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Pages 6 and 7

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### FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 5, 1973

| Last This Week |                                   |                              |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1              | 1 CAN THE CAN                     | Suzi Quatro (Rak)            |
| 2              | 2 SEE MY BABY JIVE                | Wizzard (Harvest)            |
| 3              | 3 ONE AND ONE IS ONE              | Medicine Head (Polydor)      |
| 4              | 4 AND I LOVE HER SO               | Perry Como (RCA)             |
| 5              | 5 YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE | Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown) |
| 6              | 6 RUBBER BULLETS                  | 10.c.c. (UK)                 |
| 7              | 7 TIE A YELLOW RIBBON             | Dunn (Bell)                  |
| 8              | 8 HELL-RAISER                     | Sweet (RCA)                  |
| 9              | 9 BROKENDOWN ANGEL                | Nazareth (Mercury)           |
| 10             | 10 WALK ON THE WILD SIDE          | Lonnie Lee (RCA)             |

### TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 5, 1963

| Last This Week |                                   |                                                        |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 1              | 1 YOUNG GIRL                      | Union Gap (CBS)                                        |
| 2              | 2 HONEY                           | Boyz n the Bz (United Artists)                         |
| 3              | 3 A MAN WITHOUT LOVE              | Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)                          |
| 4              | 4 JUMPIN' JACK FLAME              | Hollies (Decca)                                        |
| 5              | 5 I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE  | Head (Fontana)                                         |
| 6              | 6 JOANNA                          | Scott Walker (Philips)                                 |
| 7              | 7 RAINBOW VALLEY                  | Love Affair (CBS)                                      |
| 8              | 8 THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE            | Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade) |
| 9              | 9 DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE | Donna Warwick (Pye Int.)                               |
| 10             | 10 WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD         | Louis Armstrong (RCA)                                  |

### 15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 7, 1948

| Last This Week |                                         |                                     |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1              | 1 DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET          | Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)         |
| 2              | 2 FROM ME TO YOU                        | Beatles (Parlophone)                |
| 3              | 3 SCARLETT O'HARA                       | Jay Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)  |
| 4              | 4 I LIKE IT                             | Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia) |
| 5              | 5 WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU          | Billy Fury (Decca)                  |
| 6              | 6 TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART       | Ray Charles (HMV)                   |
| 7              | 7 LUCKY LIPS                            | Chir Richard (Columbia)             |
| 8              | 8 IN DREAMS                             | Ray Orban (London)                  |
| 9              | 9 TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS                | Del Shannon (London)                |
| 10             | 10 IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY | Freddie and the Dreamers (Columbia) |

# CHARTS



## SINGLES

Week ending June 3, 1978

| This Last Week |                                            |                                        | Position | Weeks in chart |
|----------------|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 1 (1)          | 1 RIVERS OF BABYLON                        | Boney M (Atlantic)                     | 6        | 1              |
| 2 (3)          | 2 BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY                   | Darts (Magnet)                         | 4        | 2              |
| 3 (12)         | 3 NIGHT FEVER                              | Bee Gees (RSO)                         | 6        | 1              |
| 4 (14)         | 4 BECAUSE THE NIGHT                        | Patti Smith (Arista)                   | 5        | 3              |
| 5 (5)          | 5 IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU                      | Yvonne Elliman (RSO)                   | 4        | 5              |
| 6 (11)         | 6 WHAT A WASTE                             | Ian Dury (Stiff)                       | 5        | 6              |
| 7 (19)         | 7 I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR PRESENCE DEAR | Blondie (Chrysalis)                    | 4        | 7              |
| 8 (6)          | 8 LOVE IS IN THE AIR                       | John Paul Young (Arista)               | 4        | 6              |
| 9 (8)          | 9 MORE THAN A WOMAN                        | Tavares (Capitol)                      | 4        | 8              |
| 10 (18)        | 10 CA PLANE POUR MOI                       | Plastic Bertrand (Sire)                | 3        | 10             |
| 11 (17)        | 11 NICE 'N' SLEAZY                         | Stranglers (United Artists)            | 4        | 11             |
| 12 (15)        | 12 DO IT DO IT AGAIN                       | Rafaela Carrá (Epic)                   | 5        | 12             |
| 13 (25)        | 13 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT              | John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO) | 2        | 13             |
| 14 (13)        | 14 HI TENSION                              | Hi Tension (Island)                    | 4        | 13             |
| 15 (20)        | 15 COME TO ME                              | Ruby Winters (Creole)                  | 2        | 15             |
| 16 (12)        | 16 JACK AND JILL                           | Raydio (Arista)                        | 5        | 11             |
| 17 (28)        | 17 ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES                 | Sham 69 (Polydor)                      | 3        | 17             |
| 18 (10)        | 18 NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY                 | Andrew Gold (Asylum)                   | 10       | 2              |
| 19 (—)         | 19 DAVEY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN               | Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)     | 1        | 19             |
| 20 (7)         | 20 TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE            | Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS) | 12       | 2              |
| 21 (21)        | 21 SHE'S SO MODERN                         | Boombtown Rats (Ensign)                | 8        | 11             |
| 22 (14)        | 22 IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN'          | Rose Royce (Warner Bros)               | 2        | 14             |
| 23 (27)        | 23 OH CAROL                                | Smokie (Rak)                           | 2        | 23             |
| 24 (9)         | 24 AUTOMATIC LOVER                         | Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)              | 7        | 5              |
| 25 (23)        | 25 THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO         | X Ray Spex (EMI Int)                   | 5        | 15             |
| 26 (—)         | 26 ROSALIE                                 | Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)                   | 1        | 26             |
| 27 (—)         | 27 DON'T FEAR THE REAPER                   | Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)                 | 1        | 27             |
| 28 (—)         | 28 UP AGAINST THE WALL                     | Tom Robinson Band (EMI)                | 2        | 24             |
| 29 (—)         | 29 OLE OLA                                 | Rod Stewart (Riva)                     | 1        | 29             |
| 30 (—)         | 30 ANNIE'S SONG                            | James Galway (Red Seal)                | 1        | 30             |

BUBBLING UNDER  
IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES — David Soul (Private Stock); PUMP IT UP — Elvis Costello (Radar); LOVING YOU HAS MADE ME BANANAS — Guy Marks (ABC); AIN'T GOT A CLUE — The Lurkers (Beggars Banquet).

## U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 3, 1978

| This Last Week |                                 |                                  | Position | Weeks in chart |
|----------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 1 (4)          | 1 SHADOW DANCING                | Andy Gibb                        | 1        | 4              |
| 2 (12)         | 2 TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE  | Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams   | 1        | 12             |
| 3 (3)          | 3 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT    | Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta | 1        | 3              |
| 4 (1)          | 4 WITH A LITTLE LUCK            | Wings                            | 1        | 1              |
| 5 (6)          | 5 BABY HOLD ON                  | Eddie Money                      | 1        | 6              |
| 6 (7)          | 6 FEELS SO GOOD                 | Chuck Mangione                   | 1        | 7              |
| 7 (5)          | 7 THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU       | Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway   | 1        | 5              |
| 8 (11)         | 8 IT'S A HEARTACHE              | Bonnie Tyler                     | 1        | 11             |
| 9 (17)         | 9 BAKER STREET                  | Gerry Rafferty                   | 1        | 17             |
| 10 (9)         | 10 IMAGINARY LOVER              | Atlanta Rhythm Section           | 1        | 9              |
| 11 (8)         | 11 DISCO INFERNO                | The Trammps                      | 1        | 8              |
| 12 (14)        | 12 ON BROADWAY                  | George Benson                    | 1        | 14             |
| 13 (16)        | 13 LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN          | Billy Joel                       | 1        | 16             |
| 14 (15)        | 14 MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)  | Patti Smith                      | 1        | 15             |
| 15 (22)        | 15 BECAUSE THE NIGHT            | Peter Brown                      | 1        | 22             |
| 16 (18)        | 16 DANCE WITH ME                | Meat Loaf                        | 1        | 18             |
| 17 (19)        | 17 TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD   | Steely Dan                       | 1        | 19             |
| 18 (20)        | 18 DEACON BLUES                 | Carly Simon                      | 1        | 20             |
| 19 (21)        | 19 YOU BELONG TO ME             | Abba                             | 1        | 21             |
| 20 (27)        | 20 TAKE A CHANCE ON ME          | Robert Palmer                    | 1        | 27             |
| 21 (24)        | 21 EVERY KINDA PEOPLE           | Bee Gees                         | 1        | 24             |
| 22 (10)        | 22 NIGHT FEVER                  | Player                           | 1        | 10             |
| 23 (13)        | 23 THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE | Heart                            | 1        | 13             |
| 24 (28)        | 24 HEARTLESS                    | Yvonne Elliman                   | 1        | 28             |
| 25 (12)        | 25 IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU          | Michael Johnson                  | 1        | 12             |
| 26 (1)         | 26 BLUER THAN BLUE              | Rod Stewart                      | 1        | 1              |
| 27 (—)         | 27 I WAS ONLY JOKING            | Barry Manilow                    | 1        | —              |
| 28 (—)         | 28 EVEN NOW                     | Jefferson Starship               | 1        | —              |
| 29 (23)        | 29 COUNT ON ME                  | The O'Jays                       | 1        | 23             |
| 30 (—)         | 30 USE TA BE MY GIRL            | Courtney "CASH BOX"              | 1        | —              |

## ALBUMS

Week ending June 3, 1978

| This Last Week |                             |                                   | Position | Weeks in chart |
|----------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 1 (1)          | 1 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER      | Various (RSO)                     | 12       | 1              |
| 2 (3)          | 2 ABBA THE ALBUM            | Abba (Epic)                       | 19       | 1              |
| 3 (5)          | 3 AND THEN THERE WERE THREE | Genesis (Charisma)                | 9        | 2              |
| 4 (2)          | 4 THE STUD                  | Soundtrack (Ronco)                | 7        | 2              |
| 5 (11)         | 5 BLACK & WHITE             | Stranglers (United Artists)       | 2        | 5              |
| 6 (14)         | 6 EASTER                    | Patti Smith (Arista)              | 6        | 6              |
| 7 (7)          | 7 20 GOLDEN GREATS          | Nat King Cole (Capitol)           | 10       | 1              |
| 8 (18)         | 8 NEW BOOTS & PANTIES       | Ian Dury (Stiff)                  | 18       | 7              |
| 9 (6)          | 9 20 GOLDEN GREATS          | Frank Sinatra (EMI)               | 4        | 6              |
| 10 (19)        | 10 ANYTIME, ANYWHERE        | Rita Coolidge (A & M)             | 7        | 10             |
| 11 (15)        | 11 BAT OUT OF HELL          | Meat Loaf (Epic)                  | 11       | 10             |
| 12 (12)        | 12 RUMOURS                  | Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)       | 66       | 1              |
| 13 (4)         | 13 YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE     | Johnny Mathis (CBS)               | 7        | 4              |
| 14 (9)         | 14 LONDON TOWN              | Wings (EMI)                       | 9        | 4              |
| 15 (—)         | 15 PARKERILLA               | Graham Parker (Vertigo)           | 1        | 15             |
| 16 (23)        | 16 CITY TO CITY             | Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)   | 14       | 4              |
| 17 (13)        | 17 PASTICHE                 | Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)     | 14       | 13             |
| 18 (8)         | 18 LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL    | Rainbow (Polydor)                 | 6        | 8              |
| 19 (24)        | 19 KAYA                     | Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island) | 11       | 6              |
| 20 (29)        | 20 PLASTIC LETTERS          | Blondie (Chrysalis)               | 14       | 7              |
| 21 (20)        | 21 POWER IN THE DARK        | Tom Robinson Band (EMI)           | 2        | 20             |
| 22 (16)        | 22 20 CLASSIC HITS          | The Platters (Mercury)            | 7        | 16             |
| 23 (21)        | 23 EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS    | Darts (Magnet)                    | 2        | 27             |
| 24 (22)        | 24 20 GOLDEN GREATS         | Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)  | 14       | 2              |
| 25 (10)        | 25 PENNIES FROM HEAVEN      | Various (World Records)           | 7        | 10             |
| 26 (—)         | 26 I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE  | Max Boyce (EMI)                   | 1        | 26             |
| 27 (27)        | 27 THE KICK INSIDE          | Kate Bush (EMI)                   | 14       | 1              |
| 28 (30)        | 28 POWER AGE                | AC/DC (Atlantic)                  | 2        | 30             |
| 29 (—)         | 29 BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS      | Joe Walsh (Asylum)                | 1        | 29             |
| 30 (—)         | 30 APPROVED BY THE MOTORS   | Motors (Virgin)                   | 1        | 30             |

BUBBLING UNDER  
CENTRA HEATING — Heatwave (GTO); FM — Various (MCA); VAN HALEN — Van Halen (Warner Bros); UK — UK (Polydor).

## U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 3, 1978

| This Last Week |                              |                                    | Position | Weeks in chart |
|----------------|------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 1 (1)          | 1 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER       | Bee Gees & Various Artists         | 12       | 1              |
| 2 (3)          | 2 FEELS SO GOOD              | Chuck Mangione                     | 1        | 3              |
| 3 (2)          | 3 LONDON TOWN                | Wings                              | 1        | 2              |
| 4 (7)          | 4 SHOWDOWN                   | Isley Brothers                     | 1        | 7              |
| 5 (4)          | 5 RUNNING ON EMPTY           | Jackson Browne                     | 1        | 4              |
| 6 (6)          | 6 SLOWHAND                   | Eric Clapton                       | 1        | 6              |
| 7 (5)          | 7 POINT OF KNOW RETURN       | Kansas                             | 1        | 5              |
| 8 (8)          | 8 CHAMPAGNE JAM              | Atlanta Rhythm Section             | 1        | 8              |
| 9 (12)         | 9 YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE       | Johnny Mathis                      | 1        | 12             |
| 10 (10)        | 10 THE STRANGER              | Billy Joel                         | 1        | 10             |
| 11 (14)        | 11 MAGAZINE                  | Heart                              | 1        | 14             |
| 12 (9)         | 12 EARTH                     | Jefferson Starship                 | 1        | 9              |
| 13 (16)        | 13 CENTRA HEATING            | Heatwave                           | 1        | 16             |
| 14 (11)        | 14 EVEN NOW                  | Barry Manilow                      | 1        | 11             |
| 15 (20)        | 15 FM                        | Various Artists                    | 1        | 20             |
| 16 (13)        | 16 WEEKEND IN L.A.           | George Benson                      | 1        | 13             |
| 17 (21)        | 17 BOYS IN THE TREES         | Carly Simon                        | 1        | 21             |
| 18 (17)        | 18 EXCITABLE BOY             | Warren Zevon                       | 1        | 17             |
| 19 (19)        | 19 AJA                       | Steely Dan                         | 1        | 19             |
| 20 (25)        | 20 SO FULL OF LOVE           | The O'Jays                         | 1        | 25             |
| 21 (18)        | 21 SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR  | Jimmy Buffett                      | 1        | 18             |
| 22 (23)        | 22 HEAVY HORSES              | Jeffrey Tull                       | 1        | 23             |
| 23 (—)         | 23 CITY TO CITY              | Gerry Rafferty                     | 1        | —              |
| 24 (29)        | 24 THE LAST WALTZ            | The Band & Various Artists         | 1        | 29             |
| 25 (—)         | 25 EASTER                    | Patti Smith                        | 1        | —              |
| 26 (—)         | 26 STRANGER IN TOWN          | Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band | 1        | —              |
| 27 (—)         | 27 NATURAL HIGH              | Commodores                         | 1        | —              |
| 28 (15)        | 28 AND THEN THERE WERE THREE | Genesis                            | 1        | 15             |
| 29 (22)        | 29 INFINITY                  | Journey                            | 1        | 22             |
| 30 (27)        | 30 VAN HALEN                 | Courtney "CASH BOX"                | 1        | 27             |



# Yes, it's Blackbushe!

## Dylan for July 15 open-air gig?

BOB DYLAN is now confirmed to headline a massive open-air concert at Blackbushe Airport in West Surrey on Saturday, July 15 — just as NME last week forecast he would, while all the other papers were hinting at Dylan playing Knebworth. And this is the second Dylan scoop for NME, who also announced his six Earls Court dates a week before anyone else!

The Blackbushe concert runs from 2 to 10.30 pm, and other acts on the bill are Eric Clapton and his Band, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Joan Armatrading and Lake.

The site can accommodate comfortably upwards of 100,000 people, and it's the first rock event to be held there. It was chosen because of its accessibility from London — by way of the M4, M3 and A30, also by direct train service from Waterloo.

British Rail is setting aside a special platform at Waterloo, decorated and marked "Bob Dylan Concert". Trains will run every ten minutes all through the day, in both directions, to and from Fleet Station — which is two miles from the site. And a special bus service will transport ticket-holders between the station and the site.

The gates will open at noon on the day, and the usual catering, toilet and parking facilities will be laid on, plus a number of "special events".

All tickets are priced at £6, and are available by post or to personal callers. Box-office outlets are virtually the same as for Earls Court concerts, except in London where Hammersmith Odeon and the Palace Theatre will not be selling them this time.

Postal bookings, together with s.a.e., should be sent to Dylan Box-Office (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), M.A.M. House, 24-25 New Bond Street, London W.1.

Personal applicants may obtain tickets from next Monday (5) at Glasgow Apollo Centre; Manchester Hime & Addison; Leeds Bakers; Sheffield Wilson Peck; Stoke Mike Lloyd Music Shop; Birmingham Cyclops Sounds; Leicester De Montford Hall; Oxford New Theatre; Southampton Gaumont; Cardiff Sound Advice; Liverpool Ray Ross & Co; Bristol Colston Hall; Dublin Pat Egan Record Shop; London Rainbow Theatre and Cumbay Market Rainbow Box-Office; and London Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells (50 New Bond Street). They will also be on sale at all 58 of Harlequin Records' shops throughout the country. Ticket enquiries to Harlequin at 01-439 3063.

As reported last week, this will be Dylan's final date of his European tour, which opens with his six Earls Court gigs (June 15-21). And promoter Harvey Goldsmith revealed this week that restricted-view tickets for the Earls Court concerts

will be on sale at the venue's box-office every evening immediately prior to each show.

Title of Dylan's new album has been announced as "Street Legal". CBS Records are waiting for the finished tapes to arrive, so they can rush-release it in time for his visit.

It's understood that the four guest artists appearing at the Blackbushe event were all personally requested by Dylan.

Associated with Harvey Goldsmith in the Blackbushe promotion are Hearnwood, a company affiliated to Strutworth, the present lease-holders of London Rainbow. There has been speculation for some weeks that the Rainbow is on the point of closure, but this was denied by Strutworth, whose spokesman told NME: "We have bookings at the Rainbow through to the end of the year. And as you can see from the Blackbushe event, we are in fact expanding our activities."



## CLASH TOUR; 14 GIGS SET

THE CLASH begin a new British tour at the end of this month. They're going out under the banner of "The Clash Out On Parade", which refers to the court case involving bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Nicky Headon, who are charged with shooting some racing pigeons.

Dates confirmed so far are Aylesbury Friars (June 28), Leeds Queens Hall (29), Sheffield Top Rank (30), Leicester Granby Hall (July 1), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Aberdeen Music Hall (5), Chester Decade Leisure Centre (6), Crawley Sports Centre (8), Bristol Locarno (9), Torquay Town Hall (10), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Birmingham Top Rank

(12) and London Edmonton Picketts Lock Centre (13).

The band are hoping to fix dates in Liverpool and Newcastle, although they've previously been banned in both cities. And they're arranging a second London date, which is likely to be in the Elephant & Castle area. All ticket prices will be at an average of £2, and most of the venues — including London — will be unseated.

A new Clash single "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" is released by CBS on June 16, and it will feature a special centre label which the band designed themselves. Right now they're busy recording their second album with producer Sandy Pearlman (of Blue Oyster Cult fame), with a view to late summer, or possibly early autumn, release.

## Runaways, Mink: — British venues

THE RUNAWAYS will headline a major London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Sunday, July 16, as part of their summer British tour, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week. Other gigs so far confirmed are at Cromer West Runtin Pavilion (July 13) and Birmingham Barbarella's (14 and 15), and more are currently being finalised by the Asgard Agency.

This will be their second visit since their personnel upheaval a year ago which now finds them with a line-up comprising Juan Jell (lead vocals and guitar), Lita Ford (guitar), Vickie Blue (bass) and Sandy West (drums). They've just finished a U.S. tour with The Ramones, and will be gigging in Europe before coming to Britain.

The girls are now being handled by Blondie's manager Peter Leeds, who is at present negotiating a new U.K. record deal for them. They have another album already in the

can, titled "Waiting For The Night", which hopefully will be issued as soon as the deal is clinched.

MINK DE VILLE fly in later this month, as exclusively forecast by NME three weeks ago, though their visit is restricted to just three dates — London Hammersmith Odeon (June 22), Birmingham Town Hall (23) and Liverpool Eric's (24). Ticket prices are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (London); £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Birmingham); and £2 (Liverpool).

The band, who recently finished a U.S. tour with Elvis Costello, are gigging in Europe from June 13 before they come to Britain. Their line-up has changed slightly since they were last here — though, of course, Willy is still the front man. Their new album "Return To Magenta" is out on Capitol this week.

Apparently there is no chance of them playing any more dates on this occasion.

## Richman blames World Cup for 14 blown dates

JONATHAN RICHMAN & The Modern Lovers' British tour, which should have started last weekend, has been completely re-shaped. Only five of their originally scheduled 19 concerts remain in their itinerary, and a string of smaller venues is being slotted in to replace the cancelled gigs.

Reason for blowing out 14 concert-hall dates is openly admitted to be poor ticket sales, and Bessley Records place the blame for this firmly on the blanket TV coverage of the World Cup — though this doesn't explain why four gigs were scrapped during the past week, before the soccer had even started.

A spokesman commented: "We've retained the venues where sales are pretty good, but pulled out the others. We feel it's far better to perform to a full house at a 500-capacity club than a 30 per cent audience at a 3,000-seater hall". For this reason, the band will now be doing only one show at London Hammersmith Odeon instead of the two initially planned.

Gigs retained from their original tour sheet are Birmingham Odeon (June 10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (19), Cardiff University (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23). Newly-booked dates are at Canterbury Odeon (June 6), Leeds Polytechnic (12) and Liverpool Eric's (13 and 15).

Several other club dates will be slotted in though, in view of the short notice, these are likely to be last-minute bookings with little chance of advance publicity.

Concerts planned for Bournemouth, Oxford, Derby and Newcastle during the last few days of May were scrapped. And upcoming cancellations in June are at Glasgow (1), Liverpool (2), Leicester (4), Brighton (5), Bristol (9), Portsmouth (11), Bradford (12), Edinburgh (14), Sheffield (15) and Hammersmith (22). Money is being refunded to ticket holders, though in the case of Hammersmith they can be exchanged for the show on June 23.

## SHAM 69 CANCEL

SHAM 69 have had to cancel several dates on their current tour due to what's described as "various problems with promoters and venues", coupled with their need to be in London to film a "Top Of The Pops" spot. Leeds, Newport and Bristol were pulled out last week, as they clashed with the TV show. Wolverhampton Civic Hall yesterday (Wednesday) was the first of the "problem" cancellations, and others off are Stafford Top Of The World (June 5), Coventry Locarno (6) and

Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7).

Special couches are being arranged to take Portsmouth fans to the Southampton Top Rank gig this Sunday (4), to compensate for the May 14 cancellation in the town (details from local ticket agencies). The band hope to re-schedule some of the dates they've scrapped as soon as possible, but it won't be until after they've recorded a new single, on which they start working after their final tour date at Bracknell this Saturday. Late July release is planned.

## Stranglers, Rats extra; another Buzzcocks ban

THE STRANGLERS, still without a major London date due to the GLC's continued veto, have added another provincial concert to their schedule. It's at Leeds University on June 7 — which is one of the two days they originally planned to play in London's Alexandra Palace before the GLC stepped in. Tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3, and there's an extra bonus in that the support act is Magazine. The gig is a benefit for PROP.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have at last succeeded in fixing a concert in Dublin — it's at the Olympia Theatre on June 11, two days before their show at Belfast Ulster Hall, reported last week. It's the first time the

Olympia has been used for a rock concert since 1973.

THE BUZZCOCKS have been banned from appearing in Aberdeen, and their scheduled gig at the city's Music Hall next Monday (5) has been cancelled. A spokesman for promoter Harvey Goldsmith said the local council had ruled that "it would not deal with punk bands". The Music Hall is a council-owned venue, but it's not clear why they left it so late in imposing the ban, when the gig was booked several weeks ago. The band themselves describe the decision as "predictably ridiculous", and point out to their disappointed Aberdeen supporters that it was made "by the people they voted for".



THE JAM visit Carnaby Street, home of the NME

## JAM, TRB TO HIT READING

THE JAM and the Tom Robinson Band are to appear in this year's Reading Festival during August Bank Holiday weekend (25-27) — the first major new-wave acts ever to be booked for this annual event. And as exclusively forecast by NME four weeks ago, it's understood that Status Quo are now set to top the bill on the Saturday night.

It's still not certain at which point in the running order The Jam and TRB will appear. One of them will headline on the Friday night, with the other enlivening the proceedings on Sunday afternoon, but they're still discussing their spots between themselves.

A spokesman for the organisers said that the full three-day bill will be announced in three weeks' time. Weekend tickets will cost about £8.50 or £9.

## "BOXCARS"

MCA 368

The latest single from  
**JOE ELY**

"Boxcars," a Butch Hancock composition, is another mouth-opener, a railroad song unlike any other that's ever headed your way." NME

Taken from his critically acclaimed album "Honky Tonk Masquerade" MCF 2832  
"Everything on the album is perfect, just perfect." NME

## "HARD WORKIN' MAN"

MCA 366

featuring  
**Captain Beefheart**

From the original motion picture soundtrack "Blue Collar." Music composed, arranged and conducted by Jack Nitzsche.

**MCA RECORDS**

MCA Records, London Fulham Street, London W6



## smirked by both Syds

# ON THE ROAD

**DOLL BY DOLL** have London gigs at Rothampten Freebel Institute (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Telegraph (June 7 and 14), Campden Hill Queen Elizabeth College (9), Waterloo Apartment Space (10) and E 1 College of Furniture (16), followed by out-of-town dates at Aylesbury Britannia (21) and Chatham Tam O'Shanter (23).

**CYANIDE** have added two more dates to their massive tour, reported three weeks ago — at Preston Piccadilly Club (this Saturday) and Hull Tiffany's (July 10). Their gig this weekend at Carlisle Border Terrier is switched from Saturday to Sunday, and they now play Newcastle Hawthorn Hotel on June 15 instead of 8.

**THE ONLY ONES** are back on tour to promote their debut CBS album, with their name as its title. They're at Doncaster Outlook (Friday, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (June 5), Glasgow Strathclyde University (6), Nottingham Sandpiper (7), Manchester Polytechnic (8), Dudley J.B.'s (9), Croydon Greyhound (11), Cambridge Emmanuel College (12) and Bristol University (14). More are being added.

**TRAPEZE** add still more dates to their current tour — at Basildon Double Six (June 8 and 9), Cromer West Runtin Pavilion (23) and Shrewsbury Music Hall (27).

**SUBWAY SECT'S** School Journey is the billing for the band's new tour which opens with a charity gig at London Fulham Town Hall on June 8. Also confirmed are Manchester Ralters (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (13), Nottingham Sandpiper (15), Reading Bones Club (16), a special event at London Alexander Palace (17), Cardiff Top Rank (20) and Sheffield Limit Club (23).

**ALEXIS KORNER** makes a rare appearance next Tuesday (6), when he performs a solo concert at London Putney Garnett College.



**DAVID BOWIE** will have no support act for his British concerts, starting at the end of this month. He will be on stage for the entire show, which is timed at 2 hours 10 minutes, including interval. All gigs are completely sold out, with the exception of the first night at Stafford New Bingley Hall (June 26) for which a few tickets remained at press-time.

**THE BISHOPS** play a few gigs between recording their new album for August release. They're at Birmingham Barbarella's (this Saturday), London Kensington Nashville (June 9), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (15), Bristol Granary (22) and Wigan Casino (24).

**FIVE HAND REEL** have added Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (this Saturday), Oxford St. Edmund Hall (June 17) and Durham University College (19) to their current tour. Their concert at Birmingham Town Hall is changed from tomorrow (Friday) to June 9.

**ROY HILL** and his band have gigs at Swansea Circles (tonight, Thursday), Dudley J.B.'s (Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), Newbridge Memorial Hall (Sunday), Sheffield Limit Club (June 6), Weymouth College (9), Bristol Granary (10), Nottingham University (16) and Chalfont North Glos. College (28).

**LANDSCAPE** have gigs during the first half of this month at Bristol Storehouse (tonight, Thursday), Bath Grillo Arts Centre (Friday), Coventry Bulls Head (8), Weymouth Stables (10), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (11), Cambridge Trinity College (12), Leicester Phoenix theatre (13) and London Camden Music Machine (14).

**GEORGIE FAME & The Blue Flames** headline in concert at Croydon Fairfield Hall on Friday, June 16, supported by Les Kosmin & Loose Shoes. Richard Digance stars at the same venue the following Friday (23). Tickets for both gigs are £2, £1.50 and £1.25.

**DIRE STRAITS** and **The Movies** co-top a free concert at Sheffield University, starting at 3.30pm on June 13. Other acts include Jab-Jab, Bright Eyes and East Coast, with more to be announced.

**JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS** gig at Chatham Tam O'Shanter (tonight, Thursday), Sunderland Mecca Centre (Friday), Oxford Corn Dolly (Saturday), London Finchley Torrington (this Sunday and June 25), Leeds Florida Green Hotel (June 10), Aylesbury RAF Halton (13), London Kensington Nashville (15), Snodland Bull (17), London Hackney Middleton Arms (18), London Canning Town Bridge House (20), Leeds Tiffany's (23), Dudley J.B.'s (23) and London Tooting The Castle (26).

**J.A.L.N. BAND** have added more dates to their previously-reported tour at Merton Mowbray Painted Lady (June 15-17), Margate Dreamland (28), London Ealing College (30), Ryde L.A.W. Carousel (July 6), Barnstaple Tempo (7), Trowbridge Civic Centre (20), Middlesbrough Town Hall (21) and Stockton Fiesta (25-28). But projected gigs at Hatfield (June 16), Ayr (17) and Bradford (17) have now been cancelled.

**"TOMMY"** — the production of Pete Townshend's rock opera, starring Dana Gillespie — has had its run at Norwich Church Theatre extended. It has been running there since April and, due to heavy demand, will now play 18 extra performances from June 13 to 30.

## Sire-Phonogram split hits Rezillos

**SCOTTISH** new-wave band The Rezillos, who are the only British act signed worldwide to America's Sire Records, are the main sufferers from a split between that label and Phonogram — who were the distributors of Sire products in this country. The band were due to have a single "Cold Wars" issued last week, and their album "Can't Stand The Rezillos" was scheduled for June 9, but now both releases have been cancelled. And because of this, their six-week tour — which was to have been promoted the new records — has also been called off.

Rezillos spokesman Bob Last told NME: "Everything was fine until a week ago — we'd had proofs of the album sleeve and fixed all our gigs. Now everything has collapsed around us. We've had to pay thousands to venues to blowing out our dates, though we understand that Phonogram are coughing up the money."

Phonogram are playing it close to their chests, and a spokesman would only say that "amicable discussions are taking place with a view to Sire and Phonogram parting company", despite the fact that the existing agreement is understood to have nearly a year to run.

This means that Sire now has to find a new British outlet for its artists, who include The Flamin' Groovies, The Talking Heads, The Ramones, Richard Hell & The Voidoids and Radio Birdman, and no new product by these acts will be issued through Phonogram. However, material already released will continue to be available for at least a year through Phonogram, who are continuing with their heavy promotional campaign on Plastic Rebound's current Sire hit single.

● Polydor singles due out on June 9 include "This Love Affair" by Gloria Gaynor, "I'm Not Gonna Let It Bother Me Tonight" by the Atlanta Rhythm Section and "Goodbye Dolly Gray" by The Rubettes.

● United Artists' budget label Sunset this week reissues the last Bonzo Dog Band album "Let's Make Up And Be Friendly", as well as their hit single "I'm The Urban Spaceman".

● Independent label Raw Records celebrate their first anniversary next month with the release of a compilation album "Oh No. It's More From Raw". It features 12 A-sides from singles by Matchbox, The Goitiles, The Unwanted, The Users, The Killjoys, Lockjaw and Some Chicken, among others.

● Punk comedian Johnny Rabbish has his debut single issued by United Artists this weekend. Titled "Living in NW3 4JR" (which is his postal code), it's a parody of the Pistols' "Anarchy in the U.K.", and he modestly describes it as "the world's worst single".

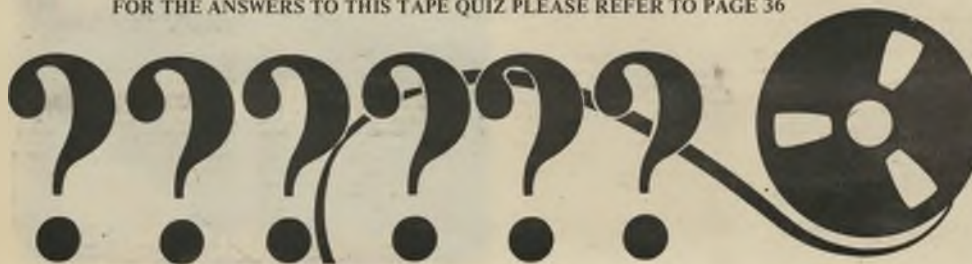
● Robert Gordon has a single out this week on the Private Stock label, to coincide with his gig on June 14 at London Camden Music Machine with Link Wray. It is "The Way I Walk", taken from his current album.

# What do you know about tape recordings?

Here are a few questions about the magnetic recording world to test your knowledge.

1. Which company marketed the first commercially viable professional tape recorder and when was it?
2. Which is the only company in the world that manufactures hardware and software for every professional recording application?
3. Who made the magnetic memory that is going to the planet Venus in the 1978 Orbiter probe?
4. Which brand of mastering tape is used by over half the major studios in the USA and Great Britain?
5. 1977 saw the introduction of a new 'World Ultimate' audio mastering tape. The Eagles, Bob Dylan, C W McCall, Earth Wind and Fire and many others recorded 'Gold' records on it. What is this tape called?
6. Who does the soundtrack for Walt Disney productions?
7. Which brand of tape was most used by home audio and hi-fi enthusiasts in Great Britain during 1977?

FOR THE ANSWERS TO THIS TAPE QUIZ PLEASE REFER TO PAGE 36



## Matthews' comeback

**IAN MATTHEWS** — founder member of Fairport Convention, Matthews Southern Comfort and Plainsong — has signed a worldwide recording deal with Sandy Robertson's Rockburgh label. He now lives in Seattle, but is due back in Britain this month to record his first album under the deal, to be produced by Robertson.

Release is planned for mid-August and the following month he'll be touring Britain to promote it, supported by his own band with whom he's recently been working in the States. He's probably best remembered for his million-selling single "Woodstock" when he was fronting Southern Comfort.



## New Pistols due soon; single out

**THE SEX PISTOLS** are poised to re-emerge with a new lead singer, replacing Johnny Rotten. It's understood that Paul Cook, Steve Jones and Sid Vicious are back together again, and are at present holding auditions to find a new vocalist. When they've done so, they hope to be able to resume work later in the summer.

Meanwhile Virgin are rushing-releasing an intriguing single on June 16, involving the three remaining founder members. The A-side features train-robbler Ronald Biggs singing "God Save The Sex Pistols", backed by

Cook and Jones, and recorded in Rio de Janeiro. The coupling is the Sid Vicious version of the standard "My Way", recorded in Paris and backed by a pick-up group and supporting orchestra. Both tracks are taken from the soundtrack of the upcoming Pistols film, and the 12-inch single comes in a full-colour sleeve.

Johnny Rotten will be recording with his new band "as soon as circumstances permit". He will be remaining with Virgin, and the band also hope to play some live dates — if venues are prepared to book them!

# MUSIC BY POST

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# WILKO—TO HELL AND



**T**HE MARQUEE'S jammed up jelly tight; foot on foot, elbow in kidney, spilled drinks and apologies — or not, as the case may be — sweatbox and vapour hot, tenement full, bumper to bumper and side by side.

The support band just pulled an encore out of the crowd like a trainee conjurer pulls a rabbit out of a hat, and now everybody's waiting on The Solid Senders — that's the combo that used to be The Wilko Johnson Band — to come on out and do that thing.

Steve Jones and Paul Cook are crushed up against the back wall offering to tell people the real story of The Sex Pistols' bustup and asking eagerly "Does it still give it all the...?" and miming the epileptic R2D2-with-machine-gun moves that everybody associates with Wilko Johnson.

Wilko Johnson may well have made himself a few enemies in his time — though not nearly so many as he thinks he has in his darker moods — but he also has a whole lot of friends

and fans at all levels of the rock and roll tower of Babel, and they're all hot to see him and his new band get down and do it to it.

Bob Geldof's around somewhere to see the man whose previous band inspired the formation of The Boomtown Rats; Billy Idol's propping up the bar; most of The Bishops are hopped up and ready to go; Lemmy's backstage priming the vibes for the imminent eruption; and Lord God yes, Wilko and his team are about ready to get out there and give it the... you know.

Wham! There they are, piling headlong into "Everybody's Carrying Guns," like they've been waiting outside the bar until opening time and someone's just opened the door.

Up on the drums there's Alan Platt: ringletted ginger Ian Hunter hair, hangover eyes, truculent grin, doing the business on jackhammer drums, piling it on 'til you think his drums can't take no more. Little Stevie Lewins, bobbing abstracted behind his big black Fender bass, so thin he looks like two profiles stuck together, pumping it out good and greasy.

Behind the piano is John Potter, paunchy and pouchy and veneered with the faintest hint of rock and roll debauchery over the warp and wool of the double-glazing salesman he used to be before Wilko got him back into The Life, playing the purest distillation of everything groovy that

you can do with a piano across the rock and roll/R&B axis, all the legacies of Jerry Lee Lewis and Otis Spann and early Bill Payne.

And scooting across the front — black suit, black shirt, black shoes, black axe, white face — there's Wilko, eyes blank and blurring, face contorted in a silent scream. Telecaster mowing down the front row. Comeback, my ass! The way it looks, one would think that Wilko would be in fine shape to echo Sinatra's classic line after he hauled himself out of the dumpster to knock down an Oscar for his role as Maggio in *From Here To Eternity*: "Whaddya mean comeback? I ain't bin anywhere."

But of course, he has. From here to eternity, to hell and back.

**W**HEN WE started the Feelgoods, it was your classic local group," Wilko's saying as the sun comes up over Wolverhampton and infiltrates into a hotel room littered with all the usual debris you find when three people have been up all night. "and when you start a local group you don't have any intentions, do you? You just want to play. It just so happened that all the people in that group were into that sort of music, so that was what we played."

"So when I found myself thrust out in the cold, I thought it would be pathetic to come back with a sort of *Dr Feelgood Chapter Two*. Even after we did the 'Stupidity' album, what were we gonna do? So I thought, I'm not gonna stop doing 12-bars because I like all that. But on the other hand, why repeat yourself? You could stop making records, but I didn't want to do that, and I didn't want to cop out and start writing soppy big ballads with lots of chords, and that because I still wanted to be in a rhythm and blues group. There's lots of kids that are really into it, and they'd really dig it if I stuck with it."

"Like Status Quo, y'know, they just stick with their thing and the kids love 'em for it and I love 'em for it. Despite all the flak they get for it, they just do their thing and I think that's good. With Feelgood, the way I wanted to do the 'Sneakin' Suspicion' album was more ethnic, more raw than it was in order to gain greater freedom that way, like Beefheart: just get totally crazy within this thing that we could do. I was trying to write songs that were still R'n'B, but which said a little bit more than just jump-up-and-screw songs."

"Anyway, it all ended in a hideous disaster which we won't talk about now, and so I wanted to stay with rhythm and blues, but have room to move within it. With the format we had, Dr Feelgood was limited to my

what-else-can-you-show-me."

Neither Stevie nor Alan Platt had ever seen Wilko with the Feelgoods, while at the other extreme, John Potter was an old friend, friend and musical colleague. When Wilko was 18, he'd creamed his jeans at the opportunity to play guitar in Potter's rock and roll band.

Once Wilko and Potter had decided to work together, all that was needed was a rhythm section. Various people had auditioned (Glen Matlock amongst them, interestingly enough) but Stevie Lewins — who'd wanted out of The Bishops for some time — and Alan Platt turned out to be the ones. Since Wilko was still with United Artists as part of the Feelgoods' deal, it was thought that things were ready to roll at long, bloody last.

"I burst proudly in there with me new band," recounts Wilko with rueful mirth, "and they said, 'We think your future would be better elsewhere.' I just laughed. I mean, so many disasters had happened that year. Martin Davis and Andrew Lauder are sitting there looking very serious, and now the record company's blown me out. So I just laughed. I thought, I cannot do justice to this situation. I'd begged all these guys into joining me group — in fact, Andrew Lauder, who's a scholar and a gent, was doing me a good turn,

**In which the Mad Axeman Of Essex hauls himself out of The Slough Of Despond, travels The Road Of Excess to The Palace Of Wisdom and Feels Good as a Solid Sender.**

imitations. I mean, I'm not Mick Green."

Though he can joke about it now, because he's back and cooking with a hot new band, Wilko's eviction from the Feelgoods ground him to pieces, put him through the mincer par excellence.

I don't think anyone who didn't actually live through it with him can appreciate just how much that particular period — between the end of Feelgoods Mk 1 and the debut of the Solid Senders — did him in. It's only through hints dropped by his closest friends that I can even get an impression of what happened, and a couple of unfortunate experiences when he first started trying to put a new group together worsened the situation considerably.

Some of the people involved in these incidents are friends of mine, and while I cannot believe that they acted with us total a lack of integrity as Wilko believes they did, I also cannot believe that they truly appreciate how their actions appeared to Wilko, or how much those actions hurt him. They know who they are, and I hope their consciences are clear.

"I wasn't so much looking for a band as I was looking for some people who would take me seriously, y'know?"

"There wasn't any particular master plan or anything," interposes Stevie Lewins, raising his head from a complicated arrangement of Rizla papers.

"That was why this band got together: it was just a bunch of people who came together and started playing, not expecting anything of anybody else or any

though he couldn't tell me at the time.

It was, in fact, around this time that Lauder and Davis were formulating plans to quit UA to form Radar Record in collusion with Warner's, and my diagnosis is that they didn't want to leave Wilko at UA without being there to look after him themselves.

"I think they'd sensed what was going down, and were in fact helping me out by leaving me free to get a new deal. They were hinting that there were going to be some changes made and they were suggesting that since I was at a loose end I could slip out."

"The group were all waiting outside Andrew's office waiting to hear what had gone down, and so I said that we'd all meet round my house after the weekend, and then I had this awful drive back to Southend."

"I'd had a lot of disasters that year, and I'd been fucked around a lot by a lot of people. I decided that I really like these people, even though we'd only just met, and we were a group. So I thought 'Fucked if I'm going to let anything stop us... I've got a few bob in the bank so everybody's going to get their wages until I'm broke, and we'll have a new deal in a couple of weeks'. Six months later..."

In addition to the other Senders, Wilko had brought his team up to strength with the addition of Bob's Muguire, a former Motorhead tour manager who had severed connections with Motorhead under somewhat violent and hysterical circumstances and who took over Wilko's management, and Glum, a so-called Canvey Island who gained his nickname through being the world's sanest and most cheerful

**Interview: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY**



*Re-Population*

# BACK VIA THE M1 CAFF

human being. In fact, Glum is so sane that at least half the people he meets think he's crazy. Wilko puts it more simply: "That guy just laughs at everything, and I thought I need someone like this. He's got a sanity that I know I'll never possess. He sees the joke."

"So there were the six of us, and I thought at last I've got some friends. I suppose I was always trying to buy friends or expecting people to be my friends because they were so friendly when I was successful."

By the time Wilko finally signed with Virgin, his Feelgoods savings had just about run out. The Senders had made it through by the skin of their collective teeth.

"But the point of all that was that everybody was financially dependent on me, as well as me being the one who'd got the band together, which put me in a kind of difficult position. I was deliberately holding back to allow everybody else to say what they wanted out of this thing, because in the position that I was in I could've started just dictating terms and saying how I wanted everything to be and I just didn't want that. There's six of us altogether and everybody's giving it all they've got, so it's equal shares and equal say."

"After the first bash we had together I thought I could get up and play with this band anywhere. Everyone knows what they're doing. Take Alan: he's the kind of guy who don't take no shit off of no-one. He'll tell me to piss off any time that I need it. He's another really sane guy, and he often smooths me out when I get het up about things. I can sit and talk to him and realise that sanity will prevail..."

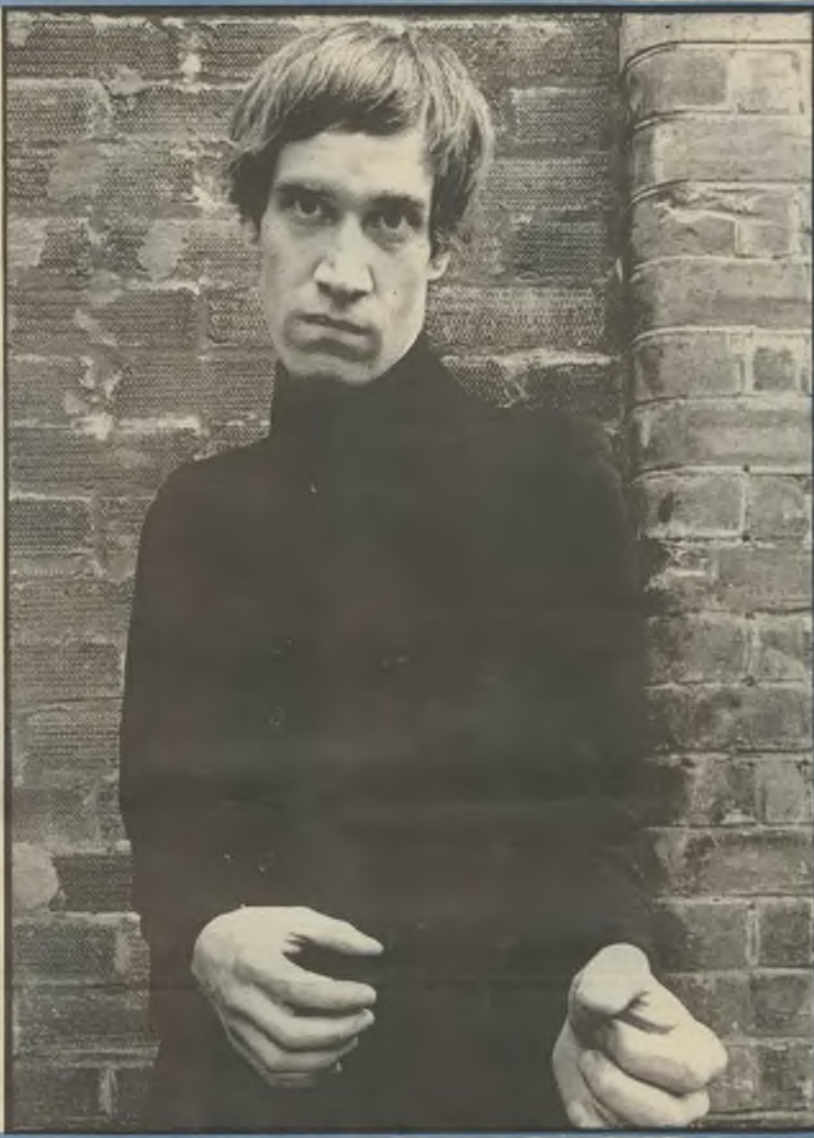
**T**HE SENDERS' music contains a lot of references points for dyed-in-the-wool Feelgoods' freaks, but that's simply because Wilko Johnson was 50 per cent of The Feelgoods' image and 70 per cent of their music. In The Solid Senders, Wilko is 90 per cent of the image and maybe 40 per cent of the music. There's Potter's exquisite roadhouse piano, Lewin's agile thoughtful bass and Platt's bulletproof drumming and... tell you what. Let's take a closer look at the set.

Part of it is an element of '60s rock and roll that comes straight from Potter. His main man is Jerry Lee Lewis, and it shows whether they're playing a Killer special like "Down The Line" or "Mean Woman Blues" or Wilko's revved-up speciality version of Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited." Potter gets plenty of solo space to strut his stuff and he deserves and utilises every single bar of it. His

staying in the road and on the road redolent of class and style, and he makes it count whether he's doing it on Stevie's old Bishops rocker "You're In My Way" (one of the great rock and roll song titles of recent years) or contemporary Wilko classics like "Going Back Home." To think of all this rock and roll bottled up in the double-glazing business for all those years... it verges on the criminal.

In fact, Potter was — very very early on — the fifth member of the Feelgoods. "The thing was," he reminisces in a quiet dressing room moment, "Wilko and Lee and Sparks and Figure had this very right thing going that I didn't really fit into. I felt that I wasn't really contributing to it so much as looking for spaces into which I could fit something, and it ended up as if I was playing over something that was already complete."

In the Senders, Potter has his niche. "The key to it is, actually, that Wilko and I play together well because he plays the guitar as if it was a keyboard."



The circle is completed by the fact that Wilko is a fair-to-middling piano player himself, and Potter plays rudimentary rock and roll and blues drums and guitar. Platt can function up to a point on guitar, bass and piano in addition to his main axe, and while I wouldn't give much for his chances of finding a whole lot of work as a guitar or piano player their understanding of the possibilities, limitations and dynamics of each other's instruments contribute a lot to their mutual empathy even if none of them is exactly a Dave Edmunds or Todd Rundgren.

The bases they touch musically include an insanely supercharged Booker T and The MGs, mutated Shee-Kaw-gone Blues, Bob Dylan (they do a thoroughly lovely "Rainy Day Women 12 & 35" at sound check) and I'm keeping my fingers crossed that it eventually finds its way into the set proper — it'd make a dynamite encore, and odd incongruous neo-Orientalism from

Wilko's guitar (mainly on the as-yet-unrecorded-but-I'm-waiting "Burning Down"). Blindingly groovy Jerry Lee-style rock and roll and the thoroughly timeless-but-up-to-date UK R'n'B that was, is and ever shall be Wilko's principal musical stock in trade.

Comparisons with the Feelgoods are odious — and will remain so until Brillixious and Co manage to whip out an album better than "Be Seeing You", which even the production expertise of Nick Lowe couldn't render anything other than depressingly mundane — but it would seem on the basis of the mere 17 times that I've seen The Solid Senders that Wilko has achieved his goal of a sound simultaneously rawer and broader than that of the Feelgoods, who've lost their edge without gaining any compensatory depth or breadth.

All that's required is a little more visual panache from the rest of the group. If only Potter would stand up at his piano or Stevie would do a little duelling with Wilko then it'd be easier for audiences to realise how much of a hand the Senders are.

think of something more obscene and Figure's got one of these hysterical laughs that gets everybody at it, and that's all we ever used to do... then there's the thing about 'the awful loneliness of the Holiday Inn room' and that's true as well. I felt a lot of that; you play all these gigs to hundreds and thousands of people and then end up in this horrible room, alone, but it's not important enough to write songs about. I mean, if you write songs they should mean something to the people who're listening to them. It's a mode of existence peculiar to the people who make the music, and it's our bloody problem."

"But then all that kind of thing is related to how much you're enjoying yourself. If you're on a bomber — and I was sometimes — it's suicidally miserable; real wrist-slashing territory. It's pathetic because you feel so lonely and shitty."

"Starting out again with The Solid Senders, it's all a huge laugh because we're all pretty new to each other. We haven't heard each other's anecdotes more than a couple of times; the jokes are still fresh, and I'd forgotten what good fun it was going out and doing gigs again..."

**W**ILKO JOHNSON, as of now, is happier and more positive than I've ever known him to be before, even in the days when the Feelgoods were hitting heavy. The terrible depressions that make him a danger to anything within shouting or punching range are few and far between, and ever more frequent are the moments of extravagant wit and clowning that can reduce an entire dressing room full of people to abject heaps of shuddering, mirth-ridden flesh.

He's a brilliant mimic; his specialities being impersonations of Heinz (who the Feelgoods used to back when they were starting out and whose catchphrase — after suggesting that the band change their name to The New Tornados or that Sparks throw him his bass in midnumber — was "I can see yer larkin" — but fink abahit it") and Dave Higgs of Eddie & The Hot Rods. His impression of Higgs is so devastating that there ought to be a law against him doing it in public in case anyone with a weak ticker should hear it and laugh himself into an early grave. He says that he didn't do this particular speciality too often in the old days because Higgs' brother was "the ardest bloke on Canvey."

Perhaps the first thing that you'll notice when you see The Solid Senders (which should be soonest) is that the speedy, strobe-y, psychotic one-dimensionality of Wilko's Feelgoods persona has not so much softened as broadened. He sings, he talks to the audience, he smiles. The demented robot with the Fender machine-gun has gotten human; that threatening B-movie aura of violence and frustration is seditious now.

There's still a miraculously high energy level — no wimp-out, Jack; believe it — but what it's about now is going berserk and enjoying yourself. It's not out of vindictiveness towards his old colleagues that Wilko performs the old song "Doctor Feelgood" with this band; it's because making people Feel Good is what The Solid Senders are here to do.

And if you don't give Wilko, Stevie, Potter and Platt your very best chance to do that thing to you next time they're down your way, then you deserve to have all your friends come round and give you a hard time about what a great night you missed.

"I can see yer larkin" — but fink abahit it.

**W**E THOUGHT let's just get down and get enough songs to last an hour and then go out and play."

The sun's up and we're starting to think about having some breakfast before going to bed. "When the UA thing happened I broke it to everyone and said, 'Chaps, I'm afraid that we're not United Artists recording stars' and everybody's attitude was 'Well, sod it, we'll have to go on the road, then. Even if it's all into a Transit and sling up the M1, then that's what it'll have to be.' Fortunately, I had a few bob so we didn't have to go through all that shit, because it is shit. It's a laugh at the time, but it goes on too long."

"I've seen the other end of it as well with all the bloody cocaine in Los Angeles, and that's worse. Doing the clapped-out-Transit-and-greasy-motorway-food bit was a huge laugh. In Feelgoods' days we'd be freezing inside this Transit just pissing ourselves laughing all the time. Sparks gets so funny, so obscene and you'd be dying of laughter and he'd

Pix: DENNIS MORRIS

New single—  
limited edition  
colour bag.  
From the album  
Drastic Plastic.

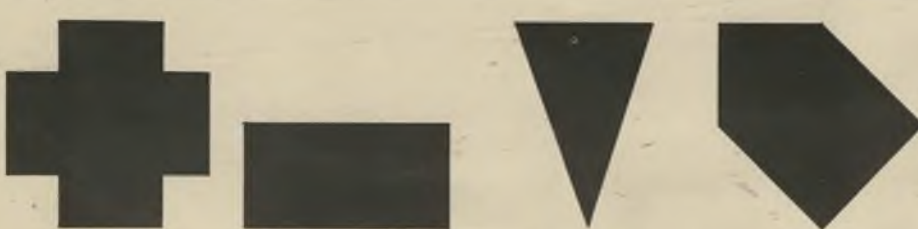
# Technical Language

## Exercise 5

If

A ■ B ▲ E / G ● H ☆ I ▯ L ▮ M = N ▯ O ▼ P ▮ R ■ S ▴ T ⊕ U × W ◆

Supply the missing words to this picture.



# THRILLS

June 3, 1978 \$2.50 (UK) Canada \$3.00

new  
**MUSICAL  
EXPRESS**

ELVIS FOR BRITAIN p3

BEATLES REFORM p7.8

FREE BOWIE GIG p5



LOGAN'S  
LAST  
RUN

NME EDITOR QUILTS SENSATION p1-56

## WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHATSISNAME

**T**HE NEWS hit the normally placid and cheery NME office like a runaway 747 on a skateboard. When snappily-dressed Essex-born Nick Logan, 31, announced his resignation after nearly five years as editor of the NME, you could have heard a mouse pissing on velvet.

In fact, we *did* hear a mouse pissing on velvet, and Bob Woffinden had to invite it out and give it a good kicking.

Slender, fair-haired Logan, 31, a typical horny Capricorn, has been the man most observers would credit as most responsible for making the NME whatever it is today. First as features editor and then assistant editor to Alan Smith (fled the country) between February 1972 and November 1973 with a few weeks off for a printers' strike, and then as editor from early '74 onwards, he fearlessly and expertly piloted NME ever onwards and upwards (it only

went off the rails when he wasn't looking).

Despite a disturbingly high casualty rate among assistant editors — Ian MacDonald (gone mad), Tony Tyler (ret'd) and Neil Spencer (clawed his way to power from the streets of New York's Hells Kitchen — hang on... **MALFUNCTION**... Clawed his way to power from a fairly comfortable but impeccably rootsy background in the Midlands) — the Logan regime took the NME from strength to strength, from Long Acre to Kings Reach Tower, from Kings Reach Tower to Carnaby Street.

Whatsisname's deft editorial hand sent the paper's sales soaring ever higher, a rise paralleled only by the freelance contributions budget and the increase in tranquilliser consumption in the offices of various large, American-owned record companies.

It is perhaps inevitable that a man of Logan's awesome peripheral vision (a faculty which persists despite frequent and costly consultations with a private optometrist) would

eventually discover that there was more to creative editorial life than the comparatively narrow confines of the NME, a perception that he eloquently expressed by stating, "How the hell do they expect me to stay sane doing this without even paying a decent living wage?"

So he announced his resignation to his stalwart but shocked little staff, and this week plods wide-eyed off into the sunset with his sandwiches and clean underpants tied up in a handkerchief at the end of a long pole (Chris Salowicz applied for the part but he was too short).

We here at NME announce with a lump in our throat and tear in our eye that we hate to see him go and that we'll almost remember him fondly. **MALFUNCTION**... We will always remember him fondly.

Right, that's enough soft soap. Now clean out your desk and sod off. We've got work to do.

J. ARTHUR CRINGE

THRILLS



Pic: RAY STEVENSON

## TRACIE DIES

**W**ELL-KNOWN Sex Pistols acolyte Tracie O'Keefe died last Friday in a Fulham hospital of cancer of the bone marrow. Her death was completely unexpected; she had entered hospital a month earlier with stomach pains and it was only discovered that she had cancer after another operation had failed.

A member of the Seditionaries boutique staff and an original 'face' on the early punk scene in London, Tracie performed at the now legendary Screen On The Green gig of summer '76, when she danced alongside Debbie and Siouxsie between sets by the Pistols, Clash and Buzzcocks.

Last summer she was arrested at The Sex Pistols' Jubilee boat trip. Unlike the others arrested that day, who only received fines or acquittals, Tracie was sentenced to a month in prison, though she was acquitted on appeal.

She was 18.



## ARCHIVE FUN

**D**REDGED FROM the Waters of Oblivion: meet The Melodians!

In response to "Rivers Of Babylon" achieving respectability in the sight of a blinkered Beeb and accomplishing chart topping status for Money B, *Archive Fun* is honoured to introduce the now defunct trio of Brent Dowe, Tony Brevett and R. Cogle.

It was this threesome that

originally recorded "Rivers Of Babylon" for the late Leslie Kong back in 1970, with lyrics supplied from the 137th inspiration of David Judah, former King of Israel, catapultist, harpist, leading Zionist, and seed of Solomon, Christ and Selassie I.

The Melodians, together from 1966 until the early '70s, were one of the most popular harmony trios of their era, recording for Treasure Isle and Beverley's Records hits such as "I Caught You", "The Last Train To Expo '67", "Sweet Sensation" (a UK Top Fifty entry circa 1970), "Rivers Of Babylon" and "Everybody's Bowling".

Money B's success has made little impression on the reggae scene — although the reissue of the original by Trojan this week, plus new versions from Johnny Clarke (Third World) and Winston Groovy (Lovers Rock discmix) may change all this in the ensuing weeks.

"Rivers Of Babylon" is generally agreed by students of Haggadic Ras Tafariism to be an allusion to the Thames in the vicinity of Hammersmith Bridge.

THE THRILLS  
THRILLS

## The Lone Groover



## BENYON



**KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS**

AA

WILLIAM SHATHER  
JEFFREY HOLLING · WOODY STRODE · ALTOVISE DAVIS

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UNITED CINEPLEX · OWING MASTERS · MASON/ARMA · MURPHY LAFREYRE · Produced by BOB MANTON and JEFFREY W. SHELTER  
Executive Producer: HELEN KENNEDY · Screenplay by RICHARD ROBINSON and ALAN CALLOWAY  
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**LET'S FIGHT AGAIN**

LIKE WE DID  
LAST SUMMER  
**WEEK!**

**F**OLLOWING LAST week's incident at East London's Tidal Basin Tavern (a.k.a. the Hollies Club), in which several members of Doll By Doll were savagely beaten up, Clayton and the Argonauts received similar treatment there last Wednesday.

Clayton's set at the Hollies was punctuated throughout by heckling, the band's manager Tony Satchell told *Thrills*, but Clayton had managed to defuse the air of menace which Satchell observed at the venue.

On leaving the stage, however, Alan Clayton was accosted by one of the hecklers. "What kind of music do you like?" he asked. Charles Aznavour, Wild Man Fischer, and so on replied Clayton — whereupon his questioner socked him on the nose.

One of the bar staff rushed over and ejected the attacker, knocking him unconscious in the process, and the Argonauts beat a quick retreat, leaving their backdrop behind in their haste.

Their troubles did not end there, though. As they drove away from the Tidal Basin the group who had attacked them tried to ram the band's van with their car. Fortunately, they were unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, in response to last week's story about Doll By Doll, the band have contacted *Thrills* to stress that the publicity handout detailing guitarist Jackie Leven's term in prison and drummer David McIntosh's "history of mental illness" could not have provoked the attack on them, as only the landlady was given one. (The whole issue of provocation/outrage, and whether a "provocative" artist should be pleased or distressed when a violent reaction is successfully provoked, is one to which *NME* will hopefully address itself more fully in the future.)

*Thrills* has also received an eye-witness report of the Doll By Doll incident from a "curious, stimulated and very impressed follower" of the band, Sharon Lyle.

From past experience, she observes, audiences are "generally captivated by the power behind this band, who seem able to focus on something which affects them in a very personal and emotional way." Contrary to what Doll manager Bruce Williamson told *Thrills* last week, she reckoned there definitely was a reaction at the Tidal Basin.

Their 'image' stripped away by Doll By Doll's ability to "bring to the surface emotions they had buried and even feared for too long," Ms Lyle suggests that the people who attacked the group "slowly got together, provoked certain members of the band, discreetly started kicking bits of equipment as it was being taken out — and suddenly that Wednesday night turned out to be the most horrific and frightful occasion I personally have ever encountered."

"I have never been to the Tidal Basin before," she concludes, "and after such an experience I'm sure that's one venue that I'll never be going to again."

Incidentally, Doll By Doll play two benefits this month for the Philadelphia Association, the organisation founded by psychiatric pioneer Dr R D Laing to provide alternative accommodation to state-run institutions for people who are mentally disturbed. The gigs are on June 2 at the Froebel Educational Institute, London SW15, and June 16 (lunchtime) at the College of Furniture, London E1.

PHIL MCNEILL

**THRILLS**

STEVE FORD, THE AMAZING SUPER-BOY HERO, WAS IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE EVERSO SECRET SERVICE!

...AND AS A REWARD FOR CAPTURING 237 NME AGENTS LAST WEEK, I SHALL PERSONALLY SHOW YOU AROUND OUR LATEST TOP-SECRET SUBMARINE!



Huh? "Whizzer and Chips" reveals music biz subterfuge, spotted by John Modaberi of Surrey

# Daily Times

WEDNESDAY MAY 31, 1978

8p (S.A. 9p)

**UFO** TOUR  
EXCLUSIVE

Every major city witnesses amazing scenes

## UFO APPEARANCES - ALL OVER BRITAIN

The British band, UFO, are returning to Britain.

By OUR ROCK CORRESPONDENT

THIS FOLLOWS their sensational success in the USA which included a sell-out tour and an enormous hit with their last album 'Lights Out' which rocketed into the USA Top Twenty.

Now UFO plan to lay their unique brand of heavy metal on Britain with a nationwide tour.

### Phenomenal Sound

The UFO sound is one that's all too rarely heard on these shores - heavy metal with no compromises.

Exposure to their sound causes outbreaks of foot stomping, bopping and amnesia.

### Where to make contact with UFO

|      |                             |
|------|-----------------------------|
| June |                             |
| 14th | Hanley, Victoria Hall       |
| 15th | Town Hall, Birmingham       |
| 17th | Free Trade Hall, Manchester |
| 18th | Playhouse, Nottingham       |
| 19th | De Montford, Leicester      |
| 20th | Top Rank, Cardiff           |
| 21st | Colston Hall, Bristol       |
| 22nd | City Hall, Sheffield        |
| 23rd | Mayfair, Newcastle          |
| 24th | Friars, Aylesbury           |
| 26th | Guildhall, Portsmouth       |
| 27th | Civic Hall, Guildford       |
| 28th | Hammersmith Odeon, LONDON   |
| 29th | Empire, Liverpool           |
| 30th | Odeon, Edinburgh            |
| July |                             |
| 1st  | Apollo, Glasgow             |
| 2nd  | Grand Theatre, Leeds        |
| 3rd  | Gaumont, Ipswich            |



Two members of the UFO Craft that arrived at Heathrow today, here seen entering customs.

### Miraculous UFO Recording

TO HEAR A studio album of heavy metal music that captures all the commitment of a live performance listen to UFO's new album 'Obsession'.

Not surprisingly it was produced by Ron Nevison who has been responsible for past UFO recordings.

INSIDE: UFO Fab tour 7, UFO broke records, 12-13 UFO Rock to top of Top Twenty USA. The British Band that came home. 13 UFO Rock USA. UFO British tour 7, UFO Band



**G**LORIA MUNDI always seem to have a large number of very young punks in the audience: 13 or 14 year-olds who presumably recognise in Gloria Mundi a strand of meaning that applies to their own lives — maybe (deep breath) that we are all essentially alone. After all, that is something that 14-year-olds often know better than anyone, particularly if they are trapped in a claustrophobic family situation.

Gloria Mundi are a six-piece new wave band with a dense sound using keyboards and sax, employing stage theatrics and an unusual lighting set-up run by two women. The lights always seem to do the unexpected: a searchlight beam will snap on and suddenly focus on the audience rather than on the band. It owes more to experimental theatre lighting than anything in music and is very effective.

The two principals in Gloria Mundi seem to be Eddie Maerov and Sunshine — the only woman in the group. Accustomed as one is these days to odd names, I was rather looking forward to meeting Eddie since I'd assumed that he was named after "Eddie My Love" by The Teen Queens, one of my favourite records. To my chagrin, he'd never heard of it — at least, not until some other bright spark pointed it out a couple of weeks earlier.

I met Eddie and Sunshine at the A&R office of their record company, RCA.

Eddie has a cultivated accent which suggests public school, and he wears strange ill-fitting clothing. His shoulders are teamed with a

permafrost of frozen anger and frustration and the tension is echoed in pronounced frowns.

Sunshine, on the other hand, seems more relaxed — apart from the cigarettes which she chain-smokes on stage at the keyboards. It was Sunshine who came up with the name. She dreamed it.

"I'm pleased with it because it can be anything to anyone and it's quite different to anyone else's." Sic transit gloria mundi: thus pass the glories of the world. Someone somewhere has had an education. Actually Sunshine used to be a footballer before getting into music.

She and Eddie started the thing off three years ago, gradually adding people until the final line-up was fixed about a year ago just as the new wave explosion was getting off the ground. They got caught up in it, playing the Rox and the Vortex as well as headlining regularly at the Marquee, where they attracted the inevitable cult following.

They are a hard band to categorise — certainly not punk but not like anything else either. That is why they are hard to write about, and may be why no-one did write about them at the time. However, even without press support they managed to swing a live year contract with RCA Records, who launched their recording career with the single "Fight Back".

I hated the sleeve to that record, because it looked to me like a picture of a woman who had just been beaten up and there were too many ambiguities for me to feel that it could be in any way positive. A surprising number of visitors to my flat, flipping through the singles, felt the same way and commented unfavourably.

It transpires, however, that the picture on the sleeve is not a woman at all but is in fact Eddie wearing make-up.

"I wear make-up anyway," he says. "Not all the time, but I do onstage all the time and various times offstage as well. We did a heavy job on the lipstick because we wanted a strong black and white picture from it..."

So what are this group about? People say they are political, but their lyrics are more about alienation and frustration, alone-ness and how to handle being in the world.

All major subjects.

"One of the things we are trying to



GLORIA MUNDI (L-R): Ice, Eddie Maerov, Beethoven, Mike, cc, Sunshine. Opposite: Eddie in encounter situation.

## GLORIA MUNDI'S ENCOUNTER GROUP THERAPY (FOR SIC TRANSITS?)

do is just shake people up a little bit," Eddie explained. "We're just trying to dislocate a few channels inside people's heads. It's just trying to give you some things to look at, some things to listen to, that may just stay in your head until the next day. And it may change a little bit the way you look at the world the next morning..."

Change for its own sake?

"Yes, I think it's essential."

"Because I'm not prepared — and I don't think anyone in this band is

prepared — to do a thing like, say, Tom Robinson. Although, quite honestly, I don't think he's got the strength to do it anyway." — I disagree, but go on — "To go out and say, 'This is what you must do. Go out and demonstrate. Take up this cause.' You can't do that to people."

"That's taking away their chance of personal choice. That's using audiences. You know, 'I'm up here, you're down there, if I tell you to rush out and do something I know you'll go and do it.' People made those

mistakes years ago.

"That's a trap I'm determined not to fall into."

Well, again I disagree, of course, since audiences aren't stupid — and to suggest that people should support a demonstration can't, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be construed as taking away personal choice. Still, I let the conversation roll...

"When you're on stage you're just yourself blown up large because of the

● Continues on page 14

SINGLE OUT NOW - SINGLE OUT NOW - SINGLE OUT NOW

WHEN THE TANKS ROLL OVER POLAND AGAIN

autocrats

PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE WIP6439



# RICH KIDS



RICH KIDS  
NEW SINGLE  
20,000 x FULL COLOUR SLEEVE

TO  
DANCE

# MARCHING MEN

● From page 12

intense situation of being before an audience. So if I'm dissatisfied — which I am — it's gonna come out through the songs."

This manifests itself in strange ways. The group's interpersonal relationships get played out on stage, sometimes violently.

Eddie: "We do knock each other around on stage. It's not something we plan to do, it's just something that comes out. We all understand why it goes on — it's just sheer frustration with the position we're in as regards each other... it's like taking the cork out."

Sunshine: "It's just like anything that anyone ever wants to do. You just want to be yourself, and most people are not allowed to be themselves. That's what I think is important, that there is a possibility of being yourself within a group of people."

The methods Sunshine uses to achieve this are a little extreme from a personal point of view. When we met she was nursing a damaged foot from where Eddie had thrown her down on stage the night before in Liverpool. Being in Gloria Mundi is like being in a California-style encounter group by the look of it.

Their approach to the



audience is similar.

Eddie: "Why we start our act as we do (Eddie swings from a noose while sirens wail...) is to try and slip the crowd up into individual people."

"I try to look people in the eyes and say, 'You and me, this is what's going on. Not the person standing next to you.'"

"Once you can reach that position with them when they can say, 'Yes, I'm alone' — because I do believe we are alone — then maybe you can find a way of relating to them. So then we can try to come back together in some way. It's trying to create some sort of new relationship. It's an experiment."

Sunshine put it more simply:

"It's how can you relate to people? How can you manage in life?"

Unfortunately, when it comes to achieving these heavyweight ideals with their act I would say Gloria Mundi score about 2 on a scale of 10. Their approach is more that of an experimental theatre group than a rock group, and since music is the vehicle they are using it might help if they concentrated on that a little more.

They are cutting an album soon, so maybe the discipline of the studio will do the trick. Prepare to face your alienation.

MILES

THRILLS

**F**INAL DETAILS of the first conference organised by the newly-formed Legalise Cannabis pressure group have been confirmed.

The meeting, on Saturday June 3 at the Central Hall, Westminster, will be chaired by Maureen Colquhoun MP.

Latest rumours on the Government Advisory Committee on the Misuse of Drugs, suggests that they may recommend that the laws be changed so that nobody could be imprisoned for cannabis offences in a magistrates court. Any liberalisation of the cannabis laws is welcome at this point, but the attitude of the Campaigners is that this is a token gesture.

They are also worried that this could lead the police to insist that more cases are transferred to the Crown Court, where prison sentences could still be applied. We await developments.

UNDER THE glaring headline "FBI-style force may fight the drug gangs", Peter Burden, chief crime reporter on the *Daily Mail*, has once again been pushing the notion of extending Britain's drug squads to combat what he describes as a "growing drug problem".

## INSIDE DOPE



We already have 900 regional crime squad officers, who, it is suggested, should be supplemented by 100 detectives expert in "specialist drug investigation methods."

Much play is made of the overwhelming need for a national drugs squad, but few hard facts are offered. It would be interesting to know more.

about the reasons why Burden, and the *Mail*, are pushing this so hard.

SOME INTERESTING statistics recently emerged from the USA. First came the news that while the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is spending £12 million on anti-smoking crusades, the Agriculture Department is subsidising tobacco growing with a £300 million shot in the arm.

Another riddle is why sales of cigarette papers in the U.S. have increased by 13 per cent, while sales of roll your own tobacco have dropped by 14 per cent. Answers on a postcard.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

SAVE



GREENPEACE

**G**REENPEACE, the international direct action organisation who have prevented atomic bomb testing in the Pacific, have harassed the seal hunters, and who are currently out in the boat the Rainbow Warrior, setting out to interfere with the whaling ships, are in financial trouble.

The UK branch is struggling to find enough to money in keep the boat going. In addition, they will shortly have to leave their offices as the building is being demolished.

They desperately need financial support if they are to continue their work.

Greenpeace produce all manner of Save The Whale/Seal products, from T-shirts to posters to badges, a list of which can be obtained from them (send postage money).

Please will some rock star out there with fan problems respond to this. Every £1 sent in buys the Rainbow Warrior more fuel to continue the fight to save the whales. If you can help with money or perhaps cheap office premises, please contact GREENPEACE, 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. Tel: 01-839 2093.

THRILLS

## THE CORPORATE NIGHTMARE

**F**OR ANYONE who adheres to the theory that our lives are governed not by nations, statesmen, or royalty but by anonymous, giant corporations, here's some more information to give you sleepless nights.

A 1,000-page study recently released by the US Senate Governmental Affairs Committee concludes that the biggest US corporations are closely linked together by directors who serve on each other's boards.

Among the nation's 130 largest corporations — which between them control more than one million dollars in assets — the study found 530 direct boardroom level interlocks and more than 12,000 indirect links. The study included the 30 largest industrial companies, the 20 biggest banks, the 10 largest

life insurance companies, and the 10 biggest diversified financial companies.

The report stated, "The boardrooms of four of the largest bank companies (Citicorp, Chase, Manufacturers Hanover and J. P. Morgan), two of the largest insurance companies (Prudential and Metropolitan Life), and three of the largest non-financial companies (AT&T, Exxon and General Motors) looked like virtual summits for American business."

Although the report did not point out any specific abuses, these interlocks suggest sinister implications for even the mildest conspiracy theorist. If this is the situation in the States, it would be nice to know whether a similar situation exists in Britain.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



"Oh sorry, mate — I was looking for T-Zers!"

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- 6 GLASGOW City Hall
- 8 NEWCASTLE City Hall
- 9 SHEFFIELD City Hall
- 10 MANCHESTER Apollo
- 11 LONDON Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
- 12 BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome
- 14 BRISTOL Colston Hall



# MR CALIFORNIA AND THE CAULIFLOWERS FROM VENUS

**MAX BELL ventures into the cosmic reaches of SPIRIT consciousness and find's Randy's reality in fine fettle.**

THE RECENT SPIRIT mini-tour was an accomplishment as enigmatic in conception as the band on view.

Consider that Randy California and his cohorts on the time coast, Ed Cassidy and Larry Knight, have not visited these shores for over five years — five years in which they have said goodbye to two record companies, changed personnel some four times, and now find themselves without an American date sheet and bereft of any financial backing on their home ground.

Hardly a commercial proposition then to place them on a college date (Essex), a Lucarno Ballroom (Bristol), and a major concert at London's Rainbow within a week of securing the visit and without adequate billing, no big money promotion and no financial guarantee.

In fact, the Los Angeles trio not only succeeded in selling out every time with ease — the rapturous reception they received ensuring their presence at this year's Reading Festival, our most prestigious underwater venue — but they also garnered a live album from the proceedings, their first disc since the

experimental and wildly uncommercial "Future Games".

Investigation of the enterprise at work uncovered a remarkable chain of small fry miraculously outwitting the promotional net that invariably surrounds concert booking of any importance.

Charmdale Records first noticed that Spirit were scheduled to play a one-off TV special in Germany's Rock Palace. Unable to place sufficient upfront moneys, they passed on the idea of bringing the band here to Frontier Artists who, in connection with Step Forward/Illegal Records, sweated on the risk and went ahead. Chances were they could lose a packet or gain the rights to a Spirit live album if things went to plan. They did.

To say that the reaction to the returning hero of Topanga Canyon — architect behind a spate of vinyl as assured and inspirational as the Spirit of yesteryear — transcended all expectations would be a gross understatement. I don't believe that it is the custom of the Rainbow audience to demand ten genuine encores, nor is it par for the course to witness a display of such sheer magic that the departing hordes streamed out satiated, drained and uplifted.

The morning after the Rainbow extravaganza I finally found California in his London hotel. The

night before, the Victoria Metropole had played doorstep host to the two hundred fans who took up Spirit's invitation to come meet the band. They chatted peacefully, oblivious to any star-to-minion relationship, it being a tenet of California's philosophy that he relishes the prospect of giving something back to the fans.

The quality of Spirit's support and the consistency of their track record makes the current absence of label doubly mystifying.

California put recent events into perspective: "Marshall Berle, our manager, put a clause in your Mercury contract saying if they didn't sell 200,000 copies of 'Future Games' we were off the label. Mercury asked for an extension, which I wouldn't give. They told us that 'Spirit Of '76', 'Son Of Spirit' and 'Farther Along' sold exactly 37,000 copies each... period. That was curious because Neil Merryweather showed me his Mercury account and that said 37,000 too. As a result we have no company, the live album for Illegal is a one-off. That's fine by me — in my experience five year contracts have given us no control whatsoever."

Though admirers have good reason for considering Spirit a seminal West Coast band, pioneers of a jazz-tinged, avant garde body of work as enduring as such more vaunted contemporaries



PHOTO: JILL FURMANOVSKY

SPIRIT OF '76 (L-R): Larry Knight, Ed Cassidy, Randy California

## "Horizons are so clear"

The Single:  
"Waiting here for you"



as The Doors and The Grateful Dead, they were rarely awarded the carrot of regular Fillmore concerts and the must coverage that fired the social excesses of psychedelia.

California claims: "The band finds more energy in England. Why should we waste our time in America when it never builds into anything?"

"Recently I haven't wanted popularity for myself, but I want it for Cass. He's been playing thirty years... but that's sentimental bullshit. I'm past the point of attempting it for me."

"Our energy emerges now from different sources, Big Foot and Celestial healers. I went through a bad time, suicidal, six years ago."

Despite the image of California as a burnt-out acid victim, the evidence is of a man bursting with health and creative vitality yet sufficiently idiosyncratic to stand as a true original. In addition he is a vigorous critic of his own work.

"I don't consider 'Future Games' one of my better works. It's an intellectual album rather than a musically satisfying one. I was so mad with Mercury for rejecting a live album we gave them that I tripped out on 'Future Games'. I couldn't care less if they liked it."

Having left that company late last year after "Future Games" failed to notch up the stipulated 200,000, California, Cassidy, Knight and a Hawaiian guitarist called Tom Hall formed a new outfit name of Aqua Blue. "We rehearsed as a four piece and recorded, but the German promoters wanted Spirit. I had to leave Tom behind because he doesn't have the playing experience whereas me and Cass have done it for ten years."

California ended a sojourn in Hawaii himself when the elders on the island took offence to his presence. "I insulted the wrong person and everyone knew about it. So me, my sister and brother-in-law had to move to Hollywood. Punk is pretty big there now — I go nearly every night to see a band 'cos I can get in for free. I take the bus or walk everywhere after I had a smash in my Volkswagen; I'm too scared to drive in L.A."

It was in Los Angeles' Santa Monica Civic that Spirit played their



"It's absolutely disgusting. You can see right up their trouser legs when they stand over those lighted portholes!"

infamous reunion gig last year. After Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes split for Jo Jo Gunne after completing "Dr. Sardonicus" (with California still in hospital recovering from his fractured skull, the result of a horse riding accident), the band fragmented amidst bitter internal recriminations.

The reunion was typically bizarre. "We had that strange incident with Neil Young. I don't like to talk about it in case some die-hard Neil Young fan is waiting round the corner with a knife. Mark Andes had invited him onstage to jam with us, unknown to me — he'd already played with

Firefall on the same evening. During 'Like A Rolling Stone' I was singing front stage when I heard this voice behind behind me, out of key, squeaking and a bit drunk — very drunk actually. "I pushed this person away and when I turned around it was the great

Neil Young!

"Cass and John Locke were so upset they left the stage, so I grabbed him back, kissed him and apologised. The others wouldn't speak to me for quite a while. Still, the energy was fantastic, the five of us back together again."

A permanent reunion of Spirit is always a possibility, although both California and Ferguson, the front-men, are wary of dissipating their original compatibility. "I guess there has always been a sense of competition between me and Jay. I was much younger, sixteen and seventeen, when we made the first two albums. I did hardly anything and Jay wrote nearly everything. Then things evened out."

By the time of "The Twelve Dreams Of Dr. Sardonicus", Spirit's finest hour and a classic by any standards, the rift between Ferguson and California had reached unworkable proportions.

"When I was in hospital I told the others not to release the record until I could finish the mixing — then I read that Jay had formed Jo Jo Gunne. When 'Sardonicus' came out *Rolling Stone* gave it the thumbs down, said the concept, though there wasn't one, stank and the music was terrible."

"I hate *Rolling Stone* anyhow, they suck. They only printed the Neil Young incident at Santa Monica, nothing about how great the music was. *Rolling Stone* has influence in America for some stupid reason. I thought we'd get good gigs after the album but we didn't."

The biggest single musical influence pervading California's recent work might also prove to be a useful selling point. The inspiration that the young Craig Wolfe found in playing alongside Jimi James (aka Jimi Hendrix) in their legendary performances at the Cafe Wha in Greenwich Village has stayed with him. He plays with the spirit of Hendrix, not the copyist style of Robin Trower or Frank Marino but with a delicacy and ability to improvise that was the master's trademark until his tragic death.

"It's strange for me when people say I play a lot of Hendrix material. Sometimes when we do 'Stone Free'

Next page

# when you're far away from here gotta get away from here..."

The words and music of Rab Noakes.  
From his magical album "Restless."  
Deep down songs.  
High flying songs.  
Just listen to Rab Noakes. He'll stir you.

THE RAB NOAKES ALBUM  
"RESTLESS"

RING O'RECORDS

• From previous page

we get into a jazz sound that proves to me we are stone free musically and can create something new with what he did. I could never play 'All Along The Watchtower' like he did on 'Electric Ladyland', though we've performed that song for five years now. I just have the ultimate respect and affection for that guy because he taught me so much. If I can represent some of the feeling he made then I think he'd be happy."

While plans may materialise for the Aqua Blue foursome, I doubt if California could bring himself to drop the name he's kept alive for so long. He did jam with Dickie Betts in Germany, and though the results were favourable there was no talk of their forming a band.

"As long as Cass can play those skins we'll be together. The trio has good balance, we can jam and we have the freedom to interpret songs differently each night so that it never sounds the same."

This was proven on the three English dates, each one entirely at a variant with the others for mood and each one as fresh as the material was perfect.

The illegal album is due for release soon, preceded by a single of "Nature's Way". Alongside the familiar songs you'll find new numbers, "Looking Down From A

Mountain" and "Hollywood Dream".

Meanwhile California is working on studio material if and when they secure a deal, which they surely must. One possible disappointment, the lack of more recent material, can be partially explained by the contractual impossibility of putting Mercury numbers on the new album.

California was prepared to play some acoustic numbers at the Rainbow, but the management turned on the house lights and refused to let them play beyond two and a quarter hours.

Doubtless they'll be back for an extended tour, giving more people a chance to catch a sight of Randy California's unique aura. Spirit really are quite unlike any other American band in their ability to cut through the barrier between art and finance.

When California says, "We meditate and hold hands together before we go on — our strength is the three of us becoming like one and the audience becoming one with us," he isn't indulging some ridiculously misperceived arcane hippy ideal; he believes it to be the secret of their survival.

It was worth the waiting.

MAX BELL

THRILLS



## LONELY BOY FLOYD

SOME OF YOU out there may not have given it much thought, but it's now over a year since Messrs Waters, Wright, Mason and Gilmour last worked in their collective capacity as Pink Floyd.

And that was in America.

British audiences haven't heard so much as a grunt from the Floyd since May '77 when they descended upon Wembley's Empire Pool to promote their then current album "Animals".

In the interim Nick Mason has produced The Damned's second, and last, album. Roger Waters has been formulating ideas for the next Floyd elpee which will probably be knocked into group shape sometime this autumn and, perhaps predictably enough, Rick Wright and Dave Gilmour have recorded solo records.

Gilmour's is the first to be released, and realising that his own name doesn't carry as much commercial weight as the Floyd's, he is currently embarked upon a round of promotional interviews.

Attired (naturally) in faded flared

denims, gym shoes, a short sleeve shirt and waist-coat, and the healthy recipient of a Greek tan, Gilmour the interviewee is unlikely to upstage Muhammad Ali on Parkinson.

The Floyd's guitarist has no illusions about the solo album syndrome. Most of them are dreadful, he says, adding: "Being in a group, the rubbish gets tramped out." Not surprisingly, though, he doesn't think his album is in any way excessive.

On it he's reunited with Rick Wills (bass) and Willie Wilson (drums). Gilmour worked with both musicians in several pre-Floyd bands, and there is even talk of all three working on the road together. Wills and Wilson are definitely up for it, as is Steve O'Rourke, the Floyd's manager (also now looking after Tom Robinson's career), but Gilmour isn't so positive.

The album was recorded over a three/four week period in France — for tax reasons. Gilmour says he has no idea how much it cost. In fact, he doesn't have a clue how much he earned last year or the amount of tax he paid. Yes, he has considered living outside Britain for tax reasons, but

decided against it. Only the band's Rick Wright has actually lived a year outside the UK to avoid the Inland Revenue's grasp.

Gilmour's current attitude towards the Floyd hardly seems enthusiastic. "I've been in it for ten years now and it's not all ray life anymore," he admits. "I don't think it is for people who've had a lot of success."

"A lot of people think their group and their music is everything to them, but it isn't."

But as yet he sees no reason why Floyd should put up the shutters. "As long as we still want to and feel something good comes out of it, I can't see any reason for stopping."

Interestingly enough, the Floyd have no contractual obligations, as they aren't required to deliver a certain amount of product over a set period of time.

Does he consider himself privileged?

"I'd be daft if I didn't."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS



## The Dooleys: The Sound of Success!

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# S.K.A.N.

# ROOLS OK



**THE ADMINISTRERS**  
tried to keep it secret,"  
recalls 16-year-old Poly  
Wilson of Walthamstow Senior  
High.

"Three days before it was due to happen, we found out that the National Front were going to use our school for one of their meetings. Our teachers were furious that they hadn't been told, but they all said that the NF had the right to freedom of speech just like everyone else. . . . At least, that's what they said until they attempted the meeting and got abused, shouted down when they tried to ask a question, and threatened by bully-boys wearing brass knuckle-dusters."

The teachers came out of the meeting in tears while police sneaked the Front boys out of the back door to spare them the wrath of Poly and 400 others from S.K.A.N. school kids. Against the Nazis who had picketed the meeting from outside the school gates.

"On the way home sixteen kids got arrested for obstruction and breach of the peace," says Poly. "Some of them hadn't even been to the Anti-Nazi demonstration; they were coming home from a reggae club. All of them were black."

Poly and seven other SKAN activists stare grimly into their drinks in the landlord of the swinging Carnaby Street bouncer eyes the posse of school uniforms around our table with suspicion. Though these

school kids are too young for drinking and voting, they've been lighting the Nazis in the schoolyard for nine months now.

"Inevitably, we've had a much bigger response since the Carnival," opines Ed Moor of Highdown School, Reading. "The raw materials were there already and the kids just had to be educated to turn them into activists."

"Because no kid is gonna support the NF once they see that the Nazis want to ban reggae, rock, soul, disco and punk and just have 'white' music, marching bands and all that," sneers 8 hrs 3 min, 10 sec speaker.

"There's no Young National Front in the schools, in reality," asserts 14-year-old Kelly of Bohemian School, Reading. "You just get a few neofascists — real simpletons — saying pro-NF statements on the walls because within their tiny minds they imagine that it's the 'tough thing to do'."

SKAN roots date back to the autumn of last year. In October, the NF arranged a meeting in Reading's Civil Office which prompted a group of local school kids to produce and distribute a leaflet explaining Nazi policies and urging kids to picket the meeting. With the help of trade unionists and social groups, the kids succeeded in getting the meeting banned (by a Tory council, too).

Immediately after this the Front launched a campaign to recruit

school-kids. Naturally, the kids were too dumb to find and too stupid to realise that the NF wouldn't just go away, so the Reading Schools Against the Nazis group was set up. The 'movement' has now spread to every corner of the UK.

"We're getting hundreds of letters every week now," Ed Moor tells me, and remembers a handful of the many occasions when SKAN kids have defeated the Nazis in the schools.

I take the time in Southampton when the NF tried to hold a meeting at Barton Peveril sixth form college and Anti-Nazi students plastered the room with stickers and fifty kids occupied the room. The six Nazis who had attempted to arrange the meeting found no platform for their racist outburst and haven't been heard of since.

Canterbury, Brighton, Bristol, London, High Wycombe, Sheffield. . . . SKAN groups are springing up all over the country, co-ordinated via the Anti-Nazi League's London office at 12, Little Newport St., WC2.

"The next thing we're not organised is a Right To Work march on June 10," Ed Moor enthuses. "Assemble 10 a.m. at British Rail's Slough Station. We're gonna march to Hounslow via Farnham — which will be picketed." He laughs happily. "Well, it's time they took a look at what's on the other side of the coin."

TONY PARSONS

PHOTOGRAPH

TP + ♥ 7  
A JB



GENESIS P. ORRIDGE of Throbbing Gristle

## MOVIE ART-THROBS

**E**AST END industrial art rock recluses Throbbing Gristle are to provide the score for a film currently being produced and directed by Fred and Judy Vermorel, the husband and wife team who wrote the 'definitive' Pistols biography *The Sex Pistols — The Inside Story*.

Their movie is to be titled *Millions Like Us*, and will come in two parts.

The first, "Concrete And Blood", will take the form of a German documentary detailing the disintegration of Great Britain since the War. Genesis P. Orridge and his merry pals in the Gristle play the part of an "anti-rock group" called Millions who destroy rock n' roll.

The second part, "Blue Skies Over England", is apparently a "suburban pop idyll". It features a bland MOR band called Susan And Her Feelings, who are being put together for the movie by former Alternative TV guitarist Alex Fergusson. Meanwhile the film footage in this part intends to emphasise the "positive and attractive" aspects of London suburbs in the spring.

At the moment the Vermorels are unsure either when the film will be completed or what sort of distribution it will get, though they are hoping to finish by the autumn. Before they can do that, though, they'll have to get financial backing; negotiations are proceeding with several record companies.

They also need a Susan — "a wholesome, girl-next-door, English rose type", Judy Vermorel told *Thrills*. If that sounds like you, call Judy on 01-580 5842.

PHIL MCNEILL

THE END

## Stanley Clarke — The Modern Man works miracles

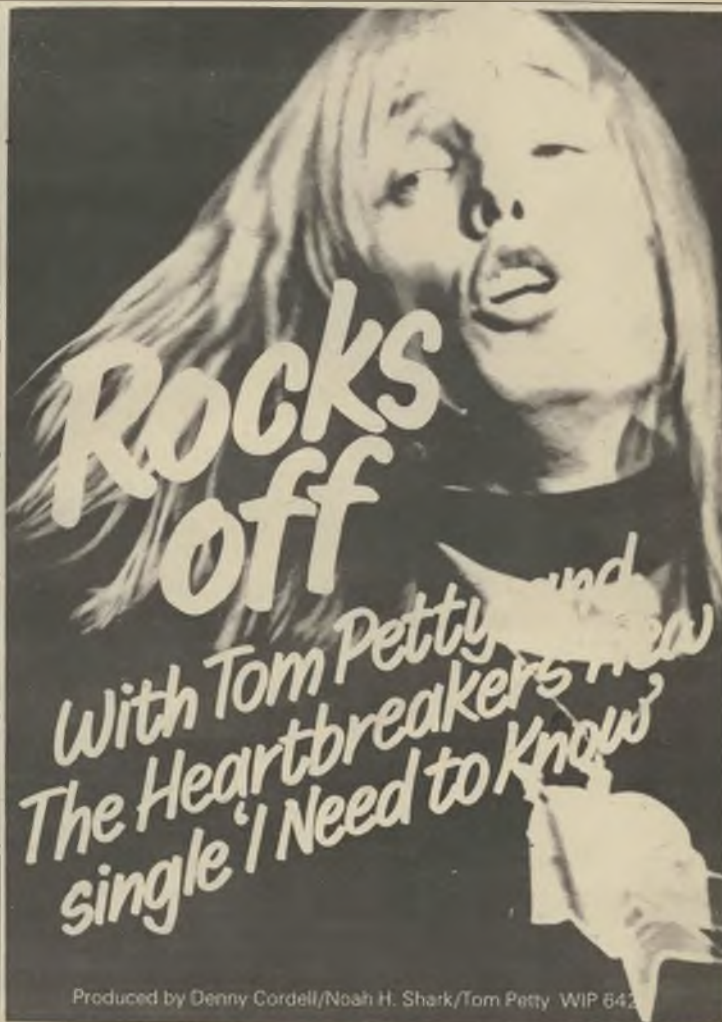


STANLEY CLARKE MODERN MAN

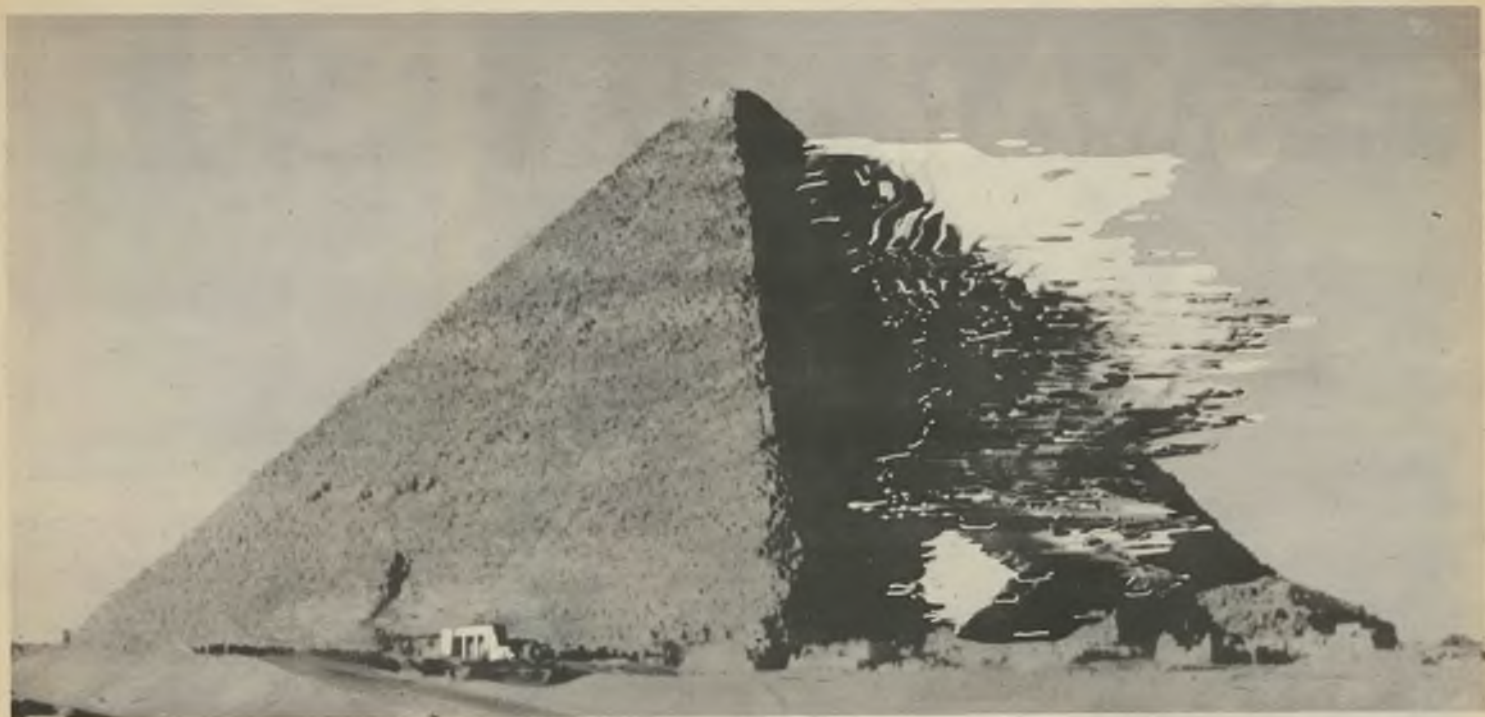
Hear him at his scorching best on 'Modern Man'. The 1976 album from the 1977 Electric Bassist of the Year (according to every known readers and critics poll in the USA).

Guest artists include Jeff Beck, Jeff Percaro, Carmine Appice and Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter. Stanley Clarke 'Modern Man' includes the single 'More Hot Fun'.

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--PYR--MID--



## The new album from the Alan Parsons Project

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- In 1972 Alan Parsons was the engineer on Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon' and received a Grammy nomination.
- Since 1972 Alan Parsons has produced a succession of hits for Steve Harley And Cockney Rebel, John Miles, Pilot and Al Stewart.
- In 1974 Alan Parsons and his manager Eric Woolfson formed The Alan Parsons Project – a new approach to the making of records.
- In 1976 The first Alan Parsons Project album 'Tales Of Mystery And Imagination' was released to critical acclaim.
- In 1977 The second Alan Parsons Project album 'I Robot' sold platinum in the U.S. and silver in the U.K.

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Album: SPART 105A Cover: TONANT 105A

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ABC Leicester 14th June  
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Look for the 'free ticket' window sticker at your record store



PETER TOSH, Minister of Herb, takes time out from ganja for a bottle of Spanish Moss, seaweed extract.

# JAMAICA

## THE YOUNG LION ROARS

THE JA CONNEXION  
PART TWO

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

**S**URROUNDED on three sides by a raw, harshly primal terrain that combines austere Bronte-evoking moorland with a dense near-Northern Californian verdancy,

the Jamaican Tourist Board showcase of the Trelawny Beach Club is built right down on the edge of the Caribbean.

The Peace notwithstanding, though, business is not good. Epitomising the way emergent nations must play the whore to their once colonial masters and

their buddies the hotel — a couple of miles out of Falmouth in the parish of Cornwall on the North-West coast directly across Jamaica from Kingston — solicits North American newspaper readers that they may "Experience Ecstasy Here", with all the New Colony in-built suggestions that that implies.

Even though they may be heartened to find that rumours that "the Rastamen come down from the mountains to attack white people" are perhaps not exactly correct, US and Canadian holidaymakers courageous enough to invest in a week-long Beach Club package holiday must be distressed to find that it's far closer to a Torre Molinos towerblock than the quasi-Club Med paradise the name suggests.

It offers three six-storey buildings, each linked by concrete open walkways, translucent soft pink plastic sofas by each lift. Falstaffian feasts of Americanised Jamaican food (they don't quite have Half-Burger Vendomatics but it comes close), and a heavily fenced-off beach.

No doubt aware of the possibilities of being pillaged or plundered, few of the pink and blue rimmed holiday makers venture far from the hotel's precincts.

Besides, the heat and, more to the point, the humidity in this part of the island is none too conducive to rapid action of the old leg muscles. If you're direct from an air-conditioned WASP world you may well be inclined to wish you could strip the flesh off of your body — "Off-the-bone", as it were — and shove it into a spin-dryer.

Mind you, if you're black Jamaican you've come to terms with it a long way back. You've understood that as far as you go this incarnation round the brain-pan twisting humidity and constant black clouds and afternoon downpours that accompany it are simply one of the life-giving forces to which you're allied.

The humidity is the provider of the water that nourishes the land, the goats, the ganja, the sugar cane. Anyway, what this is all saying is that, hey, there is some *herby* culture shock going down when some of these polyestered innocents abroad are snubbing their cheeseburger behind through the hotel lobby. Suddenly they may come face-to-face with some dreader than dread conflagration — tanned, locked and spiffed in the lift — squatted down in a corner and noking on some bongies with some crazy jungle rhythm. The *flex* Gees this most certainly is not.

**C**ULTURE SEEMs as confused as I am as to why they, plus Burning Spear, Peter Tosh, The Heptones and Big Youth should be playing at the Beach Club over this weekend. The reality, according to the Spear himself, Winston Rodney, whom I catch backstage from the hotel ballroom prior to his gig, is that the three-night event is being put on by the owner of the Long Island club, My Father's Place.

All the acts playing the Trelawny Beach Festival have played or will be playing that oddly named Long Island prestige gig. And written into their contracts has been an agreement to work the festival.

As a matter of fact, bizarre setting aside, this gathering of Jamaican musical heavies has for weeks now been the talk of *Ilford*. Row — the sidestreet off North Parade in downtown Kingston close by Randy's Record Store where, most days, any number of name musicians can be found in the street reasoning or blowing 'erb or just plain hanging out.

Over the course of the three-day event such luminaries as Augustus Pablo and half the current Marley band, including I-Three singer Judy Mowatt and keyboardman Tyrone Downey, will be sighted.

Culture manman Joseph Hill agrees that this set-up seems none too roasty.

But then, along with Kenneth Days and Ralph Walker, the first bass and tenor harmonisers to his own anguished, impassioned, scrunched-up vocal expressions of unbridled freedom, the Culture manman had played Madison Square Garden just a few months back and that wasn't too roasty either.

Joseph, though, had fully comprehended that — as he'd told the police, the time they'd stopped him on a roadblock and taken him to the side of the road and cut off his locks — his purpose in life was to be an entertainer and, therefore, part of the fulfilment of this purpose was in playing such venues.

Besides, these upmarket Concrete Jungles don't screw up the head of JA's hottest ranking vocal group's lead singer too much. How can they? He *knows* he has them ticked. "I am *fo-n-a-er* wilder than Babylon," he laughs happily. "I just can't be tamed I will not get weary."

And Joseph and his brethren have, he tells me, "Made a written intention not to change from being a Rastaman forever: a covenant which shall never be broken. I wouldn't know *how* to break it for I love this way. I don't think of trying another way because

Look, I am at my final point of religious liberty.

"The spot I have reached has a clean pathway. It is just the best way for I and I to live."

It is that impassioned clarity of purpose that forms the core of the "Two Sevens Clash" album, the beautiful and remarkable LP that is largely responsible for Culture's current status as the island's top vocal group, and which was put out a couple of months back in Britain under a licensing deal by Lightning Records with JA producer Joe Gibbs.

That it's a year late, mind you, is some commentary on the general lack of vision of most British record companies. After all, the two-sevens hardly can be said to be clashing in 1978; the title actually *does* refer to the year 1977, the 77th year of each century being a 12-month period regarded by occultists — and we already know of the Rastas' extreme mystical leanings — as loaded with import.

As Alfred Douglas writes of the number seven *The Tarot* (Penguin), it is "A prime number which signified unity within complexity... a number of far-reaching symbolical significance: the seven Classical planets, the seven virtues and vices, the seven ages of man, the seven days of the week, the Seven Seals of the Book of Revelation."

And when the two sevens clash a time of major change is signified, a time of heavy restructuring of what has been going down. And looking back on last year, just from the vantage point of this country, who could deny that? More to the point, the seven days of the week, the Seven Seals of the Book of Revelation.

And just to make the point doubly clear the outfit's next official album, out on Virgin the middle of this month, is titled "Harder Than The Rest" — not to be confused with "Africa Stands Alone", the bootleg of rough mixed tapes said to have been spirited away from the same Mrs Postinger-produced sessions.

**A**NYWAY, HEAVY and hard though these rankers may be, they come nowhere near to being cosseted in the larks-tongue-and-aspic luxury to which white rock bands are accustomed.

Could you possibly envisage I led Zeppelin or Jethro Tull shacking up three to a room, four to a room, in fact — if you count the cot that's been set up in a corner for drummer Howsemouth.

Maybe the American promoters think Culture will find it easy and reminiscent of home — which, considering crowded Jamaican housing conditions, is probably correct. And there is a nice view of the sea if you peer hard to the left out of the corner of the window.

The only parallel between Culture on the road and white rock bands is in the amount of spiffs being rolled, except here there's not a Rasta in sight and the rolling is being done with strips off of brown paper bags.

And it really is just a little herb for their meditations. Who was that dumb American journalist who wanted to know if reggae musicians smoked so much dope so they'd be wired up before they went onstage, and did they do a lot of coke, too? Oh dear me. What a lot that says about the States.

Anyway, so here we are in room 647.

In an astounding display of almost non-Jamaican time keeping, the trio, scheduled to tread the boards in about half an hour's time, are already decked out in most natty black three-piece suits and shirts. Of course, the reality is that they won't be actually performing for another three hours but maybe that's another matter.

Kenneth, who doesn't have too much of a reputation for making his presence felt in interviews, is stretched out on the furthest bed eating a star apple — something like a

cross between a Cox's orange pippin and a peach.

The far more vibrant, vocally active Ralph, who spreads his beneficent aura over all those whom he encounters, is putting together a spiff.

Joseph meanwhile, stares down at the bedspread. As he fills in background details on the group his voice crescendoes, dips, falls and rises with a strength that recalls Hollywood interpretations of Biblical prophets. Or, more appositely perhaps, tub-thumping Baptist preachers.

It is only when he glances up to take the count from Ralph that one notices him to be totally cross-eyed. A less sensitive fellow than myself might describe it as a supreme stage gimmick, for Joseph's eyes are as integral an aspect of the band's stage set as Mick Jagger's lips are to The Stones.

Culture is the first group to which any of the three have actually belonged.

Some five or six years back — maybe more, maybe less — Joseph Constantine Hill cut a 45, "Behold" (predictably just re-released as a Disco 45), for Coxson Dodd's Studio One label.

Engineered by Maurice Goodall, it featured former Heptone's lead vocalist Leroy Sibbles on bass, Anthony Morgan on drums and Jack Ruby.

Talking about it, Joseph half-smiles and shrugs philosophically. "I am sorry to say I was financially disadvantaged," Both The Wailers and Burning Spear, incidentally, are said to have suffered from no-contract deals of Dodd.

Between then and 1976 when he finally came together in Culture with the two guys with whom he'd grown up in the Stonyhill area of Kingston 9, 29-year-old Joseph — who offstage plays drums and guitar — worked as a signpainter for the Kingston Public Works during the day and sang with an unrecorded group called The Stepping Stones during the night.

For both Ralph and Kenneth, however, Culture is their first group. Ralph, the youngest at 25, was an electrician and 27-year-old Kenneth had also been in the building trade.

**U**P TO THE first time they went into the studio together, the three singers (all of whom, interestingly, are air signs: Joseph an Aquarius, Ralph a Libra, and Kenneth a Gemini) had been using the working name of African Disciples.

However, as Joseph points out: "I'll tell you a plain thing true. It is that the cultural experience."

In perfect intuitive vocal harmony counterpoint Ralph somehow takes over the next four words of the sentence: "... that we have inside..."

Joseph "... causes us to make a certain feel of music for which we had thought that the name African Disciples was best."

"But on that particular day when we went to make our first recording the other artists heard the sound that was leaving our mouths and the type of lyrics that we were putting together and they asked, 'What is the name of this group?'"

Joseph told them. "But, they said," he continues, a wistful grin opening up the lines, "Brother, I'm going to tell you something better. Have faith and it will turn out to be the best. Better call this group Culture." And everyone there says *True*.

"Yeah," He leans closer to me and the grin broadens into what seems close to a near-blissed smile. "A top ranking name, mon. A *REF-MARK-ABLE* name. Not true?"

"Quite remarkable," I nod.

"And physically I and I must live up to that name. Because my religion and my only concept is that I will say hearby every knee shall bow unto the tongue of confession that is Jah Rastafari. So that *must* be the name."

"To be," he continues, "a Rastaman is to be a reincarnation of the entire world. Seen? The years and the days and the hours and the moments and the calculation of the appearance of the idea from the day I was."

"Aye-er," agrees Ralph softly. "Any man 'oo' ave a good name 'as been given a good name. And any man 'oo' 'as been given a bad name 'as been given it for 'is works! We 'ave only one way to deal with them: Just know 'oo 'is yourself. Just pray to the Father and keep on doing the work. That will survive it."

The work that Culture will keep on doing — the music which Joseph

At *Burning Spear's* yard: *Spear* on right, *Spear's* co-writer Philip Fullwood on left

● From previous page

"People go to work and say they don't get enough pay and they're tired of things and so they strike. There are strikes all over the island. Jamaica will

soon be crippled with strikes. And all them things is... the change of the revolution. People's minds are starting to elevate, you see, because of The Youth of today.

Because if it wasn't for The Youth, people would still be struggling and still be owned by their chains of imperialism and colonialism. And not just bound physically by their hands and feet but bound by their minds.

"So it's just time now for the older ones, the older heads, to prepare to meet the youth of today and to call upon the Youth for they are strong!"

One wonders, though, if Tosh truly does feel that all the Youth are strong. In the grossly self-indulgent

United States, for example, after "Equal Rights" "only" sold 100,000 — which, of course, means nothing in the light of the absurd sales capable of being notched up the likes of Barbra Streisand or Boyz n the Slugga — CBS dropped Tosh.

Perhaps the US Youth should (a) have bought more copies of Tosh's work, and (b) have the guts to see that all they're buying instead is aural packaging.

Despite other Jamaican artists speaking disparagingly of the hopelessly isolationist and condescending manner in which American Youth refer to reggae artists as "musicians from the island", as cute curios, Tosh refuses to condemn them.

"It's just a system which leads them into that society, man."

"And I am here to break down those barriers. They can be broken down easily if you do it the right way — intellectually."

Tosh's usage of the word "intellectually" is interesting set in the current Jamaican context. The PNP Youth Party, for example, is passionately anti-intellectual. One of its current campaigns, for example, is that all "intellectual" teachers should be removed from schools.

After a dignified take on his spiff Tosh clarifies his usage of the word, however: "You don't have to use no force because the force is in the music and right now that is the only force that I am going to use. Right now I just call upon singers and players of instruments with all my strength."

"And I am going to pick up my instrument and break down all the barriers because," his voice takes on a near-mournful note of despair, "once upon a time I used to hear pure Elvis Presley and pure little white brother about the place singing these songs of the black man. Patti Page, his lips curl 'and all those people. And black children growing up with white dolls. These are the things black men grow up in fear of — of all that spinning their hair and straightening it out. Bullshit."

"These are the things that make the black man rise up in revolt and condemn those things to the foundations of the earth."

Peter Tosh, who by now is sitting up on his bed cross-legged, pauses for a moment for his meditations. Then: "THIS WORLD IS BUILT OF DECEIT AND LIES. And youths are realising that: IT'S PURE LIES!"

"They say 'The wicked shall inherit the earth'. But I say to the fickle ones here that this is not so."

"I just say that when the earth change, man, it won't be so nice. And he who don't like it... well, I might as well tell you they are going to die on the earth. So just love it, for where there is corruption there must be an eruption and where there is puss it must burst, seen?"

**"SO THE SYSTEM IS GETTING READY EVERYDAY TO ERUPT LIKE A VOLCANO THAT'S BEEN BOILING UP FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!"**

"A serious thing," agrees a voice from the corner.

"Well," I reiterate, "whether it's happening violently or philosophically it is certainly happening on this island right now."

"True," Tosh nods. "It just happen so fast and so diplomatically that all the policemen just find themselves doing things like smoking herb on the street without realising it. Herb will become like cigarettes. Cigarette factories will be locked up and cigarette shops will sell herb instead."

"Most happen," says the voice in the corner.

As further proof, if any is really needed, of the benefic quality of herb Tosh describes how in Jamaica asthmatics are given cigarettes to smoke "which," he laughs, are just 100 per cent herb. "And he cites how, fincure of cannabis is being used to cure glaucoma."

"You must check all Jamaica now," he continues. "For Columbus and his brother and sister are still here, coming and ripping off the black people."

"Yet," he turns to his brethren in the corner, "so many black men are so famous yet it is only in Jamaica that they make records for themselves. A serious thing, you know. Black man everywhere underestimate his own abilities and fears to stand up for his rights."

I tell Tosh that despite the continuing oppression that is evident in such outrages as the murder of Stephen Biko by white South Africans, it is still heart-warming that finally the Black South Africans appear to have decided that the iniquitous injustice of their rulers (sic) must no longer be tolerated.

However, I also tell him that I'm baffled as to why it seems

to have taken them so long to wise up.

Tosh agrees: "I never understood why it has taken so long for what seems to be happening in South Africa to take place."

"What happen in South Africa?" — he shakes his head with true sadness — "burden me so much that every shot fired there hits me. Why I sing 'Fight against apartheid' is because what is going on in South Africa — same as what is going on in America — is what was going on in Jamaica."

"I was looking at... What them call it? ... a television documentary about South Africa, I see some youths of five or six coming from school. Then I see some white police drive up and the youths shout out 'Black Power now!' And then, the lips of Peter Tosh purse together."

"Ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra. Yeah, mon. And the five of them are spread out by a machine-gun."

His voice becomes even sadder: "Then blood cl'nt ting there... Every single shot they fire come like meat for Truth to feed upon."

"And," he continues, "if that is right then the blood cl'nts may cut out my two eyes first and I will still come and try to wipe it off the earth."

"And when I come to wipe it off it is not with some blood cl'nt gun and bayonet but it is with," his voice suddenly amplifies, **"WORD, SOUND AND POWER."**

"So anyone," by now Tosh is almost shouting, "who thinks he can make a machine-gun and come and fight us... well, let his heart cease to function in the first minute that him think it."

"Yeah, man," his speech regains its former moderate tones, "for so it just so go. For Jah say that in this time I shall not come like no lamb to no slaughter, like no sheep to no shears, that it can be said they crucified him. In this time some thunder will clap and some lightning will flash on those that do not dance to the rhythm of truth."

"All them that make laws to constitutionally infringe my rights will have to have them laws broken down or go down with the laws of Babylon. Because not even the dog that passes against the wall of Babylon, not even the flea, shall escape."

"But... I and I do not come in this time to fire no gun. FOR THAT IS WHAT THE WHITE MAN WANTS! I have a new hum-cla'at gun. I have a thing called he laughs contemptuously at such a symbol of boldhead hopelessness — "Neutron Bomb."

**"NEUTRON BOMB!"** Better that they put that in their blood cl'nt pocket and keep it there."

Peter Tosh shakes his head almost mournfully, takes several more times on his spiff, and stubs it out in an ashtray.

He picks up an acoustic guitar and begins playing a Spanish — perhaps Cuban — might be more accurate — flamenco that, after a minute or two, transmogrifies into Marvin Gaye's "Abraham, Martin And John."

**A**S I ENTERING the hotel's concert hall that evening Tosh comes in just behind me. With police, who after Culture's set had searched the group for herb in the very same spot, standing in the entrance lobby he still makes no attempt whatsoever to hide the spiff that is thrust Clint Eastwood-like into the right corner of his mouth. Nor does he try to conceal a further three unlit spiffs he holds between the fingers of his left hand or the pipe he nestles in the palm of his right hand.

He doesn't even give a single glance to any of the cops who, in fact, are almost noticeably backing off from him.

After all, Peter Tosh, is the Jamaican Minister Of Herb.



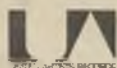
Culture's  
for Hill  
on  
stage

# -Mackell-

Mackell is probably the most credible singer/songwriter to come out of L.A. since America lost it's musical confidence.

Joanne Mackell's new single  
**TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC**

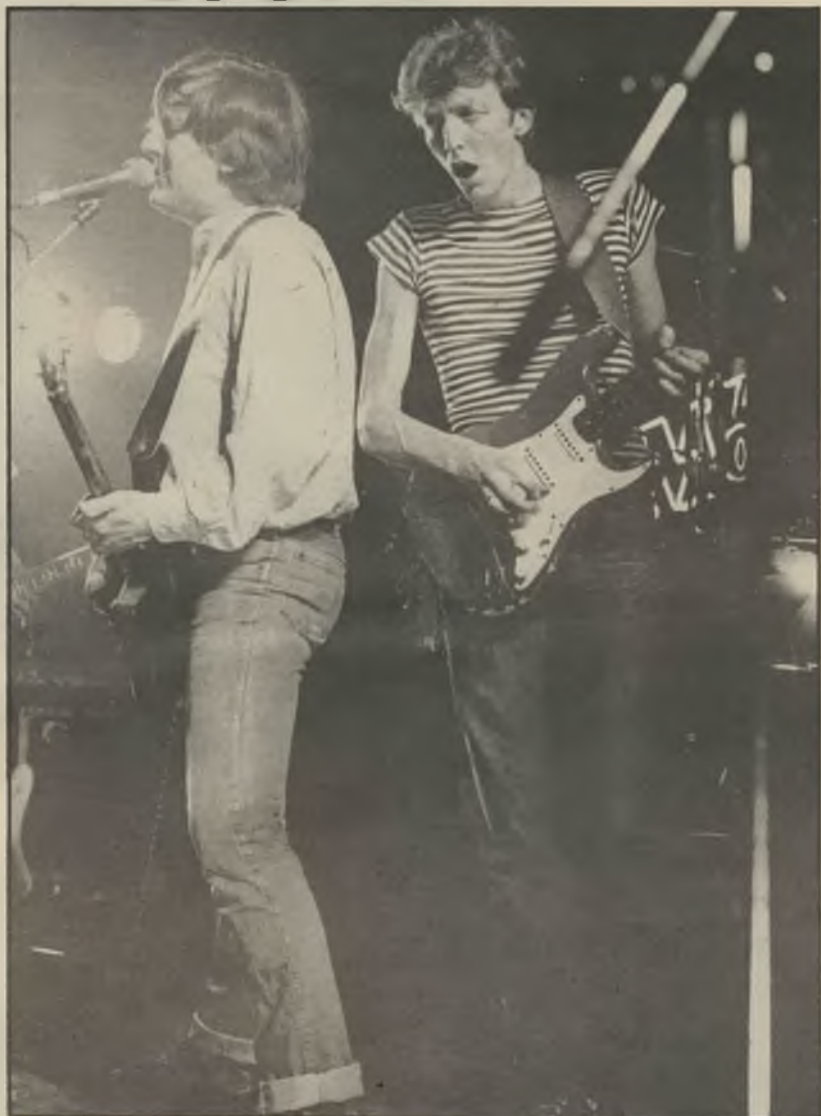
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on United Artists Records

By TONY STEWART

# DARING MOTORS INVITE BLOW ROUND LUGS SHOCK



Peg Penne Smith

**When you emerge in neo-punk hard-rock guise then turn into a pop group on your second album, well, you just know some people are going to be offended. However, the music does seem to be quite likeable, so let's give the guys a chance — hear their alibi, as it were.**

**O**LD MEN seldom become pop idols, but it seems The Motors are about to do it.

Their second album, "Approved By The Motors", is steadily surfacing to the chart's Top 30 waterline; "Airport", the new single from the set, is getting the kind of radio exposure that almost guarantees a hit; and their first headlining UK tour has been reasonably successful.

Yet, with an average age of 29, The Motors are comparatively elderly to be making it in this game.

Perhaps the real irony is that the oldest member of the band, 36-year-old Andy McMaster, wrote "Airport" and the bulk of the material on "Approved".

Normally you'd expect a gentleman of his maturity to be entering the twilight of his career rather than the dawn.

You can't help but admire the way in which he and his three cronies have turned on its head the frequently quoted punk aphorism: anybody in their late 20s (never mind 30s) is past it.

This time last year The Motors cleverly managed to create the illusion that they subscribed to punk philosophies. But the only real comparison was in musical approach — and this lot were only part of that section the new wave that wanted to rejuvenate the pace and excitement of rock.

Considering the atmosphere of mindless bigotry that existed then towards the old guard, it's understandable they should object to parallels being drawn between them and Status Quo. But it's justifiable to say that the square-shouldered boogie of "The Motors I" raged into territory Quo had been exploring for close on eight years.

Really, though, The Motors don't slide comfortably into any particular category, and it seems to be their intention to confound any person who'd like to suggest they do.

Even now, when they've only been together for just over a year, they're daringly inviting life to cuff them a stunning blow round the lugs.

Certainly any group who established a formidable reputation as a hard rock quartet on their debut album, and then abruptly become a pop combo on their second, are begging for trouble.

This is exactly what they've done; and already it's caused animosity — with a few hysterical reviewers feverishly accusing them of, if you'll pardon the expression, *selling out*!

Conversely, McMaster explains that from their point of view the change was to ensure artistic respect, and he's genuinely perplexed when their motives are questioned.

"I think it's a necessary about-face," he justifies. "We'd got to the stage where The Motors monster was dictating what we should write."

"We decided to kill it off because people expected this big thing. They'd label us with Quo and all this rubbish. Obviously it pissed us off. We just want to write songs, but people want to have something to latch on to."

"I know the first album's a lot more rockier than the second," he concedes. "But we did that at the time to get a direction people could relate to."

"If we put this set out first, they'd probably have laughed at us."

**G**OING TO see a group play the West Rounton Pavilion in Cromer was a ludicrous proposition anyway.

The venue is a modern, characterless concrete annex incongruously tacked on to the back of a Tudor pub in this small Norfolk coastal village. Surrounded by a huge gravel car park and overlooked by a large derelict house, it's a remote outpost for five major tours visit.

Inside the Pavilion the atmosphere is bleak.

When the top-billers get on stage they face a half-empty hall of fans who seem at first indifferent, even though it was the purpose of Marseille and The Jolt to steam 'em up.

It's little wonder The Motors remain competent, but uninspired, performing a set that, once taken away by the popular, "Bring In The Morning Light", concentrates on the poppy material of "Approved".

But it's when they eventually open up the throttle with "You Beat The Hell Outta Me" that their manager, Richard Ogden, turns to me and solemnly explains: "This is the bit where we give the punters what they came for."

You immediately wonder what they

were up to the rest of the time.

Still, another three songs at the same hectic pace clinches a return for two encores. And the way in which they play the set, blowing cold and then predictably hot, and finally dragging out "Johnny B. Goode", proves they have a collective tradition that predates new wave by a good decade.

McMaster goes back to the mid-60s, when in his home town of Glasgow he played keyboards in a band featuring Frankie Miller. And for a short time, would you believe, they called themselves The Motors.

He met up with Nick Garvey, who at the time was on bass and not guitar in the pubrock group Ducks Deluxe. Splitting from that doomed outfit, they formed a writing partnership, and with the tent paid by the Stranglers' manager, Dai Davies, they spent three months in a Welsh cottage composing.

It was an abortive venture, and they quickly abandoned the idea and each other's company.

Two years ago they came together again, when Garvey moved back to

London and formed pub-hongie band The Snakes. At the time he was living in a Stockwell squat.

"He phoned me up," recalls McMaster, "and said there was a place going across the road."

"So I went up there. And you'd never seen anything like this place in your life. I came through the shut in Glasgow but this place beat 'em all."

"There were rats everywhere. You'd come down in the morning and they'd have gnawed big holes in your mattress."

"They were coming from under the fridge, so I plastered up the holes, got a couple of cats in, and lived," he beams, "happily ever after."

So much so that McMaster signed a publishing deal with Island Music, and Garvey toyed with the idea of becoming a solo artist. In a way it was inevitable they should scrap these plans and again combine their talents by forming The Motors.

The original guitarist, Rob Hendry, was replaced by Bram Tchaikovsky in the first few months, and drummer Rick Slaughter completes the crew.

From the beginning their approach was decidedly simple, and it partly

explains why they now feel confident enough to radically change direction. "Our idea was to record exactly what we could do on stage," McMaster explains. "And we did that with the first album."

"I think we knew our potential then, but we were deliberately limiting ourselves."

"We thought we could maybe make an impression, that's really all we were doing. We were just trying to impress so we could get a record deal and get some money to get started."

"Everybody's got to start that way, and bend a little bit towards the industry. When," he adds, "you get some recognition the music speaks for itself."

"And at first we just put down the strongest songs we thought would make an impact."

"The idea is to sell records, I don't really care if Tony Blackburn plays them, or Jimmy Young or Pete Murray. I want to get the biggest audience possible."

"And if we get good sales on 'Approved', we'll be in a position where we can sit back for a little bit and write exactly what we like."

**C**LEARLY McMaster never loses sight of the realities of the music business. While Slaughter, who's wearing a false plastic nose, watches TV, Andy quietly sits talking, taking an occasional sip from a glass of sherry. But in a way his self-possession belies the fact that he and the rest of the group are as excited as anybody who's on the verge of a major breakthrough.

A major breakthrough... yet it transpires that the style of "Approved" is actually, something of a happy accident. Similarly it's a chance that The Motors should ever have recorded "Airport".

At first you can't help but be suspicious of them unexpectedly adopting such a totally different approach. These misgivings also exist because The Motors seem to have conveniently timed their change to fit in with the general atmosphere of the music business.

Whereas a year ago a lot of new bands who wanted to be taken seriously had to project a reckless rawness, now attitudes have become more moderate. And good pop hits are no longer treated with contempt.

All that proves to be misguided conjecture as McMaster reveals that "Airport" and at least four other songs were recorded even before the first album was recorded. In fact they were the songs that convinced Island to sign him up.

Andy explains: "We were a rock 'n' roll band, and we didn't see 'Airport', and things like that, as part of the set up at the time. That's all."

"But I suppose that sounds deliberate too."

"That the terrible part," he continues, "when you haven't made any impression and you're still struggling. You're always trying out something which isn't you, until you just realise that you've got to be yourself really, and hope that people will buy it."

It was only the pressures of touring and having little time to write songs, that brought The Motors in this conclusion.

"We had to get the second album finished," McMaster says, "so that we could get money again to exist."

But at that time they'd gone into the studio with only three completed songs ("Mamma Rock 'n' Roller", "Sensation" and "Breathless") and unformed ideas for about another ten.

Out of necessity they dusted down old material.

"As I say, we just couldn't write in what was supposed to be The Motors style," McMaster explains. "So we just had to use the best songs we'd got."

"And as soon as we made the decision to do all the old songs, everybody was relieved. Because when we started The Motors the idea was to change anyway. Nick and I knew what songs we had, and we wanted to get back to them again."

"There are so many emotions inside every individual that you do yourself a favour by exploring them all, getting them all out. And that's what happened with The Motors: we did ourselves a favour by not trying to do the same thing again."

"Approved By The Motors" is in fact a minor classic in pop music; an album that's much more of a testament to their abilities than "The Motors I".

Musically it's such an adventurous LP that they've now decided to augment with keyboards and possibly additional vocalists so they can play the songs on stage. This'll have been done by the summer, as they're anxious to get the material over to audiences because there are at least another six potential hit singles on the set.

But most important of all is the atmosphere of the record, which was co-produced by Garvey, McMaster and their engineer, Peter Kor. In this respect it bears comparison to the excellent first albums by Ixey and Sparks.

Despite Andy's doubts, few people would have suggested if "Approved" had been The Motors' debut.

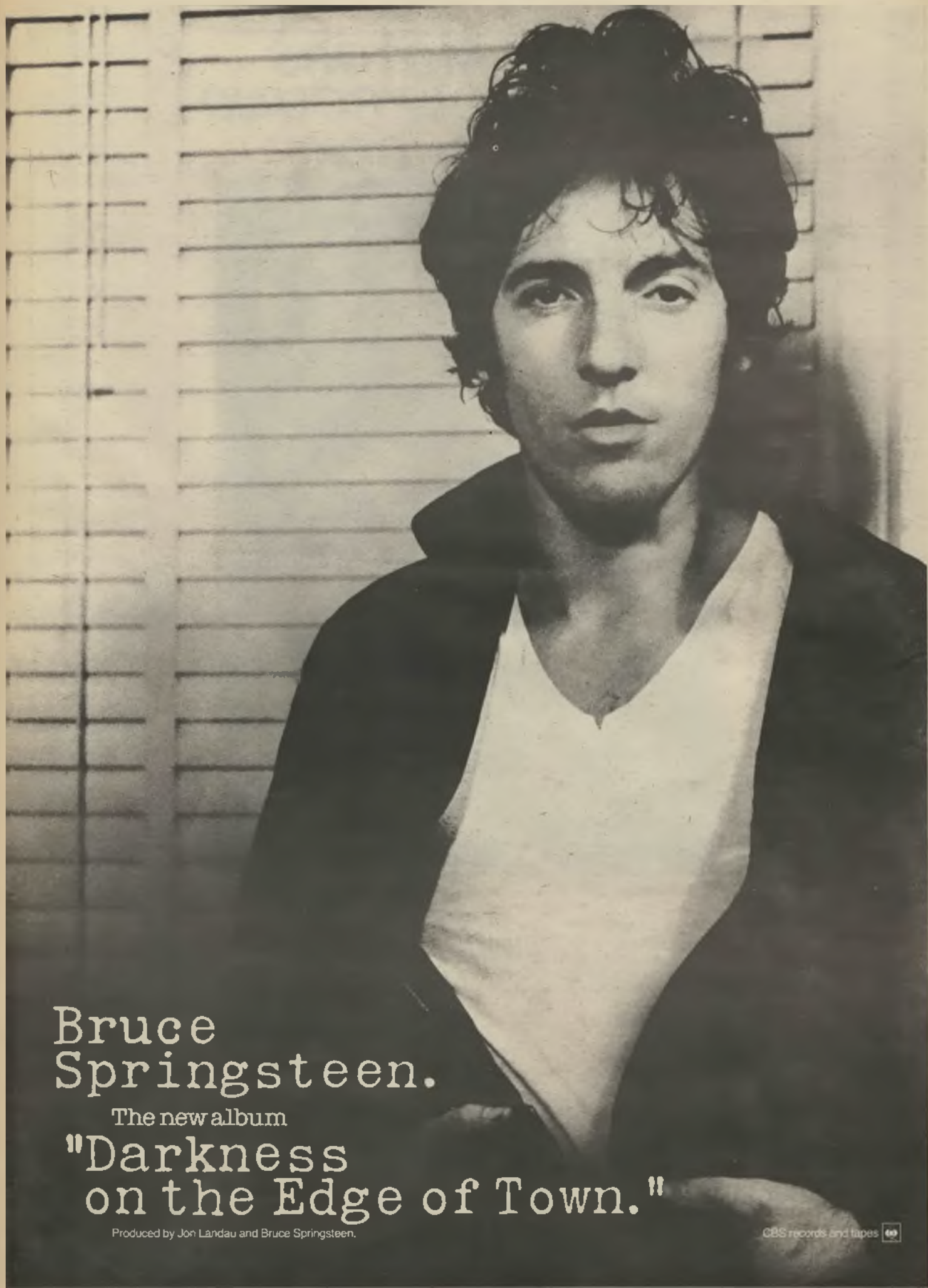
However McMaster's sense of realism is obviously as strong as his ambition, and if things don't work out commercially, they'll try something else.

"Even if this album fails, I won't regret it," he says. "It's been more of a tonic than the first one."

"But the idea is to sell the records, never forget that."

"I think we can sell them by exploiting every side of our abilities. But if we can't we'll narrow it down until we do get success."

"So," he concludes, "there's one eye on doing what you want to do, and another eye on trying to sell it."



# Bruce Springsteen.

The new album

## "Darkness on the Edge of Town."

Produced by Jon Landau and Bruce Springsteen.

CBS records and tapes 

# SINGLES

## SINGLE OF THE WEEK THROBBING GRISTLE:

"United" (Industrial Records). Absurdly enough, Genesis P-Orridge and his crew are now extremely fashionable after many years of being dismissed as upstarts on the lunatic fringe of the Arts Council empire.

Only the other week, Throbbing Gristle got a name check from David Thomas of Pere Ubu as a band he admires. And in all probability, he's never seen them. If the Gristle set-up and played in the hallway of his tenement, chances are he wouldn't recognise them. It just goes to show what a cunning chap Genesis is. Brilliant at creating a mystique, and serving up the substance to support it. If you'd expect this debut single to be more white noise of the sort usually propagated by human metronomics from Germany, then you're in for a surprise.

"United" turns out to be a simple-minded dance tune, with a hook that's impossible to fight off. Given the right airplay, it could even be a hit. Needless to say, there's no loss of integrity involved in this commercial play. But then the P-Orridge idea of integrity is likely to be somewhat different from that of his new-found admirers. Genesis has always been a bit of a prankster. Six or seven years ago, he led a band in Hull which was called Croum, and whose logo was a spurting penis. From then on, it was inevitable that he'd be a star.

**JIMMY CROSS: "I Want My Baby Back"** (Wanted Records). Alleged by the *Kenny Everett Show* to be the World's Worst Record, this is actually a remarkably crafted example of black humour. A totally gross parody of a death record. Not only is the fatal crash heard in all its brake-screaming, bone-crunching horror, but you also get a sequence where Mr Cross digs up his baby's coffin and sings the final chorus from within. The coffin, that is. Presumably. Make it number one, and offend even the most liberal person you know. (Yourself).

**BLACK SABBATH: "Never Say Die"** (Vertigo). When you consider how gross Black Sabbath are supposed to be (and indeed are), it's remarkable how much Ozzy's voice sounds like Roy Wood. That's Roy Wood without a tune or two dozen saxophones. In fact, it would be entirely easy to mistake this as a pop song dressed up with heavy metal clichés in order to sell it to more discerning, ageing teenyboppers. But then that's Black Sabbath for you. A beginners' guide to beginners.

**BOB SEGER: "Still the Same"** (Capitol). Close, but no Seger. Essentially a schmaltzy ballad, lent dignity by Bob's gritty vocals and a fine, taut rhythm section. This kind of thing may well delight American MOR rock audiences; but it hardly lives up to the rock-legend-in-his-lifetime image that's being heavily peddled. Still, this is pretty much the best of musical route that Rod Stewart's taken in pursuit of his millions, so why should Seger get big on self-denial?

**AC/DC: "Rock 'n' Roll Damnation"** (Atlantic). Damnation is far too epic a fate for this offering. There's nothing about this single that's liable to arouse strong emotions of any sort. AC/DC sound like they took a



Linguaphone course in hard rock vocabulary, and they're ace at aping their mentors, without saying anything individual. There's no denying that they try to put out a lot of energy, but the fuses in their amps are probably too bored to blow.

**JOHNNY THUNDERS: "Dead Or Alive"** (Real). You can hardly claim that Johnny Thunders. This sounds more like a thin drizzle. Thunders is clearly a punk in the original sense of the word. Thin, whining voice that protests too much about traumas more imagined than real. If Woody Allen took up New Wave vocalising, he'd sound a little like this. That's why this sort of music won't catch on here. Too American, too stereotyped, too silly. By the way, Cook and Jones were passing under the studio in a tube train at the time. What an artefact.



## REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY BOB EDMANDS

**THE FLYS: "Fun City"** (EMI). The Flys seem to have gained in confidence and power since they put out their first home-made single a year or so ago. The style is pure Bowie, dating from his Ziggy period, but beefed up to sound like a cut from his live album. In particular, "Sufragette City". Ah well, this pastiche is so good, it's almost original. Should wing it into the charts.

**THE BEARS: "On Me"** (Waldo's Records). Not to be confused with the Fruit Eating variety of Bear, these Watford grizzlies had a cut on the "Farwell To The Roxy" album, though they insist this particular tune is what they are really about. What this song is

really about is a riff that edges dangerously close to "Day Tripper", and never gets far enough away from it to gain much individuality. Still, there's a nice Keefish guitarist. Keefish is a rough and aggressive sort of way, though whether those are qualities that still apply to the original model is a moot point.

**VICTIMS: "Strange Things By Night"** (Gond Vibrations). It's a measure of the high quality of the bands fused into the open by punk culture, that this hard-nosed cut should seem no more than routine. A bunch of fast, nimble musicians, with a cute little tune. Could be any one of a hundred bands. In some ways, it's sad that competition is so fierce. Five years ago, these guys would have had no difficulty cleaning up. But perhaps five years ago, they'd have been too deferential to play.

**O'LEVEL: "East Shreen"** (Psycho). CSE (failed) more like. Not that there's anything wrong, in this democratic society, with being dumb. It's just that these guys parade that particular quality with a good deal less humour or panache (no, say, The Triggs). And while it's true that East Shreen is a bit of a London suburb, this clumsy street singalong hardly seems appropriate. If they'd come up with a posh avenue style, they'd have been in with more of a chance.

**HEINZ: "Just Like Eddie"** (Decca). A great neglected '60s classic, popular then among people who didn't remember Eddie of the title. (A reference, no doubt, to the great Eddie Calvert of Golden

Trumpet fame). This stands a good chance of being popular now among people who don't remember Heinz. (That's Heinz Zweidry, a German punk who can't count to four).

**THE BOX TOPS: "Cry Like A Baby"** (Stiff). It's peculiar that Stiff have chosen to put The Box Tops' less

distinguished song out as the A-side, when "The Letter" languishes on the flip. Maybe they figure that "The Letter" is such a classic, everyone owns a version recorded by someone. Joe Cocker did the best cover. But Box Tops' singer Alex Chilton showed him the way. Possibly a hit once more.

**ENNIO MORRICONE: "Once Upon A Time In The West"** (RCA). If you hadn't all seen Charles Bronson playing his gob-iron on the box the other week, you'd never guess that this tune was written by Ennio Morricone for a Sergio Leone western. Not a whistle, a grunt, or a gunshot to be heard. The angelic choir is so schmaltzy, it's enough to make you bring up your breakfast at Tiffany's. Morricone obviously thought Ennio cliché would do.

**GEORGE BENSON: "Lady Blue"** (Warner Bros). According to the consensus view, it's time that Benson stopped hedging and went back to his original jazz stance. Well, that would no doubt involve a substantial loss of income, and those people who want to hear Benson playing inventive guitar can go back to the early product that no one very much bought. As for this effort, it's the sort of languid Stevie Wonder pastiche that Benson sells in large quantities. Three a.m. music for people who rarely stay up that late.

A musical After Eight mint I like it.

**THE MOVIES: "No Class"** (GTO). The Movies offer the sort of sophisticated funk that comes as no surprise from a band that used to back Joan Armatrading. The lyrics, the melody, and the musicianship probably all rate 150 on the Mensa scale, but these very qualities could be enough to turn off the populace at large. It sounds too much like *Sunday Morning Fever* — as though it was cut at a time of the week when only vigorous, aesthetic intellectuals are awake and functioning. Maybe The Movies are simply too far ahead of the market. Unsophisticated funk is this year's thing. Too much class is worse than none, in this context.

## Everything you ever wanted to know about Weather Report... ...but wouldn't ask!

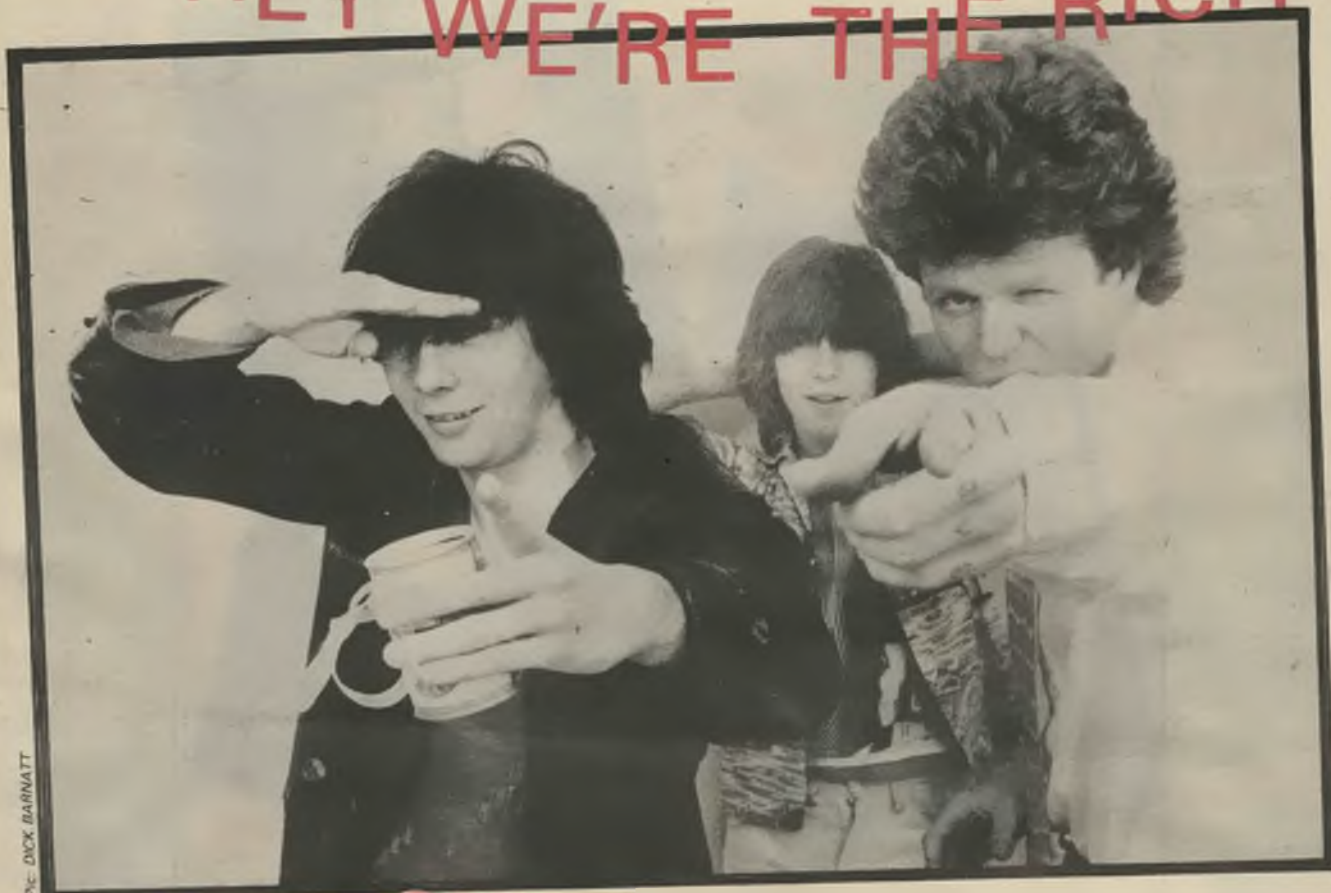
This month Black Music & Jazz Review gives you the complete run-down on Weather Report. Where they've been, where they're going and what's happening now. There's an interview with John Surman — foremost British jazz's saxophonist and a profile of Howard Johnson the brass player in the vanguard of the tube revival in jazz. Plus all that's important musically in soul, reggae and blues on both sides of the Atlantic and a gig and concert guide for June.

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# HEY HEY WE'RE THE RICH K



PIC: DICK BARNATT

## PEOPLE SAY WE RICH KID AROUND

**A**LL MOUTH and trousers." A neat little phrase that — as Cockney-spry as any rhyming slang Ian Dury could come up with. A rare scrap of East End wit, in fact, except that the young sprat who thought up the definition, Glen Matlock, was conceived in Paddington Hospital some 22 summers back and has about as much in common with the land of the Pearly King as the other sprat whose style he has just so succinctly defined.

After all, John Lydon/Rotten is an N.4 habitue born and bred.

It's worth kicking off this piece with a reference to Finsbury Park's favourite reprobate because the subject of this feature, Matlock, is about as placid a chop as you could ever meet.

Words like "malice" and "vengeance" just don't come into this lad's frame of reference — he's a good sort who prefers not to dwell on dirty deeds dealt at his expense of cons past. Even omni-despised Male "The Mug" McLaren is given a near-benign thumbs-down where others who've been dealt less hefty blows by the latter's ploys would be cursing blood and thunder at the very mention of the poor bleeder's name.

John Lydon, though — well Glen obviously still feels a tad belligerent towards The Mighty Rotten, his mouth and his trousers. When the conversation swerves the latter's way, the placid Matlock tone remains intact, but there's a sting

But we ain't too busy singing to put Johnny Rotten down...

**GLEN MATLOCK puts the record straight. By NICK KENT.**

to his verbiage, a sting that will manifest itself openly in Matlock's references to Lydon/Rotten as a "bigot". "The sort of hypocrite who believes it's his divine right to have one rule for himself and another rule for everybody else." Ironic it is that as noted in last week's Rotten piece, Neil Spencer espied two pictures of the Kray brothers festooning the Rotten wall — Matlock describes his ex-lead singer as "the perfect Reggie Kray type, getting others to do his violence for him while he just mouths off."

And, of course, he immediately reminisces back to the summer of '76 and Sex Pistols' club gigs when Rotten would pick some innocent out of the crowd and encourage flunkies like Sid Vicious and Jah Wobble to scare them with knives and chains while the protagonist would gleefully leer into the morass of trembling flesh.

**A**IF THE SUMMER of '76! To some it was the greatest era of the 70's, to others it was a nasty malicious time — the fine line between where rock 'n' roll and violence became all too hideously blurred, while certain writers who should have known better were too busy canonizing the trendiness of it all to bother utilizing such oh so petty (sic) journalistic devices as 'perspective'.

I mean, who cares when the odd skull gets caved in, or someone loses an eye, when it's all so 'new', 'daring' and 'happening'?

Glen Matlock, however, was perhaps one of the few who afforded those kamikaze bashers some degree of perspective. After all, it was a long, long way from the very beginning when there was no group called The Sex Pistols at all.

Then there was just Malcolm McLaren, controversial haberdasher and '50s fanatic, whose shop "I Let It Rock" Matlock went to work at (£7 a day, he recalls) on weekends between his school commitments that would eventually grant him a handsome score of eight O'levels and three A's.

Matlock, a true blue mod with spiky hair, was forced during those work-binges at "I.L.R." to constantly remonstrate with those likely lads, Steve Jones and Paul Cook, who'd come into the shop with the sole intention of lifting as many clothes as they could. After several encounters, the trio struck up a friendship fueled, first, because all three were dyed in the wool 'mods', and second, because Steve and Paul were involved in some half-hearted attempt to form a band.

Matlock, see, had never desired anything more than to be in a rock band — his school-days were just an excuse to keep himself occupied — so that when it was discovered that this half-hearted corporate were all into The Faces (not the Small Faces), an arrangement was made to meet up at the house of the fledgling group's leader, one Warrick Nightingale.

Nightingale, who was known as 'Wally' for short, had instigated the whole thing, and had

tentatively named the band The Swankers. Wally played guitar, Steve Jones played drums ("Actually," Matlock says now, "Steve should have stuck to drums — he was a much better drummer than he's turned out a guitarist"), while Paul Cook's brother-in-law, Del, was the singer. (Cook himself wasn't involved at that time).

"It was just a case of mucking in really. Like I'd say, 'ere I know 'Three Button Hand Me Down', and Wally showed me 'Stay With Me' and 'Too Bad'."

A line-up change came when Del left disinterestedly and Steve Jones took to singing, reaching Paul Cook to play drums (initially an arduously long process). More to the point, it wasn't just a band but a gang, with local lads like Big Jim and his chums always around.

Steve Jones was particularly into being a rock star and possessed a monstrous Ron Wood fixation (The Faces' boozing, bird-pulling Jack the Lad image was his dream life-style) of such proportions that he used to boast of organising raids on Wood's cottage in order to impress his friends.

**T**HE SWANKERS' repertoire was motley enough as well, with Matlock attesting that Wally did in fact write all of "Did You No Wrong" as well as "Scarface" (Wally's dad apparently provided the lyrics).

McLaren had taken the group up as his protégés before his jaunt off to the States where he unsuccessfully attempted to change the New York Dolls' down-bound curve, leaving Bernard Rhodes (now Clash manager) in charge of their progress along with instructions to "fire" Wally. Rhodes, however, did nothing in that direction and his sole contribution to the Pistols' progress at this point was to get them to play at an opening for a King's Road restaurant which backfired so heinous the band had to be rushed off mid-set through the back entrance.

McLaren's return, however, after the Dolls' collapse, had made him doubly determined to get this straggly bunch of "Sex" shop liggers moving, and this is where we start overlapping

IDS

with history. Wally was ousted, yours truly stuck around on guitar for a while but both parties knew it was incompatible, and all the while McLaren was working them like slaves, forcing them to learn the entire first Small Faces album — just anything. Steve Jones had become guitarist and in three months had made astonishing progress.

Finally, a 15-year-old guitarist, Stevie Nicks, was located playing with the National Youth Orchestra, but his feisty manner and unwillingness to get his hair cut tied the band as a five piece.

But that didn't matter anymore, because at last the secret ingredient had been found, totting around the "Sex" shop, going by the name of John Lydon.

McLaren's dream of conceiving a young band to reinvent rock 'n' roll with a purity and unity of purpose that would inspire a whole renaissance of rock as street-level social awareness, no less, was nearing completion. He'd had the name for ages — The Sex Pistols (in fact, first of all it was Cuzie Jones and the Sex Pistols, as Steve Jones was lead singer).

Contrary to the official biog, the Pistols weren't principally inspired by the New York Dolls, though McLaren remembers thinking they were "a good laugh, making all that racket", at the time. McLaren, though, envisaged the New York Dolls' main asset — their couldn't-give-a-shit-rock-action and street-sass — as being ideal attitudes to copy.

Meanwhile, a repertoire was being honed into shape — a repertoire that, give or take three or four songs, was going to provide the Pistols with their ammunition for the duration of the short, incendiary career. All songs were credited to all four "officially", but Matlock in particular wants the record set straight on who exactly wrote what.

"O.K., then 'Liar' was Matlock/Rotten, 'New York' was Matlock/Rotten, 'Submission' was ditto, although half the lyrics were mine as well... that line 'watery love'. 'Pretty Vacant' is all mine bar two lines, the original ones were 'You can say what you want — I don't mind/It saves on friction.' The song was conceived as a title, first — there was a poster with Television and their great song titles like 'Venus de Milo' and 'Blank Generation' — that set it off, inspired me. What it really was about was people.

Vivien (Westwood) was a good example — just people who have something to say but can't quite articulate it. 'Submission' and 'Pretty Vacant' were the first songs we wrote, by the way.

"Steve wrote 'Seventeen'. The first line was 'You're only seventeen you've got a lot to learn' until Rotten changed it. Steve and John also did 'No Feelings' and 'I Wanna Be Me'. Oh, and 'Satellite' — that was about this girl, Shanne, she's now in The Nipple Erectors, who was John first... uh... affair (smirks). She was called Satellite Girl.

"The only song all four of us actually wrote together was 'Problems'. Paul started that off."

**MATLOCK CLAIMS** that personal relationships with Rotten started out reasonably but that deterioration set in swift and harshly, climaxing at an early gig at the 100 Club where Rotten's behaviour, spurred on by his bully boy cohorts, disgusted Matlock so much he quit, thus forcing the band to dissolve for two months.

"That's when I came across the name 'Rich Kids'. It comes from a book by Jean Cocteau and defines a certain kind of mentality. Back then, I was planning to work with a guy Chris, I've forgotten his name now."

McLaren spent the two months of separation frantically trying to repair the broken pieces, finally succeeding through the Matlock-Rotten relationship had by no means been agreeably stitched up. In fact, while still in the Pistols Matlock wrote a song for Rotten entitled "Hung On You".

"Who's so gross/Who's so green/To think that they can go around/I don't care 'bout your exhortations/I ain't home for your information/And I ain't hung on you."

"I wrote that because I hated that whole hypocritical side of Rotten. Going behind your back and slugging you off to his mates. Waiting till you've left the room. The song was just a statement telling him, 'I ain't as green as you, mate'."

So events went from bad to worse. Matlock resented Malcolm McLaren's treatment of him as a virtual servant to his concept. "I never got any respect from the guy. It was just like I was back working at his shop."

Meanwhile, the Media was blinding down like vultures, turning the 'Anarchy' tour into an ugly farce, and Rotten was being more and more of a pain in the arse.

I put it to Matlock that I believed that the seeds of the New Wave's decline were sown when McLaren, who'd spent two years steadfastly attempting to get a whole new scene going, not just one group but an army of them, suddenly pulled a strident volte-face and moved in solely with the Pistols.

"Yeah, that's true. I mean, I can see his point but he did take it to ridiculous lengths. Like we were virtually ordered not to socialise or even talk to The Damned or The Clash. Or any of the

others. Malcolm got really pissed off once when he caught me talking to Mick Jones."

For Glen Matlock, the end of his sojourn with the Pistols came at the Paradise Club in Amsterdam. "It was then that I knew I'd had enough of it all." His parting quote, "It was just like being in the Monkees", is a statement he still concurs with.

The situation itself — Matlock's split coinciding with Sid Vicious' entrance — invited the question, "Did he fall or was he pushed?" Matlock relates a story that hasn't been printed before, claiming that McLaren himself took him to one side and urged him to assess his role in the band, "probably just the same way that he did when the three wanted Sid out last Christmas." Matlock's refusal to do likewise sealed his fate.

**S**O IT'S 1978 and there's no Elvis, Damned or Sex Pistols now — and it seems, all told, there's more folk actively claiming that punk is dead than adherents to the movement. Currently though, of all the ex-Pistols, Matlock is in the best shape. He's got a fine young band: good-looking, stylish, with a well-poised talent for songs and a four-sided chemistry that complements instead of sparking friction which, though the latter often makes for a more incendiary live power, adds up to a keen edged vigorous sense of purpose.

The story of the band's formation has already been told. Drummer Rusty Egan's wide-boy style attracted Matlock immediately, while reminiscences of the juvenile Sex News' short-lived sojourn as a Pistol caused a reunion that became a marriage.

Midge Ure was the last to join, taking longest to persuade due to managerial commitments and various group ties overlapping from the Slik days. But Matlock's long shot — he chose Ure merely from seeing his mug shot on a Slik album cover — has paid handsome dividends.

The Rich Kids is Matlock's perfect idea of a group.

"To me a group is by its very nature a democracy, that's why I couldn't understand the Pistols thing, why I secretly knew it wouldn't work — because if there is just a lead singer then it's obvious he's just going to be larded with the superstar schtick. Rotten was always as much of that as Rod Stewart and Bryan Ferry, whatever he did."

So far there's been one good single ("Rich Kids"), another "Jail" single (the new one).

Midge Ure's "Marching Men", a lot of touring, and a part-time alliance with the old school as represented by producer Mick Ronson and ex-Faces Ian MacLagan. Matlock is particularly insistent on defending the band's use of Ronson and MacLagan, particularly because Caroline Coon for one took him to task for mingling with "more experienced players".

Right now, there's a sense of the 'tentative' about the Rich Kids, but that's more because they're still a new band. The big countdown will start when the first album becomes available, sometime in early August at a conservative guess. Already virtually completed, its track-listing reads: Side 1 "Strange One" (Matlock-New), "A blues song — it's about listlessness"; "Hung On You" (Matlock); "About not being taken for a ride by someone who thinks they know all the answers but who are really full of shit and paradox — like you know who?"; "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers" (Matlock-New), "It's about having the right spirit regardless of style or whatever pose one adopts"; "Burning Sounds" (Matlock-New), "Burning sounds that come from the heart/Burning sounds that right from the start/Gave you that release"; "Marching Men" (Ure), "It's a peace and love song — about not being involved with mob rule."

Side 2 contains "Put You In The Picture" (Ure), "Originally done by Slik in disguise as PVC3 — it's just about ending a relationship, really"; "Young Girls" (Ure), "Say no more"; "Cheap Emotion" (Matlock-New), "It's about acts, moods, tantrums that are put-ons just to gain ground"; "Bullet-proof Love" (Matlock-McDowell), "About being an underdog to a hypocrite"; and finally "I Love And Fools" (Ure).

I've not heard the complete album, but the tracks I was treated to veer from the "promising" (Ure's principally) to the exhilarating, primarily Matlock's "Burning Sounds" and "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers".

The latter is not only the best song the band have (it has a scorching chord progression that could only come from the creator of the Pistols' finest shots), it is also the perfect manifesto. Matlock describes it thus.

"The title came from a line from a fanzine in a review about us, saying we looked like 'ghosts of princes in towers'. The follow-up line is 'they're such soft boys — and how'. It's just a romantic notion really, but more to the point it's us saying exactly what we are. Because we've been through all the aggro, and the mob rule and the whole bogus violence bit, and you just can't go any further just blurring out 'I hate you, I hate this'. When you get one-dimensional, you become a cartoon of yourself, of a human being."

And that's Matlock's progression — from the tortured aggro to the burning sounds of the Rich Kids. It's nothing new but it's up there with the best — the ones who've sensed that 1978 is the year of the individual there to say what he has to say. In "Rich Kids", Matlock claimed that they're all there. Everything tells me that's where he and the band are going to be staying for quite a long time.

PIC: JOE STEVENS



PIC: JOE STEVENS



This is not the Rich Kids. This is the Pistols, Micky Dolenz second from left. 'We were virtually ordered not to socialise with The Damned or The Clash. Malcolm (McLaren) got really pissed off once when he caught me talking to Mick Jones.'

PIC: JOE STEVENS



# DYLAN GOES PENGUIN!

"Rolling Thunder Logbook"

By SAM SHEPARD  
(Penguin, £1.75)

OR SHOULD the headline be Penguin Goes Dylan? The '60s are at last over. Senators and congressmen breathe a sigh of relief — not to mention some writers and critics. The '60s are consolidated, codified, criticised... understood. Dylan goes up there on the thinking man's bookshelf alongside the Collected Orwell and the Complete Blake.

Or does he?

I mean, at least Orwell and Blake are still allowed to speak for themselves... but this seems to me an example of the ultimate kind of Dylanology. (Fade in lonely piping organ and plaintive nasal vocal singing: "You come on the Rolling Thunder Tour with a pencil in your hand. You see somebody fully dressed and say 'Is that Bob Newirth or Rob Stoner?'...")

Seriously though, folks, it looks like Mr Jones' hour has come round at last and with a vengeance.

After spending a couple of evenings with this publication followed by eye-exercises and a massage, I am left with but two powerful, evocative images.

One is of Dylan leaving the entourage to take a pee — on his own, man! — and a number of the apostles breaking into the bog when they figure he's been away from them for rather a long time, only to find he has split via the bog window.

The other is of little 'Mrs. Zimmerman, mother of the poet, enjoying her dinner!

Apart from these telling high-points (sic) Shepard's observations might as well be the jottings of a cataracts victim on the insect life of Mues as seen through the wrong end of a plastic Triang telescope.

For example, on Scarlet Rivera:

"Mysterious dark lady of the fiddle, with whom I never spoke more than three words, not because I didn't want to but because I never happened. Wore snake make-up and often devoted attention on the stage because of her uncanny sense of rhythm and ability to sustain melody lines while weaving vertically."

That's it. This reporter's curiosity is decidedly satiable.

Of course, superstars can be quite jealous of their privacy, especially if they haven't got an album coming out shortly, but did the tour organisers (Dylan?) really invite along a reporter just to mind his own business?

So the mystification of Dylan goes on.

The're one thing that Dylan and I agree on for sure — that he is just a musician. Probably he is the most all-round gifted musician in rock so far.

But he didn't come down on

a snowflake in a blue nightie, though there would be no way of telling this the way some people interpret him... camera, soft focus, set to infinity.

In a piece entitled "Sense Of Size" Shepard goes on (and on) about Dylan's "props". It opens:

"Dylan's bought a dog. The size and shape that fit him perfect. Puppy beagle bitch. In heat to boot... Once before I saw this capacity of the 'Big D' for replicating his physical shape in the outside world. A secret sense of his own size and the visual effect upon all witnesses."

Well, that may be Dylan's game. He certainly played it that way at the beginning, but surely he deserves to be released from it now.

But these people who surround him, clocking and cooing approvingly at his every whim and gesture — they're holding him prisoner.

The ultimate irony, surely, is that this empty game with mirrors is not perceived by many fans as the tragedy it is... but as some kind of thrilling bull-ring spectacle or endless cliff-hanger.

Sometimes the whole thing — Dylan, road-show, Dylan-watchers — reminds me of Milos Forman's film *The Fireman's Ball* where the firemen are all getting wound up to fever pitch about their dance, the raffle prizes, the beauty contest, the presentation of a silver hatchet to the retiring Chief... while a stone's throw away an old man's house is burning down.

When they finally make it to the blazing domicile, the old man is sitting in his wheelchair in the snow, complaining bitterly about the cold. So they move him closer to the fire.

For "old man" read, "rest of the world". The '70s warms its hands up on the '60s. And it's

## SIDE SWIPE

ON THE ROAD:  
DYLAN AND  
KEROUAC



Dylan with Sara, his ex-wife, (top) and Joan Baez, ex-a number of times, (bottom).

written in a style that veers between the stoned gaga, stream-of-consciousness, can't-make-head-or-tail-of-it-but-it's-all-happening-of-Patti Kerouac; and one of those *Time Out* film reviews where you have to keep looking back to the headline to remind yourself what it is you're reading about even though you've already read the review twice and seen the film five times.

I'M EVEN left wondering if Shepard was any kind of Dylan fan in the first place. He refers (twice I think) to some song entitled "Williams And Zinger". Surely he means "The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll", in which the character referred to is William Zanzinger.

So why does Dylan feel he needs to employ these professional biographers? (Remember that awful *Consumers Guide* to Dylan by one Pete Hamill on the sleeve of "Blood On The Tracks"?) Sam Shepard just happened at the time of the tour to have been collaborating with Jacques Levy on an off-Broadway play... Jacques Levy of "Desire" fame, that is.

Was this a case of Dylan getting on the blower to Levy to see if he knew "the right man for the job"?

Doesn't Dylan know any writers he can trust?

Or has he lost faith in his own judgement perhaps? Has he got lost in something like the Bob Dylan Organisation?

Is he just the highest-paid Protest Specialist in some kind of Brill Building now, where the firm retains the prestige family name and the workload is delegated by a board of directors?

Help!!!

Geoff Hill

## AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE ABOUT HORSLIPS



From Stephen James,  
Managing Director,  
DJM Records Limited.



**DJM RECORDS LIMITED**

JAMES HOUSE · 8 THEOBALDS ROAD · LONDON WC1X 8BB  
TELEPHONE: 01-242 4880 · CABLES: DEJAMUS, LONDON WC1  
TELEX: 27135 (DEJAMUS, LONDON)

I am particularly pleased to announce that DJM Records Ltd. have acquired the rights to Horslips' popular early albums 'The Táin' and 'Happy to Meet... Sorry to Part'.

These two superb albums happily complement their two releases on the DJM label 'Book of Invasions' (1977) and 'Aliens' (1978) and are a welcome addition to our catalogue.

As you know, Horslips have just returned from an extremely successful USA tour that coincided with their album 'Aliens' breaking into both the Billboard and Cashbox top 100 charts.

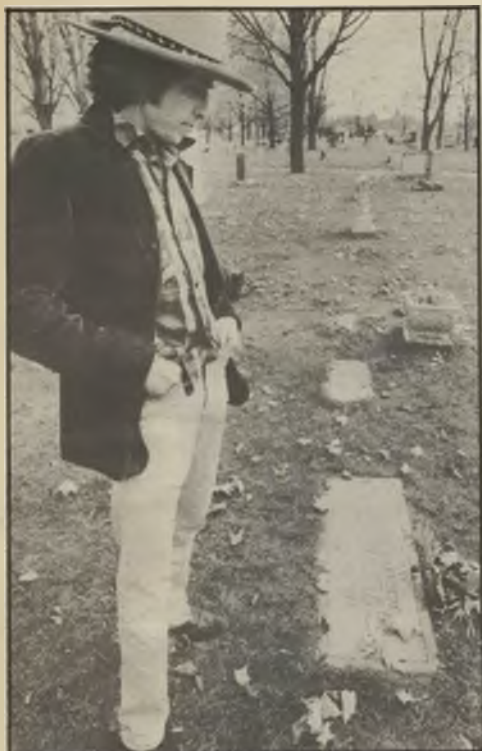
On June 22nd and 23rd they will be performing live at the Empire Pool Wembley as special guests of Thin Lizzy and releasing the single 'Speed the Plough' in the same week.

Take my advice; buy the albums, buy the single and see the band, live at Wembley.

Best regards

*Stephen James*

S.M. James  
Managing  
Director.



Dylan standing beside Kerouac's grave in Lowell, Massachusetts.

## "Kerouac"

By ANN CHARTERS  
(Picador)

**A**T FIRST BLUSH, Jack Kerouac would appear to be the writer least in need of a biographer.

Compulsively confessional, his writing stockpiles the minutiae of his daily life. His circle of friends — Ginsberg, Burroughs, Cassidy, Snyder

— become his fictional characters, their real life conversations accurately represented in his novels.

"After all the only thing I've got to offer, the true story of what I saw and how I saw it."

Ann Charters has found another truth, and her biography drives a huge, if sympathetic, wedge between the fictional Kerouac and the tragic actuality.

Kerouac was a fantasist, a dreaming romantic, a trier-on of roles. Writing apart, his life

was a chaos of blurred identity crises.

Far from being the hero of Beat mythology, he spent more time underfoot in his mother's house than on the road. The only long hitch was from Chicago to Denver; he preferred to go by bus.

His epic visits to San Francisco and Mexico were usually punctuated by frantic telegrams to his mother. Memere, for money, and in fact she supported him into his thirties by working in a shoe factory.

At home, she called the shots, banning drugs and Ginsberg from the house, vetting girlfriends and countersigning his cheques.

Memere was the only person he could ever really love, and writing was the only real purpose he found for being alive.

Shy, solitary, he intermittently idolized those around him who seemed to have laid a more vigorous hold on life, but the manic Cassidy "made Kerouac feel thick and heavy, just as Burroughs and Ginsberg had made him feel stupid."

He put them in his books, hero-worshipping them in a prose style that is as judicious as a lipstick kiss on fan mail.

On *The Road* was finally published in 1957, and it buried the author alive.

Nobody would believe that he didn't personify the life he'd described, that he was the shy, naive Sal Paradise and not the elemental Dean Moriarty.

"What am I doing here?" Kerouac asked John Clellon Holmes, as the Beat disciples hemmed him in at parties, and paraded their adrenalin for his approval.

It's a great biography, and no-one will write a better one. It feels true: most writers are neurotic fuck-ups who take refuge in being God-on paper.

The last photo in the book, the middle-aged Kerouac and his mother, is the true story the novelist left out.

Brian Case

("Kerouac" will be published on June 9th)

# It took over 100 people two years to discover The Eye of Wendor.



**T**he Eye of Wendor is the brainchild of Davy Roth, an engineer at Strawberry Studios. (Strawberry, you may recall, is where 100 other major British rock bands record).

From its conception the Eye of Wendor has taken two years, several miles of tape and literally hundreds of overdubs to come to fruition.

It's the story of a strange red stone that shows scenes of the past present and future to whoever gazes into it and the effect these visions have on the land of Wendor.

Involved in the unrolling of the saga of the Eye of Wendor you'll find Eric Stewart, Kevin Godley, Graham Gouldman, Lol Creme, and in Hayward, Barclay James Harvest, Maddy Prior, Noel Redding the strings of the London Orchestra and quite a few others too. In fact the credits on the sleeve constitute a topic in themselves.

The true test though of an enterprise of this type is whether it can stand up to few critical hearings.

And the only person to judge if it does is you. So sit back and listen.



MANDALABAND 'EYE OF WENDOR' CHR 1181  
Also available on cassette.

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# ALBUMS

## MAGAZINE

*Real Life* (Virgin)

HERE IT IS then — Howard Devoto's comeback album!

Devoto's career has been comically encapsulated.

Lands national rock press reviews on his — and Buzzcocks' — first gig ever, supporting the Pistols in Manchester / Cuts classic home-made EP at the start of the indie boom / Retires / Fosters celebrity status via occasional enigmatic pronouncements and rumours of Sam Beckett albums / Returns to mass attention he never had in the first place, courtesy of one extraordinary television appearance with superslick band / Negotiates major label contract, releases pace-making single of the New Year / Gets splurged all over rock press / Lapses into dreary gig circuit anti-climax, playing mainly to the curious (yes, all this — but no fans!) / Becomes unfashionable / And now...

It's a long overdue return to NME for a man who, apart from the odd live review, and the occasional snide *T-Zet* put about by Mancunian rivals, has not graced these pages for a good three months.

I saw Devoto in the flesh not long ago, tripping over his mike stand at the Roundhouse and inadvertently punctuating his obnoxious display of self-important coo-ol. I also saw him just last week, making a complete prat of himself on the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, where his personal performance was probably the most pretentious that show has ever played host to. (You mean *Eno* hasn't been on? — Ed)

Devoto's posturing was made to look even more foolish by his juxtaposition on *OGWT* with The Jam — superficially far less sophisticated, but so tense and committed it sent shivers down the spine.

Nor is Devoto's credibility helped by comparison with his old band, Buzzcocks, whose aesthetic continuity, approachability and lack of bullshit has gradually earned them the position of the country's leading new wave band.

But then, who wants to be a boring old new wave band anyway? Not Magazine, for a start. Like The Stranglers, the only thing they share with punk rock is an audience.

No question — these guys can play (just as well, as none of 'em will ever figure in a *Sun* Pretty Punk line-up). Their concerted power, in particular, is a continual buzz. A better drilled squad hasn't reared its head for a long time.

The songs — lyrics by Devoto, music usually by Devoto plus guitarist John McGeoch — all seem to be arranged to the last quaver, and very expertly arranged they are too. Meshes of riffs replace one another in meticulous, kaleidoscopic order, using the classic guitar/bass/drums/keyboard line-up to its full.

McGeoch is a fine, fierce, controlled guitar player, and Dave Formula, despite his sappy name, is a thoughtful keyboard player whose repertoire ranges from Mike Garson cocktail surrealism piano through subliminal organ chordings to android synthesizer riffs — often, as for instance in the opening 'title' track "Definitive Gaze", all within the space of one song.

Martin Jackson and Barry Adamson likewise deploy their drums and bass with minimum flash and maximum effect.

The bone of contention is Devoto's singing. It is the most distinctive element — though I'm sure the whole band, especially the fiery McGeoch, will have its territory inviolably valed out by the time the third album comes around — but at



Howard — we knew it all along. Dave Berry with credibility

## DEVOTO: THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN ALIVE

the same. Devoto's vocals are the most restricted and, face it, just plain weak constituent here.

He now sings in a deep creak far removed from the old effete "Spiral Scratch" style, fleshing it out with a few Harley/Ferry upturned vowels. It's adequate, but he'll have to lay off this whole hackneyed glam-rock mysterious persona he has a tendency to fall into — lyrically (very rarely), vocally (too often) and physically (all the time) — because it is the one affectation that currently defuses Magazine's positive drive.

Trackwise, the outstanding numbers are the two that erupted that night on *So It Goes*, if my memory serves me right — the single "Shot By Both Sides", re-recorded with producer John Leckie and the addition of Dave Formula, and "Motorcade", which was co-written by Magazine's original keyboard player Bob Dickinson.

Like most of the songs here, "Motorcade" is open to personal interpretation, partly because of Devoto's reticent/cripple lyrics, and partly because of the typically unusual subject matter — seemingly the Kennedy

assassination. The initial build-up is etched with a fine air of menace and then, as the motorcade looms into view and the gunman takes aim, of adrenalin merging into panic. The death of the victim is drawn with wry, sombre surrealism against a superb anguished solo by McGeoch: "In the back of his car/In the null and void he shoots/The man at the centre of the motorcade/Has learned to tie his boots."

There is no moral; beyond the vulnerability of any individual, no matter how powerful, and the power of the random factor — a demented gunman — in upsetting the most secure system.

The main impression that Devoto's writing seems to emanate — though, to be sure, it's hardly an obsession — is assertion of individuality.

"Shot By Both Sides", where he is "devoted by what was allowed at the heart of the crowd", seems to repeat the theme (why people should interpret it as an anthem of political moderation, I don't know — the title is the only possible basis). Although the arrangement remains the same, the new, slightly slower,

version of that song shows Magazine at their peak: building relentlessly to taut climaxes, always keeping enough in reserve to give it the element of control missing on the single.

The rest of the album is not so well defined as those two tracks, but every song is blindingly arranged, never sticking to one format, often changing the established riff structure at will so that, for instance, a song might fade out on a new refrain constructed of other elements of the song.

It is a style that appeals on several levels: juggling with musical structures, evoking surreal pictures, moving the imagination and the emotions. Although completely different in style and attitude, The Stranglers again come to mind as a band who cover a lot of the same bases. And, above all, both bands back up their compositional finesse with brisquet power.

The only weak moments on "Real Life" come when Magazine relax that power. Devoto's one solo musical credit, "Burst", lacks the abrasive edge of the album's better tracks, while the Formula/Adamson song

"Parade" is a rather flabby excursion into Euro-smoothness a la "Aladdin Sane".

Nevertheless, Devoto has put together that most ideal of all musical units, all too rare these days — a hard rock band with intellectual and musical muscle. Not, of course, that that necessarily guarantees that it won't get musclebound, and become either cumbersome or pretentious.

But at least it shows a real belief in rock, acknowledging its renewed importance to its audience, rather than the dopey "anti-intellectual" motivations of people putting together yet another three-chord buzzsaw conglomerate or, even worse (real pop kids like Will Birch excepted), some shallow fast pop group.

On Magazine and the other new mainsream rock bands — The Motors, Tanz Der Youth, The Stranglers, The Only Ones, XTC, The Attractions, bands whose commitment is not to any political attitude, and whose music is less obviously stylised than, say, Wire or Buzzcocks — on them hangs the artistic integrity of rock's immediate future.

This is not to endorse those groups, but merely to emphasize the central importance of the unaligned rock mainstream in times when trends break down, for ultimately it is those bands who will decide whether yet basic rock opens up new avenues or slips back into the easy clichés of the mid-70s.

It's ironic, but Howard Devoto could actually turn out to be as important as he thinks he is.

Phil McNeill

## JOE WALSH

"But Seriously Folks..." (Asylum)

BEFORE WALSH was an Eagle, he was just plain old Joe Walsh, fronting his own band and making his own albums. Such a fact is easy to forget. It's around four years since the last Walsh studio album: in the interim Walsh's solo recorded output as a song-writer has included two credits on The Eagles' last platinum-busting platter "Hotel California". Granted his contributions — he co-wrote the restrained "Pretty Maids All In A Row" with his longtime cohort drummer Joe Vitale and collaborated with Eagles Henley and Frey on the heavy metal shoot out "Life In The Fast Lane" — were among the album's best cuts, but prolific Walsh is not.

However, anyone buying "But Seriously Folks..." in the hope it was a heavy metal album would be severely disappointed. When he does work in this area, Walsh approaches the music with a rare intelligence. Outside of Jimmy Page and Pete Townshend, I'm hard pressed to think of any other rock musician capable of employing as much skill to a type of rock renowned for its crassness.

It's not surprising, therefore, that Walsh and his band (the ubiquitous Willie Weeks on bass, the great Joe Vitale on drums, Walsh's alter-ego Jay Ferguson on keyboards and Joey Murcia on second guitar) incorporate reggae into the album's longest cut "Life's Been Good".

Along with "At The Station", it's the only song that allows the guitarist to flex his heavy metal muscle. Telling acoustic chords abruptly interrupt the riff-riff before Walsh steps up to the mike and delivers a lyric that is part parody and part autobiography: "I have a mansion/Forget the price/Ain't never bin there/They tell me it's nice". Yet behind the facade there's truth: "It's hard to handle/This fortune and fame/Everybody's so different/But I haven't changed." (Deep, man, real deep — Ed.)

"At The Station" features crisp, jazzy changes and is reminiscent of The Byrds' classic "Eight Miles High". With the exception of two cuts that segue into one extended piece of muzak — probably an in-studio jam — the remainder of the album concentrates on fairly low-key songs in which the playing and arrangements transcend the material.

"Second Hand Store" might just as easily figure on a Neil Young album were it not for the meaty arrangement and Walsh's nasal vocal delivery. "Indian Summer" is ushered in with acoustic guitars and "Tomorrow" has Messrs Frey and Henley crooning in the background and an arrangement which (miraculously) features slight bells.

Despite Walsh's current preoccupation for songs that are largely far removed from heavy metal riffing, his music is still a long way from The Eagles'. His songs are not so structured and consequently leave more room for real playing. Where The Eagles always spell it out in FM hold, Joe Walsh leaves room for the music to breathe.

Steve Clarke



**B.B. KING**  
*Midnight Believer*  
(ABC)

B.B. ('BLUES Boy') King has always been prone to some kind of diversionary activity. Working out in the hinterlands between his native Mississippi Delta roots one minute, crossing over to a sleek, eminently accessible R&B context the next (witness his collaborations with musicians as diverse as Stevie Wonder, Herbie Lovell and Bobby 'Blue' Bland).

And it's the incongruously named Bland who calls the most notable memory flashes on King's latest venture with the Crusaders team, of whom let it be said this is as much their party as the main-man's. Bland isn't singing here but B.B. King inevitably recalls his Beal Street companion in vocal phrasing, nuance and high range, while falling somewhat short of Bland's gospel-earthy conviction.

While King's love affair with Lucille has inevitably stamped his name on the rollcall of the genre's legend his real facility is not with the "woke up this morning with a suitcase in my hand" lineage. Success of the neon Las Vegas name in lights variety has not escaped many pioneers of the black culture leaders and King's guitar talks big urban money before it cries out on the back-porch. The broom is in back and he sin't bothering to get it back.



The King B. (B.) himself Pic: RICHARD YOUNG

## King Of His World (As Far As We Know)

This time round the mixture really makes the nut, jazz settings from Joe Sample's shinky book of tasteful melodies, nestle lovingly against Will Jennings's easy flow lyrics, perfect background simplicity for B.B. King to work out the thrill

The Crusaders themselves have long since overcome their anti-establishment Californian base. Back in the mid-'60s they scored for outfit in the Buddy Rich Big Band mould and scored for outfit in the Buddy Rich Big Band mould and then snuck back to orchestrate for Ernie Watts or Wilbert Longmire. Wilton Felder even takes up the bass again for the title track, a punch bag wall of Hollywood expertise, far more direct and cutting than so many

other ventures currently emanating on the West Coast.

But the secret really is simplicity and a feel for the notes. Old playing partnerships with Dean Parks and Roland Bauista in the rhythm guitar section ensure that King is left free to speak his piece: he holds, slipping and sliding the putters with genuine panache, the structure underneath so damn watertight that the results could hardly fall from grace.

The best numbers have been injected with a sassy humour which does evoke King's original moves, tender sexuality when the boy can't help it, mean talk back when his woman done gone treated him wrong. On "I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone" the effect is guaranteed to ice you. Parks

cuts up the spaces with a circular motion, King picks and grunts into the album's nearest horn arrangement (all Sample's), a four piece New Orleans sent hot-cha. At times like this the group is just swinging so good you doubt if they'll make it back to the planet.

"Hold On (I Feel Our Love Is Changing)" must be a summer hit, modern R&B not coming much better than this pulsating thro. Little by little by little King works up the solo, nothing fancy but the carefully modified repetition brings the guitar shots into your head and leaves the feet free to do the walking.

All this stuff is going to sound great on the radio. "Never Make A Move Too Soon" is so imbued with the necessary vibration that it's hard to allow the record to progress uninterrupted. Wilton Felder actually steals all the solo honours on the album here with a tenor romp of Texan propositions which B.B. doesn't better when his turn comes up.

The true guitar work arrives with the electric bursts of "A World Full Of Strangers" where Parks simulates Larry Carlton on the down stroke and King does his thing on the switchblade lead.

Naturally the stage is set for King's conversational number, "Let Me Make You Cry A Little Longer" (that old woman and axe analogy never fails when the instrument is in the hand of a master).

Joe Sample, who is pretty much content to add flavour and texture on keyboards, slips in something from his Peterson repertoire just so the mood is right. He and Popwell bow out the beat with a gorgeously taut mooch on the song riff: city lights low down from an inspired combination.

You can safely stop this one on sight. B.B. King's "Midnight Believer" has the guts and the soul of Bobby Bland's very own "California Album". They haven't sunk the state yet. Some hope.

Max Bell

## IMPORTS

**VERY STRANGE.** Deep Purple's "Live In Japan" (Nippon Warner Bros.), I mean.

For the track listing is exactly the same as "Made In Japan", released here on the Purple label—but according to the sleeve notes gracing the Warner package, only two of the songs were recorded at the same venue and on the same night as those on the homegrown issue.

A cursory aural investigation revealed no great difference between the discs however—so the conclusion is that either someone put the wrong info onto one of the albums or that Lord and Co. were well into indentikit rock during those Tokyo and Osaka gigs of '72!

Among the other Nip shipping, recently listed in by Louis Raynor's Flyover shop are Cat Stevens' "Saturnite" (A&M), Santana's "Golden Double" (CBS/Sony) and The Sadiqs' "Mika Band's Menu" (Toshiba-EMI). The Sadiqs' item is a "best of" set, while the Santana offering is a 20 track compilation seemingly culled from the band's earlier albums. But the Stevens double-shot contains nothing that's ever seen the light of day here in oil-slick alley, being a recording of a concert held at the Nakano Sun Plaza, Tokyo, in '74, when the feline one performed such party-pieces as "Another Saturday Night", "Wild World", "Father And Son", "King Of Trees", "Where Do The Children Play?", "Hard Headed Woman", "Bitterblue", etc.

But while Raynor's kimono kids have been doing their stuff out East, the guys at Pacific Records have been employing the Mounties to put on their snowshoes and scour Canuck-land on our behalf. And initial sightings would appear to be of reasonable interest, the first being a red vinyl pressing of "Lonesome Crow" (Bomp), by The Scorpions, a 1972 Gonny Plank production that features UFO's Michael Schenker on guitar—while due in this week is a new album by Gary Boyle on which members of BM and Brand X aid and abet. Though I haven't homed in on a copy as yet, the scam is that this one's pressed on gold vinyl.

So much for the alchemists—meanwhile back on the rock floor at HMV, Oxford Street, come reports of activity on the Abba front. For fresh from Sweden are stocks of five solo albums by the shapely Agnetha Fältskog—namely "Basta", "Some Jag Ar", "Agnetha Fältskog" and "Vol. 2" (all on Capitol) and "Agnetha" (Embassy)—plus "Lycka" (Polar), a Bjorn and Benny hotshot. Not that I find this news very stimulating—Abba are a sickly plateful of smorgasbord as far as I'm concerned—but now that the Scandinavian connection has been established, the way would now seem clear for the arrival of albums by Wigwam and Pekka Pohjola—so stay tuned for further developments.

Otherwise it's been a dull week—a recent strike at CBS' US pressing plant caused a hold-up on some new arrivals, while the situation has not been helped by the EMI-Virgin frays over trademarks. For yonks now, import shops have been importing US CBS items which bear the Columbia trademark, plus RCA releases sporting the "dog and trumpet" Barraud picture registered here as the trademark of HMV.

But currently EMI are contesting Virgin's right to stock such items and while the legal tussle goes on, many other shops are refraining from stocking most American CBS and RCA releases.

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# Mink In The Pink



24 rattlesnakes died to make this man's jacket possible. Pic: CHRIS WALTER

**MINK DE VILLE**  
Return To Magenta  
(Capitol)

WHEN ONETIME Capitol A&R man Ben Edmonds mated the slick granite-splicing R&B of the then fledgling Mink De Ville — then fresh off the CBGB's midnight shift — with the legendary Jack

Nitzsche for that first album, its many devotees were countered by an albeit smaller Manhattan-based conclave who'd fallen in love with Mink's live true grit but who felt let down by producer Nitzsche's softer, more reflective approach which, in turn, gave full rein to the romantic in Willy De Ville's soul.

All in all, Mink De Ville's "Cabretta" was a fine debut album — and I've nothing to add to those reviews which made it out to be the definitive document as regards New York street music, particularly if you happened to be strolling down the Puerto Rican side of the 'scape.

Indeed, my one main criticism of the first release was the soft, tender trap of

arrangement and production savvy Nitzsche drew around the band came over so all-embracing that, with the exception of "Spanish Stroll's" swagger and the high card rousé-up of "She's So Tough", the Mink's superb, snake-eyed hoodoo roll was never adequately laid down on record. The similarities in tone and texture made it not so much a forcefield of jive boy no-jestering but a good record with its share of high points, principally the truly poignant "Party Girls", a quiet fire of a classic.

So much for chapter one. "Return To Magenta" continues the association with Nitzsche, and I for one reckon Edmonds deserves the big cigar for the vision he claimed when he first paired the two parties together. Here Nitzsche's work is exquisite; he sure knows how to embellish the band, bringing out their strengths and cloaking Willy De Ville's vocals just so. Whereas "Cabretta" was merely good, "Magenta" is great.

This album is totally superior to its predecessor. First time round we were introduced to a tough, professional R&B combo fronted by a singer who could sing the birds right off the trees — not just some slicked-back jiver but the owner of a 24 carat larynx with real fire in his belly and the soul of a tender-hearted romantic totally at odds with the mondo boys and their nihilistic blatherings.

But here the most striking improvement lies in the depth of Nitzsche's widescreen arranging for the band and De Ville's impassioned vocals. "Guardian Angel", the opener, sets the tone — tough but tender — the band walking tall, holding hard to the mood of the song, this itself perfectly complemented by Nitzsche's

icily sweeping strings.

"Soul Twist" is a roller, only this time the sound is all there, tight as clenched fists and bulging veins. "A Train Lady" follows, low sparks from Cuban heels, a lazy, lascivious back-up (check the gorgeous piano) and De Ville at his most seductive.

Nitzsche's contribution is indispensable. His work on Randy Newman and Crazy Horse's "Gone Dead Train" (from the Performance soundtrack) screams at you through "Rocene" — the Mink's tougher than tough testament to ranch. "Desperate Days" ends a near-perfect first side in fine stride as the band play jump-back reggae-enchysio like banditos, howling out rhythm chords with machete-like precision. Willy tackles the fab patois like a native son.

So side one was hot, but side two... all superlatives down the dumper, redundant. Look no further than "Just Your Friend" as Nitzsche pulls out all those "Spanish Harlem" string charts while De Ville stokes the fires with rampant harp. Meanwhile "Steady Driving Man" is that old voodoo you do — along with "Easy Slider" (the lowest point on the map), it denotes De Ville's strong affiliation with that R&B style John Hammond Inc. more or less patented.

But "I Broke That Promise" is the killer, boasting not only Willy's most impassioned vocal to date but also a melody that brings tears to the eyes alongside Nitzsche's massed acoustic guitars. De Ville is simply the best soul singer since Ben E. King.

De Ville has it all right now — a red hot band and the perfect producer. His songwriting's improved, his voice just destroys me and his music has all the grace you could wish for.

Nick Kent

**LAKE**  
Lake II (CBS)

AS IF in a conscious attempt to show that there's more to German music than avant-garde electronic doodling and computerised disco funk, Lake have emerged with a very accomplished, if slightly MOR, mainstream rock album.

Lake are not entirely German. Vocalist and lyric writer is a chap called James Hopkins Harrison, and one of the keyboard players admits to Geoffrey Peacey but, surprisingly, it's not them who have made Lake II so typically un-German. A closer inspection of the credits reveals that the highly German-sounding Detlef Petersen wrote the bulk of the material, as well as producing it, a fact which indicates he must have listened to and absorbed a hell of a lot of Western (English and American) rock.

This also applies to the band, one minute they can chug up a rhythm a la Steely Dan ("Red Lake"), and Alex Conti will whizz out some very Elliot Randall guitar, the next they can have you harking back to the late '60s British groups like Procul Harum and The Hollies. For the most part they fall somewhere between our own late lamented 'O' Band, and prime West Coast exponents Head East; less funk than the former, less flash than the latter.

I could pick on the occasionally weak lyrics, but only because there's not that much wrong with the album as a whole. More suited to current American FM taste, I still think it will fail on a commercial level because Lake are very much an unknown quantity, especially in this country. Furthermore, CBS have put the album in a weedy cover and advertise it with negative spiel ("Don't expect kraut rock").

Expect to see it in the reduced bins about three months from now.

Stephen Gordon

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1-10 JULY: GLASTONBURY FREE FESTIVAL



**THE TWINKLE BROTHERS**  
Love (Front Line)

**THE TRELAWNYITE**  
Twinkles make their Front Line debut with an inauspicious six-track, ten-inch album, their own contribution to the struggle "to help the black brothers and sisters who is at the Front Line, fighting for liberation, down in Anglia, down in Zimbabwe."

In common with the Brothers' two previous LPs—"Rasta Pon Top" and "Do Your Own Thing"—"Love" is a selection of pleasing, easy-on-the-ear music, that provides, with equal facility, necessary pace to which to rock, for those whose preferences incline in that direction.

"Free Africa", which opens the set, is its superior single track, with Norman Grant crooning: "If Africa no free, black man can't free."

The same song is distinguished with a reprise on the closing track, "South Africa", with Sir Lee toasting in his customary bloodthirsty style; his performance falling far short of the DJ's memorable "Whip Them No Skip Them" exultation.

A favourite theme is plied on "Solid As The Rock" (of Gibraltar); not the same song as recorded by The Ethiopians a decade back, but expressing similar sentiment, and another of the better tracks.

In conclusion, a recommended LP, with one reservation: "Free Africa" is also available as a single, and is probably a happier investment.

Penny Reed

## LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

**"Final Exam" (Arista)**  
IN THE SUBURBS OF New York State lives Loudon Wainwright. He's 31 and spends his days at home. Sipping beer. Watching television. Avoiding neighbours. Paddling a canoe in a nearby pond. Sometimes he strums a guitar and sings. With bulging eyes, rolling tongue, wobbling legs. The songs he sings are his own. This is what he says about them: "Mine is just the ordinary 20th century guilt which everybody has: guilt about successes, guilt about my parents and guilt about my children. I'm just being honest."

Honest about an unhappy world. In Wainwright's songs, love never lasts, friends slip away, hope withers. "Final Exam" is then a collection of songs about success and failure. For Americans, the obsession with personal success is central to the squalid vision of the American Dream.

The first two songs explore the obsession. In "Final Exam" (the song) parents invest in children hopes for the future. Exams measure the realisation of those hopes—signatures on scraps of paper spell success or failure. "Mr. Guilty" casts Wainwright in the lead role. A romance is over and the singer seeks comfort in drink. After another failure there's not much to do but drink.

Most of the songs refer to drink, sometimes to dope. Because drink and dope soften defeat. This becomes evident in "Two Song Set" and "Heaven and Mud". In both songs alcohol offers a glimpse of happiness but suspends the means of finding it. Throughout the album, the initial strength of the songs proceeds from the humour, wit, and charm of Wainwright's coy delivery. A strength that's best displayed by live performance.

Malcolm Heyhoe

# Through The Dark, Brightly



The artist as intrepid explorer.

Plt: G. WOOD

## PETER GABRIEL

Peter Gabriel (Charisma)

**JUST** as Peter Gabriel's first solo album succeeded in turning the heads of many who'd dismissed out of hand his work with Genesis, so this new album will increase the man's credibility still further.

Impressive though it was, Gabriel's last album had its shortcomings. Gabriel's pairing with American hard rock producer Bob Ezrin

wasn't as successful as it was adventurous; played back to back with this, the results sound flat and short on studio empathy.

Robert Fripp, present here as producer and guitarist, though visually unrepresented (naturally), is obviously so much more in tune with Gabriel. His understanding of Gabriel's talent is reflected in the treatment of the musician's performance. Like its predecessor, "Peter Gabriel" is not a clean sounding album.

But the sound is bigger, more alive—and often raunchy. That Gabriel should have worked with Springsteen's keyboard player Roy Bittan gives a good indication of what some, at least, of the musicians sound like: "Animal Magic", with its exemplary boogie-flavoured piano work, and "Perspective", teplete with great tenor honking from Tommy Capello, contain a fair dosage of R&B.

Apart from his production, Fripp also distinguishes himself by contributing at least one exceptional guitar solo—on the coda of side one's closing track "White Shadow"—and co-writing the overtly psychedelic "Exposure" with Gabriel. As for Gabriel himself—well, his talent is obviously so much better channelled here. While his debut album succeeded in establishing Peter Gabriel as a solo performer who wrote reasonably short songs, though frequently with keyboard-heavy arrangements in the Genesis tradition, it was often too wacky for its own sake. The ideas were there, but Gabriel didn't always know how to use them.

Here he's less eccentric, the arrangements only occasionally hinting at the grandiose orchestrations that are Genesis's trade mark, and his songs, most of which wouldn't sound structurally out of place in Genesis, are much more expertly constructed. Gabriel's work is now consistently stimulating, challenging and unpredictable, and yet highly accessible. He is able to utilise his considerable musical vocabulary to the full.

Take "D.I.Y.", for instance. It seems along at a furious pace, drummer Jerry Marotta leading with the most potent snare I've heard since an Al Green record, with an

exquisite chord sequence complementing the rhythm. Gabriel's musical intelligence is matched by a lyric in which he sounds genuinely and justifiably angry.

"D.I.Y." is not a paen to Barry Bucknell, but an impassioned plea for self-determination. Gabriel even echoes the "Small Is Beautiful" dictum with the closing couplet: "When things get so big, I don't trust them at all/You want some control—you've got to keep it small."

In contrast, the following "Mother Of Violence", co-written by Gabriel and his wife Jill, is a gentle song with acoustic guitars and piano, the singer using the more mellifluous side of his versatile voice. The music belies the lyric, in which Gabriel documents forebodings about the chain reaction from to violence.

"A Wonderful Way In A One-Way World" (caustic title, that) skilfully incorporates a reggae rhythm and steel guitar, yet musically still makes perfect sense. Lyrically, it's a little difficult to fathom, but there's no doubting Gabriel's intentions as he once again lambasts the consumerism with a typically bizarre tale.

Elsewhere, Gabriel's fertile imagination explores the psyche of a dying man ("Indigo"), narrates the pathetic tale of two youngsters who fall foul of high rise living ("Home Sweet Home"—The Clash never sounded like this) and recovers in some loony who gets his kicks from broadcasting to anyone who'll listen ("On The Air").

Without exception, the songs are refined with a painstaking attention to detail and thrive on distinguished performances from all concerned.

Enough said.

Steve Clarke

# WHICH PRODUCER IS READING SOUND INTERNATIONAL?

Sound International, in case you didn't know, is the new magazine that looks at recording and live sound techniques, instruments, and anything of interest to anyone who's into making, playing and recording music.

We don't fill our pages with record company hype or in depth articles on how fings ain't what they used to be down tin pan alley.

We don't believe in sacred cows and if anyone's mug enough to make fools of themselves we'll tell the world.

In this month's Sound International you'll find an interview with The Attractions, the guys who put the boom and thump behind Elvis Costello, a review of the RMI Keyboard Computer, a feature on

producer Sandy Roberton and of course, articles on guitars, drums, tape machines both amateur and pro, and extensive reports on who's doing what and where.

We'll also be taking a sideways squint at laser graphics and chatting to Randy California

about some of his favourite studio tricks.

At 50p Sound International is hardly a ripoff. Get yourself a copy.

# Sound International

(No prizes for guessing which producer is reading Sound International. However, a year's free subscription will be given to the first reader to guess which mags the other two are reading. Send your answers to Sound International at the address in this month's issue.)



## For Sale: One Used Pyramid

No Offers Under \$2,000,000 Accepted

### THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT Pyramid (Arista)

FIRST EDGAR Allan Poe, then robots, and now pyramids. Whatever will this man Parsons think of next?

It's near impossible to take seriously someone who writes "From the rise and fall of an ancient dynasty, to the quest for a key to unlock the secrets of the universe, this album seeks to amplify the haunting echoes of the past and explore the

unsolved mysteries of the present. Pyramid... the last remaining wonder of the ancient world."

It's even harder to take him seriously when less than half of his lyrics seem to bear any connection, and a pretty tedious one at that, to Pyramids and his claim that he will boldly go where no man has gone before blah, blah.

I don't know much about pyramids other than they were somewhere near the Ancient Egyptian equivalent of snuff rock and that there have been a few feeble theories alleging that they have miraculous mystical qualities. This album has

done nothing to increase my knowledge of pyramids, let alone of the secrets of the universe.

Three of the nine tracks here are instrumentals, so much of their meaning must be in the titles and "Voyager", "In The Lap Of The Gods", and "Hyper-Gamma-Spores" may all sound like very fine titles but they mean little to me and I seriously doubt that they will mean more to anyone else.

Of the songs, "What Goes Up... —Must Come Down, etc." tries, in laughably trite fashion, to express the scepticism of an Ancient Egyptian who finds his mate building pyramids, and "Can't Take It With You" contains several oblique references to the way the Egyptians personified Death as a boatman waiting to row you away (gosh, these guys are so heavy). While "Pyramania" is every bit as onerous as the title would suggest, "The Eagle Will Rise Again" and "One More River" are simply ardent nonsense.

The album inexplicably ends not with some profound and far-reaching statement about pyramids and life in general, but with a song called "Shadow Of A Lonely Man". The man in question seems to have lost something he cared for — what it is, though, he does not say.

The only interpretation I can offer is that he fell in love with a pyramid, but the pyramid left him for another man and he hasn't been the same since. Sad.

It's all as if Parsons felt that this pretentious crap would help the album's sales. It certainly doesn't merit success on the strength of its musical content. The whole record reeks of a stupefying attention to technical perfection, as befits someone who has worked with the Pink Floyd in some supposedly important production capacity (the precise term for which I forget), and a complete disregard of any genuine feeling, spirit, and even of the need for a good tune.

Each track is buried under various combinations of synthesizers, orchestra, brass, and heavenly choirs to produce a vacuous wash of sound. Parsons co-writes all the songs with executive producer Eric Woolfson but only plays on the album as the third of three acoustic guitarists.

The other musicians are all thoroughly competent, thoroughly lacking in individuality, and thoroughly boring — they, robots, in fact. This approach extends even to the choice of singers with colourless and forgettable voices.

Parsons should worry, though — there are plenty of Americans glibble enough to go for the last album in a big way, dumb concept and all, and he didn't even have to bother to take the damn thing on the road, so there seems to be no reason why this shouldn't repeat its predecessor's success.

Give me "Egyptian Reggae" over this any day.

Neil Peters

## T.T. Tune up.

Motor Cycle News gets in tune with the Isle of Man T.T. with a report of the first practice sessions.

Plus an exclusive disclosure that the T.T. course is actually shorter than everyone thought it was—including the officials.

MCN brings you a whole lot of other coverage from the motor cycling scene, too. There's Pat Hennen's T.T. Diary.

Road impressions of the Bimota Suzuki.

Our Mark the Ball Competition—Win a six cylinder Honda CBX 1000.

Looking for a bike? There's over 2,500 for sale in our Classified columns every week.

Report on the 500cc Swedish Moto Cross G.P. and the World Trials Championship in West Germany.

And all the news and results from the Bank Holiday sporting events.

Tune in to a copy at your newsagents today.



### PEZBAND Laughing in the Dark (Radar)

**THE DESCRIPTION.** An American equivalent, I suppose, of 'power pop'. But tougher — deriving from beat rather than the poppier ambience which infuses such as The Pleasers — so perhaps a sort of *beat nouveau*, if you're into labels.

Or, for perspective, the latest entrant to that peripheral tradition which includes the likes of Grin, The Raspberries, The Flamin' Groovies and Jo Jo Gunne. In fact, this album reminds me a lot of Jo Jo Gunne's first. Except this is much better.

**The Evaluation:** Of its kind, very good. The band recaptures most of the qualities of good old British beat — it's catchy, it's powerful, it's all 'very well done' (if only it wasn't such a limited thing to do).

The lyrics, though, are typically disposable (of the "love is such a mystery, it fooled me again" ilk) and the singer doesn't have a sufficiently distinctive voice to capture the ear. But if there's a real flaw here, it's that the sound tends to be too full. Original beat was leaner, sparer, with more spaces. There's a weightiness

to the Pezband which occasionally oppresses the spirit of the music. A possible consequence of the band coming from Chicago — too much beef.

**The Context:** Still, my main reservation about the Pezband, and 'power pop' in general, is to do with the limitations of the music. I'm thoroughly pissed off with the way some sections of the music industry and media are touting 'power pop' as the latest craze, the successor punk, because it's not new and it's certainly not an adequate response to the political and artistic questions raised by punk.

Really, it's a conservative music, retrospective and rooted in nostalgia. To claim it as the next significant phase in rock is to engage in a movement to take the meaning out of music again.

**The conclusion:** The Pezband represent a musical attitude which has always been an essential strand in the development of rock, but it's no longer central or even very interesting, artistically.

Original beat was great because it was new and spontaneous — a genuine innovation. But The Pezband are just recreating memories.

Graham Lock



**WARNING — THIS RECORD COULD BE OFFENSIVE TO DEAD PEOPLE**  
WANTED RECORDS, CULT 45-101 (Thru Selecta)

# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

## Thursday

**AYLESBURY** King Head: IAN MCINTOSH  
**BATHGATE** Queen's Hotel: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**BIRKENHEAD** Mr Digby's: THE BOYFRIENDS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Hippodrome: HARRY CHAPIN  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: MAGNUM  
**BIRMINGHAM** Town Hall: BONNIE TYLER  
**BLUTH** Golden Eagle: THE SQUAD  
**BRADFORD** Royal Standard: OVERLORD  
**BRIGHTON** The Richmond: AIRCRAFT  
**BRIGHTON** Grand: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**BRISTOL** Stonehouse Club: LANDSCAPE  
**BURLEY** White Buck Inn: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
**BUXTON** Town Hall: CYANIDE  
**CANTERBURY** Odeon: LINDISFARNE  
**CANTHAM** Tam O'Shanter: CHEAP FLIGHTS  
**CHELTENHAM** Pavilion Club: TONIGHT  
**CHELTENHAM** Youth Centre: TONIGHT  
**CLEETHORPES** Winter Gardens: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN  
**COLWYN** Bay Discoland Showbar: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE  
**CROYDON** Fairfield Hall: MADDY PRIOR BAND  
**DAGENHAM** Sharkbite Youth Centre: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS  
**DERBY** Bailey's: STRANGE DAYS (for three days)  
**DONCASTER** Outlook Club: THE ONLY ONES  
**DUNSTABLE** Quakerway Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**EBBW VALE** Leisure Centre: JASPER CARROTT  
**EDINBURGH** Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOC KHEADS  
**GATESHEAD** Woody Nook Club: BEANO  
**GLASGOW** Tiffany's: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**GOSPORT** H.M.S. Sultan: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND  
**HANLEY** Gaiety Bar: BULLET  
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nag's Head: THE BRAVES  
**IPSWICH** Gaumont Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS  
**LANCASTER** No. 12 Club: THE CRABS  
**LEEDS** F Club: THE STUKAS  
**LEEDS** Florde Green Hotel: DAWNWEAVER  
**LEEDS** Gaiety Bar: MUSCLES  
**LEEDS** Viva Wine Bar: THE VYE  
**LEICESTER** Freshwater: PRESSURE SHOCKS  
**LONDON** BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JOHN DOWIE/VICTORIA WOOD (for three days)  
**LONDON** BELLINGHAM Savon Tavern: TRAPEZE  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BANNED  
**LONDON** COVENT Garden Rock Garden: PENETRATION/MAGNETS  
**LONDON** DEPTFORD Albany Empire: PSALMS/PATRIK FITZGERALD/MENACE/THE MAGNETS  
**LONDON** HACKNEY Midletown Arms: THE CRUISEERS  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK SABBATH  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SPITTER  
**LONDON** HIGHBURY North Polytechnic: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH  
**LONDON** KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS  
**LONDON** KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET/STREET BAND  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS  
**LONDON** Mautherries: DANA GILLESPIE  
**LONDON** NEW BARNET Rd. of Lancaster: BLUNT INSTRUMENT  
**LONDON** OLD KENT Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: APOSTROPHE  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON Western Counties: EISEBERG  
**LONDON** SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: OVERSEAS  
**LONDON** SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: YAKKEY YAK/THE TRAUMATICS  
**LONDON** STONE NEWINGTON Tapsco: O.K. LONDON Tooting The Castle: THE CRACK  
**LONDON** W.14 The Kensington: JAB-JAB  
**MANCHESTER** Deane's British Legion: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
**MANCHESTER** Salfordbridge Commercial Hotel: ANY TROUBLE  
**MELTON** NOWBAR Painted Lady: SHADES OF LOVE (for three days)  
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Town Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT  
**NEWCASTLE** Hawthorn Inn: AVALON  
**NEWCASTLE** Newton Park Hotel: OASIS  
**NORWICH** Cromwell: THE CHILLIES  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: PELICAN  
**NOTTINGHAM** Palais: HEATWAVE  
**NOTTINGHAM** Tiffany's: SHAM 69  
**POLESWORTH** Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: SEAN CANNON  
**RETFORD** Portershouse: SASSAFRAS  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: JOHNNY MOPEO  
**SOUTHSEA** Centre Hotel: JOE PASS  
**SUTTON** COLDFIELD The Dog: SOLID SWANSEA  
**SWANSEA** Cycles Club: ROY HILL BAND  
**SWANSEA** Nuts Club: SUZI QUATRO  
**TYNEMOUTH** Percy Arms: STEVE BROWN BAND  
**WELLINGBOROUGH** Social Club: MATCHBOX  
**WHITLESSEA** Black Bull: THE NEXT BAND  
**WIGAN** Casino: THE PIRATES  
**WORTHING** Balmoral Bar: SHORT STORIES

## Friday

**ABERCYNYON** Thorn Hotel: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND  
**BATH** Brilling Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE  
**BEDFORD** College: GARBO'S CELLULOID  
**HEROES**  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: THE STUKAS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: SPIRE  
**BLACKBURN** Dirty Ducks: CYANIDE  
**BOSTON** Fold Hall Farm: BEANO  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Town Hall: OTIS WAYGOD  
**BRADEBONTH** THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS  
**BRADFORD** Star Hotel: BOB PEGG  
**BRENTWOOD** Hermit Club: APOSTROPHE  
**BRIGHTON** Dome: MADDY PRIOR BAND  
**BRIGHTON** Top Rank: MUD  
**CAMBRIDGE** Corn Exchange: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN  
**CHILFORD** Club: ROL-UPS  
**CHELTENHAM** Ew's: THE MOVIES  
**CHELTENHAM** Town Hall: STEEL PULSE  
**CORBY** Festival Hall: JASPER CARROTT  
**COVENTRY** Ryton Bridge: RENO  
**COVENTRY** Theatre: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**CROMER** West Runton Pavilion: LINDISFARNE

**ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA**, whose leader Jeff Lynne is pictured right, play the first of their sell-out string of Wembley Pool shows on Friday — plus their only provincial concert, in Stafford, on Tuesday. Rest of their Wembley gigs follow a week later... **WILD WILLY BARRETT** (left) teams with **JOHN OTWAY** again for a new British tour starting at Middlesbrough (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Reading (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).



**DUDLEY** J.B.'s Club: THE SMIRKS  
**DUNDEE** Technical College: THE VALVES  
**DUNFERMLINE** Kinema: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**EDINBURGH** Chords: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**EXETER** St. Luke's: SUZI QUATRO  
**FARNWORTH** Veterans Club: DANNY WILD & THE WHDCATS  
**GLASGOW** Apollo Centre: IAN DURY & THE BLOC KHEADS  
**HESLE** Ferryboat Inn: R.B.O.  
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Town Hall: PENETRATION/THE VICE CREAMS/THE VENTCATS/THE YONKERS  
**Huddersfield** Friendly & Trades Club: MYSTERY TRAIN  
**KINGSTON** Kaleidoscope: HERE AND NOW  
**KIRBY** The Kirby Suite: STRETCH  
**KNARFSBOROUGH** Fox Club: BULLY WEE  
**LEEDS** Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND  
**LEEDS** University: RED EYE  
**LEEDS** Viva Wine Bar: JAILER  
**LEICESTER** De Montfort Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT  
**LINCOLN** A.J.'s Club: THE NEXT BAND  
**LINCOLN** Turks Head: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER  
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's: SHAM 69  
**LLANDRINDOD** Wells Grand Pavilion: LIFE  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dingwalls: FRANKENSTEIN/FRENZEE  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND  
**LONDON** CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROL-UPS  
**LONDON** CITY University: MARTIN CARTHY  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICKEY JONES BAND/ANGEL VISITS  
**LONDON** DALSTON Cables: VARIOUSE VEINS  
**LONDON** KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET/STREET BAND  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: TRAPEZE  
**LONDON** N.J.S. Club: WY INCLUSIVE  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS  
**LONDON** PLUMSTEAD Green Man: GYPP  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Hall Moon: MR. SMITH  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT  
**LONDON** ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute: DOLL BY DOLL  
**LONDON** SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: THE REAL THING  
**LONDON** STONE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JAB-JAB  
**LONDON** TWICKENHAM Maria Grey College: AFTER THE FIRE  
**LONDON** WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA  
**MAVERIN** Pump Room: THE TIGHTS  
**MANCHESTER** Raders: BIG IN JAPAN  
**MANCHESTER** Salfordbridge Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE  
**MARGATE** Dreamland: JOHNNY MOPEO  
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS  
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Town Hall: ELKIE BROOKS  
**MILFORD** HAVEN Centre: TONIGHT  
**MENCHENHAMPTON** The New Lodge: N.W. 10  
**NEWCASTLE** Bridge Hotel: THE SQUAD  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: DARTS  
**NEWCASTLE** Forest Hall Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
**NEWCASTLE** Mayfair: SONJA KRISTINA BAND  
**NEW MILLS** Bees Knees: BULLET

**NEWPORT** Stunaway Club: THE PIRATES  
**NORTHOP** Red Lion: JOHNNY COPPIN  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: THE ACCELERATORS  
**NUETON** Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**OXFORD** New Theatre: BLACK SABBATH  
**PETERBOROUGH** Youth Centre: THE DOLE  
**REIMTICH** Valley Rock Club: QUARTZ  
**RETFORD** Portershouse: THE ONLY ONES  
**SHEFFIELD** City Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: DOUBLE LIFE  
**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank: XTC  
**SOUTHAMPTON** The Onyx: PIARMIGAN  
**SOUTHERN** Top Alex: IDIOT-KILLER  
**ST. ALBANS** Horn of Plenty: ROGER THE CAT  
**STOKES** North Staffs Polytechnic: GRUPPO  
**SPORTING**  
**SUNDERLAND** Mecca Centre: CHEAP FLIGHTS  
**TIPTON** Brewer & Baker: BLACK COUNTRYMEN  
**WEYBRIDGE** National College of Food: TRASH ADVERTISING  
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Lafayette: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**YORK** Barge Club: THE BLADES/THE HIPNOTICS/THE PASSENGERS

## Saturday

**ASHFORD** Stour Centre: MUD  
**AYLESBURY** Friars: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES - RADIO BIRDMAN  
**BANBURY** Blues Club: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: THE BISHOPS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Bogans: TANTRUM  
**BIRMINGHAM** Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MARTIN CARTHY  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**BIRMINGHAM** Sherwood Rooms: RENO  
**BISHOPS** STORTFORD The Maltings: GYPP  
**BLACKBURN** Dirty Ducks: THE CRABS  
**CAMBRIDGE** Burleigh Arms: HAZARD  
**CROMER** West Runton Pavilion: HEATWAVE  
**DERBY** Alfreton Summerhouse: HOUNDG  
**DERBY** Assembly Rooms: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**DORNING** Halls: BARBARA DICKSON  
**DUNSTABLE** Chiltern: GYPP  
**DUNSTABLE** California Ballroom: BLACK SLATE  
**DUDLEY** J.B.'s Club: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**EGHAM** Youth Centre: TRASH  
**FAIRHAM** Roundabout: DESHOND DEKKER  
**ISHGLARD** Fincham's Hotel: TONIGHT  
**FOLKESTONE** 14th Cliff Hall: SUZI QUATRO  
**GOOLE** Station Hotel: ETHEL THE FROG

**GRANTHAM** Kesteven College: DAWNWEAVER  
**HENSFORD** Angley Hotel: SOLID  
**KINGHORN** Currie Neuk: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**LEAMINGTON** SPA The Ivy: THE GRAFFITI SHOW  
**LEEDS** Royal Park Hotel: PRIACHURS DREAM  
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's: XTC  
**LONDON** BRITTON George Canning: FIRST AID  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Beckenack: SUCKER  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ  
**LENNIS** SHOES  
**LONDON** CHARLTON College: TRIBESMAN  
**LONDON** CHELSEA The Wheatshock: OVERSEAS  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICKEY JONES BAND  
**LONDON** MARLBOROUGH New Remy Theatre: SHAM 69  
**LONDON** ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JAB-JAB  
**LONDON** MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: APOSTROPHE  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON O Club: MUSCLES  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Star & Garter: KEVIN DEMPSEY BAND  
**MANCHESTER** Raders: THE MOVIES  
**MANCHESTER** Russell's Club: THE CHILLIES  
**MILTON** KYNES Navigation Inn: LEFT HAND DRIVE  
**NEWCASTLE** Bridge Hotel: MARSHALL HALL EXPERIENCE  
**NEW MILLS** Bees Knees: THE INN THING  
**NORWICH** St. Andrew's Hall: FIVE HAND REEL  
**NOTTINGHAM** Oddfellows: PRESSURE SHOCKS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: STRIFT  
**OLDHAM** Boundaries Hall: MISTRESS  
**OXFORD** Corn Dolly: CHEAP FLIGHTS  
**PETERBOROUGH** Bull & Dolphin: THE NEXT BAND  
**PONTARDAWE** Dyson Arms: THE STATE  
**POSTERIDGE** Glynneth Club: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND  
**PRESTON** Piccadilly Club: CYANIDE  
**READING** Butcher's College: SCRATCH  
**READING** Hexagon Theatre: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**REDCAR** Cuthbert Road: LINDISFARNE  
**REDDITCH** Tracey's: JUDGE DREAD  
**ROSFORD** Abernathy Club: HERE AND NOW  
**ALTERNATIVE** TV  
**ROTHLEY** Pippin Inn: THE CRUISEERS  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: WARREN HARRY  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont Theatre: BLACK SABBATH  
**STEVENAGE** Locarno: PIN-UPS  
**STONE** Etruria Road & Crown: ANY TROUBLE  
**STOURPORT** Boat Club: JOHNNY COPPIN  
**STRAFFORD-ON-AVON** Green Dragon: VIDEO  
**SUTTON-IN-ASHFELD** Golden Diamond: MATCHBOX  
**WAKEFIELD** Newton House: ARC RUFFE  
**WATFORD** Carey Place: DESPERATE STRAITS  
**WATFORD** Red Lion: TOO MUCH  
**WATFORD** Wall Hall College: WHITTAKER'S PATENT REMEDY  
**WIGAN** Casino: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE  
**WILSHAW** Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

## Sunday

**ASHINGTON** Central Club: THE SQUAD  
**ASHINGTON** Regency Cinema: THE PLEASERS  
**BASILTON** Double Six: GYPP  
**BCESTER** White Lion: JOHNNY COPPIN  
**BIRMINGHAM** Fighting Cocks: THE GRAFFITI SHOW  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: JETHRO TULL  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: VIDEO  
**BRADFORD** Pincelock Club (lunchtime): AL WOOD-LEY JETS  
**BRADFORD** Royal Standard: THE CRABS  
**BRADFORD** St. George's Hall: MADDY PRIOR  
**BURTON** Locomo: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**CAMBRIDGE** The Alma: RUBY JOE  
**CANTERBURY** Kent University: open air: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV  
**CANTERBURY** Keynes College: TENNIS SHOES  
**CHARLISLE** Border Tenier: CYANIDE  
**CHELTENHAM** Plough Inn: PHIL BEER  
**CROYDON** Fairfield Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**CROYDON** Greyhound: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES - RADIO BIRDMAN  
**DOUGLAS** I.O.M. Villa Marina: DARTS  
**GLASGOW** Apollo Centre: THE BUZZCOCKS  
**GLASGOW** Theatre Royal: ELKIE BROOKS  
**GRAVESEND** Prince of Wales: APOSTROPHE  
**HOLKHAM** The Queens Theatre: NEW SHILLONAIRES ORCHESTRA  
**Huddersfield** West Riding Hotel (lunchtime): THE VYE  
**KIRKCALDY** Station Hotel: THE EXILE  
**LEEDS** Florde Green Hotel: TRAPEZE  
**LEEDS** Grand Theatre: SHOWADY WADDY  
**LEEDS** Staging Post: RED EYE  
**LIVERPOOL** Allamon's: LINDA QUINCY (for a week)  
**LIVERPOOL** Mathew St. Festival: THE GERMS  
**LONDON** BATTERSEA Nag's Head: JUQUILAR VEIN  
**LONDON** CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: THIRD EAR BAND  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DEBIE TORME/MONOCROME SET  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT  
**LONDON** FINCHLEY Tonnage: CHEAP FLIGHTS  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JAB-JAB  
**LONDON** ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE INNATES  
**LONDON** KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY  
**LONDON** LEYTON Lion & Key: THE CRUISEERS  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: VAN DER GRAAF  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON O Club: MUSCLES  
**LONDON** PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON  
**LONDON** STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE PIRATES  
**LONDON** W.C.1 Pinder of Wakefield: SWIFT  
**LONDON** WEMBLEY Hippodrome: MATCHBOX  
**MACCLESFIELD** Beech Head: BULLET  
**MANCHESTER** ARDWICK Apollo: MEAT LOAF  
**MANCHESTER** MAYFLOWER Club: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**NELSON** Folk Club: MATHEWS BROTHERS  
**NEWBRIDGE** Monks Head Inn: ROY HILL BAND  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOC KHEADS  
**NEW MILLS** Bees Knees: THE INN THING  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Oddfellows: PRESSURE SHOCKS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Playhouse Theatre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**OLDHAM** Boundaries Hall: THE ACCELERATORS  
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: AMITY/HARRY ODGEN  
**READING** TWYFORD The Avon: DOUBT/EXPOSURE  
**REDDILL** Lakes Hotel: HOT POINTS

CONTINUES OVER...

# GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank. TONY MCPHEE & TERRAPLANE  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont Theatre: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**USK** Stardust Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)  
**WATFORD** Bailey's MUD (for a week)  
**WHITLEY BAY** Rex Hotel: TRIBESMEN

## Monday

**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: BLACK SABBATH  
**BLACKBURN** Cavendish Club: THE CHILITES  
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: FRUIT EATING BEARS  
**BRIGHTON** Conference Centre: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**BRIGHTON** Sussex University: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV  
**BRISTOL** Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
**CARDIFF** New Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for a week)  
**CHELTENHAM** Plough Inn: THE INDEX  
**CHESTER** Quinways: JOHNNY HOPE  
**CHESTERFIELD** Adam & Eve: CYANIDE  
**CONSETT** Grove & Mountside Club: BEANO  
**DEWBURY** Pickwick Club: THE CRABS  
**EDINBURGH** Odeon: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**EDINBURGH** Tiffany's: THE ONLY ONES  
**GUILDFORD** King Alfred College: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**HARTLEPOOL** Carlton Club: TRIBESMAN  
**ILFORD** Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS  
**LEEDS** Yeoman Penstock Hotel: JAILER  
**LIVERPOOL** De Montfort Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: STEPPIN' OUT/THE CADETSTREET CHORUS  
**LONDON** Camden Music Machine: OVERSEAS  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: APOS: TROPHEE  
**LONDON** Elmsington Hope & Anchor: SUCKER  
**LONDON** Leytonstone Lion & Key: TOO MUCH  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: VAD DER GRAAF  
**LONDON** Putney Hall Moon: DAVE COUSINS  
**LONDON** Putney Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL  
**LONDON** Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS (for two weeks)  
**LONDON** Streatham Cabbleshed: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND  
**LONDON** Walthamstow Savoy Tavern: KIBERO  
**LONDON** West Hampstead Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/BLUNT INSTRUMENT  
**LONDON** Woolwich Tramshed: EARTH TRANSIT  
**MAVERIN** Winter Gardens: THE TIGHTS  
**MANCHESTER** Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: LINDISFAIRNE  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopeage: THE YOUNG BUCKS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: KARL & THE HEIDELBERGERS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: GWAMIR  
**SHEFFIELD** City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT  
**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank: MADDY PRIOR BAND  
**SOUTHEAST** New's: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS  
**STOKE** Jollies: M71 QUATRO  
**SUNDERLAND** Empire Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS  
**WINCHESTER** King Alfred College: JOE STEAD  
**WORTHING** Pavilion: BARBARA DIXON FAIR TRADE

## Tuesday

**AYLESBURY** The Bell: N.W.10  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RENO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Fighting Cocks: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: BLACK SABBATH  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: BULLETS  
**BOLTON** Tonge Ward Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
**BRADFORD** Alhambra Theatre: EKLIE BROOKS  
**BRIGHTON** Dome: THE REAL THING/LOVE AFFAIR  
**BRIGHTON** The Richmond: THE HEROES/NO EXIT  
**BRISTOL** Locarno: SUZI QUATRO  
**CARDIFF** Top Rank: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES  
**RADIO** BIRDMAN  
**CANTERBURY** Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS  
**EDINBURGH** Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS  
**GATESHEAD** Stirling House: THE SQUAD  
**GLASGOW** City Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY  
**GLASGOW** Strathclyde University: THE ONLY ONES  
**HANLEY** Victoria Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS  
**KEIGHLEY** Nicklers Club: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**LIVERPOOL** Havana Club: THE GERMS  
**LONDON** Camden Brecknock: ICEBERG  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY TV  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: TRANS-AM-GENERATOR  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MEAT LOAF  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS  
**LONDON** NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BLEAK HOUSE  
**LONDON** N16 Middleton Arms: FIRST AID  
**LONDON** Royal Albert Hall: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**LONDON** West Hampstead Railway Hotel: LIGHTNING RAIDERS/THE MONOCHROME SET  
**LONDON** WOOLWICH Tramshed: SUCKER  
**MIDDESBURGH** Town Hall: FIVE HAND REEL  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: LINDISFAIRNE  
**NEWCASTLE** Gosforth Hotel: BARLEY  
**PERZANCE** The Garden: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**PORTSMOUTH** Guildhall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**PRESTON** Guildhall: DARTS  
**SHEFFIELD** Romeo & Juliet: THE CHILITES  
**SHEFFIELD** Blue Gates: KILLER  
**SOUTHEND** Zevo Six: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV  
**STAFFORD** New Bingley Hall: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA  
**SWINDON** Trump Rooms: STADIUM DOGS  
**WHITLEY BAY** Rex Lion: ACHILLES HILL

## Wednesday

**AYLESBURY** Civic Centre: JASPER CARROTT  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbican's: VIDEO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Beguins: CRYER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME  
**BIRMINGHAM** Hall Green: The Sherwood CARTOONS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Yordley Bulls Head: ROSES  
**BRADFORD** St. George's: BLACK SABBATH  
**BRIGHTON** Top Rank: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES  
**RADIO** BIRDMAN  
**CARDIFF** Royal Infirmary: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER  
**CARDIFF** Top Rank: STEEL PULSE  
**CARDIFF** Scamp: BULLET



DAVID GATES (above) and Bread return to Britain for the first time since they re-formed last year. Their eagerly-awaited concerts open in Birmingham (Friday and Saturday), followed by Southampton (Sunday), Brighton (Monday) and London Albert Hall (Tuesday and Wednesday).



MEAT LOAF (above) headlines his first British concerts this week. Together with his band, he's at Manchester (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Tuesday).

GERRY RAFFERTY (below) is on the road for the first time since leaving Statlers Wheel. You can catch him at Dunstable (Thursday), Coventry (Friday), Derby (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Glasgow (Tuesday).



**CHELTENHAM** Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN  
**CUMBERNAULT** The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**GATESHEAD** Stirling House: DEEP FREEZE  
**GLASGOW** Cindies: THE LUKERS  
**HEREFORD** The Tavern: THE TIGHTS  
**HULL** City Hall: DARTS  
**HULL** New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS  
**ILKLEY** College: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND  
**LEEDS** Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER  
**LEEDS** University: THE STRANGLERS/MAGAZINE  
**LONDON** Brixton Telegraph: DOLL BY DOLL  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: SPITERI  
**LONDON** Camden Dublin Castle: O.K.  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HEAD-WAITER  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ROLL-UPS  
**LONDON** HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS  
**LONDON** PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE  
**LONDON** Royal Albert Hall: DAVID GATES & BREAD  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: STADIUM DOGS  
**LONDON** W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: EARTH TRANSIT  
**LONDON** WIMBLEDON P.C. Nelson's Club: BASIL'S BALLS-UP BAND  
**MANSFIELD** Great Northern Hotel: CYANIDE  
**NEWCASTLE** Gosforth Hotel: AVALON  
**NEWCASTLE** Newton Park Hotel: SCORCHERS  
**NEWPORT** Swanway Club: THE SOFT BOYS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpaper: THE ONLY ONES  
**PLYMOUTH** Fiesta Suite: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT  
**POOLE** Arts Centre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
**PORTSMOUTH** Nilton Arms: PTARMIGAN  
**READING** University: THE BOYFRIENDS  
**SHEFFIELD** City Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: JOHNNY COUGAR  
**SHEFFIELD** Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND  
**SOUTHAMPTON** University: HERE AND NOW  
**ALTERNATIVE** TV  
**SOUTH** WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS  
**STOKE** The Inners: THE ACCELERATORS  
**SUNDERLAND** Butts Tavern: THE SQUAD  
**WALSALL** Butts Tavern: THE GRAFFITI SHOW  
**WHITLEY BAY** Jonah's: STEVE BROWN BAND

## TEST MATCH SENSATION

ENGLAND TEST SELECTORS TURN TO BRIAN B...

**The Pegasus**

|                 |                            |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| THURS: June 1st | FREE                       |
| FRI 2nd         | VIPERS 50p                 |
| SAT: 2nd 8.30   | LEE KOSMIN LOOSE SHOES 50p |
| SUN: 4th        | BVO CHIEF 50p              |
| MON: 5th        | DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH 50p   |
| TUES: 6th       | WARREN HARRY 50p           |
| WED: 7th        | PERKE ORANGE 50p           |
|                 | MONOCHROME SET 50p         |
|                 | BLUE SCREAMING 50p         |
|                 | STADIUM DOGS 50p           |

*Will Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves be allowed to play the Pirates gig at The Lyceum on Sunday June 4?????*

Demand the truth from 01-262 7253.

**QUEENS THEATRE**  
Hornchurch 43333  
(District Line)

### THE WHO'S "TOMMY"

Smash Hit Production With  
Dene Gillespie,  
Alan Love, Paul de Vinci,  
Richard Barnes

"This production is proof that the rock musical has reached its maturity at last"

Run extended 13th to 30th June

**SNOOPY'S**  
THE GREYHOUND  
High Road, Chadwell Heath

**LIVE BANDS EVERY MONDAY**

June 5th  
**DARK STAR**  
June 12th  
**HERITAGE**  
June 19th  
**THE VIPERS**  
June 26th  
**WARREN HARRY**

Group talent contest  
Every Wednesday  
£500 in prizes

**MONDAY, 5th JUNE**  
6 pm at CAXTON HALL  
(Near St James' Park)



**HER HOLINESS**  
**MATAJI NIRMALA DEVI**  
will grant on-masse  
**SELF-REALISATION**  
No money will be taken  
Enquiries: 01-346 2798



### SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday May 31st  
**GAFFA**  
Thursday June 1st  
**ANGELO PALADINO**  
Friday June 2nd  
**CAPTAIN COMEDOWN**  
Saturday June 3rd  
**STRAIGHT 8**  
Monday June 5th  
To Be Confirmed  
Tuesday June 6th  
**GORDON HUNT & FRIENDS**  
Wednesday June 7th  
**LIPS**  
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1  
Reservations 01-580 8810

-TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING-  
Benefit for Bob's alimony  
Starring  
At FULHAM TOWN HALL  
**SUBWAY SECT**  
**BLACK ARABS**  
+ reds  
Thurs. 8th June. 7.30-11.30. £1

**A Riff Raff Party**  
(New jeans for their landlady)

**Riff Raff**  
Wednesday  
May 31st  
**THE PEGASUS**  
Green Lanes,  
Stoke Newington, N16  
Here I want to be a musician  
(Chiswick SW34)  
Put a smile on your 'ooter

**VEHICLE MUSIC**

**ROGER THE CAT**  
Friday, June 2nd  
**HORN O' PLENTY, ST ALBANS**  
Saturday, June 3rd  
**WESTERN COUNTIES PADDINGTON**  
Friday, June 8th  
**N.E. LONDON POLY LIVINGSTONE HSE., E.15**  
Saturday, June 10th  
**HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHAHL**  
Gilmer Promotions  
01-204 9976

Alex Leslie Ent. Ltd proudly presents  
**THE ONLY UK DATE**  
**BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS**  
NEW BINGLEY HALL, STAFFORD  
THURSDAY 22nd JUNE 1978 at 8.00pm.  
TICKETS £4.00 from the box office, New Bingley Hall  
County Showground  
Mike Lloyd Music Shops  
Stafford 0782 658105  
23 High St. Newcastle Under Lyme 0782 610940  
5 Lamb St. Hanley 0782 24641  
109 High St. Tunstall 0782 84660  
40 Mill St. Stafford 0785 48240  
8 Piccadilly Arcade New St.  
Birmingham 021 643 2196  
17 Lichfield St. Wolverhampton 0902 772370  
8 St. James Sq. Manchester 061 834 8019  
8-9 Sadler Gate, Derby 0332 42715  
96 Shafesbury Avenue W.1. 01-439 3371  
or by postal application from  
Mike Lloyd Music  
23 High St. Newcastle Under Lyme 0782 610940

**BRIAN B, THAT WELL KNOWN EXPONENT, HAS BEEN ASKED BY THE ENGLAND SELECTORS TO OPEN THE BATTING WITH BRIAN COLLINS, THE FAMOUS ALL ROUNDER FROM WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT POST OFFICE, IN THE FIRST TEST AGAINST PAKISTAN AT EDGBASTON. BAD LUCK BREARLEY & BOYCOTT.**

# marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm  
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

|                                                                                                      |                                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Thurs. 1st June (Adm 20p)<br><b>THE AUTOMATICS</b><br>Plus support & Ian Fleming                     | Wed. 7th June (Adm 75p)<br><b>TRAPEZE</b><br>Plus support & Jerry Reid           |
| Fri 2nd June (Adm 75p)<br>We Welcome from Holland...<br><b>GRUPPO SPORTIVO</b><br>Next & Ian Fleming | Thurs. 8th June (Adm 75p)<br><b>THE AUTOMATICS</b><br>Plus support & Ian Fleming |
| Sat. 3rd June (Adm 75p)<br><b>SORE THROAT</b><br>Plus support & Ian Fleming                          | Fri. 9th June (Adm £1)<br><b>THE REZILLOS</b><br>Plus support & Ian Fleming      |
| Sun 4th & Mon 5th<br>SEE PANEL BELOW                                                                 |                                                                                  |
| Tues 6th June (Adm £1.25)<br>Mirage Special Concert<br><b>RACING CARS</b><br>Plus support & Joe Long | Sat. 10th June (Adm 75p)<br><b>THE SMIRKS</b><br>Plus support & Ian Fleming      |

Sunday 4th & Monday 5th June  
The Welcome Return of:  
**VAN DER GRAAF**  
Plus guests & D.J's  
Advance tickets to members £1.40  
Non-members at the door £1.50

Mon. 12th Tues 13th & Wed 14th June  
Marquee Special Concerts with:  
**IAN GILLAN BAND**  
Killer & Jerry Reid  
Advance tickets to members £1.50  
Non-members at the door £1.25

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

## READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

# FLAMIN' GROOVIES

**THE BOYFRIENDS**  
**GOOD RATS**

**ROUNDHOUSE**  
(Chalk Farm, N.W.1)  
**SUNDAY 11th JUNE at 5.30**

ADMISSION £2.00 (LINE) NATIONAL MUSIC BOX OFFICE TEL. 767 2564 04 (0) 0004 (TELEVISION)  
BOOKINGS: SHERBOURNE AVE. W.1 TEL. 472 2111 09/10/0000

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

# at the Lyceum

**THE PIRATES**  
+ New Hearts  
Sunday 4th June

**STEVE GIBBONS BAND**  
Johnny Cougar + The Dodgers  
Sunday 11th June

**THE JAM**  
+ SUPPORT  
Sunday 18th June  
Tickets £2.25 in advance — £2.50 on the door  
Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1 01-629 3453 and all usual agents.

AT THE MAXWELL HALL

# FRIARS AYLESBURY

Saturday, June 3rd at 7.30 pm  
THE FRIARS AYLESBURY 9th Birthday Party  
with, from the U.S.A. THE

# FLAMIN' GROOVIES

+ RADIO BIRDMAN  
+ LIVE TV. WORLD CUP FOOTIE

AC Sound + Vision  
Tickets: 105p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Halport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Naval Hornstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi Vi Buckingham, or 105p at door on night. Life membership 25p  
BRACES PHYSICAL PHASPODZER HOLDING COMPANY

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

# MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

|                                                                              |                                                                                                                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Wednesday May 31<br><b>TRAPEZE</b><br>+ EXPO                                 | Monday June 5th<br><b>PRESSURE SHOCKS</b><br>+ THE OVERSEAS<br>Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm |
| Thursday June 1st<br><b>NEWS</b><br>+ LIONHEART                              | Tuesday June 6th<br><b>THE TOURISTS</b><br>+ INTERVIEW<br>Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm      |
| Friday June 2nd<br><b>STRIFE</b><br>+ THE DRILL                              | Wednesday June 7th<br>Direct from Jamaica<br><b>IN CROWD</b><br>+ T.C.O.J.                                            |
| Saturday June 3rd<br><b>SUPERCHARGE</b><br>+ FAMOUS PLAYERS                  | Thursday June 8th<br><b>SONJA KRISTINA'S</b> (Ex Curved Air) <b>ESCAPE</b><br>+ ORUID                                 |
| Monday June 12th<br><b>IGGY POP</b><br>Advance tickets £2.25 from Box Office | Tuesday June 13th<br><b>ROBERT GORDON &amp; LINK WRAY</b><br>Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office                    |

Thursday June 15th **SAILOR** Pay at door £1.50

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING  
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

Friday June 2nd Free  
**STADIUM DOGS**

Saturday June 3rd 80p  
**WHITE CATS**

Sunday June 4th Free  
**JAB JAB**

Monday June 5th Free  
**★ ROLLS UPS ★**

Thursday June 8th Free  
**THE BUSINESS**

HAMMERSMITH ROAD W.6

# THE NASH VILLE ROOM

FRUITS & TRADITIONAL DANCES

|                                                                     |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Friday June 2nd<br><b>MEAL TICKET</b><br>+ STREETBAND               | £1.00 |
| Saturday June 3rd<br><b>LITTLE ACRE</b><br>+ WAILING COCKS          | £1.00 |
| Sunday June 4th<br><b>LITTLE BOB STORY</b><br>+ Support             | £1.00 |
| Monday June 5th<br><b>THE BRAKES + STARJETS</b>                     | 60p   |
| Tuesday June 6th<br><b>TONIGHT</b><br>+ Support                     | 75p   |
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# ON THE TOWN

## ENIGMA CITY

### SMIRK

#### Styx

**SHEFFIELD TOP RANK**  
STYX, AS you'll doubtless be aware if you're familiar with the curious musical predilections of our American cousins, are a disgustingly successful five-piece band of little significance in any field save economics.

Their success isn't too surprising — as they're all too eager to point out, the "largest" acts in the States are, besides the Frampton/F Mac easy-listening acts, bands like Kiss/Zep and Yes/Queen.

So, find a point somewhere equidistant between the fast raw areas, and there shall ye find Styx, purveying pomp-rock purgatory with all the sensitivity of a Sun TV commercial.

But as yet, no market penetration here, a situation their first British tour is presumably intended to remedy.

Certainly, they're sparing little expense in the attempt — there's not one, but two huge lighting gantries, and a large P.A. enabling volume to coexist with clarity, and I'm informed they've had to cut several curtains and suchlike from their act for reasons of size.

"The Grand Illusion" sets the general tone of things, (besides being an ironically opposite definition of their musical position), guitarist James Young flourishing his plectrum like an epee and adopting an extremely "superior" pose, which means, in practical terms, that he looks a right prat.

Keyboard player and big cheese Dennis De Young starts the song out front before retreating behind a range of hardware it wouldn't surprise me to learn was the envy of IBM.

The next song is remarkably similar, except that guitarist Tommy Shaw (who bears an uncanny resemblance to Coronation Street's Gail Potter) plays slide guitar, throwing his bottleneck to the audience when it's finished.

"Mademoiselle" — a single I believe — starts with unison guitar lines, ploughs an already-quiet-familiar furrow, and ends with stereo crossover guitars zooming back and forth between the speaker stacks.

I notice that John Panozzo's drums all have heraldic crests on them, and are liberally draped with decorative braid. This, I think, infers that Styx are a classy band.

"Fooling Yourself" — a song informing angry young men of their insincerity (which is not unlike the pot calling the kettle black) — has a pompous intro totally divorced from the song proper, and features a synthesiser tone straight out of ELP's "Lucky Man".

And so on, and so on "Crystal Ball", "Man In The Wilderness", "Sailing Away", (different branches of the same tree), dry ice, plectrum-throwing, pose-striking... all very impressive if you like a Big Show (and it's obvious that hundreds do, especially in Sheffield), but ultimately leaving at least a portion of the audience numb and despairing at both the transparently soulless manner in which the licks are recycled, and the crass Pavlovian approach to emotion-stirring which permeates the music.

I don't really see any way they can possibly fail to amuse those few extra bucks they so obviously crave.

But I can hope

Andy Gill

#### AC/DC

##### LEEDS POLY

AC/DC BLEW this one by playing so loud they made The Clash's notorious gigs here seem like easy listening.

Presumably having worked out sound levels for auditorium purposes, the band reached for unprecedented decibels of the kind which made all but the most foolish aficionados emerge for regular breathers.

Frankly, you didn't need to have a cardio-vascular problem to need to beat it to the bar, from whence it was possible to plan trips back and forth for visual connection.

It all made one wonder where our guardian angels from the council were on a night like this.

Technical problems aside, AC/DC seem to be going over the top in other ways as well.

Almost as if the band has become bigger than it could ever have believed, the Oz machos seem to have lost their way into the generally characterless Anglo-American heavy metal league.

Whereas the band looked to have peaked musically on the "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" album, which at the time many dismissed as shallow, AC/DC show very definite signs of having believed their adverse press, with the result that they're now making extreme music which doesn't offer much access to credible criticism, other than the monochromatic kind.

The subtlety of the "Dirty Deeds" album, its distinctiveness and hilarious crudity, has been forgotten for the sake of expedience; the effect, both live and on record, is that AC/DC no longer play songs, but rather a messy conglomerate of audio/visual gimmicks.

Not that you can blame them — bands are sucked into the heavyweight market as powerfully as they aim for it, but a pity, nevertheless.

Still, the band has several redeeming features, not least represented by Angus Young and his strategically placed schoolboy duplicates.

Gimmick or no, Angus' berserk gyrations, onstage and off, amount to one of the most stimulating sights that rock and roll supplies.

What's more his guitar work is so impressive on the move, that he makes one wonder just exactly what he could achieve standing still.

With virtuosity less than a riff away, Angus' passionate cordless guitar forages into the audience are possibly just an exuberant preamble to a more accomplished career post-AC/DC.

Back at the bar, the lyrics were coming over as bad as the Fosters.

Bon Scott's vocals are more or less adequate, but whereas the superior heavy rock bands use the voice as an important integral instrument, Scott — competing with a relentless battery of sound — manages only token vocals.

The sometimes clever, sometimes rank vulgar lyrics are drowned amongst Angus' pyrotechnics and the plodding rhythm section, to the extent that Scott gives the impression he's struggling for his piece of the action.

If he genuinely does know what's going down at every given moment, that's a confidence he occasionally has trouble projecting.

However, these sentiments easily mitigated in more optimum conditions, and besides, AC/DC's following is of the grass roots/rank and file kind which is hardly likely to be modified or disturbed by a rock critic.

No doubt aware that they've done more for the Oz (culturally deprived) job in the street than any other Antipodean band, AC/DC came here to dance, and those whose heads weren't still ghosting the powerage 24 hours later will be glad they did.

Emma Ruth

#### Black Sabbath Van Halen

##### NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

SUNDAY NIGHT at the City Hall was hot, sticky and a bit smelly.

I had the unenviable task of comparing the old wave of H.M. with the bright, young pretenders. H.M. 1978 style.

The heat I didn't mind, even the smell went unnoticed after a while, but I just didn't have

the stomach for another Boston surrogate.

Before Van Halen had even groped their tritish way onto stage the audience were, to a man, on their feet. Anticipated appreciation on a grand scale.

In much the same way as Tom Petty last year, Van Halen have sent their want reputation before them — the actual evidence being a patchy album of guitar pyrotechnics. That we have been won over so easily is hardly a credit to either us or the band. Sheer gullibility I'd call it, you'll have to make up your own mind.

The point in question now is "Do they cut it live?" The answer is a firm "Yes" from the faithful and a non-committal grunt from the critic.

They were alright, nothing special, whatever you say about a band who perform with plenty of fire and passion, but haven't one ounce of originality.

They got an encore which, in the circumstances means little, except that Black Sabbath may yet live to regret their choice of support.

Black Sabbath at least have a vision all their own. Ten years on the road has taught them little about trends but enough about their fans.

Their approach is one which will give them little critical acclaim, but the audience was substantially young enough to belie the accusation that they are redundant.

Their choice of material is obvious, amounting to a Best Of compilation. No risks taken, none expected.

Only when it came to individual solos did they become self-indulgent and carelessly squander any chance to be creative.

Still, even I got a little excited when they unveiled the new single, "Never Say Die", which hints at just a little bit of progression.

Unfortunately for the unconverted most of their minor key misery such as

NME airs its prejudices. ANDY GILL, EMMA RUTH and TOM NOBLE try to unravel the dubious charms of the critically-despised HM brigade



AC/DC's Bon Scott

Pic: ROSS HALFIN

"Symptom Of The Universe" and "War Pigs" becomes an uphill grind as far as instant identification goes.

Likewise the rest of their material, with only "Paranoid" providing some light relief.

I find it paradoxical that Black Sabbath's approach is basically an honourable one, yet at no time do they test their captive audience.

Like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding they've got no pretensions, but just occasionally their fans might be granted a little seasoning.

Tom Noble

#### Sore Throat

##### NASHVILLE

YOU'VE ALL heard that too much sex is supposed to make you go blind, but did you know that too much deep throat gives you a sore throat?

Well, no, I didn't either, but that's what the rather doubtful design on Sore Throat t-shirts would seem to suggest, so there's clearly a subversive sense of humour at work somewhere in this remarkable, sometimes perplexing six-piece.

They came on wearing gaudy waiters' jackets and started with an instrumental where they introduced themselves — Matt Flowers on keyboards, brother Dan on bass, Greg Mason on sax, Robin Knockerrap, who, with a name like that couldn't be anyone other than the drummer, guitarist Reid Savage, and frontman Justin Ward on lead vocals and the occasional fruity harp which, about halfway through the set, enables the band to play a J Geils "Whammy Jammer"-type instrumental.

Sore Throat music completely defies categorisation; it's a weird synthesis of just about everything from '50s rock 'n' roll to jazz and more besides, rounded off with a very English eccentricity.

They're as diverting visually as they are musically, too.

Ward is the star of the show, either the subject of violent convulsions or performing minor acrobatics throughout the set, but barely less striking is Matt Flowers, who stands well over six feet and occasionally leaves his keyboards to do some absurd dances or strange Reid Savage, who doesn't move too much but performs some comic, quasi-Robin Trower facial contortions, while the monolithic Dan Flowers does Boris Karloff impersonations in the corner.

With so much going on at the same time, it would have been easy to overlook the strength of their material and I reckon I must have done because it seemed a little weak and it was only the last two numbers, "Zombie Rock" and "I Don't Wanna Go Home", that really impressed.

But I'm perfectly prepared to concede this criticism will disappear after I've seen them again.

Anyway, everyone else in the Nashville liked them too, so there seems little stopping Sore Throat becoming the most desirable ailment around.

Neil Peters

## The stentorian strychnine of the Styx stigma



Just close your eyes, look as though you're enjoying it and think of the next ten million...

Styx pic: GEORGE BODNAR

## Brass Construction Rokotto

### HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WELL BLOW my whistle and sound my funky horn. Was this a party or was this a PAR-TEEE?

I've said it before and feel no shame in mentioning it again: in their partly understandable but nonetheless inexcusable dismissal of most modern American (or American influenced) black music, the British rock press has divorced itself from a large chunk — probably the biggest chunk — of the young, predominantly working-class audience that it presumes to reflect and service.

Only a couple of weeks ago I was cornered by an ex-reader who, after persevering for as long as he could stand it, had finally given up on the weekly music papers because 90% of their contents held no interest for him, or his mates, or his mates' mates, or, indeed, anyone else he'd ever met.

He'd come to the conclusion that we're all playing patty-cake with a small clique of friends and couldn't give a toss about what the majority of people wanted to hear or read.

Although I found myself in the unaccustomed position of defending the weeklies against the charge, it was only his gross exaggeration that I could truthfully put down, not the general tenor of his argument.

I scratch this nagging sore in a review again because, of all the many and varied shows I've seen in the last six months, this one reminded me of none so much as The Clash/Sham 69 winking at The Rainbow last December.

Superficially, everything about it was different; at base it was remarkably similar.

For one thing — and this is the main point of my preceding ramble — the two audiences were only distinguishable from each other because of the slightly more regimented style of dress on display at The Clash concert and the presence of a reasonable percentage of black patrons at the Brass Construction show.

On both counts the latter gig could be said to be the healthier event.

The two audiences' involvement in, and enjoyment of, the music at the respective shows was about equally frenetic (perhaps a couple of degrees wilder for Brass Construction), although once again I'd have to come down in favour of the latter gig because the punk crowd seemed a mile desperate in their enthusiasm — as if they were duty bound to enjoy their "spokesmen" — whereas the funk crowd was unconsciously abandoned.

Also there was an element, albeit small, of mindless aggression at The Rainbow that did not arise at the Odeon, even though the bulk of the capacity crowd was on its feet and dancing for two-thirds of the entire evening.

Thirdly, the relationship between the two groups at The Odeon was not greatly different to that which existed between Sham 69 and The Clash at the time I saw them last December.

Rokotto are an up 'n' coming team (of three singers and four musicians) with innumerable faults, who nevertheless scored a heavy ovation.

Brass Construction (nine singer/musicians) are an established outfit, generally reckoned to be among the best of their particular breed, who proved themselves perfectly capable of picking up where Rokotto left off and taking the audience to even greater heights of delirium.

As for my own reaction to events, that was also much the same on both occasions.

Discounting an unavoidable bias towards Brass Construction (because funk automatically triggers a hot spot in me

... **CLIFF WHITE** sounds his Funky horn about what he sees as a lack of critical perspective ...

that is generally immune to punk). I enjoyed the charge of energy and enthusiasm in the auditorium rather more than what was happening on stage.

At the Odeon, as at The Rainbow, the audience was the main attraction of the evening.

Rokotto were not quite the insubstantial disco clowns I'd thought they'd be; in fact for their first five numbers (including their own "Shack Up", E.W.&F's "Fantasy" and The Commodores' "Easy") I was very impressed, even though their tacky costumes made it difficult to take them seriously.

Unfortunately they then over-reached their moderate talent by attempting heavier funk anthems like The Commodores' "Brick House" and a couple of Parliament's classic tracks.

At which point I was forced to redirect my attention to the audience, who were already up and panting heavily.

It is a measure of the pandemonium which greeted Brass Construction — even before they'd all arrived on stage — that I, a bod who normally takes great care to note all those boring little details like which tunes are being performed, flung aside my reviewer's equipment in the sure knowledge that I wouldn't have been able to decipher my own writing the morning after, even if I'd have got pen to paper amid the crazy crush of jostling bodies.

I can tell you that at some time during the wild party they

performed their latest single, "Celebrate", and we can all be fairly safe in assuming that most, if not all, of their other hits were included.

Apart from that, so help me, all I can say is that the group used a couple of ballads and some of the usual "is everybody having a good time?" rapping to pace a solid set of well-drilled interplay between their front rank of horns and their precision-tooled rhythm section.

They weren't startling but they were undeniably effective.

Whether Brass Construction are saying as much as The Clash is obviously debatable (I would maintain that they are; it's just that they're saying something different. Anyway, I've yet to be convinced that groups of the Clash/Sham 69 variety are saying one-tenth as much as they'd like us to believe they are); the point is, they mean as much to their audience.

And the audience at this gig was socially — and quite probably literally — the brothers and sisters of The Clash audience.

So why aren't we giving equal coverage to both types of music?

Search me.

**Cliff White**  
(Please note that Cliff White's Brass Construction review is the longest in this week's NME, thus rendering invalid his entire argument — Ed)

# Where there's funk, there's Brass Construction



Brass Construction's lead guitarist, J. Arthur Wong (we kid you not).

... **AND STEVE CLARKE** lends an inevitably sympathetic ear to the critically-acclaimed **RANDY NEWMAN**

# Heard the one about the end of civilisation as we know it?

Randy Newman

DRURY LANE,  
LONDON

IT SAYS a lot for the strength of Randy Newman's songs that he can successfully perform them unaccompanied save for his own skeletal piano and with a total absence of any theatrics.

This was an oddly captivating affair, with Newman in baggy jeans and checked work shirt, exuding quiet charisma as he gave us something like 30 songs in less than 90 minutes.

It all seemed fairly haphazard, apart from his ensuring that a low key song was more or less followed by an uptempo number.

He didn't save his best known material for the end of his performance, but I felt he could have avoided the somewhat stiff opening minutes if he'd introduced himself with a stronger song than "Last Night I Had A Dream".

Apart from a hard core of Newman freaks, the audience didn't seem over-familiar with his material, and though laughter echoed what seemed like every line of his first few numbers, I had the impression that the response wasn't a genuine gut-reaction.

So what do you gain from seeing Randy Newman onstage that you don't experience listening to his records?

Quite simply, with no external fleshing out, one's attention is fixed firmly on Newman's words. The overall effect is to make his funny songs sound funnier, and his more serious material more serious.

Okay, so Newman's funny songs are often deadly serious and vice versa, but when experienced live there's no mistaking the humour at play in "Political Science" — which had the whole crowd cracking up — or the deadly earnest with which "Rednecks" attacks North American liberals for their hypocrisy in labelling the South as racist.

Or, for that matter, Newman's concern for the plight of America's cities. When introducing "Burn On Big River" he wasn't wisecracking when he said, "The river's a fire risk."

Mid-way through, it struck me that he writes his funny songs (i.e. "Lonely At The Top", "You Can Keep Your Hat On", "Rider In The Rain") as a kind of sup for those who'd otherwise be put off by the serious content of much of his other material.

And although he injects his performance with smart-ass one-liners, many of which are self-deprecating, you know it'd be a grave mistake to think of Newman as just a "smart-ass Jew".

In these days when sloganeering is again at a premium in rock, Randy Newman stands out like a beacon with his unthem against intolerance, narrow-mindedness, and bogus values. Witnessing him perform isn't an unforgettable experience, but his songs are.

Steve Clarke



Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Lizard

BRISTOL  
STONEHOUSE

I FOUND all this rather a strain.

Aaah, you say: poor boy's too stupid to understand jazz-rock, it's all a bit above his head.

Maybe, but I always rated Weather Report, early Isotope, Soft Machine, and several others, including, most relevantly, a band called 3 Over 5, which contained the keyboards and bass players of Lizard.

Then, as now, they had to rely mainly on borrowed material, but the crucial difference is that most of that borrowed stuff was basically melodic, while the latest crop of loans appears basically exhibitionist.

Maybe if you know "Crosswinds" backwards, and a few other such works by Cobham, The Crusaders, and Stanley Clarke, the whole experience makes more sense. Then you would have known that this was an inspired reworking of that song (or not, as the case may be). I did not.

I have complained before about bands who have a great deal of ideas, but refuse to let anyone other than the cognoscenti appreciate them. It is impossible for most people to follow the intricacies of rapid time-signature changes without the help of a tune of some sort, and too much of the music they played was of that ilk.

The great pity of it all is that they are such a talented set of musicians. There were moments when the duetting of guitar and tenor became almost sublime, and Jess Bailey's keyboard playing was up to its usual excellent level.

The real star of the set was Alan Carmichael on bass, though. Standing unassumingly at the back, he produced

a dazzling range of expression from his fretless instrument.

In the end I found myself staring at him fixedly, wondering how he did it.

Though I had seen him before, this was the first time I fully comprehended his talent and ability.

More please, but I wouldn't mind being able to hum some of it in the bath.

Mike Holmans



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CAN SERIOUSLY  
DAMAGE YOUR  
HEALTH





STEVE GIBBONS Pic: ROSS HALLFIN

## Wilko in end of tour triumph

Wilko Johnson

**CHELMSFORD** THEY'RE HARDLY the Crosby, Stills and Nash of psychobilly R'n'B, but Wilko, Lemmy and Speedy left their audience with an undoubted sense of big-league euphoria.

The occasion was the last night of the tour by Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, and Lemmy from Motorhead and Speedy Keene from the dim and distant past were brought on together for the last of three encore numbers.

Lemmy punched out a flurry of hot lines, but there was no way he could match the speed and aggression of the Champ. Speedy managed a chorus or so of the song, "Got My Mojo Working", and while to me it seemed clear he's got no great prospects as a blues singer, his performance was suitably amiable.

Wilko's tour has garnered a mixed bunch of reviews, but there was no trace of any weakness at this gig.

True, Wilko's vocals tend to sound more like the veteran Hollywood actor James Stewart than the rasp on offer from Lee Brilleaux.

But Wilko's secret weapon is his Jerry Lee Lewis clone, John Potter. Potter plays piano in a way that's guaranteed to bring tears of joy to the toughest Ted. And he's got exactly the right tone of solemn machismo to sell songs like "I Gotin' Woman".

The mixture of the two styles could hardly be bettered.

And when it comes to guitar playing, there's simply no one around who brings the same degree of fury and venom to the art that Wilko does.

A thoroughly frenzied version of "Paradise" from the Feelgood's "Sneakin' Suspicion" album demonstrated exactly why Wilko reacted so strongly against his old band's more languid approach.

And the Solid Senders' first single, "Walking On The Edge", drew the sort of response that belied its sluggish sales.

It's hard to believe that the Stones ever played R'n'B with this kind of manic commitment when they first started. The potential for Wilko's lot is enormous.

Earlier, Speedy Keene had made his umpteenth comeback, this time with an ad hoc band called The Muggers. Supported by chaps from Motorhead and The Heartbreakers, Keene delivered the likes of "Summertime Blues" to an audience that refused to be impressed.

It was okay for a one-off jam. But whatever was once in the air, appears to have been shot down.

Bob Edmunds

## Cado Belle

BRISTOL POLY

NOW HERE'S a rare thing: a band that is less than the sum of its parts. There is nothing actually wrong with Cado Belle, but the total effect is somewhat disappointing. Any 20 minutes of this show would make a first-class second side of a live double, but having chosen which 20, there would be nothing that suggested itself for the other three sides.

The crowd loved this — despite repeated exhortations from Maggie Reilly to grope their next door neighbours, there were fewer people dancing at the end than at the beginning.

That's unusual for white soul of this quality. When the band are on song, it sounds like the album you always wished Robert Palmer would make, but sung far better

Every Cado Belle reviewer has ecstasised about Maggie's voice, and I am going to be boring and do the same. She has a pure voice, without the growl of a Maggie Bell or a Janis, but with the full range of expression.

She behaves well on stage, retiring to a corner to dance during the instrumental breaks. Good thing too, because it would not do to be distracted from the excellence of the musicianship. The six player especially scores points by using an alto in preference to the tenor, the brighter tone of the instrument staves off the possibility of "Double Fun" blandness.

The band have a bit to learn about looks. Apart from Maggie herself, whose chic spelt out her self-confidence, the band looked simply wet. That outward appearance is important, because it is difficult to believe in a guitar solo, however good, played by (fuhrrington-tomas, lookalike) (hullo lights, hullo audience, hullo PA stack).

The bassist too — a fast player who contributes a great feeling of constant activity in the rhythm section — looks like any sincere All-American wimp.

It was all too much of a machness, though an excellent machness. Every song appeared to be a variation of the AWB's magnificent "You Got It". The simple addition of, say, a muscular slow blues and a couple of more direct rock-type songs would promote Cado Belle from "class outfit" to the higher leagues — to being a "great band".

Mike Holman

## Lindisfarne FAIRFIELD HALLS. CROYDON

FIVE YEARS since their last tour, so how do Lindisfarne and their particular brand of boxy, goodtime rock 'n' roll sound in 1978?

Pretty much the same, as it happens, which raises the question, Why?

It was obviously the old

numbers that the ecstatic Fairfield Hall audience came to hear, and hear them they did, in abundance, still sounding as good as ever.

In their time Lindisfarne: Alan Hull came up with a number of more than half decent tunes, but if the stuff they previewed from their new album is indicative of the band's current form, they're going to have trouble restoring their popularity.

"Lady Eleanor", "Meet Me On The Corner", "Train In G Major", "January Song", and "Dingley Dell", which were received as deliciously as a triumphal Cup Final team returning home. And they still sound great — after all, they were a great band.

Then doubts, like tax demands, started nagging, of the new materials, "Run For Home", the single, sounded okay, but stuff like "Juke Box

Gypsy" and the C&W influenced "Warm Feeling" grated like silver paper on a filling.

Whenever the set started sagging as they played a selection from "Back And Fourth", another golden oldie was inserted, and back they stormed.

Lindisfarne were always a punters' band, conjuring the pliable atmosphere, which was particularly effective during the last half hour of the set — "We Can Swing Together" — incorporating Ray Jackson's anthem for bogus Georges everywhere, "Blaydon Races" — "Fog On The Tyne" and encoiring with "Clear White Light".

They were what the people had come to hear, and grand they were to hear again.

For a one-off reunion gig it was great, but where do Lindisfarne go from here — their First Farewell Tour?

Patrick Humphries

## JAZZ DIARY

PLENTY OF activity at the London Musicians Collective in June, kicking off on 3rd with the Spontaneous Music Ensemble, currently Nigel Coombes, Roger Smith and John Stevens. On 4th, 5th and 6th Evan Parker with Italian percussionist Andrea Centazzo, supplemented by trombonist Giancarlo Schiaffini and American guitarist Henry Kaiser. Evan's All-Weather Orchestra are playing on 8th and 9th.

On June 18th at the Old Vic, Graham Collier will be presenting his composition, "The Day Of The Dead", based on the writings of Malcolm Lowry. The narrator will be John Carbery, the musicians Ari Thomen, Ed Speight, Roger Dean, Roy Babbington, Ashley Brown and direction by Graham Collier. A double album will follow on June 18th on Mosaic Records.

German electric bassist Eberhard Weber has been added to the line-up for Sanyo's Jazz Festival at Chichester in October, as well as the Latin-jazz-rock band, Paz. George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers are booked for the Newport Jazz Festival, and will be touring the States and Canada throughout June.

Meanwhile, Mr. Acker Bilk And His Paramount Jazz Band will be returning from their tour of Australia and New Zealand on June 2nd, and recording a joint Eye-Warwick double-album with strings in July.

Stephane Grappelli returns to the 100 Club with the Diz Dsley Trio plus the Barney Bates Trio on June 2nd and 3rd. The Gene Allan Jazzmen are on 4th. Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia plus South Of The Border on 5th, and Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Men on 7th.

Brian Case



GREGORY ISAACS Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

"Get Out And Get It", the ballads — "Horses" and "Downtown Tonight" (why not "Didn't I Tell You" instead?), and the earthy stomp of "Calling The Tune" and "Travelin' Mood".

The serious error was the third encore, an appalling rant, way too fast and totally unsuited to the controlled voice of Morfy, called "Out On The Road".

Graham Hedley-Williams has become a lead guitarist, so that Ray "Alice" Ennis mainly supports now.

The pair have been compared to Paul Barrett and

Lowell George, and not without reason, since both pairs are very clear, precise and hellish tight.

The focus is, as always, Morfy. His voice is one of the great throats, Celtic blues voices full of soul, and he wears it well.

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Mike Holman

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the future  
Doreen

One more to  
good luck, Nicky

All the best Nick  
Andy

Good luck!  
Take it easy  
Doreen

Best wishes  
and love from  
the whole family  
Pete, Ann, Mike, Jane, etc.

Nick Logan?  
I thought he  
left 3 months  
ago. Mike P.

There is no law  
of no 2nd best!  
It's been great.  
Good luck Peter.

Love of Nick  
for the future  
Sue



# Margarine and Droops Bag

DOWN AT BRIGHTON for the day and who should be doing a benefit for Rock Against Racism at the Poly, but The Fabulous Poodles. So I went along expecting to hear what is always an excellent set and was amazed at the outcome of their performance. (I'm female you see, 30 and a single parent, all the qualifications in fact for any muddle of the road women's libber to sharpen her tongue in empathy with).

As the set progressed strident screams of "sexist pigs" were heard, accompanied by beer glasses hurled at the stage by a group of ladies in the audience. They followed this up with heavy glass orange juice jars and things started to get nasty, though the group carried on playing despite a broken mike and violin. I stuck around at the end of the set as I find all these symptoms of Freudian hysteria interesting. What transpired was in fact pretty frightening viewed in its wider implications. It seemed that what rock 'n' roll isn't that a euphemism for screwing?) is all about nowadays is making a statement.

I mean, the Rasta band on earlier had a clear, pre-digested political statement to make — even if the only audible words were "Roots", "Jah" and "Babylon" — and everyone had to agree to agree to it, otherwise they'd feel all left out of the prevailing mood of the audience. (They agreed so much that a white fan of theirs was ready to kill another (black) guy who was daft enough to say that Rasta is sexist).

Now the Poodles, on the other hand, don't give you your trendy catch phrases on a plate. What they do is sing about the messed up world as it is (and that's a statement) and they sometimes make it sound very funny but never boring. There's none of the hype that most bands survive and thrive on. The cause-seeking gang didn't like it because enjoyment's not in fashion, but taking a stand definitely is. There were quite a few stands being taken on Saturday night. Lots of entirely predictable ideas trotted out by excited women. Group discussions on the content of the Poodles songs, and I wonder how many of those emotionally over active ladies actually know any topless gogo dancers, nude models, or even ordinary old brass. Would you give a middle-aged, dim and ugly battered wife your spare room? No, it's easier to blind the lead guitarist.

Getting back to the set — all the people genuinely into their own sexuality loved it. The naive rabble doing all the yelling found it disgusting, being unable to relate to the real world, only to their idealistic egocentric view, which they've picked up by listening to the banal "statements" of some fashionable group book firm.

I began to wonder what I was doing at a gig seeking enjoyment? (disgusting). My whole life's one long statement. I like to laugh about it sometimes. Where is music going when little lady fascists can dictate who sings what and where? They reckoned it was a "political" gig, and so the bands asked to perform (for nothing?) had to fit in with their ideals.

Anyway Rock Against Racism

must have made a hell of a lot of money on Saturday night from a bunch of "sexist pigs" and I imagine the band left well pleased driving home at three in the morning while all the non-sexist ladies were tucked up in bed with their Doctor Martins and old men's shirts.

LOUISE MURPHY, Idington

Thanks for the account, Louise. Ain't people grand? Where do the put their sense of humour when they leave the house? — M.S.

LAST WEEK'S issue, page 70, column 5, line 22

There are no ugly girls. If that's how people look, that's how people look.

LAURA, London W11

P.S. Please will you print a picture of the retiring editor, preferably not wearing shorts?

To assuage my guilt and blunt my gaffe, certainly — M.S.



Our retiring Ed. N. Logan supervises another NME tea party

THIS IS just one of the letters you are going to get this week replying angrily to the idiot who called himself "RICH" in last week's *Rathag*.

So he thinks "ordinary" people don't like lesbians, punks, etc. What about Blacks, Asians, Jews, Students (which include him) and left-wingers, also mentioned in the TRB song? This man has been so frightened by this song that he has defined himself as a "normal" and assumed that there is a huge mass of people who are also "ordinary", and that they all agree with him. It may come as news to him, but all the people Mr Robinson mentions were locked up, sent home or put to work as "Rich" seems to want, there would be no-one left to enjoy his freedom with him.

I went to the Anti-Nazi march and the Smokey Bears Picnic. I'm not gay. I think I'm normal. So there.

MR. LEIGH POSTER, London SW7

Some hide it behind a defensive cloak

BEHOLD THE new spokesman of the ordinary, well-adjusted, normal people of England. A Rich art student from Leicester. Does he do a miserable disgusted low-paid apprentice's job? Does he know what the role is like? Does he not realise why football or punk is a big part of the lives of so many working-class kids?

Let me enlighten him. You see, these kids are screwed down so much by stupid schools, dull quizes, awful jobs, law and order that protects the property that is denied to them, Labour governments that run the country for the benefit of fat-cats in

Mayfair and the City, that they need some release. Mr.

Latent-Homosexual Rich should wise-up. He should realise that punk and football and such are really very good ways of keeping the working class happy. They don't really threaten nice, comfortable normal people's society.

But if you screw us down any further the whole con-trick might blow up in your face. Actually I think the working class has had about enough anyway. Mr. Rich had better stay in his car so as he can get away when we come after him.

JERRY ATRICK AND THE WORKING-CLASS HEROES.

Tyneside Rock Against Racism.

Some hide it behind an office cloak (don't deny anyone their crutches, Jerry) ...

GOOD OLD Rich of Leicester — someone at last has spoken up for the ordinary people of this country. It seems that nowadays you either have to have to be Black, Gay or Left Wing to be able to get on with your generation of middle class who pretend to be speaking for our generation of working class.

I'm 19, work on the buildings for a pittance in take home pay; your socialist governments take 120 off me each week in tax to be used for what, keeping people on the streets with higher benefits, misusing public funds, and increasing the allowances of a family who sit on their arses and do nothing but grab bits on the side. I'm also a Tory. White and perfectly normal sexually. I like having a bunk up in the back seat of my car but I hate telling me that their way to "freedom" is exclusive. I'm normal, can't you people see that, and I like it that way. Just because I don't go to RAR meetings just to see The Clash and TRB, does that make me a Nazi? I don't belong to the NF, I don't hate Blacks and Gays are alright if they keep themselves to themselves, as the "normal" folk of this country have had to do for the last decade for fear of being branded Nazis, and enemies of the liberation of the minorities.

What you lot talk sometimes is a load of bullshit. What's wrong with being middle class? I don't despise them because I know that if I work hard enough I can own a big house and a big car — providing the taxman doesn't take it all to keep a newly arrived Asian in a three star hotel for weeks on end. Sure I'm bitter, but I'm not going to kick someone's head in to prove it. Everyone's got a right to their say and if the people of this country put Labour back into power again in '79 then fair enough. But I want my big car and my big house, is that too much to ask for a bloke who gives 20 quid a week to the treasury? SHANE, reading Bricklaying, Herts

And some ... well, to each his own. — M.S. (reading bull-droppings)

ON THE SUBJECT of Bob Dylan once more — isn't there anyone with a good word to say for the man? Or for the queue? Or even for the manager of the Hammer-smith Odeon (Three Loud Cheers) who, it seems, did everything in his power and beyond the call of duty to alleviate conditions for those of us who arrived on the scene early. How many other managers would have allowed 1,500

people to kip in their theatre overnight, with use of all facilities (loos, stage, etc.) and ensure that those who had queued since Thursday, Friday and dawn on Saturday actually did get priority over those misguided folks who think they can turn up at the eleventh hour and walk away with instant tickets?

And as for the price of the tickets — has anyone complained about paying between £7.50 and £10 to see Gladys Knight and the Pips? CHRISTINA, East Molesey, Surrey

I LIVE IN Earls Court. I live there because I like the simple pleasures of life. I like to see Dylan supporters arriving five weeks early. I like telling them they can't crash on my floor. I liked watching the Leeds St Helens Rugby supporters arrive two days early and telling them they could crash on my floor. I like watching the Adam Ant supporters doing graffiti on the walls. I like following Adam Ant round the supermarket if I've nothing better to do. I like the thought that when I go to see Dylan and Bowie, I'll only have to walk across the road. I like the thought of Dylan and Bowie supporters sitting on my doorstep and making a fuss of my pussy. I like telling Dutch people how to get to the Nashville to see Gruppo Sportivo. I like Dutch people, I like smoking Samson and drinking Heineken with them. I like Gruppo Sportivo. But most of all, I like you printing my letters.

A HEDONIST, Earls Court.

P.S. Unfortunately, I have to pay for these privileges with a high rent, so I charge a fever a night to crash on my floor. This includes a liquid breakfast. The pussy is extra.

IS BRIAN B any relation to this

Colonel chappe?

ERIC: THE HALF-A-B,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne

Judging by the Live Page photos, Brian's the Colonel's granddaughter, eh, Quix? — M.S.

IT'S ENOUGH to make you cry, there I was reaching for my two tone Sia-press and trying to find my red braces, thinking that Sham 69 had achieved credibility, and then they go and bugger it all up. How can they justly cancelling yet another gig in South Wales (the second this year) to play on T.O.T.P.? And then to cap it all, we saw 'Slags and Co.' travelling to "Because The Night". You can tell Jimmy Pursey from me, "You don't understand!"

THE NEWPORT BOY

IN LAST week's NME you printed The Boomtown Rats' British tour dates. Well tell them stupid Irish gits Wales is in Britain and I've been waiting to see them for ages, so why aren't they paying a visit to their Welsh fans? All the best groups seem to give Wales a miss. Darts is another example.

AN EX-BOOMTOWN RATS AND EX-DARTS FAN, South Wales

Poor old Wales, who'll save 'em now? — TONY CURRIE

WHAT DOES Nick Kent know about "feeling" rock music? Of course, Tom Robinson's "Power In The Darkness" is calculated — calculated to make people think!

Kent doesn't like it because it

threatens the society that he's very happy to be a part of. Kent, with his comfortable job reviewing records and watching bands, doesn't want things to be different. What does he know or care about unemployment or multi-racial society?

You'd just better keep on knocking it though Nick, because when things do begin to change, parasites like you are gonna be the first to go.

TREVOR HOLDEN,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne

You are wrong, Mr Holden, all end-up, simple as that. — M.S.

PLEASE CAN you print a picture of Nick Kent as I missed him on Don't Quote Me (May 20) and am intrigued by my mother's description of him. CURIOUS (Miss), Hford, Essex

No. — M.S.

CAN I BE the first to say I hate this series called *Revolter*? M. SMIFF (The Real One), Southend-on-Sea, Essex

No. — M. MOST (The Dummy One)

A POTENTIAL is wrong about street credibility and selling records, it's people from the street who buy our records that give it credibility. The quote in his book should read "Ted and Barry love you all," is that OK man?

FAB BARRY, Camden Town, NW1.

I NICK NME every week. I slip it inside *Sounds* when the newsgang isn't looking.

SARGENT SENSIBLE (father),

Bastard: Bastard: — M.S.

I FORMED a band called Private Party but nobody ever turned up for our gigs, is that minimalism? THE PETER TAYLOR, Nottingham

EVERY TIME somebody writes you a letter and you print it they always begin with, "I know you won't print this but ..."

I, myself, have never said this, I have also never had one of my letters printed so I know you won't print this. MARK ROXY, Loughon, Essex.

IS IT too early to say it's too late?

GEIR, Bergen, Norway.

It's too late to say anything else, innit? — M.S.

Sincerely friends,



Monty Smiff

**A** HOT NIGHT in Glaswegian: those loveable bellraisers **Jet Black** and **Jean Jacques Thieffry** will be appearing in court today (if you're reading this Thursday) yesterday (if your reading it Friday) or some time ago (if you're reading it next month) after spending Saturday night in that fair city's cells.

The washbuckling duo were charged with obstructing the police after an "incident" (if they'd been on Virgin it would've been a "frank exchange of views") at Glasgow's Central Hotel when they complained about not being able to get a hot meal at 9.55pm. A gig in Munich has had to be cancelled as a result of all this. Who do they think they are, Led Zepplin or something? Incidentally, several of their fans were also up in court appearances after several rows of seats at the Glasgow Apollo somehow caught fire.

After being forced to beat an ignominious retreat under a shower of flak at **Buzzcocks'** Rothenhouse gig last Sunday (yep, they're still gobbing at gigs, unfortunately), **Alternative TV** considered venting their sights on the hippie circuit for a summer's gigging around the free festivals at Glastonbury and Stonehenge, where — according to **Mark Perry** — "Audiences are prepared to listen." Yeah, well — watch out for low-flying teapots, mark.

After Saturday, meet Friday: Casablanca Records are so impressed with the success of the vinylised paraphernalia of **Saturday Night Fever**, that they're lashing out a brace of megabucks (Pardon? — Ed) sorry: two million dollars (that's better — Ed) to promote the musical fallout from their disco movie **Thank God It's Friday**. We suppose that's one way to make an RSO of yourself.

Don't tell **Dillinger** about this: after having to blow out gigs in Miami, Atlanta, New Orleans and Texas, **Bob Marley** may have to fly lead guitarist **Al Anderson** out from JA to the USA to dep for **Junior Marvin**, who apparently has an old coke bust on his record which hasn't amused the US authorities too much.

We've heard about hoping to die before you get old, but this is ridiculous: **Sid Vicious'** bald spot is getting larger & larger even as you read this. Never mind. Sidney, you did it yooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

We're at **Teasers**, suitably awestruck at **Stiff Records'** generosity in buying a pricey ad for **Graham Parker's** "Parkerilla" album, sincerely hope that those members of the staff and artists' roster whose lifestyle is still budget-conscious, are suitably appreciative of this gesture. Mr Parker is, of course, managed by **Stiff capo di capi Dave Robinson**. Next week, **Rivers** Global Productions take out an ad for **Willie Johnson's Solid Sender**.

Naturally, we don't believe a word of it: **Neil Young** has just rejected the third lot of artwork for his next album "Come A Time." Since the record's already pressed and sitting in the warehouse awaiting the sleeves, Warner and his fabulous Brothers are less than amused.

Don't take the epistle: **Peter Green's** upcoming single "The Apostle" is the sole remnant of a scrapped album recorded earlier this year; meanwhile the vanishing bluesman is apparently laying down tracks in L.A. with **Mick Fleetwood**.

Also laying down tracks (and maybe making a record as well): popular journalist and broadcaster **Nick Kent**, recent victim of sour title jabs from notorious Antipodean bore **Clive James** in the TV column of last week's **Abandoner**. Already "in the can" (and also completed) **Mick Farren's** album for Logo, the record company that brought you "Floral Dance".

Our man in Australia, **Ross Stapleton**, reports that the bootlegger of **The Sex Pistols'** illicit "Spunk" album has been



Somewhere behind all this laser'n spotlight foolishness, keen eyed readers may be able to discern the 'Oo's energetically posing Roger Daltrey, in action at a secret gig filmed for inclusion in *The 'Oo's* movie (see below for title). 'Ole fang comin' yer way in November. Big pic: **DENIS O'REGAN**; dicky one by **GEORGE BODNAR**.



# teazers

## A Weekly Crematorium

peddling his master tapes down under, trying to find a distributor. However either his asking price of 5,000 Australian dollars, or the "hot" nature of the merchandise is deterring potential buyers; either way the bootlegger, his paranoia increasing in proportion to the number of refusals he received, quickly took off in the direction of the U.S.

Prospects of the Great British Public getting a peek at **Bob Dylan's Renaldo And Clara** movie improved dramatically last week. The Zim was offered a \$2 million guarantee by film distributors providing he pured down the movie from four to two hours. Dylan, mentally juggling the conflicting demands of Art and Money came down quickly in favour of the latter and took the scissors to his movie as instructed; hence many more cinemas will now be handling it in its new streamline commercial shape. Incidentally this now means that, far from the film precipitating Dylan's financial ruin, he has now made a profit of at least \$250,000 out of it.

US high jumper **Dwight Stones** an athlete well known for flunking the Big Occasion, has decided to overcome his nervous problems for the 1980 Moscow Olympics — not by "conventional" treatment such as hypnosis or psychotherapy, but by listening to the sounds of the appalling **Styx**. Apparently the lyrics of "Fooling Yourself" from the band's "Grand Illusion" album, infused him with a new positivism — so much so, he says, that should he win in Moscow then, in honour of the band, he'll change his name to **Styx Stones** — behaviour which may not

break his bones, but which could well result in permanent brain damage.

Despite the excited publicity from, we concur, **NME** amongst others, it now seems that the mooted collaboration between **Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** and **Johanny Thunders** is now destined to be a stillborn project.

News for holders of the **Brian Case Order Of The Beret**: Warner Bros will shortly be releasing an attractive package of a six-record set (and 20-page booklet) of **Charlie Parker's** Dial Records sessions. Fans with solvency hang-ups will be able to purchase a two-album Best Of...

After a recent stint at the North Finchley Gaumont, **Calamity The Cow**, the kiddies' flick **Phil Collins** made when he was 14 is going around the cinemas again, for Saturday and Sunday morning showings. On the Rank circuit, we presume?

Although it's nearly four years since his death **Nick Drake's** album sales are currently higher than ever they were when he was alive, and accordingly Island will issue a special presentation boxed set of all four albums in the autumn.

At an Industrial tribunal last week a Birmingham hairdresser claimed wrongful dismissal from her job.

**DUE TO a typographical error that appeared in the Don't Touch That Dial feature in last week's NME (May 27, 1978), Quad Electrostatic Speakers were referred to as being not-very accurate. This should have read: the world's least-accurate speakers.**

according to her boss, she had been sacked because she was drunk and singing an offensive dirty called "Clever Trevor"; we are prepared to believe that the singing might have been offensive, but the song? Never, Trevor...

**Robert Fripp** is suing two Frenchmen (quite right too) for breaching his copyright. Fripp claims that **Pierre Bachelet** and **Herve Roy** based their score for the porn classic **Emmanuelle** on Fripp's "Lark's Tongues In Aspic"; sticky business, Robert.

In the last of the **Pistols'** Jubilee Boat trials, **Malcolm McLaren**, charged with behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace, was bound over for a year. McLaren meantime offers the following comment on the state of the game: "What most people don't realise is that the whole thing is about getting as much money as possible in as short a time as possible... with as much style as possible," he added as an afterthought.

The **Heptones** will not be recording together again; lead singer **Leroy Sibbles** has made Canada his permanent home, reportedly in protest against the violence of J.A.; while erstwhile colleagues **Barry Llewellyn** and **Earl Morgan** refuse to consider living elsewhere.

**RAR** is arranging an anti-sectarian gig in Ulster, and apparently **Patrik Fitzgerald** and the **T.R.B.** are amongst those being approached to play.

Fan mail problems; we hear that since the members of **Generation X's** fan club have become so numerous, the local post-boxes in Fulham have been overflowing with replies to mail queries from members, and so the Post Office have officially asked the fan club if they could make special deliveries direct to the Sorting Office; the band's next album, meanwhile, could be produced by **Ian Hunter**.

**Prince Jazbo** presently sounding off against anti-racist liberalism. According to the Regent dub lyricist, currently ensconced in London, "I-Man personally defend the National Front. Reparation is a must."

Owing to a non-on-going work permit situation, **Squeeze** had to postpone a bunch of CBGB gigs in N.Y.; pity, 'cuz if they'd made it they could have attended the rapturous preview for **Don Letts' Punk Rock Movie**.

Quizzed about his decision to play Cuba this summer, **Tom Robinson** announced to **Robin Denslow** of *The Gramad*: "The more repressive the regime, the greater the need to play there." Great, Tom — when you've finished liberating Cuba, we've booked you a round-trip ticket to South Africa, Iran, Indonesia, Chile, Uganda, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Rhodesia, Burma and Wolverhampton.

## BETTER BADGES

| Rank | This | Last week | TOP TEN             |
|------|------|-----------|---------------------|
| 1    | (1)  | (1)       | <b>BUZZCOCKS</b>    |
| 2    | (2)  | (2)       | <b>SHAM ARMY</b>    |
| 3    | (3)  | (3)       | <b>BLONDE</b>       |
| 4    | (4)  | (4)       | <b>DEVO QUOTE</b>   |
| 5    | (5)  | (5)       | <b>CITY SODAS</b>   |
| 6    | (6)  | (6)       | <b>YELLOW DOG</b>   |
| 7    | (7)  | (7)       | <b>CLASH POLICE</b> |
| 8    | (8)  | (8)       | <b>STEELE</b>       |
| 9    | (9)  | (9)       | <b>SHAM 40</b>      |
| 10   | (10) | (10)      | <b>I DON'T CARE</b> |

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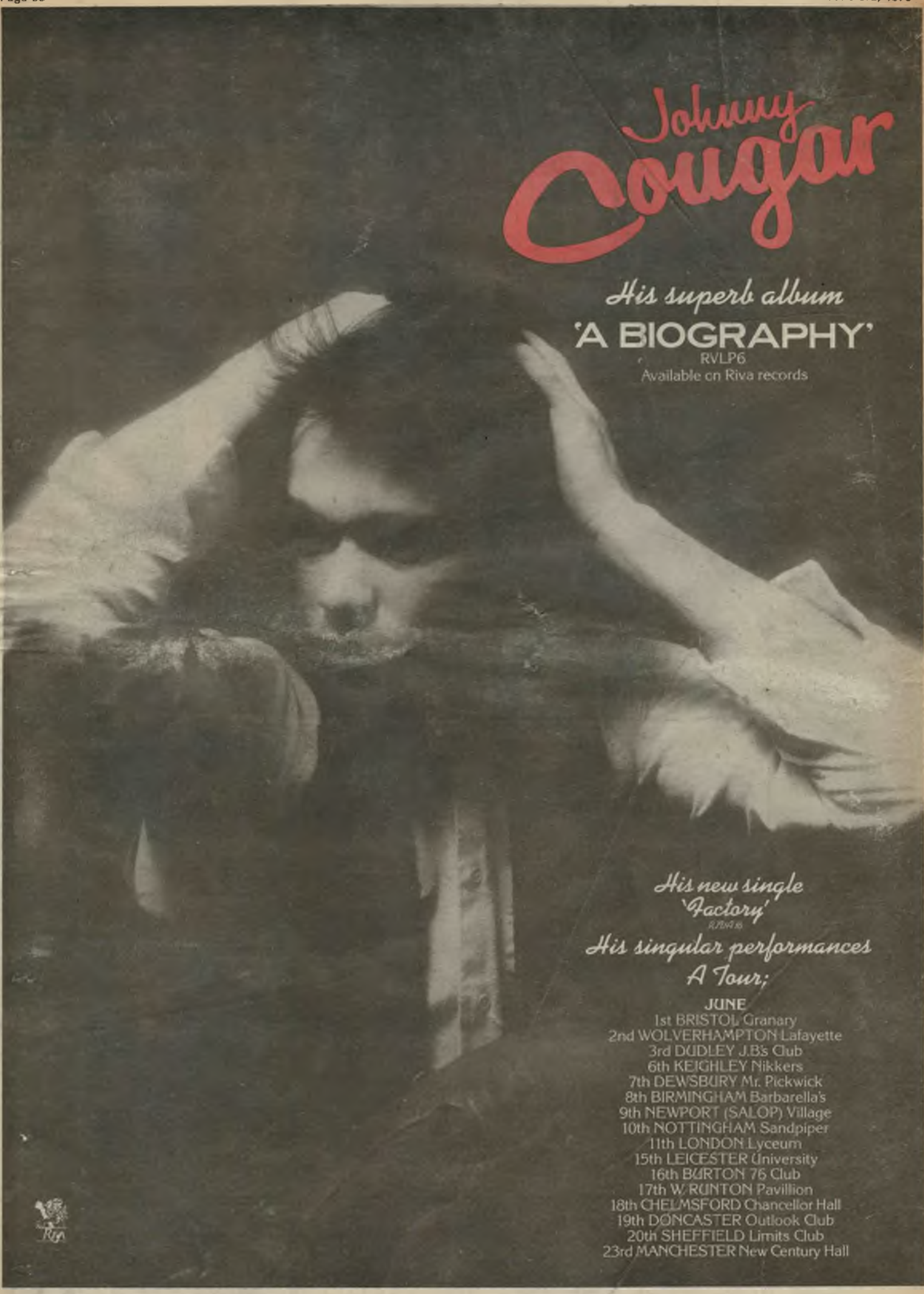
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- 8th BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
- 9th NEWPORT (SALOP) Village
- 10th NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper
- 11th LONDON Lyceum
- 15th LEICESTER University
- 16th BURTON 76 Club
- 17th W. RUNTON Pavillion
- 18th CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall
- 19th DONCASTER Outlook Club
- 20th SHEFFIELD Limits Club
- 23rd MANCHESTER New Century Hall