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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 12, 1974

Last This Week		
1	TIGER FEET	Mud (Rak)
2	DEVIL GATE DRIVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
3	TEENAGE RAMPAGE	Sweet (RCA)
4	THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD	Lulu (Polydor)
5	SOLITAIRE	Andy Williams (CBS)
6	ALL OF MY LIFE	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
7	ROCKIN' ROLL BABY	Stylistics (A&M)
8	DANCE WITH THE DEVIL	Cory Powell (Rak)
9	WOMBUNG SONG	The Wombles (CBS)
10	LOVE'S THEME	Love Unlimited Orchestra (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 12, 1969

Last This Week		
1	BLACKBERRY WAY	Move (Regal Zonophone)
2	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (Blue Horizon)
3	FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
4	HALF AS NICE	Amen Corner (Immediate)
5	YOU GOT SOUL	Johnny Nash (Major Minor)
6	I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME	Supremes & The Temptations (Tamla Motown)
7	DANCING IN THE STREET	Martha & the Vandellas (Tamla Motown)
8	TO LOVE SOMEBODY	Nina Simone (RCA)
9	WHERE DO YOU GO TO	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
10	PLEASE DON'T GO	Donald Peers (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 14, 1954

Last This Week		
1	NEEDLES AND PINS	Searchers (Pye)
2	I'M THE ONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	DIANE	Bachelors (Decca)
4	5-4-3-2-1	Manfred Mann (HMV)
5	ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART	Chla Black (Parlophone)
6	HIPPI HIPPY SHAKE	Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
7	GLAD ALL OVER	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
8	AS USUAL	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
9	I THINK OF YOU	Merseybeats (Fontana)
10	I'M THE LONELY ONE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending February 10, 1979

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (2)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3
2 (1)	HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	8
3 (5)	WOMAN IN LOVE	Three Degrees (Arista)	3
4 (—)	CHQUITTA	Abba (Epic)	1
5 (2)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People (Mercury)	10
6 (4)	SEPTEMBER	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7
7 (9)	CAR 67	Driver 67 (Logo)	4
8 (6)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	7
9 (7)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Shadows (EMI)	3
10 (13)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel (CBS)	7
11 (8)	HELLO THIS IS JOANNE	Paul Evans (Spring)	6
12 (23)	MILK AND ALCOHOL	Dr Feelgood (United Artists)	2
13 (12)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Berry White (20th Century)	5
14 (26)	COOL MEDITATION	Third World (Island)	4
15 (10)	LE FREAK	Chic (Atlantic)	11
16 (—)	CONTACT	Edwin Starr (20th Century)	1
17 (27)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)	2
18 (11)	LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME	Racey (RAK)	9
19 (22)	MIRRORS	Sally Oldfield (Bronze)	7
20 (16)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray (Capitol)	5
21 (—)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	1
22 (28)	KING ROCKER	Generation X (Chrysalis)	2
23 (19)	TAKE THAT TO THE BANK	Shalamar (RCA)	4
24 (17)	THIS IS IT	Don Hartman (Blue Sky)	4
25 (—)	GOT MY MIND MADE UP	Instant Funk (Salsoul)	1
26 (—)	GET DOWN	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	1
27 (—)	AIN'T LOVE A BITCH	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1
28 (—)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	1
29 (29)	WE'VE GOT TONITE	Bob Seger (Capitol)	2
30 (30)	SIRDANCEALOT	Olympic Runners (Polydor)	2

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 10, 1979

This Last Week		
1 (1)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
2 (2)	LE FREAK	Chic
3 (5)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
4 (3)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
5 (6)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John
6 (4)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees
7 (7)	EVERY 1'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate
8 (9)	LOTTA LOVE	Nicolette Larson
9 (12)	SOUL MAN	Blues Brothers
10 (10)	GOT TO BE REAL	Cheryl Lynn
11 (13)	SHAKE IT	Ian Matthews
12 (8)	SEPTEMBER	Earth, Wind & Fire
13 (15)	SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT	Barry Manilow
14 (22)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer with Brooklyn Dreams
15 (17)	I WAS MADE FOR DANCIN'	Leif Garrett
16 (26)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
17 (19)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Melissa Manchester
18 (14)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel
19 (21)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
20 (11)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto
21 (25)	NO TELL LOVER	Chicago
22 (24)	BLUE MORNING, BLUE DAY	Foreigner
23 (28)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches & Herb
24 (16)	NEW YORK GROOVE	Ace Frehley
25 (20)	DON'T HOLD BACK	Chanson
26 (30)	DANCIN' SHOES	Nigel Olsson
27 (23)	HOME AND DRY	Gerry Rafferty
28 (29)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce
29 (—)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
30 (—)	WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE	Bobby Caldwell

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending February 10, 1979

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (2)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	17
2 (6)	ACTION REPLAY	Various (K-Tel)	4
3 (1)	DON'T WALK, BOOGIE	Various (EMI)	6
4 (4)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	4
5 (14)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5
6 (16)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4
7 (9)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	38
8 (3)	SHOWADYWADDY'S GREATEST HITS 1976-1978	(Arista)	9
9 (10)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket)	14
10 (7)	THE SINGLES 1974-1978	Carpenters (A&M)	10
11 (7)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	7
11 (8)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSD)	30
13 (12)	WINGS GREATEST	Wings (Parlophone)	7
14 (16)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	10
15 (27)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	57
16 (12)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int Hensa)	29
17 (11)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	25
18 (—)	TRES CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	1
19 (21)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	5
20 (20)	CRUISIN'	Village People (Mercury)	2
21 (—)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	1
22 (25)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	32
23 (24)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	3
24 (23)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	12
25 (17)	INCANTATIONS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	7
26 (—)	GREATEST HITS	Commodores (Motown)	5
27 (—)	THREE LIGHT YEARS	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1
28 (—)	JAZZ	Queen (EMI)	11
29 (19)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	31
30 (22)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)	14

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 10, 1979

This Last Week		
1 (2)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
2 (1)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
3 (3)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
4 (4)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
5 (9)	TOTALLY HOT	Olivia Newton-John
6 (7)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1	
7 (5)	GREATEST HITS	Barry Manilow
8 (8)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
9 (10)	TOTO	Toto
10 (13)	CRUISIN'	Village People
11 (6)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin
12 (12)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
13 (16)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
14 (14)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond
15 (20)	NICOLETTE	Nicolette Larson
16 (15)	BACKLESS	Eric Clapton
17 (17)	MOTOR BOOTY AFFAIR	Parliament
18 (19)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
19 (11)	GREASE	Various Artists
20 (22)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
21 (21)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
22 (—)	DIRE STRAITS	
23 (24)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart
24 (18)	LIVING IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
25 (27)	HERE MY DEAR	Marvin Gaye
26 (23)	JAZZ	Queen
27 (—)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
28 (29)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
29 (30)	CROSSWINDS	Peabo Bryson
30 (28)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

23 springtime concerts

LIZZY DOING THE ROUNDS

THIN LIZZY set out at the end of next month on a major British concert tour, taking in 23 shows and running into early May. The itinerary ties in with the release of their new album 'Black Rose', currently being recorded in Paris, and their first since guitarist Gary Moore re-joined the line-up. And as a prelude, they have a new single out on February 23 featuring two Phil Lynott compositions, 'Waiting For An Alibi' and 'With Love'. Also this week comes news that their last LP 'Live & Dangerous' has now gone Platinum in the UK alone.

The tour dates are BRIGHTON Centre (March 29), OXFORD New Theatre (31), STOKE Trentham Gardens (April 3), LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (5), PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (6), BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens (7), BRISTOL Colston Hall (8 and 9), STAFFORD Bingley

Hall (10), NEWCASTLE City Hall (11 and 12), GLASGOW Apollo (14), EDINBURGH Odeon (16), PRESTON Guildhall (17), SHEFFIELD City Hall (18), BRIDGINGTON Spa Pavilion (20), LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon (22 and 23), IPSWICH Gaumont (24), SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont (25), MANCHESTER Apollo (May 1 and 2) and LIVERPOOL Empire (3).

Tickets for Stoke, Stafford and Bridlington only are all priced at £3.50 and can only be obtained by post from Adrian Hopkins Promotions (to whom cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable), 77 Barton Road, Oxford. At all other venues, tickets cost £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50, and they go on sale to personal applicants this Saturday (10) — except at Portsmouth and Bristol, where box-offices open next Monday (12). All shows start at 8pm.



VICIOUS SONG IS LATEST SINGLE BY SEX PISTOLS

THE LATE Sid Vicious is featured singer on the A side of the next Sex Pistols single, a revival of the Eddie Cochran song 'Something Else'. Steve Jones handles the vocal on the flip side, 'Friggin' In The Riggins'. It's scheduled for February 23 release by Virgin, who had already planned it for that date prior to Vicious' death.

Release of the Pistols' film 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle', and the soundtrack album, will also go ahead as planned — though both will now be somewhat later than originally intended, for reasons unconnected with the Vicious tragedy. The LP is now expected to be issued next month, with the movie following in May.

● Sid Vicious — see page 23.

Magazine, Pop Group in major headlining tours

MAGAZINE begin a 12-date college tour at the end of this month, to coincide with the release of their new Virgin single 'Rhythm Of Cruelty' / 'TV Baby'. Then in April the band undertake an extensive nationwide series of specially selected dates, to aid promotion of their second album 'Secondhand Daylight' which comes out on March 30. Their April tour itinerary will be announced shortly, but meanwhile their dozen college gigs are:

Brighton Sussex University (February 26), Leicester University (27), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (28), Keele University (March 1), Uxbridge Brunel University (2), Colchester Essex University (3), Cambridge University (5), Lincoln College (6), York University (7), Glasgow Strathclyde University (8), Hull College (9) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (10).

THE POP GROUP begin an extensive tour later this month, supported on all dates by Alternative TV and reggae poet Linton Kwesi Johnson. Additionally, Marianne Faithfull will guest on some of the gigs, and Mancured Noise on others.

After The Pop Group's appearance with Public Image Ltd at Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall on February 23, the tour gets under way the next day at Liverpool University. Other confirmed dates include Newcastle University (28), Stirling University (March 1), Aberdeen University (2), Edinburgh University (3), Fife St. Andrew's University (4), Portsmouth Locarno (8), Birmingham Town Hall (9) and London Covent Garden St. Paul's Church (10).

Many more dates have still to be finalised during this period, before the package comes off the road in mid-March. Then towards the end of the following month, it sets out again on the second leg of the tour, opening at Bristol Colston Hall on April 24.

Biggun's Charabanc fails its road test

BEGGARS BANQUET have abandoned their ambitious plan for a package tour, along the lines of the two highly successful Stiff Records packages. As reported in early December, the show was scheduled to go on the road this month billed as 'T'Charabanc Tnp', and travelling throughout the country by coach. Ivor Biggun & The Red Nosed Burglars were to have headlined, supported by Johnny G. John Spencer and Duffo.

But the label's Nick Austin

admitted this week that the project has been called off. He told NME: "When we began trying to book dates, we found there were so many tours already lined up for February that it was almost impossible to get the venues we wanted. There were also problems with coach hire and, at the time, an acute petrol shortage — and we had no means of knowing how long it would last. So we decided reluctantly to drop the plan, though maybe we shall be able to reactivate it a bit later."

Andrews quits XTC

XTC have lost keyboard player Barry Andrews, who has left the band because of "personal differences and the fact that there was too much music to come out through the same outlet." (Well, that's what he said). He has no plans to form a permanent group, but hopes to continue gigging, using different combinations of musicians. But his first intention is to record an EP for March release by Virgin.

Meanwhile, XTC are auditioning guitarists and keyboard men, with a view to recording a new single and touring Britain in the

spring. Says guitarist Andy Partridge: "We're not seeking to replace Barry, but we're looking for someone who'll bring their own character to the band". They are also planning a return to America in the summer.

THE SKIDS have added four more dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago — at Plymouth Metro (March 11), Manchester Russell Club (23), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (24) and Dunfermline Kinema (25). Their debut album 'Scared To Dance' is now set for February 23 release by Virgin.



LIZZY LYNOTT

NEWS

BY DEREK JOHNSON

Judas going out in May

JUDAS PRIEST set out this week on what they call their 'Take On The World' World Tour. It opens with 14 concerts in Japan, some of which will be recorded for subsequent release as a live album. The band then travel on to the USA, where they play 45 concerts in the space of eight weeks. And they arrive in Britain in May to headline a 15-date tour of major venues. Their UK itinerary comprises:

Glasgow Apollo (May 12), Liverpool Empire (13), Manchester Apollo (15), Birmingham Odeon (16 and 17), Hanley Victoria Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Bradford St. George's Hall (22), Newcastle City Hall (23 and 24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Southampton Gaumont (27) and London Hammermith Odeon (28 and 29).

There's a possibility of more gigs being added, before the band leaves for Europe. Tickets for all their British shows are on sale now — Hammersmith prices are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, and at all other venues they are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. A support act has still to be named.



MOTORHEADING OUT ON OVERKILL DRIVE

MOTORHEAD set out next month on their most important tour to date, playing around 20 dates — all at leading venues. As reported last week, they top the bill at London Strand Lyceum on April 1, as part of the new series of Sunday rock concerts being staged there.

This London gig comes about midway through their tour, for which other venues confirmed so far are Newcastle Guildhall (March 26), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Glasgow Apollo (28), Liverpool

Empire (30), Aylesbury Friars (31) and Manchester Apollo (April 1).

Remaining dates are expected to be announced next week, and it's understood that American band Van Halen — who toured here last year with Black Sabbath — are being sought as special guests on the tour. It ties in with the release next month of Motorhead's new album 'Overkill', which is preceded this weekend by the title track issued as the band's new single.

America calls 999

999 leave for an American tour at the end of March, and have already been snapped up for club engagements in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Toronto, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Washington and Chicago — including three nights at the Whiskey in L.A. — despite the fact that they have no record deal at all in the States. It seems the tour has been set up solely on the strength of their reputation here at home.

They'll be away until the end of June and, on their return, will play a few selected dates around Britain. As reported last week, they headline the first of the new Sunday-night rock shows at London Lyceum on February 18 and — as they have not played in London since November — this will be their only concert in the capital for nine months.

Ed Case, temporarily replacing Pablo Labritain on drums, will accompany 999 to America. Labritain's arm, broken in a car accident, is healing well but won't be strong enough for him to play. He is currently undergoing physiotherapy treatment.

BILL HALEY'S UK CONCERTS

BILL HALEY & The Comets return to Britain next month for a concert tour promoted by Ember. Eight dates have been confirmed so far, but more are expected to be added next week. And there are plans for a TV documentary to be filmed around Haley's visit.

Dates are Bournemouth Winter Gardens (March 10 — tickets £4.50, £3.50, £2.50 and

£1.50), Bristol Colston Hall (11 — £4.50, £3.50, £2.50), Paington Festival Theatre (12, two shows — £4.50, £3.50), Harrogate Royal Hall (14, two shows — £4, £3.50, £2.50, £2), Birmingham Odeon (15 — £4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), London Rainbow (17 — £5, £4, £3, £2), Preston Guildhall (18, two shows — £4.50, £4, £3.50, £2.75) and Slough Fulcrum Centre (22, two shows — £4, £3.75, £3.50, £3, £2.75, £2.25).

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MANFREDS IN ACTION AGAIN

MANFRED MANN's Earth Band are back in business with a new single and album, a revised line-up, and plans for extensive tours of Europe and Britain. Their 1979 campaign gets under way this week with the release by Bronze of their new

single 'You Angel You'. It's taken from their upcoming LP 'Angel Station', their first since 'Watch' 14 months ago, which comes out on March 9.

The Earth Band have now acquired two permanent new members to replace Chris Slade (drums) and Dave Flett (guitar), who both left last year. The newcomers are ex-Gonzalez guitarist and vocalist Steve Waller and former Leo Sayer and Stomu Yamashta sideman John Lingwood on drums. Slade was originally replaced by ex-Wings drummer Geoff Britton — who, in fact, plays on the LP — but he has since had to drop out due to persistent recurrence of glandular fever, and Lingwood joined last month.

The Manfreds begin a massive 60-date European tour on March 23, taking them through eight different countries. And they begin a comprehensive 20-date British tour in June, details of which will be announced shortly. Tours of the United States and the Far East follow later in the year.



MANFRED MANN EARTH BAND

No concerts yet, says Townshend

DON'T EXPECT The Who to make their live comeback before the latter part of the summer. That was the message from Pete Townshend this week, following reports elsewhere implying that the band's concert return is fairly imminent.

Their spokesman told NME: "They are certainly discussing live dates, but they won't be doing an extensive tour. It'll be a question of a few selected venues in Britain, Europe and

possibly America. They don't want to play at huge arenas, so you can expect a week at a London theatre rather than a couple of nights at Wembley. But no venues have yet been booked, or even agreed."

The Who's first priority is to record some new material, and they go back into the studios this month with that in view. This is likely to occupy them until well into the spring, with a single emerging in a couple of months' time, followed by an album — probably coinciding with their concerts.

RECORD NEWS

Parker's poison pen

GRAHAM PARKER has been forced to change the B-side of his upcoming new single 'Protection', because his record company has objected to it! Parker wanted a song called 'Mercury Poisoning', which he wrote six months ago, as the coupling — and apparently this refers to his American label, Mercury Records, who are affiliated to his British outlet Phonogram. The chorus line (which runs 'I've got Mercury poisoning... The best kept secret in the West') has been construed as a reflection on the company's promotion department.

So Parker has now hurriedly recorded an alternative B-side, his version of the Jacksons' 'I Want You Back', which he laid down in just three hours on the Stiff mobile unit during rehearsals for his forthcoming UK tour. The single is now scheduled for release on February 23, and a limited edition 12-inch version will also be available. He intends to perform the rejected song on his tour dates.

Stiff album for gig-goers only!

STIFF RECORDS are putting out a live six-track album, recorded during their Be Stiff package tour last autumn, but available only to people who attended one of the shows. It comprises six different versions of the Devo song 'Be Stiff' performed in turn by Wreckless Eric, Jona Lewis, Rachel Sweet, Lane Lovich, Mickey Jupp and finally by the entire company. It costs £1.15 (including post and packing) from Stiff at 32 Alexander Street, London W2 — but, when ordering, applicants must send in their ticket stubs or proof of attendance at one of the gigs.

Harrison album

GEORGE HARRISON's long-awaited new album is scheduled for Warner Brothers release on February 23, with his name as its title. All tracks are self-penned, except 'If You Believe' on which he collaborated with Gary Wright. Other songs include 'Not Guilty', 'Dark Sweet Lady', 'Love Comes To Everyone' and 'Here Comes The Moon'. Among backing musicians are Stevie Winwood, Willie Weeks and Andy Newmark.

BONEY M LATEST

BONEY M's follow-up to their Christmas chart-topper is 'Painter Man', taken from their 'Night Flight To Venus' album and released by Atlantic on February 16. The song was originally recorded by The Creation in 1965.

● **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** new single has now been named as 'The Staircase (Mystery)', for release by Polydor on February 23, the same day as 'Whenever I'm Away From You' by John Travolta.

● **American singer and guitarist George Benson** has finished work on a new studio double album 'Livin' Inside Your Love', for release here by Warner Brothers on March 9. Plans are under way for Benson to visit Britain later this year for a series of concerts with guest musicians.

● **Former Temptations lead singer David Ruffin** has signed with Warner Brothers and is currently working on his first LP for the label.

● **Poly Styrene and X-Ray Spex** are back in the studios this week recording their next single 'Highly Inflammable', planned for late February release by EMI — once again in a full colour picture sleeve.

● **Martin Gaye's** first UK single release for almost two years is out this week on Motown. It's a 12-inch featuring 'A Funky Space Reincarnation' and 'Got To Give It Up', with a total playing time of almost 20 minutes.

● **Pierre Moeren's Gong** have an LP called 'Downwind' issued by Arista tomorrow (Friday), entirely written and produced by Moeren, and with guest appearances by Mike Oldfield (guitar) and Steve Winwood (moog) on the title track. Issued simultaneously on the same label is the LP 'True Stories' by David Sancious & Tone.

● **Neel Ticker's** first album in over a year 'Take Away' comes out this weekend, featuring the band's new line-up, and it marks their debut on the Logo label. Issued at the same time is a single taken from the LP called 'The Shape I'm In'.

● **Briefcase Full Of Blues** by The Blues Brothers, a No. 1 album in the States, is issued here by Arista on March 9. It's preceded this weekend by a single, the old Sam & Dave hit 'Soul Man'.

● **Other March 9 album releases** from WEA include 'Hard Times For Lovers' by Judy Collins, 'Headin' Home' by Gary Wright and 'Slide Away The Screen' by Ralph McTell. Due in April are albums from Joni Mitchell, Emmylou Harris, The Eagles and Joni Mitchell. Neil Young's next for Reprise 'Rust Never Sleeps' is slated for June.

Keith solo due



KEITH RICHARDS' much-heralded and eagerly-awaited solo single 'Run Rudolph Run' is now scheduled for February 16 release by Rolling Stones Records. The B-side is the Jimmy Cliff standard 'The Harder They Come', and both tracks were arranged and produced by Richards.

● **The Strawbs'** 'Part Of The Union', which topped the singles charts in 1973, is reissued by A&M next week — presumably in view of the present union activity!

● **Roxy Music's** comeback album is now officially titled 'Manifesto' and set for March 2 release by Polydor.

● Recorded in the late '60s, a live double set by **Lou Reed & The Velvet Underground** is issued next week by Phonogram, retailing at £5.50.

● **Metabolism** have their first record out this week on their own Dromm label — it's an EP with 15 minutes of playing time. Available from J. Bailey, 18 Rokeby House, Cahoor Road, London SW12. Price is £1.25 including postage.

● **Bob Marley & The Wailers** have just started work in Jamaica on a new album, with Alex Sadkin as producer. It's scheduled for release in the early summer to tie in with their world tour which, as previously reported, will include British dates.

● **A Frank Zappa** album entitled 'Sleep Dirt' is issued by Discreet on March 9, with another LP 'Orchestral Favourites' planned for June through the same outlet. This is not new Zappa material — his newly recorded double set 'Sheik Yerbouti' is out on CBS, with whom he recently signed.

● **'Briefcase Full Of Blues** by The Blues Brothers, a No. 1 album in the States, is issued here by Arista on March 9. It's preceded this weekend by a single, the old Sam & Dave hit 'Soul Man'.

● **Other March 9 album releases** from WEA include 'Hard Times For Lovers' by Judy Collins, 'Headin' Home' by Gary Wright and 'Slide Away The Screen' by Ralph McTell. Due in April are albums from Joni Mitchell, Emmylou Harris, The Eagles and Joni Mitchell. Neil Young's next for Reprise 'Rust Never Sleeps' is slated for June.

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CRISP. IN A HUGE IN AMERICA SORT OF WAY.

JOE JACKSON, ex Portsmouth, newly fitted out with the trappings of stardom and sounding like he deserves it, explains how things started cooking.

THE HANDS spell nerves: balled into fists and rammed into the pockets of the pinstripe jacket. The elbows jerk and the knees twitch, the face is contorted into a frown of concentration; Joe Jackson is making sure the set starts off right.

Around and behind him, his band rampage through "One More Time" with the fierce economy that characterises Jackson's music; a lesson learned from reggae and Dr Feelgood, everything taut and mobile.

"Spiv Rock" say the buttons and stickers: a Jackson joke that A&M Records took seriously. "Look Sharp!" says the album cover: a Jackson joke that I took seriously. Thursday night at Dingwalls: pay attention!

Joe Jackson is the name on 1979's first great first album. A tall thin man with a truculent baby face, a domed forehead and a short coxcomb of hair, a Leo (you can always spot Leos: they all look as though they ought to have their pictures stamped onto eggs), a mod.

Not a displaced '60s mod, not a kid living a vision derived from old Small Faces album covers, but a '70s mod.

His album title is an appropriate play on words: Jackson has a sharpness modified by a mild, self-parodying belligerence. On record he sounds a touch like Elvis Costello, but his stage demeanour is more reminiscent of Lee Brilleaux or Graham Parker.

"Crisp" is the word that comes to mind when you dip into the adjective satchel for something that describes his singing. It's articulate, matter-of-fact, down-to-earth, economical, precise, untheatrical, forceful and assured as well, but "crisp" does it better.

The same adjective will also perform sterling service to describe his band: Graham Maby bobs and weaves stage right, punching out riffs, fills and comments that simultaneously underpin and lead Gary Sanford's jabbing remorseless rhythm guitar while Dave Houghton stays on the case in the engine room. On the album, Maby dominated most of

the instrumental department with ease whereas on stage he's simply first among equals — behind Jackson, that is. And by the end of the number Jackson has unbent enough to open his eyes and drag his fists out of his pockets as the applause washes over him. Crisply.

JOE JACKSON gave the impression of having come from nowhere during the dying days of last year when A&M released his first single "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" and sent him out on tour as support to The Pleasers (as obscure a means of warming an act up as could possibly be desired).

The single got Jackson a reputation as a man to be watched, though despite its excellence it didn't exactly send him careening to the heights of public attention, and the tour was conducted under conditions of such secrecy that I didn't even know it had taken place until a couple of months after it finished.

Joe Jackson didn't come from nowhere: he came from Portsmouth. He'd taken his demos round to United Artists, who'd declined to involve themselves in

either his present or future activities.

However, they did put him onto Albion Music, who — as impressed by Jackson's songs as any rational people should be — signed him to a publishing contract. The Albionite who signed him, an affable, bearded fellow by the name of John Teller, later became his manager.

From Albion, the demos went to producer David Kershenbaum, who immediately alerted A&M Records while simultaneously booking studio time. So it was that Jackson took time out of his first day of recording to hop over to the A&M office to — tadaaaa! — sign the contract.

Whammo! Suddenly there he was, kitted out with all the apparatus: manager, publisher, record company, ready to take his tilt at whatever people take their tilt at when they dive into the glitzy world of rock music.

So the single came out, the album came out and Jackson is currently slugging his way through a minefield of club dates before A&M — whose U. S. offices sat up and looked sharp as soon as they clapped ear to tape — whisk him off to the States to launch the album over there in March. After

that... who knows? He could be El Monstroso in the States by the time Radio 1 start asking "Joe who?" and playlisting the next single.

But of course, right now Joe Jackson is onstage at Dingwalls explaining that he and his band have all got flu (the applause for the second number, the single B-side "The Fever", having just subsided), goodnaturedly fencing with the hecklers and getting set to run through his album material, a couple new songs (one of which, "I'm The Man", is a hilarious and piercing attack on manufactured trends that I can't wait to hear on record) and a splendidly incongruous piano performance of the Burke-Van Heuses obscure standard "Polkadots And Moonbeams."

Jackson's piano sits behind Graham Maby, and he occasionally rushes over to it to plunk out a hasty interlude. The basic trio sound of the band is so full, complete and appropriate, however, that the piano sequences seem like afterthoughts: they intrude rather than extend a lot of the time.

A&M's managing director, Derek Green, is over by the mixing desk. He is feeling no pain. In his white

windcheater, beard and baseball boots, he's the living image of Record Magnate In Repose. "Good, innit?" someone enthuses.

"Better," responds Green. "He was awful when he started." The enthusiast inquires how Jackson is A&M's best signing since the Pistols.

Ouch. "If he makes an album as good as 'Never Mind The Bollocks', I'd be delighted," mumbles Green ruefully (a foot on his sore corn, a footstep on his grave). The enthusiast inquires how Jackson first came to Green's attention. "He didn't," retorts the magnate. "I was out of the country when he was signed."

Such confidence and enthusiasm is moving beyond belief.

Still, Green's in the dressing room laughing it up backstage with Joe and the band after the set and things get sufficiently hilarious for a seat to collapse under him, so we can assume that a good time was had by all. Must've been, because just as Jackson was moving into his herky-jerky idiosyncratic encore of Chuck Berry's "Come On" (take a pinch of the Stones' version, add a touch of reggae feel, double the line lengths from four to eight bars and you got it), someone over by the toilet door broke out the amyl nitrate and stank the place out.

Flu or no flu, Jackson and his men laid out a show that says they know what they're doing, and even under par it's clear that they just need the last lick of polish that a little solid giggling brings in order to put on a real contender of a show. Look sharp!

FIRST THING in the morning, Joe Jackson is smooth-faced and blinking in the leather jacket that he wears "for knocking about in." He is horrified at the notion of being photographed in such a garment. "After all, you gotta look sharp," he smirks self-consciously. He refuses cigarettes, requests a can of shandy, settles down in a cold office with walls emblazoned with Strangers propaganda.

The bass-driven arrangements which frame most of his songs derive from his reggae fixation — "Though having a very good bass

■ Continues over

■ From previous page

player helps. That's the way I like to arrange things. It makes them more interesting. I started with Marley around the time of 'Burnin'. 'Natty Dread' was the first reggae album I bought.

"So I can't say that I got into it when I was a skinhead." Jackson assumes a studiously 'street' accent and demeanour. "All me mates woz into it an' all the 'ardest kids at school woz black an' at [sniff]. He returns to normal mode. "I wasn't a teenage Prince Buster fan. Basically I heard Marley and thought this is really good and since then I've been really into reggae."

So what were your teenage

kicks? "I was really into classical music, as it happens." He pauses briefly. "I was a slightly odd teenager." He gives the word odd a savagely ironic twist.

"A normal teenager goes to youth clubs and tries desperately to pick up girls and plays football. I didn't do any of those things. I didn't play football because I've been a really bad asthmatic all my life. I didn't try to pick up girls because... ahhhhhh... I used to think that I didn't stand a chance, and I didn't go to youth clubs because the other kids who did go seemed to be pretty boring."

"So I started getting into music in my early teens. I thought this is great. I'll be an intellectual, not like the rest of them. So I was an odd one out all the way through my childhood and teens. I just felt rather... odd." A chuckle of nervous embarrassment. "This is all good psychological stuff."

"I've got a very bad memory, actually. I find it very hard to pin down exactly what got me into music. What was the first song you wrote, what was the first record that turned you on and all that. I don't remember. It was all a very gradual thing, but I don't really think very much about the past. It wasn't that painful, but I didn't have a particularly happy childhood and teenage. Then again, I don't think it was especially traumatic."

"I wasn't very much into rock music as a teenager. It may seem strange, but there it is. The first rock music that I liked was The Beatles and Stones, but that was when I was about ten, so even though I really liked all that stuff, I wasn't really old enough to think about forming bands or anything. So it was quite a while later that I came full circle and started liking rock music again and started getting into bands."

Jackson ended up doing three years at the London College of Music, and was rated as a highly promising young pianist. So: an ex-child prodigy, hein?

"Sort of, yeah. Not a prodigy in the sense that I could play concertos when I was ten, though. I mean, I taught myself most of my piano playing, and I was probably a better pianist then than I am now, actually."

Though Jackson was born in Burton-on-Trent, he grew up in Portsmouth, where he lived until January of '78.

"It's not a particularly nice place, but it's all right. I actually have quite an affection for Portsmouth. I go back there quite often, since my parents live down there... a lot of my friends and my girlfriend."

JACKSON WAS highly taken with the first stirrings of the New Wave. "It was great. At first I thought this is ridiculous, I used to really laugh at it, I thought it was really funny. The Damned I thought were great. They were the first punk band that I got into because they seemed so outrageous. They were totally over the top when I saw them on that tour they did with Marc Bolan. Ridiculous. They made me really laugh."

"And then I saw The Clash, and they made me realise. They knocked me out, and I thought *shit, they really mean it, these people. That was a definite influence.*

"And the Feelgoods! They really started the New Wave, a lot more than most people seem to think. They were definitely the first New Wave band. Everybody says it was the Pistols who started it, but I

couldn't really see the Pistols happening without the Feelgoods happening first."

Jackson knocked around a few bands in Portsmouth: Edward Bear were a straightforward top-40 working men's club band who changed their name after a Canadian group called Edward Bear got an album out. Then there was Arms And Legs.

"Arms And Legs was the *pro* original material/recording type of act. It evolved out of Edward Bear, who were a shameless pop band. I played piano and used to sing a couple of songs, but I wasn't the actual lead singer. When I left Arms And Legs I went through an intense period of getting my writing and singing together, because I wanted to do it for me rather than for a band. Just ego, I guess. Just becoming aware of what I had to offer and thinking that I had to be able to do more than this."

From Arms And Legs, Jackson played piano in the Portsmouth Playboy Club and worked as musical director for a cabaret act called Coffee And Cream while saving up enough money to record his demos and have them pressed up into album form. The demos went around to United Artists and... we've done this bit. Onwards.

It is appropriate that Jackson got his first in to what is laughingly referred to as The Big Time through his Albion publishing contract, because — even over and above the excellence of his band and his not inconsiderable strengths as a performer and vocalist — his songwriting is his most striking calling card.

"So this is what happened to powerpop," mused a friend to whom I played Jackson's album. The comment is less cynical and less misguided than it would first appear: the songs have energy, wit, melody and solid harmonic structures. His lyrics are defiant, idealistic, ironic (just how ironic some of them are didn't hit me until after I'd written last week's album review). Hence, some of the analyses therein included are a trifle simplistic: a fact Jackson

points out with ill-disguised glee.

"The lyrics that I write change constantly. I've got a song that I'm working on right now called 'It's Different For Girls', which is a phrase that you hear a lot. It reverses the stereotype relationship: in this song the girl just wants a fuck and it's the bloke who's getting all sensitive."

"I want to get right away from all that macho shit, but at the same time I don't want to do the Elvis Costello god-I've-been-burnt-in-love thing either, even though songs like that do try to put forward a realistic approach to relationships."

"I think my songs are all the songs of a survivor rather than, as you pointed out, cultivated hostility."

"Take 'Happy Loving Couples'. What that song isn't taking a slap at easy target: let's knock marriage. It's easy to knock. If I haven't got a girlfriend and he has then he's a cunt. There the line

wanna be really wanna be what my friends pretend to be — all these couples who pretend to be so happy; maybe their relationship isn't as good as what I want. It's saying that I don't want a false relationship. 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?' is intended to be humorous: you can't take an opening line like that seriously."

"The only really bitter song there is 'Fools In Love'. It's about when you split up with your girlfriend and you think what a load of shit all that turned out to be."

Recording bores Jackson, which is why he keeps his records sophisticatedly basic (apart from the odd vocal harmony, there's little or no overdubbing on the album). Apart from a slightly more extrovert on-stage role for Sanford, what you hear onstage is what you hear on the "Look Sharp!" tracks and vice versa. Songwriting and performing are the buzzes; recording is a chore.

He used to have a synthesiser and a clavinet, but he's cut his onstage equipment back to one battered electric piano and a pocketfull of mouthharps. "What we didn't want when we were recording the album was your

typical '77/'78 New Wave band sound, where you've got this very middley Ramones-type guitar going ramalamalama all the time. We wanted to get right away from that and have more of a reggae mix, where you have a very upfront bass and drums and the guitar is very thin and keeps going in and out doing chops and things. Some of the songs could probably have done with a bigger guitar sound, but that's on reflection after having done a few months of gigs. I think that thin guitar sound works, though, because it makes more distinctive, gives it more character. The idea is to leave a lot of gaps to let the song really come through."

And that leaves the States.

"I DON'T really know much about the States and I can't really comment on things I don't know much about. I haven't been there and I don't know what the average American rock fan is really like. One gets the impression that the average American rock fan must be mentally retarded. I've been told that L.A. is four years behind London and that New York is two years behind London. Why that is — or whether that's true — I don't know."

Jackson's view of the current scene over here is that "there seem to be lots of culty little bands around and each one of them seems to have about two good songs. There's no one artist about who you can think of as really good and who you'd want to have an album of — just all these silly little bands. Actually, I'm sure some of them are really good, but none of them seem to be... going anywhere."

Joe Jackson is going somewhere (and I don't just mean the States, smartass). While I would prefer to have a diarrhetic rhinoceros sit on my sandwiches than to finger anyone as the future of rock and roll (or anything even faintly resembling same), anyone wanting to pip Joe Jackson for "Best First Album Of 1979" is going to have to go some to do it. So hey, ace, shut your face.

And look sharp!

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THRILLS

Now Jim Says It:

"I QUIT"

ON WEDNESDAY, January 31, Sham 69 played their last ever gig.

Last week's forboding Sham-review headline — "If this doesn't make him think twice, nothing will" — was prophetic. Jimmy didn't even have to think twice. Before he walked on stage at famed rock club, Friars Aylesbury, to face nine hundred expectant Sham fans, he'd made up his mind. In fact, over in the pub before the gig he had to be persuaded from going home there and then.

He'd had enough of seeing his gigs ruined and innocent fans stomped by extremist psycho-slobs, enough of being a figurehead and the first to cop the blame when it goes wrong. Whatever. Jimmy Pursey's an emotional, highly-strung bloke, sensitive to every word written about him. It was building up inside him, getting worse as the next Sham gig was wrecked through the Herham four's 18-month reign as main moron-magnets.

The hammer blow was the Middlesex Poly debacle a week ago last Friday, when over-enthusiastic or aggressive factions (where do you draw the line?) wrecked the gig leaving the set chopped, faces bloody and Jimmy in tears. Worse for Sham was the fact that the whole thing was captured on film by the BBC for showing on a forthcoming edition of *Arena*. What place would book 'em after seeing that?

When news of the Hendon horror got out, two dates of the three remaining on Sham's mini-tour were cancelled. Aylesbury was the only survivor. Between Friday and Wednesday the severely-shaken Jimmy made his decision.

You could have forgiven Friars promoter Dave Stopps for

No more Sham gigs as Pursey feels the strain of stardom.

cancelling too. Ticket sales were far from heavy — the result of Dave deciding against blanket-advertising to cut the chances of mob invasion, besides which a lot of the locals were simply scared to go.

Stopps was also prepared to drop a few hundred quid rather than forgo the extra security drafted in to stave any repeats of Hendon. As it happened, this extra man-and-dog-power wasn't really needed. The crowd was boisterous and enthusiastic but there was no hint of the menace which has marked "the ones that went wrong". A broken mirror in the ladies was the night's major casualty. There was easily more hostility in the air at the Enid gig a few weeks before.

As soon as Sham took the stage, to the strains of "2001" and a deafening welcome-roar, you didn't have to be sober to see something was up. Jim paced the stage like a caged kitty and spat the lyrics with twice the usual venom, which the band matched.

Two songs in and the bombshell was dropped. "This is the last gig that Sham 69 are ever gonna play", Pursey sneered in a dead slow monotone with a contempt not heard since early Rotten.

Silence as nine hundred tongues were swallowed. Pursey whips the band into "Cockney Kids Are Innocent", changing the words to "Sham 69 are innocent".

The next few numbers were delivered with an all-consuming rage which surpasses any lather I've seen Pursey in before. You'd think every writer who'd ever slagged Sham was standing six

feet away instead of those worshipping kids desperate now to wring their last bit of enjoyment from the soon-to-be-extinct species of Live Sham.

Pursey also sang The Beatles' "Day Tripper", laying such heavy emphasis on the line "it took me so long to find out" that his voice gave way.

"Someone just threw a penny on stage," announced Pursey between songs. "Well, I don't need no money, I got plenty of money... give it to The Clash or Generation X."

"They slagged us off for this song, but they don't know... it came from here, FROM HERE!" says Pursey clutching his heart and the band lash into a thunderous version of "If The Kids Are United". And so it went on, Jimmy stripping down and dedicating "Rip Off" to his shirt, dousing the pogoers with a fire extinguisher, effectively halting those who dared to gob: one man in turmoil while the crowd thought they were seeing the best gig Sham had ever done, and probably were.

As the set progressed into the "That's Life" song Jimmy eased off the barrage. There was a melee of encores and Sham 69 ended their performing career by smashing their equipment to pieces, seeing "My Generation" to an early grave.

Somehow Jim repeatedly pummeling the stage with Doobie Cocker's tom-tom came over as a harmless parallel to the senseless agro of Hendon.

When it was all over Dave Stopps told the group they could play Aylesbury again any time. How ironic that their last ever gig

(if it is) should be one of the only times they've ever been asked back by a promoter.

Of course kids besieged and beseeched a confused and distraught JP not to jack it in, and he was wavering, but next day Polydor said the decision was final.

So, apparently no more Sham 69 gigs. Thousands will go without for the actions of a retarded handful — but ain't that always the way?

Sham'll become a studio band and Jim will have more time for his dogs and his record label. But this sorry business — whether you like Sham 69 or hate 'em — comes as a sad example of a group forced into a corner by its own public image.

KRIS NEEDS

THRILLS

BOUNCER GOES FREE

NO SOONER has the dust settled on the casebooks of the sad and sorry tale of Henry Bowles, inadvertently 'killed' by bouncers (*Thrills*, December 9), than news comes of another, depressingly similar case.

A bouncer called Sandy McGuigan, a mere 17½ stone and the defence's only witness, emerged a free man from Ayr. West Scotland's High Court on January 24. He had been charged with the murder — by punching to death — of Billy Hogarth outside the Moorings Ballroom in Largs, Ayrshire some 2½ months earlier.

Leading bay operator Hogarth and friend David Rumbold had stopped to talk to an acquaintance in a group of young people who'd just been ejected from the Ballroom disco around midnight on October 8/7. Subsequent events are confused, but the gist of them seem to be that a man, McGuigan presumably, came out of the Ballroom and, in Rumbold's words, "moved towards the crowd. There was a bit of pushing. Some words were exchanged. Then the man hit Billy, and he staggered. Then the man hit him again and he fell to the ground."

Alexander Cameron, a coach driver and former police officer who had been waiting there to pick up

passengers, added weight to the prosecution case by stating that in his opinion there was absolutely no provocation for the attack on Hogarth.

McGuigan, however, claimed he had been drawn to the scene because he "did not want to see the wee girl (an apparently very drunk Main McQueen) being kicked", also that he was "95% certain the person who punched me was William Hogarth, but I can't be sure".

The result of McGuigan's courageous action was that Billy Hogarth was taken to hospital, returning home only, in his mother's words, semi-conscious the next day. On October 9 he was admitted to Glasgow's Southern General Hospital with heavy internal bleeding in the head. He was operated on, but died on October 12, medical evidence pointing to McGuigan's punching as the direct cause of death.

Despite all this *prima facie* evidence, the jury on the case returned a verdict of "not proven". McGuigan himself will be back on the job, he hopes, very soon.

THE PUNTER'S FRIEND

THRILLS



トランダー・ブレンジュー・ベス
ハイウェイ・ベース・ダンズ (200W) 4

GRENN HUGHES

①1953年8月21日
②イギリス
③ロンドン時代カンセツのダンス・バンドで、ベース・プレイヤー・カリストとして活動していた。卒業後、トランズというバンドを結成、数回ライブ・ツアーを行った。70年5月にデビュー・アルバムを発表した。その後、ドラムス、ベースのトリオ編成となり、よりシンプルでハードなサウンドを目指して活動していた。
73年、ニュー・ヨークのウィスキー・ゴ

You remember Glenn Hughes, bass player with Deep Purple, who were enormous in Japan until Red Zeppelin came along. Here he is shown demonstrating his favourite method of groin injury for readers of Japanese pop magazine Music Life.



BLONDIE'S SHADY PAST

AT ALMOST the exact moment that Blondie's fetching disco bounce 'Heart Of Glass' toppled Ian Dury & his Blockheads from the No. 1 spot, a curious artefact arrived on the Thrills desk.

Accompanying the above photo — a rare shot of Blondie not three weeks after Debbie Harry and Chris Stein had broken up The Stilettoes and formed the group we know and admire today — was a single.

No ordinary single this — in fact, it had no label, no information, and no other distinguishing features. A quick earful on the office portable, however, rapidly disclosed the dulcet tones of Debbie herself, complementing the wistful melodiousness of her boys in a primitive yet decidedly assured style on four songs: 'Out In The Streets', 'Thin Line', 'Puerto Rico' and 'Platinum Blonde'.

Our spies inform us that the songs were originally recorded as a demo by erstwhile New York Rocker proprietor Alan Betrock on a basement eight-track in June 1975 — the same time as the photo — with all vocals done in one take. The line-up, as in the pic above, was (l-r): Clem Burke, Debbie, Gary Valentine and Chris Stein sporting Beatie wig. Keyboard player Jimmy Destri joined soon after.

Five songs were cut, the missing number being known enigmatically as simply 'The Disco Song' —

which, with the addition of a few synthesizer parts, is in fact the disco song that is probably blaring from a transistor radio even as you read this in its current incarnation as the nation's No. 1 sound.

Especially note-worthy, though, is 'Platinum Blonde', written by D. Harry and quickly identifiable as the three-week-old group's signature tune.

"I wanna be a platinum blonde," chirps Debbie. "Just like all those sexy stars. Marilyn and Jean. Jayne, Mae and Marlene. I'll walk into a bar and I'll have it made." Here's how: "I tried wearing a wig for a while, but now I'm gonna get some peroxide from the beauty supply. 'Cos that's ALL it takes!"

As things stand, this prime example of an impatient pop consciousness will remain unreleased. The copy we have is a test pressing (not a bootleg) of an EP that Alan Betrock was going to put out until Blondie changed his mind by setting him up in a dream date with Ronnie Spector. Betrock, who has just published a complete annotated discography of the girlie groups of the '60s (price \$4 airmail from 89 Bleeker St. NYC 10012, USA), was predictably ecstatic.

Chrysalis, however, are reportedly interested in releasing the tapes in some form or other, since hearing them played no small part in persuading the company to buy out Blondie's contract with Private Stock in '77.

PAUL RAMBALI

SNIFFIN' FANZINES

(THE APPROVED TEST FOR RIGOR MORTIS)

LAST TIME this paper paid a visit to the fanzine corps the state of health in that body was found to be weak and wanting. After all, when did somebody last try to persuade you to part with 20p for a piece of crude and volatile graffiti?

The useless and often dangerous new cynicism that descended when punk didn't change the universe fell no less heavily on the fanzines, from within and without — hardly surprising considering the two both grew from the same basic impulse, the spirit of spunky self-wrought self-expression.

Of course, the fanzines all started to look the same after a while, but then so too did the people they were writing about and writing for.

Mark P sold the rights to *Sniffin' Glue* just in time for a coffee table edition to appear in the stockings of Xmas '77. The money, incidentally, went towards supporting his band.

A few months later the Pistols broke up and the aftermath was confusion, best illustrated by a page in *Ripped & Torn* contrasting a letter imploring Tony D to use his fanzine to "fight the authority, commercialisation (power slop, Boy, Seditiousness) and all the other vermin that try to keep us down" with a Tony Benyon cartoon where dude A is complaining about the state of the world while dude B just wants to talk about things that really matter, like whether punks will be replaced by power-poppers (remember them?).

Reading these Xerox barometers of a music scene now is much like surveying the scene itself, obviously enough.

Whatever disillusionment there was has turned around or else turned to apathy and disappeared — since you don't put out a fanzine if you don't care.

There is still a good deal of desperate huffing and puffing at the punk embers: cries to keep punk alive and that punk is this or punk is that, all reeking of the sort of small-mindedness that made hippies refuse to listen to singles (really!) or wear loon pants (an older kind of bondage strides).

But mostly there's a fragmentation that echoes the mood of the music. The assimilation into the inudetry that happened to the bands has, in a similar but smaller way, happened to the fanzines.

NME, MM and Sounds have all recruited from their ranks.

As with the bands, this isn't strictly a bad thing. More people can be reached and the inevitable professionalism that results makes it easier to express ideas. However,

in both cases there's the danger that professionalism becomes an excuse and a disguise for a lack of ideas and a loss of energy.

Zig-Zag, grand-daddy of the fanzies, swapped its rocking chair for leathers and usurped the style and readership of the Glue Generation, while it's old audience retired to the halcyon daze of *Dark Star*, *Comstock Lode* etc., or the sturdy mainstream of *Deja Vu* and *Way Ahead*.

Meanwhile the remains of the Glue Generation — *Negative Reaction*, *Ripped & Torn* etc. — are just that. Although the latest *R&T*, borrowing phrases like 'petit-bourgeois' and 'the Enemies of Liberation' from the RAR rag *Temporary Hoarding*, shows signs of life.

If the old approach is stale and tired — and the fact that fewer fanzines are being sold these days attests to this — then what's needed is a new approach. Though please, not just new for its own sake — all this ersatz modernity is getting to be a big pain.

Pick up an issue of *Heat* for clues or inspiration. It's an Irish fanzine with extraordinary strong visuals and no dearth of editorial vision. The Fabrics, The Sinners and The Sweet rub shoulders with Robert Crumb, John Cassavetes and Linton Johnson.

I couldn't ask for more than finding The Hulk, Wire and Nick Roeg together between the same covers.

The writing is devoid of the punk gospel preaching found elsewhere and endowed with a naïve enthusiasm that is a whole lot more contagious and therefore stands a better chance of inspiring the thought or deed that the others seek to.

Equally contagious, though narrower in scope, is Scotland's *Next Big Thing*. The musical bent is the more credible spectrum of U.S. rock, with special mentions for the more crazed HM exponents. (Snide reactionary jokes at Tom Robinson's expense do give cause for concern, however.)

Guttersnipe, utilising a commando style (they steal a lot of their stuff) generates the required excitement in short, punchy doses. Issue two features a look at the sexual mores of two 16-year-old virgins, both girls. They couldn't find a boy who would admit to being a virgin.

Finally some hot satire from the town that is "all things that can make you go to sleep rolled into one" can be found in the *Surrey Vortex*, made up almost entirely of adulterated comic cut-ups.

Four examples of what a fanzine can be if it tries. There are more: the semi-pro new music biased *Dangerous Logic*, the wilfully amateurish *King's Rd*, the

LOWRY



"Now that they've begun to shift the units, I think it's time to start diverting their energies away from supporting left-wing ideologies and socialist causes and into internal bickering, drug abuse, isolation from ordinary people, contempt for their audiences and integration into the diseased rock business establishment."



REMEMBER GREG KIHNN



desperate and vitriolic California fanzine *Starting Fires*.

But still, wading through the current crop I couldn't find anything to match the machine gun tirade of pent up emotion that Julie Burchill rightly applauded in a

(now) old issue of *Der Sun*. Second-hand ideas stapled together is no substitute for what you *really* feel.

The fanzines boom began by calling for action; partly a reaction against the sluggish regular music

press. If you're tired of consuming the same old facts from the same old fanzines then start your own. But initiate, don't imitate.

PAUL RAMBALI
THROLOS

BRIGHTON ROCK SWAMPED IN SEA OF RED TAPE

CONTRARY TO what some people would have you believe, the provincial music scenes in this country are not limited to Leeds and Manchester. For a town of its size, Brighton has one of the most active rock 'n' roll communities in existence. Or did have...

The year 1979 hasn't gotten off very auspicious start around this neck of the woods. Despite the healthy sales figures for the "Vaultage '78" compilation (reviewed in NME two weeks ago), it now appears that the contributing bands may find themselves short of venues from which to promote their respective efforts.

The reason is that Brighton council has adopted Part IV of the Public Health Acts (Amendments) Act of 1890.

The upshot of that Victorian mouthful is that pubs featuring live bands have had to close until they are granted a music and dancing licence.

And many premises will face a hefty bill for modifications to comply with fire and noise regulations.

Hardest hit has been The Alhambra, where 90 per cent of Brighton bands have cut their teeth. The Richmond remains unaffected, but The New Regent — formerly a leading rock venue — has been converted into a disco club.

However, a large number of applications are due to be heard by the magistrates on February 7, so it's possible that the future doesn't look so bleak.

So what am I bleating about? The main bone of contention is the way in which the amendment was applied. The council adopted the act last summer, but most of the venues were not aware of its existence until a few days before it was brought into force. Perhaps if they'd made some effort to inform the licensees concerned many of the current crop of closures could have been avoided.

The ostensible reason for the

council introducing the act was to allow some places to apply for special hours certificates which allow late drinking.

It's thought in some quarters, though, that this legislation might not be totally unconnected with the opening of the new yacht marina and conference shed. Maybe the council think that moored international yachtpersons and conferencing organisations won't be attracted to Brighton by a plethora of three-chord thrashabouts spilling out of town centre pubs.

The other major disaster so far has hit leading Brighton new wave band The Piranhas. On their way back from a gig in Hastings they were involved in a serious road accident which killed their road manager 27-year-old Dave Bullock and hospitalised Zoot Alors, the sax player. Their car was parked in a lay-by with the group resting inside, when another car crashed into its rear.

It couldn't have happened at a worse time — a major record company has been expressing interest in them, and they have been booked for a spot on the Peel show. However, the remainder of the band are determined to keep the ball rolling, and have been auditioning for a session sexist to tide them over until Zoot gets back on his feet.

Still, now for the good news. The "Vaultage" set has given the indigenous bands some well-deserved publicity.

Two home-grown outfits, The Molesters and Nicky And The Dots are getting one-off singles put out by Small Wonder, while hard rock purveyors Laughing Gass are currently recording some demos at Portsmouth's Telecom Studios.

A large bonus also comes in the shape of the Vault, once a venue itself, but now doing valuable service as a cheap rehearsal studio.

So take note, you out there. Brighton rock may have taken a clogging, but no way is it out for the count!

STEVE B. JONES

THROLOS



Local lads lookin' black

THE DODGEMS. Pic: FER-NANDO.

MBER BAND



—Millionaires and Teddy Bears

Kevin Coyne's new album out now on Virgin

fresh clean
Bowtows

"If Kevin Keegan is worth one million pounds, how much is Kevin Coyne worth?"

John Peel

"After Kevin Coyne everything else is just toothpaste."

NME

Kevin Coyne
on tour

FEBRUARY

- 9 NEWCASTLE
University Theatre
- 11 DERBY
Pennine Hotel
- 13 HUDDERSFIELD
Polytechnic
- 16 MANCHESTER
University Theatre
- 18 LONDON
Royalty Theatre,
Kingsway.



TV PERSONALITIES sit and wonder...

PIC: GEORGE BODNAR

Okay, so where IS Bill Grundy now?

I'M IN THIS room with two TV Personalities, two 'O' Levels and three Gifted Children — and they're all crazy!

For instance, take Richard 'O' Level (well, he says his name's Richard, though no such name appears on either of the 'O' Level sleeves). He spends most of the evening talking to a rubber pigeon called Gerald. Edward 'O' Level (no Edward on the sleeves, either) has brought along a gun, which he casually places on the table in front of him. TV Personality Russell Harty insists his real name is John Nobody; and The Gifted Children can't remember their names at all. Plus, everyone in the room claims to have been born in 1974!

This much is certain: The TV Personalities have released a single '14th Floor' and an EP 'Where's Bill Grundy Now?'. 'O' Level have released a single 'East Sheen' and an EP 'We Love Malcolm'. Both EPs are on King's Road Records, and King's Road is where we are now — in the flat of TV Personality Nicholas Parsons' mum and dad.

(The Gifted Children have recorded nothing, played no gigs, and will not feature again in this interview.)

The TV Personalities have a flexible line-up. Dan (Nicholas) and John (Russell) are the core of the group, and it was just the two of them who made the 'Bill Grundy' EP, recently released to critical acclaim. It's certainly the funniest record around at the moment. A sly comic amateurism inspires both lyrics and arrangements — witness the hilarious falsetto backing vocal on the title track, or this observation on 'Part Time Punks': "They play their records very loud, and popo in the bedroom/in front of the mirror, but only when their mum's gone out".

Richard and Edward are both ex-Personalities, but left before '14th Floor' was recorded to form 'O' Level. 'East Sheen' was affectionately awarded the Slaughter And The Dogs Award For True Garage-Punk Thrashings by Paul Rambali in the Xmas NME. 'We Love Malcolm' is a little more, er, sophisticated — a spacer sound; touches of wit, poise,

restraint. Definitely An Improvement. The record was to be called 'The Malcolm McLaren Life Story' but Edward received a letter threatening legal action... so 'O' Level had to redo all the sleeves.

The connection between the bands is that they were at school together.

Dan: "Everyone had our future marked out for us. They put on my report 'if his attendance doesn't improve, he'll have no chance'. I mean, that's a bit of a nerve. I had about the worst attendance at school and I used to be ashamed of it, then when I left I was quite proud cos cos out of 1200 people I actually had some claim to fame. Cos I didn't have many O Levels — actually, I didn't have any."

It was because of a determination to "shake up" the people who gave them no chance that the four of them started playing music. Both '14th Floor' and 'East Sheen' were recorded in the same week in November '77. The TV Personalities had no money to press their single, but 'O' Level, who'd raised some cash by promoting a few of their own gigs, were able to release 'East Sheen' straight away and with the money that made, helped to finance '14th Floor'.

Distribution and sales came mostly through the services of Rough Trade, Small Wonder, Bonaparte, Virgin and Lightning. For Rough Trade and Small Wonder, the bands have nothing but praise — "we'd be lost without those two" — but their dealings with Lightning have left a sour taste in the mouth. Edward: "They take a lot of records, but they give you less money per disc and they don't pay you for ages."

Dan concurs: "They had the nerve to order 250 of the new 'O' Level record, and they haven't even paid for the last one. That's since August. The guy phoned me up and asked why I didn't send him more Personalities records, and I said, 'Well, you haven't paid me'. He seemed surprised at that. He said, 'You've only been in the business five minutes and you want to change it — there are rules, you know.' I mean, that shows where he's at. I said, 'Yeah, the rule is you pay after thirty days, not five months.'"

Despite the hassles, both bands seem quite determined to remain independent, and, rightly, are pleased at what they've achieved to date. The first pressing of the 'Bill Grundy' EP — 1500 copies — has already sold out, and there are orders for another 4500. The 'Malcolm' EP has sold 1500 within a week of release. Yet when I ask the bands if they want to make a living out of the records, only John is interested.

Dan: "I don't want to make a living out of it, not if it gets to be a routine. A lot of independent bands make records just cos they're playing at being pop stars — they make records so Peel'll play them and record companies pick up on it. Others, like us and The Desperate Bicycles are serious about it; we don't intend being anything other than independent. If it ever gets to the point where we can sell 5000 records every time, we just won't do it. It'd be too easy. We might as well go to work and get £25 a week as make records. I mean, that's not the point of it."

John disagrees: "That's where we differ, cos I want to do it on a long-term basis. I'm pissed off with work actually, to put it bluntly. I've had enough. So I want to work away at the music, for as long as I'm interested, which I imagine will be a long time to come."

Dan is the only one of the four not working at present. He used to work for Swansong. For eight days. "I ran errands for Zed Zeppelin. I tell you, I learnt more in those eight days about the music business... people wouldn't believe it."

"I got to Swansong one morning and the receptionist tells me to go to Richard Cole's house — he's Zeppelin's tour manager or something. So I go around there — sauna baths in every room, lions on the carpet, stereo going full blast. And he didn't even look at me. He said, 'Shut that bloody door.' I mean, the door was open as I walked in, and he said 'Shut that bloody door behind you.'"

"Anyway, he sends me up to Holborn to cash a cheque for £350, and I get to the bank and put the money in an envelope, but these blokes there saw me, and one of

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

"CINDY LOU", said Mike. "Can't we — ?" Softly she laid one finger across his eager lips. "Not now, Michael," she said. "Look, here comes that awful Mr Clark from your record company. Oh look, he's got that ridiculous little camera."

They had been target-shooting together with their bows and arrows in the still calm of the Gloucestershire morning. Their arrows had thudded side-by-side into the gold, Cindy Lou remembered. Like Cupid's darts homing into a single tender target. Then Michael's second arrow had struck near the rim, spoiling everything. She sighed and switched on her brightest smile, watched as Mr Clarke strode up.

By her side Michael had fallen silent. At the odious Clark's direction, Cindy Lou put the apple on her head — Clark insisted on moistening the fruit with his saliva "to keep it in place, dear" before standing back and snapping. Cindy Lou kept smiling.

"Nice one with regard to the picture," leered Clarke, still snapping. By her side there was a strange, throttled sigh, and she sensed Michael's body relaxing. Suddenly she remembered his second arrow.

"Michael!" she screamed, turning in terror. The apple flew off and struck Clark in the face but Cindy Lou didn't care. "Michael!" she cried.

But it was too late. Her pop star boyfriend — even while she smiled into the camera with the apple on her head — had leaned back against the target with all his old nonchalance: the arrow had entered through his liver and re-emerged through his cardiovascular aperture, severing two vital arteries and causing almost instant demise.

He was dead.

Never again would they overdub together. And still the camera popped and clicked.



PHOTO: ALLAN BALLARD

them followed me all around bloody Leicester Square and Piccadilly tube stations, so I got back late.

"And this Richard Cole bloke done his nut. He almost threw the bloody gold discs off the wall at me. He just went barmy, called me all the names under the sun. So I thought, 'Oh God, it must be an emergency.' Then he picks up the phone to call Jimmy Page and he says to me, 'Jimmy wants this this afternoon, he's gotta buy a bicycle.' I mean, a bicycle?"

"And the same day I had to go down to Peter Jones to pick up a dress for Peter Grant's daughter. I mean, I thought I was gonna be working in the music business, but it was like being at Mothercare."

One day Dan went home to lunch and didn't go back. Suffice to say it's no surprise he's wary of the music biz. Indeed, both bands seem totally diffident about what they're doing. No one wants to make an album, and only John is keen on playing gigs (Dan: "They cost money, and it's just bother lugging all that equipment around"). Though everybody would be interested in some kind of special event that featured lots of independent bands.

In view of this casualness, I ask why they've even bothered to release a second record. Dan: "The majority of bands disappear after one

single, or they get signed up. We just wanted to show we could carry on, and stay independent. Cos people laugh at you if you've only done one record — they say 'Oh yeah, that's them through, they've had their five minutes' fun.' I mean, we worked bloody hard to get the money to make those records. I had to sell all my albums."

"And then we had to staple the sleeves on the first single. People thought it was a gimmick. But we had no option, we didn't have any money. We had to draw on 150 sleeves with coloured pencils cos we couldn't afford to get them printed. You don't do that for a gimmick."

Edward: "You tend not to realise you're in the music industry. It doesn't seem like it, and that's the way it should be."

Dan: "We look at bands like The Clash and the Banshees, and we don't seem to be in the same business."

Indeed not. If anything, the TV Personalities are embarrassed by the early sales of 'Bill Grundy', and should it turn into a full-scale success, I really don't know how they'd deal with it. Possibly, they'd just refuse to press enough copies for it to become a hit.

But then again, maybe they're not that idealistic.

GRAHAM LOCK
THRILLS

THE BLUE MAX

Debut album
THE BLUE MAX
CAS 1142

Featuring the new single **Flying to Moscow**
c/w **Photographing God** CB 328



The Resurrection Of "Tommy"

NOT BAD FOR A DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND KID



The culprits (from top): PETE TOWNSHEND (you guessed?), ANNA NICHOLSON, DALTRY.

AND SO, as "Tommy" manifests itself in yet another guise, the question on *Thrills*' lips is, will this Queens Theatre stage show represent "Tommy's" final curtain call? Will we ever be free of it?

Somehow one doubts it. After ten years, the work has gathered its own momentum, as though it has discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and probably not even the forthcoming film version of "Quadrophonia" will eclipse it.

Given the durability of "Tommy", perhaps the only surprising thing is that it should have taken so long to reach the West End at all. There have after all been abundant amateur and semi-professional productions during the decade. This one, originally presented at Hornchurch, was the one which Pete Townshend saw and approved and which now, with his financial backing, transfers to Shaftesbury Avenue. There's no reason to suppose it won't prove a sound investment.

Townshend's own guiding

hand with the music is clearly noticeable, and the sound is superb throughout; no complaints there.

The music and narrative follow the pattern that Ken Russell and Pete Townshend evolved for the movie version (although some of the material that Townshend composed specially for the movie is omitted). Thus, it is the lover who murders Tommy's father, and not vice-versa. This crucial difference lends the work Freudian scope, and yet it is never explored. Further, the opportunities it presents for characterisation are ignored altogether — later on, the lover is given the lines, "How can he be saved / From the eternal grave?", which is a question that, as the seducer of Tommy's mother and the murderer of his father, he should be asking himself.

This kind of directorial shoddiness is evident throughout.

In its original form, "Tommy" was dramatically a non-starter. Apart from the various holes in the narrative, it simply isn't structured properly. The climax of the first half (Tommy's witness of the murder) and that of the



ALLAN LOVE plays Roger Daltrey

second (the cure) are both inappropriately placed towards the beginning rather than towards the end.

The point, however, is not that "Tommy" is difficult to stage, because everyone knew that already, but that the directors (John Hole and Paul Tomlinson) haven't even confronted the problems of narrative and characterisation that it sets. They have just followed Ken Russell's text, and even used a few of his visual ideas.

This was enough for Russell. His soaring imagination was the perfect vehicle to carry off the clumsy construction of "Tommy",

and the bombast of his concept simply rode over all narrative difficulties. In the theatre, where much is necessarily left to the imagination of the audience, the wooliness of the concept is more starkly revealed.

Oddly, the one departure is the play's ending. Whereas Russell showed Tommy finally achieving spiritual self-fulfilment after his rejection by his followers, here, after the commercialisation of the Tommy cult engineered by Cousin Kevin — inevitably, a punk — Tommy is not merely rejected but actually crucified. His followers then turn to him

again, and Tommy becomes a Messiah after all.

It's an unsatisfactory ending, and makes no sense at all, but worse is to follow. The second half being somewhat brief, the entire cast return to regale the audience with selected highlights from the score, and Allan Love, as Tommy, avails himself of the opportunity to live out a few rock star fantasies.

In fact, Love is the final problem. Although looking like Roger Daltrey may have its social advantages, when you're playing a musical role made famous by Daltrey it has only disadvantages — unless of course, you can also sing like him. Not unexpectedly, Love can't.

And yet the Daltrey parallel is emphasised instead of being played down. For the most part, Love sports a fringed jacket — reminiscent of the clobber you-know-who wore on stage for some five years.

It's the fact that Love never manages any kind of convincing individual characterisation that finally prevents this production from attaining any kind of identity of its own.

To conclude positively, there are good points. Apart from the music, which I've already mentioned, it's a lavish production, with a large and exuberant cast, and some of the choreography is very good. And if you really want to see "Tommy" on stage, it's doubtful if you'll be that disappointed. Of course, unlike *Evita*, it's not morally offensive, and the music's a million times better.

Bob Woffinden

THRILLS

THE ONLY ONES



new single

YOU'VE GOT TO PAY

STONED MAGIC & OVEN RACKS

A NEW book has been published anonymously by two American doctors called *99 Things To Do When Stoned*. Despite the many marijuana users in the U.S., they felt it was still necessary to publish incognito for fear of patients losing confidence in them. Most of their patients would, after all, have seen the film *M.A.S.H.*

After discarding such pastimes as Scrabble ("too boring") and catching a greased pig ("too dumb"), they came up with the following diversions: shaving a balloon, confusing canines, trimming your toenails, and feigning illness in a public place.

But the most original suggestion, and also the doctors' own favourite, is something called *The Oven Rack*.

"You probably didn't know it," they say, "but within your oven lies a rhapsody!"

Here's how to go about unlocking it:

"Remove and clean the oven rack from your oven, and tie a piece of string to two of the corners. Wrap the other end of the string around your index fingers and, while bending over slightly, place your index fingers in your ears so that the oven rack is hanging down. Be careful not to let any part of the oven rack or string rest against your body. Close your eyes and have a friend tap the oven rack with a spoon, playing both individual notes and chords."



Datura tree in Police Gazette

You will probably look pretty stupid with an oven rack dangling from your ears, and this might be entertainment enough in itself if you're that stoned, but the doctors assure us that it provides an "amazing auditory sensation" (maeen). Doctors, incidentally, are amongst the most highly paid people in the U.S.

... AND THE TRUTH ABOUT DATURA

THE WATCHER. Who is he?

The Watcher is everywhere: it was he who 'obtained' the Drug Identification Chart from the Brewers Association Training Centre in Buxton, Derbyshire, and did the cloak-and-dagger groundwork that enabled *Thrills* to reveal how large numbers of pubs and restaurants were educating their staff to enable the

detection of drug usage in young customers with a view to turning them over to The Law (NME, 25/3/78).

Of late The Watcher has been monitoring The Old Bill trade paper *Police Review* and its obsession with the tree they refer to affectionately as "The Devil's Weed" — which those of a botanical disposition know as *Datura*.

Above the *Police Review* picture of "The Devil's Weed". The Watcher has penned the observation, "Looks like a Durex Bush to me."

The Watcher says, "What is it? They ain't saying and whatever it is The Old Bill have been asking for a mugshot of the offending foliage so as they can arrest / destroy / smoke it. Who knows?"

Quietly, The Watcher slipped back into the perfumed shadows from whence he came.

Who was that masked man?

And which way is this tree going?

BEN ZEE-DREAMS

THRILLS



BE STIFF TIMES SIX COMPETITION

THOSE OF you who caught the recent *Be Stiff Tour '78* roadshow, will vividly recollect the entire-cast encore which, more often than not, resembled an "and-they-all-lived-happily-ever-after" Xmas Panto Grand Finale: Wreckless Eric as the irresponsible Buttons, Rachel Sweet the archetypal Cinderella, Lane Lovich the Fairy God Mother and Mickey Jupp and Jone Lewis as the Ugly Sisters, all frantically chanting Devo's anthemic "Be Stiff."

As an end-of-tour test, these Stiff screwballs were set a scholastic stumper: to each produce a personalized performance of Devo's dementoid ditty.

Ice Maiden Lane Lovich lashed the lyric with her lepton larynx; Mickey Jupp reworked the rhythm into a risqué road house rollick. Wreckless Eric's over-the-top Titanium treatment hinted at Hendrix's "Purple Haze"; Rachel Sweet (& The Records) cutely countryfied it and, as the song's finale legatee, lanky Jone Lewis laced it with lustrous lyricism.

Finally, Stiff sifted through the "live" tour tapes and came up with the assembled company laying it on thickly at Leeds University.

So what have they done with these six different versions of "Be Stiff"? Pressed 'em up as an album "You're Either On The Train Or Off The Train" and made them available by *Mail Order Only* to those concert-goers who send in their *Be Stiff Tour '78* ticket stubs plus £1.15.

However, we here at *NME* are offering six copies of this album for just a printable photo caption. And that's not all. To coincide with the release of Lane Lovich's new 12-inch "Lucky Number" we've also grabbed some of Lane's lacquers!

You know the drill. Just supply a caption for the Lane Lovich photograph above and the six best will be suitably rewarded with copies of the *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album plus

1st Prize: A *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album, a picture disc of Lane Lovich's "Stateless" album (limited edition of 5,000), plus a 12-inch copy of "Lucky Numbers"

2nd Prize: A *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album and a "Stateless" picture disc.

3rd Prize: A *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album plus a black vinyl "Stateless" album (limited edition of 2,000).

4th Prize: A *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album plus a red vinyl "Stateless" album.

5th and 6th Prizes: A *Be Stiff Tour "Train"* album.

All entries to be sent to: Roy Carr Leisure Services, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W.1

Closing date: 24/2/79.

TERMS

BENYON



"I was with th' Elton John entourage for a few months. Before that I was with Rod's. Oh yeah—I did the Stones entourage last summer. Right now I'm splittin' 't' L.A. I get into an entourage over there."

FAIREST OF MORTALS
PLEASE GIVE ME A SIGN
AND MAKE ME FOREVER
YOUR TRUE VALENTINE

SKIDS

INTO THE VALLEY
THEIR NEW SINGLE OUT NOW ON VIRGIN RECORDS VS241 Limited Edition in White Vinyl.

Virgin

DANCE

DANCE

Dance



EVELYN THOMAS
I WANNA MAKE IT ON MY OWN
CAL 2041



EDWIN STARR
CLEAN
BT559



TERI DE SARIO
PLEASURE TRAIN
CAL 2040



MIKE MANDEL
SKY MUSIC
VSD 79409



PURSUIING an aggressively entrepreneurial policy in the commodity department, Fast Product — the label that brought you The Gang Of Four, Human League, et al — has just 'released' the second in a series of 'visual packages', titled "The Quality Of Life" and subtitled "Sexex". It takes the form of a dozen xeroxed sheets in a plastic bag that also includes a badge and an empty soup carton.

"Information can only be disseminated via packaging," reads the introductory blurb. "The initial idea has to be moulded into a package. Fast Product, realising that the packager/marketer makes as important a contribution to the communication as everybody else, decided this was a good thing, since it means more people can get in on the act."

"The Quality Of Life" takes this one step further by removing the information and leaving only the 'package', a collection of images with no specific meaning other than those that arise from being torn out of context. The medium is the message.

Presumably it's a sort of satire upon the fetish for picture sleeves, clever graphics, coloured vinyl et al that has afflicted us in recent times, with antecedents in the likes of Warhol's soup cans — although a good deal cheaper should you wish to purchase one. 75p, in fact, from selected outlets.

I can appreciate the joke. But then I didn't buy it, so I'm not the butt.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

QUALITY OF LIFE BOMBS



"Q of L" — an extract



NICOLETTE LARSON, this week's stool-pigeon

... AND YET MORE NEIL YOUNG PARANOIA STORIES

AN ISOLATED, rather paranoid character surrounded by yes-men — that's Neil Young according to Nicolette Larson, who is currently riding high in the US charts with her version of Neil's "Lotta Love". She sang back-up on Young's recent "Comes A Time" album.

"He's a great guy, but he's totally

cushioned. He doesn't live in the real world," Nicolette told *Thrills* last week when she visited London to promote her own record.

"To get to Neil is impossible. He has all these people surrounding him who constantly patronise him," says Ms Larson, claiming he's even been known to leave his phone off the hook for six months at a stretch.

As his long-suffering record company WEA know only too well, Young is not the most predictable of people. Says Nicolette: "He'll say he's going out to buy a paper and re-appear in a month's time."

Young's behaviour with a certain well-known white powder is a mite eccentric too. Many's the time he's flushed a load of the stuff down the toilet, maintaining the nose candy wasn't up to scratch, only to complain the next day about its disappearance.

Incidentally, a trepidation-filled WEA have noted that a new Young album release has appeared on their May schedule. It's entitled "Rust Never Sleeps" — a reference to Devo's industrial past in Akron, Ohio, as well as being a line from "Out Of The Blue And Into The Black", the Young song dedicated to Johnny Rotten.

STEVE CLARKE

THE END

The Lone Groover



Rock fans arrested by New York cop

He used to be on the payroll of New York's illustrious Police Department. Then he turned in his badge and became a rock'n'roll star.

His name is Eddie Money and he's all ready to get a brand new badge as a UK rockers favourite, with a great British tour and a devastating new album — 'Life For The Taking'. 'Life For The Taking' is a raw mix of R&B flavoured rock'n'roll — emphatic, outrageous and powerful enough to blow your cans off. Listen to 'Life For The Taking'. It'll make a Money junkie out of you.

EDDIE MONEY NEW ALBUM
'LIFE FOR THE TAKING'
INCLUDES THE SINGLE
'MAYBE I'M A FOOL'



GET READY FOR

Eddie Money

ON TOUR

February

- 7 Newcastle University
- 8 Strathclyde University
- 9 Manchester University
- 10 Sheffield University
- 11 LONDON THE VENUE

83159



20 OF *ANOTHER* KIND

FEATURING

999

Homicide
Emergency

THE JAM

In The City
'A' Bomb In Wardour Street

THE SKIDS

Sweet Suburbia

SHAM 69

Borstal Breakout
If The Kids Are United

THE CURE

Killing An Arab

THE ADVERTS

Gary Gilmore's Eyes

THE BOYS

The First Time

THE JOLT

No Excuses

THE LURKERS

I'm On Heat

GENERATION X

Ready Steady Go

THE STRANGLERS

No More Heroes

PLASTIC BERTRAND

Ca Plane Pour Moi

OTWAY AND BARRETT

Beware of the Flowers
(I Cos I'm sure They're
Going To Get You Yeh!)

Really Free

THE HEARTBREAKERS

Born Too Loose

PATRIK FITZGERALD

Irrelevant Battles

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Suspect Device



Premises, product and participant. Pix: PENNIE SMITH



BEAT, ACTIVITY AND CONVERSATION

A FEW WEEKS ago an article in *NME* examined Bob Last's independent Fast Records label and came to the conclusion that an individualistic slant — the continual emphasis on pop as 'product' — constituted a 'Brechtian' intervention into the established process of meeting, making and marketing modern beat music.

Fast has undoubtedly generated and distributed a small amount of good music, and its packaging has been provocative in a quirky upper-Stiff kind of way, but does this alone go any way toward, as implied, a radical, political alteration within the existing *Production, Exchange and Consumption* (making, selling and buying) framework?

Numerous articles in various magazines have dealt in some way with independent labels and groups, and it appears to have been decided that they represent a movement to reform the British music industry's ways of monitoring and marketing beat music — or more specifically that music which somehow entered into public or private existence through that 'new wave' and its main message: do it yourself.

Since that aggressively forthright proposal of reform back in 1976, and since the relative commercial capitulation of the first-to-die (Clash, Pistols, Banshees etc.), the number of people who've opted to avoid the large companies and take control of their own music has been increasing, and the 'quality' of their

Terms For An Industry In The '80s . . .
IAN PENMAN reports on the artistic and commercial concept of ROUGH TRADE, recorders, distributors and promoters of new wave music. (Their tour starts this week.)

work generally improving.

But a new situation has arisen where both independent labels and institutionalized writers — that's me — act as little more than an A & R sorting department for the large companies.

Who publicises (makes public) the new groups? Who categorises them? What makes them more easily marketable?

Angles such as Fast's may display a certain surface suds and the press's labelling — Expressionist expresso, Brecht beat, Politipop — may seduce reader and writer alike, but hasn't the beat discourse just been given no more than a manicure? Does anyone know any better what rock or its manipulation is all about? Are they encouraged?

In other words, there may actually be a lot more activity at the 'grass roots' than there was three years ago, but how has the way in which you or I or musicians go about our business — the same business — really changed? How can it change?

"You see the rock business

needs rock 'n' roll clichés, it's what it survives on."

— Mark Perry in *Temporary Hoarding* No. 7, 1979.

This article addresses those clichés, hopefully, through an examination of one set-up — Rough Trade — which is consciously working in a way which doesn't simply avoid them or replace them with a new and equally useless — albeit attractive — set.

This article doesn't aim to set Rough Trade down as the brave and flawless revolutionary to whose bosom all should flock.

One of the things to emerge from observations of and discussions with RT staff is that sometimes through 'sheer frustration' with the inadequacy of existing frameworks they often take on projects whose bulk of work — rather than vernal nature — prevents them from working in their accustomed manner.

An article such as this, concerned with a phenomena such as Rough Trade, should therefore aim to function as a critique not

only of the evil industry's practices, but of RT's — the modern prince? — my own, and the music press's in general.

It's no good if one develops and the other two bury their heads in the same old sandy yak, is it? First, the history lesson.

"R 'n' R Mechanix" set the calling card.

Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London, W.11 commenced commerce in Jan/Feb 1976 with a record shop idea set in motion by Geoff Travis — who would hate to be called a 'guiding spirit' but probably was for a lot of the time — and Ken Davidson, who subsequently left.

The premises out of which RT works haven't expanded at all since birth. The premises on which they work have, and the staff has expanded likewise to accommodate both aims and actual day-to-day slog.

There's Geoff, Richard who joined in summer '77 having previously managed Third World, Sue (Accounts), Sue (Mail Order), Judith, Anna who also plays in The

Raincoats, Shirley, Rete, Bruce, unofficial help Daniel who made that Normal "T.V. o.d." single, and recent recruit — unofficial 'Managing Director' — Mayo Thompson who also plays in The Red Crayola.

Most of these people seem to be in RT or thereabouts for most of the time it's open and a lot of the time when it's closed.

What distinguishes Rough Trade from other alternative record shops? Simply, that RT's specific evolution has radically challenged and channelled its 'record shop' function. It doesn't simply operate as a place where music is bought and sold, or where a certain type of music is bought and sold (e.g. Stiff's back-pat home for loopy and lovable lads and lassies).

It has come to function as a medium between the 'ideology' of independent music and the primarily economic concerns of a group of people in the business of selling the material form which that ideology takes.

In this case, records. Dagnat and dispensary. Rough Trade became a meeting place where information and inclination could be taken and / or given.

'Information' — from local fanzines through to the fact that RT were the first in this country to import Pere Ubu, Devo and other foreign bodies who might otherwise have remained unclear cult figures in flashing beat-fashion U.S. mags.

They were responsible for bringing in Tapper Zukie's dynamic sounds "Man Ah Warrior" album when it was re-released on Patti

■ *Continues over page*

From previous page

Smith's Mer label (and subsequently the "Virgo / Archie Red Nosed Reinder" 45 off the album) and have always carried a large (getting larger) stock of reggae, jazz, rockabilly, C & W and electronic music.

From receiving, playing and distributing independent beat music they graduated to putting it out — naturally and necessarily — on their own label, having established links with shops in this and other countries.

The first record delivered to the world via the Rough Trade label was — in a cooperative deal with Radar — French band Metal Urbain's "Paris Maquis"; the band's second 45, "Hysteria Connective", was released in the same way, and RT were angling toward arranging a British tour when the band's lead singer decided to leave (Urbain are now rehearsing as a three piece).

Since then records have sprung from sources many and varied: tapes sent to them, them asking, others asking. For instance, Subway Sect's awesome second single, "Ambition", had been turned down by major after major-minor before gaining general audience through the RT label.

A similar saga lies behind Stiff Little Fingers' "Alternative Ulster" single and soon-to-be-released "Inflammable Material" LP.

Stiff Little Fingers' own first single, "Suspect Device", was distributed in this part of the United Kingdom by Rough Trade and the group were consequently snapped up by Island, who paid for studio time, got Wet Rod Ed Hollis to produce, prepared an album's artwork... and then dropped them. Distraught, the band went to RT, who re-mixed two tracks from the Island session and put them out as what was to become — at 35,000 copies so far — RT's biggest seller extant.

The rest of Rough Trade's output (thus far consists of three EPs from Cabaret Voltaire, Spizz Oil and Essential Logic; Angelic Upstarts' "Murder of Little Towers" (a

co-prod with Small Wonder); the "King Tubby Meets Mr. Bassie" 45 (a co-dub with Rockers); and "Ain't You" / "Hed's Head" by four-girl band Kleenex — two tracks from a four-track EP originally imported from Switzerland.

Coming soon are the long-awaited second single from Swell Maps, Spizz Oil's second, "Windy City", and firsts from Monochrome Set and File Under Pop — a group who brought into the shop a tape they'd recorded in a terminal at Heathrow Airport (now re-mixed by Mayo and Daniel Normal).

Also due soon — on Radar — is "Soldier Talk", the first album from the current Red Crayola, which, aside from the usual line-up of Mayo and Jesse Chamberlin (who also drums for a New York band The Necessary) features invigorating contributions from Laura Logic and members of Pere Ubu.

(Jamaican supra-sessioners Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespear were to have taken part but the double torture of Peter Toash and Virgin's horrendous Venus proved not surprisingly too much for them).

However, the album is positively extra-fine.

We await a Raincoats single eagerly.

SO IT GOES ON. The next step — already underway to an extent — would seem to be the integration of more musicians, writers, etc. into the actual running of Rough Trade.

This, I would have thought, was essential.

As it is, most days you visit Rough Trade there's a healthy mix of people and professions.

Geoff: "We're not divorced from all of the processes. Because we have a shop we have people coming in all the time — we're not like A Record Company on the 14th floor.

"We don't mix in a world of executives and expense account lunches."

Rough Trade as a label, as a shop, as a vital meeting place, is a

flux of decisions, desires, and designs; a great many notions that intersect, overlap, reinforce, or limit one another on the surface of exchange and aid.

The notice boards are full of free ads for bands and people, random 'top tens' and messages, fanzines and images. And it's not just paraphernalia, it's not just good fun; their edges touch, their fringes intermingle, the extremity of one denotes the beginning of another. In this way, movement, influences, passions and properties too are communicated.

There is space for potential, criticism, chaos, and failure. But is there enough control? Is there the right balance between being un-formal and informal?

Geoff: "We don't want to pretend that there's not a music industry, there's not a music press, we don't want to be in an isolationist position where we try to create our own world and go ahead and live in it" — Stiff, Fast, etc? — "and then go ahead and do all the things we think are sincere and real and authentic in our world."

"I think we're very realistic about what exists. We try not to falsify notions of the 'real world' — the music industry is just a small part of what it's about. I think it's very easy for us to over-estimate our importance."

Mayo: "Rough Trade comes up for the count, usually it has to be mentioned in connection with certain pieces of production. It's like that thing in the press: the Akron sound, the Bogner Regis sound — it gives a false impression that there are centres; whereas if anything was interesting in the change — new wave — in Britain, in the opening up of production, it was that it de-centralised things to a certain extent, took it all out of the hands of people who enjoyed a near monopoly."

"Which is not to say there's not a reasonable way of talking about it or with dealing with it in the music press. But it shouldn't just be Another Feature Article on just Yet Another Interesting Phenomena On The Landscape. There's got to be a more detailed and critical way. 'There's no point in

overestimating its importance in terms of 'raising people's consciousness' and lowering it and all that. It's like the old bucket theory of knowledge: we pour so much in, and sure enough it spills over the top. It's just a false analogy, a daff way of approaching it. It's unfortunate that that's the rationale behind a lot of the writing in the music press and a great deal of the records produced by the record industry and by the so-called 'alternative' labels."

Richard: "To boil it down to its simplest level: what Rough Trade is all about is a group of individuals who just would like to be honest in themselves in as much as we all enjoy music and we group together because individually or collectively we like certain types of music."

"We find that there are a lot of pressures on us either to broaden the scope or water down stuff."

IF IT IS enough for the moment to indicate the principal figures — there's no real 'hierarchy' within RT's staff, only a sense of who and what goes toward certain extensions of and decisions within it — that determine Rough Trade's knowledge of its position and potential, past and present, then perhaps differences or discrepancies in articulation should only be implied; neither obscured nor obviated.

When Mayo, Geoff and Richard were brought together one night after shop hours, and presented with certain questions about Rough Trade there seemed to be a bit of a struggle initially to define certain reasons and reaction — as though they'd been so busy working they'd forgotten why...

This is presumably a symptom of that "frustration", which manifests itself more tangibly in the tour they've just set up — one which Geoff said he really didn't want to see — with Stiff Little Fingers headlining, and support from Essential Logic ("who'll probably go to Virgin..."), The Normal ("Daniel goes his own inimitable way...") and Robert Rental.

As you may have noticed, only

the first of those is a Rough Trade recording artist in any sense.

The explanation is not so much a defence of the tour as a damnation of the conditions which necessitate such ventures.

"There's so few places for people to play. Bands come to us every single day saying 'Can you get us a gig?' One thing about the tour — we're doing it on our own, through a network of the shops we usually deal with. If we can make it work, and not lose money and actually break even, everyone gets fed, somewhere to say, they all play to a lot of people and get back home successfully — if we can do it once, we — or anyone else — might be able to do it again and again."

Richard: "In booking this Stiff Little Fingers tour, there are areas where agents and promoters are saying there's no support for it. And we know, through the shops that we're selling to, through the correspondence we get — like Scotland's close down, y'know — 'No more of this New Wave nonsense' — the promoters don't want to know. But we get more correspondence from Scotland than anywhere else."

"If someone else took on the job we'd be happy to say 'Here are all these great bands — now they can go on tour.'"

Mayo: "If you wanted to design a model of it... You'd rather have a group of people, an organisation in a state of flux than hand over a list of good bands to the new Bill Graham."

Geoff: "It'd be much better if things were decentralised, if there were people doing comparative works all around the country. We don't want to develop a position where we're in control."

CONVERSATION and circulation: another definite progression is being considered at the moment — a RT-centred 'journal', outside the mainstream press, which could take the ideas and info further afield.

There is a demand for such a

Continues page 51



VIOLINSKI

DEBUT SINGLE

CLOG DANCE

FEATURING MIK KAMINSKI
OF THE ELO
JET 136



LIMITED EDITION
PICTURE BAG



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May 10, 1957

February 2, 1979



Illustration: BARBARA FRY

JOHN SIMON Ritchie, better known as Sid Vicious, died in New York last week after taking an overdose of heroin at a party held to celebrate his release from jail on \$50,000 bail pending his trial on a charge of murdering his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, some four months ago.

The party was held at the flat of Sid's current girlfriend Michelle Robinson, and among those present was his mother, Mrs Ann Beverley, who had been campaigning for his release since the Spungen death.

Following his arrest for murder, Sid was initially released — on \$50,000 bail and conditions which included treatment for his heroin addiction — but he was arrested again after an assault on Patti Smith's brother Todd in a New York disco. This time he served 56 days.

While in prison Sid was put on a detoxification course to 'clean out' his addicted system. Without the 'tolerance' built up by regular usage of heroin, even Sid's normal dose was potentially fatal.

The precise circumstances of the lethal dose are not known. What is evident is that around midnight Sid was given heroin at the party and that shortly afterwards he collapsed and went into a seizure, his skin and lips taking on the blue/grey tinge associated with heroin overdose.

He was covered with blankets and his pulse checked until some 40 minutes later he revived. Guests spoke of seeing him walking around at this point.

Around 3 am the party finished and Sid and Michelle retired to bed. Mrs Beverley stayed the night on the couch in the front room.

The following morning she went into the bedroom to wake the couple and discovered her son dead, naked and lying outside the covers while his girlfriend slept on the bed beside him, unaware of his death.

The police were called. Patrolman Robert Zink, the first to arrive, discovered 'a syringe, a spoon, and what is probably residue near the body.'

Later Dr Michael Baden, who performed the autopsy, said that Sid 'died much like a drowning person. There was an accumulation of fluid in the lungs characteristic of heroin.'

There remains some dispute, however, on the origin of the dose that actually killed him. Mrs Beverley, once a registered addict herself, admitted in an interview with *The Daily Express* that on the night of Sid's death she had been holding his heroin supply, but claimed that after the seizure Sid 'didn't have any more that night because I had the packet in my pocket.'

She did agree, however, that the heroin he had taken had been unusually pure: 'He knew the

smack was pure and strong and took a lot less than usual.'

The view held by some people is that Sid had another source of heroin and may have taken an additional dose after his mother and Michelle Robinson were asleep. If this was indeed the case, then the overdose may have been tantamount to suicide.

THE PRODUCT of a broken home, London's East End and Chissold Park School, Sid started his rock'n'roll career with The Sex Pistols. As a former crony of Johnny Rotten — the two were at a further education college together — he was one of the small faithful coterie of friends/fans who followed the Pistols' early gigs from late '75 onwards.

It was during this time that he acquired the name Sid Vicious, apparently inherited from Rotten's pet hamster. Later he was to declare that he hated the name but at the same time did little to shake it off. He was fond of carrying a bike chain as a weapon and was sometimes in evidence at the occasional eruptions of violence at early punk gigs.

Sid was not a 'hard man' — not constantly or determinedly aggressive — but there was a violent streak in him. Sometimes this was turned against other people and at times against himself in fits of self-mutilation. Friends and associates spoke of a Jekyll/Hyde disposition.

'He seemed to have a lot of demons in his head,' said one. 'He was tormented.'

Whatever, the name stuck. Sid's first public performance was at the Punk Festival at

London's 100 Club in September '76, when he played drums for the hurriedly arranged debut gig of Siouxsie And The Banshees. Later he took up bass and hoped to play with The Banshees but this came to nothing.

Following Glen Matlock's departure in spring '77 he joined the Pistols as bassman in time to sign with A&M Records and face the sound and fury that accompanied the eventual release of 'God Save The Queen' in the Jubilee summer.

His playing was strictly rudimentary but he seemed to learn and practice. All the Pistols agree that for a time his playing got better.

A major change in Sid's life took place when he met Nancy Spungen, a 20-year-old New York groupie who had followed Jerry Nolan of The Heartbreakers to this country and seemed determined to 'pull' one of the Pistols. She got Sid.

All agree that Spungen was a bad, if not disastrous, influence on him. His weak character was easy prey for her aggressive, vampish ways. She instigated dissent between him and the other Pistols, and, more importantly, introduced him to heroin.

Nonetheless the couple had an obvious liking for each other and when Nancy was threatened with deportation, Sid falsely testified that they were married to gain her a visa extension.

Once Sid became involved with heroin his self-destructiveness and self-mutilation gained momentum,

and by the time of the Pistols' tour of America at the end of '77, he was taking the stage with his torso covered in self-inflicted lacerations. He also indulged in some ugly scuffles with the Pistols' American audiences, kicking and using his bass as a cudgel.

He was also taking increasingly large amounts of the drug, alienating himself from the rest of the band and contributing to their decision to split.

Following the Pistols final gig in San Francisco he had to be rushed from New York airport to hospital for emergency treatment following an overdose.

BACK IN London things did not improve. He and Nancy were remanded for possession of amphetamines but the case was never heard. Attempts to start his own band with the remainder of The Heartbreakers — either as The Flowers Of Romance or, more brutally, The Junkies — were a failure.

The couple then moved to New York where Sid hoped he would find a new career (he felt his ex-Pistols status gave him more credibility there), but he never got further than the methadone clinic and a few abortive gigs at CBGBs with old friends helping out.

Shortly after the CBGBs gigs came Nancy Spungen's death, the grisly secrets of which will probably follow Sid into the grave. Whether Vicious killed her or not, once she had gone it seemed only a matter of time before Sid followed. Even before the Pistols' US tour he had talked to *NME's* Nick Kent about premonitions of his death.

Talk of an explicit 'suicide pact' at the time of Nancy's death may have been exaggerated but there is little doubt that, via their mutual fascination for hard drugs, knives and violence, the two were on a 'death trip' together. There could be only one outcome.

Ten days after the slaying, Sid slashed his arms and wrist in an apparent suicide attempt, and was treated in hospital. Then came the disco attack and he was back in custody.

INEVITABLY THERE will be repercussions from Sid's death, and already there is talk of who was 'responsible' for it. Malcolm McLaren, Sid's manager has — with some justification — laid the blame directly on whoever gave Sid the heroin at the party.

Others will doubtless attribute the responsibility to McLaren himself as the progenitor of the punk role Sid acted out.

Others still will blame the whole ethic of punk rock and seek to draw moral conclusions about the music as a whole from Sid's tragedy.

Again, some will point a finger at the media that played up and glorified the Pistols and Sid — which must include the music press and *NME* — claiming that his death is the inevitable outcome of elevating a nobody to undeserved heights.

Some might also point to the late Nancy Spungen as the person who gave Sid his fatal fascination for heroin in the first place.

Probably there is an element of truth in all of these accusations, but the simple fact remains that it was heroin that killed Sid Vicious; a drug and not a person, a drug that he took of his own free will. That is, in as much as junkies can be said to have a free will.

Certainly on the night of his death Sid Vicious was not under any compulsion from physical addiction to take more of the drug; his detoxification is the guarantee of that.

Finally, his death is mostly a warning about the futility and ultimate fatality of heroin addiction, and the responsibility for that cannot be laid at the door of punk rock, just as the death of Charlie Parker cannot be blamed on jazz or the death of Janis Joplin on '60s rock.

In fact, there are far, far fewer hard drug users in punk rock circles — at least in this country — than among the echelons of rock's so called 'old guard'.

Ultimately Sid's death has far more to do with organised international crime and its traffic in heroin than rock and roll. What rock must not do is to propagate heroin addiction — something which, alongside acclaimed radical literati like William Burroughs, it has sometimes been guilty of in the past.

The equation that Heroin = Death has been enacted enough times for it to be obvious to all.

SID VIOCIUS

By NEIL SPENCER

SINGLES

Reviewed (briefly) this week by
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

THE ONLY ONES



YOU'VE GOT TO PAY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THE ONLY ONES: You've Got To Pay (CBS)

It is likely that Peter Perret writes songs as effortlessly as he sings them, thus requiring each Only One be constantly on the case. His multi-syllabic eloquence carries the irresistible germs of accurately observed experience over celestial guitar stitched up by a Latin rhythm combo. If you don't like it you've got piss in your veins.



JOINT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE MONOCHROME SET: He's Frank (Rough Trade). Observant lyrics and a distort quotient not exceeding the necessary. Entertains and intrigues simultaneously. I don't want it — I need it.

BOBBY HENRY: Headcase (Oval) Buoyant, repetitive and cute — "All night parties that go on for years" being just one of its ginchy lines.

THE FLIES: Beverley (EMI) Like all Catholics I am automatically moved by songs I cannot understand. Necrophiliac sleeve design of "Sweetest child there



could be" graveyards. Wait a minute.

THE DISTRACTIONS: You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That (TJM). Twelve luxurious inches. Four formidable tunes. Melodic and sharp as a barrel of japs. The astringent elegance of their delivery kills.

GLADYS KNIGHT: We Don't Make Each Other Laugh Anymore (Buddah). This song has no tune. Hearing it is like walking into a room where a married couple are having a row. Not for the easily embarrassed.

GERALD WATKISS: Johnny Can't Work Any Faster (Pye). Craig Douglas, Elton John and now Gerald Watkiss. Who next?

LENE LOVICH: Lucky Number (Stiff). This is a different realm of operation. It's a world of silk, the cloth bell-pull. It's not rubbish. Full of exotic and neat noises. If I could be a girl for a day I would be Lene Lovich.

BAG: Survive (Dangerhouse-Import). In the future everyone will be miserable for five minutes.

THE BEE GEES: Tragedy (RSO). Asynthesized sob story. An assexual cry for help. You want explosions they got explosions. A minor disaster for people who tried suicide once. I love it.

THE INFORMANTS: My Radio (Criminal). Not since Rob Sturme's "Transistor Sister" 19 years ago has there been a radio-type song with the wacky expertise of the aforementioned Informants.

V2: The Man In The Box (TJM) Confident, sustained and edgy. V2 are a glam boy beat group. On stage they sound like this.

JAMES BROWN: For Goodness Sakes Look At Those Cakes (Polydor). The godfather of soul, the amazing Mr Please-Please cordially suggest we view the confectionery.



Pic by Tom Sheehan.



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4 STRINGS OF FURY

JEAN JACQUES Burnel is not the easiest man to contact. A couple of weeks ago I arranged to meet him at "a girlfriend's place" so he could play me his solo album, 'Euroman Cometh'. However, he wouldn't tell me the address while he was in his publicist's office: could I phone between seven and eight, he'd give me the address, I'd get a cab over there.

I phone at 8.05. A woman answers. "Hello, is Jean there? This is Phil McNeill."

"You were supposed to phone between seven and eight." Click, whirr.

I re-dial. "Hello, is Jean there? Jean, it's Phil. Yes, I realise it's not actually your place. . . . Yes, I am coming on my own. . . . Why do I want to hear your album? Well, so I can do an interview about it, of course."

Eventually, I find myself ushered into a terraced house flat in Acton, West London. Jean introduces me to the three girls he lives — sorry, stays — with. And how fitting: two of them are professional strip-tease artists! The Stranglers interview is underway.

THE STRANGLERS are active. The live album is due any day now, a film is on the verge of completion, a Japanese tour starts next week. Burnel's solo album is scheduled for March 30 release with the likelihood of a few solo dates to accompany it. Hugh Cornwell's solo album is half completed, and The Stranglers' fourth studio set is almost ready for recording.

So they're talking to the media. While Hugh Cornwell and Jet Black have spent the last week or so lurching around the nation's radio stations, Burnel has handled *NME* and *Sounds*. (The Stranglers won't talk to *Record Mirror* because of a personal issue between them and one *RM* journalist, and *Melody Maker* won't talk to The Stranglers because, it's said, they're all scared of 'em!) Talk about creating your own paranoia.

However, I did manage to catch up with Cornwell on the 'phone at least, during a one-night stop-over at the Heathrow Hotel, and gleaned the facts about his solo album.

As yet untitled (it seems the little Cornwell wants is possibly somebody's trademark, and he's awaiting permission to use it), it is virtually complete: seven tracks down, put together in Los Angeles just after Christmas, and another three to go.

The only people involved in the record so far are Cornwell himself and one Robert Williams, 24, Captain Beefheart's drummer these past two years. ("Beefheart was out in the desert in his trailer while I was over there," says Cornwell.)

Williams, who Cornwell met in San Francisco last summer, plays drums, bass, Moog and exotic percussion, and shares arranging chores with Cornwell, who handles guitar, bass, Moog, Mellotron and vocals. It may yet be a couple of "guest" appearances.

So what's it like?

"It's hard to describe," Hugh replies. "There's a lot of ideas I've had hanging about for a while which might not have been compatible for The Stranglers."

Is it all four-minute rock songs?

"Well, there's a couple of epics on it. . . . one dedicated to Fred Frith (former Henry Cow guitarist). There's one about bacteria, called 'Bacteria Cafeteria', and there's another about a girl in a freak circus, called 'Wrong Way Round'."

And then there's 'Big Bug', the epic adventures of Leon Trotsky and the train on which he lived after the Russian Revolution, building up the Red Army and shuttling from one battle-front to another nonstop for 2½ years, including seeing off an English naval squadron who Cornwell reckons were intent on invading Russia in 1919. Should be quite a toe-tapper.

He's hoping for a mid-summer release date — to tie in with the 60th anniversary of Trotsky's train's finest hour, presumably.

And what of Cornwell's other activities? You may recall that last year he was producing both The Pop Group and Leila and the Snakes. Well, he did the Pop Group session — a five-track demo — and it got them a contract with Radar. Tactfully, he says he "hasn't heard anything further" (the group are now being produced by Dennis Bovell of Matumbi). As for Leila and the Snakes — a Los Angeles band — they completed an album with Hugh but then split. Undaunted, Hugh says he'd now like to produce an English band, though he hasn't got one in mind yet.



And so, little grasshopper, you have come to consult the Oyama . . .

ENTER THE STRANGLER!

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL

(black belt bass, 750 Bonneville, hand, foot and mouth registered as deadly weapons)

vs. PHIL McNEILL

(who once fell off a Vespa and knows someone with a complete set of Kung Fu International)

**in a hideous fight to the death—
four pages of unarmed combat
and a 2½-hour interview.
Let battle commence . . .**

Cornwell is also the Strangler who's been most involved with their film. He did in fact finish editing one version just a week or so ago, based around the band's Battersea Park gig last summer and featuring echelons of strippers simulating simultaneous orgasms to 'Nice 'n' Sleazy', but that's now been scrapped. Thirty minutes of The Stranglers onstage "gets tedious", says Hugh, so they're now using the live footage as the skeleton for a 50-minute movie which should be finished next month.

Cornwell claims that TV networks in America, Australia, Japan and Germany have all expressed interest in showing the Strangers' skin-flick, but if the ten-minute clip I saw last week is anything to go by, British TV won't go anywhere near it. Pens ready, men — but don't write up and complain till you've read the interview. There's more to a G-string than meets the eye.

JEAN BURNEL is fighting fit. Literally. He's just returned from a couple of month's karate training in Japan, where he studied under one of the masters of the martial arts. (His name escapes me now, but I recognised Burnel's description of him last week when the *Evening Standard* asked Britain's top judo expert Brian Jacks who he reckoned was a real martial arts superstar. "The Japanese Oyama who created his own version of karate," Jacks replied. "In one fight he met a bull, ripped out a horn from the roots and then killed the bull with one blow." The very same.)

Burnel's six-week stint, he informs me, with relish, took in such pleasant pastimes as running five miles through the snow — barefoot, of course. On his return to England, JJ picked up a black belt.

Over the course of our two meetings — the evening at the Strangers' house, spent playing a tape of his album which he then consented to lend me (like persuading him to part with his most precious possession), and a 2½-hour informal interview — we covered a lot of ground. So I've left the meat of our second conversation intact — "Euroman Cometh," "Black And White" (underrated and neglected in the Press), sexism — and fished out the rest. Briefly:—

The live album, 'X-Certs,' was recorded because "it's the end of a period as far as we are concerned musically, so we thought it would be nice to have a compilation of the period of the first three albums. And rock'n'roll's about live stuff."

Neither Jet Black nor Dave Greenfield is doing a solo album. Jet is "working on a new recipe for hamburgers."

And The Stranglers are no longer managed by Albion.

"That's a very unpublishable thing," says Burnel. "We don't attempt to capitalise on legal hassles like other bands."

"We've been in the middle of a lot of litigation. Captain Birdseye (Derek Savage) and Dai Laughing (Dai Davies) were intent on building up a huge empire. They wanted all this Oxford Street stuff and the expense that goes with it — all kinds of things: publishing companies, their own label. They used The Stranglers to make a huge empire."

"We managed ourselves for a couple of months; Ian Grant's managing us now."

Oh yes, and Jean Jacques reckons *NME* has betrayed him. Again. The first time was over the Xmas centre-spread, when he apparently only posed on condition that there wouldn't be any words attached. Much to his disgust, we went and labelled it *Stud Of The Year*. (You think he'd be flattered. . .)

The second occasion was two weeks ago, when we ran his *Systems* article. Here we said he'd contributed it off his own back, whereas in fact he says we asked him to write it. So that saves him the bother of coming round to give Neil a good kicking — or rather, a good chopping. Okay?

ERIE ELECTRONICS, dark chiming guitar, pulsing bass, dour intonation: "Je suis descendant de Charlemagne / Je suis descendant de Cromwell / Je suis descendant de Bonaparte / Je suis descendant d'Adolf Hitler / Je suis un Eurohomme. . . ."

Euroman cometh, trailing a dozen three-minute electronic pop songs in his wake: "Euromess," "Deutschland Nicht Über Alles," "Tout Comprendre," "Do The European," "Freddie Laker Concorde Airbus," "Triumph Of The Good City" . . . get the drift? It's definitely a weird one — shades of Kraftwerk, Eno, even early Velvet. Terribly moderne and nothing remotely like The Stranglers.

Yet it's all highly accessible: strong melodies, modish repetition, pleasant textures. . . . not disco, but undoubtedly a big seller.

Burnel's not claiming any great

● *Continues over page*

Jean Jacques Continued

◆ From previous page

No, we wrote about beating a woman up. Hugh wrote it in fact about hitting a girlfriend of his, which might have been a sad crossroads for his relationship with that particular woman but it just so happens he hit that particular woman. Nowhere in the song does he advocate it as a policy for all people. It's like, if you want, *Play For Today* in 3½ minutes: it's a piece of real life, and if you can't handle real life then you shouldn't listen to The Stranglers, go and listen to Genesis.

But most of your other songs are taken not to refer to specific incidents.

Well, 'Nubiles' is a generalisation. Obviously one would discriminate about the choice of nubiles for the Ultimate Act, but it's a statement of idiosyncrasy, if you like. Hugh happens to have this thing towards under-age girls; he's got arrested for it one day, but that's his quirk. Under-age girls seem to dig having an elder educator. . . . maybe they should lower the age of consent. Nubility, as espoused by The Stranglers, has developed into quite a philosophy: a kind of aesthetic.

What do you fuck? Do you fuck girls, men, what?

It's not a case of what you fuck, is it? It's a case of what your attitude is to the sex as a whole.

Well then none of our songs shows that attitude.

They certainly appear to.

Be specific. You can't — you see, you've created this whole mythology around us, and it's for you to explain yourself, my dear boy.

'Bring On The Nubiles', 'Sometimes', 'Ugly', 'Princess Of The Streets', 'London Lady' — and using strippers onstage — it's all women as sex objects, women should be dominated, women are second rate citizens.

I think you're just using any excuse to get excited about, your insecurities are coming out. It's inverse paranoia. It's like these people that are so afraid of the race relations thing that there's a reaction against it, they go out of their way to be friendly to black people or whoever is being discriminated against and they end up being patronising. Animal lovers are sometimes guilty of it. I think you're treating women too much like animals (laughs).

I don't think we should aim at creating a new gender of male. Too much emphasis is put on a woman's sexuality, and not enough on her technical and intellectual ability. We've always been attacked for treating women as sexual objects, but in bed a woman is a sexual object. When she's a computer programmer, you might look at her legs when she's walking away from you, but you treat her as a computer programmer.

If I find myself in bed with another living thing, I tend to treat it as a sexual object. And I tend to be thanked for it. I'm thinking of having an intellectual discussion on the rights and wrongs of euthanasia tonight in bed; I'll try not to bring sex into the conversation.

But it's not sex people object to. . . . Oh, the implication is that there's some kind of puritanical backlash against our bohemian wanderings.

Certainly that might be an underlying factor, but at the same time your critics are correct.

So it would be okay if we happened to write a real song about hitting a bloke — we wouldn't be sexist there — but we are sexist because we wrote one song about hitting a girl? What would we be if we wrote songs glorifying male peni — "Oh yeah I really dig sucking off biggest cocks around ooh-ooh" — what would we be then? I think we'd be equally sexist according to your criteria.

Although, yeah, in an ideal world neither would be sexist, the fact is that in this world attitudes to the role of women in society are not going to change while people are reinforcing stereotypes of women as bodies first and intellects, if you like, second.

Possibly in isolation what The Stranglers do would be fine — but you're not operating in isolation. You're operating in a society where virtually the whole of the media puts forward this image of women as just bodies. And you're just reinforcing what The Sun's saying every day.

I think men should certainly be appreciated for their bodies much more than they are. But you can't create change overnight: it will take many years for people to start appreciating a man's shape and form as a sexual thing. But presumably you would not be into that either.

That's not so. The appreciation of the sexual form is fine — except it dominates society's image of women.

I see what you're getting at.

The Playboy Philosophy, or The Stranglers Philosophy, as it would appear to be. . . . You insist on this Stranglers Philosophy —



your head is still where it was at two years ago as regards The Stranglers and women. The fact that our art has involved writing about specific women in a certain way, is nothing to get upright about.

That might have been an arguable position after 'Rattus Norvegicus', but. . . . Look, I can appreciate the strippers onstage as entertainment, I can appreciate the strippers onstage as a stand against censorship. But unfortunately there is a more important consideration, which is that it reinforces a sexist image of women.

Nothing The Stranglers are gonna do, or even the media is doing, will affect the evolution of women's roles. It's a red herring to talk about a stripper as being dangerous; I can't see how you can be into rock'n'roll if you think that a female stripping onstage is dangerous — you've fallen right into The Stranglers' trap.

Rock'n'roll is about cocks and jiving and the odd bloody nose. . . . and about people like us talking seriously about the social order.

But I thought you thought rock could be a vehicle for change.

I just said that actually. Discussing the social order. Yeah, I think it is — but I think you've got too much copy out of women and The Stranglers. Suffice to say that petitions should be made up against every rock'n'roll band in the land: The Stranglers shouldn't be singled out.

Yeah — as I said in the review of 'Black And White' — which I do regret to some extent, I think I went too far in the other direction. I was very snotty about other journalists, very self-righteous: "This is my issue, I raised it".

I'm surprised you didn't get your face punched in.

I'VE GOT some old quotes here from Hugh about how important the new wave movement was — "and we feel part of that, if we didn't feel we could contribute to what's happening now we'd split." "What do you think you have contributed? What do you think has happened?"

Well, we've kept a lot of journalists in a job. And a few record company people. We've also stimulated a lot of people to write and to think, and we've educated a few people; we've learnt ourselves, a lot of things. We've played more gigs than anyone else — still — so we've taken rock'n'roll to probably more people than anyone else.

We've made asses of ourselves a few times and we've brought a lot of attention to

◆ Continues page 54

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ALBUMS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS Inflammable Material (Rough Trade)

I was hardly expecting it but... even more so than "Never Mind The Bollocks" — which turned out to be comedy — much more so than "The Clash" — which turned out to be quaint — as astonishing in its impact as "The Ramones".

"Inflammable Material" is the classic punk rock record. A crushing contemporary commentary, brutally inspired by blatant bitter rebellion and frustration, that supplies neither questions nor real answers but consistently explodes. *Fuck off! Leave me alone!* in the most scalding, dirty way since the set slogans "Anarchy In The U.K." and "White Riot" were laid to rest.

Straightaway, it hits hard, shakes the speakers, leers, leaps and dazes. "Suspect Device", a known classic song that managed to transcend limp production when released on Rigid Digid Records last year, has been cleaned and organised by producers Geoff Travis and Mayo Thompson (see Penman's Rough Trade article, page 21) so that the two guitars of Jake Burns and Henry Cluney strike out in such fiery fashion you can't help wondering why such an outrageously nasty sound hasn't long been a rigorous necessity in rock'n'roll. The album's guitar sound is not for the squeamish. Merciless and malicious, it has both depth and barbarity: the guitars fight and feud, the battle is wild and selfish. You don't just feel and hear the guitar, you almost see it. Makes The Clash sound tender.

Yeah, but if that isn't enough, coy-looking bespectacled Jake Burns' diabolically bloodthirsty vocals make Joe Strummer sound like a crooner and match Lydon's move for move in terms of agile malevolence and extreme retaliatory intimidation. The leashing, vitriolic combination of voice and guitar is so profound it would only require a competent commitment from Ali McMordie on bass and Brian Falcon on drums and there'd be one classic rock'n'roll sound.

As it is, McMordie has a witty, scurrious range of runs and Falcon's control is a lot more doggedly beneficial than has been suggested.

After "Suspect Device" just the whole side is glorious. Eight songs coagulated with spite, soaked with antagonisation, smoldering with resentment, driven by real anger much more than faint petulance. Remember, these four guys lived in the middle of an environment that none of us can ever fully comprehend.

I can only imagine that the forbidding atmosphere in



Jake Burns, so wrapped up in his Stiff Little Fingers that he fails to notice huge Albums logo above him.

Pic: Justin Thomas.

Anger from Ulster

The Stiff Little Fingers Debut Explodes In The U.K.

Belfast must drip with tension, rancour, jaundiced confusion, fear and frustration, a kind of frustration none of us can understand; and much of this record, especially side one, comes unnervingly close to capturing and conveying a picture of the gray outrage of life over there, whilst the rampage and roar of the rock immaculately complements the aggression and vengeance of the songs.

Three of side one's outbursts, and four of side two's have words written by *Daily Expressman* Gordon Oglivie, a spot of peculiarity that debases "Inflammable Material" with a little of the feeling that can ruin the Pistols and Clash for some — the suggestion of apsepsis of cynically motivated savagery using the group for mischievous or disturbing ends.

Oglivie came to the group along with fellow newspaperman Colin McClellan, and it was at their suggestion that the group concentrated on expressing emotion and experiences from within their unique and atrocious predicament. Both are journalists working at an infamously foul form of reporting, and although the

group readily disclaim accusations of puppeteering, prejudiced suspicions are unfortunately easily aroused by the involvement.

Certainly it may be coincidence but Oglivie's lyrics, ("Suspect Device", "Barbed Wire Love" and "White Noise" on side one, "Law And Order", "Rough Trade", "Alternative Ulster" and "Closed Groove" on side two) do seem a little glib, especially "Noise" and "Groove".

Yet ultimately, in the same way that even if "Anarchy In The U.K." was written by John Betjeman or Alan Bennett, Rotten's stinging, sly vocals made it totally uncontrived and his own — in the same way that Rotten was just too "good" for McClaren's plans — Stiff Little Fingers, by sheer virtue of their obviously genuine indignation and virulence, surpass any such manipulation here. If McClellan and Oglivie, and likely enough I'm doing them a disservice, are 'up to something', then the snarls and sourness in Finger's execution wreck it all. There is just no sign of lack of commitment or identification with the words, this again superbly typified on the

awesome "Suspect Device" where Burns delivers some twee couplets like it's the last thing he's ever going to do.

For me, it's the four apparently self-penned tracks which follow that vividly evoke and provoke more than anything on the record. "State Of Emergency", is hard and unbelievably embittered, fuelled by swirling, surging guitars:

*"So please don't just sit there
Let's try to break out
From all the hatred,
Suspicion and doubt
Try to change your life
That is no life at all."*

Hear it and flush. "Here We Are Nowhere" sneaks a snappy arrangement into 55 seconds, a three verse tantrum of emptiness. "Wasted Life" splatters disaffection and contempt all through its three minutes with a curt, loveless chorus sung with limitless despair.

*"They wanna waste my life
They wanna waste my time
They wanna waste my life
And they've stolen it away"*

All through the album "they" remain elusive and anonymous, something that

somehow intensifies the feeling of anguish and alarm. Fury is directed everywhere and nowhere. "No More Of That" is a short and definite retort to the distant "they", sung determinedly by Cluney.

"Barbed Wire Love" ironically sets a teenage romance within harsh imagery (kneecaps, boobey traps and bombs), although there's a better song to be written about romance and this kind of war. Emphasising the irony, the song does overtly reveal a unique, penetrative pop sensibility that leaves every Finger song with a discreet but memorable hook. Burns' vocals can do subtle, magical things with a melody, too, as on

"Breakout". "White Noise" has a particularly finely balanced Oglivie lyric — a crudely pedantic attack on bigotry, but great musical dynamism.

Side Two lacks the obvious fluency of the first, but still has plenty of memorable moments. "Law And Order" is the most obviously Clash-derived track — and again, Burns gives the words life and reason. An interpretation of a reggae tune, Marley's "Johnny Was" invites vague comparisons

with Clash's debut album and their "Police And Thieves", but whereas Clash went into it as structure and rhythm, the Fingers approach it as sound and spirit. "Johnny Was" rolls out an incredibly mature, totally justified eight-minute epic, that splutters and bursts into view, then settles into an easy, absorbing rhythm, guitars inevitably causing the damage, with Burns proving the versatility of his voice.

"Rough Trade" is a passionate comment on the Island affair (a recent mess where the label seduced and then lookishly dumped the group). Burns sneering the lyric with extraordinary distaste. "Alternative Ulster" is presumably a remnant from the Island period, it's produced by ex-Hot Rods manager/producer Ed Hollis. Again, it may be my imagination but it starts off sounding a little like the Rods, or at least has a separate, uncomfortable pop slant — a shade smooth occasionally.

"Closed Groove" is a bizarre, tight lipped, stiff-rhythmed piece — a sadly understated if adventurous way to finish the record. The ringing tone of an unanswered phone stick at the end of the album, and you're left feeling numb after all the rage and remorseless intolerance.

Let's just say in terms of the guitars, Burns' staggering voice, the sensitivity and unbridled passion, the genuine, sullen concern, some thrilling moments of drama, the strong evocations of life in Ulster, the perceptive production, the severity and variety — even, in a way, the imperfections — this is a classic. Nothing since "Spiral Scratch" and "The Ramones" have struck me as possessing such immeasurable intuition.

Of course, now that they're isolated from the tragic ingredients of their inspiration (and maybe that means the music is a success in the only way it needed to be, that it dragged them out of "the emergency" as their songs unashamedly admit is "the way"), now that they're immersed in the rock'n'roll world, they'll probably never again communicate similar grievances and discontent with such raw exasperation.

But to have made this record and to have done it so positively, is much more than most can be expected to do. For such an achievement can cause problems. Their future is entirely up to them.

Without this in any way being a throwaway statement, it was perhaps always inevitable that Belfast would throw up the vital punk record. There are parts of "Inflammable Material" that are not just exciting or stimulating but quite humbling. It is a remarkable document.

Paul Morley

THE BAND Anthology (Capitol)

Although at first it seems a mite superfluous after last year's encyclopedic "The Last Waltz", this straightforward double album compilation of nine years (1968-77) of Band music is actually almost preferable to that indigestible confection of heady nostalgia and pointless star-spangling.

Contractual complications may prevent "Anthology" from no more than barely ruffling the surface of The Band's long and mutually beneficial association with Bob Dylan — "I Shall Be Released", "When I Paint My Masterpiece" and "This Wheel's On Fire" are inevitably included — but it's still a very presentable valediction, sensibly chronological and carefully

presented with US critic Robert Palmer inner-sleeve-voicing and scrutinising each of the 20 already available songs, often quoting Band guitarist and main songwriter Robbie Robertson on their whys and wherefores.

There isn't either the time or the space for extensive analysis of The Band's Capitol career. However I must admit I've never subscribed to the "official" view that The Band's first two or, at a scrape, three albums ("Music From Big Pink", "The Band" and "Stage Fright") are required listening, and the all the rest ("Cahoon's", "Rock Of Ages", "Moon Dog Matinee", "Northern Lights, Southern Cross" and "Islands") comparatively disposable.

Heretically, I've found all eight releases in one way or

another absorbing; The Band, I feel, simply weren't in the habit of making uninteresting albums. Even in retrospect, the plaintive allusiveness of '68's "The Weight" (whose inspiration Robertson credits to Spanish surrealist Luis Bunuel) seems no greater — though admittedly no lesser — an achievement than either the downright funky zap of '71's "Life Is A Carnival" or '75's wistfully evocative "Acadian Driftwood".

Mention of "Acadian Driftwood" duly prompts mention of the often eerie sense of historical authenticity ingrained into much of Robertson's songwriting like rings in a crosscut of hardwood. Whatever penetrating combination of insight and intuition it was that enabled Robertson himself, like all The Band save



Robbie Robertson, choked to see The Band's name in lights for the last time.

Pic (sob) by Michael Putland.

drummer Levon Helm, a Canadian — to crawl so convincingly under the skin of America's near-mythical past and present, his songs stand as forthright witness to this, an exceptional and enduring gift.

"The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", "King Harvest (Has Surely Come)", "Daniel And The Sacred Harp", "Mystery Train" (not a Robertson original, but nonetheless reshaped and absorbed by him into The

Band's repertoire with innate understanding). Robertson's ability to run the wildest range of American time and place was invariably balanced by his and The Band's ability to call on almost any strain of American "popular" music; both aspects were then seamlessly blended (but never blended) into a contemporary whole.

No different in this respect from any other Band album, "Anthology" would make a budding musicologist bug-eyed with amazement. You want rock broken down into all its constituent parts (rock'n'roll, blues, folk, country, R&B, jazz, soul even — it's all here) and yet somehow firmly, naturally, fabulously complete? Look no further.

Angus MacKinnon

BILL NELSON'S RED NOISE

Sound-On-Sound (Harvest)

Another white music in a similar kitchen, Red Noise are presumably the result of Bill Nelson's feeling rather — in the words of one of the songs here — "Out Of Touch".

Bebop Deluxe once made reasonably "modern music" — and I don't just mean the album of the same name — but were rapidly overtaken by events on the homefront in '77/'78. "Drastic Plastic" was an awkwardly interesting attempt to move with the times, but Nelson's never been a man or musician to be seen to be lagging behind and his singleminded decision to break up Bebop and start over again should really have come as no surprise.

Nelson's ultimately not so brave new concept (conceit?) sweeps this way and that for base material to alchemise, treading paths that are as intentionally "contemporary" as they're unintentionally questionable. The most cursory spin of "Sound-On-Sound" will reveal primary influences and acknowledgements as XTC, late Bowie and early Roxy Music, secondaries as Eno, Todd Rundgren and Kraftwerk.

So the credentials are strong, and the highest card to hand is studio sound. The way these 12 songs have been recorded effectively completes whatever work Bowie and Eno left undone on the first sides of "Low" and "Heroes" and Rundgren on "Todd".

There's that same overwhelming presence of sound; drums (Nelson and Dave Mattacks) are monstrous in the mix, great garage-band crumps of overload, often synthesised around the edges; bass (Nelson and Rick Ford) is subliminally massive, more felt than heard; sexes



Bill Nelson turns back on so-so review.

Pic: Penne Smith

(Ian Nelson) are 'live', brash and throaty; keyboards (both Nelsons and ex-Bebopper Andy Clark) are electric and electronic, flaring and bubbling like so much melted tape, apparently surfacing and submerging at random; guitars (an unnaturally reticent Nelson) are omnipresent, plying rhythm on rhythm.

Co-producers Nelson and John Leckie have created an extraordinary wrap-around of sound, a panoply that contrives (yes, it's as artificial as a tin leg) to simultaneously force and seduce you into rap attention. Sadly this level of achievement doesn't extend to the songs themselves; "Sound-On-Sound" plays host to a brood of largely unpalatable Nelsonisms new and old.

Too much of the material fragments under infuriatingly

strained structures. "Don't Touch Me (I'm Electric)", "Stop/Go/Stop" (literally), "Radar In My Heart", "Stay Young", "Out Of Touch", "Substitute Flesh" and "Atom Age" — such kinky dinky titles, huh? — all utilise the toytown asymmetry and ragged anti-beat so beloved of XTC and others — chip, chop, flip, flop, crush and flush. They only succeed in seeming giggling and, above all, 'small' (whereas Red Noise's totality is potentially 'big'); they also lose considerable melodic charms in all the tangled wood clutter.

Other songs collapse with extraneous technocality. The bridge sections of both "A Better Home In The Phantom Zone" and "Art/Empire/Industry" even threaten to repeat the idiocies of Return To Forever's "Hymn

Of The Seventh Galaxy" — and "Revolt Into Style" is just muddled beyond repair.

Which leaves only two songs in which shape and sound add instead of subtract. "For Young Moderns" is Nelson at his musical best, levelling off a solid, staple backbeat against commanding chords and a wishfully expectant toon. But, inevitably, it's hard to swallow the song's lyrics, even with a tankerload of molasses on stand-by.

Quite why Nelson, the most likeable, down-to-earth and unpretentious of interviewees, persists in metamorphosing into a last, ludicrous playpoet of the meta-modern world (this year's last year's thing) persons must, of course, remain a mystery to me; I only hope it doesn't to him.

Whatever, most of his lyrics here are doubtless dangerously decadent, vivaciously voyeuristic, fashionably frivolous, audaciously Orwellian, nigglingly knowing, marvellously Metropolitan, splendidly sensual, aesthetically automated, fabulously futuristic, numbingly new (sorry, neut) and euphorically European, but they're also tiresomely trivial, spectacularly specious and unspeakably unnecessary.

But, before I sign off and make my annual resolution never to berate Bill Nelson — who's in fact laudably sincere in his work — again, I'll just add that the one flawless song here is amazing and astounding. "Furniture Music" is without a doubt the best song Bowie and Rundgren will ever write and record together, also a near-perfect expression of everything Nelson is trying, but so often failing to attain.

It's also the single (economy hint). Hear it and live in hope.

Angus MacKinnon

VARIOUS ARTISTS

British R&B (Blues Roots) (Decca)

SAVOY BROWN Blues Roots (Decca)

JOHN MAYALL Blues Roots (Decca)

If nothing else, the release of this faintly unappetising trio of albums would seem to indicate that Decca Records — a company not often noted for their swiftness on the uptake — are reasonably sure that R&B is in an ongoing popularity situation at the moment. Once again, the vaults yawn and dusty masters from the Paleolithic Era stagger into the sunlight, rubbing the cobwebs from their Telecasters and searching for a place in Tomorrow's World.

It is an indisputable truth, not to mention a nach! fact, that British R&B (1963-6) and even the Blues Boom (1968-9) produced an awful lot of music that positively overflowed with energy, commitment and a genuine vitality. Unfortunately, it is also true that these eras disgorged a lot of painfully amateurish music that was little more than a ludicrously earnest electric update of *The Black And White Minstrel Show*; British accents and playing showing through the Shee-caw-goe veneer like boards through crumbling plaster rather than a



John Mayall sneers at CSM's overview. Pic: Stephen Treadwell.

functioning bland of heredity and influence.

Even more unfortunately, most of the material under examination here falls into the latter category.

Savoy Brown were a herd of raggedy grunts led by guitarist Kim Simmonds, a man whose playing began as inept and tasteless and advanced to the stage of being competent and tasteless around the time that Savoy Brown started to become Mondo Colosso in the boogie wastelands of the American Midwest. The selection herewith represented is a seemingly endless morass of bottleneck bashing, drumming more remarkable for its stamina and boredom-resistance than anything else, and the singing of Chris Youlden, a man who sounds as if he's rolling his eyes every time he opens his mouth. Hamnier than half a pig, Youlden nevertheless pulls it off on "Train to Nowhere", a fine cut that gives the listener a rough indication of what T. Rex would've sounded like if they'd been a blues band (and if Marc Bolan had had a very deep voice).

Their other train song, "Hellbound Train", just about happens, but "Taste And Try Before You Buy" (probably the best thing they ever did) is for some reason not included. Over the lengthy toothache epics into which they transform such hallowed songs as "Louisiana Blues" and "Wang Dang Doodle", your humble critic will draw a discreet veil.

By now, John Mayall must be heartily sick of learned critical dissertations to the effect that he owes the greater part of his success to his powers of leadership and excellent taste in sidemen; especially since such received wisdom is substantially accurate. Drawing on the latter half of the '60s, this album takes one back to the

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days when Eric Clapton played white awake and Peter Green played at all. It also includes the epochal Mayell-Clapton "Lonely Years", possibly the most accurate mimicry of classic early electric blues ever recorded. At a time when more original blues reissues are available than at any time since the late '60s, this album is of real interest only to guitar trapezoiders.

The compilation is several kinds of appalling. Only Them's reading of Jimmy Witherspoon's classic "Times Are Getting Tougher Than Tough" (with gorgeous singing and saxing from Van The Men) and Rod Stewart's "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" (from the days when you could see him for something less than £10.80) are actually enjoyable, with the Small Faces' version of "You Really Got A Hold On Me" just scraping through thanks to an extraordinary bravura performance from a teenage Stevie Marriott.

At the other end of the spectrum we find The Zombies turning in what must have been the all-time crappy performance of the entire era on "Road Runner" (demonstrating with an awesome finality the extent to which they floundered when stepping outside the exquisite mentholated pop territory of their classic hits), rivalled only by The Moody Blues' "Time Is On My Side" (another discreet veil please, Gaston).

The early recordings of The Animals, Yardbirds, Kinks, Stones and Manfred Mann hold up more than respectably 15 or so years on, but this stuff is mostly also-ran, a Britblues equivalent of most of the stuff on "Farewell To The Roxy" or "Streets".

Charles Shaar Murray

THE TRAMMPS The Best Of The Tramps (Atlantic)

Like Parliament, The Tramps started life as a vocal quintet but all of their successful records have incorporated a dozen or so regular musicians who are effectively part of the group. Unlike the U.S. Funk Mob, The

Tramps operate within the traditional sphere of uniform suits and dance routines and from their first single in 1972 they have unashamedly courted the discos.

Contrary to current popular opinion, discos have existed in one form or another since Fifi LaRoix installed a wind-up Victrola in her Bourbon Street whorehouse, exciting the

clients to blow some extra greenbacks on booze or dope while the Buck 'n' Wing danced with the line-up of talent to the boogie oogie oogie of Jelly Roll Morton and the like. But of course the modern variant on the theme sprouted in the early '60s and only really bloomed into a colossal industry in the mid-'70s.

Right in there up to their knees in fertile ideas during the important transition years were Sigma Sound Studios of Philadelphia and the attendant sessioners, of whom The Tramps and their production associates were an integral part. And being so quick to suss the new rules of the game they made music that was an interesting mix of past and present. Not exactly the missing link between doowop and Chic, but close.

The group switched labels a couple of times before arriving at Atlantic in 1976 so this nine-track compilation from their third-to-fifth albums doesn't include their more obviously crossbred recordings. Nevertheless, it's a strong sampler of their commercially golden period, from "That's Where The Happy People Go" through hits like "I Feel Like I Been Livin' (On The Dark Side Of The Moon)" to the only ballad track, "Seasons For Girls".

Most of the tracks seem to be edited versions, perhaps only "Disco Inferno" and "Disco Party" clocking anywhere near the original length (Atlantic craftily avoid advertising the track times on this album). But as they're nearly all of a similar groove you can happily boogie nonstop through most of both sides.

Good disco with an R&B bias, featuring crack Philly musicians and a notable array of singers.

Cliff White



The Babys — a bunch of unlikely lads — couldn't care less.

THE BABYS Head First (Chrysalis)

Three years pass, and the British-born Babys are still firmly rooted in the U.S.A. This, their third album, tells all.

It neatly rounds the corners of their Bad Company-based, heavy rock pop with lush symphonic effects, and it undercuts the butch, romantic image with a contrived element of charm. It attacks, but it doesn't threaten. It makes grand FM fodder, and will doubtless continue to pave their Stateside stomping grounds with gold discs.

Right now, in our

prestigious but stormy musical climate, The Babys are just pissing into the wind. To an extent it's rough justice, as "Head First" doesn't immediately demand the friskier treatment. Technically the album's far less banal than the lyrics suggest, and it's clear, deep-sound production does credit to a consistently adequate content. They use strong melodies, varied arrangements, and have a fine, clichéd, vocalist in John Waite, who's similarity to Paul Rogers is at times almost uncanny.

But for what? They're still as lukewarm as a hot fudge sundae, and about as tasteless.

Mark Ellen

Imports

You've read the mag, now play the record. "The Best Of Bomp" (Bomp) I mean, a decidedly tasty, white vinyl 15-tracker compiled by Greg Shaw and his team of fax'n'info nutz who, it seems, have been releasing discs for all of four years now (how time flies when you're having fun).

Side one harks back to Bomp the way she was, with cuts by 20/20, The Flamin' Groovies and The Poppees, all '60s influenced outfits; The Wackers, those vastly under-rated Canucks; The Choir, virtually a Carmen-less Raspberries; and "Jingle Jangle", a guess-who's-on-it musical Christmas card devised by Rockfield's Kingsley Ward and marketed under the band name of The Rockfield Chorale. Bomp's switch to a new-wave love affair is heralded by the dismal, Fowley-produced, "Punk-A-Rama" by Venus And The Rezorblades; and followed by Snatch's far better "I.R.T." demo; The Boom Boom Band's "Kerouac", a cut that initially surfaced on the Garage label; "Tomorrow Night", from the totally admirable Shoes; and assorted items by The Wierdoes, The Zeroes, DMZ and Iggy And The Stooges. Not everyone's a winner, baby, but the success rate is pretty high. "Best Of Bomp" therefore rates as a fair investment for those not into Krugerrands.

A front room in Stanmore may be a strange choice of mission control centre from which to conquer the universe but for Bob Clifford, self-confessed D-I-Y-rockabilly, it's proved, in best Cape Kennedy parlance,

A-OK. For, some months ago, Clifford did around 30 tracks on his home tape-deck, used 15 of them for a self-promoted album he put out under the pseudonym of Al Roberts Jnr ("Rockabilly Guitar Man" — Frog 11), then sent some of the remaining items out to Rockin' Ronnie Weiser in the States.

Weiser, who owns the Rollin' Rock label, managed to interest some visiting French entrepreneurs (you can't get much more French than that) and before you could say cross Channel Ferry (sorry, Bryl) the froggies whacked out an album called "Hot Rock" (Honeymoon) and immediately shipped some copies back to dear old, strike-bound Brighton. Touted as by "Bob Clifford And The Hep Cats", this made-in-Middlesex import presents Clifford, plus The Hep Cats and The Roberts Brothers — all of whom sound suspiciously like over-dub freak Clifford — in fine form, boppin' happily on a number of self-penned rockers of the familiar kind.

A capable guitarist with a real feel for the music of the late '50s and early '60s (Clifford also plays bass, drums and piano), he fails marginally on the vocal side of things, lacking something in the way of greasiness a la Ace Cafe. Perhaps then, his best bet would be further exercises such as his attractive "2% of 90% of 1%" on which he utilises his multi-dubbed harmony vocals expertise.

Not that he should worry, for Clifford/Roberts Jnr has recently flogged a couple of sides to the Scandinavian owned Sonet label, while his Parisian pals have contracted him for two further albums.

Yes folks, you guessed it — it's happy ending week!

Fred Dollar



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ELVIS PRESLEY Elvis — A Legendary Performer Volume 3 (RCA)

It appears that, for the moment, the purpose of the 'Legendary Performer' series is two-fold: a clearing house for recorded remnants and a means of legalising those tracks that proliferate on bootlegs.

As usual, it's a mixed bag. Twelve songs and one interview.

"Hound Dog", "Crying In The Chapel", "Surrender" and "In The Ghetto" are the original, readily available takes. "Fame And Fortune", "Frankfort Special" and "Guadalajara" are alternate unreleased takes of previously released songs.

"It Hurts Me" and "Let Yourself Go" are a brace of 'live' songs recorded on June 27, 1968 for the NBC-TV *Elvis Special* (incidentally El's first small screen shot in eight years and his first as bill-topper) and hitherto only available on "The 68 Comeback" boot. "Let It Be Me" is another alternative 'live' version from the four days of solid taping that produced "On Stage February 1970". "Britches" is an unreleased bootlegged turkey of a tune from the "Flaming Star" soundtrack. Which leaves "Denny".

Written, recorded, but omitted from the *King Creole* score, it's an archetypal moody lip-trembler, better known as "Lonely Blue Boy". Nevertheless, one gem and an interview is still a pretty high price to pay for admission.

The interview is a seven-and-a-half minute snippet from a half-hour chat conducted in August 56 by Paul Wilder with Elvis and The Colonel for a three-part series run in *TV Guide* (the US equivalent of *TV Times* and *Radio Times*).

In its original form, this was



The dummy Elvis in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks Museum

Elvis still dead shock

a one-sided open-ended four-band promo single, distributed (with two informative cardboard inserts) around radio stations to promote the printed interview. Regarded by vinyl junkies as the most prized Presley artifact, the reserve price on this item currently stands at around \$2,000-\$5,000 depending on its condition.

So, what was Elvis' reply to being branded The Pelvis? "I don't like being called Elvis The Pelvis," he drawled belligerently. "It's one of the most childish expressions I've ever heard coming from an adult." *Heavy!*

Perhaps, now that this album is out, RCA will get down to the serious business of compiling a double album of the 34 (bootlegged)

air-shots Elvis recorded for the Jackie Gleason, Dorsey Brothers, Milton Berle, Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan TV shows, plus the recently surfaced "Louisiana Hayride" recordings.

That's where the legend really begins.

Roy Carr

FIREFALL Elan (Atlantic)

There is nothing remotely vivacious about Firefall, no impetuosity. Elan, mes amis, just don't come into the picture.

Although it is no surprise that Firefall's fourth is every ounce as turgid and lifeless as its predecessors it still is a shock to check out the line-up. Bassist Mark Andes was once a Spirit and it's a real gut-wrencher to see him prostituting ample skills with this platinum-coated, MOR slop-facade. Worse, Michael Clarke was an original Byrd, younger than yesterday no more. Michael has himself the obligatory 'lash and seems to be carrying several excess stone. He hides his disgrace behind L.A. shades, joining



To keep E. company Tussauds move in the dummy Mr and Mrs Paul Anka

his comrades in their dreadful new interpretation of that easy contract rider. Shameful Michael, did he really want to be a rock and roll star?

The true culprits here are Larry Burnett and Rick Roberts, fag and Flying Burritos. But don't go thinking this is tacky country rock, it's the usual compromise — low rent ballad salad and ludicrous up-tempo antique schlock.

There is no way to justify Firefall's existence, no saving grace. The people who buy their records can't be living out a fantasy as Firefall don't offer a tenable escape from reality. How much longer can the West Coast tolerate the maudlin mediocrity served up by the likes of Firefall, the Eagles, the Doobie's et al.?

How much longer do people endure the levels of shuffling competence dressed up in fancy new clothes?

It would make me hate them when I consider how genuine artists like Randy California, Mac Gayden and Dennis Linde can't even get a contract, when new bands like Chrome and The Shoes will never get their material released here; it would, but I can't waste the emotion.

Firefall are pariahs in the rock and roll marketplace, profits and voids, conspicuous consumption in the name of instant obsolescence. Someone is going to have to kick their table over because right now this sort of rubbish prevails. It can't be stopped.

Max BeH

JAH FRANKIE JONES Satta An Praise Jah (Third World)

Of all the various albums extant in the voluminous Third World catalogue — courtesy of JA producer (I) Striker Lee — this debut set

from Jah Frankie Jones rates as one of the most noteworthy.

Jah Frankie is a member of Tapper Zukie's proteges Junior Ross & The Squires, and has already gained some respect Jamdown way as a songwriter of distinction, notably as penman for blade-bewitched Leroy Smart, and particularly as author of his hit, "Ballistic Affair".

"Satta An Praise Jah" is a ten track set that pines a collection of standard youth rebel-dread / Ras Tafari themes, distinguished mostly by Jones' pleasing vocal interpretations of the same, a vocal style, in fact, not dissimilar to Smart's own.

The whole album makes for entertaining listening, but standouts include the title track — a 45 of which was extremely popular this time last year — plus "Time Is The Master", "Love Is The Foundation", "Stepout A Babylon" and "Jessey Black".

The last named would seem to reply to Tony Parsons' recent contention in this paper regarding Ras Tafari "copyright infringement" of the Jewish (Kharzarian) race: "Look how long you've been around, and you no know yourselves. All those great prophets, priests and king in those time were dreadlocks men. Solomon a dreadlock. Moses a dreadlock. David a dreadlock. Aaron a natty dread."

Nigger is the term by which the obscene-minded know the modern-day Nazarene. The Kharzars were the people chosen by God to bring forth the gospel in this time, for the return of the true Children of Israel.

In the words of Roger L. Simon: "The rabbi of Kotzk said: Everything in the world can be imitated except truth. For truth that is imitated is no longer truth."

Penny Reel

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VILLAGE PEOPLE Cruisin' (Mercury)

Is this the disco backlash?
Naaa — we don't believe in
backlashes, just in pointing
out when people go wrong.
"Y.M.C.A." been
brightening up your secret
lives lately? I'm sure y'all
bought and enjoyed the
risque little disque — I know
we did — just don't buy the
album, is all.

Partly, it's not the Village
People's fault. It's almost
impossible to make a good
disco album, or a good soul
album.

It is much easier to make a
consistent rock album
because white rock does not
need to come from the soul, in
fact that which does can be
horribly gauche and
histrionic. It does not need to
be medly intense; it can shriek
on one track, then lay back,
then be clever and cool and
then just fool around. When a
black album tries to ease off
for a moment there are
usually disastrous results;
soul must be intense, disco
must have a big, big tension
about it.

Alternatively, a black album
may attempt to sound at
fever-pitch urgency
throughout both sides of
vinyl, trying to keep on peak
for half an hour — well, this
just sounds flustered and
shrill, it's impossible to shout
for that long and still hold
people's attention.

The Village People make no
attempt to vary the hit singles
formula. They opt for the Big
Shout, totally wasting the
essential tension created on
"Y.M.C.A.". There is a very
shouting sound at the best of
times, about as much as a
disco singer can get without
becoming Jack the Ripper; the
more I hear it, the more I'm
bored. Their sound lacks all
three things that usually
adorn great disco — a girl's
voice, a loveorn lyric and a
blood-bursting bass line.

What they do have that
other bands of disco boys
don't is their weird and
whacky image: supposedly all
homosexual at the start,
though now they say some
are and some ain't — they
never actually come out and
say which ones is which,
conveniently for their
mothers. And their fancy
dress, courtesy of founder and
composer Jacques "Do It The
French Way" Morali, who has
presumably fulfilled his
ambition to create a musical
act "built around the
American archetypes that are
idolized in Europe." Cowboy,



All the usual people you'd expect to find down the village: a Cowboy, an Indian, a Cop, a Hard-Hat etc.

navy, G.I. leatherman,
policeman (I'll overlook you,
little Indian) — idolized by
masochistic homosexual men
(no offence) would be nearer
the mark, I think.

Talking of homosexuals, a
couple of liberal-thinking
hacks on other papers seem to
have adopted the Village
People as their shield against
working-class youths'
mindless violence; this is silly.
Boys may tap their feet to
"Y.M.C.A.", but it won't stop
them loathing homosexuals
anymore than ska made
skinheads anti-racist.

Another popular
misconception amongst those
newly converted to disco is
that one cannot judge the
quality of a disco record
unless one is on a dance floor.
What a list! nonsense. As
ignorant and nouveau snobbe
as saying that one can only
appreciate reggae fully when
retrofit and stoned on
marijuana, or can only realise
what makes up the rare great
heavy metal single when
banging one's head on a wall.
I was the first writer to
advocate "Shame" last year,
after hearing it three times in
bed: you may need to make a

fool of yourself in front of the
youngsters before you can
appreciate good music or
believe the evidence of your
own ears, creep, but some of
us are a little more
well-adjusted than you.

Oooo, just one more daring
little sociological note before I
start saying who sings what
and why: middle-class
journalists also seem to be
nursing some cutesy little
notion that the kids damn the
disco, man, have somehow in
their simple way discovered
the essential spirit of life and
really know how to enjoy
themselves, having none of
the sophisticated urban
hang-ups of your average rock
fan — real noble savages, in
fact. Well, I don't go down
disco floors old — looks a bit
pathetic once you've left
school but I had myself a fair
old bit of Mecca fun when I
was young, and the girls back
where I come from still flog
the old feet every weekend,
and so do their little sisters
and — broadcast — disco kids
are no more life-affirming,
happy or mentally healthy than
your usual concert goer. Kids
who go down discos are living
money-orientated lives like

everyone else, and they need
their relief. It's all the same old
thing.

Despite what the oh - it's -
not - valid - unless - you - take
- your - typewriter - down - the
- dance - hall - and - write - it -
while - getting - down brigaded
say, a music paper cannot
review a disco album on the
criteria of what it's like to
dance to. If record companies
or disco acts think this is the
only real way to approach
their product, they should
stop sending disco albums to
music papers. We write for
ourselves and our readers,
and readers don't want to
read a review consisting of
"This track goes to dance to;
next one worse; next one
better". anyone that I would
write such drab copy. A
disco album must be judged
at the same standard as any
other album, on lyrical
content and melodic matter
and unexplainable magic.
D.K.?

"Y.M.C.A." is a comic
chart-topping goggle — it is no
dancer, the bass player —
appears to have no hands, but
it has a catchy kind of
optimism which is surely the
best thing a muse can get

across to you. The medley of
"The Woman" (single B-side)
and "I'm A Cruiser" are
melodically and lyrically
tragic. "I love the women who
know they are women!"
squeal the Village People, and
by knowing you're a woman
they mean you're wise
enough to stick to your
stereotyped role and wring it
dry until the day you die. To
the Village People, "real"
women are those who are
either beautiful and make
their living by exploiting their
beauty (a good way to make a
living, if you've got the goods,
I guess) or professional wives
and divorcees, who make a
career out of exploiting men
— in a feminine way, of
course. "Zsa Zsa" shout the
People, "Jackie!" "Sophia!"
"They are women!" Plain
females are not women, they
are beneath contempt.

"Cruiser" highlights the
undesirable habit of picking
up strangers whilst
unsuccessfully stealing the riff
from "Hold On I'm Coming". It
thinks promiscuity is a really
groovy and liberated thing, a
lifestyle as opposed to an
adolescent adventure.

"Party boogie woogie
boogie woogie get on down"
goes the chorus — word for
word, I swear — of "Hot Cop".
Is this the dumbest lyric in
history? Not even a tune to
bail it out. "My Roommate" is
kind of cheerful and sort of
sad, appealing in a small way
but never really holding the
attention of either the ears or
feet.

The final track, "Ups And
Downs" (very stingy with
actual songs, they are —
previous two albums were the
same, too) is a real ramble
and reflects a similar attitude
to drugs as was previously
shown to sex, a real puritan
kangaroo court; you're either
a clean boy or a slut, you're
either a clean boy or a
slobbering junkie mess. This
is the trouble with the Village
People — they perpetuate
very repressed attitudes to
physical and chemical
displeasures. If one wants to
have a bit of sex, then one
must automatically go out
cruising and pick up total
strangers; if one wants to take
a bit of drugs, then one must
become a shambling wreck
who is actually physically
addicted ("Sometimes I feel
very strange / Sometimes I
forget my name") to the
sweeties. When one wants to
punish oneself for a naughty
thought, which happens often
in Village People land, one
throws oneself into both evil
past-times at the deep end.

Their publicity attempts to
push them as a "parody", and
says they extol "liberated
attitudes." I would have
thought that it was obvious by
now that parody is quite
useless as a means of making
people think; it just serves up
a stance tailor-made to the
"squares" who support it and
makes them feel even more
stubborn and righteous — and
it gives the people who see
the stance as ridiculous and
reactionary one extra giggle
("Ha ha"). There, its work is
done. The only people who
appreciated it as a parody
were the ones who were
against the ridiculed attitude.
Talk about self service.

Hmmm, looking back to my
review of the People's last
album "Macho Man", I see I
said they sang "masochistic
anthems to the wrath of social
mores and Jehovah, writhing,
immature peasants to
punishment." Smart kid, eh? I
don't know what the wicked
world is coming to — grown
men who haven't worked out
yet that sex, drugs and disco
are for fun, not fanatics —
what can a poor girl do?

Ah — sodom!

Julia Burchill



Edgar Froese demonstrates new keyboard technique.
Pic: Joe Stevens

TANGERINE DREAM Force Majeure (Virgin)

Another dismal chapter in the
further decline and fall of the
Dream machine. At least
Messrs Froese and Franke
have ridged themselves of the
stupendously redundant
Steve Jolliffe, whose inane
vocal "contributions" to last
year's "Cyclone" and

stageshow would have made
a boulder blush. But there's
nothing remotely new on
display here, and "Force
Majeure" only underlines just
how short the Tongs are
selling themselves these days.
It's a force majeure, at best.

Yes, the title piece has this
that and the other going for
and against it, but the obvious
intention of providing a sort of
paroxysmising kinder's guide to

Tangerine Dreaming means it
has little strength or structure,
merely dissipates into random
pokes at melody and
melodrama.

If anything, this is a
desperate compendium of
cliches — and surely F&F have
better noises with which to fill
up tape-space than the
endless sequencer riff that
flabs out most of the doomy
"Thru Metamorphic Rocks".
There are still interesting
and innovative things to be
achieved in the electronic
medium, but you wouldn't
suss as much from any of this.
Maybe "Force Majeure"
should henceforth only be
referred to as "FM" for short,
since it even manages to
abuse itself to radio
programmers' ideas of what
synthesised music should be:
fuzzy muzak.

And it's on clear vinyl. How
very Faustian.

Angus MacKinnon

NAZARETH No Mean City (Mountain) DEEP PURPLE Singles A's And B's (Harvest)

Despite the addition of Alex
Harvey's old guitarist Zal
Cleminson, the Nazareth

sound has basically changed
not a jot.

True, there's no need to
bother with overdubs in the
same way once there's two
guitarists, instead of just one.
In fact, Cleminson has been
absorbed so thoroughly into
the band that you'd never
know the line-up had altered.

The only time he gets a
song-writing credit to himself,
with "Simple Solution", he
simply offers up standard
heavy metal fare. This
particular ponderous riff owes
a little to the Beatles' "Day
Tripper", otherwise it's
indistinguishable from its
surroundings. Not that that
matters much, anyway. After
all, Nazareth have a platinum
formula, and The Sensational
Alex Harvey Band never came
close.

It's a measure of Nazareth's
confidence that they can add
the likes of Cleminson without
qualms. As Nazareth albums
go, this is in the front rank.
"May The Sunshine" and
"Whatever You Want Babe"
are typically commercial cuts
that should help this set on its
way.

In contrast, the Deep Purple
collection is not
recommended even for HM
treasures. Purple were at their
best on albums. No one needs
reminding that they once put



Nazareth hard at work mixing the new album.

out leathery stuff like Joe
South's "Hush".
Bob Edmonds

CAMEO Ugly Eye (Casablanca)

Ugly only in its wimpering
capitulation, this nine-piece
funk mob's collective ego has
suffered a traumatic collapse
in recent months. Last year
they were in the fast lane to
fame — suddenly they're on a
slip road to anonymity.

They've still got a crisp
rhythm section but the rest of
the band fill in the riffs with
timid cliches, the
characterless singing is
seldom more than competent,
and the routine arrangements
and production merely

emphasise the sterility of the
whole misguided exercise.
The eight plain-songs are no
saving grace, either.

Either someone in authority
has ordered an attempt at
commercial compromise or
the group's leader, producer
and chief song writer, Larry
Blackmon, has exhausted his
limited quota of energy.

On behalf of the group I
suppose I ought to admit that
if this was a debut release by
young British funk
apprentices I'd probably be
clucking with encouragement
for a brighter future. But as it's
the all-important third album
from American pros who've
already proved themselves
capable of better work, they
get no cheers from me.

Cliff White

SILVER SCREEN

Blue Collar

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring Richard Pryor,
Harvey Keitel and Yaphet
Kotto
(CNC)

A chip off the hardest Hollywood block, *Blue Collar* is the directorial debut of 31-year-old Paul Schrader, who scripted Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* and Brian de Palma's *Obsession*. Sometimes, the harder they come, the harder they hit.

The opening moments set *Blue Collar*'s sombre, claustrophobic tone. The camera snoops bleakly along the production line at the Checker Motor Company's plant in Kalamazoo, Michigan, freezing rainy frames for the main credits, then jolting back into motion. All this to the jackhammer blows of "Herd Drivin' Man", the Jack Nitzsche soundtrack's meanest of super-mean blues coughed out by Captain Beefheart.

"I'm a hard drivin', fucked over workin' man," goes the refrain, a claim that the rest of the film does sweet nothing to refute. Welcome to the American automobile industry's working week, a



Yaphet Kotto as Smokey James, choking on a *Blue Collar*

wunnerful world of shopfloor aggravation, unionised corruption and institutionalised racism.

Blue Collar has been dubbed a 'Marxist' movie. Bullshit. If Schrader's witheringly glib survey of life in Motortown, USA has to be filed, then clip it under sheer, bloodyminded fatalism.

Schrader might not seem to approve of much that goes on around here, but he offers no political or ideological answers to the issues raised.

As we follow the fortunes of three Checker workers — two black and one Polish — three accomplished actors give each other electrifying performances to feed off and

fire on.

Pryor plays the ambitious, idealistic Zeke Brown, Keitel the pugnacious, pragmatic Jerry Batowski and Kotto the big, burly and cool ex-con Smokey James. All give the impression of being professionally committed far above and beyond the call of duty. Pryor in particular,

Blue Collar —harder than the rest

better known for his scabrous comedy routines, seems emotionally involved to an amazing degree, combining the blackest of black hip humour with tight-lipped seriousness.

And it's just as well there are a few ludicrous laughs — most notably those involving an unrepentant Internal Revenue man and an embezzling Coke machine — since the main cut and thrust of the film is brutally pessimistic.

Like countless others, Zeke and Jerry find themselves unwilling victims of the inflationary spiral, barely able to keep head and families above the flood of bills. They know that most of the appliances they fill their houses and lives with are adulterated junk but, as Zeke puts it to his wife as she watches TV, there ain't no way the thing isn't going to stay on all the time, however dire the show, since he had to work for years to pay for it. Catch 23.

Even Smokey, who hustles hard for his partying and lavish apartment, has to pay off hoods higher up the ladder. The unions, meanwhile, have sold out their 'working conditions crusade' for making Las Vegas loans at maximum interest. Grand old boys gone down, they still maintain a pretence of doing the best for their men, earning loyalties that are as misplaced as they are obligatory (everybody gotta have a benign big brother). The cops are in cahoots with the unions and...

And this is the butt end of capitalism as she is consumed by most of working America

(and don't tell me things must be better in 'socialist' Russia or Eastern Europe). This is the mess that Zeke, Jerry and Smokey momentarily fool themselves into thinking they can sort out — if not for the greater good, for their own.

Schrader could so easily have overstated his case and blown himself away in the process. But no, he places his figures on their board with careful sobriety. Much of *Blue Collar* unrolls behind closed doors or on the factory floor. Only rarely do we glimpse the neutral grey cityscape and smoke-choked skies of industrial Michigan, both obviously oppressive metaphors that another director might have emphasised to overkill.

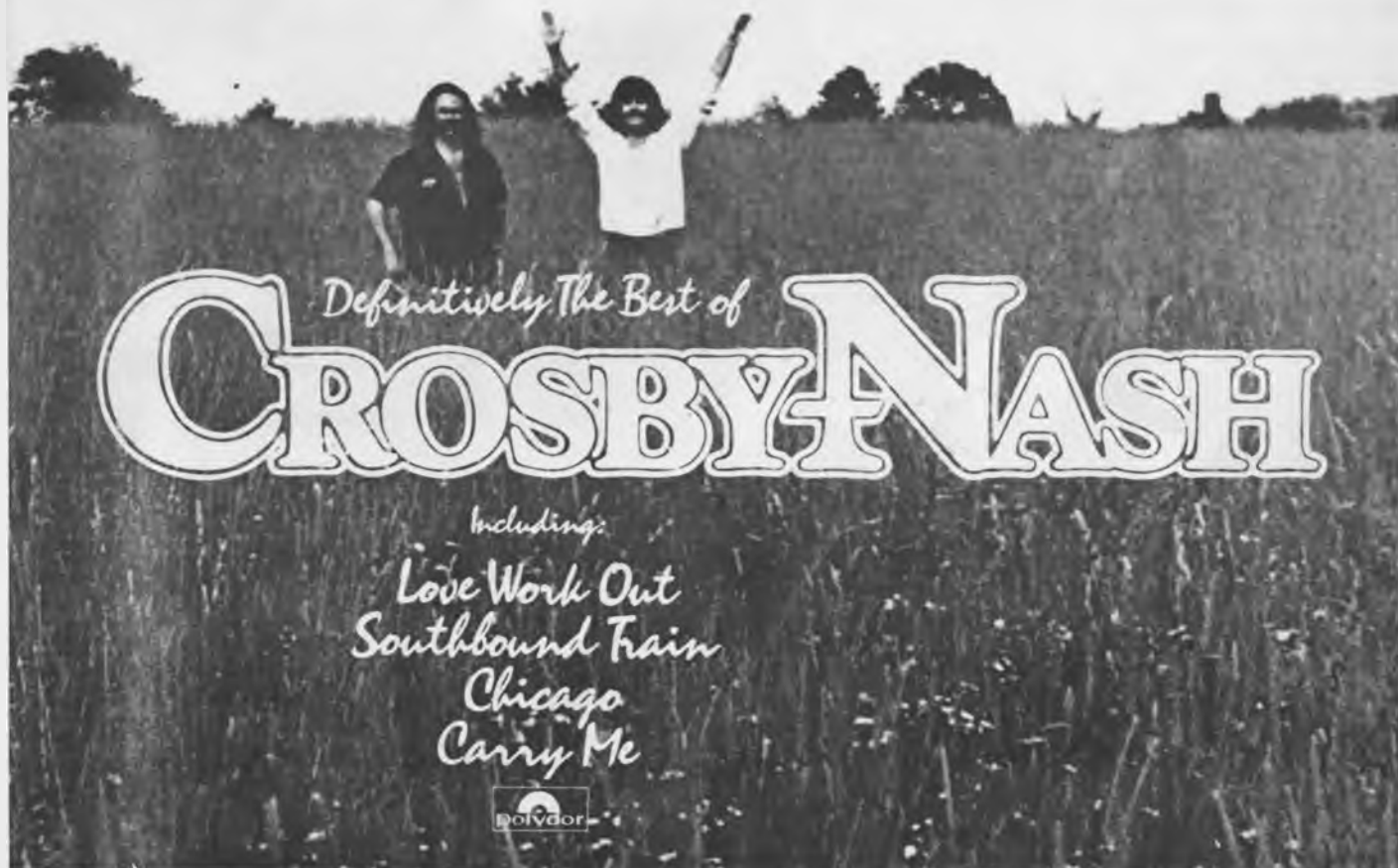
High Hollywood melodrama is spurned for something approaching reality.

Throughout all this — in Pryor's words — 'shit and more shit', we're shown three men being remorselessly stripped of any self-respect, respect for others, their friendship being jacked apart by forces beyond their control and — finally and most frighteningly — longstanding racial antagonism.

That *Blue Collar* achieves this with great dignity and sensitivity makes it all the more remarkable, and profoundly saddening. There are neither heroes nor villains here, only people doing what they gotta do, for better or for worse. Yet Schrader tempers his fatalism with a wry, compassionate humanism.

This is a pressure cooker. See it and boil yourself into forward thought.

Angus MacGinnon



Including:
Love Work Out
Southbound Train
Chicago
Carry Me



Damnation Alley

Directed by Jack Smight
Starring George Peppard,
Jan-Michael Vincent and
Dominique Sanda
(20th Century Fox)

One of the things that I keep telling myself is that it's hopeless to expect movies based on novels to remain true to either the letter or the spirit of the original work. What works in literary terms may be something of a non-happener in filmic translation, a writer may have smudged his concept in the final draft, characterisation may have to be tailored to the limitations of the bankable bore whose presence is the only reason that anybody's bothered to invest their spondulix to let the turkey get made in the first place... you know, all the very good reasons why bad movies keep getting made from good books.

Roger Zelazny's *Damnation Alley* is by no means one of his best books — his finest work puts him immediately behind Dick and Ballard and immediately before Harlan Ellison — but it's a fast, entertaining train-journey job about California's last Hell's Angel blackmailed by the authorities into running a life-saving vaccine across a post-World War III America and discovering a sense of vocation along the way. Scenarist Alan Sharp transforms the vicious, conscienceless Hell Tanner into a clean-cut Air Force man who just happens to like motorbikes. He's portrayed by Jan-Michael Vincent as a slightly macho pretty-boy — a kind of David Cassidy with muscles.

The other main protagonist is a bible-punching authoritarian Air Force major



Vincent on the wrong end of a gun in *Damnation Alley*.

(George Peppard) created out of whole cloth from a character casually dropped into the novel's opening chapters by Zelazny.

The special effects and production values are nice, and director Jack Smight does his best, but the movie was screwed before they shot the first frame. Sharp's script smoothly castrates the book without putting anything back in return with the possible exception of the armour-plated cockroaches, and the climax — pure middle-American corn which would even have made Ray Bradbury blush — is awful beyond all belief.

This ghastly waffles-and-feathers job takes a rebel book and turns it into an Establishment movie. Hollywood thinks that sci-fi is

happening, and it probably is. Science fiction is getting gang-raped, but sci-fi lives.

Charles Shear Murray

Ashanti

Directed by Richard
Fleischer
Starring Michael Caine
and Peter Ustinov
(Columbia)

It may well be tragic that the slave trade is alive and well and still thriving in Africa but the real tragedy here is that Richard Fleischer — while attempting an expose of its sordid details — chooses to gloss over any penetrating statement by steering *Ashanti* into the wasteland of simplistic adventure thrillers. A safari-suited Dr Linderby (Michael Caine) is lumbered with the oafish role of

representing White Man's blind ignorance of the evils lurking in the desert, after his wife (Beverly Johnson) is kidnapped by an Arab slave gang.

The naive Linderby is thus immersed in the unfamiliar world of cut-throat hit men, mercenary chopper pilots and contract felons in his fight against chief slave-driver Suleiman (none other than fun-loving Peter Ustinov, unconvincingly veiled in Eastern robes).

It's a moral dilemma. Should Linderby utilise any such hoodlums in the search for humane standards, justice and his wife?

Assurance comes from Brian Walker (Rex Harrison, neatly cast as the head of the Anti-Slavery Society), who paints an unlikely picture of non-motivation and Western disillusionment.

As the reunited Linderbys embrace in the glistening surly — secure in the knowledge that their pay cheques are on the way — so *Ashanti* is resolved in romantic goo, the slavery ethic diffused, Caine's insistent morality wrecked by his disregard for the various godly souls who've sacrificed themselves for his cause. The plot lends itself either to serious political documentation or ingenious extravaganzas. This watered-down offering is exclusively for those with forged tickets or time to burn.

And the irony is that Fleischer himself once made some pertinent points about slavery in *Mandingo*.

Mark Ellen

Paradise Alley

Written and directed by
Sylvester Stallone
Starring Sylvester
Stallone, Lee Canaleto and
Armand Assante
(CIC)

From world-beating boxer to boisterous Bowery bum is a fair slide, but Sylvester Stallone has managed it in just three movies. After *Rocky*, everyone in Hollywood wanted to know this Italo-American actor with the sack full of Oscars and the mouth full of marbles, but his heavy-handed *F.I.S.T.* failed to connect at the box-office. For the all-important third film, Stallone has opted for virtual complete control — he's

writer-director as well as star — but the longer it goes on (and nudging two hours, it does go on a bit), *Paradise Alley* seems like a cut-de-sac.

Set in the Hell's Kitchen tenement area of New York, immediately post-War, *Paradise Alley* offers a neon-lit cornball beginning from which it never recovers. As



Anne Archer as just one of the good-hearted tarts down *Paradise Alley*.

our 'loveably' rogueish hero performs the first of several cheap scams, Mr Stallone airs his ragged tonsils on a delightful ditty called "Too Close To Paradise", clichés courtesy lyricist Carole Bayer Sager.

That miscalculation, though, is slight compared to the way Stallone shuffles his cartoon characters in a sub-Runyonesque landscape.

The Carboni brothers (Lee Canaleto as Victor, Armand Assante as Lenny and take-a-wild-guess as Cosmo)

are each looking for a way out of their oppressive environment. When Cosmo hits on the idea of pitching Lenny — built like Moose Malloy but with the temperament of a Pope — against all-comers in a wrestling dive, easy money is assured. Only the embittered Lenny — bad War experience, a gimpy leg and a mortician, to boot — and some goon called Franky The Thumper (Terry Funk, it says here) appear able to stop Victor's progress.

Rousing stuff; at least, it should be.

Lastlo Kovacs' muddied brown photography is a definite plus (sets off the neon a treat) and the 'wrestling' montages are reasonably effective (as much due to Bill Conti's music as the editing) even if the climatic bout is as phoney as anything Kent Walton ever spoke over.

But the characters are uniformly contrived, studiously 'colourful'. Stallone still bellows like bad Brando through a Tannoy, and his brothers — Mutt and Jeff to his Dagwood — do respective dim impressions of James Mason and Lon Chaney circa *Of Mice And Men*. The ludicrous heavies are straight out of *Batman* and the women are different shades of the same hooker (hearts of gold, of course). And Tom Waits makes an uncomfortable screen debut as Mumbles, the resident pianist in Mahon's Bar.

Another paradise well and truly lost.

Monty Smith



Paradise Alley: Men doing what men gotta do, and Stallone does it with his hat on.

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Danny Kirwan album soon

COULD YOU help regarding the whereabouts of ex-Fleetwood Mac guitarist Danny Kirwan? I know he left the Mac quite some time ago and has made an album or two since but I've heard or seen nothing of him for about four years. — T A EVANS, London E.8.

First the bad news. The ex-Bottlehouse guitarist's brace of DJM solo albums — "Second Chapter" (DJLPS 454, released 1976) and "Midnight In San Juan" (DJF 20481, 1978) both got the chop last month.

In the glad tidings department, we hear that a replacement is on its way in the shape of "Hello There, Big Boy" (DJF 20555) which, weather permitting, DJM is to take our way on March 9.

Clifford Davis, ex-Mac manager, who masterminds Kirwan's affairs these days, says: "We've been working on the album for several months now, finally putting it altogether at Ian Gillan's Kingway Studios, the place where we recorded most of the Mac's early hits. A lot of fine musicians have been involved, including the original Ace rhythm section and a massive string section, and the result is an album which is roughly like The Eagles in style. Initial reaction in the States, where we've played the tapes, suggests that Danny could emulate Bob Welch and be the second ex-Mac man to have a hit solo album on his hands."

But even if this one goes down, Davis, who adds that Kirwan has no plans to play any gigs ("He's too busy writing"), won't be short a bob or two. For he owns the rights to Fleetwood Mac's "Greatest Hits" album and that's gone platinum in the U.S. Not bad for a record that's not even been issued there — all sales being on an import only basis!

ON WHAT Velvet Underground album does the studio version of "Sweet Jane" appear? — MICK WILLIAMS, Stoke On Trent, Staffs.

I RECENTLY acquired a 1963 single, "Florida Time"/"Sack It To Me Santa", by "Bob Seger And The Last Heard" on Cameo-Parkway. Is this the Bob Seger of "Night Moves" fame? — LEE ROBINSON, Lea Village, Birmingham 33.

I HAVE just purchased an album by Brian Joseph Friel which is either called "Second Hand Dealer" or maybe just "Brian Joseph Friel" — it's hard to decide which! Anyway, it's on Dawn DNLS 3054 and features Zoot Money and B.J. Cole among the back-up musicians. But can you tell me anything more about Friel or the album? — GRAHAM COOPER, Orpington, Kent.

Okay, so it's three on the trot time! First off, "Sweet Jane" appears on the Velvet's "Loaded" (Atlantic K40113), their last studio album.

Second on the bill — yes, The Last Heard item does feature the Detroit Robert we all know and hop to. "Florida Time" also appearing on the earlier Hideout 1014 release. 'Tis said that the band

eventually dropped the name after being referred to as The Last Turd once too often. Finally, I do remember the Friel album and recall that Collin Allen and Steve Thompson (both of Stone The Crows fame around that time) were on the disc, which according to my bedside Musicmaster was called "Brian Joseph Friel". This came out in 1974 and was followed in '75 by "Brian Friel" (Dawn DNLS 3065), the ex-Glasgow encyclopaedia salesman's last big-time thingy vinylwise. Once winner of a contemporary Scottish song-contest, he toured with Hawkwind, Gallagher and Lyte and The JSD's when things were going well and though Friel hasn't cut any albums since '75 I have seen his name appear on gig sheets from time to time, so I guess he's out there somewhere.

SOMETIME AGO, I saw a film called *Cleopatra Jones*, which contained a scene during which a record of "It Hurts So Good" was played. The credits at the end of the film read "Music by Carl Simons and Millie Jackson, on Spring Records" but though I have tried to obtain this disc, I've had no success. — J WARD, Longton, Stoke On Trent.

WHAT WAS the title of the piece of organ music used to great effect in the film *Rollerball*? I've heard it before in *Dracula* movies but I never seem to be able to find out what it's called. — P SCANLAN, Dublin 4.

THIS bloomin' column gets more like *Picturesque* every time. However, for the benefit of you 20th Century Foxers, Millie Jackson's version of "It Hurts So Good" is available on an album titled "The Best Of Millie Jackson" (Polydor 2391 247) while the organ piece from *Rollerball*, which is Bach's "Toccata in D Minor", played by Simon Preston, can be found on the film soundtrack album (UA UAS 29865). A soundtrack album to *Cleopatra Jones* was available as an import a couple of years back (on Warner Bros 2719) but this now seems to have disappeared from view.

COULD YOU tell me what has happened to the free record which was supposed to be given to buyers of the 999 album "Separates"? I purchased this record on the first day of issue and posted the card, which was inside the sleeve, on the very first day. This was some weeks ago and, so far, I have received absolutely nothing. — STEVE SEWELL, Ilford, Essex.

It's pretty obvious that you're one of life's unfortunates — I mean, how could you have ever hoped to succeed with initials like S.S.? But I am the bearer of glad tidings for, at this very moment, there are glamorous girls packaging copies of the single to wend your way. Trouble is, there are 10,000 discs and only two post-packets, the result being that it'll probably take quite a while before everybody's freebie makes it through the post.

FEBRUARY 8-14

Thursday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: The End
Aberystwyth University: Reding Cars
Bath University: Wild Horses
Belfast Queen's University: The Bishop
Birmingham Marquee: Special Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Ophian
Birmingham The Bell: The Clocks
Bristol Granary: The Young Bucks
Brunswick Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Cannock Norton Canals Dog Track: Side-
winder
Cardiff Granaries: Stiff Little Fingers/Es-
sential Logic/Robert Rental & The
Normal
Coventry Warwick University: Richard &
Linda Thompson
Edinburgh Odeon: UFO
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Horisips/Ronnie
Paisley Band
Edinburgh West End Club: The Bombers
Exeter Routes: Osibisa
Falkirk The Marquee: Sneaky Pete
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Eddie
Money
High Wycombe Nags Head: Joe Jackson
Band
Huddersfield Miners Welfare: Yakety Yak
Leeds Fan Club: Snipe & The Video Kings-
/Red Alert
Leigh Oliver's: George Melly & The Feet-
warmers
Liverpool Eric's: The Leyton
Buzzaards/Misprints
Liverpool (Huyton) The Bluebell: Ded
Byrds
London Camden Dingwalls: Carol Grimes
Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Sister Louisa
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Frys
London Deptford Albany Empire: The
Pressure Shocks/U.K. Subs/The
Monitors
London Epping Folk Club: Spreadthick
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Jags
London Hammersmith Odeon: Crown
Heights Affair
London Hammersmith The Rindall: Fred
Rickshaw's Not Goolies
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The
Idols
London Kensington The Cricketers:
Manyone
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Valves/Interview
London Marquee Club: The Skids
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Vaguely
Attractive
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett:
Your De Feet
London Soho Pizza Express: Danny Moss
Quartet
London Southgate Royal Ballroom:
Matchbox
London St. Mark's Club: Red Tape
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Dog
Watch
London Victoria The Venue: Red Argent
London W.C.1 Institute of Education:
The Monos
Manchester The Factory: John The
Postman
Middlebrough Teesside Polytechnic:
Streetband
Milton Keynes College: N.W.10
Newcastle Red Lion: American Express
Norwich East Anglia University: Land-
scape
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Ormskirk Edgahill College: Belt & Brace
Band
Oxford Corn Dolly: Spring Offensive
Oxford Polytechnic: Cheap Trick
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Human
League
Reading Three Tuns Hotel: The Meanies
Retford Portershouse: Gary Holton's Gems
Seaford Third World: N.W.10
Sheffield Limn Club: Punishment Of
Luxury
Sheffield University: Bob Fox & Stu
Lucky
Southampton Old Mill: The Piranhas
Southport Scarsbrich Hotel: The
Accelerators
Stockport Runcorn Club: Foreign Press
Swansea West Glamorgan Institute: Roy
Hill Band
Walsfield Unity Hall: Gruppo Sportivo
York The Revolution: The Invaders

Friday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: UFO
Aberdeen University: Lene Lovich-
/Ringsprints
Aberystwyth University: George Melly &
The Feetwarmers
Bangor Neuad Rathbone Hall: Roy Hill
Band
Bath Academy of Art: Wetz
Birmingham Barbarella's: The Young
Bucks
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: Bad Earth
Birmingham Polytechnic: Hot Water/The
Kidda Band
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Spitfire
Birmingham The Sheldon: Ophian
Brighton Alhambra: The Tisels
Bristol University: Gruppo Sportivo
Bristol 76 Club: Eric Bell Band
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: Landscape
Chester Arts Centre: Frank Evans / Jim
Richardson Duo
Cannock Town Hall: Egoz Daunte
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Straight &
Dundee University: Streetband
Durham New College: After The Fire
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: Alan Price
Edinburgh Leith Theatre: The End
Edinburgh University: Gillen
Falkirk The Marquee: The Debt Jerks
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Horisips / Ronnie
Paisley Band
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union
Matchbox
Guildford Royal Hotel: N.W.10
Guildford Surrey University: Osibisa
Harrow College of Higher Education:
Crisis / The V.I.P.'s / Exodus
Hove Technical College: The Void
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The New Jets
Kettering Windmill Club: The Bearshank
Band



FRANK ZAPPA (top right) storms back into Britain this week for his first full tour since his Mothers Of Invention days. This time he's appearing with his brand new band, playing the entire show without any support act. Opening concerts are at Birmingham (Saturday and Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). Major London concerts at Hammersmith follow next week.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN (top left) always a welcome visitor, flies in for a one-off Valentine's Day

special at London's Royal Albert Hall next Wednesday. It's a strictly acoustic occasion, with the master himself in company with Larry Coryell and flamenco guitarist Paco de Lucia.

GENERATION X (below) set out on their latest tour, with their single "King Rocker" riding high and their new album "Valley Of The Dolls" about to be launched. Gigs for this period take them to Malvern (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Middlebrough (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday), Blackburn (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Kirkcaldy Birksgate Hotel: Sneaky Pete
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: The Bombers
Knersborough Folk Club: Downes &
Beer
Leeds Polytechnic: The Resistance
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: The Incident /
The Speedy Bears
Liverpool Eric's: Moon Martin
Livingston Howden Park Centre: Boys Of
The Lough
Liverpool The Masonic: Quasar
London Acton Kings Head: Paz
London Camden Brecknock: Sucker
London Camden Dingwalls: Raew / John
Potter's Clay
London Camden Music Machine: Cygnus
/ 90° Inclusive / Chime Street
London Marquee Club: Joe Jackson Band
London Camden Southampton Arms:
Jellyroll Blues Band
London City Polytechnic: Oval Stage
Show
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Pressure Shocks
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog
Watch
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie
Lynton's Happy Days
London Hackney Chats Palace: Cheese
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Scarscrow / London Zoo
London Leicester Sq. Notre Dame Hall:
The Human League
London Marquee Club: Joe Jackson Band
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Earthbound
London Paddington Western Counties:
Redkite
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig &
Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Soho Piza Express: Sammy Price
London Stepney Dame Cole House:
Jura
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
Crooks / Secret Seven
London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic:
Kestral
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Bleed
London Victoria The Venue: Rod Argent
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Extras / The Vines / Neon
Hearts
London W.10 Acklam Hall: The Vahres /
The Idiots / The Curb / Slow Goo / Mili-
tant Frank
Manchester Partington Community
Centre: The Curb / Slow Goo / Mili-
tant Frank
Manchester University: Eddie Money
Manchester University Union: Belt &
Braces Band
Malton Moorway Painted Lady: Medium
Waveband

Middlebrough Rock Garden: Racing Cars
Newcastle University: Kevin Coyne
Newport Village Club: Wild Horses
Northampton College of Further Educa-
tion: Sawes
Norwich East Anglia University: Punish-
ment Of Luxury
Nottingham Beeston College: Gaffe
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last
Call
Nottingham Sandpiper: U.K. Subs
Nottingham University: Cheap Trick
Oxford Corn Dolly: John Grimaldi's
Cheap Flights
Petersfield Royal Oak: Thieves Like Us
Plymouth Metro: Stiff Little Fingers /
Essential Logic / Robert Rental & The
Normal
Reading University: Radio Stars
Scarborough Penthouse: Ethel The Frog
Sheffield Limn Club: Doll By Doll
Slough Polytechnic Centre: Crown
Heights Affair
Solihull Golden Lion: Special Clinic
Southend The Esplanade: Steve Hooker
& The Vampire Lovers
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Ricky
Cool & The Kobrangs
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: 64 Spoons
Walsall Chase Terrace Troubadour: Side-
winder
Walsford Wall Hall College: Flat Earth
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Frys
York The Revolution: Speed-O-Motors
York University: Swingle II
York Winning Post: The City Limits

Saturday

Aberdeen University: Ivor Cutler
Bangor University: The Accelerators
Bangor University College of North
Wales: Mot Water
Basilston Double Six: Dog Watch
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare &
Hounds: Katie Meath/Les Barker/Wrs
Acroyd The Bionic Dog
Birmingham Odeon: Frank Zappa
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School
Sports
Birmingham University: Gruppo Sportivo
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Angel Underground
Bradford University: Cheap Trick
Brighton Alhambra: Fan Club
Brighton Centre: The Jacksons
Brighton Dome: Chris
Burgh/Catherine Howe
Brighton Polytechnic: Pressure Shocks
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: The Wild Beasts
Chesham City Football Club: Simon
Townshend Band
Chichester Bishop Otter College: Witz

Colchester Essex University: The Human
League
Cromer West Runtin Pavilion: Gary
Holton's Gems
Davidstow Village Hall: Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/Robert Rental &
The Normal
Derby Grandstand Hotel: Matchbox
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Doll By Doll
Dundee Caird Hall: UFO
Eastbourne Archery Tavern: Nightrider
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The End
Glasgow Saints & Sinners (lunchtime)
and Linwood Clippings Inn (evening):
Sneaky Pete
Harrow-on-the-Hill Kings Head: Flat Earth
Hartford Forum Theatre: Alan Price
Hawick Town Hall: Billy Connolly
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: Heathcliffe
High Wycombe Nags Head: Brewers
Droop
Hitchin North Herts College: Zaine Giff
Hull University: Radio Stars
Hungerford The Plume: N.W.10
Kegworth Ex-Servicemen's Club: Strange
Days
Lancaster University: After The
Fire/Ching Street
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Ethel The Frog
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Red Eye
Liverpool Eric's: Gang Of Four
Liverpool The Masonic: Quasar
Leicester University: Generation X
London Camden Dingwalls: The Cruisers/
The Shades
London Camden Music Machine:
Gonzalez
London Camden Town Hall: Jabula/Im-
migrant/Red Rins
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Jackie Lynton's Happy Days
London Chelsea College: The Young
Bucks
London Chelsea The Wheatheaf: The
V.I.P.'s
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Tribesmen
London E.14 Magnet & Dewdrop: Redkite
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool
& The Kobrangs
London Hammersmith The Swan:
London Zoo
London Hamstead Westfield College:
John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights/Sucker
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Psychodelic Furs
London Lewisham Concert Hall: Dutch
Swing College Band
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
Anniversary
London Soho Piza Express: Larry Adler's
Birthday Party
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Shill

London Strand King's College: The
Resistance
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Bleed
London Victoria The Venue: Osibisa
London Walthamstow North-East
Polytechnic: The Monos
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The Lightning Riders/UXB
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic:
Roy Hill Band
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Crown
Heights Affair
Manchester The Factory: The Heptones
Manchester University: John Cooper
Clarke/Exodus
Malton Moorway Painted Lady: Medium
Waveband
Newcastle Polytechnic: Northlips/Ronnie
Paisley Band
Newcastle University: Gillen
Newcastle-under-Lyme Thomas Maxwell
School: George Melly & The Feetwar-
mers
Norwich Boogie House: Eric Bell Band
Norwich White's: Boy Bastin
Nottingham Boat Club: Racing Cars
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Outward Band
Nottingham Sandpiper: Lap Region
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Transi-
tion
Poole Arts Centre: Richard & Linda
Thompson
Poole Brewers Arms: Tours
Reading University Union: Belt & Braces
Band
Retford Portershouse: Joe Jackson Band
Salford University: Moon Martin
Sheffield University: Eddie Money
Shrewsbury School: Landscape
Southampton University: Supercargo
St. Albans City Hall: Rod Argent
Stevens The Swan: Spring Offensive
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: Special
Clinic
Wishaw Crown Hotel(lunchtime): The
Pests
York The Revolution: The Extras

Sunday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Cheap Trick
Birmingham Barbarella's: Moon Martin
Birmingham Odeon: Frank Zappa
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Forwards
Bishops Stortford Old Millings: Antares
(lunchtime) / Society Rhythm
Orchestra (evening)
Bradford The Princeville: Anniversary
Brighton Alhambra: The Piranhas
Bristol Brunel Technical College: "Be
Limp" Package Tour
Bristol Hippodrome: Chris De Burgh /
Catherine Howe
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill
Scott & Ian Ellis
Cardiff New Theatre: Swingle II
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Telephone Bill &
The Smooth Operators
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Osibisa
Croydon Greyhound: Gruppo Sportivo
Dalry The Inn: Sneaky Pete
Derby Pennine Hotel: Kevin Coyne
Donnington Silverdale Club: Strange Days
Eccles Jules Verne: J.G. Spaul
Farncombe Three Lions: Nightrider
Gravesend Woodville Lane: National
Youth Jazz Orchestra
Leeds Floride Green Hotel: After The Fire
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): Best
Friends
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: Crown
Heights Affair
Liverpool The Sportsman: Quasar
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
Vain
London Camden Dingwalls: Sam Mitchell
Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House:
Remen Down Boulevard
London Charing-X Astoria Theatre: "Oh
Boy" with Alvin Stardust / Joe Brown /
Les Gray / Sheridan Stevens / Freddie
Fingers Lee etc.
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Blitzkrieg
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog
Watch
London Epping Blacksmith's Arms: Dave
Cousins / Frances Gilray & Mick Burke
London Finchley Torrington: Lew Lewis
Reformer
London Fulham Golden Lion: Dead
Ringers
London Marquee Club: Sucker
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
London N11 Orange Tree: Mrs Spinks
London Pechham Montpelier (lunchtime):
Blue Moon
London Soho Piza Express: Ron Rubin
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: C Ges
S

London Tooting The Castle: Redkite
London Victoria The Venue: Eddie Money
London Woolwich Tramshed: Bob Kerr's
Whoopie Band
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The End
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre:
Alan Price
Middlebrough Town Hall Crypt: Genera-
tion X
Newcastle City Hall: UFO
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre: Boys Of
The Lough
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich Boogie House: Stadium Dogs
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Preston Guildhall: The Jacksons
Reading Target Club: Zith
Redcar Copham Bowl: Horisips / Ronnie
Paisley Band
Southport Berkeley Hotel: Ossian
Southend Railway Inn: Rosie Hardman
Southend Shrimps: Samson
Walsall Darts: Darts (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse
Watford Bailey's: Gerry & The Peacemak-
ers (for a week)
Wetherby Felicity's Bar: Blind Lemon
Clegg

CONTINUES OVER...



Right, now we are rid of Lamb, let's have some good Live Page headings. Firstly Brian @ wishes to thank Terry at the Bridge and Dog Watch for a memorable birthday last week, and also his mum and dad for making it all possible in the first place (by having him). Right, er, er, er (get on with it - B.B.) er er

marquee

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Thur 8th Feb (Adm £1.25) Welcome return of THE SKIDS Plus friends & Ian Fleming Fri 9th Feb (Adm £1.00) JOE JACKSON BAND Plus friends & Ian Fleming Sat 10th Feb (Adm £3.00) SCREENS Plus The Defendants & Ian Fleming Sun 11th Feb (Adm 85p) LITTLE BO BITCH Plus support & Mandy H	Mon 12th Feb (Adm £1.25) SORE THROAT Plus friends & Jerry Floyd Tue 13th Feb (Adm £1.00) PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY Plus support & Jan Tung Wed 14th Feb (Adm 85p) ERIC BELL BAND Plus support & Jerry Floyd Thur 15th Feb (Adm £1.25) AFTER THE FIRE Plus guests & Ian Fleming
--	---

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Mon 12th	YOUNG BUCKS & Pinpoint	75p
Tue 13th	THE MEKONS & Fashion	75p
Thur 15th	THE HUMAN LEAGUE & The Scars	£1

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Norwich University of East Angles 8
Cardiff Chapter Art Centre 9
Shrewsbury School 10
Cambridge Jazz Club 12
Garnet College 13
Battersea Arts Centre 17
London Imperial College 20
Rensford Youth House 26

STUDENTS!!
SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE FOR DETAILS
OF FURTHER EDUCATION COURSES.

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GENERATION X

THE FALL THE MEKONS

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Saturday February 10th	GONZALEZ + Angelo Palladino	£2
Monday February 12th	THE PRESS + The Subs	£1
Tuesday February 13th	SPLIT RIVITT + 10U	£1

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St Valentines Party Night
featuring
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Saturday February 10th 50p JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND	Tuesday February 13th DOG WATCH
Sunday February 11th 40p REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD	Wednesday February 14th 30p THE TICKETS + Purple Hearts

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BLUES BAND**
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WED 14 ST VALENTINES DAY DANCE WITH
ZAINE GRIFF

LENE LOVICH

(lāy-nā lūv-itch)

ON TOUR
THIS WEEK APPEARING AT
FRI 9 FEB ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY
SUN 11 FEB DUMFRIES STAGECOACH
MON 12 FEB EDINBURGH TIFFANY'S
TUES 13 FEB MIDDLESBOROUGH ROCK GARDEN
WED 14 FEB LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
THURS FEB 15 NOTTINGHAM CLUB MALIBU
FRI 16 FEB LONDON BEDFORD COLLEGE
SAT 17 FEB LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY
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Sat Feb 10th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Rockwell-Smith
Sun Feb 11th 45p
SPLIT RIVITT
Mon Feb 12th 50p
THE COMPUTERS
+ THE BARBERSHAKERS
Tues Feb 13th 50p
TENNIS SHOES
Wed Feb 14th 50p
LOCAL OPERATOR
+ SOUL BOYS

EARTHBAND

The Liberated Lady has not
been recognised as a VIRGIN
but CAMPBELL-CONELLY'S
RIC CARDINALE has decided
to marry her, in spite of the
DUKE OF LANCASTER'S
invitation to NEW BARNET
to appear in concert on
February 9th at 8 pm.

Arclway Ents: 01 263 4532
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HERBIE HANCOCK (left) opens his major concert tour at Bristol (Monday) and Manchester (Tuesday). **LENE LOVICH** begins her first solo tour at Aberdeen (Friday), Edinburgh (Monday), Middlesbrough (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday), supported by Fingerpriz; and **ROD ARGENT** (right) is backed by a band of all-star musicians when he plays London The Venue (Thursday and Friday) and St. Albans (Saturday).

Monday

Beverly White Horse Inn: Ossian
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Fashion
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Orphan
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Bradford Metro Inn: Red Eye
Brentwood Hermit Club: The Salford Jets
Bristol Colston Hall: Merle Hancock
Cambridge Jazz Club: Landscape
Cambridge Lady Margaret Hall: Cheap Trick
Canterbury Kent University: N.W.10
Edinburgh Telford's: Lene Lovich/Fingerpriz
High Wycombe Town Hall: Adam & The Ants
Huddersfield Polytechnic: Kevin Coyne
Ilford Cauliflower Arms: Original East Side Stompers
Keighley Kings Head: The City Limits
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Bombers
Liverpool Crown Hotel: The Clerks
London Camden Brecknock: Tennis Shoes
London Camden Dingwalls: The Jags/
Straits/The Next Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Zeina Goff
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dangerous Rhythms
London Fulham Golden Lion: Fischer-Z
London Kensington The Nashville: The Young Bucks
London Marquee Club: Punishment Of Luxury
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: Jasmine Wildwood
London Putney Half Moon: John James

London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Commuters/The Barnshakers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Values/The Stickers
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
London W.14 The Kensington: Radnoks
London W.C.2 School of Economics: The Monks
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Frank Zappa
Manchester Band On The Wall: Goffs
Manchester Free Trade Hall: UFO
Manchester The Factory: Gordon The Monks
Middlesbrough Madras: Crown Heights
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gweilbe
Oxford Corn Dolly: 64 Spoons
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Osibisa
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe
Vandellas
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Generation X
Workington Carnegie Hall: Billy Connolly

Tuesday

Barrow Civic Hall: Billy Connolly
Bedford Cranfield Institute: Roy Hill Band
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Gertons
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Sting

GIG GUIDE continued

Blackburn King George's Hall: Generation X
Blackpool Tiffany's: Eric Bell Band
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: Chris De Burgh/Catherine Howe
Cochester Institute: Cheap Trick
Exeter University: UFO
Fleet Fox & Hounds: Martin Simpson
Gateshead Quay Tavern: Dave Cousins
Glasgow Glen Douglas: Sneaky Pete
Leeds Fan Club: The Vids
Lichfield The Bowling Green: Ocean Boulevard
London Camden Brecknock: London Zoo
London Camden Dingwalls: Local Operator
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Agony Column/The Straits
London Fulham Golden Lion: Brain Surgeons
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster Spring Offensive
London N4 The Staple Inn: Kestral
London Sheen The Derby Arms: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Shepherd's Bush The Trafalgar: Private Vices
London Soho Pizza Express: Scott Hamilton (for five days)
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Tennis Shoes
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Substition/The Psychotic Fun
London W14 The Kensington: 64 Spoons
Manchester Band On The Wall: Crispy Ambulance/A Certain Ratio/Staff 9
Manchester Free Trade Hall: Merle Hancock
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Lene Lovich/Fingerpriz
Newcastle City Hall: Frank Zappa
Newcastle Madison: Crown Heights
Newcastle The Coopers: The Sabrejets
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Goffs
Plymouth Metro: Gruppo Sportivo

Reading University Windsor Hall: The Moanies
Sheffield City Hall: The End
Sheffield Fiesta Suite: The Jacksons
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: Supercharge
Swindon Brunel Rooms: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
Walsell Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
Windemere Priory Tavern: Ossian

Wednesday

Aberdeen University: The Bombers
Aberdeen Cullman College: N.W.10
Aldrich Bowden Recreational Centre: Foreign Press
Bellshill Iron Maiden: Sneaky Pete
Birmingham Barbarella's: Martha Reeves & The Vandellas
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: The Kidds Band
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Reinmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Wildlife
Bradford St. George's Hall: Alan Price
Bradford University: Generation X
Brighton Alhambra: The Molesters
Cardiff Cyncoed College: Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythms Rockers
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Edinburgh Astoria: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Frank Zappa
G1 Yarmouth Wheels: Boy Bastin
Guildford Marnswood College: Writs
Hareford Roters Club: Special Clinic
Hord Oscar's: Dog Watch
Keele University: Gillen
Lancaster University: Billy Connolly
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Forwards
Leicester Polytechnic: Ossian
Liverpool's Tiffany's: Lene Lovich/Fingerpriz
London Camden Brecknock: The Straits
London Camden Dingwalls: Zeina Goff
London Camden Dublin Castle: Out To Lunch
London Camden Music Machine: Little Bo Bitch/The V.I.P.'s

London Canning Town Bridge House: The Tickets
London Charing-X Rd. St. Martin's College of Art: 90° Inclusive
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Values
London Eltham Carpenters Arms: Joe Stead
London E.1 St. Hilda's East Club: Beh & Broses Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Cheeks
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: 64 Spoons
London Marquee Club: Eric Bell Band
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: The Young Bucks
London Pockham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase
London Royal Albert Hall: John McLaughlin/Larry Coryell
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: Bakt & Broses Band
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: David Blossie Band
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Lew Lewis Reformer/The Reds
London Wembleton F.C. Nelson's Club: Job-Job
London W.14 The Kensington: Goffs
Manchester U.M.I.S.T.: After The Fire
Manchester University: Roy Hill Band/Streetband/The Jags
Motherwell Civic Centre: Boys Of The Lough
Newcastle City Hall: The End
Newport Stowaway Club: Stiff Little Fingers/Essential Logic/After Rental & The Normal
Nottingham Herby Good Fellow: Gweilbe
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Portsmouth Guildhall: UFO
Sheffield University Union: Graph
Southampton University: Gruppo Sportivo
Stevenson The Swan: Kestral
Unkridge Brunel University: Gillen
Walsfield Theatre Club: Osibisa
Walsworth College of Education: Supercharge
York Assembly Rooms: The Favourites/Best Friends/Sema 4



THE JACKSONS arrive at the weekend for their concert tour, their first here for many moons. But they still retain their popularity, as demonstrated by their recent chart success — and they should pack 'em in at Brighton (Saturday), Preston (Sunday) and Sheffield (Tuesday), plus subsequent ports of call.

PLANETS

Wed Feb 14th
WESTERN COUNTRIES,
PADDINGTON
Sun Feb 18th
OLD SWAN,
KENSINGTON
CHURCH STREET



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6-5 SPECIAL Mon 8pm

50p

FEEDBACK Tues 8pm

FREE

ROCKNITE Fri 8pm

50p

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ON THE TOWN

Cheap Trick

Liverpool

The rompiish Cheap Tricks' first visit to unlovely Liverpool is a sell-out: an indication that the time has come for the shrewdly titillating Trick to fulfil their potential and finally draw in fans from all sections of the rock audience.

They've always possessed the right moves, but their slick combination of the economy and tease of pop and the stridency and strict attack of heavy rock has previously threatened to slip between the ol' stools and appeal to neither fickle fan faction. At last they've connected, and this is their year, I'm afraid. They're not my bottle of pop at all.

Their disdainful ability to appeal to the lowest demands of an audience is insolent, their narcissism pretty horrible, their meticulous discipline (neatly hidden behind various layers of slapstick and devious bluster) at times totally alienating.

Aah, but they're so harmless and inoffensive, aren't they, the stainless teasers? Faultless fun for the decent rock fan! No real relevance or bond with anything that's happening right now, but commercially that's never ever important. They've got what it takes: a bland, accurate musical conceit, a hint of sensationalism and plenty of sumptuous showmanship. Dashing and moderately spectacular, saucy and flash. Just what the world needs.

Cheap Trick arrived on stage after a long night's music.

First, five rock groups proved Liverpool's boring self-sufficiency in a grandiose talent competition proudly

arranged by the local City Radio. "Battle Of The Bands" is an annual contest; this year's prize of a W.E.A. recording contract was earned by the awful heavy leaden quartet, Export. (Full report next week.)

Then there was the proper support on the tour, the stodgy indulgent Grand Hotel, who are so banal and grinding, and just totally useless to anyone. Visitors to the tour will long for a boring support act.

Cheap Trick, as part of their deliberate planning and respectful understanding, largely avoid all the annoying instrumental excess of the likes of Grand Hotel, keeping their songs short and clean. Their approach and attitude differed little from last year's

tour with Kansas. Still the same old stunts and struts; the same old jaunty taunting. This time there'll be more people to lap it all up. Opposites in their sound —

where the flash balances with the force, the dignified with the daring — extend into the visuals. The soft pretty boy looks of singer / rhythm guitarist Robin Zander and

bassist Tom Patterson are amusingly set against the gruff cigarette sucking band of drummer Bun E. Carlos and the corny, goofy antics of guitarist and Trick mastermind Rick Nielsen.

It's these opposites, bolstered by standard rock visual choreography and paraded with ritualistic discipline that make Trick one of the most attractive of current deluding rock revivalists. They're very complete; all angles are covered. They're direct, masculine, foolish, cocky, detached, friendly, bar dumb, bar dumb...

Ringling guitars churning out compressed, twisted riffs dominate songs, gallantly driven by the rhythm section, safely sung by Zander.

PI: KEVIN CUMMINS

Settings and arrangements are self-contained and classically conceived; it's a smoothly controlled unsuitability.

It all reveals knowledgeable, vaguely academic appreciation of rock's superficially poppy / beater developments through the decades. Any lack of originality is made up for by Nielsen's zany clownings, cheeky thumbs-up and plectrum flicking — the imperious exhibitionist prancing through his buffoonery whilst picking through his tedious range of guitar noises — and the constant assurance of the deadpan Patterson, Carlos and Zendor.

Cheap Trick borrow all along the way and add little of their own. They're ingenious manipulators.

At Liverpool it was a well paced loud and bright, enormously successful exhibition of their inventive derivative hard pop (so they say). And some lighter relief was given half-way through with a couple of hoary rockers from craggy Dave Edmunds (briefly replacing Zander), who just happened to be around.

This ten minute spot warmed the feet and in its vulgarity emphasised the inflexibility of Trick, cleverly presented as spontaneous and vibrant, but actually perfectly ordered and restrained.

Naughty little nostalgic Cheap Trick. Have you been deluded? By a dazzling blend of trickery and foolery!

I saw the joke months ago and grimaced then.

Paul Morley

Elvis Costello

Hammersmith Palais

Are you ready for the final solutionuuuuuuuuu uushuu (oh yeah)?

At this point in time, the final solution for what seems to be plaguing Elvis Costello is — like all final solutions — both simple and unattainable: stop touring.

Of course, it's impossible. That Big Break is just another self-out whistle-stop smash-'em-in-the-gut-and-split-Jack-tour of the USA away, as "Armed Forces" crunches into the

American charts just like CBS in the States and Jake Riviera in the UK hoped it would.

It's too late to stop now even though Elvis and his boys are completely dead on their feet. Shagged out, wiped out, drained. Trying to be dynamic but the starter won't start. There's only so far you can pump it up.

Showing no strain and feeling no pain, John Cooper Clarke bounded out on stage in his red tux to motormouth the audience with "Gaberdrine Angus", grooving that he is now a

hot enough name for people to listen respectfully as opposed to simply bottling him off.

An attraction (small "a" please, maestro) rather than an irritation, he grabbed his moment with the zeal and alacrity of a man at the peak of his powers — bad throat or no bad throat.

He dedicated "Twat" (the most comprehensive barrage of insults and injuries available anywhere since Groucho Marx's tongue and cheek got laid to rest) to Costello's tour manager Des Brown ("Who's going to beat me up afterwards?"), unveiled an ode to bodybuilding named "Bronzed Adonis" that'd deflate Lou Ferrigno's pectorals in four and a half seconds flat, ran through the sharpest stuff from his album, wound up with the towering, accusatory "Beasley Street" and encored with a breakneck babble-on "Psyche Sluts", and ran off into infinity.

J.C.C. has established himself more firmly than anyone could possibly have predicted a year ago, and having gone further with a one-man poetry act than ever seemed possible, it would be criminal for him to limit himself to half-hour spots opening for other people's gigs.

It's time to get that road band together and go for the big one. Go do!

The night's triumph having been and gone by 9.15, it next remained for Richard Hell And The Voidoids to hit the proverbial stage. "A band

from New York who're gonna rock really hard for ya," murmured the avuncular Andy Dunkley. What we got was more along the lines of "posing really hard".

Hell has now relinquished his bass in favour of a young fellow who resembles Jean Jacques Burnel's less intelligent younger brother, and Marc Bell — now firmly installed in the bosom of the Ramones — has been replaced by a raggedy-andy punk doll who seemed to deploy more effort than science into his drumnastics.

Guitarists Ivan Julian (dreadlocks, short) and Bob Quine (bald) were present and correct, but the rhythm sections seemed to have been out to lunch for a millennium of Sundays, and the way that the drummer methodically dropped the accents into the wrong places on the penultimate "Blank Generation" was truly awful to behold and behold.

Hell grinned energetically, ran around a lot and got just enough audience reaction to justify an encore.

So step right up, it's the main Attraction (big "A", bub).

First: there's the brief indecipherable boom of taped symphonic stuff (first feeling of unease sets in) and then a tubful of lightbulbs splayed across the back-line amps sends an illuminated stutter from left to right.

Steve Nieve and Pete Thomas jog on to take up

their customary places behind keyboards and kit, followed after rather an attenuated interval by Bruce Thomas and (after another one) by Elvis (a-mem-o in a black and white checkboard checked jacket. As it turns out, he isn't going to be playing anything off "My Aim Is True" (except for an encore of "Mystery Dance") so he might as well wear the cover.

The set kicks off promisingly enough with the Booker T-gone-motork Stax-meets-Moroder groove of "Moods For Moderns", but the energy level seems low — Elvis turning to Bruce Thomas with an angry pump-it-up arm movement — but there's nothing they can do to boost it.

They play most of the stuff off the new album with "Green Shirt" and "Party Girl" coming off best because those numbers are more dependent on feel than bottle to get them over. Even the statutory tour-de-force medley of "Lipstick Vogue" and "Watching The Detectives" comes off with but a fraction of the firepower delivered a few months back. (Check the Toronto bootleg if you don't believe me. Awcawh)

They deliver "Oliver's Army" and Elvis gives the Attractions an across-the-throat blow-it-out gesture and they split. Then it's bring-on-the-chaps for the encores: Martin Belmont for "Pump It Up" (and off), Dave

Edmunds for "Mystery Dance" (and off) and then just the basics for "Chelsea" (now're the new offices, Jake?) and "What's So Funny 'Bout Peace Love And Understanding".

Costello is caught in three traps right now.

Trap One: getting institutionalised and thereby stuck with the problem of delivering a dangerous act to a safe audience. Trap Two: his new material relies less on his previous songs and thereby requires the artist to be at the height of his powers to bring them off. Trap Three (and this one's the killer): it seems as if that endless touring has eroded reserves of energy that he desperately needs. The passion was there (just) but the power has dissipated.

Costello needs another tour like he needs a busted leg, but needs must and the business drives.

Nothing wrong that six months off the road couldn't cure, but that's a big "but" and no sneaky lighting or red Stratocaster's gonna hide that this band's right at the end of their tether. Whether Costello's "got it" ain't at issue — he's proved that often enough, but whether he can keep it is yet another ball game. After all, it ain't Elvis' ball any more. The set was chilled and despairing. The response was warm but damp. I remember when it only took his little fingers to blow me away.

Charles Shear Murray



Crisp. In a crunchy sort of way.

**Patrick Fitzgerald
The Molesters
Nicky and the Dots
The Wall**

Music Machine

A selection of the weaker Small Wonder acts plus the industrious independent label's most inspired signing, now a Polydor person, are tightly paraded in front of an appreciative audience at the Music Machine, a venue slightly more acceptable than recent reports would suggest.

Plenty of good views, plenty of bars, places to sit, room to dance; such things matter. The first three entertainers, beat groups all, are earnest, competent modern club bands who've carefully updated derivative hard rock/pop with a variety of new requirements. They're resilient and shrewd, but little else.

The Wall, a tough quartet, possess the power and resentment of a Jam or Clash, with just a shade more cuteness than cleverness, and without the money to pad their set with calculated visual paraphernalia. They've plenty of beat, know the riffs and act cocky enough, but lack the completeness and precision of their mentors.

It time heals that, then it's just (just?) a case of introducing some originality and edge into their sound. Initially this is more important than individual songs (currently charmingly plagiaristic) and using different ways of voicing their discontent other than with overused and underdone Clash—Costello type ravings.

It's not enough just to be angry any more. Give it room.

Nicky and the Dots, a Brighton quintet propelled by electric piano, have pretensions that push them towards the quirky, funky, choppy genre of modern rock.

A little harder but close to the chummy cheeriness of The Yachts, their thoughtfully structured rock is based on contrived contortions that are less exaggerated, and thus less endearing, than XTC. A mild interpretation of T. Heads' "Psycho Killer" confirmed their actual ambition: the plainness of their own songs revealed limited imagination and minimal natural idiosyncrasy.

The appalling Molesters ram pace and professionalism down my throat. Flash, stilted rock fronted by an unappealing spirtwit, backed by two flapping girl singers: dead pet for those who 'appreciate' Chelsea and Anita Harris, but Lou Reed and Liza Minnelli would do it so much better.

Actually, they're like Budgie

FITZGERALD
overjoyed at
reception. Pic:
GEORGE BODNAR



fed through Menace backed by Elsie Tanner's tiresome lodgers. They're from Brighton. Brighton rock people should stay tightlipped about their nouveau rock entertainers.

Crass close the evening's exhibition. I've already had my ears burnt attempting to puzzle out the contradictions inherent in this seven-piece. I'll leave it to fate.

Before Crass, the ingenuity and spontaneity of Patrick Fitzgerald emphasises the mundanity of the previous performers. Not only is he in love with his songs, but there is true perception and specialness in how he creates and performs them. It's an immediate quality which separates him from the crowd.

For the first third of Fitzgerald's set the cuddly minstrel relies on his so far natural presentation — confident voice and understated acoustic guitar.

He cheekily reels off a deceptive series of wry comments about such things as rejection, passion, spite, and vulnerability: sardonic and sarcastic vignettes that cleverly balance whimsy and anger. As a sweet 'n' sour solo raconteur there are noticeable (but not upsetting) hints of daff Wainwrightian dash and humour and pride.

Fitzgerald is a superb comic communicator; this is obvious by the way the small wonder holds the Music Machine enthralled.

But after these succinct opening shots, Fitzgerald goes electric and it's revelation.

Playing functional occasionally impressive electric guitar himself, he's joined by Buzzcocks' John Maher (drums) and Penetration's Rob Blagmire (bass), plus two unidentified musicians on sax and keyboards. This under-rehearsed unit take

some time to settle, and remain erratic all through the set. But the delicately jazz tinged, rhythmic mood music forcefully turns Fitzgerald's sparse stories into strong songs, and delightfully enhances and expands moments and moods vaguely hinted at in the acoustic numbers.

Incorporating full electric arrangements into his range looks set to be a successful move, and opens up plenty of potential without any immediate danger of losing the belligerence and irony. It will be intriguing to see how Fitzgerald, with all his bitterness and sensitivity, will adapt to inevitable success and acclaim. Soon come...

What we have now is a commentator to continue the sadly fading tradition of such rebels as Ayers, Chapman, Harper and Martyn — a strong mind, a strong communicator, a strong musician (yes!) who's very much part of today's environment and who's capable of responding to, resisting and using modern pressures and expectations.

Unspoilt and raring to go, Patrick Fitzgerald really is something special

Paul Morley

Alwoodley Jets

Leeds

Crushed grapes and low-budget music are Vivas' bag, and once in a blue moon, both are good enough to keep the customers satisfied.

The smallest Leeds venue, featuring the smallest Leeds bands, Vivas is the kind of place where everybody looks like Ian Hunter (the punks try to look like Lou Reed), where the guitarist plays and buys a round of drinks simultaneously, and his band play for kicks, not critics.

But when a group like the

Alwoodley Jets play here, the place suddenly assumes the stature of a local Budokan. Alternative Akron. In the case of The AJs, it's understandable.

They have got together an impressive repertoire of homespun rock with total East Coast sass. The 'psychedelic reggae' number "Long Time Lonely" is what the Americans will be calling 'new wave' five years from now, while "Baby Move" and the forthcoming single release, "Crash And Burn"/"Connections" feature thoughtful arrangements and a full-bodied Doors guitar sound — which owes as much to singer/quasi-visionary John L. Rigby's alert, intense rhythm work as it does to Rob 'Biff' Smith's tasteful lead soloing.

Similarly, chain-smoking French bassist Jean-Francois Picard and (Leif Garrett's older brother?) drummer Rob 'Toto' Maskell, make contributions worth their weight in Gauloises and anti-perspirant. Picard, often obscured by clouds of smouldering tobacco just as the keyboardist is obscured by beer crates, also provides the theatrical highlights of the show, cracking French jokes to well-rehearsed guffaws from the band's entourage and thence from everyone. The camaraderie is ow-you-say clair.

All things being equal, it was an impressive performance hashed up only by well-intentioned but rather pointless versions of "American Girl", "Shake Some Action" and "Hey Joe". These numbers could have made the Jets seem like another ifs-and-buts band, but the excellence of their original compositions served to dispel any such criticism.

Without in any way being either pretentious or smug, The Alwoodley Jets play like they have already arrived.

Emma Ruth

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Tourists, bloody Tourists

The Tourists

Hope and Anchor

When your shares are down to a shilling a piece, a night of razzmatazz with The Tourists is an excellent booster.

They consist of two Georgian guitarists (Pete Coombes and Dave Stewart), a Londoner, Jim 'Do It' Toomey on drums, a Ho Chi Minh look-alike bassist (Eddie Chin), and curvaceous Scotlette Ann Lennox on vox, larynx, flute, sax, and industrial stoppage whistle.

A debilitating spell of backroom showbiz shenanigans kept them out of the limelight for several months, but having overcome the worst of their contractual difficulties they were able to perform two long-awaited sets at the Hope and Anchor — their first gigs since supporting Ian Dury and The Blockheads at the Lewisham Odeon last autumn.

Now sporting a new line in cherry red cabaret jackets, yechh-pink Beatie boots, and an expanded repertoire of home-brewed songs, they surged forth in fine fettle, displaying not an iota of rustiness.

Their musical gift is of the rock'n'roll/happy feet variety. File under infectious fun, somewhere between The Rezillos and Flash Cadillac. They played a careening collection of highly enjoyable rock ditties, expertly packaged, and with the added bonus of blonde bombshell Annie chairing the festivities with incomparable panache.

Even the normally baleful A&R creatures lurking behind the amps couldn't resist tapping a foot, and they were bloody legless.

The Tourists exude a refreshing air of quality and confidence. They would be as much in their element busking away a summernight down the Rue de Rivoli or subverting a deck party aboard the QE2 as they certainly seemed to be tonight in this jubilant capacity-filled basement boogie room.

Rick Joseph

Neon Hearts

Marquee

They were late; they'd lost their backdrops, a self-promoting neon light sign, due to an accident at a BBC studio, and their set was cut by half due to support band Cuddly Toys' pissabouts.

Whether my views on their performance would have been different had everything run to plan, I don't know. As it was, I wasn't impressed. Like a lot of small,

struggling bands they seem to have almost given up hope of being anything more than second rate. This was particularly obvious in the material they were churning out, and there was none of that spontaneity so prevalent two years ago.

The majority of their stuff was depressing. But at least their forthcoming single 'Popular Music' (the third in three years) did stimulate my slowly vegetating mind, with sexist Steve Heart (ex-Suburban Studs) adding spice to the traditional home cooking.

Vocalist Tony Dial is a fairly adept, confident performer too. He sang well and looked good, but was limited by Neon Hearts' material.

I had looked forward with interest (but not enthusiasm) to Cuddly Toys, formerly Raped. A year ago at the now defunct Hammersmith Red Cow, Raped were appalling and I wondered how they had the nerve to perform publicly.

As the Toys they have marginally improved. Although they're still only crude and very basic, fronted by a pathetic Bowie impersonator complete with body stocking and stage make-up, they created a loud, pulsating sound which screamed for attention, and got it.

The first half of the set was ruined by the audience chucking glasses and justifiably objecting to the luke-warm new material. But ironically the band saved face in the second half by returning to the old Raped numbers the audience demanded.

So the band and punters enjoyed themselves. After all isn't that what it's all about?

Deanne Pearson

The Valves Nightshift

Nashville

Those sentiments commonly associated with Robbie Burns and auld lang syne didn't quite make the grade Nashville style. This two band Scottish package should have either stayed put or given up two years ago when better bands started to get famous.

Nightshift weathered their way through an unremarkable set, featuring rhythms more suited to west coast trucking anthems than the latent appeal of their Merseyside harmony effects. Others with more faith would say 'promising', but hell, any three-piece can make a lot of noise.

Cut to interval — and the real action came with the timely appearance of one



NEON HEARTS. Pic: DAVE MCINTYRE



Geo, it's great to be back in your wonderful cellar. ANNIE TOURIST — pic: ROB HALL

strictly hybrid Irish/Scotsman, complete with kilt (beats vinyl mini-skirts), and bagpipes in commemoration of Burns. A solemn moment — back to roots, and haggis, and unfortunately The Valves.

Well, they got up just about enough steam to power the Titanic, and sink it, all in the same breath.

Basically, they're a 1-2-3-4 unit, but they spoiled the fun with too many pretentious rhythm changes. They have yet to progress beyond two unexciting and uneventful singles ("No Surf" and "Robert Love") — despite the efforts of their undoubtedly charismatic vocalist Ian Robertson, who looks and sounds like TV Smith, and whose throaty performance did justice to M. Mann's "5-4-3-2-1".

Be warned "Subway Train's" got nothing on, nor nothing to do with the New York Dolls; and "Fab Loader" is about washing machines and another angle of yet another kitchen.

I lost interest when a number entitled "Bay City Rockers" — dedicated to chums the Rollers — split my head apart with boredom.

Charlotte Wylie

MacIntyre

Glasgow

Most people wouldn't raise even half an eyebrow at the news Glasgow has produced yet another white soul band. But MacIntyre are something else.

Instead of blindly trying to ape a black sound, they take the spartan essential structure of funk (strongly rhythmic, melodic impact on the chorus) as a pungent, streamlined framework for their own scenarios. The result is something entirely contemporary, and as aesthetically satisfying as it is thoroughly danceable.

The writing team of Robert Bell and Paul Buchanan is the driving force behind MacIntyre. Bell's eloquent bass perfectly complements Brian Dorans' clean, almost disco-style drumming, while

Buchanan beautifully offsets the sophisticated polish of the rhythm section by pouring heart and soul into his emotive, expressive delivery. In between, guitarist Des McGoldrick and keyboardist Paul Moore apply tasteful, restrained musical colouring.

Stylistically there are flashes of Steely Dan, Scaggs sans strings and (especially) Talking Heads, with a good measure of that seductive understatement of Dire Straits. But it's as lyricists that MacIntyre really shine.

Painstaking perfectionists, Bell and Buchanan have assembled a staggering high quality set. Observant, compassionate, their verbally modest sketches have a strong atmospheric, almost literary, quality: every song is a vivid glimpse into another place, another time.

Song titles like "Cane Chairs", "The Big League" and "Rio Getaway" give you a general idea of the flavour. "Undercover" is particularly strong, while the "danceability" of "Flags" and the stronger melody of "We're Not In The Movies" would make very acceptable singles.

There's a tendency to be one-paced (medium), but the sheer quality of the individual songs, plus Buchanan's impassioned delivery balance out most of that. Otherwise there's little that better equipment and more confidence won't cure. Definitely a name to watch for; more, much more from this band MacIntyre in the future.

Ian Cranna

Roy Hill Band

Riverside Studios

"I'm the Rod McKuen of Arista Records," Roy Hill announces. "It's taken a long time to get this obscure. We played the Electric Ballroom; 30 people came, 11 were on the guest list."

Reviewers have dismissed the Hill ego in a paragraph, but he refuses to die and defends himself with vitriolic lyrics. Anyway, Hill cuts himself down better than any hack; the man is... hardened.

Solo with acoustic guitar, the first set is mostly forgettable busker's strum, except for the excellent "Piccadilly Lights" and the up-yours fantasy, "One Time".

But the second half is so much better, with a skintight band, better tunes and balance.

There are detailed urban vignettes (accurate down to the last "cast away mascara'd eye"); deranged visions of power and retaliation ("Wanna rule the world/the universe/the CIA/call me your majesty/If you think that's crazy keep away from me"); sexual foibles in "I Like, I Like, I Like"; female domination in "Sally Is The Taller Of The Two".

The subject is Manipulation, and the definitive classic is "It's Only My Life (Tonight I Think I'll End It With A Knife)". The riffs nag and insist, the vocals chill dynamically, and the great sax of Bimbo Acocock roasts the melodies.

Disenchantment doesn't stop Roy Hill from wanting success. He'd obviously relish it. But if he makes it, wouldn't his life's theme — the manipulated loser — be redundant? Surely Arista are bitten on the hand by his pointed lyrics.

Nearing the (corporate) knuckle, Hill eases the tone with his obligatory junk 'n' joke songs: disco piss-takes, an Elvis pastiche, a "Saint" parody and Donny and Marie references. They're all farcically succinct, but a mite precious.

Nothing is sacred, and even Arista chief Clive Davis crops up in S/M "Princess Of Pain". The company mob love it; the audience look blank.

When Roy Hill is good, he's very good; when he is bad, he's trying too hard to be funny. If you want bellylaughs go see Supercharge or the Albertos. But if you want quality lyrics, Hill is your man.
Elsie Van Poznek

Bette Bright

Manchester

Had I not spent the early evening wading through Factory Records' double EP, I probably wouldn't have found this gig such light relief.

Instead, I'd have probably wondered why a fashionable record company had signed an artist who's so far released covers of two fairly awful records of yesteryear, and why they've invested in a 4 1/2 K rig merely to send her round a motley collection of small clubs.

Bette Bright says she's gone punk. In fact she's emigrated to Wigan.

This was a brief warm-up set designed to introduce musicians to each other and to the crackly strains of vintage R&B.

The opener was really Todd Rundgren's "You Cried Wolf", attacked by Ms Bright with a throaty throb which nearly gave me dyspepsia; but even that's one of the Runi's Motown efforts. More modernistic material was sneaked in occasionally — a reprise of Deal School's "Thunder & Lightning", and Glen Matlock's nautical flavoured "Precious".

Otherwise it was a trip down memory lane with "Hold On, I'm Coming", The Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back" and Rapara's "The Delrons 'Captain Of Your Ship'" and other distant vignettes.

The band — two R.Kids, one Yacht, one D.School and one Stealers Wheel — were unsteady but willing, frequently managing not to be half as bad as with their provocatively attired chanteuse.

The verdict of the hard men at the bar on Bette's costume is too vulgar to repeat. Personally I think she's a winner. We could both be right.

The trouble is it'd be for the same reasons.

Ian Wood

Bob McGilpin

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Horslips

Hammersmith Odeon

No, Herbert, Irish bands aren't all dead-diddle-diddle merchants. Nor are they necessarily all hairy men in hairier pullovers, singing of Guinness, guns and gather-round-me-boys.

Many are as normal as you or I — Horslips for instance. And in a way I suppose that's just the trouble: these boys are downright un-peculiar.

Although much is made of their ethnic origins, Horslips are a band who belong nowhere else but in the mainstream of safely competent and comfortably familiar UK rock as it's rolled from Lindisfarne to Luton.

Even if it bores you daft it's a hard music to find tangible fault with, and here tonight are thousands who adore it. But how many minimal variants on a used-up theme do we really need?

Any road, this being the 'American Tour' the object of the exercise is to promote the new 'The Man Who Built America' album and, indeed, it's the title song that opens the set.

'America' turns out to be a thematic development of Irish folkore already explored by the group, tracing the progress of the emigrants who were to shape the New World. The idea of building is reinforced, maybe too literally, by a stark stage-set of scaffolding and navy-lights.

From Eamon Carr, ensconced behind an emerald-green drum-kit, to fiddling Charles O'Connor, Horslips are a nifty collection of musicians. John Fean and Barry Devlin add an orthodox guitar and bass, whilst Jim Lockhart contributes keyboards and a flute that, regrettably, puts me in mind of Jethro Tull.

Number after number —

'The Power And The Glory,' 'New York Wakes,' 'The Warm Sweet Breath Of Love' — reveal a romantically inclined outfit with a pleasantly tight sound. But nothing to write home about.

Horslips do have one escape-route from anonymity open to them (though it's one they seem loathe to exploit), namely their heritage of traditional Irish music. Their few, brief nods in that direction inject the best moments into an otherwise mundane evening.

There's nothing wrong with Horslips, nor with a thousand other bands. I only wish they'd give their imaginations a freer reign.

Paul Du Nooy

Modern Man Glasgow

The scene is an art gallery cleared of paintings (work out your own significances: I hate symbolism) with harsh lights and industrial carpeting.

Modern Man are performing loud, rhythmic music to an appreciative audience. No one twitches with excess adrenalin.

Despite impressions from name and logo of surveillance devices and stark, menacing cities they're a straightforward, hard rock band, similar to The Zones. They're slipping back to old ways: conservative rock singers' stances (look sheepish vocalist Jim Cook), hints of

letting the good times roll with occasional songs about the joys of rock'n'roll — a trend which can only lead to the predictable, insular clichés about life on the road, already burnt to cinders by a million bands.

To save them from normality they at least retain the vigour and enthusiasm common to newer bands. Along with some good songs, this should persuade some giant, impersonal, multi-national combine to let them make records.

Modern Man aren't weird. They're friendly, unpretentious guys without benefit of stimulating neuroses or inspiring paranoid delusions. The silent majority of Wishbone Ash/Genesis fans will have no grounds for suspicion.

Possibly the usual Glasgow football, beer and misogyny ideals have profound effects, since most Glasgow bands share this lack of pretension, many to the point of anti-fashion, such is the local hatred of 'poseurs'.

Which makes the support band The Berlin Blondes even more unusual.

Glasgow's first drummerless group, and it's welcome back to make-up, androgyny, science fiction and decadence. Musically they do well at overcoming the boredom threshold of white noise guitar, toy piano and monotone vocals.

Six weeks since I first saw them and they have improved enormously.

That's the Berlin Blondes (bless their aluminium socks) Watch for them at your local, gang (Glasgow chapter).

Glenn Gibson



HORSLIPS' CHAS O'CONNOR. Pic ROB HALL

Isaac Guillory

Riverside Studios

Only the warmest music can defrost an irate critic who's waited 40 minutes in sub-arctic conditions for a bus. The impeccable Isaac Guillory Band melted me within minutes.

Acoustic or electric, Guillory blends shades of Mitchell, Benson, Weather Report (you name it); filters it through a jazzy latin lilt and arrives at a personal sound that brings a smile to your lips and an itchin' to your feet.

His six piece band — graced with G. T. Moore, the pure gold sax of Jim (from The Casual Band), Pacific Eardrum buddies and all — are integrated magic. The seemingly endless stream of first-rate songs prompt "bravos" by the third number and have the audience percolating in their seats until the end.

But it's as a guitarist that Guillory lights the way. Nothing cheap, he exudes class and assured versatility. This was their third gig together: improve on it, I dare you.

Elissa Van Poznak

Warm Jets

Bridge House

With the spirit that built the Union Pacific Railroad, Terry Murphy has made the Bridge House a successful gig within a year.

Upstairs, stage and bar face each other, forming an extended bottleneck. This area is all beer and scratchings to Paul Ballance, energetically exorcising years of being called "Bunter" in his

current roll as singer with the Warm Jets.

With the leering visage of a born Ugly Sister, Ballance is a firm believer in audience involvement, voluntary or otherwise. Fedors, braces and baggy strides complete the aura of a dissolute street trader.

He can sing a bit too, though songs like "No-Go Soho" and "Last Picture Show" are total performances. The Warm Jets' sound merges the gritty and the adroit in enticing proportions. "Sticky Jack", the first Bridge House single, is a good example, dominated by a union guitar/keyboard riff and some neat double shuffles from Dave Cairns' solid, flexible drums.

A quirky angularity offsets the taut song structures, betraying the Cockney Rebel (Mark I) origins of Milton Reame-James (keyboards) and winsome, dark-eyed Paul Jeffreys (bass). Transposed to a more muscular context, the mannerisms that linked on "Catch A Falling Star" — or whatever it was — become infinitely more acceptable.

Maciek Hrybowitz is a shadowy presence and spiky, Manzenera-like guitarist who should solo more. He writes with Ballance, Jeffreys with Reame-James.

Visually, the latter is the singer's only competition, sporting shades, beret and boiler suit as he surveys the audience with studied, irritating cool.

Their intriguing blend of music hall, restrained technoflash and urgent, jumping rhythms gives Warm Jets a wide net to throw. You too could be caught.

Harry George

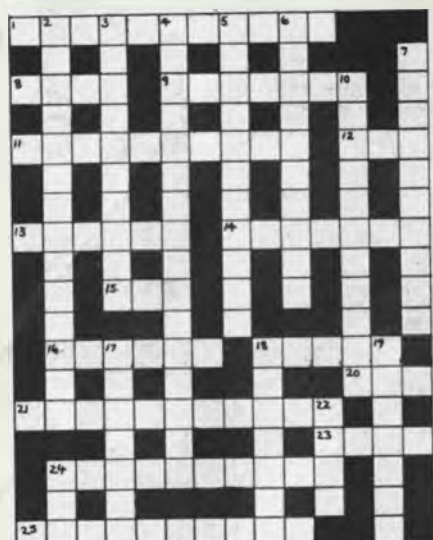
ACROSS

- 1 Warning you might find on a treacherous mountain path . . . or a dude from doo-wopville (5,6)
- 8 Girly bit of a Strangler!
- 9 Jagger type movement?
- 11 The Demis Roussos of the Disco Set — Baby baby, in ya black panties and matching bra! lurve ya just the way you are (5,5)
- 12 One in the Kiss pack!
- 13 See 24 down
- 14 Buncha marine reptiles who useta house Philo & Eddie
- 15 I or U, hyphenated toasters
- 16 Debutante type cut down to size by a rock pin-up (cute this one!)
- 18 Rod Stewart stage standard originally by Jimi Hendrix
- 20 McCartney LP in gramophone disguise!
- 21 Poor ham curl (anag 2 words)
- 23 Foxy lady
- 24 Godfather of Funk (5,5)
- 25 Former Faces stickman recruited by The 'Oo (5,5)

DOWN

- 2 & 18 down. Contemporary slice of good foot funk from the George Clinton Thang Factory (3,6,5,1,6)
- 3 Kong meets Presley meets Lennon & McCartney meets Muhammad Ali . . . in four different shades of vinyl (4,6)
- 4 Fruit farm celebrated in a classic Beatles 45! (10,6)
- 5 Hit in 1970 and again in '73 for Rodgers, Kosoff & Co. (3,5,3)
- 6 One half of seminal sibling harmony duo (4,6)
- 7 Currently in the charts with a McCartney song (8,4)

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- DOWN: 1 Lone Lovich; 2 Fee (Waybill); 3 Family; 5 Burning Spear; 6 Chic; 7 Can; 9 Accapella; 10 Keith Emerson; 11 Jackson (Five); 14 Singer; 15 Tornados; 18 Wire; 19 Five.

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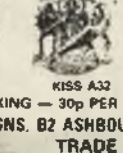
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A31. THIN LIZZY



A16. DAVID BOWIE



A36. AC/DC



LED ZEPPELIN
A8. LED ZEPPELIN



RAINBOW
A14. RAINBOW



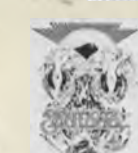
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
A12. LYNYRD SKYNYRD



A20. STONES



JIMMI HENDRIX
A11. JIMMI HENDRIX



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I've written 23 songs, seen Buzzcocks 11 times on stage, shaken hands with Howard Devoto, Bob Geldof and John Foxx (not all at the same time). I learned to play drums, knitted a pair of mittens, sat on a copy of "Anarchy In The UK" (EMI), and broken it, had a cup of tea at Pete Shelley's house and written to the NME nine times (never having seen one of my letters in print). Oh yeah, I know Steve Diggle's phone number too. Is this a record? Do I get it printed? **CLAIRE VOYANT, Manchester**
You are Paul Morley and I claim my ES — J&TP.

Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill are as often as not the only truly critical critics in the world of journalism today.

When I first started taking the NME in regular doses, about three years ago, Nicky Kent was just about the be-all-and-end-all of rock journalism. His exciting and encouraging piece about New York New Wave, and later his ecstatic review of the first Television album put him very much in the avant garde of his field. At the same time, however, the new era of rock journalism was coming into existence. Parsons, around about September 1976, wrote "Blinded By The Hype" an explosive retort which went some distance in putting matters straight on the subject of Springsteen. And of course there was the punk explosion, where attitudes changed and mirrors cracked, and where perspectives were getting lost more than somewhat. Tony and Julie wrote some really pathetic and disgraceful articles during 1977, in common with virtually everyone else at NME, but somewhere along the line they found the real values they had been looking for.

The writing of *The Boy Looked At Johnny* was the result of these cynical attitudes, but I for one only found it encouraging but no big deal. The stance they took — Start in the Gutter and work Down, There's

Something buried under all this shit — is perhaps the only true way to look at music, TV, or anything today.

Last year then, Tony and Julie were getting everything sorted out while tearing it to bits, but unfortunately Kent and many other critics (include new writers such as Morley, Pennman and MacKinnon as well as Bell), and to some extent CSM) were making a real hash of things by trying to continue 1977 (or 677) for another year. I can't think of one thing that's got me really excited in 1978, except maybe the Waits and Springsteen albums. And talking of Waits, well Nick Kent's piece on him last year was just about the Worst Music Article I've ever read.

Tony and Julie write articles that are very subjective but also very critical, whereas Kent only writes as he has always done, superficially critical but also tediously repetitive — I mean, just how many more times do we have to hear about the Swankers / Sex / Rhodes / Clash / London SS / Wally / Pistols / Sid / Marquee / Bloody ZigZag link?

It looks as if the age of the ligger journalists is dying, let's hope so anyway, and that the hour of the critic is at hand. Danny Baker probably creates as many gasps of disbelief or roars of laughter as Tony and Julie have ever done, but he knows his heart is in the right place. If you can't see why Robert Stigwood justifiably rules the world, then you won't know what I mean. I'm sure Danny, Tony and Julie do.

And finally, if there are any Springsteen fans who want to read an article about him that is even better than Tony's articles have been, then try and get hold of a back issue of *Rolling Stone*, last August's if possible. That article is the only decent piece of music journalism to have filled those pages in 85 years, or whatever.

CHARLES McDONALD, Co. Durham.
(A Tom, Bruce, Danny, Tony and Julie fan)

Papa's got a brand new . . . WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CHERRY VANILLA & LOUIS LAPORE Bag



A quote from Penny Reel's recent review of Culture's new single: "We need more anti-police songs. It's good over evil."

Much as we all love Penny's brave attempts at imitating Rasta speech patterns in his articles (tres chic), this sort of irresponsible provocative statement is taking his radical stance too far.

I'm certain many police are naughty, corrupt and violent, but so are many blacks, and whites, and . . .

So let's get it all in perspective and not just go straight over the top with studs flying. I mean "good over evil" — so rash, dearie me!

ADAM, Paddington.
Seen an 'ting. I-men nah check dis bumclat babble on neither — **HAMMER MCKNEE**

I've just been watching *Top Of The Pops* and felt I had to write to complain about all the American crap that's

infiltrating our market. Take Barry White for instance. He looks like a geriatric reject from the extras of "Planet Of The Apes" and his voice is like the noise made by a large spot being popped.

And Leif Garrett. "It was made for dancing" indeed! He dances like a pneumatic drill fitted with a windmill attachment and a mikeland, or like a lump of food being chewed. Phoebe Snow sounds like a castrated raven choking on phlegm. Danny and Marie Osmond — immaculate vocals, but what a crummy song! My GOD! Donny Osmond sounds suspiciously like that other slick American nincompoop, John Travolta. Are both their voices done by the same woman? (The one who does the Bee Gees stuff). And what was Marie wearing? It looked like bloodstained saliva!

Enough of this!
When is good ole English Rock gonna hit the scene again, man?

GIVE US ROCK!!!

In hope — **JACQUI WATTS, Newport, Isle of Wight.**
Well, Nazareth were on *Top Of The Pops* tonight so things are looking good! — **WALLY STUPOR AND MANDIE STUPID.**

I think it's totally disgusting the way your mindless moronic reporters slag off the DICKIES. Even if I can't spell disgusting I still have more brains than the lot of them. This great group play high energy rock'n'roll and can't put a foot wrong in my book. Although the rest of your paper is rather excellent though you should put more Public Image Ltd. I SUPPOSE (YES I KNOW I'VE LEFT THE SHIFT KEY ON) your reporters will be against putting this letter in. I hope you print it all the same.

TERRY YOUNG, Cleveland.
I hope they print it, too, mate — **THE OTHER DICKIES' FAN.**

We have decided that most of your readers must be: useless, mindless, disillusioned, ex punk or hippies, warped, mind-bent, perverted, junked-up egomaniacs.
THE POPE & JOHNNY ROTTEN
That's all very well, but there's no staff vacancies at the moment — **NEIL SPENCER.**

Contrary to the irrational and totally ridiculous statement you made concerning Sham fans' handwriting ability, I feel that you hve a mitey lah di dar lot at NME (including Captain Pugwash II) are ve ones wot ave no scripural proovess. Also it is mi firm belief that non of you lol filled in any forms (I do ve pools) or vat you know wot you is rabbit on abeaht arf ve bladdy toim.
KNICKERBAND JOE, Blackburn, Lancs.

Burnel — my address is at the bottom of this we'll have less of these bleeding cop-outs in future — how can you tell us that our democracy is stagnating then sneer that you can't find someone to beat up because you happen to disagree with him.

If all those who dislike Strangers lyrics set about you you'd need a season ticket in the nearest casualty ward. . . "If a man has a vision or an idea of how things could be, can he be blamed for doing his damndest to see his visions fulfilled?" — No, but if no control is exercised at all then the weaker levels of society — the young, the old and the crippled end up on the shit-heap.

I notice that you don't offer any solutions to our plight — you wouldn't of course with your money. Bugger off back to Europe — "a young and growing place" — and leave us to rot. Oh and by the way, if illiteracy is slavery then what does the line "So I happened to be watching a re-run of Ben Hur which for me, was a first time" make you J.J.? **GARY BLATCH, 30 Riversway, Kings Lynn.**

I really didn't enjoy your article about the Stones in the number of Jan 6th. It was a bad review and this kind of stuff will kill your readers' interest in your paper. I like constructive criticism but this was a murder of real criticism and it stinks. In future you will be jumping on the Clash, Boomtown Rats, Ian Dury's and/or Elvis Costello's head in the same way. People wouldn't love that and you are digging your own grave.

I hope Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill are feeling sick because they should. I hope that NME never will print a contrasting kind of article about anyone. Because then we realize how childish and disgusting this was.
OLLE, A member of the Stones family in Stockholm, Sweden, only 20-years old.
That's amazing, ah!



Silly bidders: JULIE & TONY PARSONS

BURNEL

● From page 30

ourselves. We have been quite, uh, an enriching part of the British rock'n'roll culture for several years now. We've been active.

What do you think you still have to contribute?

The same as before, but we've got a different local now.

Do you think that movement of which you were once a part?

Well that movement which we considered ourselves to be part of, didn't want anything to do with us. Which was fair enough. But we still have a movement, and we still are a forum for debate and a forum for animosity and all kinds of emotion. Whereas who else is from that period? Not many.

We're on our own. We've always been on our own — and it looks like we're always gonna be on our own. (Laughs) Which suits me fine, because I've always been on the outside myself and The Strangers are an

outside band — we're the outsiders. We're never odds-on favourites for anything, we're no one's blue-eyed boys, and we're still there, cutting off our noses to spite our faces.

Some people have said we're very self-destructive — like the TV things, walking off on the BBC (*Rock Goes To College*) just because of the ticket thing. I certainly think on that that universities should change their whole club trip, get the law changed. Enough bands now have done that kind of thing to warrant the National Union of Students considering it. I think campuses in general have got an obligation to the area, not just the students — that's why there's quite a lot of non-student resentment towards students.

You used to say you wanted to do something useful when you were rich . . .

Well when I get rich I might do that.

You must be rich now.

Unfortunately not. That was one of the reasons for the managerial switch. Also now we're running our own affairs — with Ian, but it's all our own money. So like the last six

months of money has had to all go to being our float really. Also we're being sued by a lot of people: the sums involved are up to forty grand. It's because of various gigs we pulled out in the past — a long time ago — when we found out it was to students only, like Exeter University.

Also giving away 100,000 singles and then releasing it a few weeks later as a single is not the sanest commercial enterprise. People seem to forget that. They say, "Oh, 'Walk On By' only got to No. 20 in the charts" — they forget that five weeks previously we gave away 100,000 of it.

You seem to have become quite solid stanchions of the music business Establishment.

Ah so? Well I'd like to see Thin Lizzy fuck up a *Rock Goes To College* programme or any of those other bands. I can't see us being stanchions of the Establishment; I think we're stanchions of something, but not of the Establishment, because the Establishment doesn't get knocked by the Establishment. And the Establishment —

which is you and all the media and the actual business — especially in the last nine months has treated The Strangers like lepers.

In what way have you been treated like lepers — apart from the media?

Well that accounts for quite a lot of it, but there's a few record company in-things, grouches which have been settled.

And when are The Strangers going to break up?

When we start repeating ourselves and getting boring, which some might say was two or three years ago. (Laughs) But then, it's a good job we don't listen to the media. I think we're very healthy. We're still self-destructive, which has got to be good when you've had three gold albums . . . and a few more coming up. Usually you start getting self-propagating and self-protective, don't you? But we're still the most self-destructive band in the world.

So when's the final suicide onstage?

Ah . . . it takes some people 30-odd years to convince themselves to do it

T-ZERS

DONS A GRUBBY MAC

One natural-born victim: **Sid Vicious** proved beyond a shadow of a doubt last Friday just who was the ultimate sucker for Malcolm McLaren's "Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle." Live fast / die young / live dumb / die dumb: Sid's death now means that he will never come to trial, and it's highly unlikely that the American judiciary machine will bother to investigate further in order to discover whether Sid or A.N. Other killed **Nancy Spungen**. Our condolences to Sid's mother and girlfriend, and especial condolences to **Malcolm McLaren**, who, was all set to fly out to the States with Steve Jones and Paul Cook to do some recording with Sid when the news arrived. Maybe if they'd been around at Sid's welcome-home party someone would have been a little more careful about just who was allowed to give how much of what to who.

"The short, shocking life of the High Priest of Punk" — as the sinful, fun-filled *Sun* put it — inevitably precipitated an outpouring of righteous bilge in the dailies. Even the normally sensible *Granada* went on about *The Sex Pistols* being "known for their acts of violence on and off the stage, vomiting on their audiences and screaming insults at them."

But, of course, it was the mucky Sundays that went really bananas. People persons must have choked on their kippers as they gazed at the front page pic of Sid fixing up, apparently snapped by his ex-boyfriend Noel Black. "When I first met Sid, he was innocent about everything," said 27-year-old Black. "We were lovers. We lived together for about six months. But he grew to experiment with all sorts of drugs, and built up an infatuation with violence. It was horrible to see the way he became." T-Zers has never heard of Mr. Black, and was under the impression that that photograph was sold some time back by Nancy so she could buy some "groceries".

The *News Of The World*, though, is spot on yet again in its riveting editorial: "He set out to become the nastiest, foulest star of the pop music world. He certainly belonged to the right group to achieve it, the dreadful Sex Pistols. He reached the ultimate in notoriety — a murder charge. Today the aptly named Sid Vicious lies dead. What a memorial he is to the permissive trendies who think it smart to shout their four-letter words through billowing clouds of cannabis." The name at the top of that piece of wisdom belongs to **Philip Wrack**, but T-Zers suspects the fair hand of John Cleese or Graham Chapman in there somewhere.

All that's left is to bury the poor sod, but under which sod? Sid's last wish, according to his mum, was to be buried next to Nancy in Philadelphia's Jewish cemetery. Odds on, though, that his body will be flown back to London for burial in Highgate cemetery (not next to Marx).

Incidentally, before all this (Obviously. — Ed.) Sid was due to fly to Miami's Criteria Studios — fave haunt of E. Clapton and B. Gees — to record with old chums Steve Jones and Paul Cook, though they were apparently not keen

on this. Even so, the Pistols next single (see News) will feature Sid singing **Eddie Cochran's** "Somethin' Else". Odd, really, that *Malcy* isn't re-releasing "My Way", but Sid definitely planned to record "Mac The Knife" in Miami, and possibly "Positively 4th St" and "Subterranean Homesick Blues" 'cos **Bob Dylan** needs the royalties.

And the **Cash Pussies** cash in quick with a charming ditty called "Sidney Glittergas" on The Label — "a savage attack", it says here, "on the Sid Vicious industry". The chorus couplet — "London town where the Jews all prey/London town where the new is gray" — should be enough to give the game away as an overnight job, and we hope the C.P.s are proud of themselves. The C.P.s?

They're a division of **Fred and Judy Vermorel**, authors of the *Sex Pistols* paperback, which surfaced only once previously — when they played a Nancy Spungen Memorial gig in retaliation to *The Clash*'s benefit for Sid. The guitarist is ex-*Alternative TV* — **Alex Ferguson**, who co-wrote the single with the Vermorels. The B-side is called "Cash Flow". They should know.

Still, let's have a happy ending — that loveable Irish romantic and all-round big sofie **Phil Lynott's** theory on the whole shebang is that Sid and Nancy were just a modern Romeo and Juliet. All together: Aaaaaahhhhh.

In the land of the living, massive sighs of relief will be breathed at the news that *The Clash* finally got their work permits, enabling them to carry on as planned with their debut tour of the Americas. The trip wasn't entirely hassle-free, however: upon entering Canada for their first gig in Vancouver, they had all their knives, bracelets, chains and assorted studded things confiscated, allegedly by The Crown. These ornaments were judged to be offensive weapons, and the customs man informed them — doubtless in a clear booming authoritative John Wayne-type voice — that their trinkets were to be "taken downtown for destruction."



Above: **ADAM McANT** proves he's one of rock's most highly plied practitioners with this demure demonstration of the 'Gay' Gordons at a recent Ants gig in John O'Groats. Note leather trousers under the ethnic attire, as well as the Scots' bondage tradition of wearing the sporrans *INSIDE* the kilt. Right: more than just yer typical early CLASH pic, all big holes and silly goggles — cos photog **PETER M. COOK** reckons the wet weed gazing wistfully into *STRUMMER's* eyes is none other than **Malcolm McLaren's** secret weapon **TEN POLE TUDOR** in a previous incarnation as **JULIAN TEMPLE**. Ten Pole is seen here failing an audition to be the Tower Block Terror's lead vocalist. Meanwhile, left: **SPARKO** and **LEE BRILLEAUX** attempt to detonate the Analogue Remote Indicator at EMI's record factory as a protest at the way they keep pressing the lads' fab hit 'Milk And Alcohol' in so many different varieties of 'horrible flavoured vinyl. And finally, below left: **RICK NEILSEN** and **DAVE EDMUNDS** spot one another across a crowded room and whammo! — jam at first sight. Pix (left): **GEORGE BODNAR**, **KEVIN CUMMINS**.

The Clash tour itinerary includes two benefit gigs: one to raise money for an alternative rock venue at San Francisco's Geary Theatre (all other rock venues are pretty much tied up by the Frisco rock mafia monopolistic promoters) and the other in Cleveland. This latter is to pay the legal fees of a Vietnam veteran who lost both legs in Nam and was forbidden to use the swimming pool in his apartment block because the tenants found his presence upsetting. He brought suit against the landlords and lost: Clash to the rescue.

Back home, **Mick Jones'** Notting Hill pad was burgled last week and stripped of all its musical and video equipment. Those happy loving couples ain't no friends of mine: **Bianca Jagger** is after the Big One. Half of Big Mick's fortune works out at \$5 million. She claims that the property agreement signed at the time of their wedding (designed to keep Mick and Bianca's financial resources separate if not equal) was not valid. Bianca has even hired the lawyer who won **Marsha Hunt's** paternity suit for her last month. Meanwhile, **Peter Frampton's** former girlfriend **Penny McCall** is after a similar 50 per cent of the Frampton fortune, claiming that all his success was created and inspired by her, which doesn't make of Penny sound particularly inspiring, especially as we suspect that Frampton's manager and record company may have had a teeny weensy little something to do with his absurdly large-scale success two or three years back. Frampton, however, is drowning his sorrows in a galliance with **Lindsay Wagner**, TV's *Bionic Woman*. With his luck, she'll probably drop a car on him.

Still with the big sums: a \$1,000,000 lawsuit has been filed against **ELO** in a Detroit Court recently alleging that the two shows they played last August at the Pontiac Superdome were performed raped instead of live. The **Osmonds'** recent London shows were also substantially less live than they could've been (though it's doubtful that any of their punters care particularly) and it's well-known that

Kiss have resorted to this



dubious practice in the past. Even their live album used tapes, and that wasn't exactly a cultural triumph....

And remember where you read this first if you read it somewhere else first then someone's gonna get skinned: "The Jam's" new single "Strange Town" / "The Butterfly Collector" is completed and set for March 9 release....

After over four months in the Top 30, **Blondie's** "Parallel Lines" album hits Numero Uno this week....

Also, it's old - soul - singers - never - die - they - just - go - disco week in the singles: **Gene Chandler**, **Barry White**, **Peaches & Herb**, **Edwin Starr** all present in Top 30....

Those rumours about **PIL** drummer **Jim Walker** kibbitzing in Israel are quite true, and his replacement is some black dude called **Vivian**. **PIL** reckon on doing a bash in Manchester in a couple of weeks' time....

Finally, it's goodbye to **Francis Lamb**, ad man supreme and close friend of **Luncheon Buns** worth. Frank's buggered off to pastures new after a fond farewell drink in a local hostelry. And do you know what? Everyone got vaguely inebriated. So it's goodbye from hic, and it's goodbye from ush....

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week	Last week
1 CLASH POLICE	2
2 PIL	1
3 BUZZCOCKS	4
4 ALTERNATIVE ULSTER	5
5 999	6
6 PENETRATION	7
7 ANARCHY IN THE U.K.	8
8 THE JAM	9
9 SMIRKS AGAINST TRAVOLTA	10
10 THE SLITS	

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End Of The Page

Sid Vicious, Swindle style.

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RED NOISE

THE SINGLE
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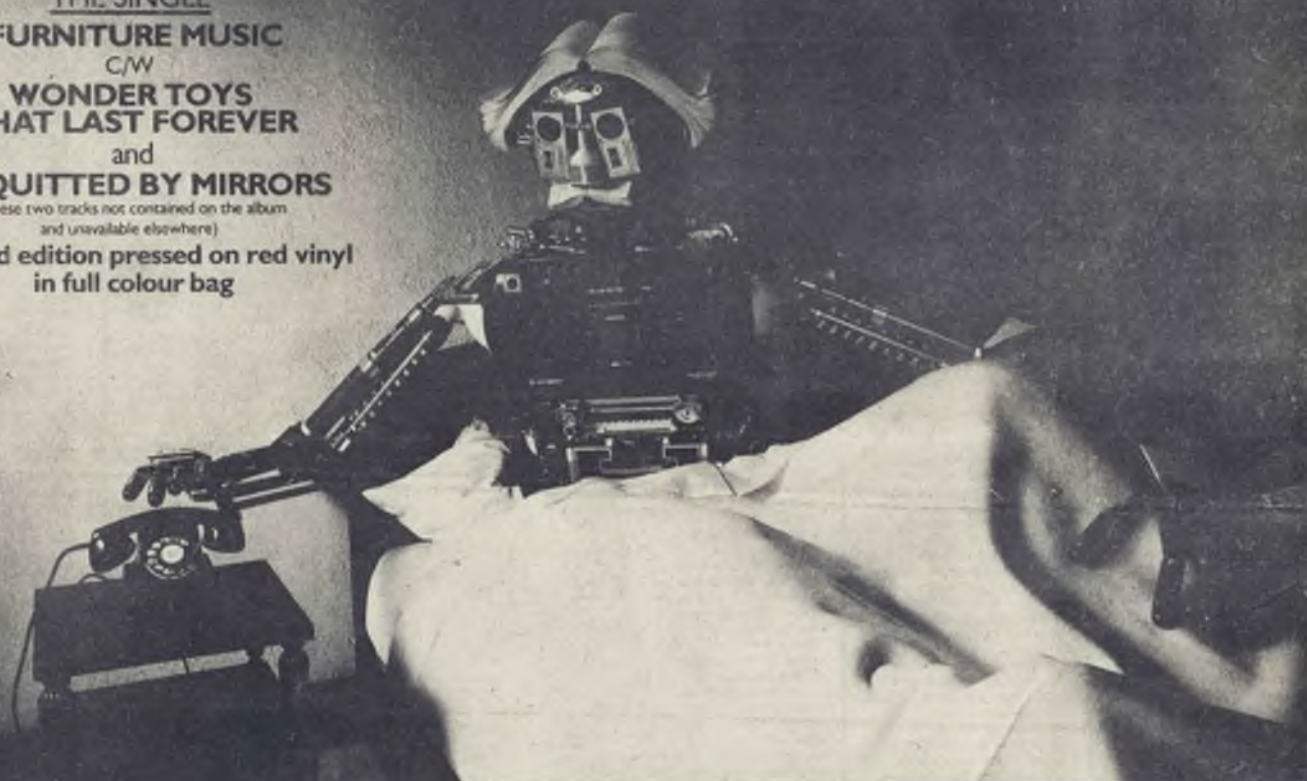
WONDER TOYS
THAT LAST FOREVER

and

ACQUITTED BY MIRRORS

(These two tracks not contained on the album
and unavailable elsewhere)

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Their first album

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THE TOUR

4th Mar BRISTOL Hippodrome
6th Mar SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
7th Mar BIRMINGHAM Odeon
8th Mar LEICESTER De Montford Hall
10th Mar LIVERPOOL Empire
11th Mar MANCHESTER Apollo

12th Mar NEWCASTLE City Hall
13th Mar SHEFFIELD City Hall
14th Mar BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
16th Mar LANCASTER University
17th Mar LEEDS University
18th Mar LONDON Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

