

THRILLS



Pursey and fans tune up for PCJ&K by invading Clash bash. Pic: Justin Thomas.

THE BAND they're already calling the 'Supergroup' of the '80s still seems to be a long way from hard fact. That marriage of fine minds and noble intellects — who, for the sake of argument, we'll call Pursey, Cook, Jones and Kermit (PCJ&K) — are even now embroiled in little matters of contract fulfilment with at least three very interested and potentially stubborn parties whose influence may impede our heroes' progress for at least six months.

Nevertheless, the news that Jimmy Sham, man of the people, might be fronting a power punk combo composed of those ex-Pistol stalwarts Steve and Paul exploded in Carnaby Street last week like a hot horse chestnut. No expense was spared as the *Thrills* desk whisked its intrepid team to the far corners of the globe and The Nag's Head in Hershaw High Street.

Just as well we did too, for as they say, the Lord delivers to he who stands and waits, and we finally tracked down James Pursey Esquire indulging in his favourite pastime, the sacred art of dog watching. Yon Pursey has been flashing the sheets a bit of late, adding substantially to his fleet of greyhounds here, tending to the lame amongst them there, and gambling incurably around the nation's speeding mutt stadia.

It was in some such place that our reporter noticed the arched eyebrows and angelic if dirty faced Pursey. But before he could say 'Tom Robinson' young Jim was out of his cage and three quarters of the way down Woking bypass with only the dying strains of a withering 'No Comment' subsiding into the ether. Our man collected his winnings and went home.

Meanwhile, another scribe was dispatched to go and stand outside the plush Cook and Jones gaff in London's

W1. After spending an entire weekend balancing on a dustbin and peering through a crack in the former Pistols' lace net curtains — studiously ignoring the taunts of passing Scottish gentlemen the while — he was approached by an affable geezer who informed the writer that the cuddly duo has split the scene some two minutes prior to his arrival.

A few phone calls revealed that Jones had vacated his room altogether in order to set up residence in his new Hampstead apartment which, according to Nils Stevenson, Banshees manager and Paul Cook's new co-habitee in the

old premises, is "set up just like a whore house."

Jones' recent musical activities, apart from producing the likes of Joan Jett, have revolved around a project paying homage to Phil Spector, utilising the latter's "Wall of Sound" technique on a fearsome remake of The Ronettes' 'Do I Love You,' wherein Stephen duets delightfully with the splendid Ms Chrissie Hynde (A Pretender late of this parish). The results are so promising that there could even be an album of Jones Plays Spector in the pipeline.

The possibility of a new

band including Pursey, and going under the probable moniker of Swankers, has in fact been mooted by Jones and Cook for some time. After Rotten's departure it seems that there was a possibility of 'Swindle' star Ten-Pole Tudor sporting the Sex Pistols microphone, a choice particularly pleasing to Malcolm McLaren. Jones, however, preferred to refer darkly to an anonymous gent under contract for just one more album to Polydor, a description that fits Pursey like a glove.

Interestingly, those close to the relevant chest claim that the Cook/Jones split from McLaren is mostly due to his nixing the Sham connection. Pursey was approached at a time when things were bad for Sham — about the same time that he announced his retirement at the Friars Aylesbury debacle.

What might have been pure

supposition gained a veneer of proof when a *Thrills* scout chanced upon one Dave Treganna, alias Kermit, the Sham bassman and fourth actor in the drama.

He asserts that "Steve and Paul first approached Jim (Pursey) in February. He considered the offer and when all that shit came down, plus us having always rated Steve and Paul as players, we decided to give it a shot. It'll be down to the four of us but there are still loads of legal problems involving the company."

The major stumbling block is that Sham 69 are contracted to deliver not three albums to Polydor — two down, one to go — but four, if the company decide to retain their option clause. Says Kermit: "That's a real spanner in the works. It means the group could become operative in a month or it might take six. Although I can't talk completely for

Jimmy he sees the alliance as something new and fresh."

Indeed the foursome have already managed a work-out at Polydor and all were satisfied with the results and want to get on with it for real.

Treganna and Pursey have felt that Sham's days were numbered for several months. A new album, recorded at The Chateau in France, cost them a grand a day to complete and they don't relish the prospects of recording a fourth. As their first album was live it won't make sense for them to buy out of the contract with another stage document.

In any case, Sham's drummer Mark Cain is already seeking alternative employment. He applied for a job as a milk salesperson with the Milk Marketing Board but was not short-listed. His replacement Ricky Goldstein, formerly of The Automatics, signed on in time to cut the new LP but his gig is said to be temporary.

Polydor themselves proved to be extremely tight lipped when *Thrills* rang them, maintaining a "No Comment" silence but adding that "Pursey is under contract and obviously he will fulfill it. Other than that we're reluctant to discuss the matter, though of course Jimmy, Steve and Paul are just good friends."

Virgin's official statement is merely that "Steve and Paul are looking for a bassist and a vocalist and they may or may not have found them. Secondly, the pair are still signed to Glitterbest (or Glitterbust) and their obligations there are not sorted out." And the Pistols still owe Mr. Branson six volumes of an eight-album set according to their contract.

The man who may yet hold the key to the ever unfolding melodrama, Malcolm McLaren, has not been sighted for weeks now and is reportedly ensconced somewhere in Gay Paree, licking his tent and retiring to his wounds.

And with that, *Thrills* bids you all a fond adieu, dusts off its as yet unplayed copy of 'Four Way Street' and remembers the days when these young sprogs were grateful for any contract at all. Remember where you read it last.

SHARES BONO

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