

MARCH 1979

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SPECIAL REPORT:
BOMP Takes a Look at the
State of the BOOTLEG INDUSTRY

BOMP!

TALKING HEADS

More Songs From The Electronic Garage



GREG KINN

The Lazy Man's
Rock Star

NEW STARS FOR '79

BATTERED WIVES
THE KNACK

KENNY & THE KASUALS
STIV BATORS?!

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BOMP!

ISSUE #21

"The magazine for Rock & Roll fans..."

MARCH, 1979



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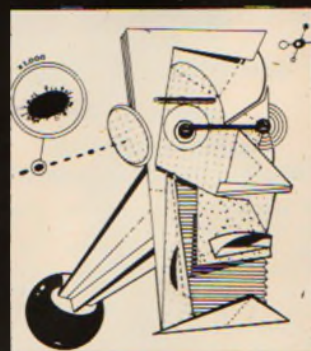
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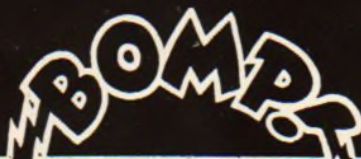
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* = Picture sleeve

NEW U.S. SINGLES

BILLY HANCOCK Rooty Tooty/I Can't Be Satisfied. Frantic rockabilly like early Elvis. \$1.50
HOWARD WERTH Obsolete (Dangerhouse) ex-Audience on New Wave (b), Great! \$2.00
SCRUFFS Teenage Girls \$1.50
DISTORTED LEVELS Hey Mister (Nowhere) demented 60s punk sound. \$2.00
BOB SEGARINI When the Lights Are Out (Slade song) (Bomb) \$1.50
VARIOUS Moxie Records' '60s punk sampler. 6 great punk rockers, inc. Dirty Shames, 5 Canadians, Emperors, Denims, more. \$3.00
B-52s Rock Lobster. fab art-rock* \$2.00
URINALS Dead Flowers EP. weird, grungy surf-punk sound, a BOMP fave.* \$2.50
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD I Gotta Know/No! psychedelic punk from Akron* \$2.00
WAITRESSES Short Stack/Clones/Slide. More Akron weirdness, like Devo* \$2.00
NERVEBREAKERS My Girlfriend is a Rock EP. Texas' best punk, opened for the Pistols* \$2.50
PETER & MARY SAVINGGRACE Sensitive Man. weird, avant-garde acid influ.* \$2.00
PLUGZ Mindless Contentment (Slash)* \$2.00
THIRD RAIL It's Over Now. from Boston. Blue vinyl* \$2.00
CONTROLLERS Neutron Bomb. LA punk.* \$2.00
GERHARD HELMUT Under My Thumb. Eng. and German. Great!* \$2.00

IMPORT SINGLES

KINKS EP including 'You Still Want Me', 'You Do Something to Me', 'Took My Baby Home' and 'Long Tall Sally', their two rarest 45s. Nice color cover in your choice of red or blue vinyl.* \$3.50
UNDERTONES Teenage Kicks EP. Irish Ramones* \$2.75
TROGGS Troggs Topps 1 EP (Page One) exact reissue of their first rare ep w. 'Wild Thing', 'From Home', 'Girl Like You', 'I Want You'. Glossy* \$3.75
USERS Kicks in Style* \$2.25
DANNY WILD & THE WILDCATS Mean Evil Daddy. English rockabilly* \$2.25
WIRE Outdoor Miner. Both sides are excellent on this 45 from one of UK's most adventurous groups* \$2.25
BUZZCOCKS What Do I Get. (UA) \$2.00
 Autonomy/I Don't Mind. (UA) \$2.25
 Ever Fallen in Love (UA) \$2.25
ELVIS COSTELLO Radio Radio/Tiny Steps. non-LP b-side and has great Radar color sl.* \$2.25
 I Don't Want to Go to Chelsea.* \$2.25
YOBBS Silent Night/Stille Nacht. Actually the Boys (uk) in disguise with this hilarious Xmas punk-parody. Good* \$2.25
THE CURE Killing An Arab. Big English cult item, interesting* \$2.25
JOHNNY B SCOTT Rock n Roll Legend in 4/4 Time. Good punk-rocky* \$2.25
NIGEL SIMPKINS X. ETC. Clever send-up of electronic-punkers. interesting and funny* \$2.25
HI FI Solo Kitchen. another BOMP fave, like Buzzcocks* \$2.25
THE DOLL Desire Me. 2 45s (one free) in an incredible color, glossy fold-out sleeve. Ltd. edition* \$3.00
IAN DURY Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick. (Stiff) more eccentric ity w great sleeve \$2.25
EATER What She Wants, What She Needs* \$2.25
LURKERS Just 13. another of our faves, real working class English* \$2.25
KLEENEX Sunrise. (Rough Trade) girl punk group from Switzerland* \$2.25
MEMBERS Sound of the Suburbs. (Virgin) world's first invisible record in color back-drop. Very unusual we got the last few of a very ltd. pressing* \$2.50

RECORDS Starry Eyes. neat. Features Will Birch, ex-Kursaal Flyers. Sounds like 'Do Anything You Want to Do' by Rods* \$2.25

JONATHAN RICHMAN Buzz Buzz/Hospital (Live)* \$2.25

TANZ DER YOUTH I'm Sorry I'm Sorry (Radar) ex-Damned \$2.00

VIPERS I've Got You. (Mulligan) excellent rockin' pop from this Irish group* \$2.25

TEENAGE HEAD Picture My Face. Good hard punk rocker* \$2.25

PRETENDERS Stop Your Sobbing. great version of Kinks tune from all-girl group featuring Chrissie Hynd, BOMP picks for stardom. prod. Lowe. \$2.25

GEN X King Rocker (Chrysalis) best single yet, prod. by Ian Hunter* \$2.25

NEW ALBUMS DOMESTIC

THE SCRUFFS Wanna Meet the Scruffs?. available again after more than a year, fine fine pop LP by Memphis band in the Chilton tradition 6.00

BEST OF BOMP Only a few left on white vinyl! Varied package includes our rare early singles. Shoes, 20/20, and unreleased Stooges. \$5.95

WAVES (see Hype elsewhere) (BOMP) new LP featuring 12 new bands from prod. over, includes Romantics, 20/20, Last, Flashcubes, lots more. All new. \$5.95

VARIOUS Yes LA (Dangerhouse) LA's answer to No New York, strong 1 sided LP of local bands (Bags, X, Germs, Eyes, B. Randy, Alleycats) disc is transparent w artwork silkscreened on other side. Ltd edition. \$6.00

JUICY GROOVE Wild acid-soaked LP by Sky Saxon guitarist, includes Mars Bonfire and other freak-out stalwarts. Picture disc. The weirdest thing you ever saw. \$9.00

NEW ALBUMS IMPORTED

PEBBLES VOL. 1 We now have the Australian pressings of this classic album of '60s punkers (along the lines of Nuggets but wilder, more obscure) Comes with neat cover, liner notes, pictures, etc. \$6.00

PEBBLES VOL. 2 More of the same great stuff, also with a great cover and amazing liner notes (by Meltzer?) Includes punk classics by Sons of Adam, Bobby Fuller, Satans, Lyrics, Phil & Frantics, Choir, Moving Sidewalks, more. 17 songs. \$6.00
PERE UBU Dub Housing (Chrysalis) 2nd great avant-folk-punk from this Cle band, not to be released in the US. \$8.99

THROBBING GRISTLE DOA (Industrial) includes stuff like death threats on an answering service and other electronic fun. Ready to hit the charts! \$10.00

GENERATION X New LP features "King Rucker", etc. \$8.99

AL ROBERTS Rockabilly Guitar Man. excellent indie LP of British rockabilly, includes 15 tracks, all originals. \$7.99

KED CRAYOLA Radar's reissue of classic '67 LP of Texas psychedelia. Essential. \$8.29

GRUPPO SPORTIVO Back to 78. weird, progressive Dutch group like Deaf School. \$8.29

STADIUM DOGS What's Next (Magnet) hard to find LP by UK pop-punk outfit. \$8.29

SPHERICAL OBJECTS Past and Parcel. Obscure local LP by interesting punk band. \$7.25

TUBEWAY ARMY Another hard to find LP by one of England's most underrated bands. \$7.99

LURKERS Fulham Fallout (Begger's Banquet) debut LP by one of our fave punk outfits, raw, powerful and simpleminded like the Dolls or Heartbreakers. \$7.99

DEVO Special Stiff 12" EP featuring the 6 sides of their first 3 singles, but some are remixed, diff. takes. A must for the Devo fan. \$5.25

COLLECTORS: Each month BOMP sends out a list packed with auction & set sale records, old & new, plus special offers, rare items, etc. It's free. Send for a sample if you don't already get it. Also has new updates, newly arrived New Wave products, etc.

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THE SECRET
THE DICKIES
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- ☐ \$10.98 Special limited and numbered edition black vinyl (only 1,000).
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Looking over the musical landscape as the new year begins, it feels more like a clean slate than the shattered ruins I saw towards the end of '78. Among the people I know there is less moaning over the fading of punk and more excitement about the new possibilities opening up. The general feeling, which I share, is that '79 could become a very important year for music.

There are a number of ways to look at what's taking place now. We started three years ago with a totally decadent music scene, against which punk was a violent reaction in the direction of simplicity and raw immediacy. Now that too has worn thin and some people are looking for a sort of synthesis to emerge. Another viewpoint holds that punk's more creative musicians, fed up with reaching only the limited clique of punk patrons and starving all the while, see now the possibility to broaden their perspective, reach a larger audience, and still hold most of their cult following. In other words, that the survivors of punk will be those who can "go commercial". Someone pointed out recently that none of the punk bands of '64-66 survived their era, but that the generation of groups who immediately followed, the more experimental bands of '67-68, are (those who survived) among today's biggest and most entrenched stars—Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd, et al. And that from this we might deduce that the next year or two will bring new bands, influenced by punk but without the constricting self-limitations, who will stay around to develop the musical vocabulary of the '80s.

I see some truth in all these viewpoints, and quite a few others that have been offered. There is in England today a new generation of bands, working mainly in the medium of self-recorded, self-issued 45's, who are winning over the punk audience with a dramatic new approach utilizing synthesized sound, atonality, and concepts adapted from space-rock groups like Can, to create a more intensified "punk" experience, and it could be that these innovators have given us the first glimpse of what pop in the '80s will be like.

Others see a parallel between these bands and the more avant-garde wing of disco music (Kraftwerk, Telex, even Giorgio), and project a possible punk-disco fusion somewhere on the technofringe horizon. The scenario of mindless millions discoing away to John Cage treatments of Al Green songs doesn't seem quite so fantastic as it would have a few months ago. These possibilities and others are explored in this issue's *Talking Heads* cover story by Jonh Ingham. Certainly, the commercial success of *Talking Heads* and the increasing use of synthesized

sound by the progressive punk contingent points to some curious and perhaps not so horrible mutations in the months ahead.

Another healthy sign, as the smoke of the last two years clears away, is the evident strength of the independent, alternative music industry. Fanzines are thriving, small labels are taking over the English market, and in America the underground audience has become quite clearly defined. And it's proven itself big enough to support enough bands and grass-roots enterprises that we may still be able to hold the Goliath of the major record companies at bay. Today's fan has more good music to choose from, much of it created especially for him and his fellow cultists, than at any time in the past. All the best of today, and yesterday, is being kept alive by the fan industry, which can only lead to better things ahead. On this general theme, we present an interview this issue with one (several, actually) of America's most active purveyors of so-called "bootleg" records, and unlike other magazines who mindlessly echo the major industry's stance of "shame, shame, lock 'em up forever", we invite you to draw your own conclusions as to the tangled moral and ethical implications of today's bootleg industry.

Also in this issue we present shorter items on quite a few new artists that we feel could become important in the year ahead. It's an encouraging sign that so much new talent is still emerging—though the past few months have seemed to be a chasm in the development of new music, the gulf now lies behind us and ahead, much to look forward to.

A few people have asked that we make some predictions about who the "new stars of 1979" will be. Well naturally, I love making predictions, although I have a notoriously spotty track record ("The WeirDOS will be bigger than the Sex Pistols!" "The Ramones will be the next Beatles!" "1975 will be the year for the Flamin' Groovies!" etc.). So here goes: the biggest new stars of '79 will be Van Halen, Molly Hatchet, Player, Exile, and Wazmo Nariz.

But who cares about stars, anyway? Not us, that's for sure. Much more fun to think about what *important* artists and *overdue cult heroes* will make their mark before the end of this sorry decade! On this subject I can offer some more cheerful prognostications. I expect that the few "viable" artists who were plucked from the melee of American New Wave will do very well, although they will lose much of their remaining punk following by cleaning up their sound, adding disco rhythm tracks, etc. But at least we'll have charts full of Elvis Costello, Blondie, Tom Petty, Cheap Trick, Nick Gilder, etc., and if we must hear "You Light Up

My Life", it might as well be by Patti Smith, right? It's a far sight better than what we had before.

Cult heroes of the year will include Ray Campi (Bruce Springsteen will write him a song and it'll be overnight bigtime for Ray), James Williamson (his reunion LP with Iggy will re-ignite the latter's career and James' subsequent solo LP of computerized music will be heralded as a major conceptual advance by *Rolling Stone*, leading to a spotlight on Don Kirshner's *Rock Concert*), Roky Erickson will get a major label deal and cut an album in England that will change the direction of rock & roll, and Eno will become a household word.

As for important new artists, there are quite a few I'm counting on to make their mark. England will produce a whole new generation of culture heroes, Daniel Miller (aka the Normal) will become the next Robert Fripp, John Cooper-Clarke will become the poet laureate of his generation, Stiff Little Fingers will be the next Clash, and Chrissie Hynd will be the next Keith Richard. Simple Minds will become the Pink Floyd of the New Wave, Bethnal will either break up or become big stars, and Cabaret Voltaire will have a hit.

In America, there will be hits by Shoes, Chris Stamey, Gary Valentine, Greg Kihn, and Battered Wives. Several of the great white hopes of the past two years will unexpectedly break up. Judy Nylon will do something that will make headlines and when Frazier Smith replaces Johnny Carson, she'll be on his show. Kim Fowley will launch another successful group including former members of Venus & the Razor Blades.

Other than that, nothing much is likely to change. But don't be surprised if some of your favorite "punk" acts have disco hits, or if the Rolling Stones have a "punk rock" hit, or if Bowie's new album confuses everybody completely for three months, or if you start hearing all sorts of weird rumors about groups from Brazil..... above all, it's bound to be a *weird* year!

The letter column will be open to any of you who wish to offer your own observations on the thrills and perils that await us this year.

Starting with this issue, we are discontinuing the "Encyclopedia of British Rock". Even on our present breakneck schedule, it would take another 4 years to complete, and judging from our mail this feature simply isn't of interest to enough of our readers. We are, however, presently working on bringing the entire work up to date (the remainder exists only in rough notes) with the intent of publishing it as a book some time in the hopefully not-too-distant future. Anyone who feels sufficiently erudite (not to mention reckless) to look over our listings and try to plug up some of the remaining holes is encouraged to volunteer. We especially need people in England—our biggest gaps are pre-1965 UK releases. My apologies to those of you who have appreciated this feature all along; it was always my favorite part of the magazine too. But we hope to put those pages to better use with the kind of features (like the "Pop File" page starting this issue) that will make rock history more assimilable to today's generation of rock fans.

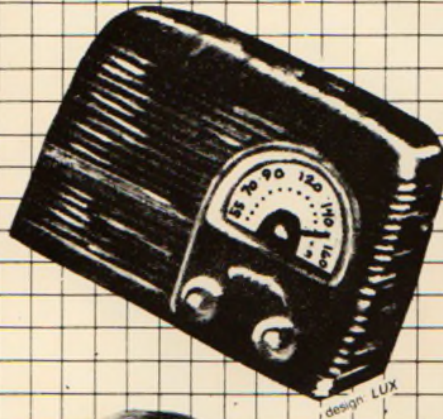
On a final note, regarding last issue's call for a national rock & roll archive, I neglected to mention the fine efforts being made by *BAM Magazine* to put together the Bay Area Music Archives. Begun a year ago, the Archives now has accumulated thousands of books, tapes and albums, aided by benefit concerts in San Francisco. Of course their goal is to preserve the local music scene, and personally I wonder how much merit is involved in preserving the works of Santana and their ilk, but the premise is worthy and all the more indication that something of this nature with a national scope is desperately needed.



los angeles

ACTION RADIO

for boys and girls



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FM



THE HUMAN BEING RECORD CHART

Current		Previous		SINGLES		Votes		SINGLES		Votes		Current		Previous		ALBUMS		Votes	
1	2			HAMMERSMITH PALAIS* Clash (CBS)		806		21				1	12			BLONDIE Parallel Lines (Chrysalis)		793	
2	1			TOMORROW NIGHT/OKAY Shoes (BOMP)		722		22				2	3			RAMONES Road to Ruin (Sire)		782	
3				ARMS ROUND A MEMORY* Johnny Thunders (Real)		701		23				3	9			DEVO Q: Are We Not Men (WB)		751	
4				NO ONE IS INNOCENT* Sex Pistols (Virgin)		640		24				4				CLASH Give 'Em Enough Rope (Epic)		747	
5				NEEDLES AND PINS Ramones (Sire)		638		25				5	6			DAVE EDMUNDS Tracks On Wax (Swan Song)		739	
6				RUN RUDOLPH RUN Keith Richard (Rolling Stone)		541		26				6				JOHNNY THUNDERS* So Alone (Real)		700	
7				DON'T COME CLOSE Ramones (Sire)		512		27				7				BEST OF BOMP Various Artists (BOMP)		673	
8				CLASH CITY ROCKERS* Clash (CBS)		509		28				8	2			NICK LOWE Pure Pop For Now People (CBS)		670	
9				HUMAN FLY/DOMINO Cramps (Fun)		455		29	14			9	7			ELVIS COSTELLO This Years Model (CBS)		633	
10				AMERICAN SQUIRM* Nick Lowe (Radar)		404		30	15			10	15			ROLLING STONES Some Girls (Rolling Stone)		611	
11	7			SURRENDER Cheap Trick (Epic)		404		31				11	18			TALKING HEADS Songs... Bldgs & Foods (Sire)		561	
12				HANGING... TELEPHONE Blondie (Chrysalis)		363		32				12	10			CHEAP TRICK In Color (Epic)		538	
13	36			WARM LEATHERETTE* Normal (Mute)		358		33	35			13	13			DAVID JOHANSEN (Blue Sky)		512	
14				YMCA Village People (Casablanca)		337		34				14				T. PETTY/H'BREAKERS You're Gonna Get It (Shelter)		473	
15				COMPLETE CONTROL* Clash (CBS)		336		35				15				ELVIS COSTELLO Armed Forces (CBS)		219	
16				PUBLIC IMAGE* Public Image Ltd. (Virgin)		320		36	38			16				SHOES (Black Vinyl)		211	
17				SATISFACTION Devo (Booji Boy)		300		37				17				CARS (Elektra)		196	
18				READY STEADY GO Generation X (Chrysalis)		300		38				18				X-RAY SPEX* Germ Free Adolescents (EMI)		194	
19	9			MONGOLOID Devo (Booji Boy)		299		39				19				PEBBLES VOL. 1 Various Artists (Mastercharge)		183	
20				ALTERNATIVE ULSTER Stiff/Little Fingers (Rigid Digits)		241		40				20				CHEAP TRICK* Live In Japan (Epic)			

This chart is dedicated to the proposition that we rock & roll fans should have a voice in determining the relative value and popularity of our music. The official music industry charts are so filled with non-rock & roll records, and so totally unaffected by imports or records on independent labels, that (despite the well-intended efforts of *Record World's* 'New Wave' chart) there is no definitive survey of what's REALLY happening in our music. By integrating data from retail & wholesale sales, radio play,

and your votes (as the most informed group of record buyers in the world) we hope to give some indication to the industry, the artists themselves, and the public, of how trends are developing.

For this chart to be truly representative, you must participate. Just send a list of your 10 or 20

most listened-to 7-inch records (singles and EPs, domestic or import) and 10 or 20 LPs. They needn't be new releases, or even New Wave—whatever you're actually listening to the most, that's what we want to know about. You may also vote for records known to be unreleased or forthcoming, or album cuts you'd like to see on a single, although these are unlikely to show on the chart unless a lot of others have the same idea—in which case, maybe the record companies will get the idea too!

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:

MARCH 31, 1979

Boomtown is a modern-day ^{disaster} ~~miracle~~.

From the rock-ribbed majesty of a colossal Empire to utter chaos.

These are the dimensions of power ^{abused} ~~wielded~~ by England's most ^{narcissistic} popular new band, The Boomtown Rats.

For the past 18 months these 6 ^{naughty} ~~clever~~ Irish lads have been shaking the UK Rock Establishment to its very foundations. On the strength of an unbroken string of 5 hit singles and a ^{frighteningly} ~~demonstrative~~ legion of supporters who go boom at lead-Rat Geldof's every utterance, the Boomtown Rats have occupied more front-page space than ^{the Jeremy Thorpe affair} ~~devaluation of the pound~~.

Now Boomtown's ^{low-rent} ~~high-rise~~ rock is headed for the USA.

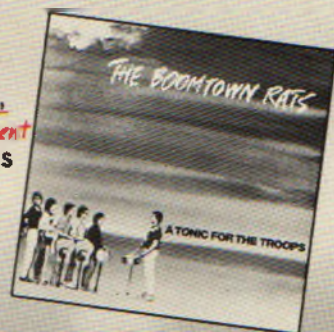
Accompanying the lads on their journey to that big Boomtown across the water is their new album full of pep and vinegar, "A Tonic for the Troops." A spirited collection of modern music containing their choicest singles which ^(usually intoxicated anyway) ~~so~~ intoxicated Brit rock critics that they hailed it as the finest of the year.

So brace yourself as Boomtown springs up around you. Should things get a little out of control, don't panic. If Boomtown falls, the Rats will survive.

The Boomtown Rats.

Their new album is

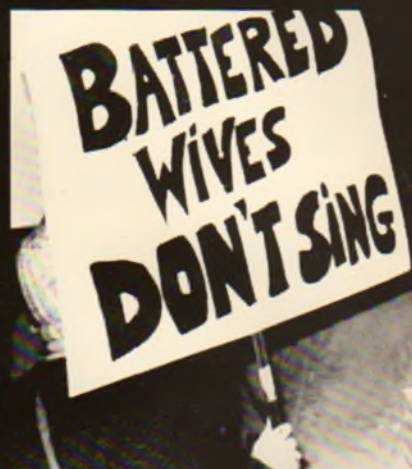
"A Tonic for the Troops"
^{a flimsy excuse for entertainment}
On Columbia Records and Tapes.



WHERE THE ACTION IS



Rodney Bowes



Rodney Bowes

BATTERED WIVES

BY Cameron Carpenter

The **Battered Wives** are Toronto's most dynamic and exciting band. They are also Toronto's most controversial band.

The trouble started when the Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) protested outside a Montreal record store for selling **Battered Wives** records. WAVAW claimed that the band was using the name **Battered Wives** to further themselves thus exploiting real battered women. The truth of the matter is that the band called themselves the **Battered Wives** because they weren't considered punk by punk crowds, and they weren't considered non-punk by the non-punk crowds, therefore they couldn't get any gigs, therefore they considered themselves the **Battered Wives** of rock n' roll.

The band itself is comprised of Englishmen John Gibb and Toby Swann who both play guitar and sing. Local boy Jasper plays bass and sings, and percussory chores are handled by Cleave Anderson. Their first album was released in Canada in September of '77 and a single "Uganda Stomp" was released shortly after. The single is still having some problem getting airplay because of its controversial content. This doesn't bother the **Wives**. "We're going to get to a point where they won't be able not to play it. It's a good single. If it was a shitty single, okay, don't play it, but if the only reason they won't



Canadian feminists turn out in force to protest the cancellation of a **Battered Wives** concert, after a militant Henpecked Husbands organization demanded equal time.

play it is because it's 'too political' then that's stupid. If it's good, play it!" says Toby.

One of the major goals of the band is to be humorous, but unfortunately most of the public is missing the humour. A lot of them don't see the humour in the lyrics of "Uganda Stomp". "Doing the Uganda Stomp, bump, Idi, bump. You know what Amin". There have been letters to the local papers regarding that song.

Another problem that is facing the band is the Canadian Student Union. They have, for reasons

unclear, banned the group from playing at Canadian universities and colleges.

Their debut album, on Bomb Records, is selling well in Canada and is a fine record. It contains 10 original songs by Toby, Jasper, and John. On their own numbers the writer also sings lead vocals thus giving the band the distinction of having three unique singing styles. Toby and John sing with Cockney cockiness and Jasper sings as though out of sheer desperation. Although the album is good it gives little indication of what the band is like live. Here the songs

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are speeded up and extra energy is pumped into them. The band also does a few non-originals on stage and these include Ian Dury's "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll" which is performed at triple time. "You Really Got Me" and "My Generation" are also re-worked and sound twice as powerful as the original versions. Currently the band is in England recording their second album and then they will head back to Canada. In the spring they will be on a tour of the West Coast and Los Angeles should get their first taste of the Battered Wives.

BIG KNACK ATTACK

by Jeff Spurrier

Doug Feiger of the Knack leaned back in his chair and smiled confidently: "The name just seemed natural. We *do* have a knack for what we do. It's real. It's natural. It's not something that's forced or put-on."

What the Knack do, of course, is play music. What kind of music is naturally a matter of personal opinion. Kristine McKenna of the *Los Angeles Times* labeled it "frothy prepubescent pop, while *Variety* opted for "sweet, pleasant power pop...reminiscent of Cheap Trick."

For Doug Feiger, the lead singer and dominant songwriter of the four-piece group, any classification is meaningless: "Categories are for stupid people. They are for people who don't know what they're hearing. We play pop music, obviously. In the strict sense of the word: popular music." The Knack, he states, are simply following in the footsteps of other pop acts: Julius La Rosa, Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra, the Beatles, the Kinks.

Like any pop group, the Knack's ambitions is to not only play popular music, but to be a popular band. And whatever category you select, there's no avoiding the band's current popularity on the L.A. Rock circuit. With the assistance of their three managers, the Knack have literally overwhelmed the local venues open to unsigned groups. From Madame Wong's to the Whisky, from the Blind Pig to the Golden Bear - overflow crowds have succumbed to Feiger's hypnotic gaze and his moaning syncopated chant: "No fuckame, fuckame tonight..."

The band is made up of Doug Feiger (rhythm guitar, vocals), Berton Averre (lead guitar), Prescott Miles (bass), and Bruce Gary (drums). The band has been a unit for nearly a year although Berton and Doug who co-write many of the songs, go back almost five years, to a chance meeting at an audition.

The idea of the Knack came into existence at that first meeting, however the traditional fears held them back: "Basically we didn't have the nerve to say 'Screw the money. We don't need money. We can just go out and do it.' And we did it on no money, finally."

Part of the reason they have gotten to where they are now - within two weeks of a final contract signing with Capitol - is due partially to the change in the atmosphere of the L.A. music scene. "Three years ago business was extremely tight. They weren't looking for young acts. They were making more money than ever before on smaller artist rosters. It wasn't until



Doug Feiger of the Knack: he wants to be the next Julius La Rosa.

recently that the companies woke up to the fact that the people who were making rock and roll for them were mainly in their middle thirties and it was getting a bit absurd."

Of course being young (and let it be known, Feiger declines to state his age) is not all one needs for success. As Feiger states, "the bottom line in the pop music business is songs. If you don't have songs you can't make hit records." This, he says, was the reason for the Sex Pistols' failure to achieve wide-spread commercial acclaim: "They didn't have any real tunes. It was just an attitude that was great. They were a phenomenon but the tunes weren't there."

The Knack, on the other hand, *do* have tunes apparently. What else would draw out notables such as Steven Stills, Bruce Springsteen, Ray Manzarek, Tom Petty and Eddie Money for impromptu on-stage jams? (Of course it could be all those dreamy-eyed 15-year-old girls jumping and drooling on the edge of the dance floor...)

The quality of their tunes combined with the technical proficiency of the members and the excitement of their dedicated loyal following attracted bids from 13 record companies before they eventually settled on Capitol.

Feiger seems to think they'll have little problem in making the transition from stage to studio. His main concern is to retain the excitement of their live performances while at the same time taking advantage of the freedom and variables studio work allows.

"Recording-wise, exciting sounding records have not been made in the last seven years. Things are very well produced but I think there's been a passion missing. I think that a lot of the acts - and I use that word correctly - *acts* - don't have a whole lot of passion." Exceptions he notes are Nick Gilder and Elvis Costello.

As we go to press, the Knack are reportedly signing with Capitol for the largest contract ever handed out to a new band in the history of the record business. While the Knack own Hollywood, prepare for the media blitz of Capitol to make sure the rest of the country knows of the Knack before we roll into 1980.

LA Action Line.....

The Masque has reopened, in a new location, giving the local punks a place to Pogo 'n' Pose once again... The Screemers got an offer from Eno to produce them (no surprise)... The Weirdos are reportedly in the studio working on an album, self-financed, with Earle Mankey handling production. Nicky Beat, former drummer of the Weirdos, is now reportedly with a group called the Monsters... The Ramones have been working with the Kessel Bros & Phil Spector on tracks for the *Rock & Roll High School* movie, and have recorded, among others, "Surfin' Safari"... Levi & the Rockets, hot rockabilly combo managed by Lee Black Childers, are in town, and other New York bands the Cramps (yay!) and the Senders expected here soon... Chris Desjardins of Upsetter Records (Fleasheaters) is planning an LP for April including local bands X, Germs, Fleasheaters, Middle Class, Monty Coxzaza, and possibly the Dills or the Alleycats... The Rotters have already sold more than 2000 copies of their novelty punk-rock "Sit On My Face, Stevie Nicks" despite it being banned on KROQ (where it was becoming a bona fide hit) after calls from Fleetwood Mac's legal eagles. Other stations are still playing it. The Rubber City Rebels have been playing around town, looking for a record deal, even though Sire hasn't officially dropped them yet. They claim to have early tapes of themselves as a glitter band, produced by Mark of Dovo ("who used to play keyboards in a Uriah Heep band", they tell us)...



"They want me to sit WHERE? On his WHAT?!?! Are you sure this will help my career?"

Rhino Record has released a picture disc 12" of unreleased Turtles material, a 12" single of Fred Blasie's "Pencil Neck Geek", and several other "disco" singles and colored vinyl products, visibly stepping up their activities. Next project is said to be an album by the Temple City Kazoo Orchestra, made up of songs selected by listeners in a KROQ contest. Speaking of which, what ever happened to that album of winners in the Dovo competition, which Jerry Casale was talking about releasing on Boogie Boy?... The Clash appeared at the Santa Monica Civic and the Dills and Bo Diddley opened for them. Their plan is to have a local new wave act open for them across the country... Finally, the Ramones were treated rather rudely in San Bernardino as the opening act for Heavy Metal Honchos, Black Sabbath, being driven off stage by bottles and jeers before completing even half of their scheduled set. News like that makes you wonder: Is Molly Hatchet the next big thing?.....

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NEW YORK ACTION LINE.....

Pam Brown

Sid Vicious, the bloke who put New York on the map this fall remains in jail on Riker's Island after his bail was revoked in December. Seems Sid popped into Hurrah's one night with some pals and when the band *Skafish* finished playing Sid approached the female bass player and proceeded to pinch her derriere and make suggestive remarks. Turns out the lady was the girlfriend of *Tod Smith*, Patti's brother, who requested that Sid keep his hands to himself. Sid's response was to break a beer glass and slash *Tod* across the face with the jagged edge, resulting in severe injury. With Patti's encouragement criminal charges were brought against Vicious. Early in January Vicious appeared before the judge in a lower Manhattan courtroom for a preliminary hearing on the assault charges and a representative from the Bailey law firm which is defending him hinted that he will probably plead mental incompetency.

I ran into Sid one night just days before the incident at Hurrah's and he had seemed very optimistic about his legal situation at the time. "I'm definitely gonna get an acquittal," he said. "I'm not worried about that. Except the trial isn't gonna start until spring and I can't play or nothing because my visa ran out and I can't get working papers."

As *BOMP* goes to press it is learned that *Tod Smith* has apparently dropped the charges against Sid, and that *Sidney* made yet another court appearance. The *New York Post* covered the story and ran a large headline with the Vicious quote of the day: "Please Shoot Me," sobs Sid. Sid was asked why he left Nancy lying mortally wounded and opted instead to go for his drug treatment before calling police. Vicious responded with, "I am a dog."

Christmas night I attended *CBGB* and had the pleasure of discussing the future of the New York music scene with punk granddaddy *Hilly Kristel*. He feels that the *Dead Boys*, whom he managed and who have now broken up "were the only true punks there were, both in the way they played and in the way they lived." *Hilly* agreed with me that music has been somewhat dead for the past six months but he is also pleased about the bands he'd booked for the upcoming months. "I see music going in two basic directions," he said, "The pop direction and the art rock direction e's the *Talking Heads*. There's a lot of really good young bands, like the *Model Citizens* and *Nervous Rex* who are really interesting. I'm going to try to do all the auditioning myself, like I think *Peter Crowley* is doing a great job over at *Max's*. My favorite group now is the *Clash*. I think they're great. I'd really like to get them over here."

As stated above, the *Dead Boys* have indeed called it quits. *Cheetah Chrome* has formed a group, the *Music Industry Casualties*, which features *Billy Balls* on piano, and *Ty Lynam*, formerly of the *Senders* and the *Heartbreakers*. Speaking of the *Heartbreakers*, their *Live at Max's* album should be out by the time you read this. *Thunders* is in New Orleans in search of an all-black band.

John Cale made an appearance at *CBGB* to a mobbed house after Christmas and was a smash. His band consisted of *Richie Flegler*, *Bruce Brody*, and *JD Daugherty*. *Judy Nylon* appeared and was on stage for the entire set the night I attended. *Nylon's* eerie voice added to her great stage presence and the audience was treated to a sensational show.

In the club department there are two new ones that have become quite popular. *Club 57* on *Irving Place* in *Grammercy Park* is an open spacious place with a small bar at one end of the floor and a large stage at the other end with a lot



Sid Vicious: "I am a dog."

News has come in at the last minute: Sid is no more. We're gonna miss the lovable ol' beast—pathetic he may have been, but he was at least genuine. Too bad he never got to record his version of "Tell Laura I Love Her". Too bad some idiots will make him into a hero and want to imitate him. Too bad they probably won't let him rest in peace. Say hi to *Bobby Fuller* for us, Sid...

of room to sit or dance in between. The club is rented out by the bands and after they pay the management and workers, all profits go to them. Electronic demon *Walter Stedding* played his violin in December with an impromptu band consisting of cohorts *Robert Fripp* and *Chris Stein* on guitars and *Debbie Harry* on drums. *Stedding's* debut album on *Red Star Records* (with *Stein* producing) will be something to reckon with.

Another new club is the *Mudd Club*, which is located at 77 *White Street*. A big bar and a stage in the back occupy the sparse oblong room which is not decorated but clean, a good description of the crowd that goes there to see as yet unadvertised shows like ex-*Televisioners* *Richard Lloyd* and *Fred Smith's* new band, *Walter Stedding* playing in a cage, or the *Cramps*.

Misc: The *Dictators* are no more, but *Adny Shernoff*, *Scott Kempner*, *Ross the Boss* and new drummer *Mel Anderson* are staying together, along with the possibility of getting two female singers. *Richard Manitoba* will pursue a solo career and the four other members will undoubtedly be the band on his upcoming solo LP. They will also have a new name, thus the *Dictators* have been laid to rest...*Paul McCartney* is writing two songs for the *Ramones* movie, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*...*Richard Hell* has finished a tour in Europe with *Elvis Costello* and will be recording a new LP there, to be produced by *Nick Lowe*...The *Cramps* played *Max's* with rockabilly legend *Sleepy LaBeef*, and more rockabilly is on the way with *Crazy Cavan & the Rhythm Rockers* scheduled for an appearance...*Robert Gordon* has signed with *RCA* and his third album, *Rockabilly Boogie* is due in February, and will feature *Chris Spedding*...The *Fast* have changed their name to the *Micki Zone Zoo*...

BOMP MAKING WAVES

We don't make a habit of plugging the products of our affiliated label in these pages, but most *BOMP* readers know that there is a *BOMP* label which is dedicated to the same general principles as this magazine, i.e. to encourage new bands, local scenes, and music that draws its inspiration from the best rock & roll roots. In the label's four-year history it's released singles covering almost every type of rock or new wave music, and most of the earlier ones can be heard on the recently released *Best of BOMP* album.

During the "new wave watershed" of 1978, however, it became clear that singles (no matter how nifty they are to collect) have become an expensive and impractical way of reaching anyone beyond the cult market which automatically buys independent records, what with high costs of production, lack of airplay, and disinterest from distributors and major retail outlets. So in search for more effective ways to bring new music to the teenage masses of middle America, the masterminds up in the panelled penthouse boardrooms of the towering *BOMP Bldg* have come up with a new approach: a series of albums drawing on the best new bands from all the local scenes of America (and other countries), selected by our own infallible trend-spotters and presented under the banner of *BOMP*.

The title *Waves* was chosen to underscore the basic premise of the series: that, despite the temporary ebbing of the "new" wave, there can be regular (and constant) upsurgings of new ideas, new artists from the underground to the mainstream of rock, provided the doors of access are kept open. And that's the purpose of *Waves*.

The first volume of *Waves*, dated January, 1979 (and released in February) is a wide-ranging collection reflecting the current fragmentation and diversification of the new wave movement. It features relatively well-known, pop-oriented bands like the *Romantics*, the *Flashcubes* and *20/20*, along with such groups as the *Invaders*, *JJ 180*, the *Marshallis* and *Permanent Wave*, ranging from raw punk to teen pop. Also included are *Paul Collins* (ex-*Nerves*), the *Last*, *Blitzkrieg Bop*, and *Tommy Rock*. Geographically, the album covers California, Detroit, New York, Seattle, Boston, and England.

Other than relatively obscure singles releases by *Blitzkrieg Bop* and the *Flashcubes*, all 12 tracks feature previously-unreleased material, supported by background information on each band and details on where they can be contacted. Only four of the groups have any involvement with *BOMP Records* outside of this album, and in each case the tracks chosen are experimental, and unlikely to have been released except on this album. The *Last* submitted "We're In Control", which sounds more like the *Residents* than the folk punk style the group is known for. From the *Romantics* there's "Let's Swing", a rousing teenage anthem, and *20/20's* "Drive" features keyboards and more of a *Beach Boys* feel than the British Invasion sound we've come to expect from the boys. *JJ 180* presents a sort of mid-'60s punk sound with psychedelic tinges, while the *Invaders* draw on the *Sonics* tradition of Northwest hard rock, and *Blitzkrieg Bop* represent the British approach to punk.

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Permanent Wave contrast these with a "progressive" style influenced by **Bowie**, **Roxy Music**, etc., and **Paul Collins** offers a raving **Ramones**-style rocker.

When we finally managed to get hold of him for a comment, **Greg Shaw** (who selected the groups for the first volume of *Waves*) told us he hopes the *Waves* series can become a major force in giving focus and visibility to the grass-roots music scene, now that the media's interest in "new wave" has fallen off. "There are still plenty of important artists and interesting ideas coming along from the underground," he asserts, "and *Waves* is designed to bring them the attention they'd never get from a privately-pressed single."

Ah, but what about keeping their independence? "That was my main concern in working out the



Rare shot of Cheetah Chrome as a teenager. (Thanks, Stiv)

mechanics of this series. I want *Waves* to be the kind of vehicle that will strengthen the bands' independent position, giving them the kind of distribution and promotion they'd never get without signing to a big label, while not tying up any of their options. The groups retain the right to re-record the songs, the masters revert to them after three years, and if they don't already have their publishing sorted out, we register them, copyright the songs, and set up their own publishing company for them, at our expense, absorbing all the administration costs. Besides which, there are no options on future recordings, there's a high royalty rate, and we are hiring a national publicity firm and promotion guys, at considerable expense, to guarantee the widest possible exposure. Besides getting known and making money, I'm hoping every group who participates will be offered recording deals by the major labels as a result of being on the album."

Waves, Volume One should be in record stores everywhere by the time this sees print. Any groups who would like to submit tapes for *Volume Two* can address them to P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, keeping in mind that we're looking for "new ideas". We guarantee that every tape will be listened to by one of our resident know-it-alls before being tossed in the garbage—a claim no other record label is likely to make...

BATORS SHOCK HORROR:

'I'm moving to L.A. to sing pop!'

Our afternoon was enlivened recently by a surprise visit from none other than **Stiv Bators**. He walked in, took off his trousers, terrorized our secretaries, got beat up by our warehouse crew, then crawled into the editorial office for a friendly chat. We were of course delighted to see him, what with rumors of the **Dead Boys'** demise and intimations of strange and exciting new projects ahead, so we wasted no time in pinning him down.

"Yeah, we broke up," he confirmed. "Our record label (Sire) dropped us, and our manager wasn't interested in managing us, so the name **Dead Boys** was kinda hard to use, but we're all keeping busy. **Cheetah** has a new band, and I've cut demos of two songs in Cleveland, using a couple of the guys and some local musicians." The **Bators** demos are superb, like a punky **Raspberries**, reflecting **Stiv's** eternal fascination with the old Cleveland bands. "The Last Year" is pure, exuberant midwest pop, no less than "It's Cold Outside"—yes, the old **Choir** tune. From the **Dead Boys** to this? Does that mean punk is gone for sure?

"Actually, I think 1979 might be the big year for punk," offered **Stiv**. "No, really. I look at it this way. When did all the acid-rock groups come out—'67, right? Right away it got done to death and everybody in the scene was sick of it, but 2 years, 3 years later all those kids in the midwest were just discovering it, and so you had Woodstock in '69 and hippie festivals for 3 years. The midwest is just now discovering punk. A year ago we couldn't get arrested in Cleveland. Now us, and **Pero Ubu**, and **Devo** are selling out the big halls there. I tell you, I believe that's what's gonna happen."

Bators & Co. intend to be around to reap the rewards, under whatever name, but the old horrorshow **Dead Boys** are unlikely to be seen again. "There was a lot of pressure put on the record companies to make it impossible for them to promote punk," he asserts. "*Soho News* is investigating a story right now that I heard from several people, that **Jimmy Carter** had a meeting with a bunch of the record company presidents, 'cause he was afraid of the things he heard about punk, that it was gonna make the kids crazy like rock did in the '60s. After that we were called in by our record company and told we had to cool it, tone down the act, dress different, or they wouldn't be able to keep us on the label. **Seymour** used to dig us a lot when we were really wild, but he looked shaken then. I think the guys at Warners were putting pressure on him. And I think that guy down south, you know the one who helped finance **Carter's** campaign, was worried 'cause punk was helping to wipe out all that boogie garbage he was putting out. I've talked to a lot of groups, like the **Clash**, the **Pistols**, you know, and they feel too like the record industry was really afraid of the ones they couldn't control."

So, another rock & roll conspiracy to worry about. Who knows, perhaps they're even dusting out those concentration camps again... but on to more pleasant subjects. What was he doing in LA? "I'm gonna be out

here for about a month, and it looks like **Cheetah** and some of the other guys will be joining me. It's all being paid for by this guy from the Netherlands, some kind of crazed millionaire, who's trying to put together this road show with us and 3 other bands (**The Cramps**, **Levi & the Rockets**, the **Senders**), to travel around the country playing small towns in some kind of festival format where the bands play in the middle of the audience using remote control instruments, and he figures he'll record the whole show each time and sell instant cassette copies to the audience as they leave the place each day. He's got this theory, see, that rock & roll lyrics can cause changes in social consciousness, or something like that. He's not into the music, but he's got this whole trip with words...."



"Thanks for printing this picture," says Stiv. "It's a great shot of my face!"

Well, this was more than our curiosity could resist, so we inquired if it might be possible to meet this mysterious entrepreneur... Not long afterward,

[continued on p. 45]

THE RETURN of the KINGS

by Kirby Warnock

Kenny and the Kasuals. Unless you grew up in Dallas, Texas, during the sixties, or you are a record collector, it is doubtful that you have ever heard the group, but their name has been popping up in several national publications, and recently *Record Buyers Guide* listed the value of their 1966 LP, *IMPACT: Live at the Studio Club* right at \$150.

They have been called the "Kings of Texas Punk", but they could hardly be called a punk band by today's standards. Dressed alike in their matching blue blazers and saddle oxfords, they were Dallas' answer to the **Beatles**; a "cute" band. However their "punk" title comes from their energy-charged album, which was recorded in **Robin Hood Brians'** Tyler, Texas, studio in one afternoon, without the use of any

ACTION IS WHERE THE ACTION IS WHERE THE ACTION



Rodney Bowes

"Hi, we're the B' Girls. There's nothing about us in this issue, but we just thought you'd like to see this picture of us singing 'Out in the Street' with Debbie Harry at the El Mocambo. She wanted to join our band but she couldn't play guitar. Anyway, hope to see you all soon. Bye for now!"

overdubs.

Through this recording process, the songs have a type of excitement that crackles on your turntable, and makes you believe that you are indeed, "live" at the old Studio Club. **Elvis Costello** and **Nick Lowe** have admired the work of the **Kasuals** so much, that on their albums they have stuck to the **Kasuals** formula of minimal overdubs, with the whole band assembled in the studio to capture a "moment" on tape. **Costello** purchased a copy of **IMPACT** on a recent concert swing through Dallas.

But it is now 1978, and all of the frat parties and homecoming dances that the **Kasuals** played for are now only fond memories. The band broke up when lead singer **Kenny Daniels** was drafted into military service in 1968, the height of the Vietnam era and the political turmoil that seemed to be the rule, rather than the exception. In a farewell performance at the Dallas "Flower Fair", the **Kasuals** shared the stage with **Jimmy Reed** and the **Spencer Davis Group**.

"**Jimmy Reed** was so drunk that he threw up on Miss Teenage America," recalls promoter **Mark Lee**. With **Kenny** in the Army, the other **Kasuals** found other pursuits. **Paul Roach**, the organist, opened up a Dallas-based firm that provided rentals to touring groups, or sound systems to clubs and conventions. **David "Bird" Blackley**, became a practicing physician after leaving medical school, and bassist **Lee Lightfoot** is presently a commercial artist with Texas Instruments.

Kenny Daniels returned from the Army, tried several different bands (including a progressive country venture in Dallas) but couldn't seem to get a handle on things and ended up stacking records in a Dallas music warehouse. Hardly a fitting ending for a former king of Texas rock.

But there are a hundred tales in the **Naked City**, and this is one of them. It was about 1976 that former

Kasual manager **Mark Lee**, began to receive queries on the then-out-of-press **Kasual** album, and several letters began to arrive overseas begging for copies. With the masters in his possession, **Mark** pressed several hundred new copies, which were eagerly gobbled up by collectors and people who were sick and tired of 32-track junk music.

More letters arrived. **Elvis Costello** was quoted in a *Crawdaddy* interview that he had possibly been influenced by the band, and *Rolling Stones'* **Chet Flippo** gave a hearty endorsement of the LP.

At this juncture, **Mark** contacted **Kenny** and asked him if he was interested in putting the **Kasuals** back together. **Kenny** eagerly accepted, but the original **Kasuals** had found new occupations and lifestyles long ago, and they politely declined, save for guitarist **Jerry Smith**. New members had to be found, so **Mark** and **Kenny** began to check out various Texas musicians.

After settling on a line-up of **Dan Green**, guitar, **Greg Daniels** (**Kenny's** brother), bass, **Rosebud**, drums, and some sit-in work by keyboardist **Ron Mason**, the new group went into the studio with the intent of recording another album under the same "live" conditions, but this time with all-original material.

With new product, the band needed to hit the stage and show an audience, and more importantly record executives, that they were indeed a working band once again, and they got that chance at a Halloween party held at the Dallas Palladium.

"You're witnessing history," said KZEW dj, **Bob Shannon**, as he introduced the group. Right away they took off with an uptempo rocker titled, "Disco Roller", which seemed to be a rebuttal to the point that disco music is the only good dance music.

From there they moved on in rapid-fire progression, taking little time between songs like

"Candy Little Girl", "We Got a Good Thing Going", and probably the best song on their new LP, "Why Did We Ever Call It Love", which featured **Max Williams** on sax, in a style reminiscent of **Bobby Keyes**.

The Palladium does not have a dance floor, but the crowd made one anyway, throwing tables and chairs, aside to clear an area, because this was "dancing music". Indeed the old **Kasuals** made their reputation as a party band, and it was clear that the new **Kasuals** would do the same. By now it was getting late, and the group came out for an encore of "Gloria", and their old hit single, "Journey to Tyme".

This is clearly Texas rock at its finest, showing the influence of early rhythm and blues, with a good helping of the old Texas boogie. In short, it is rock and roll that you can dance to, enjoy, or just have fun for the hell of it.

By remaining the same, the **Kasuals** have become avant-garde, and they are showing that there are still people who would rather do the gator to something like "Louie, Louie" than hustle to "Night Fever" any day. It's music with soul, and the excitement that won't let your feet remain still, like the **Kinks** and **Yardbirds** used to play.

"You know", reflects **Kenny**, "the thing that I



Mykel Board

Edith Massey (**Edie the Egg Lady**), star of **Pink Flamingos** and other classic **John Waters** films, now fronts an all-girl punk band (**The Incredible Edible Egg**). Seen here at **CBGB**, they've also made appearances in California and will have a record ("Wrecked Angles") out soon. For those who don't already know, **Edie** is the first successful attempt by science to alter an unhatched ostrich egg into a functioning human female.

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remember the most about playing back then (1966) was we used to have so much fun, and our audiences seemed to be so much looser. They weren't afraid to make fun of themselves, or jump down on the floor and do the gator. People today are so damned concerned about being cool, or not looking like an asshole that they just don't know how to have fun anymore."

Twelve years later, **Kenny and the Kasuals** want to have their fun and get a little satisfaction and respect. With several companies taking the initiative and talking "record", they just might get their chance.

TINSEL TOWN RATS

The "Mouth" and Fingers of the **Boomtoun Rats** were in town recently celebrating the bands' signing to Columbia and the release of a slightly modified *Tonic for the Troops* album for the States. The plans are for a US tour starting in late February. While **Johnnie Fingers** (keyboards) was off at the bar, I managed to get a few words in with **Bob Geldof**, the **Rats** singer and focal point:

BG: I used to subscribe to **BOMP**, but I stopped when you didn't write about us.

BC: When your tour gets going, where do you plan to play when you come back to LA?

BG: Well, I think we're going to play Frederick's in Hollywood famous "naughty" clothes shop—Ed.).

BC: You mean in front on the sidewalk?

BG: No, I mean inside the shop itself. It's very tiny, but we are going to do it.

BC: Now that your album is finally released here, are you happy with the way Columbia changed the songs (leaving off "Can't Stop" and "Normal People" in favor of "Joey's on the Street Again" from the first album and the single version of "Mary of the Fourth Form")?

BG: That wasn't their decision. We had complete control over what songs were used. We're still proud of the songs on the first one and we wanted to give people a chance to hear them over here (mumbled comments about their first US label). I was glad to take those two songs off. I like "Normal People", but I can't stand "Can't Stop". They'll probably show up as B-sides here.

BC: Will "Rat Trap" be the first single?

BG: Don't know. It depends on what FM picks up on. Everybody seems to like that one.

BC: Are you familiar with any of the new crop of Irish bands?

BG: I haven't heard too many. We did a tour with the **Undertones** and they were great. I really like them a lot. There's a band called the **Vipers** that we played with and they were real good. Run some names by me...

BC: How about **Rudi**, **Victims**, or maybe the **Outcasts**?

BG: No, none of those. But I know what you mean. There are a lot of new bands there. The real trouble is they have to move to London to be heard. It took us a year and a half to "break out" of Ireland or we wouldn't have gotten anywhere.

BC: Well, thanks for your time, **Bob**, and good luck with the tour.

BG: Thanks, and tell everyone to come see us.

—Bo Clifford

Action Central

It's our sad duty to report that **Chris Bell**, 27, guitarist/producer in the legendary Memphis band **Big Star**, was killed instantly on December 27 when his Triumph sportscar struck a telephone pole, as he was on his way home from a Christmas party at the house of **Tommy Hoehn**, whose band he had recently joined. **Chris'** long-unreleased single "I Am the Cosmos" had just come out on Car Records and it looked like years of misfortune were finally ending for him. A real shame... The **Pretty Things** have reformed we are told, and in fact did a reunion gig in Holland last July 8—which was recorded, for an album due to be released soon. They plan to go on the road again when other obligations are out of the way. The new lineup includes **Phil May**, **Fick Taylor**, **Wally Allen**, **John Povey**, and **Skip Alan**. Further details may be obtained from **Pete Demott**, Aidaplein 124, Alphen aan den Rijn, Holland... **Shel Talmy**, famed producer (still revered for his early work with the **Kinks**, **Who**, etc.) has written a novel, *Whadda We Do Now, Butch?* (the later adventures of **Butch Cassidy** etc.) that was published last November by Pan Books in England...

Several unusual recording projects in the works: **Mickey Clean & the Mezz**, legendary Boston group, are making a single for sale and distribution in France through Road Runners Records, a Paris record store. This follows a tradition of Franco-Bostonian manipulations dating back to the 1977 release of the **Real Kids** on **Sponge**, and followed recently by the release of **The Count's** album on **Flamingo**, a label just started by **Music Box**, another Paris record store. Future projects by all the above named are said to be in the works... **Trixy & the Testones** (see single reviews) tell us to expect an album around April including them and several other Baltimore area bands, on **Toy Records**, their own label... **Michael Blaise** is cutting an album at **A-Square Studios** in **Ann Arbor** for release on **APB Records** of **New York**...

The **Dickies** are planning to break up following the March release of their first album, *The Incredible Shrinking Dickies*. They feel (according to our informed source) that it will be the perfect close to a meteoric career that they never took seriously anyway. Wonder if anyone at **A&M** has been told yet? Speaking of which, **A&M** recently rocked the independent distribution industry by affiliating with **RCA's** distribution network. The loss of their line has put quite a few indies out of business, further hastening the total takeover of the music industry by a handful of conglomerates. Curiously, within two weeks of **A&M's** move, **ABC** and **Motown**, two of the largest remaining companies still using independent distribution, announced similar moves. **Chrysalis** and **Arista** are expected to follow soon, the impact of which is not pleasant to contemplate...

Del Shannon and his management company are planning to buy out the rights to the old **Big Top** label, where most of his early hits were released. In addition to **Del's** masters, there are several LP's worth of great stuff by **Johnny & the Hurricanes** and other groups which **Del** plans to reissue, along with the two LPs done in conjunction with *Mad Magazine* (from which the original "She Got a Nose Job" and other classics were taken), plus he would like to reactivate the label for new recording projects, perhaps in a similar way to what **Chiswick** has done in England with the **Ace** label. More news as it develops...

Destroy All Monsters has broken up, no plans announced. In other Detroit news, **Nikki Corvette** and the nucleus of the **Convertibles** are moving to L.A. to seek their fortunes, and the **Romantics** are starting to break with their single "First in Line", which has received heavy airplay on all the local FM stations. **Bob Segarini**

has been asked to produce some demos with the **Deedanz** (managed by local legend **Russ Gibbi**) for a possible **RCA** signing...

Shoes have recorded an album's worth of new songs at an 8-track studio near Chicago, and are hoping to land a "major" record deal with them. The new songs are as good as the best of **Black Vinyl**, the sound more exciting than ever. We hope to be able to report big news for this group soon...



Shoes relax in the studio after finishing their new album.

Kim Fowley called us up, all the way from Australia, with news of his talent-scouting trip there. Seems he's been hired to produce a "Springsteen-esque" group called **Street Talk** for **WEA**, and is doing an album with the group **Beethoven** ("they're like a hip **Bay City Rollers**") for **EMI**, in addition to which he's found a band called the **Lonely Boys** in Melbourne, a **Vanda-Young** influenced, hard rock new wave group whose tapes—even played over the phone from 15,000 miles away—sound great. After these projects have been completed, **Kim** plans a visit to Brazil to check out the scene there. Apparently Brazil has become one of the world's largest markets for new wave, and is starting to produce a home-grown local band scene. We can't wait for further reports...

In Cleveland, **Jon Baruth** of **Music Adventures** is putting together an album entitled *Ohio*, a compilation of bands from Cincinnati, Toledo, Youngstown and Cleveland. The album will feature **Coyote**, **High Humidity**, **Candy Slice**, **Lucky Pierre**, **Quartz** and the **Other Half** doing their classic, "Punk Polka"...

News out of San Francisco involves **Crime**, those fun-loving chaps who dress up in police uniforms and scare people silly. Word has it that they did some demo tapes with **Henry Kaiser**, the famed avant-garde guitarist and something may come out of that meeting. Meanwhile, the group has put out an EP and the songs include "Crime Wave", "TV Blue", and "Piss On Your Dog" which the band is calling "Prisoner Dog" so they can receive that all-important airplay. The **Mutants of S.F.**, not to be confused with the ones from Detroit, have a single coming out on the 415 label, which should be out by the end of February. The songs are "Insect Lounge", "New Dark Ages", and "New Drug". An East Coast tour is in the works. The **Avengers** next single will be produced by **Steve Jones** for **White Noise**. The song is "White Nigger" which is something to do with working in a restaurant. Don't ask! **Greg** of the **Avengers** has left the band and has been replaced by **Brad Kunt**, formerly of **DOA** of Vancouver... And speaking of Vancouver, **Quintessence Records**, a store, has begun their own **Quintessence** record label and their first two projects is the **Painted Sticks** "What Do You Want Me To Do" b/w "Somebody's Mom", and a rerelease of the **DOA** single, "Disco Sucks" featuring the multi-talented **Joey Shithead**...

the GoGo's



Photo: Jules Bates

TALKING HEADS

MORE SONGS FROM THE ELECTRONIC GARAGE

1

Theory: Talking Heads is the Big Bill Broonzy to the future

2

Dumb? Think of the weirdest group you can and compare it to 1954 **Elvis Presley**. How weird can it get by 2004? Rules are already totally absent along the chaotic leading edge of 1980s rock (aka New Wave aka New Music aka Punk). Not that **Talking Heads** occupy point position on any of the patrols foraging out the furthest possibilities of post 1954 electric music - that's for people as disparate as **Wire**, **Flying Lizards** and **Throbbing Gristle**. Compared to them and their aesthetic allies **Talking Heads** are practically mainstream, and as I write, 'Take Me to the River' is becoming a sizeable hit single. But compared to **Foreigner**, say, or the **Billboard** Top Ten they're positively *avant garde*, their relationship to and influence on elements and trends currently forming is undeniable. Behind the front lines, perhaps, but forward of HQ.

3

Sub thought to Theory. **Throbbing Gristle**, the **Screamers**, **Siouxsie and the Banshees** et al must be the **Muddy Waters** and **Howling Wolf** and **Chuck Berry** and **Ray Charles** of the next generation of popular music. Assuming it will be music, and that it will be popular.

4

The bluesman-to-the-future supposition isn't without its obvious sources. **Talking**



Heads' roots are entirely traditional. The rhythm section is straight from Stax and **Al Green** records. The guitar relies heavily on folk style strumming and picking, the subject matter, too, is largely contemporary urban blues: the moral tale of 'Got A Job', or 'The Big Country', which turns **Chuck Berry's** 'Promised Land' on its head. Even **Eno** is by now a traditional force, if hearing him regularly on the radio is any criterion.

But **Eno** also provides a main connection with the highly contemporary. Although his intrusion as producer and philosopher on **More Songs About Buildings and Food** is more subtle than with **Bowie** on his work, his imprints there are popping up all over the place.

(a) The sincerely emotionless little girl chorus of 'The Good Thing' (which first appeared on **Eno's** 'Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy') reappears as **Flying Lizards'** passionate blandness on 'Summertime Blues'.

(b) the flanged snare of 'Take Me to the River' is already becoming a standard of "avant-garde" disco and promises to be a cliché by 1980.

(c) The **Eno** postulate on the theorems of repetition which permeates large sections of the playing on **More Songs** is becoming almost standard. It works to great effect on the **Normal** and **Human League** singles, but the simplistic approach of the latter's demo tape is a bore - there's repetition and there's repetition.

(d) **Eno** also knows a trend when he hears one. The dense, somewhat murky production, as opposed to the group's crisp, straightforward live sound and the more conventional production of **Talking Heads: 77**, is the aural passport of almost the entire leading edge, and not all of it due to bad production. Even **Bowie** utilises it, and he knows a trend, too.

5

"I believe that we don't need love" - **Talking Heads**

Photos by EBET ROBERTS

BY JONH INGHAM

Illustrations by DAVID ALLEN/ARTROUBLE

6

In a world which no longer recognises the clarity of black and white, the mass solution so far seems to be the instant narcissism of drugs, disco and **Barry Manilow**. But for how long will people find it reassuring to have **Rod Stewart** and **Billy Joel** tell them no one has to go home alone tonight? Will they, like the characters of a **J.G. Ballard** novel, first accept and then rejoice in the existential terror/ennui of a world with an increasingly subjective reality?

Or put another way, how many average Joes and housewives would find the same responsive chord in **David Byrne's** remark, 'Go talk to your analyst. That's what they're paid for', as, 'Please don't ever change, I love you just the way you are?' And, 'I hate people when they're not polite,' may not have a disco beat yet....

How long until the **Human League's** comment, "Is there intelligent life out there? Who cares..." is a Top 40 lyric?

7

It's lyrically that **Talking Heads** excel: **Byrne** maps the modern mental landscape with aplomb, presenting a composite character disgusted with/resigned to the state of existence, but still able to use the environment to attempt to achieve his own ideals, assuming he can cope with emotions and action. It is understood that he can. As with tradition, the premise is optimistic—though victory only *might* be attained.

Certainly, none of the bands further into alien territory see anything, with rare exception, but bleakness, blandness and banality, and why feel emotion about grey?

8

In talking about **Talking Heads** a common description is how "human" they are, as if that is the most correct word to describe warmth and hope. Which is either apt or a last vestige of pre-Atomic man.

9

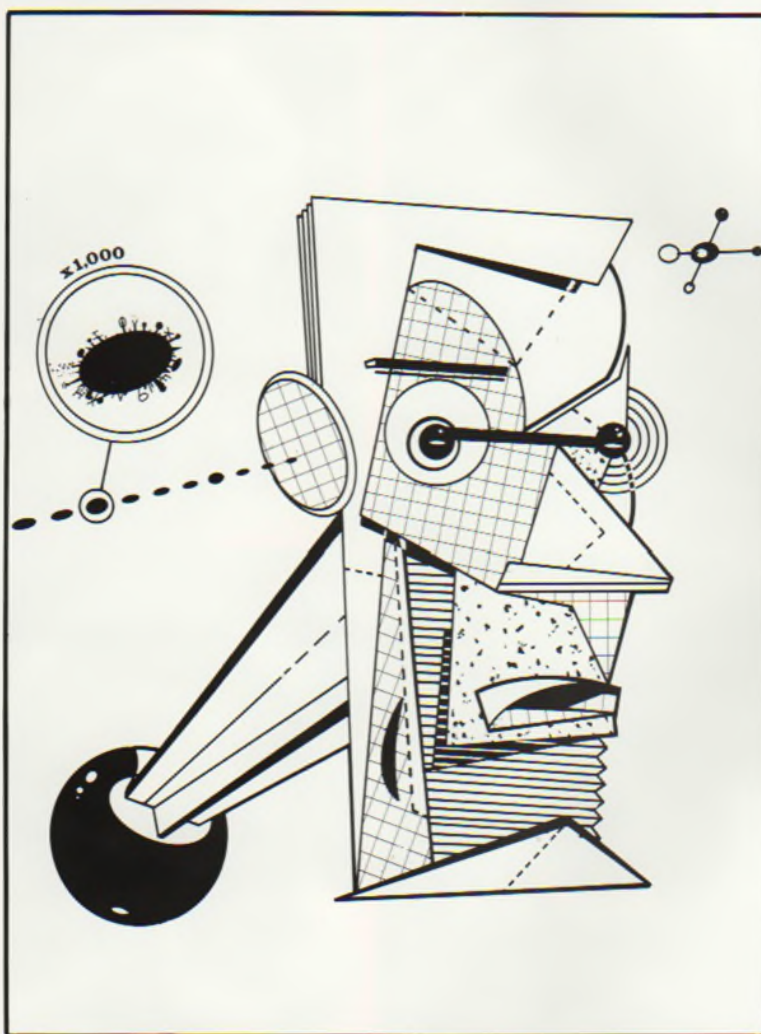
Subway Sect: "Am I guided or is life free, Because nothing ever seems to happen to me."

Bowie: "We could be heroes!" (sneer)

Wire: "We're crossing the International Date Line becalmed where no creature lives, lost, forsaken, cursed."

The Normal: "Quick let's make love, before we die."

"TELEPHONE TOUCH TONES RANKED HIGH AS FAVORITE INSTRUMENTS..."



10

Theory (a possible rock future): Rock orchestras will recreate favourite rock classics as symphonies today play **Beethoven** and **Mozart**. Imagine the **Clash's Give 'Em Enough Rope** reproduced on stage, complete with four and five rhythm guitars.

11

In their conservatism, **Talking Heads** neatly straddle the middle ground of an increasingly complex, crossreferencing, confused panorama of possibilities. While 2-3 are directly influenced musically, and **Mark Beer** uses them as a starting point for some unorthodox ideas, other connections are less concrete, the battle site dissolving on either side into:

(a) Synthesizers and electronics: An area of bizarre and diverse theories and bizarre realisations. There can be a tendency towards random noise and sound effects.

Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, the Scremers, Flying Lizards, the Human Beings, Wall of Voodoo, Thomas Leer,

This Heat, the Normal, Suicide, the Residents.

(b) People making the same noises with conventional instruments: An area of equally bizarre theories and even more bizarre realisations. The politics of attack has a high priority, since there isn't the "newness" and novelty of synthesizers.

The Pop Group, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Wire, the Gang of Four, the Subway Sect, the Slics.

(c) Everybody inbetween: The closest to the rock mainstream, though the average RSO Records fan would find any of the following quite extreme.

The Europeans, Pere Ubu, Ultravox, Devo, Bowie, Prag Vac, Scritti Politti, Public Image Ltd., the Contortions.

12

Ultravox's recent album, *Systems of Romance*, is an interesting sign of trends in motion. On their first outing the originality was swamped by kitsch **Roxy Music**. Now the production is Modern German, the sound is **Eno** (vocalist **John Foxx** mimics him excellently) and **Wire**. In 'I Am the Fly' and 'Dot Dash', **Wire** have a real handle on the pop music of the Eighties—a bit absurd, a bit cold, and incredibly catchy. **Ultravox** seem to understand this, but haven't the originality—that seems reserved for their cover and advertising graphics—to do something really exciting with it.

13

"We oppose all rock and roll" — **Subway Sect**.

14

The **Residents** are, I suppose, the most extreme of any group, but I find them hard, with the exception of 'Duck Stab', to appreciate beyond the notion that you can fool enough of the people all of the time. (The **Cryptic** Corporation, remember).

More serious is **Throbbing Gristle**. Their obsessions are with concentration camps, pornography (witness the innocence porn all over *D.O.A.*), a cleverly propagated Everything's/Industrial/Supermarket/Identikit aesthetic, and its supportive suggestion that anyone can make these noises. Their product's relationship to conventional music is often tenuous; it seems to function best as aural wallpaper. **United** and much of *D.O.A.* sounds like a movie soundtrack, complete with mental scenario. I keep being reminded of **Jean Michael-Jarre**.

15

Cabaret Voltaire occupies similar territory, sounding like all the effects from **Pink**

Floyd circa 1968 with none of the beat. They sound best on cover versions of the **Velvets'** 'Here She Comes Now' and the **Seeds'** 'No Escape', but even their most abstract tones have appeal.

16

Recently, **KROQ** in Los Angeles sponsored a contest: Record Your Own Version of Your Favorite **Devo** Song. Synthesizers and telephone touch tones ranked high as favourite instrument. If noises and effects can be ordered so infectiously and appeal to mass taste, and these sounds can be made by anybody, then how long before a synth, home computer, tape recorders and independent record label become elements and tools of first a fad and then a trend? The end of popular music as we know it?

17

As stupid as that may sound, the **Cab V./Screamers/Flying Lizards** approach to modern music could well become the/a mainstream if videodiscs replace phonograph records as the rock medium. Imagine watching *The Song Remains the Same* as many times as you might play a favourite record—the Inquisition would be more merciful. Visuals will demand the same personal subjectivity music affords—at their most conservative they will be expressionistic—and abstract oriented visuals integrate best with abstract oriented music, be it **Eno/Bowie** or **Throbbing Gristle** or even **Pink Floyd**. Given, also, the total integration of leisure drugs into American culture, and the contents of the first platinum videodisc become amusing speculation.

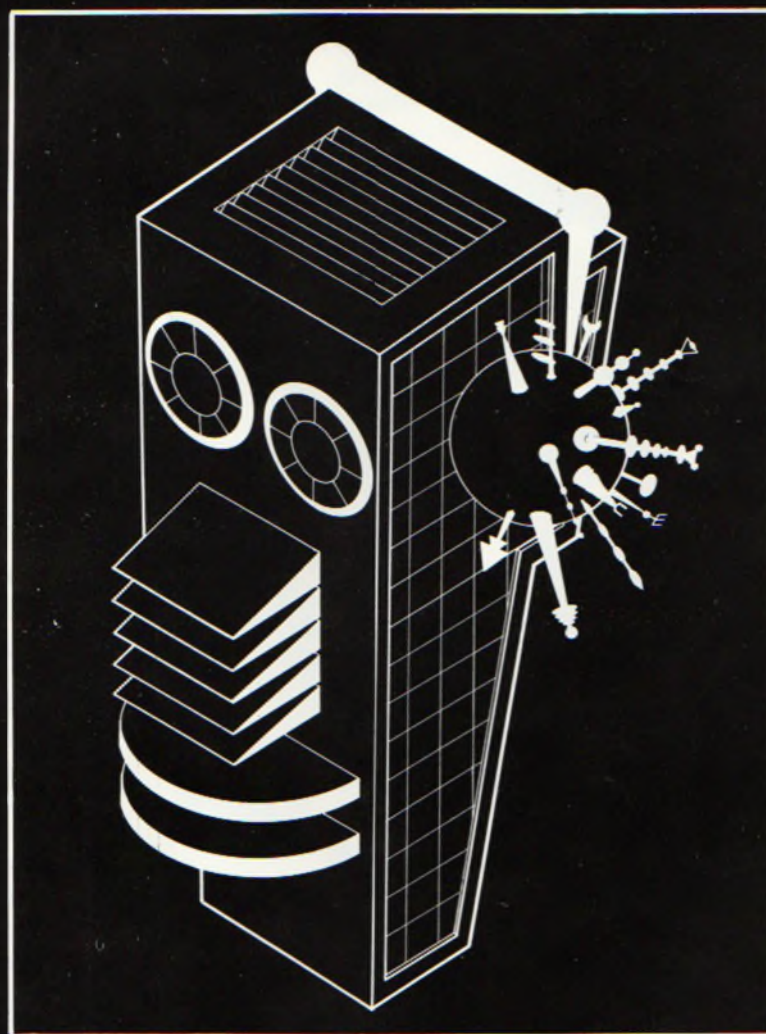
18

Of course, all these groups may turn out to be a new wave of **Pink Floyd**, **Yes**, **Genesis**, and **Queen**. Too existential.

19

Theory: The intellectual elements of punk (lyrics, experimentation, attitude) and

"WILL DISCOS BECOME PSYCHEDELIC DUNGEONS OF THE 80'S?"





THE FABULOUS POODLES MIRROR STARS

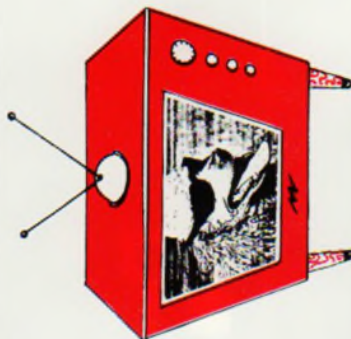
including:
Mirror Star/Work Shy/B Movies
Chicago Boxcar/Toytown People



THE FABULOUS POODLES DOO IT HERE.



TAB



TAB

Instructions

Carefully fold, spindle and mutilate this piece of fools-cap for your very own doggie device (suitable for scooping), courtesy of Britain's fashionably anthropomorphic Fabulous Poodles.

"Right now, the Poodles must be the tackiest band in the country," avers England's Sounds.

So proceed at a brisk trot to the Fab Poos' recorded boner, the deluxe new album "Mirror Stars."

Lovingly produced by John Entwistle and Muff Winwood in the great Anglo art-school tradition, the Fabulous Poodles win, place and show their satiric fangs and ferocious instrumental chops with a litter full of irresistibly shaggy songs.

"The Poodles combine mature musicianship with

TAB



TAB

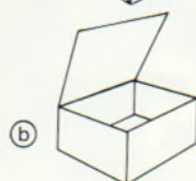
gross juvenile humor," adduces the New Musical Express.

"We're Poodles, not punks," avow the quatre canines.

Listen for yourself and find out why Poodles make such Fabulous house pets.

Even though they bite the hands that feed them.

"Mirror Stars." A substantial doggie dinner from the Fabulous Poodles. On Epic Records and Tapes.



CUT ALONG LINE



the rhythm/dance elements of disco will merge. Disco is practically an institution: already **Rod Stewart** and the **Stones** have addressed the form, and produced possibly their best songs in the process. You can even think of 'Miss You' as the first punk disco record. (What *did* they think of the 'Destroy' t-shirt and **Keef**'s 1976 punk uniform in the sticks?) And the **Normal**'s 'TV OD' lacks only a four-on-the-floor beat. All that remains is for **Bowie** to combine 'Heroes' and 'Young Americans' into a dancing maelstrom.

On a less tangible level, the disco aesthetic emerging, as psychedelic dungeons of the Eighties, the audience wired on socio-recreational drugs and mind numbing volume, has a lot of similarity to London punk clubs in their heyday; No Future merely translates as More Toys. All that remains is for Studio

54 to shake to the **Screamers** as treated by **Giorgio Moroder**. '122 Hours of Fear' indeed.

20

Theory (a possible rock future): **Beatlemania** sparks off multimedia simulations of rock's grandest careers. **Disney** builds an **Elvis** android - he's not the real **Elvis**, but an incredible recreation!

Says **Vernon Presley**, "It's like having a new son!"

ANNOTATED DISCOGRAPHY

(all British releases)

HUMAN LEAGUE - Being Boiled/Circus of Death (Fast)

This group of science fiction fans/art students attempts humorously futuristic, using pop synthesizer effects along with bizarre subject matter and avoiding the self-conscious aspects of many in their genre. Could be the UK equivalent of **T. Heads**, 1982 style.

2-3 - All Time Low/Where to Now? (Fast)

Could be the UK **Talking Heads**, 1979 style. Funky rhythm, strained singing, bouncy synths-pop are their qualities, tho it'll take stronger tunes to put them in the charts.

FLYING LIZARDS - Summertime Blues (Virgin)

Reductionism ad absurdum. Did **Eddie Cochran** really pen this plaint of a future where a ticking clock would have more emotion than the humans? Is space really that boring, or is it in my head? Quaalude for the cybernetic set.

PRAG VEC - Existential (Spec)

At first listen, like **Beethoven** backing up **Grace Slick** (singing in English with a heavy French accent - or French with a heavy Martian accent). Not electronic, not pop, but weird for sure, and of definite appeal to punks searching for the illusion of meaning.

M - Moderne Man (MCA)

Actual Frenchmen this time, playing with the same synth rhythms used by **Giorgio** on *Midnight Express*, lyrics about the absurdity of modern life, but danceable. Had they stayed together, **Television** might have come to this.

EUROPEANS - Europeans/Voices (Heartbeat)

Starts off like "Good Grief Christine", a throbbing bristling bass line, vague vocals, insufficient alienation to please hard core fans.

MARK BEER - Isolations EP (Waste)

On 4 tracks he sounds like everything from **Marc Bolan** doing electronic ska to an African tribe doing Tibetan ritual music in an echo chamber, to **Donovan** writing a sequel to "Catch the Wind". Only 1000 of these were made and you'd best get yours now.



THOMAS LEER - Private Plane (Company/Oblique)

Like the **Normal**, a 1-man show. Deep, dense and spooky, a saucerfull of closely-guarded secrets known only to children of IBM who speak in silent tongues to one another when the programmers have gone to bed.

SCRITTI POLITTI - Skank Bloc Bologna/Is and Ought of the Western World 1St. Pancrasi

Six minutes of atonal pressure; the sound of a headache trying to get out of its head. Like **Prag Vec**, more guitars, less dadaist, more existentialist. We don't understand it, but that's probably the point.

CABARET VOLTAIRE - EP: Do the Mussolini-Headkick +3 (Rough Trade)

Electronic disco shock treatments. Amazing synapse-overload version of the **Velvets**' "Here She Comes Now". Would be nice to hear them do "European Son". More **Floyding Pinkies** on "Set Up". The saucer has opened and there's nothing inside but echoes, echoes, echoes, a deepening veil... Described by **Sounds** as a "cleaner" version of **Pere Ubu** or **Throbbing Gristle**, but dadaism aside, these guys are much further out there.

THROBBING GRISTLE - United (Industrial)

Their most accessible, dub reggae signposts leading through a ghostly realm of vaguely anthemic whooshes, voices insisting on timeless love, yet belied by the fragile cocoon of ether beyond which howling chaos threatens to break through. This one's a future Eurovision winner, maybe.

THE NORMAL - TVOD/Warm Leatherette (Mute)

So far this is the "Satisfaction" of New Musick, the clearcut classic, defining the territory in which punk absurdity, robotic disco compulsion, and electronic alienation can merge in pursuit of simultaneous artistic triumph and commercial viability. The fact that **Daniel (Normal) Miller**'s main influence is said to be **Can** and the German prog-synthers adds irony to his current vogue, but we shouldn't forget that **Sid Vicious** learned to play bass from **Can** records...

SPECIAL REPORT: BOOTLEGGERS

Rock Robin Hoods or Commie Threat?



As noted elsewhere in this issue, we seem to be entering a sort of Golden Age of bootlegging, with not only more records and manufacturers, but better packaging, recording quality, and more sophistication all around. As also noted elsewhere, bootlegging—as opposed to record & tape piracy or counterfeiting—is a very minor economic threat to the record industry, compared to piracy, and yet because the bootleggers are an easier target (young rock fans rather than hardened mobsters) they have borne the brunt of the government crackdowns and been forced to lead a highly dangerous outlaw existence in order that we may hear live performances, unreleased studio recordings, and classic rarities of the past. Because so many BOMP readers are collectors of the type who most appreciate these products, we decided to track down some of the leading bootleg manufacturers and obtain some direct insight into the state of the industry and the realities faced by these Robin Hoods of the vinyl forest. The following transcript is an amalgam of statements from several active bootleggers, edited to protect their identities. — Ed.]

'Bootlegs don't cost the industry anything...they help sales in fact...'

BOMP: How did you become a bootlegger?

A: I was originally a collector of rare tapes. I started collecting in the late '60s, and eventually was trading with other collectors all over the country. There are guys in every city who sneak tape machines into concerts and trade copies of the tapes with people in other cities for things they want by favorite groups. I knew all these guys, and it was probably inevitable that some of them thought of doing pressings of some of their tapes. I learned the bootlegging business from some friends of mine in Philadelphia who were doing a lot of it, then I went out on my own.

BOMP: How many people like yourself are there?

A: Probably less than you think. In the 10 years of bootlegging since *Great White Wonder* there have seldom been more than 4 or 5 active manufacturers at a time, not counting small one-shot boots. I'm releasing 3 or 4 albums a month regularly, and maintain a catalog of nearly 100 past releases, so I guess I'm one of the "majors". I know people with unbelievable tapes who won't have anything to do with boots for fear

of drying up their sources. One guy has so much unreleased **Beatles** stuff you could listen for weeks and not hear it all. If I want to get copies of his stuff, I have to trade something he doesn't have, or pay as much as \$2500 for one tape — and then I have to swear not to let anyone copy it. Because if I do and it gets out, I won't get any more stuff from him! Most of the collectors are happy to let a few idiots like me take all the risks...

BOMP: That brings up something I've been wondering about. Just how much of an ethical code is there among bootleggers? It seems to me I've seen "pirate" copies of some boots. Is this common, and how do you deal with it?

A: It does happen, and there's nothing that can be done about it because we're all outlaws to start with, but by and large there is a strong code of ethics in our field. I know everyone else in the business, and if I see a record I can usually tell who put it out. Occasionally I have seen one of my records copied — and with quite a drop in quality, I might add — but there is really only one guy who does this regularly and a lot of us won't deal with him anymore. But you can't always tell from looking at the record what the story is, anyway. A lot of the "major" bootleggers of the past are out of business, such as Kornysone, Trademark of Quality, Wizardo, and Rubber Dubber, and their catalogs have either been passed along to others for reissue, or become sort of "public domain". Certain classic albums have been copied so many times they must be in their 10th generation by now. In other cases, an album will come out locally, like that **Who** record done in Ohio, or the **Sex Pistols** *Spunk* thing, and the demand is so great the manufacturer can't fill it, so the others put it out. It's a very loose thing, really.

BOMP: Today's bootlegs seem to be so much more nicely packaged than those white jacket with paper insert things of a few years ago. You see them now with fully fabricated covers, some full-color, good photos — like that recent **Beatles** one where they located the original photographer and bought out-takes from the *Butcher* cover — and studio mastering. What's the reason for this?

A: There are really two reasons, and ironically enough the main reason is the increasing pressure on us from the law. So many stores have been raided by the FBI for carrying boots that hardly any will carry them anymore unless they look slick enough to be real albums. It's very expensive to do color separations and four-color printing for an album like that **Stones** set you're holding there, but if it means the album can be displayed in stores, then we may sell an extra 5,000 and so it's worth it. The other reason, I guess, is the growing sophistication of the record buyers, who will be more inclined to buy an album with a rare photo or good liner notes, and the fact that in today's bootleg industry there are a few people such as myself who look at our vocation not as just a means to a quick buck — personally I feel the risks involved make the bucks more than well-earned — but also as an opportunity to make a mark in history with some really fine albums that we, the fans, and even the artists, can be proud of. There are in fact many artists such as **Bruce Springsteen** and **Patti Smith**, who have openly encouraged bootleggers. The Stoned label in Sweden, which recently got busted, put out nicer albums on **Patti**, **Roxy Music**, **Queen**, and a couple of others, than those artists' regular labels have. Beautiful color covers, top-flight mastering. I don't know how they made a penny, it must have been a labor of love, and I know a lot of the artists appreciate that.

BOMP: You've just mentioned several topics I was

hoping to explore. First is sales figures. I realize you can't be too specific, but can you give me any idea just what the average press run on one of these records is? The record industry keeps throwing around the figure "\$200 million" and I find that rather hard to accept.

A: The industry may be losing \$200 million a year, but if so, 99% of it is to tape piracy. They're talking about Mafia plants that turn out millions of **Donna Summer** 8-tracks and sell them to rack jobbers in New Jersey for 3 cents less than they'd pay Polygram, or some shit like that. But it's no easier to bust those guys for this than for anything else, so they come after us. For one thing, the average run on a bootleg album is no more than 2500. Some only 500. A really good-selling title can go as high as 10,000, but that rarely happens I can assure you. In any case, when you think about it, who loses what on a bootleg? Granted, there are cases where somebody gets an advance tape of a new **McCartney** album and gets it on the street 2 weeks before the regular release and probably takes away some sales, but we don't do that sort of thing, and I've only seen a handful of them over the years. On the contrary, one of our albums helps generate interest in the artist's career, the same way a regular live album causes the artist's back catalog to move. The record company loses no sales because the record was never in their catalog, and never would have been. Frankly, I wouldn't lose a lot of sleep if what we were doing *did* lose the record industry some of its profits. It's an incredibly corrupt industry, and it's growing so fast they can hardly keep up with it. I think they gross around six *billion* dollars a year now. How much of that do you think goes to the artists?

BOMP: To what extent does your "outlaw" status bring harassment into your everyday life? Do the police or Feds keep tabs on you that closely, and if so how do you manage to stay out of jail?

A: Sure, they know who I am, and they know everyone else in the business too. Fortunately the agents are aware of what a farce this whole "crackdown" is, they know where the real piracy is taking place, and it's only when some record company gets wind of a bootleg on one of their big artists and goes into a panic that they come around and warn us to cool it. I know the laws very well, and I have good lawyers, and like anything else they have to catch you on a technicality. I've known a few who got unlucky, like **Wizardo**, but he took chances he shouldn't have. Still, there's always the possibility that they'll come and throw me in jail the next time some millionaire record biz president wakes up on the wrong side of the bed and makes a few irate phone calls. But it's just a fact of life I've got to live with.

BOMP: Tell us a little about your lifestyle... I imagine a lot of our readers are curious as to just sort of life a bootlegger leads.

A: Well it varies. I know a couple guys back east who do a lot of bootlegging even though they have large legit companies of their own, and they live like any other rich people. Then you had characters like **Rubber Dubber**, who was active a few years ago and did all those deluxe albums. He ran a commune out in the desert, had his own pressing plants, and about 50 people living there. He looked like a Hells Angel, rode a chopper and carried a gun! Some have regular jobs and families. Me, I travel quite a bit — to tell you the truth, sometimes I live in my car. I like to move around a lot, visiting people around the country, or recording concerts, or finding tapes. I don't like staying in one place too long. In fact, I think I'd better be going right now.....

Without condemning or condoning the practice of bootlegging, we feel obliged to point out that today's collector has access to more than ever before in the way of well-packaged, well-recorded, commercially unavailable music. Contrary to all logic, after 10 years of bootlegging there are now more choice tapes surfacing by the major artists — **Beatles**, **Stones**, **Dylan**, etc. — than ever before, and today's manufacturers are providing better covers, liner notes, and recording quality than their predecessors ever did. But along with the excellent products there is a lot of shit being produced also, inferior tapes masquerading as something better, old second-hand masters being peddled under new titles, etc. As a service to our readers, who spend their hard-earned on these products, **BOMP** will from time to time be reviewing new bootleg releases from a consumer-guide standpoint. In the present instance, we are singling out some of the more outstanding current releases.

SEX PISTOLS - Indecent Exposure - Rotten tx PS1 (British)

To date, out of several LPs from the US tour, one dismal early UK live LP, and a Swedish one that wasn't much better, there was nothing the **Pistols** fan could actually listen to except *Spunk*, which contained only studio outtakes. This is the first record to capture the live fury of the group, and though it's not up to the standard of some live albums, it's so far above any other **Pistols** boot that it must take top honors. It's of respectable vintage, too, dating from September '76, and including early live rarities such as "Pills", "Don't Give Me No Lip", "Stepping Stone", "Substitute" and "No Fun", along with "Anarchy", "Submission", and plenty more.

BUZZCOCKS - Time's Up! - Voto 5334

Another British product, this captures the **Buzzcocks** early on, when **Howard DeVoto** was still involved (a more recent boot, titled *Best in Good Food*, is also on the market). These sound like early demos, rather than live recordings, rough but very listenable, and there are many songs you'll not hear elsewhere. Standouts are "Boredom", "Orgasm Addict", "Love Everybody", "Friends of Mine", and their cover of the **Troggs** "I Can't Control Myself".



CHEAP TRICK - Samurai Rock Band - CT-10

The cover shows **Rick Nielsen** terrorizing a cluster of skyscrapers after the style of **Godzilla**, and from that down to the last groove it's an album designed to please the **Cheap Trick** fanatic. Some might be deceived into thinking it's the officially released 'Live in Japan' album, but it's not. I'm told the tapes stem

from a 1977 Chicago concert, though the credits are vague. But it was taken from a recent **King Biscuit** broadcast, and the quality therefore is first rate, and the performances on the whole are at least as good as those on the Japan album, though **Cheap Trick** set such a consistently high standard that there's little difference.

NEW YORK DOLLS - Live: Dallas '74 - Smitin' Ears 7707

It's taken awhile to surface, but worth it. Cover shows the **Dolls** in their **Malcolm McLaren**-managed period, with commie flags and red suits, and **David's** face sickly superimposed on **Jackie's** in the **Kennedy** death car. Sound quality is weird — lots of bass for a boot, too much in fact, and weak in the midrange where the guitars and vocals should have more impact. But it can be listened to, and it's about the only place you'll hear "Give Her a Great Big Kiss" and "Lone Star Queen".

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE - Live in San Jose, 1966 - Grouchio 38502

Whoever put this out has also got albums by the **Rising Sons** and **13th Floor Elevators** on the market, and it's very mysterious because the word is they're from Europe and were done in editions of 500 only (I paid \$50 for my copy of this!) yet some say they come out of New York. Anyway, it's a real treasure for fans of early San Francisco rock, because this concert features original **Quicksilver** vocalist **Jim Murray**, and several tunes ("All Night Worker", "Walkin' Blues", "I Hear You Knockin'", "Your Time Will Come") that were staples of their early days but never got on wax, along with more familiar tunes like "Who Do You Love" and "Mona".

TOM PETTY & HEARTBREAKERS - Tearjerker - TOM PETTY & HEARTBREAKERS - same - Kornophone 924

The first of these is a repro of the limited (500) edition ABC promo release, "live" at the Record Plant, and it's of course high quality, featuring "American Girl", "Route 66", "I Need to Know" and "Strangered in the Night" plus other unreleased tunes. The other is more recent and of extremely high quality, featuring "Anything That's Rock and Roll", "I Don't Like It", "Breakdown", "Listen to her Heart", and the killer, a long closing encore of "Shout" for "I'm Alright" to **Stones** fans!

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN - Piece de Resistance - Piste **Springsteen** fans will go nuts for this 3-record boxed set, all live, including the complete concert from his Sept. 19, 1978 Passaic, NJ appearance. There's lots of stuff not on regular albums, including a whole side of **Mitch Ryder** medley ("Devil With a Blue Dress", "Good Golly", "C.C. Rider", "Jenny Jenny") and of course all his hits. **Bruce**, who openly endorses bootlegs, is said to be especially pleased with this one.

BEATLES - Live from the Sam Houston Colosseum - Audifon 006

BEATLES - 20x4 - Remime

These two German albums may be legitimate, though it's hard to imagine any official release of stuff this rare. The first contains two complete concerts, 24 songs, and the quality of this stuff is superb. It's all their usual '65/'66 material. The other has 15 studio outtakes from the same period, plus more recent unreleased things by individual **Beatles**, and altogether it's a very deluxe package. Both have beautiful covers, the former featuring a never-before-seen outtake from the "Butcher Cover" sessions. If these are bootlegs, the "legitimate" companies could learn a lot from them about how to put an album together!

GREG KIHN

The Lazy Man's Rock Star

BY Teri Morris

Out of the first original Beserkley artists, Greg Kihn has always been my odds on favorite for commercial success. While Jonathan Richman, Earthquake, and the Rubinoos have all enjoyed varying degrees of cult popularity in Europe and the US (and, in the Rubinoos' case, a huge charted single which somehow failed to establish them as headliners), it was the melodic, pleasant-voiced Kihn whose first album of folksy understatement and tunefulness seemed just the kind of sensitive singer-songwriter stuff the Jackson Browne-charmed masses might conceivably go for.

Of course, the record was impossible to find in the stores because Beserkley lacked a distributor at the time. Kihn began playing clubs in Berkeley with his band (drummer Larry Lynch, bassist Steve Wright and guitarist Dave Carpenter) towards the obvious end of building up a loyal local following and a distinct live approach. By the time *Greg Kihn Again* was released in 1977 he had achieved both, and he was voted the top club act in the Bay Area by the readers of *BAM Magazine*.

"People ask us why we live in Berkeley," Kihn said. "It's because nobody hassles us... They tolerate us out here. Back East they would have hammered us into a mold by now, I think. We need the less frantic environment of San Francisco to just—". He pauses self-consciously and smiles. "I hate to use dopey phrases like this, but we need an environment to stretch out and do our own thing without people descending on us and making it a scene."

Greg Kihn has very much the same attitude toward Beserkley Records. His enthusiastic approval of their unorthodox means of doing business shows through when—with a certain perverse delight—he agrees with the journalists who blame Beserkley for the fact that he is not yet bumping Foreigner and the Bee Gees off the charts.

"Oh yeah, it's definitely Beserkley's fault that we haven't made it," he remarks with casual amusement.

"I'm glad we haven't made it, actually, because in a way we came along at just the right pace. And now that we are breaking in on the national scene, we're ready to. It might have been premature earlier."

"We relish paying the dues that we've paid, and it's definitely Beserkley's fault we haven't made it because it's a nowhere, tiny little label. We were on CBS," he said, referring to Beserkley's brief affiliation with that label. "We may have been raped, but we were spared a lot of the indignities of the industry. We didn't have to tour constantly and we were allowed to develop. What we've come up with is our own, raw sound... I think a major label would have gotten us into a groove too soon."

"Plus, look," he confided with a winning grin, "we're lazy guys. We live in Berkeley and we don't care. It takes us two years to do anything anyway. This just seems normal to me. Also, there's no pressure to go out and do stuff you don't want to do. If you want to go to Europe, go. We were lucky, we got to go to Europe the year nothing was happening here. And then we came back and suddenly something was

happening here."

What Kihn sees happening now is a return to favor of Beatles-like simplicity and something called 'American rock'—which he associates with sparseness, 4 and 5 piece bands, and the complete abolition of long solos. All the characteristics, in fact, of his own band.

"And the words are back, lyrics are back again."

(He describes his own as "budget lyrics," designed to get the point across in as few words as possible.)

"And the production is simple, and the concept bullshit is gone. *Odessa* is behind us now, you know what I mean? Even *Arthur* is gone. So what you have now is just songs again, which is the best thing for young bands... Now it's great, you can go to obscure clubs in San Jose and see bands doing original material. It would have been unheard of five years ago."

Kihn's first album was made up of nifty folk pop with hooks galore—a characteristic of his writing—sometimes reminiscent of the Beau Brummels. Still, since the rock and roll element was too soft-pedalled for my personal tastes, it sounds rather tentative when played today. The harder rocking follow-ups—*Again* and the last one, *Next of Kihn*—seem very much the result of the band accurately recreating the strikingly efficient dynamics that have developed from playing the songs live. As such the records mirror the Greg Kihn Band in concert with one notable exception: there's no way vinyl can duplicate the Springsteen-ish way he conveys his innocent enthusiasm and hardworking desire to give 100%.

"There have been gigs where the media and everything have been there, and there's been plenty of tension in the air. The Roxy gigs were all media, Bruce Springsteen was there, the tension was high. And instead of getting all knotted up—I really feel groovy! I think, WOW, this tension is GREAT! It's like basketball in the fourth period, I love it, I can't get enough of it, I wish it was more like that."

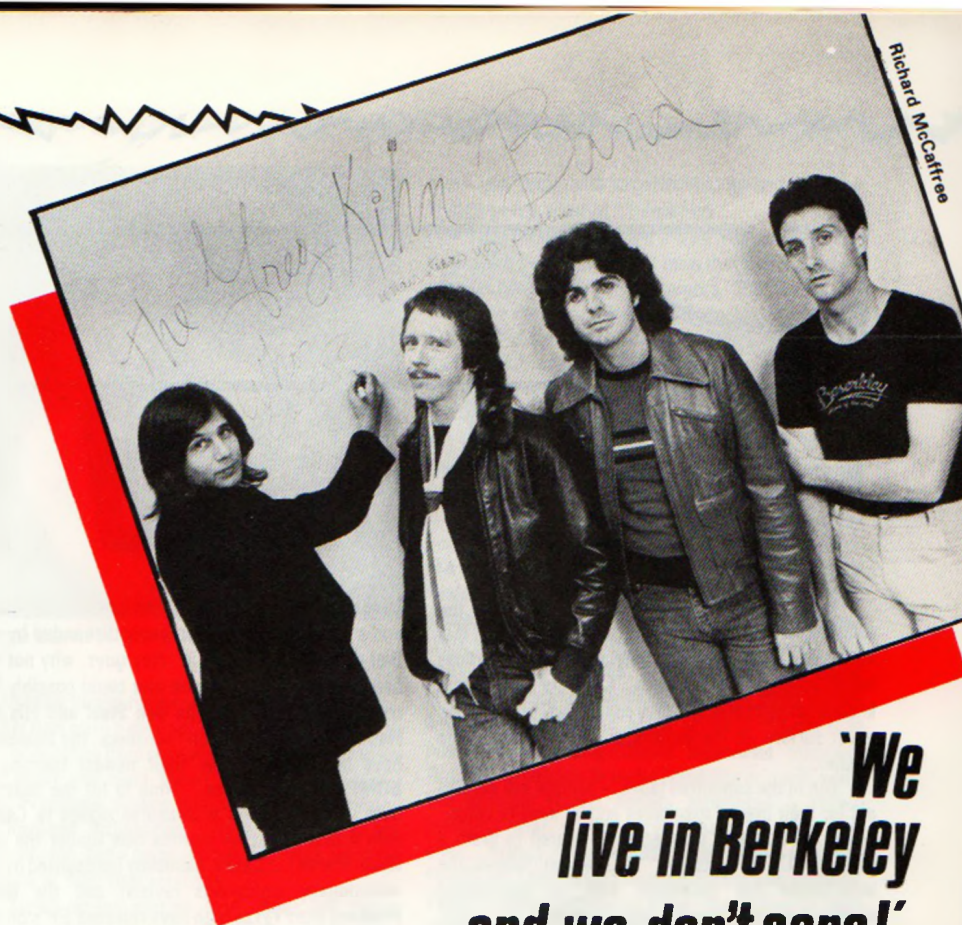
"So when the tension gets high the band doesn't seem to get nervous. They seem to thrive on it. It feels good. It gives them a reason to be there. There's a reason to play good and to rock out and when everybody's attention is on you you feel like you want to do good. It's a groovy situation if you're a stone egotist like me."

If there's one thing gigging frequently has done besides giving the band split-second timing, it's been to make Greg work harder as a singer. "When I cut the first album I didn't really have my voice honed in to rock and roll. Now I'm into developing new inflections and stuff all the time. That's my new kick..."

"I've got an alter-ego called Rockaday Johnny," Kihn had said earlier when asked about the deep, breathy, rockabilly vocal sound he achieved on the *Spitballs* album, where he sang a Lafayettees song called "Life's Too Short." "I just discovered this new Elvis voice I can use. Remember when Paul McCartney discovered his 'Lady Madonna' voice? Well, this is like discovering a whole new voice I never knew I had."

When I spoke with Kihn the band was preparing to enter the studio to record their next album with producer Kenny Laguna, "the bubblegum king," whose credits Kihn says would have been embarrassing ten years ago but which now "seem hip." (Laguna was in the Shondells and the Elegants and worked with the Archies).

"He brings a whole new cheesy aspect to my band which I love," enthuses Greg. "...His technique is to get down to the practice hall and make everybody play super simple so that he keeps things cooking."



**'We
live in Berkeley
and we don't care!'**

Because, Christ, the songs are all really easy and you blast through them and you have so much fun. Kenny's nuts and he pogos all the way through rehearsal. He never stops moving around the room."

Aside from Laguna's enthusiasm and the fact that his simple approach is completely in keeping with the increasingly economic sound of the band, he also has the technical know-how to achieve whatever production slant the songs call for. "It's really neat that if I said I wanted a 'Crimson and Clover' sound he could get it. He produced the fucker, so he can do anything."

Knowing Kihn's attitude and the fact that he knows both the band and the songs are best served by straightforward treatment, there's not much danger of album number four getting overproduced. The band has worked in a lot of studios, Kihn told me, and they've eventually come to the conclusion that it didn't matter where they recorded or with whom—"It was either gonna be great or it wasn't."

"Elvis Costello said that the reason everybody flipped out for his band was because America produces so few great rock and roll bands—which is bullshit, but it hurts, because we haven't really produced the Everly Brothers and the Eddie Cochrans of the seventies."

"All the great bands have come along from my generation like Cheap Trick and Tom Petty and Blondie and Patti are all starting to make it now and it makes me feel good. God, we need new blood on the AM band so bad. I mean, the Top 20 needs Patti Smith, it needs the Greg Kihn Band, it needs the Ramones, and it really really needs stuff like Graham Parker. It just needs more integrity."

Surely the Field Marshall herself could not have delivered a more rousing pep talk than that. Armed with a pithy slogan courtesy of Gen X's "Your Generation" (one of Kihn's favorite songs I was later to learn), he raises his voice dramatically and announces: "We need our hits! We need our Top Ten records! 'My generation's gotta live' you know!"

More Singles In Baltimore

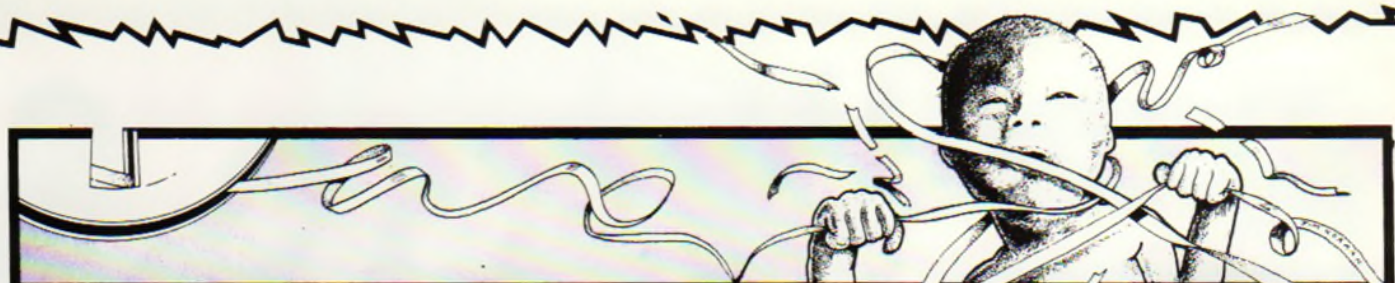
By Geoffrey Himes

Another Baltimore label, Go Hog Records has released *Wholesale Diamonds*, an ep by the Dark Side, recorded at the Sheffield Studios in Timonium. The record suffers as a whole from David Jarkowski's overstated vocals. Three of the songs similarly collapse under the weight of too much emotional growling and climaxes without build-up.

But the saving grace one can always look for comes on "Kiss and Tell" written by Jay Graboski with a promising feel for Brill Building vintage pop. The nicest moment comes when guest Steve Simcoe's saxophone adds a doo-wop sweetener. Appropriately enough, the best track is the only one with a sense of humor.

Go Hog has also re-released a 1975 single by Baltimore's OHO. Neither side is a hit, but both are professional efforts with catchy keyboards and guitars and strong vocals. The A side, "Seldom Bought," suffers from overinflated lyrics and self-conscious art-rock keyboards. But, despite finicky verses, the B side, "Lez Lee" has a likeable, lusty chorus with the vocals gloating and the keyboards concentrating on bleating organ crescendos.

The Dark Side and OHO records are available for \$2 each from: Jay Graboski/8 Cedar Ave., Apt. B/Towson, Md. 21204. ●



CRIB DEATH

Hello there and welcome to **CRIB*DEATH #5**, the column that reviews your demo tape. **CRIB*DEATH** is an attempt to go beyond the vinyl stage, to get to those bands lurking on the fringes. **C*D** lets our readers know what sorts of music they can expect, or what may never surface, in the months to come. Robbing the cradle.....

Out of the submitted tapes, a handful are singled out for their overall excellence and/or novelty value. There are 2 sets of standards considered to grant a tape a PICK-HIT status. 1) One that follows the unfortunate but necessary path to commercial success, albeit enjoyable and promising as record company "rock" or pop music. More importantly though is 2) a tape with interesting *new* approaches or exciting 'genre' music. This latter segment will always supercede the panderers by virtue of their bravery.

Record companies do it, so why don't you? That is, if you read about a tape that piques your interest, write the band, and request their demos. No reason why you, the fan, can't request access to some of this incredible music, particularly since most of it will never see the light of vinyl. In some cases, **C*D** just doesn't have the opportunity to answer each and every artist who submits a demo, so let them know you read about them in **C*D**. In circumstances where the group hasn't filled any copyrights on their material, they may refuse your request for tapes. But at least you'll have established some out-of-town contacts (musicians bored with their present situations take note) and given some much-needed support to these up-and-coming groups.

Conditions for **C*D** entries: 1) Mark your tapes (or attach a sheet) with group or chosen name; address; phone # and song titles. Anything else you desire to send with the tape is more than welcome. Pictures are recommended, as well as biographical info, letters of comment, stickers, natural redheads with green eyes—who needs a \$30 referral charge anyway?—or club flyers where you've played, etc. Also, good cassettes are preferable over reels, though both are acceptable. Send your entries to:

CRIB*DEATH
c/o Gary Sperrazal
BOMP Magazine
P.O. Box 7112
Burbank, CA 91510

Before getting into the PICK-HITS for this column, let's look back and do an update on some former **CRIB*DEATH** entries:

C*D#2 (in **BOMP 18**): Under threat of lawsuit from the **Boyz** on Columbia Records, Nebraska's **Boys** (a former PICK-HIT) have changed their name to

London. Now, if only the English band London (one lp and a few 45's on MCA; probably disbanded by now, tho) don't catch wind of it. Hey guys, why not try a name so bizarre that no one else could possibly have come across it, like maybe **Ben Steel and His Bare Hands**? No?.....Michigan four-piece, the **Romantics**, have two 45's out now, their newest sporting the **BOMP** label, of course. Time to hit the coastline, boys!....John Martin is of course signed to Capitol, with a first lp out for months now (under the name **Moon Martin**)....Lastly, **Skooshny** (undaunted by their intentionally ambiguous review) and the **Nerve-breakers** from Texas both have released EP's on their own.

C*D#4 (in **BOMP 20**): The **Bump Cars** have an EP out....Boston's fine **Atlantics** are now signed to ABC, with a 45 and lp due early spring. Lastly, **20/20's** second 45, "Remember the Lightning" is still in litigation with this label and that, but it's a great record so watch for it (as if I'd let you forget). By the way, **Eddie Cochran** has not officially joined **20/20** yet, so stop with the rumours...

There are 6 PICK-HITS this time around, listed in no particular order:

1) **The Traitors**: Here's a hard-ass Detroit rock n' roll band with a healthy sense of economy and AM dynamics. Two songs here lean towards the **Starz** school ("Baby, If You Let Me" is a natural for **Kiss**). But the extremely rhythmic "I Want You" and the hard-rock ballad "Olivia", show a diversity that is reconciled by the clean production and tight musicianship. Vocals can be tough and pleasant as the occasion demands, and the aforementioned "Olivia" smells like a hit even in today's strict radio formats. The **Traitors** should be signed and out of the contents of this column. An easy PICK-HIT (c/o Tann/Fagenson Prod.; 14750 Puritan Ave.; Detroit, MICH 48227; (313)273-3000)

2) **John Hiatt**: Hiatt had two lp's on Epic a few years ago, but since then, he's undergone a massive overhaul in delivery. Lowell George vocal inflections have been dropped in favor of a more forceful, **Elvis Costello**-like presentation. Best cuts here are "You Used to Kiss the Girls" and "Radio Girl" with instrumentation reminiscent of **Clever's** sound on *My Aim Is True*. Of course, he doesn't earn any points for originality, but the Hiatt tape is quite enjoyable with memorable songs. (c/o Havana Moon Mgt.; 6777 Hollywood Blvd.; Hollywood, CAL 90028; (213)461-4587)

3) **The Romantics**: Knife-edged beat group from Detroit area, some say a cross between the early **Stones** and the **Dave Clark Five**. Though highly touted in some circles, their material is much weaker than

their image and overall potential. It seems they should be able to come up with better than this: "Let's Swing" and "Tell It To Carrie" are very poppish but weak, with unmemorable memories. More appealing are "Runnin' Away's" Merseybeat bounciness and the frantic "First In Line", a fine hard rocker. Isn't this mob signed already? (c/o Spider Mgt.; 20780 Winchester; Southfield, MICH 48076; (313)356-4989)

4) **Bruce Haack**: Fascinating music composed and performed solely by Mr. Haack. I wouldn't chance to gauge the potential-for-signing, because Haack's intricate songs are executed completely with synthesizers (not popular in this country, unless used machine-like for machine-brains in discos). However, some songs have very clever melodies and hooks, straining to make the listener comfortable in the medium without pandering to your intellect. Many of the arrangements are quite familiar and easy to assimilate in an almost pop context—honest. Other songs are atmospheric, oftentimes downright scary. The synthesized instrumentation is flawless, and the lyrics (remember these are *songs* here, not the usual noodling associated with this genre) are vitriolic and compelling. Haack is a man with something to say and the means to say it. (c/o School of Music; Westchester St. College; Westchester, PA 19380)

5) **The Planets**: Oh God, why wasn't this band ever signed? The **Planets** were around from the very beginning of the NY explosion of 1975-76, earned a reputation as a great pop/herd rock unit, and practically on the eve of signing to Warners, everything fell thru. A recent tape sent **C*D's** way (c/o Jim Green at *Trouser Press*, contact him for the **Planets** whereabouts) showcases a 1977 live date and five stellar demos with power and drama hinting towards the realms covered by **Cheap Trick**, the **Twilley Band** and the best of **Pezband**. Reportedly, the band is more hard-rock than ever (is **Thin Lizzy**?) and **C*D** salutes them by persisting in the face of their travails, no matter what styles their music has moved towards.

6) **Chris Hickey**: The guitars are punkish and tuff, the vocal stylings are **Elvis/Springsteen**. From the two songs, it's obvious I'm being sketchy, hoping for more evidence, info and pix. Get on it **Chris**! (5728 Wilhelmina Ave.; Woodland Hills, CAL 91367; (213)883-6699). ALMOST, LIKE IN HORSESHOES:

Scotland's **Simple Minds** sent in a good set of atmospheric heavy metal-tinged punk, a vast improvement over their earlier incarnation as **Johnny and the Self-Abusers** ("Saints and Sinner" single on Chiswick).

From California comes **Bill Owens**, **Lois Lane** and **Mike McIntock**. Now, Owens is a budding talent,

working within a pop/rock vein a la Tommy Hoehn. Owens is much better tho, due to his similar impassioned honesty and more pleasant song structures. Despite this, there aren't any *really* strong songs here, but there is potential if he gets a solid band together, preferably with another good songwriter to bounce ideas off of. Best tracks: "the rockin' "Hole In My Head" and "Rendezvous Lovers." **Lois Lane**, on the other hand, was boring bar-rock replete with shrill female vocals, overbearing organ, quasi-metal guitar and cliched song structures. Heard it before? Sure you have, and there's enough low-class record labels around to sign this crap and shove it down your throat once again.....Happily, **Mike McLintock** delivers highly developed art-pop, drawing reference to **Sailor, City Boy** and mostly **Brian Protheroe**. He misses the Protheroe standard by relying on reggae rhythms too often and overall his vocals aren't strong enough to match his engaging material. Quite good, nonetheless.

Miriam Linna has moved on from her slot as drummer for the **Cramps** (**CRAMPS! SEND A TAPE!**) and now resides in the Zantees. Despite potential bordering on the outer limits, the **Tees** seem a pretty tame 80's garage punk band. Not that they aren't fun, mind you, but nothing is added to the legacy this band obviously adores.



Arthur Rosen of Salamander Band

"I can't afford a demo/Mr. Publisher, won't you please make a memo/How can I make you see/What a terrific songwriter I'd be/My name is Arthur Philip Rosen/And so far my life's been frozen/Cuz I ain't got the bucks/And corporate business....**SUCKS!**" Imagine these lyrics matched to an overly grandiose piano, softly tinkling ascensions and descensions. The the bass and drums kick in for a tongue-in-cheek fast-moving cocktail jazz interlude as the **Salamander Band** (their chosen name) cue in horn and guitar parts, which **Arthur** proceeds to play on the piano (remember, he 'ain't got the bucks'). Lastly, the song slows and builds to a climax with the lines: "What a shame it would be/If a record co. didn't sign me-e-e-e". "My Demo", as it's called, was good for a laugh, but it just goes to show how god-awful *lonely* it is out there in Demo-land. Suggested followups: "My Record Contract", "My Record Company", "My Slander Lawsuit", "My Welfare Check", etc.....

Geoffrey Cushin-Murray is an evocative punter in a 'singer-songwriter' vein, but do **Van Morrison/Jackson Browne** fans desire someone in their turf? I doubt it, especially since **Geoffrey** would request they "Get Back to Rock & Roll" in the best of his songs here.



Cramps: SEND A TAPE!

This likeable slinky rocker would just baffle them...

Bel Ami were a solid yet plain UK-style hard rock band, originating from somewhere in Berlin. Where's **Stray** when you need them?.....Despite the bland name, **Freestone** evokes mid-period Kinks stylings with **Pozband** inclinations. Vocals and band are strong enough, but a name change and more evidence would be in their best interests....

Closing up this section, lead singer **Jeff Pierce** shot out "Blues for the Pepsi Generation" in describing his group, the **E-Types**. Silly boy, he may spout his influences as "Al Green/Dabbie Harry/Bob Marley/My Uncle Fred", but what we have here is a garage sound approximating the **John Cale** sound circa *Slow Dazzle/Guts* mixed with a smidgen of **Springsteen** drama and **Lou Reed** vocal intonations in parts. An interesting sound, ever present keyboards wit guitar/bass/drums and the **E-Types** seemed competent enough to take the club circuit route. Records may be in their future (I hear there's a sale at Woolworth's...).

DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL CLEVELAND:

There's a whole slew of groups, doubtlessly inspired by the **Cramps**, (**CRAMPS! SEND A TAPE!**) working towards marrying a punk/surf sound in the Twilight Zone. A nice idea on paper, and we'll leave the options open for future entries from **JJ 180**, the **Skabbs**, the **Moving Parts**, and **Eddy and the Subtitles**. Right now, they're just not cutting it, the overly weak song material or delivery detracting from the sweet sounds of the past....

From Northern California came (and promptly went) **Nuclear Valdez** and the **Twitchers**. N.V. were dumb-ish heavy metal band trying to be punk, the shrill vocals and weak songs cutting to shreds any memory of the fine guitar sound. The **Twitchers** were obviously your basic San Francisco hippies with a case of the Eclectics. Dancehall music for your next acid party. Not funny, tho competent.

Meanwhile, in the part of California affectionately referred to as 'southern', the **Poor Boys** served up latter-day **Stones** rock and roll mixed with too much strained adulation, tho the **John Fogerty**-type vocals were A-OK....The **Robert Stoddard Band** are a disjointed concept leaning towards the progressive and lyrically 'sensitive' element. Hardly a rock band, this bows more to **Jethro Tull** pretentiousness than to any truly honest intellectualism. Music plods, with awful vocals (except for 'Lowlander,' which has potential).... lastly the **Chills** were a mediocre

semi-'pop' group with forgettable songs and an almost lounge-group cover of "Poison Ivy."

"Boost Buffalo, it's g-o-o-d for y-o-o-o". What is *happening* in my home town know that I've moved out of sheer boredom?!? The **Jumpers**, the **Secrets**, the **Good**, the **Vores**—are these bands rockin' the **Niagara Frontier**? Could I have become a **Vore** if I'd stayed there? God, hope not. Their fortitude is admirable, their songs are just this side of awful with the herky jerkiness of **Talking Heads**, tho rougher and lacking any kind of flow or groove. Keep at it, **Vores**, think of the alternative (washing dishes at Mulligans, etc.).... **GET A HORSE!**

Look, I don't mean to discourage you, but did you ever consider a future in plastics? While **Minneapolis' Misanthropes** attempted to be a more commercial **Residents**, **Stage** from England wasted their time and actually spent money to send a tape full of car noises (!?) and aimless meandering with an out of tune guitar.....Ohio's **Kicks** are practicing at being hilariously inept, but failing at even *that* while **Robert Nedellkoff** has nothing better to do in Indiana than noodle on his piano....**David Bissonette** from Los Angeles turned in a **Grateful Dead**-like original, while the **Invisible Drama Society** attempted a stoned rambling over music, (pretty hard to blow *that* one)....France's **Galeshka Moravioff** proved that **Pete Hamill** isn't depressing by comparison, Los Angeles' **Flying Crowbar** worked on being fat with beards (with music to match) and absolutely finally, the **Lips** from England sounded like the **Clash** meet **Syd Barrett** in an English tea room with girl singers recorded on an adhesive tape dispenser (whew!)...Nuff said?

CRIB*DEATH #6 will be a special column devoted to the top five unsigned bands in this country (or abroad). That means: if **CRIB*DEATH** doesn't know about you, get your tape in here.....**FAST!** See ya'.....

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SENSITIVE MAN
QUEEN OF THE
NIGHT

PETER & MARY
SAVING GRACE
ON
AWFUL SPLENDOR
RECORDS

IN THE GROOVES



SEGARINI - *Gotta Have Pop* (Bomb)

Everybody knows what happens to guys like **Bob Segarini**: guys who care so passionately about rock & roll that they have no choice but to hold up forgotten standards before a cult following of a few thousand while the rest of the world disco's obliviously by. Guys full of talent, with boxes of reviews calling them "geniuses", who want the real thing so bad they won't settle for anything less. They end up with nothing, washed up as surely as **Bob** appears to be on the cover of this album, surrounded by the taunting 7-inch Moby Discs of their obsession, repeating the same old message one last time: gotta have pop. And never doubting that it's a cause worth dying for.

There's no reward in signing up for these guys' wars. You end up with your name at the bottom of liner notes on albums that people still kid you about, not realizing all that can go wrong between the birth of each dream and the final treachery of record industry politics. And for guys like these, it all goes wrong, every time. They begin to feel cursed, to ask themselves if they can really bear to give it one last try.

Fortunately, **Bob Segarini** is one who never gave up, and this time, wonder of wonders, it's all coming out right. After years of telling anyone who'd listen that he had a great album in him, he got the chance to prove it. After telling the world what was going wrong with music, and taking his share of abuse for it, he's shown them all how it should be done.

Fourth paragraph already and I haven't said a word about this album, but to tell the truth there's a lot more to this release of this album than just another 12-inch record, however great it may be. It's more than that, because it's the redemption of a career that should never have been stalled this long, and a powerful argument in favor of the kind of thing people like **Bob** have been preaching for years. In other words, it's a statement. And that's no critical interpretation on my part, but in fact **Segarini's** attitude from the beginning of the two years he spent putting this album together—two years, three record companies, several bands, and plenty of hard times.

But all that's over for **Bob Segarini**. He's made a great album, it's selling like crazy in Canada (they're calling him "the Canadian **Nick Lowe**"), getting rave reviews in Europe... can it all be true? Did one of us finally make it through to the other side?

Mind you, this is not the greatest album ever made, though it is great. It's not one to sit and ponder, to regard with awe and reverence. That wouldn't be pop! No, it's what pop should be: fun, deftly humorous, full of dense harmonies and resplendent layers of sound as only **Bob** can lay them, yet bright and direct and uncluttered. It works—you can play it over and over like a single, never getting bored. The "message" is there, but it won't overpower you. "Wouldn't it be sharp to get some life in the charts/Think of the fun, we could use some pop music for starts", he says, and proceeds to accuse the **Beatles** of ruining pop with *Sgt. Pepper*, but he makes you dance and grin while he says it, and *that's* the real message he wants you to get... There are some terrific songs here. **Bob**, approaching his mid-30's, has seen a lot of the world, and his impish wit and irrepressible intelligence transform his observations into vignettes that put Hollywood's exalted tunesmiths to shame. There's more sophisticated humor in "Don't Believe a Word I Say", as two willing pawns exchange embarrassingly transparent clichés in a disco pickup scene, than anyone but **Woody Allen** could possibly extract from the situation, and the same might be said of "Livin' In the Movies" or "Dressed in the Dark", though the scenarios are different and the precision of **Segarini's** character delineation involves you as thoroughly as the best stories of **Richard Price**.

"Love Story" threatens to become ponderous, as **Lennon & McCartney** are once again hauled up before the Rock & Roll Nurembergs, but with those disarmingly beautiful harmonies you can only think of the gift of pop those innocent betrayers gave us, and how totally **Segarini's** musical vision is based on it. And, of course, the irony of that is not lost on him. This album can make you think about, and feel, what it is that has made people like **Bob Segarini**, and maybe yourself, devote their lives in hopeless obsession to a vision of music that, to them, is a kind of **Philosopher's Stone**. This album is more than an album, more than a statement, more than a mere triumph for **Bob Segarini**. It's a challenge he's making to all who can hear: do you believe in magic? Luckily for us, he still does.

—Greg Shaw

BUZZCOCKS - *Love Bites* (United Artists UAG 30197)

WHAT'S GOOD: The title.

The way the **Buzzcocks** understand what makes a great song and a great hit record and the way they apply their vision to those rules and axioms.

Pete Shelley's obsession with love and romance. He has as much to say about relationships and emotion as **Elvis Costello**, but **Pete** is the vulnerable lad confused and (somewhat) mystified by love's complexity, mooning for simpler teenage days or finding it easier within the confines of fiction.

Sometimes hurt, sometimes bitter, knowing that somewhere is the perfect relationship.

WHAT'S BAD: The inclusion of two instrumentals, one of excessive length, implying a paucity in the lyrics department.

That for all **John Maher's** suss, he persists in a messy drum fill that consistently slows the beat.

That for all the **Buzzcocks' suss**, their arrangements are so frequently sloppy. The intro to a potential classic like "Nothing Left" is much too long and indecisive. Pop and hit records are about discipline and zero waste. If the group don't see excess, such a task falls on the producer.

Martin Rushent is not the producer the **Buzzcocks** need.

JAH WOBBLE - *Dreadlock Don't Deal in Wedlock* (Virgin)

The bassist of **Public Image Ltd.** tries for dreadder than dread. **Wobble** cops a fair Jamaican accent and some great rhymes, but his dub production won't make the **Upsetter** or **Joe Gibbs** lose any sleep.

—Jonh Ingham



JOHNNY THUNDERS - *So Alone* (Real)

In this day of albums whose main purpose appears to be impressing us with how serious and Artistic it all is, what a delight this record is! There was a time when **Thunders** seemed odds-on favorite for rock's next casualty, but here he is—full of life, thumbing his nose at everybody, and rocking like he's never rocked before. For the first time he's got a record that's properly produced; no **Dolls** or **Heartbreakers** recording can touch the power and depth of this album. And he did it himself, too, with some assist from **Steve Lillywhite** of **Hot Rods** fame. Besides the production, and **Thunders' own** lovable self, credit must also go to the terrific assortment of musicians he put together for these sessions. With the **Heartbreakers** back in the USA, **Johnny** was obliged to do with the talents of **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook**, joined by **Phil Lynott** and Ian "Daddy Rollin' Stone" **Steve Marriot**, who back him on raucous versions of "Pipeline", "Leave Me Alone", a thinly-veiled remake of "Chatterbox", and "London Boys", a wonderfully sarcastic poke at **J. Rotten's** gratuitous

putdown of New York—it's the most successful kind of parody, mimicking **Rotten's** affected sneer against a bone-shattering track that reinforces **Thunders'** point about the *real* punks being in the alleys of Brooklyn...and the ending is sublime.

Thunders is clearly in control throughout this record, his playing impassioned and authoritative, his singing as natural and insouciant as could be. He rocks through another **Dolls** remake, "Subway Train", following an amazing rock/soul ballad called "She's So Untouchable". On these and other tracks, his band has changed to the core of the **Only Ones**, **Peter Perretti** and **Mike Kellie** and **Rod Paul Gray**, with occasional sax by **John Irish Earle**.

The high points of the album are "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory", the recent single and one of the year's best, a thundering yet touching slice of true punk tenderness, and coming right after it, an astounding version of the **Shangri-Las'** "Great Big Kiss". Many have tried to capture the spontaneous teen-talk and cha-cha splendor of the original, but **Thunders** is the first to do it convincingly. The **Jones/Cook** band is fleshed out with **Walter Lure** and **Billy Rath**, taking it right back to the streets of New York as **Patti Palladin** sneers "Well...how does she dance?" and **John Earle** comes in with a wailing **King Curtis** sax, **Steve Lillywhite** runs on stage and starts banging on the piano, and suddenly, we're at the Brooklyn Paramount, the sound is so big and alive, **Joey Dee** is doing the twist, **Murray the K** and **Jackie** are frugging in the wings... the illusion is complete. The reality is concrete. It's a masterpiece.

—Greg Shaw

CHROME - *Half Machine Lip Moves* (Siren)

Chrome exploits all the good characteristics of the best garage bands—**Velvet Underground**, **Cro Magnon**, **Mothers of Invention**, **Michael Rother's Neu**, **Can**, fellow pioneers **Pere Ubu**, **Devo** and the **Residents**. To catalog further would be pointless. In naming these bands one notices a common compelling electric shock rattle beneath their rhythmic independence. Their ideas are also diverse, but a certain vision of human consciousness viz-a-viz culture and society intrudes upon the textures. Each of these bands asserts an individual in dramatic confrontation with the Western World—from **Pere Ubu's** screaming apocalypse to the infectious **Devo** everyman. To call these bands anything but disruptive and necessary is about to covet the darkness.

Chrome is definitely a confrontation, throwing shreds of sound and noisy images around like a church has exploded; glimpses of paradise, but mostly fear, panic and pain. As a band of three or more members, **Chrome** rocks and rolls with a vengeance so steely in purpose it would make the **MC5** blush, for **Chrome** is even more spare and linear than **Back in the USA** for guitars and clang. The tenseness of the music is relieved only in the punctuations of recognizable human voices (mostly leader **Damon Edge**) in either rhythm riffs, where they seem most derivative of **Velvet Underground**, or patchwork sound quilts, a kind of musical cubism. **Chrome** is one of the more advanced bands in also exploiting the theatre of the studio. Dramatic effects abound on their three albums, most startlingly on their latest, the full boom *Half Machine Lip Moves*. The title gives it all away. With rock 'n' roll once again relevant to life (e.g. **Devo**, **Clash**), **Chrome** gleams with a certain half smile: the

TOP ALBUM PICKS

THE JOLT - (UK Polydor)

It's too bad this Scottish band appeared when they did, just as the **Jam** were thrilling the London trendies with their Mod suits and haircuts, doing early-**Who**-inspired raw pop. Who was going to pay attention to this 3-piece from the far provinces, with a similar look, similar roots, and a similar sound? It looked like a cheap copy, when in fact it was more a case of two bands having the same good idea at the same time. Unfortunately for the **Jolt**, the **Jam** got there first. This album came out several months ago, and received far less than the acclaim it should have, because compared to the first **Jam** album it can easily be said to have (on the whole) better songs, better singing, and equal portions of exciting pop energy. "I Can't Wait" was a fab single, "It's Over" is a complex, compelling pop ballad, "Decoyed" is as powerful as anybody's favorite headbangers, "Mr. Radio Man" echoes the **Clash**, and the group's other originals like "Chains", "No Excuses", "Everybody's the Same", "In My Time" ask the kind of tough questions about being young, growing up, coping with futility, etc., that other bands we don't have to name have been praised so lavishly for, and the **Jolt** do it with imagination, verve, and sincerity. Find this album.

THE COUNT - *I'm a Star* (Flamingo)

First release on this new French label is an album by **Joseph Viglione**, a/k/a **The Count**, everyone's favorite caped crusader of the Boston new wave scene. Why **Joe** had to go to France to get a record released is anybody's guess, but then you know what they say about prophets (or in this case, maybe profits too) in their own country...We have here a document of 6 years' worth of the **Count's** recordings, including a few selections from his early EPs, notably "Morn of the Confrontation", "Jodi" and "Guitermaster" (but excluding some as well) and some heard here for the first time, like "I Thought You'd Be Mine", "Foggy Notion" (representing **Joe's** eternal fascination with the **Velvets**) and the title song, whose lyrics almost serve as its own review: "I'm a star 'cause I play the guitar/Off key harmonica, I tell you I'm a star/I don't need no glitter show/I can steal my buddy's songs..." **Joe** steals freely from everything he likes, but through it all his eccentric personality shines through. He's funny, unpredictable, dedicated to some personal vision uniquely his own, and he's an artist worth caring about.

V.A. - *No Wave* (A&M)

Two years after the fact, here's an album that thinks we're likely to be impressed by a picture of a spike-haired girl looking blank, 3 varieties of colored vinyl, and cute slogans like "Nothing to say, just someplace to say it". It's like, see, there's this thing called "new wave" only we're gonna be clever and call it "no wave", and we'll put all these English bands on it, and no information about 'em, but we'll have our art director from Malibu put this pseudo-Dymo tape type all over it so the kids will know we're hip to what's happening... A doomed concept. But look at it this way: *No Wave* is a sampler of various second-generation UK bands whose individual albums you probably wouldn't buy without hearing something first, plus

tracks by groups you've heard of, like the **Stranglers** and the **Dickies**. And if you don't like it, you can give it to your kid sister and she'll think it's "far out". The bands are basically okay: **Klark Kent**, **Joe Jackson** and the **Police** are disposable, forgettable punk, **U.K. Squeeze** are good (and underrated—"Take Me I'm Yours" should've been a hit!) but the only real surprise is the **Secret**, whose "I'm Alive" is the most interesting track on the LP.

SMIFF 'n' THE TEARS - *Fickle Heart* (Chiswick)

Hard to believe this is a Chiswick record! Artsy cover, classy printed inner lyric sheet, and a singer—**Paul Roberts**, a/k/a **Sniff**—who makes a very convincing case for himself as the next **Al Stewart** or **Gerry Rafferty**. No taint of new wave, rockabilly, R&B, none of that. This album might as well be on A&M... In other words, it's a bid for the big time by a small company with big aspirations, and in **Sniff 'n' the Tears** they seem to have found an artist who could do it for them. It's good stuff.

BROWNSVILLE STATION - *Air Special* (Epic)

Talk about people who never give up... These guys have been dishing out their brand of rockin' raunch for much longer than it should take to have a secure place in the mainstream, yet it still eludes them. Their new album holds no surprises for anyone aware of **Cub Koda's** obsession with Chess blues—the covers here include "Down the Road Apiece" and "Who Do You Love"—and now that they're on Epic, produced by **Tom Werman**, maybe the formula is right for them at last. Certainly "Taste of Your Love" has all the earmarks of "hit" in the tradition of **Aerosmith**, **Albie Cooper**, **Ted Nugent**, et al. The band's eccentricities have been trimmed, their sound tightened, the whole package streamlined and packaged for the target market. Even the "Station" has been dropped from their name. Let's hope it pays off...

999 - *Separates* (UA)

First the **Ramones** leave home, now **999** separates... like the **Buzzcocks**, this band just keeps improving. This is a wonderful album, featuring "Homicide", their latest and greatest single, "Let's Face It", "Out of Reach", and the weirdly dubbish "Feelin' Alright With the Crew". The other songs are great too.

V.A. - *Blub Krad* (LAFMS)

This is a collection of experimental groups put together by the Los Angeles Free Music Society. They've done six before this, but now the music of the art schools has become heavily influenced by punk waves and this album is suddenly "commercial". It ranges from pure noise to pseudo-music, such as **Half Japanese** (the only non-LA band here) doing the **Modern Lovers'** "Someone I Care About". Immediate faves are **Votz's** "1st of 5", the **Yvonnas'** "I Walked With a Zombie", the **Pablums'** "Under My Gums" (a **Residents**-style **Stones** takeoff), and "Affirmed by a Nose" by the **Square Haircuts**. It comes with a list of their LPs, two by the **Doo Doo-ettes**, one by **LoForte Four** (**Bikini Tennis Shoes**) and **Airway 1** ("sounds like DC-10s dog-fighting over San Diego...with a beat"). For info, write LAFMS, 6541 N. Longmont, San Gabriel, CA 91775.



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Stones: Charlie Is My Darling	50	B&W	\$150.
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lip that moves is the human half, asserting the irony of our final triumph-in-death over technology. There's a love song on the album to illustrate the point. You may never have heard tenderness come from such a strange locale. What is frightening about its vulnerable feeling is that it arrives in a matrix not pretending to be some disembodied image of a "song," but as the electric present. The shock awareness in **Chrome's** music is the ripped and bleeding nakedness of our shared vulnerability. I have felt, as truth, the sounds come from the agonies and struggles of this band. They have a lot of fear left in them, and it hopefully will keep them tough for their next recording.

— Stephen M.H. Braitman

V.A. - Yes L.A. (Dangerhouse)

The folks at Dangerhouse have more imagination than any of their competitors (except maybe Stiff). Unfortunately, it's not often matched by that of their bands. The first "real" artist they've found is **Howard Werth**, who is not on this album. The packaging of this record overshadows its music by far. It's a beautiful clear-vinyl pressing, with grooves on one side, and the other flat with artwork and credits hand-silkscreened in two colors. The title is a welcome respite from all the "no this" and "no that" coming out of New York, underscored by the legend "Not Produced by **Brian Eno**" at the top, and the whole thing is intended as an affirmation of the strength of LA's new wave scene. The problem is, LA has a lot of bands who are great live—smearing themselves with peanut butter, thrashing stupidly on instruments they never learned to play, screaming like spoilt brats—but when you put that on record it just sounds silly. There are a few LA bands capable of making good punk recordings, such as the **Weirdos**, the **Screamers**, the **Dils**, the **Zeros**, the **Avengers**. None of them are on this album. Instead we have the **Gorms** (more peanut butter punk), the **Eyes**, **X**, and the **Bags**. All a hopeless mess of directionless noise, although the latter group's "We Don't Need the English" had promise if only they'd seen the irony of coupling those sentiments with a blatant imitation of **X-Ray Spex**. Better are the contributions of **Black Randy** (with "Down at the Laundymat", another excursion into his sick world), and "Too Much Junk" by the **Alley Cats**, who are too good to be on the same record with some of these other groups. Dangerhouse is an important label but they should find some bands more worthy of their efforts.

AL ROBERTS - Rockabilly Guitar Man (Frog)

DAVE TRAVIS - Rockabilly Fever (Spark)

CARL MANN - Gonna Rock 'n' Roll Tonight (Rockhouse)

JERRY LEE LEWIS & FRIENDS - Duets (Sun)

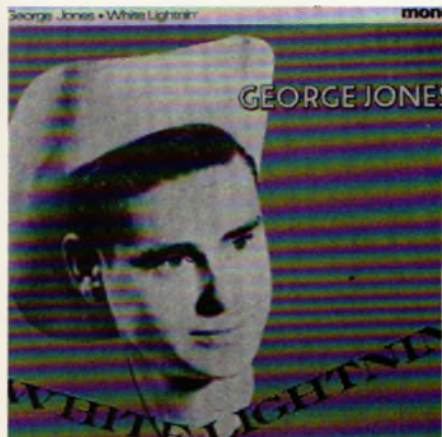
V.A. - Mar-Val Masters (Cowboy-Carl)

GEORGE JONES - White Lightnin' (Ace)

SONNY FISHER - Texas Rockabilly (Ace)

Good rockers all. The last two are of special interest, 10-inch LPs on Chiswick's new Ace subsidiary, dedicated to 50's-oriented music. These beautiful packages (they look like vintage albums, and even have "period" liner notes) contain rockabilly from the Starday catalog. **George's** stuff, from his days as **Thumper Jones**, is tremendous, things like "Who Shot Sam", "Rock It", "How Come It" and "Maybe Little Baby" standing with the best hard-core rockabilly of the period. **Sonny Fisher** may be an unknown name, but he is revered by cultists as having one of the few

genuine, pure, uncontrived natural styles in rockabilly. These 8 songs include his best, "Pink & Black" and "Rockin' Daddy" and great sleeve notes. **Al Roberts** is one of those one-man bands like **Hank C. Burnette**. He cut the 15 tracks on this album all by himself and released it on a small label. Like **Burnette**, he's obsessed with the clean country picking of early rockabilly, and his playing is flawless, if short on raw energy. His songs, all originals, are strong enough to keep you coming back for more...especially "Too N...N...Nervous to Rock", and "Jailbait". **Dave Travis** is a country singer with more than 15 LPs out, and this Spark album is a roundup of his various rockabilly tracks, aimed at the British cult market. It contains decent versions of classics like "Leroy" and "Ooby Dooby", plus a couple of originals. Best is a rocking cover of the **Strangeloves** "I'm On Fire". His band is solid and tasteful, which may be why they were



George Jones. before they made him run...

chosen to back **Carl Mann** (known for his hit "Mona Lisa" on Sun, 1959) on his comeback LP, recorded in Holland "in the hands of people who understand his genre". It was a great idea to cut it live, because the enthusiasm of the audience seems to drive **Carl** to his best performance in years, and justifies doing old favorites like "You Win Again", "I'm Coming Home", "Pretend" and of course "Mona Lisa" without being threatened by the originals. Many of the new songs here (16 in all) are fine country-rockers as well. And as the Sun legend continues to grow, we now have **Duets**, an LP featuring **Jerry Lee** on 12 superb unreleased tracks, joined by others including a mystery voice that sounds a lot like **The Polvis** - a fact that has caused no end of speculation, controversy and litigation. The fact that this stuff must have been cut around 1960 or '61 would seem to rule that out, but who knows? Sure sounds like him, and whether or not it's true, this is an essential album for Sun worshippers. **Mar-Val** is a curious label; started in the late '40s by a songwriter named **Harry Glenn**, it released over 140 singles, 78s and LPs over 17 years, sold mainly by **Harry** as he drove through the South in a truck with loudspeakers on the top and a turntable inside. Then he was located by English rockabilly dealers, who were getting huge prices for some of his old singles, and now **Cowboy Carl Schneider**, a leading US record dealer, has put the best of the label's rockers on one fine album. Some of the stuff is crude, eccentric, offkey, etc, but it's all of interest, full of the loony hillbilly character that makes this music so special. And some of it is almost great, like **Jack**

Bradshaw's "Naughty Girls" and **Herbie Duncan's** "Hot Lips Baby". Order from Box 116, Park Forest, Ill. 60466.

THE REMAINS (Spoonfed)

V.A. - *Pop Corn* (Telestar)

THE TWILIGHTS - *The Way They Played* (EMI)

More treats for the collector. The **Remains** were one of America's best teen bands of 1965-66, and their one album and assorted singles fetch big bucks on the auction market, so now we have this LP which includes 14 songs, among them 4 never before released, plus the best of the early singles and LP tracks. Rather skimpy on liner information, but it sounds great. The **Twilights** were, perhaps, the **Remains** of Australia. One of the brightest hopes of the mod band scene there, they had local hits yet stayed behind when the **Easybeats** and **Bee Gees** went on to world renown. This album is the usual **Glenn Baker** treatment: a superb package, double-fold with extensive sleeve notes, photos ranging from early '64 beat mania to 1969 sitar poses, a discography, and (get this!) it even includes commercials (Coke, etc.) done by the group in their prime! Packaging aside, it's a fab album. The **Twilights** were truly one of the better bands of their era, from covers (the **Hollies** "Yes I Will") to originals like "Cathy Come Home" and "The Way They Play". And in the tradition of **Swedish Graffiti** comes *Pop Corn*, another attempt to select the best of Sweden's '60s beat bands. And another near-miss. A few classics like the **Mascots** "Words Enough to Tell You" and the **Lee Kings** "Why Why Why" are surrounded by dross like the **Hounds** "Very Last Day" and **Little Gert's** "Kentucky Waltz", representing the worst aspects of Swedish rock. There are plans for **Lennart Persson** (the **Glenn Baker** of Sweden) to assemble an album that will include all the best - like the **Lee Kings** "unbelievable" "On My Way", the **Lee Riders** "Dom Kallar Oss Mods", the **T-Boones** "I Want You", etc., and that will really be something....

V.A. - *Swedish Tracks 79* (Sonet)

V.A. - *Inner Sanctum* (Missing Link)

BLEEDING HEARTS - *What Happened?* (Missing Link)

Missing Link is a neat label (you can write to them at Basement, 247 Collins St, Melbourne, 3000 Australia) that both reissues '60s Australian punk and records modern new wave bands. One of their best bands was **Bleeding Hearts**, who have since broken up, but *What Happened?* survives as their legacy. It includes a live side that shows they really weren't a new wave band at all, but a good rock band that should have gone further. *Inner Sanctum* collects 15 Australian bands including the best punkers (**Victims**), new wave pop (**Sports**), pub rock and just good hard rock, notably the **Pelaco Bros** "Mechanics in a Relaxed Manner", **Dave Warner's** *From the Suburbs* (what a name for a band!) doing "Summer '78", and **Norman Gunston's** "Hor's D'Deuve". An interesting sampler. Then there's *Swedish Tracks 79*, also billed as a new wave anthology (and on red vinyl), but there's very little punk on it. None of the better bands (**Problem**, **Rude Boys**, **New Bondage**), instead lots of heavy metal, would-be **Uriah Heeps** (**Snowstorm's** "Going Back"), yet **Madhouse's** "Few Minutes" isn't bad, and **Hangover's** "Goodbye" is unexplainably delightful in a **Dal Shannon**-meets-**Bobby Vee** style. The same band turns in the LP's best punk track, "Sick Society", weirdly enough.

DANSETTE DAMAGE

Leona Pinth-Garnell reviews bad 12-inch records...

NO NEW YORK (Antilles) Badly played saxophone and keyboards, non-existent timing, out of tune guitars and the inability to come up with a melody when bashed out enthusiastically were some of the trademarks of '77s punk we all loved to compensate for but in this sampler of New York "art" bands, these things become an excuse, a pose lovingly theorized on by such mouthpieces as **Lydia Lunch**, whose band **Teenage Jesus and the Jerks** best typifies the quality of "music" on *No New York*. They are so busy being snobs (for no good reason) and flaunting their singular lack of any aesthetic merits whatsoever that I find them no less despicable than say, **Jethro Tull** or **Kansas**. Hot air is hot air whether it sells triple platinum or if three of your friends turn up at CBGB's to see **DNA**, the **Contortions** or **Mars** (**Teenages'** sampler mates) rent their garments and stamp their feet about the uselessness of a seemingly innocuous pleasure like the basic pop song and me in all my lowness, I'll go for anytime. Want to have some real fun, chuck this across a six-lane freeway and see if it lands in one piece when it gets to the other side!

F-WORD - *Like It Or Not-Live*

Shit Boy Services

One goes through unspeakable embarrassment coming from LA and not having a concrete reason for despising 98% of the local punk talent. **F-Word** have now given me that reason, bless their little hearts. Let's see, it's on red vinyl and numbered (a group of sociologists probably wanted to see if people really bought records for that reason!), it's recorded live (from the parking lot from the sounds of it), it's about a half hour all told and the lead singer thinks he's **Johnny Iggy**, and is a prize bore even for that duration. Not that I'm slighting the band for their contributions, with names like **Dim Wanker** and **Steve Effete** they hold their own on a pure-posing-for-non-people level. The only good thing I can say about *F-Word Live* is that they warn you right there on the cover not to buy it which reminds me of a very amusing incident that happened to me just recently: I ran into a kid from Manchester, England in a record store and he was holding this album telling me what a band could do on their own like the **Buzzcocks** with "Spiral Scratch". "By the way", he said, "where are you from?" "Albuquerque", I replied.

London Symphony Orchestra - *Classic Rock* (RSO)

In grammar there's a thing called a double negative when two negatives cancel each other out: I ain't got nothing actually means I do have something... So there's this new album out by the **London Symphony Orchestra** called *Classic Rock* (RSO, of course) and it consists of full-blown orchestrated versions of such "classics" as "Bohemian Rhapsody", "Without You", "Nights in White Satin" - songs already hopelessly pretentious and overdone. (I'm very disappointed **Kansas** "Dust in the Wind" wasn't included). So boring, sugary schlock done even MORE boring, sugarier and schlockier must make this record... GOOD?

- Leona Pinth-Garnell



JUKE BOX JURY

Once again a format change, as we attempt to bring some sanity to the deluge of worthy 45's being issued these days. For the last few issues I've tried to mention everything, in condensed narrative form, drawing groups of records together for comparison, and listing them all, for reference sake, in side boxes. A look at last issue's column will show how futile that approach has become. Listing all the new wave singles released would fill 3, maybe 4 pages each issue, and it seems to me now that space would be better used to review some of them in depth, even if it means overlooking a few hundred each time. So, my apologies if your record doesn't get mentioned, but I hope everyone who puts out a record on their own, and (attention you limeys!) anyone with a small independent label will make sure we get all your releases. This column is dedicated to supporting your efforts, but we can't help you if we don't hear your records...

Next, before forging onward, I'd like to make a general observation. Listening to at least 100 independently produced records each month, from all over the world, I'm appalled at the miserable quality of America's output, not only in ideas and energy but in simple technical matters like engineering, production, mastering and pressing quality. Almost any homemade single from Ireland is better than 95% of what's coming out of this country, and I can't come up with a satisfactory excuse, although admittedly the engineers one encounters in a typical American studio can hardly be expected to know how to get a high energy sound. But the scattered exceptions, like the new stuff by **Gary Charlson and the Secrets** from the small Titan label in Kansas, (8-track local recordings that sound as good as anything I've heard) or the **Shoes**, indicate that it's just laziness and/or lack of preparation on the part of some of you groups, who are so thrilled at the prospect of having something on vinyl you rush through the stages where the most care should be taken, resulting in a product that in most cases falls tragically short of what the group must have originally conceived. Please, people, if nothing else play some English records for your engineer before he gets behind the board. It would be nice to hear American music with some guts...

BILLY HANCOCK & the Tennessee Rockets - "I Can't Be Satisfied" - Ripsaw 231
THE PACK - "Rawhide" - Slash 5869

These two, for instance, fill the bill. One thing us Yanks can always outdo the Europeans at is raw '50s rock. For all their "rockabilly revivals", the English

groups sound tame and watered-down next to these two burnin' biscuits. "Rawhide" is a remake of **Link Wray's** classic raver by the band who used to be his **Raymen**, so they know what they're doing, and for sheer energy this out-rocks **Link's** original, not to mention most of the wimpy "punk" bands who claim to offer raw rock & roll these days. **Billy Hancock's** record is somewhat different, the kind of simple, clean rockabilly favored by the purists, with slap bass, tons of echo, and a frantic vocal and overall energy rush that puts it right up there with the best of the '50s originals. **Hancock** shines on an inspired cover of **Muddy Waters' "Satisfied"** (familiar to rock fans through an oft-bootlegged early **Stones** demo, backed with a screaming "Rootie Tootie").

DENNY WARD - "When I Get Home"

Denny was the singer in **Needles & Pins**, a group who did sloppy versions of **Spector** songs and the like back in '77 and released a pretty dismal live single. She was a bouncy, tomboy version of **Debbie Harry**, and despite a shrill pitch and limited range, she was good. Now here she is, backed by some of her old band plus **Steve Hufstater** of the late, lamented **Quick**, who co-produced and played guitar on this surprisingly powerful song. It's a fast one, driven along by **Steve's** always-imaginative playing, with the kind of full, dense, majestic rush of sound most **Spector** copyists can only dream of. An instant classic.

CHRIS STAMEY & the dBs - "I Thought You Wanted to Know" - Car CRR 7

Yet another wonderful record. No more wimpy pop for **Chris**, nassir. He's put together a solid band and these two tracks put him right in the front line of America's next wave. Most people seem to prefer the B-side, "If and When", a rough early practice demo that does have an attractive (and slightly demented) mid-'60s English R&B feel. But the top deck, their "big production" shows that **Chris** has the ability to conceive and perform sophisticated pop as well as anyone. It's the kind of song **Blondie** would (and should) cover; it cries out for someone to spend some cash in an expensive studio and pump it out to the mass marketplace.

TRIXY & THE TESTONES - "Palisades Park" - Toy 087

I always wished the **Ramones** would pick up on this song, and failing that, these boys have done a credible job with just the sort of arrangement I had in my head (and once even tried to work out on guitar!). Better produced, it might sound like a hit. Flip is okay

"Bits and Pieces".

THE DOGS - "Are You a Boy" - Detroit 001

Another song that cries out for a punk remake, and this almost cuts it, but ultimately disappoints due to the fact that they repeat the first verse over and over instead of taking advantage of the opportunity for some hippie-baiting by sarcastically altering the original lyrics ("you're either a girl, or you come from San Francisco, you might stink like a female hippie but you look like you're dead (yeah, grateful dead)...") - something along those lines! As it is, somewhat pointless.

HOWARD WERTH - "Obsolete" - Dangerhouse DH-101

Howard's come a long way from **Audience**, and he sounds thoroughly modern on this powerfully produced single. Good enough to convince English critics that there's more to the LA new wave scene than **F-Word**, one would hope. Great cover, too. Why hasn't Radar picked this up?

THE RENTALS - "Gertrude Stein" - Rent 781017

This weird, muffled, oddly intense record was produced in Boston by **Oedipus**, the noted punk DJ, and it may be a bit pretentious, but compared to the "art" bands of New York, it's refreshingly naive. Backed by a very cool instrumental, something more groups should consider doing.

THE REDS - "Self Reduction" - Eke 353

Tremendous improvement over last year's "Joey" for this Philadelphia band, a dramatic, almost spooky, throbbing sound clearly inspired by **Iggy & the Stooges' "Sick of You"**. A bit of **Television** influence as well. "Important".

THE CRAMPS - "Human Fly" - Vengeance 668

For my taste, the **Cramps** are the essence of what makes American new wave special. Eccentric, humorous, dangerous, fiercely independent, punk-powerful (their's is the best "Surfin' Bird"), hip to the '60s, obsessed with the best of the '50s (horror films, rockabilly) and truer to it's spirit than any revival band. This record is pure magic. From their Memphis sessions, produced by **Alex Chilton**, "Human Fly" buzzes around your head, hangs from the ceiling, reduces your bones to quivering jelly. Hold it up next to all those precious "Art" bands and watch 'em shrivel up like blind pupae. **James Chance** should be shackled to a **Kiss** fan and made to listen to this through studio monitors until he cries for his mommy...

POINTED STICKS - "What Do You Want Me to Do" - Quintessence 101

First release on a new label from Vancouver, this captures the raw pop/punk exuberance of **British** groups like the **Buzzcocks**, the first group from this side of the water to come anywhere close to it.

THE URINALS - "Dead Flowers"/"Surfin' With the Shah" - Happy Squid 001

If you like the gritty 4-track crunch of the **Lost's** homemade records, this **Vitus Mouton** production should bring new joy to your life. It's a weird one - compellingly intense, yet one of the *weirdest* recordings ever made. You can't make out any of the lyrics on the vocal side, and the instrumental side is a kind of acid-surf-punk concept (I'm not kidding, it seems to have the same kind of Tibetan modal sound used by the **Charlatans** on "Alabama Bound") I think this is avant-garde, but who knows?

MISCELLANEA AMERICANA: Bruce Patch has brought his Spoonfed label (known for the 1977 **Reddy Teddy** album) to California with a real bang: the fab reissue of the **Remains** LP, and two hot 45s, "Why Do I Cry" by the latter (with an unissued B-side), and "It's Over Now" by **Third Rail**, one of Boston's best unsigned bands, and a solid improvement over their previous Rat single. The Moxie label has put out a killer EP of rare '60s punk tunes, 6 in all including the **Donims**, the **Sparkles**, and one of the rarest, "Never Alone" by the **5 Canadians**. Along similar lines, Calico Records has put out a *double*-EP of rare psychedelic-punk '60s classics, 10 songs (why didn't they just make it an album?) that makes a good complement to the *Pebbles* album. With the exception of the **Split Ends**, nothing here duplicates any other reissues, so it's a good value. It's really amazing how much great music of the '60s still remains unknown—many of these, like the **Sound Sandwich** and the **Iron Gate**, were new to me. I might also mention the recent Dutch reissue of the first **MC5** single as another monument of '60s punk now available.

A new label, Limp Records, has gathered up the best of Baltimore/Washington new wave and planned an extensive series of releases. Already out are an LP, *38 Over D.C.*, singles by the **Reind Deer** (a **Sid Vicious** attack on "White Christmas") and the **Shirkers** ("Drunk and Disorderly") plus the **Mersey, Mersey** EP by the **Slitkee Boys**, featuring the **Rokos** arrangement of "Let's Live for Today", and "Girls Want to Be With the Girls" (an old **Talking Heads** song that they now plan to do on their third album after hearing this). Limp seems off to a start that's anything but!

The **Tweeds**, led by **Marc McHugh** (formerly of **The Bona**, whose "Everybody's Gone Into April" is a **BOMP** 60s fave) released a weak but promising 45 last year, and now return with a 3-song single featuring "Underwater Girl" (Autobahn) that's the best American approach to clean pop since **Shoes**. A real sleeper. **Mike Kolesar**, former editor of *The Cheese*

SOURCES:

The Rentals: Atlantic Gallery, 33 Atlantic Ave, Boston 02127

Dangerhouse: Box 26394, LA 90026

Trixy & Testones: Toy Records, 8 Cedar Ave, Suite B, Towson, MD 21204

Chris Stamey: Car Records, 69 Bleecker, NYC 10012

Denny Ward: Box 85, Glendale, CA 91209

Billy Hancock: Ripsaw, 121 N. 4th St, Easton, PA 18042

The Pack: Slash Records, Box 2509, Falls Church, VA 22042

O-52s: Box 1906, Athens, GA 30601

Urinals: Box 192, 401 Circle Dr. West, LA 90024

Spoonfed: 21544 Ramble Vists, Malibu, CA 90265

Limp: 1327-J Rockville Pike, Rockville, MD 20852

Tweeds: Autobahn Records, 1440 Beacon St, Suite 414, Brookline, MA 02146

Psychotic Petunia: Mike Kolesar, 611 Naysmith Rd, N. Versailles, PA 15137

Unnatural Axe: Rich Parsons, 4 Westmoreland St, Dorchester, MA 02124

Lewd: Scratched Records, 2420 First Ave, Box 475, Seattle 98121

Come On: Seaboard, 75 Bleecker, NYC 10012

Theoretical Girls: 17 Thompson St, NYC 10013

Reader (a fanzine devoted mainly to **Blue Cheer**) has formed the **Psychotic Petunia** and released "Surfin' Bird"/"Louie Louie", with **Chipmunks** vocals and psychedelic wounded-elephant guitar. "Is this what you mean by acid-punk?" he asks...

The long-awaited "They Saved Hitler's Brain" by Boston's **Unnatural Axe** is just what you'd expect: silly, methedrine punk. And I like it... **The Lewd**, one of Seattle's top punk bands, debuts with "Trash Can Baby" on a new label, Scratched. Lots of energy, somewhat muted by crude recording, and a style not unlike the **Damned**. **Tony Parsons** should love it... Lots of new things coming from New York's "downtown" art bands, few of which ever get distributed. Singles by **DNA** and **Mars** are only rumors to me, but a couple I've managed to get: "U.S. Millie" by **Theoretical Girls** (packaged creatively in a corner cut from an old jazz album). Very English-experimental, and a lot more exciting than anything on **Eno's** sad collection. "Don't Walk on the Kitchen Floor" by **Come On** is equally obscure, a little forced, but arty as hell. I hope somebody's collecting all this stuff!

OK, UK: Your turn. Good to see a slight drop in the number of releases, and a corresponding rise in quality. Surviving punk bands (**Mekons**, **Lurkers**, **Buzzcocks**) hitting new peaks, and new bands bringing interesting new approaches. The indie labels are having hits and new ones (**Fast**, **Good Vibrations**, **City**) making strong inroads. Ireland and Scotland are emerging as full-fledged regional centers. In short, England is still where it's all happening. Almost every record reviewed here is an A or A-. I've excluded all the electronic ones as they're covered in **Josh Ingham's Talking Heads** piece.

UNDERTONES - "Teenage Kicks" EP - Sire 4007

UNDERTONES - "Get Over You" - Sire 4010

With new wave becoming old hat in the states, Sire has stepped up its activity in the UK (see news story last issue). Of all the British bands they've signed, this is by far the most exciting, with possible US appeal even. They share a teenage sensibility with the **Ramones**, but a more polished texture, and the singer's high pitched vibrato is instantly unforgettable. "Teenage Kicks" is a great first record (picked up from the local **Good Vibrations** label) but the follow-up is as triumphant and fully-realized as "Rockaway Beach" and then some.

THE LURKERS - Just Thirteen - Beggars Banquet 14 Moving up steadily from punk's second division, these guys are now one of the best. Their version of "Pills" was unbeatable, and this one is even better. It rocks like a combination of the **Dolls** and the **Ramones**, with the rough edges and sloppy nonchalance of the **Heartbreakers**, and a thoroughly catchy song that reminds me, bizarrely enough, of the **Fast's** "Boys Will Be Boys".

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS - "Alternative Ulster" Rough Trade 004

From the stark cover (a child screaming in terrified prayer atop a wall below which crouches an equally scared soldier holding a rifle) to the last note of the song, this is a record that brings home all the rhetoric about punk in the UK being a political force. Hopeless fury combines with rock & roll boldness as they stare into the face of death! "Punk is dead but...we're still dying" reads the label and dare to hope for something better. "Take a look where you're living, the Army in the street. Is this the kind of place you wanna live, is

this who you wanna be? They say they got gun control of you, they say you will never be free. What we need is an alternative Ulster, an anti-security force..." Drums crack like rifles, guitars ring like bugle calls. It's a record you won't easily forget.

RICHARD HELL & THE VOID OIDS - "Kid with the Replaceable Head" - Radar 30

Nick Lowe has been wanting to produce **Hell** for a couple years, now he's had his chance. The result is first-rate, though you'd never recognize it as **Richard** in a blindfold test. New drummer **Frank Mauro** is quicker and slicker than **Marky** ever was, the sound is clean yet immediate, and **Hell** comes through as emotional, but without the passion of earlier works. **Robert Quine's** bongo beatnik guitar is tamed to pub-rock strumming, the songs are cute and hummable, dare I say commercial.

THE LINES - "White Night" - Illegal 0011

One of those records that, as they say, "grows on you". It was out previously on **Linear** and I've come to be strangely fond of this long, monochrome drone, with its wispy vocals and '60s guitar—reminds me obscurely of **Spirit**. "White Night" started as the B-side but now it's been flipped, and rightly so.

13th FLOOR ELEVATORS - "You're Gonna Miss Me" - Radar 13

THE RED CRAYOLA - "Wives in Orbit" - Radar 22 "You're Gonna Miss Me" needs no review, it's a classic, and the Radar sleeve is beautiful. Too bad it didn't hit the charts. But check out the **Crayola** disc, it's *not* from the reissued album, but rather a new recording done by **Mayo Thompson** in the UK, backed by various local and NY punks. As one of the last functioning survivors of '60s avant-garde punk, he's managed to plug right into the current trends—this sounds a lot like **Dave**—and he's got all it takes to become a leader in '80s music. Good one, Radar.

BUZZCOCKS - "Promises" - UA 38471

If you liked "Ever Fallen in Love" you'll dig this one too. The English critics didn't fancy either one, but they're all Communists anyway... what's wrong with a guy like **Pete Shelley** who can write great pop tunes doing it with ragged punk verve and tongue firmly in cheek as he doles out every moon-spoon cliché in the books to a bouncy beat you can't help twitching to? Right, nothing!

THE MEKONS - "Where Were You" - Fast 7

THE STOAT - "Office Girl" - City 1

HI FI - "Sole Kitchen" - Aura 106

Three obscure bands that compete with the best for powerful, tuneful, commercial punk honors. **HI FI**, despite its bland name and a title that might lead you to think it's a **Doors** song, turn in a pounding rocker as infectious as the early **Boomtown Rats**. "Office Girl" is even better than the **Stoat's** subsequent release "Up to You", though both are undeservedly unknown here. Like **Jonathan Richman's** "New Teller", the **Stoat** have got a thing for the file clerk at their office, but there's nothing timid about the way they express it; this is a brash, joyful workout. And the **Mekons**, who had one earlier headbanging 45, really come through on this one, with a slow clanging guitar base that builds to a deafening crescendo as the singer demands to know where the object of his affections was while he was waiting at the bar, buying her a drink, wondering inanely if she loved him... the silliness of the scene contrasts with the urgency of the sound in a way that's utterly captivating.

SILEX PISTOLS - "Silex Pistols" - EMI 006 14575
RUDE KIDS - "Stranglers (If It's Quiet Why Don't You Play?)" / "Punk Will Never Die!" (Swedish)
 The **Rude Kids** have been heard before (the earnest "Reggare is a Bunch of Mo' Fos") but this is a real landmark for them. In case you hadn't heard, the **Stranglers** were to have done a gig in Sweden, and cancelled. This record takes them to task: "Do you really care about your fans, Mr. Rat Star?" It goes into detail about how the fans had to wait days and pay a week's wages for tickets, and how the **Stranglers** have copped out on their audience. And at the end, a wonderfully gratuitous capper: "And the fuckin' synthesizer!" The lyrics to both songs, printed on the sleeve, justify the price all by themselves. As for the **Silex Pistols**, they're a couple of fork-haired Belgian girls who sound like **Plastique Bertrand**.

THE ANGELS - "Take a Long Line" - Albert 11759 (Australian)
 This is more like it. Dunno if you'd call them New Wave, they sound like a cross between **Dr. Feelgood** and the **Saints** (in fact, **Chris Bailey** of the latter group was an **Angel** once and sang on their first album). Hard to believe **Vanda-Young** aren't behind this record somewhere, it's so good, and with their trademark use of kinetic tension. This is a group to pay attention to...

SUBWAY SECT - "Ambition" - Rough Trade 007
 An ambitious song (weighty lyrics printed on sleeve) that will take their fans by surprise. Complex, arched vocals, electronic polyrhythms - what *are* these punks up to?

VICE CREAMS - "Won't You Be My Girl"
 So **Kris "Over the Top" Needs** finally got his group together and his record out - and it's great! I guess you could lump it in with all those punky romance ditties like **Jihad John** or any of the **Buzzcocks** things, tho it's more musical than any of 'em, the humor is spot-on and the singing - **Kris!** - conveys just the right tone of vulnerability combined with adolescent spunk. Love the spoken middle bit!

GENERATION X - "Perfect Hits: The Demo Tapes"
 Before they signed, there were rumors of a privately-circulated bootleg EP of **Gen X's** demos,

which many critics alleged were somehow better, more raw than the final product when it appeared. But then critics are always saying things like that. Now 3 songs from that first demo have surfaced on this EP so we can judge for ourselves. The recording quality is atrocious, noisy and distorted, but at least (unlike most bootlegs) it's pressed loud and hot. And the raw energy is definitely there in quantities unheard on their new releases. "Your Generation" is angrier, vicious even, and ends in a fab guitar solo that has since disappeared. "Ready Steady Go" is equally rough, and none of that "I'm in love with rock & roll" stuff, just **Cathy McGowan**. The mystery song, "Save My Life" is rather a throwaway, but no doubt of interest to **Gen X** fans. There are rumored to be more unreleased early demos including a version of **Gary Glitter's** "Rock On", which will hopefully surface

ALTERNATORS - "No Answers" - NRG 001
TIGHTS - "Howard Hughes" - Cherry Red 2
TENNIS SHOES - "Medium Wave" EP - Bonaparte 3
VIPERS - "I've Got You" - Mulligan 718
RECORDS - "Starry Eyes" - Record Company 2
V.I.P.s - "Music for Funsters" EP - Bust 3
FISCHER Z - "Wax Dolls" - UA 36458
NO SWEAT - "Work On Her" - Eel Pie 002

A brace of promising new groups. The **Alternators** have a curious combination of frenetic punk and pub-inspired rock (boogie piano, woogie bass). Good for dancing. **Tights** give us two songs of nearly 5-minutes each, complex by punk standards, tho not obscure ala **XTC**. Very listenable. **Tennis Shoes** remind me of **Blondie** mixed with **Deaf School**. There's 9 of 'em, but they deliver an uncluttered, bouncy pop sound with dashes of satire. The **Vipers** are another of those refreshingly earnest and surprisingly proficient new Irish groups, as interesting as the **Undertones** but with more of a slant toward early '60s pop. The **Records**, of course, feature **Will Birch** (late of **Kursaal Flyers**) and I had high hopes for this one, but it falls a bit flat although I like the B-side freinds me slightly of **Rich Kids** and "Starry Eyes" is curiously similar to a certain **Hot Rods** tune we all love. Next one should be better. The **V.I.P.s** don't fit it anywhere. They're basically a beat group, sounding like a new wave

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Mersey group (raw, not cutesy) but on the flip side they sound like the **Zeros** of "Don't Push Me Around" vintage. Not ready for prime time, but they deserve to be heard. I like the **Fischer Z** record, tho it's almost too forced in its preciousity. Still, the most interesting thing UA's come up with since **Andrew Lauer** left... Finally **No Sweat**, best thing yet on **Pete Townshend's** little label, still basic rock, a little cliched, but good song and production. But why no picture bags?

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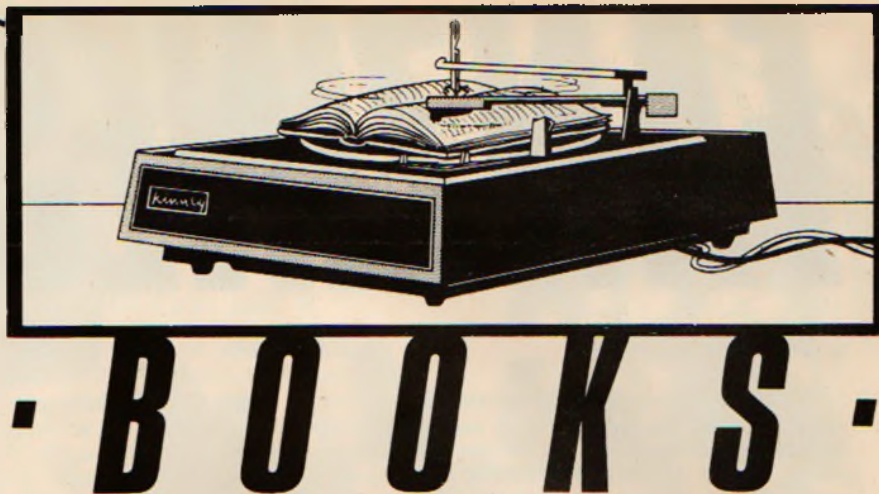
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FOR MANIACS ONLY:

Atlantic has issued a promotional-only LP of **Dave Edmunds**, with interview and a track from his famed Bottom Line gig with **Keith Richard**.... Similarly, CBS has put out an album containing 9 songs live by the **David Johansen Group**, apparently recorded at the last CBS Convention. Highlight is an unexpected cover of the **Foundations** "Build Me Up Buttercup"... If anyone cares, there's a promo-only 12-inch of 3 selected "disco cuts" from the new **Bee Gees** album... The newly released **Dangerhouse LP** **Yes L.A.** has a new twist on pic-discs: a clear vinyl one-sided pressing, the other side blank with a hand-silkscreened design naming the cuts and pointing to the grooves they're on. The process is quite laborious, and according to label exec **David Brown**, they probably won't be making too many... Columbia has also done a promo-only 12" pressing of **Elvis Costello's** "Live at Hollywood High" EP... Reportedly, there's now a second **Care** picture-disc 45, of their first single "Just What I Needed" in the UK. Also in England, Virgin has released "the world's first invisible single", the new **Members 45** "Sounds of the Suburbs" (actually it's clear, with no label, and a diecut jacket with color artwork behind that shows thru. Clever... The English version of **Tom Petty's** "Listen To Her Heart" comes on a 12" single with live versions of "I Fought the Law" and "Route 66" on the flip... early pressings of **Sloussie & the Benshees** "Hong Kong Garden" had a special sleeve that folded open... "Goodbye Girl" by **Squeeze** came with a 3-D sleeve on early pressings... **Billy Yanecko** of Pittsburgh informs us that there's a 7" **Toto** pic-disc promo, a 12" **Japan** promo (very limited) with no PS, and a 12" orange promo on CBS of **Costello/Lowe/Mink DeVille**. The latter seems to be a bootleg of the black vinyl CBS promo EP that came out during the last **Costello** tour. Like the **Mocambo** album (500 made for Canadian radio), the boot (or repro, in this case) is so close to the original it's hard to tell the difference... **Billy** also says there exists a 7" DJ version of a **Stones** (**Keith Richard**) single "Before They Make Me Run" which was to have been released only if he was convicted... can anyone verify?... "Quiet Men" by **Ultravox** released on a 12" white vinyl 45 in England. Also in UK, **Robin Trower's** "It's For You" + 2 issued on limited red vinyl EP... **Beserkley** released a sampler LP, **Beserkley's Back** to announce their new US distribution deal with **Janus**. Promo only, of course... the 5 recent **Stiff** LPs were issued in an extremely limited black vinyl edition in addition to the larger colored run—only 2000 of each... A company in Canada has developed a cheap process for making silver, and 24-carat gold albums. Similar to the process used for gold albums awarded to million-sellers, it costs only \$1 or so to mass produce and thus we can expect a whole new line of precious metal collectibles... and new meaning for the term "shipped gold". German pressings of some **Chiswick** albums (**Radio Stars**, **Count Bishops**, etc) contain different & extra tracks... According to a recent story in **Billboard**, picture discs are not selling and are "on the way out". However, what seems to be on the way out is the industry's eagerness to press up "limited" editions of 200,000 and try to get \$10 each for them from distributors, expecting the public to pay \$25 in stores... many stores now sell overstock pic discs for under \$10, and common sense tells us that any really limited run—say under 10,000—will always find a market with collectors. But everybody's waiting for the next trend. Luminous discs were a ho-hum, the metal plated discs are nice and selling well but will soon get boring too. We heard of a guy who's now perfecting a process for making **holographic** discs (we suggest a reissue of **Satanic Majesties** followed immediately by the complete **Ohio Players** catalog...), which would certainly be enough to keep us all amused for awhile....



HOT WACKS

Galaxy Productions (Canada)

The ephemeral nature of bootleg albums has made them very difficult to keep track of. Not only have there been several thousand of them, but most have been extremely limited editions, and a high percentage duplicate material, with wide variations in sound quality, and the absence of accurate, descriptive notes on most of them. You can find albums with the same title and totally different contents, or on the other hand several different versions of the same record, with different titles, and varying degrees of quality. Rarely are these records reviewed in rock magazines, and few people are in a position to even be aware of what's being released, let alone have an overview. From the collectors standpoint, it's a mess.

Hot Wacks attempts to give the collector of bootlegs a reliable guide to what has been released, including origin of material, appearances on other boots, sound quality, titles, times, label, and occasional comments. It's a monumental effort, a large paperback of nearly 300 pages, illustrated and bound. The just-released "Book VI" is the first I've seen since the 1976 "Second Edition", and it's much-expanded, though a cursory check seems to indicate it's probably not more than 85% complete. And there are a lot of gaps in the realm of European boots (a rapidly growing field), plus some inclusions that definitely are out of place (the **Flamin Groovies** on **BOMP??!** Get me my lawyer!)—the authors seem to confuse small labels like **Skydog** and **Mer** with the bootleggers, which can be annoying. However, the value of this book overshadows any such complaints. What information is here can be very useful—it enabled me to find all sorts of gaps (and duplications) in my own collection I never knew existed, and gives a very handy guide to determining if all the various new **Beatles** and **Dylan** boots really contain anything new—which, despite deceptive packaging, they often don't.

Unfortunately, the effort involved in putting together such a book makes it impractical to do more than once a year, and in the 3 or 4 months since this appeared there are already a hundred or more new LPs on the market that it doesn't cover. I'd like to recommend to the anonymous authors (or anyone else who feels up to it) putting out a monthly newsletter, reviewing the new releases, publishing addenda to the book that readers send in, along with maybe a Q&A column, lettercol, consumer guide, swap column—perhaps even a chart, if there were some way to estimate sales figures. Not only could they make some cash with subscriptions and keep a running update as companion to the book,

but the sharing of information among collectors might help shed still more needed light on this twilight zone of record collecting.

Another function of such a newsletter might be as a forum for discussion of the legal and moral issues relating to bootlegging—something that, as the interview elsewhere in this issue brings out, is far from being clear-cut, and likely to become more and more relevant as the size of organized collecting fandom grows to the point where the needs and desires of the fan/consumers become more important to certain artists, if not the industry.



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FANZINES

by Gary Sperrazza!

We're back to the catalogue-like listings this time around to facilitate coverage of the grand mass of fanzines piling up around here over the past few months. As usual, the three 'grades' following each review are meant as general guidelines only. The first is for appearance (print quality and layout), the second is for content (degree of interest in the material covered and writing quality), and the third is for personality (general spirit and entertainment value). If, as a consumer and fan, you don't find this an adequate system, alternate methods are both welcome and seriously considered. Fanzine editors: make sure you send TWO copies of each issue to: Fanzines; c/o Gary Sperrazza; P.O. Box 7112; Burbank, CAL 91510. We're off.....

THE FRONTLINE

You'll probably get these late while the mailman is reading them...

BLITZ #28, 29 [c/o Mike McDowell; Box 279; Dearborn Hts., MICH; 48127; 75] A good bargain at 75 cents, *Blitz* is the best in-print marriage of new wave/Residents, Ivories, Romantics and other Detroit bands, history of Radar Records, as well of tons of new record reviews and classic rocker interviews (Freddie Cannon, Mike Nesmith, Kenny & the Casuals). *Blitz* is my #1 pick-to-click in 1979 (more soul coverage, please!).....A/A/A

FRICION #3 [c/o Jim's Records; 4508 Liberty Ave.; Pittsburgh, PA; 15224; no price info] This is 'Pittsburgh's New Wave Rock 'n' Roll Fanzine', but since there's very little of a regional scene to cover, the mag is filled with entertaining stories on Devo, Costello, Residents, Blue Cheer and reviews...A/A/B
FULL BLAST #1 [c/o Mike Thom; 1800 Austin, Oklahoma City, OK; 73127; \$2.00] Whatta magazine!! I steered you right with *Record Raves*, L.A. Beat, *Blitz* and *Twist and Shout*, right? *Full Blast* is a mammoth high-quality zine in the tradition of BOMP and *Trouser Press*, but neither have of late come up with anything resembling the quality of the features in *Full Blast*. Inside are story/interviews and complete discographies on Jan & Dean, the Five Americans, Heart, the Dwight Twilley Band, Fleetwood Mac (the early Mac), the Rutles and a long, in-depth history of 10cc with individual members' coverage that beats out the book by George Tremlett that came out two years ago. The writing is not outstanding (the attention to detail is) but it is quite solid and informative nonetheless. If they last, this is the beginning of a classic fanzine.....A/B/B

GIRL GROUPS: An Annotated Discography 1960-1985 [c/o Alan Betrock; 89 Bleecker St.; New York, NY; 10012] This is a one-shot A-Z history and discography, edited by Alan Betrock. Over 200 groups covered, with tons of photos. Nuff said?.....A/A/A
GOLDMINE #28-32 [P.O. Box 61; Fraser, MI; 48026; \$1.00] This is a superlative magazine for everyone

from rockabilly rebels, 78 collectors, soul enthusiasts, new wave followers and more. The fifties, sixties and seventies all come together in *Goldmine*, with a full-fledged 34-page magazine, not to mention the 70-page tabloid insert with enough auction/set sale ads to give you an Excedrin headache. Recent contents: convention news, fanzine and record review columns, excellent histories (Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Ivory Joe Hunter, Dore Records, the Jordanares) and interviews (Gary U.S. Bonds). The 'Windy City Soul' column is a personal fave, tho I'm hoping to see more coverage of 60's/70's pre-disco soul groups in future issues. Only complaint is Al Wagenaar's anemic '60/70's new wave review column, with too many mistakes and an overall piss-poor attitude.....A/A/A
NEW YORK ROCKER #13, 14 [166 Fifth Ave.; NYC, NY; 10010; \$1.25] Let's face it: *NYR* is quite simply an astounding project. Each issue brings the reader a rundown of every scene from L.A. to NY to England with all points between and beyond. So there's little sense in detailing, a rock 'n' roll and pop music fan without the knowledge and insight *NYR* dispenses is a pitiful sight. Among a plethora of interesting features (Roy Trakin is a personal favorite in that department), certainly the most engaging was a recent assessment of rock 'n' roll's future, with essays by Alan Betrock and Greg Shaw, and a survey of opinions by radio people, promoters, musicians, label heads and the press compiled by Betrock and newly crowned editor (for about half a dozen issues now) Andy Schwartz.....A/A/A

DEADLY THREATS

The best of the rest

BIFF!BANG!POW! #2 [c/o Lisa Fancher; 7826 Cleon Ave.; Sun Valley, CAL; 91352; 65] Lisa's back from England and her reports carry the weight of this second issue. Highlights include an interview with Rich Kids' Midge Ure, stories on the *Quick* and the *Furys*, reviews and a beautiful run-down on the tragic story behind the Bobby Fuller Four.....C/A/A
CAN'T BUY A THRILL #5 [c/o Russell Desmond; 842 Camelia; Baton Rouge, LA; 70806; \$1.00] Evolving from a 'zine format to a newspaper, Russell's personal style and valid assumptions make *CBAT* one of the more entertaining fanzines on the circuit. Unfortunately, his concessions to the rock 'n' roll crazies from Indiana (the *Gizmos*' batch) crowd out his more entertaining comments. When he can streamline his contributors, *CBAT* will become the fine blend of fact and fiction it may be reaching for. #5 contains editorials, stories on Willie Alexander, the *Gizmos*, Brian Jones and an Eddie Flowers insert (huh? Why?)......C/B/B
GABBA GABBA GAZETTE #8, 9 [c/o Mary Alice Ramel; 6101 W. Fletcher; Chicago, IL; 60634; \$1.00] Regional-type cartoon/print zine covering the latest on the Chicago scene along with J. Richman, Jam, Johansen, Residents and more. Brash and fun.....B/A/B

MAKE IT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD #1 [c/o Vanya Edwards; 765 Riverside Dr.; New York, NY; 10032; 50] Cartoons and scraps of info on the NY scene.....C/C/A
NEW AGE #5 [c/o Nancy New Age; 2505 Circle Pine Ct.; Greensboro, NC; 27407; 50] Despite her editorial duties on some of the Countryside publications (15 *Fever*; 14 *Fourteen*; 13 *Thrombosis*, etc.), Nan still keeps her irregular *New Age* publishing schedule, not to mention her credibility. #5 is a dinky little 'zine with record reviews and some good editorializing amidst a *Gen X* feature. Rating applies to the girl as well as he mag.....B/B/A

RADIO FREE ROCK V.2, #12 [c/o Bob Richert; 5377 W. 86th St.; Indianapolis, IND; 46268; large SASE] Is this what has happened to *Gulcher*? All of the great *Gulcher* columns are here (Ken Highland's 'Consumer Guide', Cub Koda's 'Vinyl Junkie', Tom Bingham's 'Little Labels'—all with their share of fanzine tradition) along with features on *Starz*, *Journey* and the usual batch of record reviews. It's good to see you again, boys! But where's Eddie Flowers? Oh, he's editing a punk-zine insert called *Vulcher* with all the news on the *Gizmos* and *MX-80* (presumably, this was sent out with copies of *RFR*—but how about straightening me out on this?).....B/B/A

SHADES #3 [c/o Shieila Wawanash; Box 310; Station B; Toronto, Ont.; M5T 2W2; \$1.00] A solid, inspiring newspaper. Highlight of this issue is an excellent, sobering interview with *Stiv Bators* (the kid's smarter than you think, and this is easily the best interview he's done), as well as with *Paul Wilson* of the *Plastic People* (the Czech group sentenced to jail terms for, essentially, opening their mouths...who says we got it bad here?) Funny how *Stiv* picked up the 'Third Generation Rock' tag from the people at *Third Wave* magazine and passed it on here. Also inside: *Gen X* (Billy Idol talks), *Tom Robinson*, *Suicide* and coverage of local Toronto groups.....B/A/A

THIRD WAVE #1 [c/o Barry Geiger; 218 Shelley Ave.; Elizabeth, NJ; 07208; \$1.00] *Elvis* was the first, the *Beatles* were the second, and we're now in the third wave, so says the magazine of the same name. This is an honest little fanzine primarily containing interviews (*Dead Boys*, *R. Gordon*, *Flestones*, *Sic F'cks*, etc.) and record reviews. Unpretentious and readable.....C/B/B

FLOUNDERS

ie. How many Californians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? One to do it, four to share in the experience...two to write the screenplay, and 100 to act as if they were there when it happened.

THE AVANT-GUARDIAN #5-7 [16434 9th Ave. SW; Seattle, WA; 98166; SASE with 2 stamps] Sort of unfair categorizing here, this is basically a new wave cum poetry 'zine that isn't my cup of Lambrusco. But, along with other Seattle 'zines (*Twisted*, *Chatterbox*—provided they still exist, hint, hint), at least there's someone trying to centralize the activity up there.....C/C/B

GLIMPSES #1 [c/o Mike Hoffman; 22 1/2 Garrett Rd.; Upper Darby, PA; 19082; \$1.00] Overpriced histories of Manfred Mann, J. Lomax and Iveys/Badfinger/Dodgers.....C/A/C

HOOPLA #9 [c/o Jon Ginoli; 386 Weston Hall, URM; Champaign, IL; 61820; 50] This is *Hoopla*'s final issue. The only thing wrong with *Springsteen* are his fans.....F/C/C (I)

RELIX V.5, #4, 5 [PO Box 94; Brooklyn, NY; 11229; \$1.50] Do I haveta review this? Amidst the clearest, appealing production/layout resides the remnants of the Cro-Magnon San Francisco 'dope and Dead'



mentality. When they're not quacking away about the *Airplane/NRPS/Dead* etc. slugs, a patient reader might find a story about "up and coming" bands like *Earthquake* (5 LP's) and *Greg Kihn* (3 LP's). These are up and coming?!? Well, if where you live, it's 'perpetually 1968', I guess they are. The writing is unbelievably awful—beyond laughable, with lots of chirping about 'musical journeys' and 'getting high on rock'. This has to be the best argument for parakeet spraying around..... **A/F/F**

REGIONALS

Fanzines tied to their respective regions than to any national scene

Toronto

PIG PAPER #9 [c/o Gary Pig; 70 Cotton Dr.; Mississauga, Ontario, Canada; L5G 1Z9; \$1.00] Lots of news and features with Canadian punk bands, not afraid to make the connection with 60's bands like the *Ugly Ducklings* and the *Haunted* (alright!!). Also, there are interviews with *J. Lydon* & *Gen X*..... **B/A/A**

New York

NO #2.3 [c/o Joey Brainiac, Jr.; #27H; 245 E. 40th St.; New York, NY; 10016; 50] No relation to L.A.'s *No* (see below). If either mag entered into a lawsuit (unlike the three *White Noise* magazines of last year, all of which have ceased publication....) this is clearly the winner. A good sense of dynamics here (as well as clever usual of Marvel comic characters) mixed with fun layouts and coverage of the lesser-known NY bands (*Mumps*, *TJ & the Jerks*, *Dots*, *China Burg*)..... **C/C/A**

Los Angeles

NO #1.2 (P.O. Box 5704; Los Angeles, CAL; 90057; 75) Pathetic tabloid with lurid tales of necrophilia, necro-cuisine, butcherism mixed with boring

conversations with equally boring local punk groups. You got it—a family magazine..... **D/F/F**

POSEUR #3 [7154 Sunset Blvd; Hollywood, CAL; 90048; 75] Elevating the poseur to godhood status...yawn..... **D/D/D**
SLASH V.2, #2.3 [P.O. Box 4888; Los Angeles, CAL; 90048; \$1.00] After a bad period of financial problems and general disillusionment, *Slash* has doubled its cover price and is returning to a semblance of its former self, tho that's not saying a lot. But then again, neither is *Slash* and they know it. The writing is still gossip-y, the reviews still avoid the subject matter (as if it wasn't important in light of the hippie-like punk rambles, isn't 'Fuck you' starting to sound as dated as 'far out' yet?). But the recent interviews with *Talking Heads* and *Steve Jones* provide interesting reading..... **B/D/C**

NEWSLETTERS

Grading for Content/Personality only.

You know what they look like

THE AUGUSTE PAGES #9 [c/o Count Viglione; Box 83; Tufts University Branch; Medford, MASS; 02153; SASE] Gossip, bitch, gossip, bitch...aah, the Count (editor of *Varulven*) is A-OK, tho..... **D/B**

UK ZINES

THE NEXT BIG THING #1 [c/o Lindsay Hutton; 60 Hamilton Rd.; Grangemouth; Stirlingshire, Scotland; \$1.25] One of the last UK punk 'zines worth reading, tho they were always a well-rounded rock 'n' roll mag anyway—*Ramones*, *Real Kids*, *Dictators*, *Dolls* and some honest and entertaining reading. Is 1979 the year we all think for ourselves (Lindsay & I hope)?..... **C/B/A**
RIPPED AND TORN #14 [c/o Rough Trade; 202

Kensington Pk. Rd.; London, W11; \$1.25] The other 'last UK punk 'zine left, just as interesting..... B/B/A
DEJA VU #5 [123 Queen Adelaide Court; St. Johns Rd.; Penge; London SE20 7EB; \$1.25] *Poco*, *Link Wray*, local news and features..... **B/D/C**
WAY AHEAD #12 [16 Russell Dr.; Wollaton; Nottingham; \$1.00] *Split Enz*, *TRB*, *Wire*, *BOC*, *Tubes*, *Vibrators*, *Bruford*. Like the old *Zig Zag*, actually..... **A/B/C**

EUROPEAN/INTERNATIONAL

Can't read the damn things. Appearance/Content.
GOTTERDAMMERUNG #1.2 [c/o Rene Matti; Oberwilerstrasse 29; CH-4102 Binningen; Germany] A cross (of sorts) between NY's *Punk* and a rock 'n' roll-in-media magazine. Slick paper, lots of photos. The *Fugs*, *Dr. Feelgood*, *Superman*, *Laurel & Hardy*, *Mae West*, *Luis Bunuel*. In German..... **A/A**
FEELING [5 Rue des Colonnes du Trone; 75012 Paris; \$1.50] Digest-size rock 'n' roll 'zine with *Ramones*, *Jam*, *R. Gordon*, *Suicide*, *Advertising*, *Boombtown Rats*. Lots of B&W pix. In French..... **A/A**

COLLECTORS/R&B/50's

SOUL CARGO #6.7 [c/o Chris Savory; 67 Albert Terrace; Wolstanton; Newcastle; Staffordshire; ST5 8AY; England; \$1.00] A must for soul fans (they gotta be around somewhere) since this is the only soul fanzine around. *Ray Parker* feature, British Stax discussion and listings, tons of reviews, and record sale/auction lists..... **C/A/C**
NEW KOMMOTION #20 [c/o Shazam Prod.; 3 Bowrens Ave.; Wembley, Middlesex; England; \$1.00] Great histories/discographies of *Duane Eddy*, *Johnny Allen*, the *Phantom 13*, *Rockin' Ray Smith*, *Carl Perkins*, *Ricky Nelson* and *Ray Brown*..... **A/A/A**

[continued on p. 45]



THE FINAL WORD

Since I finally found the original **Pete Townshend** quote about Powerpop, I figured you might want to print it as the actual opener (and perfect closer) to the Gary Sperrazza! story in **BOMP** #19.

"Powerpop is what we play, what the **Small Faces** used to play, and the kind of pop the **Beach Boys** used to play in the days of 'Fun Fun Fun'." (from the paperback *Rock and Other Four Letter Words*).

Congratulations on #19: you turned in your usual great job putting things in perspective and Sperrazza consolidates his position as the best smartass-but-sincere pop music writer in the marketplace. His story on the *Pistola* movie was well-received. Despite all the brouhaha over the film, I don't think anyone else gave the scoop on the actual content of the movie and why it would've been important. *Crib Death* is still the most interesting new column you have introduced over the past two years—who else is so maniacally review-minded to actually critique demo tapes?!?! Overall, **BOMP** still makes every other magazine look anemic by comparison.

—Stewart Pid
Watertown, MA

MORE CRIB NOTES

Just a note to let your mag know the latest of Seattle's #1 group. Thanks to the *Crib Death* column for the status of "Pick hit"! It's really nice to get some recognition for a lot of work. The **Lewd**'s single is due to be released any day now, on *Scratched Records*, a new independent out of Seattle with us as the first artist signed. Best wishes to America's best rock mag. You've got the real eye on today's and tomorrow's music.

—The Lewd
Seattle, WA

THEY DON'T ALL LOVE US...

It's time you took a long hard look at what you're doing. As regards most matters, you seem to be a member of the "I know, but..." school of reaction to outside criticism. You're smart enough to know where problems exist, but you're all too ready to brush that knowledge aside and pretend everything's all right. The two prominent examples that I have in mind are (1) your admission that **BOMP**'s audience has grown beyond the realm of the committed few crusading record collectors, and your subsequent decision that you'll continue directing **BOMP** towards those few. At first thought it seems inspiring that someone in a position of some power and influence is willing to stick to his guns; to deliberately refrain from stooping to the level of the "ignorant masses". What you don't appear to realize is that there exists a very large group of people who are neither diehard collectors nor ignorant slabs, who

possess a modicum of intelligence and interested about rock and its history, who are not being reached by **BOMP**.

(But that's exactly who is buying all those copies of **BOMP** these days, and exactly the kind of readers I always hoped we'd attract with growth. That's why there's less "hard" history, more current coverage & analysis in **BOMP** these days. But although the proportions have shifted, my statement was meant as an assurance that there would always be something meaty for the hard-core fans in **BOMP** as well as more accessible fodder for non-fanatics...—Ed.)

The second issue about which I think you should reconsider is your use of labels. I understand how necessary categorization must be in any attempt to come to terms with mass quantities of information, however categories can never be more than general compartments. It follows, then, that any compartment is going to contain as much or more disparate and even conflicting information as elements held in common. It is one of the primary failings of contemporary arts criticism that the act of categorization has become more than just a handy reference tool, that it has in fact supplanted the development of large overviews of materials as a critical maneuver.

Continuing in this grand tradition is **BOMP**, which is frequently molded around themes, and which often spends its pages doing such things as terming the **Residents** an "acid punk" band! We need help if this nebulous thing called "the scene" is ever to be comprehended to any degree. For **BOMP** to devote so much of its energy toward cultivating an awareness of similarities and trends is a very useful thing, but you're leading us astray if you don't spend as much time discussing the differences between and the uniqueness inherent in our greatest art.

I don't think **BOMP** is a great magazine yet (I must admit to never having seen your early issues) but I'm convinced you're a very good one. You're consistently more informative than any fanzine I've seen, and much more satisfying than *Trouser Press*. However you've really got to listen hard to letters like mine and who knows how many others. I like **BOMP** too much for its potential, and for sometimes living up to that potential, and I want you to accept this letter in that light.

—George Romansic
Seattle, WA

(Okay, I'm listening, but it's really not clear to me what you're suggesting. Of course I realize the silliness of lumping the **Residents** in with the 13th Floor Elevators—look at the intro to the "Top Ten of Acid Punk" page, not to mention the tongue-in-cheek tone of the whole "acid punk" section, which incidentally was a deliberate spoof of many people's humorless reaction to our "powerpop" issue. Some people take things far

too seriously, above all pop music, and to me that's one of the major pitfalls to be avoided. I will always find it useful, instructive, and imagination-stretching to point out similarities, cross-influences or whatever among seemingly disparate events, and if I can perceive enough evidence of similar thought-processes evolving on the fringes of musical evolution, I'll always deem it the place of **BOMP** to suggest a trend in the works. What's wrong with that? The balancing factor, as you say, is an exploration of what makes individual artists unique in relation to one or more trends to which they may be conceptually linked, and this is done in feature articles on said artists, though admittedly not as much as I'd like to see. **BOMP** still doesn't have enough writers we can depend on to hit the nail on the head. The real overview emerges from the two approaches, to be sure, but you must admit that plenty of other magazines, even *Rolling Stone*, offer perceptive profiles of artists, while none concern themselves with analysis. So as long as **BOMP** has to be unbalanced, I'd rather it be in this direction. It's a pity you haven't seen more earlier issues, because you'd see how radically we've changed, not only from year to year, but from issue to issue. The present product is not the ultimate design. There's still a long way to grow...—Ed.)

ELEVATOR TO THE 13TH FLOOR

Congratulations on perhaps the finest issue of any rock magazine ever published. I can appreciate all the research and knowledge that went into the articles concerned with "acid punk". You people are dedicated to the same sound as I am, and thankfully so are some others—most notably Lelan Rogers and his reactivation of the legendary International Artist label. I read the item concerning the rerelease of all 12 *IA* albums, and needless to say, I sort of "dropped everything I have". I mean, dreams don't come true, do they? How can I get these? Also, I was curious to know if you have heard of an anthology of Michigan rock called *Michigan Rocks* and where I might get it?

(Write *IA* at 2029 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067, 6th Floor. As for *Michigan Rocks*, try *Seeds & Stems Records*, c/o *Piks Corp.*, Mark Plaza, 2141 Civic Center Dr., Suite 108, Southfield, MI 48076).

STUMPED IN STUDIO CITY

I have a question only you or your readers could possibly know the answer to. About 10 years ago (it could've been anywhere from '66 to '69) an obscure radio station played a couple cuts of an album of Christmas songs done rock style, by a group whose name I can't remember. It sounded great, sort of like the *Searchers*, but it wasn't anybody I'd ever heard of, and I'm pretty knowledgeable. I knew the name at the time though, and I went to every record store in town trying to order it, but it wasn't in any of their catalogs. It might have been an import. I guess. Anyway it's one of the big regrets of my life that I never found that album, and you're about my last hope of finding out what it was. Help me please!

—Desperate
Studio City, CA

(Dear Desperate: You have stumped us, but let's hope some reader out there can solve this mystery, and maybe even come up with a couple of copies—we'd like to hear it too!—Ed.)

A DECIDEDLY BELATED RESPONSE

I've been reading your *British Invasion* issue for about the 3,000,000th time today and was thinking it was one of the greatest buys ever. I've finally received my *British UA* copies of the *Mersey Beat*, and for the first time am able to hear some songs you talk about. I'm most surprised by your dismissal of *Rory Storm* as a singer. "I Can Tell" sounds quite good to my ears, certainly a change from its usual treatment. After spending good \$ on *Ian & the Zodiacs* after your recommendation I was a bit disappointed, but I think the issue was seminal in its completeness and insight. Your assessment of the *Liverpool "style"* was excellent to the extent that it mirrors my own feelings. I would have much preferred you to that asshole *Lester Bangs* to prepare a section for the *Rolling Stone Illustrated* thing.

—Paul Money
Boone, N.C.

PUNKY FLOWERINGS OR LAST GASP

The last BOMP is a killer issue. Your analysis of trends with its eye on the future serves its purpose well, giving us perspective on what's happening, encompassing a scope much broader than most of us can experience. My only regret is your apparent discontinuance of the "Sounds of the Sixties" series. More than anything else in BOMP, it gave a continuing picture of the local scene and their importance in forming the total body of music we now derive so much inspiration from.

I can't help wondering in "acid punk" with all its psychedelic glory might not end up being the last dying gasp of the New Wave. Don't forget how easy it was for us to slide into the mindless "experimentation" of the Grateful Dead once we overdoed on the funky flowerings of groups like the Seeds, Elevators, etc. If groups such as Pere Ubu (whom I love dearly, early on) were to follow the trend of their first album, we could be well on our way to falling back into the same mire we just climbed out of.

— Al Wagenaar
Holland, MI

[The "Sounds of the Sixties" aren't gone, but unfortunately there doesn't seem to be anyone left who is both qualified and willing to spend the time it takes to put one together. I'm reluctant to do it without the collaboration of someone local, although with our records & general knowledge we can make an acceptable story out of even the sketchiest local reminiscence. But it's very disappointing that so few today want to be bothered with historical research. Some of our best historians, like Ken Barnes, say they're just not interested. We are 90% complete on an interesting history of the Tampa/Florida scene, but our main source of information "didn't want to" tell us anything about the bands in Miami, even though they worked & recorded closely with the Tampa bands. Lack of willing researchers is the main thing holding back our continued coverage of rock history, other than what we can do ourselves. — Ed.]

COMMUNIQUE FROM THE GERMAN FRONT

I saw a copy of your October issue and the article about German punk. I was surprised to see myself in a picture (rear of Punkhouse photo with dark glasses) and interested to read about PVC who are friends of mine. The tape you have is a very poor recording and they have since made another better quality demo using 8 track equipment. How about a follow-up article? Also, a new club has opened in Berlin called 5.0. 36, to provide some competition for Kant-Kino. Unlike Kant-Kino, which is a cinema, 5.0 36 has a lot more open space for dancing/pogoing, etc. There was a grand opening in August with ten bands from all over Germany. The Punkhouse is now closed. For information on 5.0 36, write them at Oranien Str. 190, 1 Berlin 36, W. Germany.

— Ian Wright
Weehawken, N.J.

AND NOW A REPLY TO A RECENT EDITORIAL

After reading *Fadeout* in #19, I was compelled to make some sort of reply. Maybe I'm living in the wrong place, but I have yet to see the signs of mass acceptance of New Wave. Most of the people I've talked to were adherents of the Old Wave (ie hippies, MORons, disco droids, etc.) and were of the opinion that punk = shit. Interestingly enough, the majority of these pathetic creatures were violently opposed to punk, yet had never heard any! Most people (at least here) are victims of acute media-poisoning, so they won't go out of their way to get exposure to New Wave. Another point: punk grows on you the more you listen to it. I thought the Ramones sounded like shit until I read an article in *Circus* entitled "Why the Ramones are Great". Then I understood — and loved the album. I think that to love punk, you must first understand punk. People are so brainwashed today I wonder how many will ever make the effort...

— Paul MacAvaney
Milwaukee, WI

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SUBSOIL ERRATUM

Enjoyed your article on psychedelic rock, since I'm an avid Texas punk fan. I thought I would relay some information about one of the records you listed. Sagamore Subsoil & the Psychoceramics, I'm sorry to say, is not a punk record. It came out in late 1962 on Sound Tex Records #621215. Titles are "Build Yourself a Girl"/"Shame of it All". A popular San Antonio DJ at the time put it out as a comedy/novelty. It became a local semi-hit reaching #20 before sinking into oblivion. It's definitely a must for novelty collectors. Also, I've heard that the Crystal Chandler 45 "Suicidal Flowers" is from Texas and came out in '69. Can you relay any additional information such as label, city, producer, etc?

—David Shutt
Austin, TX

Crystal was indeed a Texas boy, tho I don't know what city. He has other records floating around. "Suicidal Flowers" was on a Buddah subsidiary called Cobblestone and should be possible to find, I would think. —Ed.]

MARBLES STILL ROLLING

Retraction!!!! I just spotted a big mistake in your column on record releases in the last issue of BOMP. That is that Marbles are by now probably defunct. Not true, they are together and going strong.



It's true their latest single is now well over a year old ("Forgive and Forget" b/w "Computer Cards") but they are going into the studio in February to record four or five songs. Hopefully some record company will spot their incredible potential soon and they'll be on their way.

—Molly Mullin
New York, NY

EVERYONE'S A CRICKET...

After reading #19 continuously for the past two weeks, I've come down from cloud nine to offer a little constructive criticism. First, the layout of the magazine is a bit confusing, what with the Action column and psychedelic features. Shouldn't the review columns go together in back, with editorials and letters in front? Second, on the Top Ten Albums, shouldn't there be a staff consensus, rather than just Greg Shaw's opinion? Granted, it's his column, but in presenting this spring's cream of the crop, a variety of people's ideas would make it much more valuable.

It's not that I disagree with either Greg's philosophy or his reviews; the only critics who have close to his equal are Paul Williams, Lester Bangs and Greil Marcus, but they have lacked his warmth and wonderful philosophical overview. I wonder though if he has mythologized mid '60s rock too much, for example his comment that "none of these bands have even matched the energy of the 1966 Who..." I believe that Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers are making raw pop that, at its best, matches the early Who. Also, what about Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe? That's a pretty sweeping statement to make, degrading all those bands.

BOMP has more factual information in it than a year's worth of Rolling Stone. However, I miss short, punchy features like the Shangri-Las and Sawyer & Burton articles in your Spring 1976 issue, which featured just the right mix of

discography and editorializing. I had just started to get into rock & roll's roots when New Wave came along. Being in my late teens, I no longer feel cheated out of a pop music heritage, 'cause now I can enjoy the present and live in the past, at the same time.

—Lawrence Azrin
Framingham, MA

[Your suggestions are appreciated, Lawrence. I didn't mean to degrade Elvis, Nick, Petty, or anyone else; merely to opine that it would be a year or so before today's crop hits the peak level of the generation of '60s bands that directly inspired it. Petty has improved tremendously and his stuff is nearly as good as the best of the Byrds, which I guess is fairer than comparing him to the Who. I expect groups like the Jam, the Jolt, and Generation X to apply themselves to the standards of the early Who, since they borrow the same framework, and for my money they've all fallen a trifle short. Costello has now reached a stage where his performances measure up to Dylan's 1965-66 tours with the Hawks, again the most natural comparison, but I wouldn't have said so a year ago. Cheap Trick have surpassed most of their sources, and on the whole I agree with you that today's best groups are setting new standards. But they had to touch the old ones first, and there are a lot that still haven't. That's my main concern with the past, that we not settle for less today than we had then... As for our layout, I deliberately designed it with the review section at the center, because to me the reviews are the backbone of a critical magazine, not some filler to be shoved in the back. To me, they take precedence over things like the British Rock encyclopedia. A magazine's format is a reflection of its editorial outlook, not an inviolable formula which states this goes here, that there. You're not the first to point out that the layout gives BOMP a strange sense of balance compared to other magazines, but maybe that's not a bad thing. At least you didn't criticize the borders on our photos! —Ed.]

Regarding your Sire story: you missed what is, to me, one of the finest mid-60s pop songs, "Something's Gone" by the Jam (Sire S-5001) b/w "Loving Kind of Way." Terry Smith wrote the "A" side and both sides were produced by Seymour Stein, arranged by Dexter Fote. A superb single, indeed, with a distinctive logo and colour arrangement I've not seen before.

—Stephen Braitman

MORE ON ROCKFIELD

I have some comments to add to your fine article on Dave Edmunds & Rockfield in #15. It's to do with the Rockfield/Irish connection, in particular Fritz Fryer's work with Horslips and other Irish bands. You may be aware of his work on the Bothy Band's second album, and with Paul Brady & Andy Irvine's first album. Paul & Andy are both ex-Planxty and before that Paul was with the Johnstones and Andy with Sweeney's Men whose guitar player was Henry McCullough. Sweeney's Men also had Terry Woods—later of Steeleye Span and now of the Woods Band (like all the above he records on the Dublin based Mulligan label). Another surprising part of the connection involves Fritz's work with Clannad—a very interesting combo from Donegal who sing mainly in Gaelic but who play in a way we can all dig. If any of this is of interest, you might also be interested in a music paper from Dublin called Hot Press. It's published fortnightly by Steady Rolling Pub. Ltd., 21 Upper Mount St, Dublin 2, Ireland, and contributors include B.P. Fallon and Ted "Rock On" Carroll. It's good.

—Colin O'Brien
Toronto, Ontario

Thanks to everyone who wrote, including those who sent addenda to the Star Club discography, too detailed to list. Those interested should contact a magazine called Plattenfakten, c/o Alfred Hebing, Kamperfeld 38, 4300 Essen, W. Germany.

POP FILE

FONTANA RECORDS



Fontana was a subsidiary for Mercury, which also used the Smash and Phillips labels throughout the '60s. There was no apparent logic behind which artists went on which labels—all four had their share of all kinds of music. But Smash was slightly more R&B-slanted, and featured many Texas productions from **Major Bill Smith** and **Huey Meaux**. Phillips was slightly more international-oriented, releasing product from the worldwide Phillips/Phonogram group, of which Mercury is but a small part. And Fontana seemed geared to British product more than anything. During the British Invasion, many of the artists on the Phillips-owned Fontana label in England were released here on Fontana as well (although others weren't: **Searchers** on Mercury, **Ian & Zodiacs** on Phillips). And to confuse matters even more, American Fontana put out Canadian records, Australian records (**Helen Reddy's** first) and a few American groups (**Tongue & Groove**, **Steam**, **Daughters of Albion**, **Honey Bees**...and **Ral Donner**!) But the fact that it released predominantly British rock & roll records makes Fontana a prime label for collectors of '60s rock. The label seems to have been started around 1963, shortly after Smash, and sharing its numbering system the same way London and Parrot comingled numbers during the same period. It's likely that most of the missing numbers in the 1800-1900 series are Smash releases. Finally, to end the confusion, they assigned Fontana a 1500 series in early '65, which continued for nearly 200 releases. Fontana became inactive in the late '60s, though every few years Mercury has unexplainably put out a single on its logo. It's pretty much extinct in England as well, with Phonogram using the Phillips and Vertigo labels for all pop releases.

- 1785 NANA MOUSKOURI- What Now My Love/
Wildwood Flower
- 1841 JOHNNY DANKWORTH- Hoe-Down/Sing-Sing-Sing
- 1874 JOHNNY GREGORY- Seikurabe/Oboro Zukiyō
- 1882 MERSEYBEATS- Mister Moonlight/I Think of You
- 1891 EDEN KANE- Don't Come Crying to Me/Boys Cry
- 1905 MERSEYBEATS- Don't Turn Around/Really Mystified
- 1909 AL BRISCO CLARK- Soul Food Pt. 1/Pt. 2
- 1912 ESCORTS- Dizzy Miss Lizzy/All I Want Is You
- 1916 PRETTY THINGS- Rosalyn/Big Boss Man
- 1917 WAYNE FONTANA & MINDBENDERS- Stop Look Listen/
Road Runner
- 1922 VICKI ANDERSON- My Man/I Won't Be Back
- 1924 JOYCE KENNEDY- Paddle My Own Canoe/
Could This Be Love
- 1934 DELL-MATES- Angela/Cross My Heart and Hope to Die
- 1937 LARRY HALE- I Broke Up Inside/
There's Nothing Else I Want to Do
- 1939 HONEY BEES- One Wonderful Night/
She Don't Deserve You
- 1941 PRETTY THINGS- Don't Bring Me Down/We'll Be Together
- 1943 DIANA DORS- So Little Time/It's Too Late
- 1944 THE OTHERS- Oh Yeah!/I'm Taking Her Home
- 1945 MINDBENDERS- Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um/
First Taste of Love
- 1950 MERSEYBEATS- See Me Back/Last Night
- 1951 PAUL NERO'S BLUE SOUNDS- William Tell Overture/
Nut Shaker
- 1956 ORIGINAL DRIFTERS- Don't Call Me/I Do the Jerk
- 1957 JOHNNY DANKWORTH/CLEO LAINE-
If Music Be the Food of Love/Sigh No More Ladies
- 1960 SPENCER DAVIS GROUP- I Can't Stand It/Midnight Train
- 1961 EDEN KANE- Hangin' Around/Do Something About You
- 1966 GLORIA LYNNE- Do Anything/Soul Serenade
- 1500
- 1501 BOBBIE GRAHAM- Skin Deep/Zoom, Widge and Wag
- 1502 RAL DONNER- Poison Ivy League/
You Finally Said Something Good
- 1503 WAYNE FONTANA & MINDBENDERS- Game of Love/
Since You've Been Gone

- 1504 SAL MINEO- Save the Last Dance For Me/Take Me Back
- 1505 HONEY BEES- You Turn Me On Boy/Some of Your Lovin'
- 1506 OSCAR BROWN, JR.- One Life/Living Double
- 1507 GLORIA LYNNE- The Touch of Your Lips
- 1508 PRETTY THINGS- Honey, I Need/I Can Never Say
- 1509 WAYNE FONTANA & MINDBENDERS- Game of Love/
One More Time
- 5-65 1510 MARK MURPHY- The Best Is Yet to Come/
Come Rain or Come Shine
- 1511 GLORIA LYNNE- Watermelon Man
- 1512 ESCORTS- Come On Home baby/She Gets No Loving
- 1513 MERSEYBEATS- It Would Take a Long Time/
Don't Let It Happen to Us
- 1514 WAYNE FONTANA & MINDBENDERS- Little Bit Too Late/
Long Time Comin'
- 1515 RAL DONNER- Good Lovin'/The Other Side of You
- 1516
- 1517 NANA MOUSKOURI- Half A Crown
- 1518 PRETTY THINGS- Cry to Me/I Can Never Say
- 1519 THE LEADERS- Night People/Love Will Find A Way
- 1520 PETER ANATHAN- No More Love/Georgia On My Mind
- 1521 CLINT & TOMMY- Pea Patch/Try to Find Another Man
- 1522
- 1523
- 1524 WAYNE FONTANA & MINDBENDERS- She Needs Love/
Like I Do
- 1525 SILKIE- You've Got to Hide Your Love Away/City Winds
- 1526 PARFAYS- You've Got A Good Thing Goin' Boy/
In the Beginning
- 1527 VICKI ANDERSON- Never, Never Let You Go/Pt. 2
- 1528 NOCTURNS- What Do They Know/Sha La La
- 1529 SESSIONS- Let Me In/Bouncing Bass
- 11-65 1530 CHRISTOPHER & THE CHAPS-
It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding/They Just Don't Care
- 1531 OSCAR BROWN, JR.- Burning Fire/Where Are You
- 1532 MERSEYBEATS- I Love You, Yes I Do/See Me Back
- 1533
- 1534 CHRIS SANDFORD-
I Wish They Wouldn't Always Say I Sound Like the Guy From
the USA Blues/Little Man/Nobody Cares
- 1535
- 1536 SILKIE- The Keys to My Soul/Leave Me to Cry
- 1537 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH-
You Make It Move/No Time
- 1538 GLORIA LYNNE- Speaking of Happiness/
Sometimes it Be's That Way
- 1539 TERRI SHARP- A Love That Will Last/I'm Young
- 1540 PRETTY THINGS- Midnight to Six Man/Can't Stand Pain
- 1541 MINDBENDERS- A Groovy Kind of Love/Love Is Good
- 1542 OSCAR BROWN, JR. & LUIS HENDRIQUE- Listen to Me/
Lala Laidia
- 1543 SHILLINGS- Just For You, Baby/Laugh
- 1544 HARBOUR LITES- Run For Your Life/Lonely Journey
- 1545 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH- Hold Tight/
You Know What I Want
- 1546
- 1547
- 1548 TROGGS- Wild Thing/From Home
- 1549 JOHNNY DANKWORTH ORCH.- Modesty/
The Frost Report
- 1550 PRETTY THINGS- Judgment Day/Come See Me
- 1551 THE SILKIE- Born To Be With You/I'm So Sorry
- 1552 TROGGS- With A Girl Like You/I Want You
- 1553 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH- Hideaway/
Here's a Heart
- 1554
- 1555 MINDBENDERS- Ashes to Ashes/Don't Know About Love
- 1556 SOMETHING YOUNG- Oh, Don't Come Crying Back to Me/
The Words I'm Seeking
- 1557 TROGGS- I Can't Control Myself/Gonna Make You
- 1558 AL SOYKA ORCH.- Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie/
Buggy Ride
- 1559 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH- Bend It/
She's No Good
- 1560
- 1561 REASONS FOR BEING- A 1000 Years
- 1562 NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND- Winchester Cathedral/
Wait For Me Baby
- 1563
- 1564 THE WHISPERS- My Long and Sleepless Night/Knowin'
- 1565 TREND- Boyfriends and Girlfriends/Shot on Sight
- 1566 LOU BOND- Ooh, You Cheater/What Have I Done
- 1567 GLORIA LYNNE- Love Is/It's Not the Truth
- 1568 FRANCE GALL- La Rose Des Vents/Bonsoir John John
- 1569 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH- Save Me/
Shame
- 1570 THE SOUNDS LIKE US- Clock on the Wall/Outside Chance
- 1571 MINDBENDERS- I Want Her She Wants Me/Morning After
- 1572

[continued on p. 44]

FRANCOISE HARDY

by Andy Simons

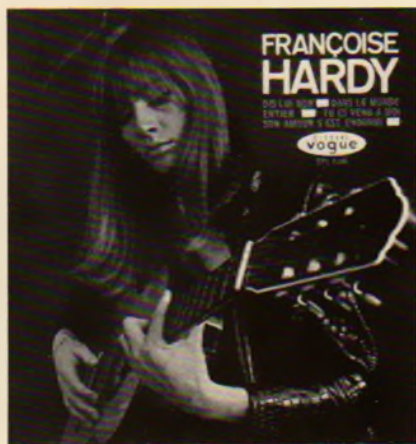
A friend once asked me how many **Francoise Hardy** albums I had. When I told her 18 she said, "Christ, that's how many **Beatle** albums I've got." Which may be the whole point; you see, I'm really not that weird, basically your average collector. **Spector**, girl groups, rockabilly, etc. So why should I like **Mlle. Hardy** anyway, especially since French pop is supposedly just warmed-over US and UK stuff?

Well that might be true with most French artists, but you gotta understand that their very language is hampered by geographical confines (an English record can be a hit anywhere), tight opportunities for exposure via government radio (England had the pirates, remember), and the fact that about 80% of disc purchases are by women (think about it!).

Just as Britain attained its own musical identity by having **Cliff Richard** and then all those groups, so did France...eventually.

By 1960 the French market was ripe for a pop boom and there were French rockers ready to make the records. The stars rode the crest of the new-found (although limited by American or even British standards) teen affluence. Just as UK later had Mods, the French kids were a comradeship of 'copains' which, although innocent enough, enraged many parents.

On top of this heap was **Johnny Hallyday**, rocking his way through translations of our rock & roll hits. His female counterpart (and future wife) was **Sylvie Vartan**, who twisted and hully-gulled her way through versions of everything from **Sedaka** to the **Shirelles** to **Ike & Tina**. All the pop chanteuses were referred to as 'Ye Ye' girls, but the one who stood out from the pack was **Francoise Hardy**.



She entered the scene in 1961, then only 17, with a tune she'd written while studying philosophy at the Sorbonne. **Jacques Wolfson**, the music publisher who discovered **Johnny Hallyday**, arranged for **Francoise** to sing her song on TV. Consequently, "Tous Les Garçons Et Les Filles" sold a brisk 800,000 copies in late 1962.

Picture it... (this event was well documented in the magazines)...rather than flaunt a stupid go-go dress (France had

discos then) she wore a smart leather jacket with slim white jeans that had zippers running up the sides of her legs. Instead of doin' the slop, she 'just stood there' playing her guitar.

Although **Francoise's** figure graced newspapers nearly every day during the early and mid-60's, her appeal wasn't only visual.

For one thing she was the first French rock star with self-penned material. **Mlle. Hardy** is sometimes categorized as an intellectual brooder, a put-down perhaps, but she's written some great rock & roll tunes. Her recordings were ignored primarily because they were always 2 years old by the time they were released here, making her material seem out of date. Too bad, because a lot of good **Hardy** efforts were missed. Her 2nd, 3rd, and 4th US albums on **Four Korners** (Kapp) are just what the record collector ordered.

With producer **Charles Blackwell** (an associate of **Robert Stigwood**) she cut some tracks that were always at the forefront of the competition here in the US. **Spector** fans would dig the solid arrangements of "Et Meme" and "Je Veux Qu'il Revienne" (both cut in English too) from her **Je Vous Aime** album, which rank with the best of **Leroy Glover**, **Artie Butler** and **Charlie Catello**. A major difference between this and other girl-group-type recordings is that **Francoise** always seems to be in control of the songs. Then again, she usually wrote 'em...

One of her strangest tracks is "Je N'Attends Plus Personne" (**Maid in Paris** LP), with a heavy drone running throughout and a guitar break somewhere between **Jimmy Page** and **Zel Yanovsky**. And speaking of **Page**, **Francoise** sang with the **Yardbirds** at the 1966 San Remo Pop Festival.

Maybe you did hear of her. Maybe your 8th grade French teacher bored you with her records. Understandable. **Francoise's** '63-65 tracks were issued by **Four Korners** in 1965-66, at which point her recordings jumped over to Reprise until 1970. For some reason Reprise album covers consistently used photos from 1963-66, perhaps still aiming at the 8th grade French teachers. Although unreleased in the US since 1970, her material was continued in Canada on Canadian Reprise and Warners, save for a '71 album on French Sonopresse. Her European releases were on **Vogue** until '70, and since then on **WEA**. There must be at least half a dozen LPs with no title but **Francoise Hardy**. Good luck!

Another plus for **Francoise** during her rise to fame was her seeming disinterest in success, paralleling folksy **Bob Dylan** on the **Tonite Show**. The press bored her for the most part and when they asked stupid questions she'd just say 'yes' or 'no' until they got the hint.

Between 1964-67 she was in 3 films. **Chateau En Suede** came first, an adaptation of **Francoise Sagan's** play (by this time the press was labeling her the **Sagan** of Pop anyway) and directed by **Roger Vadim**. **A Bullet In the Heart** was next, and finally the international effort, **Grand Prix**. During this time her remarks to the press told of her boredom with filmmaking in general and Hollywood types in particular. Being more honest than most pop stars who get thrown into the movies, she said it was only for publicity and that was that. Same with her appearance on **Hullabaloo**. Her candor earned her a 1968 **Melody Maker** article headlined "I Can't Sing But I Act Worse Than I Sing".

While her appearance wasn't what you'd call flashy (almost conservative) she seemed to do the socially incorrect things. She lived with a photographer (**Jean Marie Perrier**) for about 7 years, and by the late '60s began her present stint with **Jacques Dutronc**, another singer. They had a kid then but even today she has no intentions of marrying.

From 1966-69 her music had gone the reverse route from psychedelia. Moody is putting it mildly: Strings, harpsichords and 12-string guitars surrounded breathy, reflexive singing. Although the **Man Amour Adieu** LP is draggy (except for the **Spector**-like "Avec Des Si"), her nicest tracks in this genre can be found in a nifty



package entitled *Françoise Hardy* (what'd I tell you?) on Reprise 6290, which has a few choice 1967 cuts thrown in for good measure.

1969-70 signaled a return to the commercial. In fact, many songs were cut alternately in English. Her early '60s Anglo-efforts were almost funny and although by 1970 she'd gotten good at it, the French versions always win out. One interesting English album *Loving*, gave us her renditions of **Elvis**, **Ricky Nelson**, the **Kinks**, **Everlys**, plus a slowed-down & breathy "That'll Be the Day". Generally her stuff during this period is quite good, utilizing arrangements of **Simon Napier-Bell**, **Jean-Pierre Sabar** and others. However, a lot of good stuff went unreleased here as it was cut only in French. Two Canadian-issued gems, *Point* and *Poisson* are worth looking for.

1973 brought a good effort in the *Message Personnel* LP, and a single, "Je Suis Moi"... both highly orchestrated **Serge Gainsbourg** and **Georges Moustaki** supplied some material. A year later another orchestrated album appeared *Entr'Acte*. Her only other activity to date was a 1975 single, "Que Vas-Tu Faire?", which sounds like a Warner-Spector release.

In her career she went through several changes, but never specifically towards whatever was in vogue at the time. She's always resisted people in the music biz telling her what to do, and by going her own way exited from superstar status in France by the late '60s. Obviously she records only when she feels like it and obviously there is still a market for her stuff. An old tale has it that back in 1965, while **Marianne** said yes, **Françoise** told a certain British rock singer to fuck himself.

FRANÇOISE HARDY DISCOGRAPHY (partial)

American albums

Four Corners 4208 - *The 'Yeh Yeh' Girl From Paris!* (1963 material)

Four Corners 4219 - *Maid in Paris* ('63-65 material, one side English)

Four Corners 4231 - *Françoise*

Four Corners 4238 - *Je Vous Aime*

Four Corners 4255 - *Best*

Reprise 6290 - *Françoise Hardy* (excellent)

Reprise 6318 - *Loving*

Reprise 6345 - *Mon Amour Adieu*

Reprise 6397 - *Alone* (all English)

Canadian albums

Reprise 8005 - *Françoise Hardy*

Warners 56019 - *Message Personnel*

Warners 56091 - *Entr'Acte*

French albums unissued in N. America

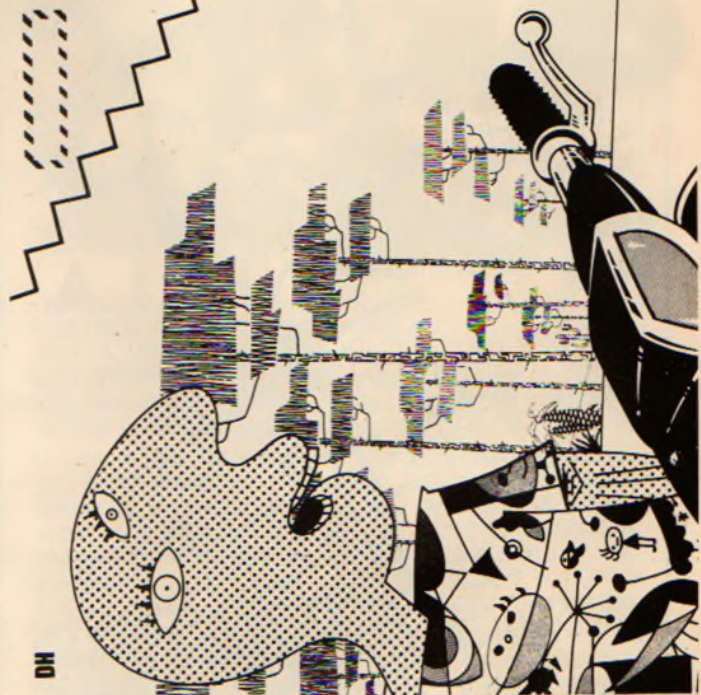
Vogue 336 - *International Stars* (German & Italian)

Vogue 727 - *Françoise Hardy*

Mondio 152 - *12 Succes de Françoise Hardy*

Sonopress 30902 - *Françoise Hardy*

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electronic warfare from

(continued from p. 47)

- 1573 NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND- Peek-A-Boo/Amy
- 1574 LIVERPOOL SPINNERS- All For Me Grog/Seth Davey
- 1575 EDDIE GARRIGAN- Mail Call/I Wish I Was
- 1576 TROGGS- You're Lying/Give It To Me
- 1577
- 1578 LEE DRUMMOND- Baby I Know/At A Time Like This
- 1579 THE CRAIG- I Must Be Mad/Suspense
- 1580
- 1581 JAMES PHELPS- Don't Be A Cry Baby
- 1582 MAD HATTERS- I'll Come Running/Hello Girl
- 1583 THE BEATIN' PATH- The Original Nothing People/
I Waited So Long
- 1584 ART NOUVEAU- Extra-Terrestrial Visitations/
The Way to Play It
- 1585 TROGGS- Anyway That You Want me/66-5-4-3-2-1
- 1586 SIMON RAVERNE- Daily Situation/
Empty Beaches, Cobble Streets & City Walls
- 1587
- 1588 HERD- I Can Fly/Understand Me
- 1589 NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND- Finchley Central/
It's Getting Harder All The Time
- 1590 BOBBY SKEL- The Soul of a Man/Say It Now
- 1591 DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICK- Okay/
Master Llewellyn
- 1592 TOMMY AMBROSE- They Don't Give Us Medals/
Casino Royale
- 1593 TROGGS- Night of the Long Grass/Girl in Black
- 1594
- 1595 MINDBENDERS- It's Getting Harder All the Time/
Off and Running
- 1596 PETRIFIED FOREST- So Mystifying/
She's The Only Thing That's Kept Me Going
- 1597 GUESS WHO- This Time Long Ago/
There's No Getting Away From It
- 1598 NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND- Green Street Green/
Fourteen Lovely Women
- 1599 LEN JEWELL- Paint Me/Bettin' On Love
- 1600 JAMES PHELPS- The Wrong Number/Fabulous One
- 1601 DIANE CUNNINGHAM- Party Time/Someday Baby
- 1602 HERD- From the Underworld/Sweet William
- 1603 PALLBEARERS- Music With Soul/
Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing
- 1604 BANNED- My Life Is My Own/ Nothing Matters But You
- 1605 SVENSK- Dream Magazine/Getting Old
- 1606 LOVIN'- All You've Got/Do It Again
- 1607 TROGGS- Love Is All Around/When Will the Rain Come
- 1608
- 1609 FINDERS KEEPERS- Friday Kind of Monday/On the Beach
- 1610 HERD- Paradise Lost/Come On-Believe Me
- 1611 HELEN REDDY- One way Ticket/Go
- 1612
- 1613 MORNING GLORY- Need Someone/I See a Light
- 1614
- 1615 CASTAWAYS- Walking In Different Circles/Just On High
- 1616 BANNED- It Couldn't Happen Here
- 1617 GLORIA LYNNE- Down Here on the Ground
- 1618 HERD- I Don't Want Our Loving To Die/Our Fairy Tale
- 1619 DAUGHTERS OF ALBION- Well Wired/Story of Sad
- 1620 MINDBENDERS- Blessed Are the Lonely/
Yellow Brick Road
- 1621 BANNED- Goodbye, Groovy, Goodbye/A Blanket of Sound
- 1622 TROGGS- You Can Cry If You Want To/
There's Something About You
- 1623 LITTLE BOY BLUES- Is Love?/It's Only You
- 1624 PALLBEARERS- Gettin' Fired Up/Every Man Needs
- 1625 JESSE LEEKINCAID- Find Yourself/Another Man/Floatin'
- 1626 CASTAWAYS- Lavender Popcorn/What Kind of Face
- 1627
- 1628
- 1629 DAISY CHAIN- Beach Ball/It's My World
- 1630 TROGGS- Surprise, Surprise/Cousin Jane
- 1631 YOUNG ENTERPRISE- Watch Out For the Other Guy/
Little Imogene
- 1632 JOHN DAMASCUS- Been Happening/Circus Parade
- 1633
- 1634 TROGGS- Hip Hip Hooray/Say Darlin'
- 1635
- 1636
- 1637 SHADES OF JOY- Andy's Dream/Bye, Bye, Love
- 1638 JOE HENDERSON- Help Yourself
- 1639
- 1640 TONGUE & GROOVE- Cherry Ball/Devil
- 1641
- 1642 MORRIS VAUGHN- Make It Look Good/
My Love Keeps Growing
- 1643 P.C. LTD.- Sunny Was A Fool/Here We Come
- 1644 YOUNG ENTERPRISE- The Magician/
Morning of the Velvet Fog
- 1645 EAST MAIN ST. EXPLOSION- Little Jack Horner/
Hop Skip and a Jump
- 1646 HERD- The Game/Beauty Queen
- 1647 THE DALYS- Early Morning Rain/Chanson d'Amour
- 1648 SIGHT AND SOUND- Alley, Alley/Little Jacky Monday

(continued on p. 46)

BATORS GOES POP

[continued from p. 13]

we arrived at the motel (just off Hollywood's Sunset Strip) where already symptoms of impending mayhem were in evidence. Members of various bands—**Levi & the Rockats**, **Rubber City Rebels**—roamed the halls, and (always a sure sign of something happening) **Rodney Bingenheimer**. We entered various rooms, in typical rock & roll disarray, noting the contents. Stacks of English fanzines. Leopard skin jackets. Tape players with **Heartbreakers** and **Dolls** cassettes scattered about. Bottles of cognac. Rumors of more exotic drugs being consumed in the next room. Girls in leather, sprawled on the beds. People coming in and out constantly.

"Hey, **Angie Bowie's** here." **Angie**, it seems, has been hired as cook for this tour. She was out somewhere with **Leon Black Childers**, the **Rockats'** manager. **Don Letts**, Rasta godfather to the British punk scene (he'd made the first punk film in 1977) was expected in next week with his film crew and entourage. The list of bands added to the revue had been growing daily, only now, we were told, the musicians would intermingle freely while playing, with no "band" identity at all. Furthermore, there would be no stages, no roadies. The players would carry their gear themselves, setting up in drive-in movie parking lots outside small towns across America, and as they began to play, the music would be broadcast onto screens surrounding the area, as the crowds gathered and it turned into a happening...

It all sounded somehow familiar. We recalled a scheme seriously proposed by a group of "street artists" of the Haight Ashbury, around 1967, to purchase a used aircraft carrier that was apparently up for sale by the govt. for \$250,000 and turn it into a floating park, the airstrips covered with earth and planted with flowers, the cabins manned with musicians and love-generation types who would sign on to sail around the world, visiting distant ports and bringing the message of hippie brotherhood to the world. At the time, that had seemed like a good idea too...

The difference, this time, was that the man behind this vision seemed to have more than enough cash to indulge his dreams, and moreover, although there had been land would be no rational planning sessions, this scheme was just wild enough to work out. Nobody we asked seemed to know much about their benefactor, whose name was **Paul**—he looked enough like **Napoleon** that they referred to him fondly as "**Blownapart**", a reference perhaps to his chemical intake. But all seemed to have confidence in his ability to turn this menagerie into a meaningful artistic endeavor. We wondered if it would be possible to meet him. Suddenly, a summons. Into a room down the hall, and there he sat. On the floor, piles of brochures and technical manuals strewn about. "Look", he said, and held up a pamphlet explaining a new electronic drum synthesizer kit that could be held in one mobile hand. But at the moment he was concerned with the purchase of high-speed tape duplicating machines to turn out an estimated 300 cassettes at each show. "Do you think you'll make any money with this?" we wondered. If he did, it would be an accident, answered **Paul**. Money was not important. Why be a slave to money? "When is it supposed to start?" What did it matter? It would happen when it was ready. Someone had told us he was still paying the bills at a house in England where he had invited some bands to live and

try to put together something along these lines, two years ago. It hadn't worked. Now he was here. He spoke rapidly, with a heavy accent, smiling like a guru. He explained how he felt art had the power to change things, with words as the alchemical medium. He seemed to exude a feverish energy from within, yet a serene attitude about the difficulties ahead. We found ourselves wanting to see him succeed.

Out of the room again, and **Bators** was telling more stories. "I'm putting a new band together. We're gonna live here, probably. I thought about putting the **Dead Boys** back together, but I had a long talk with **Iggy** and some other people, and I know I've gotta move forward. I never had the confidence to sing pop music before, never thought of myself as a singer. **Iggy** told me he thought I was one of four guys who could sing rock & roll—the others were **Jagger**, **James Brown**, and him. So that gave me confidence. I was still afraid to try "It's Cold Outside", to me that song was always such a monument. But we cut the demos and it worked. Now I want to form a group that can do that kind of material. Maybe **Bob Segarini** will produce us. One of the guys from the **Vibrators** is coming here to join me, and maybe one of the **Rubber City Rebels**. We're thinking of calling it the **Dead Rubber Vibrators**..."

After what we'd seen and heard already, nothing could seem more plausible...

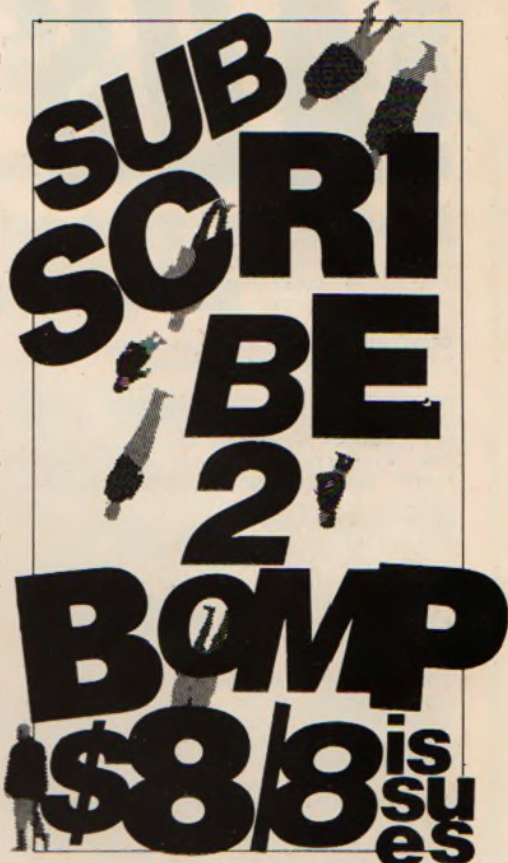
FANZINES

[continued from p. 37]

AUTONOMY #1.2 [P.O. Box 18034; Milwaukee, WI; 53218; Free with SASE] The FREE new wave sheet from Milwaukee. C/A
DEE-TALES #3.4 [c/o Dee Ranged; 287 Salem St.; #3; Medford, MASS; 02155; SASE] Supposedly, this is the Count's wife. (See above). Can't you two just talk it out? D/B
ILLITERATURE V.2, #3 [c/o Gilbert Ampere; Box 14; Herkimer, NY; 13350; SASE] Hand-printed new wave coverage. D/B
MONGOLOID #1 [c/o Larry Lewis; Box 17388; Cleveland, OH; 44117; SASE] Covers Cleveland new wave scene. D/C
PTA #4 [c/o Master Honath; 25 Silver Lane; Coraopolis, PA; 15108; SASE with 2 stamps] Recently expanded to 8 pages, PTA sports quality journalism, covering the latest in UK 45's and LP's, and a story on Clone Records (**Bizarros**, **Tin Huey**, etc.). A/A
SYNAPSE WEEKLY #1 [2829 Hyans St.; Los Angeles, CAL; 90026; 25] Actually a regional item, this covers local Los Angeles club shows in a slick, fast-draw, entertaining format. Good looking and worth reading, if they're on a regular schedule. A/A

FAN CLUB VEHICLES

Vroom vroom. Grading Appearance/Personality only.
BEATLES UNLIMITED #21.22 [P.O. Box 259; 2400 Ag Alphen Aan de Rijn; Holland; \$1.50] Though there's the usual **Beatles**-are-God stuffiness and hesitation to knock anything remotely associated with the **Beatles** (review of **Sgt. Peppers** soundtrack in ish #22 is a case in point), this is actually a very good fan club magazine that continues to come up with interesting stories. Witness: features on **Cilla Black**, the **Fab Four** and the new wave (**Damned**, **Groovies**, **Pleasers**, etc.); a retrospective on **Candy** (and whatever happened to Ewa Aulin anyway?). Of course, there's the usual



book, bootleg and convention reviews. BU is to be commended for beating this dead horse way past disintegration of the bones. B/A/A
STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER #30 [c/o Joe Pope; 310 Franklin St.; #17; Boston, MASS; 02110] More frivolous and irreverent than its Dutch counterpart, this is a fast-moving larger magazine with tons of little facts and news items about the **Beatles**. Take your pick; BU leans toward history and discussion, SFF leans towards entertainment and an outspoken editor (nice to see in a fan device of this sort). B/A/A
PET SOUNDS [c/o David Leaf; 1546 S. Saltair Ave.; Los Angeles, CAL; 90025] Sadly, this is the last issue of this fine **Beach Boys** vehicle. (**Friends of the Beach Boys**, edited by Marty Taber, has also deep-sixed). David has since risked life, limb, and practically gone into hock to complete his book, **The Beach Boys and the California Myth** (Grosset & Dunlap; \$7.95). Now he's working on a **BeeGee's** book, presumably entitled **Unwanted, Unloved and Untamed or You Can't Lose Them All**. A/B
HONEY THAT AIN'T NO ROMANCE #3 [c/o Harold Injulsen; Hagenring 21; 3300 Braunschweig; W. Germany] Seems the **Iggy** fan club has gone under, too. This is the last issue, containing an interview with **Iggy**, tons of great photos and fan letters, and the ultra-cool, sleek **Mechthild**. **Iggy's** lost his most important support vehicle here. B/A
WHAT GOES ON #1 [c/o Philip Milstein; 6 Wildwood Lane; Amherst, MASS; 01002; \$1.00] A **Velvet Underground** fanzine, with stories on **Nico**, **Mo Tucker**, **Lou**, etc. A/A
DESTROY ALL MONSTERS #3 [c/o Cary Loren; 27330 Arbor Way; Southfield, MICH; 48034; no price info] A picture-mag for both fans of this Detroit group, **Ron Asheton** and **Niegar**. C/C

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads are available at the rate of 25 cents a word, not including address. Send ad with payment to PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510. The Publisher makes no guarantee as to the reliability of any advertiser; use your discretion.

BOOTLEGS and tapes bought wholesale. Hot Wax P.O. Box 253, 6401 Molde, Norway.

WANTED: New wave singles, bootlegs, live/un-released tapes (Crime, Pagans, Dils etc.) also rare LPs (Chocolate Watchband, Moving Sidewalks). Offer money or rare stuff mainly from Italy. Mauro Biagini, Via A. Labriola n. 32, 00136 Rome, Italy.

ROCK MUSIC FANS! For an exciting vacation in 1979 join the 'Magic Plane' to England. Tour includes round trip jet L.A.-London, 7 nights hotel, visits to 6 London rock clubs and more. Details from the London Rock Club, Suite 405, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood CA 90028, (213)464-1112 or Pete Dalby (213)320-3850.

HOLLIES Non-Prego-Perme/D. Bowie Ragazzo-Solo-Ragazza-Sola/Rokes, Beatles, Dylan rare Italian 45s, great PS. Many rare items! Send \$1 for a large and rare auction to: Baracchi Gianluigi, Viale Dei Tigli 13, 20075 Lodi (Mil) Italy.

BEACH BOYS FANS: Add Some Music is a magazine you can't miss. Send one dollar each for the December or March issues to: Don Cunningham, P.O. Box 10405, Elmwood, Conn. 06110.

WANTED: BOMP #12. Send description and asking price to Jean R., 616 W. 116th St, Room 6A-1, NYV, NY 10027.

MUSICIANS WANTED: Drummer and rhythm guitarist/keyboardist with vocal ability to revamp established Northeastern Ohio pop band with Beatles/Raspberries influences. No dopers or jazz buffs. Contact: Radiogram Records, P.O. Box 1333, Stow, Ohio 44224, or call (216)688-8835.

RECORD COLLECTORS: Surf, psychedelic, rock, new wave collectibles. Rare U.S. pressings, imports, colored vinyl and much more. Send for free list. Park Avenue Records, Dept. B, 832 SW Park, Portland, Oregon 97205.

ROCK MEMORABILIA: 45s, LP's, PS, promo material, books, posters, back issue mags, etc. Best prices in town. Generous trade-in allowance. Flashback Records, 412 E. 9th St., NYC, NY. Tues.-Sat. 2-6, (212)260-8363.

FOR SALE: 60's Rock, English, Blues, Rockabilly, Groups, Country, Soul on all speeds. Auction and set price. Many rare items. Free lists. Sal Passantino, Box 106, Fairview, N.J. 07022 USA.

COLLECTORS' RECORDS: 45s, 78s, LPs. Rockabilly, country, Blues, Jazz, etc. Edisons to Elvis. Specify your interests. Free rockabilly list. Two new Reissue albums on Harlem (San Antonio): EARLY DOUG SAHM (1958-1961); THE LYRICS (1959-1960). \$6.75 each, postpaid. DOCKS, BOX 13685, San Antonio, Texas 78213.

"CY K. DELIC'S FANZINE #1 includes Doors, Bowie; reviews of Blue Cheer, Amboy Dukes, etc. #2 features Springsteen, Talking Heads, Skafish; reviews of Loaves, Trashmon, etc. \$1.00 plus .25 postage each to: Fanzine; 5129 South Racine; Chicago, Ill. 60609.

MAYO THOMPSON: Corky's Debt To His Father, Ex-Red Krayola leader solo album, sealed. \$25.00. John Craig, 4250 Ethel Pk, San Diego, CA 92116.

WANTED: International Artists 45s 101,102,104, 110,115,129,130,132. Elevators foreign singles, EPs, Radar promo EPs—Red Crayola live, LA sampler. Buy, trade. Joe Rein Jr., 812 Cedar, Metairie, LA., 70001.

GREG SHAW'S WANT LIST

I'll pay the highest prices for any of these elusive gems:

Allusion - title unknown (Laurie)
Felix & Escorts - The Syracuse (Jag 685)
Eric Carmen - It Won't Be the same Without You (Epic)
Toast - Flowers Never Bend (Jamie)
Grodes - any
Monks - any
Painted Ship - Audience Reflections (Canadian London 17354)
Blue Velvets - Bonite (Orchestra 1010)
In-Between - Security (Highland 1173)
Althea & Memories - Worse Record Ever Made (Rubbish 1)
Baytovens - My House
Magicians - I'd Like to Know (Columbia 43725)
Styx - Puppetmaster (Onyx 2200)
American Beatles - You're Getting to Me (BYP 102 or Mammoth)
Mourning Reign - Evil Hearted You (Contour 601 or Link 2)
Mourning Reign - Satisfaction Guaranteed (Link 1)
MC5 - One of the Guys (AMG 1001)
Midnight Angels - I'm Sufferin' (Apex 77073)
No-Na-Mee's - Just Wanna Be Myself (Era 3165)
Wheels - Bad Little Woman (Bang 503)
Wheels - Gloria (Bang 507)
Human Beingz - My Generation (Elysian 820)
Things to Come - Speak of the Devil (Starfire 103)
Warner Bros. - Please Mr. Sullivan (Destination 612)
Yesterday's Children - Feelings (Showcase 9812)
Cherokes - I've Got Something to Tell You (Gary 1001)
Preachers - Stay Out of My World (Moonglow 5006)
The Clue - Bad Times (Byron 101)
Kastaways - You Never Say (Riviera 1404)
King Midas & the Mufflers - Get Down With It (Chrome 104)
Teddy & Patches - Haight Ashbury (Chance 669)
Ichabod & Cranes - Turtle (Coral 62401)
Bram Rigg Set - I Can Only Give You Everything (Kayden 112)
Undertakers - Roselyn (Scene 600)
Blue Beats - Extra Girl (Columbia 43790)
Blue Beats - I Can't Get Close (Columbia 44098)
Fraternity Men - Linnie (Courier 114)
Denny Provisor - Little Girl Lost (Valiant 717)
Interpreters - I Get the Message (Gemini 00)
Lindy Blaskey - Let It Be (Challenge 50354)

Human Beingz - Hey Joe (Elysian 3376)
Royal Flairs - Suicide (Marina)
Patti & Playboys - Tears (Scotty)
All Night Workers - Why Don't You Smile (Round Sound)
Improper Bostonians - Set You Free This Time (Minuteman 208)
Chylds - I Want More (WB 7058)
Mushroom Farm - Why Can't I See (Gigantic 3726)
Phil & Frantics - Say That You Will (Sounds Ltd 1217)
Phil & Frantics - She's My Gal (La Mar 100)
Palace Guard - Girl You Can Depend (Orange Empire 332)
Hysterics - Won't Get Far (Tottenham 5001)
Kindred Spirit - Under My Thumb (Moxie)
Sparrows - I Wanna Be Your Man (Elkay 2002)
Mystic Tide - Frustration (Solid Sound 157)
Mystic Tide - You Won't Look Back (Solid Sound 322)
Mystic Tide - Running Thru the Night (Solid Sound 159)
Clockwork Orange - Do Me Right Now (Creole 1002)
Alder Ray Cause I Love Him (Liberty 55717)
Linda Scott - You Baby (Kapp 713)
Chic-Lets - I Want You to Be My Boyfriend (Josie)
Sea Shells - Love Those Beach Boys (Goliath 2357)
Arlene Smith - He Knows (Big Top 3073)
Little Pattie - Stompie Wompie Surfer Boy (World Hits 150)
Ellie Gee - Red Corvette (Madison 160)
Supremes - Things Are Changing
Carol Shelyne - Girl With the Horn Rim Glasses (Liberty 55794)
Ronettes - Recipe for Love (Dimension 1046)
Rachel & Revolvers - Revolution (Dot 16392)
Sharon Marie - Run Around Lover (Capitol 5064)
Baby Jane & Rockabyes - Get Me to the Church on Time (Spokane 4004)
Pleasure Seekers (Hideout 1006)
Mockingbirds - I Never Should Have Kissed You (ABC 10653)
Rey Anton - Wishbone (ABC 10652)
Wheel-a-Ways - Bad Little Woman (Aurora 157)
Zephyrs - She's Mine (Amber 214)
Undertakers - Throw Your Love Away Girl (Black Watch 5546)
New Yorkers - When I'm Gone (Panorama)
Grifs - Catch a Ride (AMG 1002)
Billy Lee & Riverias - Want You to Dance With Me (Hyland 3016)
Doug Brown - TGIF (Punch 1008)
Jan & Dean - Hawaii (J&D 10)
Crossfires - Fiberglass Jungle (Capco 104)

If you've got any of these for sale or trade, please contact me c/o BOMP, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

FONTANA RECORDS DISCOGRAPHY [continued from p. 44]

1649	1650	1651	1652	1653	1654	1655	1656	1657	1658	1659	1660	1661	1662	1663	1664	1665	1666	1667	1668	1669	1670	1671	1672	1673	1674	1675	1676	1677	1678	1679	1680	1681	1682	1683	1684	
JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence	JANE BIRKIN - La Decadence

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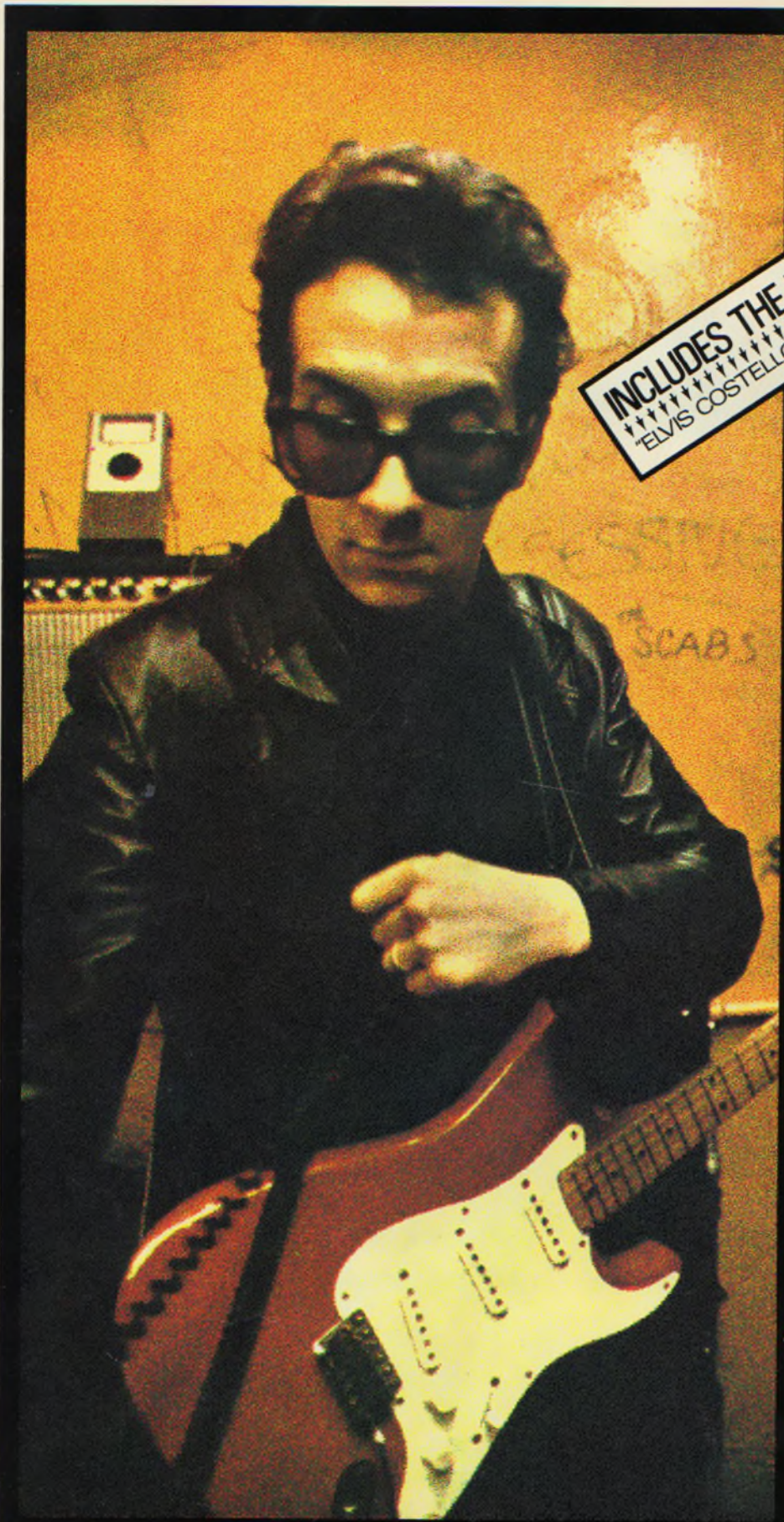
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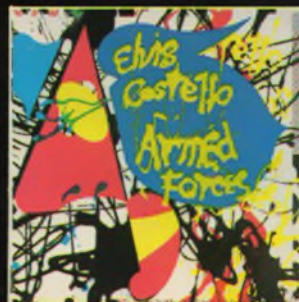
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