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NME CHARTS

Week ending December 1, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	When You're In Love.....Dr Hook (Capitol)	7	1
2 (9)	No More Tears.....D. Summer/B. Streisand (Casablanca/CBS)	3	2
3 (2)	Eton Rifles.....Jam (Polydor)	4	2
4 (3)	Still.....Commodores (Motown)	4	3
5 (4)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love.....Queen (EMI)	6	4
6 (10)	Ladies Night.....Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	5	6
7 (13)	Knocked It Off.....B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	3	7
8 (—)	Complex.....Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	8
9 (15)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	3	9
10 (5)	One Day At A Time.....Lena Martell (Pye)	8	1
11 (24)	Confusion.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	11
12 (16)	Rise.....Herb Alpert (A&M)	6	12
13 (21)	The Sparrow.....Rambles (Decca)	5	12
14 (8)	Gimme Gimme Gimme.....Abba (Epic)	6	2
15 (22)	Que Sera Mi Vida.....Gibson Brothers (Island)	2	15
16 (17)	It's A Disco Night.....Isley Brothers (Epic)	3	16
17 (7)	Message To You Rudy.....Specials (Two Tone)	5	7
18 (26)	Diamond Smiles.....Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	18
19 (—)	Union City Blue.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	19
20 (14)	She's In Love With You.....Suzi Quatro (RAK)	6	10
21 (27)	Rockabilly Rebel.....Matchbox (Magnet)	2	21
22 (—)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	22
23 (—)	Walking On The Moon.....Police (A & M)	1	23
24 (20)	I Don't Want To Be A Freak.....Dynasty (Solar)	4	20
25 (25)	Monkey Chops.....Dan I (Island)	2	25
26 (29)	Fall Out.....Police (Illegal)	2	26
27 (—)	Working For The Yankee Doller.....Skids (Virgin)	1	27
28 (—)	Is It Love You're After Rose Royce (Whitfield)	1	28
29 (—)	Mellow Mellow Right On.....Lowrll (Avi)	1	29
30 (—)	I Only Want To Be With You.....Tourists (Logo)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

A Night At Daddy Gee's — Showaddywaddy (Arista);
It's My House — Diana Ross (Motown);
Dancing In Outer Space — Almostear (MCA);
Send One Your Love — Stevie Wonder (Motown);
Brass In Pocket — Pretenders (Real);
Nights In White Satin — Moody Blues (Deram).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 3, 1974

1	Gonna Make You A Star.....David Essex (CBS)
2	You're The First, The Last, My Everything.....Barry White (20th Century)
3	Juke Box Jive.....The Rubettes (Polydor)
4	Oh Yes! You're Beautiful.....Gary Glitter (Bell)
5	You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet.....Bachman-Turner Overdrive (Mercury)
6	Tell Him.....Hello (Bell)
7	Killer Queen.....Queen (EMI)
8	Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds.....Elton John (DJM)
9	My Boy.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
10	Pepper Box.....Peppers (Spark)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 3, 1969

1	Yester-Me, Yester-You, Yesterday.....Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
2	Sugar Sugar.....Archies (RCA)
3	Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town.....Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)
4	Call Me (Number One).....Tina Turner (Capitol)
5	Something.....Beatles (Apple)
6	Meeting Pot.....Blue Mink (Phips)
7	Oh Well.....Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
8	Two Little Boys.....Rolf Harris (Columbia)
9	Sweet Dream.....Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)
10	Winter World Of Love.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 6, 1964

1	I Feel Fine.....Beatles (Parlophone)
2	Little Red Rooster.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	I'm Gonna Be Strong.....Gene Pitney (Stateside)
4	Downtown.....Petula Clark (Pye)
5	All Day And All Of The Night.....Kinks (Pye)
6	Baby Love.....Supremes (Stax)
7	He's In Town.....Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
8	Um Um Um Um Um Um Um.....Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
9	Walk Tall.....Val Doonican (Decca)
10	Pretty Paper.....Roy Orbison (London)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (2)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2.....Abba (Epic)	4	1
2 (7)	20 Golden Greats.....Diana Ross (Motown)	2	2
3 (1)	Greatest Hits.....Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	1
4 (3)	Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)	8	1
5 (10)	Rock 'n' Roller Disco.....Various (Ronco)	4	4
6 (15)	20 Golden Greats.....Mantovani (Warwick)	3	6
7 (4)	Tusk.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	6	2
8 (5)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	10	3
9 (30)	Setting Sons.....Jam (Polydor)	2	9
10 (6)	Lena's Music Album.....Lena Martell (Pye)	7	4
11 (12)	Out Of This World.....Moody Blues (K-Tel)	3	11
12 (—)	Love Songs.....Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	1	12
13 (8)	The Specials.....Specials (Two Tone)	5	8
14 (8)	Greatest Hits.....10cc (Mercury)	8	5
15 (24)	Discovery.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	24	1
16 (18)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	4	16
17 (23)	Eat To The Beat.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	2
18 (11)	The Secret Life Of Plants.....Stevie Wonder (EMI)	4	11
19 (25)	Sometimes You Win.....Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	19
20 (29)	Wet.....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	2	20
21 (17)	I Am.....Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	25	2
22 (16)	Bea Gees' Greatest Hits.....(RSO)	3	16
23 (13)	The Long Run.....Eagles (Asylum)	9	2
24 (21)	String Of Hits.....Shadows (EMI)	12	4
25 (—)	Night Moves.....Various (K-Tel)	1	25
26 (14)	The Fine Art Of Surfacing.....Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	7
27 (20)	On The Radio Greatest Hits.....Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	20
28 (26)	Rise.....Herb Alpert (A&M)	2	26
29 (22)	Outlandos D'amour.....Police (A&M)	27	7
30 (19)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores (Motown)	12	11

UP AND COMING:

Machine Gun Etiquette — Damned (Chiswick);
Life Of Brian — Monty Python (Warner Brothers);
Echoes Of Gold — Adrian Brett (Warwick);
The Bitch — Soundtrack (Warwick);
Together — Various (K-Tel);
Dawn Of The Dickies — The Dickies (A&M).



As 'Complex' crashes into the Top Ten, its author lets the icy mask slip for a moment to reflect on the fact that computer fraud is the world's fastest rising crime. As you can see from our picture, Numan the human has been growing his chest hairs as part of a failsafe success gambit: should the bottom drop out of micro-chips, he'll be able to make a comeback as Gary Glitter. Pic: Robert Ellis.

US SINGLES

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	Babe.....Shyx	1	1
2 (2)	No More Tears.....Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer	2	2
3 (3)	Still.....Commodores	3	3
4 (4)	Heartache Tonight.....Eagles	4	4
5 (7)	Please Don't Go.....KC & The Sunshine Band	5	7
6 (10)	Escape.....Rupert Holmes	6	10
7 (15)	Dim All The Lights.....Donna Summer	7	15
8 (13)	Ladies' Night.....Kool & The Gang	8	13
9 (12)	You're Only Lonely.....J.D. Souther	9	12
10 (14)	Send One Your Love.....Stevie Wonder	10	14
11 (11)	Ships.....Barry Manilow	11	11
12 (6)	Pop Muzik.....M	12	6
13 (8)	You Decorated My Life.....Kenny Rogers	13	8
14 (9)	Rise.....Herb Alpert	14	9
15 (24)	Jane.....Jefferson Starship	15	24
16 (21)	We Don't Talk Anymore.....Cliff Richard	16	21
17 (15)	Tusk.....Fleetwood Mac	17	15
18 (20)	Take The Long Way Home.....Supertramp	18	20
19 (16)	Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough.....Michael Jackson	19	16
20 (23)	Dreaming.....Blondie	20	23
21 (25)	Half The Way.....Crystal Gayle	21	25
22 (22)	Broken Hearted Me.....Annie Murray	22	22
23 (29)	Do That To Me One More Time.....The Captain & Tennille	23	29
24 (30)	Cruisin'.....Smokey Robinson	24	30
25 (28)	Cool Change.....Little River Band	25	28
26 (—)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson	26	—
27 (27)	Dream Police.....Cheap Trick	27	27
28 (—)	I Want You Tonight.....Pablo Cruise	28	—
29 (19)	If You Remember Me.....Chris Thompson and Night	29	19
30 (—)	Remember Games.....Foreigner	30	—

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	The Long Run.....Eagles	1	1
2 (2)	Tusk.....Fleetwood Mac	2	2
3 (4)	Cornerstones.....Styx	3	4
4 (5)	On The Radio Greatest Hits.....Donna Summer	4	5
5 (3)	In Through The Out Door.....Led Zeppelin	5	3
6 (8)	The Secret Life Of Plants.....Stevie Wonder	6	8
7 (7)	Wet.....Barbra Streisand	7	7
8 (9)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores	8	9
9 (11)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson	9	11
10 (8)	One Voice.....Barry Manilow	10	8
11 (13)	Bea Gees' Greatest Hits.....Bea Gees	11	13
12 (10)	Rise.....Herb Alpert	12	10
13 (12)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers	13	12
14 (15)	Ladies' Night.....Kool & The Gang	14	15
15 (16)	Head Games.....Foreigner	15	16
16 (14)	Eat To The Beat.....Blondie	16	14
17 (21)	Damn The Torpedoes Torn Petty & The Heartbreakers	17	21
18 (18)	Dream Police.....Cheap Trick	18	18
19 (20)	Keep The Fire.....Kenny Loggins	19	20
20 (—)	Metamorphosis.....Rufus & Chaka	20	—
21 (17)	Get The Knack.....The Knack	21	17
22 (22)	Breakfast In America.....Supertramp	22	22
23 (19)	Slow Train Coming.....Bob Dylan	23	19
24 (23)	Fire'n' With Disaster.....Motly Hatchet	24	23
25 (26)	Candy O.....The Cars	25	26
26 (29)	I'm The Man.....Joe Jackson	26	29
27 (28)	Evolution.....Journey	27	28
28 (27)	Highway To Hell.....AC/DC	28	27
29 (—)	Regatta De Blanc.....The Police	29	—
30 (—)	Identify Yourself.....The O'Jays	30	—

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1)	Humble Yourself.....Asher & Trimble (Rockers International)
(2)	Political Confusion.....Big Youth (Cash And Carry)
(3)	Forgive Them.....Johnny Osborne (Studio One)
(4)	Talk To The Father.....Lloyd & Stuff (Lloyd's & Stuff 12-inch)
(5)	What Do You Fall In Love For.....The Agros (Punch)
(6)	Mr Government Man.....Hopeton James (Pablo)
(7)	Stop You Gun Shooting.....Enrol Dunkley (Stars)
(8)	Love Is The Light/All Nations Bow.....Horace Andy/Big Youth (Technique 12-inch)
(9)	Broad Road.....Richie McDonald (56 Hope Road)
(10)	My God Is Real.....Tapper Zukie (Stars)

Chart compiled by Observer Station

DISCO

(1)	We've Got The Funk.....Positive Force (Pyl) (re-mix)
(2)	Mellow Mellow Right On.....Lowrll (Avi)
(3)	Dancin' In Outer Space.....Atmosphere (MCA)
(4)	Monkey Chop.....Dan I (Island)
(5)	Dancin' Love Affair.....Wayne Henderson (Polydor)
(6)	Rappers Delight.....Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)
(7)	Second Time Around.....Shalamar (RCA)
(8)	It's A Disco Night.....Isley Brothers (Epic)
(9)	The River Drive.....Jupiter Bayland (Pyl)
(10)	Musik.....Al Hudson (MCA)

Chart supplied by Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1)	Transmission.....Joy Division (Factory)
(2)	We Are All Prostitutes.....Pop Group (Rough Trade)
(3)	Reincoats.....Raincoats (Rough Trade)
(4)	Where's Bill Grundy Now.....TV Personalities (Kings Road)
(5)	The Bridge.....Thomas Lear & Robert Rental (Industrial)
(6)	Read About Seymour.....Swell Maps (Rethers)
(7)	925/People.....God's Gift (Newmarket)
(8)	Alice In Sunderland.....Stepin' Talk (Euston)
(9)	Beat Rhythm News.....Essential Logic (Rough Trade)
(10)	Saturday Night.....The Odds (Red Rhino)

Chart supplied by Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W1.

NEWS

MADNESS
MAKING
MAYHEMRods front man **BARRIE MASTERS**Rods are
hot again

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS finally get back on the road next week after a lengthy absence, caused largely by their departure from the Island label and consequent lack of record product. But as already reported, they have now signed with EMI, and will be previewing their new album by way of a short seven-venue December tour — visiting London College of Printing (December 6), London Mite End Queen Mary College (7), Kingston Polytechnic (8), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Manchester University (13), Glasgow Strathclyde University (14) and Liverpool Eric's (15). The LP is due out in February, when the band will be undertaking a major four-week nationwide tour.

BUDGIE TO STAY
WITH BANSHEES

BUDGIE — who took over as temporary drummer with **Siouxsie & The Banshees**, after Kenny Morris walked out at the beginning of their autumn tour — has now officially been installed as the band's permanent drummer. But they have still had no luck in finding a full-time replacement for the other defuncting member, lead guitarist John McKay.

All auditions and applications have so far proved abortive, and Siouxsie has issued a new appeal for aspiring guitarists to contact her. Anyone interested should write to John Peel at the BBC, who is correlating the search on the band's behalf. Meanwhile, the Banshees are currently inactive — which gives Siouxsie a chance to recover fully from her recent illness.

HEAVY NIGHT: WEEK DELAY

BUDGIE's headliner at London Strand Lyceum — supported by **Girlschool**, **Preying Mantis** and **Angelwitch**, and billed as 'The Heaviest Night Of The Year' — has been put back one week from December 16 to 23. Tickets are £3, and those already sold for the original date remain valid. Reason for the switch is that **Motorhead** are playing Hammersmith Odeon on December 16 and, said a spokesman for the Lyceum gig, "we didn't want to damage their chances".

STOPPRESS Talking Heads, currently touring Britain, will not now be joined for their London dates by **The Human League**. Apparently the League's plans to play their set using pre-recorded tapes were too difficult to accommodate. In their place are **Section 25** (Joy Division protégés) who will play in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, **A Certain Ratio** for the remaining provincial dates, and **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** at the Electric Ballroom. All three support acts are Factory bands.

Headlining December tour

MADNESS — who starred with **The Specials** and **The Selecter** in the first half of the 2-Tone tour, before leaving the package in mid-November — headline a major tour of their own in December. And they'll also be making various TV and radio appearances which, like the tour, will aid promotion of their new album 'One Step Beyond'.

After appearing in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on December 11, they begin their travels the next day at Brighton Top Rank (12), followed by Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (13), Canterbury Odeon (14), Bracknell Sports Centre (15), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (16) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (17).

On December 18 they film a sequence for BBC-1's *Swap Shop*, then fly out to Radio Luxembourg for a series of live interviews, resuming tour dates at Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Derby King's (21), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Bristol Locarno (23).



Aylesbury Friars (29) and London Strand Lyceum (30).

Tickets are on sale now, priced £2.50 at all venues — except Canterbury, Derby and Leicester (£2.50 and £2) and the Lyceum (£3 only). Tour promoters are Straight Music.

Specials: two apology gigs

THE SPECIALS are to play a pre-Christmas mini-tour, comprising just two dates! They call it their 'Apology Tour', which means they're re-visiting venues where — for various reasons — their previous gigs weren't satisfactory. They are at Coventry Tiffany's (December 20) and Glasgow Apollo (23). Tickets are on sale now priced £2.50 (Coventry); and £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Glasgow).

POLICE DOUBLING AT
TWO LONDON VENUES

THE POLICE have slotted another London concert into their sell-out pre-Christmas tour schedule — and it's unique for an attraction of their stature, because it means they'll be playing at two different venues on the same night. The extra show is at the Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, December 18 — the same date on which they're already set to appear at the Hammersmith Palais.

UNINVITED BAND
IN DAMNED GIGS

THE DAMNED were joined at the outset of their UK tour, which started last weekend, by American sci-fi punk outfit **The Misfits**. It seems they supported **The Damned** at Hurrah's in New York earlier this year, when they discussed the possibility of touring together. Recently they read in NME that **The Damned** were going out on a British tour, so they financed their own trip across the Atlantic and turned up on Dave Vanian's doorstep 48 hours before the opening gig. After showing such initiative, what else could **The Damned** do but book them as support act for the tour?

The Odeon gig starts at 8 pm, and has been arranged for the benefit of "the kids who aren't able to stay up too late". When it's over, **The Police** will be whisked across the road — paradoxically with a police escort — to the Palais, where they'll be playing at about 10.30 pm. Odeon tickets are on sale now at the unusually low prices (by today's standards) of £3, £2.50 and £2.

At the end of their current U.S. tour, the band fly to Paris this Sunday on Concorde for a TV appearance, then travel on to Germany for four concerts before opening their UK tour in Leeds on December 10. On one of their free days during the course of the tour, they'll be playing a special Christmas concert for the inmates of Wandsworth Prison, though they haven't yet fixed the exact date.



Holly for Xmas

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS — the Los Angeles trio who, as reported last week, have been in Britain since the summer and were recently signed by Oval Records — have their first UK single rushed out this week, 'Tell That Girl To Shut Up'/'Chapel Of Love'. And they promote it with London gigs at Clapham 101 Club (December 6), Covent Garden Rock Garden (11), Islington Hope And Anchor (12), Fulham Greyhound (13) and Oxford St. 100 Club (16).

THE SHIRTS, who'd been expected to play several British gigs on returning from their current European tour, will now be playing only one date here on this occasion — at London Victoria The Venue on Monday, December 10. This is because they plan to come back for a full tour in the late winter or early spring.

SPIZZ ENERGY have had their scheduled gig tomorrow (Friday) at London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall cancelled by the venue's owners, following violence at a recent mad night there. But they've managed to fix an alternative date at Kensington Nashville this Saturday (11). Rest of their gigs, reported last week, remain unchanged.

THE PURPLE HEARTS are to headline at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday, December 28, and this now becomes the final date of their current tour — to which Bristol Granary (December 5) and Leeds Fan Club (9) are other new additions. Their gig at Portsmouth Polytechnic is brought forward from December 6 to 3.

THE POP GROUP are the first headliners at the new Kim Philby Club in Manchester, which opens tonight (Thursday) at De Ville's, Albert Square — with **A Certain Ratio** and **Phil Diddle** supporting. The club has been launched by Tony Wilson following the September closure of The Factory, which he also ran.

SQUEEZE ATONEMENT

Big compensation
tour in February

SQUEEZE, distressed at the manner in which they were forced to curtail their November tour so drastically, intend to make amends in a big way early in the New Year. They are currently being lined up for a major tour — starting in February, continuing into March, and taking in most of the country's leading venues. Their itinerary will include at least two nights in London (probably at the Hammersmith Odeon), which was omitted from their recently-completed gig series.

Reason why their autumn tour, originally planned as an extensive nationwide outing, was whittled down to a handful of dates is that they fell way behind schedule in recording their new album. It's now completed, and the band were leaving this week for a December tour of the U.S. and Canada, to be followed by a January visit to Australia.

These overseas jaunts, plus their upcoming UK tour, are being lumped together under the



banner of 'It's A Funny Old World'. And it seems likely that this will also be the title of their new album which, after all the problems it has created, will be issued in February to coincide with the start of their British concert series.

TOM PETTY AND THE
HEARTBREAKERS

THEIR LONG AWAITED NEW ALBUM

"Damn the Torpedoes"

MCF 3044

includes the new single **HERE COMES MY GIRL** c/w **DON'T BRING ME DOWN**

(recorded in Boston)

Available now on 12" with additional track





RENAISSANCE REACTIVATED

RENAISSANCE return to the concert platform this weekend to preview their new album, on which they've been working for the past couple of months for release in January. Their first eight dates to be confirmed are at Sunderland Polytechnic (this Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Liverpool University (December 3), Birmingham Aston University (7), Dunstable Civic Hall (8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Exeter University (10) and Swansea University (12). A major London date, and possibly one or two more provincial gigs, will be announced in a week or two.

CARROLL IN TUNE FOR XMAS

LITTLE BO BITCH hope to be re-joined next week by their regular guitarist Steve Carroll, who's been out of action during the first part of their tour, due to injuries sustained in a car crash. Their gig at Aberystwyth College of Librarianship was switched from last weekend to tonight (Thursday), and other dates are Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Reimhem Chalford Hall (Saturday), Newbridge Memorial Hall (Sunday), London Marquee (December 3), Norwich Cromwells (4), London Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic (6), Harrow College of Further Education (7) and Brighton Polytechnic (8).

BOENEY M are looking for another Christmas hit, with the release this weekend of their new WEA single 'I'm Born Again', taken from their 'Oceans Of Fantasy' album. This is in addition to the reissue, already reported, of their 1978 Christmas No. 1 'Mary's Boy Child'.

● Two more compilation albums hit the shops this week, to add to the numerous 'greatest hits' sets already in competition for the lucrative Christmas trade. They are 'Sweet Rhythm' by the late Van McCoy, and an LP containing all 16 of The Stylistics' UK chart entries titled 'The Hits'. Both are on the H&L label, distributed by Phonogram.

● The new Earth, Wind And Fire single, issued by CBS this weekend, is the fourth to be taken from their album 'I Am' — and the previous three were all chart hits. The new one is 'Can't Let Go'.

● The Greedies rush out a seasonal single on Phonogram this weekend, with 'A Merry Jingle' on one side, and 'A Merry Jangle' on the other. The band comprises Thin Lizzy members Phil Lynott, Brian Downey and Scott Gorham, plus ex-Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones.

● Gloria Gaynor's new single 'Tonight' is rushed out by Polydor this weekend (7in and 12in).

● Mean Street Dealers have a live album called 'Bent Needles' recorded at Birmingham Railway Hotel, plus a single titled 'Japanese Motorbikes', issued by Graduate Records. The Midlands label has also signed Dewsbury band Psykik Vets, whose debut single 'Wooden Heart' is being produced by ex-Steve Gibbons sideman Bob Lamb.

Record News

STAR NAMES FOR CHARITY

AS THE record industry's final gesture to The Year Of The Child, which officially ends on December 31, an all-star charity album is being issued by K-Tel immediately after Christmas — with all proceeds going to this worthy cause. Among those who have contributed tracks to the LP are Led Zeppelin, ELO, Wings, Pink Floyd, Thin Lizzy, Elton John and Bad Company.

And tomorrow (Friday) sees the release on CBS of a charity single called 'Sing Sing Sing', with profits going to the same campaign. Featured on the record are Phil Lynott, Kate and Paddy Bush, Pete Townshend, Joe and Vicki Brown, Madeline Bell and Lesley Duncan, plus a children's choir.

● Four-piece Midlands rock band Largo have their single 'The Artist' / 'Played Out Angel' out on the Motor City Rhythm label — available through indies, or by post (£1.20 including p&p) from D&S Records, 196 Wake Green Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

● Peterborough band The Now have finally had their single 'Into The Epiphany' / 'Nine O'Clock' issued by Raw Records. They cut it two years ago, and say that it's not representative of their current work.



Hamish bows in

THE SEX BEATLES is the name of a group who, as reported two weeks ago, were signed recently by Charly Records. And this week we can judge if that appellation is justified, because their debut single 'Well You Never...' makes its appearance. With such a name, we assumed their lead singer and principal composer would be called Paul Rotten (pardon?), or even Johnny Lennon. In fact, he's known simply as HAMISH — but doesn't the remind you of someone else?

● The Wardens — one of the 12 bands featured on Rocket's compilation LP '499 2139', reported last week — have their own single out coupling 'Do So Well' and 'Last Like This'. Available at £1 (including p&p) from Terry Baker, Shu-Pea Records, 117 Gargates, Christchurch, Dorset. Subsequent distribution will be by Rough Trade.

● New Welsh group Seventeen have their debut single 'Don't Let Go' / 'Bank Holiday Weekend' as the first release on the new independent label Vandetta Records, available through Rough Trade.

● New Los Angeles label Source Records, acquired for UK distribution by EMI, have signed Harold Melvin, The Blue Notes and Sharon Paige. Their debut album for this outlet, penned entirely by the McFadden And Whitehead team, will be issued in the New Year together with a single.

● After The Fire's new single 'Life In The City', released by CBS this week, is taken from their current album 'Laser Love'. The B-side is a brand new track called 'Listen To Me'. Both titles were penned by the band's Andy Piercy (bass and vocals) and 'Memory' Banks (keyboards).

● The Kinks' latest single 'Pressure' / 'National Health', both culled from their album 'Low Budget' and penned by Ray Davies, is out this week on Arista — as are 'Pretty Girls' by Melissa Manchester and 'Deja Vu' by Dianne Warwick.

● Village People's recent single 'Sleazy' is withdrawn this week by Mercury, in order to make way for a brand new single taken from their double album 'Live And Sleazy'. Titled 'Ready For The Eighties', it's out this week in both 7" and 12" versions.

● Los Angeles band The Pop, who recently appeared on BBC2's Old Grey Whistle Test, have their debut album 'Golf' issued by Arista this week. It was produced by Earl Mankey.

● Glasgow band Flat Out are releasing their debut four-track EP in January on their own Acne label. Meanwhile, they are making it available immediately in cassette form, which includes two extra tracks not on the disc — price £1 from 5 Chestnut Court, Aberrhill, Cumbernauld G67.

Bowie's disco revival

● David Bowie is reviving his oldie 'John, I'm Only Dancing' for his Christmas single. The A-side is a disco version, and it's coupled with a previously unissued 1972 version of the same song. It comes in both 7in and 12in forms, complete with picture bag.

XMAS, NEW YEAR ON THE BOX Blondie live TV?

THIS YEAR, BBC-2 will not be screening a live in-concert Old Grey Whistle Test show, as has been the practice in previous years. But producer Michael Appleton is hoping to arrange a live special for New Year's Eve, and is currently looking at the options open to him. One strong possibility is coverage of Blondie's concert at Glasgow Apollo, which is Appleton's No. 1 choice, though it depends upon the availability of Outside Broadcast units in Scotland on their busiest night of the year.

The first Whistle Test of 1980 — on January 8 — will showcase Public Image Ltd, performing material from their highly-rated 'Metal Box' set. Cozy Powell is also featured in this edition.

The studio line-up for next Tuesday's show (December 4) is Judie Tzuke and UK, plus film of The Knack, Madness and Jane Aire & The Belvederes are booked for the following week. For pre-Christmas week only, the show switches to Thursday night (December 20) — no bookings for this date yet, but it's likely to be a special.

The Whistle Test team were also responsible for filming last Thursday's charity concert at Wembley Arena with Gary Numan, Cat Stevens, Wishbone Ash, David Essex, Sky and The Real Thing. And it's being screened by BBC-2 this Saturday (11).

Judie Tzuke has another BBC-2 spot next Monday (3), when she co-stars with Catherine Howe in *Rhythm On Two*.

Dr Hook fly into Britain next week to film a sequence for BBC-1's Christmas Day edition of *Top Of The Pops* (industrial action permitting) and, during their visit, they'll be presented

Public Image in 'Whistle Test'



DEBBIE HOGGMANAY

with a UK Gold Disc for their No. 1 hit 'When You're In Love'. Blondie will also be seen in the Xmas TOTP, performing 'Heart Of Glass' and 'Dreampin'.

London ITV viewers will have the choice of seeing Kenny Everett's *Happy Old Year Show* on New Year's Eve (11 pm-midnight), which Thames will make available for networking to those companies seeking a change from the traditional haggis-bashing.

Stones LP for New Year, tour to follow

THE ROLLING STONES' long-awaited new album, which they spent months recording in Paris, is provisionally scheduled for mid-January release. Although still untitled, it's understood to revert to the style of 'Exile On Main Street'.

And they are making initial plans for their much-delayed return to the concert platform — involving tours of Australia, Europe and Britain — which hopefully would bring them to the UK in the early spring.

Commented their London

spokesman: "There's also talk of another film for Mick Jagger, which would be shot in South America. We're not yet sure if this would affect the timing of the tour — but if it did, it would only be a slight disruption."

Meanwhile, this weekend Jagger flies from New York — where he's working on the album sleeve — to West Germany to attend the Olympic bobsleigh trials in Winterberg, as he is personally financing and sponsoring the two-man London team of Alan and Arnold Dunn.

SNAKEFINGER

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CHEWING HIDES THE SOUND is the provocative title of SNAKEFINGER'S first LP. Co-written and produced by THE RESIDENTS, SNAKEFINGER rips through a dozen new-pop tunes in the style of his last year's #1 new wave hit, THE SPOT. CHEWING HIDES THE SOUND is destined to be the most unique record you have ever snapped your fingers to. Available now by arrangement with Ralph Records on Virgin V2140

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A BRITISH RAIL BREAKFAST WITH THE ARTBREAK KID

TIMING: a while ago someone asked Bob Geldof — famous vocalist and composer with the extremely well-known Boomtown Rats pop group — for his definition of happiness, and he replied: "Timing".

Being in the right place at the right time; not too far ahead, not too far behind. Geldof's success is due, among other things, to his timing, but for others timing is the bane of their lives. It breaks their art.

Annette Peacock is the Artbreak Kid. If her records are released when they're made and her compositions are recorded when they're new, everyone says she's nuts. If, on the other hand, they sit around and staw for a few years before sneaking out onto the market, then the ideas are common currency and everyone thinks that she's ripped them off from somebody else.

'Everyone' in this example being — of course — a fairly small circle of people. 'Everyone' in the mass sense — of course — either remains in a state of total blissful ignorance or else vaguely knows of her as some sort of arty type, a New York jazz weirdo.

Naturally! The New York avant jazz scene is one of many worlds that Annette Peacock has moved in, and even there they thought she was weird. Very good, mind you, but weird. So she did rock and roll and they thought she was weird — very good, mind you, but weird — and jazz-rock fusion and poetry and then rock and roll again and then what she calls 'spaced-out ballads' and the marketing men all thought that she was weird — very good, mind you, but weird — I mean, Jesus, she's great, but how the hell are we going to sell her?

So they didn't. Bill Martin — composer and producer of records that sell in Woolworths, the man behind everything from Sandie Shaw's 'Puppet On A String' to truckloads of Bay City Rollers hits — thought that she looked lovely and had the most incredible voice (all of which is true) and came to her with a proposal, but eventually decided that she just wouldn't take orders. A little later Brian Eno, the man who inherited Frank Zappa's crown as chief entrepreneur of the marketably weird, approached her with a naturally far more upmarket variation of the same idea and abandoned it for much the same reason. In the early '70s, RCA signed her up along with David Bowie and Lou Reed in an attempt to vibrate up their image, but by the time they'd recouped their investments on Bowie and Reed, Annette — who'd been their prestige item, their 'house artist' — had been shunted to one side and her 'I'm The One' album, released with virtually no promotion, had done little more than become a byword in a few small circles.

She didn't have another record out for seven years, by which time she'd transplanted from New York to London and ended up in Crowthorne, Berkshire (of all places). The material had been written in the early '70s and basic tracks recorded as much as four years earlier. When 'X-Dreams' finally came out, she was rewarded by comparisons to Patti Smith.

Which is why Annette Peacock — vocalist, composer, poet, scenemaker, artist — sometimes feels bitter in the mornings.

IT'S 8.20 a.m. Annette Peacock is getting dressed to go to London and attend a marketing meeting at which some kind of strategy to attempt to sell her latest album will be devised. A week or so earlier, she had been interviewed but had become dissatisfied in retrospect with her answers to some of the questions. So now she is communing with a cassette machine, taping a monologue to supplement the original interview material.

But it is — after all — the morning, and even the beautiful and gifted are depressed in the mornings, so she's talking into time, talking to someone several miles away who will not hear the tape until some 36 hours later. She begins by providing an impromptu definition of 'an artist'.

"An artist," she muses in that extraordinary voice, the sound of a raised eyebrow, "is these things: they like to live alone, they don't wanna play anybody's game but their own and they're schmucks! Why? Because they make life difficult for themselves. If they could sell out and play other people's games, they wouldn't be artists but life would be a hell of a lot easier. A person who has spent a lot of time getting good at something may become obsolete by the time they've gotten good at it. Nowadays people are after rawness and primitiveness, but when I was doing that it was sickness and smoothness that people wanted. So if I haven't succeeded it was because I was doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. I lost all the battles, but I'm still fighting and I haven't lost the war — yet.

"A success is someone who combines elements and ingredients which are working at the time and creates a product for which there is already a marketplace. An artist is hooked on discovery, but an artist doesn't make it unless they're part of a movement, because a movement can elicit a lot of attention from the public and the press, but if you have your own separate movement going then forget it. You can be the token house artist for a record company, but they won't promote you.

"I'm sounding bitter." In a frosty Berkshire morning at 8:30, Annette Peacock chuckles to herself. "Well, sometimes

I am. I get angry... but I was brought up to be a lady." She enunciates the last two words with exquisite scorn. "I wonder what the hell I'm doing in this business, because all the reasons that brought me here are now irrelevant. IRRELEVANT." The cassette machine snaps off with a loud, decisive click.

ANNETTE PEACOCK can't be pigeonholed, mainly because she not only doesn't fit any of the existing pigeonholes but also because no one's ever been able to figure out what dimensions a custom-made pigeonhole for her should be. In the avant jazz world, she had the disadvantage of being a woman in a basically male environment, a vocalist in a primarily instrumental music. She was married to Gary Peacock, who — along with Scott LaFaro — was the architect of free-jazz bass playing, and she was bringing up baby and was saddled with the "So-and-so's old lady syndrome" which impedes the careers of talented women all the time.

In rock and roll, she was too jazz, too arty.

Still, with that voice and those looks — she appears absurdly young for the amount of time that she's been around — she could slide an elegantly booted foot into the public door by making a NORMAL RECORD, by not confusing people. Or could she?

"Winning the respect of my peers used to be what it was all about, but I can't win the respect of my peers now. It'd pay me more to be less than I am. Maybe I'm stupid. Why don't I do it? Maybe I will. If I play the game, then I'll win, but I won't have proved anything to myself, only to other people, and by doing that I'll have humiliated myself."

And the reason that Annette Peacock won't consent to be masterminded by someone else, be it Bill Martin or Brian Eno, is that she wants to be successful with her own music, that delicious, sensual blend of energy and sophistication, structure and chaos, speech and song, polemics and whimsy... it's really very simple. Define one's own role and one's own music. If you succeed by dumping your own definitions in favour of someone else's, then it's their success and not yours. Peacock wants her own success.

Okay, we've eavesdropped on Annette Peacock feeling sorry for herself in the morning and you've heard me telling you that she's very, very good and not particularly like anyone else and your next question is: if Annette Peacock is very very good and not just another failed poser with an advanced case of self-pity, then how can she isn't more famous, more successful?

"Just to set the record straight, how do you think I feel when people are consistently comparing me to people like Patti Smith? In 1969, I made an album called 'Revenge', which no one's ever heard of because it got no promotion from the record company, and I was doing poetry to rock backgrounds and free jazz and singing through synthesizers. And then in 1971 when I made my RCA album, I was singing through them live at a time when nobody had thought of doing that and they were just being used as overdubs on jingles. I got booed off stages for doing that and then later I was compared to Yoko Ono, who'd gotten raves for just using a little echo."

"I remember seeing Patti Smith singing 'I Get A Kick Out Of You' to a very small audience of sychophantic gays who thought she was really hip standing up there and singing standards. I gave a tape to a friend called Michael Minick who lived in the same building as Patti and — maybe even next door — and it had 'Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook' (from 'X-Dreams') and 'Succubus' (from 'The Perfect Release') on it, and that was 1973, okay? Maybe there's no correlation between that and the facts, but I'm always being compared to people who ought to be compared to me, except that I'm not famous and successful enough for anyone to have heard of me to compare me with anyone. And I appeared topless at New York Town Hall, which is a classical stage, two years before Genya Ravan did her topless thing and got all the publicity."

"If I mention these things, it's like sour grapes. We've heard this story from so many artists who say 'I was doing this before so and so did it...' It doesn't matter. It's just that I'm sitting here watching all this go down and I wanted to get it all out — for once."

She snaps the cassette machine off once more, pulls on her boots and sets off to catch her train.

ANNETTE PEACOCK was born in New York and raised in California. Her mother was a concert cellist with the L.A. Philharmonic, and her father was an interior designer. She has one brother ten years her senior, and her relationships with her family and the lovers she found when — at the end of her teens — she made her way back to New York, can be found on 'Mama Never Taught Me To Cook', the stunning opener of 'X-Dreams', the first of the two Aura albums which are the only examples of her work currently available in this country.

Before the Aura albums were 'Revenge' (Polydor 1969) and 'I'm The One' (RCA 1971). Other than that, there was the work she did with pianist/composer Paul Bley — she asserts mordantly that Bley was ripped-off hook, line and sinker by the more lionised Keith Jarrett — but even there she was hamstrung by following, both musically and socially, Bley's



Pictures by Jill Furmanovsky



"If this is 1979 I must have missed my stop," says Annette Peacock. "Oh no you haven't," says Charles Shaar Murray, and shares a cab to the station.

wife Carla, who had fulfilled a similar function with Bley's earlier music. She was not taken seriously not simply because she was a girl, but also as a girlfriend.

When she arrived at RCA — and passed briefly through the MainMan fold — Mick Ronson was much taken with her. He featured the title song of her 'I'm The One' on his solo debut 'Slaughter On Tenth Avenue' and borrowed her arrangement of Elvis Presley's 'Love Me Tender' for the same album. Clad in a scanty sequinned T-shirt and singing through a bank of synths, she conquered her fear of live performance long enough to confuse people at the major European jazz festivals with an act that — from what I can gather — would have made more sense on the rock and roll stage. From Montreux to Crowhorne!

Annette keeps her cassette turning as she crunches through the leaves to the station, discovers that she's missed her train and hops a cab so that she can make it to the next connection before the train does. She asks the cabbie if he had a bad night. He says no and she tells him that his driving is kinda weird. She leaves the cab without apologising and misses another train.

"There goes another train going somewhere I don't wanna go," she announces to her tape recorder after a train has indeed arrived at the station and then turned out to be the wrong one. "The frustration of wanting everything at once! I could make myself a lot happier by settling for that which is instead of what I would like it to be. Timing is everything, that's all. If you have an imagination you can translate reality any way you wanna see it and make it happen that way — if the timing is right. It's worth trying because if it works it really happens. But living in dreams is the worst. You have to get good at dealing with reality, because if you don't deal with reality, reality deals with you."

"Here comes the train!"

ONCE underway via British Rail, Annette gets talking to a bunch of young blokes on the train and — wonder of wonders! — they know who she is! They know her albums! They interview her.

"I never get bad reviews for my records," she tells them. "Only for my live performances 'cause I don't give a damn. I just get up on stage and if I don't like a tune I'll make the band stop and then start again. Or I'll stop in the middle of a sentence and roll a cigarette. I just can't get into this whole thing of performing, 'okay, folks, here we go: show business!' Show a bit of leg, show a bit of tit, show a bit of ass, get the band really hot and work up these tight arrangements. It's discovery. You work with really good musicians but you don't rehearse 'em too much and then you just do what happens."

"Don't you think it's pathetic," one of the lads asks her, "that someone like you goes to such lengths to write brilliant music and then people like The Sex Pistols just scream and shout and they can't play and they make millions?"

"You never get what you deserve in this world," Annette tells him. "You get what you can get. The Sex Pistols represented a lot of people at that time who wanted to scream and shout about a lot of things that were wrong, and they did it."

"They were expressing their feelings," the boy says. "That's right," replies Annette. "What they were doing was valid, so how could I get uptight about that? It's nothing to do with what I do, but I'm interested in expressing my feelings too. It's just that people get confused if the music's too good; they don't see that you're saying something as well. I've always tried to do too much at once."

"Ere," interjects her interlocutor, "what does your little girl think about you being a singer?"

"Well," begins Annette, "she watches *Top Of The Tops* every week and..."

"No," he interrupts, "are you married?"

"I have a boyfriend."

"Oh, I don't want to embarrass you..."

"You won't embarrass me, ask anything you like."

"Well, some of these pop stars, they get a little money and they start going through the men like anyfink..."

"What?"

"THROUGH THE MEN... what does your little girl think? I mean, how old is she?"

"Twelve," Annette replies. On the tape, you can hear their jaws drop.

"Twelve???? You're kidding!" They burst into embarrassed laughter. They are no match for her.

"My boyfriend's 21," she adds. They are nonplussed with this piece of information.

"Ow old are you then?" asks their leader.

"You shouldn't ask that," one of his friends interposes. "I've been with my boyfriend for two years," Annette tells them, "and he doesn't know how old I am."

"Bloody Jesus! You with a 12-year-old daughter... most pop stars look all haggard and that!"

"Well," says Annette, "I don't drug a lot and I don't drink."

The boy is even more flabbergasted.

"A sensible singer!"

And the train takes the sensible singer to London, where once again marketing men will put their heads in their hands and try and figure out what the hell she's doing and who they can sell it to and how.

ORIGINAL MIRRORS

By GAVIN MARTIN



Original Mirrormen (l-r): Pete Kircher, Jonathan Perkins, Steve Allen, Phil Spalding, Ian Broudie

The Mirror Image Belongs To Us

PLUMPED in the sleazy confines of a famous Wardour St dressing room, Steve Allen (late of Deaf School) and myself are perfunctorily unravelling the story behind Steve's new band, The Original Mirrors.

Formed a mere four months ago, the group draws together souls from a variety of partially successful combos. From left to right we have the aforementioned Mr Allen taking lead vocals, Ian Broudie guitar (previously with Big In Japan), Peter Kircher drums (served time with Honeybus and Shanghai), Phil Spalding, formerly Bernie Torme's bassist, and Jonathan Perkins, veteran keyboardist of Stadium Dogs and a host of others.

Due to the absence of other band members, who seemed to have found more convivial post-gig activities, throughout the interview I get the impression that the full story behind the OM's is being covered unsatisfactorily. Steve, an amiable character who immediately belies his 'art school' associations, doesn't exactly make with a feast of scintillating hot poop. Still, his

approach is favourable to the customary half-baked 'drive to the '80s' campaign espoused by so many others.

After the respective splits of Deaf School and Big In Japan, Steve and Ian came together as the Mirrors' embryonic Liverpoolian songwriting partnership. A publishing deal from Steve's School days helped to finance an early set of demos which were recorded with a Heavy Metal Kid and a member of Red Noise, before long the major labels began to take notice and having reached their present line-up the Mirrors inked a £25,000 deal with Phonogram. Were there any stipulations they wanted their prospective company to fulfil?

"No, we were just writing the songs and weren't really sure whether they were good or bad, so we'd have settled for a singles deal or whatever was available. The response of the companies to the tapes was great, but we decided on Phonogram not because they offered the most money but they just seemed to genuinely like us more."

So far the band have recorded one single, the nearly released 'Could This Be Heaven'. Their set consists

of only 12 numbers but at the tail end of the year the Mirrors will be composing new material for possible inclusion on their debut album. Steve's the first to admit that so far the band have had a relatively easy ride. While they've yet to undertake an extensive tour they've played about 20 headlining dates all over the country, press coverage has been quite liberal, averaging at about one review to every five gigs.

So are the Mirrors just another Deaf School?

"Nah, not really. Deaf School was a very arty band, at least got misconstrued as such. I wanted to get into a rock'n'roll band."

And with hindsight how does he view the group's history?

"Well, it was a personal rather than a commercial success. It reached a point where both albums had sold in the same amounts and it didn't seem like we could go any further."

Steve began to find his own progress stifled.

"Meeting Ian was great as we both wanted to be in a good rock'n'roll danceband with a great rhythm section," he emphasises with a cocky Scouse accent.

But was there no feeling of desperation or bitterness towards the industry, considering that all the group members have slogged across the country before this with little to show for it?

"Well, most of us had only been in one group so there was no real feeling of bitterness. Personally, I'd been off the road for a year and I felt I had to get a band back together."

Onstage The Original Mirrors deliver a considerable hard rock clout. A rigorous rhythmic base dovetails with the iridescent keyboard figures and the slashing guitar chords into a wall defined but not particularly enticing modern rock'n'roll sound (and that's not a reference to people in pork pies'n' parkas). The boy stage centre looking quite like 80 Bo Phoenix works it out in the vocal stakes with a passing Bowie inflection.

It's guitarist Broudie who provides most of the attraction visually however, with his 1/2-inch crop and bug-eyed blankness he comes over like an animated cross between Wilko Johnson and Mensi of the Upstarts.

"We try to write songs rather than riffs," explains Steve — and this

could be the problem! There is little to distinguish one song from another and it is perhaps significant that the most memorable number in their set is a blazing rendition of The Supremes' 'Reflections'.

The Original Mirrors make no bones about their chief preoccupation — achieving fame and acclaim. They are stridently and perhaps, if you consider their past history, understandably ambitious.

"We don't really like playing support slots, although we supported The Pirates recently at Bradford University and that was great — they booked us back the next day. We seem to go down really well in those big places."

Their first real test will come when the album is unleashed in the new year. Their modern world wave image, their caustic songs of 'heavy romance', their naive distaste for mixing rock with politics, should interest record company and public alike. On the other hand, I guess it's a formula that's failed more times than it's succeeded — though I'd much sooner the chemistry reacted favourably for a friendly geezer like Steve Allen than a whole bunch of others who spring to mind.

JOHN OTWAY IN PERSON

APPEARING AT
 NOVEMBER
 30th Liverpool University
 DECEMBER
 1st Leicester University
 3rd Town Hall, High Wycombe
 5th Manchester University
 6th Tiffanys, Blackpool
 7th Ernsdawe Hall, Sheffield
 8th Strathclyde University
 11th Plymouth Polytechnic
 12th North Glouc. Technical College
 13th North Staffs. Polytechnic, Stoke
 15th Drill Hall, Lincoln
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JOHN OTWAY & WILD BILLY BARRETT



DEEP & MEANINGLESS



THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS

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SLOW RID OF THE ALBATROSS
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I KNOW YOU VERY WELL
YOU ARE UNBEATABLE
I'VE SEEN YOU UP FAR TOO CLOSE
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
TRYING TO REAR BLINDS
TRYING TO REAR REALLY

REST OF

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BEFORE THE RUSH
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SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW
CALLING THROUGH MIRRORS
DON'T YOU LISTEN
DON'T INTERFERE
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YOU MAKE ME FEEL ASHAMED
AT A KING ATTITUDE
FAMILY MEMBER ADVICE
IT SHOULD BE CLEAR BY NOW
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IT'S NOT THE MOVIES
AND YOU'RE OLD

DRIVE ME TO THE FOREST IN A JAPANESE CAR
THAT SMOG RUBBER ON CONCRETE TIR
HINDSIGHT DOES ME NO GOOD
STANDING NAKED IN THE BACK OF THE WOODS
THE CASSETTE PLAYED POPTONES
I CAN'T FORGET THE IMPRESSION YOU MADE
YOU LEFT A HOLE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD
I DON'T LIKE HIDING IN THE FOLIAGE AND FEEL
IT'S WET AND I'M LOSING MY BODY HEAT
THE CASSETTE PLAYED POPTONES
THIS BLEEDING HEART
LOOKING FOR BODIES
NEARLY INJURED MY PRIDE
PRAISE PICNICKING IN THE SCOTISH COUNTRYSIDE
POPTONES

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SLOW MOTION
GETTING RID OF THE ALBATROSS
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STILL THE SPANION
RAN AWAY
STARTED PERSONAL
SHOULD LIKE ALL STAY
GETTING AROUND THE ALBATROSS
ALWAYS PAY
GETTING GO
ID: WANTED

A FACE IS RAINING
ACROSS THE BORDER
THE PRIDE OF HISTORY
THE SAME AS MURDER
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING,
THE STEADY HAND AS RAIN
BEHIND THE REASONING
NO CLAIM FOR PROPERTY
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER
THE RE IS BACTERIA
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
TRIGGER MACHINERY
MANGLE THE MILITARY
NOONE SHOULD BE THERE
IS THIS LIVING
BLOWN INTO BREEZE
SCATTER CONCRETE
THE JAGGED METAL BATTLE
MANUFACTURED
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
IS THIS LIVING
A FACE IS RAINING
ACROSS THE BORDER
THE PRIDE OF HISTORY
THE SAME AS MURDER
IS THIS LIVING
CAREERING

THERE MUST BE MEANING
BEHIND THE MOANING
SPREADING TALES
LIKE COFFIN NAILS
IS THIS LIVING
HE'S BEEN CAREERING
IT'S RAINING
I NEED TO HIDE
TRIGGER A MACHINERY
I'VE BEEN CAREERING
ACROSS THE BORDER
IS THIS LIVING
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER
THERE IS BACTERIA
ARMOURD MACHINERY
MANGLED

IT IS YOUR CHARACTER
DEEP IN YOUR NATURE
TAKE ONE EXAMPLE
SAMPLE AND HOLD
ROMANCE AND REPLACE
THE LACK IN YOURSELF
IT IS YOUR NATURE
WE SEE YOU CLIMBING
IMPROVING MY SUIT
WEARING MY SUIT
IT IS YOUR CHARACTER
THERE IS A LIMIT
OVER YOURS HOLDER
EVERY ONE KNOWS YOU
UNTIL THEY KNOW YOU
BEFORE THEY SOL
MAY CHAMPION THE STRANGERS
NICK
TRADING AROUND
THE RIGHT PEOPLE
AND THE LONG
ONE

UNTIL THE
PERFORME AGAIN
MAY CHAMPION
MICK
STANDING AROUND
THE NIGHT PEOPLE
ALL THE NIGHT
CRAWLING
TENNIS ON TUESDAY
THE LADDER IS LONG
IT'S YOUR NATURE
YOU GOT A SUNNY
FOOTBALL ON SUNDAY
SOCIETY BOY
ON SOCIALS NATURE
IT'S YOUR NATURE
TENNIS ON TUESDAY
SPRING CHAMPION
FOOTBALL ON SUNDAY
HOMES ON THE TRAIN
IT'S YOUR NATURE
GIRL FROM DORRIDGE PARK
SAID YOU WERE NICE
SO WAS MY SUIT
THE LADDER IS LONG
IN YOUR EYES
I NEVER SAY
EYES

SEEKING IN YOUR EYES
WORDS CAN NEVER SAY THE WAY
TOLD ME IN YOUR EYES
FINAL IN A FARE
SEEKING IN YOUR EYES
NEVER REALLY
NEVER REALLY
SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
NEVER REALLY KNOW
TIL ITS REALLY AWAY
NEVER REALLY
THE SILENCE IN YOUR EYES
SEEN IT IN YOUR EYES
SEEN IT IN YOUR EYES
NEVER NO MORE HOPE AWAY
FINAL IN A FARE
WATCH HER SLOWLY DIE
SAWING IN HER EYES
GROWING ON A BED
FLOWERS ROTTING DIE
SEEN IT IN YOUR EYES
SILENCE WAS AWAY
SEEKING IN YOUR EYES
SEEKING IN YOUR EYES
SEEKING THROUGH
INSEKING CANNOT EXP
WORDS CANNOT EXP
WORDS CANNOT E

VOICE MORNING IN A SPEAKER
NEVER REALLY GET TO CLOSE
ONLY A GIMMICK POINTED FINGERS
NEVER MORE SERIOUS SIGHT
WOULDN'T WASTE THE EFFORT ON ENTERTAINMENT
OUT OF CONTROL MOB RUNNING WILD
ALL YOU EVER GET IS ALL YOU STEAL
SIDE OF LONDON THAT THE TOURISTS NEVER SEE
ANGLO AMBIENCE
CHANT
DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER
THERE'S NOTHING IN IT FOR ME
THE MORE I SEE THE LESS I GET
THE LIES OF YOU AND ME ARE
AN EMBARRASSMENT
CHANT
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
IT'S NOT WORTH A MENTION IN THE GUARDIAN
EVERY LIBRARIAN HAS ITS THEORY
CHANT CHANT ANGLO AMBIENCE
CHANT
VOICE MORNING IN A SPEAKER
CHANT

THIS COULD BE HEAVEN
SHALLOW SPREADS OF ORDERED LAWNS
I LIKE THE ILLUSION
ILLUSION OF PRIVACY
THE CAREFUL TREES BLENDING SO PERFECTLY
BLAND PLANNED IDLE LUXURY
A CAVIAR OF SILENT DIGNITY
LIFE IN LOVELY ALLOTTED SLOTS
A TOKEN NICE
A NICE CONSTITUTION
A LAYERED MASS OF SUBTLE PROPS
THIS COULD BE HEAVEN
MILD MANNERED MEWS
WELL-INTENTIONED RULES
TO DIGNIFY A DAILY CODE
LAWFUL ORDER - STANDARD VIEWS
THIS COULD BE HEAVEN

THE METAL BOX.

THE JAM

THE JAM NO 1 IN THE OUR PRICE TOP 60 CHART

£2 OFF
most
TOP 60 ALBUMS
IN 3 TOP STORES
KENSINGTON HIGH ST.
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**OUR
PRICE
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£2.00 OFF

REC. PRICE

£5.06

OUR PRICE

£3.06

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	YOU SAVE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	YOU SAVE
1	9	THE JAM — SETTING SONS	5.06	3.06	£2 OFF	31	28	THE STEVE HOLT ALBUM	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
2	2	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	32	32	LITTLE FEAT — DOWN ON THE FARM	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
3	12	E.L.O. — GREATEST HITS	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF	33	31	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
4	3	THE POLICE — REGATTA DE PLAIN	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	34	39	THE DAMNED — MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF
5	5	ABBA — GREATEST HITS VOL 2	5.29	4.29	£1 OFF	35	27	STEVE FORBERT — JACKRABBIT SLAM	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
6	1	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	5.49	£2.51 OFF	36	34	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF
7	4	ROD STYWAR — GREATEST HITS	4.99	3.99	£1 OFF	37	36	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	3.49	£2 OFF
8	6	THE SPECIALS	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	38	30	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE "MAN"	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
9	8	DIANA ROSS — 10 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.29	£1 OFF	39	37	HUGH CORNWELL — NOSFERATU	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
10	11	THE EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF	40	33	RY COODER — BOP 'TIL YOU DROP	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
11	14	HERB ALPERT — RISE	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	41	35	OK FEELGOOD — LET IT ROLL	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
12	15	1960s — GREATEST HITS	5.35	4.35	£1 OFF	42	49	DARY HUNTER — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
13	7	STEVE WONDER — SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS	8.50	6.00	£2.50 OFF	43	42	THE HEADBOYS	4.63	2.63	£2 OFF
14	16	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	44	40	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
15	19	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	45	32	SANTANA — WAKATON	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF
16	13	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	46	46	THE TOURISTS — REALITY EFFECT	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
17	22	DONNA SUMMER — GREATEST HITS	6.50	4.50	£2 OFF	47	44	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF
18	10	THE BOOMTOWN RATS — FINE ART OF SURFACING	5.65	3.65	£2 OFF	48	38	JIMMY BUFFETT — VOLCANO	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
19	18	TOM PETTY — DAMN THE TORPES	4.69	2.69	£2 OFF	49	45	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.65	3.65	£2 OFF
20	20	DE HOOK — SOMETIMES YOU WIN	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF	50	47	LEONARD COHEN — SKEEN SOULS	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF
21	25	EARTY, WIND & FIRE — I AM	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF	51	46	HALL & GATES — X STAY	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
22	24	EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER — IN CONCERT	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF	52	48	BABYMET JAMES HANCOCK — EYES OF THE UNIVERSE	5.06	3.06	£2 OFF
23	26	MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN — O.S.T.	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF	53	54	STEV NIPPER — THE WORLD WITHIN	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
24	17	MANHATTAN TRANSFER — EXTENDING	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF	54	50	THE MARQUEL — UNCLE JAM WANTS YOU	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
25	29	BANANA STREISAND — WET	5.29	3.29	£2 OFF	55	51	QUADROPHENIA — O.S.T.	7.50	5.50	£2 OFF
26	43	JANIS IAN — NIGHT RAINS	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF	56	52	THE STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF
27	41	NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE — LIVE FIRST	7.50	5.00	£2.50 OFF	57	55	DOOLEY & CHEMBE — FREIXE	5.06	3.06	£2 OFF
28	41	MARLAINE FAITHFUL — BROKEN ENGLISH	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF	58	53	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.49	£2.50 OFF
29	21	THE SEX ONES — GREATEST	7.99	5.99	£2 OFF	59	57	ARM STEWART — PARADISE	5.00	3.00	£2 OFF
30	23	THE COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	3.69	£2 OFF	60	58	ALEX HARVEY — THE MAPA STOLE MY GUITAR	4.99	2.99	£2 OFF

Normal £1.25-£2.50 Off Top 60 Albums at other Stores (except TV, advertised)

THRILLS



Keef by Ronnie Wood

KEITH RICHARDS:
LOVE IN VEIN

THE ROLLING STONES have already been the subject of too many books.

The '70s alone have witnessed the publication of at least a good baker's dozen. There's been fanciful speculation on the band, half-arsed scandal sheet volumes on Mick Jagger, at least two books on just one of the five or six tours the band have undertaken over the past decade, a Music Sales tome filled with a separate book's worth of chapters to spice up the sheet music quote, Roy Carr's *Illustrated Record*, a *Stones In Their Own Words* cash-in and a semi-authorised collaboration between photographer Annie Leibovitz and Terry Southern on the group's '75 tour.

The latter publication was, as I said, blessed with a half-hearted 'authorisation' gratis a foreword scribbled by Jagger himself. Ms. Charone's *Keith Richards — The Authorised Biography*, is an altogether more impressive 'coup' only because, its shortcomings

Nick Kent surveys the latest entrant in the Stones biog stakes. This one's really 'the works'...

notwithstanding, she has hung in there with a tenacity that matched the Stones' classic reputation for ruthlessness when it comes to casually hurling former acquaintances aside when they become a touch irritating.

Some claim Richards granted journalist Charone the rights to open an authorised biography because of his concern that a jail sentence loomed large and he wanted his life story put down before the cell door slammed. Others reckon Richards used Charone's enamoured prose to counter the embellished half-truths that his ex-right hand man, Tony Sanchez, was concocting in order to blacken the Stone's name. Others felt that Richards liked Charone, trusted her and was quite flattered to have a book written about him

instead of Mick Jagger. Whatever the reasons, *Keith Richards* is now available, and provides endless access to everyone from Richards' mother, Andrew Oldham, Ian Stewart, all the Stones, early engineers, early tour managers, publicists, friends, co-workers, confidants and even Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry.

Charone dashes all fears of those who reckoned that the book would be a lengthy spurge of sycophancy by hitting the reader straight in the gut with a realistic insight into Richards' and Pallenberg's constant fighting, the latter's hysterical outburst bordering on clinical insanity, while Richards' numb, junked-out condition makes him seem like a zombie.

This is not pleasant reading and Charone's vivid detailing of the volatile atmosphere at the Richards home grants anyone even vaguely enamoured of the gent's style of wasted elegance a fierce collision with the real character behind the scarves, gaunt cheekbones and reputation for 'keeping it together, maaaaan' for days and nights on end.

■ Continues over

Rock'n'roll bullies

ACTOR AND TV STAR John Bindon was last week cleared at the Old Bailey of murdering London underworld figure John Darke, but the thespian fellow's past lingers on.

The morning after Bindon's acquittal the *Daily Mirror* carried a picture on its front page of Bindon, wearing a T-shirt bearing the logo "Use Cocaine", alongside a snap of the noble Princess Margaret on the island of Mustique.

Last week the *Mirror* also carried details of how Led Zeppelin paid American promoter Bill Graham's staff \$100,000 in an out-of-court settlement over the beatings handed out to them by drummer John Bonham, manager Peter Grant and Bindon himself in San Francisco during the lumbering dinosaur's 1977 US tour.

Although it appears a rather odd task for an actor, Bindon was employed as Zeppelin's bodyguard. After an argument broke out between stagehand Jim Matzorkis and Grant's 11-year-old son, Bindon, Grant and Bonham attacked Matzorkis, who later required hospital treatment.

After joking about 15-stone Grant's waistline, carpenter Jim

Downey was knocked out by a single punch from Bindon who then repeatedly banged Downey's head against a concrete wall.

In addition, backstage worker Bob Barsotti is said to have been chased and hit with a metal pipe by Zeppelin tour manager Richard Cole.

At Oakland, California, guilty pleas to assault charges were filed on behalf of Bindon, Grant, Bonham and Cole in their absence. Bindon received a 60-day suspended jail sentence and was fined \$600, whilst the other defendants each received \$400 fines.

The \$100,000 settlement was made in a secret out-of-court pay-off at the end of last year after Graham's staff had begun a lawsuit for damages.

Could this distribution of Zeppelin funds have anything to do with widespread reports that at the time of this pointless incident Bill Graham had threatened to ensure the band never worked in the States again?

And is Bindon's defence counsel breathing a sigh of relief that information concerning this Zeppelin incident didn't leak into the British press before his client's murder trial at the Old Bailey?

WILL E. DIXON

THRILLS



Grant (left) and Bonham

HOW do we manage it? How does Thrills keep coming up with these great competitions and how do we get ourselves into a scrape like the one surrounding last week's Thrills competition in which we offered the original Elvis Costello demo tape as first prize in our NME/Oval Records comp, where five copies of Oval's 'Honky Tonk Demos' albums were also up for grabs?

Following the appearance of the competition NME and Oval received a call from Elvis himself and manager Jake Riviera to tell us that no, they didn't think it was such a good idea after all.

The tape in question, they pointed out, was hardly ours to give away. In any case we might well be setting up a bootlegger with prime unreleased Costello material, some of which might yet be surfacing on future Elvis albums, and some of which EC considered substandard and did not wish to appear. "It's like someone printing the articles that you'd thrown in the wastepaper bin," said Jake Riviera.

Neither NME nor Oval wished to imply that Elvis Costello personally endorsed either the competition or the 'Honky Tonk Demos' LP, as may have appeared to be the case. Respecting their wishes, Thrills and Oval withdrew the 'Elvis Costello At Home' tape as our first prize. Instead, thanks to the good offices of Elvis and Jake, we'll be offering an alternative and equally fabulous special prize. What that is you'll have to wait until next week to discover, but rest assured it'll be something that will allow you to walk head held high at the school hop this Xmas.

The competition is now closed

THRILLS

Lowry



"We'll save a pecket in wages and, if anything, that wooden backdrop of them is marginally more lively than the real Jordanares."

Disco death toll mounts

THIS WEEK copies of the Greater London Council's Disco Code Of Practice will be sent to more than 1,000 holders of GLC music and dancing licences.

The Code, rather glibly entitled *Disco Rules OK?*, was announced last Thursday by Stanley Bolton, chairman of the GLC's Public Services and Safety Committee.

"We have no wish to spoil young people's fun," says Bolton, "but we are determined that youngsters' lives shall not be put at risk."

The Code Of Practice, plainly a GLC attempt to de-escalate the growing violence in clubs in the capital (and elsewhere, too, though the GLC's Code only applies to London), suggests that all customers be searched either physically or with an electronic scanner for weapons, that obvious drunks be refused entry, and that the audience be split fifty-fifty between men and women. It is being questioned how gay discos will react to the last suggestion.

Though the Code is not legally enforceable, clubs and discos

choosing to ignore it should consider that it is the GLC that licences their premises.

The most contentious area of the Code concerns the GLC's decision that bouncers appear to be a necessary evil. "Security stewards", as they are euphemistically referred to in the Code, should be over 18 and have no criminal record. Though they should be expected to be able to "look after themselves" they should do nothing to provoke violence. Nor should they be permitted to carry weapons. It is also suggested they should be garbed in distinctive dress such as dinner jackets, fluorescent jackets or inscribed T-shirts.

There is also a GLC belief that DJs who play extra loudly to create excitement, "or cover up their own low-level performances, should be controlled by electronic noise-limiting devices.

"The wave of violence at some discos and the appalling toll of death earlier this year demanded urgent action," concludes Bolton.

STEWART STEWART

THRILLS

KEEFCAKE

From previous page

Indeed the first chapter — detailing the week spent at Redlands just preceding the pair's ill-starred trek to Toronto and the subsequent bust — is by far the best chapter in the book.

From there on out, it's fairly straightforward. Richards' and the Stones' history is dealt with, using a bulging reservoir of quotes from crucial figures in all areas, to the point where long-trampled ground is reploughed but with a more personalised focus. Charone grants Richards immeasurable space for his own vivid recollections whilst making sure that a figure remarked upon gets his or her side of the story told as well even if the bias tends inevitably to fall on Richards' side.

Brian Jones, for example, is viewed with contempt by Keith, so Charone helps reinforce the image.

Easily the book's greatest slice of uncensored candour is Charone taking down at length all Richards' slights of Jagger. Jagger, according to Richards, "treats women like cattle", a statement that tracks from

'Aftermath' only too willingly bear through, although anyone mostly responsible for the lyrics to a song as exquisitely affecting as 'Wild Horses' could hardly be envisaged holding a branding iron as an endless trail of submissive females pass on by. In fact Jagger is all too often bombarded with belittling remarks from Richards or the odd disparaging observation from Charone herself.

But, although the book tries to go for the proverbial 'big picture' by talking to enormous numbers of people involved, the fact remains that Richards, as far as Charone is concerned, is the Rolling Stones (she states so on page 5) and there lies the problem. Give or take the occasional forgivable transgression, Richards is always right and to claim that he is the Rolling Stones is pure, blind stupidity. The interplay between Jagger and Richards with Charlie Watts' drumming, Wyman's bass and a second lead guitar is the Rolling Stones. Nothing less.

Similarly, although Charone and Richards take great pains to deny the latter's reputation for consciously parading his former long-term

narcotic use as a great image conceit, the fact remains that more is written about heroin in this authorised biography than there is any basic technical reporting about Richards' guitar playing style, about how he constructs a song, about how he discovered the open tuning that became a trademark of his rhythm work (although, grant her some credibility, Charone did try to interview Ry Cooder, the man who once claimed that Richards stole the classic 'Honky Tonk Women' riff from him, only to be rebuffed due to Cooder's defiant refusal to discuss any topic about the Stones whatsoever).

Meanwhile Richards' rap about heroin usage is, frankly, facile. His view, despite the obligatory "It does you no good" claim, is contradicted by remorseless barrages of verbiage, stating how he, Richards, can handle the drug because of the strength of his metabolism. This may be true, it may also be a display of perverse heavy doper machismo, but it is inevitably irresponsible.

After a fearsome first chapter in which she looks as though she's hit the perfect balance by capturing the sordid existence involved in being



Keith leaves Brian holding the baby. Barbara Charone and Nick Kent exchange badinage in the background. Pic: Syndication International.

one of rock's few truly charismatic figures, Charone half-heartedly lets others try and capture the Keith Richards behind the ghoulish mask whilst only ending up applying further penstick touches to the mask itself.

Finally, after page upon page of interesting facts worthy of any Stones fan's attention, she won't dig too deep, she appears afraid to penetrate the facade. Instead, she contents herself with dabbling on further paintwork, with backing up one-dimensional perceptions. There's Keith "the mischievous schoolboy" (a term Charlie Watts refers to which Charone picks up on and plugs relentlessly), Keith the Human Riff, Keith the forever young, forever face-to-face with doom but never yielding force, Keith the compassionate family man, Keith the Rolling Stone and the very

epitome of rock 'n' roll.

But in fact the man is only Keith Richards, nervous, twitchy, a man locked within a world of sycophants, full of people one can never trust, full of characters desperate for just a taste of the Jagger & Richards' very own 'glimmer'.

When Richards made that absurd opening remark to Charlie Murray during the New Barbarians' tour this year about punk/new wave being dead, it proved not merely that he was absurdly out of touch with what is happening in young white rock these days but that the Stones now consider their vocation as really "only rock 'n' roll". To anyone passionately involved in rock, the phrase is a contradiction in terms so absurd as to be offensive.

THRILLS

Benyon



"Er... somehow I don't think we're managing to keep politics out of our music."

A plug. No shame, Thrills.

IT MAY take Sir James Goldsmith three million greenies to publish *Now!* but Brian Davis needs only the goodwill of a few mutants and some loose change rattling in his striped trouser pocket. Brian's *Flat* magazine greets the streets at the end of this month packed full of words and drawings all trying hard to be funny.

Flat is tabloid size and will contain such contributors as Douglas Adams — he of *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy* Heathcote Williams, Tony Benyon, Ray Lowry and a zillion others. Could this be the publication to fill the vacuum left in the wake of *Punch* and *Private Eye*? Could this be the British counterpart to *National Lampoon*? Does anyone really care? If they do they should spin some coins in the direction of their newsagent before both copies are sold.

ANNE INTERESTEDPARTY

THRILLS

2 THE BEAT

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TEARS OF
A CLOWN

RANKING
FULLSTOP

CHS
TT6

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2
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RECORDS

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SUN. 9TH. DEC.

Benyon



"The bouncers are beating everyone up as they go in — because they want to go home early."

Lowry



"You may think he's multi-talented but you must remember that he's got a moogsynthesiser, pre-recorded tapes and two female backup singers hidden inside those trousers."

The Pistol And The Damage Done

ACTRESS Carrie Snodgrass has retracted her claim that record producer Jack Nitzsche raped her with the barrel of a gun. She told a preliminary court hearing that she hadn't read the police statement carefully before signing it.

Nitzsche — erstwhile producer for Snodgrass' ex-husband Neil Young — entered the bedroom of her LA home and forced her to strip, she told the court, then "he put the gun between my legs and talked about how he wanted to destroy that part of me."

Movie director Paul Williams, who was in bed with Snodgrass at the time, claimed in court that Nitzsche "came around the side of the bed and ran his hand up my leg. He could have thought there was only one person in the bed, but when he reached my groin he got a surprise!"

The three most serious charges against Nitzsche — burglary, rape by instrumentality, and assault with intent to commit murder — were dropped, and in mid-December he will face charges of assault with a deadly weapon and false imprisonment, which means he held Snodgrass against her will. Nitzsche has entered a plea of not guilty.

His manager, Kip Kroner, claims that early press reports of the incident were somewhat exaggerated, and predicts that the case won't even come to court. He points out that the first phone call from the police came eight days after it happened, and adds that "ball was set at only \$3,000. A relatively low figure considering the apparent severity of the charges."

Right: the automobile for the rock star who has everything and fully intends to keep it. Just look at those features! They remembered the lot 'cept for the smallest room in the car. Obviously it's a car fit for a deposed king — or even a Shah. Cheque books ready? (From the International Herald Tribune).

Kroner explained to *Thrills* that Nitzsche and Snodgrass had been lovers for three or four years, though the relationship ended that night when Nitzsche found her in bed with someone else.

Nitzsche, who passed through London last Friday, felt unwilling to comment about the case. He has been working on the soundtrack to William Friedkin's controversial new movie *Cruisin'*, starring Al Pacino as a cop who infiltrates the New York gay community after a series of grisly murders.

After the preliminary hearing of his case in LA, Nitzsche told reporters that, despite what may have taken place between himself and Carrie, "I still feel friendly towards her."

THE LONER

THRILLS

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Nils Lofgren at the beginning. Recorded with his band Grin, tracks include 'Moon Tears'; 'Like Rain', and the classic 'Soft Fun'.

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Shel Silverstein

FREAKON AT THE
FREAKERS BALL



Re-released by popular demand. An album of inspired lunacy from the man who wrote Dr Hook's early hits.

ARCHIVE FUN

MORE photo file fun... Dredged up from the dusty pile of over 25 years of rock's DDAs comes a rare early snap of the baby-faced eight-foot Portsmouth Playboy club lounge pianist Joe Jackson. This man's closet contains numerous skeletons, amongst them the imaginatively titled *Arms & Legs*. Five men with a message to oblivion.

Notice that two of them are going bald — the gent with the lop-sided smirk at the rear and the other one with the nauseating grin at the front — and notice also that they survived whatever it was that *Arms & Legs* were trying to appeal to. The one in front still fronts a hard-working boozier outfit under the name Mark Andrews, whose name will be familiar to dedicated *Gig Guide* watchers. The one at the back is, of course, Elvis Costello.



Arms & Legs (L-R): Graham Parker, Joe Jackson, Elvis Costello, Millie Jackson, Elvis Presley.

THRILLS

Get up, I feel like being a legal machine

CLAIMING he is the victim of an undeclared economic war against black businessmen, James Brown has hired radical lawyer William Kunstler, who defended the Chicago conspirators among other famous cases, to investigate his allegations that the business is discriminating against him.

At a recent press conference Brown, who owns three radio stations in Georgia, claimed that national radio advertisers are conspiring together to "starve out" black-owned stations. Brown claims two of his stations are in receivership as a result. "I see what's happening to black institutions," said Brown. "They're about to be banished from the face of the earth. I see black stations going out of business because there is a conspiracy against them."

Brown has also charged his record label Polydor with "shortchanging" him in its

accounting of the number of records he's sold in the last 10 years, and with inadequate promotion of himself and other black artists on the label.

The subject of race discrimination came up in an interview Brown gave to journalist Kristine McKenna, which was published in the Los Angeles magazine *Wet*.

Says Brown: "When I put out 'Please, Please, Please' in 1956, black people weren't allowed to be shown on the cover of a record. If a girl like you woulda said, 'Boy, I love that James Brown, he sure is sexy', they woulda hung you."

McKenna questioned: "Do you think the racial barriers you've broken down are more important than the musical contribution you've made?"

Brown: "Yes, that's very important. It's important that you and me can sit here and talk and not have any bad feelings towards one another. It's important that we know we haven't done anything to each other. I never wanted to be black — I just wanted to be people. The system said I was black. In '66 I put out a record



James Brown and his Famous Colonnades.

called 'I'm Black, I'm Proud' and white kids would look at me and say 'What's he talking about?' Today they say, 'He was a man, he had guts enough to say it.'"

Brown's message to the world still stands: "Guts will take you a lot further than know-how."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

PYE
7P152

DEBUT SINGLE

PYE
7P152

SHE CAT SISTER FLOOZIE

C/W

ROOSTERING WITH INTENT

R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B R'N'B

**SELLING
SOMETHING?
SEE OUR
CLASSIFIED
PAGES**

On The Air
The Lines

"Unremittingly tedious stuff"
SOUNDS
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RECORDS

Arturo — the man with the lead guitar in Pinpoint The amp is a Vox AC30 Combo. One of them plays through the other and there's no prizes for guessing which.

Anyway our story starts at the Nashville in October. We decided that as Arturo needed an amp and we had one spare maybe it'd be an idea if the two of them got together. So we pitched up at the Nashville with an AC30 and a couple of Escort rehearsal amps.

Pinpoint were a little bit magic and Arturo said I like the amp and we said keep it and give us some nice things to say about it in an ad and he thought for a bit and then said OK because it's not so bad really which was roughly when we switched left running on the tape recorder which we



Arturo's amp. A love story.

the first guitar ever owned was a Vox Clubman, cost me seven pounds and it had a socket like a television aerial. It was ridiculous really... my brother played in groups years ago — taught me three chords and it just went from there.

What other gear... did I have? All sorts. A real mish mash — for a long time though I've had my eye on an AC30... preferably an old one although when I've played the new ones there really isn't that much difference.

well they haven't changed it in fifteen years. No it's the same circuitry.

all that's missing is a few kick marks... no well it'll get like that after a few gigs now I'm using it

was that the first time you'd set up with it...? yeah... yeah it was... I was really pleased with the sound... really punchy... I use a Gretsch Roc Jet which is really an old guitar

as well and it sounds really good... I think too many people are using the same guitar and amp setup and the sound is too similar in a lot of groups... the thing about an AC30 as well is that it's small... you don't get as much spread so the vocal

and the drum mike don't pick up as much... the overall sound's not as mushy as it used to be.

how do you find working in the studio? depends on the producer... you can hear every single beat... every single note... the first time you're in a studio is the first time you really hear yourself... there's no way though you can sound as... as in a studio as you do live... no way.

what's the most frustrating thing about playing live touring? getting to a gig at five and not going on stage 'til midnight... and having to kill time in a town you don't know with no money... most of mine goes on the motorway services... eating sometimes and playing Space Invaders.

when you were doing the tour with the Members did you have any hassles? None at all... we had a really great time... I think that the people who you do get like that... they think you don't deserve a soundcheck or whatever... have something seriously wrong with them.

it's silly... everyone's a support band sometime

Dear Sir Arturo seems to know something about it. Send me a few more details please. Vox Unit -1, 32-34 Gordon House Road, Leighton Walks, The "1" 01-485-4553

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Address

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VOX

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THIS IS AMERICA

Reefer mad grannies
& coke crazed medics

THE SNORTERGATE case is providing the best and most consistent human drama since *Soap*. The question on the lips of a nation is: did Hamilton Jordan really snort cocaine at that Hollywood party two years ago?

Science writer Lowell Ponte believes he can settle the matter once and for all using a mass spectrometer, a device that uses light to measure extremely small traces of chemicals. One such device at the John Hopkins University can detect trace substances in parts per trillion. Cocaine, claims Ponte, leaves small traces in the body that can linger for years, so the wonder of science could prove Jordan's guilt or innocence.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the urban jungle, Studio 54 isn't the only disco in New York that's got a drug problem. The management of another top club, Xenon, are currently denying charges that their disco is a haven for drug dealers after a French tourist was arrested with a small quantity of cocaine. He scored it at Xenon and the disco is a drug supermarket. Episode 24 to follow

● **IN CALIFORNIA**, meanwhile, Dr Lowell Somers is in trouble with various authorities after admitting prescribing cocaine for fifty of his patients suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. He claims that the drug helps the pain and swelling of the joints and that he even prescribed coke for his mother. He claims the swelling in her fingers went down so much that she had to buy a new bowling ball. As a result of this, Dr Somers must appear at a Board of Medical Quality hearing next January on a charge of being mentally unfit and of taking cocaine himself. Another doctor will take over his cocaine caseload until the outcome is known.

Somers is also to face a criminal trial for five misdemeanour violations of the Business and Professions Code. Two of his patients claim that he took cocaine 30 or 40 times in their presence and another doctor, who

examined Somers, says his condition is "compatible with cocaine abuse".

● **GRANDMA MARIJUANA** is the new handle adopted by 68-year-old Lois Faulkner after she was sentenced to a 53-day jail sentence in Ventura County, California, after being found guilty of selling marijuana to school children. Lois' case was last

February. When she was released after getting 17 days' credit for good behaviour, she announced her plans to "make a fortune from Grandma Marijuana T-shirts, pants, hats, caps, belts and other paraphernalia".

In a letter to her lawyer she wrote that she had "withstood the ordeal of incarceration splendidly", using the time to meditate and map a new path to riches. She said she looked out of her jail window "onto the hill from which cometh my strength... I feel I'm part of the little herbs of the hills and the forests beyond."

Her plans also include a college speaking tour to campaign for the legalisation of marijuana.

● **SUPPORT** for the legalisation of cannabis can come from unexpected quarters. Aside from an article in *The Magistrate* saying that "much time and energy is wasted by magistrates... enforcing laws against cannabis possession", juries are becoming increasingly reluctant to convict in cases of possession involving petty amounts, according to the Legalise Cannabis Campaign.

A trial in Leicester recently involving a mere one hundredth of an ounce was stopped when a juror declared that both the prosecution for such a small amount and the law on which it was based were absurd. The judge praised him for his honesty with the court and ordered a re-trial, where the defendants were eventually acquitted.

Jurors are of course fully entitled to return a verdict in accordance with their conscience, no matter what the direction of the judge. 'Perverse' jury verdicts, as they are known, have had their effects on the statute books before, and with luck they could do it again.

INSIDE
DOPEBy DICK
TRACY

● **SAN FRANCISCO** was recently the venue for a Marijuana Reform Festival, sponsored by NORML and two drug-orientated magazines. Although none of the booths were dispensing the herb, there was something to satisfy even the most jaded, with panel discussions, movies, drug-abuse tents, massages and marijuana growers' workshops.

Kevin Jackson won the title of champion joint roller in a time of nine seconds — tea leaves were used. Kevin claimed to be a veteran joint roller with some 50,000 spliffs to his credit.

● **A WEEK** before in the same city it was claimed that 16% of 12-17 year-old Americans had used marijuana during the previous month, according to national survey statistics.

Dr Robert Peterson of the National Institute of Drug Abuse also cited recent studies in Maine and Maryland which claim that one in six high school students use marijuana on virtually a daily basis. His aim, he said, was not to revive a "reefer madness" campaign but to publicise researchers' beliefs that the physiological effects of marijuana are different on kids than on adults.

Peterson also referred to an Academy report which claims head shops are now carrying merchandise aimed at marketing marijuana to children. The report cites paraphernalia that looks like space guns and "frisbees with a hole in the centre for placement of a marijuana cigarette so that one may play and smoke at the same time".

THRILLS

...And Snortergate as Bill Plympton sees it



SO WHO was the sensitive study in sheer artistry that appeared in the *Blackmail* The Bozox box in the November 10 ish of *NME*? Well it wasn't Lord Lucan, neither was it Mick Jones, Bob Geldof or Bruce Springsteen as some of you suggested. The first person who drew on a pair of false hornrims and figured the little fiend as D.P. (Elvis) Costello was eagle-eyed Lynne Scotten of Balham, London S.W. 12.

"For added street credibility," said Ms Scotten, "I remember seeing them (Flip City) play at the Red Cow some time in November 1975!!" Elitist!

Anyway, we promised the winner a desirable vinyl collection of the artiste himself, so apart from life-long membership to the I-Spy Club and a dream date with Anthony Blunt, Lynne cops a special limited edition promo-only red vinyl copy of "My Funny Valentine" backed with "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding" that was distributed to fortunate ticket-holders (only) when Elvis & The Attractions played a St Valentine's Day gig in Long Beach, California, earlier this year.

Said artefact now changes hard upwards of a tanner a throw — and we don't want to see it advertised in the Records For Sale section of next week's *NME* classifieds. Next week, win British Leyland.

THRILLS

**DON'T
THROW
STONES**

**THE SPORTS NEW SINGLE
WHO LISTENS TO THE RADIO
THE SPORTS NEW ALBUM
DON'T THROW STONES**



UNDERTONE'S BROTHER IN MASTERMIND SHOCK

Feargal for the Krypton Factor?

Q: WHAT'S got a beard, a brain, and claims to be a mature student from Derry? "Pass."

Q: What's got a pineapple crop, a leather jerkin, claims to be a popstar, and is currently pioneering an upsurge in urchin-chic and used Doc Martens? "Pass."

Q: Why is Thrills asking these foolish questions? "Pass."

You passed on three. 1) Michael Bradley — Mastermind supremo. 2) Mickey Bradley — Undertones bassman. 3) Because — earth-shattering scoop here — there's a family link about!

Let the truth be known — these Bradley Boys are BROTHERS!!

Viewers of last week's *Mastermind*, beamed from Trinity College, Dublin, witnessed the said Bradley rocket his way into the semi-finals to become only the second Irishman ever to stand in line for one of Magnus Magnusson's mail-order glass beakers.

Competition was fierce. The titon from the 'Tones fraternity was pitted against a retired naval rating from Belfast, a civil servant from County Antrim, and a local government officer from somewhere unpronounceable, all of whom had chosen gargantuan "specialist subjects" like Western Malaysia and France from 1848.

Not so Bradley. Shrewdly sweeping such academia aside, he rooted for The Films Of Steve McQueen, a subject not overly taxing to the brainplate, and charged home to what Icelandic pensioner Magnusson dubbed "a handsome five point lead". This was soon to become "a handsome five point victory" as Bradley's fathomless general knowledge caused him to leap to a 31 point grand-slam, despite his knowing next to nothing about fruit trees, the source of the Shannon or the structure of paraffin-hydrocarbons. Still, nobody's perfect.

What, we ask, is to follow? Lemmy for *The Book Programme*? Mensi's Mum for *Mensa*? For those who've got one intact, the brain boggles.

MARK ELLEN

THROTTLES

DAINGEROUS VISIONS

ON THE surface, New York City looks like a paradise for the hopeless TV addict.

Seven channels running for between 18 and 24 hours a day have an initial kid-in-a-candy-store fascination for anyone who was raised in Britain. You're finally out of the paternalistic tradition that pats its viewers on the head around midnight and tucks them up in bed so they'll be ready for work in the morning.

The very first thing you notice when you turn on the TV in New York (or anywhere else in America, for that matter) is that the commercials are lousy.

They conform without exception to a pattern of sledgehammer hard sell. You are constantly assaulted by products demanding that you buy them. There is none of the charm and wit of the Smash robots, the Fiat Strada commercial or the Hofmeister Lager bear. Nobody here would think of using Vincent Price in a wet suit to sell pickled onions.

It takes a little longer to realise that a depressingly large number of the current programmes are almost as awful as the commercials.

The realisation comes slowly. The variety of choice and the fact that at any given time at least one channel is running a fairly acceptable movie, tends to mask the pitiable quality of the stuff that is actually being manufactured for the viewer right at this moment.

After a while, however, there is no escaping it. The Hollywood TV industry is working almost exclusively on a level set by the lowest of lowest common multiples.

The culprits are the three big networks, NBC, CBS and ABC. Their attitude to the home audience can best be summed up in the words of NBC president Fred Silverman, who stated, not without a certain measure of pride, that a television network was not in the business of entertaining an audience but of selling that audience to the advertisers.

Thus the three big networks are engaged in a brutal and never ending ratings war in which only the numbers count. All ideas of taste and quality are mercilessly sacrificed to the single goal of having the biggest possible audience for the longest possible time.

The tactics of the ratings war are less than subtle. One of the most obvious is the time honoured principle of "if it works, flog it to



Sick as a kid in a candy store

TV TORTURE IN THE LAND OF THE ALL-NITE TUBE

death". It's a principle that dictates that a show which is consistently successful is forced to run and run, season after season, until the original idea is so threadbare that you can see daylight through it.

Happy Days is currently the most glaring example of what flogging a show to death can create. After years at the top of the rating charts, the comedy potential of '50s teens has been so thoroughly exhausted that both writers and actors seem to be barely able to force themselves through the motions.

M.A.S.H. is another example. With Trapper John, Frank Burns and now even Radar departed for pastures new, and only Alan Alda, Loretta Swit and Jamie Farr as Kluge holding the original line, *M.A.S.H.* makes Korea start to look like the Thirty Years War.

Mork & Mindy hasn't racked up quite so many tube hours, but, being so dependent on Robin Williams's amphetamine-paced comedy schtick, there are already the first signs of flagging in the new series. At the moment, some of the leaks are being plugged by plays

HEAVY METAL POWERHOUSE.



Marseille have been making a big noise up and down the country. Mind bending, solid heavy metal sounds. Get the most of Marseille. Get the album 'MARSEILLE' TOPS 125



like having Raquel Welch guest star as a "sultry space spy".

Flog-it-to-death does, however, have its logical limits. When it's clear to even the network chieftains that a previously successful show has to be put out to pasture the next move is to search for a spin-off.

Spin-off is the way of milking the last ounce (if not a whole new hit series) out of a winning formula. Sometimes it works, as when *Happy Days* begat both *Laverne & Shirley* and *Mork & Mindy*. Other times it's a disaster, as in the case of *Trapper John MD*, the new and abominable '79/'80 season attempt to keep the M.A.S.H. formula rolling. With Pernel Roberts playing a now ageing Trapper, coping with 1979, the show tries to do a medical *Lou Grant*. Instead of Rossi they have a 'whacky' young doctor, Gonzo Gates (Gregory Harrison). The results are as bad as you could possibly imagine.

The ratings war also throws up some pretty unpleasant facts about the viewing habits of the great American public.

Prior to nine in the evening, it would seem that children are in total control of the channel selector of the family box. There can be no other explanation why shows like *CHIPS*, *BJ and the Bear* and the spin-off *The Adventures Of Sheriff Lobo* should hold almost absolute sway over the early evening airtime.

It's also the reason for the success of the comic book shows.

Once upon a time, comic book heroes were strictly afternoon, post-school fodder, but the success of Linda Carter as *Wonder Woman* and then Bill Bixby in *The Hulk* have now made this kind of show a permanent fixture on prime time. This week a new hero makes the switch from comic book to small screen when Reb Brown makes his debut as *Captain America* in a two-hour premier episode.

Once the children are in bed, the idiots take over. At least, that's the way it appears. The continuation of shows like *Fantasy Island* and *The Love Boat* must provide some support to the theory that radiation from a cathode tube really does cause the brain to atrophy.

DESPITE the general attitude of conservatism and of sticking to the formula, the pressure of rating battles does produce sudden sweeping innovations. This season's big deal has been the TV blockbuster. The basic idea is to present something so huge and expensive that it drives out all the competition.

ABC started the ball rolling with the purchase of *Jaws* for \$25 million. The effect, as they say, was stunning. Through the three hours it took to show *Jaws* on TV, ABC had something like an average 65% of the

American viewing audience. It was also packed with advertisers paying \$400,000 a minute for the privilege. This is really what selling an audience to the advertisers is all about.

Needless to say, the other networks followed suit and have currently purchased, at great expense, recent cinema movies like *Dog Day Afternoon*, *A Bridge Too Far*, Henry Winkler's *Heroes* and *The Omen*. There have also been major steps to follow through with made-for-TV biggies that range from a new production of *All Quiet On The Western Front* starring Richard (John Boy Walton) Thomas to *The Birth Of The Beatles* from the same team that gave the world *Elvis* (shown in British cinemas as *Elvis — The Movie*).

Birth Of The Beatles also demonstrates the point that the networks will exploit anything but do little or nothing to service minority interests. Even as large a minority interest as the rock and roll audience is pretty much neglected. Right now there are no rock & roll TV shows playing in New York except *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*, with its late night blend of heavy metal and disco, and *Sha Na Na's* '50s revival half hour. Beyond that, the only rock & roll you can see on TV is the one-a-week guests on *Saturday Night Live* and the occasional rock spot on a showbiz special.

Even in something as boxed in and mindless as US network TV, the occasional gem does get through. While most shows descend to the lowest level of giggling breasts, speeding cars and mindless scripts, shows like *The Rockford Files* (sadly now in its last series,

James Garner having finally said enough) and *Lou Grant* do manage to present adult entertainment and still maintain an audience.

Others, however, are not so lucky. An intelligent, well-produced cop show called *Paris*, starring James Earl Jones, was jerked off the air after only five episodes because it wasn't making the ratings. The rationale for dumping the show was that the public wasn't ready to accept a black hero in a prime-time drama show.

One thing the networks refuse to do is to sink money into a programme even though it isn't an immediate hit. If a show doesn't make it straight away, then forget it. Words like "development" or a phrase like "slowly building an audience" are not included in network vocabulary.

It would be easy to dismiss US network TV if it were strictly confined to the USA. Okay, so the system that dominates American television is producing consistently lousy shows; maybe the Americans are simply getting the TV programmes they deserve.

Unfortunately, the US TV industry isn't limited to the land of the free — it provides the rest of the world with a hell of a lot of its TV time. If the US networks decide that their policy is "grab the bucks and so long suckers" it affects a lot more than just the US audience.

The shows we see today are the ones you get tomorrow. If you don't like them the only thing you can do is switch off.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

DENNIS WILSON FLIES THE COUPE

PACIFIC Ocean Blues! Dennis Wilson, the Beach Boy with the nicest bum, has finally packed his surf board and taken his collection of Hawaiian shirts elsewhere. *Thrills* learnt at the weekend that a replacement has been lined up for some time by Bruce Johnston, t'Boys' acting overseer and the man responsible for keeping Brian's sandbox lined with fresh paper.

The hapless new incumbent will be one Scott Matthews, a young (24) multi-instrumentalist whizz-kid from Sacramento. Matthews will presumably inherit the vacant back-line but in his former incarnation, as one half of The Dukes (Capitol artists who also featured the cult figure Ron Nagle), Scott applied himself to guitars, keyboards, spoons and electric comb. He's written material for Barbra Streisand and the Jefferson Starship (ugh!) amongst others and was recently in London wearing his producers hat for the benefit of Geoff McCormick (better known as Bowie's bosom pal Warren Peace).

Dennis Wilson's reasons for quitting the homestead were unspecified by the band or the company (Columbia) but there are rumours of a solo career and the undeniable fact that Dennis likes a drink or ten before breakfast.

PET SOUNDS

THRILLS

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Mutiny On The Mothership:

UNCLE JAM WANTS OUT

THE Parliafunkadelicment Thang is a set-up so complex as to be nearly indecipherable. The spin-offs and permutations grow more elaborate with each passing year.

There is Parliament, the most pure-funk side of the Thang, successor to the original Parliaments moniker. There is Funkadelic, currently the Mob's hottest recording vehicle. There is Parlet. There is Bootsy's Rubber Band, now almost completely an independent proposition. There are solo album projects from keyboard player Bernie Worrell and funk-knows-who else.

And presiding over the whole mess is the Main Mangustiah, the Keeper of Brainbusture Intergravations and Overlord of Funk, George Clinton.

Clinton has done more than set up a complicated entertainment organisation. He has managed to market an entire mythology through his lyrics, through the visual packaging of his albums, and through the circus extravagance of his stage shows, he has built up an elaborate lore of Funk, filled with symbolic stock characters, buzzword slogans and half-serious, half-parodic ideologies.

"The whole system pimps you into a lack of education about yourself. Even the people who think they're loose, they're not really loose. But at any moment they could go all the way."

George Clinton settles into a sofa in a New York Warner Brothers office, his fingers gesturing and stabbing at the air. In beard, Army fatigues and outrageous platform-heeled boots, he resembles a psychedelised Fidel Castro. He has a mischievous smile that he can't keep from playing around his face, even when he's rapping down something serious. He is expounding on the need for the Funk.

"Everyone likes to get down. But they blot it out. People do love to get down, though, even though you've been programmed not to dig the nature side of you. You don't face the fact that you like to get down. So you might get down crazy, in violence."

"If your shit comes out finally and it's violent, you've got to take the rap. It's on your head. You can't say the system did it to you. F. Lee Bailey tried to run that one on them with Patty Hearst. If he could have done that with a rich little white girl, then all the ghetto prisoners would have had to come out, 'cause they've all been manipulated. But they can't acknowledge that concept."

George Clinton tends to see the world in terms of conspiracies. His conversation is laced with references to "they", the ever-present powers-that-be against which he sees himself fighting.

Everything that happens in the world, according to Clinton, is deliberate and plotted out. This is probably a natural corollary of Clinton's own deliberateness about all aspects of his creative output and business dealings, and of his preference for the complex.

Clinton is a social crusader — the Funk ideology he has fashioned is heavy on the good guys vs. bad guys, roots vs. Babylon dichotomy. He describes social forces creating a state of zero-funkativity. Repression, leading to people not being able to think or move their rumps, conditions the responses of the consumer society. And Clinton thinks Funk is the antidote.

He also thinks those powers that be feel threatened by the Funk. There is R&B, rhythm and business, and too much rhythm probably isn't good for business.

What's more, although he doesn't spell this out, he implies that the social and cultural forces that keep people from getting down

and appreciating the funk are tied somehow to the political and economic forces that manipulate ghetto dwellers into jail. The problem of zero-funkativity in the world is a many-sided monster.

THE BIG news in Clinton's life, which I'm told by his publicist is the main reason for the series of interviews he is presently engaged in, is that he is retiring from live performing. The reasons for this have to do with Clinton marshalling his energy, tightening his own conspiratorial web, and keeping closer tabs on the progress of the Funk.

"I've got to do it," Clinton says of his "retirement". "It's real warfare now. We have to be able to keep getting the records out at a more regular rate, to keep the Funk on time. Because I don't feel a great eagerness out there to accept the Funk as the next main music. They'd like to substitute disco, or something else. So there's a need to keep the definition out there: dance music is funk music, with the records, even more than before."

"Before we were the new thing, but now even the fans are susceptible to saying, 'Hey, they've been around long enough, they've had a lot of hit records.' I mean you're susceptible to that with your wife, your new car. Same way with groups. You're conditioned by TV to cancel shit for the season and move on to something new."

"If I don't do it, the next Bootsy album might not make it, the next Funkadelic album might not make it, the next Parliament album might not make it. I want to go into the studio without the adrenalin draining thing of having to perform in front of twenty thousand people every night."

Here comes some conspiracy theory. "You're easily manipulated by the structure when you're tired and pressured and rushed. And I know that's a conscious effort by all involved. That's one of the rock star hassles, people going, 'Hey is my shit ready?' when you're in the studio mixing — and they don't do it accidentally."

"So I know I've got to get my shit together even though I'd like to stay here. Because I am tired. I can't get as high as I would like to get and perform. I have to walk up those steps (of the Mothership) — that keeps me from getting seriously high."

The move also coincides with the appearance of a new guise for Clinton himself in the Funk cosmology. The space monster of Dr Funkenstein has come down to more earthy matters, as befits the new mood of seriousness and warfare. He emerges as Uncle Jam, the fatigue-clad leader of the Funk Army, a groovist urban guerilla.

"We were just looking for a serious emotional vibe," Clinton says about the new character. "We take the edge off it with roller skates and things, 'cause we don't want to be called terrorists. We're really defusing an emotion bomb."

The complexity of the P-Funk business arrangements, with the various acts signed to different labels, also has a conspiratorial rationale.

"It's so nobody can define what we're about, so they can't put their finger on it. You can't get too radical — if you do they'll infiltrate you and co-opt you. So I know when to smile. But it is about me getting more power."

THE NEXT step in Clinton's plan of attack is to start his own record label, to be called Uncle Jam Records. He won't say much about the details, because the distribution deal has not been finalised.

"That's gonna be my Army," he offers. "We know we have to do that now, to have more control over what we have to say."

The P-Funk acts will still be spread around a few different labels.

"Yeah, 'cause I know I can't get everybody's records played. But it always sparks interest in the next company if you have a hit over here. 'Cause they see that the funk works and they'll say, 'Well I got some funk here so I may as well go out and sell mine'. If you only got one thing going and you act the fool they're gonna put you on the shelf. They have artists waiting in the wings to take your concept."

"If it don't work out today we can start all over tomorrow and still have just as much fun. 'Cause it ain't about shit, it's just about something to do. An' if I get paid for it, I love it. We were doin' it in the barbershop back when an' it was called stylin'. And I advise all others that can talk shit and style to stop selling that shit cheap, and do it where it means the most. 'Cause it works. All those games and shit that we run on each other in the ghetto, that shit works in business like a mutha."

An Army without a mission is a useless thing. The cover of the newest Funkadelic album 'Uncle Jam Wants You', proclaims the mission of the Funk Army to be to "rescue dance music from the blais". In one corner of the cover design, the head of Sir Nose D'Voidofunk, a character who represents the non-dancing square, the ultimate baldhead, pops up and asks: "Which way do I disco?" Add some lyric swipes at disco on the record itself, and the message is clear — a funk/disco blood feud. Why?

"It's the blais because they have a limit on it. They don't want syncopation. It works, it's got just enough of the magnetic drum funk to work. But you won't ever get off, it just keeps you neurotically looking for something to get you off."

"With a James Brown record you know you're gonna sweat, and when you get home, you're gonna hit it. You may even hit it on the floor while you're dancing, you might even come. I love disco itself, but when they give me all records sounding alike, it's the blais, 'cause it's just one straight groove."

"Like making love, if you just got one stroke, the novelty wears off that stroke, and then you've got to try real hard. But if you come up with a boss new stroke, then everybody's happy."

OF ALL the facets of the Thang, Funkadelic has consistently been Clinton's vehicle for the most adventurous experiments, the place where he really comes up with those different strokes.

Funkadelic albums suffer from too much filler, too many throw-away cuts. The new 'Uncle Jam' set is no exception. The second side is almost entirely disposable. The first side, however, combines two tracks into a single, almost symphonic composition that is one of the funniest, most intricate things Clinton has done.

'Freak Of The Week' starts with a slow, easy, swaying rhythm that eases you into things. Soon the track envelops you in a whimsical party atmosphere, complete with whistles blowing and hands clapping. Spry bits of nonsense leap out from behind unseen melodic corners. The song has the nagging, irresistible groove of the best disco, plus an idiosyncratic playfulness that lets you know

it's goofing on itself.

'(Not Just) Kneep Deep' quickens the pace, and then all hell breaks loose. The basic theme is interpreted from every conceivable direction. Snatches of the previous track are inserted repeatedly. The production slides in and out of a variety of textures, from biting acid-guitar rawness to dense, multi-layered lushness. A legion of vocalists appear. There are female choruses provided by the Brides, and some soul-style crooning from Philippe Wynne, former lead singer of The Spinners. His smooth, high voice blends right in with the overall vocal style, which is humorous, eccentric and quirky. This is dance music to laugh at, live with and think about.

Onstage, Clinton acts mostly as an instigator, exhorting the musicians to put out more while giving the audience a figure to focus on. In the studio, dealing with such elaborate material, one imagines him functioning like a conductor leading an orchestra.

"It's almost the same thing I do onstage," Clinton says. "It's almost just a vibe. I make a person play just as much as they want to play. I wouldn't tell Bernie (Worrell) what to play, I wouldn't tell Bootsy what to play. My most serious work is to bridge the gap between egos."

"On this album we've got Philippe Wynne, we've got Jessica Cleaves from Earth Wind and Fire, we've got Junnie Morrison from The Ohio Players. The Mothership is about re-energising people that got sidetracked or whatever. It's the art of dancing with other egos. Most artists can't even be in the same room with each other. This concept goes the other way."

Recently, though, there have been some defections from the Clinton camp. Most notable was that of drummer Jerome Brailey, who left to form Mutiny. Their first album, 'Mutiny On The Mothership', contains some direct stabs at Clinton, such as an inner sleeve cartoon showing Clinton being made to walk the plank off a pirate ship and saying, 'I can't cut the funk'. Fred Wesley (of The Horny Horns and James Brown's former right-hand man) is reported to have left Clinton, as has Eddie Hazel, a P-Funk guitarist. Are there cracks in the Mothership?

"There's no cracks. Every ounce of funk is something accomplished. Jerome and I are real cool. He should have hooked up with Pedro (Bell, the artist who draws the Funkadelic album covers) and gotten a real concept. But we're cool."

"People are always susceptible to interpretations that say it's all over. But it's still about doing it together."

In interviews, Brailey has suggested he was dissatisfied with not receiving credit due him, and with the distribution of money in the P-Funk organisation. Pay in the Thang is scaled according to contribution and merit, matters decided mainly by Clinton.

"It's as funky as the overall thing. Someone like Bernie Worrell has to make more than most people, he's been around longer and he puts more in. But anybody can attain that position if they put their ass into it. It's up to them to wiggle and waddle and get through, even if I ain't hearing them."

Drummer Jerome Brailey and Horny Hornsman Fred Wesley have already quit Funkadelic — and now George Clinton is giving up live performances. Richard Grabel reports from the Funk Army frontline.



TO MARK the departure of Dr Funkenstein from stage appearances, Funkadelic played an eight-night stand at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. As with all Funkadelic shows, it was more than a show — it was a three-hour ritual evocation of faith in something with almost religious overtones of Supreme Silliness.

It's a measure of Clinton's genius that he has inspired a mass cult totally in tune with the changing currents of the Funk drama. A Funkadelic concert is one of the few times you will experience at an American concert a sense of total tribal involvement of an audience with the performers.

Funkadelic audiences are young, racially mixed (though it's the black kids who really participate), and they come dressed for the part. Girls in glittery space-age body suits. Guys in Uncle Jam Army fatigue military chic. Shirts emblazoned with 'I'm Under A Groove'.

They danced on top of the seats and in the aisles. They shouted and blew whistles. They chanted the slogans and key phrases that sum up the tribal creed. 'If you ain't gonna get it on, get your dead ass home.'

The concert begins with a set by The Brides of Funkenstein, three sassy and sexy women vamping it up. A comedian, James Wesley Jackson, fills in during the set change with the only really funny stand-up routine I've ever heard at a music event. Deftly poking fun at everything from television adverts to racial relations.

Funkadelic come out with 'Knee Deep' and the circus begins in earnest. Guitarist Gary Shider, in a silver costume with angel wings attached, handles a lot of the singing. Michael 'Kid Funkadelic' Hampton's guitar solos are vintage Hendrix acid-rock that manages to fit easily into the unrelenting funk groove. And when Philippe Wynne appears, old school soul-trooper style in formal powder-blue suit, he too fits right in and is absorbed into the mass madness that is unfolding on the stage.

But it's not until the moment when Clinton, resplendent in silver robes and long blond wig, steps onstage, that the whole thing really comes together. Suddenly, the band starts to tighten up and play in high gear, with guitars, horns and rhythm section pumping it out together and at full blast. All Clinton has to do is walk to the edge of the stage and flash a smile and the assembled Funkateers go nuts. It's moment to savour.

After his entrance, Clinton continually moves on and off stage. He doesn't do much singing — Shider, the Brides, Wynne and various others take care of that. But Clinton is the one who makes contact. He'll ask someone in the front row for a joint, smoke it a bit, and then walk over to a pretty girl standing in front of the stage and give her a 'shotgun', blowing smoke into her mouth. And with such gestures he'll have the audience screaming with delight. He serves as an icon — as Dr Funkenstein he embodies the spaced spirit of Funk.

It makes me wonder how he can ever be replaced, how he's 'retired'. I ask him about it the next day.

"Right," he says. "I do that with just a smile. And that's bullshit in reality. I'll mail my smile in. I'll phone it in if that's what it takes. But the group is beginning to understand how to do it. The group is bad enough to handle themselves on their own now."

"It's just that mystical metaphysical thing that they go for, that I represent. I call it metafoolishness. But I can walk away from that, and I feel good that I can do something else to surprise people."

The show is a masterwork of stylistic interweaving. One minute Philippe Wynne will be singing 'Sadie', an old Spinners tune. A few minutes later Michael Hampton will have launched into a hard, aggressive guitar

work-out, and the transition will have been so seamless you don't even notice. The groove just carries you.

The Funkadelic roadshow requires a certain suspension of disbelief. You can penetrate it quickly. After that, you stick around if you're having fun. After two hours, I felt like I'd had enough. When, sometime into the third hour, the giant Mothership was lowered on to the stage and Dr Funkenstein began to make his grand departure, I was relieved. But the committed fans were boppin' and groovin' more frantically than ever. Faith in the Funk is a powerfully animating force.

I wondered if Clinton had a definition for the master plan that held the show, with all of its elements, together.

"It's just that chaos and order can survive together. The fucked up thing is when people try to save their stuff from chaos or from too much order. Our stuff saves itself. We can be totally lost at a given point, but we don't fear — it ain't nothin' but something to do. We get lost just to confuse people."

Did he think he had an obsession with complexity?

"Yeah, I have an obsession with being a positive nuisance. I have an obsession with never getting comfortable, 'cause once you get comfortable, everything stops working for you. So I make a hassle out of nothing, that's how I work, and it ends up letting a lot more stuff come through the door. When we rehearse, when everybody knows a song, I stop it right in the middle of a cue, so everybody has to scramble to figure out what's coming next. I call that creative nuisance."

"That's why the Funk lets you think. You will think — even if it's just 'What the fuck is this?'"

Last question. Let's admit that the Funk holds hope for the frigid. But does it have anything to offer towards solving the larger problems out there? Should it?

"It's like, helping to get on the one," Clinton replies. "When it all is in unison and everybody feels that safeness of the one. One is strong, like when you're lying together and really feeling it. The peak of a situation or a groove, and then you don't feel no fear. The one protects ya. It might be metafoolish, but I don't think anything like that should be defined logically."

WELL AND good. But the realities of life in black America are still pretty grim. Will being on the one protect anybody from those?

Not that an entertainer need be expected to come up with answers to the world's social problems. But Clinton is holding out a set of values — "Free your ass and your mind will follow" — the desirability of being loose, grooviliastic and funky — and a lot of people are picking up on what he is holding out and taking it seriously. So the question arises: is Clinton showing a way forward, or is he selling his brothers and sisters a pipe dream? The solutions he offers seem high on style and short on substance. At least on the face of it. 'getting down' and 'being on the one' don't seem like real answers to the problems of economic disadvantage and psychological despair.

On the other hand, flamboyant carnival hucksters selling snake oil remedies are a great American tradition, as is escapist entertainment of all sorts. Clinton's music is firmly grounded in black R&B traditions, and when Clinton exhorts his followers not to take the Funk, he is telling them not to forsake their roots. And his wholesale incorporation of elements of white rock points to a vision of co-operation-replacing the uneasy racial stand-off of the status Quo.

And, to quote from another end of the pop spectrum, doesn't that make you feel a whole lot better? I'm just asking.



"Mothership ready — aim — blast off!" Clinton prepares to take over the disco universe. Pic: Julie Scheel.

"I've got to do it," says Clinton of his 'retirement'. "It's real warfare now. We have to get the records out more regularly."



"Uncle Jam Records is my army. We have to have more control over what we say . . . Roller skates take the edge off it."

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BABYCHAM **Baby it's got it!**



UP SCHEITZSTRASSE MIT DOKTOR FEELGOOD

The 'Goods learn a new chord for the '80s. Paul du Noyer just gets frisked off.

Maybe the sky isn't always grey over Checkpoint Charlie, but it's hard to picture it any other way. Maybe the soldiers smile sometimes, but they didn't this time. The chilled winds whistle through no-man's land, across the wires and the wasteground, around the huts full of stone-faced visa-men, in the spiritless rooms with the endless forms and the one-way doors, and the nervous rifles and the suffocating pall of black face that hangs over it all every day and every night.

Last of our party through, I'm detained for the grilling that's reserved, presumably, for Western journalists — finally allowed through but with my tape-recorder confiscated (either to stop any tales out of school, or just because it's highly black marketable) — even though we were only there for a few little pictures; you know, the old cheap-holiday-in-other-people's-misery routine.

No chance of the Feelgoods defecting, any road. Ever tasted Warsaw Pact pale ale? And does John B. Sparks look like anyone's idea of a masterspy? And even if your fave Bolshoi ballerina has just done a bunk, would you accept The Big Figure in exchange?

The others, as I say, went on ahead into the Eastern Sector — or at least as far as the first bar, just down the road apiece, because it was here I caught up with them proposing an eloquent toast to their first communist "bit of a goddess, as it happens", a waitress by trade, in coffee and Russian cognac. "The important thing," Lee Brilleaux advised me, "is always to keep one step ahead of your hangover."

Even here in East Berlin, I thought, they've constructed a little island which is forever Canvey.

Germany is the last stage of another European tour for Dr Feelgood, by now well familiar with life on the Continental road and slowly reaping the hard-won rewards of trans-national recognition. It's also by way of a run-in to the next major haul around the halls of Britain, through late November and into December, coinciding with the recent release of 'Let It Roll' — the band's eighth album and the fourth since all the traumas of Wilko Johnson's departure and subsequent replacement by a young unknown called Gypie Mayo.

Preaching a brand of fundamentalism rather than revivalism, the group's impact upon the mid-70s music scene was of a rude poke up an over-corpulent backside, an electric charge of stripped-down R & B energy that was to start something stirring in rock's racial memory — and, most will agree, blasted a little gap through the edifice of complacency, just large enough for all the new wave of young brats to crawl through and set to demolishing entirely.

But a footnote in the history books doesn't pay the rent, not when you're still alive and kicking, as the Feelgoods certainly are. The job at hand therefore is convincing the sceptical that this thing lives, that you haven't heard it all before, even after eight albums and more gigs than Lee Brilleaux's had hangovers.

Back in the hotel bar that night, while the early hours dawdle towards what the ordinary world calls morning, we reflect on a certified triumph of a show at Berlin's Metropol just before, a minor classic of a gig which made any diagnoses of cynicism look pretty sick themselves. Treat any reports of the Doctor's demise as highly exaggerated, or any stories of decline as highly improbable.

"The day this job starts getting to be a pain in the arse, that's the day I'll pack it in," muses Brilleaux, toying with his glass. "Don't worry about that. I'm not one of these geezers who's in it to take the money and piss off. This is my life. And I don't mind telling you, after making a living from this for seven years, if I can do it for another seven then I'll be more than happy." He's in earnest.

As, indeed, are all the Feelgoods in expressing belief in what they're doing. "Like, the reviews we've had," remarked Gypie Mayo on the way to that gig, "some of them criticise us for staying the same, and others say we've tried to change too much. So what can you do?"

Sparko views it in a more philosophical light. "Opinions," he decides, "are like arse-holes. Everybody's got one."

A short walk in East Berlin revealed little of great cheer or encouragement, with or without the miserable icy drizzle. Blackened pre-war buildings, still bullet-scarred, rear up intermittently by blitz-wasted expanses, un-redeveloped even yet. Few cars, a queue outside the one visible shop, a vast Dignity Of Labour mural

— peopled with improbably jolly peasants, artisans and banner-waving schoolchildren — a monument to Stalinist ugliness and the corruption of Art... and always, at the sudden, unnatural end of old avenues, the wall.

What the locals made of our four reprobates, posing for jokey photographs in a zone where any indiscretion seems likely to start World War Three, remains uncertain — Gypie in his Gestapo surplus leather coat, with perpendicular hair

and permanent early-morning-call expression, the other three like sinister bar-proppers in the sort of pub you walk into by mistake and walk straight back out again.

It was no great wrench to leave the East after an hour or so and drive back through bright, affluent, consumer-congested West Berlin, a tinselly showcase of shop windows and hotels and giant advertisements (as idealised and unreal, perhaps, as their counterpart the wall mural), and on to the next campaign stage in

the selling of Dr Feelgood.

Which turns out to be an album-signing session inside a small record store, hidden away in a modern shopping precinct off the bustling weekday street outside. Despite a display of Toby juggled Feelgoods in the window, promotion for the event has been what's known in the trade as a complete cock-up, with the result that music-loving young Berliners have stayed away in droves.

Walking into the store, exactly the same image occurs to Gypie and me at the same instant — that of the *Clockwork Orange* Korova Milkbar. Stark and dark and low-lit, its sides are lined with soft, deep sofas, on which sit silent rows of slumped youths, zomboid, headphones on, eerily oblivious to the visitors' presence. "Let's all hold hands," says Lee, "and see if we can contact the living."

The store staff look sheepish, the man from the German record company looks embarrassed. One or two kids advance and proffer album sleeves for autographing. The band co-operate with wry good humour.

"Sometimes I think they're frightened of us," Lee ponders. "They think we're like we look onstage. But you can't be like that 24 hours a day. We'd never try to be like that... I mean, there's enough fuckin' aggravation in the world without us adding to it, isn't there? "People have said, 'Why don't you do something about your image?' — become like pop stars or something. But it isn't us, y'know? We couldn't afford the razor blades."

I suppose I've followed the Feelgoods for donkey's years now, ever since stumbling across them (in the classic fashion of the day) playing to maybe a dozen punters in a Shepherd's Bush pub, right up to the Odeon jobs of today. And it's been a lot of fun. What happens next?

Sparko: "We're thinking of learning a new chord. That's our project for next year."

Lee: "We don't sit around the table and say, right, the next album is gonna be so-and-so in this direction or that direction, know what I mean? We do 'ave an Annual General Meeting to discuss what we're gonna do business-wise when it comes to the musical, it there's no real sort of discussion it's just something that happens naturally."

But you must feel like you change sometimes, right?

Continues over



Lee Brilleaux tries to remember where he parked the Cortina. Sparko (left), Gypie and Figure (right) join the march of socialism. Pic: Chris Harter.

DOC FEELGOOD

■ From previous page

"Not really, 'cos it'd be a waste of time. I think we realise our strength lies in the fact that we continue to play the same kind of music. I think it'd be a bad business mistake, as well as a musical mistake, to try and deliberately steer the group in one direction or another."

"All of our albums, apart from the very first one that we made back in the days of Wilko, have been made in much the same way — written sort of like in a real hurry, two weeks before. We're such lazy people that's the only way we're gonna get any work done."

Gyp: "Well, not only the fact that we're lazy — we're idiots, as well. We're on the road all the fuckin' time!"

Lee: "And tryin' to write songs on the road... I mean, you get great ideas when you're on the road, but never the chance to really work them out."

Sparko (idly): "You get great ideas, but they're nothin' to do with music." (Ribald laughter here.)

Ern, so you'll stick with the R & B, then?

Figure: "Do, I should think so."

Sparko: "Yeah, there's always a pound note there. Ha ha!"

Gyp: "That's what we listen to when we're at home most of the time, along with reggae and a bit of country and western, which I think comes out on the new album. Bit more diverse, isn't it?"

Sparko: "What's 'diverse'?"

Lee to Gyp: "You're becoming an ENDANGERED SPECIES in this interview." (Unrestrained laughter.)

(Note: All closely-knit groups, especially under the claustrophobic regime of life "on the road", develop a private language. In the present context, "Endangered Species" appears to be one such code-phrase, of immensely humorous import. Its outbreaks have already been edited from this transcript wherever possible. Its precise meaning need not trouble us here. To continue...)

Why R & B?

Sparko: "Well, we've learnt the chords."

Lee: "No, that's why the group existed in the first place, 'cos we decided we wanted to play that kind of music. Speakin' for myself, that's the only kind of music that I



"Blimey, I ask for directions to the Admiral Jellicoe and they give me this production." Pic: Chris Horler

particularly want to play, or am physically capable of playing. I couldn't sing anything else, or I'd be up the creek."

All in unison: "UP SCHEITZSTRASSE!"

Gyp (launching interview rescue attempt): "With me, when I was about thirteen —"

Lee: "You started getting these feelings." (More ribald laughter.)

Gyp: "Yeah, these little black things started to appear — and at the same time The Rolling Stones came along, right, and The Pretty Things

Sparko: "And The Pubes."

Gyp: "And The Pubes, yeah — or The Tubes as they're now known as — and it sort of overshadowed The Beatles and The Shadows thing which I'd been into before."

Figure: "Overshadowed The Shadows? Hey, why don't we write a song!"

Gyp: "I think that was what inspired me and I think that goes for all of us here, 'cos I didn't know those guys then, thank God. It was that and —" (at this point Mr Mayo collapses across the hotel bed).

"That and Blue Peter," the Figure helps out. "That and Valerie Singleton. It's simple music and we're simple musicians. Simple music and simple minds. We just like a row. It's the only music that I find really exciting when I'm actually playing it. I've played other types of music before and I didn't enjoy playing pop, y'know, I always wanted to play rock 'n' roll — and we're more of a rock 'n' roll band, these days, rather than strict R & B — that's what I started off playing and I've come back to it. It's what I enjoy most."

Lee: "And also, it's an Endangered Species, an' all." (Helpless laughter all round). "There's always this thing

where you think, we might end up becoming like a living museum, playing R & B classics. Well I don't think we'll fall into that trap because a good 50 per cent of our material is not standards."

"It's better that things happen naturally with us. I mean, the only time we ever analyse what we do is when we talk to journalists. We never talk like this amongst ourselves, you know what I mean? That's why we've got no sort of ready answers for it."

"Improvised under the influence of," says Sparko.

What was the idea behind releasing 'As It Happens', the live album of a few months back?

Lee: "A lot of people said the reason why we put out 'As It Happens' was that it was our last record with United Artists and we had some live tapes so we just decided to smash 'em out."

"Well we knew all along they was wrong, but we weren't in a position to say so 'cos matters were still being negotiated and all this sort of thing. We put it out because wanted a live album, it's as simple as that. There was no politics behind it."

The Feelgoods have in fact taken up a new contract with UA, of which 'Let It Roll' is the first offspring.

Sparko: "Because what happens is, the songs that are on studio albums, by the time we've played them through on stage we think, 'That song needs a kick up the arse to make it work live', and so if you listen to the songs on the live album they're quite a bit different."

Lee: "They're sufficiently different to justify putting out two versions. It's not as if it's just the same thing rehearsed. By the time you've been playing it onstage for six months or maybe 18 months, the song's changed in the way you present it from the way you did it in the studio. The same will probably be true in two years' time of the material we're doing now."

down in the bierkellar at midnight, a champagne cork explodes to herald The Big Figure's birthday. "If we're gonna make prats of ourselves," announces Brilleaux, "we might as well all do it together. 'Ere, 'ave another one, mate. Look on it as a bribe." Much given to jocular badinage, this crew.

Still, the fact that the Feelgoods are, as they'd say, fond of a pale ale, doesn't qualify as the greatest scoop in the history of investigative journalism — and nor is it even the most significant or interesting thing about them.

What impresses is an easy-going professionalism, coupled with a sharp but humane and generous wit, more often than not directed inwards. Simply, I'd number them amongst the pleasantest company I've yet encountered in the line of duty, and I could have suffered a good deal more than the two days I had of it.

And beyond that, as the Berlin gig and the 'Let It Roll' set have reminded me, the band remains about the best we've got still working inside the mainstream of basic rock 'n' roll; four solid parts to a dependable and occasionally inspiring whole. It still feels good.

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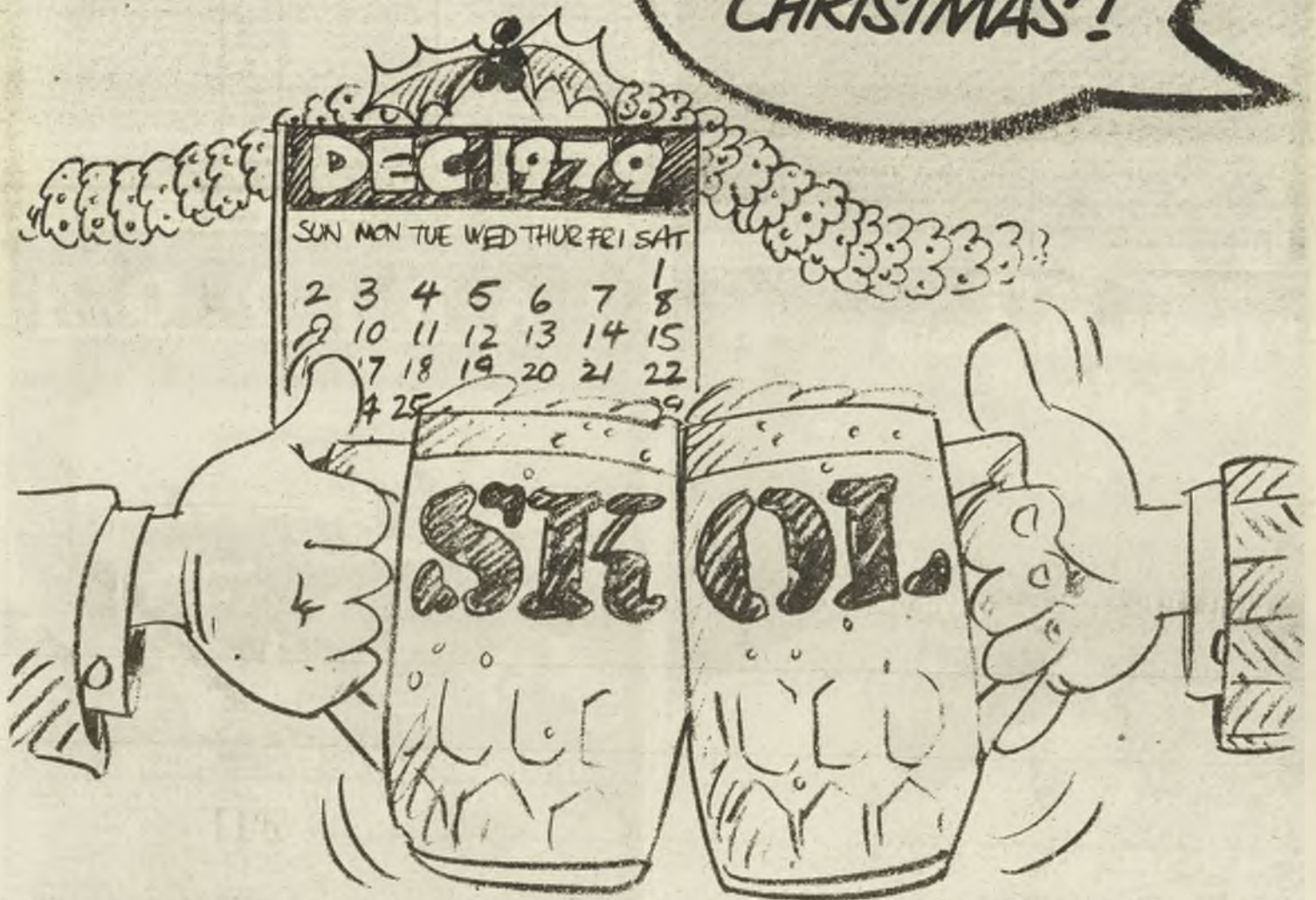
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RCA

Silver Screen

No one ever had a brother like Martin . . .

Martin

Directed by George Romero
Starring John Amplas,
Lincoln Maazel, Christine
Forrest and Eliyana
Nadeau.
(Miracle)

JUST how, Martin asks of an unsuspecting and largely uncaring world, how can a poor monster stand such times and live?

Made in 1977, this is 39-year-old American George Romero's fifth feature, but only the third to have had an airing over here. Those unfamiliar with the director's work are advised to see *Martin* simply because it's a remarkable little film; those already on intimate terms with the relentless horror shock overload of his *Night Of The Living Dead* and *The Crazies* are simply warned that they find themselves pleasantly or — who knows? — unpleasantly surprised by a change of directorial tack. In short, *Martin* pulls its many punches

in a no less calculated but infinitely more considered fashion.

To all appearances Martin (John Amplas) seems pretty much your standard-issue, spotty, awkward and introverted kid in his late teens. It's not long though before we discover that his inner urges are somewhat, er, anti-social. He has in fact a disconcerting habit of plunging syringes of liquid sedative into attractive, unaccompanied young women, assaulting them sexually when they're out cold and then cutting them open at, say, the wrist and gulping down their blood in a state of advanced excitement.

So far, so good or bad, depending. Any temptation to pass instant moral judgement on the boy is soon subverted by the behaviour of his irascible uncle Tata Kuda (Lincoln Maazel), a bearded, patriarchal shopkeeper who was born and brought up in Eastern Europe. Kuda, you see, keeps hissing the word "Nosferatu" in Martin's face and hangs cloves of garlic and

crucifixes on his bedroom door, quite convinced the boy's an 84-year-old vampire. The affliction, it seems, runs in the family.

And just what exactly is Martin: a repressed adolescent with psychotic tendencies who's seen too many *Dracula* movies and plays them back inside his head all the time or the genuine article struggling to come to some arrangement with life in the late '70s?

The choice is yours to make. Romero isn't telling, and leaves all gates open, scattering clues and counter-clues everywhere. But however you decide, the crux of the film, its centrepiece, is painfully simple — whatever Martin is, he's only going to find cold comfort in this world.

Martin is set in Braddock, a tacky suburb of Romero's native Pittsburgh, Pa., a community that's obviously fast running down: outer urban decay. And old answers don't meet new questions, even halfway. Once a social centre, the local church has burnt down and its priest (Romero himself) is largely unconcerned with the niceties of oldtime religion (i.e. how to deal with vampirism), preferring a glass of good wine after dinner.

Martin is evidently misplaced. At home he has to suffer Kuda's obsessively strict regime and the well-meaning but rather feckless attentions of his near-hysterical cousin Christina (Christine Forrest). Out on the street, he's just as isolated, denied access to any of the neighbourhood gangs and at one stage is literally caught in crossfire between blacks and police. All in all, Braddock has no social mechanisms to cope with the

RADIO ON



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The Screen on the Hill

Blanc stares or film noir?

Radio On

Written and directed by Christopher Petit
Starring David Beames, Lisa Kreuzer, Sandy Ratcliff and Sting (BFI)

THIS film is as frustrating to write about as it was to sit through. While on the one hand one wants to laud its stylistic confidence, its cinematic loquacity and its gloomy beauty, on the other there's a still, small voice crying "Self-indulgent CRAP!"

Actually, it's a dire warning to any intelligent film buff who's ever likely to get enough money together to make his/her own home movie, because that's exactly what it is.

It affects an identity that can only result from years of genre appreciation and often smacks of the sycophantic celebration of French New Wave and American Film Noir. Cocteau, Godard, Houston, Hawks, Anger and Polanski are all tapped for imagery, technique and even characterisation. In the process, Petit shows himself to be a sensitive stylist parading an insubstantial pageant.

It's an uneasy, restless film that follows the hero's journey from London to Bristol in an immaculate Rover 35 ostensibly to discover how or why his brother died. There is no stillness, from the buzz of traffic beyond rooms to the gently lapping water around the corpse in the bath (yes, that took me a little by surprise, too), and from the bitter monologue of the deserting soldier he picks up to the street-jive of the twelve-year-old pimp who offers him every kind of vice

for the price of a hot dog.

This constant tide of sound and movement reflects the hero's inner turmoil and dissatisfaction with his lot, and looking like one of the angst-ridden café revolutionaries in *Orphee*, David Beames (in the central role of Robert) mooches through the film with suitable lugubriousness.

The importance of music exceeds that of locale which, filmed in low-key light during the winter months, becomes an object lesson in how to transform a recognisable environment into an alien landscape. Not so much cinema-verite as cinema-menture it is necessary for the camera to linger embarrassingly on "Free Astrid Proll" graffiti to establish that we're in the Harrow Road.

Thus the radio becomes the primary contact with a tenuous reality both for Robert and the audience, besides acting as a narrative device and counterpoint to vision. Bowie, Kraftwerk, Fripp, Devo, Lovich and Dury all make an aural contribution



Radio On: "Ere, who's that geezer with Sting?" Eddie Cochran, is it?"

and despite being played at max. vol. develop from intrusive ornamentation into sensuous cases to nourish the weary traveller and maintain his state of wakefulness.

Although the latter may well be its sole intention, it did not, I fear, prevent me from nodding off during a particularly tedious exchange between Robert and the daughter-seeking fraulein with whom he becomes casually acquainted.

Petit's problem seems to me virtually identical to that of Kubrick. Neither can reconcile or integrate the natural passion of their human characters within the structured passion of their vision.

Kubrick attempts to disguise this by defining his images within the bounds of instantly recognisable genres or periods; Petit tries to do it primarily by utilising music on an unprecedented level.

Neither is wholly successful. It's a tiring experience. The things I recall with any feeling approaching enjoyment are one or two cameos including the aforementioned hot dog kid, Sting's touching portrayal of the Cochran-obsessed garage-hand, and the car, so lovingly depicted that at one point, after a rain storm, virtually every drop of water is seen gleaming against the paint like beads of sweat on skin.

But these are fleeting moments in a movie of 101 minutes, and there are many counterweighted memories, not least of which is the dialogue, to leave one ultimately frustrated and unfulfilled.

In the end, like Robert, all I wanted to do was take the last train to Alphaville.

Neil Norman

On The Box

Friday November 30
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD Colourful swashbuckling nonsense with Errol Flynn as Dennis Moore and Olivia De Havilland as the Marian he makes. Basil Rathbone is the loathesome Sheriff, Erich Wolfgang Korngold wrote the loathesome music and Michael Curtiz directed, sort of, in 1938. (BBC2).

GUNS AT BATASI Stolid study of the impracticalities of imperialism, not to mention the obscenity. Made in 1964, when Richard Attenborough was still a fair actor, with stalwarts Jack Hawkins and Flora Robson and soppy John Leyton and Mia Farrow. No wonder John Guillermin went on to make *King Kong*. (BBC 1).

Sunday December 2
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES One of those 'the longer it is / the more stars we shove in / the funnier it'll be' lops, but if you have 2hrs 12mins to spare watch out for Terry-Thomas, Tony Hancock and Benny Hill. Ken Annakin directed, flabbily, in 1965 (BBC 1).

SIDDHARTHA Conrad Rooks' dodgy, dopey version of the suspect Hesse novelette. Artsy fartsy photography from (the usually excellent) Sven Nykvist makes it a treat for the lids, if you're that way inclined, but there's nothing Shashi Kapoor or any of the other actors can do to make it anything but 1973 druggy indulgence. (BBC 2).



"See, I can caress a cross, eat garlic sausage, watch *Life Of Brian*, and everything..." John Amplas is Martin.

boy; he's alienated, outcast.

Sympathy, such as it is, comes from Mrs Santini (Elyane Nadeau), an unbalanced but attractive housewife from a better part of town who appreciates Martin's almost limitless capacity to listen to her talk aloud to and about herself. She even deigns to seduce him, an action that helps Martin more than she knows.

The DJ on the local radio station's early hours phone-in also becomes and ally, albeit an unwitting one; Martin confesses on the air, only to have the DJ make a melodrama of it all. The irony is sublime.

Martin's 'function' is at best negative; he remains a sort of un-person as people insist on characterising him according

to their own preconceptions. And he still has to kill, and kill again.

The particular brilliance of *Martin* lies in Romero's ability to sustain his and our own ambivalence towards his central character, but the film's ripples are wider. Is vampirism "magic" or just a metaphor for madness? Do we rush to condemn someone like Martin as monstrous or merely patronise them as mutant, aberrant?

Martin doesn't offer answers, but it certainly begs all the right questions as, with a sharp, often sympathetic, often witty eye, it exposes the hypocrisy latent in so many 'accepted' social standards. Put down your blood money for it now.

Angus MacKinnon



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CHEAP CHAPPO

ROGER CHAPMAN AND THE SHORTLIST LIVE IN HAMBURG

It Had To Happen

It was on February 22nd 1979, that Roger Chapman And The Shortlist embarked on their English Tour. Without much further ado, they proceeded to 'pull the nite down' upon an unsuspecting audience, a pattern of events that was to repeat itself time and time again.

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SINGLES

SINGLE FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT

THE POLICE: *Walking On The Moon* (A&M). Message to you, in a bottleneck: love letters, straight for our chart. Made for one another.

A while since I've been persuaded by pop music, but this one is straight to my heart; there's no doubt any longer. Now that The Police have won the necessary space — not to mention hearts — and their eyes are open, there's no sleeping, no sweet nothings. I sensed it the other night — on the thinktank pub jukebox — with 'Message In A Bottle': it's no ordinary affair between those three and popular music's form. Just between you and me, I hope that someone gets the ... Drift around normative lines and tunes: Signifier Over Signified!

So dignified; what a leisurely affair! 'Walking On The Moon' is an undeniable serenade, hinged around popularity or sexuality or some post-euphoric sleight of hand-in-hand. 'Walking On The Moon' isn't soft soil, understated though it is. It's risky double seduction: edible reggae and hungry pop interest.

Guitar and bass and drums meet in all the wrong places, at all the nicest times, so discreetly. There's no point as such to the song — where it could all suddenly focus safely, assured of a meaning — so you're left exhausted but ... not over the moon but ... kept hanging on. All of which is the right pop path for a single which sounds like something Tim Buckley would have headed for, via recent dub twists, a little more bittersweet than most. Sting's vocal recalls Buckley as lazy, speedy starsailor; less of a voice than a metaphor. What for? 'Walking back from your house, walking on the moon ... I've thought this recently, but it's nice to have accompaniment. Bought it yet? I'm grinning and fading away ...

EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN EUROPA

HOLGER CZUKAY: *Cool In The Pool* (EMI). I've got some slight & busy fun fare for you, you crybabies. C'mon footsy, or at least wiggle a toe in the water ... Given the gorgeous wink of 'Walking On The Moon', its spelling and grammar marked personal, the subsequent majority of this week's singles paled. Their hooks and lines are swung together all too obviously: music for a repressively limited pleasure: snapshots. Disco, reggae, electronic, whatever, all one demands is at least a smudge of a thought set in motion, made even lingeringly apparent — who cares who was actually 'responsible' for



POLICE ... Pic: Anton Corbijn



HOLGER CZUKAY ... Pic: Pennie Smith

Messages Inna Bracket: IAN PENMAN



Dream

it, singer, writer, producer, personal chef ... Less melancholy, please. Here is a little something which managed to walk around the linear assemblage bloc: a squeaky biscuit to cure the craving of fond hearts that've waited patiently in the absence of a follow up to Can's 1976 slip of a disc, 'I Want More'. If greed was someone could re-release Can's 'Silent Night' this year as well ...

But back to upfront, flipmates. Can have evidently broken up — for the seventh time last week — and bass persona Czukay is first man in space beyond. 'Cool' is Canny collage stuck down on chuckling, jazzy rhythm guitar, with trombones rolling, a middle Eastern sounding bagpipe, interlarding voices and all in all a lot of brackets. What a sandwich. Mmm!

LA JOUISSANCE DU ...

SUICIDE: *Dream Baby Dream* (Island/Ze 12). No biased shopping lists to reference either 'Suicide' or 'Synthesiser'. They aren't



Moon



Cool

Baby It's Code Outside



SUICIDE (Allan) ... Pic: Joe Stevens

their song till we can digest its sweet nothing(ness) no longer. Straight up!

HORTENSE ELLIS: *Love Comes From Unexpected Places* (UA). 'Here I am outside your door, trying to tell you just once more ...' A lovely memory sadly remade, remodelled. Hortense Ellis deserved a public hearing with this song in its original form when it was sharply



produced, sad-eyed and torchy. Now it's been greased down with MOR syrup, presumably to cash in on the kind of Cresta 'reggae' pop charts have recently taken a liking to: more chintz than skank. The lyric reads ironically: 'The love songs on the radio you never hear enough of ... Be possessive with the original by all means: stoop not to this workpersonlike impostor.

JOE JACKSON: *It's Different For Girls* (A&M). Fluorescent lights are popping on now and I'm blinking at the shrinkwrap of a real new morning and so what's this doing here? Copied in duplicate, homely hatchlings from one so sharp? These foolish things one can expect from a likely 'sensitive' and 'seasoned' and 'knowing' lad, things for him to sing and construct a dodgy persona around. They'll like that. He

knows all about boy-girl relationships: that is, his. He knows how these things work under the light of a late '60s perspective, he's a smug alec with no new language and the duldest of bands backing him ... I mean, there do exist bands which I would prefer to leave not take, but whose surface noise I can still perceive to be manifestly not made up entirely of old junk, run out mills, cosy constructions (the B-52's being a good example thereof). Bands like Joe's Mob just leave me stone unendangered; the same old dried up rocky tea leaves, nought but padding about, padding it out. 'Girls' has an opening bass bubble from Ace's old 'How Long' and a Lettraset lyric ('Mama always told me / Save yourself, take a little time and find the right girl') which leaves now to be deciphered and which surely has little dignity anywhere but inside the mouldiest rockandroll hipster folio file. There have to be new devices.

4 BE 2: One Of The Lads (Island 12)

THE DISTRACTIONS: *It Doesn't Bother Me* (Island) **THE BEAT:** *Tears Of A Clown* (2 Tone). All new noise should take a peek (at least) into the back codes of the harder contempo disco and dub. Straight noise — listenable, adaptable, danceable — ought to have bits missing: that dub touch. From frame to frame, shot to shot, the reflexive positioning of spaces in relation to a predictable norm is a must. A bit of speed or slurr ... A lot of the newer 'pop' and 'Mod' soundtrack presents such a cranky, cluttered living room; dynamism as the crow flies is such a pointless haste. The most boring songs are those in which 'means' — musical sign — and 'end' — meaning — attempt self-identification: the (dead) End.

The 4 Be 2's foursome is produced by a Pit with a relative in the ranks; this shower show how to avoid staid lines, despite — or perhaps in part because of — material which sounds somewhat a premature release. The 1½-plus dub track listing of 4 Be 2 is an early lesson in 'lazy' economy, right blocs removed and razors in. Lovely banjo.

In comparison, the slick Modstomp of The Beat, and The Distractions' glossy harmonic coat have little to offer. The Distractions' 'It Doesn't Bother Me' is their first 'big' label stroll, after one EP and a recent single for Manchester's T.J.M. A very serious fan of theirs tells me that there are some closing drum quirk previously not included, but I'm still left at a

Continues over

More Singles

From previous page

languent to their snappy, happy family frequencies. The Beat are another 2 tone act. Something to do with squeaky shoes and migraines? Or is it Italian shirts and Woodbines? Anyway, as regards the rendition of 'Tears Of A Clown' all we in the Motown wing can find in it is diagrammatic and far too strictly up / down, as opposed to wrapped all around the matter's heart. The idea of attempting a specific version of somebody else's original seems like a bit of a contradiction-in-terms: providing a public with the 'different' version it wants to hear? Come to think on it, this season's whole monstrous 'Mod revival' sprawl reminds a non-aligned youth of nothing so much as those children's books where scenery, characters and storyline all fold out — Ooh! See the flimsy cardboard! — when you open the big pages



BING CROSBY WITH LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Gone Fishin' (MCA). What was quite possibly the first ever DJ talkover duo disc, rhythmically meticulous, ideologically inviting. Here's the kind of revival we should all be knocking down to, eh? BC: 'Gone fishin', by a shady wady pool... LA: 'Shangri-la! Really la!' BC: 'I'm wishin', I could be that kind of fool' LA: 'Shall I twist your arm?' Historically, probably beats the Beats by a few years as well. Does this mean we'll have to re-write 1976?

DOLL BY DOLL: Teenage Lightning (Automatic)
THE DAMNED: I Just Can't Be Happy Today (Chiswick). Doll By Doll are straining out

PLASTICS



Artaud / H. D. Lamp 'psychotic' diarrhetic, studded up in the same old slaypen power chords and steely lyrics. I'm frightened by how many such hardy bands there are, about their collective metabolism (first album, second, third...) Their inevitable picture sleeves don't even come in useful, the way postage stamps do. This is all too much for me as you may have noticed.

All I can say about The Damned is that we all love em in our street because they're cheeky chaps, always up to their tricks and will we ever tire of it? Lemmy plays bass with the boys on their trip through the old sweet favourite 'Ballroom Blitz' which once and for all proves what good taste they have. Welcome to the '80s.

SQUEEZE: Christmas Day (A&M)
CHIC: My Feet Keep Dancing (Atlantic)

FAD GADGET: Back To Nature / The Box (Mute)
PLASTICS: Copy / Robot (Rough Trade)

A K PROCESS: Electronic Music (Output). Nothing too taxing: four of these will be staying in my vicinity, probably to be taped and hummed unconsciously in the company of all my friends from the off licence. The Squeeze single is the odd one out because it points neither a steady beat nor found-and-then-lost-and-perhaps-found-again sound as an essential starting point in production. What will happen is Squeeze will dress up in Santa Claus suits and hand out presents on

television to handicapped children. The song itself has harps and religious flashbacks and generally not the sort of businesses one was expecting from the group that brought us 'Luton Airport'.

I presume the Chic track is taken from some album or other, hopefully their latest one as I am a sucker for collecting things and would not want to know that all the effort put in to building up the complete set was in vain.

Fad Gadget and Plastics do goody thingamys with that droolest of instruments, the drum machine ('A house for jiving in', Le Corbusier) — my favourite noise this week, well, at least until the Water Board sort out the next door overflow's Zen dub practice. I like 'Electronic Music' best of all because, like the more precious dub albums, the way it transmits information and lays out graphics are knotted tightly in a creative exposition of blank space, minimalist biography and bricolage. If Output Records' home is anything to go on — 14 Castle Road, NW1 — then I'd wager that 'The Castle' has a major role to play in this unfolding psychodramatic soundscaping. For all you or I know, 'Electronic Music' could have been recorded whilst its 'producer' had popped out for a swift one at The Castle (lovely pub) before dinner was ready. Piscemeal drinking: that's the methodology!

ESSENTIAL LOGIC: Popcorn Boy (Rough Trade/Logic). I'm off to see this lot play tonight if I don't catch a cold before I arrive; I certainly need something more striking than 'Popcorn Boy' to diminish sniffling old doubt. Logic music is too fussy, too laboured on record and too messy, too ill behaved on stage. Lora's singing like Marc Bolan here, and that's the only sure impression left. At this point in the morning I'd like to sneak in a recommendation for a different Rough Trade single, already reviewed, but not exactly sent off in a grand manner. The Monochrome Set's third single, called simply 'The Monochrome Set' is different and fab and everybody should at least hear its title refrain so that they can go about singing it and annoy irritable stuffy neighbours.

EDDY GRANT: Grandma (Ice).
BILL LOVELADY: One More Reggae For The Road (Charisma). I don't believe in the word 'reggae' on the Charisma label, only in reggae labels with charisma. I don't believe in follow ups to Clive Dunn's 'Grandad' sung by someone living on the front line; I might stretch to Front Line putting out a Sly Dunbar Christmas single called 'Grandub'.

MIKE OLDFIELD: Blue Peter (Virgin)
MANHATTAN TRANSFER: Foreign Affair (Atlantic). Go for Oldfield's Blue Peter Cambodia Appeal if you don't like the Khmer Rouge, Manhattan Transfer if you don't like backing tracks on your single, and if you don't like yourself, there's always...

JETHRO TULL: Four Track E.P. (Chrysalis)
IVOR BIGGON: Four Track E.P. (Beggars Banquet)



Bing Crosby (left) and Louis Armstrong go fishing. (Are you sure about this? — Ed.)

The MEKONS

from under your beds into your hearts



the quality of mercy is not strnen
new album V2143

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Always Passion In The Same Car



Pictured (left to right): Clive Timperley, Richard Williams, Claire Bidwell, Barbara Gogan. Pic. Steve Dixon.

THE HIPPEST launch into their as-yet only half-realised Chas Smash routines, while the less ambitious take a stab at the Lydon scarecrow skank and the diehards at the front break into the ribcage-crushing pogoism of old. Regardless of the mode of expression, everywhere you look the Liverpool Eric's crowd are on their feet dancing, bearing out the old adage that provincial audiences can 'truck', 'groove' and generally shake ass a good deal more determinedly than their more self-conscious London counterparts.

And this is before any of the night's bands have as much as set a foot on the stage!

Put it down to the management's enlightened decision to install what must be the best rock venue jukebox in the country if you will, but it runs deeper than that.

Whatever else, the bands of '79, from The Specials to Gang of Four, have encouraged a return to the dancing-shoe consciousness that seemed to get hopelessly lost in last year's post-punk confusion. And not before time, either.

The Passions' Dublin-born singer Barbara Gogan sits in a Merseyside hotel lounge after the opening date of the Future Pastimes tour that the band are undertaking with their Fiction Records stablemates The Cure and The Associates. She pinpoints the shirt that is taking place.

"I really like the fact that people dance to us," she smiles. "I hate gigs where everyone just stands looking straight ahead. Like, I went to see Joy Division at the Electric Ballroom and it really struck me that there were all these people just standing and waiting for something to happen, waiting for some divine inspiration."

"It's really strange 'cause all these

bands like Joy Division and Gang of Four play really rhythmic music. But there's still a bit of a hangover from last year when everyone was supposed to enjoy themselves in a certain way. You weren't allowed to move at all."

"You usually find that the people in the bands are a lot less po-faced about it themselves. It's just some people that pick up on them and try to read so many meaningful things into them."

"People actually play music 'cause they enjoy it. It isn't a business of suffering for humanity. I mean, we have serious ideas as well, but entertainment is entertainment. It's not bland, piped supermarket music, but it's still a night out."

THE PASSIONS' Liverpool gig, though eventually successful enough, was dogged by trouble from the onset. They arrived in the dingy backstreets outside the club to find that neither headliners The Cure, nor second support band The Associates, had yet turned up. What was more, the equipment all three bands were to use that night was stranded in a van that had broken down just out of Birmingham. A few frantic phone calls from Fiction supreme Chris Parry ensured the gig went ahead, though The Passions could play only a shortened set.

Otherwise, things are going well between Fiction and the band with their first single on the label in the shops and a tour on the move. However, the decision to go with Chris Parry's Polydor-backed set-up rather than making their own records was not easily reached — though all are in agreement that the right decision was made.

"Our whole relationship with Fiction is a very personal one," says Barbara, the group's most loquacious spokesperson. "It's not an ideological stance we're taking by signing. It's just that we like Chris and get on with him. We're not really into the alternative ideology of, say,

Rough Trade. We could have signed the single ourselves but we reckoned we'd be better off concentrating on improving musically and leaving most of the business up to Chris."

"We're not really prepared to put that much time and effort into doing the record ourselves," adds drummer Richard Williams.

I appreciate the frankness, but isn't the attitude a lazy one?

"You could call it lazy — apart from the fact that we really work hard at what we do. There's enough to do without being involved in your own record label as well."

Parry's prowess as a producer — he was in the console for the first two Jam albums — was another factor that swayed them towards Fiction, all concerned being decidedly unhappy with the sound on their debut single 'Needles And Pills', released on the Soho independent at the start of the year.

THE PASSIONS first came to prominence about a year ago along with a glut of bands from The Raincoats to Prag VEC and Scritti Politti who played the clubs and halls of West London, particularly Labrooke Grove's Acklam Hall.

They had formed 12 months earlier when bassist Claire Black teamed up with vocalist Mitch Barker. The two were joined by Barbara and Richard, who had previously formed one half of leftist pub rockers The Derelicts with Barbara's younger sister Sue, and John Studholm; now both of Prag VEC — incestuous is hardly the word for this! — and guitarist Clive Timperley of Joe Strummer's pre Clash outfit The 101-ers. The quintet was eroded down to a four-piece earlier this year with the departure of founder member Mitch, a move which left Barbara to take over lead vocals.

Naturally enough, they spurn any suggestion that they were part of a

'scene'. During the simultaneous emergence of the aforementioned bands earlier this year.

"I suppose there was a sort of lump of bands just then," muses Barbara, "but we were never really part of it. The thing is that everyone would say that they weren't part of it — if you talked to Prag VEC and The Raincoats you'd get the same answer, but there was a feeling of uneasiness that there was this lump."

"I always thought of them as all being 'arty' bands," pipes up Richard defensively. "We were never as arty ourselves. We're more straightforward. The rhythms we have are more like basic rock rhythms." With the exception of Claire, who is in her first band, The Passions are all musicians who were around before the punk upheaval of '76 — a point over which they are refreshingly candid.

Punk split up those bands like The Derelicts and 101-ers," says Richard. "And we didn't do anything when punk first came along. We only started going again after a year or so when things had cooled down a bit. There was no way we could pretend to be 18-year-old punks."

"Though some of their songs, like the feminist 'Why Me' and 'Ireland's War', are overtly political, The Passions remain a band with modest, realistic aims and aspirations."

"This band is like something I really want to do and really work hard at it," muses Barbara. "You work really hard at it for a long time and you don't want a day job because that really detracts from what you're trying to do. I find that working eight or ten hours a day just leaves me no time to write songs, but that's what I have to do at the moment 'cause I can't earn enough money from the band."

"I mean, that's all I'd like to be able to do in the end. Just to be able to do the band, and have enough money to live at the same time, and do what I do really well."

Adrian Thrills interviews the latest graduates of the Acklam Hall Academy of Unlumpable Bands and gets stitched up with one of this week's dodgier headlines.

Once upon a time in the far, far east...

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ALBUMS



Roger Waters smiles/Pic by George Wilkes



Rick Wright tells a joke/Pic by Barry Plummer



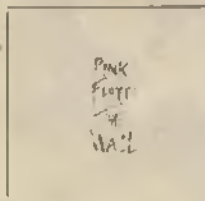
Nick Mason laughs/Pic by Joe Stevens



David Gilmour is amused /Pic by G Allen

Pink Floyd: A Band With Walls!!!

Roger Waters stars in "Sick As A Brick" extravaganza, IAN PENMAN fills him in with mortar and board



PINK FLOYD The Wall (Harvest)

FOREMEN of the apocalypse Pink Floyd are still alive, four lost men in a popular music eclipse.

"The Wall" is four sides to the story. But of course! Each wall contains four letters of the alphabet; each wall faces one other. When put together conceptually, as one, as a definitive *the*, they form a metaphor for the lack of any EXIT sign or WELCOME mat within, for that which takes place between — wait for it — Birth and Death.

A long wait for it. From "Dark Side Of The Moon" to "The Wall" is foursquare(s), four releases from the Floyd recluses. But is "The Wall" its own last brick? Sounds likely, for it's a seamlessly fatalistic piece of work, a monument of self-centred pessimism. Its "point" is everywhere and nowhere to be heard, unavoidably understandable, hopelessly clichéd, idealistically beached and, for Floyd, archetypal. It functions but, if one could remove all references dotted around sleeve and labels that posit

this artefact as the production of a rock band, "The Wall" might be sold as a new board game in time for Christmas.

"The Wall" is a rock musician's equivalent of the fired executive's toy, a gleaming, frivolous gadget that serves to occupy midspace. It's misplaced boredom. Graphics by Gerald Scarfe: really!

As was pointed out in an article on the group just over four (!) years ago (Idris Waters, *Let It Rock* 33) and just before the release of "Wish You Were Here" — the second brick — the Waters, Mason, Gilmour and Wright Floyd began their formal musical career as "students of design, an Architecture house band". But, pertinently, "Syd Barrett was not a student of Architecture. The others were". Syd was alone in his "room of musical tunes . . .". The others were out scraping skies, scanning the interstellar horizon, mapping out surface planes rather than more obtuse interior angles.

The three bricks before "The Wall" — I'm not suggesting that Pink Floyd begins at "Dark Side Of The Moon", but that a certain sequence of Pink Floyd does — seemed to have better sound effects than actual musical substance. Otherwise they were — what? A lucid Moody Blues? They were very "English", certainly. Comfortable and dour. A timepiece. Very ticktock. Regular as a metaphor (eg particularly those on "Animals").

Thus to the wall: society: rockandrollas: microcosm of

same. As designers, as their own architecture, their own four-piece suite, as a rockandroll machine for living in, Floyd have built their job of work right around themselves. "The Wall" finds them rather shocked by the realisation of this fact — that rockandroll, as with any social practice, is not the autonomous wonderland they had assumed it to be, that the artist's lot is a pretty vacant one.

And they shall atone for their sins, shall do two Bloody Marys, will make of themselves martyrs and martyrs' concept albums thereof shall they also make, renouncing therein all their rocky wordly goods, their drugs and their groupies and their tours.

And so shall they recognize that outside all their insular overdrive there do indeed exist . . . Other Things!!! Then shall they tell us what a pile of shit these Other Things are, and shall spread this revelation thinly across too much vinyl. And it shall be promoted expensively.

(And lo, they saw above them in the ether a floating pig, etc. etc. . .).

Perhaps a year of night shifts in an EMI pressing plant might serve the purpose more fittingly, but we have "The Wall" before us and must speak of it. As double albums go, it should have gone onto two sides of one single: which makes good sense, doesn't it as much time, and wouldn't bother so many tax officers. The hypothesis behind "The Wall" — or under it, or along it,

or wherever architects put such things — is potentially interesting. Your starter for life: are subjects born or made?

Unfortunately, this is aligned to more familiar themes, such as: is genius a *priori* pain? If the answer to this question is yes, then of course the majority of analytical rock musicians need to lose at least three limbs in a very unpleasant manner in order to better facilitate the arrival of aforementioned genius. This office is no exception.

Wall Number One ploughs through old faithfuls like birth and the family unit ("The Thin Ice" — there's a new metaphor, eh? "Another Brick In The Wall, Part 1", education ("Another Brick In The Wall, Part 2" — beginning to get the picture? "The Happiest Days Of Our Lives") and growing up, up and away ("Mother" — which doesn't deserve to have the same title as Lennon's song).

Waters' lyrics, set against the stark relief of their specific topics and targets, are pitifully inadequate, sinking deeper and more dogged depths into true self-expression and part-time social worry wrock: "Hey teacher leave the kids alone! All in all you're just another brick in the wall."

Walls Two Three and Four go round and round the centre of our universe (the Narrator) sardonically and supra-sensitively, wrapped in warm, sick-room blankets of twining orchestral rock starburst and simplistic studio jiggery-pokery, ploughing

ever onward through the nightly nettles and haywire of said Narrator's gradual decline into reality. Waters' lyrics here read like a textbook, or the over-sincere first draft of an ill-considered symbolist novel; no-one's asking for literature, but really, filling in the penultimate hole with something called "The Trial"?

"Outside The Wall" concludes: small print etched on the artist's soul: "After all it's not easy/Banging your heart against some mad bugger's Wall." Oh how sad.

Waters' grandiloquent old pessimism — "Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way" — has built a castle with "The Wall" — and one constructed entirely of sentiment. As a thumbnail sketch of certain social features, "The Wall" is worth waiting for. Pink Floyd should do as town planners do, and erect signs (in record shop windows) saying "Development Underway. Scheduled 1981". But they're going to have to utilise stronger trumpets than these to get those communicative blocks a tumbling down.

Throughout "The Wall" there is in fact less Floyd noise and more song-orientated structure than for a long metric mile. But for all that I'm further away from the least knowledge of Waters/Floyd's, yes, politics. No joke. If "The Wall" isn't Waters' prerevolutionary tract then best expect simultaneous suicide within the Pink Army Floyd. If they could integrate it within a Knebworth show they

might be able to become As One With All Environments Everywhere without anybody even noticing!

And I still say: the necessity of a wall is the falling of ceilings. But then what do I know? After all, when it comes down to it, in the end: like, we're all just bricks in

Ian Penman

SPHERICAL OBJECTS Elliptical Optimism (Object Music)

SPHERICAL Objects are an idiosyncratic pop group from Manchester, and the misspelt "Elliptical Optimism" is their second album. Dominant factors in their sound are Duncan Prestbury's swirling, bubblegum organ and Steve Solamar's rather mannered, Ferrysque vocals, but the music also possesses a spikey spirit of pop adventurism that fits exactly into the late '70s.

That said, the album veers between the good and the entirely mediocre, the major inconsistency being Solamar's lyrics. Several songs appear either flatly inconsequential or densely obscure. Otherwise, it's a clean, simple pop sound, often melodic, with the organ working smartly against John Bisset-Smith's modestly sharp guitar and Solamar's occasional harmonica.

A mildly enjoyable, mildly irritating, inconclusive kind of album. Spherical Objects seem to be pursuing an arty personal type of pop which often becomes too elliptical and precious for its own good

Graham Lock

THE MEKONS The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen (Virgin)

THE Mekons' reputation as a charming shamblers has been undermined recently by a thoroughly weedy debut single for Virgin and a general feeling that their live gigs are becoming decreasingly charming the longer they continue to be a shambles.

Well, surprise surprise, their first album proves The Mekons can get themselves together (relatively speaking), yet retain those endearing qualities that constitute the heart of their appeal. 'The Quality Of Mercy Is Not Strnen' — the title comes from the theory that if you give a chimpanzee a typewriter and an infinite amount of time he'll eventually reproduce the works of Shakespeare — is an enjoyable, good-humoured, hummable, danceable, singalongamekon pop extravaganza: a teenybop-punk amalgam that may still be sloppy in some places, soppy in others, but disarms the listener into a willing and pleasurable acquiescence.

The Mekons are sometimes reminiscent of a rather goofy '60s pop tradition that includes Herman's Hermits and Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders; but their energy and general zest saves them from the maudlin gaucheness to which these predecessors were prone. And they can be situated quite clearly in the context of contemporary pop; somewhere between the naive exuberance of The TV Personalities and Joe Jackson's calculated self-effacement, or between the ramshackle enthusiasm of Wreckless Eric and the ex-Reillys frenzied fun.

Their best songs are deceptively slight romantic vignettes. Like, 'I Saw You Dance', a heart-rendering tale of teenage lust; or 'After Six',

a classic telephone-love pop ditty; or 'Rosanne' a touching affirmation of affection and tolerance: "if you buy new shoes I will stretch them/if you have other men I will like them".

Occasionally, The Mekons do stray into a simplicity and helplessness that sounds merely contrived, as on 'Lonely And Wet'. But the least successful songs on the album are the rather threadbare social commentaries of 'Trevira Trousers' and 'Join Us In The Countryside', the most perplexing a bizarre 'Beetroot' and 'Watch The Film', an apparently intense critique of modern culture which reads awkwardly with an insanely catchy tune and the dafest, most attractive, guitar solo on the album.

Perhaps the big surprise of 'Strnen' is that The Mekons have not only attained musical competence but — aided by producer Bob Last — also a fair degree of adventurousness and imagination. The slow strum of 'After Six', the sadly crashing guitars on 'Lonely And Wet' and the delicate piano buried deep in the mix of 'Rosanne' are all maddeningly effective yet utterly simple.

Although the guitars provide the most immediately affecting noises, it's the steady backbone of drums and bass which really hold the album together. The Mekons are perhaps too fond of a few techniques which The Gang Of Four employ with far more impact — the repetitive chanting of a single line, the device of suddenly fading all instruments except the drums — but used sparingly on their brief, jolly anthems like 'Dan Dare' and 'What Are We Going To Do Tonight', the band make them work well.

The Gang Of Four, incidentally, are featured on the back cover in a silly pose

But what does it all Mekon?



For The Mekons: A Hit!

amidst a collection of chimp photos; while the inner sleeve has a superb parody-cum-reconstruction of the Gang pic which graced the NME's front page earlier in the year. A deft, funny and affectionate touch which typifies the moods and music on 'Strnen'.

For The Mekons, a hit!
Graham Lock

VARIOUS ARTISTS Classics & Rarities

(Capricorn)

THEY say the South will rise again, but with music like this around it'll need a good alarm clock. What made Macon, Georgia, famous is encapsulated in this 10-year

anniversary sampler of alleged highlights from Capricorn Records and doesn't do much for me, only makes me think how clever I've been to avoid the label's output for all this time.

Do you, for instance, sincerely want to hear the appalling Allman Brothers and their dreadful 'Jessica' yet again? Or the most obscure of all James Taylor's innumerable family drone his way through a song about life on the highway?

No, I thought not. Throw in a few '60s soul-men sadly out to '70s grass, Bonnie Bramlett and a whole host of dubious characters in cowboy hats, and that's about it.

Paul Du Noyer

IMPORTS

AN energetic young lady is Ellen Shipley. "Hey, I just can't wait anymore, you got to open that door, I'm jumping out of my skin," she proclaims on 'Ellen Shipley' (New York International), a recording that's so full of get-up-and-go that even the casual listener can be excused if he or she feels totally exhausted after tuning in to just a track or two.

Trouble is, that enthusiasm alone is not enough. And Ms Shipley's succession of quite ordinary rockers, all self-penned, mainly with the aid of producer and keyboardist Ralph Schuckett, do not a real album make. Most operate on exactly the same verse-and-chorus premise, the latter usually containing an oft-repeated hook that also serves as a song title.

Thus 'Good Thing Going', checks in with a chorus that explains "Really got a good thing going, really got a good thing going, really got a good thing going", while 'Over The Edge', 'Little Sister' (no, not the Presley/Cooder hotshot of that name) and 'I Surrender' are all equally into the repetition game.

Not that the album's a complete waste of vinyl. Schuckett and Ed Sprigg's production is excellent, there are moments when things really cook, and some of the back-up work — by a cast that includes Rick Derringer, Rouge, and Hall and Oates — is sprightly and inventive. With a couple of decent writers on hand, the whole affair might easily have proved a winner. But as things stand, it's just riffs in the rough, with no way of getting onto that final green.

In contrast, Count Buffalos' 'Emergency' (Toshiba), is almost computer controlled in its perfection. No one toots a note out of place and the probability is that the drummer cleaned his shoes twice before the session took place. Then, Count Buffalos, bless their jazz-rock socks, are Japanese and really into the audio purity market. 'Emergency' is, as you may have guessed, a direct-cut disc (and, incidentally, a low-priced one) of the type tailored to offend no-one. The band, out of Chicago/Players Association, with a vocalist called Tan Tan, who's a vocal ringer for Nancy Wilson, are technically proficient, their solos are immaculate and their material safe.

In short, they offer just enough to tempt the rock fraternity without in the least upsetting any of those munificent men with their Muzak machines. One day, quite soon, it's inevitable that Japan will provide a band that'll do to rock music what Honda and Yamaha have done to the world of motor-cycling. And though Count Buffalos are obviously not the right band for the job, I think it's well worth keeping an eye on the situation.

Tiny Moore and Jethro Burns' 'Back To Back' (Kaleidoscope) sounds like the horror story of the year on the face of things. Imagine a brace of mandolins being played by a cornball comedian and a member of Marie Haggard's country music band. Certainly the prospect would not seem at all inviting. But backed by such fine jazzers as bassist Ray Brown and drummer Shelly Manne and given an assist by third mandolinist and producer David Grisman, they make great, timeless music that deserves further exposure. I suggest Ronnie Scott pencils them in as a forthcoming possibility.

Fred Deller

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Volume Two

THE RAINCOATS

The Raincoats

(Rough Trade)

THE RAINCOATS' album, along with those by such as Gang Of Four and The Slits, is one of the few this year to contribute to rock's advance into the 1980s. If this makes the record sound heavy, it isn't. It's simply an infusion of new ideas, new textures and new sounds that are sorely needed in the current context of mod revival and decrepid punk.

It's an album of lovely, clattery percussion, jangly guitars and the swooping, swinging violin of Vicky Aspinall. An album of dense noise, subtle rhythmic change, and the catchiest pop tunes of the year. An album that dismantles rock'n'roll tradition and uses the bits to build a new and lighter place.

The Raincoats begins with a track of closely interwoven harmony singing that harks back to a girl-group genre epitomised by The Dixie Cups singing 'Chapel Of Love'. At other times, the hovering presence of the violin is akin to John Cale's viola on early Velvet Underground tracks. In between, The Raincoats play a skittering, sinuous compulsive beat version of rock'n'roll that owes nothing to the macho mainstream, a little to dub and the avant-garde, and most to their own imaginations.

I really love the sound of this album: the violin, scratchy or plangent, is deployed with radical versatility and Palmolive's hard, hollow drum sound carries the beat while sometimes seeming to dance along it too, as if shooting on the other instruments. It's a tragedy that she left the group last September.

The songs are those which comprised The Raincoats' live set, including 'Adventures Close To Home' and 'In Love'



From one Raincoat ...



... to another. Both pix by David Corio

For The Raincoats: A Hitette!

from the 'Fairyteale In The Supermarket' single and The Kinks' 'Lola'.

The most striking tracks are 'Off Duty Trip' and 'No Looking'. The former describes a soldier's rape of a young girl, and is based on an actual case in which the rapist was acquitted by the judge simply so he could continue with his army career. Urgent, scurrying rhythms underpin the restrained anger of the vocals and a narrative in which understatement and acute choice of detail are all the more disturbing: "See side town, off duty trip / taking flesh, going to let it rip / with the rings on his fingers".

'No Looking', based on a poem by Jacques Prevert, is

adapted by The Raincoats to highlight male indifference as a kind of moral cowardice. What begins as another "he left me" song turns remarkably into an accusation of emotional weakness and a gleeful, chanting revenge.

The Raincoats are not an explicitly feminist band but it's no distortion to see a feminist influence running through their work. 1979 has been an important year for rock'n'roll because it's the first year women have made a significant intervention in the music's development. The entry of The Slits and The Raincoats into the commercial market has meant women musicians creating their own divergent musics, almost

tangential to the rock tradition, incorporating many new cultural influences, and with no vested interests in the patriarchal attitudes and structures that have dominated the medium: the first signs, perhaps, of a convergence of new wave musical adventurousness and feminist-inspired political awareness that could revolutionise popular music in the next decade.

But enough speculation. What's certain is that 'The Raincoats' has some brilliantly original music and will be a decisive influence on the early '80s. It's a new home for rock'n'roll. The beginning of the next phase.

Graham Lock

ESSENTIAL LOGIC

Beat Rhythm News

(Rough Trade)

THIS IS another LP on Rough Trade. I hope that doesn't put you off. It shouldn't. If you want things neat, Essential Logic cavort around tastelessly whimsical worlds rather like Swell Maps and Spizz and make farcical, hopeful shapes rather like The Pop Group. Essential Logic are a bright and intensely nonsensical mixture of unstable interpretations of Roxy, Bush, Beelzebub and Lovich. Sloppy, sleazy, panting sax, bounding bass, banal drums, teasing guitars and Lora's warbling comprise

songs that turn themselves inside out just to make it easy for themselves. It might all be too much for you.

The sound is like a child's painting. Something lovely and accurate was in mind, but somewhere, somehow, it's all got distorted. The messy, shapeless result is probably more exciting than the something lovely and accurate. When the ensemble dangerously slows the pace during a piece, they sound almost pathetically poignant. They haven't quite made it but in trying they've made some marvellous moments. Look to the playful rise and fall and stop and start and rise of 'Wake Up'.

Lora's a curious girl, disenchanted, possessed and perversely sentimental. Her voice is always doing the right thrilling things, especially on 'Quality Crayon Wax OK' where she frats and somersaults through the verses in such an intoxicating way I just have to scream along. Her nine songs are giddy fragments from a giddy, wrinkled wonderland where monotony is decorative, where the grotesque commonplace and logic haven't much of a chance. There's a

grisly tale of a poor pelican in 'The Order Form', a facetious look at dotty hobbies in 'Collecting Dust', and I'm still playing around with 'Lakeline Loaf In The Area', 'Popcorn Boy' and 'Shabby Abbot'.

I'm not sure where music from pop groups like Essential Logic fits into any traditional rock'n'roll pattern, or what kind of future it has. I'm certain it doesn't matter. Occasionally tepid and obvious, 'Beat Rhythm News' is full of the bits that cheer you up. Sax bits and word bits and voice bits pour out flood all over and you just can't stop

Paul Morley

ADVERTISEMENT

No flying pigs on these boys



THE BUZZARDS

'Jellied Eels To Record Deals'

(Chrysalis CHR 1213)*****

THERE'S NOTHING quite as nifty as a last minute winner, the 33-1 outsider who comes from nowhere in the last two furlongs to steam past the post a head and a half in front of the favourite and furnish you with beer money for a week.

Most people had the Buzzards marked down as no-hope outsiders, one hit wonders

with a one way ticket on the oxo cube back to Leyton, and I've gotta admit I wouldn't have bet the rent money on 'em either. Neither, obviously, have Chrysalis 'cos 'Jellied Eels' has got 'cut-price' stamped all over it.

It comes in cheapo packaging, consists of their singles, some Peel session stuff and some demos, and retails at four quid... but screw me with a rag man's trumpet if that ain't more to do with punk than 98 days with some flash yank producer in a posh recording studio.

And all packaging and rhetoric aside the album is a guaranteed, last minute winner diamond in the rough, the Buzzards' story so far told in 18 trumpeting tracks of noisy pop and sod the niceties.

Now you don't need to be Bamber Gascoigne to work out where the Buzzards are coming from. All the influences of Mott, Clash, even Slade, are here for all to hear in a happy-go-lucky collection which probably explains why the band have found recognition: so

elusive. They were inspired by punk but fell by the popular wayside by refusing to toe any strict tribal line.

The brace of excellent 45's included here illustrates their diversity well, from the hardcore punk anthem of '19 And Mad' ('I won't reach 20 and I don't want to') thru the slow credibility Kate ironies of 'Art School', the magnificent lightly-reggaed nostalgic toast to growing up to reggae of the '69 kind in 'Saturday Night', the poppy 'Hanging Around', and the raucous New Wave Slade manifesto 'We Make A Noise'.

Elsewhere we get sharp young pop of 'Land Of The Free' and 'Sharp Young Men' (an obvious next single with Harley and Hunter vocal throwbacks); a stabbing reggae singalong in 'British Justice'; silly covers like 'Can't Get Used To Losing You', a Status Quo pisstake on 'People On The Street' and riproaring punkouts like 'Mixed Marriages' and 'No Dry Ice And Flying Pigs' — another catchy tongue-in-cheek manifesto.

Like Mott, the band write

about themselves a lot, and possess a nice line in story-telling as exemplified by the excellent 'Greatest Story Ever Told' which is a sort of biblical account of punk's rise and demise ("right before my eyes I see my dreams destroyed with fire and brimstone").

But if you wanna know what the Buzzards are about check out the lyrics to the great should-have-been-a-hit single 'We Make A Noise': "The music climate's turned against us so it seems/We're full of East End promise but we've lost our dreams/Now everybody says we're a noisy band/We've got a one-way ticket back to Garageland".

My only niggle about the Buzzards is that I've come across them so late. But then again as that bloated Tory twat Winnie says in their ad: "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the

GARRY BUSHELL

SOUNDS

November 10, 1979



ELP
In Concert (Atlantic)
THE three wise men bring news from the West and the mothership drafts a cast of thousands to spread the word throughout the galaxy. Yes, it's another ELP live album, a 1977 recording made during their American/Canadian tour of that year as they presumably took refuge from the upswell of new wave iconoclasm and innovation going down back in Blighty. Suitable then that our three heroes sound like desperate, ageing musicians churning out their staid, lifeless formulae to a typically reactionary audience.

'In Concert' is a feebly, flashy musical laboratory of clinical cynicism, serving up a soggy stew of ragged rock'n'roll remnants boiled with a crass classical flavouring. Rock'n'roll and its attendant aspects of presentation, performing and marketing still provides a tremendous opportunity for the chosen few (the lucky people!) to parade and polish their egos. ELP brings this concept to what is probably an unprecedented extreme.

Take 'C'est La Vie', for instance, a laughably moribund wallow in self-pity replete with Chevalier accordeon, massed strings and po-faced lyrical pondering "Oooh c'est la vie/Who knows, who cares for me" — pure pantomime actually, as is 'Pictures At An Exhibition', an unbelievably shoddy mish-mash of incidental

music and wiggly, wobbly electronic frequencies. Meanwhile there's the predictable candidate from the acid-casualty corner, a dithering nonsense called 'Tiger In A Spotlight'. But I suppose people get off on a feeling of modern day consumer's awe for the sheer magnitude of the ELP operation, a sort of musical IQI. The old ill-founded deference for our three stooges' intellectual profferings probably plays quite a big part in their success as well. Personally all I hear are some of the most unimaginative of musical ideas shrouded in the bulky adornments that the band use to clothe each last synthesised hiccup.

Gavin Martin

NOEL McCALLA Night Time Emotion (Epic)

IN which Noel McCalla, notable Bobby Bland fanatic and ex-vocalist of latterday pub-funk outfit Moon, is allowed sufficient funds and freedom to indulge in various long-term fantasies, which include: nicking Bobby Bland's phrasing; cutting a song once covered by Bobby Bland, 'Who's Fooling Who'; turning some other covers into slick funk / soul and penning a few of the same persuasion; drafting a worthy session force to convert these to wax; blinding us with horn and string arrangements; and allowing himself to appear in a fashion-flared mackintosh in one of the year's more appalling cover shots (one more 'thematic' snap and I'll scream).

And it's rousing but unremarkable, mainly because on the more heavily backed numbers McCalla sounds rousing, and on the less unremarkable.

I think that says it all.

Mark Ellen

The 'new' Mr. Oldfield

Pic by Jill Furmanovsky



Very seasonal, extremely silly

MIKE OLDFIELD Platinum (Virgin)

YOU can set your calendar clock by it. Along with the first glimmerings of garish street-wattage, along with that avalanche of over-ready poultry, comes another institution cast up forlornly on the Yuletide beach — Mike Oldfield's Christmas Disc.

Even now, boutique owners by the score will be ordering up their cassette versions assured of 'Platinum's' anaesthetic effect on their customers, who'll fast become numbed to insensitivity by the sheer insipid tedium of its incessant space-squiggles, by its vast, cushioned cocooning.

They'll browse dreamily through racks of cheap Chinese clothing to the tune of 'Woodhenge' (yeech, the title! — riffs, endless riffs), or 'Sally' (20s Hollywood ballad spoof: sterile), or 'Punkadiddle' (yeeeee, the riffs! — riffs: Celtic penny-whistle square-dance gone heavy) or 'I Got Rhythm' (Gershwin in blanchange form: pre-digested), or the abysmal 19-minute title track (riffs 'til you stiff).

They'll maybe lash the cash on a cheesecloth shirt and drift out into the rigours of the real world vaguely aware they've been listening to an Oldfield album — which one, it matters not — a little dazed by the soothing surface sound layers that thinly conceal its cold, cavernous emptiness.

Happy Discmas.

Mark Ellen

STEVE FORBERT

Jackrabbit Slim (Epic)
SOMEWHERE on this album, somewhere between the songs of love in the midday sun, the songs about trucking back to his baby, the devastatingly banal songs that give devastatingly banal insights into devastatingly banal situations, somewhere amidst all this, Steve Forbert disappears up his own backside. The only fun to be had here is in deciding where and when this novel but unoriginal act takes place.

Is it just the general "Rod McKuen meets Jackson Browne in Nashville" blandness of both lyrics and vocals, or the objectionably euphemistic irrelevance of words like "You try to make the best of it/Which isn't much I know/You thought you'd had your fill of it/But you see it isn't so" (as he serenades a girl whose spouse is sleeping around), or is it even the strained Springsteen soundtracks that permeate the album with neither the swagger nor the warmth of the originals?

This is all very standard middle-American complacency that demonstrates an appalling inability to cope with or even perceive the falseness of certain lifestyles and attitudes. We're not starting the James Taylor revival for anyone, Steve.

Gavin Martin

FINGERPRINTZ

The Very Dab (Virgin)

THE name Fingerprintz has cropped up a lot in '79, usually in small print. They recently toured as adjuncts to big nights out with Rachel Sweet and The Skids, and it was their lead vocalist Jimmie O'Neill who penned 'Say When' for Lene Plais.

And now 'The Very Dab', Fingerprintz' debut album, on which are engraved 11 more of O'Neill's dark tales wherein night-prowlers, sinister ministers and various



miscreants conspire to wipe the smile off your face.

The band specialise in elaborate, multi-layered guitar rhythms overhanging with powerful reggaematic bass lines, and O'Neill's songs are subjected to the full brunt of the musicians' not inconsiderable expertise. It works a treat in some places, particularly where they are careful not to let the triffids of technique override inspirations, as in 'Fingerprints' and 'Wet Job', both excellent studies of left-handed endeavour.

But too much of their material is marred by an excess of musical baggage, and capsizes into a debris-strewn mess. The worst casualties are to be found on side two: 'Invisible Seams', a fascinating look at the greasepaint syndrome, gets plastered into the realms of cacophony, where a little ventilation would have been much more in order. 'Beam Me Up Scotty' and 'Temperamental' are not bad songs as much as lots of devilishly clever hooks and slices chasing each other like Tom chases Jerry. Added to which, a couple of unspeakably lame instrumental tracks have been wedged in like so much Polyfill.

Despite its continuous claustrophobia in the grooves, 'The Very Dab' is by no means a write-off. If anything, it shows that Fingerprintz have imagination to spare. And that, I suppose, is what counts.

Rick Joseph

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EBERHARD SCHOENER**Video Flashback (Harvest)**

OBVIOUSLY, The Police are closet Yes fans. Any fool can tell immediately that Sting is a passionate admirer of Jon Anderson and no one could possibly be surprised to hear of the band's predilection for this kind of serious jazz rock. Its maker, the legendary Everready Schoener, is revered throughout the length and breadth of Scunthorpe for his interpretive scores of many rock classics, 'Nights In White Satin', 'Smoke On The Water' and so on; Schoener is no stranger to the collected works of Deep Purple or Alan 'Dial A Concept' Parsons. A man of considerable integrity, Everard o'erstrides the fusionist jazz mode, utilising the symmetry of the classical setting while assimilating the excitement and majesty that only the rock and roll idiom can provide. The results are unequivocally modern, yet touchingly dated — irrelevant one might say. Who can deny the emotional frisson of Sting's childlike vocal purity or fail to bow in surrender to the sheer white heat of Spooner's large composition? Nippi Noja on sax is a delight as always.

STEVE HOWE
The Steve Howe Album (Atlantic)

STILL, The Police will have to go some to catch up with their mentors. The new Steve Howe album also includes a 59-piece orchestra and Claire Hamill and Steve plays 14 different types of guitar and there's a picture of them all and it's got a gatefold Roger Dean cover remember he did all the Yes covers with the things on and that writing. It's really good too, Steve Howe's fantastic, I mean he plays ever so fast and it's got Patrick Moraz and Alan White, y'know the drummer bloke, there's this one song called 'All's A Chord' which is great, loads of loud solos and some



quiet bits which are really far out and Steve Howe's a bit odd isn't he, I mean about that health food but I prefer hamburgers I don't know how he does it. Get it, Howe he does it. Never mind you've got to listen to it, oh and have you got that Rick Wakeman record with the orchestra and the solos and that weird picture of King Olaf, no not the skateboard one.

JOHN MAYALL
No More Interviews (DJM)

THAT'S alright, we weren't going to do one anyway.

DR HOOK
Sometimes You Win (Capitol)

SOME people think Dr Hook are funny. That 'Cover of Rolling Stone' was such a gas, especially when they got on it,

THE MINCER

Twelve exciting releases reviewed by the excitable MAX BELL

eh? What cheek. Have to admire them for that one. And 'Sylvia's Mother', lovely tune and you weren't supposed to take it all seriously because it's done by that Shel Silverstein who writes for Playboy sometimes, he does the lyrics. And they recorded this in Alabama with some proper musicians, and it's quite a change for them, the material is very sophisticated. That's what you'd expect after ten years in the business, real professionals. Eleven songs, and I like this enormously.

SLADE
Return To Base (Barn)

SLADE always were a poor man's hard rock band, appealing to the worst boys-night-out instincts. In the days when bad glam rock was the British norm this sort of muck might have fitted the bill

a treat, but in 1979 who wants to hear a bunch of pathetic old has-been Flash Harrys reiterating the limitations of their puerile sordid imaginations? Haven't these people heard of social security?

NILS LOFGREN & GRIN
Nils Lofgren & Grin (CBS Embassy)

THE CBS cheapo label dredge the bottom of an unexciting barrel by releasing a compilation of the vastly overrated Grin's best-forgotten past. No one will be fooled, not even for £2.79. Saddle up the Shetland, Nils, and get out of town.

IKE AND TINA TURNER
Soul Sellers (UA)

ANOTHER greatest hits routine to waste your Xmas



tokens on. Personally I couldn't care less if I never heard 'River Deep, Mountain High' or 'Nutbush City Limits' or any of these familiar cabaret soul songs again. Whatever happened to the vinyl shortage?

HERE AND NOW
All Over The Show (Charly)

I think Here and Now are one of those bands who play all their gigs for free, man. I wonder why this is. Silly really. I'd never go and see a band who played free, there must be a catch somewhere. I wonder why this record isn't free. It isn't very good.

YVONNE ELLMAN
Yvonne (ASO)

INBETWEENIES music for all

the people who are undecided about funk and want something absolutely ordinary they won't have to think about at all. A triumph for mediocrity.

GRACE KENNEDY
Desire (DJM)

DITTO Ms Grace Kennedy, a British version of the above redolent with all the usual mindless disco clichés, a chronic shortage of songs and no chance of rising above the advertising copy that accompanies this tasteless abortion and which views Ms Kennedy and her prospective audience as nothing more than figures on a financial index. They deserve each other.

THE MONKS
Bad Habits (EMI)

A spectacularly unamusing record made by a faceless bunch of pseudo-Cockney types who go for every cheap shot in the book from spoof punk satires to catalogues of their own sexual inadequacies. Fascinating stuff.

MOON MARTIN
Escape From Domination (Capitol)

NO great departure in style or content from Martin's addictive 'Shots From A Cold Nightmare'. Small, cute, shortsighted Moon has maintained his Ravens band rather than rely on special guests and the outset is a greater sense of urgency but less frivolity, something of a pity. The best moments, 'Rolene', 'Gun Shy' and 'Bootleg Woman', encapsulate the Martin technique with a welcome precision and wit. The songs are frequently moody, occasionally perceptive and sexy without oversteering their welcome. Martin sets store by brevity and he doesn't utilise any gimmicks to get his message over. Approved.

Max Bell

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WITH regard to the recent *Info City* item on the Stones' 'Bad Spring Symphony' bootleg, the source of the disc is a radio broadcast of a concert given during the band's 1973 European tour. I first heard this broadcast on a Radio One *In Concert* programme in May 1976, and it featured all nine tracks, plus three other items. This concert is also featured on the 'European Tour 1973' bootleg (TMOQ), which is supposedly in quadrophonic sound and does feature in Roy Carr's Stones' discography. The double album 'Nasty Music' (SODD), also features all these radio broadcast tracks plus others. I suspect that 'Bad Spring Symphony' is not particularly rare and it's certainly not as hard to come by as 'The Brothers Karamazov Live At Auchterbogle Toun Hall' (New Year's Eve 1976), which I haven't seen mentioned in any bootleg discography that I have come across.

ALEX RUSSELL, *Inch, Aberdeenshire*
 ● Needless to say, Alex Russell doesn't know where these various artefacts can be obtained. In fact, nobody knows where bootlegs come from or who buys them. We strongly suspect the influence of The Mole in these matters.

COULD you supply the address of the Thin Lizzy Fan Club?
 PHILIPPA CORER, *Lower Penn, Staffs.*

I'VE been trying for years to obtain the address of Throbbing Gristle/Industrial Records but have had no luck. Can you help?
 PETER LYLE, *Weald, Sevenoaks, Kent.*

● Two quickies all lined up for a knockdown. Firstly Lynott lovers are advised to contact 52 Dean Street,

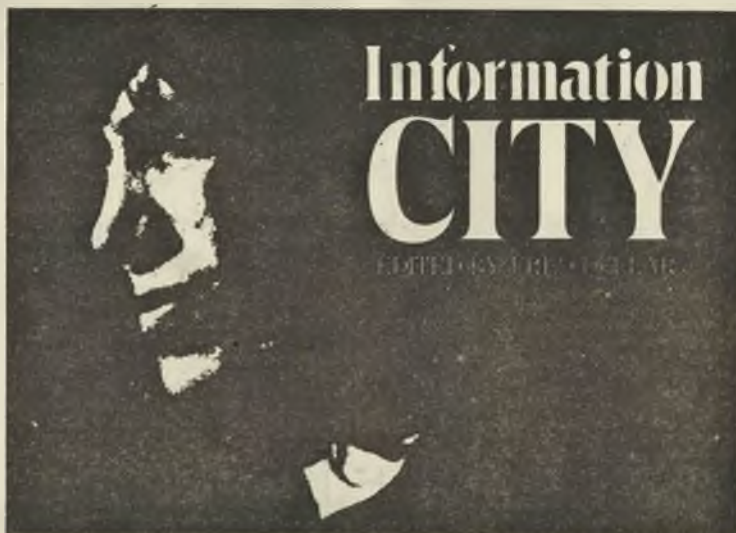
London W1, for news of their hero's latest exploits and other chat beloved by fans, while those who are into the delights of Throbbing Gristle can write to Industrial Records, 10 Martello Street, London E8 or maybe phone 01-254 9178 where they'll be greeted by an obnoxious message on a telephone-answering monstrosity.

COULD you print a complete discography of the (Count) Bishops — including singles EPs and albums?

PETER SHININGS, *Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glam.*

● With the aid of HMV singles department whiz-kid Chris [That's me behind the beard] May, we managed to come up with the following listing of the band's Chiswick releases. Singlewise there's been 'Train, Train'/'Takin' It Easy' (NS5), 'Baby You're Wrong'/'Stay Free' (NS12), 'I Take What I Want'/'No Lies' (NS33), 'I Want Candy'/'See That Woman' (CHIS 101, also in a 6" version on 6-CHIS-101) and 'Mr Jones'/'Human Bean'/'Route 66' (CHIS 111) while the EP 'Speedball' features 'Route 66'/'I Ain't Got You'/'Beautiful Delilah' and 'Teenage Letter' (SW1). The band have cut three albums, these being 'The Count Bishops' (CWK3006), 'Bishops Live' (CH7) and 'Cross Cuts' (CHW 3009), while various Bishops tracks appear on such compilations as 'Submarine Tracks And Fool's Gold' (CWK 3006) and 'Long Shots, Dead Cuts And Odds On Favourites' (CH5). Also, according to *Zig Zag's* last small labels listing, Chiswick NS35 was an unreleased Bishops single, a piece of info that'll do you no good whatsoever.

IN one *NME* article it was mentioned that Steve Jones uses a Strobotone to tune his guitars. Can you tell me where



Roger Waters of Ye Olde Pinke Floyd, Feb '72.

Pic: Al Johnson.

Fifty years of the Floyd

I can purchase one and can you also provide a retail price? NIGEL SELL, *address lost because the cat ate this portion of the reader's letter!* (really).

● According to Kevin Riddles of Music House, a mail-order instrument firm, Conn market the Strobotone in the States and it's imported by various British distributors. "But," claims Riddles, "it's very pricey — the price varies enormously depending on who's bringing it in — and it's really a hell of a waste as a mere guitar tuner, for it's a very sophisticated device possessing two strobes, one of which flashes when a note is played flat, the other being activated by sharp notes. One better buy is the Korg WT10A, which retails for around £100

and is a full chromatic scale tuner that can tune anything, including a piano, while the GT6 is the tuner we recommend for the guitar alone. This is reasonably inexpensive — around £46 — and possesses a VU meter that is easily read."

For further info, ring Music House on 01-690 2205, or visit or drop a line to the company showrooms at 363 Lewisham High Street, London SE13.

I AM attempting to collect the complete recorded works of Pink Floyd. Could you publish a complete discography? ALASTAIR TAIT, *Wallyford, East Lothian.*

I KNOW that Pink Floyd contributed to such movie soundtracks as *More, The*

Valley and *Zabriskie Point*, but how many other films have they been involved with? TERRY SKINNER, *Ipswich, Suffolk.*

● Sticking to a purely British discography, I can reveal that the Floyd have been pretty stingy single-wise, their only 45 rpm releases being Arnold Layne/'Candy And the Curant Bun' (Columbia DB8156 - 1967), 'See Emily Play'/'Scarecrow' (DB8214 - 1967), 'Apples And Oranges'/'Paint Box' (DB8310 - 1967), 'It Would Be So Nice'/'Julia Dream' (DB8401 - 1968), 'Point Me At The Sky'/'Careful With That Axe, Eugene' (DB8511 - 1968) and 'Another Brick In The Wall, Part 2'/'One Of My Turns' (Harvest HAR5194 - 1979). Meanwhile, in the

long-playing division they've managed to come up with 'The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' (Columbia SCX6157 - 1967), 'A Saucerful Of Secrets' (SCX6258 - 1968), 'More' (SCX6346 - 1969),

'Ummagumma' (SHDW1/2 - 1969), 'Atom Heart Mother' (Harvest SHVL781 - 1970), 'Meddle' (SHVL795 - 1971), 'Obscured By Clouds' (SHSP4020 - 1972), 'The Dark Side Of The Moon' (SHVL804 - 1973), 'Wish You Were Here' (SHDL874 - 1975), 'Animals' (SHVL815 - 1977) and 'The Wall' (SHDW411 - 1979), plus 'Relics' (Music For Pleasure MFP50397) a reissue of a compilation that originally came out in 1971, and 'Zabriskie Point' (MGM 2354 040 - 1970) a soundtrack album on which the Floydians share record space with The Grateful Dead, Jerry Garcia, John Fahey, Patti Page and others. All the band's EMI albums can be obtained in a boxed-set known as 'The First XL' (PF11), which contains picture-disc versions of 'Wish You Were Here' and 'Dark Side Of The Moon', while 'Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' and 'A Saucerful Of Secrets' form a double-album titled 'A Nice Pair' (SHDN403). Also, there are about 50 different bootlegs to be found, but we won't go into that at this point, but rather move to list the movies in which the Floyd are either seen or heard, those that we know about being *Tonight Let's Make Love In London* (1967), *San Francisco* (1968), *The Committee* (1968), *More* (1969), *Zabriskie Point* (1970), *Love And Music aka Stamping Ground* (1970), *Pink Floyd At Pompeii* (1971), *La Vallee* (1972), *La Marge aka The Streetwalker* (1976) and *How Does It Feel?* (1976). If anyone out there has any further info on the Floyd's cinematic activities, then I'm sitting here ready and waiting with my letter-opener, right?

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Saturday December 1st EXTREMIST K.Y. and the KAYS & Ian Fleming	Wednesday December 5th GIRLS plus support and Jerry Floyd
Sunday December 2nd METRO Gano and the Sharks and Mandy H	Thursday December 6th WRITZ plus support and Ian Fleming

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Tuesday December 4th THE BOYS + The Drill	£1.00
Thursday December 6th PINPOINT + The News	£1.00

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Friday November 30th WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS + Holly and The Italians	Thursday December 13th SLADE Pay at door £2.80
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Saturday December 1st LAST RESORT	Sat 1st SOULYARD + The Cheats
Sunday December 2nd UNEXPLAINED	Sun 2nd THE NEWS
Tuesday December 4th DESTROYER	Mon 3rd BADLANDS
	Tues 6th LARUE GALORE
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Thursday, November 29th BOYCE BAND + Directions	50p
Friday, November 30th CAROL GRIMES SWEET FA + Pedestrians	£1
Saturday, December 1st 5 HAND REEL	£1
Sunday, December 2nd THE DIRECTIONS	50p
Monday, December 3rd JOHN CIPPOLINA & FRIENDS + Step Aside	£1.50
Tuesday, December 4th MODERN ENGLISH + Support	50p

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Wednesday 28th November, 8.00 p.m.
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available from Advance Theatre Box Office Tel. 748 8081
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue Tel. 436 3311
Premier Box Office Tel. 240 2245 and Deaf Agents

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Thursday 29th November, 7.30 p.m.
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Sunday December 2nd LEW LEWIS	Thursday December 6th THE ELECTROTUNES

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Thursday

Ashford Kempton Manor: Caroline Roadshow
Belfast King's Hall: Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke
Belfast Queen's University: The Starjets
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: Jasper Carrott
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: John Miles
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham Underworld: Moon Martin
Bradford St. George's Hall: Hawkwind / Doll By Doll
Brighton Art College: Second Nature
Brighton Buccaneer: Oxy & The Morons
Brighton Hungry Years: Tokyo Rose
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: Screen Gems
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: The Rockets
Coventry Tiffany's: The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners
Cumbernauld Village Theatre: Boys Of The Lough
Dublin Starlight Club: Mary Wilson (for three days)
Edinburgh Odeon: The Talking Heads / The Human League
Glasgow Notre Dame College: Strasse
Gloucester Leisure Centre: The Spinners
Guildford Wooden Bridge: Lopez & The Waveriders
Hatfield Polytechnic: Joe Jackson / The Original Mirrors
Hayle Penmare Hotel: The Fans
Hull City Hall: Dr. Feelgood / Philip Rambow
Hull New Theatre: Mike Harding
Hull Wellington Club: The Scene / Direct Hits
Ilkley Rose & Crown: Ponder's End
Irvine Magnum Theatre: Gordon Giffart
Isle of Sheppey New Island Hotel: The Piranhas
Jacksdale Grey Topper: Zorro
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: Money
Leeds Fan Club: Slaughter & The Dogs
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Cliff Richard
Lincoln Drill Hall: The Purple Hearts / The Nips
Liverpool Deeds Leisure Centre: The Jam / The Vipers
Liverpool Eric's: Tours
London Camden Dingwells: George Melly & The Feetwarmers

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (3): My Father's Place — Steel Pulse; Avery Fisher — Angela Bofill; Carnegie Hall — Narciso Yepes; Lona Star Cafe — Kingfish; Danglefields — Jackie Mason; Knickerbocker Saloon — Billy Taylor (two days).
TUESDAY (4): Murrain — Sham 69 (two days); The Kitchen — Lohm & Nyman; Village Vanguard — Woody Shaw (so days); My Father's Place — Johnny Thunders / Gangwar/Ronni & The Jitters; Bottom Line — Charley Musselwhite/John Hammond; Nighthawks; Grand Finale — Organa King (six days); West Bank — Nina Milano (two days); Fat Tuesday's — Larry Marlow Quintet (four days).
WEDNESDAY (5): Avery Fisher — Freddie Hubbard; Bottom Line — The Uncle Floyd Show (two days); Alice Tully Hall — Harvey Pinnell; Metropolitan Opera House — Mahogany; Brooklyn Academy of Music — Lucinda Childs.
THURSDAY (6): Emerald City — Ian Gomm/The Beasts; Sweet Basil — Jackie McLean Quartet (three days); Isiah's — Live Reggae.
FRIDAY (7): Beacon Theatre — Doo Wop Festival (two days); Cam Hall — Benny Powell; Bottom Line — Philip Glass (two days); Storytown — Buddy Tate; The Concert Hall — Dora Short; Chelsea Cabaret — Dreck Vile (two days); My Father's Place — Sam & Dave/Nick Gravenites Band.
SATURDAY (8): My Father's Place — The Inmates; Avery Fisher — Doc Watson; Sluggert Ann's Saloon — KIM Or Be Killed (two days); Mary Ann's Place — The Lords.

Pictured below is **LEONARD COHEN** — or, at any rate, his likeness! He's paying one of his rare visits to the UK next week, and you'll find him at the Hammersmith Odeon for three nights commencing on Tuesday.



London Camden Music Machine (free): Safari Records Xmas Party with Toyah / The Boys / The Teenbeats / The Yobs / Gary Holton
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Flexible Dustrbns / Shiner
London Clapham 101 Club: Sten's Blues Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Fashion / Wide Boys
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Bastille
London Fulham Golden Lion: O-Tips
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Santic Tonic
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Red Beans & Rice
London Kennington The Cricketers: Lacey's Alistare
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: The Psychodelic Furs
London Knightsbridge Pizz on the Park: The Isaac Duo
London Marquee Club: The Photos
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Alton Ellis
London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar: The Act
London Soho Pizza Express: Fred Hunt Quartet
London Southgate: Royalty Ballroom: Johnny Storm / Dynamite
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The O.K. Band
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: Andy Williams
London Twickenham Richmond College: John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Slevay & The Freshies / The Out
London Victoria The Venue: Trevor Rabin
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Small Hours / The Imports
London Woolwich Tramshed: Morrissey-Mullen Band
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Maldon Jubilee Hall: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Wings
Manchester Band on the Wall: Don Weller
Spring Quarter
Manchester Kim Philby Club at Devils: The Pop Group / A Certain Ratio / Phil Diggie
Manchester Osborne Club: The Beat
Middlebrough Rock Garden: Ginger Baker's Energy
Newcastle City Hall: Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later / The Bogey Boys
Nottingham Hearty Good fellows: The Drug Squad
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gaffa
Oxford Corn Dolly Romenix
Penzance Demelzas: Bethnal

Perth Plough Inn: The Deft Jerks
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Curs / The Passions / The Associates
Port Talbot Troubadour: Simple Minds
Poynton Folk Centre: Peter Bond / Cannock
Preston Warehouse: Art Failure
Sheffield Lane Top Club: Anaesthetic
Sheffield Limit Club: Roger Chapman & The Shortlist
Southend Scamps: The Jukes
Southend Spanish Armada: Matchbox
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: The Chertiers
Sunderland Fusion: Black Gorilla
Walsall Town Hall: Samson / Nicky Moore Band
Warrford Bailey's: The Drifters (until Saturday)
Wolverhampton RAF Cosford: High Flames

Friday

Aberdeen University: Secret Affair / Squire
Aberystwyth Pavilion: Dr. Feelgood / Rambow
Alconbury RAF Station: J.A.L.N. Band
Barkingside Old Maypole: Gna 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
Bath Motes Club: Sclator Fits
Bedford Corn Exchange: Wild Horses
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traktors
Birmingham Golden Eagle: Money
Birmingham Underworld: The Purple Hearts
Birmingham University: The Chords / Orphan / The Piranhas
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: White Glass
Blackburn King George's Hall: Motorhead / Saxon
Blackpool Jenkinson's: Urcin
Blackpool Northbeck Castle: The Purple Hearts / The Nips
Boreham Wood Civic Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Bournemouth Wallisdown Technical College: Eye Sight
Bradford Royal Standard: The Motivators
Bradwood Hermit Club: Borich / Deep Throats
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: Hawkwind / Doll By Doll
Brighton Centre: Cliff Richard
Bristol Colston Hall: Alvin Lee's Ten Years Later / The Bogey Boys
Bromley William Morris Hall: Teacher's Pet
Bromsgrove Dolphin Suite: Roaring Jetty
Cambridge Advanced Students Club: Hope
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Gang Of Four
Cardiff Grassroots: Section 20
Coventry Rytton Bridge: Strastite
Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: Screams
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Ben E. King
Derby Sirtin Moor Club: Strange Days
Dublin Stadium: Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke
Dudley J.B.'s Club: Deadringer
Edinburgh An College: Strasse
Farnborough Technical College: The Movies
File St. Andrew's University: Landscape
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Queen
Gloucester Alternatives Venue: Mystery Star Band / Screams And Screams Again
Goole Station Hotel: Vards

NATIONAL GIG GUIDE

Compiled by
Derek
Johnson

Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: Chris Barber Band
Kingston Church Grove: Phantom Zones / The Directions
Kingston Grove Tavern: Chromium Platings
Lancaster University: The Jam / The Vapors
Leeds Cosmos Club: Black Gorilla
Leeds St. James Hospital: Shake Appeal
Leeds University: Best Friends / The City Limits
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: Spyder Blues Band
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: World Service / Room Ten
Leicester TUC Club: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Don Weller Spring Quartet
Liverpool College Of Higher Education: Tours
Liverpool Eric's: Simple Minds
Liverpool University: John Oway / The V.I.P.'s
London Acton Kings Head: Paz
London Camberwell Art College: The Act
London Camden Dingwells: Girt / The Rent Boys
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London City Polytechnic: The Rest
London Clapham 101 Club: The Warm Jets
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Protex
London Edgware The Sparrowhawk: The Rapids
London Fulham Golden Lion: Paris
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Small Hours
London Holborn Princess Louise: The Scoop
London Hottenston Chai's Palace: The Mekons / Oxy & The Morons
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The House Band
London Kennington The Cricketers: Manyans
London Kensington Royal College of Art: Plying Sauces / The Boilers
London Kensington The Nashville: The Psychodelic Furs / The Soul Boys
London Marquee Club: London Zoo / The Cheaters
London New Cross The Royal Albert: Rubber Johnny
London Putney Hall Moon: The Blues Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Putney White Lion: The V.I.P.'s
London Queen Mary College: The Revifors
London Rainbow Theatre: The Damned / The Victims
London Soho Pizza Express: Dave Shepherd Quintet
London Southall White Swan: El Seven
London Strand King's College: Mechanical Horsestrough / Bernd Weber's Last Resort
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: Andy Williams
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: King Sounds & The Israetties
London Victoria The Venue: The Inmates

Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Westminster Bridge Rd The Towers: The Shades
London W.9 The Chippenhams: Senity Clause
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Edmond Selwyn's Jazz Fabrique
London W.C.1 School of Oriental and African Studies: Misty
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: Caroline Roadshow
Malvern Winter Gardens: The Specials / The Selecter / Dexy's Midnight Runners
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: Years
Manchester UMIST: Eric Ball Band / The Original Mirrors
Mellon Mowbray Painted Lady: George McCrae
Middlebrough Rock Garden: Iron Maiden
Newcastle Polytechnic: Roger Chapman & The Shortlist
Northampton The Romany: Spring Offensive
Notwich East Angles University: The Cure / The Passions / The Associates
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Aadium
Nottingham Sandpiper: Slaughter & The Dogs
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: The Photos
Nottingham University: Alan Clayson & The Argonauts
Oxford Balliol College: The Stereotypes
Oxford Caribbean Club: The Sonic Tonic
Oxford Polytechnic: John Cooper-Clarke / Chris Slevay & The Freshies / The Out
Paisley TUC Club: High Flames
Penzance Gulval Meadowhouse: Dangerous Girls
Poole Dorset Institute: Thieves Like Us
Redruth London Hotel: The Fane
Reford Portenhouse: Little Bo Bitch
Scarborough Penthouse: Ginger Baker's Energy
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: Salon Grosh
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: Prodigal Son
Sheffield Penthouse: Rokka
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Dickies
Slough Langley College: XTC / Random Hold
Slough Merry-makers: Arrogant
Stirling University: Samson
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: Lindisfarne / Chas & Dave
Wadhurst Commemoration Hall: Yakety Yak
Windsor Blazars: The Barron Knights
Wolverhampton Lalsyette: Ocean Bocker
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: Nick Fenwick
Workington Carnegie Theatre: Heathcliff

Saturday

Aberystwyth Arts Centre: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Ascot-under-Wychwood: Tiddy Hall: Aspell Jug Band
Ayr Darlington Hotel: High Flames
Barnsley Town Hall: Little Bo Bitch
Birmingham Bogarts: LA
Birmingham Golden Eagle: The Mods
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Odeon: Dr. Feelgood/Philip Rambow
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Birmingham Underworld: Speed-O-Monsters
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Shader
Bracknell Bridge House: The Meanies
Bradford Palm Cove Club: Quaker City
Bradford Royal Standard: The Motivators
Bradford University: Nail Innes
Brighton Centre: Cliff Richard
Bristol Old Castle Green: T.V.'s
Bristol Stonehouse: Apartment
Buxton Pavilion Gardens: Chris Barber Band
Canterbury Christchurch College: The Piranhas
Cardiff Grassroots: Dangerous Girls
Cardiff University: Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave
Cromer West Runtun Pavilion: The Dickies
Dublin Stadium: Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Flys/Tours
Dundee Technical College: Samson
Durham University: The Cure/The Passions/The Associates
East Grinstead King George's Hall: Maddy Prior
Eccles Petricolt Club: Dave Barry & The Cruisers
File St. Andrew's University: Secret Affair/Squire
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Queen
Gloucester Cinderford Rugby Club: The Flash Cats
Gravesend Red Lion: The EF Band
Immingham County Hotel: The Vye
Kingston Polytechnic: The Act
Leeds Haddon Hall: Side Effect
Leeds University: Motorhead/Saxon
Leeds University Students Union: Don Weller Spring Quartet
Leicester University: John Oway/The V.I.P.'s
Liverpool Eric's: The Pop Group
London Camden Dingwells: Mark Andrews & The Gents/Echo Bravo

CONTINUES OVER



THE DICKIES

open their British tour at Sheffield (Friday), Cromer (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), London (Tuesday) and Redcar (Wednesday).

MORE GIG GUIDE

London Camden Electric Bathroom: Wild
Horses/Mutz/Strait 8
London Camden Music Machines:
Screams
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Interview
London Hammermill Lyric Theatre (lunch
time free): Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends
London Hammermill Odeon:
Hawkwind/Doll By Doll
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Beds & The Lardies
London Kensington The Nashville: Spizz
Energy/UK Decay
London Lewisham Odeon: The
Specials/The Selecter/Dazy's Midnight
Rocks
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: Billy
Karroll Band
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House:
Pete Bond
London Soho Puffs Express: Neville Dick-
son
London Southall White Swan: The Rak-
kets/Pant
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion
Theatre: Andy Williams
London University Logan Hall: Inti-
mumani (concert for Chile)
London Upstaks at Ronnie Scott's: King
Souda & The Lardies
London Victoria The Venue: UK
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Doty Mixure
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic:
The Red Lights
Loughborough Town Hall: Matchbox
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Mike Harding
Manchester Free Trade Hall: The Talking
Heads/The Human League
Manchester Langley Cardinal's Hall: Years
Manchester Polytechnic: Simple Minds
Manchester University: Roger Chapman
& The Shortlist
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Ben E.
King
Moultonbrough Rock Garden: The Photos
Newark Christchurch: Menticide/SPG
Murders/Hit/Dratsch & The Reknaw
Newbury City Hall: Showeddywaddy
Workshop
Newcastle City Hall: Showeddywaddy
Newcastle Boat Club: Roy Sundholm
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: The Drug
Squad
Nottingham Tollerton Country Club:
Strange Days
Nottingham University: John Cooper
Clarke/Christ Slavery & The
Freshies/The Out
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: Heathcliffe
Oxford Lincoln College: The Stereotypes
Plymouth Polytechnic: XTC/Random
Hole
Polgoth Inn: Metre Glider
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Gang Of Four
Redruth London Hotel: The Fans
Reford Portenhouse: Iron Maiden
Sheffield Cray City: Prodigal Son
Sheffield University: John Miles
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Wings
St. Austell New Cornish Rivers: Syd
Lawrence Orchestra
Wesall Town Hall: Hi-Tension
Woburn National College of Food: The
Psychodelic Puss
Windsor Sisters: The Barron Knights
Wishaw Crown Hotel (Lunchtime): The
Pests
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Purple
Hearts/The Nips

Chainsford City F.C.: Fifties Flash
 Currie Glenburn Hotel: Gault Edge
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: Joe Jackson / The
 Original Mirrors
 Edinburgh Valentino's: The Photos
 Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: Mike Harding
 Glasgow Tiffany's: Secret Affair / Squire
 Glasgow University: Landscape
 Haverstock Hill The Enterprise: Roving
 Jolly
 High Wycombe Nags Head: Blank Space /
 Beast
 Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Simple Minds
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Windows
 Leeds Warehouse (lunchtime): Best
 Friends
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Dr Feelgood /
 Philip Rambow
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular
 Vain
 London Camden Dingwells: Red Beens &
 Rice / Terminal Snack Blues Band
 London Charing Cross Duke of Bucking-
 ham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
 Out
 London Finchley Torrington: Stepside
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Blues
 Band
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunch-
 time free): Dave Peggert
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Hawk-
 wind / Doll By Doll
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: Lew
 Lewis Reformer
 London Kensington The Crickets: The
 O.K. Band
 London Kensington The Nashville: Fash-
 ion / U2's
 London North Peckham Civic Centre: Gor-
 don Gifford
 London Peckham Monipelier (lunchtime):
 Blue Moon
 London Roffey Theatre: The Jam / The
 Vapors
 London Soho Pigeon Express: Neville
 Dickie
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The
 Spectrals / The Selector / Dozy's Mid-
 night Runners
 London Victoria The Venue: Pierre Moer-
 len's Group
 London Woodwich Tramshed: Bob Wil-
 liams / East Chin
 Lowestoft Football Club: Matchbox
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Andy
 Williams
 Newcastle City Hall: Motorhead / Sexon
 Newcastle (Washington) Bridgid Farm Ar-
 chery Club: The Weller Spring Quartet
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
 Mortals
 Poole Arts Centre: XTC / Random Hold
 Poynton Folk Centre: Alex Campbell /
 Chris & Dave
 Rickmansworth Watersmeet Hotel: The
 Richard Digence
 Salford British Legion: Dave Berry & The
 Crusaders
 Seifford City Hall: Showaddywaddy
 Seifford Devonport Theatre: Firepenny
 Place
 Walsall Dirty Dusk (lunchtime): The
 Amazing Dark Horse
 Weymouth Calfar Viro: Eye Sight
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Lindisfarne /
 The Chieftains
 Workson Langwathby Club: Zorro

Monday

Abbots Arts Centre: Don Weller Spring
 Quartet
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: Iron Maiden
 Birmingham Odeon: Andy Williams
 Birmingham Dome: John Martyn
 Cider Music College: Teen Gent
 Colchester Essex University: XTC/Random
 Hold
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: Secret Affair/The
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: Joe Jackson/The
 Original Wives
 Gosport John Peel: Eye Sight
 Guildford Civic Hall: The Specialists/The
 Selector/Dazy's Midnight Runners
 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: The Talking
 Heads/The Human League
 High Wycombe Town Hall: John
 Maynard/The V.P.'s
 London Strand Kings College: John
 Cooper/Clark/Chris Sievey & The
 Fearless/The Out
 London Victoria The Venue: David Brom-
 berg Band
 London West Hampstead Moonlight
 Club: Sad American Strangers
 Luton W.V.I. Maunby/Bre's: Paul
 Goodman
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Lindisfar-
 ne/Chas & Dave
 Manchester Cyprus Tavern: Dislocation
 Dance/The Immediate
 Newcastle City Hall: Queen
 Norwich Cromwell's: Ginger Baker's
 Energy
 Norwich Norwood Arms: The Running
 Dogs
 and on all their

Brighton Resource Centre: Poison Girls / Bauhaus
Bristol Locarno: The Dickies
Bromley The Moorhovel (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
LINDSEY begin the second leg of their lengthy autumn tour this week, and on all their dates they'll have Chas and Dave as special guests. Gigs this week take them to Swansea (Friday), Cardiff (Saturday), Wolverhampton (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Carlisle (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday).

THE VAPORS: Rainbow
with Jam



Wednesday

Norwich Union Athletics Union: H-
 Tension
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
 Party
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalhir
 Nottingham The Black Boy: Chris Barber
 Band
 Oxford New Theatre: Dr. Feelgood/Philip
 Lembaro
 Oxford Polytechnic: Black Space/Beast
 Oxford Polytechnic: Roger Chapman &
 The Shortlist
 Rayleigh Crocs: Yekety Yak
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: Jasper Carrott
 (for three days)
 Southern Force: Steve Nocker Band
 Southend-on-Sea: 6 Musicians Workshop
 Winton Duckworth Ballroom: Andy Cunniff

Tuesday

Ay Pavilion: Secret Affair/Squire
 Birmingham Fighting Clubs: Bravo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
 Bishops Cleeve Portland Triled Leisure Centre:
 The Wall
 Bournemouth Harford Club: Five Hand Reef
 Bristol Alhambra: The Same
 Buxton Gaslight Club: Dave Berry & The
 Cruisers
 Canterbury Kent University: Samson
 Cattle Market Hall: Lindisfarns/Chas &
 The
 Doncaster Regal Social Club: Yakety Yak
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: Motorhead
 Saxon
 Exeter Routes: The Purple Hearts
 Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks: Bet-
 ween Pictures
 Fleet Fox & Hounds: Tom Paley
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Damned
 Glasgow The Third Eye: Don Weller
 Spring Quartet
 Ilkley Road & Crown: Zanathus
 Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Hawkwind
 /Doll By Doll
 Leeds Staging Post: Deadringers
 Leicester University: Roger Chapman &
 The Shortlist
 London Camden Dingwalls: Nick Graven-
 nites
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
 Beat

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: Lindisfarne/Chas & Dave
Aylesbury Civic Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Sirens: Croyer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Reinmaker
Birmingham (Vardell) Bulls Head: Roses
Bradford College Vauxis Bar: Shadowfax
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Damned
Bradford University: Dr. Festoolg/Philip Talbot
Brighton Centre: Hawkwind/Doll By Doll
Bristol Stonehouse: The Injections
Buxton Gaslight Club: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Edinburgh Canon Studios: Don Weller
Essex Sausages
Gt. Yarmouth Wheels Club: The Running Dogs
Helenborough HMS Neptune: The Marvelantes
Hersford Rotters Club: The Accelerators
Huddersfield University: Lone Star/Ampl Street
Lancaster Art College: Splix Energi
Leeds Cosmo Club: Ginger Baker's Energy
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Vye
Leicester University: J.A.L.N. Band
Liverpool City: Blank Space/Barset
Liverpool Polytechnic: John Cooper-Clarke/Chris Slevay & The Freshies/Tie Out
London Camden Dingwells: Nick Gravenniles
London Clapham Two Brewers: The Bumpers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dolly Mixture/The U2's
London E3 Earl of Aberdeen: John Bennett Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Deaf Aids
London Fulham Greyhound: Spider Cohen
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: Johnny Coppin
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Cannibals
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Bee
London Packham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Sax & Garter: Diana Simmonds & Craig's Folk and Blues Showcases
London Rainbow Theatre: Wings
London Soho Pizza Express: Bill Skeat Quartet
London Southall White Hart: Flying Saucers
London Victoria The Venue: Carolynne Mas
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: One On One/Embryo
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: Stepside
London Woolwich Transhed: Sta-Prest/Spot The Dog
London W.1 Crackers: The EF Band
Maiden Winter Gardens: Motorhead/Saxon
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Cliff Richard
Manchester Ashton Memory Inn: The Chesters
Manchester University: John Orway/The V.A.s
Newcastle City Hall: Joe Jackson/The Original Mirrors
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Photos
Norwich East Anglia University: Sameon
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwairn
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Omskirk Edgelyth College: TV21/The Nice Men
Peterborough ABC Theatre: Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tully
Poole Breeze's Arms: Eye Sight
Redcar Cosham Bow: The Dickies
Salisbury Wilton Greyhound: Toulouse
Sheffield (Nether Edge) Bincliffe Oaks Hotel: Efton Dean's Soft Heat
Sheffield Polytechnic: Secret Affair/Squire
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Swinton Dogs of Wellington: The Friend
West Malling Greenways: Sweet Substi-
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: The Cure/The Passions/The Associates



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More On The Skids

From page 34

Q/ Is this knowledge you thirst for the be-all and end-all?
A/ Aw no I mean it's how you use it. At the moment, up to now, I've used it two ways. I stopped at point A with 'Scared To Dance' and point B when I'm a much better person is 'Days In Europa'. Now I'm still climbing to point C and then I'll be doing something else. You see, I'm not in a band to become a rock'n'roll star. To me rock'n'roll is abysmal.
Q/ Standing for what?
A/ Oh, the complacency. To be commercial people don't need to take risks — and they're right, they're perfectly right. Why work when you don't need to? It's like I regard smoking. Why be unhealthy when you don't have to be? I did smoke but I thought why the fuck? Like why drink alcohol with what it does to your liver?

Q/ This comes back to your fear of death?
A/ Oh yeah, definitely. It's a respect for it. I have a tremendous respect for it, cos that's what brings out the fear. I respect death more than anything.
Q/ Does this respect and fear inhibit you in any way?

A/ No, because it has made me faster and that's maybe what's wrong with me. Maybe I am taking in too much too soon — that's what I've been accused of lately, and if anybody is going to make a constructive criticism maybe that is one. But I'll be the judge of it. I joined a band to write and get it across to a media who's interested, but I was wrong, totally wrong at the moment, I've lost confidence. Not in me. The audience.

Q/ Why are you in rock'n'roll?
A/ I'm using it as a pathway.

Q/ Always consciously?
A/ Yeah. At the age I was, everyone needs a movement to show them what's wrong and what's right, to spit the morals at them, and it just so happened when I was 15/16 the punk rock thing happened. It presented itself and I said thank you very much, and it used me as much as I used it.

Q/ Are you romantic?
A/ Oh yeah, I'm possibly the most romantic person you'll ever meet. It's just I don't show it like everybody does and that is because I'm me not anybody else. Oh yes. Romantic.

At times I get embarrassed by it! Romanticism is always a disguise. I use romanticism in a way to disguise ugly things, and I disguise ugly things in the same way everybody else disguises ugly things. I know they exist, I know they're there, but I don't want to look at them. I don't want to see them. When you see a contorted aspect in life, you want to go round it rather than go through it and be it. I don't go through it, I go round it. I do it with war. War is the most horrible thing mankind ever bought upon itself and I've brought ballet dancers into it as romantic aspect...

I WAS ONLY asleep for a short while. But oh the dreams. Nightmares.

near misses and sweet nothings. Some songs and sneer from The Fall dragged me from my lazy drift and stuck me where I didn't really want to be. 'Dragnet', the second Fall LP, hit me hard. It wasn't 'good' or 'bad', but it wasn't afraid to take a stroll. Mark Smith doesn't want you to feel comfortable. This hero of wicked isolation says wake up. Don't turn over. (And read the review on the next page).

Richard Jobson's predicament is as complicated as anyone else's. His ability to analyse and tackle is powerful and loud. It's grotesque, gruesome and as disturbing as Mark Smith. I don't know how to deal with it. It's a fraction of the story to put on the page Jobson's inadequacy, dismiss his delivery, croak at his language. That's too easy. Nothing gets changed, it's more complicated than that.

Smith and Jobson look over their shoulder in different directions. One dresses up, one dresses down. They stepped out and ended up inside different envelopes, on different pages, nothing in common. Both are searching, choosing, dismissing. Smith's language is severe and sardonic and his confrontation means more to me. Jobson's language is elaborate and vivid but his words shouldn't be allowed to dribble away.

The way things work, one is right and the other is wrong; one fashionable and the other not. Smith's struggle cannot be 'right' and Jobson's 'wrong'. Jobson is honest and confused — which hardly qualifies anything, although you will be hard pressed to find any bigotry lurking.

But there should be the sort of massive reception or rejection that no rock is receiving these days. The decision must be to use their discoveries and moralities, and move from there positively and purposefully. Not accept, run through our fingers and place back in its box. After The Fall record was tagged, and the weeks went by, have we been shifted from our spot? We say the words but they don't mean a thing. There's now a bland, smooth process for categorising. The Fall should be hated for what they do to us, what Smith points at and what he points at us: the same soppy words of honour get pinned to his heart. The Skids should be smothered with outrage and reaction — any group that isn't dealing with

the ordinary. But the ferocity of The Fall and the rich indulgence of The Skids have become normal, expected parts of the landscape. Everything rhymes. Critics become amateur snug academics; listeners adapt to the weather. Next week; something else.

The Fall haven't jarred; they have their place, as useless, less dangerous even, than The Dooleys. And Skids — well, they're not any 'good' are they?

THINK OF The Skids today and snigger at a group on the Rich Kids / Generation X line with a rubbing of teutonic flashness and a helping of Scottish toutishness. Think again.

Skids said yes to Virgin Records at the same time as lots of other young bands looking for intimacy and ideals. They became part of the deluge, and are still suffering from the shock. Virgin had definite plans for them to push a subtle, smart-looking post-punk pop group with eyes always towards America.

"Virgin obviously want us to be a commercial success and in a manner, but not their manner, we do as well, because you need financial stability to be able to do what you want. At the moment we know what we want and what we want to do and we're only sort of touching it coldly, because we're scared that we're going to lose all our fans — which we have done already really. On this last tour we lost more people than we've gained."

Skids jumped off living up to Virgin's high hopes. Their first proper single 'Scared To Dance' was a respectable hit. Virgin narrowed their eyes and grinned. Something sticking? Skids though refused to stay where they were, and typically they were run prematurely into the big hall circuit. Jobson grins and groans at the memories.

"We were definitely pushed in too early. But still, I don't want to play in a dirty stinking greasy little pub with lots of idiots spitting and throwing glasses. See, I look at it, if you've got a show, you should take it to the halls, even though it looks ridiculous if there's a 4,000 capacity and you've only got 800. And that was happening, but it's happening to everybody, not just us. That restores confidence in a way, although I don't know what sort of confidence that is."

"But it was happening to everybody from The Stranglers downwards. It was so disillusioning because the same people were coming and they were wanting the same things and we had changed so much. We told them. We said we've changed, we've a new drummer (Rusty Egan, part time — which Jobson admits was a mistake, not least because it confirmed people's prejudices) and a keyboard player and we look different. We don't look like arrogant kids."

It was this desperate autumn tour that sharply clarified one of The Skids' major dilemmas. Their music had evolved. Old punk flavoured reputations stopped new listeners moving in. Old fans turned away from the new music.

"They wanted 'Into The Valley', one two three four five, and when 'Days In Europa' came out it banged them in the face and they thought it was shit. They hated it. The critics hated. Virgin weren't as helpful as with the first. Then to the other degree you've got people on the other side, the art people — and that's a horrible word to use — say a Magazine, Joy Division audience, and they don't want to know either. Because we've been where we've been, not that we're trying to move over 'there', we're just trying to do something different. But they won't accept it and we're thrown into the middle."

Uncomfortable. This discomfort inevitably makes Jobson question what he's doing.

"Oh yeah. I mean that's what comes into it most. You question something and that's good if you're going to step over it, but if you question yourself because of uncertainty, then that's bad. That comes through a lack of confidence. We went through a period from the new LP to the present day — and now we're going to totally reorganise ourselves — of day to day trauma, and it's never been good. We thought when we recorded 'Europa' it was a direct move, and we still do, I'm very confident in it, but you can't be so strong as to hide these criticisms away. So you must look at them and think well maybe that's right, maybe that is wrong — the criticisms for 'Europa' have come fast and furious, everything from racism to pretension, God!"

A single from the LP 'Working For The Yankee Dollar', will be a big hit. And trigger the next futile part of the process.

The LP itself is dramatic, callous, self-important, impatient, fascinating, bleak... Jobson attempting to be prodigious and ending up flawed. It is still an odd and violent piece of work.

It features one of the most alarming songs I've heard: the title track. This is where Jobson lets free his Nietzschean affectations with tormenting insistence. Jobson uses the word fascist occasionally. I'm not sure what he means. He's not a bigot in any way — racially, socially, culturally. He's too open. Perhaps

Continues page 65

REFUGEE
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(+ SUPPORT)

Setting Sons And Burning Guitars

The Jam

Manchester

FIRST night out on tour: welcome back to another edition of *So Who Really Is The Best Group In The World?* Down in Manchester Apollo before midnight, there's no contest. The Jam are the best group in the world.

This, of course, is not significant. There are a dozen bands (at least) currently treading the boards who have — at various times over the last few years — convinced me that they are the best band in the world: The Clash, The Ramones, The Who, Dr Feelgood (original edition with Wilko in), the Costello/Attractions, Springsteen/E Street and Parker/Rumour conclave, Rockpile, The Kinks (current edition)... don't start me talkin', I'll tell everything I know.

Plus The Jam, of course. Their claim to the title is as persuasive and convincing as anybody's, but in actual fact the title doesn't exist. There is no best band in the world, but if there were, it could quite possibly be The Jam. All clear? Onwards!

Visuals first: Foxton's kitted out in smoke-blue mohair and a black'n'maple Fender bass and he moves around a lot singing along off-mike even when he's not got a harmony part to do; Buckler's totally invisible (but highly audible) from behind a barricade of Roto-toms; and Mr Weller is encased in the most ludicrously black-and-white suit imaginable this side of 2-Tone meeting the trips festival, all topped off with the black and white Rickenbacker and enough Marshall amps to kit out at least two bands.

Manchester Apollo is wearing an art-deco glitter decor and a primarily male and youthful punk/mod crossover crowd. It is also wearing a support band called The Vapors who — due to a combination of support band blues and piss-poor sound — appear to be steering a course halfway between The Jam themselves and The Boomtown Rats.

Toward the end of the set, a few interestingish songs poke their way to the surface and suggest that The Vapors might be giving significantly better value later on the tour.

And then The Jam... as soon as they turn up and plug in it's goodnight, sweet prince. After Paul Weller's hoarse, apoplectic intro and that first charge into 'Girl On The Phone', it's basic pandebloodonium all the way.

The Jam have reinvented themselves: their set is drawn almost entirely from 'All Mod Cons' and 'Setting Sons', with just the occasional taster from the early stuff and 'In The City' and 'Modern World' firmly in the dumper.

So damn sharp: an agility and crispness born of confidence wedded to a weight and solidity born of conviction. All the musicianship channelled straight into the songs (as, so it happens, are the visuals) with no room for self-indulgence.

Everything about the current Jam set is deft and angry: from Weller's clawing, trebly guitar to Buckler's drumming. Each song is another angle on the tensions between rock and roll's over-whelming sense of community and solidarity (whether it's with thousands or it's there) and the songs' omnipresent sense of alienation and loneliness.

Paul Weller — a taciturn, withdrawn populist — understands this tension as



There is no best band in the world. But if there were... Pix Pannier Smith.

well as any songwriter living (and Springsteen fans should agree), and it's what his work plays upon. Just as Bob Geldof best understands that "There's no romance" is the most romantic thing you can say.

Apart from a few guitar troubles which put Weller in just a bad enough mood to deliver the max, The Jam's set was an unflawed fusing of intention and effect: everything contributed to the impact of the songs, which took on a 3D life and sported a

the ramalamadoleque sheep who tried to move into their towerblock. And just like The Clash, The Jam are an utterly convincing demonstration that 'orthodox' rock and roll (music without drones and squibbles in) is still capable of saying something and meaning more.

Even if The Jam ain't the best group in the world, they're more than good enough for me. And — I hope — you.

Charles Shaer Murray

receive the blessings of a magic presence.

The physical scale of the event reinforces the impression of a ritual removed from the constraints of communication. That stage is so big, so distant, the human figures are so small they could be toys, puppets on strings. But the space gives them certain grandeur as well, since they command it with amplification and volume.

We can hardly see them, but we know they are there.

a pop machine, the harder edges driven in by Buckingham's rhythm-charged guitar and Mick Fleetwood's powerful, propulsive drumming.

The mixture of styles they present smacks heavily of an attempt to provide something for everyone. But this is probably the natural result of the three different personalities alternating as band leaders, and, much more so than on record, Fleetwood Mac in concert seem like three different bands.



depth and intensity that surpassed their recorded incarnations.

The ironic humour of 'Billy Hunt' and the urban nightmare of 'Tube Station' gained and grew, as did the suburban horror of 'Private Hell' and the half-rueful, half-celebratory acuteness of 'Saturday's Kids'. Even Foxton's 'Smithers-Jones', which is decked out with an 'Eleanor Rigby' string arrangement on record, sounds infinitely better translated here into plain (plain?) old (old?) Jam rock and roll.

Curiously, the set ended in anti-climax: they finished with 'The Eton Rifles', currently charting, and extended it just a little with a feedback-undrugged finale, which maintained but did not exceed the energy level built up so remorselessly thus far.

Still... The Jam are as far ahead of the Mod bands who've jumped on their train as The Clash were (and are) of

Fleetwood Mac

New York

YOU enter the stream of bodies pouring through the portholes of Madison Square Garden. You get caught up in the tide. Into the awesome space — the impersonality of the place is scary.

Why am I here? Their blockbuster records each contain a few songs I admire for the ingenuity of their construction, but most of them just go in one ear and out the other. Yet Fleetwood Mac are a phenomenon as much as they are a group; perhaps more an economic phenomenon than a musical one though.

So I wanted to know: how do these hit-makers face up to the crucial point when performer meets audience? Not that there is likely to be much of a confrontation here.

When a group reach Mac's status, their audience isn't sitting out there waiting to judge. They come to adore, to

They must be Gods.

To their credit, Fleetwood Mac don't play up to this arena-rock deification syndrome. There is a minimum of pretension in their stagecraft: no light shows or flashy sets, and they don't come on haughty or imperious. At times, there is genuine warmth and grace in their show (particularly when Christine McVie is singing); and at other times there's a real urgency and power straining to come through. But they are trapped up there as surely as we in our seats are trapped down here. That's a pity.

They look like weedy, seedy California communards, except for Lindsey Buckingham who seems like a rich hippie whose parents had just made him get a haircut. But they sound good; confident players kicking into their material; with conviction. Often, they sounded like a rock and roll band (surprise) as opposed to

Behind Stevie Nicks, they are mellow, temperate, cruising on automatic, unprovoked and unchallenged. Nicks is supposed, I know, to be an enigmatic, mystical child, and all that baloney, but this translates into a haughty reserve that makes her seem either stiff or scared.

There is little natural ease in her manner. She projects no warmth, only an artless self-absorption that seems to leave her unaware of the vast audience watching her pour into her private mirror.

Rumours that Nicks is losing her voice seem partly true. In comparison to her earlier recordings, she has lost some of her high range; that little-girl sweetness isn't there. This is most obvious on 'Landslide', a sensitive poetic number she sings with Buckingham accompanying on acoustic guitar.

I also expected more kinetic energy from Nicks. She should fly, or at least move a bit when singing lines from

'Rhiannon' about being 'taken by the sky'. But everything about her delivery is strictly pedestrian.

Christine McVie's voice is delicious. Live, it sounds better than on record, richer, charged with commitment and more soul.

As a performer, she is sedate, hiding behind her keyboards as if playing a supporting role, even when singing lead. But she has an air of sincerity about her that makes her odes to love won and lost at least seem heartfelt and genuine. Her 'Say You Love Me' is a perfect opener for the concert, breezy, rocking, a good opportunity for the band to display a full, confident sound.

As a songwriter, though, McVie doesn't always hit that high mark. Many of her numbers allow the Fleetwood-McVie rhythm section to coast along and the band to present a sound that is just an up-market, finely tuned version of West Coast mellow rock.

It was down to Lindsey Buckingham to move the band into anything approaching strenuous action.

His first song of the set is 'Not That Funny' which seems off-hand and lightweight on 'Tusk' but here is a brash and forceful romp. On 'What Makes You Think I'm The One' Buckingham really comes out. He emphasises the quirky, stop-start rhythms of the song, and moves like a cross between Elvis Costello and David Byrne; not a trace of El Lay laid-backness in sight. With his well-tanned and innocent face, Buckingham looks odd carrying on like a wired-up new waver, but never mind. He's funny, a treat to watch, and he makes the band earn its supper keeping up with him.

'Go Your Own Way' is a heady mix of perfect harmonies and if Fleetwood Mac were always this good, I'd listen to them all night. But the best moment was 'Tusk'.

Tapes simulated the special effects of the record, while Mick Fleetwood churns out a powerhouse beat, rock and roll jungle drums. The song is an off-beat setting within which Buckingham can go nuts, spewing chord clusters and random vocal shrieks like freak-out time at the zoo.

I'd never thought Buckingham would be a guitarist to watch, but he is. He's accomplished but not too flashy, and knows how to cut loose. Only on 'I'm So Afraid' does he fall into a plodding, heavy metal-type mush.

There are other lapses: 'World Turning' seems to sit still, other songs (as on their albums) just pass by, proficiently executed but undistinguished.

What purpose is served depends on what purpose brings you here.

If you are a fan, you'll probably be pleased. Recreations of the songs you know and love are delivered with skill and fidelity, with an occasional extra push of energy derived from the live setting. The show's not a cheat.

But there is little intimacy or contact, and aside from Buckingham's surprising commitment to rocking out, there are cracks in the established images these people have painted in the media mind, no new insights into who they are or why they do what they do.

If you are looking for something challenging, like to see a band thinking on its feet, or are seeking great moments in the creation of pop/rock music, spend your money elsewhere.

Richard Grabel

All The Old Dudes



A right old 'untah. Pic Chris Morter.

Hunter and Ronson

Hammersmith Odeon

A TRIUMPHANT return for Ian Hunter, but a triumph that was based chiefly on nostalgia.

Not that he relied entirely on old hits — though a fair few were scattered through the set — but even the newer songs were stuck firmly in traditional moulds. It was a great old-fashioned rock 'n' roll

show. My problem is that old-fashioned rock 'n' roll doesn't really move me anymore.

Hunter, of course, has always been in love with rock 'n' roll — an incurable romantic hooked on Chuck Berry riffs and a Dylanesque style of declamatory singing — and many of his best songs are celebrations of the music, from oldies like 'All The Way To Memphis' to the recent 'Cleveland Rocks'.

And as much as with the

sound Hunter's in love with the myths of rock 'n' roll: 'Just one of the boys' he sang on his opening number, and later he set at the piano, bathed in a green spotlight, and intoned tremulously that he was 'Gonna be somebody someday'.

Melodramatic and sentimental, yeah: but myths are powerful stuff. They stood on their seats, the pasty young males in their shabby denim and leather, and yelled "Unta, 'Unta" like dogs barking at the moon.

To his credit, Hunter did little to exploit this adulation. But he did nothing to discourage it either, ambling affably to the edge of the stage to shake hands every now and again. A star with a human face; but still a star.

Ronson was worse, simpering arrogantly over the heads of the multitude and holding his guitar out to be touched like it was a holy relic.

The music was a cruising, bruising crest of all the right rock 'n' roll noises. From the

latest album we had five tracks, including a raucous, goodtime 'Just Another Night' spoilt firstly by the intrusion of Ellen Foley prancing and posing all over the stage in a thoroughly silly fashion; and secondly by an interminable drum solo during which Hunter quaffed a glass of wine and wandered about waving and grinning at the audience.

Oldies included 'Angeline' from Hoople's 'Brain Capers', the brave and lovely 'I Wish I Was Your Mother' accorded just respect by the band, and a closing duo of 'The Golden Age Of Rock 'n' Roll' and 'All The Way From Memphis', both treated a little too heavily-handedly for my taste.

I still think the best rock 'n' roll moves with a bit of lightness and grace, as these did in their original form. Tonight they tended to clench their fists, stamp their feet and clump around rather.

Nostalgia hit orgasmic proportions on the first encore. As the opening chords of 'All The Young Dudes' blared forth, the whole

audience swayed and waved and sang along. A magic moment but I couldn't help reflecting that neither rock 'n' roll nor Ian Hunter are as young as they pretend to be.

And when, at the second encore, Hunter sang 'disco sucks' for 'Cleveland Rocks', it seemed like a cheap, desperate gesture from a man who knew he was out of touch with the times.

So, yes, a great show for those who worship Ian Hunter. He hammed it up with his usual gleeful zeal; Mick Ronson threw in strafing bursts of lead guitar; the band boiled, stewed and went a bit red in Helsinki as all good rock 'n' roll bands are supposed to. But it was all like a steam-engine rally; and there are newer, more exciting modes of transport available now.

The golden age of rock 'n' roll? That era is defunct. Look to The Fall, Gang Of Four, Pop Group, Raincoats, Slits.

We're five weeks away from 1980 and better has come

Graham Lock

Bill Haley And The Comets

Venue

THE yearly appearances of Bill Haley have kept his fans' affections firmly on the straight and narrow.

You might have thought that teds had politely disappeared after their skirmishes with punks but Haley, an icon to polish your shoes for, pulled teds away from their tinselled ballrooms and into the Venue. Lovingly sculpted hair offsets drapes as slippery as jallied eels and their idolatory migration is under way.

Haley is a byword for direct, uncomplicated rock 'n' roll that never questioned itself but provided a concise blueprint for greater passion, adventure and misadventure. Despite nearing his sixties he looks perfectly, pastily preserved like a Madame Tussaud exhibit. His quiff is still impossible and what used to be romantically accepted as puppy fat is now definite paunch, but his smile is constant, devoted and, yes, this man loves the Big Beat.

Lapping up his role of prodigal father he grabs hands that are offered, almost sacrificially, at his altar.

Emphasising the immediate rapport the band break into the chords that signal 'Shake Rattle and Roll'.

Steve Murray's drums thrash out rhythm without pausing for unnecessary thought and too soon it's over. It's valuable, authentic, as wooden as

Haley's acoustic guitar and his vocals jump on the beat and don't let go. He's stayed squat in his position and strummed negligible rhythm but he's

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MORE THAN JUST A CHRISTMAS SINGLE

The skidrow drunk goes legit

Tom Waits

New York

BECAUSE of circumstances too dumb to relate here and now, I had never seen Tom Waits doing a live show, unless, of course, you count the night at the Lone Star Cafe when he got up with Kinky Friedman's Texas Jewboys because Friedman was incapable of doing more than sprawl in a booth and watch his own band playing 'Burma Shave' with Waits. But I already knew from his records that Waits was a man intent on building his own world.

All through his five albums, Waits has done his best to set up a quasi-nostalgic landscape of sleazy, and yet strangely innocent, hipsters freewheeling through an American pre-rock limbo somewhere between the '50s and '60s.

Charlie Starkweather is still driving around Montana murdering people he doesn't like; married women roll on their stockings in the morning in a cheap motel after a night with the dishwasher from the all-night diner; *Mad* magazine is a novelty; Elvis Presley, caravans and colour TV are a thing of the future; a pint of Cutty Sark can get you through the night and Bird really lives.

What I didn't realise until I saw Waits the performer is that his characters and situations are not meant to be taken seriously. His drunks and drifters and junkyard angels are virtually cartoon figures. They are not exhibited like cultural icons, but come complete with their weaknesses and defects.

Waits' stories come with the semi-conscious humour of drunk-talk rather than the grim reverence with which,



Tom Waits staggers through his act. Pix Chris Horler.

say, Bruce Springsteen (or on a very different level, Jimmy Pursey) treats the teen legend denizens of his personal jungle land.

On stage, Tom Waits is a cartoon character himself. His shambling hip-dancing, corkscrewing legs and seemingly double-jointed hands that appear to bend back on themselves while still gripping the cigarette between the tips of his first two fingers are all reminiscent of a rubber toy duck.

Whereas the rubber drunk traditionally wears white tie, top hat and tails, Waits is a bopster's version in porkpie hat and electric blue mohair. He is the jive, dapper drunk, but by incorporating so much humour into his act, he manages to retain the tattered dignity of the bum.

Obviously, Waits' natural habitat is that of the smoke filled nightclub. Unfortunately, he has now priced himself out of that



bracket and, in the two thousand plus Beacon, he struggled to maintain intimate contact with the audience. But he partly solved the problem in a way that has to be unique for someone who cut their teeth in small clubs: he moved unhesitatingly into full scale theatre.

Using lighting to split the stage into small, manageable sections, he made use of an increasingly elaborate series of props and sets rolled on and off.

First using a cash register as a percussion instrument, he quickly graduated to garbage cans, a newstand and a section of a sleazy bar, complete with gaffer tape on the ripped plastic seats. 'Putnam County' and 'Burma Shave' were presented John Garfield style, in a brown leather aircrew jacket, standing beside a '50s gas pump. The dramatic finale 'Potters Field' had the familiar porkpie hat, wino/hustler

doing the monologue with a single horn playing beside an American antique streetlamp. There was even artificial rain falling.

It was kitsche as hell, but Waits managed to carry it off. He carried the audience with him, and those who were expecting gut stuff from the gutter and pearls of skidrow wisdom found that they were actually having fun.

Waits was also smart enough to use the theatre with restraint. For each set-piece there was a tune by plain and simple Tom at the piano, or Tom rocking out (well, bopping out, he doesn't seem to have noticed anything more developed than Ivory Joe Hunter) with the four piece band; after all, this was what the majority had come for and the staging became a bonus rather than an imposition.

Waits does have one problem though: his voice is starting to sound shot. Doing the rheumy 80 year old sound must have caused permanent damage. His phrasing is so powerful, that on a lot of songs it hardly mattered, but on the more melodic tunes, particularly 'The Heart Of Saturday Night' it was clear that Waits' slurring was hiding a lack of true tonal range.

This is a minor quibble. Waits is in a unique position to write material that helps avoid vocal crack-ups, so what he's doing to his pipes doesn't matter a lot. What does is that he can take a comparatively large hall and still draw the whole crowd into his personal, fantasy world. Not only can he entice them in, but hold them there for the three hour show.

Ain't that what they used to call entertainment?

Paul Du Noyer

Mick Farren

Screams

Marquee

YOU can always spot a tourist by the toy policeman's helmet on his head, a useful rule of thumb which held as true as ever tonight when Screams' drummer Brad Steakley took to the stage displaying precisely that appendage. For Screams are three lovable mop-tops (and one bald person) all the way from Peoria, Illinois, and such a wacky, fun-loving bunch they are too, I hated them.

Bouncing breezily through a cheery set of hard, melodic, ordinary rock — grinning out at us from under floppy sheep-dog haircuts and fronted by the Micky Dolenz lookalike David Adams — they put me in mind of a Heavy Metal Monkees, of yesteryear standard metal dealers giving the product a coat of New Wave

gloss, two decades of American rockers, skilfully, if uninterestingly, regurgitated. As Marx said of the Bourbons: they forget nothing and learn nothing.

Screams are, admittedly, good-humoured and unpretentious about it all and lost no time building up an easy-going rapport with the small and appreciative crowd. They play loud but without undue crassness and with restraint, probably as their lightweight pop leanings serve to curb the instinct for overkill. The difficulty lies in picking out a specific characteristic that's any way unique or at least not too obviously derivative.

True, the drummer did stop playing at one point and took up a pair of semaphore flags instead; but that's not really what I was looking for. And to play an encore of 'My Generation', before that Marquee logo of old places, is to mock some powerful ghosts.

Paul Du Noyer

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The Photos Barracudas

Goldsmith College

THE Barracudas stumbled onto the stage looking like a dopey LA punk band, and after a boisterous opening it was clear these boys are well big Ramones fans. The first song lasted about three minutes and quickly went in one ear and out the other. Ten per cent of the audience managed to put their hands together; the rest looked the other way.

These surfers are led by a J. Richman soundalike who has a repertoire of gymnastic gyrations which frequently resulted in him knocking his bonce on the mike-stand, much to everyone's embarrassment. Still, he managed to do it in rhythm to their crash bang wallop music.

'Subway Surfing', 'KGB' and the atrocious 'I Wish It Was 1965 Again' are songs I wouldn't play to my worst enemy. Still, before attempting 'I Want My Woody Back' (surprisingly with adequate results), their groovy Yankee-talking singer informed us it was available as a single.

I can't quite see the populace rushing out and buying it just yet... but I'm keeping my skateboard just in case.

The Photos were next and a different kettle of fish altogether.

Their opening was a slow/fast version of Cliff And The Shads' 'Do You Wanna Dance'. Fronted by tasty Wendy they sound the business as well as looking it. She throws herself into every tune, complemented by a hard-looking young punk on guitar, an older geezer banging away at a Rickenbacker bass and wearing a ridiculous lost-in-space suit, while a kid at the back smashes and spins around a smart looking drumkit. The first attractive



Wendy Wu. Pic Gus Stewart.

Picture This

original is the little cracker 'Maxine'.

Viewing this lot up you could visualise them miming to it on *Top Of The Pops* with swaying teenagers surrounding them. A British Blondie? Well, Miss Wu's voice certainly does sound very early Debbie Harry and I suppose there are other comparisons, but who's looking?

They're very young and all seem to have their instruments well-sussed. 'She's So Attractive' will be their debut single; it's bouncy, competent, but not their best, and I'll be surprised

if it does anything. 'Irene' and 'I Want To Be A Guitar Hero' are crispy sharp slices of great pop and more typical of their best material.

Unfortunately there could be problems for them. Some people are already labelling them off as Blondie clones, which is unfair and plainly not true. They're signed to CBS and big things are and will be expected.

I hope it won't be a case of wasted potential, because it looks as though they possess the ability to knock out some tasty-no messing 45s.

Gary Crowley

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AS SO many brands of technology develop it would seem that micro-integrated circuitry is becoming an increasingly dominant factor. That list now includes fairly and squarely the hi-fi industry.

Many units have been reduced in size, but at present there are very few that can match the recently developed mini-rack system by Aiwa. This famous Japanese company have managed to produce a system (excluding

First in line are the power amp (SA-P22) and the pre-amp (SA-C22). The former provides an output of 30 watts rms per channel into 4 ohms between 20 Hz — 20,000 Hz, signal to noise ratio is very high at 95 dB which is closely followed by 80 dB at the pre-amp stage. All this is achieved at a total harmonic distortion of just 0.04%. These specs would suggest a very impressive amp unit and they are well supported by the sound performance.

On test with a pair of KEF R101 speakers and a Sansui SR222II turntable coupled

However, I was unhappy with the loading system as the actual cassette (as in most car units) cannot be seen while moving, therefore any tape entanglement would be undetected and it's also difficult to estimate tape time. But the machine does provide a hatch directly above the tape heads for cleaning purposes.

The specification is a good indication of the cassette's performance with a chrome-setting frequency response of 25 Hz — 16 kHz, signal to noise ratio of 60 dB (Dolby in) and a wow and flutter figure of 0.09%. The sound reproduction using Maxell UDXLI tape was good with minimal tape hiss and no audible drop-out.

The overall quality, sound reproduction and standard of finish of this Aiwa system is very good, saves a lot of space over conventional units and looks very esoteric and modern. Retailing at about £420.00 it seems that Aiwa have created a highly recommendable system.



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Jeff Hill on a mini-rack



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The question that immediately springs to mind is: just how good can a system this size perform? Well, I wasn't disappointed.

The complete system consists of four units: amplifier, pre-amplifier, tuner, cassette deck and of course the rack, although none of these items is available separately at the moment. The appearance of the system is very striking, especially with the LED displays on the amp tuner / cassette. However the basic wood-finish rack is not quite so visually pleasing. The

with an Ortofon VMS 20E, the sound was clean with good definition and "bite"; distortion was low at all levels. The pre-amp has provision for two auxiliary inputs as well as tuner and phono and you can also attach two pairs of speakers to the power amp. The loudness control was adequate, giving a fairly good extended bass without "booming".

THE STR-22 digital tuner was a delight. The digital readout is accurate and the signal strength is very well indicated by live LED's. Another feature is the subtle Hi-Blend filter cutting the minimal radio-hiss present on



rubber feet designed to squeeze into the bottom corners are a bit troublesome as they are difficult to locate in the holes, and once there they have a tendency to pop out.

Another criticism is of the untidy tangle of mains lead connections at the rear. This cannot really be helped as British Standards rule that stereo components must have separate mains leads. But a QED mains distribution box would help.

Now to the most important factor — the sound quality. For evaluation purposes I have tested the units individually and commented accordingly.



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WOKE up this morning.
Couldn't believe what I saw.
A hundred billion dollars.
Just outside my door.
Sting, London SW3.
You jammy bastard. — MB.

Yes, I confess I'm American,
but it's not MY FAULT. I just
had to write concerning your
attitude towards us colonials.

My countryman George
(Bag Oct 27) writes about us
as if we all fall into ecstasy
over The Bee Gees, The
Knack, Foreigner, or whoever
else happens to be perverting
the name of rock at the
moment — and you'll hafta
admit it's not far from
absolute truth. We American
punks can go for weeks
without seeing another of our
species. Especially those of us
lucky enough to be centrally
located in Kansas. Are you
listening, George from Calif?

Do you know how far I had
to go to hear the Clash live?
Eight hundred miles! And I
went alone, cuz none of my
friends have even heard of
'em. And when it comes to
buying records — I have yet to
meet a storeworker in this
area who's heard of the
Velvets, much less got 'em in
stock. And they were
Americans.

As for punk on the radio —
can you believe stations
around here are starting to
play 'new music' about twice
a day? And do you know what
they consider new? Elvis
Costello and Talking Heads, to
name a couple.

So, thanks NME for being a
lonely Kansas punk's only link
to civilisation and real music.
You help to ease the pain of
being forced to live in the
world's dumbest nation. Kind
of.
Carolyn McPherson, Kansas
(armpit of the world).
Bloody train's late again. —
MB.

As two Dylan fans who are
also Christians, may we thank
Dylan for his unequivocal
stand on his latest LP 'Stow
Train Coming' and recent
concert in San Francisco and
assure him of our support for
him as long as he continues to
follow Jesus. We pray that
God will bless, keep and use
him in His service 'until He
returns'.

*Andy Bradstock and Mike
Grimshaw, Upper Tooting Park,
London N4.*
You don't need a weatherman
to know that the weather is
very bad indeed this
November. God's work. —
MB.

Regarding the Zim in San
Francisco and Michael
Goldberg's petulance upon
finding it's no longer 1966 and
his hero likes to move on a
little.

Dylan was never the voice
of a generation, thank God.
He's always just been
defiantly himself 'John
Wesley Harding' is hardly
your typical '68 hippy anthem.
We've all had a decade in
which to hear 'Like A Rolling
Stone' and all the other
monuments to the past, and
three live records in the '70s
with all the hits, so maybe it's
time to try something a little
new?

Goldberg's good enough to
inform me that Big D's is no
longer socially aware. Is he
more aware in 'The Times
They Are A-Changin'' or in
'Slow Train Coming'?

Nostalgia aside, just how
much were those '60s
anthems the product of a
social conscience and how
much a reflex exploitation of a
transient boy of civil rights

solidarity? 'Masters of War' is
about as socially aware as
'Eve of Destruction'.

Whatever you say Bob
Dylan is never static, he never
goes through things twice, he
ain't the man on the cover of
'Highway '61 Revisited' and if
you can't accept that the train
keeps on coming you're no
better than the ancient
historians who gave up at
Newport, the Albert Hall... or
the Fox Warfield, San
Francisco.

*Chris Hardwick, Fairacres
Road, Oxford.*
Touche! You make the case
for the defence with an
admiral panache. Bit hard on
civil rights though, 'Eve of
Destruction' happens to be a
pretty good song. I'm not
conversant with these trains
you mention however,
preferring the express variety.
Inter City 125's a straight
through Slough jobs myself.
You get home a lot quicker
and there's none of that
hanging around outside
Luton while the guard
chappies get their tea. — MB.

I am an American.
*Eric Elmetz (A typical
American teenager),
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*
You're not a Bob Dylan fan
though. This is good — MB.

Dear Mr Smiley, Can I be the
first to say that Anthony Blunt
is innocent?
Anon, Lubiana.
Sir Anthony to you, ya
goddam pinko subversive. —
MB.

We thought we'd write giving
our verdict on Thieves Like Us
who recently played our
school. Their general attitude
seemed to be to take the piss
out of what they thought were
a lot of stuck up virgins. They
obviously arrived with the
impression that The Dooleys
and The Osmonds did it for us
because at the mention of
Tom Waits, Todd Rundgren etc
they were astonished!

Playing in a girls' public
school seemed to be nothing
but a well paid ego trip for
these charming ex-public
school boys, with their
pseudo American accents and
German insults.

Anyway, we hope you
understand that we're not all
Hockey sticks and navy blue
knickers!

Much love.
Some Fifth Form Readers xx
Cheek! Keep these letters
coming in girls. — MB.

While waiting for the Blue
Oyster Cult at Ingliston
(extended leave on medical
grounds) I met a lovely young
lady called Marie. She was
sixteen years old and wearing
a torn kilt. Could you tell her
I'm still waiting for her to
contact me?

Private A Saul, Culforden.
What's in it for her? — MB.

Some Orchestral Menoeuvres
In The Dark anagrams:

1. Ohof V.D. Iecher Numan is
rat streaker.
 2. Crass lurk on me or invade
the heart.
 3. Thor's entrails have racked
our men.
 4. Run modern lover, cat shit
has a reek.
 5. Christ, mods are not even a
rare hulk.
 6. Hark! A herald mouse isn't
over a cent.
 7. Do introvert men sulk? Ah,
rare aches.
 8. "NME have torn turd" is a
real shocker.
- Eight Gang of Four albums?
*A. W. Clinic, Johnstone,
Scotland.*



You blew it with the last one
— MB.

Herein another painfully
earnest contribution to the
NME versus the students
shock horror probe.

Why do it? OK I know that
quite a few students are
smug, complacent bastards.
But then I've known some
pretty smug Rastas, some
unpleasant punks and some
very limp hippies. Is it a chip
about University Degrees? If
so, forget it: having made it in
journalism you are as acute,
or more so, than most
students I know. Some
students are more acute than
you are, but that's just
nature's way of telling you to
slow down. Or is it just that
you think that students are
sucking up to the
establishment by jumping
through their educational
hoops?

"Sod off back to your
subsidised canteens and start
worrying about real issues,"
says Monty Smith.

Well this is a real issue. Find
a group in society, point it out
and invite others to despise
that group. Obscure the real
effects of your action with
some fancy talking. Seen the
pattern before?

The rich man's in his castle.
The student's at his job along
with the other poor sods.
"Twenty years of schoolin'
and they put you on the day
shift."

*Pro Bono Publico, Faversham,
Kent.*

The university of life, mate.
That's all the bleedin'
education I ever 'ed and it
didn't do me any bloody
good. Monty Smith actually
has a Master's degree in
Applied Ergonomics from the
Sorbonne so... MB.

Students are hipl
*The Sleeping Policeman In
The Road Outside.*

Q. How many Californians
does it take to screw in a
lightbulb?
A. Californians don't screw in
lightbulbs; they screw in hot
tubs. — MB.

Dear NME. Nude boys don't
argue.
A. Girl.
Come up and see us
sometime. — MB.

I have just read Michael
Goldberg's piece on the antics
of Ralph Records, the 'Cryptic
Corp' etc, and I'm wondering
why NME bothers to waste
valuable space on the garbage
these guys talk.

Regarding the bands'
recordings of 'I Left My Heart
In San Francisco' Hardy Fox
says "But it is the official San
Francisco song, sanctioned by
the city, so we had no choice."
What kind of subversive talk is
that?

I suppose we should thank
NME for spotlighting the
games people play in other
countries but John Lydon
could teach The Residents (let
all) a thing or two about
challenging society's
preconceptions.
S.P.F., London.

As it happens I agree with
you. — MB.

do UPSTART you GREEN
realise VINYL that 7" if POLICE
you CAN'T print STAND this
LOSING letter YOU on BLUE
the VINYL letters ORIGINAL
page EDITION: 17 can OFFERS
get TO my RAQ advert ON
printed STEVENAGE for
723873 nothing?
RAQ the clever punk.
Payment of £3.83 is due
within 30 days. — Peter
Rhodes.

I went to see *Jesus Christ
Superstar* a couple of months
ago and at half-time I saw
Francis Rossi of Status Quo. I
asked him for his autograph
but he just muttered
something and hurried off.
Why are rock stars so
big-headed?
Ex-Status Quo fan, Enfield.

How do you know it was
Francis Rossi? More likely to
have been Bob Dylan. — MB.

Rock Against Sexism shares
reader Veronica Monk's
concern for the quality of life
our society offers, which is
precisely why we believe it's
essential to fight Corrie's
anti-abortion bill.

If it becomes law it's going
to be three times as hard to
get an abortion as it is now.
All the evidence from
countries where abortion is
illegal proves that laws
against abortion don't stop
abortions happening, they
just drive women into the
hands of the backstreet
butchers, with all the danger
and degradation that involves.
Whether Veronica Monk likes
it or not, that will happen here
if Corrie's bill is passed.

There is still no absolutely
safe, reliable contraceptive,
and 75% of abortions in this
country are due to
contraceptive failure. Denying
women the right to abortion is
denying us the possibility of
controlling our own bodies
and our own lives.

Of course, if "a woman's
right to choose" means
anything, it means we must
also have the right to bear
children and to bring them up
in comfort. Mothers need
much more money and better
housing and more nurseries.
Those women who are too
poor to have children will not
be helped by the current Tory
policy of making abortion
more difficult to get at while
slashing all our social
services.

Feminists and socialists are
struggling to create the
loving, caring society
Veronica Monk claims to
want, but it doesn't look like

it's about to happen just yet.
In the meantime, why should
women have to bear all the
burden for fousy
contraception and the
inadequacies of the "welfare"
state, and be made to feel
guilty ("stoop so low or crawl
so far" etc) if we choose to
have an abortion?

If we get pregnant without
meaning to, we're the ones
who have to bear the
consequences, so it must be
up to us to decide whether to
have an abortion or not.
Every child a wanted child!
Every mother a willing
mother!

*Rock Against Sexism, 121
Grandison Road, London
SW11.*

Has anyone else noticed that
the letters page is the best
thing about this music rag?
I'm a fast-rising musician, and
the Bag is the best way to
keep in touch with the people
who actually buy records.

Unless of course all the
letters are made up by NME
staff, in which case I'm a
sucker. If that's the case
though, how come the letters
are so good and the actual
journalism so crappy?
*Pete, the rising megastar,
Battersea.*

Some people round here buy
records every day and we
don't make up the letters
either. Or maybe we do —
you'll never really know. —
MB.

Who does M. Smith think he
is! 'Sensitive liberal guilt'
indeed! Reader Boris Yates
was merely asking a question
that a lot of us have been
asking for quite a while now.

It makes you think, if the
nation's kids can raise
£600,000 (via the Blue Peter
appeal fund) in two weeks for
these human wrecks by
trading in their teddies etc,
then surely groups who are
supposedly politically aware
could contribute something?

I can't understand how any
of you can sit there and watch
these terrible films and just
make smart-ass comments
when someone who cares
writes in with a sensible plea.
Perhaps you're all too busy
patting each other's backs to
care about what happens in
the real world.

*An angry housewife, Hadfield,
Derbyshire.*

After seeing the UK Subs
movie *Punk Can Take It* at the
weekend I realised that you at
NME are a bunch of
professionally brainless
nunkheads who have
completely lost the ability to
see fact from fiction. How can
you say that it's rubbish? Only
by completely destroying any
sense of humour you may
once have had. I can't
remember the last time I saw
a support film which gave me
so much honest
entertainment. It's a film that
you should take about as
seriously as a walk down
Carnaby Street. I feel really
sorry for you if you didn't
enjoy it because that's all I can
see you were asked to do.

So, anyone going to see
Scum, I warn you to look
forward to a support film
which may make you laugh.
Oh, I almost forgot, it's also
got some brilliant live footage
of the UK Subs.
*Thomas McMillin, London,
SW10.*
It made me laugh and I
haven't seen it. — MB.

It takes a train to
laugh... It takes Max
Bell to edit the letters.

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