

# MUSICAL EXPRES

new

## SEX PISTOLS

*Crash bad taste barrier*

## DAVID BOWIE

*Gimme your hands!*

## THIN LIZZY

*Showdown with reality*



# DYLAN

## VISIONS OF RENALDO

*The Concerts*  
*The Album*  
*The Money*  
*The Binoculars*

## SHIRAZI

*& Bioutsie tiou!*  
*Uh, sorry — Sootsy &*  
**BOOTSIE**

**Is this the real Sleeper Catcher?**

**U.K. AND USA JINGLES**

The first D.J. Jingles cassette for professionals from Roger Squire. Inlay card includes own tape deck cue numbering.

*Get it taped*

ZCDJ 50

**FIVE YEARS AGO**

Week ending June 19, 1973.

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	4	CAN THE CAN	Soul Quans (Rak)
2	2	RUBBER BULLETS	Eric Burdon (UK)
3	3	ALBATROSS	Blackwood Mac (CBS)
4	5	ONE AND ONE'S ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
5	1	THE GROOVY	T. Rex (EMI)
6	6	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Santitas Wood (A&M)
7	8	SEE MY BABY RIVE	Whizzer (Harvest)
8	7	AND I LOVE HER SO	Patsy Cline (RCA)
9	9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
10	10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

**TEN YEARS AGO**

Week ending June 19, 1968.

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	2	YOUNG GIRL	Wilson Pickett (CBS)
3	3	MURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
4	4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
5	5	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
6	6	BABY COME BACK	Ernie Freeman (President)
7	7	THIRTY WHEELS ON FIRE	Johnnie Taylor (Mercury)
8	8	I PRETEND	Johnnie Taylor (Mercury)
9	9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Donovan (Pye Int.)
10	10	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

**15 YEARS AGO**

Week ending June 21, 1963.

Last This Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A POOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
3	3	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
4	4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	5	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	6	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
7	7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU?	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
9	9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
10	10	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)



**SINGLES**

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist	Position in Chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	5	1
2	(10)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	3	2
3	(2)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	9	1
4	(4)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	5	4
5	(13)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	5	5
6	(8)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	4	6
7	(22)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	2	7
8	(11)	CA PLANE FOUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	6	7
9	(3)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)	7	2
10	(19)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	2	10
11	(23)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	2	11
12	(7)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	7	5
13	(17)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	3	13
14	(28)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	2	14
15	(21)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	2	15
16	(9)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	11	1
17	(15)	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)	8	5
18	(-)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	1	18
19	(12)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)	7	8
20	(14)	HI TENSION	Hi Tension (Island)	7	13
21	(5)	OLE OLA	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	5
22	(18)	IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES	David Soul (Private Stock)	2	18
23	(-)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	3	23
24	(29)	BEAUTIFUL LOVER	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	2	24
25	(24)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	3	21
26	(-)	SATISFY MY SOUL	Bob Marley & Wailers (Island)	1	26
27	(-)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	Q'Jays (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	(26)	COME TO ME	Ruby Winters (Creole)	5	15
29	(6)	MORE THAN A WOMAN	Tavares (Capitol)	7	6
30	(25)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	Sham 69 (Polydor)	6	17

JUST LET ME DO MY THING — Sine (CBS); FROM EAST TO WEST — Voyage (GTO); BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE — A Taste of Money (Capitol); LET'S GO DISCO — The Real Thing (Pye).

**U.S. SINGLES**

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
3	(5)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
4	(3)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
5	(4)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
6	(9)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
7	(7)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
8	(8)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
9	(11)	TWO OUT OF THREE AINT BAD	Meat Loaf
10	(10)	BECAUSE OF THE NIGHT	Patti Smith Group
11	(12)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
12	(13)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
13	(15)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
14	(21)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
15	(17)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
16	(23)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
17	(19)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
18	(18)	HEARTLESS	Heart
19	(20)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
20	(22)	I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
21	(25)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
22	(24)	YOU'RE THE LOVE	Seals & Crofts
23	(8)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
24	(27)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
25	(30)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
26	(14)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
27	(16)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
28	(26)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
29	(-)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT	Eric Clapton
30	(-)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

**ALBUMS**

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist	Position in Chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	15	1
2	(16)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	2
3	(11)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	5	1
4	(3)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	22	1
5	(12)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	21	5
6	(13)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	5	6
7	(4)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	10	2
8	(18)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	14	8
9	(10)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	10	4
10	(11)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	2	10
11	(5)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	5	5
12	(14)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	13	1
13	(-)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	1	13
14	(-)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	14
15	(7)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	10	6
16	(15)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	4	15
17	(9)	DISCO DOUBLE	Various (K-Tel)	2	9
18	(8)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	17	7
19	(22)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	2	19
20	(20)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	16	1
21	(-)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1	21
22	(6)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	12	2
23	(19)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	69	1
24	(24)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	7	6
25	(27)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	2	25
26	(17)	EASTER	Patti Smith (Arista)	9	6
27	(-)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	9	10
28	(28)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel (CBS)	5	26
29	(30)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	14	8
30	(21)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	2	21

BUBBLING UNDER — Various Artists (A&M); TRAVELING — John Williams (Cubel); BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS — Joe Walsh (Asylum); REAL LIFE — Megeuzie (Virgin).

**U.S. ALBUMS**

This Last Week	Chart	Title	Artist
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
3	(3)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
4	(7)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
5	(5)	FM	Various Artists
6	(9)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
7	(12)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
8	(11)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
9	(10)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
10	(4)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
11	(8)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
12	(6)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
13	(13)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
14	(16)	MAGAZINE	Heart
15	(20)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
16	(18)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
17	(14)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
18	(-)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
19	(21)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
20	(24)	GREASE	Various Artists
21	(15)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
22	(23)	EASTER	Patti Smith Group
23	(29)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
24	(25)	STONE BLUE	Foghat
25	(26)	TOGETHER FOREVER	Marshall Tucker Band
26	(-)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
27	(-)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
28	(30)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss
29	(-)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
30	(-)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

# NEWS DESK

Edited:  
Derek  
Johnson

## PATTI SMITH, TRB, JAM, BOOMTOWN RATS, SHAM 69, PENETRATION



JIMMY PURSEY of Sham 69

# Punks rule at Reading

## FULL BILL — PLUS BOOKING DETAILS

LINE-UP OF this year's Reading Festival was announced this week — and as previously forecast by NME, it includes Status Quo, The Jam and The Tom Robinson Band. Patti Smith, whose appearance was tipped by NME two weeks ago, is still officially subject to confirmation — but the organisers hope to receive her signed contract in a day or two.

The Boomtown Rats, Sham 69, Chelsea, Penetration and Bethnal are also booked for the event, ensuring that the new-wave movement is strongly represented. Randy California & Spirit fly in from the States specially for Reading, while Gruppo Sportivo represent Holland.

Other major names on the bill are Lindisfarne, The Pirates, the Ian Gillan Band, Radio Stars, Squeeze, Ultravox and John Otway. Also appearing are The Abbon Band, Nutz, New Hearts, Next, Business, Pacific Fardrum and Speed-O-Meters. And it's likely that one or two more acts will be

added later — though Wishbone Ash, at one time in the running, have now been forced to drop out.

As usual, the Reading Festival is staged over August Bank Holiday weekend (August 25-27) at its regular Thameside Arena site in Richfield Avenue. The programme runs from 3.30 to 11.30pm on the Friday, and from noon to 11.30pm on both Saturday and Sunday.

Booker Jack Barrie is still sorting out the precise running order, and this won't be known for another week or two. But provisional plans are for The Jam, Sham 69, Ultravox and The Pirates to perform on Friday; Status Quo, Spirit, The Boomtown Rats, and Lindisfarne on Saturday; and Patti Smith, Tom Robinson and Ian Gillan on Sunday — with the other acts to be slotted in around them.

The price of a weekend season ticket, inclusive of camping and parking, is £8.95. Mail order bookings are being accepted immediately — write to N.J.F., Reading Rock Festival, P.O. Box 450, London W1A 4SQ. Make cheques and POs payable to "NFI Reading Festival", enclose s.a.e., and allow up to four weeks for delivery.



THE BOOMTOWN RATS

A limited number of non-camping single day tickets will be available, only at the gates on the days in question, priced £3 (Friday) and £4.50 (Saturday and Sunday).

© Saturday's bill-topping spot will be Status Quo's only British gig this year. The band were forced to cancel a recent concert in Holland, and three in Germany, while Rick Parfitt was recovering from a muscular virus infection. But he left with them at the weekend for their Australian tour, which runs until August 16. Their new album, recorded in Holland, is scheduled for early September release — and they begin an extensive U.S. tour in October.

### LINDISFARNE LONDON CONCERT

LINDISFARNE are also newly booked for a major London concert, three weeks before their Reading appearance. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, August 4. It's promoted jointly by Adrian Hopkins and London's Capital Radio, who will be recording it for subsequent broadcast.

## FESTIVAL NEWS

LIVERPOOL's Hope Street Fringe Festival begins on Saturday (24) for eight days, and is highlighted by two weekend open-air rock shows. Appearing this Saturday (1.10 pm) are These Naughty Lumps, Torchy and The Moonbeams, Ton Tricks, Front Line Band, Juggernaut, Next, The Slippers and 29th and Dearborn; and the nine-hour show on July 1 features Big In Japan, Mountal, Mardox and The Zine, The Mutans, Second Thought Band, Moondogs and The Acceleration. The event also includes an open-air folk concert this Sunday (2.10 pm) and a string of indoor gigs — among them Big In Japan (June 26) and Georgie Fame (27), both at the Kirklands Baltimore Room.

HAINAULT Festival in Essex takes place this year on Saturday, July 1. The one-day open-air event has the Jenny Darren Band topping the afternoon session — while Johnny Moped, Advertising and Essex band Scene Stealer are among the evening acts.

PLANS TO STAGE a one-day open-air festival in August, on the banks of Loch Lomond in Scotland, have been shelved. The promoters have now decided they have left themselves insufficient time to get it together, and feel it would be better organised if left until next year. The intended site is a natural amphitheatre which would lend itself admirably to this type of event, and a spokesman told NME: "We were so enthusiastic about the venue that we got carried away, without taking into account the short notice. But we have every intention of making use of it, in a big way, in 1979."

## The Who producing 'Quadrophenia' movie

THE WHO have lined up another movie venture to follow their almost-completed picture "The Kids Are Alright", which is due for release around Christmas. They are going to make a

film based upon their 1973 album "Quadrophenia", and it will start shooting at Shepperton in September. The Who themselves won't be featured visually in the film, which will have a cast of unknowns, but they will be heard on the soundtrack — playing the LP songs, as well as a lot of new material currently being written.

The band have now committed themselves to building a major entertainment complex based at the Shepperton Studios Centre, a part of which they bought last November. They'll also be developing facilities there for the film and music business, in addition to producing their own films and records. To assist in this, Tony Prior has been brought in as managing director of their company, which has now changed its name to The Who Group Limited. A third film is already in the pipeline for production next year, though no details are yet available.

The Who's first single for over two years is released on June 30 on their own Who label, titled "Who Are You?" "Had Enough". It's their first-ever double A-side release, and also the first time a John Entwistle composition ("Had Enough") has been featured as an A-side.



## SIOUXSIE HEADLINES

SIOUXSIE and The Banshees — who, as reported last week, have just been signed by Polydor Records — headline their first major London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, July 23. American bands The Shirts (see page 4) and Dickies are special guests on this show.



CHUCK LEAVELL

## SEA LEVEL SHOW AT HAMMERSMITH

SEA LEVEL, the Allman Brothers Band spin-off, make their first appearance in this country when they headline at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, July 26. They're supported by another U.S. outfit on their debut visit, the Southern-boogie jazz-rock quintet Dixie Dregs. Sea Level were formed by

Chuck Leavell and two other ex-Allmans stalwarts, Jai Johanny Johanson and Lamar Williams, along with four other musicians. Their current album on release is "Cats On The Coats" — it's on Capricorn, as is "Free Fall" by Dixie Dregs. Both bands are appearing in the Montreux Jazz Festival prior to coming to London. Tickets for the concert, which is promoted by Straight Music, are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £1.50.

## Stones now due in late summer

THE ROLLING STONES have now confirmed that they've decided against interrupting their current American tour, and will instead visit Europe in the late summer after they've completed their U.S. commitments.

The original plan was for them to come over in late June or early July to play just three concerts — one each in London, Paris and Germany — which gave rise to the ill-founded rumour of their Rainbow concert next week.

They've now admitted that the whole idea was impractical, and have decided to treat Europe as a separate tour phase, rather

than a filler between U.S. gigs. The net result is that, despite the delay, they'll now be playing about 12 shows in Europe instead of the originally proposed three. And it seems likely that three or four of these dates will now be in this country.

It's not yet clear exactly where or when they'll be playing, but their visit is expected to be in late August or early September, and focussed on the London area. It now seems they are none too keen on playing the Rainbow, and apparently want to appear at somewhat larger venues — which (as far as London is concerned) could mean Earl's Court, Olympia or Wembley Arena, depending upon availability.

## CHARLTON BILL IS STILL NOT FIXED!

ANOTHER WEEK passes, with still no sign of the full bill being announced for the proposed rock concert at the Charlton football ground in South-East London on Saturday, July 22.

As NME closed for press, promoter Len Sang insisted that the event is going ahead — but said he was awaiting one final signature before revealing the complete line-up. At present, Lou Reed and David Coverdale's White Snake are still the only confirmed acts.

Even if the bill is announced next week, it will leave only three weeks for the sale of tickets — and Sang says he needs to dispose of 39,000 at £10 each in order to cover his costs.

This high admission charge is one of the principal factors in delaying the completion of the bill. The Motors have withdrawn because they feel the price is "well over the top". And the Steve Gibbons Band have also pulled out — a spokesman for Sang said it was because the band had broken up, but Gibbons denied this and said he opted out because "the gig is untogther and the £10 charge is too high".

Sang certainly intends to press ahead, because he has already brought space in the national Press to advertise it, announcing "Lou Reed and full supporting bill". And we are assured that the complete line-up will be available in a day or two. We shall see!

## Starship scare hits Knebworth

JEFFERSON STARSHIP will be appearing at the Knebworth Concert this Saturday, despite a scare last weekend when two of their scheduled dates in Germany were cancelled. After arriving in Europe, they played their opening gig in Amsterdam — but on moving to Germany, Grace Slick became unwell, and the band asked the local promoter if they could postpone their first two shows until later in their tour.

It seems the promoter was unwilling to do this, and delayed a decision until the last minute in the hope that Grace would recover. As a result, audiences duly turned up and were kept waiting in bad weather until they were informed of the cancellation. Tempers flared and some equipment was destroyed, as — at one venue — the audience rioted and set fire to the building.

Knebworth promoter Frederick Bannister told NME: "Grace had a violent groin pain and thought she had appendicitis coming on. But it was a false alarm and she's better now. She'll be fine for Saturday". In fact, Starship were back in action in Germany on Monday night.



GRACE SLICK

There was another Knebworth scare when "Cancelled" stickers were slapped on some posters for the event in the South London and Croydon areas. Many readers have phoned NME to ask if the show is off, but Bannister explained: "We are the innocent victims of a fly-posting war between rival companies, with certain people doing stupid — and possibly actionable — things".

● Full Knebworth details — Gig Guide, page 45.



# Shirts tour

**THE SHIRTS**, the New York band who made their British debut in April when they played a highly-acclaimed one-off gig at London Dingwalls, return to this country next month for a full tour. And to tie in with their visit, Harvest Records release their debut album — simply titled *"The Shirts"* — which was laid down in London earlier this year with producer Mike Thorne. The band's U.K. itinerary includes three dates in London — a Roundhouse concert and two nights at the Marquee — and details are:

Exeter Roots Club (July 10), Penzance The Garden (21), Plymouth Woods Centre (12), Scarborough Penthouse (14), Aylesbury Friars (15), Liverpool Eric's (17), Nottingham Sandpiper (18), Doncaster Outlook (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), Manchester Rufflers (22), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (23) and London Marquee Club (24 and 25).

**THE RUBINOOS** return to Britain at the end of this month for a short visit, which hinges around a four-day season at London Marquee from June 30 to July 3 inclusive. Only other gig so far confirmed for the Beserkley Records band is Coventry Warwick University on June 29, but it's likely that one or two more will be added at short notice. Their new single "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend", their first for 18 months, is out on June 30.

**THE SEX PISTOLS'** new single has changed its title for the fifth time! Originally announced as "God Save The Sex Pistols", it was altered last week to "The Biggest Blow (A Punk Prayer By Ronald Biggs)", and two days later it became "No-One Is Innocent". By Friday morning it had become "Cosh The Driver", but later that day Virgin announced they had finally settled on "No-One Is Innocent (A Punk Prayer By Ronald Biggs)". And just to complicate matters, the 12-inch version remains as "The Biggest Blow"! Still unchanged are the June 30 release date and the B-side, Sid Vicious' rendition of "My Way".

**THE PLEASERS** are playing a few gigs during the next week or so — visiting Weymouth Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Hertford Bulls Park College (Saturday) and London Camden Music Machine (June 30 and July 1).

# NEWS WAVES

## Rat Scabies new image; Poly collapses in studio

**RAT SCABIES** has ceased to exist! The former Damned drummer has decided to drop his rodent image and revert to his real name of Chris Millar. And that's how he is now billed in his newly-launched band White Cats, which also features Kelvin Blacklock (lead vocals and guitar), Steve Turner (bass and vocals) and Eddie Cox (guitars and vocals). They have London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (June 28), Stoke Newington Pegasus (30), Hammersmith Red Cow (July 1), Camden Dingwalls (4) and Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (8). They also play High Wycombe Town Hall on July 14.

**X-RAY SPEX** were forced to cancel their appearance in the Young Socialists' event at London Wembley Conference Centre last Sunday, and have also called off Bristol Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday) and Swindon Brunel Rooms (Friday), both of which were intended as replacements for gigs previously cancelled. Reason is that Poly Styrene, thought to have recovered from her recent exhaustion and fatigue, collapsed again at rehearsals last Friday. The band will now be out of action until she has recovered fully.

● The Brakes replace X-Ray at Swindon at short notice this Friday, and are also set for London Kensington Nashville (June 26) and London Marquee (July 7).

**PENETRATION** have added four more gigs to the end of their current tour — at London Kensington Royal College of Art (June 30), Cheltenham Plough Inn (July 3), Coventry Locarno (4) and London Kensington Nashville (7).

**THE BUZZCOCKS** take part in an Anti-Nazi League Northern Carnival in Manchester on Saturday, July 15. It follows the pattern of the recent London event, with a rally at Strangeways Prison at noon, followed at 1 pm by a march to Alexandra Park where the concert — also featuring Steel Pulse and China Street, among others — will be held from 2.30 to 6.30 pm.

**THE MODERN LOVERS'** concert at London Hammersmith Odeon tomorrow (Friday), the final gig of their British tour, will be their last with D. Sharpe on drums. He is leaving them to join the new Carla Bley band. Jonathan Richman and the other remaining Lovers will be looking for a new drummer when they return to Boston.

**WIRE** co-headline with the Doctors Of Madness in the latest Sunday concert to be confirmed for London Strand Lyceum Ballroom. It's on July 2.



## BOYFRIENDS DISC DEAL AND DATES

**THE BOYFRIENDS** have signed a recording deal with United Artists, and already have their debut single for the label scheduled for July 14 release — titled "I'm In Love Today". They will also spend most of July working on their first album with producer Martin Rushent. The band have had to cancel their gig at Barnstable Chequers tonight (Thursday) because of studio commitments, but they will be appearing at Newport Village (Friday), Kingston Polytechnic (Saturday), Leeds 'F' Club (June 29), Wolverhampton Lafayette (30), Nottingham Boat Club (July 1), Newbridge Club & Institute (2) and Exeter St George's Hall (6).

## RECORD NEWS

### Bowie LP tracks

**DAVID BOWIE's** long-awaited live double album is being rushed out by RCA as soon as possible — and as it was still untried as NME closed for press, this probably means it won't be available until the first week of July. Recorded at a Philadelphia concert and produced by Tony Visconti, it features the following tracks:

*Hang On To Yourself, Ziggy Stardust, Five Years, Soul Love Star, Station To Station, Fame, TVC 15, Warszawa, Speed Of Life, Art Decade, Sense Of Doubt, Breaking Glass, Heroes, What In The World, Blackout and Beauty And The Beast.*

● Robert Palmer's new single is his self-penned "Best Of Both Worlds", issued by Island this weekend.

● Wayne County & The Electric Chairs, whose new four-track EP "Bistritly Offensive" is out this week on Safari Records (distributed by Lightning), are being lined up for a British tour to promote it — rather sooner than expected, now that they are based in Germany.

● Marella, currently on tour with U.F.O., have a new single titled "Kiss Like Rock & Roll" produced by Nazareth lead guitarist Manny Charlton — issued by Mountain this weekend. And their first single "Do it The French Way" is to be featured as the title song of a new film called "The French Way", starring Romy Schneider and Jane Birkin, for summer release.

● Scottish band The Jolt — who have toured recently with Generation X, The Motors and the Jam — have a new single out on Polydor early next month. A-side is "I Can't Walk" and it's coupled with a live version of the standard "Route 66", recorded in Bristol.

● Tubeway Army have recorded a single titled "Bombers" for release early next month by Beggars Banquet. Same label announces that The Lurkers' follow-up to their current mini-hit "Ain't Got A Clue" will be "I Don't Need To Tell Her", for late July release.

● MCA singles out on June 30 include "FM (No Static At All)" from the soundtrack album "FM" by Steely Dan, and "Variation 23" by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Issued the same day are "The Race Is On" by Suzi Quatro (Rakl) and "Senors" by Mr. Big (EMI).

● Some copies of Nazareth's new Mountain single "A Place In Your Heart" have reached the shops with the wrong B-side. Instead of "Kentucky Fried Blues", some purchasers have found the Bee Gees singing "Down The Road", the flip side of "Night Fever". This is due to a pressing error at Phonodisc, the company which manufactures both Mountain and RSO records. Anyone wishing to exchange a faulty copy should write to Customer Services, Phonodisc, Grove road, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex.

● Lightning Records have concluded a deal with Pye for the release of some of their classic singles. These include "Mean Girl" by Status Quo, "My Old Man's A Dustman" by Lonnie Donegan and "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For" by Emile Ford (all due in July); "That's When The Heartaches Begin" by Long John Baldry and "Pictures Of You" by Joe Brown (August); "Petite Fleur" by Chris Barber and "Waterloo Sunset" by The Kinks (September); "Pictures Of Matchstick Men" by Status Quo and "Summer In The City" by Lovin' Spoonful (October); and "Brand New Key" by Melanie and "Colours" by Donovan (November).

● A new Cyanide single titled "Mac the Flash", taken from their debut album "Cyanide", is released by Pye this weekend.

● Liverpool band The Mutants have a maxi-single out this week, with the first 5,000 copies pressed in red vinyl. An additional gimmick is that the A-side "Hard Times" plays at 45rpm, while the coupling plays at 33rpm. This is because there are two four-minute tracks on the B-side, "School Teacher" and "Lady".

● Zones, the four-piece Glasgow band whose line-up includes original Silk members Billy McIsaac and Kenny Hyslop, have signed a worldwide exclusive deal with Arista and their debut product for the label will be issued shortly.

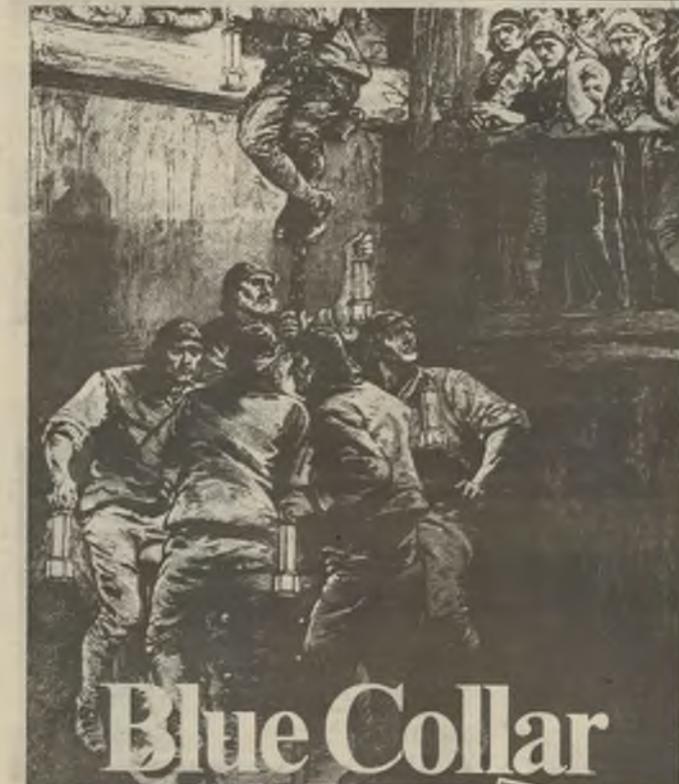
● Alexis Korner is making his debut as a record producer. He's currently working on an album with a blues associate of his, Rod Dawes, and negotiations are under way for the finished product to be released on a major label.

● Elaine Paige, who's playing the title role in the stage musical "Evita", has been signed by EMI Records. She is currently cutting her debut tracks.

### ONLY 1½ MINUTES FROM BUZZCOCKS

**THE BUZZCOCKS'** previously-reported new single "Love You More" (issued in June 30) is the second shortest ever made, claim United Artists. It runs for just one minute 29 seconds which, say U.A., is one second longer than the shortest single ever — the 1960 hit "Stay" by Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs.

*(I wouldn't have thought that ultra-short duration was anything to shout about — but, in any case, I don't agree with U.A.'s claim. I have an old 78 of "The Flight Of The Bumble Bee" by Harry James Orchestra which last for only 58 seconds — News Ed.)*



# Blue Collar

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"Blue Collar is well worth getting into your home just for the Beeheer, Wolf and Turner performances... and to hear Ryland P. Cooder smuting his stuff in a style that he rarely uses on his own records these days." NME.

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# 10c.c. play 19 concerts

**DATES AND VENUES** have now been confirmed for the British tour in September by 10 c.c. It comprises 19 concerts at 11 different venues, and follows a string of Scandinavian gigs at the end of August. The band will be playing the entire show themselves, with no support act, and the promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises.

The itinerary takes in Liverpool Empire (September 3), Birmingham Odeon (4, 5 and 6), Aberdeen Capitol (8 and 9), Edinburgh Usher Hall (10 and 11), Newcastle City Hall (13 and 14), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (15), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (16, 17 and 18), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), London Wembley Arena formerly the Empire Pool (23 and 24) and Brighton New Conference Centre (25).

It's expected that all box-offices will open this Saturday (24). Apart from two venues, all tickets are priced £4, £3.50 and £3. The exceptions are Bridlington (all at the one price of £3.50) and Wembley (£4.25 and £3.50).

These will be 10 c.c.'s first U.K. dates since May last year, and they are the first leg of a seven-month world tour lasting until spring 1979 and taking in America, Japan and Australia.

Now fronted by Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman (following the departure of Lol Creme and Kevin Godley to concentrate on their Gizmo invention), the current line-up also features Rick Fenn, Paul Burgess, Stuart Tosh and Duncan Mackay. They say they've tried to arrange as many regional venues as possible, to save their audiences the expense of travelling to see them in just one or two centres.

But it's significant that this is the first major tour to be announced, following the closure of the Apollo, which does not include a visit to Glasgow. A spokesman explained: "Ranks won't have the Eglinton Toll Odeon ready in time for our tour, and we don't regard the Kelvin Hall as suitable."



ERIC STEWART (left) and GRAHAM GOULDMAN

## 'STUDIO 54 WILL BE OPENING IN LONDON'

STUDIO 54 is to open in London after all, according to the company which runs the exclusive New York disco. Charles Stein, head of Hardwick Companies Inc., this week dismissed rumours that they had scrapped their London plans. He said that application has been made to enable them to convert the New Victoria Theatre into a night spot, and the owners — Rank Leisure Services — have agreed to lease the venue as soon as permission is granted. Stein's company is already paying rent to Ranks and, providing there are no problems with the GLC, Studio 54 will open there in October.

## MORE GIGS SET FOR

# Motors, Wilko, Pirates, Linda

**THE PIRATES** have extended their "Skull Wars" tour still further with additional dates at Sheffield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Guildford Civic Hall (June 28), Manchester New Century Hall (30), Oxford College of Further Education (July 1), Blackpool Imperial Ballroom (2), Newcastle Mayfair (7) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (9).



LINDA LEWIS

**THE MOTORS**, already set for London Camden Dingwalls this Saturday as part of the venue's fifth anniversary season, have added gigs at Egham Royal Holloway College (tomorrow, Friday), Uxbridge Brunel University (June 28), London Regents Park Bedford College (30) and London Hatfield New Roxy Theatre (July 1). A further eight dates are being lined up for July, before they leave for an American tour.

LINDA LEWIS plays a couple of provincial concerts next month, as a prelude to her appearance at London Royal Festival Hall on July 18, reported last week. They are at Swindon Oasis Centre (July 15) and Poole Arts Centre (16). Her backing band for these gigs, including London, comprises Richard Bailey (drums), Max Middleton (keyboards), Robert Ahwai (guitar), Kuma (bass), Sieve Gregory (sax and flute), the two-girl Domino team of back-up vocalists and another guitarist still to be named.

**WILKO JOHNSON'S** Solid Senders are playing a few gigs in August to preview their new Virgin album, which they start recording next Monday for September release. So far confirmed at Exeter Roots (August 7), Penzance Winter Gardens (8), Plymouth Woods Centre (9), London Marquee (10 and 11) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12). They also appear at Egham Royal Holloway College tomorrow (Friday) as special guests of The Motors.



ROBERT GORDON (left) and LINK WRAY

## Gordon and Wray partnership ends

**ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY**, who were in London last week for a Music Machine gig and a "Whistle Test" TV spot, have decided to split up after 2½ years of playing together. They've apparently had differences of opinion over their backing and the musicians with whom they work, and decided it would be beneficial if they pursued their careers separately. The first step for both of them will be to record solo albums.

## BEACH BOYS IN FREE LENINGRAD CONCERT

**THE BEACH BOYS**, Santana and Joan Baez are to star in a unique concert in Russia's second city, Leningrad, on America's Independence Day (July 4). Along with three Russian acts, they'll be appearing in a free open-air gig in Palace Square, presented by top U.S. promoter Bill Graham — and the event is expected to attract up to 250,000 people.

The concert is being filmed by London movie producer Dimitri DeGrunwald, for inclusion in a documentary be's making about life in present-day Russia — and the gig is expected to occupy half the film's running time of 90 minutes. Stage lighting and technical equipment is being shipped to Leningrad from London, and CBS will subsequently issue a live album of the event.

## PUNK DOMINATION OF 'REVOLVER' TV SHOW

**'REVOLVER'** — Mickie Most's new ATV series showcasing rock, with particular emphasis on new-wave bands — begins its regular weekly screening on Saturday, July 22, on the full ITV network. Contents of the first show haven't yet been decided — a spokesman explained that they are currently working non-stop filming bands, and will settle on running orders later.

But among the acts already filmed, who will be seen in the first few shows, are Boomtown Rats, The Stranglers, The Clash, The Buzzcocks, The Vibrators, The Lurkers, Ian Dury & The Blockheads, The Boyfriends, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Brent Ford & The Nylons and Autographs.

● Negotiations are in hand with a view to Thames TV making a full-length animated feature film of "Captain Fantastic", created by Elton John and cartoonist Alan Aldridge, and based upon Elton's 1975 album of the same name.

The LP songs would be used on the soundtrack, though it's not yet known if Elton would specially re-record them for this purpose.

● LW-TV's "London Weekend Show" this Sunday lunchtime looks at where the money goes in the music business. Among those performing are Peter Gabriel (who is also interviewed), Sore Throat and The Records — the new band launched by Will Birch, ex-Kursaal Flyers.

## London gets new venue

A NEW MUSIC venue opens in London in early November. The building which was formerly the Metropole Cinema in Victoria has been acquired by Virgin, who have converted it into a supper club seating 600, and have already secured the necessary food, drink and music licences. There will be two shows every night (9 and 11.45pm). Virgin are at present negotiating for a "broad range" of acts to appear at the venue — which, appropriately, is to be called The Venue — and they have installed P.A. equipment costing £100,000.

## CADO BELLE TOUR PLANS

**CADO BELLE** play their last date of the summer on July 8 at London Camden Music Machine, and are then off the road for 2½ months. Initially they'll be helping Scottish singer Jim Wilkie — who recently supported them on their tour of the Highlands — in the recording of his album. Then they spend six weeks rehearsing material for a major tour starting at the end of September, coinciding with the release of a new single by Anchor.

## LONDON DATE BY SARSTEDT

**PETER SARSTEDT**, whose new single "Beirut" has just been issued by Ariola, plays his first London concert for three years when he headlines at Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre on Sunday, July 2. This is one of the series being jointly promoted by John Martin and London's Capital Radio, who will be recording it for subsequent broadcast. Special guest is Catherine Howe and the show starts at 7.30 pm. Tickets are £3, £2.75, £2.50 and £2.

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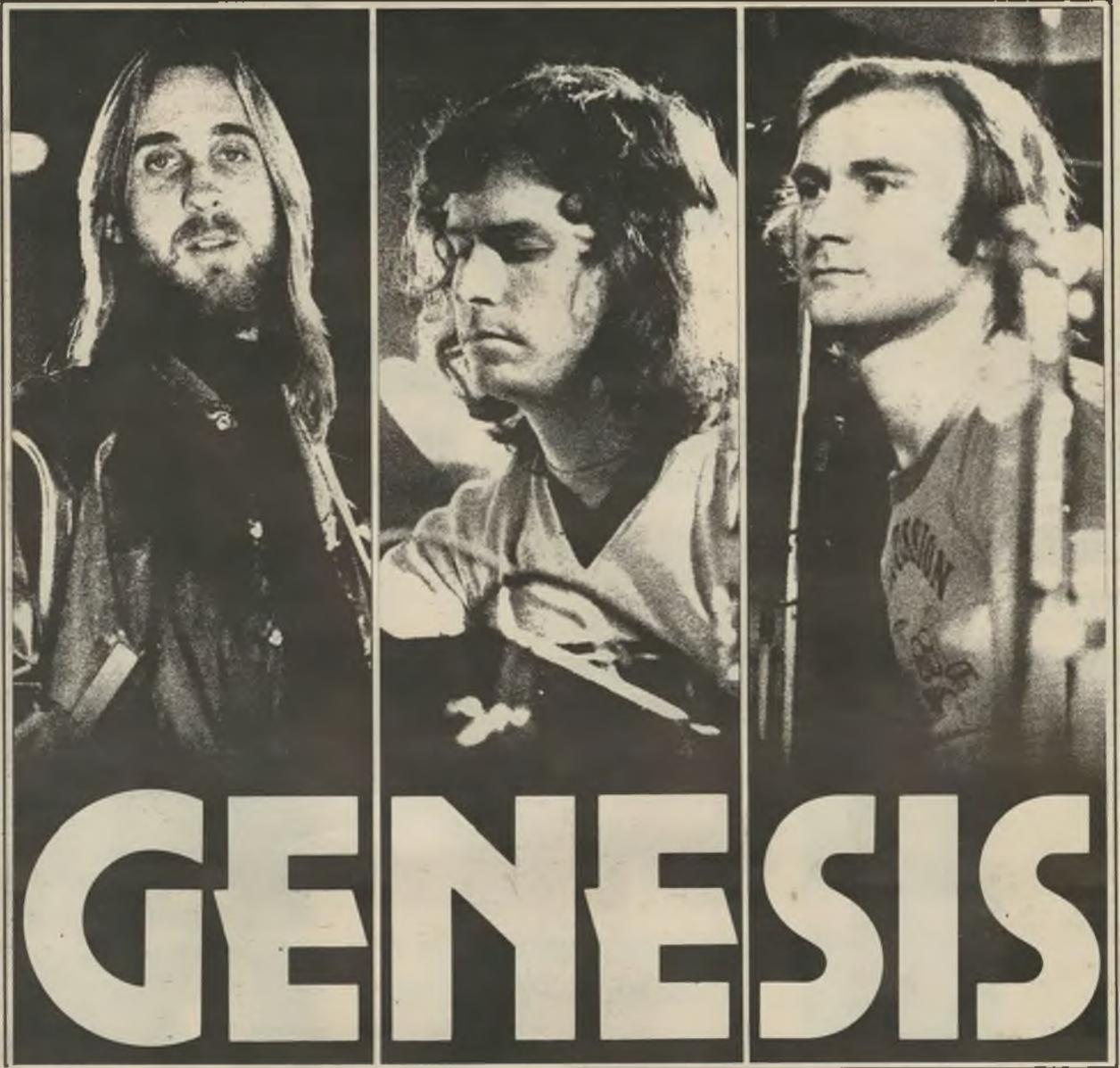
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& Genesis



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# A Funny Thing Happened On My Way To Dino's Bar & Grill . . .

"Drifting like a drover / Chasing my career / From the ships docked in the harbour / New horizons will appear / Tumbling with the tumble-weed — Down the open road / Taking only what I need / Before my head explodes / Ooooooooooooooh, I'm going southbound . . ."

— Phil Lynott, "Southbound", Autumn 1977.

**I**T MUST have been around midnight when I finally hit *Dino's*. The summer night was long and hot and inside my Lewis Leather I was sweating like a hog on heat. Even slouched against a fire-hydrant out front of this downtown bar 'n' grill, the vociferousness of the two-bit joint's *Wurlitzer* cranked up to full blast could make the ear-drums bleed on a Vincent Van Gogh or Paul Getty the third.

"... CALLING HIS CAT DEE DEE RAMONE!"

Inside I could see the boys bipping and bopping and telling a dirty joke or two. But, normally, I pack a rod in pyjamas and carry nothing but scars from Normandy beach so I stuck my hands in my back-pockets — Bette Davis style — and sauntered through the swing-doors, cool and sassy.

"... STICKING HIS NOSE WHERE IT DON'T BELONG!"

At the bar I ordered my usual, conscious of a plethora of palpable pupils upon my person.

"A pinta Unigate and glass, Joe," I murmured. "Leave the bottle . . ." Ensuing derisive cackles died a swift death in gormless gullets when they grabbed a gander at my icky digits dancing nervously above my low-slung Boots Audio CR400.

"... GETTING HIS-A KICKS ON THE WEIRD SIDE-A TOWN!"

Thirst slaked, lips licked, I rolled myself a Stephen's Green special, cocked a legging over the nearest vacant bar-stool and narrowed my contact lenses. Celtic visages that struck a chord of recognition in my soul swam into soft-focus vision.

A congregation of nubile colleens were coquettishly queuing a dozen-deep to stroke the strides of Spanish leather occupied by lithe Phil Lynott.

In a secluded corner of *Dino's*, Brian Downey played a seemingly interminable game of patience, torn fingers taped and bloodied bandages.

Meanwhile, the alked-out lethal combination of Brian Robertson plus his boozy brace of inseparable side-kicks Frankie Miller and Derek The Dog belloyed vitriolic Glaswegian insults at all corners, the *Teacher's*-toting trio beating back the razor-chivs and broken bottles with boogie-crunching bare fists.

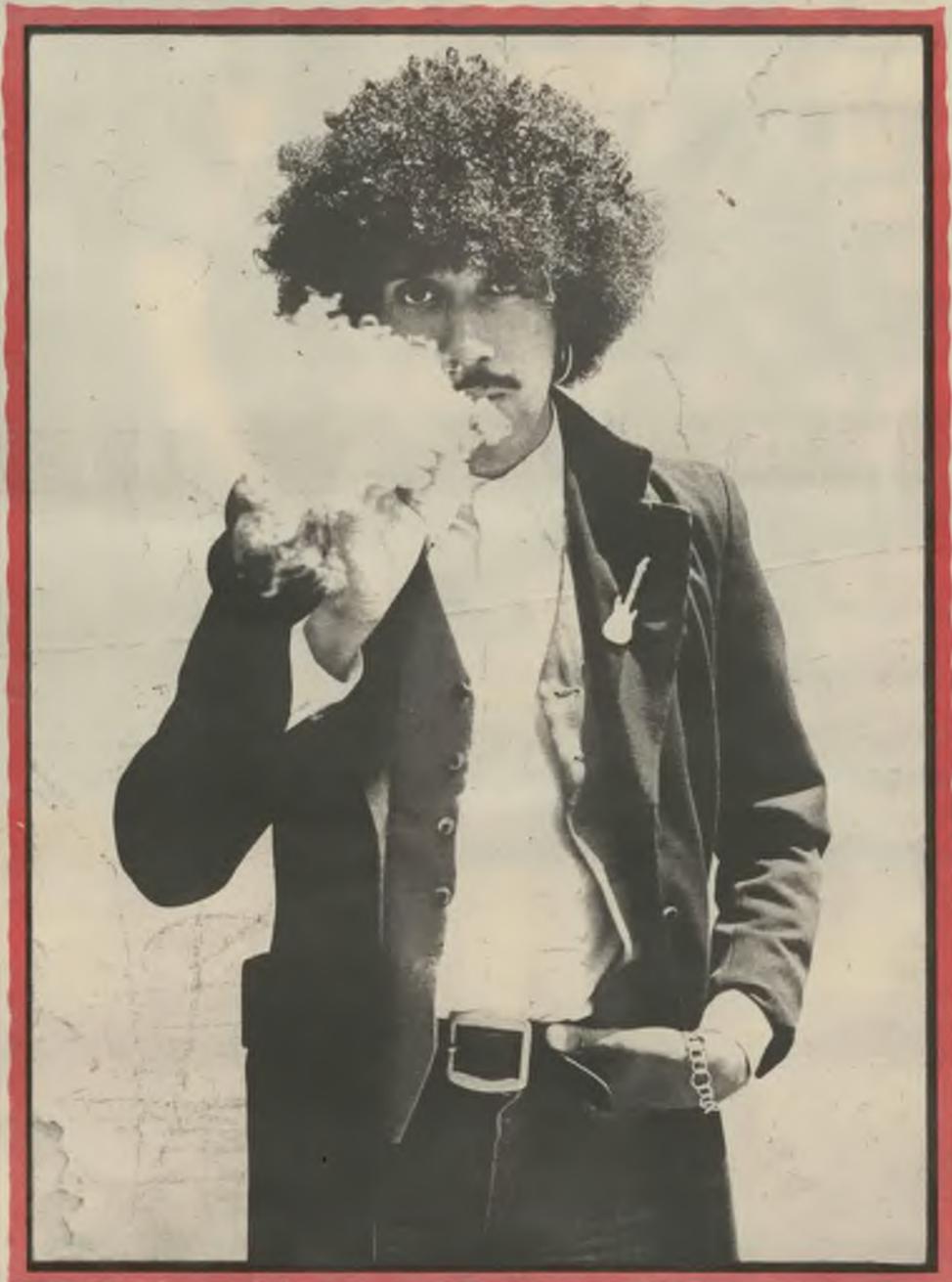
Completely oblivious to the fracas, the combo's token Los Angelian, Scott Gorham, kept a tab of his own events as the moon entered Pisces and the great bird is in flight and what are all these lizards doing in my pad, *madaaan*??!"

"... CAN'T STOP THE BOY!"

And then . . . ah, I'm sorry, gang, but I just can't do it. Don't believe a word, I'm lying. Contrary to popular Lizzy Rock Dream legend, it really doesn't happen that way at all.

**I**T WAS fookin' worse around the time of "Bad Reputation" . . . sighs Phil Lynott in that distinctive Dublin dialect, the soft-spoken brogue of the boy from Brendan Behan's block tempered with an almost Sly Stone-sensibility of the *stoned-cool* aesthetic.

"Every interview we did wanted to know — Is this about your sex life? Is this about Brian's hand? Is this about Scott's hippie past?" "In this family-sized broom closet that serves as a dressing room in the Harlesden Roxy, Lynott looks back in understandable exasperation. We'd just cut an album that was a



I watched him narrow his eyes and take a hit . . .

**The night was hot and sultry and the jukebox swayed and heaved as the black Irish cowboy they called PHIL LYNOTT strode in for a showdown with Reality . . .**

real change for the band . . . it nearly got called an M.O.R. album which I didn't think was justified at all. We wanted to talk about the fookin' music but no fooker would listen."

The "Bad Reputation" vinyl was certainly an album of transition for Thin Lizzy, a fact that in the euphoria surrounding the "Live And Dangerous" set has been conveniently overlooked by kid and critic alike, most of whom mistake the progression for a dilution of the style they had imagined Lizzy to be the proud possessors of patent pending, True Grit Warrior Potency, and so on.

Like, *qu'est-ce que c'est, le biching, John?* Tracks like "Killer Without A Cause" and the title-song ooze power and frenzy aplenty, showing no sign of straying from the copyright Lizzy made their own on "Johnny The Fox" or, more to the point, "Jailbreak", while the Van Morrisonesque "Southbound", "Downtown Sundown" and "Dancing

In The Moonlight" all found Philip sounding as if his romanticism was no longer solely reserved for the pavement, sorry — *smeer*, and was being extended to women.

I put it to Lynott that the album also found him attempting to work with a heavier lyrical subject matter that prevented the record's melodic mellowness straying into Hip Easy Listening territory. Invectives aimed at mercenaries and smack dealers being hardly yer standard Lizzy fare.

"Yeah, I was beginning to feel that there was a danger of us getting, uh, *stereotyped* . . . and the last thing that I'd ever want for Lizzy is to become one of them fookin' bands that exists as a parody of what they used to be all about."

But not only was "Bad Reputation" a marked departure for your outfit that most people *misinterpreted* at the time, there were ch-ch-changes that everybody's forgotten about now that the definitive live waxing is on the record racks.

Lynott shrugs. "Well, the live album is what people expect from us. The fact that it went silver before it was released shows that, the kids have got enough confidence in what it's gonna be like to fork out the fookin' reedies in advance. And it *does* capture Lizzy, *that* Lizzy — Tony Visconti's fookin' great, man . . ."

And it says a lot for the Bowie / Bolan producer that he can obtain a suitable aural canvas for both the raw immediacy of "Live And Dangerous" and the piquant poignancy of "Bad Reputation". The former being an ineffable document of where the band have trod on the road for several years and become platinum property, while the latter remains indicative of

where they could be heading. "Live And Dangerous" is a compilation album," opines Lynott. "All the hits are there . . . and it's an end of an era. The change will be slight this side of the Atlantic, but by the time we get back from America it should be a major change."

Lynott is sassy that the majority of the flak that "Bad Reputation" caught can be attributed for the most part to the inopportune moment that it appeared right in the midst of rampant Anor-Chic In The Yew Kay, when even yer ol' Auntie Lester "I'm - Taking - A Moral - Stand - With - The Clash - And - All - You - Limey -

• Continues over

**Words by TONY PARSONS  
Pix by DENNIS MORRIS**

If you listen hard in the underground ...



## Another Round At Dino's

● From previous page

Faggots - Can - Kiss - My - Pogoing - Ass" Bangs was leaving his Tower Block to sign on at Box C.  
Cue flash-back ...

**L**IZZY WERE the first band I ever went on the road with two years back, when your humble hero was but a wide-eyed rookie, Bill Granipy wasn't even a £ sign in Malcolm's iris, and Thin Lizzy had just scored the summer hit single of that fateful year with "The Boys Are Back In Town".

Memories, like the corners of my mind, misty water-coloured memories ... touring with Lizzy spoilt me; I trudged home imagining that all Rock-Stars were that intelligent, likeable, accessible and totally devoid of bullshit.

And even then, way back when Lizzy were preparing themselves for shaking up the Madison Square Garden fodder, and the Pistols were poised to shake up everybody, Lynott welcomed stiff competition from the new generation like no other NAME has done either before or since. Which is one of the reasons I liked him so much.

"Yeah, even then I was predicting to ya that something BIG was gonna happen," Phil smiles with understandable pride. "The kids were on the move and I could feel it and I honestly welcomed it. Suddenly there was all these ... characters that weren't around, just weren't around

before ...

"And it wasn't just in bands — they were coming through in every facet of rock 'n' roll, it was fookin' great, man, a great thing ... like, I was around in the early seventies and you needed a fookin' G.C.E. in playing the guitar, you had to be Eric Clapton before you could get a deal, it was ridiculous. These kids came in and just blew everything apart ..."

Forget all those clapped-out old Yanks like Iggy, Loopy Lou and Billy J. Kramer, this geezer is our true prime patron of punk. And he disappeared into a Canuck studio with his combo at the height of it all and returned to find ...

"During the six weeks that we were away it really seemed to kick through and we came back with this really nicely produced album with a few mellow songs on it, a bit of aggression but all well produced ... and all of a sudden that wasn't the thing. It was all non-production — raw, basic, flat sound ... but!" — he grins with heart-felt admiration — "those kids blew every principle going!"

So the album's true worth was ignored and Lizzy's credibility quota slipped until the next outing.

But for two years at least the punters had been waiting for the privilege of clocking Lizzy live on their very own Music Centre, so why the long wait?

"We've been recording the band's gigs since the "Johnny The Fox" tour Hammersmith dates back in '76, but we didn't wanna comply to the demand coz not only were we aware

of the stigma around live albums — thanks to Peter Frampton and all that — but we didn't wanna release a record where we just had the reaction of the English kids ... that would have been almost a statement were you'd be saying to people elsewhere ...

"This is how you're supposed to react to these songs, you clap here. That'd been condescending ..."

"We waited until last year when we finally headlined all over ... due to the illnesses and the fights and the cut hands and everything ..."

**W**HICH BRINGS us to the prodigal son — Brian Robertson, solo after the Speakeasy incident where his hand intercepted a broken glass meant for his mate Frankie Miller's face. Brian's slashed tendons resulted in post-ponement of Lizzy's impending Stateside tour (that with replacement axe-man Gary Moore).

Highest priority in Phil Lynott's philosophy is (and it might sound corny but it's the sodding truth, buster): "Not letting down the kids who fookin' made ya whatcha are ... they gave it all to ya and it is their God-given right that they can take it away from ya any time they like."

The trial separation with Brian Robertson appears to have worked out best all round. At nineteen he had too much too quickly of the carnal, chemical and cash delights that has chewed up and digested many a mortal ("No easy answer, for those who wish to know"), the difference between the majority of the self-immolated and Robertson being that he was shrewd, strong and lucky enough to come back with the realisation that perpetually walking on the edge is for losers.

Me and Brian stand on the Roxy stage where Lizzy are to rehearse for the upcoming dates in Belfast and gaze in strict molten awe at the

emerald laser beam tracing an impressive arabesque across the back of the deserted hall.

... T ... H ... I ... N ... L ... I ... Z ... Z ... Y ...

"Fookin' great!" he exults and you feel that he ain't just talking about the light-show. He straps on the Les Paul. Rough shards of chords slice through the silence of the mezzanine and Lynott looks at him and smiles.

"He's still a wild-man," Phil opines. "But he's older and wiser; he still knows how to have a good time ... but he's also learned when work must be done ..."

Brian's temporary exile from Lizzy also had the effect of allowing Scott Gorham to finally have the space to establish a clear identity within the band.

"Brian was only in the studio on 'Bad Reputation' for the final two weeks of recording," draws the crop-haired Californian. "There just had to be more of me on that album, it was less of a back-up role ... I was a bit nervous about it at first ... then when we got about half-way through I realised that I could do anything I wanted to all the time ..."

The doubt about Gorham's capabilities probably never existed outside his own skull. On planks or plastic Lizzy remain the solitary Hard Rock outfit still extant who inject neoterism into the genre — never falling into the trap of indulging dual lead guitars of the Wishbone Wankers ilk. It's often nigh impossible to discern who's playing what, so well do Gorham and Robertson mesh and interchange the lead/rhythm responsibilities.

Lynott straps on his look-a-ma-no-leads bionic bass guitar which transmits signals to the amplifier via transistors rather than wires.

When he first started using the instrument at Hammersmith last year outraged punters demanded their money back, concluding that the bassist was mining to a pre-recorded tape. Now apparently the Stones have

picked up on Lynott's innovation for their Farewell Tour equipment ...

**P**HILLYNOTT'S come a long way from his first time in the London tube, sticking out his hand for the train to stop.

"I'm sorry I can't talk more to ya, Tone, but I gotta rehearse and then sod off at five for Kid Jensen's Roundtable ..."

I get in a round of last-orders ... is it possible your need to evolve musically could be assimilated to a large extent into what you're gonna do on your solo album?

"Well, I'll concentrate on putting the more powerhouse stuff on the Lizzy albums coz at our gigs ... the excitement of the night, the energy the kids are giving ya ... and fifty thousand watts of power!"

What about the stud image (only operative after a long monogamous affair with one woman terminated in the mid-seventies)?

"I think chicks are fookin' together, man ... but I'd rather be thought of as a rough diamond than a romantic cissy ..."

Ever gonna be a Tax Exile?  
"All that 'high taxation' stuff is rubbish ... I'll never leave this country. No matter how much money I make ..."

And, finally, thoughts on the National Front?

"It's no longer a question of the blacks asking for equal rights ... I fookin' demand equal rights! If someone comes at me with that N.F. shit then I'll fookin' knock them down or they'll knock me down ... but there's no way I'm gonna stand still for that shit ... No matter what, you're gonna get a melting pot ... I ain't gonna make political speeches but me mother's white and me father's black ... if I can give strength to kids that way ... 'Hey, there's a Black Irish guy and he's doing all right ...'"

Seen.



you can hear the phantom bass player wailing

“ I AIN'T gonna make political speeches but me mother's white and me father's black ... if I can give strength to kids that way ... "Hey, there's a Black Irish guy and he's doing all right ... ”

# Daily Times

WEDNESDAY JUNE 21, 1978

**UFO**  
GIG NEWS

The whole of Britain is alerted

# WATCH OUT FOR - A UFO SIGHTING IN YOUR TOWN!

By OUR ROCK CORRESPONDENT

THEY'VE BEEN blowing the States apart in a nationwide sell out tour.

They've smashed their way into the American top 20 with their last album 'Lights Out'.

And now they're back in Britain. Who are they?

None other than UFO, the British rock band, now staging a nationwide British tour.

### The Sounds of UFO

UFO's sound is heavy rock, pure and simple.

And unless you've seen them live or heard their albums you won't have heard rock music half as good, anywhere.

### Many UFO Sightings

June	
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



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

## Unique UFO Sound Recorded

UFO WHO WERE responsible for the incredible "Lights Out" record have recorded a new studio album, produced by Ron Nevison.

It's called "Obsession", an apt name we think because the album is so dynamic it can't fail to become an obsession with you - you'll find it in your shops soon.



INSIDE: UFO 4th 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

**NEW EP**  
**BURLESQUE. C/W In My Own Time.**  
**The Weaver's Answer.**  
**K14487**

## IT'S A FAMILY REUNION

Burlesque. In My Own Time. The Weaver's Answer. Meet them again on a new EP of Family favourites.

Like all old friends, they'll remind you that there was only ever one Family - and there'll never be another.

Listen to any of the six albums shown here, and you'll realise what your ears have been missing. And that'll be the start of another Family affair.

*Family*



Old Songs New Songs  
K34001



Music In A Dolls House  
K44057



Family Entertainment  
K44069



Anyway  
K54002



Bandstand  
K54006



Best Of Family  
K54023



All available on Reprise records

# THRILLS

RIGHT: artwork for the 'rejected' Sex Pistols single — Ronnie Biggs singing "Cosh The Driver". CBS refused to press it under that title.

## PISTOLS' 'NAZI' SINGLE

All the scam you'd rather not know

WHAT YOU SEE on the right are the original advertisements which have now been scrapped for the new record by the Ronnie Biggs-fronted Sex Pistols.

The Pistols' fifth single finally arrives in your corner store next week under the title of "No One Is Innocent (A Punk Prayer By Ronnie Biggs)".

However, had it not been for objections at the CBS plant where the record is being pressed, it would in fact have emerged under the much more blatantly sensationalistic title of "Cosh The Driver".

That, of course, is a reference to the part Biggs played in the so-called Great Train Robbery. If his erstwhile colleagues, whose recently serialised reminiscences have so enthralled the nation, could cash in on the crime, then why not Biggs?

Or rather, why not G!tterbest? Now known as Mairixbest, Malcolm McLaren's company is foisting the record onto the market to trail the Pistols' forthcoming movie, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, which is due for completion by the autumn. Both "No One Is Innocent" and its B-side, Sid Vicious singing "My Way", are featured in the film.

Both are also billed as by The Sex Pistols, though Johnny Rotten is long gone and the chances of Paul Cook and Steve Jones ever working with Vicious are slim.

The new single A-side, "No One Is Innocent", was recorded on a 16-track recorder in Rio de Janeiro and overdubbed in London at Wessex Studios. Credited to Biggs, Cook and Jones, it features Paul Cook on drums, Steve Jones on guitar and bass, and Ronnie Biggs on vocals. Here, approximately, is what he sings:

*God save The Sex Pistols/They're all wholesome blokes/They just like wearing filthy clothes/And swapping filthy jokes.*

*God save Martin Bormann/And Nazis on the run/They wasn't bring wicked, God/It was their idea of fun.*

*God save Myra Hindley/And God save Ian Brady/Even though he was horrible/And she wasn't what you'd call a lady.*

*Ronnie Biggs was doing time/Until he did a bunk/Now he's living in Brazil/And he sold his arse for punk.*

Myra Hindley and Ian Brady are, of course, the 'Moors Murderers', who were jailed in the '60s for torturing and murdering several children. Martin Bormann was one of Adolf Hitler's closest aides; he has long been rumoured to have fled to South America after the war.

Apparently a story has got around that Virgin had to outbid Bernard Rhodes' Brak Records for the single — a rumour they are quick to refute. The Pistols are all under Virgin contract, and the company is proud to be associated with such major cultural artefacts as the above.

Between recording and release, the title has actually changed half a dozen times: from "God Save The Sex Pistols" to "Cosh The Driver (A Punk Prayer By Ronnie Biggs)", to "The Biggest Blow (A.P.P.B.R.B.)" — which is how it will go out on the LP disco-mix version, as it was too late to change — to "No One Is Innocent (A.P.P.B.R.B.)".

The other side, "My Way", was recorded in Paris by Sid Vicious whilst filming *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, to a backing track laid down at Wessex by Steve and Paul, again with Jones doubling on guitar and bass. Despite negotiating what has been described as "a dramatic change of tempo" during the song, we hear that Sid actually had no contact at all with Cook & Jones over the record, and he is even rumoured to be ignorant of G!tterbest's release plans.

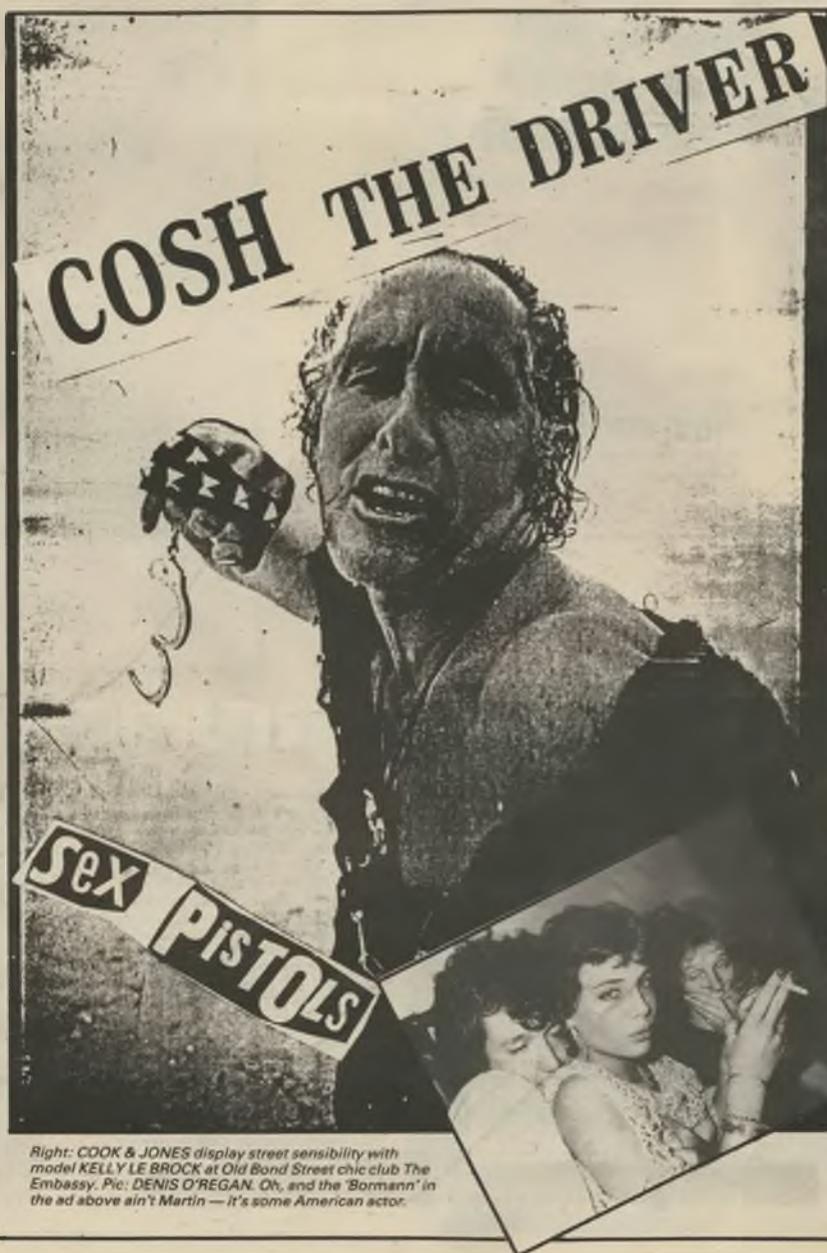
As for Sidney himself, he, in the words of Virgin Records teaboy Al Clark, is "not going through a happy time at the moment."

Indeed not. Only a month ago Sid got his face well and truly messed up in a fracas with The Jam's Paul Weller at the Speakeasy — according to the Speak's Jim Carter-Fay, he required 21 stitches — and that was followed by a fight in the same club a fortnight ago involving former Wings and Stone The Crows guitarist Jimmy McCulloch. This time it was McCulloch who required stitching up, and Sid got himself banned from the premises.

The Sex Pistols' sixth single, it is whispered, could be R. Biggs singing "Belsen Was A Gas". A source close to Thrills comments: "It's pathetic."

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS



Right: COOK & JONES display street sensibility with model KELLY LE BROCK at Old Bond Street chic club The Embassy. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN. Oh, and the 'Bormann' in the ad above ain't Martin — it's some American actor.

The word said  
Friday.  
The word is the  
word is wrong.

Now eyeball  
Bootsy Collins  
on SATURDAY,  
24th June at 1.00p.m.  
at Birmingham's  
Virgin Record Store.

Virgin Records and Tapes

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**Is this the real Sleeper Catcher?**



Intense Radiation (L-R): PETE HOLIDAI, PHIL CHEVRON, JAMES CRASHE

Pic: RAY STEVENSON

# GRILLING THE RADIATORS

**T**HE RADIATORS (From Dublin) see themselves as one of the premier new wave bands, an assertion that is justified by the quality of material on their debut album "TV Tube Heart".

Even so, they've hardly suffered from over-exposure in England, and it's been some time since we've heard from them on record or in print — two situations which are now being rectified.

The most prolonged opportunity English audiences have had to see the band was when they supported Thin Lizzy on a major tour last year. Some of the Lizzy crowds treated The Radiators with predictable scepticism, but many were pleased to find there was more to the group's sound than the top gear drone they'd been led to believe constituted punk.

Pete Holidai, curly-haired vocalist and guitarist who shares the songwriting and frontman roles with Phil Chevron, thought the tour was definitely worthwhile. "The positive thing that it did for us was to pull us together as people and as musicians. Now if one of us has an idea for a song, we all instinctively know what it needs. The song may be credited to one person but it's the work of the band."

"We've also had a lot of insight into how to present the band. The good thing is that a lot of people who saw us on the Lizzy tour would never have gone to see a new wave or a punk band at all. Now they might give some other groups a chance. "And we got loads of free strings off Lizzy..."

It might have occurred to you by now that we've all been so busy following the progress, or degeneration, of 'big name' punk acts, that our knowledge of The Radiators is pretty fragmentary. Time for a history lesson from Holidai.

"The Radiators From Space have been in existence since about September '76. It has been Stephen's brainchild since about '72 — it wasn't

considered punk then, just a high energy garage band."

Steve Rapid was the original vocalist with the group, and his influence extended long after he stopped gigging with them. "Steve looked ahead and felt the band would develop best without him. Steve's still like a shoulder to cry on. He's given advice to a lot of new bands starting in Ireland."

"It's fashionable to say you liked Iggy and the Dolls. We were just listening to the high energy stuff everyone else was hearing at the time. I did go out and buy the first Dolls album though, because I'd been reading American magazines; we liked anything flash that would stick in your mind."

"There's a mixture of interests in the band which keeps things interesting. Mark (Megaray, the ace bassist) likes a lot of jazz; basically we prefer British bands like Roxy, T. Rex, Bowie."

"What originally got us going was that there were no bands in Ireland playing the sort of music we liked. The Boomtown Rats were the first group in years that were worth going to see. Steve and I thought, if they can do it so can we. It was nothing to do with what was happening in England at the time."

"The album was very Irish, and it's highly respected in Ireland."

Check "Party Line", written around a traditional folk tune, or the claustrophobic glimpses of Dublin society on "Sunday World".

Both The Radiators and the Rats were discouraged to find that a band couldn't exist just working and playing in Ireland. "The Boomtown Rats put together a 'Falling Asunder' tour, but every time a circuit opened up the show-bands moved in and it was closed again."

There are as many places to play in Ireland as in England, but it's all monopolised by the management of these show-bands playing the Top Twenty hits.

Continued page 14

# THE WHALE'S LAST STAND

**T**HE LAST WEEK in June could be one of the most significant in the recent history of the environmental movement, when London plays host to the annual meeting of the International Whaling Commission.

The IWC are, supposedly, responsible for making sure that whales are not hunted to extinction. Their record, however, is poor, their judgment constantly swayed by the demands and pressures of economics and international politics. The whales are being wiped out as a result.

On the agenda of this meeting are two important resolutions. The first is that, because of overhunting, sperm whales should be declared commercially extinct. Because sperm oil is the industry's economic base, this measure would financially scupper the Russian and Japanese fleets.

Secondly, a 10-year moratorium on all whaling is up for consideration. Of course, it is extremely unlikely that either motion will be passed. The

Japanese and Russians, who together are responsible for around 75% of current whaling activity, would protest silently, and may threaten to withdraw.

But these motions, coupled with the mass public opinion against whaling which the ecogroups are trying to organise, will increase the pressure to the point where it may at least be possible to force some change in the current situation.

Outside of that, public protest is the only way that this issue is going to receive widespread publicity. The Action Guide outlines what we can do. We can't all go out in boats to fight the whalers directly, but we can all hit the streets and tell those people in the International Whaling Commission exactly how we feel.

On one of their leaflets, Project Jonah, a New Zealand anti-whaling group, write: "Turning magnificent, intelligent, ecologically critical animals into shoe polish, car wax, margarine and lubricating oil may be the ultimate nonsense of the modern world."

A friend of mine put it more simply. "We'll go down in history," he said, "as

the people who fed the master race to their pens."

**ACTION GUIDE:**  
Sunday June 25. Whale Day Carnival. Jubilee Gardens, South Bank. 1pm-5pm. Music, Exhibition, Speakers, Acrobats, Clowns, Jugglers, Punch and Judy, Theatre, Kites, Kid's games.

Monday June 26. 9am. The Commissioners of the IWC will be arriving around this time at the Mount Royal Hotel, just near Marble Arch. The chance for us to tell them what we think of their protection racket.

**FURTHER details on Carnival from Friends of the Earth, 9 Poland Street, London W1. Tel: 434 1684.**

Find out what Greenpeace are doing at 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. Tel: 01-839 2893.

**DICK TRACY**  
**THRILLS**

June 24th, 1978

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

B-U-L-L-E-T-S T-H-R-O-U-G-H T-H-E B-A-R-R-I-E-R

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THEIR NEW ALBUM



AND NEW SINGLE 'NO CLASS' LIMITED EDITION IN FULL COLOUR BAG

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 CASSETTE GTMC 031

SINGLE NO CLASS GT 223

GTO RECORDS AND TAPES 

# RADIOHATERS

● From page 12

"When the English scene started it was great. It gave us a stepping stone, something we could relate to. The first single came out in April '77, but we didn't play England until October. 'TV Tube Heart' was recorded in Ireland — but just wait until the second LP comes out...."

"It's going to be about England." The Radiators watched the development of punk from a comparatively detached viewpoint. They saw it all through the media, how acts were regularly built up and knocked down by the press.

"Most people talk about Mick Farren's piece, 'The Sinking Of The Titanic', as a turning point: he was the first person to stop and look at what was going on, which was absolutely nothing. Then the press went to the other extreme, which was great for a while. It produced half a dozen great bands."

Comparing The Radiators' early material with the contemporary work of other new wave bands, it's possible to find a positive, creative vigour in the former in place of the negative, destructive feeling of much of the latter. It transpires that the problems of Northern Ireland were an influence on that side of their writing.

"The best gig we ever did in Ireland was in Belfast. They're so starved of music, and starved of normality. They'll go mad for something which takes them out of their immediate situation. We had kids with Union Jacks and kids with tricolours standing side by side... both spitting at us, which was great! That's the only time I didn't mind getting spat at."

The Radiators have changed quite noticeably since their early days, both musically and in terms of image. "I feel that we've got enough potential and versatility to do almost any sort of music. We could even be a jazz band if we wanted to."

"You'll find that every album we do is going to be different from the last. The new single is totally different —

it's even got a sax solo on it. It's not just moving with the times, it's basically moving with The Radiators. There's too many hands playing safe within their hit formula.

"A band like Fleetwood Mac, though, they kept changing all the time. I think perhaps they got their just reward. The Bee Gees are another example...."

There's a pause and a deep frown settles on Holidai's open, friendly features. "What am I talking about The Bee Gees for? This is totally irrelevant... but they're very successful."

As for The Radiators' second album: "Well, we're not seeing things through the media any more. We're right in the middle of it, in the music business. The material's going to be more personal."

"'Million Dollar Hero' (their new single) is about the fact that we're not working part time on a building site any more. We're... pop stars if you like. A lot of pressure's been put on people like Johnny Rotten. It started off that everyone had to be involved, that was part of the punk thing. Then suddenly everybody started depending on their heroes."

"That's wrong. It's still up to the people themselves to do something... like we said in 'Enemies'."

"Don't want to be a martyr to anybody's cause...."

"It's not all up to us. We're here because it's what we want to do. We don't have to do your work as well."

The Radiators aren't in the situation of having a leader and group to follow him. Holidai, Chevron, Megaray and drummer Jimmy Crasch are four individuals who know exactly what they want and they're making steady progress, by taking risks and following their own path.

"Did you know The Bee Gees recently had four songs in the chart?..."

KIM DAVIS

TRICOLORS



ANDY COLQUHOUN and BRIAN JAMES queue for the campsite facilities.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

# THE TRANSMAGICAL VIBRATIONS OF TANZ DER YOUTH

(Or... what makes you think this psychedelic revival might be a turkey?)

**T**HE NASHVILLE June 9 — Tanz Der Youth's first public headline: four musicians in white shirts, static in the swirl of a circular light show — a visual which, like the band's name, is eleven years displaced.

The band has its sight, however, on the next decade, the 1990s. You will not categorise this band!

Tanz Der Youth — Brian James, guitar/vocals, Tony Moor, keyboards/synths, Andy Colquhoun, bass and Alan Powell, drums.

Tanz Der Youth? James: "Everybody agrees that it fits in with the music, in that it is category-less. The name originated in Berlin on a movie poster... The Damned played in Berlin — how appropriate! — and this poster was in German, for one of Roman Polanski's films, *Tanz Der Vampires* — which is *Dance of The Vampires*. 'Tanz Der' was nice, and Youth seemed to fit in well with it, hence the name."

It transpires that James is "a big fan of Polanski" and the rest of the 'interview' between us seems to be

taken up with cine-chat, and the other tangents where our interests meet, like jazz. The man can do no wrong in my estimation!

Tanz Der Youth are moving away from the mainstream pulsebeat, like their peers Buzzcocks and Magazine. All manner of angles... a certain degree of flirting with, yet consciously fleeing from, the rock ethos, whatever that may be.

Brian James concedes that it has been made possible by last year's blitzkrieg. The path is clear for music which is more structured, intelligent.



## READ THEM-THEN LISTEN TO US.

"We're taking Van Halen music to the world. Van Halen plays big rock and that's something new. Van Halen is the new thing!" **David Roth of Van Halen.**

"Excitement is their style, both on record and on stage; their first album being living proof of this." **Record Mirror.**

"For it's all there in abundance: screaming guitar solos, thundering riffs, pounding rhythm section and tough vocals. An outstanding and thoroughly recommended (but not only to the converted) debut." **Melody Maker.**

"Bristol was another example of this success as the band played 40 minutes of fast, exciting rock music." **Record Mirror.**

"Van Halen (Warner Bros) possesses all the visual hallmarks of an archetypical fully-loaded Shuka attack. But don't be deceived, for though the Van Halen

brothers are undeniably heavy metal, their album is a copybook exercise in the use of dynamics, aggression and power being utilised with an intelligence usually missing from such ferric forays — thanks, probably, to the employment of the excellent Ted Templeman as producer." **N.M.E.**

"The album's opening track 'Running With The Devil' displays all this: lambasting guitar, polished chorus singing and a strong, but sensitive, lead voice combining to make a sound that pins backs your ears...but gently." **Sounds.**





# Is this the Rubbish you've all been waiting for?

A SIDE  
**LIVING IN NW3 4JR**  
(Anarchy in the UK)

B SIDE  
**THE OTHER SIDE**  
UP 36405



This is brought to you by World Wide Rubbish



## JAPAN: NIGHT FEVER FOR THE GEISHA BOYS

**A**LL THINGS KRAUT are real rock and roll fash at the moment, so why shouldn't Japan be next in the firing line? David Bowie's mad about the place, has been for years. Used to be famous for sex, now for technology — twin passions of modern music. Automatic geishas — so very NOW.

The band Japan, not so NOW. In fact, they have one foot and both hands in Glam's grave. A quintet of Miss Havershams who stopped their clocks in 1972. Until *Night Fever* forced its attentions on them . . .

What a weird record they've made. ("On Arlo. All the English labels turned us down.") For side one, Tony Stewart said it all — dragging, sagging, out-to-grain glitteratic camp — cranked mirrors smeared with Max Factor, loose-lipped histrionics from a bubble of lax actors.

But side two is great stuff — 1973 Mott The Hoople making up their faces to look like the prettiest New York Stars for the benefit, would you believe, of Johnny "Guitar" Watson . . . another aberration in a different disco.

No mean feat, a different disco beat — a string of A1 big-potential-soned hustle-punks. Heartwave did it, with that miraculous thing they caught and dragged home on "Boogie Nights" and "Groove Line", but they were alone till side two of "Japan".

Lush, light, background music (the only good, useful music these days knows its place — as a backdrop, never anything more), never monotonous, never 'mature'. Four cheap, uneasy, pig-headed songs, none of them ever falling below the standard. "Suburban Love" . . . "Adolescent Sex" . . . "Communist China" . . . "Television" . . . what great short stories.

I saw them supporting Blue Oyster Cult, Hammermith, and I was right. Side two was great, keeping even the dumb dope-smoking G.I.'s in our block silent — but the rest was pathetic.

"Jill, I liked them. They were likeable, they were quite brave, it was a big sound. Listen singing blonde David Sylvian (he writes the songs that make those G.I.'s feet) moved worse than anyone I've ever seen — though BOC's Bark Dharma soon outshone him — shambling around like an arthritic weeping willow. Move-headed bassist Mick Karn and amazing Sylvain Sylvain witch-down clone Rob Dean (unpardonably madame name for a rock musician) kept pretending to bend for their singer, running around like tame, novice New York Dolls (or so I've heard). Richard Barbieri, who tries to look like Johnny Thunders used to, played his keyboards extra-well, and drummer Steve Jansen was so good he was unnoticeable. "We provoke it," says David Sylvian. "It's just the way we come on . . . we don't ask audiences to join in, we just play — either they like it or they don't." (They don't — Ed.) "It's just self-indulgence, and they don't really like that too much. The solo thing I do" (a monotonous monologue preceding one of their out-of-the-disco-and-into-obscurity efforts) "well, the longer they shout at me, the longer I drag it out. Till they're all shouting at me, or till they're all silent."

Only on home ground can you make believe you did it yourself wacky. David Sylvian and Mick Karn sit in their publicist's office — he also handles The Depressions!! — and shrug off their shame. Relatively easy, for they have faced many fierce punters in their career as all-purpose, all-calorie fillers, from Damned fans to Jim Capaldi audiences. They still claim they love it — "A great experience . . . there's nothing like a hostile audience."

Don't fancy your one much . . .



Those licorice flavoured ROLL-UPS (L-R): Jeff Peters, Lea Hart, Paul Airey, Ricky Andros.

## OUTTA THE SMOKE

**F**IVER FOR the velvet jacket. Not bad, eh?"  
Lea Hart, singer/guitarist/writer with The Roll-Ups, is yer archetypal East Ender. He's been a bricklayer, bog attendant, whatever . . . He's contemporary of a recent Thrills phrase "London's notorious East End". ("Notorious" because Nick

Logan lives there, isn't it? — Ed.)  
"Look, I've been to the Bridge House (Canning Town) hundreds of times, and I've never seen any trouble there. You never get journalists there, though."  
Well, it is totally inaccessible to anyone who lives south of Oxford Street — but who am I to argue? This is my (and The Roll-Ups') first ever interview.

I'm more nervous than they are, especially as they keep me waiting half an hour.  
"Paul (keyboards) couldn't come. He's looking after his crocodile." Oh, yeah. Heh, heh. Nervous grin . . . "And Rick (drums) is 'avin English lessons from some woman in Bethnal Green." Oh, right. Er, ummm, 'bout this interview, fellas . . . who are your influences?



PH: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Showroom dummies: MICK KARN and DAVID SYLVIAN of Japan. That's them on the right, David far right.

Sylvian says Japan got together mid-teens at school "because of the way we looked" when no one had ever played anything. He reckons they were about 13 then and just started to slap the maquillage on with a lavish hand. I don't know... you know? Think back.

Glitter started '72. I don't think Japan were there. I think they picked up the ideal an idea too late. Fair enough — it was a good time, at the time. You had to be (or act, fooling all of the fools all of the time):

- a) bisexual
- b) bored
- c) doomed
- d) unhealthily beautiful, or exotic, or weird-looking
- e) totally devoid of any morality/concern.

And you had to emoté about suicide and mean it — g-damn easy at 14, Mac.

Japan like Patti Smith (sob) and Television (abem), but punk "just passed us by". That's why — when they aren't determined to "just keep on dancing" — they're so silly.

How old are y'all?  
Sylvian, curt: "Twenty."  
Karn, morose: "Nineteen."  
We could be down to zero at this rate.

Sylvian: "The ages range from 18 to 23." This is very tidy, as there are five in the band. Because you seem to be rather out of time.

David is sensitive about his matte finish. "You mean wearing make-up?"  
No, I wear it! I mean side one.

"Explain why!"

All that bedroom drama nonsense, all that beautiful and damned (ending up more pitiful and ham) jargon, wishing you were black, unconventional, silent... All that cringing and whining that screams out "GLAM!!!" six years too late.

"You mean we're dated?"

Side one is as dated as collar-length hair, yes.

"Well, there's nothing I can say to that. We don't fit in with any sort of style or fashion, we just do what we do. We're not trying to be ahead of anyone else, we're just trying to be totally us. When we recorded the album, that was what we wanted. It isn't anymore."

More disco:  
"Oh no, that just happened." Curses.

"We just go in and record it — we don't try and put a tag on it. There won't be anything remotely disco on the next album... 'Suburban Berlin', that's the

direction the new album will take."

What's "Suburban Berlin" about? (What else can I ask, with a title like that? They are begging for it.)

"It's just comparing pre-war Germany with this Nazi (thing in England.)"

Sounds grand. And what about "Communist China"?

"That's just about fucking a Chinese girl."

Japan sing songs about Berlin boys and Chinese girls and come from Lewisham way. They wear blatant paint and tousled hair, get beat up in the suburbs and gared after in the city.

They want to change with every album, appeal to every audience. They should learn to paddle without falling flat on their faces before they try walking on water.

They don't listen to their album anymore, they feel long gone past it. There won't be disco — their forte, for fifteen near-famous minutes — on their next record. I wouldn't bother hearing their next record, if I were you.

Still, if Japan don't drive Ultravox! off the market, no one will.

JULIE BURCHILL  
THRILLS

Jeff Peters, bass, stocky, barrow-boy smooth, says, "Wilfred Pickles and Hattie Jacques." Ah... "Yeah, if Wilfred Pickles hadna died, he'd be makin' a come-back."

However, this idle frivolity is doing nothing to further the history of rock 'n' roll in general, and the public's appreciation of The Roll-Ups in particular. Eventually we get some sense together. I suggest that the band appeals to much the same audience as, say, Monty The Hoople did five years ago.

"Well, in terms of appeal, I think we get the same sort of audience as The Faces," suggests Lea. "You know, even people who didn't like The Faces liked The Faces, if you see what I mean."

Crystal clear. And their aims are much like that worthy band's too...

"We're not into boring audiences. The ten-minute solos ain't that, it's not for us. We just want to give the kids a good time. I mean, we do a song that's two minutes twenty and it really goes down well."

Yeah, but you couldn't do that sort of song without the current trend towards 'pop', and all it suggests, I mean, you could be in Jackie tomorrow.

"Wouldn't worry us. That's, fine. Ten years ago, you'd get the same bands in all these magazines and papers. I think the pop business is in a healthier state now than it's ever been."

This implied equality between NME and Jackie grates on my pride rather, so we move on. Despite social background, a rough past in the music biz, and the current hipness of radicalism. The Roll-Ups are a totally unpolitical band.

"No," says Lea. "I mean, everyone's political — it's just that we don't want to put it in the music. In fact, we do a song called 'Slaughtered' which is about the baby seals, and we were asked to put it out as a single, but... well, way I look at it it'd be making money out of suffering, an' it'd look like jumping on the bandwagon."

Pity. It would make a good single, as would most of their material.

"Yeah, but it'd be prostitution. Same way as the new wave and punk thing. I know a band who — what, eighteen months ago — were playing funk, AWB stuff and now they've all had short haircuts and they're spouting politics. They don't know what they're talking about."

"Lotsa bands try to go too fast. We're playin' pub gigs where it's thirty, forty pee to get in. It wouldn't be fair on the kids to play the New Vic or somethin', where it's a quid odd. We wanna take it slowly. Play the inexpensive gigs. It wouldn't be on..."

Just like Ian Hunter.

MARK BASTABLE  
THRILLS

## SWEETS TO TRIP YOUR TASTE BUDS

POP ROCKS are sweeping the States.

Subtitled Crackling Candy, Pop Rocks are made by General Foods, one of America's biggest manufacturers. They sell for 20 cents for a 0.17 ounce pack.

The trouble is, they just can't make enough of it. Once kids have tasted it they just want more and more.

One of the cities that General Foods are not yet supplying in New York; however, 'Ellic' supplies have been smuggled in from out of State. With the original price linked out, Pop Rocks have been selling at corner candy stores and street traders for whatever the market will bear — anything from 40 cents to \$1.00 a packet!

This is a street price of \$80.00 a kilo — and in some places it has been reported as high as \$200.00 a kilo! Those 8 to 10-year-olds will just blow their whole allowance in order to keep popping.

Pop Rocks are incredible. Little chips of sugar, lactose, corn syrup, artificial flavour and artificial colour, processed with carbon dioxide to provide crackling, they explode in your mouth in a million tiny explosions. They were discovered during research into carbonisation, test marketed, and are now a runaway hit with kids and adults alike.

They have become the latest thing for swinging couples. It seems that each partner takes a big mouthful of Pop Rocks as they can bear and indulges in a sexual position not normally used by utilitarian. The resultant explosions don't just blow off your taste buds.

Undoubtedly adult usage has pushed up the street price no end, with kids having to compete with the Chic and Cosmo set in order to score their goodies.

Space Dust, a sister product except that the granules are much smaller, is going for similar prices and has now been test marketed over here, in Wales and other areas — to the delight of kids and the horror of adults who, as usual, are considering banning its sale over here.

Rumours of brain damage and destroyed taste buds abound. It looks like if you're hot to pop you are gonna have to pay street prices here too, kids — unless you raid your Mamma's bedroom.

MILES

THRILLS

# CONFIRMED REPORT OF NEW RELEASE



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Magnitude: Enormous

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## HERE & NOW



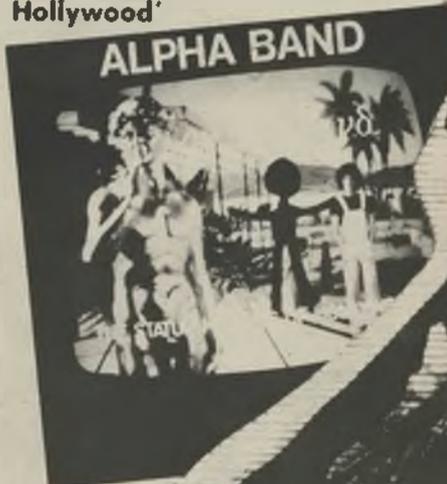
# The Alpha Band will startle you

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MELODY MAKER JUNE 10 1978

'T Bone' Burnett, Dave Mansfield and Stephen Soles formed the Alpha Band, as a direct result of their work together in the Rolling Thunder Revue and the Alpha Band's third album, 'The Statue Makers Of Hollywood' shows their continuously developing ability to produce music that is daring and innovative, yet poetic. An album that will be regarded as one of the most striking of 1978.

The Alpha Band  
'The Statue Makers Of Hollywood'



SPART 1039



## COMPLETE CONTROL: SIOUXSIE IN WONDERLAND

**S**IOUXSIE & The Banshees, Polydor recording artists of eight days' standing, are clustered around a small table in the corner of a North London kebab house. It is Saturday evening and the band have just spent their first day in Highbury's Pathway studio at the expense of the record company.

In two hours this afternoon, they've bashed down demos of three songs: "Metal Postcard", the one dedicated to German Anti-Nazi propagandist John Hartfield, "Switch" and "Staircase", the latter two being just a couple of the host of new numbers that the band have yet to debut live.

Sioxsie Sioux (voice), Steven Severin (bass), Kenny Morris (drums) and John McKay (guitar) have been together now for about a year.

Following the Banshees' 100 Club debut in September 1976 with Sid Vicious on drums, Sioxsie and Steve (then nicknamed Havoc) spent six months re-forming and rehearsing the band with guitarist PP Baroum and drummer Morris, who, before joining the band, had sat in with Flowers Of Romance, the band fronted by Vicious before he went on to other things.

They were to have supported The Sex Pistols (and The Ramones, as it was then) on the original billing of the Anarchy tour, but failed to get things together in time. A fifth member, violinist Simone, left the band before they finally played their second gig, supporting The Slits at the Roxy club last Spring. McKay joined later last year, following Baroum's departure.

"The 100 Club thing was such a good beginning," says Sioxsie softly but determinedly. "To go on when we hadn't worked out a set, or how to play, or timing . . . just to get up and get the most out of the instruments without being restricted to certain chords and certain bars and God knows what else."

"It was very spontaneous from the beginning, but from the moment we were on the

stage it was very serious. Since then we've been able to channel our ideas."

So what do you think people should know about you now?

"Mainly that we're putting across what we really feel strongly about. It's not a novelty, and it's not political in the sense that most people take politics. It's just life."

It certainly is not Nazism either, a point which most recent articles on the band have pursued to painstaking lengths. Nevertheless, the odd fascist image was undoubtedly one of the factors in keeping record company interest to a minimum in the early days of the Banshees.

Or was all the "Oh-iss't-i-obscure-no-out-will-sign-them!" hoopla really justified? New rumours have it that the delay in the Banshees landing a four-year contract was merely due to manager Nile Stevenson holding out to get the most lucrative financial deal possible . . .

And just how much is that deal worth to the band?

Over to you, Sue. "Yeah, we were holding out to a certain extent," she admits. "But just to get the right deal, the right control. No recording company would sign the band for what we wanted. If it's our material, we want to have control over what is put out, how it is put out . . . the packaging and God knows what else."

Examples flow forth of record companies who were prepared to take them on — IF they could change the name of the band, IF they could censor the lyrics, IF they could put session musicians behind Sioxsie . . .

"At one stage it got very bad," she continues. "We were angry more than anything else. It made us more determined to hold out. It led to some ridiculous situations for us — like not being able to go out because we couldn't afford the train fare, humping our own gear to gigs."

So the Polydor contract is virtually the one the band want. Complete artistic control . . . "On paper," murmurs Steve cogly.

"It's early days yet. The



Is this the real Sleeper Catcher?



PHOTO: PENNIE SMITH

# All you've ever wanted to know about rock music, but were afraid to ask.

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More educational than an evening in with Debbie Harry.

## Bunk Dogger: First Offence



FIRST OFFENCE

thing to do is get inside a major company and prove your ideas there. It's no good in romanticising about being an underground band."

All the necessary artwork and advertising will be the band's own responsibility, and every record release, including the forthcoming single, will have the full lyrics printed on the sleeve. The band also hope to produce themselves, although they are enlisting the services of a leading American soul engineer for an album.

Oh, and that massive advance? The band remain dogmatically tight-lipped about that one, adding only: "It's not as much as people think."

Soundwise, the Banshees deal in extremes. Whereas most rock, even so-called experimental music, is pretty flat and comfortably levelled, the Banshees confront the listener with a noise range that approaches reggae in its use of light and shade, "top" and "bottom": the booming, basic drumbeat at one end and the fast, shrill guitar and voice at the other.

They defy categorisation. Siouxsie again: "The sound was never thought out deliberately. We just plug the guitars in and get the sound that suits us. Someone else — I think it was Nils — once said it was a bit like a reggae band,

but we'd never really thought of it as that.

"We'd like to think that sort of thing can change as well," says Kenny. "We do build our stuff on contrasts — up and down, light and shade. But I'd like to think that, once someone has said we've got a certain sound, that we'll be able to change it, not be pinned down."

"There's got to be other ways of doing it," Siouxsie continues. "Bands should try and find other ways. We want there to be other bands around that we can respect for what they are doing."

The only other band they see as doing anything worthwhile at the moment are The Slits: y see, they Don't Like Rock 'n' Roll. It's been said before, but that aversion is at the crux of the whole Banshee outlook.

"None of the new bands now are really interesting," complains Steve. "There's nothing you can see now that compares to seeing the early Pistols, early Subway Sect, early Buzzcocks, so you try to cling to bands that aren't quite so good and you get bored."

"One of the great things about the early Pistols gigs was seeing them cock up a song and have an argument onstage. You never see that sort of thing happen now. It happens to us occasionally, but with

most groups it is just so slick. A job.

"It's not a job for us." That said, the Banshees handle their instruments well. What they refuse to fake, if things start to go wrong, is what Kenny mockingly terms "a slick, professional show".

This band do not need encouraging. Swimming against the tide is their *raison d'être*. They know just what Rotten was on about all those months ago when he called for "more bands like us" — it was not a cry to be mimicked.

"We're trying to get across to young people," says doleful guitarist John McKay.

"There's no encouragement to be an individual. Most young people are like grandads already."

"It's amazing the way people get stuck in their ways," concludes Siouxsie. "It seems hopeless for people who try to be open about anything. And that's all built around the media. It's up the creek — the whole system!"

Honest, idealistic and realistic, the Banshees take over from around where the Sex Pistols split left off.

"Hong Kong Garden", the first single is out next month. The rock 'n' roll stereotypes have got a fight on their hands.

ADRIAN THRILLS

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# You're Gonna Get It!

## K N E B W O R T H



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**Mr. RAYMOND DAVIES, satirist and social commentator of the '60s, is back in the role of Caped Crusader — with an album's worth of indignation to prove it. All good stuff too . . . but is part of the motive just to put Tom Robinson in his place?**

*The King is dead, rock is done/You might be through, but I've just begun.*  
—Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy

**R**AY DAVIES' return to rock's political arena is a timely if unexpected event. But The Kinks' latest album, "Misfits", contains the kind of political satire and indignation that first established their leader as one of the most perceptive malcontents of the '60s.

Controversially outspoken, Davies was undoubtedly the first British musician to write effectively about homosexuality, corruption in the Establishment and bleak social conditions. Yet for nine years his ambitions were more musical, as he experimented with rock theatre.

Until last year, The Kinks made what Davies prefers to call "story albums" rather than concept works, including "Muswell Hillbillies" and the various instalments of "Preservation". Not only did the lack of commercial success estrange the group from the British public, but the album formats and the thematic complexities veiled Davies' importance as a social and political commentator.

"Sleepwalker" broke the tradition. Davies returned to writing comparatively simple songs, but he still made no attempt to reaffirm his reputation as one of rock's innovators. Lyrically this was a disappointingly lightweight album.

"I was getting fed up with writing heavy lyrics," he explains nonchalantly, as we sit talking at the Konk offices.

"I thought it would be good to do songs four minutes long. It's great to have a refresher course."

Characteristically evasive in his explanations, he suggests it was a "restless" and indecisive period in his music. He felt detached from the general atmosphere of violence — or at least outrage — in British rock.

His reaction was to write songs that were the complete antithesis to the anger of the new wave. The result was a tranquil, doleful album which only included one vintage Kinks cut, "Brother".

Ironically, the album was a Top 20 hit in the States.

"It was like raising Lazarus from the dead," Davies chuckles. "Not that we were dead."

"Just because you're not on *Top Of The Pops* every week doesn't mean you're not working and writing."

Perhaps it was this sudden improvement in their stature that gave Davies the creative stimulus for "Misfits". But even at the special Christmas concert held at London's Rainbow Theatre last year, he seemed, for whatever reason, ready to retire.

The atmosphere of the show was one of celebratory finality.

Davies teased the audience by regularly implying it was "the last time"; and this idea was compounded by the fact that The Kinks played most of the musical highlights from their 14-year career in three sets, with their history narrated between each by Radio One DJ Alan Freeman.

The very suggestion that Davies was about to quit again now causes him some amusement; either because the proper conclusion was reached, or because journalistic speculation is sometimes unbred fantasy.

"You could say it was the last gig the band did as it was," Davies concedes with a sly smile.

"There were changes to be made, because I'd gone as far as I could with that particular group."

"It was the end of a certain era. But I can't retire. I don't particularly want to. Not yet anyway."

The end to that part of their career was marked by John Gosling and Andy Pyle leaving. Replacements were found, but there was insufficient time to rehearse for the proposed British dates in early May.

However, The Kinks did play a one-off at London's Roundhouse before setting out on their current American tour.

So any remaining doubts about Davies and the group's future must now be dismissed, especially as "Misfits" is a testament to Davies' musical and lyrical strength.

**E**VEN IN the large first floor executive suite at Konk, Ray's restless during the interview. He insists on being mother and pours out the tea; and later, when questions smart his exposed nerve ends, he begins pacing the room.

Besides including Davies' most apparent political statements in years, "Misfits" raises many points.

In style, for example, it echoes his writing technique and subjects of the mid-'60s, and even Davies himself compares aspects of the set to

"Dedicated Follower Of Fashion". But it's also a defensive album, with our hero poking fun first at himself in the comic "Hayfever" and then at others in "Permanent Waves".

If any one track is a sole justification of Davies continuing to write songs, using The Kinks as his outlet, then it is "Rock 'N' Roll Fantasy".

But really, a great part of the album is serious observation, and finds him directly attacking the National Front and trendy "weekend



revolutionaries". More generally, he condemns all manner of petty bigotries and false values.

In short, he performs a masterly balancing act on a variety of soapboxes.

"I had to be positive with this album," he explains, "because 'Sleepwalker' was a non-statement album, and I wanted to get back to what I was doing before."

"I do get angry about things. I want to say things, and my music is my vehicle for saying them. But I won't put myself on a platform and tell people to do this and do that, and have control over them. I think that's wrong."

"There are still a lot of things that need to be said. There are still a lot of frauds around that need to be exposed."

"I'm not saying I'm going with any one side," he continues. "I want the truth to come out, and you can't get the truth if you adopt that one-legged attitude. If you're that rigid."

"People have got to be more flexible: live life and be yourself and just try to find out."

"The thing is: be an individual, and question everything, even though the masses are against you, and you feel an outsider. Stick with it, because if you're right, you're right. And at least you'll find out if you're wrong."

Obviously Davies is adopting the stance of an unprejudiced liberal on "Misfits", and to a great extent he succeeds.

"Live Life", for instance, is more than the token anti-NF song that is fashionable for most British rock artists to record. Because of that, and despite its explicit lyrics, Davies is reluctant to admit he's knocking the Front.

"I'm possibly attacking them," he hedges, "but I'm also attacking the people who pretend to be with the people."

"Like the guy who lives in the shums when he doesn't have to. His parents have probably got a house in Wiltshire or somewhere, and he always goes there at weekends when it gets too heavy."

"There are a lot of people around like that now. He won't sniff glue like the kids, because he can get it together to get coke."

"They're phonies."

Going back to his predominant theme of "Misfits", encouraging individuality, Davies also regards certain political organisations and the tactics they use to recruit members as repressive.

From his vantage point in the middle ground, he glares disapprovingly at the Front to his right, and the Anti-Nazis League on his left. The latter, he claims, has even used school tannoy systems to publicise its meetings.

The Left view is currently fashionable in rock, he argues, and so such methods are wrongful intimidation of schoolkids — who then go along to the meetings because it's the thing to do.

"Once that starts happening," he attests angrily, "I'll use every ounce of my energy to stop it. I'll fight anything that's to do with totalitarianism."

"I will take a stand when I see kids in their formative years being told what to do, and not given anything to argue against."

"Once you get people in total control of other people, and people scared to argue," he warns, "you'll get situations like Argentina where

**KAPOW!!**  
Superkink called in as country seethes in turmoil

Pin by SIMON FOWLER

they're tortured.

"The one shot we've got is to have an argument . . . and not worry about being shot."

"Don't shoot me for saying my point," he adds, quoting from the lyrics of "Black Messiah".

The one person Davies hopes is not involved in the dubious activities of the ANL, is Tom Robinson.

Considering the animosity that existed between these two when Robinson was wrestling free of his contract with Konk to go to EMI, it's curious that Davies should say that.

But then he's also rather adept at veiling his real feelings, and if put on the spot, wriggles free. Mentioning "Prince Of The Punks", the b-side to the Kinks single, "Father Christmas", and supposedly a personal attack on Robinson, only prompts Davies to generalise about the song.

"'Prince Of The Punks' is like 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion'," he explains. "It's someone who keeps changing with the times until he becomes in style."

"You could say," he adds with an unconvincing smirk, "it's about me."

"I don't put people down for taking my ideas or my style and finding something of their own," he protests. "But I don't think he (TR) has found anything original yet."

"He's only saying things that I said in 'Preservation'. I don't think there's anything original there."

Tom's lugs must be as burning hot as this man's tongue.

**B**UT IS it a brave move for Ray Davies, indisputably an icon of the '60s, to now make an album as vitriolic as "Misfits"?

There could of course be reasons other than a socio-political commitment. No matter how tenuous the link with Robinson, the set could be an exercise by Davies to re-establish himself as the original, and for his former signing to be seen as an imitator.

Or, if his comments about about "Prince" are true, is he merely exploiting the current bandwagon of protest, once again made fashionable by the new wave?

"I'm not cashing-in," he answers.

"I don't live on Mars, I live in England. The grievances are on the record because I spend a lot of time here, and this country is in tremendous turmoil."

"I write songs because I do get angry, and now I'm at the stage where it's not good enough to brush it off with humour."

"But," he adds, "if I listened to everything people say about me I'd be afraid to go on stage and be myself. I am an original because I do it, and it works for me."

By TONY STEWART

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# Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR



MIKE HOWLETT: "Ya par ya third digit on da, er, uh..." PIC by ROBERT ELLIS

## He's Real Gong, man...

WHAT MUSICAL training has ex-Gong bassist Mike Howlett received? Also how old is his Precision; what strings does he use; what amplification did he use at the "Gong Reunion" in France; and what are his plans for the future? GARY PEARSON, *Barking, Essex.*

According to Howlett, he originally checked in on guitar at the age of 12 — via a Bert Weedon "Play In A Day" course! At 14 he moved into the brass band field and began cornet tootin', eventually becoming a fair performer on the euphonium, an instrument he planned to play on Gong's "Shamal" album — though he later thought better of the notion. Next came guitar stints with local bands in Sydney, Australia, playing covers of hits by The Beatles and Stones etc, before he switched to bass and joined The Affair, an upper-class Aussie rock outfit. A few changes later, Howlett resumed his love affair with the cornet once more, this time of the ice-cream variety which he dogged in order to make a living — and after stints with Quasimodo and Highway, joined Gong in March, 1973. So much for the history lesson.

About his bass, Mister T. Being says: "I bought the bass in '69 but reckon it dates from around '62, the number being 79000; the pickup is a Gibson EB3 treble type mounted near the bridge, while the strings are Rotasound, wire-wound and of the medium type. On the reunion gig I had two amps wired into 18-inch cabinets on either side of the stage, one amp being a Sunn and the other an Ampog — though on the record only one of the speakers was talked up. Plans for the future? Well, I hope to be doing more production. (Howlett has recently produced some singles for Penetration plus "Short Circuit", a live at the Electric

Circus, Manchester, album featuring Steel Pulse, The Drones, Fall and other bands, an item which Virgin will be releasing anytime now) and I'm doing some gigs with Nih Turner. I'm also using a synthesizer nowadays — I began attending electronics classes and built a synth based on the Format design that appeared in *Elektra* magazine."

WHERE CAN I get hold of these two books — Bob Dylan by Anthony Scaduto, which my local bookshop says is out of print, and *Backstage Pass* by Al Kooper, which was reviewed sometime back? BILLY BELL, *Woodhouse, Whitehaven, Cumbria.* IS THERE a good book on Fleetwood Mac around? W. A. CLEMENS, *London N.W.6.*

The Scaduto book is now out of print but *Backstage Pass*, published by Stein and Day, is still available and *Compendium*, of 234 Camden High Street, London N.W.1., say they'll have a fresh supply anyday now, price £5.25 plus 50p postage and packing. Oddly enough, there's no decent book on the Mac around as yet — but Messrs Carr and Clarke (yes that Carr and Clarke) have just completed such a tome, which Harmony Books of America are to publish in August. The title, so they tell me, is *Rumors And Fax.*

SOME MONTHS ago in *NME's* import column, there was mentioned a double album of Moody Blues tracks from the Denny Laine era. Could you please furnish me with info regarding track, catalogue number and where it can be obtained etc? ALAN MacDONALD, *Perth.* The album you're referring to is "A Dream" (Nava 6-28362), a European compilation put together by Uwe Tesznow. The 29 tracks are "From The Bottom Of My Heart (I Love You)", "Let Me

Go", "True Story", "Life's Not Life", "This Is My House", "Thank You, Baby", "Cities", "He Can Win", "Something You Got", "Everyday", "Really Haven't Got The Time", "I Don't Mind", "Lose Your Money", "Stop", "Love And Beauty", "Go Now", "You Don't (All The Time)", "It's Easy Child", "Bye Bye Bird", "Steal Your Heart Away", "And My Baby's Gone", "Fly Me High", "Boulevard De La Madeleine", "I Don't Want To Go On Without You", "I'll Go Crazy", "Leave This Man Alone", "It Ain't Necessarily So", "I've Got A Dream" and "Can't Nobody Love You". All a rough check, everything from the Moodies' first album, plus all the early singles and EP's would appear to be included with the sole exception of "Time Is On Our Side", the B side to "I Don't Want To Go On Without You". Ask your local retailer to order the disc from Charmande, a wholesale company located at 182 Acton Lane, London NW10 (01-961 3133).

PLEASE PRINT a list of all the albums cut by Harry Chapin.

LIZ BEATTIE, *Bothwell.* The one-time member of the Brooklyn Heights Boys Choir cut "Heads And Tails" (K42107), his first album for Elektra, in 1972. Since then we've had "Sniper And Other Love Songs" (K42125 — 1972), "Short Stories" (K42155 — 1973), "Vertices And Balderdash" (K52067 — 1974), "Portrait Gallery" (K54623 — 1975), "Greatest Stories — Live" (K62817 — 1976), "On The Road To Kingdom Come" (K52040 — 1976), "Dance Band On The Titanic" (K62821 — 1977) and "Living Room Suite" (K52089 — 1978). Amazingly, though Chapin's only had one lowly British hit — with "W.O.L.D." in '74 — all his albums are still available. Cor! Crkey! Lor Lovaduck! etc, etc.

WHEN ARE we going to hear from Mike Oldfield again — ever?

OLDFIELD FREAK, *Pendlebury, Manchester.* Do not despair, do not throw yourself from Herglot or the upper portals of the East Salford tripe factory — for the news is that down in deepest Gloucestershire Oldfield is once more overdubbing merrily. Which means that Virgin hope to be releasing a new album in the autumn.

ON PAGE 27 of this week's *NME* (June 10), there is a picture of a Juke Box Jury panel. Could you tell me who the females are in the picture, as the problem is bugging me? I think the blonde is Jackie De Shannon — but I haven't a clue about the other.

JOHN ROGERS, *Liverpool 3.* Whaddys mean, you haven't got a clue about the other? Don't come the old innocence with us, mate, 'cos it just won't wash!

As for that who's-who? query, we worked out that the blonde bird sitting between Frankie Vaughan and Pete Murray was none other than Gloria De Haven (born 1925), who appeared in such movies as *Thousands Cheer*, *Two Tickets To Broadway* and *So This Is Paris*, proving extremely versatile in three little words, the 1950 film biog of songwriters Ruby and Kalmar, in which she played her own mother. The other female has since been identified by memory man Derek Johnson as Jane Thorburn, the British actress who died in 1967 at the age of 36. During the course of our investigations we phoned Stiff, who supplied the Juke Box Jury shot as part of an ad for their Boxtops release. But, upon reflection, we decided that their evidence that the panel comprised Jane Aire and The Belvederes was not to be believed.

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July  
 1st Granby Hall, Leicester  
 2nd Apollo, Manchester  
 4th Apollo, Glasgow  
 5th The Music Hall, Aberdeen  
 6th Kinema, Dunfermline  
 8th Sports Centre, Crawley  
 9th Locarno, Bristol  
 10th Town Hall, Torquay  
 11th Top Rank, Cardiff  
 12th Top Rank, Birmingham  
 13th Empire, Liverpool  
 14th Corn Exchange, Bury St. Edmunds



*A new era dawns...*

# THE MOODY BLUES

The release of the first album of new material for five years from the Moody Blues heralds a triumph of rock.

'Octave' is the eighth album by the original band, with Justin Hayward, John Lodge, Graeme Edge, Mike Pinder and Ray Thomas writing inspired material.

They are still creating the mind stretching musical imagery that made their earlier rock concept albums legendary.

'Octave' has a new kind of musical freedom, yet contains the same essential style and vocal expression that has already sold over 26 million albums to an appreciative world wide audience.

'Octave' - a masterpiece by the Moody Blues.  
Produced by Tony Clarke.



The Moody Blues

# Octave

a masterpiece

**DECCA**

**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY  
SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

**JOE WALSH: Life's Been Good** (Asylum). Lack of space prevents a complete lyric print-out of a song which hilariously demonstrates that G.I. Joe must be the only LA Megastar with both a perspective on the excesses of his profession and a droll Anglophile sense of humour. With good intent Joe accurately lampoons both himself and the overblown rockstar system into which he has been sucked by juxtaposing wry lyrics with sublime music. The skilled backing slips between Walshian power riffs and hokey reggae. Great as this record is, any more of this nonsense and poor ol' Joe will be getting elbowed from T' Eagles for blowing their cover. Must be on singles-of-the-year shortlist!

**NOBODY DOES IT BETTER  
SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

**THE PIRATES: Johnny B. Goode's Good/Johnny B. Goode** (Warner Bros). Many groups too numerous to number have built their career on ripping-off Mr Berry and, of them all, probably only the Stones have equalled the Master at his own game. The object of this record is not to stage a smash-and-grab, just to pay tongue-in-cheek homage. On this understanding, it ranks alongside Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues". So as to leave no doubt in one's mind about the purpose of the exercise, the flip features a definitive live cover shot of the original blueprint. Furthermore, in just over four minutes flat it not only offers a potted history of blistering rock guitar history but confirms that The Pirates are still the wildest beast on six legs.

**THE FUTURE OF ROCK'N'SOUL  
SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

**BOOTSYS'S RUBBER BAND: Bootzilla** (Warner Bros 12"). We here at NME (at least Cliff White and yours truly) say — and have done for the last couple of years — that Bootsy Collins is currently Black American Soul Music's only saving grace. Singularly the most important figurehead since James Brown, Miles Davis (of course he's a soulman!), Hendrix and Sly Stone. Quit contemplating the imminent psychedelic revival, it's already well underway, but this time around it's got one helluva sense of humour. This is Bootzilla at his most bizarre. You will buy. You will enjoy. Sh'eeet, I'm almost tempted to offer a money-back guarantee on his behalf.

**RIGHT PLACE AT THE WRONG  
TIME SINGLE (Actually it's an EP)  
OF THE WEEK**

**JOOK Watch Your Step/La La Girl/Aggravation Place/Everything I Do** (Chiswick). The thwarted brainchild of producer Jon Hewlett who, in '72-'73, attempted to update the John's Children mod imagery to comply with the era's specifications. Unfortunately, the initial futuristic boot-boy chic/surreal Rockers garb appearance went off half-cocked and when the glitter-dust clouds dispersed half the band had split to join Sparks. Shades of Small Faces knock-about bonhomie prevalent, especially on "La La Girl" which pulls the carpet out from underneath their presumptive Power Poppers. Heir-apparently, RCA's proposed compilation won't be too long in surfacing.

**IMPORT OF THE WEEK**

**NICK LOWE: So It Goes** (CBS). Stiff's first cover-release and still the most difficult Alexander Street artifact to track down. Seems that when Stiff were down to their last 200 copies, Jake Riviera boxed them with a view to stacking them under his bed for his old age. However, whilst he was out of the office the phone rang, the artist in question answered and found himself talking to a dealer pleading for copies of "So It Goes". Totally unaware of Jake's hedge-against-inflation plans, Basher promptly dispatched the last remaining copies and sat back well chuffed. Upon his return Jake, we hear, was not amused. The flip is a live hell-for-leather cut of the original underbelly. Imports go for around a quid.

**STOP TRYING TO COVER ALL  
BETS AND DO WHAT YOU DO  
DO WELL SINGLE OF THE  
WEEK**

**WINGS: I've Had Enough** (EMI). For my prickly ears, the acceptable side of Wings. Macca stacks the schmaltz and despite the fact that he



# SINGLES

sounds remarkably like Gerry Raferty (1), cuts loose — as only he can — over a swaggering no-nonsense shuffle stroll.

**WAR IN A-BABYLON — AMERICAN SECTOR JOHN KAY: Give Me Some News I Can Use** (Mercury). As this is a JK solo shot, I must assume that Steppenwolf have once again disbanded after reforming... with steam hissing from every orifice. Kay indulges in a provocative news-speak progress report on the sad State-Of-The-States while a beefy big band piles on the pressure. Towards the end, Kay's own welfare state comes under examination: "My agent called to tell me my record's on the chart/It's No. 90 with an anchor. I never said it was art — I gotta eat too!" Precisely. File alongside "Born To Be Wild" and "The Pusher".

**VAN HALEN: Runnin' With The Devil** (Warner Bros). Contrary to predictions of imminent extinction, the Heavy Metal Hydra is still alive and well, and banging its seemingly indestructible cranium against the masonry. Poised on the threshold of pain, Van Halen have forsaken any thoughts of originality to concentrate on getting all those formulaised slow-motion stridently majestic (sic) macho riffs down pat. They're already big league. Next year, these Stadium Rockers will be hailed as heroes by those content to follow the man shouting the loudest. And that's not meant to be constructed as any Seal Of Approval. Let controversy rage.

**JEFFERSON STARSHIP: Runaway** (Graut). Once America's enfant terrible, the Hairpie continue to cop-out and court the MOR heart of middle-America they once so viciously harangued. As indigestible as a frozen TV dinner and about as entertaining as a Playtex cross-over bra commercial. Pretty soon they'll be penning Coca Cola jingles. Anyways, in their present guise, the "Ship would encounter problems cutting The New Seekers in a Battle Of The Bands dust-up.

**WAR IN A-BABYLON — AN ONGOING SITUATION THE CLASH: (White Man) In Hammersmith Palais** (CBS). Ass-in-a-sling-time for The Clash — a band yet to match their dynamic in-person popularity with corresponding record sales. Though this record contains the basic elements to turn-the-tables, as

producers The Clash sell themselves far short of their obvious potential. Their very own punky reggae party-lyrically Strummer adopts a somewhat dis-illusioned worm's-eye-view of just how rapidly the aims and rhetoric of '77 have degenerated into apathy, commercialised transient fashion and increased mindless violence. And, in view of the present unhealthy flirtation with extreme right-wing rabble-rousing, it's almost a patriarchal plea for those who should know better to stop in-fighting and quickly get their shit together or suffer the consequences. Admirable though these sentiments may be, I wonder (due to the flat sound mix) if anyone will take notice. Instead of employing a regular reggae rhiddim, The Clash should have swatted up on Nick Lowe's handiwork on Costello's "Watching The Detectives" and concentrated on utilising the expansive recording techniques of the genre and experimented with sound dimension. On this record the bass is often too murky, the drum sound less than scintillating, the vocal occasionally difficult to decipher. There's absolutely nothing wrong with The Clash that a good producer couldn't rectify. Let's hope Sandy Pearlman has the solution.

**ARTHUR LOUIS: Knocking On Heaven's Door** (Island). Despite Eric Clapton's presence being very much in evidence on this track, when originally drawn against Slowhand's own reggaefication of Dylan's toon in

'75 Louis' far superior treatment lost out. Time hasn't diminished the rock hard straight-to-the-point attraction of this minor classic.

**MATUMBI: Rock Pts 1 & 2** (Harvest). With records of this quality, Black British reggae bands affirm they're on par with their JA brethren much faster than it took whites to establish they could blow the blues. No fancy flashing — just strong vocals, steady rhythm, muscular jazz tenor sax and typically tropical flute.

**CITY BOY: 5.7.0.5.** (Vertigo). City Boy affirm that they have all the necessary attributes to make it as a hit-making machine along the lines of FLO and in America this would probably be the one to break them. But knowing the pathetic state of radio in this country, the public probably won't be afforded the opportunity to decide for themselves.

**DOLLY PARTON: Two Doors Down** (RCA). Any way you approach Dolly Parton (Rather carefully I'd imagine — Ed.), she's got more going for her than all those over-promoted Sweethearts Of The Rodeo she's photographed with. True to form, Dolly's hip-to-the-trip (Watch it! — Brian Case) and the fact that this rollicking self-penned song's ultra-strong hook is propelled by a snappy backbeat must surely make it an odds-on favourite.

**THE DICKIES: Paranoid** (A&M). Meet the New Wave, not even half as good as the Old Wave. Talk about a contradiction in terms — what with all the alleged BOFs getting a verbal roasting last year, it now transpires that many of those who screamed the loudest were sufficiently two-faced to either nip-off those stanzas they claimed to despise or go the whole hog and re-record material by those artists they'd slandered. Trying to play Sabbath's archetypal headbanging anthem much faster than intended and nearly falling arse over it in the process is not the future of rock 'n' roll. It's no future at all. Dickies indeed — more like wet willies, eh Monty?

**LYNX: See The Light** (S. T. Roducts). The letter accompanying this Made In Sheffield record apologised for the slightly inferior sound quality. Didn't notice it, lads. I was far too busy enjoying the music. Excellent self-penned song containing suggestions of Love's "7 & 7 Is" and The Byrds' "I Feel A Whole Lot

Better" performed by one helluva promising band. Despite any production shortcomings, this disc is better than 90 percent of this week's releases and had it been made under professional conditions it would have been a contender for Single Of The Week. Dickies indeed!

**AT LAST THE 1977 PUNK ROCK FESTIVAL SHOW (EPs)**  
**EATER: Debutantes Ball/No More Thinking Of The USA/Holland** (The Label); **RIFF RAFF: Cosmonaut/Rotterdam Girls/What's The Latest/Sweet As Pie** (Chiswick); **THE CYBERMEN: Cybernetic Surgery/Where's The New Wave?/Hanging Around/Can't Help It** (Rockaway). A few of last year's also-rans and this year's would-be hopefuls desperately fighting for survival with predictable faster-than-the-speed-of-sound bouts of Neanderthal rock 'n' rant. Eater somehow they manage to make an intimate den like Dingwalls (where their crime was committed) sound like the cavernous Earls Court when empty. Dilettantes might like to note that this record comes in white wax and vinyl) junks who collect anything 'n' everything, that it's a limited edition. I'm not surprised.

**MEANWHILE, RED IS THE COLOUR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S VINYL**

**CHRIS REA: Whatever Happened To Benny Santini?** (Magnet). As if anybody cared. Sounds like Irv Azzoff scored the guy a gig covering Eagles songs for those cheapo-cheapo supermarket Top Pops compilations. Never mind Benny Santini, whatever happened to Doc Genere? Bet some prat will write in and tell me — they always do.

**MIKE READ: Are You Ready** (Satri). No, not the Cockney comic of the same moniker, but nonetheless something of a comedian in his own right. Well over a year too late. Read makes an unsuccessful stab at street chic credibility by posing in front of The Roxy for the pic sleeve, whilst on wax he reveals seminal Mud aspirations and absolutely no idea whatsoever how to resolve 'em.

**THE BAND: Theme From The Last Waltz** (Warner Bros). Evocative of an almost surreal carousel theme which could easily complement any continental turn-of-the-century Brotherhood celluloid melodrama. If Ronnie Hawkins can get to play Dylan then John Travolta can get cast as Levon Helm.

**PETER GREEN: The Apostle** (PVK). The legendary British blues casually gently picks up the pieces. Ethereal religious guitar showcase which will instantly appeal to all those who made "Albatross" a hit twice over. B. B. King once said that Green was the only living blues guitarist that made him sweat. Maybe that still applies. The world waits.

**TWO VIEWS OF WORTHING ELVIS PRESLEY: Don't Be Cruel** (DCA); **ANNETTE PEACOCK: Don't Be Cruel** (A&M).

First of all, let me heap a pox on those neo-racary bastards who gave the go-ahead to screen Presley's last-ever concert on TV. But cash has no conscience. Screw its value as an historical document, this was not the way people wish to remember rock's greatest-ever performer. However, as the last days of Judy Garland's traumatic career corroborated, there are those amongst us — and you know who you are — only too eager to pay good money to watch their favourite entertainers bleed in public. If those ghoulies are beyond redemption, then it's those virtues who promote and profit from someone's misfortune who should be despised. Having been moved to the brink of tears by last week's screening, this timely reminder of one of Presley's many 1956 classics (coupled with "Hound Dog") goes some small way to erase the pitiful spectre of a once great man already dead before he'd stopped breathing.

Though Presley fans will probably loathe such meddling, I'm quite enthralled by the divine liberties Ms Peacock takes with both the original chord structure and her highly-personalised breathy delivery. Though the interpretations are poles apart, the basic sentiments remain the same. Superb performance from a remarkable lady and an isolated instance where a (subdued) disco beat adds form to content.

## Reviewed this week by ROY CARR



Pic sleeve of the week — just

# THE TOAST OF ROCK & ROLL ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION

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# DEVELOPMENTS IN THE POPCORN INDUSTRY

**W**HEN MISTA James Brown cut loose like a caged tiger in the summer of '69 on "Mother Popcorn", what do you suppose he was talking about?

"YEEAAHH. YEEAAHH. POPCORN."

"Some like it fat, some like it tall. Some like it short, skinny legs an' all. See, it's gotta be a mutha for me!"

One thing's for sure, he wasn't talking about no little roasted kernels of maize. He was talking, as usual, about his big black badass self. And throughout the '60s they didn't come any badder than James Brown.

For while soul music was out courting the white wallet with astounding success — aesthetically and otherwise — the flamboyant Brown was getting jam up and jelly tight and almost singlehandedly creating the second most universal four letter word: Funk.

He gave it up and he turned it loose and when the time came he gave it a name too with "Ain't It Funky".

And that is also what he was talking about on "Mother Popcorn" — James Brown and funk being virtually synonymous. For the uninitiated, some explanation is in order.

Funk isn't, as the dictionary has it, outmoded slang for fear and cowardice — although it does imply surrender: giving yourself up to the syncope. Nor is it merely an academic term for the dropped beats and re-arranged accents that create said syncope.

Bootsy Collins calls it a feeling: "It hits you everywhere . . . It's a way of living, you feel it all over and you either receive it or you reject it."

And as James Brown goes on to say in "Mother Popcorn": "There was a time when I was all alone. I had a secret all of my own, Somebody dug me, said now I see what you're doing brother, stay ahead of me."

Prophetic words, though not quite the way the self-proclaimed Godfather Of Soul intended. For it might be unjust to say his output has declined in either quantity or quality, but there's no denying that Brown is no longer the superdude.

He may still be the King but there's a new generation for whom he's been sitting on the throne so long it's irrelevant.

Their parents buy James Brown records, they buy the music that Brown in no small way helped open the doors for and in some cases is direct sire to: The Ohio Players, Earth, Wind & Fire, The Commodores and the Parliamentadelic Thing, of which Bootsy's Rubber Band is a part.

It's ironic then that "Mother Popcorn" was the last of Brown's hits to feature the famous '60s band. He hooked up for his next venture with a bunch of unknown session musicians who had been busin' chops on dance-craze potshots with Hank Ballard and supper-club blues with Arthur Prysock as the house band at King Records' studio in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bass player William Collins, his elder brother guitarist Phelps Collins Jr. and drummer Frankie Waddy became part of The James Brown Band.

The first record they made together was a hipshaker, never did Brown sound more like he had his mojo in gear than on "(Get Up I Feel Like Being A) Sex Machine". Along with a recent shift to uptight black consciousness, it opened a whole new bag for Brown: Bootsy — as he later came to be known — was 16 years old at the time.

While others his age were mostly either sweating over their high school diplomas, or out learning the more serious kind of ringolevio street game, Bootsy was touring America and Europe, winding up Brown's dancing machine and combat training for his current role as Cholly Bassoline a/k/a Cordell Boogie Ghost a/k/a Casper The Friendly Ghost a/k/a Bootzilla a/k/a The Player.

Otherwise known as the more whimsical, tureful and (let's not beat around the bush) commercially aimed side of George Clinton's masterplan for world P-funk salvation. Free your ass, goes the saying, and your mind



PHOTO BY PENNIE SMITH

## . . . a.k.a. A Visit To The Funk Factory a.k.a. A Meeting With A Black Man In Daft Glasses a.k.a. PAUL RAMBALI talks to superfunkster BOOTSY COLLINS

**WILL TOW.**

Despite appearances, when he joined Brown, Collins was no spring chicken. Growing up in a fatherless family it was brother Phelps, eight years the elder, who shaped his interests.

"I grew up around him, watching him. He listened to Lonnie Mack and he had a band playing that stuff. He'd shun me away, 'Get away kid, you bother me'. I wanted to play his guitar. When I was about nine I used to sneak in and play it while he was on his paper round. He caught me one day and he wore me out. I saw the light."

In the interests of domestic harmony a 29 dollar guitar was bought for the young Bootsy. Within a few years he had switched to bass and was a member of his brother's band, playing James Brown, Archie Bell and all the big Motown hits in local bars. Then came the JB connection.

Brown had been Bootsy's main man for as long as he could recall, and I wondered if he was a little intimidated by playing with him, especially considering Brown's reputation as a hard taskmaster, docking pay for bum notes or missed cues.

"That all went on before we got there. When we got there," he recounts, "because we were young and aggressive that changed his attitude. He lightened up a little bit.

He was still James Brown though. He was still strict. I had never been around people like that. I had never been under a job situation before. All I did before that was a paper round. I didn't really know what I was doing — I was just learning."

But Bootsy learnt fast — as evinced by the lived "Sex Machine" album and the "Superbad", "Soul Power" and "Hot Pants" singles — and so by '71, school was over . . .

"We had material we wanted to do. We wanted to stretch out and we couldn't do it there. That was during the acid days and the band felt like steppin' out, didn't want to back no singers up."

Silent tribute must be paid here to one Sly Stone. Although Bootsy says the only person he was into at the time was boss Motown bassman James Jamerson, it's obvious from later developments that Sly's day-glo Family Stone with their riotous all action front line and boundary breaking musical and related social ideas were turning Bootsy's head. The Brown band became The House Guessis, and George Clinton — eager to replace his recently disbanded Funkadelic — saw them one day in Detroit.

"He thought he was seeing Funkadelic on stage when he saw us. But I think we were more extreme."

laughs Bootsy. "Our image looked wild. We had seen hot pants in Europe, girls wearing them. We were dudes wearing hot pants. We were young and figured anything would go and it went." And Clinton went for it and The House Guessis became Funkadelic.

It might be useful here to explain some of the workings of Clinton's enterprise. There are about 30 people involved, mostly musicians, who are known collectively as the Mothership (the term also has other more nebulous meanings in Clinton lore).

This pool of musicians appear in three guises: Funkadelic, Parliament and Bootsy's Rubber Band. This is a smart move on Clinton's part as it allows him to use the same musicians with three record companies and make, presumably, thrice as much money.

Thus when the Rubber Band first surfaced in '76 it was as a result of Clinton deciding that Bootsy was a natural born star and the rest of the world should somehow be made hip to the fact. Bootsy still works closely with Clinton — "like Laurel and Hardy" is how he describes the relationship — co-writing and co-producing for all Mothership ventures.

But Bootsy's Rubber Band are the saccharin side of things. Songs like "What's A Telephone Bill?" and

"Very Yes" — unlike Parliament's massive crazy parables about such things as the erosion of true values (The Placebo Syndrome) — have little or no intrinsic intelligence value.

This might all, however, be part of Clinton's plan to lure innocents aboard the Mothership. Bootsy's cutesy style has gone down like candy with the six to twelve year olds, or "geepies" as Bootsy fans not yet weaned off *Sesame Street* are known.

"They like me," he says, flashing a broad toothy smile that in part helps explain the attraction. "I guess it's the superhero thing. They were looking for a superhero and I said 'Well here I am'. The Justice League of Funk. Right now I'm Clark Kent."

Except Clark Kent wouldn't be found wearing a brown and orange starred leather jump suit and rhinestone studded, star-shaped glasses in the middle of the day at a business-like Bayswater hotel. If this is his off stage alter-ego, the mind boggles . . .

And yet don't be misled, for beneath the silly exterior — which is in fact more of a hip microcosm of in-jive for maggot brains to communicate with — there beats a stoned soul heart.

"Stretchin' Out in Bootsy's Rubber Band", the first album, may not have given many clues. It introduced the "Psychoticbumpschool" and proved that Bootsy had been paying attention in class. But last year's "Ahh . . . The Name Is Bootsy Baby" was just about the best soul album of its kind since The Ohio Players "Skin Tight."

Never mind that its successor, "Bootsy? Player Of The Year" didn't quite make the self-set grade, that album served notice that Bootsy could be smooth as velvet or loose as dirt (see "Munchies For Your Love" and "The Pinochio Theory" respectively, off the wall and in the groove at the same time. All this and no disco. Speaking of which . . .

"All I can say is it's happening," he shrugs. "People like to dance. The music's just bang bang bang over and over, ain't nothing I can learn from it. If I had to go that way I don't think I could. I can either funk or walk, and I'd rather be walkin'."

But it isn't disco that's the real enemy, according to Bootsy. That's just a symptom. He explains the Pinochio theory and the character of Sir Nose on Parliament's last album:

"The concept was, 'you will dance. I don't care how much you say you ain't gonna dance, you will dance.' We said don't fake the funk or your nose will grow — Pinochio — that's where Sir Nose came from, he was faking the funk. He wouldn't dance, he was too cool to do anything. And that's the way the world is, too cool to give up to the funk. That's why everybody's walking around with noses."

Ignoring the shaky logic, I asked how long things have been in such a sorry state. Bootsy thinks it's been too long, though he admits there are some exceptions.

"For me it was James and Sly. When I was coming up that was it. They really gave up some serious funk. I wouldn't say nobody else was funk'n', but I'm talking about serious funk'n'."

"And soon, the Mothership is gonna have all the muthas on board, James Brown, Sly, all of them. We're gonna get together with the ones that gave up the funk. We realise who they were, and we're in a position now to . . . Anybody can get the glory," he charges. "All we want to do is take it to the stage."

Curiously enough, beyond the glitter silliness and showtime aspect — the latter has always been a part of black music — there's some interesting attitudes at work.

When Bootsy talks about taking it to the stage or turning the mutha out he means just getting in there and giving it to the audience on real terms, no fatuous ego-tripping, no condescending.

The audience has to give up its funk for the band to give up theirs, and vice-versa. Like when at the 100 club in '76 Johnny Rotten baragued the crowd with contempt for their cooler-than-thou posing, the message is: participate, party.



PHOTO BY TOM SHEEHAN

# Dern's No Dope

## MONTY SMITH meets the psycho-drama bad guy who graduated from Roger Corman's psychedelic mafia: "Are Sheffield Utd still crappy?"

**B**RUCE DERN IS what his fellow Americans term rangy. That means he's over six foot, lithe and lanky without being gangly. His pinched, equine face has paced 35 films during the past 22 years.

He's worked with Alfred Hitchcock twice (*Marnie* and *Family Plot*) and made a slew of worthy small-scale movies (*Silent Running*, *Drive He Said*, *Posse*, *Smile*, *Will Penny*) but he's probably best known for a clutch of cycle and psycho dramas he made for Roger Corman in the mid-'60s — something to do with his wild piercing eyes and ability to become hysterical in mid-delivery.

His most recent roles — the maniac in *Black Sunday* and the misfit in *Coming Home* — have been an almost reluctant reversion to his earlier cinematic descent into darkness.

"The typecasting comes from not being blessed with

looking like Robert Redford or Warren Beatty," says Dern matter-of-factly, hiding his humour behind a quizzically deadpan mask. "It was a big struggle for me to break out of little parts in big films and big parts in little films."

His last conventional villainous character shot John Wayne in the back in *The Cowboys*. (*We were roarin' for yer, Bruce.* — Ed.)

"How else do you get John Wayne? He'd never agree to do a movie where anyone drew down on him, right? He turned round in rehearsal and said 'Boy... they're gonna hate you for this.' And he was right. You don't know how many people have come up to me and said 'You killed my buddy.' Since then, Dern's bad guys have been more than mere plot devices — and, to a degree, he relishes playing them.

"That comes from a lot of hidden hostility and the enjoyment of realising that you're not playing a bad guy, you're playing a guy who thinks he's terrific.

"Billy the Kid and those guys — they thought they were heroes, they thought they were who the books were written about. So they had flair, they were flamboyant even if they were just bullies, and I always approach roles from that standpoint."

In effect, they become appealing?

"Well, I'm not so sure they weren't appealing. You've got to play these guys and make them a little endearing. People remember that."

He cites the claim of quaint heavies like Bogart, Cagney and Edward G. "But there'll always be guys like Clint Eastwood, whose guns will never be empty — and if they are, they'll kick you to death."

**A DEVOUT ATHLETE.** Dern neither smokes nor drinks — unlikely for a graduate from Roger Corman's Hollywood psychedelic mafia, a group comprising his friend Jack Nicholson and Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell.

"In the mid-'60s those guys got into drugs and I didn't.

There's a tendency for people using drugs not to want people who aren't around them. I didn't put it down but they were always encouraging me to take it. When I didn't they thought I was looking at them funny. So I drifted apart from them. But not from Jack, the bond was too strong. And we're both big sports fans."

Dern played the basketball coach in Nicholson's directorial debut *Drive He Said* ("It went down the toilet, no one saw it"), which never recovered from an inauspicious screening at the 1971 Cannes Film Festival.

"A lot of rockers came to the screening — Jim Morrison was one of them — bringing their kids with them. And these kids — about a year old, you know — were crying and messing up and people were shouting 'Will you shut the fucking... kids up?'"

So after the screening, people were saying the audience were shouting at one another, about the movie, you know? It's a tremendous first movie and Jack got no recognition for it."

Now 41, Dern keeps in shape by running an hour each day. He hasn't missed a day for three years — even when attending showbiz circuses like Cannes.

"Once you're out the hotel lobby, you're in the street and on your own. I've become a slave to it, I'm an addict. Once I turned 40 I began racing at it again and I'm in my racing season now. If you want to compete with these guys you've got to do the interval work otherwise they humiliate you and it's so humbling it's unbelievable."

He's fanatical about most team sports and is disconcertingly knowledgeable about English football.

"Are Sheffield Utd still crappy?"

What can you do but nod assent? He started watching football when over here making *The Great Gatsby*, with a friend who — poor guy — supported Chelsea.

"Chelsea were horrible then with big Mike Droy, a horrible guy. He shoulda been in jail."

With soccer catching on in the States, players like Frank Worthington and Ian Hutchinson are big stars in America.

"Hutchinson throws the son of a bitch so far, and he can actually curve it. One hand's a little bigger than the other so he can rotate the ball. That's a real art."

So the Yanks don't look down on us?

"Not at all, because there's no Americans who can play it."

One thing that intrigues him about the game here is the tribal rivalry of English fans.

"They're not as ardent in America. Here, they'll kill. But we have no boover boys. They don't get into the stadium. They're out robbing the cars while you're watching the game."

As we take our leave, Dern says he enjoys talking in interviews.

"When I hear that a star like Eric Clapton won't give interviews, that really pisses me off. Not that I'm a Clapton fan, but he talks about other things in his concerts."

With a crooked smile, he adds: "There's a couple Millwall players wouldn't be too thrilled at one thing he said, I'll tell you that."

### The Betsy

Directed by Daniel Petrie  
Starring Laurence Olivier  
and Katherine Ross  
(United Artists)

**IF THE literary efforts of Harold Robbins have escaped your attention, then perhaps all you need know is that he is the mainstay of airport book stalls.**

Converting one of his novels into a Hollywood epic would not tax anybody's abilities. After all, he incorporates all the basic ingredients vital to the B-movie with higher aspirations.

There is, as a foundation, a host of "beautiful" people; in *The Betsy* they are involved in the motor car industry, although this is incidental.

Added to this is a loosely constructed plot about the production of a new car, the "Betsy". Throw in some of the traumas and dramas that big, high powered executives suffer (oh the agony). And finally, just so you do not fall asleep in your circle seat, a spattering of sex.

That scenario could apply to a host of films and novels, but *The Betsy* is distinguished (sic) from most of them by its

lavish production, and nary an expensive film trick has been missed.

However, and you know it from the very first sequence, the film has as much substance as a car aerial has surplus fat — the glossy sheen cannot hide the tardy interior.

The dialogue is simply pathetic ("Never shit like a shitter"), the story an improbable yarn that will have the employees of Ford and General Motors rolling in the Detroit cinemas aisles.

The only satisfaction comes from Laurence Olivier's performance as auto-overlord — but any half-way reasonable piece of acting would shine among the lacklustre efforts of the others.

*The Betsy* is destined to become one of the regulars of aeroplane in-flight entertainment, where it will doubtless join other notables like *The Stud*. For all that, it will no doubt find a massive audience among those who drive TR7s and shop at Talk Six.

Which is worse? A Joan Collins movie or the film of a Harold Robbins novel?

S'easy — whichever you happen to be watching at the time.

Keith Bernstein



THE BETSY: "You wouldn't catch Bruce Dern in a piece of crap like this..."  
"Yeah, but how often does he sleep with Katherine Ross?"

### Harlan County USA

Directed by Barbara Kopple  
(The Other Cinema)

DATE: JUNE 1973.

**Setting:** Harlan County, an east Kentucky mining community. It's been re-christened *Bloody Harlan* since the Eastover Mining bosses have a strike on their hands. They've got **David Collins**, running for sheriff, to round up **Ku Klux Klan** men — and guns — to harass the pickets.

A young miner is shot point blank by one of Collins' gunmen and the sheriff's chief does nothing, despite the protestations of eye-witnesses. The US government intervenes and the miners return to work after thirteen months, after the bosses sign a contract with the United Mine workers of America entailing the men to national representation. Within two months they walk out again, demanding better pay. (*Let them eat haked beans.* — Mrs Thatcher.)

You need to envisage a TV pulp thriller to identify with the alien character and situations in Harlan. This is what makes it interesting — a strong story, real-life heroes and villains, fact based on fiction.

Barbara Kopple's documentary emerges successfully on this level: it's life and death in '73 Harlan, now and always — the politics of long memories and injustice.

There's no denying Kopple's sympathies lie to the left of self-indulgent. She tears away successive layers of facts like Colonel Sanders labels, and works around the passions and strong identities of the Kentucky people. Her compassionate and tragicomic study of the miners and, especially, the womenfolk determines the picture's direction. It's certainly one-sided, and the result is more anthropological than political. It's the flesh and blood behind all the bullshit.

But the raw blue grass music score wears after a while; although effective in places, it mostly functions in playing obvious tricks with the emotions.

David Britain



### BOB DYLAN: An Illustrated Discography

This 134 page paperback is not just a listing of over 50 albums, 26 singles and a staggering 90 bootlegs. It is a biography of the artist's career set against a background of his recorded works.

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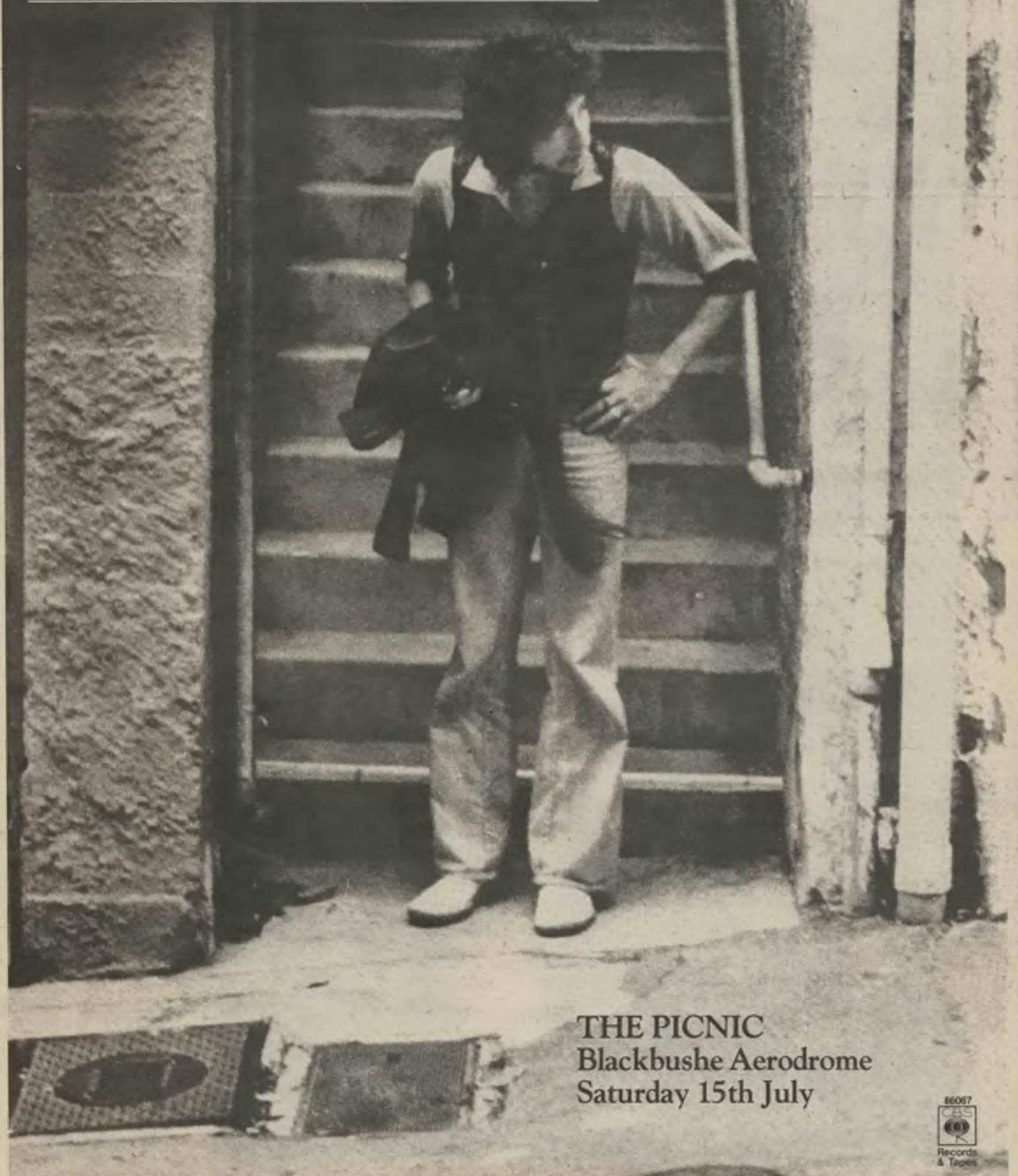
### QUEEN BOOTS COMPETITION

Due to overwhelming response the results of the above competition will not be announced until next week - June 28.

# BOB DYLAN

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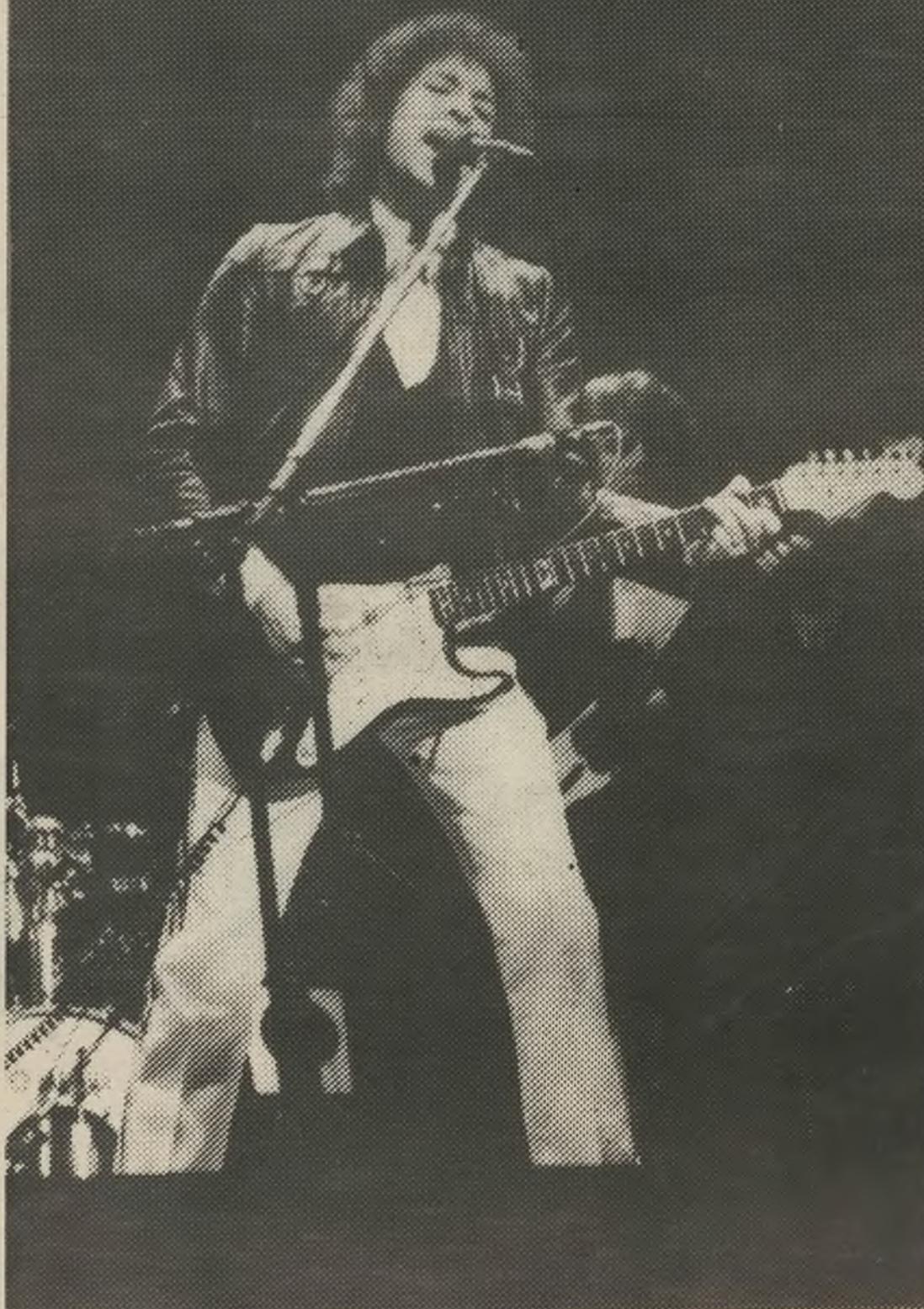


FIG. MATTHEW TAYLOR

**T**HE FIRST NIGHT it rained, and it seemed that the atmosphere would be nostalgic to the last: all of us in our massed thousands gathered together soaking wet to hear Bob Dylan.

Luckily, the downpour ceased before showtime — it would have been too slickly and hideously apposite if it had continued — but the dampness of the knapsacked contingent who'd arrived on foot or public transport brought back a whiff of the Isle of Wight and the sense of pilgrimage that pervaded the occasion.

Outside Earls Court itself, chaos reigns — we accept chaos and chaos accepts us. A giant Zimmerman peers at us over his shades from the face of the building and the buying and selling move on apace. Burgers 'n' hotdaws, wanna Dylan scarf? Wanna badge? Wanna programme? Wanna buy a ticket? Wanna sell a ticket?

It's ten to eight: the tickets had stated that the doors would open at 6.30 and that Dylan would be on stage at eight, but the doors are logjammed with an exquisitely motley horde. There's the affluent middle-class colour supplement crowd, knocking on forty's door but curious to see this man who's apparently so important to the Younger Generation. There's the slightly ageing Younger Generation whom Dylan has always spoken to as his constituency. There are the longhaired Levis kids with the knapsacks and "Dylan rules O.K." on the backs of their jackets who've hitch-hiked up from everywhere to pay their tributes, and there's even a smattering of punks: they're maybe curious to see the man who's apparently so important to their elder brothers and sisters.

There are half the expatriate Yanks in London, many of them the ones who first heard Dylan as The Voice Of Protest and were awakened by that voice and, once awakened, got actively involved with the politics of dissent. They're older, tougher, contemptuous of the flash and litfrege and silliness of much of the outgrowth of '60s rock, but still involved maybe a little bit and come to say thanks and stir up a few old memories: the fight goes on in the women's movement, in saving the whale, in organising and signing human rights petitions, all the little struggles that go together to make up the big one.

The folkies are there, the rock and rollers, the Dylan loyalists and the merely curious: a human river bottlenecked through a couple of tiny doors: foot on foot, elbow in ribs, breath in air, clawing for that gap in the crowd which'll put you just that little bit ahead of the queue, through the ultra-violet ticket-check that makes the number turn day-glo and sorts the authentic tickets from the forgeries and the phoneyes and finally lets you through into the auditorium forecourt.

All the time you've been waiting there've been yells and drumbeats, hammering away at the back of your skull, jacking up the tension and the anticipation as you wonder what the hell all that noise is, knowing only that it's something faintly disquieting.

And as you cut through to seek out your seat, you're in the middle of it: precisely that atmosphere of the carnival of the macabre that Dylan has so often evoked. There's stalls selling programmes and posters and all manner of tack, and around them parading in deadpan triumph there

are stiltmen and acrobats, but you can't turn around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns as they do their tricks for you because it's ten past eight and it's taken you twenty minutes just to get this far.

Through the concrete caverns and corridors, headlong through the maze to find your seat just a hair away from eight-fifteen as the lights go down to a blaze of cheers and all eyes swing to the stage, bathed in a red glare that illuminates the clutter of drums and congas and keyboards and mikes and big shiny Fender amplifiers and the scurrying businesslike figures that move smoothly onto the stage to man the machines.

**B**EHIND THE drums is Ian Wallace, played with King Crimson and Alexis Korner's Snape, among others. He's to be seriously underamplified all night, as is his oppo in the rhythm section Jerry Scheff: all the way from Delaney and Bonnie and Friends via Elvis Presley's Vegas band. On congas and miscellaneous percussibles there's Bobby Hall, a studio cat with her name on countless fine albums and even more duff ones.

From the Rolling Thunder phase, there's Steve Soles on acoustic guitar and the occasional back-up vocal, looking like Tom Waits' respectable younger brother in his black suit, white shirt and flat cap, and David Mansfield, who by the end of the night will have done his bit on violin, mandolin, pedal steel guitar and Les Paul rhythm.

Steve Douglas plays sax and flute, and over the other end of the stage are the token representatives of rock and roll flash: guitarist Billy Cross with his long blond hair, black suit and gold-top Les Paul, and Allen Pasqua behind the usual mission-control bank of keyboards: acoustic and electric pianos, Hammond organ and something that sounds like an amplified harmonium.

So they get themselves together and start to play an instrumental version of "Tangled Up In Blue", very jolly and bouncy with lots of soloing: polite, sanded-down and smoothed-out almost-rock. From a distance Billy Cross bears a superficial resemblance to Mick Ronson: his playing is similar to Ronson's but lacks the quirkiness and aggression of the *Pride Of Hull*, just as Pasqua's keyboards lack the attention-grabbing immediacy of Garth Hudson or Al Kooper, the organists most associated with Dylan. The main percussive load is borne by Hall's congas and timbales: much more prominent in the sound mix than Wallace's drum kit.

The people at the front see him first, and they raise a whoop and holler that spreads like a forest fire right to the back of the monstrous concrete hall.

The first thought is *it's him*; a microsecond later *God he's small*. It's like Chaplin dressed up for rock and roll, an effect created by the way his dusty explosion of curls makes his head seem too big for his body and the white silk pants with the blue lightning flash down the seams are a little too big for him. He wears a black leather jacket and he strolls up to the mike to wave hello before heading back to his amp to grab up his black and white Stratocaster as the band finish the number and he returns stage front to acknowledge an ovation that sounds like the end of the world.

Or the beginning.

**B**OB DYLAN's position is unique in all of rock and roll. Of all the greats of the '60s, The Beatles let us down by collectively collapsing, splitting up and then collapsing again as individuals, demystifying themselves completely in the process.

The Rolling Stones have gradually shrunk in stature over the years until we expect little more from them than from any other hi-status rock band.

The Who have never let us down, but what it has cost them to do so, and the pain and confusion that Pete Townshend has openly felt as time has passed, has humanised them.

Jimi is dead.

Dylan has been things and seen places. He's gotten confused or complacent, he's put out his fair share of trash over the years, but the standard of his finest work has been the highest in all of rock and roll and more is demanded from him and expected from him than from anybody else.

# THE BOB DYLAN '78 LONDON CONCERTS

## The View From Seat BB59

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES



The pressure to deliver the superhuman at least once a year — which is what the rock audience and the rock press demand from their entertainers — is heavier on Dylan than on any other artist.

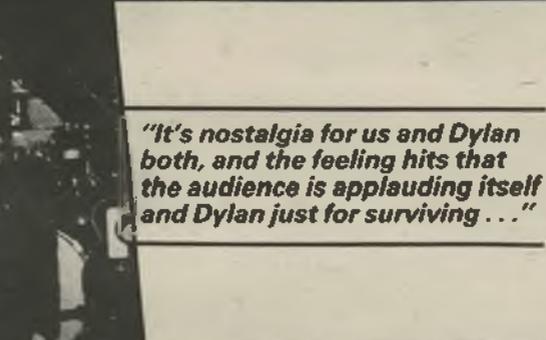
Dylan long ago announced his statement of intent to the world, way back there in '65 in the last verse of "Maggie's Farm":

"Well, I try my best to be just like I am/But everybody wants me to be just like them/They say 'Sing while you slave' but I just get bored . . ."

So he goes his own sweet way and does what he wants and what he feels. If he feels soft and complacent you get a soft, complacent album; if he feels drained and uninspired he either makes a drained, uninspired album or no album at all; if he feels screwed up he makes a screwed-up album. If you dig it (whatever "it" happens to be on any given occasion) then that's great. And if you don't, there ain't no law that says you've got to buy the new Dylan album.

As a Dylan freak, I wouldn't want it any other way — but I reserve the right to feel disappointed when he doesn't bring it all back home.

Most of the people I know had all but given up on Dylan until "Blood On The Tracks", and even though "Desire" and "Hard Rain" weren't remotely in that league the message was clear: Bob Dylan has a range and power that no other modern songwriter can match, and if it only functions intermittently then the rewards are all the greater when he does come through.



*"It's nostalgia for us and Dylan both, and the feeling hits that the audience is applauding itself and Dylan just for surviving . . ."*



Gigs, though, are a different matter. We can listen to an album and abstain from purchasing if we don't groove on what we hear, but over here in the U.K. we don't get to see Bob Dylan that often, so attempting to score a ticket for me of his infrequent performing visits is all but mandatory for all interested parties — which adds up to a hell of a lot of us.

So Dylan's season at Earls Court — and the encore at Blackbushe next month — represents the first real chance to see Dylan at work in nine years, and in turn the Isle of Wight was his first British gig since '66. I missed him twelve years ago and nine years ago and this time — whatever it's like — there's no way I'll pass up a Dylan gig. You crazy or something? I mean, if I miss this one that fool might fall off his damn bike again and do something stupid to himself and

then I'll never see him, so you can bet your copy of the "I Want You" single (with the live - from - Liverpool - in - '66 - version of "Tom Thumb's Blues" on the back, natch) that the first two nights of Earls Court I'm going to be there . . . as close to the front as I can get.

**S**HE acknowledges his ovation and kicks into a tough but restrained boogie — remember his first big break as a struggling folkie was getting to support the great Detroit bluesman John Lee Hooker, and if you've got a taste for Hooker then you got to have some boogie in your blood.

Up high on a riser on the right of the stage are three statuesque female singers — two black, one white —

who sound like they were hired to sing on "Knocking On Heaven's Door" and then stayed on for everything else after Bob decided not to do "Door". One of the critics who reviewed the gig for the national papers compared the trio to The Supremes, but the real parallel is with the role that the I-Threes fulfil with Bob Marley and The Wailers: counterpoint, call and response, and a sometimes ironical commentary.

The song is a basic 12-bar blues: "Love Me With A Feeling". "Love me with a feeling", Dylan sings, "or don't love me at all". His singing is excellent: tough and dusty, but with plangent, bluesey overtones, fresh, inventive phrasing and a new agility that enables him to tackle stunning melodic twists.

The second number, "Stop Crying", is even more gospelly: a slow, intense piece halfway in feel between "Lay Lady Lay" and "Like A Rolling Stone" with a gorgeous minor-chord chorus. The band's sound is full but a little sluggish; at their best they evoke Van Morrison's Caledonia Soul Orchestra, but at their worst they sound like something you'd expect behind Neil Diamond.

From there — "Thank you! That was from our new album which we recorded a few weeks back for Columbia Records!" — it's a guitar intro that sounds maddeningly half-familiar and just as it clicks that Cross is playing a kind of half-assed version of the old McGuinn lick from "Mr Tambourine Man" Dylan's into the song and the place just goes up in flames.

It's purest nostalgia, of course, for us and Dylan both, and the feeling hits that the audience is applauding itself and Dylan both just for surviving, and as a hail-and-farewell salute to the honesty and dignity and idealism of our poor battered dead dreams, because they too have receded into sand, vanished from our hands and left us blindly here to stand, but still not sleeping.

The song is not performed spectacularly well, but for what it is and what it has meant we applaud until our hands are pulped. Dylan doffs the Stratocaster and returns to the mike — "Thank you!" — and raises his hand to let us know that he wishes to continue, but the applause still continues so he kicks the band into the next song regardless, standing alone at the mike.

*"My love, she speaks like silence . . ."* His selection of songs is uncanny. No matter what he picked he'd have left out a whole lot of stuff that everybody dug, but he's hitting the spot and he sings those old songs with compassion and maturity and freshness, like they still exist right here and right now and they're not frozen in the past. And songs not busy being born are busy dying.

The Bob whips a mouth harp out from nowhere and clings it to the mike and that squeaky, wheezy, chaotic sound fills the hall and the audience erupts all over again. More so even than his voice, Dylan's harp is a clarion call back to days when we were intoxicated with all the things we thought we could do, rather than dulled and weighed down with the consciousness of the things that we discovered we couldn't.

But a moment yet more magical is to come: Dylan reclaims the Strat and the band leave the stage except for Douglas hefting his tenor sax and Pasqua, now seated behind the harmonium. Slowly, aching and agonised, Dylan moves into "Tangled Up In Blue", taken at a loose, slow, flowing pace, with the thin, metallic scratchings of Dylan's Strat supplying the only rhythm, the sax and harmonium blending with his voice in an almost unearthly concatenation.

The song is not only rearranged, but Dylan has restructured the melody line and even some of the chord changes. He sings like a man possessed, leading an already devastatingly fine lyric with an almost unbearably intense melancholy.

You are not conscious of even *breathing* until the last chord dies. Both nights I went it was the most powerful moment of the entire show.

The Strat goes back on the stand, the band return, and the ensemble swing into "Ballad Of A Thin Man". Dylan has the mike out of its stand now, and he paces the front of the stage, his movements vaguely comic, simultaneously graceful and ungainly.

Again, his phrasing is breathtaking: the end result almost like seeing the melody from an unusual angle. He leans on the monitor speaker and on

• Continues page 34

"...MELODIC LINES WITH A RICH AND CONSTANTLY SHIFTING MUSICAL BACKGROUND..."

Dave Rusden - Melody Maker June 3rd

"...DELICATE THOUGHTFUL GUITAR AND MELODIC, SHIFTING KEYBOARD WORK SEWN TIGHT INTO THE RHYTHM..."

Eric Fuller - Sounds, June 17th

"...HYMNIC MELODIES AND CARESSING TENOR VOICE..."

Chris May - Black Music, June 1978

"...A INTEREST IS MAINTAINED THROUGHOUT BY THE INTELLIGENT AND THOUGHTFUL ARRANGEMENTS..."

Dave Rusden - Melody Maker June 3rd

"...HIS MUSIC IS MELLOW AND COMPLEX..."

Eric Fuller - Sounds, June 17th

"THE OVERALL SOUND HAS A DISTINCTIVE MELLOWNESS WHICH COUNTERPOINTS IAHMAN'S SMOOTH BUT PASSIONATE VOCALS..."

Dave Rusden - Melody Maker June 3rd



ISLAND RECORDS  
IAHMAN'S 'THREE' HAS BEEN RECORDED BY ISLAND

# How Many £'s In A Million Dollar Bash?

**T**HERE are plenty of other reasons besides money for playing concerts," Dylan told a Fleet Street reporter who'd camped on his hotel doorstep for him.

"Bob Dylan earns more in one day from royalties than I do in a year," said promoter Harry Goldsmith.

Still, there's little doubt that the Dylan funds have been taking a bashing recently.

Dylan's divorce with Sara has evidently left him in need of ready cash. It was one of the largest divorce settlements of modern times, surpassed only by Dean Martin and a few other superstars of that ilk. Final payout was well over £4 million, with complicated trust settlements established on all his kids. In addition, Sara has points on Dylan's publishing for life — a financial bonanza not to be sniffed at.

His financial situation was helped recently by his decision to cut his controversial movie *Renaldo & Clara* from four hours to two, thus making it a commercial proposition for regular theatre circuits. The movie cost £1,250,000 with a further half million going on publicity. The deal he has signed with a consortium of distributors was for £2 million, thus setting him a handsome profit before the box office even starts rolling.

The world tour should also ease the strain on the Big D's pocket. In Japan he was said to have been offered 350 million yen (£751,000) in advance by the Japanese promoters. In Australia 150,000 people saw his concerts, the total gross at the box office being apparently over £1.25 million, of which Dylan got £475,000 plus a substantial percentage of the profits.

Only France has thus far proved resistant to Dylanmania. In Paris last week the promoters had only shifted two days' supply of 50 tickets and were considering cancelling two of Dylan's scheduled six dates.

In England, although promoter Harvey Goldsmith will obviously not release exact figures on how much he is paying Dylan, it is rumoured that the fee is £350,000 for six night work, which works out around £480 for every minute he's on stage.

In addition Dylan is expected to get some £300,000 from the Blackbushe airport gig.

Add on top of this his money from his European performances, and you have a final take home pay of some £2 million.

Needless to say, promoting Dylan is an expensive business.

Goldsmith outlined for the *Daily Mail* some of his expenses for the concert. Building the stage cost £5,000. Dressing rooms cost a further £6,000, with another grand on refurbishing them with electronic games and the like to stop the Protest King and crew getting bored backstage.

Dylan's road crew must have large appetites. Goldsmith claims it will cost £10,000 to feed them. The 200 security staff on 24-hour shifts will cost £30,000.

Add on to this £4,000 insurance, £5,000 for drapes around the stage, £6,000 for special effects, £60,000 for press and advertising plus £10,000 for food and wine for Dylan and entourage and it's easy to see where the money goes. Goldsmith claimed that it cost him £15,000 in telephone calls just to set up the Dylan deal.

It's a long way from Dylan's first gig in the early '60s, when he was paid just \$20 for singing at the New York University Folk Music Society in Greenwich Village.

CBS Records are meantime sparing no expense to reap the dividends on Dylanmania. His concerts are being accompanied by what one trade mag described as "one of the largest advertising campaigns in recent years which includes massive nationwide advertising on local radio stations, advertising space throughout the music press, television ads in Southern England, and the usual stream of T-shirts and badges."

CBS also got five barrage balloons with DYLAN marked on them flying above Earl's Court (at a cost of £2,000 each) and borrowed the tallest crane presently available in London, from which to hang a banner with Dylan's name on.

Yes, the times certainly have changed.

Dick Tracy

# The View From BB59 Contd.

From page 31

Pasqua's organ, he lurches, almost stumbles, but he's got no place to fall. It's as though he's slightly high or a little drunk.

During the solos he replaces the mike on his stand and catches up his guitar once again for the last verses, ending the number with a vicious sideways bat of the guitar.

"This is the song that got us booted at the Newport Folk Festival," he announces. "I hope we do a little better with it this time." And straight into a stomping, crunching, riffy "Maggie's Farm", not as heavy or powerful as the "Hard Rain" version with Mick Ronson, Rob Stoner and Howard Wynch, but still tuff snuff. The keyboard line makes it sound like "I'm Not Your Stepping Stone".

And of course, the intent is clear. This was the faststop song when Dylan first went electric, aided and abetted by Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper and the Butterfield Blues Band, and everybody's who's hip sneers at the people who couldn't follow him then. Now he's back with a hand that's a little too big and a little too unwieldy and a little too soft, but the principle still holds.

But no-one's going to yell "Judasi" at him now, not during "Maggie's Farm", not during the bouancy, Latin-edged "I Don't Believe You" which follows, and certainly not during "Like A Rolling Stone".

The last number comes surging off the stage to be met with the most ecstatic response of the whole set: overhead clapping, a cheer that Scotland would've been lucky to get during the World Cup and thousands of people out of their seats. It's not as crashingly majestic as the various versions with The Band or the Kooper/Bloomfield studio band on the record, but it suffices.

Again, Dylan has redefined the song: it is no longer an attack on the subject so much as a bald statement of his plight. Dylan no longer caws triumphantly at his victim's misfortune; now he describes it dispassionately, but still with that old intensity. He has imbued one of the cruellest songs in all of rock and roll with a new compassion.

This compassion is again at the heart of "I Shall Be Released" even though it is performed in an oddly throwaway manner with some very

silly semaphore hand and arm movements to accompany the title phrase.

Finally, he winds down with "Going Going Gone" from "Planet Waves", and as the three women croon the title phrase, he slips the Strat back onto its stand and waves goodbye before casually wandering between the amps and off.

**"He has imbued one of the cruellest songs in rock with new compassion."**

**W**HILE AWAY the quarter-hour between sets by simultaneously exulting over the magnificence of Dylan's own performance — he even looked great with his 15ro trimmed back, a shave and his leather jacket, all he'd need would be black pants and a pair of shades and it'd be the classic Dylan look all over again — and wondering why he'd picked out that particular band.

Cross and Pasqua are pale echoes of more distinguished musicians who'd played with him before — Mick Ronson and Al Kooper/Garth Hudson respectively — Ian Wallace, Jerry Scheff and Steve Soles were all next to inaudible, David Mansfield overplayed on all his instruments and cluttered up the sound more than somewhat, the girls had overdone it — indeed, on the "Shelter From The Storm" that had come between "Tambourine Man" and "Love Minus Zero" they'd sung virtually the whole song with Dylan and almost obliterated him — and the sound man's decision to emphasise Hall's percussion rather than Wallace's drum kit had given the whole groove an odd and not altogether satisfying balance.

In a way, it's an object lesson in what may face Bob Marley if he continues adding more and more musicians to The Wailers, except that with Marley the bass and drums still dominate at the core of the sound. It's more and more certain that Dylan's copped the vocal trio idea from the I Threes.

It begins to seem to me that since Dylan's marriage began to sour he's needed more and more people on stage with him, as some kind of compensatory reassurance. This isn't as much of a send-out-for-some-pillars-and-Cecil-B-DeMille job as the Rolling Thunder Revue, but it's also a lot less informal. One thing might be said for this band, they're right. I'm just thinking that if his next big affair goes wrong he's going to need the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the Sadlers Wells Ballet, when the lights do go down, the band come back, and Wallace begins thumping out the unmistakable drumbeat of "Rainy Day Women".

Straightaway, it turns into a mass audience clapalong and Douglas brings a welcome breath of bar-room stench into the atmosphere with a fine raunchy tenor solo until Dylan comes back on, this time with a natural-wood maple-neck Telecaster. For one wonderful moment it seems as if he's going to slope up to the mike and join in, but the band end the number almost instantly and he goes into "Sooner Or Later One Of Us Must Know", running into "You're A Big Girl Now". The band are sounding a bit tougher this time, the girls haven't come back and Cross is warming up and delivering some good guitar.

The girls are back on for a meaty "One More Cup Of Coffee" wearing white instead of black this time.

"Thank you! Every time I come to England I play this song..." and hot damn, he's into "Blowin' In The Wind" with the girls at their most gossipy and Dylan singing with an exquisite blend of softness and defiance, a recognition equally of times past and times passing.

Once again, the cast of thousands leave the stage to Dylan and the same combination of Douglas and Pasqua that delivered that extraordinary slow-down: "Tangled Up In Blue" during the first set. This time "I Want You" receives that treatment, and a song that seemed like a piece of extravagant clowning in its original "Blonde On Blonde" incarnation becomes magically transformed; irony replaced with warmth.

godnumoured and loving. Back come the orchestra for another newie ("which we cut a few weeks back in New York City") from the album. "Senor" sounds like an outtake from the "Pat Garrett" soundtrack. However, what follows provides the major surprise of the set.

It's a tough, rocking "Masters Of War", a finger-pointing, angry song from Dylan's second album and a song that he hasn't sung for nearly fifteen years. Clearly he feels that in 1978 it needs to be sung again, and he sings it with a real venom almost matched by Cross' fiery lead guitar (I still wish it'd been Ronno up there, though). The bass and drums push their way forward a little bit, Mansfield toughens up the sound with a grinding rhythm part from his Les Paul, and the number receives one of the night's major ovations.

The Marley/Three connection comes into crystal focus with an unusual reggaeified "Don't Think Twice It's All Right", which gives you an idea of how the song would sound if Marley ever did it, and there's nothing wrong with the performance that China Smith and the Barrett brothers couldn't have cured.

A gentle, emotional "Just Like A Woman" follows, climaxed by a re-appearance of the Zim harp which sparks a ripple of applause and finally an ovation as Dylan ends the song with a lengthy solo. From there it's a powerful, Hendrix-acknowledging reading of "All Along The Watchtower" with Mansfield doing his pieces on fiddle, and a bouancy, partially rewritten clapalong version of "All I Really Want To Do".

Dylan introduces the band, with special mentions for Steve Soles — "the man most responsible for our music" (a recommendation which isn't exactly going to make me fall over myself getting hold of Soles' next solo album) and Steve Douglas — "remember this man's name" — before slamming straight into a real powerhouse all-stops-out version of "It's All Right Man".

Dylan spits out the lyric with all the panache and spite of John Rotten and for one exhilarating, exultant moment appears to be getting set to duckwalk with his Fender. He doesn't, of course, but it would've been a groove and a half if he had.

It builds and builds and builds until The Man roars exultantly, "I GOT NUTHIN' MAAAAAAA... TO LIVE UP TO!!!!!!", punching the line as hard as any he's sung that night, and it hits home that of all the things Dylan has said about himself over the years, that's the one with the clearest view.

Again, the ending is a wind-down: "Forever Young" (the sentimental version as opposed to the tough version) from "Planet Waves", with a slow, remorselessly martial drum-led "Times They Are A-Changin'" for the encore.

And out. Wow.

**F**OR FIFTEEN years, I've been impressed by Dylan the performer, Dylan the singer, Dylan the composer (and let's leave Dylan the poet right out of this, okay?), but at Earl's Court I was impressed with Dylan the human.

Those songs of his motivated by petty scorn and hatred (and it must be said that many of these are his greatest songs and his greatest performances) have been either omitted or recast to display additional dimensions of both their creator and the songs themselves. That this has been achieved without any cooling of the songs' inner fires speak much for the man.

His inclusion of "Masters Of War" and — in such a crucial position in the set (last encore) — "The Times They Are A-Changin'" would seem to indicate that he's well aware that all is not well in Carter's America and in the world about it.

His band was basically dull, but apart from The Band itself I don't think any back-up's good enough for him — unless he'd consent to record with The Rumour plus Ry Cooder as guest soloist (I can dream, can't I?).

I don't even care if he did it for the money, because I'm just glad that he did it.

And neither did the man.

# Cruising With The Zim

**I**T WAS clear from the moment he arrived in the old UK that the season of his 37th birthday had found the maestro in a lively mood.

"I'm surprised you still recognised me," he told waiting press at London Airport, describing the throng of journalists and assembled CBS record company personages as "quite a circus". Clearly it was wonderful to be back in our wonderful little old country. Why had he been away so long? "The weather," quipped back Dylan from behind his "Blonde On Blonde" sunglasses.

From the Kensington hotel where he and his 44-strong entourage were lodged to his Earl's Court gigs it was a Rolls Royce for Dylan, but the Zim wisely preferred other transport — "a battered old blue Ford" as the press described it — for his less public excursions around town.

Aside from shopping for presents for the kids, one of Dylan's first moves was to go to the movies. He saw *The American Friend*, a brilliant and savage condemnation of American death culture by German director Wim Wender. Maybe D was hoping to pick up some tips for his next movie.

Dylan spent the next couple of nights before his opening show doing the rounds of London's, er, nightspots, on one occasion evading a posse of cameramen who gave chase to the Zimobile on its subterranean mission.

Chaperoned by charming, Diane Keatonesque CBS press person Ellie Smith, the man was first sighted up at Tuesday night's reggae spot at the 100 Club, where, according to our man in the crowd, he drank a half of lager and watched UK reggae outfit Mergers before moving on for a spell of George Thorogood and The Destroyers at Camden's Dingwalls. Reports suggest the Zim was more enamoured of the former act.

Not to be thwarted by the CBS party in his honour at Covent Garden's Place Next Door Club, which he duly attended (unlike Eric



B. P. FALLON, self-styled "paid liar" for J. Thunders and The Boomtown Rats, finally cops undisputed Champion Ligger trophy at the Music Machine. Pic: SARAH WYLD.

Clapton, who telegraphed to say he had a prior engagement — watching the World Cup on TV), the Zim was again roaming London on Wednesday night, with reggae again on the itinerary.

After finding Brixton's Clouds Club closed, the Zim's party checked Dalston's Four Aces Club before forgoing the delights of Coxone HIFI to catch Robert Gordon and Link Wray at Camden's Music Machine.

Backstage were Johnny Thunders and Sid and Nancy Victims. Asked by one NME reporter what he thought of the show, Dylan replied tersely, "Link's never done a bad show." That was six words longer than the reply he gave to Nancy after she'd introduced herself.

Though mystified by his taste for battered blue Fords and catty niteries, the press gave Dylan generous coverage. Usually their interests were focused on the scale of the business operation, with varying estimates about the size of D's fee. Most of the national dailies gave

Dylan's actual performance a good write-up, often expressing surprise that the Zim was so good: "Otherwise the principal aim of their mores seemed to be making patronising and disparaging remarks about the audience at the gigs, who they collectively characterised as dumb ageing flower children. Not half as dumb as ageing cynical hacks..."

Though press requests for interviews with The Bard have been met with the expected negative gasp of horror from his presspeople, a curious strategy has been the restriction on photographers, who had to be content with a view of the stage from a distant gallery. NME's request for a photopass at Earl's Court was also turned down (the dailies, predictably, get them).

Still, if you allow your photograph to be taken with BP Fallon backstage at the Music Machine, there's no way you're not going to end up in the gossip pages of next week's music press...

Captain Nemo



Pic: CHRIS GABRIAN

# VISIONS OF LOVE AND LIFE

**BOB DYLAN**  
*Street-Legal* (CBS)

**T**EN YEARS ago, on "John Wesley Harding", Bob Dylan offered himself some sensible advice.

"If you cannot bring good news," he sang in the closing lines of "The Wicked Messenger", "then don't bring any."

In other words, the apocalypse was late. Or indefinitely postponed. The afterlife was here, on earth, in life and life itself. It wasn't always doom alone that counted.

Dylan's subsequent recordings have, I feel, been largely tempered by this then newfound — and perhaps dismaying to both him and his audience — knowledge. This is neither the time nor the place for compendious reflections on the albums he's made since '68, but briefly nonetheless —

"Nashville Skyline" held out a certain affable, domesticated charm; "Self Portrait" deliberately threw off the last mantles of godhead, effectively demythified the myth; "New Morning" looked earnestly for new tongues, but found the quest unfulfilling; "Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid" succeeded impressively within its brief, that of a soundtrack album; "Planet Waves" looked back to better days and, once again, to The Band as a source of inspiration and regeneration; "Before The Flood" followed Dylan and The Band on tour, for the most part efficiently, sometimes startlingly; "Blood On The Tracks" swung in out of nowhere, a pitilessly intense wasteland of emotional devastation, Dylan's first 'major' album of the '70s;

## ANGUS MACKINNON reviews "Street-Legal"

"Desire" . . . Well, what about "Desire"? I found the album initially interesting, but ultimately disappointing. The lush romanticism of "Joey" struck me as hideously unnecessary and unjustified (a hood is a hood is a hood), whilst both the 'protestations' of "Hurricane" and the 'revelations' of "Sara" seemed almost emotionally fraudulent. Dylan's concern for Rubin Carter's case may have been heartfelt, but he must (or should) have known that it was unlikely to survive commercialisation intact. As for "Sara" — I simply didn't believe the man.

And so, bypassing "Hard Rain", a ramshackle calling card from the Rolling Thunder tour (at least Dylan was touring), we arrive at "Street-Legal", recorded earlier this year after tours of Australia and Japan.

Although apparently (understandably) bitter about the negative critical reaction afforded his self-produced and directed *Renaldo And Clara* movie, Dylan seems to be wearing it well and very ready and willing to roll. His concerts have been professional in their execution, positive in the adventurous recasting of old songs and — in my own experience — both dignified and, at times, profoundly moving.

"Street-Legal" itself lacks the instant appeal of "Desire", something for which I'm grateful. After all, Dylan has spent as much of his studio/stage time in the '70s attempting to come to terms with himself as a modern rock performer as he has coming to grips with himself as an artist whose social role has shifted tidally from the explicitly political to the implicitly personal.



His current, and huge, tour band may be held responsible for much of the musical success of the album. David Mansfield (violin and mandolin) and Steve Solis (rhythm guitar) are sensibly retained from the "Hard Rain" lineup, but the rest of the crew are new, and their collective versatility and sensibility expose the Thunder sound for the shipshod stumbling it undoubtedly was.

The recruitment of Steve Douglas (tenor and alto saxes), Bobby Hall (percussion), Alan Pasqua (keyboards) and Billy Cross (lead guitar) lend the nine new songs a tremendously impressive depth and sheer scale that even The Band were only rarely able to provide.

On first hearing Ian Wallace (drums, in ex-King Crimson) and Jerry Scheff (bass) seem a rather heavy-handed rhythm section, but then it becomes clear that with anything less than their strong, simple foundation the massive edifice that is Dylan's now sound would collapse about him. Meanwhile the addition of Carolyn Dennis, Jo Ann Harris and Helena Springs on soul-sanctified

backing vocals add further fuel to the fire.

Look — if The Band were Dylan's ultimate rock and roll support, then this congregation are his ultimate contemporary rock prop. Dylan's expressed a wish to keep a permanent band, and he could do far far worse than keep this one.

**A**ND THE songs themselves? Well, I'll just toss a handful of coins and hope some of them catch or are caught . . .

"Changing Of The Guards" and "No Time To Think" are both lengthy songs, the first instrumentally dense and hard-headed, regularly swirling out to encompass Douglas' deliriously airy sax, the latter slower, almost Spanish, buoyant on a union violin and soprano sax motif.

"Guards" begins by stating the timespan in question — 16 years, back to when Dylan started recording. It's a heady, steady flow and stream of image and allegory, crammed with archetypal (Archetypal?) Dylanisms: "good shepherds"; "desperate men and women"; "merchants and thieves"; "renegade priests"; "treacherous young witches"; "dark soldiers"; "empty rooms"; "a palace of mirrors" . . .

It involves two central characters, an ebony-faced woman and a distinctly Blakeian (yes), golden-haired hero, and follows their progress through an elaborate (and cryptic) ritual sequence.

At one stage, the hero addresses his audience thus: "I don't need your organisation / I've shined your shoes, I've moved your mountains, I've marked your cards / But either this body, he gets credit for elimination of else your hearts must lack the courage

of the changing of the guards" before concluding "Peace will come, with splendour and tranquility on the wheels of fire / It will offer no reward when the false idols fall . . ."

Dylan the visionary propounding the doctrine of the inevitability of change? Dylan the astrologer reading the cards? Whatever, the song's conception and execution are both formidable.

"No Time To Think" shares a degree of retrospection with "Guards". Most of it's second person narrative: ". . . The Empress attracts you but oppression distracts you / It makes you feel violent and sad . . . You know you can't keep her and the water gets deeper and is leading you on to the brink . . . You've murdered you vanity and burdened your sanity / For pleasure you must now resist . . . Bullets can harm you and death can harm you / But no, you will not be deceived / Stripped of all virtues you crawl through the dirt / You give but you cannot receive . . ." and so on.

Meanwhile the song's middle eights hang on often ungainly noun groupings, each of which seem to 'explain' the issues — actual and potential — raised by the preceding verse (s), as in: ". . . Memory / ecstasy / tyranny / hypocrisy . . . equality / liberty / humanity / simplicity . . . Socialism / hypnotism / patriotism / materialism . . ." An interesting, but odd device.

It's all grist to the (auto)biographical mill, I suppose. Mercury — Dylan's ruling planet, him being a Gemini — gets a name check, as do both The Empress (as above) and The Magician, two major arcana in the Tarot pack — just as "Guards" mentions two court cards from the Tarot, the King and Queen of Swords.

So what, if anything, is revealed? Dylan's ability to anthropologise, to

● Continued over

# ALBUMS

From previous page

mythologise and to dream his own reality has never been in question — and both "Guards" and "No Time" display his seemingly limitless appetite for same. Both songs suggest a man resigned to his past, philosophical about his present and oddly, almost confidently fatalistic about his future.

"Where Are You Tonight (Journey Through Dark Heat)" is more mythology, only personalised, more specific: "There's a long distance train pulling through the rain / Tears on the letter that I write / There's a woman I long to touch and I'm missing her so much . . ."

Musically the song's reminiscent of the "Blonde On Blonde" period, thanks mainly to Pasqua's Al Kooperish organ, whilst structurally its middle eight and chorus bear a more than passing resemblance to those of "Like A Rolling Stone". An intense, listless declaration of quiet desperation, crackling with sudden, ratchet lures: "I fought with my twin, that enemy within, / In both of us fell by the way / Horseplay and disease are killing me by degrees while the law looks the other way / Your partners in crime hit me up for nickels and dimes / The man loving you could never get clean . . ."

**ELSEWHERE**, Dylan levels with losing love and love lost without elaboration. "Baby Stop Crying" has something of that stumbling grace that made "Knocking On Heaven's Door" so devastating: "You bin down to the bottom with a bad man, babe, but now you're back where you belong / Now go get my pistol, honey, I can't tell right from wrong . . ." Little short of stanning on stage with-gospel chorus in full cry, but somehow a mite slower here. So it goes.

Three other songs decade and recode the mid and late '60s Dylan love song, but without any of the obsessive (misogynist?) rancour of rejection that characterised so many of the originals.

Instead, they're suffused with a rare compassion and tenderness. Woman as partner, not pedlar or pedestal. At his best, as here, Dylan's able to effortlessly generalise the particular and particularise the general. Be

grateful for his gift.

"Is Your Love In Vain?" is slow, almost too slow, but languorous, haunted by the spectre of "One Of Us Must Know", Pasqua's keyboards in Kooper mode again. And just feel the mid-eight: "But I've been to the mountain and I've been in the wind / I bin flying with dreams, I've been offered wings and I've never been too impressed / Alright I will take a chance and fall in love with you . . ."

"True Love Tends To Forget" is another ballad. Very simple, very (bitter) sweet, Dylan again deliberately recalling his vocal past: "I'm getting weary looking in my baby's eyes / When she's near me she's getting so hard to recognise / But I finally realise that there's no room for regret because true love tends to forget . . ."

But the big breaker here is "We'd Better Talk It Over", a breathlessly intimate piece spun hazily over a glittering gauze of almost Byrds-sublime guitars. More home truths, but nobody ever caught the common mould as surely as Dylan: "You don't have to be afraid of looking into my face / We've done nothing to each other that time will not erase . . . Don't think of me and fantasise on what we never had / Be grateful for what we shared and be glad . . ." From the heart, to the heart. Believe it. Which leaves "New Pony", a sparse gut grinding blues. The verses swap their sense, playing lightly with traditional blues-speak: "I had a pony, her name was Lucifer / She broke a leg and needed shooting but I swear it hurt me more than that it hurt her . . ."

Everyone says you're using Voodoo / I've seen your feet move by themselves / But that God you bin praying to he gonna give you back what you wished on someone else . . .

Douglas' sax is beautifully dirty, the vocal backup an insistent "How much longer?" "S'easy, a man needs a mate — You're so nasty and so bad, but I swear I love you, yes I do" — and ain't nuthin' gonna hold him back. Tuneless, really, like the love songs.

And lastly, "Senor (Tales of Yankee Power)": a chilling atmospheric evocation of . . . well, what?

The scene seems to be set well down Mexico way, but somehow transcends its locale, hinting at wider issues — these being, I'd venture, America's current position as a world power, immensely strong yet isolationist, reluctant to involve herself abroad and still recovering from the extensive moral bankruptcy brought on by both Vietnam and Watergate.

Cross' heavily reverbed guitar is reminiscent, as is the mood of the whole song, of our own Richard Thompson's "Calvary Cross"; the tenor is one of fateful resignation, of subjugation to some dark, harsh mistress — in Thompson's insistence the creative muse, in this . . . war? (where?). Douglas' alto sax hovers in weary limbo, a disconsolate coil of smoke over wreckage.

"Senor, senor . . . can you tell me where we're heading — Lincoln County Road or Armageddon? . . . There's an iron cross still hung from around her neck . . . There's a marching band still playing in a vacant lot where she held me in her arms one time and said 'Forget me not' . . . I can see that painted wagon, smell the tail of the dragon . . ."

"Blonde Dragon as in opium, as in Vietnam?"

"Well, the last thing I remember before I stripped and kneeled was a train load of logs home down in a magnetic field . . ."

Military technology turning against its users? Remember that the US were humiliated in Vietnam, despite overwhelming technical superiority. What's not in doubt however is the astonishing presence of Dylan's voice: his barely concealed surge of drawing vitriol, disgust and desperation cautions the song's mood — and completely.

So that's "Street-Legal". The album looks back, looks forward, looks on, out, in. It reminds me of Dylan's continued relevance as commentator and communicator — and, after "Desire", I certainly needed that reminder.

A powerful, positive album. What the hell, I'll state my case — "Street-Legal" is Dylan's second major album of the '70s. And not before time.

Angus MacLinnon

# IMPORTS

HELLO AND welcome to trivia corner.

For the Swedish version of Nick Lowe's "Jesus Of Cool" has just arrived and — predictably — it's different to all the other versions that have emanated between here and Timbuctoo. So the disc contains an extra track in "Cruel To Be Kind", while the sleeve features five new pictures of St. Nick for your collection.

Meanwhile, our rubber band-driven office computer has estimated that the said Lowe has now appeared in no less than 13 different shots (not counting the Dave Edmunds counterfeits) on various "J of C" sleeves and has been depicted with eight various guitars to date.

New to me is The Great Northwest Music Company, a label which operates from out of the Seattle area. And from their files comes "A History Of Northwest Rock — Vol. 1" — a compilation which includes The Kingsmen's classic "Louie, Louie" and less spectacular "Jolly Green Giant", plus cuts by Don And The Goodtimers, Dave Lewis, Sir Raleigh And The Coupour, Ian Whitcomb, and The Sonics.

The Goodtimers were a Kingsmen spin-off led by Don Gallucci, the keyboardist who split with the Kingsmen after his parents refused to allow him to tour with the band, while The Sonics were the original N.W. punk band and have an album of that title out on First American to prove it.

As for the others, Dave Lewis was a black organist whose "David's Mood" was a regional hit; The Coupour, who cut "White Cliffs Of Dover", offered it to Phil Spector for his Phillies label before being turned down and then signed by A&M; and Ian Whitcomb is the British born singer-cum-music historian who pitched tent in Seattle during the mid-60s and soon logged a trio of U.S. hits for Tower with "This Sporting Life", a Burden/Animals-like effort that just crept into the Hot 100; "You Turn Me On", a top ten hotshot; and "N.E.R.V.O.-U.S.", which also did pretty well.

An interesting release then and a forerunner of other Seattle albums heading this way on such labels as Medicine and First American, items that include Barry Melton's "We Are Like The Ocean", Ian Whitcomb's "Crooner tunes", Danny O'Keefe's "The Seattle Tapes", New Deal Rhythm Band's "Hey Hep" and The Sonics' already mentioned "Original N.W. Punk".

Those who shelled out on Lingasong's Beatles in Hamburg double could register a modicum of interest at the arrival of "The Beatles — Live At The Star Club 1962" (Bellaphon), for this single-album release contains four tracks not on the British Lingasong issue, these being "Till There Was You", the Meredith "Music Man" Wilson song that appears in a studio version on "With The Beatles"; "Where Have You Been All My Life?"; a Mann-Weill ditty "Sheila"; the 1962 Tommy Roe hit and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry All Over You", about which I can remember now at this point in time.

All of which leaves me just another space to mention the rest of this week's newbies which include Teddy Fendergrass's "Life Is A Song Worth Singing" (Phil. Int.), Rick Derringer's "If It Weren't So Romantic" (Blue Sky), Finch's "Glory Of The Inner Force" (Norgram), "The Dirt Band" (UA), and "The Buddy Holly Story" (Epic), the soundtrack of a movie destined to revive sales of "Rov On", "That'll Be The Day", etc., and thus bring a little sunshine (not to mention a few quid) into the life of Paul McCartney, who currently owns most of the publishing rights to Holly's material.

Fred Dellar

Johnny McLaughlin

— ELECTRIC GUITARIST —

RAILWAY CUTTINGS, SUNNYSIDE, YORKSHIRE



John McLaughlin excelled in every musical style he ever turned his hand to — from his early days with the Graham Bond Organisation, through the white hot technical excellence of the Mahavishnu Orchestra, to the Oriental complexities of his latest band, Shakti.

Now he returns to the style which won him the greatest acclaim, the simply brilliant, unique style of Johnny McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist! That's the name of his new album which features a whole host of guest musicians whose talents match that of John McLaughlin, who is at his electrifying best.

If you liked John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu phase, you'll love Johnny McLaughlin Electric Guitarist!

John McLaughlin's guests include:

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- Tony Williams.
- Chick Corea.
- Alyrio Lim.
- Jack De Johnette.
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- Tom Coster.
- Jack Bruce.
- Neil Janon.
- Billy Cobham.
- Fernando Saunders.
- Tony Smith.
- Jerry Goodman.
- Stu Goldberg.
- Alphonso Johnson.
- Patrice Rushen.
- David Sanborn.

**ALTERNATIVE TV**  
*The Image Has Cracked*  
(Deepford Fun City)

MARK PERRY has been a confused person and, through that, confusing. Many of his problems were rooted in the days of *Sniffin' Glue*. Unintentionally and increasingly reluctantly this young shy bank clerk became a fashion component and spokesman for the colour supplements and glossy mags for a movement whose restrictions, dogma and misplaced aggression he quickly recognised and developed distaste for as his intelligence and awareness grew through action and involvement.

ATV was born in many ways out of the frustration he met in those days; it was a reaction. Since those days of *Sniffin' Glue*, where he could do no wrong (although he himself soon realised the fakeness of it all), he has drawn scorn, derision, misunderstanding, accusations — the lot.

Many of the insults he partly deserved; he has been bitter, cynical, narrow-minded, impulsive, but the one thing he really deserved, patience, has never come his way. Few could see that Perry was travelling by touch alone; discovering and moulding as he went.

Not many treated Perry's self-discovery with respect; critics and fans reacted soundly and abruptly, at best politely. It has been a classic tale of ignorance and suspicion. Even when he gained deserved acclaim for some early music and records, notably "Love Lies Limp", he smashed all this seemingly on purpose, by curiously sacking Alex Ferguson, who many considered the actual creative force in the group, for being 'too poppy'. Perry had decided, clumsily, that if

nothing else he was not into 'tradition'. Nor into doing things the easy way.

With "The Image Has Cracked", Perry and ATV have thrown all the impotence, derision, unsympathy and condescending despair back into our faces. Perry has matured, shown he deserved patience, and established a totally unique style. Out of arrogance, elitism, naivety and bloody-mindedness Perry has actually produced a record that takes a step forward for rock.

"The Image Has Cracked" is an innovative, courageous and coherent album. The art of communication and observation has been uncovered and, furthermore, sharpened. Perry has isolated what it is he hates most — apathy, ignorance and evasion in his contemporaries and, crucially, emotional loneliness and confusion. The preaching is muted; the bitterness controlled. Musically, Perry has discovered the power of simplicity and atmosphere, the usefulness of juxtaposition, and is fully aware of rock's limitations and the possibilities of transcending these limits.

But it's not only the maturity of its components that's the reason this album is so successful; also the presentation.

The album is an impression. It is similar to the way Buzzcocks threw a gossamer impression over their debut album by enclosing a chronological development of the group from early Devoto up to the mild Teatonic elements of present day within two short blasts of "Boredom" — except ATV take the idea a few steps further.

The first piece is "Alternatives". It starts with a manic-comic synthesiser burst, then segues into a brave live recording of a section of a 100 Club gig when Perry, as part of his obsessive, idealistic desire to use the group as a platform for their audience's hang-ups, invites those with something to



Alternative TV Down By The Alternative Jerz

Pic: HARRY MURLOWSKI

say on to the stage. People clamour on stage, but no-one has anything to say on this 'soapbox'. It is an exhibition of futility and, eventually, violence. Perry is totally dismayed: "Right, look, some of you people gets a chance to say something and what do you do but fight? That's all you can do in... all you do is squabble with each other... I love all you people but I hate you when you fight

'cos that's when they grind you DOWN!" SLAM! This moves straight into a TV show, The Other Cinema's *Open Door* Programme, on which ATV appeared. It's a straight recording. Perry is using the 'soapbox' he's just offered to an audience, whining about the problems of acceptance and the dilution involved when Gen X or Sex Pistols appear on TV. Someone cries — "We

know the problems. What are the answers?" Perry immediately retorts "This is very depressing, 'cos there is no answer." This is ironically untrue. With this album, Perry goes some way to proving that perhaps there are answers to the problems of rock and its dilutions. And by including the tape of an audience's inability to communicate anything but

their irritating aggressive competitiveness and verbal bullying, he is at least confronting directly such morons with shame.

After this, it's "Action Time Vision", a loose, conventional introduction to the group. Then a non-original, their 'oldie', Zappa's "Why Don't You Do Me Right"; they give it a potent interpretation. The ironical, accusing "Good Times" is a third, fairly conventional driving rock song — a live recording.

The group's way of blending live with studio is slick and unobtrusive, and creates an active mix. "Still Life" is an example of this; a masterful piece of music, the first part is a live instrumental, churning and calm, laced with threatening guitar runs. The rhythm section eventually strips away, leaving a repeated guitar note, which suddenly flowers into the second part, a studio version of the same tune, with vocals.

Alex Ferguson helped write three songs on side one, showing Perry isn't as snobbish and foolish as he thought. In fact, the music on side two, all of it written without Ferguson, has a strength and frankness that proves Perry was right to part company with Ferguson.

Side two is the side of possibilities. Proof of Perry's growth. The demonic, mournful love song "Nasty Little Lonely", the testing, curious electric guitar of "Red", and finally the edgy, dangerous "Spitting In 2", again a live cut, a piece of music of persistence and mood.

Words like 'commitment', 'control', and 'classic' are redundant with a record like this. It proposes new ideas and mechanisms; it opens new doors. It is one of the few true innovative rock albums. A totally unexpected and fulfilling achievement. And now Mark Perry's eyes have opened, there is so much potential.

Paul Morley

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ALL I NEED IS A GIRL

AND THEIR NEW SINGLE

## 'RUNAWAY'

# SAILOR

Greatest Hits

82754



Fig: MIKE STONE



## Look 'N' Lurk?

THE LURKERS  
Fulham Fallout  
(Beggars Banquet)

TO BEGIN with, a juicy fact and a sticky problem; that The Lurkers can rip it up live with a gusto that most bands rarely hint at is undeniable. Their main problem has always seemed to be transferring the urgency of the Ickenham sound onto cold, hard vinyl.

But this album largely succeeds in doing just that and, as songwriter Pete Stride acknowledged in last week's *Thrills* interview, a lot of the credit for this goes to producer Mick Glossop, who didn't go into the studio to produce the band as such, but simply recorded them, perfectly balancing the barrage of layer upon layer of rhythm guitar.

I'm sure many of you will rank this wild set of greased-lightning paced rockers as totally unlistenable, but The Lurkers, to their credit, are uncompromising.

Of the 14 tracks here, ten were penned by Stride, two of which have already been available in single form, namely last year's near-legendary "Shadow" (a slightly inferior cut to the actual 45 version) and the more recent hit "Ain't Got A Clue". Lyrically The Lurkers are at their best homing in, often tongue in cheek, on the angst and pangs of teen romance and jealousy.

"Shadow" itself is worthy of a Pete Shelley: "Last night I saw you dancing/I had to watch you for a while/He whispered something in your ear/You both saw me and smiled."

Socio-political comment is studiously avoided on all but one of the tracks, a fact for which the clumsy and morose lyrics of "Total War" make one grateful. Another unfortunate minus lyric-wise is the petulant Mope-man misogyny of "Then I Kicked Her" and the equally pathetic self-abuse of "Self-Destruct". Also worth a mention on this, the first New Wave album allowed the luxury of a gatefold sleeve, is singer Howard Wall's one songwriting contribution, "Gerald", certainly the only sluggish track here, written in the form of a morose, melodramatic letter.

Stride's plucky guitar work, meanwhile, is a real eye-opener, although he does at times verge perilously close to the Heavy Metal Hero style of the Gen X axeman, a point forced home by the tedious side one closer "Go Go Go", described by the band as a "tributepop take" to/of Generation X and "Wild Youth" in particular.

One thing though, forget all that hubbub about The Lurkers being the only remaining heirs to the true mantle of punk. "Fulham Fallout" in its better moments ("Ain't Got A Clue", "Shadow" and the best track, "I'm On Heat") is simply classic rock and roll. Relentless and unexpurgated.

Adrian Thrills

JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT  
Deep and Meaningless  
(Polydor)

THE BIG one for Otway? Too premature for Album of the Year? Last year's model as this year's fad? Evidence of a durable, ever improving talent? Why am I asking so many questions?

Last year brought the deserved success of the sensational "Really Free" single and a quirkily brilliant debut album, and now Aylesbury's answer to Simon and Garfunkel reckon the world is ready for its second vinyl injection of Buckinghamshire capers.

How far do you want to go? Just far enough to say I've been there. It's redundant to analyse the appeal of Messrs Otway and Barrett. Hell, "Deep and Meaningless" isn't *Moby Dick*! It's simply a vastly entertaining album, showcasing our heroes' amiable brand of rock and roll and their healthy attitude to attitudes, also a welcome breath of fresh air blowing through the foetid, cynical abattoir of rock today.

What you do get on "Deep and Meaningless" (great title) is the essence of the Dynamic Duo's stage act, such toe-tappin' favourites as "Can't Complain", "Oh My Body", "Place Farm Way", "Beware Of The Flowers" and — on the bonus live single — "Down The Road", Otway's one-man music hall extravaganza.

"Deep and Meaningless" is free from the production hassles surrounding their first album, and there's an overall consistency and — how you say? — utilisation of studio techniques ("Ooh, it's in stereo", gasps Otway at one point). All in all, it's a far more cohesive album, but by replacing the endearing naivety of their initial effort with a slicker production (take

Fig: BEER BLOWER



## High 'N' Wry?

a bow, Mr Barrett) they haven't sacrificed any of their bizarre fascination.

I haven't enjoyed an album so much this year. You can sit back and appreciate Springsteen, or whoever, but Otway manages to transmit his enthusiasm and, let's face it, the guy has got a knack of writing catchy tunes ("Josephine" has been haunting me all week) and is capable of injecting even the most ridiculous lyric with a sincerity that would be the envy of many a suave urbanite. Who else could take "The Alamo", a tale of everyday Texas heroism, and make it work?

There's so much good stuff here, funny, memorable and moving. These guys got style in areas other people ain't even got areas!

The highest praise I can give "Deep and Meaningless" is that if I hadn't collared a review copy, I'd have gone out and bought it and scored a copy for someone I love.

Patrick Humphries

White life from the red planet

Head pic: NEAL PRESTON



# Is There Music On Mars?

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

*War of the Worlds* (CBS)

AS ORSON Welles and millions of frightened Americans can testify, "The War of the Worlds" has some potential as a radio programme. And this new version of the H. G. Wells' classic, narrated by Richard Burton, could also be quite fun on Radio Four. That's provided, of course, that they dumped the music.

Then they'd be left with perhaps 15 minutes of Burton and his authoritative story-telling. And that would be an entirely agreeable way of passing a quarter of an hour. As it is, Burton's performance here is somewhat marred by 90 minutes or so of inappropriate music by a person called Jeff Wayne. Mr. Wayne's past credits include advertising jingles, production work on David Essex records, and stage musicals (not identified on the press handouts). CBS Records think that one of his qualities is "creative genius".

For all we know, he may have designed the first submarine before Leonardo Da Vinci. But that's pure speculation. We must judge him on his music. And on this double album, he seems a very dull fellow. Imagine five or six advertising jingles, or David Essex backing tracks, stretched over four LP sides, and you get the gist. This music not only distracts us from Mr. Burton's Churchillian tones, it also detracts from them.

As evidence, consider side one of this epic. Mr. Burton has just told us of Martians plotting the downfall of humanity.

"Across the gulf of space," he has rumbled, "Minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely they drew their plans against us."

Good, dramatic stuff. Well, more or less. Anyway, it's clearly a cue for Mr. Wayne to provide his musical interpretation of Martians plotting unbeknown to bustling Victorian England. Alas, while jingles and David Essex songs are his forte, Mr. Wayne is not much cop at evoking Martians or Victorians. And this is clearly an inability that is crucial to the outcome of the entire venture. Without evoking the "ings" or Victorians, there is not much left.

Instead, Mr. Wayne follows Mr. Burton's impressive opening statement with what appears to be an extended workout from Barry White's Love Unlimited Orchestra. It's true that there are some Wizard-style rumbling cellos tagged on the front. And much electronic overlay, too. But Barry White fans will surely recognise the master's influence, and they'll inevitably be puzzled.

There are many people among us who, no doubt, consider Barry White to be an alien, even

a Martian, but this was not the view of H. G. Wells. H. G. Wells never mentioned Barry White. And nor does Mr. Burton in his narrative. Unless you count his description of a Martian: "Two luminous disc-like eyes... A huge rounded bulk larger than a bear, glistening like wet leather. Its lipless mouth quivered and slavered and snake-like tentacles writhed as the clumsy body heaved and pulsated." Barry White or not, this creature is powerfully described by Mr. Burton.

Alas, once again, Mr. Wayne follows it up with what appears to be a ponderous electronic pastiche of a Shadows' instrumental. The result is that you inevitably picture the clumsy body of this Barry White-style Martian heaving and pulsating through a Hank B. Marvin dance routine. Hardly the effect that Messrs. Wells and Burton intended.

Ah well, let us not write this £250,000 venture off on the strength of just one side. There is more to come. To be precise, there are vocal performances by Justin Hayward, Phil Lynott, Julie Covington, David Essex, and Chris Thompson to look forward to. Or not, depending on your point of view. In the event, all of these worthies have one song each, except in the case of Phil and Julie who are obliged to share a duet. (Sonny and Cher they are not).

In the main they acquit themselves admirably. Mr. Hayward has a pleasant ballad to croon. Mr. Lynott impersonates a crazed parson with his usual zeal. And Mr. Thompson reminds us of what a world-beater he'll be when he gets some good songs. Sadly, good songs are not abundant here. The only one that's vaguely memorable is Mr. Hayward's, and CBS have wisely decided to put that out as a single. Bland, but pleasant. As you'll appreciate four songs do not go very far with three remaining album sides to fill. (Though David Essex's song seems like it's never going to end).

As a result, there is a large acreage of vinyl left vacant. Cue for more of the Love Unlimited Orchestra, plus radiophonic sound effects. In case you're wondering, I did play the entire set all the way through, which is devotion beyond the call of duty, in my opinion.

I've got several conclusions to put forward. If you want to hear Phil Lynott, stick with Thin Lizzy. If you want to hear Chris Thompson, stick with Manfred Mann. If you want to hear Justin Hayward or David Essex, then that's your look out. If you want to hear Richard Burton, write to CBS and ask them to supply a tape with the musical bits taken out.

As for Jeff Wayne, no doubt his "War of the Worlds" will be big in the United States. After all, it's a work that's caught out the Americans on a previous occasion.

Bob Edmunds

**GOOD RATS**

*From Rats To Riches* (Radar)

AW NAW, not more Heavy Meathook music? Yes, and what's more, this Long Island combo are a cult band, no less! Smarter than the average Vallum Drone? Not really. In "Takin' It To Detroit" they sing: "Make this band a household name on Uranus". Well, mine ain't interested.

Behind the band are the brothers Marchello — Peppi and Mickey — who have kept the good name of the Rats going since 1969; this is their fourth album. It sounds to me like the age-old case of an

(inexplicably) white-hot cymbal property whose make-or-break LP unfortunately yields about an EP's worth of necessary vinyl. Radar have in fact released perhaps the most immediate track here — "Mr. Mechanic" — as a 45; best to buy that, and/or check out their previous albums for justification of the cult boob-hub.

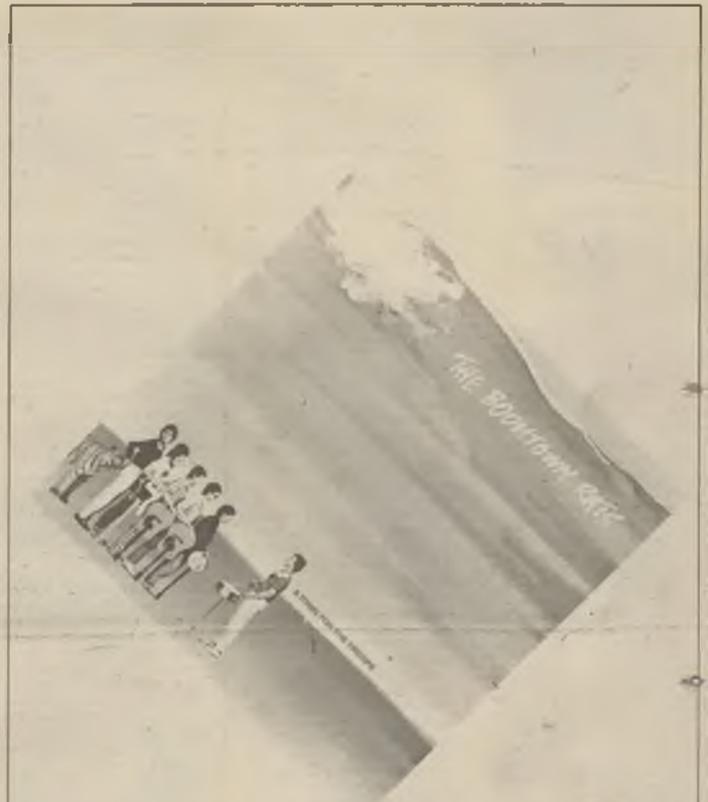
The music on "Riches" is as dull and buffaloesque as the cover, and as predictably gross as its producers, Flo & Eddie. The usual spectrum (or not) of minor HM concerns. "Let Me": "Show you how much I can love you/Let me knock you

right off your feet/Let me take you to a special place"... bet he just takes you to see The Stud.

"Dear Sir" is ponderously orchestrated Rock-Star-as-Joe-Average angst (aimed at record exec's money-lust) it busts a vein just to prove to us how ordinary, honest, and uncorruptible the boys in the band are: dull.

For the rest it's finding ladies, not finding them, fleeing them, feeling mean, etc., all in language slightly less inflated than the HM norm, but never original enough to justify their ticket — ahMen.

Ian Penman



## The Boomtown Rats "A Tonic For The Troops."

### In exclusive diamond shaped sleeve.

**THE TONIC FOR THE TROOPS TOUR 1978**

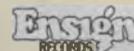
- JUNE 20TH ABC THEATRE BLACKPOOL
- 22ND ODEON EDINBURGH
- 23RD APOLLO GLASGOW
- 26TH DE MONTFORT HALL LEICESTER
- 27TH ODEON BIRMINGHAM
- 28TH COLSTON HALL BRISTOL
- 29TH NEW THEATRE OXFORD
- 30TH APOLLO MANCHESTER

- JULY 2ND SPA HALL BRIDLINGTON
- 3RD CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
- 5TH VILLAGE BOWL BOURNEMOUTH
- 6TH DOME BRIGHTON
- 9TH ODEON HAMMERSMITH

PLUS YOUNG ONES

ENVY 3

PRODUCED BY ROBERT JOHN LANGE





**COMMODORES**  
Natural High (Motown)  
**PLATINUM HOOK**  
Platinum Hook (Motown)  
MOTOWN GETS on its good foot again.

Having graduated from competitive understudies to worldwide stars, Commodores are now refining their proven technique instead of risking an experiment or two. As a result, "Natural High" offers no great surprises but overflows with confidence and quality and, in the long run, will probably prove to be their most consistently satisfying album to date.

The most immediately appealing track is "Flying High", which has also been prudently chosen as their latest single. An exceptionally well produced recording — as most of their sessions have been — it skilfully combines all of the group's successful qualities.

These include their perky funkology, not half as blowdown dirty as the P-Funk masters in the Mothership but snappy as a chocolate biscuit nonetheless; their wall-to-wall harmonizing as mellifluous as any of the more traditional black vocal groups, although inclined towards a comfortable pop sound rather than the rougher improvisations of gospel-rooted wailers; the lead singing of Lionel Richie, arguably the best exponent of the modern black American vocal mode.

The arrangements too, like the overall production, are seldom less than superb in Commodore country, and here play clever tricks with what is basically a routine song. Yes, "Flying High" is a dead cert

for golden honours: in America, if not in Britain.

The same qualities are liberally spread across the other seven tracks — either with the emphasis on Richie and melody, as in the delicately romantic "Three Times A Lady" (the other obvious hit on the album), or on cooperative effort and much rhythmic switching and twitching, as thrust forward through "Such A Woman" and "I Like What You do".

Platinum Hook are new to me, although I believe they've been scabbling around, unnoticed and unrecorded, for a few years.

Although associated with Commodores because of common management, Platinum Hook are not from an identical mould. A seven-piece, practically self-contained band (five or take a few studio supporters), featuring a female singer, they are more obviously comparable with Norman Whitfield's Rose Royce.

If they share any musical traits with Commodores, those similarities are in abstract areas of quality. Like a lot of modern black American groups — come to think of it, like pop/rock/whatever acts in general — it's not so much what they do as the way that they do it.

On relatively short acquaintance with their album I have only noted "Bittersweet" (the smooth 'n' sharp angles of a love affair) and "Hotline" (call me and talk it over type message) as better than average examples of original material, and their speedy, exciting and extremely tight version of Funkadelic's "Standing On The Verge Of Getting It On" as the best track of the entire selection.

Nevertheless, the production, arrangements (by Greg Wright) and agile combinations of talented personnel provide ample evidence of a group that is destined to succeed.

Cllf White

**RUSH**  
Archives (Mercury)

THE FIRST three Rush albums — "Rush" (1974), "Fly By Night" (1975), and "Caress of Steel" (1975) — re-released as a smart silver package for the many who care. The Rush Archives. ('Archives' literally means 'public records': Rush typically aware of historical perspective).

As I struggled laboriously and reluctantly through its six long sides, which took days instead of the expected few hours, due to my total inability to manage more than one side of its striding, unobtrusive, pompously structured rock at a time, dots formed in front of my eyes, in the shape of a question mark. Why? Why are Rush so popular?

People often verbally attack me about Rush and their ilk, accusing the *NME* of a total ignorance of what is some of the most popular music of today; Heavy/Metal/Pomp. But it's not so much bigoted ignorance, more a grudging acknowledgement of the existence of the genre and its popularity, and ultimately a recognition that the music is unimportant, derivative, fake and above all else IMMATURE.

It quite honestly doesn't merit serious analytical space in a rock and roll paper; it deserves very little space at all. No one will deny its presence or popularity, but it's very difficult to write about such complete rubbish with any semblance of belief, without condescension or amusement.

Interviews with such groups usually reveal the naivety and arrogance of the individuals; reviewers can merely wallow in disbelief at the strange call and response ritual of live gigs, blown at the hypnotic dangers, sigh at the overall musical tightness, impact and ultimate restriction; to review their albums is to get a headache.

Rush are the absolute example of a heavy rock group who are extremely popular and who

ZARDOZ has spoken!!! Pic: Chris Horler



## Power, Pomp, Purity, Pretention, Popularity . . . The RUSH Problem

can give critics terrible problems of confrontation. Their popularity does demand at least occasional cursory attention in the same way as a Flintlock album or a Bonnie Tyler gig, but criticism of Rush can either give them the straight dismissal they probably deserve (like Max Bell's Rush live album review) or be in some ways serious, reveal immediate faults (getting immediate, outraged correspondence as a matter of course) and highlight the unerving motivations of the group itself (like Miles' uncover job). There's nothing apart from the terrible flaws in Rush's music for a critic to grab hold of.

It's when the motivation for Rush becomes apparent, and the way it's translated into music (The Power And The Glory) and lyrics (Journeys For Pureness And Power) that the reason for Rush's actual popularity becomes clear. It's rooted in the immaturity of both the group and their fans. Immaturity of emotions, responses, ideals, character. A striving for something they'd both never have.

Rush are musically a superficial sploidy mess of the stars of Led Zeppelin, the excessive structures of Yes and the melody of later Beatles. There's six sides of music here in this package, 24 songs and two suites. None, except for

maybe the title track of "Fly By Night", has any genuine melodic and structural presence. The more usual workout comprises naive, twisting riff progressions and an ultra-active rhythm section that drives the music along with the necessary macho propulsion. Acoustic and classical guitars give some slight textural variations; Geddy Lee's vocals are of the strained, painful, whining type.

The real point of the music, its major attraction, is its power. Thrashing about, nose-diving all over the place, thrashing and smashing. There are occasional reflective, acoustic songs that are inter-raptive, childish — really just token moments. Power is its popularity.

After that has hooked their audience, everything is to Rush's advantage. The pretentious attempts at complexity (often by just stopping and starting again) and seriousness attract any rock fan eager for an easy way to pretend to himself that his tastes in music are adventurous and esoteric.

The lyrics are calculated to appeal directly to the lonely, confused and immature; they naturally evade any diagnosis of any such problem. The words come from a direct male chauvinist viewpoint. The fantasies Rush construct deal in mystical searches for pureness, strength and power, both physically and mentally.

Rush's fantasies are inspired by resentment — although the source of resentment in Rush's case is not easily definable — but a young fan can easily remodel that abstract and identify with it. This kind of resentment is not far from a spirit of revenge. Rush are certainly a strange substitute for power.

Fascism lurking beneath the volume and noise? Sure. And the embarrassment to rock critics lies not in its implications but more in the naivety of it all, an unawareness of what it is Really All About. And I bet Rush fans revel in the works of Robert Heinlein.  
Paul Morley



# MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND

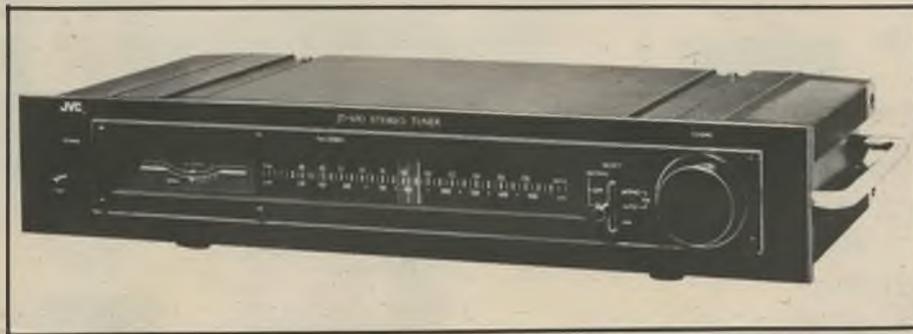
# ALBUM WATCH BRON 507

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**'DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN'**  
+ MIGHTY QUINN & CALIFORNIA



# DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

HI-FI: By ROY CARR and BERNARD FUTTER



JVC Model JT-V10 FM-AM Stereo Tuner

## Cruisin' in your armchair with the radio on . . .

ONE ITEM of hi-fi hardware not covered so far in these pages is the FM stereo tuner. Although a radio section is not an essential part of a set-up, let the truth be known that it is quite capable of yielding higher quality results than the majority of your records and pre-recorded tapes.

But note the adjective capable — because the majority of air-time is taken up with records, and radio station gear is renowned for its durability rather than for sophistication. (The stylis the Beeb use are, in many instances, alleged to be more cynical to be only a generation removed from bent nails . . .)

Where FM radio really scores is in a live transmission. Take it on trust; the realism is absolutely staggering.

Right, now for a bit of gizmo on the actual gear. It's possible to acquire an FM stereo capability in two ways. The easiest, neatest and most economical is to buy a receiver which is an amplifier and tuner combined in one unit. Because it's not necessary for the manufacturer to produce parallel components — i.e. chassis, casing and power supplies — this system is invariably the cheapest.

The disadvantage is like a re-run of my recent music-

centre article; in a word, loss of flexibility.

To give you a for instance: if you live under the murky shadow of a transmitter you will receive superb reception, even from the most modest-priced unit. However, since the amplifier and tuner section of a receiver are usually of a comparable standard, you will be spending a disproportionate

slab of your wages on a better tuner section than you really need.

Receiver prices start at around £110.

Right, for those of you who have already been seduced by this column and own an amp, this bit is directed at you!

The odd thing that happens when people buy a separate tuner is that nine times out of

ten they acquire the unit, matching their amp! And given that their requirements may differ wildly — based on the extent of their interest, geographical location, or just plain of money — this is difficult to explain.

So use more imagination! Unfortunately for those who like their hardware festooned with controls, tuners are rela-

tively simple beasts. Prices start at about £55.

If you're in the market for such a purchase, useful features to look out for are as follows:

Inter-station muting eliminates annoying "slush" noise when tuning between stations. Blend switches combine high frequencies on the left and right channels to mono.

thereby reducing background hiss while retaining stereo effect on difficult transmissions. Signal strength meters give indication of whether aerial strength is adequate.

To get the best out of your unit it's essential to get a decent aerial. It's true to say that there must be countless people totally unaware of the potential of radio as a hi-fi source simply because they are using something like wet string — or not much better, the T-piece of wire packed in the box.

If you live with 50-60 miles radius of your transmitter a simple roof or loft stack, even when fitted by a contractor, shouldn't cost most more than about £20.

Danger signs to look out for are high background noises and stations going out of tune. If you know what I'm talking about, it's probably the aerial that's at fault.

Here's a selection of FM tuners for you to meddle with a your local hi-fi showroom. As usual, I've listed the approximate price and depending upon where you deal the retail price can vary considerably.

JVC JT-V10 (£55); SONY ST-111 (£70); SONY ST-2950F (£90); TECHNICS ST-8080 (£180); YAMAHA ST-700 (£570) — this latter tuner is so sophisticated that you can almost pick up the rumble on a radio station turntable!

• More Hi-fi over page



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It's at the heart of every cartridge we make. And there for a very good reason, too.

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Sound thinking.

Exactly the kind of thinking, in fact, that we put into every aspect of Audio-Technica cartridge design.

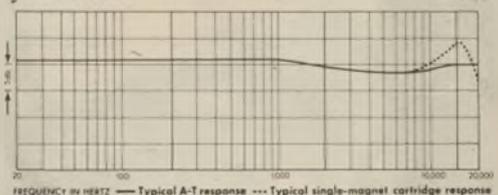
In terms of materials, advanced technology and overall performance, we like to think we're streets ahead of our competitors.

A lot of hi-fi reviewers actually say

as much.

May we invite you to listen in to our big secret on your own turntable?

Whichever cartridge you choose, we guarantee you'll be amazed by what you hear.



**AT10E**  
Frequency Response (Hz): 15-25,000  
Channel Separation (dB): 21  
Channel Balance (dB): 1.5  
Stylus Tip Size (mm): 4-2 elliptical  
Tracking Force (gms): 1.5-2.5



**AT15a**  
Frequency Response (Hz): 10-20,000  
Channel Separation (dB): 15  
Channel Balance (dB): 1.0  
Stylus Tip Size (mm): 2-7 made elliptical  
Tracking Force (gms): 1-2



**AT15a**  
Frequency Response (Hz): 5-45,000  
Channel Separation (dB): 25 minimum  
Channel Balance (dB): 1.5  
Stylus Tip: Shibata  
Tracking Force (gms): 1-2



**AT20SLa**  
Frequency Response (Hz): 5-50,000  
Channel Separation (dB): 25 minimum  
Channel Balance (dB): 1.0  
Stylus Tip: Shibata  
Tracking Force (gms): 1-2



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For further details of the Audio-Technica range of cartridges, contact your nearest stockist or write to: Shibata House, The Ridgeway, IVER, Bucks.

# DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

Contd

**S**EING AS American FM radio currently offers infinitely more listening pleasure than its British counterpart, both Aiwa and Akai have been the first out of the gate to market-test their latest hardware innovation — the cassettever.

As the name implies, the cassettever is a tuner amp (MW/SW/LW/FM) and a front-loading stereo cassette deck housed in one streamlined fixture. One generation removed from a music-centre, all that is required is a fix on a particular wave length, a blank cassette and a gentle touch of the record button.

In America, where live stereo rock concert transmissions are a regular occurrence, the cassettever seems to have something of a future. However, housing two autonomous units in one casing restricts any mix 'n' match flexibility.

Despite their advertised compatibility, music-centres persistently prove that there is an acute danger in the standards of the individual components. Taking all this into account, if, in the future, you decide to upgrade a specific component you'll instantly screwed. Either you have to



**Aiwa's AF3060 Cassetever, recording radio at a cost of around £272.**

*... and for your further entertainment — cruisin' on the sofa with both radio and cassette deck on and both hands free...*

trade-in the entire system or shell-out even more bread than necessary.

Having said that, it does appear that it's much easier for a manufacturer to produce an acceptable hi-fi cassettever than a music-centre. However, on the surface it would appear that the cassettever is primarily aimed (like music-centre) at

space-saving convenience of for the dilettante whose lifestyle is complete without a turntable and such old fashion artifacts as records!

At present there are three cassettevers on the market awaiting your inspection: Aiwa AF-3060 (£272) and AF-3090 (£413); Akai AC-3500C (£340).

**W**ITH THE introduction of quartz-lock turntables and DC amplifiers, the state-of-the-art sophistication of hi-fi playback equipment continues to progress — and, as a result, pressures software manufacturers to bring their merchandise into line.

Compared with the immaculate standards set by Japanese record presses it would appear — judging from a cross-section of the records received in this office — that British and American companies still don't exercise the same rigorous factory quality controls established in the Orient.

For example: the first three American-pressed copies I obtained of the new Robert Gordon & Link Wray album ("Fresh Fish Special") were covered on both sides with glue and deep gouges; the British pressing of the "Blue Collar" soundtrack had all the fidelity of a worn-out 78; while at least

## Yet again, CBS & Sony have got it taped

ten per cent of the singles I received for review this week were dished.

So it seems yet again we must look to the Orient for the next Giant Step and, in particular, to CBS/Sony — a company who helped develop the crystal lock mastering system with the crystal-controlled direct-drive motor

which reduces dynamic wow to an absolute minimum.

In the very near future you'll be hearing a great deal about Super-Fi; a term introduced to identify what is seen as another major audio advancement. Whereas quarter-inch 15ips master copy tapes are usually employed in the final production of a record, CBS/Sony are now utilising (for both recording and plant production) a half-inch 30ips magnetic tape.

If 15ips was a vast improvement on 7½ips, then doubling both the width (half-inch) and tape speed (30ips), it is claimed, greatly reduces noise level and yields a much wider dynamic range and frequency response.

For the time being, Super-Fi is being employed exclusively for the CBS Masterworks classical music series: an initial batch of 11 albums are being released in the States this week.

However, the word-on-the-wire suggests that if the initial consumer response meets the manufacturer's expectations, Super-Fi technology will be extended to encompass both jazz and rock recordings — and when the rest of the world gets its hands on the process... we'll still get duff pressings.

# Tape-it-Live

Two portable stereo cassette decks from JVC that go anywhere the audio action can be found, designed from the ground up to capture every nuance of sound. Pop concert or nature trail, indoors or out-of-doors, these Hi-Fi performers give you real sound as it happens, where it happens.

With features like the JVC ANRS and Super ANRS (Automatic Noise Reduction Systems) developed to cut tape hiss and expand the dynamic range of high frequency signals allowing undistorted recording of high

level peaks, the JVC Sen-Alloy head giving better linearity and superior resistance to wear, the JVC coreless DC motor with lower power consumption and almost instantaneous response characteristics, the built-in DC-DC convertor, permitting constant operation in the face of a voltage change, large VU meters and a large master recording level control.

In addition, the CD-1635 Mk.2 has a built-in 4 inch monitor speaker and the KD-2B has the JVC "Dual-Ball Cassette Hold System" keeping correct tape-to-head contact, reducing wow and flutter when "on the move".

See and hear them both at your JVC Hi-Fi dealer.

CD-1635 Mk.2 Stereo Cassette Deck (left)  
KD-2B Stereo Cassette Deck (right)



# JVC

ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO REALITY

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**GET BLATANTLY OFFENSIVE AT YOUR CONVENIENCE**

Yes, Wayne County and his likeable Electric Chairs have really 'done it' this time. Their new EP, 'Blatantly Offensive' is in the worst possible taste. Crammed with the depraved parlance of the gutter, rancid with neurotic fantasies, 'Blatantly Offensive' will almost certainly make you want to puke. And yes it does include THE track. Tell your local record dealer he can get 'Blatantly Offensive' from Lightning or you can get it by post direct from: **Alan Safari Records, 42 Manchester St, London W1.** Send a cheque or postal order for £1.20 (inc. P & P). **FIRST 1,000,000 IN GOLD VINYL. SECOND 1,000,000 IN PLATINUM VINYL.**

# DISCO DANCIN' THE WORLD'S FIRST TAKEAWAY DISCO.



STM 7003  
ISAAC HAYES 'Chronicle'



FT 54J  
'FANTASY DANCIN'



SSOL 1501  
CHARO 'CUCHI CUCHI'



THE 3023  
KELLEE PATTERSON 'Be Happy'



FT 534  
BLACKBIRDS 'Action'



SSOL 1502  
BUNNY SIGLER 'Let Me Party With You'

Disco Dancin' is twenty of the best dancing albums of all time. From Fantasy, Salsoul, Stax and EMI International labels.

Hot names from the funk farm. Like Isaac Hayes, Side Effect, Johnny 'Guitar' Watson, The Originals, Pleasure, The Emotions. And the beat goes on.

We only have room to show six Disco Dancin' albums. Your room's big enough for all twenty. **DISCO DANCIN' MAKES YOUR HOME THE BEST CLUB IN TOWN.**





# 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 22nd June (Adm 75p) <b>THE AUTOMATICS</b> Plus The News & Ian Fleming	Fri 23rd June (Adm 75p) <b>THE KILLJOYS</b> Plus support & Ian Fleming
Sat 24th June (Adm £1.25) <b>ADAM &amp; THE ANTS</b> Plus Ian Fleming & Ian Fleming	Sun 25th June (Adm £1.25) <b>THE BANNED</b> The Starkeys plus D.J. Ricky Horse
Mon 26th June SEE PANEL BELOW	Tues 27th June (Adm 75p) <b>NEW HEARTS</b> Plus support & Ian Fleming
Wed 28th June (Adm 85p) London debut of <b>CHAMPION</b> featuring Clem Clompton & Geoff Britton - Plus support & Jerry Floyd	Thurs 29th June (Adm 75p) <b>THE AUTOMATICS</b> Plus The News & Ian Fleming

MONDAY JUNE 26th £1.00

## RAMROD

[Rod De'ath, Lou Martin (Ex Rory Gallagher), Mick Clark, Little Stevie, Stuart MacDonald (ex B.A.L.T.) + Friends and D.J. Jerry Floyd  
Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

## READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

HAMMERSMITH ROAD W.5

Friday June 23rd <b>THE MEMBERS</b>	Free
Saturday June 24th <b>THE DODGERS</b>	Free
Sunday June 25th <b>THE INMATES</b>	Free
Wednesday June 28th <b>THE MEMBERS</b>	Free
Thursday June 29th <b>THE BUSINESS</b>	Free

## FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

# NASHVILLE ROOM

Friday June 23rd  
**TO BE CONFIRMED**

Saturday June 24th 75p  
**THE DICKIES (From U.S.A.)**  
+ STADIUM DOGS

Sunday June 25th 75p  
**JAB - JAB**  
+ GNASHER

Tuesday June 27th £1.00  
**SUPERCHARGE**  
+ FAMOUS PLAYERS

Thursday June 29th £1.00  
**THE RETAINERS**  
+ THE DODGERS

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14  
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

# UFO

HAMMERSMITH ODEON  
WEDNESDAY 28th JUNE at 7.30

TICKETS £1.00 £2.00 £3.50 (INC. VAT IN ADVANCE) THE AIRE, BOX OFFICE, 700 AIRE, LONDON (SEE AD) PROGRAMS: SHAFTESBURY RD., 410 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 2ND FLOOR, UICOM AGENTS (SEE NIGHT)

## LANDSCAPE

WORKERS' PLAYTIME NEW EP  
OUT NOW 99p

Sat June 24 Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, S.W.11  
Mon June 26 Phoenix Theatre, Leicester  
Fri June 30 The Albany, Station Yard, Twickenham  
Sat July 1 Westminster Medical School  
Fri July 7 Salisbury Arts Centre  
Sat July 8 Farnham College  
Agency Bookings: 01-262 7672 or 01-670 2881

**THE NEVER ENDING SAGA**

OF THE LIVE PAGE CONTINUES ON

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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS  
BLUES FESTIVAL '78

# BUDDY GUY

# JUNIOR WELLS

# CLIFTON CHENIER

& HIS RED HOT LOUISIANA BAND

# CHICAGO BLUES ALL-STARS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON  
FRIDAY 21st JULY at 7.30

TICKETS £1.00 £2.50 £3.50 (INC. VAT IN ADVANCE) THE AIRE, BOX OFFICE, 700 AIRE, LONDON (SEE AD) PROGRAMS: SHAFTESBURY RD., 410 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 2ND FLOOR, UICOM AGENTS (SEE NIGHT)

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

# at the Lyceum

# THE RUNAWAYS

+ Guests

Sunday 16th July

£2.25 in advance £2.50 on 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.

# THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS

Friday June 23rd PHOENIX THEATRE LEICESTER	Saturday July 1st Somewhere near Farnham (Surprise)
Friday June 16th DOUBLE SIX BASILDON	Wednesday July 5th ROCK GARDEN LONDON WC2

A & R Men and Agents Watch Out  
Enquiries: Dainty 058 085 211

TELEPHONE 01-387-04288

# MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight  
SARDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MIDDINGTON (PRESENT TUBE - NW1)

Wednesday June 21st £1.00 <b>LANDSCAPE</b> + 64 SPOONS	Saturday June 24th £2.00 <b>THE MOVIES</b> + DEAD RINGER
Thursday June 22nd £1.50 <b>FREDDIE "FINGERS" LEE</b> + H-FI	Tuesday June 27th £1.00 <b>AFTER THE FIRE</b> + GENERATOR Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm
Friday June 23rd £2.00 <b>SASSAFRAS</b> + SOUNDER	Wednesday June 28th £1.00 <b>THOSE FOUR</b> + SEVENTH SEAL Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Monday June 26th  
**ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS**  
+ JOHN DOWIE  
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

Thursday June 29th  
**HINCKLEY'S HEROES**  
+ Special guests  
Play at 10.00pm 21.50

Friday June 30th Saturday July 1st  
**THE PLEASERS**  
Play at 10.00pm £2.00

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING  
3PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

AT THE MAXWELL HALL

# FRIARS AYLESBURY

Saturday June 24th at 7.30 p.m.  
Electric Phase Obsession

# UFO

(Phil Mogg, Pete Way, Andy Parker, Michael Schenker, Paul Raymond)  
+ MARSEILLE  
AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 100p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free in Easy Home! Hemstead, F.L. Moore Betchley, Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Yo Buckingham or 100p at door on night. Reservations: Aylesbury 84568/88948. Life membership 25p. Lights Out.

AT THE MAXWELL HALL

# FRIARS AYLESBURY

Wednesday June 28th at 7.30 p.m.  
Opening night of "Out on Parade" British Tour

# THE CLASH

No tickets will be available at door on night, but at the time of going to press, advance tickets were still available from Earth Records, Aylesbury (199p). Eng: 84568/88948. Life membership 25p. Groovy Times Are Here Again.

AT THE PORTERHOUSE  
20 Carolee, Hatfield, Herts. Tel 76881

Friday June 23rd

# THE CHAMPIONS

(Featuring Clem Clompton Ex Humble Pie & Geoff Britton Ex Wings)

Saturday June 24th

# THE TYLA GANG

VEHICLE MUSIC

presents

# ROGER THE CAT

Friday June 23rd  
**THE SWAN, CHELSWAY, STEVENAGE**

Saturday June 24th  
**HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHALL**

Wednesday June 28th  
**STAPLETON, CROUCH END**

Friday June 30th  
**HORN OF PLENTY, ST ALBANS**

Glimmer Promotions  
01-284 5976

# BLITZ

+ Support

FULHAM TOWN HALL  
Friday June 14th

Licensed Bar  
Admission 60p

WANTED!  
Places to play & good support bands.  
Please telephone  
01- 579 5950.

HOPE & ANCHOR  
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Friday, June 23rd 75p <b>THE DICKIES</b> (From U.S.A.)	Monday, June 26th Free <b>BENNY &amp; THE JETS</b>
Saturday, June 24th 75p <b>JAB JAB</b>	Tuesday, June 27th 80p <b>AUTOMATICS</b>
Sunday, June 25th £1.00 <b>MICKEY JONES BAND</b>	Wednesday, June 28th 75p <b>OZO</b>
	Thursday, June 29th Free <b>AUTOGRAPH</b>

# BRAKES

(London)

# NASHVILLE

MONDAY JUNE 26th

# LAST BASTION!

246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Live Punk every Weds

# TUBEWAY ARMY

+ SKIDS + D.J.

WEDS 28 JUNE 8.00pm  
Please come early.

WEDS 5th JULY  
THE CRABS  
+ SCHOOL MEALS + D.J.



**SEE YOU SATURDAY!**

Yes, after missing out last year, Knebworth is back again. Genesis top the bill, along with special guests Jefferson Starship fronted as ever by Grace Slick (above). Also appearing are Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Devo and the Atlantic Rhythm Section, so it's a pretty strong line-up that promoter Frederick Bamister has assembled. Let's hope it keeps live for the first major outdoor event of the summer.



**KNEBWORTH with Genesis (above) and Starship (below)**

**Thursday**

BASINGSTOKE R.A.F. Odham: SOUL DIRECTION  
 BATH R.A.F. Uphaven: BEANO  
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE  
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS / THE CLERKS  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM  
 BLYTH Golden Eagle: THE CARPETTES  
 BRADFORD Mecca World: NASHVILLE TEENS  
 BRIGHTON Hungry Year: NICKY & THE DOTS  
 BRIGHTON New Regent: BLACK SLATE  
 BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: SKIDMARX / NICKY & THE DOTS  
 BRISTOL Granary: THE BISHOPS  
 BRISTOL University: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS  
 CARLISE Coach House: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
 CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS  
 COVENTRY Tiffany's: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS / PARANOLAS  
 COVENTRY Warwick University: SAILOR  
 CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ACKER BILK BAND  
 DERBY Tiffany's: PRESSURE SHOCKS  
 DUDLEY College of Education: LITTLE ACRE  
 DUDLEY J.B. Club: MICKEY JONES BAND  
 EDINBURGH Odson: THE BOOMTOWN RATS  
 EXETER Folk Club: PAUL DOWNES  
 EXETER Timepiece: ROOTS REGGAE / PLAENET  
 HARTLEPOOL The Gasby: ZHAIN  
 HESTON Southwick Club: J.A.L.N. BAND  
 HORNCHURCH The Bull: REDNITE  
 LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: SHEENY & THE GOYS  
 LEEDS 'F' Club: TYLA GANG  
 LEEDS Gaiety Bar: JAB JAB  
 LEEDS Middleton Arms Hotel: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
 LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: THE TOURISTS  
 LECHESTER Phoenix Theatre: RAW DEAL / BODGER'S MATE  
 LINCOLN A.I.J. Club: THE NEXT BAND  
 LONDON CAMDEN Brickwork: JET LECTURALS  
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DR. FEELGOOD  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: ZLINE GRUFF  
 LONDON CROSWICK John Bull: THE MEMBERS  
 LONDON COVENT Garden Rock Garden: THE LEYTON BUZZARDS / THE DICKIES  
 LONDON DEPTFORD Rachael McMillan Hall: DOLL BY DOLL  
 LONDON EDMONTON The Cods: GUTSY BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES  
 LONDON E7 Freemasons: TRANS-AM  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odson: MINK DE VILLE / THE RICH KIDS  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: AUTO-GRAPHS  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Rutland: FRED RICKSHAWS HOT GOOLIES  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO  
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EXILES  
 LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS  
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DEAD FINGERS TALK / THE DRONES  
 LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS  
 LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS  
 LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MERGER  
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN / SHOT ROD  
 LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT  
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS  
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD RINGER  
 LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: THIN LIZZY / HORSLIPS  
 MANCHESTER Ruffens: GYRO  
 MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: PARADOX (for three days)  
 MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: LITTLE BOB STORY  
 NUREFIELD Fuscoe Club: MUSCLES  
 NEWCASTLE The Coppage: SABRE JETS  
 NEWCASTLE Guildhall: NEON / PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY / ANGELIC UPSTARTS  
 NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Inn: AYALON  
 NEWCASTLE University: MECHANICAL HORSE THROUGH  
 NORWICH Cromwells: GEORGE McCRAE  
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES  
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN  
 OXFORD Merton College: FABULOUS POODLES / THE ONLY ONES  
 PAISLEY Three Horshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE  
 PLYMOUTH Drake Club: WICKED LADY  
 PORTSMOUTH Top Club: FREEBIRD  
 PORTSMOUTH Whiskey Club: RAY KING BAND  
 PORT TALBOT Troubadour: THE BANNED  
 POYNANT Folk Centre: JEREMY TAYLOR  
 SHEFFIELD City Hall: U.F.O./MARSEILLE



**GIG GUIDE**

**Sheffield** Limit Club: KRYPTON TUNES  
**Stafford** Bangley Hall: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS / STEEL PULSE  
**Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic: THE MOVIES  
**Swansea** Circle Club: BUSTER JAMES  
**York** University: THE SMIRKS

**Friday**

BASILDON Double Six: BUSTER JAMES  
 BASINGSTOKE Technical College: STRIFE / T.T.  
 TRANSMISSION / CHOU PAIROT  
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUPERCHARGE  
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS  
 BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Day: THE HUMANOIDS  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE  
 BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: MINK DE VILLE  
 BIRMINGHAM University: SAILOR  
 BOGNOR Hardson's: RAY KING BAND  
 BRADFORD Star Hotel: GRAHAM & EILEEN PRATT  
 BRADFORD University: JAB JAB  
 BRADFORD-ON-AVON St. Margaret's: JENNY DARRIN BAND  
 BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS  
 BRISTOL Folk Festival: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND  
 BURNWOOD Troubadour: KILLER  
 BURTON 76 Club: DIRE STRAITS  
 CANTERBURY Keat University: THE PIRATES  
 CARLISE Truck Inn: CHARLEY BROWNE  
 CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: SOUL DIRECTION  
 CHATHAM Ten O'Shanter: RAGED  
 CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: GEORGE McCRAE  
 COLCHESTER ABC Theatre: HEATWAVE / H. TENSION  
 COLCHESTER Town Hall: BLACK SLATE  
 COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO  
 CREDITON White Swan: PLAENET  
 CROMER West Rington Pavilion: TRAPEZE  
 CROYDON Shirely Poppy: TENNIS SHOES / THE MONITORS  
 DORLING Halls: THE MOVIES  
 DUDLEY College of Education: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS  
 DUDLEY Teachers Training College: LITTLE ACRE  
 EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE MOTORS / WILKO JOHNSON  
 FAREHAM Technical College: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS  
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS  
 GRANDBOROUGH Jane Swann Barbecue: INCRE-DIBLE KIDDA BAND  
 GRIMSBY Cromwell Club: HOOLA BANDOOLA  
 HEBDEN BRIDGE Carlton Club: THE FALL / CRY TOUGH / NIRVANA  
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY / PRESSURE SHOCKS  
 HULL Bestobell House: SECTION 40  
 HULL Miners Club: MISTY  
 HULL University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS / PARANOLAS  
 IRONBRIDGE The Crown: JOE STEAD  
 KEEL University: MUD  
 KIRBYLINGTON Country Club: THE BANNED  
 LANCASTER Planet City: CHINA STREET  
 LANCASTER University: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
 LEEDS University: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE  
 LECHESTER Beaumont Hall: THE BISHOPS  
 LECHESTER Clare Hall: THE SMIRKS  
 LECHESTER Phoenix Theatre: PHOENIX ALL STARS / GREAT OBSESSION / HOLLYWOOD KILLERS  
 LECHESTER Polytechnic: DISCO ZOMBIES / ROBIN BANKS / RTR's  
 LINCOLN A.I.J. Club: THE INVADERS  
 LINCOLN Carlton Club: RWKED LADY

LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: HYBRID  
 LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE LURKERS  
 LIVERPOOL University: THE ACCELERATORS  
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: REBEL  
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RICH KIDS  
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SASSAFRAS  
 LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: STADIUM DOGS  
 LONDON COVENT Garden Rock Garden: ROY HILL BAND  
 LONDON EDMONTON Pickets Lock: SWIFT  
 LONDON E.1 City Arms: THE VIPERS  
 LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE College of Printing: THIS HEAT  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odson: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS  
 LONDON HOMERTON Chats Palace: OXY & THE MORONS / SMACK / THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS  
 LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE  
 LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: CAROL GRIMES / DYAN BIRCH / TONY O'MALLY & FRIENDS  
 LONDON North Polytechnic: TRIBESMAN  
 LONDON N.5 The Edinburgh: HIGH SPEED GRASS  
 LONDON Penge Freemasons Tavern: THIEF  
 LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: THE SOMME / SURVIVOR  
 LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT  
 LONDON REGENTS PARK Bedford College: WARREN HARRY  
 LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: OFANCHI  
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTO-GRAPHS  
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE POLICE  
 LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: REGGAE REGULAR  
 LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: THIN LIZZY / HORSLIPS  
 LONDON W.10 Acliam Hall: ANGLE TRAX / PRAG-VEC / REALITY / THE RAINCOATS  
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND / RAYDIO  
 MANCHESTER Ruffens: JOHNNY MOPED  
 MANCHESTER University: SANDY & THE BACKLINE  
 MATLOCK Hurst Farm: STRANGE DAYS  
 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: TYLA GANG  
 NEWCASTLE Bedrock Festival: THE YOUNG BUCKS  
 NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: WHITE HEAT  
 NEWCASTLE Eldon Square (lunchtime): DEEP FREEZE  
 NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE  
 NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL  
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS  
 NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: KRYPTON TUNES / CYANIDE  
 NUNEATON Hill Top Club: FREEBIRD  
 OXFORD Merton College: FABULOUS POODLES  
 OXFORD University College: GONZALEZ / VESUVIUS  
 PORTSMOUTH Top Rank: J.A.L.N. BAND  
 PORTSMOUTH Ye Old Lodge Inn: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
 READING Jack of Both Sides: DOUBLE XPOSURE  
 READING Wells Hall: MUSCLES  
 RETFORD Porterhouse: CHAMPION  
 RICHMOND Castle Club: BLACK GORILLA  
 ROCHESTER Nag Head: REDNITE  
 SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR

SHEFFIELD Limit Club: PENETRATION  
 SHEFFIELD Rammore House: RACING CARS  
 SHEFFIELD University: SON OF A BITCH  
 SHOTTON Fleeting Hotel: THE CARPETTES  
 STOURPORT Civic Centre: BIG NOSE BAND / THE PREFECTS / WAX RESEARCH / STUFFED MOVIES  
 SUNDERLAND Mecca: ZHAIN  
 SWINDON Bunel Rooms: THE BRAKES  
 THEYDON BOIS Old Foresters: GUTSY BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES  
 TIPTON Brewer & Baker: BILL CADDICK  
 ULBRIDGE Cosmon (open-air): HONKERS / THE CADETS / SMIFFY / STEPPIN OUT / THE STATISTICS / THE INJECTIONS (also Saturday)  
 ULBRIDGE Unit One: STATISTICS / THE ANDROIDS  
 WAKEFIELD Breton Hall College: 90° INCLUSIVE  
 WYMOUTH Pavilion: THE PLEASERS

**Saturday**

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: VESUVIUS  
 AYLESBURY Friars: U.F.O./MARSEILLE  
 BASILDON Double Six: BUSTER JAMES  
 BATH Brilley Arts Centre: DAVID ALLEN & EL PLANETA GONG  
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HUNTER  
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
 BIRMINGHAM Cannon Hill Park: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS  
 BIRMINGHAM Odson: BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND / RAYDIO  
 BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO  
 BOGNOR Ocean Bar: BLACK GORILLA  
 BRIGHTON Art College: BOWLES BROS. BAND  
 BRISTOL Folk Festival: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL  
 BRISTOL Granary: LEARGO  
 BRISTOL Turnstile Club: GEORGE McCRAE  
 BUCKLEY Throil Ballroom: BOY BASTIN  
 BLIDE Headland Club: WICKED LADY  
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS Corn Exchange: HEATWAVE/H. TENSION  
 CANNOCK FOLK Club: WATERFALL  
 CHERESTER-STREET Topo's: MUSCLES  
 CIRCENESTER Club Hall: RAY KING BAND  
 CROMER West Rington Pavilion: CHAMPION  
 DARLINGTON The Bows: ZHAIN  
 DERBY Saffron Moor Club: STRANGE DAYS  
 DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE PIRATES  
 FISHCARD Frenchman's Motel: KRYPTON TUNES  
 HALIFAX Good Mood Club: THE LURKERS  
 HAMWICK Tower Hotel: CHARLEY BROWNE  
 HARTFORD Bulls Park College: THE PLEASERS  
 HUNTINGHAM British Rail Club: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND  
 KINGSTON Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS  
 KNEBWORTH Park Open-Air Concert: GENESIS / JEFFERSON STARSHIP / BRAND X / TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS / DEVO / ATLANTA RHYTHM SECTION  
 LEEDS 'F' Club J.A.L.N. BAND  
 LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE  
 LEEDS Haddock Hall: RED RYE  
 LECHESTER College Hall: DISCO ZOMBIES / JOHN FEEL  
 LECHESTER University: THE BOYFRIENDS  
 LIVERPOOL Eric's: MINK DE VILLE  
 LIVERPOOL Hope Street Fringe Festival: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS / FRONT LINE BAND / NEXT / JUGGERNAUT / 20th & DEARBORN etc.  
 LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE  
 LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: RUSH HOUR  
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE MOTORS  
 LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE MOVIES  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS  
 LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: AUTOGRAPHS  
 LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS  
 LONDON COVENT Garden Rock Garden: ROY HILL BAND  
 LONDON EAST HAM Town Hall: 90° INCLUSIVE  
 LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: ROLL-UPS  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odson: THE JOE TEX REVUE  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE DOGGERS  
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS  
 LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JAB JAB  
 LONDON ISLINGTON Kings Head: HIGH SPEED GRASS  
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STADIUM DOGS  
 LONDON National Theatre Foyer: CITY WAITES  
 LONDON N.4 The Starline: FARTHBOUND  
 LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
 LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: JOHNNY G  
 LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH

CONTINUES OVER ..

# GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

**LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle. THE SURVIVORS  
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: REGGAE REGULAR  
**LONDON WATERLOO** Young Vic (11 pm): HARVEY ANDREWS  
**LONDON WOODWICH** Thames Polytechnic: RIKKI & THE LAST DAY OF EARTH  
**MANCHESTER** Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS / CHINA STREET  
**MANCHESTER** Rollers: PENETRATION  
**MEADOWVALE** Country Club: MUD  
**MIDDLEBROUGH** Rock Garden: THE BANNED  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopers: DEEP FREEZE  
**NEWCASTLE** Guildhall: ARBRE / WHITE HEAT / SOUTHBOUND / THE SQUAD / DISGUISE  
**NEWCASTLE** University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOID  
**NEW MILLS** Bers Knees: THE INN THING  
**NEWPORT** Roundabout Club: MUNGO JERRY  
**NORTHAMPTON** ABC Theatre: JASPER CARROTT  
**NORWICH** People's Club: THE NEEDLES  
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: DIRE STRAITS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND  
**NOTTINGHAM** Meadows Real Ale Festival: LAST CALL  
**NOTTINGHAM** Old General: REDBRASS  
**NOTTINGHAM** University: THE YOUNG BUCKS  
**NOTTERRACE** Wordsworth Ballroom: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: NORTH-WEST FOLK CLUBS FEDERATION  
**RETFORD** Post-house: TYLA GANG  
**ROTHERHAM** Mabel College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS  
**SANDBACH** Fodens Social Club: ANY TROUBLE  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE  
**SHEFFIELD** University: SAILOR  
**STAFFORD** Bingley Hall: DAVID BOWIE  
**STAFFORD** Borough Hall: FREEBIRD  
**STEVENAGE** The Swan: SOUTHERN RYDA  
**SUNDERLAND** Old 29: ANGELIC UPSTAIRS  
**TWYFORS** Cop Sal (open-air): INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**UXBRIDGE** Common (open-air): See Friday  
**WANDENON** The Stables: SCRATCH  
**WIGAN** Casino: THE BISHOPS  
**WISWAG** Crows Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

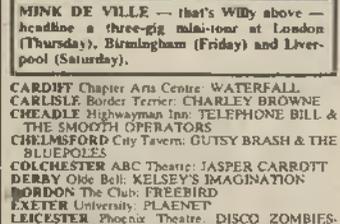
**NEWBRIDGE** Memorial Hall: DIRE STRAITS  
**NEWCASTLE** Guildhall: JUNCO PARTNERS / STEVE BROWN BAND / OASIS / AVALON / ELDRON  
**NEW MILLS** Bers Knees: THE INN THING  
**NOTTINGHAM** Commodore Suite: MUD  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS  
**PLYMOUTH** Raleigh Club: WICKED LADY  
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: THE TAYVERNERS / PHIL MARTIN  
**REDHILL** Lakes Hotel: JOHNNY G  
**SOUTHAMPTON** Saints Hotel: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS  
**STAFFORD** Bingley Hall: DAVID BOWIE  
**SWINDON** Wyvern Theatre: LABI SIFFRE  
**UXBRIDGE** Showground (afternoon): STATISTICS / DUKE BOXX



**BOB MARLEY** and the Wailers play their solitary concert this summer on Thursday. It's at Stafford New Bingley Hall and Steel Pulse support.

## Sunday

**BARNEWELL** Mosaic Head: VESUVIUS  
**BARROW** Mosaic's Disco: ZHAIN  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: CRYER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Centre Hotel: MATHEWS BROTHERS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Moseley — Folk Festival: JOANNA — CARLIN  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: VIDEO  
**BISHOPS** STORTFORD Tread Leisure Centre: REBEL  
**BOSTON** Trades & Labour Club: HOOLA BANDAOLA BAND  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Pembroke Arms: JOHNNY COPPIN  
**BRIGHTON** Buccaneer: WORLD SERVICE



**MINK DE VILLE** — that's wildy above — headline a three-gig mini-tour at London (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday) and Liverpool (Saturday).

**CARDIFF** Chapter Arts Centre: WATERFALL  
**CARLISLE** Border Terrace: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**CHEADLE** Highwayman Inn: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS  
**CHELMSFORD** City Tavern: GUTSY BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES  
**CHELSEA** ABC Theatre: JASPER CARROTT  
**DEBAY** Oke Bell: KELSEY'S IMAGINATION  
**DORSET** Club: FREEBIRD  
**EXETER** University: PLAENET  
**LEICESTER** Phoenix Theatre: DISCO ZOMBIES: WENDY TUNES/RAW DEAL  
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's: THE CIMARONS  
**LIVERPOOL** Red Lion: HYBRID  
**LONDON** BARNET The Salisbury: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
**LONDON** BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR REIN  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Brecknock: RELAY  
**LONDON** CANNING TOWN Bridge House: UNITED  
**LONDON** CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE FIFLES  
**LONDON** GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: JULIE FELIX  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: HEATWAVE/HI-TENSION  
**LONDON** KENSINGTON The Nashville: JAB JAB  
**LONDON** LEXTON Lion / Key: MATCHBOX  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: THE BANNED STAR JETS (charity gig, 7.15pm)  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUIBB & THE VAPOURS  
**LONDON** PECKHAM Monopeller (lunchtime): BLUE MOON  
**LONDON** REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: MADDY PRIOR/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARREN HARRY  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS  
**LONDON** W.C.I Pinder of Wakefield: SWIFT  
**LONDON** The Unicorn: BERLIN  
**MANCHESTER** Band on the Wall: THE FALL/SPIRICAL OBJECTS  
**MANCHESTER** Eccles Talk of the North: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)  
**MIDDLEBROUGH** Loftus Club: TRAPEZE

## Monday

**BASHLON** Van Gough: THE OPPOSITION  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS  
**BIRMINGHAM** The Macadone: LABI SIFFRE  
**BRISTOL** Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
**CLEETHORPES** Winter Gardens: GARBO'S GULLSTOD HEROES  
**CORBLY** Standard Club: STRANGE DAYS  
**DOUGCASTER** Outlook Club: THE CIMARONS  
**DUNDEE** University: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH  
**GATESHEAD** Bellvue Tavern: BLEAK FUTURE  
**GUILDFORD** Junction Hotel: THE DODGERS  
**HULL** Tiffany: TYLA GANG  
**HULL** Caulflower Hotel: ORINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS  
**LEEDS** Yeoman Peacock Hotel: ZHAIN  
**LEICESTER** De Montfort Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS  
**LIVERPOOL** Kirklands Baltimore Room: BIG IN JAPAN  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Music Machine: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOID  
**LONDON** CHALK FARM Roundhouse: FRED FRITH / BARRY GUY / PAUL RUTHERFORD  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE HEAT / JON ADAMS BAND  
**LONDON** HACKNEY Middleton Arms: REDNITE  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION  
**LONDON** NORTHWOOD New Galaxy Club: PIN-UPS  
**LONDON** OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: MIKE FITZGERALD  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REBEL  
**LONDON** WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel: RAPED / BLUNT INSTRUMENT  
**LONDON** W.I. Speakeasy: KRYPTON TUNES  
**LONDON** W.H The Kensington: JOHNNY G  
**MANCHESTER** Band on the Wall: MARACAIBO  
**MANCHESTER** Golden Garter: GUVS'N'DOLLS (for a week)  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopers: THE YOUNG BUCKS  
**NEWPORT** Showway Club: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: GWAIHR  
**PORTSMOUTH** Guildhall: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE  
**REDDITCH** Tracey's: VIDEO  
**SALTBURN** Philmore: SUZI QUATRO  
**SCARBOROUGH** Penthouse: CURBAN  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: RICHARD DIGANCE  
**STAFFORD** Bingley Hall: DAVID BOWIE  
**TROWBRIDGE** Lamb Inn: PAUL DOWNS & PHIL BEER  
**WEST BROMWICH** Sandy's Club: DAVE BERRY (for a week)

## Tuesday

**ANGLESEY** Plas Coch: HOT WATER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: PENETRATION  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RENO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Fighting Cocks: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: THE BOOMTOWN RATS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID  
**BISHOPS** STORTFORD Tread Leisure Centre: ALIBI  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Village Bowl: THE REAL THING  
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: NICKY & THE DOTS  
**BRIGHTON** Richmond Hotel: GRAFFIX / NIGHT RIDER  
**BRISTOL** Locarno: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOID  
**CHELTENHAM** Plough Inn: THE INDEX  
**CLEETHORPES** Bunnys Club: MUD  
**GATESHEAD** Stirling House: BRIDGE  
**GUILDFORD** Civic Hall: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE  
**HULL** Tiffany: SUZI QUATRO  
**LEICESTER** The Jester: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
**LEICESTER** Phoenix Theatre: JERUSALEM NIGHT / JET OVERCOATS WILDBESTE  
**LINCOLN** R.A.F. Contingent: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**LIVERPOOL** Kirklands Baltimore Room: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dingwells: THE SMIRKS  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Music Machine: AFTER THE FIRE  
**LONDON** CANNING TOWN Bridge House: GUTSY BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES  
**LONDON** CHALK FARM Roundhouse: KEITH TIPPETT / SNOADES PERCUSSION BAND

**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MAGNETS DANSETTE  
**LONDON** FULHAM Golden Lion: AUTOGRAPHS / THE RESISTANCE  
**LONDON** National Theatre Foyer: DE DANANN  
**LONDON** N.A The Stapleton: WORLD SERVICE  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ABRAKA  
**LONDON** Tooting The Castle: THE CRACK  
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: OVERSEAS  
**LONDON** WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel: LIGHTNING RAIDERS / MONOCHROME SET  
**LONDON** WOOD GREEN Bumbles: MATCHBOX  
**LONDON** WOODWICH Tramshed: RED TRACK  
**MANCHESTER** Rollers: DIRE STRAITS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Treat Polytechnic: TYLA GANG  
**PENZANCE** The Garden: THE MOVIES  
**PLYMOUTH** Fiesta Suite: HEATWAVE / HI-TENSION  
**PONTFRACT** Kilo's: JAB JAB  
**READING** Conservatory: FREDDY FIRBECK  
**SOUTHORPE** Tiffany's: RACING CARS  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: RADIO EARTH  
**SHREWSBURY** Music Hall: TRAPEZE  
**SMETHTON** Blue Gates: VIDEO  
**SOUTHEND** Scamps: BOY BASTIN  
**STOKE** BUCKNALL Working Mens Club: NORMAN JAY AND VINTAGE  
**WHITLEY** BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL  
**WIVILTON** Heron Club: WICKED LADY  
**YORK** Oval Ball: ZHAIN

## Wednesday

**AYLESBURY** Friars: THE CLASH  
**BIRKENHEAD** Hamilton Club: GEORGE McCRAE  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Bogarts: VIDEO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME  
**BIRMINGHAM** Hub Green: The Sherwood: CARTOONS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Yandley Bulls Head: ROSES  
**BRISTOL** Colston Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS  
**CARDIFF** Royal Infirmary: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES  
**CHELTENHAM** North Gloucester College: ROY HILL BAND  
**CHELTENHAM** Plough Inn: ROADSTERS  
**COVENTRY** Warwick University: PRESSURE SHOCKS  
**CUMBERNAULD** The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE  
**GATESHEAD** Stirling House: DEEP FREEZE / WAGON  
**GUILDFORD** Civic Hall: THE PIRATES  
**HALIFAX** Mecca Ballroom: TRAPEZE  
**HARLOW** Technical College: MISTY  
**KEELE** University: LITTLE ACRE  
**LANCASTER** County College: RACING CARS  
**LEATHERHEAD** Leisure Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND  
**LEICESTER** Phoenix Theatre: PETE METCALFE / LAST CALL  
**LONDON** ACTON White Hart: TUBEWAY ARMY / KID  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Brecknock: AUTOGRAPHS  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dingwells: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.  
**LONDON** CAMDEN Music Machine: SEVENTH SEA  
**LONDON** CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY MCNASTY  
**LONDON** COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WHITE CATS / BABY GRAND  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Odeon: U.F.O. & MARSEILLE  
**LONDON** HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE MEMBERS  
**LONDON** HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VIC RUIBB & THE VAPOURS  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: CHAMPION  
**LONDON** PADDINGTON Fags Disco: GIMIK  
**LONDON** PECKHAM Monopeller: BLUE MOON  
**LONDON** PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE  
**LONDON** PUTNEY White Lion: FINGERPRINT  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUMBLESTRIPS  
**LONDON** STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: KRYPTON TUNES  
**LONDON** WANDSWORTH Town Hall: MATUMBI / HENRY COW  
**LONDON** WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE EXILES  
**LONDON** WOODLICH Tramshed: WORLD SERVICE  
**LOWESTOFT** Talk of the East: DIRE STRAITS  
**MANFIELD** Great Northern Hotel: ZHAIN  
**MATLOCK** Pavilion: AFTER THE FIRE  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopers: JUNCO PARTNERS  
**NEWCASTLE** Newton Park Hotel: WHITE HEAT  
**NORTHAMPTON** Salon: SUZI QUATRO  
**NORWICH** Towns: GYPP  
**OXFORD** Corn Dolly: ROLL-UPS



**JOE TEX** flies in with his full U.S. revue for a one-off show at London Hammersmith on Saturday. It promises to be highly spectacular.

**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: THE MOVIES  
**PRESTON** Clouds: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**READING** University: DANDIES  
**ROTHERHAM** Travellers Rest: JOHNNY COPPIN  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: OTIS WAYWOOD BAND  
**SOUTHILL** Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND  
**SOUTHWOODFORD** Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS  
**STEVENAGE** The Swan: REDNITE  
**STOCKTON** Fiesta Club: MUD  
**STOKE** Abbey Hutton British Legion: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE  
**TORQUAY** 400 Club: WICKED LADY  
**WHITLEY** BAY Jonah's: STEVE BROWN BAND  
**WHITLEY** BAY Rex Hotel: THE YOUNG BUCKS

# On The Road

**GEORGE McCRAE** has added two more dates to his British tour, which ends at Bognor Harrison's on July 17. They are **Corbyn Bay** (Disband Showbar) (July 4) and **Birkenhead** (Hamilton Club) (5). But his projected gig at **Saltburn** Philmore on July 7 is cancelled.

**BOYS OF THE LOUGH** follow their appearance in the **Charmock Richard** Wake Festival (August 4) with a tour of the Highlands and Outer Isles taking to **Corrach** Kilmallie Hall (August 17), **Shye** Durvegan Hill (18), **Shye** Broad Hall (19), **Ullepool** Community Centre (21), **Harris** Community Hall (22), **Levels** Town Hall, **Stornoway** (23) and **Orkney** Kirkwall Arts Centre (25). They also play the **Ashbourne** Farm Festival in **Derbyshire** (September 2) and **Strirling** University (28). Their next British tour starts at **Edinburgh** Usher Hall on November 18, and includes **London** Queen Elizabeth Hall (22).

**CHAMPION** — the revamped version of **Rough Diamond** featuring **Clem** Champion, **Geoff** Britton, **Gary** Bell, **Damon** Butcher and **Willie** Bell — play **Retford** Posthouse (tomorrow, Friday), **Cromer** West Union Pavilion (Saturday), **London** Marquee (28), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (30) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (July 1). More gigs are being set.

**MATCHBOX** are to continue gigging throughout the summer, to aid promotion of their new Raw Records single "Gunnin' For The Dog", issued on July 14. Latest confirmed dates are **Manchester** Midland Hotel (July 15), **London** Willesden Gavern Club (22), **London** Southall White Hart (26), **London** Edmonton Picketts Lock (28) and **Letchworth** Pelican Club (29).

**TONY McPhee** & **TERRAPLANE** will be playing clubs and colleges next month, as the prelude to an eight-venue concert series due to begin in mid-August. Confirmed July gigs are **Orford** Corn Dolly (7), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (15) and **Bristol** Granary (27).

**GIMIK**, the Irish band whose first single "Dance Hall Queen" is being sold exclusively through Woodworth's shops, begin a U.K. tour at the end of this month. So far set are **London** Paddington Fags (June 28), **Aylesbury** RAF Hutton (July 1), **Oaken** Town Hall (3), **Bristol** Locarno (4), **Newark** Bowling Green Club (7) and **London** Southgate Royalty (11).

**SPITNIK**, the apolo-rock band, are to headline a free London concert on Sunday, July 9 — organised by the Venezuelan Embassy and staged at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Other new gigs for the band, all in London, are **Royal Dental College** (July 7), **Covent Garden** Rock Garden (14) and **Film School** (21).

**JASPER CARROTT** has added a third night at **London** Hammersmith Odeon to the tail end of his nationwide tour. His concerts there on June 29 and 30 are already sold out, and he now plays the extra show on Saturday, July 1.

**JENNY DARREN** plays her first London gig with her new band at **Fulham** Golden Lion on July 7. Other new bookings are **Leeds** Florida Green Hotel (July 2) and **Torquay** Naval Club (8). She appears in the **Hainault** Festival on July 1 (see news pages).

**WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS**, the West Indian poet and musician who appeared in the African Liberation Day function in Birmingham last year, is playing a number of concerts to mark his signing by Virgin's Front Line label. All in London, they're at the **Kenside** Centre (July 25), **Stoke** (July 27) and **12**, **Covent Garden** Jubilee Hall (July 22 and 23) and the **Caribbean Arts Festival** at **Lewisham** Concert Hall (August 3-5).

**HENRY COW** and **MATUMBI** co-headline a **Wandsworth** Against Racism (WAR) concert on Wednesday, June 28 at **London** Wandsworth Town Hall. Tickets are £1.50. It will be Cow's last gig in this country until their official farewell show in December.

**SHOWADDYWADDY** are newly confirmed for **Easter** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Douglas** L.O.M. Palace Lido (this Sunday), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (June 29), **Peterborough** ABC (30), **Ipwich** Gaumont (July 1), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (2), **Manchester** Golden Garter (3-6), **Douglas** L.O.M. Palace Lido (9) and **Birmingham** Night Out (28-29).

**RACING CARS** have cancelled previously-announced gigs at **Hertford** Balla Park College (this Saturday) and **Newton** Abbot Salls Hayes College (June 30). But their bill-topping appearance in an open-air event at **Penwyth**, **Cardiff**, on July 1 is now confirmed, as are **Scunthorpe** Tiffany's (June 27) and **Leicester** University (28).

**NIK TURNER'S** SPHYNX, the new band formed by the ex-Hawkwind stalwart who made their debut at last weekend's "Bohemian Love-in", headline a two-day event taking place this Saturday and Sunday (24-25) in the grounds of **Clevedon** Court, **North Devon**.

**DEAD FINGERS TALK**, who appear at **London** Kensington Nashville tonight (Thursday), have been booked to support **Dave** Covatta's **White Seal** at **London** Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 9. This Saturday (24), they take part in a **Rock Against Racism** concert at **London** East Ham Town Hall along with 30\* Inclusive, Manace and **Patrick** Fitzgerald.

**AUTOGRAPHS** — the new band formed by three musicians who recently left **The** **Stukas** (**Maggy** Lewis, **Chris** Gant and **Dave** Spicer) with the addition of **Paul** Tully (drums) and **Jim** Ward (lead guitar) — have **London** gigs at **Hammersmith** Red Cow (tonight, Thursday), **Stoke** **Newington** Pegasus (Friday), **Canning** Town Tidal Basin (Saturday), **Stoke** **Newington** Rochester Castle (Sunday), **Fulham** **Golden** **Lion** **July** 27, **Camden** **Brecknock** (28), **Islington** **Hop** & **Anchor** (29), **Harrow** **Red** **Windsor** **Castle** (30) and **Angel** **City** **Arms** (July 1).

**THE YOUNG ONES**, **The** **Late** **Show**, **The** **Directors** and **Goldie** have been added to the open-air concert at **Bournemouth** Football Stadium on Saturday, July 15 — which, as reported last week, stars **Steve** **Hillage** and **The** **Motors**. Tickets priced £5 are available by post from **Nexus**, 9 **Kensington** **High** **Street**, **London** **W.8**.

**TOYAH** — the new rock band featuring **Toyah** **Willcox**, who starred in the movie "Jubilee" — have **London** gigs at **Barnet** **Duke** **of** **Lancaster** **July** 27, **Chelsea** **Whitehall** (30), **Angel** **City** **Arms** (July 8) and **Waterloo** **Young** **Vic** **Festival** (13).



## THE CITY ARMS

CITY ROAD, LONDON E.C.1  
01-253-2369

Weds June 21st To Be Confirmed  
 Thurs June 22nd **HOTLINE**  
 Friday June 23rd **AUTOGRAPH**  
 Sat June 24th **SCARECROW**  
 Sun June 25th **THE MONOS**  
 Mon June 26th **TOUR DE FORCE**  
 Tues June 27th **REMOULDS**

ADMISSION FREE

CAREFUL BEING FOR  
 & JOHN MARTIN for DEREK BLOCK CONCERTS  
 presents

## CAPITAL SUMMER MAGGIE BELL

plus supporting artist

Greater London Council  
**ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL**  
 Director: George Mann, OBE

Sunday July 16th at 7.30 pm

Tickets: £3.50, £3.25, £3, £2.50, £1.50 available from Box Office 928 3191 & Premier Box Office 240 2245/7 & 836 4114 & usual agents

## MENACE

Saturday June 24th  
 EAST HAM TOWN HALL

Tuesday June 27th  
**THE WHITE LION**  
 PUTNEY BRIDGE

Enquiries: 8 Birchington Road, Crouch End, N.8 Telephone 01-348 9547

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.  
 KINGSTON LANE, UXBRIDGE, MIDDX Tel: Uxbridge 39125

Wednesday June 28th at 8.30 pm

# THE MOTORS

+ THE JOLT

Tickets £1.40 in advance, £1.60 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary or City Electronics, Shopping Precinct, Uxbridge

Nearest tube: Uxbridge Buses: 204, 207, 222, 223, 274 pass the door

# DINGWALLS

01-257 4867 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURSDAY 22  
**Dr. FEELGOOD**  
 FRIDAY 23  
**THE RICH KIDS**  
 SATURDAY 24  
**THE MOTORS**  
 MON 26: CLOSED

TUES 27:  
**THE SMIRKS.**                      WED 28:  
 BLAST FURNACE & THE  
 HEAT WAVES

## HOLLIES

TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16  
 (off Silverstone Way) 01-478 7791  
 Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday

Thursday June 22nd <b>ZAINE GRIFF</b>	Saturday June 24th <b>AUTOGRAPH</b> (Ex Stukas)
Friday June 23rd <b>STADIUM DOGS</b>	Sunday June 25th <b>JOHNNY CURIOUS &amp; THE STRANGERS</b>

Every Wednesday will be Rock 'n' Roll Night  
 Wednesday July 5th: **FLYING SAUCERS**

## THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 22nd 30p Friday June 23rd 40p	Monday June 26th Free <b>Angelo Paladino</b>
<b>FILTHY McNASTY</b> with Chris Thompson & Stevie Lange	Tuesday June 27th Free <b>Gutsy Brash &amp; The Blue Poles</b>
Saturday June 24th 30p <b>REBEL + Sneaky</b>	Wednesday 28th 30p Thursday June 29th 30p
Sunday June 25th 40p <b>UNITED</b> (Ex Name Green Boulevard & Kings)	<b>FILTHY McNASTY</b> Chris Thompson & Stevie Lange

## WINTER GARDENS, CLEETHORPES

Leading Concert venue on the East Coast has few vacant nights in season for promotions/bookings  
 Hire or Shares

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Andrew Page Entertainments Presents  
 AN EVENING OF COMEDY AND LAUGHTER WITH

## ALBERTO

### Y LOST TRIOS PARANOS

+ John Dowrie and his Band & Stan Arnold  
 at the Locarno, Bristol 8.00 pm — Late

Tuesday 27th June  
 Tickets £1.50 in advance; £1.75 on the door.  
 Obtainable from: *Rival Records & The Locarno Box Office*

## ADAM & THE ANTS

At the Marquee  
 Saturday June 24th

## DID YOU KNOW THERE ARE MORE "LIVE" ADS ON PAGES 44 & 48??? WELL, THERE ARE

The Pegasus  
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BOB MEETS BRIAN B...



David Bowie  
NEWCASTLE CITY  
HALL

**F**IVE YEARS (cough) and one month (count it) have elapsed since the opening date of David Bowie's last UK tour. Back then, MainMan were flogging studied decadence as if it was a trademark, the "Ziggy Stardust" blue-print for ultimate pop-deity had long subsumed its architect into his own platinum artefact and — with that year's mutant "Aladdin Sane" a new product in the market square — it seemed so inviting, so enticing to play the part. Bowie's attempt to perform the first ever rock show in the Earls Court abyss confirmed that inside every Leper Messiah there's an Ideal Home Exhibition trying to get out. Bouncers fought running battles with large numbers of the 18,000 stage-props who

refused to confine themselves to allotted seats where we were denied the gift of sound and vision.

The Nazi repeatedly left the stage while his security tried to restore a semblance of law and order among his ego-receptacles. Studied decadence came face to face with social disease and discovered that the forelock-tugging disciples had now become an incensed lynch-mob out to do more damage than crush somebody's sweet hands. The Pistoia epoch began here: Bowie — always the movement's major influence and agitator.

Not sticking around for the fulfilment of his assassination prophecy, Bowie backed off fast. Within two months of the Earls Court debacle he announced his retirement (a polite euphemism for emigration to America).

Over the next five years, Bowie annually continued to recharter course rather than reinforce the commercially viable direction of his career by producing for the converted. Utilised and eventually discarded (along with the USA itself) were theatrical Never-Mind-The Ballards S.F.

excess, WASPianic-soul, inverted festering *discomotrik* psychosis, before Bowie's eventual arrival at synthetic Stax and industrialised folk-muzak for the factories, inevitably created by someone who doesn't have to work for a living.

In the half-decade since his last UK tour, Bowie's live appearances in this country have been restricted to the 1976 Empire Pool dates (the austere death throes of the Cracked Actor's Fractured Follies) and his low-profile session musician role playing keyboards on Iggy's *Idiot* tour in the spring of 1977.

At that time, the controversy surrounding "Low" was at its apex, and Bowie's contrived flat-cap lumberjack-chic seemed to satirise the critical theory that he had taken the optical illusion device to its logical conclusion and submerged his ego in the infinite void (*then bow come I'm still making albums, sucker?*).

Tonight, some of the Georgie kids crammed into the City Hall (the size of a large club!!!) appear to have missed out on the post-punk awareness that being 'natural'

**ON THE TOWN**

*Bowie: two hours and ten minutes of excellence*

By TONY PARSONS



# Pix: DENIS O'REGAN



is the biggest pose of all, and have dressed down for the occasion in a plethora of ethnic woodchopper togs. Elsewhere, in the compact auditorium the more sentimental *kinderklones* reverently commemorate the myriad Ghosts Of David's Past.

You will (not) be like your dreams tonight. . . Not surprisingly, Bowie's latest stage persona bears absolutely no relation to the atrophied *after-hypnagogos* (now leg warmers), nor to anything else you could have anticipated.

House-lights dimmed but not out, a smiling David Bowie strolls on stage with his seven-piece band. Sandy baret shorn to Just A Gigolo length, dapper in open-necked green and yellow satin jockey-jerkin, baggie beige canvas strides and azure training shoes, Bowie positions himself stage-right behind a Mini-Moog as the rest of the band ready their instruments — except for Carlos Alomar, stage-centre, who holds a conductor's baton instead of his customary guitar.

The musicians, not least Bowie, intently follow the magic waving wand of Carlos the conductor as he guides them through "Warszawa" and the audience sink back into their seats, somewhat subdued.

It is, of course, a deftly calculated effect. The song's (?) emotive, quasi-religious soundscape of doom and desolation, with its experimental phoneticism the nearest it gets to lyrics, opened side two of "Low" — unprecedented musical departure for David Bowie.

Performing it as the opening of a gig which some of these kids have waited five years to see may result in Newtonian alienation for parts of the audience, but Bowie is only giving them an accurate representation of his current work and it's the punter's prerogative to walk away and let the artist commit commercial hari-kari if he so desires.

With "Warszawa" over, Bowie abandons keyboards,

grabs hand-mike and dances to the front of the stage as the band pump out the riff to "Heroes". In a *delicious* finale, has the chance to erupt. The running-order is arranged so that whenever Bowie's band perform one of the more inaccessible instrumentals, they'll reward the audience before or after the reading with one of Bowie's golden 45s. It works brilliantly.

Despite the much touted coldness that Bowie is meant to exude from every pore, his rendition of "Heroes" makes the vinylised version seem positively tame by comparison.

The band he's got behind him is the tightest outfit he's ever worked with, and that includes the Spiders. . . The awesomely relentless black rhythm section of Dennis Davis on drums and bass lines by George Murray at the heart, with the guitars of

Alomar and Adrian Belew, Simon House's violin, Sean Mayes on piano and the *delicious* synthesizers of Roger Powell — disparate elements operating at their own pace in the rich, abstract blocks of open-tuned synthetic noise that act as backdrop to the most powerful instrument on stage, Bowie's voice.

"And the shame was on the OTHER side. . ."

Love under fire but holding out, the wall could just as easily be Lewisham as Berlin. The most moving spectacle I've ever witnessed at a rock gig.

Four songs from side one of "Low": "Be My Wife", "What In The World", "Speed Of Life" and "Breaking Glass", anti-narrative, random cryptic cut-up imagery and fatalistic futurist-funk, Bowie practising intricate soul-shoes steps as he moves across the boards, the

most compelling stage presence since Sinatra.

"Jean Genie" is the solitary pre-"Low" song in the first half of the show. It provokes the most enthusiastic crowd response so far, but the Stones riff is given a false-ending so that you're left clapping with one hand. This happens with a few songs in the set, and after the first time it gets boring.

"Blackout", "Beauty And The Beast" and "Sense Of Doubt" from "Heroes" bring the first hour of the show to an end. After the intermission, Bowie returns dressed in white T-shirt and white tent-dimension shirtstoppers to crank up the pace to fever pitch and indulge in some nostalgic funtime, seeing as we sat and appreciated David's new, left-field subject matter so well in the first segment.

Half a dozen Ziggy vignettes — "Five Years", "Soul Love",

"Star", "Hang On To Yourself", "Suffragette City" and "Ziggy Stardust" — are sufficiently overhauled to prevent them sounding anachronistic with some inventive vocals by Bowie, the theatricals kept down to his sporadic use of mime.

Bowie's rapport with the audience is astounding, light-years away from the contemptuous, contemptible

Thin White Duke of two years back. During his mini-moog stint in the extra-terrestrial "I Can't Stand The Rain" called "Art Decade", he grins at the kids like a good-natured shark modelling *Ambre Solaire*. He looks glad to be back.

Next up is the night's only non-original, a cover of the Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill number "Alabama Song (Whiskey Bar)", which The Doors brought to the public eye on their first album. The members of Bowie's band wait a harrowing banshee chorus while Bowie swaggers across the boards, and it hits me that he'd do a fine version of Bertolt Brecht's "Mas The Knife" with them railings.

"Station To Station" closes the two-hour set with Powell's synthesizers and Adrian Belew's guitar combining to produce some panoramic-paranoia sound effects that have got to be heard to be believed.

"It's not the side-effects of the COCAINE!"

The expressionist banks of white neon strip-lighting explode into dazzling brilliance and your mucous membranes are still burning after the encores of "Stay", "TVC15" and "Rebel, Rebel", and Bowie has exited smiling broadly with a red velvet dressing gown draped around his shoulders like a triumphant heavyweight.

Bowie played for two hours, ten minutes and it was the best gig I've ever seen since mid-'76 down the 100 Club.

David Bowie is alive and well and no longer living only in theory.



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PH: DENIS O'BRIEN

## Thoroughly unmodern Thoro-good

George  
Thorogood &  
The Destroyers  
DINGWALLS,  
CAMDEN LOCK

**S**OME THINGS — a punch on the nose, a fried egg sandwich, a walking bass — just work unadorned.

George Thorogood has put his trust in the blues, one of those great irreducibles in which familiarity breeds contentment, and he convinces.

He leans on the tradition in the way that country Quaker

communities leaned on The Lord, lets innovation and authorship go hang, and sounds like the best argument for justification through faith since Lightning Luther went through the ropes.

Blues guitar ain't about technical expertise: nobody ever accused John Lee Hooker of fair making it talk.

Thorogood can play, but more importantly, he has a feeling for cadence which relegates the tricky and the technical to the category of the garrulous excuse.

When he launches one of his little clucking barnyard runs, or wrings out those vinegary slide effects, the sheer aptness of the chosen texture makes the mind smile.

Quite how a Caucasian kid from Wilmington, Delaware — "I grew up with rock 'n' roll but these blues won't leave me alone" — has managed to move his blues beyond impersonation and into the Afro-American mainstream of Chicago is cause for wonder. All his instrumental inflections are black.

He doesn't play loud when quiet will do, and he can hang a tremor on the beat that concentrates the attention like a roscoe in the ribs. Shading, dynamics, drive: Thorogood has the kit.

A lot less remarkable is the Thorogood voice. Functional, forceful, it nevertheless lacks character, and asides like "you know, people" ring a little false.

Without wishing to open the old ethnic can of beans at this stage in the game — gotta lead a blindman, chop cotton — Thorogood's pipes will keep him in the happy hybrid class along with spaghetti westerns.

In consequence, he is at his best on R&B numbers like "Ride On Josephine" where Bo Diddley's hustling shave-and-a-haircut, six bits carries the action, rather than the John Lee Hooker talking blues, "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer".

The Destroyers are excellent, stoking stomps, boogies and blues with equal accuracy, and furnishing the dark pumping power. George Thorogood boosts off them like a fast ball off a wall. **Brian Case**

The Bishops  
NASHVILLE

NO BARRIER between band and audience here.

The recently re-named Bishops (aw, c'mon boys, The Count Bishops sounded much cooler) are playing their second encore and, hell, they don't mind if part of the crowd join them on stage, singing along to "Bye Bye, Johnny" or playing their imaginary guitars.

Which is all pretty typical of the, uh, vibe at a Bishops gig.

They just lay down some hot, mean, and dirty R&B (yeah, I know these terms sound as cliched as only the worst cliches can but, in the Bishops' case, they're all quite



On Capitol Records & Tapes

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# DINGWALLS' FIVE YEARS

**YOU NEVER** quite know who you're going to bump into in Dingwalls.

Commander Cody — a man conversant in such matters — declared, "Dingwalls is the best goddam bar in town"; Muddy Waters once insisted on being driven straight from the airport to the club to wash the dust from his throat before checking into his hotel, and only last week Bob Dylan was spotted on the premises, landing an appreciative ear to George Thorogood.

The Dylan visit was particularly timely as far as the management were concerned, since this month Dingwalls is celebrating its fifth birthday party.

When the doors opened for the first time, the intention was to establish a funky six-nights-a-week American-style music club; and, notwithstanding the well-stocked bar and the restaurant, it has been the quality of the bands that has been the main factor in drawing consistently large crowds.

"We've shown over and over again," states Booss Goodman, the man currently responsible for booking acts into the venue, "that music is often performed best at club level.

"In the States artists like Dolly Parton still choose to play small clubs like the Bottom Line when they could easily fill Madison Square Garden. They do it because they're aware that they'll probably give better performances before a small and appreciative audience."

Club manager Roger Armstrong adds that with comparatively low overheads and a capacity of 400, it's possible for a big-name band to play Dingwalls and come away earning as much as they would have done from a much larger venue.

Since practically every important innovation in rock has developed from club level (and hopefully always will), Monday nights at Dingwalls are given over to Audition Night, when three new bands get a chance to be heard, and another two new acts are always featured in support spots at the weekend; and any new band that gigs at Dingwalls can be guaranteed between £30 and £40 for their efforts.

Most clubs tend to enjoy a relatively brief period of fashionability; however Dingwalls has proved to have staying power, and furthermore has become the cornerstone of a flourishing Camden Lock artists community of restaurants, shops, markets and cottage industries.

Here's to the next five years.

**Roy Carr**

*(The George Thorogood Dingwalls gig is reviewed opposite; next week NME will review another highlight of the 5th birthday celebrations — the return to the venue of Dr. Feelgood.*

truc) and, with the emphasis on the good humour rather than the bully boy machismo in their stage presence, they almost defy their audience not to enjoy them.

But, boulder that I am, I have reservations.

Sure, The Bishops have their musical roots in the past to a large extent, but I reckon it would be for their own good to drop some of the standards and come up with some more of their own material.

Impeccable though their choice and performance of oldies usually are, non-originals still form well over half their set, and do we really need another version of "Route 66"?

Sure, The Bishops' renditions of "I Need You", "Taste And Try", and "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White", were all dead sharp, but if they can write songs as good as "Baby, You're Wrong" and "Train, Train" (which suffered a little live), one wonders (doesn't one?) why they don't roll more of their own and so prove to more people that they're more than just another revivalist band.

Maybe they're just lazy or, more probably, as Dave Tice implied when he introduced one number with the words "This is an old one but we like it", they're less worried about making it than they are about playing what they (and plenty of others) like and enjoying themselves.

And there's really not much wrong with that, especially if you deliver the goods the way they do.

Or maybe I'm just acting spoilt — I mean, after a set like this and three encores, for one of which they were joined by Lemmy and Blast Furnace among others, what more could a poor boy ask for?

**Neil Peters**

## The Photons WEST NORWOOD

THE GLC put Andy Czezowski on the dot when they outlanded Covent Garden's Roxy club, but he has returned to the pop economy as Chief Financial Director of a musical bunch of lads called The Photons.

The band hit the big time in a South London Hall specially hired for the Great Event by

romance to healthy outdoor pursuits, there was an "I Like Liking Love".

They finished with The Yardbird's Shape of Oldies to Come. Ta-ra lads.

After what seemed like hours The Photons appeared on stage and played for what really did seem like hours.

The band comprises an ex-Spittire Boy (Bunker-land chart toppers with their hit recording "Mein Kampf"), an ex-Moors Murderer in Ivy League hairstyle. Remember the controversy over their "Free Myra Hindley" (tape?); someone else who wisely stays anonymous about his musical antecedents, and penultimately, a David Bowie clone, who confirmed my fear that this evening was not going to be a tingler to behold.

The clone sauntered onstage three bars into the recent Coolidge / Kristoffersonmeisteress, "I Fought The Law" and after a languous flick of his magenta-ribbedoned fell straight onto the akimbo brags-stance popularised by the Thin Dope in '73, and now worn by Hardy Amies models throughout the nation.

The Photons then proceeded to ridicule a recent release, which was not a good piss-take subject because only Terry Wogan has given it substantial airplay, and it can only be presumed that most of the audience were left thinking it was the band's own material.

Melodrama followed with a song called "Mrs. Barclay", a wistful little ditty, that was destroyed when teamed up with a booming bass that knocked it round like a ping-pong ball.

The audience, who prior to the band's appearance on stage had been leaning on the back walls of the building, or trying to look part of the organiser's circus, walked to the front of the stage when commanded in perfect Hammersmithspeak by St. Helens-born lead guitarist Dave Litter, proving that London's showbiz atmosphere is more infectious than previously imagined.

The band wore Look-Look gaucho suits in green, blue, red and pink, and when the clone dropped his expensively-tailored cabaret jacket on the floor during one number, a roside scurried across the stage and picked it up off the dirty wooden stageboards.

Like ... er ... it's a tight budget man, and we don't want heavy dry cleaning bills, you dig?

The question now is will the pop economy allow them to be a success, and the answer is maybe. A trend starts when someone gives in, and rumour has it that at least one major recording company is making interested noises.

Perhaps the heavy manners should be saved for the more successful imposters in our Thieving Music Industry but when you build yourself up as big shots, you have got to take the stick that goes with it. It's that simple.

**Herb Hyphen**

Mr. C, who premiced the band in Hayesed areas, where sub-hackettes are less profuse, and therefore unlikely to damage the band's collective ego while it develops from its formative stage.

But judging by this performance they should have stayed in Corpseville a bit longer, because unless their boss hires more venues, or opens another nightclub, they'll be lucky to headline another gig in the Great Metropolis.

The building was 10% full despite the distribution of handouts publicising the event, and although the guest list covered three sides of A4 size paper only Rusty Egan of the Rich Kids, put in an appearance.

The Barracudas kicked off the night and from the first twang received tons of stick from the Rockabilly / Ted faction standing near the exit chewing gum like demons, and shouting rude words in high-pitched voices, probably believing they could entertain themselves better than the band.

The set included ditties like "Surfin' is Back", "Surfin' is Quite Good Once You get the Hang of it", "Some day We'll Surf Together", and to add



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**You won't believe your ears**

# Can't stand (still to) The Rezillos

## The Rezillos MARQUEE

**P**ITY THE Rezillos. Only a few weeks ago the Hibernian combo were well hopped up and raring to go with their album in the can and a UK tour upcoming. And then...

Out of the blue, bassist William Mysterious quit, the Sire — Phonogram deal collapsed, the tour was consequently nixed and their fate suddenly looked no better than that of their fellow Scots out in Alta Gracia.

But The Rezillos are nothing if not irrepressible, and this Marquee hoc-down, the only date salvaged from that aborted tour, was nothing if not an emphatic victory for the band.

They started sloppily, but hit the button from about the fourth number onwards, their reckless abandon reminiscent of nothing so much as Lulu And The Luvvers back in the days of "Shout" (now there's a song which I'm sure The Rezillos would do full justice).

Stage left, guitarist Luke Warm is at the core of things, his patent powerthrash rivaling Steve Jones in its ferocity.

Content-wise, the band played it safe with all the usual oddies taking their place beside the Luke Warm originals and a stirring rendition of "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", a straight twelve-bar originally done by the Green-Spencer Fleetwood Mac and recently covered on record by The Bishops: The Rezillos reckon they do it better than the latter, and there was no-one in the Marquee on Friday night prepared to argue.

Fay Fife herself leaves Pauline's position as the best new female singer unchallenged, but the Fulham Boys who, as always, let everyone know they'd been loved it, paying the band the ultimate compliment, usually afforded only to the likes of The Lurkers, as they stormed the stage.

So that now, with the newly-announced Sire/WEA licensing agreement, things are once more looking good for the band.

**The Mekons** come from Leeds. This was their first London gig and, yes, they are different.

An experimental group, they somehow avoid the all-too-stylised art school pretentiousness of Wire and their po-faced ilk.

There are two guitarists, two singers — one of whom resembles a leather jacketed Devoto, the other being a real boy-next-door type whom you'd expect to see across the counter at your local newsagent — and a cropped girl bassist with the solid dexterity of a Tina Weymouth.

They produce harsh shards of metallic music with a grin and a social conscience that sets them aside as the only real contemporaries of Manchester's The Fall and their own mates from Leeds, The Gang Of Four.

What price Yorkshire as next year's Akron, Ohio?

Adrian Thrift



PHOTO: GREGORY PAXTON

The Rezillos

## Good Rats ROCK GARDEN

**LEAD SINGER** Peppi Marchello is a rock comedian Flo & Eddie could be proud of.

Apparently, they are. The two produced the Good Rats' latest epic, "From Rats To Riches". On with the show.

Stage right sits a metal trash-can, Marchello's gag bag.

From it he extracts such props as a toy double-neck constructed of plywood and twin baseball bats, or, a Clies Oldenberg-floppy styrofoam guitar, or, as an encore, a pack of black rubber rats which he triumphantly showers upon a bemused bevy.

In the case of the latter, though, there's a proviso: "Do not, repeat, Do not throw them back."

These Rats, in a simple word, are fun.

The clowning and one-liners, however, do not veil suspect musicianship. On the contrary, they play as steadily as their 13-year old history would indicate.

Often making the rounds of Long Island bars and clubs (and now Meatloaf), Rats' music is not surprisingly elementary, unfancy rock-'n'-roll with the burly, brusque flavour of BTO and mid-western rock-boogie bar bands in general.

The appropriately titled "Taking It To Detroit" captures this taste with big beat raucousness we've all heard before.

Simplicity, yes, but the jokes keep on coming.

"Don't Hate The Ones Who

Bring You Rock 'N' Roll" stomps as a charlatan's guide to assorted rock star images and has plenty of good-natured hooks. Flo and Ed have seldom done better.

Or, for puns and irony, there's the Rats' very own self-professed "Jazz classic", "Rat City In Blue," in which the band boogies bluesily away, evoking memories of the days when Ten Years After were worth listening to.

Unfortunately instead of leaving us with a faint memory of the shower of rats and Marchello boasting lead guitarist John Gatto atop his right shoulder, a longer than long drum solo thunders round the brain like the rattling of the now empty trashcan.

All one can say is "Rats!"

Marcus Smith

# JAZZ DIARY



THERE'S AN interesting brace of Free Music events around the end of the month, with a quartet of Steve Beresford, David Toop, Terry Day and Peter Cusack of the London Musicians Collective, 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1, on 22nd, 23rd, and 24th June, while The Round House is staging a Festival Of New Music And Dance.

Again, this will be relying mainly on LMC members, with Fred Frith, Barry Guy and Paul Rutherford on 26th June, Snoods Percussion Band, The Feminist Improvisation Group and Keith Tippett on 27th, Otherways and Company on 28th, Bob Downes and the Extemporary Dance Group on 29th, Max Eastley, David Toop, Paul Burwell and Steve Beresford, plus the Junction Dance Company on 30th, and Ivor Cutler plus The Mass Movers on 1st July.

Highlights of the 12th Montreux Festival include Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Junior Wells & Buddy Guy, Taj Mahal, the Bill Evans Trio, Ray Charles, a Brazilian Night with Airto Moreira and Raul De Souza, An Evening With The Xanadu All-Stars with Frank Butler, Al Cohn, Dolo Coker, Barry Harris, Sam Jones, Blue Mitchell, Billy Mitchell, Sam Noto and Jimmy Raney, the Buddy Rich Big Band, Oscar and Basie, Milt Jackson, the ubiquitous Brecker Bros., Freddie Hubbard, Air, Mulhal Richard Abrams, Pharoah Sanders and Ben Sidran.

Albion Music presents three concerts of Improvised Music at the ICA, with Barry Guy plus cats from the Bristol Musicians Collective on 1st July, Garry Todd plus Leeds Musicians Collective on 8th July, and Lol Coxhill plus Phillip Durrant, Mike Jehas and Ron Plotkin on 15th July.

Brian Case



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# Gordon, Wray in a redhot farewell



LINK WRAY. PH: CHRIS L. URCA

## Robert Gordon Link Wray

### MUSIC MACHINE

**THE SURGING R&B** of The Bishops got the evening off to a great start, and by the time they'd worked through a fistful of their old favourites even the walls were sweating.

Despite having all their gear ripped off at the Nashville, their renditions of "Too Much Too Soon", "Till The End Of The Day" and "Train Train" sounded just as good on Motorhead's ill-used equipment.

There's just no nonsense with The Bishops: from Dave Tice's Jack Daniels' vocals and Johnny Guitar's whiplash chords to the backing triumvirate of Zenon de Fleur (rhythm guitar), Paul Balbi (drums) and Pat McMullen (bass) — the pulsating core of the band — there's a feeling of consistent power and enjoyment that is irresistible, making even old chestnuts like "Route 66" sound fresh.

I particularly liked the Bo Diddley riffing on "I want Candy" and the pure Groovies' sound of "Baby You're Wrong".

Probably never destined for Greatness, there's a place reserved for them in the Little League Heroes' Hall of Fame.

By the time Link Wray and the band strolled onstage the atmosphere of excited anticipation had built up to a volcanic pitch, and the sight of Wray and Gordon clad in long black leather coats combined with the ear-splitting feedback whine which heralded the first number sparked the eruption. Plumping out an almost tactile energy these two human generators had enthusiastic punters bobbing and gyrating in a matter of minutes.

Gordon's voice has improved since I last saw him at the Astoria and, having lost the self-conscious nervousness that slightly marred that performance, he now has more control over the slower numbers and a greater physical presence.

"The Way I Walk", for example, was superb; he really did sound as good as Presley, and, reinforced with Wray's wall-shattering echo chords, he split asunder the veil that frequently divides the '50s from the '70s.

Time after time their renditions of old classics granted them new leases of life, so that kids born long after the songs were written were getting off on them.

Gordon's slow-burning fuse approach again worked well on "I Miss You", arms swinging in time from his muscular shoulders, voice throbbing low like a Harley while Wray's slow, hollow, almost Hawaiian guitar rang out behind him.

Then the bombshell. This was to be their last gig together.

From that moment there was no holding them.

Gordon then left the stage to the guitarist who performed the obligatory "Rumble", during which he bust a string.

He continued to play while it was fixed and concluded with a real virtuoso run, holding and bending notes into hitherto undreamt-of regions, welding the instrument like a rhythmic lance melting rock. They must have felt the heat in Haverden.

Express-train drumming precluded a second, faster version of "Rumble" and bassist Rob Stoner aired his tonsils on "That's Alright Mama" before Gordon returned to climax with "Fire", "Sea Cruise" and "Red Hot".

The audience went berserk for more and they returned with, of all people, Johnny Thunders, who proceeded to mutilate "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Summertime Blues" by playing whatever he felt whenever he felt like it in an infinite variety of keys.

A problem with the sound led many to believe the set had ended after Link Wray's skidding Indian dance to the final drumbeat rhythm, but he came back to sing "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue", alternately stroking and slashing the chords from his smouldering guitar. It was the best performance of the evening.

"Endless Sleep" brought the show to a close, and the audience went home steaming.

It was one of those special evenings. For Gordon, it showed he has developed as a singer and I think his best is yet to come.

For Link Wray, 48 this year, it was a moment of triumph. Whichever way you look at him, a Legend in His Own Lifetime or an aging halfbreed who plays guitar, he's a man who was truly born with a rock and roll heart.

Even the Angels danced.  
Neil Norman

## The Movies The Pleasers

**ELMS COURT, BOTLEY** THE STEADY stream of deodorised clean cardboard-creased suits and billowing pastel-pretty summer dresses tripping into the Elms Court Ballroom are not attending a giant wedding reception. They are thinly disguised students, bringing their girlfriends and also acne. I don't want to go to Botley. Oh no.

The Westminster College Summer Ball is drunkenly lurching towards full swing as The Pleasers finally hit the stage.

And for an hour The Pleasers provided a terse and pointed demonstration of the particular qualities of their "powerful", "popular" music which made them a household name in the imagination of *Record Mirror* for two weeks

(give or take a fortnight) during January.

From the opening chords of "Let's Dance" they produced a continual array of clumsy musicianship and gratefully flat harmonies, for which embarrassment plastic smiles, gawky charm and Beatle suits are meagre compensation.

They can certainly shriek and wobble their mop tops in near perfect imitation of vintage Lennon circa '64 but their playing doesn't contain a fraction of the effervescent energy of "Love Me Do" or "She Loves You".

The Pleasers do however, have some good songs in their set, but if they want to be taken seriously, then they'll have to learn how to do them justice.

Earlier, in complete contrast, The Movies had delighted the crowd with an assortment of melodic rock songs presented with forceful vigour in addition to consummate skill. The dictates of fashion have been more than a little unkind to this band

who, after a promising start as a suitably superb backing band for Joan Armatrading, were dropped by A&M only to be resigned by GTO, a young record company unable to satisfactorily push and promote them through the buzz and flurry to 1976/7.

Now that things have settled down (or should I say, become the same as they were two years ago) middle-field groups are beginning to re-find their audience and The Movies should succeed more than most.

Although guitarist Greg Knowles and keyboard player Mike Parker ensure that musical and melodic content are non-predictable and unpretentious, the band draw their impact and important rhythmic drive from drummer Jamie Lane and percussionist Julian Diggle, both of whom are capable of frantic propulsion on full-tilt rock songs like "The Last Train" and "Merci And Bye-Bye", and the more subtle stick-work

needed for the cool dancing rhythms of "Yo-Yo" and "No Class".

The Movies have often been described as 'The British Sneezy Dan' but I think a more accurate comparison can be made with Little Feat, not so much because of how they sound, but in the similar way in which they combine disparate influences — rock, blues, jazz — in a tasteful sound that's interesting but not overly intricate and which simply reels of class.

In Jon Cole their song writer, vocalist and elegant slide-guitarist they even have a Lowell George reluctant-guru figure.

The high point of their set, which encapsulated all their best features, was "Berlin".

If you can still remember the best aspects of pre-1977 rock music then I promise that you enjoy The Movies without having to worry about not being in 1978, because that is most definitely where they are.

David Hoosham

# DAVID GILMOUR

An excellent, highly accessible solo album from Gilmour that manages to capture much of the Floyd's enduring brilliance.  
Anand Bhowmik

LET'S be honest, most "solo" albums are an opportunity for one's total waste of time syndrome to rack up a good money, remarkably small fortune, or they're made to greatly a good age.

Fortunately, there are plenty of exceptions to this grim catalogue to prove the rule: "David Gilmour" is one of them.

Michael Miller



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# Pure Pop . . .



PH: DENIS O'REGAN

## . . . for Iggy people

### Iggy Pop MUSIC MACHINE

**PROPHET.** Prima donna, Primal . . . The protean hot-house 20th Century Performer . . . Ladies and Gentlemen — Mr Iggy Pop!

If you want a quick summary and no more — what was once petulance is now precision, and, the single most conclusive word — Presence.

Just when they thought . . . Well, you had it wrapped up didn't you? First the '77 Autumn concerts; then the live record thereof — "TV Eye". The Critical view en masse was that Iggy's neo-rock had taken him too far off the edge, he was just a cartoon figure who'd walked over the edge of the abyss and was still walking, in mid-air.

Saying that Iggy (the one they knew and loved) had ceased, was deceased, self-diseased (squared), and that worse, worse still he hadn't given 'the kids what they wanted' . . . yeah, hell's a mere glasshouse, where subsidized creatures peer in through the reptile-house glass at blurred, cavoring animal spirit they try to recognize as some part of themselves.

When the animal gets real nasty and animal-hateful . . . They don't wanna be fellow-passenger to no animal like that!

As for "TV Eye": People don't like it because it isn't 'entertaining' (and whatever else it was, even "The Idiot" was 'entertaining'). "TV Eye" is the Iggy I saw last October at The Rainbow — an entertainer who hated entertaining. Where personality didn't stop and performance never began.

It could be that "TV Eye" is

a deliberate manoeuvre calculated to alienate the critical. After "Lust For Life" there was danger of mannerism, of production, assimilation.

Now — rebirth, as such. From the Francis Bacon scream of "TV Eye" to the two concerts at the Music Machine — not the Rainbow or wherever.

Effectively — I AM NOT PRODUCT!

And like his soul-mate, David, Iggy's re-birth hinges on the company he's been keeping. David has told him all about the Thin White Line between performance and cabaret. William Burroughs and/or Brian Gysin have told him all about the dangers of stereotype, and how to circumvent the same. Fred 'Sonic' Smith, formerly MCS, has told him that he will play guitar on the forthcoming live dates.

Which only leaves me, to tell you how successful it has all turned out to be.

The new Pop. Out of the mists of time and dry ice — the new Pop — Nureyev as a Black Panther? Iggy as tightrope walker/ballerina. Iggy in black 'eotard some kind of Expressionist theatre/mime group prop. Maybe David didn't need it no more.

The new Pop. Showman. Third Eye, TV Eye — same-as-the-old-Pop-phrases issue. I need a new vocabulary 'or this. I've never felt this faithful before — nobody's sver convinced me like this before.

It was obvious from the launch — "Penetration" — (how appropriate!) that the time/self disease had been shaken off, that discipline had replaced existential lies, and, combined with knowledge, produced a tight, heady, intoxicating essence. It wasn't 'professional'. It wasn't 'perfect'. Or 'imperfect'.

It was logical. I was starstruck. I didn't applaud. I gaped.

The version of "Penetration" was very fast . . . very precise (but not 'slick') . . . very in touch with itself. "Kill City" was also immaculately suffused with a speed perhaps five-times that of its original form.

The musicians are Thurston, Hunt and Tony Sales, Heydon, and, as palpably calm and self-possessed as a mouse in a Zen parable — the aforementioned Smith, formerly of the Motor City Five, whose guitar playing contributions to the evening's

music are not quite but almost as unconsciously emphatic and mesmerising as the Pop himself.

A new song — "Endless Sea" it might be called. This really is some kind of new Pop. Nobody has done anything like this before — only Iggy's "Turn Blue" from "Lust For Life" hints.

No coloured, only white lights on. Musicians subdued. Iggy steps forward. He could be the existential hero, he could be a cabaret singer . . .

Another new song. Faster. "Girls Girls Girls" it might be called. After that . . . I don't know the order. Up there it's need and noise. Everything is so fast! "Lust For Life" is sung and played as it always should have been, unless you think life is just some junk-sick joke.

Darkness and endlessness in those sculptured eyes. "TV Eye" — "Gimme Danger" — faster still — "Nightclubbing" — if you want to make comparisons here's the place, flashback to '77's version, crouched, cynical non-Entertainer in Nazi helmet and cosmetics, singing in German, suitably lifeless, calculated, with this — "Nightclubbing" as blue-speed blur, hedonistic, annihilate and encapsulate.

After at least two of the selections Pop actually smiles. After one, he says "I ENJOYED that!" and he isn't

employing deception. Blue lights. Iggy fools rock crucifixion (allusions!) on microphone stand, straightens, Smith playing matchless slow-modernistic-blue, sty B. B. King style. "Dirr" — all we need now is James Williamson!

"I Wanna Be Your Dog" — only HeB/Voidoids band come near the strange emotion, the equation of lycanthrope and sexual deliquent. "I Got A Right" with Smith's feedback keen and sharp, still whistling in my sleep the next night. As opposed to the "TV Eye" version, this approximates the Stooges original, shouting speed-of-life anthem.

And words and words and words to that effect. I could go on, and get further from the Effect, the lightning-rhythm . . .

Although this overblown text is hardly the place for them, a mention for Aswad, who opened the evening. Despite PA illness they visibly moved the Music Machine audience, who brought the band back for an encore with the 'One Love' chant the band finished their chunky, comprehensive set with.

This was my initial exposure to the band, but they suggested a depth and emergent identity sometimes absent in homegrown reggae. And quite obviously an ability to move a wide audience.

San Penman

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Gerry Rafferty EDINBURGH

IT'S THOSE little things like seeing 'Sold Out' notices at Gerry Rafferty gigs days beforehand which fuel that recurring fond illusion that there might actually be some justice, some small reward for true talent, in this cruelly indifferent world after all.

Some of us, of course, are sad and wise enough now to have been ruthlessly disabused of such romantic notions, but if the noise was a splendidly satisfying sight, then the concert itself provided a similar restorative balm.

The most important thing is so self-evident that it's almost certain to be overlooked — the fact that Rafferty is out there at all.

It's been three long years now since Sicalars Wheel worked itself loose from the gravy train, and that's a long time to wait to hear from a man who, I firmly believe, is one of the world's finest songwriters.

He correctly lays his emphasis on the song, not the singer; indeed, it would be difficult to argue otherwise, considering Rafferty's on-stage persona — as he himself is the first to admit — is not exactly in the Jagger league.

His entire stage act, in fact, consists of barely-perceptible strumming on his semi-acoustic and looking bemused between times as to how the cope with this sudden rapturous reception.

There were samples from all the man's recorded output — a brace from The Humblebums, including the timeless 'Her Father Didn't Like Me Anyway', three from his first solo album 'Can I Have My Money Back?' (which he termed 'a secret release on Transatlantic'), and three from Stealers Wheel, including of course 'Stuck In The Middle', newly funk-ed-up.

The balance came from the best of the new album, thereby making the most of the uncharacteristically uneven writing on that particular opus. 'Baker Street' was there, of course, just as marvellous live as on record, with the colourful figure of Raphael Ravenscroft blowing that ecstatic sax line.

The musicianship was strong as well as tasteful, with guitarist Julian Lirman outstanding. An added bonus too was just how hard the band could rock when they chose, 'City To City' received the full benefit of some forceful playing, as did 'Johnny's Song'.

The only real complaint was that, as might be expected with a six-piece backing band, the arrangements were sometimes cluttered and overlong — something that doesn't agree with Rafferty's melodies which are at their best when short and tight.

Witness, for example, 'Mary Skiffington' — Rafferty at his tender, melancholic best, but spoiled here by intrusive drumming where none was called for.

The concert opened, as did the album, with 'The Ark' — something of a symbolic gesture, as I take it, of new life after all the old hassles.

With Rafferty in good spirits and his music relaxed, confident and positive, the future looks good again for this supremely talented recluse.

The support, not entirely by chance I suspect, was long time collaborator of Rafferty's Rab Noakes (plus a thoroughly unnecessary backing band).

The darkly good-looking Noakes, now with his fifth album 'Resilient' under his belt in his sporadic flirtation with the music business from the clubs and pubs of Fife, is a strong singer and an amusing entertainer, but I fear that until he can come up with a set of melodies that you can remember for more than just a few seconds, this flirtation will

never blossom into a fully fledged affair. Pity.

Happy Traum TROUBADOUR

TWO ex-Greenwich Village folkies played Earl's Court at the weekend.

One in an aircraft hanger, the other in a coffee cellar. Folk long ago reverted from popular rallying point to being the preserve of a few hard-core devotees. Dylan bloodily severing the umbilical cord in 1966.

If the Troubadour on Saturday was an approximation of the young Zimmerman's musical environment, he must've destroyed the competition.

Whether sloganeering or sentimental, the folk boom was basically simplistic. Searching for a better world, most exponents preferred to ignore emotions like anger, greed and lust in individuals and find them instead in governments, corporations, etc., a response as understandable as it was anodyne.

They were committed to concentrating on man's capacity for good. Such blinkered idealism is really as inadequate as its diametric opposite — come in, J. Rotten — and can only momentarily convince.

Happy Traum — amicably separated from brother Arnie a few years back — is really no exception, just more agreeable as more assured and proficient.

In his mid-thirties, Traum sports earrings and a repertoire spanning Charley Patton and Mike and Peggy Seeger to 'Six Days On The Road' and the Dead's 'Friend Of The Devil'.

His own fable 'Golden Bird', was vaguely touching, but if there was any surprise or excitement on show, I missed it.

The Traums, Ramblin' Jack Elliott and others remain happy journeymen, tending the old myths. Harry George

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**Nik Turner's Bohemian Love-in ROUNDHOUSE**

**I FURTHER** proof were needed that the spirit of 1978 is really the initial maturation of that which first flourished in 1967...

Well, forget all that for starters, mate. Nik Turner's Bohemian Love-in sprang rather more from a harnessing of the ancient primeval powers of simple economic sorcery than from the energies emanating from the pyramid at the rear of the balcony opposite the stage. There were mushrooms, however.

There also appeared to be certain qualities of most pleasant cakes. But then it was Sunday afternoon, and so this was actually rather British and splendid, though considering the weather cucumber sandwiches and Earl Grey might have been more the form.

Ah yes, man, like The Weather, you know. Like, the sun shone for Nik and inter-acted with all the pollen from the flowers, you know, so like a lot of people were making with the Big Mucus. But that's cool: it brought them together.

That, and the mushrooms. Of eight billed acts — Blood, Donor, Roger Ruskin Spear, the statutory former Pink Fairies musicians in Light'n' Raiders, Patrick Fitzgerald, John Cooper Clarke, the Michael Moorcock Band, Tanz Der Youth and Nik Turner — it was the Manchester street poet who was the first to inject trituality.

Existing within a "Blonde On Blonde" era Dylan persona, he offers a hip street variant on Northern scampi-and-chips circuit comics — who, of course, present much of the best comedy that comes out of this hapless isle — coupled with a Wild Man Fisher sweet edge of lunacy.

The poet that results has wit, presence and good onstage body movements and sometimes sounds out of breath.

And, okay, you can't always make out all his lyrics but, like great rock 'n' roll poetry should be (great poetry in general, come to that) the sounds of his words and syllables hit as hard as the actual meanings.

"Exit: Johnny Clarke" are the final three words of his last poem and he vacates the stage — so that sandwiches can be thrown to the groundlings — few of whom, incidentally, can have much perception of whether this little bash actually does have any '60s credibility.

Earlier on, hundreds of packets of joss-sticks had been chucked out from the stage, though by the time of Clarke's set, the scent had either dissipated or one's level of tolerance to it had been raised.



PICTURE BY PENNIE SMITH

Ah, but Lo! Whom should we have gouging straight between the lobotomy scars with his very own brand of rune rock but the Michael Moorcock trio.

Actually, judging by the first number I saw the bearded Falstaffian figure perform rock 'n' roll chamber music would be a more apt description: Moorcock on guitar, a bassist and... a cellist. Perhaps Michael should do a concept album with Jeff Lynne.

Anyway, he only performed a couple more numbers — with what sounded like a drum machine — but those rocked out admirable as the cellist substituted an acoustic guitar and the Bard himself, in an honest acknowledgement of his roots, unleashed Hawkwind-esque Mandrax Variations stun riffs behind marginally Chapman-esque vibrato vocals.

Before Tanz Der Youth, Magic Michael nipped onstage to do his bit but I appeared to miss him somehow (*Odd, that — Ed*)

Ah yes, Tanz Der Youth, "Brian James" now psychedelic band.

Well, of course, in his dressing room just prior to his new band's first major London date the former Damed leader fairly vigorously attempted to untie the tag that's been knotted round his new outfit. "I just mentioned in an interview that I really liked listening to Syd Barrett," he laughed, displaying a smile that it might be to his advantage to turn into an onstage visual.

James sports a scarier fitted blouse and jeans onstage these

days. Quite Jimmy Page rococo, actually. He's still the mean, macho guitar hero, though, which doesn't always quite feel right as he's basically a much nicer guy than he comes across.

The music? Well, not bad really.

A four-piece — former Hawkwind Alan Powell on drums plus Tony Moore on keyboards and Andy Colquhoun on bass — Tanz Der Youth stay clear of Damed material with the exceptions of "Near, Near, Near" — hauled down to 33 1/2 rpm and face-lifted with A Very Sinking New Riff: jagged edged, broken-glass, rusty knife-edge... You know the one I mean. Anyway, it transforms the number which is quite useful, actually, as up to this point — halfway through the set — there's been a certain amount of aural awiness.

Though it's perhaps disturbing that so far there haven't been further equally strong flashes of the outfit's potential the set picks up totally from this point. Maybe the number should be stuck into the set earlier for the sake of easing the audience in.

"Top Of The World", its successor, is the strongest new number as it drives and builds on a rolling, rollicking keyboards based riff that lacks the Kraftwerk-esque twitters and growls which Moore had sprinkled liberally into earlier numbers.

Anyway, a far better scene than The Damed were in their dying days. Photographer Erica Echenberg's light show, incidentally, has more than

one or two fine touches — shots of Woodstockian tie-dye T-shirts during "Near Near Near", for example.

Alright, Nik Turner, eh? Former Hawkwind shock troop leader makes comeback washed as a mummy, along with the rest of his band, thereby preventing the audience from being aware of both former Nice and Roxy Music guitarist Dave O'List and former Gong-er, and Tantic enthusiast, bassist Mike Howlett.

What is this buffoonery, this unseemly abnegation of rock 'n' roll responsibility to looking sharp and individualistic? What swallowing of egos has gone down here?

Yes, this indeed is the burning question of our time.

You wanna know something? Whether you want to consider it as rock 'n' roll showbiz or as art it really was quite something.

I was very sceptical indeed, as a matter of fact, and ended up exceptionally impressed. Not just by the music — though what Turner's Sphynx, who also featured Han Williamson on guitar and Steve Broughton on drums, was producing was at times exceptionally beautiful — but also by the Bubblesettes, the seven-piece mime troupe who'd come together at four days notice after the Ballet Rambert had let down the side.

Considering that, with one exception, none of them had ever danced onstage previously they gave a remarkable performance.

The music was the entire "Xintoday" LP apart from "Time Present".

Frequently, the material reminded me of Gong — which isn't too surprising considering the Howlett connection — especially when the band really started blowing. Indeed, in his position as cosmic rec-playing advance rider I've always felt Turner occupied a similar role in music to that outfit's former wind supremacist, the very splendid Didier Malherbe.

Turner's guttural, horny sax on "Hall Of Double Truth" is, though, far more English in its rock 'n' roll directness than the Prog jazz flavourings Bud-A-Grass favoured.

Naturally, the lyrics were largely indistinguishable. They always were when he was in Hawkwind and no doubt always will be for Nik Turner.

Turner is, in fact, a very fine player indeed. On the final number, "Osiris", the ethereal layers he built up with his flute over the rest of the band's mantra riffs were little short of breath-taking.

Acidica's light show was, at times, utterly transfixing. Right at the end of the set three small girls appeared in the centre of the stage together to dance.

Which is better than CSNY bringing on their bleedin' dogs. I was most upset when it all ended.

Chris Salewicz

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Dear Bog,  
I wonder if anyone else has noticed that 'Anabolic Bullocks' is the first track on Rabbits from Remford by the Senile Shirtlifters. It's in fact a note for a note ripoff of the classic 'THE POPE'S A JEW OFF THE HEAVILY BROTHERS' triple live album. GOD'S GONADS? P.S. Tell Nick Keat 'I'll rip his balls off'.

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WELL, it's seventy-eight, and rock sure ain't late. Magazine are loaded and ready for a shot at both sides of the Atlantic. The Boomtown Rats prove they are more than clockwork, and Bowie The Magician Of Rock prepares to enfold Britain in his cloak of many images.

Alas, the jaded faded Stones still think they can provide satisfaction, but being the aftermath of having come from the past darkly, they fail. Even Dylan has forgotten that times they have a-changed, along with numerous other rocking stones. Thankfully, it must be said that Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd have cut out their presence forward, probably because they've been obscured by clouds of uncertainty.

So, for myself at least, it is a good year full of promise.

**THE ALIEN**  
P.S. Print this letter, or else I'll put truth serum in your water supply! Runner beans are well forward too, and brussels safely garnered in. Yes, truly, a year to give thanks for, both in and out of the domestic vegetable garden. — BC.

P.S. Mess with the water and you'll end with ya brains in ya lap!

OVER the past few weeks you've done naff all but attack the Rolling Stones.

I was happy with the belief that the NME was the only music paper that didn't jump on 'criticism' handwagons, and whenever criticisms were made in the NME, at least they were constructive. I was obviously wrong.

CSM, you really surprise me. In your review of "Some Girls" you start off saying the Stones are drying up and are being overtaken by bands such as Thin Lizzy and The Bishops (both great bands), but for god's sake get things into perspective. Name some albums by these bands that give as much pleasure as "Exile On Main Street" or "Goatshead Soup". Obviously, it's all a question of taste.

"Black And Blue" was a tremendous album, Billy Preston and all, and it wasn't two years ago that the Stones attracted 300,000 to Knebworth!

Don't you always uphold the ideal that bands should advance and evolve? Haven't the Stones done that? What would you say if the Stones were still pointing out

"Mother's Little Helper" or "Paint It Black"?

You say "instead we've had the jet-set romance and the trials and tribulations of a millionaire junkie". It was the media that gave you all that crap, and what the fuck does it have to do with their music anyway?

You infer that they're a sexist band — so what's new?

Don't say the Stones are down and out just because you don't like what they're doing today. They're still the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world, and I say "Miss You" will be to the late '70s what "Rock Around The Clock" was to rock 'n' roll in general. **RAYMOND M GALLOWAY, West Lothian**

The standard of the Stones' guitar-playing, which is what I was talking about, has declined alarmingly since "Exile". Either of the Bishops or any of the Thin Lizzy albums give better guitar than "Goat's Head Soup", which was terrible anyway. The stars of "Some Girls" are Jagger and Watts — I mean, Charlie's good tonight, insec? — CSM. I don't know where to look when chaos quarrel. — BC.

I AM WRITING to underline a point which repeatedly comes to light in your columns, an issue which you continually avoid: the self-righteous polemics of your paper! It is obvious that your journalists are all qualified intellectuals and experienced reporters — why bother to prove it?

What I want to know is, what are your real aims? Your crusade for punk continually emphasises the need for guts and sincerity, and yet you decorate your reports on such 'working-class heroes' as Ian Dury and Jimmy Pursey with a terminology that a university professor would have to think twice about.

You are all for a bit of aggression, and make pseudo-proletarian quips about getting pissed and going to football games, and then you use words like 'surrogate', 'cloning', etc., as well as constantly changing in-words like 'sais', 'bof' and 'MOR', and snide asides like 'thank Jah they stopped'.

I admire the political content of your paper, but can you justify this image when your back pages carry adverts for John Travolta posters? It's time you stopped criticising musicians for being posers, and showed your true colours. Misabuse of any power, whether political or cultural, leads to arrogance, intolerance and bitterness.

You eulogise someone like Rotten for opening the kids' eyes, and yet you pull the wool back over them! Do you honestly think 'the kids' understand you — and, if they do, are you helping them to appreciate music and understand what's going on when you bicker the whole time like housewives about whether a group is sincere or has guts? Let US decide!

Why do I bother to write? Well, two weeks ago I had to resort to reading the *Melody Maker*. Never again! You're the only paper with interesting reports, so please provide the readers with the goods. Please try to make a small attempt to give a sensible reply, and don't make this letter seem ridiculously serious and irrelevant by juxtaposing it with a loony one as you often do (cf. pulling the wool over kids' eyes). **GET SMART, Norfolk.**

Dear GET, glad you wrote, sorry I'm catching. Yes, there's an uneasy conjunction of sheepskin and moleskins in the air, and a good deal of public posing. Yes, radical articles and cheapie adverts do make for a rickety platform. Yes, there are times when the writing reflects the music business, which is brittle, fractious and pretentious, instead of maintaining a judicious distance. The hip and the popalist are irreconcilable, yes. We are aware of our shortcomings, worry about them and you've just brought on my dyspepsia. — BC.

I'VE GOT this great idea for a concept album. It's called 'White Marians', and deals with extra-terrestrial involvement in the American Civil War. The idea, based of course, on the novel by G H Silew, will involve various ageing rock stars brought over to Britain at great expense to record the vocals, and then sending them back to the US of A to lay down the backing.

It is also hoped that a space station can be hired out in order to gain the out-of-this-world atmosphere. The work will try to prove that the Marians attempted to suck the souls out of the colonials, who returned in their usual brash style. It is also hoped to show that these beings have been responsible for 90% of the output of American rock since 1960.

I'm also working on an album in which our hero is transferred into a tugworm overnight, and the BBC employ him as the natural successor to Tony Blackburn. **MARQUIS DE SARDINE.**

Ever thought of joining forces with Nik Turner, or avoiding cheese at night? Still, I guess you have given a fresh definition of Bull Run at that. — BC.

SOMETHING rather disturbs me. More and more white kids seem to resemble the Jets from *West Side Story*. The expensive haircuts, the straight-legged jeans, T shirts, bomber jackets and so on. They also seem to be imitating the Jets' anti-social behaviour, racist attitudes, and their relationship with the police. It's almost as if they've become enmeshed in someone else's fantasy.

Social conditions, and I'm talking about London, are not as bad as they were in the early '60s. Teenagers should be happy with what they've got, but their behaviour indicates otherwise. Logical violence is just abhorrent, but the length these people will go to just to adopt a stance is creepy.

Finally, and this is where music comes in, punk, disco, etc., seem to be simply a soundtrack for a film made over ten years ago.

However, this version is infinitely worse. In the old one there were only two groups of protagonists. Time has shown that no concept dies completely. Now we have every anti-establishment movement since the '60s all at once — punks, skinheads, tees, mods, rockers, hippies, HM freaks, the lot.

As you can tell, I'm the paranoid type.

**RICHARD SLAYTER, Hendon.**

I'm still watching the skies for Heinkels, pal. Only last week, a pirate put his tongue out at me from under the skidding board. — BC.

LIKE Jackie Pessary, I was really pissed off by Louise Murphy's letter on the Brighton Rock Against Racism Fabulous Poodles gig. Also I was mad at Moaty Smith for so glibly endorsing such crap. 'Cos crap it was, on every level. I suspect Ms Murphy's in the pay of the Fuck Pigs who ain't too dim to realise the best form of defence is attack.

Being female and a single parent aren't necessarily qualifications for anything, Ms Murphy. It's your politics that count and in my opinion yours suck. Being critical of what women's libbers (sic) do is one thing, but it's another to put down all women as you do by your use of certain words and stereotypes: women are "little ladies", "hysterical", "excited", "emotionally over-active", they don't shout but "scream", etc, etc. Also — and this is a minor point — you failed to mention that a few men were part of the "fascist rabble". It's OK for men to heckle but not women?

Let's get down to the gig itself. You don't know anything about the women who protested but you make a lot of insulting assumptions about them. I.e. they are incapable of enjoying themselves, they act the way they do not because of their politics but because they're sexually screwed up, their ideas come from books and not from their own experiences. I know these people and your assumptions/pur-downs are a load of bollocks.

People protested because some of the FFs songs, the ones with titles like "Convent Girls" and "Topless Gogo Dancers" and choruses like "Tit tit tit" were at the very least ambiguous. Even allowing for them being send-ups, we still objected to their content, which was both titillating (exploitative) and politically wrong-headed. Take for example the guy in the song who was only turned on by convent girls, presented as an object of ridicule and contempt. The audience were being invited by the FFs to feel sexually superior to this pathetic, clearly inadequate specimen. The FFs don't smash any

barriers with their cynical send-ups, they subtly shore them up. Cynicism is always ultimately reactionary.

But more simply, the FFs confirmed their sexism by their response to the heckling. No attempt to explain or defend their songs, no attempt at dialogue, just straight-forward sexist abuse — "You're so narrow-minded baby", etc. And of course, being in a position of virtually complete control — they had the PA, they were up on stage, they were the performers while we were merely part of the audience — the FFs won out.

The contradiction of a blatantly sexist band at an anti-racist gig was pointed out to the RAR organiser. OK he was in a difficult position but nonetheless his answer was astonishing: (a) the gig wasn't political, it was just for fun (thereby undermining the whole raison d'être of RAR and invalidating the showing of 'political' slides mid-way thru the gig); (b) Misty, the black reggae band on before the FFs, were also sexist, so why hadn't we picked on them too? (Misty were not blatantly sexist and objected strenuously to the RAR organiser having said this when they found out. Even if they had been, as a lot of reggae bands undoubtedly are, it's a different problem from FFs-type (white, Western) sexism. Also Misty had redeeming features which the FFs didn't.) The RAR organiser didn't tell us he was jamming with the FFs on their last number which no doubt had something to do with his non-stand (sell-out).

Ms Murphy got one thing right although for the wrong reasons: there are indeed "wider implications" of what we did in Brighton. These we intend to explore alongside the growing number of rock fans and musicians who are willing to address themselves seriously to the whole complex question of sexism in rock. Questions are also beginning to be raised about the essentially undemocratic nature of rock gigs.

We ain't gonna take it no more, Ms Murphy, not from the Fabulous Poodles or anybody else.

**CSM (ANOTHER ONE), Brighton. Lady, you've got the floor. I'm taking next year's Big Thing down the road for a leak. — BC.**

LAST NIGHT I went to see Iggy at the Music Machine and while I was there I spoke at length with Rusty Egan (really nice guy), chatted with Lemmy, shook hands with Mick Jones, talked with Eddie (Vibrators) and I saw Johnny Thunders, Wayne County and Adam Ant. Am I famous?

**JUDE THE OBSCURE, Islington.**

Ingratiation is the word you're looking for. — BC.

I HAVE been an avid reader of your publication for a number of year/years/frogs\* and I have been disgusted/nauseated/vaccinated\* by the appallingly low standard of the letters that some of your readers/subscribers/hedgehogs\* send in.

Honestly, anyone who writes to your paper must be a totally brainless furry pencil case with chrome zipper and organza trimmings. I would certainly never consider debasing myself by writing to you.

What really makes me vomit are those boring smart-assed creeps who have got absolutely nothing of any interest to say, but drone on for ages and ages, wasting valuable space/time/ink/hospital beds\*.

I hope that you will set an example to everyone by not printing this letter. \* Delete where applicable/inapplicable. **DAVE THE SHEEP DIPPER**

(somewhere in Nantwich).

\*, — BC.



Letters edited by **BRIAN CASE** (third from left, man) Pic by **TOM SHEEHAN**

**T**HE SHADOW of the Zim lies heavy across our fair land... and if it doesn't, then it won't be the fault of CBS Records, who've splashed out a quarter-megaquid (that's £250,000 to you, bud — Ed.) to make sure that everybody and their budgie knows that Bob Dylan has a new album, that it's called "Street Legal", it's wonderful and it's available now. They've also, incidentally, laid down an equivalent sum on their monstro conceptual turkey double album of "The War Of The Worlds" (which doesn't feature Bob Dylan in the role of H G Wells). Still, that old Zimmerman magic is still functioning, because "Street Legal" charts this week at 21 (seven places below CBS's other new album chart entry, Loose Winscreens' "Darkness At The Edge Of Town") after a mere two days in the shops. Sales like these may even save the undoubted dismay that Bob must be feeling after not being asked to appear on *The Whole Dull Harris Mess* which ends its sun (shouldn't that be "ends its crawl"? — Ed.) this week. And while we're on it, so chuffed was The Zim with the way CBS/Sony repackaged a triple greatest hits compilation "Masterpieces", he's given his consent for CBS Japan to release a live album recorded earlier this year. Should be out in August, so stand by your import shops. Those of you who read this rag from the back will be delighted to know that there's a whole mess of Dylan verbiage lurking around the centre of the paper, so get to it and we'll meet you back here after the next three dots.

One man who didn't go to see the performances of the 37 year-old protest singer was ex-Sex Pistol of this parish John Lydon, who told a lager-clutching *Tzetz* that when he heard "Blowing In The Wind" he'd thought it was "About a fart or something". The Spiky One was, however, on hand to check the activities of you Iggy Pop at London's Music Machine. Who should also be backstage but a severely cropped David Bowie. "I didn't recognise him," said Ras Lydon. "I said to Iggy, 'Who's this, your manager?' He looked like a straight businessman..."

And talking of D.B., his next elpee is a double live set recorded in the US of A and produced by Tony Visconti. Each side will apparently feature numbers from a different Bowie album — one side "Heroes", one side "Low" and so on — and presumably counts for two of the three albums owned by David to RCA. The last will likely be a studio venture called "Fame" for release hard on the heels of the live album. Prolific inec...

While gigging in Newcastle, Bowie stayed in a rented flat, the address of which was unknown to Bowie's band and the promoter.

We're all accustomed to tax evasion, but dodging the man from the rates...

Last week Bromley Council finally caught up with Bowie who's owed the borough the princely sum of £38 31p these past five years. The council had in fact written off the arrears, but were put onto Bowie by some of his fans in the rates office. Some fans...

A source close to The Stranglers, as they say, informed *Tzetz* that Jean Jacques Burnel is anxious to track down the person responsible for taping Burnel on intimate terms with a member of the opposite sex in a New York recording studio. Apparently the girl was disappointed with Burnel's performance, and says so on the tape which is currently changing hand at £25 a copy — Demon of the semen, indeed...

# T-ZETS

## TAKES THE MONEY



**WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?**  
 What else could it be but the latest spiffing fap by nutty Jonk Ingham, the man who tried to turn Generation X into a cult paperback, now resident in Los Angeles and promoting the bozo above — John Denney and his combo The Weirdots. Currently working under the guise of Planet Enterprises (it says here), Ingham intends to form a company called Capitalism In Action to do what ever it is he's trying to do. Apparently it involves "the rock of the '80s" (yawn) with lasers (huh?) and lighting effects (Stop making it up — Ed.) and cliched glammeiks like dressing up in suits to promote dreadful topical singles like "We've got The Neutron Bomb" (But you haven't heard it yet — Ed.) (And I don't want to — T-zets Ed). So now you know.

More Stranglers' scans has it that A&M Records in America — The Stranglers' US label — mighty miffed about Jean Jacques' comments regarding the size of Americans' brains, and have instructed the group to shape up or else. Remember what happened to the Pistols and A&M, boys...

A remarkably brief visit to Athlon's shores recently for Jah-Maker's Burning Spear, here with tapes of his next album. Was the Spear's stay here cut short because his record company Island had in fact rejected the tapes? "Winston had a heavy bout of flu," Island's press office told an inquisitive *Tzetz*, while admitting that there were "One or two tracks that aren't quite right on the Lionheart's new elpee." The album's believed to be an extension of the radical style on the man's recent "Tradition" discmix pre-release. Offers for just who needs a Phensic to *Tzetz*...



Champion Blockhead SLIM CLIVE PAIN meets MR IAN DURY (star of stage, screen and Daily Mirror) after last week's Hemel Hempstead bash. As you can see, they had plenty to talk about. Actually, by the time TOM SHEEHAN took this pic, everyone was so swacked that nobody remembers anything that was said by anyone. The LADY on the right? She was Slim's other special treat. There's nothing the matter with him, mate... (Own up time — we haven't the faintest idea who she is, what she does or who she does it with.)

Headlining a bill also featuring The Soft Boys, The Only Ones and Sean Tyla, Elvis's only comment was: "I think some of you at the back may be lost in the Lipsick Vogue".

El Zim wasn't the only famous dude to walk through Dingwalls portals on Tuesday last to witness British debut of George 'Dust my 78s' Thorogood. Also present were (deep breath now) Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds, Elvis Costello, Peter Gabriel, Bootsy Collins and numerous Bishops. Two members of ELO were turned away...

Incidentally, Thorogood doesn't drink or smoke, but he does have one vice — killing rats by thumping them over the head with a baseball bat. Said George: "Back home it's regarded a cissy to simply shoot them..."

"Some girls give me children". While recently in L.A. Mick Jagger visited his eight year-old daughter Karis, his child by Marita Hunt. It's the second time Jagger's seen her since she was born...

When The Clash's first album is finally released in the States, it will include both "Complete Control" and "Capital Radio".

"Stand By Your Man" and "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" singer Tammy Wynette marries for the fifth time next month.

Those barons of de blooze The Bishops has all their guitars swiped while rehearsing at London's Nashville last week. Stolen were two Strats, one Telecaster (modified with Humbucking pickup) an Epiphone Casino and a Fender Precision bass. Should be culprit suffer a sudden attack of remorse or anyone else come across the axes, contact Chiswick Records.

Bob Seger likely to produce next Frankie Miller LP.

Speak UPPPP! The Government is funding a survey by Leeds Poly into the effects of loud music on young people's hearing (that's what it says here). Studies by the Medical Research Council suggest that sustained and exciting noise can stimulate the grey matter and make a person more aware. Obviously, they've never interviewed a rock musician.

How much longer is Johnny Moped likely to stay with Chiswick?

John Lennon needn't have worried when last Friday he attempted to take out an injunction against the *News Of The World*, preventing the paper from publishing the second and final instalment of his former wife Cynthia's disclosures about their marriage break-up. Like the first part, Sunday's scam contained nothing likely to irritate The Reclusive One...

Following a further record price hike in Jamaica, expect a rise in the price of reggae pre-releases...

Having been seen onstage avec a Strat during the Stones current US trek, Michael Phillip denies that he plans to replace Keef if per chance The Wasted One goes down. He said: "That's a horrible thing to speculate about. Nobody could replace Keith and that's the end of that..."

That Zimmerman ain't the only one that knows how to get down in London town. Bootsy Collins has also been painting the city red with appearances at an ELO gig (he went to see their special effects), the Bohemian Love-in and an official engagement at Hford's Tiffany's where he had to do a run-out after being mobbed...

New Monty Python flick a spoof of Biblical epics. Called *Brian Of Nazareth*, it's about the geezer born in the next stable...

In America Tom Robinson has been dubbed "the Anglo Phil Ochs". Phil who?

Publican John Chapman of Torquay has had to take Basher's "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" off his juke box 'cos customers were breaking glasses in time to the music. Pity it wasn't "Feel Like Makin' Love" — just as well it wasn't "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting".

BETTER BADGES			
New Releases	This Week	Last Week	TOP TEN
My Black Jesus (The Mothers)	1	11	BUZZCOCKS
Decey Lee, Black Star, Steel Pulse, Slikk	2	10	SHAM 66
Tommy, Lazy Boy	3	9	DEVO QUOTE
Big Country Tunes, The Day The World Turned Inside Out	4	8	CLASH POLICE
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	5	7	ARTY FUNKY
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	6	6	THE LADY SMOO
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	7	5	BBB
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	8	4	THE BLOWN
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	9	3	SHAM 66
Boyz II Men, The J. B. T. Band, The J. B. T. Band	10	2	STUFF LITTLE FINGER

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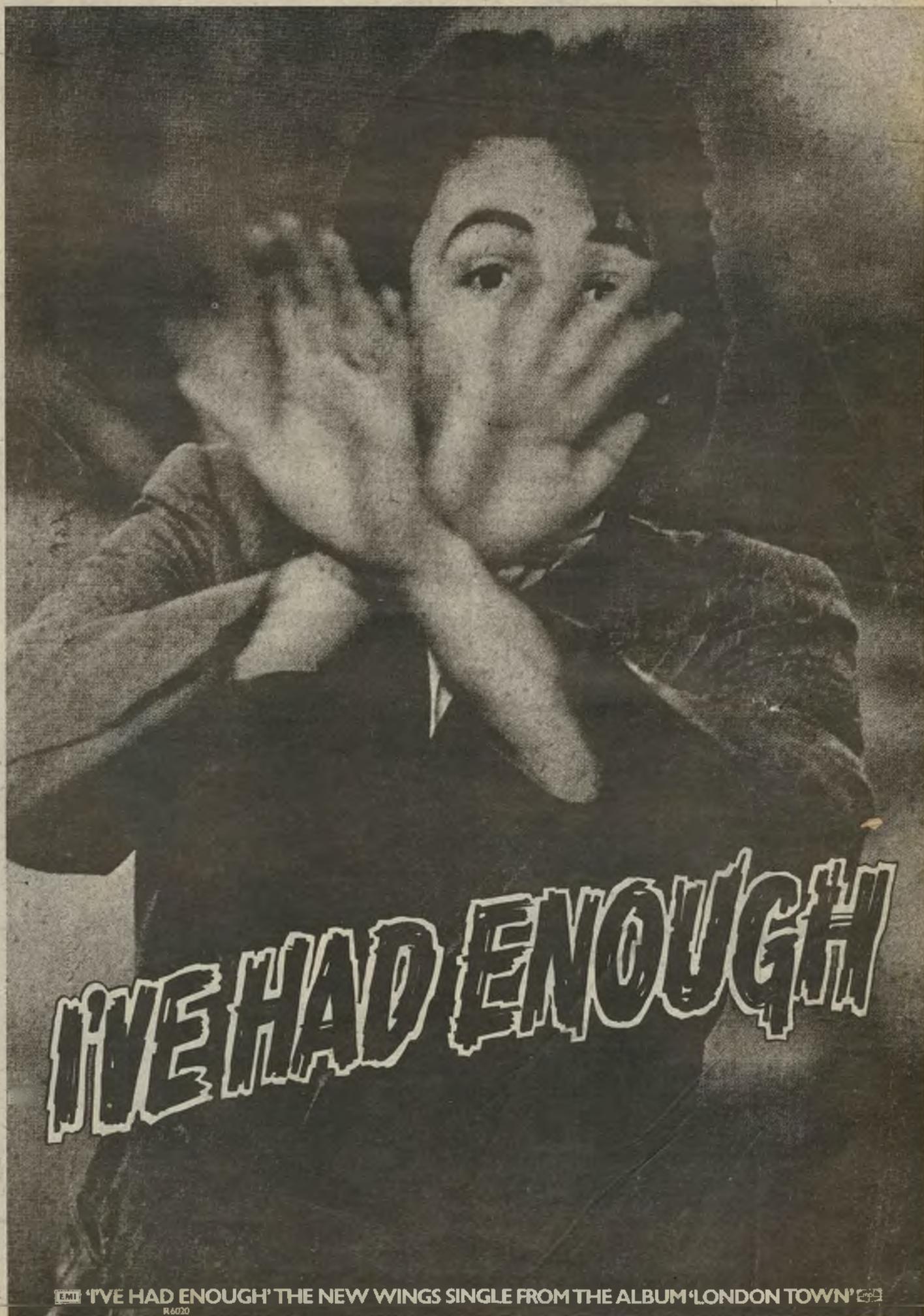
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DONT ASK MY NEIGHBOUR



# I'VE HAD ENOUGH

EMI 'I'VE HAD ENOUGH' THE NEW WINGS SINGLE FROM THE ALBUM 'LONDON TOWN' 

R6020