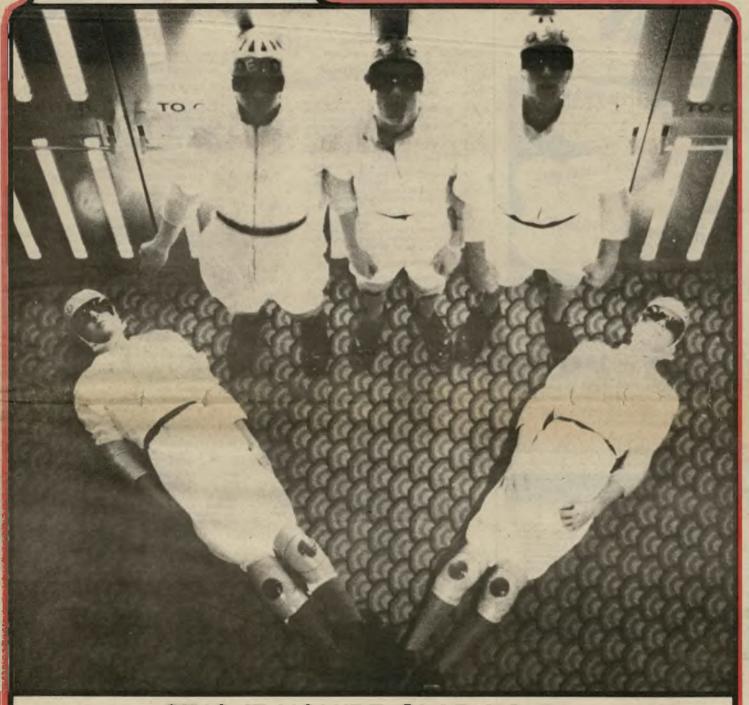
NEIL YOUNG's DEVOlved Nightmare p.11 **BONEY M's** Sweet Dream Of Babylon p.7

Springsteen · Matumbi · Pistols



SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE





Not everyone's going to like us, but if you're into Jazz, Soul or Reggae -- you will!



... because there's more to jazz than meets the ear.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 3, 1973	Wiek	rading	July	3,	1973
--------------------------	------	--------	------	----	------

- Lam		
- 44	cet	
7	- 3	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME
4	3	WELCOME HOME Prien & Lee (Fillips)
- 1	3	RUBBER BUILLETS
- 1		ALBATROSS Pleetwood Mac (CB5)
5	5	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON
16	4	BORN TO BE WITH YOU Dave Edmund: (Rorkpile)
		THE GROOVER T. Rex (EMI)
		GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)
		George Harrison (Apple)
28		LIFE ON MARS
	10	FIRST A MODE ET DATE

TEN YEARS AGO

Week coding July 3, 1968					
Las	a.Th				
	Ywel				
		BABY COME BACK			
		JUMPER JACK FLASH			
		SON OF MICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP			
		BLUE EYES			
		I PRETEND			
		HURDY GURDY MAN			
		YOUNG GIRL			
51	. 8	MY NAME IS JACK	Manired Mass (Fastana)		
	9	LOVIN THINGS			
	144	NECTEMBANIC COMP	Cantilla Insulmation (Manual)		

15 YEARS AGO

		Week ending July 5, 1963
3.00	e Th	
	Yest	
3	L	I LIKE IT Gerry & The Pacramkers (Columbia)
1	- 2	ATLANTIS
30	3	I'M CONFESSIN'
3	- 4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A POOL OF SOMEBODY
-		Fraddis & The Dreamer's (Colombia)
4	- 5	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART Rey Chinics (HMV)
5	- 6	DECK OF CARDS
- 6	- 2	FROM ME TO YOU
- 11		BO DIDDLEY
		FALLING Rey Orbice (London)

SINGLES

7

Week ending July 8, 1978 This Last (1) YOU'RE THE ONE YHAT I WANT John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)

(5) ANNIE'S SONG 6 (5) ANNIE'S SONG
James Galway (Red Seal) 7 4
7 (12) LIKE CLOCKWORK ,
Boomtown Rats (Ensign) 3 7
8 (10) DANCING IN THE CITY
Marshall Hain (Harvest) 4 8
9 (7) MAKING UP AGAIN....Goldie (Bronze) 5 7 10 (14) MIND BLOWING DECISIONS
Heatwave (GTO) 4 10

29 (—) ROCK & ROLL DAMNATION AC/DC (Atlantic) 1 29

AC/DC (Atlantic) 1 29
30 (—) WILD WEST HERO
Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) 2 30
BUBBLING UNDER
STAY — Jackson Browna (Asylum); DRAGON POWER —
JKD Band (Setril); JUST LET ME DO MY THING — Sine
(CBS); MOVIN' OUT — Billy Joel (CBS).

U.S.SINGLES

Week ending July 8, 1978

This Last Week	
1 (1)	SHADOW DANCINGAndy Gibb
2 (2)	BAKER STREETGerry Rafferty
3 (3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE Bonnie Tyler
4 (6)	MISS YOU Rolling Stones
5 (5)	TAKE A CHANCE ON MEAbba
6 (7)	USE TA BE MY GIRLThe O'Jays
7 (11)	STILL THE SAME Bob Seger
8 (8)	DANCE WITH ME Peter Brown
9 (10)	YOU BELONG TO MECarly Simon
10 (12)	THE GROOVE LINE Heatwave
11 (4)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT
	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
12 (15)	BLUER THAN BLUEMichael Johnson
13 (18)	LAST DANCE Donna Summer
14 (19)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD Meat Loaf
15 (13)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLERobert Palmer
16 (24)	GREASE Frankie Valli
17 (17)	EVEN NOW Barry Manilow
18 ()	THREE TIMES A LADYCommodores
19 (22)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN Eruption
20 (21)	YOU'RE THE LOVE Seals & Crofts
21 ()	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY 'ABLO Cruise
22 (28)	RUNAWAYJefferson Starship
23 (25)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME Genesis
24 (26)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT Eric Clapton
25 (27)	ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG Billy Joel
26 ()	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA). Barry Manilow
27 ()	MY ANGEL BABYToby Beau
28 (-)	LIFE'S BEEN SO GOODJoe Walsh
29 (14)	MAGNET AND STEELE Waiter Egan
30 (-1	Courtesy "CASH BOX"
	Courtesy "CASH BUX"

ALBUMS

Week ending July 8, 1978 This Last Week
1 (1) SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
Various (RSO) 5 2 17 (16) PASTICHE Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) 19 18 (21) RUMOURS Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros) 71 19 (20) DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
19 (23) DAVID GILMOUR
21 (19) PETER GABRIEL 3 14 Peter Gabriel (Cherisma) 27 (12) EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS
Onds (Magnet) 28 (29) PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
Various (World Records) 11 10
29 (24) ANYTIME, ANYWHERE Rita Coolidge (A & M) 12 Rita Coolidge (A & M) 12 6

Gerry Rafferty (United Artists) 15 4

BUBBLING UNDER

ROCK 'N' ROLL RILLES OK — Verious Artists (Charly);

GOODBYE GIRL — David Gates (Elektra); GREASE —

Soundrack (RSO); VOU'RE GONNA GET IT — Tom Petry
and the Heertbreekers (Island).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 1st. 1978

		same ending and the tack	
	s Last		
Weak			
1	611	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	
		Bee Gees & Various Artists	
2	(2)	CITY TO CITY	
3	(3)	NATURAL HIGHCommodores	
- 4	(4)	STRANGER IN TOWN	
		Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band	
5	(9)	SOME GIRLSRolling Stones	
6	(12)	SHADOW DANCINGAndy Gibb	
7	(5)	FEELS SO GOOD Chuck Mangione	
á	(13)	DARKNESS OF THE EDGE OF TOWN	
- 4	(13)	Daving Contractions	
	44.00	GREASE	
9	(15)	GHEASEVarious Artiste	
10	(11)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY Verious Artists	
-11	(8)	BOYS IN THE TREESCarly Simon	
12	(6)	LONDON TOWN	
13	(17)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKSJoe Walsh	
14	(14)	THE STRANGER Billy Joe	
	4		
15	(16)	EARTHJefferson Sterehip	
16	(10)	FMVarious Artists	
17	(23)	SONGBIRD Barbra Streisand	
18	(18)	EVEN NOW Barry Manilow	
19	(7)	SO FULL OF LOVE The O'Jays	
20	(24)	IT'S A HEARTACHE Bonnie Tyler	
21	(19)	RUNNING ON EMPTY Jackson Browne	
22	(21)	CENTRAL HEATINGHeatwave	
23	(28)	ABBA THE ALBUMAbba	
24	(20)	YOU LIGHT UP MY UFEJohnny Mathis	
25	(26)	DOUBLE PLATINUMKiss	
26	(25)	SLOWHAND Eric Clapton	
27	(27)	SHOWDOWNIsley Brothers	
	1201	ario ito attita anni in anni i	

.. Isley Brothers ..Steely Dan

Courtesy "CASH 80X"

A 14 MAGAZINE

EASTER ...

NEWS

Edited:

DFSK

Charlton 0 GLC United

THE PROJECTED open-air rock concert at the Chariton football ground in South-East London, planned for July 22, was officially called off at the weekend. Official explanation is that, at a specially convened meeting last Thursday, the GLC refused to grant a despite having explority. licence - despite having previously indicated to the promoter Len Sang that they were fully satisfied with his arrangements. The final decision — a close one, apparently — was prompted by objections from local residents' associations, and Sang has opted not to appeal.

appear.

The event has been fraught with difficulties from the outset, not least in getting the bill together. Numerous names have been bandled around during the past two months—from Blondie to The Boomtown Rats. from Bob Seger to Kansas — but in the final analysis, none of them materialised.

OUTDOOR CALLED OFF

Another obstacle seems to have been the planned £10 admission charge, which not only caused some acts to withdraw from the bill (Sleve Gibbons Band and The Motors, among them), but also failed to impress the public — who are having to pay only 6.50 to see Bob Dylan and Eric Clapton the previous vectored.

weekend. With the bill persistently failing to take shape, Sang was left with just two confirmed acts — Lou Reed and David Coverdale's White Snake — and these were the only names he was able to list in his radio and national Press advertising.

A spokesman admitted that "not a large

stack of money" had been received in advance bookings, and it's understood that — prior to the cancellation — there were plans to reduce the ticket price to £7. Mean-while those who have booked by post will, says Sang, have their money refunded within

says Sang. have their money retunded winning then days.

It was admitted that the GLC's refusal has enabled Sang to cut his losses, though there have already been some, including a part advance payment to Lou Reed. But Sang still intends to press ahead with future plans, including a string of indoor concerts during the Christmas season. "He's learned a lot of lessons from Charlton, and he'll be back", said the spokesman.

Bernard Brook-Partridge, a member of the GLC's licerasing committee, explained the council's decision. He said: "The history of concerts at this ground has not been a happy one for residents. And we were not convinced that the promoters have the necessary experience to mount such a concert. We thought they were out of their depth."

sary experience to mount such a concert, thought they were out of their depth."



Rambow trio the road

PHILIP RAMBOW is back an the road with a new three-piece band whose line-up features, from left to right in our picture, Laurie Jellyman (drums), Mark Richardson (bass) and Rambow (guitar and vocals). The band is known simply as Rambow, and they're making their debut by way of a string of London gigs throughout July — billed as "Rambow's Toilet Tour" and supported by The Ruts. Provincial dates will follow, and their first single is expected by the autumn.

Confirmed gigs are at Covent Garden Rock Garden tonight (Thursday), July 13, 19 and 26; Harmow Road Windsor Castle tomorrow (Friday), July 14, 21 and 28; Hammersmith Red Cow this Saturday, July 15, 22 and 29; Angel City Arms on July 10, 17, 24 and 31; and Islington Hope & Anchor on July 11, 18 and 25.

FOUR LONDON

THE CLASH have at last found a London venue at which to climax their current British tour. After being turned down by severul venues, and ruling out a return to the Rainbow, they've settled on the Music Machine in Camden — and they'll be settled on the Music Machine in Camden — and they'll be appearing there for four successive nights, from July 24 to 27 inclusive. They'll be supported by U.S. duo Suicide, and there will also be a third band which will change nightly. Admission price had not been finalised at press-time, but was expected to be around £2.25, and tickets should be on sale at the box-office today (Thursday).

Magazine:Drury Lane ban

MAGAZINE have been forced to call off their proposed concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, July 23, reported last week. The venue is owned by the Moss Empires chain, whose head office was responsible for the cancellation, a spokesman explaining that the band "verges on punk, and we couldn't risk the reputation of the rheatre". Magazine also missed the scheduled opening night of their current tour at Birmingham Barbarella's last Saturday, as no-one was available at the venue to set up their equipment, and they are now trying to arrange a gig in the city for later in their tour.



Comprehensive Catalonia week's best selling SOMGBOOKS JIMI HENDRIK & Ornabest GUEEN News of the World SUPERTRADE Symptoms Monacata MUSIC BY POST se free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp BOOKS IDRIX Biography ... lan Lyric book ik of Rock yelopedia of Rock SUPERTRANS LYMN Moments CHUCK SERRY Artholog BES BESS complete IL STONES Early IL Tone TO THE ASSESSMENT OF THE ASSESSMENT ROYS Soing for the Disc. ROYS BUSINE Graneser II THE ASAN SONG BOOK. SENESS acception STATUS DUO SE Samp BOS DYLAN Songbook. ELD Out of the Size. 0 % 0 % 0 % 0 % TUTO Bagtings Getter toter + rec fack Guiter toter + record Bean Spine inter + record 2# 2# 2# ELD Out of the Block STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON WIT

READING: PATTI'S SET, BUT NO RA

will not be appearing at the Reading Festival, even though they have been announced and advertised by the organisers as one of the main attractions for

Saturday, August 26.
Their manager Factua O'Kelly told NME this week that they had not been contracted for the event, had not confirmed it verbally—and, he fact, had not even considered it.

and, in fact, nau no-dered it.

Said O'Kelly: "Our agents
Cowbell were approached some weeks ago, but they told the prom-oters that the Rats were not interested at that time, it was suggested that another approach be made closer to the time, to see

THE BOOMTOWN RATS if the situation had changed. But the next thing we knew was that

if the situation had changed. But the next thing we knew was that the bard had been bifled.

"We owe a lot to the Marquee, who played an important part in the band's early days, and Fan sorry to be at odds with them now. But there's no way they'll be appearing at Reading. I'm only sorry if some people go there, on the strength of the advertising, specially to see The Rais. It could backfire on the band."

PATTI SMITH and her Group are now officially confirmed for a headlining appearance at the Rending Festival.

They top the bill on the final

night — Sunday, August 27 — following appearances earlier that day by the Tom Robinson Band and the Iau Gillan Band, among others. Parit's spot in the event had been in some doubt, and she has not been advertised until sow, but her visit was finally tied up at the weekend. She also has a new EP coming out later this month—see page 4.

Other new names confirmed for Reading since the first list was poblished a fortnight ago include The Automatics and After The Fer plus, as reported last week, the Greg Kihn Band.



PATTI SMITH

WAVES

THE SHIRTS have added another London date to their first-ever British tour, opening next Monday. It's at Camden Dingwalls, where they played their only previous U.K. date, on July 16. And the second of their proposed two nights at London Marquee on July 25 has now been switched to Kensington Nashville. Another newly booked gig for the band is at Leeds 'F Club on July 19.

TANZ DER YOUTH have a TANZ DER YOUTH have a string of three gigs at London Kensington Nashville this month — this Saturday, July 15 and 20. They've also been in Riverside Studios cutting three tracks — "Blue Light Flashing", "I'm Sorry I'm Sorry" and "Why I Die" — and are negotiating a record deal with a view to late August release.

THE DRONES, whose Manchester-based record label Valer folded earlier this year just after releasing the band's debut album, are hoping to finalise a

new record deal shortly, and they've already cut four tracks in readiness for this. They're also being lined up for a string of London dates.

THE BOYFRIENDS will support themselves when they appear at London Kensington Nashville on Friday, July 14? Besides playing their usual set, they will appear earlier in the evening as The Backbeats playing a collection of '60s oldies — including "Waterloo Sunset', "All Or Nothing" and "See Emily Play". "See Emily Play"

THE RUNAWAYS will not now be playing any more dates in Britain, other than the four already announced — Cromer West Runton Pavilion (July 13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14 and 15) and London Lyceum (16). It was originally intended to add further gigs to this schedule, but the girls' U.S. commitments prevent an extension of their visit.

New Vibrators ready to launch

THE VIBRATORS are poised to re-emerge with a new line-up, built around founder members Knox (lead vocals and guitar) and Eddy (frums). As reported last week, they've been involved in a major upheaval, with three musicians leaving — Gary Tibbs (bass) and fecent recruits Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar). It seemed at the time that Knox and Eddy would be launching a new project, but it now transpires that they've decided to stick with The Vibrators, bringing in new personnel to replace the

outgoing men.

Knox and Eddy basically ARE
The Vibrators — Tibbs replaced
the original bassist, and NME
understands that neither Snow nor
Birch was officially contracted to
the band — so it's logical that they
should retain the name of the band
they founded Albumb the should retain the name of the band they founded. Although the names of the new members haven't yet been announced, they are already recharring with Knox and Eddy, preparing for a string of dates which are being lined up to start later this month. Details will be announced shortly.

- AND NEW KILLJOYS

THE KILLJOYS are back in action again, after last week's news that they had broken up. They now have a new line-up including three of the original members — Kevin Rowland (vocals), Kevin Arsher (guitar) and Karl Sweeny (drums) — plus two newcomers, Elaine Pace (bass) and Don Caple (guitar). The two outgoing members are Chislaine Weston and Mark Philipps. The re-vamped band are now rehearsing for an upcoming string of gips, and they hope also to clinch a record deal in the near lutter.

Clinera record deal in the foliage.

Meanwhile. Ghislaine is now involved in a new band called Out Of Nowhere, said to be

completely different from The Killjoys. Rest of the personnel is Bob Peach (drums). Mark LeRo! (guitar). David (vocals). Rich London (sax) and Mike Billingham (keyboards). They've already cut a few tracks and hope to start gigging shortly.

THE D.P.'s — formerly The Depressions — are still looking for a new guitarist to replace Frank Smith, who left recently, though they are now down to a short list of applicants. But they are still managing to continue working in the studios, where they are currently recording their next two singles and a new album, the latter for September release on the Barn tabel.

SUICIDE will be playing a string of dates in their own right, besides their appearances on the Clash four. They are Birmingham Barbarella's (July 17), London Marquee (18), Plymouth Metro (21), Liverpool Eric's (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (31) and Leeds 'F' Club (August 1). Their album "Suicide" is available tomorrow (Friday), and on July (4 Bronze issue their single "Cheree" in both seven-inch and 12-inch form.

Spex back on chart trail



X-RAY SPEX have their new single released by EMI on July 14, the follow-up to their first chart entry "The Day The World Turned Dayglo". It's a new version of one of their most successful stage numbers "identity", coupled with "Let's Submerge". The first \$0.000 will be issued in a picture sleeve, and the slagde is to be the subject of a big EMI promotion campaign. With singer Poly Syrene now back in action after her recent collapse, the band are close to finishing their debut album, for autumn, release.

• Jamsican singer and writer Gregory Issaes, who toured Stitish recently, has been signed to Viright's Front Lios label. His fith album, recorded at Channet One in Jamsites, will be issued vire his new outlet in the liste summer.

EMI ressue the David McWis-lisms hit "Days Of Pearly Spencer", coupled with its double Aside "The Lights Of Syrian", tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "You Light My Fire". Shells 8. Devotion's follow-up to her recent hit "Singin' in The Rain".

● Following the release of Bruce Lee's fifth film "Game Of Death" and the release of his best-known rovies "Enter The Dragon", Satral Records have put out a tribute single to him by the J. K. D. Band. Titled "Dragon Power" and over-dubbed with effect from his films, it's sivalable initially in 12-inch form.

• Crystal Gayte's new single "Talking in Your Sigep", out this week, is taken from her upcoming album "When I Dreem". It's due for release in August by United Artists, who are lining up a massive campaign to promote it. And there are plans for Crystal to return to Britain for concerts in the autumn, probably November.

DARTS AND HILLAGE IN FREE CONCERTS

ALTHOUGH Darts will not now be appearing in the proposed "Masse Circus" at Bournemouth Football Studium on Satarday, July 15, they will instead be headilising another open-air concert the same day—nome 130 miles away. And what's more, it's a free gig! They've been invited to appear at Spurriers Town Patient in Hartow, Easex, in one of the sevies of tree sammere concerts being organised by the local council. Another outdoor gig follows for Darts on Sunday, July 30, when they appear in a special Variety Chabfunction at Malliory Park, near Leicester. It's basically a motor-racting event, including the Radio I Formula One cace, but Darts will be providing a concert interburke. Admission is £2.50 adults, £1 children.

Last week, Druts were presented with Gold Discs.

Last week, Durts were presented with Gold Discs for U.K. sales of their two albums and three of their

singles.

An reported last week, Bournemouth F.C. refused permination for the Music Circus — which was also to have starred Steve Hillage and The Motors — to be staged on their ground. The promoters tried to find an alternative venue in the area, but were unsuccessful and the event is now oil.

STEVE HILLAGE also has a free open-air gig, but not on the same day as the proposed Bourneatouth show. He tops the bill in the six-day Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival, being staged three miles north of Bury in Lancashire from July 20 to 25 inclusive,

Etta James

London gigs

next week



DARTS

DARTS
with Hillinge starring on the final night. Among many
other note set are Circus, Osais and Drive By Night
(20): Emergency, Howard The Duch, Cry Tough,
Nirvana and Body (21); Alternative TV, The Fall,
The Restricted, Victor Brox and Here & Now (22);
Chius Street, The Risk, The Out, The Ruts and Misty
(23); Aqua, Creation, Davanceaver, The Tunes,
Mekou and Preacher (24); and Geoneide, The
Reducers, Pegasas and Visitor 2035 (25).

National Health in solo ventures

In solo ventures

NATIONAL HEALTH, now with new member John Greaves on hass and vocals, have just started work on their second album for September release by Charly Records. Their next British tour will be in October and November, including a major London concert when the band will be attgmented by a brass section and several guest musicians. Meanwhile, three of the group will be undertaking individual projects.— Greaves is to record a solo LP with lyncist Peter Blegvad: drummer Pip Pyle is involved in a one-olf album venture with Elton Dean, High Hopper and Alan Gowen; and organist Dave Stewart will be releasing an LP of his own music in January.







Patti, Reed: EP specials



LOU REED

◆ Issued by Radar Records this weekend is the album "La Dusseldorf" by the German group of the same name. The trio, formed in 1974, follows in the tradition of Krelhverk" — and in fact one of the members, Klaus Dinger, was once a member of that band.

With The Hollies "20 Greatest Hits" now on release, EMI plans no less than five more album issues by the group in August, There'e "The Other Side Of The Hollies", a collection of their B-sides; a completion, still untitled, of they bent EP reckly, and three streight reispuss of earlier albums.

PATTI SMITH's follow-up to her hit single "Because The Night" is a 12-inch EP, issued by Arista on July 21 and costing 99p. The four tracks are "Privilege (Set Me Free)" from her "Easter" chart album; "Ask The Angels" from the "Radio Ethiopia" LP; "25th Floor", a live version of an "Easter" track, recorded in Panis; and a poem titled "Babelfield" from het soon-to-be-published book of poetry, recorded in Arista's London offices!

LOU REED's EP, issued by the same fabel on July 14, is a three-track 12-inch — but the main title is the full 12-minute version of the title song from his latest album "Street Hassle". The other two tracks, "Waiting For The Man" and "Venus In Furs", hark back to his days with Velvet Underground and have been specially leased from Polydor Records. This also sells at 99p.

• Tomorrow [Friday] Marvesti issue o rockablly EP commission.

• Tomocrow (Friday) Harvest issue a rockability EP comprising "Midgie" by Jack Scott, "Good Rockin' Tonight" by Cherile Feath-ers, "Party Doil" by Buddy Knox and "Ubengi Stomp" by Werren Smith

● No Dice, just back from their sla-week debut four of the States where they played with Foghat and Rainbow, attar work on their second album next moralt. They'll be using the Rolling Stones' mobile, and the producer is Rupert Holmes. Release is planned by EMI for asity November, preceded in October by a new Ingle.

A & M Records have acquired British distribution of the sound-racek album "Sergeant Pepper's. Lonely Hearts Club Band", starring Peter Frantports and the Bee Gees. And it's likely to be issued in the laste summer, well in advance of the film première.

 Bill Nelson of Se-Bop Deluxe is playing on and co-producing the first album by John Cooper Clarks,

Lynda Kelly, former lead singer with 5000 Yoka, has signed a long-term deal with Phil Wainman's Utopia Records (distributed by Phonogram) She starts recording this month with a visw to releasing a single in September.

Power Exchange Records are making available s 12-inch version of the disco bit "You Turned My Whole World Around" by Black learn. It runs five minutes 20 seconds, which is 1½ minutes fonger than she seven-inch version.

Diale Dreggs, the U.S. jazz-rock outfit who are supporting Sea Level at London Hammurmith Odeon on July 26, have their single "Take It Off The Top" issued by Capricors on July 14. It's taken from their album "Free Fall".

● Greenslevez Records, the lebel apecasizing in UK-based reggas bands, follow their recent signing of Reggae Regular by adding six-pece test knoden outfit (Vagnes to their roster, And their 12-inch ningle "Battylon You Got To Set Jah Children Fraal" comes out this weekand,

weakend.

Sound On Sound is a new inde-pendent. South. London label whose first single comes out lomorrow. (Friday). It is "Stateboarding in The U.K." by The Rivals.

● Soha Records have signed Northempton band The Jets, and on July 14 release their debut single comprising two of heir own compositions "Reckabilly Baby" "James Dean". Uppoming shortly from the same label is "All The Time In The World" by The Nipple Erectors.

Chappells in London's New Bond Street are holding their summer sale for the month of July. Offers include some UE for 50p, and £1 off other current albums; a free tape with any four purchased, as much as £400 off the cert of some guitars; free felt puties to certain purchasers; and reductions on keyboards and hi-fi equations. **Rak collect Autographs**



ALTOGRAPHS, the band formed by three departing members of The Stokas — Raggy Lewis, Chris Gent and Dave Spicer — together with Paul Tully (drams) and Jian Ward (lead guitar), have been signed by Ralt Records. Their debut single, written by vocalist Gent and ditted "While I'm Still Young", comes out on July 21. They'll be promoting it by way of a string of Jondon gigs this month — see On The Road, page 32. Pictured above (from left to right) are Gent, Tully, Spicer, Lewis and Ward.

HALF-YEAR POINTS TABLES **Dury chases Abba, Mac**

AT THE HALF-WAY stage in the NME Chart Points Tables for 1978, "Abba The Album" emerges as the top LP of the year so far, closely followed by Fleetwood Mac's perennial "Rumours". Ian Dury heads the new-wave contingent, with his "New Boots & Panties" at No.5 in the best-sellers lists. Top Ten placings for the first six months of the year, together with points accrued, are;

	- Jenit to Benner, time benner general,	-1
ı	Abba The Album	643
ż	Rumours (Fleetwood Mac)	.580
	Out Of The Blue (ELO)	
	Saturday Night Fever (Soundtrack)	
	New Boots & Panties (Ian Dury)	361
6	20 Golden Greats (Nat 'King' Cole)	.310
7	And Then There Were Three (Genesis)	.306
B	The Kick Inside (Kete Bush)	.303
	Sound Of Bread	.290
ø	20 Golden Greats (Buddy Holly & Crickets)	.295
	at the same of the	

In the Singles table, not surprisingly The Bee Gees are way out in front, with Darts as their closest contenders — and Blonde showing up well at No. 4. The Cutrent Teo Teo at 180.

CF	rrent Top Ten are:	
-1	Bee Gese	.57
2	Darts	.47
3	Wings	.32
	Blondie	31
5	Boney M	. 29
6	Kete Bush	. 29
7	Bob Marley & Walters	.26
8	Donna Summer	.24
9	Gerry Refferty	. 23
10	Rose Royce	. 23
	_	

where tables are compiled by awarding points to entries in the Top Thirty lists published waskly by NME — 30 points for a No.2, and so an down to one point for a No.30 position.



FRIDAY 21st JULYat 7-30



₹ SNCF/CAPITAL CITY SERVICE

Big London exhibition

WHO'S WHO

London's Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mail throughout the month of August. Titled "Who's Who", it revolves around the history of the band, but also reflects other sepects of their times. Among the many attractions planned for the event are:

BLONDIE DROP IN



Blondie's DEBBIE HARRY on

BLONDIE return to Britain next BLONDIE return to Britain next month for the first time since their February tour — but they won't be gigging here. They're coming in specially for the August 14 open-ing of an exhibition of Blondie pictures, taken in New York during Man, by observations. pictures, taken in New York during May by photographer Martyn Goddard. The show is at

Maryn Goddard. The show is at the Mirandy Galleries, 10 Glentworth Street, N.W. t. and it's open until August 25 — admission is free.

The group stop off in London en coute for a European lour, so they won't have time to play any dates here. But it now scens likely that they'll be back to headline a string of dates laree in the year, as opposed to their previous plan not to perform here until early 1979. Meanwhile they're currently completing their third album in New York.

LURKERS & SHAM FOR CORNWALL

SHAM 69 and The Lurkers are among acis booked for a new venue opening this month at St. Austell in Comwall. The 2,000-capacity New Cornish Riviera has installed a big stage, 600-amp lighting capability and a new advanced sound system, and the complex also includes restaurants, bars, swimming pool, boutiques and amusements.

Saturday shows so far booked

and amusements.

Saturday shows so far booked for the holiday season feature Mungo Jerry (July 22), Goldie (29), The Lurkers (August 5), Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (12), Sham 69 (19) and Sassafras (26). Admission is £1,50 in advance, £1,75 on the night.

There are plans for a new rock venus to open in Lordon. The

we mere are plans for a new rock venue to open in London. The idea is to convert and up-date the old Carousel Ballroom in Camdon Town, and launch it as the Electric Ballroom.

the", if revolvey arounds are natory or sects of their times. Among the many ure:

The story of The Who with pictures, cuttlings, their Gold Discs, video monitors screening continuous film clips of the bund, at slide show, T-shirts, etc. Plus a stage set up with their equipment.

The Who's road crew giving regular haser shows, and projecting bolograms of the group. And well-known discs-lockeys, past and present, playing their records.

London's Capitol Radio broadcasting shows from the exhibition.

The Who themselves making frequent visits, and bringing along guests celebrites and personalities of the '66s.

Carnaby Street designers displaying fashlous which have spanned The Who's career, and top haladremers re-creating the styles of the period. Plus plashall manchines and other novelies.

Frampton car crash

PETER FRAMPTON was seriously hurt at the weekend in the Bahamas, when the car he was driving crashed into a tree during a violent storm. He sustained a fractured arm, three broken ribs, three cracked ribs and a head wound in which 12 stitches were inserted. He was later transferred by private jet from Nassau Hospital to New York. Latest report is that he is "comfortable". Frampton was due to attend the world premiere of the film "Sgt. Pepper", in which he stars, on July 18.



Ted Nugent in January

TED NUGENT has postponed his proposed British tour in September, and instead he's now selling up a major European tour for January, including at least ten concerts in this country. Nugent has now replaced the two musicians in his band — Derek St. Holmes and Rob Grange — whom he claims to have fired, though they insast they left of their own accord. The newconters are Charlie Huben (guidar and vocals) and John Sauter (bass), both aged 26. Currently engaged in a major American tour, Nugent will have a new album released by Chrysalis in November. TED NUGENT has posiponed his

LINDISFARNE ANSWER WAKES ACCUSATIONS

LINDISFARNE issued a statement this week, denying allegations that they are directly responsible for the cancellation of the July Wakes Festival. After they had pulled out of the show, the event was called off and—as reported last week—promoter Brian Adams said their withdrawal had been the deciding factor.

drawal had been the speciality factor.

But the band's manager Barry McKay said the main reason for pulling out was the National Jazz Federation's withdrawal of their

sponsorship of the festival. He added: "We would have been delighted to play if the festival had NJF backing, but without them we felt it would be as bedly organised as in previous years".

And referring to Adam's suggesting that McKay had hustled him for money, he commented: "When a band plays a concert, they get paid — if they don't play, they don't get paid. I don't see where hustling comes into it."

NEWS BRIEFS

Koko debut



CLIFTON CHENIER & His Red Hot Louisiana Band will not now be appearing in the "Blues Festival 78" package, which plays a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, July 21. Chenier is a diabetic, and his condition has worsened receally, causing respiratory problems. He's been advised not to travel, and is now replaced on the bill by blues singer KoKo Taylor. She joins Buddy Guy & Junior Wells and the Chicago Blues All-Stars in the line-up. CLIFTON CHENIER & His

ORAHAM PARKER & The Runnour have slotted in an extra last-minute gig next Wednesday (12) at Birmingham Barbarella's, where they'll be going on stage at 12.30am. This is in the nature of a warm-up for their two open-air appearances—in the Munchester Anti-Nazi Carnival (July 13) and the Bob Dylan concert at Blackbushe (15). GRAHAM PARKER & The

GEORGE HATCHER makes GEORGE HATCHER makes his London debut with his new band on Thursday, July 13, when he appears at Camden Dingwalls. He disbanded his last outfit, despite meeting with a fair degree of success, then moved to Birmingham — where he met another bunch of musicians and formed a brand new group.

ELO did not appear in ITV's "South Bank Show" last Satur-"South Bank Show" last Saturday, as previously announced by London Weekend, who now admit they jumped the gun. They say it's hkely the band will headline their own special later in the year. The same company's "London Weekend Show" this Sunday lunchtime (London area only) has an interview with DAVID BOWIE filmed backstage at Earls Court, plus footage of him in concert.

THE FORMER hit group of Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich — who had ten smash hit singles in the mid-60s, including a No.1 with "Legend Of Kanadu — have re-formed as a quartet. They are without Dave Dee, now a recording executive, whose name is omitted from their billing. Immediate bookings are at Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (this Saturday), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (Sunday) and Manchester. Valentine's (July 14 and 15), with more being set.

THE ENID follow their London Rainbow concert last Saturday with three more gigs — at Brack-nell South Hill Park Arts Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Folkestone Leas Chiff Hall (Saturday) and Colwyn Bay Dixicland Showbar (July 13) — before going off the road to complete their third album. They plan a 24-venue concert and college tour in September to coincide with the LP's release.

LITTLE RIVER BAND set out from their native Australia on their third world tour, with temporary drummer Geoff Cox temporary drummer Geoff Cox-replacing regular member Derek-Pellici, who was left at home recovering from burns over much of his body — including his hands. He sustained them after a portable barbeque exploded, as-he was attempting to light it. The band's tour, supporting their new LP "Sleeper Catcher", will bring them to Britain later in the wear

RICH KIDS, MOTORS

THE RICH KIDS begin a new series of dates this month to promote their new EMI single "Marching Men", and they'll also be previewing tracks from their upcorning album, due for release later in the summer.

The band — whose left-to-right line-up in our picture comprises Steve New, ex-Silk frontman Midge Ure, former Pistol Glen Mariock (squathor) and Rusty Egan — are confirmed for the following

and Russy tegan — to discover the first page 2 of the first page 3 of the first page 3

THE MOTORS, currently hitting the high spots with their single "Airport", are set for a 12-date summer tour. The innerary centers mainly on leading ballrooms, and gigs confirmed thus week are Coventry Locarno (July 18), Birmingham Maytair (19), Saltburn Philmore Disco (20), Newcastle Maytair (21),



Aberdeen Palace Theatre (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23), Exeter Routes (24), Penzanoc The Garden (25), Plymouth Woods Centre (26), Ryde Lo.W. Carouset (27) and Aylesbury Friars (29). A venue for July 28 has still to be finalised. The band's next single "Forget About You" is scheduled for July 29 release by Virgin.

reunion plan Purple

WIDESPREAD RUMOURS in rock circles this week suggest that a Deep Purple reunion, probably on a one-off basis, is being planned. It's believed that the ambitious project would involve former Purple members, as well as those who were in the line-up at the time of its disbandment two years ago. And the idea is that the show would also feature offshoot bands, currently being fronted by ex-Purple personnel.

The plan seems to have origi-nated in Japan, which was prob-ably Purple's most successful market. But it isn't yet clear,

ably Purple's most successful market. But it isn't yet clear, assuming it materialises, exactly when and where the reunion would take place—or indeed, if there would be more than one show in different countries.

A spokesman for EMI International, who distribute Purple Records, commented: "We've heard the buzz as well, and it's possible there may be something happening, but we can't confirm anyhing at this stage."

Purple's line-up at the time of the split was Jon Lord (keyboards), David Coverfale (vocals), Tommy Bolin (goitar), Glen Hughes (bass and vocals) and Ian Paioc (drums). And among bands now being fronted by former Purple men are Ritche Blackmore's Rainbow, David Coverfale's White Snake and the Ian Gillian Band.

'Capital Radio overtakes BBC

CAPITAL RADIO claims that it has now overtaken BBC Radio One in popularity among London listeners. According to an independent survey carried out by Research Surveys of Great Bartain, Capital now has a 26 per cent share of the total London listening hours, compared with listening hours, compared with Radio One's 22 per cent.

RUSSIANS CANCEL BEACH BOYS GIG

THE BIG open-air concert starring The Beach Boys, Santana and Joan Baez — which was to have been staged in Leningrad on Tuesday of this week — was cancefled by the Russians at short notice. The project had been set up by top U.S. promoter Bill Graham for inclusion in an Anglo-Soviet film production titled "Carnival", based on the idea that music is the universal language of mankind.

the universal language of mankind Besides the artists, film producer Dimitri de Granwald and over 100 film and coocert technicanas were about to leave for Russia, as well as a fleet of tracks carrying all the equipment. He was suddenly asked to fly alone to Moscow to be given the news of the cancellation.

It means a considerable finan-cial loss for de Grunwald's company, and a great disappoint-ment for the estimated 200,000 young Russians who would have attended the Leningrad concert. A spokesman said that "no accept-able reason" was given for the cancellation.

However, in a surprise develop-ment at the weekend, the Russians insisted that they had not cancel-led the show — merely postponed it. They say they rejected the film script as unsuitable, but would be happy to welcome the artists and re-arrange the concert at any time, once a revised script is approved.

ARS peeved

ATLANTIC Rhythm Section are very concerned about the adverse publicity they have received, following their non-appearance at the rock festaval near Frankfurt in Germany, were rioting led to the venue being damaged by fire. Jefferson Starship cancelled out of the concert due to Grace Slick's illness, and it was primarily this which provoked the violence. But it's been widely reported that the ARS also cancelled, whereas they insist they were never booked for the show. A spokesman for the band told NME: "They were approached, but never agreed to do it, and no contract was signed. Yet the promoter went ahead and advertised them — so that, after the event, they were slagged from all sides. They're now going to sue him."

With Magazine BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas

Saturday, 1st July Sunday, 2nd July Monday, 3rd July Wednesday, 5th July Thursday, 6th July Friday, 7th July Friday, 7th July Saturday, 8th July Sunday, 9th July Monday, 10th July Wednesday, 12th July Thursday, 13th July Friday, 14th July Saturday, 16th July Sunday, 16th July

- REDCAR, Coatham Bowl EDINBURGH, Tiffanys BRADFORD, St. George's Hall
- COVENTRY, Locarno MANCHESTER, Russell's Club
- LIVERPOOL, Eric's SHEFFIELD, Top Rank
- DONCASTER, Outlook Club TORQUAY, Town Hall PLYMOUTH, Metro BRISTOL, Colston Hall
- AYLESBURY, Friars Maxwell Hall CANTERBURY, Odeon

Watch out for their brand new single

Sign Of The Times



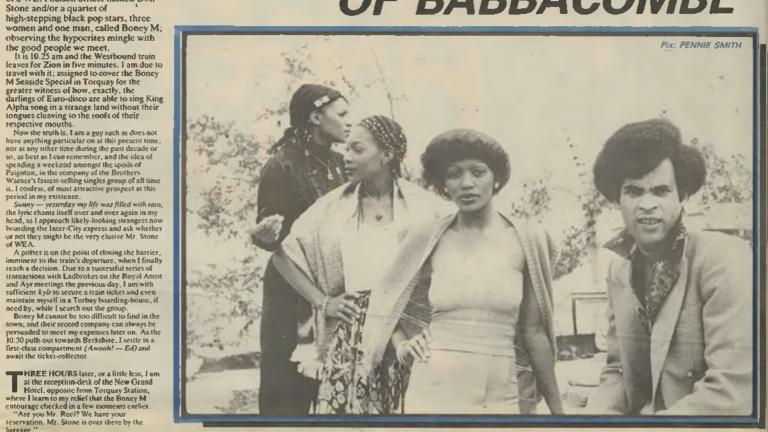
ORBAY OR NOT Torbay that is the question! I am standing at the barrier of Platform 2, Paddington, one chilly

Saturday morning expressing Brandoesque mutterance of this sentiment whilst scoring the station for

one whom answers to the description of a WEA liaison officer named Don

BY THE RIVERS (well...sands,

beaches, coves, quays and bays) OF BABBACOMBE



The faces that launched a thousand disco riffs: L to r. Marcia, Maizie, Liz, Bobby

Sunny Seaside Special with **BONEY M**

PENNY REEL sends a postcard

at Paddington?" She looks at Don. "This reporter, twoy him hardee man, you know," she says; "see how him a knot up the dread. Nah pop no style, a strictly roots," finishing with a chorus of Althia & Donna's hit.

She turns back to me. "I hope you're going to be positive," we fix each other with a level eye-to-eye stare and Liz explodes into a fit of eigeles.

I assure her I am. I decide I have fallen in love with this girl. I decide to let it happen and enjoy

with this girl. I decide to let it happen and enjoy it, ross?

Elizabeth Rebecca Mitchell, born Clarendon, JA under the sign of Cancer in 1952 is both Boney Mis youngen member and also its lead-singer of five successive NAME chart hits: "Daddy Cool", "Sunny", "Ma Baker", "Belfast" and "Rivers Of Babylon", as well as featured vocalist on their two Atlantic abbums, "Take The Heat Off Me" and "Love For Sale". Educated at Chamberlain Road school in Harlesden before joining the German production of Hair, prior to having been chosen by Boney M producer Frank Farian to lead his Hansa disco machine.

She cites Lobsang Rampa as her favourite writer; Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye and Candi Station her favourite singers: "No Woman No Cry", "Rivers Of Babylon", "Daddy's Home" and The Heptones: "Egual Rights" as her favourite songs; and West Indian her favourite God, Her religion is New Testament Church of God, although she also points to the Ras Tafarian reality as being a portifier—her favourite word! — faith.

UR NINE-STRONG party leaves the hotel and, to the accompanying stares and Three Degrees conjecture of passing holidaymakers, cross The King's Drive to Torre Abbey Meadows on the Torquay seafront, where a huge marquee tent announces the

Abbey Meadows on the Torquay seafront, where a huge marquee tent announces the presence of a BBC Seaside Special.

The enclosure is thronged with various dancers from Geoff Richer's First Edition, assorted Smokies, Showaddywaddys, friends of Sacha Distel and other Blockheads, including Cosmo Vinyl and Ian Dury — described as a "punk" by Bobby Farrell — and make our way to the Boney M trailer, where we are summarily joined by ravishing, red-headed Austro-Hungarian aristocrat Penny Maclean, lead-siren with Boney M's main rival Deutsch disco outlis, Silver Convention.

There follows much hanging about between acts, and fairly soon the snall trailer is becoming a wee heady with the spice of preening, perfumed feminimity, such as this man's crashibilities finds especially seductive; but since the ensuing conversation never resolves itself upon matters sexual, I grow slightly bored and wander out and into the adjoining marquee where yet a further trio of black, Jamaican disco-chanteusesses, Black Gold, are discussing the finer details of their stage entrance and general dance routine with the BBC producer for tonight's filming of their TV debut.

Meanwhile, Monsieur Distet is flashing sundry charm in his sown himiniable manner, in front of such friends, comera technicians and idle onlookers as may be present, and for their benefit.

idle onlookers as may be present, and for their

benefit.

Ian Dury and The Blockheads are next. They appear in full stage dress, sporting red, gold and green clothes pegs, bequeathed by Matumbi during the two groups' recent tour of the UK together, and run through a couple of takes of "What A Waste", eagerly strended by an audience of First Edition dancers taking a tea

Boney M need little instruction as the group pace the length of a "Daddy Cool" "Sunny" "Belfast" medley, followed by a

full-length rendition of "Ma Baker", and in less than a quarter of an hour our quarter are linished for the afternoon, with the ladies collecting their fur wraps from clothes hanger Don Stone.

E MAKE OUR way back to the New Grand for ica, scones, cheese and the best reas-clotted cream any of us have ever tasted. Makize pulls her fox from her shoulders and declares:
"Bwoy, but it nice to be back in England with all their quaint customs. Really," she purs. "high ten in the afternoon. Simply purfect."
We all fall about gigaling at this typical Ms. Williams commentary. Liz, taking hold of my hand, remarks through a moutful of jam and pastry: "Did you ever nyam such beautiful food, Rasia? Hey, man, it's great to be home." She starts to stroke my leg and I begin to dissolve into the clotted cream.

Don Stone asks if we should make plans to arrange a taped interview between the group and myself, but I demur at the prospect of introducing cassette recorders into our cosy little tea parry and insist there will be material sufficient for a feature without. A good and serious thing, because right now Marcia is understudying the dormouse in Alice and gradually falling asleep on her consort Eric's shoulder.
"The brother cool," chimes in the normally silent Carl. "He jus' groove in with the vibe. Don man, and him easy. That's the same way! would write an ortice."

And having thus pronounced this, for Carl, abnormally lengthy speech, he disengaged himself from our company and misde his passagetowards the television toom to watch Brazil play Italy in the World Cup. The rest of the company

Continues page 9

"Are you Mr. Reel? We have your reservation, Mr. Stone is over there by the luggage."

I introduce myself. I am introduced, in turn, to the trio of Boneys as presently dominate all activity in the hotel lobby.

Marcia Regna Barrett is a tall, striking and statusesque beauty who smiles at me from dark, feline eyes and wears her long locks platied with multifarious display of beads. A Libran, with her thirtieth birthelay this year, Marcia was born in St. Catherine, Jamusica, and educated at Parkside Secondary, Brixton, and rejoices in the sobriquet of "Mother Miterable." She has been quoted as saying that, if not berself, she would enjoy being Marlyin Monroe, and has expressed a desire to blind-date Prince Charles.

Her companion, Maizie Williams, is a shorter but no less attractive lady who wears a somewhat haughty demeanous upon short acquaintance and who, like her close friend Marcia, also dresses her hair in becoming beaded plaits. Maizie originates from the island of Montserrat in the Caribbean, where she was born under the sign Aries in 1951, hefore completing her education in Birmingham. The Germans have nicknamed her "Schpitz", which means "pointed" in their language.

Robert Alfonso Farrell—better-known as Bobby — is the group's second Libran and he prevides its sole male balance. Boen in Aruba, he presently lives in Hanover and is something of a finguist, speaking Spanish, English, Dutch, Germany and Papien with equal fluency. Bobby is also BM's most easy-going and engaging member.

THREE HOURS later, or a little less, I am at the reception-desk of the New Grand Hotel, opposite from Torquay Station, where I learn to my relief that the Boney Mentourage checked in a few moments earlier. "Are you Mr. Reel? We have your reservation. Mt. Stone is over there by the luggage."

Aso in attendance: Marcia's eleven-year-old son, Wayne, as well as her beau, a West German journalist named Eric, plus the group's ubiquirous personal assistant, Carl, another Jamasican.

Having arranged with Don Stone to meet in Having arranged with Love active to the tubby in ten minutes' time, from whence we would repair to the Sesside Special marquee for rehearsal of the evening's show, I am shown to my room. On the way back down, I am joined in the hit by Liz Mitchell, the Boney's remaining

quarter.
"How does it feel?" I throw this opening shot, adopting my best Dylan intonation for its

livery. "What?" returns Liz, flashing an ingenuous

To be here," I say, "By the rivers of

"To be here." I say. By the Babbacombe."

Babbacombe. "Babbacombe is rewarded with a dazzling smile. Don introduces us as we depart from the lift together. "This is Penny Reql." he explains. "the journalist who's come to cover the Seaside Special for New Musical Express."

"Cho? You the guy we are supposed to meet

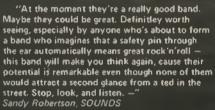


We told you they're good. Now the press say they're great.



and everyone will see how great at

The Lyceum Sunday 9th July
The Marquee Wednesday 19th July.



"From the moment they hit the stage everything about them is tight, unified and confident." Paul Rambali, NME

"The music is like punk pre-new wave, e.g. like Lou Reed, New York Dolls etc. They have got one song which is a stone cold killer, half spoken and bitterly satirical, "Harry"".

RIPPED AND TORN

"The mainstay of my sanity was the superb set performed by Dead Fingers Talk." Kelly Pike, RECORD MIRROR

"How many bands on the scene today can actually play their guitars, can sing and can give you a really good night out? In my opinion, about two. Dead Fingers Talk is one of them."

"They're one of the most dynamic rock bands I've seen this year the musical equivalent of a highly-trained commando unit." Chris Brazier, MELODY MAKER







STORM THE REALITY STUDIOS



From previous page

▼ From previous page gradually made their way to their respective beds, and I found myself alone.

I spent the afternoon on Corbyn's Brach in conclusion of a Josephine Tey novel, after which I took a leisurely walk around town and picked up a second-hand copy of Raymond Chandler's Letters I then proceeded to Torre Abbey Meadows for the big show.

The evening performance was merely a repent of the afternoon show, with the additional hindrance of a live audience applauding on oue, and then Sacha Distel issued two introductions — one in English and one in French — hence: Sacha: "Ladies and gentlemen, next week your hosts will be my very good friends — BONEY M!".

M"

On camera. Enter the group. Applause. Exit the group. Applause. Re-enter the group. Applause in French.
Boncy M (in unison): "Hi!"
Sacha: "Now, you're going to have to decide how you're going to do this host business. It could be difficult with four of you."
Liz: "I think we'll split it up. We'll get in some psactice and then..."
Marxia: "We'll".
Hobby: "Split".
Maizie: "It".
Liz: "Up".

Lit: "Up".
Sacha: "That's going to need a let of practice."
Mairie: "All right, we'll tell you who our guests

ase: "Bobby: "Matio Bazar",
Marcia: "Geoff Richer's First Edition".
Liz: "Roy Walker".
Maizie: "Peter Hudson".
Bobby: "The Cherokees".
Marcia: "Ian Dury, and those stars of the flying

Mazie: "Plastic Bertrand".
Bobby: "And Joe Dassin".
Sacha: "And, of course, all of you too.
Boney M."

Applause. Rps in French. Finis.

A T DINNER that night we are joined at the table by Ms. Maclean — who is leaving for Germany the following morning — plus M. Sacha Distel and the inevitable friends of same.

I dine off a dish of fresh trout au grain, while the ever endearing Don Stone feeds me tidbits of information, such as the fact Frank Farian spends eight days in the studio masterminding the opening refrain of "Rivers of Balvykon", and that Boney M have so far reached worldwide sales in excess of forty millions during the group's breif but illustrious career.

sales in excess of forty millions during the group's brief but illustrious career.

I go to bed with J. B. Priestley and fall quickly askeep beneath the weight of his ponderous prose. I decam that Boosy M are chasing me down Hanway Street W. I in extended exposition of the "Daddy Cool" chorus, and I run into Contempo record shop for refuge, only to find it no longer exists. Don Stone stands in the fortner doorway, and he tells me that its erstwhile owner has married Black Gold and decamped to Devon. Suddenly, I an aware of a mouse in the room which is jumping over me, only to immmediately resolve itself into the

woice of Sucha Distel saying: "You guessed it all along, Monseur Reel, WEA are the Thought Police and we'll split you up." I awake in a sweat and instantly recall the trout au grain followed by the cherry and clotted cream trifle! had enjoyed as a nightcap. Spend one night in a Babbacome Buy, and you'll see what I see.

The next time! regain consciousness there is an alarm call ringing in my ear and I'm chanting "Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay."

(It is morning, man, on a next day, and I am stumbling around my hotel bedroom repeating over and over again): "Torquay Torquay To

"Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay
Torquay "
(Repetition of the mantra Torquay clears out,
my subconscious, man, gets rid of all excess
John Travolta and Marsball Hain hooks
John Travolta and Marsball Hain hooks
cluttering up my mind, and leaves me free to
dwell on the musical accomplishment of Boney
Min its purest refrain. It is positively desirable
to chant a silent grounstion such as this at least
once a month and today is Torquay-day):
"Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay
Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay
Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay
Torquay Torquay "
Today my hosts will be required to return to
the marquee and perform "Rivers Of Babylon",
"Brown Girl In The Ring" and "Ma Baker" to
their respective backing tracks — laid in
Germany by Frank Farian — for the Saturday
night Seaside Special viewers. How wenderful,
man.

The group have all caught colds in England, and these are being further aggravated by lengthy waiting between sets in barely warm stage costume. Furthermore, Maizie is troubled by a liver infection that requires she abstain

stage Costonie. To therefore, natize a troubed by a liver infection that requires she abstain from alcobol, but not from the grucsome medicine her doctor insists she take.

Between whites, I spend my hours on Torre Abbey Sands in idle perusal of Chandler's tedious, egotistical epistles to his publishers, otherwise, in exchange of reggue/ganga/show-biz/Harlesden and yard cooking reminiseences with Liz and Roberto I, twirt the group's rehearsal and show strats. Both Maizie and Marcia are out to lunch; the former with her liver, the latter pining for embraces such as Eric — who left for Germany with Wayne yesterday — and Eric alone, is capable of administering.

Tonight, we rub shoulders with stars like Udo Jurgens, Little And Large, Marti Caine, Ken Collier, Brotherhood of Man and Paul Nicholas. How positively fanlastic, man.

Provided the positive prainasur, man.

OR 1, THIS is a novelty experience, a weekend of relaxation by the sea, with only the departure to dread. For Boney M, it is part of a busy and unceasing schedule that dictates their lives and keeps them apart from their loved ones the great majority of the time. By all accounts, Frank Farian in his role of genius, and Hansa Record Company of Germany reap all, or all but all, of the financial rewards. And yet, they self me, none of them would exchange their profession for another. This has been a long postcard. To conclude weather topping, grub spiffing, herb spliffing, joint jumpin', tra lafa lafa. Wish you were here



SPECIAL ENTRY FORM AT YOUR YAMAHA MOPED DEALER WHEN YOU BUY A NEW YAMAHA MOPED DURING COMPETITION TIME





Earl's Court 15th June

"The greatest concert I have ever seen"

Ray Connolly - Daily Mail

BOB DYLAN

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ERIC CLAPTON

and his band

WITH EXCLUSIVE APPEARANCE OF

JOAN ARMATRADING GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR LAKE

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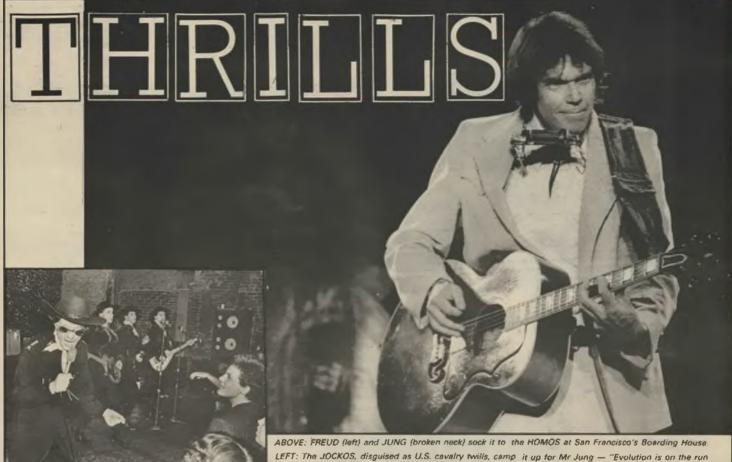
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DO NOT BUY FROM UNAUTHORISED TICKET AGENTS





LEFT: The JOCKOS, disguised as U.S. cavalry twills, camp it up for Mr Jung — "Evolution is on the run in 1984. . ." Thank God Tony Parsons sorts out DEVO on the centre pages. Pix by CHESTER SIMPSON.

"PLAY SOMETHING for Dylan's birthday," a spectator called.
"Big D's birthday, huh," Neil Young considered with a grin, "Now, Renaldo And Clara, I like that kind of movie."

Having suffered through the

opus, I can't imagine that bodes well for Young's own cinematic projects. It was rolling cameras, though, that accompanied the clusive troubador on some rare public appearances. In one startling week he went back to his roots and shot the new wave.

Crosby, Stills and Nash were Crosby, Stills and Nash were nowhere in sight and, by the week's end, Young would be sharing a ratty club stage with Devo. However, that comes later. Out story begins at a respectable San Francisco folk club, at 8pm on the night of Bob Dylan's 37th birthday.

"Seventy-five bucks to see that shaved orangutan?" howled a passerby. "That's right," answered a scalper, and by all appearances he was

getting it.

After all, it was big stars playing small bars, and you might have taken it for The Rolling Stones at the El

Mocambo judging by the buzz the crowd had on. In fact, Neil Young had scheduled eight performances at the 300 seat Boarding House—his only West Coast appearances of the season. They would coincide with the release of his new LP. Tomes a Time." The \$7,50 tickets were

snapped up in hours.

Neil Young has a reputation as an erratic performer and a hard man to catch.

In an effort to escape the madness

In an effort or escape the madness of stadium-scale gigs, he did a tour of California bars with Crazy Horse in 1975. He aborted the Stills/Young tour of 76. Last summer and fall found him, again by rumour, playing

juke joints unannounced with a local Santa Cruz outfit.

The last time I'd seen him had been his looney stint at The Band's Lost Waltz, at a time when fearful reports were stumbling around about the state of his health and sanity.

At 8.55 Young shambled out in tan slacks, white sports coat, and a string-tie with tooled Indian clasp. His hair was short and tousled. He looked haggard but healthy.

Harmonie rack secured, he strapped on a guitar and launched into a rumbustuous new time about the destruction of the Indians. It climaxed with his fantasy of a teepee-side camplire with "Marlon Brando, Pochahames and me"—lampooning his own romantic self-identification with the slaughtered Native Americans.

Loping about the stage, then crouching with his head cocked, one eyebrow raised sceptically, his eyes burning over an ingratiating grin, he disarmed the crowd. In his Sunday best, he looked like a con-man out of Tom Sawyer; ill-equipped to conceal a reckless scheme.

best, he looked like a con-man out of Tom Sawyer; ill-equipped to conceal a reckless scheme. During his hour and 15 minute set Young played 15 tunes. Only four were familiar oddies, and fully eight had been written since the recording of his latest album. He followed "Prochances" with the three numbers.

had been written since the recording of his latest album. He followed "Pocahantes" with the three numbers that appear on "Cornes A Time". He as a tasteful take of the road weary "Human Highway", then turned to a yearning song of reconciliation for ex-wife Carrie Snodgrass.

He followed with the LP's tile cut and stand-out ballad, then some new tunes — between which he bantered with the crowd torn between adoration and rowdiness. Some bozo yelled, "Steven Srills!" "I am Steven Srills," "Young announced grinning, "now enough of that.

There was a lovely ballad and a great ragged harp solo.

Young closed the set with "Sugar Mountain" (written 14 years back, when he was 19). I've always found it twee and insipid, but he performed it with such gentle aching resignation that the closing line. "Though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon," took on a sad new life.

It is heartening to note, though, that the two most memorable numbers Young unveiled still await recording. "The Thrasher." a long

passionate narrative, seems to look back on past excesses and make a peace with those who fell by the wayside. It may rank as both Young's "Before The Deluge" and his "Tangled Up In Blue."

The other number which, had the crowd hooting with glee and Young nearly reeling from the stage edge, demanded "My, my, hey, hey-rockn" roll is here to stay. It's there to burn out than to fade away. ... Out of the blue and into the clouds, once you're gone you can't come back. He is gone but not forgotten. That is the story of the stage and into the tiky, there's more to the future than meets the eye."

This was Young's hilarious tribute to punk milhism, from one who has been there; an ironic self-impersonation as edge-city rocker that suggests Young certainly isn't just prining away at his ranch, a radio shy recluse playing a crusty mandolin. The bizarre cultural miscarriage of Neil Young cavorring with the new wave carried on as Young rented the local punk palace, Mabuhay Gardens, and flew in Devo, Akron's stunning, and to my knowledge only, worthy artistic export.

A private show was arranged, with Neil slated to be filmed with the band. Devo's fascination with de-evolution, or genetic regression, led to some lasteless conjectures about Neil's advanced progress back towards the simian.

Young's intention, it turned out, was not to perform with Devo but to

simian.
Young's intention, it turned out,
was not to perform with Devo, but to
use them as a counterpoint in his
current film project, Human

current film project, Human Highway. Lead guttarist Mark Devo explains: "Dean Stockwell, who is directing the film, brought Neil to see us. We were so alien that he liked it. It's like suburban pinheads versus Mr Natural, or fast foods versus granola. The juxtaposition is so patently ludicrous and incongruous that it is Devy." Devo

Devo".

After wowing the crowd,
lip-synching some numbers from their
upcoming LP like seasoned pros.
Devo lounged on stage in their all
black Value Mart gaucho outfits.
Jerry Devo croaked an impeccable
parody of "After The Goldrush,": "A
was sim in a burning besement when
was sim in a burning besement when was simn in a burning basement when



" It's a macrobiotic guitar. That's a stone-ground, whole wheat body with edible raffia strings, natural fibre neck and dried raisin machine heads."

Consinues page 14.



SHOCK TACTICS ON THE FRONT LINE

It is almost like fate or destiny or resumes the fute of acting or angle to be involved. Once whales are in your head you can't get them out. When you become afflicted with the need to do something about saving them you can't do anything else.

Message on the Greenpeace wall.

N CHICAGO, on the first of May this year, 25-year-old Joe Healey braved freezing temperatures and 40 mph winds to climb to the nineteenth floor of the 110-storey Sears Tower — the world's tallest building — to hang out a banner, painted with slogans in Russian and Japanese, condemning the killing of the

It was three hours before he came down but only a matter of minutes before the police arrested him and charged Healey

with disorderly conduct.
When asked why he did it, ho told the press: "I did not have anything else to do today.

AUL SPONG is sitting in a pubin Whitehall, talking on tape,
chain-smoking with one hand
and twirling a yellow rose constantly
in the fingers of the other,
occasionally raising it to his face and
burying his nose inside. His
weatherbeaten face and thick jumpers
give him the air of a guy who has
spent a lot of time on the ocean.
Before joining forces with
Greenpeace, Paul was involved in
trying to communicate with whales in
caplivity, and one day he discovered
the key: "I starred trying sound as a
reward and found that in fact the
whales would do almost anything to

reward and found that in fact the whales would do almost anything to receive sound and I started producing pure tone signals.

"I got into bells, crystal goblets, and the whales' capacity and interest in these sounds was quite incredible. I might hold a couple of crystal goblets under the water and gently touch them together with a marvellous ringing sound and the whale would come and sit with the very tip of his forehead almost touching.

"Or I would play a recording of a

"Or I would play a recording of a tone through a pair of earphones and the whale would come up and nestle the very tip of its head up against the cushion of the earphones and just sit there very still listening to it.
"Of course music turned out to be fantatically rewarding. The poly as

"Of course music turned out to be fantastically rewarding. I've got a vivid memory of what happened the first time I played Beethoven's Violin Concerto to the whales. "I turned on the tone and the whale started to back out the corner of the pool. Then I turned on the record and the whale proceeded to arch its body, so that it's head was out of the water on one side — the flukes of its tail on



rne bovetskaya Rossiya returns to Vladivostok with its precious kill Pic by NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY.

the other side - and to spray fountains of water out of its mouth.

Tsasssshh . . . Tsasssshh . . . in time to the music.

to the music.
"At the same time the pectoral flippers were beating, slapping — boom, boom — on the surface of the water, just perfectly in time to the music, while the flukes were waving gracefully backwards and forwards in

"It was amazing — literally a

with the Grange For the Court how the direction tachies Greenpeace that the direction tachies Greenpeace that the court indicate text once — could help the whales — Greenpeace that the production of the court indicate the court in the court indicates the court indic

which the closed facility like the nashbit Steering a Zudiac around the Institute Steering a Zudiac around the Institute Steering a Zudiac around the Institute Steering and the Steering to on deck. The string are represented the string around the

Later confrontations proved azardous, "Several times they fired hazardous. "Several limes they fired harpoons that have gone over the heads of the crew. They missed, but there's another problem apart from the harpoon and that's the cable attached to it. It's travelling really fast

and slaps down in the water.
"If it actually makes contact with you, there wouldn't be any "tomorrow."

tomorrow."

Greenpeace's strategy is simple, as Paul explains: "The harpoonists are following a whale and we're trying to put our bodies in the way of the harpoon.
"It's just people acting as shields for the whales."

Alan Thornton is one of those human shields, a tail, aguiline Canadian from the small town of Windsor just over the border from Detroit. Arriving in England to represent the seal campaign, he soon found himself on the decks of the Rainbow Warmor in the North Alantie, harassing the lociandic whaling fleet in their hum for fin wholes

Campaigning against whalers from behind an office desk is one thing bu another as Alan soon found out, day after his return from Iceland described the first confrontation

"Me came across a Number of the four the same across to the four the same across of the four the same across to the four the same across to the four the same across the same

"Al that position and are a second and in a second and in a second and fown very

ally got in front of is towards the and c harpoon. It was towards the not a charge on. It was towards the not a charge on and at wearing the hale do we and we could see the two a master of the charge of the cha he harge of a chase

tensing and we really thought he was

tensing and we really thought he was going to fire.

"I was really scared. It was a really tense situation. I'd never quite appreciated before."

Direct action may be the most dramatic, but it certainly isn't the only way to (ight the whale war. As Paul Spong is quick to point out:

"Oreenpeace isn't alone. There are dozens, even hundreds, of anti-whaling groups which work from small local levels to international stuff.

small local levels to international stuff.

"It's quite fantastic as you realise the amount of energy that's being put by people into rying to save the whales. Of course, there's

disagreement in some respects about details but everyone has got the same objective — Let's save the whales right now, because tomorrow is too late." NME's response from anti-whaling groups around the world confirms this, and indicates the spread of the

who own it.

From America came massive bulletins from the Animal Welfare Institute, organisers of a nationally organised boycott of Russian and Japanese goods, illustrations from Tony Mallin, one-time producer of Chicago Creature News; photos from General Whale, producers of a wide range of educational material ranging from charts to monster fibreglass whale models which tour the country by helicopter.

from charts to monster libreglass whale models which tour the country by helicopter.

In Britain, Friends of the Earth are attempting to bring the message of the dying whales back home, acting as an information source and political pressure group. Although Britain is no longer an active whaling nation, we still help to keep the industry alive by importing a large amount of whale products every year.

In 1977 alone, 6,500 tonnes of sperm oil was brought into this country — the equivalent of 1,200 whales, a quarter of the total world catch. We must cut this supply line immediately, if our protest is going to have any real credibility or meaning.

As FOE lists show, hundreds of products and processes use whale derivatives; in all cases they can be replaced by synthetic or vegetable products. The USA banned all whale imports in 1971 with no noticeable economic effects. We must do the same.

economic effects. We must do the

same. For instance, the sole retiner of sperm oil in Britain is Highgate and Job of Paisley and Liverpool. Banung them from importing the oil would have a serious economic effect on Australia and other whaling nations. It would also signal and politicians' willingness to really do something. Similarly, The Leather Institute should be persuaded to drop their hard-line stance and encouraged to

hard-line stance and encouraged to develop substitutes for the use of sperm oil to soften leather.

sperm on to some learner.

Investigations should be made into
the fact that FOE have received
letters and calls from workets in
marganine factories, claiming that
unmarked drums of what they believe
to be whate oil, are still being poured
into the vars — despite the fact that
this is now illest.

into the vats — despite the fact that this is now illegal.

Fighting on the Front Line of the whale war can only get fiercer, as whalers and campaigners get more determined.



PAUL SPONG (Greenpeace)

"Once you make a person understand what a whale is, even a hitle bit, suddenly it becomes crystal clear that what is going on is totally stupid," says Paul Spong.
"Once you understand that something you accepted completely previously, didn't even think about, it lotally stupid, it opens up other avenues of perception.
"My nope, or course, is that

"My hope, or course, is that humans are bright enough to figure it out... But there's a depressing aspects to that. Do we have time to figure it out?"

Frends of the Earth write: "It, having killed all the whales, we find the world will not work without them after all it will be too late. We cannot a feet all the whales.

after all, it will be too late. We cannot

DICK TRACY

Thanks to CORNELIA DURANT (FOE) and GREENPEACE

Additional research: FIONA FOULGER and VAL PARKIN

STOP PRESS

THE IWC charade is now over for another year — and once again they have protected their rear ends without making any real concessions. Quotas on most of the whales are down slightly but not enough to make any real difference

As for the morutorium, that was to have been proposed at the meeting by the Panamanian commissioner, However, ECO the Friends of the Earth news-paper — revealed that three paper — revealed that three weeks before the conference a Japanese trade delegation had visited Panama City and had threatened to cancel their planned £5 million purchase of \$0,000 metric tous of Panaman singer pulses. Panama withdrew the unless Panama withdrew the moratorium proposal, which Japan described as 'an unfriendly

Japanese delegates at the IWC denied this heatedly but the fact remains that Panama withdrew their motion and the hope of moratorium once more disap-

peared.
The lame demonstrations on The lame demonstrations un-Monday outside the hotel where the IWC meet was being held were replaced by some direct action on Friday, the day the action were announced. The quotas were announced. The conference room was invaded by demonstrators and scuffles broke out when Richard Jones, of the Australian organisation CLEAN, empfied bottles of red ink over empfied bottles of red ink over the Japanese delegates, shouting; "May the blood of the whales stain the head of Japan." He was quickly hustled out of the room by security guards and police. It is even clearer now than ever before that the FWC, despite the mountains of evidence at their disposal, will continue killing whales until they are eventually extinct.

extinct.

extinct.

Friends of the Earth and many other groups will continue their fight at the IWC. Many others, however, disillusioned by the IWC's artifude, will be looking for other — perhaps more effective ways — to end the whale war.

DICK TRACY

THRUDUS

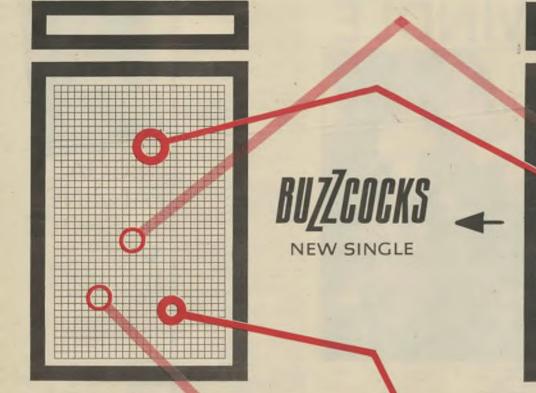
I saw Zeppelin and heard the explosions

Sir — Having read the letter in the Echo about the Zeppelin raids I would like to say that I have a vivid memory of that night.

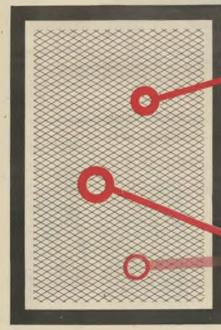
Arthur, my brother (now ceased), and myself were



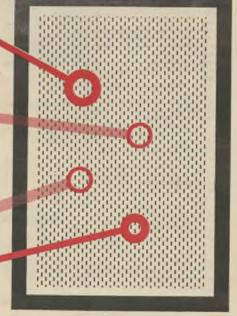
"Just as they launched into 'Fertbreaker'," assumes EGGY from darkest Stepleford.



NOISE ANNOYS



OUT NOW UP36433



STEVENS

300

BIGGSWINDLE



ET ANOTHER INSTALLMENT in the sordid aftermath of The Sex Pistols dropped into Thrills honds this week

hands this week. Not content with the title change of the new "Pistols" single, revented exclusively by NAFE two weeks ago—incidentally "Cosh The Driver" is still the French title—a number of copies of the 12" pressing of "The Biggest Blow" contain an interview of Steve Jones and Paul Cook conducted by Iraiarobber and involuntury exile Rotald Bires.

trainrobber and involuntary.
Ronald Biggs.
The interview, believed to come
from the soundtrack of The Great
Rock in roll Swindle movie, hasts about
five minutes. There are believed to be
about 1,500 copies of the interview

single pressed, but Virgin Records pitifully deay all knowledge, not to say complicity, in the records.

Like the rest of the post Pistols' break-up scenario, this episode smacks of a certain desperation on the part of its perpetrators. And while, leaving aside its sicker aspects, the thought of Biggs coming back to haunt the Great British Public tille this is laidly amoraine, there is an

haunt the Great British Public tine this is fairly amusing, there is an undertably sour taste of take-the-money-and-rian about it all. What follows is un abridged but unceasored version of the interview on the Pistols' single. It takes place in on the Pristors single, it times purce is a noisy bur, presumably in or around Rio De Janiero, and the first words heard are hoisterous culls for heet. Jones: More beer or we don't even fuckin' start.

Cook: Three more beers or we don't even do this fuckin' film.

Biggs: Right. A few serious questions now, all joking aside... put that fuckin' thing down. Now where did punk rock begin?

Tones and Cook (grading lacred ulously): "What?"

Biggs: (mockingly): I've read all about your performances and I'm totally disgusted.

(More giggling from the pair).

Jones: You fuckin' liar.

Cook: We've heard all about you too.

Biggs: And I'm fuckin' disgusting also, I know. Alright, so we have

Biggs: And I'm fuckin' disgusting also, I know. Alright, so we have something in common. Jones: Yeah? What about the driver? Jones: You tell us, what about the driver?

Biggs: Who's asking the fuckin' questions, me or you? Cook: Where's all the folly, what happened to all the lofty? Biggs: Look, you be quiet and get your fackin' teeth back in your mouth a bit and Mr Cook perhaps you'd be kind coough to answer. a mi and our cook pernaps you doe
kind enough to answer.
Cook: It's the same sort of thing as
you're doing, making a lot of money
for fack all.

for tock all.
Biggs explains, somewhat
incondically, that he blew his stack
from the robbery a foug time ago, and
doggedly continues his opening time of
questioning.

questioning.

Jones: We just thought we was a normal rock group. We was so bad that the press had to label us something, and they called us punk Cook: Ponk means nosty and

worthless. Biggs: Punk means bad, that I understand. And were you that bad? Jones betches loadly and Cook replies in the affirmative. Biggs: Is that why you called that chap Johnny Romen? I understand that's not his real name.

not his real name.
Cook: No he's bad too.
Bigg: You have another chap in your
group called Mr. Vicious. How comes
you have simple names?
Cook: Cos we're commoners.
Biggs: Why aren't you called 'sadist'
or something like that',
Jones: Fuck that, I just like a good

Diss-up.

Biggr (sarrasrically): You just like a good piss-up Now would you tell me please, how you became famous overnight?

overnight?

Jones: Cos we don't fuck about.

Cook: There was just Rod Stewart
and all the boring old turds about.

There was just nothing else:

Incre was just nothing ease
Biggs: Who would you include in your
list of boring old turds?

Jones and Cook in unison: Ronnie

Biggs: No, I'm talking about

This is the sort of thing that gives the Sex Pistols a bad name. PAUL RAMBALI

THRULUS

NELL JUNG

d from page 11

a pinhead knocked on the door evolution is on the run in 1984." Mark Devo joked: "Look, if Neil doesn't show in five minutes we rip the club down. He probably took some bad acid. You know those

hoppies."
Young finally arrived and furched through the madly pogoing crowd with a ukulele case held aloft, stumbling across the stage in mid-number. Afterwards he chatted with the locals, admiring the club, the

energy, the scene.
Dean Stockwell, stalking about in a hard hat, said he hoped to finish shooting in seven weeks, and spend the summer editing the film with Neil, Jerry Devo noted that the Eno-produced LP is due for imminent release.

recesse
"We have enough material for two
albums already," he explained, 'and
some suff that is so advanced it will
have to wait for a third. We're
considering an all electronic LP, but
we have to synch ourselves to public
needs."

Future plans include a fan club and

Future plans include a lini crub and newsletter.

He said that it was difficult to find bands that are aesthetically compatible as bill-sharers.

"Etwis Costello would be all right," he mused, "but Donny and Marie would be ideal."

The groun have no further plans to

The group have no further plans to work with Neil.

work with Neil. So what does all this bode for Young? Will Human Highway or the concert foolage be released? Will radio get that powerful set? Will there be an acoustic tour, or any tour? I spoke with Neil's manager, Elliot Roberts, who proved friendly but about as informative as a clam. "Well you might say," I finally attempted, "that all this is either pending or up in the air?"

"that an into the timer personal with air?"
"Yeah," Roberts agreed, "you might say that."
With luck you'll catch Young, leaving his roots behind.

ADAM BLOCK THROUGS



Pic by ALAN LUND

WOOF-**WOOFS**

USPECTED rabies-carriers Bob Lydon and John Geldof struggle to liberate themselves from mandatory muzzles at the scene of their return to

mandatory muzzles at the scene of their return to the Old Country — The 1978 Macroom Mountain Dew Musical Festival (honest).

The Diseased Duo's only excuse for being present was to cop the accoundes they gleaned in Irish families Hot Press annual national poll (yawn), though the erstwhile O'Rotten succeeded in making page 3 of The Irish Press (big deal) and page 1 of The Cork Examiner (wow) by reportedly standing in front of the stage during headliner Rory Gallagher's set and inviting the audience to offer their autograph books for his hallowed signature while gesticulating wildly at our Rory and quipping, "That focking superstar up there."

John was asked to vacate the premises and his parting comment was, "You don't want me here..." Mister Gallagher is 63.

TANTRUM O'NEIL

TANTRUM O'NEIL THRICES



REGGAE **FANZINE** er, SHOCK

IBRATIONS WORK.
Though emanating from Camden town, Pressure Drop, formerly Britain's (if not the world's) only regae fanzine, operates on Jamaican time. The next issue will always soon

come.

The protracted and compulsive wait for the third issue of PD to appear—for it is true that the magazine has only roared twice in its three year life—was relieved at the end of fast year by the appearance of Ital Rockers, an enthusiastic step about the current scene from Edinburgh's Dougic Thommson.

iompson. Ital Rockers 2 has been on the "zine Thompson.

Ital Rockers 2 has been on the "zine shelves for a while now and is in danger of being laken for granted. Help shift a few more of this ish and you may live to see Issue Three. Much of the current ish is taken up with an ample netrospective of Marley & The Wailers since '73 and "Catch A Fire" — a triffe short on historical perspective but a sequel on the early years is promised. There's a feature on Black Slate, some by now rather lated reviews, Iribute to Edinburgh's Ital Chib, and an interesting look at the way reggne has influenced the popcharts in the "Vis.

Help restore Scottish pride by voting Jock Stein at the next general election and sending 30p (including postage) to Douge Thompson, 70 Mitton Road West, Edinburgh EHI (OY).

postage) to Douge thompson, 70 Milton Road West, Edinburgh EHI 1QY.

Or from good fanzine shops everywhere, where you might also sight up The best Of Rebel Music Volume I, further panaeca to relieve the pressure. Certainly this 'zine is a Phensic for clumby diferences with cloth ears.

Rebel Music is a collection of features and discographical delights that first appeared in Blues and Soul magazine, written by Chris Lane and Dave Hendley. Contents include feature/interviews on well ranking—if less applianded—talents like The Abyssinians, Earl Zero, Big Youth, The Royals and Burming Spear (where Winston Rodney gives good interview). interview).

interrices).
The visuals are rootsy to match, with plenty of charts, labels, and a formidable Greg Issaes pose on the back cover. Price is 35p or 45p including postage from Dave Hendley, 27 Hewitt Avenue, London 272.

Issue Three of Pressure Drop with, impresano Nick Kimberley informs I naen, soon come, and in dreadest guise DOCTOR BIRD

THROUGS

The Lone Groover

BENYON











EY, YOU Lancashire lassies — d'ya remember this bunch of cuties stroffing the Blackpool

prom back in the '60s?

They were The Executives, six hunks of he-men who were well shead of their time. I mean, in 1967 (when the above pic was taken) they ignored all those pensy keftens end poncy bells — blimey, they even had bongos. Yeah, take a close look at the smoothie bongo player on the sight.

Time's up — it's out of the closet and into the little black book for NME's very own ROY CARR, bongoist extreordinaire, scourge of the starlets and founder of the Davey Crockett Fan Club. Our deepest thanks to CRAIG FLEMING for revealing the former talents of Roysie boy. And no doubt Creig's research has rekindled the ardour in the hearts of countless maturing ladies in Blackpoof's fish and chip bars.

PIERS PUDDING

LIFE OR DEAF

T'S ALRIGHT MA, it's not deafening . . ,

A recent study on the effect of "amplified music" a rock concerts and discotheques concludes that only lengthy exposure to loud music can exposure to foun music can damage hearing, and that there's more danger of going deaf if you work in a factory, and are constantly exposed to noise. Ergo, eight hours in, say, a car

factory over 40 years sustaining 90 decibels a day will more likely land you in a Mutt and Jeff situation than a couple of hours in a disco where you're exposed to a noise level exceeding 120 decibels (approximately equivalent to a jet passing a few hundred feet overhead).

Leeds City Council endeavoured to impose a noise limitation of roughly 96 decibels at gigs around 1973, but this was later dropped after a survey showed it was "unrealistic".

The Greater London Council's code of practice for volume at gigs varies according to duration and the possible annoyance to outsiders. Some local authorities outsiders. Some focal authorities are, apparently, using an instrument known as "The Orange" (Clockwork?) which is wired into the amplifiers and cuts off the power for a few seconds when a certain pre-set peak is

In the States a study showed In the States a study showed that of 41 musicians surveyed over a period of eight years, only one suffered permanent hearing dumage (rumours that he was Joe Walsh are unfounded). So the "deaf generation" (pardon) the Noise A batement Society feared hooks as though they're going to be okay volume wise — it's only the quality of the music that might cause

music that might cause irrevocable cerebral damage now

PATRICK HUMPHRIES THRULUS

YEAR ago Tom Petty could do no wrong this side of the Atlantic. The blond bombshell from Gainsville and his Heartbreakers were as hip as it gets.

When, early last summer. Petty and Co made their British live debut as support acts to Nils Lofgren, it was a close contest between the two. Some would say the fight wasn't always

There were complaints from Petty
that he wasn't given enough room to
move onstage, and that keyboards
had mysteriously gone out of time.
But aside from Lodgren's roadies,
everyone loved him.
In America, it was a different yarn,
and when the group returned to their

In America, it was a dufferent yarn, and when the group returned to their adopted home in Los Angeles they resumed their positions as relative non entities. Tom Petty and The Heartheeakers were so well known in their native land that they were at times mistaken for a British band. After all, they dight yeard either.

times mistaken for a British band. After all, they didn't sound either Californian or Southern. Since then, much has changed. Recently, after a gig in San Francisco. The Hearthreakers were mobbed Bay City Roller style by a gaggle of teenage girls. Apart from in the Mid-West, Petty now headlines 3-6,000 senters; despite his playing Knebworth, he avoids the open-air stadium girls.

Knebworth, be avoids the open-air stadium gigs.

His new album "You're Goona Get It" has mudged the American Top 40 three weeks after release, and five months ago Petry moved from an apartment situated on the wrong side of the tracks to an 800-dollars a month fourse and the good side of the San house and the good side of the San

The Hilton in Jamaica (The Sheraton actually—Ed.).

"Last year it wasn't thic to warn money. I always thought that was builshit. Money—shit, give me all you've got. I can have fun with it."

Not one to pull any punches.
Petty's candour has got him into trouble before. In one interview he not only had a go at ecology, but also admitted, unfashionable though it is, that he had not time for politics.

Says Petty: "I don't really watch the news. I don't give a damn about politics. I never have. And if I didn't play music, ai'd be the same way. Things like The National Front, that's a crock of shit. Maybe I'd write songs about it if I lived here and experienced it."

about it if I twee nere and experienced it."

Petty's relatively new-found
American impetus is long over-due.
Although his impressive first album was released at the end of 1976, ABC was yeleased at the end of 1700, App. Records (Sheller's American outlet) ddn't realise they had not property on their hands. ABC didn't take out one solitary ad. for the first album. "They thought we were a punk group," recalls Petty. "That was a really had word in America." On the band's return to the States after last year's British thiumph, ABC — who'd undergone a drastic staff upheaval — woke up to the fact that Petry and his crew had chartability. By this time he was also receiving good press in

America.

At this point Petty wanted to insure what the record company was now prepared to pay the Heartbreakers was right. A good lawyer was employed, and with other record companies: chasing Petty's star, much of the rest of 1977 was spent wheeling and dealing.

of the rest of 1977 was spent wheeling and dealing.

He wouldn't return to the studio until the negotiations were over instead the band toured—doing more than 200 gigs last year.

"My position was, Unless you do this, I'll never make a record again', says Petty. "To which ABC said, "Well, were and record for anyone." this, I'll never make a record again', says Petty. "To which ABC said, "Well, you can't record for anyone else." So I told them I'd go back to Florida. I'd made a living for ten years doing this without making records." He adds: "It him we're now getting to a point where ABC and us have more mutual respect."

The result of all the negotiations was a gap of over 18 months between the release of his first album and the new one. In Britain, reviews of the second album have been at best lutkewarm, with certain reviewers suggesting that Petty had fallen foul of his environment and made "an L.A album".

Petty disagrees.
"It's definitely not in the Linda Rondstadt bag. But we did fool around with the production a lot

In fact, his only criticism of the record is that it's too short — something be didn't realise until he'd read about it.

read about it.
Originally a double including
several live cuts, "You're Gonna Get
It" was reduced to a single after Petty
had failed to get ABC to agree to
puting out a two record set for the
price of one. The hand were then left
with the choice of puting 12 cuts that
didn't form a cohesive unit onto a
single album, or the cuts which did

didn't form a cohesive unit onto a single album, or ten cust which did. Petty plumped for the latter.

He has also run into troubles with his record companies (in England Island Records leases Sheller) over what single should be released from the album. He d wanted "Listen To My Heart" put out, but because the song mentioned occaine neither ABC on Island was prepared to so with

song mentioned cocaine neither ABC nor Island was prepared to go with it.
"The song doesn't advocate cocaine," be complains, "I don't even like cocaine. If anybody offered me a snort at the right time I'd take it, but I've seen it do bad things to musicians. I've seen them really disorientated by it."

disorientated by if.

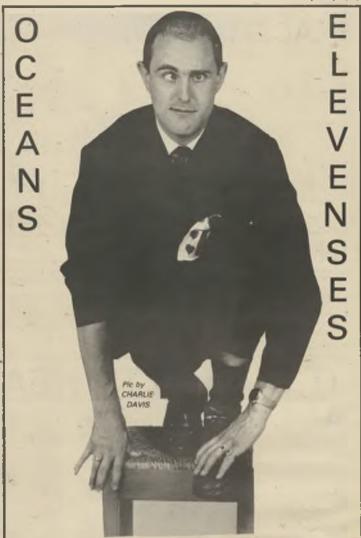
ABC wanted Petty to substitute champagne for eocaine, but he wasn't having that.

"It's a very important line.

Otherwise it's just some dumb love song. It's a 1970's song. Who gives a

show at The Ampitheatre once.
Everyone there was almost
30-years-old. There were no kids.
"There is that side of it. There's Bel
Air and there are pop stars taking
cocaine, getting depressed and writing
songs about it. But there are millions
of people in LA. They're not all living
on that wavelength. damn about champagne? What is it, two dollars a bottle?"
Despite the cocaine reference.
Petty doesn't identify with mainstream Los Angeles rock. "I think there's a lot of difference between American rock and roll and British rock and roll. I think we're one of the few bands that can walk between the two. We've a hot little rock band." "I don't even notice any music coming out of Los Angeles. The musicanes are good, but they got locked into something the same way as the punks did over here. I've never thought that LA music reflected LA. I think that's a real big misconception in England. STEVE CLARKE THRULLS on that wavelength. nink that's a lead up misconception in England.
"In LA you can go out any night you want and hear any music you want. I've lived in LA five years and I've never seen The Eagles play. I think of LA as The Whitsey and The Strip. I went to a Linda Ronstadt Pic by PENNIE SMITH





THE SUIT could have come direct from a waxwork tableau: The British Sitting Room, 1940. Humphrey Ocean wore it with an air of beleaguered gentility, all three buttons buttoned, shoulders peaked, seat roomy enough to accommodate a family of hosp-pickers and a bound edition of Blighty.

"Sometimes," whicepred Kosmo Vinyl, " 'e wears two tles!"

We sat in a respectable cake house in Glonecaster Road, and Humphrey removed his white choker and jacket to reveal a single dismusl tie and a pair of overworked heaces.

Humphrey Ocean studied under lan Dury at Canterbury Art School, and was one of the original members of Kilburn & The High Roods. The Royal College Of Art turned him down, but recommended him to the BBC who were looking for a real arrist to impersonate Sydrey Parkinson, Capitain Cook's resident painter abourd 'The Endeavour'.

"I spent 2½ months over there in the Natural History Museum Ilbrury making copies of his work before we went to the Virgin Islands to filam," asid Humphrey. "The BBC had a boat which they'd hired off an American who'd won it in a poker game, and he'd made I into a brothed. The BBC had to de-brothelize it, take out all the red plush, pot pigeon shit all over it, and turn it into 'The Endeavour'.

After several weeks of Polynesian pampering in a three-cornered hat and breeches, the final film featured a good five seconds of Humphrey

at the canvas. "And the day before I went, Ian asked me if I'd take my bass and the little amp to practice while I was out there."

By the end of 1973, he'd had enough of The Kilburns — "it just got extremely rand" — so be sold his bass and concentrated on painting again. He designed the deeve for 19cc's "Soundtrack" album, and his work on the "Wings Art The Speed Of Sound" album got him an artist-in-residence tour of the States with Pani Proceed Of Sound" album got him an artist-in-residence tour of the States with Pani Proceed Of Sound" album got him an artist-in-residence tour of the States with Pani Proceed Of Sound" album got him an artist-in-residency to the "Bass"?

"Stiff asked me if I'd do a single and I said un. And "Whoop A Daisy"?

"Stiff asked me if I'd do a single and I said un. The memory was stiff rank in any mind of previous brushes with rock 'n roll. It was going to be 'in Your Eister Bounet' which I wasn't all that banged ap about, but theo Ian wrate me a verse und I said 'This is dynamic' So Russell Hardy, who used to be the plantst with The Kilburus — he wrote 'Mary' and 'The Upsoluter Kid', reams of songs — he wrote the tune and we practised away. Then I has had a spare day and we all went down to the studio and made the single."

And a very agreeable little ditty it is, Houphers, Would it spell motbballs for the palette?

"I don't know what I'm going to be doing from one day to the next," he said, thicking his cake fork, "I'll try something else next. Brain sangery, perhaps."

surgery, perhaps. BRAIN CASE

THRUCİS



So that's what he's been up to. MICK NESSLING found out in an aid Weekend mag.

THE END



"Devo, mate? Never 'eard of 'em . . ." says PAUL SIMENON as he leaves Thrills in search of the charts — but The Clash ein't there either. They're the other way, mush, in Qn The Town . . .

Pic by JOE STEVENS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

RANDY NEWMAN: Rider In The Rain (Warner Brothers). Persons unaccustomed to Randy Newman's singular grasp of understated irony have a tendency to misinterpret the unfortunate fellow to quite ludicrous extents: hence the widespread puzzlement ever "Rednecks" from the "Good Old Boys" album a few years back, and the recent delightful furore which shook America in the wake of "Short People's" surprising but laudable success.

laudable success.
Squirts everywhere draw
themselves up to their full lack of
height and went peep peep peep in
their indignation, while Randy just
numbled one-liners in front of his TV
set back in L.A. and honched his
shoulders a little more.
This latest single hatched from the
"Little Criminals" album (just to
deliver guity stabs of conscience to all
of you who haven't investigated it yet)
will offend nobody but cowboys
(except the ones who put their blind
ear to the telescope when it comes to
irony, which probably means most of
'em anyway).

irony, which probably means most of fem anyway).

To a gentle clip-clopping Hopalong Cassidy beat and the mournful twang of a pedal steel (4) think I read that in an old review of one of Pood's albums). Randy slips into the harmless, assentially hudicrous persona of an effere cowpuncher while selected members of The Eagles croon mellifluously behind him. A small gem, and will probably succeed commercially if the slower readers amongst the Great Pop Audience think it's just another dumb country song.

"My mother's in St Louis, may moner's an St Louis,"
my moner's andy apologetically, "my
bride's in Tennessee/so I'm going to
Arizonal with a banjo on my knee".
What more can one add except
"Yihaa! Yihaa!"

DEBUT SINGLE OF THE WEEK (I THINK)

ANDY LLOYD: Back To School (Arisla). Since I've developed the rather noxious habit of throwing most record company press releases away unread, Andy Lloyd remains a somewhat enigmatic figure, but "Back To School" is a most refreshingly unenigmatic record: a gloriousty happy, noisy wall of slaphappy R&B cast in the mould of Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen" complete with preumatic bass and drums, flinty guitar riffs and asthmatic mouth harp. Not exectly the kind of record that radio programmers leap at, but a real bundle of fun nonetheless.

 REISSUE (AND REISSUE) AND REISSUE ad infinitum) OF THE WEEK

FLEETWOOD MAC: Man Of The World (Eple). Sad to relate, this appears sans its original B-side (Jeremy Spencer's magnificent "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", originally credited to "Earl Vince And The Valiants" and currently in the live repertoires of both The Bishops and The Rezillos), but deterioration of the quality of life is inevitable, after all, and the chance to hear "Man Of The World" on the radio again is not one to be sneezed at these days.

Arguably Peter Green's finest achievement during his days wearing

Arguably Peter Green's finest achievement during his days wearing the Mac, "Man Of The World" draws from the sensibility of the finest metaphysical country blues (Skip James, Robert Johnson, Son House) and from the musical language of the electric urban blues guitarists to create a statement that stands both revisibility and contently a create a statement mat stands both musically and personally on its own terms. One of the most heatbreakingly lovely songs you or I will ever hear, it transcends time and influences allike. Not to be missed by any but the terminally insensitive (who will miss it even if they hear it — again). again).

 DISCO SINGLE OF THE WEEK (OR THE FINAL) TRIUMPH OF THE MASKED MARAUDER)

DIANA ROSS: Lovin' Livin' And DIANA ROSS: Lovia" Livia" And Girda" (Motown). Jumpin' Jehosaphat, sarge, did John Wayne win World War II just so that an all-American record company like Motown can make records like this? Even the fact that this track is part of the soundstrack for Thank Cod It's Phiday doesn't wholly explain why



producer Hal Davis should have juxtaposed Ross's kittenish whine with a relentless synthesiser pulse straight off a Donna Summer session. Clottered it cerainly isn't—at most three synthesiser overdubs and one drum track—and by some fluke of fate it comes out preferable to most electronic disco and most contemporary Motown. Score one for good of 'American knowhow, an' glad ta know that America ain't let Sergeant Fury down yet—an never will, Otto! producer Hal Davis should have

MOST ANNOYING RECORD OF THIS OR ANY OTHER WEEK

TEENAGE JESUS AND THE
JERKS: Orphans (Migraine). From
the depths of CBGBs and courtesy of
producer Bob Quine — presumably
on loan from Richard Hell's Voidoids
while Sick Dick attempts to find a
replacement drummer for Mark Bell,
who's joined The Ramones in place of
Tommy who's sorry about that,
but Thuh Big Apple is just
so-o-o-o-o-o-incettuous, man,
ya'know — come Teenage Jesus And
The Jerks fronted by singer/guitarist
Lydia Lunch. This lady makes some
of the most horribte noises ever
recorded. Her voice: if Poly Styrene
makes you Rinch, if Parti Smith makes
you wince, Lydia Lunch'll make
blood run out of your nostrils,
eardrums and eyesockets. Her guitar:
if Mark Perry playing "Red" makes
you wante, out of your nostrils,
eardrums and eyesockets. Her guitar:
if Mark Perry playing "Red" makes
you wante to invent a time machine
and wipe Lee Fender out before he
reaches puberty. Her songwriting:
don't ask. It wish this record was on
every jukebox in the world so that
wherever I wen't I would be
guaranteed the opportunity to offend
everybody in the room with it. You
must buy this record: turn it up
L-O-U-D (first having taken the TEENAGE JESUS AND THE

precaution of inserting earplugs into your shell-likes) and play it to someone you hate.

BUZZCOCKS: Love You More (United Artists). A short review (40 words) for a short record (1 minute 43 seconds): "Love You More" has a dance beat, a neat guitar hook, an air of breathless romance and a quality of sardonic innocence. It'd make a great hit.



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Reviewed this week by

NEIL INNES: Protest Song (Warner Brothers). A quite staggeringly jejeune and unfunny parody of early Bob Dylan recorded before an audience of dumb liberals at an Amnesty International benefit. The audience, in fact, demonstrate both their dumbness and their liberalism by laughing and applauding uproarjously all the way through Mr Innes' performance.

FOREJGNER: Cold As Ice (Allande). It is, perhaps, inevitable that Foreigner are massively successful: this record contains an alarmingly high cliche count and is exceptionally slickly produced. How can fame and fortune possibly clude them?

WIRE: Dot Dash (Harvest). Elegant minimalism/it conveys fittle/probably meant that way/intellectual pogo

THE REACTION: I Can't Resist THE REACTION: I Can't Resist (Island). Produced by Ed Hollis of Rods fame and featuring his younger bro Mark on vocate and rhythm quitar. I saw The Reaction live a while ago and they came on like a bad imitation of The Jam, here they sound like a good imitation of The Jam. The song and the singing are okey, if unexceptional, while the backing track sounds flimsy in the extreme.

LANDSCAPE: Workers Playtime (Event Hortzon). A 33% eepee, no less, also featuring "Nearly Normal" and "Too Many Questions". Intelligent soloing over a ferecious, jumping groove: the acceptable face of jazz-rock (or "modern instrumental rock", if you prefer. I'm sure Landscape would). If anybody's going to take basic jazz to kids reared on the New Wave, then Landscape have as much chance as any other contenders.

GENESIS: Many Too Many (Charisma). Three too many, judging by the sleeve. Anybody else hate Mellotrons, well-modulated English art-rock voices and civilised sludge-rock as much as I do

MOE BANDY: Cowboys Ain't Supposed To Cry (CBS). They ain't supposed to make horrible whining records like this either. On second thoughts, Moe, I'd rather you cried.

ALBION BAND: Poor Old Horse (Harvest). Sounds exactly like mass misconceptions of folk music: some geezer with one finger in his ear and geezer with one finger in his ear and annuther up his nose droning on and on white a fiddler plays mouraful modals beside him. The other side contains "Ragged Heroes", which is British fofk-rock at its most moody and marrial with some consacating Stratocastering from the brilliant Richard Thompson. How about B-side of the week?

ANDY ARTHUR: I Can Detect You (For 100,000 Miles) (TDS). Mr Arthur has the great honour to produce Tonight, who in turn had the great honour to release. "Drummer Man" a few months ago. "I Can Detect You" would suggest that Mr Arthur's track record for continuing excellence in the arts remains unblemished, and that TDS Records is living up to its name. ANDY ARTHUR: I Can Detect You

MARSEILLES: Kiss Like Rock And Roll (Mountain). True enough, but they don't play it too well, and neither do Marseilles.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN: While Dancing The Pride Of Erin (Criminal). Michael Chapman remains the most unforgivably underrated undersated singer/songwriter/guitarist/human being in the British rock business, but this less than distinguished except from his least interesting album in several years is unlikely to affect this famentable situation for the better. Those unaware of Chappo's multitudinous talents would be addited to propose the third page. multitudinous talents would be advised to consult the "Deal Gone Down", "Pleasures Of The Street" and "Savage Amusement" albums; those already initiated hang on for the next one.

● IF POWERPOP NEVER EXISTED, THEN WHAT ARE ALL THESE RECORDS DOING IN MY PAD, MAN?

TOMMY ROCK: Is It Love?
(Spark). Clutching a Teddybear and a Telecaster to his franjacketed bosom on the front of the sleeve and posing moodily in leather on the back (plus Tele, minus teddy) is a soft-faced young men in glasses who has an artful ear for song construction and a faintly unnerving ability to deliver fragile charm with sledgekammer impact. Pleasant, if not altogether trustworthy.

THE REAL KiDS: All Kindso Guts (Red Star). The vocal line is pretty much buried, but the chords indicate that it's supposed to be a song and not just a thrash. Not exactly thrilling.

THE RUBINOOS: I Wanna Be Your Sopried (Beserkeley), Not, as I somewhat naively assumed, an inspired eemake of The Ramones' teenage classic, but an original song that slams hastily-compiled extracts from the Ramone Repertoire together with a still-steaming chunk of the Stones' "Get Off My Cloud." Bright, healthy and vitamin-packed. I resent the whole thing most strongly.

GIMIK: No More Magic (Mik). This record, apparently, is to be stocked by Woolworths despite the fact that it's by an unknown band on their own label. Why Woolworths decided to pick Gimik for this great honour is something that I'm sure a Mr Carroll and a Mr Robinson are a bittle puzzled about, but then that's the wonder of Wooly's—er, at the very least, a wooly wonder indeed. The record, by the way, is as blank as it could possibly be and still have grooves on possibly be and still have grooves on

 IF PUNK IS DEAD (he asked with a gradually rising note of hysteria) WHAT ARE ALL THESE RECORDS DOING IN MY PAD, MAAAN?

THE LEIGHTON BUZZARDS: 19 And Mad (Small Wonder), "19 And Mad is one of the great records of early 1977; the fact that it's only been recorded and released in mid-78 may seriously hamper its chances except

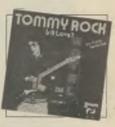
Continues p.18

BOB SEG Mo! Why? Because after 12 years as a critically acclaimed cult figure and acknowledged master musician. Bob Seger has finally registered on the mass music consciousness. How come? – Simple, you just release an album of the stature of 'Stranger In Town', the latest from Bob Seger and his Silver Bullet Band, and all of a sudden people wake up and say 'how did we miss this guy?' 'Stranger In Town' sees Bob and his band rocking out harder than ever to produce an album so hot it doesn't just cook . . . it scorches. 'Stranger In Town' – Bob Seger and The Silver Bullet Band. **BOB SEGER** AND THE SIVER BULLET BAND STRANGER IN TOWN Capitol On Capitol Records & Tapes

SINGLES CONTD.

among rapidly
Anglopunkophite Yanks who
will neither know no care (in a will neither know no care (in a few year's time, anyway) that this wan't from the golden era of "Anarchy," "White Riot" and "New Rose." From the two tracks on the B-side, one would conclude that the guitarist is well into Mick Romon and the Sobs and that the vocalist is nots about David Bowie (even a sneaky lyrical reference to "All The Madmen" in one verse), John Lydon and Ian "Untah. Remember. "19 And Mad" by the Leighton Buzzards. The first punk revival record.

LUCY: Never Never LULY: Never Never (Lightning). KRYPTON TUNES: Limited Version (Lightning) REVOLVER: Shently Screaming (Rockburgh), SIMPLY



SAUCER: She's A Dog (Pig) CYANIDE: Mac The Flash (Pye), NEON HEARTS: (Pyel. NEON HEARTS: Answers (Sartil). Briefly noted: Revolver sound like a rejected Nick Lowe demo, Simply Saucer are Canadwar, very badly recorded and totally bereft of ideas, Cyanide are highly sexist and not even as entertaining as that might

imply to some of you, Krypton Tunes have attempted to make a Stranglers record with two guitars instead of guitar and keyboards and Lucy and Neon Hearts are just plain boring.

◆ AND A REISSUE FOR THE ROAD BRINSLEY SCHWARZ:

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ:
Coentry Girl (United Artist).
From the days when Basher in
Bob were country sockers.
"Country Girl" still sounds
nice and — you know what?
— you can still sing Dylan's "You
alin' Goin' Nowhere" along
with it. Included on the B-side
is the glorious "Surrender To
The Rhythm", from which one
conclude that the Brinssleys
might have made it while they
were still going if they hadn't
had such an appalling thin
studio sound.

ROCKERS TIME.

CARLTON COFFIE: Chieut CAMITON COFFIE: Cheet Away/Version (Boss 127). This has been described as a Marley soundatike, but Carlton's committed singing combined with the stately (but not sedate) horns lift it well out of the initiate crategory. Intractive the imitator category. Intensity builds throughout, culminating in a dubside which showcases a pounding conga, fiery trump and keening rock guitar, the last not at all out of place.

BUNNY MALONEY: Baby

I've been subsiding you/Judin (Moodlisc).

THE ETERNALS: Posh me in the conner/Part two (Moodlisc). These two releases signal the return to the UK musical arena by one of Jamaica's fines producers, Harry Modie. Of the two, the Burany Maloney side is the classier, a soulful lovers nocker with a wicked bass line, and recently a big seller on import; whilst the other, older record features the group (who once boasted Cornel Campbell as lead singer) offering relaxed wocals over a deceptively "soft" swinging rhythm. Jo Jo Bennett on teurspet drops in briefly halfway through. Now how about those brilliant deejay 12-inchers that turned deejny 12-inchers that turned up on pre early this year?

LINVAL THOMSON: LINVAL THOMSON: Intraducing Bunny Lloa/Central (M&M). Although this is credited to Linval Thomson, it's in fact a deejay version of his recent "Big Big Girl" pre, called "Tribulation". New toaster Bunny Lion does a fair job, only running out of impriration toward the end, is he tells a tale of police victimisation over a Tubby's mix on a Revolutionaries rhythm.

TAPPA ZUKIE: Oh IAFFA ZURIE: OR Lond/Version (Stars Pre-release). Currently most over-tated toaster with a follow-up to "Phensis", dedicated to the "sisters" and their short shorts. Mediocnity relieved by the dub, though this will sell plenty. As for Tappa, he sounds though 'im need a bromide.

JAH JOE: Love on the seen/Version 78 style (Lovepower pre-release). Only the fifteemh version of "Death in the Arena" — however this one is redeemed by a dub with so much phasing on the drums that it sounds like another instrument, and when bass 'n' drums drop out at the end it hits you like a whip. A-side is a messy avowal of the thoroughly reactionary Rasta religion.

BOB ANDY: I've got to go back home/DOREEN SCHAEFFER: Try a little smille (Studio One 12" Pre Release). Bob Andy rarely makes a sub-standard record, and this one truly deserves the description "classic". Nobody else but Clement Dodd can release music cut Involve wears. release music cut twelve years

Reggae singles reviewed STEVE **BARROW**

ago that still sounds great, and this discomix has the bonus of a Richard Ace synth workout on the dub part. One of the feed lowed tunes in the whole of Jamaican masse, with a good song on the flip from Dorect Schaeffer, a husky voiced singer from Conson's under seated farmel a contrasinger from Coxpon's under-rated female roster. Unfortunately, with this primary source having no release outlet here, music like this is destined for a specialist audience, unless there is a Gibbs or Chanel One Recut—a REAL shame.

THE IMMORTALS: Can't Heep a good man down/Vendon (Hawkeye). Hawkeye have an envable catalogue culled mainly from Gussie and Pablo — this is another excellent Rockers label production with tight harmonies, chopping gustar, so low bass and crunchy keyboard by el Pablito himself. Choice.

by el Pablito himself. Choice.

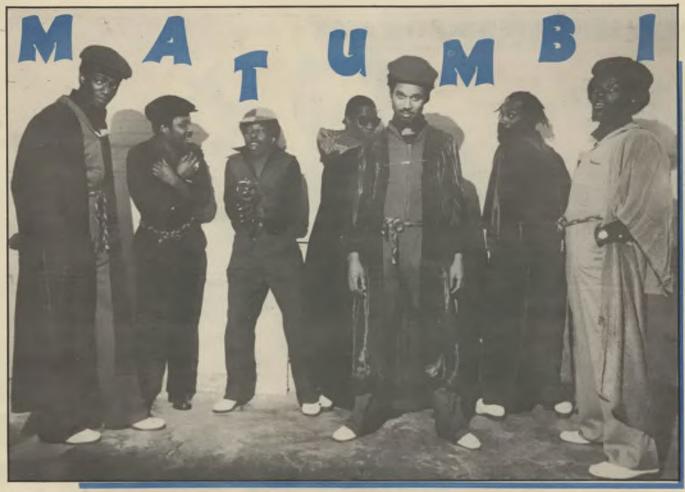
DANDY LIVINGSTONE:
South African
Experience/Rusts Fusion
(Night Owl). Tunes tike this
augur well for Night Owl—
they we just released a worthy
R'n'B styled album by The
Mervels, as well as the quality
"Every Black Man Is A Rasta"
by Dimple Hinds last year.
This is a powerful message
song delivered over a buoyant
(it keeps up) rhythm that
sounds chunky and tight,
reminiscent of a band like
Gladdy Anderson's. The flip is
instrumental, with excellent
drum and percussion work. drom and percussion work. The LP should be good, and

Don't Get Funny Wi' De Dunny



the IMF on di

MAYTONES AND 1. ROY: Money Trouble Disco/Dub part two (Hit L2" Pre-release). The country Maytones on a good GG/Revolutionanes recut of the old Ernest Wishon/Studio One "Money Worries". But it's I Roy who really makes this record something special as the reflects on the current political situation in JA, with strikes, bus fare increases and the intervention of the IME at government policy level—"International Monetary Fund have we under heavy discipline, Rasta"—a lamishar story to all who are interested in real politics as opposed to the single-issue protest variety currently lavoured by the radical chie layer in the UK. He even manages a sly (who?) reference to Africa—"Nigeria. Lagos—a lot of year"so he certainly knows about the apparently massive market for Jamaican music there. A healthy good morning Mother Cuba from the original News Carrier—let's hope it's release here soon, as the £4 price will eliminate many potential new fans.



L. to n.: Glaister Venn, Bunny Donaldson, Fergus Jones, Bagga Fagan, Jah Bleke, Dennis Bovelle, Webster Johnson.

HE ALBANY EMPIRE is a small cramped community hall cum drama studio in deep South East London. deep South East London.
Although the more pressing local needs prevent the place from becoming a regular rock venue, time allows the occasional gig to be slotted in. Deptford's own Alternative TV played their first gigs there, and recently reggae got its first look with Matumbi romning a Rock Against Packer. topping a Rock Against Racism bill.

Despite physical exhaustion

Despite physical exhaustion following an ardious trek to Liverpool the previous day the band were keen to play the Depitord half. Sitting backstage in the tiny dressing room shared with supporting punks, the slowly improving Crabs, maybe they're having second thoughts now. It's already 9 pm and they aren't due onstage for another three hourseridiculously lare for those going home by public transport. Outside it's cold and wet and, in the half, puniers are visibly thin on the ground.

A small cut beneath the eye of bassist Jah Blake gives clue to something altogether more sinister—an unprovoked attack on three band members in Lewisham that afternoon on the way to the gig.

Vocalist Bagga has no doubt that the thugs responsible were NF members; "National Front try to fight against us. We are not violent men. But if violence comes to us then we MURDEEERRR DEM BLOODCLAAAAT MAN!!!"

One of Britain's first and most obviously talented reggae bands. Matumbia are also one of the most militant. Two years ago they tout the bold step of getting behind the embryonic Rock Against Racism set-up, playing Kensington's Royal College of Art with the Carol Grimes Band at RAR's first ever benefit gig. Countless RAR gigs aside, they have also played for the Institute of Race Reltions at Dingwalls and an open air show in a South London stret in aid of the Lewisham Campaign Against Racism and Facism.

Of the dozens of home-grown roots bands now playing, only The Cimarons have been around longer. Formed seven years ago in Battersea, the Matumbi line up has remained more or less the same since.

Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovelle, one of the father figures of British reggae,

Also, it takes much longer to get recognised as the best reggae band in the land, the slow way.

leads a powerful vocal front line beside the two slick Masters Of Cool, Glaister Venn and Glen "Bagga". Fagan. Behind those three a solid back four of Jah "Bunny" Denaidson (drums), Webster "Scratch" Johnson (keyboards), Euton "Fergus" Jones (congas and percussion) and bassist Jah Blake complete the "family". providing an ever-potent rhythm section.

ATUMBI (THE name is Nigerian meaning to be born again) have been signed to Trojan virtually since their formation in 1972 — an alliance that has proved far from satisfactory according to the

in 1972 — an alliance that has proved far from salisfactory according to the group.

Disillusioned with being forced to make homogenised regae covers of early '70s soul standards like Hot Chocolate's 'Brother Louie'', The Temptations' 'Law Of The Land' and Kool And The Gang's 'Flunky Stuff', the band cut their own single, the serene ''After Tonight'' (Safari) after Trojan discarded them.

It was only when both that single and the follow up — a worthy cover of Bob Dylan's 'Man In Me'' — gave a glimpse of the band's real potential that Trojan's interest was rekinded.

The result was a series of legal wrangles which were to plague the band just as they were beginning to make a name for themselves.

Their contract with the Kensal Road organisation finally expired in May after nearly seven years, and with a new album already in the can, the band were able to add the finishing touches to the deal with a major label and have signed with EMI, on whose Harvest label their deceptively law-key debut single ''Rock' was recently released.

Most of the Trojan demos, together with "After Tonight' and 'The Man In Me' Can now be found in the 'Best Of Mistumbi' compilation — an album which Dennis, laughing heartily, dismisses as the ''Worst Of' the band.

Alternative — and better — Matumbi product is, however, readily available. In fact, for a band whose career has been blighted with business

hassles, their recorded output is hewildering. Some of their finest moments come under psuedonyms, such as The 4th Street Orchestra and African Stone.

There are also a set of Dennis Bovelle solo albums which set the man aside as this country's most fanatical and skilful exponent of dub. This year's casually experimental "Strictly Dub Wise" (Tempus) is just the latest in a series of dub albums. Both last year's "Yuh Leam" (Rama) and a 1976 album "Ah, Who Seh? Go Deh!" were dubbed up in London's Gooseberry Studions by Blackbeard with the help of Matumbi drummer Jah Bunny and a host of session players. Now, both Bugga and Glaister Venn have also expressed interest in starling work on their own dub albums.

But, as yet, it's only on stage that Matumbis true dynamism as a band comes across.

mes across

matured strue oynamism as a band comes across.

Visually, like Steef Pulse, they are striking; vocalists Bagga and Glaister is their shades and catsuits deliver with a Soul Boy stickness in perfect contrast to the earthy Dennis, hunched over his guitar in flowing robes. Fleshing out an already rich percussive sound, "Webster Johnson's keyboards are the icing on the cake. And if the Deptford Albany Empire show didn't reach the heights the band usually expect, then they are the first to admit so alterwards.

"We never got off the ground," reflected a realistic Dennis in the adressing room.

dressing room.

A highpoint of the set is a two-part tribute to the roots of regge music; a gritty version of one of my all-time reggae faves, Toots And The Maytals' eight-year-old carat "54-46 That's My Number" resums into one of the Number" segues into one of the oand's own songs "Bluebeat and

"Can you tell me whatever happened to Rock Steady / Oooooh

by ADRIAN **THRILLS**

Rock Steady / Whatever happened to Bluebeat and Ska / Bluebeat and Ska ..."

Ska ..."
From the Trojan era, "After
Tonight" and "The Man In Me"
remain trademarks of every gig, along
with an early song inspired by
Rastefarian ideology "Wipe Them
Out".
Marumbi are quick to point out that
the latter sone was written as long ago.

the latter song was written as long ago as 1972, at a time when few black British musicians had any truck with ich thoughts.

ASTAFARIAN BELIEFS are, of course, at the heart of the band's entire outlook, and any surly contempt or cynicism on my part would be out of order.

The Matumbi stance on music, religion, like and love was explained thus. First Dennis Bovelle: "It's necessary to reach everybody through our music, cause music is the only ling that can cause peace in the world, and the sooner man realise that, and start getting into music, the better. Any man that say 'I don't like that kinda music, it's rubbish' is a fool really.

that kinda music, it's rubbish' is a fool really.

"In times of depression, music goes to regate music. Kids rebelling against the system turn to regate music, cause society rejects regate music out of sight.

"A politician is a serious t'ing. Singing about Africa doesn't mean that a man is a politicial man. I-man don't need to voice any personal opinion in a song.

"Check the music as a report of what's happening around the world. When it comes to South Africa and Rhodesia, check the music as a report of what's happening. As far as political is concerned, we just project what are the facts. But the real projection of this music is Love—all kinds of love."

love."

And Bagga: "We sing about love, and at the same time we sing about truths and rights. What's happening to our people in general.

"God soon come again, so right now we sing some music to tell people that God soon come. The 'encounter

of the third kind' will be the coming of of the third kind will be the coming of God. Prophecy must fulfil and everything that was said will come to pass. The chapter of Revelation has shown what the signs will be; nation rising against nation, a baby being born within a baby.

"But must is not the first encounter. Money is the first encounter. It has to be. I would be okay if I was living in Africa in the wilds with a sunhar on my head. I would need to money to buy.

vould need no money le buy

would need to incovey to day
clothes.

"But I am in England so I need
money fe buy clothes for heat. You
need food to eat. Money is necessary.
It is the first priority.
"I got trapped in England. When I
was a little boy of eight, my parents
come over to England searching for a
better life and a better future. I had
no choice but to come to England. It
would be hard for me to revert to
what I was as a boy 'cause I am
trapped in the money system."

With the numerous small time
crooks that are part and parcel of the
reggae scene, it comes as no surprise

reggae scene, it comes as no surprise that Matumbi pursue a hard line when it comes to The Hiz.

Certain black clubs in London, they refuse to play on "business" grounds. They — quite rightly — will not do a gig unless they are certain they will be gig unless oaid for it

paid for it.

Never unambitious, they are keen to take reggae music out to new areas and new venues. In London they've recently played The Nashville, The Music Machine and the Southgate Royalty. Then there was their narromvide tour with Ian Dury and The Blockheads and Chiswick's Rockabilly combo Whithwind—another band striving hard to take a well defined form of music out of its select clubs and across to a wider audience. audience.

Beyond that, a major ambition of the band is to get their mugs onto the silver screen (one of their biggest heroes is still Curtis "Superfly" Mayfield) and a producer has already approached them for a film score. More immediately they have written the signature tune for what they call the BBC's answer to Commatting Street — a television

Coronation Street — a television series by the name of "Empire Road", located in Birmingham and featuring a largely black cast. In fact, Bagga, Jah Blake and percussionist Euton are all to make brief appearances in the series.

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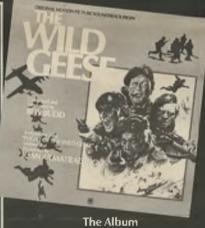


JOAN ARMATRADING
Flight Of The Wild Geese
Theme from the film The Wild Geese

THE ALBUM CONTENTS

Side One OVERTURE - FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE - MAIN TITLES - RAFER'S THEME - DANCE WITH DEATH - REUNION WILD GEESE THEME - RESCUE OF LIMBANI - FLIGHT TO AFRICA - SIDE TWO PARADE GROUND (DOGS OF WAR) - AIRPORT - COMPOUND PETER'S DEATH - RAFER'S DEATH - RAFER'S SON - LEFT, RIGHT!

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Motion Picture Sound-Track The National Philharmonic Orchestra The National Philinarmonic Orchestra conducted by ROY BUDD Title Song only by JOAN ARMATRADING "Dance With Death" written and performed by JERRY and MARC DONAHUE "Left, Right!" (The Wild Geese March) Voices of Voices of THE IRISH GUARDS with JACK WATSON as the R.S.M.



BROOKS and KAHN negotiate the rear exit in HIGH ANKIETY

High Anxiety

Directed by Mel Brooks Starring Mel Brooks and Madeline Kahn (Fox)

MEL BROOKS' current reputation is based principally on his flair for genre parody, and his ability to machine-gun jokes faster than his audience can absorb 'em, laugh at 'em and get set up for the next one.

absorb em, isagn at cen and get set up for the next one.

This has made for a couple of the funniest movies of the last five years (barring a few lapses into the incoherent which never bothered me because I was laughing too hard) and at least part of the greatness of Blazing Soddlers and Young Frankensein was the balance between the genuine love for the genres he pastiched (no-one but a fine and passionate lover of the western and hortor film respectively could have observed them in such a way as to produce such a richly detailed teature) and his merciless eye for cliches and inantities.

In High Anxiety, Brooks takes on the entire ceause of Alfred Hiichcock. Or rather: it'd be great if he had, but he doesn't. His reverence for Hitchcock is really too strong for him

to pumme! the flabby corpus of the Old Mester with bare fists. Instead we get a straight pastiche of Hitchcock (with a plot that could be reshot without the jokes as a conventional thriller), spurred on by mildly zany Brookesian boffos.

Many of the jokes seem funnier recalled in isolation from the plot (the film moves from gag to gag like a drunk lutching from lamp-post) to lamp-post): the one most likely to end up in a pantheon of classic Brooks bits is the brilliant shot-by-shot parody of the shower scene from Psycho. In too many other instances, though, Brooks seems more willing to borrow than to burlesque.

The Brooks Reperiory Company are in splendid form, however: Cloris Leachman's horrific Nurse Diesel is even more loathesome than her Frau Blucher in Young Frankenstein, and Madeline Kahn's heroine (in Iudicrous blonde wig) is brilliant even though she doesn't have an awful lot odo, except in the airport sequence where she and Brooks masquerade as a belligerent middle-aged Jewish couple. It's purely incidental to the plot, but it's also the best sustained laugh in the whole megilah.

Me, I reckon Mel's best bet right now would be to reassemble Gene Wilder, Marry Feldman and the rest

now would be to reassemble Gene Wilder, Marty Feldman and the rest of the original repertory company— before things get silly and Dom

DeLuise begins writing and directing his own movies — hustle up a big bunch of bucks and paste the shit out of the current wave of high-budget low-brow SF movies.

Here's to Space For Hire.

Charles Shaar Murray

NO FAX

American Hot Wax

Directed by Floyd Mutrux (Paramount) Starring Tim McInstre

AS LESTER Bangs observed in one of his typically excessive rants a few weeks ago, fact does not rear its inconvenient head too often in this quasi-historical peek at the rock 'n' rolling '50s. Perhaps if I was a New Yorker

at the rock 'n' rolling 'SOs.

Perhaps if I was a New Yorker whose formative years had been spent within the framework on which American Hot Waz is so shakily built I'd be as disgusted as Bangs. But I'm not. And as a 32-year-old Londoner who was affected as much by the fantasy as the reality of late 'SOs Americana. I thoroughly enjoyed the film, despite its obvious shortcomings.

What we have here is a compromise. As I understand it, when producer Art Linson (of Car Wash success) first approached Paramount with the idea of a film about rock 'n' roll based around a DI, is original intention was for it to be entirely fictitious. But the more they researched the subject, the more they researched the subject, the more they realised that the late Alan Freed would have to be the central character. That decided, they then copped out by only hinting at the most salient facts of his legendary career, and by throwing in some blatant untruths to further confuse the issue.

Alan Freed was a white DI, originally from Ohin but later based in New York, who respected—indeed, whose main love was—the mussi of hlack America that was then termed rhythm & blues. Against all odds, i.e. against the reactionary leystem', he promoted r&b to

termen mynm a oues. Against all odds, i.e. against all odds, i.e. against the reactionary 'system', he promoted rab to national, birstoial success under the flimsy (and equally controversial) guise of mek 'n' roll. To the best of my knowledge, his constant right to broadcast what he pleased made him an alcoholic for new as down it's and hroadeast what he pleased made him an alcoholic (or near as damn it) and during his few years of influence he was quite open to payola (accepting cash, gifts and the like in exchange for plugging records). With two such chinks in his armout he was eventually crushed by the system and swept aside to oblivion, where he died a broken man in the mid-flos.

American Hot Wax purports to deal with one week of Freed's career in 1959. The plot, such as it is, centres around the preparation and performance of his "13t Anniversary Rock in 'Roll Show', live from the stage of the Brooklyn Paramount Theater; a show that features acts genuine (Jerry Leee Lewis, Chuck



AMERICAN FIENDS

Cinegate)

The A SAD truth that the work of the most talented and radical film directors tends to get shown least. Such is the case with the young German director Wim Wenders — one of the Deutschland's intriguing 'new wave' of movie makers — whose films have been largely ignored in this country.

In one tenue that's not surprising — a movie audience weaped on Hollywood's diseased lantasies of cardyflow 'siabu' sex and gratultous 'macho' vlobence is unlikely to take to Wendern' determinedly realistic and nacompromising pursuit of the sond of post-war Germany as expressed in films filter The Goalkeeper's Fear Of The Penalty and Kings Of The Road. Especially in low budget black and white. Who wasts a layer stripped off reality when you can gorge on escupism, however perverted?

The American Firend will probably receive no better fate in the UK than Wenders' previous movies — a shame since the film, based on Pentican Highsantis's novel Ripley's Game, is on one level a straight its filler, with all the trademarks of the genre — gamgiand killings, marder on the express, tortigue, blackmail and snystery. Yet not since Nicolas Roog's Performance which it occasionally echoes) has the popular obsension with criminal life and viotence been so potently blended with instights into the condition of modern man and the social and primal forces that govern him.

The film's plot is the truditional thriller's web of murders, mosey, blackmail and sinster shadowy mobsters, a tabyriarthine horror in which Wenders' hero Jonathan Zimmermann — a humble picture brain-maker laffilled in his craft and family — is inexorably drawn.

The instrument of his corruption is Tom Ripley, a rich covertly homose until American exile brilliantly played by Dennia Hopper in a performance that should frighten Jack Nicolas hose to work. Smubbed by Zimmermann to this profiteering on works of art, Ripley decides the frame-maker will become in "triend".

The enroling alightmare and the lacenorable destruction of Zimmermann is a mixture of bare horror and bl

The American Friend

Starring Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz

Directed by Wim Wenders

(Cinegate)

Berry, Screamin' Jay Hawkins) and

Berry, Screamin' Jay Hawains and lictitious.

Although there are entertaining moments during the final concert (and a clumys acknowledgement of Freed's hassles, when the D. A.'s office confiscates the takings and pulls out the plugs on the show) his very much of an anti-climax, partly because of unexceptional performances by Berry and Lewis but mainly because of atrocious editing. It's as if the scheduled completion date of the film was brought forward halfway through, so that it gets rapidly more unco-ordinated as it rushes to its unsatisfactory conclusion.

unsatisfactory conclusion.

Before the disintegration, however. Before the disintegration, however, there are many persuasive scenes, most of them featuring Tim Methatire (who plays Freed) and/or Laraine Newman (Teenage Louise), a young Carole King-type hopeful songwriter, who meets and hustles for . The Chesterfields, four young black singers who were brought together especially for the film, and who almost steal the show with their street corner jive and acapella harmonising. Primary honours go to McIntue. I've no way of knowing whether his portrayal of Freed is anywhere near securate (he cettantly doesn't look

portrayal of Freed is anywhere near securate (he certainly doesn't look too much like pix of Freed) but, in the dim-light of blissful ignorance, within minutes of his first-appearance I was thinking of him as the genuine article rather than an experienced character actor. I still vividly recall one particular scene where, alone at the turntables, chain-smoking, rapping through the glass with his producer in the adjacent studio and sustaining his enthusiasm with swigs from a handy bottle of booze, he is blasting out his fave rock 'n' roll to his devoted New

York audience. A romantic image perhaps, but a forceful one.
If a more faithful film is ever made about Freed I shall be sadly

disillusioned if McIntire doesn't play the part again. I only wish we had a few more DJs like that here in

few more DJs like that here in Britain.

Amencan Hor Wax is supported by I Wanna Hold Your Hand. a lively romp around the Iringe of Yankee Beatlemanis unfolding with much the same lunacy as a Whitehall fare — which, if reports of the real life ownt are to be belived, is as it should be. The time is February 1964; the location, New York City. The story opens with The Beatles' historic arrival at JFK airport (black & white newsreel footage) and climaxes with their appearance on the Ed Sullivan show a day or two later (cleverly recreated by juxtaposition of close-ups of the genuine transmission on studio monitors and long-shots of a phoney Fab Four — we get to see the backs of hairly heads, the bottoms of muhair trouser legs and four pairs of Beatle boots).

Apart from the discordant clanger that one of the off-screen Beatle workes seems to be fudicrously inaccurate (although Tim no great authority of Liverpudlian patois), I should think this fively concoction offers as much of the flavour of the group's impact on American nubility as any more substantial movie could hope to do.

Accept that it doesn't attempt any

Accept that it doesn't attempt any kind of explanation of the phenomenon and you'll probably



The World's Greatest Lover

Directed by Gene Wilder Starring Gene Wilder and Carol

AS MEL BROOKS jokingly complained in Silver Screen a few weeks back, "Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman are using up all the goddam genres on me..."

For his second film as directive Wilder has taken the feverish days of the '20s in general and the effecte appeal of Valentino in particular, and whipped up a frothy concoction which isn't substantial ecough to choke on but certainly sweet enough to raise the proverbial filter.

It's better paced than Wilder's debut (The Advenues Of Sherinck Holmes' Smarter Brother) and Wilder's performance as the neurotic 'hero' is ne loveably lurant's as usual. The good jokes come twice as often as the bad ones — a healthy average and one which, surprisingly, puts Brooks' disappointing High Accusery to shame.

Monty Smitl

DEVO IN DEBASEMENT MIXING UP DE MEDICINE

THE FIVE VEGETABLES OF THE APOCALYPSE

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

DEF-EEF VEE-OHHIM Bottles, bricks, mud, stones, fruit, rut droppings, dog turds and sunday reacid refuse (no

the strange rain hails down on a quinter of fluorescent grange skateboard belenets. Devo are playing

The whacky mandroids from the nobbes plants of this year's.

for the case vegetation of Los Angeles, California) — may have come but a chromosome priny from being stredded into cybernetic powwes de frues, but one fact is Indisputable: Devo will arrest better their performance at Knetworth, 1978.

Ingle all you must wish the vertical hold on Life Itself, pays, the race is run, your replacement one on earth is attachaged and general free or a way goodness again, odd yo'r Half Whennes? You wanna play MORR

The words come from Jorry Casale,

representatives to the patient areas of the very period bringhow — nearly and dance once marring the pulgits of the brannan roce in the species modern works. Man soon as shome quide solarle in the moreas of section logical almost loss. English is to the dumb qualit. Every, you shall speak ... "One humbout development toppins.

lucking the living this out of each

"They're all killing each other "They've all falling each other, because the pyr at the inp — the pyr twenty-five feet up — is manapulating them against each other. They don't see that because they wants be doubt and pissave and not then and threthore they least the third out of each other. It's perfect the guy of the floo ordinate other way.

Ossenubly rousing everyday, Ottendely counting everyday, recognizable imagery in abstract content, counting Devo are a Staby Bertheleyongue rich of stylutae thesteinish me lockness — jerking declard out is their departmentated

truck star fock togs. The constant ape paper are interrupted only for the tapted uniform when the burgit buys all snap to respectful manuscary assention

(saluang, corurally)
"Devo (he says it Doe-Voh) are: "Devo (he tarps of Des-Yosh) are just performing a converge of first-fierry Cheale, unusers of extante narraphorization interesting, "Flot in the sense of doing accustody a furour, but a public duty so get something from somewhere ethal and bring it in

available. People know what they

and aften those are two different though ... and I just think we're

Youb, past like visces health fond gail's where the carren expanders are fragged one-heaviery her major to past to the carren expanders are fragged one-DDT rummyred applies, excelers, tage have all bacts pastchased by a willy easier of fee a nooth of Chea Fehri's gaving rate visces, our new naminal suppressments at the ather and of the market augment where the interned.

DEVOtective Work: TONY PARSONS

DEVOpictions: PENNIE SMITH

A TABLE FOR fine in the coffice-shop of a Kennington hours. On my left, Jurry Conde

measure () was really landring forward to occling them on full continue, too), ferry bears minure than a passing reneralizance on a professional golder,

wouldn't you say?
Opposite Jerry sin his brother Beb

(patter), a lastic, damb-looking, and on his fembrad. Next to live

speciacies.
Alan Myers (drums) and Bob
Machershough (purint) are already

dead-pass thousise that has be without though be winded a simulat paggle of gallible typewritors on both sides of

gabble represents on both sides of the Admir.

A for of people don't believe us of the pool of the poo

No is ain't uity. The ercond law of A question much materializes

"Well ... I, sli, can see the got to be, otherwise that one couldn't be true. There's gone be something that strong on the other side coaling that true.

"It's like in applied mathematics."
changes in brother Bob cheerely. "The preciones is equal — the absolute

So what you're saying a drat if I told you I think DE VO SUCK, you'd take that to a complement, live? I mean, pays, you's three just looks so

solding continued.
"Wast did you my?" maps Jerry

Contrived, bub, the show looks

This gots the disconnanchoard

They gots the cheed ranchmed amonche is hack up.

"Linner, out show changes from origin to night," he blowers. "In Molymond, California, on get these BIO CROWDS classing, "WE ARE DEVO! WE ARE DEVO!" They know can show in different every

they've all making that combined, calculated declaration of Devotors, then in-reality the sevente in true and those proor declared green sin's reality.

reseased lengther has deed down a mate and copyly awart my eyes from their looks of gradging admiration before I

Preser New Worldung, You're

to order to be on this side of the stage you've got to keep hodging things like a tabbit, mutating at a fusier rule to that you may one, no steps abread became the mid's right between you

July 8th, 1978

NO EXCLUST REALISMS that they've being body on points. Even present in date wat that "working can ever be primord-dress" which that make them a business of the

with critical facebres has excessible to be blanded by the bases bright layer. When they no me multilate off, the subject gens switched by that the subject gens switched by their thank (admitscally no summal layer to during me north right). "We'll get a good serong tesponee to our album," produces the Med Profusional Conference of the Serond S

the smeacal sphere, "capumb Jerry,
"That'd be like continuing to cook
a piece of bound sitest, "kinder? We
next somewhere the fast to be
stammhade and beought it all back to
the structure aphere, that's all 'We're

the municipal spaces. Our half we're
the control to sells.

All than a highly commission in the
plays of the Sall's disposed Device
product that has already appreciated.

Justicipal with the sall subject to the Sall's
product that has already appreciated.

The sall subject that the sall that has a completenest. Thank you, "I to all
that may a completenest. Thank you, "I to all
the sall thank the sall thank you will
all the sall and one produce observed
as you at a look, in the "thin application"
could have been size one of a
thorousing place's weathers devoid of
Astray. "That's a typical sped trac
feet."

"Resolution" wounded as increasurely interesting as X.T.C.) termines (year, that dulf) and "There help Budy Germing Soppy," which is proprup one great acon title with real poperation. The Special Squarks

AUBERGINE The song's alreader arrangements. with every instrument self-commontal

them, we have attending algorid-wich Wenner but they have a man and they that a worked agreement first sook in to court. And become live; is so big-and growerful, they would be worked, we we're on Vergian for instance and Warmen for the live of the world." Heavy attending to be a windle, "It was convicted in the owned get

orning about that walf because that I what it to."

Deno report that they are getting "massed" by the teasure. They choose to stated their de-whatein puther-and in laber "toolkions oil bag, rock is "roll" (families, Developed because a taxoppor at oil all rolls areas where they launced chancing five refulsire. Porfection would be 100,000 hippies bouting the shit out of each other."

extended to the business sucti."
Youh, you could see at coming all

Youh, you could see it coming all along, right and cong, right and right should the same and cong, the Plants Stonghi when one is the Plants Stonghi who was only less page, the whole thing of must being a business, there was more talk above common than there was more talk above common than there was write the above to common the three was with the group. That's the strike of this art. The businesse is to buy, so garvanive said no samp that I had so come to that. Every toody's

weekers continued to the continued to th



ASPARAGUS CABBAGE

cover to wretched Error, meanuforped nines exorting the findishe deburbe. Another course that angury ill for the future of Devo is the rappurous neckum noth which they're born rections of which they're born a year sign of sommore commercial good and animanoel commercial grant full.

But, most significant of all, undo

conveye genting to sloppy thangs could never be the same again. "Robellion a not-model." Jerry opined. "You fack around with the comparate pleasance and you'll just get

"In my heart they're still married," choked Mark. "In my beart they still steep together..."

sub-sonic trequencies to induce swoluntary bowel movements in Devo audiences I happen to mention spiking largy with lagatives that he had

"He told as that all through the

"He reld on that all boungh the clown he had to keep harmed they be stage to have a high behind the only." "But he clotted have behind the only." "That is auto"Devo, "unterly ferry enough," but the ferry enough. "We must do what I need with the tool-noted frequences." we could build out disports before you shows such the Jury present of the whom "They" Il got oblive review the show.

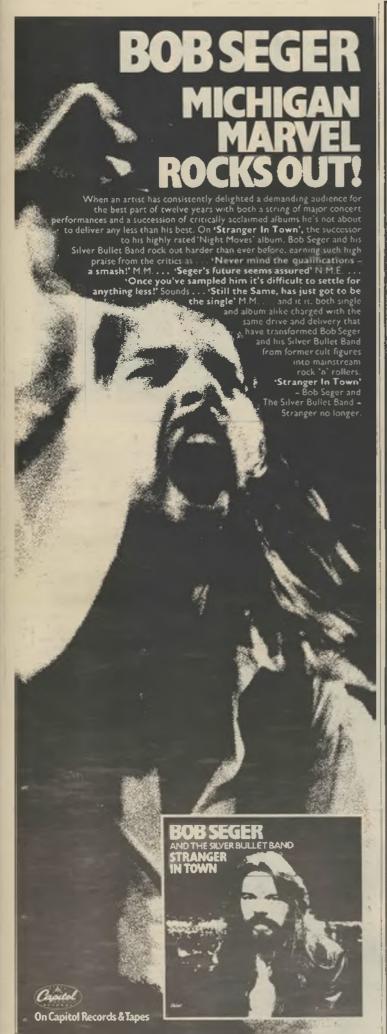
programs."
"After all," says herry Coule,
"Devo are just a leasure.
Hey, Jury, you told me earlier than

personification of all become tendencies at this point in tune What's lappeared to all that stuff.

"... Ub hise of the sped fits mean it." be sight strangeoutly. "It's all just a riff, it's all just a riff, it's all

that's who sow laughed at up . Hon you gones keep 'em down on the subher plantation now that. they've seen it's all just use less microscopics trying to fire their





IMPORTS

GADZOOKS, I bear you say — a Timebox album? Surely they didn't make

True, but some highly intelligent being connected with the Peters International tabel of New York has at fast collated the 10 sides that collated the 10 sides that Timebox cut for Deraum, the result being "The Original Moose On The Loose", a fascinaming side of vinyl that documents the doings of Mike Parto, Olibe Hahash, Olive Griffiths, John Hahsey and Clive Helmes in that era hefore Holmes pit and the hand moved on to become Parto.

"Beggin'" is included, of course. The only hit the band ever fast (that's if you consider. 38th postion in the charts a hit status), this '66 cut of a Four Semoun' biggie nounds dated but detectable; more abrasive than the Semoun' original, with tough brans lines dissecting the cells-dominated string arrangement, Hahatil adding his vibes to a cours and tambouctur-assisted rhythm section.

The band's versions of Tam Hardin's "Den't Make Promises" and Leen Hadi's "Girl, Don't Make Me Wait" are also Included — but the nea track is undoubtedly "Poor Little Hearthreaker", (once the B side to "Baked Jam Roll In Your Eye"), a tough but tight little rocker that wouldn't sound amiss on a current Stiff single. If "Hard Up Heroes" proved to be your idea of cormecopia, then you'll penchably house a stray copy of "Original Meose On The Loose" with leve and affection.

other Austrian whose name escapes me, claims that he's house-painter when not through the continuation of
Kapelle aren't the type of bund you could take hame to mother. They've garbed their afoum in a sleeve decomted by above of grees under and included a lyric sheet just in case their accounts comic you to miss their sensitive statements.

The pity about Kapelle is that when they're not engaged in being outrageous userly to establish a reputation as Vientese wearies — their past exploits are said to include sending their non-playing roadies on to play one of their gigs and recording a version of "in The Summertime" with rain effects simulated by the foursome miniming in a bucket filled with studio gear — Kapelle sound like a said rock unit, afbeit one that's spent too much time listening to substandard Zappa. But at least they prove that Austria isn't all rithers down the sewer or waltr-time on the Damube. So good luck to 'ean, that's my sentiments.

Ann Peebles, a fine singer who seems destined to become a one-bit wonder in far as this country's concerned, emerges once more with "The Handwriting Is On The Wall" (HI), while Lionel Hampton, the vetering paze wheeman, who recently recorded a Carnegle Hall concert with his old bons Bendy Goodman Just 40 years after they played thick first Carnegle gig together, has switched from Brunswick to Laurie for "Seturday Night Jazz Fever", a Ted Miccero-arranged worknown on such materia as "How Deep Is Your Love?", "Night Fever" and "Stayla" Alive".

Which gives rise to the thought — did Hamp pick up the wrong set of B.G. scores somewhere along the way? Fred Dellar

BIG STAR

No I Record / Radio City (Stax)

APPROXIMATELY FOUR and five years (respectively) after their initial release, the 'legendary' Big Star albums — they became legendary when they became hard to get — are finally released in dear old Blighty and one night commence by slyly wondering whether they might have changed the destiny of rock and roll's most arid period (the mid-'70s) had they been put out here wayback when.

put out here wayback when.

I doubt it, comes the resigned reply. Anyway, Big Star were one of a select few bands — Eric Carmen's Raspberries, Michael (Left Banke) Brown's Stories and the overrated (quoth 1) Blue Ash — who in the early 70s entempted to redress the balance against the great heavy metal stupour that was reigning supreme over the American teenage audience. These bands chose instead to live en masse inside a tuinot, playing strong, abrasive, melodic, brusquely paced and timed rock with strong Anglophile pop leanings.

They all failed uttimately in commercial terms — even The Raspberries, who'd been blessed with a couple of hir records—but theirs was a brave and musically potent style that, situated in the wasteland years of teen depression, was both too far shead (aloha 'powerpop') and too far behind its time (these bands could easily have passed as peers of The Byrds and their ilk).

(these bands could easily have passed as peers of The Byrds and their ilk).

Of this courageous number, Big Star from Memphis were definitely the most talented—indeed, probably one of the ten best rock bands of this decade—and, suffice to say, it is good to have these records out here at a time when the US pressings have long been deleted. The repackaging is agreable enough, with both superb original sleeve designs represented, the rear shot from "Radio City" and adequate (Max Bell doem't hink so—Ed.) sleeve notes from one ferry Gilbert.

One striking fact that this pairing spotlights is the realisation that "Radio City" is far superior to the first album and that



The Rebirth Of Big Star

both volumes denote the presence of genius in the shape of leader Alex Chilton.
Chilton, teenage whizz kird singer for The Box Tops, returned from New York after royalties from "The Letter" and "Cry Like A Baby" had run out to hometown Memphis to join old buddies Chris Bell, Jody Stephens and Andy Hummet.

join old buddies Chris Bell, Jody Stephens and Andy Hummel.

The 12 tracks of "No 1 Record" are all credited to Chilton and Bell and, though the latter had some strong melodic ideas, it was evidently Chilton's powers as a composer of primo teen anthems that gave the set its edge. Chilton was primarily responsible for its best moments: the chiming Byrds-like sublimity of "Ballad Of El Goodo"; the melodious teen angst of "Thirteen" and "In The Street".

Indeed, all the tracks on side one are nothing less than gorgeous, starting with the Led-Zeppelin-meets-pure-pop consciousness of "Feel" through all the aforementioned gems to bassist Hummel's sweetly incongruous "India Song". Side two unfortunately isn't as powerful, with only Chilton's "Watch The Sunrise" worth mentioning above a ream of fairly mediocre pop tunes.

"Water The sunnise" worth mentooning above a ream of ta mediocre pop tunes.

"Radio City" is the masterpiece though. Chris Bell had exited in an ugly mood at this point, Jeaving Chilton at the helm—although two songs, "O My Soul" and "Back Of A Car", bore the mark of his craftmanship (he refused credit, propagately).

helm—although two songs, "O My Soul" and "Back Of A Car", bore the mark of his craftmanship (he refused credit, apparently).

So it's Chilton's albom. There's a dark misogynistic malevolence to "Life Is White" which, abetted by wheezing harmonice and a stunning metody, is redolent of "Highway 61" Dylan whilst "What's Goin" Ahn" possesses a dolefully melodious, sublimely sorrowhil air. "You Get What You Deserve" is Chilton burning with quiet-fire vengeance.
Side two is more rock-orientated with "Mod Lang" and its sly stringing together of old blues chiches (mod. lang. = modern language) ower a potent, steady lope. "Back Of A Car" is simply exquisite pop-rock. "Daisy Glaze" is introspective and weird whilst "She's A Mover" drives with an almost sardonic recklessness. The highspot though is Chilton's version of the perfect rock song, "September Gurls", a kind of 70s "Pretty Flamingo" — sheer careening infectiousness. Chilton chooses to close the album in an odd way, with two short tracks, one a rather soppy love tune, the other a disturbing piece entitled "Morpha Too", that would later bear witness to Chilton's herrowing artistic deterioration as amply illustrated on the hird Big Star album, itself soon to be released by Aura Records and the subject of an imminent Mas Belt retrospective.

Chilton is a frustrating case to behold these days — a kind of Arthur Lee of the 70s whose previous deplays of genius make his subsequent trivial creations all the more perplexing and annoying to behold. But he had his day, sure enough, and "Radio City" is up there with Elvis Costello, The Sex Pistols, The Ramones, et al. as a 70s rock masterpiece, 24 carat variety.

Hoperfully the attention this release will draw could spark a

variety.
Hopefully the attention this release will draw could spark a creative renaissance on his part. Or not, as the case may be.
Meanwhile, a note to Stax. Release "September Gurls" as a single and grant 1978 a summer hit to be proud of.

ALBUMS

Nested (CBS Import)

THERE IS a particular type of songstress who feels the need, once a year, to commit her emotional diaries to vinyl. The the need, once a year, to commit her emotional diaries to vinyl. The purpose and merits of this public laundry are obscure. Maybe we're supposed to draw some conclusion or strength from the romantic foibles of others. Acony foibles of others. Agony columns only ever make me

Laura Nyro was putting Laura Nyro was puting her agony into song when Joni Mitchell was still sing-ing "Blowing In The Wind" at local coffee bars. She made it work too, on four classic, stormy albums of the late '60s — when the torch-ballad mistress was an unknown commodity— with soul roots, an unequal-led rawness of expression, and one of the best R&B voices ever on her side.

Then she retired to marriage and the midwest for five years, and became a cult. Observe the racks in record shops over the next few weeks. See the odd new weeks, see the bdo punter go glassy-eyed over the N bin as he spies a very young looking Laura on the cover of this album. And know that you are witness to a kind of devotional awe few artists can inspire

Just be glad you don't have to watch the poor sod's heart sink when he or she gets their irreasure home. The intervening years have not proved good for Laura Nyro's constitution. The come-back, "Smile", passed the litmus test because of a crystal production, and because, well, it was good to have her back. Last year's live album was a waiting game, and this does nothing to resolve it. Instead it sinks further into chintzy domesticity and a chintzy domesticity and a romantic slush that Ms Nyro should never have come to.
The faint aroma of scented candles on "Smile" is now claustrophobic.

She's no longer living in the slum tenderloin, and this is no "New York Tenderberry" either. Lovers used to arrive via the tenement live escape, now they home in on all sorts of mystical wavelengths.



Laura Nyro: The face remains the same, but the curtains change

A Change Is As Good

True?

As A Nest

Frankie shot Johnny because Johnny chealed, and Laura don't blame her. "I'd a done it too, you hear that." She howled. These days she'd probably view the event with enlighterment and maturity, and then pine on soppily.

Not that this is a bad album
— its midnight smoothness
won't curdle your cocoa — but
"Nested" is just so uninspired.
That voice and those Philty

harmonies still make me go weak at the knees but nothing breaks out the goose-flesh. The most she can do here is imbue the adjective 'crazy', with a feeling of warm desira-bility. Occupand a time she bility. Once upon a time she would belt out a whole album

would best out a whole alludin like she was going to explode. Perhaps it has something to do with this "Nested", condi-tion. What does it mean? Was she brought up with pigeons? Did one fall on her head (a

nest, that is)? Does she intend it to mean a special feeling, something like the one they try to sell you in central heating

This sounds like a Joni Mitchell or a Carole King album. I don't know which is

fine with your wallpaper. Maybe l'il re-decorate, just to Maybe 1 ir 10 keep my hopes up.
Paul Rambali

the absolute fantasy.

One would have thought that by now this currency was corrupt, outdated, even laughable. But not so—apparently there is a clamouring horde of HM junkies out there screaming for a fresh fix of old-fashioned overkill.

This is the market for which The Godz have been created; this album sinks of the consumer-orientated concept. The Godz aim straight at the Kiss/Aecosmith following—absurdly heavy rock rifferama punctured at regular intervals with standard issue screaming guitar solos, with the odd grandiose chord sequence thrown in to convey that necessary touch of majesty...you know the stuff.

It's an old, old formula. Old and horing The Godz ralay the

the stuff.

It's an old, old formula. Old and boring. The Godz play the stuff pretty well, of course, in a studied kind of way that makes you feel that each note hit is so many dollars stashed away. They manage at zare intervals to inject just a small amount of zest, but only often enough thighlight the album's general level of tedium.

It's pretty easy to laugh at the studies and the studies are the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies are the studies are the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies are the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies are the studies are the studies and the studies are the studies ar

li's pretty easy to laugh at and ignore this crap, but there are some nasty asides to this kind of blatant market manipulation. To begin with, the packaging is lowest common denominator stuff at its worst. The cover, were it not meant to be taken seriously by some young headbanger, is a masterpiece of kitsch, featuring a golden chariot swooping through a shadowy canyon covered in Daniken-esque symbols—Chariot of the Godz, geddit?

Awesome stuff, eh? It gives you some idea of the kind of mentality this direck is pitched at. Also disgusting is the manner in which the lyries exploit in the crassest possible way the adolescent craving for transcendence. Try these, for instance: "Godt are nock hooli junkies we know we're willin' ourselnes. The Godt are to ke' hooli junkies. We know we're we're Godt. ... the Godt are nock hooli junkies, machines, machines of the stermely well. When you see a copy, spit on it.

Phillip Hayes

THE JOLT The Jolt (Polydor)

"WHATCHA GONNA DOOO ABOUT IT?" THAT was a good single a few weeks back, lending a burst of youth and arrogance to The Small Faces' classic. All I knew of The Jolt then was that they'd supported The Jam a lew times and were a three-piece, presumably sharing some similarities with the headliners.

Suddenly, here's the debut album, and the band take album, and the band take shape as three young. Glaswegians who emerged largely out of the new wave but, in common with The New Hearts and Advertising, were initially trampled on because they didn't condorm. Cut off from the elite London accee, their roots in R&B with a poisy mod slant (as if The Jam grew up listening to The Small Faces insend of The Who), The Jott

have been largely ignored for the last 18 months.

And they appear to have put their time in exile to good use. This album's raw and young and flawed but, coming as it did not of powhers, a gross. and flawed but, coming as it did out of nowhere, a gross shock to my monophoule R&B ears. The cover's an essential first laspression; lovingly laminated, announcing a microgroove flexibility record, it looks like a genuine 1965 archetype right down to the smooth from photo, spolit only by the group forgetting to wear inch-wide ties.

To complete the image, they might have recorded la grotty mono with artificial scrutches, instead you get a rich, ambitious, textured sound, achieved by adding a second

amounts, textures some, anchieved by adding a second guitar track and coming on like a floent fourpiere. The opening cot, "Mr Radio Man", is instantly attractive, a warring swipe at massically sterile cock radio and indifferent disc, lockers." indifferent disc-jockeys. "I Can't Wait" and "No Excuses" are efficient enough but

'N' Jolts?



The Jolt making life hard for caption writers

unfortunately rather too terminiscent of The Jam circa "In The City". That's the most obvious trap

The Jost might fall into, trying to outdo their label-matex and coming off decisively second-best. "Chains" is

critchy teenage angul, smooth melody but lyrically somewhat simplistic. That's not necessarily a bad thing, of course, and the fat, jungling guitar sound covers the track's weaknesses. The vocats are on much safer ground when Rubble Callins sings rather than growth.

False?

THE GODZ
The Godz (RCA)

THERE is a peculiar vision that still persists in the minds of a great many rock fans—that of the guitar/boogie heroes loaded with long-hair

machismo and preferably accompanied by as many visual special effects as possible. It's the old idea of the great space escape, the search for the awesome and the spectacular.

much safer ground when Rubbie Callins sings rather than growts.
"Decoyed," a brief, exuberant thrush, held back only by some cautions drumming, clones the first side breathlessly. You're just remembering there haven't been any slow songs yet as they count their way solemnly into side two with "I'm Leaving". It's another of their better songs; no complectices in the chores, brisk rhythm and aguin the slightly Welfer-sish verse. "Everybody's The Sanne" is more unusual, jerking and jangling ahermatively with lyrkes deeply resentful of new wave institutionalisation.
"In My Time" sounds like The Pretty Things discovering regges until you get to the

reggae until you get to the casual pop chorus. "Haed

Lines" is a classic boy-hates-girl scenario with a more pedestrian tuse. By this time the steady restrained rhythm of most tracks is

rhythm of most tracka is becoming wearing, especially as writing an aff-our rocker or moody ballad is clearly not beyond them.

The wistful rorsanticism of "Can'e You Tell) It's Over" would have been more sharply left at three-quarter speed, just as the final track "Aff I Can Do" losse impact by slapping the brakes on after an enthuslastic lattro. Good song, though, with Collins taking a few seconds for a short, trebly guitar solo.

few seconds for a short, trebly guitar solo.
I's fair to say that the occasional Jam influences didn't occur to me the first time I beard the album. This record's great chunk of nolsy, young dance music and, for me, one of the beggest surprises of the year. I've only been looking for faults and mistakes because the follow-up could be so much better.

Kim Davis

BEN SIDRAN A Little Kiss In The Night

A Line. (Arista) SIDRAN'S Arista BEN SIDRAN'S second album for Arista finds him moving further into a juzz context and further away from those nock idioms with ethnic overtones which have characterised most of his work since leaving the dvine embers. since leaving the dying embers of Steve Miller's first period for a solo seat.

for a solo seat.

Sidran, like performers as diverse as Tom Waits, David Bromberg, Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal, has a neat line in resuscitating the arcane or the worthy and doing it the bonour of reinmolucing the material. worthy and doing it the honour of reintroducing the material to a new audience unfamiliar with the original. Like those others, Sidran also chooses his back-ups with taste and an ear for the right sound.

The real let down is ironically Dr Ben hisself. He tootles along in brisk fettle on acoustic piano, mostly subsidiary to the horn work (always good) of David (always good) of David

(always good) of David Woodford and Phil Woods, but his vocals leave a lot to be

Sidran's base influences are Bud Powell in the ivories and Bud Powell in the trories and Hoagy Carmichael (you remember Hoagy) in the phrasting and delivery sections. Unfortunately, Ben Judges the wocals by dint of his inability to maintain any degree of interest or Rexibility in the singing nuance. You soon begin to expect the imminent arrival of clinking glasses and general hubbub in the background. Taking it from the top, the title track is pleasant in a fussy and hurried way; the melody is clever but the dressing up on the arrangement is a

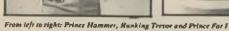
arrangement the arrangement is a distraction, particularly as Sidran and engineer John Mills elect for a sale and flat production throughout.

I guess the guy tries hard, but in fact this album indicates

that Ben Sidran is simply out of that ben sidran is simply out of his depth in his current endeavours to increase his sophistication count. At best he'll end up by night-clubbing himself to death.

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All pla: DENNIS MORRIS

Smiling Men With Bad Reputations?

No Toasts For These Toasters

PRINCE HAMMER Bible (Virgin Front Line) RANKING TREVOR In Fine Style (Virgin Front

PRINCE FAR I AND
THE ARABS
Message From The King
(Virgin Front Line)

IN THE words of Prince Far I himself: "This one's straight to the oppressors bead v'know?'

Here we go again. Head throbbing, muses and scute depression. The cause? Six sides of Front Line deejny

albums.

Of slees three abortions not one should have reached the pressing stage. As a direct result of being tortuced by them (admittedly by self-induction), I think, I know that I never want to hear another talkover album ever another talkover album ever

drivel currently masquerading as "Superior Music" (Virgin's propaganda, not mine). All have made, or will make the regame charts. Success by saturation? Never mind the quality, log the narket. In the absence of that rare commodity entertainment, I'm remnted to good the enterties.

commodity entertainment, I'm tempted to quote the entire sleeve notes from Hammer's "Bible", but I'll spare you the aching ribs. This comedy aketch, ambellevably attributed to Linton Kwesl Johnson (he of Poet_And The Roots fame), munacest for use the work

of Poet, And The Roots fame), manages to use the word 'lyricism' in one form or another no less than six times. Unfortunately the records themselves do not cause such mirth. Quite the opposite in fact. At the osshught I waded in with a healthy interest in Patent Manager. an wine a nealthy interest in Prince Hammer, a soft spot for Ranking Trevor and a by-gone, neo-tan worship for Prince Far I. Scrumbling out the other side. I now hate all three with a realthree with a passion equalized my hey-day enthusiasm for this

11 hit tracks including Space Oddity, 'Rebel Rabel' and 'Jaan Genie,'

'Dread-lyricism' (Thank you,

Thread-dyricism' (Thank you, Poet).
Subjecting oneself to such empty walffings in nothing short of masorhaism. I'm straining to conjure up some constructive criticism so that the exercise won't be completely trustless.

Prince Hammer, some advice. Stop trying to imitate Diffinger and warble at the same time. Learn how to breathe. Don't use rude words for 'backside' as you do on the album's last track (title too inclinification). insignificant to mention). Leave The Morwells' classic "Crab Race" song alone.

Ranking Trevor, some advice. Stick to short snappy tensts of decent rockers vocal backing tracks (like your Diamonds stuff). Or belp a few L? singles along. Think of something interesting to talk ahoust before you enter a studio act time. Some of Joseph Hoo Kim's productions are quite — how you say? — 'Well

dread', and shouldn't be

wasted.
Prince Far I, some advice.
Dig out a copy of your first
album, "Under Heavy
Manners", the one that Joe
Globs produced, that featured
Culture and that is still not
officially available bare (eb.
Virgin?). Listen to it and heav
why it's my favourite deejay
platter of all time. We ve
already heard the Bible recited
all the way through your
second album, "Psalms Far I";
we don't want to under again.
For further recitation

we don't want to notice again. For further recliation consult Hansmer's single "Blble", the one good track from his debut set, The title truck from Far I's current album was 1A 45; it fromically features Culture again and is—you guessed it—the only worthwhile track from his

afoum too.

Now more than ever we need you, Jah Wobble. Come Forward!

John Gray

Make the most of your Boots.

RINGO STARR Bad Boy (Polydor)

Bad Boy (Folyaor)

RINGO IS Ringo. Unlike Bowie, Dylan and their ilk who try on and discard personae as often as they change their socks, Ringo's personality has stayed pretty much the same for the last 16 years, and his music tends to reaffirm this consistency. Whether he was singing country or caburet, it was the music which was altered by the encounter, not Ringo.

altered by the encounter, not Ringo.
"Bad Boy" is mainstream pop, and he does it well. Amiable performances of pleasant songs, carried along by a backbone of solid skin-bashing that is Ringo's hallmark (this is the man who put The Beat into The Beattes). Beatles).

Bentles).

He compiles the album with care. Standard pop by such as Gallagher and Lyle, Peter Skellern and Ian McLagan mixed with slightly more unusual fare like a Li Armstrong tune and a reworking of the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go".

But Ringo's great strength is his unpretentiousness. It means he can do a smarrny song like "Heart Orn My Sleeve" and, by singing it absolutely straight, he cuts out all the instinuating smugness of the original.

all the insinuating smugness of the original.

Other highlights are "Tonight", a fine love song, and the self-penned "Old Time Reloving", though most of the album maintains a high sever of

album maintains a high fevel of enjoyment.

1 have a good deal of affection for "Bad Boy".
Compare this to The Rutles of "London Town" and Ringo knocks them both for six. Innes and McCartney are now mere dilettantes, but Ringo has character. Middle-age pop trany be, but he makes it with warmth, modesty and humour. Something of The Bealles' spirit lives on in the darker recesses of these songs.

A splendid time is guaranteed for most.

guaranteed for most. Graham Lock

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* STATIONTOSTATIONDA/IDROWS Hunky Dorp With 'Changes,' 'Oh! You Sound and Visi Be My Wide Ziggy Stardust. Station to Station. With 'Golden Years' and 'TVC15. Heroes. The last studio album, leaturing the title track and 'Beauty and the Beast,' and Suffragette City. ChangesOneBowie. A best of Bowie album will

we will also be taking £1 of the new live double album "Stage"

COLIN TOWNS Full Circle (Virgin)

NOT REALLY a soundtrack album, "Full Circle" is the complete score written and performed by Colin Towns for the recent lukewarm chiller of the name starring Mia Farrow.

It was composed 'sight unseen', Towns working from the script, so it tends to be grainitually graphic — the birdies tweeting and the kids bleating during the long intro to "Park", for instance, are an intratingly obvious Elandstone. to "PAIX", for instance, are an irritatingly obvious Floyd-type aural ploy. As Full Circle is a poor man's Don't Look Now, so Towns' "Main Therme" — a suitably haunting piano most!— is vaguely similar to Pino Donaggio's for Nicolas Roeg's film.

But the arsenal of electronic bloopers and bleepers deployed by Towns (keyboar-dist with the Ian Gillan Band) ost with the san Olian band) is only other-worldly in that it's ultimately alienating. And side two never recovers from "Olivia", an unuterably slushy, lurgid love song which, unsurprisingly, never made the

Dmitri Tiomkin

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Almighty Fire (Atlantic)

THIS IS sad. Aretha can sing "woh-oh" as movingly as i His is sad. Arena can sing woh-oh' as movingly as anyone in the world, but she can never have screamed it so frequently and with such little justification as she does here. Half the time, she sounds like she's on the verge of hysteria.

It's the fault, I guess, of a mismatch of talents. Her own, and those of Curnis Mayfield, who writes all but one track, plays lead guitar and produces the album. He does her no justice whatsoever. The low-key hackings are more attuned. key backings are more attuned to his own singing style — lovely swoops and delicate Live (Illegal)

SPIRIT are apt to bob head above surface every so often.

often.

Remember 1975 with their neademically beautiful pop set standard "Spirit of "16", a reverent, chilling analysis of American (rock and roll) spiritual development which had an atmosphere of dream and touch and which can still claim classic almost epic stature?

claim classic almost epic stature?

Surface reputation dwindled from there through the slightly more physical and, er, 'realistic' 'Farther Along' — but Spirit still had the tightest, most fervent core colt prepared to collect, chatter and morship. So learned too—my own presence within this box is of a filmsy premise and has no perspective of legend or legacy. Just a mild addiction. It's no good aiming to communicate to the multitude who 'll grain in disbelled copies of the newest edition of Dark Star magarine for the Spirit flext-disc. What's needed is to pad out the cult.

The position in '78 is that

riexi-disc. What's needed is to pad out the cult.

The position in '78 is that Spirit have an immutable following; a groove growing deep channelled through changing fashlon; an unchanged central quality; Spirit will not easily disappear.

Spirit are a band of dualities. Their humanistic coacern with degradation, deviation and existence is patrolled by haunting, kingering rock music whose subtlettee, reflective arrangements and condornable catchy melodies seem almost to want to disguise the actual value and content of the songs.

And yet if their music has definite impressionistic

Spirit say it again — nature's way



Goodbye To Rock And All That

(For Another Year At Least)

patterm about it, listening to this new product it seemed that this langible trait can often be

this tangible truit can often be blasted away by a passage of apparently immensitive and inarticulate heavy specal.

Cruel to confront Spirit with this impulsive jibe when it's based on what is no more than a compliation of signs and tlases, outerably a present for fans while the group reflects and plants: a five album, a mark in time. Yet it does seem that Spirit's adaption to modern

themes blends their heady pastel excursious with a blust and disturbing hard centre instead of something more insular, alicenating, innovative. Slowing down, giving Spirit the benefit of the doubt. This record is obviously performed excitedly. Riffy indulgences and solos, though nor condumed, cannot be condemned, in a way, the album is a record of a celebration (at The Rainbow earlier this year). A few

listens can discern it's a representative example of Spirit's movements; it's not very well betanced but it is a success to some extent. There is no hint of radical Inture developments, but a new piece, "Looking Down", though not introducing novel elements, has a medium strength, near variants in pace and terture; it sustains Spirit's method of communicating contradictions through music and words without resorting to

noise or pointlesaness (solos). It proves there is no degeneration. The emergent mood of this, the opening track, is desperation and glee, almost one of subdued hysteria; it leaves mixed technist.

receings.

The only Jay Fergusou irack on the record, "Animal Zoo", Jays out a childish sense of the abourd, a sense that has fong streaked Spirit's work. All Spirit's vectors are represented on the album: mystique; tendermens; hazy aggression. The pretty, workweary "Nature's Way" is the enigma of Spirit, "Hollywood Dream" the purest Spirit rock'n'rodi. "It's All The Same" the instructing Spirit pychedella. The one perhaps unnecessary track on the about in a humping runthrough of "Wild Thing". Taken in the context of "Spirit of "5", it's a drawle mistake but, taken in the context of "Spirit of "5", it's a drawle mistake but, taken in the context of this record, it's sheer goodwill. "Wild Thing" closes the album. During this, Randy California, whose vocal clarity and phrawing is consistently immaculate, invites the audie nee beat to their hotel for chair and adulation. At first, I thought this album was simply a nonvenir for those people, and the hardeore must who couldn't make it. In fact, it's meader than that, It is the best cross-sample of the band you're likely to get.

As it is, certainly in allible and maybe in a creative cul-de-sac, It's still the best record made this year bar those of Dyban and Cooder. That's not bud for a rushed live

record.
Moods and mythologies.
Things we British flounder oo.
Paul Morley

album.
"Almighty Fire" is souffed out by the vacuum in its soul. It's no surprise to find that the backing tracks were recorded in Chicago and the lead vocals added in Califor-

nia. But there's a lot more than distance separating these two facets of the album.

With no centre, the thing just falls apart. More boredon is loosed upon the world.

Graham Lock

breathiness - than io Arciha's full-blooded emoting, which would be better served by something a dramatic All she gets here is a subdued discoesque muzăk.

furnished with dreadfully mundane lyrics. And in her desperate attempts to inject a little excitement, Aretha relinquishes all thoughts of control, tension or subtlety. The result is frantic parody, a passionate intensity that lacks all convic

tion.

It also suggests a female performer constricted by a male-dominated industry — singing male lyrics with male musicians on a male-produced

July 2001 Outhook Dencaster





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THE TOOLS

The church hall scourge revisited

AMPS . . . with TONY TYLER plugging in to the illustrious history of the Vox AC30.

ND WHAT happened then?" Kid. "Well," said the Aged Veteran, by this time you could get imported American guitars. All them Hofner Committees and Presidents and Futuramas went in the broom cupboard and we stole the money to score a new Yankee axe. By Christ, they made a difference.

What about amplifiers?"

"What about amplifiers?" asked the Kid.
"That was different," said the Veteran, "See, we was still stuck with undersized Brit amps — like the Watkins Dominator. OK for your front room, but not much cop in church halt." church balls

church halls," repeated the Kid, smiling faintly, "Had to play somewheres", muttered the Vet, chewing the tail of his shirt in some

embarrasansent
"Never mind," said the Kidcharitably, "You were telling
me about amplifiers."
"Not much to tell," said the
Veteran. "See, us Brits hadn's
got round to the idea that you
had to have amplification to
match the guitars. The Yanks
knew it all right — they already
had a full range of

twin-speaker amps — the Fender Showman/Bassman/Twin

Showman/Bussman/Twin
Reverb range. But none of us
could afford gear like that. We
had to wait for a British firm to
make a comparable unit.
"Was this the Vox?" asked
the Kid eagerly, for with his
taut mentalisty be remembered
the original purpose of the
conversation.
"Nope", said his aged
mentor. "First there was a
thing called the Selmer
Selectatone. Thirty watts.
Twin speakers, pretty grille.

Twin speakers, pretty grifle. Fremolo and reverb.

Push-button tone-selectors."
Sound good?" asked the

"Terrible", said the Veteran: "Well, no, I suppose they was OK. But they never had much of a chance once the Vox hit the market.

"You mean, the early Voxes sounded better," prompted the

"Nope", said the Vet.
"Can't say they did. But they looked much better. Soon as I saw a photo of the Shads with a saw a photo of the Shads with a line-up-of Voxes I went right out and kicked a hole in my Selectatione. Never got no credit for it, though. I mean, five years later guys was getting their own photos in the paper for doing just that, twice a night."

a night."
"Keep to the point," said his

"Well, there was this range of beautiful amps on chrome purpose-built stands. Fine gold-wire grifles, Stunning black cabinets. The discreet

black cabinets. The discreet VOX in the upper corner. Against a backdrop like that even a Futurama might look OK. I had to have one. "After a white, all sorts of rumours began to reach us ground-level guys. Like how the AC 30 was nuts, but the AC 30 TB was something really entry.

AC 30 TB was something really eatra.
"TB meaning Top Boost, I take it," murmored the Kid.
"On the button," said the Veteran. "Anyway, not long after that, me and Paddy McNosebleed heard of a consignment coming in to Rushworth and Dreaper." "Who?"

"A Liverpool music store. Like I was saying, me and Paddy hijacked the lorry and collared the merchandise."

what an amp! Good range of tone, plenty treble, deep, satisfying, orgasmic bass. But it was the power that amazed me. They never equalled it until the days of the Hundred Watt Stack."

"But surely," said the Kid, "it was only 30 watts?"

"So they said," said the Veteran, darkly. "And maybe it was more.

it was more.
"There was all sorts of things you could do to make them even better. If you tilted them 45 degrees backwards they acted like their own monitors,

as well as projecting right to the back of the room — any as well as projecting right to the back of the room—any room. If you stood them on chairs (me. I couldn't afford the pretty chrome stands) they were even better. If you altered the voltage selector from 220-290 to 110 you got slightly less power but the most amazing distorted sustain you ever heard. And they always kept right on going.

"By this time all the big groups had complete Vox lineups. The Beatles, Stones, The Dave Clark Five. A.C. 58, mind, not 30s. To my mind that was a mistake. The 30 was

whays better. And then AC 100's. Worse still. All you got was a bigger cabinet and more equipment — not a bigger sound. Oh sure, more volume — but if it was pure, razzy volume you wanted, not precision cut, then you were better off with a 100. I guess. But by this time groups were playing big auditoriums, and the 30 was no good for those, unless you maked them up. It was a club amp, pure and simple—the best club amp ever made. "I know," smirked the Kid. "I've bought one". "You have?" said the "Veteran, with immediate interest. "A 30, or a 30 Top Boost?"

The veteran rolled his eye, kissed his fingerups, rulffed his eye, kissed his fingerups, rulffed his hair, flung myde his arms and shouted aloud in his emotion "How can you tell? Why, plug the bleeder in!"
"I already have," confessed the Kid. "But I still can't tell."
"Has it gome a single tone control, or one for bass and a

the Kid. "But I still can't tell."
"Has it gone a single tone
control, or one for bass and a
separate one for treble?"
"Two controls for tone."
"Then it's a 30 Top Boost/"
said the Veteran. "Treal it
with care. How much, 'he
added. "did you pay for it?"
"Three, 's said the Kid.
"Three hundred?" asked the
Vet., in awe. "By Christ, that's
double the price I paid, way
back." "Three thousand," said
the Kid. "Gallagher wouldn't
sell for less."

sell for less."
The Veteran was silent The Veteran was silent.
Rising to his feet, he went over
to the window and pulled the
curtains. Then he locked the
door. I'm sorry, kid, he said
with gam gentlenees. But
where I come from, folks kill
for that kind of money.
"Just relax and you won't
feel a thine."

feel a thing.



Early Stones with pulsating backdrop of 30 watt electronics

"A complete set of Vox amplifiers?"
"Well, no", confessed the Vet. "Six tons of ptectrums and 30,000 copies of the piano music for "Walking Back To Happiness". We had to buy the Voxes in the end.

Voxes in the end.
"The complete lineup was:
one AC 30, one 18"
Foundation Bass, and one AC
30 Top Boost. The amps were
self-contained, just like the
small Fenders — all except the
Foundation Bass, which was a
robb wait.

small Fenders— all except the Foundation Bass, which was a split unit.

"As a matter of fact, the Foundation Bass was too boomy and mellow to operate in the middle registers. Mind you, we was using it with a Gibson EBO bass, which only has one pictup. It would have been better with a Fender Precision, or something with a bit more cut to the tone.

"We used the ordinary AC 30 for rhythm. It was OK— not that much better than the Selmer, as I recall. Limited on the tone range. But that was because they had just this one rotary switch. One way for full bass, the other for full treble Except that there wasn't much treble. But it looked shit-hor, and anyway. Paddy could only play two chords and the opening lick of 'Rebel Rouser'. I, on the other hand, had the AC 30 Ton Boost."

"I, on the other hand, had the AC 30 Top Boost."

THE VETERAN by back in the easy chair. His one remaining eye took on a dreamy sapect. After a minute the Kid jabbed him in the stomach. The Veteran continued.

"This was the best amplifier ever made, for its size. The "throw" was fantastic. And it was strong. You could drop it, knock it over, and it would

Of Hank with Strat/AC30 combination



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ON

LEEDS CITY SHOCKER

The Clash

LEEDS

BANDS DON'T play Leeds Queen's Hall for the music; they do it strictly for the loot. Specifically designed for exhibitions of the Specifically designed for exhaustions of the Earls Court non-rock waiety, the atmosphere and acoustics are so zero [c] like hearing long distance discs and looking at bisectile imposters from the lar end of a vast aircraft hanger.

aircraft hanger. When The Strunglers played here last October (on a night which clashed with the Leeds Live Stiff sell-out) 4,580 showed up and Hugh Cornwell was all but enhancessed that his hand had achieved such a mass mandate, anying (very unconvincingly). "This is as big as we want it to get. We don't ever want to play to more people than this."

Similarly (no doubt) The Clash and their promoters hoped for a repeated comprehensive turnout. But the venue was chosen as hedly as the original punk ethic was abused.

as badly as the original punk chike was abused. The frugal bundreds who cause hardly Justified the estravagance of the setting; in a word, this Clash concert Jalied. Evot because their musical significance has declined or because they can't exite or don't have substantial promise — but just became someone somewhere over-ented their drawing power (though it's probably as indication that The Clash's superior pank is going the way of all the other species' ruther than a straight forward representation of the band's relevance rating.)

With Suicide having pulled out of the support stot, a lot of people were feeling a little put upon having to make do with Slouxsie Bansbee and

Chelsen, the bands whose job it was to kill some time and close some open spaces. They made the best of it, though, and helped to generate some kind of tension for the City Rockers — the rest being supplied by a phoney intermission comprising some frenzied pank waxings and a shakey hand on the hights network, leading ultimately, to the Meserschmitt/Norting fill projected backdrop and the band's definitive entree.

Always one of the more charismatic of the new bands, The Clash, as ever, looked good; Mick lones in white straights, blouse and red waistcoat, Strummer in vellow (the sanart-assed trouble-making high school kid having difficulty—would you belleve?—holding his pants up "With A Sham 69 badge"), and sequitted pidgeon shooter Simonon with his customary Nazi-chic outfit and Richard Hell stances at the use.

If you weren't supposed to be seeing The Clash just for their music, you'd probably get entertainment enough just seeing them move.

But the avoice, after all, is the stuff that shifts the units, and The Clash's apparent difficulty in "getting things right" for the second album leads you to expect pretty big things from them as they get to grips with another tour.

It's too early to say The Clash have progressed.

It's too early to say The Clash have progressed.

It's now alloum will probably stun just like the debut.

but on the strength of this performance, they short go not of their way to indicate progression (though as previously stated, the sheer imadequacy of this venue mitigates most shortcomings).

The one thing you can say about the band with total assurance, however, is that each and every

BRUCE BAFFLER

Bruce Springsteen NASSAU COLISEUM, **NEW YORK**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN chose a massive hockey rink / basketball court venue in which to anoint the masses who had waited two years for his

return.
The Coliseum, home to the New York Islanders hockey New York Islanders hockey team and previously to basketball's New York Nets, was chosen as the semi-urban alternative when Springsteen expressed some concern about playing Madison Square Garden or successive dates at the smaller Palladium where he would undoubtedly face greater public and critical pressure.

But if he anoints, and there were at least 15,000 bodies in

were at least 15,000 bodies in need of hands laid on (mental cripples), he does so with crude automotive oil and not that of the religious kind.
One can't ignore that he thoroughly entertained a considerable number of excited people; that their attention was so rivetted to him as to preclude violence, overdoses and other symptoms of massive gatherings, and that has performances exhibit a consistency of style, stance, directness and impact that rival the most volatile punk writers. the most volatile punk writers and shouters.

Springsteen is indeed that



Pic: JOE STEVENS

inscrutable blend of spontaneity and planning. And I am reminded of the saying which tells us that consistency is the bugaboo of small minds.

is the bugaboo of small minds. To be sure, a Iruly great band and its leader should be consistently awesome, but in fact the greatest of the great are not consistently so. I could name a number — The Kinks, Bob Marley, Elvis Presley, Eric Clapton — each with their own unflagging supporters and each with their own highly individualized reasons for not always having been worthy.

Springsteen has problems that can't be linked to personal quirks, for he seems secure and sincere. I can only blame it on his material and his particular

Pie: JOE STEVENS

version of the collective
unconscious. His new "Racing
in The Streets", taken from
the fourth album, "Darkness
At The Edge Of Town",
provides a clue.
The line, "Summer's here
and the time is right/for racing
in the street", must be
considered in some objective
sense as a classic rock lyric,
since it meets a revumped
Stones line via Martha Reeves
with the ballowed streets and
the cars that are home for the
vast majority of America's big
town and small city kids.
But I had a car when I was
16, my first one, and I lived
(not in New Jersey) next to the
prime impromptu drag-race
street. And I hated those guys
who destroyed what little

THETOWN



member is developing considerable proficiency. The style may not have changed much, but the delivery has a solid propensity.
Jones solor impressively (frequently at will) and Topper Headons produces rock steady drumming with the occasional flush of quasi-virtuosity. Only Strummer hasn't really changed, though with an acid test of an impending album threatening/hausting him like an albutross, palling out the stops for a few hundred pusters in a Northern secodrome is probably the last thing he needs.

The essential effect of this musical maturation is

The essential effect of this musical maturation in that The Clath seem to have graduated/shifted towards Heavy Metal music; flistinctive, dischordant maybe, but Heavy Metal all the same. Of the numbers, ironically, "Complete Control" loses its vitality live, withe "Clash City Rockers" and "Tomany Guns" hardly seminal Chain numbers to begin with, come over like pualt runes a dime a dozen, drowned in volume and the ambition of each Clasher to feature at the death. The very best, "Capital Radio" and a sequence

of songs from the first (first again?) siloum, followed —"London's Burning", 'I'm So Bored With The USA", 'Janie Jonen", the band's chansic immaculate "Police And Thievers" interpretation, and the inevitable standard, 'White Riot'.

"White Man In Hammersmith Palais' is the one song that looks forward rather than back, and a hint that the band can successfully experiment with rhythras, which (unless Strammer preserves his marginally political maive obsessions forever) are possibly the most plausible device to secure their safe and credible exit from this tight-time limbo.

lianho.
Well over a year after The Clash set the standard with the best rock album of the New Age, the band must be aware that things are not as cut and dried as they should be.
The Clash maybe sometimes beg to be written off, but somehow you can't do it. While we await the album (in the overantime), the band should check out the suitability of their venues in advance.



silence there was and sometimes cracked up and died instantly going 105.

Some of my friends went out that way too because they began to believe there was no other way out.

Loften wonder if Springsteen sings of his "death traps and suicide raps" in order to leave them behand or whether he unknowingly perpetuates them.

Bearing that in mind, one can still applied the beauty

Bearing that in mind, one can still applied the beauty and clerity to be found in Springsteen's best work. One could hardly find fault with the bubbly, piano-heavy pulse of "Tenth Avenue Freeze Out", and at all times, the pirely emotive power of Charence Clemons' sax

playing. Clarence looks out of place. Chirence looks out of place, a big black man in conservative clothes standing against the nearly 50's looking aggregate. But his solos fly our like foamy airstreams from a hydrant; instant bedfam from the crowd

instant bediam from the crowd followed each of his short, subline outbursts.

Again, one has to ask if Springsteen's voice could ever be as piercing as the voice. Clemons speaks with through his instrument; and whether Springsteen has ever attered a line as meaningful as a single phrase from Clemons; and whether Clemons would remain unknown were it not for his position as a superstar's sideman.

Bruce, of course, stages the atmosphere of excitement and the concert reflected his the concert reflected his growing capacity for creating a nervous, uplifting tension. He balances each song halfway between a balland and a rocker and proceeds to make it sound like a showdown. There are the slow, reflective openings, the floods of lights and charming band as the lyrics kick in, a flying chorus and then again a soft break, until the climbing finishes with Clemons nearly always pointing the

meany aways pointing.

Springsteen is a biting,
simple guitarist, most notably
on "Back Streets", where he
ripped out (off) a few cheap
Albert King-Buddy Guy licks
to great effect. His way of
communding the dynamics and
tempo must rate him as a
consumate bandleader and the
fans react to his authority as fans react to his authority as much as anything else about

him.

But how to ligure his real assets and faults? The fact that "Prove It All Night" is a honky, sexist song, little more than transformed boasting, can never directly affect "the beat"; the massive Coliseum that housed the show could not disguise Bruce's way of making it intimate enough. Leaps to the substage in Iront of him, or to the top of the piano, were dramatic despite being premeditated ritual.

He's not really the prisoner

He's not really the prisoner of rock and roll he claims to of rock and foll he claims to be. But these things do not begin to measure the charisma or the failings of the man, for he sold 15,000 tickets in one day and had plenty left to give

away.

So Bruce is very important So Bruce is very important now and all his fate feel like friends who can see him now. His songs may prove to have a lasting power and the ability to grow in the listener's mind. But so might a brain turmour. For the time being he's a macho Joni Mitchell, howelessly comparie about the

macho Joni Mitchell, hopelessly romantic about the most ridiculous things; or would you prefer an urban John Denver, affirming only those things which he can't bear to live without. For all his spontaneous emotive power, Bruce seems to be his own contrivance, openhing to just contrivance, speaking to just enough people to make it seem universal.

How about a David Bromberg with muscles?

BRILLIANT BOWIE ...WITH ONE RESERVATION



David Bowie EARL'S COURT,

FERST, THE most immediately impressive facets of David Bowie's opening night at Earl's Court last Thursday.

Court fast Thursday.

One, the general sound, as was the case during Dyhan's soloans there, was excellent, completely destroying all memories of Bowle's one prior shot at the 18,000 senter shr-hangar in 1973 when, as ZiggyAlladin Sane, his performance had been totally residered null and void by a pany P. A. and criminal sesting arrangements.

Two, Bowie's current back-up ensemble has to be his finest by many a mile; two guitars, synthesizer, plano, violin, bass and drums

guitars, synthesizer, planto, violin, bass and drums consistently spottighting a heady diversity of material with a sense of precision and attention to malth-layered texturing that was on occasion, literally breath-taking.

Three, Bowie himself was literally breath-taking.

Three, Bowie himself was manuringly fine lettle. Gone was the condescending nonchalance of his Thin White Duke incarnation, ambling on and off-stage lighted Gauloise in hand; hat I found as irredeemably erksome during the "Station To Station" four, his previous tour of the House Connties.

On this showing, Bowie was constantly outstage, a model of agility, and physical gurce, determinedly 'projecting' whale singing load and clear in a voice that has selfoun someded better.

Three blinding aces in the

sounded better.
Three blanding aces up the peoverbial sleeve and it was obvious Thvid Bowle was hack performing with a vegacarce, utilizing a casmity chosen cross-section of his 70°s channeleon out-put so that no-none would leave his slow leeding short-changed. And the mania that reached a steady pitch of quasi-hysteria as the second built of the show reached it's own version of a climax was really only to be expected.

The running order of songs on the night was virtually the name as that reported by one T. Parnons a couple of weeks back, commercing with the wastere uncompromising cold music instrumental "Warnasawa" (Carkot Alomar cather silly an conductor) before loosening up for the moets-hervice wall of sound histrionics of "Heroes" with Bowle as vocalist/performer. anded better. Three blinding aces up the

Bowie as vocalist/performer

direction of Bowie's last two releases for the first half with a slightly perfunctory "Jean Gesie" and a rivetting "Fame" — an undertable ensemble highpoint — as the only two back-tracks from the contemporary Bowie reperioire.

In the given context, the songs from "Low's" first side were shorn of their virylised catatonic glaze and endowed with a power that made even the zomble-like unternaces of "Be My Wife" animated good-natured burlesque. But where the neurotic blaukness of "Breaking Glassa" and "What la Title World" sounded like high-speed subversive "What Is The World" sounds the high-speed subversive power pop, the grimmer portents of "Beasity And The Beass" from "Heroes" sounded some what facklustre and facking is venom. "Blackout", another "Heroes" gem, seemed too burried.

The Bowie revue second but was the one for the fans, utilizing the bion's share of the "Zigay Stardust" repertoire, which, though the band successfully transcended the archetypal power trio sound, processfully transcended the archectypal power trio nound, and allowed Bowie to make with his best moves, somehow secmed too gratuitous a gestore, particularly in the light of last year's interviews wherein Bowie adamantly declared the ghout of Ziggy well and traily busied.

Whether or not the lengthy "Ziggy" section sanacked of grand compromise to the last or not, the lact remains that it performance was powerful although in retrospect, it's tenacity receded stilly into the memory when the ersemble.

memory when the ensemble choose to unleash "Station To

Station".
This is the killer punch, even affording one the cham to longet a tepid and fumblingly melodramatic remdition of Kurt Well's "Moon Of Alabama" (aye,

that Dave can get deft as a brush when t'mood taken him). Gustarist Adrian Belew and synthesizer player Roger Powell work up a steaming head of electronic cacophony before the robotic rhythms of Alomar and Co lead Bowie into the fray. Now the band is flying and stays up there for a blistering encore of "TVCIS" and "Stay", leaving even the most hard-bitten Bowie cynic awed by the sheep power of the sound and spectacle.

And that, when all is said

awon by the saces power to the cound and operiade.

And that, when all is said and done, is all that needs to be said. Elsewhere, touch has already been made about Bowle following Dysan's six nights at Earls Court, with all manner of dodgy comparisons and parallels being drawn. The only comparison to tould draw, however, was that while Bowle impressed. Dysan moved me canotionally in a may that the, former will. I can well imagine, never do. Because at heart David Bowle is invariably beilliam with all his chameleon jestering and perchant for the sensational. Both Dylan and Bowle have bedazzled their. sensational. Both Dytas and Bowie have beduzzled their audiences, throughout their respective careers by consistently confusing their expectations. Yet while Dytan's changes have been forced upon him by his muse and perceptions. Bowie's persons has always been fortify self-conscious, with the outer gloss a chimmering sizzle of bedazzlement while the function of the self-conscious, with the context gloss a chimmering sizzle of bedazzlement while the function of the self-conscious, with the context gloss a chimmering sizzle of bedazzlement while the functions.

That shimmering sizzle, that fizzy brilliance that is underinable age. fizzy brilliance that is undeniably attuned to Bowle's work, was all there on Thursday. It impressed me, it entertained me and very occasionally had me almost spell-bound.

It was a total saccess. To ask for more would be not only

for more would be not only stupid but also futile. Nick Kent.

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Wednesday 12th July £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Doors open 7.15pm

01-387-04289

BLACK SLATE

NO DICE

Fri July 7th

TYLA GANG

+ Straight 8

BATTLE AXE

CADO BELLE + Sandy & The Backline

KRAKATOA

75p

GLORIA MUNDI

+ Special guest Patrick Fitzgerald + Angle Trax
Free asimission for one with this below 10.20

LICENSED BÁRŠ - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING SOM - 2 AM - MONDAY TO SATURDAY

LAST THE WHITE **BASTION!**

246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Live Punk every Weds

PUMP HOUSE GANG

VARICOSE VEINS & D.J WEDS 12th JULY 8,00pm

WEDS 19th JULY THE TRANSMITTERS SKID MARKS & D.J



Pegasus LONDON N.M.

THE EXILES AUTOGRAF

BIG CHIEF

VIPERS THE INVADERS

FINGER PRINTZ THE MONOS



HOPE & ANCHOR UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

THE REZILLOS

day July 6th

MISTY IN ROOTS

CHINA STREET

mday Jely 100

AFTER THE FIRE

PHILIP RAMBOW

eday July 12th THE DICKIES

reday July 13th **OVAL EXILES**

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

FILTHY McNASTY

* ROLL UPS *

STEVE LINTON BAND

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

R.D.B.

Straight 8

Young Bucks idesedity July 12th & Thursday th 12th Stip Each Night

FILTHY McNASTY

FROM U.S.A.
ONLY LONDON SHOWS, FOR TWO NIGHTS
TUES 11 & WED 12

WITH HER 7 PIECE AMERICAN BAND

COME EARLY! ALL BOOZE HALF PRICE BEFORE 10p.m



FRIDAY 28th JULY 7-30

TICKETS £3:00 £2:50 £1:50 om Box Office, London Theatre Beokings 439 3371 Premier Box Office 240 2245 and usual agents

THE BOMBAY GRAB PUB

Friday 7th July

All Enquiries A.Y.M 01-986 7331

"Cool it"

LANDSCAPE

OINK OINK, WOOF WOOF, BAAAAAAAA!!

A Pig, A Dog and three Sheep were all you got for The Animals gig?

Your fault — you should have consulted the NME expert Brian B. He will tell you how to fill the place with people.

"ADVERTISE"

Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for details.

THE PORTERHOUSE

DICKIES

KRAKATOA

Thursday

BILSTON The Cock: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Balmoral Bar: JASMINE PIE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Westhal College: RAY KING BAND
BIRGHTON Abanthas: THE EXECUTIVES
BIRGHTON Done: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BRIGHTON Hongry Yean: LAUGHING GASS /
NIGHT RIDER
BRISTOL Ars Centre: ACME QUARTET
BRISTOL Ars Centre: ACME QUARTET
BRISTOL Grassing: WHIRLWIND
CHESTER Deside Leigher Centre: THE CLASH
COVENTRY Dun Cow: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL
SEER

COVENTRY Dun Cow: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER COVENTRY Locarno: MAGAZINE DEWSBURY TUR'S Head: ZHAIN DURHAM COSCH & Eight: ALWOODLEY JETS EASTBOURNE Gold Room: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS EDINBURGH ASTORIC THE MONOS X PAUL GOODIE EXETER ROUGE: PANDORA'S BOX PAUL GOODIE EXETER SIGNED SHEET WITH BOYFRIENDS / SENERAL STREET SILVER
GRIMSBY St James Folk Club: FOGGY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WHITE CATS/THE LEEDS 'F Club: THE DICKIES/THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS

LUMPS
LEEDS Forde Green Hotel: RED EVE
LEEDS Forde Green Hotel: RED EVE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE 80's
LONDON CAMBEN Brechaock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMBEN Music Machine: NO DICE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Baun Tavern:
WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PHIL
RAMBOW

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PHIL RAMBOW LONDON E.7 Freeman's: TRANS-AM LONDON E.7 Freeman's: TRANS-AM LONDON FINCHLEY TOTRIGUOG: RONNIE SCOTT GUISTET LONDON HAMMERSMITH THE RUILING FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES LONDON BLINGTON HOPE & Anchor: THE STUKAS LONDON KENSINGTON DE VIBBER BU: GOLD DUST TWINS LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville. BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES / THE SKIDS LONDON KENSINGTON THE NASHVILL. BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES / THE SKIDS LONDON MARGUNE CLOB DIRE STRAITS / SANDY & THE BLACK LINE LONDON N.W.I FÄM-MAKEN CO-OP: THROBBING GRISTLE LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: BLACK SLATE LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: BLACK SLATE

SLATE SOUTHGATE ROYARY BASTOOM: FRED-DIE FINGERS' LEE / HOUND DOG LONDON STOKE NEWZNGTON PERSAUS: THE EXILES EXILES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE INMATES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic: LIGHTHOUSE

(II pm)
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: WINDJAMMER
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: \$HOWADDYWADDY

MANCHESTER Rations: GLORIA MUNDI MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: CHEAP FLIGHTS MIDDLESBROUGH Maximba Club: DAYE BERRY

(for three days)
NEWCASTLE University; HOT SNAX
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE

BABIES
NOTTPYCHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PLYMOUTH Metro: ADVERTISING
POYNTON Folk Centre: BILL CADDICK
RYDE the of Wight Canouse!: J.A.L.N. BAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SMIRKS
ST. ALBANS Hertford Callege of Art: ROGER THE

CAT SUITTON Bulls Head: JUGGERNAUT SWANSEA Circles Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP GROUP
WANSEA NAME Club: GEORGE McCRAE
VANTAGE The Swam; DOUBLE XPOSURE
FORCESTER Bank House; MATCHBOX

Friday

BANBURY Upper School: LANDSCAPE
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Cab: J.A.L.N. BAND
BEAFORD Are Chefrey ACME OUARTET
BIRMINGHAM Barel Organ: THE LATE SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Barel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Barel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Mayeling Suite: JAMESON RAID
JETH HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Mayeling Suite: JAMESON RAID
JETH HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Top RAID
JETS
BLACKBURN Dirty Dick: ALWOODLEY JETS
BLACKBURN Dirty Dick: ALWOODLEY JETS
BLACKBURN Dirty Dick: ALWOODLEY JETS
BLACKBURN Dirty Dick: ALWOODLEY JETS
BURTON 76 Cab: BRABS TCHAJKOVSKY GROUP
CAMBERLEY Regambling: GEORGE MCCRAE
CHATHAM Tim O'Steater. REBEL
CHELMSFORD City They: THE HEAT
COVENTRY Binkey Oak: U.K. SUBS
COVENTRY RIOD BIGGE: RENO
DUBLIN National Statifism: ERIC CLAPTON BAND
GUILDFORD Civic Hail: THE MOVIES
GUILDFORD Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEEDS Vicw Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEWES Malling Community Centre: SOUTHERN
RYDA



MISTRESS, the up-and-coming all-gur band, have gigs this weekend at Manchester (Saturday) and Dunstries (Sunday). Pictured above is the group's leader Denny Gibson (vocals, bass and tongue).



THE TALKING HEADS fly in for an exclusive one-off London Concert on Wednesday

LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND LONDON BRUTTON Telegraph: MENU LONDON CAMDEN Brectmods: URCHIN LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE DODGERS / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: GULLIVER SMITH BAND LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE TYLA GANG

SNITH BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE TYLA
GANG
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms:
JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidd Bash Tavem:
COCK SPARRER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidd Bash Tavem:
COCK SPARRER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
MERGER
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: THE REALISTS (THE RIALLTOS
LONDON MENSINGTON The nashviše: PENETRATION / THE LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON MENSINGTON The nashviše: PENETRATION / THE LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON PUTNEY SHAT MOON: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON PUTNEY SHAT MOON: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON PUTNEY SHAT MOON: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON ROYAL ABORT HAIL: THE BOTHY BAND
DE DANANN / JAM OG FLYNN
LONDON ROYAL ABORT HAIL: THE BOTHY BAND
DE DANANN / JAM OG FLYNN
LONDON ROYAL BANK Jubise Gardens (free openair, 6pn); REDBRASS
LONDON SOUTHEGATE ROYALY BABTOON: LEE
KOSMIN BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON POGRASSIS.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON POGRASSIS.
LONDON TOTTENHAM Waite Hair: MATCHBOX
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. The Centre: GUTZY,
DRASH & THE BLUEFOLES
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic. BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND (11pm)
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic. BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND (11pm)
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic. BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND (11pm)
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic. BOB KERR'S
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WHOOPEE BAND (11pm)
LONDON WATERLOO YOUNG VICE B

LONDON W.C.2 Noire Dame Hall: JERRY THE FERRET

LUTON The Unicorn: BERLIN
MAIDSTONE COBEGE: TRAPEZE
MANCHESTER BUSSEL Club: MAGAZINE
MANCHESTER BUSSEL Club: MAGAZINE
MANSTELD Pleastey Hill Club: STEANGE DAYS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painetd Lady: CHEAP
FLIGHTS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painetd Lady: CHEAP
FLIGHTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Gardes: GLORIA MUNDI
NEWARK Bowling Green Club: GHMIK
NEWCASTLE Mayfax Bullroom: The PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Injerial Hotel: SLIP MAZARD &
THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM MEGAIONIAGIA & Sandpiper: WHITE
CATS / SOME CHICKEN
UNFORMED CONDUCTION MEPHEE & TERRAP
LANDE CON DOBY: TONY MEPHEE & TERRAP
LANDE CON DOBY: TONY MEPHEE & TERRAP

OXFORD Com Doby: TONY MOTHER & LEKRAPLANE
PETERBOROUGH The Cressel: THE NEXT BAND
RETFORD Porterhouse. THE DICKIES / THOSE
NAUGHTY LUMPS
RUGBY West Indian Club: THE RANKERS
SCARBOROUGH Pershouse; HEADWAITER
SHEFFELD Limited Club: SCHOOL MEALS
STAINFORTH Central Club: NORMAN JAY &
VINTAGE
SUTTON COLDPIELD Martinomith Social Club: THE
THENSILS
LITENSILS
VINTAGE
WINCHESTER HAR FESSIVAL: DANDIES
YORK MUMBER BRITTHE ACTORS

Saturday ACCRINGTON Free Featival: CHINA STREET BAGSHOT Pastiles Club: J.A.L.N. BAND BEXMILL York Hotel: SOUTHERN RYOA BIRMINGHAM Barberlis: THE DICKIES BIRMINGHAM Barberl Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
SIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: THE TIMONEERS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: THE TIMONEERS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BRACINEEL Southpack Arts Centre (2.30 pm):
WINDJAMMER
BRADPORD Royal Standard: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRADPORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
CARBALDYRESSURE SHOCKSYRAFED
CHAPELEN-LE-FRITH FORDO, NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE

CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: ZHAIN CHICHESTER Cathedrat Green (lunchtime): PTAR-

MIGAN
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: THE CLASH
CROMBER West RUMON Pavilion: MARTY WILDE
CROYDON Wandle Park (open-air 7.30 pm): MARK
STEVENS BANDMAVERICUSTAGEFRIGHT
DUBLEN Rational Staddum. ERK CLAPTON BAND

DUDLEY FB. 's Club: THE LATE SHOW DURHAM Reeth C.B. Hotel; STRAW DOGS ELLESMERE College Arts Centre: RICHARD

ELLESMERR College Arts Centre: RICHARD DIGANCE
EXETER Routes: TIM ARNOLD
FARNBOROUGH CAIGNES: LANDSCAPE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cuil Hall: THE ENID
GOOLE Stains Motel: CYANIDE
HORSHAM Capitof Theatus: VISITOR 2035
HUDDESSTELD Arnawk Cub: RAY KING BAND
ILFORD King's Cub: GEORGE McCRAE
LEEDS Florid Green Hotel: LEARGO
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE ELEVATORS
LINCOLN A.1's Cub: WHIRK WIND
LIVERPOOL Liberthard Red Lion: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL Monation: HYBRID
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: TOYAN
LONDON BRETTON Telegraph: MENU
LONDON CAMDEN Town Hall: DANDIES
LONDON CAMDEN TOWN Tidal Bixin Tavern:
LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON CAMDEN TOWN Tidal Bixin Tavern:
LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON CARDEN TOWN Tidal Bixin Tavern:
CAPPHS
LONDON CAMDEN TOWN Tidal Bixin Tavern:
CAPPHS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN ROCK Garden: ALITOGRAPHS
LONDON LEWISHAM Lee Centre: DINO DAZ &
LONDON LEWISHAM Lee Centre: DINO DAZ &

GRAPHS
LONDON LEWISHAM Let Centre: DINO DAZ &
THE MACHINE

THE MACHINE
LONDON Marquee Club: APOSTROPHE
LONDON MILL HILL Royal Engineers: GUTZY.
BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: TRANS-AM
LONDON PUTNEY Stor & Garter: CARTER &

JONES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG
CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-MITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE REZILLOS

THE REZILLOS
LONDON Upstains at Ronale Scott's: PRIVATE EYE
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (II pm): WIND-JAMMER
LONDON WOOLWICH Festival: REBEL
MANCHESTER Hyde Town Hall: MISTRESS
MANCHESTER Rafters: SUPERCHARGE/ THE
TUNES

TUNES
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: CAN-CAN
MILTON KEYNES Congrove Navigation Int: LEFT
HAND DRIVEY/OWELS
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: MATCHBOX
NOTTINGHAM BOAT CLUB: THE PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellows. OUTWARD
BAND
NOTTINGHAM Megafombaia at Sandpiper: GLORIA
MUNDI

NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at Sandpiper: GLORIA MUNDI
OLDMAM Towee Club: BULLETS
OXFORD Com Dolby: VESUVIUS
READDIG Taiget Club: STEVE BOYCE BAND
ROTHERHAM Sumpride Club: TRANGE DAYS
STAFFORD Riveride Club: MUSCLES
STA ALBAN City Half: DIRE
MINOTAURITHE ASTROMAUTS
STOURPORT BOAI Club: WATERFALL
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon, JUGGER-NAUT

NAUTE
SWANSEA Ruinbow Variety Club: GEORGE MELLY
& JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
SWANSEA White Swan: THE STATE
TONYPANDY Naval Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
TROWRIDGE Village Fump Festival: JOHNNY
COMMENT

COPPIN WAKEFIELD Thomes Park: THE ACTORS WHITTLESEA Black Bull: THE NEXT BAND WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: WIDEO
BRISTOL Locarno: STHE CLASH
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: SWINGLE II
CAMBRIDGE THE Alma: ZHAIN
CARDUPP New Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN
CHILTON'S FEET WARMERS
COUNTY FEET WARMERS
CHILTON'S FEET WARMERS
CHILTON'

Wetk) AVE BERRY (for a Wetk) AVE BERRY (for a Wetk) ACKSDALE Grey Topper: TRAPEZE LEEDS Singing For CYTAINED LEY JETS LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: MYBRID LONDON BATTENSEA Nago Head: JUGULAR VEIN

LONDON BROXTON Telegraph: THE BIG PICTURE LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG

LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (kunchtime): BLUE LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (kinchtime): BLUE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (kinchtime): BLUE
LONDON Reinbow Theatre: GEORGE McRAE
LONDON STOKE NEWBYGTON Pegaron: THE
VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWBYGTON Rochester Causle:
SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWBYGTON Rochester Causle:
LONDON STOKE NEWBYGTON Rochester Causle:
LONDON STRAND Lycron: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE'S NAKE / DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RICHARD
DIGAME? / NIGEL MAZIL'NI JONIES
MANCHESTER ASHTON Guide Bridge Theatre:
HEATHER WHITTAKER / THREE CROWS
MANCHESTER Bond on the Wall. SPHERICAL
OBJECTS / FRANTIC LED ATORS
MARGATE WINTE GARGEN: GUYS 'N' JOLLS
NEWFORT NIEME GARGEN: GUYS 'N' JOLLS
NEWFORT NIEME GARGEN: GUYS 'N' JOLLS
NOTTINGRAM BOAT CLUB. ARTEALURE PRESS
PORTSMOLUTH FORD COST FOR JULIAND DOG
POYNTON FOR CORRESE PETE SAYERS & FRIENDS
/ FLAKY PASTRY / MARTIN & GRAHAM
SKEPFIELD TOP Renk: MAGAZINE
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump Festival: JOHNNY
COPPIN
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hole!: WHITE CATS

COPPIN WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: WHITE CATS Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ, WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Draws: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Draws: PARADOX
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT PARD & THE
NYLONS
BUXTON Gashghi Club: SATIN (for three days)
CHESTERRIELD Adom & Eve: ZHAN
DERBLOND Best: THE NEXT BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: MAGAZINE
BUINBURGH Trifany's (CYANIDE
BUINBURGH Trifany's (IONATIZ THE DICKIES
EXETER Routes. THE SHIRTS
HULL TITION'S: CYANIDE
ILPORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPES
EEDS Brannigan's: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Brannigan's: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS HOTEL GROWN GROUP
KEEDS Viva Wige Bar: BLACK DOGS

GROUP
KEEDS Viva Wine Bair BLACK DOGS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: DEAD TROUT
LONDON CAMDEN Brechnock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Brechnock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: FINGERPRINTZ /
THE EXILES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: UK

SUBS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor:
MATCHBOX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: AUTO-

LONDON REPOSITOR TO THE NEWWILE: ACTOR
GRAPHS
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: GEORGIE FAME &
THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronaic Soott's Club: MARJION MONTGOMERY / LANDSCAPE (for a week)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasup: THE
INVADERS

LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasis: THE INVADERS LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BILBO LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Soutis: THE RESISTANCE LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MENACE / NOBODY 27 RC LONDON WOOLWICH Transhed: MONEY/DEAD

RINGER
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club GEORGE McCRAE

(for a week)
NOTTINGHAM Impenal Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Newcastle Arms: WATERFALL
SWANSEA Circles Crob: GLORIA MUNDI
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE CLASH

Tuesday

ANGLESEY PIBS Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighing Cocks: BRUIO
BIRMINGHAM FIGHINGHAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM FIGHINGHAMESON
BIRLIFTON Richmond Hotel: RINGHAMSTER
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: ZIPPER
CARDIFF TOP Rain: THE CLASH
STADUM DOGS
STADUM DOGS
STADUM DOGS
STATUM BURGES STATCHER

STADUM DOGS
EXETER Routes SCRATCHER
HUDDERSPELD White Swan: ZHAIN
LEEDA Viva Wine Bair: OAKWOOD
LUVERROOL Mooastoge: THE EDDY
LONDON CAMBEN Brecknock: HEADLINES
LONDON CAMBEN Brignall: ETTA JAMES
LONDON CAMBEN Music Machine: GLORIA
MUNDI
LONDON CHISWICK John Bult: DOLL BY DOLL
CONTINUES OVER. GLORIA



THE SHIRTS set out on their first British tour, and singer Annie Golden ensures you don't lorget the band's name! They're at Exeter (Monday), Pennance (Tuenday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

COMPILED DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden.
ROGER THE CAT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHAMPION
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royally Balhoom: GIMIK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FINGEREDILYTY

PRINTZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
BUSTER JAMES
LONDON TOOTRING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST KAMPSTEAD Railway Hosel: JAB

ONDON WOOLWICH Transhed: JERRY THE

MANCHESTER Relien: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

GROUP
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: CYANIDE
PERZANCE The Guide: THE SHIRTS
PETERBOROUGH TOWN Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
SHEPPIELD Limic Chib: CHINA STREET
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: CO-CO
WISBLEH Community Center: THE NEXT BAND

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM BATCHERS'S: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
BIRMINGHAM Barcel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Barcel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM BARCEL ORGAN: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM BARCEL ORGAN
BRUJOLOGIAN BARCEL ORGAN
BRUJOLOGIA

BIRMINGHAM hall Green The Sherwood:
CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE CLASH
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE CLASH
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
CHEITENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHEITENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHIPPENHAM R.A.F. Lynchum; JOE STEAD
DERRY The Bell: ZHANN
EXETER ROUTE: ALAN HODGE BAND
FARNHAM The Milling; JOHNNY COPPIN
LEEDS Vive Wine Bay: SKINNY CAT
LUVERS OLD MISSING THESE DAY
LUVES OLD MOORSTARE: THE EDDY

LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Moorestane: THE EDDY
LONDON ACTON Wite Hart: PUMPHOUSE



While The Motors take a short breather from gigging, guitarist BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY olays a few dates with his own trio — at Swans (Thursday), Burton (Ball ys a lew dates with his own trio — at Swanes sursday), Burton (Friday), Leeds (Monday) inchester (Tuesday) and London (Wed).

LONDON Africo Centre: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON CAMDEN Diagwalls: ETTA JAMES
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Casile: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Michine: BRAM
TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Besis Tavere:
MATCHEOX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Gurden: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON Marquer Cubic SONIA KRISTINA &
ESCAPE
LONDON PADDINGTON Fanes: MIRCELES
LONDON PADDINGTON Fanes: MIRCELES

ESCAPE
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs: MUSCLES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY STATE & GATTER: DANA
SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES
SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON PEGAMAS: THE

LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Casile: SPEED-O-METERS LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE TALK-ING HEADS LONDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE INMATES NEWPORT Stowaway Club: WHIRLWIND NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: PATRIK FITZ-GERALD PLYMOUTH WOODS Centre: THE SHIRTS RHYL ST. ASAPH Stuble Club: GIMIK SHEFFIELD Limit Club: TRIBESMAN/RAY KING BAND

SHIEFFIELD Limit Cub: TRIBESMAN/RAY KING BAND
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIMULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: J.A.L.N. BAND
SOUTH WOODPORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY Town Hall: MAGAZINE
WALSALL Folk Club: WATERFALL
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Ceatre: JEFF
HILL BAND/051/TOXIC



DAVID COVERDALE, former singer with the late-lamented Deep Purple, plays his first major Lowdon date with his new White Snake band on Wednesday, when he appears at the Lyceum. Support act is Dead Fingers Talk.

ROAD ON THE

THE LATE SHOW are on the coad this month, coinciding with the release of their second Decca single "I Like H" tonorrow [Friday]. They visit Birmingham Berberellu's (tomorow), Budley J.B.'e (Ssturdey), London Kenslegton Nashville (Sunday), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (July 13), London Cenden Dingwale (14), Chadwall Meath Geyphound (17), Welverhampton Lafeyette (21), Restord Porterhouse (22), Midderington Country Club (28) and Middleshough Rock Garden (29).

CAROL GRIMES and Misty are featured in a Rock Against Reclem concert at London W.10 Actions Heal on Saturdey, July 15. And another FAR gig is at London Waithamstow North-East Polyschnic on July 24, with Black Stete and Petrik Fitzgerald.

CHAMPION — the recently launched band which is a re-vamped edition of Rough Diamond — have extra gigs at Landen Kenalngton Machville (July 11), Bris tel Granery (13) and London Camden Oingwalls (15).

TRANS-AM, the band formed recently by ex-Burlesque member Steve Pair (teyboards), play London E.7 Freemans (tonight, Thusaday), London Norting Hill Olid Swan (Saturday), Abertillery Six Belles July 15) and London Covent Gerden Rock Gerden (18). Rest of the line-up is U.S. musician Howard Massey (lead yocale, bass and chief songwriter), J.C. Morris (guiters) and Henry Lescelles (dournal)

AUTOGRAPHS, the outfit launched by three ex-members of The Stukse, have a string of Lendon gigs this month — at Stoke Newington Pegasus (tomer-row, Friday, and July 14), Covers (Garden Rock Garden (Setundey), Kensington Neshville (10, 17, 24 and 31), Carning Town Tridal Basin Tavern (13 and 27), Strand Lyosum (19) and Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (21 and 28). There's more about the band in Record News, page 4.

#A\$#LDON in Essax is staging a free open-air rock feetivat on Sunday. August 20, in the 355-acrs (Goucester Park. It will feeture local bands with The Opposition topping, supported by Deep Throat (Brantin, Grinder, Mongrel, Mit Bostik and Steeper.

LONDON ACTION White Hart has the following acts booked for its Wednesday right new-wave series — Pumphouse Geng and Varicoss Veios (July 12), C.G.A.S.5 and Skid Marks (18), Menace and Raped (28), White Cats and The Satolites (August 2), The Transmitters and Biltz (9) and Ester and U.K. Subs (16).

ALFALPHA are to support Linda Lewis in he previously-reported concerts at Swindon Dasis Comm. Liuly 15). Poole Arts Centre (16) and London Royal Festival Hall (16). They also play Chedwell Heath Greyhound in their own right on July 24.

ADVERTISING ere a late booking for Plymouth Metro tonight (Thursday), and they are also newly set for Nottingham Sandpiper on July 21.

WHITE CATS, the band formed by durinmer Chris Millar (alies Rat Scobies), have new bookings at Mettingham Sandeiper (noncrow, Ficlay) and White ley Bay Rax Hotel (this Sunday), followed by London gigs at Camden Disgwalls (July 17), Camden Music Machine (12), Stoke Newington Pegasus (16), Covent Garden Rout, Fullam Golden Line (22), Keraington Mashville (27), fullang Golden Line (22), Keraington Mashville (27), fullang follorer (Laste (30), They sileo play Gravesend Red Lion on July 15.

U.K. \$UBS visit Covertry Sinley Osk tomorrow IFridey), then have London dates at Coversi Garden Rock Garden (July 10), Putney White Lion (18 and 25), Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (24) and West Hemp-steed Railway Motel (31).

The INVADERS play Lancaster No. 12 Club (tonight, Thisraday), Egremont Yow Bar Irin (Friday), Northighem Sandpiper (Saturday), Southend Scampes (July 11), Welting Centre Halts (15), Newbridge Club & Irialitute (23) and Swereas Circles (27), And they have London gigs at the Merquee (July 9), Stoke Newington Pegassus (10), Kensington Nashville (13), Camden Skuic Machine (14), Chriswick John Bul (16), Angel City Arms (19), Stoke Newington Rochester Ceste (19), Covern Garden (20) and Camden Oingwalle (21).

THE HEAT are back on the road with new drummer Richard Shaw, formerly with Jeeps, First confirmed gigs are Chelmstond City Tavarn (tomocrow, Fiday), Reading Target Citub (July 15), London West Rampstead Raitway Hotel (17), Blahops Stortford Tried Leisure Centre (Jargust I), Brighten Alhambra (9 and 30) and Beeldon Van Gogn (28).

THE RETAINERS, comprising four musicians most recently with Kokomo — Tony O'Malley, Alan Spenner, Neil Hubbard and Met Collins — plue ex-Ace member Paul Carrack, have London dates at Fulham Golden Lion (this Sunday), Covers Garden Routy 1 and 181 and camden Dingwalls (20) Garden (July 15 and 181 and camden Dingwalls (20))

CHINA STREET are joined by Preacher, Thunderbird Sabden and Hammerton Street in the "Electric Summertime" free open-eir concert at Acerington Oakhill Park this Saturday (8) from noon to 7.30 pm. They'll be playing from the bandstend, using a 2.000-wat P.A. system.

NO DICE play their only London gig this summer at Conden Music Machine tonight (Thursday), prior to starting work, on their new album — see Record News, page 4... and two Pye Records bunds CYARBDE and DEAD FINGBES TALK join forces in a double-header at London Marques on July 19.

SOUNDER have a string of London dates in Hammersmith Swan (this Saturday), Harrow Re Windser Cestle (July 13 and 29), Covent Garden Roc Garden (24), Hammersmith Red Cow (26) and Ang-City Arms (31).



HELLO ITS HE AGAIN THE FAMOUS BRIAN 3. SPEELING MORE GUER ABOUT MY WONDERFUL LIVE PAGE LIMICA NICE STATESN YEAR OLD GIRLS CAN PHONE ME REOUT ON 01-261 6153 and of Course anyone who whats to revertise. Anyon I was going to tell you about the Bridge House...



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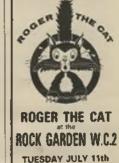
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WIRE's Calin Newman. Pic: SVEN ARNSTEIN

FASCINATING BUT NO FUN

Wire

THE LYCEUM, LONDON

THE NOTION that Wire are purveyors of 'art school punk' is lent a fair amount of support from their official biography. This list a grand total of five art schools to which either Colio Newman, Graham Lewis or B. C. Gibert were at one time a party.
Drummer Robert Gotobed, it seems, is not from the same mould, but we're told that he's six loot three, lives in Brixton, and his main hobby is housework.

tool three, lives in Brixton, and his naits hobby is housework. Whatever their background, Wire's apprench to music is individual in the extreme. Their debut LP 'Pink Flag" unfolds like an album of Potarold snaps, each song an lastant impression, conceived and developed in a flash of impleation. Twenty such numbers are crammed onto the record, Wire being more than aware of the impact of hrevity. Too abstract for paintings, and too insubstantial to be poems alone, they appear as freeze-dried sensations that tap-dance across an angular barrage of sound.

So freeze-dried are they that, without the warmth of a little stage presence, I found most of them pretty hard to digest.

The overall impression the band makes is one of sparseness. Their movements are minimal, their lighting confined mostly to glaring white spots, and their clothing to shades of grey, black and

white. Their expression never strays from that of mande commitment, melodies are mighty scarce, harmonies bayely accidental, and communication with the audience non-existent.

The transit, stammered vocals of Newman, and bassist Graham Lewis, reminded me of XTC, but with little of their vitality, and the lyrics were as graphic and eccentric as those of The Solt Boys, but with none of the obvious wit.

The early part of the set, numbers like "Being Sucked for and "Options R", didn't urange to get a grip, the newer material making a far greater impression, and the recently added keyboards producing a much deeper sound.

Perhaps the most effective number was "Dod Dabh", a phonetic outburst spliced with morse code lighting flashes. Also, the encore "Lowdown" was very distinctive — far slower, and more controlled than most, it was fronted by Newman's frigid spassus of mime.

The distance malanianed between the stage and audience was as deliberate as any other part of the act. All cries for an old favourite had the effect of instantly erasing the song from the band's nemony.

memory.

I was left with the feeling that I'd been to an animated picture above — perfectly executed, cleverly conceived, but about an condustive to spiritual uplift as a pestentiary picmic.

And in that respect, Wire reminded me of The Taiking Heads — curious, almost fascinating, but ultimately, no fun at all.

Mark Ellen

Mark Ellen



UFO

SHEFFIELD

UFO, is is apparent, are all set to become the Next Big. Thing amongst those who custom it is to shake their heads vigorously, give cub-scout salutes (dob, dob, dob, we'll do our best) and revel in the thrill of having seriously-impaired hearing.
Only known, until recently,

Only known, until recently, as the protagonists of the Worst Ever Live Album in Recorded History ("Live At The Roxy" included, they're suddenly the recipients of the frightening tribal adulation usually only secorded the most extreme exponents of the

'HM hero falls on ass' shock

genre. What's mildly surprising about their nuccess is that they don't seem to indulge in the "sword and sorcery" garbage so beloved of colleagues like

so beloved of colleagues like Rush.
No, UFO's success is built on the bare bones of the style: tight trousers, simple riffs, lead goilar predominance and enough supplification to keep athe Minsshuff account in the black single-handedly.
Star of the show, of course, is lead goilartst Michael Schenker, who has everything a beavy metal guitarist deeds

to be successful; reasonably long blonde hair, a skin-fight black leather suit, thighlength black leather boots, Flying V, and no taste at all. If Schenker could make his are talk, it'd doubtless have dyslexin. .

Highlight of the show, for me, was when Schenker, dashing accords the stage to dashing accords the stage to

nee, was when Schenker, dashing across the stage to "due!" with the hassist, pulled his lead clean out of its socket an, blistal few seconds of silence in the upper register! Officer than that, the only entertaining moment came when bassist Pete Way, retreating backwards from outstretched hands be'd got a little too toose to, tripped and landed on his rusp. A trifle unbecoming for an HM hero, old chap.

unnec on as roung. A roununbecoming for an HM hero,
old chap.
At the side of support band
Marseille, however, UFO
seem almost to possess a
certain stylish clan.
Fronted by a "singer" who
sticks his burn out at an
awkward ungle, Marseille
souseal sones of seemal awkward ungle, Marseille squeal songs of sexual conquest from a machismo perspective (who's kidding who, ch?) with fyrics which plumb the depths of asinterity. Legs astride, their posing goes no further than The Power Of The Pealle Extension, without realising it betrays compensation.

Which is what I should get for having to listen to them.

Andy Gill

The Rubinoos

MARQUEE, LONDON IF YOU can fall in love twice a week, spill blobs of Sun-Kal Jell Bread on mom's Ambassy gown, or wish you were Batman's

bastard son, you're hip to The Rubinoos' trip. The Rubinoos' trip.
Jon, Donn, Royse and
Tommy are all under 21. They
harmonise, drum and play
guitar in a band but they all
have different personalities.
Royse is the gallant gootball,
Donn is the all-round leader.
Tommy's the romantic idealist
and Jon's the mindless kook.
Beserkeley's babes are the
last surviving sons of the
Monkee era. A cute, bouncy,
Jerry Lewis-scripted slab of

Monkee era. A cute, bouncy, Jerry Lewis-cripted slab of USA Pop. The Sex Pistols walk on bones, but these guys frug on toasted marshmallows, rocker. These swell kids started the band in a Berkeley high school sweet users ago. So.

oand in a Berkeley high school seven years ago, so axiomatically they are very professional live performers. The choeeographics sparkle, and the banter is pure Alfred E Neuman.

Neuman. Okay, we are living through the renaissance of barbarism. the renaissance of barbarism. Yeh, the song titles on The Rubinoos' LP read like chapter headings in a Teen Romance pulp-back. Sure, with pre-pubescent precocity accelerating at its present rate, The Rubinoos should be playing the Kindergarten circuit. But Christ, there are no more enemies left to light, so enjoy some willya.

In 1964 it was a great time to be 14. You don't believe?
Aashh, comb your hair.

Asahh, comb your hair. Listen, if you can foster a psychological immunity to the common horrors that have

carved up the world's Beat heroes since the dawn of mass record industry commercialism, you can Rubiboogie till your feet drop

off.

Anyway, there I was leaning on the Marquee's dirty bricks, and it's a low point in the set. The Rubinoos are covering the Archies' "Sugar, Sugar", and the suckers are chanting "honest heavy" and I rect. "honey, honey", and I spot that great man, Jonathan Richman and, yep, you guessed it, he's singing "honey, honey" too.

Here comes Matthew King Kaufman, Rubinoos manager/producer waggling his head like he's overdosed at Wimbledon. You gotta expect

it from Beserkeley employees. I mean, before they sign you up, you fill in an application form asking you to fist any "Unusual, Intriguing But Cute Behavaoural Patterns". Makes good copy fodder, you dig? What are a band like The Rubinoos doing on a British tour, considering the nation's present socio-music climate.

tour, considering the nation's present socio-music climate, Matt? "They really like playing here," says he, and it's a feet. Fact two is that the Marquee audience loved thom. They dug every Rubinoos number, and they cheered "Pleaso, Please Me" and "Telstar". Listening, Heinz?

Listening, Heinz?

Listening, Hoinz?
Last word from Royse Ader:
"Gee, how many do you think came to see us tonigh!?"
Herb Hyphen

FLASHES.

Rockpile NASHVILLE

THE DINGWALLS ads bad said to be announced; then Steve Gibbons was booked in, and finally Gibbons dropped out and Rockpile dropped in. This time around, however, it's "Nick Lowe's Rockpile" rather than Dave Edmunds' Rockpile, since they've just been opening up for the Costello U.S. tour in that goise. The line-up's same as THE DINGWALLS ads bad guise. The line-up's same as ever — Edmunds and Billy ever — Edmunds and Brily Bremner (gts/vcls), Terry Williams (drums) and Lowe (bass/vcls) — but this time Basher gets to stand in the middle and make all the

The set features everything you'd want it to, with Lowe / Edmunds retroclassics like "I Knew The Bride" and "Here Comes The Weckend". Basher specialities like "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glassi", "They Caffed I Rock", "So It Goes" and "Hearn Of The City", and hefty does of proper rock and roll on the likes of "I Hear You Knockin" ", "Down Down Down", "Mess of Blues" and "Promised Land."

Rockpile is the clussic anomaly — a fairly low-profile anomaly— a fairly low-profile

announcements.
The set features everything

rockpue is the classic anomaly — a fairly low-profile band incorporating two Big Names and four redoubtable musicians, and any time they pound it out in a sweaty dive it's an occasion to be treasured. Even though they didn't know an encore didn't know an encore

bastards? Charles Shaar Murray

Roy Hill Band SHEFFIELD

A ROY HILL performance isn't a case of "Here, let me emertain you" or "Hear, let's

make some creative music", but rather "Here, watch me act out my rock star fantasy". So full of affectation is he that the audience refuses to go anywhere near the stage — it's as if they realise, subconsciously, that this artifice is false and shouldn't be approached too closely. Poor Roy. Misrepresented on record as today's Cat Stevens, it's patently obvious, live, that he desires the status of Springsteenesque street poet. (A lad from Cheltenham with a Yankee drawl?). Diminutive saxist Bimb Acock — the only

— the only

more-than-competent member
of Roy's band — is even cast
firmly in the role of Clarence
Clemons to Roy's Bruce. His

biggest problem, however, is that he's not a good poet. Andy GIH

Toby Beau LOS ANGELES

OPENING UP an LA Forum OPENING UP an LA FORIM concert recently was Toby Beau, another act from the stable of Aucoin Management who brought you Kiss and Starz. They're a country-tock quintet from deep in the heart of Texas, and they're not half had.

bad.
Country-rock has been worn
to death, but these boys play
well, employing three guitars
to nicely drive along the tunes.
If crowd reaction is any
indication of potential, this was
a rate instance where a support
act drew tumultous applause.
Figuring they've cornered
the market on Heavy Metal,
Aucoin might finally have
made another commercially
viable move. The only
question remaining is what
Toby Beau should wear for
publicity photos; cowboy hats

publicity photos; cowboy hats and kabuki make-up, perhaps? Justin Pierce

ENID CRACK THE BIG ONE

The Enid

RAINBOW

FOR THE Enid, this was the Big One. Headlining at the Rainbow, in the minds of most fans the most prestigious venue in the country, they

prestigious venue in the country, they simply had to succeed.
If they blew it, in front of the press and the record biz, their progress over the last year or so would have been entirely wasted. For three years they have been slogging round the clubs and small colleges all over Great Britain, almost completely ignored by the media, driven by the determination of Robert John Godfrey. Their Victoria Palaces shows some months back were merely an extension of the Marquee; this was a "major London concert".

concert".

The set took a huge risk by being unexpected. The band's loyal following has been garnered with a skilful mixture of the serious and absurd, beginning sets with the National Anthem, and the highly melodic.

classically-constructed major pieces being punctuated with their eccentric versions of "Wild Thing", "Pretty Vacant", and their odd single "Golden Earrings". Though immediately enjoyable, the looning about and meriment has tended to detract from their worth as performers of movine and compoler music.

to detract from their worth as performers of moving and complex nussis. Realising this, the band dropped almost all of it. "The Sun" opened instead, "Mayday Gadhiard" became an encore (therefore less "official"), and, for the first time in the band's history, the evening did not end with "The Dambusters/Land of Hope And Glory".

The sole concession to whimsy, "The Viewers' Association Carol", came midway through the set, as a relief after the intense concentration needed throughout the premiere of a new piece, as ambitious as anything they have previously attempted.

as anything the years previously attempted. In this restructuring of the set to suit the greater formality of a theatre. The Enid grow up, with a new and truly adult performance.

Understandably, nerves showed. Early on "Judgerandaony, nerves snowed, Early on "Judgernent" and "In The Region Of The Summer Stars" soffered from slightly shaky rhythm and several burn notes; Godfrey's endearingly paternal stage manner hovered dangerously near the twee, and Willie Gilmous's make-up just looked silby, but the excitement and enthusiasm of the oldswine and the enthusiasm of the playing, and the confidence born of selling over 2,000 tickets compensated when they got into their criticals.

tickets compensated when they got into their stride.

But they were playing to the most fanatically devoted audience I have ever seen. Enid T-shirts were almost a uniform—whole rows of people wore them. And afterwards, after the safety curtain and house lights, there were 1,500 who stood and shouted "E-NID, E-NID" and "We shall not be moved" for a full 20 minutes before the band came back to shake hands and thank the crowd. Adulation.

The next problem is to repeat this unqualified triumph outside London. It is not insoluble.

not insoluble.

Mike Holm



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Tom Robinson Band HOLLYWOOD

THE TOM ROBINSON BAND making their American debut, are in a

dilemma. While close followers of the British scene in LA and New York will have no problems dealing with Robinson's dedicated political stance, those in the Mid-west may be a little uneasy singing along to "Glad To Be Gay" and "Right On Sister", or even trying to deal with stifling policies of the

right-wing National Front.

Nametheless, Robinson's carefree manner, combining a large dose of music hall tradition in a folkrock formula, seemed to go over rather well at the Starwood club here.

go over rather well as the Starwood club here.

Robinson made every effort to explain the roots of every song, giving clue axides whenever possible to such times as "Grey Corina", "2—4—6—8 Motorway" (an Fradio favourite), and "Long Hot Summer".

His commitment to inspiring change is admirable and applaeded, but it will be the appeal of the melodies and stage performances that decides whether the TRB are a force to be reckoned with Stateside.

As Ray Davies of The Kinks has learned, warking out of the meditional rock vein has its own charm, yet the commercial potential is limited. Since Robinson's missic has much in common with that of The Kinks'. It's not unreasonable to gauge that their probable US impact will be built upon a parallel path. Before bouncing into an inspiring sing-a-long to "I Shall Be Released". Robinson acknowledged his respect for Dylan, and admitted he was scared shidess about the American response.

But the Starwood appearance seemed to reassure him that he! Ib given a responsible ear in some circles at least. For now, the outlook is optimistic.

Justin Pierce

Undertones get it over

The Undertones BELFAST

ON A NIGHT when one of ON A NIGHT when one of the world's top bands, Ireland's favourite sons Thin Lizzy, were packing them in at the Utster Halt, it was no mean feat that a bevy of local talent could draw 500 to Queen's draw 500 to Queen's University across the far side of town for a night of raw rock and roll debauchery.

department.

In a great buzzing and combustible atmosphere, the hands appeared; a bunch of local cults called The Idiots, the rockstarts in our backyard,

the rockstarts in our backyard, Ruefrex, the misplaced and insiplat Deconators, the bawdy attack of The Outcosts, the book-rock-pop of Rufi, the quaint charm of Rhesus Negative and the forceful adolescent division of the Undertones. Inevitably, "the luck of the firsh" shone through. The P.A. didn't turn up, and the equipment hastily mustered by the bands caused the sound to range from bad to mediocre. But hustful energy is still something rarely seen onstage in thing rarely seen onstage in darkest Belfast, and the rush

hour our English cousins experienced all those moons ugo is still getting to us, straight from the heart?

Stars of the evening were The Undertones, the rough and ready outsiders from Derry. 70 miles west of Beltast. It was their first performance in the capital and with titles like "Teenage Kicks" and "True Conflessions", how could it be bad? This was real rock and roll, inducing images of deserted bus shelters, boutles of wine and fish and chips.

The ounch was visual as well

The punch was visual as well as aural; bass player Mickey Bradely has teally got it, leering at the audience with a bright-eyed beam and intermiently hiding his face behind a bubble from his, bubbly-guan-suiffed mooth stuffed moosh.

The songs were nifty and neat but never predictable.

Affirmation of the band's sensibility came at the end of the set when they launched into a terrific version of Gary

Glitter's pre-pubescent classic
"Rock And Roll"
The right proved that
there's a lot more going down
in Belfast than Stiff Little
Fingers
Guvin Martin

THE NORTHERN Branch of Jazz Centre Society is presenting two "Bloes Specials" at Manchester's Band On The Wall, with Harlem singer and harmonica player, Sogar Blue — featured, incidentally, on the new Rolling Stones album — on July 13, and Louisiana Red on August 24. Other events include Stray Hat on July 20th and Pete King with the Joe Palin Trio on 27th.

Meanwhile, back at The Hub, JCS present the Paul Motlan Trio with Arild Anderson and Churles Bruckeen at the ICA on 16th, the John Warren Band on 23rd, and the Eddle Prevont Trio and the John Stevens Trio on July 30th.

Again as the ICA, Albion Music presents Gury Todd, Paul

and the John Stevens Irio on July 30th.

Again at the ICA, Albion Music presents Gary Todd, Faul Bucklon, Simon Fell and Martin Townshend on July 8th, and Lol Coulsill, Phillip Durrant, Mike Johns and Ros Plothin on 15th. The Loudon Musscians Collective has Lough Burdett and Melande Weine on drums and flutes on 7th, John Russell, Larry Stubbins, Steve Beresford, etc on 8th, a group called Albert Square from Musschester on 16th, and Muggie Nichola with Richard Beswick, Phil Wachemann, Georgie Born and Tony Wren on July 14th,

Strentham's "The Cobblestones" presents Art Themen on July 19th, and Dick Morrissey on July 26th and August 2nd.

19th, and Dick Morrissey on July 26th and August 2nd.

The White House in Washington recently teatured President Curter singing the old Be-Bop warhorse "Sult Penauta", hacked by Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Llonel Hampton and Max Rouch, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Newport Juzz Festival; a fiver says ifm Callaghan can smoke him anythme.

New releases in the Publo Live series include the magnificent "Johnny Hodges At The Sportpulast, Berbin", and "The Yokohamu Concert" by J J Johnson and Nat Adderley, For punters blessed with my taste, Mole Jazz store in Grays Ina Road stocks the classic "Free Wheeling" by the Ted Brown Sested including Warne Marsh and Art Pepper, "Med Torme Loves Free Astaire" bucked by Marty Paich, Sonny Criss's "TB Cutch The Sans" and a tenor tearup by Arnett Cobb and Lockjaw Davis, "Go Power".

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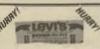
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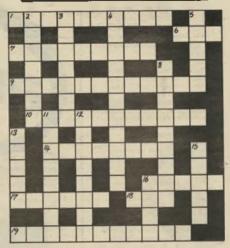
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 6 & 7 R&B medic of the moheir
 threads and hardnut sneer!
 7 See above
 9 ... and Saturn and Jupiter
 and Pluto and so on
 ... (5,3,4)
 10 Ordained to be bassist with
 Sweet! (5,6)
 14 A Rutle (4,4)
 16 Luckless Jim, he played the
 older Elvis in the stage
 production of the same name
 17 California, Cassidy & Co
 18 Full of mirth—is that what
 Tom was pleased to be?
 19 A poot geozer in Buzzocks

- A poet geezer in Buzzcocks (4,7) DOWN

- Loilering punks?!
 "Two Sevens Clash" reggae
- group
 The lady the national press have been wetting themselves over since the opening of "Ryvita" — or whatever it's called! (6,5)
- See 15 160s British singer whose backing group was The Cruisers — his speciality was to tie himself up in his microphone lead! (4,5)

- 11 Iggy as numbskull he'll never make MENSA either!
- never make MENSA either!
 (3,5)
 12 ... neither will this lot! They fill the space, behind Richard Hell!
 13 See 16 down
 15 & 5 U.S. session saxophonist of Delagage & Bongue and
- of Delariey & Bonnie and Stones "Sticky Fingers" period & 13 Former Manfred Mann
- vocalist, he recently attempted a chart comback with an orchestrated version of "Pretty Vacant"!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 "American Pie"; 4
Richie Furay; 7 Utopia; 8
(Bebop) Deluxe; 9 "Out Of The
Blue"; 11 Hall and Oates; 15
Lovin Spoonful; 17 Jimmy
(Cliff); 18 Soul; 20 Heinz; 21
"Dean"; 22 Joe (Strummer).
DOWN: 1 "Bat Out Of Hell"; 2
"Airport"; 3 Perc Ubu; 5
(Jimmy) Cliff; 6 Eddie Jobson; 10 "Ob La Di Ob La Da"; 12
"News Of The (World)"; 13
Thin Lizzy; 14 (Joe) Strummer; 16
"(News Of The) World"; 19
Nico.

NEXT

NO-ONE PAID any attention as the dark quietly dressed figure slid down the street, its snap brite trilby tugged low across its eyes. Few gave the furtive personage more than a glance as it passed into the drab office block and headed for the lift.

Even the normally alert receptionist failed to take in the features of the being that slipped the sealed envelope across his desk and was as swiftly gone. Idly he slit open the manilla paper, his jaw sagging as he read the typewritten words on the single cream sheet.

"The Box Is Back", it read. "Next week, Max Bell, world's greatest authority on obscure Yank groups, looks back on BIG STAR. Nick Kent shares beers and dog-ends with TOM WAITS. Dick Tracy reveals the mystery of . . ." It was signed simply 'B'. He quivered as he handed the stip of paper to the Editor, "For you", he mumbled.

The Ed looked like he'd swallowed a paper clip.
"Box was here and you let him get away," he choked
with scarcely concealed fury. "Get After him."

But on the street the dark figure was already lost among the crowds of tourists, drifting deep into the dark heart of the dark city . . .

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GOD, BUT Paul Morley is a dick. His review of Rush's "Archives" is typical of the attitude that puts me off this paper; elever and oh-so-hip journalists laughing at brainless Metal freaks. (We don't all pick our noses and spell Sabbath with two ('s).

our moses and spell Sabhath with two I's).

Referring to Rush and their fans he talks of "Immaturity of emotions, responses, ideals, character. A striving for something they'll both never have." The same can be said of Tom Robinson calling for Racial Harmony with "We've Got To Get le Together" or Zeppelin singing of the triumph of good over evil in "The Battle Of Evermore."

He also forgets shout the Rastafarians who see a return to Ethiopia and regges. And what about the hippies? The list is endless, because that something has to be striven for, it won't arrive on its own. The word is improvement.

And can you just once mention Rush without attacking their political views. It's annoying that people'in their position are right-wing, but we don't allow this to interfere with out enjoyment of their music (which in these days of T.R.B. etc. is about as political as Morley's pussy (eat)).

Rush's only problem, and the reason they get pissed on, is that they are unfashionable. Hence they have power which is an evit, whereas punk hands and the hipper heavy gouges such as Foreigner and Lizzy have

power which is an evil, whereas punk hands and the hipper heavy groups such as Foreigner and Lizzy have energy which is an asset.

As for make chauvinism, their songs are a welcome change from the endless list of songs about how "nice" love is and about "hearthreaks". Next time please choose a journalist who is more concerned with constructive criticism than intelligent wittiness.

Metal lives.

Metal lives!

—MICK (Page Is a prophet)

HEGA RTY, Whestsone, London,

P.S. Who is this shit Heinten that

Morley goes on about? We've never

even heard of the bloke.

With regard to your comment about

Rush: "It's annoying that people in

their position are right-wing, but we
don't allow this to interfere with our

enjoyment of their music." We'll

that's just like saying you're a fan of

Charles Manson's because The Beach

Boys once recorded a couple of lisis Boys once recorded a couple of his songs . . . —R.C.

JUST HOPE you print this.

At the first Dylan concert my girlfriend passed out on her way to the loo (mixture of 300-mile drive, too little gruh and a couple of whiskies).

A security guy carried her down Christ knows how many stairs to the St. John Ambulance, then came back to find me, using the ticket she had with her. My heartfelt thanks to him and the nurse.

Thanks to you.

Tranks to you. PAUL, Barrow-in-Furness,

Constrin.
The Age of Chivairy, so it would seem, is not dead. Furthermore, despite the reprehensible antics of a minority, not all security guards are the victous fobotomized goons they't often made out to be. — RC.

NOW NOW, Dylan wasn't that good.

— A CREATURE VOID OF
FORM, Aberdeen.
Oh yes I soddin' was! — BOB
DYLAN.

OK! PLUG back your cars -

OK! PLUG back your cars — this is no dimwit writing, just an overheated, unsatisfied, record buying chick who has to vent her feelings sonewhere and it might as well be you!

I just bought Broce Springsteen's "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" and it will be about the 10th album this year that I'll return to the stop. The quality of sound on this album and tone of others for the past few years is disgusting to say the least. We have wall-to-wall steep or rackles that even Tomits couldn't produce!

Last year I bought Dalrey's "One Of The Boys" and returned it six times. Two months ago I bought Lou Reed's "Street Hasse" and took it back so many times I lost count and finally kept the money instead of the album.

How is it that records: I have desirated.

How is, it that records I have dating back from the '60s are still in good nick even after a hell of a lot of use — no crackles — no scratches — and yet stuff that was pressed last week is only fit for the bin?

fit for the bin?
It's high time record companies
pulled their fingers out and gave us
value for money instead of cheapo
productions at vastly exharbitant
prices and maybe just satisfy their
customers for once.

— JANET BROOKS, Dawbhill.
Bolton, Law

Bolton, Lancs. Janet, I know precisely how you feel.



If you're being asked to pay in the region of four quid for an album then you should expect (demand) certain standards of perfection. Try writing to the Managing Director of a label in no uncertain terms, Perhaps, If enough consumers complained, something might get done other than the poor punter! — RC.

PARSONS PROVIDES mor alliterative hyper-decorative inane juxtaposing of adverbs and pronouns, bizarre banalities and presumptuous pompous quasi-glan-profound azioms, encased in an architectonic concise and overblown literary style, than any other writer currently working in the medium of hip journalism.

journalism.

— JUNIUS, Sunny Raynes Park.

Oh really. Whatcha gotta say for yourself young Tone? — RC.

It have what is bleedin' well areant, I don't tiblek I could have put it better mesett, it you knowaddamean? — To

TP. No! — MARK ROGET.

AM addicted to 'neo's', 'pseudo's' and 'quasi's'. I am also addicted to the Iriad, particularly of adjectives. I detest all thetoric except my own and can swing from one position of cant to another with an intensity that is visceral rather than intellectuel, the enemy syntax crushed beneath my boot (cuban-heeled, of course). The careers teacher at my Vith form says that with my paralyzing pomp, lixation and penchant for arcane words, split infinitives and demotic prose, I should apply to the NAME. 'Herrenvolk' on leaving college. R.S.V.P.

R.S.V.P.

— LUCIEN CHARDON (a.k.a. de Rubempre, Isleworth.
As if they haven't already got enough problems! — PETER MARK ROGET.

allowed to get away with it — slagging off Patrick Fitzgrallo's EP. A "paranoid dirge" he calls "Backstage Boys" — hasn't be ever been stalked by a gang of feltas with aggro on their minds? MONTY SMITH shouldn't be

minutes. There is real fear in that song and I know 'cos I've been in that situation. Is he so moronic that he can't imagine what it would feel like to be in that situation? Obviously he is, otherwise he'd be able to hear the sincerity with

he'd be abbe to hear the sincerity with which Patrik sings.

The narrow-minded attitude which Mr. Smith showed towards this EP is typical of a middle-class prat who doesn't like it when he is made to listen to what the working-class peophe have to say because it poses a threat to his totally self-centred "I'm all right Jack so I don't give a shit about anyone clse" world.

And if you're gonna put some smatt-ass answer at the end of this letter, like "I was a working-class kid oo, y know" then all I can say is, you ought to know better.

JOAN GEOFFROY, Winton, Boarnemouth.

Bournemouth.
P.S. If you don't print this letter then show it to Monty Smith anyway I want him to know what I think of his arschole neview.

arstnow review.

It's quite obvious Joan, that you must be a personal friend of Monty's to have such a deep insight into the man's highly-complex character?—

RC. If she wasn't some toffee-nosed fart from Bournemouth, I'd give 'er n good kickin'. — MS. That's relin' her! — JEAN JACQUES BULLY.

RE. JULIE Burchill, Cosh the babies. Does the panel think:

1. That being a common criminal is better/worse/the same as being a common journalist/common ligger/common pompous twit etc, 2. That your average monied celebrity is morefless cretinous than the train robbers/Julie Burchill/NME/rock 'n' roll, ch? Cosh Julie Burchill, that's what I

say.

— KARL (Fred is on holiday) Luriline Gardens, SW11.

Wonder what Fred's gotta say about it? Julie says "Sod off", but then she's always had a way with words! — RC.

I AM exceedingly rich — a nice schoolboy who goes to a Belfast Grammar School and an ardent (good word that) reader of your silly mag-come-paper. So I have decided to write to you in a moment of rash over-geotism while playing truant on a rainy day, a nice Sunday-aftermoon type letter. Make a change from the boting self-centred stuff you write, wouldn't it?

In fact a friend of mine (my pet In fact a friend of mine (my pet

In fact a friend of mine (my pet goldfish) once told me you even wrote the letters yourselves. Well, he has to have something to wee on doesn't he? Now what was I going to say? Oh yeah... I think Nick Kent is cool. And why do you all have slik, jazzy names, when I have a name like Nigel Mark Charlesworth. — YOUR ARDEFUT BEADER. irk Charlesworth.
YOUR ARDENT READER,

— YOUR ARDENT READER,
NMC (ptty my last name wasn't
Elot), Beffast.
P.S. Who are TRB?
Sorry ole 'Son, but having a montker
like Nigel is definitely un-cool, and
the last rock journalist we knew with
the handle Charlesworth was
nichnamed 'Mead Pie''. So you think
the same Nickt Keat is c-ao-b! Well, in
actual fact it's Nicholus Benedict Kent
... menarwhile we also employ
Messes Montague Howard Smith.
Charles Mazillian Shane-Murray.
Tony Victor Parons ... usy middle
name is Jack (and I'm alright!).
R.C.

I'M WRITING this letter to you because Charlie Murray's piece on Dylan was somewhat better than most of the pieces on Dylan published anywhere else and because Chris Salewicz was nice about our set at The Roundhouse on the 18th, so it won't seem as if I'm pretending to defend Dylan but really defending myself—if you can follow that complicated piece of self-contsciousness.

If Bob Dylan doesn't feel contempt for the British musical press then he's a more tolerant man than I am. Not once in all the coverage of his concerts

a more tolerant man than I am. Not once in all the coverage of his concerts or his new album have I seen any understanding of the musical and verbal maturity his current work displays. His use of tempo and harmony to achieve iconic 'distance' has been mutched only by The Beatles at their height — and they never achieved the texture of almost all the lyrics on "Street-Legal". Has it occurred to anyone that Bob Dylan's cason for touring at this time is simply because he's proud of his new work?

The journalists have also

new work?

The journalists have also
disparaged the musicians now
working with Dylan. These musicians
have far more musical ability and
invention than the rather dull backing
group The Band ever possessed
(witness The Last Wahtz). Dylan is
obviously using them because they are
capable of interpreting his mature

He is the only survivor of that brief He is the only survivor of that brief and astonishing period when popular music became for the first time innovative and genninely inventive. In the main that period has declined and show-biz (with a slightly different face) has taken over again, but if all it gave us was Dylan it was more than most of us deserved. He has somehow struggled through to produce technically nature and emotionally valid work which has, as far as 1'm concerned, enabled him to retain the respect he deserves (and justly demands). demands).

demands).
Critics rarely have much
seft-respect and are inclined to
transfer their contempt for themselves
and their line of work onto the artists
whose existence provides the critics
with a living. I doubt if many of them
could handle their lives as well as
Dylan has handled his, even without

Dylan has hendled his, even without the pressures he's under the whole time. But I'm shifting modes, from defence to a stack, so I'll stop.

My previous letter to a music paper was some years ago. Oddly enough it was to Medoy Maker who were then complaining, almost to a man, about Dylan going electric. Funny to see some of the same names claiming, indirectly, that they'd above here. indirectly, that they'd always been among the few who'd 'understood' It's a bullshitter's world, and no

- MICHAEL MOORCOCK, ondon W.C.1 London W.C.1
Dunno 'bout "somewhat better".
Personally 1 felt CSM's Dylan piece
was infinitely superior to the
across-the-board press coverage.
While conceding that there are those
in our profession who are perhaps
somewhat hitter in 'twisted, as far as
my coborts are concerned, your
assumptions that most critics lack
self-respect and transfer their
contempt for the muselves and their
hip of work ete ete are way off target.
These guys lave themselves. Un tuch
hub! — R.C.

FOR ALL those readers who didn't see Dylan, I'd just like to tell them that he only sang two songs with his eyes open — "All I Really Want To shall be only sang two songs with his eyes open — "All Really Want To Do" and "Forever Young". What does this mean?

And for all you make-up freaks out there, he wore black eyeliner, glitter on his eyelids and rouge on his cheeks. OK?

TOTED MAKE-IPS

checks. OK?

— YOUR MAKE-UP

CORRESPONDENT, KEITH

MORE, Hatfield, Herts.

En answer to your first point, perhaps
he was asleep, While on the subject of
cosmeries, that's what comes of once
having Mick Rouson in the band.

RC.

No it doesn't — MICK RONSON I prefer the natural look! — DAVID ROWIE

THE FABULOUS Poodles are fabulous. Lefties are poseurs, women's libbeirs are wankers, incidentally I saw Alternative TV here and they 're the worst band I've

WARWICK UNIVERSITY ANTI-BUILLSHIT LEAGUE.
Hold on a minute! I think we've got
wires crossed. Shouldn't this be on the
five reviews page! -- RC.

NO, but I am.

— PETE THE VERY OBSCURE Yes. - ROY THE PSYCHIC.

Edited by ROY CARR

TOTHING NEW this week --- just another ludicrously over-the-top front-page story from the News Of the

World.
Sunday's edition claimed that train-robber Ronald Blggs stood to make £30,000 from his second bash at notoriety (the Pistois' single) — a lifth as much as he's said he made from the first one (the Great Train Robbery, dummy). The paper even quoted Virgin boss Richard Branson as saying that the single had enough advance orders to make No. Is straightaway. The facts suggest the single had enough advance orders to make No. I straightaway. The facts suggest otherwise however — interest in the single is luke warm rather than hot, as its modest entry at No. 28 in this week's chard No. 28 in this week's chard indicates. Still, there was probably enough in the story to convince some criminals that life is the rock biz is both more easy and more furrative than life in conventional crime. Biggs, incidentally, is exputed to take his Punk. Prayer very seriously — it's seemingly a satire on the pricisis who bless the likes of Myra Hiralley. , ... Rod Stewart's manager Billy Gall on the everyday problems of being a rock star: "It's difficult to go to a party in L.A. where there isn't cocaine.", however he was confident that his how would

L.A. where there isn't cocaine"; however he was confident that his boy would see it all through ("Rod would never go off the rails. He's too fond of his looks and his body") to a life of comfortable sentility ("My plan is to have him around for as long as Simatra").

Sinatra"). John Reid, manager of Elion John, meanwhile says he hopes to be able to persuade his boy to return to touring; though if the Eli's record sales fall off much further, he hardly going to have any choice.

Quote of the week, though comes from legy, who told an Evening News reporter: "I give everything I've got on stage. I'm afraid I belong to that odd-fashioned school of entertainment."

entertainment."

Bill Spooner — leader and co-founder of The Tubes — chose July 4th (American Independence Day) too marry Cindy, one of the Tubettes, to provide some kind of fronie remisder of their tack of independence there after

reminder of their tack of independence thereafter ... George Harrison — his enthusiasm for rock music perhaps rekindled by the Dylan concerts the saw most of Dylan concerts (he saw most of them) — turned up in Oxford with Derek Taylor to eatch the Boonstown Rats gig. Chatting with the boys afterwards, he seemed disheartened to learn that the showbands were still alive and well. "I thought we'd killed them alt off in '63", he commenced commented

Taylor's eldest son

Taylor's cldest son, incidentally, now plays in an up'n' coming LA band. The Brothel-Creepers... At a press reception to launch her book A Twast Of Lennon, John's ex-wife Cynthla revealed that she had moved her family to Dublin for tax reasons, since her £100,000 divorce sentlement was divorce sentlement was beginning to run dry. "It wasn't enough to keep me a my son Julian in the style to



TZERS

Is Risen From The Grave

which we had become accustomed." Her book might not even revive the flagging finances — she hasn't sold the Us rights yet. "Whatever John may say, publishers haven't found it sensational enough." And whist dealing with Reatleabilia, let's hear it one more time for the British invasion; US magazines were last week advertising as forthcoming attractions at

forthcoming attractions at CBGBs Shom 69, The Adverts and Wire. The latter,

The Northern Carnival Against The Nazis takes place at Alexandra Park, Moss Side, Manchester, on July 15; bands hoping to counter the Southern challenge of Dylan, Armatrading, Parker et al include Burzecoks, Steel Pulse and Chlan Street.

and China Street...

The Stones US concerts have been creating not entirely unexpected problems. Three Canadian fams, for example, anxious to see the band's Cleveland gig, set out across Lake Eric in a small boat to buy tickets. The boat rane out of gas half-way across and a

Carroon: STEVE BELL

RADIO

RAPIOONE

BONDAGE

SPULL

massive rescue search, involving five boats, a plane and two thelicopters, costing \$15,000, was launched before they were brought to safety. If might, though, have been more dangerous to actually go to the gig; at the Keniucky concert, one forn was shot, and 17 arrested ...
With the Stones still prompting such behaviour, we were a mite surprised to see them top of Snouds alternative chart last week. Quite a paradox, shat. So howcum they qualify for the alternative chart? Because they have a 12" released on pink vinyl, that's why.

Patti Smith's book Babel, a

Love-In a couple weeks back, that they'd reneged on their commitments. It just wasn't

ic at all. .
Bob Geldof's status-secking Bob Geldof's status-secking ligging has reaped huge dividends of late. After being thrown out of the Macroon Festival (near Cork, Eire') in company with Johnny Rotten and encountering ex. Beatle George (see above) at his own gig. Ite was introduced to Bowle at Wembley last week. And Dustin Hoffman and Bianca were there at the same Bianca were there at the same time — that's not a bad set of names to drop for one month

Bowle, incidentally, his lengthy British tour now completed, has been approached to do a ten-day stire at the Palace in New York, to tie in with the premiere of his Just A Gigolo.

So you thought rock in roll had changed the world? Think again. Reviewing American Hot Wax for the Evening Standard last week, A lexander Walker conceded that it was good, "even though it's a terrifying anthem in praise of trash and mindlessness." In the opinion of the man who claims trash and mindlessness." In the opinion of the man who claims to have once "bumped into". Alan Freed, the subject of the film, "he was an out-and-out.

A walking undead?

Neither - 'twas just Dave Vanlan accompanied by two friends -- there to
plek up some occuli vibrations of his own.
The three of them leat their saturnine
presence to the ghost-watch, and then left
quietly when the police were called, no
charges preferred, no garlic necessary.

opportunist who lacked taste and knowledge as well as scruples" and "pandered to the lowest with crowd-pulling rubbish." Confirming his uncertain grasp of reality. Walker then referred to the movie's concert, "where Chuck Berry stampedes the audience and a rather superamuated Jerry Lee Lewis can still do the splits (and nameless things with his guitar). "Funny that; we here at NME always thought that freed was one of the few '50s DJ's to ignore trash and mindlessness, and that it is Chuck Berry who can still do the splits (not to mention nameless things with his guitar). "MAE's own, hopefully better-informed, review of the film is on page 21.

In an attempt to bankrup hand-core Kast fans, their record company, Casablanca, with be issuing five albums by them in September — solo efforts by each of the band's four members, and a group album; their release in the U.S. will coincide with a Kiss movie, and an extensive, expensive promotional campaign.

The recent Vlbrutors' split

campaign

The recent Vibrators' split has left ex-Blast Furnace bass player Gary Tibbs out of work and looking for a gig, anyone interested in locating a worthy bassist can call him at 267-2000; while the Hontwares' horse's Child Mus-Heatwaves' harpist Skid Mara has been guesting on the sessions for The Pirates' next

album
Chash rumours for this week;
isn't that Nick Lowe and a
member of The Attractions on
"The Prisoner", the B side of
their "Hammersmith Pulars"
single; and is it Mick Jones or
Johany Thunders on the final
few bers of SM's "My Way"

Trying valiantly for a place in the Guinness Book Of Records as Most Disastrous Concert was the recent Joe Tex gig at Hammersmith Odeon. Advance ticket sales (only about 500) were so bad that promoter John Curd would have been perfectly entitled to call the whole thing off: being a keen Tex fan, however, he allowed it to go ahead. But after support band Lee Kosmin had finished at 8.45, nothing happened ontil after ten trad imistice at 8.45, nothing happened omil after ten o'clock when Tex's band belatedly took the stage, played two numbers, and were then ushered off again by Lerby Hadley (Tex's lead puttants) and m d. b. Tex finally.

then ushered off again by
Leray Hadley (Tex's lead
guitarist and m.d.). Tex finally
appeared at 10.45, saying with
disarming honesty. "Thank
you for bearing with us while
we straightened out some
financial matters".

Seems that in view of the
poor attendance, he'd
demanded his cash in full, on
the table, before agreeing to
perform. The show itself was
more suited to Batley than
Hammersmith and concluded
with members of the band
picking up girts from the
audience. Tex, who once
retired from the business to
become a Baptist minister, left
the country hurriedly early the
next morning.

And finally, T-zers, ever
catholic in its choice of
reading, noted with surprise
that Playboy's Playmate Of
The Month—one Karen
Morton—named Johany
Cougar as her favourile rock
stars. Surprising choice, we
thought—could it possibly
have anything to do with the
fact that her current beau once
worked for Cougar's
management?

worked for Cougar's management?

20p Socies Rendervous Bend, Rock Action, Auta Physic-ed, Auta Voleine 25p Cosh due Oriver, No One Is Innocent, Sid Victors May Way 3to Here & Haw

BUZZOCKIS CLASH CITY ROCKI STEEL PLASE SHAM 65 SHAM AMET CLASH POLICE YELLOW COSTELLO DEVO GATISFACTIO

TEN REST

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3rd Floor, 5—7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V IPG Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

News Editor: Derek Johnson Production Editor: Jack Scott Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr Associale Editors (Features/Reviews): Bob Wolfindon, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff: Tony Stewart Steve Clarke Phil McNeill Tony Parsons! Julie Burchill Moory Smith Monty Smith

Contributors: Nick Kent Angus MacKinnon Mick Farren
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New York: Joe Stevens N.Y. 254 6840 Research: Feona Foulger

Advertisement Dept Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director: Percy Dickins (01) 261 6080

Clausified Ads: Sue Hayward(01) 261 6122 Ad Production: Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb Pete Christopher (01) 261 6207 Ad Manager: Peter Rhodes (01) 261 6251

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