

July 15th, 1978 U.S. \$1.10/Canada 60c 18p

new **MUSICAL
EXPRESS**

*A night
in the cells with*

THE CLASH

Age: 23 Occupation:
.....
Guitarist in a bloody good rock band
(Subject of bloody long feature P.27-30)

**JONES,
MICHAEL**



PHOTO: PENNIE SMITH
ΣΣ

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW!

GUY THE GORILLA

BY DAVID DUNDAS
CHS 2236



HOHNER for Harmonicas BLUES

What would the Blues Harp be without Hohner? From folk blues legend Sonny Terry to modern session guitarists like Charlie McCoy and Holly Pickett, a whole generation of blues, R & B and Rock men have grown up with the Echo Super Vamp and other great Hohner harps.

Post the coupon now for full details of the complete range of Hohner harmonicas.

FREE MEMBERSHIP of the National Harmonica League when you buy a Hohner harmonica.

To M. Hohner Limited, 39-45 Colindale Avenue, LONDON SE5 8NR
Please send me details of the world's greatest harmonica range and the National Harmonica League.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
X **HOHNER** NME15/7

STUDENTS! STUDENTS! STUDENTS!

Are you interested in taking a degree?

Then see page 53 for
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 10, 1973

Last This Week		
1	SKUFFLE ME, FLEEZE ME	Slide (Polydor)
2	WELCOME HOME	Peter & Lee (Polydor)
3	LIPE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
4	RUBBER BULLETS	10cc (UK)
5	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Columbia)
6	ALBATROSS	Firewood Wags (CBS)
7	LOVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apple)
8	TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS	Paul Simon (CBS)
9	SNOOPY YESTER: THE RED BARON	New Shots (Meridian)
10	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 10, 1968

Last This Week		
1	BABY COME BACK	Eagles (President)
2	SON OF JACKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
3	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Eric Preedy (RCA)
4	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	YESTERDAY'S GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Neon)
6	YUMDY YUMDY YUMDY	Ohio Express (Pye)
7	BURDY BURDY MAN	Depot (Pye)
8	LOVIN' THINGS	Martina (CBS)
9	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
10	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 12, 1953

Last This Week		
3	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Field (Columbia)
1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
13	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Eric Preedy (RCA)
4	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
24	SWEET FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
6	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
7	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Joe Brown (RCA)
8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A POOL OF SOMEBODY	Fredde & the Promoters (Columbia)
10	NO DADDY LONG RON	Crystals (London)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Last Week			Position	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	8	1	
2 (2)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	5	2	
3 (4)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	5	3	
4 (8)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	5	4	
5 (5)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	5	
6 (7)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	6	
7 (13)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	7	
8 (3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	6	2	
9 (6)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	8	4	
10 (26)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	10	
11 (16)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	3	11	
12 (23)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	3	12	
13 (14)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	4	13	
14 (10)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	5	10	
15 (9)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	6	7	
16 (15)	ARGENTINE MELODY	San Jose (MCA)	3	15	
17 (30)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	17	
18 (18)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	6	18	
19 (—)	COME ON DANCE DANCE	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	2	19	
20 (21)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	3	20	
21 (11)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	12	1	
22 (—)	MANY TOO MANY	Genesis (Charisma)	1	22	
23 (12)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	7	6	
24 (26)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	2	24	
25 (20)	(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH	Palais (Clash)	2	20	
26 (17)	ON CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	8	5	
27 (—)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King (RCA)	2	27	
28 (—)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas (Kirschner)	1	28	
29 (—)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	1	29	
30 (—)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	1	30	

BOOTZILLA — Boots's Rubber Band (Warner Bros); 5-7-0-5 — City Boy (Vertigo); YOU AND I — Rick James (Motown); PRODIGAL SON — Steele Pulse (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Last Week		
1 (2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
2 (1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
3 (4)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4 (7)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
5 (6)	USA TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
6 (3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
7 (5)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
8 (13)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
9 (9)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
10 (10)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
11 (12)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
12 (16)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
13 (8)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
14 (18)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
15 (11)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
16 (14)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
17 (21)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
18 (22)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
19 (19)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
20 (28)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
21 (26)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
22 (23)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis
23 (27)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
24 (24)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT	Eric Clapton
25 (25)	ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG	Billy Joel
26 (30)	MAGNET AND STEELE	Walter Egan
27 (—)	KING TUT	Steve Martin
28 (—)	FM (NO STATIC AT ALL)	Steely Dan
29 (—)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT	Atlanta Rhythm Section
30 (—)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending July 15, 1978

This Last Week			Position	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1 (1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	12	1	
2 (5)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	5	
3 (3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	5	3	
4 (2)	LOVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	2	
5 (4)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	5	4	
6 (7)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	19	1	
7 (6)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	26	1	
8 (15)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	8	
9 (—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	1	9	
10 (8)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	24	5	
11 (26)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	12	11	
12 (12)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	15	2	
13 (10)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	17	6	
14 (—)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	1	14	
15 (9)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	13	4	
16 (17)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	20	7	
17 (10)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Rencoc)	13	2	
18 (21)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	13	
19 (11)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	8	1	
20 (—)	ROCK RULES	Various (K-Tel)	1	20	
21 (16)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	7	14	
22 (23)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	3	22	
23 (—)	GOOBYE GIRL	David Gates (Electra)	1	23	
24 (—)	BACK & FORTH	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	1	24	
25 (19)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	4	14	
26 (—)	YOU'RE GONNA GET IT	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	1	26	
27 (—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION	Lena Martell (Rencoc)	3	21	
28 (—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	15	1	
29 (13)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	8	6	
30 (19)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	5	19	

BUBBLING UNDER
THE WORLD'S WORST RECORD — Various (K-Tel); DIRE STRAITS — Dire Straits (Vertigo); HARDER THAN THE REST — Culture (Virgin); LOVE ME AGAIN — Rita Coolidge (A & M).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 15th, 1978

This Last Week		
1 (5)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
2 (2)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
3 (1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
4 (9)	GREASE	Various Artists
5 (6)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
6 (3)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
7 (4)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8 (8)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
9 (7)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
10 (13)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
11 (10)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
12 (17)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
13 (12)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
14 (15)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
15 (14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
16 (—)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
17 (18)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18 (11)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
19 (19)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
20 (20)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
21 (—)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
22 (23)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba
23 (16)	FM	Various Artists
24 (25)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss
25 (21)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
26 (—)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo
27 (28)	AJA	Steely Dan
28 (22)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
29 (—)	YOU'RE GONNA GET IT	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
30 (—)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

STRANGLERS ANONYMOUS!

Maggie picks all-star band

— but Linda cancels Festival Hall show

After returning from a holiday in Spain, Linda complained of severe stomach pains and following an explanatory examination at Reigate Hospital — was rushed to the Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead where she underwent surgery. She expects to be discharged this week, but must then convalesce for two weeks. Her two warm-up gigs at Swindon (this Saturday) and Poole (Sunday) are, of course, also cancelled.

A black and white photograph of four young men standing in front of the United States Trade Center. The building's facade features large panels with the words "UNITED STATES TRADE CENTER" and a stylized American flag. The men are dressed in casual attire, including jackets and jeans, and are standing on a set of steps.

be a sensible person
FAB 3 anytime,anyplace, anywhere:
bottles h i's only little 10,000 only. all
in pic sleeves, don't bother with
w.h.seit,boots or woollies, they won't have it
try your local record shop, if stuck send
£1.00 for rapid vinyl.
do it now!

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/3p stamp

[illegible]

Shadows tour all September

THE SHADOWS go back on the road in September, headlining a major 22-date tour, climaxing at London's Royal Albert Hall.

It will tie in with the release of their new EMI album, now almost completed but still untitled, following the success of their "40 Golden Greats" set — which was among the Top Ten album sellers of 1977. Retaining the same line-up as on their previous concerts last autumn — Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett and two session men — they play:

Southend Cliffs Pavilion

(September 1 and 2), Croydon Fairfield Hall (3 and 4), Newcastle City Hall (7), Wakefield Theatre Club (8 and 9), Leicester De Montford Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Southampton Gaumont (13), Manchester Apollo (15), Derby Assembly Rooms (16), Blackpool ABC (17), Southport New Theatre (18), Halifax Civic Theatre (19), Coventry Theatre (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Nottingham Commodore Suite (24), Oxford New Theatre (25), Brighton Dome (29), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (October 1) and London Royal Albert Hall (2).

Apollo reprieve?

GLASGOW'S Apollo Centre may yet be saved as a concert venue! Although the city council granted permission for the venue to be converted into a bingo hall, the Mecca Organisation — who were expected to purchase it for that purpose — now seem to be having second thoughts about the desirability of doing so. And the Apollo's owners are now considering offers from other would-be purchasers.

Scottish promoters Capital City Entertainments are interested in

buying it and retaining it in its present form. And with this in view, they are planning to stage a series of benefit shows to help raise funds. Sham 69, The Rich Kids and White Cats are among bands who have already offered their services, and any other acts willing to help should contact Mike Finch on 041 332 3198.

Finch, of the promotion company, told NME: "We're quite confident that we can save the Apollo, specially as the owners are keen on helping us."



ANDREW GOLD AUTUMN VISIT

ANDREW GOLD — who had a smash hit a couple of months ago with his single "Never Let Her Slip Away", reaching No. 2 in the NME Chart — returns to Britain in the autumn to headline a string of major concerts, as part of a full European tour. He's being brought in by promoter Barry Dickins of International Talent.

The exact period of his visit is still being finalised, depending upon whether European gigs precede or follow his British dates.

But it seems likely that Gold will be here fairly early in the autumn, and that his itinerary will include at least one show at a leading London venue.

● Dickies, who also promotes Linda Ronstadt in Britain, denied reports that she is playing a London concert on September 7. These stemmed from a ticket agency advertising a gig by Linda at Hammersmith Odeon on that date, though they have since admitted it was a mistake. Said Dickins: "I can assure you Linda won't be coming here until next year."

RECORD NEWS

Radio snubs Pistols disc

THE SEX PISTOLS and Ronald Biggs' new single is not meeting with much joy, in terms of airtime. The BBC, while refusing to admit they've actually banned it, are nevertheless explaining that "none of our disc-jockeys like it and don't want to play it, so an official ruling is irrelevant." London's Capital Radio are choosing to ignore it because "Biggs glorifies evil", and they add they don't think it's a good record anyway! Radio Luxembourg, who say they weren't sent a copy and had to go out and buy one, are playing it — but only in their punk show at 7.30 pm on Sundays.

● North Wales five-piece Hieronymus Bosch have their debut single out on the independent Aerco label, operating out of 27 Chobham Road, Woking, Surrey. The self-penned titles are "Ridin' Redmanin'ov" and "Plaster Of Paris".

● A national sales and distribution service has been set up, specially to boost the marketing of the hundreds of smaller independent labels now operating. There's a telephone sales service, plus a sales force visiting up to 2,000 outlets nationally each month. The company is called Spartan Records and is based at 3 Sevensen Parade, London Road, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 7HQ. (Telephone 01 903 2611).

● Singer-composer Tommy Roe, who enjoyed a string of chart hits in the '60s, has signed with Warner Brothers' affiliated Curb Records label. He's already started work on an album of self-penned songs for his new outlet.

● The new Johnny G. single "Thank God It's Friday", is released this weekend by Beggars Banquet, and people attending Dylan's Blackbushe Airport concert on Saturday are invited to watch the sky for further details.

● Tavarres have a new single titled "Slow Train To Paradise", taken from their album "Future Bound", released by Capitol tomorrow (Friday). Out the same day on the EMI label is "Gotta Move On" by Pussyfoot.

● Pete Shelley of The Buzzcocks plays guitar on three tracks on John Cooper Clarke's debut album, currently being recorded for autumn release by United Artists.

● Paul Jabara, star of the movie "Thank God It's Friday", is in London to promote his new single "Trapped In The Stairway". It's being rushed out by Casablanca, and is taken from the film soundtrack album.

● The Dooleys' latest single, out on the GTO label this weekend, is "A Rose Hides To Die". It's taken from their recently released debut album "Dooleys".

● Magnet Records have signed Braun, a four-piece band who write all their own material, to a five-year deal. Their debut single is due next month.

● The Shunks, a four-piece from Brixton in South London, have their debut single "The Good From The Bad" now on release. It's on Eel Pie Records, a new label formed by Pete Townshend, whose eight-track machine they used to record it.

● Steve Bloomfield, lead guitarist with rockabilly band Matchbox, has recorded his first solo album in Amsterdam. It's a totally solo project in which he plays lead and steel guitars, bass, harmonica, mandolin and percussion, as well as singing. Release is planned for late August on the Rockhouse label.

● Following the success of the Moody Blues' comeback album "Octave", Decca are rushing a single from the LP this weekend. Top side is the John Lodge composition "Steppin' In A Slide Zone", coupled with Graeme Edge's "I'll Be Loving With You".

● Melanie, with more than 20 million worldwide LP sales to her credit, has been signed by RCA who release her new album "Phonogenic Not Just Another Pretty Face" in September. The label has also re-captured Paul Anka, who was with RCA for a spell in the early '60s, and LP "Listen To Your Heart" is another September issue.

● Beggars Banquet release The Larkers' first single, "Shadow" / "Love Story", this weekend. It was also the label's very first release. The limited edition comprises 1,000 copies pressed in blue!

● Polydor singles out on July 21 include "Tonight" by Ringo Starr and "Sign Of The Times" by Bryan Ferry. And New Simons has "Bikimora" on the affiliated CTS label.

● Coinciding with his Blackbushe concert this weekend, CBS issue a Bob Dylan single culled from his current album. Titles are "Baby Stop Crying" and "New Pony".

● New rock band Mystery Train debut on Raw Records this month with the single "The Sun Story", detailing the success of the Sun label. Elvis Presley's original out. B-side is "Tribute To Gene Vincent", and the initial pressing is in ten-inch form. Also from Raw this month is a 12-inch release of "Withdrawal" by The Unwanted.

● Brooklyn band The Shirts, currently touring Britain, have their first single issued by Harvest this weekend. Top side is "Tell Me Your Plans" taken from their recently released album "The Shirts", but the B-side "Cyrinda" is unavailable elsewhere.



● Steve Harley, now living in America, has his first solo album released by EMI this weekend — titled "Hobo With A Grin". It was self-produced. Issued simultaneously is a single taken from the LP, "Roll The Dice".

'People Unite' — upcoming bands in co-operative

PEOPLE UNITE is a new record label that's being run as a musicians co-operative. It's intended to overcome the "restriction of freedom" allegedly encountered by bands signing long-term deals with major companies. It's planned that all the acts involved in the new project will work together for each other on equal terms, with the stronger bands helping the weaker. Misty, the roots reggae band, head the list of acts on the label — along with new-wave outfit The Ruts and Milk, reggae band The Enchanters and soloist Bongo Danny. All concerned will each have a single and album out by the end of the year.

FREE Everything you ever wanted to know about student life — but were afraid to ask.

"On the way" is a free guide to student life, especially prepared for you by Midland Bank. It's high on facts and low on flannel.

In fact, it's 52 pages crammed with information on subjects like how to get digs, how to work — and enjoy yourself — more effectively. How to stay sane and healthy under the pressures of student life. How to get the most out of holiday jobs (and survive the hassles of income tax and national insurance). And a host of other topics including, of course, how to handle your money efficiently.

Send us the completed coupon and get all the free goodies we're offering, now.



You and Midland Bank.
Together, we make a great team.

Midland Bank Ltd 1978

FREE of bank charges for normal personal and drawing out (plus a £30 cheque card)

To: Student Adviser
Midland Bank Limited
PO Box 2, Sheffield S1 3GG

Please send me my free booklet on student life. (tick box) ☐

Please send me a free map card of my educational centre. (tick box) ☐

Name

Address

*After your first year, and provided that your account is continued satisfactorily, the bank will continue to offer this special offer to its students. The offer is subject to the bank's discretion and is not available to all students.

Mapindex

UNIVERSITIES
1 Aston
2 Bath
3 Birmingham
4 Bradford
5 Bristol
6 Buckingham U.C.
7 Cambridge
8 Durham
9 East Anglia
10 Essex
11 Exeter
12 Fife
13 Hull
14 Keele

15 Kent
16 Lancaster
17 Leeds
18 Leicester
19 Liverpool
20 Loughborough
21 Manchester
22 Newcastle
23 Nottingham
24 Oxford
25 Reading
26 Salford
27 Sheffield
28 Southampton
29 Surrey
30 Sussex
31 Warwick

32 York
33 City of London
34 Imperial College
35 L.S.E.
36 University College
37 Queen Mary College
38 Goldsmiths College
39 Royal Holloway College
40 Aberystwyth U.C.
41 Bangor U.C.
42 Cardiff U.C.
43 U.W.I.S.T.
44 Lancaster U.C.
45 Swansea U.C.

POLYTECHNICS
45 Birmingham
46a Birmingham (Perry Barr)
47a Birmngham (Edgbaston)
47b Bristol (College of Commerce)
48 Bristol (West of England College of Art)
49 Huddersfield
50 Kingston
51 Lanchester
52 Leeds

53 Leicester
54 Liverpool (Stoke on Trent)
55 Manchester
56 Middlesex (Hendon)
56a Middlesex (Uxbridge)
57 Newcastle
58 Oxford
59 Plymouth
60 Portsmouth
61 Sheffield
62 North Staffs (Stafford)

62a North Staffs (Stoke on Trent)
63 Sunderland
64 Teesside
65 Trent
66 Wolverhampton
67 Central London
68 City of London
69 North London
70 N.E. London (Barking)
70a N.E. London (Waltham Forest)
70b N.E. London (West Ham)
71 South Bank (Newington Causeway)

71a South Bank (Battersea)
72 Thames (Woolwich)
72a Thames (Hammersmith)
73 Glamorgan
74 Preston
75 Bedford Colleges

FRAMPTON BULLETIN — MAKING PROGRESS

PETER FRAMPTON is now out of intensive care after his recent car crash, and the latest bulletin from New York says he's making satisfactory progress. It now transpires that he sustained five broken ribs, not three as previously thought — plus a fractured right arm, three cracked ribs and a head wound. His parents have flown from Beckenham to join him in New York, where he's expected to remain in hospital until the end of next week. The world premiere of his film "Sgt. Pepper" has been put back to July 24 in the hope that he will be able to attend, though it's still doubtful if this will be possible. But his plans for a world tour, due to start in the autumn and to include Britain, are unlikely to be affected — unless there are unforeseen complications.



Wilko plans big autumn schedule

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders are being lined up for a massive British and European tour in the autumn, to tie in with the release by Virgin of their first album, currently nearing completion at The Manor. They'll be headlining upwards of 30 dates around this country, as well as visiting all Continental territories where the album is available — and that's virtually the whole of Western Europe! As previously reported, they're playing a few gigs early next month "to keep their hand in" — and these are at Exeter Routes (August 7), Penzance Garden (8), Plymouth Woods (9), London Marquee (10 and 11) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12).

MOTORS JOIN READING BILL

THE MOTORS, still riding high in the charts with their current single "Airport", are the latest addition to the line-up for this year's Reading Festival. They'll be appearing on the second day — Saturday, August 26 — playing immediately before headliners Status Quo, and following Spirit and Lindisfarne.

Their booking comes after NME's exclusive revelation last week that the Boomtown Rats will not be appearing on the Saturday, despite being announced for the bill. Commented Nick Garvey of The Motors: "At last we'll have a chance to show the world how unlike Quo we really are!"

The band will also be playing a special one-off gig at London Marquee on August 25 as a warm-up for the festival. As reported last week, they're doing a 12-date tour during the second half of this month, for which the final venue has now been confirmed — it's at Devizes Corn Exchange on July 28. They begin a three-week holiday on August 1, returning for the Marquee and Reading.

The first 25,000 copies of their new single "Forget About You", for release by Virgin on July 29, will be 12-inches pressed in red vinyl — with three new Motors songs on the B-side. It then reverts to conventional seven-inch, with just one track on the B-side.

PERMANENT FESTIVAL SITE DRAWS NEARER

PLANS FOR A permanent festival site, approved by the Government, received a boost with the news that the former U.S. air base at Greenham Common won't be reactivated after all! The Americans wanted to use the Berkshire field as a base for 15 of their giant tanker aircraft, but local residents protested, and suggested that it might instead be used as an official festival site.

Trouble is that some locals

wants to welch on the idea, now they realise the base isn't becoming operative again. But a Department of the Environment spokesman commented: "They can't have it both ways. They put up the idea and we now have it on file. Whether or not Greenham Common will be used for this purpose remains to be seen. Certainly the option is open to us."

The tanker base has now been switched to RAF Fairford in Gloucestershire, near the home of Mike Oldfield. And he is now considering selling his house and moving abroad, because the continual noise of the big Boeing KC-135 planes would make it impossible for him to work there.

Marquee double by Radio Stars

RADIO STARS, now confirmed for a Friday evening spot (August 25) at the Reading Festival, take a break from intensive recording sessions to play two nights at London Marquee on July 20 and 21. Support on the first gig is Deep Throat, and on the second night The Backbeats (a name which conceals the identity of a well-known new-wave band, as readers of last week's News Desk will know). There are no advance bookings, and tickets are only available on the door. Also newly set for the Marquee is Johnny Moped on Monday next, July 17.

Speakeasy's farewell gig on Saturday

ONE OF London West End's top clubs, the Speakeasy, closes for an indefinite period. This follows a recent drugs raid when several of the patrons were busted, and it seems the club owner has decided to shut up shop while he considers his position.

Jack Jones sets autumn concerts

JACK JONES headlines a week at the London Palladium (October 16-21), as part of a nationwide tour he's undertaking that month. Provincial concerts are at Paignton Festival Theatre (October 3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (4), Portsmouth Guildhall (5), Coventry Theatre (7), Oxford New (8), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Sheffield Fiesta Club (11), Middlesbrough Town Hall (12), Liverpool Empire (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Wakefield Theatre Club (22), Preston Guildhall (24), Bradford Spas Hall (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Manchester Apollo (28) and Slough Fulcrum Centre (29).

Merger net big date with Dylan

MERGER, the London-based reggae band, are a late addition to the Bob Dylan open-air concert at Blackbushe Airport this Saturday. Full details of the event are in the Gig guide on page 45.

● The Smirks, John Cooper Clarke and The Fall join Graham Parker & The Rumour in the first of three Anti-Nazi concerts at Manchester Alexandra Park tonight (Thursday) starting at 5.30pm. As previously reported, tomorrow's show concentrates on local bands — while Saturday's concert, following the rally, features The Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse and China Street, among others.

Wings: the new line-up



THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE Wings line-up, now back to full strength with the addition of the two newcomers — guitarist **LAURENCE JUBER** (extreme left) and drummer **STEVE HOLLY** (extreme right) — seen here flanking the nucleus of **LINDA & PAUL MCCARTNEY** and **DENNY LAINE**. McCartney still hasn't officially committed himself to announcing Juber and Holly as permanent members of the band, but the fact that he's seen fit to issue pictures of them suggests that they're there to stay. All five are currently recording and rehearsing for their expected stage return.



Rubinoos play outdoor show

THE RUBINOOS pay a quick return visit to Britain at the end of the month after completing their commitments in Europe.

They're coming in specially to headline a concert at London Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre on Sunday, July 30. It's one of the series being presented in conjunction with Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast, though previous concerts in the park this summer

have featured folk acts.

● Supporting The Rubinoos in this gig are The Smirks who — after appearing in Manchester Alexander Park tonight (Thursday) — have newly confirmed gigs in their own right at High Wycombe Nags Head (July 20), Dudley J.R.'s (21), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (22), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (23), Nottingham Sandpiper (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Sheffield Limit Club (27) and Devizes Corn Exchange (29).

Ray Stevens in London shows; Temptations set

RAY STEVENS returns to Britain in the early autumn to play a pair of London concerts and two weeks in cabaret. He headlines two performances at the London Palladium on Sunday, September 24, followed by weeks at Manchester Golden Garage (from 25) and Birmingham Night Out (from October 2).

The visit has been set up by

Jeffrey Kruger of the Ember Concert Division, who has also confirmed an autumn tour by The Temptations, for which dates and venues will be announced in a week or two. And Kruger has just flown to the States with a view to clinching British concert appearances by Earth Wind and Fire, Marvin Gaye, the Isley Brothers and Glen Campbell.

Joe English now with Sea Level

JOE ENGLISH, former Wings drummer who left the band last summer after two years, is now working on a temporary basis with Sea Level. He's sitting in for regular drummer Jai Johanny Johanson, who's taking a long rest following a back injury. Currently recording a new album with Sea Level in Macon, he'll be playing with the band at the Montreux Festival (July 23) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26). Meanwhile their new single "That's Your Secret" is released by Capricorn this weekend.

Presley: another concert tribute

ANOTHER stage tribute to the late Elvis Presley is about to be unveiled, this time by singer Heathcliffe. It debuts with two performances (5.30 and 8pm) at London's Royalty Theatre in Kingsway on Sunday, August 20, under the title of "Heathcliffe: A Tribute To Elvis". Promoted by John Martin for Derek Block Concerts, it's been five months in preparation. A full nationwide tour is being lined up to follow the London opening, making it the first major roadshow built around the Presley legend.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

BILLY CONNOLLY has signed for his most unlikely role to date. He's playing the jester in a production of the Johann Strauss opera "Die Fledermaus", to be staged at Glasgow Theatre Royal during the Christmas and New Year period. **STEVE WHITWOOD** joins forces with Georgia Farnie & The Blue Flames for the first (and possibly last) time ever, in a gig at Cheltenham Pavilion Club next Wednesday (19) starting at 8pm. Tickets are £2.50 on the doors.

ATLANTA Rhythm Section (sorry we inadvertently called them the Atlantic RS last week) are now being lined up for a full British concert tour in the autumn, following their successful appearance at Knebworth last month.



PAT TRAVERS has completed the line-up of his new band, retaining Mera Cowling and bringing in Tommy Aldridge (ex-Black Oak) and Pat Thrall (ex-Automatic Man). Currently recording a new LP in Florida, they'll be back in Britain shortly.

ROY BROWN, the R&B singer who headlined a concert at the New London Theatre in February, returns to play a one-off date at London Oxford St. 100 Club on August 6 to promote his new LP "Cheapest Price In Town" on Faith Records.

ERICS, Liverpool's leading club venue, is expanding into Manchester. It's taking over the Russell Club and, under the name of The Factory, is presenting Friday gigs there to part-compensate for the closure of the city's Rahers. First confirmed are Culture (July 21) and Suicide (28).

THE CRAMERONS play a remembrance concert for the late Marcus Mosiah Garvey — the man behind the Back To Africa movement in America during the '20s — at Liverpool University's Mountford Hall on July 22, to raise money for a Garvey memorial.

HERE AND NOW play a free gig under London's Westway, outside Cares Bakery (nearest tube Latimer Road), on July 20 from 6 to 9pm. There will be a collection to help pay the £500 fine imposed on the band for playing an outdoor gig in Gravesend.

THE MOODY BLUES, currently on a promotional visit to Europe, return to record three songs for inclusion in Thames TV's new series "The Kenny Everett Video Show". It's expected that details of their return to the concert platform will be announced shortly.

MAC CURTIS, the U.S. rockabilly star, headlines an all-day Bank Holiday rock special at London Southgate Royalty on Monday, August 28. Also set for the event (noon to midnight) are Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers, Matchbox and Shades.

U.K., the band formed earlier this year by a consortium of well-known musicians (Bill Bruford, Eddie Jobson, John Wetton, Alan Holdsworth), are being lined up for a string of selected British and European concerts in September, following their current triumphant debut U.S. tour.

TAJ MAHAL will not now be visiting Britain after taking part in Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival this month. Negotiations for him to play some dates here have now fallen through, apparently on financial grounds.

CHARLIE, now a six-piece with the addition of second drummer Shep Lonadale, are back in Britain after four months of touring the States with the Kinks, the Doobie's and Alice Cooper. They're working on a new album, with gigs to follow soon.

DAVE LEWIS Band have scrapped all July gigs, as they've shot off to America to record a new album in Miami's Criteria Studios, for October release by Polydor. All cancelled dates will be re-set when they go back on the road in mid-August.

JERRY DARREN has new gigs at Tonypandy Naval Club (July 22), Relford Porters House (28), St. Albans City Hall (29), Newport The Village (August 11), Dudley J.R.'s (12) and Middlesbrough Loftus Club (13). A major autumn tour is being lined up to coincide with the release of her new DJM album.

MATCHBOX extend their current tour with gigs at Wallington St. Heller's Arms (July 19), London Willenden White Horse (August 4), Bournemouth St. Stephen's Hall (9), London Southgate Royalty (10), Portladies Town Hall (12), Paisley Disco Harry's (13), Newcastle La Dolce Vita (14-16) and South Shields Tavern (17-19).

JESSY DIXON, the U.S. gospel singer already set for London Rainbow on September 2 and several other dates, has added Birmingham Odeon on September 8 to his itinerary. Two more shows have still to be confirmed.

ALAN FREEMAN leaves the BBC this autumn after 20 years of disc-jockeying, first with the Light Programme, then on Radio 1. Apart from an extended visit to America to survey the scene there, he has not revealed his plans for the future.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PUBLISHERS
BLUES FESTIVAL '78
BUDDY GUY
JUNIOR WELLS
KO KO TAYLOR
CHICAGO BLUES ALL-STAR
BOB VINCE COLEMAN • DAVID WYNN • BOB FARMER
ROBERT SULLIVAN • HENRY JONES • LOUIE CLAYTON
Hammersmith Odeon
FRIDAY 21st JULY at 7-30
TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50, £1.00, £0.50
BOOKINGS: LAMBERTSON, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000

STRAIGHT MUSIC PUBLISHERS
SEA LEVEL
WITH GUESTS
DIXIE DREGGS
Hammersmith Odeon
WEDNESDAY 26th JULY at 8-00
TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50, £1.50, £1.00, £0.50
BOOKINGS: LAMBERTSON, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000



READING ROCK '78

18th National
Jazz Blues &
Rock Festival

DJ's JOHN PEEL
JEFFY FLOYD
+ IAN FLEMING

FRI. 25 AUGUST

The
JAM
PIRATES
SHAM 69
PENETRATION

RADIO STARS
NEW HEARTS
AUTOMATICS
THE LOSERS

SPECIAL GUESTS
ULTRAVOX

SATURDAY 26 AUGUST

Status Quo

The
Motors
LINDISFARNE

GRUPPO SPORTIVO FROM HOLLAND

KITZ - NEXT
JENNY DARREN - THE BUSINESS
SPEEDOMETERS

SPECIAL GUESTS FROM USA

SPIRIT
GREG KINN BAND

SUN. 27 AUGUST

BATTI SMITH
FROM USA

TOM ROBINSON BAND

IAN GILLAN BAND
ALBION BAND
JOHN OTWAY - SQUEEZE

BETHNAL - PACIFIC EARPHRUM
CHELSEA - AFTER THE FIRE - PAUL INGER

SPECIAL GUESTS FROM USA

FOREIGNER

(To Be Confirmed)

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

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

★ IN ADVANCE ONLY ★

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

To: NJF/READING FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 45Q, LONDON W1A 4SQ

Name

Address

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY:

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

No. of tickets @ £8.95

Cheque/PO no:

Total: £

AN NJF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION

PAGE 2

TOM WAITS: by NICK KENT

PIK: CHALKIE DAVIES

inspirational to a new breed to whom 'heroes', however anti-social the pitch, are as vital as the often-polluted air they breathe.

"It's important to have heroes, y'know. Real important," states Tom Waits. Actually "states" is hardly the correct word to use with regard to what issues forth from Waits' larynx.

"Growls" is a distinct improvement, though even that verb somehow fails to capture the sound issued forth from the parted lips of a man who sounds distinctly like some blighted casualty of cancer of the larynx and yet who, instead of using some balm to heal said-grievous condition, adamantly insists on torturing his vocal chords further by gargling periodically with an uneven ratio of vinegar and gravel.

But then Tom Waits, as anyone who's had agreeable cause to have direct dealings with the gent will verify, is very definitely a "character".

Dressed all in black on the occasion we met up (after all, as well as providing something of a ghoulish visual effect, it also saves on dry-cleaning bills), the vision of Waits' squal, undeniably "lived-in" exterior remains vividly locked in my memory bank, where it will undoubtedly stay up until the final second the Reaper makes his house-call.

Starting from the floor and working up, one acknowledged a pair of dagger-pointed Eye-Italian

winkle-pickers bearing the traces of a prior spit 'n' polish, tight black pants, the material frayed at the rump, black shirt and the shoulders and torso embellished by a most ornate style of 'mourning jacket' with distinct Puerto Rican . . . uh pizzazz(?) which looked like it had been slept in for at least 10 days on the trot (possibly to see if the fit was OK).

Topping this . . . uh . . . striking ensemble was a narrow-brimmed slouch hat possibly stolen from a horse. And of course there was Waits' mug to behold — a face which, complete with a rather diseased-looking goatee and slit-eyes, possessed a general palour last sighted

besmirching the wax jo-ju mask of a Screamin' Jay Hawkin's "mummy" doll.

Waits, along with the striking visual, is also known for his talent as a wit, spouting forth jewel upon jewel of sharp gut-splitting dialogue when the spirit (and 'spirits') are/is willing during interview sessions. This, after all, is the man who originated the classic one-liner (just one among many, mark you), "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy", which Ian Dury — or Stiff Records — consequently swiped for one of their "New Boots & Panties" ads some months back.

A regular whiz with the gags, Waits however is not feeling in primo, locquacious wise-cracking form for

The gent pictured on the left has quit the organisation listed below, at least as far as *vocally* viewing life through the bottom of a glass is concerned. He also looks weird, wears winklepickers and probably has a bad liver.

THE BAD LIVER AND BROKEN HEART BRIGADE

our rendezvous. Instead I'm confronted with a pensive, reserved type possibly suffering from a hang-over (though that's purely my supposition) who even refuses a cold beer, preferring the caffeine boost of Maxwell House.

Scarcely true to form, bethinks yours truly — for here, here is a man who I'd figured was right there in the vanguard of that new breed mentioned back in the opening gambit, who'd chosen to clutch the liquor-doused visions of his literary predecessors close to the breast, committing himself to utilize their sleazy bar-hopping exploits as the perfect life-style to follow through as earnestly and dramatically as any hell-bent young-blood could.

And though Waits just cuts short of fully confirming my contention, there were moments and almost theatrical little touches that led me to believe I wasn't far wrong.

■ *Continues over*



■ From previous page

ONE THING, though, remained patently clear through our little dialogue, and that was that Waits has most adamantly become the character he set out to portray. After his statement about the necessity of having heroes, he wryly turned with a distinct undertow of pride latched on to the self-effacingly casual nature of this additional comment — "Well, now I'm a hero to some people too, y'know".

"Oh, waitresses, truck-drivers, divorcees" — Waits casually tosses out the vocations of fans he's encountered with a wry gleam in his eye, almost as if it could just as easily be a put-on. But Tom Waits, arguably the only artists on Asylum Records who doesn't own a pair of cow-boy boots and absolutely their most uncompromising and fearlessly talented songwriter, does have his clique of supporters.

They've stuck with him for five albums, watching him grow from the stumble-bum quasi-folkie whose songs penned in that ilk on his debut album, "Closing Time", proved so 'promising' that even cowboy charlatans The Eagles recorded one ("Ole

55"), through to the ornery jazzbo bar-fly trading the promise of the Golden Cowpie for the realities of low-rent 'monodrama' stiffed up with a maverick chaser of humanity.

Each subsequent album seemed more resolutely left-field — the hip dip into bop narrative while looking for "The Heart Of Saturday Night", the weird-beard dive jive coming deep from the heart of Swingland ("Nighthawks At The Diner"), through to the punch-drunk truisms of "Small Change" wherein Waits' seemingly religiously fervent reliance on his bar-fly image was, by this time, commencing to become worryingly maudlin and self-indulgent at times even if his muse was showing aces on at least five songs.

And then finally this year (or last year, if you're in the USA) came "Foreign Affairs". Waits' best album by a long shot — and with a vengeance.

Still a criminally underrated record, on it Waits seemed revitalized and, more to the point, he was treading new ground in at least one case — the stunning "Potter's Field" with its genius 50s B movie of the *Dragnet* genre soundtrack arrangement and the composer's chilling, riveting narrative making for a literally

stunning tour de force.

No more maudlin "Bad Liver And A Broken Heart" extrapolations. Waits instead had overhauled his muse. Well OK then, so "Foreign Affairs" presents our Mr. Waits in blistering ferocity. And yet, while virtually all Asylum 'artists' can shut-kick their way around the US Hot 100, Waits can't even get one of his winklepickers into the chart. I wondered out loud just exactly how the Asylum corporate were dealing with the gentleman, as far as the latter could divine.

"We-e-ll, they ain't so bad. I guess. They don't really try and impose their ideas on how I should sound or how uncommercial I am. My manager's more into all that. Like he's always on at me to quit drinking, quit smoking, take a shave . . .

WAITS' MANAGER, by the way, is one Herb Cohen, whose afore-stated interests regarding his protegee's career do tend to ring somewhat ironic when one considers that this is the same Herb Cohen who once managed Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention, Captain Beefheart and his

Magic Band, Alice Cooper, Wild Man Fischer and that whole freak-show who showcased their brand of musical 'mondo bizarro' on the Zappa/Cohen-instigated Straight and Bizarre labels.

Waits himself, a Los Angeles born and bred, was discovered by Cohen in typically unorthodox circumstances.

"Yeah," he reminisces, non-plussedly recalling that very first encounter. "He came up to me by the phone booth at the Whisky a GoGo and asked if I could lend him ten bucks!"

At this point, Waits had a portfolio of songs and was performing them at the usual dives, heavily under the influence of Ray Charles vocalese, adding between toons pinch of low-grade Lenny Bruce banter for the audience. He found himself joining Cohen's weirdo clientele and was to strike up a friendship with another of Cohen's less bizarre talents, the late great Tim Buckley.

Buckley in fact recorded one of Waits' songs (the maudlin "Martha" from "Closing Time") on his last but one album, "Sefronia".

"Tim was a mother of a singer. I mean, he should have been doing things like 'My Funny Valentine' — things like that. His vocal range was

phenomenal.

"And the sickest thing was that his death was just a stupid accident. The guy who gave him that smack was just a very good friend of his — I mean, you can't blame him (the friend) really, it wasn't his fault. It was just one dumb, sickening accident. The worst thing was that the guy (Buckley) still had so much to give. He'd hardly even begun."

Mention of drugs, albeit narcotics, reminds me of a quote attributed to Waits claiming that he more or less "slept through the 60s", thus missing out on flower-power, Woodstock, you name it.

Somewhat sceptic about this Rip Van Winkle stunt, I ask the question again, figuring that Waits' teenage years spent with his divorced father in L.A. must have drawn him, however fleetingly, in with the hippies and emerging drug culture of the era.

His reply is typically sly and off-hand.

"We-e-ll, I never messed around with any goof-balls, if that's what you mean."

Goof-balls?

Yeah. . . oh you don't know. . . ha, bonnies, y'know. . . benzedrine pills. "Keep ya up all night and then some."

Ah I see. Unlike Kerouac and Neal Casady, whose benzedrine-riddled adventures Waits totes around like composite volumes of the Bible, Waits in fact seems more enamoured of the great literary figures of America (his most excitedly stated boast is that he's a good friend of "Buck" — Charles Bukowski — than his nation's musicians, although he's more than partial to running down a list of hard-living jazz and r'n'b artists who've helped shape his own style of repertoire.

All of which conveniently leads us to the very nature of his stop-over trip to Blighty — for just one day. The trip was the result of both him and manager Cohen having been flown over to Paris for discussions with artist Guy Peellaert — he of *Rock Dreams* fame — who wants Waits to do the text for his follow-up volume.

"Book's called 'Vegas'" growsl Waits. "It's like . . . Guy's tribute to all the great American heroes of the decade — everyone from Sinatra to Pearl Bailey. . . Joe De Maggio, George Raft. . . they're all in there and it just so happens that all the ones he's chosen had one thing in common and that was that they spent time in Las Vegas. Thus the title. Las Vegas, sec, is used as kind of a back-drop."

SOMEWHERE

AROUND here, I set into a rap about his penchant for singing about being sleazily drunk and my contention that the condition seems a fully-founded malaise among innumerable American true-blues who've slowly let the bottle turn their once razor-edged perceptions into bloated, maudlin self-indulgence.

Waits seems unprepared or unwilling to deal with the subject at length, mumbling almost embarrassedly something in the realm of, "We-e-ll everybody's got some sort of 'Jones' y'know. If you look hard enough", before eventually capitulating and turning the dialogue into satire by jokingly asking whether I want him to lay down on the couch for a shot of psychiatry.

That tends to ice the subject until the composer of such grand paens to bar-fly pathos as "The Piano's Been Drinking (Not Me)", "Warm Beer And Cold Women" and "Bad Liver & A Broken Heart" resolutely reposit with a defiant:

"But I'll tell you one thing for sure. If I have to write one more song about booze and being drunk and all that, I'm going to throw up! Seriously! I've had enough of all that. It's all become played-out. There's changes due."

Meantimes, Waits has now reached a status in his Mother country whereby he can

bill-top at good clubs and, in certain cities, sleaze-sized halls. His repertoire and 'twixt-numbers repartee is augmented by a trio of sax, standup bass and drums — all musicians hand-picked from long-term excursions through the Manhattan red light jazz clubs. And as an added attraction, Waits makes sure his show is always . . . uh, fleshed out by the presence of a professional stripper just to keep that sleaze rating up and on the boil.

Concerning a possible outraged Waits's Lib faction backlash, Waits just shrugs.

"Ah that's all just one big crock of crap. Man, do you know how much those girls get? Well, it's damn good pay."

"People who get 'morally offended' by all that are just . . . man, they should talk to some of those girls, check out just what goes into being a good stripper. It's not just taking yer clothes off, it's a goddam art to them. They take it seriously at that. Plus, that's what I happen to consider "real performing".

Talking of real performing leads Waits, somewhat whimsically at first, to relate the first time he really, really suffered from stage fright.

"Pretty recent, it was too. For some godforsaken reason, I'd been booked to perform at a Gay Liberation Benefit and it was a real . . . uh testy audience out there. The worst thing was, though, that I had to follow Richard Pryor (the renowned U.S. black comedian) who'd just completed his act by screaming "Kiss my rich black ass, you faggots" and storming off the stage."

"We-e-ll I was in something of a quandary at that particular point, but I went on anyway and started off with . . . well, for some reason I'd chosen to perform the old show tune "Standing on the corner watching all the girls go by". Something sorta told me it might go down well!"

Suffice to say, Waits managed two more selections chain-smoking five Lucky Strikes in the process and darted off the podium to a mixture of bemusement and feisty antipathy from the audience.

The interview continues at an easy pace, taking a number of topics along in its path. Waits, for example, likes Elvis Costello, and Ian Dury and Graham Parker, thinks Patti Smith is "rock's answer to Phyllis Diller (for the uninitiated a U.S. comedienne known for her feisty manner and less than ravishing looks), and claims that he is moderately "Big in Japan — even though they obviously didn't understand a word I was singing when I toured there a month or so back."

Waits is also a walking guide to Los Angeles' sleaze-pits and run-down bars. In true form, his home is a room in the run-down Santa Monica hotel that also housed that once champ-eeen juicer, 'Jimbo' Morrison, during his years of fame and cirrhosis.

Finally the talk lands on the topic of exactly how Waits intends to change musically. Various suggestions are mulled over agreeably — a touch of hard-nosed rhythm'n'blues could spruce up a strong force field in Waits' gut-bucket jazzbo pitch, I suggest.

He nods thoughtfully and talks about a tentative shot at working with jazz funk pianist George Duke. He finds it hard to define the sound he's hearing for that next shot, but it's there and a September date has been slotted in tentatively by Asylum for this up an' comer's release.

I mention finally that Waits may be stifled for subject matter, having forewarned booze-songs back there, and the reply has all that classic blase, gravel-throated succinctness of the man at his most . . . uh loquacious.

"We-e-ll, when it comes to the other choices, all know at least one damn thing. I'll be choosing homicide over romance anyway!"

CULTURE

IS

HARDER THAN THE REST

THEIR NEW ALBUM IS HARDER THAN THE REST
IT'S OUT NOW ON THE FRONT LINE LABEL FL1016



Don't miss Culture on tour

July 20th. EDINBURGH Usher Hall. 21st. MANCHESTER Russell Club
24th. BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Hall. 28th. LONDON Rainbow.

MARSHALL HAIN

Not a solo singer.
Not an American Soul Band.
Not even a ten-gallon-hat
boogie outfit.

Kit Hain and Julian Marshall's first album is rich in rhythms and melody and has that vein of individuality running through it that made "Dancing in the City" such a big hit.

FREE RIDE



FIRST ALBUM
'FREE
RIDE'

Available on Cassette

SHSP
4087



Ballistic Sure Shots

ONLY
£2.25
rrp

'... It's certainly one of the best reggae compilations to hit the racks in a long time.' Record Business

Ten titles by eight different artists: Jolly Brothers, Psalms, Trinity, Alton Ellis, Lloyd Lovindeer, The Naturals, The Royals, Prodigal Creator.

A complete cross-section of the most interesting areas of contemporary reggae from the Dub of Trinity, through the accessibility of The Royals and The Naturals to the Jolly Brothers classic song 'Conscious Man'.

SAM 100



The Royals Ten Years After



The Royals

The long awaited follow-up to their debut album 'Pick Up The Pieces'.

Conceived, written, sung and produced by Roy Cousins in Kingston's Channel One Studio, this superb new offering can only consolidate The Royals' position as one of Jamaica's foremost vocal groups. As ever, Cousins proves himself one of the most lyrically perceptive and vital writers in reggae today.

UAS 30189



BALLISTIC RECORDS



ARTIST WITH RECORDS

COSH WITH ADS LIKE THIS

WITH ADS LIKE THIS

IT'S TIME

THE SEX PISTOLS
KNOCKED IT
on the HEAD.

As the DESEXPICABLES climb the charts, reader D. BAKER has his say.

THRILLS

Cook and Jones see the light, but —

TALCY MALCY GETS TOUGH

AH, BUT WHAT would Thrills be without its weekly shot of obligatory Sex Pistols jolly media jackanapes?

Yet another in an ever-continuing series, this week's uncoverings centre themselves on the current state of play regarding Messrs Steve Jones and Paul Cook who, according to an official statement by Virgin primo Richard Branson (presumably backed up by benevolent Talcu Male 'the Mug' McLaren) "are The Sex Pistols." Meaning that Rotten is long forgotten and Sid Vicious is no longer a bona fide Pistolero either — or so Branson would have it.

Not that Lydon/Rotten has been totally blanked from the Pistols' corporate memory bank, however, as he is the subject of not one but two songs that Jones and Cook have been busy recording in the studio recently.

The first is the already-infamous "London Boys", written and performed by Johnny Thunders. It is one of many tracks on Thunders' now-completed solo album, which features fearsome ensemble playing from the Cook-Jones axis along with the odd contribution elsewhere by

the likes of Phil Lynott, Steve Marriott and Only Ones' Peter Perrett and Mike Kellie.

(Thunders, by the way, is currently back in New York — visa troubles again — and apparently may well be working full time with Manhattan r&b group The Senders, alongside constant companion and look-alike Henri-Paul. Other reports have him in a tentative alliance with the Link Wray-less Robert Gordon, though Chris Spedding is also a possibility for that particular gig.)

Meanwhile, the mooted Thunders-Jones-Cook band — although a still-born venture after the Shepherds Bush duo got a fair gander at Thunders' penchant for consistent career cock-ups — has succeeded in cutting mustard in the studio. Scheduled for a late August release on Real Records, the album is surprisingly powerful.

Ah, but what about the other Rotten song (sic) performed by Jones and Cook, I hear you ask? (Get on with it. — Ed.)

Entitled "Here We Go Again", it's one of four tracks recorded by the pair, with Steve singing, playing guitar and bass while Cook handles the traps. (Does he play drums as well? — Ed.)

Continues over page

LOWRY



"Just let me know if I'm boring you, gentlemen!"



FUNNY PECULIAR

A NOT VERY funny thing happened to several NME staffers on their way into the office recently.

Amidst all the tacky bric-a-brac and plastic wares on display in ritzy Carnaby St, a few repugnant little tin badges were cropping up on several stalls. Next to the garish portraits on badges of Your Fave Singers (40p each of three for a quid) appeared a sequence of Nazi slogans and insignia — a lame example of which appears above. Some of the others were real lulu: pix of Adolf, Third Reich eagles and one which, ha ha, claimed "The Judges at Nuremberg had no sense of humour."

NME's Julie Burchill and Danny Baker had a few words with one of the stall owners and the badges have since disappeared (from view, at least). Thrills also had a few words with Peter Small of Communication Vectors, the firm which supplies these little beauties. Or rather, claims Small, used to: "We had so much trouble — people seemed to take offence — that we thought it best to drop them."

From where did they originate? "They were designs taken from an old war book."

And when did you stop producing them? "About a year ago."

Funny that they should have only appeared in the Carnaby St area during the past week.

"People must be Xeroxing them," says Small.

Of course. Funny that.

INSPECTOR KNACKER

THRILLS

THE BIG NIET

JULY 4th — American Independence Day, as it happens — could have been a historic day in the annals of rock music. An open-air free concert starring Joan Baez, the Beach Boys and Santana had been planned to take place outside the Winter Palace in Leningrad, before an anticipated audience of 650,000.

However, barely a week before the big day, the Russians abruptly cancelled the entire arrangements, leaving the concert promoters with considerable chaos to sort out. Not only had visas already been arranged, not without difficulty, for the 143 artists and technicians who would have been involved, but the concert stage was in the process of being erected, some of the equipment had been shipped to Helsinki, and more was on the point of being freighted from Hull.

The promoters were not the only ones put out by the cancellation. Thousands of Russian youngsters had turned up for the concert anyway, many having arrived from far-flung parts of the U.S.S.R. According to the *Morning Star*, "News of the concert was published in the local press weeks ago, but no announcement of its cancellation was ever made." When they arrived to find it cancelled, they reacted as most Western audiences would have done in like circumstances — angrily; noting broke out, and fans and police joined battle. The authorities had no compunction in using smoke grenades and water cannons to disperse the crowd. A number of arrests were made.

The concert, which would have become the centre-piece of a projected movie, *Carnival*, was originally the brainchild of Dimitri de Grunwald, an energetic white-haired film producer who has set up several prestigious Hollywood movies, including *The Millionaire* and *The Yellow Rolls Royce*, and who was actually born in Leningrad.

It was made possible because of a cultural exchange agreement signed recently between the Soviet and the U.S. state departments. Under its terms, there is provision for at least

one rock band to play concerts in Russia annually. The first group to reap the benefits of this was the (Nitty Gritty) Dirt Band, who played 25 shows behind the Iron Curtain in May of last year, all to sold-out audiences; their most successful Russian concerts were in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. However, apart from the innocuous Cliff Richard, they remain the only contemporary rock act to have successfully completed concerts inside Russia.

While responsibility for the musical side of the Leningrad festival was

devolved to the well-known U.S. promoter Bill Graham, de Grunwald himself arranged all other aspects of the concert-cum movie. Russian interest in the scheme was successfully kindled, and the State film company, Sovinfilm, was even persuaded to put up half the budget. The rest was provided by the Rank film division of Britain, CBS and Levi-Strauss.

CBS were clearly interested in the possibility of opening up a lucrative market behind the Iron Curtain — they are the only U.S. record company to have dealings with

Melodiya, the Soviet state record company. *Thrills* asked de Grunwald, in his London hotel last week, whether or not it was a condition of financing the project that all the bands on the bill were CBS artists.

"It wasn't quite a condition," he replied, "but it simplified the logistics; otherwise it would have been another six months of discussing contracts, releases and all the rest of it."

Levi-Strauss — that's right, the jeans people — were attracted for similar reasons. "Their president had

made trips to Russia to assess the market potential, and then through Bill Graham we discussed his sponsoring the thing. He didn't want us to plaster the square with posters, but to gently make their name known."

Obviously, the project called for quite fearsome logistics, which de Grunwald had been working on over the last two years. However, shortly before it was all due to happen, he was suddenly called to Moscow and given the word. The big Niet.

He has still been given no reason for the volte-face of Soviet officialdom, although it is apparent that the order came from fairly high in the Kremlin.

The concert may simply have been the victim of the new Cold War iceiness, as Carter and Brezhnev exchange words over ticklish topics like human rights; equally, it may have been cancelled because someone at the Kremlin belatedly realised that they were merely facing the same old enemy — American economic imperialism, this time in the insidious guise of Western youth culture. If this was the case, then de Grunwald believes they are fighting a losing battle.

He says that he has seen for himself that the interest in rock music there is enormous. "There is a growing number of bands there, some of whom I thought outstanding. They are certainly not balalaika bands, either — they really are comparable with our own big groups. It's not as if I was taking clocks to the natives — they are an up-to-date audience."

After the cancellation of the concert, Joan Baez went to Russia anyway, on a tourist visa. Newspaper reports have suggested that she made some recordings there, although it is doubtful if these will be issued. However, she definitely visited the Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov and his wife, and exchanged messages with them, which no doubt means that she will be *persona non grata* in future.

DICK TRACY
BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

Illustration by STUART PAINTER



MORE TALC

From previous page

The four tracks, all Jones compositions (with titles including "Black Leather" and "Lonely Boy"), are the first time the pair have taken a shot at working on their tod. And the results, though hardly earth-shattering or original, are still good enough to warrant release — particularly in the wake of the hideous Ronnie Biggs debacle (see *Thrills* 1/7/78, the charts this week, alas, and Danny Baker's poster pastiche).

Indeed, everyone who's heard the tapes is in agreement that these new songs should be released in their virgin (sic) form.

Everyone, that is, except Malcolm McLaren (who *Wondered* where he'd got to. — Ed.)

Mr McLaren, upon hearing the songs, immediately demanded that one of the so-called Train Robbers be dragged in to handle the vocals in place of Jones.

The result so far is an apparent dead-lock twist the duo and Mole, who remains adamant about the Train Robber stunt.

McLaren's desperation count, meanwhile, knows no bounds. He is currently attempting to dust up old Pistols stand-bys — nonoriginals like "Steppin' Stone" and "Substitute" amongst the frazzled few — for release via Virgin.

And so it goes, getting more and more desperate and depressing, leaving Jones and Cook somewhat pissed off and extremely confused by it all.

Apparently both contracts with McLaren and Virgin are still operative for something in the region of two years and the pair are thus imprisoned.

Or so it would seem.

Latest grapevine reports, however, strike a note of counter-defiance, claiming that Steve Jones at least has got himself a lawyer on the case in an attempt to stop McLaren from using Jones and Cook as his hapless puppets.

WURLITZER
WONFOR-THEMONEY

THRILLS

WHO NEEDS DRUGS?

WOOPS A bleedin' daisy... This unfortunate (and purely circumstantial, natch) juxtaposition spotted in his local Kirkintilloch Herald by reader ERIC SHAWN, ex-member, he says, of Kirkintilloch's rave rave combo Buster Hymen and The Penetrators.

Still going strong. That's the fabulous Rolling Stones fronted by the amazing Mick Jagger. The band's new single "Miss You" confirms yet again that the Stones are one of the world's top rock outfits.

The Lone Groover

BENYON



SIGN OF THE TIMES

A PETITION is being organised to protest against the Greater London Council's decision to ban The Stranglers and other groups from playing at Alexandra Palace.

Anyone wishing to sign this petition or to obtain copies of it for circulation, should contact:

GARY BAILLIES/RON WILSON, 22 Birmam Road, London N4

THRILLS



Coke adds life...

REGD. TRADE MARK

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



**ARCHIVE
FUN
SPECIAL**

JUST WHO THE HELL ARE WE?



DOWN AMONG THE FAG ENDS, discarded condoms and soiled knickers in the office archives I recently found the accompanying unnamed portrait of five likely lads, whom I assume to be either the NME staff-writer's glee club, circa 1958, or an American rock'n'roll(?) quintet of similar vintage.

I don't know who they are, nor do any of the present NME staff, nor, surprisingly, do any of my mates, some of whom rate themselves as gen kiddies when it comes to mouldie-oldie identification parades.

So here we have a competition situation.

The basic rule is dead easy: the first person to correctly identify the group wins a rare single.

The qualifications of this basic rule are a bit more complex. For instance, since I don't know who the group is, how am I going to know whether you're right or not? Somehow you'll have to include evidence of their identity. (A photo-copy of an original press-cutting that includes their name; a lock of the bass singer's hair; a copy of your mum's paternity suit against the lead singer; that type of thing).

Secondly, what single are you going to win? Well, something from the same period as the group seems appropriate. I have about 1,500 singles in my 'Someday-I'm-gonna-auction-this-lot' box, including a goodly number of rarish rock and r&b items from the late '50s and early '60s (US & UK pressings), so name about a dozen of your most wanted records and there's a fair chance I'll have one. If you turn out to be the winner and I haven't got one of your dozen choices you'll just have to send me a longer list, woncha?

Silly replies will be judged on the fallabout-ometer and the winner will automatically receive a pack of 20 recent disco singles, mostly performed by Eurobints with an abundance of tit and thigh but little or no musical credibility.

This competition is not open to staff or contributors of other music papers, editors of rock'n'roll fanzines, especially American rock'n'roll fanzines, or radio personalities called John Peel and Charlie Gillett. If Bill Miller phones with the answer, I'm out.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

POETRY CORNER

The Bus Driver's Prayer (As performed by Mr Ian Dury)

O UR FARVER,
Which art in Hendon,
Harrow Road be thy name.
Thy Kingston come, thy Wimbledon,
In Erith as it is in Hendon.
Give us this day our Berkhamsted,
And forgive us our Westminster
As we forgive those who Westminster against us.
For thine is the Kingston,
The Purley and the Crawley,
For Iver and Iver,
Crouch End.



MR DURY greets the day with the Bus Driver's Prayer and a nice bit of fried bread. Pic by LAURENCE COTTRELL

VANGELIS



Heaven And Hell
Record: RS 1025
Cassette: PK 11699



Albedo 0.39
Record: RS 1090
Cassette: PK 11741



Spiral
Record: PL 25116
Cassette: PK 25116

Vangelis—
an artist in progress,
pausing at Beaubourg.
Baubourg—
a modern symphony.
Music from the soul in the
age of the machine.

RCA



Baubourg
Record: PL 25155
Cassette: PK 25155

IS.

MAUREEN AND The Meatpackers were a Cambridge band who crowned a performance at one of that fair city's annual collegiate May Balls by chucking freshly-roasted veal cutlets into the audience. The reaction of this audience — upper echelons of Britain's educated — was something to witness, so I'm told.

The Soft Boys, certain parts of whom blossomed forth from these unspeakable Meatpackers, are keeping — all things being relative — a low profile at this year's May Ball (rented-suit a go go; corny 'rock' discotheque; jiggling in pavilions by the river; things probably haven't changed much since '66; but the drink is free...).

The Soft Boys might win medals, and metaphors, for Low Profile. An inconspicuously studied avoidance of image. Five individuals (whaddy mean 'cliche'). Their image is the image of The Soft Boys. My 'image', your 'image'. A sense of honesty and right-angled humour prevails.

Formerly 'Dennis and The Experts' (who included, fact-fans, Charlie Gillet's brother Alan Lamb, on guitar), The Soft Boys are, presently, Robyn Hitchcock (guitar, words), Kimberley Rew (guitar), Andy Metcalfe (bass), Morris Windsor (drums), and Jim Mellon (words, harmonica, broken strings repaired). Kimberley has been with them for six months. Otherwise, these Soft — conceptual continuity by any other name — Boys have existed for eighteen months or so.

They have just completed a minor touring schedule. Before that, they had been known to play sporadic support dates (notably The Damned at the Rainbow farewell, and Costello at a Roundhouse freebie).

They had no manager, initially signed to an indie, Raw Records ("Give It To The Soft Boys", an EP). They are now clasped within the loving arms of Radar. There is a tense 45 present — "(I Want To Be An) Anglepoise Lamp" / "Fat Man's Son". They go into the studio probably in July, to record an album. Then, a Major Tour.

The Soft — or the three I spoke with — Boys talk of the single warmly. But they are not entirely satisfied. They could have done better. Yes, but. There is charm, playfulness, wisdom, depth, wordplay (a cerebral Monkees?). An outlook, awareness, quickness: the prerogative of the self-educated (bias! bias!)

All of The Soft — what I've heard — Boys' material is open. The songs are written by Robyn, except "Cold Turkey" and "Heartbreak Hotel" which were written by someone else.

The Soft Boys perform "Heartbreak Hotel" in the John Cale manner. Tense, brooding, what some would call 'Gothic'. Very immediate. All the songs are immediate. And songs traditionally — hooks, choruses, that kind of stuff. Like the Pop Group which the Barrett-centred Pink Floyd sometimes threatened to be ("Apples and Oranges" speeded up).

Titles might clue you in: "Where Are The Prawns?", "Return Of The Sacred Crab", "Human Music", "Ugly Nora". The music is metallic, but never heavy. Soaring, bleached (soft) boy harmonies to take you by surprise. The jagged, (yet soft) guitar duets never lose anchorage on the structures of the song(s). Harmonica is the soft (clock) mechanism which ties it all up, makes it sound risky, individual, positive.

The Soft — but what isn't an influence? — Boys come out of years of permutating cross-breeding Cambridge bands. Only one of them has a degree. One other went to college (and left after a month). They have their roots in folk music. No P'nk catalyst here, son. They're not that 'young' — all things being relative.

Like certain others — Dury, Costello, Landscape, Throbbing Gristle — who have precious little to do with the p'nk rink, they have been tarred and aided by the New Broom, sweeping everything under the carpet (category) with equal force.

At least it corners you some attention, if you're lucky. It may be harmful in the long run, or at least, as long as rock runs. Robyn: "The whole thing about rock music is that it's supposed to be self-reliant, and it will

■ Continues over page

SOFT BOYS — JUST CLEVER DICKS?



SOFT BOYS' singer ROBYN HITCHCOCK makes public his affection for populist Tchaikovsky ballets.

the
Rubinoos

BRAND NEW SINGLE
"I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend"
OUT NOW!



BESERKLEY'S BEST OFFER YET
1st 10,000 IN FULL COLOUR BAGS



Beserkley
BZZ 18

SOFTIES

■ from page 15

last five years, until you either fall asleep or find a better way — grow a beard and settle down".

I mention Syd Barrett, Richard Thompson — who seems to have found religion. "That's just... that's just his phone-box, I guess". I enquire about a poster sighted by a friend, which advertised the appearance of a Syd Barrett Band at one of the May Balls (after all, Syd is allegedly still dormant in Cambridge).

"No, that's the original Syd Barrett". The original? "Yeah, the real (original) Syd Barrett is about sixty, he's the president of the local Musicians' Union — he leads a local dance band."

Ah, so. Such is Cambridge! As for the fabled, the Genius Syd *nee* Roger Barrett, the one of whom everyone has their own story to tell?

Robyn has no such stories. He acknowledges Barrett as an 'influence'. And Martin Carthy. "They sing in English and I like their guitar styles." Also, Bob Davenport, George Harrison, Richard Thompson. "But I hate laid-back stuff — which is where Harrison and Thompson often fall down a bit. There's a thin line between being soulful and being dreary. Which is why I tend to be absurd — it's much harder to be genuinely emotional about something."

He evades my barbs about Genuine Absurdity. I ask him what he'll be doing in five years' time. "Oh, painting and drawing. It just depends how long it all takes. But I'm not setting out to be anything other than an obscure cult fringe; obviously there you've got marketing problems..."

No, he probably wants to be A Star. He's something of a wizard already. Later, I learn from another member of the band that the genial Hitchcock has in fact been trying to flog his songs for years; before the pink purge / deluge "people wouldn't have been prepared to listen." I do wonder if they are now (one set of Identikit values replaced by another?) It's a question of, yes, Image.

But for the present — activity, ambition, fresh idea and music which



THE SOFT BOYS: "We've seen a few flesh Italian movies, too..." Beneath Hitchcock are (l to r) Andy Metcalfe, Morris Windsor, Jim Melton and Kimberley Rew. Pic by ROSALIND KUNATH

defy categorisation (hoorah!). Ah, categories, the word-machine-traps of an industry. Robyn Hitchcock (less so the other members of the band) is not actively hostile concerning interviews, he just thinks they're a bit daft, restrictive. His advice to me: "Take everything out of it (transcript of interview) systematically. There won't even be a 'quote', there won't be any 'quotes' about what it's doing... Just nothing there at all." And again "There's no point in talking about The Soft Boys, as such". No

substitute for seeing them, hearing them, or whatever.

He didn't talk about The Soft Boys, as such. (I owe all the history to Kimberley and Andy). I did talk, quite fluently, with him. It was interesting, amusing but rather irrelevant.

Go on, ask me to put a label on The Soft Boys! ("OPEN OTHER END").

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

SECOND ONLY to gold and diamonds as one of the world's most stable currencies, cocaine has become crucial in the rapid development of South America as the fastest-expanding record market.

Due to currency restrictions imposed by various South American countries (or for that matter most Third World nations), the only method for foreign investors to recoup any profits has often been either by re-investing in local industry or accepting (non-cashable) air tickets as payment.

So, as South America produces some of the highest-grade cocaine in the world, this easy-to-transport chic narcotic has lately been transformed into acceptable international collateral.

Sanctioned by those governments concerned, a number of major American companies have been accepting cocaine in lieu of record royalties. However, after skimming off a few ounces for immediate family

and friends, how to dispose of a few million bucks worth of illegal narcotics without running foul of international laws has proven to be a minor obstacle.

No sweat! Seems those very same governments who authorised white powder payments have been only too eager to set up negotiations with reputable underworld dealers who, for a handsome commission, will distribute and sell the cocaine on the world market.

The money is then laundered by various methods and quietly paid into either an un-numbered Swiss bank account or directly into coffers of a label's subsidiary company.

Such is the amount of hush-money available to ensure a smooth, low-profile operation, nobody of any import has so far been busted. It remains to be seen which record label will be the first to be nailed and precisely how they'll try and explain away their underworld connections.

ROY CARR

THRILLS



No more cover stories on DEVO if that's the result. Thanks to IAN HILLIARD. As for T. PARSONS, reader T.S. IDIOT says it was a sobering experience.

'...A MOST SATISFYING LISTEN. WITHOUT SOUNDING FLAMBOYANT, IT'S A PIECE OF STUNNING VIRTUOSITY... THERE'S NOT A HINT OF PRETENSION...'



Paul Brett will be appearing at the Royal Festival Hall on 15th July, for the first public performance of 'Interlife'.

Paul Brett:
INTERLIFE Composed by Paul Brett
Produced by Tom Newman
(Producer of Tubular Bells, Hergest Ridge)

Record: PL 25149
Cassette: PK 25149

RCA

Paul Brett plays Aria guitars.

BOB DYLAN

The new limited edition 12" single

'Baby Stop Crying'

CBS 12-6499

is from the new album

'Street-Legal'

CBS 86067



Produced by Don De Vito.



HOME OF THE HIPPIES CATCHES THE WAVE

BLUE OYSTER CULT manager/producer Sandy Pearlman has been doing more of late than just shepherding his charges around and making sure that all the lasers were turned on during the Cult's recent six-week European tour.

Indian restaurants and the British Museum figured prominently in Mr Pearlman's UK visit, for a start — and let's not forget The Clash, whose upcoming second album he also found the time to work on. Busy man.

More to the point, before leaving the States Pearlman was in San Francisco for a week producing a demo for CBS of The Readydames, one of the fastest-rising new wave outfits on the West Coast.

With a very radio-playable three-song EP out on Automatic Records, the not-quite-one-year-old Readydames have built quite a following for themselves — a considerably younger following than most of the other American new wave bands have developed.

The band got its EP deal on the very first night they played, when Automatic president Gregg Turner saw them open up for LA's The Zippers at the Mabuhay Gardens in San Francisco. But The Readydames hadn't exactly just popped up out of nowhere.

Mory Goldstein (keyboards, sax), Wayne Ditzel (guitar, bass) and Ricky Sludge (guitar) have been playing in every conceivable type of band — together and separately — for years. In fact, when Sludge auditioned for The Readydames he came from playing with a salsa band, and was attired in wide bell-bottoms and platform shoes. The band was ready to reject him out of hand till he mentioned that his favourite band in the universe was The Ramones. And, sure enough, the next day he came to rehearsal dressed like a refugee from a Ramones album jacket.

Drummer Brittley Black, son of accomplished jazz skinnman Dave Black, had established himself as the most energetic and talented drummer this side of Rat Scabies as a member of Crime.

He wound up leaving that band on the day they released their second single — after he was sure he had his mug on the picture sleeve — because he felt they were too serious.

Readydames leader/bass-player/vocalist Jonathan Postal left The Avengers for the same reason — and because the other three

Avengers had found another bass player and weren't telling him where they were rehearsing.

The Readydames got together, thanks to the ministrations of a fair vixen named Roxanne who was dating Jonathan, Mory and Ricky. As it happened, Postal left The Avengers while Strangler Hugh Cornwell, an old buddy, was in town. Hearing his material, Cornwell encouraged him to form a band of his own, which he managed to do with Roxanne's other boyfriends.

The Readydames were an instant success with the audience at the Mabuhay, if not always with the punk in-crowd, many of whom take a dim view of Postal's ironic attitudes towards punk mores.

The band's wide range of catchy songs, their somewhat theatrical stage antics and their considerable musical dexterity have won them a large and growing number of fans in San Francisco and L.A., but these things aren't always looked upon as virtues by some of the straight-and-narrow punk hard-liners. Still, with the

possible exception of The Nuns, Dits and Avengers, more people pogo to The Readydames than to any other local bands.

But, ultimately, it is the creative tension between Jonathan Postal and Mory Goldstein which may make The Readydames a major musical force. You can almost call it — forgive me — a McCartney/Lennon combination, with Goldstein providing the pop melodies as grist for Postal's harder, more desperate mill.

"Mory," explains Postal, "is a happier, more satisfied person, a well-adjusted person. Given any set of circumstances, he'll learn to function in them."

"He has awards from school and from Little League and he has jazz awards. Things come easy to him. He's very talented. He's a good singer; he plays well; he's good at baseball."

"Me — I'm a cynic. I've always been on the outside. I was always the last one to be chosen in sports. I barely play my instrument well enough to get along. My voice is only

acceptable because Dylan and Lou Reed have been accepted before me."

(I might add that Goldstein was the only one of them to have gotten the lovely Roxanne, although Postal claims he didn't really give it his best shot.)

The fact remains, however, that there is a certain functional tension that exists between Postal and Goldstein, between Postal and the rest of the band — in fact, between Postal and the rest of the world.

The result, according to Pearlman, is "better than great, better than a good (and/or in fact)." For Cornwell, who sat in on their recent recording sessions, they are "one of the most significant bands on the West Coast."

And to this reporter, well, The Readydames are surely one of the more interesting faces of the non-English-dance-type American new wave.

They hope to visit London in the fall. (Don't we all?)

JACK BASHER
THRILLS

READY DAMES



THE READYDAMES (L-R): Mory Goldstein, Jonathan Postal, Brittley Black, Wayne Ditzel and on his knees, Ricky Sludge.



"...it's 12" of pure fun." N.M.E.

The new album from
ADVERTISING called
'JINGLES'.

ADVERTISING

Ten Tracks produced and 4 tracks re-mixed by Andy Arthurs. available on Cassotto

ROBINSON FOLKS OFF ALONE

PROTEST SINGER Tom Robinson has played two solo gigs, sans TRB, in the past week — at Middleboro and at London's Golden Theatre, in the Barbican, where Tom's 45-minute set followed an hour-long revue by the Gay Sweatshop Theatre group. Accompanying himself on a 12-string guitar with a small amp, Robinson premiered two new songs — a sequel to TRB's well-known "Martin", and another called "Blue Murder" which tells the story of Little Towers. (Towers was arrested by Gateshead Police for being drunk and disorderly one night a couple of years ago. He struggled, and died from injuries sustained in the process; a verdict was returned of "justifiable homicide." A new enquiry has just been opened.)

Tom's show also featured impersonations of Noel Coward and Lou Reed, and according to Thrills' person on the spot he was "very funny, warm and extremely entertaining — there was the hint of a major talent."

Robinson is rumoured to be playing solo in Bristol next week, though his management deny it. They do tell us that there'll be a major UK tour by TRB starting mid-September. Thrills' parting confession: we're simply mad about the boy, OK?

THE END



Pic: CHRIS WALTER



NME's SUMMER SMASHES

OUR SPINNERS PICK THE WINNERS

SINGLES

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| (1) IAN DURY | What A Waste (Stiff) |
| (2) ELVIS COSTELLO | I Don't Want To Go To
Chelsea (Radar) |
| (3) ROLLING STONES | Miss You (EMI) |
| (4) DEVO | Satisfaction (Stiff) |
| (5) NICK LOWE | I Love The Sound Of
Breaking Glass (Radar) |
| (6) JACK NITZSCHE | Hard Workin' Man (MCA) |
| (7) BUZZCOCKS | What Do I Get
(United Artists) |
| (8) STARGAARD | Which Way Is Up (MCA) |
| (9) JILTED JOHN | Jilted John (Rabid) |
| (10) WIRE | I Am The Fly (Harvest) |

LONG PLAYERS

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| (1) BOB DYLAN | Street Legal (CBS) |
| (2) ELVIS COSTELLO | This Year's Model (Radar) |
| (3) PERE UBU | The Modern Dance (Blank) |
| (4) BUZZCOCKS | Another Music In A
Different Kitchen
(United Artists) |
| (5) BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN | Darkness On The Edge
Of Town (CBS) |
| (6) RY COODER | Jazz (Warner Bros.) |
| (7) MAGAZINE | Real Life (Virgin) |
| (8) KRAFTWERK | The Man Machine (Capitol) |
| (9) CULTURE | Africa Stand Alone (Virgin) |
| (10) KEVIN COYNE | Dynamite Daze (Virgin) |

OTHER FINE DISCS FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE

SINGLES: THE CLASH: White Man In Hammersmith Palais (CBS). THE DARTS: Boy From New York City (Magnet). X RAY SPEX: The Day The World Turned Day-Glo (EMI Int.). TAPPER ZUKIE: Dangerous Woman (Phensic) (Front Line). MAGAZINE: Shot By Both Sides (Virgin). BUZZCOCKS: I Don't Mind (United Artists). THE CLASH: City Rockers (CBS). WILKO JOHNSON: Walking On The Edge (Virgin). CHEAP TRICK: Surrender (Epic). GREG ISAACS: Mr Know It All (DEB). EVELYN CHAMPAGNE KING: Shame (RCA). TRB: Rising Free (EMI). THE JAM: News Of The World (Polydor).

LONG PLAYERS: ROLLING STONES: Some Girls (Rolling Stones). MINK DE VILLE: Return To Magenta (Capitol). CULTURE: Harder Than The Rest (Virgin). TOM ROBINSON BAND: Power In The Darkness (EMI). PETER GABRIEL: Peter Gabriel (Charisma). ALBION BAND: Rise Up Like The Sun (Harvest). MAGMA: Attahk (Eurodisc). ROSE ROYCE: In Full Bloom (Warner Bros.). WARNE MARSH-LEW TABACKIN: Tenor Gladness (Disco Mate). STRANGLERS: Black And White (United Artists). THIN LIZZY: Live And Dangerous (Phonogram).

BEST RE-ISSUES: BIG STAR (No. 1 Record Radio City) (Stax). TAPPER ZUKIE: Man Ah Warrior (Mer).

BEST COMPILATIONS: THE COASTERS: 20 Greatest (Atlantic). LESTER YOUNG: The Lester Young Story (CBS).

TALKING HEADS



MORE SONGS ABOUT



BUILDINGS



AND FOOD

the *new album* Produced by *brian eno*

Sire K56531



● A PREFATORY WORD FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR HUMBLE FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD SINGLES REVIEWER

AGAINST ALL the laws of nature and logic, most weeks the record industry manages to cough up a few singles that stand head and shoulders above the mainstream dross that filters out of the multitudinous pressing plants of our fair land. Whether it's from a big name on a heavy duty record label or some blushing hopeful on an indie, there's usually something that Restores Faith In Rock And Roll As A Positive Force In The Universe, something that's witty, moving, exciting, entertaining... what the hell. You know: something that makes you want to take it home and play it to death; loud and with the windows open.

This sort of record is what we in the trade refer to as a Single Of The Week. No such record has been released this week. Sure, there's a fistful that you can actually listen to without breaking out in an unpleasant rash or developing an irresistible urge to wreak serious damage on something or somebody, but single of the week? Vinyl came there none.

This week's column, therefore, is something of a non-event. Still, some weeks you eat the product, some weeks the product eats you. Onwards.

● PUZZLER OF THE WEEK THE WHO: Had Enough/Who Are You (Polydor).

Two advance notices: first out of the box. The Who mattered more to me when I was growing up than any other band, even The Beatles and The Stones and The Kinks, and I owe them for that. Secondly, their achievements are on a scale so grand that a new single from them would be, almost of necessity, a disappointment unless it simultaneously embodied and surpassed everything wonderful that they've done since that day in 1965 that I saw them doing "I Can't Explain" on *Top Of The Pops* while in hospital waiting for an emergency operation. That being said, it's inevitable that this — the first Who single in three years — should be a disappointment, but it's still a surprise that it should be this much of a disappointment.

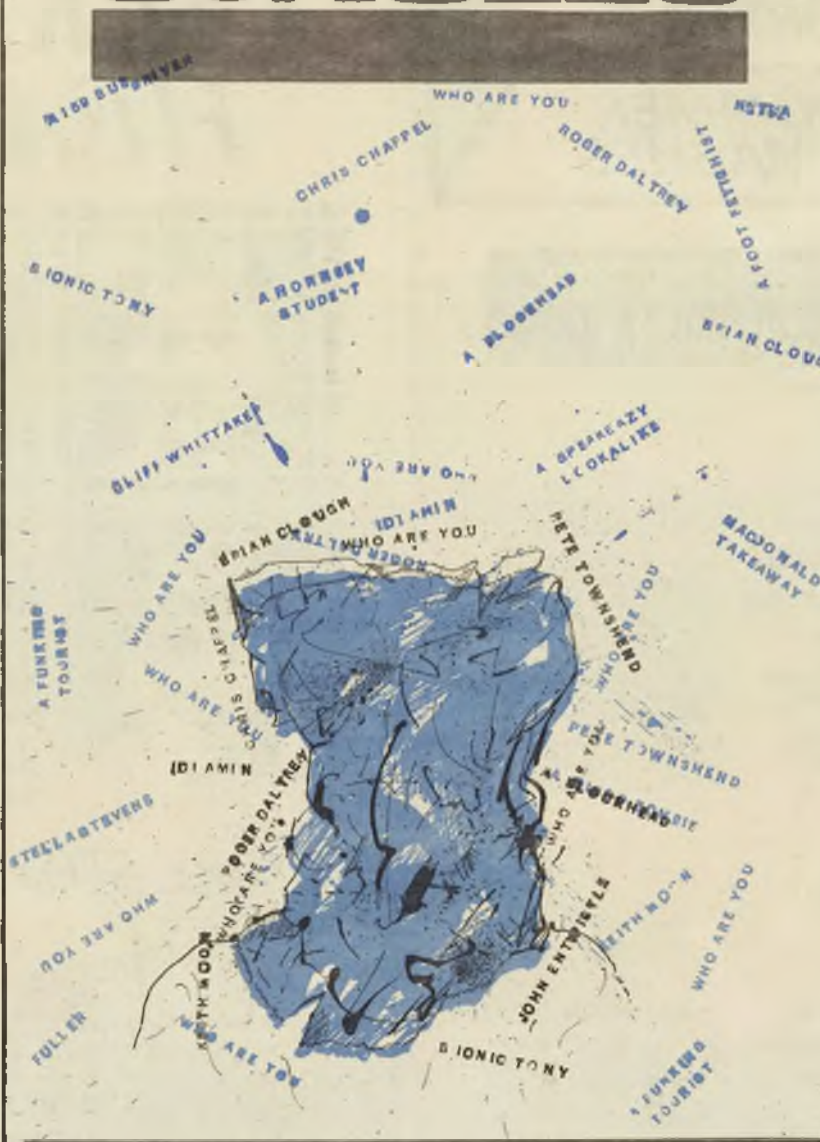
It's a double A-side: "Who Are You" by Townshend and "Had Enough" by John Entwistle. I trust it will appear as no slight to The Ox to mention that most Who freaks would play the Townshend side first (especially since it's the title track of the forthcoming *Live Through This*), but "Had Enough" is both the better track of the two and closer to The Who mainstream, being a simple song of rebellion delivered by Roger Daltrey in — it must be said — towering form.

Both sides are framed in a gargantuan swelter of synthesizers, android electric symphony orchestras ablaze, much in the manner of "Quadrophonia" only more so. If that makes you gulp twice and succumb to a faint feeling of unease, you're right. The synthesizers do little (on the Entwistle side, anyway) that couldn't have been done better by Townshend's guitar (with a few judicious overdubs, needless to say). Townshend's guitar is as vital an ingredient of The Who's sound as Moon's drumming (present and more than correct, thank you guv'nor) or Daltrey's pride and passion, and its subdued quality and lack of prominence definitely damp the fires.

"Who Are You" is inconsequential twiddles for guitar and the ubiquitous synthesiser, pretty in places and twinty in others.

Whether The Who, like The Stones, are currently pursuing a policy of staying ahead of the opposition by brains rather than brawn, the they're going to have to think and feel harder rather than play harder. Pete Townshend has, in an unprecedented fit of honesty for a rock star, taken us into his confidence as to why he is no longer as powerful and prolific as he used to be, and therefore it would be too childish to abuse him for those deficiencies that he is himself working so hard (and worrying so much about) overcoming. At least Townshend and The Who are back, and next time it'll be better. It would be a pleasure indeed to see The Who coping as well with the problems of being a World's Greatest Rock Band Of A Few Years Ago in 1978 as The Stones are. At least, as Tony Parsons mordantly remarked, they're

SINGLES



"Who Am I" as seen by CONNIE JUDE

both doing better than The Sex Pistols.

● SON OF PETE (1)

THE JOLT: I Can't Wait (Polydor). Seeing as how (sniff), The Jolt are a three-piece band signed by Polydor Records and have a one syllable name beginning with 'J', they've been compared more than somewhat with a certain well-known New Wave band who've blown too much of their energy on a second (and largely disposable) album when they should have been cracking singles out at — bottom line — a quarterly rate. The Jolt take many of the same ingredients used by The Jam, but they take them to different places with a sound that's simultaneously thinner and more frenetic. Backed, incidentally, with the worst version of "Route 66" ever released. Oh well.

● SON OF PETE (2)

THE SKUNKS: Good From The Bad (Eel Pie). Eel Pie Records is Pete Townshend's way of helping out bands that he considers deserve this honour, and considering that The Skunks stand elbow and hips above many of the acts that major labels are squandering their gill upon, releasing "Good From The Bad" may be considered something of a public service. The song is interesting, the performance fierce, restrained and more than serviceable, and the production — done at the band's own 8-track in Brixton — professional. The proverbial band worth watching.

● SODA PRESSING

LOU REED: Street Hassle (Arista). A 12-inch EP, no less, featuring the title track of Loulou's new album — all eleven minutes of it — on one side,

and the original Velvet versions of "I'm Waiting For The Man" and "Venus In Furs" (specially borrowed from MGM, gant!) on the other.



Pic sleeve of the week

"Street Hassle" struck me as the only interesting work Lou's done since "Berlin" (itself his only interesting

work since the Velvets) — there's no more horrific insight into the junkie mentality in all of rock and roll — and of course the Velvet's cuts are, as ever, essential — if scanty — listening. The only reason I'd suggest that you approach this package with a suitable degree of caution is that it's unquestionably the worst-pressed and manufactured record I've encountered all year. So warped it resembles a Moebius strip in black-platter form, more redolent of crunchy noises than the cereal I had for breakfast today... sometimes I wonder if record companies realise that people play records as well as simply buy them.

● SOMETHING OF THE WEEK

JOHNNY MOPED: Little Queenie (Chiswick). Ahem — you gotta admit it's different. The words are different — or rather, it's Uncle Chuck's lyric (most of it, anyway) — cut-up in neo-Burroughsian manner. The vocal approach is different — not that different from a horny tomcat serenading the neighbourhood from atop an overflowing dustbin, admittedly — but certainly different from anybody else doing "Little Queenie". We might as well own up, fellow passengers on *SpaceShip Earth* — Johnny Moped is different. QED. Is there any chance of Ted Carroll donating Moped's brain to science?

● CREEPY EXPERIENCE OF THE WEEK

SUICIDE: Cheree (Red Star). This record gives me the creeps. The creeps in question used to call themselves Alan Suicide and Mary Suicide, which was quite appropriate back when I first heard them on "Max's Kansas City" album, and on

this evidence they've got a lot better at it. One man singing, one man playing a whole gang of unpleasant objects wiv keyboards attached, quiet, hissing and so impossible evil it'd scare you to death if it wasn't all so/so/so studied. Are we not men? We are L-O-B-O.

● WE CAN DANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT AS SOON AS I'VE FOUND MY RED SHOES (blues)

INTERVIEW: Birmingham (Virgin). First Magazine, now Interview. One imagines that Virgin are waiting impatiently for someone to form a band called The Arts Page so that they can sign them up too. Interview's paeon to Brum sounds uncannily like Elvis Costello singing over one of T'n Lizzy's milder backing tracks, and sounds not the teeniest bit unpleasant. We mean it, Vessaaaaaassssss.

● AND THE REST OF THE BUNCH JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS: I Can't Stop My Feet From Dancing (Fye).

What a coincidence. I can't stop my mouth from yawning.

MIKE MORAN: My Baby Gives It Away (Mercury). And your label's gonna have to do likewise.

SLEEPY LA BEEF: Good Rockin' Rongle (Charly). Sings like his name, and does the bass parts like a champ. Rockabilly obsessives will adore. Casual listeners will find it undistinguishable from ordinary rockabilly except that the voice is deeper. They will be missing the point.

THE INTELLIGENTS: Rockin' Band (Atlantic). Both the name of the group and the title of the track are direct contraventions of the Trade Descriptions Act.

CARL PERKINS: Honey Don't/Right String Baby/Tennessee/Tut Your Cal Clothes On (Charly EP). THE BEACH BOYS: California Girls (Capitol). While the reissues are among the finest records of the week, you know there's something seriously wrong with the music industry (yeah, I know that everyone's saving up their hot singles for the autumn, but it's still annoying). That being said, these two records would be truly lustrous gems in the singles collection of anybody who doesn't already possess them.

● SOME GIRLS GET LET DOWN BY THEIR PRODUCERS

MADDY PRIOR: Baggy Pants (Chrysalis). Studiedly charming little piece of '30s disco sung v. nicely, but producer Ian Anderson has for some reason whacked Maddy's voice right to the front of the mix and compressed it slightly so that she sounds oddly inexpressive, and "inexpressive" is the last word that I'd ever expect to apply to Maddy Prior. Odd.

SUZI QUATRO: The Race Is On (RAK). Chinnichap product of the Smokehouse kind: country changes set to the kind of reggae beat you get played by people who don't listen to reggae but think they know what it ought to sound like. Good singing, but — as ever — so far below what Quatro and her band are capable of that it hardly bears thinking about. Still, it's a chart cert and that (after all) is the name of the game.

GERRY RAFFERTY: Mary Skeffington (Logo). Droopy little song fit only for the terminally sensitive. Acute shortage of inspiring sax riffs.

JONA LEWIE: The Baby She's On The Street (Stiff). A highly boring record despite the attractive piano part. If this guy becomes the rave of 1980 and this record is acclaimed as a classic, I shall just have sit on the sidelines and regret missing the opportunity to jump on the Jona Lewie bandwagon while I had the chance.

CAROL DOUGLAS: Night Fever (Gulf). A devastating exercise in pointlessness which is predictably already churning 'em up in the discos. Definitely proof that disco eschews anything that gets in the way of the direct connection between feet and ears — like soul or brain.

2 TIMERS: Now That I've Lost My Baby (Virgin). Living proof that fast, loud poprock music needn't be offensive to adult ears.

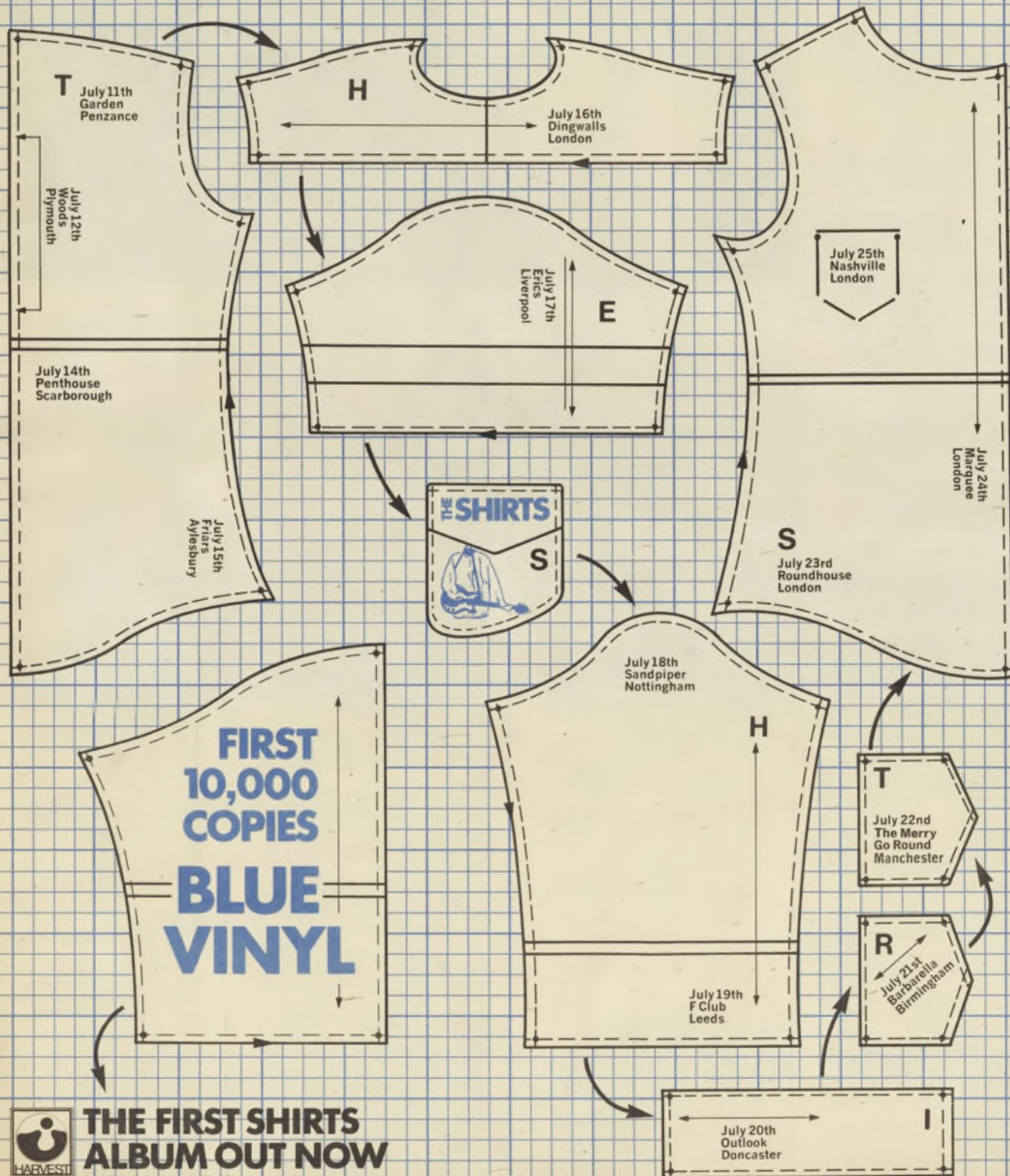
THIS WEEK'S REVIEWER:

CSM



#SHIRTS

ALBUM NEWLY PRESSED



THE FIRST SHIRTS
ALBUM OUT NOW

SHSP 4069 Also available on cassette

THE BIG STAR story seems to have taken up a considerable part of my writing life. This is the fourth time in three years that I've sat down and tried to make sense of one of America's least known or understood cult bands.

To be honest I was lost for an angle. Even the imminent reappearance of their enigmatic and previously unobtainable first two albums, "Number One Record" and "Radio City", plus the unveiling, on the Aura label, of Alex Chilton's third attempt to make good (three years in the can and he still couldn't get it out of his system) didn't really inspire me to bite on the journalistic nut.

You see I'd lived with all three albums so long that having made up my mind as to their place in the rock and roll superstructure there was very little way I was going to fasten onto the Big Star streamline and give it the urgent propelling thrust that these sons of Memphis, Tennessee needed to persuade all you lucky potential first time viewers.

So when the boss man called me on the editorial hot line and stated his case for the feature I sighed into my Ribena.

MY DEBUT Big Star article never reached the presses of this paper. I wrote it in 1975 as a result of spending many evenings drinking and rapping with original founding member Chris Bell, whose contributions to the first album were manifestly as important as Alex Chilton's but who decided to throw in the towel as a result of the evil vibrations going down in the Ardent, Memphis studio arena.

Not being inclined to accept Chilton's star-struck ego (Alex was a Box Top from '66 to '69 and knew the colour of a hundred dollar bill) Bell finally sickened at the fist fight fought 'twixt Chilton and bassist Andy Hummel and walked out on the unfolding decades's slipped masterdisc.

The Bell interview material, I have since discovered, gave a rather one-coloured vista, but at the time I took it on reasonable trust and was hopping mad when the article never appeared.

So it was that three years on I dusted off the manuscript, sighed at the irony of it all.

After all, Big Star finally bit on the bullet when Chilton's third album, more or less a solo dive into depression of the smacked out variety, failed to find an outlet. Alex returned to New York and proceeded to live a loser's life of foolish excess — a death run for the pills and the booze.

I couldn't take the third album seriously myself. Not being prone to find inspiration or solace in another's self-induced stupidity I filed the tape away for a mood I intended not to reach and forgot about Alex Chilton altogether.

Then last year the man turned up on the Ork label with Jon Tiven producing. It was not a renaissance I admired. The E.P., "The Singer Not The Song" and the subsequent singles "Shakin' the World (From 34th & Lex)" and then "Bangkok" (both backed with the old Seeds lament — "Can't Seem To Make You Mine") were not really the way I remembered him.

The rest of the band had slipped into obscurity.

In desperation I went back to the albums and started to look for something new. It was only when I really listened to the lyrics that the undiscovered patterns that I needed began to emerge.

What gradually struck me was that the commonly cited comparison points for Big Star as the initial avatars of a power pop explosion who came before their time were only partially correct.

While the songs do exhibit a certain low rent charm the actual linnery veneer of locked Fender Strats over a four to the bar and beat it backdrop are merely the superficial aspects which made the band so instantly appealing.

Another popular scam on them tends to ignore the lyrical content altogether, claiming that the mix is so goddam metallic and taut that you can't hear the words anyhow and don't even need to.

Hence admirers of "Number One Record" and "Radio City" often find no connection between Chilton in the ascendant and the grizzly morbidity of the laterday chip on the shoulder Alex. To really see the facts straight you have to go right back to the beginning.

BRIEFLY, WHEN Chilton was 16 he dropped out of high school and joined The Box Tops — blue eyed soul and Alex could pitch his voice just right for that. Bell records staff producer-cum-writer Dan Penn gathered his young clan in the Memphis American Sound Studios and saw his faith justified with a string of top spot singles — "The Letter", "Cry Like A Baby" and "Neon Rainbow" to name but three.

Other outfits operating in similar areas included The Righteous Brothers, The Young Rascals groovin' on the East Coast, Tommy James and The Shondells and Paul Revere and The Raiders on the wackier end of things.

At the end of '69 The Box Tops disbanded and Chilton went to New York with his 12 string, his hook of nouveau folk ditties and a lot of money which he blew in the grand manner (and still only 19).

Back in Memphis three local sprogs called Chris Bell, Andy Hummel and Jody Stephens had themselves a bar band, Ice Water, cooking up current favourites: Free, James Gang and Beatles numbers... a travelling juke box. Bell had some ambitions and studio time in a small



ALEX CHILTON, looking the part in suitable surroundings.

North Avalon studio called Ardent where the Vice President of the company, Terry Manning, and engineer John Fry, used to let him loose on his demos after-hours.

Bell and Alex were old mates, even played together in '64 so that when the wandering hero popped in to the studio one day there was sufficient excitement generated to make Ice Water a four-piece.

Chilton first suggested a move back to the Big Apple — he'd been in Ardent before and didn't like the operation much though there has always been a fatal attraction for Chilton to return to Manning's fold. It can be argued that the working combination of Big Star and John Fry is as fine in its own way as that relationship Hendrix had with Eddie Kramer and The Grateful Dead had with Dave Hassinger.

The first album took a year. Manning and Fry had other proteges too, among them Hot Dogs and Cargo. Fry had an idea that with this roster Memphis could develop into the new pop capital of the South. In a sense he was right. Tennessee does actually boast the largest number of undiscovered geniuses extant on the recording planet.

Nevertheless, the climate was too estranged from hard rock ethos to appreciate Big Star et al. To rectify this Fry and Manning held a Rock Writers Convention hoping to unleash all their acts but it was Big Star who stole the critics' hearts.

Though I formerly agreed that "Radio City" was the real McCoy I've since altered my view to accommodate that first album.

The nexus of the material is Bell-Chilton composed, the opening track setting a pace which the band maintained from one end of the vinyl to the other. All the Big Star ingredients are in "Feel" from the punk put-down of the girls who put out too often to the aura of sublimated violence always present when Chilton has a woman on the mind. Offsetting the crunching chord changes there are plenty of R&B riffs which come straight out of the Booker T and Junior Walker mould.

An off-centre tenor sax break cuts into Chilton's sneering multilayered bark like the police busting up a small hours shindig for teen degenerates.

The surprises start with "The Ballad Of El Goodo", a number Chilton had lying around from the days when he was avoiding the draft. The surprise, though, is not that this is a fully-fledged protest against a trip to 'Nam which this boy wasn't making but in the choice of language.

Chilton is singing about God at his side and sounds like he means it. Yet the religious angle in so much of Chilton's writing has been completely ignored. How could a punk hero have anything to do with religion? Wouldn't make sense. But there it is and again and again you'll find Chilton bringing a Southern Agrarian conscience out of the closet and slipping it next to the songs about girls and cars.

"The Ballad Of El Goodo" is a seminal Big Star song. In it you can ascertain the divergent influences at work within the Bell and Chilton team. Where Bell was always an Anglophile — keen on Roy Wood and McCartney — Chilton comes over like a fledgling Roger McGuinn.

The arrangement is pure Byrds and the sentiments a fine distillation of a mood prevalent in American West Coast rock dating back to the birth of the electric Dylan.

"In The Street" is unique to the group, containing some of the finest lyrics of frustrated concrete corner kids with time to kill, money to burn and an itch to annoy their folks. Dig this:

"Hangin' out, down the street/The same old thing we did last week/Not a thing to do but talk to you/Seal your car and bring it down/Pick me up, we'll drive around/Wish we had a jam so bad".

Yeah, the Big Star had class, heavy class fired on an articulate frustration which made sense to initiated youth in Memphis. The clashing guitars and sumptuous rhythm riffs belie the image of Big Star as primarily club punks, however; the playing is perfectly realised.

"Thirteen" builds on a wall of lyrical acoustic lines and Chilton's remarkable hold on lost innocence. The words again capture a period with finesse:

"Won't you tell your dad get off my back — Tell him what we said 'bout 'Paint It Black'".

Ice Water's neo-Heavy Metal roots show up in "Don't Lie To Me", all brawling, brooding middle finger posturing, an anthem to swing a greased chain to. The electric furor generated cuts almost the entire English punk catalogue and makes current 'power pop' seem even more fatuously mythical.

Bassist Andy Hummel's "The India Song" is an incongruity which makes the grade. Utilising an Elizabethan baroque backdrop Hummel wanders into the realms of fantasy where he's living in a big house in India drinking gin and tonics and playing a grand piano. Sounds daff but it succeeds in the way Syd Barrett's acid utterances succeeded.

The juxtaposition of teenage emotion with adult cynicism finds outlets throughout, from the George Harrisonesque "Try Again" to the "Blonde On Blonde" transitions on "Watch The Sunrise".

Side two is balanced with a gentler aspect of Big Star. The implementation of acoustic sounds are as important to Chilton's sense of composition as the Fender brain scrambling. I'll take the twin guitar duelling of "When My Baby's Beside Me" with its "Revolver" echoes over Thin Lizzy any day.

"Number One Record" bows out with a graceful pair of picking favourites, one of which, "ST1006", deserves consideration in the great short songs of all time, "Red Crayola" not withstanding. 56 seconds of bliss.

Now you might think this opener would have kept Ardent happy. Not so. Manning and Fry haggled over the quality of the material and put stumbling blocks in the band's way. There were problems with the cover, which featured the electric neon structure logo of the Big Star supermarket chain from whence the name derived. On the back cover the band look as sullen as a bunch of bikers who just had their hoist ripped off by the heat.

Chilton tired of the downhome atmosphere of Memphis and found the wanderlust on his travels with a Plastic Ono Band-type show which bombed. In his absence Fry cleaned up the tapes and the album hit the stores in small quantities and sold more on import in Europe than in Memphis.

Chilton returned nursing another grudge over management. The band were booked into school halls, cafeterias and movie houses in Corinth, Mississippi, and by all accounts played some pretty slovenly sets. Bell, the perfectionist, started laying down the law. He contributed a

great deal to the material which eventually became "Radio City" but lost any credits at his own insistence — with the result that other tunes they played live were excluded at the last minute, songs like "So Dear" and "I Got Lost".

The growing tension at rehearsals and Chilton's tendency to lose his temper gave Bell an out. Big Star continued as a trio and finally made it to New York for a stint at Max's Kansas City. Both RCA and Polydor offered Ardent options but Manning refused the risk unless he could get distribution for Hot Dogs and Cargo.

"Radio City" emerged in the twilight glow of this bitterness and marked the beginning of Chilton's wasted period.

"Radio City" bites hardest when Chilton is at his downest, meanest and nastiest. It's very much an X-rated artefact and anyone who finally deciphers the lyrics will probably be shocked at the incidence of sheer venom, the anti-women numbering and the desperate indication that you are witnessing the full scale slide of a totally committed artist sinking into the depths of his own depravity.

Many of the tracks begin innocently enough until he gets the hate working on his apparently tortured nervous system.

The overall mood is set by the seedy cover and the flip picture of the Big Star trio looking decidedly boozed — Chilton is pointing a finger right out at ya, his face a ferret-like warped leer. And from "O My Soul" you're on your own with this one, coming to terms with barely-veiled sarcasm and spit-out messages that would intimidate a Sex Pistol.

"Life Is White" is an enigmatic slice of the Chilton caustic, perhaps an attack on Chris Bell. The title is certainly a parody of "My Life Is Right" which he and Bell worked up for the first album. Whoever the recipient, he or she gets it in the mouth.

At all times the music on "Radio City" tracks alongside the lyrical meaning. "Life Is White" the pace is murderous, a frenetic left-field piano bridge colliding with Chilton's derailed feedback.

By contrast, Hummel's "Way Out West" is a joyride, comparatively straight in melody and tone and relying on a well-executed series of tasteful bass runs. Then Chilton gets back to the dirt digging for "What's Going On", utilising a sublime chord sequence with a succinct attack on the peripheral women slumming it round the backstage door.

"I like love but I don't know/All these girls come and go/Always nothing left to say."

When he isn't obsessed with his own sexual role Chilton still sounds on top of his personal philosophy — which he never does on the third album.

"What's Going On" and its companion piece "You Get What You Deserve" give full indication of a certain irritating smugness, though both wield the sentiment to melodies which wouldn't sound out of place on a vintage Beatles album without ever exemplifying the derivative qualities of The Raspberries or Badfinger.

"Mod Lang" (as in modern language) peels off side two like the Stones in their pre-geriatric days. Chilton's performance is classic, hollering out the odds in a righteous upstart shriek:

"I want a witness... I want to testify".

It doesn't add up to anything except great rock 'n' roll in the manic derish department with literary leanings (the boy burns off Verlaine and

Memphis legends BIG STAR never made it big, but blew a few minds along the way — including their own... At least, that's true of main man Alex Chilton, who gradually sank to the depths of artistic degeneracy and despair.

On the occasion of the release here of their first two albums as a 'double' (on Stax), MAX BELL looks back over a mercurial but disastrous career.

Smith with ease, no love lost between them and Alex either).

John Fry boosted the sound on "Back Of A Car" with the aid of Richard Roseborough's percussive talents but generally the goods come unadorned and with a live studio spontaneity oozing from every component.

Chilton's own guitar parts are unimpeachable, the bad craziness of his vocal delivery matched by a devastating depth of old rhythm attack and assorted lead lines that had the edge on any other comparable record made that year (1974). For example, "Daisy Glaze" modulates from a first half of pathetic jilted love to some second half reminiscences of a bizarre punch-out with a cast of drag fags seen through Chilton's stage eye.

"Radio City" reaches some sort of a climax on the taut precision of its best known song, "September Gurls", where the mood is regulated through an up-tempo tune in direct collision with the increasingly depressing sentiment. They go out with some muted soul baring a la the first record, two songs just over a minute long, "Morpha Too" and "I'm In Love With A Girl" an instrumental backing of piano and strummed acoustic giving an ironic twist to the singer's search for the unattainable.

Stax Records' inability to sell anything which wasn't primarily black R&B (witness the fate of Don Nix) meant that as sales figures for America went Big Star might as well have stayed home in bed.

IN LATE '74, early '75 Chilton gave it one more try, the result being his legendary album, "Sisters, Lovers", which Aura are now releasing as "The Third Album" (shame on them for changing the title). White label copies and poor quality tapes of this disc surfaced in 1976 as a result of Fry's sending demo copies to some unscrupulous A&R men.

"Sisters, Lovers" owes an immense debt to Lou Reed's "Berlin" which you may remember was the aftermath of his short lived marriage. Where Reed's maudlin sicko melodrama had the lasting appeal of a fifth rate soap opera Chilton suggested he'd gone right off the beam. Hummel had returned to college to finish his Master's in Chemical Engineering, Bell was helping his brother run a fast food business and occasionally worked on his masterwork, "I Am The Cosmos" (now available on Car Records) and Chilton and Stephens were hanging their heads against brick walls.

The cast list included local hot side men Tommy McClure and Steve Cropper — producer Jim Dickinson on keyboards and guitars and even Jerry Lee's original drummer, Tarp Tarrant, brought back to provide the beat on a version of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On" where Chilton sounds so shot that the only shakin' going on must have been a result of delirium tremors.

"Sisters, Lovers" is essential listening for any Chilton devotee but be warned of its utterly hopeless atmosphere and morbid contents. Chilton can still come over like Roger McGuinn on "Kizza Me" but he's dredging a squalid barrel where the chestnut mare has been traded in for another kind of horse, the big white out. Fear and loathing in Memphis reach optimum proportions in yet another anti-groupie tract, "You Can't Have Me" with Chilton's message as squalid as the women he despises.

His Catholic panic attempts to find solace on "Jesus Christ", on which an eerie Wurlitzer supplies incongruous fairground punctuation to the Neil Young flavoured guitar maul. As usual he stands to be judged according to his own Old Testament rigour.

"And the wrong shall fail, and the right prevail."

The discomfort that this mood inflicts on the listener is increased throughout side two. "O, Dana" managed to fuse a Barry Manilow style melody beneath layers of apologetic paranoia: "I worry whether this is my last life/And God — if you're listening/I'm sorry I can't help it."

That seminal comment on Chilton's phase on "Sisters, Lovers" is contrasted immediately with his interpretation of Lou Reed's "Femme Fatale" where Alex takes Nico's part and a female chanteuse sings the back ups in French. The arrangement has a far more private weight than the original, but "Holocaust" is a truer

indication of the pit Chilton had dug out for himself.

The lyric here is so lacking in hope that even if Bob Ezrin had left "Berlin" unadorned and recorded it on two track in a terminal cancer ward it would still come over like a Marx Brothers script next to the picture unfolding here.

The possible explanation for "Holocaust" is that it's autobiographical and while I'm generally wary of doom laden rock and roll angst, in context the fascination of Chilton's downer is in the same bag as "Tonight's The Night". Try singing along to this:

"Everybody goes as far as they can... even those who fall behind/Your mother's dead, she said don't be afraid... you on your own/She's in her bed.../You're a wasted face, you're a sad eyed lie, you're a holocaust."

In the now recognisable style of the first two Big Star albums Chilton bows out with two brief, acoustically orientated numbers, "Nighttime" and "Kanga Roo". Impossibly, these cuts induce an even greater sense of abject solitude than their forebears.

He reserves his most poignant melodies for the final, miserable slump and the last total rejection of self-respect. There's an iced beauty in the imagery of Chilton scuttling alone through the streets friendless and unloved which you must either accept on face value or reject as too harrowing in subject matter.

Anyway you look at "Sisters, Lovers", the break from the days of The Boxtops and "Get me a ticket for an aeroplane" is complete. The danger zone of the rock world, its temptation to commit irreparable self-abuse, finds absolute summation in the career of Alex Chilton.

BIG STAR'S swansong remained on the shelf while Ardent went through its own death throes. The legend of Alex Chilton was fostered by tales of embarrassing bar-room brawls and a hell-bent egocentricity hardly guaranteed to endear him to his small body of admirers.

On one occasion, at D. J.'s tribute show in Memphis (could have been for the late Presley), the compere was introducing his celebrity audience — Booker T., Cropper and friends — with the customary American blandness that accompanies such gatherings. All was going to plan until the scruffy figure of Chilton leapt from his seat demanding attention:

"What about me, ain't I famous enough for ya?"

The D. J. watched aghast as Chilton added some spice to the proceedings by leaping on stage and smashing wildly at the piano, yelling the odds and generally making a total asshole of himself.

Last year Jon Tiven dragged Chilton out of the gutter and took him to the Terry Ork stable in New York for another try. The resulting E.P., "The Singer Not The Song", was not evocative of the style Big Star had, even with Chilton at his most deranged, although a partnership with the excellent Chris Stamey, the new North Carolina boy wonder, whetted the appetite for a revival which never materialised.

The revival of interest in Big Star, particularly English Monolithic Industries' double re-package (and by the way, EMI, I'll be suing for copyright) has led to rumours of their reformation. Hummel, Bell and Stephens are agreed, but Chilton continues to flug his solo dream in Memphis, working sometimes at Ardent Studios and less successfully on the Fun label at Sun records.

If they could steer clear of the utterly enervating New York sycophants and the dreary sick rock clubs that still have some reputation as places where something is happening (it isn't) then we might yet see some action from one of the most genuinely electric experiences to emerge on vinyl in the last six years.

The stars are set fair and the climate is perfect for Alex Chilton to show himself once more. Somehow I think he doesn't want to take that chance. I'd love to be proved wrong.

DISCOGRAPHY

"BIG STAR — No 1 Record" (Ardent).

"RADIO CITY" (Ardent).

Above re-issued as Big Star "No 1 Record/Radio City" — (Stax SNXP 302). BIG STAR — "The Third Album" (Aura AUL 703).



Le
nouveau
album from
**Plastic
Bertrand**

le dis "C'est punque"
Vous dites "C'est rocque."
Il dit "C'est boogie-woogie."
Tout le monde dit
"C'est très fantastique."

AN 1

Plastic Bertrand's new album featuring
la smash hit "Ca Plane Pour Moi" et
their nouvelle single "Sha La La La Lee."

Album 9103 258 Single 6059 209

marketed by
phonogram

IN TOWN TODAY...

ANNIE GOLDEN & HER FABULOUS SHOITS !!

ANNIE GOLDEN gives a good letter.

Bank on it: there'll be one on its way right now. "Dear Phil..." The Shirts are touring your country. Remember that feature you were going to write?

First time Annie wrote was well over a year ago now. The Shirts were desperate, and they seemed to have turned me into some kind of last straw to clutch at. Apparently the only journalist for years who'd told them they were great, I found myself bearing the sword of the media. A bodged stream of letters arrived on my desk signed "Three Shirts fans, Brooklyn", and the like.

"Dear Mr McNeill, We understand you are thinking of writing a report on The Shirts..." Funny how the surnames often coincided with Shirts surnames — Ardito, Piccolo — and other similarly ethnic appellations. In a way, it transpired the whole sad Shirts vibe.

I mean, I really loved this band, but there was nothing to be said about them. Not in the UK press, anyway. No record, no tour, what could I say? Next time you're in New York, all you jessetting readers.

Meanwhile the U.S. press was about as responsive to The Shirts as the Clash audience was to Suicide. So I got the call.

The call came, I did nothing. Then The Shirts came to London, to be precise. They'd signed a deal with Harvest Records (because their own home labels weren't interested), and were recording here.

Annie Golden wrote to me again. "Dear Phil..."

So off I went to see them again. Did another interview. Listened to rough mixes. Look forward to reading the feature, they said.

The call came and went. What, I reasoned, was the point? No record,

no tour — just a one-off at Dingwalls. I'll wait till the time's right...

But now there's no escape. The time is bang on right. The band's on the road and my ass, as they say, is in a sling. Here come Da Shoits.

BOTTOMS IS — or was, 18 months ago — a less than fashionable New York club. We were only there because we'd flicked through the *Village Voice* gig directory and The Shirts were the only name we'd even recognised. We assumed they'd be a punk group.

Even at 25, Annie Golden looked sweet sixteen. A baller-shoe'd trance-eyed ragdoll of a singer, she spent the entire second set chewing. (Afterwards, approached timorously at the bar, she drawled: "I was really annoyed in the first set because nobody had any gum.")

"Shirts" across her T-shirt, Annie swayed and pirouetted limply between a veritable barrage of male rock armaments: two guitars, keyboards, bass and drums. What music they made!

Each song was chucked violently around between four vocalists, running their lines together, alternately, across one another, in unison, in harmony, reflecting the deranged trickery The Shirts brought to every arrangement — complex webs of textures and riffs, climaxes and dynamics held together with extraordinary control, and I wondered if the other 99 people present realised this was the best band they were ever likely to see.

Did groups like this still exist? This music, it was psychedelic! Drama! Light and shade! Doom and foreboding! The sound of Jefferson Airplane, the twists and turns of The Grateful Dead, the speed of The Ramones. Ridiculous stuff.

Sprawled on my hotel bed a couple

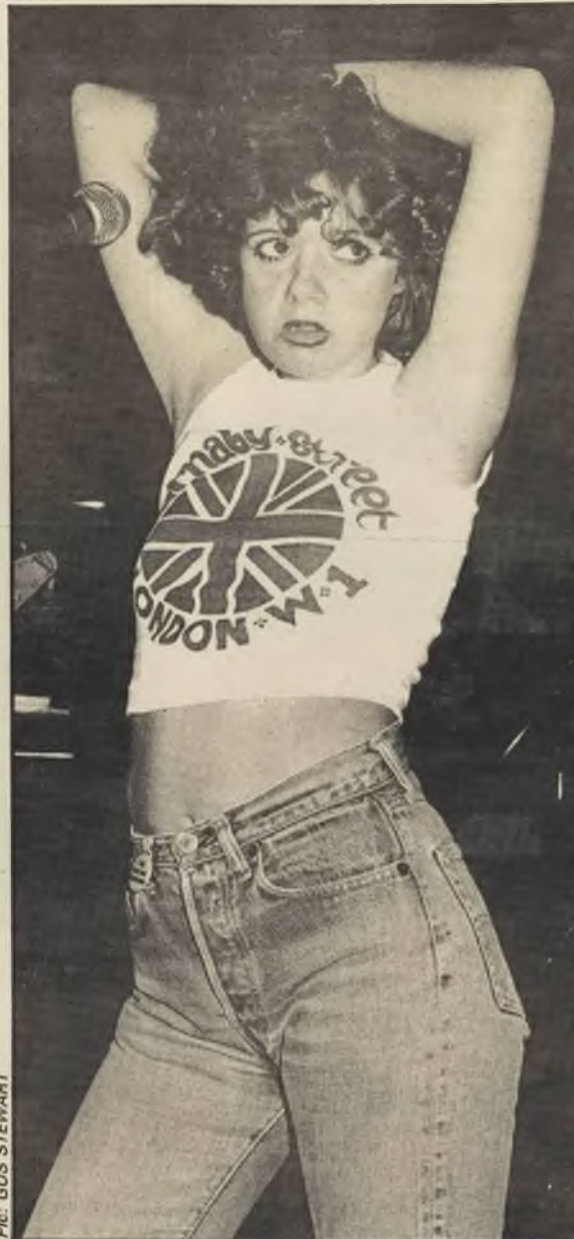


PHOTO: GUS STEWART

BY PHIL McNEILL

of hours later, Annie and Artie Lamonica exuded the fatigue, not just of two sets' exertion, but of five years of frustration. The CBGBs band that everyone ignored — "We've heard it so many times: 'They're commercial, they'll get signed' " — and still no contract in view.

Artie's voice, you wouldn't believe it! It's that gangster movie Brooklyn archetype, just like the band's glorious array of (genuine) Italian monickers: Robert Racioppo (bass), John Criscione (drums), John Piccolo (keyboards), Ronnie Ardito and Artie Lamonica (guitars).

He told me about the band he and Annie were in before The Shirts,

Lackys and Schemers. "Dey useta just play Brooklyn. Beer blasting colleges, block parties, nuthin' big at all."

Not that being in The Shirts had brought Lymonica any wealth of fame. Their only gig outside of New York State in five years had been supporting Orleans in front of — count 'em — 1,800 people. It was winter, they didn't have any money, they got sick. Scary times.

"Poc", the six-year-old highlight of any Shirts set, recalls their early days. "We were like the druids of Brooklyn," husked Annie. "Diving into garbage..."

Only the patronage of their

manager, CBGBs boss Hilly Kristal, kept The Shirts intact.

We talked about possible deals, a session they were doing in Electric Lady with Genya Raven (Goldie Zelkowitz) directing men with cellos, a single in mind...

IN THE END, it took The Man Who Signed The Sex Pistols, Nick Mobbs of EMI, to see the potential of this bizarre, grandiose band The Shirts.

Spurred by EMI's example, Capitol picked up The Shirts in the States — and promptly stuck their ear in by demanding that the band do a cover version single. Incensed, the sextet went off to show they could write their own 45s.

Meantime, Mobbs took boy wonder Harvest house producer Mike Thorne to New York to sniff The Shirts. Impressed he wasn't — until Hilly Kristal set up a one-off CBGBs show for Thorne's benefit. What did he see? "I saw energy," he intones.

The album Thorne's put together with The Shirts down in Chiswick is 50/50 old stuff — including that very first Shirts song, "Poc", as well as their previously posited single "The Story Goes", the toytown episode "Tenth Floor Clown" and the old stage opener "I'm Reduced To Whispering" — alongside the fruits of that let's-write-a-single spasm.

Listening to the tapes, I was let down. Where was that demented ambition I'd preserved in my memory? Maybe it was never there — or maybe Thorne and Capitol have conspired to erase The Shirts' old indiscretions.

Certainly, they recorded under stress. Annie Golden, almost down and out just a year before, was now up to her neck in contracts and commitments.

Shortly after I'd seen Annie and decided she was the future of rock'n'roll, Miles Forman, director of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, had also seen Annie — at CBGBs — and decided she was one of the stars of his upcoming movie version of *Hair*, the hit '60s flower power musical.

She was immediately drafted into the Broadway stage show for a month — sometimes coming offstage there, jumping into a cab to CBGBs, and stirring onstage in her *Hair* duds — and then filming began.

Originally scheduled to finish in December, it dragged on... and on.

When the album was cut in April, Ms Golden was forced to divide her time between the *Hair* set in New York and the studio in West London: two days here, two days there, shuttling madly back and forth on Concorde (she even made the young-starlet-fires-out slot in the *Daily Mirror*), until her nerves were snapping.

When I visited chez Shirts, it happened to be one of Annie's days with Mikos. All her co-workers went out of their way to say her double life hadn't affected the LP.

Well it's just arrived in the office, and it just shows you shouldn't go listening to rough mixes. The second side is hardly scintillating, but the first side's got it: fine, fierce stuff. Drama! Power! Their star, on that side at least, is in the ascendant.

The Dingwalls gig had already restored faith and sorted out a pattern, anyway. The Shirts blueprint, current live version — it's dead straightforward. Every song starts slow, quiet, hesitant — and then builds and builds relentlessly to one of those ludicrous climaxes. You will enjoy, OK.

A very strange and entertaining group, The Shirts. Annie Golden, future star.

But will she still find time to write?

POUND OFF

'MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD'

The new album from Talking Heads

Available now from any of these shops at £1 off the r.r.p. on production of this voucher. This offer closes on Saturday 29th July.

Dereks Records
240 Hoe Street,
Walthamstow, E.17

Dereks Records
3 Wenworth Street,
E.1

Dereks Records
117 Fore Street,
N.18

Dereks Records
11 The Arcade,
Walthamstow, E.17

Dereks Records
78 Old Christchurch
Road, Bournemouth

Dereks Records
4 Chequers Parade,
Eliham S.E.9

Dereks Records
125 High Street,
Guildford, Surrey

Dereks Records
5 Turpike Lane,
N.8

Dereks Records
54 Old George Mall,
Salisbury, Wilt

Harum Records
40 Faris Green Road,
Muswell Hill, N.10

Harum Records
146 Crouch Hill,
N.8

Harum Records
155 The Parade,
Walford

Harum Records
137 High Street,
Barnet, Herts

Phase 3
93 Lancaster Road,
Enfield, Middlesex

Phase 3
52 Stoke Newington
Road, N.16

Revolver Records
195a Park Lane,
Tottenham, N.17

Rays Record Spot
487a Green Lanes,
Harringay, N.4

£1 off the r.r.p. of the new
Talking Heads album
'More Songs About Building & Food'
on production of this voucher.
Offer closes Saturday 29th July

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER BUT IF YOU CAN MAKE HIM FLOAT ON HIS BACK, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING



FOR MARRIED COUPLES BETWEEN 20-30 yrs 48.2% HAVE NO KIDS 18.7% HAVE 1 14.8% HAVE 2 8.2% HAVE 3 8.2% HAVE 4 OR MORE
AV. MALE HT. (20-30) 5'10" AV. MALE WT. 157 lbs. (25-35) 163 lbs.

THE AKRON COMPLICATION: Part 3 ALL GREAT DISCOVERIES ARE MADE BY MISTAKE

FEATURING:

JANE HIRE & THE BELVOIRES
THE BIZARRUS - CHA PIG-IDIOTS
CONVENTION - RUBBER CITY REBELS
RACHEL SWEET - SNIPER - TERRAPLANE
TIM HUEY - THE WAITRESSES

INGREDIENTS: SKIMMED MILK, SUGAR, GLUCOSE SYRUP, VEGETABLE FAT, WHEY SOLIDS, CITRIC ACID, STABILISERS, ACID CALCIUM PHOSPHATE, SODIUM PYROPHOSPHATE, EMULSIFIER, SODIUM CITRATE, CALCIUM CARBONATE, FLAVOURING, COLOUR, SACCHARIN.



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS READ THE INSTRUCTIONS

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

The Great Stiff Voucher Mystery?

CAN YOU explain what Stiff's single and album vouchers are all about? — **SIMON BRIDGER, St Annes, Lancs.**

WHEN STIFF Records was formed in the Summer of '76, Jake Riviera had

plans to release an album compiled from tapes recorded at the Hope and Anchor, featuring such bands as Dr. Feelgood, Kokomo and Ducks DeLuxe. I'd like to know what happened to the plans

for that LP? — **ANDREW WROBELL, Whaddon, Cheltenham.**

● Holy brunt robber, Batman! This place gets more like the Stiff sorting office everyday! 'Bout that voucher thing though — I must admit that had me puzzled too. And when I phoned Stiff, they admitted that they hadn't even worked it out either — which isn't surprising really. But it seems that the general idea is that one day you'll have the pleasure of mutilating your album and single sleeves by chopping off those vouchers, in return for which Honest Jake will send you some absolutely ripping gift — at least, that's what the intention is.

Meanwhile, those beer-soaked tapes are not forgotten. The story is that Stiff's Dave Robinson ran a studio at the Hope and Anchor, recording all the bands that appeared there and his office is currently stacked with tapes waiting to be unleashed upon an unsuspecting public. The label is now having a mobile studio built and when that's completed — which should be in just a few weeks time — the tapes will then be sorted and an album fashioned in readiness for an early release. Meanwhile, somewhere in Gotham City...

ONE COMMENT on the recent Info City answer to reader Hulme's question regarding The Yardbirds' album "Five Live Yardbirds": there exists an American import album on Springboard SPB-4036 called "Eric Clapton And The Yardbirds", which in fact is "Five Live Yardbirds" minus one track at the end of each side — the two missing tracks being "Respectable" and "Here 'Tis". But as "Here 'Tis" is available on the Charley album, it is possible, at least here in Finland, to get every track from "Five Live Yardbirds" except "Respectable". Incidentally, on the cover the Springboard album taken at the time of his come-back concert at the Rainbow in 1973.

— **PERTTI OJALA, Tornio, Finland.**

● Thanks for the info — but how come all you're guys up in midnight sun country write better English than most of us Carnaby Street shufflers? I mean, I can hardly spell Tasaval... er... Tasavallian Pres... er... oh, hell, I meant Wigwam anyway!

SOMETIME ago, there used to be a series of R&B compilation albums — featuring Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley et



CLAPTON: "Primal Solos" with Mayall.

al — on the cheapo Marble Arch label. Can you tell me if they're still available? — **R. BOND, Barking, Essex.**
● Sorry — Pye's Marble Arch label got phased out yonks ago, to be replaced by the Golden Hour series. And even though Pye still have some good bluesware in their catalogue — mainly culled from Vanguard — they've long since lost all those Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley and Little Walter sides, which emanated from Chess, a label now marketed in this country by Phonogram.

COULD YOU tell me who published The Byrds by Bud Scoppa? My local book shop have been unable to trace it? — **A. READER, Rammarsh, South Yorks.**

WHAT'S THE latest state of play on Nick Kent's projected Beach Boys book? — **C. GILMORE, Godalming, Surrey.**

● I'm a bit schizo when it comes to books, the result of once working in a place that distributed both Bibles and sex literature — we once packaged some religious tracts in some spare sheets from Stocking Tops and got a note back from some irate Mother Superior who complained "Your books were fine but we didn't appreciate the wrapping paper." — but I have managed to ascertain that Scoppa's The Byrds is virtually unobtainable, being only published in New Zealand or thereabouts. I dunno about Nick's tribute to those harmonizing members of wave watchers unanimous though — he just goes all coy each time it gets mentioned. But the less bashful John Tobler tells me that he (Tobler) has just penned The Beach Boys, published by Phoenix at 95p.

I HAVE the Island EPs by Free, Spencer Davies and Traffic and wondered if these were any more available? — **B.O.E., Felling, Tyne and Wear.**

● Following a meeting of the Security Council (actually it was just me and Cliff Gater but that doesn't sound so impressive!) it was decided that Island had released 10 EPs in recent times, these being by Bryan Ferry (IEP 1), Eddie

And The Hot Rods ("At The Marquee" IEP 2 and "At The Sound Of Speed" IEP 5), Jess Roden ("Live" IEP 3), Mike Nesmith (IEP 4), Free (IEP 6), Traffic (IEP 7), Ultravox ("Live Retro" IEP 8), Jimmy Cliff (IEP 9) and Spencer Davies (IEP 10).

SOME TIME BACK, an import album of previously unreleased Eric Clapton 'n' John Mayall material was mentioned in NME. Can you supply full details of this desirable object? — **M. ANDERSON, London SE20.**

● I guess the album you mean is "Primal Solos" (U.S. London IC 50003), which includes such Clapton-tracks as "Maude", "It Hurts To Be In Love", "Have You Ever Loved A Woman?", "Bye Bye Bird" and "Hoochie Coochie Man", recorded by the Mayall, Clapton, Jack Bruce and Hughie Flint line-up at London's Flamingo Club in April, 1966. The other titles on the disc are "Look At The Girl" and "Start Walking", taped at Falmer College, Brighton, in May, 1968, and "Wish You Were Mine", which stems from a Swedish gig later that same year. These latter tracks all feature Mick Taylor on guitar.

REQUIRED — a list of all Wigwam albums, stating availability, either on import or British labels. — **EURO-FREAK, Haywards Heath, Sussex.**

● Prior to 1975 and the release of "Nuclear Nightclub", I'd always thought that Wigwam were merely a figment of Ian McDonald's fertile imagination. But it seems that the band really existed long before then, their first Finnish flapjack, "Hard'n'Horny" (Love LRLP 9) being issued in 1969, soon after vocalist Jim Pembroke joined their ranks. Since then there's been the Kim Fowley-produced "Tombstone Valentine" (LRLP 19 — 1970), "Being" (LRLP 92 — 1974), "Live Music From Twilight Zone" (LXLP 517/518 — 1975), Nuclear Nightclub" (Virgin V2035 — 1975), "The Lucky Golden Stripes And Starpane" (Virgin V2051 — 1976) and "Dark Album" (LRLP 227 — 1977).

In addition, a compilation album, "Wigwam" (LXLP 511 — 1972) has appeared, while Jim Pembroke has cut such solo albums as "Wicked Ivory" (as by Hot Thumbs O'Riley on Love LRLP 52 and deleted Charisma CAS 1071 — 1972), "Pigworm" (LRLP 103 — 1974) and "Corporal Cauliflower's Mental Function" (LRLP 214 — 1976). Wigwam multi-instrumentalist Pekka Pohjola cutting "Pihkasilma Kaarnakorva" (LRLP 71 — 1972), "B The Muggle" (Virgin V2035 — 1975) and "The Mathematician's Air Display" (Virgin V2084 — 1977). All the Virgin releases are still readily available, while the Love imports are obtainable in London from HMV, Oxford Street, or through local retailers, who can order from a wholesale firm called Studio Imports, c/o Alfa Ltd, 25-27 Oxford Street, London W.1. (01-437-8226).

SEA LEVEL & DIXIE DREGS

On a one stop visit appearing at the

**HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY JULY 26th**

See both these versatile American rock bands at their only U.K. concert. It will be a night to remember.

Both bands have released new albums, Sea Level's 'Cats on the Coast' Single. 'That's your secret' and Dixie Dregs 'What if' Single. 'Take it off the top'.

YOU SAID THAT NOTHING



CLASH ON TOUR

FORCES OF LIGHT & SHADOW

Words: CHRIS SALEWICZ
Pictures: PENNIE SMITH
Illustration: RAY LOWRY

IT'S AS IF THE Clash's "Police And Thieves" stage backdrop has suddenly transmogrified into moving 3-D.

The scene: the cobbled street down the side of the Glasgow Apollo. Round about midnight.

The dramatis personae: The Clash, fifty to sixty Clash fans, Clash drivers and security guys, an indeterminate number of members of the Glasgow constabulary.

The sound:

C-R-U-N-C-H!!!

There it goes again: Paul Simonon, impeccably street-cool despite the Johnsons royal-blue shot-silk suit and Scotch House scarlet cashmere sweater, sinking down on his DMs onto the damp cobbles in a perfect staccato frozen-frame sequence as the back of his neck becomes the object of a manic, self-brutalising, truncheon-waving charge by an anorak-clad plainclothes Glasgow cop.

It's a disgusting incident. Highly emotive, riddled with flashes and waves of fear and terror and shock.

There's a whole pattern of ironies binding this little scenario together: the Apollo bouncers, the police, even some of the kids outside the back of the theatre, all hating The Clash because The Clash threaten the basic status quo on which their hatred has been erected. As the plainclothes cops suddenly emerge, chain-weighted truncheons in hand, from the shadows, they stir up eerie images of battles between the forces of good and evil.

BACKSTAGE BEFORE the Apollo gig, a Glaswegian punk is haranguing Simonon. "You still doin' all that politics stuff? That's not music."

"It's not politics," Simonon replies, taking a hit from a bottle of Smirnoff vodka. "It's just the difference between right and wrong."

"Yeah. But a lot of punks don't understand the politics. They're just here for the music."

"Well," Simonon shakes his head. "I don't understand it either. I just know what's right and wrong. Like closing this place — that's wrong."

There's something horribly appropriate in The Clash being the last rock band ever to play the Glasgow Apollo — always (n) famous for having some of the best rock audiences and the most psychotic bouncers in the UK — before it's turned into a bingo hall.

More than any other band, The Clash really do care — no, not care, love — their audiences. And, by extension, their fellow-men, though maybe that's another matter.

Anyway, the bouncers, apparently, have long been standing by for this night.

Tonight's the night, Jiminy, when they get their own back on the kids. "Here!" One of them proudly pulls up his vest to show the band's "personal", Steve English. "This scar's from the David Bowie show. And this one's from The Faces. And this" (he shows a thick welt across his belly) "is from the last time The Clash played here."

The instant the band hit the stage it's like the Apocalypse is upon us and performing live in the stalls. Pogoing kids being dragged to the back of the hall and having the shit kicked out of them. . . . Pogoing kids having the shit kicked out of them in front of the stage. . . . "I'M SICK OF BLOOD. I'M SICK OF FUCKIN' BLOOD." Joe Strummer backs off from the mike and shakes his head to himself after pleading with the bouncers and kids to stop attempting to dismember each other.

They do stop. A little bit. But there are still obscene sights like a bouncer with shoulder-length hair diving head-first off the front of the

• Continues over page

CLASHOCK

From previous page

dropping books on the floor when particularly subversive or obscene lyrics came through the speakers. Towards the end of the sessions, Pearlman became increasingly anxious over leaving what it seems he had begun to regard as Sandy's Perfect Studio Album in the hands of the band for the final mixing — particularly as they'd already been bitching about the cleanliness of the sound and expressing a desire to mark it up somewhat.

Matters reached something of a head shortly before Pearlman flew back to the States just prior to the tour. At a Blue Oyster Cult party thrown by CBS, Topper Headon placed a large cake on the head of the wife of Blue Oyster Cult's "gnome guitarist" Buck Dharma. Unfortunately the cake somehow slipped and splattered all over the good lady's head, with the result that several Cult roadies were on the brink of tearing Topper to pieces.

Not so Pearlman, however. He knew who was the real culprit. "He turned to me and said, 'You put the eye on him, didn't you? You made him do that, didn't you?'" grins a somewhat bemused Mick Jones.

THE ROCK AGAINST Racism festival in Hackney once again appeared to put The Clash in a

position of conflict with other bands. "We said we didn't want to top that bill," Jones shakes his head. "We just wanted to be part of it."

"And then backstage there were all these numbers going down with Tom Robinson's management — and someone turned the power down on us and made sure the PA wasn't working properly."

"But," he nods with a smile, "when we went onstage the sun started shining, so obviously the forces must have been with us."

"However, there are so many groups who do treat their fans as if they're complete rubbish. I can't think of many groups at all who really still care."

"Who is there? Well, we haven't given up. Neither have The Skits either. Nor Generation X. I certainly don't think John Rotten's given up."

Nor Jimmy Pursey. Actually, I don't think Keith Richards ever gave up really. Mick Jagger certainly did, though."

We talk for a few minutes about the new material. Joe had told me that the anthem-like new number, "Stay Free", was about a friend of Jones' whom I'd met on several occasions in his role as dilettante journalist.

"It's not just about him," the guitarist says. "It's about all my gang in Brixton. That guy's the lucky one — he's escaped."

"Two of the others both work in butchers' shops and are in the National Front. Twenty-three and they're in the Front."

"I don't not talk to them because of that, though. I go and see them. Show them what I've done. Show them the possibilities."

"You know," he free-associates, "it seems to me there are only three types of possible relationships: master-pupil, or pupil-master, or — and this is the really rare one that I've had about twice — a one-to-one relationship where you both help each other. That's the one to quest for, isn't it?"

"Actually, I've been reading a lot about orgone energy lately. I've suddenly started realising that all of

these bands who're into pulling loads of girls backstage obviously can't be fulfilling their full potential when they're performing. "Mind you," he admits, "all of this band are a right bunch of studs. I was the only one who slept on his own last night."

"But we do try and treat them with respect. In some ways we're probably the first group to ever do that. And it's quite difficult: making them realise that you really are a human being is something of a necessary strain in the job. It's quite understandable, though. When I first met musicians I never saw them as just people."

"But I think a lot of people are keeping their eyes on us. Waiting for it to crack. So it can't, of course."

"Listen, somewhere we played the other day there was some girl showing us the bruises this other band had given her."

"I mean, where's that at?"

ALMOST EXACTLY twelve hours later Mick and I are sitting in his room at the Albany Hotel in Glasgow, drinking whisky and smoking and recovering from the police agro that's ensured neither Joe nor Paul will be using their rooms tonight.

Mick, who has been unfairly criticised for being a poseur by people

where he is forced to decide between his emotions and his loyalties to the group.

"He's beginning to understand the full extent of his responsibilities," says Mick Jones as, fortified by half a bottle of vodka, the drummer tapes up the hideous blisters on his hands that drumming on the tour has already caused him and drags himself out onto the stage.

Replacing Terry Chimes after the first LP had been completed, Headon joined The Clash just in time for the White Riot tour in the spring of last year. A karate freak — in Manchester Strummer spends his last sixteen quid in the HMV shop on a Bruce Lee import that he knows Topper ought to have — his musical pedigree includes having played with Pat Travers.

He now seems a totally integrated member of the band.

The vibe at the Clash theatre dates is akin to what it once seemed only The Faces were capable of attaining — a warm, positive empathy between performer and audience in which no one person's contribution is any more or any less vital than anyone else's. Except that The Faces only attained that level on about one in every ten gigs — and beneath that superficial empathy there always seemed to exist a subtly disguised contempt for their audience.

The Clash get up there every night. Moreover, their sound, which in the past has frequently been erratic to say the very least, has now been sorted out to an extent where you know this is a big league rock band you're witnessing and not some mere experiment in anarchic creative situations.

The set is about 50/50 old and new material — which, considering the paradoxically reactionary nature already evident in certain of the hardcore punk fans, is brave indeed. And almost always it works.

After the first number — which I think is generally "Complete Control", although that might be complete mental aberration — you get (not necessarily in this order) "Tommy Gun", "Bang Bang" (featuring Mick Jones' Ron Wood-like runs across the stage), "Capital Radio", the splendid "Stay Free", a "Police And Thieves" that frequently segues into a verse of "Blitzkrieg Pop", plus the one that really seems to confuse them, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home".

The Clash also play "Cheepskates" and "London's Burning" and "White Riot" (generally as the encore) and "Janis Jones" and "Clash City Rockers" and, of course, the superb "(White Man) In Hammersmith Palace". Plus several others that I've temporarily forgotten.

It's no wonder really that the kids at the front always seem into trashing the hall. The chemical fusion onstage is producing near-nuclear possibilities. After all, all influences duly considered, The Clash really do produce the best, the warmest, the most involving, the most enjoyable rock'n'roll shows I've ever seen. Indeed, there were even rash moments during the quite magnificent Aberdeen gig when I start hallucinating that The Clash really were the '70s Beatles.

ON THE WAY BACK to the Piccadilly Hotel in Manchester after Jones and Strummer had been out scoring some sounds — Jones had bought cassettes of Peter Tosh's "Legalise It", Al Green's "Let's Stay Together", Neil Young's "On The Beach" and Randy Newman's "Little Criminals" — we pass a piece of Manchester United graffiti which, via an intelligent usage of paint, has transmuted into MU...NF.

"About the best piece of art-work they'll ever manage," snarls Strummer sibilantly through the gap in his front teeth.

A couple of hours later Mick Jones, Mary (the fan-club secretary, who's distraught at having only been given £15 by the Clash's management to form the band's appreciation society), and I are sitting up in Joe's room watching a highly emotive *World In Action* expose on the puerile macho fantasies of the Front, when a slightly tense version of the Strummer hip rockabilly gunslinger strolls in.

He stands scowling at the programme for maybe two or three minutes.

"Did you talk to Bernie about all these problems with the fan-club?" enquires Jones, as Mary disappears into the bathroom.

In a sudden spasm of rage, Joe takes a penalty kick at the wastepaper

basket, a cassette just misses my head, and the band's onstage frontman storms out, followed shortly after by Jones who cools him down and discovers that the reason Joe's upright is because he's been told he's going to have problems getting kids in to the Rafter's gig for nothing.

As a matter of fact, this Strummer incident is somewhat atypical — although, in typical Leonine manner, he goes over the top a couple of times more in the next few days. In the Glasgow Apollo dressing-room he grabs by the throat a fan who is berating him for not having done more to stop the doubters (this is perhaps a salutary lesson for the fan: later it is he who leads Mick Jones through the streets away from the police). But the days when those close to the band would tell you that "the real problem in The Clash is Joe Strummer", the days when Joe would be found lying drunk in the gutter outside Dingwalls with rain-water washing into his mouth, now seem to be over.

The occasional losses of control on the road are purely due to The Pressure, mon.

In the past, though, as Joe himself admits, they were down to "the demon drink" — a problem which was solved when his bout of hepatitis earlier in the year obliged him to lay off the booze altogether for the next six months if he didn't want a permanently weakened liver.

"It doesn't half make you lose your friends, though, not going down the pub," he laughs. He also vigorously denies that the hepatitis was due to any ingestion of impure stimulating powders. Cocaine he considers to be "complete muck. If you snort coke you're in on your own. You don't want anybody and you don't need anybody. Which is a horrible place to be."

Joe has a very powerful aura about him.

Onstage, he never smiles. This hard man stage persona, like the pre-hepatitis love of booze, may well be an extension of the belligerent Scotsman within him. His mother is Scottish and he claims that the sound of bagpipes renders him most emotional. (Jones, incidentally, is also a half-Celt — his mother is Welsh whilst his father is Jewish.)

He is also, as are all The Clash, a very sensitive and perceptive bloke, though not necessarily a near-intellectual in the same way that Jones certainly is.

When he was about 18 (he's 25 now) and just getting set to leave the minor public school in Epsom to which his parents had sent him (and where they told him he wasn't "university material", which is how he ended up going to Central Art School in London for a year before deciding it was a waste of time), Joe's brother committed suicide.

Although he comments no further than that "it happened at a pretty crucial time in my life," it seems certain that this event had a significant bearing in creating Joe Strummer, ally of the powers of positivism and light.

His brother, 18 months older than Joe, was a member of the National Front and was obsessed with the occult. In every way he seems to have been Joe's opposite. "He was such a nervous guy that he couldn't bring himself to talk at all. Couldn't speak to anyone."

"In fact, I think him committing suicide was a really brave thing to do. For him, certainly. Even though it was a total con-out."

HE LEANS BACK on the bed-head in his Aberdeen hotel room. It's two in the morning and we're both pretty done in. All the time, he tells me, underlining what Mick had said earlier in the day, he keeps getting signs — whether in the form of actual emissaries or less tangible incidents — that he, and this band, are on the right path.

"I go in for that mumbo-jumbo a lot myself," he smiles. "Like, when me and Mick went to Jamaica I was quite convinced we were going to die. At Heathrow someone dropped this ketchup all over the floor in front of us — and then we get there and we're driving through Trenchtown and I glance up at this wall and just see this one word: BLOOD."

"Mind you, nothing happened at all like that, and when I got back I thought, 'What a lot of time I wasted worrying.'"

Jamaica, mind you, was not a

particularly pleasant experience for the pair, who went over to JA kitted out as hard-line punks. Instead of welcoming them, black Jamaicans were calling them "white pigs" in the street. Unable to find anyone connected with the music scene — they spent their last Jamaican dollars on an abortive cab ride looking for Lee Perry's place — they stuck themselves away in their hotel rooms with a load of ganja and got down to writing songs.

Didn't they think they might look somewhat provocative?

"Sure," Strummer smirks. "We fuckin' went out on the streets dressed to the nines. We thought we'd show 'em where it was at." He laughs. "Cos they all like looking sharp, too."

"Boy, we got some funny looks. Sometimes when it got a bit heavy we'd pass ourselves off as merchant seamen."

Of course, one of the contradictions within The Clash is that all the warmth and positivism are hemmed in by overtly aggressive imagery — and here I'm thinking of the "White Man" gun logo, the militaristic stage backdrops, even the song titles: "Tommy Gun", "Guns On The Roof".

"It keeps coming up, doesn't it?" Strummer nods. "I think it's just a reflection of what's out there. I really do think we are a good force, but we're dealing with the world and those images are just a reflection of what it is."

Strummer first recalls singing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" as a kid in singing lessons at school. Rather than being about the American Civil War, as is the original, The Clash's version is subtitled "The English Civil War".

"It's already started," says Joe matter-of-factly. "Sure it has. There's people attacking Bengalis with clubs and firing shotguns in Wolverhampton."

"What really gets me is it's so-o-o-o respectable to be right-wing. All those big geezers in the Monday Club will probably switch over to the Front if they start making any headway. That's what happened in Germany — they turned round and said, 'Oh yeah, I've been a Nazi all along, mate.'"

"It's a pity when the skins go out on the rampage, that they don't go down the House of Commons and smash that place up."

"Any time there's any urban disturbances they always occur on the poor areas of town. Why don't they happen in the rich areas? More things would get smashed up if they did."

"If it's in London it's always in either the East End or in Notting Hill. Or it's in Belfast or in Londonderry — they're like bomb-sites, the slums out there."

"You know, I was in Notting Hill the other day and I was walking along and I saw that all of Tavistock Crescent is gone. And they used to seem to really know how to build houses fit for human beings to live in in those days."

"I mean, round by Westbourne Park Road these real egg-boxes have suddenly sprung up round behind the corrugated iron. Which is just brutal. I'd like to blow the head off the guy who designed those — or, better still, force him to live in it."

DESPITE HIS serious intent, Strummer agrees that many Clash listeners seem to miss out on the humour in their lyrics. I tell him that there are certain tracks on the first album that make me burst out laughing everytime I hear them.

"Yeah," he smiles. "I think some of it's really hysterical stuff. We all used to burst out laughing too, when we first started playing them."

Mick Jones has told me that he finds it a strain when people try to look on the band as evangelists. "Yeah, that's a bore. Just a load of old crap. I think you've always just got to be grateful for what you've achieved and then just try and achieve some more."

But why do you think you've got to that position where people think The Clash have The Answer?

"We give 'em good stuff. That's all. There aren't that many other groups around doing it. Sham's doing it. So's The Slits and Siouxsie."

So look: it's nearly two years on from when the band first started. How does it feel now?

"I could've told you the answer without hearing the question. We're a good group. That's the only answer."

"And when you're in a good group you feel good."



ALBUMS

TALKING HEADS

More Songs About Buildings And Food (Sire)

"THE DEEPER you dig, the more you uncover" — Nick Kent talks about "Talking Heads, '77".

"Things are entirely what they appear and, behind them, there is nothing — Jean-Paul Sartre in Nausea, '32.

"It takes a lot of time to push away the nonsense. I've heard all I want to, I won't listen any more" — David Byrne on "Talking Heads '77".

I STUMBLED across the mystery girl last week. She's in the bottom ten of the Top 50, I believe, with the best single ever made. It's called "Shame" and it's on RCA.

Her name is Evelyn "Champagne" King and I don't know what she looks like, where she's from, if she thinks... she's probably a pretty, tupenny ha'penny Muppett parrotting a pair of murky discomposers (Fitch and Cross, anyone?). Nevertheless she has manufactured a monument in the history of music, and said monument was practically wedded to our turntable.

So, substituting the latest Talking Heads sculpture for this beauty, the needle must have felt like Marilyn Monroe losing Joe DiMaggio for Arthur Miller; ostensibly trading in the thick brawn for the sensitive brain, actually losing the dumb genius for the stultifying intellect.

From amazingly pretentious sleeve — photomosaics of Talking Heads (using 529 close-up Polaroids) and the Big Country (using 569) — and crumbly, cynical title onwards I was lost in sheer space.

Talking Heads call themselves after the US television jargon for a head-and-shoulders entertainer, thus making themselves enigmatic and in need of explanation to us English buffoons. Talking Heads are blinding you with words and, to a lesser extent, with their nationality — as all the other American new wave bands are so brazenly doing these days. French girls, Rastafarians, and now American artists — it's ridiculous when people turn their nationality into an art.

"I'm Yankee — buy me." Rock and roll, so blinded by all those silly American frontier myths, reminds me of those wet British girls, who used to chase after GIs, squealing for a pair of stockings. English rock fans really look up to America and all its pretty trash; there isn't one "hip" middle-class English kid who doesn't at one time or another wish he'd had to claw his way up from Hell's Kitchen.

Talking Heads are Sire's best-sellers — but that's not much because in America all



The Heads at home — the blow wave starts here?

Pic: JOE STEVENS

these white middle-class bellyachers aren't exotic at all, they're just mildly successful citizens. Whatever Talking Heads have over those other bands comes from the fact that they come from New England and two of them are married to each other.

Apparently, Talking Heads weren't overfond of the sound achieved on their first album — that Chinese water torture — on a mirror clear-cut clarity — and happily handed over their reputation to Brian 'Ultravox' Eno. Impressionable young David Byrne — Lorelei Lee with an

art school degree? And for all you people who thought the first album was 'under-produced' (I may not know music from snot, but I have a great ear for production), here's just what you wanted.

That brassy, befuddled sound was employed so much better on Roxy Music's first. This is a dirty great panoramic Technicolour job with battles going on all over the show. Byrne's voice mixed right down into the cockscreaking synthesizers. And cherubs hold up the sky! That Eno — talk about a tart in a trance! He

gets Talking Heads to do what none of his other friends would as he snaps at Byrne's heels, until the optimistic tension of the last album starts sounding like the diary entries of a harassed housewife. When Byrne's not chirping, it could be any embarrassed punk band galloping along at full dope only to get it all over with.

Despite this, it's an infinitely better representation of the sound they sink to live — busy, brazen and uneventful.

Their songs are not short stories; if they in their good days (and from whom Talking Heads seem to have lifted a

good deal) did them once and for all. Their songs are false as all hell, that's all, and David Byrne's much lauded 'adopted-persona' songs sound like glove puppets with no hand in them.

Album starts off with the ineffectual, horrifically forced and cowboy-paced "Thank You For Sending Me An Angel", the title not so much enigmatic as a clumsy afterthought: "Oh baby, you can walk / You can talk / Just like me!" Ingenuously inhumane, but Dee D Jackson's done it all before: "You can look / Tell me what do you see / You can look

/ You won't see nothing like me!" It does not make a person melt in molten awe; it sounds more like Bachman-Turner Overdrive trying to figure out "Prairie Rose".

"With Our Love" is nothing more than an easy way to get from A to C: "I look out the window and I call that education / And I see all my friends standing out there and / I call that education."

Byrne may feel that evading people is the only way to hold their interest, and he may well be right. His calculatedly obtuse couplets and triplets attempt to steer clear of standard rock excuses for plots by plumbing the dubious depths of a style extant in American junk-literature for a lifetime: the great William Burroughs cut-up swindle.

The first record wasn't really like that. It was a positive record. Love, love, love. David's kicked the habit now, the dick. His songs increasingly get the reaction of the first album's unrepresentative "Psycho Killer", attempt menace, achieve irritation. Byrne, before sounding too superior to be superficial, now sounds like Bryan Ferry and Lou Reed's top-of-love offspring — especially on the pared down "Out Of The Blue" that is "Warning Sign": "Warning sign warning sign / I hear it but I pay no mind / hear my voice hear my voice / It's saying something and it's not very nice."

There are just two good songs here, "Girls Want To Be With The Girls" and "Found A Job", both catchy tunes that appeal to a person's vanity (that's rock and roll). "Girls" is one of those raindrop tunes that should have taken the place of "Psycho Killer" on the first album: "Girls don't want to play like that / Just want to talk to the boys / Just want to do what's in their hearts / And the girls want to be with the girls."

"Found A Job" traces married tedium over a TV dinner, Byrne playing the strait-jacket case of "Pulled Up". Elsewhere they perform Al Green's parodied "Take Me To The River" like people who've voted for the wrong politician and just realised it. The much talked-about "Big Country" seems to me like a grossly sub-standard "Circling LA" (Marc Thor). It's long and whining, an artist type's worn's eye view of a healthy town: "I wouldn't live there if you paid me to!" bleats Byrne, the big jessie.

These songs are stooges. Music to muse uselessly by, music to make lists to. Make of it what you will, I'm finished. Talking Heads seem like nicer people and better entertainers than Television, Ramones, Mink De Ville and all, but I still put teeth under my pillow, pull the chicken bone, you know. I wish...

Take it to the river, drop it in the water, go back home and play your copy of "Shame".

Alternatively, buy it, play it, put it next to the first Talking Heads record. That's entertainment.

I've heard worse.

Julie Rurchill



THE SHIRTS

The Shirts (Harvest)

THESE SHIRTS have been trumpeted as more New Tack from New York.

The tale (ha ha) is one of CBGB's (yawn), no contract, non-compromise.

On the evidence of their debut it's hard to see exactly what The Shirts were ever asked to compromise; unless that is, they have. Their music is pleasant, slightly loopy, rather wistful. Neither very new hard. They should be on some Swift compilation...

Slightly psychedelic, slightly HM, slightly Blondie — so softly into the comparison delatessen we pad. Annie Golden is a powerful singer, but unfortunately more Fanny

(you remember Fanny) than Runaway.

Constructions keep to the verge, rather a dull gloss, mostly very similar to Blondie's "Plastic Letters" but without that album's polished Farfisa-in-the-70s blend of old and new or Debbie and gang's arc-lamp-afternoon appeal. The Shirts try to play it casual, all straight, a kind of manic-depressive late-teens vamp; the wild and the innocent up in the loft reading Poe or making love, so on so forth.

But The Shirts don't wash

(sorry). Their songs are tableaux constructed so as to involve the writer / singer in the memory of immaturity, that tainted innocence, innocence through a steamed-up window (heh heh). This device ain't nothing new — from The Ramones to Jean Paul Sartre, people have sought refuge in solipsistic systems-making. But ya gotta have charm to pull it off...

The opener, "Reduced To A Whisper", sounds like (exclamation) Budgie, then sliding into Blondie's Annie Golden's voice can actually be

rather painful: a screechy upper register modelled to suit neither lyric nor image.

"Empty Ever After" is lethargic, with the lyrical staying-power of Alka Seltzer: "But I can't change / Or rearrange my life / So it fits your bill of goods". A discover for unexciting furniture.

"Teenage Cruich" and "10th Floor Clown" wrap themselves in sex and obscurity respectively, but the poetry is second-hand, there is no real feeling of retreat from life, or life itself. "Lonely Android" is silly, but not

Martian-Martian silly enough. A song which tries to cross Jefferson Starship and CP30. What?

"Poe" is just as dull, failing, in fact, to honour Baudelaire's teenage-crush, trailing a power-chord thrash-out. The Shirts give good titles; raps they should cut The Ramones' quick even further, man, and stick to titles and titles alone.

Another safe music in a different Dordmole. The mundane sticking like a leech to struggling, warm New music.

Gianna DANGER, you little Shirts.

Ian Penman

These Shirts (They Don't Wash)

CAN
Out Of Reach (Lightning)
BEHIND ANOTHER,
tangible but not always
perceptible iron curtain —
the tangled, intriguing,
infuriating music of Can. It
has circled for years. Over
one compromise-hurdle
after another: an abridged
cyclone.

Oh, the crystalline silence:
the circumstances: the
industry. Forever a cold, harsh
morning, forever warm and
loving. The prevalent mood is
melancholy. When she moved
... oh, when she moved! ...
like a nervous angel.

We never receive the best of
Can on record. At least not
yet, frankly, the crucial
process set off by "Saw
Delight" reaches what would
seem to be peremptory
realisation within "Out Of
Reach". Just.

The album reconciles the
two sides of Can. With songs,
repetition, Eastern, dream-clear
songs. And with the
open-ended search, their long
improvisatory pieces. The light
pours out of both ...

"Serpentine" is a meander
within confines. Michael
Karoli's guitar is a rushing,
piercing freeze-glide, Irmin
Schmidt's acoustic piano a

Reach Out, We'll Be There (Ha, Ha—Fooled You)



Cansters Michael Karoli and Irmin Schmidt: Two for the dark road. Pic: PAUL CANTY

lush, clinging nest beneath.
Rosko Gee's bass a slurs,
shrugged-it-off, tense and
torpid, meticulous and oblique
(the epitome of latter-day

Can). Robop's percussion is
perpetual dice and stream as
Schmidt and Gee tug the initial
theme along. Jaki Liebezelt's
drums humming, clicking.

Essential, equivocal, not
always perceptible.
It is belief, the sensation
pure, modal pop. Likewise
Gee's "Pauper's Daughter" —

hopping, disco-plunder merge
of Gee's soft disco-jazz
confluence and Karoli's
frightening, intense playing:
the malevolent, hollow,
straggling side of the
Can-muse locked within
popular structure. The lyrics
have lost old indulgence.
Music and lyric work as one,
whereas in the past the two
dialogues were often at odds.
Gee's curling vocals ghost into
the purring, pure-neon
mobility of the structure.

Songs which do not caress
sentiment: they go straight for
the nerves, the darkness of the
heart. "November" is an
evocation of a dark,
atmospheric month. (The
prevailing mood of the whole
album is one of melancholy; it
should have been released in
autumn, methinks). A feeling,
not surprisingly, of moving
into shadows and not emerging
again.

An inflexion of warmth
ready to snapp, love ready to
hate (always left that way with
Can?) — abstract lyrical.
"Seven Days Awake" (great
title) is "November" bent even
further south — can't tell the
strange from the luteze.
Karoli's remorseless
morse-expressionism is ever
inventive, bites, shivers, gulps.
An exorcism. Schmidt's piano
is (ecstatic, dotted round the
circumference.

"No Roses" is nearly,
precisely, a ballad. What could
have been a 'new Can song',
we must now whistle at
twilight. Gee is the man behind
the combline here, the one with
the pop sensibility: "Send me
no roses, tell me no lies ..."

"Like INOBE GOD" is how
to picture the exit (a final
instatement of the Ethnological
Forgery Series?). An elixir.
Delicious, fine-span.
Crickets-singing, silver-blue,
pure human joy and sadness.
Tears fall.

"One More Day" seems
almost a play on the title, such
is mood and execution
(literally). What Can were all
about: structured such that
play might be limitless. Yet it is
a stab, no more. A shooting
star. The demise. Suddenly, no
more.

Goodnight.
Ian Penman
(Meanwhile, both Rosko
and Robop have left Can since
"Out Of Reach" was recorded
— Well Connected Ed.)

RADIO BIRDMAN Radios Appear (Sire)

SUN AND sand and surf in'
but not the corny Orstralian
typocasts of bronzed lifeguards
on Bondi beach. This is the
pop noise of a new Australian
generation, treading in the
footsteps of The Saints at their
loudest and most uninhibited
but sounding more like a badly
produced M.C.S.

There's a balance between
the short radioplay hops and
the longer, angrier pieces. The
overall impression is of an

American album coming from
the wrong side of the world:
most of the originals are the
work of Deniz Tek, the
Michigan-born guitarist, but
they all bypass the pomposity
and contrived self-importance
which has characterised the
bulk of US rock since the late
'60s.

"What Gives?" launches
with a flash of drums before
the rifting and two-phrase
chorus. The singer's over-
eager and breathless so you
can't hear the words, but it's
only the noise that matters at
this stage. Ramonic in its
unsubtlety. With the instru-
mental break it's a refreshing
relief to notice that Pip Hoyle's
piping keyboards are respect-
ably prominent in the mix,
very unusual for music of this
sort.

The second bout opens with
my favourite piece. I like it
because it's the most easily
accessible and you don't need
bionic ears to hear what's
going on. It's "Aloha Steve
And Danno," a touching
tribute to that most plastic of
TV fantasies *Hawaii Five-O*.
First there's the rolling waves,
then the surfing drums. The
verses are flashes from the
show, interspersed with thanks
to Steve and Danno over
Beach Boy harmonies.

There's only one revival on
the record and it comes as
splash of familiarity before the
dark closing sequence. It's *The
Thirteenth Floor Elevators*'
"You're Gonna Miss Me",
taken at violent speed with
guitars straining in falsetto
harmony.

This is a very loud and confi-
dent debut album from a virtu-
ally unknown band, bursting
with energy and infectious
ideas.

There's enough good
humour, passion and rock and
roll feeling, though, to give this
album its own identity and
style, and to make the appear-
ance of the Birdmen more than
welcome.

Kim Davis

QUARTZ Quartz (Pye)

DESPITE the excessively
phallic sleeve with its
paedophile's pin-up, Quartz
are just another limp disco act,
with no suggestion of bizarre
sexual preferences in their
music.

The whole of the first side is
taken up with a mercifully brief
cut named somewhat immod-
estly after the band, "Quartz".
This opus sounds like a cross
between Kraftwerk and the
Ray Conniff Singers. Weird.
The second side consists of
three instrumentals. Donna
Summer backing tracks with-
out Donna Summer. As for
musical ideas, this band can
hardly be accused of trying to
get quartz into piñat pots. If
even a fluid ounce of adrenalin
went into this set, it was most
definitely squandered.

Bob Edwards

IMPORTS

"ALL ABOUT" (Mercury) heralds a return to form
for Esther Phillips.

"You've Come A Long Way, Baby", her first Mercury
release — still an import only item — proved something of a
disappointment. Though it contained a strong version of Van
Morrison's "Into The Mystic", a welcome
once-more-around-the-block for Dinah Washington and one
of Esther's powerhouse bluesbusters in "You've Been A
Good Ole Wagon", the unimaginative, production-line, disco
treatments of such oldies as "If I Loved You" and "My
Prayer", allied to some other dull material and lacklustre
arrangements by Pee Wee Ellis, did the former sister of
Synanon (she entered the centre in 1967 after a losing battle
with heroin) no favours at all.

But "All About" is a far superior chop at the woodpile.
Produced by ex-Chasadors' trombonist Wayne Henderson, the
disc rotates enough disco appeal to attract the would-be
Travoltas — though these tracks are treated with more
subtlety than some of the "What A Difference A Day Makes"
remoulds that have been shuffled Esther's way since that '75
hit. And her black coffee with a slice of lemon voice is also
allowed to wrap itself around such
snuggle-up-to-your-best-girl-comforters as Bobby Lyle's "You
Think Of Him" and Obba Babba's "Pie In The Sky" in a way
that would have received an approving nod from both Lady
Day and the gutsy Dinah W.

Esther Phillips is a great singer, one of the few truly
individual voices that are around right now. So tune in to her
version of "Native New Yorker", which comes on like a
downtown taxi ride with De Niro in the driving seat, and
hear how she can completely transform a song — then grab a
copy of "All About" before some computer-operated
numskull decides that the album would make a neat entry on
the early deletion list.

vinyl



I'm in love today
#boyfriends

debut single-out now

UP 36424

VISITOR 2035

Visitor 2035 (Ariola)

GARRISTER WENT white. It was almost as though he had seen a voodoo icon, and was afraid for the future.

"Oh God", he mumbled, and walked away. The three of us followed him after a time, and found him sitting with his back to one of the smaller chattering banks, his head on his knees.

Ellen knelt down beside him and stroked his hair. He didn't move, but his voice came out of his covered face quite clearly. "Why don't they just do us in and get it over with? Christ, I don't know how much longer I can go on like this".

It was our second week listening. He was speaking for all of us.

The four androids, modelled facially on Herbie Hancock, were programmed those two endless weeks ago by four minor technicians. Ray Deebolt, Peter Stroud, Craig Pries and Nigel Robinson. These four mistakenly and inhumanly assessed their craft and work to be beneficial to The Last Humans On Earth, the four fearing survivors cocooned in The Shelter in some vain attempt to outlast the strange gaseous invasion. Music to calm the nerves, it was decided. Fatally.

The androids commenced their seven set pieces for the 475th time. Their functioning was unstoppable. The four survivors had tried. Now their minds were twisted, their time short. It was hopeless.

Garrister had once thought, so very early on, that the music — pretty, symmetrical patterns of melodic jazz-funk fusion blotied with occasional patches of willowy electronics — was quite relaxing. Its equations of structure and construction weren't particularly lacking either, considering the minor rating of the programming technicians.

But, any feelings of affliction had totally dispersed. Now, it was a torture. An absolute torture. The music permeated and dominated. The Last Humans On Earth, their consciousness faded ... faded. The four died. Out of a boredom ... an unknown and terrifying boredom.

Centuries later, after the gases had disappeared, some travellers discovered the androids, still emitting the seven pieces: "Don Genaro's Waltz"; "At the Gates ... of Cosmic Consciousness"; "Toefunk"; "Celestial Dream Song"; "Centre of the Winds"; "Cassiopea"; "Contemplation".

The travellers slammed health warning labels on the sides of the androids and continued their missions of discovery, shaking their heads.

Paul Morley

GLORIA MUNDI

I, Individual (RCA)

"I, INDIVIDUAL, I, I was me ...", the defiant cry of a person running across a nightmare landscape of decay, disease and gloom; emotional and physical armageddon. The solipsism of desperation as society crumbles and rots and the only valid thoughts are fear and hatred. (Gulp! — Ed.).

Gloria Mundi give depressing glimpses of today and tomorrow throughout a grim, almost humourless first album. The music, harsh and unpredictable, is rooted in new wave but carefully dismembered and re-arranged as a soundtrack for the venomous lyrics.

They've given themselves room to stretch and experiment, four tracks lasting over six minutes, and the result is a curious but appropriate form of art punk, an ingenious, discordant instrumental thrash. The first side contains the four longer pieces, each running into the next. It opens with a background of strange sounds, human or electronic, which fill most spaces on the album giving it a compelling flow which discourages the playing of just one track.

"The Pack" is a saga of gang mentality in dark dangerous streets, a grubby *Clockwork Orange* scene. The lyrics are adventurous, occasionally clumsy or clichéd ("terminal zone") but usually interesting. At least there's an attempt by the main songwriter, Eddie Maelov, to find some new images for the language of destruction.

"Condemned To Be Free" is more accessible with a chanting chorus and almost a pleasant tune. It's the angry but proud declamation of a man responsible only to himself for his actions. The music so far has been loud and unsettling. Beethoven's guitar ringing unpleasantly over Mike Nicholl's drumming and Ice's bass. The length of the cuts is made unobjectionable by the occasional quiet passages. Sunshine doodling on the piano before the waves of sound crash in again.

"Daughters Of Rich Men" changes the subject and vetting. Smoother, less urgent, revealing some jazz roots, and making cutting remarks about certain young ladies, it's a brief respite before the final spite and accusations of "I Like Some Men."

This is Sunshine's contribution and she sings it without much sympathy for the specimens she dissects. Mistakenly titled, it numbers the insensitive techniques of the world's Saturday night romances with perception but little humour. An explicit anthem for girls who don't



Mundi's Eddie Maelov expresses HIMSELF.

Pic: LEN HOOPER

need a tongue rammed down their throat as the full stop to every male encounter.

Shorter tracks on the second

side begin with "I, Individual," a bowling swipe at authority, programming and sex as mutual abuse with

stream-of-consciousness lyrics and a horrible backdrop. "You Talk About It" is nothing-ever-changes punk.

"Park Lane" returns to the lalldback groove of "Daughters," casual and lightweight with G.C.'s sax an essential feature.

The fast two songs leave the rest of the album standing for despair, resentment and accurately directed fury. "Split Personality" is the story of an insane mind with Maelov at his most ominous and piercing. Find me hopping round the room looking over my shoulder. Beethoven's "Victim" closes the album: "He's a mindless wanderer and he believes in peace and love and opportunity and everything on TV and lies and much and mediocrity and annihilating cunts like me ... Haven't you met that kind of boy next door?"

I don't as a rule like one-sided albums, all negation and no hope or all happiness and no heartbreak. It implies a limited scope of emotional expression on the part of the band. Nevertheless, Gloria Mundi have drawn their stark, depressing images with needle-sharp precision. If the music is sometimes contrived, it's seldom dull.

And if they really held out no more hope than the dying about of the title ... well, it's no fun for them.

Kim Davis

flesh



debut single-out now

UP 36424

Right back at the beginning it was Bessie Smith who set it all up. Maybe she wasn't the first blueslady to record — Mamie Smith grabbed pride of place for that slice of history — but it was Bessie who sailed in two-fisted and bawling, proving that black music could sell almost as well as that provided by the aptly named Paul Whiteman.

She also went her own way sexually according to her biographer Chris Albertson, a writer who provides the sleeve notes to "AC/DC Blues" (Stash), a gay jazz compilation that includes Bessie's "Foolish Man Blues", and a recorded interview with Ruby Smith, who was Bessie Smith's travelling companion for some 14 years.

As far as one-upmanship is concerned, the best sort of import is the kind that's never likely to be released in this country — and "Bezerk Times" (German Bescrley) is one item that falls into that happy category. Recorded live in Hamburg, it's a double featuring Greg Kihn, The Rubinoos, Earthquake and The Tyla Gang but British Bescrley claim that it's substandard and not worthy of soiling the bins in the shops around Kingston-upon-Thames. But with the talents involved, it must have something going for it, and my guess is that "Bezerk Times" will be a stock item with importers for some time to come.

Finally, a reminder to Groovies' fans that there's an EP around by Roy A Loney, who used to be the band's vocalist. Titled "Artistic As Hell", it features Loney, Cyril Jordan, George Alexander and Tim Lynch, the original high school line-up, plus notter drummer Danny Mihm, who joined the band around the close of '66, and Mike Houpt (guitar) and Cub Covay (piano), whom we met before with Hot Knives, the band Cyril Jordan produced for KO Records.

Fred Delia

Teenage spots.

This new two-minute-a-day treatment has everything you need to clear them fast.

Clinical tests show it works.

Spots, pimples, blackheads . . . aren't they a nuisance? But now, you needn't live with them for long, because now Clean and Clear is here.

Clean and Clear was specially developed by Beecham dermatologists after studying young people's skin problems just like yours. Clinical trial has shown how well it works. And it takes only two minutes a day to use.

Everything you need

Clean and Clear is different in two important ways. First, it's a medicated gel wash, not an ointment, cream or lotion. Secondly, it combines, in one preparation, everything you need to clear spots fast.

Clean and Clear cleanses thoroughly but gently - carries away excess surface oil and germs, and dries up spots. It frees blocked pores, to dissolve unsightly blackheads and it checks the cause of inflammation. What's more, it has an antibacterial agent expressly selected for its ability to penetrate and combat bacteria deeper down.



All those taking part were young people and, in a high percentage of cases, the doctor in charge reported really positive improvement.

Clear healthy skin

Massaged in for just one minute twice daily, this Medicated Wash could make a wonderful difference for you too . . . effectively treat unsightly spots and pimples, help your skin look clearer and healthier than for years.

Get Clean and Clear at your chemist today. It's easy to use, non-greasy, and no unpleasant odour or telltale trace remains on your skin. Most important of all, it has everything you need to clear spots fast - and clinical tests show it works.



How to use Clean and Clear. Make a lather with water. Massage in for 1 minute twice daily. Rinse and pat dry.

Clinically tested

In order to demonstrate how successfully Clean and Clear works, a strictly controlled trial was undertaken in the dermatology clinic of a leading London teaching hospital.

DEVELOPED BY BEECHAM



Clinically tested
for clearing spots

Available only at your chemist. Starting today, Clean and Clear your skin.

THE SHAMING OF



BROTHER BUDDY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Buddy Holly Story — Soundtrack (Epic Import)

THE VERY existence of this album is crucial to the immediate future of celluloid rock. Should it sell, and I sincerely trust that it doesn't, then it may well be seen as an acceptable (sic) yardstick by which future rock biopic soundtracks can be measured.

Over the years, Hollywood has earned a rather unsavoury reputation for the insensitive and unacceptable manner in which it has translated the careers of various entertainers onto the screen.

Whether the subject has been Caruso or Jolson, Red Nichols or Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman or Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly or Hank Williams, the end result has invariably been an inaccurate stereotyped romanticism of the facts.

Despite the fact that actual film footage of Holly is extremely rare (his appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show* seems to be the only known stock to have survived), his innumerable recordings are widely available. Also as a recent 20-track TV compilation corroborates (it reached No. 2 in the *NME* charts), the public is just as familiar with his legacy as that of Elvis, The Beatles, Beach Boys and Stones. Furthermore, the fact that artists like Linda Ronstadt frequently cover Holly hits with commercial success substantiates the seemingly inexhaustible mileage in his material.

If, according to reports, the film takes liberties with the legend, then the soundtrack album seems to go to extraordinary lengths in its attempts to destroy it. The overall impression is of an audition tape submitted by someone amongst the first to be turned down for the title role.

The difference between Gary Busy's (for it is he who portrays The Great Man) approach to the songs is the difference between Little Richard and Pat Boone's interpretations of "Tutti Frutti".

The fact that the producers of *The Buddy Holly Story* chose not to have Busy lip-synching to the original recordings is perhaps understandable. And, while one doesn't expect a perfect xerox of Holly's inimitable style, one would at least hope for something that evokes what made Buddy Holly such an important

influence.

To his everlasting shame, not only does Gary Busy rarely attempt this, but for the most part he totally disregards Holly's unique style. His phrasing persistently deviates from the original blueprint. Holly's distinctive hic-cupping trademark is replaced by a breathless out-of-tune ranting and any affinity with Holly's music is totally absent.

The same can be claimed of the backing. The entire miserable charade is brought into vivid disrepute during what is titled the "Clear Lake Medley". One assumes that this in-concert debacle represents some high-point in the film, in that it junks together five of Holly's best-known songs: "That'll Be The Day" (with blustering brass); a thoroughly dreadful "Oh Boy" (with strings); "Peggy Sue" (with piano replacing the frantic double-tempo guitar rhythm); "Maybe Baby" (again overloaded with orchestral droppings) and a shit-awful "Not Fade Away" (which bears absolutely no relation to the original).

The overall effect gives the impression that Buddy Holly (and The Crickets) were nothing more than a third-rate bar band. I'm sure Buddy Holly never saw it like this. I certainly don't.

About the only time that Busy comes within remote spitting distance of the Holly style is during a surreal acappella treatment of "I'm Gonna Love You Too" and one of Holly's earliest and lesser-known ravers, "Rock Around With Ollie Vee". However, this should not be misconstrued as any saving grace.

This album is a disgrace in its hamfisted attempts to re-create the music and style of one of rock's much-loved progenitors. How on earth the Holly estate or Paul McCartney's publishing company sanctioned this travesty of a tribute is well beyond me.

The thing that worries me is the thought that not only might this album be bought in preference to actual Holly recordings — that's like *Beatlemania* theatregoers buying the "Original Cast" album instead of genuine Beatle records — but should this film prove big at the box-office, it will motivate others to meddle with things they appear to know absolutely nothing about.

Indeed, I hate to contemplate what future acts of sacrilege will be enacted should Hollywood ever get around to making biopics of Hendrix, Elvis, Cochran, Vincent or Jim Morrison.

Roy Carr

AMANDA LEAR

Sweet Revenge (Ariola)

START WITH a tall blonde person. A lithe, long-limbed model in leather or leopard skin. She has had a six page nude spread in *Playboy*. Amanda Lear.

Her voice is low, deep, full. Dietrich or La Ruc Amelodic, dully penetrating. She shops around, eager to exploit the vocal and performing potential. British record companies shake their heads: "We don't need you. There's Twiggy."

Twiggy came from those swinging '60s, grew up in the

70s, readily soft and family(y)-lar. Lear came from the messed up '70s, grew up spiciful and pulsating. Impatient and obnoxious.

Lear tried German record companies. They opened their eyes and mouths: "We've been waiting for someone tall, blonde and nasty since the war."

Amanda makes a record, has a hit single. With minimal resistance becomes moulded as The White Disco Queen. In Germany and Italy, two minor markets, she is a star. She has her fame-fulfillment. She is intelligent enough to mess with

the mindless masses and it could happen here. Lear.

She describes her success as "the quickest rise to fame since Hitler." Watch the eyes. Watch the twitches. Watch the verbals. The monster grows.

Play the record. It bubbles stiffly around its pulsebeats. Vocally, she stalks with minimal variation, huskily and archly, through its mechanical figures. Suggestive and hypnotic? No. Sinister and ecstatic? No.

Almost got carried away there. Just a load of trivial theatre.

Paul Morley

RUSS BALLARD
At The Third Stroke (Epic)
COLIN BLUNSTONE
Never Even Thought (Epic)
DAN HILL
Dan Hill (20th Century)
ROY HILL
Roy Hill (Arista)

TO BE a successful singer-songwriter you have to be sincere and meaningful. In order to appear so, you can adopt various ploys. One of these is to use the word "Oh", as in "Oh, but I'm lost" (Russ Ballard). This emphasises your sincerity, and is quite easy to sing.

Russ Ballard uses "Oh" 27 times, so his album is the most sincere, though Dan Hill scores the most blatantly sincere "Oh" with his "Oh and God, I just don't know if I can believe in you".

It's more difficult to be meaningful, especially if you want to do it on the radio. The traditional tactic is to make sweeping philosophical statements in words of one syllable. Russ Ballard again performs well with his "There'll be good times, there'll be bad times, and in time, time may fade away", though the repetition of "time" hints at a paradox, the merest sniff of which is likely to get you mixed from the Radio One playlist too sweet.

Dan Hill strolls away with the meaningful prize, though, with some very profound statements. Like the succinct "Nobody's right, nobody's wrong, everybody's searching", the almost Buddha-like enigma of "I'm so high that I'm low but this is the only life I'd choose" and the classic, neo-Hegelian dualism of the very meaningful indeed "I love, I hate, I live, I die". Wow!!

Of course, with singer-songwriters of this quality, it's even possible to be sincere and meaningful at once.

One strategy is to remain stoutly optimistic in the face of great adversity. Dan Hill has it sussed — "I keep on smiling through my tears" he mutters grittily, later adding that "For all the pain that meets my eyes I still believe in people". Wonderful!

Another sure-fire winner is agonised self-doubt. "What kind of fool must I be?" asks Russ Ballard. "What kind of fool have I been?" echoes Colin Blunstone. "Like the fool I am", suggests Dan Hill, eager to be helpful.

It's obviously an advantage to be stupid, too. "My brain's in a parking zone", reflects a rueful Roy Hill. "What does it take to love you? What do I have to do?" asks a puzzled Russ Ballard, while Colin Blunstone is utterly bewildered — "What am I to do?" he wonders, "can I let it show? Do I keep it to myself or should I let her know?" (No, no, his feelings, not NSU. For all their many and disastrous love affairs, singer-songwriters never seem to suffer from those kind of problems. It must be because they only fall in love with nice girls.)

Dan Hill tries the opposite tactic. "Woman please don't try explaining how or why — I understand," he asserts masterfully. Though, lest one suspect him of arrogance, he does confess to having once been "Unsure of my direction, using brains as my disguise". Guess people soon saw through that one, eh Dan?

But it's all down to the album sleeve. Dan Hill, Roy Hill and Colin Blunstone all appear in the classic pose — casual stance, open-neck shirt, face slightly in shadow, eyes fixed upwards on the hapless punter with a full-frontal stare. Who wouldn't buy a second-hand album from these boys?

But Russ Ballard blows it. In what can only be a misguided attempt to appear witty or avant-garde (qualities more appropriate to persons with receding hairlines than to singer-songwriters), he has an abstract design on the front of his album and only puts in a personal appearance on the back.

Graham Lock

MOTORIZING

THE CARS
The Cars (Elektra Import)

I'M NOT at all sure about this band. Their roots place them in the Boston, Massachusetts region which, not being New York or LA, guarantees them an immediate status in the great undiscovered territories. And this debut album from The Cars is very New England, clever-dever. Deliberate?

These five Cars (note the modern name, subliminally phallic 1978 cover work, designed by drummer David

achieving a brilliant chrome finish with no personality. Machines have no character. It's small coincidence that three of the five tracks clock in at 3.44 exactly, deviation equalling risk.

Side two is far better. Less samey, high grade refined rock. The sound is Reggie Knighton meets Cheap Trick metamorphosing back into an updated Small Faces. When they attempt to be more ordinary they at least sound human.

The triumph of The Cars' ingenuity is the continual flow of the music, unchecked performance from carburettor



New Hatchback

Coupés

Fail To Impress

MAX BELL Sticks To Public Transport

Robinson) obviously must have known somebody. Got Roy Thomas Baker to produce, got expensive gear, got the fashionable cheek bones, the slightly twee, synthetic non-dragged, precociously clean, seen-it-all-before stance of a group who could go all the way. Or park it here.

Plenty of guide in the project too. The Cars reek of technology: it isn't necessarily sophisticated. Side one I don't like. Stylistically, their influences stem from glam rock 1973 division. I mean it — "Good Times Roll" holds few surprises. Updated Bryan Ferry. And then into a Sweet throwaway, "Best Friend's Girl". Singer, songwriter Ric Ocasek hints that one trumpet card is his vocalistic anonymity, minimalist and sparse. Behind him the band cooks like a microwave oven. They're artificially hot.

In a footless future you'd tap something to the beat of "Just What I Needed". Devo-tees might appreciate "I'm In Touch With Your World". Elliot Easton has a programmed guitar attack, in keeping with The Cars image he gets technical perfection. To this end Baker and keyboards Car Greg Hawkes maintain a soulless front,

to engine. Hence the smooth transition from "You're All I've Got Tonight" to "Bye Bye Love" is inspired with a melodic quirkiness that recalls the sadly lamented Pavlov's Dog, the generation's smartest animal.

"Moving In Stereo" betrays an American hokum. We've got this multiple choice studio, boys, so let's go nuts. Unfortunately, too many of their typical licks and chord clusters are obsessions, semi-steps and I know where they came from. Weather Report have a lot to answer for playing with sterile instruments.

Odd that they hit the straightest road on "All Mixed Up" where the harmonies have a haunting pubic-rate entirely separate from Robinson's robotic flailing and Hawkes' unimpressive sax break. See, I'm not entirely down on this band although this isn't the direction for the tail-end of the '70s that I had in mind.

Not that they fit the industrial prop-pop mania. In many ways they come from another dimension but let the possibilities of masterful gadgetry cloud their strength. Personally, I shall wait for more plastic, some live proof or continue to take public transport.

Max Bell

TRISTRAM SHANDY

Tristan Shandy (Silvermore)

DELICATE AND Delightful, just the sort of Irish folk to appeal to Chieftains fans, but Tristrum Shandy's sound is swelled by the inclusion of Terry Thompson's Godack organ (14th Century and no jokes please).

The strength of the material is in its simplicity, melodies like cobwebs, as the instruments weave around to create a rich and memorable sound.

Not everyone's pot of *poena*, but nonetheless a rewarding treat for the discerning. Difficult to get hold of, but the curious should apply to Silvermore Records, 5 Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

Patrick Humphries

GLORIA MUNDI



DEBUT ALBUM: INDIVIDUAL

TOUR DATES

- July 7 Rock Garden, Middlesborough
- 8 Sandpiper, Nottingham
- 10 Circles, Swansea
- 11 Music Machine, London
- 14 Limit, Sheffield
- 18 Barbarella's, Birmingham

FIGHT BACK!

RCA
 PL 25157

NOW WILL YOU LISTEN?

You must have heard 'Don't Fear The Reaper,' the brilliant top twenty single from Blue Oyster Cult.

But have you heard 'Agents Of Fortune,' the album it comes from? It was released in the summer of 1976, to a fanfare of critical applause.

**Geoff Barton -
Sounds said:**

'Agents Of Fortune' does it. One-time aficionados should return to the Blue Oyster Cult fold in their droves, true fans will be delighted, converts will be many. It's very good indeed.

**Mike Oldfield -
Melody Maker said:**

'A magnificent album, brimful of ideas and fresh approaches, both musically and lyrically.'



'Agents Of Fortune' has nine tracks, every bit as movin' as 'Don't Fear The Reaper.' 'Agents Of Fortune' has been after you for two years now. Don't you think it's time you listened?

BLUE OYSTER CULT
AGENTS OF FORTUNE
featuring '(Don't Fear) The Reaper'



THE UPSETTERS

*Return Of The Super Ape
(Lion Of Judah Import)*

IN THE race of life you are beaten before you have started.

"A false witness shall not go by unpunished. He that speaketh lies shall perish. A false balance is an abomination to Jah Jah" — so warns Lee Perry/Scratch/The Upsetter on "Psycho & Trim", one of the two immediately outstanding tracks to be heard here.

It's been a long wait since the mighty and still unsurpassed "Super Ape". We'll forget about the disappointing "Roast Fish" pre-release album of a few months back. But has it been worth the wait? Do I risk life and death to comment?

Two sides to every story. Whereas "Super Ape" was uniformly excellent, this chapter does seem patchy in comparison. It's not such a slog-off since there are at least five strange and thought-provoking tracks here, but the remaining half of the album is — dare I say — average: an adjective I never thought could be applied to Perry's pioneering work in the past.

Sad to report yet another case of creative reggae artist meets blinding inconsistency head on. This, in other words, hasn't quite restored my slowly flagging interest in reggae in general, and in Scratch in particular. But at least this man's not afraid to experiment.

"Jah Jah Ah Natty Dread" is initially the most lethal cut, surpassed after repeated listenings by "Psycho & Trim". It's packed full and over-brimming with trade-marked and crashing cymbals, whirling flutes and a bass riff from Jah himself. God help the devil and the Pope if the lyrics come to force.

"Psycho" has a similar theme, only the lyrical malice is slow burning: "You curse the roots, so you shall never inherit

Mistah Perry and the dancing spirit. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT



KING KONG REGGAE

Jah fruit. Even though they may be wondering what I'm talking about. "You can say that again! All delivered over an ecstatic cascade of archetypal Upsetter dub.

The title track is as weird as this music is ever likely to get. Machine-gun shots and rattling noises, muted and distant Beebeartian soprano sax and incoherent mumbblings. However I did catch: "Don't insult I, 'cos if you insult I, you will die!" "Oh dear, what have I said?"

"Bird In Hand" is religious and hymn-like, featuring a single vocalist singing in a foreign tongue (could it be Congolese?) Unfortunately,

Perry launches the track into a fairly mundane bass and percussion workout, the vocals still faintly drifting through the mix. All this grinds to a halt with a terrifying, gurgling scream. This is madness.

The remaining tracks range from straightforward chants through a couple of crooning throwaways, a great instrumental in "Crab Yars" and a hark back to Ska. Altogether a disorientating album, only more of a challenge for it. Even with its many flaws, this knocks creative spots off most of what's been passing itself as reggae lately.

John Gray

PASADENA ROOF

*A Talking Picture (CBS)
WILLIE NELSON
Stardust (CBS)*

NOSTALGIA'S SURE not what it used to be. Nowadays the only thing a lot of people got to look forward to is the past.

Commercially it's everywhere — television, movies and, of course, records. The Pasadena Roof Orchestra effort is pretty much what you'd expect, elegantly recreating hits from the '20s and '30s and cashing in on the success of the Beeb's *Pennies From Heaven* (included here, natch) along with "42nd Street", "You're Driving Me Crazy", etc.

It's all done competently enough, but The Temperance Seven were there earlier with a lot more style, and vocalist John Parry lacks Viv Stan-shall's elan and sincerity.

The Willie Nelson exercise is a far more curious effort. As Nelson is in the vanguard of the C&W renaissance, it's a surprise to find him tackling the evergreens of Duke Ellington, The Gershwins and Irving Berlin, and to have the whole shooting match produced by Booker T. Jones. Maybe it's a penance for all those green onions.

RON GEESIN
Right Through (Ron)

GEESIN, THE zany Scot best known for his collaborative work on "Atom Heart Mother", now lives in self-sufficiency in Sussex, conducting his musical experiments away from the pressures of the music biz.

This, his latest offering, is a mixture of the odd, the

tasteful enough for late night 'easy listening', but so low key as to give a whole new interpretation to 'soporific'.

Patrick Humphries

HUEY 'PIANO' SMITH & THE CLOWNS
Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu (Chiswick)

EVER SINCE it first established itself on the map as an Open City, the music of New Orleans has always exuded its own particular brand of joie de vivre. Whether in jazz or R&B, the music's characteristic syncopation has permeated every new variation of familiar themes to come a-struttin' out of its innumerable fun parlours.

During the '50s, the Crescent City's distinctive and infectious style of R&B adhered to this good-time premise with even more unbridled exuberance. As an outside observer, one got the impression that New Orleans was just one continual rent-party and the flood of recordings just fly-on-the-wall extracts from the endless festivities.

Though it's possible to trace Smith's lineage through to Fats Domino, Professor Longhair and assorted Sporting House piano pumpers, he neverthe-

less managed to carve out his own laconic four-to-the-bar identity. Smith concentrated on a rolling mid-tempo shuffle stroll, assisted by a steady backbeat, gut-bucket tenor sax, plenty of off-beat hand-clapping and, of course, The Clowns — three singers whose approach — wasn't a stylus removed from The Coasters'. Above it all, Smith's 'second-line' syncopated stroll was graced with nudging good humour.

Like many artists, Smith's repertoire was based on a handful of tried and tested licks. The most popular was the much-covered album title track, which Smith cloned for "Tu-Ber-Cu-Lucas And Sinus Blues", another was "Sea Cruise" (a hit for Frankie Ford); though this isn't included, it's currently a Chiswick 45 and is essentially the same as "Little Chicken Wah Wah".

Smith's other contribution to New Orleans' R&B Hall Of Fame is "Don't You Just Know It" which, together with its re-write "Don't You Know Yockomo", can be located on this 14-track album. Now that it's once again readily available, a better Saturday night party album you'll not find at a comparable price.

Rory Carr

beautiful and the annoying, making use both of "normal" instruments and those, like the "Door-o-plane" and "Rhythdoor", of Ron's devising.

Generally speaking, the tracks which are of more than merely formal significance are the longer ones: given time to unfold, pieces like "Throb Thencewards Thrill" and "Motion Above Rhythdoor" attain a satisfying, almost majestic wholeness absent in

some parts of the album.

Although, it must be said, any majesty present isn't allowed to get out of hand; there's always Geesin's idiosyncratic, quirky humour, springing up and deflating pomposity when you least expect it. (Ron Records are available direct from Ron at Headrest, Broad Oak, Fleathfield, Sussex TN21 8TL.)

Andy Gill

BOOKS: Beatles and Dylan Biographies Jazz Encyclopedia

THE ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ

Brian Case and Stan Britt
(Salamander, £6.95)
THIS PUBLICATION follows the successful formula established by the *NME Encyclopedia of Rock* — a huge number of biogs (over 400 in this instance), illustrated by an equally large number of album sleeves and pics of artists, most of 'em in colour.

The authors could hardly be bettered.

Brian Case, well-known to those who regularly purchase *NME*, is in my humble and slightly envious opinion, the finest scribe currently penning words of wisdom on the attributes of Diz, Bird, Getz, Gordon and associated rhythm kings, while his partner on this project, Stan Britt, is generally regarded as being one of the most knowledgeable jazz critics ever to sup at Ronnie Scott's.

Little wonder then that *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Jazz* puts out as a worthy addition to any music library.

Hardly a facet has been missed: the biogs span the careers of New Orleans pioneers such as King Oliver, Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory; swing kings such as the much-married Charlie Barnet (11 times!) and Artie Shaw (a mere eight); bluesmen: boogie and rehouse pianists; bop and bebop merchants; and a solid phalanx of new waveers from Coltrane and Ayler through to Anthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor and Mike Manfield.

Though, by necessity, the artists rarely emerge as human (space — even in a publication of 224 22 x 30mm pages — only allowing run-downs on musical achievements), the writing compensates, being of a high order for such a project.

Also by necessity, somebody's heroes have failed to make the final listing.

So Glenn Miller has been omitted, presumably because his hand was considered too commercial — though one might argue that Jimmy Dorsey, who is included, led an outfit even more dependant on Tin Pan Alley — while Bing Crosby gains an entry at the expense of Frank Sinatra, who frequently won the Metronome poll and even recorded with the Metronome jazz all-stars.

However, such omissions are really of a minor nature and detract but little from the overall excellence of Case and Britt's book, which is wider in scope than John Chilton's excellent 'Who's Who Of Jazz' and better to look at than Leonard Feather's 'Encyclopedia Of Jazz', its only real rivals.

Fred Dellar



THE BEATLES

Hunter Davies
(Mayflower, £1.25)
FIRST published in 1968, Hunter Davies' official biography of The Beatles had just been reissued, for the most part in its entire, original form.

When it first appeared the book was useful mainly for its thorough documentation of the background of the group — their childhoods have never been better researched — though in other respects it was a wasted opportunity: Davies eschewed opinions on the band's music, and also sketched in only the barest information about Beatlemania.

Its main value has been as the one authentic narrative about the group, though inevitably in the years since it has been supplemented by the publication of other works, such as Alan Williams' *The Man Who Gave The Beatles Away*.

Since the timing of the original publication was rather inopportune (it came out at a moment when the four were beginning to exist and work independently of each other, but before they had come to their bitter end), the author was clearly now afforded an opportunity to put the entire saga in perspective, especially since he retains lingering contacts with at least three of them (or so he tells us).

However, Davies seemingly regarded the reissue as an irksome project, and has expended minimal energy on it: a six-page introduction and an eleven-page postscript constitute the bulk of the

Incompleat writings

book's trumpeted 'updating'.

His lassitude is readily demonstrated. In the introduction he describes the difficulties under which the work was originally prepared; the biggest single handicap was that discussion of Brian Epstein's homosexuality was precluded. Having admitted this, though, he might have been expected to amend at least one of the cryptic references to it in the text ("His unhappiness was part of an illness, an illness which dated back many years"), which may now find itself grossly offensive.

In fact the introduction *in toto* is curiously tasteless. Davies' reveries are morbid — "What I imagined would finally happen... would be that they'd all get killed in a car crash" — and his preoccupation with their demise leads him, incorrigibly egotistic, nearly to the fact that he has written their obituaries for *The Times* (I thought it was bad form to reveal such things).

On the evidence here, however, it will need a sub-editing genius to raise the copy to the paper's required standard, since apart from Davies' juvenile style ("It was a pretty fed-up making process", he remarks of Beatles' recording sessions), he has clearly not concerned himself with the solo careers of each group

member, something he even has the gall to admit. ("In all honesty, I have very little interest in these later, post-Beatle activities").

There are two conclusions to be drawn from this: *The Times* should immediately locate someone better qualified to write about the four; and anyone who buys this book under the impression that it is what it purports to be (i.e. "updated to include the Beatles' solo careers") will find themselves short-changed.

Indeed, the claims made for this reissue, whether in *Rolling Stone* adverts ("revised to include everything about their lives, loves and performances to date") or on the book's back jacket ("includes detailed accounts of the solo careers of John, Paul, George and Ringo") are simply untrue.

Even the discography is slipshod. Under U.K. singles, 'The Long And Winding Road' is incorrectly listed (and its 'release' even dated!), while singles which have been issued, 'Yesterday' and 'Back In The U.S.S.R.' (both of which were chart entries) have been omitted — as have all the post-'Let It Be' Beatle albums; and even if he wanted to avoid compilations, 'Live At Hollywood Bowl' should have been mentioned. 'The Best Of George Harrison' is also missing, and Ringo's sixth album is erroneously referred to as 'Richard The 4th' (which would probably have made a better title, though that's hardly the point).

Similarly, the appendix on Beatle finances is now meaningless, and certainly required some kind of contemporary comment; but even the monies are still discussed in £sd terms.

It's well known that the Beatles made many elementary mistakes during their careers. It now appears that one of them was in choosing Davies as their official biographer. When the original work was subsequently categorised by John Lennon as "bullshit" (a description which Davies' smugness doesn't permit him to admit) I found the criticism harsh; however, the sad truth is that no word is more apposite for this disgraceful reissue.

Bob Woffinden



BOB DYLAN

Miles
(Omnibus, £1.50).

DYLAN: AN ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHY

Michael Gross
(Hamish Hamilton, £2.95)
BOB DYLAN breathes, cats, shits, pisses, talks, hears, sees, is Jewish, writes songs, is a dreadful painter, has a booked nose, grows a fairly nondescript beard, and (if the U.S. critics are correct) makes lousy, self-fixated and over-long movies about himself and his various identities. He was once known for a piercing wit, and a penchant for obscure flights of verbal fancy which were as well-known in the mid-'60s as his current mysterious 'mum's-the-word' persona is now. He is 37 years old and, as well as having been known to physically assault his ex-wife, has enjoyed a career as songwriter / troubadour for high on 16 years.

He is a human being above all else, but he is also a genius — arguably the only bonafide one in rock, and his innumerable forays into the white heat of the spotlight have provided a hungry audience with the chance to ordain him a god — or a shaman, perhaps; a visionary, equally possible. It is this followers' uncontrollable desire to penetrate the granite-hard cocoon of an enigma that causes the most literary-inclined Dylan obsessives to pen endless theses on facets of the gentleman's hefty volume of work.

Questions remain unanswered — questions that, tied to the myth, have caused writers to expound at gargantuan length, either attempting to put forward their own theories about Dylan's various motivations and reasons for dramatic volte-faces, or else just contenting themselves by appreciating the mighty Zim via the unauthorised biography stand, simply going to great lengths to compose the latter using reminiscences from prior associates while otherwise piecing together the jig-saw puzzle of a career with salient quotes from the '60s Dylan and other arguably relevant pieces of ephemera.

Two volumes are hot off the stands to coincide with the Zim's tour of the planet; the first, a lengthy chronological study of Dylan with hot snaps from all eras, penned by Michael Gross. The other is a far less weighty tome on the

man from *NME*'s own Miles, who has apparently been constructing a veritable colossus of info and intimate studies of the man over the last ten years, and whose current work is but a frugal precis of what the author had been compiling, but it has its moments, and in general granted me more actual unknown facts about Dylan than the Gross book.

As examples of this, I can point to a hilarious chapter which simply sets out the transcript of an obscure 1965 T.V. talk-show spot with Dylan and compere Les Crane, which makes for a good wheeze; various other topics — Dylan's unpublishable donation to the right-wing Jewish Defence League, for example, plus numerous arguably trivial but nonetheless highly entertaining snippets — make the glossy-pamphlet-sized affair a fair purchase.

Miles also goes out of his way to interview such characters as Rolling Thunder fiddle-player Scarlet Rivera for intriguing insights.

Michael Gross's book is a whole different kettle of fish. Lavishly illustrated with a keen out-take from the 'Blonde On Blonde' sessions on the cover, the book seems aimed more at those newly acquainted with the Big D, than a diarchid like myself. Beyond the odd revelation of minimal consequence, the book does an adequate job by going for already-known facts rather than maverick reportage. The publisher of *Tarantula* seems the only one capable of giving new info on Dylan, though it's hardly riveting stuff.

As for the glossy veneer and the illustrated bio-schlock, the book does have its share of good pictures, though again hardly anything I haven't seen before: Stephen Pickering's Dylan-letish periodicals have far more original shots of the Zim, particularly during the '66 period.

However, neither of these books compare favourably to Anthony Seaduto's detective work on the man behind the mask in his biography, *Bob Dylan*. And ultimately, Australian Craig McGregor has them all beat, with his compilation volume, *Bob Dylan: A Retrospective*.

Ask Dylan himself. He gave McGregor his best-ever interview (well, certainly since the '66 *Playboy* babblelog).

Nick Kent

A GUIDE TO MUSIC USA

RICHARD WOOTTON

HONKY TONKIN'
A Guide To Music USA
Richard Wootton
(Mail Order £2.75 from 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Rd, Penge, London SE20)

DESPITE THE title, and despite sections headed 'Local Talent', this isn't a primer for U.S. borderlines.

It's the second edition, seven times larger, of a guide compiled by Richard Wootton and put out under the banner Charlie Gilbert's Sunday lunchtime Radio London *Honky Tonk* show, aimed at the traveller seeking records, clubs, and other related musical trivia in the Promised Land.

Chuck Berry may have mapped out the route but these aren't easy commodities to find, not in a country so de-centralised, where the state of Texas alone is bigger than all of Britain.

Without this guide you might walk right past Buddy Holly's grave in Lubbock, or be waiting in the Maroon

greyhound bus terminal and not realise it was the place where Little Richard wrote 'Tutti Frutti' while he washed the dishes.

The spectrum of music covered is wide, from avant garde to bluegrass, with information on what each area has to offer and the emphasis on indigenous local styles.

You can find out where to see the real Dixie Chicken (the cajon 'Fats Do Do') in Lake Charles, Louisiana, where to hear the best zydeco in Lafayette, and how to get slashed for free in San Antonio after you've had your fill of Tex-Mex music.

And should you be for the time being insolvent, unable to afford the somewhat pricey kind of expedition this guide is meant for, you could always buy it, a compass, and a map and get down to some serious dreaming. Paul Randall

JAZZ

BRIAN CASE

THE RISE OF the big bands in the '30s ushered in a new breed of singer. If Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith could honk a Boots weighing scale between them, the big band shouters could've barely squeezed through the chemists's door. It was a specialized Sumo category, and most of them looked like a face on a thumb.

There was Mildred Bailey, 'The Rocking Chair Lady'; Miss Ethel Waters who had a hit with "Underneath The Harlem Moon"; and went on to steal the movie *Member Of The Wedding* as the Mother Courage of the kitchen; Dinah Washington, 'The Queen', who had been known to haul out a roscoe when riled; there was Big Joe Turner, 250 pounds of hollering barrender to threaten the shot-glasses.

Bandleader Chick Webb fielded the mighty Ella Fitzgerald; Ellington had Irie "Stormy Weather" Anderson; Jay McShann had Jimmy Witherspoon. Count Basie lost Billie Holiday in 1937 — neither a bulger nor a beller, but a subtle genius who could insinuate against a wall of brass — and brought in Miss Helen Humes to share the megaphone with Jimmy Rushing.

The grand old slab of history walks past me at Ronnie Scott's hearing her stage costumes ahead of her on hangers. A large lady, she likes to take things easy until she hits the stage. "I don't go out in the day. I got my hair in curlers. I don't like your weather. Well, it was nice at six this morning, but who the hell goes out then?"

Backstage, her speaking voice plays singer's games with her sentences, elongating vowels to sermon-length, crowding up on conjunctions. She sits at the dressing table, and blows.

"Right now, headquarters Nooooo Yawk. Home is Louisville, Kentucky. Uh-huh."

Helen, an only child, except for a half-brother, was always close to her mother. "I used to play the piano with my mother, not professionally nor nuthin', just enough to play a song, and I'd sing or she'd sing. I had a professor, he was a Jew — uh, a German — he'd teach me all these blocks and stuff, and when he'd go, then I'd play my own little stuff. I'd just sit down and play and sing. We didn't have a record player — I just taught myself how to sing."

"I used to live right next door to the Baptist Church, and I'd play for them and the Sunday School. We had our little group and I'd play at an Orphans Home. You could play any instrument you wanted there at Miss Bessie Allen's — that's where Jonah Jones and Dickie Wells and all of them, they got started. I tried to play trumpet a minute or two, then I tried playing clarinet, and I said, I'll just stick with the piano!"

"Miss Allen, she'd have a marching band for the boys where they'd go out to town for fairs and things, and then when they'd have a little affair at night, why, then that's when I'd play with the dance band."

"A fella named Sylvester Weaver, he heard me singin' one time, and he told Mr Rockwell at Okeh Records. Mr Rockwell came out to my house and heard me and he had my mother bring me to St Louis and that's when I made my first record."

"I sang something called, 'Do What

Ya Did Last Night', another one called 'If Poppa Has Outside Lovin' and I think something else called 'Racetrack Blues'. I don't remember now. Mr Rockwell called by mother later and wanted to know if I could go on a theatre tour. Mom told him no, said I had to finish school, and after that, whatever I wanted to do, I could do."

OKEH RECORDS, like Columbia, Paramount, Vocalion, Brunswick, Gennett and Victor, combed the South for their race markets in the '20s and '30s. Helen Humes came in at the tailend of the blues boom, which crashed with the Depression.

"Buffalo, New York — that's where I accidentally got started," says Helen.

"After I finished school, I went there to visit some friends of mine, musicians and their wives, so one night they took me to this nightclub. The Spider Web. They said, 'C'mon Helen — now get on up and sing. I said, I ain't gonna sing in this club — I don't know nuthin' 'bout these people!"

"They said, Go ahead! So The Man said it was all right, and I got up and sang and The Man gave me a job. I was just making 25 or 35 dollars a week. You could do a whole lot with it then, but oh boy, now!"

"I stayed at The Spider Web a long time, then, the Vendome Hotel, then we went on up to Albany and after I left there I came on back home. They sent for me to come to a club in Cincinnati called the Cotton Club, and that's where Basie heard me. He wanted me to come with his band because Billie had just left, but I went the following year. I was working with the Al Sears band, and after we got to New York and I worked this big affair, John Hammond was there and he kinda got together to get me with Basie."

Helen started with The Count at 35 dollars a week. In her autobiography, Billie Holiday writes: "I joined Count Basie's band to make a little money and see the world. For almost two years I didn't see anything but the inside of a Blue Goose bus, and I never got to send home a quarter."

"Well, I did!" says Helen. "Oh yes indeed. If I can't send money home, I don't work. I don't work just to be doin' somethin'. The first thing I would do when I got my little 35 dollars, I'd send 10 home and then whatever I had to do, I'd do with the 25. My mother would put it away for me."

"Wasn't your mother worried about you being on the road with 16 cats?" I asked.

Helen shook her head. "She didn't worry. She knew I could pretty well take care of myself. And then, they were just so nice, they treated me like I was a little baby. I was their little

sister — but I still had to cook for them all the time! Cooking all up and down the road! We'd be in theatres. I'd be in the dressing room, I'd have the pots on!"

"You had to cook for the whole band as well as sing?" A case for *Spare Rib* here, and no mistake, I thought. Catch Sinatra slinging hash for the Dorsey band!

"Jimmy Rushing on his own would keep you at the range," I said, thinking of the Humpty Dumpty figure of Mister S x S. Rushing possessed the most penetrating pipes in the biz, and a shoving away with the iambic pentameters that has obviously influenced Helen Humes.

"Yeah. That was my buddy. Jimmy could keep me laughin' aaaaall night long! We'd be sitting there, Basie'd get mad at us. He could tell me some of the funniest jokes! We'd be sitting there on the stand and he'd reach over and he'd tell me something — he'd see something funny happening out there, you know — and I just had to laugh. We just had a good time!"

Lady Day hadn't liked him much, resenting his lectures against gambling and his reluctance to lend money. He was one of the few in the band who could read music, however, and, as Mary Lou Williams recalls, "he could be heard 10 blocks away without a megaphone."

Everybody loved Lester Young, though.

"Oh, he was a doll. Yeah. He'd wake us all up early. We'd be on the bus and he'd come round — you know, they used to roll the dice — so Pres'd come by and shake 'em up and say 'All right — get up! My horoscope says I'm gonna win today!' Helen shook with laughter. "Wroooooong as could be! He'd be the first one broke! He was a lovely fella."

Helen moved to Los Angeles in the late '40s, working at Billy Berg's, the Alabam, Down Beat, the Plantation, and appeared regularly on Norman Granz's JATP concerts. She turns up in three 1947 short films with Dizzy Gillespie and His BeBop Orchestra — *Tan & Terrific*, *Jivin' In BeBop* and *Ee Baba Leba*, the latter the title of her first big hit on Aladdin. Oddly enough, she's also to be heard in Kazan's early *Panic In The Streets* from 1950.

The first Helen Humes I ever heard was a 78 of "Million Dollar Secret" from around the time when Earl

JAZZ DIARY

IN ADDITION to his solo set at Bracknell, tenorman David Murray has been booked by JCS to play a concert at the Collegiate Theatre on August 11th with Butch Morris, Johnny Dymal and George Brown. Another August gig to watch out for is Bobby Wellins playing his "Calloden Moor Suite" at the ICA on 15th.

Dick Heckstaff-Smith & Big Chief weigh in at Putney's Hall Moon on July 16th, George Fame & The Blue Flames are at the 100 Club on 17th, Soft Head are at The Phoenix on 19th and Turning Point and the OK Band are at 100 Club on 24th.

London Musicians Collective presents J-F Minjard, Brett Hornby, Williams Embling, John Russell, Phil Wachsmann, Tony Wren and John Latham on 15th and an open session on the 17th, all cats welcome. Redbrass

will be playing a special concert at the Young Vic Theatre on July 16th.

Stargazer are playing at Crockers, Cotham Hill, Bristol on July 31st and August 1st and 2nd and at Dingwalls on August 21st. Moonspirit are at The Red Door, Croydon on July 25th.

The best new releases in ages are blasts from the past on the Italian Jazz Connoisseur label: The Sonny Rollins Quartet, including Don Cherry, Henry Grimes and Billy Higgins, "Stuttgart 1963 Concert"; the Man Roach Quintet and Sonny Rollins Trio including Max "Graz 1963 Concert"; "Erly Dolphy Quartet 1961".

New from Ogun, Louis Moholo's Octet with "Spirits Rejoice!" From Steam Records, the Stan Tracey's Octet "Salisbury Suite", and Stan Tracey with Keith Tippett on "TNT". On Original Records, Mike Westbrook's Brass Band bring you "Goose Sauce".

Brian Case



Ian Carr's glorious trail of musicianship through the years established his position as a mentor to so many accomplished players who are now established names in the jazz field themselves. The Rendell-Carr Quintet was perhaps the best known and loved British jazz group during the middle 1960's. In 1965, Ian organised and led the Animals Big Band which consisted of the pop group augmented by three trumpets, three tenors, and a baritone. Ian was also a founder member of the New Jazz Orchestra which included Jack Bruce on bass. Ian Carr and Nucleus pioneered the jazz-rock area in Britain and were one of the first jazz groups to go deeply into the use of electric instruments and electronics. In January 1977, Ian toured in Germany. With the beginnings of some fresh musical ideas, Ian got together another version of Nucleus to do another tour in Germany, and during it, a live album — "In Flagranti Delicto" — was recorded on one night in Duren. The group was now a quintet, and Ian was playing electric keyboard as well as trumpet... part of his search for new sounds and new areas of development.

IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS IN FLAGRANTI DELICTO



EST 11771

AVAILABLE ON CAPITOL RECORDS & TAPES

10 YEARS ON AND STILL GOING STRONG?

BLACK SABBATH

Are they ready for the next ten years?



THE TUBES Sensational double-page colour spread.

STONES Are they still rolling?

THE PUNK TRAP Who got caught?

YES Their complete story charted album by album.

Plus

CLASH, MOTORS, WHITE SNAKE, STRANGLERS, RAINBOW, STEEL PULSE, THIN LIZZY, MEAT LOAF.

Rock On!

THE NEW ROCK MONTHLY

HAVE YOU SEEN IT YET?
48 PAGE AUGUST ISSUE OUT NOW 25p

ROCK 'N' RYE

HELEN HUMES,
VETERAN OF THE BASIE
BAND, GIVES THE
RECIPE FOR STILL
TEARING 'EM UP FOUR
DECADES LATER



HELEN HUMES. Pic: DAVID REDFERN

Bostie was riding high on "Flamingo". A rumbustious, Red Hot Momma-ish song advising young girls to pull rich old men and work 'em to death — "C'mon you bad old thing, gimme my morning exercise."

"There's a variant called 'Helen's Advice' on the 'Black California' album," I told her. "It lists the origin as unknown."

"Well, I wrote it," said Helen, indignantly. "I don't know why they put that on there, because I should get some royalties on that. When it's a million dollar secret, you hafta give advice to the young girls AND the old girls too! I'd got a whole lotta extra lyrics and I just kept adding on to it. It seems to be doing very well now. There's a girl here that's recorded it — oh, that is a shame that I can't remember her name!"

I sat and suggested all the girls I could think of, and it wasn't until I remembered that pretty well anybody under 60 is a girl or a boy to Helen that I hit on Beryl Bryden. "Burl Bryden! That's her! She plays a washboard."

Out on the West Coast, she recorded for Lester Koenig's Contemporary label, kicking off with a startlingly incompatible "Songs I Like To Sing" arranged by Marty Paich and featuring Ben Webster, Art Pepper and a violinist called James Getzoff. Koenig's label has pioneered Pepper, Ornette, Cecil Taylor and hosts of commercially dangerous talents: his death is a blow to jazz.

"Did you have any trouble with BeBop?" I asked, because she's really one of the great big band Swing vocalists.

"No, I didn't have no trouble with it because I didn't sing it," she guffawed. "I'd go in the studio and say, 'I'm gonna sing this — and they'd give ya a piano player couldn't read a note. He'd just hit a thing — CHING CHING KA-CHING CHING! — and I said, Ooooooh no, cain't master this!"

"How have you managed to hang in there for 40-odd years?"

"I have a liqueur that I drink called Rock 'n' Rye. It's a rock candy and they put oranges and cherry and all that stuff in it, and it's good for your throat. That's an old Kentucky drink, and I work as much as I want to. Knock wood."

And she rapped on Ronnie's tabletop and went on stage and cut loose, pipes virtually indestructible.

Pick us up in your car tonight and we'll follow you everywhere.

Tune in to Radio Luxembourg on 208 m, medium or 1439 Khz and you hear music, followed by more music. Everything, in fact, from pop and heavy rock to country and soul.

Unlike most other radio stations, Radio Luxembourg's transmitters are so powerful that no matter where you drive there's no need to retune your dial.

Simply tune in and Luxembourg's strong signal will follow you on every motorway, road and lane.

Everywhere you go we come too.

So, if you're out on the road and looking for some company between 8 in the evening and 3.45 in the morning, you know who to turn to.

**Radio
Luxembourg**

208

It's not surprising we're
Britain's top national radio station.
208m Medium Wave 1439 Khz.

The hush hush tape deal from WEA



Listen. We're about to make you an offer your ears (and your wallet) can't refuse.

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

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

Collect only two vouchers and you're eligible for a set of Bush stereo headphones XY9002 at the special price

of £9.50 (VAT included) plus £1.00 postage and packing. £10.50 in all.

This is an exclusive saving obtainable only from us.

Any WEA tape you buy is good value for your ears, and the headphones are remarkable value for your wallet.

Check our Top 50 tape list over. We don't think you'll find a better offer anywhere. Certainly not that we've heard of!

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



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

You won't believe your ears

ON THE TOWN

Howie proves hair is unnecessary



PIC: HERSHMAN/MURPHY

Magazine BRADFORD

ANYTHING can happen here. Punks still gob, grapple and get ejected, and those who lost their way through the mesh of foyers and balconies even rushed the stage for Peter Gabriel. This time around the management had removed the seats (so that Howie's devotees couldn't do it for them?), which was just as well, because there are still as many pogoers as National Frontiers in Bradford.

It wasn't really necessary, though; Devoto still has a long way to go before he becomes a safety hazard. The precaution was as enigmatic as the man himself, but the performance transcended such trivial contemplations. For better or worse — and with a few reservations — Devoto has arrived to take the New Wave to another frontier. What the man lacks in hair he certainly makes up in brains.

For an apparently heavily strung-out thinker, Devoto, nevertheless, surprisingly strikes some incredibly well-worn postured attitudes, as though he were trying to secure a degree of star recognition, rather than the straight-ahead respect for his intellectuality which I was led to believe was all he was interested in.

Maybe it's only because he has designs to be the 'total performer' that makes Devoto frequently try too hard. And maybe you can forgive his stage excesses in the light of this being the formative phase of his career. He was, after all, endowed with fame and influential endorsements long before he earned them, and it's understandable and to be expected that his confidence is as premature as his charisma is undeniable.

In any event, Devoto's appearance here — a rake of a balletomane, wearing a red jacket off a lady's 50's suit, concealing an improvised leotard of his own gender's persuasion, and looking like a seven-pint blood donor — came as something of a shock. Devoto seemed to use the stage just because there was a stage to be used, his somewhat deliberate reptilian ballet gyrations featuring clinical passion were as paradoxical as they were redundant.

There again, his musicians, primarily John McGeoch (pioneer guitar), Dave Formula (comprehensive keyboards) and Barry Adams-on (staccato bass) (that only leaves Martin Jackson, I know, but drummers have to get on with the job), contrived a gel of spectacular proficiency. No doubt having a blind but secure faith in the direction Devoto is taking them, they seemed (unlike their mentor) to be in it totally for the music. Maybe in the circumstances it had to be left to the ex-Buzzcocks to supply the blurred focal points and the solitary selling-line. He blew the Rumbert, but (to get things in perspective) very little else.

Frequently mounting a ladder to topple-proof

Mike Stand (so that if every other medium failed, at least he could elevate himself physically). Devoto fully justified all the compliments already put down. "Motorcade", "Definitive Gaze" and the spooky "Burnt", three of the four numbers I recognised — Devoto doesn't say much by way of explanation, and when he does, his fetish for gobbling the mike precludes much oral comprehension — corroborated the already-mooted early Roxy link and Thin White Howie's sense of melodrama and (perhaps justified) self-importance.

Magazine's live sound is essentially keyboards orientated (or was that just the mix?), that specific contribution adeptly supplied by runaround Formula but well-camouflaged by Adamson's strident bass when they needed to avoid Formula appearing obsessive. McGeoch is similarly outrageously impressive, a real-life luminary, often producing guitar solos of unconditional brilliance.

Devoto himself is sometimes a fairly unconvincing, effusive sexualizer, but he succeeds either through the enigma / charisma factor or else through his audience's total incapacity to identify with him.

He removes himself from his adulterous perception of the realities of showmanship to the extent that he threatens spiritually to leave them altogether — he remains aware, though, that his contract demands that the show must go on. Perhaps knowing that people respect things they can't understand, Devoto refuses to offer accessibility. To be understood is uncool.

"Shot By Both Sides" was rendered for the climax of the scheduled set, before the band returned featuring Devoto in red county cup for a couple of anonymous but powerful encores. While "Both Sides" was received with almost embarrassing acclimation, Devoto impressively declined to give this number any more attention than he gave the others.

Ironically, of course, Magazine, spawned from the energy of punk and the experimentation of New Wave, symbolise the full circle back to musical sophistication. Unlike their innumerable uncouth predecessors, this band isn't going to inspire the average impressionee to hawk his ageing skateboard for a cheap six-string.

Likewise, Devoto might be the kind of guy who can take on all-comers with his fascinating ideological discourses, yet he's hardly equipped or able to give any generation an improved mentality.

And I can see the next album being such a tour de force of artistic accomplishment that Magazine will be as far out of it as Genesis were to their punk denunciations two years ago.

Time will tell. The ironies are there, but only of importance to the unnecessarily conscientious. Personally, I'm glad that some more sense and enterprise has come via Devoto to the music of the '70s, and I don't care how or why it came about.

Emma Ruth

Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band LOS ANGELES

THE HARRIED press officers at Capitol Records wanted to ensure that Bob Seger's return to LA wouldn't be marred by unexpected mishaps.

"NO photographers are to shoot during the first 30 minutes!" yelled the label's PR director. "I want Bob to get loose. When he's into the show he won't even know they're there."

Judging by the triumphant manner Seger took to the stage, he obviously couldn't have cared less if flashes were going off.

Riding high on the heels of the well-tailored LP, "Stranger In Town", Seger has reason to bubble with confidence and energy. After dilly-dallying in rock circles with only marginal acceptance for well over a decade, the 32 years old Detroit-bred rocker is now a bona fide star. Seger probably flinches at such an accolade, but the fact that his music has reached the masses is his greatest reward.

Amid all the '70s changes in direction, Seger has held on to the good time, rollicking spirit of 50s rock, but augmented it with tasty doses of R&B and jazz. There's such a genuine honesty pervading in his persona and music that he's

The Night Mover continues to stalk...



hard to fault. Even if you don't care for his work, you have to admire the man's commitment and persistence.

Seger's set at the LA Forum showcased six songs from "Stranger", all of which came off as well as any of the familiar oldies. With the dramatic instrumental shading of the bristling Silver Bullet Band, he tore through Frankie

Miller's "Ain't Got No Money", "Rock 'n' Roll Never Forgets", "Ramblin' Gambler Man" and "Beautiful Loser" before breaking the pace.

Surprisingly, it was the reflective "Turn The Page", delivered from behind the keyboard, that was the first emotional highlight of the evening, with soothing colouring deftly provided by saxist Alto Reed. Seger then strapped on an acoustic guitar, and went into a version of his single, "Still The Same", a predictable, but nonetheless solid tune.

There's a freshness and vitality in his approach to every song that makes even the well-worn favourites sound like newly penned material. This became crystal clear during the second half of the 90-minute set as he concentrated on all the standards from "Night Moves" and "Live Bullet", with "Katmandu" capping off the programme.

Two encores later Seger drew yet another ovation, but exhausted by the frantic pace, he had to leave the stage.

Seger has repeatedly proved that you can stick to the basics — simple melody, a few good hooks, interesting themes — and make it work for you every time. No real theatrics, overblown volume or elaborate extenuating; just old time rock 'n' roll with no holds barred.

The Night Mover continues to stalk.

Justin Pierce

Taking trad punk into a new league

Penetration NASHVILLE

THE LARGE and very spiky-topped contingent that packed The Nashville on Friday night was proof enough that, to stalwarts of the New Wave, the gig was of great importance.

In fact, many irate-looking souls were turned away at the

door, and I doubt it'll make them feel any happier to know they missed a great show.

Penetration, who formed nearly two years ago after seeing The Sex Pistols, still have their roots very firmly in trad punk, but with so much variation as to be in a completely different musical league.

No great believers in a uniform stage presence, visually, the band's front-line is a very mixed bag.

The recently acquired lead guitarist, Fred Purser, looks almost reserved alongside Neale Floyd, who plays rhythm, and obviously shares Keith Richards's keen interest in a rosy complexion and the joys of prime physical health.

Far right, we have man-beanpole bassist Robert Blamire, towering above the crowd and working solidly with the concise drumming of Gary Smallman.

And out front is the inimitable Pauline, scampering around the stage, fetchingly clad in leathers, studded belt and a lurid yellow headband.

Their songs, except for "Don't Dictate", are nearer observations than criticisms, and so don't feel the need to over-assert their ideas with brainless chord-bashing and rebel yelps. "Lovers Of Outrage", "Life's A Gamble", and "Race Against Time" were all perfectly balanced, rising, falling and doubling time to follow the changes in the lyrics.

Pauline carries the whole show with her shrill, commanding vocals (especially on Patti Smith's "Free Money"), and her not-too-self-indulgent theatrics.

They seem to have mastered an exact mixture of a very raw live sound and Purser's super-smooth guitar solos. Very rarely do they become predictable, or lose a feeling of acceleration throughout the set.

On this level, playing small venues, and to crowds of converts, Penetration can do no wrong. Countless punk bands that disintegrated over the last few months would still be on the circuit if they had half the imagination of this lot.

I noted fresh graffiti on the much-abused khaki wall, which, I'd venture, was the modest artwork of the band's bassist. It read "Penetration — The Future Is Robert".

Exactly what the future is will be stamped with a little more permanence by the arrival of their first album.

Mark Ellen



PENETRATION'S Pauline. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

"I LIKE IT."



THE LATE SHOW

I LIKE IT.
The new single from
The Late Show.
Bet you do, too.

DECCA

RAMBOW OPENS TOILET TOUR



PHILIP RAMBOW. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Philip Rambow HOPE & ANCHOR, LONDON

AND JUST when I was beginning to wonder (again) "Whatever happened to Philip Rambow?"

Towards the end of last year, Rambow and a band that included Mick Ronson, Dave Cochran, and even a pair of female back-up singers, played a few very auspicious debut gigs in some of the clubs and pubs of London, and rave reviews abounded.

There were plans then for a provincial tour by the same band in January of this year, but Ronson became involved in production work, and no tour materialised.

No gigs... and no word whether Rambow was or wasn't recording. All he had left behind was a track on the Hope & Anchor compilation, "Underground Romance", definitely one of the best on the album.

The reason why this was Rambow's first gig in over six months is, so I'm told by a source close to the band, that he has been recording (certainly the first I had heard of it). An album is on the way and Mick Ronson will be playing on it, although he was absent from this first stop on Rambow's Toilet Tour.

Rambow's band is back down to a trio, with the same drummer, Laurie Jellyman, but Dave Cochran, who, my source tells me, is busy doing session work, has been replaced by Mark Richardson. It's an undeniably powerful rhythm section, if a mite heavy-handed at times.

Rambow himself showed no sign of nerves on his return to live performances. No need to say it was good to be back because it was obvious from the expression on his face.

Ronson was only missed during a few of Rambow's solos, which tend to be slightly ordinary, but his rhythm work was fine, beautifully deft and flowing. He was in fine voice,

too, a meaner and more nasal Van Morrison.

The real strength of the set, though, lies in the songs, gems all, from the opening "Don't Call Me Tonto" onwards. Comparisons are hard to come by; the songs are so adventurous, immediate, and free from stylisation. There's an air of hope even in defeat about many of them, and it's hard to ignore that Rambow looks happy singing them. The word that springs to mind when talking about him is "genuine", because he eschews affectation and/or concern for image so completely.

The gig ends with Rambow atop a monitor at the front of the stage, scratching at his guitar, his head inches from the ceiling, and a broad smile on his face.

He's going to be gigging throughout this month in London, and every Tuesday at the Hope & Anchor. Pardon the plug, but it would be very foolish to miss him.

Neil Peters

The Pop Group This Heat

COLLEGIATE THEATRE, LONDON

TWO SEEMINGLY unconventional, superficially 'bleak', jagged modern-music outfits. Both engineer music suggesting radical departure, still somehow quaint.

Their chaos is meticulous but there is a common fault: both seem reluctant to communicate. I refer not to snakeskin-boots 'let's all stomp' rallying calls, nor to the operation of salivation balloons — just the simple accommodation of song titles.

This Heat dummy and hatch volatile, sly music. They hop rather than swagger — argumentative, tenaciously rock-orientated noise. It's often pure noise, yes (what ha't?), but 'Industrial' only in the sense that Abba too are 'Industrial'... (both engaged in the manufacture of noise?).

It's a very angry music, anchored with a superficial reliance on a more conventional form — rock-gloss ("Horizontal Hold") — soon to be severed as the barbed, coughing triptych-sound stabs into an ebbing, nebulous caution.

Successive grey zones of mechanical, ponderous aggression; aggression which is detached, drifting, resolute. The three players seem almost to spite their instruments; performance is both obscured and accentuated (Pop Mummies?).

Both This Heat and The Pop Group seem to be in the grip of an almost Cage-like desire to possess noise, to include EVERYTHING, all influence into the confluence of performance (aggression therapy?).

The Pop Group are more 'attractive'... they have gotten. Their implementation of tape, tape machines, hits quicker than This Heat's. Their performance is more markedly the result of experiment, as opposed to the experience (which can be embarrassing, can be mesmerising).

The Pop Group are smart. The pre-recorded sound is disconcerting (that's all we need). Audience reaction runs the gamut, largely disguising fear (of the unfamiliar; or rather, the familiar rendered in a disturbing manner).

The two guitarists also structure their interactive playing like people inside the freedom of Jazz/Experimental music (everyone solos-nobody solos): abrupt, stammering, caustic, clinging like static on wool — a real cliff-hanger.

As for the singer — he is quite obviously in the throes of a distressing psychological imbalance, suggesting, along with the two guitarists, the instructions of a French author for one of his early plays: "Movements... either heavy or else extremely and incomprehensibly rapid". Genet never exploited strobe-lighting though.

As for the 'bleak' aspect of it all, well, certainly — nobody smiled all evening. But it cheered me up more than anything 'Fun'-fixated, to know that there is still hope of genuinely new music.

Jon Penman

Rebel

DINGWALLS, LONDON

IT'S NO great liberty to assume that anyone naming under the name 'Rebel' mightn't be averse to slanging The Establishment with a little hell-raising criticism.

What you'd least expect is a band whose only serious commitments appear to be to guzzling ale, posing, and mutilating old Chuck Berry numbers.

Exactly what, I'd like to know, is rebellious about a combo with an average age of about 35, and a brace of guitarists sporting Rod Stewart-type Greco-pineapple hairdos, hammering Stone's numbers to death with garish heavy metal riffs.

And where, I muse, is the defiance in a third axeman frisking around in grubby tweed jacket and cap, playing fills that are firing homage to Status Quo.

As for their choice of material, what on earth is the point of churning out "Johnny B Goode", "Route 66", and even some old blues number, while still clinging to pretensions of novelty?

To make matters worse, the twin lead guitarists were both very proficient, as evinced by a song called "The Price Of Rainbows", so why they're content to be in the ranks of such a monstrously unimaginative band, I can't even hazard a guess.

Mark E. Wen

Great Slate 'farewell'

Black Slate
Junior Brown

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

THE ACCOMPLISHED Black Slate roadshow has reached just about the limit of its capabilities without courting a drastic change of direction.

During the past year or thereabouts, riding off the success of "Sticks Man", the group have maintained an active touring schedule in the UK, during which time they have gained both in terms of professional expertise and fame.

However, without the benefit of a secure recording outlet, Black Slate are now doomed to circle an ever-decreasing futurity of small club venues and audiences.

As a result, their management are taking the group upon a tour of Jamaica next month, where they will also be completing work on a long-awaited debut LP at Upsetter's Black Ark studio.

The gig at the Music Machine was touted as Black Slate's great farewell performance. One of those dewy-eyed events like, say, Soft Machine's Middle Earth concert a decade back (when the band disappeared to Paris, not to return until a couple of years later, and then boasting a disquietingly different line-up). It proved a triumphant parting note.

First onstage was young Junior Brown, newest act with Tempus Records — the previous label of both Steel Pulse and Matumbi — at the embarkation of his career.

Backed by Ladbroke Grove compatriots Aswad's rhythm section, plus Ras I of Brimstone and brother Lloyd Brown on percussion, Junior Brown sang well, danced with flair, and moved across stage with agreeable presence.

Sadly, his self-composed material left a lot to be desired in terms of originality. "Equal Rights", "Show The Youths The Way", "Jah Say" and "Israel" all plied themes already given lyrical utterance by entertainers of more established experience.

Junior's closing number, merely, "Jah Fird Babylon Godly" — plagiarising the inspiration of Burning Spear's "Door Keeper" — demonstrated his potential and flair; the single inspired song in a small repertoire.

Starting on the low-key "Sing A Little Song", Black Slate paced the length of an inevitable stage set, including renditions of "They Can't Make Us, They Can't Break Us (Do What You Wanna Do)", The Abyssinians' "Declaration Of Rights", "Sticks Man", "It's Coming" and "This Is Reggae Music".

By the time the group moved into an "Exodus"/"Natural Mystic" medley in tribute to the former Bob Marley, Black Slate's Music Machine audience were ecstatically toasting the band in ritualised dance.

This was followed by the climax of their show, The Janticans' old Festival knees-up "Ba Ba Boom", at the conclusion of which they left the stage, only to return for an encore detailing their most recent release, "Live Up To Love".

Ooh coo coo — screw coo coo — bagga bugaboo!

Penny Reel



BLACK SLATE. Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

Mike Westbrook Brass Band

OPEN SPACE, LONDON

CABARET, THAT long-running standby of fringe theatre, is one of those idioms that look easy on paper and usually turn out like a bellyflop on the boards. You can't just bung anything in, and rely on the old sketchbook excuse to pull you through.

Mike Westbrook, composer of "Mambo Chicago" and leader of the troupe, knows all that backwards. More than anyone else on the British scene, he bears out Stravinski's definition that the composer is like a shoemaker, pulling and pushing his material into the required shape; manual gifts to offset the usual flannel about muses and divine inspiration. Westie is a fine craftsman.

No section of his latest work goes on too long, and all the transitions are seamless. For example, the way that Kate Westbrook's vocal on "Apple Pie" (lyrics by Adrian Mitchell) gives way to a two-way interchange between piano and trombone which in turn evolves into something else with the entry of a tenor and so well, shows just how

homogenous and organic the composer's craft can be.

With a book based around Chicago's history of wardheeling politicians, Prohibition gangsters and the slaughterhouses, and an all-brass cast, memories of Brecht and Kurt Weill are bound to be evoked: that toddling town has always been the political polemicist's dream. Westie has always been an unabashed eclectic, taking bits and pieces from contrasting idioms and pressing them into service — Weill, Monk, Bali, R&B, Free jazz.

The sound of the band is sumptuous, avoiding the oompah and emphasizing the muffled bouquet of massed brass: trumpet, euphonium, tenor horn, saxophones. Outstanding solo work from Paul Rutherford on trombone and the fast and slippery alto of Chris Hunter. Phil Minion is a phenomenally gymnastic singer, a species of supercharged Leo Watson who can get the tunists around the weirdest noises and make them sing.

Fan is the key-word, and everybody left smiling. If you miss them, check out "Goose Sauce" by the Mike Westbrook Brass Band on Original Records.

Brian Case

BOB GELDOF. Pic: PENNIE SMITH



Boomtown Rats

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE LAST time I saw the Boomtown Rats prior to this emphatic Hammersmith triumph was last year at the Marquee. Remove the tinsel, the cameramen and the multicoloured beachballs that cluttered the stage beside Graham Parker's ace horn section, and the Rats remain basically the same good clubland R&B band they were in those far-off sweaty days.

Towards the end this show, Bob Geldof took the time to thank the audience for the "best nine months" of his life. And there's no denying that the Rats have worked hard for their success or that it's been achieved with style, and again, undeniable talent.

It's hard to knock a band who go out of their way, as the Rats do, to make sure the kids are not shortchanged, but I still reserve a few doubts.

For starters, they are going forward primarily by looking back: back, to the pop music of the early '70s — the cherubic Johnny Fingers' keyboards

particularly recall the twists and squeaks of the old Sparks Maelstrom; back, more than anything, to the R&B of the Stones.

On top of that the irksome showband/showbiz parodies left me feeling like the White Man in Hammersmith Odeon.

As I see it, there are two R&B based bands, the Rats and The Jam, booked into the mainstream riding on the New Wave and enjoying considerable success at the moment. Of the two, The Jam are far superior. There's a hint of desperation about the Rats and their sonic tonic not evident in the live fire and skill of The Jam.

There's also something decidedly forced about the Rats in songs like the cringeful "Joey" — a Springsteen-esque street scenario that would send the Asbury One turning in his '69 Chevy.

The Rats — if the audience at Hammersmith was anything to go by — rival Jonathan Richman in providing rock and roll for the under 14s. Which is fine.

Only I'm 20, and I had T. Rex when I was that age and I don't really need the smug wholesale Rats now.

Adrian Thrills



BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGES

FOR INFO ON HOW TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE PHONE BRIAN ON 01 261 6153

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

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

Thurs 12th July (Adm £1.25) ADAM & THE ANTS Plus Blitz & Ian Fleming	Mon 17th July (Adm £1.25) JOHNNY MOPED Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Fri 14th July (Adm £1) NEW HEARTS Plus friends & Ian Fleming	Tues 18th July (Adm £1.50) Special guests from USA SUICIDE Plus support & Joe Lang
Sat 15th July (Adm 75p) THE NEWS Plus guests & Ian Fleming	Wed 19th July (Adm £1) DEAD FINGERS TALK Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun 16th July (Adm £1) ERIC BELL ex Thin Lizzy Plus friends & Mandy H	Thurs 20th & Fri 21st July (Adm £1.50) Special guest appearance RADIO STARS Plus friends & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 6

Friday July 14th 60p
JAB JAB

Saturday July 15th 50p
RAMBOW

Sunday July 16th Free
FISCHER Z

Wednesday July 19th Free
THE V.I.P.S.

Thursday July 20th Free
STARJETZ

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

Friday July 14th £1.00
THE BOYFRIENDS
+ The Backbeats

Saturday July 15th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ BERLIN

Sunday July 16th 75p
WHITE CATS
+ Doll By Doll

Monday July 17th 50p
AUTOGRAPHS
+ THE EDGE

Tuesday July 18th 75p
ERIC BELLE BAND
+ Interview

Thursday July 20th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ Random Hold

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

Benefit for the National Council for One Parent Families
THURSDAY JULY 27th, FRIDAY JULY 28th and SATURDAY JULY 29th

999

+ SUPPORT

Tickets £1.00 in advance from Box 9, 147 Oxford Street, W.1
Cheques payable to Albion Management, S.A.E. required
Over Eighteens Only

Rainbow OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

Culture

FRIDAY 28th JULY 7.30

TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £1.50

From Box Office, London Theatre Bookings 439 3371
Premier Box Office 240 2245 and usual agents

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Wednesday July 12th 30p
& Thursday July 13th 30p
Reserved for now...

FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson / Stevie Lange

Friday July 14th 50p
RAMROD
Loy Martin, Paul De La, Mick Clark, Savile Smith, Stuart McDonald

Saturday July 15th 40p
JACK LYNTON'S H.D. BAND

Sunday July 16th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
By demand

Monday July 17th Free
Zaine Griff

Tuesday July 18th Free
Young Bucks

Wednesday July 19th Free
Angelo Palladino

TELEPHONE 01-387-04289

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.

JAMDEN HIGH ST. OFF. MIDDLETOWN CRESCENT TUSE. NEW.

Wednesday July 12th £1
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLE AXE
+ Warm Jets
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Thursday July 13th £1.50
ROKOTTO
+ Heart Stealer

Friday July 14th £2
THE TOURISTS
+ The Invaders

Saturday July 15th £2
RACING CARS
+ Rumblestrips

Monday July 17th £1
JAPAN
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Tuesday July 18th £1
C.G.A.S.5
+ Berlin
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Wednesday July 19th £1
SORE THROAT
+ Blazer Blazer

Monday July 24th, Tuesday July 25th, Wednesday July 26th, Thursday July 27th

THE CLASH

+ From New York SUICIDE + The Specials

Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

LICENSED BARS LIVE MUSIC DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

CGAS

MUSIC MACHINE

Tuesday July 18th

QUEUE EARLY FOR THE STORMER

ADAM & THE ANTS

This Thursday, July 13th

MARQUEE CLUB

spring offensive

First Major London Appearance

DINGWALL'S

17 July 78

ROGER THE CAT

Thursday July 13th
TAM O'SHANTER CHATHAM

Friday July 14th
HAMBRO TAVERN SOUTHALL

Saturday July 15th
CRANBROOK ILFORD

Sunday July 16th
STAPLETON TAVERN CROUCH END

Presented by Vehicle Music and Gilmore promotions 01-204 9876

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Siouxsie and the Banshees

THE SHIRTS

WHITE CATS ROUNDHOUSE

CHALKFARM W.1

SUNDAY 23rd JULY at 5.30

JOHNSTON F2 4010C WITH ADVANCE BOOKING IN THE OFFICE TEL: 262 2566 ON 01 261 6153
BOOKINGS: 147 OXFORD ST. W.1 TEL: 439 3371, 01 261 6153

AT THE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE

HI - TENSION

+ **ROBBIE VINCENT**
(Voted Britain's No. 1 Soul & Funk Radio D.J.)

SATURDAY JULY 22nd at 7.30pm

Tickets £2.50 from F. L. Moore Records Luton, Dunstable, Bloxley & Hitchin
Telephone Luton 20423, D. J. Holland Race U/Buzzard, Post & Present Race Wiford, Spin-A-Disc Abingdon Square, Northampton, telephone 311144, L.N.A. Race High Street, Rushden, telephone 55064, Jordans Race Silver Street Wellingborough, telephone 222688, Hair Silver Street Bedford, Record Room St. Albans, California Box Office, telephone Dunstable 67804 or at door on night.

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

at the **Lyceum**

A UNIQUE EVENT

THE ONLY U.K. CONCERT

TALKING HEADS

+ **MERGER**

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

THE RUNAWAYS

+ **THE DICKIES**
+ **THE ADDIX**

Sunday 16th July £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-438 3715, The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office, Chappell's, 50 New Bond St, London W1 01-429 3455 (50p Booking Fee)

THE WHITE HART PUB

LAST BASTION!

246 HIGH ST. ACTON

C GAS 5

+ Skid Marks
+ Jerry Floyd

Wed. 19th July 8.00

MEMBERS

AT THE

RAILWAY HOTEL

WEST HAMPSTEAD

TUESDAY 18th JULY

prag-VEC

JULY 14th YOUNG VIC
JULY 15th RED LION, WATFORD
JULY 17th ROCHESTER CASTLE

ENQUIRIES:
— STEVE 01-727 0734

JOHNNY MOPED

F Club Leeds.

Thursday July 13th
Rock Garden,
Middlesboro,
Friday July 14th
MARQUEE LONDON,
Monday July 17th

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE CLASH-SLICKS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRIGHTON Albion: THE SATELLITES
BRIGHTON Buzza: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Corporation Bus Club: THE PIRANHAS/ATTRACKNICKY & THE DOTS
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: JOEY
BRISTOL Granary: CHAMPION
COLWYN BAY Distelend Showbar: THE ENID
COVENTRY City Centre Club: RAY KING BAND
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: THE RUNAWAYS
CROFTON Fairfield Hall: KENNY BALL BAND
DERBY Station Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
EDINBURGH The Place: GOOD STUFF BAND (resident until July 28)
EXETER Routes: PAUL GOODIE
GREENFORD School: PIN-UPS
HARLESTON Children Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: THE LATE SHOW-ZAINE GRIFF
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
ILFRACOMBE Top of the Town: THE WURZELS
LANCASTER No.12 Club: THE OUT
LEEDS F Club: JOHNNY MOVED
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI & DA BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY MONASTY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAMBOWTHE RUTS
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EXILES
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE REZILLOS/THE INVADERS
LONDON MARQUEE Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: APOSTROPHE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CADILLAC/THE BONESHAKERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: O.K.
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SMARTIES
LONDON WANDSWORTH RD. Southbank Polytechnic: THOMPSON TWINS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): RAIN-COAT/TOYA WILCOX
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: CARLA BLEY BAND
LONDON WOODWICH Transhed: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Debutary Cavalcade: SALEM
MANCHESTER Moss Side Alexandra Park (Anti-Nazi League Carnival): GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/JOHN COOPER CLARKE/THE SMIRKS/THE FALL
MILTON MOVBRAV Painted Lady: Cissy Stone Band (for three days)
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: KRAKATOA
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Langley Mill Club: PARADOX
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: ZHAIN
PLYMOUTH Metro: MAGAZINE
PORTSMOUTH Cumberland Tavern: BLIND DOG
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: KRYPTON TUNES
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOE BEARD
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE LURKERS/THE DICKIES
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS'DOLLS
STOKES Etruria Rose & Crown: ALIAS

Friday

ABERYSTWYTH Both Hall: KRYPTON TUNES
BICKETER Newgate Club: DOUBLE EXPOSURE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RUNAWAYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Edgbaston Bell & Pump: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: DAWNWEAVER
BRACKNELL Folk Festival at South Hill Park Centre: ALEX ATTERTON / BULLY WEB / BILL CADDICK / COSMOTHEKA / HOT VULTURES / JO ANN KELLY / MARTIN SIMPSON / SPREDTHICK / TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS etc. (for three days)
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN
BRISTOL Cobson Hall: MAGAZINE
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: KRAKATOA
CHATHAM Tam O'Shafter: DOLL BY DOLL
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
DERBY Bell Hotel: STRANGE DAYS/BUZZ BAND
HALLSHAM Princes Park: POSSUM
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: THE LURKERS / WHITE CATS / THE VENTS
HULL Dockers Club: CHINA STREET
KIRKLEIGH Country Club: THE DODGERS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: STEVE ASKLEY
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AFTERMATH
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: ZHAIN
LINCOLN A.S. Club: THE JERKS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Valentine's: CO-DO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROOPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY-ROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: RAMROD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SCARECROW
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: THE DIRECTORS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Basement Club: METABOLIST
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: GUYS'DOLLS

The big one! Dylan plays Blackbushe Airport on Saturday



BOB DYLAN (top left) returns to Britain after completing his shows on the Continent, and plays his final European date on Saturday. It's the massive "Picnic" at Blackbushe Airport in Surrey which, if the weather's fine, could attract one of the largest crowds ever assembled in this country for a music event. ERIC CLAPTON (top right) and his band put in a guest appearance, along with GRAHAM PARKER (left) & The Rumour, JOAN ARMSTRADING (right) and German band Lake. Fasten your seat-belts, prepare for take-off.

Maggie's comeback at Festival Hall



MAGGIE BELL launches her comeback with her new band on Sunday, in one of a string of three summer concerts at London Festival Hall. The other two shows are the first stage performance of "Variations" (Saturday) and The Chieftains (Monday). Unfortunately, the scheduled Linda Lewis gig on Tuesday has had to be cancelled (see news pages).

LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: REGGAE REGULAR/BLITZ
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: RAMBOWTHE RUTS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PIN-UPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: WARRIOR
LONDON MARQUEE Club: NEW HEARTS / SPARE PARTS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: REBEL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: STEVE BOYCE BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: NOEL MURPHY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTH BANK Jubilee Gardens (free open-air, 6 pm): REDBRASS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: TAMMASHANTE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ROOTS

LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): ANGLETRAX/PRAG-VEC
LONDON W.3 Pizz Express: RUBY BRAFF (for a week, excluding Sunday)
LONDON W.9 The Chippenham: THE PASSENGER/THE LEOPARDS
LONDON W.10 Ashham Hall: PLEASURE ZONE / NIGHT FLIGHT / THE CRACK
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: THE ACCELERATORS
MANCHESTER The Factory: THE GANG OF FOUR
MANCHESTER Tyndesley R.C.: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MANCHESTER Valentine's: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: HOT SNAX
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at the Sandpiper: THE TOURISTS
PORTSMOUTH Withshire Arms: STAA MARX
PRESTON Royal Victoria Hotel: THE EDY RETFORD Porterhouse: SONIA KRISTINA & ESCAPE

SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE SHIRTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: GLORIA MUNDI
SLEAFORD Nags Head: JUGGERNAUT
SOUTHEND Westcliff Pavilion: THE SPINNERS
SPALDING Springfield: THE NEXT BAND
SUTTON COLDFIELD Marston Social Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: HI-TENSION
WATFORD Red Lion: DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lodgepole: WHIRLWIND
YORK White Swan: ETHEL THE FROG

Saturday

ABERTILERY Six Bells: TRANS-AM
AYLESBURY Plains: MAGAZINE/THE SHIRTS
BATH Culverhay School: THE SHORTWAVEBAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RUNAWAYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MELANIE HARROLD (ex-Joanna Corlie)
BIRMINGHAM Midlands Arts Centre: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKBUSHE Airport (Camberley, Surrey): BOB DYLAN/ERIC CLAPTON BAND/JOAN ARMSTRADING/GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR-LAKE/MERGER
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: THE EDDY
BRIDGWATER Arts Centre: THE DANGEROUS BROTHERS/THE LEAR JETS
BRISTOL University: THE ENID
BUDE Headland Club: FRINGE BENEFIT
CARDIFF Sophia Gardens: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/THE CIMARONS
CARLISLE Fops Club: STRAW DOGS
CHELLENHAM Bishops Cleeve School: BANNANA MOON
CHESTERFIELD Brimington Tavern: VESUVIUS
CROMER West Runtun Pavilion: THE SEARCHERS
DAGENHAM Longhouse Youth Club: TICKETS-PURPLE HEARTS/CLIQUE
GRANTHAM Riggsby's: THE NEXT BAND
GRAVESEND Red Lion: WHITE CATS
HARLEY Birchhead Gardens: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
HARLOW Spurricks Town Park (free): DARTS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: CYANIDE
HAWICK Tower Hotel: THE MONOS
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Staging Post: RED EYE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LINCOLN A.S. Club: JAPAN
LIVERPOOL Litherland Red Lion: JUGGERNAUT
LIVERPOOL Swinging Apple: EMERGENCY
LONDON BAYTER'S Garden: ARTS CENTRE: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PANTIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: CHAMPION/APOSTROPHE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: RAPED
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheathead: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE RETAINERS
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Room: GUYS'DOLLS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAMBOWTHE RUTS
LONDON HAMPSHIRE E.G.A. Studio: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN
LONDON HARLESSEN Roxy Theatre: STAA MARX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: First live performance of Anders Jylland Watson's "VARIATIONS"
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: PIN-UPS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ERIC BELL BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ROOTS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): JAM TODAY
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: CAROL GRIMES-MISTY
MACCLESFIELD Rose Street School: THE LEAMINGS/SILVERWING
MANCHESTER Carib Club: RAY KING BAND
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Moss Side Alexandra Park (Anti-Nazi League Carnival): THE BUZZCOCKS/STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET/EXODUS
MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: DESMOND DEKKER
MANCHESTER Valentine's: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE DODGERS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: BUSTER JAMES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: STRANGE MIST
READING Target Club: THE HEAT
RETFORD Porterhouse: KRYPTON TUNES
RHONDDA Leisure Centre: KRAKATOA
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DAVE LEWIS BAND
SLEAFORD R.A.F. Cranwell: STRANGE DAYS
SOUTHEND Westcliff Pavilion: THE SPINNERS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: TRAPEZE/BLEAK HOUSE
ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: THE RUBETTES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lanquishing): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE INVADERS

Sunday

BAKEWELL Mosaic Hall: WITCHFYND
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with McCAR-THY/SLIM PICKINS/STEEPPINSTONE/PETER & MARY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRKPOL Imperial Hotel: DESMOND DEKKER
BRIGHTON Albion: DOUBLE EXPOSURE
CANTERBURY Odeon: MAGAZINE
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN
CHRISTCHURCH Jumps: TAVORE: WHIRLWIND
GREAT YARMOUTH ABC Theatre: CO-DO
ROYAL Brewery Arts Centre: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: G.P.O.
LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: HYBRID
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: ZHAIN
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIBERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: THE SHIRTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHISWICK Bull: THE INVADERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE EXILES

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON HARROW RD, Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON Cultural Festival: CHARGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHITE CATS/DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: MAGGIE BELL & HER BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BERLIN
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE RUNAWAYS
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT LUTON Coasters: BERLIN
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AQUA/CRISPY AMBULANCE/ST. MATILDA'S BOYS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: THE WURZELS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
PONTIFON Folk Centre: THERAPY/MARTIN & GRAHAM
REDHILL Laken Hotel: THE CURE
SHOTTON Central Hotel: THE EDDY
SOUTHEND Technical College: THE ENID WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: BLITZKRIEG BOP
WORKINGTON Cleator Moor WMC: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUICIDE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: DOLL BY DOLL
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE MYTONS
BUXTON Gaslight Club: STEPPER (for three days)
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: THE LATE SHOW
CHESTER Quaintway: BULLETS
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: SAMSON
COLCHESTER Recreation Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN
DONCASTER Balby Ashmount Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
EXETER Routes: RACING CARS
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE MOTELS
ILFORD Caulflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GALLERY
LEEDS Veedon Peacock Hotel: CYANIDE
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE SHIRTS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPRING OFFENSIVE / SNAX / JODIE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRADER
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: ZHAIN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: BROOK ROAD BUREAU
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: HOT VULTURES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: MARY LOU WILLIAMS / LOUIS STEWART QUARTET (for two weeks)
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BLUE SCREAMING / MONOCHROME SET
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PRAG-VEC
LONDON WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel: THE HEAT / LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE BLADES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WORLD SERVICE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE OUT NEWPORT Stow Hill Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: CO-CO (for a week)
SUNDERLAND Bolckmans Club: MATCHBOX
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS



THE RUNAWAYS are back in Britain this week for an all-in-brief visit, playing just four gigs. If you fancy seeing them, or simply fancy them, you can catch them at Cromer (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday and Saturday) and London (Sunday). Pictured above is Juan Jett.



THE MOTORS begin a new series of a dozen summer gigs in Coventry on Tuesday, followed by Birmingham on Wednesday. Other highlights this week: the Anti-Nazi League Carnival in Manchester with Graham Parker (Thursday) and The Buzzcocks (Saturday); and Duran's free concert in Harlow on Saturday.

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GLORIA MUNDI
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: TEAN SEATS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: DELEGATION
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: THE PIRANHAS
BUCKY AND THE DOTS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: CYANIDE
COVENTRY Locarno: THE MOTORS
DONCASTER Romeo and Juliet: DAVE BERRY
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: STA-PRESTS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE 2-TIMERS/WHITE CATS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ABBRAKA/TRANS-AM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON Marquee Club: SUICIDE
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: U.K. SUBS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON TOTTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/MEMBERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MARABOU
NEW MILLS Bee's Knees: SAMSON
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE SHIRTS
NUNEATON 77 Town Club: THE LUKKERS
PENANCE The Garden: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: LANDSCAPE
ST NEOTS King's Head Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN
SWANSEA Globe Theatre: KRAKATOA

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Half Green: The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: THE MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bull Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON Albion: DANDIES
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/STEVE WINWOOD
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
DONCASTER Romeo & Juliet: DAVE BERRY
GLOSSOP The Trap: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS F Club: THE SHIRTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE GANG OF FOUR
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: GULLIVER
LONDON ACTON White Hart: C.G.A.S./SKID MARKS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: SCHOOL MEALS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE STOREY / LASCELLES CUCKOO BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ANGELO PALLEDDINO
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON HANDSFORTH Red Crow: THE V.I.P.'s / ZHAIN
LONDON Marquee Club: CYANIDE / DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON PADDINGTON Fungi Disco: RAY KING BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: 64 SPOONS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE INVADERS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON TOTTING Foresters Arms: U.K. SUBS / RAPED / NOBODYZ
LONDON WIMBORNE F.C. Nelson's Club: PEKOE ORANGE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: FLYING SALICERS
PLYMOUTH Big T: THE WURZELS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIHULL Golden Lane: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Hall: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Lord of Hay: JOHNNY COPPIN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ATLAS

THE TRANSMITTERS

24 HOURS
TOUR

Wednesday 12th July

The Transmitters are playing inside The Speakeasy

Thursday 13th July

The Transmitters are playing outside...

12.00am The Rainbow	5.30pm Albert Hall
1.00pm The Roundhouse	7.00pm The London Palladium
1.30pm Dingwalls	7.45pm The Marquee
2.30pm The Lyceum	11.00pm Ealing Common
4.00pm The Nashville Rooms	
4.30pm Hammersmith Odeon	



All times are approximate and subject to traffic conditions!

DINGWALLS

01-257 4957 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

SUN 16
FROM NEW YORK U.S.A.
FIRST LONDON SHOW

THE SHIRTS

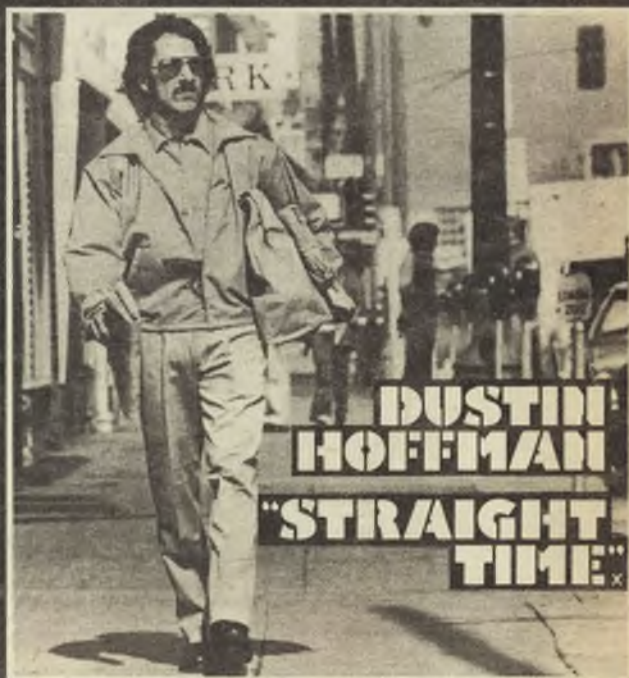
ADVANCE TICKETS NOW AVAILABLE £1.75
N.B. CLUB OPEN 7.30pm-11.30pm

TUES 18
ALSO FROM NEW YORK, FIRST LONDON SHOW
THE 2 TIMERS

ALL BOOZE 1/2 PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm

FILMS

"Please God, don't let him get caught."



DUSTIN HOFFMAN in "STRAIGHT TIME"

Co-starring HARRY DEAN STANTON - GARY BUSEY

Screenplay by ALVIN SARGENT - EDWARD BUKER - JERRY SCHEIDT
Produced by STANLEY BECK with TIM ZWILMANN - Directed by UDO GREGGARD - Music by GARY DREYER
A United Artists Production - A New York Production - TECHNICOLOR
© 1978 United Artists Productions, Inc. All Rights Reserved. UA-2874-10

NOW SHOWING
WARNER
WEST END 4
LEICESTER SQUARE
439 0791 (Fully Air-Conditioned)

scene ABC
LEICESTER SQ
439 4470

FULHAM RD
370 2636

AND ALL OVER LONDON FROM SUNDAY JULY 16

PEPPERS, TOWN HALL, HIGH WYCOMBE
Friday July 14th at 7.30pm

THE LURKERS
+ WHITE CATS
+ THE VENTS

Opening Night Admission £1.30 Free Membership

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY.

Time to Boogie!



DONNA SUMMER as "NICOLE"
The long hot summer of the disco is her first acting role. Call the Fire Department.





THE COMMODORES
They got a whole year's worth of sound into one Friday night.

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A MOTOWN CASABLANCA PRODUCTION of

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY.

Executive Producer NEIL BOGART · Written by BARRY ARMYAN BERNSTEIN · Produced by ROB COHEN · Directed by ROBERT KLANE

1978 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON CASABLANCA RECORDS AND TAPES

NOW! COLUMBIA

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE 734 5414

ODEON

CHELSEA

ODEON KENSINGTON

TELEPHONE: 602 664415

STUDIO 4

OXFORD CIRCUS 437 3300

ALL OVER LONDON FROM SUNDAY JULY 16 PLUS 'LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL' & WITH TOP ROCK 'N' ROLL STARS

YOU ARE PAYING TOO MUCH FOR RECORDS AND CASSETTES

— AND WE INTEND TO CHANGE ALL THIS

COB RECORDS, N.120, PORTHMACOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, BRITISH ISLES (Tel 0766 21703185 Mon-Fri)

— IS THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE RECORD SERVICE (OVER 20,000 REGULAR AND SATISFIED CUSTOMERS WORLDWIDE)

OUR EXCLUSIVE SERVICES —

1. ANY BRAND NEW LP OR CASSETTE SOLD WITHIN THE BRITISH ISLES AND OVERSEAS AT UP TO £1.00 FULL RETAIL PRICE. Speedy and efficient service. Free catalogue listing nearly 3,000 titles by over 200 different artists. EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOMED.
2. RECORD EXCHANGE AND PURCHASE SERVICE. Your unwanted good condition LP's and cassettes bought for cash or exchanged for any brand new items of your own choice. Send c.a.e. or phone for details FIRST (no items accepted unless official offer has been given beforehand).
3. THOUSANDS OF QUALITY, GUARANTEED GOOD CONDITION USED LP's AT BARGAIN PRICES (UK SERVICE ONLY). Every item checked thoroughly before purchase and fully guaranteed. Over 10,000 items in stock. Free catalogue available on request.

SAVE £££'s AT COB

JO'S & GAIL'S
133B, ENGLAND

Multi-Recorded, over 1000 titles, all complete, many + Love, Pops, 1960s, 1970s, 1980s, 1990s, 2000s, 2010s, 2020s, 2030s, 2040s, 2050s, 2060s, 2070s, 2080s, 2090s, 2100s, 2110s, 2120s, 2130s, 2140s, 2150s, 2160s, 2170s, 2180s, 2190s, 2200s, 2210s, 2220s, 2230s, 2240s, 2250s, 2260s, 2270s, 2280s, 2290s, 2300s, 2310s, 2320s, 2330s, 2340s, 2350s, 2360s, 2370s, 2380s, 2390s, 2400s, 2410s, 2420s, 2430s, 2440s, 2450s, 2460s, 2470s, 2480s, 2490s, 2500s, 2510s, 2520s, 2530s, 2540s, 2550s, 2560s, 2570s, 2580s, 2590s, 2600s, 2610s, 2620s, 2630s, 2640s, 2650s, 2660s, 2670s, 2680s, 2690s, 2700s, 2710s, 2720s, 2730s, 2740s, 2750s, 2760s, 2770s, 2780s, 2790s, 2800s, 2810s, 2820s, 2830s, 2840s, 2850s, 2860s, 2870s, 2880s, 2890s, 2900s, 2910s, 2920s, 2930s, 2940s, 2950s, 2960s, 2970s, 2980s, 2990s, 3000s, 3010s, 3020s, 3030s, 3040s, 3050s, 3060s, 3070s, 3080s, 3090s, 3100s, 3110s, 3120s, 3130s, 3140s, 3150s, 3160s, 3170s, 3180s, 3190s, 3200s, 3210s, 3220s, 3230s, 3240s, 3250s, 3260s, 3270s, 3280s, 3290s, 3300s, 3310s, 3320s, 3330s, 3340s, 3350s, 3360s, 3370s, 3380s, 3390s, 3400s, 3410s, 3420s, 3430s, 3440s, 3450s, 3460s, 3470s, 3480s, 3490s, 3500s, 3510s, 3520s, 3530s, 3540s, 3550s, 3560s, 3570s, 3580s, 3590s, 3600s, 3610s, 3620s, 3630s, 3640s, 3650s, 3660s, 3670s, 3680s, 3690s, 3700s, 3710s, 3720s, 3730s, 3740s, 3750s, 3760s, 3770s, 3780s, 3790s, 3800s, 3810s, 3820s, 3830s, 3840s, 3850s, 3860s, 3870s, 3880s, 3890s, 3900s, 3910s, 3920s, 3930s, 3940s, 3950s, 3960s, 3970s, 3980s, 3990s, 4000s, 4010s, 4020s, 4030s, 4040s, 4050s, 4060s, 4070s, 4080s, 4090s, 4100s, 4110s, 4120s, 4130s, 4140s, 4150s, 4160s, 4170s, 4180s, 4190s, 4200s, 4210s, 4220s, 4230s, 4240s, 4250s, 4260s, 4270s, 4280s, 4290s, 4300s, 4310s, 4320s, 4330s, 4340s, 4350s, 4360s, 4370s, 4380s, 4390s, 4400s, 4410s, 4420s, 4430s, 4440s, 4450s, 4460s, 4470s, 4480s, 4490s, 4500s, 4510s, 4520s, 4530s, 4540s, 4550s, 4560s, 4570s, 4580s, 4590s, 4600s, 4610s, 4620s, 4630s, 4640s, 4650s, 4660s, 4670s, 4680s, 4690s, 4700s, 4710s, 4720s, 4730s, 4740s, 4750s, 4760s, 4770s, 4780s, 4790s, 4800s, 4810s, 4820s, 4830s, 4840s, 4850s, 4860s, 4870s, 4880s, 4890s, 4900s, 4910s, 4920s, 4930s, 4940s, 4950s, 4960s, 4970s, 4980s, 4990s, 5000s, 5010s, 5020s, 5030s, 5040s, 5050s, 5060s, 5070s, 5080s, 5090s, 5100s, 5110s, 5120s, 5130s, 5140s, 5150s, 5160s, 5170s, 5180s, 5190s, 5200s, 5210s, 5220s, 5230s, 5240s, 5250s, 5260s, 5270s, 5280s, 5290s, 5300s, 5310s, 5320s, 5330s, 5340s, 5350s, 5360s, 5370s, 5380s, 5390s, 5400s, 5410s, 5420s, 5430s, 5440s, 5450s, 5460s, 5470s, 5480s, 5490s, 5500s, 5510s, 5520s, 5530s, 5540s, 5550s, 5560s, 5570s, 5580s, 5590s, 5600s, 5610s, 5620s, 5630s, 5640s, 5650s, 5660s, 5670s, 5680s, 5690s, 5700s, 5710s, 5720s, 5730s, 5740s, 5750s, 5760s, 5770s, 5780s, 5790s, 5800s, 5810s, 5820s, 5830s, 5840s, 5850s, 5860s, 5870s, 5880s, 5890s, 5900s, 5910s, 5920s, 5930s, 5940s, 5950s, 5960s, 5970s, 5980s, 5990s, 6000s, 6010s, 6020s, 6030s, 6040s, 6050s, 6060s, 6070s, 6080s, 6090s, 6100s, 6110s, 6120s, 6130s, 6140s, 6150s, 6160s, 6170s, 6180s, 6190s, 6200s, 6210s, 6220s, 6230s, 6240s, 6250s, 6260s, 6270s, 6280s, 6290s, 6300s, 6310s, 6320s, 6330s, 6340s, 6350s, 6360s, 6370s, 6380s, 6390s, 6400s, 6410s, 6420s, 6430s, 6440s, 6450s, 6460s, 6470s, 6480s, 6490s, 6500s, 6510s, 6520s, 6530s, 6540s, 6550s, 6560s, 6570s, 6580s, 6590s, 6600s, 6610s, 6620s, 6630s, 6640s, 6650s, 6660s, 6670s, 6680s, 6690s, 6700s, 6710s, 6720s, 6730s, 6740s, 6750s, 6760s, 6770s, 6780s, 6790s, 6800s, 6810s, 6820s, 6830s, 6840s, 6850s, 6860s, 6870s, 6880s, 6890s, 6900s, 6910s, 6920s, 6930s, 6940s, 6950s, 6960s, 6970s, 6980s, 6990s, 7000s, 7010s, 7020s, 7030s, 7040s, 7050s, 7060s, 7070s, 7080s, 7090s, 7100s, 7110s, 7120s, 7130s, 7140s, 7150s, 7160s, 7170s, 7180s, 7190s, 7200s, 7210s, 7220s, 7230s, 7240s, 7250s, 7260s, 7270s, 7280s, 7290s, 7300s, 7310s, 7320s, 7330s, 7340s, 7350s, 7360s, 7370s, 7380s, 7390s, 7400s, 7410s, 7420s, 7430s, 7440s, 7450s, 7460s, 7470s, 7480s, 7490s, 7500s, 7510s, 7520s, 7530s, 7540s, 7550s, 7560s, 7570s, 7580s, 7590s, 7600s, 7610s, 7620s, 7630s, 7640s, 7650s, 7660s, 7670s, 7680s, 7690s, 7700s, 7710s, 7720s, 7730s, 7740s, 7750s, 7760s, 7770s, 7780s, 7790s, 7800s, 7810s, 7820s, 7830s, 7840s, 7850s, 7860s, 7870s, 7880s, 7890s, 7900s, 7910s, 7920s, 7930s, 7940s, 7950s, 7960s, 7970s, 7980s, 7990s, 8000s, 8010s, 8020s, 8030s, 8040s, 8050s, 8060s, 8070s, 8080s, 8090s, 8100s, 8110s, 8120s, 8130s, 8140s, 8150s, 8160s, 8170s, 8180s, 8190s, 8200s, 8210s, 8220s, 8230s, 8240s, 8250s, 8260s, 8270s, 8280s, 8290s, 8300s, 8310s, 8320s, 8330s, 8340s, 8350s, 8360s, 8370s, 8380s, 8390s, 8400s, 8410s, 8420s, 8430s, 8440s, 8450s, 8460s, 8470s, 8480s, 8490s, 8500s, 8510s, 8520s, 8530s, 8540s, 8550s, 8560s, 8570s, 8580s, 8590s, 8600s, 8610s, 8620s, 8630s, 8640s, 8650s, 8660s, 8670s, 8680s, 8690s, 8700s, 8710s, 8720s, 8730s, 8740s, 8750s, 8760s, 8770s, 8780s, 8790s, 8800s, 8810s, 8820s, 8830s, 8840s, 8850s, 8860s, 8870s, 8880s, 8890s, 8900s, 8910s, 8920s, 8930s, 8940s, 8950s, 8960s, 8970s, 8980s, 8990s, 9000s, 9010s, 9020s, 9030s, 9040s, 9050s, 9060s, 9070s, 9080s, 9090s, 9100s, 9110s, 9120s, 9130s, 9140s, 9150s, 9160s, 9170s, 9180s, 9190s, 9200s, 9210s, 9220s, 9230s, 9240s, 9250s, 9260s, 9270s, 9280s, 9290s, 9300s, 9310s, 9320s, 9330s, 9340s, 9350s, 9360s, 9370s, 9380s, 9390s, 9400s, 9410s, 9420s, 9430s, 9440s, 9450s, 9460s, 9470s, 9480s, 9490s, 9500s, 9510s, 9520s, 9530s, 9540s, 9550s, 9560s, 9570s, 9580s, 9590s, 9600s, 9610s, 9620s, 9630s, 9640s, 9650s, 9660s, 9670s, 9680s, 9690s, 9700s, 9710s, 9720s, 9730s, 9740s, 9750s, 9760s, 9770s, 9780s, 9790s, 9800s, 9810s, 9820s, 9830s, 9840s, 9850s, 9860s, 9870s, 9880s, 9890s, 9900s, 9910s, 9920s, 9930s, 9940s, 9950s, 9960s, 9970s, 9980s, 9990s, 10000s, 10010s, 10020s, 10030s, 10040s, 10050s, 10060s, 10070s, 10080s, 10090s, 10100s, 10110s, 10120s, 10130s, 10140s, 10150s, 10160s, 10170s, 10180s, 10190s, 10200s, 10210s, 10220s, 10230s, 10240s, 10250s, 10260s, 10270s, 10280s, 10290s, 10300s, 10310s, 10320s, 10330s, 10340s, 10350s, 10360s, 10370s, 10380s, 10390s, 10400s, 10410s, 10420s, 10430s, 10440s, 10450s, 10460s, 10470s, 10480s, 10490s, 10500s, 10510s, 10520s, 10530s, 10540s, 10550s, 10560s, 10570s, 10580s, 10590s, 10600s, 10610s, 10620s, 10630s, 10640s, 10650s, 10660s, 10670s, 10680s, 10690s, 10700s, 10710s, 10720s, 10730s, 10740s, 10750s, 10760s, 10770s, 10780s, 10790s, 10800s, 10810s, 10820s, 10830s, 10840s, 10850s, 10860s, 10870s, 10880s, 10890s, 10900s, 10910s, 10920s, 10930s, 10940s, 10950s, 10960s, 10970s, 10980s, 10990s, 11000s, 11010s, 11020s, 11030s, 11040s, 11050s, 11060s, 11070s, 11080s, 11090s, 11100s, 11110s, 11120s, 11130s, 11140s, 11150s, 11160s, 11170s, 11180s, 11190s, 11200s, 11210s, 11220s, 11230s, 11240s, 11250s, 11260s, 11270s, 11280s, 11290s, 11300s, 11310s, 11320s, 11330s, 11340s, 11350s, 11360s, 11370s, 11380s, 11390s, 11400s, 11410s, 11420s, 11430s, 11440s, 11450s, 11460s, 11470s, 11480s, 11490s, 11500s, 11510s, 11520s, 11530s, 11540s, 11550s, 11560s, 11570s, 11580s, 11590s, 11600s, 11610s, 11620s, 11630s, 11640s, 11650s, 11660s, 11670s, 11680s, 11690s, 11700s, 11710s, 11720s, 11730s, 11740s, 11750s, 11760s, 11770s, 11780s, 11790s, 11800s, 11810s, 11820s, 11830s, 11840s, 11850s, 11860s, 11870s, 11880s, 11890s, 11900s, 11910s, 11920s, 11930s, 11940s, 11950s, 11960s, 11970s, 11980s, 11990s, 12000s, 12010s, 12020s, 12030s, 12040s, 12050s, 12060s, 12070s, 12080s, 12090s, 12100s, 12110s, 12120s, 12130s, 12140s, 12150s, 12160s, 12170s, 12180s, 12190s, 12200s, 12210s, 12220s, 12230s, 12240s, 12250s, 12260s, 12270s, 12280s, 12290s, 12300s, 12310s, 12320s, 12330s, 12340s, 12350s, 12360s, 12370s, 12380s, 12390s, 12400s, 12410s, 12420s, 12430s, 12440s, 12450s, 12460s, 12470s, 12480s, 12490s, 12500s, 12510s, 12520s, 12530s, 12540s, 12550s, 12560s, 12570s, 12580s, 12590s, 12600s, 12610s, 12620s, 12630s, 12640s, 12650s, 12660s, 12670s, 12680s, 12690s, 12700s, 12710s, 12720s, 12730s, 12740s, 12750s, 12760s, 12770s, 12780s, 12790s, 12800s, 12810s, 12820s, 12830s, 12840s, 12850s, 12860s, 12870s, 12880s, 12890s, 12900s, 12910s, 12920s, 12930s, 12940s, 12950s, 12960s, 12970s, 12980s, 12990s, 13000s, 13010s, 13020s, 13030s, 13040s, 13050s, 13060s, 13070s, 13080s, 13090s, 13100s, 13110s, 13120s, 13130s, 13140s, 13150s, 13160s, 13170s, 13180s, 13190s, 13200s, 13210s, 13220s, 13230s, 13240s, 13250s, 13260s, 13270s, 13280s, 13290s, 13300s, 13310s, 13320s, 13330s, 13340s, 13350s, 13360s, 13370s, 13380s, 13390s, 13400s, 13410s, 13420s, 13430s, 13440s, 13450s, 13460s, 13470s, 13480s, 13490s, 13500s, 13510s, 13520s, 13530s, 13540s, 13550s, 13560s, 13570s, 13580s, 13590s, 13600s, 13610s, 13620s, 13630s, 13640s, 13650s, 13660s, 13670s, 13680s, 13690s, 13700s, 13710s, 13720s, 13730s, 13740s, 13750s, 13760s, 13770s, 13780s, 13790s, 13800s, 13810s, 13820s, 13830s, 13840s, 13850s, 13860s, 13870s, 13880s, 13890s, 13900s, 13910s, 13920s, 13930s, 13940s, 13950s, 13960s, 13970s, 13980s, 13990s, 14000s, 14010s, 14020s, 14030s, 14040s, 14050s, 14060s, 14070s, 14080s, 14090s, 14100s, 14110s, 14120s, 14130s, 14140s, 14150s, 14160s, 14170s, 14180s, 14190s, 14200s, 14210s, 14220s, 14230s, 14240s, 14250s, 14260s, 14270s, 14280s, 14290s, 14300s, 14310s, 14320s, 14330s, 14340s, 14350s, 14360s, 14370s, 14380s, 14390s, 14400s, 14410s, 14420s, 14430s, 14440s, 14450s, 14460s, 14470s, 14480s, 14490s, 14500s, 14510s, 14520s, 14530s, 14540s, 14550s, 14560s, 14570s, 14580s, 14590s, 14600s, 14610s, 14620s, 14630s, 14640s, 14650s, 14660s, 14670s, 14680s, 14690s, 14700s, 14710s, 14720s, 14730s, 14740s, 14750s, 14760s, 14770s, 14780s, 14790s, 14800s, 14810s, 14820s, 14830s, 14840s, 14850s, 14860s, 14870s, 14880s, 14890s, 14900s, 14910s, 14920s, 14930s, 14940s, 14950s, 14960s, 14970s, 14980s, 14990s, 15000s, 15010s, 15020s, 15030s, 15040s, 15050s, 15060s, 15070s, 15080s, 15090s, 15100s, 15110s, 15120s, 15130s, 15140s, 15150s, 15160s, 15170s, 15180s, 15190s, 15200s, 15210s, 15220s, 15230s, 15240s, 15250s, 15260s, 15270s, 15280s, 15290s, 15300s, 15310s, 15320s, 15330s, 15340s, 15350s, 15360s, 15370s, 15380s, 15390s, 15400s, 15410s, 15420s, 15430s, 15440s, 15450s, 15460s, 15470s, 15480s, 15490s, 15500s, 15510s, 15520s, 15530s, 15540s, 15550s, 15560s, 15570s, 15580s, 15590s, 15600s, 15610s, 15620s, 15630s, 15640s, 15650s, 15660s, 15670s, 15680s, 15690s, 15700s, 15710s, 15720s, 15730s, 15740s, 15750s, 15760s, 15770s, 15780s, 15790s, 15800s, 15810s, 15820s, 15830s, 15840s, 15850s, 15860s, 15870s, 15880s, 15890s, 15900s, 15910s, 15920s, 15930s, 15940s, 15950s, 15960s, 15970s, 15980s, 15990s, 16000s, 16010s, 16020s, 16030s, 16040s, 16050s, 16060s, 16070s, 16080s, 16090s, 16100s, 16110s, 16120s, 16130s, 16140s, 16150s, 16160s, 16170s, 16180s, 16190s, 16200s, 16210s, 16220s, 16230s, 16240s, 16250s, 16260s, 16270s, 16280s, 16290s, 16300s, 16310s, 16320s, 16330s, 16340s, 16350s, 16360s, 16370s, 16380s, 16390s, 16400s, 16410s, 16420s, 16430s, 16440s, 16450s, 16460s, 16470s, 16480s, 16490s, 16500s, 16510s, 16520s, 16530s, 16540s, 16550s, 16560s, 16570s, 16580s, 16590s, 16600s, 16610s, 16620s, 16630s, 16640s, 16650s, 16660s, 16670s, 16680s, 16690s, 16700s, 16710s, 16720s, 16730s, 16740s, 16750s, 16760s, 16770s, 16780s, 16790s, 16800s, 16810s, 16820s, 16830s, 16840s, 16850s, 16860s, 16870s, 16880s, 16890s, 16900s, 16910s, 16920s, 16930s, 16940s, 16950s, 16960s, 16970s, 16980s, 16990s, 17000s, 17010s, 17020s, 17030s, 17040s, 17050s, 17060s, 17070s, 17080s, 17090s, 17100s, 17110s, 17120s, 17130s, 17140s, 17150s, 17160s, 17170s, 17180s, 17190s, 17200s, 17210s, 17220s, 17230s, 17240s, 17250s, 17260s, 17270s, 17280s, 17290s, 17300s, 17310s, 17320s, 17330s, 17340s, 17350s, 17360s, 17370s, 17380s, 17390s, 17400s, 17410s, 17420s, 17430s, 17440s, 17450s, 17460s, 17470s, 17480s, 17490s, 17500s, 17510s, 17520s, 17530s, 17540s, 17550s, 17560s, 17570s, 17580s, 17590s, 17600s, 17610s, 17620s, 17630s, 17640s, 17650s, 17660s, 17670s, 17680s,



MAINLINE

P u N k



FAST DELIVERY
P.V.C. STRAIGHTS

In shiny black, pink or sandblan

Men's sizes 26" to 30"
waist. Girls sizes 26" size 8
(32" hips) to size 28 (44"
hips)

£6.90
+ 60p P&P

ALSO AVAILABLE
STRAIGHT CORD STRAIGHTS

Men's sizes 26" to
30" waist. Girls
sizes size 8 (32"
hips) to size 28 (44"
hips)

£5.90
+ 60p P&P

PVC MOTORBIKE JACKET
In shiny black, pink or sandblan

Sizes 30" to 44"
chest/neck

£9.90
+ 60p P&P

PEG LEG TROUSERS

In a choice of 3
colours: grey,
green and black

Men's sizes 26" to
30" waist. Girls
sizes size 8 (32"
hips) to size 28 (44"
hips)

£5.90
+ 60p P&P

CORD STRAIGHTS
(Similar to famous name makes)

In navy, brown or sand

£5.90
+ 60p P&P

ALSO IN DENIM ONLY

Men's sizes 26" to 40" waist
Girls sizes 8 (32" hips) to size 28 (44" hips)

MAINLINE (N),
51 Two Mile Hill Road,
Kingwood, Bristol.

Colours welcome Fridays and Saturdays only

POSTAL BARGAINS FROM: PERMAPRINTS (DEPT N.M.202) PO BOX 201, 96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON N1 4RR

TELEPHONE 01-607-0668

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST with Permaprints 1978 range of designs printed on top quality garments

679 DIOT

T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

214 BIONIC COCK

Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

687 CHARLIE'S ANGELS

Cap Sleeves only £2.85 each (or £5 any 2)

All designs shown below are available on garments. Details as follows: Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White. Sizes: Small, Med & Large. (679 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32"). When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

317 MAN AS YOUNG AS THE WOMEN HE FEELS

318 SEX MAY NOT BE PERFECT BUT IT SURE BEATS SITTING ON AN EGG

146 LED ZEP

287 BLONDIE

322 W. ANCHOR

315 NEW HAWKWOOD

306 BEE GEES (Gilder)

314 CENSORED

311 A.C. D.C. (Gilder)

250 PUNK PANTHER

320 I'M SEXY

716 LORD OF RINGS

248 LYNYRD

313 TOM PETTY

299 TUBES

232 REALITY

756 RAINBOW

303 CLOSE ENCOUNTER

New Lines from Permaprints All designs shown in this advertisement are now available as **COLOURFUL BUTTON BADGES** Large size 2 1/2" dia. Metal badges complete with pin fastener, and de luxe PVC finish. **ONLY 40p EACH** or £1 for any three + 10p P&P to total order. Badge No. 260 When ordering state on order form: Badge and Ref No. of Design.

LEATHER WRIST BAND 1 1/2" wide, tan leather, embossed with the following titles: W1 Hawkwind, W2 Yes, W3 Genesis, W4 Led Zep, W5 E.L.O., W6 Status Quo, W7 Rainbow, W8 Floyd. W9 Blondie, W10 Queen, W11 Dylan, W12 Black Sabbath, W13 AC/DC, W14 Kiss, W15 Elvis, W16 Bowie, W17 Strangers. **ONLY 90p each + 10p P&P to total order.**

TOOTHICK FOR UNIVERSITY 251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY 134. GENESIS

NOW AVAILABLE from PERMAPRINTS TOP QUALITY NICKEL ROCK BELT BUCKLES COLOURFUL TITLES AVAILABLE 820 Genesis, 821 Led Zep, 822 Status Quo, 823 Sabbath, 824 Floyd, 825 Lynrd Skyn, 826 E.L.O., 827 Stones (mouth design), 828 F. Mac, 829 Wings. For Buckle only send £1.95, for Buckle + 1 1/2" Leather Belt, send £4.25 (includes P/P).

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20) Write in for full details.

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (100p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD. (Dept. N.M.202, PO BOX 201) 96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name _____ (PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

Please send the following. State which garments required Ref. No. and 100p of design also state and colours for each garment.

OTHER ITEMS _____

I enclose £ _____

(Dept. N.M.202.)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS Your Edgewood Rugby Shirt in 100% cotton, long lasting colours with white collar £2.99 + 20p p&p. Two for £7.99 + 20p p&p. Colours available: navy/red, grey/white, navy/white, navy/blue, navy/green, navy/black, navy/yellow, navy/pink, navy/lime, navy/silver, navy/gold, navy/copper, navy/bronze, navy/taupe, navy/ivory, navy/cream, navy/white. **CHEESECLOTH KURTA** A good quality white natural cheesecloth Kurta with white embroidery. Only £2.99 + 20p p&p. Chest size 36" to 48", girls 22" to 42". Plain state chest size, no state bust size. **COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA** Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background. £3.99 + 20p p&p. Chest size 36" to 48", girls 22" to 42". **COTTON LOOMS** A fine cotton in the original light flared top looks £2.19 + 20p p&p. Colours: Black, brown, red, navy, grey, white, pink, yellow, green, blue, orange, purple, silver, gold, copper, bronze, taupe, ivory, cream, white. **HEAVY DENIM JEANS** A brand name pair. Navy blue pre-shrunk heavy denim. 28" waist, 32" length. £12.99 + 70p p&p. Size 28" to 32" waist, 32" to 38" length. (Please state size and length.) Permaprints Ltd. UK double phone write your name, full address, colours and size clearly. All goods can be exchanged or returned if returned within 10 days. (All goods dispatched within 10 days.) Send PO-Change or SHAPES (Dept. 2), 202 High Street, Weymouth, Dorset, Dorset, EN9 7TB. Our shop is open all week.

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING **IAN DURY** SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL **T-Shirts £2.50** Top Quality: Red lettering, dark blue face and green scarf, printed on white T-Shirt. £2.50 plus 30p post age and packing. - Turn exact chest size - Don't forget your name and address - Please allow 14 days for delivery - Send cheques/P.O. or cash to: APOLLO TOUR MARKETING, BASEMENT STUDIO (NME), 33 NORTH ROAD, MOYE, SUSSEX, BN3 3BF. TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

NEW POSTERS DEBBIE HARRY No 2 £1.80 NEW BOWIE £1.10 HANG 'EM HIGH - EASTWOOD £1.75 CHERYL LADD No 3 BLUE MEGALOO £1.10 GRANT TREVOLTA CLOSE UP £1.75 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER £1.10 CHERYL TIGS £1.10 CHERYL LADD (HOT PANTS) £1.10 YES ON STAGE/RAINBOW ON STAGE £1.10 each NEW GENESIS ON STAGE £1.10 DEBBIE HARRY £1.10 SET 6 - 5 x 3 COLOUR PHOTOS QUEEN £3.40 incl Four Glossy 10x8 B/W Photos Debbie (Blondie) £2.95 inc. p&p

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL AT LAST! finally available - the set of your favourite slogan. A baggie (2 red, 2 blue, white, (training, 1" diameter). Wear them "PUNK DUK" instead. Day in or wear them "PUNK DUK" all day! **BUZZCOCKS** **RAMONES** Also "Hooligan" designs in white on navy or red T-Shirts (S.M.L.), dirt cheap at £2.25 + 40p P&P **EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS** Also available "New's Tie" T-Shirts. The Ultimate Street Cool! Your name or have group, team or printed in pink strip with "belleco" etc in black. Max 10 letters. Both Darts & Belts are in blue and red designs. Darts, Belts and Buckles are 2 1/2" x 1 1/2" in white or yellow (S.M.L.) A patch at only £2.10 + 40p P&P Don't forget name, address and postage at 40p per item (double abroad). Please allow 21 days delivery. Cheques, P.O.s payable to Modern World Fashions, Dept. CSM11, 11 Barkley Square, Bristol 2, Avon.

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING **IAN DURY** SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL **T-Shirts £2.50** Top Quality: Red lettering, dark blue face and green scarf, printed on white T-Shirt. £2.50 plus 30p post age and packing. - Turn exact chest size - Don't forget your name and address - Please allow 14 days for delivery - Send cheques/P.O. or cash to: APOLLO TOUR MARKETING, BASEMENT STUDIO (NME), 33 NORTH ROAD, MOYE, SUSSEX, BN3 3BF. TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

Woof Promotions 3 Vase Court, Westbourne Gardens, London W.2. **BUTTON BADGES 2 1/2" diameter. Any Three £1 including P&P** ARABIA, ELVIS, DAVID BOWIE, GENESIS, SEX PISTOLS, SHAM 66, STRANGERS WHO, CREEP, PURPLE, YES, KISS, ELVIS COSTELLO, DOORS, MENBREX, 2 RHYTHM, S.F.P., PINK FLOYD, STATUS QUO, OLYAN, JAM, CHARM, STONES, BLOOMIE, SHOOTY, BEATLES, TUBES, LED ZEPPELIN, SAT NIGHT FEVER, UN DUKED, and many many more Groups, Bands, Slogans, etc. etc. ENAMELLED METAL LABEL BADGES 50p Each or 5 for £2 incl. P&P All sent by air the DIVISION FOOTBALL CLUBS ALL MARKED BY CARD ALL MARKED BY RETROCYCLE PERMANENT 70p Each including P&P ALL GROUPS AND ALL FIRST DIVISION FOOTBALL CLUBS A HUGE SELECTION OF NEW ON CLOTH PATCHES Send 50p (incl. P&P) with description or send 25p for catalogue 2 SHEPHERD STREET, OPPOSITE ROBERT PALACE CLOTH, PROBABLY CLOTH, LONDON W.1. 9 am to 10 pm Outside office hours call Mr. P.P.

PUNK STRAIGHTS IN SHINY BLACK P.V.C., WITH ZIPS. Men's 26" to 30" waist. Girls' sizes 8 to 16. **ONLY £5.99 + 61p P&P FAST DELIVERY THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST IN THE U.K.** Also available **Shiny Black P.V.C. Mini Skirt £3.99 + 61p P&P Tube Skirt ONLY £4.99 + 61p P&P** All the above are also available in red or navy P.V.C. Send cheques, P.O.s or cash to: **KANDA FASHIONS(N) BANNERMAN ROAD, Easton, BRISTOL BS5 0RR**

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

LONDON AND SE
BASSIST, DRUMMER for rock group. Write 22 Toronto Road, Portsmouth.
BASSIST WANTED for 1980's rock band. Dependent phone evenings 553 380.

DRUMMER WANTED 15-20 into Faces/Generation X/Who/Stones. No experience needed. 01-572 6880. Hounslow.
KEYBOARDERS for Nicky and The Dots. Simple but effective - Brighton. Best Brighton (0273) 687059 anytime.

TRIPLE TROTTERS require long haired drummer, without aversion to barbers. Must have comb-over. Delighted applicants apply. Soko Records, 25 James St. W.C.2. Tel 240 0032 or Joe Kerr, 800 2157.

YOUNG PUNK bassist wanted urgently. Epping 72533.

WEST MIDLANDS
GEMERS types wanted. Guitarist, keyboard, vocalist to complete band. Adrian 021 669 2103.

NORTH
KEYBOARDS and lead seek bass and drum kindred spirits. Rod, 2 Lovers Lane, Catterick, Wakefield, Yorks.
PRO VERSATILE drummer seeks similar band no transport no fees. 061 624 7651.

SOUTH WEST
CHARTER should like to form group (not Puffin) in North Devon and Truro area. Telephone, Croyde 830351.

WALES
RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join form band. No experience. Stones, Dylan, Beatles, ring Cardiff 617830.

WORK WANTED

10p per word

ROADSIDE WORK. Any groups any time. Hard worker. Sorry no experience. Can drive Paul Morris, Brynildia, Caer-gog Twp, Aberystwyth, Dyfed.

TOP RADIO/LIVE D.J. Writer seeks permanent contract. Local radio etc. but anything considered. Watson, 21 Field-hurst Close, Aylesbury, Herts.

BANDS

10p per word

A1 BANDS - 01-970 4542

DISCOTHEQUES

10p per word

DAVE JENNS 01-696 4010
LES LEWIS - 01-524 4976
MOBILE DISCO ring Greenstead 60080
ROLLECOASTER DISCO - 01-445 2365.

SITUATIONS VACANT

10p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide, Price 70p. WORKING HOLIDAY & Free Travel Guide, Price 80p. Marlin, November House, Oakhill Avenue, Penner, Middlesex.

HOME EMPLOYMENT GUIDE available - 50p postal orders only. Home Employment Agency, 3 Tennyard, Swanton, Lancashire.

JOBS IN the music industry are rarely advertised in the press. You need to know where the jobs are and how to get them. "Employment in the music industry" is the only publication specifically designed to show that. 85p. A - Redwood, 1 Wilford Court, Southgate, London N15.

Major, breaking band urgently require intelligent, flexible, New Wave-ish drummer (no time wasters). Write a.s.a.p. giving full details of experience and interests plus telephone number to: **Box No. 3554, New Musical Express, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.**

IF YOU ARE CALLED

"SUPER SALES"
READ THIS AD

We are looking for an experienced media Sales Executive to join our enthusiastic sales team.

If you have an impressive sales record and experience at dealing with Advertising Agencies and clients at all levels; if you are self motivating, hard working and looking for an opportunity to take on a real challenge, then you are the person we want. Salary will be in line with the high standard required.

Apply to:
 Peter Rhodes, Advertisement Manager,
 New Musical Express, Room 2529, King's Reach Tower,
 Stamford Street, London SE1.
 Tel. 01-261 6251.

RECORDS WANTED

10p per word

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LP's and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with a.s.a.p. for our cash offer by return of post - Gema Records, Dept NME, P.O. Box 54, Crouchham Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

HIGH PRICES paid for Rudy Romero To The World (Tumbleweed) and tapes of Apple 8 / Apple 29 or you can have the 7 original Beatles boxes for my wants. Offers to Puffin, Besseter 21, Bremen, Germany.

KOSMISCHE MUSIK German double 66 Hamilton Cies, Stevenson, Ayrshire.

N.W.S.T.W. BOWIE (Dress cover) plus singles "Liza Jane", "Fogata" solo. Pretzel Star plus any Bids, Creation, state price / condition. Martin-Currell, 27 Front St., Preston, North Shields, Tyne and Wear.

SPIRAL SCRATCH (almost) any price paid - Andy Mountaine, 66 Whalesmead Road, Bishopstoke, Eastleigh, Hants.

STONES' BOOTLEGS wanted, records only. Mark, 38 Anselm Road, Hatch End, Middx. HAS 46LJ.

WANTED URGENTLY Beatles Ltd 84 Bond St on Apple label. Tel 061 480 3701 or write to M.O. Whynes, 297 Reddish Rd, South Reddish, Stockport, Cheshire. Also wanted Beach Boys Surf Single.

WANTED

10p per word

ARTICLES, LYRICS and photos concerning the Moody Blues. Please state what you would like in exchange. Gun-Marie Tormus, Almgangen 5, S-380 20 Tingaryd, Sweden.

DEVO ALBUMS tapes Simon Cherry, 11 Burford Lane, Lymington, Cheshire.

DYLAN BOOKS, cursive, etc. nos from 1975. Please state price. 24 Bromfield Close, Norwich.

DYLAN TAPES Earls Court, also photos Timberlyne House, Rock Cross, Kidderminster, Worce. (also unknown).

DYLAN TAPES Earls Court, 15 Bessbrook Road, Liverpool. 051 727 2275.

S.P.P. CUTTINGS, photos, anything! Linda, 48 Barnsdale Estate, Cusbyrie Castleford, West Yorkshire.

EXCELLENT RECORDING on excellent tape of Genesis at Knebworth on Freeman Show (the copies). Up to £10 for stereo cassette. Ring Andy 034 74284.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS'S - any before 1959. Complete years preferred. 01 387 2557.

ROCKY HORROR show album 31 George St, Perth, 0738 31729 after 6.30pm.

ROD STEWART material. Anything rare. 01-445 6962.

SOME MICKY FURN CHARMAS wanted. Who has got posters and Micky's 1966 single (title unknown) 1968 LP (with a group)? If you prefer Bole and it, make your offer in details please, contact me. Claus Stimping, Theodor Körner Strasse 5, D-8700 Würzburg, Germany.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (a.s.a.p.) Robert, 10 Gwynd Hall Road, Blonwick, Saffordshire.

NEED
STAFF?

It's only 10p a word
 in our Classified
**NME - YOUR PAPER,
 USE IT**

MUSICAL SERVICES

10p per word

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! - Songwriter Magazine explains copyright, publishing, recording, royalties, song contests, setting your lyrics to music without paying, plus interviews, news etc. Free booklet from: International Songwriters Association (NME) Limerick City, Ireland.

CASSETTE DUPLICATING - 10-10,000 - No bootlegs 0892 2831.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. - L.S.S., 10-11 (20) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1. 7p stamp.

LYRICIST WANTS genuine musical composer, sample cassettes if possible. Gary, 119 High St, Chelvey, Slough, Tel 32234.

LYRICS WANTED - no publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W.4.

PROFESSIONAL COMPOSER needs lyrics. See details 12 Gowermoor Close, Camberley, Surrey.

FAN CLUBS

10p per word

BONEY M. Newly formed SAE 42 Barrington Drive, Washington, Tyne-Wear.

GENESIS INFORMATION Send a.s.a.p. to Geoff Pethryn, 11 Jernston Lodge, 58 Shephards Hill, London, N6 5WV.

ROBIN TROWER - for details send a.s.a.p. to: P.O. Box 4DA, London, W1 4DA.

ROBBIE SPECTOR Fan Club see to Paul Dunford, Oak Cottage, Ilington, Alton, Hampshire.

U.F.O. - for details send a.s.a.p. to: P.O. Box 4DA, London, W1 4DA.

SPECIAL NOTICES

10p per word

CAROLINE BEE - Amigo listeners in Wales only preferably. Send a.s.a.p. Colin Davies, 11 Tolly Tempus, Adpar, Newcastle Emlyn, Dyfed, SA38 6EA.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Make sense of society
and our world today

Exciting New Courses at Crewe + Alsager

Here at Crewe + Alsager, we have a new range of Degree and Diploma courses, including some on a part-time basis, on offer for September 1978. Courses very relevant to society and the world in which we live. If you're an 'A' level school leaver, or perhaps thinking of returning to college after a period of employment, look closely at these new CNAA validated courses.

BA or BA Honours
(Combined) Studies in
Humanities

New this year, additional options in -

Religious Studies

What is Religion? What kind of claims does it make and how can we decide whether these claims are true? These are just two of the questions raised by a series of courses. Christianity and religions such as Judaism and Hinduism are examined in historical and philosophical terms.

Modern Studies

A chance to examine the nature and development of modern society. How, in a number of contexts did the condition that we describe as "modern" come about? What do we mean by "modern" in these contexts? The courses consider the different kinds of enquiry and explanation provided by sociology, history and the arts, especially literature. These two extra areas of study combine with English, History, American Studies and French Studies to provide an exciting, unusual and academically valued 3 or 4 year Degree or Honours Degree course. 2 relevant 'A' levels required for entry.

Remember also that most of our degree courses contain a Dip HE qualification valuable in its own right after two years.

Diploma of
Higher Education

This September, there are two new areas of study in this highly acclaimed 2 year Diploma, which is equivalent to the first two years of a Degree. This qualification can be used in a number of ways as part of a degree course if you wish, either here at Crewe + Alsager or at another College.

Human Behavioural Studies

Designed to provide students with a chance to reflect on society, people and perceptions. Find out more about the real world. Why do people behave differently in certain situations? Compare behaviour patterns of different groups. Combine with more traditional areas of study for a really varied course pattern.

Development Studies

Develop your skills of intellectual enquiry, argument and communication. Learn to handle problems of social, literary and humanistic kinds and work with people towards acceptable solutions. Combine with more familiar areas of study for a Diploma and then, if you wish, a Degree.

Part-time Dip HE

Also starting this September, a new way to get that Higher Education qualification if perhaps you missed out in earlier years. Not necessarily requiring 'A' levels and completely flexible, this part-time Dip HE can set you off on the road to a valuable degree. There are a wide range of options in Humanities, Social and Educational Studies and the Arts. Further details on request.

One of the biggest colleges of its type, Crewe + Alsager has around 2,000 students, is housed in well equipped and modern buildings on two sites in beautiful countryside. What better environment to spend the next few years gaining a vital academic qualification?

Find out more about these new courses, by writing to the Academic Office (Admissions), Crewe + Alsager College of Higher Education, Crewe Road, Crewe, Cheshire, CW1 1DU.

(Subject to final approval)

Crewe + Alsager College
 of Higher Education
 Take a degree of fresh air



(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

(Subject to final approval)

ACROSS

- 1 A puzzler for Zimmologists - does he mean loitering without intent, not parking on yellow lines, or not allowing one's dog to foul the footpath? Interpretations on a postcard please to... (6, 5)
- 7 & 19 Top poppy ethnic crossover l'ing - as played by U-Blackburn and I-Jensen on Radio 1 and 1! (2, 4, 3, 7)
- 9 Keith Emerson's old band
- 10 Golden soul oddie recorded by Fontella Bass (6, 2)
- 12 Reg's label
- 13 Cockney Rebel's first hit single - whatever happened to Muhammad Harley? (4, 4)
- 15 Inspired by Chuck Berry, written by Nick Lowe, recorded by Dave Edmunds (1, 4, 3, 5)
- 18 & 6 down: Leader and dafest Dan
- 20 Written by Chuck Berry, recorded by The MCS - title track from their classic second album (4, 2, 3, 3)
- 21 Another golden soul oddie, this one from The Temptations hit songbook (5, 4)
- 24 He was part of the final Family line-up - before that was one third of the trio who had a hit with "Resurrection Shuffle" (4, 6)
- 25 A booking in keeping Iggy straight!!

DOWN

- 2 JA toaster as handman! As in "Man A Plumber" or "Blocked Sink In The Ghetto"? (6, 5)
- 3 More JA vibrations - Bob Marley meets Ferrante & Teicher, curious l'ing!
- 4 Does it describe the plates of Randy's "Short People", or Lowell's modest achievement in the English class? (Come again! - Ed.) (6, 4)
- 5 Wife, pop star, photographer, mother! We don't know what the critics find to complain about... (5, 9)
- 6 See 18 across
- 8 Tash or Green
- 14 Mop Tops movie and album (3, 2, 2)
- 16 At which Akron's favourite weirdoes got showered with abuse and beards?
- 17 Your third golden soul oddie of the week - a week at Wigan Casino if you get all three right and go on for the jackpot - this was a '60s hit for classy Ms Dionne Warwick (4, 2, 2)
- 18 Capital Radio DJ and quizmaster, he started his broadcasting career partnering Kenny Everett on one of the pirate ships (4, 4)
- 19 See 7
- 22 Manchester's contribution to the West Coast - sing-a-song-writer mafia
- 23 J. Arthur Rank meets the Pot-head Princes!

LAST WEEK'S
ANSWERS

ACROSS: Blackheads; 6 & 7 Lee Brilleaux; 9 "Venus And Mars"; 10 Steve Priest; 14 Eric Idle; 16 (P.J.) Proby; 17 Spirit; 18 "Glad To Be Gay"; 19 Pete Shelley. **DOWN:** 2 Lurkers; 3 Culture; 4 Elaine Paige; 5 (Bobby) Keyes; 8 Dave Berry; 11 "The Idiot"; 12 Voidoids; 13 (Paul) Jones; 15 Bobby (Keyes); 16 Paul Jones.

**FOR DETAILS
 OF CLASSIFIED
 ADVERTISING
 IN
 NEW MUSICAL
 EXPRESS**

**RING:
 01-261 6122**

What has happened to the NME? You're becoming a pain in the rectum. You slag off people like the Drones, Slaughter & the Dogs. Eater for being Pistols imitations. Wire for being bleak on stage, the Damned for splitting up "after musical indifference" (when you said their last-ish single had "no chewn") the Vibrators for being bandwagon jumpers and not admitting it, the Roxy farwell album because you say the sound is gone. Pete Shelley for being a romantic and countless other new bands for being Pistols imitations (again) and putting out "badly produced records".

Listen, people still like those hands and still think punk is good. Your mag is fast becoming a weekly contest between writers to see who can use the biggest words to confuse the average reader. Your articles are becoming boring i.e. articles on Boney M and page after page of how Steve Jones and Paul Cook are destroying the name of the Sex Pistols by making records with any old fart bastard.

This time last year you sold yourself for punk. Led Zep were boring (and still are) you said. Now it seems because the Pistols are dead, punk is dead. It is unless you still believe in it. So get out, see new bands and stop printing all that crap about Dylan. MARK BENSON, Leeds, Yorks.

All what crap about Dylan, Mark? Your main point seems to be the same as that made continually by aggrieved Heavy Metal freaks, 'cept that HM is essentially conservative and punk is (musically if not politically) revolutionary. Any band worth a damn (in any scene) is developing — take a look at Buzzcocks, Clash, Litzzy or anyone else who's good — and punk can't stand still no matter how much it jumps up and down. It's too late to stop now. — CSM.

DOES THE panel think that being a common criminal is worse than being a common (pompous, lying, immature, self-obsessed) journalist? Yes. At least Burchill doesn't kill people.

CLEOPATRA, Cranbrook, Kent. P.S. Am I being too naive? You are being too naive. How do you know Julie's never killed anyone? — CSM.

THERE'S BEEN some criticism of the high style of certain NME critics recently — but give me them any day in preference to the inconsequential and illiterate drivel of a Ms Emma Ruth in her report on the Clash Leeds gig last week. (A) She cannot spell i.e. "exite", "pidgeon", "shakey". (B) She uses impressive words without knowing their correct meaning — "mandate" (in fact, an order from a superior to an inferior and totally wrong in the context of the turnout at a Stranglers gig), "ethic" (a system of morals — there is a punk code or doctrine, but not a punk ethic). (C) She uses jargonese phrases in the manner of an uneducated pinhead who's just read them in Parsons' reviews and puts them in to colour her English — i.e. "shills the units", "quasi-virtuosity" and "tight time limbo". What the shit does these mean, tell me? All I can say, my good man, is that if you're having such trouble getting reporters who can write English, I can recommend some primary-school kids who can do better than Ms Ruth. Yours exasperatedly, LORD PHARTONBY, Poshhouse, N.F.A. Hartlepool. P.S. She also spelt Messerschmitt wrongly and it's crap about The Clash moving towards HM — they're more a reggae group than that! P.P.S. Anyway, Wilko for P.M.

Spelling errors courtesy of Sleepy Summer Proofreading, so don't blame Emma — controversial lass that she is. — CSM.

CAN I just quote Paul Rambali on the Sex Pistols in last week's Thrills? It's only one short sentence but then length is not proportional to inanity. I think a lot of people must have looked at the front of their ish's just to make sure, it was the NME they were reading and not the Daily Mail. The sentence is: "This sort of things gives the 'Sex Pistols' a bad name." I don't think I can live with the knowledge that the Sex Pistols have soured their name. I always thought they were a nice bunch of lads. NODDY, N.W. Essex.

They are, they are. — CSM.

MUST ADMIT I had that sinking feeling as I thought NME this week

We-e-e-lllll. . .

It's a-one for the money

an' a-two for the. . .



BAG!!!

disorganised and semi-edited by CSM

when I saw bloody Devo on the cover (again). With all the hypocritical rubbish we've had flung at us lately about this group of gonzooids, I was expecting a few thousand more words of pretentious drivel similar to that fervently pen-pushed by one Paul Rambali back in March. But thank God for Tony Parsons. At least NME has caught itself on. How could it have taken you lot so long to suss out this bunch of home jockstraps with their "Zen word-wanking bullshit"? Nice turn of phrase that, Tony. Your next assignment, Agent Parsons, will be against the shit thrown by Andy Gill about Kraftwerk (NME April 29).

A TALKING HEAD, Belfast.

Thanks, Tina. This page self-destructs in five seconds — CSM.

I WAS wondering if you could help me to realise a life-long ambition that I have had for some time now. I would like to vomit over Tony Blackburn during one of his afternoon radio programmes. Being of a shy and retiring nature, I wouldn't dare ask Tony myself, but I thought that nice Tony Parsons might slip it casually into conversation with Mr. Blackburn at one of his upperware parties. Failing this, I will settle for wrestling with an ant on one of John Peel's programmes.

DAVE THE SHEEP DIPPER, Nantwich. P.S. Please print this letter or I will declare war on Russia.

Five! — JIMMY CARTER.

YOU BASTARDS, how are you making your newspaper smell so good nowadays? Bandwagon jumpers please note that I was the first to initiate the trend towards smelling pages rather than reading them. COUNTHORACE VON ILLEGIBLE, Somewhere over the Atlantic.

Our ink is packaged by Ted Lapidus. — CSM.

DEAR MARGE, Last night I took four Valium, drank a bottle of Dry Martini and dreamt I was Wonder Woman. Should I get psychiatric help or just sleep with the window closed? WORRIED MALE HETEROSEXUAL, Hendon.

Just tie yourself up with your magic lasso and keep quiet — CSM.

I CAN'T stand it any longer. Why doesn't your paper ever write about Radio Stars gigs? Just coz you've heard "Nervous Wreck" which

everyone knows is bog-awful, you write them off, but I can tell you, mate, that they're orgasmic on stage. I mean to say, what greater pleasure can there possibly be in life than to see Andy Ellison jumping off amps, diving into the audience, hanging from the roof, somersaulting, breaking his neck as well as singing? I'm sure he's Batman in disguise. I've seen em 4 times but all you stiffs at NME are just concerned with Ronald Biggs, Brotherhood Of Man and the Smurfs. So this is an order to you to shift that man Kent's arse down to their next gig to help them on their rise to fame. By the way, their music is good too. They're at Reading in August so they must be good. PAUL HALLIDAY (no address given: not even a silly one)

Monty Smiff declares himself an ally of yours, Paul, so recede a just a bit. Incidentally, I've seen some of the crappiest bands of all time at Reading, so I'd keep quiet about that if I were you — CSM.

WELL, SORRY that I haven't written before but I've been so confused! In an issue of NME, "Ass-bag" Boomtown Rats were in. I know them, but who is Johnny Bollocks? I thought his name was Fingers! And some more, more words. STOP calling us Swedes bollocks, we ain't bollocks, just human ones. Hurray for TRB, but come more often to Sweden, we miss you all. And I bet that you don't print this letter, why not abroad letters as well?

MARIE THE PUNKROCKER, Sweden.

Why not indeed? — CSM.



"The bag was wonderful for me too, darling. . ."

INTERESTED to read the piece in last week's NME about the Lorelei fiasco in Germany. However, disturbed to see that Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers had "pulled out". Not true. The band were all set to travel to Germany. Flights and hotels were fixed up, possible gigs in England at that time had been turned down, when the promoter rang our office to tell us the festival was probably going to be cancelled as the weather was bad. Rats being smelt, phone calls were made to the Fatherland which established that not only was it a beautiful day but the forecast was pretty optimistic too. So. The promoter was contacted again and this time the truth started to appear. Seems he no longer wanted the hand on the bill. Strange since only a month earlier said promoter had seen the Modern Lovers by common consent steal the show at the Dutch Pop Festival and grabbed them for Lorelei. He refused to account for this sudden change of heart but was prepared to be sued rather than have them on his stage. Now it doesn't take a genius to conclude that maybe one of the big bands on the bill didn't want our boys there. No names, no pack drill. Just like to set the record straight even though we've no regrets about missing out on the fun that evidently went down. BESERLEY RECORDS, Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey. Evidently. — CSM.

A FEW weeks ago I spoke to someone who had stopped buying the NME. "Not serious enough, man." A couple of pints later he asked if he could read my copy. Soon he was laughing his head off. He was having a good time which, surely to god, is what rock and roll is all about. Over the last couple of years the N.M.E. has been arrogant, disrespectful, angry and prepared to take sides on Racism, petty officialdom and mediocrity in general. Various socialist publications have been doing the same thing for years but they've reached only a small section of the public. This isn't because the average person is dim witted or narrow minded. It's just that politics and partying up till now, haven't exactly gone hand in hand. The NME seems to be trying to do something to rectify this. You probably don't get many letters like this, and I'm possibly just coming out with all this to get my name in print, but you're such bigheaded sods, you'll probably print this anyway. R.J. SLAYTER, Hendon.

However did it happen? — CSM.

LAST NIGHT Nicky Horne played a track from Bob Seger's new album. He said "Mmm, that's one of the best exports from Detroit since . . . cars I suppose." He's got to go. SHAKY MICK, Islington (centre of the universe).

Where? — CSM.

IT WAS with disdain that I contemplated the correspondence from one 'Pete the very obscure' contained within your letters page this week. This chap seems to be under the delusion that his obscurity is greater than mine — the cad. One cannot tolerate such insolence. I, Jude the obscure, am the zenith of true obscurity, just ask anyone who I am and they will reply instantly: "Never 'eard of 'im, mate," or words to that effect. So I issue a challenge to this 'Pete' chap. Meet me at dawn on Finsbury Park and we shall see who is truly obscure!!

JUDE THE OBSCURE, Islington.

No-one from Islington is obscure — CSM.

MY GIRLFRIEND says that whenever I've been reading NME I leave nasty black print stains down her bodice (and she's not a racist). Please leave nice white spaces at the bottom of each page so that people like me can pick their noses without being beaten up by the National Front.

AN ANGEL WITH A DIRTY FACE (THE KING CREEP), Winchester. Try rubber gloves. — MARTIN WEBSTER.

IS PENNY his Reel name? STEVE, Wimbeldon.

Who's real name? — PETER SEMON.

I'VE HAD more curries than you've had hot dinners. W. IMBLEDON (nee Theo Wrist) Preston, Lancs.

Hub? — CSM.



PICTURE: JOHN MICHAEL COX JR.

Reggie gets a ride from Divine star of 'sickest movie ever made' Pink Flamingoes. Such things, such teeth, only in New York.

LISTEN, SUMMER may or may not be still here —

Depending on whether you believe your calendar or your barometer — but deep London town still isn't no place for a reet-fighting girl. At east, Kensington's rock and roll palace the Nashville certainly isn't — conclusion arrived at by its manager **Dave Young** after a youthful person of the female persuasion lobbed him with a bottle after being refused admission to a **Penetration** gig there last Friday on rounds of being under-age.

Some 600 punters had showed up to clock the Newcastle punks, and 100 of them had actually gained admittance when Young popped the bottle. Fortunately, he wasn't cut up so fierce, but decided to close the doors there and then anyway. At which point the oddity wastes collided with the entitulation and the remaining punters (a mere 500 or so) broke down the doors, a violent penetration which led Young to holler cop in order to safeguard his premises against further rape.

Order was eventually restored, and after some persuasion **Penetration** played the lucky 100, though they've now been informed that they're "too big for the ashville" and won't be seen here again. After a similar incident at the Marquee a fortnight or so back, their arm-up-for-the-Reading-Festival gig has been blown out, and they won't be seen playing here again either. Can this mean stardom, we here at T-Zerz ask ourselves...

There was also an acute shortage of sweetness and light at the Clash gig at Crawley Sports Centre the following night (Saturday, for those of you who're not keeping count) when **Suicide** were forced to offstage by ten minutes of concentrated bottling, singer **Ran** receiving numerous cuts about the face (Call that a face? — Ed.) (Not any more — other Ed.), while gangs of rival cinheads punched it out during The Clash's set. C'mon, says, if you wanna fight you can do it outside the gig for — and save yourselves bread and the bands and punters convenience and aggro. Howaboutit?

Anyway, peace'n love'n at, maaaaaan, and on with a show...

Magazine had a laser stolen from their van outside Peter's Russell Club last night, much as they'd like it anyway, arc it should fall into

carefree, careless or even criminal hands. But what, Tzerz asks, were Magazine doing with a laser anyway? In the U.S. a government department has told **Blue Oyster Cult** to tone down their use of such potentially harmful instruments.

The U.S. rock fraternity's admiration of each other rages unabated. Detroit band **The Seatbelts** have penned a ditty called "I Want To Marry **Patti Smith**", while a Chicago punk band called **The Crucified** own a music publishing company named **Joan Jett Is My Hero Music**.

And LA outfit **The Cramps** have written innumerable love songs to Hollywood gossip columnist **Rona Barrett**; this is more than **Mike Oldfield** will be doing for any **Daily Mail** staffers. Last Friday the paper carried a story about the one-time **Hermie Of Hergest Ridge** — in which they playfully rechristened him **The** — baldly stating that he was selling up his Cotswolds home and moving to the South of France. In true Fleet Street tradition, this story was a subtle blend of fact and fiction; it is true that he's moving house — driven out of Gloucestershire by the noise menace of the U.S. military



PICTURE: CAROLINE COON

Topper & Paul make up with champion pigeon breeder **Mr. George Dole**, after agreeing to pay him £700 compensation for pigeons they shot. Only in London.

aircraft operating from nearby RAF Fairford — but he's not leaving England, this scapp'd isle, this earthly Eden (et cetera ad nauseam) in the foreseeable future.

Devo on their one-time mentor, **David Bowie**: "Some of his achievements are pretty incredible when you look back on them. It's a shame he's pure Las Vegas now." Sounds pretty bitchy to us. Wait, there's more. "He used to go round telling everyone Devo were 'One Eno and Four Robert Fripp'." Ah, so that was what hurt. "Christ knows what he meant by all that shit. We haven't spent more than five minutes of our lives with Fripp..."

T-ZERZ

TRA-LA-LA

Quick unsolicited football Tzerz: **Spurs** should be worth watching next season — all those attacking midfield players and no defence to speak of...

Stop the presses and hold everything (limits of decency permitting, of course): **Bill Wyman** (bass player of **Charlie Watts'** Great North-Eastern Stoned-Out Wrestling Champs) is under observation in hospital after taking a tumble from the stage at a gig in the wonderful city of St Paul, Minnesota. All we here at T-Zerz can say (apart from "Get well soon, Bill", natch) is it must've been the back of the stage he fell off. Whoever heard of **Bill Wyman** at the front?

Raunch, decadence and life in the fast lane: **Graham Nash** and **David Crosby** recently went bowling together (that's a pretty boring piece of non-news — Ed.) and during the festivities, ol' Willie dropped a bowling ball on Dave's foot — and broke it. This should result in a rather unusual footprint when Dave (along with **Stills** and **Nash**) plonks his paw into cement for Hollywood Boulevard's Hall Of Fame...

When **Linda Ronstadt** turned up at a Los Angeles restaurant with governor **Jerry Brown** on her arm last week she was wearing a boy scout uniform and roller skates (I thought that's what she always wore — Ed.); perhaps the skates were necessary in case she needed to flee *route suite* from passing paparazzi. (But does Jerry insist that she wears her boy scout uniform in their more intimate moments? — Erogenous Ed.)...

Talking of rich, attractive ladies over 30, **Olivia Newton-John** recently refused to tour Japan because of that country's indiscriminate slaughter of dolphins, remember? Well, seems that the tour is going ahead after all (Japan, you will recall, is the world's second largest record market; this fact is, of course, irrelevant) after assurances had been given that steps would be taken to safeguard the interests of yip dolphins. Really? We can hardly believe it...

John Otway, now finally separated from **Wild Willy**, was last week spurned in court. He was scheduled to do jury

service, but the defendant in the case for which he was a would-be juror objected to him, and he was dismissed...

One-half of the **Althia** and **Donna** duo is pregnant. Lessee now, it's **Althia** — no, no, tell a lie, it's **Donna**...

The **Runaways** are no longer without a recording contract. **Joan Jett** dropped on to **NME's** offices last week to reveal that the band are re-signing to **Phonogram**...

GOLDEN PROSE

"David Bowie is one of a dying breed who'll live on forever."

Rock On, July 1978

"Billie's interests outside writing are breeding cats for shows, tennis and yoga."

Magnet press release accompanying new Billie Davis single, July 1978

Contrary to some front-page reports in the national press, **Darts' Thump Thomson** didn't thump **Elvis Costello's** drummer **Pete Thomas**, last week; they're really the best of friends. However, **Thump**, harmless lad that he is, did recently spend a night inside, courtesy of the Danish government — for carelessly tossing vodka bottles from a fifth floor hotel room...

Weird one, this. Several members of the **NME** staff appeared to suffer a fit of collective apoplexy last week. When **Suicide** withdrew from the support slot in the **Clash** Leeds gig, **Emma Ruth** stated that the replacement support acts were **Sloonsie** and **the Banishes** and **Chelsea**, and even reviewed them, well, less than favourably. However, both bands had perfect alibis — they were gigging elsewhere that night; the real replacement act were **The Specials**, a Coventry band. Should we, perhaps, make a deliberate policy of slugging bands at gigs they never played? For example, **Zeppelin** were terrible last week at the **Hope and Anchor**...

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	Think	Last week	TOPTEN
20p Sonics Rendezvous Band , Rock Action, Auto Phys-ical, Auto Valsies	1	2	(1) BUZZCOCKS
25p Cash the Driver , No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way, 20p Here & Now	2	3	(2) CLASH POLICE
	3	4	(3) WU
	4	5	(4) LAZY SOD
	5	6	(5) SHAM 66
	6	7	(6) IT BARET STUFF
	7	8	(7) STEEL PULSE
	8	9	(8) ROCKERS
	9	10	(9) LURKERS
	10		(10) DEAF SCHOOL

COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY

TEN BEST

SEE FOR SALE SECTION FOR FULFILLING

MUSICAL EXPRESS

Editorial
3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Monty Smith

Contributors:
Nick Kent
Angus MacKinnon
Mick Farren
Bob Edmunds
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White

Miles
Lester Bangs
John May
Paul Morley
Paul Rambali

New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840
Research:
Fiona Foulger

Photography:
Pernie Smith

Advertisement Dept
Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:
Percy Dickens
(01) 261 6080

Classified Ads:
Sue Hayward (01) 261 6122
Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
Pete Christopher
(01) 261 6207

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Publisher: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd, Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

HITENSION



ISLAND

**THE
WH**

