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PERE UBU**

Poly Styrene at home in Brighton, Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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st filler.



X-RAY SPEX
Pages 30-31

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week Ending May 12, 1973

1	1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON.....	Down (Bell)
2	2	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN.....	Gary Glen (Bell)
3	3	HELL RAISER.....	Sweet (RCA)
4	4	SEE MY BABY JIVE.....	Wizzard (Harvest)
5	5	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY.....	Dave Bonie (RCA)
6	6	BROTHER LOUIE.....	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
7	7	GIVING IT ALL AWAY.....	Reggie Delaney (Trend)
8	8	MY LOVE.....	Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
9	9	NO MORE MR. NICE GUY.....	Alvin Cooper (Warner Bros)
10	10	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU.....	Genevieve (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week Ending May 8, 1964

1	1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD.....	Looky Armstrong (HMV)
2	2	SIMON SAYS.....	1910 Pralognan Company (Pye Int)
3	3	LAZY SUNDAY.....	Sarah Paris (Immediate)
4	4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE.....	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	5	YOUNG GIRL.....	Calvin Gump (CBS)
6	6	HONEY.....	Shirley Caldwell (United Artists)
7	7	IF I ONLY HAD TIME.....	John Bonham (RCA)
8	8	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE.....	Herb (Fonix)
9	9	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU.....	Audrey Williams (CBS)
10	10	CONGRATULATIONS.....	Chiff Richard (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week Ending May 10, 1949

1	1	FROM ME TO YOU.....	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	HOW DO YOU DO IT.....	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	3	SCARLETT O'HARA.....	Jet Harris and Tony Martin (Decca)
4	4	NODODY'S DARLIN' BUT ME.....	Frank Black (Columbia)
5	5	CANT GET USED TO LOSING YOU.....	Audrey Williams (CBS)
6	6	FROM A JACK TO A KING.....	Red Miller (London)
7	7	IN DREAMS.....	Roy Orbison (London)
8	8	TWO KINDS OF RAINBOWS.....	Del Shannon (London)
9	9	SAY I WON'T BE THERE.....	Springfield (Phillips)
10	10	LUCKY LIPS.....	Chiff Richard (Columbia)



SINGLES

This Last Week	Week ending May 13, 1978		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	NIGHT FEVER..... Bee Gees (RSO)	5	1
2 (9)	RIVERS OF BABYLON..... Boney M (Atlantic)	3	2
3 (3)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE..... Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	9	2
4 (2)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY..... Andrew Gold (Asylum)	7	2
5 (5)	AUTOMATIC LOVER..... Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	4	5
6 (11)	LET'S ALL CHANT..... Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	4	6
7 (23)	JACK AND JILL..... Raydio (Arista)	2	27
8 (21)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT..... Patti Smith (Arista)	2	8
9 (8)	I WONDER WHY..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	1
10 (14)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE..... Suzi Quatro (Rak)	8	2
11 (13)	EVERYBODY DANCE..... Chic (Atlantic)	6	11
12 (6)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS..... Brian & Michael (Pye)	9	4
13 (10)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN..... Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	8	9
14 (—)	I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR PRESENCE DEAR..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	14
15 (7)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME..... Genesis (Charisma)	9	6
16 (14)	SHE'S SO MODERN..... Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	11
17 (16)	BAD OLD DAYS..... CoCo (Ariola Hansa)	3	16
18 (12)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK..... Wings (Parlophone)	6	7
19 (17)	TAKE ME I'M YOURS..... Squeeze (A&M)	4	17
20 (—)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY..... Darts (Magnet)	1	20
21 (—)	NICE 'N' SLEAZY..... Stranglers (United Artists)	1	21
22 (—)	MORE THAN A WOMAN..... Tavares (Capitol)	1	22
23 (19)	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO..... X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	2	19
24 (—)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR..... John Paul Young (Ariola)	1	24
25 (—)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU..... Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	1	25
26 (27)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN..... Raffaella Carrà (Epic)	2	26
27 (—)	HI TENSION..... Hi Tension (Island)	1	27
28 (15)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES..... Dr Hook (Capitol)	6	13
29 (26)	WHAT A WASTE..... Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	26
30 (24)	SATISFACTION..... Devo (Stiff)	3	23

IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCING — Rose Royce (Warner Bros); BOOGIE SHOES — K.C. And The Sunshine Band; JUST FOR YOU — Alan Price (Jet); COME TO ME — Ruby Winters (Creole).

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week		
1 (2)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU..... Yvonne Elliman	
2 (4)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK..... Wings	
3 (3)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU..... Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway	
4 (1)	NIGHT FEVER..... Bee Gees	
5 (6)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT..... Olivia Newton John/John Travolta	
6 (8)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE..... Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams	
7 (5)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU..... Barry Manilow	
8 (15)	SHADOW DANCING..... Andy Gibb	
9 (10)	COUNT ON ME..... Jefferson Starship	
10 (16)	DISCO INFERNO..... The Trammps	
11 (14)	IMAGINARY LOVER..... Atlanta Rhythm Section	
12 (13)	FEELS SO GOOD..... Chuck Mangione	
13 (17)	BABY HOLD ON..... Eddie Money	
14 (7)	JACK AND JILL..... Raydio	
15 (18)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON..... Warren Zevon	
16 (19)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE..... Player	
17 (20)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)..... Billy Joel	
18 (9)	DUST IN THE WIND..... Kansas	
19 (23)	ON BROADWAY..... George Benson	
20 (25)	IT'S A HEARTACHE..... Bonnie Tyler	
21 (24)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN..... Sweet	
22 (11)	LAY DOWN SALLY..... Eric Clapton	
23 (27)	EGO..... Elton John	
24 (26)	TWO DOORS DOWN..... Dolly Parton	
25 (28)	LET'S ALL CHANT..... Michael Zager Band	
26 (30)	DEACON BLUES..... Steely Dan	
27 (—)	DANCE WITH ME..... Peter Brown	
28 (12)	RUNNING ON EMPTY..... Jackson Browne	
29 (—)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD..... Meat Loaf	
30 (—)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT..... Patti Smith Group	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Last Week	Week ending May 13, 1978		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER..... Various (RSO)	9	1
2 (2)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE..... Genesis (Chrysalis)	6	2
3 (3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS..... Nat King Cole (Capitol)	7	1
4 (7)	THE STUD..... Soundtrack (Ronco)	4	4
5 (4)	LONDON TOWN..... Wings (EMI)	6	4
6 (6)	CITY TO CITY..... Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	11	4
7 (5)	ABBA THE ALBUM..... Abba (Epic)	16	1
8 (13)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	8
9 (12)	RUMOURS..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	63	1
10 (16)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL..... Rainbow (Polydor)	3	10
11 (8)	KAYA..... Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	8	6
12 (23)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN..... Various (World Records)	4	12
13 (19)	BAT OUT OF HELL..... Meat Loaf (Epic)	8	10
14 (9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS..... Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	11	2
15 (16)	PLASTIC LETTERS..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	11	7
16 (—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS..... Frank Sinatra (EMI)	1	16
17 (13)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL..... Elvis Costello (Radar)	8	8
18 (10)	THE RUTLES..... The Rutles (Warner Bros)	5	10
19 (24)	EASTER..... Patti Smith (Arista)	3	18
20 (26)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE..... Rita Coolidge (A & M)	4	20
21 (25)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES..... Ian Dury (Stiff)	15	7
22 (18)	PASTICHE..... Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	11	13
23 (28)	HEAVY HORSES..... Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	2	23
24 (—)	A LITTLE BIT MORE..... Dr Hook (Capitol)	1	24
25 (11)	THE KICK INSIDE..... Kate Bush (EMI)	11	1
26 (2)	20 CLASSIC HITS..... The Platters (Mercury)	4	22
27 (—)	SHOOTING STAR..... Elkie Brooks (A & M)	1	27
28 (21)	OUT OF THE BLUE..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	27	3
29 (20)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES..... Various (Warwick)	9	10
30 (29)	GREEN..... Steve Hillage (Virgin Records)	3	26

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO — Andrew Gold (Asylum); PLEASE DON'T TOUCH — Steve Hackett (Charisma); LAST WALTZ — The Band (Warner Bros); HEART 'N' SOUL — Tina Charles (CBS)

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1 (1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER..... Bee Gees & Various Artists	
2 (2)	LONDON TOWN..... Wings	
3 (4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY..... Jackson Browne	
4 (5)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN..... Kansas	
5 (3)	EVEN NOW..... Barry Manilow	
6 (6)	EARTH..... Jefferson Starship	
7 (7)	SLOWHAND..... Eric Clapton	
8 (11)	FEELS SO GOOD..... Chuck Mangione	
9 (9)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR..... Jimmy Buffett	
10 (8)	THE STRANGER..... Billy Joel	
11 (14)	CHAMPAGNE JAM..... Atlanta Rhythm Section	
12 (13)	EXCITABLE BOY..... Warren Zevon	
13 (10)	WEEKEND IN L.A..... George Benson	
14 (19)	SHOWDOWN..... Isley Brothers	
15 (12)	AJA..... Steely Dan	
16 (17)	VAN HALEN..... Van Halen	
17 (16)	THE GRAND ILLUSION..... Styx	
18 (22)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE..... Genesis	
19 (18)	RUMOURS..... Fleetwood Mac	
20 (25)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE..... Johnny Mathis	
21 (20)	NEWS OF THE WORLD..... Queen	
22 (15)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT..... Roberta Flack	
23 (24)	INFINITY..... Journey	
24 (23)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE..... Rod Stewart	
25 (21)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS..... Little Feat	
26 (—)	MAGAZINE..... Heart	
27 (—)	CENTRAL HEATING..... Heatwave	
28 (27)	ALL 'N' ALL..... Earth Wind & Fire	
29 (26)	DOUBLE FUN..... Robert Palmer	
30 (—)	HEAVY HORSES..... Jethro Tull	

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Stones, Clapton, Yes: British concert plans

THE ROLLING STONES will definitely be performing in Britain this summer, and that's official — but their visit will be restricted to just one major concert. A statement issued this week on behalf of the Stones says they'll be touring America during the summer — but they'll interrupt their U.S. itinerary to fly to Europe for one concert each in a British, French and German city.

During the course of their tour, which is expected to last at least six weeks, they'll be playing six outdoor concerts in the States — at Philadelphia (June 17), Cleveland (July 1), Buffalo (4), Chicago (8), New Orleans (13) and Los Angeles (23). And at some point between these shows, they'll be taking time out for their British gig (presumably in London), details of which will be announced shortly.

Meanwhile, it's been confirmed that their new album — now officially titled "Some Girls" — will be issued by EMI in early June, preceded by their single "Miss You".

ERIC CLAPTON and his band will be touring Britain in the early autumn, manager Roger Forrester told NME this week. They're currently in the middle of recording a new album for release in October, and they'll be going on the road for a full U.K. tour at the same time. Meanwhile, they interrupt recording sessions to appear as special guest artists in Bob Dylan's two outdoor concerts in Europe — at Rotterdam (June 23) and Nuremberg (July 1) — though, despite rumours, they will definitely not be playing Earls Court with Dylan.

YES — currently putting the finishing touches to their new, and as yet untitled, album for late June release — may top the bill in a big open-air rock concert in Sussex in the summer. NME understands that the band have agreed terms for the event, but it all hinges on whether or not a licence is granted for the concert to take place — which in turn depends upon the usual local objections.

But as the proposed site is already in regular use in a totally different capacity, it's hoped that approval will be forthcoming. If not, Yes will switch to an alternative venue in the London area, as they are determined to play a major gig here this year.



The re-appearance of SONJA KRISTINA, whose picture used to grace these pages regularly — until Curved Air broke up and Debbie Harry arrived on the scene!

HELLO, SONJA!

FORMER Curved Air singer Sonja Kristina is about to launch a major comeback with her own new band. For the past year she's been busy organising new material and getting the band together, and they make their debut this Saturday (13) at Reading Balmorhea College under the name of Sonja Kristina's Escape. This is the warm-up to a full nationwide tour, currently being lined up by the Neme Agency, running from late May through June with David supporting — full details are expected next week. A major recording deal is also being finalised.

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RECORD NEWS

Moodies reunion LP

THE MOODY BLUES' comeback album, now officially titled "Octave", is set for June release by Decca. It's their eighth LP, and their first as a complete group since "Seventh Sojourn" in November, 1972. During the interim period, Ray Thomas and Gremie Edge have each had two solo albums released, and there's been one apiece from Mike Pinder, John Lodge and Justin Hayward, with the latter two also collaborating in the Blue Jays project. The new Moodies album has been nearly a year in the making and, as previously reported, they're expected to embark soon on a world-wide reunion tour.

Petty, Marley, Seger, AWB



● **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers'** long-awaited second album "You're Gonna Get It", comprising ten new tracks, will be issued by Island on May 19. A single from the LP will be available in early June.

● **Stomu Yamashta's** second "Go" album — recorded in Paris in 1976, two weeks after the Albert Hall gig which produced the first LP — is released by Island on May 26. Besides Yamashta, it features Steve Winwood, Klaus Schulze, Mike Shrieve and Al Di Meola. The double set is titled "Go — Live From Paris".

● **Bob Marley & The Wailers'** new single is "Satisfy My Soul" from their "Kaya" album. B-side is "Smile Jamaica", released in celebration of their peace concert last month. It's issued by Island on May 19.

● **Muslon** have an album and single out on Island on May 26, titled "Illusion" and "Madonna Blue" respectively. Issued on the same day and label is the debut LP by **Behmen Levi** — titled "Heile i Hymn", it's a celebration of Rastafari.

● **Dumfermline band The Skids** have been signed by Virgin to a long-term recording and publishing contract.

● **RCA** have signed the **Average White Band** to a worldwide deal except for the States, where they remain with Atlantic. Their new outlet issues the band's current U.S. hit album "Warmer Communications" in June.

● **Melen Reddy's** album "Well Sing In The Sunshine" and single "Ready Or Not" are issued by Capitol this weekend to coincide with her London Palladium concert (see Gig Guide).

● **United Artists** have signed **Duke Leonard**, former member of Man, who was on the same label until they disbanded 17 months ago. They have also signed singer-guitarist Pix, late of The O' Band, who were also with U-A until they split up last Christmas. Both deals are for singles and albums.

● **Newly-formed Midlands label Cherry Red Records** have signed their first act, **The Tights**. They are currently in the studio with producer John Acock, who produced the latest Steve Hackett album, and hope to have their debut single out in a few weeks.

● **U.K.** the new supergroup currently on their debut British tour, have a single titled "In The Dead Of The Night" rushed out by Polydor this weekend. The same label issues "Almost" by **Bill Fredericks** and "Too Bad Lucy Jane" by **Terry Sylvester**.

● **Bob Seger's** long-awaited new album "Stranger In Town", which he started recording late last summer, is finally released tomorrow (Friday) by Capitol. Out on the same day and label is "Collision Course", the new LP by **Asleep At The Wheel**.

● **Flight 56** go into the studios in the near future to cut their second album for Raw Records. The band, who feature Little Tina as lead singer, have just added ex-Nashville Teens drummer Barry Jenkins to their line-up.

● **Hoselips'** first two albums "Happy To Meet Sorry To Part" and "The Tain", originally issued in 1973 on their own fish-based label, have been acquired by DJM Records who release them on June 26. A single from the band's latest LP "Aliens", titled "Speed The Plough", comes out on the same label on June 23.

● **Johnny Cougar** has a single called "Factory" released by Riva Records on June 2, to coincide with a lengthy British tour starting the previous day.



● **Cheryl Ladd**, latest addition to the "Charlie's Angels" TV series, has been signed by Capitol. She's currently working on her debut album for summer release.

● The 1975 chart-topper "Barbados" by **Typically Tropical** is reissued by Gull Records tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "The Kiss" by **The Jive Bureaux**.

● The single "Compensated To What" by **Mr. Flood's Party** has become something of a collectors' item since it was first released three years ago, and copies are changing hands at £10. It's now being reissued this week by Bulldog Records.



We always try to feature a new band every week in Record News, and this week it's Wakefield outfit **STRANGEWAYS**, who've just been signed by Real Records (distributed by Anchor). They recently finished touring with Graham Parker, and their first single "Wastin' Time" is scheduled for June release. The line-up, from left to right, is Barry Snabik (guitar and vocals), Ringo Higgenbottom (drums), Ada Wilson (guitar and vocals) and Bob Marsden (bass and vocals).

Earth Band in shake-up

TWO WEEKS after the conclusion of his major British concert tour, Manfred Mann is completely restructuring his Earth Band. Guitarist Dave Fleet, drummer Chris Slade and bassist Pat King are leaving the band — with singer Chris Thompson and Manfred himself as the sole remaining members of the line-up.

But the sweeping changes are not due to an internal upheaval — they simply felt they had come to the end of the road within the band's existing format, and that a fresh approach was necessary. And the re-shaping of the band is regarded as an expansion and logical development.

The Earth Band will continue

to be a touring outfit, and will still be recording for Bronze. The only change is that Manfred is no longer associated with Harry Maloney Management. Names of the new band members will be announced in the near future — and it will have to be soon, because they're due to start work on a new album next month.

● Another artist making changes in his backing band soon after finishing a U.K. tour is Rory Gallagher. Jerry McAvey stays with him, but Lou Martin (keyboards) and Rod De'Ath have left after five years with Rory. No replacements have yet been named, but the new line-up is expected to make its U.K. debut with a series of gigs in September, to coincide with the release of Gallagher's new album.



Otway & Wild Willy venues

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT go back on the road later this month to play a dozen dates — including a major London concert at the Rainbow — as a prelude to the release of their second Polydor album "Deep And

Meaningless", due out on June 2.

For these gigs, they are dispensing with the four-piece backing band they used on their last outing, and are reverting to their original duo format. Support act is new Beserkley Records signings, The Smirks.

Dates and venues are Manchester Ritz (May 22), Birmingham Town Hall (23), Aylesbury Friars (25), Nottingham Playhouse (26), London Rainbow (27), Oxford May Fly Festival (28), Liverpool Eric's (30 and 31), Middlesbrough Town Hall (June 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Reading Hexagon Theatre (3) and Bristol Locomo (4). Tickets for the Rainbow are on sale now priced £2.50, £1.80 and £1.10. Admission elsewhere varies from venue to venue.

NEWS BRIEFS

THE KINKS have cancelled their five concerts planned for Manchester (this Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Birmingham (May 15), Oxford (18) and Newcastle (19). Leader Ray Davies explained that, with two new members recently coming into the band, they hadn't had enough time playing together to do themselves justice on stage. They're now planning a string of British dates later in the summer, after their American tour.

THE PIRATES have added another seven dates to their current "Skull Wars" tour, which promotes their newly-released album of the same name. They are at Leicester Polytechnic (May 17), Nottingham Sandpiper (24), Cromer West Runt Pavilion (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), Cheshamford Castle Hall (28), Wigan Casino (June 1) and Newport Showway Club (2).

JONES have re-formed, three years after they disbanded, under their original lead guitarist Johnny Jones and with the name of Jones II. Jones, who's been working with Moody Blue Ray Thomas' band and as a Los Angeles record producer, has got together a line-up of former session men — Clive Lorie, Jack Jones, Paul Stark and Phil Clarke. They've started work on their debut album in London and Copenhagen, and plan selected U.K. dates in July.

RINGO STARR's first TV special "Ringo", networked across the States last month, is likely to be seen in Britain later this year. Loosely based on "The Price And The Power", it features him in the dual roles of himself and maverick-well-known Ritas, and includes eight songs — among them three from his new "Bad Boy" album. Guests in the show are George Harrison, Carole Fisher, Angie Dickinson and a backing band fronted by Dr. John.

JOAN ARMSTRONG has written and performed the main theme song for the new £6-million epic film "The Wild Geese" starring Richard Burton, Roger Moore and Richard Harris. It has its world premiere at London's Leicester Square Theatre on July 6 and her recording of the song will be issued by A & M at about the same time. Her next British concert tour is planned for the autumn.

Lindisfarne for Wakes

LINDISFARNE were this week confirmed as bill-toppers on the third night of this year's July Wakes Festival, to be staged at the Char-nock Richard Park Hall Centre in Lancashire on August 4, 5 and 6.

The band are currently on their reunion tour after their recent re-formation, and this promises to be the most important appearance of their comeback to date.

As already reported, Ralph

McTear, Farnport Convention, John Martyn and Boys Of The Lough are among the many other acts already confirmed for the event. And Magma Carta and New Celeste have just been added to the bill.

The special discount offer to NME readers of season tickets at £5.50 (£1 less than normal price) remains open until May 20. Bookings should be sent to Tudor House Office, Tudor Court, Hanworth, Middlesex, making cheques and POs payable to "July Wakes Festival" (enclose s.a.e.).

Meat Loaf's two concerts

MEAT LOAF flies into Britain early next month to headline just two concerts, coinciding with the NME Chart success of his Epic album "Bat Out Of Hell". He'll be supported by his regular seven-piece backing band at Manchester Ardwick Apollo on June 5 (tickets £2.50, £2 and £1.50) and London Hammersmith Odeon on June 6 (tickets £3, £2.50 and £2), with box-offices opening to both personal and postal applicants next Monday (15). These will be his first dates since his recent stage fall, when he tore ligaments in his leg and had to cancel his current U.S. gig series.

Devo in for one-off

DEVO have now been confirmed as an extra bonus act for the Knebworth concert on Saturday, June 24, completing the line-up which already includes Genesis, Jefferson Starship, Jeff Beck, the Atlanta Rhythm Section and Brand X. Reports last week that they were set for the event were premature, as they were only contracted at the weekend.

Devo have just signed a representation deal with Pete Rudge of the Rolling Stones' management.

● Two books of Knebworth tickets have been stolen from Virgin Records shop in Manchester. They are numbered from B.01601 to B.01800, and anyone turning up at the concerts with one of these tickets will not be admitted.

HEATWAVE TOUR

HEATWAVE go out on tour at the end of this month, to aid promotion of their current album "Central Heating" and new single "Mind Btowing Decisions", both GTO Records. Their itinerary includes major concerts in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and London, and is promoted by Rod MacSweeney of ITB.

Further dates have still to be set, but those confirmed so far are Purley Tiffany's (May 29), Nottingham Palais (June 1),

Cromer West Runt Pavilion (3), Brighton Top Rank (9), Dunstable California (10), Bournemouth Village Bowl (11), Birmingham Odeon (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Colchester ABC (22), Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Plymouth Fiesta (27), Swansea Nutz Club (29) and an open-air concert at Harlow Spurrers Town Park (July 1).

ON THE ROAD

THE VIBRATORS will not now be playing London Lyceum on May 24. Instead they make a special appearance at London Camden Music Machine on Thursday, May 18, supported by The Depressions.

CHINA STREET, now expanded into a five-piece with the addition of Chris Sugden on keyboards, play Lancaster Dukes Playhouse (tonight, Thursday), Brighton Sussex University with the Cimarons (Friday), Lancaster Planet (May 19) and Preston Polytechnic (20). A full U.K. tour follows in August. The band have just recorded a new single, a reggae track titled "Rock Against Racism", for independent release on June 11.

ROY MILL, whose debut Artists album comes out on May 19, and his new six-piece band support Syx on their five-concert U.K. tour opening in Manchester tonight (Thursday). Subsequently they gig in their own right at Cheltenham Plough (May 16), Bangor Normal College (17), Burton 76 Club (19), Leeds Force Green (20), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (21), Bradford University (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Edinburgh Clouds (28), Dundee Stage Coach (28), Swansea Circles (June 1), Dudley J.B.'s (2), Nottingham Boat Club (3), Newbridge Club & Institute (4), Sheffield Limit Club (6), Weymouth College (9) and Bristol Granary (10).

GREGORY ISAACS, one of Jamaica's leading singers, headlines a short British tour visiting London Hammersmith (this Saturday), Nottingham Sherwood Rooms (May 18), Dunstable California (25), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (26), London Lewisham Odeon (28), Manchester Russell Club (29) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (June 8).



GEORGE BENSON has added two more performances to his upcoming British tour. He plays a fourth concert at London Royal Albert Hall on May 23 — it's an early evening show at 6.15 pm; the late show on that date, plus two concerts on May 22, are already sold out. The same goes for Oxford New Theatre on May 26, where his 7.30 performance is sold out, so an extra 11 pm concert has been added. Tickets for both extra shows are now on sale.

LABI SIMFIRE appears at St Agnes Talk Of The West (week from this Sunday), Aberdeen Ruffies (May 31), Stevenage Gordon Craig Centre (June 9), Lewes Crows Nest (18), Swindon Wyvern (25), Birmingham The Macdonald (26), Manchester Valentines (30 and July 1), Eastbourne Kings Club (August 11 and 12), Cheshamford Aquarius (17 and 18) and Canterbury Brambling House Club (25 and 26).

SUPERCHARGE play Durham St Albans College (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (May 20), Huddersfield Town Hall (23), Blackpool Jamboree (29), Exeter St Lukes College (June 2), Bath College of Higher Education (8), Bedford Porthouse (10), Leicester University (15), Hull Tiffany's (19), Oxford Worcester College (21), Birmingham Barbarella's (23), Wigan Casino (24) and Watford Wall Hall College (30).

CLAYSON AND THE ARGONAUTS, whose new single "The Taster" is issued by Virgin on May 19, have gigs at Slough College (May 18), London Marquee (20), London Canning Town Hollies (25), Watford Cassio College (26), Oxford St John's College (27), Brighton New Regent (June 3), London Roehampton Probal Institute (10) and London Hellington Hope and Anchor (15).

THE REAL THINGS have made several changes to their May date sheet. They now play Andover Country Bumpkin on May 19 instead of Canterbury Odeon, and Whitehaven Zodiac Club on May 25 instead of Portsmouth Locomo. Their Southampton gig (29) is switched from the Odeon to the Gaumont. And they have new bookings at Plymouth Castaways (17), Ashford Stou. Centre (2), Peterborough Cresset Centre (26) and Saltburn Philmore (27).

BRITISH LIONS have been forced to cancel several of their current tour dates, supporting AC/DC, because lead vocalist John Fiddler suffered a throat haemorrhage. But they should be back in action by this weekend.

BRASS CONSTRUCTION have cancelled a couple of dates on their U.K. tour scheduled this month — at Chelmsford Odeon (this Sunday) and Peterborough ABC (May 24).

J.A.L.N. BAND are being lined up for a string of gigs to aid promotion of their new Magnet single "Get Up And Let Yourself Go", for May 19 release. So far confirmed are Manchester Russell Hotel (May 19), Stroud Leisure Centre (20), Bagshot Pantiles (June 3), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (13), Oxford University (14), Hatfield Polytechnic (18), Ayr Darlington Hotel (17), Edinburgh Polytechnic (18) and Stoke Romeo & Juliet (19).

TRAPEZE have confirmed the first eight gigs in their extensive two-month tour which runs until mid-July. They play Blackwell Southall Park Centre (this Sunday), Port Talbot Four Winds (May 17), Burnley Bank Hall (19), Redditch Tracey's (20), Burton 76 Club (26), Leeds Force Green Hotel (June 4), London Kensington Nashville (16) and HalWax Mecca (28). The tour previews material from their upcoming new album, produced by Jimmy Miller and their first for two years.

AFTER THE FIRE have added Matlock Pavilion (June 23) and St. Helena YMCA Hall (24) to their current lengthy tour. Their gig in London Marquee is brought forward from May 31 to 17.

CYANIDE are on tour to promote their debut Polydor album, released this week and bearing their name as its title. They play Bradford Princeville (tonight, Thursday), Leeds Polytechnic (Friday), Huddersfield Polytechnic (Saturday), Bishop's Cleeve (Sunday), London Camden Crawl (May 15), Chesham Tam O'Shanter (18), Margate Dreamland (19), Chelmsford City Tavern (21), Lincoln A.J.'s (24), Doncaster Outlook (25), Ashington Regal (28), Cheltenham Plough Inn (30), Buxton Town Hall (June 1), Blackburn Dirty Ducks (2), Carlisle Border Torrier (3), Chesterfield Adam & Eve (5), Mansfield Great Northern Hotel (7), Newcastle Hawthorn (8), Sheffield Limit Club (13), Whitby Bay Hotel (16), Harrogate Carlton Club (19), Durham Coach & Eight (20), York Munster Bar (21), Nottingham Sandpiper (23), Manchester Ruffies (July 6), Newcastle The Coopers (11) and Hemogate P.G.'s (15).

MISTRESS are an all-girl rock band, whose four members are aged from 19 to 21. They perform their own original material, and can be seen at Oldham Tower Club (this Saturday), Liverpool Eric's (May 18), Oldham Boundary Hotel (June 3) and Stalybridge Commercial Hotel (10). Further gigs are being set.

FRUIT EATING BEARS are back on the road after their venture into "A Song For Europe". A full tour is being finalised, and the first four gigs confirmed are at White Bay Ray Hotel (May 14), Harrogate Castle Club (15), Newcastle University (16) and Brighton Alhambra (June 3).

GRUPPO SPORTIVO, the high-rated Dutch band with the Italian name, start their first British tour next week. They play Reading University (May 17), Liverpool Eric's (18), Wolverhampton Lafayette (19), Portsmouth Posh (20), London Kensington Nashville (23), Coventry College of Education (24), Bristol Polytechnic (25), Manchester Ruffies (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (27), Canterbury Kent University (29), London Nashville again (30), Keele University (31), Sheffield Limit Club (June 1), Stoke Newington Polytechnic (2) and London Marquee (5). Their debut album "Ten Mistakes" is issued by CBS this weekend.

HEADWATER have gigs this month at Teatort Glastonbury Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Burton 76 Club (Friday), London Hackney Middleton Arms (Sunday), London Camden Music Machine (16), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (19), London Canning Town Bridge House (20), Newbridge Club & Institute (21) and London New Cross Goldsmiths College (26).

SLADE follow their April tour by playing another seven dates this month — at Newcastle Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Swansea Nutz Club (18), Birmingham Aston University (19), Bletley Variety Club (21), Aberdeen Ruffies Club (24), Blackpool Norcalypso (27) and Manchester Willows Club (28).

SHAM 69 have added another two dates to their British tour itinerary, issued by NME two weeks ago. They are at Leeds F Club (May 23) and Colchester Leisure Centre (June 8), making 22 gigs in all.

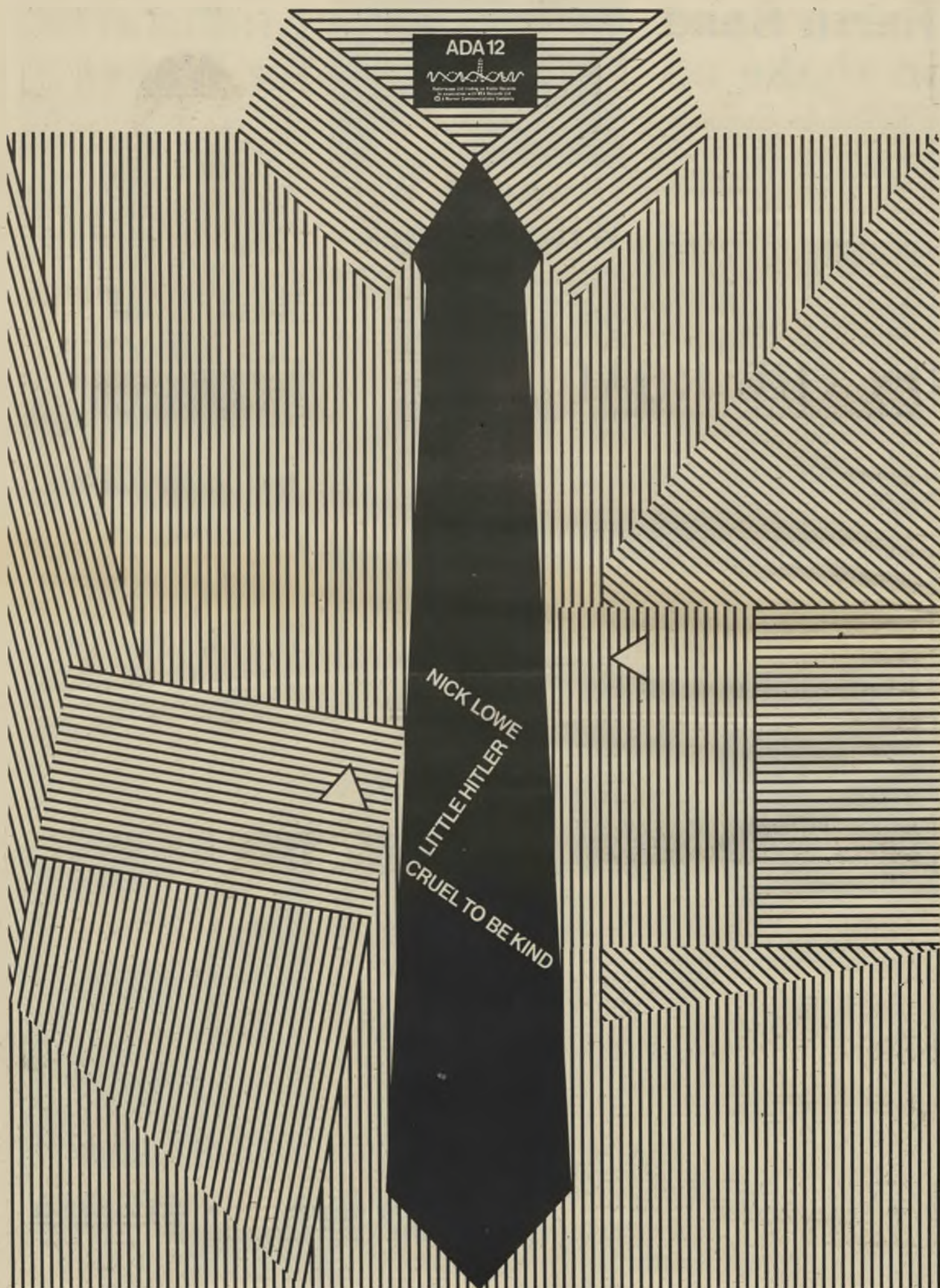
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By ANGUS MacKINNON

Just an average, rather overweight American, you might conclude from the David Thomas pic on the right. But look below . . . see the hammer, hear the clanking metal. Yes, this is something different. . .



Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

ANOTHER TIME, another place and David Thomas might have been a village blacksmith casting iron shoes for heavy horses. Instead he's Crocus Behemoth, a massive man of Brobdingnagian build, clanking metal hammer against metal bar as he stalks the necessarily narrow confines of the London Roundhouse stage.

This is the main refrain of Pere Ubu's first British tour, two nights unsuitably sandwiched between The Bishops and Graham Parker And The Rumour. Each band gives of its wildly varying best, but most of the capacity crowd have come to chew on the wholemeal R&B goodness of the opening and closing acts. As a result, Pere Ubu's lumbering swell of sound is breaking teeth and busting heads in all directions.

Thomas, however, seems to thrive on the odds. He wears his weight well, as a gift not a grudge.

"Do you want jokes then?" he bellows at a gaggle of hecklers. "Do you want it made easy? OK, you win, this is 'Humor Me'."

And Pere Ubu tumble into the final song on their "The Modern Dance" album, a song in memory of their late guitarist Peter Laughner (who died through drug abuse) and in which 'humour' is not jestering but amusement, as in cheap thrills, life in the fast lane.

Some joke, huh?

TALK, TALK, talk . . . it doesn't mean anything and it's just trying to justify something which needs no justification. I hate explaining. I have no capacity for it. I am not required to explain. I don't have anything to say. I'm the world's worst interview . . .

Thomas huffs — one hand frenziedly scratching and sketching on an album envelope, the other

delicately balancing match and matchbox against an apex of table and trouser leg — and then puffs, my Marlboros a poor substitute for the customary Camels. The small room clouds with smoke, but the mood clears with his sudden, seemingly cathartic outburst.

"I always say I'm not going to do this anymore, not going to dig holes and traps for myself and the band, not going to say dumb, dumb, DUMB things. Oh God, uuummmmmmm, look, I'm sorry."

Thomas' speech is often broken by these immense, initially disconcerting hums, bee-swarm reverberations that last long seconds later. But as I transcribe the tapes, I realise that his stance might strike some as the vain gustings of a man with ideas well above his station, who won't condescend to 'explain' simply

because he can't be bothered.

Whereas this wasn't the case. Although jettied and frustrated at our mutual inability to manoeuvre over the cramped course that is the often utter irrelevance of the rock interview, Thomas remained polite to a fault throughout, venting those frustrations as much on himself as anyone else.

Although Thomas' refusal to give each and every move in the game away is in line with Pere Ubu's work ethic, the band insist unanimously that their audience involves itself as they do in making it — a fair exchange and one we seem to have taken too much for granted in this latterday age of mass media consumerism.

If you want output from Pere Ubu, you must provide input — or as Thomas tells it, "To have fun you

must work first; that's the motto of the American Mid-West."

Likewise the band agree that Pere Ubu is what it is (whatever that is) because from its inception it has consistently placed emphasis on people not playing.

For example, when Thomas formed the band to record "30 Seconds Over Tokyo", he deliberately selected a bass player who couldn't play bass, because he knew intuitively that Tim Wright, now no longer with the band, would make the right bass noises, however technically imperfect. Hear the song — it's on the "Datapanik In The Year Zero" EP (Radar) — and you'll appreciate the aptness of Thomas' choice.

But then opinions divide and digress, becoming the 'elaborate system of checks and balances within the band.'



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

PERE UBU: ANOTHER FORM OF INDUSTRIAL ACTION



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"Ubu," says Thomas, "can only exist because the characters within it are extremely temperamental, no, volatile, and it can only exist if we continue to explore new ground. We don't accept repetition."

Mention of the Mid-West prompts mention of Cleveland, Ohio, Pere Ubu's home base, itself not a tyre's throw from Akron, bastion of Devo.

"I like all of Devo very much as people," says Thomas, "but I don't want to discuss their work. I mean, the two bands are diametrically opposed. Our whole outlooks and attitudes are totally different. Devo has some kind of fixed plan, whereas Ubu must remain flexible, changeable and contradictory."

"Devo is much more analytical than we are. We're not analytical at all, which is why we have trouble talking about the band. Personally, I'm not interested in intellectualisation."

"I don't have no big deal about Devo", says Scott Krause, Pere Ubu's drummer, "although I do have this weird undercurrent that Devo and de-evolution are not healthy, that it's all something they've just stumbled on and . . . well, I'd hate to promote that kind of thing. Why digress when you can progress?"

"Devo, it's like the Titanic going down or something," says Allen Ravenstein, Pere Ubu's synthesiser player. "I dig some of their stuff, especially 'Satisfaction' — they really know how to do that song. But the impression I've got from their songs and from talking with them is that they're really much more into making a mockery of everything, not really giving a damn."

"Whereas we're into survival, being positive. The human race will survive. Cities will survive. Cities are on the upswing. People are starting to want to live together again. We're all gonna have to do something, take some action . . ."

"On another level, the difference between Devo and Ubu is obvious. We're signed with Blank, a small, separate concern that's trying to offer alternatives, like Radar in England. Devo are great media manipulators in

■ Continues over page

From previous page

every sense. At the moment they're playing off two large record companies against each other, maybe even deliberately.

"Sometimes I feel they're taking the easy way out, denying responsibility, saying 'Fuck you, the world can de-evolve for all I care and I'll be someplace else, in Venezuela with my banana plants'."

"They're dippy, real dippy. If you go see them and you're not familiar with all their slogans and mind games, then they can come on as horrifyingly scary."

"And one more thing about Devo. I hear that the Devo community is planning to move to L.A. to grab a bigger slice of the action, I guess. Whereas Ubu will stay put in Cleveland. I'm happy to do so because none of the big radio stations there pay us any attention, so we stay unknown. I'd hate to walk down a street someplace near my home and be 'recognised'. As it is, all of the band except for David live communally in one building. That's how we are."

MYSELF, I balk instinctively at Devo's prognosis, despite assurances from Ian MacDonald (late of this paper) that it could be "a timebomb under Western rationalism."

I distrust Devo's apparent dependence on jargon. I distrust the blithe passivity of their so-called philosophy, especially when they reiterate hoary paradoxes like "Any statement made, the reverse is also true" — which is just one of many semantic escape clauses that disguise, albeit effectively, the fundamental vacuousness of their conceits.

And what has anything of this to do with Pere Ubu? Pray

wait and see.

Both Devo's singles amuse me mildly, but depress me enormously (try and hear The Residents' version of "Satisfaction", it's much, much closer to the core).

Devo, if I read them right, argue for a modern world I've already encountered in the work of English science fiction writer J. G. Ballard. In *High Rise* (Panther paperback) Ballard projected a de-evolved community long before Devo were even a whisper down the transatlantic telegraph.

The gist of the book is simple enough. The inhabitants of a block of flats respond to the inexorable pressures of contemporary consumer society by, in effect, resorting to overt primitivism.

They form power groups, mark out territories and eventually start killing each other off in droves. Eventually they seal themselves up in the building, creating for themselves a violently entropic environment of madness and mayhem that in turn distils into acquiescent stasis, as the survivors wait, hapless and helpless, for the inevitable end.

Ballard describes this atavistic descent with guarded glibness, yet occasionally infers events with a fitfully guttering romanticism, almost hymning this properly terminal disintegration as something perversely fascinating and oddly beautiful.

Perhaps Ballard would describe himself as a realist, as a writer who, in Devo's terminology, is performing "a responsible task" — giving fair warning. Whatever, the attitude he strikes still smacks of a dispassionate glorification of all things 'decadent' (and decaying): an attitude with obvious rock parallels in the genuinely pathetic attempts to wind up, over and out by the likes of Lou Reed, Patti Smith,

Bryan Ferry, David Bowie and Pere Ubu's own Peter Laughner.

("Peter was a genius and Peter was a fool, and the fool killed him," Thomas has said in an earlier interview.)

("Peter is no longer Peter," says Ravenstein, "but has become a symbol of a problem. He's not an isolated example, but part of something that's going down that Devo may be a part of themselves — that foolish fascination with death and destruction.")

(The one 'foolish' song on "The Modern Dance" is Laughner's "Life Stinks.")

But then Devo aren't interested in languidly documenting the decline and death of the Western Way. No, they're much too fast to take that test. They probably reckon that particular death's inevitable, and they're probably right — it's their definition of what follows, the afterlife, that scares me.

You've seen Devo wriggling around in plastic bags, gagged with medical masks — is that what you want? Is that how you see humanity? Maybe we deserve nothing better than Devo's figurative representation of ourselves. But if that is your trip, then take it.

Count me out though. God knows, there's enough that's foully, profoundly wrong (in both amoral and immoral senses) with the Western World, but mankind needs to be humbled, not callously humiliated. There must be another way.

Which (breathe deeply now) brings us back to Pere Ubu and another song on "The Modern Dance": "Chinese Radiation". Thomas actively objects to having his lyrics quoted at him, but I hope he'll allow me this much leeway.

"Be the Red Guard / Be the New World / He'll wear his grey cap / She'll wave her red book /



PI: PAUL SLATTERY

He'll tell her 'It reminds me of the future... It's ONE WAY' / Then they'll sing."

"It should be quite obvious," says Thomas, "that China has the most modern social system — which doesn't necessarily mean it's any good; I'm not implying any value judgements."

"But there's a starkness, a pleasing, necessary starkness... there're two things, the reality of the situation and the ideal of it. The ideal of the Chinese system is concerned with purity and discipline, which are naturally the only two things that any person should be concerned with when he's thinking in terms of any new world — not purity and discipline as fascists have understood them, but in a more elemental sense."

"There's some degree of illusion involved, but any system that provides an illusion as strong as the Chinese system must own the future."

"We never wanted to be associated with the punk thing," says Ravenstein. "The Sex Pistols sang 'No future', but there is a future and we're trying to build one... things are rough, things are weird, there's no sense in ignoring that — which is why Ubu music isn't all sweetness and light. But you gotta confront the problems."

In passing I recount that in one area of China the common housefly, an obvious pest in a predominantly agrarian society, has been completely eliminated — simply by having every household set up fly-traps around their homes, farms and animals.

"Only the Chinese would try to do something like that," says Thomas, "only they have the social... strength to do something like that."

"But there's always been a Utopian dream of society, of peoples as a unit. There's also the dream of Pere Ubu as a unit. Ubu does exist as a unit a lot, but not all of the time. We're not perfect."

"The ideal is society as one being, one conscious being," says Thomas. That's the point of all religion, of all philosophy, of all meaningful things. In practical terms it's an absolute impossibility, of course, and any attempt at achieving it will end in corruption and in deception.

"But China has gotten closer to working on every important human level than just about anywhere else I can think of. You shouldn't idealise China either, because it's corrupt too, because it has cost dearly, but it's a marker, a pointer."

I'm reminded of a remark made by a friend of mine who spent some time in the Far East last summer and who was moved to observe that the urge to express 'individuality' (as we Westerners understand it) is often absent in Oriental societies. If, he explained, you found yourself in a crowd, you weren't pushed and pulled, weren't constantly reminded that the host was however many people trying to assert themselves, to make their own space, but were instead gently

received into one corporate, living breathing entity.

"Yeah," says Thomas, "temperamentally the Orientals have a lot going for them. That just could be the way of it. We'll see, we'll see."

"But then like I said, the corruption of the Chinese system is inevitable. It's fate, you know. And fate is crucial to Ubu, fate is a system of ballistics. It's there in 'Humor Me'. You aren't failed to do this and this because human can't exercise any control over events, but because of various equations."

"After all, the brain works on very industrial terms. Molecules and electrical impulses in there trigger each other, also responses and reactions. On a more general level, any object has a given motion through life and its direction can be changed even by a relatively minor impact — that direction can be deflected by an inert object that then takes on a vast amount of energy."

"Alright, that's school physics, but you can apply it to people and societies as well as inanimate objects."

So change, both social and personal, is a constant variable?

"Mmm, you could say that. But facts get old, reality gets old. A fact of 40 years ago is not a fact now. The fact that the sun rose yesterday doesn't mean it's going to rise today. We've just got to throw all old information away and replace it with new and by definition better information."

"But don't start asking me about my politics. I'm a musician, not a politician. Oh Jesus Christ, another dumb, DUMB thing to say. You now have graphic proof of how I gabble on and on."

Thomas shifts listlessly, almost toppling off his seat. Time to move on. (I'll leave you with two more thoughts on "Chinese Radiation" and associated topics: Pere Ubu made a point of excluding "Final Solution", their second single, from "Datapanik" because the song has been — incorrectly — identified with the Nazi holocaust; the sun also rises in the East.)

UNSURPRISINGLY, Pere Ubu have nothing in common with Devo musically. The band are perhaps more usefully sided with some of Can's early work — specifically the "Tago Mago" album — and Captain Beefheart's "Trout Mask Replica" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby". Not that there are any precise comparisons to be drawn, just obvious affinities of tone, texture and instrumentation.

Those Can and Beefheart albums always struck me as remarkable achievements; they're some of the most human music I've heard — and by human I mean music that somehow succeeds in conveying a sense of what I can only (inadequately) describe as Man-ness; music that isn't so much made by Man as

irrevocably is Man.

It's largely down to the difference between music that prompts physical or mental reactions and music that effectively portrays physical and mental functions. Maybe that's why so many people find those same albums so discomforting; we're not generally accustomed to music that presents us with such a profound analysis of ourselves.

Pere Ubu's music is similarly and intensely Man-nish.

"Ubu music" — Thomas again — "the whole industrial thing has been emphasised a lot with us, but sometimes it's not quite understood. I mean there's a difference between Throbbing Gristle (Genesis P. Orage's 'environmental' combo who recently released a limited edition album in "First Annual Report Of...") and their statement 'Industrial Music For Industrial People' and the way we approach industrialism."

"We're not so much concerned with the actual industry. That's one thing. The form of the art and the art of the form and how they both apply to human flesh is more our concern."

"Gristle, I think, are very good at what they do, but I only bring them up to make the point that Ubu are not industrialised in the same sense. The sounds Allen makes with his synthesiser are not industrial, they're not trying to imitate machinery or anything that obvious. They're essentially fresh sounds, new, novel sounds of... human experience."

"In the band context, Allen is the brain. If Ubu is an entity, then Allen's contribution to the music is the sound, the actual physical sound of the brain working away in there. Similarly, the other instruments in the band correspond to differing areas and aspects."

"It's like in '30 Seconds Over Tokyo' we were trying to recreate, as I've said before, the total sonic environment inside those planes as they flew off on their mission and in 'Sentimental Journey', which is a very, very difficult song for us to do since if we're not careful it can sound silly, stupid and embarrassing, we try to..."

Represent despair, frustration in an acutely physical sense?

"Uuummmmm, maybe, maybe. You're the writer, not me."

"We work on attitude," says Ravenstein, "preparing ourselves mentally. Each of us has our own sonic interpretation of an idea. We try to whittle things down, to get to the essence. It's like Oriental paintings, like going out into the woods and drawing squirrels until you can draw the essence of a squirrel in one single line. I've always been into music more on a visual than aural level."

"I might just add," Thomas continues, "that people are often surprised we don't have much knowledge of the German scene — bands like Kraftwerk, even though Cliff Bernstein, who looks after Blank, helped break 'Autobahn' in the States. For some reason, nobody's particularly interested in that scene. Allen, I know, listens to Gershwin, Leon Redbone and lots of classical music."

Yes, savour some Pere Ubu music — preferably live but failing that the EP or album will suffice, since the band record most of their material ("Chinese Radiation" being a notable exception) with a view to how they will perform it on stage.

As a rule I'm reluctant to make expansive claims for any band, let alone suggest that one has actually broadened new perceptions or radically redefined our shared vocabulary of sound — but Pere Ubu have created something really unprecedented. Hear to believe.

But what of the original Pere

Continues page 54

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6TH GUILD HALL, PRESTON
7TH CITY HALL, HULL
8TH ST. GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD
9TH VICTORIA HALL, STOKE
11TH ROYAL, NORWICH
12TH ABC THEATRE, PETERBOROUGH
13TH IPSWICH
15TH DOME, BRIGHTON
17TH ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
18TH ODEON, HAMMERSMITH



G MAGNET RECORDS

THRILLS



YES, IT'S DYLANMANIA!!

See
over
page

WHAT YOU ARE READING should have been an interview with the new Ramones.

In it the Bowery boys would have spelled out — in, one supposes, words of one syllable or less — the precise scam on why brother Tommy left home... and exactly what kind of aptitude tests Marc Bell of Richard Hell's Voidoids (for it is he) went through to fill the vacant drum seat.

Unfortunately, The Ramones and manager Dabney Field have decided "not to talk to the *NME* for the time being," despite earlier promises to do so. The reason, as Ramones-watchers may have already surmised, was Tony Parsons' less than complimentary Ramones piece, which appeared in *NME* at the beginning of the year.

Meanwhile, the question of Tommy's departure still remains... Did he fall or was he pushed? How does Momma Ramone feel? Will the new member keep the cretins hoppin'? And, more important, what are they going to call him?

Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Marc Bell just doesn't have the right ring to it.

This much is certain — Tommy Ramone hasn't quite left the band, but merely stopped touring. Which means he will continue to write songs with The Ramones in the studio, but won't play live.

He in fact gave his final show when they played CBGBs last weekend, as part of four nights of benefit gigs to pay the hospital bills for Dead Boy Johnny Blitz. For the occasion, and as if to emphasize the change, Tommy's hair was cut short and neatly combed, and the impenetrable black shades were replaced by ordinary tinted glasses.

As far as can be ascertained from talking to people close to the band, Tommy's desire to stop touring has been in the air for some time, but the others had persuaded him to delay his final decision until now. It emerges that right from the start of the band, he wasn't happy behind the traps.

In fact, Tommy's original role in The Ramones was producer/manager, but the trouble they had finding someone capable of holding down that lobotomised beat made him the expedient choice as drummer. He now wants to concentrate on studio work (*Hey! Just like Sand Box Wilson* — Ed.) — with The Ramones when required, and with others as yet unnamed when not.



PHOTO: CHALKIE DAVIES

WHO IS THE MYSTERY RAMONE?

Those of us who have bought — and will no doubt happily continue to buy — The Ramones' dumbo celebration schtick, may find it hard to conceive of Tommy Ramone as a record producer and engineer. Try Tommy Erdelyi.

And if that doesn't start the little lights flashing, try T. Erdelyi, co-producer with Tony Bongiovanni discs not only by The Ramones, but also Talking Heads. Tommy apparently feels more at home behind a studio console than

trying to remember which day of the week it is on one of The Ramones' gruelling tour schedules. Indeed, various people I've talked to feel the growing excellence of Ramones records owes more to Tommy's ideas for song arrangements and production sound than was ever credited, or even suspected.

Bearing witness to this are reports that it was he alone who OK'd the final mixes of "Rocket To Russia".

The Ramones meanwhile recently went into the studio — with Tommy — to begin work on their fourth album. This seems to suggest that it won't be a double live opus from the last British tour, as was reported at the time, but a new studio effort with new material.

At the time of writing, Marc Bell has yet to be officially announced as the new Ramone, but all rumours so far converge unfailingly on his name.

We've yet to see, though, whether The Ramones will still be able to cut it with all their old power. One of their saving graces was always their ability to keep that rhythm in tow; you could dance to The Ramones, but you'd tie yourself in knots if you tried it to any of the millions of British bands who cloned off the brothers' prototype, but missed a couple of essential points.

More fundamental to the continuation of the band, however, is the question of why they haven't yet managed to crack American charts and hearts in quite the manner everybody believes is their destiny. The Ramones are infinitely more popular in Britain than America, despite much time, money and effort spent to correct the situation.

Yet, for a number of reasons — not least because America invented the



MARC RAMONE

term fast-food (and what are The Ramones if not instant gratification?) and also because Kiss have already proved there is a mint to be made peddling comic book fantasies — The Ramones should be enormous.

But no. The reason usually quoted is radio and its unwillingness to give The Ramones the exposure they deserve.

Naturally, it is now being suggested that one of the reasons Tommy reduced his commitment to the band was a feeling of defeat in the home camp. Rigorous and widespread touring, three albums, some ostensibly surefire singles, yet still no action.

It would be a sad day if those rumours were true, because America sure needs The Ramones.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



PHOTO: JOE STEVENS

"Tommy don't wanna be a pinhead no more. We just seen a drummer we could go for..." JOEY RAMONE negotiates with RICHARD HELL for his stickman.

RIOT AT PRESTON GIG

ONE PERSON DIED and three others were hospitalised after a riot broke out between sets at a gig in Preston last Saturday.

The Depressions had just finished their set at Preston Polytechnic — a set which, according to the band's manager Paddy Bergen, had seen just "a few minor incidents, people climbing onstage, but nothing out of hand."

"Thirty seconds after their last number, all hell let loose," Bergen told *Thrills* on Monday.

The audience, seated in a kind of auditorium around the dance floor, watched with horror as two rival

football gangs — Blackpool and Preston North End supporters — fell on one another wielding chairs, tables, metal barriers and whatever else came to hand.

Most of the tables and chairs were apparently reduced to matchwood, though none of The Depressions' gear was smashed.

Back to the dressing room, the band was totally unaware of the brawl that had broken out. "They were shocked when I told them what was going on," said Bergen; as far as they were concerned it had been a reasonably trouble-free gig. "They had no inkling anything like that would happen."

Two people were spotted lying

unconscious on the floor.

One of them, 22-year-old Henry Bailey, of Higher Walton, near Preston, died of head injuries on his way to hospital.

Estimates of how many kids were involved in the fight range from 30 to 100. Only the arrival of the police in force stopped the action, which also led to the hospitalisation of security guard Frank Baran. He was kicked whilst trying to protect an injured girl.

According to the *Daily Mail* — whose lurid report had fans "screaming adulation at the band" (!) — half of the 600-strong audience were detained while police took names and addresses. There is now a force of 70 on the case, and Det. Supt.

Don Griffiths, the officer in charge, says they are prepared to track down every single person at the college that night in order to find the killer.

"It was a one-off job," a local police spokesperson told *Thrills*. "The Polytechnic is a well-run institution. There have been no complaints of violence before."

The Vibrators, who were headlining the event, did not get to play, of course.

Now, sadly, the backlash begins. On Monday, dates at Blackburn (just down the road from Preston), Sunderland and High Wycombe were pulled out by the agency, presumably by worried promoters — though Paddy Bergen says he was given no

reasons. The tour schedule now reads: Birmingham Barborellas (Wed 10), Manchester Raffles (Fri 12), Ashington Regal (Sat 14), Bristol Lorarno (Tues 16) and all the original dates from then on.

The Vibrators' Depressions London date is now at the Music Machine instead of the Lyceum, a change which was made before Saturday evening's events.

For a review of a somewhat more peaceable show by the two bands from Friday night's Edinburgh gig, see *On The Town*.

PHIL MCNEILL

THRILLS

THE POLICE said that there were 8,000 of us, and oh boy, did we have the Dunkirk spirit. It is truly amazing what British rock 'n' rollers will put themselves through when they have a mind to.

At its peak, the queue for the ticket outlet at Chappells in London's Bond Street threaded its way along nine blocks of side streets and round three sides of Hanover Square.

It took me a total of nine hours for a chance at four less-than-wonderful tickets. Further down the line, the folks at the front had sweated it out for two days and two nights in order to get within striking distance of the best seats.

The whole circus had an almost nostalgic air of the worst rock festival ever. You were dirty, tired, and bored beyond belief; no fun, no entertainment, and nothing to do but wait.

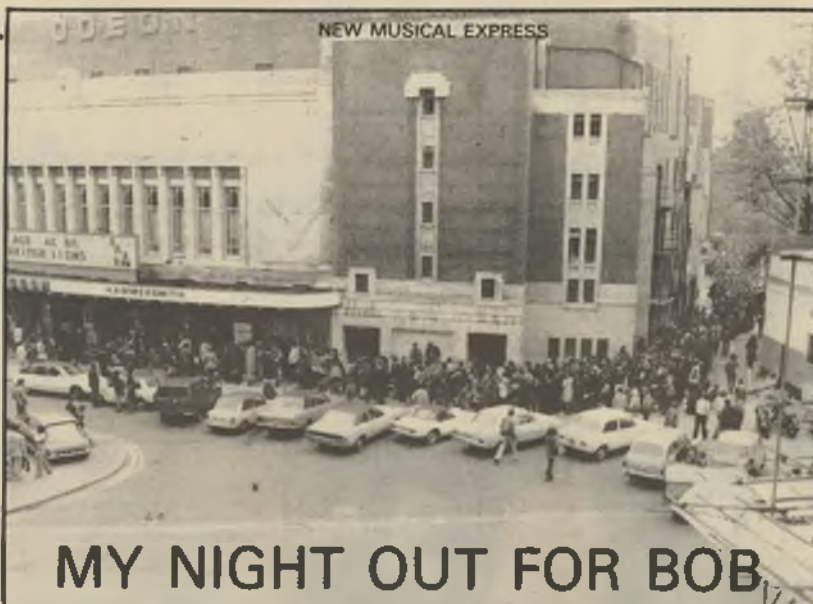
The crowd was almost 100 per cent old guard; long hair, blue jeans, hardly a spike haircut or a bondage stride in sight, although a fairly high percentage sported the campaign colours of the Victoria Park Anti-Nazi Rally. Apart from the age bracket, it was about as diverse an assembly as you could find.

At one extreme a dignified, downish individual chain-smoked and looked bemused; at the other, a terminal damage case wrapped in a

green sleeping bag, apparently there for the event rather than the tickets, stumbled about muttering, "I know my place... I know my place..."

The novelty wore off with amazing speed, and the whole event became grindingly tedious. Reading matter was at a premium. Spreading rumours

quickly developed into the main form of recreation. ("The tickets have almost gone" — "There's more coming" — "Everyone should go to



MY NIGHT OUT FOR BOB

Shaftesbury Avenue, there's no queue there". . .)

In the rapidly growing garbage, dozens of grainy pictures of Dylan (who? — Ed.), in countless adverts, peered over his glasses as though we all brought a lump to his wallet.

The size of the queue seemed to take just about everyone by surprise.

The police buzzed around like panicky wasps for a while, but then, finding a throwback to the days when popkids were a placid, bovine breed, settled for surveillance by a single sauntering constable. The hot dog men proved themselves totally incapable of improvising in the face of such a perfect crowd of captive customers.

Only the Salvation Army saw and seized their opportunity, and paraded round the square playing "Amazing Grace" and exhorting the ironically applauding queue to turn from Dylan to Jesus.

When the pink tickets were finally in my hand, there was a great temptation to leap, whooping, into the air. The only problem was that my boot-heels felt like they were boring into my ankles. Maybe the girl, three places down the queue, summed it up.



THE AUTHOR (facing camera, of course) camps out.

"If there's a lot of posers in the best seats with tickets they didn't have to queue for, I'm going to personally tear Harvey Goldsmith's head off."

Nobody disagreed.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

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6th PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic
7th CHELMSFORD, Essex, Chancellor Hall
9th LONDON, Woolwich, The Tramshed
13th BRIGHTON, Polytechnic
15th SWINDON, The Affair
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THE LENGTHS SOME POP STARS WILL SINK TO . . .

THE FLASH GEEZER with all the mouth, the zoot suit, the slicked front arcades and fairgrounds, cadging pocket money, cruising for love, drinking alone, the lonely guy, the loser, the spiv with the soft heart — Paul Shuttleworth was the face of The Kursaals Flyers.

Arguably the longest survivors of the pub rock generation that included the Brinsleys and the Kilburns (Lee

three-minute instant singles with flash, humour and showbiz fizz that mainly baffled the public. Was it comedy, or parody, or what? "We were convinced that once people heard what we were doing, we would be massive," Paul recalls, some four months after the band's final date. "We'd be what everyone was waiting for, because we played intelligent pop music. We were waiting trying to be completely catholic, trying to break down all

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH pops the question

Brillieaux might dispute that (Ed.), the Kursaals had a unique, subtle magic that came from Shuttleworth's thoroughly British, defiantly untrendy style and the delicate wistful humour of Will Birch's lyrics.

They were one of the few worthwhile live bands in the bleak pre-punk era, and played a set of

those musical barriers."

The barriers were eventually swept aside by the punk explosion, which also helped kill the Kursaals. The year of punk found the band in a confused state; the definitive Kursaals album, "Golden Mile," was a commercial flop, and the band floundered in a sea of anarchy, aggression and conflicting trends.



PICTURE: TOM SHEEHAN

"For me that album was what we were all about," says Paul. "We'd captured it. But it was a disaster as far as sales went, and that threw us into confusion."

It was a matter of timing. "If we'd had that hit single — 'Little Does She Know' — was their only chart success — 'nine months earlier, it could have been a whole lot different story." He flashes an old trouser smile (a white porcelain replaces the gold tooth, which he knocked out the night before their last gig): "That's showbusiness!"

"Showbusiness is what I'm all about, really. Not 'art' — it's showbusiness, entertainment. It's gotta have style. Nothing would please me more than to go out and do a couple of dates with an orchestra."

"I want to bring back big production pop" — he mentions

Dusty Springfield, Phil Spector, Gene Pitney and other leading lights of a forgotten school of music — "but not in a nostalgic way. The songs I'm writing now are all big production pop numbers, they haven't got messages — they're about guys losing their girls, things like that, all comic book stuff."

His new single, Willie de Ville's "Mixed Up Shook Up Girl," might seem an unlikely candidate for the strings and drama treatment which Mike Batt brought to "Little Does She Know", but it works — "it's an emotive song." Paul has also recorded Wreckless Eric's "Whole Wide World", in a "Troggs" fashion, apparently, as a possible follow-up.

There's a lot of people about — Wreckless Eric, Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello — who are writing tremendous pop songs. But in my

opinion, they're apologising for them in the way they perform them. They seem to be saying, well it's pop. Folks, but really it's rock — still that touch of post-psychodelic cool about it, 'this is art', you know?"

Paul Shuttleworth is unashamedly into pop. He speaks enthusiastically of the three-minute single as an art form in its own right, regards the Danette record player with respect, talks lovingly of the singles stacked in the auto changer, and the thud of the falling platters.

"I don't care about high fidelity," he growls, and becomes almost aggressive. "I'm interested in music!"

PETE SUTTON

PICTURE: TOM SHEEHAN

Swinging sisters

WHAT constitutes a record in the record-making business? The Andrews Sisters, who top the bill in Val Parrel's Sunday Night at the London Palladium, have sold about 60,000,000 discs since entering the business in 1938.

As if those statistics are not impressive enough, the swinging sisters sing 33 songs in their 45-minute act at the London night club where they are currently appearing. And that includes two changes of dress.

The "swinging sisters" make bands like The Ramones look like slowcoaches, observes Mike Butler, who spotted this while browsing through his valuable collection of old T.V. Timeses. This one, in case you don't remember it, came out in December 1960.

PICTURE: TOM SHEEHAN

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FOR THE FIRST MONTH after The Kursaals' break-up last November, their drummer/lyricist Will Birch was depressed.

Everybody — friends, journalists, musicians and music biz people — said Will should go solo, write, produce and do the occasional drumming stint in the studio.

After all, with Messrs Lowe,

exactly what he wanted to do. He'd tried with the Kursaals, but his vision could never be realised because to the public, The Kursaals Flyers were Paul Shuttleworth, the very embodiment of Sarfend sleaze and all its pierhead wide-boy connotations.

Will didn't take long to realise that falling away the days wasn't the way to sell a million. And together with Kursaals rhythm guitarist Johnny Wicks, with whom Will had struck up a songwriting partnership, he started

WILL BIRCH sets THE RECORDS straight

Costello and Drury grabbing the headlines, wasn't it once again The Age Of The Solo Artists? Groups were old hat. Passe. Yesterday's beer.

Moreover, the Kursaals' career had ended on a not entirely different note to Lowe's band, Brinsley Schwarz. Says Will: "We always had a dedicated following, but we never broke through to the average rock punter — the bloke who writes Status Quo on the back of his denim jacket in Bradford."

Most days Will would get up late, shamle down to his Sarfend local, knock back a few sherbets and snore away the rest of the day.

"I found the only time I was happy was when I was either asleep or pissed. I felt very insecure. I didn't have the guts to go it alone. I don't have that kind of talent."

Besides, for some time he'd known

going about the mechanics of forming a group. Despite what everyone was saying.

"You look around and you see all these people disappearing," he says. "Getting fat and drying up. I don't have to name names. I didn't want that to happen to me."

Adverts were placed. More songs were written. But finding the missing links wasn't easy. Will moans: "We went through two months of absolute hell trying to find the right line-up."

Eventually one Paul Brown was netted in on bass. Previously with The Janets (Definitely a band ahead of their time — Ed), Will and John had felt Brown was right from the moment he walked in the door. When he opened his guitar case and produced a Rickenbacker guitar, they knew he was the right man.

● Next page



Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

THE RECORDS (L-R): swinging, WILL BIRCH & PHIL BROWN; dodgy, JOHNNY WICKS & HUW GOWER

WHEN THE TANKS ROLL OVER POLAND AGAIN

AUTOMATICS

PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE WIPB439

ISLAND

THE RECORDS

● From previous page

On seven separate occasions, Will placed an ad for a guitarist. But no joy. Meantime the trio — Birch, Wicks and Brown — rehearsed undaunted. One night they saw, this geezer, name of Hew Gower playing with The Rat Bites From Hell at the Nashville (Another mob ahead of their time! — Ed). He was something like the 24th guitarist Will had auditioned, and he completed The Records' line-up; the name is Will's.

That was under two months ago. Since then The Records have started to work themselves in, keen to get on the road, warts and all.

I saw them recently at the Hope & Anchor playing their second gig. They're an excellent combo, and, despite Will's presence, have little in common with the Kursaaks.

The Records are already a hard-biting rock and roll band, playing tightly constructed melodic songs rooted in a pop tradition which was at its heyday in the mid-'60s.

As someone has already said, one of their songs, "Up All Night", sounds like the



PIC: GEORGE BODINAR

mixing cut from "Revolver". Although their material is economical, their songs are not so short that they exclude guitar solos. Gower's playing is flecked with psychedelic nuances, and Wicks wields a tough rhythm guitar.

The impetuous journalist probably wouldn't think twice about calling The Records a, er, power pop group. Naturally, Will detests the term. "It's like an apology. It implies that previously pop had lacked power."

He expands: "There's nothing much new happening in rock and roll. The whole scene has turned into a parody. New groups come along and they're heralded by some immature journalist, because they wear shoes that were in fashion in 1965."

"It's nearly 1980. Rock and roll has been around for 30 years."

"The last thing the world needs is another group — but I think there are people who do need the kind of music we're playing. As great as records like 'Eight Miles High', 'Strawberry Fields Forever' and 'My Generation' were, I still feel it's an unexploited

area. Nobody ever took it to its limit. That's what we want to do."

In fact, if I've got Will correct, the only bands which he considers have attempted to build on that area are American groups like the late lamented Big Star, an outfit called Blue Ash whom Will came across in the import bins, and to a lesser extent Tom Petty and Cheap Trick. Will claims that no British band is doing what The Records are — although one colleague suggested a similarity between The Records and Rich Kids.

Consequently, Will wants to record in America with an American producer. People he has in mind include Todd Rundgren and Ted Nugent/Cheap Trick producer Tom Werman.

Aside from the Will Birch-John Wicks originals, The Records' set features Tim Moore's "Rick 'n' Roll Love Letter" (a buoyant number recorded, surprisingly enough, by The Bay City Rollers), The Everly Brothers' "Max With Money" (the B-side of "Love Is Strange") — and "19th Nervous Breakdown". There's also two Kursaaks songs, "Girls

That Don't Exist" and "Everything But A Heartbeat", recorded but never released.

The group's weakest front is their vocals, fairly ambitious three-piece vocal harmonies that aspire to sounding great, but at the moment don't always come off. But reminiscent of the Fab Four, they certainly are.

"I'd be foolish to say they didn't remind me of certain phases of The Beatles' career," Will admits. "Also The Byrds — and The Move."

Traditionally a harmony singer will sing a fifth above the melody line or whatever, but for the type of harmonies we're trying to do you can't do that. They're slightly more complicated.

"People think it's just a parody. It's not. It's an earnest attempt to..." Will trails off. There's no reason for him to be defensive about what he's trying to do, since while it's obvious where The Records' roots are buried, they are offering something which isn't mere plagiarism — and which does have the seeds of something new.

"The Kursaaks were a rock 'n' roll Tommy Cooper," he says. "They did tricks, but they didn't quite come off. At times they came dangerously close to becoming a comedy act."

"But they were an alternative to what was happening at the time. When the Kursaaks started, we were playing to people who were into Rick Wakeman and Black Sabbath."

"Although the Kursaaks failed, we did succeed in setting the mood. I want The Records to be like a rock 'n' roll Lenny Bruce. We're trying to take onstage what we are. We're not changing into funny suits."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Goldie

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WARLEY NEWS TELEPHONE



Demo pix: JOHN TRUX

ANTI-NUKES PROTEST BE-IN

DESPITE THE ALMOST total lack of coverage in the press after the event, the anti-nuclear demonstration which took place on the eve of the anti-Nazi carnival was a positive if modest affair.

Some 10,000 people marched from Hyde Park through metropolis central down to Trafalgar Square, where the main events of the day took place. Street sellers flogging everything from Vole to Socialist Challenge combed the crowd, a mixed assembly mainly of out-of-towners.

There were no sidebar attractions to divert



attention from the main platform where a seemingly endless troupe of speakers said their piece. The majority of the speeches were plain dull, however well-meaning.

One high spot was the militant speech by Arthur Scargill of the miners union, who called for a programme of civil disobedience if necessary, raising a cheer from the crowd. The CND speaker admitted that they had been slow to pick up on the link between nuclear arms and nuclear power but now pledged solidarity.

Most interesting speaker was leading French ecopolitician Brice Lalonde, whose short punchy speech emphasised that the anti-nuclear struggle was just part of a much larger battle to change the direction society was heading in. His humour and freshness of approach contrasted sharply with the dull old clichés that previous orators had churned out.

Terry Jones of Monty Python said his bit. Roy Harper provided the only rustic of the day, a commodity sadly lacking in the whole proceedings.

Still, most people seemed to agree it was a useful beginning, an opportunity to exchange ideas, a chance for the politics freaks and old campaigners to gauge the strength of the anti-nuclear support. It will be interesting to watch where things go from here.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



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SINGER GETS SIX MONTHS FOR STEALING UNION JACK

WHAT STARTED OUT as a simple wager could end up with six months in the slammer for Ollie Wisdom — the 20-year-old singer with The Unwanted.

It was Jubilee Day — June 2, 1977, to be precise. The location: Bromley in Kent.

Seemingly, Master Wisdom was visiting a friend's house, from where they were admiring the patriotic display of hunting run-up for the celebrations. Suddenly, a flagpole in a neighbour's garden caught their attention — especially the large Union Jack fluttering in the breeze. After a few minutes, Wisdom's waggish friend wagered the singer that he couldn't retrieve the flag from the mast-head.

Being a sportsman, Wisdom promptly accepted the bet, and in next-to-no-time was clutching the flag in one hand and his winnings in the other.

However, before Wisdom could return the flag from whence it had

come, a public-spirited neighbour (ignorant of the wager) had contacted the local constabulary and, as a direct result, Wisdom was promptly charged on two counts: trespassing and theft.

For the next few months, Wisdom was in and out of one court after another.

According to The Unwanted's manager Ral Lofting, a request for legal aid was rejected and therefore the group have had to pay defence costs, which Lofting estimates now run into "thousands of pounds".

As for Wisdom, he's been sentenced to six months imprisonment.

The fact that The Unwanted are a punk band whose current Raw Records single is entitled "Secret Police" may, Lofting suggests, have contributed to placing the whole incident in an unfavourable light.

At the moment, Ollie Wisdom has been bound over for one month, pending his appeal.

ROY CARR

OLLIE WISDOM



PICTURE BY KEVIN CUMMINGS

IF THE KURSAALS were the underdog's band, what do you call Roogalator? Minimal promotion and inadequate distribution have been the price of the complete control granted by Do It Records, and the strain of hard gigging in limbo is beginning to tell.

Drummer Justin Hildreth took his brilliance and delicate good looks to the security of the London Drum Centre and sessions a month ago, to be replaced by one-time Stomu Yamashta sideman Nick Munna. An Irish tour is already underway, followed by the Nashville on May 19. Business as usual, except that a change of tactics by leader Danny Adler (left) should soon bear fruit.

Possibly stirred by ex-pianist Nick Plytas' current flirtation with the big-time — depping in the TRB, sessions with The Clash — Adler is negotiating a deal with an "established independent" and may drop the band name, which has undoubtedly acquired a 'loser' tag.

A similar move did Nils Lofgren no harm, and vindication of Danny's gospel of wit, virtuosity and funk would be one of the year's happier endings.

HARRY ROBINSON

THROTTLES



PICTURE BY JOHN TYGIER

LOWRY



STRANGE STARS AND ORIENTAL HYSTERIA

ALL OF A SUDDEN, Japanese teendom has taken Cheap Trick to its collective bedroom, with a hysteria level unseen even there since... well, since Kiss' last tour at least.

Upon arrival for their first ever tour of Japan, Cheap Trick were greeted by 600 screaming fans, who had to be physically restrained by police cordons. The zealous teenies then followed the band's police motorcade to their hotel on foot, in taxis, in cars and on bikes — screaming all the way, or so we're told.

Yet more mob scenes awaited them at the hotel. People climbed up fire escapes, attacked limousines, chased other people round buildings, threw letters and presents, and did all the things we have come to associate with the mysterious rites of pubescent adulation.

Official reaction, however, was more reserved. The local promoter warned Cheap Trick person Rick Nielsen that if any guitar picks were thrown at the crowd that night he would close the show for fear of a riot.

Cheap Trick mania followed wherever they went. (Brilliant copy! — Ed.) One hastily added extra show at an 11,000 seater hall sold out in a day, and the band's "Clock Strikes Ten" was the No. 1



If they'll go crazy for this, they'll go crazy for anything! RICK NIELSEN — Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG

single for six weeks.

The final date at Shizuoka ended in mayhem, when girls broke through police barricades and stormed the stage. When the band flew home, over 1,000 weeping

fans turned out at the airport to wave goodbye and good liddance.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

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The creation of life without sexual procreation

One man claims cloning has already been done — with human beings. Grilled on television and in the national press, DAVID RORVIK has stuck to his best-selling story of the American millionaire who has actually been cloned. According to Rorvik, this man's artificially created 'son' is already 18 months old.

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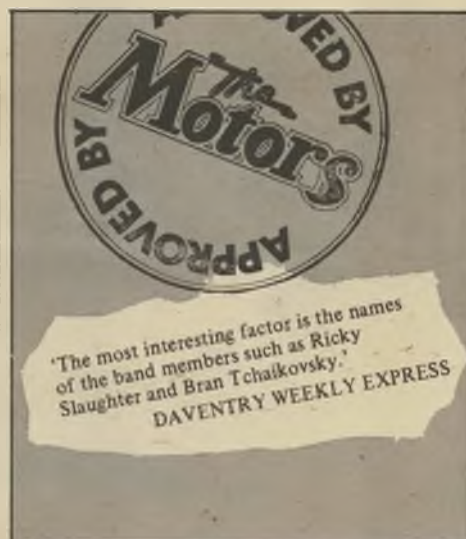


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AWAKE SOME

ROCK 'N' ROLL



Album: Polydor Deluxe (POLD 5002)
Cassette: POLDC 5002



HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE IRISH BAND AND THE GREEN BEER?

No? Read on then, bro'. This is a story of amazing weirdness. You obviously haven't heard about the green underwear either. Or the green Chicago river. Or . . . Well, let's just join Irish rockers **HORSLIPS** on their recent States tour and witness the patriotic fervour of those Americans whose ancestors hailed from the Old Sod. Like, *Green Thoughts From Abroad*. (If you can't handle it, don't worry — Horslips couldn't either).

ANDY GILL reports . . .

EXAMPLES OF three separate openings to a feature. — The first:

Radio Station WISN is reached via a three-storey lift ride (sorry, elevator ride) up a downtown Milwaukee office block, a footfall of steps and a pair of reasonably heavy swing doors. Beyond the doors lies a single level mini-labyrinth of rooms, cubicles and corridors, some stacked with albums, some with sizeable chunks of be-dialled and buzzing machinery, and others with the usual impedimenta of office existence.

Throughout the complex permeates an illicit odour which tells you this isn't Wonderful Radio One.

Stuck on one of the office doors is a newspaper clipping bearing the legend "It's Not Easy Being Green".

Horslips' drummer Eamon Carr and keyboard player/flautist Jim Lockhart have arrived to do the usual promo rap for tonight's gig. Only tonight's gig is somewhat out of the ordinary, it being St. Patrick's Day.

A mid-teens secretary leans over a desk in the reception area. She's wearing bright green slacks, a matching green waistcoat, and an absurd two-sizes-too-small cardboard bowler hat such as is worn at children's parties. The hat, of course, is green.

Pinned to the waistcoat lapel is a badge, presumably intended to demonstrate the extent of her St. Patrick's Day solidarity, which claims: "I'M WEARING GREEN UNDERWEAR".

"And", she confides coquettishly, "it's true as well".

The second opening:

Horslips are an Irish rock band. Not, you'll note, a folk-rock band, simply a bunch of Irish rockers who realised the absurdity of relying wholly on R'n'B (an alien culture) for their musical roots, and decided instead to tap the immense vein of Irish culture — musical, literary, historical and mythological — heretofore the province of folkies.

As Carr states, "It's ridiculous to be singing about nickels and dimes when you've never seen a nickel of a dime; I still don't know which is which, as it happens . . ."

The essential difference between Horslips and the Fairport/Steeleye school they've all too often been lumped together with is that whereas the latter have generally attempted to revive a dead culture, and produce pretty faithful updatings of traditional songs, Horslips write their own material, taking folk-myths and Irish history for basic subject-matter, and using fragments of traditional tunes and textures as and when they fit into the rock context.

Unfortunately, the "Irish Steeleye" tag has become a millstone they're unlikely to shrug off, in Britain at least.

In America, however, they're still an unknown quantity: widespread interest here started with their penultimate album, "The Book Of Invasions", but it's really only the current "Aliens" album which has brought them more than cult status, stateside.

The third opening:

Milwaukee is a manufacturing town on the western edge of the mid-west industrial belt. Sixty miles north of Chicago, on the shores of Lake



Michigan, it combines the eyesores of industry with the kind of lakeside scenery the guidebooks generally refer to as "breathtaking". The one-and-a-quarter million inhabitants (which I suppose makes it a city) are extensively settled in low-rise apartment blocks and rows of extremely neat (and touchingly rustic) wooden houses; there's but one building (a bank, of course) which could be called a skyscraper — a sore thumb on an otherwise sensuous skyline.

Milwaukee's greatest cultural contributions, so far, have been beer, Harley-Davidsons and The Fonz.

Relevant excerpt from a conversation between Jim Lockhart and an American Basketball Player:

ABP: So, whaddya think of Milwaukee?

JL: I was quite surprised — I mean, it's a deal more cosmopolitan than I expected.

ABP: Oh . . . I don't understand that.

JL: Well, it's not as provincial as I thought it might be.

ABP: I . . . er . . . don't understand that word . . .

JL: Like, it's not HICK, y'know?

ABP: Aah . . . I see what you mean!

JL: It's fast, like a city!

ABP: Oh, sure. Now we're talking the same language!

THE FIRST shock I get in Milwaukee is at the Hobday Inn. A literal shock, and the first of many — it's impossible to open a door or switch on a light without a sharp static crackle frying your fingertips. The cause, I'm told, is the cheap nylon carpeting they use, and it's small consolation to learn that the phenomenon's not peculiar to Milwaukee but can be experienced the nation over.

To someone keeping a paranoid pupil peeping for human-borne dangers, it's a bit below the belt to find seemingly innocent inanimate objects ganging up and zapping you a volt or two when you least expect it.

The bar is bedecked with streamers (green), cardboard shamrocks (ditto) and strange little ditto-clad cardboard figures presumably meant to represent leprechauns. A notice (green) proclaims the availability of the "St. Patrick's Day Special" — for a dollar, you can get a corned beef sandwich and a glass of green beer, an offer I found remarkably easy to refuse, on the grounds that if I didn't pass it up, my stomach probably would.

(Later that day, I overlooked the unpleasant overtones of urolagnia and braved a beaker of the brew. It tasted surprisingly okay, especially when consumed with eyes shut. However, the edible green dye they put in the stuff makes your tongue come out in support of St. Patrick, and guarantees a genuine synthetic Green Gilbert every gob. Not for the faint-hearted, you'll agree.)

The barman, a gent to whom the epithet "hale and hearty" could reasonably be applied, puts on a background tape of dreadful pseudo-Irish muzak — the kind of stuff they probably have in Tesco's, Tipperary — and receives for his trouble a muted oath from Horslips' bassist Barry Devlin.

Horslips, you see, despite their free-ranging adaptation of traditional Irish music, are not amused by its emasculation, especially when it's part of a package of myth and misconception rarely seen outside the

pages of an Irish Tourist Board brochure.

Mind you, that doesn't prevent them from stealing a chuckle at the ironies of certain American-Irish misconceptions:

"The American-Irish believe that The Irish Rovers singing 'The Unicorn Song' is Irish music", claims Eamon Carr, "when it was written years ago by Shel Silverstein, a balding cartoonist for *Playboy* or *The New Yorker* who wrote all Dr. Hook's early stuff. As it is, most of the American-Irish don't even know where Ireland is!"

"You know the legend about St. Patrick banishing all the snakes from Ireland?" chips in Jim Lockhart.

"Well, the story that's been taken up now is that they swam across the Atlantic and became Irish Americans."

"Hence the instrumental track on the 'Unfortunate Cup Of Tea' album called 'The Snakes' Farewell To The Emerald Isle', adds Carr. "Early inductive."

Relevant excerpts from the Eamon Carr Guide To Dublin:

"One of the most humorous sights in Ireland is to see the coachloads of blue-rinsed Americans being whisked into the Abbey Theatre to watch a Sean O'Casey play that they have no comprehension or understanding of."

"They just get whisked in, check out the theatre, applaud wildly, put back on the coach and brought back to the hotel."

IT'S NOT hard to see why Horslips' humour tends towards the scathing when the butt is the American Irish: besides the sheer obscenity of acts like dyeing Chicago's river green, the application of good ol' Yankee laissez-faire capitalism to the St. Patrick's Day festivities is executed with a quite astonishing lack of dignity and sensitivity.

McDonald's burger-chain produces a special "Shamrock Shake"; Lenders ("The Frozen Bagel People") bake batches of foul green bagels all individually wrapped in sealed plastic bags bearing the mandatory leprechaun pic and the ridiculous Irish/Jewish hybrid slogan "Erin Go Bragh — Shamol" ("Ireland For Ever — Peace"); and the overall plastering of the shamrock makes the shops seem like a deck of cards composed solely of green Aces of Clubs.

Relevant excerpts from radio advert for nightclub:

" . . . shake your shalalegh and shimmy your shamrock . . ."

EVEN WITHOUT the St. Patrick's Day excesses, Horslips would probably still view the Irish Americans with a mixture of pity and distaste. The "Aliens" album charts the initial emigration of the Irish to America in the late 1840s/early 1850s, around the time of the Potato Famine, and their eventual rise to prosperity and social preeminence.

"What we've been saying on 'Aliens' frankly hasn't been too nice, y'know, not too favourable to our Irish cousins", admits Carr, "because what happened was, you had people in little villages who had a good sense of community relations, and when they went on those coffin-ships to get here, it suddenly became the survival of the fittest, and they realised when they got over here that it was basically the 'rootless boyo' who actually survived."

Continues over page

■ From previous page

Relevant excerpt from Horslips song:

"So this is the life you dreamed of. Don't worry if it's not as good as it seemed. / You've enough on your plate — that's business / You know you can beat the American Dream." (From "A Lifetime To Pay")

"And obviously the American Irish lost touch with Ireland, but they know there's some sort of Ireland over there, so they're hanging on to some concept of roots, y'know? So they wear a little bit of green on St. Patrick's Day, and it gives them something to hang on to. But I don't think they're a particularly nice set of people."

Relevant excerpt from another Horslips song:

"And though they can't remember what they're cheering for today / It's far too late to tell them they've been fooled again / They never listen anyway." (From "Second Avenue")

"I DON'T know if you saw that newspaper, the *Toronto Star* (The German Newspaper With Canada At Heart), that we picked up in Toronto," adds Lockhart. "It was totally in German, full of German people looking archetypically German, all eating German food and singing German songs in four-part harmony. And seeing them as an outsider, you get the whole 'displaced persons' vibe."

"The difference with the Irish coming over here was that they spoke the language, and that was why they had the quick 'in', y'know? Otherwise a small ethnic group would've been way behind the Poles and Italians. That was their big advantage from about 1850 to 1900, as we discovered when we started digging into it for the 'Aliens' album."

"We discovered quite a lot of interesting stuff — like the population of New York in 1850 was one-third Irish. Not Irish descent, but born in Ireland. The big exodus was 1847-50, and quite a lot of them never got here..."

A sizeable number of descendants of those that did get here are blocking the lobby and monopolising the elevators of the Holiday Inn. You can tell they're descendants because of the "little bit of green" in their

clothing. It's not unlike standing in an overgrown field of alfalfa that's been crop-dusted with candyapple paint.

Further subtle hints at the ethnic identity can be gleaned from fetching "Kiss Me Quick" style straw boaters emblazoned with "ERIN GO BRAGH" (in green, natch) favoured by some of the ladies. O'Brien, it seems, is throwing a party for 400 fellow expatriates up on the fourth floor.

And he's heard there's this Irish band staying on the floor below. And — well, now! — this here young boyo with the violent green leather suit and the tell-tale rings round his eyes just has to be one of them!

To cut a long lobby confrontation short, O'Brien dishes out a general invitation to his wing-ding (presumably desirous of a jig or two), and Eamon Carr — for it is he — dishes out "Kiss My Ass" in Irish, just as a teaser.

Luckily for Carr, Horslips, Holiday Inns Ltd, and the person dearest to my heart, O'Brien's not as Irish as he'd like to make out, and the remark slips by unnoticed as he regales the band with tedious tales about Irishmen who run bars (what else?): "...and Pat Donachie, he even opened a bar on the south side, which is the Polish area. You should see those Poles, they can't understand a word he says — 'Vot iz dis? Vot do you mean?'"

Actually, I'm feeling rather like those poor Poles myself, so I'm rather relieved when we shuffle off to the relative sanity of the sound-check — which is, as sound-checks are wont to be if you're not involved, a king-sized yawn.

As it happens, the band take up O'Brien's offer later that night, and mingle awhile with the folks upstairs. Jim Lockhart and fiddler Charles O'Connor even oblige the legless mass with a selection of authentic Irish traditional tunes, which elicit the following vehement reaction from one drunk, described by Carr as resembling an official from the Pentagon:

"O'Brien, you're fulla shit! You're an asshole! These fuckin' young people, why can't they play any fuckin' Irish tunes? This fuckin' new music that these young people are playin' today is shit! And you're fulla shit, O'Brien! You're an asshole!"

But I digress. After a meal at an

expensive Italian restaurant, during which I get my unpteenth shock in the shape of a genuine American dust-up — "I'll kill you, you asshole!", that kind of thing — it's back to the gig to catch the last number by support band Garfield, a Capricorn label band who don't boogie!

Their equipment includes tympani, tubular bells, cello, keyboards, acoustic guitar and flute, thus successfully covering every possible variant of English music of the past five years. Except rock 'n' roll.

Nothing wrong with that, except that (for this number, at least) they come across like an amalgam of the worst bits of ELO, Genesis, Cockney Rebel and a few others I won't soil the page with.

Fabulously, deliciously revolting, as grotesquely over the top as only Yanks on the wrong track can be. They should go far.

Horslips are preceded onstage by a typically wrecked American whose vocal chords stumble dyslexically through a list of forthcoming attractions before announcing the band. He is, of course, attired entirely in green — top hat, jacket and trousers — and to cap it all, his face is smothered in gauche green greasepaint.

There are cries of "boogie!" (obviously an American friend of Wally's) from an audience already well-juiced on the ubiquitous green beer, cries which dwindle and disappear as it becomes pretty obvious that Horslips aren't into pandering to inebriate anticipation. Eventually, an atmosphere of bewilderment, surliness and anger prevails, alleviated only when Johnny Fean slips in one of his stinging little guitar breaks.

The Milwaukee audience is obviously used to having its all-consuming desire for multi-megawatt boogie fulfilled — the mid-west syndrome, I suppose — and this here bunch of Irish cats, well, they're not what was expected. Sure, folks was prepared to give 'em the benefit of the doubt, what with it being St. Paddy's and all, but this is a far cry from "Paddy McGinty's Goat".

I can sympathise with the disgruntled audience to a certain extent — after all, there's nothing worse than being pissed and pissed-off — but there's little excuse for their seemingly random



BARRY DEVLIN (left) and EAMON CARR

vacillations. Under closer scrutiny, positive response seems to be limited — revealingly — to those numbers (generally from the "Aliens" album) to which Jim Lockhart's flute lends a Tull-esque texture; when in doubt, grasp at the straws of familiarity...

There's a palpable change, however, in the audience's demeanour, after which point things move with comparative ease. Again, it's rather revealing that this watershed should be marked by "Sword Of Light" (from "The Book Of Invasions"), a piece which combines, more effectively, perhaps, than any other Horslips song, the elements of boogie and jigs on which peoples' preconceptions were so obviously based: O'Connor's introductory fiddle tune transmuting smoothly into Fean's indelible guitar line, a perfect nexus of ancient and modern.

From there on in, it's a downhill freewheel to the climax of "Dearg Doom" (the band's "Signature tune" from the soon-to-be re-released "The Tain") and a couple of encores, the latter of which is a note-perfect rendition of the rock 'n' kitsch classic "Rockin' Duck" — at least, I think that's what it's called.

The next day, when I suggest that New York's large Irish contingent may be largely responsible for Horslips' break-out there, Lockhart refers back to the previous night's difficulties:

"Oddly enough, as you will have

noticed last night, that gig was a very 'Irish' job, and they're not our audience at all. We really do steer clear of the 'Paddy' thing where we can, because the Irish are not a particularly rock-orientated people, and the Irish Americans even less so."

"So," concludes Carr, "the fact that New York is largely Irish has nothing to do with it, because those kind of Irish Americans would probably go for The Chieftains, or something like that. We get total rock 'n' roll audiences, which is nice."

"When we set out, we wanted to wed the excitement of rock 'n' roll with the excitement of traditional Irish music. We didn't want to revive a dying culture, like Fairport of Sleaford — we didn't want to get into any of that shit. So we just came over here as a rock band, and we were lucky in that 'The Book Of Invasions' seems to be viewed over here as some kind of Tolkien-esque saga, or something like a Marvel comic. The fans who come and talk to us aren't so much the Irish ones as those that are interested in the occult."

Conclusion of the piece — penultimate:

"You find some fairly staggering misconceptions," confides Lockhart. "A couple of chicks in Cleveland were asking me where Ireland was, and I said, 'Well, like, it's beside England, y'know, on the other side of the Atlantic, on the edge of Europe', and I mentioned that it was maybe 300 or 400 miles long and about 200 miles wide, and they looked at me in astonishment: 'Gee, I thought it was like the States, y'know?'"

"I said, 'Oh no, it's much smaller than any of the individual states, and Holland is even smaller than that, and France is maybe the size of Maine'. And they freaked! They weren't altogether sure where Maine was, to begin with..."

Conclusion of the piece, ultimate:

Having heard that Horslips were possessed of a peculiarly Irish wit, I'd taken, in token preparation for our meeting, a copy of Irish humourist Flann O'Brien's novel *At Swim-Two-Birds* to read on the plane.

Now, coincidence is offe thing, but to travel several thousand miles and find an identical copy of the book sitting innocently beside you on the band car's seat, well, it's just got to have some special significance...

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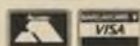
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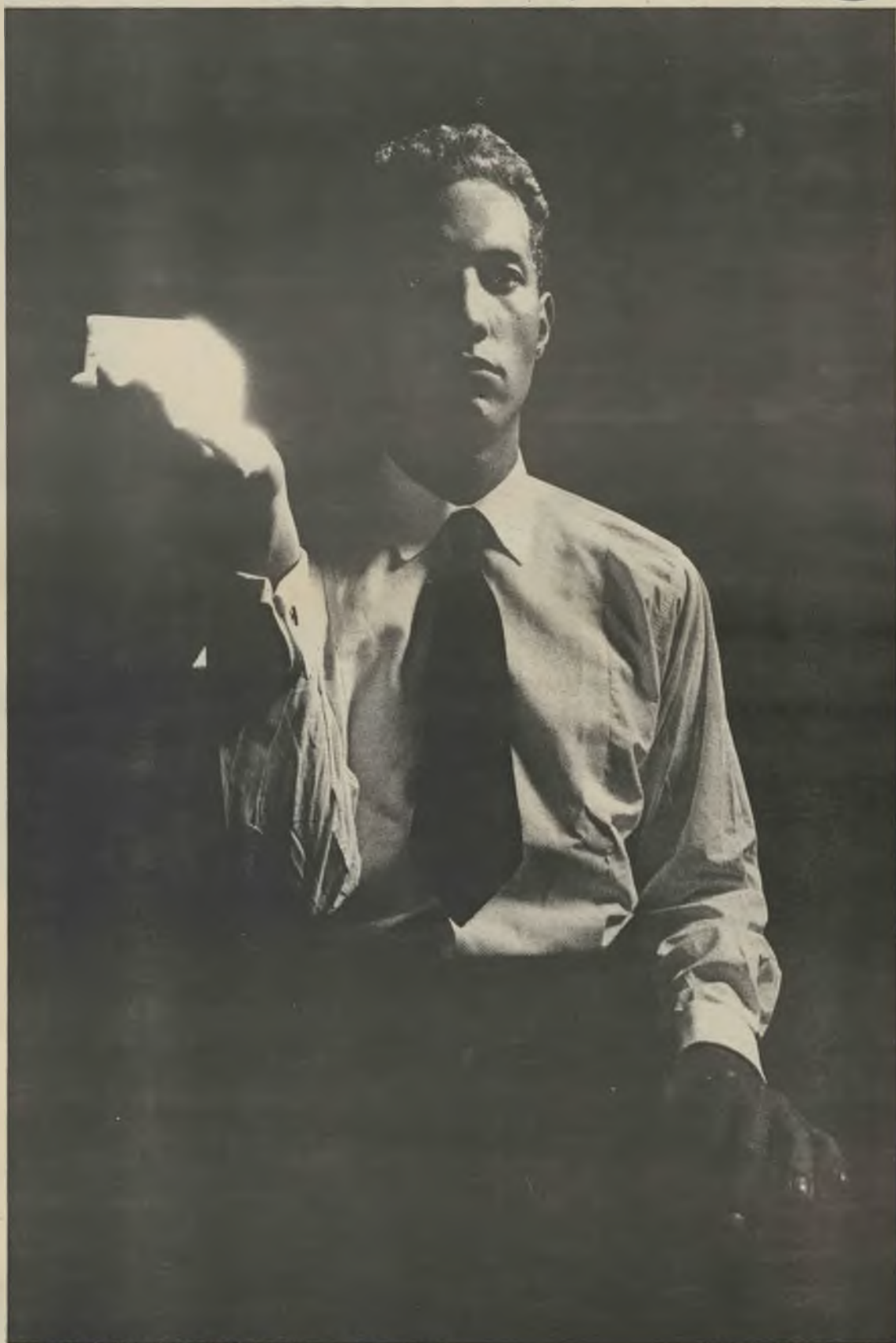


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POLAR BORES



STEVE CLARKE goes to Iceland to get insulted by THE STRANGLERS

WITH BEER virtually outlawed, a bottle of Scotch selling at £11 a throw, and just four restaurants in the whole town, Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, has to be the perfect place to launch The Stranglers' new album and kick off a world tour. It would be difficult to come up with a more perverse choice of location for a record company gig.

In Reykjavik there are just three hours of television a day, none at all on Thursdays, and there's a total shutdown in July. There are two rock programmes a week on the government-controlled radio station, and virtually every consumer item is incredibly expensive (£3 for a pack of cards). Los Angeles it certainly isn't. There is a 30 per cent illegitimacy rate, mind.

Approaching Reykjavik from the airport on a road so straight it would make Tiberius Claudius green with envy, the first impression is of the sheer bleakness of the place. Trees are non-existent on the lava-encrusted landscape. No penguins about either. Or, come to that, any sign of life at all.

Still, with a population of just over 200,000, that's no surprise. Over half Iceland's population live in Reykjavik, and there'll be a great many travelling from the surrounding hinterland to gape at The Stranglers, unknown here a month ago but now assured of drawing in excess of 4,000, which amounts to two per cent of the population.

United Artists has flown in 50 or so assorted liggers, many of whom are here for no apparent purpose other than to toast The Stranglers' new waxing, "Black And White" (reviewed page 33). There's a posse of publicists, journalists and photographers, lots of geezers from the record company and several peripheral Stranglers' people like producer Martin Rushent and Kevin Sparrow, the man responsible for the sleeve design of "Black And White".

The whole trip is costing UA, the group's label, in the region of £6,000.

AWKWARD. The word crops up again and again amongst those who surround The Stranglers. It's given — though none too seriously — as a reason for this jaunt taking place in Iceland in the first place.

That word comes up again when the group steadfastly refuses to play ball at a fiasco of a press conference for the long-suffering members of the Icelandic press. The local photographers had already been 'terrorised' by Burnel and Cornwell at the airport.

The Stranglers' relationship with the press has never been a particularly cordial one. And their success seems to have brought no softening of that attitude. Recently, *Sunday* journalist Jon Savage was given a personal demonstration of Burnel's ability to defend himself unarmed.

Aside from their initial reluctance to co-operate with the Icelandic press in

Reykjavik, Cornwell gives a *Record Mirror* staffer, who'd previously had to obtain 'clearance' from Burnel before he was allowed on The Lig, a particularly bad time, instructing him to take the first available flight southwards.

This writer fares little better. Burnel is distinctly uncooperative in a short interview session.

In reply to run-of-the-mill questions like "What does he listen to these days?", Burnel says, "I haven't been able to stop myself listening to our new album." Trying to talk about the group's recent U.S. tour is similarly difficult.

So why are The Stranglers playing big venues after vowing they wouldn't? "What big venues?" is Burnel's reply. Well, Stafford's Bingley Hall, for one. "We're also playing small venues. We always do club gigs when we're back home. A lot of people who're into us have never been able to see us because of age. What's the sell-out? Our prices are about the third of Bowie's. We sell more records than him."

According to UA's laconic PR Michael Gray, both Stranglers' albums have sold in the region of 500,000 copies in Britain, easily out-distancing all their assumed punk rivals.

And, contrary to a feeling in the press ranks that The Stranglers have blown it, there's an advance order of 52,000 claimed for "Black And White".

While Gray considers The Stranglers' backlash largely a thing of the past, Burnel seems to see no end to the "passionate hatred" (his words) that surrounds the band. Yet he admits that to a certain extent he enjoys the "martyrdom".

Burnel isn't particularly illuminating when it comes to analysing why The Stranglers' evince this kind of reaction. He says: "We haven't been packaged normally. We come in all shapes and sizes. We don't come in uniforms. The only uniform is that we get along. We don't bicker."

ICELAND IS THE first date of The Stranglers' world-tour and fits in perfectly with the band's perverse tradition of playing obscure places. It's also, as marketing man Knowles points out, "a black and white country for a black and white album".

Although considerably better than the last time I saw them (at The Roundhouse), there is something slapdash about the band's set which, apart from Dave Greenfield's keyboards, sounds identical to all the other Stranglers' sets I've heard.

Greenfield now uses a fair amount of synthesisers, something which has given the band an android edge. The overall effect, though, is of Status Quo, but more aggressive and without the good vibes. It's disappointing that The Stranglers haven't attempted to expand beyond their narrow headbanging horizons.

For all their talk and attitudinizing, The Stranglers remain very much in the tradition of mainstream British heavy rock.



Photography
PENNIE SMITH





BANCROFT and MACLAINE in THE TURNING POINT
 "Hey, Anne — do you suppose those two crumpled jerks are cycling up?"
 "Come off it, Skirt. They wouldn't know a prima from a pratfall."

SILVER SCREEN

COPS, CULTURE, KRIS — AND BLOODY GREAT BIG SPIDERS

The Turning Point

Directed by Herbert Ross
 Starring Shirley Maclaine
 and Anne Bancroft
 (Fox)

EXCEPTING THE superb *Annie Hall* and the entertaining *Saturday Night Fever*, my excursions into the current 'hot stuff' American cinema have been pretty damn depressing. Leaving aside the hyper-putrile pabulum of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*, the basically facile essence of U.S. cinema was whacked home with a thundersome vengeance during yet another multi-Oscar nominee, *The Turning Point* (it won none).

I'd gone along initially, by the way, simply because I've consistently admired both Shirley Maclaine and, particularly, the sublime Anne Bancroft.

Well — I was robbed. For although the ladies concerned do turn in their usual high standard of performance, the basic plot line with its smartly clichéd network of interlocking sub-plots is so patently dire that the whole affair swan-dives pronto into a quagmire of bathos, sickly sentiment and *Crossroads*-type intrigue, all tied together with a pink ribbon under the context of 'culture' played out in the world of American ballet.

The problem is not so much the Maclaine and Bancroft

characters — the pair, now in their 40s, were once level-pegging in the prima ballerina stakes but the former opted for the joys of housewifery while the latter went on to become America's answer to Margot Fonteyn.

The pair's reunion, in which they compare 'lots', has a certain substance but the plot decides to drag in Maclaine's daughter, one Lesley Browne as a teenage lass with (you guessed it) superb potential as a prima ballerina.

Now Miss Browne may be a whizz in ballet-slippers but the scenes involving her seduction and deflowerment by some muscle-bound Russian heart-throb are so hideously coy that the entire audience has no recourse but to break down in laughter.

This mass sniggering continues throughout as cliché follows cliché. But what makes the whole charade so damnably offensive is the gooey centre hiding behind a veneer of 'art' and 'culture'.

Bah! *The Turning Point* is being touted as a 'woman's picture', and I would consider that actively demeaning to my gender (were I female). The feminine intellect — or any intellect come to that — deserves to be stimulated by something less simplistic than this sheep in wolf's clothing.

Nick Keat

"TERRIFIC ENTERTAINMENT"

DAILY EXPRESS

"AS REAL AND RAW AS THE CITY STREETS"

EVENING NEWS

"COP THIS...IT'S YARDS AHEAD"

DAILY MIRROR

SWEENEY

AA

starring
JOHN THAW and DENNIS WATERMAN

guest star
DENHOLM ELLIOTT

with
KEN HUTCHISON LEWIS FIANDER and ANNA GAE

Music composed and conducted by TONY HATCH Screenplay by TROY KENNEDY MARTIN
 Based on The Sweeney created by VAN KENNEDY MARTIN
 Executive Producers LLOYD SHARLEY and GEORGE TAYLOR
 Produced by TED CHILDS (Licensed by NCM-5, 6/75) Technology by EMI Film Limited

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SEMI-DUFF

Semi-Tough

Directed by Michael Ritchie
 Starring Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson
 (United Artists)

THE AMERICAN competitive urge has always fascinated Michael Ritchie. His films have examined the political process, beauty contests and (above all) the world of sport. They focus on the social pressures that mould competitors with an almost documentary attention to detail — the sort of approach we are more used to from television, which could be why Ritchie's movies seem small scale.

They are usually satirical, but Ritchie's sympathy for the contestants prevents him from wielding a really cutting edge. In *Smile* and *The Bad News Bears* he walks a tightrope, avoiding falling into either braughty contempt or the trap of sentimentality. Ritchie's films are masterpieces of balance.

But even a low-key satirist needs a target, and in *Semi-Tough* Ritchie has picked too many. It starts promisingly, with Burt Reynolds (as Billy Clyde Packer) and Kris Kristofferson (as Shake Tiller) playing a pair of professional American-footballers. It seems as if this will provide the base for a parody of boddy-boddy movies. But soon Jill Clayburgh (as Barbara Jane Bookman, daughter of the millionaire team owner) is introduced as their flatmate, and an eternal triangle starts to develop. There is more — Shake has discovered BEAT (Bismark Energy Attack Training), and is at one with himself and the cosmos. Having gained IT (which is what BEAT gives you), the quietly confident Shake carries off Barbara Jane, much to Billy Clyde's dismay. Who will finally get off with whom occupies the rest of the film.

BEAT, run by Friedrich Bismark, is a straight lift of the real-life EST, developed at Werner Erhard. Both these seem believe in strong-arming the suggestible into a conviction of their own satisfaction with themselves, and the world as it is.

Bismark used to have a Jewish name — as did Werner Erhard, who changed it from John Paul Rosenberg on leaving his wife and children in 1960. That is an indication of the crude image manipulation that lies behind much of the self-validation offered. EST is already a parody of pop psychology, and BEAT only reproduces its absurdities (and sinister aspects) without probing very far into its appeal. It is disappointing that more is not made of the whole movement. Had the movie concentrated on the fads of the affluent it would perhaps have been prime Ritchie material — certainly it would have been a more coherent whole.

As it stands, *Semi-Tough* has Burt Reynolds again demonstrating his flair for comedy, very funny sideways at the publishing profession and advertising, and Jill Clayburgh just right as Barbara Jane — a likeable combination of optimism and clear-eyed resignation.

Martin Cook



THAW and WATERMAN in
SWEENEY 2

CARTER: "Don't fancy yours much, Gav."

REGAN (thinks): "On yer bike, George."

Sweeney 2

Directed by Tom Clegg
Starring John Thaw and
Dennis Waterman
(EMI)

IF I WERE a member of the Old Bill, I should prefer the indictments of TV's recent *Law And Order*—which at least credited a degree of craftiness and sass to the profession—to the bonhomous endorsements of *The Sweeney*. After two of them, I'd be happy to hang up the helmet and get the arches lifted.

The narrative of *Sweeney 2*, which grips like a Cabbage White, concerns a rash of bank robberies masterminded by a team of old school chums who use a golden shotgun, kill their wounded, and have it away

to Malta where the ill-gotten is earmarked for home extensions. Every time there's a crack in the swimming pool, the wives go all inward and moody as well they might, since hubby's system of household budgeting means bellowing through nylon back in Blighty.

The *Sweeney* seem powerless to stop them and, quite frankly, since most of them have a problem standing, I was not surprised. Boozing, dancing in their underpants at pub ceilidhs and grabbing at birds, their working day rivals that of *Zorba The Greek*. Their first road-block, between bacon sandwiches and a brewery booze-op, results in a copper losing his foot, and a hostage and a lollipop man their lives. There's some pretty personal remarks made over that by the new superintendent, a replacement for the previous incumbent (Denholm Elliott, everybody's favourite

threadbare British Warm) who is in Wandsworth for corruption.

John Thaw and Dennis Waterman switch into top gear, which entails chatting up air hostesses, strolling around the Maltese estate, and being deported by the Maltese police who had presumably seen *Sweeney 1*. Back home, surveillance is set up on a nubile suspect who lives with a Nazi regalia collector, an excuse for a bit of striptease and a lot of vet dressing, none of it advancing the story.

By now, thanks to listless writing, aimless direction and a misplaced faith in the contagiousness of policemen at play, the vehicle has almost ground to a halt. Massive injections of irrelevance fill up another reel or so with Thaw's defused romance and an unrequited hotel bombing, and the waterhole of the final shootout is in sight. Duff it is. (Well I like 'em. — Ed.)

Brian Case

"Movies? My Life!"

— MARTIN SCORSESE

A LOT OF garf is talked about the need to encourage the British film industry and to provide easier access to TV. While paying lip service to the idea, the fact still remains that producing innovative independent films and getting them shown, either theatrically or on the small screen, is still very difficult.

Peter Hayden is well aware of the problems — he's facing them right now. Longtime *NME* readers may remember the saga of how Hayden bought the UK rights to the classic Martin Scorsese/Robert de Niro movie *Mean Streets* and then couldn't even get a distributor to touch it for almost a year. Widely regarded as a classic, *Mean Streets* consistently broke house records wherever it was shown.

The story does not end there. Hayden kept in contact with Scorsese and arranged with him to make a documentary on his career, shot on location in Los Angeles. The result is a sharp made-for-TV documentary which, public pressure aside, will not get screened.

It seems *Movies Are My Life* does not fit into any TV pigeonhole which is, of course, what makes it good. We see Scorsese analysing his own films, supported by comments about him and his work from the likes of John Cassavetes, Brian de Palma, Jodie Foster, Liza Minnelli and other friends and colleagues. Most entertaining of these is Steven Prince (the arms salesman in *Taxi Driver*, equally outrageous in real life) who is the subject of a yet to be seen Scorsese film called *American Boy*.

The documentary also contains the only filmed interview ever with Robert de Niro, part of which was used by the BBC for their *Arena* profile on Scorsese after de Niro refused to allow them to film him. You'd have to be pretty sharp to catch the credit BBC gave Hayden.

These interviews are backed with clips from Scorsese's many films and features the music of Warren Zevon.

If the BBC had any sense they'd drop *Old Grey Whistle Test* for one week and show this. (Only one week? — Ed.)

Dick Tracy

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WILLIAM SHATNER defines a spidery-snog in ...

Kingdom Of The Spiders

Directed by John (Bud) Cardos
Starring William Shatner
(Enterprise)

IT WOULD make good Friday late night TV but unfortunately *Kingdom Of The Spiders* is already tagged to fill valuable theatre space denied to better class films.

Director John (Bud) Cardos throws the shit at the fan for mankind when a small Arizona town is invaded by tarantulas. He mistakenly assumes exploitation flick clichés fall into place without serious forethought to structure or pace and must rely for his impact on the obvious repugnance of large spiders. Those clinging to William (Kirk) Shatner at least wake him up and the bubblegum

card screenplay wraps up the movie in five minutes.

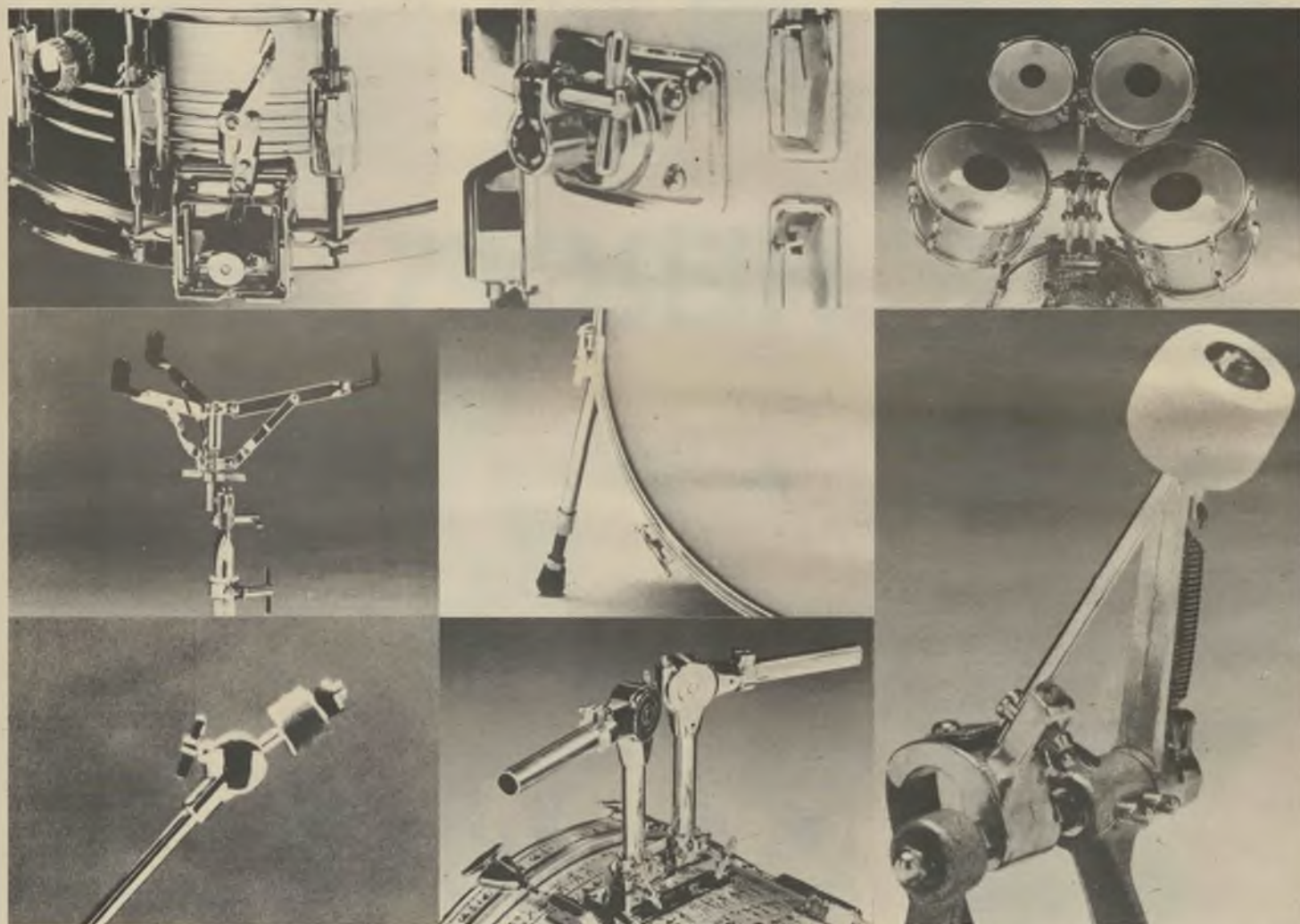
Shatner, a one-dimensional vet, has no solutions for the death of a local calf. He reluctantly accepts the theory of a poisonous insect expert, Tiffany (Who?) Bolting, who looks at a mound of spiders and writes off the human race. Tiffany's solution to the spider plague is rats. Shatner's is to grimace at them. The dialogue is unsure of which point to follow, their relationship or the spider menace.

The invasion comes and the cards are on the table for the townsfolk. Shatner and Tiffany are holed out in a motel with dead-telephone-and-failed-fuse-box facilities. The movie leaves no stone unturned lest there be a forgotten spider or corpse underneath. The make-up boys salvage things very well, but here anything done well goes way over the top.

There's a happy ending — for the spiders.

David Brittain

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by ANDY GILL

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE RESIDENTS: Satisfaction (Ralph). Of course! Re-released after two years (two years which have seen rock music wipe the blackboard clean and then scrawl the same old equations back up there, only in a less ornate script), and just about freely available for all.

"Satisfaction", when I first heard it, was responsible for the complete re-evaluation (and savage depletion) of my record collection; which may seem more like a warning than a recommendation, but only if your tastes are static and nostalgia-based.

("Quality Control" applies just as much — more, in fact — to the consumer as it does to the manufacturer. After all, he only has to sell the product, while the consumer has to live with it.)

The only thing which comes remotely near "Satisfaction" in either intent or content is Zappa's "Weasels Ripped My Flesh", although the systematic rending-assunder and restructuring "Satisfaction" goes through is that much more malicious in that Zappa's target is undefined, vague and probably has more to do with his ego than his audience's sensibilities.

In comparison, The Residents go straight for the jugular, and end up, ironically enough, with a version which conveys perfectly the rage and frustration inherent (but heretofore only latent) in the song itself.

PERE UBU: Datapanik In The Year Zero (Radar 12). Timely reissue of the majority of Ubu's single material, and, needless to say, a compulsory purchase. I've been sitting here for over an hour trying to find some way of conveying the range and quality of music contained in these five tracks, and still can't do it. Which is, I suppose, the only real way of conveying it.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

GOOD RATS: Mr. Mechanic (Radar). A friend of mine rates the Good Rats very highly, viewing them as the Steely Dan of hard rock — although judging by the Odd Couple's metamorphosis into the Ordinary Couple (as evidenced by the awful "Aja"), that's not exactly the greatest of compliments these days. "Mr. Mechanic" is certainly smarter than the average American rocker, both in riff construction and vocal arrangement, and there's a tense undertow to the intro which had me hooked from the start. In fact, my friend's analysis is probably quite correct.

THE NORMAL: T.V.O.D. (Mute). The Normal are dabbling in a similar area to that of the excellent Cabaret Voltaire, but rather more simplicitically, relying on drum-machine and keyboard for the body of the song, with occasional unintelligible interjections from the television. "T.V.O.D." is about sticking the aerial into your skin and maintaining the transmission. "Warm Leatherette", the flip, deals with sex, cars and crashes, and suggests a liking for J. G. Ballard's "Crash".

THE RADIATORS: Million Dollar Hero (Chiswick). Finely-crafted piece of pop (which doesn't try to revive the

past), featuring falsetto harmonies on the chorus, neat and io-the-point sax break, and one of those 24-carat melodies that has to be a bit. Should be able to blag some airplay, too.

ARE WE NOT MINDLESS? WE ARE DISCO!

MFSB: K-Jee (Phil Int.). THE NITE-LIGHTERS: K-Jee (RCA). Two versions of slightly latin-flavoured instrumental from Famous John T. Revolver's film. MFSB's version is the usual James Last kind of stuff they've always done. The Nite-Lighters' is marginally better, but I wouldn't take that as any kind of recommendation...

THE VISITORS: Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (Ember). A trifle slow off the mark, you chaps. Heart-stirring orchestral job with lots of strings, farting horns and stereo crossover bleeps, all set to a disco hi-hat pulse. Makes me glad I decided to pass up the film and wait for the porn version, "Close Encounters Of The Sixty-Ninth Kind".

THE LOVE MACHINE: Desperately (Charmdale). The Love Machine, according to their promo puff, is "seven former Miss Black California finalists" who formed into a group six years ago. "Desperately" suggests they'd be better off modelling for Peathouse collectively.

JOHNNIE TAYLOR: Keep On Dancing (CBS). Superior vocal and backing (which places emphasis firmly on bass) squandered on disposable song. Nevertheless, more deserving of chart status than most disco fodder. On B-side, Taylor claims "I Love To Make Love When It's Raining", although personally I reckon it'd put a damper on things. As would the song itself.

STANLEY CLARKE: More Hot Fun (Epic). Concerted attempt by former Return To Forever bassist to crack disco market. Qualitatively superior arrangement, but ultimately as forgettable as Arsenal's performance last Saturday. Talking of which...

SPORTS SECTION

ARSENAL 1978 SQUAD: Roll Out The Red Carpet (Lightning). What for? (Chortle chortle).

IPSWICH TOWN F.C.: Ipswich Ipswich (Get That Goal) (Philips). Bears a similar relation to the Arsenal as regards their respective performances, but only recommended for fanatics of dubious taste.

SLAINTE MHATH: Sons Of Scotland (Lightning). Pronounced "Slangi Vaa", it says here. (Strange name for a Scotsman). Merely "Sailing" with different words, bagpipes and the occasional ref's whistle. Horrendous. Flip is a samba called "Tribute To Pele", which seems to be more up Slangi's street.

EDDIE KIDD: Black Leather Silver Chrome (Decca). "A modern tale of love and motorcycles for today's young bloods and their loved ones". Dunno about that, but I reckon the lad should stick to jumping barrels and buses, or at the very least get a musical director with some grasp of the biker mentality.

LAST YEAR'S WAVE, THIS YEAR'S RIPPLE



RUDI: Big Time (Good Vibrations). Better-than-average punky stuff from four Ulster lads. Melodic, well arranged, clear vocals, and quite imaginative bass lines. Worth a listen, at the very least.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: 14th Floor (Teen 78). I really wanted to like this. Any group, I told myself, with bad enough taste to take the names of Nicholas Parsons (guitar, vocals), Bruce Forsyth (bass), John Peel (drums) and Russell Harty (guitar) just has to have something. Sadly, "14th Floor" represents the

unacceptable face of Do-It-Yourself Rock. Not unlike the Clash at 16 r.p.m. It could, of course, be a parody.

PRETTY BOY FLOYD & THE GERMS: Spread The Word Around/Hold Tight (Rip Off). More Ulster punky stuff. Floyd's a reasonable singer, if a trifle stylised, but The Germs display the musical imagination of a protozoon.

ART ATTACKS: I Am A Dalek/Neutron Bomb (A/Batross). The musical imagination of half a protozoon.

SUNSET BOMBERS: I Can't Control Myself (EMI Int.). Quarter of a protozoon? Any advance on a quarter? No? Sold to the man with a liking for fatuous retreads of old Trogs songs.

ETCETERA, ETCETERA

JOHN TRAVOLTA & OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: You're The One That I Want (RSO). From the film of the play of *Grease*, this proves that Travolta's singing is about as convincing as his acting. (He wiggles his bum nicely, mind). Olivia is as wonderful as she always was, and quite probably a deal richer. I very much doubt whether 50s rock'n'roll was anything like this, but concern for trivialities like historical authenticity won't prevent this being a bit of offensive magnitude. I suppose.

MASON WILLIAMS: Classical Gas (Warner Bros.). Reissued presumably because of the current vogue for pseudo-classical film scores. All that's needed now is a film about North Sea Gas to go with it.

T. REX: Crimson Moon/Jason B. Sad (TREC). Burke and Hare department. Or should that be Bucks and Hare? Neither of these tracks (from "Dandy In The Underworld") enhances The Elfyn One's reputation one iota.

JAMES COTTON BAND: Rock'n'Roll Masie (Ain't Nothing New) (Buddah). Truism of the week, in a song which serves as proof. Produced by Toussaint and Schorn, so I suppose it can't be too bad. Flip is a live re-working of Sonny Boy's "Help Me". More Blast's bag than mine. I think.

STOMU YAMASHITA: Crossing The Line (Island 12). Two-year old live version of song from the "Go" album, featuring Winwood, Shrieve, Schulze and DiMeola. Dreadfully turgid, utterly unnecessary.

AUTO DRIFTERS: Best Bet (Zak 12). Strange Antipodean anachronism comprising five original tracks. Sounds not unlike the kind of stuff an

Australian Charlie Gillett might play. Rockabilly, recorded in glorious mono with dubious quality. Best track is "Bop Shop Rock", one of those quaint, evocative titles like "Juke Joint Jump" which indicates immediately what kind of music lies in the grooves. Quite pleasant, in a colonial kind of way.

HOODOO RHYTHM DEVIIS: Working In A Coal Mine (Fantasy). Adds nothing to Lee Dorsey's version of the old Toussaint song, and subtracts both feel and character. A dry, crumbling shell where once was a lithe and supple body.

HEART: Heartless (Arista). Pointless.

THE NO ENTRY BAND: Cold And Lonely Lives E.P. (Kabe Arts). Rather curious offering from a Glaswegian folk-rock group, redeemed mainly by the title track (stuck rather inexplicably at the end of side 2). There's a tendency throughout to try and squeeze in too many words, but the arrangements are reasonably imaginative. Improves with repeated plays, and worth lending an ear to. Oh, and don't place too much importance on that "folk-rock" categorisation: just a first impression which is probably quite wrong.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: (Don't Fear) The Reaper (CBS). I'm pretty sure this has already been released as a single, in any case, you've probably heard it before. Culled from the "Agents Of Fortune" album, this is what I, in a display of unprecedented uncoolness, consider the Cult's finest moment. Their best chance for the charts, too. Indeed, (ding!) a hit, a palpable hit.

ALTHIA & DONNA: Love One Another (Lightning). Weak, dismal follow-up to "Uptown Top Ranking", featuring the usual junk about jeh, prophecy, conquering lion of the tribe of Judah, etc. All trace of its predecessor's quirky poppiness has been thoroughly eradicated, thus laying bare the twosome's doubtful talent and probably ensuring their return to oblivion. Mind you, I suppose they had a pretty good 15 minutes' worth.

CHRIS RAINBOW: Give Me What I Cry For (Polydor). Over-produced, glutinous weepie prompts listener to comply with maudlin Scotsman's presumably masochistic desires.

TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS: Cruisin' (Weekend). Pleasant, innocuous chunk of singalong folk which should get them onto the Val Doonican show. Flip is an incongruous bluegrass version of "Pinball Wizard". Absurd.

"You don't have to be in the IRA to be IRS"

Andy Gill

SUNDAY NIGHT in Croydon, and Poly Styrene's voice is shot.

Flu goes for the throat like a cornered rat: when the victim's a singer, the midrange of the voice gets ragged and shot through with static and the top end disappears completely.

Singing with the flu is like dancing with a sprained ankle or running with a stomach-ache: you can just about do it, but it's no fun.

Poly's a trouper, though: a professional. The show must go on, even if three numbers have to be dropped and the performance runs only a little over 45 minutes, including encores, top whack. Even when calling off the title of the number and giving it that patented Poly Styrene "1-2-3-4!" count-in (which must be confusing for the four male/instrumental members of X-Ray Spex, since it rarely bears any relationship to the actual time the song happens to be in) requires two or three run-ups.

Poly's flu is a drag for her, a source of worry and inconvenience for the band, their manager, their sound mixer and their roadies. But the kids at the Croydon Greyhound don't seem to notice, and if they do notice they don't care. They're more concerned with cheerful disobedience of the absurd "No Pogoing" (yeah, the management of the Croydon Greyhound has a sticker against that particular modern-world activity) and with having a bit of a pose.

The audience was pretty much straight punk dressed up to the nines: the kind of audience I hadn't seen for quite a while. Curiously, the strongest flash was of the similarity between hard-core punx and hard-core teds.

There was that same tight, enclosed, just-us atmosphere of highly specialised rituals performed in highly specialised outfits in front of (mostly) highly specialised bands, and that weird feeling that — at the very least — a small proportion of these kids'll stay with punk for years in the same way that teds have retained that loyalty for all the trappings of a high point in their lives.

After what seems like an unconscionable length of time but what is in fact the standard rock and roll decompression/setting up the gear time, X-Ray Spex bit the stage: Rudi on saxophone (he looks like a New Wave Bill Nelson and has only been blowing for eight or nine months, though you'd never know it), BP on drums (big, blond and bulky; only been playing a year, and it doesn't show either), Jack Airport on guitar (whacking out the blowtorch ramalama in the finest tradition of Steve Jones and Johnny Ramone) and bassist Paul Dean (the oldest member of the band though he looks the youngest, wheeling out fine looping Rickenbacker bass lines) . . . and Poly.

The overwhelming impression that you get off Poly Styrene on stage is her sheer, unassuming friendliness and high spirit. She doesn't seem to be performing so much as simply singing the songs and dancing around and grinning and having a good time.

~~NO POP, NO STYLE~~



Poly puts on kettle, make-up, style.

POLY STYRENE IS STILL STRICTLY ROOTS

and it is this seeming absence of artifice that makes her such an excellent performer.

The conventional discipline of New Wave performing styles has eliminated a lot of the old posturing only to replace it with a new set of anti-postures, which are ultimately no less stylized, but Poly cuts through all the bullshit just by bopping round the stage with that mile-wide grin, free from any hint or taint of artifice, just having a flat-out good time, a genuine, communicable enjoyment of the right here and right now.

The thing is that to considerable masses of people Poly Styrene is some kind of media event, and somewhere in the background of all the garb is the fact that she's in some kind of rock band called X-Ray Spex. Girls' junior glossies and Sunday supplements know all about Poly's taste in shoes, family background, Views On Life In General and so on. One could almost imagine Honey or 19phoning her up for a quick quote about what she thinks about abortion or Princess Margaret; all the standard celeb stuff. She is therefore a Face to people

In which our lady of the X-Ray Spex forgoes a career as this year's model in Chelsea for the earthier delights of Brixton family life.

who've never heard her records or seen her perform.

Which is an indication of how the mass media's collective mind works, because the whole reason that Poly Styrene is now famous is precisely because she sings and writes for X-Ray Spex. But then if you say "Poly Styrene" to people who aren't particularly into rock and roll they may well know who you're talking about. Say "X-Ray Spex" to those people and watch their faces go blank. It's through circumstances like these that you get situations where certain people get incredibly famous for no other reason than that they're

well-known, and their celebrityhood is the most real thing about them. They may nominally be actors or singers or models, but that's jive; what they are is really Celebrities.

Roddy Llewellyn is the classic current example of someone who is a Celebrity for no reason whatever. He's made a record and signed with Phonogram (who should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves) but I very much doubt if he'd have gotten anything other than the bum's rush if he'd walked in the door with a demo tape. He's not a celebrity because he's a singer; he's a singer because he's a celebrity.

This whole syndrome automatically devalues anyone it grips: that's why Poly Styrene would be in real trouble if it wasn't for the fact that she writes great songs, fronts a good band and performs with such transparent joyfulness that you'd have to have lemon juice for blood not to dig her. It's just like they did in Croydon the other week.

She's an Original, and it is to be devoutly hoped that all the readers and witnesses of the Poly Styrene Media Event Show who haven't already done so bend an ear and eye to X-Ray Spex before they file her under "someone heard of vaguely, possibly a singer . . ."

London version of this particular universal snakepit holds less than zero attraction for her.

She did the whole Chelsea riff, living in a self-contained flat in the basement of Spex' manager's pad in Fulham, until the creeping plastic started getting too close and she got out, packing up her stuff on a day's notice and moving back to live with her mother and sister in the house in Brixton where she grew up.

"You feel all the time that people are draining you, draining off your energy all the time until you think, 'Blimey, I haven't got anything left to give. Leave me alone.' That's why I came back to live down here, because living in Chelsea got to be a bit too much. This is what I know: my family and my old friends and I feel normal again."

She explodes into laughter: a volcanic eruption of laughter that encourages you to laugh with her. All but her most serious statements are punctuated with frequent laughter — the kind that you find described as "infectious" by the lazier variety of popular novelist, but when you hear Poly's laugh the cliché ceases to be a cliché. There's just the faintest hint of a suspicion that it's a sign of nerves; rooted somehow in a defensive reflex.

Still, if the hangers-on and the hangers-out and the energy vampires are already affecting Poly to such an extent at this comparatively early stage in her career, what's it going to be like later?

"Later it'll be all right. I'm a fast learner and I make lots of mistakes, but only once. It'll get to the point where I'll change and start again."

Interview & Intrigue: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Pix & Sympathy: PENNIE SMITH



BUT OF COURSE the real reason that Poly Styrene will ultimately never be swallowed up by fashion and by Thub Soeeecene is that hanging out with the scenemakers and tastemakers and sceney useless people that infest the

When I was living there, it was all these people who kept coming up to me and feeding me up with all these images and ideas which easily got me carried away as to what I was, whereas I'm really not that way at all. "I just want to be like me. Me: normal person."

"They were trying to project all sorts of things on to me. People start coming up to you and pretending that they're your sisters, and coming to my flat and probing me to find out the answers to all sorts of questions. I don't know where they come from, all these kids, but they always seem to find out where you are... it's just a whole little scene, that area, which is why I moved out."

"They think they're something special, but they're not. When it comes to the crunch they're really not very substantial. They're posers pretending to be something special and they treat you like you're something special so that they can know you and become something special themselves."

Is that what "Iama Poseur" (the B-side of the excellent "Day The World Turned Day-Glo" single) is about?

"In a way, but in a way I think posin' is a laugh. But just dressing up and having a laugh — and only providing you know the difference between the reality of it and the fantasy of it. There's a line between what's real and what's games. What I was frightened of down there was becoming a *thing* like all the other people down there. I could see what I'd become like, which is why I changed and came back down here."

Spex have just returned from a brief season in New York (at the personal invitation of CBGB boss Hilly Kristel, no less) and the reality/fantasy line is a lot thinner over there.

"There it's even stranger, because they really idolise people. They scream and things like that. Oh, stranger! People had already heard about us and came specially to see the band; kept coming up to me and asking me all these questions about this, that and the other. They try to make you special, because that's what they want... you wouldn't be worth anything to them if they thought you was just ordinary."

That giggle explodes again. "It's strange there because it's not very real. I tried not to get involved in any of it, but up to a point you can't help it because people try and get you sucked into it and pull you into their little games, and I don't want to get pulled into anybody's little games."

"That's why I feel so drained, so totally exhausted, as if I hadn't got anything left to give. Well, I have, but it's as a performer and a writer, and to write you can't get involved in anything like that. You have to be detached from everything in order to write. I have to observe things in order to write about them: I can't get too directly involved."

"That's why I get a little frightened sometimes, because if I feel I'm getting too involved in hype and other things, all that sort of crap."

... interviews are all right, because they help work things out of your mind, but the other stuff is pretty self-indulgent.

"I don't want to become totally self-indulgent, because I write things that other people can relate to. If I get totally into myself I won't be able to do that. What I write will just become a reflection of me instead of a reflection of everything else. For some people that works, but it's not what I'm about."

"I don't personally want to indulge in my own fantasy, my own self-image..."

THE DAY The World Turned Day-Glo" and the equally impressive but as yet unreleased "My Mind Is Like A Plastic Bag" are reflections of Poly's fascination with the synthetic excesses of the (you should pardon the expression) Modern World.

She celebrates the supermarket culture in the same way as the Topanga Canyon geeks and Woodstock dude-ranchers celebrate Nay-Chur. In America, Poly came face-to-face with Tack on a grander scale than she'd ever previously dreamed of, and it damn near put her off for life.

"It wasn't a conscious attempt to be clever. I just thought that I'd write about all these plastic things because they seemed to be creeping in more and more, which is why New York totally blew me apart. I saw everything that I'd been writing about

in extreme but for real.

"For them it wasn't a joke, it was the way they lived for real. For me it was all a joke: play with it, indulge it, have fun with it because there's not really that much of it over here. But when you go there it's so bad that you think, 'God, if that's what it's going to be like I don't want it.'"

Poly fights the encroaching wave of plastic by meeting it half-way. Her shirt front is adorned with carefully selected examples of exquisitely awful tack plastic jewellery: her very stage name is a comment on productisation. Could she see herself going the other way and fleeing the tack by (gulp) going to live in the country?

"The weird thing about all the plastic is that people don't actually like it, but in order to cope with it they develop a perverse kind of fondness for it, which is what I did. I said, 'Oh, aren't they beautiful because they're so horrible.'"

"It's very perverse and I realise that, and that was what was so frightening about New York. People had developed a real fondness for all this stuff and when I'd go round to someone's house they'd give me things and say 'This is a Polystyrene present'. I just went, 'Oh no! I don't like it! I don't want to develop a

perverse liking for it! Take it away! Leave me alone!'"

JUST ONE OF the pitfalls of success: being taken too literally by people with little humour and less insight. But — in order to avoid the pitfalls of success — do you have to avoid success itself?

"No, I don't think you have to avoid success; you just have to avoid all the bullshit. If you can evade the bullshit and the hype you'll be okay, but if you start getting involved then it's dangerous."

"Sometimes I'll go along with it because I think it's funny and I think it's a laugh, but I don't believe any of it. When it comes down to the crunch I don't believe *nothing!* I'll pretend I believe it. I'm a bit wicked that way because I enjoy pretending. I enjoy letting people think that I'm being pulled along in this little game, but always knowing when I'm going to make it stop."

"That's my saving grace. That's how I've survived all my life."

"I've been around a lot. I left home when I was 15, and I've been all over the place, and that's how I survived. I've done all kinds of silly things, but I always knew when I'd got to the point where it was time to stop. I got into a lot of tight spots, and up to a point I

quite enjoyed them, because I've always liked playing the victim... up to a point. Beyond that point... ah ha! No waaaaayyy!"

COULD YOU see yourself drawing that line within rock and roll; saying *this is where it stops* and getting out of Da Biz entirely?

"Nope. I'd love to get out, but not yet. I don't want to go on doing this forever and ever, but then again I have the temptation to do something else. What I'd really like to do is direct a film or write a screenplay. I'd do exactly the same thing: create a whole bunch of fantasies and projections and silly little games and do 'em on film."

"I like to feed up other people's fantasies, make 'em think that they've really got me going and then I'll shock 'em. I'll change. I like to be underestimated just a little bit. It's not just you that does it, other people like to feed you up with their little games and you take advantage of it until you think uh uh, time to go ho-ommmme..."

"That's what I'm like. 'No' death to the individual' for me. That's all I've got. Without it I wouldn't be able to write or anything. That's why I'm so careful of not being

manipulated by anybody. Temptation's great: people will try and manipulate you, specially if they think you're easy, a soft touch, which I appear to be up to a point because I make myself that way. But I ain't easy: I do know what's going on."

"Or maybe it just goes on in my head."

Yeah, maybe you're just getting all sweated up playing table tennis with yourself.

"Yeah, probably. That's because I think too much. I'm not completely mad... well, I am at the moment; it's because I've only just got out of Chelsea. It was driving me mad."

"Nothing actually took me over, but I could see that it might and I felt very vulnerable. There's so many fakes up there... you get boys coming round trying to find out if you're gonna screw 'em because I've got this sort of asexual image..."

You've got what???

"You know, I said that I wasn't a sex symbol and that if anybody tried to make me one I'd shave my head tomorrow. And so they come round and they say Oh, I really fancy you and they want to see how far you go and I say all right you can sleep under the table. A lot of them come round probing me up about sex."

• Continues over page

Poly Styrene, Sister (left), and Friend.



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POLY FILLA

● From previous page

"That's quite weird. And of course, if I sense that someone's trying to probe me about something I just feed 'em up with bullshit. I just give 'em what they want to hear."

"Young kids would come around dressed up from *Seditionaries* and they're probing me about all these rumours that they've heard about me. Such sexual questions; they must be perverts, you know what I mean? If you can't sort sex out for yourself there must be something a bit wrong with you. What sex is... I think a lot of kids are hung up about sex and that's bad."

"A lot of kids come up to me and they say, 'Oh, I'm on the game', and I just say, 'Oh yeah?' or they say they hustle because they think that 'Oh, maybe she was on the game when she was younger'. Or they say, 'I don't do nothin'. I just give blowjobs', trying to see what makes me blink, trying to suss me out. Or they say, 'I don't like sex, I'm bored with it' just to see what you say."

"I'll say, 'Oh really? I think it's great.' And then I'll say that I hate sex... I'll contradict myself all the time because I don't like being probed about questions like that."

"If they really want to know, sex to me is like a beautiful thing and it shouldn't be abused, you know what I mean? You shouldn't sleep with just anybody, you shouldn't sleep with anybody for money, you should just sleep with somebody you really like and that's it."

"And it's not a power or control thing. That's what I don't like about sex, that's why I haven't slept with anybody for two years... no, about a year and a half. With too many guys, if you sleep with 'em it's like a power/control thing."

Yeah, but that ain't something that's wrong with sex, it's a basic flaw in the human character and it permeates all aspects of human life and interaction. Sex is just the place where it seems least appropriate."

"That's one of things I find most dangerous and disturbing, because it shouldn't be like that. I object to people thinking that I'm into that as well and trying to put me through those kind of things. It's all inferiority complexes etcetera etcetera etcetera."

"When I was younger I used to be really insecure, really full of complexes, I used to think, 'I'll never get a boyfriend because I'm half-caste; I'll never get a boyfriend because of this or that... you think all sorts of stupid things about yourself, and of course that's what's wrong. You have to

think more about other people...

"I've talked so much about myself that it's really disgusting. I should talk more about the band."

"A lot of people focus on me and think it's all me, but the music is good and if you could listen to it piece by piece and instrument by instrument you'd see how good it is. None of them have been playing long, but they're all good. I wouldn't like to say that any of them are better than any of the others or that I'm better than the others. I'm at the front because that's what I do and I write the songs, but each and everyone of them in their own right is as good as anybody else and as good as me."

"It's important to me that that's made clear, and also that I don't tell anybody what to do or what to play. Nobody treads on anybody else's toes. It doesn't work like that. When I formed the group I looked for people who had a natural talent. It didn't matter to me how long they'd been playing. If they had something there that was really good then it'd be all right and it would develop..."

X-RAY SPEX are very much a product (so to speak) of right-here-right-now, but they're good, real good; they could have emerged anytime and happened anytime because ultimately they don't depend on the scene from whence they sprang. They've got charm and vision and scope; qualities that rock and roll can always use.

As a lyricist, Poly Styrene reminds me a lot of Chuck Berry: he, too, had that obsession with the detail and minutes of Modern Life and his observations were sweet and sly and sharp and sentimental all at once, just as Poly's are. Whether "The Day The World Turned Day-Glo" becomes the "Too Much Monkey Business" of the '70s and '80s is a highly contentious point, but — decades apart — Chuck and Poly look at the world through the same telescope.

Unlike Berry, though, Poly loves paradox: she'll take any ride as long as she knows where the ejector seat is; dream any dream as long as her internal alarm clock can tell her when to wake up, be totally easy going until her self-preservation instincts tell her when to get hard, play any game as long as it's clearly understood that it's a game, be completely receptive until she's absorbed all she needs and cut off before she gets swamped.

Underestimate her at your own peril; overestimate her at hers.



"This cut is unlikely to improve."
RECORD BUSINESS

ALBUMS



THE STRANGLERS
Black And White (United Artists)

HAPPY anniversary. It's a year to the week since "Rattus Norvegicus", the last time I wrote about The Stranglers.

Women were strange when you were a Strangler. An avid fan of the band's music, I was righteously — and rightly — affronted by the vicious sexism of their debut album. Of course, that didn't hinder their ascent to the dizzy heights of the pop charts (we can make 'em, but we can't break 'em), but for better or worse that review did earn The Stranglers their unshakable Male Chauvinists of Punk tag.

For worse, I reckon. Because although every critic who ever mentioned The Stranglers for the rest of the year seemed to feel obliged either to condemn or to apologise for the band's misogyny, they were treated as an isolated case. The Stranglers were branded, yet other bands still got away with murder. Only Julie Burchill had the temerity to question The Sex Pistols' stance in "Bodies"; only Nick Kent faced up to the fascistic titillation of Adam and the Ants.

When "No More Heroes" came out, all the same clichés (as they were by then) were trotted out once more. Personally, I was inclined in fact to agree with Angie Errigo: the sexism this time was less vindictive, a veritable self-parody. But in the midst of the rock journalists' new-found moral fervour, only Angie managed to discern the vibrant album — or at least, half an album: "Wog", "Bitching" and "Something Better Change" — lurking there.

Still, that was 1977. No Pistols, Damned or bondage pants in 1978 — The Stranglers have been getting their heads together in the country, and something had to change.

For a start, sex is thrust firmly aside and hardly gets a look-in except on the free three-track single, where The Stranglers indulge their 'roots' via "Walk On By" and two jokey R&B cuts. "Now you know why no one came to see us two years ago," cracks Hugh Cornwell.

It's not the same band as on the album — these men are Artists. "Black And White" abounds with titles like "Sweden (All Quiet On The Eastern Front)", "Toiler On The Sea", "Outside Tokyo", "Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)"... Heavy stuff.

Gone are most of those heady Doors rip-offs; completely absent is the scrawny "Nuggets" vibe that made The Stranglers so endearing as Cornwell and Jean Jacques Burnel bobbed comically across those vast stages at the Patti Smith gigs. The positioning of Jet Black at the front of the line-up on the cover seems almost symbolic: they've put on weight.

At first "Black And White" seems positively turgid, in fact — especially Burnel's Chris Squire-like steel bawler bass. Further inspection, however, reveals a fierce dynamism and studied power. Like only The Sex Pistols before them of all



This is us in sunny Iceland. That's Yukio there between Jet and me. Wish you were here — Hugh.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

JOIN THE STRANGLERS, SEE THE WORLD

'new wave' groups, The Stranglers appreciate sheer brawn. Few heavy metal outfits have ever pitted such stark, violent elements against one another as the drums, bass, guitar and synthesizer on, say, "Do You Wanna", a harsh mélange of jagged riffs supporting the most explicitly crass song on the album.

The record's so-called 'black' side reaches its peak of brutal ugliness as that number segues into the "Death And Night And Blood" chant: certainly the most exhilaratingly evil-sounding moment of any punk record outside of "Bollocks" and The Stranglers' fellow macho-fetishist Iggy Pop's nastier works — and one which I wish they hadn't faded so soon.

Musically, this band has moved on to new ground: very black (it's aptly titled), very muscular, very impressive. The first ('white') side is by far the best work they've ever done. All four reveal dimensions to their playing, both individually and as a unit, which they previously only hinted at.

Perhaps it could sometimes be stronger melodically, (though they do pull off a few changes which are quite dazzling simply because they are fairly rare), but you'll only find stronger rhythms in a pneumatic drill.

Unfortunately, The Stranglers still blow much of the power they build in their music by attaching it to occasionally idiotic lyrics. The effect of "Death And Night Etc", for instance, is totally dissipated when it is followed by a really pathetic monstrosity called "In The Shadows" — an attempt at depicting nightmare images which would shame a primary school essay, it's so puny (and which, paired with the inconsequential "Enough Time", ends the album on an unrepresentatively low note).

"Death And Night And Blood" itself treads on uneasy ground. Quite apart from angering people who respect the author it supposedly venerates (Yukio Mishima) by its simplistic celebration of death and machismo, the song also usurps its own purpose when

Burnel inexplicably pairs the ultra-masculine, quasi-poetic verses with a joke chorus.

As always, though, one's appreciation of the lyrics is not aided by their presence on the inner sleeve, staring out at you in all their gawky insanity. "Have you seen the bullet's high velocity? It can blow a man's arm off at the count of three" — Donovan would be proud of it.

That's from "Tank", which opens the album with all the venomous fury of the previous sets' "Sometimes" and "I Feel Like A Wog", this time lifting off at the dumb fantasies of would-be army heroes.

Militaristic politics, very approximately, are The Stranglers' current obsession. "Curfew", which rips open the second ('black') side, portrays a Soviet invasion of the 'soft' West; "Hey! (Rise Of The Robots)" features a rollicking riff with Cornwell hollering out the demise of a society grown lazy in its dependence upon machines (for which presumably read the uprising of factory fodder workers);

"Sweden (All Quiet On The Eastern Front)", possibly written after a Swedish tour, rails against that country's dull stability.

Elsewhere exotic locations abound. "Toiler On The Sea", another bloodthirsty riff assault course, is a romantic tale of shipwrecks and cruel seas that may or may not conceal a love story; the single "Nice 'n' Sleazy" (dreadful title) has The Stranglers crossing the west sea and meeting an angel, while "Outside Tokyo" puts the blame for our enslavement by nine squarely on the shoulders of Japanese mass-production of watches.

It's a long way from Dagenham Dave, Dingwalls, the Coleherne and the Big Shitty — from The Stranglers' previous firm grounding in London experiences.

But then, they've come a long way. Flying huge parties of journalists out to Iceland (at least they still insult them, whether it's in Reykjavik or Rotherham), packing the Roundhouse out for a week at a time... They're stars.

For a while back there, it

didn't make sense. At those Roundhouse gigs, the frenzied adulation seemed divorced from what was going down onstage; after all, the set wasn't so different from the one that had reaped such yawning disdain a year earlier at the Smith gigs.

With "Black And White" The Stranglers' music has moved into the rock heavyweight league their mass audience indicates. They've stayed true to their original stated tenets of brevity and energy (why it seemed laboured at first I don't know), yet they've fused that with a bludgeoning confidence.

That closing pair of dull tracks and The Stranglers' underlying grossness prevent it being a truly great album, but "Black And White" is still a bold achievement.

Phil McNeill



SAD CAFE

Misplaced Ideals (RCA)
UNDER A grotesque, goopy cover, a band playing so ponderously and lethargically they might as well have had their fingers smeared with chewing gum — this Mancunian six-piece could be superficially described as capable, professional musicians, but in no sense are they good at what they do. That would imply some spark of inspiration, feeling, passion, of just a hint of spirit.

I can't imagine that they enjoy their own music; it's slow, half-hearted, totally monotonous. This is only their second album but they seem already to have run out of ideas and tunes. They content themselves with creating a soft, unchallenging mood of cosiness, one track so much like the next that the gap between is just an irrelevant pause.

Vocalist Paul Young and guitarist Ian Wilson are nominally responsible for most of the songwriting; the former's soft, choking voice make the lyrics generally incoherent, and there isn't one memorable melody. John Stimpson and Tony Cresswell add a faintly funky rhythm section, Ashley Mulford interrupts occasionally with pedestrian guitar solos and Victor Emerson's keyboards fill the sound out to a squasy, undistinguished whole. An important part of Sad Cafe's formula is the regular sax bleating of Lenny Sachs, who apparently joined the band after recording this album.

"Restless" stumbles around like a brontosaurus in a sea of syrup. "Let Love Speak For Itself" conjures up the suggestion of a hook, "Mario" is the slow, sensitive moment, "Relax" the disco segment, and "On With The Show" the intended climax.

This record has no high points. The group are caught in a worthless limbo between quality easy-listening and bland soul. They've got no connection with rock or roll, no valid roots and no valid future.

At the moment this emotionless broad of modern music is achieving some popularity, presumably with people frightened of excitement but to young to admit it. Gives me a headache.

Kim Davis

Not Only but ...

THE ONLY ONES *The Only Ones (CBS)*

IT IS INDEED gratifying to be able to report that this debut album is a largely excellent piece of work, capturing most if not all of the strengths and idiosyncrasies of a group who are stylistically too diverse to be tagged 'punk' but could just conceivably be termed 'new wave'.

Like such American bands as Talking Heads and Television, The Only Ones are trying for something genuinely new and individualistic, taking a stand against the burgeoning encyclopaedia of rock clichés that has clogged up the airwaves from the early '60s onwards.

In addition, these bands are also blessed with a taut corporate professionalism that their direct punk rivals so often lack.

There is a compelling self-confidence behind The Only Ones' vision which attracted me from the outset — this starting with Peter Perrett's haunting songs and brazenly smooth-sounding singing, and stretching through to the resolve and unity of the players themselves.

The band are important, I repeat — because it's all too easy to write about The Only Ones without making reference to anyone besides Perrett. He after all composed all ten songs here and it's his weird, disarming vocals that, by the very nature of their unusual pitching if nothing else, set the tone of the music and thus automatically cause one to be intrigued or repelled on first hearing.

Perrett himself is destined, I'm certain, to become a major figure in English rock — precisely because his is an extreme form of self-expression. Not that those extremities are without their faults.

Most of his songs seem, lyrically, very self-obsessed and there are times when a superficial ear could readily condemn Perrett for being unbearably 'precious' and narcissistic. In "No Peace For The Wicked", for instance, he wistfully whines "Why do I go through these deep emotional traumas?/Why can't I be what I wanted to be — carefree?" — thus causing even a Perrett backer like myself to wince somewhat. But then you play the song again and the blatant sincerity of his tack becomes apparent and proves that Perrett is not just another self-obsessed poseur using his music as little more than a mirror for his own private

self-analysis.

It's this sincerity — similar in many respects to Jonathan Richman's — that forms the essence of Perrett's songs and thus the album itself, especially when this quality is wedded to a compellingly original style of composition.

A total romantic, Perrett sings frequently about his darker side (love and death and other classic themes). Drummer Mike Kellie refers to Perrett's songs simply as "special" and it's hard, even when well acquainted with the material, to improve on that curt definition.

Thus a song like "The Band" — an ominous tract about addiction and disease — becomes truly disturbing. Using a good but conventional riff, the piece is transformed by Perrett's vocals, the howling guitar lines of John Perry, a stridently intimidating bass line and potted, deft drumming into something 'other'.

This music is relevant too, as songs like "City Of Fun", "Creatures Of Doom" and "No Peace For The Wicked" concern the much-vaunted life in the fast lane pitch of the '70s. They find Perrett at once fascinated by the vicariousness of it all, yet determined not merely to "dance on the ruins" like so many other dilettantes. As with all artists of any real worth, Perrett's stance is ultimately honest and moral.

In this context, "City Of Fun" is the perfect statement of intent; Perrett condemns the death-and-destruction morass behind shuddering and pulsating guitar rhythms. The song has an epic musical structure — something that Perrett is well able to bring off, principally on the album's last track, "The Immortal Story" (after the Orson Welles film of the same name).

There really is so much going on here that deserves more detailed comment, but hopefully what I've already cited will provide some incentive to investigate. I'm leaving one song until last, however, simply because it's out of context in a quirky way, also my favourite, the one I always come back to.

Opening the album, "The Whole Of The Law" is a simple love song — a beautiful, dreamy ballad — with Perrett sounding unusually relaxed. A gorgeous declaration, it proves The Only Ones are nothing if not stylistically and successfully diverse.

But once again I have to return to Kellie (who, along with Alan Mills and John Perry, plays superbly throughout) and his definition of his band's material as "special songs".

Because that, quite simply, is what they are.

Nick Kent



Peter Perrett puts on a precious pose for publicity purposes in Penne Smith's pic.

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BLACK SOUNDS UHRO
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Love Crisis (Third World)
UHURU! UHURU! This is

Black Sounds of Freedom, to quote its progenitors' own attestation in a lyric from one of the set's songs.

So much for the avowed intentions of authors; UK reggae devotees have their own complementary way of describing "Love Crisis" music, all of which has been around on sound-system private acetate for some while now.

The album's title derives from the opening "Crisis For Love" track, hence: "This world is in a crisis for love — you no see it? — 'so in every move you make, Jah love."

A fuller conclusion is reached on "Eden Out Deh", where the band observe: "Look how the heathen them a work 'pon street today," a reference to the JA Security Corp that translates equally in regard to our own police force, and now "Black man have tankers and jeep."

Also of note, "Satan Army Band", "Sorry For That Man", "I Love King Selassie", as well as their interpretations of Bob Marley's "Natural Mystic" and Jah Bunny of Matumbi's "African Love" titles. The "Willow Tree" track that ends the album is a

reworking of Black Sounds' own "Born Free" title that originally appeared on Fatman's own Boss label last year.

An overlooked LP this, containing some quite excellent singing and songs. Lead singer is Michael Rose, best known for his "Guess Who's Coming For Dinner?" (answer: natty dreadlocks) song, released by Charlie Gillett a couple of years back.

This music is dedicated to the people of Zimbabwe, Namibia and Azania. Crucify Smith and take back Afrika! **Penny Reel**

IMPORTS

I GUESS if Commander Cody got a mild shot of jazz fever, the ensuing results might turn out a little like "Spiders In The Moonlight" (Rounder), an album by a six male, one chick, bunch of loonies known as **Jeffrey Frederick and The Clamtones**.

Likeably oddball — the tracks include "Beer Shits", a flute flavoured shuffle replete with simulated loo loosening and a "gotta run, gotta run" chorus; "Stolen Guitar", a cry-in-your-beer country ballad that reveals "I feel so lonesome now, some motherfucker stole my guitar"; plus such other endearing titles as "Rotten Lettuce", "Touler" and "Singing To The Dentist". All in all, probably Rounder's best shot since George Thorogood and The Destroyers. So let's hear it one more time for Massachusetts!

Euro-comps are still zooming in, one of the most presentable being "Meet The New Wave" (Dutch EMI), a release that includes Buzzcocks "What Do I Get?", Advertising's "Nasty, Nasty", and others by 999, The Banned, Stranglers, Wire, The Blitz, The Secret, The Flys, etc. Also around is "Heroes And Cowards", a still collection from macaroni-land. There's nothing new aboard, however — just return flights for The Damned's "New Rose", Nick Lowe's "Marie Provost", The Adverts' "One Chord Wonder", The Albino's "Snuffin' Like That", and other similar delights. But I guess it's worth mentioning it only for the fact that the sleeve imparts the remarkable info that in '78 everyone born in '45 will be 33½.

In the strange but true department I can reveal that "Rannom Radar Records" is not a compilation of tracks from Radar but rather a collection of items from a label actually known as Rannom Radar (confusin' stuff this!). **Fred Fidd** and **Lol Coxhill** are among the contributors you know and are willing to pay cash for but as for **Illegal Albino**, **The Muffins** and **Logproof** — well, they ain't been around to my shack yet.

Meanwhile, for the benefit of those who are into big box games, Euro-Charly have emerged with "Ars Longa Vita Brevis", a boxed set containing the three albums **The Nice** cut for Immediate. And at the other end of the monetary scale, down in singles-land, it's worth noting that there's a version of **Elvis** "Unchained Melody" (RCA) around that comes in gleaming white vinyl. Flip side is "Softly As I Leave You", which, or so I'm told, is a previously unreleased item.

While on the subject of things Presley, I'll mention that **HMV**, Oxford Street, recently received a small consignment of **Ral Donner** albums, including "Takin' Care Of Business" (Rondo). Predictably they were cleared in a few hours but it's hoped that further stocks will be forthcoming.

Stage One have, as fast, managed to lay their mitts on a haul of "Gunfight At Carnegie Hall" (A&M), **Phil Ochs** previously tough-to-get live album, while the rest of the week's arrivals have included "Tekujin" (All Ears) the latest from **The Far East Family Band**, nippon's answer to the Floyd; **Mike Bloomfield**'s "Count Talent And The Originals" (Clouds), on which the bluesician is aided by such as **Rosie Troy** and **Nick Gravenites**; **Trini Lopez**'s "Transformed By Time" (Roulette); — would you believe Meco meets "If I Had A Hammer"?; **Jas. Walker**'s "Smooth" (Soul) with **Thelma Houston** guesting on a track titled "I Need You Right Now"; and **Three Dances Of Love** (Motown) from the girlic trio that recently toured with The Commodores. **Fred Dellar**

MATCHBOX

Semin' The Woods On Fire (Chiswick)

EVERYONE'S HEARD by now that there's supposed to be some vast rockabilly boom just around the corner. Although I like the music and would love it to get across to a mass audience, I've yet to be convinced that the public are actually gasping for it.

Most people are probably happy to discard rockabilly as Elvis crooning C&W over a sloppy backing, the sort of music that's only enjoyed by anachronistic Teds in London.

It's going to take more than the emergence of a few potential crossover bands to make them think differently.

Those considerations aside, this is a great album for anyone who already enjoys the stuff. Matchbox are older and less readily marketable than their stablemates Whirlwind, but their experience and talent make them more than just another Ted combo.

For one thing their original material is excellent, and that's rarely a strong point in this field. The title track, "Who Can I Count On", "Circle Rock" and Gene Vincent's

"Cruisin'" are the standards they tackle efficiently, but it's their own songs, written by guitarist Steve Bloomfield, which are crucial to the success of the album.

"Feel So Bad" is an ordinary rocker salvaged by the imaginative use of electric mandolin. "Put The Blame On Me" sounds like a 1960 ballad set over a slap-dash backwood rhythm, the sort of melodic exercise you'd usually associate with a slush orchestra.

"Gunning For The Dog" is a morbid revenge song, driving beat with haunting steel guitar

fills. The neo-Presley smooch interval is "My Life — My Love", closing the first side.

"While I'm Away" is more typical rockabilly, Graham Fenton singing powerfully over the authentic, unremitting chatter of the accompaniment. "Nightfall", the final track, is a showcase for Bloomfield's soaring country steel, a stately instrumental, impressive but sadly sounding like a filler. I hope that doesn't mean this is the limit of Matchbox's invention, because seven strong songs and four worthwhile covers isn't a bad score for a debut album. **Kim Davis**

listening to "Boys In The Trees". Like so many 'artistic' albums of today, "Boys" represents that hazy middle-ground between control and over-production.

Simon's career has been peculiarly nebulous. Once known in 1971 for the haunting single, "That's The Way I've Always Heard It Should Be", Simon quickly established herself as a singer/songwriter possessing enough talent to rival perhaps the then emerging Joni Mitchell. A year later, "You're So Vain" rocketed its way up the charts on both sides of the Atlantic, and Carly seemed ready to emerge as the Big Sis of sex

appeal the way Linda Ronstadt is at present.

Neither extreme has happened of course. Maybe it's the inevitable mellowing marriage brings. In other words, James Taylor once again makes his presence felt on a Carly Simon album, playing acoustic guitar, backing up the vocals, and joining Carly in a conventional love duet, "Devoted To You".

The results are often homey indeed. "Tranquillo (Melt My Heart)" has Simon sounding like a matronly Donna Summer as she puts the kid to bed with an innocuous disc-influenced lullaby. Equally lighthearted and

vacuous, is "De Bat (Fly In Me Face)", a calypso tune so self-consciously quaint and "cute" that there's not much fun left in it for us.

With few exceptions — like the dreamy and anecdotal "In A Moment" — Carly Simon is the 'safe' performer, maturing with elegance, if not perception. From stylized pop ("You're The One") to upbeat funk ("One Man Woman") to the on the road pining of Jackson Browne ("Back Down To Earth"), Simon sings slickly, taking no chances.

"Boys" then is an easy listening album with touches of class. Pity it couldn't have been better. **Marxus Smith**



CARLY SIMON
Boys In The Trees (Elektra)
THOSE OF the opinion that Carly Simon has never quite lived up to her potential as a female voice to be reckoned with in the '70s shouldn't change their minds when

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disco music — just disco albums. It was an unhealthy time; I reviewed them perfunctorily, then hoarded them, browsing through the loser gloss of the sleeves daily.

I never played the damn things again — just gloated over the covers. I suspect this is what the people who are so hung up on Disco right now are doing. I suspect that this is why so many mannequins — Amanda Lear, Toni Van Dyne, Grace Jones — are acclaimed disco singers. People are not doing anything so low as listening to the things — they are just oohing and aahing over Amanda's roars and Grace's face.

Predictably (like a robot), fashionable disco is no longer Donna Summer's stiff-upper-lip submission. Sex has become an indulgence in the disco. Like coke-sniffing. Messy.

The best things in life are now free — Outer Space and narcissism. Clean machines.

Stargard can't dress and they're sure other planets are where it's at. One is black and very beautiful, one is brown and vacuous, one is white and superfluous. They are like a LaBelle aimed at men, and their lead singer sings like Patti LaBelle used to. The hit which has enabled Stargard to waste MCA's time and money on an album is the disco single of 1978: "Which Way Is Up?" — cold, callous rat-race adoration beautified by Norman Whitfield.

Only a half-wit could dislike it, as only a half-wit could stand the rest. Side two is non-sex, non-love, non-positive nothingness to listen to alone if at all. Side one is empty, dull emoting for emoting's sake.

Village People's "Macho Man" single was hysterical. Village People's "Macho Man" album is unbearable.

The Village People claim to be practising homosexuals, (keep practising, boize) are very much a rallying point for New York City's gay men in much the same way as Tom Robinson is to those within Capital earshot. They admirably illustrate the differing moral/spiritual standards of our land and Cowboy Country to a never-ending, never-varying disco beat.

In "Macho Man" they chant "Call him Mr Ego/Dig his chains!" while in "I Am What I Am" they plead "I did not choose the way I am!" "Just A Gigolo" and "Sodom And Gomorrah" speak for themselves — masochistic anthems



Diamond Don Sharpe

EARTH TIMES

THE DIAMONDS
Planet Earth (Virgin)

A WISE and enchanting rejuvenation, "Planet Earth" washes away all memory of 1977's Allen Toussaint produced "Ice On Fire" mix-up. A misgendered step into the wrong part of town altogether, "Ice" was a shambolic affair, Toussaint's blare 'n' stomp stylisations quite obviously more sparring partner than soul mate for the gentle assuredness of a premier JA three part vocal group.

Now, 1978. They call themselves simply The Diamonds. Whether the 'Mighty' omission is in part to help erase all remembrance of the unfortunate "Ice" fiasco we can only wonder. The album was recorded at Compass Point Studios, Nassau — so they still choose to neglect the rich vein of studio Jamaica offers, not that the music on THIS album

suffers for it.

Producer Karl Patterson opts for a more sophisticated texture without sacrificing the almost humble quality of the trio's voice. The 'icebreakers' are impeccable, never letting effortlessness slide into session-technical emptiness. A classy crew — Sly Dunbar, Tommy McCook, Lloyd Parks, Earl 'Chinna' Smith, Bernard 'Touter' Harvey are all here.

It's obvious from the opener that everything is correctly in focus. "Where Is Garvey" cuts in very sharp with a superb ascending spiral of sax and trombone bridged into the song by Harvey's regal organ phrase. The Diamonds' forte isn't fire (nyah) and bristling preaching, but the sentiment reaches out all the same: "Where is the black man's prophet? / Where does the black man's future lie? / Where is Marcus Garvey gone?"

The vocal harmonies are continually counterpointed by the similarly open, breezy horn arrangements. On "Struggling", an initially incongruous horn motif falls into place once you realise that it serves to underline the essential optimism of the song. Indeed, in places, the joyful harmoniousness of the arrangement tends to distract attention from the more melancholic sentiment. "Only Brothers" hits the highest, sweetest registers of the entire set, but is one of the more down-mood realisations: "He had a right to live / He was a brother, a only brother."

Like much upgrade reggae the effect isn't always immediate, the depth is only evident after repeated play. A mention too for Chinna's lead break on "Carefree World": wiry and clipped, its delicacy of construction is indivisible from the parry of attack. He suits the love songs with an equal, tense modesty of technique, giving the lie to the idea that all JA lead lines are US steals. "Let the Answer", "Just Can't Figure Out", and the current 45 "Sweet Lady" are the love songs, a genre with which The Diamonds are at their best.

Like the name implies, the beauty of The Diamonds is sufficient unto itself. If you tend to keep at arm's length from reggae for fear of being outlaid about the ears by Rasta semantics or dub surrealism, step onto this patch. The Diamonds keep their feet, strictly and simply, on Planet Earth. Let the light shine on you.

Ian Penman

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JAZZ

SUCCESS IS SWALLOWING YOUR MOUTHPIECE

Last year's NME Golden Beret winner, DAVID MURRAY, believes in getting his teeth into the tenor — no messin' with fancy mouth manoeuvres, text book in hand. Why worry when the triumphal titter justifies all?

HE WASN'T wearing his NME Golden Beret Award. Insurance premium prohibitive, maybe, or maybe again he figured it'd look a little de trop atop his cream snap-brim fedora. David Murray is a dressy little bantam, reddish-brown suit, striped collarless shirt with technicolour buttons, bought at Dingwalls Market after flooring the local jam talent on 'Perdido' and 'C-Jam Blues': "Comedy, Jack".

He stands in the centre of the room, legs spread, demonstrating his relationship with the tenor saxophone. "I never got the feeling of the soprano. It's such a feminine instrument. I can't really feel it because it's not close to me, it's not hanging around my neck. Any instrument that's hanging around ya neck, ya can get total grip on, feel the vibrations of it in ya neck, hands, knee. They tell ya in the books you're supposed to play like this — "He mimes something like a clerk in gardening gloves, before walloping his inner thigh. "I like to put it right here. I can feel it here, here and here. I mean, I HAVE it, you know." r David shuffles his shoulders and braces his legs in the macho ritual of a gunslinger. "Like the embouchure thing, man. They tell ya in the books like how you're supposed to take about this much of the mouthpiece and put it in ya mouth. I bite the whole thing up, Jack."

Not a cat to hide his light under a bushel or a beret, but then again, why should he? He'd come up to New York City in March, 1975, from Berkeley, California, taken on the massed dudes from the heavier zip codes, St. Louis, Chicago, NYC itself, and emerged the winner. He was 20. David Murray is the most emergent tenor since Archie Shepp.

"Phew, man! Me and my father went through so many changes to get that saxophone. I mean, we was poor. My mother was a piano player, my father was a guitar player, my brother's a clarinet player and my cousin's a trumpet player, so I mean I was MISSING the Saxophone! When I got it, it was like, uh, cool, you know — it was no surprise. I'd been

playing piano four years before I played saxophone.

"My father was a garbage man, so he gets up at five o'clock in the morning and my mother gets him off to work for 5.30, then she starts playing the piano. Wakes us up every morning. She was a professional in terms of the church circuit, didn't play outside because it wasn't in her religion to play at the clubs. Missionary Church Of God In Christ.

"What's so heavy about the church is they have like musical competitions. For instance, our church might take our whole music thing, like our choir, our band, everybody, and we'd go over 8th & Grove. The preacher'd get up and people'd start playing the tambourines and stuff while he was preaching because they didn't wanna hear him, they wanted to get into the music. There'd be like WOW, big complications — there'd be like SHOOT MAN! — 20 different churches with 20 different choirs and bands, and they'd just fire up at will!"

"You'd just come out there like — "He mimes a shake and shudder. "That same kinda feeling coming outa the churches, the tribal thing, that real African shit, I try to get out in my music. That's the essence of getting what it is inside of yourself out."

CHURCH BANDS, high school bands, R&B outfits — David's real break came when he enrolled at Pamona College in 1973.

"I went there to check out the school, and Stanley Crouch was rehearsing the band with Bobby Bradford, Butch Morris, Walter Lowe, Black Arthur and Charles Tyler. I said, Damn man! so that's what's happening!"

"That's when I decided to go there, because of this extra-curricular going on. Stanley Crouch was teaching English and Theatre and Black studies, and he was the reason I went there, because I coulda went to Harvard or Yale with my grade point average. I was really into English and writing short stories and shit like that."

"I came to New York with funds from school, I was gonna bring this big report back, blah-blah-blah. I'd been doing a study on the saxophone. I'd go up to the cats and say, Will ya tell me how you do this? Dewey Redman'd look at me like I was crazy, and say, 'Just

play the saxophone, man. Quit talking'.

"So, after my money ran out about two months later, I said, Hey — fuck this shit, and I started hitting with my band. I wanted to come in as a bandleader because I'd been used to leading my own shit. My strength was in playing my own music. It was tough, Jack."

For a while, the David Murray Trio with Mark Dresser and Stanley Crouch, played concerts every fortnight on the Lower East Side. Gigs with Sunny Murray and The Untouchable Factor helped to bring him to the attention of the musicians, then he tried out for Ted Daniel's Third World Energy Ensemble.

"Oliver Lake, Hamiett Bluiett, Olu Dara, Lester Bowie, Julius Hemphill — I mean, I met all these dudes in one day! I was at the rehearsal and cats was saying, 'Yeah — this cat can PLAY'. Since then I was cool with my peers, you know."

Recently he's avoided the Loft scene, vexed by the category, and loathing the frictions and factions which have surrounded that sterling enterprise. In Europe a punter had asked him whether he played Free Music or Loft Jazz: the power of the press. David prefers to play bars.

Like all saxophone players of his generation, his formative period was dominated by Coltrane, but writer-drummer Stanley Crouch surprisingly cites the late subtle and sinuous Paul Gonsalves as an early influence too.

"Yeah," David agrees. "Gonsalves was the cat, man. I learned a solo of his one time, the 'Diminuendo & Crescendo In Blue' ". He starts to hum it, but is strafed by the jingle of a passing ice-cream van — "buh, Close Encounters, man! Gonsalves, man, he had a way of going in and out of chord changes. I think Albert really paid a lotta attention to him."

"I learned Coltrane's solo, 'Giant Steps', but I learned it on alto because I didn't wanna be dealing with it every time I picked up the tenor like most of these cats. He might be playing, uh, 'Three Blackbirds' or some shit, but he'd be dealing with 'Giant Steps' ". He laughed hugely. "That tenor solo of Ornette's on 'Ornette On Tenor' — areas he's covered there on that one solo, cats spend their whole lives trying to cover it — and



DAVID MURRAY. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

he's not even a tenor player! He showed me a different way. Rather than thinking about say a G minor chord, he's thinking about what colourational aspects are tied to those keys.

"After a while, tonal gets boring to a cat like Ornette who's totally explored the keys. You go to the next level. He's a scientist of the principles of tones on the saxophone. Ornette has covered all that, but it went down so quick that nobody really dug it. Everybody slept on Ornette. He's the cat."

"I listen to Sonny Rollins. Sonny will play and he'll be totally oblivious to his audience. He's constantly pulling the rug out from himself — he has total confidence in what he doesn't know about himself. That makes you explore." He looked thoughtful under the fedora. "Living in New York's the same way. You decide to live in a place where the rug is gonna be constantly pulled out from under ya. Before I lived

in New York, I'd never have thought of doing a solo concert."

The fruits of a solo concert at the Theatre Mouffetard, Paris, are beginning to appear on the market, one album released, two more to come.

"Chant Pour Une Nouvelle Afrique Du Sud" from "Organic Saxophone" is a staggering example of David Murray's command of emotional structuring. The theme, an ugly sawing rhythmic pattern, is played in every register, harmonic overtones curling off like shavings from a planed girder. Gradually, the rhythmic pumping is taken over by the low register, and the upper flies fast and free: a bat in an organ loft. Huge, harrowing shapes dance between the fixed points, the pitch manipulated so that every note contains a world of declensions: foundry and filigree.

"Once I'm really into a

composition, it's not about the techniques of the saxophone, don't hafta think about the notes I'm putting down. Actually, man, it's like being in a dream. Subconsciously — I mean physically — I almost go to sleep, but I'm dreaming. I trust my intellectual subconscious to play this music. That's one of the hardest things to do. That's what I was saying before, that's what a lotta people can't do because they play Coltrane licks because they don't trust their mind to do that. You can always get back.

"I mean, I use a play stuff with the real intellectual approach, you know — all this bullshit. I never really get off on it myself, so I kinda stopped. Now I'm into playing the sorta stuff I know is gonna get me off every time I play it. When I change my compositions, my improvisation changes. The thing I see myself doing is getting heavier and heavier into composition, you know — eventually include orchestras and things.

"Take a tune like 'Flowers For Albert' — I was walking down 107th Street in Amsterdam going to Riverside Park, and next thing I know, it just come in my ear. I went home and wrote it down. I had to go over to Riverside Park to get this tune. I don't have no formula — if I had, I'd sound like a brainiac. I really don't want my music to sound like a computer. I like it to flow along with a spiritual kinda meaning to it.

"Melody, man — that's what's happening. A tune that every time you play it, you know it'll inspire you. I hafta take care of me before I take care of anybody else. If I don't feel cool, most likely the people don't feel cool. In a composition like 'Flowers' there's about three different sound textures, and once you've played the line, the head and the changes, you can go anywhere with it. I mean, you can deal with any of those three and I'm sure it'll hook you up.

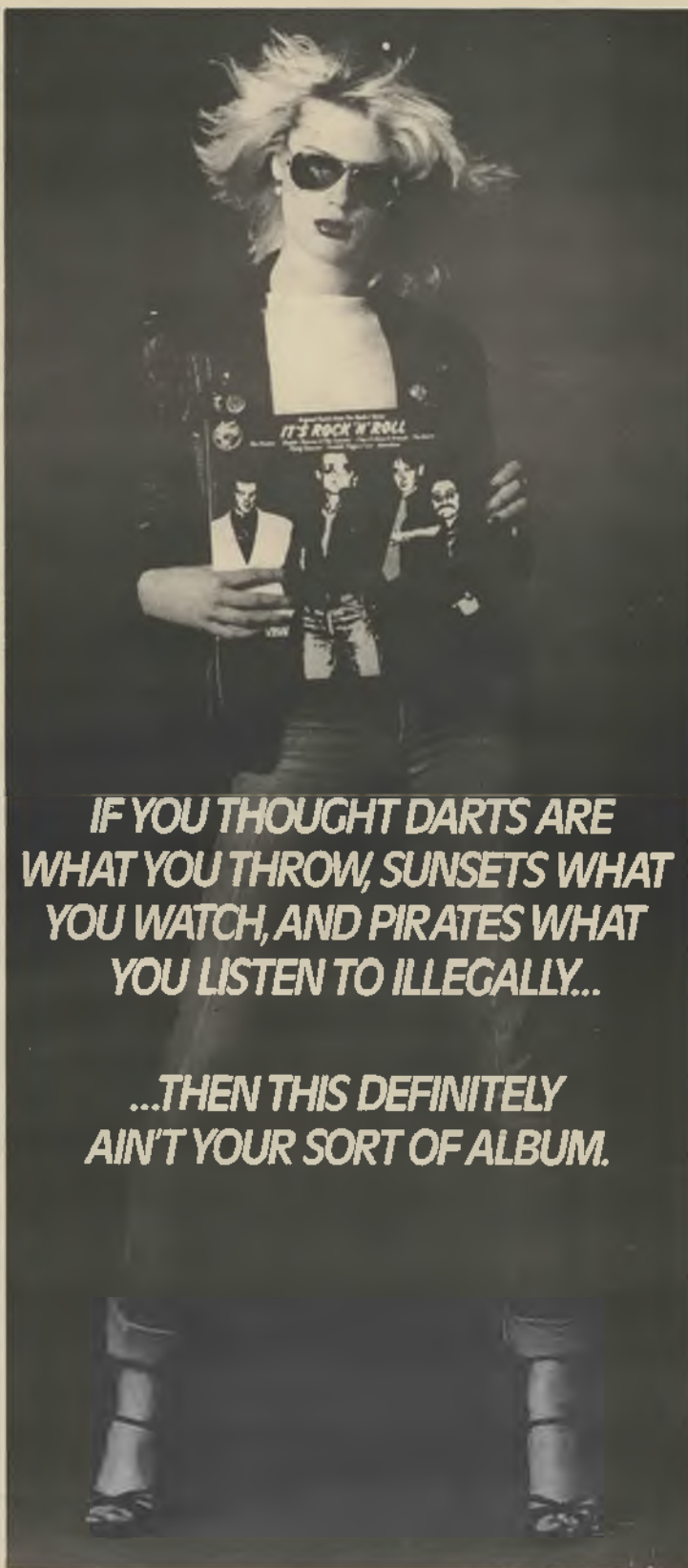
"See, what I do, I use the melody to prepare me. I don't wanna get hung up in just the sound textures because they have a tendency to get boring to me, like listening to Stockhausen. You get all this heavy shit about silent textures and John Cage talking about these great silences, but silence is not enough for a poem. You hafta fill up space — silence exists if you just shut up. That's all.

"People try to make you play the same way for the rest of your life. That's why I hate requests. They wanna request the whole evening for ya.

Audiences, they hafta have faith in the artist, that he's gonna take them to some other area that they haven't heard.

"There's one tune I play called 'The Last Of The Hipmen' — I can play that as a ballad and make people cry, or play it as an ensemble and make them really happy. I'm coming to think that just the speed of a melody has a lotta control over people's emotions. Lotta times, the over-intellectual listener doesn't wanna feel good — he wants to be a masochist to himself, only hear the notes that he thinks are heavy."

He took his hat off, scratched his head, put it on again. He sat down at the piano and played for the next hour and a half. David Murray tunes, Monk tunes, Duke tunes, Parker tunes. He doesn't have a piano back home, so he played like an urchin loose in a sweet shop.



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The Tubes

NEW THEATRE, OXFORD

I DIDN'T see this exotic troupe last time around but I do recall one particularly purple review of them; words to the effect: "Would you take your daughter to see this show? I don't think so."

So naturally, this year that's precisely what I did.

Not surprisingly she wasn't remotely shocked, offended or corrupted (too late for that) by any of the theatrics, in fact she was disappointed they weren't a good deal more lurid.

As for the musical content, that was mostly O.K. too; her one major complaint being that she couldn't figure out where the group was coming from.

Was it all parody or were The Tubes aiming to be taken seriously as a 'straight' group at any point in the proceedings?

Very perceptive, smart-ass daughter o' mine; that's exactly the question I'd been asking myself.

See, the seven-piece core of the troupe — the six musicians and lead chameleon Fee Waybill — double as their own support act.

For most of the first half of the first half, if you follow me, they present themselves as natural, performing competent but unexceptional pop/rock songs like the one that's been released as a single, presumably in a bid for chart status, "Show Me A Reason."

Admittedly Waybill disarms criticism by diffidently explaining "I want to be like The Doobies", from which we must immediately assume that that's as unlikely as Elvis Costello wanting to be Tony Christie (in-joke; see last week's Teaser); nevertheless, "Reason" and a couple of other jolly rockers are performed with ambiguous straight face.

As for the rest of the show, there's no confusion. The Tubes are The Tubes.

Before the 'normal' interlude, they began the evening's pantomime (at least I assume it was the beginning; we arrived a few minutes late) with their well-aimed jibe at crass TV panel games, "What Do You Want From Life?", in which an unfortunate maiden is dragged from the stalls and

smothered in ludicrous prizes, only to have them whisked away again and be sent on her way with a measly half-eaten candy bar.

(After the show the victim was backstage claiming autographs, so she obviously wasn't deterred by her humiliation). The support team of Re Styles and other dancers had joined the charade as either hostesses or extra-special prizes, and they returned for the timely rag, "Slipped My Disco."

I understand that The Tubes conceived and used to perform this routine a couple of years ago.

It's re-introduction to the show could hardly be more appropriate, but on the hustling heels of "Saturday Night Fever." John Travolta, may you witness this spectacle and be forever cowed.

A word here for the dancers: The word is hoorah; they're great.

The whole ensemble then paraded three of the more popular numbers from last year's show — "Smoke (It's A Drag)", "Don't Touch Me There" and "Mondo

Bondage."

"Smoke", for which Waybill metamorphosed from the Travolta image to become a Columbo/Marlowe character in a sleazy nightclub setting, was performed amid dense clouds and climaxed with him being attacked and crushed by giant ciggys — much the same as last year, judging by the pix on their album.

The other two songs have been revamped; "Don't Touch" now evolving out of a high-school sex education class (with Re portraying the m'a'm of course — and very sensually too) while "Bondage" is, by all accounts, a little less gross than previous models.

After the interval, older routines were brought up to date and back into the act in the form of a trio of uncouth cowboy ditties — The Tubes' response to The Rockabilly revival.

"Hot Dog, I'm Proud To Be American" and "El Paso" worked well and were received well but an intervening rap about the pros and cons of cow 'n' sheep bugging aroused a drunken heckler and a certain

amount of embarrassed tittering.

All of which was soon drowned by the savage attack, "Terrorist (Smash The System)", a vehicle for paramilitary exercises and machine-gun riffing.

At that level of farce it was a natural step to the Johnny Bugger sequence, "I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk" and "I Saw Her Standing There", retained intact from last year.

I'd have thought that this part of the show was worth squashing by now but, lo, poggers erupted from within the packed ranks in the stalls and even my punkette offspring thought it was funny.

Bugger's chainsaw massacre gave everyone a buzz (sorry 'bout that), especially the scattered punters in the front stalls.

The Drum Solo allowed a mass costume change and introduced Quay Lewd, the blonde glitter queen on superstacked boots, a stiff little phallus protruding from his pink codpiece.

Once again the loudmouth in the balcony started up but

he might as well have been planted there; he just gave Fee 'Quay' Waybill a direction for his "you wanna get your teeth round my beef?" routine.

Lewd fronted his customary trio of 'hits': "Boy Crazy", "Stand Up And Shout" (we did) and "White Punks On Dope", all of which were musically tight and hilariously performed, culminating in the collapse of amps on the hapless nurd and general chaos, both on stage and in the auditorium.

Obviously I can't directly compare this year's Tubes show to last year's model but, for what it's worth, I got the impression that they are far more organised this time around — it was all conducted extremely slickly — and that they have wisely reduced the theatrics by a fraction to allow more of their musical skills to come through.

Certainly they're all far more impressive musicians than I'd imagined they'd be; an important asset that I've just realised I neglected to mention in the preceding lines.

Try not to miss them.

CMF White

The Pirates

OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

AT FIRST I thought they were bouncers, the live middle-aged men in their best Burtons, saloon bar casuals, a little nervous of their presence amongst a crowd of students. But when the Feelgoods' "Back In The Night" came through the PA, one of the group turned to another and demonstrated the descending bass line. "That's how you should play it — it's a great song — we play it too fast".

Old rockers never die, they come to Pirates' gigs to pay homage to their contemporaries, their heroes who've been playing for as long as I've lived and are currently enjoying a startlingly successful come-back with a newly-found heavy-weight critical reputation as the best live band around.

Having now seen The Pirates incite an evening of youthful frenzy, dancing, clapping and fun in general, I can tell you that they almost live up to their reputation, but could be better still if it wasn't for several performance flaws that have been previously over-looked or kindly ignored.

They showed off with "I Can Tell" and it became immediately obvious that Mick Green is an asset (perhaps their only one) of enormous proportions; machine-gun epithets are not enough, this man makes water pistols of James Williamson.

The set warmed up well, but after the excellent "Gibson, Martin, Fender" proceeded to sag in the middle, both because of some weak material from "Skull Wars" and because of the serious lack of pacing and variety necessary to preserve the impact of the more boisterous numbers. The Pirates are not really a '70's R&B band, nor are they the R&B band of "Hungry For Love".

Underneath their set of short, wham-bam-thank-you songs, skulls a closet late '60s power trio; "Voodoo" for example, could easily be an old Ginger Baker vehicle. Frank Farley and Johnny Spence are unfailingly tight, without being, perhaps, sufficiently interesting.

Although they improved at the end with breathlessly aggressive versions of "Talkin' Bout You" and "Johnny B. Goode", The Pirates still need to strengthen the contrast and original content of their show to really justify their present standing.

David Housham

British motoring: breakthrough near Longbridge

The Motors

BIRMINGHAM

WITH THE opening of The Motors' new show, another new model is unveiled.

Like the bespectacled one, The Motors are one of the fine infusions of new talent who have busted out in the past year.

Still their debut album was more notable for a few really strong songs than any evidence of consistent promise.

The only time I'd previously seen the band had been when they were support to Dave Edmunds at the Roundhouse last autumn.

That night they only succeeded in playing at a more painfully ear-wrenching volume than the Welsh rockabilly wizard. The popular characterisation of them as a cross between The Byrds and Status Quo did not seem far from the mark.

With not only their new album, but also their stunning new sound to push, The Motors definitely had a new model. Would it pass the road test?

The best of the older numbers were still there: "Bringing The Morning Light" to start it off, "You Beat The Hell Out Of Me" to get the crowd to overcome the security gangs and enjoy themselves, and of course a dynamite encore of "Emergency" and "Dancing The Night Away".

Each of the old songs was given a real new bite by what can only be described as a high-on-miraculous improvement in The Motors sound.

The key to this is Nick Garvey and Bram Tchaikovsky's real development as guitarists.

Individually they are competent, but in harness they have developed an uncanny empathy.

The new number "Dreaming Your Life Away" was so professionally executed that I've kept to mind.

Fortunately they play with more passion; the Groovies are perhaps a more apt comparison.

Where they used to play in monochrome they are now in glorious technicolor; they have light and shade in their music. Sure they are still a damn powerful rock 'n' roll band but they say it with a little soul; they're now far from being a new wave heavy metal band with a good line in harmonies.

The new songs were just as effective live as on record. They just took the songs that fitted their new improved live sound and it worked.

"Breathless", for example, is a fine rocker set to become a stage favourite.

The real clincher in the blossoming of The Motors' talent was the vocals, which were soaring, tight and fine. It was as if hours had been spent to perfect them.

Thus, they were a band that had been completely transformed from the last time I saw them; it was a brilliant performance.

As for the rest of the show, Marseilles were a shock. How can a band come out playing like a hybrid of Sweet and Status Quo and appear to mean it?

The Jolt hail from north of Carlisle if my ear for regional accents doesn't fool me and were such a relief after Marseilles' set that I confess to letting critical objectivity slip.

Bashing their music on that seedbed of fine music, early '60s British R & B; they play with a skill and feeling to be admired.

Their single, a cover of the Small Faces' "What You Gonna Do About It" is worth a listen and as well as playing the oldies well they can write the odd tune of merit — "Mr Radio Man", a delightful polemic against a D.J.'s love for L.A. smooze music was not only funny but good to dance to.

Michael Pritchard

TVeye is Iggy's latest album.

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Magazine GREYHOUND, CROYDON

HOWARD DEVOTO is one of the few truly progressive (!) artists to come out of the New Wave. He also seems one of the least attractive personalities (but in an attractive sort of way. See?)

He was evidently annoyed at the poor turn-out on Sunday (the gig clashed with the ANL rally). "Where's all your friends, then?" he demanded. Maybe this was why at first the band didn't seem to be trying. The audience was static, Howie was aloof. Even so the quality of the music came through.

Like all innovators, Devoto takes risks — "Goldfinger" being an example. I think it is an experiment that fails, but interesting for all that.

After about half-an-hour, Devoto asked: "What are these songs about? Answer me that."

Dead silence from the audience.

He didn't let up. After the next song: "I'm prepared to believe you can't hear the words. Take a guess."

Fans face harangue from Howie

More silence.

In fact the words (and titles) were indecipherable, which was annoying because those I did catch were really good.

"Motorcade" was the high-spot — a long song which sustains interest and intensity. "Touch And Go" and "The Great Beautician In The Sky" ("It's about how enchanting you all are. I say that to everyone") were winners too.

The confused sound Magazine put down on record comes into its own on stage, though I hope the lyrics are clearer on the album than they are on the singles. Then I won't have to sing "Shot by both sides on the way to the outside lavatory."

A word about the band. They're good but not pushy — were hand-picked for that quality, no doubt. Devoto's persona requires a pounding, jagged musical backing that's more than adequately

supplied. Dave Formula's keyboard embellishments are permanently exciting and John McGeech's guitar, which borders on straight heavy metal, is paranoic.

The Mose Band were the support, and remarkably only for their lead singer who is totally bald wears a catsuit and a belittered, belchered clock. A prize prat.

Mark Bastable

George Thorogood and the Destroyers THE OTHER END, NEW YORK

THE significant difference between George Thorogood and other guitarists at CBGB's is that George knows how to play his instrument — a beauti-

Suzi Quatro BAILEY'S LEICESTER

IT'S ONLY slightly possible that there are worse places on earth to see a band than Bailey's. The patrons are only down for the endless supply of disco drek, and the opportunity of parading their new flared bags.

They are kept in their place by be-sulted penguins who ensure they don't do anything as outrageous as standing at the bar while drinking.

They don't actually sell chicken-in-a-basket, but if they did you know there would be no shortage of customers. Different strokes maybe, but this place has about as much to do with rock and roll as the Sistine Chapel.

So many different thoughts about what to expect are spinning through my head that the band are halfway through "The Wild One" before I organise some notetaking.

For the sexist pigs amongst you, Suzi still packs more into 60 inches than most girls can in ten centrefolds. Five years on from "Can The Can", and she's as much a Cream Dream as in those early days of zip-through catsuits and dog chains jewellery.

Tonight the dream is wrapped in tight leather pants and a buggy fawn top, and don't tell me that all this is irrelevant till you've seen her hump that Yamaha custodel a few times. Sex is as much a part of her act as her singing

Quatro critics face harangue from writer



FIG. JOHN HIND

and playing, although the former is never allowed to overshadow the latter.

Far from having to flop safely onto a bed of Greatest Hits, Suzi has no trouble producing a set which is a mixture of hard-rocking originals, seasoned chestnuts, and just occasionally, a contemporary classic — in this case a fine version of Tom Petty's "Breakdown".

Her band are perhaps a little anonymous but all are accomplished, and with the addition of second guitarist Paul Green, Len Tuckey is obviously going to waste no time in exploring the possibilities of some tasty harmony lead.

Though I'd have liked a little more animation from them this was only the third gig in just over a year, and I've no doubt it's their full intention to let Suzi carry the show even when

fully worked in.

While they're playing, I'm still mooching round the hall staring at the impassive hockheads who seem unable to make the transition from a moving dot, TOTIP projection, to real live music. The wall of apathy which greets the end of every number would kill me, but it only makes her strive that much harder to win them over.

Clutching desperately for some kind of cynical objectivity, I wander back to the front of the semi-cordoned stage and stick my head in a bass bin.

The sound washing over me says Suzi's still completely in love with her music, and it some misguided music journalists don't like it, tough luck, because she'll be around for a long time to come.

My only criticism is of the fairly unsubtle mixing. The instruments ended up too far

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ful old semi-solid single-cutaway Gibson.

That doesn't mean that he's not playing rock 'n' roll, or that he's a better person; to the contrary, he seems to have an average, cheerful stage personality, comes from Wilmington, Delaware (an example of Anytown, USA) and plays a type of blues that reveals a perfect sense of basic guts rock.

When I heard him at this less-than legendary remnant folk hangout, I says to myself: Highly talented . . . obscure rocker playing over-worked blues with terrific results . . . will probably remain unknown and obscure . . . should have played CBGB but are they ready for him?"

Lo and behold, A&R people from Warner Bros. Atlantic, Arista and Fantasy were hiding in the audience watching their pet project. They've been trying to snatch 27-year-old George away for months from his present small independent company, Rounder Records, who recently released the first George Thorogood and The Destroyers album.

George, however, isn't budging. Success is still new to him. Or as he put it, speaking from the stage: "I remember when I had to work for a living."

apart, and at times Len Tuckey's guitar felt like a sledgehammer in the ear. Otherwise it was great from start to finish, my favourite bit being a thing called "What's It Like To Be Loved?" which developed from a song proper into a brief drum solo, a bass and drum duet, a bass solo, and back into a song again. Very entertaining.

After this the music was Chinichap's, but their style has changed so much in five years that the bias was hardly noticeable: "Can The Can", "Tear Me Apart" (should have been a hit), "If You Can't Give Me Love" (already is) and "Devil Gate Drive." I make that two undemanded oldies in 70 minutes. Washed up? Don't make me laugh.

Suzi puts everything into a show, working her gorgeous ass off for the audience, no matter who they are, and the way she energised (there really is no other word for it) the crowd of soporific John Travolta clones into yelling for two encores was nothing short of amazing.

Not many people can even lay claim to a Berry encore, let alone hope to do it justice. Suzi's credentials are impeccable, and the choice of song flawlessly ironic when you realise it was written when she was only nine years old. Though he didn't know it at the time, Chuck got Suzi Quatro in just two lines.

"She never gets any older, Sweet little rock and roller . . . He's always had a way with words."

Stephen Gordon

He's an exciting player with great chops, not just a great blues player, and commands an unusual hybrid of at least four specific guitar styles. He has the slide guitar of Elmore James down to a 'T'; out-Hooks the John Lee Hooker shiver - and - scratch outlook and, naturally, inscribes "young rock" all over his Chuck Berry covers.

Bo Diddley is in his pocket, so to speak, and his clean white-boy howl recalls an unaffected Johnny Winter or a higher-toned Big Bear of Canned Heat.

I can think of any number of people who have mastered parts of the vocabulary George has learned but none who currently blend it so well and present it so forcefully.

The punky spirit that began in semi-sophisticates like Chuck Berry is not upon this lad. His long (eight - and - a - half minutes of the album, a quarter hour on stage) version of Hooker's "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer" is excessive, though enjoyably so - not like endless boogie-smack overdoes.

Using a flying pinky slide and all five fingers on his picking hand (no brag, just fact) his presentation of Elmore James's "Can't Stop Lovin'" is a smashing rave with great appeal for rockabilly, blues and rock fans. "Madison Blues" cuts an old Fleetwood Mac version to shreds and Bo Diddley's "Josephine" is creditable considering the fact that no one in their right mind, except Bo Diddley, should attempt a Bo Diddley song. The long Jimmy Reed offering, "I'll Change My Style", (written, in fact, by one Parker Villa) is a tremendous reading of that limited but very appealing bluesman's style. Thorogood's voice is natural and gravelly and his vibrato-slide stretches the simple eight-bar melody to great effect.

He needs something more, though, than his bass player, Billy Blough, who underplays and may be considered a bit of a liability. His drummer, on the other hand, plays in a laconic, bashing style that buoys George with style and then some. Between the two of them, they are the sum and total of the Destroyers. In general, they are equal to their tasks and present a larger-than-trio sound, though, specifically, the drummer attacks his instrument more seriously.

I have a feeling that George will become a very convincing rocker in the '80s, depending on whether he begins writing his own material. I have to say that, even having said that it doesn't matter because he's already grand, because his cover of Chuck Berry's "No Particular Place To Go" was so astounding as to make me wonder what George's particular place will be.

He's not there yet, just going mighty fast.

Dan Oppenheimer.

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Wire seize the hour

Wire

SHEFFIELD LIMIT

TO USE an alimentary analogy, punk can be seen as a kind of musical laxative, clearing away all that stodgy stuff that was blocking the system.

Music cannot live on laxative alone, however, and the problem now seems to be one of what diet to pursue.

Obviously, the necessity to avoid further constipation is paramount, so all that junk-food power-pop stuff can go straight in the dumper, along with disco, HM, MOR, HEL, and all the other acronymic toxins I've missed.

The main concern, as any health-food freak will tell you, should be that one's diet is organic.

Which is where, I believe, Wire comes in.

In the rolling-up of sleeves and getting down to rebuilding, Wire stand as a sterling example to all those groups content just to bell out the zeitgeist of yesteryear.

True, they appear, to the casual listener, to be utilising the same devices as some of their less-imaginative colleagues.

But a closer listen to "Pink Flag" reveals layer after layer of twists, turns, puns and peculiarities.

Idea.

Idea sussed, snatched and shoved out of the way, images flashing past in a blur. "Don't just watch, hours happen, get in there kid, and snap them."

Wire keep on the move, you see: a truly organic (as opposed to static) process, and one dependent more on ideas and imagination than technical ability.

They accept their limitations, (although it's difficult to believe B. C. Gilbert, Graham Lewis and Rob Gribble have been playing for as short a time as they claim), realising that no matter how little you can "play", there's still an infinity of possibilities just waiting to be snapped.

And snap them they do, at an astonishing rate; their current set contains no fewer than eleven new numbers, most of them displaying the kind of progression which differentiates "I Am The Fly" from the



Rob Gribble

Pic: TONY HARVEY

"Pink Flag" album tracks, and all of them boding well for the next Wire Album.

One new song, "Outdoor Miner", suggests itself as a possible single, due to its almost conventional melody line. (Although that's as good a reason as any, I suppose, for its not being a single...)

They start with "Being Sucked In", a curious number which begins slowly, speeds up to mid-tempo, then wanders away, and follow it with a fast headbanger called — I think — "Options Are", notable on first hearing for the drastic descent of the vocal line.

The band are dressed in fetching shades of black, grey and white, the only colour present being bassist Lewis' red sweatbands and heart-shaped brooch, the latter fitting in perfectly with his '50s teen-idol appearance — an image that contrasts starkly with vocalist Colin Newman's drab, convict stance.

Newman's stage movements have been refined to a series of struck poses, reminiscent of "live action" photos of rock stars simulating ecstasy and the like. Parodic, perhaps?

The "Pink Flag" songs are taken faster than the album — "Brazil" fairly tears along — and it's rather disappointing that the audience, as a whole, wants to hear old faves rather than new material.

"12XU" is a fairly predictable encore to follow the 19-song set with, but the calls for "Mr. Suit" (one of the worst songs on the album) are quite baffling.

"We don't normally play this one," mutters Lewis bemusedly after the band begin.

"I'm tired of being told what to think, I'm tired of being told what to do..." How ironic.

Andy Gill

Split Rivitt

NORTH LONDON POLY SPLIT RIVITT are a highly promising new five-piece out of North London playing a taut, funky, modern rhythm and blues.

They perform mostly original material which comes from lead guitar/vocalist Dave Wilgrove and rhythm guitarist Chris Warren in a style that owes something to The Crusaders, Tom Scott, J. Geils among others (which they acknowledge) backed by one of the snappiest drummers I've seen in a good while, one Dave Lytleton (son of Humph)

working in tight synch with bassist Barney Jeffries.

Completing the line-up is the very able Mark "Harpdog" Hughes on gob-iron who's obviously heard a track of two of Little Walter (a good place for many mouth-harpist to start) but who is apt to break into a more flowing, melodic style from time to time, particularly on the slower material — which I find refreshingly adventurous.

Check this, blues fans — he can play a chromatic!

I say they're funky but I don't mean they're a "funk band", the like of which usually bore me to teeny pieces.

For one thing they've still got that abrasive sound of yesteryear classic R&B and for another they do songs as opposed to endless two-chords jams, which has the effect — it seems to me anyway — of making them more "personal".

In other words they still come over as people, not just "musicians".

This is also enhanced, I guess, by the Oxford clothes somewhat reminiscent of Eel Pie and the Crawdaddy in days of yore. Dave Wilgrove with his baggy-arse trousers and pencil moustache could be a reincarnated and rejuvenated Cyril Davies.

By their own confession they could do with some more out-of-the-way gigs before hitting the dizzy heights of such as the Hope & Anchor or the Nashville but I think they're being overly modest.

The standard they've set themselves is obviously high but I think they already look pretty good against most of the stuff I've seen at those esteemed venues over the last year.

I mean, last Tuesday night at the Poly was only their sixth gig.

My only criticism of that evening is that they should have left out the Harp lager or whatever it was that induced them to jack up the volume to sonic-warfare pitch for the second half and to start thrashing.

It never works.

If the audience don't look as if they're responding positively enough, just remember what it's like trying to dance or applaud with a beer in your hand which you can't put down cos it'll get knocked over or nicked.

Besides it was only a Tuesday night.

I wish them a good agent and plenty of Friday and Saturday nights.

Geoff Hill

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I MUST admit the opening was effective, with a small orchestra at the back framed by soft-cream art deco shapes and Claes Oldenberg palm trees.

The group themselves entered in their most immediately recognisable style, toppers and tails accompanying slinky evening dresses and fired five rounds, the best of which was "Four Brothers." A quick change into South Pacific gear (sailors and dockside whores) to illustrate renditions of "Singapore," "Java Jive" and "Walk In Love."

During the last of these Laurel Masse, singing solo, treated us to a series of awkward movements which I assumed were intended to be sinuously erotic.

I was prepared for a calculated show and each performer does work within a strictly defined context of characterisation, but I was surprised how frequently they blew it.

The only one with any genuine sensual presence was Janis Siegel, whose performance during "Don't Let Go" had real Tina Turner fire, and created a tangible sensation of after-hours off-the-shoulder sex in "In The Dark."

Alan Paul, the male sex object of the group, failed to convince time after time that there was anything beneath the light-up teeth and convertible hairstyle apart from a reasonable voice.

The latter portion of the show in which he put on his blue suede shoes and leather jacket to wow les jeunes (and not-so-jeunes) filles was the most embarrassing display of hollow stage macho it has ever been my misfortune to witness.

Any good moments were dissipated by the sheer length of the show and the constant switching from one musical idiom to another.

It was simply too difficult to adjust to Tim Hauser's Tennessee Swamp DJ Daddy after his cocktail-bar seducer only to be flung into the middle of a rock n'roll parody followed by the smooth 20s pastiche they began with.

Somewhere along the line the Man Tran band were allowed a totally redundant spot of their own during which each member played a solo and

The right mood at the right moment

Aswad 100 CLUB

ALL ROADS LEAD to the 100 Club in London's West End every Thursday night, where — "in tune to Silver Camel Sound" — the weekly reggae sessions provide not merely the music's star live attractions, but also the most relaxed venue and atmosphere for its enjoyment thereof.

Invariably ram-up, an audience of startlingly varied persuasion demonstrate a display of multi-racial harmony where, truly, the colour of one's skin is of no greater significance than the colour of one's eyes — or multi-hued flocks, even.

In the weeks preceding the Anti-Nazi League's convergence upon Hackney, participants of this 100 Club phenomenon have grown increasingly self-aware of their own singular contribution towards the blight of NF racism, in intermingling realisation of each other's company.

The week previous to Aswad's appearance, Albert Griffiths' Gladiators had been the occasion for the most joyous celebration of this spirit to date.

The nature of the crowd, however, must have come as something of a surprise to the Jamaican group, and they were not fully able to effect its logical conclusion.

Aswad proved the perfect vehicle — capturing the right mood at the right moment and delivering a barnstorming set to vociferous appreciation.

It was the best show I have seen all year, concluding with the whole audience one voice in the chanting of a climactic "Natural Progression" refrain.

were duly applauded — in fact, the audience clapped just about everything, including the group's comedy inserts and Hauser's impersonation.

Their singles were performed well, each given a little more life than their studio counterparts, with "Chanson d'Amour" and "Tuxedo Junction" lingering in the memory.

Their final number, horror

Aswad's "We want to execute political system" lyric echoing throughout the length of the cellar for a full five minutes duration.

The group opened slightly uncertainly with "Behold", during which they gained noticeable stride at the lusty approbation that greeted their "Israel unite" declaration; growing in confidence upon rendition of "Jah Give Us Life" and "It's Not Our Wish (To Fight)", expression of which latter sentiment once more brought forward shouts of approval and "right on!" "go deh" exclamations from the crowd.

"Can't Stand The Pressure", "Stranger", "Spare Not The Rod" and "Love Has Its Ways" continued the set in similarly successful execution, and by the time Aswad launched into the hesitant opening bars of "Natural Progression" the audience were eating out of the group's hands.

The rhythm guitar struck up the song's theme; Angus Gaye obliged with a snare pattern; recent acquisition Tony Robinson embroidered a flourish of organ riffs; and from the depths of the audience a voice cried, "drop the bass NOW!"

The bass did, and the crowd went wild.

Following their achievement with this closing number, the band were reluctant to return to the stage. Only sustained demands finally coaxed the group from the dressing room.

For an encore we received "Sons Of Criminals" and "Three Babylon", detailing the covert curfew that exists for black youth on the streets of Harlesden after dark.

Babylon, it's your turn to go on the cross, this time.

Penny Reel

of horrors, was a Transferred "House Of Blue Lights." And that was the end of the show.

The audience went apeshit and the reviewer was left distinctly unmoved by a group that are just too cute by half; real American Product.

Roll over Dos Passos and tell Fitzgerald the news.

© Neil Norman

JAZZ DIARY

KEITH TIPPETT'S new 22-piece orchestra makes its debut at the Roundhouse on 21st May.

Ovary Lodge and T'NT, the Tippett-Tracey duo, share the bill with The Ark. Personnel includes Harry Miller, Peter Kowald, Louis Moholo, Frank Perry, Elton Dean, Trevor Watts, Larry Stabbias, Brian Smith, Marc Charig, Dick Pearce, Nick Evans, Dave Anis, Julie Tippett, Maggie Nichols and four violins, two cellos.

Gips at The Phoenix feature the Eddie Prevost Band on 17th and the Annette Pescock Quartet plus Pat Crumley's Edge on 24th May.

The Half Moon at Putney has the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band on 14th and Velvet — the Isaacs, Denny Wright, guitars, with Digby Fairweather on trumpet — on 21st May. The Band On The Wall, Manchester, has the Professional Jazz Orchestra on 11th, Alton Parnell on 18th, and Joe Lee Wilson on 25th May.

Singer Joe Lee Wilson has recently sold his New York Loft, Ladies Fort, and settled here. good news for fans of great jazz singing.

The 2nd Bingley Jazz Festival takes place at Myrtle Park, Bingley, West Yorkshire on 28th May, with the Heritage Brass Band, Arts Seeds Southern Comfort and the Al Foss Band. Bassist Gill Lyons' Giff's Band, a 17-piece outfit, has started a Sunday residency at The Beehive, Lower Richmond Road.

The Cobblestones in Streatham High Street continue its Wednesday jazz with the Don Weiler-Alan Jackson Quartet adding a different guest every week — Ray Warleigh on 10th, Art Themen on 17th, Tony Coe on the 24th and Martin Taylor on 31st May.

New release from Arista, Larry Coryell and Steve Khan's "Two For The Road". From Capitol, Raul De Souza's "Don't Ask My Neighbours", featuring his own invention, the Sombabone, a trombone with an extra valve and a tone close to the French horn.

Julius Hemphill has issued an excellent programme of trio cuts with Abdul Wadud and Don Moye on "Raw Materials And Residuals" for Black Saint. ECM have released "Gateway 2" by John Abercrombie, Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette.

Brian Case

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DO IT

BEGGARS
DON'T
DO IT

STIFFS
DON'T
DO IT



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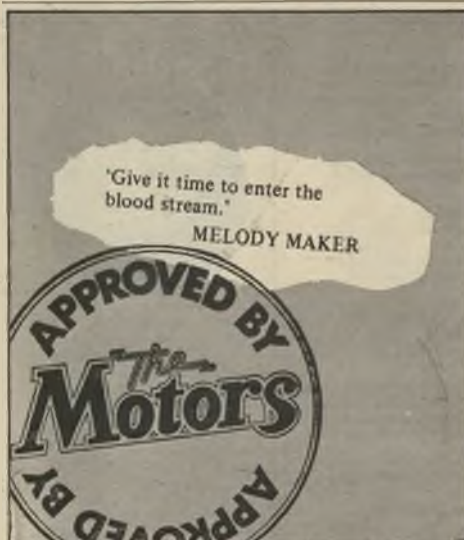
"Give it time to enter the blood stream."

MELODY MAKER

APPROVED BY

The Motors

APPROVED BY



Complete absence of vibrations either rastaman . . . or punk



Clinton Fearon of The Gladiators. Pic: CLAIRE HERSHMAN

The Gladiators

MANCHESTER RAFTERS

OF LATE, I and I have been nursing a nagging ambivalence towards reggae.

On the one hand, there are occasions like the recent Peace Festival in Jamaica, which gives the impression of the positive force the music may provide within that country's political situation.

On the other hand, however, there's a plethora of doubts about the whole scene which (unfortunately for The Gladiators) predominate at the present time.

For one thing, the avowedly cut-throat nature of the JA music-biz, combined with the lugging-in-the-Jamaican-Sheraton star trip adopted by those who've "made it" suggests that the mouthings about Marcus Garvey, Black Star Liners et al are pure cant. I mean, with all the ackers he's accrued, surely Bob Marley should be able to operate at least a small ferry service?

Come to that, (he wrote, getting into his stride), any culture/religion/whatever which reckons a pig like Haile Selassie could be remotely connected with "divine" forces has got to have a rather suspect sense of values. Lion of Judah, my ass!

And what value is an ideology of liberation which displays such a patently blinkered, reactionary attitude towards the female of the species? (The only females who've "made it" — albeit accidentally — are Cosmo Girls, remember.)

About white patronage of reggae, I'll say nothing except that the "Ranking Sidney's new JA pre-release 12-inch etc. etc." syndrome snacks of the chitist collector-consciousness which grades recordings in inverse proportion to their availability; are records meant for listening, or locking in a wall safe?

And, while we're on the subject, just what the hell is a "pre-release"? By its very nature, it surely can't exist? That said, there are certain reggae records for which I have an undying affection — Big Youth's "Dread Locks Dread" (uncool, I believe), and some

of Augustus Pablo's stuff (a bit cooler), for instance.

Most — if not all — of this affection is directed towards dub, which is (of course) difficult to effect onstage.

With the exception of the occasional crazed toast, none is directed towards the sloganeering which usually passes for lyrics.

All of which is an attempt to explain why I failed to find anything remotely interesting in the performances of either The Gladiators or Reggae Regular.

The latter, clad in safari-suit chic (with the red, green and gold ostentatiously displayed, natch), start unsteadily with a forgettable, mid-tempo love song called "Pool's Game", before moving on to the more predictable themes and hotter rhythms.

Enjoyable, but unexceptional.

The Gladiators, as was to be expected, were better than Reggae Regular, but didn't justify, for me, the sycophantic praise lavished on their every utterance.

Organist George Clark introduces Albert Griffiths (lead vocals), Clinton Fearon (bass, vocals) and Gallimore Sutherland (guitar, vocals) as "Prince Tony's Gladiators", which emphasised, for me, the secondary role the reggae artist seems to occupy in relation to the producer.

Borrowing the Regular's drummer Sly Francis, they started off with the abominable "Music Makers From Jamaica" and continued with a selection of songs from "Trenchtown Mix-Up" and "Proverbial Reggae" albums, Albert Griffiths' incomprehensible between-songs pontifications greeted with rapturous applause by the predominantly white audience.

The mix wasn't all it should have been, but on the whole, things seemed to go okay; in all fairness to the two bands, it was an immeasurably better performance than the last reggae gig I attended, a lacklustre affair featuring Dillinger and Zabandis.

But it all just seemed so ordinary. I listened to the Gladiators' first few songs from near the front, then retired to the back: some fair-haired fellow was dancing energetically on my toes, you see.

I wouldn't have minded, but the prat was way out of time.

Andy Gill

The Vibrators

The Depressions

EDINBURGH
FRIDAY NIGHT at the University again, so let's all join the intelligensia for a spot of culture in their hallowed halls.

Tonight's education is all about how to make music (a) loud, (b) facile and consequently (c) profitable.

First up, an object lesson in how to do it all wrong.

The Depressions come on with all the cranked up crassness of a punk Slade, and (considering they share the same management), I wouldn't be at all surprised if it wasn't their precise brief.

The Depressions are yet another variation (their particular variation being that they've all got bleached hair) and the old fallacy that pain threshold volume plus relentless keep-it-hard-and-simple headbanging will pass as substitute for talent.

However, since they can't muster a decent song between them, their future would appear to be happily very limited.

The Vibrators, on the other hand, have got cheap thrills down to something of a fine art.

Dumb they are not. What Knox has tumbled to is that music works better with dynamics, and that a bit of subtlety (only a bit, mind) works wonders.

The basic headbanging rhythms are left to hard-hitting Eddie up there, while the guitars blitz in with their instant razzle dazzle to work over what's left.

The punters love it, and we have left off!

A few quick solos here and there for added effect complete the illusion of seeing a real rock'n'roll band. Neat, huh?

Of course it's superficial crap — what did you expect from a band who willingly choose a name like the Vibrators? Who'd anticipate anything at all from such an unflattering comparison? That's their trump card!

(There always was too much truth for a punk's comfort in Knox's claim that The Vibrators were a real blank generation because they had nothing to say.)

All the rest is pretty much optional extras. The quirky words are purely ornamental, though of course titles like "Sulphate", "City Of Mirrors" and "Public Enemy", etc. add a helpful touch of exotica.

Similarly, whether or not they occasionally stray across conventional boundaries into what might actually constitute a good song ("Troops Of Tomorrow") is really irrelevant.

It's not 'good' music because it was never intended to be. Professional low life, that's The Vibrators.

Yep, Knox's got it all sussed. It's all done with a skilful eye for comic book absurdity rather than cynical detachment, and it's all professionally executed with a minimum of fuss.

Only the lack of a really hummable tune — "Automatic Lover" is definitely the best attempt so far — for a hit single keeps The Vibrators in the Second (commercial) Division.

Doubtless it's on its way, and the operation will be complete.

Im Cranma

£20 — for a press conference

Diana Ross

LONDON PALLADIUM

I HAD no illusions about the lady in question. I just sat back in a seat for which many there had paid £20 in the earnest expectation of being handsomely entertained, if nothing else.

Well, we all make mistakes.

The show began inauspiciously with Roger Kitter, a Jewish comic who specialised in comic songs and Max Bygraves impersonations.

The scene set for the lady was a Judy Garland movie backdrop with spotlights, ladders and the orchestra mounted on scaffolding at the back, illuminated with pink lights.

Then, two Marcel Marceau types entered with streaming tuxes to herald the arrival of The Star.

She duly appeared and did a couple of numbers with a film projection of her face on the outstretched white fabric of her dress.

The irony of the device on this occasion was that she looked much better on film than she did in the flesh.

Despite the rather soggy response she referred to the audience as "terrific" after the second number. "The Lady Is A Tramp" — this all being interspersed by some very embarrassing silences which she found hard to fill.

At frequent intervals during her performance the two mimes entered and performed around her during songs like "Smile" and "Send In The Clowns".

Many of the songs were marred by sugary over-orchestrated arrangements, which left the singer fighting to make herself audible, and the continual irrelevant interruptions by the mimes.

The evening, however, could have been saved by the injection of a little pace into the music. It wasn't.

"I get a chance to come out and be here with you," said Diana as she moved into the audience with "Reach Out And Touch" exhorting people to join hands and sing along.

The next move proved fatal. She held a press conference from the stage and got what she might have expected with such thought-provoking questions as: "Diana, how do you stay so slim?" and "What are you doing after the show?"

After a brief respite, she was carried back on stage in red satin and purple tights for disco time, and, oh dear, a medley of greatest hits from the Supremes days.

The songs stopped meaning anything to me about then, so I tried to concentrate on the visuals. Unfortunately, the reliance on props left little for the lady to actually do and with her superstar aura by now tarnished, I actually started to get bored.

The evening was a classic example of gross indulgence but even worse it fell down in areas it could so easily have succeeded in.

There were just too many clumsy exchanges with the audience (who had, after all, paid their money to be wowed), too many



Edinburgh Vibrations

Pic: LAURIE EVANS

Cissy Houston

PEGASUS,
NEW YORK

SOME PEOPLE seem destined never to realise their full potential.

Here's a lady, favourably viewed from within the industry for years, who can sing rings around far bigger stars, but who has rarely been adequately represented on record.

Her recent album on Private Stock was a typical case in point: all very proficiently pleasant and therefore a great big stiff, a dull compromise between outright commerciality (it was produced, arranged and conducted by Michael Zager, perpetrator of one of this month's most irritating disco hits) and a timid acknowledgement of her gospel-based vocal skill.

Even though three of the

five songs in her short set were from the album, her small backing group allowed her much more freedom of expression than was heard on record — a contrast made all the more effective by the situation: she was performing in a disco.

Somehow one doesn't expect to thrill to soul-searing vocal pyrotechnics in such a place.

"Thing To Do" and "Tomorrow" were especially strong vehicles for her formidable delivery, both going down a storm with the predominantly black audience, since, on top of the fact that they were so well performed, they are songs of polite optimism (of the 'Now I've got class, I've got things to do' and 'Things'll be even better tomorrow' variety) which are bound to appeal to nouveau middle-class American blacks.

Cliff White



Pic: GUS STEWART

maudlin reminiscences about "the good old days" with The Supremes and just not enough show.

The closer she tried to get to the audience, the more obvious the gap between them and her became.

It goes against the grain to see a self-proclaimed star of stage, screen and vinyl attempt to go back home via the same path she rode out on, and misjudged spectacles like this will not maintain the charisma she needs to stay at the top.

She appeared to be trying to break the hold (albeit half-heartedly) that her position has clasped on her, and the result was a frightening debacle.

Hope I die before I get sold.

Neil Norman

Fabulous Foodles

On tour with 'U.K.'

10th May

ESSEX University

12th May

LANCASTER
University

13th May

SHEFFIELD
University

14th May

MANCHESTER
Apollo

15th May

THE RAINBOW
London

WHY CAN'T THEY
JUST TAKE ME FOR WALKIES
LIKE OTHER DOGS



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR.
BARROW Main's Disco: GIRLS SCHOOL.
BATHON Double Six: WARM JETS.
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THOSE FOUR.
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS.
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Ballroom: SHAM 69.
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS.
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM.
BLACKPOOL Opera House: ELKIE BROOKS.
BOLTON Hallwell Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE.

BRADFORD Princeville Club: CYANIDE.
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: SATELLITES.
BRISTOL Polytechnic: THE YOUNG ONES.
BRISTOL Tiffany's: CAFE JACQUES.
BRISTOL Vase Stars & Stripes: THE ADVERTS.
CHATHAM Central Hall: BRASS CONSTRUCTION.
A ROKOTTO.

COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: LITTLE BOB STORY.
COVENTRY Dog & Trumper: THE RAW DEAL.
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: THE V.I.P.s.
COVENTRY Locarno: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP.
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND.

CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DIANE SOLOMON.
DONCASTER Outlook Club: STEEL PULSE.
GLOUCESTER Tiffany's: MATCHBOX.
GREAT YARMOUTH Vauxhall Holiday Centre: AC/DC.

HASTINGS Palace Hall: DIE LAUGHING.
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS.
ILCHESTER Heron Club: PIN-UPS.

IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: MADDY PRIOR.
LEEDS 'F' Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS.
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: HOWARDS FUMING.
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: YACHTS.

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIOLINS.

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MICKEY JONES BAND.

LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LITTLE CREADICK.

LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT.

LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY.

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHNNY G. AFFAIR.

LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: FABULOUS POODLES / THE YOUNG BUCKS.

LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: BABY GRAND.

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL.

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JAB JAB.

LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES.

LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO.

LONDON HAMPSHIRE Country Club: SPITERI.

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SORE THROAT.

LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS.

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BRAKES.

LONDON Marquee Club: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES.

LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE CADETS.

LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS.

LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: REGGAE REGULAR.

LONDON Palladium: HELEN REDDY (for three days).

LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: BILL KREAM / SPHERE.

LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: IVOR CUTLER.

LONDON School of Economics: ROY HARPER.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MAKERS.

LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK.

LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: QUEEN.

MANCHESTER Knuckles: IDIOT ROUGE.

MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STYX.

MANCHESTER Piccadilly: DEANO (for three days).

MANCHESTER Raffles: CHERRY VANILLA.

MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: OZO.

MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: THE MOTORS.

MORECAMBE The Broadway: SON OF A BITCH.

NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES.

NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN.

NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: JOHNNY MOPED.

OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: ANY TROUBLE.

PLYMOUTH Metro: THE PIRATES.

POOLE Leisure Centre: CLIMAX BLUES BAND.



PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS.
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE.
REDFORD Porterhouse: BUSTER JAMES BAND.
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DEAN FORD BAND.
SHIPLEY The Bushell: THE VYE.
SOUTHAMPTON Odeon: DARTS.
SOUTHWEST Dixieland Showbar: THE ACCELERATORS.
ST AUGUSTINE Arts Theatre: THE WATERSONS / MARTIN CATHY / BOB CANN.
SWANSEA Nut Club: THE PLEASERS.
TREFORST Glamorgan Polytechnic: HEAD-WAITER.

Friday

BATH Brilla Arts Centre: STEPS.
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RADIO STARS.
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS.
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hall: KAY RUSSELL.
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: STYX.
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS.
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: RAND & THE

BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE TUBES.
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE.
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: THE REAL THING.
BLACKWOOD Miners Institute: OZO.
BODMIN Garland Ox: THE WATERSONS / MARTIN CATHY.

BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NO EXIT.
BOURNMOUTH The Village: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO.
BRADFORD Star Hotel: VIN GARbutt.

BRIGHTON New Regent: DEAD FINGERS TALK.
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE CIMARONS.
BRIGHTON Top Rank: IAN DURY / THE BLOCKHEADS.

BROCKENHURST College: THE YOUNG BUCKS.
BROSGROVE North Worcs. College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS.

BUNNYBRIDGE Norwood Hotel: THE DEFT JERKS.
BURTON 76 Club: HEADWATER.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: RUBY JOE.

CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: AC/DC.
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: SON INCLUSIVE.
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS.

COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO.
COVENTRY Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS.
CROMER West Ruxton Pavilion: CLIMAX BLUES BAND.

CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS.
DERBY Assembly Rooms: MADDY PRIOR.

DUMFRIES The Windsor: BLEAK FUTURE.
DURHAM University: LINDSFARNE.
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION.

EDINBURGH University: STEVE HILLAGE.
EVESHAM Nite Club: DAVE BERRY BAND.
EXETER University: DARTS.

FOLKESTONE Golden Arrow: DEAD DOGS DON'T LIE.
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR.
GLASGOW Art School: THE MOTELS / LANDSCAPE.

GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE ENID HAILSHAM Crown Hotel: DIE LAUGHING.
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JO-ANN KELLY.
HIGH WYCOMBE The Pumpick: CRAFTYHALF.

HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE.
KINGSTON Cushe Head: CHARLEY BROWNE.
LANCASTER University: U.K.
LEEDS Backlane Club: THE VYE.
LEEDS Floode Green Hotel: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS / THE REZILLLOS.

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: STEFASIDE / JAB JAB.
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND.

LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: FILE UNDER POP.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NICKY THOMAS / DANSETTE.

LONDON DALSTON Cubics: JOHNNY MOPED / THE VIOLINS.
LONDON HARLESDEN New Ruxton Theatre: SHAM 69.

LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: STRAIGHT 8.
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: BRUCE RUFFIN.

LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: SPITERI.
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS.
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP.

LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: THE LEYTON BUZZARDS.
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LOOK / URBAN DISTURBANCE.

LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: ROGER THE CAT.
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: BOZ.
LONDON PUTNEY Hall Moon: JOHNNY SILVO.

LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: ORIEG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT.
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINÉ GRUFF / BENNY & THE JETS.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE AUTOMATICS.
LONDON S.W.1 Barleydown Country Club: KELVIN HENDERSON'S COUNTRY BAND.

LONDON TOTENHAM White Hart: MATCHBOX.
LONDON TWICKENHAM Albany Hotel: THE STATISTICS.

LONDON Uptons at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE.
LONDON W.C.2 The Basement: METABOLIST.

LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: QUEEN.
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: SOUL DIRECT.

MANCHESTER City College of Education: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES.
MANCHESTER Raffles: THE VIBRATORS.

MARGATE Dreamland: THE LUKERS.
MIDDLEBROUGH Rock Garden: THE SMIRKS.
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOTORS.

NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SLADE.
NEW MILLS Boes Knees: IDIOT ROUGE.
NEWPORT Village Club: THE BRAKES.

NORWICH East Anglia University: DEAN FORD BAND.
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL.

NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS.
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: CHERRY VANILLA.

NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: VAN DER GRAAF.
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND.

ORMSKIRK Edge Hill College: DAWN WEAVER.
PRESTON Guildhall: DON McLEAN.

Saturday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WILKO JOHNSON BAND / BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES.
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE YOUNGS.

BIRMINGHAM Rogar's (lunchtime): THE CLERKS.
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Rock Club: SCORE.

BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: COSMOTIEKA.
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE TUBES.

BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO.
BODMIN Foster Hall: THE WATERSONS: MARTIN CATHY.
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA.

BOLTON Institute of Technology: ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR.
BRADFORD University: THE MOTORS.

BRIGHTON New Regent: YACHTS.
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN'S RATS.

CANTERBURY Kent University: THE PLEASERS.
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: DIP DAZZLE & THE INDICATORS.

CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS.
COLCHESTER Essex University: THE CIMARONS.

COVENTRY Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE & SUGAR.
CROMER West Ruxton Pavilion: AC/DC.

DERBY Assembly Rooms: STEVE GIBBONS BAND.
DONCASTER Birdcote Club: JAB JAB.

DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: SHOWAD-DYWADDY.
DURHAM St. Bede & St. Mild College: DAWN WEAVER.

GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DON McLEAN.
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND.

GOLE Station Hotel: OVERLORD.
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: BULLET.

HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE BRAKES.
HEREFORD Starlight Rooms: DAVE BERRY BAND.

LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: THE RAW DEAL.
LEICESTER Polytechnic: CLIMAX BLUES BAND.

LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: STYX.
LIVERPOOL Eric's: RADIO STARS.

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: DEAN FORD BAND.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION.

LONDON CHELSEA College: WARREN HARRY / RUMBLE STRIPS.

LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatbush: OVERSEAS.
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: EARTHBOUND.

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE STUKAS.
LONDON DALSTON Cubics: CRAZY CAVAN 'N'.

THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / FAMOUS PLAYERS.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS.

LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS.
LONDON HAMPSHIRE Country Club: SPITERI.

LONDON HARLESDEN New Ruxton Theatre: GREGORY ISAACS.
LONDON HARROW Tudor Club: PIN-UPS.

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / ROGER THE CAT.

LONDON Marquee Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND.
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE.

LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: THE FALL / JOHN COOPER CLARKE.

LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: REDNITE.
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: JACKIE ROBINSON.

LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: WHITE RABBIT.
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: DAVE WALTERS.

MORE GIG GUIDE AND LIVE DATES OVER THE PAGE



IAN DURY begins a lengthy tour that's already virtually sold out. If you're lucky enough to have a ticket, you'll find him at Birmingham (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), London Hammersmith (Saturday and Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Ipswich (Wednesday).



HELEN REDDY returns to Britain to play four concerts in three days at the London Palladium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. There are still some tickets available at prices from £2.50 to £7.50 — a lot of money maybe, but well worth the experience.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON S.W.1 Barkymow Country Club: AL BARRETT'S LINEMAN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: QUEEN
LONDON WEMBLEY Royal Hall: MADDY PRIOR
LOUGHBOROUGH University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
MAIDLEY Court Centre: LITTLE ACRE
MANCHESTER Refrains: GIRLS SCHOOL
MANCHESTER U.M.T.S.T.: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOLAS / THE SMIRKS
MARGATE Dreamland: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: VESUVIUS
MIDDLEWICH Alkali Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: LIMELIGHT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
OAKENGATES Town Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
OLDHAM Tower Club: MISTRESS
OXFORD University: CAFE JACQUES
PORTSLADE Clarence Hotel: MATCHBOX
PRESTON Guildhall: LINDISFARNE
READING Mary Maids: SOUL DIRECTION
RETFORD Pudding: THOSE FOUR
ROTHAM These Rabbits: DESPERATE STRAITS
SHEFFIELD Little Club: CHERRY VANILLA
SHEFFIELD University: U.K.
SLOUGH College of Higher Education: SCRATCH
ST. ALBANS City Hall: VAN DER GRAAF
SUNDELLAND Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
WISLAH Crown Hotel (Junction): THE PESTS
WORKING Centre Halls: DEAD DOGS DON'T LIE

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: CHRISTINE ETERMAN
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: THE VIBRATORS
BIRMINGHAM M Bar: BARBARELLA'S
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: AC/DC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: CYANIDE
BRACKNELL Southall Park Pavilion: TRAPEZE
BRADFORD Princville Club (Junction): A.P.B.
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: VAN DER GRAAF
Bristol Hippodrome: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Bristol Locarno: THE REAL THING
CHELMSFORD Chancelor Hall: CHERRY VANILLA
CHELMSFORD Rock Club: DOLL BY DOLL
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: ARMPIT JUG BAND
COVENTRY Locarno: THE BUZZCOCKS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: LINDISFARNE
CROYDON Greyhound: RADIO STARS
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: GIRLS SCHOOL
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: DON McLEAN
GLASGOW Prints Studio: LANDSCAPE
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: THE MOTORS
LEADS Stage Post: THE VYE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: X-RAY
SPAXADAM & THE ANTS / THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON CONVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: METABOLIST
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: HEADWATER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PIN-UPS
LONDON HOLBORN The Bitez: SOUTH OF THE BORDER
LONDON HOLBORN Royalty Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON Marquee Club: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (Junction): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON THE MALL L.C.A. Theatre: BOB PEGG
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: IDIOT ROUGE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: U.K.
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHRIS GRIFFIN & THE MERKON
MANCHESTER Refrains: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/EATER/BLITZKRIEG BOP
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: JUNE TABOR
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: ROY HARPER
NUNEATON Trocadero: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SHAM 69
POYNTON Folk Centre: ALEX CAMPBELL/PHIL MARTIN
PURFLET Circus Tavern: BARRON KNIGHTS (for a week)
READING Hexagon Theatre: DARTS

READING Top Rank: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
REDHILL Lakes Head: HOT POINTS
SALTSBURN Loftus Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STYX
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: LITTLE ACRE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: BLACK ABBOTS (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: FRUIT EATING BEARS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: DEAN FORD BAND

Monday

BASILDON Van Gogh: SOLID WASTE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE VIBRATORS
BLACKPOOL Jackson's Bar: CHEAP FLIGHTS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
BRADFORD New Talk of Yorkshire: THE SNEAKERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DARTS
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CAERPHILLY Double Diamond: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quayways: THE LURKERS
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: BULLET
DERBY Assembly Rooms: AC/DC
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CHERRY VANILLA
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE PIRATES
HARTLEPOOL Castle Club: FRUIT EATING BEARS
HULL Tifany: DEAD FINGERS TALK
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BRASS CONSTRUCTION/ROKOTTO
LEADS Meiborough: THE SQUARES
LEEDS Polytechnic: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: THE VYE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE TUBES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: VAN DER GRAAF
LIVERPOOL The Spoutman: IDIOT ROUGE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: CYANIDE/STAA MARK
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISH CO./CLUMSY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STYX
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE BRACKES
LONDON Marquee Club: TYLA GANG/STRAIGHT 8
LONDON Palladium: ELKIE BROOKS (for a week)
LONDON Putney Half Moon: HOT MUD FAMILY
LONDON Putney Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Mary College: LINDISFARNE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: U.K.
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PUSH
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: MEAN STREET / U.K. SUBS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DON McLEAN
NOTTINGHAM Boat Inn: BUDDY & THE DIMES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAHIR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
READING Hexagon Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
STAFFORD Top Of The World: THE MOTORS
SWANSEA Cycles Club: SHAM 69
SWINDON The Affair: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN'S RATS
WAKEFIELD The Pride: ARC ROUGE

Tuesday

BANGOR University: VAN DER GRAAF
BELFAST Queen's University: LITTLE BOB STORY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Tifany: THE REAL THING
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE DARTS
BRIGHTON Art College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: STEEL PULSE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
BRISTOL Locarno: THE VIBRATORS
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE PIRATES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROY HILL BAND
DURHAM Coach & Horses: DISGUISE
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: YACHTS
HULL University: LINDISFARNE
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: AC/DC
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: LUIGI ANADA BOYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE TUBES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: NEW HEARTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEADWATER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PRESSURE SHOCKS / EFLAK
LONDON Marquee Club: CHERRY VANILLA

BLACK SABBATH are back on the road again for the first time since singer Ozzy Osbourne (right) re-joined them. They open a massive tour, lasting well over a month, at Sheffield (Tuesday) and Southport (Wednesday).



LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: 90° INCLUSIVE / SPITERI
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ZONES
LONDON WEST HAMPESTEAD Railway Hotel: BLITZ / HERBSMAN ROOT SOUNDS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DON McLEAN
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
NEWCASTLE University: FRUIT EATING BEARS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: GODSPELL* (for five days)
NOTTINGHAM Treat Polytechnic: THOSE FOUR
PRESTON Clouds: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BLACK SABBATH
SHREWSBURY Tifany: THE MOTORS

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: T.C.O.J.
BANGOR Normal College: ROY HILL BAND
BASILDON Woodlands: SOLID WASTE
BELFAST Postcard Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Half Green Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: LINDISFARNE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DON McLEAN
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER
CUMBERNAULD Usher Theatre: TYLA GANG
DURHAM Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
FALKIRK Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
GATESHEAD Stirling House Hotel: DISGUISE

GLOUCESTER Red Lion: ARMPIT JUG BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
KEELE University: THE MOTORS
LEEDS Vivas Wine Bar: OVERLORD
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: EFLAK
LONDON CANNING TOWN Hollies: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK/THE PUSH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON Putney Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHWALL White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS/THE RIVITS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
MANCHESTER Great Northern: VESUVIUS
NEWPORT Showway Club: CHERRY VANILLA
NUNEATON 18th Top & Caldwell: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: DARTS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE REAL THING
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DEAD FINGERS TALK
PORT TALBOT Four Winds Hotel: TRAPEZE
READING Hexagon Theatre: MADDY PRIOR
SALISBURY City Hall: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
SHEFFIELD City Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SHAM 69
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
SWINDON The Affair: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER / BLITZKRIEG BOP

VEHICLE MUSIC

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Ku Klux Klan
with
STEEL PULSE
+ No 1 Reggae D.J. Steve Samard

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TOP RANK SUITE, READING

WILKO JOHNSON BAND

Sunday May 14th at 8 pm

Tickets in advance £1.50 from Top Rank, Quicksilver Records, Harlequin Records Maidenhead & Slough or £1.75 on night.



MADDY PRIOR launches her solo career, after the disbandment of Steeleye Span, with a concert tour starting at Ipswich (Thursday), Derby (Friday), London (Saturday) and Reading (Wednesday). Her newly-formed band features, from left to right, Chris Stainton (keyboards), Maddy, Ray Flacke (guitar), Kevin Saviger (synthesiser), Pat Donaldson (bass) and John Lingwood (drums).

The Favourites

IMPERIAL HOTEL, NOTTINGHAM
THERE USED to be a band called Plummet Airlines.

They were a hard-working, individualistic, immensely enjoyable combo, and they had two singles out, one on Stiff, one on State.

After numerous basses and let-downs, they split.

There was also a band called Captain Cook's Dog, whose only claim to fame is the line they are now reading, and they

faded into oblivion after having no records released on any label whatsoever.

Now there's a band called The Favourites (poxy cash-in name), containing three Plummet members and two Dogs.

They wear brightly coloured open-necked shirts, write songs with annoyingly bland melodies, do harmonies together at the one mike, and sing about boyfriends and girlfriends.

In short, they suck on several cubes of ice.

After failing to make any real advancement playing the music they began with, I

suppose it's understandable that they should want to thumb the first bandwagon that passes, and who knows if this one won't bring them a measure of commercial success.

It certainly won't win them a scrap of credibility with the people who flocked every week to hear the Plummet's unique brand of rock, and the cryptic cries of 'Where's the stietsons?' from the more cynical members of the audience can only refer to an idiosyncrasy from that previous incarnation.

If you ignore the obvious

cash-in angle, The Favourites are no better or worse than any of the other bands on this soppy mid-'60s binge.

They have their Beatle harmonies down OK, the lyrics are suitably fey, and lead chanteur Daryl Hunt is a real dish. They also have an outrageously pretty bassist, and a drummer who wears a silver medalion over his polo neck.

It could be better. The songs are a little samey, and Daryl isn't all that distinctive a singer (he played bass with the Airline).

They could be tighter, and, please, if you're going to tackle a pop classic like "S.O.S.", at least have the decency not to throw it away with sloppy vocals.

Apart from that is was... um... nice. Pleasant. Outless.

Perhaps I'm dim or something, but I thought The Rules had grabbed the final say on this sort of music. At least they can be witty in the face of banality.

As a last break with all that went before, The Favourites play an emasculated version of the second Plummet's single "It's Hard".

Hard? It's barely flaccid done your way boys. Whatever would Harry say?

Stephen Gordon

order to see its perpetrators.

It seems so ludicrous that anybody should imagine that Sad Cafe merit a 2,000 seat venue like the New Theatre, that one has to be generous and point to the current lack of suitable bands for them to support and the New Wave-oriented college circuit.

Nevertheless, the few hundred people who sneaked in were clearly as embarrassed as the band at the wide open spaces all around them.

The evening had the atmosphere of a rehearsal, with the audience being treated to an exclusive preview of a group who, on stage, looked as confidently professional as a Genesis or a Supertramp with an impressive light show to match.

Invoking those sort of comparisons clearly marks down Sad Cafe as a band who are at least three years too late.

They play the tasteful type of melodic rock music associated with such tasteful persons as Gallagher and Lyle, the Sutherquives, City Boy and The Jess Rodden Band whose tasteful grip on the nation's consciousness was washed away within a mere six months.

However there's still room, and a market for "taste" as Gerry Rafferty's excellent "Baker Street" has recently proved but Sad Cafe share neither his capacity for insis-

tent hooks nor his economy of song structure.

They seem to hold the misguided view that unless a song contains a rock passage, a bit of acoustic guitar, some blue-eyed cocktail crooning and a louder rock passage all swathed in saccharine synthesized strings, then it isn't a proper song.

Thus potentially good numbers like "Shell Shock" and "Fanx Tara" from their first album and "Resilient" and "Mario" from the new one are so stretched and overburdened with redundant (and sometimes hackneyed) arrangements that as with your average white sliced, all the substance of the music is refined out.

Meanwhile Sad Cafe are a band who are all dressed up with nowhere to go, separated from the millions of Supertramp fans who would undoubtedly love them, but who aren't willing to give up an evening to go and watch a new band whose hit single they haven't heard on the radio and whom they haven't read about in the Daily Mail.

The thunder-flashes which were meant to provide a spectacular ending to their set went off accidentally before the band had even come on. With luck like that, things can only get better.

David Housham

The Enid CANTERBURY

THE CORRECT attitude to The Enid is, of course, 'It's good fun, but it ain't rock-n-roll'.

And though this attitude irks the band themselves, its prevalence is partly their own fault.

For a start, they play things like "The Skye Boat Song"; and "The Dambuster"; secondly, they take the rise out of their own classically-influenced music.

Frinstance, when introducing "Child Roland", a superb piece of music, Francis Lickerish says, "Roland was a hero. He was so bleedin' heroic. Even as heroes go he was heroic. I mean, he was so..." etc., etc.

The advantage of this attitude is that it somehow exempts them from the charge of playing pretentious technoflash rock.

"Fand", their major piece, teems with Tolkienesque imagery and atmospheric warblings.

But if you'll just suspend your carefully nurtured cynicism, you'll find it an incredibly powerful piece.

The Enid's albums disguise the energy they generate live.

They played "The Devil", "Mayday Galliard", "Judegment" and the first encore was a strange version of "Wild Thing".

They struck a rather disconcerting note at the end by playing "Land Of Hope And Glory" while the regular fans waved Union Jacks.

Robert John Griffith went out of his way to say, "I've never considered the last night of the Proms to be a political rally. Neither is this".

It must be said that this is a really good band, and anyone allowing himself some catholicity of experience will get a lot out of them.

Mark Bastable

Sad Cafe

OXFORD NEW THEATRE

YOU MIGHT not know much about Sad Cafe, but you can hardly be unaware of their existence.

During the last year they've been given the sort of lavish, prolonged, full-page promotional campaign that most bands would sacrifice quite a lot for.

But although a naked woman on its cover can push an album into the neither regions of the Top 50, it won't, as some people have still to learn, cause raving hordes to smash down theatre doors in

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ELVIS PRESLEY AND TRIBUTE RECORDS

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ROCK & OLD SINGLES

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STIFF (33s Available) Section 2

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NEW RELEASES Section 3

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NEW RELEASES Section 4

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NEW RELEASES Section 8

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PERE UBU

From page 8

Ubu (Father Ubu), a character central to three plays and associated works by the dourish French absurdist, novelist, playwright, poet, critic, journalist and engraver Alfred Jarry (1873-1907), whose literary career was as meteoric and controversial as it was brief.

"Well", says Thomas, "the whole relationship of the character to the band is a shifting one. I understand it, the band understand it."

"It's also a great name, totally alien to most Americans — very few can even pronounce it correctly. More than that I won't say, since it'd spoil our fun and spoil yours."

More than that, I can't say, since I'm not well acquainted with Jarry's work. But there are obvious parallels that even a cursory reading of the three Ubu plays can elicit.

And so, in no particular order, some checkpoints. Thomas himself would have no trouble auditioning for the part of Pere Ubu in the theatre. In fact, the physical resemblance between him and some of the actors who have played the role is positively uncanny.

Thomas has described himself as "grotesque", a description that certainly applies to the original character, whose face and body were conceived by Jarry as an accumulation of every possible deformity. The original Pere Ubu's unpleasant array of Heath Robinsonesque pumps, pulleys, hooks and other paraphernalia which he both maintained his own heaving frame and used to maim his unfortunate victims calls to mind Thomas' vicious manipulation of metal against

metal on stage.

In addition, it's suggested that Jarry's Pere Ubu was a symbiosis of human flesh and metal machinery and appendages (metal nails, claws for hands, etc.). Reflect on Thomas' remarks about 'industrial' music and make your own connections.

The original Pere Ubu is a complex character, often demanding sympathy despite his outrageous activities, an extreme combination of beauty and the beast. Here Pere Ubu, hear how their songs combine beauty with bestiality, and wonder.

The original Pere Ubu possessed an incredibly coarse vocabulary, often appending the word *merde* or *merdre* to his various imprecations. *Merde* means 'shit' and is the mantric chant that runs through 'The Modern Dance' (the song itself).

Jarry's eccentric theory of 'pataphysics', developed to its fullest extent in *The Exploits and Opinions of Doctor Faustroll, Pataphysician*, can be interestingly equated with Thomas' theory of 'ballistics'.

There's more, much more, but I haven't had the time to digest it.

"When people ask what Ubu is," says Thomas, "I can only say that it's a magic thing, a vision, not in the religious sense, but an image. We're not mystics or anything like that; we just share this vision. The only time the band really exists is when we're playing."

"Ultimately there's really no reason why any of the band, including myself, is more worth listening to than anybody else who's just come in off the street."

"Ubu has to do with moving forward, with progression. At the same time, it's quite obvious that Ubu has created its own logic."

"That's all".

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Noises of the North

Buzzcocks Penetration
FRIARS, AYLESBURY

AND SO, in a year in which they've been the pace-setting band so far, The Buzzcocks move on into Tour Number Four.

A few months ago on the last jaunt, they were admirably supported by that lovable quartet The Slits (what are they doing these days?).

This time around, another of the country's up and coming female singers, Pauline, and the Ferry Hill combo Penetration, get the gig.

As the support band, they're in a position similar to that of The Buzzcocks a year ago; still based in county Durham, they're content to grow at their own pace, oblivious to trends, quietly confident in themselves and their ability to break through when the time comes. And I've no doubt that they will.

Original guitarist Gary Chaplin was recently replaced by newcomer Neale Floyd, and the band's sound is noticeably heavier than before. The free and easy slickness, however, is still there, the perfect foil to Pauline's haunting vocals.

spirit of musical adventure and give the dancers a good night out.

Both Buzzcocks and Penetration fit the bill perfectly.
Adrian Thrills

Stadium Dogs

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

ABOUT HALFWAY through the Stadium Dogs' set, and in response to the inevitable "Whaddya think?" belched in his ear, a mate turned and said laconically: "On record I'd think they were great, but the visuals are rubbish."

Harsh? Irrelevant?

Possibly, but in this day and age people often seem more concerned with what they see than what they hear, and the frequent use of such words as 'old' and 'hippy' from the fast-diminishing audience make me think this lot are gonna have problems.

Thinning pates and facial hair aren't really in vogue at the moment, so three of the five members can probably expect that kind of flak.

Stan Pierce (drums), Pete Cousins (bass) and Kirk Thorn (double neck) are what you might call the submerged section of the band: vital, but not distinctive.

John Perkins and Paul Griffiths however, look perfectly acceptable: short hair, tight jeans etc., and it's them who push the band into focus, Perkins with his rolling spurts of treated organ, Griffiths with his non-stop arsenal of jagged fret phrases.

The songs are a product of much thought, chock full of intricate vocal meshes, unexpected stop-starts and second-glance lyrics.

The way they juxtapose all these great ideas into each song is reminiscent of Swindon's other famous sons XTC, but they never become quite as angular or disjointed as the White Musicians. And the aforementioned 'submerged section' often drive the songs towards the kind of honey-smooth rock in which The Motors specialise.

The numbers in which they pull all the stops are best: "Fab Gear", "Valve Head" and "Easybeat" (single) are prime examples; elsewhere they seem to be holding back a little, playing safe when they should be throwing caution to the winds.

Of the straight rockers, "Panic In The Year 5001" was particularly fine, and highlights the superb harmonising they can do when they feel like it. It also showed that their music could jump either way.

After fifteen months together there's no doubt they have the capability to carry off the more bizarre ideas which are obviously hinted at in their present set, whether they want to forfeit danceability to

pursue that course is another matter.

If they can sort out a really strong image on the way, so much the better.

As a last minute stand-in for The Depressions, the Dogs achieved the rare distinction of going down worse than any band I've ever seen here.

Nothing to worry about though. Familiarity breeds contempt you see, and with a little more exposure people can't fail to acquire the taste.

Stephen Gordon

Disguise

WHITLEY BAY

HARTLEPOOL, Boom town of the North, victim of its time nurtured two great figures in folklore. Brian Clough and a rather unfortunate monkey.

(If you don't know the story of the Hartlepool monkey, ask a native. "Who hung the monkey then?" but take his glass out of his hand first).

Disguise come from Hartlepool but are in no immediate danger of becoming legends in their own town or national folk heroes.

They play to small audiences and consequently receive little word-of-mouth praise.

Tonight's gig is another small audience. There's three types of crowd, the good, the bad and the indifferent. Here it's the latter.

Despite the total lack of response Disguise provide more than a glimpse of why Chiswick have just signed them up.

A trio, they utilize every subtle distinction of that format. Playing only one original, their songs display a fine blend of the breathless powerpack we associate with last year and the melodic awareness of the Beserkley contingent.

Their music breathes the spirit of rock.

Singling out individual numbers is, at this point in time, without purpose, save to say "There's A Boy In Our Street" should be their first single. It sounds very much like the most fun you can have in three minutes.

The Big G are, on the other hand, urinating into the wind.

Their only inspired move is the choice of Thunderclap Newman's "Something In The Air", their original material is deadly dull, a pot pourri of new wave.

Also there's a difference between spontaneity and being so irritably under-rehearsed that you don't know which chord comes next.

There's plenty of spirit but not enough soul in an act, which at present shows all the signs of their notoriously unstable line-up.

In the race for the crock of gold Disguise certainly have the inside track. **Tom Noble**

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Penetration's Pauline prone.

Fig. STEVENSON

"You don't have to be a chick to wear suspenders"
 Says Mr. Wifit

IT WAS GREAT to see such a successful anti-Nazi rally at Victoria Park on Sunday. Thousands of people getting on with each other, enjoying themselves and NO violence! But why did some morons have to spoil it by ruining Patrick Fitzgerald's set? He was great and lots of people were enjoying it.

OK, we all wanted to hear The Clash, but those kids in the front could have waited. Instead they managed to hit Patrick in the face and get The Clash on stage a few minutes earlier. I hope these 'brave' kids who quickly stopped with the threat of 80,000 people on them are proud of their achievement! Also, why did The Clash have to pamper to them and come on straight away, not even mentioning that Patrick is worth listening to? OK Joe, we know you had to get to Birmingham, but...

I hope Patrick didn't take the attitude of a few moronic kids to heart, thousands of people enjoyed his set and were very grateful to him, and to everyone else, for contributing to the cause.

I doubt if this has succeeded in stirring the consciousness of the can-throwing morons, but I believe that I have expressed the feelings of the majority of the audience.

Thanks to everyone for a fantastic, enjoyable and worthwhile Sunday.

NINA AND BRIDGET, Brighton

TO THE two bastards that pushed us in the pond at Victoria Park last Sunday: It may have only been a foot deep but we got soaked through anyway, and thought we'd gone for a swim. If you hadn't run off so quick there might have been some of the violence that the pigs were expecting. But thanks to you at least we missed most of Steel Pulse.

SMITH AND BECCA, Camden Town.

EVERYBODY TODAY seems to be treating these Rock Against Racism fellows like they were the saviours of democracy. For instance, last week's NME was full of praise for RAR and the Anti-Nazi League for organising "the biggest celebration of human solidarity since Martin Webster and his buddies slipped off their jackboots", etc.

What piffle — the only thing all these marchers were interested in was getting to see a concert for free. When the Anti-Nazi League were handing out leaflets publicising the carnival at the Durham Siouxsie and the Banshees gig, the reaction wasn't "Let's all go down to London to fight fascism", they were only interested in paying a quid bus fare to see The Clash and X-Ray Specs. They probably still would have gone if the carnival had been part of a campaign for widows pensions!

So don't be fooled by these fanatics, they're just a bunch of communists trying to warp the minds of the youth of Britain.

MARTIN BORMAN, Stanley, Co. Durham.

Three poignant views of The Rally, and I don't understand any of them. — M.S.

SO BOB DYLAN is at last gracing us with a long overdue visit. Well, I for one won't be jeopardising my health by camping outside Hammersmith Odeon in this lousy weather just to fork out my cash for a grossly overpriced ticket to replace the

After the Carnival is over —

JOE STRUMMER (left) estimate after jamming with STEEL PULSE.



POLY STYRENE looks on awestruck. Pic by TAKA PROPER-CANADA

RAR — BAG

fortune he's blown making home movies.

Being on the dole, even the "cheapest" tickets represent a third of my weekly income at £5.80. And the last time I had the displeasure of occupying a "cheap" seat at Earls Court some brilliant designer ensured my enjoyment of the Stones performance by suspending a bank of lights 15' square directly between myself and the stage. My reasonable refusal to occupy my allotted space by moving to the aisle meant constant harassment from the T-shirt clad heavies who seem to enjoy strutting around making pricks of themselves at these venues.

And as for Dylan, if his half-hearted contribution to The Band's "Last Waltz" is symptomatic of his attitude to audiences, I'm not going to be missing much either — especially if the whole spectacle is in a building that has both the appearance and acoustics of a temporarily-erected prefabricated aircraft hangar.

Another Night Rally you won't catch me running to. MICK GOUGH, Surbiton, Surrey. Me neither. See you in The Rising Sun, Mick. — M.S.

I WROTE to you at Hash-Bag a couple of weeks back with an original reference to Free played at 45 rpm sounding like Dolly Parton. As I eagerly scanned your page for my letter the following week (15/4/78) I

was confronted with a re-planned and updated version of my observation — where Kate Bush was compared with Pinky and Perky (supposedly sent in by "Puzzled" of Stoke-on-Trent). I regard this as too much of a coincidence and my thoughts have turned to the originality of the "soap-box" page.

By this I am implying that D. Bum and other "Trash-Bin" editors re-arrange or even make-up (i.e. fabricate) items of "correspondence". If so, what is the point of a correspondence page? Why deviously twist public outcry to suit your own means (in most cases to make facetious lies)? You can say what you want somewhere else in the "Bog-Rag" — but if you want to remain a people's paper (and not just a comic for use in the NME lavatories) let us air our views somewhere!

To prevent this meaningless waste of newsprint (and you making up false names for fictitious contributors) I urge both readers/writers and you sour jokers at NME to provide a NAME and ADDRESS with every letter so that any article may be privately discussed to culminate in a sensible solution to any issue raised in NME.

GRANT ROWLAND, Basset.

You're rich, you are Grant, signing your letter "Red Shoes". You don't seriously think we actually sit down and make up GASHBAG, do you? All letters are genuine, the only alterations made for reasons of space, spelling or grammar, mush. Face it. Puzzled's letter was better than yours, that's all. — M.S.

HOW MUCH longer are we gonna take all this crap from the people who write into Gashbag concealing their obsessive envy of Tony Parsons behind streams of self-righteous venom and vowing never again to read NME... when they know they'll have to buy it next week to see if their letter got printed... drawing infantile cartoons that would put Whizzer and Chips to shame... searching their uninspired insect brains for days for something vaguely sensible and for months for a pathetic Blackburn-esque S.A.O.I., desperately groping for a few column inches of instant credibility... We here at Monty Smiff's paper-shredder with these frustrated little journalists would piss off back to Junior Points Of View and the albums they won by writing to Melody Maker.

COLONEL B.

This is genuine, honest. We couldn't make up anything as good as this. Ask the Ministry — M.S.

HOW MUCH longer are we going to take all this crap from Thalis? Farting about on the edges of their own section... pretending it's some mysterious, anonymous breakaway faction behind Mindless Aggression which revels in malevolent character assassinations... when really it's just another masturbatory exercise in arse-crawling voyeurism... listing all the supposedly damaging characteristics and idiosyncrasies of their favourite in-crowd heroes... trying to upset everyone with this drooling adulation thinly disguised as raving indignation, like a load of giggling, whip-wickling middle-aged lards... safe in the knowledge that their carefully vetted victims will be wriggling with pleasure under this pandering bluntness, with the prospect of all those free drinks, cosy self-indulgent back-slaps and boot-licking subordination at future "get-togethers".

We here at Bores wish they'd go back to their laughably serious put-downs and dewey-eyed schoolgirl crushes and let us all go back to sleep. BORES, Guildford Sussed! — M.S.

IN RECENT weeks I have been scanning your organ for a review of the "F.M." film sound track — in particular, some mention of the Steely Dan theme tune.

And what do we get? A list of the tracks (obtainable by looking at the sleeve in any record store) and a lecture on marketing techniques, the conclusion of which would have long been obvious to anyone who regularly sees the ads. in London tube stations let alone with any knowledge or interest in films/music. This last category would, presumably, include a fair proportion of your readers.

If this is your idea of an informative review, God help us if Parsons/Burchill had been let loose on it.

And still only 18p! MR. J. BRIDGELAND, Peaborough.

PLEASE enlighten my tiny world by explaining the origin of the word Wally, as yelled by gregarious pot-bellied cutters. HUW THOMAS (Mr. Un-hip '78), Hockley, Essex. Depending on your source, it dates back to the ancient Cornish craft of Wally-Waving, wherein inebriated revellers would affectionately expose themselves to baffled Morris dancers during the boring bit — either that or some bloke lost his mate Wally at the Lincoln Festival after James Taylor had sent the entire audience to sleep. — SIR KENNETH CLARK

DEAR BOB Edmonds, if your paper prints this letter it will inevitably damage your 'reputation' as an unbiased reviewer. All I have to say is thank for the incredibly sardonic article about Genesis and their American gigs — may the massed legions of Genesis freaks spill your ink and bend your nib, you're a (Thank you. — Ed).

MARK, Contraband, Blackpool.

CLEVER THE way the NME London Guide, the "indispensable 32-page pull out on the pleasures of rock's capital city" turned out to be 32 half-size pages, i.e. only 16 sides in fact. Good con, that! Nearly as good as Melody Maker inviting you to "win an album" by writing to them, and then sending you a record token for only £2.50 when you get your letter printed.

Yes folks, buy a music paper and get ripped off! At least MM is only 15p.

CHRIS "I used to read the NME" PARKINS, University of Keele, Staffs.

Students! Douche just love 'em! — M.S.

WHAT pleasures will NME afford us next? I noticed in the Crossword of April 29th 1978 that 21 Across didn't have a clue. What next — NME polls without questions?

RICK McCOSKER, Brisbane, Ken. P.S. I filled in CAR and made up the clue, "Object that Queen were in love with."

You got around it, then, didn't you? Makes life more interesting, doesn't it? — M.S.

You could at least apologise. — NICK LOGAN

Well it was your fault. — M.S. Oh yeah. Sorry. The missing clue was "Place where NME reviewers stand while the support band is on stage." — N.L.

SEEIN' AS I can pretend to be a Socialist, come from a middle-class family, use the word 'shit', smoke dope and am an ex-hippy who's into punk, this must surely qualify me as an NME reporter.

Can you verify this? P. WINGFIELD, Socratic Revival Society, Gloucester. No chance — M.S.

WE HERE at the Wolves took great pleasure in relegating pory old West Ham, and John Richards (thinks that Derek Hates is the biggest waste of money since Trevor Brooking went to see Saturday Night Fever. SAMMY CHUNG, Wolverhampton. Thanks, Sam. I just hope we get your Old Gold tarts in one of the Cups. — JOHN LYALL

IN LAST week's Pussbag you printed letters from This Year's Model, Eric Delphy System, The Vixen, Wally Albatros (the hand-in-hand), Anxious, Mrs Princesella Ramone, Mac-The-Mountain-Climax, The lead singer with Jack and the Kerouacs, The Groan Louvre, Defiant Pook Rocka, A Shocked Listener, Vice-Pope Eric (Miss), Kidda and Monty Zapped-Out. PHILIP, Wishaw, Lanarkshire. Philip? What kind of handle is that? — TREVOR GONZALEZ and the Latin Gobbers.

JUST because I haven't got a funny name, does that mean I can't have a letter printed? STEPHEN PULSFORD, Sarchiehall Street, Glasgow. Stephen Pulsford? Woo-hoo! Ha-ha-ha! Hee-hee! Guffaw etc. — CRUEL NME STAFF.



Number 21 Across: Montague Smiff



"What the US clubs think of The Motors I wouldn't like to say." FORFAR DESPATCH

GOOD EVENING. We're the T-Zers in case you couldn't tell. We like a laugh and leer, we're from the NME-er, and we're doing... well actually we're completely bushed after a weekend spent sitting on some manky old pavement queuing for Dylan tickets and celebrating the ignominious defeat of big headed Arsenal, who played the Cup Final like Boney M do "Rivers Of Babylon" — abysmally...

T-Zers watched the game through a handy TV shop window, being particularly impressed by Margaret Thatcher's praise of Ipswich's Trevor Whymark for his contribution to the match. He missed the game through injury...

Back on the pavement it was hell, sheer hell. Actually it was fine until the Salvation Army showed up and started playing to the massive queue to cries of "Dylan Is God" from some of the assembled multitude. Between them, the nation's massed Dylan queues disposed of 92,000 tickets in less than eight hours after box offices opened at 10 am on Sunday. That leaves slightly less than 2,000 tickets still to be distributed — how that will be done will be announced later this week.

It was the same story in Los Angeles, where tickets for the seven shows Dylan will play at the 35,000 seater Amphitheater before leaving for Europe were sold within three hours. That adds up to one hell of an alimony bill.

The Zim has meantime been busy filing lawsuits of his own — against Folkways Records and Dylanologist AJ Weberman. Dylan claims that a recently re-issued Folkways album misleadingly suggests that he sings on it — in fact, the protest singer merely blows a little harmonica on some tracks under his former pseudonym of **Blind Boy Grant**. Dylan is also alleging that midnight raids on his garbage pails (that's dustbins to you, squire) by Weberman constitute harassment by the Dylan scholar, who once filed every piece of Dylan imagery onto a card index system.

Readers who don't have re-issues of ancient records to get upset about might prefer to follow the example of 25-year-old American **Tom Hansen**, who is currently suing his parents for £175,000 because, he says, they made his childhood a misery, requiring him to have psychiatric treatment for the remainder of his days.

What are these matters, though, compared to the furore that followed Darts' appearance on a Spanish TV spectacular in Majorca? The trouble started when the resident Spanish drummer took exception to the way "Granada" Dummer was dealing with his kit during Darts set. Tampering with the cymbals, the Spaniard received a drumstick round the gob from an irate Dummer, causing the entire Spanish brass section to start rolling up their sleeves for a dust-up. Before an onstage punch-up could ensue the Darts were into "I'm Mad" and lead nutter **Don Heparty** had leapt into the VIP section stage front, and scared the wits out of the assembled important ones — including soft porn empress **Sylvia Kristel**. Climbing back on stage by way of the fountain, Den squeezed out his wet socks over a TV announcer before the group finished up being escorted from the arena by Spanish police. "Dunno what the fuss was about," remarked photographer **Tom Sheehan** to T-Zers. "It was Darts' normal performance."

And believe us, it was nothing compared to the tales **Roy Carr** told us about the Darts' other escapades in Majorca. Full sleazy story next week, fright fans.

Other famous people in trouble: **Beach Boy Dennis Wilson** found himself arrested in a Tucson motel charged with

teazers

YOUR WEEKLY WEEKLY CLONE-IN



At last, the story of the Blue menace on Britain's doorstep can be told. Fearlessly, T-Zers prints this picture as pictorial proof of the madcap last ditch attempt at world domination by America's extremist **Blue Oyster Cult**. Operating a 'front' as a bizarre rock group, the self-styled **Cult** are in reality engaged in a deadly take-over game. Their weapon — cloning. Here we see guitarist **Eric Bloom** with his clone — a man who an unsuspecting world knows as CBS promotion man **Louie Rodgers**. So perfect is the cloning that the two are indistinguishable. Now T-Zers demands — end this threat to our nation's youth.

contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Police say they nabbed the 32-year-old drummer after finding him in his room with a 16-year-old girl (Oh no — Ed). The tip-off came from the girl's mother. Wilson is now out on bail and pleading not guilty. Maybe it's time, though, the group changed their name to **The Beach Men**...

While on the subject of ageing American rockers (are there any young ones apart from **The Ramones** and **The Niggers**?), you **Alice Cooper** now copping his lyrics from **Elton John**'s words partner **Bernie Taupin**. Maybe all those beers finally sapped his brains, or maybe it's just that when old 'greasy armpits' is put out to graze in the green dollar pastures of Las Vegas in June, he wants something more appropriate to sing to the supper club audience than "I Love The Dead". He must do, to play Vegas.

More on decrepit 'yanks flailing around uselessly. **Crosby, Stills and Nash** currently in studio working on their second (aargh) re-union album; doubtless this event will merit an **Old Grey Woolly Vest** special, which reminds us that **The Observer** last week described **Whispering Bob** as "The BBC's tame groupie". Well we don't fancy him.

Other unions and re-unions: **Creedence Clearwater** rumoured to be thinking of reforming, while Neil 'Happy' Young believed to be getting ex-Band drummer **Levon Helm** and ex-Little Feat mainstay **Lowell George** to accompany him on his forthcoming road show. Young's next album has been retitled "Gives To The Wind" and will be out in June...

MEANTIME, back in Blighty, T-Zers has been hearing all sorts of rumours about the **Albertos** finally chucking in the towel and going their separate ways. Following the departure of bassman **Tony** to form **The Durutti Column** — a band managed by former **So Fi** Gores compere **Tony** 'Up Your nose' **Wilson** — Alberto singer **CP Lee** seen, er, jamming at various charity gigs round Manchester, while drummer **Bruce Mitchell** has been taking up the more senior rock'n'roll citizen duties of band management with **The Smirka and Gyro**. Meanwhile Alberto management, **Blackhill Enterprises**, responded to T-Zers suggestions with cries of "Baah" and "Pshaw", adding that the

lads **Sirak** musical is now set to open in New York later this year, while projected movie of same is also to commence shortly.

Meantime, the rock culture is reeling under the news that the new band formed by ex-**Dummed** **Brian Jones** includes a former **Hawkwind** drummer, (gasps) a synthesiser player, and will feature some early **Plink Floyd** in their set. The group, called **Tant Der Youth** (that's **Dance Of Youth** to you **dumbkopf**) will make their debut at a London love-in in early June with Nik 'Pyramid' Turner also on the bill.

And if that isn't enough to convince you that the kalfans will soon be rubbing threads with leather bondage strides, there's **Chris** 'Don't Call me Scabies' **Miller** rabbling on about phased drum solos, and even rumours of a re-run of 1967's **24 Hour Technicolour Dream** sometime soon. Anything but the hippy bells says **T-Zers**.

Oh, and did any London readers spot a youthful **Jimmy Page** and **Jeff Beck** in **The Yardbirds** in last Monday's screening of **Antonioni's Blow Up**? (No, but I saw **Jane Birkin's** berry! — Ed.)

More from the no tumour in the ruff department: **Devo** have finally come clean about their murky past and owned up to being **Mormons**, thus barring themselves from any further consideration as the future of rock and roll and saviours of the globe (I, Mac please note).

Asked if they wore the legendary Mormon chastity combination, they replied they did (thus explaining the necessity for those baggy suits), adding that they would remove said garments should they go gold in the States.

Presumably **Donny 'No Fun'** **Osmond** is now free of his chastity gear following his marriage to toothy bride-in-white **Debra Glean**. (Haven't we got anything more interesting than this? — Ed.)

Really rocking in Peking — among two dozen American record company and film moguls due to visit Red China in June are **WEA** big cheeses **Jac Holzman**, **Mo Ostin** and **Joe Smith**, one or more of whom are currently tipped to run for election as US senators in the not-so distant future, further cementing the links between American politics and the music biz. Next: **Ian Anderson** to run for Blackpool council?

Plans by Warner Communications and three US

TV networks to have the **Watergate** tapes marketed in low budget form have been scuttled by a US Supreme Court ruling. The ruling, however, applies only to tapes used in the cover-up trial, and not to other **White House** tapes currently being held in custody, so you may yet get the chance to buy an eighteen album set of **Nixon** and his cronies discussing ways of dealing with the hippy problem.

Britain will, however, be getting a single by **The Idiots** called "Operation Julie", a musical commentary on the closure of Britain's most profitable, and monopolistic chemical factory after **ICI**. The B-side is "(Why Does Politics Turn Men Into) Toads". Answers on a postcard please to **Enoch Powell**, House of Commons, London.

Correction Corner: the group playing on **Fulham FC's** single is **The Crabs** and not **Cock Sparrer** as we erroneously suggested. The **Sparrows** are, of course, ardent **West Ham** devotees, thus showing considerably more taste than the **NME** advertising department, who e'en now are still trying desperately to justify the miserable display by **Arsenal** last Saturday.

Black Starliner shipping news: erswhile beachcomber **Fred Locks** arrives in the UK this week (via Air Jamaica) for his first-ever tour of Britain.

Guests at the party last week to celebrate **Alexis Korner's** 25 years in the business included **Eric Clapton**, **Paul Jones**, **Chris Farlowe** and **Zoot Money**, all of whom jammed with **Korner**. None of the **Stones** put in an appearance, though all were invited.

In the U.S., a bootleg of **The Sex Pistols'** last-ever gig (in San Francisco) is apparently doing good business, as is a bootleg of the UK "No Future" — **The Spunks'** bootleg.

NME contributor **Bob Edmonds** was recently offered a gig with **The Depressions**. Bob picked up his phone one day to find a strange voice calling him "Lu" and urging him to play guitar for "The DPs". Seems the **Depressions** manager had got **Edmonds'** phone number mixed up with that of the former **Dummed** guitarist. **Edmonds'** offer of syncopated typewriter noises and bells on stage was politely turned down.

And finally, **Smart Ass One Liner** of the week comes courtesy of **Stiff Records**, whose Euro-compilation bears the legend: "In '78, everyone born in '45 will be 33½".

BETTER BADGES			
New Releases	This last week	TOP TEN	
1 (11) BUZZCOCKS	1 (11)	1 (11)	
2 (4) YELLOW COSTELLO	2 (4)	2 (4)	
3 (1) SHAM ARMY	3 (1)	3 (1)	
4 (2) CLASH CITY ROCKERS	4 (2)	4 (2)	
5 (8) CLASH POLICE	5 (8)	5 (8)	
6 (1) I DON'T CARE — THE BOYS	6 (1)	6 (1)	
7 (7) SWW	7 (7)	7 (7)	
8 (5) BLONDE B/W	8 (5)	8 (5)	
9 (10) DEVO QUOTE	9 (10)	9 (10)	
10 (1) DEVO SATISFACTION	10 (1)	10 (1)	
COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY		TEN BEST SEE FOR SALE SECTION FOR FULL LISTING	

MUSICAL EXPRESS

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DON'T ASK MY NEIGHBOUR



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Somewhere, somehow, you've got to see The Motors and buy their new album.
 Approved By The Motors. V2101.

The Motors TOUR
 with special guests
MARCELLE and THE JOLT.

MAY

1	BRISTOL	10	WIMBORNE
2	CARDIFF	11	WIMBORNE
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