.

In the Gloucester Road service flat the six-piece band are renting for their first European dates since supporting Bob Marley at the Lyceum in 1975 he sits on a couch next to this rhythm partner drummer Willy Stewart and peers through his aviator shades.

"When you find musicians in Jamaica constantly moving in different directions and playing with other people," he tells me, "it's not because they're seeking new musical experiences but because the business is not right."

"They're constantly trying to find their corner. If the business was more honest you wouldn't come across that situation because it's to your advantage to have a group that's really tight both spiritually and musically so that you can have a consistent growth."

Playing throughout the island as a dance band after forming in 1973, Third World's grueling gigging carries echoes of the intensive care treatment that the Fab Four some put their music through during their Hamburg days.

"Jamaica," says Willy Stewart, "must be one of the hardest places in the world to play if you're a dance band. You start a gig at nine o'clock and at four the next morning you're just finishing."

"So you just better have enough repertoire because most of the time you just can't repeat anything at all — just maybe three or four of the most popular songs."

However, in contrast to Willy's claim that "in Jamaica you couldn't go on a trip of playing your own exclusive stuff because you just wouldn't eat", Richie maintains that what initially got Jamaicans into the band was that they didn't simply provide aural clones of the JA Top Ten numbers but also severely re-interpreted them.

He himself introduced Third World to an embryonic re-arrangement of the Gamble/Huff-penned O'Jays album cut "Now That We Found Love" used by his previous outfit, Tomorrow's Children. But the same two Philly songwriters were already providing a considerable percentage of the band's repertoire in the form of covers of other Philly acts that would get played back to back with Motown classics and Santana cuts.

Anyway, this apprenticeship lasted two years.

Early in 1975 Third World as it then was (Willy Stewart replaced Cornell Marshall as drummer after "Third World", the outfit's first album) journeyed to Blyth, signed a contract with Island Records, and played the Marley-supporting dates.

In 1977 they put out the rather lacklustre "96 Degrees In The Shade" as the successor to 75's highly promising first album — and had little contact with the UK.

The story is brought up to date by the current sizable success of the excellent "Now That We Found Love" and the sell-out show that Third World are totting round British concert halls.

All that seems necessary to solidify the group's new status is for "Journey To Addis", the eminently listenable third LP, to enter the album charts — which seems on the cards considering the likelihood of a second hit single in the tastefully arranged harmonies of "Cool Meditation", the follow-up to the Gamble and Huff hit.

Of course, this almost surprising breakthrough by the band is hardly down just to the new acceptability of reggae the New Wave brought in its wake — though that's helped.

In retrospect, it should have been quite obvious that Third World would happen: they've put themselves through it on the JA danceband circuit, dug even deeper foundations in 1976 with a four-month States tour which no doubt helped the first two albums break into the Top 100; and last-year was spent closer to home touring the Caribbean, Guyana and Surinam, and writing both material for "Journey To Addis" and the music, words and choreography for



NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND A HIT . . .

... we're not deserting our roots. At least, that's what **THIRD WORLD** tell **CHRIS SALEWICZ**, who is too smashed to disagree.

"Explanations", a celebration the group put on at Kingston's Little Theatre to resounding Jamaican critical and popular acclaim at the beginning of this year.

A lot of experience and upward motion . . .

PERHAPS IT was coincidence, or maybe a little bit Jah-ordained, but "Explanations" coincided with The Peace in Jamaica, an occurrence emphasised in the show's closing number, "Now That We Found Love".

In detailing this series of events to me Richie puts stress on the number's "in mental parentheses" title — "Now That We Found Love (What Are We Going To Do With It)".

(Shortly prior to that Third World had experienced a large Jamaican singles hit with "Sweet Fighting", a cut unmissed in this county but featured in the current stage set.)

Shortly after "Explanations" closed in March all six members crossed the island from Kingston and journeyed the 60 miles or so to the sumptuous greenery of Port Antonio on the north coast.

There, in the equable climate that the county of Portland offers, they psyched themselves up for the making of "Journey To Addis" at Compass Point Studio in Nassau . . . by spending three weeks rehearsing and exercising their bodies in the sea and in the hills and, no doubt, by meditation with herb stalks.

"Journey To Addis" lists Alex Sadkin as producer.

But Daley claims that Sadkin, whose reputation lies in his work with US disco/funk acts like KC and the Sunshine Band, actually worked in the capacity of engineer while the band themselves attended to the actual creative end.

Had Island Records insisted on his use in an attempt to score a hit record?

"Island introduced him to us but they didn't insist we work with him," says Willy Stewart. "It was just 'Well, here's Alex Sadkin' and the vibe was right."

Of course, their recording with such a non-reggae producer/engineer highlights the stock criticism levelled at Third World; that they are hardly a Roots act.

And of course this is correct — at least in terms of the humid, soul-connecting sound pictures of an Augustus Pablo or a Winston Rodney, a man in whose visual stance alone you can almost see the psychic presence of Jamaican music.

It should hardly detract, though, from the gracious, clear-headed beauty of the sounds, harmonies and funky edge of "Journey To Addis". And if the success of "Now That We Found Love" draws record buyers into checking "Man In The Hills" or "Garvey's Ghost" then Third World will have fulfilled their little end of the JA/reggae/Rasta deal.

And then again — the cool black youths strutting their boss dance steps throughout the Oxford

Polytechnic gig I attended didn't seem to be feeling much need to genuflect to the criticisms of a handful of white rock writers.

Willy sees the criticism as a question of missed focus and incorrect definition on the part of the critics:

"That's so stupid. Roots is within yourself. The roots is not the music. We are the roots. It's our naturalness, so how can they say that? And the joke is," he raised his voice, "that this album will probably be number one on the chart in a roots country, selling in large quantities in the ghetto. So this is all foolishness. Music is music."

"For so many people," continues Richie, "if you play them a song then they'll feel they have to classify it before they can tell you whether they like it. But when we do a song like 'Now That We Found Love' we don't consciously consider whether it's funk or whether it's reggae. We just play it as it's felt. We don't think, 'Let's head for the soul charts'."

AT THIS point Cat enters the room. Stephen "Cat" Coore of the Tribe of Reuben, lead guitarist and one-third of a three-way songwriting team completed by lead vocalist Bunny "Rugs" Clarke and Ibo Cooper.

What is his opinion of this business of roots?

Cat picks up some skins and sits down. He starts to roll a spliff. "Everything is roots, y'know," his soft voice tells me. "Everything must

have a root, so really I don't think that the argument has any weight at all. People in Jamaica are very free. They're into all sorts of things . . . About the only thing" — he laughs — "that they can't get into is somebody like Dolly Parton."

"Let me tell you: on the week I left Jamaica there were 14 foreign records on the Top 20 — O'Jays, Billy Joel, Floaters . . . And, y'know, the whole trip of roots is just . . . roots. Where you're coming from."

"But basically," he continues, "God gives every man a work to do. And my work happens to be this. And God — Jah — was the one who gave me this work so I couldn't let a man who God created spoil it."

There is much more of the evangelist in Cat Coore than in either member of the rhythm section — apart from the fact that the old herb's probably doing its bit in driving along the lateral logic, fundamentalist politics are certainly in his blood.

Another point of interest: his father was until recently Prime Minister Michael Manley's Minister of Finance, and he and Manley have apparently been friends since schooldays.

When he was still a child, says Cat, his father was a lawyer while his Trinidadian mother was a music teacher. But though his parents were middleclass the nature of the Jamaican social structure meant that he wasn't isolated from children from less fortunate backgrounds.

Personally I'm inclined to feel that it was the nature of his attitudes and those of his family that ensured he wasn't cut off from other kids. Though no doubt they'd side more with the right-wing PNR than Manley's leftish JLP there are still quite a lot of anachronistically role-playing middle-class Jamaican citizens.

"Sure," he agrees, "I was Mr So-and-so's son from across the gully but it didn't make no difference to them. We used to fly the same kite, eat the same food, smoke the same herb. All talk the same way. And when the police came and raided us they took all of us to jail. That's something the English should dig. I doubt that Mr Callaghan is friends with many poor kids."

"But in Jamaica now it's different. People have got a bit of a different outlook now."

One may assume that Third World's rigorous US work has contributed to their adeptness at casing out of Jamaican dialect into CBS Eng-Speak.

They have an American management company and have toured with the likes of Boyz Scaggs.

Just as their stage show is paced like a white rock band's, Third World go about the business of being interviewed with almost sophisticated professionalism.

America, Willy and Richie feel, is, despite its entrenchment in a blue tradition, slowly giving way to the force of reggae. But, ironically, it seems to be black Americans who are the most reggae-resistant.

Cat is contemptuous of militant black Americans: "They're a joke. I've never met a true militant black American yet."

Unfortunately, he tells me, he has to compare such Americans with men like Bobby Vincent, the dread from whom I got my grooming."

For the last 30 years, since he made his exit from organised colonial (as it then was) society in his Mid-20s, Bobby Vincent has lived out on the beach.

"He just lives out on the beach with a boat and about 70 or 80 other dreads who are just incredible people. When some of them speak it's just like listening to a history book. They're about 86 or 87 and look about 50."

"I've never got such a strong feeling from anyone outside of that. I really love those people."

MAYBE THE sound of fireworks in the street reminds him of trigger-happy Jamaican cops ("They all think they're Starksy and Hutch these days") but Cat's thought processes leave the beach.

"Babylon is a state of mind that usually manages to exist in big cities like New York," he announces. "It's all a complete illusion, though, because when you close your eyes you don't see it at all."

It's very logical, I say, that New York should have such a flourishing cocaine culture. It is rather a wired up place.

"Yeahmon," he nods. "Coke like they take it in the States really wires

Continues page 61



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ALBUMS

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

The Scream

(Polydor)
Good-day, second-class of '78

And now for the last goddam time in my life — I ask you, who wants to be David Bowie when they graduate? Hands up!

Kate — dear, you're too maudlin and pretty and healthy, and the fathers fancy you more than the daughters do. Is that any way for a teen queen to be? Besides, you cover too many markets.

Howard — you don't cover any, and anyhow you're bald and "the kids" can't "dance to it".

Japan and Ultravox! — I will NOT tolerate over-made-up, non-starter gangs in my classroom!

Adam — you have the mark of the loser — sorry, kid, not of exotic Cain — on you, and besides, you're podgy.

Cherie — Cherie, how many times do I have to tell you, you should be in your cabaret class by now. Out, go on, take your twin with you and don't ever let me see you outside of Las Vegas again!

Siouxsie — ah, Siouxsie, come up the front here and show the boys and girls how it should be done.

One: must be skinny, wear a mess of make-up and look asexual enough to accommodate every closet's ambivalent fantasies. Two: blind the critics with words and silence and all but a few ungrateful hack swine with long memories — who don't understand and are NEVER gonna understand — will lick your soles for the privilege of sitting through an interview's worth of verbal contempt from you. Three: flirt with the ill-time contraband coquette that is Fascism, however tightly (an armband, a salute, a sentence) and it will still get that ridiculously uncool yet controversial minority going. Four: get out of your depth.

And I have come to hate glamour hangover (Bowie, Eno and Pop). They hang on and on. How I wish they would drop dead and take Miss Banshee with them, just to spare me this task. But what do I care? Because like all mod muse these days, Siouxsie and her Banshees'll only end up being walked down a fashion-catwalk to be Marie Helvin Bailey. You're all just making music for models to walk to, just reward and desserts for all you self-inflated pop stars.

So I don't need my hatchet. Let's bury it and get objective.

Factoid: since the Second World War retreated comfortably back into the realms of imagery, Germanic girls (or otherwise descended girls whom the liberated sicko mind can twist into being Teutonic) singing songs about death, doom and decay are very artistically credible.

Things I like about Siouxsie: "Hong Kong Garden": the way she treats her audience like muck, knowing why the gross majority of them come to gaze at her; I even kind of liked the way she danced on *Top Of The Pops*.

Fact: until recently, Siouxsie And The Banshees included in their stage set a song they had written called "Love In A Void". This song featured the line "Too many Jews for my liking". This, says Siouxsie, was a metaphor for too many fat businessmen waiting to pounce, such the youth from and cast aside new talent.

I do not see the connection. I, self-righteous square that I am, consider "Too many Jews for my liking" to be the most disgusting and unforgivable lyric-line ever written, though God knows there has been more appalling filth written



Chris Homer

Well, whatever would Edvard Munch have said?

withing rock'n'roll than in every other branch of entertainment taken together.

None of it comes anywhere in sight of Siouxsie, though. She is well into her twenties, so ignorant youth is no excuse, however lame. Therefore she must be either evil or retarded — well, can YOU think of any other way out? To shock? No — the pain and dreadful implications of this sentence could only be justified into a means of outrage by aforementioned retard.

Though I know that for a critic to tell the Banshees where to go is as de trop as liking, say, The Runways I am still particularly disgusted by the way Jewish writers (Viv Goldman) and otherwise extremely moral writers (Chris Brazier) have drooled over the silly cow, letting her get away with that line as long as she promises "Oh, it was an unwise choice, I'll change it as soon as I can think of something better!"

Well, take your shocking

song and stick it up your rude white ass, Sioux, because here's a review that don't believe in running with the pack.

Oh daddy please, pretty please, won't you beat up that nasty girl and make her fade away? She hurts my ears and she bores me and the only reason she hasn't been written off yet as a corny "art-rock" act is that she once used to hang around some, ah, punk band.

Standing alone, the Banshee sound is a self-important thrashing machine thrashing all stringed instruments down onto the same low level alongside that draggy sub-voice as it attempts futile eagle and dove swoops around the mono-beat. Their sound is certainly different from the normal guitar-bass-drums-voice consequence. But it's radically stodgy as opposed to that light-fantastic Public Image trip on their single (bass-thump almost out of earshot, felt more as a

vibration than heard as a sound, guitar getting as high and light as it takes to sound as little like a guitar hero as possible). Imagine that great sound then think of the exact opposite and you have Siouxsie And The Banshees: loud, heavy and levelling, the sound of aet pudding.

Start with an instrumental circa "Warsaw". Instrumentals are pretentious as shit, I don't care who does them. Chuck Berry never felt the need to, so screw you, Sioux. Follow it with moody modern black-and-white ear-horror films to impress the impressionable. The Banshees unite sub-glam flowering poeise ("Amorphus jigsaw pieces tra la la") with unpleasant but true sociology topics (going mental, self-mutilation, Fascism, cancer); subjects which have only been dealt with in any number by "punk". I am bored by and abhor the way the Banshees mess around with the two greatest genres of the decade and make both

forms emerge bloodied, limping and sorely in need of a G.C.E. Eng Lang frame of reference.

I quite enjoyed singing along to "Helter Skelter" (least awful effort here, and even that was written elsewhere), and "Carcass" got me a bit jittery until I saw the joke, giggled and yawned. The rest (barely) struck me as endless plain noise totally bereft of melody.

I just heard Sioux on *Hullabaloo*, whining away in that horrid Chislehurst-climber accent about how "Summer Nights" being Number One for seven weeks was actually brain-washing. Never mind, dear, you can always sleep guilt-free and tight at night in the sound knowledge that none of your recordings are ever going to put people in that loathsome position, huh?

I wish they were showing clips from that capitalist, corporation-made, youth-exploitation film *Grease* on the TV right now. I

could do with some send-up, affectionate, overground food for thought after sitting through all this "So I just sit in raven/Getting on my nerves" wood-worm brain-rot hen-type-brooding from Siouxsie's boys.

I'll tell you what, I said I would be as objective as 'tis possible for an intelligent person to be. So, against all odds (I hate her voice, her band, her image), I do think that Siouxsie could be quite a smart girl if only she didn't work so hard at being marvellous for fools.

Her words for "Switch" and "Nicotine Stain" (she should write more lyrics alone) contain a certain germ which is rendered totally ineffectual via drone, pretension and conceit. Her words for the stunning "Suburban Relapse" are flawed only in the tune that John McKay sets it to and, naturally, by the singularly awful Banshee sound.

Ah well, kid, take it to yourself and examine your subconscious. Maybe you'll love it. Me, I keep seeing Siouxsie up there in her swastika armband making nothing but a fashion accessory out of the death of millions of people.

And I honestly don't think that a *rilly* sensitive person like myself can ever see beyond that.

Julie Burchill

KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE

Pronto Monte

(Warner Brothers)

After a fine debut, the McGarrigles have gone downhill fast. Their second album, "Dancer With Bruised Knees" was disappointing, and "Pronto Monte" is even more so. A lot of the songs are either banal or plain silly, while the arrangements are too studiously clever by half — a fault also of the second album which a change of producer, David Nichtern replacing Joe Boyd, has simply compounded.

The first track, the pleasant but slight "Oh My Heart", is subjected to an unnecessary and slick reggae treatment and "Just Another Broken Heart" would be better without strings. The songs are generally over-produced, too many instruments adding too many fussy touches.

One result is that the sisters' subtle but fragile harmonies tend to get lost; though it's also clear that their voices aren't really suitable for the raunchiness they occasionally attempt — their "Trying To Get To You" ends up merely jaunty.

The silly and banal songs are Kate's responsibility. Her clever "NA CL" describes the production of salt as a love affair between sodium and chlorine; while "Side Of Fries" is just unmitigated nonsense. Side two's "Come Back Baby" begins promisingly, but declines into a list of dumb phrases — "you're my sun, you're my moon", etc. — repeated over and over. Her one success is the quietly intimate "Stella By Artois".

Anna fares slightly better. "Oh My Heart" and "Picture In The Park" are neither here nor there; but "Dead Weight" is a lively put-down song, and "Bundle Of Sorrow, Bundle Of Joy" has a gorgeous chorus which compensates for the rather literary lyrics.

Still, it's a long way from the successes of the first album. And worrying that two of the most moving songs — "Just Another Broken Heart" and "Cover My Head" — are not by the McGarrigles. If they can recover the pristine quality of their early work, they may yet recover.

Graham Lock



Penguin: So nice to see our Poly in woollens again.

Pennie Smith

X-RAY-SPEX Germ-Free Adolescents (EMI International)

Smash the barriers and the truth shall make you free (as long as stocks last, anyway): barriers between humans and objects, between the natural (sic) and the Art-i-ficial (sicker).

These barriers mark the world which X-Ray-Spex inhabit and the world about which Poly Styrene writes

with the sophisticated innocence that gives a tree and a supermarket equal value: never mind how it got here (grew/cloned/came in a box), the fact remains that it's here and what are we going to do about it?

Do you love it/do you hate it/here it is the way you made it/yeah.

"Germ-Free Adolescents" is the first and long-awaited X-Ray-Spex album, temporarily delayed while

Poly Styrene recovered from the effects of letting her particular worldview get the better of her, and it neatly avoids the weakness of previous Spex gigs and records (i.e. cacophony, ramshackle playing boosted by road-drill volume) while concentrating on the band's strengths (great lyrics, nifty chews, energy and a winningly knowing innocence).

A dozen songs (six per side

A Kleen Pill Of Health

In the grand manner, none too long, none too short) which will make sure that Poly Styrene gets the respect she deserves as a writer of rock songs and amateur social critic, gets more than simple junior-glossy notoriety as that little half-caste girl with the teeth-braces and the funny clothes.

The opening vision is of the world as one big supermarket, where everyone has to compete with all the other products. Opening with a shouted "Art-i-ficial!!!" with a *soupcan* of echo, the sound is like a skinnier Pistols with Rudi Thomson's wheezy saxophone recalling David Bowie and Andy Mackay. In the relative comfort and stillness of the studio, Poly's singing is more like singing and less like an air-raid siren with its tail caught in a mousetrap (can't be bad), and the lyrics are couched in the superficially attractive but ultimately repellent terms beloved of copywriters (like the ice-lolly ad that says "New Nicer Taste" and begs the question of what it was like before).

"Obsessed With You" (usually introduced on stage as "Go-Go I'm Obsessed With You-oo/1-2-3-4!") is the song that everybody used to think was about Johnny Rotten, mainly because the way Poly sings. "You are just a concept" sounds uncannily like "You are Johnny Rotten" if you don't check the lyric sheet. It's one of a clutch of songs about the internal and external effects of celebrity, and also touches on Poly's perennial theme of people-as-commodities: "You are just a symbol/you are just a dream/you are just another figure/for the sales machine."

As Poly herself now is, of course. She bites far deeper into the same theme in

"Identity", which closes the first side. "Identity" was the single that was on release when she had her nervous breakdown, and the lyric was harrowingly appropriate: "When you look in the mirror/do you smash it quick?/Do you take the glass/and slash your wrists?/Did you do it for fame?/Did you do it in a fit?/Did you do it before/you read about it?"

Naturally. This Modern World that we've all heard about so much recently is a most unhealthy place, and even grappling with the evil by nailing its colours to your masthead is not necessarily an adequate defence. "Warrior In Woolworths" (a gently, compassionate piece with one of the album's best vocals and a snub-nosed guitar overdub straight out of "Disraeli Gears") makes the same point: "Warrior In Woolworths/His roots are in today/Doesn't know no history/He threw the past away/He's the rebel on the underground/she's the rebel in the modern town."

Ah, remember the days when Barry Melton used to inform us that "the subway is not the underground"? He's wrong: it is. Check out "Let's Submerge", a great rock and roll song in the '50s tradition (Dave Edmunds could record it), which presents yer average tube station as a place of glamour and terror, not as a vicious arena à la Paul Weller but as something straight out of Cocteau.

"Genetic Engineering", which opens side two sets the theme for the cover: the band in test-tubes. Appropriately enough, Poly counts in the song in German, and there's a faint aftertaste of Bowie's European experiment in the texture, but the lyric is less

then penetrating.

Perhaps the album's most endearing piece is "I Can't Do Anything", which begins like The Beatles' "Baby You're Wrong" (really) and goes on to set a softer, warmer variant of a Ramones pinhead song to a melody not a million miles away from "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"

The brilliance of this album is by no means uniform: "I Live Off You" is routine and "Plastic Bag" is by no means as excellently realised as it was on the original X-Ray-Spex demo tapes of a year or so back (this allusion is not elitist: I just wish you could have heard that version). Plus three A-sides (the title track, "Identity", and the immortal "The Day The World Turned Day-Glo") and one B-side ("I Am A Poseur") on an album makes for poor value in this man's supermarket.

Still, it's nice having the (almost) complete works of X-Ray-Spex in one place. What makes Poly Styrene a more appealing commodity than many of her fellow chroniclers of the urban delusion is the warmth and wit of her writing and singing, and her refusal to capitulate to the Big Freeze by reducing herself to yet another blueprint on a different drawing board.

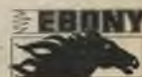
I hope she wins (just as I hope that we don't get buried in an avalanche of albums with diagrams of washing machines and refrigerators on the inner sleeves), because despite her subject matter — or even because of it — her music says that human resources beat mechanical resources every time. And while the difference between the two is still discernible, that's the wonder of Spex.

Charles Shaer Murray

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Melancholy in a Mercedes?

Kate Simor

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS Babylon By Bus (Island)

All the points are easily made. You have your join-the-dots special Christmas present package. Bob Marley and The Wailers skank in and out the Western world, taking their message and music to each and every country's capital city.

The points are too easily made? Now I'm expected to launch into an attack, a ripe rhetoric: what are The Wailers actually doing in these capital cities which, as we all know, are little more than symbols of the relative country's affluence, decadence and imperialism?

Babylon by bus. A coach tour of capitalism, dancendecadence around the circumference.

Handclaps and Hailie Selassie! The album begins with Marley exhorting Selassie and, one presumes, a mainly white audience responding ecstatically as though Marley were a religious saviour, as though it were an RAR gig.

Were they showered with pamphlets? Was there a red, green and gold rainbow? Who held the rifles? Who had boot polish on their face?

OK. So all the audience had their Rastafarian badges, a lepel rebellion. That's cool. That's an inverted-racist attitude. Dem cool rastamen, they can do no wrong. How I wish I could dance like that, wear those hats, drown in the optimistic "Everything's Gonna Be Alright" attitude.

Happy Marxism or too many debilitating drugs? Good drum sound though. What's wrong with Gospel music? Gospel music doesn't have any Che Guevara figureheads. Reggae is the 70s' 60s Political Conscience.

Bob Marley is our Che. Good God! Somebody even tried to assassinate him. The sanitized, consumer-centred, inferiority-complex-motivated white Western (and mainly student) audience need a focal point, a comfortable pinpoint, an envelope . . .

Like Tom Robinson is the Mike Yarwood we all need in the "political" arena. An Everyman.

I don't mind . . .

But. To hear the response Marley gets on this double album of pleasant mumbings, the reassuring response he gets for his token words. Marley is now an entertainer, a poster, an institution, the rebel, the image all these young people need.

And all it really amounts to is the line in "3 O'Clock Road Block": "I've got to throw away / My little herb steak". Is it a Kiss concert? Are the CIA giving out cocaine? Why do middle class American kids yell at The Wailers when they could be helping the hillbillies or hiking through Harlem or checking Alabama by bus?

Or, here we are in Great Britain, and RAR, SWP et al have their token reggae acts (nothing Chinese, nothing South Mollucan, nothing from the crofters in Scotland — do you think they're not prejudiced against?).

"Babylon By Bus" is a token. A voucher.

Or, as everyone at The Wailers gig in Munich says: "Hope you like jamming too".

Ian Penman

RAY CHARLES Love And Peace (London)

"Love And Peace" is far from perfect, but it's a huge improvement on the MOR doodling Ray Charles has been immersed in for the past several years.

There's a new vitality and fervour in his voice, a new funky feel to the music. A tight, punchy brass section swings along on most tracks, while on the occasional ballad the strings are sensibly restrained. Nice guitar and piano too, though both are severely understated.

The faults on the album are the (infrequent) interjections of a horribly screechy background chorus, and a load of dreadful lyrics. Charles nearly makes "We Had It All" work through the power of his singing, but "She Knows" is too sentimental and "Take Off That Dress", though superbly done and possibly tongue-in-cheek, is to my mind too preposterously machismo to be anything but a drag.

Side two has some dreary political stuff — earnest, well-meaning but far from incisive. The drab wordiness of the songs is evident in titles like "No Achievement Showing" and "A Peace That We Never Before Could Enjoy". The closing "Give The Poor Men A Break" is a little better, though typically it requests rather than demands. Ah liberals, doncha just love us . . . Nice arrangements on this side, as throughout, and the singing is sometimes magnificent.

If Ray Charles could find a set of songs to match the quality of his performance on this album, the next one would be beautiful.

Graham Lock

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Anton Corbijn

In remembrance of inscrutability

STEELY DAN

Steely Dan's Greatest Hits (ABC)

Where do I begin? (Can the Michel Legrand, chief, I'm feeling rough as a bear's arse as it is).

With wittily apposite quote from William Burroughs without whose phantasmagorical dildos this pair of bohe-men might not have found their true niche and gone on to whack out fusion-muzak soundtracks for hip hop shows or the like?

With earnest dissertation about the contention relating Messrs Becker and Fagen to a kind of 70s stoned immaculate and wordily wise Lennon and McCartney?

By berating their often incestuous sense of lyrical obscurantism? By championing their peerless mating of sublime music and cogent, devilishly witty wordplay?

Or even offering some petty jibber-jabber about the pros and cons of Steely Dan, the red hot combo of the first three albums, and the Steely Dan whose name merely acts as a front for svenfagi big boys Becker and Fagen and 74 (count 'em on the inner sleeve) assorted session men?

Each of those issues is well worth considering at some length, but this is an album review and anyway the NME has already presented you with an arguably 'definitive' analysis of the Dan gratis the twinned scrutiny of Max Bell and Steve Clarke.

At times like this though, it's always wise to jump for the facts. This is a double album (natch) with a rather suspect title. Bell, Clarke and myself can count little more than seven out of the 18 cuts as chart successes on either side of the Big Pond — which makes the title somewhat, er, silly.

But the music? Ah, yes, the music. This is a delicious pot-pourri of extracts from six sublime albums, by and large sensibly plucked. It spotlights above all the work of a duo whose corporate inscrutability has often been their ace in this era of rough and ready new wave-raving. In the latter context, when folk like CSM have been claiming recently that The Ramones are more relevant satirists simply because they use minimalist bam-balam whilst the Dan are downright snobbish with all their peerless fusioning and sly, worldly lyrics, it's as good a time as any to get the wacky pair into perspective. First, the gripes. The selection of cuts is by and

large excellent, the absence of "Barrytown" (a personal fave) is even vaguely forgivable, but then the non-appearance of "Aja", the Dan's most ambitious and invigorating work from the release of the same name, is verging on the criminal in that it screams for inclusion in order to place the duo's musical advancement into perfect sequence. In place of "Aja" are "Josie" and "Peg" — two hits, sure, but fairly minor items really — whilst the addition of "The Fez" from "The Royal Scam" is just pure tomfoolery. In fact, the fourth side is only salvaged by the genius of "Kid Charlemagne", a stunning tale of a 60's Dewley under heavy manners from the bureaucratic heat of the harsh, hyper-paranoid 70s.

But let's instead return to side one with its four pearls "Do It Again" and "Reelin' In The Years" are two immortals from that first masterpiece of an album "Can't Buy A Thrill" which, along with their two companion pieces (the jump-street sardonic obtuseness of "My Old School" and the dervish bop of "Bodhisattva") can't help but force a tear to be shed at the demise of the Baxter-Dias-Hodden Dan and their irrepressible brand of nouveau rock.

Side two zips in with the supreme panache thanks to the mighty "Showbiz Kids", as relevant now as it was to be the cocaine rich kids it decimated back in the "Countdown To Ecstasy" days. "East St Louis Toodle-Oh" is simply unnecessary considering the absence of "Barry Town" and "Charlie Freak", but "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" is as sardonically joyous as ever.

Meanwhile the saturnine blues of "Pretzel Logic" is well situated, and "Any Major Dude" — though not an essential in this precinct — still warms the brainplate and packs a chaser of genuine poignancy directly at odds with the facile beef levelled at the Dan, that of impenetrable cynicism.

Side three will be of most interest to the aficionado through the inclusion of the hitherto unreleased "Here At The Western World", a stunning outtake from the — just possibly — "Katy Lied" / "Royal Scam" era. Its incandescent languor, like all primo Dan, is quite irresistible. "Katy Lied" is next for the brush-through with "Black Friday"

(unexceptional song, exceptional guitar playing) plus the twin aces of the sweetly batty "Bad Sneakers" and the steamy oriental angst of "Doctor Wu" and his enigmatic medical bag. The fitting closer is another bonafide hit in "Heitian Divorce" from "Royal Scam", although the absence of "Any World That You're Welcome To" from the preceding album still grates.

So now you know what you're getting — all this along with a fetchingly impressionistic cover design, muted, fiery reds and yellows and two blurred figures of no fixed identity, and a typically inscrutable inside shot of the Dan twins looking unprepossessingly subterranean at some inauspicious lounge replete with middle-aged lounge-bar pianist.

One could of course gripe about the lack of coherent dating for sessions, musicians used, or some personal, laconic touches from the dynamic duo relating to their lyrics in much the same way that dear old Neil Young did for this "Decade" anthology. After all, Fagen, no slouch with a pen, used a *nom de plume* to define the music of "Can't Buy A Thrill". A touch more diligence boys, and even the thousands who purchased the six albums previously would shell out the seven quid or so for this affair.

In the end though, a trio or more shortcomings aside, this is a respectable collection of Steely Dan's work from 1972 to '78.

These last few years, the Dan have tended to be overshadowed by alternative movements — movements often directly at odds with their Catholic fetish for finesse (although in the Americas "Aja" was the biggest seller so far).

But when it all gets real again, the four-square brilliance of these two oddballs will be lauded for its total worth — which is plentiful indeed. Any major dude will tell you.

Nick Kent

BILL CONNORS
Of Mist And Melting (ECM)
JAN GARBAREK
Places (ECM)
EGBERTO GISMONTI
Sol Do Meio Dia (ECM)
HOW does Manfred Eicher control his ECM chamber jazz rotation? Why does one album evoke a shaggy dog and shining door, and another Rothko's plain but poignant

painting, purposeless yet perfect?

The Connors and Garbarek albums resemble one another, and more. Connors plays on the Garbarek and vice versa, but there's more Garbarek than Connors on "Melting". Both use a similar four piece band, except that Gary Peacock's bass is substituted for John Taylor's keyboards so that "Places" simply sounds like a fuller exposition of "Melting" — its moods and meanders.

The Garbarek/Connors (ex-RTF, ex-Stanley Cluck) pairing proves initially seductive but progressively slight, too nice to turn on. The mist melts. Fed up feeding the ducks?

Prizes poke up out of the plane of momentum — Garbarek's pure, scratchy sax levelling against De Johnette's typewriter speedroll on "Melting", the clear winter constellation of "Face In The Water". But so what, so overall, archetypal?

Gismonti's "Sol Do Meio Dia": bottles and wood-flutes are blown, 8-string guitars plucked, South Americans in general, but not that Amazon at all despite the inclusion of ECM nuts and bolts like Watcott, Tower and (again) Garbarek. Arch and alternative to begin with but you're soon looking about for a basket to weave or a coconut for conifakes. Every entry of Gismonti's obviously jungle-inspired soundscaping has been struck by the ECM equalise-sterile maledy. You don't feel the humidity or restlessness, only maybe the monotony.

What do you inject them with, Manfred?

Ian Panman



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Don't cry for me, Elaine Paige

JULIE COVINGTON
Julie Covington (Virgin)

Moving back from stage to a studio, Ms Covington neatly avoids the clichés offered by the potentially drear and damaging Solo Album.

Covington has always managed her progress through our general, generally suffocating leisure industry with an admirable single-mindedness, resisting successive attempts to exploit her with stereotype roles or scurrilous press attention.

What emerges here isn't the perhaps expected MDR/rock sound, neither is it leaning either too far either way. Bold but never brassy, it refuses to be consigned to the archetypal qualities — y'know, 'mellow', 'mature', 'sensitive', etc.

This is an attractive but perfectly restrained aggression, a balance between solid Anglicism and smooth Americanism. There are no 'standards', neither the songs nor musicians are obvious and, in certain instances, the combination and matching is exquisitely appropriate.

Joe Boyd's production makes a judicious selection from the musicians at hand: Richard Thompson's guitar, Willie Weeks' bass, Neil Lerner's keyboards and Andy Newark's drums are meticulously assigned and assimilated.

It is probably Thompson's presence which accounts more than anything for the bittersweet, clinging texture and phlegmatic poise present throughout.

The first side opens with his "(I Want To See The) Bright Lights" and closes with the Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill "Barbara's Song" — a charming framework, illuminating both to Thompson's position and Covington's.

Smoother material such as Sandy Denny's "By The Time It Gets Dark" and Winwood/Capaldi's "Let Me Make Something In Your Life" are sharpened by Plas Johnson's sax, pitched gently alongside the singer. Covington's voice is rather like a more acid Linda Thompson and this, combined with certain arrangements, produces a

music close to the more populist numbers of "Pour Down Like Silver" or "First Light".

A very fresh, unassuming statement, not too full, not too fragile. Not at all 'trendy', rest assured.

Ian Penman

OREGON
Out Of The Woods (Elektra)

It's good to hear that Oregon's music remains pure and fresh despite the possible clumsy patronage of a large label. Using a number of combinations of apparently mismatched instruments, this democratic quartet make a deliberate music that is always evocative and unusual. Each member plays well in the tradition of their instruments without being academic, simply performing individually and progressively.

Paul McCannless (oboe, English horn and bass clarinet) supplies a rustic, deliciously lyrical quality. He contributes charming lines that are imaginative and modern yet have an inspired Elizabethan madrigal edge: almost archaic in fact, and perhaps an acquired taste. He gives the music its elements of romanticism and refinement.

This alone with the precise, sensitive double bass of Glenn Moore and Ralph Towner's select piano, insistent, tenacious acoustic/classical guitar and fluid flugelhorn would be enough to create an elegant, versatile and unique chamber-classical-jazz fusion. But still further permutations are added by fourth man Colin Walcott, whose restrained command of the subtly random scope of the sitar and tabla complete a moist, impeccable sound that goes beyond the merely fascinating. Oregon's music is genuinely gentle and rich, the patterns of the music full and unrepentant.

There are nine vivid pieces of music on this album, each one with a melodic and structural contour that is inevitably unique, and a loveliness that only occasionally spills over into the sombre. Everything is effective and economical, solos are original and open.

I think my favourite Oregon record remains the startling "In Concert" on Vanguard (which maybe hints that they've gone as far as they can with this music), and Walcott's personal genius is best tested on an ECM album "Cloud Dance" (with Dave Holland, Jack DeJohnette and John Abercrombie). Nonetheless, "Out Of The Woods" is a tender, unconventional and beautifully executed record that deserves attention.

Paul Morley

IMPORTS

For Yonks now, Mike Nesmith has been up to his neck in country music. Some of his line-ups wouldn't have been out of place on the Grand Ole Opry, while at one time he even formed an ill-fated record label called Countryside in order to promote some of the lesser-known country performers who were hanging around the LA area.

But "Live At The Pafais" (Pacific Arts) is hardly your standard ranch stash, for it presents a Naz fronting a tough little rock quartet — Al Perkins (guitar), Dave MacKay (bass), James Trumbo (keyboards) and John Ware (drums) — with all pedal-steel being pushed distinctly into the background.

Cut at a Melbourne, Australia, concert in late '77, "Live" is a kinda "best of" with knobs on, containing such songs as "Joanne", "Grand Ennu", "Roll With The Flow", "Calico Girlfriend" and the marvellous "Some Of Shelly's Blues", all re-worked, re-vitalised and recorded in high fidelity. Boasting a

playing time of 51.06 minutes, "Live" is the kind of import that ought to boast the Good Housekeeping Seal of Guarantee — even though Naz apologies for the sleeve notes ("I know these liner notes are a little mundane by Dylan's standards, but I'm working on it") and for a couple of "repairs" he did to the original concert tape. I wish I could have liked Shawn Phillips.

"Transcendence" (RCA) more. And perhaps if it had been 1968 instead of '78, I could have come up with a rave or two. But though Phillips can be, and often is, a lyricist of considerable quality, acoustic guitar strummings, allied to the kind of arrangements Jimmy Webb once provided for Richard Harris, plus such Aldermaston-era titles as "I'm An American Child (on A Nuclear Pile)" have the aroma of moth-balls about them.

The smart thing would be to remark that such an approach is to be expected of a guy who proclaimed on his first album "In Mexico with Donovan, my music began to come out". But as I've stuck with Phillips right from those days at

Trident when he hauled Steve Winwood and Glen Campbell into a studio together (really!) I'll duck out on the easy snides and hope for better things to come. In the meantime,

"Transcendence" is a case of talent on the way to nowhere. Past-blasters will probably welcome the re-release of the first six Creedence Clearwater Revival albums which have now been re-packaged as doubles by Fantasy.

"Creedence Clearwater 1968-69" contains "Creedence Clearwater Revival" and "Bayou Country". "1969" is formed by "Willie And The Poor Boys" and "Green River" while "1970" features "Cosmo's Factory" and "Pendulum".

Meanwhile comes news of a live shot by Smokey Robinson, titled "Smokin'" (Motown). Again, it's a "best of" in format, the tracks ranging from "Mickey's Monkey" through to more recent items such as "Vitamin U" and "Baby That's Backatcha". "Tears Of A Clown" and "Tracks Of My Tears" in there, you ask? Daft question that.

Fred Dellar

STEELY DAN



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JAZZ

Next stop the Village Vanguard

Sax, flute, two bands and a couple saucepan lids... meaning, **BARBARA THOMPSON** hasn't too much of a leisure problem.

IN MY BOOZER," says Albert Tolley, gvnor of The Bull's Head and patron to the sounds seven nights a week over the past 18 years, "the customer knows what to expect."

"I'm standing in the back bar there, leaning through the pub's record collection with Barbara Thompson, and it's a rollcall of every dear departed jazzman who ever took liberties on these licenced premises."

Joe Harriott tips past; Tubby Hayes.

"I can never understand why Tubby wasn't recognized all over the world," says Barbara. "I wish I'd had the chance to play with him."

Well, customers elsewhere might mutter Dr. Johnson's dictum and gawp at the sight of a woman blowing tenor, but not down The Bull's Head at Barnes, SW15. Barbara, like Kathy Sibhart, packs the joint,

delivers the expected goods.

I deliver the expected question. Had she ever run into any prejudice?

A dogeared and battered album of Phil Seamen surfaces as if summoned.

"I was absolutely petrified out of my mind when I worked down here with Phil. I thought he'd really have a go at me, and it'd be very difficult because he was very witty, could've easily torn me to shreds, and I've got no retaliation. So I came down and I blew. Well, I'm not a namby-pamby player, and Phil was the type of drummer I really like because he's strong. I can't bear drummers that just tick 'em off — it suits me fine if the drummer does things with energy."

"I think Phil knew that, and he was so beautiful to me. It really worked well. It was his birthday and we had a drink together."

"In the early days when I couldn't really play, people could've been nasty to me, but

PHOTO: DENNIS AUSTIN

they were very encouraging. Don Rendell helped me along. No one taught me as such, but I learned a lot from Don and Art Themen, and from just listening. I was lucky. I suppose if I'd mixed with some of the more hooray-type musicians, I might've been scared off."

Barbara Thompson started

out on recorder, switched to clarinet at 11, and took up saxophone at the Royal College Of Music. "I did a season with Ivy Benson for four months, and then went to Royal College and immediately gave up classical music to take up the saxophone seriously. There isn't much for classical saxophone, and it

means playing third clarinet in the orchestra mostly."

"I got bored because I'd been in classical orchestras since the age of 12, toured Germany and had Malcolm Arnold to conduct us and everything. When I got to college and found I was amongst about 80 clarinetists all hoping to get into orchestra number

one, I just didn't want to know. I thought, this isn't it."

"I was more interested in expressing myself in improvised music, and accidentally meeting Neil Ardley and Paul Rutherford and these people. I realised that what they were doing was more fun and much more creative than just sitting there and playing parts with an orchestra."

"Outside college, I was playing with bands every night. Jon and I" — Jon Hiseman is her husband — "used to tour the rehearsal bands, Graham Collier one night, Alan Cohen another, for no money. We did that for three years and it was a better grounding then you'd have got in any college."

"They were pleased with me because I was keen and I was always a good reader. All the people from then are still the ones who're going great guns now. It was a marvellous scene."

Neil Ardley's New Jazz Orchestra boasted, beside Barbara and Jon Hiseman, sideman like Ian Carr, Dave Gelly, Paul Rutherford, Trevor Watts, Mike Gibbs, Henry Lowther, Harry Beckett, Jack Bruce, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Chris Spedding, Don Rendell, Jeff Clyne and John Marshall. Hiseman drew from the NJO for the first Colosseum, and later repaid the favour by merging back for a concert in 1970 which drew a mammoth audience.

BARBARA TURNED professional in 1965, playing tenor, soprano, the flute family and adding octave dividers and phase shifters. She heads two outfits, Jubiaba and Paraphernalia, and has written three major works for a 20-piece jazz orchestra in between raising a family.

"I have a housekeeper who looks after them when I'm touring abroad. Anne, who's two, is very musical. She gets a better sound out of the shenai

■ Continues page 61

BARBARA THOMPSON

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AMERICAN NW DE GIG GUIDE

Clash tour starts this week

THE CLASH begin their long-awaited U.K. tour this week, and they'll be on the road for best part of a month, promoting their new album "Give 'Em Enough Rope" and single "Tommy Gun". Initial gigs are at Edinburgh (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday), with plenty more to come. The Slits, now with a new male drummer to bolster the all-girl front line, support on all dates — as do reggae band Pressure Shicks.

● **MAGAZINE** also go on the road during the next few days, beginning their longest tour to date in Portsmouth on Tuesday. More about Howard Devoto and Co. when their outing gets into full swing.

Thursday

Beaup Leisure Centre: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
Belfast White Hall: Racing Cars
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: Life Support
Birmingham Macclesfield Hotel: Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Ocean Boulevard
Birmingham Odeon: Millie Jackson
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham The Ball: The Clarks
Bishopbriggs Memorial Hall: The Exile / Friction
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Max Boyce
Brighton Centre: Leo Sayer
Brighton Dome: Gene Pitney / Co-Co
Brighton Richmond Hotel: Nicky & The Dots / The Smarties
Bristol Crookers: Stranded
Bristol Granary: Band Of Joy
Bristol Polytechnic: The Sirens
Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Cambridge The Alma: Scratch
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: The Soft Centres / Innocents
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Judas Priest
Carlisle Market Hall: The Howlders
Chesham Night Owl: The Rotators
Coventry Warwick University: Hi-Tension
Coventry Wyken Pipers: Reno
Derby Assembly Rooms: Mike Harding
Dumbarton Neptune Club: The Fabulous Poodles
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: Night Rider
Edinburgh Astoria: The Jolt / Simple Minds
Edinburgh Odeon: The Clash / The Slits
Edinburgh University: The Pirates
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Lindisfarne
Glasgow City Hall: Frankie Miller's Full House
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Underhand Jones
High Wycombe Nags Head: The Late Show
Huddersfield Peacock Hotel: Bram Taylor
Hull University: The Albion Band
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Dolly Parton
Lampeter St. David's University: Andy Desmond / The Actors
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: R.U.12
Leeds Fan Club: Penetration
Leeds Polytechnic: Dire Straits
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: Giff
Liverpool Eric's: Crash Course
London Alexandra Palace: Richard Digance
London Camden Brecknock: Scarecrow
London Camden Dingwells: Charlie Ainley / China Street
London Camden Music Machine: Pure Hell
London City University (lunchtime): Redbrass
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Tribesmen
London Hamersmith Odeon: AC/DC
London Hamersmith The Rutland: Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goggles
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Street Chorus
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Straight 8
London Kennington The Cricketers: Manyana
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The Soft Boys
London Marquee Club: Gloria Mundi
London Oxford Street 100 Club: Third World
London Rainbow Theatre: The Mighty Sparrow
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Johnny & The Hurricanes
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Barry Richardson Band
London Victoria The Venue: Wire
London W.14 The Kensington: The Young Bucks
Loughborough University: Chas & Dave
Manchester Golden Gate: The Pletters
Manchester Saturday
Manchester Kelly's: The Accelerators
Manchester Russell Club: The Skids
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: Black Diamond
Newcastle The Canteen: The Straits / Deep Freeze
Nottingham Boat Club: Speed-O-Meters
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Test Tube Babies
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Nottingham Melbu Club: The Understains

Nottingham Theatre Royal: The Chieftains
Oxford New Theatre: Showaddywaddy
Oxford Polytechnic: Wreckless Eric / Jona Lewis / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Mickey Jupp
Plymouth Metro: The Rezillos / The Undertones
Pools Arts Centre: Gordon Giltrap Band
Portsmouth Locarno: Slouzale & The Banishes / Spitz Oil
Poynton Folk Centre: Martin Simpson
Rotherham Dickens Inn: Vesuvius
Sheffield City Hall: Cliff Richard
Sheffield Limit Club: Eric Bell Band
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: The Piranhas
Southport New Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Bethnal
Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond: The Flexible Toys
Swansea Circles Club: Dave Lewis Band
Swansea Nutz Club: White Horses
Worthing Balmoral Bar: The Bets
York Barge Club: The Feelies
York Revolution Club: The Mekons / Gang of Four

Friday

Aberdeen University: The Fabulous Poodles
Airdrie Plain The Plainmen: The Squad
Aylesbury Civic Centre: The Real Thing
Basilidon Double Six: The Gentry
Bath Pavilion: Whitesnake
Bicester Nowhere Club: N.W.16
Birmingham Aston University: Mergers
Birmingham Barabell's: The Slits / Next
Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Italians
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Dillinger
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: Bad Earth
Birmingham Hippodrome: Max Boyce
Birmingham Polytechnic: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Spitfire
Birmingham Town Hall: Dean Friedman
Bolton Tongue Ward and Aquarius Clubs: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
Bradford Sports Centre: Hi-Tension
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Barbara Dickson
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Mighty Sparrow
Bristol Queens Hall: Snoots
Brighton Alhambra: Nicky & The Dots
Brighton Fortune of War: Alport
Bristol Colston Hall: Gene Pitney / Co-Co
Bristol Crookers: Stranded
Bristol Polytechnic: Dire Straits
Bristol J.B. Club: Dave Lewis Band
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Jam / The Dickies / Patrick Fitzgerald
Canook Troubadour: Ezile
Canterbury Odeon: Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewis / Mickey Jupp
Canterbury The Simon Langton: The Flies / The Infested
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Leo Sayer
Cardiff Top Rank: Acker Bilk Band
Cardiff University: The Rezillos / The Undertones
Chiddingly Six Bells: The Executives
Clacton St. Osyth's College: Writs
Cork Arcadia Ballroom: Racing Cars
Coventry Hand & Heart: Neon Heats
Coventry Theatre: Dolly Parton
Cumbria Telford Town Hall: Lizard / Fiat Out
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: Mike Harding
Dublin Trinity College: The Pirates
Dudley J.B. Club: Rene
Glasgow Apollo: Esther Phillips
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Underhand Jones
Guildford Royal Hotel: The Piranhas
Guildford Surrey University: The End
Hailsham The Crown: The Whallings
Hull Snails
Hullford Technical College: Fisher-Z
Harrow College of Higher Education: Wira / Screens
High Wycombe College: Scratch
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Richard & Linda Thompson
Inverness Coach House Inn: The Tools
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Millie Jackson
Lancaster Youth Centre: Night Rider
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Marsallie / Red Eye

Leeds Haddon Hall: Juggernaut
Leicester University: Whirlwind
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: Speed-O-Meters
Liverpool Eric's: X-Ray Specs
Liverpool Mountford Hall: Boys Of The Lough
London Acton Kings Head: Paz
London Battersea Arts Centre: Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge
London Camden Brecknock: Portraits
London Camden Dingwells: Straight 8
London Camden Electric Ballroom: XTC
London Camden Music Machine: The Troops / Sounder
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Grand Hotel
London Central Polytechnic: Here & Now
London Chelsea School of Art: Lightning Raiders
London Chiswick John Bull: Street Chorus
London City Polytechnic: The Boyfriends
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Low Lewis Reformer
London Deptford The Fountain: Extra / The Ballrooms
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch
London Hamersmith Odeon: Judas Priest
London Hamersmith Town Hall: Paul Brady
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Hollywood Killers / Steve Linton Band
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Jolt
London Kennington The Nashville: The Edge
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Reddies
London Marquee Club: Zaine Griff
London New Barnet Oaks of Lancaster: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
London North Polytechnic: Johnny Moped
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Shake Before Use
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Rainbow Theatre: Showaddywaddy
London Regent's Park Bedford College: The Young Bucks
London St. Mary's College: Gilman
London Stockwell The Pough: Swift
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Monos
London S.W. 1 St. George's Hospital Medical School: Earthbound
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Night Fever
London W.10 Acklam Hall: Barry Ford / Mal Stagger / Juba
Manchester Mayflower Club: Pure Hell
Manchester The Venue: Sessars
Merton Mowbray Painted Lady: Johnny & The Hurricanes
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Pere Ubu
Middlesbrough Town Hall: The Clash / The Slits
Newcastle Polytechnic: Bethnal
Newport Village Club: The Cruisers
Northampton Angel Hotel: Prince Far I / Astral Projection
Norwich East Anglia University: Chas & Dave
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Slip Hazard & The Blizzards
Nottingham Sandpiper: Stadium Dogs
Oxford New Theatre: Cliff Richard
Preston Polytechnic: Squeeze
Reading University: The Bishops / Jaws
Retford Potterhouse: The Lurkers
Rotherham Nags Head: Scandal
Rotherham East Herringbone Club: Band
Salford University: White Horses
Scarborough Penthouse: Penetration
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: The Albion Band
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Shirts
Southend Top Alex: Live Wire
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers
Tipton Brewer & Baker: Andrew Dwyer
Uxbridge Brunel University: John Martyn
Westford Red Lion: Harlem Square
Weston-super-Mare Playhouse: The

Yetties
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: Nick Forwick
York Revolution Club: The Defendants
York University: The Chieftains

Saturday

Abertillery Six Bells: Warhead/Witch-fynde
Aberystwyth Arts Centre: "Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm
Birmingham Barabell's: David Johansen Band
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Reno
Birmingham Hippodrome: Max Boyce
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: Tony Capstick
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Special Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Split Rivitt
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Showaddywaddy
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: Dennis Rousseau
Bridlington Spa Ballroom: Judas Priest
Bristol The Centre: Cliff Richard
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: The Wild Beasts
Bristol Polytechnic: Andy Desmond/The Actors
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Hazard/The Work
Canook Troubadour: Serenitie
Canterbury Kent University: Here & Now
Cardiff Club Mountmancro: The Soft Centres
Cardiff St. Helier Arms: Coast To Coast
Chelmsford City Tavern: The Soda
Cheshunt Football Club: Chas & Dave
Colchester Essex University: John Martyn
Cork University: The Pirates
Cromer West Runt Pavilion: The House
Croydon King's Head: Night Rider
Dublin Belfast University: Racing Cars
Dudley J.B. Club: Penetration
Dundee Caird Hall: Lindisfarne
Dundee University: Frankie Miller's Full House
Durham University: Marger
Edinburgh Pollock Halls: Simple Minds
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Boys of The Lough
Exeter University: The Fans
Farnborough Technical College: White
Galeshills Privateer: Charley Browne
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Gordon Giltrap Band
Glasgow The Maggie: Underhand Jones
Goole Station Hotel: Red Eye
Graysend Red Lion: The Accelerators
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: The Jam/The Dickies/Patrick Fitzgerald
Guernsey Carlton Hotel: Acker Bilk Band
Guildford Surrey University: Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Jona Lewis/Lene Lovich/Mickey Jupp
Hanley Rose & Crown: Any Trouble
Hitchin College of Education: Dire Straits
Huddersfield Cleopatra's International: The Mighty Sparrow
Lancaster University: The Chieftains
Leeds Pack Horse Inn: Hedgehog Pie
Leeds University: The Clash/The Slits
Leeds Victoria Hotel: Anniversary
Leeds Vivia Wine Bar: John Hadley
Leeds Haggatt Band
Leicester University: Richard & Linda Thompson
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: Bulets
Lincoln R.A.F. Swindley: Strange Days
Liverpool Eric's: The Slits/Pure Hell
London Battersea Arts Centre: Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge
London Camden Brecknock: Danfies
London Camden Dingwells: Eric Bell Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Zaine Griff
London Canning Town Tidal Basin: Earthbound
London Chelsea The Wheatheaf: Overseas
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Reno
London Edgware Corner House: Agenda
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton's Happy Days

London Hamersmith Odeon: Millie Jackson
London Hamersmith Swan: Sounder
London Hampstead Westfield College: Simon Townshend Band/Jags
London Islington Hope & Anchor: China Street
London Kensington The Nashville: Parties
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: Urohin
London Marquee Club: Little Bo Bitch/The Idols
London N4 The Stapleton: Rednife
London Rainbow Theatre: Barbara Dickson
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Night Fever
London Wandsworth Town Hall: Desmond Dekker/Street Chorus
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: Immigrant/Herbman
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: The Enid
Loughborough Town Hall: The Cruisers
Loughborough University: The Albion Band
Manchester Russell Club: Dillinger
Manchester UMIST: Hi-Tension
Manchester University: Bethnal
Manchester The Venue: The Jolt
Merton Mowbray Painted Lady: Johnny & The Hurricanes
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Gloria Mundi
Newark Maple Leaf: Vesuvius
Newcastle University: Pere Ubu
Nottingham Boat Club: No Sweat
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call
Nottingham Sandpiper: Samson
Oldham Rayton Club doubling Bolton
Oxford Marquee Club: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
Oxford New Theatre: Dolly Parton
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: N.W.16
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Leo Sayer
Reading Bulmershe College: The Boy-Steas Marx
Slough College of Technology: Scratch
Southampton University: The Rezillos/The Undertones
St. Austell Riviera Club: Mud
Stanton Odeon: The Real Thing
Walsall Dirty Duck: Crier
Walsall Palace Community Centre: Mr. Gladstone's Bag/Rose Hardman
Warrington Lion Hotel: Whitefire
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Peets
York Barge Club: Valhalla
York Linton-on-Ouse RAF Station: Jet Harrie/Vintage
York Revolution Club: Speedometers

Sunday

Barnstaple Chequers Club: Mud
Belfast Queen's University: The Rich Kids
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: Antares (lunchtime)/Swing Street (evening)
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Hawk-lords
Blanchley Leisure Centre: The Real Thing
Bognor Arun Leisure Centre: Hi-Tension
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: Dennis Rousseau
Brighton Alhambra: The Piranhas
Bristol Locarno: The Rezillos/The Undertones
Canook Troubadour: Edge
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: The Mighty Sparrow
Chelmsford Football Club: Here and Now
Chiddingly Six Bells: Passam
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: Juggernaut
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Leo Sayer
Dumfries Stagecoach: Frankie Miller's Full House
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Gordon Giltrap Band
Fife St Andrew's University: The Fabulous Poodles

CONTINUES OVER . . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Galway University: Racing Cars
Glasgow Pavilion: Dean Friedman
Glossop Playhouse Theatre: Foggy
Hull City Stadium: Strawhead
Hull Telstar Club: The Crusiers
Kelso Cross Keys: Charley Browns
Lancaster University: Third World
Leeds University: John Cooper-Clarke
Lincoln Theatre Royal: Midnight Folies
Orchestra
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Dolly Parton
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Remus Down Boulevard
London Camden Dingwalls: The Bishops
London Chiswick John Bull: John Grimsdell's Cheap Flight
London Clapham Two Brewers: Live Wire
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Fame
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Alan
Price
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog
Watch
London Finchley Torrington: The
Morrissey-Mullen Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Panties
London Hammermith Odeon: Millie
Jackson
London Kingsway Royalty Theatre:
Enther Phillips
London Marquee Club: The Young Bucks
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Jerry The Ferret
London Palladium: Gene Pitney/Co-Co
London Peckham Montpelier Lunchtime:
Blue Moon
London Rainbow Theatre: Jerry Lee
Lewis/Duane Eddy
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Zaine
Griff
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Wreck
less
Eric/Rachel Sweet/Jane
Lewis/Lane Lovich/Mickey Jupp
London Victoria The Venue: The Albion
Band
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
Paz
London Woolwich Tramshed:
Brownsville Banned
Manchester Mayflower Club: Merger
Manchester Northenden British Legion:
Vintage
Maryport Ellenborough Social Club:
Touch Of Class
Maid Tatham Ciyed: "Sahels to
Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton/
Alex Welsh/George Chisholm
Newcastle City Hall: Judas Priest
Nottingham Boat Club: Kyo
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Swans
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: The Vetties
Poynton Folk Centre: Derek Brim-
stone/Pickstar
Redcar Coatham Bowl: Whitesnake
Sheffield Polytechnic: Richard and Linda
Thompson
Sheffield Top Rank: The Clash/The Silks
Southend Shrimpers: John Potter's Clay
Stockport Davenport Theatre: Mike
Harding
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park: Orphen
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse

Monday

Atrincham The Check Inn: Joy Division
Birmingham Barrell Organ: Wide Boys
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Orphen
Birmingham Odeon: Jerry Lee Lewis/
Duane Eddy
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Bradford Royal Standard: John Hedley
Haggatt Band
Brighton The Centre: Dennis Rousseau
Carephilly Double Diamond: The Plattars
(for a week)
Cardiff University: The Jam / The Dicks
/ Patrick Fitzgerald
Coventry Theatre: Lonnie Donegan (for a
week)
Croydon Red Deer: Stax Marx
Darlington Civic Theatre: The Vetties
Durham Marquis of Granby: Hot Vultures
Edinburgh Odeon: Lindisfarne
Egham Royal Holloway College: Andy
Desmond / The Actors
Exeter Routes: The Albion Band
Exeter University: Mud

Glasgow Burns Howff: Underworld Jones
Glasgow Strachtyde University: The
Fabulous Poodles
Hartley The Plaza: Bitter Suite
Hamford Castle Hall: White Morses
High Wycombe Town Hall: Pere Ubu /
The Soft Boys
Hilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Clash /
The Silks
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Whitesnake
London Bamel College: Here & Now
London Camden Brecknock: Jackie
Lynton's Happy Days
London Camden Dingwalls: The Sneakers
/ Jaga
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Young Bucks
London Covent Garden Blitz: Midnight
Follies Orchestra
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Big
Deal / Dangerous Rhythms
London Fulham Golden Lion: Joe Brown
London Fulham Greyhound: Bob Kerr's
Whoopie Band
London Hammersmith Odeon: Dolly
Parton
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle:
Scratch
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Interfusers / Lightning Raiders
London Marquee Club: Grand Hotel
London Palladium: Cleo Laine & Johnny
Darkworth (for a week)
London Putney Hall Moon: Clannad
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Ronnie Scott's Club: Louis Hayes
Quartet (for two weeks)
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
U.K. Subs / The Cure
London W.I. Portman Hotel: Acker Bilk
Band
London W.14 The Kensington: Feme
Manchester Apollo: Esther Phillips
Manchester Fagin's: The Dooleys (for a
week)
Newcastle The Coopers: Saboteurs
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwethir
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Sandpiper: Wire
Newcastle Cherry Trees: Incredible Kidds
Band
Plymouth Woods Centre: Squeeze
Rayleigh Croca Club: Shades
Sheffield Limk Club: Stadium Dogs
Sheffield Top Rank: The Real Thing
Sheffield University: Xero / Used Toys
Swansea Circles Club: The Larkers
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Max Boyce
York Barge Club: Defunked

Tuesday

Belfast Queen's University: Swift
Belfast White Hall: Mike Harding
Birmingham Barrell Organ: Fashion
Birmingham College: Matchbox
Birmingham Crown & Cushion: Incredible
Kidds Band
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Birmingham Town Hall: John Martyn
Bishop: Stortford Tried Leisure Centre:
Lundon Deluxe
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Raz-
zies/The Undertones
Bradford Royal Standard: John Hedley
Haggatt Band
Bradford St George's Hall: Gene
Pitney/Co-Co
Brighton Dome: The Jam/The Dicks/
Patrick Fitzgerald
Brighton Sussex University: Boys Of The
Lough
Bristol Colston Hall: The Mighty Sparrow
Bristol Locarno: The Clash/The Silks
Cardiff Top Rank: Dillinger
Coventry Theatre: The Redbirds: Underhand
Jones
Congleton Duke Of Wellington Juggernaut
Croydon Red Deer: South Of The Border
Dublin R. D. S. Hall: Leo Sayer
Edinburgh Astons: Charley Browns
Exeter Routes: M-Tension
Gosport John Peel: Nightbride
Guildford Civic Hall: Judas Priest



DOLLY PARTON is back again, as voluptuous as ever and with a couple of good points in her favour. What's more, she sings well, too! If you want to keep abreast of her activities (goddit?), you'll find her on stage at Ipswich (Thursday), Coventry (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Monday).



DAVID JOHANSEN is the former New York Doll who's now fronting his own band, which includes another ex-Doll, Syl Sylvain. The outfit's over here for a short debut tour, including a major London appearance on Tuesday at the new rock centre in Victoria, The Venue. Other dates this week are Birmingham (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday) and there are a few more to follow in next week's Gig Guide.

Jordanstown Polytechnic: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
Leeds Fan Club: Freddie Z
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Unmen, Wattering & Zelig
Leeds (Yeodon) White Swan: Hot Vultures
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Whitesnake
Leicester University: Pere Ubu
London Camden Brecknock: Tennis Shoes
London Camden Dingwalls: Live Wire
London Camden Music Machine: The Interfusers/Spit Rivet
London Covent Garden Blitz: Midnight Follies Orchestra
London Covent Garden: The Young Bucks
London Fulham Golden Lion: Maren Scarem
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Stadium Dogs
London Kensington The Nashville: Little Bo Bitch/The Addicks
London Marquee Club: The Business/
Agony Column
London N11 Orange Tree: Silkie Miller/J. J. Dion
London Sheen Derby Arms: Freddy's
Fishwarmers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Soul Yard
London Victoria The Venue: David Johansen Band
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: Zaine Griff/The Dyaka
Maseget White Whost: Crazy Caven 'n'
The Rhythm Rockers
Manchester Apollo Centre: Sham 85/Climax
Middlesbrough Town Hall: Lindisfarne
Milton Keynes Staring Gate: Scratch
Morley Sycamore Hotel: Snoots
Newcastle City Hall: Gordon Giltrap Band
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffs
Penzance The Garden: Squeezes
Plymouth Castaways: Mud
Plymouth Metro: The Silks
Pools Arts Centre: The Albion Band
Pools Wessex Hall: Detroit Emeralds
Portsmouth Guildhall: Dennis Rousseau
Portsmouth Locarno: Magazine
Rayleigh Croca Club: Third World
Souththorpe Tiffany's: White Morses

Sheffield Limk Club: 44 Spoons
Sheffield University: Frankie Miller's Full House
Southport New Theatre: The Chieftains
Stoke Golden Hill Club: Vintage
Swindon Brunel Rooms: John Grimsdell's Cheap Flight
Torquay 400 Club: The Boyfriends
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
Wolverhampton Lord Regan: The Accelerators
York Arts Centre: Barbara Thompson's Jubilee
York Barge Club: The Foresters

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: Gordon Giltrap Band
Bedworth Civic Hall: Firstkoda
Belfast King's Hall: Leo Sayer
Birmingham Barrell's: Danette
Birmingham Barrell Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Dawn Breaker
Birmingham Bogarts: Killer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham The Sherwood: Cartoonie
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Rasse
Bournemouth Village Bowl: The Clash/The Silks
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Dennis Rousseau
Bradford St. George's Hall: Sham 85/Climax
Bradford University: Fabulous Poodles
Bridge Of Allan The Alangrange: Underhand Jones
Brighton Alhambra: The Motostars
Burton Baths Hall: Fairport Convention
Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall: Pere Ubu
Canook Troubadour: Hot Pollot
Canterbury Odeon: The Jam/The Dicks / Patrick Fitzgerald
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Namesake
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coleraine Ulster University: Wilko Johnson Solid Senders
Coventry Alleyway Hotel: Acker Bilk Band
Glasgow Auchinarrn Hall: The Exile/Friction
Gloucester Leisure Centre: Jasper Carrott
Keele University: Frankie Miller's Full House
Lancaster University: John Martyn
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Cliff Richard
London Acton White Hart: C. Gas 5/The Pack
London Camden Brecknock: The Young Bucks
London Camden Dublin Castle: O.K.
London Camden Music Machine: Sore Throat
London Canning Town Bridge House: Portraits
London Chedwell Heath Greyhound: Dog Watch
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Zaine Griff
London Fulham Greyhound: Karl Denver
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Trans-Am
London Marquee Club: Wire
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Boys Of The Lough
London Rainbow Theatre: Third World
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: David Blossie Band
London S.W.1 Monkberry's: N.W.10
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: Cannibals/The Helicopters
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: Matchbox
London W.I. Crackers: Maren Scarem
London W.I. (Gr. Portland St.): Cock Tavern Hot Vultures
Loughborough University: Bethnal
Manchester Apollo Centre: The Chieftains
Mansfield Great Northern Hotel: Juggernaut
Manchester Mayflower Club: The Contenders
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: M-Tension
Newcastle Canteen Club: The Jolt
Newcastle City Hall: Gene Pitney/Co-Co
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: Southbound

Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: Moulton Rouge
Newcastle Polytechnic: Andy Desmond/The Actors
Norwich Boogie House: David Johansen Band
Norwich East Anglia University: Hinkley's Horses
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwethir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chickens
Oxford Corn Dolly: Vesuvius
Paisley Threes Horseshoes: Charley Browns
Plymouth Metro: Dillinger
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: Write
Reading Bones Club: The Skids
Reading University: Mud
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Razillos/The Undertones
Solihull Golden Lion: Orphan
Southampton University: Here & Now
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Staindrop Black Swan: Holly Tannen & Pete Cooper
Staveange The Swan: Scratch
Walsall West Midlands College: Crazy Caven 'n' The Rhythm Rockers
Wigan Bluto's Disco: Emergency
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: The Hawklands
York Barge Club: Best Friends
York Pop Club: The Dogs
York Revolution Club: Punishment Of Luxury
York University: Lindisfarne



JERRY LEE LEWIS, one of the all-time greats in rock history, is here on a fleeting visit. He's in concert at London Rainbow (Sunday) and in Birmingham (Monday) — though, he warned, tickets are at a premium. And with another rock giant, Duane Eddy, as his special guest, it's bound to be some show. Our picture of Jerry was taken on his last visit, though whether he's retained his beard this time remains to be seen!



WIRE are playing a few gigs this week including Harrow (Friday), Nottingham (Monday) and London (Wednesday). Pictured above is Colin Newman.



PROMISES - *BUZZCOCKS* - LIPSTICK

— NEW SINGLE - UP36471 —

BRIAN E SPACE AGE

AFTER FINDING OUT HE HAD BEEN SURVIVED BY THE PRISONS OF SMITH, BURN HEADS FOR THEIR PLANET. BEAT ON REVENGE! READ ON!

BY THE LEADER, WHAT IS HAPPENING?

WE HAVE CALLED AND OUR SHIP IS IN NEGATIVE. WHEN YOU SAW OUR ANSWERS 300 M! IN PURE THIS AGE!

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS ON ABOUT FIRST YOU SAVE ME. THEN YOU TRY TO GET ME KILLED NOW YOU DO THIS TO ME?

WELL JUST SAY BURN AND IT TELL YOU A STORY. WE'VE BEEN LOST FOR YEARS. WE'VE BEEN THE YELLOW FLAG CRASHED LARGELY BURNED. WE USED IT TO GAIN NEW HILLS. 3 FIVE AND WE HAVE ANOTHER. BUT SOME WE BOUGHT OFF TRADERS WHO WANTED SOME VASE DISCIB (CALLED BURNERS DRINK). THE ONLY WAY WE COULD GET THEM WAS...

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm. RECEPTION ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND ASSISTANTS.

Thurs 16th Nov (Adm £1.25)
GLORIA MUNDI
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Frid 17th Nov (Adm £1.00)
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sat 18th Nov (Adm £1.00)
LITTLE BO BITCH
The Idols & Ian Fleming

Sun 19th Nov (Adm 85p)
YOUNG BUCKS
Plus support & Mandy N

Mon 20th Nov (Adm £1.00)
GRAND HOTEL
Plus support & Jerry Lloyd

Tue 21st Nov (Adm 85p)
THE BUSINESS
Plus support & Joe Long

Wed 22nd & Thurs 23rd Nov
WIRE
Plus guests & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.50
Non-members at the door £1.75

Fri 24th Nov (Adm £1.50)
THE 'FABULOUS' POODLES
Plus support & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD DRINKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday November 16th
THE SOFT BOYS + Plain Characters £1.00

Friday November 17th
THE EDGE + The Molesters £1.00

Saturday November 18th
JOE JACKSON BAND + Panties 75p

Sunday November 19th
BARRY FORD BAND + Mat Stagger £1.00

Monday November 20th
C GAS 5, LIGHTNING RAIDERS + INTELEKTUALS 60p

Tuesday November 21st
LITTLE BO BITCH + The Addix 75p

Thursday November 23rd
BLAST FURNACE AND ... £1.00

+ John Potter's Clay

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
at the Grove Tavern,
Washington Road, Kingston, Surrey
Friday, November 17th

SMIFFY
+ MIKE WILSON
Admission £1.00. Members 85p
Doors open 7.30 pm
Enquiries: Ray Bland on Chertsey (09328) 63367

LITTLE BO BITCH

MARQUEE: Sat. Nov. 18th
NASHVILLE: Tues. Nov. 21st
WINDSOR CASTLE: Fri. Nov. 24th
HOPE & ANCHOR: Sun. Nov. 26th

HOLLIES Total Basic Tavern, Total Basic Rd, off Silverstone Way, Covingham, E.M.

Sat. Nov 18 Fri. Nov 24 Sat. Nov 25

EARTHBOUND SCANDAL ACCIDENTS

Bands on stage 9.30pm. Open until 2am.

EARTHBOUND

Pre-Christmas dates

15th November
The College Tavern, Gordon Street, W.C1

17th November
St. George's Hospital Medical School, Cranmer Terrace, S.W.7

18th November
The Mallory - Total Basic Tavern, Covingham, E.M.

20th November
The Shakespeare Inn, Farnham, Surrey

21st November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

22nd November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

23rd November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

24th November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

25th November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

26th November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

27th November
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28th November
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

29th November
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30th November
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1st December
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2nd December
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3rd December
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22nd December
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29th December
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30th December
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1st January
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22nd January
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23rd January
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24th January
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

25th January
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

26th January
The Duke of Lancaster, New Street, W.C2

27th January
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28th January
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29th January
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Sunday Nov. 19th 75p
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Monday Nov. 20th 80p
ZAINE GRIFF

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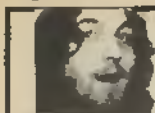
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THIRD WORLD

From page 41

you up. Yet on the other hand you have these people in places like Peru who have been taking it for years by just chewing the leaves and having it as part of their own thing.

"It's like herb, too. When I first went to the States and saw the way people smoked herb" — he mimes frantic US-style joint-hitting — "it freaked me out."

"They just suck it up and get really desperate with it. It has no cultural value, you know. Whereas in Jamaica you see a man build a spiff and go under a tree and sit and meditate, y'know. And it's the same with these guys in Peru. It is their art."

Everything to do with dope is art to them. The growing of the plant. The chewing of the leaves.

"But any high at all that anyone is into, I don't see how they can enjoy it in a big city. Like, sure, I smoke herb in New York and see everything that's going on around me but sometimes the seaside and the coconut trees and the big pineapples growing in the backyard and the mango tree provides a more suitable vibe to open up your head."

Bunny "Rugs" Clarke, the band's vocalist and member of the tribe of Joseph, comes into the room and takes off of Cat's spiff.

Somewhat the topic of Ethiopia is mentioned. Has Rugs ever been to Ethiopia?

"Yes" — and then a somewhat disappointing stock reply: "Spiritually. The flesh don't reach yet."

Cat, though, counters any suspicion that no Rasta ever quite makes it to Ethiopia: "My brother lived in Ethiopia for four years. He was very involved in the Twelve Tribes of Israel in Jamaica. You know of that Rastafarian organisation? The Twelve Tribes are right now one of the best things happening in Rastafarianism."

I say I'm interested in the linking of astrology with the Twelve Tribes, as Hepione Barry Llewellyn had



mentioned to me. (According to Llewellyn each tribe represented a different astrological sign — Cat, an Aries, was of the Tribe of Reuben whilst Rugs, an Aquarian, was of the Tribe of Joseph).

"Astrology is just the watered down version of the trip," Rugs tells me, and admonishes me to read the Bible.

"Y'eahmon," agrees Cat. "It's a fantastic book."

I point out that as far as while Europeans are concerned the major paradox within the essentially highly reasonable and admirable Rasta philosophy is the deification of Haile Selassie, deposed Emperor of Ethiopia.

Cat's response is to compare Haile Selassie to Jesus Christ. He talks of Christ, who has subsequently been accepted — whatever one's religious beliefs — as having been something of a heavy fellow, as having been nailed up on a cross because of lies that were told about him.

"Which is how I see his Majesty now," the soft voice intones.

"His Majesty was a man who came with a certain message. He gave the message and he did certain work for black people and for the people of Ethiopia and for the Twelve Tribes of Israel."

"So what have they done to him? They say that he is a robber and has a Swiss bank account, yet they have never been able to prove it. They never provide any concrete facts."

"But how can you really know these things? I have seen articles about Jamaica where they say the place is getting mashed up and there are machine guns firing every day and I know it is simply not true. So where do you draw the

JAZZ

From page 54

then I do because she's got nice loose chops."

Anne, in fact, was practically on the strength at the QEH performance of Ardley's "Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows".

"I did my last gig three weeks before I had the baby. I went on tour with Neil and it was a bit uncomfortable sitting on the coach — I'd get these big kicks — but it was either that or be at home with nothing much to do. And the music takes your mind off your condition."

Since most of her income comes from Europe, Barbara spends a lot of her life on the road.

"No musician could earn a living in England unless he was in the studio all the time. I've spent six weeks in Germany in the last two months, but I like doing tours because it's very busy just doing single gigs. At the airport the other day I bumped into Ron Mathewson coming back from Norway, John Surman somewhere else, and I'd had the Mike Westbrook Band following me round in Sicily."

"I'm off again soon with Paraphernalia which'll be hard work because I'll be driving most of the way. It wouldn't be economic to bring a roadie in."

Recently, she was chosen to do a half-hour slot for Belgian television's *A Centenary Of Adolphe Sax*, dedicating a blues original to the waiting inventor.

"I've done so much TV abroad, and nothing here. It's ridiculous. All these European festivals are on TV. I'm inundated with work in Germany. You just don't get a chance here. The jazz fans in TV

have to fight to get anything on, and if you're lucky you get a three-minute spot."

She is rightly patriotic about the standard of British musicianship. "It's incredibly high here. I was in New York about three months ago and I went to the Village Vanguard and talked to Max Gordon who runs it — marvellous old fella, he's been running it for 30 years."

"He said, 'Anytime you wanna play here, just let me know.' In fact, he asked if I could play the week after he'd just been let down. The Heath brothers were there then, Jimmy and Albert, and they wouldn't let me sit in. They were very mean to me. I went up to them and they looked at me not very enthusiastically, and said their music was too complicated. I told them if I heard the theme I'd probably get it down, but they weren't hospitable at all."

I went round a lot of clubs and sat in with Joe Morell. It was a bit awkward and embarrassing because the front line wasn't anything special. I don't think they like me very much. They've got great bassists and drummers in the States though."

She and Jon Hiseman only work together in other people's bands. Andrew Lloyd Webber often uses them, and they appear together in Wolfgang Dauner's United Jazz-Rock Ensemble. They recently collaborated on a theme for Frank Muir's book for children.

It is easier in a way to play then clarinet on a certain level. You blow it and the sound's right there. The clarinet is much more complicated. If you're good on clarinet, your technique on saxophone is gonna be OK, but it goes deeper than that because you'll probably get a terrible sound."

"When I first changed, that was the problem — a horrible wobbling between sounds because the embouchure's quite different. One is with the lip in, the other's lip out. Lip in for the clarinet because it's a much narrower mouthpiece, and the sound is reedy. It's really a classical instrument. All my favourite clarinet players, like Artie Shaw, can play classical too."

"I don't like classical saxophonists much, because they play it like a clarinet, most of them. The saxophone to me has guts and you shouldn't play it like a woodwind. I know the classical saxophonists are trying to do something creatively and artistically, but it's not an area that I like — and, funnily enough, I think the finest jazz players have better sounds. Stan Getz has a beautiful sound with that underneath wideness to it, and so had Johnny Hodges."

Certainly nothing remains of Barbara's clarinet coolth in her tenor, which is hot, broad and attacking. In full cry, she sounds a little like Shepp. It's difficult to reconcile the quiet, contained woman with that snorting saxophone.

"Oh, I often get petrified. What scares me most is if there's no atmosphere. If there is, you can respond to it. I had a nasty one last year in Holland. It was a live broadcast and there wasn't much of an audience there, and I



felt nervous. Well, you've got to have nerves because you can't give a performance if you haven't, that's part of it, but you've got to keep them down. Jon says you're only as good as your last concert."

Like a fair number of the original NJO, she has taken an increasing interest in jazz-rock. "I think we all got into it at the same time. Jazz time started to get a bit restricting, and I'd always loved things with an eight-beat, I felt it had more space to it, and it swung as well. To be honest, jazz time feels old-fashioned to me."

"I can't stand to see kids trying to play like Dexter. Everyone should try to play what they are. If I go and see Dexter or Sonny Rollins, I know what I'm going to hear and I like it, but I'm not going to go and hear a youngster play like that. What I want to do is not of the past, it's of now."

- SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
- Neil Ardley: "Western Reunion" (Decca), "Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe" (Verve), "Greek Variations" (Columbia), "Symphony Of Amaranth" (Regal Zonophone), "Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows" (Gull).
 - Mike Gibbs: "Michael Gibbs" (Dernam).
 - Barbara Thompson: "Paraphernalia" (MCA).

line? How do you know that one man is not fooling you? How do I know when I turn on British TV that it is not a load of lies?

"It is only what you learn from your own experience and what particular vibe you push out to the world and how you vibe on the world or whatever."

"As with music. You can never plan music. People sit down every day trying to plan a hit tune and just succeed with a little foolishness. Creative, spiritual things — you cannot plan them. It has to be like roots. From something else. Something just seeps into you, y'know."

"You know," Rugs takes over, "the minute you talk about getting Africa together people think it's a black power thing and you're getting racist. No-o-o-o, man. God is the creator of everyone. If I can love Richard I must be able to love you. It is not your fault that you have the complexion that you have."

"As long as you sing the same song and move in the same way and praise the same god that is the power. That is why the Chinese is so strong because it is," he amplifies his voice, "ONE GOD. That is why the Japanese is so strong because it is ONE GOD. That is why the English is so strong because," he almost breaks up with laughter, "it is ONE QUEEN!"

"So we must come tight as brothers, man. It is not reggae music alone. It is not disco alone. It is just music, man. And if we have the capability of putting all the music and all the sounds that we can hear together then that is beautiful — different chapters, different poems, different scriptures. It is ONE BOOK. It is the same word."

"But People don't like to hear that."

picato

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BESERKLEY UNITED 1978



from left to right

Royse Ader · Asa Brebner · Dave Carpender · Michael Desmarais
 John Doukas · Robbie Dunbar · Tommy Dunbar · Bruce Irvine
 Greg Kihn · Larry Lynch · Stan Miller · Steve Nelson · Gary Phillips
 Leroy Radcliffe · Jonathan Richman · Jon Rubin · D. Sharpe
 Donn Spindt · Brian Turrington · Sean Tyla · Steve Wright

This, their first album was recorded in five days, one for recording
 one for mixing and three for tuning. Their mission in life is to be happy
 as well as to obtain enormous discount on musical equipment by purchasing in bulk.

THE SPITBALLS : THEIR ALBUM : GET IT NOW

ON THE TOWN

Inventive Zazz unmarred by fab miniskirts

The Rezillos

Merques

In view of the amount of loosely-founded speculation that post-punk bands seem to attract, I'm inclined to approach any idea about The Rezillos "vision" with extreme caution.

It's not their music, nor the way they play it, that's of any real merit; it's all that inverted packaging. Strung between a mass of re-vamped 60's beat music and pop art space cartoon fantasy, they are hovering somewhere in the skyline of 1978.

When the credibility stakes are so often swung by bands consciously avoiding any contrivance in trying to be "that true sounding board of today", it's great to see an act that's so deliberately contrived and still manages to cancel out any pretensions by being so ridiculous.

It's also incongruous that The Rezillos want to be nothing more than a beat group but go to such ludicrous extremes of packaging detail to actually justify it; especially as the early 60's bands that they blatantly emulate, were all doing their best to conform to an overall pattern.

Anyway, The Rezillos' vision, if they have one at all, is certainly not serious, and any more fanciful theorising would automatically undermine their most immediate quality: an undiluted sense of FUN.

The sight of asphyxiated bodies sprawled in the wings or gobbling their way to

incineration, didn't help the band's sense of humour. But stoutly braving the hail of phlegm (poor sods), they were amazingly sympathetic, at one point actually dragging some half-crushed punter out of the crowd and onto the stage.

Visually, they were a knock-out: Faye Fife in orange dayglo, plastic polka-dot two-piece and Eugene Reynolds in slit-eyed shades and leathers, arms cartwheeling out of control share the vocal frontline with no compromises.

Jo Callis, his hair in a wimpy ponytail, played perfect R'n'B guitar, devastating fills and powerchord rhythm; and Simon Templar supplied careering bass lines against Angel's incessant, thrashing drums.

They never dropped the pace, a mistake as they play with so much sensitivity, and build up more than enough crowd control not to limit themselves to an all-out breakfast set.

Of all the numbers, I tended to root for the space odyssey section: "Thunderbirds", "Destination Venus", and the excellent "Flying Saucer Attack" (which anyone remembering "Do The Locomotion" will register as stolen property). Much of the newer material, except "Pink Drink", was over-shadowed by such well-sprung and hard-hitting tunes as "Top Of The Pops".

Exit The Rezillos, after two encores and a show of non-stop style and excellence. They could knock shit out of The Ramones with ten broken strings.

Mark Ellen

Devo

New York

THE MESSAGE came from "The Desk of General Boy", father of Booji Boy, and a top officer in the De-evolution Army.

"Many of you, it read, 'have made light of my son Booji Boy and DEVO... You have made a grave error... The boys have gained hard experience in the field, devolving even the most dangerous pockets of resistance.'"

It would seem to be so. Devo have tightened up.

When they zipped through New York a year ago, playing at Max's, their show was loose and wild. When the band forayed into the audience it wasn't an obligatory gesture but a real frontal attack. The music was sloppier, the show slightly disorganised, but the attitude of the band was far more convincing.

The new Devo show at the Bottom Line is the result of lots of road work and the experience of working with Eno in the studio. It's now orchestrated with military precision, and carefully choreographed.

Everyone plays their part perfectly. It's effectively calculated, but I miss the feeling of being in the company of wild visionaries when anything could happen.

When they first emerged out of Akron, Devo were like a bunch of mad scientists who had just crawled out of the basement laboratory. Now they see themselves as a commando unit, carefully



Faye Fife (of the Rezillos) resolving to avoid pre-gig prune yoghourts in future.

Dennis O'Regan

trained for taking the message of De-evolution to the world.

Devo performed three numbers not on their debut album ("Wiggly World", "Spud Boys" and "Mr. DNA"), and most of the songs on the set except "Space Junk". The show opened with

three films, "Satisfaction", "Come Back Johnny" and their propaganda masterpiece, "The Truth About De-evolution". This features devoid assembly-line drones marching to and from work to the strains of "Jocko Homo", with General Boy exhorting the troops and

Booji Boy pops up to preach the gospel.

These movies are the key to appreciating the band. You can ignore the philosophising and get off on the sheer outrageous absurdity and humour of Devo's vision of our universal pin-headedness.

During "Jocko Homo" a taped interlude interrupts the song while the lights go down, and yet another clip roles (are we not video-freaks?). Then Devo take off their yellow rubber-worker suits and emerge in gym shorts and t-shirts.

Mark Mothersbaugh jumps up and down pointing to his skinny frame while bellowing "Are we not men?" and then waves his hand behind his rear end, singing "the left hand's didding".

Clownish stuff, and it reminds us that while these boys are serious, well heck, they're not that serious.

Of course some people see these films and costume changes and claim Devo are Kiss for intellectuals. But they're wrong.

Messages and rock bands don't usually mix well, but having something to say doesn't necessarily mean having nothing to play. Devo's music is rich in texture (due to Mark's synthesiser and the energetic guitar interplay) and the songs are quirky but often inventive.

And perhaps Devo are right. Perhaps things are falling apart and our true mystics are the ones who meditate to television test patterns.

I better figure out where I put General Boy's address.

Paul Flatta

Imagine the Stranglers backwards... (a compliment)

Throbbing Gristle Cabaret Voltaire Metabolist Robert Rental and The Normal

Cryptic One Club

A youth club under a church. A cramped cellar, lots of arches. The "stage" is 15 feet deep and six feet wide.

Twenty at most of the audience can see it. A few more can see part of it. In a corner lager is being sold for 50 pence a can. The writing on the wall doesn't say "a culture never falls to pieces, it just gives birth", but that's only 'cos I'd forgotten my chalk.

It was hot, crowded, murky, NOISY now and then, silent but mostly decadent.

Minutes before nine, Genesis P. Orridge introduces (one by one, good lad) Throbbing Gristle, and himself as David Brooks. "Bruce Forsyth has nearly finished," he mumbles, his voice treated and blotted. "To-night is family evening.

We usually play for about an hour."

Genesis P. Orridge is the ultimate rock comedian. Throbbing Gristle's set was funny. A remote parody of a rock (or whatever) group seriously performing bleached, blank, carefully-composed junk. A remote parody of anyone from David Coverdale's White Snake to the Tom Robinson Band.

Throbbing Gristle understand rock music's terrible tedium and the thin line between white noise and Thin Lizzy.

T.G. used tapes, guitars, radios, tv's, voices, fingers, rings, a bass, eyes, intensity, a violin, stupidity, gullibility electronics and stimulants to spew up a rotting, decaying noise. A seagull hiccupping and amplified? The Stranglers backwards? As musical as Pere Ubu? Or Yes? No.

Inevitably, when people improvise moments of repeatable sound are attained (unlike a rock gig where the whole thing is stiffly preplanned). Some parts of this T.G. performance would sound good on record. This doesn't mean that they

succeeded or failed; just that they functioned.

Orridge stiffly stalked the space between amps, instruments and walls, blindly strumming a bass, distorting any macho roles, teasing the sense of control, singing nonsense that could have meant something, sawing a violin, and shining a bright light on the dumbfounded, wide-eyed audience. Their response was pride, fear or defiance. It was funny. I didn't laugh out loud. But I smirked.

The ultimate poseur, I thought, is someone who dances to Throbbing Gristle And Throbbing Gristle went on and on... just like a rock group.

Metabolist were the most self consciously avant garde unit of the night. The four members were covered in hair and frowned a lot. They beated and burped, the sound of Stockhausen or the grunting of Gong. For the first time that evening people clapped, but only barely.

At times they reminded me of an electric Ovary Lodge, despite not having a pianist. They fiddled about for a very long time. Such complexities weren't right in this



Rob Hall

Genesis P. Orridge thinking of getting into pre-gig prune yoghourts

environment. No one could concentrate, which is probably why they clapped. But only barely.

Music between the acts was Thomas Leer, the Banshees, Scritti Politti, Prag vec...

Robert Rental (whose "Paralysis" single is soon to be released on the new Company label, along with Thomas Leer's "Private Plane") classic — the two are not, incidentally, forming a

group with Liz Farrow, all three are to stick to solo stuff) and Daniel (who is The Normal) eventually "popped" up "on stage". Daniel bowed over a tape/keyboards playkit. Robert, looking endearingly confused, twiddled knobs and sang gently. The sound they made was sort of angry Edgar Froese, which is no bad thing. It was fast, poppy, pulsing and only occasionally messy. It wasn't soppy cosmic, it was brisk fun. The Rental-Normal combination should record, and probably will.

Cabaret Voltaire, a trio, came on last. Despite the fact they've yet to expand and extend their sound from the early days, they are an extremely seductive electronic pop group. All this rubbish you've read about them being difficult and disconcerting should be forgotten. They remain faithful to the notions of "set" and "accessibility". They are very disciplined and contrived. Almost a next year's thing.

Andrew Lauder didn't turn up. Everyone departed, smiling into the misty night.

If you weren't there, you were somewhere else.

Paul Morley

DAVID JOHANSEN

ISN'T PLAYING WITH DOLLS ANYMORE...



Three years after the demise of the New York Dolls, David Johansen has formed his own band and they have released a devastating album. Johansen may have shed his tinsel trappings, but his voice and presence are more powerful than ever, and the 'David Johansen' Lp. is the definitive New York sound, capturing the menace, speed and breadth of the city. 'David Johansen' is essential listening for any true lover of rock and roll.

...the David Johansen Band are playing 5 dates in the U.K.

Nov
18th Barbarella's, Birmingham
21st THE VENUE, LONDON
23rd The Limit Club, Sheffield
24th Erics Club, Liverpool
25th The Mayflower, Manchester

Jerry Lee Lewis Duane Eddy

Margate

When a promoter carts a journalist and photographer off to the opening night of a European tour he obviously wants to go, a suitably rave review published in time to help promote the remaining British shows.

To tout up this plan I'd have to say Jerry Lee was terrible. Duane was hopeless and the whole trip was a total disaster. Alas, my smash-the-system credibility rating plummeted to zero yet again. I have to report that The Killer was typically magnificent and Duane twanged his thang sufficiently well to please his fans.

It'd be unfair to say much more about Duane. He'd only met his British pick-up band a few hours before the gig, so his act was more a public rehearsal than a polished performance. Still, his guitar records and he played most of what was expected of him: "Movin' n' Groovin'", "The Lonely One", "Peter Gunn", "Shame", and so on.

Jerry Lee doesn't rehearse. A truly unique stylist with a repertoire of hundreds of songs, he strolls on stage when he's good 'n' ready, and takes off into whatever number he feels like playing. Every one of his shows is different. Every performance of a song, no matter how often played, is also different. Back in the 60s his unpredictability caused several minor heart attacks among local musicians who accompanied him on European tours. But for eight years he has been bringing the present version of which is the best he's ever had.

Led by Kenneth Lovelace (guitar, fiddle, vocal) who's been with Jerry for 13 years, and including David Mayfield (guitar, vocal), Joel Shumaker (bass) and Ronald Norwood (drums), they preceded the country-rock featuring Lovelace and Mayfield, before providing a remarkably tight groove for Jerry.

There were numbers that slipped up in both Jerry's sets: a medley of his last two American hits "Middle-Aged Man" and "I'll Find It Where I Can" (performed standing, without piano accompaniment), slightly different but equally exciting versions of "What'd I Say", "Country Boy", "Boogie Woogie", "Me And My Girl", "You Win Again", "You Win Again", "Heart", "Your length the second", and "Balls Of Fire" and "Gimme Gimme Gimme", which rocked into "You Can Have Her" on the first show and "Sweet Man" on the second.

There was also one all-action, piano-pounding, rave-up in each set: "Just Because" and "Johnny B. Goode" were hammered out with a mind-numbing ferocity that'd have Steinway spinning in his grave.

It's now 22 years since Jerry emerged from the backwoods to make himself a legend and his man once he gets close to the hour he gets going. He knows he's become more popular. Whereas he'd opened the first set with the high-powered "Mean Woman Blues" and also treated the rockers in the audience to "Drinking Wine" and "Spo-Dee-O-Dee", around he began with "No Head-None On My Grave" and played five of his country hits. But he doesn't differentiate between Rock and Country: it's all just Jerry Lee Lewis Music to him. He answers to

no-one but himself and I've yet to see him play a duff gig. The King? No question. **Cliff White**

John Martyn

LSE

You don't need me at all — you know what happened, what will happen. John Martyn etc. is another solo tour of the college circuit. It's sold out of course, not much point in many members of the general public turning up.

Greatest hits and everybody squeals and diddle-doddles their necks like Sabbath-beasties at a punctuated (punctured) by the sea-miel self-deprecating, cloying, dope-joviality and everybody relaxes except me. Martyn croaks and slurs and I like it (at home).

But isn't it just the same tour of the college circuit it's always been? Perhaps he plays the same songs as last time. Perhaps the same people turn up. He gives the same dope what they want, and they give him perhaps what he wants.

John Martyn relaxes even further and moves away from the courage of earlier work. His songs are likeable but frequently bland, wholly inadequate with the guitar, which is as pleasing as ever it would be suspicious of the noises he makes. But he plays an acoustic guitar so it's more than cool.

But Martyn moves further from Tim Buckley and closer to Alan Hull. It's no longer "music", more an institution within an institution. Not that "music" necessarily has to be rigorously demanding (whatever that is).

At the moment John Martyn seems to be operating within a set of set relaxation: a stop-band, or stop singing straight. Either way let's hear some prickly improvisation.

Ian Penman

The Idols

Gingwells

Six hardworking months have passed since The Idols first came onto the London club-circuit. They have clocked up a respectable garage, progressing from current anonymity to their good-time local band in West London.

Primarily a rock dance group they've evolved a live repertoire of 15 self-penned songs and now attract a reasonable following.

Opening with a thrash called "Wouldn't Dare", they turned the small stomping of at London's Dingwells into a long-range's nest of savortig ph-mme, I was leather and drum-meat.

Coming on brash loud and fast their strongest qualities were barely discernible over the tinpot comb n' paper buzz of their makeshift PA. They ain't virtuosos, but Wolf Marlander's high-calibre drumming and the competent keyboard melange of guitar, keyboards and bass ensured that their initial G-Force was maintained throughout the set.

The Idols also revealed an above-average song-writing ability. "Johnny Don't Deliver", "Circle Of Fame" and "King Of The Dab" — with its nod toward Akkai — style range — are arguably their best five songs and would wear well on wax, given the necessary technology and polish.

Overall it was a sharp performance. The few were happy and calories were shed. In a good night The Idols can play rock on a razorblade.

Rick Joseph

SKY 82335

Jerry Lee describing the effects of prune yoghurt.



LEST WE FORGET ..

Two-fisted veterans burnish their medals

Alex Harvey

The Venue

Alex Harvey's last appearance since the demise of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band was a one-off at The Palladium in March featuring a new band with string and brass section, pipers, Highland drummers and dancing girls.

For Alex it was a bid for re-admission into rock music; a glimpse for the press of this ham-fisted mishmash and it was knocking time.

Eight months later, without a record contract but as ambitious as ever, he returns again to play six more "big comeback" gigs with a show so confusing and consistently weird that I had to see it twice before it made sense.

Predictably, his musical direction has been drastically overhauled. There are no gimmicks, no massed ranks of extras, just a five-piece band and Alex, for once, completely alone as the focal point.

Without any equally assertive sidekicks it was less like his late rock theatre and more like a cabaret act, strangely suited to the dilapidated confines of The Venue which reeks of apathy and penicillins.

Alex, as master of ceremonies, prowled across its small stage, guitar slung across his back, haranguing the crowd and conducting the band through the most unlikely sequence of numbers imaginable.

They opened with "9 to 5", sections of jazz/rock instrumental cut with a military drumbeat and a dirge-like Victorian lyric about The Chempickers regiment sung in deliberately strained, emotional tones.

Next came another strange and unexplained saga called "The Mafia Stole My Guitar", and a sonorous sea-shanty "Back In The Depot", in which Alex, over various melodramatic rhythm changes, recalled being

shipwrecked off the Gulf of Finland when one of his crew had diluted the shark-repellent. (I said weird...)

Recent Harvey discovery, 17-year-old guitarist Matthew Cang, gave his echo chamber an airing in a spacey version of "Shakin' All Over", while the always unpredictable frontman hunched himself over the mike and addressed the almost confidential vocals to the Glasgow mob up front. Frankie Vaughan's "Tower Of Strength" created mayhem, but relative peace was restored by a slow jazz/rock interlude written by the band's exceptionally talented saxist Don Weller.

With a manic grin Alex leapt back for the swing classic "Just A Gigolo", and then launched into a Satchmo-style scat vocal version of "I Ain't Got Nobody". (When I said cabaret...)

He finally bowed out with the incongruous duo of "Will

You Be There Tomorrow", a winding mood piece slanging whale hunters; and the obligatory "Framed", which he sang with a stocking stuffed in his gob as he leaped about like a demented gibbon. Considering the bulk of "big name" rock musicians who play it safe with the same old garbage year after year, I admire the risks he takes and his ludicrous wit and imagination.

Mark Ellen

Smokey Robinson

Palladium

It's been a good year for living legends.

Randy Newman, Bob Dylan, Ornette Coleman, Etta James, Dizzy Gillespie, BB King have all glided over here this year, and acquitted themselves well. You can now add Smokey Robinson to the list; though despite some beautiful moments his Monday night show was a little disappointing.

One reason for this was the cold luxury of the Palladium, with its strict "no dancing" rule; another was the silly Show Biz hools which accompanied the set, from the horribly corny announcer to Smokey's laughable pretence of taking requests from the audience.

"The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage!" The people behind me bellowed. "Ah yes, I heard that," said Smokey, looking straight at them. "Vitamin U."

Strangest of all was Smokey's lack of charisma. Looking inappropriately macho in a (smokey?) grey leather jumpsuit, he spent most of the evening at a slight crouch, elbows in ribs, as if he had acute stomach-ache. Apart from Van Morrison, I've never seen anyone look so stiff and uncomfortable on stage.

Fortunately, his voice remains absolutely gorgeous, and he's still writing lovely songs. The highpoint of the evening was his beautiful version of "Daylight And Darkness", from his latest "Love Breeze" album, which also featured some wonderfully sympathetic

THE AGE PAGE

guitar from the great Marv Tarplin.

There was also a nice, breathy "Baby That's Backatcha", an extended "Quiet Storm" with fine flute and keyboards, and a spirited "Baby Come Close" to finish with.

The oldies section missed out most of my favourites, but there was a comic doo-wop interlude, with Smokey doing the bass voice as well as all the others; and - surprise - a lively "Mickey's Monkey", preceded by the story of how Smokey heard Lamont Dozier composing it.

"He said, 'lundi lundi li'. I said, 'What does it mean?' He said, 'I don't know yet.' I said, 'Well, how do you spell it?' He said, 'I don't know yet.'"

At the end, the theatre emptied quickly and there was no encore. An odd anticlimax to an evening which had been curiously patchy. It was Smokey Robinson, so it couldn't have been bad. But it was Smokey Robinson, so why was there only intermittent magic?

Graham Lock

Graph

Sheffield

Graph are one of the more inventive trios currently working in Sheffield, showing in their own way at least as much promise as Cabaret Voltaire (with whom they share tonight's bill) and The Human League but with completely different musical intentions.

Until recently their work was in two quite separate fields: in the first place there was spontaneous improvisation, which led in turn to the construction of pieces from combinations uncovered in improvisation - a process similar to that used by This Heat but in Graph's case resulting in the production of songs which, despite an unsettling quirkiness, are most definitely pop.

Unlike other local drummerless trios Graph make no attempt to compensate by substituting drum-machine for drum-kit, but dispense altogether with percussive elements, allowing the music to roll and flow, free of mekanik rhythmic hammer-locks.

They did at one time use a drummer, who for reasons of incompatibility and an interest in visual rather than

musical imagery now controls the cine/slide backdrop which towers 20 or 30 feet above the band.

He presents disconcerting, vertigo-inducing speeded-up scenes filmed from cars, negative fragments of the band, constantly-changing geometrical compositions - the whole more alienating than aleatory, and carried out with considerable professional panache for such a poverty-stricken bunch.

Musically, it's an odd, engaging concoction of Ian Elliott's (controlled) fuzzy guitar distortion, held down by Ian Burden's bass parts (played on ordinary six-string guitar), punctuated and coloured by squeaks and textures from Martin Rootes' Tesco organ and ad hoc collection of boxes, batteries and wires.

Tonight's gig sees them combining the solid song structures of "Life In The Mono" and "Modern Petrol" with their former improvisatory inclinations in an exercise of reassessment which places the improvisation within the structure rather than distinctly separate from them.

It's a brave move, heard to best effect on the opener "Adverts" (and neatly congruent with lyrics like "The adverts are your music, you learn to whistle by rote"), although Graph themselves would probably be the first to admit that they're not yet letting the improvisation alter the structure as much as they could - the two elements aren't yet fused to best effect.

But there are ideas, there is strength and promise in abundance, and in Elliott they have a singer with the ability to charge (what would be loosely described as) "new music" songs with a sharp human edge generally absent in the cold, rational climes of the genre.

Reminiscent in places of The Only Ones' Peter Perrett - and even, to stretch a comparison, Leonard Cohen - Elliott's nonethless not adverse to the occasional emotional outburst and has been known to get almost as out of control onstage as he usually is off.

This can be quite disturbing. But these are disturbing times, after all, and who needs placeboes anyway? (Answers on coloured vinyl only, please.)

Andy GIN



Alex Harvey demonstrates sales technique used by Nonconformist prune yoghurt salesmen.



The man who invented you-know-what Smokey Robinson.

Their Sultanic Majesties

Dire Straits

Bradford

Dire Straits will be calling the shots soon and, for what it's worth, I'd endorse them into eternity.

The audience at Bradford University will know what I mean, because the band's performance there was not just a concert. It was a celebration of rock and roll as an *Art Form* rather than as just another medium of cheap stimuli.

Mark Knopfler, vocalist and lead guitarist, is the man without whom none of this would have been possible. Ex-teacher, ex-journalist Knopfler is not just another 'major talent': a genius.

As a composer, he is utterly poetic. His lyrics have humour, and great poignancy, expressed by a sultry, deep-but-warm heartfelt delivery often resembling Dylan's in its story-telling quality.

"Down To The Waterline" commenced the show, and through Knopfler's ingeniously lifted vocal passages and lyrical guitar soloing, Dire Straits went on to give their all — and more.

Knopfler's pre-eminence as composer and musical architect is readily acknowledged by the other players. They act almost deferentially towards him, as though they too get a buzz from his inspirational properties. But they're not appendages: his brother, rhythm guitarist David, bassist John Illsley and drummer Pick Withers have equal shares in the band's corporate vision, and Knopfler owes a lot to their calm empathy.

The cool, clear mix contributed to the atmosphere

crafted by Knopfler's note-perfect and beautifully-toned guitar. "In The Gallery", his most emotional song (about an artist who never got the breaks "in London and in Leeds") exemplified the band's supreme sense of rhythm: a half-caste reggae beat followed by up-tempoing which worked so well it was scarcely recognisable. (This number had Knopfler sounding a little Beefheart, just as on "Water Of Love" and elsewhere he sounded like J. J. Cale on overdrive).

One gropes for meaningful, accurate adjectives, but descriptions like 'economical, glorious, elegant funk' are the only ones which come close to defining Knopfler's total mastery of his guitar and of his Art. He knows the instrument inside out: the technique is timeless, effortless and unhurried.

"Southbound Again", similar in pace and narrative to "Sultans Of Swing", emphasised that the band have an excellent repertoire that will win over the casual punter everywhere they go. They're one of those rare bands which would make it just through word of mouth tip-offs without the media eulogies.

And they didn't play "Sultans" as a big deal. It hadn't been called for previously, mostly because everyone was just too distracted by the excellence of each and every number. It was just the icing on the cake, a feather for their caps.

A modest, unassuming band, they returned for a couple of encores but in terms of superiority they had done enough long before.

Truly, Dire Straits are in a different class.

Emma Ruth



Dire Straits' MARK KNOPFLER: His Royal Highness rules, OK
... Pic: TIM ROBERTS

The Venigmas

Glasgow

More innocents abroad in the twilight world of rock.

The Venigmas (a contraction of Vain-Enigmas) are a young band, 16-19, with more talent than is probably good for them. The music press will have little to do with their success; they will never be fashionable. But there's a vast punk-sick audience somewhere waiting: an audience which never reads the music papers.

They've been together six months and already have 24 songs... often sound like Be Bop Deluxe but claim to have more interest in

Tamla/Stax/Bowie. Aside from their non-experimental sound, very good but not startling to a radical progressive like myself, I can only criticise the often excruciating lyrics ("Can I leave my mind in the back of your car?" — straight off "Nuggets") and an over-reliance on a slow/fast two-part song formula.

If they can break habits and

keep improving at their present rate they'll be rich and famous soon. It will be ironic if the most successful post-Pistols young band are neither punks nor computer technicians.

Glenn Gibson

Slade

Music Machine

Hitless for so long, I feared Slade would surely be parody or travesty, caricature Rude Boys en route for Batley Variety Club.

Not this century. Noddy Holder's voice could separate scampi from breadcrumbs at a hundred paces and apart from the odd *bon mot* — "Jim and I were sitting on the banks of the Mississippi, watching the turds float by" — the smut count was low.

Starting with Alvin Lee's "Heer Me Calling", Slade gave a totally authoritative display of rock 'n' roll rifferama. "Coz I Luv You" and "Merry Christmas Everybody", two of their biggest hits, were surprisingly omitted but we got most of the rest. (They'd be listed here if I could remember how to mis-spell them.)

Whether on the quintessentially Wolverhampton wistfulness of "Everyday" or the shotgun marriage of "That's All Right Mama" and "My Baby Left Me", the Slade stamp is unmistakable. A more objective producer than longtime svengali Chas Chandler might be the catalyst to channel this individuality into new areas.

Jimmy Lea is probably the best musician and gets solo spots on bass and fiddle, proving more entertaining on

the letter. But Slade are a unit, with Lea providing the fluid, melodic element just as John Entwistle does with the Who.

The crash-bang-wallopp element comes courtesy of Don Powell, the John Snow of the kit.

Slade already make Sham

69 look extremely silly. With a

hit single and album they'd

leave most mainstream

rockers so far down the field

you'd have to pump air into

'em.

Harry George

Local Operator

Windsor Castle

Resurfacing after much studious rehearsal time, roots/rock merchant Jo Broadberry is treading the boards again with this his sharpest outfit to date.

His new four-piece, Local Operator, play with enough 'white reggae' to draw you in, enough rock to knock you out, and enough drive to keep you in perpetual motion.

They have the rare insight not to overfill reggae rhythms but keep them fast, economical and fiendishly tight, with Geoff Cooper supplying smooth and excessively tasty guitar solos.

Broadberry makes a strangely engaging frontman, his movements fairly minimal and his vocals as expressive and unassuming as his frayed check suit.

They pace out the set perfectly with occasional R'n'B, like the excellent "Backroom Boys", steer very clear of any obvious influences and guarantee to spring-clean the lugholes for the price of a pint. Well worth a visit.

Mark Ellen

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CLINTON

From page 6

LET'S take it to the stage. to the P-Funk Anti-Tour 78. Last time they were in this neck of the woods they toured as Parliament and played Madison Square Garden with Funkenstein. Mothership, multifarious props and effects, the full caravan of crazies in all their excessive glory.

This trip is something else again. Anti-tour, ya dig? The other side of reality. A little touch of the Stones' recent "anonymous" tour around the backside of America. No auditions, no publicity, no glamour, just a sneaky slide through the flea-bit theatres in unlikely places like New York's Palladium (as different to London's Palladium as funk is to disco) and a similar joint somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey. What's the name of this town?

No, they don't need to do it. They're travelling as Funkadelic and The Brides Of Funkenstein, and Funkadelic happen to have the hottest R&B disc in the nation right now. Could easily be Madison Square Garden all over again if they wanted it that way. But it seemed like a better idea to go the other route. Take it back to the streets, back to the people.

Two gigs rolled into one in a blur of funk and fun and foolishness and mass hypnosis. Not to mention "erb and other more heady concoctions. Gadzooks, stay 'way from this show if your mumma wants to see you toe the straight and narrow line to normality. It's like 1968 all over again, only coming from a whole 'nother direction. Out of new black America.

Interesting thing, the skeleton of the show(s) is right on down the line from way back when. A flash of history in the vaudeville, package show format, like a distorted peek at Harkin's Apollo theatre anytime from the '30s to yesterday, only now the show is three hours long and there are only three divisions: opening act. The Brides Of Funkenstein; comedian, James

Wesley Jackson; main attraction, FUNK-A-DELIC.

Backed by an augmented core of The Rubber Band (no Bootsy or bro), the two Brides come across as the nearest thing on the show to regular modern black entertainment, except that they're no straight sequined dolls but more like a parody of the same. Or a real gone-out-to-lunch extension of the same. Ya just don't get groovastic jivings like "Disco To Go" or slinky come-ons like "Vanish In Our Sleep" from ya average girlie group.

Jackson is billed as an environmentalist — a funk comedian. Don't know what it means but his deadpan delivered observations of human idiosyncracies are funny enough to cover the rapid replugging and suchlike going on behind him. He's got an original way with a juice herb, successfully gets opposing halves of the theatre chanting "Loose Booty — Loose Butt" and had the house falling about with his moon-walk routine, incorporating the ritual smoking of the first moon joint. Still in slow motion, he pledged allegiance to Funkadelic and introduced.

Military drumming, marching figures in urban guerrilla gear, a stage full of khaki-clad funksters pledging allegiance to the Funkadelic flag. Tension builds, all hands fall in line — BAM! — "TUNK, GETTING READY TO ROLL, Funk Getting Ready To Roll."

Pandemonium in the front stalls. From the back, a view across a sea of swaying and — goodness — pogoing bodies and thrusting arms. Co-lead guitarist Gary Shider is fronting the mob at this stage, the only loony in evidence, balanced on stacked boots and swathed in a yellow diaper. Behind him a solid army of singers and musicians pulse and chant the responses to his key phrases, each leading into the next, once the

audience is fully involved in the former: "I Got A Thing, You Got A Thing" (Everybody's Got A Thing!) "If You Ain't Gonna Get It On) Take Your Dead Ass Home" (Shit, Goddam) Get Off Your Ass and Jam" and jam... and jam... and ease on into "Cosmic Slop", featuring Shider and Michael Hampton, two cosmic guitarists who take it all the way up to a whole 'nother stage. As the last of their licks echo round the space between three thousand pairs of ears, enter...

Star Child... eeeeeeyyyyhh. George Clinton, a willow, zany, berserker, long blonde wig, jerking torso, flailing arms driving the band to an even deeper groove and drawing forth the resonant bass booming of Raymond Davis: "Tear The Roof Off The Sucker, Tear The Roof Off The Muthusucker, Tear The Roof Off The Sucker!"

And so it goes... on 'n' up 'n' down 'n' ebb 'n' flow 'n' on 'n' on for the best part of two and a half hours, like endless screwing in a vibrating vat of honey-coated space-dust. Not that I ever have y'understand, but still.

As we swayed and chanted through such anthems as "One Nation Under A Groove" and "Motherhood Connection" and "Flashlight" and boogied hard to "Red Hot Mama" and "Standing On The Verge Of Getting It On" and slumped a-ga-ga-a-ga-ga to the guitaristic provocations within "Maggot Brain", two recommendations kept coming back to me for all you funksters out there, waiting on the December invasion force.

1) Far be it from me to suggest anything illegal in the pages of NME but if you attend a Funkadelic gig stone cold sober you're gonna be missing something extraordinary.

2) Unless you've got polystyrene ears, stand well back, my friend, well back. They're LOUD. They're also mind-bending.

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Going by last week's issue one detects the beginning of the Clash backlash those longtime readers of the *NME* have been anticipating for weeks. I'm thinking here of both the Roxy review and the piece in the Book Of Modern Music, the latter of which, to judge by its barely suppressed verbal acidity, was almost certainly penned by the delightful Ms. Burchill (wrong — CSM).

That such an event would have occurred sooner or later is understandable when one considers the embarrassing wealth of well-meant accolades the unfortunate band have had heaped on their collective heads since their inception, praise which for the most part consisted of gross misunderstandings of what the Clash are about mixed in with ridiculous claims made for them by politically naive writers. Those anthems have just about managed to halt at the edges of I have seen the future of rock'n'roll, but the almost evangelical 'I want to testify' tirade of that Bangs article last year and the equally over the top garishness of the Chris S. thing during the summer would have been practical death blows to any other band. As a matter of fact that latter piece representing as it did in its 1st paragraph the idea of Strummer and Co. as an angelic spearhead of the second coming ('Powers of light and darkness', remember?) was enough to force the discerning punk to take a plunge for the supposed satanism of his elder brother's Black Sabbath records.

Well, that's one reason that can be ascribed for what should be a fairly severe journalistic battering over the next few months if previous experience is anything to go by, but another cause which I'm sure more than a few other readers will have noticed and found much more disturbing is to be found in a new trend. This is the appearance of a breed of 'critics' (Jesus!) who not only dislike and look down on rock'n'roll but are also so candidly unashamed by such feelings that proclaim them as virtues. The Parsons-Burchill wing of this

movement, with their obituaries for rock'n'roll represent one end of it and are the most blatantly hypocritical (God almighty!) Burchill has the cheek to talk about the Clash's supposed 'attitude dancing'. I was always under the impression that Julie Burchill wasn't a person at all but a position one adopted to protect one's ego when one lost an argument) while on the other side we have the more 'subtle' (I'm sure they would be delighted by that word) pseudo-cerebral snobbery of the Paul Morleys and Graham Locks of this world with their collections of Stockhausen, Cage, etc. and their penchants for writing self-important, self-analytical, self-pitying drivel e.g. last paragraph of that Darkness piece a couple of weeks ago.

In what other field of entertainment writing would you come across pieces by people who claim to have absolutely no interest and quite openly despise the subject they are paid to talk about? If one was paranoid about it, it would be easy to come to the conclusion that all these people are well into middle age and want to wean everybody off this decadent morose non-music (all these people are younger than I am — CSM).

The Clash are a rock'n'roll band and very little else as somebody once pointed out and this being the case it's probably foolish of me to expect people 'who come to bury rock'n'roll' to either understand or like them. It's just great that eventually one gets annoyed about the deceptive and hugely influential rubbish that is trotted out for us, either to swallow or else be accused of lacking 'cool'.

As for the charges at the band having sold out, diluted their revolutionary ideals — well when you go to the music, which is the essential acid test despite what's said in interviews or publicity, it's very difficult to see where the notions of lost sainthood arise. There was never any of the phony morality or rebel rousing which makes Tom Robinson unlistenable in those garbled nihilistic lyrics. The subjects they dealt with

were the eternal subjects of rock'n'roll, filtered through the added burdens the Seventies has whacked onto the top of the post war teenage angst. The dude in 'What's My Name' is the same kid who complained twenty years earlier about the summer-time blues, someone who couldn't get any satisfaction in '65, who had 'one more year with nothing to do' in '69, and who complained and went for kids in Dolls and Mori songs earlier this decade. Rock'n'roll has kept on being put in the hearse since Autumn '55.

Hey Tony, Julie, Paul, do you remember the name of the first undertaker? G. HAYES, no address given. Hmmm. We seem to have two specific and different points under discussion, G. one of which is the Clashback and the other is the death/birth/death of Rock As We Know It, etc. What intrigues me about the New Rock (14th in a series) is the extent to which rock can mutate without ceasing to be rock. Comments, please — CSM.

If Ian Penman reckons Harlesden's got heavy industry (longest employer — McVities Biscuits) then it's no wonder he can't recognise a 'heavy manners street band' when he's paid to see them. A HARLESDEN ONE EYED SNAKE

There are no streets where Ian Penman comes from. — CSM

YOU HAVEN'T
HAD ONE OF
THESE LETTERS
FOR AGES,
HAVE YOU?

If Siouxsie's wearing Mick Green's old boots and panties then this must be ...

NOSTALGIBAG

(introducing the Sham backlash and lotsa dumb jokes ...)

How come in your great (?) paper Sham always get good write-ups? Sham are a sham. I was disgusted at Jimmy Pursey dedicating a number to the bouncers at the Edinburgh concert (Nov 1) for being so good. Before the concert the bouncers were told just to kick us in if we dared doing anything like pogo. Although they finally gave in, my mate was beforehand dragged down a flight of stairs by the hair and I was sent flying over numerous seats for standing up, and then after the concert I got hit by a beer can on the head thrown by a bouncer. Later Jimmy Pursey went on to say how he thinks it's terrible that fans get ripped off by other groups. The Sham concert lasted 55 minutes, the shortest concert I've been to, and we never got backstage. This was the first concert I've been to that I never got backstage to, so much for Jimmy the hero. And if you do read the papers like you say you do Jimmy, I hope you read this and don't bother trying to bring down 'Stiff Little Fingers' at least they're not hypocrites. No, the kids ain't all right. Sham, you're a sham. ONE FEMALE EX-SHAM FAN, Edinburgh. Okay, cue Sham backlash starting ... now! — CSM

Regarding the reported cancellation of a Tom Robinson Band gig for Amnesty at Cambridge Corn Exchange (*NME* November 11th 1978): I feel that it is unreasonable to ask T.R.B. to play more than approximately thirty dates without a reasonable break. As T.R.B. were scheduled for a tour of the USA to commence in mid-October (which was subsequently postponed for a series of different reasons), I was faced with the problem of servicing the British Isles demand for T.R.B. gigs with a mere thirty day period to work around. Are you aware of how many promoters want to book T.R.B.7 if I was to count up the total it would run into hundreds not tens. The dates which Stephen Bell had at the Cambridge Corn Exchange clashed with dates in other parts of the country which the band had not played for over a year.

The most notable case being the dates available in Ireland, where T.R.B. had never played, whilst Cambridge is one of the few towns where T.R.B. had already played in 1978.

Stephen Bell did not have a verbal agreement, he had merely made an offer which was turned down because of the logistic impossibility of doing the date.

Tosay that T.R.B. will not appear for less than £1500.00 is ludicrous. Consider the following cases of T.R.B. gigs that took place last month:

Reading: capacity 750, ticket price £1.80; Essex: capacity 900, ticket price £1.50; Warwick: capacity 1500, ticket price £1.00.

If you multiply capacity by ticket price and deduct VAT, cost of support band, posters, press ads, ticket printing, staffing, cleaners, electricians, refreshments etc., etc., then you don't have to have an honours degree in maths to see that none of these gigs could pay remotely near £1500.00. I am fully aware that the capacity at the Cambridge Corn Exchange is only 900 persons and that with a top ticket price of £2.00 (which we stipulate for all the venues other than major concerts) there is no way he could have paid £1500.00 either.

In conclusion I would respectfully suggest Stephen Bell knows a lot about shooting his mouth off, but very little about the mechanics about getting a rock band on the road. Far be it for me to judge whether T.R.B. (or myself for that matter) have 'sold out', however, there are a lot of people and organisations who I would justifiably accuse of 'buying in'.

BOB SALMONS, International Talent Booking, London W1. Spoken like a liberal and a gentleman, sir — CSM. I've just read your article headed 'PUNK' in the *NME* Book Of Modern Music, and God, you know how to depress people, don't you. If anyone tries to start anything with the energy and direction of early punk, the press will just put it down as a revival and kill off any hope of original music. So you younger people may as well give up hope now and go and listen to the Bee Gees on Peter Powell's show, because everything ends up like that anyway, doesn't it? I can just imagine J. Lydon singing 'Staying Alive'. A FEMALE WELL WISHER WHO HAS ALREADY HAD ONE LETTER IN *NME*. God, aren't we nostalgic this week. — CSM

What happened to the good old days of the Roxy and the Vortex when you could go and see Buzzcocks, Pistols, Clash and X-Ray Spex all for around £1.50 and pogo to your hearts content?

Not any more, those days have long gone. £2.50 sees you at the Hammersmith Odeon watching your fave band namely the Buzzcocks. Oh yeah, they played a great set but ... it's all been blown out of proportion.

Once upon a time I could actually speak to Pete Shelley. Not any more. From where us lot were standing I could have screamed and I still wouldn't have been heard.

Is this all the thanks us loyal fans get? I came away from the Odeon very disillusioned. I'm not blaming the Buzzcocks, it's happening to loads of other bands. Oh well I suppose I was naive enough to think it could go any other way.

I still believe in the Fall. Banshees, Penetration and the Buzzcocks, but for how long? I don't wanna bitch but someone once said punk was about watching a band for about 50p with about 50 other punks. So what's went wrong eh? Or more to the point does anyone care? ANNA (who actually does live in the Real World), Bromley.

The good old days are good because they're gone ... LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III. I'd just like to thank the 'Be Stiff' tour for an excellent evening's entertainment at Dundee University and pose a question at the same time — how did Dave Robinson get all those old stars out of retirement?

Surely you weren't taken in by the rising young stars' play — anyone could spot the old phonies with new names and trendy images. 'Wreckless Eric' indeed! Why, I remember him as Norman Wisdom, without the Engineers hat but with something similar. And Lonnie Donegan — if you're supposed to be making a comeback, why tour and record as Mickey Jupp? The same applies to Russ Conway, alias Jons Lewis.

As for the girls (sic), well Lene Lovich sure ain't from Budapest — try Neasden. As Sandie Shaw she went barefoot and won a Eurovision Song Contest. Mind you, her sax playing has improved.

Last but not least there's L'il ol' Rachel Sweet, Mickey Rooney Protegee from Akron, Ohio. I'm sure I'm not the only one to notice that she actually was Mickey Rooney with a re-spray, falsies and a wig.

So on to planning for next year's tour. You can expect to see in order of merit:

Bobby Crush, Petula Clark, Ringo Starr, Perez Prado, Bert Weedon, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich and token American act Barry McGuire, posing as America's John Cooper-Clarke and playing a version of the Dickies' 'Eve Of Destruction'. Howabout a picture of Russ Conway, anyway.

THE DUMMY BIG YOUTH, Dummy Kingston.

Thank you — CSM

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY on the receiving end at THE BAG, *NME*, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

WE know this is a horrible way of launching this week's edition of the rock world's most prim and sedate gossip column, but the assembled sickos at T-Zerz Central couldn't resist it. Q: what has eight legs and gets accused of killing his girlfriend? A: Squid Vicious.

This alleged joke, which is in very poor taste (now we've told it we can afford to get sanctimonious) is currently rife in New York circles, as are Punk Rock (whatever that is) exploitation movie scenarios, upcoming exploitation paperbacks and other paraphernalia spinning off from the file, times and tribulations of The World's Most Unforgotten Boy, who at the last count had been released from Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital into his mum's custody. Word hath it that Malcolm McLaren (gozerer seen making a funny leg in the big picture) is trying to set up a deal whereby Sid can record with Jerry Nolan (ex-Dolls, ex-Heartbreakers, ex-heroin) and Steve Dior of The Idols, plus John Lydon has expressed interest in helping out his ex-colleague if he can do so without running into Legs McLaren again...

Bad news for all you onanists out there (look it up, you ifiterate wankers): Chris Stein, head honcho of Blondie and constant companion of Debbie Doo herself, wants the band to cut down on its constant touring, and the New York scam network suggests that this could cause another line-up reshuffle. Bassist Nigel Harrison could well reunite with his former Silverhead teammate Michael Des Barres in some sort of venture with slimmed-down so-much-more-lovable-now-there's-less-of-him-to-love Steve Jones, who is currently engaged in so many different exhausting activities that it's no wonder that his recent companion Zsa Zsa Gabor is reduced to clipping diamond earrings onto her pet rabbits.

How's this for sheer unadulterated suffering: Grace Slick was put on two years' probation for being publicly drunk while being on probation. The judge warned her that she could be jailed if she drank alcohol during that period, ordered her to attend meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous and not to leave the state of California. So you think it's fun being a legend? How'd you feel if you had to stay in California for two years and you weren't even allowed to get pissed?

Right. Enough of this foolishness, here's David Bowie delivering a consumer's guide to standard questions on Capital Radio last week in a syndicated American interview with dynamic US DJ Sonny Fox. Among the Thin White Duck's more outrageous offerings: "I used the Thin White Duke at one time" (Victoria station, Nazism, etc.) "which unfortunately backfired a bit in England, when I tried — as usual to show what could happen. In some ways it did some good because, for the first time, it brought to the fore that the National Front are a fascist party. Until then the National Front were nice and polite." Sure, Dave — unless you happened to be black, Asian, Jewish, etc., etc.

"I've always thought that an artist should be apolitical", continued Mrs Jones' little boy (excuse me, Dave, there's a Mr Strummer on the line) "and if there are any aspects that he doesn't agree with, he should caricature them. That's what I've always tried to do." Eh, there's nowt as queer as folks, even though D.B. did opine that he considered fascism to be "an idiot's dream." He also discussed his

T-ZERZ

TAKES ITS TROUSERS OFF AND MAKES A FEW PHONE CALLS



"Sid? This is Malcolm — what the hell have you done with my trousers?" McLaren caught with his pants down by Joe Stevens.

recent travels in Japan, Thailand, and Kenya. "I took a straightforward safari and spent a few hours with the Masai tribe. It's predictable that it will surface in the future and I intend going back. I didn't do any recording there. I wanted to understand what I was seeing and what I was dealing with before I was presumptuous enough to start recording it." Oh well, this is the modern world, exit Brian Eno and enter Fela Ransome-Kuti...

Every finger is a star: Rod Stewart and Bianca Jagger (this is getting ridiculous,

especially since the fair-haired Rod prefers blondes) were seen sharing a joke and enjoying Hull Truck Theatre Company's *The New Gerbo* at Upper Street's other famous pub venue, the King's Head, jewel of North London, etc. No-one spotted them except a solitary T-Zerz skulking in an ashtray. Meanwhile, Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Phil Lynott, Gary Moore and even Modest Bob (finally looking after Number One) Geldof were seen watching Chris Spedding jamming with his former Sherkolleague Snips at the Music Machine last week. And

joining T-Zerz to see Albert King play the best guitar that we've heard in eight years (since Mr King last played the UK, in fact) were Chris Spedding, Bad Co's Simon Kirke, the Feelgoods' Gypie Mayo and most of The Rumour...

Croydon punters were a touch on the disappointed side when Siouxsie And The Banshees had to blow out last Sunday's Greyhound gig on account of the stage subduing a full eight inches when the roadies set the band's gear up on stage. They've played the place before without — ahem

— bringing the house down quite so drastically, but they've increased the size of their P.A. system since then. Pure Noise, the band's company, insisted that the stage could have been strengthened, but the promoter refused to meet their demands...

It has now been officially confirmed that *The Motors* are ugly. After the "Approved By The Motors" album didn't sell anywhere near the expected quantity, Virgin Records conducted a survey to find out exactly what went wrong. Although most of the surveyed humans said that they liked the music, it became apparent that *The Motors*' mugs actually put them off buying. "Old, pasty, something out of a horror film, criminal, dumb, aggressive, animals, escaped lunatics" were some of the more complimentary remarks. Virgin are now reissuing the album in a different cover, and Nick Garvey's going on stage with a CENSORED sticker over his (ugh) face.

And just in case The Clash get paranoid if they're not in T-Zerz, we are delighted to inform you that the uncredited pianna on "Give 'Em Enough Rope" is by Blue Oyster Cult's Allen Lanier, and that the dumbo map alluded to by Nick Kent in his review of the album in last week's fab ish is actually part of the press kit and not the album packaging (just as well, really)...

Yes' pro-conservationist stance somewhat compromised by the bloody great expensive fur coat sported by Rick Wakeman at *The Muddle Maker's* awards ceremony last week...

We seriously suspect that Elton John's recent mystery illness might have something to do with the sheer awfulness of his latest album... er, sorry, we mean, of course, the disappearance of Rachel Sweet's contact lenses. She keeps them in a glass of water, you see, before she goes on stage and the night Reg jammed all those Stiffs at Hemel Hempstead, the lenses went missing. Bill J.G. Ballard, all this, isn't it? And the fact that Elton's excuse for a football team, according to all imperial observers, were extremely lucky to escape with two points against Gillingham on Saturday did absolutely nothing for his dodgy ticker.

On Bonfire night, local rednecks in Rye (Sussex) burned a punk in effigy instead of the traditional incineratee. Bloody heavy metal freaks are all alike.

Hey, this is real hot poop: Palm Olive's replacement as Sits drummer is Budgie, formerly of Big In Japan.

And a quick round of apologies: firstly, representatives of a Mr. Rod Stewart have contacted us to communicate their man's outrage at being referred to as "a bloody great nancy boy" in last week's T-Zerz. We would like to point out that this reference was well irresponsible, that Rod's masculinity is impeccable and that he is not now, has never been and we are certain never will be anything even faintly resembling a "bloody great nancy boy". Just ask Bianca

Secondly, we'd like to say a great big "sorry" for any inconvenience caused to the staff at Shepherds Bush Employment Office, who were inundated with inquiries from prospective *Quadrophonia* extras after a recent *Thrills* item on the progress of The 'Oo's flick which concluded by advising interested parties to contact Hammersmith Job Centre. Migawd, you mean, people actually take summertime serious like

Finally, we reckon it's about time some enterprising girl group put out a record called "Fat Bottomed Queens". Fanxalot'n'g'nite (uproar)...

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN	
This week	Last week
1 Love	1
2 Elvis	2
3 The Jam	3
4 Clash Police	4
5 P.U.L.	5
6 Penetration	6
7 The Buzzcocks	7
8 Smirks Against Travolta	8
9 New Squawks	9
10 Still Little Fingers	10

New Releases
 20p Mike Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge, Phil, The Dog, Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No 2, Slicks, Scotti Pollen, The
 20p New Sleeveless, Underneath, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant
 X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly
 More Releases — 20p — The Slide

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Bottom of the Page



Lita Ford



Waiting impatiently for next week's NME and the Jerry Lee Lewis interview (l to r): the dummy Mary Wilde, the mat Harry Webb, Jerry Lee Hissel, Dean Martin and Tony Parsons.

SHAM 69

NEW ALBUM

TOUR DATES

November

21st Apollo Manchester.

22nd St. Georges Hall, Bradford.

23rd Kings Hall, Derby.

25th Pier Pavilion, Hastings.

27th Bournemouth Village Bowl.

28th Guild Hall, Portsmouth.

30th Electric Ballroom Camden Town, London.

December

1st Electric Ballroom Camden Town, London.

2nd Odeon Canterbury.

3rd Odeon Canterbury.



THAT'S LIFE