

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

DEVO — Invasion Of The Spud Snatchers p.25

BOWIE MOVIE — The Sound And The Führer p.11

DER MUNICH MENSCH MACHINE
 The Record This Man Is Mixing Will Probably Outsell The Bee Gees
see pages 20-21

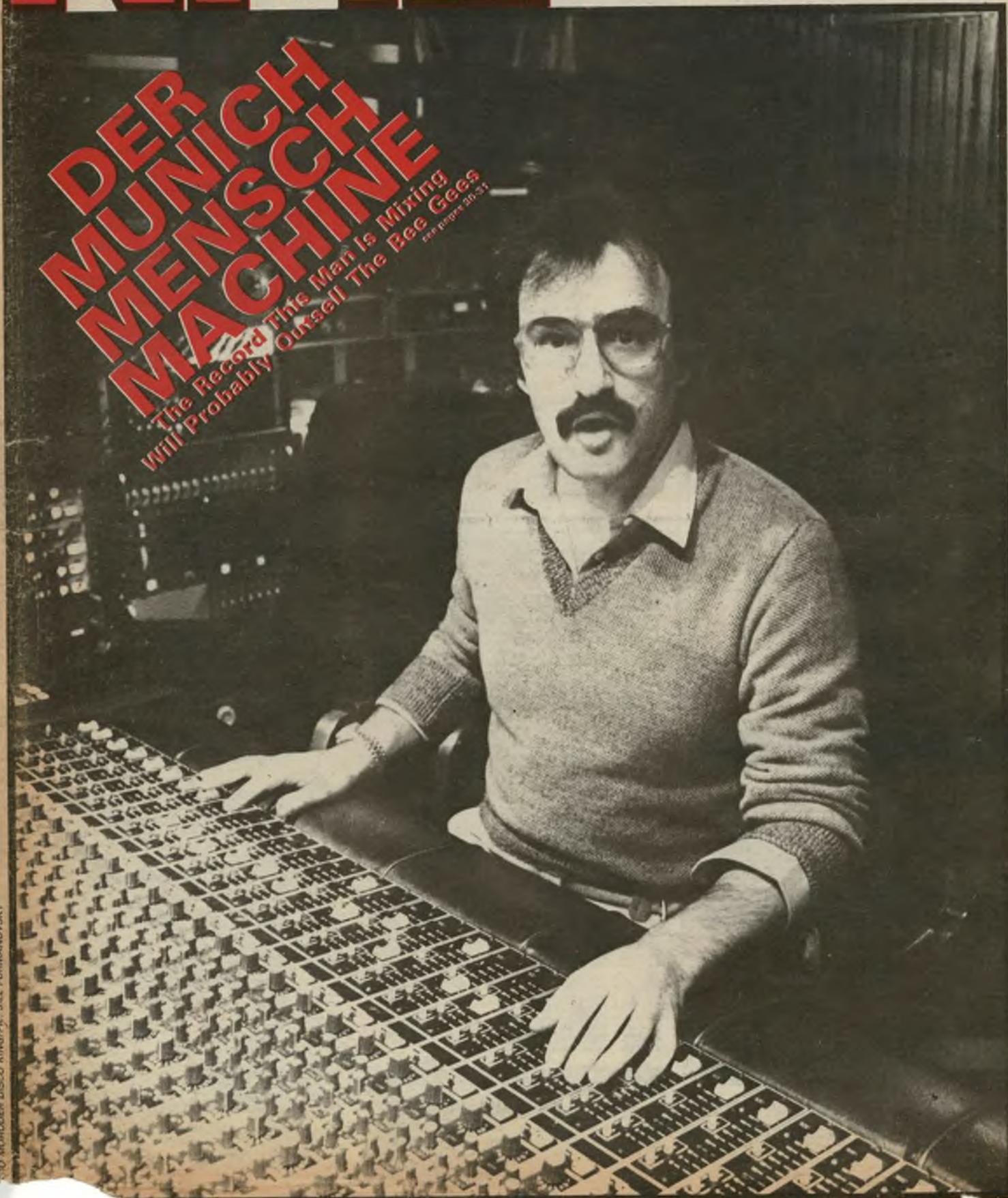


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SINGLES

| This Last Week | Week ending December 9, 1978 | Highest Position | Weeks in Chart |
|----------------|---|------------------|----------------|
| 1 | (2) DO YA THINK I'M SEXY Rod Stewart (Riva) | 4 | 1 |
| 2 | (15) MARY'S BOY CHILD Boney M (Atlantic) (Hansa) | 2 | 2 |
| 3 | (11) RAT TRAP Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 8 | 1 |
| 4 | (8) HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE Blondie (Chrysalis) | 4 | 4 |
| 5 | (-) A TASTE OF AGGRO Baron Knights (Epic) | 1 | 5 |
| 6 | (3) HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU Olivia Newton-John (RSO) | 6 | 2 |
| 7 | (21) I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa) | 3 | 7 |
| 8 | (9) TOO MUCH HEAVEN Bee Gees (RSO) | 2 | 8 |
| 9 | (5) PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES Showaddywaddy (Arista) | 5 | 5 |
| 10 | (12) LE FREAK Chic (Atlantic) | 3 | 10 |
| 11 | (7) INSTANT REPLAY Dan Hartman (Blue Sky) | 7 | 3 |
| 12 | (11) ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS Heatwave (GTO) | 5 | 11 |
| 13 | (16) Y.M.C.A. Village People (Mercury) | 2 | 13 |
| 14 | (6) MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL Cars (Elektra) | 4 | 5 |
| 15 | (4) DARLIN' Frankie Miller (Chrysalis) | 8 | 4 |
| 16 | (18) GREASED LIGHTNING John Travolta (Midsong) | 2 | 16 |
| 17 | (-) TOMMY GUN Clash (CBS) | 1 | 17 |
| 18 | (-) DON'T CRY OUT LOUD Elkie Brooks (A & M) | 2 | 18 |
| 19 | (13) BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS Queen (EMI) | 6 | 12 |
| 20 | (10) I LOVE AMERICA Patrick Juvet (Casablanca) | 5 | 10 |
| 21 | (14) PART TIME LOVE Elton John (Rocket) | 4 | 14 |
| 22 | (26) SHOOTING STAR Dollar (EMI) | 2 | 22 |
| 23 | (-) YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS) | 1 | 23 |
| 24 | (-) I'M EVERY WOMAN Chaka Khan (Warner Bros) | 1 | 24 |
| 25 | (-) DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY Darts (Magnet) | 3 | 18 |
| 26 | (19) IN THE BUSH Musique (CBS) | 3 | 19 |
| 27 | (23) GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE X Ray Spex (EMI Int) | 4 | 23 |
| 28 | (-) SONG FOR GUY Elton John (Rocket) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (-) I'LL PUT YOU TOGETHER AGAIN Hot Chocolate (RAK) | 1 | 29 |
| 30 | (-) DR WHO Mankind (Pinnacle) | 1 | 30 |

ALBUMS

| This Last Week | Week ending December 9, 1978 | Highest Position | Weeks in Chart |
|----------------|--|------------------|----------------|
| 1 | (2) NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS Neil Diamond (MCA) | 4 | 1 |
| 2 | (11) GREASE... Original Soundtrack (RSO) | 22 | 1 |
| 3 | (25) THE SINGLES 1974-1978 Carpenters (A & M) | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | (4) NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS Boney M (Int Hansa) | 21 | 1 |
| 5 | (7) MIDNIGHT HUSTLE... Various (K-Tel) | 2 | 5 |
| 6 | (6) JAZZ... Queen (EMI) | 4 | 6 |
| 7 | (16) BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN Rod Stewart (Riva) | 2 | 7 |
| 8 | (20) THE AMAZING DARTS... Darts (Magnet) | 5 | 8 |
| 9 | (11) TONIC FOR THE TROOPS Boomtown Rats (Ensign) | 17 | 4 |
| 10 | (5) EMOTIONS... Various (K-Tel) | 6 | 2 |
| 11 | (3) GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE... Clash (CBS) | 3 | 3 |
| 12 | (21) LIONHEART... Kate Bush (EMI) | 3 | 12 |
| 13 | (9) A SINGLE MAN Elton John (Rocket Records) | 6 | 5 |
| 14 | (11) IMAGES... Don Williams (K-Tel) | 19 | 2 |
| 15 | (28) THAT'S LIFE... Sham 69 (Polydor) | 2 | 15 |
| 16 | (19) EVERGREEN... Acker Bilk (Warwick) | 3 | 15 |
| 17 | (10) WAR OF THE WORLDS Jeff Wayne (CBS) | 23 | 2 |
| 18 | (22) OUT OF THE BLUE Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) | 51 | 3 |
| 19 | (8) IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT Status Quo (Phonogram) | 6 | 3 |
| 20 | (-) THE SCREAM Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor) | 1 | 20 |
| 21 | (15) 25TH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM Shirley Bassey (United Artists) | 6 | 12 |
| 22 | (-) GREATEST HITS Commodores (Motown) | 1 | 22 |
| 23 | (-) SHOWADDYWADDY'S 1976 GREATEST HITS 1978 Arista | 1 | 23 |
| 24 | (17) BOOGIE FEVER... Various (Ronco) | 2 | 17 |
| 25 | (-) SMURFS IN SMURFLAND Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (13) ALL MOD CONS... Jam (Polydor) | 5 | 3 |
| 27 | (-) DON'T WALK BOOGIE Various (EMI) | 3 | 27 |
| 28 | (23) SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER Various (RSO) | 32 | 1 |
| 29 | (14) MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE Manhattan Transfer (WEA) | 6 | 10 |
| 30 | (16) LIVE & MORE Donna Summer (Casablanca) | 8 | 11 |

QUARRY PROMOTIONS PRESENTS:

Rory Gallagher

AND HIS BAND
AND
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
AT
LEWISHAM ODEON
LOAMPIT VALE, SE13
FRIDAY 8 DECEMBER
AT 7.00 p.m.

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 from
Theatre Box Office (01852-1331)

The music shop, Woolwich and Premiere Booking Agency

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 4, 1973

| | | |
|----|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE | Cory Chubb (Rak) |
| 2 | MY COO-CA-CHOO | Alvin Stardust (Magnet) |
| 3 | PAPER BOSES | Marie Osmond (MGM) |
| 4 | LET ME BY | The Osmonds (Virgin) |
| 5 | ON YA-SOTE | Mad Lads (Rak) |
| 6 | PHOTOGRAPH | Kinga Starr (Laguna) |
| 7 | WHEN I FALL IN LOVE | Donny Osmond (MGM) |
| 8 | WHY OH WHY OH WHY | Gilbert O'Sullivan (NAMI) |
| 9 | DO YOU WANNA DANCE | Bunny Blue (Rak) |
| 10 | LAMPLIGHT | David Essex (CBS) |

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending December 4, 1968

| | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 | ELOUSE | Barry Ryan (MGM) |
| 2 | THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY | Hugo Montenegro (RCA) |
| 3 | THIS OLD HEART OF MINE | ISLEY Brothers (Tama Motown) |
| 4 | BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE | Bandwagon (Directvision) |
| 5 | LULY THE PINK | Scuffalo (Parlophone) |
| 6 | AIN'T GOT NO - I GOT LIFE | Mina Minnie (RCA) |
| 7 | ELENORE | Timothy Leary (MGM) |
| 8 | ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER | Pauli W. Roberts Experience (Track) |
| 9 | I'M A TIGER | Lita (Columbia) |
| 10 | HARPER VALLEY P.T.A. | Jeanette C. Bily (Polydor) |

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 6, 1963

| | | |
|---|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 | SHE LOVES YOU | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 2 | DON'T TALK TO HIM | Chin Richard (Columbia) |
| 3 | YOU WERE MADE FOR ME | Fredde & The Dreamers (Columbia) |
| 4 | SECRET LOVE | Kathy Kirby (Decca) |
| 5 | I'LL KEEP YOU SATISFIED | Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone) |
| 6 | SUGAR AND SPICE | Searchers (Pye) |
| 7 | BENNY BABY | Wendell (London) |
| 8 | MARIA ELENA | Los Sadlos Tshajama (RCA) |
| 9 | I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU | Dusty Springfield (Philips) |

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 9, 1978

| | |
|----|--|
| 1 | (1) YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS Barbra & Neil |
| 2 | (3) I JUST WANNA STOP Gino Vannelli |
| 3 | (2) HOW MUCH I FEEL Ambrosia |
| 4 | (5) SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER Dr Hook |
| 5 | (4) MACARTHUR PARK Donna Summer |
| 6 | (7) I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND) Alicia Bridges |
| 7 | (11) TOO MUCH HEAVEN Bee Gees |
| 8 | (10) (OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY Andy Gibb |
| 9 | (9) TIME PASSAGES Al Stewart |
| 10 | (13) MY LIFE Billy Joel |
| 11 | (12) STRANGE WAY Firefall |
| 12 | (17) LE FREAK Chic |
| 13 | (14) ALIVE AGAIN Chicago |
| 14 | (20) HOLD THE LINE Toto |
| 15 | (15) SWEET LIFE Paul Davis |
| 16 | (21) Y.M.C.A. Village People |
| 17 | (6) HOT CHILD IN THE CITY Nick Gilder |
| 18 | (19) STRAIGHT ON Heart |
| 19 | (25) OOH BABY BABY Linda Ronstadt |
| 20 | (22) CHANGE OF HEART Eric Carmen |
| 21 | (8) KISS YOU ALL OVER Exile |
| 22 | (27) PART TIME LOVE Elton John |
| 23 | (26) HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW Alice Cooper |
| 24 | (30) PROMISES Eric Clapton |
| 25 | (28) I'M EVERY WOMAN Chaka Khan |
| 26 | (-) WE'VE GOT TONITE Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band |
| 27 | (16) READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN Barry Manilow |
| 28 | (-) BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS Queen |
| 29 | (24) DOUBLE VISION Foreigner |
| 30 | (18) DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT Pablo Cruise |

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 9, 1978

| | |
|----|---|
| 1 | (1) 52nd STREET Billy Joel |
| 2 | (2) A WILD & CRAZY GUY Steve Martin |
| 3 | (3) LIVE AND MORE Donna Summer |
| 4 | (4) DOUBLE VISION Foreigner |
| 5 | (6) LIVING IN THE U.S.A. Linda Ronstadt |
| 6 | (5) GREASE Various Artists |
| 7 | (7) TIME PASSAGES Al Stewart |
| 8 | (22) BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2 |
| 9 | (10) BROTHER TO BROTHER Gino Vannelli |
| 10 | (11) PIECES OF EIGHT Styx |
| 11 | (8) SOME GIRLS Rolling Stones |
| 12 | (18) LIVE BOOTLEG Aerosmith |
| 13 | (14) A SINGLE MAN Elton John |
| 14 | (16) WEEKEND WARRIORS Ted Nugent |
| 15 | (9) DON'T LOOK BACK Boston |
| 16 | (-) GREATEST HITS Barry Manilow |
| 17 | (-) BACKLESS Eric Clapton |
| 18 | (19) CHAKA Chaka Khan |
| 19 | (20) CRUISIN' Village People |
| 20 | (-) JAZZ Queen |
| 21 | (25) GREATEST HITS Steady Dan |
| 22 | (12) COMES A TIME Neil Young |
| 23 | (27) ELAN Firefall |
| 24 | (21) THE STRANGER Billy Joel |
| 25 | (30) TWO FOR THE SHOW Kansas |
| 26 | (28) WAVELENGTH Van Morrison |
| 27 | (-) THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1 |
| 28 | (17) TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg |
| 29 | (15) HOT STREETS Chicago |
| 30 | (-) ACE FRESHLEY |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS



STRANGLERS BUSY IN '79

THE STRANGLERS, who have been keeping a low profile since their bust-up with students after walking out of a gig at Guildford Surrey University, have announced major plans for the first half of next year — including two albums, a new single, overseas tours and British dates.

The latest single — recorded last weekend, and co-produced by Martin Rushent and the band themselves — is a brand new song, not taken from any previous album, and is set for late January release. Out at the same time will be their live album, recorded over the past 18 months, which they're just finishing mixing. Also nearing completion is Jean Jacques Burnel's solo set "Euro Man Cometh" on which he plays bass, drums, guitar and synthesiser.

An extensive tour of the Far East — taking in Japan, Australia and New Zealand — is being lined up for the late winter, and it's expected that they'll then go on to tour America. But before setting out on their overseas jaunts, they'll be undertaking a number of British dates to promote their various record releases, and details are expected shortly.

It's not yet known if they'll be undertaking any college dates, following Guildford's attempts to have them banned from the campus circuit. But NME enquiries indicate that several universities are still willing and keen to book them.

It was confirmed this week that Ian Grant is now sole manager of The Stranglers. But at the same time, he admitted that he's involved in a dispute with his Albion Music co-partners Dai Davies and Derek Savage, who seemingly want to relinquish control of the group. The current argument concerns the final financial settlement.

NEWS WAVES

DEVO were forced to call off their scheduled concert at Sheffield City Hall on Thursday of last week. Due to freezing fog on the motorway, they arrived from Newcastle over five hours late — and to complicate matters still further, the truck carrying their gear was involved in a multiple pile-up. The Sheffield gig has now been re-arranged for next Wednesday, December 13, when all existing tickets will still be valid.

THE UNDERTONES have fixed a few dates in their own right, following the collapse of The Rezillos' tour which they were supporting. They play London Camden Electric Ballroom this Saturday (9), followed by a string of gigs in Ireland including Belfast The Pound (13 and 14), then return for London Kensington. The Nashville supported by The Squares (18 and 19) and Manchester Russell Club (21). Their new single "Get Over You" will be issued by Sire in mid-January.

ADAM & THE ANTS' concert at London Rainbow, originally

planned for last night (Wednesday) as the first in a series of budget-price new-wave shows, was put back at short notice to Wednesday, December 20. The reason was that it proved impossible to remove the seats from the venue in sufficient time for a gig this week. Support acts are U.K. Subs and The Pack, plus two more bands still to be named.

SHAM 69, who were scheduled to play two nights at Canterbury Odeon last Saturday and Sunday, were forced to cancel the second show because of poor ticket sales. The promoters blamed bad advance publicity in the local Press. Meanwhile, the band's benefit for One-Parent Families at London Rainbow on December will not now feature Merger in the supporting bill, and Hi-Fi come in to join Doll By Doll and The Invaders.

PURE HELL, the all-black punk band who've recently been playing a short debut tour of Britain, are returning in late winter to headline a more extensive itinerary.

'Classic Rock' at R.A.H.

"CLASSIC ROCK", the hit album featuring symphonic treatments of standard rock material, is to be presented on stage in the New Year. The London Symphony Orchestra, who recorded the LP, are giving two big concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall on January 30 and 31 — when they'll be accompanied by a 200-strong choir, plus a special rhythm section comprising some of Britain's top rock session musicians. Conductor is Harry Rabinowitz.

It's the first time a symphony orchestra has performed an entire rock music programme. And besides all the material from

the "Classic Rock" album, the concerts will also preview music from the follow-up LP — titled "Classic Rock — The Second Movement", it's due for release by K-Tel later in the winter and includes such items as "Pinball Wizard", "River Deep Mountain High", "Hey Joe" and "Space Oddity". It seems certain to emulate the success of the original album, which has now sold over half-a-million in Britain.

Tickets for the Albert Hall concerts go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office and through the usual agencies, and prices are £6, £4.50, £3, £2 and £1.50. Both shows start at 7.30 pm, and the promoter is Peter Bowyer, who hopes to arrange subsequent dates in the provinces.

XMAS CONCERTS FOR CLASH, JAM & GEN X

THE CLASH have now confirmed that they will play their previously-reported Sid Vicious benefit concert at London Camden Music Machine on Tuesday, December 19. Proceeds from the show will help to pay Vicious' legal costs for his upcoming murder trial in New York. Also on the bill are their current tour supports, The Slits and The Innocents, and it's likely that one or two guest bands will appear. Advance tickets cost £2.50.

Two other London dates for The Clash are at the Strand Lyceum just after Christmas — on December 26 and 29. Ticket prices and booking details will follow next week.

Other newly-confirmed Clash dates, tacked on to the end of their British tour itinerary and leading up to Christmas, are Bath Pavilion (December 12), Portsmouth Lyceum (17), Purley Tiffany's (18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (20), Hastings Pier Pavilion (21) and Aylesbury Friars (22).

GENERATION X have now confirmed their London Christmas show — it's at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Wednesday, December 20 — a day later than originally planned, to avoid a clash with The Clash's gig just down the road at the Music Machine.

Tickets priced £2.50 go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the venue's box-office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office and Edwards and Edwards. Promoters Straight Music say that a big-name guest act is also being lined up for the show.

This booking now supercedes reports that Gen X would be playing London Rainbow on December 20, as the second in the series of budget-price new-wave nights being presented there — reports which, say the band, were always unfounded because they weren't even

approached to do the Rainbow gig! Meanwhile, another new booking for Gen X — just confirmed — is at Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's next Monday (11).

THE JAM are also playing a special Christmas show at London's Music Machine, and their date is Thursday, December 21. They'll be supported by Jab-Jab, The Gang Of Four and The Nips. Tickets cost £2.50, and are available now from the box-office and usual agencies.

The band have just completed an extensive U.K. tour, culminating in a headline appearance at Wembley Arena in the Great British Music Festival last Wednesday, but they don't regard this as their official London date. In any case, it was cut short by police, because the event was running late due to a sudden outbreak of violence earlier in the evening.

The Jam's concert at Canterbury Kent University, scheduled for last month but unavoidably postponed, has now been re-arranged for tonight (Thursday).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, just back from a European tour, are to play a one-off Christmas concert in their home town. It's at the Birmingham Odeon on Saturday, December 23. As reported last week, they're expected to gig more extensively in the New Year.

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees have now fixed a date as a replacement for the show they cancelled last month at Croydon Greyhound, due to stage problems at that venue. It's a few miles down the road at Purley Tiffany's on Tuesday, December 19.

GONG are staging a Christmas Party at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday, December 15. Taking part are David Allen, Gilli Smyth and Mother Gong.



BILLY IDOL (right) and TONY JAMES of Gen X.

WORLD FUNK TOUR
A BILLYHAWKWOOD TOUR

PARLIAMENT FUNK ADELIC

FEATURING
BRIDES OF FUNKENSTEIN AND PARLET

KINGS HALL - BELLE VUE
SUNDAY 10th DECEMBER at 8-00

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
MON. 11th THRU THURS. 14th DEC. at 8-00

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 15th DECEMBER at 7-30

Lurkers show is off — Wall seriously ill

THE LURKERS have been forced to cancel their major London appearance at Camden's Electric Ballroom this Sunday (10) — and all their gigs leading up to it, at the tail end of their "Fulham Fallout" tour — because lead singer Howard Wall is seriously ill in hospital suffering from meningitis, a disease which attacks the central nerve system.

At press-time he had just undergone a lumbar puncture and was reported to be "fairly comfortable", and he's

expected to recover without any side effects. He is currently in Ayrshire Central Hospital in Irvine, but hopes to be moved back to London by Christmas.

The Electric Ballroom show will now be re-scheduled for as early in the New Year as possible. But meanwhile, in view of the plans to hand out free flexi picture discs this Sunday, Beggars Banquet have now instead decided to give them away with all "Fulham Fallout" albums over the Christmas period.

LABRITAIN'S SETBACK

999 drummer Pablo Labritain — who, as reported last week, was admitted to hospital suffering from a broken arm following a road accident — is now faced with a major setback to his career. He underwent surgery in Whittington Hospital, North London, last week and something appears to have gone seriously wrong. It looks as though the radial nerve in his arm has been severed, and there's a risk of permanent paralysis of his left hand. The final outcome won't be known for at least another month — so, at the very best, his chances of a quick return to 999 are now non-existent.



THIS MAN WILL BE BACK ON THE STREETS IN A MATTER OF DAYS

10cc, ELP: XMAS TV

10cc are in line to play a special Christmas concert at the Wembley Conference Centre in North London on Friday, December 22. At press time, it was still in the final stages of confirmation, but the object of the exercise is to film the show for transmission as BBC-2's traditional Christmas Eve "Old Grey Whistle Test" special. Producer Michael Appleton explained: "As Christmas Eve falls on a Sunday this year, we can't do a live show, but we expect this to have the same impact."

There's another "Whistle Test" special being screened on Friday, December 22, when viewers will see Emerson, Lake & Palmer performing in concert in Montreal, accompanied by a full orchestra. And Appleton is again hoping to present a two-hour compilation special on New Year's Eve, though this is dependent upon the industrial dispute currently affecting some BBC programmes.

"Rock Goes To College" returns to BBC-2 in January, among the first shows lined up are *Bathal* at London University, *Cars* at Brighton Sussex University, *The Rubinoos* at Reading University, *Rory Gallagher* at London Middlesex Polytechnic and *Ian Dury* at Belfast Queen's University. Subsequent shows will feature *Cheep Trick*, *Van Morrison* and *Herbie Hancock*.

KINKS COLLEGE GIGS

THE KINKS are playing four last-minute college dates during the coming week, which they describe as "back to the roots" gigs. They are at Manchester Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Reading University (Saturday), Exeter University (December 11) and Keele University (13).



ERIC STEWART of 10cc.

BIGGEST TV SPECIAL EVER FOR BRITAIN?

ONE OF THE most star-studded spectacles ever assembled for TV is being networked across the States by NBC on January 10. It features Elton John, Rod Stewart, The Bee Gees, Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge, Abba, Earth Wind & Fire, John Denver, Olivia Newton-John and Andy Gibb, among others. Titled "A Gift of Song - The Music For UNICEF Concert", it's been organised by Robert Stigwood and David Frost, with all proceeds in aid of the children of the world. The concert is taking place at the United Nations General Assembly, and Paramount will distribute the TV special on a worldwide basis - which means there's a very strong probability of it being screened subsequently in Britain.

FEBRUARY TOUR CONFIRMED

More Jacksons venues

MORE DETAILS of the British tour by The Jacksons in the New Year, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago, have now been confirmed. Promoter Derek Rowden has firming up several dates for the group, though there are still some aspects of their itinerary waiting to be finalised.

Six dates are now definite, and these are at Preston Guildhall (February 11), Sheffield Fiesta Suite (13), Manchester Apollo (17), Cardiff Sophie Gardens (21) and London Rainbow (23 and 24).

Rowden is still negotiating a West County concert by the Jacksons, and at press-time he told NME it would be either Bournemouth Winter Gardens or Poole Wessex Hall on February 14 or 15. The group will also play Glasgow Apollo and at present February 16 is pencilled in for them, but it's possible they may be booked for a BBC-TV special on that date, in which case the Glasgow gig would switch to February 19. Also waiting to be resolved is a Birmingham venue for February 18, still undecided between the Hippodrome and the Odeon.

As previously reported, in order to peg ticket prices at the lowest possible level, they are expected to play two performances every night. Full details of booking arrangements will be announced as soon as their final schedule is completed.

Rowden is also promoting a New Year tour by composer-pianist Michel Legrand, who'll be supported by a top jazz trio at Southport Theatre (February 25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Oxford New (March 1), London Royal Festival Hall (3), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (4), Sheffield Fiesta (5), Poole Arts Centre (6) and Hatfield Forum (7), with more to come.

JOURNEY & TRAVERS CO-HEADING TOUR

JOURNEY and the Pat Travers Band are to headline a major tour of Britain and Europe in March, and details of dates and venues will be announced early in the New Year. Journey, whose last album "Infinity" recently went Platinum in America, will have a new LP out in March - and former Jean-Luc Ponty drummer Steve Smith has now replaced Aynsley Dunbar in the line-up. The Travers outfit - whose revised personnel now features ex-Black Oak drummer Tommy Aldridge, Patrick Allen (lead guitar) and Mars (bass) - will also have an album out to coincide with the tour, titled "Heat In The Street".

Rory: four Belfast dates

RORY GALLAGHER has now confirmed the Irish dates for his extensive tour of the British Isles. They are sandwiched between the two legs of his U.K. itinerary, opening this weekend, and they include a string of four successive nights at Belfast Ulster Hall (January 3, 4, 5 and 6). He's also playing Dublin National Stadium (December 27-30) and Cork (31 and January 1). He'll be releasing an EP on Chrysalis in the New Year comprising "Shadow Play", "Brute Force And Ignorance" and two other tracks.

CHARLIE WATTS AND KORNER: LONDON GIG

ROLLING STONES drummer Charlie Watts and occasional Stones pianist Ian Stewart are members of an all-star pick-up band, also featuring veteran bluesman Alexis Korner on guitar and vocals, who play a one-off gig at London Camden Dingwalls this Sunday (10) to celebrate 50 years of Boogie Woogie. Also in the line-up are Bob Hall (keyboards), Dick Morrissey (tenor sax), Colin Smith (trumpet), Jonny Pickard (trombone) and Dave Green (bass), with others likely to be added. And blues giant MUDDY WATERS, who's been touring Britain with Eric Clapton and headlines his own concert at London Rainbow tomorrow (Friday), plays his final date at Dingwalls next Monday (11).

Sniff tears round clubs

SNIFF & THE TEARS, recently signed by Chiswick Records, have scheduled three London appearances before Christmas and are currently setting up a nationwide tour for the New Year. Their December gigs are at London School of Economics (11), Kensington Nashville (14) and Camden Dingwalls (18). With their debut album "Fickle Heart" now on release, the band's line up includes front men Paul Roberts and Luigi Salvoni, plus Alan Feldman (keyboards), Chris Birkin (bass) and Loz Netto (lead guitar). They've just returned from a string of gigs in Spain, where their single "Driver's Seat" is a best-seller.

COUSIN JOE RETURNS FOR DECEMBER TOUR

COUSIN JOE from New Orleans has arrived in Britain for a short tour to promote his new Big Bear single "You're Never Too Old To Boogie" - and he should know, because he's 71 this month! He's appearing at Sheffield Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Kirkclevington Country Club (Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (Saturday), London Central Polytechnic (December 14), Bracknell Arts Centre (15) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (17). One or two more gigs may be slotted in at short notice. He also has a new album currently on release, with one of the longest titles ever - "Gospel Waiting Jazz Playing Soul Shouting Rock'n'Rolling Tap Dancing Bluesman From New Orleans".

On The Road

CLIFF RICHARD headlines an extra London concert at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, next Tuesday (12) ... and CHRIS REA, who's currently touring Britain with Lindisfarne, has his own bill-topping show at the same venue on Saturday, December 16.

THE SMIRKS celebrate their first anniversary in the business with a combined birthday and Christmas party at London Kensington Nashville on Friday, December 15.

THE RUBETTES promote their newly-released Polydor single with gigs at Norwich Cromwells (tonight, Thursday), Blackpool Winter Gardens (December 15) and Watford Town Hall (27).

TONY McPHEE & Terraplane return from a Euro-tour and launch straight into U.K. gigs at Perth Cymmer Pioneer Club (tonight, Thursday), Coventry Lancheater Polytechnic (Friday), Tempandy Naval Club (Saturday), London Woolwich Tramshed (December 12) and London Camden Bracknock (22).

AFTER THE FIRE have added more gigs to their initial New Year date sheet, reported two weeks ago. They are Sheffield North Staffs Polytechnic (January 18), Coventry Lancheater Polytechnic (19), Oxford Polytechnic (22), London City University (26), Coventry Warwick University (27) and Leeds Florde Green Hotel (28).

JACK THE LAD, the Lindisfarne spin-off group who were launched in 1973 but broke up a year ago, are re-forming to play just three gigs this weekend - at Portsmouth Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Imperial College (Saturday) and Portsmouth Centre Hotel (Sunday). Apart from a deputy drummer, they'll have their original line-up, but a spokesman said there's no question of a permanent return.

GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND are making three special seasonal appearances in London - at the Young Vic Theatre in Waterloo (December 21 and 22) and Woolwich Tramshed (24). The gigs are described as the band's "Xmas Xpoxe and Xtravaganza" and, in true Gotham City tradition, they are allegedly promoted by the Wayne Foundation!

MATCHBOX, arguably Britain's top rockabilly band, are set for another two New Year gigs in London - at Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 30) and Southall White Hart (31). As reported two weeks ago, they also appear with Marty Wilde at Southgate Royalty on New Year's Day, and then set out on a massive three-month one-nighter tour.

DOLLAR, who made their chart debut last week with the single "Shooting Star", will not be making any live appearances until after the release of their first album in early spring. The six-piece outfit, fronted by singers Theresa Baxter and David Van Day, are currently recording the LP with producer Christopher Neil.

KAMRUD, the band launched by former Rory Gallagher sideman Rod de'Ath and Lou Martin together with three ex-Salt members, are the support act in Muddy Waters' concert at London Rainbow tomorrow (Friday).



DAVID KUBRICK, whose debut album "Some Things Never Change" has just been issued by A & M, is playing five London gigs with his newly-formed five-piece band called Excess. They are Kensington Nashville (tomorrow, Friday), Camden Music Machine (Saturday), Stoke Newington Pegasus (December 11), Marquee Club (16) and Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (18).

THE BISHOPS have added more dates to their December gig list, reported last week. The new bookings are at Birmingham Barborella (tonight, Thursday), Yeaman's Somerset College of Art (14), Manchester The Venue (17), Leeds Fan Club (19) and Bolton Institute of Technology (21). And on December 16 they now play Hellfax Good Mood Club instead of London Thames Polytechnic.

MIKE WESTBROOK Brass Band present their "Mambo Chicago" jazz cabaret in a four-day pre-Christmas season at London Scala Cinema, Tottenham St. W.1, from December 14 to 17 inclusive. Other dates include Coventry Bull's Head (tonight, Thursday), Preston Polytechnic (this Saturday) and Lancaster Dukes Playhouse (December 12).

RSCHNER-2, the United Artists band who've recently been supporting Willie Johnson on the road, play their own gigs at Lancaster University (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester The Venue (Saturday), Bedford College (December 15), Leeds Florde Green (16), Worlington Down Under Club (18), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (19), York Revolution Club (20) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (26).

THOSE FOUR, the French re-make of The Beatles, are touring Britain this month visiting Bristol Gentry (tonight, Thursday), London Royal Veterinary College (Friday), West London Institute (Saturday), Swenese University (11), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (12), Leigh Casino (13), File St. Andrew's University (14), Dundee Technical College (15), York Revolution (16) and London Fulham Golden Lion (17).

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UFO SIGHTED IN 29 CITIES

U.F.O. return from their present exile in California early in the New Year to headline their longest-ever British tour, a nationwide itinerary taking in 30 major dates, including two in London. And to tie in with their outing, the band's live double album "Strangers In The Night", recorded during their last American tour, will be issued by Chrysalis on January 19.

The tour will mark the British debut of the band's permanent new guitarist, ex-Lone Star sideman Paul Chapman, who replaces Michael Schenker in the line-up. Schenker dropped out of U.F.O. in June last year, when he "went missing" for several months, and Chapman stood in for him on that occasion. This time Schenker's departure is for good, though his reasons for quitting are still unknown, and this enables Chapman to take over as a full-time member. He joins regulars Phil Mogg (vocals), Pete Way (bass), Andy Parker (drums) and Paul Raymond (guitar and keyboards).

Dates and venues are Cardiff University (January 12), Liverpool Empire (14), Bradford St George's Hall (15), Carlisle Market Hall (16), Lancaster University (19), York University (20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Blackburn King George's Hall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Chelmsford Odeon (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Brighton Dome (29), Southampton Gaumont (30) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (31).

The tour continues in February at Wolverhampton Civic Hall (1), Hanley Victoria Hall (2), Leeds University (3), Coventry Theatre (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Glasgow Apollo (7), Edinburgh Odeon (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9), Dundee Caird Hall (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Free Trade Hall (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15 and 16).

Tickets for the two London concerts cost £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Elsewhere they vary considerably, and readers should contact the respective box-offices for details. The support act has still to be named.



U.F.O. vocalist PHIL MOGG

PERSONNEL CHANGES, COMINGS AND GOINGS

RAINBOW will still be touring Britain next April, despite the departure of two of their members — Ronnie James Dio (vocals) and Bob Daisley (bass) — both reportedly sacked. It's understood that the remaining three — Ritchie Blackmore, drummer Cozy Powell and keyboard man David Stone — have already found replacements, though their names haven't yet been revealed. Recording sessions for Rainbow's new album begin in France next month.

increasing musical differences with the other members, coupled with his own ill-health. The band are not replacing Riley and are continuing as a six-piece. They start recording their new island album next month, for release in the spring.

MENACE have ceased to exist following the departure "for personal reasons" of the band's lead singer Morgan Webster. The other three members have decided to continue working together with a new singer, but will operate under a different name. Meanwhile, the last Menace single "I Need Nothing" will be issued on Illegal Records at the beginning of the New Year.

STEEL PULSE have lost singer and percussionist Michael Riley, who quit the band midway through their British tour. His departure was due to

OFF THE RECORD

Rats reactivate

ENSIGN RECORDS are making available from this week all Boomtown Rats' singles in their original picture sleeves. Retailing at the normal price of 85p, they are "Looking After No. 1", "Mary Of The Fourth Form", "She's So Modern", "Like Clockwork" and "Rat Trap". The first four will be in a limited edition of 25,000 each, with the figure increased to 50,000 for "Rat Trap".



Blondie: new single fixed

BLONDIE have a new single issued by Chrysalis on January 5. Titled "Hear Of Glass", it's a disco version of a track from their "Parallel Lines" album, running almost six minutes. The B-side is a dub version of the same song and, besides the normal seven-inch version, there will also be a limited edition of 30,000 12-inch copies. The band spend the first three months of next year recording their fourth album, and there are no plans for another British visit for the time being.

Pistols film LP

VIRGIN RECORDS confirmed this week that they have now acquired rights to the double soundtrack album of The Sex Pistols' film "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle", and will be rushing releasing it on January 5. At present there are no plans for a single to be extracted from it. First screening of the movie itself is now expected in late winter or early spring.

● Vangelis, the keyboards virtuoso and composer who was formerly with RCA, has signed a worldwide deal with Polydor International. He's currently recording his first album for the label, to be issued early in the New Year.

● A live album by ex-Shadow Jim Harris, his first for 11 years, is out this month. It was recorded at a concert he gave for the inmates of Gloucester Prison, and is believed to be the only LP ever recorded inside a British gaol. Not surprisingly, it's called "Inside Jet Harris". At present on limited release through Red Lion Records of Gloucester, it's expected to be taken up soon by a major distributor.

● Rock Music guitarist Phil Manzanera has his second solo album out this month on Polydor. Titled "K-Scope", it features such well-known musicians as Lol Creme, Kevin Godley, Mel Collins, John Wetton, Simon Phillips and Tim and Neil Finn.

● Minnie Riperton has signed a long-term worldwide deal with Capitol, who will issue her new album early in the New Year. Meanwhile, out this weekend on the same label is the new Glen Campbell LP "Basic", and a compilation set of soul tracks recorded during the '60s and titled "Capitol Soul Casino". Upcoming on January 5 is Frede Payne's 12-inch single "Happy Days Are Here Again", taken from her newly released LP "Supernatural High".

● The Miracle label, a division of Gull Records, has secured U.K. rights to the U.S. hit disco single "Ain't That Enough For You?" by the John Davis Monster Orchestra. It's available as a 12-inch lasting over nine minutes, and there's also an edited version in conventional seven-inch form.

● Five-man London band Steppin' Out have their first single released this weekend, under their recently-signed three-year deal with Charly Records. Titled "Who's To Know", it's a 12-inch pressed in blue vinyl. Their debut album follows in January.

● Barclay James Harvest's new single "Loving Is Easy", previously announced but subsequently delayed, is now set for December 29 release by Polydor.

● The Enid's debut LP for Pye has now officially been titled "Touch Me". It comes out in February to coincide with their first major concert tour.

● Neil Diamond's new album [see opposite] has its current compilation than success "20 Golden Greats" is "You Don't Bring Me Flowers", issued by CBS this weekend. Of the 11 songs featured, seven are new Diamond compositions — including the title track on which he duets with Barbra Streisand — and which is also his new single.

Top gospel team due

TOP AMERICAN gospel group Andree Crouch and The Disciples return to Britain in the New Year to play a string of major concerts, highlighted by an appearance at London's Royal Albert Hall. Dates are Glasgow Apollo (January 26), two shows at Belfast Grosvenor Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (31), London Albert Hall (February 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2) and Birmingham Odeon (3). Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and tour promoters are Scope, the agency division of Word Records. Their double album "Live In London", recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon when they were last here two years ago, will be issued to coincide with their visit.

Rock in Manchester: the good news — and the bad!

MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre, the city's leading rock concert venue, is to undergo a £100,000 facelift starting immediately. It involves re-decoration and re-seating of the auditorium, a new stage, foyer improvements, a new bar development and the building of a 150-capacity mini-cinema. This is the direct result of the venue being purchased by Maximus Investments, who already run the Oxford New and Glasgow Apollo. The work will not affect existing concert bookings.

But the Mayflower Club, one of Manchester's newest rock venues, has closed just five weeks after opening. Formerly known as The Stoneground, the venue was visited in its short span by such acts as Alex Harvey, Gillan and Slade. A spokesman commented: "It's a good venue, but lack of interest from the public has forced us to close." He explained that only 30 people turned up to see a recent Bram Tchaikovsky gig, and even Ian Gillan was only able to attract 70 people.



Cars to return

THE CARS, who've created an enormous impact with their smash hit single "My Best Friend's Girl", will be returning to Britain in the late winter or early spring to headline a full-scale tour. The band flew into London last month to play a one-off concert at the Lyceum, and a spokesman for their record company told NME: "This was by way of being an exploratory gig, and it was always intended that they would tour later if the Lyceum show was successful — which, of course, it was." A new Cars single is planned for January release, with Merch as the most probable period for their upcoming tour.

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SUBWAY SECT'S Vic Godard. Pic: MURPHY/HERSHMAN

War Poet of The Modern World

VIC GODARD of SUBWAY SECT emerges from the post-punk maelstrom as an Interesting Individual . . . a Person With Something To Say. Here he says it (very slowly) to PAUL MORLEY

*Old conceptions justified
Tradition stays in tune
You make guitars talk information
That tells you what to do
The lines that hit me
Again and again
Afraid to take a stroll
Off the course of 20 years
Out of Rock 'n' Roll
We've just been waiting
For it to fall
We oppose all rock 'n' roll
It's held you for so long
You can't refuse
It's too much to lose
"A Different Story" — Vic Godard*

VIC Godard has been leading Subway Sect with sincerity and persistence for two years. He is one of the new writers in rock who deftly and intuitively rode along the punk swell, objectively using the sub-culture for access and experiment, and who was hardly harmed when the seductive nihilistic sparks were stamped out.

He is a songwriter, vague, straining, craving, who has the sensitivity to achieve in his own way something as important and valuable as greas like Morrison, Coyne, Buckley, Hammill (who, let it be said while we're hanging around, have more to do with the Public Image masterpiece than any New York, Dolls or David Bowie).

With Sect, Godard has performed steadily since the beginning of 1976, appearing all but anonymously on key dates and tours as the new rock developed.

They popped up as support to Patti Smith at the Rainbow earlier this year, and most recently and noticeably, they supported Buzzcocks on that quartet's long autumn tour.

It would be hard for you to be unaware of Sect's existence, yet you're probably totally ignorant as to how they sound, or did sound. Early on they were a shamblers. They systematically tightened up, into simple, sparse rock, with Godard self-importantly whining packed lines of incoherent syllables and adjectives.

The line-up until the middle of this year, was Godard, Rob Symmons (guitar), Paul Myers (bass) and Bob Ward (drums). This group recorded both the fumbling first single "Nobody's Scared," on Braik Records (Bernie Rhodes' label) — which implied nothing except, that Sect were probably very ordinary — and the massive new single on Rough Trade, "Ambition", a sublime, wise song that is the definite beginning of Godard's real development.

The bare structure of the song is as old as the group itself, but the way it's presented is how it should be measured. And it's a triumph that's more to do with Godard than anyone else. The group has since parted company with both Symmons and Myers.

The sound and devices in "Ambition" lie snugly between two of this year's best pop singles — "Shot By Both Sides" and "Jihad John" — i.e. an innovative use of pressure, atmosphere and subtle aural trickery. Lyrically, it's bright and fierce, Godard wobbling and warbling weakly yet somehow right — like a harsh "Unicorn" Mare Bolan.

The single is whole and compelling, and juts out in even such a year of wealth. The B-side, "A Different Story", is as mature and exciting, a frivolous, exaggerated musical structure with a defiant, realistic lyric (quoted in part above), with Godard whistling unconcerned and jolly through the last few bars. As with all Sect's songs, its appeal is one of irresistible challenge and certainty.

Musically, as with John Lydon and others, Godard is as much a comedian as anything, parodying rock's limitations and using all sorts of incongruous idiocies in his song's make-up. The music seems straightforward, but isn't. It's subtle and layered.

Godard is also another rock person who isn't adjusted to normal rock routines. His point of view is that he doesn't mind the crassness and glitter as long as it doesn't interfere with his art — and he thinks nothing does. He's probably right.

For this interview, I met him at the second floor cafe at the Camden Town Co-op. He loped in 40 minutes late, from rehearsals. Micky Foote,

who produced the first Clash album and Sect's "Ambition", swapped small talk with me while we waited.

When Godard arrived the earth didn't shake. His clothes were as ragged and shapeless as his physique, his face an overlarge mass of angles and protrusions. He remained ironically tight lipped most of the time, with only an occasional trace of a smile or an alarming guttural giggle.

His conversation was painfully slow, withdrawn, mocking, any word with more than a couple of syllables drawn out and emphasised with a kind of self disbelief. It took a lot of work to extract anything from him. In the cafe, we talked about Sect music.

How did you find the group you've got now?

Um, Colin the bassist, he's a friend of mine, Steve the pianist is a friend of Mickey Foote's and John the guitarist is a friend . . . of no-one (ha ha ha ha). He used to be in this group from Bristol who practised in the same studios. Bob's from the old group.

Are these people into what you're doing?

Yeah, I think all of them are. They like other stuff too. Colin likes funk. But he still likes the songs. Have you seen any of this group?

At Hammersmith Odeon on the Buzzcocks' tour, how was it playing

such a large place . . . it seemed like you weren't aware there was an audience?

Yeah, that's what we usually do in a place like that. We cope alright. We're getting used to it by now.

You played The Rainbow 18 months ago with Buzzcocks, Clash, The Jam, The Prefects. You didn't like that. No, I wasn't ready for it. At small places you tend to get covered in gob, while the next night you'll play a big place where everyone just sits there. So eventually you begin to prefer the big places.

But there never seems any communication in a place like that. Especially when you're supporting . . . you have to fight to draw people's attention when you might not feel like it in such a place.

I never think of it like that . . . fighting to get people's attention. I just do what I want to do. I don't sort of fight. I just look at people. It's really funny, when you're playing, looking at these people showing other people to their seats. It looks really funny from stage — all the torches going around.

But doesn't that disturb you? You're playing away and people are loping in.

■ Continues over



Pic: BRYN JONES

From previous page

stuffing to their seats with their ice cream and prawn Treets. No I think it's quite funny. I reckon we did quite well at Hammersmith for a support group. When I used to go there to see groups I never used to arrive for support groups. Support acts used to be booted off. Remember the support for Lou Reed... Ducks Deluxe... they got booted off.

People are more open minded these days? I don't know. I think it was just that our name was associated with the same music as Buzzcocks. So people probably thought they'd better watch and listen.

What kind of image do you think people associate with Subway Sect... just tagging along with Buzzcocks? I think people on this tour have seen that we're completely different from the Buzzcocks.

Was there any specific reason that you did the Buzzcocks tour? It was just a really good chance to get a new group together... it didn't really work out... ha ha ha ha...

So what are you looking for with this new Sect, musically? I've got an ideal of what I want, but we haven't got that exact sound yet... I want a sort of really lightweight kind of thing, but jumpy... not like pop. We're getting towards it gradually, but we've got to get each individual instrument worked out... and we haven't yet.

Are there any reference points for this sound... like, something that's gone before? It's bit like northern soul, slightly. That's about the nearest thing. But it's just coincidence. I was telling Colin, our bassist, what kind of sound I wanted, and I was trying to explain by singing... and he said oh it sounds like northern soul. And he brought a load of northern soul records over, and it did except they've got big brass bands on.

Why did you never go after this sound with the other Sect? Because we had a different sound in mind. It was far more worked out in the old group than it is now. All it involved was kind of making the guitars as trebly as possible and having a deep bass. It was very simple.

It seems very consistent now... it didn't before. Yeah, probably. That's because the musicians in this Sect are better.

You weren't pleased with the first single, "Nobody's Scared"? Not when it came out. I like it now... sort of grows on you. But I would listen to it at home, whereas I would listen to the new single. If I had a copy.

Would you dance to it? No, I don't dance anyway. It is a dance record. Yeah, the new sound I want to get is dance music. Sort of a disco version of the old group.

Could you work solo somehow, or do you prefer five ideas going into the group? It's not exactly five ideas. It's just sort of five people. I'm glad we've got the people we've got, because everyone is different. So there's a good chance of getting something good. It's like five people from completely different corners.

But does this 'something good' have to be something just you alone have to be pleased with, or do all five members have to be satisfied? I think all five members will be pleased with it. They will be pleased with it (ha ha). No, because it's got a bit of each at the moment. The only person it might not satisfy anything of at the moment is... He's the one who's got to change more than anyone else.

Does he know that? Yeah. He's already changed his style.

Who writes the music? I just write a song as if it was an acoustic number, then I play it to everyone and they join in. It's a lot easier than the old group... I had to teach them everything. But it's not as disciplined as the old group. They couldn't play their instruments very well so they had to work hard to get number one, whereas this new group know they can play so they tend to fiddle about more.

How do you see the development of Sect from the early days. Do you see lots of change? There were the first bass, drums, guitar, voice, sax of the first single... then there was an... bit where I started playing guitar... that was a good period... and then there's the new Sect.

After half an hour, we moved to a pub on the other side of Camden Town tube station. When we got to the pub, Godard said that he had left his scarf behind in the cafe. He went back to collect it. Five minutes later he returned, admitting he wasn't wearing a scarf in the first place.

As we sat down in the pub, he revealed under pressure that Sect was a lot about growing awareness. He outlined a song cycle that he had composed that specifies development in Sect.

Godard: "The song cycle, yeah... there's 'Birth And Death', which is about... sort of the fertility of the people's births... then there's 'Smoking'... which is about... battle to get out of... then there's 'Aviation'... which centres on the same thing as 'Birth And Death'.

Sect... it is about playing up... about... Like 'Watching The Devil', where... then the person... then the person... then the person... Then the solo portraits of the Sect.

In his abstract interpretation of... it is something... all the time Sect... forms earlier

And you don't feel any... saying this sort of thing in rock? Er, you'd be the expert on that. You'd probably know more about that than me.

No way... but you must be aware of hope that you're alone... Yeah.

And proud? I wouldn't use that word. Horrible word. Hate that word. I just sort of think that it's a natural thing. Because it's unnatural for people like me to be involved in the rock business.

Why?

Because I'm not the sort of person you'd expect.

You mean rock as a career? Yeah.

Don't you think certain things can be said in rock without being embarrassed? Yeah, but up until now it's been restricted to a special type of person.

Now you're getting in rock quite a lot of people that you wouldn't expect to find. Which is quite good.

You mean they're interested in something like that? Yeah, and they're not sort of flash.

Did you ever consider using another medium? Yeah, I did try making a film once. I've got a film script somewhere. I tried to write some stories.

Did they deal with the same things you concentrate on with Sect. Exactly. Growing up.

How did you growing up process develop. Did many things happen that made you see things more clearly? Yeah... at school. When I did my O-levels I was sort of a good boy, but after the O-levels... well, before them really... I just really didn't want to do it anymore. For some reason I just completely changed my outlook. I don't know what influenced me to do that.

What did you begin to think? That started to wonder why I was doing all this.

Is this the time you started to express yourself? Yeah, I was trying to write songs then. Not very successfully.

So what happened between that discovery and Sect? You left school? I went to college. I did European Studies.

Didn't you ever wonder why the heck you were doing that. No, because it was something that I wanted to do. But after a while I didn't get on with the teachers.

What happened between Sect and college. Started doing blues stuff at first... it gradually became more serious as I started to write songs. Then we didn't do any more blues.

You were trying to represent something that you felt as you were growing older? Yeah.

Do you think you're succeeding? In the songs, yes.

When did you start to realise about life and death? When I was doing my O-levels. About then.

Was it a big blow to you? No, I felt much better. It happens to most people at sometime. It just hasn't happened to some.

And that's what you're trying to represent? In some songs?

Do you see a place for it, in rock? Yeah, there should be. I don't think at the moment the people who listen to rock are interested.

You printed the words to the songs on the new single. There are some things you can't really understand if you just listen to them. It's not sung particularly clearly. It's a bit wobbly. It's very difficult to hear certain things. It's also really easy to get the wrong idea.

How did you develop that warble, it's a new trick. I dunno.

But in saying the things you want to say you seem to be going out of your way to make the music more accessible. More 'poppy'. Yeah it's good contrast to have someone with my voice, which isn't really pleasant on the ears, with a very pleasant backing.

Also what you're singing isn't necessarily pleasant. Yeah. That's the big kick I get doing really pleasant music with really unpleasant lyrics. Making things that are sad sound really happy.

Doesn't it distort in any way? No. It makes it seem more poignant.

Do you think you're naive? One part is. The other part of me is really instinctive.

Do you think this naivety comes out in the songs? Not at all. That's me as a person. I don't think any of the songs have anything to do with me... the me that talks to people. It's a completely different person. I usually don't say what I feel when I'm talking to people. Only when I write. About serious things, y'know... I'm not a serious person.

You don't seem the sort who gets pissed every night. No, not that. It's just that I like laughing. If you read the lyrics it's like a completely different person.

Do you feel embarrassed about what you're saying? No. It's just that if I went around all day as the same person who writes the songs I wouldn't have many friends.

Do you ever write happy songs? No.

There must be other things in your songs about? I think all the songs will roughly be as they are now. It may not be the same style, but it'll always be the same basic thing it comes down to. The music will probably remain change.

How would you present an album? Would you try and impress a person? Yeah, that pattern I was talking about earlier on. Oh no, I couldn't do that. "Ambition" has already been released as a single. I'd talk about that, I'd have to write a new one.

Is that easy? Yeah, quite easy. I get quite a lot of ideas for words and music. I find it easier to write the music than the words, funny enough. I could write loads of songs like the Buzzcocks... those lyrics are really easy.

But honest? There's something in being dishonest about the job they're tackling. But they've made the lyrics from song to song.

How do you think working within rock? I don't really feel myself as being within rock. So how do you think it is? I just do what everyone else tells me.

As long as it doesn't interfere with what you're saying you don't mind? Well, I usually don't do it.

But don't you think that working within the rock biz can distort and distort what you're trying to say? I don't see how.

All sorts of ways... the glamour, the

gloss, because people expect to be merely entertained... they're not looking for anything else. That factor still doesn't corrupt in any way what we're trying to do. It only would if we reacted in any way. And we don't.

Do you ever see yourself becoming popular... like 'Ambition' is very commercial. I don't think it is. We've got far more commercial songs than that. The B-side, for a start.

But what happens if you do get popular... could you cope? There's nothing really to cope with.

What about fiddling around with record companies, all sorts of irritating pressures? I wouldn't do any of it.

Being recognised in the streets? That doesn't really bother me anyway... I get recognised sometimes now. People come up to me and say how bad the group is... and I agree. I don't think it's that much of a pressure.

So essentially whole thing is just a need to do something. You could remain in a corner as long as you were creating something. I do it in a corner now. But it'd get very boring after a while.

Can you see yourself getting bigger and bigger? Yeah, I can and I can see ourselves getting smaller and smaller as well.

Do you want to get bigger and bigger. I'd like to get bigger and bigger and bigger and then get smaller and smaller and smaller. I want to get bigger to see what it's like and then when I get fed up with being bigger I get smaller and see what that's like again.

If you weren't doing this what do you think you'd be doing? Probably writing some very bad books.

So you feel that for you rock's the best medium? I don't know. It's the only one I've tried. It's the easiest one to get in to. It's the only one you can get into.

And if you get fed up with rock? I don't think that far ahead. The only thing planned is that I'm going towards that sound.

What would happen if your four colleagues walked away tomorrow? I'd get a new group together immediately.

And is what you're doing satisfying? Yeah. It's great to write a song and see what it's like, see how it works out when you've practised it, see what the final product is, and to see how close you can get to your initial idea.

Are you a loner? No. I don't like going to places on my own. I haven't been anywhere on my own for ages.

What about love? That doesn't seem to come into what you're singing about. No. Not really. I never really think about it.

A lack of interest? Yeah...

What are you interested in? Me? Geography... birds, the feathered variety. I used to be interested in stamps but not any more. Anything that's not scientific.

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What you see is what you get — see p. 15

ILLS

The Killing Of Henry

TONY STEWART reports on the *Old Bailey* 'Bully boy' trial.

ON THE seventh day of the trial the tension mounted in the Old Bailey's West Court 3. Sitting in the dock charged with manslaughter and assault at a Subway Sect gig last year John William Godden was understandably nervous.

At 10.25 that morning Judge Peter Mason had directed the jury to retire and consider their verdict. Just over an hour later they returned to clarify a point of law. An hour after that they told the court they could not reach an unanimous decision, and Judge Mason said he would accept a majority verdict.

At 3.25 pm the six men and six women forming the jury yet again returned to the court. The foreman assured the judge that given "a little more time" they could reach their decision. But when they were brought before him at 4.45 pm they had still been unable to do so.

Godden, who'd shown little emotion throughout the trial and remained impassive while witnesses described his involvement in the death of rock fan Henry Bowles, was now under considerable stress.

Not wishing to "exert pressure", Judge Mason nevertheless explained the consequences if the jury remained "hopelessly divided". There would be a re-trial involving not only a lot more expense but a continued strain on the defendant.

It was less than half an hour later when they finally returned to a hushed courtroom and the foreman said they had reached a majority verdict.

It had taken them six hours and 27 minutes. Godden, who was employed as an £8 a night bouncer at The Bell on London's Pentonville Road at the time of the alleged offences, again showed no signs of emotion as the verdict was announced.

The 33-year-old service station manager with a wife and four step-children was found guilty of unlawfully killing 24-year-old Henry Bowles on November 4, 1977.

The jury was discharged and the court adjourned until the



Illustration by JACK BOWLES

next morning when sentence was to be passed.

Also charged with assault was 23-year-old Frank Joseph Flood, who had also worked as a bouncer at The Bell. He pleaded guilty. On the fourth day of the trial the judge directed the jury to return not guilty verdicts on charges of causing Bowles grievous bodily harm against both men, due to insubstantial medical evidence.

FOR THE music business and rock audiences this was possibly the most important trial ever to come before the courts, highlighting the disastrous consequences of untrained bouncers 'policing' a gig.

The tragic death of Henry Bowles, a parts manager for the Clapham firm Mocheck, came as a result of being evicted from The Bell on October 23, 1977 by a number of bouncers including Flood and Godden. And those two, said Judge Mason when sentencing them, behaved "disgracefully".

Bouncers using strong arm tactics and often acting outside the law have long been criticised by the music press to little avail. Riots have gone uncontrolled at gigs, fans have been seriously injured and even killed.

But this was a significant trial, because a bouncer was found guilty of unlawfully killing a member of the audience. At last it brings attention to one of the most serious problems in rock entertainment: gig security and the "bully boy" methods sometimes used.

It's a deplorable situation, but ironically none of the daily papers chose to publicise this case.

Yet the prosecution witnesses included Sebastian Conran, son of Habitat's Terry Conran and a friend of The Clash; Viv Albertine of The Slits; Robert Simmons, a former member of Subway Sect who played The Bell on that fateful night; and Nigel Thomas, who used to be Joe Cocker's manager, and Robin Turner — now both directors of the Vortex Record Company.

Their evidence illustrated both their concern that justice should be done and their horror at the way Bowles was treated inside the pub.

Continues over page

WE CAN BE NAZIS

Just for one film

A SHELL-SHOCKED *THRILL* knots its silk dressing gown cord and retires to the cocktail cabinet: "Come on, David, time to find a home and go there. You're lost in a Harold Pinter play without a script . . ." The actor who went to seed, starring in a remake of *Cabaret*, and quite a carry on it is.

Through the pre-WW2 world of Berlin, to be exact — it's time for another superficial film "about" the rise of Nazis, although the makers declaim any attempts at analysis thereof.

Bowie plays the 'Michael York' nail character—adrian in a "twilight" world of tuberculous, political turbulence, and transvestites — and meets the 'Liza Minnelli' scatter-brained amoral nightclub singer, played by Sybil Rome.

Da-ah-shingly decadent, dears, doncha just hurr those laughing legions of belligerent Brownshirts?

Just *A Gigolo* comes from a song of the same name. Some stringer spun it out into a script, and someone sans shelled out £2 million Deutschmarks to make the film of the script of the song. They got Marlene Dietrich out of cold storage to sing the song, and David Bowie out of suspenseful animation to give her someone to sing it to.

Bowie plays Paul von Pryzgodski (try putting that in sequins on your denim jacket), a young Prussian lieutenant who enters WW1 just in time to see it end, copping a sneeze of shrapnel in the skull for good measure (and plot).

He hops it back to Berlin, where his house is not a home but a brothel, his mum works in the Turkish baths, and his ex-Commanding officer (David Hemmings) is getting into Nietzsche, Goethe, Wagner, and blond-haired boys who like to be slapped. Join the dots. Pryzgodski mumbles about in a daze, and won't be seduced by Cilly (Rome) — his childhood friend, now a slinky siren (sic).

He ends up (or vice versa) the way of all flesh, eventually, with the widow (Kim Novak) of a Prussian General — a crumbly, *Carry On* seduction scene, typical of the movie — flopping next to the coffin while the stained glass windows keep the Communist bullets outside.

Moving through a "twilight" world of silted script, laughable locations, and spurious relationships, Bowie mumbles about for days, saying crassly appropriate things like "I feel uneasy" and "I feel uncomfortable". Just *A Gigolo* — selling, playing a "self" lovelessly, shingling, Cruelly appropriate. Thomas Jerome?

He trips into the gigolo trade via the "Lutzower Lampe Night Club", a language of lascivious young male lizards masterminded by the Baroness von Semering (Dietrich), who purses her lips a lot and sings like Marlene Dietrich with a mouthful of smurfs.

Bowie drinks absinthe and looks like a potted plant. He's finally seduced by Cilly — empty mension, log fire, rug, lipgloss — and a "political" tract is dropped in at the end, just for bitterness, just for conscience, just for Hollywood . . . but nowhere near *The Third Man*, I'm afraid. That's progress. That's progress?



Lead singer of popular Irish showband Tin Helmet auditions for *Just A Gigolo*.

There's nothing here to hang an image on. Even I fell in love with *A Man Who Fell To Earth* — but now, the benefit of retrospect, that film's stoney, hypnothic success seems down even more to Nicolas Roeg's eye for image than David's conduct leaves than it did at the time.

This certainly doesn't seem like the missing link between "Station To Station" and Egon Schiele (Bowie's west cinema role).

The real title of *Just A Gigolo* is *I Don't Think We Should Play Until The Kaiser Comes*.

The right wing will love it: Law force.

IAN PENMAN

PAROIDS

The Killing Of Henry

Continued from previous page



Victim HENRY BOWLES

While ejecting Bowles from The Bell, prosecuting counsel Michael Neligan told the court on the first day of the trial, the bouncers used a "totally unnecessary degree of violence upon him."

IN THE early hours of a Sunday morning, two weeks before Guy Fawkes, at Subway Scai gig at The Bell, a firework explodes in the front bar, and the bouncers come looking for the culprit.

Some of the customers and staff thought Henry Bowles was responsible.

One person pointed him out and then, Mr Neligan continued, "steps were set in train to eject Mr Bowles from the public house and in so doing both these defendants played a part."

According to the pub doorman Leonard Guthrie, "There was a certain amount of punching, kicking and shouting" as Bowles was hustled out. Flood gashed his left arm when it went through the door window on his way into the street.

Once outside, Flood kicked Bowles in the stomach and then was pushed back into the pub by Godden. He then hit Bowles in the face, knocking him on his back.

Mr Neligan told the jury that Bowles struck his head in the fall and fractured his skull, causing injury to his brain from which he died in hospital on November 4.

When interviewed by the police, said the prosecutor, Godden was asked how hard he hit the dead man.

"Hard, I expect," he replied. "When I hit someone they usually go down."

It was the first of many accounts of the violence inflicted on Henry Bowles that the jury was to hear over the next seven days.

HOWEVER, the Crown's case against Godden was not conclusive, and relied on a stream of eye-witness accounts to describe the aggressive behaviour and unreasonable force used by the bouncers inside the pub. Their testimonies were by no means consistent.

Viv Albertine of The Slits, the prosecution's first witness, was talking to the Sect's Robert Simmons in the front bar of The Bell when the firework went off.

She said a man "definitely connected with the management" asked Henry Bowles, "Did you do that?"

She continued, "The boy didn't say anything. He shrugged his shoulders as if bewildered. The man grabbed the boy and started hauling him out of the bar."

Three men who she assumed were bouncers rushed to help the man. "The boy was really quite viciously bundled towards the door."

Under cross-examination by Godden's lawyer John Lloyd Eley, she said Bowles wasn't struggling when he was ejected.

back." He couldn't comment further because at that point was distracted.

But under cross-examination, he said that no excessive violence had been used, and although The Bell was a "rough pub" it was their policy to talk to people rather than use force.

A GREAT part of the prosecution's case depended on the evidence of the doorman Guthrie. He was their only witness who saw Godden strike the fatal blow, though he didn't see the deceased hit his head.

Also, as Bowles was removed from The Bell Guthrie saw another person in the crowd strike out at him. But he was unable to identify the "mystery" assailant.

What happened to Henry Bowles on the pavement was by no means certain; except that when his friends Michael Harrison and Caroline Thorpe (who were to meet him inside) came along he was already critically injured.

When interviewed by the police, Godden said that Flood lost his temper when he injured his arm, and kicked out at Bowles.

"Frank would have killed him if he could have because he'd done his shoulder."

Godden also said he struck Bowles himself.

"He hit me in the stomach," he told the police, "then I hit out at him. I must have hit him hard because he went down."

Godden told the court he had worked as a bouncer at The Bell for six months and had previously ejected people without using violence; he last had a fight eight years ago. He had only hit Bowles after the young man attempted to strike him in the testicles.

Asked in court if Bowles went down when he punched him, he replied, "I didn't see him go down. I wish I had. Then I'd know if I was responsible for his death or not."

"It's possible?" prodded Mr Neligan. "I've already said that."

THE CASE for the defence obviously rested on Godden's testimony.

The evidence of the post-mortem on Bowles revealed that the linear fracture at the base of the skull, which subsequently led to brain damage and death, could have been caused by the man falling from his own height without being knocked to the ground.

The autopsy also showed that Bowles had a "fatty liver". This, the pathologist said, could have been the result either of the degenerative process of a dying man, or the chronic ingestion of alcohol.

The head injury, said the pathologist, was consistent with a drunk stumbling over. (Mr Lloyd Eley had already established in cross-examining several witnesses that Henry Bowles had been drinking, though not excessively.)

Clearly the defence intended not only to prove self-defence but to cast doubt on the prosecution's charge that Godden knocked Bowles to the ground.

BUT ON the fifth day there was a dramatic development in the trial. Mr Lloyd Eley called John Stafford to give evidence.

On the day of the incident he was working as a potman at The Bell and testified that Bowles was ejected by Flood and a man called Vince Parker. It was Parker, wearing steel-capped shoes, and Flood who kicked the young man.

He claimed that before he went away, Parker kicked Bowles in the head three times. Flood remained outside and then Godden came and pushed him back into the pub.

The boy aimed a punch at Godden's stomach and the bouncer retaliated with a blow to the chin.

"He went down," said Stafford, "and then got up." Bowles walked to the pub steps and sat down beside a girl, he added.

Cross-examined by Mr Neligan, it was revealed that Stafford had a long list of convictions for dishonesty. But throughout the questioning he maintained he was being truthful.

Asked why he hadn't stopped the men attacking Bowles, he replied, "It was nothing to do with me."

Recalled to the witness box, Inspector Terence Mansbridge said that on October 26, 1977 he asked Stafford if he was able to help with inquiries. Stafford declined.

ON THE eighth and final day, Mr Lloyd Eley said in mitigation that Godden was previously of good character, now a service station manager and no longer a part-time bouncer; nor would he ever be again. A witness described him as "a model father... virtually a model husband".

Mr Docking said Flood had only worked as a bouncer for two weeks. At the time of the offence he lived in a social security hostel and received £10 a week benefits. After he'd gashed his arm it was a "sudden burst of temper" that caused him to assault Henry Bowles.

Now Flood had the chance of full-time employment in Sutton, Surrey.

But Judge Mason told both men, "You behaved, in my judgement, disgracefully."

Godden, he continued, acted like a "bully boy and a thug."

"Your act cut short this young man on the threshold of his life. To that I cannot close my eyes."

Flood was sentenced to three months in prison, Godden to a year. Neither men showed any emotion.

PAID £8 a night for acting as bouncers, Flood and Godden's "disgraceful" behaviour on October 25, 1977 conclusively proves why there is alarm about rock gig security.

Anybody can unofficially 'police' a theatre, club or bar. Under the law there is no training required. Yet these men, employed at the discretion of licensees, must maintain order — and they often do so with brawn rather than brains, aggression rather than persuasion.

Even the OLC, in its role as public entertainment watchdog, does no more than recommend that attendants "should be properly trained" in their booklet, *Code Of Practice For Pop Concerts*.

Clearly such people often are not. There is no government body to licence bouncers; they are not obliged to wear recognisable uniforms; they are not required to be of 'good character'.

In short there is no guarantee that a bouncer can deal adequately with delicate confrontations. And no official body — from the breweries to the councils and government — has yet seen fit to stipulate a code of behaviour.

Every rock fan must ask one question: will I be killed at the gig tonight?

The threat is unfortunately real.

Thug law?

Sir.—On November 10 you reported that two public house bouncers killed a man and were gaoled for life. The interest centred on a policeman who witnessed the fracas, but did not intervene.

Today (November 28) two more bouncers were sent to gaol for throwing my son out of a pub in Fardonville Road. They fractured his skull and it killed him.

Is it a sign of the times that public house landlords feel it necessary to hire violent men to control their clients? What has become of the police?—Yours faithfully,

Jack Bowles, Cambridge CB4 1BU.

The Guardian letters page, December 4, 1978



Killer JOHN GODDEN

GEORGE BOONAR

IT'S GONNA BE A...
PUNK ROCK CHRISTMAS!
WITH SILENT NIGHT!

XMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

— THANK GOD

WE HERE at *New Musical Express* are accustomed to taking a lofty amused attitude to the absurd vinyl objects thrown up (and we use the term advisedly) by the vagaries of the seasonal variations in record marketing patterns (*Get to the point — Ed*), but the cheesy little biscuit pictured above, which incidentally, comes pressed on the most guesomely ugly vinyl known to humanity, is our current entrant in the "Worst Christmas Record Of All Times" stakes. The product of the deformed sensibility of one Harold Bronson (former onlie beggetter of *The Savage Young Winos*), it is so dreadful that we're betting that even *Fred Dellar's Christmas Records Survey* (appearing in *NME* next week) will not throw up (and we use the term advisedly) anything worse. You have been warned.

Bla-a-a-a-a-a-g-g-h-h-h-h-h-h

Meanwhile, below, is the proof that yes, Virginia, there is a *Santa Claus in Jamaica* (even though the red combs get a bit funky under the armpits come Boxing Day). Jacob Miller (undoubtedly going, "Ho ho ho" with a lot verber-'arb-'arb) together with Ray presents *Thrills* with a well thoughtful Xmas gift for I & I (fade out babbling inanities, falling off chair, etc). This artefact available on JA's Top Ranking label from reggae stockists

MATY CHRISTMAS

JACOB MILLER
RAY I

MATY CHRISTMAS

So.
Farewell
then,
Rezillos



FAY FIFE by GREGORY PAXTON

A funny
name
for an
ex-pop
group.

BEHIND EVERY great group, and even some lesser ones, there's a whole lot more goes on than ever meets the eye.

The Rezillos broke up last week because of "differing expectations of the music industry", as the press statement accurately and diplomatically put it. As they announced the split, their new single "Destination Venus" was climbing the chart. The Rezillos always were a star-crossed band.

Signed to the American Sire label on the strength of one of '77's primo independent singles, "Can't Stand My Baby", their first single for Sire managed to get released in two separate batches over last year's yuletide record rush — "Good Sculptures"/"Flying Saucer Attack" was effectively lost.

Then they were flown over to New York to make an album with hot shot Sire producer Tony Bongiovi. Bongiovi was so in tune with the group's style that he wanted to leave "Cold Wars", "No" and the hit-single-to-be "Top Of The Pops" off the album. Luckily Bongiovi only turned up for an hour or so every few days and they were able to get on with making the album with engineer Bob Clearmountain. Unluckily, in his capacity as "producer", Bongiovi got three per cent of their royalties.

They were again on the wrong end of circumstances when their first major tour and the release of the album was blown out as a result of Sire switching distributors. When finally Sire went under the banner of WEA the album made Top 20 and the tour was a huge success. "Good timing", said the company, ignoring the stousch following The Rezillos already enjoyed.

SHH, at last it looked like things were falling into place. I remember going up to extend a congratulatory hand at their London gig, expecting to find the raucous, good humoured bunch I'd met earlier in the year in even better mood considering their wildest pop star dreams had just come true. Instead they were ratty and dispirited, bickering over trifling annoyances of the gig. The fun, it seemed, had gone out of it.

"Yeah, that's exactly it. There were so many other problems that took the good things out of it," says the irrepressible Fay Fife. "Things that you're really bothered about go down the drain because the record company is such a big organisation, and you're just a wee part of it. You lose control, and that spoils it — which it had by then."

Fay and her equally irrepressible partner, Eugene Reynolds, are ensconced in a late-night pizzeria, chewing over the dissolution of something they've devoted the better part of their energies of the past few years to. It's an amicable parting, with a brace of farewell gigs — two down south and two in their Scottish homeland near Christmas — yielding a possible five album. After which guitarist and songwriter John Callis and the Rezillos rhythm section will carry on their good name, while Eugene and Fay concentrate on a new band. But whichever way you slice it up, The Rezillos were a combination of Callis' cynically comic songs and Fay and Eugene's brash visual and vocal dynamo.

"No way have we fallen out with the rest of the band," asserts Fay. "If we went on for another six months or so then we would have, because there are a lot of differences. John, who I really admire, is getting into a really different thing because of the environment he's in now."

"It's become a job," says Eugene. "It's great to earn money from being in a group and having hit singles but I don't think it's great when you have to treat the whole thing — which is essentially spontaneous — as a job."

The brunt of Eugene's bitterness isn't financial though — despite the fact that they never made more than £25 a week from their success he doesn't feel that they've been ripped off, and reckons they were lucky to end up owing only a thousand pounds. It's more the draining effects of trying to deal with the corporate monolith. He and Fay didn't want to be called upon to make records to order and then have them packaged and promoted in a way that merely reflects the latest market trends. Eugene calls it a fear of becoming just another standard rock act, adding shrewdly that "the trade is set up for that."

In fact the split was partly caused by what he says amounted to veiled threat from the company of the if-you-want-to-get-on-then-you-two-better-tee-the-line order.

"But it's supposed to be a working relationship. Not just sitting around getting as many free meals out of the company as possible. It's about producing something and doing it right. So you put up with these people and potty stories about how many women they screwed in New York as long as they do their job right. But then, when they don't, what's the point?"

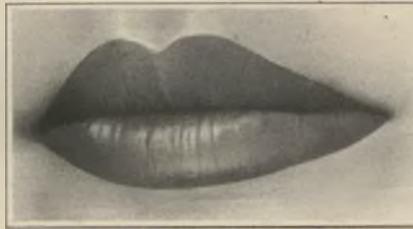
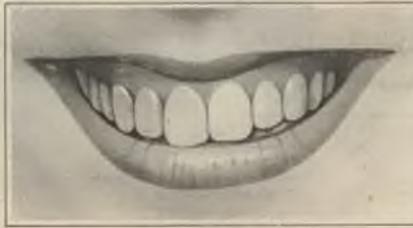
"I'd rather sell 20,000 copies of our own single to people that are genuinely interested in it than see myself on Top Of The Pops again."

The moral of this story is that when it comes to companies and contracts, to paraphrase Marx's immortal words, there is no Sanity Clause.

PAUL RAMBAU

REZILLOS

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The KISS movie

**HEY! HEY!
WE'RE THE
MUNSTERS!**

*Are they not Kiss?
They are dildoes*

IT WAS, perhaps, the most exquisite peak that the macabre tradition of Western cinema has ever produced.

The humour, the pathos, the beautifully constructed plot, the deft, faultless sensitivity of the lighting, the inexorable, sure-footed pace of the editing, the titanic performances by the stars, the delicate ironies . . . why, the theological implications alone were staggering.

All in all, it was one of the finest movies I'd ever seen in my life, and during many times during the 90 minutes that I spent watching *Kiss Meet The Phantom Of The Park* I wished that I was seeing the Universal Pictures production of *Son Of Frankenstein* again. As it was, I was trapped in a theatre where you couldn't even smoke watching the most ludicrous waste of \$2,000,000 since the invention of celluloid.

This year, escapism, high adventure, comic-books and juvenile horror are back in favour with a vengeance, which is more than fine, as more and more characters move from the glossy graphics of Marvel and DC to the movie and TV screen, the happier year correspondent is. *The Incredible Hulk* is the finest imported TV series of the year (even

though *Wonder Woman* had zilcho going for it except Lynda Carter) and I even got off on the *Spider-Man* movie. But Kiss. . .

I recently saw *Alan Harvey*, a man of taste and sensitivity in any man's space-time continuum, reduced to spoplectic, spluttering speechlessness at the thought of the Kiss comics outselling anything else in the history of Marvel while his beloved *Silver Surfer* and *Nick Fury* went out of print. One can sympathise. As superheroes, Kiss are about as convincing as a cardboard hippopotamus (plus those boots make them walk funny).

The only sections of the movie less convincing than the fights and stunts are the concert sequences, where Kiss churn out the most mind-numbingly stultifying sludge-rock imaginable while an audience of clean-cut American kids in California leisurewear and silly make-up go berserk (but only in the healthiest and most vitamin-packed manner, natch).

This towering monument to terminal cancer of the imagination was produced by Kiss' management in conjunction with Hanna-Barbera (lamons for *Yogi Buar* and *Boo Boo*, among other things) as a made-for-TV movie which was shown highly successfully on NBC-TV in Los Estados Unidos some while or two



Dildoes get to grips with a phantom

FIN COSTELLO

back. Over here, it's intended for cinema showing, and I'm sure that the date of its release will be determined when major distributors are made aware of precisely how much Kiss mean to the general public in the UK (more than *Leer/Rental* but less than *The Dooleys*).

The plot, such as it is, concerns a foundering amusement park based around the cybernetic inventions of a wimpish middle-aged mad scientist

who is highly disturbed by the fact that the park is doing so badly that Kiss have to be drafted in to play three gigs there to raise munny. For some unknown reason (possibly explained in the original script but edited out) he decides to use his deadly androids and the people who he has converted into cyborgs to wipe out Kiss and destroy the park. Great, huh?

Kiss appear in the movie as both superheroes (*Demon*, *Starchild*,

Catman and *Space Ace*) and rock stars (*Gene Simmons*, *Paul Stanley*, *Peter Criss* and *Ace Frehley*). Simmons does a crashing-through-a-wall *Hulk*-type number where he actually looks genuinely unnering, but once the Kabuki-wogio bug-eye boys open their mouths (either on or offstage), they come on more like some charmless cross between the *Monkees* and the *Munsters*.

Perhaps their finest moment comes when they are attacked by a herd of cybernetic wolffmen (me, I was rooting for the wolffmen) before their capture by the mad scientist, who then sends Kiss androids (stop laughing) to sing destructive lyrics to the kids to make them tear the park down (the androids were better than the real Kiss, actually).

It's kind of amusing (in a pathetic kind of way) to see combination of warmed-over glitter, *Mondo Pervo* and post-*Alice Cooper* *Petit Guignol* being packaged up, microwave heated and bogged to borders of ten-year-olds, but the sheer ineptitude of the movie eventually sours it.

Comparing the movie to the synopsis, it would appear that large chunks of the film have been left on cutting-room floor (pity the whole thing couldn't've stayed there); characters jump from one location to another alluding to incidents that haven't appeared on screen, sequences are transposed (and don't come the *Nick Roeg* with me, mate, I can tell Art from better) and characterisations are drawn in thick, shaky crayon strokes.

Even by the standards of juvenile TV adventure, the whole thing displays such couldn't-give-a-shit contempt for its audience that I would've thought that Kiss, *Bill Asocin* (their manager) and director *Gordon Heister* would've been ashamed to take the munny.

Silly me. This megabuck showbiz we're talking about, *O Prince*, and in this man's racket *no-one* is ashamed to take the munny.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
MARRIOTT



JIM MORRISON

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UP FOR GRABS

FROM TIME to time, you've probably wondered who writes the pithy picture captions in this esteemed chronicle. Have you ever considered trying to beat us at our own game?

- Well — here's your opportunity.
- As it's the season of goodwill and owl fer nowt, we here at the World's Most Generous Rock Weekly, will be putting various desirable items up for grabs each week. And, all you have to be is witty enough to score 'em.
- For their next single, Blondie have re-worked an extended version of "Heart Of Glass", which now clocks in at just under six minutes. This record won't go on sale in this country until January 1979.
- However, we have blagged five American-pressed 12-inch disco cuts from those nice people over at Chrysalis Records, and if you want a copy, all you have to do is supply an appropriate (printable) caption.
- Speed is of the very essence. So all entries must drop on the "Welcome" mat by first post December 11.
- Next week, copies of a promo-only Sire Records compilation album pressed on emerald green vinyl and housed in a pink quilted sleeve will go on offer.
- Bon chance!

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeep . . .

This is the sound of record companies hope you'll soon hear on your 'pirate' tapes.

THE BATTLE against record piracy continues apace. With the pirates moving strongly into counterfeiting, the record companies are looking to the laboratory to find an answer to their problems.

The companies dream of a system whereby everytime anyone attempts to copy a disc or a tape, it would self-destruct, refuse to play or produce an unacceptable sound. This is called "anti-copy" and, though often considered impossible, it still captures the imagination of inventors due to the vast financial returns should a viable system be discovered.

Surprisingly, such a system was patented in 1968 by 'Magic Alex' Mardus, the resident mad inventor at Apple, the Beatles company. Press stories at the time claimed that tape recording a disc pressed according to the Apple system would result only in a high-pitched whistle on the tape. This was done by implanting some kind of signal on the disc which, when it combined with a frequency in the tape recorder, would produce an audible sound. Alas, Alex's system did not actually work and the Apple patents lapsed.

Another system, less fanciful, involves imprinting records and tapes with some kind of indelible watermark, and this is the area where the main thrust of record company research is being directed. EMI has been working on such a system for some years which involves implanting into blank tape a magnetic digital code — in some respects similar to that used by the National Westminster Bank cash card system — which can be recognised when the tape cassette is played on a decoder.

The disadvantage of this system is that it can only be used to prove that a tape does not originate from EMI. For example, if Kate Bush cassette is



on sale in a shop, and when played through the decoder the watermark signal is absent, then it is good grounds for supposing it's a counterfeit.

In the courts this is described as "negative proof" — where the absence of something is regarded as positively something else. But a defence counsel could argue the case that until EMI watermarked tapes are available in every tape factory, then it is possible that the tape was old stock or the like. Alternatively, when and if it becomes available worldwide, the pirates could find ways of ripping off the new tape, and putting EMI back to square one.

A more fiendish system which promises a greater chance of success was proposed by Adrian Hope, a writer in *Hi-Fi News and Record Review*. His system involves watermarking the recording, rather than the blank tape with a narrow frequency bandwidth 'window' cut out of the audio spectrum, which would carry a recognisable coded

signal. According to Hope: "This in itself will prove a deterrent to the pirate. When illegitimately copying a recording, he will be faced with the knowledge that somewhere in that recording (although he's not sure where), is notched out a window (of unknown frequency) including an identification signal coded (in some unknown fashion) which is positively identifiable by the owner of the copyright. And of course a notch is virtually impossible to repair even if you know where it is."

He comments: "Such a situation would enable the copyright owner to point, electronically as it were, to a tell tale watermark to the sound on an illegitimate recording, and thereby identify its original source. This would provide positive proof of piracy that the record companies require, in addition to the negative proof of authenticity that the EMI trademark can offer."

DICK TRACY
PARLOLO

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DARTS GET STUCK INTO BIG BASKETBALL CASE



Most of Mr. KENNY ANDREWS

"I'M NOT GONNA show how gymnastic I can be. I don't feel like jumping off trampolines or climbing in the balcony. None of that Tarzan stuff. I'm not gonna goochie-goo around. I'll be up on stage performing and having fun. I'll get my point across."

Kenny Andrews is talking about his new job as bass singer with Darts, the group that's had a consecutive string of chart singles with its sophisticated use of an early rock'n'roll doo-wop format.

Kenny is a 26-year black guy originally from Malvern, Ohio — that's a small town (population 1,328) to the south of Cleveland. He was recruited by Darts at the end of an extensive series of auditions in London and New York.

Rita Ray, who's another quarter of Darts' four-part harmonies, says Kenny auditioned on the ninth or tenth day of auditions in New York. "He looked good and sounded good, and we decided he was the one."

Kenny has a hard act to follow within the group. His predecessor was 'Mad' Den Hegarty, who created national newspaper headlines with his crazed antics both on stage and in among his audiences.

'Mad' Den quit the band because the pace became too much, with Darts reckoning to play a gig one night out of every three. That intense schedule still stands. But the problem was how to replace 'Mad' Den with someone possessing the same music and lunacy quotient.

As it turned out, there was no way that could be done. As Griff Fender, yet another Darts vocalist, put it: "Dennis is unique. The group couldn't do the same thing twice, anyway. We have to move, or..."

Rita says auditions began in

mid-August in London, where they some 300 singers at the rate of about 30 a day. "The whole band was going to sit in on auditions. But what with the loonies we got, people started laughing, and things got a bit uncontrollable, so we had to send them away."

How many loonies did you get?

"Three hundred," says Griff Fender.

"No," says Rita. "In fact, about eighty-five per cent were loonies. You knew they weren't bass-singers straight away. We'd say to them: 'Oh, you've applied for the job, have you?' And they'd say: 'Yes, I have'."

Rita does a high-pitched falsetto by way of demonstration.

"Then we'd say: 'And you're a natural bass, are you?' And they'd say: 'Yes'."

Another high-pitched squeak.

"So we'd give them a scale to sing. We'd go: 'Boooooom'. And they'd go: 'Bohm'. So then we'd say: 'But you're not a bass, are you?' They'd say: 'No, but don't you want somebody enigmatic like Dennis?'"

According to Griff, the attitude was: "I can climb the walls all right, but I can't sing."

"Whereas," says Rita, "We were looking for a marvellous singer. There are enough loonies in the band, anyway."

In the States, Rita found that the standard of bass singing was more impressive.

"That's where the music comes from, after all. But what was disappointing was the way doo-wop seems to have almost died out over there. I went into a record store in Greenwich Village. The sort of place that should have stocked it. And I said to the guy behind the counter: 'Where's your doo-wop section, please?'"

"And he said: 'Do what, lady?'"

"And he was a black guy."



DARTS' full team: Griff, Bob, Kenny, Horace, Thump, Rita, George, Mike and Dummer.

Members of Darts are gathered in their manager's plush flat in West London, preparing to do their first Top Of The Pops with their new line-up. They're fitting in interviews before driving over to the BBC.

It's the first time Kenny has ever appeared on television anywhere, and he doesn't seem to be the least bit nervous. This evident confidence is reflected in the subsequent clip.

Before joining Darts, Kenny had only ever been with a semi-pro group. They were called the K.G.s, and they operated in New York.

"It wasn't a serious thing," he says. "We'd just split up

before the audition anyway. Basically, we just used to perform the latest things that were happening — whatever was popular at the time."

He doesn't elaborate, but he does say somewhat quietly that most of his life was spent behind a desk in an insurance office, desperate to leave and do music full-time.

Kenny had never heard of Darts or heard any of their music before he responded to their advert in a New York showbiz paper. He'd sung some doo-wop before, but "Only messing around with the fellers." They'd sing

"Temptations, Coasters, Drifters — stuff like that —

y'know, hanging on the corner."

Once he'd heard the Darts, though, he says he liked them because "Their music has a doo-wop format, but it's imaginative and they're putting other things into it. It's not just the same thing over and over again. With the Darts, it's down to creativity and showing talent to the people."

Having cracked most of Europe, with the curious exception of Germany, Darts plan to concentrate on the States next year. They'll put a compilation album of their best material out, with a deliberate slant towards American tastes.

By that stage, Kenny and the band's new keyboard player Mike Deacon should have blended into the line-up, although in truth, it's hard to imagine Kenny blending too easily into any line-up.

Despite his caution about his onstage visuals, Kenny happens to be at least six foot four inches tall. A guy not easily concealed in a crowd.

"Basically," he says, "I'm the hideaway sort. Quiet, shy, innocuous."

These are pretty unusual qualities for a performer, though, and if a guy who looks like one of the Harlem Globetrotters doesn't end doing something a little showbiz onstage, then Darts won't be Darts, will they?

BOB EDMANDS
PHTOTOS

Darts

Queen top in ladies Division 2

QUEEN topped the list in Division 2 of the New Musical Express chart. The group's new single 'Queen of the Night' was the most popular, followed by 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by George Michael. Other entries include 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by George Michael, 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by George Michael, 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by George Michael.

Fat bottomed fred in line for promotion? Dave King, of York, hopes not. The Yorkshire Evening Press isn't so sure.

WHO ARE THEY?

"THE 'OO is a group again. Without a drummer we weren't a group."

Kenny is being brought in as a full-time member and as such has a quarter share of what we are.

"Kenny is now a quarter of The 'Oo, and if one journalist says we're not the same without Keith, then I'll personally break his legs. We are not the same."

A breezy Roger Daltrey knocks back another gulp of his large vodka and bitter-lemon. So when can we expect to see The Who in action again? "I should say around March," reveals Roger confidently. As for the complete line-up, it's likely that Townshend, Entwistle, Daltrey and Jones will be augmented by at least one other musician.

The scene is a pub in grimy North London — Islington, to be exact. Entwistle and Jones are to arrive later. Townshend is at home. His missus wanted to go out for the night, so Pete's at home in Twickenham, baby-sitting.

The occasion is to celebrate the wrapping-up of the *Quadrophenia* movie. The last bit of filming is to take place next door in the not-over-entirely-confines of Alfredo's cafe. There, *Quadrophenia*'s central character Jimmy will talk to his mates about scoring some 'blues' before mooning his scooter and high-tailing it to Brighton.

There are six of '60s greats like Elvis and Chuck Berry on the walls of Alfredo's, but outside the film crew are creating the ambience of another epoch in rock's continual evolution, that of London circa '65 when the Mods were one answer for the nation's frustrated youth.

Directed by Franc Roddam, he of the TV drama *Dummy* fame, and financed by one and a half million of Polydor Records' money, the flick has taken nine weeks to complete. Those who've seen the rushes are impressed.

"It's terrific," enthuses Daltrey, who along with Townshend and Entwistle has produced the film. The movie stays fairly close to the story of Townshend's album, that of a Mod in search of himself. Save for overseeing the period detail, The Who themselves have had little to do with the actual film-making.

"All the British films which dealt with that period were so wimpy," complains Daltrey. "Remember the Cliff Richard movies? They were made by outsiders looking in."

Quadrophenia is made by insiders looking out. "It's not another *Tammy*. It's about teenagers and teenagers have always been the same whether they're 13 or going on 35." The singer chuckles at his own candour.

The Who's main involvement with *Quadrophenia* has been the soundtrack. More than likely a double album — featuring tracks by the era's loves Small Faces and Motown — will be released. The Who's own contribution is,

says Daltrey, something of a dilemma. And one which has been exacerbated by Keith Moon's death.

Already The Who have re-recorded "The Real Me" from "Quadrophenia," but Daltrey is reluctant to mess with too much of the old material.

"I'm proud of me heritage," he says. "I don't care if I'm singing flat and it sounds like I was singing out of a railway tunnel."

One thing seems fairly certain, and that's that there will be four new Townshend compositions on the soundtrack. But even one of these dates from '66-'67. Called "Joker James," The Who (with Jones) have already recorded the song.

When Townshend gave Tony Stewart an epic interview earlier in the year, it was revealed that both Johnny Rotten and Jimmy Pursey were up for the lead role in *Quadrophenia*. Subsequently, the role went to an unknown actor, Phil Daniels.

Says Daltrey: "Johnny Rotten was auditioned for a part in *Quadrophenia* but his acting wasn't very good. Sham 69 were asked to play two songs for possible inclusion in the film. It wasn't that we didn't like them. It was just that they couldn't play the way bands in the early '60s played."

"Pursey is a star. I've never seen a man rule a group like he does. Sham were just wrong for the film. Jimmy Pursey will be around when Johnny Rotten's dead and buried."

Quadrophenia aside, what of The Who's future? Roger told me that Townshend is writing all the time, and that this time round there won't be a gap of years between the release of new Who material. He reckons there'll be another album in the not-too-distant future, and that's discounting the soundtrack of the other Who movie, *The Kids Are Alright*.

"We're only too aware of the situation. We'd like to put more singles out. 'Who Are You' wasn't a single I was proud of. I'm very proud of the album, but not of the single. It was a blotted album track."

The *Kids* movie, essentially footage of the band playing live, including clips from The Who's appearance at Woodstock and Monterey — as well as scenes from their appearance on the Russell Harty programme where the rest of The Who stripped Daltrey — is scheduled for April release. An album, probably all live cuts, will be issued a month previous.

Also featured in The Who playing at Shepperton. Filmed earlier in the year, it turned out to be the last time Moon played with The Who in front of an audience. It is, according to one Who aide, a classic gig.

"Next year's going to be a great year for us. When Keith died I had no thoughts of us splitting up. Why should we? We've got everything going for us. It's just that we're not quite as funny as we used to be."

STEVE CLARKE PHTOTOS

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"I AM JIMI HENDRIX'S BROTHER JEMI" — Amazing claim by mental case

WEDNESDAY at noon. Office production was so intense that it made the mess-room of the *Marie Celeste* look like a hive of activity. This week's issue was still so hot off the press that picking it up was like pulling on a pair of woolly mittens and washing your hands with 3-in-1 oil at the same time. That's when I knew why the other hacks were playing skittles instead of filling in the cross-word.

I decided I'd read the paper later, after the under-coat had dried but before *Budgie* passed comment. I was a busy man. But I'd find time somehow. I hit a Camel and it tasted the same as a grease-monkey's handkerchief. I tilted my head to one side because I like to keep the smoke out of my sinus. I pushed back the blue Dunn & Co tiller until it was resting at a rakish angle on my perfectly formed coronal suture because I like the way it looks.

The phone on my desk shrieked self-importantly and I picked it up absently. Three floors down in Carnaby Street the tourists ambled aimlessly, disappointed because the girl who sold them their plastic Bobbie's helmet wasn't Jean Shrimpton.

And they thought they had problems. At least they could go get run over by a bus as they laser-gazed at Oxford Street's answer to the Blue Oyster Cult.

Me, I was stuck in an office where the walls had had seven layers of wallpaper and all of them were peeling. Worse yet, the guy hanging on the telephone was a musician. His voice came in waves, like nausea.

This was the 394th unknown band that had served me their home-made hyperbole today. It had been a slow day. I figured I'd have to agree to my name plus one being put on the guest-list of a W.I. date in South-East Rutland next Sunday morning before the bozo would let me get back to making patterns out of paper-clips.

"Jimi Hendrix is my brother," the voice was saying. "His poem on the back of the *Cry Of Love* album is about me. The record companies are all afraid to see me because if I walk into their offices they are afraid they'll see Jimi Hendrix coming through the door."

Suddenly my spine felt like a ladder in a pair of Janet Reger's silk stockings. I could smell a scorpoo quicker than a St. Bernard could mount Sir Edmund Hillary in an average sized snow drift. And what I could smell here was, without a shadow of a doubt, something fishy in a strait jacket, otherwise known as "good copy" (*Thrillus Fodden*).

"Jimi Hendrix's songs were about me," insisted The Voice with tortured passion. "Listen," he instructed in hushed conspiratorial tones. "I read your book. It's great, you're absolutely right. You and Julie are the only people in the world I trust. I wrote a letter to *NME* three weeks ago. The day I posted it I saw your book. I have reason to believe the letter is being hidden from you."

Why should anyone do that? "The letter's about me. And Hendrix. And my band. And the way the music business is scared of me because I'm Jimi's friend. Listen, I can understand why they would want to hide the letter from you."

How are you called? "My name is Jem Sofair. My band is called Jem. Punk is dead, everyone knows that. We—

are the alternative to the current malaise?"

"Yes."

Jemi Hendrix didn't come alone. No, wrapped in a great coat with patches on his jeans — no, it's not James Dean — it's Jem Morrison. Jem Sofair introduced himself and then his friend.

"He's called Jem, too", said Jem. I nodded at Jem and then I nodded at Jem. Then I looked at them (I felt too edgy to try doing it all at once).

Jem Sofair resembled the offspring of Ronnie Wood and Hiawatha. He looked like he should be made of wood and stood out front of a Mid-West general store advocating a brand of tobacco. He was raven-haired, crow-faced and — for all I knew — pigeon chested.

He was dark, very dark. He needed a shave, he would always need a shave. His eyes were champion marbles gleaming with unspeakable furies. He was from Muswell Hill.

The Other Jem wore the wool 'n' denim hat one night spout to blend into the front of the queue for tickets for the Last Night At The Proms. He had a grinning Frog face that frequently became deadly serious just like Jean-Jacque Burnel's boat. Like Jem Sofair, he looked like an everyday Joe you'd look through in a crowd until the moment you saw the eyes. After that you'd be looking for a long pointed stick to wedge his mouth open and spare the tongue.

We made our way through the sleazy Soho underbelly to The Cumberland where it didn't take even a single spurt from the bartender's soda syphon to have Jem Sofair



JEMI HENDRIX (left) and JEM MORRISON. Pic: TOM SHEEHAN.

agonising about the reason for record company hostility to this thing called Jem.

"You tell them that Jimi Hendrix is your friend, your brother and they shit themselves! They think you're going to be a black Robin Trower!"

"Or think you're Living God!" points out The Other Jem.

"Yeah, a little wanker, a something crazy, another little nutter who thinks he's Jimi Hendrix!"

At this point the Juke Box, previously silent, purrs and then clicks and sizzles into motion. It's on the other side of the boozier. Neither Jem, nor Jem have touched it.

"Purrrpool heeeeyyyss,

whooaaing maaa braaaaner!!!" Goosepimples gathered at the nape of my neck and I began looking over my shoulder.

Are you there, Jemi? Knock once for yes and twice for no.

The two Jems were expressionless. I smile and nod towards the Juke Box. That's weird, innit?

They smirk at each other knowingly. "Not really . . ."

How do you like your Hendrix — medium?

Jem Sofair talks at length about Jimi Hendrix. His religious fervour is sporadically interrupted by The Other Jem with the words, "Jim Morrison, too." This is because the Lizard

Limpet is (as if you couldn't guess) The Other Jem's brother. "Jimi Hendrix was crucified," Jem Sofair reveals. "Jem Morrison was crucified. But they left their friends behind, they left their knowledge. And they said, 'When you get older, remember all the things that were done to us.'" Tell me, Jems, how do you plan to convince sceptics of your special relationship with Jimi and Jim? "You only have to put our pictures in the press and people will know we are their friends."

JEM WERE formed nearly four years ago by the Jems in Muswell Hill. The line is Jem jeered at the pub-rockers and were indulgent to the punks, admiring the energised aggression but deriding (not, as you might surmise, the lack of discipline and direction that caused the genre to swiftly develop into a bleeding travesty of its former self) capitulation to the rockbiz industry — even in so meek and mild a fashion as getting a manager.

Jem prefer to do it all themselves. They inform the label who they're related to with their usual Holy Roller fanaticism. They do not have a reording contract, a manager, or one single A&R man that doesn't think they're clinically insane. It's just part of their charm.

Apart from Jem and Jem, Jem (the band — am I going too fast for you?) have their line-up completed by someone called Tim and, on drums, Terry Chimes.

Jem Sofair is adamant that Chimes turned down offers to join Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, Generation X, Public Image Limited, The Clash and many more as a permanent member because he, uh, always wanted to be a Jem.

"Strummer begged Terry on his knees to join The Clash!" maintains Jem.

We agreed with punk, otherwise I wouldn't have let Terry play with The Clash. But it's one thing just playing drums and getting money — Terry bought us our van with the money he got from playing on the first Clash album — and it's another thing entirely to say, "I really believe in knowingly. 'Not really . . .'" How do you like your Hendrix — medium?

Jem Sofair talks at length about Jimi Hendrix. His religious fervour is sporadically interrupted by The Other Jem with the words, "Jim Morrison, too." This is because the Lizard

"Oh, sure, yeah, yeah, sure, y'know. I mean, y'know, if you watch us perform, it's there. But, I mean, we're better than those people anyway," bursts Jem Sofair and the Jem Twins get all wild-eyed and megalomaniacally hysterical.

"They're lesser forms of us. We've got heavier things to say!"

"We're better than them!"

"We know a lot more things than Jimi did when he stood up in '66. Just because Hendrix and Morrison came before us that does not mean they're necessarily better than us!"

"Max Bygraves, came before Heavy Metal; does that mean he was therefore better?"

"Our music has got a message. y'know, er, that's basically not to worry about things." "We especially talk about life and death a little bit, y'know."

Man has cried a million tears for what he never knew, now man's reign is through. But through all eternal night, the twinkling of starlight, so very far away, maybe it's only yesterday . . .

Got any acid, man?
TONY PARSONS

COSTELLO RIOT IN OZ

"ANGRY PUNK Rock Fans On The Rampage". A sample of the front page headlines by all the Australian tabloids following incidents during the first of five concerts given by Elvis Costello at Sydney's Regent Theatre on Sunday.

The trouble started when the bespectacled one left the stage after a crisp 50-minute set.

Having forked-out 9.50 Australian dollars (£5.50) a ticket, the audience — who I had been on their feet for the last three numbers in Costello's set — naturally demanded an encore. They didn't get one. The Beatles began blasting over the house PA — and then came the inflammatory announcement from the promoters that tickets were still on sale for Costello's fourth Sydney show.

This resulted in much booing and renewed chants of "We Want More!"

Costello still didn't return, so people began hurling missiles at the empty stage — first rolled papers and beer cans, then chair covers, and finally rows of seats came crashing down from the balcony onto the stage.

A further announcement was made, insisting that unless everyone left the theatre quietly, there would be no more Costello concerts at all at the Regent. This did absolutely nothing to placate the angry audience. The house lights were turned on in an effort to empty the auditorium, but this resulted in even more rows of seats being destroyed.

Finally on their way out, the jeering audience trashed more seats and glass display cabinets in the foyer, and tore down a banner advertising the concert. As they spilled into the street which they blocked for almost half-an-hour, the disappointed audience chanted, "What A Rip-Off", "Elvis Sucks" and "Elvis Is A Capitalist".

The police were called, and though no arrests were made, the

management of the Regent Theatre are having second thoughts about staging the remainder of Costello's concerts — in particular, a midnight matinee scheduled for Friday.

Many observers have suggested that the whole incident was a ruse, an attempt on the part of Costello's manager Jake Riviera to generate as much publicity as possible from this antipodean tour.

Such rumours prevailed when no comment was forthcoming from Costello. Indeed, his contract stipulated that he was not required to talk to the Australian press. However, the local promoters claim that the reason why Costello didn't return for an encore was that he found the audience reaction "too mechanical", although as far as Aussie rock audiences go, Costello actually played to a most receptive crowd.

CHERRY RIPE

PAROLES

The Lone Groover



BENYON

WE FIXED a meet for next day and

SILVER SCREEN

Dogs with huge private parts — and other coded messages

The Thirty-Nine Steps

Directed by Don Sharp
Starring Robert Powell and David Warner.
(Rank).

In the original novel, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, John Buchan clearly hit upon a few fascinating dramatic elements — the pursuit of the hero through London and Scotland by both police and foreign agents, the mysterious code of its title — that made it an enduring work. Otherwise, though, it was a dull affair, with a particularly lousy, anti-climactic ending. So that anyone buying the film rights is virtually buying a title alone — the scenario still needs to be thought out almost from scratch.

Thus much of the charisma of the work derives from Hitchcock's celebrated 1935 film version (with Robert Donat in the central role of Richard Hannay) which was as superb as the 1960 British re-make (starring Kenneth More) was feeble. It is no more than inevitable that this falls squarely between the two.

As an efficiently-made comedy-thriller, there are really few grounds for complaint. There are chases and fire-arms, heroes and villains, thick London fog and wild Scottish landscapes. Some of the set-pieces have been neatly arranged, and there is an exciting and ingenious climax.

Unlike the other two film versions, this is actually set at the same time as the book — 1914, just before the start of the Great War which Hannay's activities might avert, or at least postpone. That's a sensible move — the background of international events should heighten the tension.

Considerable care has been taken in re-creating the world of 1914 (and it's surprising how many actual London locations can still be used),

but it's all been lavished on the eye-catching incidentals — particularly the multifarious modes of transport — cars, bicycles, trains, planes, boats, buses and broughams; the film is a compendium of How To Get About In Edwardian Britain.

Otherwise, the attitudes, the atmosphere and, most of all, the characters never evoke the period. Hannay's story is too easily believed in Scotland while, back in London, in a particularly anachronistic comment, he describes his adversaries as "men of extreme courage". Since the nasty, heavily-armed Prussians in question have hitherto been callously murdering innocent by-standers, this remark would be absurd in a contemporary setting, let alone one in which racial attitudes were polarised.

After conscientious effort at Mahler and Jesus (though I still remember him best as Toby in *Doomwatch*), Robert Powell's screen career should now be belatedly set in motion — girls everywhere seem to love him — but he's a lightweight Hannay, who has scant connexion with the bluff die-hard of Buchan's original conception; he plays the role strictly for laughs. It's a pity because a strong central character might have made all the difference.

But no-one will feel they've wasted their money — the trick is not to think about it afterwards.

Bob Woffinden

The Hound Of The Baskervilles

Directed by Paul Morrissey
Written by and starring Peter Cook and Dudley Moore
(Hemdale)

By no means as awful as the majority of reviews have suggested, Peta and Dud's new film is nevertheless essentially a hit-and-miss affair, a comedy in the school of Python's *Holy Grail* and



Above: Dudley Moore keeps an eye on Peter Cook's pipe before Denholm Elliott (below) tells him that if *The Hound Of The Baskervilles* could play a guitar, it'd use a chihuahua-pedal. Robert Powell (left) groans at the ineptitude of the pun while fighting the Hun in the 39 Steps.



Jabberwocky, Brooks' *Silent Movie* and most of the Marx Bros' work — very much funnier on recollection than when actually viewing it.

Because, basically, it deals with the comedy of ideas rather than situation. And if the mere notion of a Jewish Holmes and a Welsh Watson appeals then — sooner or later — you'll find a good few laughs in this pretty silly version of J. Arthur's *Dog With Bared Fangs And Enormous Private Parts* (well, that's how Watson describes the legendary hound).

"Are you sure it was a hound?" asks the inept Watson, handling the case in Holmes' absence. "What other creature," replies the harassed witness, "would devour its victim and go wool-wool?"

That so many familiar comic actors — Terry Thomas, Max Wall, Irene Handl, Kenneth Williams, Hugh Griffith, Roy Kinnear — speak similarly daft lines is perhaps several reasons why the film has lent itself to easy, dismissive criticism.

Director Paul Morrissey, at last shot of Warhol's shackles, paces *Hound* in the manner of TV or revue sketches and two

set piece sequences are particularly well-handled: those involving Denholm Elliott's incessantly urinating chihuahuas and Joan Greenwood satanically spewing from a revolving head, *Exorcist*-style. There are many other ghouly bits, but most of them involve dreadful puns.

The one disquieting moment — aside from Spike Milligan scratching a moustache that isn't there, that is — has Henry Woolf's brusque shopkeeper dressed exactly the same as Watson, for no apparent reason.

Why Cook and Moore felt the need to use the (adapted) one-legged Tarzan schtick for the umpteenth time, I can't fathom, but Dudley plays the infortunate Mr Spigott, Watson and Holmes' domineering momma ("You used to be such a lovely little girl, Sher!"). And he wrote the

nudging 'silent movie' piano score. Cook's Sherlock is happy to let his grating Jewish accent wander all over the shop.

Monty Smith

Stevie

Directed by Robert Enders
Starring Glenda Jackson
(Enterprise)

In 1969, Stevie Smith won the Queen's Medal for Poetry and arrived at the presentation wearing a jumble sale hat. She was feted by the famous and, through her work, exposed to all the glittering bohemia of the day — George Orwell was her BBC producer.

But Stevie Smith was a true eccentric. Quirky, gutsy and intensely opinionated, she chose to live with her doty old aunt in the cultural wasteland of London's

Palme's Green and delighted in acting the suburban spinster. Much of her poetic inspiration came while Hoovering.

In the attempt to recreate Stevie's hum-drum existence the camera is placed firmly in the living room of the Palmer's Green abode and left to record the gentle but cloistered routine of day to day life. Robert Enders' direction mirrors Ms. Smith's poetry in being spare and economical, and basically the film remains the stage play it was.

Glenda Jackson is appropriately sensitive, stern, witty and doomy (Stevie first contemplated suicide at the age of eight and was hooked on it ever since), and Mona Washbourne and Trevor Howard offer sympathetic support. Author / scriptwriter Hugh Whitmore has done a fairly seamless job of incorporating the lady's poetry with "improvised" screen dialogue.

But the tone of the film itself?

"My soul is committed to boredom", once said Ms Smith in defense of her life-style.

Ales, I can add no more.
Martha Ellen Zenfell

F.T.A.

Directed by Francine Parker
Starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland
(ICA)

While filming *Kluge*, Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland decided to organise an anti-establishment revue for American forces involved in the Vietnam war. Although they were banned from Vietnam itself, they were able to present the show near (but not on) the Pacific Rim American bases which serviced the war machine.

F.T.A. (Free/Fuck The Army) is the film of their tour, and includes sketches and songs from the revue, plus interviews with dissident army personnel and footage of various anti-American demonstrations.

It's a very mixed bag. Fonda is determinedly radical, Sutherland slouches around looking tired and unassuming. The sketches are simple, the songs mostly dull sloganising, though a few are precise and funny — "nothing could be finer than to be in Indo-China, making money".

F.T.A. undercuts Pentagon propaganda and makes a gesture against the obscene glamorisation of war in books like *Dispatches* — but by merely alternating rhetoric and entertainment, the film fails to gell into a cohesive, incisive whole, and so limits its political clout.

Mostly, it's a historical curiosity — though still with a sting of relevance.

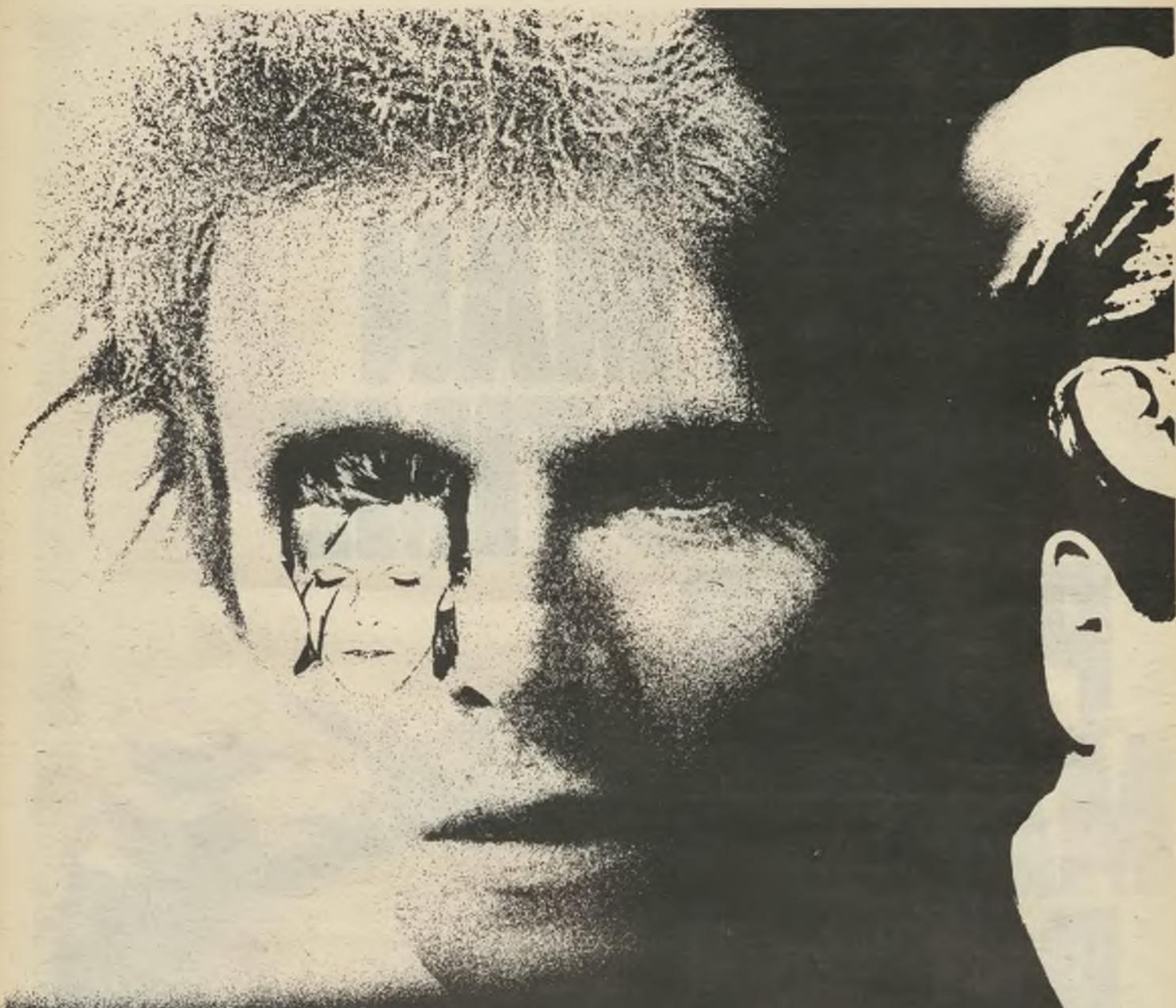
Graham Lock



ANYTIME IS THE NEW SINGLE FROM THE DODGERS

**'AND
ONE MAN
IN HIS TIME
PLAYS
MANY
PARTS'...**





Space Oddity



The Man Who Sold The World



Hunky Dory



Ziggy Stardust



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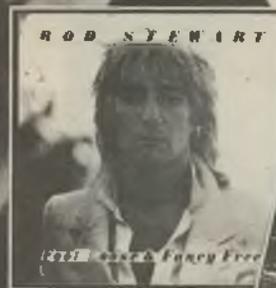
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JACKIE Leven of Doll By Doll is Not Happy. A large man in a leather jacket, he's pacing back and forth across the foyer of Newcastle City Hall, thwacking a leather fist into a leather palm. Anger. Frustration. "Surly" might best describe his demeanour.

Doll By Doll, sec. have just been relieved of their support spot on the Devo tour, the only reason given being that they "weren't devo". He is understandably miffed. DBD's manager, a leather-jacketed bloke of somewhat slighter build, points out that it's not just a case of the exposure the Devo tour would have provided.

"We've had a long, hard grind, and things were just starting to go right, the band was just peaking — the tour finishes on the seventh, and we go into the studio on the eighth to start the first album. We should have been right at our peak by then, and suddenly it's all fallen apart."

Perhaps, I mention, Devo thought they were too realistic? "I'd have thought the two would have been complementary," he muses. "I mean, it's not as if we were coming down badly, or stealing any thunder. Audiences like us in Scotland, and Devo still went down a storm. I can't figure it out."

It transpires that it's all the agency's fault: the band thought they were on the tour, period, when in actuality they'd been "on approval" for the first gig or two, after which Devo took up the option to replace them. Their agent had apparently neglected to inform them of this probationary period. Devo, for their part, are also far from pleased with some of the arrangements made on their behalf. For example, they originally wanted The Human League as their support act.

"We were sitting over in the States," says Jerry Casale, "quite out of contact with anything here, and with no-one looking out for our interests specifically. We couldn't get any information, although we had been, I felt, quite explicit about what we wanted in a tour."

"It was just a series of people just not listening to Devo or taking them seriously, and making decisions based purely on money and business — even though it was ultimately our money."

MEANWHILE, back in the main auditorium, Devo are going through their soundcheck.

They take a very long time over it. They are utterly meticulous. Mark Mothersbaugh's radio-mike enables him to wander round the hall checking the sound as the audience hears it, rather than just through stage monitors, which never give an accurate representation.

"Uncontrollable Urge" sounds fine to me, but the band aren't satisfied. Further discussions with the man at the mixing-desk. Another run-through. More discussions. Another run-through. Sound-checks are extremely boring for onlookers.

Several hours later, they finish, and secrete themselves backstage for food and yet more discussions. The snap impression this perfectionism gives is of wargaming generals, their strategy set, fussing over tactical problems. But then, this is The Big Tour, and naught must be left to chance.

Meantime, Doll By Doll's equipment's being shunted out, and that of their replacement, The Members, in. There's no blame attached to The Members, of course, for this unfortunate situation. Like DBD, they're just making the most of whatever breaks they can get. When you're at the bottom, you jump when a shot like this is called. That's showbiz.

THOUGHTS and theories on Devo invariably slot themselves into one half of the old dichotomy: love/hate, good/bad, naive/cynical, etc./anti-etc.

The pro-Devo lobby cite musical ingenuity and forward-thinking; masterly grasp of the fundamentals of image; humorous anti-rationalism and snook-cocking at seriousness and pedantry. The more naive proponents of this argument may even try deciphering a coherent "philosophy" from the fragments of de-evolutionist double-talk uncovered in interviews.

A good many members of this lobby will be convinced of Devo's validity by the patronage of Bowie and Eno (but then, there's always a good few million twerps willing to have their standards, opinions and tastes set by their idols, aren't there, Johnny? Politics, religion, music, life — let others run it for you, it's far easier that way. Yesterday's bowl of porridge is today's medal badge).

Some, certainly, love 'em for their clothes alone. Devoids. The con-Devo lobby will state that it's just that: a con. Music, clothes, "philosophy" — all are custom-built to make money via media-manipulation, with very little of any real substance being produced to support the claims of the pro-Devo lobby. Moral outrage, too, is evinced by Devo's antics, representing them as (a) a collective Nero, fiddling while the world sticks civilisation in its arm and reaps the consequences, (b) a placebo replacing important issues with trivia, and (c) the advocates not of cure but of wallowing unto armageddon.

All of which makes things rather difficult for an agnostic like myself. Life isn't black and white, it's a shifting pattern of various shades of grey, and there's some truth in both the preceding arguments. Devo themselves would undoubtedly find the rigorous polarity of opinions they provoke amusing.

They do have a good grasp of the value of image, and they are humorous — fun, even. Yet they have produced little of substance to flesh out their concept, despite an obvious abundance of talent and promise. And yes, they did know they'd be enormously successful.

IVE no idea whether The Members are more 'devo' than Doll By Doll — for all I care, they could be its very essence. Their set's a pleasant, average mixture of puny white reggae and run-of-the-mill punky stuff, spiced by a few lead guitar breaks (lots of 'em) but rescued by some devious, syncopated rhythm guitar. They're politely received, and the set carries on turning.

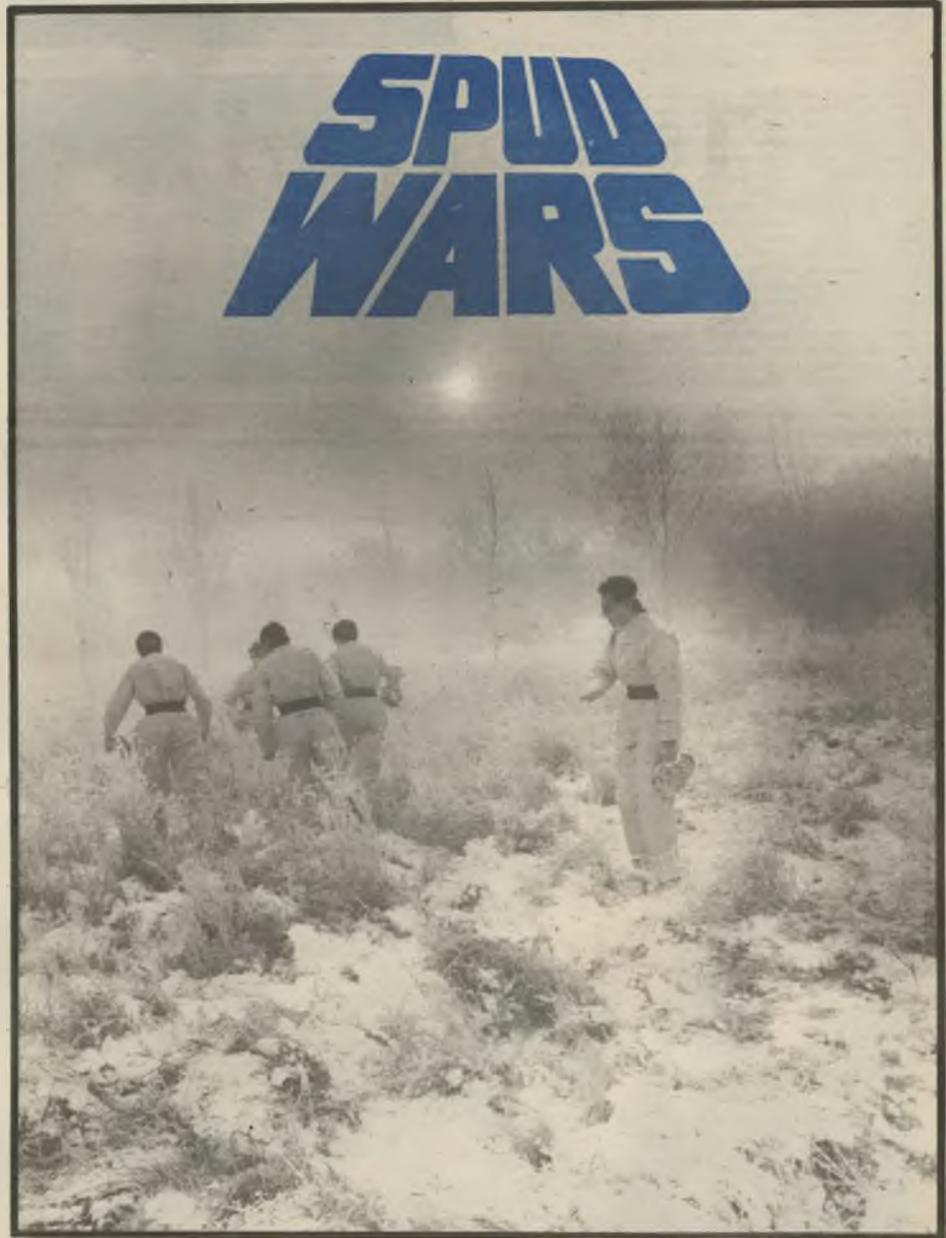
Devo, however, are a completely different teapot of trout: all that meticulous planning pays dividends, and more besides. It has to, to justify the inordinate amount of publicity they've received over the past year or two. That damp squib of an album becomes a thunderflash in the flesh. Honest.

To start with, the films of "Come Back Jonee", "Satisfaction" and "Jocko Homo" are the ideal primer, sucking the audience in, teasing anticipation and dragging out a beserk, hungry roar as the credits roll and the band take the stage. Ring bell, salivate. Not for nothing do they show themselves being mobbed in the "Jonee" film.

They open with "Wiggly Worm" and another new number, neither earth-shattering but both riotously received. Everyone stands up for the first, and are forced to sit down by the end of the second by over-zealous bouncers intent on spoiling things.

It's with "Too Much Paranoia", the fourth number (following a curd "Satisfaction"), that the show really comes alive. Oh, the value of those leadless guitars! Devo choreography is simple, fast and (of course) absurd, for this song taking the form of bunny-hops on beat combined with circumnavigations of stage by the brothers Casale and Bob Mothersbaugh, a ridiculous nursery choo-choo train of stomps and jumps. The song zips by, is gone before you realise.

**They came from Outer Akron . . .
Their purpose — Conquest.
Their methods — Unpleasant.
This was . . .**



Devo search for breakfast in the ruins of Albian

**A Booji Boize Production
Certificate: X
Screenplay: ANDY GILL
Camera: JILL FURMANOVSKY**

"Praying Hands" follows, a song I always hear as a parody of all those "explanatory" dance-craze discs of the past two decades and beyond, a "Simon Says" for cybermauts, still effective as an example of what it parodies, if indeed it does parody. Mark Mothersbaugh dives into the audience and returns unscathed.

That's confidence. More choreography for "Uncontrollable Urge", this time ninety degree turns on the spot like lunatic compass-needles sent everywhichway by rogue magnetism, ending with balleyog steps in cross formation by all four movable members.

Simple but effective, more so than the excessive organised routines of The Tubes, and far funnier. Vaudeville, in fact. Those paper suits always did strike me as having more clownish connotations than futuristic overtones.

"Mongoloid" and "Jocko Homo" get a predictable reception, the latter seeing the suits torn off and thrown to the audience.

And so it goes. A couple more new ones, "Stopy" — during which a man rushes on stage and wriggles about on the floor a while before getting carried off (bet those Rollers fans never did that!) — and off they go, returning for encores of "Jonee", "Gut Feeling" and "Slap Your Mummy" before they line up across the front of the stage, right arms cross chests, and stand to attention for the Devo Anthem.

Why am I the only person laughing? The show's finally brought to a close by Mark Mothersbaugh in Booji Boy guise singing an unbelievably dreary opus called "The

Words Get Stuck In My Throat" in a squeaky castrato, a sore thumb seemingly unconnected with the clenched-fist power of all that preceded it.

Still, it stops 'em asking for more.

NOW, let's put all this in perspective. Only a fanatic with seriously-impaired hearing facilities would say that the Devo album was anything other than weak, insubstantial and insipid; and I'm no exception. Like an almost-finished bowl of cornflakes, all it contained was a few soggy bits of indeterminate something sinking in milk-dregs. Not the best breakfast for a new career.

Surely, there was something more? Too many sentient and tasteful folk had raved about the band for this to be the sum total of their capabilities.

Right. Live, they invest those same songs with the power and dynamism they desperately lack on record, and set them in the short, sharp, humorous context they require. Writing about their performance is almost impossible: look down to scribble a note and you've missed something else, like a high-speed comic whose punch-lines only hit you two jokes later. Who mentioned The Firesign Theatre?

Be that as it may, I still have reservations about their musical importance. They're not, for sure, doing anything as radically new as their supporters claim. It's still formalist rock 'n' roll, given a gloss of "newness" by its presentation.

That they're often lumped together with Pere Ubu shows only that the accentuation of a publicity "angle" — in this case, geographical location — can ride roughshod over obvious musical differences. In fact, the two represent, to some extent, opposite poles, the one impressionist and the other expressionist; there exist, in Devo's music, impressions of events and states, as in the majority of rock

Continued over page

Invasion of The Spud Snatchers

From previous page

music. Ubu's music, on the other hand, seems composed of expressions of interior states of consciousness. And if you reckon that's pretentious, what has jazz been doing for years? Ubu's importance lies in their transposition of the form to a (truly) rock'n'roll context.

Devo, of course, would say that I was being too serious and analytical, which, judging by their attention to detail and overall seriousness of approach to what they do, is like the pot calling the kettle black.

I put it to the band that, to all intents and purposes, they're still putting on a large show such as could be classed with large bands of the past decade, bands they claim to be a reaction against.

"We're still playing in front of people, and we still have albums out — in that sense, yes, those are what bind you together with the past, for sure."

So they'd say it would be the content that sets them apart? "Yes. Our lifestyle. Our motivation. Our content."

Certainly, the stiff, minimalist choreography of the Devo show does seem to go right against the traditional live rock'n'roll attitude of "letting go", of band and audience lost in some (often fake) ecstatic release...

"Yeah," agrees Jerry Casale. "I've seen films of The Beatles and all they did was wag their heads, and they created more insanity and energy in the crowd than all kinds of masochistic whack-off antics, ending Iggy Pop, ever could. It's what energy gets created and transmitted, not how much kinetic energy the band puts on stage. By our organised energy, we create release. Ideally, what we'd really like to be able to do is stand absolutely still and produce such amazing music that the crowd would go crazy. It'd be, like, straight out of our cerebrum, straight into their bodies!"

After the show, we stroll round the corner to an Indian restaurant to get food straight off the plate, straight into our bodies. A signature-scavenging fan in a white lab-coat asks me for my autograph, presumably mistaking me for a Devo.

Am I not a man?

Jerry, the most articulate (and, from appearances, the oldest)



Above: On the Devobus

Below: Northern Devotions



Devo, relates how he got fired from teaching graphics at college when a student girl stole a book of Mark's drawings from him and had a

rather traumatic experience perusing pictures of Mark, in surgeon's outfit, happily dismembering female bodies. Hmmm. A new breakthrough in crime prevention...

THE next day is an absolute disaster. What had seemed, on leaving Newcastle, to be a picturesque spot of mist gets thicker and thicker the further south we travel. It eventually it's pointless looking out the coach windows. The deceptively wiry-like Allan Myers drums perpetually on his knees with steel and nylon sticks, and Bob Mothersbaugh and Jerry doodle-duet on stylophone and toy reed-instrument.

The lurching stop-start of the coach makes reading impossible without experiencing violent nausea. The A1's closed by pile-ups, cops re-routing everyone God knows where. What should have been a three-hour trip to Sheffield becomes six enervating hours of sensory deprivation in a stuffy bus.

But the worst is yet to come. On arrival in Sheffield, the band learn that the truck carrying the equipment has been in a collision — probably one of those pile-ups on the A1. To make matters worse, the crash fouled up the truck's acetylene gear had to be hired to cut open the truck before the equipment could be transferred to a replacement van. It eventually arrives at the gig around ten o'clock, by which time everything's cancelled. As if that wasn't enough, the keyboards are found to have been damaged in the collision.

Under the circumstances, an interview might not be the most prudent course of action. I think, but the band acquiesce and we eventually talk in the deserted auditorium to the accompaniment of PA and lights being dismantled. Despite the general air of coitus interruptus pervading the place, Devo hide the gloom and despondency they must obviously be feeling extremely well. Touring, I suggest, must be really getting them down.

"Oh no, we love coming here and finding we can't play!"

"Aspects surrounding the performance do, but for the time we go on stage it's alright."

"Right. For that one hour-and-a-half, it's okay. Everything else is horrible."

"The incredible amount of wasted time and energy, and the confusion..."

What with the general confusion, the fog fiasco and the cock-up over support bands, precious little seems to be proceeding according to Devo's wishes.

"We also hadn't wanted halls with lots of seats in them", adds Jerry. "Whenever possible we wanted people to be able to stand up. And the discipline problem here is particularly aggravating, much more so than in the States. The way people are treated by bouncers and so forth, we couldn't do anything about that."

Indeed, Devo seem to have been having their fair share of problems in coming to terms with the reality of being a major marketable proposition. Besides the fact, there was that little business concerning Virgin, Warner Bros. and Devo.

Still, despite their own personal troubles, Devo find much to be happy about concerning recent developments in modern music.

"I think there is a degree of truth in us that is missing in most rock music," Jerry opines. "In other words, is missing in Ted Nugent and Sammy Davis and John Denver, because they're projecting some psychotic illusion. I see bands like The Human League and The Screamers and so on, bands that people call 'weird', as trying to get back to some kind of sanity by admitting to weirdness and crazy tendencies in their culture — obviously, they're not crazy, they're onstage thinking about it. People like to pass bands off as psychos who happen to be allowed onstage to play music — and bands unfortunately allow it. That's their fault."

One of the most promising things about the current rock scene, to my mind is that bands who've perhaps never played a gig — and never would, if it was left to the usual music industry machinators — are releasing their own self-recorded singles and opening up, for the general public, vast areas of music which, through lack of "commercial potential", wouldn't otherwise be heard. Devo being one of the prime movers in the current crop of independents with the Booji Boy label, it's hardly surprising Casale agrees:

"That's what we had to do for instance, to get noticed. You're shut off from official channels because you're at a sufficiently early stage of development that none of the people that control things pay any attention to you. I think part of the reason for all the new records is that, once again there's enough energy and enough creativity existing that it's become a natural step away into something else that everybody agrees is a step, like being a support band and working up to headliners. In a business sense, the admission of self-produced 45s was just a necessary addition to the record business."

It's always been obvious that at least a portion of Devo's future lies in the visual field. Casale is adamant that, were videodiscs a reality today, or had the video-cassette format been standardised (thus opening up a completely new consumer market), Devo would be in there, the biggest phenomenon since — when? Personally, I reckon Travolta-mania (or whatever we get given next) would just be that much greater, but I can see what he means. Surely, though, they have more ambitious intentions than just video shorts?

"We have intentions," affirms Casale. "In order to avoid them being fantasies, we're trying to do it real. We don't like to make too many claims about it, because we know what it takes to really do something, instead of just spout off about it."

"You've seen the film we have made, and they're minor. But they are, with the money, time and film development that we have, the best thing we could have done to show people that we are capable of making a film. So that it's established from the beginning, in an effort to get the proper people interested in letting us do something on a major scale, because in film even more than in records, projects and co-operation with complex and different facets of society and people in positions is necessary. A film is a lot more of a collective project than a record."

For all their humour, they're obviously not themselves pretty seriously.

"We've got into discussions with people before about whether it's a joke or whether we take ourselves seriously. The discussions never led to anything," says Allan Myers, with a rather curt weariness.

"You tend to look ridiculously pompous or ludicrous saying you take yourselves very seriously," explains Casale, "but you also resent the idea that people are trying to insinuate that it's all a joke, so they can pass it off. Obviously, with our aesthetic, there is an element of humour, but, like, humour is an integral part of creativity — I don't feel there's any need to delineate, because anything good, to me, has always had at least the ability to understand the honour in itself."

"There's a contradiction, too, between seriousness and humour," adds Allan, "and we allow that to exist without saying, this is a joke, and this is serious."

That Devo double-talk again! Their trouble, I tell them, is that they deny the possibility of rational analysis of what they do — they grasp paradoxes with both hands.

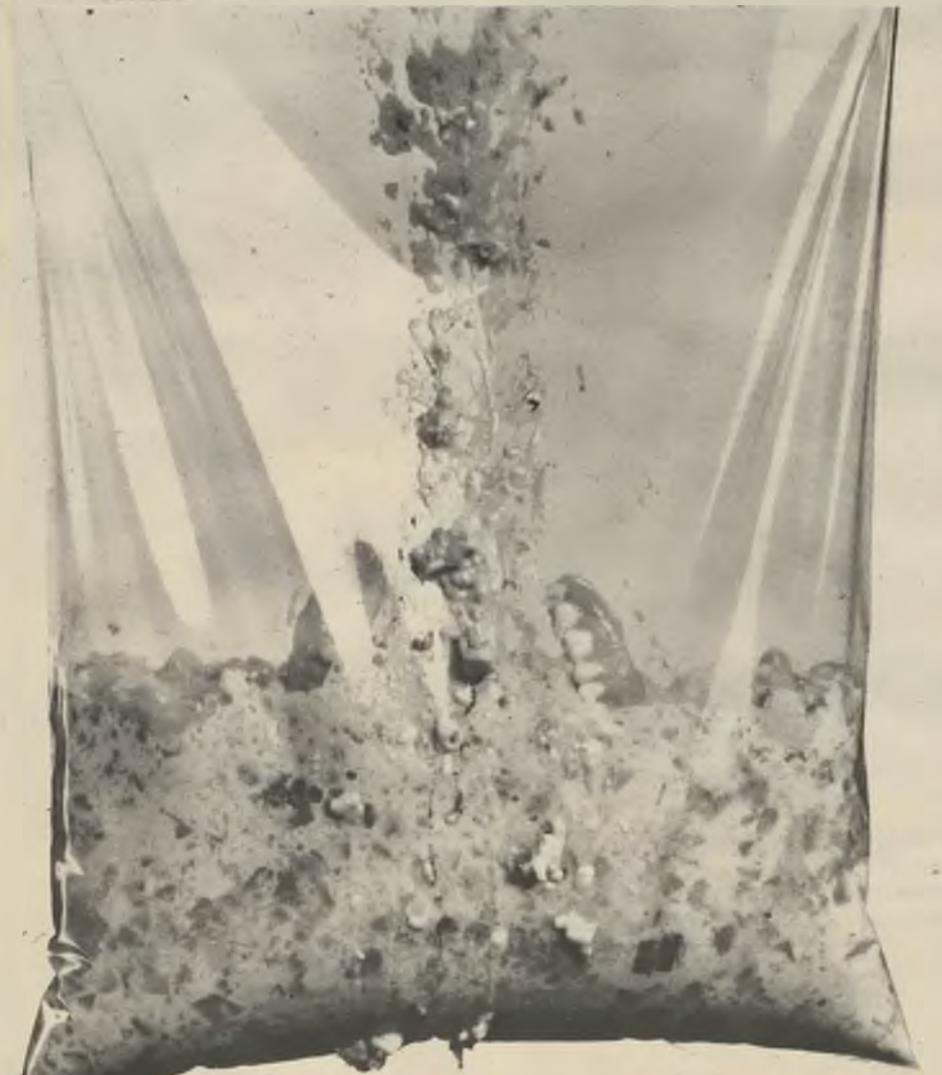
"That's all we see," agrees Jerry. "We're a walking, talking paradox!"

Would you say, then, that you just mirror the paradoxes you see around you?

"We try to harness it as a creative principle..."

Jerry Casale's favourite Firesign Theatre album is "Everything You Know Is Wrong".

But of course!



Derek and Clive RETCH PERFECTION

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PHOTO: ROB HALL

NOT SO long ago, before club owner Hilly Kristal got round to calling in the decorators, there were two lists on the backstage bathroom wall at CBGB's. They were roll calls of New York's finest, and at the top of each was scrawled the simple direction — "Yea" and "Nay" — this being some talent scouting wit's appraisal of his local entertainment and its respective commercial potential.

In the affirmative our trainee star spotter had scribbled the names of Television, Blondie, Ramones, Talking Heads and Patti Smith.

The no hope in hell section was understandably longer: Manster, Dogs, Orchestra Luna, Marbles, Planets and somewhere down in the depths... The Shirts.

Rock and roll can be a cruel occupation when you're struggling to get a claw on the success ladder.

The Shirts and we are sitting in a hotel room in Bristol after a well-received but pathetically poorly attended date in the local Mecca. It's a Tuesday night and small-hours depression is fighting with the individual dignity of what seems like the last in a line of ill-fated New York outfits.

The Shirts' mini-tour of England and Scotland is their second crack of the European whip and it won't be until they reach the predictably full house of a London Saturday prestige gig that door takings match their aspirations.

Annie Golden, diminutive Shirts girl singer and her sidemen hembres Ronnie Ardito, Arthur LaMonica, Bob Racioppo, John Piccolo and Zeek Criscione are chewing the pasta, wondering just why the British press drummed them up as good guys then unceremoniously dumped on them when the Brooklyn model hit town.

Part of the problem was that The Shirts arrived on the tail end of the imported new wave, East Coast chapter, and then paid no heed to expectations.

No leathers, no exploitative sexual suggestion from Annie, no intellectual ambiguity. Instead they offered contemplative songs, high on melody and flourishing arrangements, while between numbers they appeared genuinely delighted with the applause and addressed their audience as equals.

SHIRTS APPEAL: LOOSEN YOUR CHOLER

THE SHIRTS from Brooklyn reckon they've been mistreated. Right from the moment their name went on CBGB's lavatory wall. They are angry. But not beaten yet. They talk to **MAX BELL**.

That the lack of any kind of outrageous image should lead the press into dismissing the band has them pretty teed off, positively shirty. This time round they've arrived as almost has-beens, no record company fanfare, no new album angle promotion, no hit. They're simply back on a foreign and rather scary English circuit wanting to work and aching to get across.

It hurts, Annie Golden is perplexed:

"We aren't what people expected, we aren't what's happening. The press said we were posers; it was like we'd been hyped and then slagged. I was... we were all shocked at the press. We've been reading the English papers for six years, then we got the reviews and said 'is this what we look like, is that what we're supposed to be?'"

"At the time it held us back because they'd misconstrued us and this time there are fewer people coming. That's OK, we'd rather play for 30 fans than 300 people who want us to be what we are not."

Guitarist Ronnie Ardito takes up the theme, explaining that despite their six year career, they are still learning a stage image. "We never discussed a stage image, it arose from the music. Because I think the press should mirror a band it drove me mad to see how they hated us for not being new wave."

"In New York we were never part of the scene but here we were compared to Blondie and Talking Heads, which is ridiculous."

As a result Annie denied herself the pleasure of communicating with the audience. She couldn't stand being filed next to Debbie Harry in the sex symbol stakes:

"We're a band in the ultimate sense; simple people. Maybe we came after an established tact. Television weren't a band who could go the distance. You have to ride the knocks. The tension in the band keeps us evolving and it has to be that desire to create gradually, and to succeed at the same rate. It's always been hard for us to succeed in a cosmopolitan town; we don't care about fashion."

"Bob (Racioppo, the bass player) chose the name Shirts because it's an anti-name, it has no connotations: it's functional, an object, otherwise it signifies nothing."

THE SHIRTS began existence as a folk rock band, and here a comparison with Jefferson Airplane's early sorties is at least suggestive of their style — though be warned the similarities must end there as the Brooklyn environment, a working class support system, fuels Shirts material.

They'll write a song about Edgar Allan Poe, or their black swing hero "Milton At The Savoy", but they'll

also be just as comfortable singing about hobos with stories, the tramps who skulk in the headlights on the Lower East Side, building fires out of garbage:

"We don't believe that we're better than anyone else. The bum is king on his patch so we don't say 'We're the Shirts, we're boss, look at us.' It's why we admire Springsteen so much too. His lyrics are unbelievable, they relate to feelings the punters can share and they're also universal, beyond the city."

The Brooklyn Shirts share some of Springsteen's street smart perceptions but they express themselves with less facility; their lyrics are clumsy, scanning idiosyncratically reflecting the nuances of everyday expression, and despair, disgust or exhilaration.

On record the stark honesty of the subject matter has yet to be correctly applied to the push, sometimes epic musical arrangements. The band were delighted with English producer Mike Thorne's work on their debut album but I think it sucked. Primarily, the sound is so woolly that the rhythmic textures, which fire live performance are lost in a welter of custardised instrumentation, too thick and glutinous to sustain lasting impact.

The Shirts assured me that intricacies will surface on the second album, also Thorne produced, but admit that the overall effect is rough: "We're happy with it. We used to play

constant lead fills so in the studio we applied to heavier rhythms; we're learning to get the balance between solos and chords right."

Due to the good agencies of their English EMI believers (Nick Mobbs of Pistols' signature fame got them on the dotted line, incidentally), The Shirts second coming has kept them off the support circuit.

In Holland and Germany their single "Tell Me Your Plans" is a top ten hit:

"We don't know why, but they dig us so that's great. I think people in England sneer at the idea of success in Europe but we have to look at it positively. If we made it there we can do it anywhere."

THERE HAS been no major Shirts tour in America yet. The New York scene has fragmented roughly along the lines of CBGB's graffiti predictor.

It is rumoured that Blondie are about to split, allowing Debbie Harry to pursue her inevitable rise to solo fame. Television are no more. The Dictators seem incapable of firing the public imagination and Patti Smith grows daily into a walking parody.

Only Talking Heads seem assured of recognition outside the New York State line. For the rest, it's like our pub run, guaranteed minor standing depending on the energies and perseverance of the band. The Shirts have a contract but unless Capitol get them off the East Coast bar dives they'll always be at the top of the second league, potential top bats with no-one fielding the ball.

Perhaps it's to The Shirts' advantage that they arrived with a flourish and were then rejected. This time they play as baseline starters and are obviously far more. They're tighter, more inventive, more self-assured and immeasurably more determined. Off stage or on the band are like a family: Racioppo, Piccolo and Ardito are cousins, all share a love-hate relationship which inspires them to feed off each other.

Through the periods of discouragement and tortured analysis the Shirts philosophy raises a determined beam: "We wouldn't have stayed together this long if we weren't sure we were a good band. After six years you have to believe you're gonna make it."

How's that for off the cuff optimism? Critics loosen your choler, unbutton your lip and check 'em out.

SINGLES



The Singles Column's Xmas Tree Fairy aka Cathy McGowan '65 Special.

It's Gonna Be A Smurf/Bionic/Disco/Punk* Hit Christmas '45

*Delete to taste

SEASONAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

EAGLES: Please Come Home For Christmas (Asylum)
Is this what's meant by Christmas turkeys? No, the question's unfair. These Eagles clearly have a minimal sense of humour. The picture sleeve shows a California Christmas, with the band sitting round the swimming pool in their bathing attire. If you're into walking on the water, the pool looks a bit small. But that's just by the way. As for the music, that's surprisingly impressive. No sickly harmonies, no excessive arrangements. Just a plaintive little vocal from Don Henley, who actually sounds quite sad. Makes a change from all the plastic goodwill. For the B-side, "Funky New Year," the band lives up somewhat and offer us a bit of heavy metal disco. No thanks.

SEASONAL B-SIDE OF THE WEEK

THE M AND O BAND: Once In Royal David's City (Birds Nest)
The A-side is a disco version of "White Christmas," and it was inevitable really that someone would do that to the the Old Groaner's old groan. But this is something else again. A brilliant, finger-popping rendition of the well-known carol with the main theme played on bubblegum keyboards. The sacrilege is so cheerful it's positively reverent. Great stuff. Can't think why it's not Number One.

FATHER ABRAHAM AND DER SMURFFS: Christmas In Smurfland (Dacca)

"Kvissmass, Kvissmass, in Smurflink land, Kvissmass, Kvissmass, let's walk hand in hand." So says the appalling Fardor Abraham, who has clearly been falling down on his linguaphone lessons. If only the old boy could be pensioned off this would be a great Olivia Newton-John record, incidentally, what's green, goes "smuuuurf", and travels backwards at a 100 miles an hour? Answer: a Smurf's runny nose.

JOHNNY MATHIS When A Child Is Born (CBS)

There's nothing else in the manger about this polished performance from Johnny M. He clearly has the edge in technique over Boney, in the chants with much the same song. But aren't these lyrics a bit optimistic? Johnny contends that when this child is born "Misery and suffering will be words to be forgotten forever." Who's he kidding? Who'd need religion if all that happened? Maybe he needs a visit from the boys in the vestry. There could be a lot of business at stake here.

THE KINKS: Father Christmas (Arista)

Whatever's happened to poor Ray Davies? Time was when you could rely on him either for a meaty beaty heavy rock tune or a witty vignette from English middle-class life. Maybe he came down somebody's chimney and landed on his head. There's one joke in this song, about Father Christmas being beaten up by muggers. Not a great joke, really, but it's there. At the same time, though, Ray's all pious about deprivation. "Have yourself a very Merry Christmas, have your self a good time, but remember the kids who have nothing, while you're drinking down your wine." Okay, Ray, we've remembered them. Have another, and shut it. A wister, indeed.

SANITY CLAUSE: Christmas Jingles (EMI)

Sanity Clause (witty name)

sound remarkably like Mike Oldfield on tunes like "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." But then you could say that Mike Oldfield always sounds like he's playing tunes like "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." No offence, Mike. Just pretend it didn't happen.

RONNIE DUKES AND THE FAMILY: What Christmas Means To Me (Dumont)

"Fairy lighting, it's exciting / But it's the look on children's faces / That's what Christmas means to me." Different strokes for different folks is what I say, Quentin. There's nowt like a well-lit fairy, that knows.

CHRIS HILL: Disco Santa (Ensign)

"Producer, compere, promoter, number one club jock, TV personality and general weird person, Chris Hill is back again with another great staccato Christmas cut-up, featuring a gag-a-minute." A gag for his mouth would have been preferable. This is about as funny as a Christmas turkey with gangrene.

JONNY RUBBISH: Santa's Alive (United Artists)

Neat parody of the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive," featuring Maurice, Robin and Barry Bee Jesus. It's difficult to hear quite what Rubbish is singing, but the pleasure's in

the way he sings it. A droil enunch fatsetto. Dead accurate.

NON-SEASONAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

FORD WORKERS ON STRIKE: The Ford Strike Song (Ford UK Workers Combine)

"And it's one-two-three, what are we fighting for? / You can stuff your five per cent / Cos it won't pay the rent / And it's five-six-seven, kicking in the factory gate / It's one in the eye for Sunny Jim / Whoopee, we're gonna win." Some jolly solidarity from the lads at Ford, based on the famous Vietnam war anthem by Country Joe And The Fish. A bit late for propaganda purposes, and hardly revolutionary in its implications, but a nice one, anyway. They'll need the royalties when Ford's pull out.

ELTON JOHN: Song For Guy (Rocket) / KKI DEE: Stay With Me Baby (Rocket)

Elton's latest is no brilliant composition, but it is effective. A tasteful, reverent tribute to one of Elton's employees killed in a road accident. Oddly enough, it's an instrumental, as was "Funeral For A Friend." The catchy bit comes right at the end, when Elton intones the opinion that: "Life isn't everything." As for eternal life, it's okay, but it does go on a bit. Kiki Dee, meanwhile, should have had a hit with "Stay With Me Baby" 15 years ago, but now it's probably too late.

ELVIS PRESLEY (PERHAPS): Tell Me Pretty Baby (Cin/Kay Records)

It's now more than a year since the Singing

Cheeseburger went to the great McDonald's in the sky, and still the, uh, tributes to his memory come pouring in. This is a recording that Elvis is said to have made in 1954, before he was discovered by Sam Phillips. According to a sleeve note, an Assistant Professor in "Communication Disorders" at the University of Texas thinks the singer is "probably" Presley. And it certainly does sound like him. Or P. J. Proby. Or Shakin' Stevens. The song could almost be rock'n'roll, though it's a mile languid. Still, if it is for him, Elvis sounds in better voice than for his last 15 years at least. Worth investigating.

LEO SAYER: Raining In My Heart (Chrysalis) / WRECKLESS ERIC: Crying, Waking, Hoping (Stiff)

It may be raining in Sayer's heart and pouring into his wallet, but there are apparently no fresh ideas tearing in his brain. Sayer overdoes the soulful yearning on the song that Buddy Holly made a classic. Holly only got away with the daff lyrics because he understated them so neatly. Sayer gives it the big treatment and it's a wash-out. Wreckless Eric has chosen a less well-known Holly song, and his version is closer to the spirit of the original. But even so, the very choice says little for his own originality.

THE POLICE: So Lonely (A&M)

This band have been

complaining about their treatment by the critics. How is it, they argue, that 10CC can get away with white reggae, but they can't? One answer is that 10CC don't sound like Amen Corner doing a cover version of a Desmond Dekker song. That said, this is quite a lively knees-up, especially when the chorus gains speed. Maybe a little more speed would have helped all round.

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS: It Wasn't Me (Sonet)

The Observer Colour Supplement's favourite bluesman with a slight rocker that adds little substance to his reputation. Sounds remarkably as though he woke up this morning and got those Chuck Berry rehash blues.

ACE FRELHEY: New York Groove (Casablanca)

What's this, then, an American comic-book superhero overcome by the creepin, insidious disco menace? Hardly. It may be a Russ Ballard song with a strong chance of charting, but those platform heels stomp hard enough to grind budding Travoltas into the dance floor.

GARY MOORE: Back On The Streets (MCA)

Conservative heavy rock from Moore, salvaged by a hint of the Lizzies that's provided by Phil Lynott's backing vocals. The trouble is that Moore's no great shakes as a singer and Lynott's presence only serves to underline that. It's energetic enough, though.

IAN MATTHEWS: King Of The Night (Rockburgh)

The Johnny Mathis of folk-rock has never quite equalled his 1973 album "Valley Hi", produced by Mike Nesmith. This particular song comes close though. A soft, sweet tune with a typically melodic vocal. It's hard, really, to think of anything more unfashionable.

GENTLE GIANT: Words From The Wise (Chrysalis)

Well, they'd hardly call it dreck from the dumb, would they? It seems a bit daft to put out a single by a band who seem unable to finish a song without spinning off at all sorts of weird melodic tangents. Either these guys are very clever, or they can't resolve their song-writing problems.

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER: All I Want Is You (Atlantic)

A ponderous secular hymn from Mr. Lake. Quite a nice tune, except that Mr. Emerson thinks he's playing "The Messiah" on a church organ and Mr. Palmer thinks he's the cannons in the "1812 Overture". Not the most appropriate backing really for a romantic ballad.

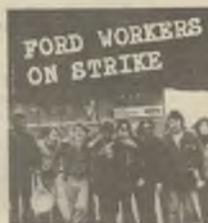
CURTIS MAYFIELD: No Goodbyes (Curtom) / JOE FARRELL: Night Dancing (Warner Bros) / GOODY GOODY: Number One Dea Jay (Atlantic)

Curtis Mayfield leads the pack among the week's 12-inch disco fodder. Busy, almost fussy backing. Vocals so cool, they're quieter than a passing thought. In contrast, Joe Farrell offers a tiresome saxophone instrumental that's totally unmemorable, while a lady called Goody Goody pays homage to her "Number One Dea Jay." If he played records this dreggy, he wouldn't stay number one for long.

STATUS QUO: Accident Prone (Vertigo)

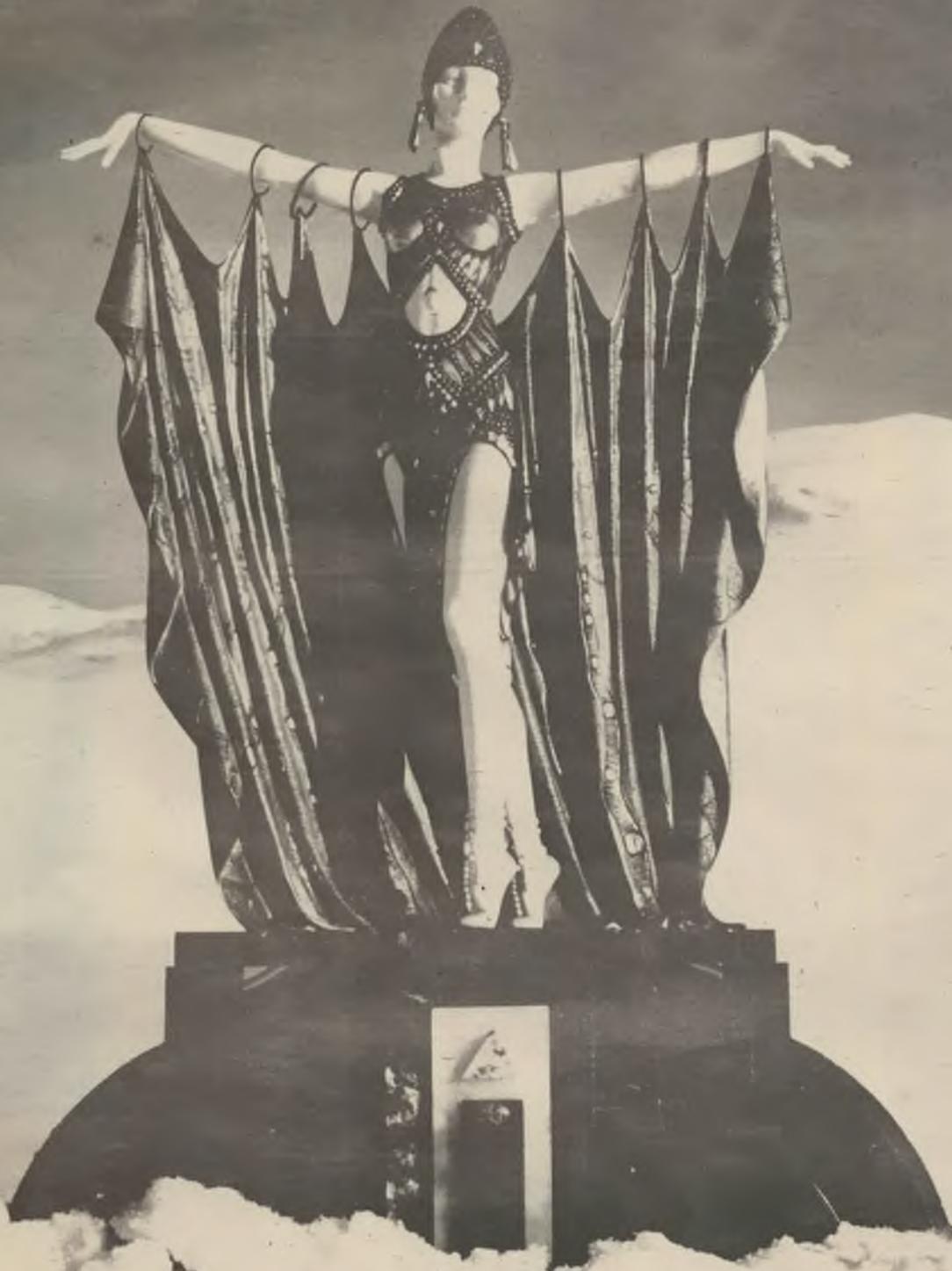
Top quality, high-speed pop. Must be the Buzzcocks. Easily their most powerful single so far this month.

Reviewed by BOB EDMANDS



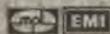
Two visions of Christmas '78. Left: California. Right: Dagenham

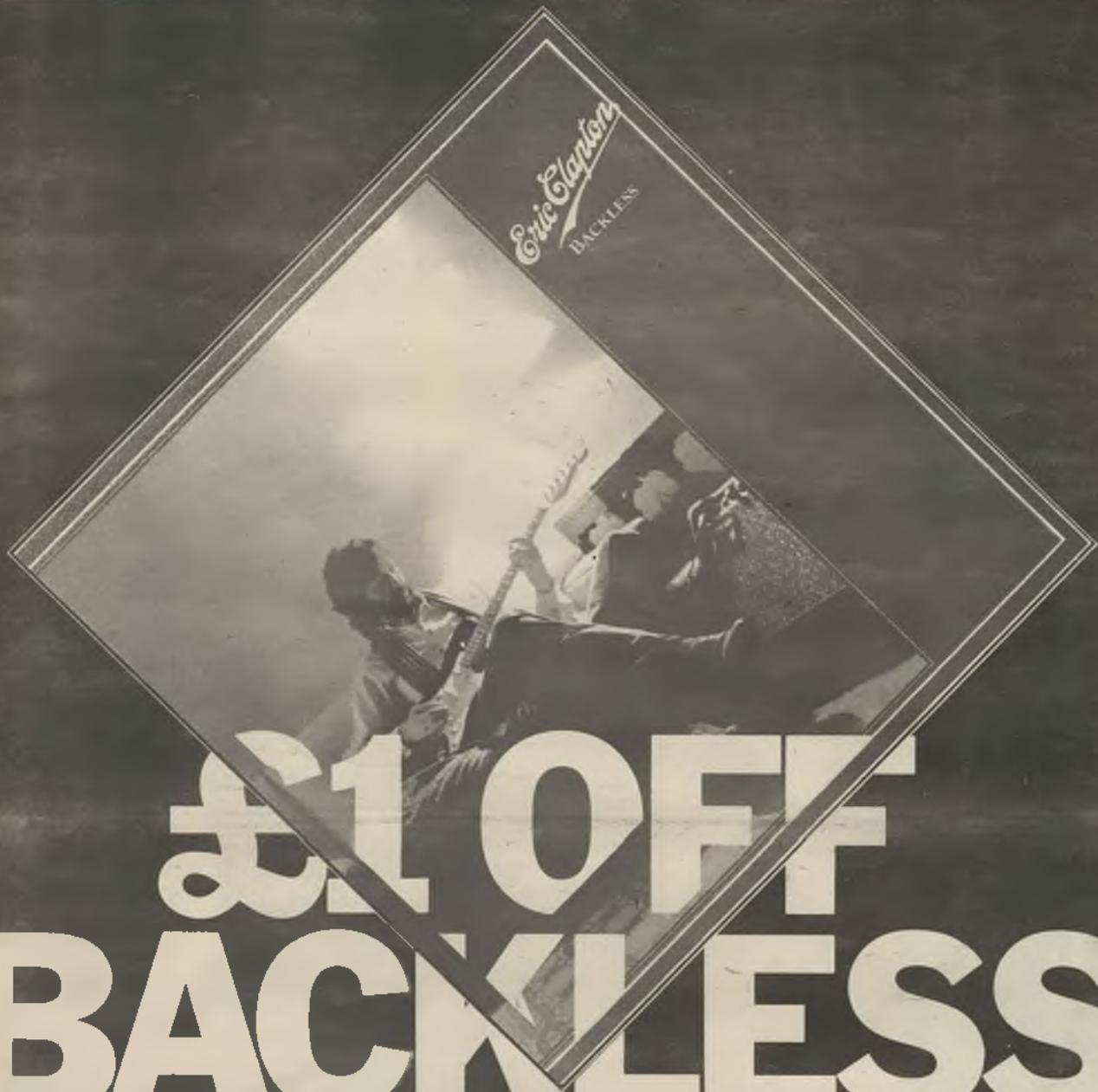
WINGS GREATEST



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ALBUMS

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)
 "THE Public Image is Limited", or so claimed John Lydon in a recent interview with his customary flair for a good, splenetic quip. Well, so be it. But unfortunately the 'image', public or otherwise, is a good deal less limited than many of the more practical factors involved in this venture.

The cover is great, mind. While the eponymous single had that daft newspaper as a wrap-around, the album is graced with various glossy and deluxe Vogue pissettes — one mugshot of each of the four partners in crime.

Ah, but Mr Lydon, why is your eminently blank expression embellishing the front of the cover? Wouldn't it have been more in keeping with the PIL ethos to have had one of your three lubbers' spotty visages there in your place? This might sound trivial, but it's somehow indicative of my impression that your whole current enterprise leans on a thin veneer of good, old-fashioned hypocrisy: a new career in a new sound-war, but still using the same old tried and true to attract the punters.

This consideration is in fact of no slight import — if only because this album would probably never have seen the light of day, certainly as it stands, were it not for the looming spectre of dear old Johnny Rotten, former bogey man of The Sex Pistols.

However, those of you expecting a reprise of the Pistols' (relatively) orthodox rock muscle-flexing are going to be in for a nasty shock — even though Rotten/Lydon's well-known, puerile, yet venomous brand of inscrupulability is still up to its former ferocity.

The opening track throws all corners straight into the deep end of the PIL maelstrom with a distant high-pitched scream and then an excruciating nine minutes of sonic disorientation entitled simply "Theme". The pacing is leaden, with the three instruments — drums, up-front bass and an utterly disorientating guitar pitched somewhere between "inhumating" and "piercing" — mixed into a relentless drone replete with Rotten's garbled exhortations and whines of "I wish I could die..." and infinitum, making him sound like a man drowning in a sea of aural track.

A more tangible parallel would be listening to the Velvet Underground's "European Son Of Delmore Schwarz" at 16 rpm. Guessing at the sentiments behind actually releasing this gargantuan sprawl of sonic torture is harder, although Lydon's departing parry — a characteristic final whine of "terminal boredom" — more than aptly sums up my own feelings as to its merits.

Next on the agenda, Lydon again breaks stride with tradition by narrating unaccompanied the lyrics to "Religion" in an unsettling monotone. This play has seldom, if ever, worked before on record. Jim Morrison could just about pull it off in his prime but nowadays one need only ruminate momentarily on the dread Patti Smith to shudder at the very thought of this sort of solo performance — and Lydon's shot is made doubly redundant not simply because he goes on to repeat the verses over a jarring Black Sabbath-on-Largactyl riff with the rest of PIL but also because the words themselves aren't particularly dazzling in their righteous condemnation of organised religion.

"Fat-pigged priest



PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: 1 to r JR, Jah Wobble, Keith Levine, Jim Walker

A Bitter PIL To Swallow

sanctimoniously smiles", for example, is pure over-the-top bilge, though other couplets do stand out. Ultimately though, the piece is far too similar in concept and conceit to a Peter Hamill song on the same subject on the letter's "Silent Corner And Empty Stage" album. In other words, more strained vitriol from leering lapsed Catholics. I pass.

Meanwhile, the most promising of the four tracks on side one, "Annalisa", apparently based on a real life saga about a German girl whose parents believed her to be "possessed" by devils, has its lyrics completely obscured in the relentless instrumental thrash that dominates the mix. (Reports elsewhere claim that said parents are taking legal action. If so, could they please decipher the supposedly offensive lyrical content as I can't make out one word.)

The second side of this "First Issue" is thankfully more graphic in defining the group's real strengths. Indeed, the three songs forming the lion's share of the side finally display the worth of a band stripped of the cynicism and silliness so prevalent on side one. Certainly, this trilogy of

"Public Image" (apparently a different take from the single, although it sounds virtually identical to these ears), "Low Life" and "Attack" are the only tracks I, for one, intend to return to for any sort of listening pleasure.

It's here that the band seem to be functioning in musical territory that, given time and effort, will provide them with a strong and individual foundation for future focus and experimentation.

Instrumentally, these three tracks possess a vigour, a completeness of sound (cleverly straddled between the sparseness of the constituents and the audacious originality of the mix) that draws the listener toward it, though one cursory hearing inevitably fails to impress. Oddly enough, this trio work despite Lydon, whose lyrics on both "Public Image" and "Low Life" — at least, what can be heard of the lyrics, anyway — just don't cut it, whilst his voice all too often sounds just plain weedy.

The final track, "Fodderstompf", is a very amusing take-off of an endless disco riff replete with flakey lyrics, Rotten bawling "We only wanted to be loved" in a ball-breaking falsetto amongst the spewing forth of all manner of goonish spoken

inerties. The only drawback to this often hilarious little exercise is that, like most recorded comedy, it does tend to pall after three or four listenings into nothingness.

So much for the "First Issue". An adventurous debut from an exciting young pop combo, one of my peers remarked half-seriously. It is audacious after a fashion and will doubtless go a long way to separate the hangers-on from those whom Lydon believes to be properly attuned to his message.

Yet there still remain problems a-plenty. There's a tendency to bebusily consider this effort as one gigantic cynical piss-take on Lydon's part — something like "Theme" can solicit no other reaction — while there's also my underlying suspicion, always at work, wondering whether they are actually aware of their strengths and weaknesses.

"First Issue" is no masterpiece. At its most cogent, however, Public Image achieve a sound that could be defined as a new, radical form of rock and roll — the sort of rock that a band would produce were they weaned on Beelheart's "Trout Mask Replica" and Can's "Ege Bamyasi" — instead on one

"Johnny B Goode" and The Who, as were The Pistols.

Overall, though, one gets the feeling that this debut is premature. The ideas are there, but still in a germinating stage, and Rotten/Lydon is still nothing less than his own man — venomous and frightening.

Nick Kent

TODD RUNDGREN
Back To The Bars (Bearsville)

The one obstacle between Todd Rundgren and a successful live album comes at the stage when he has to rely on other musicians.

On "Another Live", this problem was largely circumnavigated by the choice of material and a streamlined band. The 23 tracks that comprise "Back To The Bars" may be every thinking Todd fan's dream choice but they don't translate adequately in performance. Rundgren on his tod, playing the studio, dictating the framework, is far preferable to this roll call of friends, relatives, superstars, lunatics and British beat veterans

No doubt if you were actually at the Bottom Line, Agora or the LA Roxy proceedings were jolly. The atmosphere sounds relaxed

and jolky and the idea of Stevie Nicks, Hall and Oats, Spencer Davis et al hamming their way through "Hello It's Me" might even have been spontaneous. On record it all comes over too flat, the production surprisingly limp, the cast of thousands dragging into tedium. The only solution would be a collection of cloned Todds tic-toccing their groove across layers of multiple harmonies and squeaking in synch.

Utopia do fair justice to the best of "Initiation" and "Faithful" (the underrated "Real Man" is a promising opener) and for the rest you get the nuggets that graced Todd's mid-period classics, "Something / Anything", "A Wizard / A True Star" and "Todd", plus the unabashed nostalgia of "The Range War" from "Runt: The Ballad Of..."

Unfortunately, none of the takes supersedes the originals, neither do they add anything of interest with "Last Ride", "A Dream Goes On Forever", "Don't You Ever Learn?" and a truly ace "Black Maria" the only fresh reworkings. Songs from the sublime "Wizard", including the soul segue, don't survive the experience. Rundgren applies himself with results to guitar and piano but loses control of his vocal purity in the heat of the moment.

Often the studio cuts are just too dignified for the memory for comfort, so "Sometimes I Don't Know What To Feel" is all but ruined by the Hell People, whose duetting vocals alter the intended perspective of the puzzled solo pain.

Never mind, "Hermit of Mink Hollow" is sufficient red meat for one year. The very informality of "Back To The Bars" makes it standard par for a live double while rarely suggesting to man's ability to provoke delight. I'll be at The Venue rooting for Todd anyhow, just hope he leaves the excess baggage behind.

Max Bell

CHIEFTAINS
Chieftains 8 (CBS)

One hates to be disrespectful to such dedicated musicians as the Chieftains, but this record bore me.

"Chieftains 8" (they'll overtake Chicago by 1980) is much like "Chieftains 1-7": a selection of jigs, reels, airs and suites played on the usual variety of ancient instruments. Live, they can be enchanting, but on record it all seems a bit flat.

Apart from Irish folk fans, I wonder who buys Chieftains records? People who want an ethnic form of muzak? People who sit back and use the music as an aural travel brochure, conjuring up fantasies of waterfalls, sunsets and simple life?

The sleeve notes encourage this escapism. "Imagine yourself transported to an old castle in ancient times", runs the commentary to one track, blithely ignoring the fact castles were usually seats of oppression. There's also a coy mention of Ireland's "long and troubled history", though without reference to the English imperialism which was largely responsible for this trouble and for destroying much of the traditional Irish culture which the Chieftains seek to preserve.

It's perhaps because it's presented historically — "timeless and haunting" to quote the sleeve again — that this music seems to be nothing more than a pointless hotchpotch of similar, but unrelated, sounds. It's a shame to reduce folk music to this gratuitous aestheticism.

Graham Lock

JEAN CONSTANT GINDREAU



Paris, November 1978: the grave of James Douglas Morrison

Still Stoned, Still

JIM MORRISON — MUSIC BY THE DOORS
An American Prayer (Elektra)

The new language that James Douglas Morrison invoked was the poet's entry to a world of mystery and shuttered imagery, a piece where the neanderthal landscapes of imagination reverberated to the tune of a vegetable mythology. By extension, Morrison translated this expression (which has countless literary parallels) into his native second tongue, rock and roll. An accident of history perhaps, and a fortunate one for us.

Morrison's bold statements were generally misconstrued; his hedonism was bloated degeneracy, his liberation of the mass mentality that aimed its eye at his zip was dismissed as agit-prop exhibitionism. Morrison was an exhibitionist; from here stems the basic difficulty in grasping his broader philosophy — audiences are often incapable of seeing beyond the moment. The spectator is "a dying animal", a voyeur. The problem is how to balance this fact with the performer's own potency, his mastery of the physical and the spiritual functions.

To this end Morrison became a successful Shaman, a sensory guide in an age noted for its reliance on cheap thrills. The puritanical aftermath of his debauched explorations means that some people call him a fraud. Fear or ignorance. Some of us still believe that Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest refers to gymnastic prowess. "An American Prayer" is conclusive proof that

Morrison could balance his own extremities. It's the first proper Doors album since "L.A. Woman" — a hard act to follow, particularly with a document based on the power of the spoken word. Even a convert might balk at the arrangements after the event, the artist seven years dead. Morrison went into the studio on his birthday, December 8, 1970; just him, engineer John Heeny and a tape machine that rolled all night long, tracking the bundle of poems which we find here, not necessarily in the intended order.

From unadorned beginnings, Heeny and the remaining three Doors, Ray Manzarek, Robby Krieger and John Densmore, spent nearly three years fashioning a credible testimony to the poet's wish that he also be accepted as a wordman, as well as a catalyst for less passionate intellects.

In retrospect the best of the Doors makes a mockery of fashionable protest. A string of songs, chants, rituals from "The End" to "When The Music's Over", from "The Soft Parade" to "Hyacinth House", are evidence of Morrison's power to define the undefinable, to move with words beyond the confines of the standard rock and roll dictionary.

Morrison stands comparison with the academic poets of the century and rises above the Beat Poets, whose accomplishments he admired without utilising their techniques. His closest models were the nineteenth century French poets, those who abandoned the empirical self ("Out here in the penitentiary there are no stars / Out here we are stoned /

Immaculate").

His favourite style was contrast, romanticism and realism: photo-realist slides of modern Los Angeles vie with fragments of ancient folk lore, like Heine or Rimbaud. Morrison tired of hanging around for the Golden Age. So he reinvented the gods and ciphered them through onstage mystique. A Doors concert was a ceremony and a participation.

"An American Prayer" can be experienced as autobiography, the symbols are simple. The material is arranged chronologically, full of Morrison's eerie second sight. Today there's a score of American artists ready to force the pace that this man met head on on July 3, 1971.

But this is not a collection of tawdry hysteria and self-adulation. "Awake" lulls you into the quiet arena after the jolt of "Celebration Of The Lizard".

Morrison believed in the transition of the soul, a common anthropological dictum (cynics and Morrisonologists ought to check out the *Balder, Between Heaven and Earth* and *Dionysus* chapters of J. G. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*). Animal nature is accepted as given in all Doors songs. The verses here are a logical extension, "self like a new monster" opposed to the sterile Lords "mean and rueful of the Western dream".

Morrison's adolescent context has a backdrop of Vietnam and attendant civil disorder ("A military station in the desert"), so he uses the appropriate tongue, that of the "chooks", the gang leaders and their prey: "Scenes of rape in the arroyo./Seductions in cars, abandoned buildings./Fights

the Rubinoos

What's the last thing you'd do if your new single and album were due for release in January?

TOUR IN DECEMBER

We didn't get where we are today by doing things the right way round.

Wednesday December 6th PRESTON Polytechnic
Thursday December 7th LEICESTER University
Friday December 8th BIRMINGHAM University
Saturday December 9th MANCHESTER University
Tuesday December 12th WAKEFIELD Unity Hall
Wednesday December 13th SHEFFIELD Polytechnic
Thursday December 14th LEEDS Polytechnic
Friday December 15th NEWCASTLE Polytechnic
Sunday December 17th LONDON Lyceum

More to follow

Their (old) album "The Rubinoos" BSERK 10

Besorkley
Sound of the streets



RUSH
Hemispheres (Mercury)
ART BEARS
Hopes And Fears (Re Records)
FUNKADELIC
One Nation Under A Groove
(Warnar Brothers)

One or two or three records which, each in its own way, beg the same analysis of the aims and abuses of any language which seeks to introduce a personal idea of Order into public currency.

Each one of these musics is immersed within a sticky language the implications of which are fundamentally 'political' — more forwardly and, in Rush's case, more frighteningly so than anyone from The Clash to Eric Clapton.

Rock music in the hands of such as Rush suggests that aspects of it assume a disturbing potential, a disturbing shift in the standing of the music's subject matter. Locating an audience's unconscious inertia and dissatisfaction, its impotency and fertile dissidence, and flirting with them — this is no joke, and if you think it is then you probably think the same about right-wing fanatics locating and flirting with ley lines . . .

The Great Sublime Subliminal Chord. Striking a discord was always a cute pose, but there's no longer any uncertainty about this. Rush's pure-noise-induced suggestion of omnipotence and idealistic alliance. The Galvanic Heavy Metal intercourse: *coitus intoxicating, coitus interstellar.*

There are many Plain Chaps on the great frozen plane of Forbidden Knowledge, but only one mushroom. Let us gobble it up. Let us go forward. Let us go forward. Let us go forward. . .

"We can build a world of wonder/I can make you all aware . . . You can live in



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Systems of resonance

grace and comfort/In the world that you transform." ("Cygnus X-1 Book II Hemispheres").

And meanwhile our moral sensibility is "armed with sense and liberty/With the Heart and Mind united/In a single perfect sphere." ("The Sphere A Kind Of Dream").

Rush hold up a mirror to the world, and it shows Rush holding up a mirror to the

world. They are radiant, their capes wondrous to behold, their wisdom satisfies the common appetite, their album cover points toward their lyrics, their lyrics point toward Rush, Rush hold up a mirror to the world.

"So the Maples formed a Union / and demanded equal rights / The Oaks are just too greedy / We will make them give us light / Now there's no

more Oak oppression / For they passed a noble law / And the trees are all kept equal / By hatchet, / Axe, / And saw . . ." ("The Trees").

And do their audiences see themselves in it? Rush achieve the alignment through a trite use of allegory and aggressive musical resonance. They use pictures of brains. People who use pictures of brains are

Civilised. They have pictures of everything. Their brains are full of pretty pictures.

Pictures of marching men and you. Right-wing paranoia — it's in the white of the egg . . . or the heart of the beast? Art Bears are either the step after or the step which terminated Henry Cow. "Hopes And Fears" features Lindsay Cooper, Tim Hodgkinson and George

Born, but only Fred Frith, Dagmar Krause and Chris Cutler "are" Art Bears

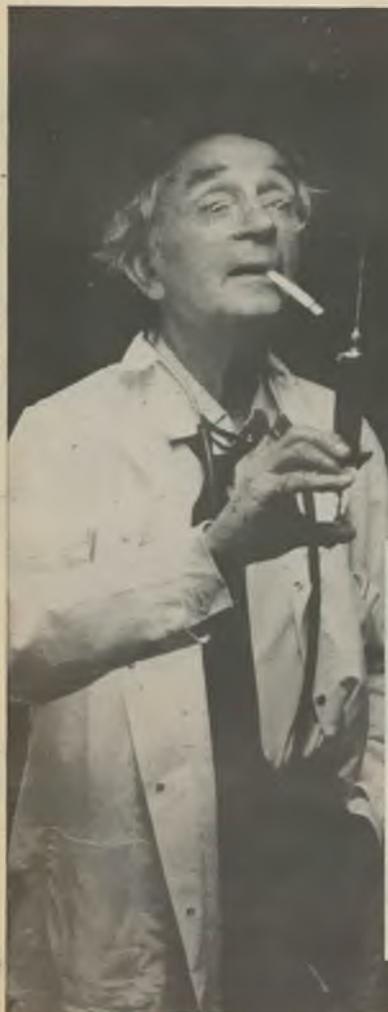
If it is true, as Foucault has said, that "it is only in the blank spaces . . . that order manifests itself in depth, then Art Bears are probably the missing link between Peter Hammill and Jilted John — between a naive and tortured Brechtian portrayal of involuntary and loveless solipsism, and a naive and tortured Brechtian portrayal of involuntary and loveless solipsism. A public lineage?

"Hopes And Fears" is, very simply stated, a marriage of ideals — the "humanity" of Slapp Happy with the heretic utopianism of Henry Cow. Mirthful Marxism? Um.

There is a hang-over of academic over-purposefulness, but the balance between precision and celebration is graphic and immediately grasped. The settings and stylings here express a freer, clearer improvisation, only toppling into a feeling of laborious application when the language overtakes the idea it is supposed to illustrate. Po-faced.

Then, and only then, the line between art and artifice thins, and the ceremonies and order of all things Rush seems only a little way removed. As, of course, is often the case with polar opposites: on the one hand, the capitalist-fascist attitude, gregarious, rejoicing in large numbers and participation in a superior race or nation, which corresponds to the clinical picture of paranoia; on the other, the revolutionary attitude, which is that of an isolated, voluntary outcast and of a withdrawal which might represent schizophrenia.

If the revolutionary develops his aggression and unites with like-minded others, then schizophrenia has itself become paranoia, — and the revolutionary attitude



HAVE YOU GOT THE DP'S



"IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN"



THE NEW ALBUM - AVAILABLE NOW

is merely the reverse side of the medal which has fascism as its obverse.

"Hopes And Fears" is a maze, and an analysis of the different approaches and inroads it offers, how far ideas and ideals can go within a given framework. There is little or no 'self-indulgence' — and although the album has a playing time of 48 minutes plus, many of the 13 (two instrumental) pieces are brief.

It's a mostly cheering example of a music with a clear and refreshed perspective, coming to terms with the terms from which it set out this or that message of messages: 'hopes and fears'. Ironic that such an unfashionable (huh!) set-up should be working on in this way, a way very much promoted but seldom practiced by those presently enjoying favour (bar laudable exceptions such as ATV).

And it's just occurred to me that Dagmar's rendering of Brecht's "On Suicide" puts me very much in mind of Siouxsie. Do you refuse to recognize such a thing? Are you afraid of understanding?

"The fear", as George Clinton has it, "of being eaten by a sandwich?"

Perhaps not. Um, if anything, Funkadelic exemplify the profound identity of all political attitudes based on the primacy of emotion over reason and their inevitable resort to violently existential action, in direct opposition to, as Clinton has it,

"psychologically speaking a state of verbal diarrhoea talkin' shit a mile a minute . . ."

Or, put another way: "Fried ice-cream is a reality!". The Funkadelic maze is no less complex, or 'political' than that of the Art Bears, no more 'accessible', but a bit easier to dance to.

Characters, character-clones.

cross-references and cartoon speech bubbles ripple to the surface, and the surface sinks deeper.

A Theatre of hardcore Jollity? Clinton's perpetual vision would suggest as much — a raw, jelly-laser beam of hard, physical onomatopoeia, a sly 'political' motion which is anarchic, democratic (don't quibble), auto-suggestive and laundromatic. An aural cartoon strip comprising backward bumblebee guitars, purring, sluttish bass, oozy, melting isley harmonies, and ghostly handclaps.

The rhythms' business is "to rid you of moral diarrhoea, social bullshit. . . ." — not so much attacking institutions as putting you in a frame of mind to do so.

It is a thin line between this cheering activism and cabaret, and Funkadelic do step over it occasionally. The rhythm and logic is entirely their own, an internal participatory join-the-dots. There are no superficial messages. There may be no 'messages' at all. A sublime gesture or two. Pointing at things. How absurd!

The order is yours. How responsible a method is this? How responsible are you? This is outside the fridge. There's even a free live Funkadelic 12" record.

As Clinton has it: "There is no such thing as a free lunch, heh, heh — the lunch that prepared itself, heh heh . . ."

Ian Penman

AEROSMITH Live Bootleg (CBS Import)

The inevitable live double from Aerosmith rolls inexorably into the American Christmas like a fat Thanksgiving turkey.

Let Steve Tyler and the boys strut their stuff on your own patch, thrill to the thrum of another well-tuned hard rock machine, kiss off the final vestiges of brain detritus,

stand back in awe as that East Coast derring-do nods you off into quasistate submission.

Heavy metal? Bugger my old boots, there's none heavier.

I've never been able to fathom the appeal of Aerosmith, yet folks whose taste often runs parallel to my own assure me there's worth beneath the age-old formula, volume, synchronised idiot response dual guitar and the kind of inane lyric where a chap's libido is measured by the length of his guitar solo.

Plenty of whoppers here, eh? Stifling a yawn I must tell you that the guys include all their familiar faves in the most applicable running gun order, intermeshing a couple of radiocasts from 1973 for historic credibility. Insensitive parish that I am I cannot distinguish the overall bombast of, say, "Back In The Saddle" from "Walk This Way".

But hold on, there's a voice-box on the loose, and another. Say no more, if the thunder don't get ya then the voice-box will. I can't resist a gadget as sophisticated as this especially as Joe Perry interlards the box more than once with Brad Whitford's pathetically pedestrian overdosed rhythm guitar and the audience goes predictably apeshit.

At this stage in the game there's little or nothing to be said that could possibly curb Aerosmith's departure for mega-universal moolah, and good luck to them for proving that there's none so dumb as America's stadia regulars.

Once upon a time they almost possessed some semblance of a saving grace. The resurrected five-year-old versions of "I Ain't Got You" and "Mother Popcorn" are cleaner sounding, nearly spontaneous average bar band blues. The sax player from their debut album, David Woodford, gets up to blow at length and Tyler waffles



Aerosmith's sartorial Steve Tyler.

DAVID HILL

Dead on release

through a sub-J. Gails throat scat with extended aplomb. Aerosmith unleash their version of "Come Together", the old Bee Gees chestnut which seems to these ears as rapidly unpleasant a number as it did on Stigwood's "Abbey Road". At least Ted Nugent is moderately amusing, but this lot take it seriously.

Best of the rest: "Dream On", the one that set the ball rolling, has effective back up piano, still the Perry-Whitford

axis is desperately short of the mark. Lucky for some.

And Tyler is sick as a dog with the crits comparing him and his to the Stones, so let's compare them to Led Zeppelin instead. A painful and disillusioning experience but I hated "Rocks", "Get Your Wings", "Toys In The Attic" and "Draw The Line".

Waggle yer bum and grunge on, fools. There's gold in them thar hills.

Max Bell

TYLA GANG Moonproof (Berserkeley)

is there room for sentiment in the modern world? Apparently, yes. My colleagues on the so-called 'rival' music papers have been kind to "Moonproof" — derivative he is, they say, but ol' Sean sure loves to boogie.

Well, good for Sean. But I'm less inclined to be generous, and less interested in the fact that he likes to boogie (don't we all?) than in the fact that he doesn't do it very well. The first time I heard this record, I laughed — I thought it was a parody. "Did You Hear It On The Radio" is a parody, and a good one — any song which takes the piss out of The Rolling Stones is alright with me — but closer listening revealed the rest of "Moonproof" to be a failed attempt at serious rock.

The failure resides in the leering vocals, the muted production and — fatally — an inability to structure songs. Sean Tyla can throw off the occasional good riff or attractive melody line, but he's hopeless at welding them together into a cohesive whole. So many of these tracks start well, then suddenly fizzle out in a welter of anticlimactic choruses, breaks and fudged arrangements.

The lyrics don't impress either — a cut-up of American macho myths, in which words like "switchblade", "hooker" and "Cadillac" figure prominently. In short, left-over scraps for voyeuristic Yankophiles who like to pretend they're real men.

"Moonproof" is certainly derivative. At different times, it brings to mind Springsteen, Graham Parker, Thin Lizzy, Nils Lofgren and their ilk. Trouble is, it also brings to mind that these people play their music with far more fire and invention than the Tyla Gang are able to muster.

Graham Lock

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

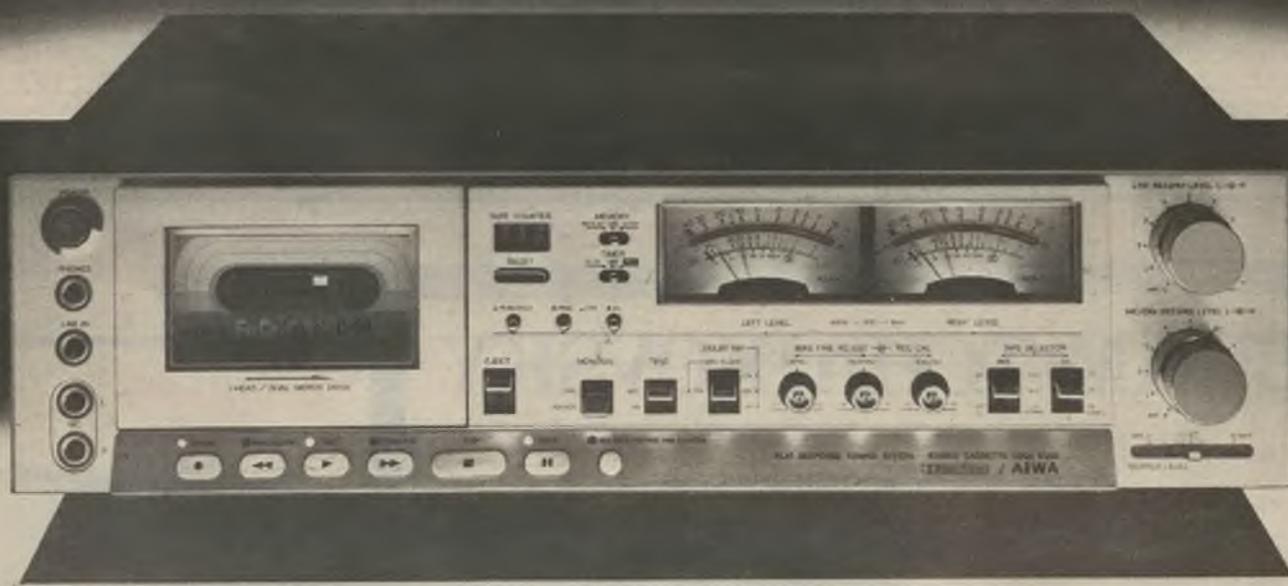
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- December

on tour with
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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI-FI: by BERNARD FUTTER

Shopping around for speakers

Once again, let me hark back to the necessity for auditioning speakers before purchase. They are invariably the greatest single influence on the sound character of a whole system, and need to be chosen with care.

You're far less likely to acquire a potential problem buying a cassette deck off the shelf than doing the same with a pair of speakers.

The reason is that the definitive speaker — the one that can reproduce the source fed to it without adding or subtracting anything along the way — has not been invented.

Given that we still have a considerable way to go before reaching that happy state of affairs, it must be understood that speaker designing is all about optimization. Producing a unit that yields a deep and firm bass response may lead to sacrifices in another area of performance.

A competitor working within the same set of parameters may decide to make trade-offs in another direction. Both designs may be, for example, a nominal

five per cent down on our theoretically perfect speaker but because different routes have been taken they will sound different.

Another basic problem for designers is that laboratory testing can only give a limited idea of how a unit will sound.

Right, nuff said about the background, how do you make the right choice?

Well, first you must ask yourself how much you want to spend, what size enclosure you can happily accommodate and what the power rating is/will be of your amplifier.

Next, ferret out your friendly neighbourhood dealer — the more specialist the better the likelihood of getting meaningful demos.

Try to avoid Saturdays and lunchtimes. There are few more frustrating things than taking your place in a queue of nerts wanting to discuss in detail the evolution of their hi-fi systems over the last ten years. It also makes a lot of sense to raid your record collection for a wide variety of music to take with you.

Acoustic guitar, solo voice and piano are particularly

Continues page 41



CELESTION DITTON 33



MORDAUNT-SHORT PAGEANT 2

Goodmans High Fidelity

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Make the most of your Boots.

SHOPPING FOR SPEAKERS

From page 39 revealing.

Most important: take the stuff you usually listen to. In the shop, start by finding a "reference" model and then one at a time compare the competition. If the shop is not able to offer instantaneous A/B switching you may have grounds for thinking that your specialist is not very special!

It can be extremely confusing switching between about six different models in quick succession. The best method is to only compare two at the same time, and if B then sounds better than A then B becomes the new reference and so on. Refuse to be hustled, you owe it to yourself to find the model that sounds right to your ears not the salesman's.

Remember that a bright and exaggerated sound might appear impressive in small bursts but will prove very fatiguing after protracted listening.

The more enlightened the dealer the more likely it is that he will let you try them out on a home trial. Don't be afraid to ask as acoustics will obviously differ between shop and home.

Now we come to the subjects of this month's review. Three British speakers in the £135-£190 price band.

It is pleasing to report that Britain has something of a stranglehold on the world's quality speaker market. The Japanese pre-eminence in volume electronics does not extend to the art of speaker design.

Listening tests on the above were carried out under normal domestic conditions using a variety of direct-cut and high-grade commercial discs, master tapes and FM radio sources. The highly accurate Quad Electrostatic Speakers were used as reference although they cost up to three times the price of their contenders. To their credit the results certainly did not suggest this disparity.

All three speakers are reasonably compact and just qualify for "bookshelf" classification. They all recommend the use of custom stands that are available as optional extras and this is the way we carried out our tests.

The first model comes from the Monitor Audio stable. Monitor are a smallish company based in Cambridge who have made enormous strides with their speaker range over the last few years.

The newly introduced MAB is dubbed "Budget Model". But in case you're thinking that it is constructed out of Fablon covered balsa wood, the standard of finish is exemplary.

Like the other two models in this survey the front grille can be removed. This will appeal to those who prefer the naked studio look.

The MA6 comprises two drive units, a bass/midrange and a treble. Listening tests revealed a clean and detailed

sound without any obvious nasties. On more protracted sessions we felt the sound to be of a somewhat withdrawn character which seemed to take just a little of the sparkle and life out of the music.

This was only a very subtle effect and many will find the MA6 very easy and unafatiguing to listen to. A very credible performance related to the modest cost.

Smallest speaker in the survey is the Pageant 2 from the Petersfield, Hants, based company of Mordaunt-Short. This is third in line of a small range which includes the renowned value for money Carnival and Festival models. Cabinet work was to a high standard and a distinctive metal strip under the grille cloth adds a bit of visual interest.

Listening tests quickly confirmed the Pageant 2 to be a very high quality performer. Bass was firm and as extended as one could expect from a small enclosure. The important middle register was open and uncoloured. Reproduction was at all times extremely impressive.

It would be possible to name many far more expensive models that could not acquit themselves with such distinction.

Now for Celestion — one of our largest manufacturers.

Their model under examination is the Ditton 33. And again its pleasing to report that the standard of cabinet work was of a very high order.

Celestion have in fact made concessions to those who prefer to leave the grille off as the front baffle is veneered and features a second badge. A neat touch.

The 33's differ in that they incorporate three drive units, a bass, mid-range and treble. (More drivers does not in itself read better. Multi unit arrays can create more problems than they solve, regarding optimum cross-over points).

Listening tests revealed fine resolution of detail with a bright forward sound quality. This was not objectionable and never erred to stridency. Piano, however, was inclined to be slightly metallic sounding. This is a hard test, though. Reproduction always seemed full of life without ever becoming tiring.

In summary, three speakers that can, with their different nuances, be wholeheartedly recommended.

The MA6's offer a more subdued sound, the Pageant 2 an outstanding performance with probably the most accurate tonal balance and the Ditton 33's a forward lively quality that will find favour with many.

Monitor Audio MAB. Typical Selling Price £135. Dimensions 130 x 300 x 90mm. Mordaunt-Short Pageant 2. Typical Selling Price £195. Dimensions 130 x 200 x 220mm. Celestion Ditton 33. Typical Selling Price £190. Dimensions 110 x 300 x 260mm. Other recommended makes in the same price band to consider: B/W, Soliver, Dacite, Goodmans, J.R. REF, Rogers, Tangent.

From page 31 knows his worth. "En route Moroder (on the Moroder road), his associates at Oasis say, describing the constant debilitating commuting Moroder's schedules force him to undertake between Munich, London, New York, Los Angeles and, not as often as he would like, his home in Switzerland ("I live there not for tax reasons, but because I like it there").

Moroder sees himself primarily as an entertainer and rejects interpretations of his work as Art, preferring to believe that he is merely producing music that caters for a genuine popular demand.

"Generally I don't think there is too much art involved in what I do. I would not, however, be happy to do what I do unless I felt the large audience wanted it. But I do know that I achieved something specially different with 'Love To Love You Baby' and 'I Feel Love'. These songs will, I think, endure. They might even be hits again in ten years' time.

"I can't explain my own success very well. It surprises even me sometimes. I seem somehow to have this ability to make everything right and put it in order — lyrics, melody, singer, arranger, all these factors.

"Yes, sometimes we aim things at a certain audience. We did make Roberta's second

album around an astrological theme because she wanted it and because we know the Americans are crazy about astrology.

"Donna's appeal? She is of course a beautiful woman and has a beautiful voice, but I guess it is the whole production, the package that matters more. In fact most of this presentation aspect is due to Casablanca, not so much to Pete and me. Together though, them and us, we seem to have found a way to give an artist a worldwide appeal, to cover all the markets. . . .

Amanda Lear (Roxy Music "For Your Pleasure" cover stilet and black leather 'n' whip specialist responsible for a remarkably redundant disco escapade in this year's "Sweet Revenge") has been quoted as saying — in *Rock et Folk*, August '78 — that although Donna is "very gifted", she is "completely manipulated. They make her sing ineptitudes".

"If that is her opinion, so may it be. Actually, Donna and Pete and I collaborate closely on many of our projects. Donna would not, I know, agree to something unless she wanted to do it in her heart.

"And now you talk of how they say that I, a white producer, should not make songs with a black girl. This is ridiculous." Moroder smiles, "nobody even knew I was white when 'I Feel Love' first came out. When I

went to see Donna in — performance in New York, the audience was all black, but nobody minded, there were no remarks about this to me. Personally, I am certainly not racist; I even like the British. . . . Chuckles and more coffee all round.

"Although, I must say this," Moroder proceeds apace. "that disco does work good or better with black artists and players. They just feel it more. It is as I say about disco becoming the soul and R&B of now — these are both black musics and so it is important to involve black people in making them, very important. It is their right, so to say.

"And why do I always work with women? Maybe this has something to do with disco. Obviously there are some artists like The Village People and Sylvester who are working for the gay male audience, and other like The Tramps and The Commodores who are male anyway. . . I don't know. . .

"Sexism? These arguments are beyond me. Personally I consider women to be the same as men. I am deeply fond of my girlfriend, who is herself very understanding of me and how I have to work so much. . .

But, Jill Furmanovsky offers, would you work with a group as readily as with an artist fronting your own pool of musicians, over whom you can presumably

exercise a more complete control? "Yes, if I were to find a disco group who could play by themselves, I would produce them. It is, I feel, becoming a bit boring to work with the same musicians over and over again — another little problem for me, if you like.

"So far Sparks are the only group I have worked with in a quite different way. They approached me about a year ago, wanting to do more electronic things. Only the drums and the voices on the album we have made are natural. In fact, this is an important step for me because I think this is one of the first albums I have made that can be properly enjoyed at home, not only on the dance floor. It is not strictly a disco sound at all. I like it much; they were very good, very intelligent and imaginative guys to work with."

THE FRUITS of the collaboration between Moroder and Ron and Russell Mael — for it is they for the third of fourth time around — will be released early in the New Year.

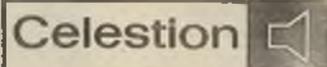
"No. 1 In Heaven" features six songs, four co-written with Moroder: "Tryouts For The Human Race", "Academy Award Performance", "La

Continues page 46



Top groups make the most of their music on stage with Celestion speakers...you can make the most of their music at home with Celestion hi-fi speakers

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11 Oct 78

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| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Thur 7th Dec (Adm £1.00) STAR JETS Plus support & Joe Lung</p> | <p>Mon 11th Dec (Adm £1.25) Welcome back to THE BOYS Plus NW10 & Jerry Floyd</p> |
| <p>Fri 8th Dec (Adm £1.00) BLAZER BLAZER Plus friends & Joe Lung</p> | <p>Tues 12th Dec (Adm £1.00) IVOR BIGGUN Plus support & Joe Lung</p> |
| <p>Sat 9th Dec (Adm £1.00) THE AUTOGRAPHS Plus support & Ian Fleming</p> | <p>Wed 13th Dec (Adm £1.00) MARSEILLES Plus friends & Joe Lung</p> |
| <p>Sun 10th Dec (Adm £1.00) CHAS & DAVE Plus guests & Mandy H</p> | <p>Thurs 14th Dec (Adm £1.25) A Folk Evening with BERT JANSCH Plus friends & Joe Lung</p> |
| <p>Sat 23rd Dec (Doors open 7 pm-12) Marquee Special Christmas Party THE ENID Plus special guests & Ian Fleming Advance tickets to members £2.25 Non-Members at the door £2.50</p> | <p>Sun 31st Dec (Doors open 7 pm-1 am) New Year's Eve Extravaganza RADIO STARS Autographs & Other Goodies D J Jerry Floyd Advance tickets to members £2.50 Non-Members at the door £3.00</p> |

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

HERE & NOW

December 6 — Middlesbrough Rock Garden
December 7 — Glasgow Strathclyde University
December 8 — Dundee University
December 9 — Stirling University
December 10 — Newcastle University
December 12 — Hull University
December 13 — York University
December 14 — Leeds Florde Grene Hotel
December 15 — Huddersfield Polytechnic
December 16 — The Griff & Coton Sports Club
Heath End Rd., Nuneaton
December 17 — Coventry Warwick University
December 18 — Norwich University (The Barn)
December 19 — Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel
December 20 — Colchester Essex University
December 21 — London (to be announced)

ON SALE AT GIGS 'GIVE & TAKE' (£2)
AND LIVE BOOTLEG WITH ATV (£1)

CHIT LIVE! SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

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Special Guest

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+ SNIPS + Angletrax

Sunday 10th December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP

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Sunday 17th December
£2.50 in advance £3.75 on door

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

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SOUTHEND TOLL TECHNOLOGY CARAVAN RD SOUTHEND TICKETS £1.30 IN ADVANCE £1.70 ON NITE

FRIDAY DEC 22

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Thursday December 7th | 75p |
| Friday December 8th | 75p |
| Saturday December 9th | £1.00 |
| Sunday December 10th | £1.00 |
| Monday December 11th | £1.00 |
| Tuesday December 12th | 75p |
| Thursday December 14th | 75p |

CHAS AND DAVE
DAVID KUBINEC'S EXCESS + Steve Lynton Band
THE BOYFRIENDS + Back Beat
RACING CARS + Pretenders
OVAL STAGE SHOW starring SECRET + introducing SHRINK & NICKY SHY
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + Gardez Darkx
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS + The Stickers

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160 Victoria St. SW1 (opposite Victoria St. Tube) 01-834 5500

London's leading music club
Food, drink, live acts & dancing 7pm-3am (Sundays 7pm-10.30pm)

Thursday December 7th Two shows 8.30pm & 12.30am £3.00

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Friday December 8th One show from 7pm - 3am (2 sets) £3.00

HINCKLEY'S HEROES

Featuring Roger Chapman, Mike Patto and a cast of thousands

Saturday December 9th One show 8.30pm. £3.00

JOHN OTWAY

Sunday December 10th One show 7.30pm. £3.00

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Wednesday December 13th One show 8.30 pm £3.00

ALBERTOS Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS

Tickets available from Venue box office, 160 Victoria Street, Tel 834 5500 and London Virgin Shops.

ART FAILURE IN BRITAIN

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

104 Camden High Street.

Saturday 9th December

THE UNDERTONES

THE VALVES

THE ADDIX

8.30 pm — 2 am

THIS XMAS KIDDIES WILL LOVE PULLING MRS. AARDVARK'S CRACKERS
Q. Why is the GPO like a Pelican?
A. Because it can stick its bill right up its arse (Mrs Aardvark laughed like a toilet at this one)

STAA MARX

Ring Nigel Wiseman Artists Management 01 935 6126

Thurs 7 Dec PORTSMOUTH, SOUTH PARADE PIER
Fri 8 Dec HOVE Adair
Sat 9 Dec NOTTINGHAM University
Sun 10 Dec CHRISTCHURCH Jumpers Tavern
Mon 11 Dec LONDON Bridge House

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| Thursday December 7th 20p | Monday December 11th 30p |
| ANGELO PALLADINO + THE VYE | WARM JETS + STAA MARX |
| Friday December 8th 40p | Tuesday December 12th 40p |
| JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND | THE TICKETS + Corvettes + Security Risk |
| Saturday December 9th 50p | Wednesday December 13th 30p |
| RAMROD | BRAVADO |
| Sunday December 10th | Thursday December 14th 40p |
| REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD | BOBBY'S ALLSTARS |

Devo Woods & Pure Noise Ltd. present

Tiffany's, Purley

Tuesday 19th December, 7.00 pm

SHOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

+ Support Act

Advance tickets £2.25 from Bonaparte (Bromley & Croydon), Virgin (Croydon), L & H Close (Croydon & Rehill), C.C. Records (Deptford, Camberwell & Crahan Park), Record Centre (Tooting) and London Theatre Bookings.

BARBARELLA'S

41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM 021 643 9413

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Thursday December 7th | Monday December 11th |
| THE BISHOPS | WARHEAD + VIDEO |
| Friday December 8th | Tuesday December 12th |
| 999 | WRECKLESS ERIC |
| Saturday December 9th | Thursday December 14th |
| THE STRAITS | WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS |
| Sunday December 10th | Friday December 15th |
| BLAZER BLAZER | FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE |

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY S.U. S.A.C. Presents Christmas Ball with

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

+ Support

DISCO BAR LIGHTS FOOD STALLS

THE MANDALLA HALL (OLD REFCO) SUSSEX UNIVERSITY, FALMER, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

Tickets £7.20 in advance from record shops and Virgin Records. £1.50 at door

Over 18s only

PEGASUS

100 GREEN Lanes, LONDON N16 01-226 9830

| | |
|-------------------------|------|
| Thursday Dec 7th | Free |
| BARRY RICHARDSON BAND | 50p |
| Friday Dec 8th | 50p |
| MONOS | 50p |
| Saturday Dec 9th | 50p |
| BIG CHIEF | 50p |
| Sunday Dec 10th | 50p |
| SOUL YARD | 50p |
| Monday Dec 11th | Free |
| DAVID KUBINEC'S EXPRESS | Free |
| Tuesday Dec 12th | Free |
| TENNIS SHOES | Free |
| Wednesday Dec 13th | Free |
| DAVID BLOSSE BAND | Free |

EMBRYO

"Live 'n' Kicking"

Thurs 7 Dec. THE FOX — at West Green Rd Turnpike Lane N15
Sat 9 Dec. ARABIAN ARMS — Cambridge Heath Rd E2
Thurs 14 Dec. THE FOX — West Green Rd Turnpike Lane N15
Sat 16 Dec. ARABIAN ARMS — Cambridge Heath Rd E2
Thurs 21 Dec. THE FOX — West Green Rd Turnpike Lane N15
Sat 23 Dec. THE BRECKNOCK — Camden Rd NW1 (Return Visit)
Thurs 4 Jan. THE FOX — West Green Rd Turnpike Lane N15
Thurs 9 Jan. OUSE OF LANCASTER — New Barnet
Wed 17 Jan. THE CASTLE — Tooting.

The V.M.S. 01-496 5274

DTS PROMOTIONS PRESENTS

CHRISTMAS REGGAE NITE

At Stoke Newington Town Hall, Church Street
Saturday December 16th, 7.30 p.m. to 12 midnight

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Sounds by the Mighty King Edward Hi-Fi from Leyton
Plus Atom Sounds from S.E.

Special Guest. TONY WILLIAMS of (B & B) Show Radio London
Special Guests to appear.

West Indian Buffer-Bar, Shank & Shuffle Comp (cash prizes). Tickets £3.50

Tickets available from: R. B. Records, 260 Stamford Hill N15 01 800 7988, Third World Records, 261 High Rd. Tottenham N15 01 722 0146, M & D Records, 369 Dalston Lane, E. 01 254 2843, Empire Records, 115 Stoke Newington Rd. N15 01 794 4732

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

An editorial selection . . .



TAPPER ZUKIE is doing the rounds this month, following hot on the heels of Peter Tosh, and providing further delights for reggae roots devotees. This week he's at Manchester (Thursday), Dunstable (Saturday), Liverpool (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday), with a couple of London Rainbow concerts to follow.



AL STEWART says he's apprehensive about touring Britain again, as audiences here haven't taken to him the way they have in America. But judging from ticket demand, he should have no qualms about his gigs in Brighton (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Oxford (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday).



RORY GALLAGHER begins the first leg of his winter tour this weekend, with the second leg to follow in January after the holiday break. Supported throughout by Bram Tchaikovsky, he opens at London Lewisham (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

... by Derek Johnson

Thursday

Aberdeen Ruffias: 90° Inclusive
 Belfast The Pound: The Dogs
 Birmingham Barbarell: The Bishops
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Ocean Boulevard
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orlan
 Birmingham The Bell: The Clerks
 Blackburn Technical College: The Boy-Kings
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Split Rivitt
 Brighton Buccaneer: The D.P.'s
 Brighton Dome: Al Stewart
 Bristol Colston Hall: Devo/Doll By Doll
 Bristol Granary: These Four
 Bristol Polytechnic: The Young Bucks
 Bristol University: Matchbox
 Bury St. Edmunds Whespert Hall: Gypsy Carnock Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Canterbury Art College: The Molesters
 Chalmers City Tavern: After The Fire
 Chippingham RAF Station: Supercharge
 Corby Rugby Club: Paradox
 Coventry Bull's Head: Mike Westbrook Band
 Coventry Locarno: Magazine
 Coventry Wyken Pippin: Rees
 Derby Assembly Rooms: Alberto Y Lost
 Trios Paranalas / The Police
 Derby Kings Hall: Penetration
 Derby Station Inn: Waterfall
 Eastbourne Lombard House: Possum
 Glasgow Amphora: Underhand Jones
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Child
 Glasgow Strathclyde University: Here & Now / The Fall / Patrick Fitzgerald
 Gloucester Leisure Centre: "Before to Saschens" with Humphrey Lyttelton / Alex Welsh / George Chisholm
 Guildford Civic Hall: Eric Clapton Band / Muddy Waters
 Hale Well Green Hotel: Johnny Coppin
 Halifax Civic Theatre: Mike Harding
 Hayham 42nd Street: Anniversary
 Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar: Desmond Decker (Until Saturday)
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: John Martyn
 Leeds Fan Club at Bramham: P. Pete Ubu
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The Limbo
 Leicester University: The Rubinoos
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Lonnie Donegan
 Liverpool Enc's: Pink Military Band
 Atona
 London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: Jerry The Ferrat
 London Camden Dingwells: Carol Grimes Band
 London Camden Music Machine: Gillan/Samoan
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Vye
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: George Fame
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Cane
 London Fulham Greyhound: Job-Job
 London Greenwich The Mitre: Chris Barber Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: The Boomtown Rats
 London Hammersmith The Rutland: Fred Ricksher's Hot Goolies
 London Hampstead Westfield College: Panties
 London Islington Hope / Anchor: The Sinceros
 London Kennington The Cricketers: Menyane
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
 London Kensington The Nashville: Chas & Dave
 London Marquee Club: Star Jets
 London Notting Hill old Swan: Zick
 London Rainbow Theatre: Peter Tosh / Mutambi
 London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Flying Saucers
 London Stockwell The Plough: Swift
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Barry Richardson Band
 London Victoria The Venue: Falport
 Conventione
 London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: Fran Landesman
 London Wimbledon Arts Centre: Street-Band
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: CWH Richard

Manchester Polytechnic: The Fabulous Poodles
 Manchester Russell Club: The Advents
 Manchester The Venue: Tapper Zukie
 Mansfield Miners Welfare: Strange Days
 Norwich Boogie House: Biazar Blazer
 Norwich Cromwell: The Rubettes
 Norwich Tudor Hall: Muscles
 Nottingham Boat Club: Generation X
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Tast Tube Babes
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
 Oxford Polytechnic: Mud
 Peington Festival Theatre: George Melly & John Chilton's Footwarmers
 Peasehaven Coppersons: Downes & B
 Plymouth Breakwater Inn: The Bricks
 Plymouth Fiesta Suite: The Real Thing
 Plymouth Arts Centre: Gonzalez
 Porth Cymmar Pioneer Club: Tony McPhee's Terraplane
 Port Talbot Four Winds: Ray Morgan Quartet
 Poynton Folk Centre: Bob Fox & Stu Luckley
 Preston Polytechnic: Scene Stealer
 Reading Bones Club: Double Exposure
 Rotham Civic Hall: Boys Of The Lough
 Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: New Jets
 Sheffield City Hall: Showaddywaddy
 Sheffield Limit Club: Cafe Jacques
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Robert & The Remoises / Chelvi / Simon Townshend Band
 Southport Scarsbrick Hotel: The App'grators
 Swansea Nutz Club: Frankie Miller's Full House
 Watnall West Midlands College: Mechanical Horsetrough & Cooky
 Winchester College: Marseille
 York Revolution Club: The Favourites
 York Wentworth College: Elevators / Gwilym Hunt P Dayguy Sheene

Friday

Bath University: Chas & Dave
 Belfast The Pound: The Dogs
 Birmingham Aston University: Gillan/Samoan
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Italians
 Birmingham Elizabethan Days: Bad Earth
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Spiffie
 Birmingham Newman College: The Kidds Band
 Birmingham University: The Rubinoos
 Blackpool ABC Theatre: Jasper Carrott
 Blackpool Opera House: Cliff Richard
 Brighton Albamtra: Fan Club
 Brighton Buccaneer: The Dips/The Indicators
 Brighton Centre: Max Boyce
 Bristol Hippodrome: Al Stewart
 Bristol University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

HOLIDAY DEADLINES: LAST REMINDER

Right then. This is your last chance. If you want to have your Christmas or New Year dates printed in the Gig Guide, you must post them to us within the next few days. Holiday printing arrangements mean that, in our issue after next, we shall be publishing a two-week Gig Guide covering the period from December 21 to January 3 inclusive. And the absolute deadline for entries for inclusion during this period is Thursday, December 14. If they reach us later than that, there's no way that we'll be able to publish them.

And looking ahead to our first issue in the New Year, the extended holiday season means that the Gig Guide for the week of January 4-9 inclusive has to go to press before Christmas. If you have dates for this period that you want printed, they must reach us by Thursday December 21, at the latest. You know the address - Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. So please get your dates in the post right away, to avoid any hang-up when the Christmas mail gets into full swing. Okay?

Bromley The Northover: Matchbox
 Brunley Stockwell College: Gonzalez
 Burton 76 Club: Marseille
 Chiddingfold Six Belts: Possum
 Coventry Hand & Hoop: The Accelerators
 Coventry Lancaster Polytechnic: Tony McPhee's Terraplane
 Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Magazine
 Dalkeith Cross Keys Hotel: Strange Writing
 Dudley Technical College: The Albion Band
 Dundee Town Hall: The Platters
 Dundee University: Here & Now/The Fall/Patrick Fitzgerald
 Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: The Trogs
 Edinburgh University: Pete Ubu
 Egham Royal Holloway College: Maddy Prior/Earthbound
 Farnham Crondall Village Hall: The Shades
 Glasgow Jordanhill College: The Scottish Monos
 Gt. Chesterford Station Restaurant: Chris Barber Band
 Hamilton Ball College: 90° Inclusive/
 Scene Stealer
 Hanley Victoria Hall: Showaddywaddy
 Herford Polytechnic: Streetband
 Hornchurch The Bull: Rednits
 Hove The Adur: Stea Marx
 Hull University: Hi-Yemston
 Kidderminster College: Band Of Joy
 Leeds Florde Green Hotel: The Young Bucks
 Leeds Mexborough Hotel: Vintage
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Red Eye
 Leicester Granby Hall: Rod Stewart
 Leicester Polytechnic: Frankie Miller's Full House
 Leicester University: Fischer-Z
 Leicester West End Club: Strange Days
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: Lonnie Donegan
 Liverpool Eric's: The Doomed
 London Acton Kings Head: Paz
 London Architectural Association: Live Wire
 London Blackheath Kidbrooke House: Fingers Malone/Traitors Galt
 London Camden Dingwells: Dave Lewis Band
 London Camden Music Machine: Tribesman
 London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
 London City Polytechnic: Crazy Cavan/The Rhythm Rockers
 London Clapham Lark Hall: Robert & The Remoises
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Brian Knight Group
 London Ealing Teachers College: Mechanical Horsetrough & Cooky
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
 London Fulham Greyhound: Job-Job
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Sylvester-/Kokomo
 London Hampstead Westfield College: Supercharge
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Stadium Dogs
 London Kensington The Nashville: David Kubina's Excess
 London Lewisham Odeon: Rory Gallagher
 London Manor Park Three Rabbits: Jerry The Ferrat
 London Marquee Club: Biazar Blazer
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: The Fabulous Poodles
 London Putney Star & Garter: Grieg & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
 London Rainbow Theatre: Muddy Waters Blues Band
 London Regent's Park Bedford College: Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich/The Resistance
 London Royal Veterinary College: Those Four
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Limbo Menos
 London Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: Spooky
 London Victoria The Venue: Hinkley's Haricos
 London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: Fran Landesman

London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) International Students House: Gino & The Sharks/Soho
 Maidstone Art College: The Bishops
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
 Manchester Polytechnic: The Kinks
 Manchester The Venue: Cafe Jacques
 Matlock Pavilion: After The Fire
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Agnes Strange
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: Penetration
 Newcastle Polytechnic: Lindisfarne
 Newcastle University: Alberto Y Lost
 Trios Paranalas/The Police
 Newport Caerleon College of Education: Tokyo
 Northampton Hans College: No Dies
 Norwich Boogie House: Split Rivitt
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Slip Hazard & The Blizzards
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Rock Island Life
 Nottingham University: Mud/Gaffe
 Oxford Westminster College: The Boy-Kings
 Reading Target Club: Harlem Scream
 Retford Portershouse: Zaine Griff
 Rugby Lanchester Polytechnic: The Selford Jets
 Salisbury City Hall: Identity Crisis/Fabulous OT's/French Connection/The Smurf Band
 Scarborough Aquarium Club: Juggernaut
 Scarborough Penthouse: Wild Horses
 Seaford Third World: Zaine Griff
 Sheffield City Hall: Child
 Sheffield Limit Club: The Advents
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Generation X
 Sheffield University: Muscles
 Shrewsbury Rugby Club: Fashion
 Southampton Holbury Old Mill: The Piranhas
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: China Street
 Swansea University: Writz
 Swansea West Glamorgan Institute: Whitewind
 Watford College: Media
 Watford Red Lion: The Little Jimmies
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Taveas
 Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: Norman Wheatley
 Wrexham Cartrefe College: Paradox
 York The Revolution: Immigrants
 York Winning Post: Snoots

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: The Platters
 Ashbourne Charon Club: Strange Days
 Aylesbury The Friars: Magazine
 Barmley Wentworth College: The Young Bucks
 Basildon Double Six: Dog Watch
 Basingstoke Community Centre: Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers
 Bedford College of Education: Spring Offensive
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Rees
 Birmingham (King's Heath) Here & Now: Via Garbutt
 Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: Rory Gallagher/Bram Tchaikovsky
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Punishment Of Luxury
 Blackpool Opera House: Cliff Richard
 Bristol Crown Collar Bar: The Wild Beasts
 Bristol Trinity Hall: Matchbox



THE RUBINOOS have arrived for a short tour. Although mooted for some time, the visit was finally confirmed at short notice, and the Beserkley band are already in action at Leicester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Wakefield (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).

CONTINUES OVER . . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Bristol Turntable Club: Brown Sugar
Chester ABC Theatre: Jasper Carrott
Chester College: Dave Lawlis Band
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Beano
Dunstable Gaumont Theatre: Lonnie
Domegan
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Boys
Dunstable California Ballroom: Tapper
Zukie
Eastbourne The Cavalier: The Piranhas
Edinburgh College of Art: 90° Inclusive
Edinburgh Leith Theatre: Robin Williamson's Merry Band
Esmouth Rolle College: Wrltz
Farnborough Technical College: After The
Fire
Fife St. Andrew's University: Pere Ubu
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Boomtown
Rats
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Alberto
Y Lost Trice Paranoids/The Police
Hendon Bell College: The Bouncer
Hitchin College: No Dice
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Mud
Ilford Cranbrook: Jerry The Ferret
Ipswich Royal William: Gypp
Kingsley Brewery Arts Centre: Chris Barber
Band
Kinghorn Culnate Nevk: Underhand
Jazzers
Lancaster Tower Club: Blazer Blazer
Leeds University: Lindisfarne
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Luigi & De Boys
Leicester Granby Hall: Rod Stewart
Leicester Polytechnic: Tokyo
Leicester Rothley Pippin: WitchyVain
Leicester University: Spud
Lincoln A.J. & Co. Club: Tribesmen
Liverpool Eric's: Wreckless Eric
Liverpool University: Mi-Tension
London Camden Dingwells: Jackie
Linton's Happy Days
London Camden Electric Ballroom: The
Understones/The Valves/The Adzitz
London Camden Music Machine: Parties/
David Kubline's Excess
London Chelsea College: Supercharge
London Chelsea College of Art: Wilko
Johnson's Solid Senders
London Chelsea The Whataheaf: The
Whiff
London Covent Garden The Basement:
This Heat
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Blas Fumero
London E.1 St. Hilda's East: Belt & Brass
Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Dukes
London Fulham Greyhound: The
Fortunes
London Hackney All Nations Club:
Pressure Shocks
London Hammersmith Odeon: Sylvester/
Kokomo
London Kensington Imperial College:
Andy Deasom/Jack The Lad
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Boyfriends
London Kensington West London Insti-
tute: Those Four
London Kingsbury: Bandwagon: Samson
London Manor Park Three Rabbits:
Agenda
London Marquee Club: Autographs
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Roadies
London Queen Mary College: John
Martyn
London Roehampton Digby Stuart
College: The Fabulous Poodles
London Rainbow Theatre: Child
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief with Dick Hechtall-Smith
London Uppisals at Ronnie Scott's:
Spooky
London Victoria The Venue: John Otway
Band
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
London Zoo/Karuz
Luton Kingsway Tavern: The Shades
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
Manchester Polytechnic: Streetband
Manchester Russell Club: The Doomed
Manchester The Venue: Fletcher-2
Manchester University: The Rubinoos
Margate Sunshine Rooms: U.K.
Subs/Void
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Marselle
Newcastle Framan's Hall: Whitbird
Northampton County Ground: Ultravox
North Greenford Football Club: Chas &
Dave
Norwich Boogie House: Boy Beatin
Nottingham Boat Club: Quartz
Nottingham University: Stax Marx
Oxford College of Further Education: The
Adverts
Poole Brewers Arms: Tours
Preston Polytechnic Arts Centre: Mike
Westbrook Band
Reading Butemetha College: Mechanical
Horsestrough/Cocky/Muscles
Reading University: The Kinks
Retford Porterhouse: Wild Horses
Sheffield Limit Club: Zaine Griff
Slough College: Frankie Miller's Full
House
St. Albans City Hall: Racing Cars/Moon-
stone
Stirling University: Here & Now/The
Folk/Patrick Fitzgerald
Sunderland Polytechnic: The Troggs/The
Wild Angels/The End
Tonypandy Navil Club: Tony McPhee's
Terraplane
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Accelerators
Walsall The Dicks: Paradox
Warrwell Manor St. Donat's Art Centre: The
Melly and John Chilton's Feetwarmers
Weymouth Steering Wheel: Fringe
Benefit
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The
Peas
York Revolution Club: Spft Rhvtt

Blackburn King George's Hotel: The
Dookeys
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: The
Members
Brighton Alhambra: The Piranhas
Bristol Hippodrome: Max Boyce
Stratford Locarno: The Adverts/Wayne
County & The Electric Chairs
Cardiff Top Rank: Magazine
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Waterfall/Fred
Wadlow
Christchurch Jumpter Tavern: Stax Marx
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: Tokyo
Croydon Greyhound: Gillan
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Stephane Grappel-
l/George Shearing
Fife St. Andrew's University: Alberto Y
Lost Trice Paranoids/The Police
Glasgow City Hall: Robin Williamson's
Merry Band
Gravesend Prince of Wales: Samson
Hanley Victoria Hall: Lindisfarne
Haywards Heath Club: National
Youth Jazz Orchestra
Ilford Cranbrook: Jerry The Ferret
Lancaster University: The Boomtown
Rats
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Cafe Jacques
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Black Cat Yard
Liverpool Allinson's Theatre Club: Gerry
& The Pacemakers (for a week)
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Rory
Galagher/Bram Tchaikovsky
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Camden Dingwells: Bob Hall,
Alexis Korner, Charlie Watts & Friends
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Remus Down Boulevard
London Clapham Two Brewers: Live Wires
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Downliners Sect
London East Ham Rukin Arms: Dog
Watch
London Finchley Torrington: Bowies
Broo
London Fulham Golden Lion: Super-
charge
London Fulham Greyhound: The
Fortunes
London Hammersmith Odeon: Tavarus
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth
College: John Martyn
London Peckham Montpellier (lunchtime):
Blue Moon
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Soul
Yard
London Strand Ballroom: Ultravox/The
Bikids
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Elkie Brooks
London Victoria The Venue: Wilko John-
son's Solid Senders
London Walthamstow The Chestnuts:
Bully Wee
Macclesfield Bear's Head: The
Accelerators
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Jasper
Carrott
Manchester Bella Vue King's Hall:
Parliament/Funkadelic
Manchester The Venue: Band Of Joy
Middlesbrough RAOB Club: Crazy Cavend
'n' The Rhythm Rockers
Nelson Silverman Hall: Chris Barber Band
Newbridge Club & Institute: Marselle
Nottingham Boat Club: Forwards

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Press
Oxford New Theatre: Al Stewart
Plymouth Hog Theatre: Mechanical
Horsestrough & Cocky
Pontracaw Stoneleigh Club: The Real
Thing
Poynton Folk Centre: Johnny
Sileo/Galadriel
Southport Brundell Arms: Stax Ashley
Stourbridge Mira Inn: Johnny Coppin
Stratford-on-Avon Edington Park: Orphan
Waterfield Theatre Club: Mud (for a week)
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse
York Theatre Royal: Mike Harding

Monday

Amphill Folk Club: Chris Newman
Birmingham Barrel Organ: The Creek
Birmingham Drake's Drum: Peredox
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Orphan
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prima Donna
Brenwood Hermit Club: Zaine Griff
Brighton New Conference Centre: Rod
Stewart
Canterbury Kem University: The Cruisers
Carnegie Island The Goldenes: Gonzales
Edinburgh Tiffany's: Alberto Y Lost Trice
Paranoids / The Police
Exeter University: The Fabulous Poodles /
Grand Hotel
Farnham Radgriva Theatre: Mikids
Fifeham Orchstra
Glasgow Doune Castle: Underhand Jones
Gt. Yarmouth Tower Night Club: Heath-
cliffe (for a week)
Guildford Surrey University: Joe Staid
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Leeds Fan Club at Granngans: Genera-
tion X
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Shyts
Liverpool Eric's: Tapper Zukie
Liverpool The Sportsman: Juggernaut
London Camden Brecknock: Tennis
Shoes
London Camden Dingwells: Muddy
Waters
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Dangerous Rhythm
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Young
Bucks
London Fulham Greyhound: Bob Kerr's
Whoopee Band
London Hammersmith Odeon:
Parliament/Funkadelic
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
London Zoo
London Holborn Ritz Club: The Extras
London Marquee Club: Marselle
London Putney Half Moon: The McCol-
mans
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Rainbow Theatre: Taj Mahal
London Ronnie Scott's Club: George
Melly & The Feetwarmers (until
December 31)
London Royal Albert Hall: Cliff Richard
London School of Economics: Saif 'n'
The Team
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: David
Kubline's Excess
London Tottenham Fox: Cadillac

London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Elkie Brooks
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
The Method
London W.14 The Kensington: Brave
Strangers
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Al Stewart
Manchester Band on the Wall: Private
Band
Margate Bowlers Arms: The Piranhas
Margate Winter Gardens: Desmond
Decker
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: No
Dice
Newcastle City Hall: Rory Gallagher /
Bram Tchaikovsky
Newcastle The Coverage: Sabrajets
Newcastle University: Here & Now /
Patrick Fitzgerald
Newport Pagnell The Cannon: Downes &
Boer
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Press
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwashir
Perth Bargawrie The Gig: Chris Barber
Band
Pontypridd Glamorgan Polytechnic:
Mechanical Horsestrough & Cocky
Poole Wessex Concert Hall: Frankie
Miller's Full House
Plymouth Guildhall: Lindisfarne
Preston Guildhall: Mike Harding
Rayleigh Croca Club: Shazam
Staines The Phoenix: Nigel Mazlyn Jones
St. Albans Haven Hotel: Alvin Stardust
(for three days)
Sunderland Bollofarmakers Club: Crazy
Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers
Swansea University: Those Four
Taunton Odeon: Max Boyce
Weymouth Pavilion: The Adverts

Tuesday

Bath Pavilion: The Clash / The Sits
Birmingham Barbarella's: Ultraeas
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Fashion
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Cartoons
Birmingham Polytechnic: Chas & Dave
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Libby
Blackburn King George's Hall: Jasper
Carrott
Bournemouth Village Bowl: Lindisfarne
Brentwood Youth House: Michael Moore
Brighton New Conference Centre: Rod
Stewart
Brighton Sussex University: Wilko John-
son's Solid Senders
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Tapper Zukie
Chester Smaiths: The Dogs
Durham New College: Supercharge
Edinburgh Odeon: Al Stewart
Glenrothes Rothas Arms Hotel: Under-
hand Jones
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: The Boom-
town Rats
Hereford R.A.F. Station: Scallywags
High Wycombe College: The Young
Bucks
Hull College: The Bishops
Hull University: Here & Now / The
Mellans / Patrick Fitzgerald
Lancaster Duke's Playhouse: Mike
Westbrook Band

Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Dawn Watcher
London Blackheath Bluecoats Club: After
The Fire
London Camden Dingwells: Racing Cars
London Camden Music Machine: Zaine
Griff
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Jockstraps & The Swingers
London Ealing College: The Cruisers
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Books
London Hammersmith Odeon: Parla-
ment / Funkadelic
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Secret / Shrink / Hicky Shy
London Marquee Club: Ivar Sigur /
Johnny G / John Spencer / Durfo
London N.11 Orange Tree: Jeremy Taylor
London Royal Albert Hall: Stephane
Grappelli / George Shearing
London Sheen The Derby Arms: Freddy's
Feetwarmers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus:
Tennis Shoes
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Cliff Richard
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
Handshake
London Woodwich The Tramshed: Tony
McPhee's Terraplane
London W.14 The Kensington: Beaver
New Brighton Chelsea Beach: Juggernaut
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Art
Falkus
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffe
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Those
Four
Norton Fleur De Lys: Mathews
Brothers
Perth Bargawrie The Gig: Chris Barber
Band
Plymouth Woods Leisure Centre: Street-
band
Preston Piper Club: Dave Berry & The
Cruisers (until Saturday)
Reading Hexagon Theatre: Max Boyce
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Cafe Jacques
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse
Windsor Theatre Royal: Midnite Follies
Orchestra
York Grey Hall: Generation X

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffes: The Doomed
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery:
Fashion
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham Yardley Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford St. George's Hall: Jasper Carrott
Bridge of Allan The Aलगrengs: Under-
hand Jones
Brighton Dome: Lindisfarne
Brighton New Conference Centre: Rod
Stewart
Cambridge Technical College: Samson
Canterbury Odeon: Frankie Miller's Full
House
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Chesham College of Art: Spud
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: Genera-
tion X
Durham Ramsdale Hall: Chris Barber Band
Edinburgh Odeon: Rory Gallagher/Bram
Tchaikovsky
Egremont Folk Club: Stax Ashley
Exeter New Victoria: The Brainiac Five
Exeter Routes: Streetband
Farnham The Maltings: Downes & Boer
Harrow Leisure Centre: 90° Inclusive
Harrow College of Higher Education: The
Bishops' Tradition
Hatfield Polytechnic: Crazy Cavan 'N'
The Rhythm Rockers
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: Fast Cars
'n' Stupid Steves
Helenburgh H.M.S. Neptune: Tokyo
Jackdaws Grey Topper: Forwards
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Those Naughty
Lumps
Leigh Casino: Jet Harris/Vintage
London Acton White Hart: The Dale/U.K.
Subs
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: Grand
Hotel
London Camden Brecknock: The Young
Bucks
London Camden Dingwells: Matumbi
London Camden Dublin Castle: O.K.
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: Dog
Watch
London Cockfosters Trent Park College:
Gonzales
London Fulham Golden Lion: Phil Ram
Band
London Hammersmith Odeon:
Parliament/Funkadelic
London Islington Hope & Anchor:
Blackies Bog
London Peckham Mantaplar: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana
Simmonds & Graig's Folk and Blues
Showcases
London Rainbow Theatre: UK
Subs/Manson/Mothers Pride/Adam &
The Arts
London Shephards Bush Trafalgar: Gino
& The Sharks
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: David
Blissie Band
London Tooting The Castle: Vaguely
Attractive
London Victoria The Venue: Alberta Y
Lost Trice Paranoids
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel:
G Gas 5/Specans
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Chas
& Dave
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Boom-
town Rats
Manchester University (Phoenix): The
Tunes
Norwich Boogie House: Cafe Jacques
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwashir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Nottingham Tiffany's: Gaffe
Poole Chequers Inn: Fringe Benefit
Preston Polytechnic: Supercharge
Sheffield Limit Club: Chins Street
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Rubinoos
South Woodside Railway Ball: Original
East Side Stompers
Staindrop Black Swan: Artie Trezise &
Cilla Fisher
Weymouth Pavilion: No Dice
York University: Here & Now/Patrick Fitz-
gerald



PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC, the spectacular revue featuring the combined talents of two top-rated bands, has proved to be one of the most exhilarating box-office smashes on the US circuit. Now, after protracted negotiations, the show is finally coming to Britain — opening in Manchester on Sunday, followed by four nights at London Hammersmith from Monday.



THE ADVERTS are playing a ten-gig series to promote their single "Television's Over". This week they're at Manchester (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday) and Weymouth (Monday). Pictured: Goya Advert.



TAJ MAHAL is a rare, but always welcome, visitor to this country. And the US bluesman, who's now deeply involved in West Indian roots music, returns here on Monday to play a one-off concert at London Rainbow. Worth seeing!



ELKIE BROOKS follows her week at the London Palladium in the spring by playing four more major concerts in the capital — at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Sunday and Monday (two performances on both nights).

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounges: Spud
Aicester Cherry Tree: Downes & Boer
Batley Crumps: No Dice
Birmingham Barbarella's: Blazer Blazer
Birmingham Odeon: X-Ray Specs
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: Some
Theatre
Birmingham Town Hall: Child
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: Tracks
(lunchtime)/Society Rhythm Orchestra
(evening)



DINGWALLS

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

RHYTHM & BOOZE AT DINGWALLS

THUR 7 CAROL GRIMES BAND
 FRI 8 DAVE LEWIS BAND PLUS SUPPORT
 SAT 9 JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS SUPPORTED BY RAIL.
 SUN 10 DINGWALLS' R&B NIGHTS PRESENT 50th ANNIVERSARY OF BOOGIE WOOGIE CELEBRATIONS WITH BOB HALL, ALEXIS KORNER, CHARLIE WATTS, DICK MORRISEY, IAN STEWART, COLIN SMITH, JOHNNY PICKARD, DAVE GREEN AND MORE. TICKETS A MERE £1.50.

MON 11 FROM U.S.A. only U.K. CLUB APPEARANCE THE LEGENDARY

MUDDY WATERS

A LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE AT £4.50. N.B. 'FREE PASS' HOLDERS WILL HAVE TO PURCHASE TICKETS. DON'T MISS THIS RARE CHANCE OF SEEING MUDDY IN A CLUB SETTING.

TUES 12 RACING CARS N.B. DOORS OPEN 9p.m.
 WED 13 THUR 14 FOR 2 NIGHTS ONLY, ENGLAND'S NUMBER ONE REGGAE BAND

MATUMBI

ADVANCE TICKETS £2.50 NOW AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE. BOOZE IS 1/2 PRICE BEFORE 10p.m. EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

TAKE ME TO the **U.M.I.**

TEL 730940
 1007 STREET SHEFFIELD

Thursday December 7th
NEON HEARTS
 Friday December 8th
ADVERTS
 (Mean open 8 pm, based on stage 10 pm)

Saturday December 9th
ZAINE GRIFF
 Monday December 11th
FREE DISCO
 Tuesday December 12th
DEAF AIDS
 Wednesday December 13th
CHINA STREET
 Thursday December 14th
GIRLS SCHOOL
 Students Free Monday, Discount Tuesday and Wednesday
 Open 9 pm-2 am

SPLIT RIVITT

Thursday, December 7
 Norbrack Castle, Blackpool
 Friday, December 8
 The Boogie House, Norwich
 Saturday, December 9
 The Revolution, York
 Friday, December 15
 Crawfords, Milton Keynes
 Thursday, December 20
 The Nags Head, High Wycombe
 Saturday, December 30
 The John Ball, Chiswick

And don't forget Split Rivitt's residency at the Rock Garden every Tuesday in January!

Further info Tel: 729 2666

TELEPHONE 01-387-04285

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
 CAMDEN ARCH ST OFF. FROTHINGHAM CRESCENT TUBE - NW1.1

Wednesday December 6th £1.00
C GAS 5
 + Screens

Thursday December 7th £2.00
IAN GILLAN BAND
 + Samson

Friday December 8th £1.00
TRIBESMAN
 + Rail

Saturday December 9th £2.00
DAVID KUBINEC'S EXCESS
 + Angelo Palladino

Monday December 11th from Ireland
SPUD
 + Chau Pahrot
 free admission for one with this advert before 10.30. Normal adm £1.00

Tuesday December 12th £3.00
ZAINE GRIFF
 + The Press

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
FRARS AYLESBURY

Saturday December 9th at 7.30 pm
Tulpa Technology

MAGAZINE

+ Neo
 AC Sound & Vision

Tablets 100p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Harport Amersham 88, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, P.L. Moore Ditchley Dunstable & Luton, 10-Vic Buckingham or 100p at door on night. Life membership 25p

Out of touch with anger (there will be room)

Wednesday December 13th £1.50
BLACK SLATE
 + Brimstone

Thursday December 14th £2.00
THE ADVERTS
 + The Innocents

Tuesday December 19th
Sid Vicious Defence Fund
 featuring

THE *Venue*

100-162 Victoria St London SW1

15-21 December

TODD RUNDGREN

AND **UTOPIA**
 with Roger Powell, Kasim Sulton and John Wilcox.

Each night at 8pm and 11.30pm, except December 17, which will be a Matinee and 8pm performance. Tickets £3.50

ARTHSTREET

Pre-Christmas dates

6th December
 Uptown at Heron's
 Finch Street, WC1
 (Free tickets from 01-200 4632)

8th December
 Royal Holloway College
 Egham, Surrey

18th December
 Jackson's Lane Rock Club
 Archway Road, opp. Highgate Tube Station
 (+ SUPPORT)
 Xmas Party ticket 60p.
 Earthbouncers' 80p from 01-203 4632
 Archway Entertainment 01-203 4632
 EARTHBOUNCERS' CLUB - Phone Stella, 91-464 7789

NORTH EAST LONDON POLY (Waltham Forest)

Present

JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

on 7th December at 9.00 pm.

Keith Pearson's **Right Hand Band**

with to apologise for their non-appearance on Monday November 27th at The Hermit, Brentwood - Got delayed by cabbages.
 See you on the 18th December for the Party.

BLOW YOUR BOX TO

BEGGAR

at the **ROCK GARDEN**
 DEC 8th @ 9.45 pm

Thursday December 21st

Christmas Party with

THE JAM

+ special guests
Jab Jab + Gang of Four + The Nips

Advance tickets now on sale. £2.50 from Box Office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
 BPM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE PORTERHOUSE
 20 Cavalgate, Ratford, Notts. Tel: 704981
 Friday, December 8th

ZAINE GRIFF

Saturday, December 9th

WILD HORSES

Rainbow

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

TAPPER ZUKIE

Saturday 16th December 7:30p.m.
 Tickets £3-00, £2-50, £2-00, £1-50
 From Box Office, London Theatre Booking, Premier Box Office

HERMIT LIVE
 SHENFIELD ROAD, BRENTWOOD
 Monday December 11th

ZAINE GRIFF

Doors open 9pm Admission £1.00
 Enquiries: Atlantis Agency, Romford 26583.

NEW WINDSOR CASTLE
 309 HARROW ROAD W9. TEL 206 8403

| | |
|---|---|
| Thurs Dec 7th SCARECROW + WILDLIFE | Sunday Dec 10th JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS |
| Fri Dec 8th £1.60 STADIUM DOGS + SUPPORT | Monday Dec 11th LONDON ZOO |
| Sat Dec 9th £1.80 STRAIGHT 8 + NEON HEARTS | Tuesday Dec 12th SNAX |
| | Wednesday Dec 13th THE MONOS |

OPEN TILL 12 pm MON-SAT Westbourne Park Tube

BARRY CLARK - WORDS WORDS

CITY HALL ST. ALBANS

Saturday December 9th at 8pm
RACING CARS
 Special Guests
MOONSTONE

Saturday December 16th at 8 pm
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
 + STEPPIN' OUT

Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans tel: 64511, or available on door. Cheques and Postal Orders must be payable to St Albans District Council. *Not Worth Promotions!*

WORDS WORDS

THE ACCELERATORS

Still the world's most unfashionable band...
 Thurs Dec 7th **SOUTHPORT** - The Seafront
 Fri Dec 8th **COVENTRY** - The Head and Heart
 Sat Dec 9th **WALSALL** - The Dirty Duck
 Sun Dec 10th **MACCLESFIELD** - The Swan's Head

Enquiries: 981-726 7639

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

| | |
|---|---|
| Thursday Dec 7th THE SINCEROS | Monday Dec 11th PINPOINT |
| Friday Dec 8th THE SOFT BOYS | Tuesday Dec 12th THE VALVES |
| Saturday Dec 9th THE STICKERS | Wednesday Dec 13th BLITZKRIEG BOP |
| Sunday Dec 10th RICO | Thursday Dec 14th ESSENTIAL LOGIC |

Is a long long time
we no have a good time

15-16-17
ASWARD
CIMERONS

Comper: Castro Brown & King Sounds
live on stage from 10 pm at the
NEW ROXY THEATRE
HARLESDEN
on **FRIDAY 22nd DECEMBER 8.00 pm**

ROXY THEATRE, HARLESDEN, MIDDLESEX
DECEMBER 15-17. NEW ROXY BOYS GLEE
Sound System by Piddington France

BRIGHTON BEAT PRESENTS

Piranhas

The Swan
Hammersmith Broadway
Thursday, December 14th



THE VALVES

| | |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| SAT 9th DEC | THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM |
| TUES 12th DEC | THE HOPE AND ANCHOR |
| THURS 14th DEC | THE ROCK GARDEN |
| MON 18th DEC | THE RAILWAY (WEST HAMPSHIRE) |
| TUES 19th DEC | THE NASHVILLE |
| WED 20th DEC | THE BRIDGEHOUSE |
| THURS 21st DEC | LEEDS FORD GREEN |
| FRI 22nd DEC | ODDLEY J.B.'S |
| SAT 23rd DEC | KIRKCALDY |

Benefit concert for National Council for One Parent Families
Wednesday 27 December 7.30 pm

at the **Rainbow**

SHAM 69

+ The Records
+ Merger
+ The Invaders
+ Jonny Rubbish
and special mystery guests

TICKETS £2.50 FROM RAINBOW BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Caldorwood Street, Woolwich, S.E.18
Saturday December 9th

NUTZ

Licensed Bars Non Students welcome

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
at the Grove Tavern, Washington Rd., Kingston, Surrey

Friday December 8th

STRAIGHT 8
+ Support

Admission 75p Doors open 7.30 pm
Enquiries: Ray Bland on Chertsey (09328) 63357

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA STREET S.W.1
(Opposite Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5500

Tickets available from Venue Box Office
— and London Virgin Record Shops

JOHN OTWAY
SATURDAY DEC 9th 8-30 p.m. £3

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, New Barnet
(Beside G.P. New Barnet)

Thursday December 7th
AERIAL ZONE

Friday December 8th
WARM JETS

Saturday December 9th
RED NITE

Sunday December 10th
PORTRAITS

Tuesday December 12th
WILD LIFE

ANDREW PAGE ENTERTAINMENTS
PRESENTS

FRED WEDLOCKS
XMAS PARTY

with guests NOLA, MAGENTA,
CHRIS NEWMAN,
MAD HENRY! SHLOMOWITZ &
JASMIN

Composed by RTVE — Michael St John

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
SUNDAY 17th DECEMBER, 7.30 pm

TICKETS £1.50, £1.00, 50p & 25p
OBTAINABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICE
& USUAL AGENTS

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday December 10th

IAN GILLAN
+ SUPPORT + D.J. GRAHAM FOX

Sunday Dec 17th: Frankie Miller's Full House

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

GENERATION X
ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1. NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN

WEDNESDAY 20th DECEMBER at 7.30

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From page 41
Dolce Vita", "Beat The Clock", "My Other Voice" and "The No. 1 In Heaven Song".

The set will provide any stragglers (like myself) still concerned at the vacillating fortunes of the Brothers Mael with their most compulsive — and propulsive — encouragement since Sparks' scintillating 1974 "Kimono My House" Island debut. More soon. Suffice to say, the album is as decisive a freefall from formula for Moroder as it is for Sparks.

Meanwhile Moroder ponders his and his peers' newfound producer power.

"Our role in recording disco is becoming more and more important. The actual sound is uppermost now. In this respect we are, I guess, likely to be criticised but honestly I really see not much difference between our way and that of someone like Phil Spector. Both our intentions and our artists are different from rock musicians who write and play all their own material, so we cannot be taken in the same way.

"Which producers do I respect? This guy Chinn (of Chinnichap) is good — with Nick Gilder's 'Hot Child In The City' he is both commercial and sophisticated, the best balance. Also, Billy Joel's producer, Phil Ramone, he is very special. One group and their sound I loved though, this was Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (albums available on RCA); they have split, but were so new, so polished, so well done.

"Whom am I wanting to produce? Barbra Streisand or Diana Ross. Because they are the best. I am dreaming, of course."

And when, if at all, will the burgeoning disco bubble burst? "That I just can't say."

Moroder shrugs expansively. "my own aim now is to make extremely good disco songs with that little bit extra. But, whatever may happen, it's really hard to believe that in five years' time nobody will want to dance.

"Maybe they are bringing back the tango or the waltz. Who is knowing? Not me."

PAUSE. MORODER checks his watch, realises he is half an hour late for a mixing session, lets Jill snap him downstairs in the studio before courteously absconding himself elsewhere.

But let me tell you something. Meeting Moroder and finding him as straightforward and pragmatic about his work encouraged me. Enormously.

I had balked at the prospect of the interview — for fear of having him confirm that the "disco" mind-rippers were right after all, that, yes, "I Feel Love" was intended as a piercingly incisive commentary on Man and Machine and Modernity, that all we have left to ourselves are, as the stiffly pretentious and presumptuous Ultravox (themselves often cast as another relay station in the New Europe network) would have it, systems of romance. Or dance.

There are times — now, for instance — when I worry that the bulk of music press 'criticism' is, *comme on dit*, not only out to lunch but out to every meal in the week. Much too much of it refuses to accept the canons of popular taste. Which wouldn't be so bad in itself (empiricism is good for you) if only this rejection of populism wasn't so rife with virulent narcissism and elitism.

Which is why, in turn, I resent the meaningless Euro-schtick that has been slapped on Moroder and, crossing the floor, I resent writers playing self-exclusive mind-games with fashion and fancy.

There will, I suppose, always be those who feel the need to rationalise. We Westerners think too much. But how, as our own Danny Baker has pointed out, can anyone reasonably expect to review disco sitting down?

Of course there's as much, maybe more, bad, carelessly and shoddily conceived disco as there is good. But so what? The same could be said of rock, funk,

soul, jazz even, whatever. Amanda Lear, for instance, with all her inane gobbledegook about 'intellectualising' disco, is probably as (s)explosive as, let's see now, any pseudo-punk poscut (and we must repeat: Amanda Lear is big in Italy and Germany).

But so it goes and will go as long as this thing called money makes our world rotate. And you still want the world and you want it now? Don't make me laugh.

Moroder's approach to disco has something in common with Parliatunkadelicium's consciously radical debunking of funk. It doesn't take itself too seriously. It is, I believe, fundamentally positive, subversive even.

Naturally Moroder is doing very nicely for himself but, as intimated earlier, his sense of responsibility to his work and his insistence on maintaining standards puts many supposedly 'aware' and 'concerned' rock artists to shame.

AND DISCO as soul and R&B? Pace the purists, but homogenisation is and will remain an occupational hazard or, depending on your point of view, an occupational advantage of any music industry geared to mass consumption. I admire artists who are prepared to try and raise standards in the public arena. The two extremes can and must continue to co-exist.

Moroder's own public contribution deserves a far fairer and far less fanciful hearing than it has hitherto received in critical circles. Or maybe it doesn't matter. Like, say, Northern Soul, so much disco is direct-inject: from factory floor (ho, ho) to dance floor, bypassing the critical grill and grid. End of rant and rave.

Disco? Giorgio Moroder? It's too late to be hateful. It's not too late to be grateful. Over and out.

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ON THE TOWN

Devo

Hammeramith Odeon
It makes much sense — a proposition such as Devo, coming from a nation which can be convinced to believe that peanut farming is a practise which could possibly inform the separate practices of presidential office. Too much post-Nixon paranoia, or what?

I bought my poke of popcorn in the foyer and took my seat near the stage. I thought I was going to giggle at the Devo show, being long of the opinion that the usual poles of opinion concerning and aroused by Devo were mirthlessly misguided. They were, surely, on a line from the best of the early surrealist cinema, through The Marx Brothers to Marvel Comics (more specifically Steve Gerber and his Howard The Duck creation). Serious sillinesses, surely?

At the root of this was the Spudboy character — naturally, from the surrealist/Dadaist dictum that it was the idiot not the intellectual who was worthy of symbolism, onwards — saying, none of us are like messiah rock stars, none of us are like pseudo-intellectual rock stars, none of us are that fabled, fascist ideal superman — we are but Spuds one and all, lumpen, unpleasant.

Their parody of repression and the means whereby it is brought about — the phys-fit lines of totalitarian states, the car and carpet catatonias lines of consumer states, and, the two combined, rock music — was spud on. A little inadequate, a little arty, but flaws of course are necessary: no flaw, no fest, no walking, that's curfew.

Established through the implementation of terminology... by devolving, by lessening, taking away words, altering what remained, sharp little tweaks

like — this is so good — "Jones jumped in his datsun". That's "Johnny B Goode" turned into a black hole, all the ridiculous myths of the rock and roll lifestyle-language punctured in one sneaky snippet. The same thing is achieved with rock's wallowing picture of sex, sexuality, and sexual organs in something like "then you took your tongs of love/and stripped away my garment".

Well, I sensed something was wrong when I saw the four people sitting in front of me. Four blockheads — spudder than the average boy — who looked as though they should have been drinking too much real ale in some pub, dressed in their dinky lil' Devo coveralls with "Bedford Devo" writ large on their backs. Looking around, I realised they weren't alone.

When the first of three Devo films started to roll, the audience were up and involved, fists punching the air, eyes bulging, a chant of "DEE VOHI DEE VOHI" echoing around the hall. First the "Come Back Jones" film, followed by "Satisfaction", and "The Truth About De-evolution" — a successively stronger reception for each suggesting that had the band chosen not to play in flesh but show home movies all night, not many people would have been disappointed.

But finally they did show... Hailed as superheroes. After a limp low songs' overture, they "took off" with "Too Much

Quis custodiet Ipsos custodes?*

Paranoia" and "Praying Hands" — the audience participating in the latter's "the left hand's diddling/while the right hand goes to work" physical jerk along with vocalist Mothersbaugh.

But surely vocalist Mothersbaugh intended that song as a parody of such businesses — "they pray for no man/ok... relax... /assume the position/go into doggie submission". In other words, Devo may be apeing the motions, but their audience are still going through the same old (reaction) motions, Pavlovian to the last.

Forget pastiche, this might as well be a Kiss concert.

Nowhere better was this brought home than with Mothersbaugh's "guitar solo" in "Too Much Paranoia": he speeds to the front of the running board laid across the photographer's pit as the band stop playing, and this grotty, geeky little wimp with his stupid, awkward looking guitar — he and his instrument the complete antithesis of a "guitar hero" — triggers out spiny little blasts of prepared, distorted, fizzy noise, making hilarious meat of the archetypal HM

bump/n/grind imitation intercourse at the same time — in his pooty yellow overall and welder's goggles, yet. But the audience react to it as a heroic guitar gesture! The thin line between representation and revolution, or what?



Anything Kiss can fool you with, Devo fool you better... Pic: ROB HALL.

Paradoxically, by dissecting Society's lack of individuality, they inadvertently perpetrate the same thing. They now have an audience utterly under their control, and it's quite frightening to think that a slick show and epiky ideological terminology can go fully overwhelm a large section of people, especially as Devo's stage show as it stands at the moment — albeit a joke, albeit a sociological jape — shines brightest in three qualitative ways: asexual, regimental, and physically fit.

And those blockheads in boilersuits wanted to be a part of it all. If, as Devo have hinted, they enjoy urging an audience on to new levels of self-degradation, then I for one am not interested. All Mothersbaugh needed to do at the climax of the show was say something along the lines of "Look at you, look at the state of you. Why are you behaving in such a stupid way?" and one whole, harmful, section of rock relationships (based on manipulation and ignorance) would have been destroyed. Otherwise, Devo just leave you numb and empty. They don't involve anything other than Devo, you don't leave with thoughts other than ones about Devo, period, but then I can't speak for those who obviously consider them something special, something... ("I been dipped in double meaning/i been stuck with static cling.")

Do you hate your audience? Will you send me a communication, Devo?
Ian Penman

Rod Stewart

Manchester

The Kings Hall at Belle Vue is an enormous aircraft hanger slap in the middle of a fun fair. It's where the Northern working classes have been coming for Bank Holidays since time immemorial.

So it's the perfect place for Rod Stewart, perhaps only overshadowed by Elton John as the populist rock star of the '70s, to begin his British tour.

The foyer is crammed with Rodnee lookalikes brandishing tartan scarves (Royal Stewart and traditional), St Andrew's flags, and even a lone "Scotland for the World Cup" badge. So much tour paraphernalia is on sale you could blow a wage packet on it. No usual programme, there's just a glossy World Tour coffee-table effort at £1.80. The show? Well the bad

than the average football supporter who's diminished his libido with all those over-publicised Atlantic Crossings.

The innocent, raw sensuality of the early albums (particularly "Gasoline Alley") is totally shot. Perhaps that's inevitable, but does he have to amend the lyrics to one of The Temptations' finest numbers to "I don't wanna lose ya / Honey, I just wanna screw ya"?

Stewart and his band frequently bored me, occasionally surprised me and sometimes delighted me. Throughout the audience were on key and great.

Ultimately punters 'ave more fun, I guess.

Ian Wood

Olivia Newton-John

Rainbow

Olivia Newton-John's last night of an eight-week tour through Japan, Australia and Europe was pretty poor.

I felt sorry for her. On this occasion she had the presence and wit of an obscure, badly-placed performer from a 1971 *Opportunity Knocks*. It was pretty pitiful. Pretty uneventful. Pretty vacant.

Her climb to superstardom has not been kind to her. She is just not equipped to cope with live performance, although at the "moment no-one notices" One day, they will, these drunks and football fans, jealous of Travolta and the boys in her band, these padded suburbanites appreciative of the colour in Livvy's cheek and scornful of the state of the Rainbow. They'll notice her limited stage choreography, her terrible linking, her overcrabbed artificial look of perfection and polish.

She is just not real enough. It's difficult to go on. I'm an old fan.

Her seven-piece band plus three girl back-up singers were spread over a triple-layered, covered stage construction that looked like a particularly severe crazy golf course. These people played their instruments and sang.

Livvy (a female Val Doonican) skipped, smiled, shuffled, giggled nervously, chattering about water, age, moms and dads. We all had to clap for Cliff "cos he gave Livvy her first break.

Conspiracy, conspiracy, choke

Livvy's set was predominantly soapy C/W tunes — she sang and looked like a dehydrated, deflated Dolly Parton — with a bare ballad or two and a threat of raunch. For the greasy tune Labi Siffre played Travolta (at least it wasn't Cliff) — twice they ran through "You're The One That I Want" and the first time round was by default a highlight.

Other "highspots" were a surprising version of "Jolene" where Livvy actually let herself go, and a boppy "If Not For You" which I actually bought on Pye blue label, when Livvy was not far right of Lesley Duncan and Clair Hammill.

It was pretty unamazing. The best thing that happened to me all night was that I got rid of a nasty pimple on the side of my nose

Paul Morley

* *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Basically, who shall guard the guardians? It's a Latin situation. There was a minor debate about the use of this headline. The Sub who originated it was doubtful, feeling that such an obvious tag would be regarded as something of a cliché. But on being informed that "None of the buggers speak English, let alone the ongoing tongue of Quintilianus Fabius Marcellus", he decided it was safe to go ahead.



Ed... story

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

Boney M

Hammersmith Odeon

Tonight Boney M delivered their Manifesto: "We always say: There is No Business like Show Business, and there is No Time like Boney M Time. Because Boney M Time is Anytime, and Anytime is Boney M Time!"

Get out of that one, Metaphysics fans. What we have here is known as Entertainment and what we're supposed to be doing is Having A Good Time, because having a good time is What It's All About and is everybody happy? Bet your life they are.

Middle England turned out in strength this evening. There were Mums and Dads and kiddies, pre-Christmas treated. There were suburban regiments of young marrieds, perfumed and Skitchley-fresh, giggling girls from convent schools and awkward youths in snazzy. There were many Asians but nearly no blacks.

Infalible hitsters, Boney M know this market well, have attuned their act to its every preference with a finesse that's nearing perfection.

The repertoire combines the inevitable ("Ms Baker", "River Of Babylon") with the predictable ("No Woman No Cry", Leo Sayer's "When I Need You") and more bizarre inclusions like Neil Young's "Heart Of Gold".

There's the astonishingly popular "Brown Girl In The Ring", the distasteful "Beefat" (both songs performed with identical jollity) and what's certain to be our next Xmas monster, Harry Belafonte's 1957 atrocity, "Mary's Boy Child".

Genuinely impressive is a slow number, sung by Liz Mitchell, "Still I'm Sad": an eerie spectacular of coloured lights and billowing, impenetrable mist that envelopes stage and stalls

alike. Almost lost my choc-ice.

Most hilarious was the old cabaret melodrama, "Big Spender". Enter, stage right, the energetic Bobby Farrell, cutting a dash tonight in fur-lined glitter-cloak, and Marcia sings "The minute you waked in the joint I could see you were a man of distinction!" Yes indeed, though it was the ballet tights that gave him away on that score, no doubt.

Boney M, it hardly needs saying, are polished and slick and professional.

But musically they're awful. Pioneer purveyors of the electronic nursery-rhyme, they've put popular music back by three decades with brain-numbing ditties of irresistible idiocy and sinister efficiency. It's sparkling dreck; gimmicky, synthetic music conceived with a cold eye to the Deutschmark.

And everybody loves it. "Get up and dance!" they're told and, young and old, they soon oblige. Genuinely inhibited English limbs strike compromises with the rhythm; they clap and sing and, every so often, glance about to reassure themselves that everyone else is doing the same.

They are, of course.

Paul Du Noyer

No Dice

Marquee

Tonight the Marquee is packed with Beautiful People: the over-20, middle-class, casual-smart set wearing brushed suede jackets and carefully-coiffured 'natural' hairstyles. They make me feel uneasy: I hate the RICH.

This audience is entirely appropriate for No Dice, who will soon be rich themselves. But I have other reasons for disliking No Dice. One is the sexist poster which advertised this gig. Any band who have to use a woman's legs to sell

Deutschmark rallies despite speculation

their music are dumb.

Back to the music, alas. No Dice play well-crafted, energetic rock. They look clean-cut, pretty, arrogant. The tender-butch faces of machismo. Roger Farris sings like Rod Stewart for much of the time (this is not a compliment), and acts like Rod Stewart all of the time (this certainly isn't). He preens, flexes his muscles, waves his arms, swings the mike stand.

The music provokes a similar comparison. Hackneyed rockers, clapalong pop, funky-sweet ballads. At the end they do some rock'n'roll and it's all too beefy and tortuous.

No Dice have confidence, and an excellent keyboards player. They may be very successful. That may be all they deserve. It's nearly the 80s and they're still playing the 60s.

No Dice. No news. No thanks.

Graham Lock

Chas and Dave

Rock Garden

Chas and Dave smash the truly fatuous notion that great rock 'n' roll is synonymous with a permanently extended tongue. After all there comes a time when said organ withers at the roots.

Covent Garden is real inner city for these boys, and the audience was appreciative but oddly subdued. Chas gave a

near-faultless exhibition of '70s Edmonton boogie and polyrhythmic neo-existentialist belly-slapping. And Dave's stolid bass runs plugged the few gaps left by Micky Burt, whose drumming was typical of the operations' latent muscle.

It's the most enjoyable con in the world, really. I'd bet the wily old bastards no more fell out of bad and wrote "Massage Parlour", "Big Fat Rat" and the rest than the Stones just plugged in and came up with "Brown Sugar". It may sound as natural as talking, but the heart, mind and sinew at work in every song are the giveaway.

Will success spoil our heroes?

Well, as with Mr Dury the dangers of professional Cockneydom loom, but the risk seems minimal when person and persons are so close. No-one is 'himself' onstage, but Chas and Dave have the art of artlessness down better than anyone.

And it may even effect Zandra Rhodes who has recently suffered a recurring nightmare. The ghosts of haute couture waft by until the face she seeks appears. "Tell me", pleads Zan, "this bondage chic has run its course, what will the New Look be?"

"Beard, cigar and beer belly," replies the sage. "Just like Chas and Dave, mush." Order yours now.

Harry George



MONEY 8: Demonstrating how Rasputin cured the chronic haemophilia of Crown Prince Alexis.

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Wild Horses

Glasgow

Eight years ago Wild Horses would've been a supergroup. Any new band made up from the ex-members of even relatively obscure outfits got to be a supergroup. The idea being, presumably, that projects involving lots of famous, talented people were guaranteed artistic and pecuniary success.

Considering CSN&Y were the most successful supergroup (i.e. musically) it should be apparent to those who aren't offended why the term was finally dropped as meaningless.

Wild Horses include former members of Thin Lizzy, Rainbow and Lone Star. They are an average sort of hard rock band, worse than Thin Lizzy, better than AC/DC, blazing no trails in lyrical themes and producing a similar amount of sound in an hour as the state of Ohio does in a day.

The natives of the boring bit in the middle of America seem to have an infinite tolerance to this form of punishment. Wild Horses will doubtless be touring there soon and we'll never see them again.

Wild Horses couldn't drag me . . .

Through the twin miracles of cheap wine and qualudes as soma substitute, American pop kids have developed a crude form of the Huxley/Farren concept of "The Feelies", where you lay back, sensory awareness near coma levels, and let the sound jumble your molecules with those of the chair (in Flann O'Brien's *The Dalkey Archive* some people are nearly 50 per cent bicycle from riding over cobblestones; in America they're half chair) awaiting those rare moments when the rill matches your electro-encephalographic patterns and you see the white light.

The band got a good crowd reaction, though considering that the two front men,

Robertson and Bain were playing their home town, the response, as Jimmy Bain remarked several times, was positively mild.

Fashion note: in contrast to the new psycho-Tiller-Girl kicking dance practised by the punks at the previous night's Jolt gig, the HM freaks down the front often broke into a sort of spontaneous neanderthal pogo. Nothing is ever permanently discarded.

For Wild Horses I have only faint praise. They're not bad; but neither do they qualify in any way for special attention. A few songs ("Street Girl", "Reservation") will probably end up as stage favourites, but they should write more soon to replace the encores (Eddie Floyd's "Saturday



WILD HORSES. PIC: DENIS O'REGAN.

Night", Joe Walsh's "Rocky Mountain Way") both of which seemed anticlimactical to me.

Supergroups always were a disappointment.

Glenn Gibson

Stadium Dogs

Nashville

Playing sub-Beefheart for Alternative Athens, prag VEC may have gone down well, but the group and the audience (science fiction punks) struck me as depressingly contrived: endorsed by the mass exodus after their closing number.

It left poor old Stadium Dogs with a half-empty house.

A Swindon band, Dogs boast one Jon Perkins (late of XTC) on keyboards and an interesting three-pronged vocal assault force. Paul Griffiths and Kirk Thorn on guitars flank bass player Pete Cousins in the front line, while Kevin Wilkinson on drums brings up the rear.

They played a long set of about 17 songs, many of which were good, and all of them clever. But the cumulative effect was curiously directionless. The sound was thick and layered concealing most of the lyrics, and the volume almost unbearable.

It was repeatedly easy to pick out familiar riffs and phrases purposefully plundered from the rock mainstream. Perkins seemed to play "Nutrocker" throughout the set, particularly on "Panic in the Year 5001" and "Easybeat".

But at least "Valvehead" was a variation on "Babe O'Riley", and "Why Diamonds" finished with a rolling electric piano break of some distinction. "Don't Split Your Levi's Janet" was (I hope) a satirical stab at The Stranglers' sexist songs, with Perkins doing a passable imitation of the Cornwell snarl.

But despite the white wall of noise they continually pumped out, their sound was weedy and without any soul. They also made the fundamental error of trying to regain the waning attentions of the audience by playing louder and faster.

I don't normally remain coolly dispassionate throughout a rock gig, but I managed it that night.

Neil Norman

Advertising

Bedford College

The low-ceilinged Small Hall is far from packed. You need an IQ of about 200 to find the way in, but those students who have turned up are standing in rows like stuffed turkeys, yawning, drinking and occasionally tapping a toe, as students are wont to do in their wilder moments.

Onstage, sweating, are the real turkeys, Advertising, in the middle of their latest comeback to live gigging.

They needn't have bothered, really. They're better on record. (You can turn them off). The myth says if it's trivial it must be OK. Horseshit. Tonight, so far as I'm concerned, Advertising are eminently trivial but rarely OK. Their

songs are light and catchy, but don't catch me. Their lyrics might be witty and clever, but I think they're just smart-ass. For I take a jaundiced view.

The truth is, this job is difficult. You need skill, energy and versatility. Advertising don't have the latter — two guitarists who also play one-handed keyboards are inadequate substitutes. For ten minutes or so, they're amusing; then their determined chirpiness becomes wearing. And their set is distressingly uniform — the new songs resemble the old songs, and the old songs just sound old.

The audience, after talking amongst themselves for most of the set, stridently demand two encores. But it's not significant, they just want their money's worth, as audiences will.

Advertising show no sign of transcending the limits of a genre which is usually exhausted after three songs. A pop group who have little to offer except a slick irony must have very little faith in pop.

To think I missed James Brown for a bunch of idiots who not only admire Petula Clark and hope to appear on the Eurovision Song Contest, but actually sound like they admire Petula Clark and hope to appear on the Eurovision Song Contest. Life can be so cruel.

Graham Lock

Swift

The Plough Jazz-rock isn't fashionable at the moment, but Swift could change that.

They're nearer jazz than rock — but funky, exciting and immensely versatile. They're also the most brilliant musicians I've heard on the pub circuit.

Brendan O'Neill (drums), Hugh Johns (piano), John McCullough (bass) and Lawrence Dundas (guitar) have been together for three years, and their experience shows in some marvellous rhythmic interplay, particularly on "The Long March" and "Mizpah".

Pete Thomas (saxes, flutes) joined only six months ago, but contributes some good sax and writes a couple of the numbers — notably "Peckham Pig" and the furious stop-start rhythms of "The Hard One". Other highlights were Hugh's piano solos, building crescendo upon crescendo; John's absurdly beautiful bass solo on "Viva Freeimo" and Brendan's consistently superb drumming.

If you like jazz, or simply good music, make sure you see them. What else can I say except an appreciative wow?

Graham Lock

Agony Column

Rock Garden

Onto a recent upsurge of band names under the

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"abstract" banner (Punishment Of Luxury, Performance Anxiety, Joy Division, et al), tack on — but loosely — that of Agony Column.

Their master-plan is a total success — they do actually read like an agony column, every number being an expose of anguish, about as black and white, flat and consistently drab as newsprint, to which readers/listeners can react with feelings that veer between sympathy and disdain.

But their second master-plan, Agony Column as entertainment, fails to make the grade. The band come over solely as a platform for the stilted mime, distracted lyrics and neurotic soul-baring of their frontman Malcolm Raeburn.

The less orthodox their arrangements are (verging on Wire/XTC) the more they work against their music, with strings of jibbering rhythms falling apart at the seams and leaving the vocals floundering in mid-air.

On the other extreme, they finish with a bunch of speeded-up standard rock patterns. "Sometimes For

You" and "Mister Sister", that are only moderately rousing by being undeniably banal.

That said, which admittedly doesn't leave them much breathing space, there were intermittent glimmers of hope in "Life Is Motion" (with Raeburn slating the "stationary sods" out front), and "Love Is A Blanket Expression", where they managed to hit on a rare balance of heavy backing, immediate warmth and really strong, memorable chorus lines.

Much as their lyrics suit a minimal backing, they still put across an under-rehearsed garage-band sound — which might lend itself to the breeze-block acoustics of London's Rock Garden but wouldn't be half as endearing on a larger stage.

They left me with the feeling, as all agony columns tend to, that planer earth is nothing but a lukewarm breeding ground for repression, mania and wholesale bum deals, and we'd all be well-advised to hoof it elsewhere before the cosmos crumbles to dust.

Mark Ellen

Charlie Ainley

Dingwells

Little Known Factoid Dept.: Charlie Ainley and his Wide Boys revived the EP with "Watusi" in '73. Since then he's been with Shakin' Stevens, made a US-only album and toured there.

Three nights in Liggersville, Camden Town, seems an inappropriate re-launch for Mr. A's unassuming talent, but he rides it well.

The band is more than the pricey bunch of pros it appears. Barring Paul Martinez, Chas Hodges' replacement on bass, they all played on Ainley's new album "Bang your door". It shows.

Video monitors pander to the bar-proppers, so any attention's earned. An even-featured, uncharismatic figure, Ainley relies on his voice and the commitment and cohesion of the musicians behind him. It's enough — just about.

The singer recalls Steve Merriott, minus the pantomime blackface, but lacking equally the Artful Dodger's awesome — and still unrealized — potential.

However, he occasionally achieves a huskiness that's pure Ainley and juggles the

standard rock components successfully in his songs.

Howie Casey (of Macca fame) is one of three under-used brass, Helen Chapelle and Vicky Brown ("'38 and she looks like that" — a member of China Street) do the Sweet Inspirations just fine, but Richard Worthy's the pick.

Hopelessly uncool — a sort of Reggie Perrin with sidies — the former Wide Boy is a master of traditional guitar styles, from the hard-riffing "Doctor" to the contemporary Carl Perkins of "Trouble With The Law". On "Pig Farm Blues", he invokes both the Johnny Burnette and Yardbirds versions of "The Train Kept A-rolin'". If he builds round Worthy and works on his lyrics, Charlie Ainley could have himself a going concern.

Harry George

Adam and The Ants

Marquee

"They're the only real punk band left," an ardent Adam and The Ants supporter told me. "They're the only ones who've stuck to the small club circuit and their Kings Road

followers."

Indeed the Ants' loyalty to their original fans may be why they're still on the club run; but I doubt it. They're simply not good enough to graduate. The support band Local Operator aren't likely to go much further either. They tediously plodded through some early '77 punk, while the audience chatted amongst themselves.

Adam and The Ants were greeted by a roar of approval, flying glasses and fists as they went into three almost identical numbers which were obviously old favourites with the clientele. Having had the same followers since they first tottered onstage at The Man In The Moon, they needed no introduction. And it was tough luck for those who weren't familiar with the band.

Instrumentally they're fairly proficient in that they keep time; and if they'd just started out there'd be hope for them. But for God's sake they've been going for two years.

Their music ranges from monotonously fast heavy rock to deathly slow funereal rhythms with Adam Ant's vocals as flat as the music.

The band members don't get much into it either. Matthew Ant on guitar and bassist

Andrew Warren are perfunctory and Adam aimlessly cavorts around his microphone, once going over to Matthew's mike to harmonise on "Boil In The Bag Man" (who's a cliché now?).

"Press Darlings" was their best number. Neither as grating nor as monotonous as the majority of their songs, they actually have something to say with Adam Ant loudly protesting about the injustices to him in print. At least he sings this with conviction and even Warren glared angrily from behind his beautifully coiffured fringe.

Towards the end the band woke up and the audience pogoed ecstatically, brandishing the steel combs which the management's search had failed to reveal.

A new one called "The Day I Met God" was greeted enthusiastically, and their set improved as Adam crooned about being "carried away"; but not before they presented their one and only single "Young Parisian", and the final encore "Be My Guest".

But let's face it they're just not going to make it. Punk's dying, and Adam and the Ants are dying with it.

Deanna Pearson



JAPAN. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Japan through narrowed eyes

Japan

Music Machine

When the dust has settled, the dry ice diffused, and the last wisp of peroxide locks has left the stage, all that can be said about Japan amid hoots of derisive mirth is that they're just *exquisitely* awful.

Computed on an instant panel, their presentation is near-immaculate, their 'ster quality' tragically high; but a tentative tap on the door marked 'material content' finds them permanently out to lunch.

For the uninitiated, the band are a skilfully hand-picked bunch of chintzy waifs whose leisure hours are equally divided between the blow-wave salon and the cosmetics counter. Three of them look like New York Dolls, the other two like less-painted members of Kiss: an image they defend as a brave new stance.

But as the initial slot for ambi-sexual romp was created and filled by the Dolls several years ago, you could hardly call it new, and, as shown by their boundless sense of compromise, it's not exactly brave either.

Six months back, Japan were dragging a listless heavy rock show round the circuit, studded with pretentious tripe from their debut album "Adolescent Sex".

Their present set now sees them flirting with reggae and funk in a new-found guise of

'political awareness'. At first it seems a welcome move away from their original bass-heavy, slogging onslaught, but soon appears to be the shortest, safest and most effortless pretext for their outlandishly weedy stage presence.

It's appallingly superficial, it blatantly conflicts, and hopefully, no-one takes it seriously.

The music is just as conflicting.

"Rhodesia" favours a metallic, clinical dub rhythm, a funk bass/drum pattern and an ill-fitting space synthesizer and heavy rock guitar. Vocalist Dave Sylvain's disregard for rhythm ensures that his catarrhal dronings reduce the whole cheating to a mincing electric death march.

Likewise "Love Is Infectious" — where layers of unconnected jarring sounds are stacked up under more glistening vocal drooling — is just a mass of chaotic noise.

Japan serve the one useful purpose of highlighting the worst, most synthetic and misdirected aspects of rock. Their acceptance in New York clubs is a tribute to their chichi, glamour posing; and in Japan (the country) to a music-starved sense of patriotic delusion.

In Britain, it can only be a matter of minutes before someone *really* takes them to the cleaners.

Mark Ellen

From previous page

The idea of Thursday's selection, more so than the other two nights, was, presumably, to represent a cross-section of "great British music", and proved an unmitigated disaster.

Of the maximum three and a half thousand turn-out, shivering in sub-arctic conditions, Lindisfarne pulled the Geordie-sympathisers in their late 20s, John Miles pulled the mid-teens contingent, Frankie Miller pulled a few pints, and no-one knew The Rubettes were even on the bill.

Aah... The Rubettes — they were lousy, but they did it in style.

The four well-scrubbed lads churned out a series of glossy, bouyed medium chart hits and age-old covers, crooned in nasal yankee tones, and all firmly in the mould of American country pop.

"Let's pretend we're having fun," they suggested warmly, before rooting, fingers delicately poised in lugholes, for a dreadful scapella version of Neil Young's "After The Gold Rush". The drummer then stepped down to play guitar, completely cocking it up, and the curtains began to close before they'd even started their last number.

AH in all, it was a catastrophe, and by far the most entertaining act all night. Next, a decidedly boozed Frankie Miller swayed onto the stage.

Apart from Johnny Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now", the band set about vibrating the superstructure with cascades of badly-balanced, thick-eared R'n'B. Whatever his Otis Redding/Joie Cocker vocal style, he just hasn't one ounce of charisma as a performer, and if his idea of a great comeback is to bawl out a merciless, plodding version of Lennon's "Cold Turkey", his days could be severely numbered.

The new-look John Miles followed, minus curls, plus moustache — a kind of albino Dicky Betts, for a selection of soft-focuss, pristine, living-room rock with fireworks.

At least he was well-fit, well-balanced, and had the advantage of a fine voice and a clear, if unadventurous, guitar style. Still, the very last of his gauziness rock

pretensions are now engulfed in a hazy, mock-celestial pose that finds him frequently showered by strobe sunbursts while tinkling on the keyboards, and ensures that Jackie readers will gum his photo to their bedroom walls.

And so to Lindisfarne, mumbling things like "Eeee, it's a bit bloody perky in 'ere", and playing "bum-shufflers for the ladies in the audience". Roughly translated, this means dredging up an endless rack of one-time hits, and failing to inject any instant nostalgia into them for those too young to remember, by playing with zero enthusiasm and even less conviction.

I'd like to have stayed for "Fog On The Tyne," but I just couldn't last the distance. M.E.

For the final day in this fantasy series, where a mixture of has-beens and want-to-be-spread-thinly-with-jam played exact spiritless sets for "connoisseurs" and irate adults, I turned up a little late.

But let me tell you, what walked through entrances 22 and 23 as I entered was not attractive. Nick Van Eede sang (pornographically caressed) "Stairway To Heaven", so that gets rid of him, and the Movies were politely bland, so that gets rid of them. Or at least until a distinguished colleague fairly analyses their class, discovering that if you gurgle at Dire Straits, you'll cry for the Movies.

Obviously, when Mel Bush (and Capitol Radio) talk about Great British Music, they're ostensibly concerned with cordial m.o.r. entertainers who could jam with Basil Brush without any objecting too much.

Adjusting my perspective accordingly, I responded positively to the personality vigour of The Real Thing. This means I crossed and uncrossed my legs at two-minute intervals.

But imagining I was staring numbly at a widescreen TV set I was almost intrigued by the part-nourishment mostly-waste-product tingling funkz of Real Thing as they confidently bubbled and eased through a scented set of hits and things, exposing themselves all but physically. The "discorning" audience were willingly lifted into Real

Things' unreal and impermanent world. Rows and rows of quivering dolls smiled and clapped. They were needed more each day, apparently.

The four happy soliciting Liverpudlians, backed by five well-intentioned musicians, without a worthwhile pair of trousers between them, sang smoothly to an undoubted professional triumph. Bells could be heard; they threw hats to the audience. I was expecting Tina Charles to come on and sing a song, but she never did.

The Rich Kids followed — Urish Heep fed through a Poly Styrene fantasy. They were an embarrassment.

"You've had some pop. You've had some funk, now you're gonna get a hell of a racket!" Exclaimed Midge Ure, helpfully. Oh, if only it were true.

Sharp boys, they're the soft boys. Are they real? They looked like a tub of smarties, played like a well sucked pineapple chunk, and went down like a one-minute egg. They didn't wear good trousers, and that's the kind of thing you're led to expect from the Kids.

If you only but knew it, David Essex is a genius — his work saturated with metaphysical menace and terrifying platitudes, concerned with deviants and decadence.

What one finally misses in his work, however, is the ability to modify his romanticism (in which he over-indulges himself under the disguise of linguistic gusto) or his sense of fun (which spills over into facetiousness). But this performance proved one and for all that he is the missing link between David Cassidy and Peter Gabriel.

The set was well paced and well played. Typically, Essex has assembled a fine collection of session musicians as if in honest appraisal of the incompleteness of his songs, the paleness of his voice. The Real Thing, mixed and used well, strengthened Essex's chummy, small vocals.

Essentially, he doesn't need to exert himself — at Wembley 7,000 girls actively adored him. And he does care. I thought he'd lost his perception for controlled rock

theatre, but that was just me being spiteful.

The group is allowed a lot of scope and attention — the balance probably working against Essex. He knows that, and he knows that with this group he could hardly fail on any level. "Rock On" was memorable — throbbing, blasting, Alan Wakeman's sax agitated and adventurous, Phil Palmer's guitar clipping and poking. Even Essex sounded good — the Real Thing doing a careful, crucial job.

The sound all night was inventive and tense, genuinely idiosyncratic rock music. Wakeman and Palmer were given space and used it, drummer Barry De Souza pressed and pulled neatly and young bassist Herbie Flowers was as cute and deceptively unsteady as ever.

I don't know whether to believe myself, but it was a hard, rarely flimsy set that no other similar entertainer would have had the courage or desire to bother with. Essex deserves respect. He even (sure it was more the bands superiority than Essex's adequacy) overcame the limitations of the venue. Few could do that.

He had the worst pair of trousers of the night — his groin was like a packet of boiled sweets, his thighs like wads of cotton wool — but he triumphed. P.M.

Cafe Jacques

Edinburgh

While interest is chiefly being focused on bands evolving out of the New Wave spawning ground, Cafe Jacques are an interesting example of older musicians whose delayed entry into the marketplace now offers some of the most arresting and satisfying 'mainstream' rock around.

Possibly the definitive marriage of rock and funk, their multi-layered songs are clever and complex yet possess enough honest muscle to retain immediacy and offset their lack of direct appeal.

Powered forward by the rhythm section of hard hitting busy drummer Mike O and new bassist Keith Wilkinson, the upfront aggression is

supplied by guitarist Chris Thomson, whose distinctive throaty vocals add much to the atmosphere they evoke.

Rich textural variety is provided by some precise creative work from chief writer Pete Veitch on keyboards and their latest recruit, former Cado Belle guitarist Alan Darby. He's still slotting into existing structures, though he contributes some choice playing on the excellent "Dark Eyed Johnny".

Darby and the rest of the band best show their true inventive qualities on the new jam number, "The Riff". Its basic simplicity and funky directness offer an enjoyable contrast and allow some accomplished but disciplined musicianship to flow through.

The rest of the set is a good balance between old and new.

There are favourites from the first "Round The Back" album, such as Mike O's "Meaningless" and the dramatic closer "Lifeline"; the recent single "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams", and modern material from the forthcoming "International" album. These range from the aggression of "Can't Stand Still" and "Knife Edge" to the romanticism of "Station Of Dreams", with a touch of humour on the "No Hoovers" medley.

Cafe Jacques' lyrics are rich man's rock'n'roll: visions of international jetsetting and martinis on hotel balconies, fast cars and ski resorts, luredoes and cocaine. Yet they're not decadent smoothies, and the intriguing undertones of gangster violence and back alley dirty deeds are never far away.

The unfortunate appearance of a stripper for "Sandra's A Phoney" provides an unexpected low point in the evening: it's a gratuitous, offensive and totally unnecessary cheap thrill. It's a weak song anyway and the incident effectively destroys the increasingly impressive momentum, leaving the band to start from scratch with only two numbers left.

This stupid and deplorable episode aside, the time is right for the sophisticated vigour and melodic rhythms of Cafe Jacques: a band who for once really can lay claim to a unique sound.

Ian Craigh

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ACROSS

1 The Sound of the Westway, 1978 style (4,2,6,4)
 2 Ronettes vocalist who married loopy genius Phil (6,7)

DOWN

1 Mike, Womble-in-Chief
 2 Harry G Allegro (anag 4,9)
 3 Venue/Band
 4 As in Lofgren
 5 See 1 down
 6 Sexy half of the "River Deep Mountain High" partnership (4,6)
 7 See 21
 8 He and Lol Creme were the Soc who left the motherhip to get their own way
 9 Brains low in (anag 5,8)
 10 Skinny like Elizabeth I
 11 He played drums to Eric's guitar and Jack's bass (6,5)

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DISGUISE A KAISER

Cut out and keep this wacky picture, kids. There are more to come and you could get lucky.

Answers Next Week. Last Week's Answers Below.

ACROSS: 1 Dolly Parton, 6 "Blue", 7 Alex Harvey, 9 "Haitian Divorce", 10 Edgar Winter, 11 Sham, 13 Move, 14 (John) Entwistle, 15 (Pink or Eddie) Floyd. **DOWN:** 1 "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy", 2 "Love Bites", 3 "Pyamarama", 4 Television, 5 Hugh Cornwell, 8 Cortinas, 11 "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy", 12 Mink (De Ville).

Would you print a silly letter at the beginning of the Bag instead of hiding it at the end?
PHILIP (no address given) No... no... not at all. Be my guest. Make yourself at home — CSM.

Is it too early to say that we hate your new masthead?
HORACE 'N' TIM, Leeds. Much too early. Try a bit later on down the page. — CSM.

Looking through the Bag, it seems that The Clash are coming in for a fair amount of stick. What is particularly striking about it all is the level of naivety in evidence and I feel a few points should be made about it.

Firstly, glib political sloganeering is (and has been) a fairly common occurrence within rock music. Countless people have emerged as culprits (from the Stones' "Street Fighting Man" down to Chinnichap's "Teenage Rampage") yet strangely the Clash seem to be suffering the brunt of the criticism. In my view someone like Tom Robinson whose politics, unlike The Clash's, deal with specific political views, aims and desires should be taken to task. After all, The Clash do not actually tell anyone what to do (i.e. wear S.W.P. or R.A.R. badges) whereas Robinson, in a totally over-the-top, almost hysterical way, does.

Secondly, anyone who views (or viewed) The Clash and other "militant" bands as a viable alternative to the established (or establishment) bands was critically underestimating the power of (a) the music business and (b) money. In general, radical bands either mellow and get rich (as the Stones did), get beaten (as The New York Dolls or Sex Pistols did, whatever they may say!), or fade away. None really continue, or if they do, it is not in trips to the U.S. or producing Top 30 albums.

Thirdly, why attach so much importance to the stance and its viability? I don't know about anyone else but I find Strummer's lyrics difficult to penetrate at the best of times, it's still great music so why bother? In the same way though Pete Shelley's romantic leanings don't do a great deal for me I've bought both albums by Buzzcocks and have no complaints at all.

To sum up, partly through their own doing, The Clash seem in a bit of a dilemma. A lot of people want them to remain urban heroes and true punks. It's a worn-out stance, a dishonest stance, they try it, it falls to bits from time to time and then everyone gives them a good pasting.

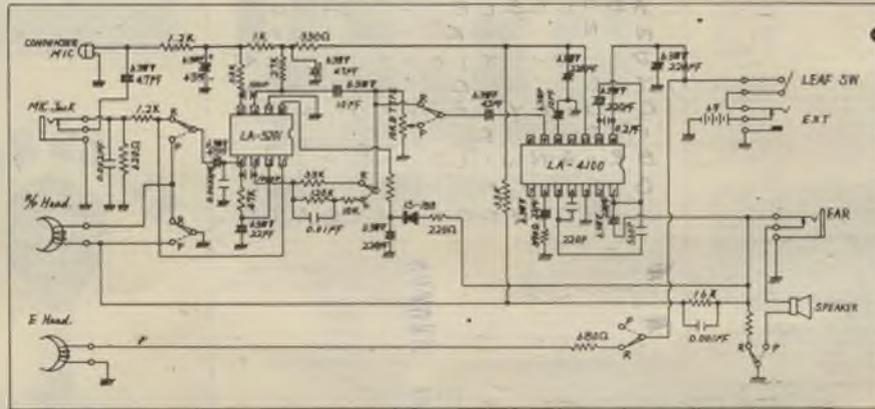
For The Clash to be a well-above average rock band seems good enough for me. Why not everyone else?
R. ROBERTSON, no address given. Maybe because The Clash's initial premise was to be more than just a rock band however wonderful. Still, judging by early results from the NME poll, a large proportion of our lab readers would seem to agree with you. — CSM.

Can I be the first to say I don't like the new masthead?
JEREMY DOG-TURD, Edinburgh. Sorry, mate. You've been scooped. (Oh well) ... — CSM.

To all the miserable sods who say The Clash don't care about their fans let me say this: on Friday at the Derby gig me and my mate spoke to all the members of The Clash (you can stop the gasps of wowl and wuppee! 'cos the Sluts, sorry Slits never spoke a word to us). I also got Paul Simonon and Nicky Hasdon

As thousands of readers roar out their rage and their pain, we at NME explain the difference between the old masthead and the new masthead in

TECHNOBAG



NEW MASTHEAD

to sign the cover of "Tommy Gun" and Joe Strummer tried his hardest to get us in to watch the soundtrack until a foreman said there was no way anyone was gonna get in before 7.30. Even so, after the foreman had bugged off Joe Strummer got our mate, who hadn't got a ticket, in for nothing.

If that's not caring what is? Print this so that The Clash know there are some fans in England who will stay fans of them for a long time to come yet.

CRAIG (A punk), Derby. But on the other hand... — CSM.

Can I be the first to say I hate the new masthead?
SCROTE, Wisbech, Cambs. First since when? — CSM.

I think a few inaccuracies (that's putting it mildly) are in need of correction, regarding the letter from Henry of RASAR (NME 2/12/78).

Of course, what else can one expect from Belfast's very own radical chic emporium? A cause to suit every taste, and the only place in town, my dears, to be seen perusing one's pseudo-left wing lit. (You'd love it, Julie).

Taking your letter point by point, Henry, yes, people do get kicked in occasionally by the RUC and soldiers. But I'd take my chances with them any day given the choice between them and the IRA or UDA, the so-called protectors of the people. People defending their rights to live? I live and work in a Republican area and my right to live has never been in need of defence from anyone except the IRA.

I got kicked in because I had Protestant friends, and when the IRA came collecting for funds door to door, if you dare refuse, you get a brick through your window. You can't even buy a tin mag as innocuous as *Playboy* on the Falls Road or in Andersonstown. But then these are minor problems compared with what happens if you are a dope smoker, or a homosexual, or any other practitioner of foul vices contrary to the puritan-

Ireland, deserving of the tag moronic? The peace movement grew from one woman risking her life by standing alone on the Andersonstown Road asking for signatures protesting against the IRA for the death of three babies. And within one week she had done more to unify the two communities in the North than Unionists or Republicans had done in seven years.

Incidentally, they have not departed. They merely do

dispensing your "more - socially - conscious - than - thou" literature and trendy sew-on badges.

As for the remark on fur coated (?) politicians, I agree completely, but to cite the Peace People as a cause of Sectarianism??? Are you blind, deaf and dumb as well as bigoted? Ask Betty Williams about the time five men and women kicked her unconscious on her own doorstep, for having the audacity to suggest anything as unthinkable as Catholics and Protestants living together.

Police state? The ghettos of Falls and Shankill, Cregana and Bogside are the real fascist strongholds in this country, where people live under the iron rule of the "urban guerrillas". You should see the style half the IRA men in Andersonstown live in, and they don't even have jobs, yet they can run two cars and open shops and pubs.

You're rocking against State and Church repression? Rocking for survival? Rocking to mobilise yourselves? Well, why not rock against the gunman while you're at it? Oh, but then Henry would get a hole in his kneecap wouldn't he?

This isn't a game, for God's sake! It's for real. One cannot adopt pseudo leftist anti-establishment poses in this situation, it's far too serious. Your letter, Henry, is typical of the misinformed opinions of the Burchills and the Redgraves and thousands of others of their kind on topics such as this.

It's not people fighting against an oppressive state or regime. It's working class people like ourselves being exploited by the terrorists as to keep the violence simmering at such a level, so as to create a mildly anarchic situation, which enables them to run their money spinning operations.

It's gone beyond any cause or political ideal than may have been here at the start, and everyone who thinks otherwise is living in another galaxy. I'm not taking sides, I'm just telling it like it is.

Musical footnote: A D.J. friend of mine was beaten up by "the boys" for playing Lennon's "Happy Xmas" War Is Over" at an Xmas disco. Repressive, eh Henry? Rock on m-a-a-a-a-n!



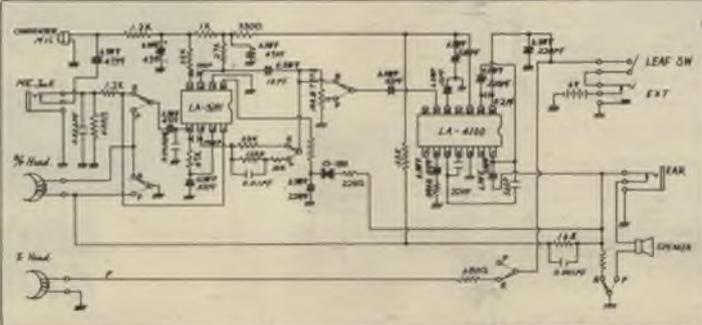
Somewhere on this page is concealed a letter from a person in Truro who takes this man seriously. Pic: MICK ROCK.

ical Republican code. Somehow a bullet or a Black and Decker drill through the kneecaps for any of the above transgressions holds less appeal for me than being arrested by the cops or by the Brits. That's repression, Henry. Real repression.

The moronic peace of the now departed peace movement? Is any kind of Peace, especially in Northern

not hold public gatherings any more. They are more active than ever, and doing things that you could never imagine, even in your wildest dreams. The thing is, these people try. They are far from total success, but all the same they do try.

And what they do to get the results they desire takes a lot more raw guts than sitting behind the counter



OLD MASTHEAD

JIMMY, Belfast. (Yes, I am afraid to print my full name). To Phil McNeill (we won't put "Dear" because we certainly don't think you're that): how dare you call Queen "one of the more unwelcome relics of the ogre battle"? They are not "glitter slags" either. Why do you bastards always slam Queen? Is it because of Freddie's outburst of bad language at Wembley this year, in which he said you were all "a load of fucking wankers" which no doubt you are. How come then if the album is supposed to be so bad, that it is No. 2 in the Radio One chart? "Mustapha" is really different and you still give Queen a bad review. The album is nothing like "News Of The World" — in fact it is a hundred times better. Why don't you listen to Queen's album a few more times instead of listening to it just once? You can't judge an album on one hearing and I'm sure that's what you did. Queen are not in the business for the money. They really care about their fans — and their fans care about them — which is more than we can say for the filthy gobbing punks. So next time there's a new Queen album out don't bother to review it at all.

FREDDIE'S No. ONE FAN, Truro. Yeah, the rest of us thought Phil'd been so easy on Queen as well. — CSM.

May I say, before the myth that I "tried to have the Hot Gossip Dancers banned from the telly" becomes irretrievably established, that I did no such thing at any time.

The fact of the matter is that this Association complained of the inclusion of one particular dance sequence — prostitutes, including one dressed as a child — during an early evening programme.

One letter of complaint was sent privately to the producer of the Head of Light Entertainment at Thames TV. It was then used as a publicity gimmick by Kenny Everett.

MARY WHITEHOUSE, National Viewers And Listeners Association, Surrey.

A Tribute So Farewell Mr Case Jazz Scribe extraordinary Here's well to the young Mineer Tho' Your columns were not always decipherable twas fun trying to understand Brian Case an Unusual name not unlike Briony Chase a small backstreet in Stoke I wonder if it will rain when he leaves.

THE DUMMY E. J. THIRBB, Somewhere near Richard Ingrams, Chester, Cheshire. It has, squire. It has. — CSM.

Do you need a speed-reading course to understand Tony Parsons? **AMPHETA MIN**, Aberdeen. Not bad for a Plet. Next? — CSM.

I've just seen The Clash at Bristol — can I be the first to start The Clash Backlash-Backlash?

RON WARZYNSKI (THE REMNANTS), Bristol. Just as long as you don't say anything about the new masthead. — CSM.

Chief Engineer: **CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY** The Bag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

As the Season Of Goodwill draws ever closer and the weather grows fouler and fouler by the minute, the encroaching chill has — by some kinda kaaazmik paradox — awakened a new warmth in the frostbitten heart of T-Zerz. Yes, tiny frozen friends, this week we dedicate our column to the nice people of rock, those caring, sharing human beings who are alive to the new consciousness and who truly make this festering, squalid rock world of ours a nicer place to be. So warm your stiff blue digits with the pulsating comfort of T-Zerz, think nice thoughts and awaawawawawawaw we go...

Let's start with those nice Buzzcocks, who have been busily collecting all the postage stamps from off their fan mail and donating them to Blue Peter to buy bicycles and medical kits for suffering mothers and bachelings in Tanzania, which admittedly pales before the staggering generosity of weird, whacky, zany Mike Oldfield, who laid no less than £500 on 20-year-old Ceia

Merryweather to help finance a trip to explore the Indonesian jungles. In turn, both these acts are eclipsed by a decision taken by one Vernon Presley of Memphis, Tennessee, United States, Planet Earth, Universe, etc., who has placed a collection box by the grave of his son Elvia so that passers-by and well-wishers can participate in the horrendously expensive task of paying for the upkeep of said grave. After all, poor 'em needs all the help he can get...

Our Achiever Of The Week award goes to Caroline Kennedy, offspring of the well-known dead President of the same name (I don't remember a President Caroline—Ed) who has lost no less than 20 lbs of ugly flesh in the last few weeks (anybody finding the missing 20lbs please contact T-Zerz immediately) and thereby hangs a tale. Caroline also qualifies as Sufferer Of The Week, because her weight loss was so drastic that she kept waiting outside New York's maxichic Studio 54 disco for almost ten minutes before anybody recognised her and let her in. See: no matter how bad a time you think you're having, there's always someone worse off than you somewhere...

We here at T-Zerz bet that Caroline Kennedy wouldn't change places with those lovable wasters Steve Jones and Paul Cook ("the real hellraisers of the Sex Pistols", etc., etc) who are 'en at this very moment (synchronise watches, kids) rehearsing with (wait for it, gasp) a new singer who, claim the Dramatic Duo, is "better than Rotten". We hope they defer the announcement of his identity (at present mysterious) so that we can continue to spread the entirely spurious rumour that the man in question is ex-Roller Les McKeown. Meanwhile, in their other identities as members of Phil Lynott's on-again-off-again-on-again-fall-over band The Greedy Bastards, Steve and Paul will be playing several dates in Eire in December with none other than Elton John guesting (maybe he's the new Pistols singer. Nahhhhh, couldn't be. Could it?)

Steve and Paul's old pal Sid Vicious got interviewed on Nationwide last week (not saying a lot, according to Our Man At Home In Front Of The Telly When He Should Have Been At Work), and the prog also featured Malcolm "Legs" McLaren singing Max Bygraves' "Hands" in a disgusting checked suit (not-as executives of EMI, A&M and Virgin would have thought — a suit made out of cheques). This latter spectacle was an excerpt from the legendary boring movie The Great Rock And Roll Swindle.

T-ZERZ



GETS ITSELF TOGETHER IN A STUDIO IN STOCKHOLM

Abba's, to be precise. T-Zerz locates the long lost LED ZEPPELIN in Sweden, where they are recording their new album at Abba's Polar Studios. Zep go Eurobeat? El Zeppo have also been spotted perusing Messrs Duane Eddy and Jerry Lee Lewis in concert as well as propping up the bar every night in the boozier round the corner from Polar. Local rumours have it that album will be a lo-o-ong time coming. Pic: STEFAN WALLGREN.

And a seasonal dream come true: Bob Marley, World's Best-Known and Best-Selling Rastafarian, finally gained a visa to visit Ethiopia after being turned down two years ago. Bashful Bob, on holiday in Kenya with his manager Don Taylor, made it across the border just in time for the Civil War. Just goes to show that his entire life doesn't consist of Babylon-By-Bus...

This'll kill ya (heh heh): Sylvester's next major project is nothing less than the first disco opera, and the whole ghastly shebang opens up off off Broadway (so far off Broadway it'll probably be in New Jersey) early next year. It features such an extravagant laser display that the entire audience will have to watch

the show wearing special protective goggles (which is probably the best way to watch Sylvester, anyhow)...

Also requiring protective goggles (according to early reports) is the new Bowie movie Just A Gigolo previewed in Thrills page 11) and considering that the soundtrack features three new'n specially recorded numbers by Manhattan Transfer, ear-muffs are also recommended...

Hold on: our Generosity Desk reports that Strangers manager Ian Grant donated autographed copies of his charges' various epes to Littlehampton Village Fete. "No More Heroes" was won by a village copper... Fresh from the

announcement of his upcoming productorial triumph with the Tom Robinson Band and his London pigs, Todd Rundgren will be applying his talents as cosmic cosmetician to the new Patti Smith album, which will include such songs as "Frederick", "Revenge" and "Seven Ways Of Going." Meanwhile, Patti's drummer J. D. Daugherty is pounding the traps in the studio for Tom Verlaine, and Lenny Kaye is preparing his second volume of "Nuggets" for Mer Records...

More hot garf from the incest capital of the world (New York, dummies): ex-Doll Sylvain Sylvain (currently playing in ex-Doll David Johansen's band) currently having his demo tapes considered by Blue Sky Records, while ex-Doll Arthur Kane has joined ex-Doll Jerry Nolan's new band The Idols. Ex-Doll Johnny Thunders was not available for comment and ex-Doll Billy Murcia is dead...

Meanwhile a familiar word to T-Zerz fans, the same fair city will be subjected to a four day stint at the Bottom Line from the "Be Stiff" package (minus Mickey Jupp, who's in an outgoing David Bowie-type non-flying situation) starting December 15; the whole event co-sponsored by radio station



"In 'ere Bill — dontcha remember?" BILLY IDOL receives instructions on use of mike from helpful passer-by on Gen X's return from Zeplike lo-o-ong lay-off. Pic: MIKE STONE.



"Punk rock has entered its introspective phase. Now we administer massive insults to the brain and body rather than to the audience."

WNEW (say it fast in a deep voice) and the Mayor's office. It seems that Stiff are donating greenbacks to help fill in some of the potholes (or speedholes or smackholes) in the Big Apple's rotting sidewalks...

Debbie Blondie appears this month on the cover of Cosmopolitan (says our reporter at home reading women's magazines when she should be at work cutting up pop stars) and inside she states that she doesn't make any money out of all those posters of her but she wishes she did and that she's "always been followed by pervers. Always the sick kind. In public places, flashers. I remember once when I was a child, it was at the zoo and I was with my mother. This man came over and whipped open his coat. Disgusting." Yeah, know yer audience, Deb, that's what we always say except when we're saying...

Meanwhile, Ringo Starr has opened an art gallery in Rathbone Place, London but unfortunately he was prevented from attending the opening night on account of he didn't want to pay his UK taxes. The cuddly ex-Beatle is insulating himself from the sorrows of homesickness by making beautiful music (about time too — Ed) with lean lithesome actress Shelley Duvall...

Other pop stars involved in cultural ventures include Cher, who's just opened her very own Hollywood roller-skating rink called "Hell On Wheels" in simply downhome Hollywood, and proving that someone has a nice word for Elvis Costello, Bebe Buell ("I can count my lovers on the fingers of one hand") sez, "He's the most totally honest, upfront guy I've ever met. The thing is a real guy like Elvis is what I've always wanted." What she says about Rod Stewart we can't bring ourselves to repeat, though "D'ya Think I'm Sexy" is to be made available in the USA as a 12" disco single, playing no triffing 8 or 10 minutes, but a marathon 23 minutes. Our man at the movies dropping popcorn on the people in the stalls below reports that They Shoot Horses Don't They? was filmed in 1969...

Knock knock: at a promotional playback party for the Jimmy Morrison / Doors album "An American Prayer" held in Philadelphia, Elektra invited along a medium and held an impromptu seance to try and contact Jimbo. All that happened was a loud explosion and a black cat jumping down from behind a large photo of the man. Jim Morrison is alive and well and running a small bistro on the left bank of the Seine. (Oh no he's not — Astral Ed)...

Meanwhile (as they say in Akron), those ex-Doors not currently running bistros on the Seine (well, guitarist Robbie Krieger and drummer John Densmore) were in Dingwells checking out The Retainers (a Kokomo offshoot) when who should they run into but Phil Lynott, Steve Jones and Paul Cook. A few wets were consumed and a jam was mooted. The Retainers were approached (gear for the use of) and all was declared cool. However, someone forgot to inform The Retainers' drummer who packed up his traps and sodded off, and thus a jam potentially as magnificent and memorable as the one Jimmy Page had with CSNY in 1974 never took place. Shaaaaawawawaw (Pity about Bruce Forsyth — snickering Ed)...

New heights of coloured vinyl excess achieved by West London reggae label Greensleeves' edition of Dr Alimantado's classic waxing "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" which comes directly from their hearts to you on chicken coloured vinyl. Good job it ain't a scratch 'n' sniff cover.

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

| This week | Last week |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| 1 PIL | 5 |
| 2 Clash Police | 3 |
| 3 Spinks against Travolta | 6 |
| 4 Buzzcocks | 9 |
| 5 The Jam | 4 |
| 6 Love | 1 |
| 7 Stars | 2 |
| 9 SSB | — |
| 10 X-Ray Spex | — |

New Releases

30p Smash Pack
Zep Tapper: The African Hercules, What you see is what you get. Gen X'd, Rock against Xmas, Merry Wanso
30p 9 wanso more rap, Sheen III, Cabaret Voltaire, Prog-Pac, Lightning Bolt, Pink Finks, Lead, The Obsidian, Beat 91, Cars From, Kraftwerk, Tony Puma, Julia

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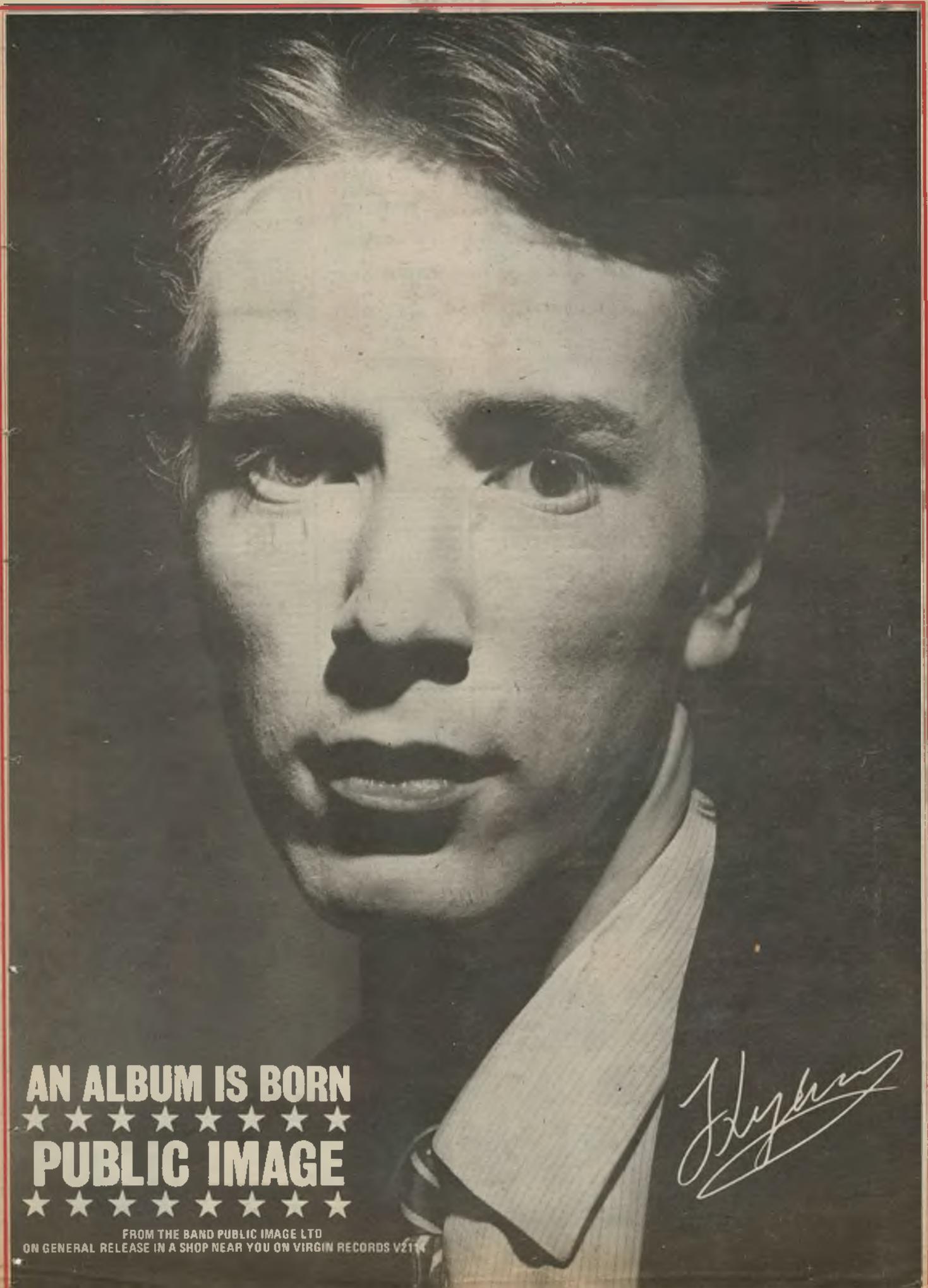
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Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Research
Fiona Foulger
New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840

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