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JOHN LYDON

*Spews reviews —
a Rotten singles page*

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 17, 1973

Last This Week		
1	WEI COME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
2	SKWEET ME, PLEEZE ME	Shade (Polygram)
3	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
4	SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING	Elton John (DJM)
5	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (RCA)
6	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mano Negra (Decca)
7	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Clitter (Decca)
8	GORY HOME	Donna Summer (MCA)
9	TAKE ME TO THE MARCH GRASS	Paul Simon (CBS)
10	WANDY	Blondie (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 17, 1968

Last This Week		
1	BABY COME BACK	Equus (Prestige)
2	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. J. Smith (CBS)
3	I PRETEND	Don O'Connor (Columbia)
4	YESTERDAY WAS GONE	Cupid's Emulation (Decca)
5	MONEY MONY	Tommy James and the Shondells (Major Minor)
6	YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY	Oslo Espino (Pye)
7	MR ARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris (RCA)
8	MY NAME IS JACK	Monty Mann (Fontana)
9	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
10	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 19, 1953

Last This Week		
1	I'M CONFESION	Frankie Field (Columbia)
2	BEVIE IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
4	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
5	A PLANTS	Shades (Columbia)
6	DA DOO RON RON	Crymble (London)
7	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)
8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
9	TAKE THESE SHADY FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
10	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Jim Reeves (RCA)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	9	1
2	(2)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	6	2
3	(4)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	6	3
4	(10)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	4
5	(6)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	5	5
6	(3)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	6	3
7	(5)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	5
8	(11)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	4	8
9	(7)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	7
10	(12)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	4	10
11	(17)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	11
12	(24)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	3	12
13	(9)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	9	4
14	(8)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	7	2
15	(13)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	5	13
16	(14)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	6	10
17	(20)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	4	17
18	(—)	5-7-9-5	City Boy (Vertigo)	1	18
19	(18)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	7	18
20	(29)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	2	20
21	(19)	COME ON DANCE DANCE	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	3	19
22	(—)	LOVE YOU MORE	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	22
23	(—)	SATISFY MY SOUL	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	23
24	(—)	PRODIGAL SON	Steel Pulse (Island)	1	24
25	(25)	(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	Claish (CBS)	3	20
26	(30)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	2	26
27	(—)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	1	27
28	(21)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	13	1
29	(22)	MANY TOO MANY	Genesis (Charisma)	2	22
30	(—)	HOW CAN THIS BE LOVE	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	1	30

NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance (Warner Bros); COLD AS ICE — Foreigner (Atlantic); ROCK & ROLL DAMNATION — AC/DC (Atlantic); YOU & I — Rick James (Motown).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 22, 1978

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	13	1
2	(2)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	5	2
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	6	3
4	(4)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	7	2
5	(5)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	6	4
6	(6)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	20	1
7	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	2	7
8	(11)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	13	8
9	(8)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boombtown Rats (Ensign)	4	8
10	(12)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	10	2
11	(14)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	2	11
12	(16)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	21	7
13	(—)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	72	1
14	(7)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	26	1
15	(15)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	14	4
16	(20)	ROCK RULES	Various (K-Tel)	2	16
17	(10)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	25	5
18	(—)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	
19	(—)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	8	5
20	(19)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	9	1
21	(—)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int Hansa)	1	21
22	(29)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	9	6
23	(—)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS"	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	1	23
24	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	31	3
25	(24)	BACK & FOURTH	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	2	24
26	(—)	OBSESSIONS	UFO (Chrysalis)	1	26
27	(13)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	18	6
28	(17)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Rancho)	14	2
29	(21)	I KNOW "COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	8	14
30	(22)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	4	22

BUBBLING UNDER
SONGBIRD — Barbra Streisand (CBS); CENTRAL HEATING — Heatwave (GTO); THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY — Soundtrack (Casablanca); DIRE STRAITS — Dire Straits (Phonogram).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Last Week					
1	(1)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones		
2	(4)	GREASE	Various Artists		
3	(3)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists		
4	(5)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb		
5	(2)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty		
6	(8)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores		
7	(7)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band		
8	(16)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner		
9	(8)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen		
10	(10)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS"	Joe Walsh		
11	(12)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand		
12	(9)	FELLS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione		
13	(11)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists		
14	(14)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship		
15	(15)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel		
16	(17)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow		
17	(21)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues		
18	(13)	LONDON TOWN	Wings		
19	(—)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan		
20	(26)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise		
21	(19)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays		
22	(—)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass		
23	(18)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon		
24	(—)	SOUNDS AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones		
25	(22)	THE ALBUM	Abba		
26	(20)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler		
27	(27)	AJA	Steely Dan		
28	(—)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project		
29	(30)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf		
30	(25)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
Derek
Johnson



Sayer season at Christmas

LEO SAYER is to headline a special Christmas season of six concerts at Manchester Apollo, Ardwick Green, from Boxing Day to New Year's Eve. This means that over 15,000 people will be able to see him, at a time when the rock scene is traditionally at its least active.

Support acts have still to be named, but tickets for the Manchester season are already on sale at the box-office priced £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50.

These are Sayer's first confirmed concerts in Britain since he toured here last autumn. But it's expected that a string of dates in other key cities will be added to his itinerary, though it's not yet clear if these will precede or follow the Christmas season.

Meanwhile, he's currently engaged in an eight-week sell-out tour of the United States.

Sayer's sixth Chrysalis album is scheduled for release on August 11, produced by Richard Perry and with the highly original title of "Leo Sayer". It features four new self-penned numbers, as well as compositions by Jackson Browne, Boudleaux & Bryant, Andy Fairweather-Low and Billy Nicholls. Tracks are *Stormy Weather*, *Dancing The Night Away*, *I Can't Stop Loving You* (Though I Try), *L. Booga Raaga*, *Raining In My Heart*, *Something Fine*, *Running To My Freedom*, *Frankie Lee*, *Don't Look Away* and *No Looking Back*.

Patti, Sham, Siouxsie for Edinburgh Rock Festival

SHAM 69, Siouxsie & The Banshees and The Rezillos are the first bands officially confirmed for this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, which takes place in the late summer, running in conjunction with the full Edinburgh Festival (August 21 to September 8). Many other acts have still to be finalised for the rock season, and it's understood that one of these will almost certainly be Patti Smith.

The rock event is organised by the city's Regular Music company, who last year presented it exclusively at Edinburgh's Tiffany's. This year the scope will be widened considerably, with about three shows at Tiffany's, new-wave gigs at Clouds, and concerts at larger venues such as the Odeon.

Siouxsie & The Banshees kick off the season, prior to the festival proper, at Clouds on August 18. The Rezillos (August 25) and Sham 69 (September 1) appear at the same venue. It's expected that Patti Smith will be one of the acts to play the Odeon, where —



PATTI SMITH

in keeping with the cultural nature of the full Edinburgh Festival — she intends to include some poetry reading.

As previously reported, the highlight of Patti's visit is her headlining appearance on

the final night of the Reading Festival (August 27). But she will also be playing a string of other dates, apart from Reading and Edinburgh, and full details of her itinerary will be announced in a week or two.

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have arranged a late booking tonight (Thursday) at Manchester Russell Club, as a warm-up for their first-ever headlining London concert on Sunday at the Roundhouse... and SHAM 69 have slotted in a gig at Douglas L.O.M. Palace Lido this Sunday, during the period they were supposed to be playing in the States, their visit having been called off due to Jimmy Pursey's failure to obtain an entry visa.

● The E.I. Festival in London's East End (Bigland Street, E.1) returns this weekend after a year's absence. Among bands appearing are Aquila, Legend and The Basement Band (tomorrow, Friday); The Resistance, Stacey and The Intellectuals (Saturday); and Chancer, Cadillac, City Twilights Steel Band, Escalator and The Blue Wonders (Sunday).

REZILLOS: BIG TOUR

THE REZILLOS have now lined up most of the venues for their delayed British tour, their first since last November. They were to have gigged extensively in the spring, but the whole of their itinerary was scrapped, due to a hang-up over their record releases — this was when Sire Records dissolved their partnership with Phonogram, and the band's impending releases were shelved.

Now the Sire label is being distributed in Britain by WEA, and their album "Can't Stand The Rezillos" and single "Top Of The Pops" have just been issued. Although support acts have still to be named, the Edinburgh-based band have so far been confirmed for 23 dates, and these are:

Plymouth Metro (July 28), Manchester Mayflower (29), Hull Tiffany's (30), Newport Stowaway (August 2), Leeds Roots Club (3), Scarborough Penhouse (4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Doncaster Outlook (7), Nuneaton 77 Club (8), Sheffield venue to be announced (10), Nottingham Sandpiper (11), Liverpool Eric's two shows (12), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Reading Bones Club (16), London Camden Music Machine (17), High Wycombe Town Hall (18), Dumfries Stagecoach (20), Dundee venue to be announced (21), Dunderline Cinema (22), Aberdeen Ruffles (23), Grangemouth Town Hall (24) and the Edinburgh Rock Festival at Clouds (25).



B.B. King for U.K. concerts



FOUR BRITISH concerts have now been confirmed for blues giant B.B. King in mid-autumn, following NME's exclusive forecast of his visit a month ago. Together with his regular backing band, he plays Birmingham Odeon (October 13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (16).

The dates are part of a full European tour by King, and it's his first visit to this country since last autumn, when his concerts not only sold out but were heavily over-subscribed. Tour promoters Straight Music announce that tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at box-offices and usual agencies, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 (London); and £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Birmingham and Manchester).

King's latest album "Midnight Believer" was issued a few weeks ago by Anchor, and this weekend they release a single culled from the LP and titled "I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone".

Captain Sensible back — with his own band

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE has left Amsterdam-based hot-rock band The Softies, and has now formed his own outfit called King, who can be heard for the very first time on John Peel's Radio 1 show tonight (Thursday). The Captain flew to Holland in the spring, soon after The Damocel broke up, to join The Softies — but it now seems the association was only a temporary affair, resulting in the single "Jet Boy Let Girl". He has now got his

own band together, and details of the line-up and debut gigs will be announced next week.

THE LURKERS headline a six-date Irish tour next month, culminating in two nights in Ulster at Belfast The Pound on August 23 and 24. The other four gigs are at Cork (19), Dublin (20 and 21) and Portlaoise (22)... and ADVERTISING are also set for an Irish tour, with gigs at the same Belfast venue on July 28 and 29.



London to relax Stranglers ban?

THE STRANGLERS' inability to play a major London concert, due mainly to their long-running feud with the GLC, took an unexpected twist this week — with the news that they may, after all, be able to give a free show in Hyde Park. As NME closed for press, promoter Harvey Goldsmith — fresh from his triumphant Dylan concert at Blackbushe — was involved in negotiations, and a spokesman said there was "at least a 50-50 chance" of the gig materialising.

Reason for the apparent about-face is two-fold. In the first place, Virgin Records — who hold the sole concession for staging concerts in the park — have apparently been persuaded by Goldsmith to accept The Stranglers, having previously turned them down on the grounds that the authorities would reject them.

Secondly — and unlike the band's attempts to play Alexandra Palace, QPR soccer ground and other London venues — it's the Department of the Environment that has the final word on rock gigs in Hyde Park, and not the GLC. And this

could bypass the deadlock between The Stranglers and the council. "It's a different ball game", commented the spokesman.

In any event, regardless of whether or not the powers-that-be approve The Stranglers, Virgin intend going ahead with a free show in the park next month — the most probable date being either August 12 or 19. The last concert in Hyde Park was in 1976 with Queen, Steve Hillage, Kiki Dee and Supercharge — and Virgin said this week that this year's event will be "of equal status" in terms of the big names involved.

AUTUMN SEES ELP'S RETURN

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER are now likely to make their long-awaited and much-delayed British concert comeback towards the end of the year. They are currently recording a new album in Nassau, Bahamas, which is planned for release in late November or early December — and they want to play a few major concerts here at about the same time.

Plans for then to play a special London show last summer, as part of a string of projected Jubilee concerts, fell through when the whole series failed to materialise. The next intention was for them to headline at London Earls Court or Olympia

during the Christmas period, 1977. But their autumn U.S. tour encountered a number of problems, mainly due to the size of the orchestra they took on the road with them, and this cast doubts on the viability of playing similar dates in London.

But now they want to return to the concert platform to promote the upcoming LP — and this time it would be with a somewhat less ambitious stage presentation, and one that wasn't so financially hazardous. It's expected that any one of three leading venues — Earls Court, Olympia or Wembley Arena — would house their comeback concerts, with the possibility of a few provincial gigs as well.

Rich Kids extension — AND MORE BY THE MOVIES

THE RICH KIDS have added another seven dates to their current British tour, aimed at promoting their new EMI single "Marching Men". Their first nine gigs, which kicked off last week, were reported by NME a fortnight ago. And those newly confirmed are at Aberdeen Ruffles (July 26), Glasgow Shuffles (27), Edinburgh Clouds (28), Lincoln A.J.'s Club (29), Cardiff Top Rank (August 1), Torquay Town Hall (2) and

Plymouth Metro (3). A few more dates, including a London venue, are likely to be added. THE MOVIES have also extended their current outing, by adding a string of eight dates in mid-August. They are Liverpool Eric's (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Leeds Floride Green Hotel (13), Doncaster Outlook (14), London Marquee (15), Sheffield Limit Club (17), Wolverhampton Lafayette (18) and Manchester University (19).

TALKING HEADS



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DEVO LP AND TOUR

VIRGIN RECORDS — who announced earlier this year that they had signed Devo, only to have their claim disputed by WEA — have now got the go-ahead to release the band's product in this country. D-Day is August 25, which sees the release of the first Devo album and a new single titled "Come Back Johnny". And coinciding with this announcement comes the news that Devo — who were last here for a one-off appearance at Knebworth on June 24 — will be playing a lengthy string of British dates in the autumn, as part of a full European tour.

The band's album will be available in five different colours — steel grey, white, blue, yellow and red — and these will be shipped to dealers in a mixed selection, ensuring that each shop has a choice of colours. And the first 25,000 copies of the single will be pressed in "industrial grey" vinyl!

Virgin are also lining up a massive promotion campaign involving 3-D badges bearing the catch phrase "Are We Not Men?", black armbands as worn by Devo themselves, plus black T-shirts with various slogans, shop window displays around the country and extensive fly-posting.

SOUNDTRACK SALES ZOOM

● The soundtrack double album of the film "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" is released by A & M on July 28. It includes three songs performed by the Bee Gees on their own, and two by Peter Frampton solo, as well as several other tracks by the Bee Gees and Frampton together — plus a duet between Frampton and comedian George Burns! Also featured are Billy Preston (singing "Get Back"), Earth Wind And Fire, Alice Cooper, Aerosmith and Paul Nicholas, not forgetting Frankie Howerd! Any Bee Gees singles culled from the album will be issued on the RSO label.

● The soundtrack album "Saturday Night Fever" has now sold over 20 million copies worldwide, according to RSO Records, making it one of the biggest-selling LPs of all time. And RSO may even surpass that achievement with the "Grease" soundtrack which, in its first six weeks in America, is selling faster than the "Fever" LP did in the comparable period. The next single from the "Grease" album is expected to be "Hopelessly Devoted To You" by Olivia Newton-John.

Argent spin-off

● Latest signing to Rocket Records is Phoenix, whose line-up comprises three former members of Argent — Bob Harris, John Verity and Jim Rodford — plus Ray Minninnett who was formerly with Frankie Miller's Full House. Their first single "Time Of The Season", penned by Rod Argent, is out this week. An album follows later in the year.

Kottke sings Lowe!

● Leo Kottke's second Chrysalis album "Burnt Lips" is scheduled for August 11 release. It includes 11 self-penned numbers plus the Nick Lowe composition "Endless Sleep". Among Kottke's own numbers on the LP are two he wrote for the soundtrack of a Paramount film called "Terry's Movie", soon to be released over here. And it's understood that he'll be visiting Britain later in the year to headline a number of concerts.

● The second album by David Dundas, titled "Vertical Hold", is issued through Chrysalis on the Air label on August 11. It consists entirely of self-penned or co-written songs, and is preceded on August 4 by his new single "When I Saw You Today".

● Darts' new single is "It's Raining", for release by Magnet on July 28. It's a specially re-recorded track from their current album. A spokesman said this week that the band's next British dates will be at the end of the year, after they've completed a European tour.

● Bryan Ferry, whose new single "Sign Of The Times" is issued by Polydor this weekend, will not now have his album "The Bride Stripped Bare" released until September.

● Release of Patti Smith's four-track EP, previously reported by NME, has been delayed by Artists until August 4. Titles are "Privilege (Set Me Free)", "Ask The Angels", "25th Floor" and "Babelfield".

● The Albion Band have re-recorded their current Harvest single "Poor Old Horse", specially for Radio 1 daytime airplay. The expurgated version deletes the line "And the cheeks of her arse are going chuff, chuff, chuff" so as not to offend sensitive listeners.

Record News



Mac's STEVIE NICKS

● Fleetwood Mac finished work on their new album, before they set out last Sunday on a three-week U.S. tour. Originally planned as a part-live part-studio double set, it's now emerged as a single studio LP. Autumn release is planned.

● A new single by Japan titled "The Unconventional", coupled with the title track from their debut album "Adolescent Sex", comes out on August 18. And they are at present recording their second LP for autumn release.

Info about UFO

● U.F.O., who recently completed a British concert tour, have an unusual single rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend. It's a three-track, seven-inch disc, playing at 33 1/3 rpm and pressed in red vinyl! Titles are "Only You Can Rock Me" and "Cherry" (both from their latest album "Obsession") and "Rock Bottom" (from their 1974 LP "Phenomenon").

● The second single by the six-piece Pacific Eardrum is released by Charisma on July 28, titled "Love On A Merry Go Round". It's followed on August 18 by their album "Beyond Panic". Besides playing the Reading Festival on August 27, the band will also be gigging around London next month to promote these releases.

● "Jilted John", a single by the artist of the same name, was originally issued by Rabid Records in a limited 15,000 edition. These have now all been sold, entirely as the result of in-store play, and the single has been acquired from Rabid boss Tosh Ryan by EMI International who are rushing it out tomorrow (Friday).

● Stiff Records have signed Brooklyn-based band Just Water, who are regulars at New York's renowned CBGBs niterie. They comprise Mitch Danck and Danny Rubin (guitars and vocals), Tom Korba (bass) and Gus Martin (drums and vocals). Their first single, a very heavy version of "Singin' In The Rain", is out this weekend.



A new picture, received by NME from New York on Tuesday, of DEBBIE HARRY at work in the studios — where she and the other Blondie members are busy recording their third album for autumn release.

CHARTBOUND STEELBAND?

STEELBAND music could well make its British chart debut later this summer, by way of the single "Commonwealth Tempo" by the 18-piece Groovers Steel Orchestra, issued by United Artists on July 28. It's been picked by BBC-TV as the theme music for their coverage of the Commonwealth Games during the first half of August (their last sports theme "Argentina Melody" is still in the charts), and adopted by the English athletics squad as their official theme.

The band, consisting mainly of London-born black youngsters, are donating all royalties to the Games Appeal Fund — and they'll be performing in Edmonton, Canada, while the Games are held in that city. They also play in Canterbury Cathedral this Sunday (23), in an event being televised by BBC-1.

● The Ramones' live double album is officially confirmed for September release by Sire Records (now distributed by WEA), and it will be pressed in coloured vinyl.

McKinney song

● Joyce McKinney, of sex-in-chains fame, is the subject of a single titled "Little Miss Perfect" by Demon Preacher — it's released by Small Wonder Records on July 31. This weekend the same label issues The Carpettes' single "Small Wonder", retailing at 59p. Patrick Fitzgerald is currently recording an album for the label called "The Legend Of Eddie Grubb and Other Grubby Stories", as well as a 12-inch five-track single called "The Paranoid Ward" — both scheduled for simultaneous release in early autumn.

JUSTIFIABLE?

● "Justifiable Homicide" is a song about the controversial death of boxing trainer Liddle Towers, and — after several weeks of legal consultation — it's being issued by The Label on July 28. It's by erstwhile Sex Pistols producer Dave Goodman And Friends, and part of the proceeds of the record — which is pressed on red vinyl — are going to the Liddle Towers Committee.

● One of the great rock'n'roll classic singles, the 20-year-old "At The Hop" by Danny and The Juniors, is released by Anchor this week. It's coupled with the group's other well-known track "Rock And Roll Here To Stay".

Gladys at Aintree Festival and Palladium

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips fly into Britain to headline Liverpool's Aintree Festival on August Bank Holiday Monday (28), then travel to London to play a five-day season at the Palladium (August 29-September 2), and these will be their only dates in this country.

The Aintree Festival is a three-day event, staged on the famous racecourse, starting on Saturday, August 26. The opening day is devoted to a concert by top Liverpool and Manchester stars of the '60s — including Gerry & The Pacemakers, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders, Freddie & The Dreamers, The Searchers, The Merseybeats, The Fourmost, Swinging Blue Jeans and Dave Berry.

Sunday is a non-music day devoted to a fairground, fireworks and a three-hour skateboarding display. And on Holiday Monday, in addition to Gladys & The Pips, there's Roy Orbison and Suzi Quatro, with other names still to be announced.

All three days run from 1 to 9 pm, with full car-parking and refreshment facilities. Admission on Saturday and Monday is £5, and on Sunday £2, with children under ten free of charge on all days if accompanied by an adult.

It's understood that Gladys' London Palladium season is likely to feature Eddie Kendricks as principal support act. As previously reported, Orbison is also lined up for the Palladium — he appears there for the week starting Monday, August 21.

There's been some confusion over Gladys' recording status in recent weeks. Buddah Records have apparently sold her existing contract to Arista without her agreement, and she says she's taking action because she claims to have signed with CBS. To complicate matters, still further, The Pips are signed in their own right to Casablanca, and both they and Gladys have different managers — all of which has led to considerable delay in finalising their British visit.

While all this is sorted out, Pye Records (who distribute Buddah in Britain) have been given the go-ahead to continue looking after Gladys' interests over here, and they intend releasing a new single to tie in with her U.K. appearances — a 12-inch six-minute disco version of "A Better



Than Good Time". Meanwhile her current Buddah single "Come Back And Finish What You Started" (taken from her latest album "The One And Only Gladys Knight & The Pips") is a strong chart contender.

FOUR-WEEK TOUR BY TEMPTATIONS

THE TEMPTATIONS' four-week British tour, plans for which were reported last week, consists of four cabaret engagements plus a pair of concerts at the London Palladium — where they appear on Sunday, September 17 at 6 and 8.30 pm (tickets priced £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £2 go on sale at the box office and through the usual agents on August 1). Other dates are Manchester Golden Garter (August 28-September 2), Birmingham Night Out (September 4-9), Watford Bailey's (10-16) and Leicester Bailey's (18-23).

10c.c., BJH: extra dates

10c.c. and Barclay James Harvest have each added another date to their previously-reported autumn tour schedules. 10c.c. now play a second concert at Bristol's Colston Hall on September 19, making a total of 20 dates and completing their itinerary. Barclay James addition is at Derby Assembly Rooms on October 4, giving them a total of 18 concerts.

MAC CURTIS U.K. VENUES

MAC CURTIS, the American rockabilly veteran, headlines another British tour in the late summer. Appearing with him on all dates are British band Matchbox, and dates confirmed so far are Bristol Tiffany's Music Hall (August 24), Southend Minerva (25), Hull City Hall (26), London Southgate Royalty (28 and 31), Leicester T.U.L. Club (29), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (September 1) and London Southall White Hart (6). More dates will be announced next week. Meanwhile, Curtis' new album "Rock Me" is released on August 4 by Rockin' Roll, who also reissue his "Ducktail" single to coincide with the tour.

Five repeats of TV 'In Concert'

BBC-2 are repeating five of their "In Concert" showcases during the coming month. Originally screened during the 1977-78 winter season, they feature Elkie Brooks (July 24), Graham Parker and The Rumour (31), Joan Armatrading (August 7), London Westminster (14) and Supersound (21). A new series of "In Concert" begins in the autumn, but the exact starting date is not yet known. ● Also on BBC-2, the 1976 Rod Stewart documentary "Rod The Mod Has Come Of Age" is repeated this Sunday (23). Kenny Rogers and Tompall Glaser are in "Sing Country" next Tuesday (25), and the "Rhythm On 2" series next Wednesday presents "The Sound Of The Platters".

THE STRANGLERS, The Boomtown Rats, The Lurkers and The Boyfriends are all featured in the first of Mickie Most's new "Revolver" series screened by ATV this Saturday (22). The 45-minute show, hosted by Peter Cook, also includes Hi-Tension, Autographs and a nostalgia spot with Julie Driscoll. Initially the series is restricted to the ATV Midlands region, but it will be seen in other areas — including London — in the near future.

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On The Road

STEVE MARRIOTT of the Small Faces plays a one-off gig with Joe Brown's backing band at London Canning Town Bridge House tonight (Thursday). They are billed as Blind Drunk, with Marriott appearing under the assumed name of Matt Vinyl.

INGATZ undertake a seven-date tour of the Scottish Highlands and Islands, playing Elgin Eight Acres Hotel (July 23), Stornoway Town Hall (24), Portree Gathering Hall (25), Kinlochleven Recreation Club (26), Tain Douchie Centre (28), Dingwall Town Hall (29), and Fraserburgh Station Hotel (30).

WHIRLWIND have made several changes to their current tour. They have newly-booked gigs at Plymouth Metro (July 27) and Guildford The Junction (August 14). Their postponed date at Swansea Criche is re-set for tonight (Thursday). Leeds 'F' Club moves from August 3 to 4, and Birmingham Barbarella's from August 11 to 18. And four gigs are cancelled for reasons beyond the band's control — Manchester Raffles (July 26), Liverpool Eric's (29), Cheltenham Plough (August 1) and Nottingham Sandpiper (4).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, Autographs, The Skits and John Cooper Clarke are among acts lined up for a benefit show on behalf of One-Parent Families at London Camden Music Machine on Tuesday, August 8. As reported last week, 999 are playing three gigs at London Kensington Nashville (July 27-29) for the same charity.

WHITE CATS, the band launched recently by Chris Miller (a.k.a. Rat Scabies), continue their string of London gigs with newly-booked dates at the Marquee (July 26), Covent Garden Rock Garden (27), Islington Hope & Anchor (28), Canning Town Bridge House (29), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (30), Camden Dingwalls (August 1), Acton White Hart (2), Stoke Newington Pegasus (3) and Camden Music Machine (4). They also play Gravesend Red Lion on August 5.

GLORIA MUNDI have been quickly re-booked for London Camden Music Machine, after attracting a capacity house to their gig there last week. The new date is Thursday August 3.

THE SHIRTS have cancelled their gig at London Kensington Nashville next Tuesday (25), as they are filming a spot for ATV's "Revolver" series, but they're hoping that the date can be re-scheduled later.

KRAKATOA are back on the gig circuit with dates at Kikklevington Country Club (tomorrow, Friday), Middleborough Rock Garden (Saturday), Torquay Town Hall (July 25), Brighton New Regent (26), Lincoln A.J.'s (28), Oldham Tower Club (29), Leeds Florio Green Hotel (30), Doncaster Outlook (31), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (August 3), Scarborough Penthouse (4), Nottingham Sandpiper (5) and Jackdale Grey Topper (6).

TONY MCPHREE and his new band Terraplane have added two dates to their August itinerary — Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (5) and Sunderland Mecca (11).

THE ACCELERATORS play Lincoln A.J.'s (July 28), Cheltenham Plough (31), Plymouth Metro (August 1), Torquay Pelican (4 and 5), Bristol Free Festival (6), Dewbury Turfs Head (8), Newcastle-under-Lyme Hemphills Inn (10), Tyldesley Rugby Club (11), Gosport Moss Bank Festival (12), Cheltenham Adam & Eve's (14), Liverpool Pyramid Club (17), Oldham Boundary Hotel (18), Leeds Victoria Hotel (21), Warrington Swan (24), Liskeard Carlton Suite (26) and Bristol The Pegasus (26).

Hillage: more free gigs

STEVE HILLAGE is set for two more free open-air concert appearances. After playing an outdoor show in Finland this Saturday (22) by the light of the midnight sun, he returns to headline — as previously reported — the final night of the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival next Tuesday (25). This six-day event starts today (Thursday) at a site three miles north of Bury in Lancashire. Then early next month he plays at an Anti-Nazi League concert in Harwich on Saturday, August 5; and the next day he travels to Bristol to appear in the Ashton Court Festival.

J.A.L.N. BAND have extra gigs at Carvery Island Monaco Club (this Saturday), Southend Talk Of The South (August 1), Peterborough Town Hall (5), Bournemouth Village Bowls (16), Portsmouth Mercury Club (16), Aberdeen Ruffles (21) and Colchester Woods Club (24).

A SIX-DAY Jazz Festival is to be held at London Hammersmith Riverside Studios in mid-August. Among acts appearing are the new Gary Boyle Band, John Stevens' Away, Mike Westbrook, Keith Tippett, Dick Morrissey, Jim Mullen, Landscape and John Surman. There are also several new bands including Surrounding Silence and Soft Head, both featuring past and present members of Soft Machine.

RAY KING BAND, the seven-piece multi-racial outfit from Birmingham, play Coventry Wyken Pippin (July 24), Corby Shaft's (29), Barnsley Birdcage (August 7), Kenilworth Squires (12), London Brodie's (18), Gainsborough Casablanca (19) and Norwich Cromwell's (24), before leaving on August 25 for their first European tour.

LABI SIFFRE plays Birmingham Night Out (August 7-8), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (11-12), Leicester Haymarket Theatre (13), Chesterfield Aquarius (17-18), Manchester Piccadilly Hotel (22), Canterbury Bramling House Country Club (28-29), Nottingham Heart of the Midlands (October 9-10) and Birmingham Kitts Green (11 November 28).

CULTURE have made a few changes to their British tour schedule this month. Their cancelled gig at Birmingham Locarno earlier this week is replaced by Birmingham Ogbeth City Hall next Monday (24), originally planned for Liverpool Mountford Hall then switched to Bedford Burnyn Hall, is now off all together. Other dates, including London Rainbow on July 28, remain unchanged and three more gigs have been added — Plymouth Metro (this Sunday), Cardiff Top Rank (July 25) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (27).



Japan's DAVID SYLVIAN

JAPAN have been set for a string of gigs at London Camden Music Machine at fortnightly intervals, appearing there on July 31, August 14 and 31. They are also one of the acts taking part in Belgium's Belsen Pop Festival on August 12, along with The Kinks, Nazareth and Lindisfarne.

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B SIDE **SUNDAY MORNING NIGHTMARE**



The shell of the Albany Theatre — view from the stage.

BY BOB WOFFINDEN

THE THREE-DAY Manchester carnival, arranged jointly by the Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism, was being heralded by both organisations on Monday as a fantastic success.

An ANL spokesman said it was "the largest political demonstration to have taken place in Manchester since the Chartist marches of the 1840s".

Meanwhile on the same day — the bad news — RAR held a hastily-convened press conference to announce that two London venues used regularly for RAR gigs had been fire-bombed and extensively damaged on Thursday July 13, the night of the Manchester Moss Side by-election.

The carnival had originally been arranged shortly after the massively successful demonstration of May Day holiday weekend in Victoria Park, Hackney, and was deliberately timed to coincide with the by-election.

The ANL had been active in the Moss Side constituency throughout the campaign, and distributed 25,000 leaflets on polling day itself. In the event, the Labour vote held up well enough, so that the government stayed off the Conservative challenge. The National Front picked up a paltry number of votes — 623, only 22 more than Vanessa Redgrave, who has now made herself as many bids for Parliament as movies, and who remains palpably more successful at the latter.

Naturally, the ANL were jubilant about both the election result and the undoubted success of the march/concert. A spokesman for the organisation said, "We attracted widespread young working-class support, in a constituency which only a year ago the National Front would have claimed as its own."

Nevertheless, the erosion of the NF vote in a depressed, multi-racial, inner urban area (ie their natural breeding-ground) is as surprising as it is welcome. It is only a short time since they were causing considerable political headaches at by-elections (at Ilford, for example). Now, however, most pundits seemed to regard their poor performance as barely worthy of comment. The *Daily Mail*, for example, commented simply, "It looks as though the National Front has gone back to being strictly small-time."

HOWEVER, IF the electoral threat of the NF, never strong, is now clearly waning, then their more insidious social threat is still all too plain.

As a spokesman for RAR said at their Monday press conference, "It

seems as though the party's recent bleak performances may have driven some of their sympathisers to resort to desperate terror tactics."

It was after the Moss Side result was known that Ackton Hall in Notting Hill was fire-bombed and the Albany Theatre in Tottenham severely damaged by fire — so extensively, in fact, that it has been impossible to determine its status.

Ackton Hall is almost a natural focal point for any local racial tension. Just underneath the Westway, it stands adjacent to the flashpoint area of the 1976 Notting Hill Carnival riots. The hall is leased from the GLC by Black Productions, who often promote white bands there, and has also been used by RAR to put on gigs featuring both black and white groups. Theoretically, the hall's insurance should be covered by the GLC Amenity Trust.

The damage was not excessive. A gig scheduled for Friday had to be cancelled, but the hall was completely re-wired by Saturday, and Misty, Black Jade and The Passions were able to play there.

Meanwhile in Deptford, the Albany Theatre was gutted. It doesn't even have a roof any more.

Although the theatre itself was insured, its contents weren't. RAR have organised 13 concerts there since February, and they have some small proceeds from these, but they are now launching an appeal for £10,000 to make good the damage.

RAR see a definite pattern to this kind of activity. Since the Victoria Park carnival, there has been an intensification of racial attacks, both on people and property. Two Asians have been murdered in East London recently, and Brick Lane in Bethnal Green — where a thriving Sunday morning market is held — has been the scene of many recent racial confrontations.

On top of that, the ANL offices

have been fire-bombed, and the left-wing magazine *Peace News* received a parcel bomb.

Even the orderly Manchester carnival didn't escape such incidents. After the concert, right-wing thugs attacked three members of Black RAR in a pub, and hospitalised two of them.

THE ANL have already thought out their next moves.

Anticipating, like everyone else, a general election on October 12, they have obtained official permission to go ahead with another major London march and concert, similar in form to the Victoria Park one. This will take place at Brockwell Park in Brixton on September 24.

RAR will, of course, be cooperating in the organisation and, although negotiations are still at a very tentative stage, they have revealed that Peter Cook, Sham 69, Misty and the Tom Robinson Band have all been asked to play.

Also, with the start of the football season on August 19, ANL will be conducting a thorough campaign on the terraces, well-known breeding grounds of inarticulate fascist support (as the *Millwall Postscript* has demonstrated).

RAR, meanwhile, have three own plans for expansion, and are about to unveil Skateboarders Against Racism (SAR) — posters, leaflets and badges coming shortly.

Local RAR groups have sprouted everywhere — Cardiff organised a demonstration of their own last Saturday (5,000 people attended), and there will be a one-day carnival in Southampton on August 12.

The ANL say they are not an ad hoc organisation — perhaps fascism, like poverty, is always with us — and after the election they will call a national conference to work out where they go from wherever we are by then.

CARNIVAL OF THE NORTH: CHAOS & CONCERN

BY PAUL MORLEY

THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE and Rock Against Racism were formed specifically as a reaction against racism.

Both popular front organisations had unashamedly negative stances — existing to rally and to check impending growth of racial intimidation, but not to introduce activist policy. Hence there was room in the ANL for anyone, regardless of political affiliation, so long as they cared for basic human rights.

Their growth has been both healthy and unhealthy.

Healthy because the unerring sense of the majority of people has been proven, because thousands of youngsters are discovering and immediately repelling a potential abuse of human rights, vigorously opposing with the only means they know — spectating and enjoying. But unhealthy because the ANL's always flimsy apolitical basis has buckled, and a horde of political extremists and crackpots have now homed in on a ready-made mass target of youth.

Because ANL has barely the organisational capacity to control its own expansion, the political parties and trade unions gratefully move in, sponsoring and reaping discreet benefits.

Obviously the major ANL Carnival in London fulfilled expectations and more. It was a glorious call for freedom, but as more events are organised (plans for Sheffield and Nottingham already) based around the pull of rock music, the aims get lost and devalued, politics infiltrate and confuse, the whole idea gets smothered. One massive carnival a year, two at the most, would surely be enough.

The ANL's future is now out of its own hands — a subtle slip from negativism to positivism. Has the ANL been transformed into a pure political machine? Whatever, rock music is being used through the ANL, not as people's music, but as the supreme vehicle to reach youth. A growing deception.

The anti-Nazi League in conjunction with Rock Against Racism, not without a little treading on each other's toes, sponsored by trade union groups, planned for three days of music in Moss Side's Alexandra Park. A good site — Moss Side being an interesting example of above average black and white relations. Despite a large black population, all races in the district have the same appalling problems, the same enemy, so why fight each other?

The first day of the planned event, Thursday, was also timed to coincide with the Moss Side by-election, in which the National Front were represented by a business studies teacher at Bramhall High School, one H. Andrew.

Thursday originally had a bill comprising of the Smirks, John Cooper-Clarke, The Fall and Graham Parker And The Rumour, preparing their organisation for the Blackbushe event. Friday was to be a collection of local groups, with the climax, the main event and the march, on the Saturday.

This was the plan, though the organisation seemed poor — especially for the Friday, which had always seemed a vague prospect. Crossed lines between the organising committee and the local council meant the council were only expecting one day of music, the Saturday. Consequently at midday on Thursday performers were informed of a cancellation.

Opposition from the organisers resulted in a compromise: Thursday could go on as a

◆ Continues over page

Manchester pictures: KEVIN CUMMINS





From previous page

STEVE DIGGLES of Buzzcocks jams with DAVID HINDS of Steel Pulse.

'rehearsal' for the main event — officially to check sound, equipment and facilities. But only Graham Parker could appear.

BY FIVE O'CLOCK spectators were arriving for the advertised six o'clock start. Proceedings still seemed confused. The police arrived, steadfastly maintaining that "There is to be no music tonight" — the council had failed to inform them of the go-ahead. That was quickly sorted out. Then Parker demanded that someone else go on first and test his equipment. The Smirks, who had turned up unsure of the final position, were roped in at the very last minute to play a brief set.

Graham Parker's polished professionalism didn't let him down. He performed crisply with correct hip mannerisms to an audience rapidly approaching 5,000 (people arriving during and even after his performance). He got encores, and punched the air: it was good publicity for him.

Thursday was a mistake. Undoubtedly it stretched the council's patience, and it had minimal associations with the actual reason for its existence and was poorly organised (although the staging, by the Deeply Vale Free Festival people, and the sharp compering of Ernie Dalton were excellent). It also mildly threatened Saturday's prospects: the police warned that the sound might be discontinued on the Saturday after receiving complaints from local residents.

Meanwhile, H. Andrew polled just over 600 votes, 2% of the total, and came a pitiful fourth to the Liberals.

FRIDAY'S SIDE-SHOW of local talent was cancelled: an alternative was hurriedly arranged. Pop group Rich Kids were due to play at Manchester's New Century Hall that night, but that too had been cancelled, so a concert was planned at UMIST with Rich Kids and The Fall — 50p, in aid of RAR.

At such short notice, it was inevitable that publicity would be virtually non-existent. At most, 100 people turned up Friday night.

The Fall refused to commence until their No. 1 Ian John the Postman arrived. At five past nine he turned up: The Fall drove into their first song, playing hard and primitive to 63 people.

The Fall are innovators, performing a kind of bleached disco music, relentlessly repetitive, a metallic dub music.

Rich Kids, who immediately pointed out that they were doing the gig for free, perpetuated old routines, images, with their retrogressive glammy visuals, their core of macho and unchannelled commitment. Rich Kids are a good indication of rock's stiffness and tedium — the skin has burst.

WE ARRIVE at Bury New Road, Strangeways, outside the prison, at midday Saturday, there are already over 5,000 people milling about. (The meeting place was mainly chosen because the National Front seems to have forged a habit of recruiting prison officers from Strangeways into its ranks.)

The *News of the World* has already set up its photograph, deciding nothing worthwhile is going to happen. At about 12.20, with more and more people arriving all the time, cheery Bob Greaves, Granada's amiable reporter on their teatime show, clambers on a truck to introduce six speakers. "It's going to be a good day," Greaves says, "but an informal day." So each speaker says their bit in five minutes.

Each speaker hangs his/her speech around racialism and the glorious sight of all the people, but they have their other points to make, and do. A little mud-slinging goes on, a little electioneering, a lot of nothing. Politics seeps into the occasion.

Whilst listening to the speakers I'm weighed under with paper, continually accosted by someone wanting to sell some literary propaganda. Leaflets to join the S.W.P., the Young Communist League, etc. This is not a little disturbing.

First speaker up, George Caburn (motive: Trade Unionism), from Sheffield Engineers. Next, Ramilla Patel (motive: Asian women), a young girl from the Bolton Asian Youth Group who is introduced as the lady who marched in front of Martin Webster on his infamous solo walk to Hyde Town Hall last year.

Third, Sean Hoxey (motive: rights), an enthusiastic guy who's just got out of prison in South Africa (five years for distributing leaflets) someone who has fought real deprivation and fascism. He is visibly moved by the size of the crowd.

Fourth is Colin Barnett (motive: socialism), regional trades union organiser amongst other things. He represents the sponsors of the organisation, and takes time out in his speech to

convey that police estimation of the number of people in Strangeways car park is 12,000 — "the largest political demonstration since the war." Cheers.

Barnett is followed by the secretary of the Anti-Nazi League, Paul Holborow. In an animated speech he mentions that Hubert Andrew had attempted to join the ANL but had been flatly refused, and boasts that the police estimation of the crowd is now 15,000. Cheers.

Final speaker is Frank Allam, MP for Salford East (motive: everything and nothing), whose practised political speech is noisily interrupted by a rotund black lady called Ruth who demands to have a say. She is given access, climbs onto the platform and lets rip. Her motive is pride, she worked herself into a fury. "And I look at all you people with your banners and badges, and it makes me sick of all this advertising, 'cos I know that someone, somewhere is making money out of my black face."

At this point Ruth is hastily assisted offstage by Holborow: the march commences.

The chants of the marchers occasionally degenerate into the bawling language of football hooliganism (the element of team warfare always apparent), into a hate that is surely a seed for fascism.

The only hint of trouble is at the tail-end of the march, where a cluster of people are taunted by ten or eleven NF sympathisers.

The marchers begin to arrive at the park at about 2.30: at the back of the stage area there are hassles. Buzzcocks, who took two weeks deliberation before deciding to appear, don't want the responsibility of going on last — nor do they wish to go on first before all the marchers arrive.

About 5,000 people are already there, occupying the best vantage points. The marchers are clearly going to take at least an hour to arrive. Heated discussion. Exasperation. Richard Bloor, Buzzcocks' appealing manager, is clearly dismayed at the mess. The organisation is a shambles, he moans.

"They know a lot about propaganda but nothing about rock'n'roll. If the people who are organising this are the revolution, then I'm emigrating."

THE LINE-UP of hands was well chosen, the multi-racial line-up of struggling

Exodus, the practical concern with people and reasons of Buzzcocks (playing, let's face it, to draw a crowd), the stylistic diversification of the unknown China Street, and the pure rebellion of Steel Pulse. Rhythms and messages.

Exodus were obviously nervous; there were lots of gaps in their weak reggae. Minimal projection, no depth. They received medium response.

Buzzcocks placed the emphasis on entertainment — a people's celebration. Arriving on stage with no fixed set, they played some pop music. They supplied a freedom — fun, without crassness or escapism.

They were a triumph, finished with 'Boredom' (oh the ironies!), and a lot of people then went home.

Comper Ernie Dalton by this time had already pushed estimations of the crowd up towards 30,000. After Buzzcocks there was a certain loss of impetus.

China Street have played more Rock Against Racism gigs than anyone I can think of. A tight, hard-working group, they're patiently and conscientiously moving through all the right growth procedures. Purveyors of the revolutionary white reggae music, they can also switch easily into custom-built fast rock, gutsy and tender, positive and convincing.

The faces change at the front of the stage. Soon, the faces are all black. Steel Pulse take their place at the end of a long hard day. The crowd dwindles around the edges, attention wanes. Dense rhythms and thick textures lumber across the park — a rapturous salvation. The point of Pulse's visuals is lost, the music soars and soars.

Subdued encore: 'Klu Klux Klan', joined by members of China Street, Exodus and Buzzcocks. Diggles — a muted flashback of the dialectic of black/white that everyone knows was the staple of rock and roll.

"Black and white unite... Black and white unite... Black and white unite..."

It's all over. Nothing overpowering happened. Everything was respectable. Everyone grooved on fun, not fear. The stand was made.

And because politicians will never understand the full significance of rock'n'roll we needn't worry (yet).

"This wasn't politics," said Pete Shelley. "It was fun. But the best kind of fun is with people, and being with people is politics."

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THRILLS



BOBBY'S ON THE BOOKSTALL...

HI OUT THERE! Any of you still interested in a middle-aged Californian wife-beater?

Yes, it's your hero (not mine) — Bob Dylan, pinned down like an infirm butterfly by Philippe Adler for the French magazine L'Express the only interview he's given on his current Eurotour.

The interview took place in London on June 16, the day after Dylan's last Earl's Court palm leaf parade. It must have been swell to be on the receiving end of that great reception, Adler hints.

No, counters Bob, the reception wasn't for him but for... something else. Something the English press have made him, something which places a distance between his disciples and Himself.

Mr. Adler then asks him outright if he's only in it for the money. No! exclaims Bobo, though he certainly needs money. But he's back because — he's a musician, doing what comes naturally with a banjo on his knee etc.

After promising to return with three drummers to give him the percussion he needs, Bob denies that his current use of three beautiful backing vocalists paves the way to Las

Vegas with a heartfelt "Pffffff!"

When confronted with his boasts that he was either an orphan or his dad was a coal miner, Bob has an attack of amnesia and claims that his father was a shop assistant. "He wasn't an educated man."

Bob thinks his latest songs have as much bearing on reality as the old ones. It doesn't embarrass Bob to sing "The Times They Are A-Changin'" fifteen years later — on the contrary, every time he sings it he feels like he wrote it the night before!

What does Bob think of punques, asks Mr. Adler.

Well, he's heard some records, he's seen some bands. He admires them for their energy... but mainly he listens to "good music... rhythm and blues, hillbilly, blues."

Like a good American daddy, Bob sees his kids "every time he gets the chance" (translation: whenever he has nothing better to do). What would he do if he found out that one of them was "taking drugs"? Well, that would depend on the drug. Personally, Bob's never been dependent on drugs, though he's taken "all sorts."

He reckons his eldest daughter has succumbed to some illegal substance or other already, and he hopes it's marijuana because, well, that isn't really a drug like the rest. Bob reckons there are much more dangerous drugs around today — like Angel Powder, which people give to elephants and which people take "to fly."

I guessed an elephant will have seen everything when he sees Bob Dylan's daughter fly. JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS



.... AND STEPPIN' DOWN THE 100

SPEND ONE NIGHT in a Hundred Club and you'll see what I see (part 74)... specifically Thursday last I and I observer sight up no less a personage than Bob Dylan stepping forward King Sounds style Oxford Street way.

It felt like the club had been collectively nipped by a mallet as the Zim entered in. "You have to be street-legal to come down 'ere," quipped a regular, and it's true El Zim's garb was near identical to the cover of "Street-Legal," bettipped by a "Blonde On Blonde" period nat-up. Certainly too, Dylan displayed a real ability at blending with the crowd. "I'm just stand up there well strong you no see!"

D was accompanied by several members of his band, plus the odd bodyguard or three, about whom one customer made the mirthful observation, "Dem look like dem eat pure cow and pig." The Zim had paused only to

check in at his hotel before beating it down to the club where veteran Alton Ellis and King Sounds and Brimstone were playing. A delighted Alton was among the first to cop the Zim signature, and turned in a spirited performance that clearly entertained I and I guest.

Dylan looked relaxed and (gasp) removed his shades, as he hung out unobtrusively, copping a selection of sounds Jamdown. He also exchanged talk with well-wishers, in which he affirmed his admiration for Jah Music and compared the current atmosphere of London with that of the early mid-60s. No true?

Though Dylan also expressed interest in viewing The Clash before he left Albion's shores, (they came and saw him on Saturday), he spent Friday at Epsom. Spend one night in a Babylon... DR. BIRD

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

DOES THE SHABBY quartet above look like the future of anything, let alone the band whose style of clothing and musical/visual attack set the stage for much of the New Wave? Just goes to show, dunnit — meet DR. FEELGOOD circa '72 in the days when they were backing Heinz and just winding up for their glory days.

Underneath the assorted debris of hair 'n' flares, please meet and greet (from left to right as we ain't in China), LEE BRILLEAUX, WILKO JOHNSON, THE BIG FIGURE and JOHN B. SPARKS. The haircuts and charge accounts at Burtons came later, but the scenery remained the same (Gawd, look at that 'tache on Brilleaux... and the state of Wilko... Jeezuzzz).

Pic: ANON (just as well or Figure'd have 'is kneecaps off, wouldn't 'e?)

THRILLS



Thrills? Look mate, I'm just not interested, OK? What I want to know is, have they printed my bloody letter in Gesbag? Next question.



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"Bitch!"

The Lone Groover



BENYON

DECLINE OF the novel, did you say? You can't have read a fanzine lately. London calling — nation to nation, remember "Station To Station"? "It's too late/it's too late/it's too late..." And the only exceptions I've seen are *Private World* (issue 4 only), the one-off *Dat Sun* from God-knows-where and Columbus Ohio's rare *Teenage Rampage*.

"Chicago's Only Punkzine" is *La Mere Gabba Gabba Gazette* (2132 North Halstead, Chicago Illinois 60614, 75 cents), run by a bunch of thick Yanks whose imaginations excelled them once and for all when they chose their pen names. "Ruth Rotten" and "Jeanne Genie" — would you credit it?

These people write like they sound — aggressive, sloppy and pampered, with no hint of integrity, finesse or judgement. Their gossip column is boring as hell (and a gossip column never has any excuse for being boring), full of people with names like ZaZa and Boom-Boom having birthday parties and going away parties before buggering off to NYC to seek their fussy fortunes. The paper is stuffed with snapshots of the cretins, the only pop singer they know being Jim Skafish (yeah, him with the bosom).

Criticism is obviously extinct in Chicago since the Democratic Convention, and the creeps drool over every paltry Brit single they review, their favourites being those by Ultravox and The Killjoys. There's a rave review on Television live (they were actually LET INTO THE DRESSING ROOM!!!) and of Skafish ("This ran only be Art"). Naturally, they love reggae. "It's the only thing the Pistols and The Clash listen to! Joe Sumner lives in Brixton with a whole lot of 'dreads'!" Rilly?

Sparks Flashes (P.O. Box 24419, Los Angeles, California 90024) shows the Macs posing and preening and generally making pugs of themselves. It's not even stapled together, just a load of loose pages — typical shoddy American junk.

Sparks are fagged-out as all hell, I'll admit, but I would rather read about an old, once-good, fagged-out band than a new, bad, fagged-out band — which is inevitably the staple diet of today's fanzines.

This fanzine shows that while Ron Mael is basically intelligent, he's so hung up on not caring about anything that this practically cancels out his IQ, leaving you with two stupid siblings who are long past their best.

The one incongruous feature of the thing is that Mary Martin, the L.A. lame-brain who runs the magazine/fan club, seems to be totally dedicated and sincere. What must it be like to be totally, sincerely dedicated to someone who has made an art form out of cynicism? Whatever — cheers, MM, you're a lovely girl.

From America to West Germany and the last edition of *Honey, That Ain't No Romance* (£1 from Harald Inghelns, Hagentrung 21, 330 Braunschweig, West Germany). This Iggy Pop fanzine (big Iggy interviews, loads of Iggy pictures, a wagonload of



IN MEMORIAM: FANZINES

letters from credulous American fans) has the gall to come with a press hand-out as big as itself touting all the complimentary things other dumbkopf fanzines have said about it. This magazine, above all of them, thinks it's REALLY something.

Well, Harald, put this in your scrapbook and show it: "YOU ARE EIN DUMB KRAUT UND YOUR FANZINE IS EIN CROCK OF SHIT. MECHTHILD HAS ANKLES LIKE THE TRUNK OF EIN OAK TREE UND YOU LOOK LIKE FREDDIE MERCURY'S UGLY SISTER. IGGY POP IS EIN INCONTINENT OLD HIPPIE. GOD REST CHURCHILL, STALIN AND ROOSEVELT AND LONG MAY YOUR WAR-MONGERING COUNTRY BE DIVIDED AND CONQUERED."

I must point out that I would not normally hark back to who won what way back when, but the present generation of West Germans who think it's shockingly cool to fool around with Nazi insignia must expect to have their lousy war-time score (Allies 2, Germany 0) shoved right down their stupid throats.

OK Harald? I'm only sorry it's not the last edition of *Ripped And Torn* (from Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, W11, 25p) too. Now that *Sniffin' Glue* is used in every S.W. bathroom, Tony D obviously reckons he's this year's Perry. Well, SOD OFF you pathetic anarchist asshole

liberal because Mark P was once an INNOVATOR whereas YOU are about as new as the latest Drifters single.

Ripped And Torn's forte is to camp on the clichéd side — they idolise West German terrorists and the fictitious "Miss Nazi", love The Ants and The Banshees (how outrageous) and reckon The Lurkers are "ahead of any other punk band." They seem to have some weird notion that they ignore every limit of taste/morality this will in some way promote a "sensual revolution" and everyone will come out of their own particular closet, improving the mental health of humanity no end. This is their rational explanation of the obsessional Nazi/bondage/pain images which saturate the pages — and of their frantic plugging for small-time support band Raped, who *Ripped And Torn* see as dealing a healthy blow to the smug tolerance of the music press. After Rough Trade smashed the Raped EP like they did, I'm really sorry to see them distributing this pathetic garbage. Back to sixth-form college, Tony.

Another young person who should never even look at a pen is the instigator of *New Pose* (20p from 8 Tinsill Avenue, Leeds LS16 7 BD, Yorkshire). Endless reviews, no interviews (except with T. V. Smith, who doesn't count) — God help you.

Illustrations: top — R&T front and back; below right — a page from Mr Pop's comic.

kid. I can't. Maybe a good, easy read for our colonial cousins who want to turn on, punk out, etc.

Hot Press (21 Upper Mount Street, Dublin 2 Eire, 20p) comprises an old format, old writing and old news from the Auld Country. When Irish hacks are hackneyed, you get a long slobber over The Adverts, a cretinous opinion poll and reviews you could read in the *NME* about a season before. In fact, *Hot Press* just has the edge on *Sounds* (40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT, 18p).

Issue 4 of *Private World* (20 Blacks Road, Suffolk, Belfast 11, 20p) has got everything those London/Chicago/German 12al-understudys would give their puny torsos for: great pictures, good writers and few pretensions. Number 4 is the March New York Dolls *memento mori*, mostly put together by Stephen Morrissey — the boy who used to write to all the papers advertising his petition to get the New York Dolls shown again on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Other editions came nowhere near this one, but they do dislike Nick Lowe and The Stranglers.

Dat Sun is an enigma, got no address on, no price. I don't know where you could ever hope to find one (Tough Luck Corner), but I mention it because it's not a music fanzine at all — just a few pages of useless information hanging around a massive eight-page rant which is the best poem I've ever seen. A few lines:—

BLAST all america — a people so

weak that they let their only good president and his only good brother die by the hand of mafia/CIA/mormons
SPIT INTO THE DEAD EYES of Jimmy Hoffa — hope he's still 10ft under

BLAST Robert Plant and anyone who remotely resembles him PIG
IGNORANT PLUG UGLY GIT
FUCK OFF E Costello I Dury W
Zevon G Parker P Smith

We've heard it all before
BLAST special edition coin
collections — what a way to make a living, creating a need for something so worthless — I'd sooner shovel shit

BLAST Nicky Home —
synchopantic little yobbo (his one's
amazing thru your cans) STUFF you
and your formula one cars

BLAST those who have no faith —
they shall not be disappointed.
Say it loud — it's almost like
praying!

Finally, the world's only
consistently good fanzine is *Teenage
Rampage* (P.O. Box 28103,
Columbus Ohio 43228 for 75 cents).
They know what they're after.

"Styx should be shot dead on sight
the very next time they show their ugly
faces on a stage. Except that blonde
guitarist with the Prince Valiant
haircut, he should be tortured really
badly before he's allowed the release of
death." — Ricochet Rampage

"I can't actually remember any of
the names of the songs they did, but I
caught some good old favourites, some
nice versions of Mid-Western stuff,
jeez, I couldn't tell! I admit I was a
little distracted about halfway through
the set. A sweet young thing sitting on
my lap was playing cat and mouse
with me... you know how it is
sometimes." — Lisa Baumgardner.

"The automatization of audiences;
next time you're at a concert, a bad
concert, don't applaud, don't stand,
don't call them back for an encore. In
fact boo the motherfuckers off the stage
and call for the next act. Don't
conscience yourself you're having a good
time just cause you already paid your
money." — Cliff Phillips.

The class in that writing, the life —
you won't find it in the legitimate
press, let alone the other fanzines.
And these kids claim never to have
taken a downer in their lives...
they're not like American kids.

they're like the ideal smart, angry,
romantic British kids who used to
write fanzines and suddenly didn't.

Apart from its gorgeously articulate
manner of viewing and loving rock
and roll as no more than a precious
soundtrack to love, dancing and
getting older, *Teenage Rampage* can
brag of its self-consciously
heart-wrenching poetry/prose
introspection penned by Ricochet
Rampage and various friends —
including blondess North Carolina
belle Nancy L. Foster whose own
magazine *New Age* can be obtained
from 2505 Circle Pine Court,
Greensboro, North Carolina 27407
for 25 cents.

God, the arrogance, the innocence,
the essence — *Teenage Rampage* is
the young person's *New Musical
Express*, and if I was a young girl
again, I'd beg them to let me write for
them for free.

JULIE BURCHILL

THIRTEENS



Steve Harley



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Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

RAMONES GO GOLD?

TOMMY RAMONE don't wanna be a pinhead no more (that's assuming you thought he was a pinhead in the first place — in which case more fool you). In fact, he don't wanna be Tommy Ramone no more.

Meet Tommy Erdelyi, record producer. Tommy Erdelyi looks just a little bit like Tommy Ramone: the same small, solid build, acned complexion, potato nose and sideways grin. But Erdelyi wears a faded denim jacket wholly appropriate to the weather whereas no Ramone would be seen dead in anything other than black leather. Erdelyi sports neat brown loafers and unblemished jeans in place of the Ramonic splendour of ripped denim and torn canvas, and the masked-man shades are replaced by tinted glasses of almost Old Eltonian proportions.

He looks like an American student on holiday.

In fact, he's in London with Talking Heads (his Sire stablemates whose debut album he had a hand in producing) and to do some studio work with a gro: p called The Squares (about whom more later, presumably when they get to be rich and famous and This Week's Thing, etc). He's also just completed work on The Ramones' live double album ("the whole show, from beginning to end") and studio album, the first Ramonstrosity to feature new drummer Marc Bell — formerly of Richard Hell's Voidoids — and hereafter known as Markie Ramone.

Those who cherish the notion that one of Dolly Ramone's four idiot bastard sons — even a lapsed one — could never handle a craft as technically and creatively skilled and exacting as record production and engineering will no doubt be mildly startled to learn that Erdelyi's current activities represent less of a new departure than a return to basics.

See, Tommy's original participation in the Great Ramones Adventure was originally in the role of manager/producer/songwriter collaborator.

"At the time when the group first got together, doing what The Ramones were doing was unheard of. To ask any legitimate drummer to play that was a real hardship. They were all so into heavy metal that they'd forgotten about the basic feel of rock and roll drumming, which is a backbeat.

"They'd just pound away and I'd think oh, no."

"With the last drummer we tried, I'd sit down and show him what to do, and whenever I did that there'd be a certain spark because I knew what I wanted to hear and it blended in right. We didn't look any more after that, because I thought, 'This is really a lot of fun.' Because I'd never played drums before in my life."

Pause for incredulity. "Me and my partner had Performance Studios, and so when The Ramones — who were my friends — got a group together I said they could come down and work there. And there were a set of drums down there."

(The group had originally been a trio with Dee Dee singing lead and Joey playing drums. Tommy describes Joey's drum style as being "very unusual" and wishes that he had a tape or video of that particular grouping. In his managerial capacity, he'd brought Joey out from behind the drums, which is what created the need for a new ass in the drum chair in the first place.)

"Before that I'd never been behind a drum set in my life."

In fact, he'd played lead guitar alongside Johnny Ramone-to-be in their Forest Hills high school band, The Tangerine Puppets. But that is most definitely another story.

MORE TO THE point is his extensive studio experience.

"I started at a place called Dick Charles Recording Studio, where most of the staff of the original Record Plant came from. From there I went on to The Record Plant, and I was an assistant engineer on Jimi Hendrix's stuff, Mountain... but you won't find my name on

any albums. The only group that ever gave me a credit was Thirty Days Out.

"I was really very young, and working with Hendrix was really a thrilling experience. Looking back on it now, it seems almost like a fantasy. He was working with the Buddy Miles Band of Cypriotes. I guess it was one of the last stages just before he — uh... you know died. He put down a lot of tracks, most of which ended up on the 'Crash Landing' album and other posthumous stuff.

"He'd come back in the studio and play back the stuff we did last night and say 'Oh, that's awful' and I'd thought it was great. We'd put down a guitar track and say he wanted to do it over. And he'd do it over and over and over on different tracks. Later on when the record was finished without him, they'd just leave all those

guitar tracks on there."

It was frustrating, therefore, for an old studio hand like Tommy to get treated like a dumb punk when The Ramones made it into the studio for the first time.

"When we got a contract, they handed us a producer: Craig Leon. We figured we were lucky to get a recording contract, because it was very hard to get signed in those days. We were the first band on our scene to get signed, so when they handed us a producer, we had to say okay.

"He used the same techniques that I'd developed when I produced our demo, and I didn't have as much to do with the production as I wanted to, because the record was done very fast and I didn't know the producer, so I had to behave, but by the end of the session I managed to get a little bit of control."

As he has, in fact, with each successive record: demonstrating more convincingly each time that he knows exactly what he's doing.

SO THERE was Tommy, suddenly finding himself as a performer, playing an instrument that was new to him and doing it all in a completely whacked-out left-field (for the time) band like The Ramones.

"It wasn't just music in The Ramones: it was an idea. It was bringing back a whole feel that was missing in rock music — it was a whole push outwards to say something new and different. Originally it was just an artistic type of thing; finally I felt it was something that was good enough for everybody.

"People thought everything was an accident. These four morons are really cute and they're doing something really neat, but obviously it's all an accident. First of all, it wasn't four morons; second of all, none of it was an accident; and third of all, it's four talented people who know what they like and who know what they're doing.

"They're very natural people who're not trying to do something that's either above them or below them or contrary to their taste, you know. It's not a put-on... or if it is, it's not aimed at anyone. From their point of view, it's aimed at the ironies of living... kind of."

One thing that always impressed me about De Brudders was their ability to play long, tight sets of short, tight songs without ever referring to set-lists unobtrusively taped to amps and drums and monitors.

"It's just drilled into us: we played the stuff often enough. In the early days Dee Dee would shout '1-2-3-4' and everybody would start playing a different song. Then we'd throw the instruments around and walk off, and that wasn't a put-on either. Nowadays, it hardly ever happens.

"What the hell. It's all the same song, anyway."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

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"In my years with 'Rolling Stone' and BBC Radio I've become aware of how seriously consumers weigh the opinions of rock critics before purchasing LPs. I polled the English-speaking world's leading critics and compiled this book. The list should be a definitive buyer's guide to rock LPs, and the photographs and top tens of each critic in the second section of the book should prove an irresistible treat for rock fans."

PAUL GAMBACCINI

The Rev Christopher Walters, Vicar of Pattingham, near Wolverhampton, had more than just a pissing interest in the bride at a wedding in his parish church on Saturday.

For the bride was his daughter Elizabeth Jane.

PISS
ARTIST
OF
THE
WEEK

THEIRIDS

HOW LINDISFARNE RAN TO MUM AND HIT PAYDIRT IN THE HERMITAGE

ALAN HULL is thirty one, a lanky Geordie with a rampaging moustache, thinning hair, and a nervous manner. His manager Barry McKay says Hull is "the supreme extrovert". Hull says that's true, but "only when I'm drunk."

Hull is sitting in a pub in Newcastle, reflecting upon his erratic career. Lindisfarne's offices are above the pub, which is handy if you want to nip downstairs and do a little reflecting.

Lindisfarne had a couple of hit singles and two big albums at the turn of the decade, and then they split up. Five years later, the original band has decided to get back together again, and they're already back in the charts. What sort of person is starting all over again as a pop musician at 31?

Barry McKay says he's surprised that Alan Hull is willing to be interviewed, as Hull's not too fond of the rock press. He's a sensitive sort of chap and hostile reviews upset him.

If you think that sounds silly, then you don't understand Alan Hull. Why should he care, when he's written lots of melodic songs that lots of people like? Well, the fact is that he does.

A slugging review in *Melody Maker*

distressed him so much that he completely turned his back on the business for almost four years.

Left his plush home at Barnet, near London, and fled back to Newcastle.

"I felt rejected," he says. "It sounds a bit parsimonious, but it's true. So what you do is reject what rejects you. And I stopped being part of the scene."

"I didn't have a manager. I didn't have an agent or a record company. I didn't read the music press. Didn't listen to the radio. Didn't even watch *Top of The Pops*. Not even that."

He laughs. "Anyway, when we signed with our new label (Phonogram) I discovered that the guy who'd written the article — Brian Harrigan — had become the press officer there."

So how did you get on? "Well, this article had been on my mind for three years. It wasn't just a slugging review of a solo concert that I thought was great. It was a complete, personal affront. There was no way it could be explained away."

"The only thing I could think was that when I saw him, I was gonna kick his head in."

Did you see him?

"Yes".

And?

"I didn't kick his head in. I got him to buy us a drink instead."

IN THE EVENT, Hull had the last laugh anyway. The incident inspired a song called "Run For Home", which has become Lindisfarne's first hit single since they got back together.

In fact, most things seem to inspire songs from Hull. He says he accumulated dozens of songs in the years away from the limelight. Currently, he's "working like a pig" on yet more new music, although he's supposed to be on holiday.

Most songs come from doodling around on guitar or on a piano, and "the doodles grow into pictures."

Other songs arrive full blown. One of Lindisfarne's best known songs, "We Can Swing Together", came to him in five minutes flat. It's actually about a police raid on a party in Newcastle, but Lindisfarne fans have turned it into a jolly anthem.

Hull says he's just written an equally powerful song called "Brand New Day", which should be out as a single before Christmas.

"Actually, it's driving me crazy," he said. "It's in me head all the time. It's just gone off again now because I'm talking about it. It's tremendous."



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



Paul Brett:

INTERLIFE

Recorded by Paul Brett
Produced by Tom Newman
(Producer of Tubular Bells, Hergest Ridge)

Record: PL 25149
Cassette: PK 25149

RCA

Alan Hull has had songs flying around in his head for years, even before Lindisfarne was formed.

He was once a nurse in a mental hospital, and wrote away furiously in his spare time. Not all his inspiration was entirely spontaneous at that stage.

The patients used to be given the drug LSD to help them with their problems. This was in the late '60s, and each patient would get 25 milligrammes a day.

Alan Hull thought it would be interesting to try a little of the drug himself. He took a couple of tablets and nothing much happened, so he took some more.

"I didn't realise it took 40 minutes to have any effect," he says, "so I kept on taking it. I took a thousand milligrammes in all."

"The result was that I ended up tripping for a month. After the first week, I went back to work, and for three weeks I was stumbling around like one of the patients. I still get flashes of it now. It's pretty frightening, really."

Those days, though, seem long gone. "Run For Home" is getting airplay on Radio Two, and critics have found Lindisfarne's comeback album a bit smooth for their tastes.

Barry McKay says quite openly that he'd like to see Lindisfarne make it big in the international markets. Rough and ready Tyneside folk songs might not go down that well in the States.

Still, Alan Hull insists that there's no question of the band giving up their heritage.

"There's no way we can ditch our folk influence," he says. "That's the way we are. There's no way you can ditch yourself."

LINDISFARNE'S return has been marked by a 34-date sell-out tour of Britain, which apparently played to ecstatic houses. You can't help but feel they'd be in the superstar league by now, if they hadn't split up in the first place.

"It's all become very vague in my mind," says Hull. "I'm not that clear why the band did split up. We felt that the magic had gone as far as we were concerned. Maybe we just needed a rest."

Did he regret the years that were lost?

"Not in the least. Now we're back together and it's working so well, it looks like it was a good idea. We needed that break. And we can handle it that much better this time."

Hull says the reason they reunited was the success of their annual reunion concerts in Newcastle. According to him, money didn't come into it.

One of the songs on Lindisfarne's new album is called "Only Alone". It has a line in it that goes: "No I'm not lonely, I'm only here by myself."

I suggest to Alan Hull that the song could only have been written by someone who tended to be a bit solitary and didn't like going around in crowds.

Hull says: "You're dead right. Loneliness is a peculiar thing. People try to get it out in different ways. I try to get it out in songs. And it came out that way in that song."

Does he think it's odd that a group with a reputation for cheerful songs should have a songwriter who's so broody?

"Well," he says, "everybody gets a bit maudlin and morbid at times."

But aren't those dominant traits with you?

"No," says Alan Hull, "usually, I'm just alright. Regular sort of person, you know. A bit crazy, perhaps, but who isn't?"

The tape recorder is switched off. Alan Hull looks less worried and Barry McKay takes us off in his plush new Mercedes for lunch at a nice middle-class bistro in Eldon Square.

Over lunch, Alan Hull gets positively extrovert, fulfilling his own character analysis with a little help from litres of white wine.

Reminiscing about his days as a mental hospital nurse, he offers this sharp assessment of the loonie business:

"Neurotics build castles in the sky," he says, "psychotics live in them, psychiatrists collect the rent, and psychopaths smash the windows."

There is much laughter.

"Actually," says Hull, "it's an old gag — but I added the last line, and I think it's quite good."

We laugh some more.

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

LOWRY



"Next on Radio Four we have an investigation into why bored teenagers go berserk at football matches, while Radio One continues with its usual infuriatingly mindless drivel, Radio Two twitters away as usual and on television some senile old fart strokes his own ego for a massive fee."

PC: Punk rock star kicked me

POP SINGER Ian Dury was fined £50 at Bath Magistrates' Court last week after being found guilty of obstructing police.

The offence took place last December when police stopped a car being driven by Blockheads drummer Charlie Charles after a gig.

In a peculiarly worded report carried by the Bath & West Evening Chronicle, "Punk rock singer Dury shouted abuse and kicked and pulled PC McQuillen's shoulder" as the officer led Charlie to a police vehicle.

"More police were called," continues the report, "and eventually Dury had to be physically lifted into a car by three officers."

Charlie (nee Hugh) Charles was found guilty of refusing a breath test and fined £25, even though the sample of blood he gave at Bath police headquarters contained an amount of alcohol well inside the limit.

The Bath magistrates chose to overlook the fact that had Dury, a polio victim, actually kicked anyone he would have fallen over — the little chap has only one good leg. The police were awarded half the court costs.



Mistah Doorey voices his opinion of the verdict

THRILLS

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THE MONK ON ZAPPA'S BACK

ZAPPA IS READY to talk. After twiddling my thumbs in an impersonal hotel lobby for half-an-hour, a voice at the other end of an in-house telephone is urging me up to his room.

Up the elevator, a short walk down a tomb-like hall, and I'm knocking on his door. I look around with surprise, there's no doggy dung smeared on the doorknob, no dead ducklings on the mat. The door opens, and a large, bald man ushers me into the main room without a word.

Another interview is winding up, so I endeavour to meet the hairless man (John Swothers, 'Security') and the voice from the telephone (Frank's wife of eleven years who giggles and says, "Don't call me Mrs Zappa. Call me Gail. It always reminds me of his mother when people call me Mrs Zappa!").

Mainly, though, I stand staring at the bushy-haired guy in the armchair. Orange pants rolled up over his ankles, snakeskin platform, cat-eye sunglasses and other tab touches, all being captured on film by greedy photographers on a field day.

This I tell myself, is Frank Zappa. Damn... How old was I when I scrounged up the money for my first Mothers of Invention album, to the downfall of my formative young mind. Fourteen? Fifteen?

Since the Mothers of Invention formed way back when—circa 1964—Frank has racked up a huge list of impressive feats: composing much fine music; using his albums as vehicles for developing his production skills; creating and producing the movie *200 Motels*; holding down some of the heaviest touring schedules known to man; and finding time to discover and produce other artists—Alice Cooper, Captain Beefheart, et al—in the meantime. He tells me about the latest addition to that list.

"I started another movie, called *Baby Snakes*, which we ought to have out by summertime. A bunch of really famous people are in it. You have these baby snakes, see, and you have the universe, and they relate to each other."

Not one to spill the beans, he refuses to elaborate on that tidbit. He assures me, however, that the musical score, screenplay, direction, and a meaty acting role will all be fulfilled by himself. An album will be released as well.

Zappa's projects invariably reveal

Frank stands aloof (pic: CLAUDE GASSIAN); Frank shows his feelings (pic: NANDO VALVERDE); and Frank fights shy (pic: DAVE PATRICK).

previously unknown talent; his ability for picking this rawness from the rest of the mess is uncanny.

He just smirks a shark's smile and shrugs. "Nobody's universal. People have different abilities, and if you're working in a special idiom, you want people who are comfortable in that idiom."

"Sometimes, I go into a bar and find people. The rhythm guitar player in our group (Adrian Belew—since departed for the heady realms of David Bowie's combo) I found in a bar in Nashville. I got his name and address and invited him about a year later to come out and audition..."

"There's plenty of stuff for anyone to learn when they come in the band. It's like, I think my band's probably the finest music school in America. It gives you on-the-job training, and if you're lucky enough to get into the school, you get paid while you learn."

As cameras click away, Zappa talks a bit about his family and background in the California town of Lancaster (snatch dab in the middle of the Mohave Desert). "I got a brother who sells college textbooks for McGraw-Hill. He spent three years in the Marines. I got another one who's working in an old folks home." ("In the kitchen," says Gail.)

"My sister started out by marrying an Okie, and later divorced him and married a former basketball player. She spends her time working in a Photo-Mat."

Americana On Parade. Zappa

enjoys chiding the Great Society.

"I see that people are drifting toward the Right today, in a very hypocritical way. They're not really right-wing people. But they figure that the more they look Right-wing, the more they'll be able to get away with in the closet."

"The whole right-wing trend is people who want to look upstanding while they go home and do as much weird stuff as they can get away with."

Meanwhile, the world awaits Mr Zappa's next wasteful outpourings with bated breath. At the moment, he has no less than three albums ready to go: "Studio Tan" (U.S. release pencilled for September), and "Hot Rats 3" and "Orchestral Favourites", which Frank would like to see in the shops as soon after "Studio Tan" as possible.

It seems likely that major parts of these records were recorded last year, when Frank was working on a four-album box set called "Lather" (pronounced "Leather"), two volumes of which came out earlier in the year as "Live In New York".

The non-live cuts, according to Frank, range "from small group recordings all the way to orchestra."

● Continued on page 20

Dr. John beats dust out of carpet firm

Spotted in the Evening News by reader R. Woffinden of North London.

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PIRACY:

The 'cancer' that threatens to overwhelm the music industry

(And not before time some might say. . .)

A Thrills investigation by DICK TRACY

THE international music business is under attack.

Throughout the world, a hidden war is being fought — a war in which the music industry is battling for survival against the increasingly powerful threat to its profits from the piracy of records and tapes on a vast scale.

A random statistic from the front-line. Industry figures estimate that the pirates' gross take worldwide in 1975 alone was some \$300 million through sales of 250 million recordings. In the industry's eyes, that 300 million dollars was stolen from its coffers.

In this country, of course, it's not a major problem. But in countries which have only 'discovered' pop music comparatively recently, and which don't have the same kind of music business establishment as the UK, it's a free-for-all.

The record company bosses' favourite term for piracy is that it's a cancer — and the giant corporations which dominate the industry are currently pouring huge amounts of money into their own brand of 'cancer research'.

As Stephen Stewart, director general of the International Federation of Phonograms and Videograms (IFPI) puts it:

"If piracy is up to 5%, it is looked upon as an irritant. 10% and the industry starts to take notice. 15-25% is a red light, and people start to talk about it. It's now serious. 30-40% level is when the ascent is very rapid, and the pirates take over the market."

PIRACY IS the catchall title for any kind of illegal unauthorised

Additional research:
STUART HOGGARD

recording. It has been around since the 1900s, when people in America began pirating the rolls used in player pianos, thus cheating the composer of his rights. This in turn led to the first copyright laws.

The fastest growing form of piracy is counterfeiting. This is where the illegal product is disguised by a label, trademark and artwork designed to look exactly like the real thing. The growth of counterfeiting is a direct result of the piracy war, which has driven more blatant forms of illicit product off the market.

The other major form of piracy is bootlegging. Strictly speaking, a term applied only to taping a live show or broadcasting illegally, bootlegging is generally used to refer to making a completely new product available, as opposed to straightforward duplication.

The piracy boom came in the 1960s, when tape technology came on the market, making it cheaper and easier to operate. This, combined with the explosive growth of the music industry in general, meant that anyone pirating a hit record — in the Third World at least — was guaranteed a fast profit.

Strong political pressure has been

brought to bear by the corporations in order to get record and tape piracy ranked alongside other international crimes. They flexed their muscles in 1971, when the Geneva Anti-Piracy Convention was rushed through in record time, and a further indication of their strength in the growing involvement of Interpol. At the last Interpol general assembly in Stockholm, the international police delegates voted unanimously to give their full cooperation to the record industry's battle.

At a recent top-level seminar on pirates held at the Excelsior Palace Hotel in Venice, the IFPI's Stephen Stewart called for the formation of a "war chest" fund. He said the Federation intended to raise an additional \$50,000 to finance anti-piracy campaigns in South-East Asia, Southern Europe, the West Indies, Latin America and the countries around the Mediterranean. These are the areas where the 'cancer' is most rampant.

The IFPI have now set up a Central Record of anti-piracy intelligence in London in order to try to deal with the threat from the developing nations, where pirates sometimes dominate the market to the virtual exclusion of bona fide product.

Stewart complained: "What we call piracy is neither a crime nor a civil infringement there. It's legal."

In the whole of Asia and Africa and some parts of Latin America,

"The cancer is spreading, but the patient is lying back smiling, in blissful ignorance of the mortal danger of the illness." — Nesuhi Ertegun, President of WEA Records.



where between 500 and 700 million people live, you have to convince these governments that it should be made illegal. Propaganda warfare is the key.

(Next week, *Thrills* will focus its attention on the battle for supremacy in these areas.)

One recent IFPI press release even suggested that they should mobilise some world-famous performer to join the fight against piracy. As it was quick to point out, the artist is first to suffer at the hands of the pirates.

Which business-minded rock star, *Thrills* wonders, will be the first to do their adverts?

● THE PIRACY CANCER: BRITAIN

IN THIS COUNTRY, the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) has been fighting the pirates tooth and nail in recent years. In the process they have virtually bankrupted themselves, and are currently £45,000 in the red. (Their income stems from record company subscriptions — they are not a government body.)

The money has gone on numerous law cases, as well as a team of full-time BPI investigators and part-time private detectives, dubbed

the "vigilante group" by BPI director-general Geoffrey Bridge. On top of all that, there is a newly-established Anti-Piracy Control Centre, complete with its own fully equipped forensic lab, whose location the BPI insist on keeping a closely guarded secret. For investigation purposes, the country is carved up into areas, with regional offices reporting back to chief investigator Bill Hood at HQ. The investigators search through all manner of retail outlets in their areas — not just record shops, but also market stalls, supermarkets, and even garages which carry cassette racks. The aim, of course, is to work backwards up the chain from retailers to wholesaler to importer or manufacturer.

The BPI's powers are disturbingly far-reaching.

Following a decision in the court of appeal in March during one case brought against a bootlegger by 30 record companies, the BPI are now empowered to get a judge's order for a "search and seize" warrant before a formal writ is issued. (Before, too many pirates, on receiving the writ, had been destroying stock and correspondence and hightailing it. Retailers now face a contempt of court charge if they refuse to let BPI



"The fight against the cancer that is attacking our industry needs money. . . We have to get the extra income. If we don't we can kiss goodbye to the record industry as a major operation in this country within five years." — L.G. Wood, Chairman of the British Phonographic Industry.



ZZAPPA!

◆ From page 18

As for content, "there's a bunch of remarks about leather and bondage and stuff. For those of you who are interested in bondage, pain and abuse, you should listen to the middle part of 'Broken Hearts Are For Assholes'."

And for those of us not really in tune with painful pleasures? "Well, let's see. 'The Adventures Of Gregory Peckory' — that's a chamber orchestra with narration: it's the story of a little pig who invents the calendar, and the problems that arise once the calendar is invented."

"And there's also a ballet, a seven-minute ballet called 'Pedro's Downy', which is straight. And there's an orchestral version of 'Duke Of Franes' with a feedback guitar solo, and 'Revised Music For Guitar And Low Budget Orchestra'."

So now you know. One thing is guaranteed: it won't be anything like anybody else. Of Frank just does the weirdest stuff he can get away with.

WAYNE MANOR

THRILLS





men on the premises.)

So far, ten of these inspection orders have been granted in England and one in Scotland.

Another recent court ruling allows BPI men to seize bootlegging equipment.

At the same time as their own powers increase, these copyright police are constantly trying to involve the official forces of law and order in the war against the pirates. Thus they use the police's right of access to the GPO's files to discover the names, addresses and bank account numbers of people who advertise bootlegs for sale through Post Office box numbers.

The BPI also scored a major breakthrough within the last month when they gained full Fraud Squad cooperation for the first time in a raid on a London wholesaler dealing in imported counterfeit tapes.

The BPI shrouds its dealings in secrecy.

Most recent bootleg cases have been heard 'in camera', meaning that the public and reporters are excluded — a measure usually only reserved for cases like child molesting or official secrets charges. The justification for this is that publicity for a case could tip off other pirates.

The BPI is so keen to pursue this policy that at least one recent case was settled out of court specifically so that the BPI could 'buy' the bootlegger's silence. He paid them £4,250 and all parties concerned agreed to keep quiet about it, though the judge on the case, Mr Justice Brown-Wilkinson, did express his own disquiet at the need for secrecy.

The rate of BPI prosecutions is rising; there have been more than forty in this country since March. Certainly, the BPI may have a valid case for their excessive secrecy and ever-increasing powers, but they do raise disturbing questions. Where, *Thrills* wonders — and it's an old question — does the zealous pursuit of criminals end and the invasion of personal privacy begin?

THE BIG PRIZE for the BPI is the manufacturer. If someone is selling or distributing pirate recordings that's a civil prosecution, and the most they can get out of a defendant is a damages award, usually calculated according to how many bootlegs he's reckoned to have shifted, plus costs.

Manufacturing, though, is a heavy criminal offence under the Performers Protection Act 1972, and carries a maximum sentence of two years imprisonment plus a fine of up to £400 for every single record cut — not every title, every record.

More often than not, however, the manufacturer is based overseas — which highlights the fact that we are not talking about some penny-ante backroom deal but an international crime wave.

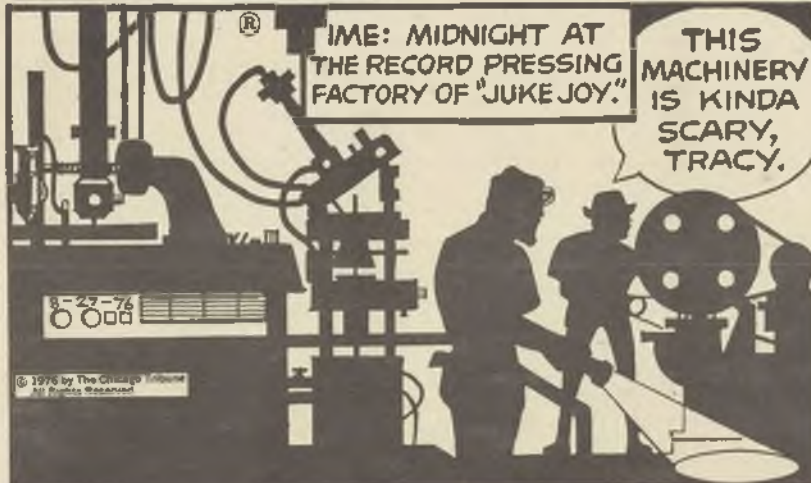
According to Robert Abrahams, director of international copyright at EMI, "some of the pirate product is now of better quality than the legitimate stuff" — a far cry from the crackly amateur discs and tapes of the '60s, and early '70s.

Counterfeiting in particular is booming — and once again the supply is coming from abroad.

Here too the BPI is pressing for greater involvement from the Establishment. "We need international co-operation on this," says solicitor Tony Hoffman, the man in charge at the BPI Control Centre. "Far East imports are very difficult to deal with. We need the co-operation of the Customs & Excise to give us details of the importers."

"We are trying to show them that they are under an obligation to give us this information."

Meanwhile CBS are so worried



DICK TRACY

By a great coincidence, the other Dick Tracy (he's a cartoon hero, ours is just plain old flesh and blood) has also been tracking down record pirates in his *Chicago Tribune*/*New York News Syndicate* strip. Above and on the cover: highlights of the adventure, which ran from June 28 to September 13, 1976.

about counterfeiting that they have asked Enschede, the firm which prints money for the Dutch government, to come up with some kind of detector system that would make record and cassette packaging as hard to forge as banknotes.

If this was all the record industry had to worry about it would be enough. But according to Leslie Hill, director of EMI's music division, the trade loses £75 million every year out of a total of sales of £254 million, simply through people taping records at home.

The boom in cheap taping equipment — particularly the growth in sales of 'music centres' — is blamed for this, and the BPI is working hard and fast to knock it on the head.

The government is currently studying BPI suggestions that there should be a tax on tape hardware of 30% and a tax on blank tapes of 200 per cent.

The BPI is also financing scientific research at Southampton University to try to perfect an electronic spoiler signal that could be easily and cheaply incorporated into a record and which would thwart any attempts to tape it. The research has been continuing for some time, but thus far the spoiler signal has tended to interfere with the finer frequencies of the record.

The scientists now claim, though,

that they are close to a breakthrough. If they do have the problem licked, the days of home taping will be over for good.

THE PIRACY CANCER: USA

IN MAY this year the trade magazine *Billboard* reported an incident in the U.S. which gave an indication of the size of their pirate problem.

"FBI agents," the report read, "have destroyed almost two million tapes confiscated in raids through the Southlands over the past five years."

"Agents packed two truckloads of illegal 8-tracks to municipal landfill No. 3, located off the San Diego Freeway. Both trucks were dumped under FBI surveillance, and three 22-ton bulldozers immediately ploughed the loads under."

"The pirate operation was offering more than 600 different best-selling titles in a repertoire ranging from pop and rock through MOR, R&B and Latin."

"The tape pirates spent about 57 cents each to produce a tape. The two million tapes destroyed therefore cost pirates an estimated \$1.4 million to manufacture."

The USA was represented at the

Venice conference by Jules Yarnell, special counsel on anti-piracy activities for the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), who established their own intelligence bureau in 1972 and work closely with the FBI and the U.S. Coastguard.

He estimates that the pirates have a ten per cent share of the U.S. market, selling \$200 million worth of illegal records and tapes a year against a two-billion dollars annual legit turnover. Apparently pirates made a killing after the death of Elvis Presley (*Great way you got with words, Dick — Ed.*) and one record exec, talking recently about the album "John Denver's Greatest Hits", said: "It may not be far off to say that pirates sold as many copies as RCA did."

Only Vermont has not yet passed state anti-piracy laws, and a new copyright law which came into effect on January 1 makes piracy offences subject to a \$25,000 fine and a year in jail.

However, in the Los Angeles area at least, fewer than one-third of the prosecutions to date have resulted in conviction (which compares terribly with the BPI's record in Britain: they have yet to lose a single bootleg prosecution). It seems many American judges still consider piracy an unimportant, 'white-collar' crime, despite the industry watchdogs' highly

plausible claim that there is heavy involvement with organised crime.

It seems likely that somewhere along the line there must be a person — or group of people — who hold major positions in both the legitimate and underground recording industries. According to United Artists' attorney Dominic Rubalcava, "The kingpins are very closely tied, we believe, to the entertainment industry. They have used their experience from there to make these illegal profits."

Certainly, the record companies themselves are fighting hard to uncover the pirates. The National Association of Retailers and Manufacturers now give out anti-piracy awards every year, and ABC Records offer their staff special "pirate bounties" for uncovering pirate operations.

As Jules Yarnell emphasized at Venice, record companies must step up internal security: masters and pressings must be guarded, and companies should not let their records be pressed by 'uncontrolled' pressing plants. It will soon be a criminal offence in the States to allow pressing machinery to fall into the wrong hands.

Any recent gains against the pirates, however, have been well and truly offset by the rise in counterfeiting.

For a start, it's safer. Retailers who had been scared off selling bootlegs can now stock counterfeit goods with impunity, as they are virtually impossible to detect. One out of every five cassette recordings on sale in the States today is reckoned to be an imitation of the real thing.

Of course, most pirates still operate on a small level, like the guy convicted in Houston for selling pirate 8-track tapes at a Houston Astrodome horse show.

But others wield a hefty financial clout, and they are fighting against convictions. The corporations, they claim, are violating the anti-trust laws by operating a cartel (i.e. loosely speaking, they break the U.S. equivalent of our monopoly laws), and therefore the charges they bring are invalid.

It remains to be seen whether this populist line of defence will have any effect.

CONCLUSION

PIRACY IS not just limited to the recording industry. Films, watches, cigarettes, lighters, jeans and wine are just a few of the items being illegally produced in vast quantities, and all across the board it is worrying the industries concerned.

Film producers, for instance, are concerned at the rise of the video cassette machine, which they estimate will be in one out of every ten American homes by the mid-1980s. As one industry insider puts it: "Once videotape machines are in widespread use, stamping out film piracy will become as hopeless a task as was enforcing prohibition."

As all the figures and information about piracy come from industry sources, there is always the possibility that the problem is being exaggerated.

But to us this seems doubtful. Piracy looks set to be the growth industry of the coming decade.

At the end of their meeting in Venice, the rock'n'roll delegates made a firm resolution. "Every possible step," they stated, "must be taken to eliminate this menace of stealing recordings, and adequate funds for effective action must be generated in all parts of the world to safeguard the future of the music industry."

They are still a long, long way from finding that cure for cancer.

DYLAN AND THE BOOTLEGGERS

BOB DYLAN is undoubtedly the bootleggers' Public Victim Number One.

More than 90 bootlegs of The Zim's work have appeared in the last nine years; a flood which commenced with "Great White Wonder", the double-album drawn principally from the 1967 Big Pink sessions with the band. Generally referred to as "The Basement Tapes", they were officially released under that title by CBS in 1975. When it went gold Dylan reputedly remarked, "I thought everybody already had them."

As was the case with most of the early bootlegs, "Great White Wonder" was well-to-do. Robbie Robertson explained, "They've got a tape of a tape of a tape of a dub that was actually recorded in the basement of Big Pink."

Another Dylan bootleg, "The Gil Turner Tape", was recorded in '63 at Turner's house, and reveals Dylan fooling around and running over a few songs in a decidedly casual manner. Turner lent the tape to one of his students in 1969; the student's husband broadcast it on the college radio station for which he

worked, and some enterprising type recorded it on cassette and subsequently bootlegged it.

By far the most spectacular incidence of Zimlegging was the coup achieved by White Bear Records, who produced no less than 17 different albums from Bob's '74 tour with The Band: recording both afternoon and evening shows in every town he played, and distributing each album only in the area where it was recorded. The only way for Asylum (Dylan's record company at the time) to fight back would've been to put out an official live album immediately (the way The Stones fought the bootlegs with "Ya Ya's" a few years before), but to do so would have seriously impaired sales of the then-current "Planet Waves" studio album. It wasn't until six months later that Dylan and Asylum struck back with the pointedly titled "Before The Flood".

To add insult to injury, Dylan bootlegs are advertised before the shows at which they are recorded even take place. The fact that they're on sale within three to four weeks of the gigs means that the bootleggers are no back-room sleepers. They've got organisation, facilities... and money.

FIFTEEN THOUGHTS OF BRINSLEY SCHWARZ



Nick Lowe / Ian Gomm / Brinsley Schwarz
Bob Andrews / Billy Rankin

(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love And Understanding	Shining Brightly
There's A Cloud In My Heart	Country Girl
Nightingale	Surrender To The Rhythm
Hypocrite	Hooked On Love
Funkangel	Don't Lose Your Grip On Love
I Like You, I Don't Love You	The Ugly Things
Rockin' Chair	Nervous On The Road
	Home In My Hand

Free
full colour
poster of the
Brinsleys

Album UAK 30177 Cassette TCK 30177



Would YOU PaY This MAN Money

WritinG

THE S i N G L E S?

● **SINGLE OF THE DAY**
CAPTAIN SENSIBLE & THE SOFTIES: Jet Boy, Jet Girl (Poker). This is a right load of nonsense, a pissake of Plastic Batwangs "Bla La", buy it and hate.

● **CHEEK OF THE WEEK:**
SUICIDE: Cheree (Red Star Records). Complete rubbish, a combination of "J'Taime", taped hiss and something awful. Ignore.

NASTY MEDIA: Spiked Copy (Lighting Records). Wrong words on sleeve HA! HA!

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Being Bored (Fast Product). Trendy Hippies.

DESPERATE BICYCLES: Occupied Territory (Rebill Records). The A side is average to dull, the B side is dull to below zero. Thank you.

STEELY DAN: FM (No static at all) (MCA). More West Coast dirge well below the level of human integrity.

CHILD: It's Only Make Believe (Ariola). Thank god that's all it is. This little master piece was co-written by HA! C. Twitty and J Nance, naturally baby boy! It's utter dirge of the worst kind, I mean The Bachelors once covered it. Boos all round & o out of 10.

STEVE HARLEY: Roll The Dice (EMI). Steve Hardly fails yet again and so on... cheap EMI soul for the dustbins.

SMALL FACES: Over Too Soon (The Small Phaces are never over too soon).

SHAM 69: If The Kids Are Alright (Polydor). The Shame of 69 would sound more appropriate, next...

THE BOYFRIENDS: I'm In Love Today (UA). Swear words.

QUINCY JONES: Stuff Like That (A&M). This is a 'Promo Copy Not For Sale' and should remain that way.

SIMON PARK: Hobby Horse Or The Other Way Round, (BBC Records). Now I know why the BBC don't like me and it makes me very very happy.

● **TOKEN REGGAE REVIEW:**
BY YOURSELF OF COURSE I ain't gonna advise cos reggae is far too diverse for the adverse boy. Do it yourself and be gone. The END.

FATHACE: 2 Love Girls (Spring Polydor). Surprisingly out of date groove baby, even for disco.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Groove With You (Epic). I like or like the Isleys, I don't like this, do you?

SHEILA B DEVOTION: You Light My Fire (Ariare Records). Fodder Oomf Boom Stomp disco away Sheila, living it up on the cover with three token black men Maan!

● **INSULT OF THE WEEK:**
THE KINKS: Live Life (Arista). What can you say about patronising prattish ill conceived calculated token gestures of "understanding the scene maan" like this? Just hear the thing and find out for yourself cos I can't put into words readable my disgust with this, and would it be worth the effort? PS note the question marks?

DAVID TOWNSEND: When I Kiss You (Mercury). Just watch the Coke Adverts, cos there's a particularly bad one where a goon with a tash gets his girl, and guess what! D Townsend is a replica of a goon. The camera never lies.

● **DEFINITE BUY BY:**
IVOR BIGGIN & THE RED NOSED BURGLARS: The Wankers Song (Beggars Banquet). This little charade for making money is so obvious that "general public" will probably see it as art nouveau, and who am I to question popular beliefs baby!

THE RUBETTES: Good By Dolly Gray (Polydor). God there's so much rubbish from Polydor in this week's releases, I'm surprised not even half of one of them aspires to the 'average' bracket we all know so well. Goodbye Dolly Gray, enter John Gray. BOO...

● **RECORD OF THE YEAR**
MARTIN O'CUTHBERT: B.E.M.'s (Esoteric Rec.) Seriously, when I played this record an object on the wall started to vibrate very quickly, and I have witnesses to prove it. Martin O'Cuthbert is either a very evil person (just listen to the record) or a total fool (just listen to the record). Probably be big in Japan, and in a guess I'd say the whole thing comes off a Yamaha organ 'cos no synthesiser could sound that bad, could it?

Part of the original Rotten Manuscript, currently under offer to the V&A Museum

(The title of said review)
- THE \$100 ROTTEN REVIEW W.BABY
Single of the day: CAPTAIN SENSIBLE & THE SOFTIES -
(on POKER RECORDS) - Jet Boy, Jet Girl
This is a right load of nonsense, a pissake
of Plastic Batwangs "Bla La", buy it and hate.
Cheek of the week: SUICIDE: CHEREE (RED STAR RECORDS)
- Complete rubbish, a combination of
tape hiss and something awful. J'taime
Nasty Media: Spiked

CRIME PAYS



It's a
HIT

Sex PISTOLS



From the forthcoming film

THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE

A Matrixbest Production

By PAUL MORLEY

MANCHESTER, 1977: the picture of a period stutters erratically to a docile completion. The picture is inconclusive, blotchy, but considering circumstances the best possible.

Slot the pieces into their position: Buzzcocks "Spiral Scratch"; Slaughter and The Dogs "Cranked Up Really High"; The Drones "Temptations Of A White Collar Worker" EP; John Cooper-Clarke's "Innocents" EP.

A little late, belonging to last year, there were EPs by Joy Division and V2, and John The Postman's LP.

The Fall, one of Manchester's Top Three, turn up, eventually, disgracefully, dominating Virgin's unhealthy "Short Circuit" pretty package.

So in Manchester something *has* formed: a cracked picture.

Missing, obviously, is the atmosphere and the lust. There are no records — just adored tapes — of The Worst, The True Punk Group. There is no record of John The Postman reciting live. There is no real representative of the chauvinism, the rivalry, the diversity, the effects.

Manchester 1977 becomes a myth with recorded highlights. And Akron is tenderly portrayed by commentators as this year's Manchester.

To find out what goes on in 1978, now that the scene has swelled and settled, it's best to turn to Rabid Records. If 1977 revolved around the 'New Hormones' clique, Worst, Fall and Buzzcocks, then 1978 — less vital, less communal — centres on the activities of Rabid Records, with prime distractions formed by the shut-eye endeavours of Durutti Column and Mancured Noise, and the healthy rubbings of The Passage, The Elite and sundry other Manchester Musical Co-op members.

Rabid's contribution to the cracked picture of 1977 Manchester tended to be submerged in a slight unfashionability and a deserved reputation of ruthlessness. It was never apparent then that Manchester did possess an independent label, despite the fact that Rabid released three records.

The label's emergence in 1978 as the hole that most surface-things in Manchester are sucked into is, if nothing else, unprepared for.

Last year Rabid released Slaughter and The Dogs' juiciest slab, "Cranked Up Really High". John Cooper-Clarke's modern verbal sludge work "Innocents", the EP that completed his vicious twist from folk poet to punk poet, and Ed Banger and The Nosebleeds' ironic mini heavy metal shot, "Ain't Bin To No Music School".

Very subdued; no promises. Elsewhere, organisations hastily

promised or hinted at future developments.

Vater Records signed The Drones with misplaced calculation, and claimed that they would mature in 1978 into a vibrant Manchester label — by "shrewdly signing the cream of local folk, rock, jazz, punk and blues musicians."

Vater folded at the beginning of the year — a capitalist concern in confusion.

New Hormones, the label conceived by Richard Boon and Howard Trafford as a vehicle for Buzzcocks records, began quietly to prepare more idealistic multi-media projects for the future.

But because of other interests (Boon managing Buzzcocks, Trafford managing Devoto) little has happened.

There has been gentle deviation: New Hormones produced "Secret Public" at the turn of the year (Org. 2); a Linder-Jon Savage glossy pamphlet of collages, and the label did sponsor The Fall into the studio, the results of which will soon emerge as an EP ("Repetition", "Bingo Masters Break Out" and "Industrial Estate") on Step Forward.

Overall, to date New Hormones have failed to fulfill admittedly vague promises, but as the Buzzcocks' position develops safely, Boon hopes to begin to concentrate on Hormones and polish up old plans.

BACK TO the story: superficially it seemed Manchester had no independent label. Rabid Records nipped around the back and, with proceeds gained mostly from the Dogs single, emerged surprisingly confident and, apparently, with as little orthodox quality control as possible.

A few weeks ago the label celebrated its first birthday party with a show at Manchester Polytech: an evening of seediness, dumb rock 'n' roll, eccentricity and conning. On parade were the new hard core Rabid Acts, with a couple of guest

appearances from their old 'discoveries' the Dogs and Cooper-Clarke.

There was the arrogant shamming rock 'n' roll of The Nosebleeds, the bombing hamming of Jilted John, the schizophrenic cartwheeling jazz improvisations of The Prime Time Suckers, the smug, diplomatically modern music of Gyro and the dense eccentricities of Ed Banger. The evening left an impression of untidiness, and untidiness is the best definition for Rabid Records.

This year, Rabid have released records by Gyro and Jilted John, both of which have received maximum acclaim from assorted critics. They are also distributing Joy Division's messy, tentative EP "An Ideal For Living" and are set to release records by V2, The Nosebleeds and Ed Banger.

There is no aim or plan in Rabid, in fact it's almost the lack of such that is its manifesto. Yet it is, at present, Manchester's one independent label, willing to give chances to the most seemingly flimsy talents, and its track record is certainly no disgrace.

For prudent proof of Rabid's extraordinary sloppy opportunism,

look to Manchester's current Hot One — Jilted John.

Out of nowhere (he says yet again...) 18-year-old Sheffield Polytechnic drama student Graham Fellows, clumsily adopting the shaky eternal failure alter-ego of Jilted John (The Pitiful One), has recorded, using Rabid's resident rock orchestra, one of The Greatest Pop Singles Of The Decade.

Beneath this all-but-meaningless moniker lies a classic — "Jilted John" by Jilted John, which nestles alongside "Hot Love", "Starman", "What Do I Get"; a crude isolation of embarrassing immature teen-sociology — a wondrous hybrid of the heartfelt pessimistic perception of Shelley and the blow dried innocent optimism of Child.

It's a Real Teenage Single, with bite, bounce, snarl, snide, and moments of untainted genius.

The melodic and structural make-up of the song is out of the classic 'if you're naive then you don't know what you're doing wrong' bag, with all the tricks in the song sprouting purely out of convenience. The content is straight, simple and minimal, musical repetition repelled through sudden inspired changes in flow.

The song ends by accelerating into an aggressively sulky extended coda. John narrates his tale with an almost anarchistic whine and leer that veers all over the place with just enough discipline to complete an exhilarating melody.

As Brecht advocated, 'John' plays against the feeling the music brings forth — in this case buoyancy. He confronts this buoyancy and parodies it in the gestures of his delivery. The vocal performance is very much that of an actor playing a role, with plenty of exaggeration and reflection.

It is not a love song in any obvious, sentimental, delicate, or patronizing way, nor a poem-form set to music.

It is more a playlet with awkward shifts in concentration.

'John' narrates, and there are three characters: Julie, the tart who passionately jilts him Gordon, the would-be stud who wins her, and 'John' himself.

It darts through fleeting happiness.

"I've been going out with a girl, her name is Julie" — Callousness — "Oh, John I really love you, but there's this bloke I fancy, I don't want to two time you, so it's the end for me and you" — Disbelief — "Who's this bloke I asked her, Gordon she replied, not that puff I said dismayed" — Churlish gloom — "Yes but he's no puff she cried (he's more of a man than you'll ever be!)"

The song develops through hurt, anger, resentment and finally spite and childish verbal retaliation. It's portrayed with an aura of frivolity that accurately represents a world of childish mirroring of filtered adult behaviour: it's all detached and uninvolved, a game.

This is an everyday ordinary tale of everyday adolescent infatuation, yet it is conceived and performed definitively: a pop drama. Ultimately, absurdly, there is too much intense accessibility for it to be a commercial success, even if it had the full backing of a major label.

The other side of the record, "Going Steady", which has an excitingly overawed 'John' describing teenage bliss with a reluctant Sharon, uses much the same approach and tricks, but perhaps because of the comfortability of the 'situation' it's far less evocative and vital than "Jilted John". More cute than anything else.

But purely because of "Jilted John" it's obvious that Fellows is no small talent.

Unfortunately, so far, Rabid and Fellows have messed up the existence of "Jilted John": things have been rushed, the idea of "Jilted John" has been revealed even before the character had been half-way formulated, an act sorted out, plans solidified.

Now, they're trying to make amends. The possibilities of "Jilted John" as The Failures' Martyr have become increasingly apparent, also the manner of projecting this.

THUS WHEN myself, The Sexy Pig, Fellows and Bernard (who portrays Gordon the moron on the cover of the single) settled in a

Continues p.53

JOHN HENRI, JIMMY AND GORDON. PH. KEVIN CUMMINGS



JILTED JOHN AND THE SEXY PIG TEST

● The story so far: John is in love with Julie, but Julie is in love with Gordon, who is in love with Julie. John, however, is also in love with John and Paul Morley is in love with Manchester. Now read on.

MUSIC FROM THE DEATH FACTORY



P-ORRIDGE, with Chris Carter, in Polish Army uniform mysteriously acquired while on holiday. Pic: DENNIS O'REGAN.

The somewhat controversial GENESIS P-ORRIDGE of Throbbing Gristle went to Auschwitz concentration camp for his holidays — see the place that inspired the band's album and represents the 'danger of human stupidity'. BOB EDMANDS went to Genesis P-Orridge to hear the story.

thought he was a bit of a prankster.

His first musical outrages were committed in Hull at the end of the '60s. He used to lead a band called Coum, and had a book full of slogans he'd written to hype them.

"One of them was 'Coum and you'll need a cloth,'" he recalls. "Another was 'Coum — your local dirty band', and there was 'Coum guarantee disappointment'."

Coum were dreadful. Genesis and friends used to make everything up on the spot. In particular, Genesis used to torture a violin. He admitted he didn't know how to play it. He just used to scrape the bow across the strings at random.

Equally guilty was his lady, Cozey Fanni Tutti, who used to do much the same thing to a guitar. She's since made a name for herself with open-crotch shots in porno mags (all part of an artistic project, of course), and she still manipulates a guitar with Throbbing Gristle.

"People should have known when we produced stickers with a seal of guaranteed disappointment on them," says Genesis. "but they're so gullible. When you tell them the truth, they won't believe you. We told them that we didn't play properly, that we

made it up on the spot, and anything might happen, and we might not even play, we might just mess around. But they thought it was just another hype."

In those days, Genesis used to hang out with a lot of musicians in the Gondola cafe behind Hammonds department store in Hull. Bob Phoenix from Dead Fingers Talk used to be part of Coum.

Other local alumni were Michael Chapman, Rick Kemp, Snips, and "the people who ended up as Gary Glitter's backing group — they were called Boston International then."

There was also Mick Ronson, but Genesis says: "Cozey knew him better than I did, because she can still remember him mowing lawns outside her council house and getting all tanned."

Even then, what set Genesis apart was his extreme attitude toward his music and his art. The Coum logo was a penis with the name written along the barrel.

This was no faltering adolescent rebellion. Genesis is as obsessive about things sexual as he is about death camps.

In Hull, he got his colours with the Hells Angels. The ritual you have to go through involves a range of oral sexual activity that many may consider distasteful. Genesis happily described the whole thing into the cassette player. Suffice it to say, he subsequently lost his colours when he moved to London.

SINCE MOVING to London, Genesis has made quite a name as an avant-garde artist. A couple of years ago, there was great excitement over an exhibition of his called "Prostitution" at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in the Mall, just down the road from Buckingham Palace. Among the exhibits were pictures of Cozey from her porno career and a selection of porno Tampax. As a result, there were headlines all over the papers, and much anger expressed over the alleged misuse of Arts Council money. Questions were asked in Parliament.

In fact, says Genesis, the exhibition made much more money for the taxpayers than it

cost them, but the Queen was unhappy.

"The problem was that the Queen owns the building in which the ICA is housed, and collects rent. The worry was that she might be seen to be living off immoral earnings. And I suppose that's what she was doing."

"Naughty old Queenie. It's amusing, really, to think that Cozey's tits fed the corgis for a few weeks."

Genesis's capacity for outrage was evident from Throbbing Gristle's first gigs. Genesis and Chris used to cut themselves with knives onstage. Cozey used to go topless and pretend to cut herself. Throbbing Gristle were quite a heavy act.

But, says Chris Carter, all that's stopped. He agrees with an old NME headline that "mutilation is passe, darling."

Throbbing Gristle now concentrate on the music. They've got more melodic and more rhythmic. "We try to please more, these days," he says.

Chris says that Genesis has a lot of theories about their music, but as far as he's concerned, and Cozey, and the fourth member Peter Christopherson, they're more inserting in "just playing

THE MUSIC they play, though, is about death camps, mutilation, murders, and other assorted horrors. Genesis seems to find such things endlessly fascinating.

"Of course I do," he says. "I think most people do. If they don't admit it, they're lying. Why do you think that the Romans got away with the Roman circus? Because people are morbid."

"Why is there wrestling on the TV every Saturday that old ladies go and watch? Why do the newspapers print full page pictures of assassinated people, why does the news go on and on about murders? And why are all those programmes on terminal illness?"

"Of course it's morbid. We're all morbid. We're all sick. It's just that I admit it."

I'm very thorough. If something interests me, I want to find out as much about it, as possible.

"I'm quite happy for people to think I might be schizo or crazy. I mean, so what? There are lots of nutters around. Some of them do naughty things. Some of them never do. I'm less likely to go over the top than someone who suppresses it completely."



Cozey strutting her stuff for the sake of art.

PRETTY YOUNG LADIES try out new stomach deodorants in *BILITIS*.

BANG BANG

Bilitis

Directed by David Hamilton
(United Artists)
Starring Mona Kristensen
I MUST CONFESS this is the first time I've sat through one of the soft focus skin flicks. Emmanuelle, Son of Emmanuelle, Emmanuelle Meets Abbott And Costello all passed me by.

I have a vague suspicion that it could easily be the last time as well. I was expecting something pretty vacant and decorative but nothing really prepared me for the low-key tedium of this particular 90 minutes. The camera drifts listlessly through a misty sunlit world in which everyone, even the extras, are very rich, very clean and implausibly beautiful. It's like a combination of a Campari commercial, without a joke, and *Penthouse* in motion.

The plot, such as it is, concerns a petulant and spoiled-rotten school girl being confused by the onset of puberty in an idyllic part of southern France. The awkward and demurely hysterical brat, whose main trouble seems to be making up her mind whether she's heterosexual or otherwise,

engages in some rococo emotional games that result in decorous and languid screwing (again heterosexual or otherwise, except the otherwise is strictly limited to very pretty ladies).

The acting is slightly below the level of a Gerry Anderson puppet series. This, combined with dubbing that is sometimes actually worse than a B-grade spaghetti western, serves to reassure the punter that he's strictly there for the tits and ass.

And this is where the real rub comes in. There is, categorically, not that much tits and ass. There's a whole bunch of school girls nude bathing at the beginning and then the cast get into their clothes and start conducting painfully slow conversations until the ultimate boredom point is reached and the mac brigade are grunting, shuffling, coughing and lighting fags. (I know how they feel. — Ed.)

Then and only then do they find an excuse to disrobe for a spell. As an exercise in scientifically short changing the voyeur it's a little masterpiece, particularly as it was presumably made for the kind of voyeur who's too ineffectual to go to see the hard stuff. The one thing you can say for *Drep Throat* is that it does give value for nothing.

Mick Farren

Thank God It's Friday

Directed by Robert Klane
Starring Donna Summer
(Col. War)

WE HERE AT the Global Village think someone should make a real disco film. *Thank God It's Friday* is set in some sort of Munchinland middle class middle-age lounge where all is happy and the toilets are spotless. What a whacky bowl of lunatics these places must be! Bonneers? Never heard of them my dear.

Honestly, I'm not a cynical young punk, but this is a dozy picture. All around me grey beards and blue rinses were yelping and clapping in pure joy at the celluloid antics of Paul Jabara and his pals. Maybe you will. But I'd come to see a disco film (a weird beast in itself), not a run of discarded skits from *What's Up Doc* to mediocre music and flashing lights.

Don't take me wrong. I loved *Saturday Night Fever*, which obviously this is taking a ride on, but *Fever* had, above all, A SOUNDTRACK. Julie Burchill correctly reviewed this mish-mosh of ordinary rhythms a couple weeks back. Even *The Commodores* come over like David Soul. I mean — MIMING!!

The 'story' just follows the fate of several 'types' (there's a token everything but a cockney) over a couple of hours in the Zoo nightclub. Donna Summer is severely ineffectual as a singer who knows that given the breaks she'll show 'em all she can mime in there with the best, and Paul Jabara (who I last saw playing Herod in *JC Supremacy* on Shaftesbury Ave) is silly as a short-sighted loser. Chuck Sacci playing a bloke on a blind date is a winner, though!

"I gotta meet this broad in a blue dress. Are you her?"
"My dress is turquoise..."
"I don't give a shit."

The Commodores' roadic, Floyd, is the film's only other scorer, although asking us to believe that an eight-piece, million dollar soul outfit can fit their entire PA and instruments into a transit is stronging it.

Made by Motown/Casablanca means we receive the impression that without these two labels the whole Disco system would collapse. Plugs a plenty.

If you must see it, and I reckon I've seen worse (*Mozambique*, *How To Stuff A Wild Bikini*, etc) go in the afternoon so you can Sundown it right up when you come out, and note the difference. (People sweating for one).

Mark you, if you're anything like the mob who clapped in time with Donna on this outing, you'll probably make Sarah Bernhardt look like John Travolta.

Danny Baker

SILVER SCREEN

KISS KISS

The Wild Geese

Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen
Starring Richard Burton, Roger Moore and Richard Harris
(Rank)

AS ENJOYABLE PREDICTABLE as egg and chips, *The Wild Geese* uses the standard ingredients, commutes between the frying pan and the fire, stints not on the ketchup and comes in doorstep proportions. Action films are supposed to bustle, and this one moves like a row of gerunds.

The story has four gear changes: recruitment, caper, betrayal, revenge. Veteran mercenary Richard Burton is approached by City magnate Stewart Granger to spring a deposed African president in the cause of improved copper shares. Nothing loathe — "I fight for money" — Burton hunts up his old irregulars who come in a wide variety of scruple.

There's idealistic Richard Harris, cucumber-cool strategist, now retired and devoting himself to his prep school son. A mixture of challenge and altruism lure him back under the beret, but others sign on for simpler reasons: Roger Moore to beat a Mafia contract, Hardy Kruger to buy a farm. Other ranks, bored to a man with suburban rosebushes and bedpans, settle for excitement.

Parachuted into Africa, the aged thespians effortlessly penetrate the garrison, Hardy Kruger on crossbow, the rest of

the cast on cyanide aerosols. One can almost hear the gnawing of teeth on quill in the script department — a giant magnet/bung an electric fire into Lake Tanganyika? — as they rummage for a rum mayhem.

Meanwhile, back at the Stock Exchange, Stewart Granger has pulled a swiftie, no longer needs them, and withdraws the escape plane, after which it's uphill all the way. The ailing ex-President has to be piggy-backed by Hardy Kruger, an apartheid South African — Stanley Kramer, you should be here — over a few hundred miles of straining and dialogue which effects an improbable entente: "our futures lie together", "I never thought of that."

Extras die like flies (ie. without dialogue). I was particularly taken with the death of the sergeant-major, a stickler for protocol, who just managed to venture a first-name footing with an officer on his penultimate breath. Poor Burton is called upon for many a chummy coup de grace, tight lips and tears afterwards.

The revenge section is sadly wet, tacked on and unsatisfying. Nobody is called upon to be much more than one-dimensional, but Burton has authority and doesn't need to float it to convince. Director McLaglen, functional at best, has managed to keep the pages of his colouring book turning at a fair clip, and kept boredom at bay.

Brian Case



RICHARD HARRIS sends his love to South Africa.

SCREEN DREAM

JUDGING BY the latest entry on the bookshelves, *Close Encounters* is coming of age. Spielberg's script for *Close Encounters* has been transformed into a full colour paperback of more than 200 pages, topped by an interview with UFO expert P. J. Willcox and tailed with behind-the-scenes pictures from the making of the movie (included is one still of Spielberg looking very much at home in a playpen).

The whole movie is here, scene by scene, with essential dialogue, allowing even the most casual reader the opportunity to examine how the film was constructed, how scenes and dialogue were developed — like a print version of the video cassette.

Publishers have tried this technique before with large-format books on a series of classic films —



Some funky family entertainment, oh kids?

Casablanca, *Frankenstein*, *The Maltese Falcon* — but price and format were wrong. *Close Encounters* provides a new reading experience, a development of the comic. (Published by Sphere. £1.25)

HOWARD ZIEHAM, producer of *Flash Gordon*, the X-rated sexual parody of the original space lane hero, which took \$40 million at the box office, is currently looking for a rock and roll band to compose and perform in his sequel, *The Further Adventures of...* Set in the 1930's, the story postulates an Earth being bombarded by unusual "sounds" from outer space — rock and roll, of course. Earth's leaders decide it should be banned and send *Flash* out in pursuit.

The first *Superman* movie, finally due out in the US in December, will be accompanied by no less than eight paperback tie-ins from Warner Books. Included are the obligatory *Mixing Of...* quiz book and calendar, plus *The Superman Blueprints* (pics of props and sets), *The Superman Portfolio* (21 scene paintings), paper cut-outs, and *The Great Superman Book*, an encyclopedia on the Man of Steel. Warners of course also own D.C. Comics, who have the *Superman* rights, so look set to make a fast million or two.

Dick Tracy



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(NM2)

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ALBUMS

JIMI HENDRIX

The Essential Jimi Hendrix
(Polydor)

CLOSE YOUR eyes and he could be there again: half-closed eyes and a smile part-arrogant, part-shy; conjuring the apocalypse out of a battered Stratocaster and a pile of Marshall amps that looked as if they'd been run over by a tank; murmuring "awww, shucks!" while he popped his gum at the chicks in the front row and filled the air with the sounds of bombs bursting, sirens wailing, trapped people screaming, guns in the alley... then grinning again and breaking your heart with the most delicate, limpid, wistful rhythm guitar you ever heard.

Open your eyes and the spell breaks. Jimi Hendrix has been worm and canker for eight years and a significant proportion of the audience for today's rock and roll was still at primary school when he was doing his most vital work, which makes Jimi as much of a ghost as Buddy Holly or Eddie Cochran. Yeah. Sing the song, brother.

All of which makes Hendrix a throwback to the days of hippies and guitar heroes (strictly disposable) since no-one except Brian Jones has started reviving that era yet. His influence has been felt and is still being felt in areas as disparate as black street funk and white heavy metal, but that influence hasn't necessarily been constructive; Hendrix's alchemies were his and his alone. Untold hordes of guitarists have attempted to mimic and reproduce what he laid down, but even though the gadgetry and science available to the guitarist and the recording studio today is light-years of anything to which Hendrix had access, no one can top him.

He is still the finest instrumentalist to have ever worked within rock and roll — not just the best technician or the most eager experimenter with trickology, but the man who got the most out of his instrument.

And the reason that Jimi Hendrix got more out of his guitar than anyone is simple: he put more in. When you listen to Jimi (you are going to listen, aren't you? Even if he's so far before your time that you never heard him before, or so long gone that you've forgotten him), forget about the techniques. Even do your best to forget about the guitar.



James Marshall Hendrix

Pic: H. GOODWIN

Gone Yesterday HERE TODAY

Just listen to the man.

See, Hendrix's primary achievement was not that he was Mr. Psychedelic Superspace (the prototype for rock and roll badnigger symbols like Sly and Phil Lynott and Bob Marley, and possibly the catalyst for a lot of white kids to confront and conquer their own racism), not that he pulled together the twin strains of white noise (Beck, Townshend) and black blues (Buddy, Muddy, B.B. — he beat Clapton to it and did it

better), not even that he advanced the vocabulary of the electric guitar and pioneered the wah-wah and the fuzz-box and all the other war toys. (Don Menn's comprehensive run-down of Hendrix's arsenal of gadgets is misleading when it appears as a liner note removed from the context of its original appearance in the Hendrix memorial issue of *Guitar Player* magazine, since it encourages the reader to ignore the forest and concentrate on the trees).

Where Jimi's real greatness lay was in his ability to reveal himself totally in sound. His music says more about the eternal virtues and questions that — ultimately — all art must concern itself with than his lyrics; more, in fact, than anybody's lyrics this side of Bob Dylan or Randy Newman. His affinity with Bob Dylan led him to record many of The Jimi's songs (though, sadly, only the already overfamiliar "All Along The Watchtower" is included in this particular

compilation). I have a particular fondness for his "Like A Rolling Stone" and his little-known reading of "Drifter's Escape". I wish he'd cut many more.

To listen to Hendrix without getting distracted by anything extraneous is to gaze straight into the maelstrom of swirling chaos that lay at the root of his soul — and of mine, of yours and of everybody's. I know of no music so all of rock and roll that moves the listener in a more directly emotional

manner than that of Jimi Hendrix. I've seen people listening to him and getting scared shitless: not scared of the music, not scared of Jimi even, but scared by themselves, scared by the human soul.

This is what art is for: to help us understand ourselves and others a little bit better. And paradoxically, I doubt if Hendrix was the slightest bit concerned about any notions of "art" or "the avant-garde" when he was recording pieces like "Third Stone From The Sun" (think about the title sometime when you've got a little time to spare), "I Don't Live Today" (not included here) or "House Burning Down"; he was just doing it, working it all out, getting it down, testifying, saying *this is me, this is you too, this is all of us*.

This particular compilation is okay, though it contains a few cuts that don't seem that essential (I'd be interested to know how compiler Alan Douglas justifies the inclusion of a piece as slight as "Little Miss Lover") at the expense of any of Hendrix's blues or R&B-oriented work. Soul and blues were his roots and what he did with them was quite fascinating. Apart from "Purple Haze", it's all drawn from albums, which means that singles cuts like "Hey Joe", "Stone Free", "1st Anniversary", "Wind Cries Mary" and "Highway Choke" are absent. It also excludes all of his live recordings.

If you can lay your hands on a copy of the old "Smash Hits" album (which collects his early singles) and the soundtrack album from the documentary film (which is virtually a compilation of his best recordings) to lay alongside this package, you'll have a representative sample of his very best work in five discs.

Incidentally, "The Essential Jimi Hendrix" comes with a free single of a previously unreleased version of Van Morrison's "Gloria", which — despite being flawed by its rather sluggish tempo — anticipates many of the things that Patti Smith was to do with the song several years later.

If Jimi had lived, he might well have gone the way of too many of his contemporaries: crippled by the defeats of the early '70s, retreating into hip muzak and easy options.

I doubt it though. I prefer to think that he'd've stayed a soul rebel, embracing newcomers like Bob Marley and John Rotten as spiritual kin and being embraced, in turn, by them.

And you know what? I think it's sad, it's much too bad, that all our friends cannot be with us today.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE REZILLOS

Can't Stand The Rezillos
(Sire)

FINALLY, AFTER telling wrangles, we have "Can't Stand The Rezillos", 13 quick cuts justifiably shot through with cheap culture combinations. Tanners, annuab, Stan Lee, beatpunk nuggets, fists, paperbacks, pulp-pulp-pulp and, there on the horizon, bug-eyed monsters, robotics and a slight chill.

Timeless and timely? Well, half a good formula...

Thirteen songs recorded and mixed in New York. Is there the sound of concrete and nostalgia here? Would Lenny Kaye consider the American references major, the English trajectories minor, or vice versa? The bent Beatlessness of the opening track, "Flying Saucer Attack", has Fay Fife offering vocals out of the same



Eugene Rezillo

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

ice bucket as Debbie Harry, whilst the contemporaries (with a smirk, of course) "No" is surely The Seeds and The Move.

Pulp, Love And (Under) Standing

You guessed it: it's a transcendent record.

Thirteen songs: The Rezillos' confusing use of two lead vocalists emphasises their pace and fury. Fast switches in front of your very ears. It's Fay Fife's plain but coolly manipulated voice that starts — from Lulu's shake to Siouxie's fury and stab. Eugene Reynolds' blunt snapping isn't so productive or expressive. When he has to sing, as on "Glad All Over", his weaknesses are made manifest. You're listening?

Thirteen songs. Putting out two of three non-originals. "I Like It" and "Glad All Over": two short bursts with the parent, most supreme melodies

on the record, but the poorest arrangements and deliveries. These are sealed reference points. The group's inventiveness does things with noise that are a little too clever for happy-go-lucky exclamation; there's no chance of any calculated innocence working here. The Rezillos have to work at their melodies. Their hooks are strange.

Take "Top Of The Pops" and "Cold Wars", both inclusively high tunes that are made distinct mostly through Fife's vocal quipping but are neither conventionally nor consistently memorable. The Rezillos' standards, "Can't Stand My Baby" and "(My Baby Does) Good



Fay Rezillo

Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

Sculptures", are just too speedy for absolute melody. So you care about melody? So you want to dance?

John Cullis (see Luke

Warm) plays text book electric guitar. Mysterious (now replaced by Simon Templar) full, rippling bass and Angel Patterson straight drums. No messing. The rules are known.

Thirteen songs. Including the indelicate, slightly ambitious "2000 AD", the crass gruffness of Fleetwood Mac's "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked in Tonight", the extravagantly platitudinous "It Gets Me", the out of focus R&B of "It's Getting Me Down" and the suppressed psychosis of "Bad Guy Reaction" with its classic false ending.

No "Dents" or "Sheena" or "Love You More". Not yet. But it's all very clever: the parodied dissatisfaction of punk; the lashings of beat and controlled chaos; the frenzied passion of the production and, above all else, lots of cosmic vibes, man.

Paul Morley



Harley cuts own throat.

Pic: JØRGEN ANGEL

STEVE HARLEY

Hobo With A Grin (EMI)

WHY, ONE wonders, does the man persist?

Steve Harley, with or without his Cockney Rebels, has oft been chastised in these pages. Tony Parsons, you'll remember, put Muhammad Harley in his place then kicked him while he was down. I spat upon him once, gratuitously, in a Duncan Mackay review and even kindly Angus MacKinnon has left compelled to lash out at the scoundrel. Surely no singer, and more, Poel (big pee) should warrant such treatment.

Well, it's not our fault that he chooses to make public his obsessions and we've tried righteously ignoring him but, like I said, he persists. And his new album containing nine songs gives everyone five more reasons to continue the conflict.

Nine songs but only five reasons? That's because four songs, at least, can be discounted straight away. From the copious sleeve credits (but no lyric sheet — thanks, Steve) it's unclear whether only half or the whole album was recorded in L.A. Whatever, it was all mixed at Zzzzzet Sound and the guests

include Michael McDonald, Ricky Rutle and Bill Payne besides Rebels like Mackay, George Ford, Jim Cregan and, of course, Yvonne Keeley. Oddly, Gloria Jones and Marc Bolan put in one appearance each, though on different songs.

So there's an undeniable and debilitating US FM sheen — loads of surface, little substance. The four turkeys are the somnambulist "Someone's Coming", the over-dressed "Faith Hope And Charity", the nod-off Doobie-ish "Roll The Dice" (a lame choice for single) and a lacklustre, gutless version of

HOBØ'S GAFFE

PM Calls Home LA Envoy
After Union Bashing
Outburst

The Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain."

Weightier toads (sic) are committed on the remaining five songs. Chronologically — "America The Brave" begins as though it's actually going to be interesting, with sinister synthesised burblings and eerily exotic percussion, but it rapidly dissolves into a half-hearted disco dirge, incorporating half-baked observations on, er, America. ("It's a dragnet, it's a magnet...")

Here, as elsewhere, Harley enunciates as though he's trying to make himself understood to someone with a minimal command of the language or to a Spurs mid-fielder. This merely accentuates his slight voice impediment, an inability to make his 'r's sound convincing, to risible effect.

"Living In A Whupody," sorry "Rhapsody," has airport lounge strings and horns courtesy of Jimmy Horowitz, philosophy courtesy of Cat Stevens ("Seen a millionaire heartbroken next to a hobo with a grin...") — all of which leaves listeners as bawls with a grimace. "Riding The Waves (For Virginia Wood)" is, as if you couldn't guess from the shocking title, an embarrassingly inept electric poem, man, wearily Dylanesque and overbearingly smoking jacket (as in Noel Coward).

Side two, though, doesn't give up without a fight. The fact that Harley fights dirty makes it even less appealing. Not content with the dumb

hypotheses posed in "Hot Youth" ("If ever the day comes that Beirut is Brighton, who'd stone the soldiers then...?"), he gives full vent to his ruptured spleen in the wittily titled "(I Don't Believe) God Is An Anarchist."

The fiddly classical guitar intro serves notice of the man's seriousness, the prissy piano embellishments further indications of his effete masculinity.

"No rock is hard as butter / Hip now to say you're from the gutter..." spits Steve as the song proper gets underway with an intractably dense funkiness, this further hampered by an unwieldy and inconsequential middle break featuring organ blipperings of awesome banality.

No amount of musical deficiency, though, could match the repugnantly swing outburst from the singer as the song climaxes in a welter of hysterical blatherings: "I don't believe in unions! I don't believe in power! I don't care for revolutions! They're dying by the hour!"

What this chappie does believe in, apparently, is "light, darkness, open space, the yoo-man race." What the album overall and this song in particular testify to is that Steve Harley, besides being guilty of gross gauche and cretinous moralising, is singlehandedly attempting to resuscitate the bloated body of Tory rock, forgetting that it never really existed in the first place.

Monty Smith

RANDY MEISNER

Randy Meisner (Asylum)

HEAVY METAL music and '70s West Coast Music are a real flag for that most 20th century of diseases — melancholy. Out of too much time and too little tension, it goes hand in hand (snigger) with masturbation: trying to ease a pain you've only ever read about.

Albrecht Durer symbolised melancholy in a decidedly off-colour young woman in his engraving "Melencolia I." One of the songs on Randy Meisner's first, dreadful, solo album, "Daughter Of The Sky" (sic) inadvertently evokes the engraving: "A wicked woman / A sorceress of pain / You can watch her conjure up a thousand feelings / All of them the same."

Housewives and sixth-form schoolgirls are thus plunged further into the dark abyss. The unrealised psychological tumour goes malignant. And, like Heavy Metal, the subliminal, dark, dank emotion is not so much articulated as masturbated. If only the music were a substantiation of that spirit of homelessness and inverted anxiety which is evil, delicious melancholy.

But no, this is air-conditioning music for the mentally constipated. A Disneyland of vicarious fantasies for the young in body but senile at heart. Heavy Metal is a dungeon, and this pap is Hollywood. "Wanna ride a little, cowgirl?"

The playing is strictly sessionman cooked-out hi-quality no-tension. Meisner only had a hand in writing one of the album's twelve songs: one is an oldie, and we get "Take It To The Limit" (yes) yet again. Such a solo effort, eh!

Decent melancholy remains the prerogative of Satie and Schoenberg, in my book.

Ian Penman

HIT 'EM HARD, HIT 'EM LOW!!

THE LURKERS

BEGA 2

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N.M.E. 'simply classic rock and roll'

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PILLS

I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER

BEG 9

See THE LURKERS on REVOLVER

IMPORTS

DESPITE the fact that the crew at Flyover have been up to their necks in Dylan imports — the Hammersmith-based shop's latest listing includes four picture sleeve singles; a couple of EPs; the treble album "11 Years In The Life Of"; such doubles as "Golden Grand Prix" and "Golden Double"; plus the single album "Grand Prix 20" — it seems that further floor space is soon to be donated to "Masterpieces" (CBS/Sony), a limited edition treble album that's being shipped in from Japan.

A couple of listed tracks boast punter-pulling power, namely "Can You Please Crawl Out Of Your Window", a track that has appeared on a single but never on an official album, and "Mixed Up Confusion", the track that formed part of a US single just prior to the release of "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" but was withdrawn almost immediately, a later version of the single being issued in Holland around 1966. It's possible that some of the other songs may be different takes — is, for instance, the version of "I Shall Be Released" the one from the original basement tapes? At present we don't know, though I'll keep you posted.

Yet another acquisition by the Hammersmith shop has been a shipment that includes Emmylou Harris' "Gliding Bird" (Jubilee) and The International Submarine Band's "Safe At Home" (LHI). Both are highly sought-after collector's items, the Jubilee release stemming from 1969 and featuring the then 20-year-old Emmylou on a set of songs that contains "Everybody's Talkin'", "I'll Never Fall In Love Again", "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and Hank Williams' "I Saw The Light", plus a number of Harris originals.

Though there are hints of things to come, often Emmylou's voice doesn't make it, sounding flat on the Bacharach number and strained on the Dylan item. The album was produced and arranged by former Johnny Mathis arranger Ray Ellis, and is folksy in style and has little in common with the Hot Band offerings. It's also worth noting that Jubilee went broke after the album's release, an event which apparently pleased Emmylou, who later claimed the whole affair had been most embarrassing and that "Gliding Bird" was best forgotten.

"Safe At Home", however, is a whole different kind of flashback. Reputed to be the first true country-rock release, it was cut in early '67 by Gram Parsons' Submarine Band, which then comprised Parsons (lead vocal and guitar), Bob Buchanan (rhythm guitar), John Nuese (lead guitar) and Jon Corneal (drums), while Glen Campbell, Chris Etheridge, pianist Earl Ball and pedal steel-player J.D. Maness also aided and abetted.

Keeping the column on a country kick (for one week only, folks) a firm called Roller Coaster, of 41 Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey, are importing an Aussie album titled "Golden Country Originals" which features a dozen early items by Bill Haley. Bill, before becoming kiss-curl king of The Comets, was billed in Pennsylvania as "The nation's newest singing and yodelling cowboy star" and led such outfits as The Four Aces Of Western Swing and The Saddlemen. Frankly, as these cuts from the Cowboy Records catalogue prove, he was only run of the ranch — which is why presumably he moved on to other areas. For collectors only, I reckon.

Fred Dellar

VAN DER GRAAF Vital (Charisma)

"I BELIEVE in the gig as a unique event. Film or record it and you can't ever capture it because it's the sum of all the humanity that is there, every member of the audience... including all the people who don't like it and walk out" — Peter Hammill November '76.

This double live album was recorded on the second of a two night stint at the Marquee club in January '78. VDG have since appeared at the same venue in June, whence I was one of many who fled to the bar, unable to make head or tail of the racket they were making. This set proves (to me) that when I became alienated by the cacophonous white noise into which the music so often degenerated, it wasn't really my fault. At all.

"I've always found it very positive to get negative reactions" — Hammill again.

As far as the studio recordings go I consider myself to be as much a stoned Hammill/VDG freak as the most fanatical of his/follower. But I refuse to join the ranks of those who believe this band can do no wrong in live performance.

Here we are treated to tortuous renditions of two of Hammill's best songs, "Still Life" and "Last Frame". Both have characteristically great non-riff (Un-riff? — Ed.) variations on the originals, but at the same time they can become almost physically painful to endure, this mainly due to Hammill's strained vocals and the overbearing violin and cello parts.

Supposedly die-hard VDG worshippers are expected to be grateful for the inclusion of the oft-requested "Plague Of

All doom and no day makes Hammill a dull play?



PHOTO: TERRY KERR

Mr. Nadir, We Presume

Lighthouse Keepers", here part of a "Medley" alongside "The Sleepwalkers". Sadly, both are rendered ineffective by the deliberate omission of the majority of lyrics. Why play these songs unless in their entirety? The crowd love it though.

The encore, "Nadir's Big Chance", and the musical

snippet from "Killer" are also dispensable. The former is a vehicle for Hammill to alter lyrics in order to make snide remarks about "jerks in leather bondage suits" — what he doesn't realise is that there's more bondage in his songs than there will ever be down the Kings Road.

The only golden oldie to

make the grade on all levels is the classic "Pioneers Over e". It sounds well-rehearsed and complete. Bassist Nic Potter sounds more like Magma's Jannik Top. Graham Smith's violin and Charles Dinkle's cello are very effective, as is good old Jackonsax. Hammill's well delivered lyrics are only spoiled by being treated with dashes of ancient hippy echo. Simply fossilising, standing still?

And now the reasons why "Vital" may indeed be so. There are five new songs here, and together they make me wish they took the form of a studio album proper. In ascending order of merit — "Sci-Finance" is about the worship of Money, "Urban" about city-life paranoia. The latter opens with a partly realised instrumental passage featuring (guest) David Jackson on sax. Hammill's vocal is weird, the whole thing very unorthodox to these ears.

"Door", another odd tune with police car violin and strong riffing, is of intriguing lyrical content; Hammill feels he has to justify it at the onslaught with a short introduction. "Ship Of Fools" abounds with more excellent non-riffs; it's virtually subdued heavy metal head-banging music with more Magma bass to boot. The fractured, manic guitar starts the adrenalin flow. The violin and cello work is simply astonishing.

The track I'd pay the £4.75 for alone is "Mirror Images", at first lyrically banal and corny until it takes on other meanings: "It gets such a strain, to pretend that the change is anything but cheap. With your infant peek and angst prention, sometimes you act like such a creep... Cheap imitation of alienation and grief. Some cruel observers would say that sums Hammill up."

Vital? Try telling the fans otherwise. But even endless ecstasy can get boring.

John Gray

DIRE STRAITS



David Knopfler
Rhythm guitar

Pick Withers
Drums

John Illsley
Bass

Mark Knopfler
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitars

The first words

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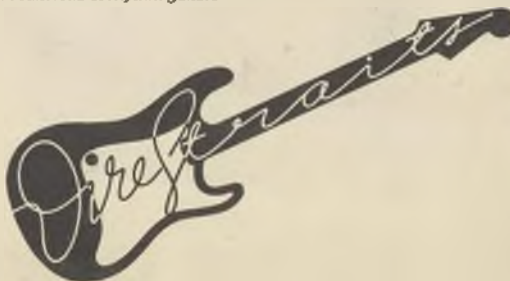
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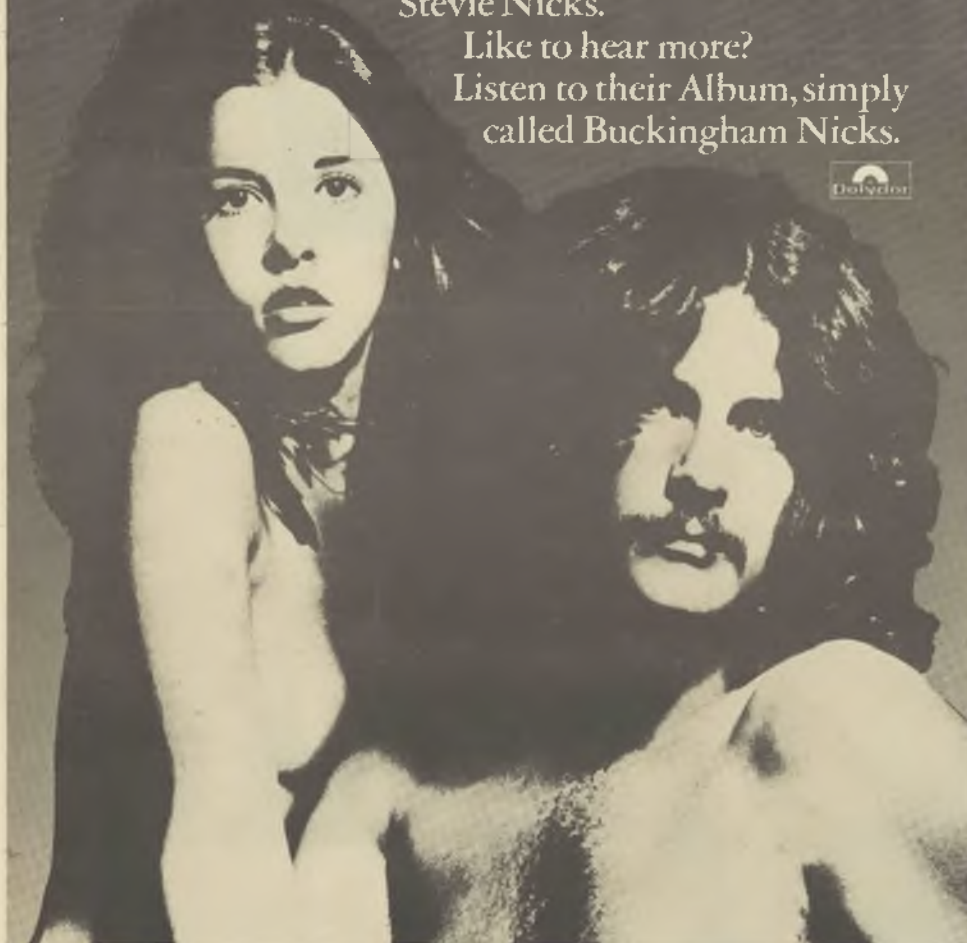


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When Push Comes To Preen

ANNETTE PEACOCK
X — dreams (Aura)

WITH HER first album for six years, Annette Peacock softens the fabric. Glancing curiously and greedily at the rhythms and advantages at the tip of popular music, she checks her perspective, and remembers her position (to explore, yet educate).

And she so moves on from alienating and alienated avant-garde interspersions and interplay, via a maturing or a sad but wiser loss of ideals, into what is for her a middle of the road collection of songs. A what? If Norma Winstone had the access of Cleo Laine, if Maggie Nicholls hosted *Playschool* and Stan Tracey was on *Pebble Mill At One*...

Peacock shifts without a strain of slumming or a hint of misplaced superiority into the land of songs. Modern Songs, breathing songs. Within the confines and enclosures, the borders and ceilings of 'the song', the music hovers, distils, shivers. The structures unfold, easing sublime and arrogant through heaving, whispering, ambiguous positions and motions.

This is Mood music, drifting hazily from beginning to middle to end over, under, and around the steady rhythms.



And Peacock to pipit (pip it?)

Which isn't to deny its impact or to imply a laziness. These songs have titles, logical patterns and structures that are deliciously smudged; they are delivered spatially but firmly.

Twenty-two musicians are employed in all (mobile perspectives); nothing is wasted. A typical unit consists of guitars, double bass, drums, percussion, keyboards and sax.

Plus Peacock's living, teasing, soulful (yes) voice. Contributions come from such as Spedding, Ronson and Mullen on guitars, for metal, chill and funk respectively (often there are tidy combats operating in the inwards), also Jeff Clyne on bass and Bill Bruford on drums — spongy, supple and subtle rhythms.

This is not a rock machine. Peter Leimer's keyboards adopt the role of goodier and calmer, with a manner of funk and some swing. Sax is supplied by one of George Khan, Dave Chambers or Ray Warleigh, it rises to prominence at precise points alternatively transparent, opaque, dirty and clean.

This is not a jazz machine. To defy definitions, Peacock's bittersweet vision has, almost insultingly, calmly adapted orthodox methods of song. All that is barely discernible in the songs is a style, if that.

Side one simmers, caresses and spirals through the breathy, bluesy "My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook", the detailed, softly choppy "Real and Defined Androgens", which in turn metamorphoses into a repetitive duelling of instruments, Peacock speaking throughout like a 'ghost', and the velvety vamp of "Dear Bela".

Side two is a little more cosy. The ballad "This Feel Within" just exists, a smokey piece with gentle movements and ripe textures. "Too Much In The Skies" is also slow and soft, but a little smoother. It's made up for by her exotic, tantalising interpretation of "Don't Be Cruel", which falls shrewdly into the context of Peacock's ironical stance of accusation. "Questions" pointedly concludes the album, shimmering and weaving, a standard in a better world.

Listen to the album, shut your eyes, you can almost see the music. Physical music: body music. That is rock and roll music. This is a real rock and roll album.

Paul Morley

THE CRUSADERS *Images (ABC)*

THE CRUSADERS have been far from idle lately. Stix Hooper and Robert Popwell assisted Joe Sample on his recent solo effort and now, hard on the heels of the band's collaboration with B.B. King on "Midnight Believer", comes the follow-up to last year's "Free As The Wind".

The seven tracks on "Images" dispense completely with the annoying brass and string arrangements that were liberally smeared over "Free As The Wind", whilst one Billy Rogers (information please!) has the unenviable task of filling the space left by the departure of ace axeman Larry Carlton. Comparisons between the two are rough on Rogers, especially as he uses a similar clear tone. He plays with fluency and style, but his solos lack the Carlton sting, although he redeems himself with the sweet, clipped funk riffs that open Joe Sample's "Fairy Tales".

The album itself is probably as good as "Free As The Wind", but some of the material embraces styles already well-worn by The Crusaders and, even worse, there are signs that inspiration is temporarily fading. The closing pair of tracks are the album's weakest. Wilton Felder's "Covert Action" rides monotonously on a half-hearted attempt at a reggae rhythm and Joe Sample's "Snowflake" comes too near schmaltz for comfort.

That said, there are still some very fine crusades here. Robert Popwell scores heavily with his "Cosmic Reign", the longest piece on the album. The dumb title and the short, unnecessary synth intro belie a fierce stomp and buck dance that highlights Stix's masterful drumming and some Bootsy-ful snapping bass from Pops. Intelligently edited, it would make a great disco single.

In similar vein is "Bayou Bottoms", Stix and Pops supporting Felder's smouldering sax, but it's Hooper who takes the credit for the first side's real gem, "Marcella's Dream", which allows Sample to weave wistful electric piano around the faster sax and guitar solos. Marcella must be a really nice girl.

The Crusaders can still play hot solos the way most of us can walk and "Images" is a good album, but its quality is erratic. The result of overwork?

Neil Peters



BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
Fifteen Thoughts Of
Brinsley Schwarz (United
Artist)
DUCKS DELUXE
Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite
(RCA)

Hey, Hey, we're the Brinsleys



Lest We (Remember To) Forget



PH: ROBERT ELLIS

NEITHER OF these records convey more than a thumbnail sketch of the worth of the importance and value of the groups concerned. The names of some of the participants tell you a little more — Nick Lowe, Sean Tyla, Martin Belmont, Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Nick Garvey, Andy McMasters — and the names of a few of the people involved in the management of the two bands and the production of their records tell you a little more — Dave Robinson, Dai Davies, Dave Edmunds.

The Brinsleys — named after lead guitarist Brinsley Schwarz, though bassist Nick Lowe did most of the writing and singing — and the Ducks called it a day in the spring after a whole lot of personnel changes and the Brinsleys held on until summer. Both bands were considered losers by the music business: nice guys and fine musicians and all the rest of it, but losers.

Now it's Nick Lowe has careers as solo artist, producer-at-large and bassist in Rockpile, one of the best roll cosmos. Belmont, Schwarz and Andrews are the nucleus of The Ramours, who are currently belting Still, still even though some of its recent output has been not altogether overwhelming.

Garvey and McMasters form The Motors, who are very successful. Dai Davies, who's had a hand in the management of both of these bands in his time, now manages The Albion Circuit, which controls at least three of the best rock venues in London. Sean Tyla has his Tyla Gang who may not have conquered the world but at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they're very good indeed.

Losers? Who's kidding who? If these records sell, two record companies will be very happy. Mind you record companies are always happy when the stuff sells, but in these cases it'll mean that RCA of the money that they lost on the Ducks and the Brinsleys in records make fine sources of anchor nights for them as well as a present day fan of Bashers, The Motors or The Ramours would understand. Brinsley Schwarz' he or she'd hear a band that was

And they're the Ducks simultaneously slick-tight and down-to-earth playing a mellow blend of uptown R&B and — ahem — country rock, with a bit of five years ahead Beatfold powerpop chucked in for good measure, all of it (mainly due to the production of anybody except Dave Edmunds) sounding decidedly weedy compared to the tidal-wave wash of guitars and organ that swept Schwarz' freaks off their feet in the pubs and cellars. The live "Home Is My Hand" that closes out the album is a taste, but by no means the whole experience.

On "Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite", he or she'd hear a Yankophile hard rock band with few pretensions and a lot of incongruous taste for the top when Andy McMasters (now The Motors) who now plays rhythm guitar for The Motors was playing bass in the Ducks, plus a change) joined the band.

"Love Melody" was incredibly insipid and Garvey's "Please Please Please" was so Beatley it might almost have been The Flamin' Groovies work. Sean Tyla displayed early manifestations of what has at times seemed like an ambition to rewrite "Sweet Jane" more times than any other living human, and "Daddy Put The Bump" he gets so deep into his vicarious that he transcends any possible accusations of embarrassing and produces a genuinely moving addition to the genre. It's good to see both of these albums available because the Ducks and the Brinsleys gave me so many good times around the quartermark of the 70s, and maybe they will need for the present-day fans of must be said — all of these guys are doing better work now, and it's just as well that they didn't make it first time around.

Second shot hit the target. Na true???

Charles Shar Murray

BIG YOUTH
Dread Locks Dread
(Virgin Front Line)
TAPPER ZUKIE
M.P.L.A.
(Virgin Front Line)

OF ALL the unreleased classic reggae around, Front Line have chosen to re-issue records barely absent from the racks since labels such as Kik and Vulcan/Grounation folded. Apart from the two albums above they're re-releasing U.Roy's "Version Galore", and were at one time considering the same dubious privilege for Fred Locks' "True Rastaman".

With the Tapper release they are adding insult to injury. When it first topped the reggae albums charts in November '76 it was proclaimed as the greatest deejay album ever made and a classic of our times. In fact, "M.P.L.A." features the most

prehistoric production for a contemporary recording — and Tapper's mostly to blame. Of all the tones I'm afraid I don't help to hear his bubble and vauble through a haze of ear-piercingly distorted treble and thudding 'false' bass.

The backing tracks, including two by the brilliant Junior Ross and The Spear, are on the whole quite good; the fault lies with the man himself. Geigerly repeating all the clichéd phrases he originally coined on the first album "Man Ah Warrior", he just bores me. Why he's currently everyone's darling is perplexing but at the same time amusing. You're not my style.

When Kik first put out "Dread Locks" in Autumn '75 it was one of the best buys around and was a household item in every dread-initiated

collection. I suppose that if you're partial to decent reggae then this is representative of the best at that time. It stands the stern test of time that applies to such valuable, instant music.

The production by Prince Tony Robinson, with one track each originally credited to Jack Ruby ("Marcus Garvey") and Vivian Jackson ("Lightning Flash/Weak Heart Drop") still sounds great in as good today. The bass drum is reminiscent of someone banging on the ceiling below. As most humans can't endure a whole album of any deejays, it becomes obvious that the reason this is one of the best of the genre is due to the fact that only six out of the eleven tracks feature vocals, couldn't the rest have caught on way back then?

John Gray

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Records

DENNIS BROWN
Visions Of Dennis Brown
 (Lightning)
THE MEDITATIONS
Message From The
Meditations
 (United Artists)

IN MATTERS of love and reggae it's easy to show the cold-shoulder, easier still to slip into infatuation.

Those of you who find that the former cap fits with reggae might well have been put off by some of the more objectionable prose the music attracts. Some chroniclers hangdog on talk-over trivia like punters studying form at Ladbrokes and, remarkably, find little time to castigate the continued flog-o-rama of distinctly un-roots priced 12" singles.

Rebel is sweet. Both these issues are wide-market realisations, both in the sense of scope and appeal, and the fact that the respective labels are both widely distributed.

"Visions Of..." was produced by J. Gibbs — JA Kina Fowley behind, amongst other things, Culture's "Two Sevens Clash" masterpiece — and is impeccable, as is the case with all of Brown's work to date. Petty officialdom, larger officialdom, prostitution and cynicism are all given the finger, Dennis' voice both beguiling and convincing these days.

Brown is less self (macho)-fitted than some singers, and this strong pure intonation conveys a depth of feeling which is undoubtable. How religious music should be — you don't have to believe to believe it (something you find in the most diverse of artists — Marvin Gaye once, Richard Thompson, Mahalia Jackson...).

"Message From The Meditations" precedes their rather disappointing 77/78 "Wake Up!" and like the Brown release is a collection

Dennis Brown himself



**(We Don't Believe)
 God Is Dead**
 (Chapter 87)

which the roots audience will already own.

As Penny Reel remarked previously in these pages, "Message From..." is the best of this young, three-piece group (Ansel Creigland, Danny Clarke, and Winston Watson), showcasing such lyrically and melodically stronger work as "Babylon Trap Them", the classic "Running From Jamaica" and "Woman Is A Shadow". Lovely, enhancing, universal music.

The best thing is to open up (like the music) and hear. Then love is your choice.

Ian Penman

YELLOW DOG
Beware Of The Dog
 (Virgin)

EGGED ON by the success of their single "Just One More Night", Yellow Dog have decided that they're not just a pop group. They're also a bit of a comedy turn. This is bad news.

As with their debut album, they've come up with a bunch of amiable songs, but this time, they're trying to be funny with it. As a result, you get a variety of jokey American accents, presumably from veteran songwriter Kenny Young. At

one point, he goes into a wine-inducing monologue about how you should get all your friends to buy the album.

What's worse, the sleeve is one of the nastiest sexist offerings you're likely to come across, with "dog" used as a synonym for "woman". Yuk.

Despite all this, there is a credit side, and that consists of the majority of the songs. "Up In The Balcony" is a nicely realised account of Lincoln's assassination. "Flying Saucers" is a ruseful song about those hackneyed encounters.

"Wait Until Midnight" and "I Got Carried Away" both have great choruses. And "Masters Of The Night" suggests they could cut it as a rock band, if they weren't trying to be so cute.

But then, a little less coyness all round would help.

Bob Edmunds

VANGELIS
Beaubourg (RCA)

"**BEAUBOURG** — A modern symphony. Music from the soul in the age of the machine" — so runs the ad, copy for Vangelis the less large maker of mousaka for the mind's fourth RCA album.

What price another wedge of quasi-classical bombast from the Greek who cooked us up such dodgy dishes as "Heaven And Hell" (ah, the dualism), "Albedo 0.39" (ah, the terrible insistence of time and the GPO speaking clock) and "Spiral" (ah, the endless endlessness)?

But no. "Beaubourg" is a 'serious' work. Its derivations are blindingly obvious. There's too much Karlheinz Stockhausen in the random electronic bloop and clatter, too much Olivier Messiaen in the tentative exploration of melody and (a)tonality. Neither influence is transcended.

"Beaubourg" is only 'modern' in its plasticity. Imitation is the sincerest form of redundancy.

Angus MacKinnon

VARIOUS
Short Circuit
Live At The Electric Circus (Virgin)

THE CIRCUS in Manchester — a venue that cultivated more important noises of the North in nineeneeneeven than any other — is commemorated here not with a bang but a sampler. And, in the midst of the current glut of compilation albums threatening to flood the market, this ten-inch, eight-track, six-group frisbee does not sail very far at all.

It is intended as a memento to the last two nights of rock music at the Circus, a wonderfully tartly disused cinema cum working men's club on the dark side of town — an ideal venue in fact.

**NO VOLTS,
 NO STYLE**

What you get from Manchester's belated — and patently unrepresentative — answer to "Live At The Roxy" are two tracks apiece from The Fall and John Cooper-Clarke and one each from Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse, The Drones and Joy Division.

As the sleeve notes — penned by the NME's Paul Morley — concede, the album claims neither perspective, permanence nor accuracy... just spills a few snippets of the Bondaged Zippers And Poggers Club as it was.

What burts though, is that the album could have been so much better — the tracks by The Worst, The Prefects, John The Postman and The (legendary?) Negatives were all considered unusable and Howard Devoto, whose Magazine were playing their first ever gig that night, simply said "No".

The two most interesting tracks here have to be those that mark the vinyl debut of The Fall — intense, promising and defiant, they are a far cry from being the conventional new wave outfit one reviewer recently claimed. Both "Stepping Out" and "Last Orders", particularly the former, are spiky and well constructed although the keyboards could have done with being mixed a little higher. For them, regard it as a statement of intent and one which augurs well for the forthcoming "Bingo Master's Breakout" single.

As for the rest, Buzzcocks, Pulse and Clarke can, and indeed have, all done much better. The beloved 'Cocks appear with the old "Time's Up" warhorse while you only have to place the Pulse's plodding "Makka Split" up to any of their three recent singles to see how much they have improved.

Cooper-Clarke meanwhile has yet to convince me of his ability to transfer his incisive and whacky verse successfully onto record. I await his CBS single. Which leaves but a couple of even more readily disposable tracks courtesy of Joy Division (then Warsaw) and The Drones, the latter a standing Manchester joke — a teenybopping Man City Rollers before they jumped, bumped and boogalooed onto last year's punk bandwagon.

The first 5000 of this album are pressed in blue vinyl; ultimately the colour it makes me feel. Adrian Thrift



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PIONEER'S off-the-peg unit (the wotsit on the wall is optional . . .)

HAVE I got news for you! Know how I often babble on about the benefits of mixing 'n' matching various manufacturers components until you eventually arrive at a sound system that satisfies your individual taste and requirements! Well, there are exceptions — and this is one of 'em — when a specific electronics

firm has painstakingly devoted its technical know-how to ensuring component compatibility amongst its various individual wares.

Yes kids, it's own up time! And, this month's *nobody-does-it-better-at-the-price-than . . .* is justifiably slapped on those gentlemen at Pioneer.

This isn't the first time I've steered the potential hardware

investor towards the Pioneer display stand. However, this is the first occasion when I've discussed the benefits of purchasing one of their complete systems.

Over the last few years, Pioneer has established itself worldwide as the Volkswagen of the hi-fi world: easy-to-operate high quality / durable equipment at a price well within the budget of those contemplating a serious investment.

Indeed, Pioneer turntables and amplifiers have become legends — offering performance, style and consistency at give-away prices.

Granted, the sleek raw-silk chrome anodised finish of the components when neatly stocked in a rack-mounting is enough to seduce most customers, but casting aside these austere good-looks and twinkling lights, the prime question is, does it achieve the

kind of playback excellence one expects from persistent word-of-mouth endorsements? The answer is an undeniable yes!

Before getting down to checking out the individual components, let's discuss the bread situation!

In this context, I am listing the manufacturer's recommended retail price. However, if this is the first time you've tuned in to this page, let me stipulate (as I

always do) that this is just a guide-line. Competition between high street retailers means you can expect (demand) to score healthy discounts if you're prepared to go window shopping.

Well, then, here's the cast of characters:

Pioneer PL 514 turntable (RRP) £73.85.

Pioneer SA 606 amplifier (RRP) £131.64.

Pioneer TX 606 stereo tuner (RRP) £105.99.

■ Continues p.43

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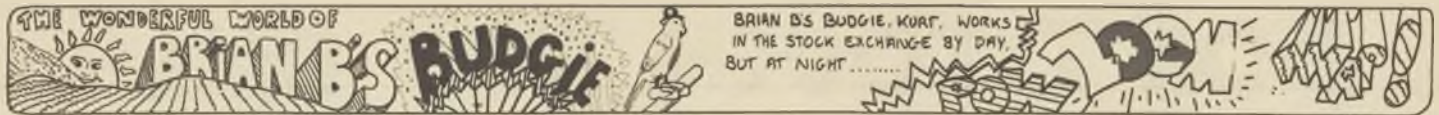
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Records

This shot is just a part of the photo on the front of the Gruppo Sportivo album 'Ten Mistakes'. Get the album and see the rest. The single is on the album too!

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LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: COCK SPARRER
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NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
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SEATON CARFV Gatsby's: STRAW DOGS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS'N'DOLLS
TIGHNABRAIGH Hollies Hotel: THE MOTELS
TROWBRIDGE Civic Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
WALSALL Three Crowns: MODEL MANIA
WEST BROMWICH Oxidale Club: MATCHBOX
WORCESTER Hideaway Club: DAVE BERRY (for three days)
YORK Munster Bar: THE MEKON

Friday

BIRMINGHAM Acocals Green New Inn: MODEL MANIA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE SHIRTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: NICK DOW
BRAINTREE Waggon & Horses: THE CRACK
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COCKERMOUTH Mount Hotel: SALFORD JETS
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HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: THE BARRON KNIGHTS
HORNCHURCH The Bull Jerry THE FERRET
IPSWICH Royal William ZHAIN
KIRKLEEVINGTON Country Club: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE NEIGHBOURS

Highlights in pix

TOP OF PAGE (left to right): Buddy Guy and Junior Wells headline a London concert on Friday, see next page for full details; Joe English, former Wings drummer, is playing temporarily with Sea Level who have a one-off London gig on Wednesday; and The Motors continue their tour at Saltburn (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday), Exeter (Monday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

LEFT COLUMN (top to bottom): Steve Hillage headlines the final night of the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival, near Bury, which runs from Thursday to Tuesday (see under separate days for details); Tom Paxton plays a brace of concerts — at Reading on Saturday, and open-air in London Regents Park on Sunday; and Siouxsie & The Banshees headline a major London concert for the first time on Sunday.

RIGHT COLUMN (top to bottom): The Adverts, whose T.V. Smith is pictured, begin a short gig series at Scarborough (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Redcar (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and London (Wednesday); The Rich Kids (Glen Matlock is the man in focus) are on the road at Bristol (Thursday), Retford (Friday) and Birmingham (Saturday); and The Clash begin a series of four successive nights at London Music Machine on Monday.

BOTTOM OF PAGE (left to right): Radio Stars are back in town for a couple of nights at London Marquee (Thursday and Friday); The Smirks are on the road at High Wycombe (Thursday), Dudley (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Nottingham (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday); and The Lurkers continue lurking at Manchester (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Friday) and Dumfries (Sunday).

LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE HEARTBREAKERS
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: HOT WATER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ERIC BELL BAND / THE RYADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE DICKIES
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BOB KERR'S WHOPEE BAND
LONDON E.I. Festival: THE RESISTANCE
LONDON Film School: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ROY HILL BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: "BLUES FESTIVAL 78" with BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS / KOKO TAYLOR / CHICAGO ALL-STARS
LONDON HARROW Road Windsor Castle: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Marquee Club: RADIO STARS
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINÉ GRIFF
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAHS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BELTINAKOUSH
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: JUNIOR BROWN / THE PASSIONS / PEARLY SPENCER
LOSWESTOFT Waxeney Hotel: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: SAMSON
MALVERN Winter Gardens: MAGAZINE
MANCHESTER Russell Club: CULTURE
MIDDLESBROUGH Cleveland Jazz Festival: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEET- WARMERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE LURKERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOTORS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ADVERTISING
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE
PLYMOUTH Metros: SUICIDE

REDHILL Centre: MATCHBOX
RETTFORD Peterhouse: THE RICH KIDS
ROTHERHAM Pavilion: CHARLEY BROWNE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ADVERTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
ST. ALBANS (Town of Plenty): THE WINDERS
SUNDERLAND Mecca: JUGGERNAUT
SUTTON COLDFIELD Matsumi Social Club: THE UTENSILS
WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE Royal Albion Hotel: DIAMOND LIL
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE LATE SHOW

Saturday

ABERDEEN Palace Theatre: THE MOTORS
BASILDON Double Six: 90° INCLUSIVE
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BARENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Klapp Heath Hare & Hounds: MIKE ELLIOTT
BLACKPOOL Stanley Conservative Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
BRISTOL Granary: THE DODGERS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: THE FALL / ALTERNATIVE TV / THE RESTRICTED / ALCHEMIST / VICTOR BROX / SEVENTH ANGEL / HERE AND NOW etc.
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: VISITOR 2035 / ZHAIN
CHELLENHAM Lansdowne Crescent Festival (free): BANNANA MOON / ROTOVATORS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER / SILKIE MILLER / J. J. DION
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NICKY JONES BAND
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: HI-TENSION
DYFED Cross Hands Inn: SOUL DIRECTION
EXETER Routes: TIM ARNOLD
FALKIRK Maniqui: CHARLEY BROWNE
LEEDS Hudson Hall: SUBURB
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE EDGE
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: EMERGENCY
LIVERPOOL University: THE CIMARONS
LONDON BARNET Salisbury Hotel: THE CROOKS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE MONKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEVE BROWN BAND / RAIL
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: CHINA STREET
LONDON CHELSIA The Wheatsheaf OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Jubilee Hall: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DICK MORRISSEY / JIM MULLEN / VIOLA WILLS
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE White Swan: THE CRACK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WHITE CATS
LONDON HACKNEY All Nation Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON HACKNEY Mayfair Cinema: ALTON ELLIS / SONS OF JAH / BLACK STONES / ASWAD / JAH WOOSH
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: JOKER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON HAMPTSTEAD E.G.A. Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN
LONDON HARLESFEN White Horse (R.A.R.): MISTY / CHARGE / THE IDOLS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON N.A. The Stapleton: THE ACTORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royal Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL SMITH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE 2-TIMERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BELTINAKOUSH
LONDON WILLESDEAN Cavern Club: MATCHBOX
LONDON WOOLWICH The Shakespeare: R21/NEW HORNOKES
MANCHESTER Merry-Go-Round Club: THE SHIRTS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: THE SMIRKS
MARGATE Dreamland: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: VESUVIUS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
MILLOM Cumbria Club: SALFORD JETS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BOUND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GIRLS SCHOOL
OLDHAM Boundary Hall: SAMSON
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
READING Target Club: HOTLINE
READING Hexagon Theatre: TOM PAXTON
RETTFORD Peterhouse: THE LATE SHOW
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
SHEFFIELD Midhill Club: STRANGE DAYS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: SONIA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE DRIVE
ST. ALSTELL New Cornish Rivers: MUNGO JERRY
TONYPANDY Naval Club: JENNY DAREN BAND
WALSALL The Dikks Arms: FREEBIRD
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PRETS

CONTINUES OVER ...

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
DEREK
JOHNSON

Sunday

BAKEWELL Musical Head: SAMSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: T CONNECTION
BRADFORD Pieceville Club (lunchtime): SNOOTY
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: THE RISK
THIF OUT: CHINA STREET MISTY: THE RUTS
BOB WILLIAMSON / PETE FARROW etc.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Griffin: ZHAIN
CHORLEY Juniors Arms: THE BOF BAND
DOLGAS L. & M. Palace Lido: SHAM 69
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE CLUNKERS
ELGIN Eight Acres Hotel: IGNATZ
ELLESMERE PORT Win Hall: JUGGERNAUT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE CHEATERS
THE VENTS
KENDWORTH The Club: FREEBIRD
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: THE SMIRKS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUGI ANA DA BOYS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR
VEDN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE SNEAKS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS
DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: SIOUXSIE &
THE BANSHEES / TIE SHIRTS / WHITE CATS
LONDON COVENT Rock Garden: JUBILEE HALL
WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON FINSCHLEY Torrington: RAMBOW
LONDON FILHAM Golden Lion: JENNY DARREN
BAND
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Opera Theatre:
JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: JOKER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRL-
WIND
LONDON N.14 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE
MOON
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: TOM
PAXTON
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: GENTRY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE MONOS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW Seabourne Park:
BLACK SLATE / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE MEKON / A
CERTAIN RATIO / TOY TOWN SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
MEASHAM Working Mens Club: STRANGE DAYS
MIDDLEBROUGH Town Hall: FIVEPENNY PIECE
NEWBRIDGE Club and Institute: THE INVADERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: THE WURZELS
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN / BARRY
OATES & PETE CONNELL
READING Community Centre: HEADROOM
REDCAR Cuthbert Bowl: THE ADVERTS
BLITZKREIG BOP
REDHILL Laburnum Hotel: HOTLINE
SCRIBOROUGH Floral Hall: GUY'S N'DOLLS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE MOTORS

Monday

BEVERLEY White Horse Inn: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: CULTURE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Yew Tree: MODEL MANIA
BLYTH Golden Lion: GUY'S N'DOLLS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: VIC RUBB & THE
VAPOURS
BRISTOL Crookers: HARD UP (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE
NYLONS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: AQUA
CREATION / DAWNWEAVER / THE TUNES /
MEKONS / PREACHER / NODS etc.
BUXTON Glaston Club: PRISONER (for three days)
CHADWELL Heath (on road): ALPHALPHA
CHESTER Smarries Club: STAA MARK
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE ADVERTS
EXETER Routes: THE MOTORS
FALKIRK Maniqui: THE DEPT JERKS
GULFORD The Junction: THE MAGNETS
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: DANA (for a week)
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BRANDY
LEICESTER H.A.P. Luffenham: JOE STEAD
LIVERPOOL Phab Club: THOSE NAUGHTY
LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: THE PASSENGERS
THE BALLROOMS / LEO GARDNER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH
SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAIN
GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MONO-
CHROME SET / SLANDER
LONDON FILHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON MARQUEE Club: TIE SHIRTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: LIAM
McGUIRE
LONDON PUTNEY Hall Moon: TIM ROSE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: LITTLE
BO BITCH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: U.K. SUBS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic:
BLACK SLATE / PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel:
RESISTANCE / HELICOPTERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WORLD
SERVICE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHINA STREET
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE SMIRKS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
STORNOWAY (Isle of Lewis) Town Hall: IGNATZ
SWANSEA Nott Club: THE DODGERS
SWINTON Duke of Wellington: SALFORD JETS
THORNFLEY The Club: ZHAIN
WALLASEY Labour Club: SPIDER
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE SMIRKS
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Northfield King George V: MODEL
MANIA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre:
TRAVLA
BOLTON Timeward Club: SALFORD JETS



Another shot of BUDDY GUY (left) and JUNIOR WELLS, who are also pictured separately on the preceding page. They're topping a one-off Blues Festival package at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and, as far as we know, it's the first time they've appeared together in this country. Also on the bill is Ko Ko Taylor, a girl singer also new to Britain, and the Chicago Blues All-Stars featuring such esteemed veterans as Big Voice Odum and Odie Payne

BRIDLINGTON Folk Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE EXECUTIVES/
NICKY & THE DOTS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: STEVE
HILLAGE / VISITOR 2035 / PEGASUS / THE
REDUCERS / GENOCIDE etc.
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club: CO-CO
CUMBERNAULD Kestrel: ZHAIN
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: OAKWOOD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: GEORGE MELLY &
THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH
SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE
YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
RESISTANCE / SLANDER
LONDON FILHAM Golden Lion: THE DODGERS
LONDON ILINGTON Hope & Anchor: RAMBOW /
THE RUTS
LONDON MARQUEE Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY
THE FERRET
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: U.K. SUBS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: RAIL
LONDON WEST HAMPSHIRE Railway Hotel:
LIGHTNING RAIDERS / DANDIES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: BABY GRAND
MARGATE Bowers Arms: SAMSON
NEWCASTLE The Coopersage: FAMOUS FIVE
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
NUNEATON 77 Club: HERE AND NOW
PENZANCE The Garden: THE MOTORS
PORTREE (Isle of Skye) Gathering Hall: IGNATZ
REDRUTH Regal Cinema: THE WURZELS
TORQUAY Town Hall: KRAKATOA

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green: The Sherwood:
CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: SHOWADDYADDY (for
three days)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM (Bath Head): ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH St. Stephen's Hall: WHIRLWIND
BRIGHTON New Regent: KRAKATOA
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club: CO-CO
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY
BROWNE
EXETER Routes: ALAN HODGE BAND
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: THE DEPT
JERKS
KINGSCHELVEN Recreation Club: IGNATZ
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT
LIVERPOOL Moon Hall: THE EDDY
LONDON ACTON White Hart: MENACERAPED
LONDON ANGEL Cus Amms: SOME CHICKEN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOUR DE FORCE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH
SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House:
KANGAROO KOURT
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern:
CADILLAC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
RAMBOW THE RUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SEA LEVEL
DIXIE DRUGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOTLINE
LONDON MARQUEE Club: THE ADVERTS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA
SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES
SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHWALL White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE
MONOS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE INMATES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE ROCKETS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: JO-
AN KELLY BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE MOTORS
SKESGANG Festival Pavilion: GUY'S N'DOLLS
SOUTH Woodford Railway Bell: ORIGINAL
EAST SIDE STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL
BEER
WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE Royal Albion Hotel:
DIAMOND LIL
WHITLEY Bay Mingles: STEVE BROWN BAND

NOTHING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HE JUST SITS ON HIS
SWING AND FALLS TO SLEEP, AND DREAMS ABOUT BRIAN.

THE CLASH
suicide
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Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am - Midnight on Sunday

Thursday July 20th
ZHAIN

Friday July 21st
DOGWATCH

Saturday July 22nd
CHINA STREET

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday July 22nd at 8 pm
SONJA KRISTINA'S
(from Curved Air)
ESCAPE
Special Guests: DRUID

July 29th at 8 pm
JENNY DARREN
BAND
+ The Paranoids
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Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

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HIGH ROAD, CHICHESTER, WILT
EVERY
MONDAY
LIVE BANDS

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ALFALPHA
(as seen on TV)
JULY 31st
TOP GROUP
(to be announced)
AUGUST 7th
AUTOGRAPH
(as seen on Revolver TV show)
AUGUST 14th
ZAIN GRIFF
AUGUST 21st
TOP GROUP
(to be announced)

GROUP TALENT
CONTEST EVERY
WEDNESDAY
£500 IN PRIZES

BLITZ
LAST BASTION
WHITE HART,
Acton
Wednesday
August 9th
Watch this space for
further dates

THE REACTION

ON TOUR

19th 'F' CLUB AT ROOTS ; LEEDS
20th OUTLOOK CLUB ; DONCASTER
21st BARBERELLA'S ; BIRMINGHAM
22nd THE MERRY GO ROUND ; MANCHESTER
24th MARQUEE ; LONDON
25th NASHVILLE ROOMS ; LONDON

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Tickets in advance £1.00 from London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave. 61-428 3371 or Rough Trade Records, 202 Kensington Park Road, 01-727 4312

Thursday July 26th
HASTINGS PIER

Thursday July 27th
ROCK GARDEN W.C.2

Saturday July 22nd
MARGATE DREAMLAND

Friday August 18th
BENEDEN Village Hall

Friday August 18th
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A & R Men and Agents Wash Out

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KEITH PEARSON'S RIGHT HAND BAND

JULY/AUGUST DATES

JULY

17th QUEENS HOTEL, CLYPTONVILLE
18th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
19th STURRY COURT CLUB, CANTERBURY
20th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
21st MILLERS, CANTERBURY
22nd MILLERS, CANTERBURY
23rd MILLERS, CANTERBURY
24th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
25th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
26th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
27th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
28th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
29th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
30th MILLERS, CANTERBURY

AUGUST

1st ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
2nd BRISTOL, S.E. CLYPTONVILLE
3rd ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
4th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
5th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
6th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
7th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
8th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
9th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
10th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
11th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB
12th ARNOLD, KOLA CLUB

All dates subject to change
Contact: Atlantic Agency, Bedford 2655

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE-FASHION

MEMBERS

Reveal their
WINTER SWIMWEAR
collection at:

THE SWAN
(Hammersmith)
Thursday July 26th

City Arms (City Road)
Tuesday July 25th

Super darling!

CHALLENGE (LONDON) PROMOTIONS present

RAW

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
PHANTOM
PATRIK FITZGERALD

7.30 pm, FRIDAY, 21st JULY

£1.50

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by Sheridank Classic
Org. by London M.C. (Hammersmith) P.C.
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Thursday July 27th 5.30p

EXILES

Friday July 28th 11

CRAZY CAVAN

Saturday July 29th 5.30p

BIG CHIEF

(Producing Dick Haddock-Smith)

Monday July 31st

SHOOTER

Tuesday August 1st

PEKOE ORANGE

Wednesday August 2nd

MONOS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday July 26th 3.0p

BLIND DRUNK

Is there a blind man?

Friday July 27th 4.0p

Their Final Gig

★ ROLL UPS ★

Saturday July 28th 6.0p

PACIFIC EARDRUM

Sunday July 29th 4.0p

The Original

R.D.B.

Monday, July 24th Free

Zaine Griff

Tuesday, July 25th Free

Young Bucks

Wednesday, July 26th 3.0p

KANGAROO KOURT

Thursday, July 27th Free

Warm Jets

ROGER THE CAT

Wednesday July 26th

STAPLETON CROUCH END

Friday July 28th

THE SWAN

CHESLWAY, STENEVALE

Monday July 31st

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& D.J.

WEDS 26th JULY 8.00pm

Please come early

WEDS 2nd AUG.

WHITE CATS

+ SATELLITES & D.J.

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Thursday 20th, Friday 21st, Saturday 22nd July

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STAA MARX apologise for late cancellation of Saturday's gig caused by circumstances beyond their control.

Letters of complaint (No flowers please) to Mrs. Grotoli.

Hi-Fi contd.



SA606 Stereo Amp (RRP £131.64).

■ From page 39

Pioneer CT-F.4040 stereo cassette deck (RRP £135.11).

Now, it's Pioneer's intention to market this particular system — inclusive of a set of £60 speakers — as an all-in-one mounting rack at a price which, I've been informed, will be slightly lower than if you bought each component separately.

Furthermore, to facilitate an investment in either this system under review or other items displayed in their catalogue, Pioneer (in collaboration with The City Bank) are about to launch what they term a Privilege Purchase Plan.

In other words, they're proposing to extend credit at the highly-competitive interest rate of eight per cent. That's something well worth contemplating if, after much soul-searching, one is about to embark on The Big Stereo System Spurge.

Having tackled the financial aspect, it's time to switch on the equipment. We here at NME decided to give this Pioneer system a Trial by Ordeal; to play all this week's new releases and see what packed in first, the software or the hardware!

It proved to be no contest. While a good many vinyl pressings failed the endurance test, the Pioneer set-up handled the chore super-efficiently and emerged unscathed. For the record (no pun intended...), we attacked the system with 12-inch reggae dubs and disco mixes, hard rock, soft rock, schlock rock, direct-cut discs, acetates, Japanese pressings, jazz, Jimi Hendrix. You name it, we gave each and every record the same opportunity to measure up or hit the incinerator.

Victims fell hard and fast. Once you find that you're listening to the overall technological excellence of any hi-fi sound system as opposed to the actual music being auditioned, then it defeats the whole purpose of the exercise. Despite appreciating the admirable quality of the standard of subsequent playbacks, not once did any of us fall an unwilling victim of this pitfall.

First the turntable: Pioneer decks really do take some beating within their price range. Time after time, I've suggested any one of Pioneer's range for immediate consideration for both first-time buyers and those intent on up-grading their systems. They really are attractive precision-made jobs which, if bundled with due care, can last a lifetime.

The PL1314 is a belt-drive, auto-return / quick-start two speed model for which I used two cartridges: the AT12X E/H (RRP, £17.92), and the AT13E/H (RRP, £24.14). I constantly switched cartridges, but in the final analysis decided that, of the two, the AT13E/H definitely had the edge. To my ears, this particular cartridge highlighted either a record's qualities or deficiencies.

The thing I particularly liked about the Pioneer SA606 amplifier is that it isn't bedecked with superfluous dials and switches. I'm not attracted to equipment that resembles Concorde's flight-deck or becomes increasingly more difficult to

operate after a couple of glasses of vino!

O.K., so this specific model doesn't possess the added extras that one finds on Pioneer's more expensive models, but without any hassles it more than adequately handles the role for which it was specifically designed.

It's an integrated amp with 40 watts per channel — both channels driving at 80hms from 20Hz-20,000Hz with, according to the manufacturer, no more than 0.05 per cent total harmonic distortion. By the way, this term refers to the signal that manifests itself during output and which is not present at the input.

The Pioneer SA606 amplifier not only packs plenty of punch, but when jacked-up to the threshold of overkill doesn't, like so many amps, degenerate into a morass of rattling distortion.

Both the bass and treble controls are extremely sensitive and allow the operator tremendous latitude to re-texture the original signal. For instance, during a reggae disco dub playback, I switched on the cassette deck and with some fancy-fiddling produced some nifty dub mixes of my own.

On another occasion, I played a Japanese pressing of Mal Waldron's "Tokyo Bound" album — a modern jazz trio comprising acoustic grand piano, string bass and drums. The playback was quite remarkable.

Being familiar with the true sound of the album — employing it quite often during hi-fi system test-runs, I noticed that the reproduction was the closest I've come to having the Mal Waldron Trio actually playing in-person in the review room.

In particular, the timbre and natural resonance of the bass and the drums (when played with brushes), plus the metallic ching of hickory against the cymbals, was nothing less than sublime. More about that when we get around to discussing the stereo cassette deck.

The Pioneer TX606 FM/AM stereo tuner again adheres to the streamlined, simplistic design of the rest of the rack-mounted system. Aside from the illuminated wave band guide — a light follows the dial — VU meters, power switch, volume control and tuning aides, there is nothing present to confuse the user.

The CT-X4040 stereo cassette deck is one of Pioneer's latest models and has been introduced as a replacement for the hitherto much-valued CT-F2121. Furthermore, in up-grading this component (it incorporates ten circuit boards) Pioneer — to their credit — have somehow managed to reduce the RRP.

Though, in terms of amenities, the CT-X4040 keeps to the bare necessities it compares more than favourably with stereo cassette decks in the £250-£300 bracket.

The noise-to-signal quality astounds. Yet another for instance... I popped in a Fuji FL compact cassette tape, set the bias to STD (as instructed) and, as CSM reviewed 'em, recorded "Who Are You" by The Who and "Take It Off The Top" by The Dixie Dregs — a

couple of extremely punchy, well recorded and well pressed singles.

I specifically chose these two records because they seem to cover a wide frequency sound spectrum. When both CSM and your test-driver listened to the playback we detected a noticeable improvement in comparison with the original vinyl.

Not only was the quality a faithful reproduction of the original, but transferred to tape both records took on an added dimension, presence and overall slam. What other recommendation does one require? I thought I'd chance my arm and the system's reputation by slipping in a live stereo cassette recording I'd made at the Nashville of Blast Furnace & T'Heatwaves.

Considering the circumstances under which that location recording had been made, the reproduction was of superior bootleg quality. Finally, I taped a direct-cut disc, a reggae 12-inch disco dub and the aforementioned Mal Waldron album (and hand-on-my-heart) the only difference I could detect between the original and copy was that the copy had the edge!

Truthfully, there's no way I can fault this cassette deck. It does everything one could expect and a little more. And, when taking into account the asking price, it's gotta be an odds-on favourite. In passing, a particularly welcome little bonus is the illuminated cassette compartment which, at a glance, enables one to ascertain just how much tape is left to run. Full marks and a gold star in the margin.

For once, I chose not to audition this system through my trusty Celestion-Dillon stack, but the speakers Pioneer provided for this test-run. However, before I proceed any further, it needs to be established that HPM-40 speakers (£88 per cabinet) don't come with the all-in-one-price rack mounting. To reiterate, Pioneer have selected a £60 pair.

Again, as you must be aware, speakers are very much a question of individual preference — and something I often have nightmares and earache over.

The HPM-40 stack don't only measure up as excellent rock boxes, but no matter what else I blasted through them they offered a most satisfactory compromise between pin-point clarity and definition and warmth.

On hard rock and reggae playbacks, especially, it was possible to pump-up the volume to Saturday Night Saloon Bar level and not wince or rattle the glasses. Obviously, much time, effort and the burning of the midnight lamp has been spent on achieving an extraordinary level of sophistication and component compatibility. When housed in its rack mounting (look no trailing leads!), not only does it look good, sound good and taste good, but the price is right. So do yourself a favour and check this system out.

Oh yeah! If Pioneer want it back not only will they have to come around in person, but I suggest they come mob-handed...

ON THE TOWN



200,000 PEOPLE CAN'T

ELEVEN HOURS after the opening bars of music erupt from Merger, the Blackbushe Picnic is to end as a major triumph.

Bob Dylan, diminutive and dressed in black, will sway gently under the rich red spotlights and sing with genuine emotion, "The Times They Are A-Changing." And then as his band play on he'll finally remove his electric guitar and warmly thank the massed audience.

Before he leaves the stage at the rear, the lonely Chaplinesque figure passing from view, he will silently pace the boundaries of the platform, bowing stiffly and smartly as a last gesture to his devotees.

Out on the aerodrome, tramping on crushed cans and squeaking in the pulp of a day's discarded food, the cheering thousands brandish their blazing torches into the cold, black night. With bonfires burning brightly, the flashing flickering flames highlighting the fiery dedication in the crowd's eyes, a shaft of brilliant light will cut across the canvas bigtop over the bandstand and bounce off a hovering giant balloon, its shadowed features looking down like the man in the moon.

We'll realise in a rush of emotional confusion, as regret tussles with the lingering sensation of Blackbushe, that Dylan's visit is over, concluded by a 180 minute set that's as much of an unprecedented revelation as any of his shows were at Earls Court.

The Alimony Tour ends here, and the legend becomes the supreme Rock Entertainer of the '70s.

THE PILGRIMAGE to Blackbushe, 50 miles from London and just inside the Hampshire border, started on Thursday and by 11

a.m. on the day, 50,000 have already claimed their ground space in front of the stage. Another 150,000 are still on their way on wheels, trains and foot. Battered Fords with radiators croaking and steaming are tombstones on the route, passed by the steady stream of kids shouldering rucksacks and blankets.

The sturly corrugated-iron fencing around the massive ground gives the impression of an encampment; and there's a medieval English air, with orange and yellow striped toilets that poke above their yellow enclosures like tourmanent tents.

Stalls, marquees and stands selling hotdogs, ices and drinks surround the enclosure. And all the time records blare through the gigantic banks of speakers on the stage wings, in turn relaying out to three 30-foot PA towers across the middle of the arena.

By the time Merger, a special late addition to the bill at Dylan's own request, start playing some energetic and articulate reggae shortly after mid-day, the area immediately in front of the crash-barrier is so densely packed that the DJ has warned those at the back to quit pushing forward.

Only minutes into their set a crushed casualty strapped to a stretcher is hauled over the barrier, but Merger is unperturbed. Their confidence allows them to overcome the initially-reserved audience response.

Lake, an Anglo-German quintet, were an uncomfortable anachronism sandwiched between Merger and Graham Parker & The Rumour.

Saddled with the misfortune of releasing two albums (on CBS) ten years too late, and working on a redundant formula of CSN&Y vocal licks and Yes drycleanard, it's little wonder their vocalist, James Hopkins-Harrison self-consciously flinches during his song introductions.

ADUSTY-DRY grey hot day, and by mid-afternoon the commercial success of the Picnic is guaranteed as the audience swells to 100,000... and the portable bogs prove to be inadequate.

It's a young gathering, mid-teens to early 20s, mainly in blue denims, who, unlike the comparatively large faction of middle-aged at Earls Court, regard Dylan as essentially a '70s artist. And the early volume of traffic in the area shows they're also interested in seeing Parker, Armatrading and Clapton.

Five hours after Graham Parker & The Rumour viciously launch into "Stick To Me," it'll be clear why each of these artists have that status, and why Dylan may be getting a little edgy as he waits in his dressing room.

Parker, who might have felt uneasy on the same bill as one of his strongest influences, is intent on punching a blow at Blackbushe that won't be forgotten quickly.

The brass blazes from the left, the best British R&B hammers out from the right, and Parker's got a firm grasp of his own magnificent vocal powers.

Before there's chance for any malicious caterwauling from the Dylan partisans, "Thunder And Rain" and "That's What They All Say" are delivered with the same intensity, and they don't pressure-drop until clear of "Fool's Gold."

Credentials shown and approved, Parker & The Rumour wipe the brow and introduce "Passion Is No Ordinary Word," the first of five new, unrecorded songs that comprise a third of the hour long set.

And from there it's "Love Gets You Twisted," as soft and sensuous as "Passion," counterpointed by Parker's committed snarl and an untidy edge of Brinsley Schwarz's solo, with "Waiting For The

UFOs" positively buckling the trap in its fury to seize the crowd by the throat.

Arrogant, determined and musically so damn tight you'd have trouble squeezing a ferret through the open spaces, they not only have every one of their new numbers endorsed by 100,000 but rage through absolutely classic versions of songs old enough to be dog-eared.

The act is stunning, the applause they receive shattering.

WHILE THE change over for Clapton seems to be unduly long, the scene in the hospitality area at the back of the stage is turning into a regular pig circus.

Helicopters and limos have been steadily unloading ritzy guests since 2 pm, and the body traffic around the record company tents is congested — if only because nobody has the right passes to show.

For some it doesn't seem to matter, and Bianca and Ringo breeze grandly into Phonogram's tent without any formality.

A madness of another kind is setting in out front, as the wait for Clapton bristles with excitement / irritation then explodes into noisy delight as he and the band eventually switch on just before five.

Blistering rock 'n' roll — with the guitars of Eric and George Terry shouting at each other across the clout of the rhythm section — jolts at least 20,000 to their feet. And with Clapton and Marcy Levy battling the lead vocals between them, this version of "The Core" makes the studio version seem as though it was left in the deep freeze.

No sooner have they cranked up than Eric takes 'em down for some measured blues, his guitar growling with an ecstasy. Then, a little gruffly, he introduces "Wonderful Tonight," his instrument singing out the

magnificent opening melody, to put the set at a level where grace and ease are more important qualities than energy.

Eric looks well, beard and hair neatly trimmed, wearing a black leather jacket and blue denims, playing sound.

However, in his continual pursuit of self-effacement, he tends to instill a reserve in his band, where even the boisterous piano of Dick Sims can't cut rhythmic edges into "Lay Down Sally". Apart from a brief, growling guitar solo, it tends to plod along uneventfully.

His approach is cool, sometimes detached. He's even distinctly humble at times.

"We'd like to pay our tribute now to the star of the show," he says quietly. "This one's called 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door'."

Sensitive textures are tenderly created by the guitars and organ. Bassist Carl Radle and Jamie Oldaker on drums along with just the right emphasis. Marcy's harmonica is cupped and subdued. It's just one of the set's many highlights.

Eric in fact gets the best full-throated cheer of the day. Country and blues have already shown him to be in remarkable good voice as well as on brilliant playing form, and the roars greet a heavy-riffed version of J J Cale's "Cocaine".

After a brief absence from the stage while Marcy laid some soul into "Nobody Knows When You're Down And Out", he returns to lead the band into a climax with a series of combination punches — "Badge", performed fairly strictly to Cream's original, "Heaven's Door", and a compact but hard reading of "Key To The Highway" are concluded by what's undoubtedly now regarded as Clapton's anthem.

"What'll you do when you

Report: TONY STEWART



BE WRONG . . .

BOB DYLAN at the
Event Of The Decade

get lonely . . . "he sings, and the delirium of the festival audience is almost enough to drown out even the chorus of "Layle".

CLEARLY THE idea in scheduling Joan Armatrading between Clapton and Dylan was for her to act as a buffer.

Easily one of this country's most accomplished female writers, enigmatic and graced with a vocal range that embodies the soul of blues and the flexibility of a great jazz singer, she was undoubtedly expected to quieten any audience restlessness. But that hardly coincided with what she had in mind.

She comes on a few minutes after 7.00 pm, the concert campment now tense, with edgy excitement rippling over the chattering hordes. Joan seems a little nervous for her first British appearance this year.

A sharp breeze kidnaps the music from the relay towers and lifts it away. *Blowin' In The Wind*, you might say. And because of it the thousands at the back quickly give up on the subtleties of what is to be a daringly ambitious set.

Strumming her acoustic guitar, she fronts a new band comprising Red Young (keyboards), Quilman Dennis (sax), Matt Betton (drums), Bill Ham (guitar) and Steve Brantley (bass).

Eerie moods and superb husky singing suddenly transforming into pure poignancy escape at least a third of the audience periodically during the set.

"Willow", a compassionate love song from the "Emotion" album, is undoubtedly one of the highlights, with magical moods created by Young's fragile piano phrases and Dennis' sax warmly brushing along the melody line.

In a concert hall I suspect she would have been nothing short of magnificent.

DESCRIBED AS Dylan's encore to his six concerts at Earl's Court, the Blackbushe Picnic would have undoubtedly attracted something close to 200,000 even if Parker and The Rumour, Armatrading and Clapton hadn't been here.

But with a bill like this, Blackbushe lays claim to being *The Event Of The Year* . . . maybe even of the Decade.

But, seeing as we're talking about a projection over the '70s, where were the exciting new wave artists of the '70s who'd have eaten Lake and a dozen others like them for breakfast?

Didn't Clash or Sham 69 or Dury or Costello or The Jam or TRB or Magazine deserve to be included?

True enough, GP and R are close in spirit, but . . .

ANYWAY . . . THE band buoyantly burst into an instrumental "My Back Pages", spontaneous solos rattling against one another as an almighty gale of a howl rips out of 200,000 pair of lungs.

Blow by blow, the atmosphere from the first sight of Dylan in a black top hat and shades starting into the only unrecorded song of his act, "Love Her With A Feeling", matches and even surpasses London.

Guitarist Billy Cross is up against the speakers to our left, with Bobby Hall on congas immediately behind him; to the extreme left Alan Pasque's on keyboards facing the line of Jerry Scheff (bass), Steve Soles (guitar), David Mansfield (pedal steel, mandolin, violin) and Steve Douglas (sax, flute, recorder); with Helena Springs, Jo Ann Harris and Carolyn Dennis scurried behind them. Ian Wallace's kit points diagonally across the platform at Pasque.

From "Baby Stop Crying", sticking close to the "Street-Legal" version but

with Dylan finding more vocal edge than he did in the studio, the first of many innovations in the act comes with a works-outing into "Just Like Tom Thumbs Blues", featuring sax and organ solos where on the original there was harmonica.

Dylan isn't messing around with a duplicate of Earl's Court. The assertive way in which he tackles "Shelter From The Storm" displays energy and drive that was occasionally missing before. Jagged and jolting, only Cross' precisely pointed lines tuck away the ragged untidiness. Then comes a brisk "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue".

Dylan suits Blackbushe, and whether or not it was specifically arranged to suit him and his credit column in an accounts ledger, just doesn't come into it. As quickly as one song ends he's into another, tangling up some mysteries to be unravelled later.

Although the set partly follows the same pattern as before, the by-now familiar new versions are juxtaposed with yet more refurbished classics. And if a comparison is to be drawn, then he's transforming mansions into palaces rather than the reverse.

The superlative "Tangled Up In Blue" is dropped. In its place Dylan — accompanied only by Pasque's piano and the haunting sax lines of Douglas — plaintively sings of the "Girl From The North Country". Modelled on the soft melody of the "Nashville Skyline" version with Johnny Cash, it's as moving as the ballad "If You See Her, Say Hello" from "Blood On The Tracks".

Conversely, songs that were originally instrumentally light and airy, such as "Ballad Of A Thin Man" or "Simple Twist Of Fate", become dynamic rock songs. The latter now bears some comparison to "Like A Rolling Stone", dominated by organ and an

intricacy of guitar patterns.

And while still tackling the most unpleasantly simplistic disco-riffing of "Maggie's Farm", through "Stone" where the three girls' vocals, for once, are an unnecessary burden, and "I Shall Be Released", on which they're as invaluable in creating dramatic impetus on the chorus as the pedal steel and sax, Dylan still introduces two more songs from "Street-Legal" in the first half of the show.

With Dylan's voice determinedly pitched high over the music — enthusiasm being his source of power — both "Is Your Love In Vain" and "Where Are You Tonight" remain close to the recordings.

Dylan then removes the silk topper (apparently acquired from his hotel doorman), and retires to the back of the stage to join Cross as the set's energy and pace is stifled by the most perplexing aspect of the act.

With Dylan poker faced on rhythm, Carolyn Dennis sings Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come" and Helena Springs tackles "Mr Tambourine Man" as a banal piece of cabaret. The party pieces are continued by Jo Ann Harris disappearing up "The Long And Winding Road" to a simple piano and violin refrain: followed by Soles singing something that's instantly forgettable.

You feel their spots are sport in Dylan's manipulative games, for as soon as they skip offstage, he returns. Swinging on an acoustic guitar, he performs a hesitant rather than positive "Gates Of Eden"; and stooping slightly to his right, blowing into the harp, it's almost the vintage Dylan 'cept he's so subdued.

It's now dusk, and the stage lighting plays an integral part in creating mood for the remainder of the show. The pace is finely judged, building through "True Love Never Forgets", the blaring black gospel "One More Cup Of

Coffee", easing confidently down for "Blowin' In The Wind", with his rasping phrasing and light flute melodies dancing in and out until the number rises to its climax.

Later still, "To Ramona" — which you'd think deserved a similar treatment — is emotionally drained. Dylan presumably decided that the melody should be carefully underlined by the group, and he's right. "All I Really Want To Do" is jauntily cast aside as a clap-a-long: hi-beel sneakers optional.

Really, you can't help but view the show with some ambivalence. There's a compulsion to be drawn into the festive atmosphere and Dylan's hypnotic mystique. But at the same time a part of you wants to withdraw a little and objectively reflect on Dylan's almost sacrificial surrender of what were once mystifying powers.

The megarock versions of "Masters Of War" and "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleedin')" now rely on the collective resources of the band rather than on him alone.

Then there's the actual choice of songs that's often perplexing.

His selection starts with something 15 years old, from "Freewheelin'", and then he takes at least one song from each of his subsequent seven albums. But he's hesitant to delve into his early '70s sets, virtually leaving a five year gap until he picks up again with "Planet Waves". This time he doesn't even perform the revised "The Man In Me" (70), which he's occasionally featured on this tour.

Gradually he has increased the number of "Street-Legal" songs, tonight making it six (two-thirds of the album) with "Changing Of The Guards" to come as the first encore.

Generally the songs aren't controversial — with a few exceptions. One is "Masters Of War", with its scorchingly

melicious lyric. Yet it's also the oldest, and, ironically enough, "Senor", from "Legal", is its companion — it's neighbour in the set and its neighbour in lyrical intent too. Conveniently the two firmly link the past with the present.

So, the show does make sense, especially if Dylan is seen as a Rock Entertainer. Apart from those missing few years, his act has historical perspective, nostalgia and innovation; and it's studded by parts of his three major albums of this decade, including "Desire" as a borderline case.

Perhaps it's now Bob Dylan's ambition to establish the multifarious aspects of his own talent in the concert arena — without having to worry about The Band's pomp for military marches behind his songs, or the Rolling Thunder munitrels cluttered about him like over-zealous nephews.

This Blackbushe outfit is one helluva rock band for him, and he's one helluva rock performer. The soft lyric and lingering melody of "Forever Young" is exactly the right song to end with.

His own voice soars into an anthem. Eric Clapton's sobbing blues guitar drift under the lyric, and the torches above the crowd burn in homage. It's an experience that'll be very hard to equal.

Even after a ramshackle "Changing Of The Guards", Dylan — again with an acute awareness for the sense of occasion — finishes with "Times They Are A-Changin'". Perhaps it's the realisation in "Senor" that cycles constantly recur without changing that brings a suggestion of despair rather than indignation into his singing.

But still you can't help clutching at the last verse; as perhaps he knows only too well.

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

(stage pic by SIMON FOWLER)

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Talking Heads

LYCEUM, LONDON
TALKING HEADS sell out the Lyceum. It is an event. You can tell by the air of hushed despondency that hovers around the ticketless stragglers outside. You can tell equally by the pregnant but still subdued atmosphere within. Heads partisans are appropriately calm and polite, and their numbers get bigger all the time.

As far as can be divined from thronging with this quiet majority, they are young, healthy, possessed of all five senses, and neither emotionally nor otherwise debilitated. They just like to see a wilfully oblique little art student who failed to get a degree screaming psychopathically to no one in particular that he doesn't have to prove that he is creative. I like it too.

We don't mind being blinded by intellect; we don't even give it a second thought. (And not that I do, what's wrong with it anyway?) In the wacky pop world people get blinded by intellect; we don't of other fiction ranging from "political" platitudes to platform boots). The well-adjusted punter won't feel threatened, conned or condescended to by Talking Heads. They'll just enjoy the Byrne's-eye view, and perhaps dance.

Which is just as well because Talking Heads don't seem especially anxious to compromise either. For instance they still play in bright, shadowless white light, without a follow spot. Don't mistake this for some sort of contrived neon austerity, it's simple illumination. And David Byrne is still writing striking offbeat songs about



TALKING HEADS' David Byrne. Pic: GUS STEWART

MORE FOOD FOR THOUGHT

other people's problems.

Most of them were previewed in founding state on the last tour, polarized the critics on the new album, and are now positioned one-for-one with older material in a wildly re-organised set. Previous crowd pleasers, "The Big

Country" and "Take Me To The River", now open the show, thus virtually forcing the new songs to stand or fall. They could have gone the safe route to a guaranteed reaction, but laurels, after all, aren't meant to be sat upon.

Yet the play wasn't entirely successful. Playing new and old

Maggie Bell

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON

SOMETHING OF a comeback, this gig. For too long now our finest lady soul voice has been under wraps. Tonight's re-launch of Maggie Bell's career must qualify as an event of some importance.

Warming up are Meal Ticket, they're an intelligent, seasoned five-piece whose clean, American-flavoured boogie continues to win the approval of just about everyone who approves of clean, American-flavoured boogie. They've a useful writer in Rick Jones though his songs, "Blame" excepted, are as stereotyped as the riffs — all hoboes, highways and gun-totin' toughies.

Meal Ticket do nothing that's especially new but they do it very well and I don't suppose they'll go hungry.

Maggie Bell is greeted with a warmth that's evidence of enormous affection and respect. Assembled around her are Jon Lord, Ian Paice and Paul Martinez, plus the fail-safe expertise of Geoff Whitehorn, on parole from Crawler.

The re-acquainting process starts with "Suicide Sal" and "Queen Of The Night" and it's immediately obvious that the girl's forgotten nothing.

Familiarity remains the keynote with "I Saw Him Standing There" and material by Freddie King and Aretha Franklin, the latter ("Do Right Man, Do Right Woman") reminding us that Maggie stands comparisons as odious as you care to make; she comes out with credibility intact.

Enter Andy Mackay to offer sax support on a belting version of Maggie's last recording, his theme from "Hazel". Then exit everyone except Whitehorn who solos, guitar-hero fashion, on the



MAGGIE BELL Pic: SIMON FOWLER

MAGGIE TAKES THE WRAPS OFF

jingle for Cadbury's Chocolate Flake. Really wild, Geoff.

I'd earlier pondered the possibility of Ms Bell mellowing out to move up-market in the manner of that chanteuse of Suburbia, Elkie Brooks. (The RFH is, after all, a rather genteel setting for this former doyenne of the Sauchichall Street Locarno). But there's no danger — as witness "Pencilin' Blues", still dirty after all these years.

To hear those smoky vocals billow around "After

Midnight" is to see why Bible-belters made bonfires of rock 'n' roll records. The Devil's music.

Encore time and "What You Got Is So Good", complete with Andy Mackay and The McKinlay Sisters (dubbed The Bell-tones), reveals a hitherto unsuspected contingent of unreconstructed headbangers leaping out from the plushly-seated ranks. No, nothing much has really changed but, where Maggie Bell is concerned, I guess that's just the way it should be.

Paul Du Noyer

near consecutively caused the crowd barometer to go at times up and down like a yo-yo. One minute appreciative, the next ecstatic.

After all the talk about capturing their live sound on record, a feat which "More

Food" patently fails to achieve mainly because it didn't set out to, they now seem to be going in the opposite direction and trying to capture their recorded sound live.

With the new songs in particular, the characteristic fragile textures evident on the last tour have given way to a brassy, fuller, less self-conscious sound.

The time spent working in the studio on "Stay Hungry", "Warning Sign" and "With Our Love" shows up. Arrangements and tones follow the recorded versions, sometimes not quite successfully. "Thank You For Sending Me An Angel" for instance would have been better in its pre-album incarnation, but then it's good to hear people stretching their capabilities a little.

And Talking Heads are nothing if not even further out on their own limb, like it or lump it. I've seen them four times this year and haven't failed to come away spellbound as much by the subtle jagged thrust of their sound as by the degree of assurance and innovation with which they carry it off.

As time goes by the goofball love-struck twitterings diminish and David Byrne becomes less of a Richman-esque figure all round. But, paradoxically, the audience appears to be ever more fascinated by him.

They know you can see as much as you want to see, because they know what you see is what you get, and I got what I came for.

Paul Rambali

FLASH...

White Cats NOTTINGHAM

THE WHITE CATS are a very entertaining little band, one of that rare breed who have more energy than ability to channel it creatively. This means that they are tremendous fun while they're on stage at the Sandpiper but you have difficulty remembering the songs afterwards.

There are no more than a couple of strong numbers in the whole set — but who needs great songs when you're whacking out enough juice to run the National Grid for a week?

This band featuring Chris Miller (no longer a.k.a. Rat Scabies) aims at your body not your brain; and if you sit around waiting for catchy melodies, relevant lyrics and originality of content, you've missed the point completely.

Two years ago, The White Cats would probably have been hailed as prime exponents of an exciting new movement. Whether the advances of the last 24 months make them redundant or not is entirely up to you.

Stephen Gordon

Roger The Cat ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

GLAM-ROCK Roger the Cat are not. Rick Arnold (guitar, vocals) must be the oldest 24-year-old gigging, wife Marion (piano) looks like it's the worst job she's ever had and Dave Cross (vocals, guitar) hardly registers.

Songs (Cross/R. Arnold) are all thought and no flair, plain vocals and duelling guitars. Jerry Hulme (Simon Kirke drums) and Marion colours, but that's it — bar a smattering of pop sensibility in a couple of numbers by former bassist Pete Fisher.

I tried not to hold the Arnolds' classical training against them, but a "Hold Your Head Up" soundalike was the giveaway: this was clean, tidy, no-groin Anglo-rock. It can be exclusively revealed that Roger the Cat are no threat to the blood pressure. Harry George



PICT: CHALKIE DAVIES

ROCKIN' AND ROLLIN' IN THE USA

Rolling Stones

ST. LOUIS

NEW ORLEANS

NO STONES IN 77!! While overlooking a rather perfunctory live greatest hits souvenir from the year before that, strictly on face value I would say that statement was reasonably accurate.

However, had the sequel statement, no "Stones in 78" been uttered it wouldn't have originated out of contempt — but out of sheer unadulterated bright green envy.

The world's finest ever rock and roll dance band is back on the road, see, and any resemblance to any other band of that ilk that you may have come across in the past few years is purely coincidental.

The Rolling Stones haven't come to pose. They've come to party. No longer is there any danger of them becoming the Mick Jagger's all stars ("Hi, this is Billy — he's gonna do a couple of his own numbers and I'm gonna swing around on a bleeding rope"), supported by side show paraphernalia distracting from the purpose of the Stones whole being — which is to rock ... R-O-C-K rock!

What we have here flying the shredded Stones battle-standard is a totally re-born band who have no truck with sophisticated staging, fancy costumes, 40-foot phallics and grotesque mannerisms.

Indeed, except for a couple of quick breathers ("Far Away Eyes" and "Love In Vain") it's all stops out from the moment the Stones not so much hunch but slam into "Let It Rock" — something they continue to do unabated until an hour and a half later when they file away another classic re-run of "Jumping Jack Flash" (on another evening it was "Satisfaction").

Like I said, stuff the posing, let's get on with the partying!

On Tuesday the band played host to an intimate gathering of just 3,000 hall-crazed fans in St Louis. On Thursday it was before the biggest-ever crowd assembled under one roof (New Orleans superdome) for a concert of any nature — in excess of 80,000.

However, the size of the gate didn't make any difference — everyone received the same deluxe treatment.

The Stones stepped on stage in what looked like the clothes they'd blown into town wearing and with just sufficient hardware to produce the Right Kind of Sound. Extras weren't forthcoming or necessary and you knew they meant business when after the first number Jagger, in barrow-boy street chic (white jacket, black vinyl trousers and white cap) started physically rolling up the carpet at the front of the stage as they tore into "All Down The Line".



By ROY CARR

The impression gleaned in both St Louis and New Orleans was not of a bunch of seasoned vets taking the money and running but of a young band, riding both a hit single and album, pushed out on the road for the very first time as bill toppers.

Yes, it was as good as that. Night after night they seemed to crack one energy level after another. Jagger's right and left hand guitar men, Keith and Ron, firing straight from the hip.

It was heady stuff. No longer did Keith convey the desperate impression of trying to stay vertical. Now he's continually dashing to the very tip of the stage, firing off the kind of guitar leads that made him the undisputed gunner, smiling from ear to ear, moving in almost as many directions as Jagger, with Woody snapping at his heels.

The absence of guitar leads and the introduction of radio-pickups has given the band added mobility. Even Bill's moving (not much, but he's moving), and he fell off stage t'other night, didn't he.

"Honky Tonk Woman" struts her stuff (especially in New Orleans) and "Starfucker" has the grinning glimmer twins working within inches of the crowd.

The sight of Jagger gunning a Fender Stratocaster presents both a fresh new visual and aural addition to the familiar foot-proof formula.

"When The Whip Comes Down" is the first of

eight tracks from "Some Girls" which form the crucial centre filling of the Stones' rock cake, and you know how tasty some fillings can be.

The "Some Girls" music is immediately accessible and custom designed for the stage.

"Beast Of Burden" gets the whole message across, then Jagger once again straps on his Strat for "Lies" and the band attain that full tilt rascalsness that was burned deep with such songs as "Rip This Joint". Again Keith hurls himself stage front to trade off solos with Woody.

If this alone isn't enough to make the hackles rise the two-fisted keyboard team of the Ian Stewart and Ian McLagan sets to work with a vengeance. Their presence is continually heard, felt, and enjoyed throughout the entire show.

On Tuesday there was some concern as to Bill Wyman's ability to perform a full set — after having badly injured his left hand and his only head in his stage fall. But if, as we were led to believe, young Bill couldn't pull his weight it certainly didn't show as he sustained the nifty base pattern of an extended "Miles You" — once again with Jagger on guitar. The number sounded even better live.

Only someone of Jagger's strength and self-confidence could front a band with such fire in its belly and not get blown away in the process.

Charlie Watts is still solid as a rock. During "Miss You" (a random choice) with just a straight off-beat on snare, high hat and bass drum he's the very essence of the universal heart beat.

Jagger continues on guitar for "Just My Imagination", jettisons it for a stop-in-your-tracks "Shattered" and returns to it for a deliciously poutish "Respectable". "Far Away Eyes", with Mick's hilarious Anglo-redneck brogue, retains its element of humour.

Then it's testifying time and a thoroughly convincing and emotive "Love In Vain" ... It's taken a long time for "Tumbling Dice" to establish itself as one of the Stones major as opposed to minor standards.

"Happy" is more than aptly titled. For the first time in a long time Richard gives the impression that he is fully aware that he's having himself a good time.

(In Chuck Berry's home town, St Louis, "Sweet Little Sixteen" is thrown in as a respectful tip of the hat to the master. "Brown Sugar" follows and it's good night folks with "Jumping Jack Flash".)

Keith only fell over once in St Louis, but didn't in New Orleans — and that was only when Mick pushed him. However, it didn't effect the continuity. Keith just sat there in a heap on the floor still playing and grinning madly. At this rate they ain't never gonna wipe the smile off either his face or any of the others in the band.

No Stones in 78?

You must be kidding John.

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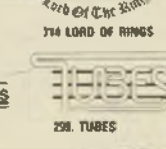
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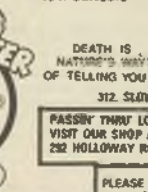


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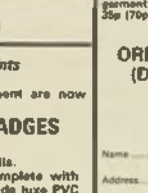
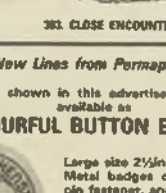


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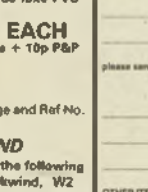


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JILTED JOHN

■ From page 25

room at the House of Rahid, somewhere in Disbury, for conversation and research, frustrating difficulties arose.

Fellows, oblique and clumsy in real life, refused to separate the character from himself, which wasn't so much schizophrenic as irritating.

His line of thought wandered from his own carefully-pondered, self-mocking words through varying degrees to the hapless, senseless ramblings of the character he was apparently building on the spot, "Jilted John".

And vice-versa: it was difficult to distinguish parties. Eventually I found myself addressing questions to "Jilted John" (and more often than not getting replies from Fellows) and then to Fellows (and... getting replies from "Jilted John").

The added hindrance of Gordon/Bernard occasionally interrupting certainly didn't help. As a result our conversation was predominantly pointless.

Bernard and Fellows stubbornly intent on leaving the impression that "Jilted John" is a true representation of Fellows, both having "inadequacies and inabilities to get to grips with social relationships and environments".

There was no chance of reaching the person who created the classic "Jilted John" single. There was the character and little else, and at most John is merely a grotesque reflection of the specific naivety of Fellows — his cheek but certainly not his perverse perception.

Certain facts did emerge. Rabid and Fellows have matured appreciably and concentrated on future development.

Future development revolves crucially around a decision that Fellows will not perform any more live gigs, but instead prepare for a future "musical" based on Jilted John, love and rejection. And this is an intelligent, enticing move. Previously, Fellows' performing live was a

shambles, featuring a borrowed backing group, a series of songs performed wrecklessly so that any delights were smothered, all linked flimsily under the "concept" of sorrowfully failed romances, culminating in the self-satisfied "Going Steady".

It's this loose concept that the planned theatrical presentation aims to intensify, illuminate, broaden.

Fellows settles comfortably behind the John mask and gets inartificially excited at the prospect of staging the musical.

(... slide into excerpts of conversation with "John": Graham and occasionally "Gordon"/Bernard)

"Yeah, I do want to expand it... you know 'Pennies From Heaven' (passionately if awkwardly innovative Brechtian TV musical-series conceived by Dennis Potter) ... well we can take some ideas from that... the way you get dramatic situations, conversation pieces and suddenly it goes into song. I like that idea. And, er, I haven't seen the Albertos thing but I could take a few ideas from that."

"Also... because I know there are loads of people out there just like me, who can't get a lover (sigh) and are very cut up about it, I want to get to them. I just want to find happiness really... and if I can find vent for my feelings (snigger) then... if I can get it out of my system... I suppose it's a contradiction 'cos I've already said I don't like performing live gigs... to tell people, tell the world that I'm a failure. I can normally do it in the recording studio."

Bernard: "But the only reason you can't do it in gigs is because this is like the beginning of the work. We want it to be visually worked out, a big production job."

It seems that Bernard and Fellows operate to some extent as a double act, as Fellows as "John" represents the feeble and inferior, then Bernard as "Gordon" is being modified as the confident and successful.

Well, y'know, Gordon represents the youth of today, cap, sleeved T-shirts and all that... don't write that down 'cos youths will think I'm being nasty. He's very visually viable — Bernard, do your dance."

cap, sleeved T-shirts and all that... don't write that down 'cos youths will think I'm being nasty. He's very visually viable — Bernard, do your dance."

IT BECOMES obvious the proceedings are a game, a tease. I find myself unwittingly and unwillingly complying.

So when did Jilted John realise that he was a failure? Laughter. "When I read it in the papers... no I realised it... it was a gradual realisation... perhaps when I became aware of girls... no, there's too much emphasis placed on failure with girls... I'm also a failure with people."

It seems he decided to tell people that he was a failure through rock'n'roll in some desperate way to attain success. The Sexy Pig, present in the room to conduct a silly test on Fellows' actual ability to conduct himself with girls, asked if groupies were a lure.

"No", Jilted John retorted with some affront. "That's wrong. That's immoral... totally superficial. Not real. No, look, there must be one girl out there... who... choke."

He perks up. "Do you fancy me?" he challenges The Sexy Pig. She stumbles her way through "Well, you're not ugly. I know some girls who fancy you."

He seems satisfied at this. Has he ever had any meaningful relationships with girls yet?

"No. The longest is two weeks."

What goes wrong? "Actually... I tell you... I get sick of them! But, before I tell them, I'm giving off bad vibes that I don't like them, so they pack me before I pack them... so in a way... it's good psychology, this, 'cos I'm seeing my own problem... I'm paying my own downfall. And if I didn't give off destructive vibes they wouldn't pack me!"

This is getting us nowhere. OK — when did he become a pop singer?

"In February of this year I bought an electric guitar for £17.50. I can't play so I tuned it open and got flat chords to write my songs. I just went like sho o o o o o o o o o o and a tune just flowed. The single was the first thing I wrote; it came in an afternoon of sheer inspiration.

"Bernard came round and played drums on a monopoly box... actually this is all very mundane, do you really want all this?... eventually we ran into Tosh of Rabid and the record came out."

Isn't this a remarkably quick achievement for a self-confessed loser?

"Yes, but I'm acting. I have to act to put across my concept and my concept is the real me. Do you see what I mean?"

Only the first sentence. I thought I was onto something here.

So he (Fellows) really is acting? "Well, you never can tell. That's the thing you've got to figure out."

Screams of frustration. How smart is he?

"Not very... oh, I feel oppressed now... you're asking very personal questions. I'm too young to have assimilated much in life. I know how to keep mice! I know how to keep a stud of mice on 50 pence a week. I can really relate to mice. They're my friends."

"Oh, to lie naked on a bed and let loads of mice run all over me... ash! Don't put that in... no perversions. Sex I find very embarrassing on TV — when you're at home at Christmas with your parents and sister... actually I want to do things for the kids that the parents can endorse. I could be another Tommy Steele."

Jilted John and Graham Fellows. The character and the actor. (Current heroes — Debbie Harry and Kate Bush. Musical dislikes — Status Quo and Brotherhood of Man. Musical likes — Dead End Kids, Flinlock, Bilbo Baggins, Liverpool Express... popular music, music for the people.)

We may never hear of either again, and it really doesn't matter. (Sort it all out for yourself.)

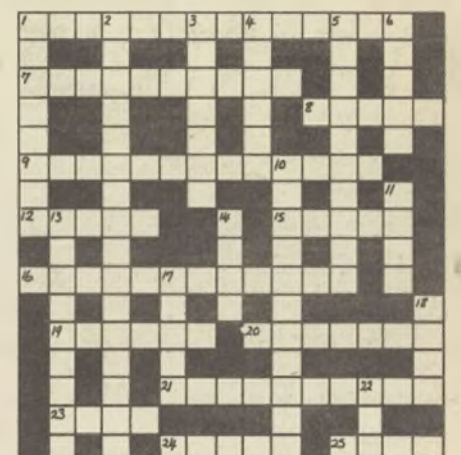
NME X-WORD

ACROSS

- 1 A.k.a. "Cosh The Driver", "No One Is Innocent" and "Tally Mak's Last Fling" (3,7,4)
- 7 Ted "Nutter" Nugent's garage band roots (5,5)
- 8 Paraplegic Soft Machine and Matching Mole founder in showy attire!
- 9 Roxy's last hit (ignoring re-releases), and Ferry's first stab at the disco generation (4,2,3,4)
- 12 The Rubber City — aren't you tired of all this avant-garde?
- 15 & 24 Killed at 22 (that's 22 years not 22 days, bub!) he was one of rock'n'roll's first casualties — also one of its most enduring legends.
- 16 Topped teen idol (ho ho!) — fell chronologically somewhere between T. Rex and the B. C. Rollers (bleeuch!) (5,7)
- 19 '60s British hit outfit who've been described as "the prime U.K. punk group" — that was when punk was a synonym for dumb!
- 20 & 6... and some girls go for dapper 'ardnats!
- 21 "Crisis? What Crisis?" now seems a particularly unfortunate choice of album title, eh what!
- 23 See 25
- 25 & 23 El Zimmernan live album

DOWN

- 1 Disco dork! ("Shame, shame!") — Olivia Newton-Squire!



- 2 Not exactly "Masters Of War" but we mustn't be snobbish about these things — this is a sociologically important disco track by Tati Of Honey, inspired we understand by the writings of R. D. Laing! (6,5,5)
- 3 Doubtless it'll be back again for Christmas '78, Steely Span's perennial hymn-let!
- 4 Not Christine — the other one in the band
- 5 Classic Small Faces workout, it went to No. 2 in 1968 (4,6)
- 6 See 20
- 10 Forget your Statue Of Liberty, your Empire State, your 5th Avenue... put her No. 1 on your list of New York sights! (6,5)
- 11 Gang leader (Goddit?)
- 13 It means "Powerplant" in their native tongue
- 14 U.S. heavy metal combo with right wing philosophies. Check out 10 down first, then take in N.Y.'s best-known latterday rock gig (units).
- 18 Follow-up to "A Hard Day's Night"
- 22 Here's a clever one to finish: Adding ten to Becker-Fagen work produces household bleach! Gosh, aren't you impressed...

Graphic: RAY LOWRY SUPERSTAR

I'M 18 and on the dole and bloody angry — about some of the crap in the Clash feature. Chris Salewicz calls the Clash "the advance guards, the emissaries of the New Age when Babylon's flaky hold on rock music (and on life) will finally fall..." That's absolute shit. My respect for the Clash was reduced when they played moronic Heavy Metal and the inappropriate "White Riot" at the A.N.L. Carnival, but after this tour was announced I couldn't identify with them at all.

If the Clash had loved or even cared for their audience they would not play venues that are well known for the ferocity of the security boozes, that exist merely to take as much money as possible from as many people as possible in one night. The band could play free gigs in parks or alternative venues not run by ultra-capitalist promoters. With a rich record company and good record sales they could easily afford it.

The Here 'n' Now have done about 60 free gigs this year. The Clash have done one. The Here 'n' Now will play for nothing under the Westway on the 20th, while 4 days later the Clash will charge £2.50 for a Music Machine gig (it was gonna be Picketts Lock, which is something like a scaled down Empire Pool, but they were banned from there). The Here 'n' Now got a £500 fine for an illegal free gig. The Clash pay £700 damages for shooting racing pigeons (that must have been a blow to capitalism when those pigeons were killed). Clash albums sell for £4 but Live Floating Anarchy '77 has "Do not pay more than £2.25" printed on the cover.

Joe Strummer doesn't really want a riot of his own. He could have helped the Apollo Clash fans by hitting the security thugs with his mike-stand (something done very effectively by Hawkwind's Bob Calvert at Manchester). He had hundreds of people behind him, and even security men are intelligent enough to recognize overwhelming odds. But the Clash only started fighting to save their own skins, at the end of the gig.

The Clash don't deserve long synoptic features in NME. Here 'n' Now, Sphinx and the rest of the peoples' psychedelic anarchist rock groups deserve more than the occasional paragraph, because they actually put their idealism into practice for the benefit of their followers e.g. the free floating anarchy tours and the free concerts at Glastonbury, Stonehenge, Deeply Vale and the Roundhouse (the Love-in).

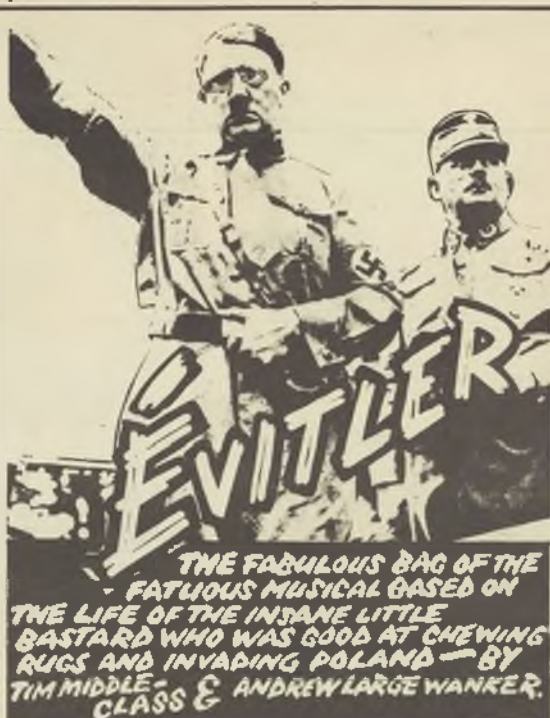
NIGEL SMEDLEY, Letchworth, Herts.

SO THE Clash really love their audiences, huh? Is that why we had to wait one and a half hours before being let in last Tuesday in Birmingham? Is that why the tickets went up by 50p while we were still queuing? And so Joe Strummer cried over the way their fans were treated in Glasgow. Did he cry when the hand saw fit to sack one of their support bands, Fashion? So Paul, Joe, Nicky, Mick, you think it's funny, turning rebellion into money/money/money/money/money.

ETHEL OF THE FIFTH FORM, Birmingham

IT would seem that both of you, Nigel and Ethel, have other axes to grind on behalf of Sphinx and Fashion, and that you're severely worrying one of the few bands who actually try to do something positive about the rock business and the way it works. The Clash try harder and attract heavier pressure: the success of their attempts is limited (and I've got sympathy for them over the repercussions of the pigeon-shooting episode) but the fact that they care as much as they do does them much honour. You may be demanding more than they can give. Do you seriously think, Nigel, that the Clash could get GLC permission to do free gigs the way Nik Turner can? In this racket, no-one has Complete Control — CSM.

FIRST IT was Dave Symonds and Dave Cash, then Kenny Everett, followed by Stuart Henry, Johnnie Walker and Noel Edmunds. Now Alan Freeman is to join them. Seen any significance yet? Well, if you ain't — you're just what our dear friends at Radio 1 are looking for — a boring, mindless, media manipulated moron. "National Radio 1" darling Tanya Blackburn calls it, and can never resist reminding us that we are listening to "Britain's only national pop station" — we don't have much bloody choice with the pirates having been hounded, do we? Those whom I have mentioned (excluding Granny



THE FABULOUS BAG OF THE FATUOUS MUSICAL BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE INJANE LITTLE BASTARD WHO WAS GOOD AT CHEWING RUGS AND INVADING POLAND — BY TIM MIDDLE-CLASS & ANDREW LARGE WANKER.

ALL SHE WANTED WAS SOME NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES AND FRANCE AND RUSSIA AND BRITAIN ETC.

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Blackburn) have departed from, or been asked to leave, the BBC, and the reason seems either that their shows were too humorous, or that they possessed too much knowledge of what is happening in music today, outside a disco. So what have we left? John Peel — slotted in when all respectable people are tucked up tight in their Myers beds, so as not to have their minds warped by our balding punk — and Annie Nightingale on a Sunday afternoon, for some light relief — bless her. But what about the rest of the week? Well naturally, we've got the ones who didn't leave. The ones we'd all give our left bollock to have leave. The dregs. The leftovers. Winklers like Travis, Saville, Burnett, the aforementioned Blackburn and Master Bates. If you'll allow me to ramble on, I could say that I used to be quite cheerful, getting up in the mornings, as Noel did have some sense of humour and understanding but now — Jesus Christ, what a boring fat Travis is. Who does he think we are — all five year olds who are supposed to titter as he rambles on about "hairy monsters, coming at us through the cornflakes" — oh pick me up off the floor, that was so funny! I could go on, but I suppose I'd better go now, as the "Tiny Tots" spot is just coming on Uncle Tony's show and I can't miss that, can I. Oh please! Just this once! **ALEX GILCHRIST (older than 5), Clydebank.**

WHAT DO the Beeb think they're playing at with the Sex Pistols new single. I've always thought that (especially) Radio 1 played chart sounds. Well, it's in the charts, and I can bet ya if the Pistols get to No 1 (cross me fingers) the Beeb will just turn round and say "we never banned it". Cosh the Beeb.

ANON (no address given, secretive so)

"... and the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools trying to anesthetize the way that you feel" — **ELVIS COSTELLO**

Speaking of whom... — CSM.

I THOUGHT you'd like to know that even though Elvis the C's third album is rubbish, I still have faith in the lad to pull out of the rut he's in, with his fourth coming double live album and

then with the following "Golden Hour Of Greatest Hits" compilation. So there, not everyone has given him up for lost!

BINSLEY FINGER ON THE BUTTON EXETER Dorking.

Uh-oh — the silly ones are trying to break through... — CSM.

DOES PENNY REEL think he is the only person who has read any Damon Runyon? The 3rd paragraph in the Phoney M article must have been taken straight out of *On Broadway*. Ha, didn't think anyone would catch you, eh?

MARIO KEMPES, Buenos Aires.

You are obviously a person such as

I HAVE no idea what Paul Morley has against me, but in his Alternative TV piece he seemed intent on portraying me as some sort of intellectual rat (even though he couldn't quite manage to spell my name correctly). In ATV I played the role of musical interpreter of Mark's ideas, supplying tunes to fit his words. I never enjoyed "How Much Longer", but for a long time he insisted that it be kept in our set. When it came to recording the song I pushed for improved production facilities, though Mark Perry was not interested. On the "Still Life" number I wanted to use Bernard Herrmann-type strings, but the idea was rejected; so much for all those brave words such as "growth" and "improvement". Experimentation can go hand in hand with good production and arrangement; see Brian Wilson for further clarification and illustration on this point.

If I was not needed for ATV's continuing development, then how come almost 50% of their album is my material? I realise that the record is supposedly a chronicle of their career, but that doesn't account for the fact that my song "Action Time Vision" is the next single, and that there are plans to release the "Love Lies Limp" track in the near future. I wrote altogether two dozen songs with Mark which may or may not see the light of day...

The inept Mr. Morley also has the audacity to quote England's greatest living philosopher Colin Wilson, and

Featuring:

- Letters from pop stars!
- Clash backlash!
- BBC bitch-in!
- Lotsa dumb jokes?

would not recognise a message from one Runyonoid to another even if it appears in the world's leading rock rag. Keep taking the rock candy and rye. — **HARRY THE HORSE**

Peter who? — **PENNY REEL**

I HAVE decided to write to your "Bag" every day until 1994. **CAPTAIN KLUTZCH. Happy Meadows, Kent.**

Great. I've decided to ignore your letters until 2001 — CSM.

WHAT'S THE matter with being 14? You lot really piss me off sometimes. You're always going on about certain bands only appealing to 14-year-old schoolgirls, and I'm talking about the Boomtown Rats. Their gig at Hammersmith was bloody good. So what if I haven't been to many gigs? For one thing I can't afford it, and for another thing how am I supposed to get into the Lyceum to see The Jam. You've got to be 18 and I don't look 18. Now my posy brother has started quoting lines from NME about some of your remarks, like the brainless idiot he is. I can guess what your smart-assed comment will be, so you know where you can stick it! Can I be a rock paper journalist?

LIZ, (14) London.

Forgive Adrian Thrills, Liz... he's too young to appreciate 14-year-old schoolgirls (particularly hip ones) the way us grown-ups do... — CSM.

FOR ALL you skins that follow Sham, let's get one thing straight: Sham are a punk band, and now it's getting sick 'cos us punks can't go and see them without getting our heads kicked in. I saw Jimmy the other day and spoke to him about this and he said that he didn't really like the skins that much anyway and in his own words Sham are a punk band. Take a look at the band anyway, there ain't one skin among them. They used to be skins but that was a good eight years ago, now they're punks. Anyway you skins only go to a Sham gig for a fight. Don't you ever stop to listen to what Jim's saying or are you thick like they say skins are? Prove them wrong and let us punks come without getting our heads kicked in. **LIAM & JOHN, Sham 69 followers (no address given in case the skins come and get them) — CSM**

Well said, men. After all that stupid, wasteful crap that went down last year between punks 'n' Teds, the last thing we need is a re-run between punks 'n' skins. Listen, if Pursey doesn't want bother at his gigs, his wishes should be respected by people who claim to be his fans. — CSM.

to draw parallels (however admittedly absurd) between his work and Mark Perry's. He even manages to give the mistaken impression that Mr. Wilson's philosophy is somehow pessimistic, when it is in fact directly opposed to the traditional Jean Paul Sartre school of existentialism. I feel entirely qualified to comment authoritatively on this point having been well acquainted with Colin Wilson's books since I was 15, and having met and talked personally with Mr. Wilson at some length a short while ago.

I don't bear Perry (or Morley, for that matter) any malice. It's simply that I hate inaccuracy (while we're at it) should be noted that Morley managed to mix up ATV members Dennis Burns and Chris Bennett and re-title Deftford Funk City Records as Deftford Funk City Records and I find it crazy that ATV should gain credibility by Mark Perry's name dropping of Throbbing Gristle when he's only seen them play once, on the other hand, get portrayed as a wimp-pop twerp when I've been to almost every Throbbing Gristle gig in Britain and am currently working with them on the soundtrack of the Fred and Judy Vermorel movie *Millions Like Us*.

I wish Alternative TV and Mark Perry the best of luck, but I refuse to let a prat like Paul Morley set me up as a scapegoat for whatever deficiencies he sees in the band's creative output.

ALEX FERGUSON (ex-ATV), London.

DEAR CRETINS, I have never been to Hammersmith but no group changes too much inside a week. What the hell are you lunatics prattling on about? I went to the Boomtown Rats who were magic and if Adrian Arschote found 'em boring he must have spent the gig in the bog preparing that crap.

A NORMAL PERSON near The South Coast. P.S. Print an article about Product 109 or I shall detonate Julie Burchill's head by remote control.

Try it and a Mr Parsons I know will be detonating your head from fairly close range. Incidentally, what's a normal person doing at a Brats gig? — CSM.

WHO DOES this 'Jude the Obscure' (Bag July 15th) think he's trying to kid? I knew him when he was a complete unknown.

MARK EWING (a new concept in glasses), Hemingford Abbots, Cambs.

Then you're a complete bozo. Nobody even remotely hip knows him — CSM.

Jude the what? — **BOB DYLAN.**

See what I mean? — CSM.

HEY, I just seen a big stage down at Blackbushe Airport, an' someone told me Dylan's coming!! Scoop, huh?

UNCLE IAN, Bognor Regis.

You sure you set your watch forward this year? — CSM.

DEAR CHARLES, how are you and everyone — what? — oh good. Anyway, I read your review of the fab new Jolt 45 and just thought I should bring a few of your rhetorical comments up to date.

(1) We have not blown our energy, believe me. When you and your fellow cohorts and everyone else hears the next Jam LP you will surely poo-poo your panties.

(2) As for our 'disposable' second LP, well — the only disposable LP we've made was never released and scrapped by our own hands, ready to start work again with another (tentative title is "All Mod Cons").

(3) If anyone would like to take up these points further I would be glad to do a four page interview with a glossy picture of my face on the front of NME — but if not, never mind.

This is not an arrogant would-be-rock-star letter, but merely some inside info to set things straight. Yours modernly.

PAUL WELLER

Paul, thanks for writing. I look forward to your next album — just like I looked forward to the last two. Long may your Rickenbacker resonate — CSM.

I THINK I've just sussed out NME's masterplan to enslave the world with incompetent journalism. In a desperate move to cope with a universe which they do not understand, the NME staff have resurrected the NWB (Next Week Box, nerf!) The one that disappeared into the clouds last week (page 41) was a decoy! ... etc, let me explain. NME finally realised the potential of a real NWB! Their poetic consciousness has awoken and ready to sail on the river of life. Not only will Da Boite reel readers more about the bunch of wurrits that carefully contrive our weekly drool, it will let readers (there are readers, aren't there?) know when they want to purchase a copy of Britain's greatest rock weekly. It'll up sales: people won't be buying it simply for the crossword anymore! Perhaps it will retrieve readers lost at the onset of the New (old?) Wave. Through the deluge of letters about the NWB — you may even be able to extend the Letters page! Permanently! NME won't be debasing themselves in this venture; they've been exploiting their position as best music mag in the world for years. To take advantage of their heritage is a basic but understandable indigenous percept, when NME is such a respected newspaper. Well, NME, if you intend to execute this dastardly act you will be forced to include 'Looking Back' and 'Playing in the Band'. Do you realise what you are letting yourself in for?

FRITH OF POOK! and TUSH!, Glasgow. P.S. Oh-oh. What's that I see? Some smart-ass comment looming up to ridicule me and my theory at the bottom of this. I'll sneak back to the beginning again...

I think I've just sussed out NME's masterplan.

Shuffled and dealt by CSM



IT ACTUALLY was almost everything that everyone — even promoter **Harvey Goldsmith** — had cracked it up to be. The Picnic, we mean — the feeding of the 250,000 (or thereabouts, no-one here was counting) at Blackbushe. **Dylan**, appearing in a top-hat (loaned for the day from the doorman of his London hotel) arrived stage centre a mere 30 minutes behind schedule and gave a performance even better, even longer than those epic shows at Earls Court. The sun also shone.

Even **Old Bill** was remarkably cool; only 50 or so arrests were made, most for ticket forgery. The only slip-up appeared to be CBS's much-touted firework display which was the proverbial damp squib. And wasn't the stage meant to light up at the end of the proceedings with "Bob Dylan Street Legal", just in case anyone hadn't yet put their money where their feet were.

Those lucky enough to be invited into the Liggerz Enclosure had to make do with a somewhat restricted view of the stage. Along with obligatory **Blanco Jagger**, whose limo broke down on the way home (*My heart bleeds for her cattle cackle — Ed*) also backstage were a camera-toting **Ringo Starr**, **Clash** person **Jones** and **Strummer**, the latter slightly bemused if not awestruck that he was watching the real **Bob Dylan**. More still: **Wilko**, the entire cast of **Dire Straits**, **Roger Chapman**, half of **Gallagher & Lytle** (impossible to tell which one), **Susan George** (apparently foolproof and fancy free) and sundry other toffs. Congrats to ever-valiant **NME** lensperson **Pennie Smith** who fought her way to the front of the stage in order to take her pix. Slightly bruised or not. For more **Zimmer** adventures see **Thrills**. With any luck, that's got rid of him for the next half decade or so. Who's next **Harvey**? **Joseph of Nazareth**? Or are you having trouble with the lawyers? ...

Onto other matters... **Blanco's** hubby **Michael** has been getting sick for the "flagrant sexism" and "racist overtones" of the title cut of "Some Girls". Seeing red at the line, "Black girls just wanna get fucked all night," numerous black radio stations State have banned the platter. Single, "Miss You", is from

T-ZERS

GOES CAMPING

Atlantic Records (the Stones' American label) Mick has refused to change the lyric, while black girls have also been picketing New York record stores. Some girls eh Mick!

Which seems a good place for this week's Pistols-type **T-Zers**. Young **Lydon**, bless 'im, has been in the studio working on a possible single, while **Lydon's** bassman **Jab Wobble** has his solo single all set to go, probably on Virgin (or should it be Front Line?). **Wobble** is featured toasting (talking-over to you) a **Wayne Johnson** (Who? — Ed.) written and produced reggae song called "Dreadlock A No Deal Wid Wedlock" wherein The Man From Whitechapel, surprisingly enough, expounds his unwillingness to enter the state of matrimonial union...



PAUL COOK says "Bleeeach!" after reading the *Rotten* singles column.

Just who is it that **Sid Vicious** is shooting on the sleeve of his grisly "My Way" side? According to the plot of the **Pistols' Great Rock and Roll Swindle** movie, it's the president of his French record company. Other movie scenes in gay **Parade** include a street accordionist playing "Anarchy In The UK" while **Steve 'n'** Paul play along on the

sidewalk. Sounds like a **Beatles** cop to **T-Zers**. Incidentally, **Steve Jones** currently seen cruising streets of 'ol London in a gleaming **BMW**...

T-Zers might have guessed that **Capital Radio** supremo **Aldan Day** reckons "The Biggest Blow" the **Pistols** best yet. Which is presumably why the station has banned it...

ARE-WE-not-the-same-as-other-rock-bands? Preliminary earfuls of the completed **Devolvee** suggest so to **T-Zers**. Expect the **Akron Boys** Euro-produced offering to show up in no less than five different shades of vinyl, including super collectable (**Ray Carr** take note) metallic, as part of **Virgin Records'** extensive promotion. Like **Pistols' "Bollocks"** (whoops), the album doesn't feature all new material. Included are re-recordings of the first two **Still** singles, four sides in all

T-Zers promises that this is the very last mention of His name, but we thought you'd like to know that **Dylan** recently telephoned **Willy DeVille**, enquiring who his tailor is. **El Zim** told **Willy** that he was particularly interested in scoring tab-collared purple polka dot shirts and sharkskin suits. And we thought you'd given up that sort of thing in 1965, **Bob**.

TOTP's viewers last Thursday who saw a repeat of the **Boombtown Rats** "Like Clockwork" video might be interested to know another clip had been filmed featuring **Paul Cook** sitting in with the **Rats** on piano. **TOTP** refused to show it, claiming **Cook's** inclusion was contrary to a Musicians' Union ruling. Virgin, of course, think it might just be more **Pistols** victimisation...

Following a visit from the boys in blue **Suicide** and **Mich Jones** taken away and charged with drugs offences...

Attention **Hendrix** buffs. **Douglas Records** (as in Alan

"I don't mind no short people round here," says **BOB DYLAN** after looking large and impressive (as opposed to small and impressive) by the simple expedient of standing next to **GRAHAM PARKER** while praising **GP's** albums to the delighted ex-**Mod**. **CHALKIE DAVIES** proves it all happened (**GP's** mates didn't believe him).

Douglas, sometime **Hendrix** producer) releasing a **Hendrix "jazz"** album. Taken from various jams 69-70, it's called "Nine To The Universe" and is available by mail order only

Our own **Cliff White** taking over **Charlie Gillett's** excellent **Radio London** lunchtime **Honky Tonk** programme Sunday August 27 for one week only. Don't miss it...

IN TEXAS, **Squeeze's** bassist **Harry Kakoulli** came a cropper onstage whilst doing a somersault. As a result the hapless **Kakoulli** broke his leg and is completing the tour with a limb in a plaster cast. **Squeeze**, of course, changed their name to **UK Squeeze** for the tour to avoid confusion with an American group of the same name. Their 'new identity' has, however, led to further confusion and at some



FAY FIFE says "Yeah me too!" **Box** bit snapped at **Sire Records** promobash.

gigs punters have turned up expecting to hear **UK BB** **Bruford's** techno-flash combo

Now it can be told. When **Paramount Studios** originally invented the part of **Leather Tuscadero** for **Happy Day**, they originally had in mind **Debbie Harry**. **Blonde** manager **Toby Mamas** immediately shot round to **Paramount** with records,

BETTER DADDOES

Now Released	Then	Last week	TOP TEN
Zip Reboot in Autism , The Mervin , Sasha	1	1	(1) SUSZCOGOS
Simone Stard , Toni , Sasha , Sasha	2	2	(2) SHAM LARRY
Physicist , Arts , Vale	3	3	(3) CLASH POUR
No Kay , Joe , Black , Shy No 2	4	4	(4) LADY SOB
Steel Pulse No 2, Armed , T.V.G.D. , Cash	5	5	(5) STILL PULSE
The Driver , No One is Innocent , Sid Victor	6	6	(6) IF IT AIN'T STOP
My Way	7	7	(7) YELLOW COSTELLO
My Way By Drift , Johnson , Pollock , So	8	8	(8) MY WAY BY VIDEOLIFE
Movie Foots Bliss Bliss Clare & Now	9	9	(9) COHEN THE DRIVER
	10	10	(10) COHEN

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videos, photographs and anything else that could bear witness to Debbie's screenability. **Paramount**, though, considered **Debbie** too, uh, mature, but did ask if **Mamas** knew of any other sheilas fit for the role. He suggested **Joan Jett** and **Ms Quatro**. **Paramount** decided **Joan** "too young and tough looking" and the rest, as they say, is history (*It is — Ed.*).

And on an affiliated topic, **Ms Jett** says that she no longer thinks **Sand** the queen of her particular hop. She told **T-Zers**: "Y'know, she used to be so great, drunk and foul mouthed all the time. But nowadays she's so married. Ah, husband, come and look at this omelette I've cooked you." That **Suzi** is looking for a large country house, complete with stables, might well indicate that **Joan** isn't talking totally trash. Recently, **Quatro** has got into horse-riding in a big way and is being coached by **Michael Calme**'s 20-year-old daughter **Nicki**...

Talking Heads **David Byrne** on **Phil Spector**: "He's a mental case now." (*So, what's new?* — Ed.) "Yeah," agrees **Heads'** keyboardman **Jerry Harrison**. "Locking **Ronnie Spector** up in his house. His whole attitude is, 'Nobody can even see **Ronnie**. She's mine'..."

More **LA** madness. "Honest" **Ron Wood** has completed backing tracks for his next album. Produced by **Queen** knob twiddler **Roy Thomas**, the album features the redoubtable **Charlie Watts**, **Mick Fleetwood** and sundry other liggers. Also being recorded in **Hollywood** is **Bruce Springsteen's** live long player. Naturally a double, its release is said to be "imminent".

Last word on **Blackbushe**. As **The Zim** took the stage, one **Nik Turner**, erstwhile **Hawkwind** frontperson, mounted his own performance — outside the gates as a protest against **Bob's "hypocrisy"**. Said **Nik**: "Dylan is rapidly turning into everything he once hated and the kids are suffering." **Turner**

performed with his band **Sphynx** in a pyramid-shaped canopy from the back of a lorry. **Todd Rudgren** was unavailable for comment at the time of going to press.

Can't think why, but **Keith Moon** has been appointed director of publicity for **The Who Group Ltd.** Yeah, that's **The 'Oo**. Who lovers might be interested to know that an exhibition of **Who** memorabilia goes on show at the **ICA** August 1...

Mick Ronson back living in **Woodstock** and planning to cut an album in **September** with **Ian Hunter**...

Ealing band **The Transmitters** plan to play virtually every gig in **London** this Thursday last came to a premature end outside **The Marquee** when police stepped in and hauled off the driver of the flatbed truck from which the group were playing. Still, that day **The Transmitters** played outside **The Nashville**, **The Rainbow**, **Dingwalls**, **The Lyceum**, **Hammersmith Odeon**, **The Palladium**, **The Roundhouse**, **RCA HQ** and (pew) **The Albert Hall**. The stunt was organised as a protest at not being able to get any work...

And finally, plane-spotters' corner. **Clash** manager **Bernie "Silent Type" Rhodes** rang up **NME** to rebuke us not only for spelling **Messerschmitt** wrongly, but to point out that the aircraft in the band's stage backdrop is a **Dornier**, as so accurately noted by **Mancunian** **Mancunian Ray Lowry** in his fab **Clash** graphic last week. Next week: Evasive action of the **Focke Wulf FW190** fighter...



CLASH by LOWRY (Slight Return)



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