

new **MUSICAL EXPRESS**

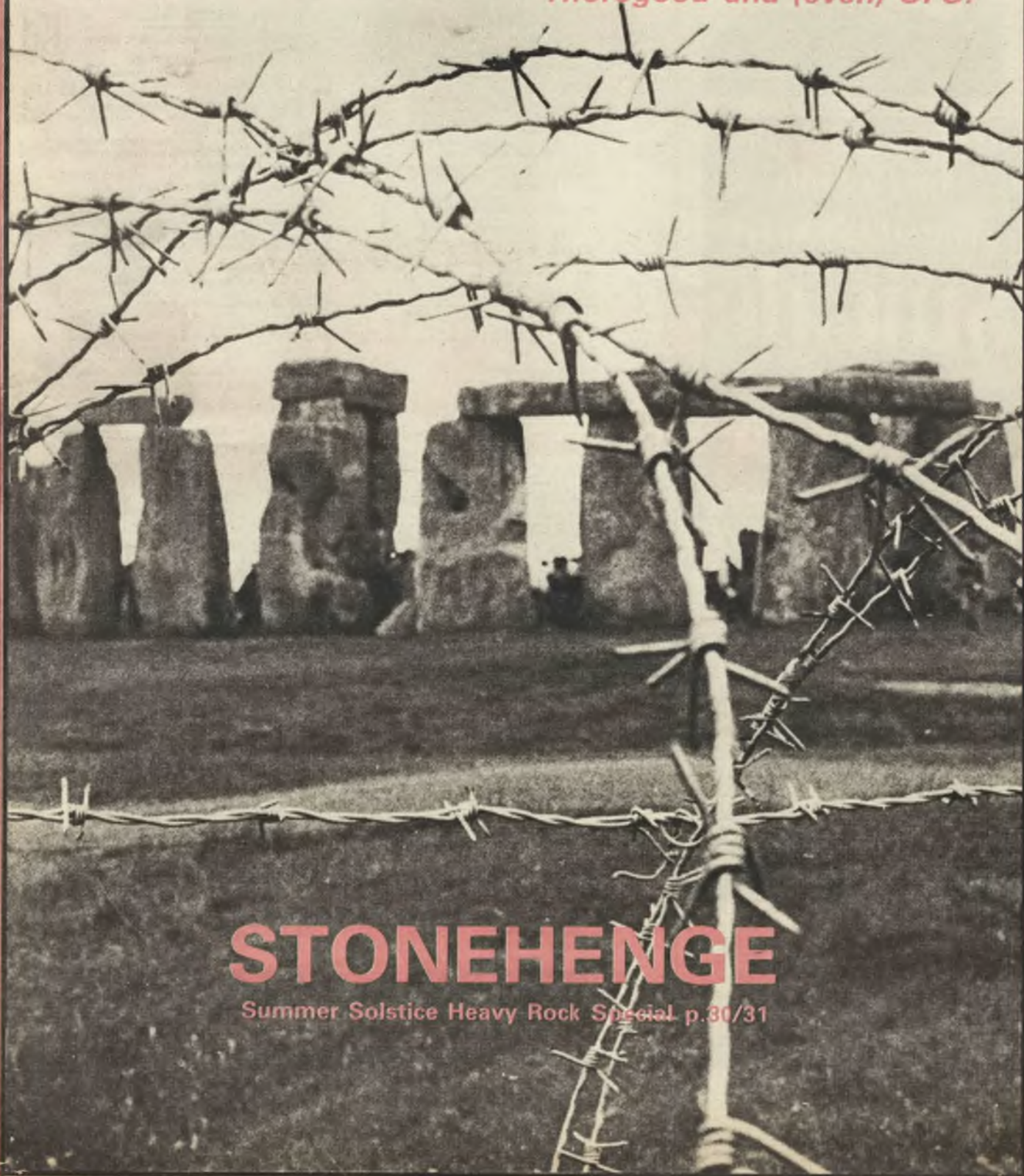
SLICK SPLITS STARSHIP

— *Riots, Sickness, & Blood* p.12

THE WHALE WAR

— *Thrills Investigation* p.11

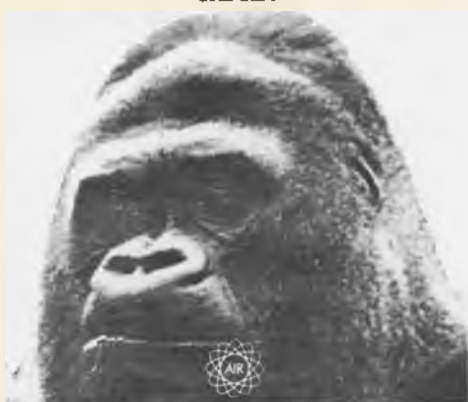
*ATV, DeVille, Knebworth,
Thorogood and (even) UFO.*



STONEHENGE

Summer Solstice Heavy Rock Special p.30/31

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW!

GUY THE GORILLABY DAVID DUNDAS
CHS 2236

If you've lost your
lust for life,
the solution is
Suicide

**NME Classified**

REACHES MORE PEOPLE THAN
ANY OTHER MUSIC PAPER
IN THIS COUNTRY

IT'S YOUR PAPER — USE IT

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 26, 1973

Last This Week		
1	1	RUBBER BULLETS.....Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
2	2	ALBATROSS.....Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
3	3	THE GROOVY.....T. Rex (E&M)
4	4	WELCOME HOME.....Peter & Lee (Philips)
5	5	WELCOME HOME.....Peter & Lee (Philips)
6	6	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON.....Motown (Motown)
7	7	CAN THE CAN.....Santitas (Rak)
8	8	SKWEZZE ME, PLEASE.....Shirley (Polygram)
9	9	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU.....Stevie Wonder (A & M)
10	10	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH).....George Harrison (Apple)
11	11	LIVE AND LET DIE.....Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 26, 1968

Last This Week		
1	1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	2	BABY COME BACK.....Fanny (President)
3	3	HURDY GURDY MAN.....Donovan (Fry)
4	4	BLUE EYES.....Donovan (Fry)
5	5	YOUNG GIRL.....Vivian Gray (CBS)
6	6	IMPRETEND.....Dex O'Connor (Columbia)
7	7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE.....Freddy & the Dreamers (Columbia)
8	8	SON OF MICKY HOLLER'S TRAMP.....O.C. Smith (CBS)
9	9	LOVIN' THINGS.....Marshall (CBS)
10	10	HONEY.....Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 26, 1953

Last This Week		
1	1	LIKE IT.....Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	ATLANTIS.....Shadow (Columbia)
3	3	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY.....The Shadows (Columbia)
4	4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART.....Ray Charles (DMV)
5	5	DECK OF CARDS.....Wink Martindale (London)
6	6	FROM ME TO YOU.....Beatles (Parlophone)
7	7	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET.....Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
8	8	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU.....Billy Fury (Decca)
9	9	FALLING.....Roy Orbison (Lambert)
10	10	FM CONFESSES.....Frank Field (Columbia)

CHARTS**SINGLES**

Week ending July 1, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	6	1
2	(7)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	3	2
3	(2)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	4	2
4	(10)	AIRPORT	Motown (Virgin)	3	4
5	(4)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	6	4
6	(6)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	5	6
7	(13)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	4	7
8	(3)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	10	1
9	(14)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	9
10	(11)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	3	10
11	(9)	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	7	7
12	(18)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	12
13	(5)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	6	5
14	(15)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	3	14
15	(27)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	2	15
16	(9)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)	8	2
17	(24)	BEAUTIFUL LOVER	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	3	17
18	(12)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	8	5
19	(—)	ARGENTINE MELODY	San Jose (MCA)	1	19
20	(13)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)	8	6
21	(—)	BOOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	1	21
22	(25)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	4	22
23	(25)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	4	21
24	(—)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	1	24
25	(22)	IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES	David Soul (Private Stock)	3	18
26	(—)	ROSALIE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	20
27	(—)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	1	27
28	(16)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	12	1
29	(—)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	29
30	(—)	FLYING HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER
WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS — Clash (CBS);
JUST LET ME DO MY THING — Sine (CBS); RUN FOR
HOME — Lindisfarne (Mercury); WILD WEST HERO —
Electric Light Orchestra (Jet).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 1, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending July 1, 1978

This Week		Week ending July 1, 1978		1978	
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	16	1
2	(2)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	2
3	(10)	SOME GIRLS.....	Rolling Stones (EMI)	3	3
4	(4)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	23	1
5	(3)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	6	1
6	(8)	BAT OUT OF HELL.....	Meat Loaf (Epic)	15	6
7	(5)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	22	5
8	(9)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	11	4
9	(20)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	17	1
10	(7)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	11	2
11	(25)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	3	11
12	(11)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	6	5
13	(21)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	13
14	(16)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	5	14
15	(6)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	6	6
16	(18)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	18	7
17	(22)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	13	2
18	(17)	DISCO DOUBLES	Various (K-Tel)	3	9
19	(13)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2	13
20	(14)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	2	14
21	(23)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	70	1
22	(24)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	8	6
23	(19)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	3	19
24	(15)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	11	6
25	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	29	3
26	(12)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	14	1
27	(—)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	1	27
28	(29)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	15	6
29	(27)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	10	10
30	(—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION	Lena Martell (Ronco)	2	21

BUBBLING UNDER
WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various Artists (CBS); YOU'RE
GONNA GET IT — Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
(Island); RUBY WINTERS — Ruby Winters (Creole);
GREASE — Various Artists (RSO).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 1st, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



GAYE ADVERT of The Adverts

Adverts are on the road

THE ADVERTS are set for a new series of nine gigs, three this weekend and the rest at the end of July, interspersed with a visit to New York for live appearances and recording.

They play Maidstone Art College (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Eric's (two shows on Saturday) and Douglas T.O.M.

Palace Lido (Sunday). Then they're off to New York for a short season at the famed CBGBs, plus recording sessions for a new single together with "a heavyweight U.S. producer" still to be named.

They return home for dates at Scarborough Penthouse (July 21), Leeds F Club (22), Redcar Coatham Bowl (23), Doncaster Outlook (24) and London Marquee Club (26 and 27).

LIVERPOOL NIXES BIG CLASH SHOW

THE CLASH have been forced to switch their concert on July 13 from Liverpool Empire to Blackburn King George's Hall. They've been trying to arrange a major gig in Liverpool for 18 months, and it looked as though they had finally succeeded when they secured the Empire booking.

But it seems that a well-wisher (?) warned the venue's management of the "chaotic consequences" of a Clash gig, and it was cancelled 20 minutes after the box-office opened, with queues formed round the block, and many tickets already sold.

The band's manager Bernard Rhodes said this week that details of their big London concert, to climax their tour, will be announced shortly.

Clash members Nicky Heddon and Paul Simonon were each fined £30 at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court on Friday, after pleading guilty to criminal damage. Together with Sonja Kristina's drummer Peter Barnacle (also fined £30), they had been charged with shooting a racing pigeon, and the three also have to pay a total of £700 compensation to the owner.

NEWS DESK

VIBRATORS BREAK UP

THE VIBRATORS have broken up! And one of the most exciting bands to emerge on the crest of the new-wave movement has ceased to exist, though the two remaining founder members — Knox (lead vocals and guitar) and Eddy (drums) — plan to continue working together, presumably on the launch of a new outfit.

The band's troubles started in the early spring when guitarist John Ellis left, and was replaced by two new members — Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar). It seems that the new line-up simply didn't work out, and they eventually decided last weekend to call it a day.

So Gary Tibbs (who replaced original bassist Pat Collier), Snow and Birch are now looking for new gigs, while Knox and Eddy formulate their future plans. Last reminder of The Vibrators is their recently-released second album "V.2" on the CBS label.

Magazine in Drury Lane

MAGAZINE hit the high spots on Sunday, July 23, when they play a major London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal. This has just been slotted in as the climax of their British tour which opens in Birmingham this Saturday, and tickets for the London gig go on sale next Monday (3). Another new date for the band is at Malvern Winter Gardens on July 21. Support act throughout the tour is Glasgow band The Zencs, newly signed by Arista.

WIRE have slotted in a gig at Liverpool Eric's tomorrow (Friday), as a warm up for their previously-reported concert this Sunday at London Strand Lyceum, co-headlining with the Doctors Of Madness. They then leave for a short East Coast tour of America. Their next full British tour will be in the autumn.



— AND THE KILLJOYS

This is GISELAINE, the French bird who is — or rather was — the lead singer of The Killjoys. Because the band, regarded by many as one of the most promising of the new-wave scene, have now broken up. Unfortunately recording companies were less enthusiastic about their prospects, and they were unable to get themselves a deal. The future plans of the various members are still undecided.



TINA WEYMOUTH of The Talking Heads

Heads fly in for one-off

THE TALKING HEADS fly into Britain in a fortnight's time to play an exclusive one-off concert. It's at London Strand Lyceum on Wednesday, July 12, and it's likely to be their last date in this country this year.

The gig comes at the end of a six-week European tour by the New York band, and it previews their second Sire album "More Songs About Buildings And Food".

produced by Eno and released on July 21.

Advance tickets for the show cost £2 and are available from the venue, or from the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chapells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1. On the night, admission will be £2.25.

Goldsmith is co-promoting the gig with Peter Bowyer, and they still have to name the support act, though it's understood that the Heads would like a reggae band.

Sham's Leicester hitch

SHAM 69 make their first trip to the U.S. of A. on July 10 to play three dates at New York's renowned CBGBs, plus a gig in Philadelphia. Here at home, a new single by the band is released by Polydor on July 14 — it's their stage favourite "If The Kids Are United", which includes guitarist Dave Parsons playing organ, and it's coupled with a new song called "Sunday Morning Nightmare".

Their recently-completed British tour suffered another in a long string of cancellations last Thursday, when their projected gig at Leicester De Montfort Hall was

called off at short notice. This was due to "legal difficulties between the promoter and the hall" and the band, who were not involved in the dispute, are now lining up another date at the venue.

THE SKIDS are playing their first set of dates since their recent signing to the Virgin label, who will shortly be issuing the band's debut single. They visit High Wycombe Nag's Head (tonight, Thursday), followed by London gigs at Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (this Sunday), Hammersmith Red Cow (July 5) and the Nashville (6).

LINDISFARNE CANCEL, SO WAKES FESTIVAL IS OFF

THE THREE-DAY Wakes Festival — planned for its regular site at Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire, during the first weekend of August (4-6) — was called off on Saturday. The cancellation came 48 hours after Lindisfarne, who were to have headlined, withdrew from the event — and immediately a row broke out between the band's manager and the Wakes organisers, who claimed that Lindisfarne had "scuppered" the festival.

This would have been the third Wakes. The first two laid a financial egg, mainly due to adverse weather conditions. And it looked as though this year's event might have been going the same way, probably because of the large number of alternative attractions this summer.

Promoter Brian Adams told NME: "The initial ticket response was fantastic for the first three weeks, then it stopped. When we arrived at decision day and our backers had to lay out £20,000, they hesitated. We got in touch with all the acts and, with one exception, they all agreed to help us try to get it together."

"Fairport Convention, Ralph McTell, John Martyn, and the others — they were all fantastic. And they stood by us through our 12 days of constant negotiation with the backers. But then Lindisfarne cancelled out, and that was the deciding factor. In effect, it scuppered the festival."

At that point, said Adams, it was obvious that all they could do was to try to break even. But he insisted that the Wakes Festival will be back next year.

The many hundreds who have already booked will receive their original cheques back as soon as possible, as none has been cashed. People who sent postal orders will likewise be reimbursed.

Lindisfarne pulled out of the festival last week, their manager Barry MacKay explaining that they didn't wish to be associated with "what looks like being a badly organised event." He said that Lindisfarne are not a folk band, and consequently don't wish to be connected with folk festivals.

MacKay added: "We originally agreed to do the festival to help

them make a success of it, because it has lost money for the past two years. But as the organisers have failed to promote the festival in any way at all, we feel the whole event is a farce."

Retorted promoter Adams: "Ask anybody who's ever been to the festival in the past — artists, managers, the general public — if it's well organised. I'm sure they would give MacKay a better answer than I can. And if they don't want to be associated with folk festivals, why did they agree to do it in the first place? And why, if they were so keen to help, did MacKay hustle me for so much money?"

● Tickets are now on sale for Lindisfarne's one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon, reported last week — priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. And the band have confirmed that they are still set for the Reading Festival on August 26.

Bournemouth F.C.'s Darts, Hillage veto

THE PROJECTED 12-hour "Bournemouth Music Circus" — planned for Saturday, July 15, and headlined by Darts, Steve Hillage and The Motors — will not, after all, be held at the Bournemouth Football Stadium. In fact, there is now some doubt as to whether it will take place at all. The local football club have decided against staging the event, which would also have featured Goldie, The Late Show and The Young Ones.

Bournemouth F.C.'s secretary

refused to comment on their decision not to proceed with the concert, though he admitted that they had been under considerable pressure — which is perhaps not surprising, as the town is a conservative (and Conservative) stronghold! The promoters are now trying to find an alternative venue, which would have to be in the same area to accommodate the large number of people who have already bought advance tickets at £5 each.

Go like the clappers



Shirley Ellis' "The Clapping Song" / "Ever See A Diver Kiss His Wife While The Bubbles Bounce About Above The Water" / "I'm The Name Game" and "The Nitty Gritty" 12MCEP1

You'll have to be quick if you want to catch this disco duo. Two limited edition 12" records, Shirley Ellis' much sought-after "Clapping Song" and "The Name Game", plus two other lively tracks — MCA's first EP Van McCoy's "My Favourite Fantasy", his first single with MCA. The first 10,000 of both records are available on 12" in special bags. The Shirley Ellis EP is also available in 7" in full colour bags with a biography. Get them now.

MCA RECORDS

Wings are full strength again

WINGS are now back at full five-piece strength, following the departure last year of Jimmy McCulloch and Joe English. They have now recruited two new members, though Paul McCartney isn't committing himself to announcing it as a permanent association. The new men are drummer Steve Holly (24), who has toured with Kiki Dee and backed Elton John in the studio, and guitarist Laurence Juber (25), a session musician who's also been involved in film work.

The band's spokesman said this week: "I can confirm that Holly and Juber are now playing with

Wings. But please note I didn't say that they have necessarily joined Wings". This double talk presumably means that the newcomers are going through a period of probation which, if approved, could lead to the accolade of full membership.

Holly and Juber are at present "preparing for recording and generally rehearsing" with Paul, Linda and Denny Laine. And if the new line-up works out, as seems probable, Wings can be expected to make their concert comeback in the autumn — or just possibly, if at least two promoters have their way, even sooner!



GRACE SAYS SHE'S QUIT

FOLLOWING Jefferson Starship's appearance in last Saturday's Knebworth concert without lead singer Grace Slick, it transpired that she had returned to America with the parting shot that she'd quit the band for good.

This conflicts sharply with Starship's assurance at the weekend that they'd be returning to Britain as soon as possible with Grace, to compensate for her not being with them this time.

As reported last week, the band were forced to cancel two shows in Germany when Grace was taken ill, fearing at the time that she had appendicitis. This scare proved to

unfounded, and it was thought she would be fit for Knebworth. But she remained unwell, and a doctor diagnosed "an intestinal infection". As a result, the band had quickly to re-shape their act, with Marty Balin (original Jefferson Airplane founder in 1965) taking over lead vocals.

Whether Grace's "I quit" declaration was a side-effect of her illness, or was prompted by the riots sparked by their German cancellations, isn't known. And it remains to be seen if she will have second thoughts, though apparently she was adamant about leaving when she flew home. See also page 47.

RECORD NEWS

Robbers elpee arrested

THE SEVEN Great Train Robbers who are now out of prison, after serving long sentences, have made an album of songs reflecting their experiences. It's planned for release by Virgin, though at the moment the company is faced with contractual problems. They've been advised that W. H. Allen, publishers of the new Piers Paul Reid book "The Great Train Robbers", own exclusive rights to the robbers' personal recollections. And until this is sorted out, the LP can't be issued.

Among the songs involved are "Let Me Out", "The Judge", "Thirty Years", "Don't Rob A Train", "The Plan" and "We Pulled It Off", the latter also being in line for release as a single. The robbers — Tommy Wisbey, Jimmy White, Buster Edwards, Gordon Goody, Roger Cordrey, Bobby Welch and Roy James — were produced by Tom Newman, and they follow in the footsteps of their defuncting colleague Ronald Biggs, whose single with The Sex Pistols is issued this weekend.

STEWART TAKES OVER CAFE

SAD CAFE go into the Strawberry Studios South in Durking next month to record their third RCA album, to be produced by Eric Stewart of 10cc. It will mark the inauguration of Strawberry's new Surrey studios, and it will also be the first time that Stewart has produced any band other than 10cc. Manchester-based Sad Cafe — comprising Paul Young (lead vocals and percussion), Ashley Mulford (lead guitar), Victor Emerson (keyboards), Ian Wilson (guitar and vocals), John Stimpson (bass and vocals) and Dave Irving (drums) — will be undertaking a nationwide tour of Britain in October, to coincide with the album's release.

Hendrix montage



A DOUBLE album tracing the career of the late Jimi Hendrix, and drawing on seven of his albums — from "Are You Experienced" to "Cry Of Love" — plus a few posthumous releases, is being issued by Polygram in mid-July. Put together under the supervision of Alan Douglas, who was responsible for the "Greatest Hits" and "Midnight Lightning" albums, it retails at £6.30 and is titled "The Essential Jimi Hendrix". The same label is also rushing out as soon as possible a new Milla Jackson LP called "Get It Outcha System".

● The Lurkers' next Beggar's Banquet single, and follow-up to their "Ain't Got A Clue" mini-hit, will now be "Pills". And "I Don't Need To Tell Her", from their current album "Fulham Fallout", is expected in late July in a picture sleeve — for which, we're told, "something special" is planned.

● The cast of the highly-acclaimed London stage show "Evita" — including Elaine Paige, David Essex and Jose Arland — are in the studios this week recording an original cast album. It will be rushed out by MCA in a silver gatefold sleeve, retailing at £4.10. Meanwhile, the all-star double album of the Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber opera has now achieved platinum status for U.K. sales.

● And David Essex has left CBS Records to sign a long-term worldwide deal (excluding North America) with Phonogram. After finishing work on the "Evita" LP, he'll start recording his first product for his new outfit.

● The Buzzcocks, who claimed last week that their new single "Love You More" is the second shortest ever (running under 1½ minutes), have now decided to make it a bit longer. It will now be "just under the modern radio single length", they say, without specifying the exact duration. Due to this, and complications with the picture bag, release by United Artists is delayed from this weekend to July 7.

● An EP by Carl Perkins, including the much sought-after track "Put Your Cat Clothes On", is released by Charly Records tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is a modern rockabilly single called "Good Rockin' Boogie" by Sleepy LaBeef.

● Beggar's Banquet's four London shops will in future sell all new albums (excluding imports and doubles) at £2.95 for the first month of release — and this applies to all the big names such as the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, etc. Addresses are 2 The Square, Richmond, 345 North End Road, Fulham; 19 High Street, Ealing; and 8 Hogarth Road, Epsom Court.

● Phonogram has signed an exclusive U.K. licensing deal with this Munich-based label Lollipop Records. First two singles, out this week are "Me And Myself" by Ronnie Jones and "Dancin' Fever" by Claudia Barry — with albums by both artists to follow in August.

● Shakin' Stevens, currently appearing in the West End musical "Elvis" and previously with the Track label, has been signed to a long-term worldwide deal by CBS Records.

● Near-legendary sax man Junior Walker has been signed to a long-term deal by Whitfield Records, distributed by Warner Brothers. Walker and his All Stars were long associated with Motown Records, where they worked with staff producer Norman Whitfield, before he left to set up his own label. Latest product from Walker is expected shortly via the new outlet.

● Beggar's Banquet's first single on their new Blue Label — "The Winkers Song" by Ivor Biggun & The Red Nosed Burglars — has run into problems. The label is distributed by Island through EMI, and the latter's quality control have declared it "obscene". This means that EMI have refused to manufacture it although, it seems, they are still willing to distribute it. Arrangements are now being made for it to be pressed elsewhere.

● Latest signing to Stiff Records is Jona Lewis, former founder member of Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts and now described by the label as "an eccentric recluse". His debut single "The Baby, She's On The Street" is issued this weekend.

● A live promotional LP by Tribesman — the outfit featuring ex-members of Black State and the Onis Waygood Band — is being made available to the general public from this week by The Label Records.

● The Real Thing start recording their new album "Won't You Step Into Our World" on August 1 — it's set for October release and features a specially-formed rhythm section. Due to the success of "The Stud" soundtrack on which they're featured, the band visit Australia in September with Joan Collins to promote the film.

● Amanda Lear, currently playing the role of Lili Marlene in a film being made in Italy, has her new album "Sweet Revenge" issued by Anicla on July 14.

● WEA Records are going to town on The Nolan Sisters in a big way. They're launching a £200,000 campaign, including TV advertising, to promote the girls' album "20 Giant Hits" — issued on July 7 and featuring their versions of a score of million-sellers. That's as much money as WEA spent on the "Sound Of Bread" album!

● Polygram singles next week include "For The Love Of You" by Maggie Ryder, "Mother Earth" by The Cimarons and "Don't Let Me Down Again" by Buckingham-Nicks (that's Lindsey and Steve from F. Mac).

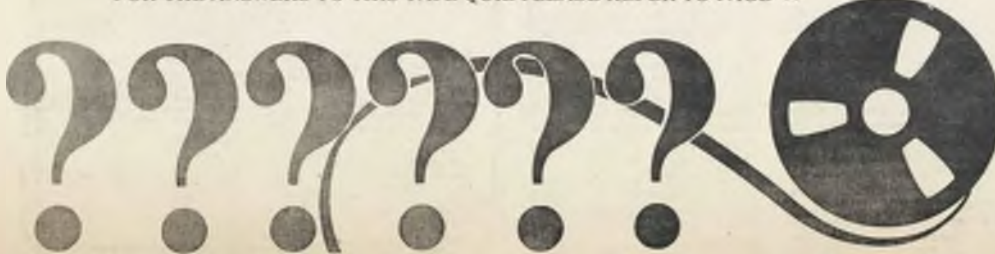
● Ex-Incredible String Band member Robin Williamson has his first album in four years issued on July 14, under a new deal he's signed with Criminal Records. Titled "American Stonehenge", it also features his Merry Band — formed in California in 1976 and comprising Sylvia Woods, Chris Caswell and Terry McMillan.

What do you know about tape recordings?

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

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

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



The WEA tape offer your ears won't believe!



This remarkable offer from WEA sounds too good to be true. But believe us it's true!

Simply go into any WEA tape stockist participating in this promotion.

Purchase any WEA tape from our Top 50 and they'll give you a special WEA headphone voucher with every tape you buy.

Collect only two vouchers and you're eligible for a set of Bush stereo headphones

XY9002 at the special price of £9.50 (VAT included) plus £1.00 postage and packing. £10.50 in all.

This is an exclusive saving available only to purchasers of WEA tapes.

Hear your favourite artists as they deserve to be heard. Right between the ears.

Check our top 50 over. We don't think you'll find a better offer anywhere.

EAGLES—Hotel California. ROD STEWART—Foot Loose & Fancy Free. FLEETWOOD MAC—Rumours. FLEETWOOD MAC—Fleetwood Mac. BREAD—Best Of Bread. BREAD—Sound Of Bread. FRANK SINATRA—Portrait Of Sinatra. FRANK SINATRA—Frank Sinatra's Greatest Hits. YES—Close To The Edge. YES—Going For The One. EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER—Works. EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER—Works Vol.2. BONEY M—Love For Sale. LED ZEPPELIN—Led Zeppelin 2. MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Pastiche. ROLLING STONES—Love You Live. LINDA RONSTADT—Greatest Hits. NEIL YOUNG—After The Gold Rush. GEORGE BENSON—Breezin'. THE DRIFTERS—24 Original Hits. CARLY SIMON—Best Of. JONI MITCHELL—Don Juan's Reckless Daughter. LITTLE FEAT—Time Loves A Hero. DOOBIE BROTHERS—Best Of The Doobies. DOORS—The Best Of Doors. AMERICA—History/America's



Greatest Hits. EMMYLOU HARRIS—Elite Hotel. CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Crosby, Stills & Nash. VAN MORRISON—Astral Weeks. JACKSON BROWNE—Running On Empty. CANDI STATON—Music Speaks Louder Than Words. CAROLE BAYER SAGER—Carole Bayer Sager. CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu. FRANK ZAPPA—Zoot Allures. EVERLY BROTHERS—Walk Right Back With The Everlys. FOUR SEASONS—Who Loves You. DETROIT SPINNERS—Smash Hits. TELEVISION—Adventure. GEORGE BENSON—In Flight. GEORGE BENSON—Weekend in L.A. BONEY M—Take The Heat Off Me. BREAD—Manna. JUDY COLLINS—So Early In The Spring. LIVERPOOL EXPRESS—Tracks. RANDY NEWMAN—Little Criminals. LINDA RONSTADT—Simple Dreams. FOREIGNER—Foreigner. ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRICTIONS—This Year's Model. THE RUTLES—The Rutles. NEIL YOUNG—Harvest.

THE WORLD AT ONCE . . .

DATELINE: STONEHENGE



"What's a nice punk like me doing in this stoneage hippy shambles?"

MARK PERRY, NEWS AT TEN, ALTERNATIVE TELEVISION

I FOUND myself re-reading Colin Wilson's prodigal slice of philosophical mythmaking *The Outsider* the other week. During the time I spent submerging myself gleefully into its limpleg-inducing lines of pessimism and its corrupting details of challenge, two things happened in the space of a few days that intensified, in an indulgent and totally irrelevant way, my curiosity in Wilson's outlines and establishment of this figure, *The Outsider*.

Alternative TV's debut album, "The Image Has Cracked", was released, and I had a conversation with the centre of Alternative TV Mark Perry.

In a very shallow way it was amusing to attribute occasional lines and passages from *The Outsider* to Mark Perry, and the peculiar accuracy of this little game in fact went just a little further than mere coincidence or coincidence, and supplied a few definite details of the Perry Character And Myth.

"He is an Outsider because he stands for truth."

"The Outsider is a man who cannot live in the comfortable, insulated world of the bourgeois, accepting what he sees and touches as reality."

"The Outsider is not sure who he is."

"The Outsider is not a freak, but is only more sensitive than the 'sanguine and healthy-minded' type of man."

"The Outsider's problem is the problem of freedom."

"The visionary is inevitably an Outsider."

And, perhaps the most ridiculous and far-reaching but ultimately and paradoxically the most crucial.

"The Outsider is primarily a critic, and if a critic feels deeply enough about what he is criticising, he becomes a prophet."

1976: MARK PERRY was an ordinary boring, bored blank-bank clerk who in some vague way wanted to escape the routine life he knew. A routine life which, as with many young people, revolved around the escapism of rock'n'roll, depended on concerts, albums, rock papers for the majority of its bite. A dull, dead end, non-frustrating existence that for ninety-nine per cent of the time remain the same.

Blank-bank clerk Mark Perry's ambitions to form a rock group, to worm his way into the music scene, were probably no deeper than any other similar young person's fuzzy desires.

Out of nothing . . . rather, out of a brief few weeks charge of intense youthful expression, a rock'n'roll stage called 'punk', groups like The Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Clash. Darned, out of a review of necessity by Nick Kent about The Ramones . . . something fired the vagueness deep within Mark Perry.

Loosely mimicking the calculated banalities, brutality, monochrome simplicity, and spontaneity of what Perry identified as punk — an era in which he felt anyone, however talented or dull, could actually do something — Perry produced the cheap, aggressive, inspired *Sniffin' Glue* magazine.

The utterly anonymous blank bank clerk became Mark P., editor of *Sniffin' Glue*, man of blunt mystique and influence, friend of the nouveau-stars, integral part of the punk movement. Spokesman For Punk to curious, repelled, amused onlookers.

Out of nothing . . . A Star! "I enjoyed those days! I worked in a bank, and all of a sudden I was in the music scene! I'm not embarrassed by *Sniffin' Glue*, I'm not. I still find what I did satisfying. I look back on it and just see it as me growing up. There's nothing wrong with growing up."

"But *Sniffin' Glue* was never essential. It spurred people on, but no way was it essential. People tried to make it essential. It got really stupid.

One issue would've been enough, really, to give some inspiration — but it got ridiculous. Soon people started collecting them and everything, paying high prices for the early copies . . . it bent around on what we were originally trying to do."

Perry will admit now that *Sniffin' Glue* was really just a way for him to get into the music business. He was always more a frustrated musician than a frustrated journalist.

"I always wanted to be in a band", he reflects, using a classically clichéd sentence with no shame. By March 1977, when *Sniffin' Glue* reached number 8 and was part of the new Establishment with its circulation well into five figures. (A remarkable achievement by anyone's standards), Mark P inevitably, and with some relief, found his way into a group.

"When it came to a choice between *Sniffin' Glue* or having a band, well, that's really when I thought that *Sniffin' Glue* was dead. Once the band was there, there was no way I could give up the band for *Glue*, it was like the other way round."

Soon after March 1977 the magazine stuttered to its death, actually quite a significant end to an era in more ways than one, leaving in its wake a hundred or more earnest and approximate imitators (fun for a month).

Mark P formed Alternative TV, reverted back to Mark Perry in a different form of anonymity, and played a harder game.

He didn't, for instance, use the name Mark P, use his group to play obvious flatly-styled punk music, reap immediate acclaim, perpetuate a false stardom. His awareness had grown a lot during the *Sniffin' Glue* campaign. With Alternative TV he knew early on that he was aiming for something precious: he went out of his way to be honest, something that in a raw condition people are notoriously loathe to accept.

He determined to experiment, he was concerned with Alternative TV as an open vehicle for self-expression, he attacked a multitude of targets vigorously and impulsively, he totally denied any importance to often making quite important mistakes, just put it all down to experience.

From Bored Bank Clerk to Punk Cult Hero And Beyond.

Mark Perry strains and soars against the entire dark ages of Rock & Roll.

By PAUL MORLEY

Above all, as with most sensitive people — and over the last year Perry systematically has become an extremely sensitive person, at least creatively — he has been idealistic, outwardly and inwardly discovering, aiming for that elusive freedom and purity, regardless of the hopelessness

it obviously induces.

If he had matured noticeably during the days of *Sniffin' Glue*, then his growth with ATV has been startling.

But there's obviously still a long way to go.

Even so . . . "Because of the punk

thing with *Glue*, everyone expected me to be a punk hero, and to die a punk. But I find that ridiculous, because I think every human being is naturally contradictory, naturally hypocritical . . . so you change. You've got to give room for change in a person. I don't feel associated with the punk thing now. Its face to the nation is someone with a safety-pin up his nose beating a Ted. That's nothing to do with me. Punks let me down, no way is it the other way."

EVEN IN the earliest days, Perry was determined that his group should not utilise the by-then mandatory punk rules and regulations, but re-introduce those early ideas of punk — constant change and re-evaluation.

"I'd started thinking about what I really like in music, started looking back to Can and the Mothers, things like that, listening to new things. Things by Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire. And I began to think that I should do some new things, try something different, although in fact we were very normal in those early days, just trying things out with tapes."

Alternative TV's first line-up was Mark Perry (vocals), Alex Ferguson (guitar), Mickey Smith (bass) and John Towse (drums). This line-up lasted just one gig: Smith was replaced by Tyrone Thomas.

This is the group that recorded the sublime "Love Lies Limp", a single given free as a flexi-disc in the tenth issue of *Sniffin' Glue*: it was originally recorded for EMI, who finally declined to sign the band, deciding, believe it or not, that ATV were too political!

Towse left in August. Dennis Bennet was introduced on drums. The Perry, Ferguson, Bennet and Thomas line-up recorded "How Much Longer/You Bastard", an acceptable piece of orthodox denim-rock. This was their Clash-era, despite Perry's actual intentions.

The reason for the (almost) conventional ATV of that time was



Pix this page: HARRY MURLOWSKI

• Continues over page.

From previous page

essentially Alex Ferguson. He was always very much into the harmonies, structures and sounds of straightforward pop/rock — which is all very well, but Perry was quickly dismayed at the confines the inclusion of Ferguson meant.

"I knew that the pop thing wasn't for us. For a start the way the band was playing was too comfortable. I just couldn't take it. Alex wanted to be on *Top Of The Pops*, and I certainly didn't! I couldn't take all these kids expecting us to live up to this basic image of 'How Much Longer'."

Ferguson left. Typically, Perry took a lot of stick for the Ferguson departure. Many concluded that Ferguson was the creative force in ATV: some absolute genius.

Whatever, his departure certainly saw the most radical changes — a massive leap closer to the ideals Perry originally had in mind. The majority of ATV's healthy development has been since October when Ferguson left.

"Oh, Christ, yeah... like he used to hate me playing guitar, 'cos I was learning as I was playing, and he used to hate it. Pulled me plug out once in Edinburgh. Once he left we just went crazy and got totally obscure. We did a Wayne County tour of this country, a tour of France with John Cale, and we were totally obscure, a real trash band like early Television."

After the immediate joyous overkill, the group settled down. Tyrone Thomas was apparently thrown out for getting too drunk. Chris Benner came in on bass. Perry, Bennett and Burns recorded "Life After Life", their third single, and the album, augmented by a couple of session musicians. The most recent recruit is guitarist Mick Linn.

Previously, Perry has commented that he finds this type of constantly fluctuating personnel creatively beneficial — things don't get obvious or static. It's an unusual view, and one he's beginning to modify.

"I used to think it was totally necessary, but maybe it was just what was wrong with us. When we have a unit of four, after a few gigs, I tend to get a little bored. But, funny enough after saying that, this new line-up with the new guitarist is really working well. Maybe it's just who we've had in the past. Yeah, I might change my opinion of that fluctuating line-up situation."

THERE'S A calm authority, and occasionally some witty word of wisdom, that seems a little strange and incongruous coming from Perry.

Seated at the other side of a wooden table, taking occasional swigs of lager, relating and ruminating confidently, he looks more like a cheeky schoolboy telling tales than an articulate artist with interesting and at times invigorating theories.

He's a small guy with soft features, and shoulders round almost as if in defence — a most unlikely looking performer. But yeah, that's all down to pre-conceived notions, one of the rigid concepts Perry's determined to break down.

We talked at the offices of Faulty Products, from where such labels as Deepford Funk City, Illegal, and Step Forward operate. Incidentally, the independent company that Perry established in collaboration with Miles Copeland, who ran MCA Records (gold records for Wishbone Ash dotted the office we talked in) has given the charts Squeeze and Sham 69.

It's easy to observe that in everything that Perry has entered he has been a success: sort of a journalist and a man of a kind, and now a definite musician.

Yet, apart from those speedy *Sniffin' Glue* days, he has drawn minimal praise. During ATV's existence, Perry has been faced with continual problems and hassles relating to reputation, intentions and ignorance, enforced equally by his own apparent arrogance and the suspicion of others. He is a very honest and blunt person, open to continual misinterpretation.

The two most dominant recent experiences in Alternative TV's career indicate the extent of Perry's honesty: the way honesty can work two ways, turn into an arrogance, and how its reputation turns out all twisted and ritting.

The recent Roundhouse gig, for instance: A great bill — Buzzcocks, Alternative TV and Penetration. But an argument over billing ruined the concert.

ATV were contracted to go on second, but Penetration disputed this and demanded to go on second

themselves. Eventually, the arrangement turned out as contracted, but unfortunately Penetration, understandably a little peeved, dropped a little one-liner on stage about Perry's stubbornness.

When ATV arrived they were greeted with booing and lots of liquid. They had to leave the stage. Reports of the occasion imply Perry had been a sod, insisting on going on second — but he maintains that second was how the group was contracted, second is how they played. That's an honesty, but it back-fired on him.

"Plus, we needed that 80 quid, and I reckoned that if we went on first, we might not have got it."

The reason ATV so desperately needed their fee was because they were about to embark on a tour, with Here & Now, playing a series of dates up and down the country for free.

Again, this Perry decision has been distorted: people have begun to place ATV in the contrived psychedelia revival bag, or insensitively brand them as a bunch of latent hippies, or mistakenly knock them for playing purely for students.

Perry reacts: "The reason why we're doing this free tour with Here & Now is that they are the only people in the country who are doing their gigs for free, which is the best thing you can possibly do for people."

"It's what I've always wanted to do. Free gigs for people! I like in Bristol, we played this open air gig for a load of young kids, and it was really good. Yet people still find room for complaint."

"There may be some sort of album coming out from this tour, with ATV and Here & Now having a side each." (Here & Now are like a rarer version of Gong).

ATV have done more conventional dates than this odd series with Here & Now — like the Cale and County dates. Even so, in their 15-months existence they've yet to pass the 50 gig mark.

That's not many gigs: but the experience is full. So how does Perry see his own and the band's growth during the last year — from a confusion about what the group was doing in terms of minimal ideas through to a confusion about what the group is doing now in terms of too many ideas, too many possible healthy directions.

"I don't think there's been much of a growth... just that we've had the guts to do what we've done. Everything I did when I started was so unsure. Yeah, our personalities have definitely improved. We've been able to say things and put things on record that we were previously a bit unsure about."

"I've always been positive about music, but even right up to the album we were thinking, let's not do that, let's do the easy thing... whereas with the album we just said, sod it let's do an 11-minute track, let's put four tracks on side two, let's not just do a load of songs."

"Personally, I feel ATV are keeping the punk ideals alive more than anyone."

The abstracts of, like, freedom, discovery, motion?"

"Sure. To me that's what punk is about. Experimentation, certainly not following sheep or anything like that."

But punk, using it as a more metaphorical term, got bogged down within a month or two in respect of any real experimentation or change, although an under-current of groups have carried on these loose early ideals and have been totally ignored. There are still groups who perpetuate the abstracts of punk as a radical movement.

"They're still the ones who don't play the obvious gigs, or who haven't signed to the worst-looking labels. Siouxsie And The Banshees have signed to Polydor — I'm a bit disturbed about that. If bands can do it for themselves, it's best for everyone concerned. I love bands to do things for themselves. It always seems to come out best, even if it is a bit dodgy, the sound or the music... it's still better than a big American-based company putting a record out. For me, I like to buy records put out by people as opposed to machines."

IS PERRY in some way disappointed with the laziness of the punk hierarchy: their willingness to be manipulated, or lose aims?

"I say I'm disappointed with them, but I've got good records by them and when it comes down to it, that's always important. As long as you're inspired by it and are doing something yourself, you're carrying on, you're creating."



I remember the early days at The Roxy, Sniffin' Glue and that...



Then I started sniffin' guitars...

"As long as there's that continual turnover of bands then that's OK. I need bands like Clash anymore, though. They're just good rock bands. Once you realise that, that's when you look ahead. That's the trouble with a lot of kids, they don't realise that. They still think that they're gonna win wars with those bands."

Deviating a little... looking down from above to some extent. Buzzcocks, Wire, possibly with Soft Boys soon, chip away at the rock routine with irony but are quite content to use its functions with minimal adaptation, specifically in terms of promotion, presentation and image.

Their content may be different, disturbing whatever, but the actual means of communication is ultimately standard and regular.

Then there are those working actively outside the recognised

business, and it can't be coincidental that these are the most vital 'rock' groups: I'm thinking of The Fall, Throbbing Gristle, and The Prefects. There's the usual argument of changing from within, but this will never work with any definite revolutionary force, and of course there's the frustration of wanting desperately to reach more people with their act.

Buzzcocks have to some extent bent the walls, but it's hardly noticeable. Siouxsie and The Banshees are full of hope. But once you accept a position within those traditions, no matter how radical the music, it's impossible to avoid dilution and repression: the rock business is hopelessly false.

Perry with ATV was obviously lucky to have his own organised label to operate from (although people knocked him for that!). Furthermore, he's always been concerned with

constant change in performance, and with playing the unusual venues. He has avoided the excessive trappings of rock music, although he readily admits that these trappings are full of temptation.

"We'd fall into it and say, 'yes please' I've trusted loads of bands. Every band that has signed up, I've trusted. But they're human, they get their money, their 50 quid a week, they get comfortable. They fall for it, and I think I would too. So I try very hard to keep away from it. I admit I'd fall for it."

ATV have consciously skirted the perils, sometimes going well out of their way to avoid temptations. This is one of the reasons they've developed so strongly. They have to work hard for attention: attention won't come to them.

But, again paradoxically, because they're working hard, and thinking, they discover new forms and ideas, and their music gets a little difficult.

"The thing is, people have really got to listen to us. They just can't come along and have a good time. They've got to listen hard. That's a thing that could be wrong with us. Our songs are not self-explanatory, they take a lot of listening, a lot of understanding. If people look at our songs on the surface, they're not very good. You've got to go deeper."

Rock audiences are of course the bane of all forward thinking rock musicians: their laziness and acceptance, their reluctance to meet anything half-way, their wariness of anything new without a softening image. It's astounding that rock music ever manages to progress at all! Perry gets very animated about the subject of audiences on a number of occasions during the conversation.

"I think audiences have got to grow up like I've grown up — from being an arrogant punk to being a bit thoughtful about music and the effect it has on people."

"The trouble with audiences is that they love to be audiences. Spectators love to be spectators, you can't try to make them anything else. But it's not their fault, it's the way they've been brought up, to be an audience to a performer."

"That's why I tend to preach, because as I'm the spectacle for that evening, I realise that maybe something goes in... and they all go, yeah Mark, wow... but next day they'll probably forget it all."

"It's usually me in the heat of the moment going over the top and getting very excited. I do get very excited on stage. When I get into those improvised lyrics... I'll think next day, oh, wow, that was a bit over the top. ATV are very excitable on stage, we tend to say things. Later we think oh shit? Why did we say that?"



A fine mess it got me into, hanging out with all hippies...



And you can take the group anywhere for tea...

PH: SHEILA ROCK

PH: ERICA ECHENBERG

These pics: HARRY MURLOWSKI

THE ROLLING STONES

Some Girls

Some Girls **THE ROLLING STONES** *Some Girls*

<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. TST-75 Like... you dirty deejays! Why, why, why don't you go to Hell? MISS YOU \$6.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. PBF-75 Pretty Baby FREEDOM \$6.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. CT-75 RELAXED CURL SOME GIRLS \$6.99	<i>Some Girls</i> READY FOR INSTANT WEAR STYLE No. TS-75 GEORGIE Girl AFRO \$6.99
<i>Some Girls</i> INSTANT BEAUTY STYLE No. DNY-85 Beast of Burden \$7.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. MC-85 Heavenly Beauty IMAGINATION \$7.99	<i>Some Girls</i> 100% WASH & WEAR STYLE No. LIC-85 SHATTERED BOY-CUT Shorty \$8.99	<i>Some Girls</i> 6-1 FLIP OVER W/FLIP OUT WIZ-TOIG \$8.99
<i>Some Girls</i> 100% PERMANENT FIBRE STYLE No. MUL-95 CAPISS SKIN-TOP BEAU CATCHER \$8.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. LIC-95 SHATTERED BOY-CUT Shorty \$8.99	<i>Some Girls</i> NEVER NEED SETTING STYLE No. LIC-95 When the Welp Comes Down WIZ-TOIG \$8.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. SKEN-105 Before They Run Me Run \$9.99
<i>Some Girls</i> 100% WASH & WEAR STYLE No. SKEN-105 Before They Run Me Run \$9.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. DR. DONTZOWEE APPROVED LIES \$9.99	<i>Some Girls</i> NEVER NEED SETTING STYLE No. SK-105 PERMANENT BUILT-IN HEIGHT Skin-Crown \$9.99	<i>Some Girls</i> PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR STYLE No. SKRB-105 RESPECTABLE \$9.99

IT'LL MAKE
YOUR HAIR
CURL!



The Rolling Stones new album
"Some Girls"

Contains their new single
"Miss You"

PRODUCED BY THE GLIMMER TWINS

On Rolling Stones Records
Cassettes & Cartridges



Humphrey



Ocean



and



The



Hardy



Annals



New



Single



Whoops



a



Daisy



Davey



Crockett



Buy 29



Cut



this



Ad



out



and



make



into



Humphrey



Ocean's



Daisy



Disco



Do It



My



Way



flick



book



THRILLS

The Final Solution?

In International Whale Week DICK TRACY plots the plight of the beast and finds fools making laws for the breaking of jaws...



Whalers... in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous. Herman Melville — *Moby Dick*

THERE IS A bloody war being fought on the deep oceans — and the whales are losing.

Once whaling used to be an equal contest between man and beast, a dangerous adventure, the numbers taken small enough to ensure that the total population of whales was never harmed. Now the whale hunt is systematic butchery from which few whales escape.

Surrounded by their killer boats, the factory ships — floating slaughterhouses — use their sophisticated sonar to sweep the seas, spotter planes to spy hundreds of miles of ocean for tell-tale spouts.

Once a pod of whales is sighted, as many as 18 killer boats can swing into action, each boat fitted with powerful explosive harpoons.

Whales feel pain as we do. Yet they are killed with six feet long, 160 pound harpoons with explosive grenade heads which slam into the whale at 60 mph and explode in its blubber. An ex-ship's surgeon who witnessed many whale kills at first hand describes it so: "If we can imagine a horse having two or three explosive spears driven into it and then made to drag a heavy butcher's truck while blood poured over the roadway until the animal collapsed an hour or more later, we should have some idea of what a whale goes through."

The dead whale is then hauled up the factory ship's slipway and dissected to provide those essentials of the modern world — perfume, soft leather, floor polish, dog meat — which we cannot live without. Another will have died before you finish reading this paper.

The full horror of the situation can only be appreciated if you realise exactly how astounding whales are. Try to imagine for instance a blue whale, the largest of which is around the same size and weight as a VC10 airliner. All blue whales have three ton tongues.

In 1930 there were an estimated 100,000 of these meat mountains; by 1953 the figure was 15,000. More than 30,000 were killed in 1934 alone. The blue is now "commercially extinct" and fighting to survive.

All whales move in a sea of total sound. In the depths two or three thousand feet below the surface sperm whales chase and stun giant squid in total darkness, guided only by their superb echo-location system. Sperm whales have the heaviest brain of all mammals, weighing in at 17lbs, and according to one Russian scientist: "The sperm whale brain structure is such that it can be said to be a 'thinking' animal capable of



MAMMOTH PAWNS IN A BLOODY WAR: Russian whalers play chess on the carcass of a grounded sperm whale. Pic by NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY

displaying high intellectual capabilities". Sperm oil represents the economic backbone of the whaling industry — and they are the largest whales still being killed.

Even the humpback, whose eerie, ever-changing "songs" have provided the raw material for two popular LP's has been forced off the whalers' hit list and is fighting against extinction.

Whales were at their present highly advanced state of evolution when we were just struggling out of the primeval mud and have remained relatively undisturbed as masters of the ocean for some four million years — until this century.

Anti-whale campaigner Paul Spon

puts it this way: "One of the more common human comparisons relates to the attempt by the Nazis to create genocide for the Jews in the Second World War. Something like six million Jews were actually wiped out in a very systematic attempt to exterminate something that was regarded as inferior or dangerous."

"If you take the number of whales and dolphins that have been exterminated since the beginning of the century, the numbers come out to about six million."

"Not the intention, but the impact is comparable. In fact what is at stake here is the total loss of a really highly involved form of life which is quite

unique and has a lot to offer us if we would only understand it."

There's no Geneva Convention for whales — only a corrupt and inefficient body called the International Whaling Commission, established 30 years ago by the whaling nations to protect their interests, not the whales.

Economics come before emotions — a fact reflected in the cloaked language the IWC use, as depersonalised as the Pentagonese their counterparts in the human war games employ. Whales are simply "stock". They blithely talk of "kill ratios" and the "economics of extinction". When a young whale

attains maturity, they call it "reaching the age of recruitment."

The Russians and Japanese, between them responsible for some 75% of the current whaling activity, openly flout IWC rulings. The *Sunday Times* recently carried a letter from an anonymous Soviet scientist accusing the Russian people of a "crime against nature" for slaughtering nearly 2000 whales more than their international quota allows.

The Japanese, in turn, have established pirate operations in Peru, one of six whaling nations not even in the IWC. They are also involved in the infamous Sierra Fishing Agency, a factory/catcher ship which is owned by a Norwegian company, flies a Cypriot flag of convenience and has a Cypriot group of four Japanese on board from the company that buys the meat. It is canned and labelled "Produce of Spain".

Worse still, the IWC decide how many whales can be killed each year on the basis of figures supplied to them by a scientific committee. Paul Spon, fresh from his third such conference at Cambridge last week, told *Thrills* "I could be rude about it as a matter of fact."

"We encourage him. I'm not saying that the scientists are not honest people... The problem is they don't know what's happening."

"Of course they are aware of the protests and the dissenting opinions that come from a few scientists who care, but by and large they are a very tight knit group, a club in a sense, that's been working together for decades and have always worked in an industry context. So their reactions are almost automatic."

"The populations of all species of great whales on this planet are unknown at this point and... the scientists do not have the time, money or expertise to accurately assess them."

"So they guess a lot." Thus the stage is now set for a bloody confrontation. The whalers know their industry is past its peak and public pressure is mounting. Their most likely course of action at this point is outlined in the *Friends of the Earth* Whale Manual:

"The fourth option open to the whalers is to slaughter as many whales as possible, as quickly as possible within the lifetime of their existing equipment. On purely economic grounds this is the best course to follow."

Herman Melville would have been horrified.

In *Moby Dick*, published in 1851, he assessed the whale's chances of extinction and wrote... "We account the whale immortal in his species, however perishable in his individuality. He swam the seas before the continents broke water, he once swam over the site of the Tuileries, and Windsor Castle, and the Kremlin... and the eternal whale will still survive, and tearing upon the topmost crest of the equatorial flood, spout his frothed defiance to the skies."

In 1978 the whales' only hope lies with The Front Line.

THRILLS

SLICK QUILTS

GRACE SLICK has just — with surprising precision — inserted her index finger into the nostril of a very surprised German girl in the front row. Withdrawing it, she wipes the residue on the face of another spectator.

Weaving between the aisles, the audience and the stage, blowing her cues and straying from the established lyrics, singing from the lap of a man in the crowd, skip-dancing in front of the stage like a pathetic adult version of Shirley Temple, mauling and haranguing the Starship as they pumped out the rhythms, trying their best to cover for her.

Until Paul Kantner moved into "Wooden Ships" and she moved towards him and let fly with an inaccurately aimed kick at his ass. He never flinched.

"What are you gonna do about it?" she yelled. "Stick it in somebody's ass?"

Effectively, that ended the show. The band retreated numbly from the stage, but Grace just kept sitting there on the drum riser, mike in hand. The remains of the 1800-strong crowd who'd paid the equivalent of £7.50 each burst into deafening applause, demanding an encore.

They got a wracked, murderous version of "White Rabbit", after which a roadie grabbed Grace's hand and led her off.

Marty Balin walked over to her backstage. "Grace," he pleaded, "you know I didn't want to do this tour and I only did it because you said you needed me. Well, can we sit down and have lunch together tomorrow and talk about it?"

"No," she snapped. "Can we sit down and have a coffee together, then?"

"No," she repeated. "I don't give a fuck about any of you guys."

THAT WAS Hamburg, the Monday before Knebworth and the day after the riot at Lorelei Amphitheatre, 40

miles out of Weisbaden. The seeds of the trouble were sown when Grace's husband — Starship lighting director Skip Johnson — announced that morning that Grace had had "a rough night" and that a doctor had been sent for. The eventual diagnosis was if she performed that day she would rupture either her appendix or intestines and "would almost certainly die."

When Paul Kantner attempted to visit Grace in her suite, his path was blocked by Skip Johnson, and within seconds the two had come to blows. Slick flung open the door and shouted, "Stop it! I don't want any of this!"

By five o'clock, the doctor announced that he could boost Slick's abnormally low pulse with pills and that if she proceeded with caution, she could still do the gig. Immediately Kantner and Balin visited Slick, but after 15 minutes discussion, Grace announced that she was set against playing.

"And not just this one," she declared defiantly. "I don't want to play with you guys ever again."

"I'm fed up with rehearsing the '60s. I'm fed up with the cock-bitchery in this band. I don't like the sound and there hasn't been any publicity for this fucking tour."

Kantner left the room so dazed and shell-shocked that he walked straight into a wall. In the corridor, he and Balin attempted to put together a set-list for a Slickless show, but eventually Kantner decided that "it would be like the Stones without Jagger. I don't want to fool our audience." Balin and bassist/pianist Pete Sears protested, but Kantner was adamant. The gig was off, and a call was put through to the festival site to announce the fact.

At the site, things had been going badly. The Atlanta Rhythm Section had pulled out, and Jonathan Richman — their replacement — had pulled out as well. That left Leo Kottke and Brand X, and the crowd — composed of off-duty GIs and German rock fans — were in a decidedly

mean mood and getting meaner by the minute.

Promoter Werner Kuhls and Starship tour manager Bill Laudner made the announcements in both English and German, and then the cars started to fly. Then bottles. Then rocks and stones.

When the first security man went down, his boss told Kuhls, "I cannot allow my men to be injured. They are not getting paid to be killed." The 58 bouncers retreated from the stage as the Starship's chief equipment roadie caught a bottle in the head that put him in hospital with five stitches and treatment for concussion.

Then the invasion started, as Germans and GIs poured onto the stage, attacking anything with "Starship" stencilled across it. Someone laid into a Marshall stack with an axe, while another took a knife to the speakers.

The crowd roared its approval. Trashed gear was thrown into a pile, doused with petrol and set alight while roadies — German, English and American — stood by helplessly. Three cups stood by positively: under German law, police are not required to save property when their lives would be endangered by doing so. "Seems everyone shined up with a screwdriver," muttered the band's assistant manager Jackie Kaukonen, as fans began dismantling the lighting rigs. Another detachment dismantled the entire stage.

Ambulances ferried away the injured. US military police hustled a GI for smoking a joint and a group of Germans were intercepted staggering away with a grand piano. Needless to say, the band had to be re-kitted out from scratch with hired gear before they could even worry about whether Grace would make the Hamburg gig. With or without her, they were ready to play, but she showed up with twenty minutes to spare.

And acted strange, as detailed above. The morning after Hamburg, the legal were sorted out in return for indemnity against all suits for damages and breach of contract. The Starship would return the \$145,000 they'd already been paid for three German gigs (Lorelei, Hamburg and the cancelled Berlin). Knebworth promoter Freddie Bannister was on the phone: he wanted them to play in England come-what-may.

The band agreed to play without Grace... for the first time ever. New gear was ordered, and rehearsal facilities set up. "We should call ourselves the Jefferson Wheelchair," laughed Balin. "Grace Slick and The Jefferson Wheelchair."

ANDY MCCONNELL



FESTIVAL BURNS

Starship Sputter On After Grace Wigs Out.

BACK IN the sixties her nickname was "Ice," you know," pointed out vocalist and songwriter Marty Balin, last Friday lunchtime. "Her whole trip is self-destruction."

Along with the remaining six members of the Starship Balin was preparing to go up to the Rainbow to rehearse a set for their Knebworth show that would not be dependent on any involvement from Grace Slick, who had flown back to the States from Hamburg three days earlier.

Her departure followed the riot at the Lorelei Festival outside Frankfurt last week, and the insurrection of the spirit within Grace herself two days later.

"It did seem impossible for her to go on at Lorelei," said the band's English bassist Pete Sears. "She'd have needed a portable toilet onstage for use after every number."

At Hamburg, Grace had apparently started hitting the bottle before she was due to go onstage. Cleaned out from booze for some time now, according to Sears, Grace Slick was so unbalanced by the ingestion of alcohol and freaked out onstage.

"She shouldn't drink at all," said the bassist. "She's an alcoholic. There's no point hiding that. It's quite well-known. Just a single drink will send her over the top."

Quizzed as to whether the singer's actions could possibly be a manifestation of cocaine-induced paranoia Sears denied that any of the group, who in the days of the Airplane were notorious for the quantities of white powder they consumed, any longer dabbled with the substance. "I don't even smoke grass these days," he added. "I get off on looping the loop in a bi-plane I've got."

Marty Balin, who belied his "difficult" image by proving articulate and attentive, is convinced that all of Grace's problems are psychosomatic.



Grace: Moon in Scorpio

Her psychological problems are deep-rooted, he told me, adding, as though aware of the need for self-parody, that at the time of recording the newest LP, "Earth," he'd been busy building a house in California and hadn't wanted to go in the studio at all. Grace, though, had forced all the band to turn up on time at Wally Heider's Studio in San Francisco. "And then she was always running off to her husband and keeping us just hanging around."

The Starship's European dates followed a lengthy US tour which Grace, only two years off forty, had had a large hand in planning. Balin himself had blushed at the work-schedule but Grace had insisted it was well within her capabilities.

Immediately prior to these affluent old hippies biting the end, and during the early dates themselves, the Starship, and Grace in particular, opened themselves up to writers for several "in depth" articles in US magazines.

It would seem that Grace's much heralded beliefs in acupuncture and naturopathy are perhaps in line with the stock "liberal" Californian dictum that salvation can be attained through the economic consumption of esoteric doctrines. For it was only when these interviews appeared and Grace did read them that she started pulling herself under her own shit detector.

Grace, according to Balin, did not like the person she saw. "She spent years building up the legend," he sighed. "And then she turned around and

said "I don't wanna be this 'White Rabbit' person anymore." This head state was exacerbated by her having written no new material of late.

"More than anything," added Balin, "she wanted to have that speck of light on her. And now it seems she's not at all happy with it."

At this point Slick's former lover Paul Kantner leaned across the table to Balin (who, incidentally, claims that reports of his refusing to commit himself to the band are grossly overplayed) and reminded him that on the night Grace wiggled out in Germany there was a full moon in Scorpio, Grace's own sign. "People born under that sign have some problems, man. All that energy yet they always end up stringing themselves and causing themselves harm."

Which placed the writer in a dubious position. As a believer in astrology he could empathise with Kantner's remark. Yet he could hardly feel any sympathy for the musical attitudes this former enfant terrible of the American rock'n'roll New Left is currently turning out to fill the Hip Easy Listening racks.

In keeping with the near-mutual the Starship currently produce Kantner himself is highly articulate, yet largely glib.

Consequently, when I quiz him about the questionable honesty of spirit within the Starship's records and attempt to enter a dialogue with him about this he succeeds in largely ignoring all my points and provides what seems very much a Rent-A-Rap.

"I think our records bespeak the times in which we're living," he speed-speels. "We're all just looking at each other now."

"World-fixing has gone from people. Even from us. The love-songs we play and that people criticize are part of a reaching out — "he taps me lightly on my left shoulder" — to individuals. The seventies are about toughening ourselves up."

"I always felt we had a fire and I still do. It's there pulling us together right now without Grace."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

The Lifetime of John McLaughlin

Lifetime, the major feature in July's issue is one of the most important bands in contemporary jazz-rock. We take a close look at the group's brief but influential career and assess the contribution of members, John McLaughlin and Tony Williams. There's a preview of the Montreux Jazz Festival plus articles on Dewey Redman, Brass Construction, and Phillip Mitchell.

All this and a whole lot more in:



... because there's more to jazz than meets the ear
July number out now. 40p.

If you don't like
Suicide
you're dead
anyway.



Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

**BURSARIES FOR
JAZZ MUSICIANS
1978/79**

The Council will consider bursary applications from jazz musicians for devising and rehearsing new material

Application forms are available from:
The Music Officer (Jazz),
Arts Council of Great Britain,
105 Piccadilly, London W1V 6AU.

Closing date 25 August 1978.

June 29th, 1978

Page 13

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

LIMITED EDITION IN CLEAR VINYL

THE MOVIES

THEIR NEW ALBUM



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

ALBUM BULLETS THROUGH THE BARRIER GTLP 031
CASSETTE GTMC 031

SINGLE NO CLASS GT 223

GTO RECORDS AND TAPES



MADISON AVENUE executive, disc jockey, actress, publicist, poetess, cabaret artiste, raconteuse and rock singer, the groupie's guru and hair-dye manufacturer's dream, Cherry Vanilla sums it all up with an expansive wave of her hand — "Everything I've done has been show business".

Together with her co-writer and co-habitant, guitarist Louis Luper, his pastel-pink hair clashing with her own flaming crimson locks, she retraces her eccentric history with the air of a true romantic.

Eight years ago, she packed in the world of advertising and started free-lancing as a DJ in discos in New York and on the Riviera. After making a lot of contacts in the rock business, she hit the highway with the likes of Leon Russell and Kris Kristofferson in a less musical capacity.

"Groupie? — I was just a Superfan, another girl looking for romance."

Those halcyon days afforded a fair number of happy memories, especially of time spent with Jefferson Airplane.

"They were really good people. I mean, when a rock band comes to town, they don't have the time to find out if you have a brain in your head. You could be the world's dullest groupie, or you could be Einstein's prodigy or something, and a lot of them just assume you're the world's biggest ditz. But they treated me great."

While on the road, she ran into a writer from *Playboy*, who suggested she auditioned for a play in New York (written, in fact, by Wayne County).

She got the part, Andy Warhol saw her act, and immediately asked her along to audition for his latest venture, *Pork*.

"He asked me to sing a hymn from Catholic school, so I sang this really terrible, warily version of 'Dear Lady Of Fatima', and he loved it! He thought it was great, and bizarre, and fantastic, and gave me the part."

Pork was taken to London, and there she first met David Bowie.

"We all went along to the Country Club and saw Bowie, and he turned onto us of course because we were doing something Warhol."



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SHOWBIZ

By Cherry Vanilla

"Then his manager, Tony DeFries, started calling us up for advice about New York — what was happening, what was the radio like, who was making it — and we became his unpaid, unofficial advisers in America."

At that time (Ziggy Stardust), DeFries decided that America was ready for Bowie. Cherry was hired, put on a salary, and, naturally, given a P.R. job — "because I talk so much".

She was largely responsible for his publicity, and did many of Bowie's interviews in place of the man himself.

"A lot of DJs found me interesting

enough that they were willing to put me on the radio to talk about David Bowie, so he never had to be available. If he disagreed with something, he'd say, 'Well she's crazy, she said that, not me.' And if he agreed, he'd say 'As Cherry says... blah blah.' He could never make a wrong move."

After leaving the Bowie promotion, she published a book of her own

poems and pictures, and after performing one of her poems at her birthday party in an Italian restaurant, she was offered a spot in a nightclub.

Within weeks she had put together a whole show.

"It was a combination Dorothy Parker / Lennox Bruce kind of trip. It was poetry, but also a lot of impromptu stories. I had this piano

player tinkling things in the background. Some poems I acted out, like I had this pornographic space-age version of *Romeo And Juliet*."

Soon this evolved into her writing actual songs, and enlisting various musicians to form her backing band. Later, she added psychedelic slideshows and what she terms "cosmic cartoons".

But lack of money forced another decision. Either she should become a Las Vegas entertainer, or try for a record contract and devote herself to rock music.

Las Vegas lost out to RCA, who signed her for one single, "The Punk", and then brought her band to



'The War Of The Worlds' is widely recognised as one of H. G. Wells' most original and inventive science fiction stories. Now this compelling novel has been transformed by Jeff Wayne into a masterful 2-record set with narration by Richard Burton and the voices and music of great artists like Julie Covington, David Essex, Justin Hayward, Phil Lynott, Jo Partridge and Chris Thompson.

The 2-record set comes complete with a full colour 16 page booklet illustrating the story.

The first single from the album is 'Forever Autumn' featuring Justin Hayward.

—the classic science fiction story becomes a brilliant adventure in words and music



England to record the album "Bad Girl" — in two weeks.

Some of the tracks were cut in one take, the arrangements are kept simple, and the whole album has a raw, but very effective, sound quality.

"I felt I had to just give basic well-structured songs, words and lyrics, choruses and verses, you know. There's no beatnik drum solos or anything — we didn't want to indulge too much for the first time out."

Stylewise, it's a mixture, with a blues / jazzy piece from her cabaret days, a country number, and a lot of raunch'n'roll.

The same goes for the lyrics, alternating between tributes to Phil Spector, and to McEseybeat, and the vindictive "Little Red Rooster" for Bowie, who backed out of producing the album. There's also the barbed "Foxy Bitch", intended to seriously deflate Linda Ronstadt's ego, and the very excellent "No More Canaries", written for the English punk kids.

Why had English punk made such an impression on her?

"It's completely different from American punk. The kids here — they didn't see the real problem. What they were trying to change was politics. The real problem is emotional, it's how people treat each other. You've got to keep reminding people who can change things that not everything's hunky dory around here."

"Basically, in 'No More Canaries' I was saying: 'Great — you're raising your voices, but forget about the Government, your whole species is on the way out'."

At the mention of any future plans incorporating other art forms into her music, Cherry leans forward excitedly, eyes lit up, with a grin about a mile wide, and starts talking as though she's finally lost all contact with Planet Earth.

"I'd love to have holograms, lasers... film. But we can't even make electronic music yet, because we can't afford synthesizers. I'd like to make as much expression aurally and visually as possible."

"Basically, I just try to go out there and be a fan again."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLER

UFO (L-R): PETE WAY, MICHAEL SCHENKER, PHIL MOGG in grinding, archaic action. Facing the music: photographer GEORGE BODNAR.

"CAN'T YOU TURN YOUR BLOODY SPACESHIP DOWN, MATE?"

"**E**RE MY BLEEDIN' ear hurts," says Pete

Way, bass player with UFO, as he comes offstage at the Wolverhampton Civic Hall.

"My mum always warned me about loud music. Always told me to turn down my record player. She would have told me to turn down my amp as well. Christ, I hope I've not damaged myself."

Down in the heavy metal zone, UFO are the latest ultra-knuck band to set heads hanging and ears hurting.

Vocalist Phil Mogg says they're a rock'n'roll band, rather than a heavy metal outfit. "It's the difference between Aerosmith and Black Sabbath," he says.

But what are UFO doing that's new? In what way, for example, is their music any different from what Led Zeppelin were doing ten years ago?

"If you're asking me that question," says Phil Mogg, "I'd say we're more contemporary."

In what way?
"I'd say we're more contemporary for this year and next year than Led Zeppelin. I feel that we're more current. We're more happening now."

"Zeppelin was then. And they've remained in that period. They haven't moved. We've moved. We've moved each year and each album. That's it."

For the last six months, UFO and their families have lived in California. The drummer Andy Parker explains that this allows them to work in the States a lot and get home quickly. It's also (of course) for tax reasons.

"The way we see it," says Andy, "we've been together for seven years. I don't know how much longer we'll be together. Most bands manage ten years. So you've got to think about the future."

After all those years slogging round various parts of the world, it's only in the last 18 months or so that hard work has paid off.

The last album "Lights Out" was Top 20 in the States, Top 50 in Britain. The key to it was a rumble production by heavy metal specialist Ron Nelson.

Phil Mogg says, though, that the band still don't know what it's like to get paid... "We've never, ever been in pocket," he claims.

The next album, "Obsession",

● Continues page 18



Listed tracks include:
The Eve Of The War
Horsell Common And The Heat Ray
The Artillery Man And The Fighting Machine
Forever Autumn
Thunder Child
The Red Weed And Parson Nathaniel
The Spirit Of Man
Brave New World
Dead London
Epilogue.



Composed, Orchestrated, Conducted and Produced by Jeff Wayne.

96000



'ALL I WANT FROM LIFE IS A BIG P.A.'

WHEREVER PEOPLE scratch their heads dumbfoundedly over the stadium-scale success of certain second-generation American rock bands, you can count on some smart alec trotting out the fashionable explanation. It's a convenient, if somewhat glib theory and it runs something like this:

If Yes toured the states more often there wouldn't be a Kansas or a Styx. If the Stones and Zeppelin did likewise then people would remember the difference between Aerosmith and butter. And why pay to see both Black Sabbath and Genesis when you could buy one ticket for Rush?

Supply and demand. Someone creates a need, the need exceeds supply, and someone else steps in.

By extension then, we have the demise of Deep Purple to thank for the emerging supernova of Van Halen. In as much as anything can be said to be new in the field of gonzo metal afterburn to which we refer, Van Halen are *IT* — the new heroes, playing what their singer David Roth calls future rock.

I know this because their first album is lodged tightly in the American Top 30 and has been for months, and they've already had a hit single over there and have played 72 dates on a nationwide tour with Journey, winning accolades from the bottom of the bill at all but two.

But even if I were unaware of all that, I'd still know because of one inescapable, all-important detail: Van Halen are *leader*.

In the three-years odd since that fateful day when CBS Records looked at their balance sheets and found that with hardly a page of publicity — that particular year's budget was blown on Bruce Springsteen — Aerosmith had outsold almost every other rock act on the label, a revolution has been underway.

Well, perhaps not a revolution. Rather a slow realisation that the hard rock fan is the most rabid, devoted, insatiable creature there is, willing to join tens of thousands of his fellow worshippers at the flash-bomb after the drop of a tour schedule, willing to gobble up badges, posters and scarves galore, driven by a mysterious need for ritual brain cell depletion and seemingly at a loss to find enough capable practitioners of the sledgehammer arts to satisfy that need.

This is puzzling.

For since it was realised that the original British progenitors — Zep, Sabbath, Purple, etcetera — were leaving lots of room for upstarts, and that in the light of this U.S. audiences would gleefully devour their homegrown surrogates, there have indeed been plenty of practitioners — but all too few of them capable.

And more to the point, what defines capable? Why does it not matter when Ted Nugent solos in a different key from the rest of his band? What, apart from volume, have Van Halen got, that, say, Montrose haven't?

They've got David Roth for a start. He sings, struts and screams like Robert Plant, Ian Gillan and Paul Rodgers rolled into one. He looks — you guessed it — like Robert Plant, Ian Gillan and Paul Rodgers.

Facing what he calls "a foaming mob of the hardest core rock fans you could dream of" — they've been touring the UK with Black Sabbath — he stalks the stage like a stag, chest bared, mouth wide open, legs astride, a hand occasionally thrust down the front of his leather pants, his face contorted in a larger than life projection of pain and ecstasy.

David Roth thinks Van Halen's strength is their songs: "Short songs, no long jamming or extended solos. Three- or four-minute songs where you know when the chorus is coming up, you know when the verse is there, you remember the titles. That's been our guiding light."

I decided to ask one of the foaming mob, a scruffy-haired youth staring downcast at his soiled sneakers as he waited for the headliners to appear.

"Which bands do you like?" Without a word, he pulled up the sleeve of his regulation band name embroidered Levi jacket and showed me a Led Zeppelin scroll tattooed across his forearm.

"Did you like Van Halen?" A moment's consideration and a slight nod.

"Why?" Another moment's thought and then he raised both fists tight in the air and shook them like a warrior.

"They were heavy!"

VAN HALEN came together in the suburbs of Los Angeles some four years ago, while most of the members were still in high school.

The Van Halen brothers — Alex on drums, Edward on guitar, both born in Holland and trained in classical piano — had a three-piece doing "all kinds of Cream jams" five years after Cream broke up. Michael Anthony was playing bass in a band called Snake, and David Roth was fronting Redball Jets, the sort of weekend collective that changed personnel faster than it changed its socks.

Through seeing each other's names on dressing room walls all the time, it dawned on them that they were the most dedicated of the shoe-string musicians then plugging away at the local circuit.

"We just got together," says Roth in an expansive California drawl, "and said, 'Yeah, we really want to do it. We really want to travel, we really want to make music. We want to sell records and go out and have a big P.A. system.'" He gives one of the hearty rolling chuckles which punctuate his speech whenever a point is well made.

Van Halen started playing the bars, fraternity dances, backyard parties,



JOHNNY RUBBISH trying not to look like an ex-hair oil salesman. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

'MACCA SCOTCHED MUD ON MY TYRE SINGLE' — RUBBISH

BUT FOR the objection of one James Paul McCartney, Johnny Rubbish's first single would have been a send-up of "Mull Of Kintyre" — and not a spoof of "Anarchy In The UK" entitled "Living In NW3 4JR".

Rubbish, real name John Gwardard, had written a parody of "Mull" which he'd called "Mud On My Tyre". Fab Paul didn't see the funny side of it, says Rubbish.

Undaunted, Rubbish contacted Rosen to see if he'd allow him to release his satire of the Pistols' anthem.

And so it was. One wonders if Rubbish will have the same problems when he tries to put out his version of Rod's "Sailing", which he's entitled "Boating".

Rubbish is a mate of The Stranglers, albeit an unlikely one: in fact it was

they who christened Gwardard Rubbish. Yet if he shares any of their obsessions with death, blood, machism or even rock, he keeps it well hidden. With his penchant for wearing three-piece suits and a collar and tie, it's not surprising to discover that in real life Rubbish is a successful commercial traveller.

Not that long ago he was flogging hair-care products, earning, he claims, in excess of £13,000 a year. He'd started in the selling game as a rep for Quaker Oats. With more front than Harrods, Rubbish was soon supplying all of North London with porridge, maturing from shop to shop in the regulation Corina. Not yet out of his teens, he was the firm's youngest salesman by ten years.

An introduction to The Stranglers' by a mutual friend changed all that, and after a bit of chin-wagging with Hugh Cornwell, Rubbish was invited

onto last year's "No More Heroes" tour, warming up the crowd with his Pythonesque humour.

With Rubbish's gift of the gab, a record contract was only, er, spitting distance away. Earlier this year he collected a £1,000 advance from United Artists, and, under the aegis of Stranglers producer Martin Rushent, went into the studio with a bunch of session men, including Chris Spedding and Herbie Flowers.

"I set out to prove punks were intelligent and that they had a sense of humour," says Rubbish, who as one of his early shows returned backstage after four minutes of being hounded with glasses.

Whether recording pastiches of megaton turns out to be as profitable as selling hair-spray is something he will soon find out.

STEVE CLARKE **THROLES**

dance-athons and wet T-shirt contests where their main function was to imitate a juke box, except they were supposed to look better.

But vamping up covers of "Get Down Tonight", "Free Ride" and "Can't Get Enough" plus large portions of the Led Zeppelin and Edgar Winter songbooks was no outlet for the creative aspirations lurking inside, and since Hollywood bar owners would slam their doors if they so much as mentioned original material, they set about putting on their own gigs.

They pooled money, rented halls, hired P.A.s, printed posters — and stuck at it. Soon they had a local following, which over the years just grew and grew. At their last self-promoted show in October last year, in "a big cement box" with semi-trucks stuck back to back for a stage, they drew 3,700 people.

Warner Brothers discovered them at the 3,000 mark after inveterate Hollywood scenemaker Rudolph Ringenheimer got them a gig at the Starwood Club. Gene Simmons of Kiss produced some demo tapes, and Mo Ostin and producer Ted Templeman came to see them. "Mo came to see how we looked, and Ted came to see how we sounded. They signed us that night."

It's all sounds to you like some American dream-come-true then so be it, and there are no signs of it letting up either. They made an album in three weeks and released a single version of The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" upon an audience too young to remember the original.

It's not really surprising that Van Halen's first album, "Van Halen", is shipping forty-loads. Its astonishing that Kiss records do that, but Van Halen at least deliver the goods — a six-pack of ball-bustin' hard rock that made its way across America, across Britain, and now on to Japan.

It's all the same to Roth, though. "California is working class. It's middle America, which is just like middle of England, which is just like middle of Tokyo. Special interest groups vary from city to city — New York has some special interest groups, new wave and jazz — but the rest of the world is pretty much the same."

"We all work for a living, we all fall in love, we all make love, we all feel happy, we all feel sad, pretty much the same way."

"And those are the needs that we need to cater to in entertainment, whether you go to a movie or you listen to music or whatever. Those are the needs that Van Halen caters to."

Van Halen caters to them by more or less obliterating them, in an hour-long ride on the oblivion train celebrating outlaw macho swagger until your head aches the next morning.

"This is the maximum escape trip, because it's so loud you cannot think of anything else but what's in front of you. You can't think about work, you can't think about the wife, the bills, the kids, nothing. Just that music being pounded into your skull."

And to that end, "we took all the specs of Sabbath's P.A. and we're gonna double it," says Roth with a mad gleam in his eye. "And we're gonna put bass bins behind the audience for surround."

"I like to make spectacles y'know. We're going to hire some elephants for our Long Beach Arena show when we get back from Japan. I want Van Halen beach balls."

There's no escaping it. It won't lie down. It won't go away.

It just gets bigger.

PAUL RAMBALI **THROLES**



"We've taken the specifications of Black Sabbath's P.A., and we want to double it."... VAN HALEN (from left): Alex Van Halen, Dave Roth, Mike Anthony, Edward Van Halen.



Fragile Carriage Company Ltd.

76 Sheen Road, Richmond Surrey.

Rolls Royce and Exotic Car Hire

ALL CARS CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN AVAILABLE FOR WEDDINGS, FILMS & MODELLING ETC.

Telephone: 948 0214 or 4958

Directors: R. Wakenah, P. Verman-Kell Manager: R. Shee



THEY FREE BOOKLET "STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD" To appreciate the difference in T&G's vehicle products send for your free copy of "Stand Out From The Crowd".

TRUE RADIOS BENDING 412 74, 74000, 5000 9400 2500

Coke adds life...
REGD. TRADE MARK



"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.



PHIL MOGG: The Heavy Hero poses as normal human being.
From page 15

out shortly, should be the one to change all that. "Actually," says Phil Mogg, "I'd be so bold as to say it will be the one."

Modest man, Mogg.

UFO's 19-date tour of the UK is supposed to be a virtual sell-out. At Wolverhampton Civic Hall, though, the entire balcony is empty and cordoned off.

The band insist that they're not disappointed by the low turnout. The gig, they say, was set up late — and if I'd gone to the Manchester Free Trade Hall the next night, I'd have seen a full house. Such is life.

There's no denying, however, that those kids who've turned up are fairly enthusiastic. They surge to the front of the stage before the band come on, and then throw themselves madly about every time the band's German guitarist Michael Schenker hits a particularly powerful riff. And that happens often.

In many ways, Schenker is UFO's star. He looks like something out of *Salon Kitty*, the Nazi porno movie. A skinny blonde in black military uniform with red flashes and thigh boots.

Schenker plays terse melodic solos, and looks distraught when kids at the front grab his guitar.

A bit of a mystery, this guy. He got religious mania on a recent UFO tour of the States, and left the band without a word.

Now that he's back, without much explanation, he still doesn't say much.

Way, Mogg, and Parker tend to loon among themselves offstage.

while Schenker sits quietly to one side. Arranged beside him are a couple of guitarists from Judas Priest, who've dropped by to pay their respects. They have the look of acolytes.

Phil Mogg wouldn't be surprised if Schenker wandered off again. But UFO are evidently happy to have him there, if he wants to stay.

"He's one of the best lead guitarists around," says Phil. "I don't think anyone can touch him."

Not that UFO are a band who favour excessive solos. Short, snappy songs are their forte. In that sense, they meet the new wave quarter way, evidently feeling that the days are long gone when audiences would tolerate self-appointed virtuosi.

But despite Phil Mogg's claim, UFO do little that's fresh. Their style is somewhere between Deep Purple and Bad Company, although speedier with it.

Maybe heavy metal audiences prefer their music sluggish. At Wolverhampton, UFO only got one encore. There wasn't the applause to sustain a second.

For one fan, though, this amounted to betrayal by the band.

As he plodded to the door in his regulation denims and long hair, this worthy announced loudly that he'd seen the band the previous night in Birmingham.

"They did two fuckin' encores then," he said. "Bastards."

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

LOWRY



"And on tonight's *Old Stained Mattress Test*, we have Shaking Herbert, who hasn't quite lived up to the promise shown by his first album."

BLACKMAIL CORNER



"Where the hell did that come from?"

AND FOR Vic Goddard of The Subway Sect, it's a debut entry into the hallowed halls of Blackmail Corner with a skeleton from his closet as former midget football star of Shene County Grammar School, which we believe is in Kingston.

Our team picture shows young Victor with the Under 13's, circa 1971. That's him top right, when he used to be known as Vic Napper. What a sweet young thing!

the Rubinoos



The Rubinoos
BSERK 10/BSERK 10

marquee

90 Wardour Street W1

01 437 6603

Friday 30th June • Saturday 1st July
Sunday 2nd July • Monday 3rd July

Beserkley
Love of close quarters

COSH THE BABIES — YEAH, YEAH, YEAH ...

YET ANOTHER beastly jape by yet more common criminals ...

After Ronnie "Tea Boy" Biggs mating up with the dumber duo of ex-Pistols comes Buster Edwards, James Hussey, Gordon Goody, James White, Charlie Wilson ... and Uncle Tommy Wisby and all.

All six losers hope to sing a set of Tommy's compositions (he wrote them in captivity, he claims, before the deal was ever dish up) on an unlikely album produced by fat, fortyish, freelance producer (he admits to "Tubular Bells") Tom Newman.

Though both this and the Biggs single are aided and abetted by Virgin, Newman rolls his eyes in righteous horror at the mere mention of "Cosh The Driver."

"The train robbers don't want to be connected with Biggs or that song. They're very upset about it — it's most unnecessary."

Nothing is signed, but the backing tracks are down — some songs will document the robbery, some will express opinions. One song, "Mr Big", deals

W. H. Allen, publisher of ageing nancy Piers Paul Read's recent book on the boys, had given the nod but last week

slapped an injunction on the thing.

"We got a letter from the chairman saying he owns everything to do with the train robbers" (minus Biggs) "even photographs of them. He wants a slice of the action."

How's your morals, Tom?

"If a man can get a conditional discharge for beating a baby to death, why should the train robbers suffer?"

But what about the driver? "He died of leukaemia! Can you bring on leukaemia by bashing someone on the head?"

But doesn't making named celebrities out of these cretins seem wrong to you?

"They don't want to be known as train robbers but as human beings and singers. You're trying to stop the creation of folk-lore. We are creating folk heroes — and I'm quite proud of it, quite honestly. This will be a spontaneous historical document, the real thing, not slick. There's a lot of poetry in the conflict between life and death — we may as well use it to enhance our existence."

The injunction still stood on Monday morning. The cops and the con-man will have to contain their creative urges for a while yet.

JULIE BURCHILL
TERRIBLES



THE LONESOME DEATH OF EMMETT GROGAN

THE BACK sleeve of Dylan's "Street-Legal" carries a notice: 'IN MEMORIAM EMMETT GROGAN'.

Grogan, who died recently, was prime mover behind the San Francisco Diggers — an anarchic late-'60s organisation which believed that everything should be free. To this end, they set up free food centres in Haight-Ashbury, and evolved some unique methods of collecting (read: "liberating") free food and goods from supermarkets and stores. To live outside the law you must be honest — and he was. He was totally uncompromising.

I first met him when he thoughtfully mailed himself a gigantic amount of LSD from NYC to my bookshop and dropped by one day to collect it.

We worked together in NYC on WPAX, an anti-war radio show which we assembled in the States and which was broadcast to the US troops by Radio Hanoi. Emmett believed in peace and was prepared to fight for it.

He often carried the scars on his face as well as in his soul. As The Movement degenerated more and more into hip capitalism, drug addiction and mysticism, Emmett found himself living closer and closer to the edge. His vision was too raw, too extreme, too honest — and it pushed him into the void.

Fortunately, he did write some of it down — his "fictional" autobiography *Ringoleio* gives a glimpse of the thought processes of this remarkable man.

Some weeks ago, Emmett was found on the New York subway system, dead of a heroin overdose. He had been travelling the line from Manhattan to Brooklyn for five days before anyone discovered him.

Miles

The Lone Groover

BENYON



Wait no longer...the wayward son is here.

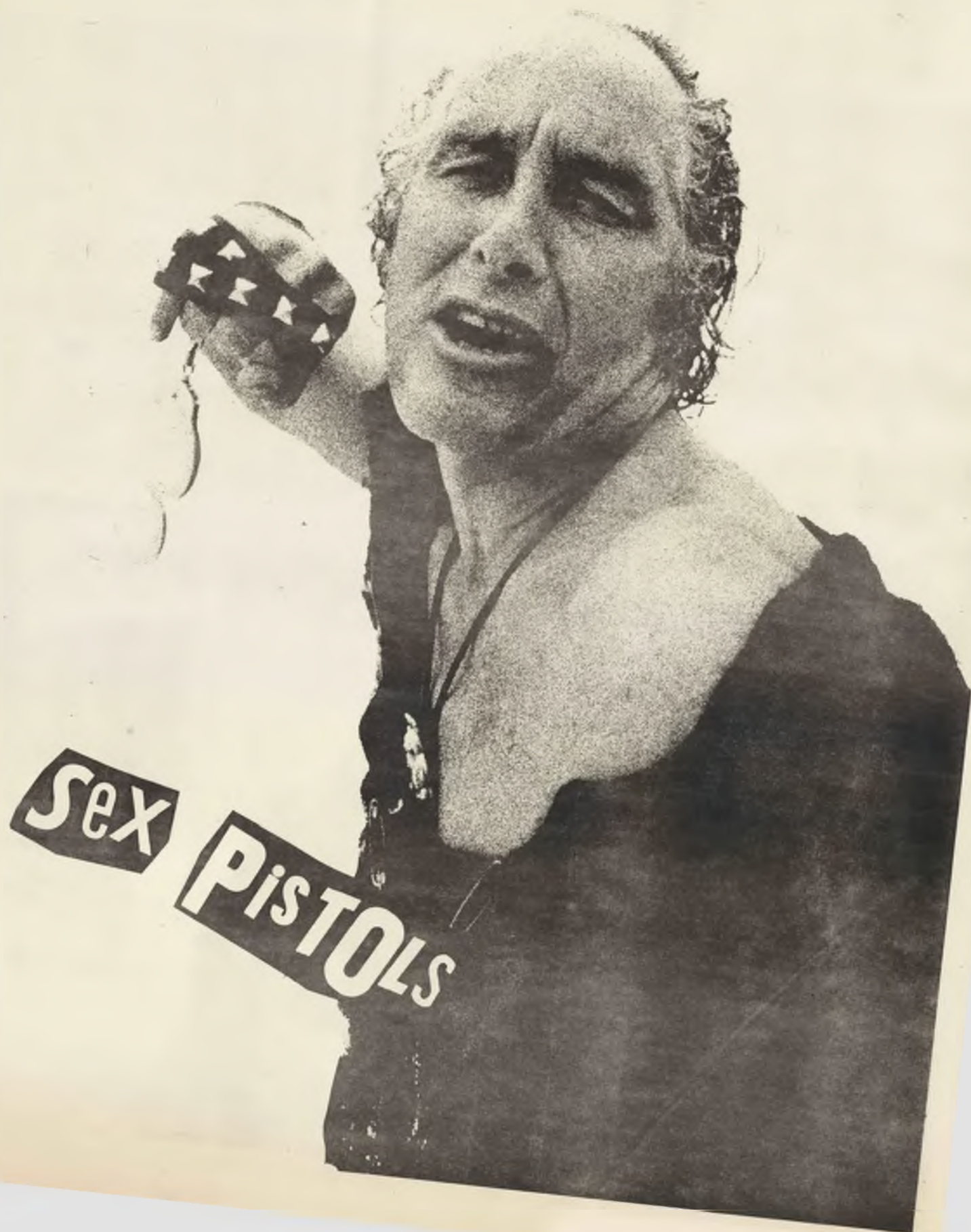
'Carry On Wayward Son', a new 12" single from Kansas, with the power to lift you to your feet and beyond.



Limited Edition 12" single 'Carry on Wayward Son' taken from the album 'Leftoverture'

KIR 12-4932

COSH THE INNOCENT



TELL THEM WILLY BOY'S HERE

"You better not be here when I've found my station boy."



Pic: JOE STEVENS

WHATEVER THE REASON Willy de Ville missed his original flight out from New York to London, no amount of retributive karma could have made up for the malevolent circumstances in which he found himself landed immediately upon disembarking on a subsequent flight at Heathrow Airport.

Unbeknown to the strikingly lean, studiously cool 'de Ville', the U.K. division of Capitol Records had set up a brutal chain of ten — count 'em — interviews one straight after the other, scheduled them so that the singer wasn't even afforded time to take a shower.

He was simply driven straight from the airport to the company's Manchester Square office and — shazam — closed in a room where the ten scribes lining up to grab a hunk of de Ville rhetoric and spit back to the premises of their periodicals, there to whip the hot poop into an appropriate shot.

Capitol's stratagem, in fact, backfired with a smirking team of short pieces on de Ville. In each article, the subject appeared fatigued and listless, making the odd random quote of minimal consequence but otherwise presenting a cameo no more riveting than two old geezers hunched around a spittoon. Indeed, all the afore stated would be too trivial to warrant even a scant mention, were it not for the fact that I was one of those ten reporters slotted into the Capitol Records' big list and was to be granted my first and dramatic taste of The Willy DeVille Technique Of Being Interviewed When In A State Of Some Harassment.

I was the seventh, as I recall — I remember there being 'just' three more in line when I left so I figure that number is correct. More to the point, I was the one who had the dubious honour of somehow acting as a catalyst for my interviewee suddenly losing what shreds of sanity and self-control he had mustered for this excruciating ritual and letting fly with a dambusting spew of vitriol and twisted logic, all of it aimed at yars truly and shafted forth with an unhealthy maliciousness.

THE INTERVIEW — if you can call it that — lasted exactly 45 minutes. This I recall most

With his stiletto, his radio, his guitar, and a fine contempt for all things journalistic.

**Even NICK KENT?
Especially Nick Kent!**

From here on in you're on your own. . .

vividly. For ten minutes after leaving the room, I remember thinking that Willy de Ville was the biggest asshole I'd ever met in my life.

After that, as the encounter became more steadily a thing of the past, I commenced to disengage my role as target for de Ville's verbal gash-up and consider just what the guy had said. Slowly I realised that, putting the aggro to one side (at least it was all purely verbal; one thing, see, that his home when first encountering de Ville: he is instinctively not a man one would like to demonstrate with . . . uh . . . physically, seeing as he bears all the traits of someone who would more than likely be carrying a large switch-blade or stiletto concealed about his person), what I in fact had received was a rare insight into the mind of my subject.

The encounter had started reasonably enough, as it happens. Willy de Ville has an easy hand-shake and unprepossessing front that gave no hint or prior warning of the mayhem to come.

The first real observation is made when the singer stretches out on one of the two couches allocated to the room, spreading his lanky frame every-which-way and choosing to take this languid posture further to heart by talking in a hyper-cool (make that "refrigerated") snatched-back Manhattan drawl, words slipping out in stoned / whispering cascades with a pacing that made for impressive listening without really saying anything too precise.

It was in this time that the answers to those first obligatory ice-breaking questions were given. The fact, for example, that the current Mink de Ville line-up is 30% new personnel, with the old pianist and drummer being ousted while legendary saxophonist Steve Douglas, who'd toured extensively with the Minks,

had opted for a sprint around the planet as Bob Dylan's horn-player. Three new players had been grafted on: "They're still a little green" mumbles the "bossman", "but they've got the chops."

De Ville also fails to mention their names (not that I asked, mind you) choosing instead to name the cities from whence they were plucked: Detroit being the horn-player's locale and New York the drummer's home, while a buddy-up with Mac "Dr John" Rebennack consumed by producer Jack Nietzsche during the making of "Return To Magenta" (the second album) resulted in the good Doctor taking de Ville around home turf New Orleans in an ultimately successful quest to find a keyboard man to cut the mustard.

I mention that the old drummer, Manfred, had all but ruined the often precarious pacing of the shows played during the first Minks tour of the U.K. — that he was the ultimate drummer as sloppy "passenger" when he should have been in the engine room stoking the coals. De Ville, after initially misunderstanding my use of the word "passenger", grunts in a time approximating agreement muttering in tones of vague dolor that his old cohort — and one of the original De Villiers — had become a "bad juicer" (i.e. alcoholic).

"He was one of the best at one time," he continued, caught 'twixt the diverse moods of fatigued 'cool' and sad reminiscence. "When we started out he was hot-but the booze got to him playing, messed him up."

He talks in agreeable — if somewhat lachrymose — terms about a couple of other topics, both trivial as hell, one being the reason for the album's title ("Magenta" is . . . like the colour of the sky just as dawn is breaking. Like, we're going to change the colour of the album sleeve. They fucked it up as per

usual"). But it's the "they" — the reference thereto — that really starts to set the sparks alight.

"They", see, are Capitol Records, Willy de Ville's record company. Sensing some dint of emotion — albeit a touch feisty — osmosing from the couch opposite me, I asked de Ville about how he felt the record label were treating him.

The reply was succinct:

"I feel like I'm being pimped out." This was probably the decisive moment — though it might have come slightly earlier on when I attempted to defend Elvis Costello. De Ville had just come off touring the U.S. for ten weeks supporting Our El and had referred to him, equally succinctly as "just a little fuckin' asshole . . . I didn't waste more than two words talking to him throughout those 10 weeks, man." (Strong rumour has it that those two words were uttered as an invitation for a rumble 'twixt de Ville and the Horn-rimmed Enigma after the two acts' road-crews had



transformed themselves into what might be referred to as "warring factions".

Whatever: talking about his record company certainly brought the bile slithering up and out into the foetid air. You did say "pimped out", didn't you, Willy?

"Damn right that's what I said."

IN THE cool clear light of objectivity, it becomes apparent that de Ville's gripes against his record company are partly just self-indulgent whining and part relevant criticism, but it's not just Capitol that's got him peeved — that's just the most obvious brick-bat — but this whole choice of career, selling his talents as musical force to the masses. Right then as we . . . uh . . . exchanged views, de Ville was adamant about one thing.

"Man, if I wasn't here . . . locked in this sweaty, shitty room talking to all you guys, you can be sure of one thing. I'd be out there *living* — not just fuckin' *existin'* which is what I'm doing here. Like . . . uh I'd probably be in Paris . . . yeah . . . Paris and I'd be stoned, loaded and having one sweet life."

Hey, but this was your choice, Mr de Ville, I recall countering. You choose to strut your stuff in the market-place. And all the hoopla involved in making that choice — this interview included — is part of a process you willfully instigated.

"Hey man," de Ville is getting flustered. "Do you call this living? 'Cos if you do . . ."

Well, it's a step up from stuffing around, playing gigs like St Martins-in-the-Crypt which you were doing several years back, punching away at the ultimate loser circuit of shitty folk-blues clubs.

De Ville sees the light for several seconds and becomes reasonable. But not for long. "Yeah, well, that was a loser thing, sure — but hey, listen. Tell me what you think are some of the things that aren't worth losing no matter how 'big' you get working through this fuckin' rock biz process?"

I think for a moment and answer "Your sanity."

"Well," de Ville is now rabidly bleating out his case. "You see these records?" he points to the two Mink de Ville albums laying on an adjacent glass table top. "Each of those records marks one more chunk of my sanity that I've lost along the way." He stares coldly at me, almost defying a comeback.

I have to agree that he's got me and instead try for what could be defined as a more 'reasonable' approach. This is no longer what you'd call an interview, mind you. I agree with him over what I consider to be a remarkably facile attitude he maintains about the pleasures of getting high on a Certain Drug and getting more out of pursuing that lifestyle instead of working as a professional musician in the business. We talk about the comparative high he presumably gets from performing without too much success.

It's at this point that de Ville's vexed feelings on his career begin to ring through with an exceptionally nasty sense of condescension towards yours truly.

"You know," he says at one point, "you should really be a guitar player or something. The way you're talkin' man — this business was made for you."

But if being condescended to by a man with what I can only define as a very twisted sense of logic is had enough then my attempt to — uh — redress the balance really do the trick. Because what really snaps the extremely testy link of communication betwixt us comes down like God's own thunderbolt when the subject of "the press" is mentioned.

I, of course, am a member of the Press and some stray remark pertaining to the vocation finally drives Willy de Ville — no amigo of the journalism corps even though two NME writers, no less, were thanked for their "support and inspiration" on the rear sleeve of the "Magenta" album (Miles and Mick Farren, to the uninitiated) — right over the top to outright insult time.

He grabs a couple of Xeroxed reviews of the "Magenta" album and tosses them at me.

• Continued over page

WILLY TURNS A NEW LEAF



Willy and Toots

PIC: CHESTER SIMPSON

● From previous page

"Listen man, just read these! Read these, motherfucker! Don't you think all those 13-year-old dummies who read this crap believe every fuckin' word?"

No, I don't, I retort, but before I can set him straight by informing him (a) of the average age of the music press readers, (b) the fact that if all

the "dummies" who read the music press did actually believe every word, then de Ville's "Magenta" album would have already sold over 200,000 copies seeing that the album received consecutively ecstatic reviews in every music weekly in this country, and (c) that one of the two reviews he'd thrown at me was penned by Ben Edmonds, who — when an A & R

man for Capitol — had originally signed the band to the label and was a good friend of de Ville's.

All these points, though, were made null and void by our Willy's continuing tirade. "Listen, man," he zeroes in for the kill now, even though his hair still looks perfect, "don't you realise that 90% of the people in this world are fuckin' sheep?" I don't believe that, I retort quickly, though more than a little stunned by the sheer malice backing up his pitch now.

"Well then, you're one of them. And you'd better believe it, motherfucker!"

What further attempts I make to remonstrate with this charge are simply received by de Ville, slumped back in his obnoxious cocoon of "cool", making bleating noises.

"Baaaaa," he mimics.

"He's closed for further verbal 'reasoning'. As far as he's concerned, it's a simple enough: game, set and match to Willy de Ville. Just time for one more belittling insult — "Hey, just get outta her, okay? There's three more bimbos I've got to see. I can't waste my time."

IT'S LONG past 24 hours when the first communique relating to the incident comes through. Meantimes, I've decided (a) that de Ville is a champion asshole and (b) I'm going to waste the bastard in print, putting all his twisted thoughts up there in black-and-white type for all you "sheep" to see. Worst of all, his obnoxiousness has been so unrelenting it's completely destroyed my feelings about his music. Both much-played albums are promptly handed over to my girlfriend, who still has the overwhelming advantage of not having met de Ville and happily takes them away to play 'em to death like I once did.

Then comes the phone-call from a mutual friend bearing apologies from a Mr de Ville, plus information that our mutual friend had never seen the singer in a worse state of road fatigue and that it was this ailment plus Capitol's harassment that, more than

anything else had caused the fireworks.

And so, two weeks after the initial 'snafu', I was taken upstairs to one of the less minuscule rooms of 1 Adbrooke Grove's Portobello Hotel for a second encounter with the lead De Villier.

"He-ey... uh Nick, I've got to say, right now, how sorry I am about all that, man. You know, like I felt bad afterwards but you gotta understand the whole thing was turning me into a fuckin' zombie!"

I brush off the apologies and tell de Ville that in the cold light of objectivity, he'd in fact given me... well, certainly a revealing interview. Anyway I wasn't out to buddy buddy with him.

"Well, if I'd been in your place — yeah, I guess I wouldn't have been so much offended as much as thinking — 'Jesus this guy has just weirded out!'"

The atmosphere is relaxed now, even though de Ville's presence at a soundcheck down at Hammersmith Odeon is imminently required. Naturally, however, our second interview is nowhere near as revelatory as the first firework display. The room — even devoid of the Capitol bods — is still a hive of activity what with de Ville's girlfriend, the legendary Toots who, although renowned for her volatile nature, is actually very agreeable company, plus de Ville's official photographer, a willowy girl with a similarly agreeable disposition even though, unlike the regal Toots, she doesn't look like she'd walked straight out of a Ronettes song.

In these conditions, an interview is virtually impossible so that the proceedings break down more to the level of animated conversation on subjects like Captain Beefheart and Howling Wolf, a dialectic on the best locations to buy switch-blades in Europe, a similar dialectic on drugs (purely academic, y'understand) through to the fact that Jack Nietzsche is currently shackled up with Neil Young's wife, Carrie Snodgrass with a bitter feud going down over the custody of Young's only child, Zeke. De Ville waxes ecstatic over the talents of Edith Piaf and Ren E. King while the current fate of Mac Rebennack is also discussed.

In fact, it's in the juxtaposition of

various topics that I begin to glean a perspective on de Ville — a perspective that transcends the off-the-wall bickering of our first encounter and all the other strands of an often dangling conversation. It comes to me after all the talk and banter and I'm seated in Hammersmith Odeon at show-time. The Rich Kids have just gone down like a fart in a tunnel and the curtains have just lifted to display the new Mink de Ville in action with Willie at the helm.

THE GIG itself is stunning. Having seen no-one but Bob Dylan prior to this set, Willie de Ville is still majestic — the guy that George Chakaris should have been in *West Side Story*, a vision of street-suss and no-jestering dynamism dripping cool and singing the birds off the telephone poles. Here is a man that that much-overused word "charisma" was invented for. He burns onstage — slow fuse hour — and at last he's got a band to back it all up.

And all this time, I'm thinking on one hand *God, this guy should be huge* and on the other, I'm counting all the powerhouse performers who've had their shot but lost out, been chewed up by the system or just thrown it all away in one Russian-roulette shot to the skull. Guys like Mitch Ryder who now can't even do knee drops due to arthritis in his legs (de Ville has learnt from that, fortunately: he uses specially positioned cushions for his drops) and John Hammond Jr., wherever he may be.

Finally it has to rest with the gods, I guess — who'll call the shots somewhere around Capitol Records' ability to stay on the rails and see this climb through, however long it takes to get there. I've seen how far he can flip out. I've seen that peculiar breed of New York dumbness that's streaked right through his character flash out in ugly fashions. And I've seen him hold an audience of 3,000 in his hands hypnotized like chickens.

Right now, I only feel that he may, may just have luck on his side. Because anyone who can take it to those extremes and not let one hair fall out of place must have something special going for him.

DIRE STRAITS

David Knopfler
Rhythm guitarMark Knopfler
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitarsJohn Illsley
BassPick Withers
Drums

The first words

"The Straits at their very best... a supreme achievement."

Melody Maker

"The first Dire Straits album is a goodie... All the cuts are cool, shuffling barroom swing-rock which insidiously hook themselves into the consciousness."

Record Business

"Side two makes it by dint of Knopfler's excellent songs and playing..."

New Musical Express

"Dire Straits is a great album from a great band."

Phil Lynott, Thin Lizzy

on the last word in first albums.



June 28th. Talk of the East, Lowestoft.
29th. Old Granary, Bristol.
30th. Metro Club, Plymouth.
July 1st. Oxford Polytechnic.

4th. Barbarella's, Birmingham.
5th. Marquee, London.
6th. Marquee, London.
8th. Civic Hall, St. Albans.

Album 9102 021 Cassette 7231 015



marketed by
phonogram

Plc sleeve of the week for kute
KLARK KENT



JOHNNY RIVERS: (Slow Dancin') Swain! To The Music (Polydore). The original Discy King of Sunset Strip and the man who made the Whisky A Go Go the most famous of all American rock joints, the secret of Rivers' staying power was not founded on his prowess as a highly original performer but his uncanny knack of persistently covering songs popular enough to enjoy a lucrative second-lease of life. In this capacity, Rivers accrued so much excess loot that whenever he hits the road, he can afford to cart along (all expenses paid) arguably one of the best star-studded rock 'n' soul dance bands you'll ever hear in your natural. Originally waxed by the Funky Kings and then more recently transformed into a minor Brit-hit by James & Bobby Purty, Rivers' treatment could possibly chart hot-on-the-heels of his bubbling-under re-run of Major Lance's "Um x 6".

THE HOLLIES: Look Through Any Window/I'm Alive/Just One Look (EMI). A trailer for a Hollies "20 Golden Greats" TV album campaign. One of Britain's longest-running soap operas, I've always had this suspicion that, despite their impressive hit list, had T.Hollies been a Yank band they would have quite possibly achieved the same kind of international legendary proportions as The Byrds, Beach Boys, CSN&Y and the Dead. (This hit doesn't make sense — Ed)

THE STEVE HAYNES BAND: Back In My Arms Again (Black Bear). Just one of thousands to realise the unlimited mileage in Motown's back catalogue. Whilst the score-thrashed singer — who I assume to be S. Haynes Esq. — busts the proverbial gut, his band choogle convincingly Southern-style. Good production chore from John Schroeder who has tailor-made this for all those who go apeshit over the kind of histrionic foot-stompin' bawled-down by the likes of the Marshall Tucker Band.

RISSETTA STONE: Sheila (Private Stock). Jeer, not them again! As Tommy Roe's original was itself a Miami rip-off of Buddy Holly's "Peggy Sue", who the hell needs this revival by a band who, in one foul swoop last year, almost managed to erase the sheer magic of Cream's "Sunshine Of Your Love". Given a choice, I'd much prefer Jeremy Spencer's long-deleted definitive "Sheila" spoof, "Linda". But then, you can't have everything — one thing's certain, I don't want this.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON & RITA COOLIDGE: Love Please (Monument). The Paul & Paula of the Coke Generation hold hands and skip along wearily to a Billy Swan song they originally cut almost four years ago. Sounds like someone's getting pretty desperate.

GILLI A: Rend Me, Shape Me (Ariola). Hey, you know how record companies just love to pull a quote out of a favourable review and incorporate it in their advertising. Well, if I wrote of this discomat re-make of the old Amen Cornet/American Breed hit: "A record which single-handedly wipes clean and re-draws the face of pop music in its own image", betcha that next week, you couldn't pick up a music mag without seeing those same words screaming at you. However, I betcha they won't print that, along with the reprehensible sentiments expressed in the accompanying press hand-out (see T-Zers), this is singularly the most offensive single of the week. Dunno though — it has been said, just so long as they spell your name correctly, there ain't such a thing as bad publicity.

CHICORY TIP: Son Of My Father (Old Gold). Munich Machine mechanics Belotti and Moroder have come a long way from composing such frozen faecals as this. In keeping with the colour of the packaging they should re-name the label Old Crap.

MUD: Drift Away (RCA). Despite the fact that Les 'n' the lads have re-modelled the old Dobie Gray chestnut for both weary (Tiger) feet and Wunnerfool Radio One's playlist, I'm not sure of their present bankability. Wonder how it compares with the Stones still unreleased treatment? Mick?

ETTA JAMES: Piece Of My Heart (Warner Bros). Though usually associated with the late Janis Joplin, this Jerry Wexler production features arguably the last of the R&B Red Hot Mamas knocking out an emotive yet controlled performance that measures up to Emma Franklin's 1967 Shout label original. Glad to see someone with taste is looking after this Lady's career.

PATTI BOULAYE: Memories Don't Leave Like People Do (Polydor). A New Faces winner attempts to prolong her statutory 15-minutes-of-fame with a not-so-ancient Johnny Bristol toon — the chorus of which is an almost note-for-note lift from Clarence Carter's "Patches". Phil McNeill, sensitive fella that he is, reckons that the title is quite a nifty catch-phrase. As to whether the melody fingers on is all down to airplay.

THE VENTURES: Walk — Don't Run '78 (UA). Actually, the label clearly states "Walk — Don't Run '77" — the year has been outdated by two. Make of that what you will. Seems that since the dawn of creation, The Ventures have made a fast buck (and approx 100 albums) from handwagon jumping. Whatever the trend, you can bet these guitarists will have an instrumental hit album out to mop-up some of the luke-warm gravy. When not engaged in such opportunism and an annual six-month

Jap junket, they persist in re-recording their biggest hit to comply with current tastes. This time around it has been tepidly discotized. Next year can we anticipate reggae, pogo and Kraftwerkian re-runs?

SPIRIT: Nature's Way (Illegal). As far as this writer's concerned, Spirit are one of the select few bands who can do no wrong and this trailer for an album recorded during a night of sheer magic at the Finsbury Park Rainbow doesn't break the chain. Spirit-uualists will already be conversant with this title while, as an added bonus, Randy California skilfully revives Hendrix's "Stone Free" on the flip. Must be Cult Single Of The Week.

SPENCER DAVIS GROUP: Keep On Running/Somebody Help Me/I'm A Man/Gimme Some Lovin'/Every Little Bit Hurts (Island). Five tracks around which the Stevie Winwood legend was built. Durable British-bred R&B with "Gimme Some Lovin'" remaining an integral part of British rill rocklore along with "Satisfaction", "All Right Now", "Ticket To Ride" and "Whole Lotta Love". A prime example of the EP format being utilised to its full advantage.

FAMILY: Burlesque/In My Own Time/The Weaver's Answer (Reprise). That the Yanks never cottoned-on to Family's idiosyncratic originality was their great loss. And the fact that the group broke up, ours. Nobody brayed better than Chapman. To paraphrase another hack, a man who irks of Family is tired of rock / life / wise / women / song / Crossroads / Celebrity Squares / delete where applicable. Though it charted in '72, "Burlesque" is so contemporary that it could do it all over again. Here's hoping.

TIM WEISBERG: There Is A Mountain (UA). As flautist Tim Weisberg encroaches on Herbie Mann's manor the question that immediately comes to mind is, ate we about to be subjected to a Donovan Revival (Bledin' well hope not, — Bob Dylan) (You're wrong Bob, we've already got an album prepared. — The Ventures).



Hi! We're THE DRUMKITS — watch out for our "Dylan How Reggae" record real soon.

MAGAZINE FOUR VENUES WITH SPECIAL GUESTS THE ZONES DATES.

JULY 1ST.	BIRMINGHAM	BARDARELLA'S
JULY 2ND.	REDCAR	COATHAM BOWL
JULY 3RD.	EDINBURGH	TIFFANY'S
JULY 5TH.	BRADFORD	ST. GEORGE'S HALL
JULY 6TH.	COVENTRY	LOCARNO
JULY 7TH.	MANCHESTER	RUSSELL CLUB
JULY 8TH.	LIVERPOOL	ERIC'S
JULY 9TH.	SHEFFIELD	TOP RANK
JULY 10TH.	DONCASTER	OUTLOOK
JULY 12TH.	TORQUAY	TOWN HALL
JULY 13TH.	PLYMOUTH	METRO
JULY 14TH.	BRISTOL	COLSTON HALL
JULY 15TH.	AYLESBURY	FRIARS
JULY 16TH.	CANTERBURY	ODEON

MAGAZINE RAVE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.



"A remarkable debut"
Tim Lott
RECORD MIRROR

"Quite simply, 'Real Life' is the best and most exciting album I've heard this year."
Chris Brazier
MELODY MAKER

"So Devoto doesn't only swim against the tide, but he also wants to walk on the water at the same time." ****
Jon Savage
SOUNDS

"It is a style that appeals on several levels: juggling with the musical structures evoking aural pictures, moving the imagination and the emotions."
Phil McNeill
NME

"No one that has the slightest interest in the present and future of rock 'n' roll should rest until they've heard 'Real Life'. I'm still staggered, but I have no doubt of this album's absolutely awesome quality."
Chris Brazier
MELODY MAKER

Of 'Shot By Both Sides'.....
"So far the best rock'n'roll record of 1978."
ROLLING STONE
'Real Life' includes a re-recorded version of this classic single.

FIRST LP REAL LIFE
OUT NOW ON VIRGIN RECORDS V2100



REAL Kids

NOT FROM
AKRON
OHIO

ALBUM THE REAL KIDS BY THE REAL KIDS / BRON 509
SINGLE ALL KINDS A GIRLS / BRO 54



RED STAR RECORDS

Marketed by LICENSED REPERTOIRE DIVISION, EMI Records Limited | 3, Unbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex. Tel: (01) 759 4532/4611 & 848 9811

Recorded by Bruce Woodcock



GEORGE THOROGOOD, takin' aim at Britain. Pic: CHRIS GABRIN.

LOOKED AT MY watch and it was almost one, and George Thorogood and The Destroyers are just sloping on stage for their third set of the night. It's the second night of a two-night stand at Dingwalls (Camden Lock's home of the blues); one of those word-is-out gigs where the guest list looks like a random slice out of *Teazers* and where are you tonight, Boh Geldoi?

Tonight, Dingwalls resembles the kind of club Chuck Berry used to write songs about: noisy, packed and jumpin' and let's hope tonight the police won't knock because it ain't just too late to step now, it's too damn good.

Up by the stage the punters have been saving the melvies for the hot spots: one quick raiding foray on the bar to replenish at the end of the last set and then back up to the front to save their places. The new generation of teenage R&B fanatics sparked off by the Feelgoods and Lew Lewis and now firmly into Wilkie's Solid Senders and The Bishops, riding the Blue Wave and hooking into a new blues demon to add to the pantheon: George Thorogood. One kid down the front row is a punk, used to play guitar, but he's just jacked it in to look for a hot harp player so he can form an R&B band.

He was at Dingwalls for Thorogood's first gig, and three nights later he'll be up at Barbarella's in Birmingham for George and The Destroyers' third and last British gig: hitched up there with two of his mates.

There's the man: George Thorogood, 27 years old, from Wilmington in Delaware — well-built, grinning, clean-cut. Bugs Bunny teeth — clutching the big old Gibson ES125 he got to replace the one that got nicked just before he came over, ambulating on to the strains of Uncle Chuck's "Sweet Little Rock And Roller" hammering out over the P.A., part of the excellent blues, rock and R&B disc that DJ Mac and Dingwalls mainman Boss Goodman put together in his honour.

Over there behind the drums, saturnine and moustachioed under his white cotton cap, is Jeff Simon. Thorogood's schoolchum and rhythm section teammate to Big Bro' Billy Blough on the Fender bass, hefty, quiet, almost withdrawn behind his Buffalo Bill 'tache. Blough joined up around two years ago, just before the album was cut.

In the DJ booth, Brass Goodman fades Chuck Berry down into silence as the kids down the front give Thorogood a hero's welcome. He's already given them pearls, two hours of white-hot wung-dung-doodle bar-room blues and rock and roll. He's back for more and so are they.

As Chuck disappears down the plughole, Thorogood turns around and squints in Goodman's direction. "Hey, Boss... why'd'a fade that out, man? I like that song!" "If you like it that much, George," yells a kid right at the tip of the stage, "why doncha play it?"

Thorogood gives him that Bugs Bunny grin, counts the band in. He hits that riff. Blough and Simon stampede into the beat and then he's up at the mike, doing it up right, doing it proud.

"Sweet li'l rockanrollaaaaa..." Just like he meant to play it all along. And — of course — it's ace.

SIX MONTHS ago, George Thorogood and The Destroyers were a New England bar-room band. Four sets a night, minimum money, pack the P.A. and the drums and the amps into a couple of beat-up cars, drive maybe 200 miles to get to a job. The band had originally been formed as a baseball team — The Delaware Destroyers — but there weren't enough of them to make a team, so they became a band instead. They played places where the customers were so wrecked that they hardly knew that there was a band on at all, places where tempers boiled over into soups of blood and whisky, places where their gear got ripped off and

they had to keep playing just to play the instalments on the next amplifier.

No manager, no roadies, just the three of them — always George and Jeff, but originally George's room-mate Ron Smith on second guitar in a bassless line-up modelled on Hound Dog Taylor and The Howlerockers, a cooking, driving slide-driven combo that were the biggest draw in Chicago before Hound Dog died in '75.

Then there was a bass player who quit the band because he didn't want to leave Boston and then finally there was Billy Blough. They taught themselves to play virtually on the job: George had a couple of years' start on the others, though Jeff had played drums for a couple of years in his mid-teens before switching to guitar. He and George had started out on guitars together, but one day there'd been a drum kit laying around and the room where they'd been practising and Jeff had started fooling with it and then things had shifted.

They played blues: not the electronic-powered blues-rock that the white bands of the '60s had synthesised out of the Chicago scene pioneered by Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, not the sophisticated lead-guitar stuff played by Clapton and Bloomfield and Green and the other devotees of the Three Kings — Albert, Freddy and B.B. — but the gut-simple bottom-line ranch that developed in the late '40s and early '50s when men like John Lee Hooker's swamp-sinister boogie stomps and Elmore James' slashing slide first got electrified, mixed in with a healthy dose of Chuck Berry and a discreet flavouring of Bo Diddley.

THOROGOOD respects men like Albert King, Buddy Guy, Son Seals and Luther Allison — as he respects all good bluesmen — but their style isn't his cup of club soda (on the rocks, twist of lemon, thank you). "They're too electric for me. See, I'm basically an acoustic guitarist."

Thorogood's style is heavily, fiercely traditional, frozen right at the point when the country blues of the Mississippi Delta men first went electric. He doesn't play a single lick that's under 20 years old.

The rhythm section keep it straight ahead: Blough even eschews walking bass lines and boogie runs, simply echoing and thickening the incessant drone of Thorogood's thumb-picked bottom strings. Not because he can't play the other stuff — the stock-in-trade of every blues bassist from Chicago to Southend — but because "that's the way George wants it. Real simple."

Real simple. Even the way George Thorogood and the Destroyers made it out of New England and into all the cool-jerk hangouts in New York and California and London was real simple.

Their album was originally cut for the simplest and most blatant of reasons: they were sick and tired of driving all over the

Continues over page

AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT THE BLUES BAND

... working real hard for you and your party tonight. **GEORGE THOROGOOD**, fresh out of blood-bucket bar-rooms back in the USA, emerges as champion of the New Blue Wave here in the UK. **CHARLES SHAARMURRAY** talks to *The Man*.

Eventually you'll have to admit it.



The Chieftains are alright.



Listen to 'Chieftains 7'
Their debut album on CBS

See them live at the
Royal Festival hall July 17th.
(Capital Summer)

82914



Records & Tapes

From previous page

place just to audition for club-owners, schlepping themselves and their gear and playing a set just for the chance of some paid work next time. So they figured that it'd be easier to send out an album so that the club bosses would know what they sounded like and whether they could get hired or not (Johnny Winter's very first album, "The Progressive Blues Experiment", was cut for very similar reasons, except that The World's Wildest Blues Guitarist was a mile more ambitious — he wanted to hawk his album round the big record companies).

So "George Thorogood And The Destroyers" was cut for local folk label Rounder Records — who were as worried about the effect of Thorogood's rough, raunchy blues on their regular buyers as Elektra were 13 years earlier when they first recorded Paul Butterfield; hence label boss John Forward's liner-note statement: "There is no question of this band's talent or greatness: only the age-old question, will it sell? Rounder Records is taking a gamble in putting this out. It is not your ordinary Rounder Record."

It certainly wasn't. In a fit of enthusiasm, someone at Rounder sent this album to *Rolling Stone* and a few radio stations. It garnered a rave review and a lot of airplay, people started wondering who the hell George Thorogood And The Destroyers were and suddenly the band were known and admired by more than just local drinkers and the blues circuit.

PLEASE DON'T forget your favourite waitress or bartender who're working real hard for you and your party tonight," Thorogood announces, beaming. All barband jive. But where Thorogood comes from the bar bands are also workin' real hard for you and your party tonight. The band who play the pubs in London generally work between 45 and 75 minutes a night, and even veterans like Johnny Guitar from The Bishops admit to being knackered after an hour. Thorogood would probably consider his Brit contemporaries to be a bunch of sissies.

On his first night at Dingwalls he played a 45-minute press reception set, followed by a 45-minute soundcheck/set/jam while the figgers were being cleared out and the punters allowed in, followed by two full-tilt sets built on a firm base of Hooker boogie, Berry rock and Hound Dog Taylor/Ebmore James slide.

The following night he contented himself with a mere three sets: his only concession to British tastes and expectations being to abandon the chair on which he normally sits to conserve his energy at the start of the sets and increasing the Berry quotient at the expense of the Hooker factor.

At the Birmingham gig the band were so exhausted and jetlagged that they allowed themselves the unaccustomed luxury of condensing their performance into a single 90-minute set.

And you best believe he's getting it over: the kids in Brum already had the album and were roaring right along to "Madison Blues" and "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer", calling out for "Delaware Slide".

Thorogood's own personalised variant on the traditional Delta slide riff best known as Muddy Waters' "Rolling And Tumbling", and the only original number in the book.

"I grew up with rock and roll, but these blues won't leave me alone," he sings, hammering down on the Gibson with a slide blaze so unselfconsciously roots that I'd given up hope of ever seeing anyone play like that live, the precise sound that I'd been digging on records for more than half my life, a sound that you hardly ever hear played

right from anyone who isn't middle-aged and black, a sound that you can't get from listening to records and reading blues books.

Thorogood observes mordantly that "I used to get my ass kicked in high school because I was one of maybe three or four people who dug The Rolling Stones instead of The Beach Boys or The Supremes or any of that shit," but by the time he reached his late teens he'd gotten into folk music and the big flash came when he saw the great Mississippi bluesman Fred McDowell.

Thorogood learned his blues by hanging out with the bluesmen, playing with them and learning from them the same way that Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Johnny Winter and Bonnie Raitt did.

He and The Destroyers would drive halfway across America to support one of their heroes on a gig. "We'd lend them our P.A. and our amps, we'd carry their guitars into the club for them and be glad to do it. They'd ask us how much we wanted and we'd say 'nuthin'."

As young black musicians ignore the heritage of the blues — "I don't even know any black musician my age,"

Thorogood says with some asperity when I ask him why his black contemporaries don't play blues at all — it's left to white kids like Thorogood to defend the music and the men who make it.

He told me about a young Jewish New Yorker who'd drive Fred McDowell wherever he wanted to go, carry his bags and his guitar, play bass for him onstage and get him his whisky — and do it all for free.

With this spirit and coming from this background, it's little wonder that the prospect of bigtime rock and roll success means very little to George Thorogood. His agency and record company have been instructed to keep the band based around their hometown during the baseball season so that they can keep up with the local games. All they really want to do is earn enough money to build their own baseball field. All in all, it's hard to imagine, in a few years' time, George Thorogood dressed all in leather, smashed out on cocaine and bourbon in a lush hotel suite with two chicks whose names he doesn't know, wondering why he isn't happy any more.

It's more logical to remember him like this:

"I was jamming with Hubert Sumlin — you know who Hubert Sumlin is, Howlin' Wolf's lead guitarist? Of course you do. We had our guitars out, playin' away, and then I hear this other guitar comin' from Wolf's room. It's Wolf, man, and Hubert says, 'Y'oughta go jam with Wolf, man, he'd really get a kick out of you.'"

"I says, 'Aw no, man, I really couldn't go do that,' but Hubert keeps telling me to knock on Wolf's door. So I go round and peek in his window, and he's sitting there with a music stand and he's playing his guitar. So I go back to Hubert and say that Wolf looks like he's busy. But Hubert just says I should take my guitar and knock on his door."

"In the end, I do it, and I go up to the door of Wolf's room and I knock. I hear Wolf's guitar just keep right on going. I knock again and the guitar still keeps on. "So I go back to Hubert's room. I figure Wolf's already got everything he needs in that room. He's probably already eaten, he didn't drink, he got paid last time he worked, he had his guitar... so why should he open his door? I mean, what should I have said?"

"Hey, Wolf?"

"Yeah?"

"Uh... this is George Thorogood and, uh..."

"Yeah?"

"I could've been someone wanting to give him a million dollars and he still wouldn't have opened that door..."



READING ROCK '78



18th National
Jazz Blues &
Rock Festival

BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

★ ★ ★ 25 • 26 • 27 AUGUST ★ ★ ★

A FIRST LIST OF ARTISTS (in alphabetical order)

AFTER THE FIRE • ALBION BAND • AUTOMATICS
BETHNAL • BOOMTOWN RATS • BUSINESS • CHELSEA
GREG KIHN BAND (USA) • GRUPPO SPORTIVO (HOLLAND)
IAN GILLAN BAND • THE JAM • JOHN OTWAY
LINDISFARNE • NEW HEARTS • NEXT • NUTZ
PACIFIC EARDRUM • PENETRATION • PIRATES
RADIO STARS • SHAM 69 • SPEEDOMETORS
SPIRIT (USA) • STATUS QUO • SQUEEZE
TOM ROBINSON BAND • ULTRAVOX and of course
JOHN PEEL

TRAVEL: Less than 40 miles West of London: 30 minutes by train from Paddington. Late trains. Main station 10 minutes walk.

★ SPECIAL WEEKEND TICKETS ★
 including VAT, Camping and car parking at no extra charge
£8.95
 ★ IN ADVANCE ONLY ★

ADMISSIONS AT GROUNDS
 Friday £3.50
 Saturday £4.50
 Sunday £4.50
 Car Parking, Camping extra

To: NJF/READING FESTIVAL
 P.O. Box 450, LONDON W1A 4SQ

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY:

Name

Address

NOTE: Stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed. Also allow 21 days before tickets sent.

No. of tickets @ £8.95

Cheque/PO no:

Total: £

AN NJF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION

NME1

Prodigal



"Return to the land where you came from The land of your forefather
Approaching the gates with your two long hands Reaching out for clean water ..."

"PRODIGAL SON"

The single from the forthcoming album "Handsworth Revolution."



ISLAND

Produced by Karl Patterson WRP 6449

ROBERTA KELLY
Getin' The Spirit (Oasis)
UBIQUITY
Starbooty (Elektra)
MORRIS JEFFERSON
Spunk Your Blank Blank (Parachute)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Thank God It's Friday (Casablanca)

Disco Ver America And Other Waxy Tales

A DISCO album is like a frisbee with a stable of aliases. No sooner is it previewed, processed and pawned than it reappears with a different name, label and arrangement as dumb and trusting as a death-wish pigeon.

On my way to a gold watch, I lingered in a lame, game manner over above-listed efforts. A pointless, joyless attempt, but it's easy money.

Roberta Kelly, on the other hand, is nothing more than than Hansa hard labour, sweating it out with the Midnight Ladies and the Munich Machine under the eagle eyes of Moroder and Bellotte all year and being allowed an annual album's worth of unenthusiastic emoting in her own return.

The world could turn without a record per annum from Roberta, you know what I mean? When I dismissed her first album "Zodiac Lady" last summer, she was apoc on astrology; this year's twaddle grooves on God. Playing it, I think I understand why Christians used to be tossed to the tabbies. Three old ("Oh Happy Day", "To My Father's House" and George Ruelle's "My Sweet Lord's So Fine") and three new (courtesy Kelly and cohorts), all six adding up to nix.

She wears abominable knickerbockers. God help her, and her material is as good as she deserves. "Oh Happy Day" is the catchiest track if you're forced at knife-point to dance, and stands a fifty-fifty chance of getting played at La Vlabonne (where the flabby people go), but Roberta's career will never be anything to write home about. "Album inspired by The Creator", lies Roberta, "and produced by Giorgio Moroder" — one and the same in Munich, aren't they?

Ubiquity make Roberta look like Margaret Mead, they're so gormless. Look — the entire lyrical content of the title track is "I'm a star/You're a star/Starbooty". That's not

smart, is it? And that's one of their gems.

What they really want to be, of course, is Rose Royce, but they just don't have what it takes — the songwriters. If they traded material with Rose Royce, you wouldn't know the difference — but that's not the point.

They might be protected and produced by disco-credibility big-shot Roy Ayers, but with seven in the band that pay-check really has to do the split, and I predict they'll be back in the carwash by 1979.

Ubiquity are no conversation piece, and neither is Morris Jefferson. His record has congas, clavinet, string contractors, "moral support", "undying strength", sharp and sweet girl singers — all adding up to less than a minus. Even the concept is redundant, "sex" disco having been brilliantly laid to rest by Michael Zager's *sussex*.



Jerry Lee Lewis

smash "Let's All Chant" "Your body / My body / Everybody with nobody!" (—that's the stuff) not "Dr Spunk", "Spunk Your Blank Blank", "Spunk It Child Please", "Spunk A Little Bit", "Spunk Your Thang", "To Spunk With Love" and "A Spunking Good Time" — talk about flogging a dead fad.

Leaving three acts destined for nothing but losing a few thick A&R men their niche in life, let's try and make it in the movies. Hot on the calloused heels of *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Godfather* comes a small-time Amerimuck disco talkie *Thank God It's Friday* and it's (naturally) soundtrack double album — in this

instance presented within a singularly handsome sleeve and accompanied by 12" of Donna Summer lying "Je T'Aime" through her teeth.

The albums give you one track of Diana Ross, one from The Commodores, one from Thelma Houston and two from Summer. I'll bet my fillings you haven't heard of the remaining ten artists who donate (out of charity?) the remaining 12 tracks.

It would have made a nice EP, let's be fair. Side one has Pattie Brooks' "After Dark" and Donna's "With Your Love" — bored, unworthy class: habitual hustles. Side four has D.C. LaRue's creeping, weeping, sick "Do You Want The Real Thing" (there's no question mark, see) and Diana's fascinating post-Summer spine-chiller "Lovin' Livin' And Givin'" (gee, is that title ever misleading — just listen to those synthesizers).

The last album was the best, I guess. I used to have fun formulating theories about disco, but now I just glaze my eyes and think of The Supremes.

Julie Burchill

VARIOUS ARTISTS American Hot Wax (A&M)

WHETHER BY design or force of circumstances, when the cameras rolled on this facetious movie — which attempts to distill the essence of '50's rock 'n' roll through a mesh of half-truths about legendary DJ Alan Freed — only three original rock 'n' rollers were on hand to lend their memories to the proceedings.

The rest of this double album is made up of one album of 14 hit records from the approximate period and the balance of the genuine soundtrack, which features unknown singers who assumed fake identities for the film.

The compilation of oldies is fairly typical. By which I don't mean it's bad; on the contrary, at least 11 of the 14 tracks are



Shining Donna Summer and Screaming Jay Hawkins: Giffert Best and Skull Wares?

essential records of the era. But if you've got any kind of collection of '50s R&B/rock/pop you're bound to be facing duplication frustration.

If you're a novice in such matters the selection is catholic enough to introduce you to such diverse acts as Jackie Wilson ("That's Why"), Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs ("Stay"), Bobby Darin ("Splish Splash") and Frankie Ford ("Sea Cruise"); the universally familiar (Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti", Buddy Holly's "Rave On") and the relatively obscure (The Mystics' "Hushabye", The Turbans' "When You Dance").

As for the soundtrack half of the package, it's entertaining enough as a souvenir of the movie but doesn't really make the grade purely on the strength of the music. Both Jerry Lee Lewis ("Whole Lotta Shakin'", "Great Balls Of Fire") and Chuck Berry ("Reelin' And Rockin'", "Roll Over Beethoven") have been heard on better live recordings and, although it's a rare experience to hear Screamin' Jay Hawkins lurching and

spluttering his way through "I Put A Spell On You", his performance loses a certain dramatic interest without the accompanying visuals (which were so severely edited that he might as well have not been in the film).

Of the unknown acts, a quartet of young black doowoppers is called The Chesterfields were the hit of the film. Sadly their Coasters/Frankie Lyman & The Teenagers imitations don't do them justice on record. Instead, the stars of the album are The Delights, a black

female quartet whose leader, Brenda Russell, does a marvellous job with The Bobettes' "Mr. Lee" and The Chantels' "Maybe", and solo singer Charles Green, who posed as Dee Clark but was mysteriously billed as Clark Otis. His clever recreation of "Hey Little Girl" is probably better than Clark could have done it himself.

Not an essential album but one to investigate if you enjoy the film when it's released and haven't already got too many of the studio tracks

Cliff White

Don't Mansion It

VARIOUS ARTISTS
White Mansions (A&M)

WHAT WE have here, I fear, is another attempt at the "Evita" scam. The idea is fairly simple. You cobble together a superficially lavish album of the main tunes from a projected musical and then you sit and hope both for a hit and that, with the hit, Joe Bucks will come hustling along just bursting to put up the cash so the stage production can be presented in all its flaming glory.

Once the stage show is playing to massed coach parties from Macclesfield, the sky's the limit. There's the movie, the book, the T-shirt and the TV sit-com based on the original plot. When all this has been achieved, you finally pass Go with a vengeance, pick up your millions and retire to somewhere hot for the rest of your natural. Who could ask for anything more?

Of course, you have to realise that musicals have been getting a little weird of late. Once the likes of Rice and Webber had thoroughly plundered The Bible, those who came later moved on to a set of very bizarre subjects. At this very moment we have musicals based on Little Orphan Annie, Dracula, and the singing, dancing wife of a South American dictator.

What could top that? Ex-ad man, agent and rock manager Paul Kennerly believes that the entire American Civil War is just the thing to do it. Kennerly has taken this rather unpleasant piece of internecine bloodshed (the US Civil War was the military mid-point between the geometric slaughter of Waterloo and the production line slaughter of World War I) and produced what is described as a "song cycle" or a "movie for the ears".

In order to get the "movie" down onto wax in a viable form, the services of Glyn Johns, Waylon Jennings, Eric Clapton, Jessi Colter, Henry Spinetti, Tim Hinkley, Dave Jennings, Dave Markce, two of the Ozark Mountain Daredevils and ex-Eagle Bernie Leadon were enlisted to pull the whole epic into shape.

To be perfectly fair, the music stands up quite well to the bulk of productions coming out of Nashville or Austin. It's tidy, commercial country music in the so-called outlaw vein. Some cuts, like Steve Cash singing "White Trash", would stand on their own in the context of a progressive country



Picster Russell alters entire course of U.S. Civil War

album. Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter turn in effortless, professional performances, and Eric Clapton throws out a couple of examples of neat, but hardly memorable, picking.

Everyone seems to have done his homework. The lyrics, using the rough personae of the four main characters, the well-to-do Matthew (John Dillon), the redneck Caleb (Steve Cash), the southern belle Polly Ann (Jessi Colter) and the mysterious drifter, a kind of Greek chorus (Waylon Jennings), follow the main events of the war from the very start to the aftermath of the Jesse James period of alienated lawlessness.

Homework isn't any substitute for soul. Considering there are people in the South who don't really believe the Civil War is over yet, the whole bloody epic deserves something more than the superficial war-is-hell treatment that it receives here.

Glyn Johns may have done a top drawer production and the packaging by Ethan Russell may be magnificent, but it can't disguise the fact that the exercise, particularly the lyrics, is just too damn trite. Dylan's music for *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* is lightyears ahead in terms of finding the feet of an episode in history.

Indeed, The Band doing "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" tells you more about what it felt at gut level after the Civil War in some three minutes than this whole album gets across in 40.

Mick Faren

If you've searched the country for this poster — look no further!



So many people have been asking for this 20" x 30" promotional Gibson poster in the music shops that we've reprinted it to offer you at a nominal cost of £1.00 including postage and packing.

Please send me _____ copies of the Gibson full colour poster at £1 each. I enclose £_____ made payable to Norlin Music (UK) Limited.

I would also like your latest brochures on

☐ Gibson ☐ Maestro Effects ☐ Pearl Drums
☐ Lab amps ☐ Moog

Name _____

Address _____

Norlin

allow up to 15 days for delivery

Norlin Music (UK) Ltd., Woolpack Lane, Braintree, Essex.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS

Do It Dog Style (Decca)

UNFORTUNATELY, A posthumous debut album. Quite something, not even the anti-Christ (Sex Pistols) managed to pull that off. But it is a rather sad, inevitably obvious affair. A pink tombstone. An obscene epitaph.

Slaughter and The Dogs always seemed to be struggling to keep their head above water, despite the brash leering. Two songs together on side two encapsulate: "Keep On Trying" and "We Don't Care". They were always trying, enjoying it I guess, and really I don't suppose they do care, now that it has fizzled.

But does anyone else? As I said, they always seem to have been the archetypal doomed-to-fail, semi-detached, Unable, unwilling, or perhaps destined, they never kept abreast of the meteoric custom-changes of the quote-punk-unquote demi-monde. Lacking the sophistry and petit-proletariat sulk perpetrated by their immediate peers, lacking the paraphernalia of a decent record company/management behind them to prod or to purify, they were never anything more than ragged, never anything less than endearingly, optimistically vulgar.

Contrast them with very close contemporaries (geographically, historically) Buzzcocks: the canyon, savage one this, between Identity and Identikit. The failure to resolve initial enthusiasms, the naive and insolent sense of 'pop' and perhaps, the rage into something 'attractive' (however perverse).

Imprecise, unpalatable, albeit well-intentioned, they scream/scramble away into oblivion. Perhaps to be remembered in years to come.

We Are The Dog Dead



A Canine Cross.

PI: CHALKIE DAVIES

with the same twisted affection we reserve for curios like? And The Mysterions and other such lowly dredged up from a by-gone age by chance bulldozers.

A case might almost be made for Slaughter and The Dogs, even if it is also a casket. They could be the only 'real q-punks-u'. They were, laboriously it seems, a round peg in the proverbial square. Uh, the Decca record label? For a debut/commemorative album they deserve better than "Do It Dog Style's" conscientiously awful sleeve, one destined to repulse rather than attract sales. (Look again to Buzzcocks.) Am I missing some point?

Their music came out of the

Reed-Bowie as Ziggy-Ronson adulation experience, later the "I'm Bored You're Boring, I'm Sick You're Sickening etc." epiphany and was, the routine disease, peppered with the graceless savoir-fait of last year's morons — The Ramones (boys from New York, New York).

"Where Have All The Round Boys Gone" sounds like a diesel engine corroding in motion. Sham 69 stuff, not that it kindles fond memory or the like in me. "Victims Of The Vampire", "Boston Babies" and "I'm Mad" all flounder for the reasons inherent in their titles: bit like reading *The Victor*, or *The Hotspur*. "Quick Joey Small" features Ronson the cameo guitar,

more nipping-tearing through comic-strip/TV life. Never 'dumb' or 'trashy' (I cough here), never the 'intellect' evinced by people like Rezillos, Ramones, Table, and soon The Soft Boys. Slaughter and The Dogs weren't lucid enough to be ludicrous.

Slaughter and The Dogs didn't know why they were using the words, perhaps they didn't even know why they were degenerating (?). They had, many people had, fun-while-it lasted, as is usually said on occasions such as this. The world didn't need, will it mourn?

Unfortunately, I've got a headache and I'll have to leave. I can never stay a wake
Ian Penman

THE COASTERS

20 Great Originals (Atlantic)

TO DO full justice to The Coasters and to their producer/writer Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, you'd have to write a book and — as a matter of fact — a gent named Bill Miller already has. It's called *The Coasters* and it's published by Star Books.

The songs on this record were an expert and intuitive blend of satire, R&B, belly laughs and first-generation rock and roll, a body of work at least in the same league as that of Chuck Berry.

Even if you've never heard The Coasters in your life, you'll know the songs: "Riot in Cell Block 9" and "I'm A Hog For You Baby" were staples of Dr. Feelgood's repertoire; "Framed" was The Sensational Alex Harvey Band's *piece de resistance*; the Stones cut "Poison Ivy" back when they still had spats; Darts did "Young Blood" on their first album (with "Framed" and "Riot" just for good measure); The Hollies recorded "Searchin'" back when their main influences were rock and roll and R&B; Elvis Presley included a terrible version of "Little Egypt" in one of his godawful '60s flicks... these songs've been around some, Jack.

These versions are the best, though: sly, sneaky lead voice, ferociously cool/dumb bass-voice interjections and rough, street harmonies are all wrapped up in Mickey Baker's wry guitar and King Curtis' superbly witty tenor sax fills. Gems not mentioned above include "Yakety Yak" (don't talk back), "Along Came Jones" (the first and greatest rock and roll putdown of the inanities of television), the Super Hot Dog classic "Shoppin' For Clothes" (the perfect companion piece to Chuck Berry's "No Money Down"), the first overtly socialist rock song "What About Us" and... listen, there's twenty tracks on this album and they're all killers!!!

If you love rock and roll — any sort of rock and roll, ancient or modern — enough to buy this or any other rock rag, then you've got to have this album.

Charles Shaar Murray

AVERAGE WHITE

BAND
Warner Communications (RCA)

A SAD liaison with mediocrity. A lesson concerning the inability to come to terms. There is a great deal of confusion and/or contrivance here. Look up 'sophisticated' in your dictionary and you will understand all there is to understand about this album. Including the cover, I won't make too much of the cover. But it is a helpful symbol, this snap-sad-sex-object (even if the AWB had no say in the art-direction; perhaps they visualised central-heating for phone booths).

Anyway, the 'soul' music here resembles this bath-time technicolour-sex cover. Pretty, nothing forward enough to be offensive (to some), or to be stimulating (to others). Alienating, it is too sophisticated (look it up), too contrived. It has little feel for 'track' or fantasy — in other words it asks that you accept its (alluring?) superficiality as a reality, at the same time hinting that you too can enter this (alluring?) reality: sophistication (look it up).

It would function perfectly as a soundtrack for the motion picture film called *The Stud*. Perhaps it already is.

On the cover a slogan reads: 'A Product of Average White Band Inc.' Now I understand; they are a hip version (rival?) of 'Muzak Inc.'. So, this is essential in-car, in-bed, or in-bath listening for boys with straight jackets and sharp shoes, who KNOW that girls want 'it' off them... and girls who do.

The sound of... drowning whilst you think you're doing the breast stroke... the Modern Dance.

Ian Penman

"RICHARD DIGANCE LIKE YOU'VE HEARD HIM BEFORE!"



New Live Album

RICHARD DIGANCE & FRIENDS



RICHARD DIGANCE LIVE AT Q.E.H. - CHR 1187

Chrysalis

Also available on cassette

Answers

to tape quiz on Page 4

1. AMPEX in 1949 (first purchaser Bing Crosby).
2. AMPEX
3. AMPEX (Also equipment for the Apollo missions and the space shuttles).
4. AMPEX
5. AMPEX GRANDMASTER
6. AMPEX
7. It wasn't Ampex because it was not generally available. It is NOW so ask your dealer!

Ampex Great Britain Limited,
Acre Road, Reading, Berks, RG2 0QR
Tel: 85200 Telex: 848345



AMPEX

I am interested in Ampex products and would like to learn more about them. Please send me information on Cassettes/Reel to Reel tapes/Studio and Recording equipment.

Name

Address

My local hi-fi dealer is

Address

IMPORTS

I GRABBED a copy of Roger Williamson's *American Stonehenge* (Flying Fish) and proceeded to make notes.

"Man Who Knows All About Such Things" shook his head and said "Criminal Records soon," he said. "Herbie Hancock's *Sunlight* (Columbia). I suppose someone will be interested to learn about for a vocal career?"

"BS are bringing that one out soon," said The Man. "Your credibility as an up-to-the-minute operator is that one."

to the US version of Tom Robinson's "Power In Us" (EMI) and waited for approval. He nodded to flail away at the Underwood.

the land of coke and hamburgers they do things. And while TRB were granted a single album, Stateside it became expanded to a double — one that if you're willing to lash out around £6.50, obtain not only the normal EMI LP but also the disc which contains such TRB single and EP cuts as "Motorway", "I Shall Be Released", "I'm Alright", "Don't Take No For An Answer", "Martin", "Glad" and "Right On Sister".

can hear O. V. Wright's *The Bottom Line* (Hill). "Hi haven't got a deal in this country so that facing an immediate release on a British label," he said. "I claimed The Man."

"B Stars" *Spanish Fire* (Columbia) then? At readers are known to like salsa-funk. "I had with the resignation of a Beatle being asked 'Out of stock,'" he mumbled apologetically. "em about the US version of the *Flamin'* (Sire) — that one contains two extra tracks in which was only released on 12" single here, *To Grey*, the *Groovies* version of the song but for Cliff Richard. That track's not available."

could mention that *Squeeze*'s debut album is States as being by 'U.K. Squeeze' (A&M) and in a fetching shade of red vinyl?

ke?" I enquired again. "Japan they've released live albums by Ray J. Jackson, *Shocking Blue* and *Janis Ian*. They're time now. The Millie Jackson looks good and says of such songs as 'I Gotta Get Away', 'I Just Miss You, Baby', 'My Man, My Sweet', 'What You Want', 'It Hurts So Good' and 'Is complete run-throughs on nine other

out the track listing for the Janis Ian?" "double, with about 20 titles... including 'The Party's Over', 'I Want You To Make Party Lights', 'Bright Lights And Promises', 'Springtime' and so forth."

from that, there's nothing around right now?" "s been real dullsville lately, just disco dum-dums include the word 'dance' in their title." "haps I won't do an import column this week."

ood idea — give it a rest."

Fred Dollar

We here as the fashion centre of the western world thought...



... that this sort of thing was strictly last year's.

ADVERTISING Advertising Jingles (EMI)

JUST AS The Clash created — by inspired use of stylised clothing, backdrops, and publicity as well as music — a powerful and convincing evocation of violence, frustration and the urban nightmare. Advertising — by an equally comprehensive manipulation of each aspect of their public exposure — have become perceptive commentators on a completely different angle of the modern world.

The gaudy, tasteless clothes; the colourful, posed posters; *Starsky & Hutch* T-shirts and *Daily Mirror* Pop Club badges; the obsession with real-life commercials and the tacky consumerism that surrounds them; they're the perfect trash group for a trash culture.

I'm not saying their images and implications are more or

less important than those of The Clash, and I don't want to stretch the comparison too far. But if you look around a modern artificial city with plastic restaurants and plastic food, comic newspapers, TVs spouting attractive nonsense, a picture on every wall and screen trying to sell you something you don't need, Abba albums, pretty clothes, skateboards and all the trappings of the *Star Wars* generation — how can you doubt that Advertising is one of the true soundtracks of today?

The sound is Simon Boswell's chirping guitar and Tot Taylor's rhythm and keyboard passages over the awkward, catchy but unpredictable rhythms of Dennis Smith's bass and Paul Balhude's drums. They're not a rock band, they use snatches of reggae and even Latin beats to break the uneven bubblegum flow of the music.

"Pleasure Seekers" is the nearest thing to a jingle on the album; there's a strange,

albeit twist to all the lyrics, phrases that sound familiar given new meanings and emphases. "Lookalikes" is for the dedicated followers of fashion; the haunting night-club tango of "Lonely Guys" is for the boys who wear shades after dark.

The other songs are concerned mainly with relationships, serious, funny or just odd.

There are hints on some tracks of calculated Beatles pastiches, but unless you're obsessed with the Fab Four's influence, you won't be too disturbed by similarities. With fourteen cuts, there's room for the two slogans you probably missed, the rather heavy-handed "Lipstick" and the triumphant "Stolen Love".

There's a lot happening on this record, complex backing vocals and unexpected effects, and some tracks are perhaps over-produced.

And if you think I've been reading too much into it, then it's 12" of pure fun.

Kim Davis

RITA COOLIDGE
Love Me Again (A&M)

BONNIE TYLER
Natural Force (RCA)

MISS TYLER vs. Mrs. Kristofferson and Miss Tyler scores a clear victory, her opponent suffering badly from the numbing and far-reaching influence of the Los Angeles stigma.

The press hand-out for Mrs. Kristofferson's album is at pains to point out that all those groovy people over there in L.A. (think she is one helluva singer, which can only be an indication of the twisted sense of values that seems to prevail in the city (i.e. bland = grand), because here she sings with such a lack of colour and expression that she really does sound as though she's only reading the words for the first time.

All the hallmarks of an L.A. album are here, dull songs, Christine McVie's "Songbird" and Roy Scaggs' "Slow Dancer" among them, sessioners, and soft production combine to make muzak and money.

Miss Tyler has a head start over Mrs. Kristofferson on several counts; her album wasn't made in L.A., she has her own band who, though far from inspired, are still better on the harder stuff, something she only has the chance to demonstrate properly on her version of "Living For The City". Elsewhere, her songwriters, a pair called Ronnie Scott and Steve Wolfe, are too often content to re-cycle "It's A Heartache", presumably to keep her in with her Top 30 fans.

She comes out on top by virtue of trying to impress some character on her music and by occasionally succeeding in doing so. Mrs. Kristofferson may also have tried to do this, in which case she has failed dismally, but one suspects it is more likely that she didn't have much character to impress on her music in the first place.

Neil Peters

WIRE · DOT · DASH -

SINGLE No. 3 WIRE DATE: 2-7-78

THE LYCEUM STRAND SUNDAY JULY 2ND

METRO PLYMOUTH JUNE 28

ERIC'S LIVERPOOL JUNE 30

WIRE · DOT · DASH · WIRE · DOT · DASH · WIRE

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD



RRP 2.99 SCRATCH THE TIRE

IF YOU CAN BELIEVE YOUR EARS AND NOSE
THE AKRON COMPILATION

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST

Live Tapes (Polydor)

OH GOD, another three sides to go. These guys got shares in Mellotron or something? Eight or so years ago, at one of those Midnight Courts at The Lyceum, I'd probably have thought BJH fantastic (I was so much younger then, y'understand). But now, with the time approximately 1978, who needs a double live Barclay James Harvest album?

Listening to it (contrary to popular opinion, some NME critics do actually play the records under the hammer), I found myself wondering if there can be anything more pliable than your average rock audience. Just dim the lights, roll the drums and present the deities in a mortal situation and you've got an audience in the palm of your hand.

Sure, that's the way it should be; you've paid your money and you want to be entertained or stimulated, but spare (me) the blood acceptance displayed here. Meanwhile, in the unemotive tranquility of your room, whatever catharsis which may have been achieved at a gig can get lost in the transfer onto hot wax, which brings me back to "Live Tapes", four sides of redundant (it's their second live double), light-as-air, inconsequentiality.

Take a look outside the window. Lads, there's more to life, ergo rock and roll, than your whimsical songs of mockingbirds and the angst of a rock star's life. "Hymn" was nice, loved hymn, hated the rest.

Frustrating in its banality and length.

Patrick Humphries

THE MOVIES

Bullets Through The Barrier (GTO)

THESE MOVIES are badly in need of a director to rectify the confusion they show here.

It's not hard to figure out where they're coming from. They're trying to emulate — sorry, are heavily influenced by Little Feat circa their last two studio albums — even their instrumental line-up is exactly the same, but in terms of empathy El Feat leave them high and dry. Anyway, Lowell George and Co. always were a very American band, and British boys like The Movies just don't have the same feel for that style of urbane funk.

But, even within their chosen direction, The Movies sound unsure of themselves, and the consequent confusion plays out most of the tracks on this album "Berlin" is probably the worst offender, coming on like a surrogate Feat trying to recreate the mood of Bowie's "Heroes", an alliance which is doomed to failure from the start.

The title of "Blow It All Up And Start All Over Again" says it all, while "Love On The Run" verges on heavy metal. "The Last Train" and "Merci And Bye, Bye" are two attempts at a Featesque boogie which might have benefited from a more immediate production. "Horror Story" and "Nobody Loves An Iceberg" both over-funk and become turgid, a trap which "No Class" avoids to stand out as the best track.

On this showing, though, the Movies are sadly like the vinyl album is pressed on — see-through.

Niel Peters

LINDISFARNE

Back And Fourth (Mercury)

WHEN RECENTLY announced, Lindisfarne's reunion appeared both desperate and pathetic. Neither of the five group members had succeeded in establishing himself outside Lindisfarne and they seemed to be attempting to turn back the pages at a time when they'd been most criticised for doing so. The release of a single

Last night I dreamt I saw St. Felix



KISS

Double Platinum (Casablanca)

THE CHANCES are that when these guys head for the big Kiss-off in the sky the doctors won't be fighting amongst themselves for a go at lifting open the frontal flaps on America's greatest brains.

Not that Kiss are in any way dumb. How else could three nice Jewish boys from Brooklyn and a specially stage-trained cat drummer have raised their lube-ridden carcasses from off the floor of a ten dollar a week loft to become the biggest gross-out in the history of pre-pubescent teen-shock gonzo rockers?

Until John Revolta, the excellent Kiss were more popular than God and The Beatles. For why is not quite clear. Forgetting the easy jokes that are made at the expense of a phenomenon no-one can understand (least of all Kiss) and examining the uh, music on display in this lavishly presented double-cert blockbuster, it becomes apparent that Kiss really are a bunch of parties as far as a stake in the heavy league goes.

The material here, save for a revamped version of "Strutter", has been remixed to a level of smooth-jowled flatulence. The jerking lurch of former head-banging epics such as "Firehouse", "Black Diamond" and Kiss best song, "Deuce", has been replaced by a safely streamlined dose of non-events.

Songs that hitherto fried on the memory chart now come across as nothing more than calculated exercises in subliminal semantics of the lowest common denominator.

For instance, five of the numbers incorporate the word 'Love' in the title, and the rest make arbitrary use of the usual nomenclature of rock and roll parlance, idiot division.

beret of any of the old spirit only added to the feeling that a Lindisfarne reunion wasn't likely to bear fruit.

that it's too soon yet to write off Lindisfarne though. While it isn't an album I'd wholeheartedly recommend, "Back

And Fourth" has enough of what it takes to convince me that a Lindisfarne reunion is the best possible move the individuals concerned could currently make.

Alan Hull, for instance, sounds more enthusiastic here

It must be that incredible simplicity which has guaranteed the success of Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Ace Frehley and pussycat Peter Criss. Once upon a time I could accept that Kiss were taking the lessons of a bunch of English loonies like Reg Presley and Arthur Brown to a hideously deranged conclusion. Their appeal lay in a complete disregard for taste and a total inability to play an instrument properly. Half the songs were in E, the other half were in A and seven different producers — from Bob Ezrin to Eddie Kramer to big cheese Neil Bogart — couldn't ever make Kiss sound sophisticated.

I got off after seeing Kiss deliver the most excruciatingly limp live show in London two years back on their first visit. Then everything in their image that seemed to possess a redeeming humour was shattered by the fact that people actually took this rubbish seriously, though the Kiss machine rolls mainly on the ambition of Gene Simmons to make his million bucks and retire his tongue someplace where a man can walk the streets without makeup and live to tell the tale.

"Double Platinum" is chapter seven in that ambition. It will be followed at the end of the year by four solo albums and a film and that will be it — a con trick delivered with such unbelievable precision that only Kiss's hunk manager really knows how dangerously funny this animal could be.

Meanwhile, Kiss fans everywhere, it is your duty to buy several copies of this album and thrill to the baroque pastoral sentiment of Simmons' superb Rod Stewart pastiche "Hard Luck Woman", marvel at the expertise of Ace's solo spree on "Detroit Rock City" and wonder what delights the Kiss Army, Canoga Park California have up their sleeves for the next visit of America's finest.

In the words of the old song Kiss are here to rock and roll all night and paaaarty every day. That's what I call enlightenment.

Max Bell

elsewhere his production is effective without obliterating the group's life and soul.

Hull has had to carry most of the writing burden. He provides nine of the 11 songs, of which the best is the opening "Juke Box Gypsy", a tight,

Are We Not Meaningful?

THE MOODY BLUES

Octave (Decca)

THE ELECTRONIC

cricket-tittering emanating from the speakers signals the return — after a mere five years' flooding the market with 'meaningful' solo projects — of the Massed Cobham High Street Rod McKuens.

Better known, perhaps, as The Moody Blues. Welcome back, men. Actually, the Rod McKuen tape isn't entirely accurate — for Surrey's favourite hardensers could learn a trick or two about cosmic couplets from tall blond men sitting around on clumps of rocks wearing chunky white sweaters (And walking shaggy dogs—Ed.).

Because — regardless of how many millions their 19 (count 'em) albums have sold — The Moodies' preposterous



The men who brought you the first blue wave

Hallmark-card philosophising makes McKuen a poet laureate and Neil Diamond Stanley Kubrick's Space Child. Surely not even the dopest disciples of Californi-awn could mistake the Moodies' lugubrious attempts at 'tasteful' pop poetry as anything other than asinine anodynes for the feeblest of minds? Whether accompanying Ray

Thomas' simpering sonnets ("The dawn crept into my room and stole my dream / Now I'll never know what it means..."), Justin Hayward's soft-focus filigrees ("Just like the driftwood of a dream left on the seashore of sleep..."), Graeme Edge's grossly grandiose condescension ("What you gonna be, what you gonna see /

When your eyes are level with mine...") or Mike Pindee's pathetic proclamations ("There's one thing I can do / Play my mellotron for you / Try to blow your city blues away..."), the music is Mantovani syrup with Joe Loss rhythms.

"There's a new kind of freedom, less stiffness, more rock'n'roll," says Hayward of "Octave" in the glossy blurb. Yeah? Well, you'll be hearing from my solicitors, Justin. 'Cos the 'daring innovation' of horns and strings lends an already overweight sound cumbersome flabbiness and no matter what level you play it, it's still faded Paisley wallpaper, the multilarious production embellishments as perfectly cast as plaster ducks.

Here's to the Moodies — may all your champions be as tepid and flat as your blue cewms.

Vidal 'Siegfried' Sassoon

saucy romp replete with exemplary harp from Ray Jackson which succeeds in capturing the band's Saturday Night On The Town ethos.

Hull's songs are rarely less than interesting and, while none of the rest of his compositions are fit to sit beside his best work, "Marshall Riley's Army" comes closest. It's reminiscent of the classic "Meet Me On The Corner", but this time Hull pays tribute to the Jarrow marchers, and not the local dealer. It's an important track because, with its more traditional arrangement and band production, it shows that Lindisfarne are more effective when they drop Dudgeon's sick, albeit tasteful, ideas, and become more themselves.

If Lindisfarne had thought (or maybe Phonogram told them what to do) less about commercial potential and more about what they represent as a group, "Back And Fourth" might well have been a better album. As it is, it comes as something of a pleasant surprise.

Steve Clarke

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES

Livetime (RCA)

FALLING DOWN once again into the decreed live album oubliette — a chance which often mocks careful discrimination. Yours is the extreme pain or extreme pleasure, depending.

Thus, judgment passing on Hall & Oates' (inevitable) contribution to the oeuvre cannot but reveal the 'critic's' prejudices or expectations, past allegiance taking a fall maybe (not me, incidentally).

I imagine that membership of the John and Daryl fan club has been pretty dodgy recently, what with their continued slide (last year's "Beauty On A Backstreet") into creative redundancy, fairly empty Philadelphia muzak. Which would suggest that the uninitiated might benefit more from inspection of the duo's premium Atlantic compilation set of their early, thematically stronger material, also released last year.

I suggest that this album succeeds, more for the novice — which I am, "Rich Girl" launches, short and snappy with light, buoyant keyboards riding a smooth-killer rhythm, decoration from an effective, thankfully understated synth. Taken by surprise, I sing along. Shocked, "The Emptiness" is similar in construction, starting leisurely and pleading, the changes take it invisibly into a full-bodied swing. There is one flaw, a tendency toward vocal affectation (mainly Hall, I think) — white boy (y)in' too hard (I be junk-AV criticism which sounds as cliched as the aberration itself).

"Do What You Want, Be What You Are" is gorgeous though: effortless interplay between vocals falsetto and otherwise, soaring and smoothing out in seven minutes, tight, a soulful interpretation with faultless, open, free, empathetic playing from the band behind the Glamour Twins. "I'm Just A Kid" is fair enough, midtempo Philly fibre, a slight too tacky, too light to end the first side of a single album with.

The lift is provided by "Sara Smile" — which had this usually austere listener ad-libbing along with the irresistible vocal exhortations. As far as composition goes, this and the next track, "Abandoned Luncheonette", highlight the Hall & Oates feel for structure and the right stress in the right place, time, etc. Very nice.

"Room To Breathe" is the up-tempo keynote all live (rock) albums end on, I guess. This is suitably breathless, claustrophobic, frantic like the title implies. So.

I was seduced, perhaps you will be. What this forecasts for the H&O future I cannot say. New converts such as myself will be most easily disappointed. MOR fool who?

Ian Penman

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

ROBERT WATSON on the street of "Estimated Time Of Arrival" (Roulette-Pye)



THE PORSCHE EFFECT

Kaycee altoman
BOBBY WATSON
reports from Art
Blakey's Boot-Camp . . .

KANSAS CITY WAS a hellraiser's town, a Mid-West mixture of wheat, cattle, blues and riff. "Kansas City is a cellar," said the late Art Tatum, "a dark place where the best wines are kept." Stomping ground of Lester Young and Charlie Parker, where big-shouldered blowing-sessions ran their chain-lightning along 12th Street & Vine, filling the Bucket Of Blood, Lucille's Band Box, The Reno, The Sunset, The Hi-Hat, The Cherry Blossom, Elmer Bean's Club. "Come with me," exhorts King Pleasure's "Parker's Mood", "if you wanna go to Kansas City."

Well, you'd need a ticket on a time capsule to find it today. I talked to young Kansas City alto Bobby Watson, who grew up on the outskirts of town and had to hunt to find his heritage.

"There's a few people in Kansas City who'll pull you over to the side and pull your coat — if you're willing to listen. The ways things are set up now, people my age, you don't grow up getting jazz. You have to search. I got the rock first just by turning on my radio every day and hanging out with people my own age. The jazz thing, I had to actually search. I was lucky I guess. I met cats who told me, Look, man — you hafta learn the standards."

It was easier in the late '30s. Charlie Parker picked up some of his musical education in the balcony at The Reno, floating on the rising riffs and grass smoke from the Count Basie band, and musing along to Lester's solos. Tania Motown and electronics killed that kind of apprenticeship for Bobby's generation.

"There's not too many active jazz clubs there now

There's the Charlie Parker Foundation, which is a community centre where people can learn and get lessons. For a time, they were bringing in all kinds of musicians — everybody'd come and do clinics — Cannonball, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie. It's discontinued now."

Bobby Watson was born in 1953, started piano at 11, clarinet at 12. He studied theory and composition at the University of Miami, and narrowly missed going with the band to the Montreux Jazz Festival because his off-campus unit had scored an engagement in Venezuela which — tough luck, Bobby — also blew out.

A single-minded young cat, Bobby hit out for New York. "I went out every night even if I didn't play — at least I was there. New York's that kinda place — the scene can change at the drop of a hat. I got to New York on a Saturday night and I went to Folk City next day. There were about 20 horn players and I waited in line. By the time I got to play, next thing I knew the whole rhythm section had changed around and there was Rufus Reid on bass and Billy Hart on drums."

The policy paid off. Bobby was sitting in with the Curtis Fuller Trio at Storyville when Art Blakey, Fuller's ex-boss, dropped by. "It was Art's birthday. A friend had brought him down there for some champagne, and he ended up sitting in too. He asked me if I'd like to join the Messengers and I said just tell me when!"

Bobby joined in January, 1977, the latest in a long line of young musicians to study under the great drum master. The Jazz Messengers have fielded Horace Silver, Clifford Brown, Kenny Durham, Lee Morgan, Bill Hardman, Freddie Hubbard, Lou Donaldson, Jackie McLean, Johnny Griffin, Hank Mobley and Wayne Shorter over the

last couple of decades, usually transforming tearaway youth into towering professionalism in the process.

"He's somethin' else! Art, he teaches you order, just order on the stage and off the stage if you dig where he's coming from. That's where it's at — order. No matter where you go when you leave him, you'll really have a good foundation. He teaches you how to walk, you know — how to be a pro. Art paces the whole set, the way he calls the tunes, picks the tempos, his dynamics. He never forgets his audience no matter how far out he goes — he'll take them with him."

I told Bobby about Woody Shaw's teething troubles with Art, the terrifying press rolls that welled up under the soloist who had prematurely peaked.

Bobby laughed. "That's it! That's exactly what happened to me too. I'd start out playing and by the time he'd throw one of his first rolls behind me, I'd already gotten everything out. Man. He'd got so much MORE to give!"

"I felt like I was drowning, you know — treading water in a stormy sea or something. I'd just say a little prayer and go out to the mike, and that was all I could do, because I didn't know WHAT was gonna happen this time! Now the fog's beginning to clear a little bit, and I'm beginning to make some sense of it. You really have to slow it down and stretch it, and that's what I'm trying to do now. I don't get as excited as I did, and I'm spacing more."

Audiences at Ronnie Scott's hadn't seen such a cheerily happy-looking band since The Jazz Messengers last delivery. Tenorman Dave Schmitter is the young veteran of the front line, while Russian trumpeter Valeri Ponomarev is another cat who had to search — Moscow ain't a jumping town — to find the stuff. Bobby's impassioned alto fits in there like white on rice, looks like a

Christmas cracker novelty in the tall skinny cat's hands.

They get off on each other, laugh a lot on the stand. With most of the band sporting stickbuddy overalls, they resemble the cast of *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*. Hard Bop for the Hay Wain.

"Art will not intimidate you at all," said Bobby, "other than the fact that he's so great — I mean, you can't just step around his musical ability. He's the most patient guy I've ever seen in my life. He lets you go ahead and bump your head, just laughs and points at ya. Oh shoot! We're trying to be a family, otherwise it won't work."

Benny Golson — and yes, the band are still playing his "Blues March" — told me about Blakey's technique for dealing with hungover sidemen: call three consecutive solo features.

"Yeah. If you're a player like you say you are, then do it. Art says music is supposed to wash away the dust of everyday life and people come there to leave with a good feeling. They don't wanna hear you announce from the stage. Excuse me, people, you'll have to excuse this next solo because I'm feeling kinda sick. Art knows something we don't know, but we're learning. Being with this man is like a blessing from God."

Bobby's admiration for the Old Volcano knows no bounds. The band had recently made a three-day drive from San Francisco to New York, jetted out to Amsterdam, and tottered straight onto the bandstand. "We somehow did it. Everybody was tired, but Art doesn't let you know how he feels. He played his ass off. You see him over there and you've got no excuses."

The lunging, convoluted attack of Bobby's early work on *The Jazz Messengers* "Gypsy Folk Tales" has altered a lot over 18 months. Had Eric Dolphy been an influence?

"Eric was a fiery player. He was like a Porsche, you know, going round the mountains wide open — BRRRR. I guess that's what people saw in me, that Porsche effect. I never really listened to Eric that much in my growing up because he was such a highly individualised personality. I studied on Cannonball, Charlie Parker, Phil Woods and Johnny Hodges — they all had a great sound on the horn."

"I try to keep it below me and go ahead and play, but I'm very conscious of reeds. You find a lotta young reeds and green reeds, and it's really hard because I'm particular. Art has the same trouble with the sticks. It's something to do with the cane crop. I ran into Sonny Fortune and Sonny Rollins together once in New York, coming out of my repairman's office, talking about mouthpieces. I'd heard Sonny Fortune about a week ago in a club — and here he is saying, I've just changed my mouthpiece."

"I just couldn't believe it! I thought WHY? He'd been just great. Everybody's problem, I guess."

Like most of his generation, Robert Michael Watson Jr. did his teething on the modal scales.

"I'd be playing modal and there might be a guitar player who knew thousands of tunes, and he'd say, Oh man — this is a drag, let's play tunes. I'd say, well, I don't know tunes, and he'd teach me a tune. That's how it started. I'm still learning 'em in fact."

"I've read like that jazz is the classical music now, and you have to go off the track to get it. It's not until you get up in your late 20s that you realize what you've missed, and that little light bulb lights up. So I always try to listen to people who are older than me because that's where it's at in my eyes."

"Art knows the words to thousands of tunes, the lyrics. It's almost impossible to play a tune if you don't know the

words. That's the truth. Even in schools today it's not geared that way — you learn the melody and the chords and that's it. Free Music? I've probably played that accidentally! Freedom is once you find the chord changes and understand them. I hate to see cats disregard structure and swing."

Apart from three albums with The Jazz Messengers — "Gypsy Folk Tales" and two volumes of "In My Prime" — Bobby has also cut his debut album for Pye, "Estimated Time Of Arrival". He's in good company, with Pat Patrick, Billy Higgins and Billy Hart on the session.

"Pat Patrick — I just ran into him in New York, and I didn't know he played with Sun Ra. That's somethin'! As a matter of fact, he had a Muslim name so I didn't recognize him. I'd had some sorta run-in with the drummers in New York — I was lucky to get them."

With a programme of originals, the album covers a wide stylistic area from Be-Bop to Tania. "I'm trying to incorporate everything I've heard in my life, and regurgitate it. It's just a reflection of my life. People my age have been affected by the Motown sound and Blood, Sweat & Tears. Just can't help it — grew up on that stuff. But I don't think a musician should go for the electronics until he's actually master of some kinda acoustic sound."

"That first album has a lotta experimentation, lotta things I'd always wanted to do but never had the opportunity."

"I'd be going into an explanation of what I had in mind with the rhythm section — concept, feeling, flavouring — and the producer'd be saying, Come on, Bobby — keep it going. He stopped me from wasting time. Sometimes I like to get into a verbal thing too much."

Glady you did this time, Bobby.



IT'S HIGH TIME BANKS REALISED WHAT SCHOOL LEAVERS HAVE TO LIVE ON.

Let's face it, you won't exactly earn a packet when you first start work, nobody does.

An open secret which seems to have escaped the notice of most banks.

For while they invite you to discover the advantages of a bank account, they make you pay bank charges from the word go.

At Barclays, we've always thought this a little unfair. There will be enough eating into your already lean salary without adding bank charges to the list.

Open an account with us then, and we'll give you a year's free banking from the day you leave school.

In other words, so long as you stay in credit, all your cheques, statements and bankers orders won't cost you a penny.

Free Cheques for a Year.

The first thing you'll get after you've opened an account is your chequebook.

It's much safer than carrying a wallet full of pound notes (last year over 20 thousand people had their pockets picked) and often much more convenient than paying by cash.

Each time you write a cheque, fill in the counterfoil details.

That way you'll be able to see who you've paid, how much you've paid, and what's left in your account.

Free Statements for a Year.

Naturally we keep a record of your spending as well. It's called a statement.

You can have one as often as you like so that you can see what's been paid into, and drawn out of, your account.

Then, if need be, you can work out a budget.

Free Bankers Orders for a Year.

Bankers orders are a way of paying regular bills automatically.

You just tell us to pay someone, say, £15 on the 10th of each month, and we will until you tell us to stop.

This will save you the irritation of being prodded by reminders and the expense of sending cheques by post.

You can also use a bankers order to help you save. If your statement shows you've got some cash to play with at the end of each month, you can arrange for a fixed sum to be transferred regularly to a savings account. It may only be a few quid but it'll soon mount up and best of all, it'll earn interest for you.

How do I go about opening a Bank Account?

If you like the sound of what you've read so far, and you'd like us to open an account for you before you start work, fill in the coupon

below and send it off to us. We'll arrange for our local branch to contact you.

Incidentally, once you've opened an account, the manager will be on hand to give advice on any financial problem that's bothering you.

An H.P. deal, for example, or how to save for a holiday. In the meantime, we'll send you a booklet we've written: 'Starting Work. How to use your Bank?'

Since this is free as well, what have you got to lose?

— YOUR FIRST YEAR'S BANKING FREE —

*Please send me a copy of 'Starting Work. How to use your Bank?'

†I am interested in opening a Cheque Account at your branch at

(FILL IN AS REQUESTED) (GIVE FULL ADDRESS IF POSSIBLE)

Please arrange for your local branch to contact me

Surname Mr/Miss

Forenames in full

Address

Telephone

Post to: John Lawson, Barclays Bank Limited, 16-18 New Bridge Street, London EC4V 6HF

BARCLAYS

(NM 9)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 8603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 29th June (Adm 75p) THE AUTOMATICS Plus support & Ian Fleming	Fri 7th July (Adm 85p) THE BRAKES Plus support & Ian Fleming
Fri 30th, Sat 1st, Sun 2nd & Mon 3rd SEE PANEL BELOW	Sat 8th July (Adm 75p) APOSTROPHE Plus support & Ian Fleming
Tues 6th July (Adm £1) THE MOVIES Plus support & Joe Long	Sun 9th July (Adm £1.25) MEAL TICKET Plus guests & Mandy H
Wed 5th & Thurs 8th (Adm £1) DIRE STRAITS Plus guests & Ian Fleming	Mon 10th July (Adm 75p) WINDOW Plus support & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE
Fri 30th, Sat 1st, Sun 2nd & Mon 3rd
Specials Guests from America...

THE RUBINOOS

Plus friends & D.J.s
Advance tickets to members £1.25
Non-members at the door £1.50

READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

14th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds
28, 29 and 30 July

Billy Connolly, Tom Paxton, Richie Havens, Dave Swarbrick & Friends, The McCalmans, Diz Dingley, Five Hand Reel, Stefan Grossman and John Renbourn, Na Fili, Red Clay Ramblers, Shirley & Dolly Collins, Clannad, New Victory Band, Don Cray, Muckram Wakes, Happy Traum, Pete and Chris Coe, Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean, Fred Wedlock, Hot Vultures, John Foreman, John The Fish, Hamish Imlack, Silkie Miller & J.J. Dion, Dave Trehanne, Jake Walton, Brian Cookman, Alex Atterson, Ougenweide, Chuck Brunicardi.

Off site car park available. Two indoor stages and club tent
ON SITE FOOD AND DRINK (HOT OR COLD)

TICKETS: Weekend £6.00 Sunday £3.50
20p camping ticket available to weekend ticket holders only
Box Office: Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, Tel Cam 57851
Please send stamped addressed envelope for all tickets
Promoted by the Cambridge City Council

Friday July 30th 50p
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Saturday July 1st Free
STARJETZ
Sunday July 2nd 50p
WARREN HARRY
Monday July 5th Free
THE SKIDS
Tuesday July 8th Free
THE DRONES

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.4

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Friday June 30th 75p
TONIGHT
+ **ALTERNATIVES**
Saturday July 1st £100
CADO BELLE
+ Support
Sunday July 2nd 75p
THE SOFT BOYS
+ Support
Monday July 3rd Free
AUTOGRAPH + THE EDGE
Tuesday July 4th 75p
CHARLIE DORES BACK POCKET
+ **THE ACTORS**
Thursday July 6th 75p
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
+ **THE SKIDS**
Friday July 7th £1.00
PENETRATION
+ **THE DRONES**

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

JONLYN MANAGEMENT

are pleased to announce sole representation of

TOMMY & THE HOT ROCKS

The most visual versatile & dynamic rock'n' roll band in the land.
Tour to be announced shortly.
For further information please telephone
061 624 2650/2658/1174/1148

FILMS

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

at the Lyceum

WIRE

+ **DOCTORS OF MADNESS**
Sunday 2nd July £1.75 in advance £2.00 on door

DAVID COVERDALE

+ **DEAD FINGERS TALK**
Sunday 8th July £1.75 in advance £2.00 on door

TALKING HEADS

+ **GUESTS**
Wednesday 12th 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

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 29
THE DICKIES
FRI 30
FUMBLE
THE CRUISERS
SAT 1
SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE
LIVE WIRE
TUES 4
THE RETAINERS
WED 5
WHIRLWIND

PARAMOUNT

ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOW

STAGE AND SCREEN SHOW
ALAN FREED IN PERSON

From fifties rock 'n' roll to sixties Beatlemania.
The whole musical explosion in one fantastic programme.

From Sunday all over London at ABC and other leading cinemas.

Both films in the West End Now

I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND

STEVEN SPIELBERG PRESENTS
A ROSE & ASSEYEV Production

'THE STORY OF BEATLEMANIA'

AMERICAN HOT WAX
Starring TIM MCINTIRE
LARAINE NEWMAN
JAY LENO · JOHN LEHNE · CHUCK BERRY · JERRY LEE LEWIS
Screenplay by JOHN KAYE · Story by JOHN KAYE and ART LINSON · Produced by ART LINSON
Directed by FLOYD MUTRUX
Soundtrack Album Available on A&M Records and Tapes
Distributed by CIC

"I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND"
Starring NANCY ALLEN
BOBBY DICICCO · MARC MCCLURE
SUSAN KENDALL NEWMAN
THERESA SALDANA · WENDIE JO SPERBER
Written by ROBERT ZEMECKIS & BOB GALE
Directed by ROBERT ZEMECKIS
Associate Producer BOB GALE
Produced by TAMARA ASSEYEV & ALEX ROSE
Executive Producer STEVEN SPIELBERG
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE DISTRIBUTED BY CINEMA INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

The Clash are on tour

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: SUZI QUATRO
BARNSTAPLE Chequers: THE LURKERS
BATH Briling Arts Centre: THE MOVIES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Mecca: CHINA STREET
BRADFORD Mecca: WHITE PLAINS
BRIGHAM Hungry Years: ATTRIX
BRISTOL Granary: DIRE STRAITS
CHESINGTON Junior Ranks Club: PINUPS
COLWYN BAY Dandelion Showbar: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
COVENTRY Robin Hood: PARADOX
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE RUBINOOS
CRAWLEY Pelham Buckle: SOUTHERN RYDA
DERBY Assembly Rooms: SHOWADDYWADDY
DONCASTER Outlook Club: TYLA GANG
FARNBOROUGH Taffy's: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
HARTLEPOOL Galsby's: THE CARPETTES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SKIDS
HINCKLEY Liberal Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA AND
HOLBURY Old Mill Inn: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIAN
ILFORD The Cranbrook: JERRY THE FERRET
LEDS 'F Club: CYANIDE
LEDS Gaiety Bar: RAY KING BAND
LEDS Queen's Hall: THE CLASH
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WHITE ISLAND / STEAM HEAT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: U.F.O. / MARSEILLE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE EDDY / HOT WATER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE DICKIES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HINCKLEY'S HFROES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: BOB DOWNES MUSIC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN / HOT RUMOUR
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: TRAPEZE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: JOANNA CARLIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BUSINESS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AUTO-GRAPHIS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE RETAINERS / THE DODGERS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE CROOKS
LONDON N.W.1 Film Makers Co-op: U.K. SUBS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: STEEL PULSE
LONDON SOUTHCATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS / GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MEMBERS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: THE EXILES
LUTON Library Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: ACME QUARTET
MANCHESTER Raffles: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
MARGATE Dreamland: J.A.L.N. BAND
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: THE FANTASTICS (for three days)
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Inn: AVALON
NEWCASTLE The Copperage: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: JAB JAB
OXFORD New Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
POYNTON Folk Centre: MARIE LITTLE
RETHFORD Porterhouse: THE RETAINERS
SHEFFIELD An College: SCHOOL MEALS
SHEFFIELD Disband Showbar: KRYPTON TUNES
STORE Victoria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: WATER-TALL
SWANSEA Cables Club: THE BANNED
SWANSEA Nuts Club: HEATWAVE
WALLINGFORD Theatre Club: MUD

THE CLASH are back on the road again. They visit Leeds (Thursday) and Sheffield (Friday) — and from then onwards they're joined by that enigmatic U.S. duo Suicide, who are special guests for the rest of the Clash tour. First dates involved are Leicester (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday).

Friday

ABINGDON Culham College: THE FABULOUS POODLES
BASHFORD Double Six: THE CROOKS
BEDFORD Mander College: PATRIK FITZGERALD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE ILLUMINANDS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Pier Ballroom: PINUPS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: GEORGE McCRAE
BRADFORD Royal Standard: SHY TALK
BRADFORD Star Hotel: OULD TRIANGLE
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: DINO DAZ & THE MACHINE
BRIDGWATER Manor Hotel: ZHAIN
BRISTOL Colston Hall: HEATWAVE/HI-TENSION
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: IGNATZ
CHATHAM Tann O'Shaugh: SWIFT
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: THE REAL THING
CHESTER Arts Centre: JEFF CLYNE'S TURNING POINT
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
DUMFRIES The Windsor: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Odeon: U.F.O./MARSEILLE
GRANTHAM Guildhall: THE NEXT BAND
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIO PARANJAS
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: THE VAPORS
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: JAILERS/SWEATEE-FECTS
HERTFORD College: J.A.L.N. BAND
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: BAD NEWS
HULL Technical College: BLISS BEAT/SECTION 60
IPSWICH Suffolk College: RICHARD DIGNANCE
IPSWICH The Manor: BUSTER JAMES/THE NEEDLES
KIRKLEIGH/Donkey Club: THE MOVIES
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ENGLISH TASTERY
LEDS Polytechnic: MEKONS/3YRIBESMAN
LEDS Vix Wine Bar: ARC ROUGE
LEICESTER Croft County Club: PARADOX
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WINDJAMMER
LEICESTER Polytechnic: WENDY TUNES/LOU PETTES/ART FAILURES
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: EMERGENCY
LINCOLN R.A.F. Dgby: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's WIRE
LIVERPOOL Mountaineer: ALWOODLEY JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUMBLE/THE CRUISEES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: MERGER/CLAYSON
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: CHINA STREET
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatheaf: TOYAH
LONDON CHISWICK Polytechnic: MISTY
LONDON CITY University: THE RESISTANCE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/THE ACTORS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: ROLL-UPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: PENETRATION/JOHN COOPER CLARK/THE REINFORCEMENT/RANK/THE MONOCHROME SET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TONIGHT
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REBEL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHUCK BRUCCARD
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE MOTORS/REGGAE REGULAR/THE RESISTANCE

No other tours of any significance open this week. It's a fairly quiet period, the lull before the summer storm. But David Bowie's outing reaches its climax at London Earls Court on Thursday, Friday and Saturday; The Rubinoos are back for a four-day season at London Marquee (Friday-Monday); and The Emd have a big London Saturday concert.

LONDON SOUTHCATE Royalty Ballroom: DELEGATION
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: WHITE CATS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: COOL NOTES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): VICTORIA WOOD
LONDON WIMBLEDON School of Art: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: TERESA D'ABRA/ROOTS/CLISSANDO STEEL BAND
LONDON W.1 Collegiate Theatre: THE POP GROUP/THIS HEAT
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: HYBRID
MAIDSTONE Art College: THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: THE PIRATES
MANCHESTER Raffles: THE SMIRKS
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: LABI SIFFRE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GOATS
NEWCASTLE Jazz Festival: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: LITTLE ACRE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS/CHELSEA
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
PLYMOUTH Metro: DIRE STRAITS
POTTERSHUR Community Centre: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIAN
RELICAR Coalham Bowl: BLACK SLATE
ROCHFORD Roebury Centre: ESSEX FOLK 78 with TANNABILLI WEAVERS/BILL CADDICK/ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD/GEORGE & PENNE HARRISTICKLERS JAMMARTIN SIMPSON ROSEMARY HARDMAN/HOG-SHEAD etc. (for three days)
RUGBY Emmaline's: RAY KING BAND
RUGBY Railway Club: THE RANKERS
RUSHDEN The Wheatsheaf: BLEAK HOUSE
RYDE Low Town Hall: THE AUTOMATICS
SCARBOROUGH Penhouse: TYLA GANG
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: ARBRE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE CLASH
SOUTH SHIELDS Bolingbroke Hall: ANGELIC UPSTARTS
ST. ALBANS College of Agriculture: DAVE LEWIS BAND
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: ROGER THE CAT
SUNDERLAND Annabel's: J.A.L.N. BAND
SWINDON Oasis Centre: SUZI QUATRO
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: ALAN ROLL
WAKEFIELD Berton College: KRYPTON TUNES
WATFORD Wall Hall College: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
WREYMOUTH College of Education: FRINGE BENFITT
WINCHESTER School of Art: DESMOND DEKKER
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE BOYFRIENDS

Saturday

AYLESBURY Civic Centre: THE REAL THING
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Hall: GIMIK
BASHFORD Double Six: ROLL-UPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGAZINE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: 10 ANN KELLY & PETE FMFRY
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Sydenham Club: MATCHBOX
BRADFORD Royal Standard: SHY TALK
BRIGHTON Hove The Adur: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRIGHTON The Centre: FRANK JENNINGS SYNDICATE/THE HILLSIDERS/DUFFY BROTHERS
BRISTOL Brunel Technical College: LITTLE ACRE
CAMBOURNE Folk Festival: RICHARD DIGNANCE
CARDIFF Penarth Eisteddfod Pavilion: RACING CARS
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
CHESTERFIELD The Tavern: ZHAIN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHAMPIONS
DUMFRIES Larchharp Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
FALKIRK Tann Bann's: THE DEPT JERKS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: WHIRL WIND

GLASGOW Apollo Centre: U.F.O./MARSEILLE
GOOLE Station Hotel: RED EYE
GUILDFORD Surrey University: THE VIBRATORS/ ZOUNDS
HAINAULT Festival (Essex): ADVERTISING/JENNY DARRIN BAND/JOHNNY MOPED/SCENE STEALER
HARLOW Spurners Town Park: HEATWAVE/HI-TENSION
HUDDERSFIELD Cleopatra's: BLACK SLATE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
LEDS Haddon Hall: JUGGERNAUT
LEICESTER Granby Hall: THE CLASH/SUICIDE
LEICESTER Newbold Vernon Club: STRANGE DAYS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE LURKERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE ADVERTS
LIVERPOOL Hope Street Fringe Festival: BIG IN JAPAN/MONTREAL/MARDOX & THE ZING/THE MUTANTS/SECOND THOUGHT BAND/MOONDOGS/THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON Alexandra Palace: GONZALEZ
LONDON BARKING Dukes Head: GUTZY BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE/LIVEWIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE PLASERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: IVOR CUTLER/MAAS MOVERS
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex Polytechnic: GENTRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHINA STREET
LONDON CROUCH HILL Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: DAVID BOWIE
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: THE VIPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WHITE CATS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIAN
LONDON HARLESDEEN Romy Theatre: THE MOTOR/STHE JOLT
LONDON HIGHTGATE Jacksons Lane Community Centre: WORLD SERVICE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE RUBINOOS
LONDON Middlesex Hospital: THE FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: SAM MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE ENID/90 INCLUSIVE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON TWICKENHAM Richmond College: VISITOR 2035
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: COOL NOTES
LONDON WATERLOO Colombo St. Sport Centre: THE RESISTERS/OX EYES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): JEFF CLYNE'S TURNING POINT
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: LABI SIFFRE
MIDDLESBROUGH Madson Club: MUSCLES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
NEWBURY College of Further Education: DOUBLE XPASURE
NEWCASTLE Festival: TRIBESMAN
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NORWICH White's: DIAMOND LIL
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TYLA GANG/STRAIGHT 8
OXFORD Polytechnic: DIRE STRAITS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
REITH C.B. Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
RETHFOLD Limit Club: APOSTROPHE
SHILOTT Sunset Inn: RAY KING BAND
SLOUGH College: THE PIRATES
WAKINGHAM King Of Clubs: FRINGE BENFITT
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: BUSTER JAMES
WHITFIELD Royal Oak: JASMINE PIE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (luncheon): THE PESTS
WORKING Surrey Town Hall: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND

Sunday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: THE HEAT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: QUARTZ
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKPOOL Imperial Ballroom: THE PIRATES
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: DOUBLE XPASURE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS

CONTINUES OVER...

The Pegasus
100 GREEN LAMBS
LONDON N.15
(01 226 9800)

Thursday June 29th
VIPERS
Friday June 30th
STADIUM DOGS
Sats. July 1st 8.30pm
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Hebdell Smith
Sunday July 2nd
SORE THROAT
Monday July 3rd
RUNNING SORES
Ring for details

LAST BASTION!
THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Live Punk every Weds
THE CRABS
+ GUEST BAND + D.J.
WEDS 6th JULY 8.00pm
Please come early
WEDS 12th JULY
PUMP HOUSE GANG
+ VARICOSE VEINS + D.J.

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
"AMGEN HIGH SE OPR. ARROWHOLM CRESCENT TUBE. NW.1"

Wednesday June 28th £1.00
THOSE FOUR
+ SEVENTH SEAL
Thursday June 29th £1.50
HINKLEY'S HEROES
+ RESISTANCE
Friday June 30th & Saturday July 1st £3.00
THE PLEASERS
+ Support
Monday July 3rd £3.00
BUSTER JAMES
+ WHITE CATS
First admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm

Tuesday July 4th £1
VIPERS
+ BILBO
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm
Wednesday July 5th £1.00
BLACK SLATE
+ Support
Thursday July 6th £1.00
NO DICE
+ The Paranoids
First British appearance since American release

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

BRIAN B.
01-261 6153

THE INMATES
'MAXIMUM R & B'
SUN. 2nd JULY
THURS. 6th JULY
HOPE & ANCHOR
ROCHESTER CASTLE

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BANKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 28th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson/Stevie Lange
Friday June 30th 40p
★ ROLL UPS ★
Saturday July 1st 80p
RAMROD
(Rod De'Ath, Lou Martin + Ex S.A.T.L.)

Sunday July 2nd 40p
A REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD REVIVAL
Monday July 3rd Free
TRANS-AM
(Ex. Burlesque)
Wednesday July 6th
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson / Stevie Lange
30p each night

JONLYN MANAGEMENT
are pleased to announce the re-formation of
SKREWDRIVER
For further information please telephone
061 624 2650/2658/1174/1148

AN EXPLOSION IN THE HEART OF THE COMMUNITY

THE POP GROUP
WITH DISINTEGRATING OPERA DISCO
8PM JUNE 30 COLLEGIATE THEATRE GORDON STREET WC1
TICKETS FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE £1.25 IN ADVANCE OR £1.50 ON THE DOOR

THIS HEAT

VEHICLE MUSIC

ROGER THE CAT
Friday June 30th
Horn of Plenty,
St. Albans
Saturday July 1st
The Cranbrook,
Cranbrook Rd., Ilford
Wednesday July 5th
Stapleton Tavern,
Crouch End
Thursday July 6th
Hertford College of Art,
St. Albans
Gilmar Promotions
01-204 9876

THE PORTERHOUSE
70 Cavendish, Bedford, Herts. Tel. 704981

Thursday June 29th
Friday June 30th
Saturday July 1st
**LITTLE ACRE
PONDERS END
BITTER SUITE**

Gays Against Nazis
2-3 TRIBESMAN Mekons
LEADS POLY TECH 30 JUNE 7.30pm
ROCK AGAINST RACISM
£1.25 60p dole card

Gays Against the Nazis, Anti-Nazi League, 12 Little Newport St. London WC2

ASTORIA THEATRE

FLVIS
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM

"This Coupon is Worth £2.50"

Collect Your
FREE

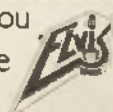


Cast Album
(value £2.50) and see
the Show* in a Top
Price (£6) seat all for
Only £6.00 at the

ASTORIA THEATRE
Charing Cross Road, London WC2. Telephone: 01-734 4291

*This EXCLUSIVE offer applies throughout July for all
performances. Except 8-45pm Fridays
and 6-00 & 8-45pm Saturdays

Bring this coupon with you
and claim your Free
Cast Album



SHORT CIRCUIT

THE FAULT
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LIVE

JOY DIVISION
THE DRONES
STEEL PULSE
BUZZCOCKS

AT THE
ELECTRIC
CIRCUS

FIRST 5,000 COLOUR PRESSED ON
FASHIONABLE BLUE VINYL ELECTRIC CIRCUS.
IN HANDY SHOPLIFTING SIZE
10" FOR £2.99.

OUT NOW ON VIRGIN VCL5013



SPEAK-EARLY

**LIVE
GROUPS
MONDAY
TO
SATURDAY**
PHONE FOR DETAILS

50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

**LANDSCAPE — PUSHING BACK
THE BOUNDARIES**
Fri 30th June ALBANY, Station Yard, Tenc-
lanham 8.30 £1
Sat 1st July Westminster Hospital Medical
School
Fri 2nd July St Edmunds Arts Centre,
Barnum St., Salisbury, Wilt-
shire
Sat 3rd July Farnborough College
NEW E.P. "WORKERS' PLAYTIME"
99p from good shops and £1.25 mail
order from Event Horizon Records,
154 Forest Hill Rd., London SE23
Enquiries: 01 783 7877/879 2061.

**Bognor
Rock Panic
WHITE HORSE**
Regate, nr. Petersfield

THURSDAY, JUNE 29th

**STAA
MARX**

**BLITZ
FULHAM TOWN HALL**
Friday July 14th

(Supporting
Reggae Regular)

Licensed Bar till 12 midnight
Admission £1.00 for the first 400,
then £1.50

**Saturday July 22nd
SPEAKEASY**

WANTED!

Places to play and bands seeking a
good support.
Please telephone
01-578 8850

**YOUNG VIC
THEATRE**
The Cut, SE1
01-928 6363

**LATE-NIGHT SHOWS
THE GREAT
SOPRENDO
and
VICTORIA WOOD**
Cobaret of music and magic
Fri 30 June 11pm
AND
**TURNING
POINT**

Jeff Clyne's jazz band
Sat 1 July 11pm
Tickets £1.20
Bar open to 11pm



**HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1**

Friday, June 30th RUMBLESTRIPS	Monday, July 3rd THE LOOK
Saturday, July 1st SOULYARD	Tuesday, July 4th PHILIP RAMBOW
Sunday, July 2nd THE INMATES	Wednesday, July 5th PATRIK FITZGERALD
	Thursday, July 6th THE STUKAS

HOLLIES

TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E15
(off Silverdown Way) 01-475 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday

Thursday June 29th ZAINE GRIFF	Saturday July 1st THE DAVE LEWIS BAND
Friday June 30th LEYTON BUZZARDS	Wednesday July 5th FLYING SAUCERS

Rock 'n' Roll Every Wednesday

Improvised Music — Approaching Freedom

Monday 3rd July
8.00 9.00
(in the bar)
LEVERS
North East London Poly, Greengate House, Greengate
Financially supported by the G.L.A.A. Road

**QUEENS
THEATRE**

Hornchurch 43333
(District Line)

**THE WHO'S
"TOMMY"**

Smash Hit Production With
Dana Gillespie,
Allen Love, Paul da Vinci,
Richard Barnes

"This production is proof that
the rock musical has reached its
maturity at last!"

Run extended 13th to 30th June

**A.J.'s CLUB
LINCOLN**

Saturday July 1st
8 p.m. — 2 a.m.

**THE
LURKERS**

Saturday July 8th
8 p.m. — 2 a.m.

WHIRLWIND

Fail Out With The

SATELLITES

CHISWICK POLY, BATH ROAD, W.4

Friday June 30th (with Msty)

Featuring Arthur J. Blackshadow and
his Amazing Walking Bessoon

FRIARS AYLESBURY

AT THE MAXWELL HALL

THE LAST OUTPOST

Wednesday June 28th at 7.30 pm

OUT ON PAROLE

THE CLASH

+ THE AUTOMATICS

Unconsciously or Kinks will be available to hear at night. Completely sold out.

Unconsciously or Kinks will be available to hear at night. Completely sold out.

Unconsciously or Kinks will be available to hear at night. Completely sold out.

VROOM VROOM, VROOM VROOM

So an Anglia was all you could get
for The Motors gig.

Your fault — you should have
consulted the NME expert Brian B.
He will tell you how to fill the place
with people.

In a word — ADVERTISE
Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for
details

ON THE TOWN



Pix by DENIS O'REGAN



JEFFERSON STARSHIP

IT'S ALL too easy to be cynical about festivals, but, quite honestly, what can a poor boy say? No, seriously folks... I mean, it was just so tedious.

The fourth Knebworth festival — promotor Fred Bannister's "Midsummer Night's Dream", now the biggest event on the British rock calendar — was just about the most unimaginative billing of six acts you are likely find all year.

With the exception of Genesis, their Brand X offshoot, and, of course, Devo, who stuck out like a sore thumb, all the bands on show played watered down Medium Wave American rock.

A muted affair all round. Even the sensation-seeking Sundies had to admit that it had been a quiet day.

In the centre, dwarfing all who dared set foot on its lip, was the stage — apparently one of the biggest ever assembled for a rock-event (and I use the last term loosely).

Ah, well, good morning campers...

First up, Brand X play tepid, keyboard-dominated jazzzzzz-rock. I couldn't even tell you if they did it well.

Next, The Atlanta Rhythm Section exhort a little of what has become the traditional festival spirit — war cries all round for some Goddam Boogie!!!

The band duly provide it — ham fisted, cliché ridden, Southern boogie. I get bored and take a walk around the site. They get an encore and take ten minutes.

As for the crowd, there are roughly three linear components.

Backstage, the pseudo jet setters and those who merely aspire languish in the alcohol tents. Middle-aged men in silky record-company bomber jackets. The Smirnoff set. In the food tent, a meagre salad luncheon leaves yer little change from a fiver.

Front-stage the punters — hedonised and stringy-haired, carrying their haversacks and cans of booze, Quo and Sab badges adorning the Afghans and leathers.

There's the odd, token straight dude and a few token Hell's Angels.

Further back — at the bottom of stately Knebworth's ancient feudal hierarchy are the casualties, being treated in tents beyond the corrugated, police-patrolled boundary fence — those who took too much too soon.

Elsewhere, queues for the telephones and the hot dog stands are 20 yards deep.

Festival goers remain a strange breed — not the types you see at other rock gigs. Why do they go? Over 90,000 turned up on Saturday. Surely it's not for the music — the sound was uniformly bad from most areas of the arena. (The answer to that one, my friend, was blowing in the wind.)

I reckon most of them were there just because it was the Knebworth festival — an institution paid due homage.

The crowd was of similar size to the one at the recent Carnival Against The Nazis. Even there it was a strain to actually see or hear much of what was happening onstage, but at least there was a characterising spark of moral unity — sorely lacking at Knebworth.

And then Devo.

Back to the press enclosure (Do not feed, these animals are dangerous) for the band who represented the only flash of imagination on an oh-so-dull, 12 hour line up. Tenuous their concepts may be but, live, Devo are fun. They demonstrated as much with their Roundhouse debut earlier this year.

Now the Devo overalls have been discarded. Their sartorial

elegance for this week's ritual humiliation of the species comprised what looked like padded white pantaloons (no, not loon pants) and orange building site helmets.

From garage mechanics to a brickie workforce. Opening with the taped De-Evolution fanfare, they played for about 45 minutes. Muted applause followed the re-worked "Satisfaction", the third number, but from there on it

was an uphill struggle.

Which is, apparently, how the band like things.

If what Devo are trying to say is, basically, that we are all brainless idiots, then they cannot have failed to be impressed with the Knebworth reaction.

Through "Jocko Homo" and "Mongoloid" they seemed to be fighting the active disapproval of at least 50 per cent of the crowd, from whom

they faced a standing two-fingered ovation. There was also the odd stray flying can — usually badly aimed.

I don't know why though. What Devo play is recognisable as rock music. Even the most Devo'd dementoid should be able to see that "Too Much Paranoia", for example, is based around one of the most slyly insidious riffs of the year. Apparently not.

"You did just what you should," they address the can-throwing/V sign contingent as the set closes without an encore.

Knebworth goes Devo. The Akronite brickets descended from the 210 foot wide platform to a tumultuous cheer.

The disc-jockey, you see, had just put on "Stairway To Heaven". **Adrian Thrills**
■ Continues over page

YEAH!! IT WAS REALLY...DULL

ADRIAN THRILLS 'n' MARK ELLEN at KNEBWORTH

From previous page

NEXT ONTO the boards, with the unenviable task of trying to rouse the crowd from a Saturday mid-afternoon siesta, were Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers.

They weren't helped much by the fact that Devo had left an air of strained confusion in their wake, and that, even in the close enclosures of the press kind, they just weren't loud enough.

Petty, attired in black top hat, purple satin jacket and shades, struck a perfect balance between heavyweight rock 'n' roll and a euphoric, smooth West Coast sound.

Such numbers as "When The Time Comes" and "American Girl" showed his fairly substantial debt to The Byrds, and "Breakdown", "You're Gonna Get It" and "Foolish Again (I Don't Like It)" started to break through with their punchy, lilting rhythm and some magic guitar work from Mike Campbell.

It would have been easy for The Heartbreakers to have gone out and played an entire set of fast rockers, which couldn't have failed to have hauled everyone to their feet in a matter of minutes. Instead they still managed to get across with a most tasteful collection of slower numbers that, hopefully, will earn them the kind of recognition they deserve.

As soon as Jefferson Starship took the stage, it was apparent that those who had missed Grace Slick's last appearance in England (Bath Festival '71) might have to hang on another seven years to see the lady perform. She was already back in the States still suffering, apparently, from an illness she'd picked up while touring Germany.

As far as I'm concerned, the enormous range of expression of Grace's vocals is the last real link with the Starship's earlier style. With Marty Balin's slightly bland tones now dominating the set, and with the addition of a trumpet/sax horn section, the feel of their music was somewhere in between West Coast rock and a super-smooth "big band" sound.

It took just two numbers to establish that Craig Chaquico was going to steal the show. His fret work was immaculate all the way through, supplying "Skateboard" with the definitive guitar solo, phrasing briefly into the strains of "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" in the middle of "Wooden Ships", and doing the age-old tribute-to-Hendrix but by playing a large amount of "Sweeter Than Honey" with his teeth.

In Grace's absence, a hasty re-working of the set had unearthed some interesting replacements for her material. David Freiberg led an old Quicksilver number, "Pride Of Man". John Barbata sang "Big City", and Marty Balin took Grace's vocal part on "Love Too Good", which still worked, but mostly by virtue of being one of the strongest songs on the "Earth" album.

Pete Sears hacked out a bass solo that must have rocked Wembley Garden City, and the

set wound up with the great anthem from the Airplane days "Volunteers", and the encore "Dance With The Dragon".

The main reason why the Starship have never held the same status over here as back home is that a work record of two gigs in seven years can hardly be called over-exposure.

The faithful followers they lost when the band forsook their late heart-felt sentiments in favour of their present controlled, and slightly vacuous ballads, haven't found replacement, if this subdued crowd reaction was anything to go by.

It was a great set, but not a sensational one.

Everything started to make sense when Roy Harper and Andy Roberts made a second appearance, and nobody took any notice. Harper, perennial waster and devout festival veteran, arrived direct from the beer tent for a rare rendition of his late 60s classic "I Hate The White Man" — it was tremendous.

But the crowd wasn't having any. Their strangely unresponsive nature could be put down to the sole interest of a very large contingent in only one name on the bill.

As night fell, Genesis materialised from a barrage of multi-coloured smoke. Decked out in gleaming white suits, and working under the most colossal battery of lamps, their appearance was nothing short of celestial.

Occasionally joining Chester Thompson on a second drum kit, Phil Collins led the way through the likes of "Burning Rope", "Ripples", "The Fountain Of Salamis", "Deep In The Motherlode", and "Squonk".

Apart from "The Lady Lies", no one song struck me as being vastly different from another, but that didn't seem to matter too much.

What we got was a rock show of truly grandiose proportions, a crystal clear sound system, spotlights panning across the sky, and the odd luminous spray of lasers.

I can't say the band's music drives me wild, but when it comes to putting on an act of such technical precision, Genesis can't really be faulted.

And there ended the fourth Knebworth festival. I, stalwart that I am, have been to all of them, and in the light of past headliners the Stones, the Floyd, and The Allman Brothers Band, this one didn't make the same league at all.

Not only that, but I can remember several past support bands, to wit — Van Morrison, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and The Steve Miller Band, as being worth the money in their own right.

Sad it was too, to see the enormous talents of Devo wasted by the insane notion that they would make good festival material. Their robot antics, and humanoid Skate City Rollers gear, were lost on anyone who wasn't either camped up front, or glued to the end of a telescope.

Maybe next time Kneb House flings wide its gates, it will be for a cause more consistently worthwhile.

Mark Ellen



Casualties . . .



. . . Big names . . .



. . . Hippies . . .



. . . and the Notice Board.

BABYLON BY

Bob Marley & The Wailers

Stafford Bingley Hall

BETWEEN 1 AND 1, a writer's relationship with his reader is a balance of equal power: the former dictates terms, but only at the latter's discretion — where a page may be turned at any moment's whim.

In the presentation of this particular review, I might abuse this privilege with inclusion of any number of irrelevancies. I could, for instance, recount that the three coaches detailed for the record company's guests — press, photographers, and EMI reps — departed Island's St. Peter's Square HQ at 5.30 pm and, due to the consistencies of the rush hour traffic, had crawled no further north than Watford some two long hours on.

To which would be added that only two of these arrived at their destination; the third, the one carrying the hapless EMI reps, disgruntledly gave up the ghost.

And furthermore, those two that completed the journey only made it at the expense of Steel Pulse's 40 minute set — leaving one cynical observer to remark that Island were, perhaps, releasing the Brum Klanners from their contract.

(No we're not — Island Records) — and midway through Marley's own stage act.

Less than an hour later, it would be added, the same pair of charabancs were heading back to the capital for the small-hours disembarkation of their respective passengers.

By way of further embellishment and finer detail, a summary description would be given of the more rowdy journalistic element in concerted lament of King Sounds' "Spend One Night In A Babylon (And You'll See What I See)" by way of comment on the travelling arrangements — although, it must be confessed, the exact relationship twist this honourable record company and the harlot of the Ancients was never made fully clear, at least not to the understanding of this reporter.

Neither forgetting to mention the wand, nay need, of one particular scribe on a rival music publication for such pain-relieving aid as a Phenic could reasonably administer, and the chemical consumption of same to the delight of his fellow travellers.

Nor that, on arriving at Bingley Hall, in the wasteland of a deserted countryside, we witnessed those other Babylonian ravens — the British Police — in descent on individuals of darkskinned hue.

WEMBLEY BY

Thin Lizzy

WEMBLEY

EIGHT LONG years grappling with unconvinced audiences, the capricious media, and not least of all, their own internal conflicts, the boys come back to town triumphant.

Thin Lizzy finally enter the hierarchy of British rock 'n' roll in front of two capacity houses at the Wembley Arena. And as they go on stage for their second night, there are still a couple of dozen desperate kids outside in the drizzle, hopelessly begging for tickets.

Ninety minutes later a jubilant mob, battered by Lizzy's musical wreck and as loud in their own excitement, are blinded and deafened by a pair of white bright thunderous explosions, one each side of the stage. And as the grey smoke clouds over the rainbow lights above the now deserted rostrum, the clapping and raw howling for the boys intensifies.

"Lizzy! Lizzy! Lizzy! Lizzy!"

A thin green laser beam penetrates the fog hanging over the arena, twirls gracefully, and then repeatedly flashes onto the stadium's back wall high in the gods the legend, Live... Dangerous.

It just about says it all.

Yet four years ago Phil Lynott was the gangling black Irishman who seemed to have a stool permanently reserved for him in the Marquee bar. He'd be there every night, only his good humour and sheer physique preventing the caustic remark that he was a one hit wonder failure. And against those odds he dragged Lizzy through every shoddy gig in the world, and a brace of albums and singles, until he eventually cracked it.

So, at Wembley they're totally confident, rousing the acolytes in the stalls to their feet as soon as they come out; unabashed enthusiasm, a scorching pace and the volume knob frequently twisted into the red, guarantees ovation after ovation and an electric atmosphere that threatens to crumble the foundations.

Visual flash, mega-rits and blatant sexual excitement — provided by Lynott, although Scott Gorham with long, flowing hair and physical agility doubtless juices up the girls as well — comprises a formula which allows Lizzy to steamroller through the set. Motifs are machinegunned by guitarists Brian Robertson and Gorham, thumped and batted off Brian Downey's double-kit, and injected with Phil's stout bass yelp.

Undisciplined shrieking solos and dark, gruff vocals add up to what just escapes

Britain's leading reggae act

MATUMBI



HAR 5162

BUS...

for the purpose of fairly thorough and totally insulting search, curse them.

Such, I say, could quite easily form the bulk of my copy in lieu of a concert of which I saw a mere portion, but of such, I will forsake exposition for the sake of my readers' patience.

I arrived midway through Bob's performance of "Heaven", and made my way backstage for the introduction of "No Woman No Cry", "Lively Up Yourself", "Jamming", and by way of a single encore, "Get Up Stand Up".

Never has a lyric been more appropriate: "You can fool some people sometime", but you can't fool all the people all the time" and "Now you see the light stand up for your right."

This was followed by a brief chorus or two of "Exodus"/"Punky Reggae Party" — the self-absorbed posturing accompaniment of the I Three by way of extra farce, and the Natty One hopping offstage for the last time, leaving behind the voluminous cascade of applause.

And then, finally, yes me friend me de pan street — or rather field — again; and the depressing interminable journey back to London. Spend one night in a Babylon yard and you'll see what I see — Positive Vibrations!

Penny Reel

GUTS...

being firmly labelled Heavy Metal; especially as the lyrics are inevitably lost in the turmoil and a lot of songs rely on power rather than melody, brute force rather than dynamics.

All this is characteristically British, but what gives the band their uniqueness is the cross-breed of influences made possible by Lynott's considerable versatility. Van Morrison lurks menacingly in structures, particularly the "Cowboy Song" and the ending of "Roadie". And the ghost of Springsteen materialises in his vocal phrasing for "Southbound" and "The Boys Are Back in Town".

They survive and succeed by juxtaposing these highlights with the insubstantial rages of "Don't Believe A Word" and "Sha La La". But it's their fundamental insensitivity, perhaps compounded by the luck of intimacy in such a vast venue, that crushes dead a ballad like "Still In Love With You".

For Lizzy musical criticisms will always exist, yet no one can dismiss the feverish excitement they can so spontaneously create even at Wembley.

That's how they got there; that why they deserve to play there again.

Tony Stewart



Natty Bob. Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS.



Heavy Phil. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Boomtown Rats BRADFORD

DID YOU ever hear the one about the Irishman who formed a punk rock band? No? Well, not that The Boomtown Rats were ever truly punk (too much talent, man), being always nearer to pop R&B — but now they're somewhere else altogether. A tonic for the troops, for sure. Not quite the way Vera Lynn used to do it, but you can see their point. The Rats have graduated, and they've done it in style.

Right from the walk-on, it was self-evident that the Rats have begun to regard themselves as a very serious combo. Superficially, of course, nothing has changed — Geldof acting loose and frivolous and loud-mouthed as ever, while the other Rats plugged in and loomed like automated caricatures of themselves. But beneath the glib facade, the band have regimented discipline, a truculent spirit and a knowledge of the way to go as strong as any homies'.

Maybe the Rats have surprised themselves with their drastic and rapid improvement — (achieved with credibility: if the Rats have pushed politics and street ethics a little, at least that was never their *raison d'être*) — but I doubt it. Geldof is too knowing, too intelligent for this to have happened by chance. I'd guess he knew his way out of '77 in '76.

All this was efficiency expressed throughout the show. Superb acoustics might have helped the band sound even better than they are; the rainbow lights might have helped them look better. But the band's honesty, integrity and sheer application were comprehensive.

On "Rat Trap", you get a fair indication of the way the Dubliners have matured: musically tight, structurally taut, Johnny Fingers climaxes on "piano forte" while Geldof prefigures his way through layers of rich rhythms.

Over all, Geldof's vocals show a massive improvement, gelling securely with Denny Dias' sweet R&B lead and Fingers' smart piano; it's these three players who supply the new sound with most of its distinction.

The Rats have perfected the showband visual parodies, the three guitarists flanking Geldof, often surrounding him like he needs to be kept in check. But while they frequently degenerate into expertly unchoreographed strutabouts, they keep the music coming with unqualified panache.

"Joey" is still very central to the band's repertoire; being one of Geldof's favourites, it's unlikely ever to be dropped from the playlist, allowing as it does an opportunity for individual and collective work-outs, and a chance for the singer to air the grievances of his mercurial social conscience.

Only when Geldof gets unnecessarily demanding does

the performance lose shape and style. "We're a Dance-band, OK?", he said. "Just cos you got flashy seals doesn't mean you can't get off your arses."

This big-headed "I'm-calling-the-shots" posturing goes over the top at times.

Nevertheless, vending the "Tonic" material, the Rats could do no wrong. "Living On An Island", "about two people who tie their hands together and go off into the sea to drown themselves" is "a calypso number about suicide". And needless to say, it's as interesting and enjoyable as Geldof's synopsis would have you expect.

On "I Never Loved Eva Braun" and "Me And Howard Hughes", the Rats have shown genuine invention, exhibiting the kind of quality of lyrics and musicianship which augur well for the band's future. In any event, Geldof is already putting out lyrics to contend with the best in rock, and (as suggested by his Brilliance harp on "She's Gonna Do You In"), he's proud and ambitious enough to want to prove there's nothing much that's beyond his band's reach.

"Like Clockwork", the new single, could be taken as the most important single representation of their development / directional shift. Occasionally sounding American — on this song, the Rats are a touch Talking Heads — Geldof's outfit are one of the very few home-spun bands to emerge from our recent musical holocaust with ongoing originality. And the Rats' kind of invention is more impressive than that produced by most of the others — they're on their way convincingly.

Just as it was getting very conspicuous that the Rats' new material is unreservedly adequate and radically distracting (and there were no galling requests for the singles), the band proceeded to play "She's So Modern", "Looking After No. 1", and (for encores) the conventional "Do The Rat" and "Mary Of The Fourth Form". But these were bonuses rather than prerequisites; you can tell when a band have well and truly arrived when they don't have to depend on giving further exposure to chartbusting singles.

The show was consistently high on thrills, but its more far-reaching effect was to make you wonder exactly how far the Rats can go. Geldof no doubt thinks in terms of going all the way — arrogant he might be, but ultimately, he's the band's premier asset.

Describing himself "... and me, on John Travolta disco dance-steps..." and taking snaps of his audience with a sneaky camera, Geldof has a rare sense of theatre/humour. And for a six-piece (who can't be in the business just to make big money) the Rats show remarkable aptitudes and seemed to have all their roots and options open before them.

On a night when they revealed portence of major status, The Boomtown Rats seemed to consummate the new promise of an ageing New Wave.

Emma Ruth

Their first single on Harvest Records

ROCK

Black Echoes

British Reggae Awards Poll 1977

- ✓ Best group
- ✓ Best rhythm
- ✓ Best drummer
- ✓ Best single
- ✓ Best keyboards
- ✓ Best bass

Dread... Dread... Dread... Drea

Mink lost in Odeon

Mink DeVille
HAMMERSMITH ODEON.

MINK DEVILLE'S latest issue, "Return To Magenta", still firmly rooted in revival R & B, covers a very diverse area.

Much of the material, a kind of 'parking-lot nostalgia' section, suggests Willy DeVille to be a man raised exclusively on a diet of root beer, drive-in movies, and the sounds of a late 50s jukebox.

Yet the album shows him just as capable of the most soulful urban balladry, and sparse, but amazingly vivid, lyrics.

What the band have perfected on record is an exact sound texture, a chunky collection of multifarious twinks, that provide a balanced razor-sharp backing for his sidewalk-loping vocals.

On stage, it just didn't seem to work. Attention was entirely focussed on Willy DeVille, he of the neatly Brylcreemed locks, angular visage, and stilled, reptilian gait. Flanked by a couple of rock-solid rhythm musicians, the youthful Al Capone, guitarist Louie X Erlanger, and Puerto Rican disco refugee, bassman Ruben Siguerza, the line-up was completed by drums, keyboards and sax.

Highlights of the uncommonly short set were "Soul Twist" — much winding slide guitar, the highway roller "Steady Drivin' Man", and a great

version of "Guardian Angel", rearranged with a neat, stumbling rhythm underlying the confused lyrics.

But the transition from studio to stage had somehow kindled a yearning among the band members for lengthy an uninspired solos. Loads of them, especially in the encore. This turned out to be an unrecognisable Canned Heat-type jam, with everyone busking mindlessly through the age-old phrases as if it was an audition for John Mayall.

Anything further removed from the slickness, the experience, and the immaculate arrangements that epitomise Mink DeVille's music, is hard to imagine.

And the man himself seemed strangely uneasy at the helm. The very nature of the band doesn't demand a frontman of world-shattering charisma, but it does at least need someone to either establish a mutual sympathy with the crowd, or generate something in the region of excitement. For a band who have produced such an exquisite pair of albums, I'd hoped for a lot more. It won't stop me loving their music — the Odeon just wasn't the right time or place for it.

But at four in the morning, in some derelict New York alley, racked by a demon hangover, freshly mugged of all but a cheroot, and having just wrapped your customized Cougar round a popsite stand, if you caught the strains of "Cadillac Walk" drifting from some dive-bar Wurlitzer, life would take on a new meaning.

Mark Ellen



WILLIE DE VILLE. Pic: CHRIS WALTER

Warren Harry SHEFFIELD LIMIT

THERE'S A curious sense of atmospheric *deja vu* about the Limit on this close, humid Saturday; almost as if the club and its patrons had been transported, wholesale, to South America.

The heat-induced lassitude provides an apposite backdrop for the knowledge that a fair proportion of the population are at this very moment "living" in some stereotypical Latin American land where life is but a round of siesta, football and fiesta, and folk don't really disappear.

And over there — is that Malcolm Lowry, waiting for Popocatepetl to pop?

No, it's Warren Harry, sweating buckets.

He's a bit of a nutter, is Warren — the kind of guy who was the class clown at school, and lusts after laughs on a larger stage.

Which places him somewhere between Otway and the Fab Poots, as if the latter's humorous songs were performed in the forced-frenzy fashion of the former.

His band — Paul Haines on guitar, Joe Cano on keyboards, Jean-Pierre (inaudible) on drums and Joshua on bass are tight and workmanlike, if not exactly *dynamic*, and seem to owe more to the Americans than to the British for their musical style, especially in Haines' fluid guitar breaks (which bring Dickie Betts to mind), and the umpteenth

guitar and keyboard riffs.

They open with "Only A Schoolgirl" and follow up with a couple of singles, "1965" and "I Am A Radio", the latter introduced as "... our last hit single in Brazil", a statement which apparently has more than a grain of truth in it.

Warren, as I mentioned before, is a bit of a nutter.

He slings beer around with abandon, mingles with the audience to menace young girls, and generally acts up to such an extent that it doesn't really matter what the band's

playing or what the songs are about.

And there's this unfortunate stain on his baggy twill trousers which seems to have grabbed the attention of several ladies near the front, judging by their nudgings and giggles.

Ultimately, however, far from enhancing his material, the tongue-in-cheek onstage bickering, desperate jokes ("... from our Greatest Hits, Volume Four ...", that kind of thing) and overall manic desire to entertain detract from the songs somewhat.

Which is a pity, since the earlier songs, on the whole, are the better ones: by the time Warren's act wears thin and you start to pay more attention to the songs, they're getting a bit rosey.

Best number of the evening, ironically, is "I Wanna Be In The NME", which the band treat as an audience singalong, and which the audience, for reasons best known to themselves, mutate into "I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside".

Anyway, Warren, you get your wish; now you can pack it

all in, eh?

They're a good "Sat'day Nite" band, mingling crude humour with easy, unpretentious tunes, who have yet to find the right balance between fun and music.

Other than that, there's very little to say. Haines and Cain stick to crowd-pleaser clichés, and although Joshua (who looks rather like an old bluesman dragged out of retirement in the Delta) knows how to construct a good puppy bass line or two, Warren Harry remains a distinctly ordinary proposition, one which I'd be extremely surprised to see making any real headway on record.

Andy Gill

The trouble with Harry . . .

Even the Chanters are some brother's sisters.

The Chanter Sisters come on far from sisterly with 'Ready For Love,' their new album produced by Roger Cook in Nashville.

Raunchy, funky, downright gutsy. But sisterly, no.

Same goes for their blistering

version of 'Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)', released as a special 12" single. (11021)

Strange how two beautiful, sophisticated ladies can create music to upstage an oversexed bulldozer.



'Ready For Love.' The Chanter Sisters.

SAFARI 42 Manchester Street, London, W5M 5PE. 01-486-6141.

LONG 3

QUEEN BOOTS COMPETITION RESULTS

Q1 What was the title of Queen's first single?

A. 'Keep Yourself Alive'

Q2 What is Queen's biggest selling single in the UK?

A. 'Bohemian Rhapsody'

Q3 Which member of Queen recently released a solo single?

A. Roger Taylor

Queen clock winners:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1) Fiona Ellis | 6) Elaine Johnson |
| 2) Graham Kimberley | 7) Margaret Taylor |
| 3) Sue Willetts | 8) Stephen Purdie |
| 4) Robert Gregory | 9) Tracey Watson |
| 5) Vincent Lyte | 10) Adil Pastakia |

Queen mirror winners:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1) Tracy Broadhead | 6) Kim Brindley |
| 2) Stephen Dickerson | 7) Michael Lloyd |
| 3) Stephen Coleman | 8) Robert Alan Ford |
| 4) Alan Ewens | 9) Ian Fordham |
| 5) C. Pressley | 10) Bill Lawlor |

Record token winners:

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1) Peter Wood | 41) William Pechowicz | 21) Steven Kent | 31) Martin Deal | 41) Marcia Andrews |
| 2) Louise Wright | 42) Michael Rooker | 22) Catherine Millyar | 32) Nicholas Derrill | 42) Robert Colwell |
| 3) Mandy Varnall | 43) Linda Parker | 23) S.A. Hardy | 33) Kevin Dunne | 43) William Douglas Baird |
| 4) Kevin Spilbury | 44) Marianne Pryor | 24) Alan Malik | 34) Daniel Derrandi | 44) Julie Ann Bailey |
| 5) Jeremy Sanders | 45) Barbara Pearce | 25) Duncan Hashner | 35) Thomas Dean | 45) D. J. Barnes |
| 6) Jacqueline Sellman | 46) Gillian Penny | 26) Jackie Goodchild | 36) P. Dena | 46) Jo Brook |
| 7) L. Sizer | 47) Mandy Mitchell | 27) Peter Fisher | 37) Christopher Durham | 47) Ken Baker |
| 8) Linas Spence | 48) Alan Mann | 28) David Farley | 38) Gary Cole | 48) Steven Barry |
| 9) Dominic Kesteven | 49) Alexander McLean | 29) David Elson | 39) Philis Caro | 49) M. Barton |
| 10) Martin Reynolds | 50) Simon Lary | 30) Philip Edwards | 40) Carole Boys | 50) P. J. Abram |



When I'm here, why all the fuss about Dylan tickets?

Jonathan Richman

LEEDS POLY

CLEAN-LIVING Bostonian Jonathan Richman aired his clean music for way over two hours here — long enough to encourage the odd cynic to wonder what he was trying to prove by giving this kind of (excessive) value for money.

In fact, Richman's fairly lengthy occupation of the stage is most convincingly explained by the man's apparent addiction to his own music, and a respect for the value of the camaraderie he creates: a mutual contract between himself and his audience which Richman feels is imperative to win, and is reluctant to lose.

To Richman, walking away to his dressing room after an hour or so of preambles would be like quitting a job he's already eased. On this occasion, he took the stage around the time most bands are still lost in provincial city one-way systems, and, looking like he should have leaped off that last cream-cake, the gauche, uncomfortable-looking figure proceeded to deliver his unique, eccentric rock and roll impressions. The show transcended recognised concert criteria; it was rather a lesson in total communication.

Even the way Richman puts together his show is hilarious — a phoney, brief set, supplemented by more encores than all but the

most devout found time for. The cult fans couldn't get enough as the mercurial continued and the magic snowballed.

Richman, grinning continually, his arms waving around in random trajectories, and generally fidgeting like he's looking for attention or asking to leave the room, is a totally endearing personality. And if you identify with the anti-hero, it's impossible to meet this one half-way; such is the guy's charisma that during at least two numbers, you could almost forget you didn't have Dylan tickets.

Even though his method is frugal, Richman's music is thoroughly diverse. Cute instrumentals, notably some impressive reggae (Egyptian and straight East Coast) provide an elegant backdrop for his joke songs, "Ice Cream Man", the new "Abdul And Cleopatra", "Abominable Snowman" and the beautifully pathetic "I'm A Little Dinosaur", and his more directly confessional songs, "Affection" and "Morning Of Our Lives".

If you respect Richman as much as you like him, your emotions begin to be aligned with his. It's like watching a multi-media show, low on budget, but high on aesthetics.

The Modern Lovers' contribution is hardly any less important than Richman's; musicians as over-the-top as Leocy Radcliffe (guitar), Asa Bremner (bass) and JJ Sharpe (drums) aren't exactly the kind you can "recruit" at will. They're an immaculately accomplished band who have perfected the art of overstated



understatement. The Lovers' maturation of a sound so amateur, incorporating crazy twists and deliberately dull solos, is a comprehensively professional achievement. And Richman himself is no slug on guitar, often producing effortless snatches of (frequently) R&B lead. Nothing brilliant, but just what's required.

Insofar as Richman no longer sounds like Lou Reed or John Cale (or, let's get it right: The Velvet Underground in their less heavy circa "Loaded" days), maybe he has become a little uncool. Seemingly uninclined to further propagate the controlled heppiness of "Kudrunner Once", he's relaxed himself out of sight, lowering up his music almost as much as his image and shape.

But the process has worked in his favour; he's now virtually lost track of his original influences, choosing instead to flip out over the reservoirs of poetry inside his own head. Richman acts like he goes out of his way to look awkward, like he fumbled his way onto the stage for a bet, but when you realise you're seeing a guy with essential loneliness hiding secure behind a totally attractive lunacy, you can understand why he chose to do it this way.

Hearing Richman harangue with good-natured disidents over the precise meaning of "Morning Of Our Lives", you get a very definite impression that he really does care about all those people out there he's never seen before. The platitudes are fundamental corn, but the sentiments are anything but. "The time is now/You can do anything you really want to... Yes you can?" Debating, talking-blues style, Richman raised plenty of laughs, but the deeper significance was gloriously uplifting, the rapport total. Maybe he's no great singer/musician, but the quality of Richman's compositions take him to a very special plane. In fact, one of the toughest things about the man is that his plane is as exclusive as they come; there aren't enough people around who can possibly empathise with his mission, which is why a lot of Richman's critics are going to call him "wet" and "wimpish" for the rest of his natural.

Such is Richman's precariously innovative style, I can imagine he blows gigs like no-one else can, that he's been laughed at and made to look smaller than he is, that he loses sleep like Reed loses friends. Here (let it be recorded), he went down a hurricane. Even after the last encore, Richman declined to go away for good, choosing to return to talk with the struggling night-trippers, whose questions he answered politely: "No, I'm not nervous onstage... Actually, I prefer Wreckless Eric to Elton Costello... No, but I didn't like a photo Sounds used a while back. It made me look fat."

It was good to hear that the guy's problems are rather less unique than his many talents. The people who left this concert having truly understood what Jonathan Richman is, left feeling they'd seen a genius in action.

Emma Ruth

Bowie's back on tour. Catch him at Boots prices.

85p off six of his albums.

After 5 years Bowie's back. And if you managed to catch any of his live dates you'll know he's still pure magic.

Boots are too. Because we're offering 85p off six of his most acclaimed albums. And 35p off the cassettes.

So now you can enjoy the kind of music that makes Bowie one of rock's true innovators, at Boots kind of prices.

Rec. Price of LPs £3.99. **Boots Special Offer Price £3.14***

Rec. Price of cassettes £4.10. **Boots Special Offer Price £3.75***



Hunky Dory.
With 'Changes', 'Oh! You Pretty Thing' and 'Life on Mars'.



Ziggy Stardust.
Featuring 'Starman' and 'Suffragette City'.



Station to Station.
With 'Golden Years' and 'TV15'.



Changes One Bowie.
A best of Bowie album with 11 hit tracks including 'Space Oddity', 'Rebel Rebel' and 'Jean Gene'.



Low.
With the hit single 'Sound and Vision' and 'Be My Wife'.



Heroes.
The last studio album, featuring the hit track and 'Beauty and the Beast', and we will also be taking £1 off the new live double album 'Stage'.

Boots

Make the most of your Boots.

Access and Barclaycard welcome.
*At these special offer prices until July 15 from Boots Record Departments subject to stock availability.

NO-PAP
RECORDS

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Rock Discounts! Up To £1.00 OFF SINGLE ALBUMS

Send for our bumper Free Mail Order Catalogue listing almost **4,000 TITLES** of brand new unplayed fully guaranteed albums at **HUGE DISCOUNTS!**

Besides our fast service we offer you

Cheap Imports! Discount Cassettes! Punk Singles! Export! Export!

Telex: 51488 COMHUB G FOR OZONE

Remember — We specialise in Rock

Either phone us at 0484 710960 (24 hour Answerphone) or write to **OZONE MAIL ORDER**, Dept. NME, PO Box 21, 37 Bathel Street

TANDY'S
THE EXPERT EXPORTERS
ATTENTION!
ALL OVERSEAS READERS
(U.K. readers should go quietly FRANTIC!)

If you live in NORWAY, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, GERMANY, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, etc., why pay £4 and over for your LPs when you can buy high quality new and unplayed LPs from the expert personal exporters for half that price.

Write today for full details including the new TANDY's catalogue plus list of new releases.

Trade enquiries welcome

TANDY'S RECORDS LTD.
(DEPT. NX)
Anderson Road
Worley
866 488
Tel. 021-429 6441/2
Telex: TANDOROS 33802

PLATTERS STALL

**SIGN ON
TO**

**SOCIAL
SECURITY**

**AND GET
THEIR NEW E.P.**

**OUT NOW AT MOST GOOD
RECORD SHOPS. Price 99p**

**Enquiries
contact —**

RECORDS
4 Melrose Place
Cleiton, Bristol
(Tel) 8272 30458

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND?
Get it from the dealer with all the classics

All the singles listed below are only 75p each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 singles and 1,000 LPs listed at incredible prices

SEND S.A.E. FOR LISTS

MORRIS ALBERT Feelings	EXCITERS Reaching For The Best	ELVIS PRESLEY Jailhouse Rock
LEN JARMY 1-2-3	FOUR SEASONS December '63 (Oh What A Night)	DIANA ROSS I'm Still Waiting
JEFF BECK Hi Ho Silver Lining	BOBBY GOLDSBORO Honey	LEO SAYER When I Need You
DAVID BOWIE Life On Mars	ELTON JOHN & KIKI DEE Don't Go Breaking My Heart	STATUS QUO Down Down
BYRDS Mr Tambourine Man	GLADYS KNIGHT Help Me Make It Through The Night	SUPER TRAMP Dreadier
JUDY COLLINS Amazing Grace	MARTHA & VANDELLAS Third Finger Left Hand	THE C.C. Ten Men In Love
CREEDEEN CLEARWATER REVIVAL	JOHN AMES Music	THE DEGREES When Will I See You Again?
DEEP PURPLE Smoke On The Water	1610 FRUITGUM CO. Simon says	IKE & TINA TURNER River Deep Mountain High
DON & THE MONKETS A Teenager In Love		WINGS Live And Let Die

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN
 100 HIT SINGLES = £13 (+£2 if overseas)
 100 SOUL SINGLES = £8 (+£2 if overseas)
 100 REGGAE SINGLES = £8 (+£2 if overseas)

POSTAGE & PACKING 25p extra - any number of records

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPARTMENT N
 6/12 STAFFORD STREET,
 ST GEORGES, TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE, TF2 9NQ

**HAVE YOU GONE
FRANTIC
YET?**

If you don't mind paying £4.00 for your LP's FRANTIC is not for you, but FRANTIC customers save up to £1.00 off the price of top selling LP's and £2.00 off double albums. Of course, they also enjoy the FRANTIC 48-hour service given by the experts of mail order.

Write today for the new FRANTIC catalogue which contains 1,000 amazing bargains.

FRANTIC

**MAIL ORDER COMPANY
WARLEY
WEST MIDLAND B66 4BB**

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

250 and 14000 see to:

CRUISIN' RECORDS LTD
27 Tunbridge Place, Crawley,
Sussex.

YOU

**ARE PAYING TOO
MUCH FOR RECORDS
AND CASSETTES**

— AND WE INTEND TO CHANGE ALL THIS
COB RECORDS, N-120, PORTHMAOOD, GWYNEDD,
WALES. BRITISH ISLES (Tel 0766 2170/3185 Mon-Fri)
— IS THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE RECORD SERVICE (OVER 20,000
REGULAR AND SATISFIED CUSTOMERS WORLDWIDE)

OUR EXCLUSIVE SERVICES —

1. ANY BRAND NEW LP OR CASSETTE SOLD WITHIN THE
BRITISH ISLES AND OVERSEAS AT UP TO £1 OFF FULL RETAIL
PRICE. Speedy and efficient service. Free catalogue listing nearly 3,000
titles by over 300 different artists. EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOMED

2. RECORD EXCHANGE AND PURCHASE SERVICE. Your
unwanted good condition LP's and cassettes bought for cash or exchanged
for any brand new items of your own choice. Send a/c or phone for
details FIRST (no items accepted unless official offer has been given
beforehand.)

3. THOUSANDS OF QUALITY, GUARANTEED GOOD CONDI-
TION USED LP's AT BARGAIN PRICES (UK SERVICE ONLY).
Every item checked thoroughly before purchase and fully guaranteed.
Over 10,000 items in stock. Free catalogue available on request.

SAVE £££'s AT COB



'Take an image ... enlarge it ...' BOOTSY COLLINS. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Fantastic Funk Furore

Bootsy's Rubber Band

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

A MESSAGE from the Mothership: "If you ain't gonna get it on, take your dead ass home." Some did ... some of those dead asses ... they couldn't cope with the P-Funk, wayyy too cold, and split for calmer pastures. Their noses are gonna grow, no question. It's the Pinocchio theory.

Bootsy came and played and ... well no, he didn't exactly conquer but he sure 'nuff sorted out the geepies from the ghouls and the funksters from the fakers.

That's to say, on the two nights I saw the show, beneath the generally enthusiastic response there was a sharp division of opinion. And I get the impression that the greatest confusion was among those who are normally strongest in their support of black American music.

Their main moans seemed to be that Bootsy has little or nothing in common with traditional 'soul' artists and that, anyway, he was far too loud.

Dismissing the first factor as totally irrelevant (Bootsy springs from a whole different bag to the gospel/blues waiters). I have some sympathy with the second attitude, although there were only occasional moments during the shows when my faithful 'lugs actually started to tremble.

They didn't take too kindly to the wall of sound that slammed off the stage when the whole Rubber Band (horns, rhythm, keyboards, singers and Bootsy) blasted in unison, and they positively covered when Bootsy threw every available switch on his special Space Bass control deck, bringing into play manic echo, phasers, fuzzers, burlbers, boingers, belchers and boosters so that it seemed like 25 Bootsy's strode the stage, all intent on crushing each other out of existence.

Still, as far as I can recall, he only went so far over the top during the orgasmic climax to a

medley of his sensual slow songs. For the most part the volume was perfect for his particular brand of cosmic funk.

AND WHAT FUNK!!! My goodness gracious (or "Good God", as we funksters exclaim when we're feeling ethnic), there isn't another band to touch this mob when it comes to getting down, right on down, and pulsing ... unless it be the main body of the Partialunkadelicment Thang, which the U.K. has yet to experience.

And what foolishness too ... another factor, perchance, that confused a few folk. Bootsy is heavy into his music, serious 'ing my man, but as for the rest of the show it's strictly for laughs, glamorous giggles. Take an image, a

superblackmanist concept, enlarge it, parade it, do it do death until it's all a grand and colourful animated cartoon. Then given up the funk and parr-tee.

"Shit, goddamn, get off your ass and jam." Chant and strut. "What's the name of this town?" "Lundun — Lundun." "Who's gonna tear this mutha down?" "Bootsy — Bootsy." Bump and chant. "Funk, it's funk, funk get ready to go." Then grind with your fav-o-rite munchie. "I'd rather be with you-hoo, yeah." So nily, you know it's got to be getting good.

Q: How do you fully explain such a phenomenon in 450 words?

A: You can't. You should have been there. CUB White

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society are putting on two concerts by the Carla Bley Band at the Collegiate Theatre on July 12th and 13th. The outfit, which has various personnel changes since its debut at Dingwalls, now features Gary Windo, Michael Mantler and the phenomenal Chicago trombonist George Lewis in place of Roswell Rudd.

This year's Northsea Jazz Festival at The Hague runs through July 14th, 15th, and 16th, and features 450 musicians in 100 concerts running continuously in seven halls. Ella, Esther Phillips and Betty Carter cover the vocals, Basie, Buddy Rich, Gil Evans, Lionel Hampton the big bands, Dizzy, Freddie Hubbard, Blakey, Roach, Elvin, Getz, Shepp, Rollins, Arnett Cobb, Ronnie Scott, Konitz, Oscar, Bill Evans, Mary Lou Williams, Joe Albany, Joanne Brackeen, Red Garland, Ornette, McCoy Tyner, Sam Rivers, Leroy Jenkins, Chris McGregor, Paul Motian, Phillip Wilson, the Human Arts Ensemble, John Tchicai and Elton Dean's Ninense represent the combos.

There's also a Northsea Tenor Battle between Illinois Jacquet, Lockjaw Davis, Archie Shepp and Hank Mobley, and a mess of blues including Sonny & Browne, Junior Wells & Buddy Guy, Clifton Chenier and Bill Doggett.

There's a Louis Armstrong Anniversary Jazz Jamboree at the Royal Festival Hall on July 8th featuring Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazzband and the John Barnes-Roy Williams Jazz Masters. The Lambeth Summer Festival features a real ale concert at Lambeth Town Hall on July 13th featuring Major Surgery and The Alan Jackson Quintet. The Cobblestones at Streatham High Street has Dick Morrissey on 5th and Harry Beckett on 12th. Jabala will be cruising down the Thames aboard the 'Pride Of Greenwich' on 9th.

JCS clubs present Redbrass at the Half Moon on July 2nd, the London Jazz Big Band on 3rd at the 100 Club, and SME plus Evan Parker and Trevor Watts at The Phoenix on 5th.

Mike Westbrook's first solo piano album, "Piano", is out on Original Records. Pye's Jazz Vogue series of re-issues has the indispensable "Bud Powell, The Best Years", "Two Sonnets" by Sarah Vaughan, "The Essential Jo Jones" and Teddy Wilson's "I Got Rhythm".

Enja have unearthed a double album of Eric Dolphy's SWF broadcasts, "The Berlin Concerts", and it's great stuff. The trio Air have a new one out on the Japanese WHYNOT label, "Air Raid", obtainable Collet's Record Shop.

Brian Clee

GLORIA MUNDI



DEBUT ALBUM: INDIVIDUAL

TOUR DATES

- | | |
|--------|----------------------------|
| July 6 | Rafters, Manchester |
| 7 | Rock Garden, Middlesbrough |
| 8 | Sandpiper, Nottingham |
| 10 | Circles, Swansea |
| 11 | Music Machine, London |
| 14 | Limit, Sheffield |
| 18 | Barbarella's, Birmingham |

FIGHT BACK!

PL 25157

GIANT COLOUR POSTERS 42" x 58"
£2.25 EACH + P.&P. 1-4 POSTERS ADD
£1.00, 5 OR MORE POSTERS ADD £1.50



501 KISS



502 A. COOPER



506 STONES



507 LED ZEPPELIN



511 QUEEN



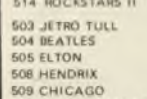
513 ROCK STARS I



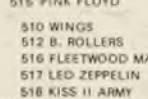
514 ROCKSTARS II



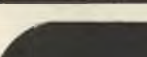
515 PINK FLOYD



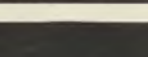
503 JETHRO TULL



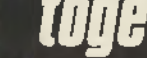
510 WINGS



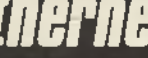
504 BEATLES



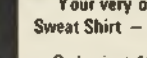
512 B. ROLLERS



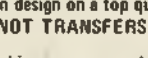
505 ELTON



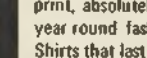
516 FLEETWOOD MAC



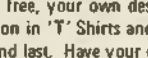
508 HENDRIX



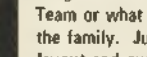
517 LED ZEPPELIN



509 CHICAGO



518 KISS II ARMY



519 SEX PISTOLS

AMERICAN POSTERS

VELVET 20" x 28" POSTERS, PRINTED IN BRIGHT, BLACK LIGHT SENSITIVE
INKS AND FLOCKED IN VELVET
ONLY £2.00 EACH + P.&P. 1 POSTER ADD 25p, 2 OR MORE ADD 35p.



153 EROTICA



107 BEATLES



108 M. JAGGER



139 EXPLOSION



103 BIONIC MAN



104 BIONIC WOMAN



105 KOJAK



109 HENDRIX



140 A. COOPER



142 KISS

LITHO 20" x 28", £1.00 EACH + P.&P. 1 POSTER ADD 25p, 2 OR MORE ADD 35p.



43 S. POWERS



29 C. TIEGS



40 J. TRAVOLTA



21 FARRAH F.A.



41 SAT. N.F.



42 J. TRAVOLTA '44 RAQUEL



28 CLINT GANTLET



1 C. FONZ



7 FARRAH



8 KATE



34 GENE



27 MS. LADD



10 ELVIS



15 SOMMERS



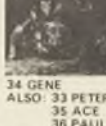
16 ANGIE



19 MRS. MAJORS



20 C. LADD



35 ACE



36 PAUL



23 MS. SMITH



25 O.N.-J



30 GAUNTLET

ALSO 45 SUSAN ANTON 47 CHARD 9 JACLYN 37 TONY-BARETTA

SUPER LITHO POSTERS 28" x 40", £1.75 EACH + P.&P.
POSTAGE & PACKING - 1 POSTER ADD 35p, 2 OR MORE ADD 45p.

TRADE ENQUIRIES
WELCOMED.



301 FARRAH



302 ANGIE



303 KATE



309 J. TRAVOLTA



307 KISS

COLOUR POSTERS 23" x 35", £1.20 EACH
+ P.&P. 1 POSTER ADD 25p, 2 OR MORE 35p



402 HENDRIX



405 KISS TOUR



422 R. PLANT



427 YES



428 E. CLAPTON



414 L. RONSTADT



416 J. PAGE



417 T. NUGENT



419 B. MARLEY



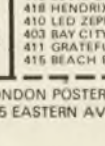
408 BLACK SABBATH



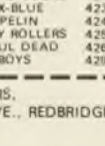
410 LED ZEPPELIN



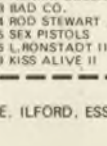
406 F. MAC



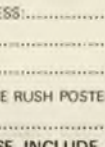
407 MCCARTNEY



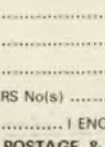
409 MICK JAGGER



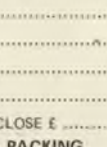
421 HENRIX COLLAGE



418 HENDRIX-BLUE



423 BAD CO.



424 ROD STEWART



403 BAY CITY ROLLERS



425 SEX PISTOLS



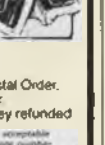
426 L. RONSTADT II



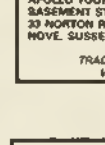
415 BEACH BOYS



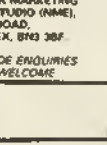
429 KISS ALIVE II



400 THE WHO



404 BEATLES



412 ELVIS LAS-VEGAS



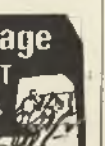
411 GRATEFUL DEAD



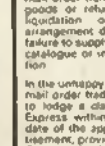
413 KISS ALIVE II



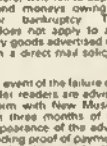
414 L. RONSTADT II



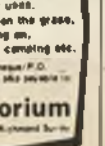
408 BLACK SABBATH



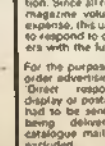
410 LED ZEPPELIN



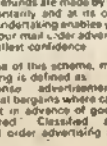
406 F. MAC



407 MCCARTNEY



409 MICK JAGGER



421 HENRIX COLLAGE

togetherness is a 'Say Shirt'

Your very own design on a top quality 'T' Shirt or
Sweat Shirt - (NOT TRANSFERS!)

Order just 10 shirts or more and we will
print, absolutely free, your own design. All
year round fashion in 'T' Shirts and Sweat
Shirts that last and last. Have your own
design for the Disco, Club, Pub, College
Team or what about a shirt just for
the family. Just send us your rough
layout and our artist will do the rest
- FREE. Full range of colours and
sizes. Fast, efficient service. All our
shirts are fully guaranteed. For full
details, and prices, contact:-

Dept. NME 62, P.O. Box 50, 3 Guinea St., Exeter,
EX1 1BX. Or phone us at (0404) 822329.



SAY SHIRTS LIMITED

Genuine U.S. Forces Arctic Feather Sleeping Bags



This is the
famous
super sleeping
bag so much
appreciated by
mountain
expedition
and all
experienced
campers

£18.75
P & P 1

Not new but in excellent
condition. Wh. Approx. 6in

Limited Quantity Only of GENUINE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS Swedish Airforce TOP QUALITY Heavy Black Leather Jackets



Beautifully tailored
with slant pockets,
epaulettes and
blue melton lining
as new
NOW ONLY
£39.50
P & P 1



Now The Genuine Article! Superb Quality Heavy Sheepskin Flying Jackets

Made in Brown heavy sheepskin
with the brown sheep leather on
the outside pockets and seams
round in leather. Large
sheepskin collar with storm
straps. Zip sleeves & sheepskin
lined pockets.

Sizes Small
Medium
Large

£59.50
P & P 1 50



Cash, Money or Postal Order.
Cheques, with order.
Satisfaction or money refunded

Access and Banknotes acceptable
Please authorise and quote number

NORTHERN SURPLUS STORES

Dept. NME
357 Leith Walk, Edinburgh
Tel. 031-554 4170

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING IAN DURY SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL T-Shirts £2.50



Top Quality.
Red lettering,
dark blue face
and green
scarf, printed
on white T-
Shirt. £2.50
plus 30p post
age and
packing

State exact chest size
Don't forget your name and address
Please allow 14 days for delivery
Send cheque P.O. or cash up

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING
BASEMENT STUDIO (NME),
30 NOTTON ROAD, LONDON
NOVE, SUSSEX, BN1 3BP.

TRADE ENQUIRIES
WELCOME

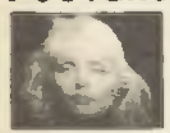
MAIL ORDER PROTECTION SCHEME

The Publishers of New Musical
Express are members of the Periodi-
cals Publishers Association which has
given an undertaking to the Director
General of Fair Trading to refund
money sent by readers in response to
mail order advertisements, placed by
mail order traders, who fail to supply
goods or refund money owing to
liquidation or bankruptcy. This
arrangement does not apply to any
failure to supply goods advertised in a
catalogue or in a direct mail solicita-
tion.

In the unhappy event of the failure of a
mail order trader readers are advised
to lodge a claim with New Musical
Express within three months of the
date of the appearance of the adver-
tisement, providing proof of payment.
Claims lodged after this period will be
considered at the Publisher's discre-
tion. Since all refunds are made by the
magazine voluntarily and at its own
expense, the undertaking enables you
to respond to our mail order adver-
tisements with the fullest confidence.

For the purpose of this scheme, mail
order advertising is defined as:
Direct response advertisements,
display or postal bargains where cash
had to be sent in advance of goods
being delivered. Classified and
catalogue mail order advertising are
excluded.

NEW POSTERS



DEBBIE HARRY - No 3 - £1.10

DEBBIE HARRY No 2
b/w £1.00

NEW BOWIE £1.10

HANG 'EM HIGH -
EASTWOOD £1.75

CHERYL LADD No 3
BLUE NEGLIGEE £1.10

GIANT TRAVOLTA
CLOSE UP £1.75

SATURDAY NIGHT
FEVER £1.10

CHERYL TIGS £1.10

CHERYL LADD (HOT
PANTS) £1.10

YES ON
STAGE RAINBOW ON
STAGE £1.10 each

NEW GENESIS ON
STAGE £1.10

DEBBIE HARRY £1.10

SET 8 - 5 x 3
COLOUR PHOTOS
QUEEN £3.40 incl

Four Glossy 10x8
B/W Photos
Debbie (Blondie)
£2.95 incl. p&p



REAL SILVER SAXOPHONE PENDANT

(Over 1 1/2 inches high)
on SILVER PLATED
CHAIN £4.50
on REAL SILVER
CHAIN £7.00

Send money to
ATLAS
2A Kensington
Gardens, Brighton,
Sussex



SUPERB, CAST METAL BUCKLE
WITH MULTI-COLOUR PICTURE
OF BOB DYLAN To fit up to 1 1/2" wide belts
BUCKLE ONLY £1.95
GENUINE LEATHER BELT 1 1/2" x 1 1/2"
with buckle £3.75 - see
advertisements, 44 West Street, London E1C 1JL



X-ray sight that give you the
amazing illusion to see right
through everything you look at.
See the bones in your hands, the
yolk in an egg, the lead in a pencil
and the most amazing things
when looking at girls and friends!
Especially amusing at those fun
parties!

£1.75 incl. P & P

Order your set as not to be disappointed.
C.O.D. only.
SENE PARK PRODUCTS, (M26),
LAMBERT HOUSE, SENE PARK,
HYTHE, KENT, CT21 5XB

Space age BLANKET by INERMODS

Wonderful thin light foil blanket
with dozens of fancy uses.
Use it on the beach, on the grass,
on the earth, for lying on,
wrapping, picnicking, camping etc.

Just send a cheque P.O.
for £8.95 incl. plus postage to:

Factorium
20 Mill Hill, Richmond Surrey

REACHES MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC PAPER IN THIS COUNTRY

[illegible]

Crewe+Alsager College
of Higher Education

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
(BLOCK CAPITALS)

If your ad is to appear under Musicians
Wanted, Vocalists Wanted or Work Wanted,
please indicate here which regional
heading.....

All advertisements must be pre-paid.
I enclose P.O. /Cheque value £.....

Post to: NME CLASSIFIED ADS,
ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER,
STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, SE1 9LS.

COULD SOMEONE outside there in music land please do something interesting for a change? Cause I'm bored, bored, bored by the whole sodding scene.

Fed up with Tom Robinson, his gay-pseudo-political rantings and his borrowed three-chord progressions. Fed up with Wilko Johnson and his much exaggerated mundane morbid ramblings. Fed up with Elvis Costello singing the same song with different sets of lyrics — how long does he intend to inflict this sort of punishment on us? Fed up with that silly blonde bitch who cannot sing and who looks like an overworked groupie. Fed up with that blondy saxophone on that dreaded Citty Raftery single. Fed up seeing Rotten's mug still featured on every other page of *NME*. Fed up with the entire BBC Top 40. Fed up with that awful wallpaper music of Genesis. Fed up to the back teeth with Bowie — totally fed up with him.

Why don't The Rolling Stones just retire and leave us in peace?

Why doesn't Ray Davies put his dress on and wear it in public?

Why does Bob Seger still persist?

And to all those effing punk / new-wave groups — please, please, please go away.

Thank you Graham Parker and Thin Lizzy for the best releases of the decade. Thank you Carlene Carter for "Never Together, But Close Some Time".

Thank you to myself for writing some of the best (as yet unreleased) songs of this year.

I think by now I've probably made my point. The music scene needs a damn good kick up the backside, and I (yes me) have the ability and the songs to do it. Never before was I so certain of this fact.

So remember I told you so and remember you read it first in *NME* *LENSCRIBBLE* (14), n.f.a. Dearie me, whose going to be the biggest bore this week? Send us a tape of yer rhewms, Len, and give us all a laff. But let's get to some people who still get a charge out of rock'n'roll... — M.S.

I DON'T LIKE punk rock or new wave. I don't like reggae or soul. I don't like rockabilly. I don't like HM or hippy music. I don't like folk or country and western — in fact, I don't like music.

I like the Brotherhood Of Man, and I am cool. Brotherhood Of Man are the most hip groove around, all the music papers and every one else slaps them off because they are ahead of their time. But soon I'll be the coolest person around, because all the music papers will be raving about them and I would have liked them before everyone else, like I did with The Sex Pistols.

VERY HIP PERSON FROM LONDON (ahead of his times). Waw. — M.S.

THE JAM'S gig at the Lyceum on Sunday the 18th June, was brilliant. I just thought I'd let you know as you lot went to see boring Bob Dylan with everyone else who wears purple underpants with orange elastic. **FED UP IN READING — WHO ISN'T?**

The Irish? Wasn't that when Holland were taking further giant strides to the final? And I was wearing my orange knickers with white elastic. — M.S.

WE ARE a new International Department of musical production and promotion radicated in Portugal. We should have great pleasure in establishing a contact with you concerning of your musical publications of publicity and promotion.

We shall be pleased to receive your price list and terms, if our proposal is accepted. Please quote us for our initiation yearly subscription to your publications by air mail. We could send you at once the amount by cheque.

Hoping that you will be so kind as to consider favourably this request of ours, we beg to remain,

FERNANDO MAIA, Radio Producer Europe, Lisboa
Is this one right? — Fd.
Well at least it's in proper English, which is more than can be said for...

YOU BLOODY Poms are simply stupid. Not dumb or funny or witty, just stupid in the classic, Joey Ramone sense of the word. No mistake that shits rhymes with Brits, either.

SI! ("The Monster's Bark")
PERIOR, Australia
... who goes on and on about Suburban Rock after that charmer of

The MANDY BAG

PRICE: THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

NAMES IN MY LIFE...



PRINCESS MARGARET



LORD RENSTINGTON



BOB HOPE



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



LORD ASTOR



ROBERT MONTGOMERY



JACK PALANCE



ADAM TARDIS



**AT LAST—
MANDY RICE-DAVIES
TELLS ALL!**

an intro. They're all related to convicts, you know, so we won't fling their filth at you. — M.S.

INSTEAD OF sneering and looking disdainfully down his nose why won't one of your reggae aficionados explain to us why it's okay to blow lots of dope and prattle the most transparently ludicrous twaddle if you're from Jamaica (quite rightly), totally out of order if you're a white, long haired B.O.F.

Rastafarianism really does seem to be a bunch of hokum so why should the music be treated so reverently? A lot of fresh air was blown into the rock and roll scene in 1977 (sure, it didn't last) and I think a lot of reggae could do with the agonising reappraisal and subsequent status-clearing that followed.

The religious awe with which most of your reggae converts seem to regard the most blund utterances of reggae artists is as silly as the hero-worship of clapped out old metal benders. Stoned telepathy my arse, Salewicz! Christ, we'll be back to 'cunions of my mind' soon.

THE SPECTRE THAT'S HAUNTING CLEETHORPES.
And not before time, says the wardrobe of my soul. — **FRYING PAN.**

I'VE GOT this great idea for a concept album. It's called "White Martians" 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 U.S. 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 Martians attempted to suck the souls out of the criminals who resorted 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 transformed into a lugworm over night and the BBC employ him as the natural successor to Tony Blackburn.

MARQUIS DE SARDINE
Fine. But don't let Len Scribble write the lyrics. — M.S.

COME ON girls! It's time we crushed these male chauvinist gigs. **RODICEA DICEARDA**, Norwich. Come on lads! Hit 'em with yer handbags. — M.S.

I'D RATHER Nick Kent (my hero) than Burchill and Parsons (punk rock's answer to Burton & Taylor?) any day. Why not take it to the extreme and have an *NME* poll, Kent vs. Parsons & Burchill — you can consider this letter as the first vote. **PETER PERRET**, Blackwood, Gwent.
Don't think you're the only one, mate. — M.S.

I WAS AROUND when they used to give the *NME* away, but I ain't read nothing like this guy Tony Parsons. Why no one has written acclaiming him the Tim Wofe of the 'New Wave Journalism', I don't know. This Parsons sure don't mess around, not like good ole Nick Kent (God bless 'im). While Kent may think "I don't like curly haired socialist poofs much", he writes "I must be objective and keep everyone in its proper perspective, and uh (always it must be uh), this is gonna hurt me more than it hurts you, but this album is too calculating, lacks conviction, is too hysterical" etc.

Now this dude Parsons thinks "I don't like little jerks who come from New York (surely the original sin, itself), flirt with Nazi symbolism, attract hipper than thou headbangers and come on stage thinking they are veritable Heavy Metal Demons" and he comes straight out with it, just like that! (Yup nothing like writing for the *NME* to make one feel better than one's fellow man. Better than a penis enlargement course any day). Then thousands of letters from enraged fans of the band swamp the *NME* offices. The Editor then thinks, some kid this Parsons for arousing so much reader interest, must try to keep him on, raise his salary immediately, forgetting that the lazy bugger (as are all good Socialists) only sends in less than an article a month.

THE DEVIL (I too was once a rock critic), *The Satan Loon Pant Trading Company*, Upper Baboon's A'whole Aw, come off it, we hardly get any mail on T.P., honest. — M.S.

"TONY PARSONS meets BOC and is not impressed?" You don't say Well. Who'd've thought it. Just goes

to show. You never can tell. Geez. Live 'n' learn, (etc. etc.)
B. J. MARTIN, Doncaster, S. Yorks.
See what I mean? Hardly any at all. — M.S.

I WOULD like to express my deep disgust at Bob Edmonds' blinkered and entirely subjective treatment of the Moody Blues interview in the June 17th issue. How easy it is to take the stance of Unblemished Journalist observing "opulent excesses of 'superstar' rock group". Who does Edmonds think bought 26 million Moodies albums? The band? The Threshold Hype Department?

The Moodies know their limits and if 26 million album purchasers demonstrate that the Moody Blues disseminate a valid and relevant philosophy and make damn fine albums, then who is Edmonds to moralise? The whole Edmonds article is a slur on the *NME*, tells us naff all about the Moodies and far too much about Moody Edmonds.
GEOFF DRIVER, Weybridge, Surrey.

I thought it was the best piece I've ever read about the *Rum* exiles. And 26 million people can be wrong, you know — look at Argentina. And see page 39. — M.S.

HAVING READ your rag over a substantial period of time, I have finally reached the utterly genius and astounding conclusion that we do not share the same taste in music, do we folks?

Don't you think I'm a genius? Do I win Pete Shelley for being so intelligent?
BUZZCOCKS FAN-ATIC, Hens. No. Paul Morley's already won him. But, yes, you are a genius. — M.S.

I WOULD have sent you all a fiver but I sealed the envelope first.
DONNA
Dumb broads, doncha just love 'em? — M.S.

I WONDER if I may use your toilet paper to advertise one of our Irish £1.00 notes.
MICKEY JUPP, London W2.
What the? ...

AS YOU probably know I've never written to you before and since I'll shortly be an amputee and don't like my feet I won't write again but I wanted to thank Stiff Records, not

only for a great compilation by Mickey Frapp but also because I found an Irish pound note sandwiched next to my record. I phoned Stiff and they say they have done a few for the public and I like the idea, the money, the album and them (not necessarily in that order).

ARMLESS ALAN LANE, Claygate, Surrey.
Give us it back, it's moine — **DAVE ROBINSON**.

Own up time. We did slip a few Irish greenies inside Tony Frapp's record but didn't like to blab about it — tempting the dealers an' that. — **PETE FRAME**.

YOU ALL knew the double zutch play was the next thing on the agenda but despite repeated aromatic condensations it was completely ignored hence the following events erupting into an over indulgence of the above.

PROFESSOR RONALD JAMES, Ayr.

P.S. Using the old Aric Hean play. I am joost falling off my chair. Brian. — **JOHAN CRUYFF**.

You'll regret it in years to come, jerk. — **BRIAN CLUYFF**.

DEAR SECURITY Risk Bag, I would like to confirm once and for all that I am ABSOLUTELY no relation to this Brian guy. I may however be some distant relative of that pill popping Withe fellow who got busted in Argentina.
COLONEL J. J. sorry B.

BRYANT & MAY STRIKE AGAIN WITH ALLY'S TATTERED ARMY.

Chorus:
We're popping pills with Ally's Army.
We've got our own amphetamines.
And although we're too hopped up
To ever win the World Cup
We'll have more fun than any other team.

1. While other teams have players Oh, what have Scotland got, A crowd of dark blue junkies Who can't score from the spot. With so few successes This thought occurred to me: Before the first game in the cup They must have scored for free.

2. Other teams have tactics To help the lads along. They practise them in training Till everyone's on song. But over here in Scotland We all do our own thing. We've Scotland's 'French Connection', Willie Johnston on the wing.

3. All this football sponsorship Has earned the lads a lot. But unlike all the other teams Oh what have Scotland got? Not free strips and football boots Like Holland and Iran, But powdery white substances From far off foreign lands.

Chorus: We're popping pills **ALASTAIR M. WALKER**, Lenzia, Glasgow.

EAT YOUR hearts out you wankers! So much for your prediction in *Teazer* May 27th, about my being sent off in Argentina! Not only did I play reasonably well in all three matches, but as usual I was more "sinced against than sinning".
JOE JORDAN
Oh, Joe, I just knew you'd come good. — **A 15 YEAR OLD SCHOOLGIRL**.

IS IT TRUE that the biggest miss in the World Cup so far is the prat who missed Rod Stewart in the restaurant. **SILVO**, Longbridge, Birmingham. Ote... and we here at Gasbag wish they'd get the wop back who messed up the Final, too. — M.S.



Edited by Mrs Smiff, friend of the stars and Christine Keeler



Are we not cowboys? T-zers fave old crooner NEIL YOUNG shakes hands with DEVO drummer Jerry Cassatta following the Akron boys' stint with the ol' moaner as part of his forthcoming movie. Full fab pix, info and other related stuff next week.
Pic: CHESTER SIMPSON

DUNNO 'BOUT you, but we here at T-Zers would bet cash money that the singularly ill-fated *Jefferson Starship* wish that they hadn't bothered to make it to Europe this time around. What with losing (in quick succession) 19 guitars plus all their other electromusical impedimenta, Grace Slick and — last but not least — a total of £140,000 in assorted losses. All in all, it sounds like a bit of a hummer to us, maaaaaaan.

Our favourite one-liner from the whole ghastly fiasco, however, came at a press conference the day after the riot and a few hours before Grace's final appearance with the band, when Andy McConnell — author of the eye-witness report on page 12 — asked Slick if she would have appeared if she'd know what the consequences would have been. "Only with a portable toilet," hissed Grace — her first and last utterance of the entire press conference. We bet Bob Harris is all broken up about the whole thing, and speaking of whom. The old multi-hued woolly cardigan is finally moving on — Official (or, at least, Reliably Rumoured) **Bob Harris** — who, it now appears, has actually been trying to quit for some time, has finally had his resignation from the *Old Grey Woolly Vest* accepted, and it will be effective from the end of the current series — i.e. last week.

Does this mean we can all look forward to a brighter autumn? Possibly, though it's well known that the road to the BBC is paved with good intentions. New presenter will be lovely Anne Nighingale, who enabled the show to move at several times its normal pace when she hosted it once earlier this year, and even created the impression that it was concerned with contemporary music. Her regular contributions to the *Daily Express* remain the only stains on her credibility.

The BBC would neither confirm nor deny the Harris-Nighingale moves, but rest assured that we ain't lyin' to ya.

Still at the Beeb, Phil Lynott was mightily delighted to run into Bob Marley at the TOTP studios last week. After a brief splitting time, Bob presented to Lynott a badge bearing a portrait of *Heike Selassie*. Lynott dug into his pockets for a reciprocal offering and came up with... a badge bearing a

T-ZERS

GETS A HANDSHAKE & HEADSHAVE

portrait of Phil Lynott. Marley chuckled beatifically.

As he was well entitled to do. Last week at a reception at the United Nations in New York, he was awarded the Third World Peace Medal by the Senegalese ambassador on behalf of the African nations. The award was made in recognition of Marley's peace activities this year — especially his decision to return to JA for

David Bedford and the Queens College Choir, and offered extracts from "Tubular Bells". Oldfield has been approached to compose the score for a forthcoming whale movie, *Rose*, which hopefully will be directed by Norman Jewison, whose previous efforts have ranged from the sublime (*In The Heat Of The Night*) to the ridiculous (*Jesus Christ Superstar*).



Pop star as victim: PETER GABRIEL'S new, er, look.
Pic: FIN COSTELLO

the recent Peace Concert. (Incidentally, the locksman has a new Jamaican single out on his Tuff Gong label, "Blackman Redemption", far roosier than anything on the island "Kaya".)

Highlights of Sunday's Whale Carnival in the South Bank Jubilee Gardens were the appearances of a giant inflatable whale and Mike Oldfield; observers inform us there was little problem distinguishing one from the other. Oldfield played with

And now — cue fanfare — this week's *Bob Dylan Teazer*: In Holland for his Rotterdam show, the Zim said he'd like to utilise his free evening the night before by taking a few friends to watch Elvis Costello, also gigging there; O.K. (said escort/escortee: Elly Smith, the world's most amazing pressperson, I'll fix it. Thus it was that the guest list for that night's Costello gig included, "Elly Smith Plus 30".

Interesting piece on Jagger

by Gordon Burn in last week's *Sunday Times*. "I don't mind being slightly decadent," said Mick. "I think it's a very good English trait." Aside from detailing how he saved money — the secret is not to spend it (his clothes apparently are all '60s leftovers) — Jagger revealed that he hated being mentioned in the same breath as Rod Stewart and Elton John ("I singled those two out because they're always gettin' in the papers, and their bleedin' publicists, and their bleedin' football clubs") he railed against John Lennon's reclusiveness ("He's just kow-towing to his bleedin' wife, probably"). Jagger's own wife commented simply, if tartly, "He likes bright, intelligent women, but he doesn't feel safe. It's easier for him being with someone who isn't so bright." **Jerry (Hall)** just said, "Hi, I'm Jerry".

The Stones in fact had just played a gig at the 3000-seater New York Palladium (their first time there since 1965), which had been advertised two days beforehand on the radio. People were asked to send in postcards by return of post; these were then drawn from a hat, and the lucky few telephoned on the Sunday, told where the gigs would take place, and where their tickets could be picked up. After the concert, the backstage liggers included Paul and Linda, Bob Marley and Warren Beatty — as well as, that's right, members of Jagger's bleedin' football club — Peter Osquod, Alan Ball and Johnny Giles of the Philadelphia Furies. (Though Stones' tour manager Pete Dudge packed them all off early to bed, since he has financial interests in the team, and their recent form's been none too good).

So finally and sadly to Football Teazers, and the World Cup, which we're trying hard to forget, and which proved merely that when the host country is allowed not merely all the advantages of actually being host country, and of arranging the tournament, but also that of choosing the referee for their matches, then the whole tournament becomes little more than farce, it needs to be remembered only that the one time Argentina had a decent ref in charge of their matches, they lost. The "nagging irritating pettiness that is a natural part of their football" (Norman Fox, *The Times*) were present from start (v Hungary) to finish (v Holland), for them to win the FIFA Fair Play Award makes as much sense as Keith Richards winning an Ideal Home Award. It don't fool us — Ron's got the best team

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
Big Mick Jones, The Mekons, Penetration, Corey Love, Black Stone, Steel Pulse, Subsonic, Tumbler, Lory Sol	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
Big Grapes Tunes, The Day The World Turned Grey (1 and 2), Small School, The Normal, Rock 'N' Roll School, Soft Little Fingers, Dordaine, Princess Margaret, Suzanne Jolie	2	(2)	SHAM 66
Release My Wives County, Eyes Apart, Phoenix, Barrett, Sinscape Overground, Joyce McKinney, Tied For Youth, Cockney Kids are Released	3	(3)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	4	(4)	BOW BLOWIE
	5	(5)	BB
	6	(6)	CLASH POLICE
	7	(7)	SHAM ARMY
	8	(8)	ASHLEY STY
	9	(9)	STEEL PULSE
	10	(10)	X-RAY SPEX (Deppie)

COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY

TEN BEST

SEE FOR SALE SECTION FOR FULL LISTING

MUSICAL EXPRESS

Editorial

3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Monty Smith

Photography:
Penne Smith

Contributors:

Nick Kent
Angus MacKinnon
Mick Farcen
Bob Edmonds
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White

Miles

Angie Errigo
Lester Bangs
John May
Paul Morley
Paul Rambali

New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6940
Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Dept
Kings Reach Tower,

Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:
Perry Dickens
(01) 261 6280

Classified Ads:
Sue Hayward (01) 261 6122

Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
Pete Christopher
(01) 261 6207

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultants: Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd. Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden

At last, one of the all-time classic
Northern Dancers. Now available again!

JULIEN COVEY



A Little Bit Hurt
WIP 6442

MAJOR U.K. TOUR
BEGINS FIRST OF JULY.

F118

A —
B —
C —
D —

E24

N9

M30

Z —
Y —
X —
W —

C46

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS IN REAL LIFE

FIRST ALBUM BY MAGAZINE.

OUT NOW ON VIRGIN RECORDS V2100