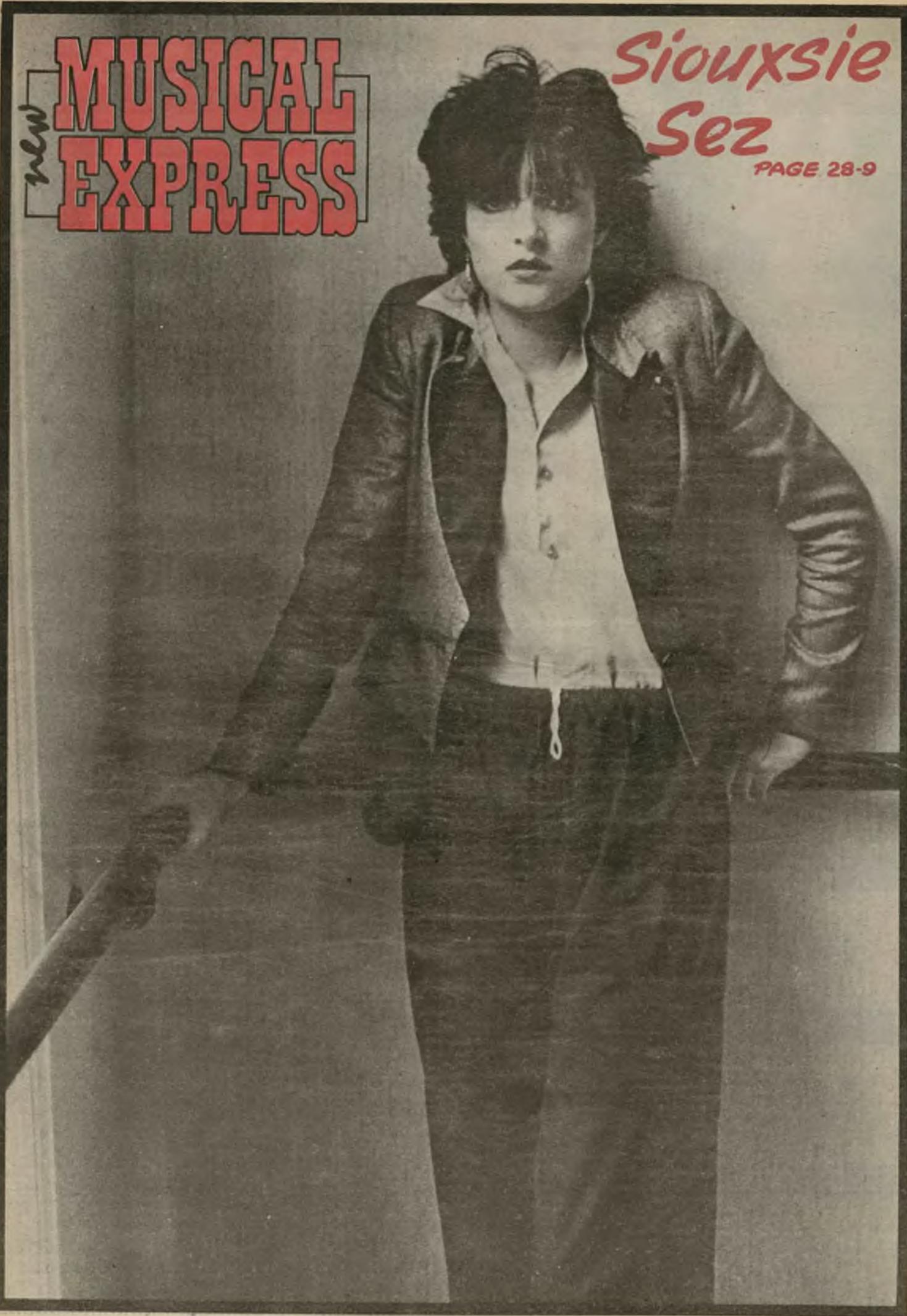


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**new** **MUSICAL EXPRESS**

*Siouxsie  
Sez*

PAGE 28-9



SILOUXSIE pic. by PENNIE SMITH

# Picture This



The New Single From **Blondie**

Chrysalis CHS 2242

## Dave Goodman and friends at

# JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

THIS RECORD IS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST, SO SAY ALL OF US.

1 F<sub>0</sub>O<sub>0</sub>7 x 1 E<sub>0</sub>A<sub>0</sub>E<sub>0</sub> x L<sub>1</sub>u<sub>1</sub>L<sub>1</sub> T<sub>0</sub>W<sub>0</sub> S  
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 Or A S<sub>1</sub>N<sub>1</sub>L<sub>1</sub>e

FIRST 15,000 ONLY, RED VINYL.

## FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending - August 21, 1973.

Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	2	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A & M)
3	3	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
4	4	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Linnie & The Family Cookin' (Aveo)
5	5	WELCOME HOME	Patricia & Lee (Philips)
6	6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
7	7	40 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
8	8	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
9	9	YOUNG LOVE	Dodgy Osmond (SING)
10	10	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Minnie Perry (Dawn)

## TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending - August 21, 1968.

Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	2	MOONY MOONY	Tommy James & The Shondells (Major Blues)
3	3	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Epic)
4	4	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
5	5	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Big Brother (Polydor)
6	6	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	7	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
8	8	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Polygram)
9	9	I'VE GOT A FEELING	Dee Dee Wood (Mercury)
10	10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly & The Family Stone (Decca)

## 15 YEARS AGO

Week ending - August 23, 1963.

Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	1	SAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	2	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Poly)
3	3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Fredde & the Dreamers (Columbia)
4	4	IN SHAMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	5	TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	6	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cher (Atlantic)
7	7	SMASHING GIRL	Frankie (Columbia)
8	8	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Polygram)
9	9	I'VE GOT A FEELING	Dee Dee Wood (Mercury)
10	10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly & The Family Stone (Decca)

# CHARTS



## SINGLES

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	4	1
2	(8)	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)	3	2
3	(15)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	18	1
4	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton John (RSD)	14	1
5	(26)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	2	5
6	(15)	SUPER NATURE	Carrone (Atlantic)	4	6
7	(3)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	9	2
8	(6)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	7	4
9	(7)	THE KIDS ARE UNITED	Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	5
10	(9)	NORTHERN LIGHTS	Renaissance (Warner Bros)	5	9
11	(-)	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Child (Ariola/Hansa)	2	11
12	(4)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	9	3
13	(24)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	3	13
14	(12)	BABY STOP CRYING	Bob Dylan (CBS)	4	12
15	(11)	5-7-4-5	City Boy (Vertigo)	6	10
16	(-)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)	1	16
17	(-)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	1	17
18	(16)	WALK ON BY	The Stranglers (U.A.)	2	16
19	(-)	GALAXY OF LOVE	Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	1	19
20	(30)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (Polydor)	3	20
21	(21)	BRITISH HUSTLE	Hi Tension (Island)	2	21
22	(28)	FORGET ABOUT YOU	Motors (Virgin)	2	22
23	(28)	COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED	Gledys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	4	15
24	(-)	HOT SHOT	Karen Young (Atlantic)	1	24
25	(18)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	6	11
26	(-)	EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb (RSD)	1	26
27	(-)	ANTHEM	New Seekers (CBS)	1	27
28	(-)	TOP OF THE POPS	Rezillos (Sire)	1	28
29	(-)	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	(13)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	7	10

## ALBUMS

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist	Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSD)	18	1
2	(5)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	2
3	(4)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	10	2
4	(7)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	8	4
5	(6)	GREASE..... Original Soundtrack	(RSD)	7	5
6	(2)	20 GIANT HITS	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	5	2
7	(16)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	6	7
8	(8)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	12	2
9	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	7	2
10	(14)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	11	3
11	(23)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	3	11
12	(11)	STAR PARTY	Various Artists (K-Tel)	2	11
13	(14)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	11	4
14	(10)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	36	3
15	(11)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	25	1
16	(18)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	23	6
17	(25)	CANT STAND THE REZILLOS	The Rezillos (Sire)	3	17
18	(17)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS..."	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	6	12
19	(22)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	30	5
20	(21)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	4	20
21	(20)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	31	1
22	(29)	ROCK RULES OR	Various (K-Tel)	7	16
23	(13)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION	Steel Pulse (Island)	4	13
24	(9)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Eneign)	8	7
25	(-)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	15	7
26	(26)	BLAM	Brothers Johnson (A&M)	2	26
27	(24)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	21	2
28	(-)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb (RSD)	1	28
29	(-)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	9	5
30	(19)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	77	1

**BUBBLING UNDER**  
 HONG KONG GARDEN - Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor); LET THE MUSIC PLAY - Charles Eartland (Mercury); DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT - Candidate (RAK); GREASE - Frankie Valli (RSD).

## U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
2	(2)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
3	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
5	(5)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
6	(8)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton John
7	(12)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
8	(14)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
9	(9)	MAGNET AND STEEL	Walter Egan
10	(11)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
11	(13)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
12	(7)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
13	(6)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
14	(19)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
15	(17)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)	Chris Rea
16	(10)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Berry Manilow
17	(20)	YOU	Rita Coolidge
18	(26)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta
19	(25)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
20	(23)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
21	(22)	STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
22	(24)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE	Eddie Money
23	(-)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
24	(28)	CLOSE THE DOOR	Teddy Pendergrass
25	(-)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
26	(30)	YOU AND I	Rick James
27	(-)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
28	(29)	MACHO MAN	Village People
29	(-)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
30	(-)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins

## U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 26, 1978

This Last Week	Rank	Title	Artist
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(5)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
5	(4)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
6	(7)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
7	(6)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(8)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
9	(9)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
10	(11)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS..."	Joe Walsh
11	(14)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
12	(12)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
13	(13)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
14	(10)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
15	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
16	(15)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
17	(19)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
18	(21)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
19	(20)	COME GET IT	Rick James
20	(18)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
21	(25)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
22	(23)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
23	(17)	EVEN NOW	Berry Manilow
24	(22)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
25	(26)	AJA	Steeley Dan
26	(24)	SOUNDS... AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
27	(29)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
28	(30)	SMOOTH TALK	Evelyn "Champagne" King
29	(-)	LOVE ME AGAIN	Rita Coolidge
30	(-)	UNDER WRAPS	Shaun Cassidy

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

# NEWS DESK

Edited:  
**TONY  
STEWART**

## WINDSOR FEST 'WILL NOT TAKE PLACE'

### Citizens, police unite to enforce High Court injunction

THE WINDSOR Free Festival will not be allowed to take place this Bank Holiday weekend, the town Citizens' Action Group and police firmly stated this week.

And while the rebel promoter of the event was in hiding, the spokesman of the Action Group warned people not to go to Windsor Great Park on Saturday. There is a High Court injunction against the event.

Solicitor Peter Anthony Simpson said festival goers would "find themselves dragged, perhaps accidentally, into a political confrontation and people will get hurt."

He added: "Anybody who turns up can expect nothing but trouble, I'm afraid. The less that turn up the better. We just hope people will understand and obey."

Local police said those who did arrive for the illegal festival would be discouraged from breaking the law.

"We shall have to gently advise them it's not on," explained Chief Superintendent Michael Bricknell, divisional officer for Slough.

With extra police on duty, and reserves on standby, any attempts by groups to start playing will be stopped immediately.

"We intend not to allow the festival to take place right from the word go," Bricknell warned.

Over 60 mostly unknown bands from all over Britain had offered to appear at the park.

The event has always been organised by 45-year-old William "Ubi" Dwyer. He first started the Windsor Free Festival in 1972. By '74 it attracted over 100,000 people, and it was on the sixth day that year that an estimated 400 police broke up a crowd which, by then, had dwindled to 6,000.

Dwyer claimed the police acted with "unprecedented violence and savagery."

In 1975 the Windsor Citizens' Action Group won a perpetual injunction against Dwyer, banning any more festivals there. And on August 18 (78), a High Court Judge ordered that Dwyer should be arrested for breaking the injunction and contempt of court.

Dwyer did not appear in court, and, apparently, has since been in hiding.

The Action Group claims the outlaw promoter's motives in defying the life ban are political and not musical. And they do not want another battle between police and fans.

"I don't like to see people with their heads kicked in, knives in their backs and blood on the pavements," said Simpson.

But the police are confident there will not be another confrontation.

"We hope there would never be a recurrence of that," said Chief Superintendent Bricknell. "We don't want that to happen again."

In a press release by the Royal Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead, the Chief Executive and Town Clerk, Mr P. A. Welch stated it is "virtually impossible" to hold the festival without breaking the Great Park bylaws.

"Public opinion against the Free Festival is so strong in

Windsor that we all hope that sensible people will refrain from supporting it," he said. "At the very least they risk disappointment and discomfort."

At press time NME had been unable to contact Dwyer, and it is not known whether he will be at the Great Park this weekend.

"I haven't seen him for more than a week," said a friend of his. "I should expect he's going... but I don't know. None of us here is involved in this festival."



Police at a previous Windsor Festival confrontation

## ...AND THREAT TO LONDON ROCK VENUE

A MOVE to stop rock concerts at London's Hammersmith Odeon was to be made at the council's Works Executive Committee meeting on Wednesday night (23) — after NME had been printed.

Liberal leader Councillor Simon Knott has said it is a "political requirement" of his party's controlling pact with the Conservatives that the council object to the application to the GLC for a new music licence for the theatre next month.

The committee were to discuss a petition complaining about the Odeon's rock shows, signed by 338 local residents. Representatives from the GLC, the borough council, police and the Odeon management were to be present.

"The noise when they pour



## CLASH SET FOR ROXY CONCERT

THE CLASH are to play a London concert early next month at Hammersden's Roxy Theatre.

This surprise show comes just over a month after the band finished their highly successful major British tour with four sell-out shows at London's Music Machine.

The Roxy date on September 9, says CBS, to celebrate Clash's return from America where they have been mixing their second album, due for release in November.

Tickets for the show — which runs from 7 to 11 pm and includes two support acts — are available from the Roxy box office this Friday, priced £2.50.

## Palmer extra date

ROBERT PALMER now plays Birmingham Odeon on September 11 during the short series of shows which mark his British debut as a solo performer. Tickets priced £1, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are now on sale.

As previously reported he plays Oxford New Theatre (10), and two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon (12/13).

## Stranglers confirm major UK tour

THE STRANGLERS have now confirmed a major UK tour starting at Lancaster University on September 11.

It is their first extensive British tour this year — although they did play a short series of

concerts in May — and comprises 14 dates.

The GLC have not yet granted a music licence for their proposed London concert at Battersea Park on September 9 or 16. But it is also likely there will be other additions to this itinerary.

The group intend to play venues they haven't visited before or recently.

After Lancaster comes Dunfermline Kinema (12), Aberdeen Ruffles (13), Cardiff Top Rank (17), Peterborough Werrina Stadium (18), Lincoln Drill Hall (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (21), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Exeter Roosts (25), Bournemouth Village Bowl (26), Bath Pavilion (27), Manchester Apollo (28), and Bridlington Spa Pavilion (29).

The planned show at Sunderland Locarno (30) is now unlikely to take place.

## Third World out of Robinson tour

JAMAICAN BAND Third World will not support the Tom Robinson Band on their forthcoming tour because no agreement on gig fees could be made. Instead the group are expected to tour the UK later this year.

## PATTI SMITH GROUP

THE POP GROUP

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE  
TUESDAY 29th AUGUST at 7-30

APOLLO THEATRE  
THURSDAY 31st AUGUST at 7-30

TOP RANK SUITE CARDIFF  
FRIDAY 1st SEPTEMBER at 8-00

BIRMINGHAM ODEON  
SATURDAY 2nd SEPTEMBER at 7-30

## MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive list on receipt of 7p/5p stamp

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS		BOOKS	
JON HENCKLES 40 Greatest	£3.95	JAM HANDBOOK Biography	£3.75
MEATLOAF 3rd Out of Hell	£3.95	SEX PICTURES Files	£1.95
THE WALL A Tribute to PINK FLOYD	£3.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/1)	£2.95
CHUCK BERRY Anthology	£2.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/2)	£2.95
SEX PICTURES Greatest Hits	£3.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/3)	£2.95
DOORS Complete	£5.50	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/4)	£2.95
YES Going for the One	£2.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/5)	£2.95
BOXY MUSIC Greatest Hits	£2.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/6)	£2.95
THE JAM SONGBOOK	£1.50	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/7)	£2.95
E.P. Songbook	£3.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/8)	£2.95
DEEP PURPLE Machine Head	£1.50	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/9)	£2.95
SUPERTAMP Crisis What Crisis?	£2.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/10)	£2.95
DENX & THE DOMONES Layla	£3.95	SEX PICTURES of rock (P/11)	£2.95

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**LONDON BAND Sore Throat** have now signed to Albion Records and their debut single, "Zombie Rock" is released on September 8.

They continue gigging at Sheffield Limit Club tonight. Wolverhampton Lafayette (25), Leeds Ford Green (27), London Nashville (28), Retford Porterhouse (September 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (7), Islington Jackson's Lane Community Centre (9), London Marquee (11), Liverpool Eric's (15), Manchester The Factory (22), Leeds Fa's Club (23), London Music Machine (27), Scarborough Penthouse Club (29), and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (30).

**THE POP GROUP** are to support Patti Smith on her short British tour which begins in Newcastle next Thursday. They were apparently selected from hundreds of applicants

because Smith liked their John Peel session tape.

And for the dates, which includes only a poetry reading on Dublin on September 3, the Smith band welcome back founder member Richard D.N.V. Sohl on keyboards.

**THE SKIDS** play five London dates to promote a new single, "Sweet Suburbia", released on September 1 with the first 15,000 pressed on white vinyl.

An extensive autumn tour is now being arranged, and their EP, "Charles", originally released on No Bad Records is now available on Virgin.

They play the Hope and Anchor (6), co-headline with The Zones at the Music Machine (7) and Nashville (8), then do the Rock Garden (9), and finish up with a benefit at the Rochester Castle (10).

**THE DODGERS**, who last week released the single,



THE POP GROUP'S Mark Stewart

"Don't Let Me Be Wrong", supply backup vocals and keyboards for The Motors at the Marquee tomorrow and Reading Festival on Saturday. They also play a support set at the Marquee.

**THE DONCASTER** five-piece, **Hurlow**, release their first single, "Harry de Mazio" this Friday (25) on Pepper Records. And they continue gigging at Sheffield Limit Club (26), Doncaster Outlook (31), London Nashville (September 1), and Leeds Staging Post (3).

**THE STEVE Boyce Band** next week begin a short British tour called "Seaside Frolics". They play Margate Bowlers Arms (29), London Music Machine (30), Brighton Alhambra (31), Eastbourne Archery (September 1), Bexhill York Hotel (2), Chatham Tam O'Shanter (8), and Croydon Red Deer (9).

**TIGER ASHBY**, a bizarre London band who claim their aim is "To put ballroom dancing back on the rock and roll map", continue gigging with a new guitarist, Simon Simon, replaces Mickey

Broadbent, who has joined Bram Tchaikovsky's Battle Axe.

They play Nottingham Sandpiper tonight (24), Lincoln AJ's (26), London Thomas A Beckett (30), Dingwalls (September 2), London Brecknock (9), Brighton Alhambra (26), London Brecknock (October 4).

**LINK WRAY**, who until recently worked with Robert Gordon, is planning an extensive Euro-tour in October and November and is expected to play 10 to 15 British concerts. He will release a solo album at the same time.

**LONDON ROCK** band **CGas** continue their current series of gigs with appearances at London Global Village on Friday, Basildon Double Six Club (26), Bradford Royal Standard Hotel (27), Nottingham Sandpiper (28), Leeds Routes (30), Sheffield Limit (31), Leeds Florde Green (September 1), and Liverpool Eric's (2).

**MICK FAREN**, who has just released a solo album, "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money", has formed his own band and will headline two London shows next month as a prelude to his October tour.

With Alan Colquhoun (guitar), Alan Powell (drums), and guitarist Larry Wallis, the Farren band appear at the Music Machine (1) and Dingwalls (14).

**CLACTON SINGER Gary Heathcuffe Wilson** headlines the Buxton Festival this Sunday (27), and will present his "A Tribute To Elvis" production. The only day event, held at Grindleford, also features The Swinging Blues Jeans, Edison Lighthouse, Freddie Fingers Lee, Love Affair, Screaming Lord Sutch and Rock Island Line.

**THE HOTPOINTS** headline a special evening concert at Whitehill Country Fair this Sunday (27). Supported by The Mainland Band, Brains Trust and Last Orders the show starts at 6 pm on the site at The Royal Oak, Whitehill which is near Bordon in Hampshire. Admission is £1 after 4.30 pm.

## Jazz rockers for UK

**THE CRUSADERS** and **Weather Report** — two American bands renowned for their inventive jazz-rock — tour Britain separately this autumn. And both will play two shows at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

These will be The Crusaders first UK concerts for two years — and the first chance to see new guitarist Billy Rogers, who replaces their only white member, Larry Carlton.

The rest of the band is Joe Sample (keyboards), Wilton Felder (sax), Sita Hooper (drums) and Pops Powell (bass).

During the visit the group, who last month released the LP "Images", will record a BBC 2 programme, *Rock Goes To College*.

Weather Report are just finishing an album with their new drummer, Peter Erskine, which will be released in October.

The Crusaders appear at Bristol Colston Hall (September 23), Hammersmith Odeon (25/26), Manchester Apollo (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Liverpool Empire (29), Dunstable California Ballroom (30), Oxford New Theatre (October 2), and Brighton Top Rank (3).

Weather Report appear at Newcastle City Hall (October 6), Glasgow at a venue yet to be announced (7), Manchester Apollo (8), Hammersmith Odeon (11/12), Bristol Colston Hall (13) and Birmingham Odeon (14).

## Big Star re-form

**THE ORIGINAL** Big Star have re-formed following the excellent public and critical response to the re-issue of their first two albums and the belated release recently of "Third Album".

Alex Chilton, Jody Stephens, Chris Bell and Andy Hummel are rehearsing in Memphis for a Euro-tour. It was in Memphis that they first formed in 1971 to record "Big Star 1".

The group now plan to record a new album.

## Midler for Palladium

**BETTE MIDLER** makes her British concert debut with five shows at the London Palladium next month.

Her shows on September 19-23 are the start of an extensive world tour, and tickets priced £6.50, £5.50, £4.50, £3 and £2.50 are now on sale. It is stressed that the first two nights are "previews" — open to the public to meet the "phenomenal" demand to see Midler.

# Siouxsie and the Banshees



# Hong Kong Garden





WILKO: tour and album

## WILKO SET FOR 13 CONCERTS

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders begin a 13-concert UK tour next month. Although playing mainly universities, the dates will conclude with a major London show at the Lyceum.

Regarded as one of Britain's leading R&B bands, they release their debut album, "Solid Senders" on September 8, and the following day open Knebworth 11. Johnson is still looking for a permanent replacement for keyboard player, John Potter who quit the Senders last month. Southend pianist John Denton deputised on their recent series of gigs.

The tour opens at Bristol Brunel Tech (27), followed by Cardiff University (28), Bath University (29), Hitchin College of Education (30), Norwich University of East Anglia (October 4), Colchester Essex University (5), Sheffield Poly (6), Newcastle University (7), Bradford University (11), Oxford Poly (12), Birmingham Barbarella's (13), Leicester University (14), and the Lyceum (15).

## Rockpile promote Edmunds' solo LP

ROCKPILE, featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe, next month play a major six concert UK tour following their appearance at Knebworth 11.

Promoting Edmunds solo LP, "Tracks On Wax", released by Swansong on September 8, this is their first British tour since forming two years ago; and it includes a show at the London Roundhouse.

Opening at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (10), they will play Birmingham Odeon (16), Roundhouse (17), Sheffield Poly (29), Manchester University (30), and Cardiff Top Rank on October 1.

## Rose Royce major tour

ROSE ROYCE, the nine piece LA group who first visited Britain a year ago following their success on the Car Wash soundtrack, undertake another major UK tour next month.

Opening at Birmingham Odeon (29), the tour then plays Liverpool Empire (30), Edinburgh Odeon (October 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), two London Hammersmith Odeon shows (4), Bristol Colston Hall (6), and Southampton Gaumont (7).

Tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2, with £3.50 tickets as well in London only.

## Siouxsie one-off

SHOXSIE AND the Barchees, who recently released the critically acclaimed single "Hong Kong Garden", play a one-off concert at Aylesbury Friars on September 16. A major UK tour is planned for October.

## HOLLY PREMIERE

THE BRITISH premiere of *The Buddy Holly Story* at midnight on September 6 marks the birth 44 years ago of one of rock's most influential musicians.

Shown at London's Leicester Square Odeon, it is also marks the beginning of the third annual Buddy Holly Week, organised by McCartney Productions.

About 300 pairs of tickets for the movie, starring Gary Busey, are available from the Buddy Holly Fan Club, 41 Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey, and through competitors in the national press.

At the end of September MCA release "The Complete Buddy Holly": a six album set featuring all his recorded songs and previously unissued radio interviews. The set sells at £13.99 and includes a 60-page illustrated booklet.

## REGGAE REPORT



REGGAE REGULAR

REGGAE REGULAR, one of London's most successful black groups, are playing a short series of dates before undertaking a one-month British tour at the end of next month.

Tonight and tomorrow, they appear at Huddersfield Cleopatra's, the Halifax Good Mood Club (26), Cleveland James Finnegun Hall (27), and headline at London Music Machine on Bank Holiday Monday, supported by Pressure Shocks, Psalms and Cygnus.

THE LONDON reggae band Immigrant, featuring former members of the Otis Waygood

Bond, Gonzales and Tepper Zukie, are the first direct British based signing to Different Records.

The label first established itself by releasing JA music in the UK, most notably The Abyssinians album "Forward To Zion".

An ethnic reggae group, Immigrant begin recording in September with producer Lynote Guest, and a single and album are expected during the next three months. A tour is also being arranged.

DUE TO public demand, Different release The Abyssinians "Satta Masagana" on a 12-inch single this Friday (25). Taken from the album, "Forward To Zion", it's

backed with another cut from the set, "1 and 1".

On the same day two singles are released by Jamaican act Earth And Stone. Their first UK releases in two years, one is a 12 inch "Back To Africa" covered with "Still In Slavery", while the other, "Raidrops" backed with "She Want It", produced by Mighty Busta Riley, is a regular seven-inch.

IN SEPTEMBER Different will release four albums: the instrumental dub reggae set "Drum Talk" by Mabrak which was mixed by King Tubby; "Back To Africa" by Earth And Stone; and two re-issues — Pablo Moses' only album, "Revolutionary Dream", and Max Romeo's "Revelation Time", which features JA musicians Olive Hoot, Lee Perry, Aston 'Family Man' Barratt, Geoffrey Chang and Carlton Barratt.

There are tentative plans for Romeo to tour here shortly. BRITISH REGGAE band Tribesman, formed by past members of Black State and the Otis Waygood Band, release their debut single "Rockin' Time" on September 1.

Backed with "Astrodab", both songs were written by the group's Paget King and Tony St. Helens.

A UK tour is currently being arranged, and early dates next month include Sheffield Limit Club (13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), London 100 Club (21), and London White Hart (27).

## RECORD NEWS

● STATUS QUO this week release a new single, "Again And Again", to coincide with their only British concert this year — at the Reading Festival on Saturday. The single is taken from their next album, "If You Can't Stand The Heat", set for October release.



STATUS QUO's Francis Rossi. Pic: PHILIP ZARA

● MOTORHEAD have signed to Bronze Records, and last week released their debut single for the label, their version of the rock classic "Louie Louie". Backed with an original, "Tear Ya Down", the first 10,000 come in a picture bag. The band begin a 40-date British tour next month, followed by their US concert debut early next year.

● BOSTON release their long-awaited second album, "Don't Look Back", this Friday (25). Again produced by guitarist Tom Scholz, it

took six months to make and comprises eight new songs. Their highly successful debut album, "Boston", first released two years ago, has gone platinum six times over and still sells 50,000 a week in America, claim Epic Records.

● THE RICH KIDS' debut album, "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers", is released by EMI on September 8. Produced by Mick Ronson, it features 11 songs, and the title track is already out as a single.

● Released last week, BOB SEGER's new single "Hollywood Nights" will be pressed on silver vinyl. The track is taken from his last album, "Stranger In Town". And the next MINK DE VILLE 45, "Soul Twist", due for release this Friday (25), will be pressed on magenta vinyl. Both are on Capitol Records, a company not previously renowned for colour-blindness...

● UK SUBS have signed to City Records, based in Kingston upon Thames. Their debut single, "C.I.D.", backed with "I Live In A Car" and "B.I.C.", will be issued within a month.

● Session guitarist CHRIS SPEDDING flies to New York this week to start work on ROBERT GORDON'S third album for Private Stock. Produced by Richard Gotterher, it's being recorded at Plaza Sound Studios and will be released in early 79.

## 999 SIX WEEKS ON THE ROAD

999 ARE to start a six-week UK tour next month, which will climax with a show at London's Lyceum in early November.

The group, who last week released a new single, "Feeling Alright With The Crew", play: Blackburn King George Hall (21), Nuncaton 77 Club (26), Leeds Fan Club (28), Lincoln Tech (29), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (30), Dumfries Stage Coach (October 3), Sheffield Limit (3), High Wycombe Town Hall (4), Nottingham Sandpiper (5), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (6), Huddersfield Poly (7), Plymouth Woods (9), Penzance Garden (10), Exeter Roots (11), Barnstable Chequers (12), Bath University (13), Cromer West Rutton Pavilion (14), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (15), Swansea Circles (16), Birmingham Barbarella's (17), Reading Bones (18), Aberdeen University (20), Stirling University (21), Doncaster Outlook (23), Manchester Poly (24), Newport Stowaway (25), Portsmouth Poly (26), Leicester University (27), Canterbury Kent University (30), and the Lyceum on November 5.

## Lurking round Britain...

THE LURKERS headline a massive British tour which starts this month and runs to November, including a major London appearance at the Roundhouse.

They open at Exeter Roots Club (28), followed by Penzance Winter Gardens (29), Plymouth Woods (30), Dudley JB's (September 1), Retford Porterhouse (2), Doncaster (4), Lyceum (10), Reading

Bones (13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Liverpool Eric's (16), Leeds Florde Green (17), Warrington Carillon Club (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), York Pop Club (21), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (24), Sheffield Limit (October 6), Halifax Good Mood (7), Newbridge Institute (8), Swansea Circles (9), Bristol Locarno (10), Woolwich Thames Poly (14), Treforest Poly Of Wales (18), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19/20), Middleton Civic (21), Newport The Village (27), Peterborough Focus (28), Nottingham Mashburn (29), Torquay 400 (November 1), Plymouth Metro (2), and Exeter University (3).  
More dates are to be added.

## Free tour rolls on

THE HERE AND Now band are currently on their third British tour this year and claim to be making "a mockery of the music biz".

Also featuring Alternative TV, the tour is unique in that admission is free and the groups only make whatever money is voluntarily contributed by audiences. To cover the running of a large coach, in which they all sleep and travel, it's necessary to collect at least £50 a gig.

In keeping with this philosophy the album, "What You See Is What You Are", recorded on their last tour and featuring a side by Here And Now and another by ATV, is being sold for £1 at gigs. It is also available from Depiford Fun City at £1.75.

And on September 1, ATV release a single, "Action Time Vision".

Here And Now pay Stroud Marshall Rooms tonight, and at Watford Clay Club (31). They are joined by ATV for Devizes Corn Exchange (25), Birmingham Small Heath Park also with Iganda (26), Norwich University The Barn (27), High Wycombe Nags Head (28), London's Westbourne Park Meanwhile Gardens also with Patrik Fitzgerald (29), and Brighton University (30).

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# Our man damaged by

## SHEER HELL IN Stockholm, or: How I Got Minced In The Abba Machine.

Looking back, sadder and wiser, it seems laughable the way we flew in so naive and optimistic. This was going to be IT. Abba: The Album... Abba: The Movie... and now... Abba: The Interview!

There were two of us. Pennie Smith and me. Actually, Pennie didn't give a shit about Abba, even when I told her that she was going to be the first British photographer to wrap her shunter around the Superswedes for fully three years. But me, I was up for it. I'd been in heavy training.

First off I'd been to see *Abba: The Movie*.

That should have warned me. You haven't seen it yet? Don't bother. Nothing is revealed. That's the entire plot in a nutshell.

The story line follows the efforts of this terrible Australian journalist to track down the Fab Four for the ultimate in-depth interview during their mega-successful tour Down Under.

He's thwarted at every turn, his futile efforts interspersed with bland footage of the actual Abbas on the actual stage, rubbing the irony in with witty songs like "I'm A Marionette". You get to see Abba offstage for about 20 seconds in total.

Beneath the bland exterior lurks what? The bland interior? The most Machiavellian manipulators of the pre-Strawwood era of pop music? Four ideal Swedish socialist hearts of gold? Your guess is as good as that of the punter sitting next to you.

But wait! Right at the end, fulfillment beckons. This dreadful hack in the movie actually manages to consummate the union at the 11th hour. He gets his interview — but we don't get to hear it.

It should have warned me, but it just dulled my senses and deadened my resolve. I staggered out into the dreary Dalston Odeon doorway down and demoralised. Three days to blast off, and that damn movie had acted as an craser to my brain.

In an instant, months of work — the months I'd spent hustling Epic Records for a shot at Abba — were rendered null and void in the aftermath of the Panavision panacea.

For the life of me, I couldn't remember what the hell I wanted to talk to them about in the first place.

LIKE A PHILOSOPHY student who drops a tin by accident the day before his finals, and can't unscramble his Socrates from his Arthur Lees, I panicked and buried my head in the textbooks.

Inside dope: Tuesdays in this job are the worst. You do an intensive 12-hour day at the printers and flop out in the train home unable to do anything except mumble incoherently and catch flies. But not me — not last Tuesday. I read about bloody Abba all the way home.

By the time we got to Stockholm I'd cracked it.

It was *Phyton Place* under a midnight sun.

Did you know that Abba have six kids between them? Two apiece. Agnetha (28, the blonde one) has two by Bjorn (33), who has two by Agnetha. Benny (31, beard) has two by his first fiancée, Christina, and Frida (32), who lives with Benny, has two by her ex-husband Ragnar. Benny's first hit song was called "Wedding" — a somewhat ironic coincidence as both his kids and one of Frida's are illegitimate.

Talking of which, did you know that Anni-Frid Lyngstad's own mother was unmarried — a Norwegian teenager who fell for a German officer during the Occupation? (Alfred Haase, Frida believes, was killed en route to Germany. In all events, she never knew him. Her mother died when she was two, and she was brought up in Sweden by her grandma.)

Or that Benny Andersson was a '60s teen idol whose career collapsed at its peak into a morass of unpaid taxes, disastrous movie projects, bankruptcy, and public revelations about his girlfriend and children in the popular press?

Or that Agnetha Faltskog's wedding to Bjorn Ulvaeus — a starry showbiz affair, as both parties already had successful singing careers — was wreathed in tragedy when Bjorn's

longtime mentor Bengt Bernthag, an incurable invalid, committed suicide the same day?

**G**REAT MATERIAL, right? And if that felt through, or to while away the hours of mutual sussing-out, till the band trusted me enough to pour out their innermost feelings on love, life, ecology and abortion, well, there was always the music to fall back on.

Did you know it's been eight months since Abba last released a single in Britain — eight months in which, at a conservative estimate, The Bee Gees have managed to write, arrange and produce at least two out of every three No. 1 singles and albums throughout the known world?

And, of course, there was Abba's largely unheralded transformation from the unchallenged Eurobeat champions of 1976 into a genuine world-class side in 1977, the creators of the only two pop records —

"Knowing Me, Knowing You" and "The Name Of The Game" — to stand A-side by B-side with the punk rock retinue in the discerning

Dansette owner's favourite six-stack. With a whole day in *The Presence*, how could we fail?

Sure, they were going to be working in the studio — but presumably that would mean that Anns and Frida would be hanging around twiddling their thumbs most of the time. Ideal conditions to observe the band at work, and become intimately acquainted.

Like the boys in the movie, I checked into Stockholm's Park Hotel and fell into an expostant slumber, visions of the five of us running in slow motion down a mossy Scandinavian hillside in perfect harmony as Ms Smith recorded the event for posterity and my trusty cassette lapped up hour upon hour of True Confessions, The Angst of Abba, A Tale of Four Swedes.

Abba: The Interview!  
"The Name Of The Game" tracked my fantasies with its sensual enticements.

**T**HURSDAY DAWNS imitatingly early. I call Polar Records shortly after nine o'clock, and to my surprise the

working day is already working. Can this be The Key? Evidently bereft of the computer struggle that starts every day in London on a sour note, the Swedish businessperson has a head start.

Polar Records is the company which Bjorn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson co-own 50/50 with their manager Stig Anderson.

The 42-year-old Godfather of the Swedish music business, Anderson became a musician almost as soon as he left school at 13, nurtured his songwriting career through the '50s, and founded Polar Records in 1963 with his partner Bengt Bernthag.

Their first signing was a folk quartet called The Weibay Singers, whom Stig promptly rechristened The Hootenanny Singers. One of them was Bjorn Ulvaeus.

Fifteen years on, we find Ulvaeus hunched over an acoustic guitar in the elegant and spacious surroundings of the newly opened Polar Records Studios. A converted cinema situated high over the canal which bisects the city, Polar puts London's claustrophobic equivalents to shame. Previously Abba have had to book

time like ordinary mortals at Metronome Studios, but now they can take as long as they like. Apart from mixing the new single — scheduled for early September release — their current endeavour, working out backing tracks for their next album, is the first time they've used Polar.

**O**NSTAGE BJORN Ulvaeus may, to quote Tony Parsons, resemble Jimmy Carter and audition for The Clutter Band, but evened in the studio he could hardly take a lower profile visually if he tried: well-cut jacket and jeans, with only the contrast between his dark jowls and blondish hair to indicate the possible affliction of dyed locks.

In the next room, straight-backed behind his electric piano, Ulvaeus' partner Benny Andersson cuts a considerably more lurid figure — yer archetypal Olaf, he looks like he just walked out of a Scandinavian fairy-tale, with his trousers tucked into his knee-boots, his silken blouse and chunky patterned cardigan draped over his broad shoulders and broader chest, all topped off with the mandatory ginger beard. Park the reindeer outside, man.

Also present are Abba's regular bassist Rutger Gunnarsson and guitarist Lasse Wellander, both of whom would look equally at home in any American or English studio, and drummer Rolf Alex, who plays with Abba when their regular man Ola Brunkert is, as now, "out of town".

Engineer Michael Tretow yields pipe and beard at the control console.

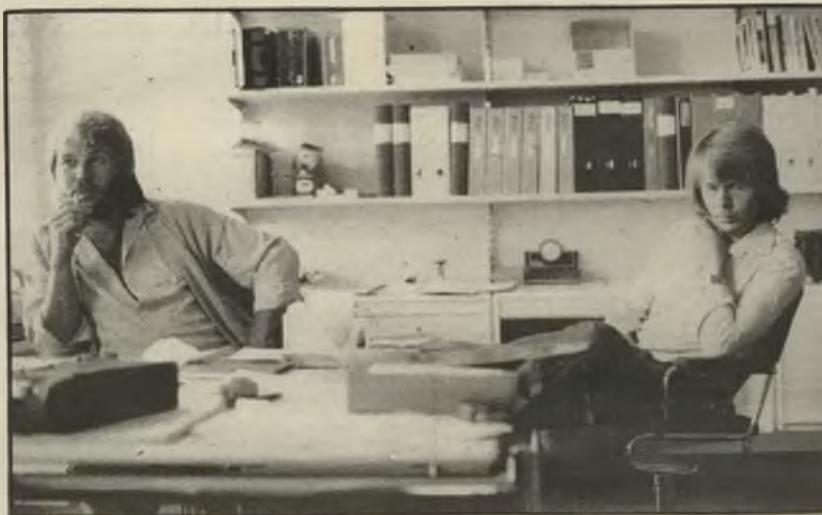
It's the classic small label set-up, like Stax, Motown, early days Stiff. These guys are the Swedish Steve Croppers, Nick Lowes, Kenny Gamble. Although Abba are the only Polar act whose records are issued in Britain, they are simply the leaders of a compact Swedish catalogue.

Svenne & Lotta (chirpy boy-girl duo), Wellander & Ronander (studio rock supergroup), Birgitta Wollgard (Bonnie Tylerish woman singer), Ted Gardestad (rock band leader), Lena Andersson (lady singer) — they all use permutations on the same handful of musicians, they all sing back-up on each others' records, and they're all produced by Ulvaeus, Andersson, or, more often, Gunnarsson or Tretow.

The difference between Polar and those other labels I mentioned, though, is that with rare exceptions Polar product is uniformly shallow, saccharine-stained and mindless. Worst of all — can you believe this? — is an album by the same group of sessioneers, under the name of Nashville Train, composed entirely of country'n'western versions of Abba's hits!

**C**ONSPICUOUS BY their absence from the studio are Ms Lyngstad and Ms Faltskog. For the first time, we begin to feel something may be amiss.

What we'd envisioned was a loose day in the studios with Bjorn and



BENNY (left) 'n' BJORN 'n' bureaucratic backdrop



ANNI-FRID LYNGSTAD

YES, folks, this is the time of year for a spot of Swede bashing. But nothin premeditated, mind you — it's just that when these foreigners come on so boring, well, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Let's face it, PHIL McNEILL went over there extend-

# Abba mincing machine

Benny tinkering about and Anna and Frida hanging around chatting while they waited for their vocal slots to come round. We'd grab quickies with the lads, and actually get the genuine in-depth heart-to-heart with the girls. So where the hell are they?

A hasty call is sent through to the Polar office at the end of town. Uh, look, we'd been led to believe... But look, we've got a photographer here! I mean, you don't send a photographer to Sweden to do Abba and come back without pictures of Anna and Frida. It's absurd.

Reluctantly, Polar's press lady agrees to see if the girls can be dragged away from whatever it is they're so pleased for the day (shopping, as far as I can make out) and if we're lucky maybe they'll drop by the studios... though you do realise they won't be ready to do a picture session, don't you?

Fuming, I return to the studio to find the band out of their headphones and ready to greet the visitors. I hassle Andersson and Ulvaeus about getting to see the girls — we'll go to meet them, they don't have to come here — and Bjorn, evidently the most business-like, makes a great show of getting upright with the record company for misleading us.

"But we told them the girls wouldn't be here. We thought NME would be interested in the music. We thought you'd like to see how we worked."

Bjorn and Benny say they'll see what they can do. If we're lucky, one of the girls might be able to make it. Meanwhile, just sit down, have a cup of black coffee, and we'll have a little chat at lunchtime. Would you like that?

They do their headphones and retire to their booths. This is the sum total of our communication throughout the morning.

Meanwhile, unknown to us, Polar call CBS in London to enquire whether Pennie and I are "all right", which CBS take to mean "happy" as opposed to Polar's implication: have they come over here to mess up our system?

I begin to feel like the journalist in the movie. There they are, just a few feet away, but I might as well be watching them on TV.

The morning drags by with the group going over a chord sequence Bjorn and Benny have cobbled together out on their private island. Over and over. Every bar is analysed, and slowly the bare bones disappear and the arrangement takes on flesh and colour, the rhythm section whacking out a jolly marching beat across which the guitarist fires a riff I swear they've stolen from The Eagles.

Benny, the most complete musician, laces it with fluent electric piano colourations, while Bjorn directs proceedings.

It's quite interesting — and it certainly shows that the basic Abba group is an extremely capable rock band — but as Pennie and I can't even understand what they're saying, we tend to find ourselves wandering out

to look over the canal at increasingly frequent intervals.

**E**VENTUALLY THEY get as hungry as us, and generously offer to come and have a hamburger in the front office and talk for a while. My head, battered stupid by about three hours of their riffs over and over and over again, nods excitedly. My gratitude is pitiful to behold.

I start off by trying to tell Benny the sort of gossamer in-depth whammer-jammer I'd like to get going. You don't seem to have done many big interviews. I observe, keeping my estimate on the conservative side.

"No, not really," he agrees. "That's true. It is a rather difficult situation for us, because there are a lot of people asking — but when we're on holiday, we're on holiday, and when we're working we're working." The press is important, but work is more important.

Abba: *The Movie*, he insists, wasn't intended as a genuine comment upon

the group's inaccessibility. The plot was director Lasse Halstrom's idea, and it was only tacked on at the last minute; originally the project was intended to yield a TV special, but it just grew.

The way it turned out, it's like a joke on the audience, a tease. I point out. You sit there for 95 minutes and 25 songs, and *nothing is revealed*.

"I haven't thought about it," Benny replies. "I know that lots of people afterwards have said that there should have been more talking and things that they normally don't see, but, uh... well, it didn't come out that way."

Although it has been a huge financial success in the UK (they sound like a good title for a song...), *The Movie* has come in for a lot of criticism on an artistic level.

"Well, what can I say? I liked it when I saw it first, but I've seen it eight or nine times now. It gets a bit boring."

Are you thinking of following it up? "No, not for the moment. Because we're not actors. That's why we're not in the plot," he chuckles. "It takes good actors to make a good movie, I think."

**R**OBERT STIGWOOD, who would appear to be unhampered by that last consideration, can sleep easy.

Actually, *The Movie* was simply a direct development on Abba's startlingly effective TV packages, which are also directed by Lasse Halstrom (and whose format The Bee Gees have also used to profitable effect this past year). How long do they take to make?

For us it doesn't take more than two days to do a film clip, but then Lasse works with it for about a week I guess.

And what sort of video are you doing for your new single "Summertime Fever" — which I must say, sounds uncannily like another record whose title escapes me.

Baffled silence. "Summertime City," Benny corrects. "Did CBS tell you it was 'Summertime Fever'?"

Yeah, I'm sure of it. I pull out the updated discography they gave me, and there it is: release date 8.9.78, "Summertime Fever".

"Shaw!" Benny explodes, picking up the phone. "Can I just, uh..." He proceeds to speak urgently in

Swedish, calmly resuming our conversation as he holds on for a reply.

"If we can, we'll do two TV packages for this one, because if you see one more than twice... it's good to have another one."

Talk turns to the Brothers Gobb, who seem to be well forward in the collective Abba consciousness. After all, The Bee Gees have cleaned up worldwide this year the way Abba swept the board, throughout Europe at least, during '76 and '77.

"Staying Alive," Benny mentions. "I can recall that song... I never get tired of it."

Do you think they've learnt your tricks?

"Our tricks?" he laughs. "We don't have any!"

(In fact, if anything, Abba have learnt The Bee Gees' tricks.

"Summertime City", which I get to hear several hours later, sounds very like a Bee Gees song. As Benny says, it's very different from previous Abba performances: simultaneously light-weight yet powerful — minor-chorded, disco-orientated, and undoubtedly one to rank with "Knowing Me" and "Name Of The Game". Resistance will be futile, of course.)

As it happens, there are abundant parallels between Abba and The Bee Gees, some coincidental, others quite significant.

- They are each central artists in a compact independent record company run by an experienced rockbiz entrepreneur who also manages the group. Far more than either the Stones or The Beatles, they own much of their success to their respective managers.

- They are both studio groups who realise the futility of live performance in the mass-audience '70s, and present themselves to the world via TV, radio and movies. Neither receives or invites more than token press coverage. Both rely heavily on their backing musicians.

- Neither group can write a decent lyric to save its life.

- Both groups are bound together by family ties — something they also happen to share with Fleetwood Mac. More whimsically, both groups' names are derived from their initials.

- Personality: zero.

- Perhaps most importantly — at least, according to Bjorn Ulvaeus — is the fact that they've been through the business mill before. Discussing the traumatic ending to Benny's previous career with The Hep Stars, he observes: "The big mistake seems to be, you start off young and move too fast, you're very successful... It ends with people complaining about who's singing too many solos, who's writing too many songs, all that kind of stuff."

"I read an article about The Bee Gees in *Playboy* the other day. They had the same problem too, first time around. The second time, you just don't repeat those mistakes."

"You always have to remember that what comes out on the record is the most important thing."

**T**HE HAMBURGERS arrive. Big Macs — Benny's favourite food, fact fans. I mention punk rock.

"Is that still big in England?" asks Bjorn.

Yeah. It's staggering a bit. Is it big in Sweden?

"No, I don't think it's anything. The whole thing's stopped. It hasn't really been big anywhere outside of England. Not really."

It's a very English thing. "I like that," says Benny. "Trying new things, whatever it is."

Have you got many Sex Pistols records?

"No... I had one — the second one. I like that."

"That's the good thing about England," adds Bjorn. "Always trying new things. People are also very open to it — much more so than the States."

We munch awhile. Odd facts: Bjorn writes the words now that Stig, who has always been a prolific lyricist (seven songs on the Swedish Top Ten one week in 1971), is too busy taking care of business. (Bjorn's demo lyric for the song they were running through that morning was "The Devil In Miss Jones" — after the celebrated early '70s porn movie. The mind boggles at what might develop if Abba went into porn-rock seriously...)

I wonder how they feel about Abba copyists?

■ Continues page 8



BENNY ANDERSSON



ANNI-FRID at raunchy Polar Records. All pix: PENNIE SMITH

ing the hand of friendship. Smiling too. (The knife in his other mitt was purely a precaution). And what did he get, huh? An eight-hour riff and a hamburger, is what. Turn to another feature if you can't stand the sight of blood...

# ABBA

From previous page

"I haven't heard any," shrugs Benny.

Notch up one insult to Brotherhood of Man I cite the name.

"Did they?" he asks. "I don't know. I know they recorded a song called, uh... 'Valentino', or something like that, but I haven't heard the song."

I point out that Brotherhood of Man did the Eurovision Song Contest, wear "Arrival" style white boiler-suits, sport a similar line-up to Abba... but Bjorn and Benny don't respond. Presumably, BoM are beneath comment.

Or maybe it's just diplomatic reserve. They have a way of ever so politely letting leading topics die. We can discuss superficial business matters, like how many bootlegs they sell in the Far East (they estimate four for every legit record — despite Polar's unique achievement in gaining copyright control in Taiwan at least), how many people Polar Records employ (less than 10 in the central organisation, maybe 40 if you include studio hands and the like), but the atmosphere is just not right for

trying to discover what they actually feel and think.

Prior to switching on the recorder, I'd only managed to speak half-a-dozen words to either of them. They down their burgers and hurry back to their headphones.

**D**ESPONDENTLY, the NME contingent resumes its position in the gallery. It's the same old song. Over and over. But then — relief! Frida can make it. Probably.

To cut a long story short — an extremely long story — finally, late afternoon, she appears. She can only give us 20 minutes, mind you, but at least she's there.

Anni-Frid Lyngstad, as a glance at any Abba picture will indicate, actually has character — something the others all keep guarded to themselves beneath their professional, pleasant public images.

Had the interview been set up the way I expected I'm sure something really interesting could have emerged. As it is, all we can do is huddle together and rapid-fire questions and answers at one another. What's more, there is a far greater language barrier than with the two blokes.

Her parting words were: "If



I could tell you in Swedish it would be much easier, I tell you. It's so many things... It's hard to point out — and I only have two minutes left to do it.

"I don't think you are satisfied, but neither am I, because... you know, if I should do an interview I would like to sit down for a couple of hours and talk, y'know — that's the only way.

"I know that this is going to be shut. I feel it but I can't help it. I feel sorry for you, but maybe you can just take it away, all what I have said, and keep Benny and Bjorn.

Because I don't feel satisfied, and I don't think you do either."

They are not the words of the bland automaton she is generally believed to be. Even people who have studied Abba quite closely advised me, before I left London: "Don't talk to the girls. It's a waste of time."

I could have done with wasting a bit more time talking to Frida Lyngstad than I did.

**W**HITE SLACKS, white blouse, no bra, a red ribbon threaded through her dyed red hair, she

chain smokes throughout the interview.

There is a quote from Frida in Abba's 'official biography'. "I carry around inside of me an inherent anguish which is very hard to get rid of. I thought it would be easier as I got older, but it's the other way around, it just gets worse..." What did she mean by that?

"The older you get," she says slowly, "the more experience you get of life. It's hard to agree with everything that you are caught up with. It was much easier when you were young... That's about what I mean."

Does fame sometimes scare you?

"No, it doesn't. You know, I feel quite normal actually — I do!"

Is that because Sweden is that sort of country?

"Yeah, I think Sweden is the part for a group like Abba to live in, because they don't have the... history?"

Hysteria... about idols that they have abroad. And the people are used to us. They have been following us since 10, 15 years back."

So, like when you went shopping this afternoon, you can do that in Sweden without any bother?

"Oh yeah. Easily. It's good."

Is it part of the Swedish character?

"I should think so..."

...or is it because they underestimate Abba? I have seen it said that they don't appreciate what they've got.

"It's a kind of jealousy in Sweden that I haven't noticed in other countries. It's the media. They're writing a lot of things because they are jealous, because we are earning a lot of money — things like that. But I don't think the public, or the audience, look upon us that way."

I mention Abba's 'mini-musical', the three-song suite from "The Album". It tells the story of "The Girl With The Golden Hair" — how she discovers a gift for singing ("Thank You For The Music"), ponders the wrench of leaving her home town ("I Wonder") and gets caught up irrevocably in a hellish whirl of pop star posing and paranoia

("I'm A Marionette").

Earlier, I'd put it to Bjorn that it could be about Abba, as far as he was concerned, it was what might have been. Does Frida feel like that girl?

"Yes, in some ways. But we are very concerned about our families, and try to stay as much at home as we can — and working in the studio, like we are doing now and we are going to do for the rest of the autumn."

Do you see as much of your kids as you'd like to?

"Oh yes."

She sounds happy.

**F**RIDA LYNSTAD began singing with a professional dance band at the age of 13, moving on via Glenn Miller style big band to lead her own group, The Anni-Frid Four. She became engaged to the bass player, Ragnar Fredriksson, had a son, Hans, at the age of 16, and married Fredriksson the following year. They had another child Lise-Lotte, three years later.

Shortly afterwards, Frida made it to the finals of a national talent contest, and landed an EMI recording contract, promptly embarking on a full performing career without her husband.

In the struggle between family and career, the latter won, and she moved to the Swedish music biz centre, Stockholm, leaving the kids with Ragnar. They were divorced amicably.

And then along came Benny. They've been together about 10 years now.

It's a puzzling story. Neither of the two Abba biographies I've read manages to explain or evade a tinge of cruelty, of callousness, in it. Obviously, with 20 minutes available, the subject can scarcely be broached. I ask Frida why she and her kid were living apart (which, incidentally, they aren't anymore).

"Because I left them," she replies quickly, "and I had no place to go, so I couldn't take them with me. And we had a nice house in a small town about 12 Swedish miles from Stockholm, and I thought it was better for them just to leave them there."

"I have always had very

Continues page 50

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AGNETHA goes shopping



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Handwritten note: *11/11/78*

I used to think Archive Fun was the office party at Somerset House until I read ...

# THRILLS

## CHARTING THE HYPES

**N**ME's LAST chart-hyping piece concluded with a statement to the effect that the twin threat of both exposure in the press and the greater number of charts would not necessarily eliminate hyping, but it would at least force record companies to think of something different.

We were right — but it has happened quicker than any of us could have foreseen.

The new hyping ploy is based around the limited edition 12" coloured vinyl picture sleeve single.

The record companies now manipulate sales of 12-inchers in order to achieve a chart placing. Once in the charts, the standard 7" version of the single will naturally push it higher.

It's really a very simple procedure.

The advantage of limited edition singles is that they are obviously going to become scarce collectors' items, and therefore fans will need to buy them straightaway. This, of course, helps them into the charts. It's a perfectly legitimate ploy.

However, evidence has also been accumulating that record companies are making special efforts to service only chart-return shops with 12" singles. After all, all they're looking for is chart lift-off. As far as the record companies are concerned, the other shops aren't worth bothering with.

(Readers will recall that the most essential chart, as far as record companies are concerned, is the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB) one, since it is the one the BBC uses. The BMRB compiles its charts by sampling the sales of a specific number of shops each week. The identity of these is meant to be a closely-guarded secret, but in practice every record company has its own list of chart return shops; they might not all be 100% accurate, but they're close enough.)

However, the lid has been lifted on these new abuses very quickly, because of the very real resentment of those dealers who are not chart-return shops. After all, by not receiving their fair share of 12" coloured vinyl product, they are getting what amounts to an inferior service from the record companies.

Doubts about this new marketing practice have already been aired in the trade press. In its July 1 edition, *Radio & Record News* examined the

### EMI RECORDS GROUP REPERTOIRE SINGLES RELEASE INFORMATION

ROLLING STONES	MISS YOU (Facing eyes) No Record	EMI 1202
ATLANTIC BOYS	WHAT'D I SAY (Living you want to be so tight)	EMI 1207
TOMMY BRUCE & The Bruisers	AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' (Cut the water bottles) Shake 'em all over Glad Rag Doll	EMI 2808 (None)
JESSE GREEN	DISCO CRAZY (Life can be beautiful)	EMI 2810
STAINLESS STEAL	CAN-CAN (It all comes down to love)	EMI 2815
MATUMBE	ROCK (Pt. 1) Rock (Pt. 2)	HAR 5162

BELOW: Extract from EMI's Singles Release Information sheet dated June 23 1978. Dealers who checked back on their June 9 sheet to see how many they missed the latest chart-bound limited edition 12" single discovered that for some reason they hadn't been told about it. By the time they came to order it, all 11,000 had mysteriously been sold out.

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progress of the Stones' "Miss You":

(It) was originally released on May 19 as a standard seven-inch, and in the following two weeks made disappointing chart progress.

The official release date for the Stones' 12-inch single was June 9. However, the complaint by dealers has been that by the time the mislabeled arrived informing them of the record's availability, the record was already out of stock.

*Music Week* similarly has drawn attention to the frustrations of the present system. Even though *Music Week* carries, and pays for, the BMRB chart, and thus would hardly wish to jeopardise its status, it did print this comment from the manager of Image Records, South Shields: "Why is it that smaller dealers always seem to lose out on the availability of these limited edition singles, while the chart return shops are well stocked? Three records he cited in particular

were recent singles by the Stones, Bob Dylan and Blue Oyster Cult.

HE IS NOT alone in his complaints about the CBS Dylan single. "Baby Stop Crying". HMV of Oxford Street (not a chart return shop) ordered 500 copies, but were told that their allowance was merely 25, because it was a limited edition. HMV's Leeds branch, however (which we believe is a chart return shop) ordered 75 copies — and got them, no sweat.

HMV in Oxford Street can offer further examples. They received no supplies of the 12" version of Hi Tension's "British Hustle", despite ordering 500.

A more telling example is A Taste Of Honey's "Boogie Oogie Oogie". As the illustrations show, EMI announced its release to retailers on June 23 as a limited edition of 11,000, saying it had been on sale since June 9. However, the June 9 release sheet

contains no mention of it. Therefore, when dealers attempted to order it on June 23, they were told that it was already sold out. The obvious conclusion is that those 11,000 12-inchers were shunted into chart return shops between June 9 and June 23.

Obviously, the way record companies seem to direct their limited edition stocks to chart return shops puts the conscientious local retailer, trying desperately to keep pace with every nuance of consumer taste, at a great disadvantage. He now finds himself simply unable to receive supplies of the very collectors' items that his customers are clamouring for. Though there are 3,000 retail outlets, it is always the 700-odd chart return shops that seem to get preferential treatment.

The situation reaches ludicrous lengths as far as HMV Oxford St. is concerned.

HMV Oxford Street is easily the largest retail outlet in the UK, and probably accounts for about 2% of total UK sales. Simply because of the volume of its business, in fact, it could never be a chart-return shop. (This is itself an indictment of the system — since it is the one shop that could provide an accurate barometer of current popular taste.) The shop now finds itself in the same position as many backwater dealers who not only have difficulty in ordering limited editions, but even have trouble finding out about them. The vexations over "Boogie Oogie Oogie" and "British Hustle" are especially interesting — it means that they have difficulty obtaining certain EMI discs, even though they are themselves an EMI shop.

HMV's turnover is such that they could probably take a rep's entire stock of some records — yet this is something the rep could never afford to let happen, since as far as he is concerned those sales would be "dead" sales, not reflected in any chart. This has produced at least one bizarre result — WEA have now instructed their rep not to call there at all!

IF THIS suggests that record companies aren't in the business of selling records, then it is perhaps true. What they are interested in is selling thousands and thousands of records, and as such it is vital to secure chart placings.

Some companies, in fact, will wait until a single begins to make waves at the bottom of the chart before issuing a 12" limited edition to boost its sales

from the 30's to the 20's — a vital breakthrough area for a single. This is what Virgin did with The Motors "Airport".

Such practices are of course tough on the genuine fans who buy first — the record company is using them quite cynically, and fobbing them off with "second-rate" product.

The reason why record companies don't simply market all their singles as 12" is purely economics — the price of vinyl, for example. In fact, companies reckon they lose about 2p on each 12" priced for under £1 — the realistic retail price would be about £1.50.

In other words, the 12" single is purely a promotional investment. Naturally, companies expect some kind of return on their investment — and it seems they have been getting just that; all the singles mentioned so far have enjoyed chart success long after their 12" editions have been exhausted.

The Office of Fair Trading informed us that there is actually nothing necessarily illegal in the record companies' latest dirty trick.

A spokesman for the BMRB commented:

"We have no basis for saying anything about selective distribution to chart-return shops. It should be pointed out, though, that companies do favour certain dealers for various reasons — one of which may well be that they're a chart-return shop. But equally, it may just mean that they like to support the shop's ordering policy — if, for example, they like to stock new product."

What all this means for the small dealer is that life is rather difficult at the moment. It is hard enough for him to keep pace with all the vast number of releases, anyway — now he finds himself trying to deal with possibly three or four different versions of a single (7", 12", coloured vinyl, picture sleeve). While companies are ever more imaginative in thinking of wonderful marketing plans — of which the Devo album, in five different colours of vinyl, is the latest example — they don't seem to stop to consider the small dealer who may only need to order two copies.

Should he ask for pink and grey? Green and red? ...

Or should that just be black and blue?

**BOB WOFFINDEN**  
**THRILLS**

Some companies, in fact, will wait until a single begins to make waves at the bottom of the chart before issuing a 12" limited edition to boost its sales

**A** BASHFUL Thrills is loath to inform its readers of yet another undercover fraud set fair to enter the charts under the cloak of anonymity.

Ivor Biggun, whose single "The Winkers Song" (sic) was Johnny Rotten's NME Single Of The Week, has entered the lower reaches of the charts without being granted any airplay. Ivor's label Beggars Banquet Records inform us that the single in question is also in the Capital Countdown and various regional radio listings, despite being "totally unplayable".

Ivor Biggun and the Red Nosed Burglars are further described as being like "an infectious George Formby rip-off", although a cursory listen indicates that "The Winkers Song" is nothing more than a pathetic bit of sleaze aimed at 12-year-old schoolboys, people who find their honour on lavatory walls and

permanent retards. It was deemed unworthy of quotation on the grounds of insulting the NME readers' intelligence.

The salient news is that Ivor Biggun is a pseudonym for someone working for the BBC television staff who "has decided to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals". No wonder, "The Winkers Song" is backed with a dreadful piece of jelly-care porn tat called "Readers Wives" (Great title — Ed.) (Good song too — Uncle Monty.) which, so say Beggars Banquet, has acquired a cult popularity amongst the dirty mac brigade who mill in sordid confusion through the Soho backstreets looking for Ralph McTeel.

Biggun is at present working for the Beeb in America, but has signed a

deal with Australia's Crass Records. On returning Biggun will appear at the Lyceum on September 10 supporting The Lurkers.

A chorling Nick Austin, major domo of Beggars Banquet, told a yawning Thrills that all the major BBC producers "have asked for lots of copies, despite the corporation ban", but he refused to divulge the identity of the heinous miscreant behind the record. A amongst rumours echoing through the music biz are speculations that Biggun is and an A&R man and former pop star. A

sweepstake has been opened on the matter, and the current fletac rests on Biggun being Dave Dee.

10-1 ... Robin Denselow, 20-1 ... Peter Woods 40-1 ... Billy Cotton Junior 4-2 on.

Whoever he is, Thrills can assure its readers that the record is worth ignoring at all costs (unfortunately, it has already sold over 15,000 copies). Ivor Biggun is most definitely a wanker.

**MAX BELL**  
**THRILLS**

# THE SWEET SMELL OF SMUT





IN THE WAKE of the *Midnight Express* movie — which tells the story of a young American's experiences in a Turkish jail — NME looks at the plight of British prisoners in the same situation. Left: the famous schoolboy prisoner TIMOTHY DAVEY.

# BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

**D**ANNY DE SOUZA, a Londoner from Notting Hill Gate, was arrested in Turkey on May 7, 1975, and charged with importing five kilos of hashish.

After a lengthy trial he was finally sentenced in January 1976 to 30 years imprisonment, later reduced to 18 years.

In the UK the same offence would bring him a four-year stretch. As it stands, he will be in a Turkish cell until 1991.

The only British prisoner in Byrapasa Jail in Istanbul, Danny is having a hard time, as evidenced by his letters from prison — in which *Thrills* has gained access.

In one letter, asking Release to send money, he writes: "I don't know if you know much about this prison but briefly, with a murder rate of at least one a month and daily knifings, it's not the ideal place to one money."

Another letter says: "I've got an unpaid job — sticking needles into hypochondriacs and wiping up the blood from Turks who've freaked out and stuck their heads or limbs through a window."

Danny has also been ill and required hospital treatment. He writes: "Is there anybody I can turn to in England to pay out money for medical expenses? I've got an ulcer and every week I have to find £1.50 to pay for drugs."

He comments: "I got suddenly upright when I realised that England is about the only country in Europe that doesn't fork out medical costs or at least extra food. Even the Greeks and Bulgarians are better off."

It took Danny over a year even to get newspapers, razor blades and other such essentials from the local

British consul, and then only because of Release pressure.

This apathetic attitude both here and in Turkey was confirmed to *Thrills* by another Briton, who agreed to talk to us providing his name was withheld.

He said he had received a 2½-year sentence for possession of just 1½ grams of grass (enough for a small joint). He claimed this was by no means an exceptional sentence. The attitude of the British consul, he observed, was that drug prisoners had just brought it on themselves and that they were damaging the image of Britain abroad.

The legal machinery does exist for foreign prisoners to be transferred back to their own country to serve out their sentences, both under Turkish law and through a new European convention which many other countries in Scandinavia and Europe have signed. Britain, however, seems unwilling to take advantage of this — although public pressure, as in the case of Timothy Davey, has brought results in the past.

Apart from Danny de Souza, *Thrills* has obtained the names of three other drug offenders currently in Turkish jails. They are: Albino Cijinal from Swansea, serving 26 years for trafficking, use and possession, and Mrs. Evelyn Joy Philips and Miss Effie Smith, both in their 20s. All are serving time in the Dogubayazit Prison in Eastern Turkey.

However, this is not just a Turkish situation. There are British drug prisoners in Morocco, Algeria, Spain and in many countries in the Far East — how many, no one is quite sure. Despite the size of the problem only Release, with its limited budget, is working to help these people, sending them money and supplies and fighting to get them out.

Considering their powerful influence, many people were hoping that Amnesty International would get involved. Their attitude, however, is that under their charter they cannot adopt the cause of drug prisoners unless evidence can be produced of torture or ill-treatment. They have even gone so far as to issue a press release disassociating themselves from the film *Midnight Express* and from the proceeds of the benefit, which hopefully will now go to Release.

So it seems that Amnesty have now effectively washed their hands of the whole matter; perhaps they missed the letter in a recent *Evening Standard* from a guy who claimed that as far back as 1967 he had offered evidence to Amnesty on the use of the torture known as Falaka in Turkish jails.

Keith Martin wrote in the Release newsletter: "It seems that unlike tourists who are arrested for 'plane spotting' or stirring up Ukrainian unrest (who warrant the consideration of the Foreign Office) drug offenders get a very special non-status."

Only public pressure can prevent Danny and hundreds like him from rotting away out of sight and out of mind.

In one of his letters Danny wrote to Release: "Sometimes I get paranoid flashes that the MAN has taken control of you and now you're fighting a holding action to keep this absurdity from bursting wide open. Please prove me wrong."

You can contact Danny via the Foreign Prisoners Section, Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

## GROOVIN' WITH THE GROOVY PEOPLE

**A**LRIGHT, LONDON — you better APPRECIATE!

Compared with the rest of the country, the capital is spoiled rotten. And as far as the rest of London itself is concerned, Camden Town inhabitants should be shot if ever they complain about burning with boredom. The Roundhouse, Dingwalls, Music Machine, a wholesome handful of rock pubs and now the Electric Ballroom.

Almost smack next door to Camden tube, the Electric Ballroom has been opened by former Thin Lizzy tour manager Frank Murray and has already hosted two (sort of) super sessions. At the first, a couple weeks back, The Greedies — Phil Lynott, Steve Jones, Paul Cook and comrades — cracked the aural champagne across the ballroom's bow, and a Tuesday ago saw it swelling to The Vicious White Kids' glamorous line-up of Sid Vicious, Steve New, Glen Matlock and Chris Miller.

To tell the truth, the glamour escaped me, but the place was packed come half ten. Luckily the bar is well enough staffed to make a drink a reality — and it was a necessity during the support set of the ordinary sub-Deaf Sportivo waitings of The Addix.

In the break the audience strode about revelling in what they prayed would be an exclusive star session only known by those on the grapevine.

Sid and Nancy held court and most of the impressionable gazes of the assembled meat and onion mafia, and the DJ went through the obligatory

and distressing dull reggae bumbings. Tell ya the truth John, it was getting on me thrupennies. Same old drill, same assorted faces clinging on to a nightlife as free-wheeling and lighthearted as the expressions on the faces and the rhythm on the feet of these wet blankets allow. Club? This might as well be a coach station for all the fun that rock audiences have.

But... surprise! When the celebrity party take to the stage there's a sudden lift. OK, it was only "Steppin' Stone", "Raw Power", "Wanna Be Your Dog", etc — all soundcheck stalwarts — but the sound was full and no matter what, there was Vicious looking severely sharp, menacingly excellent when actually on a stage and *incoated*. The old Pistoio twister "Pushin' and Shovin'" even got an airing and (surprise number two — collect the set!), Sid's voice is definitely acceptable. (Once or twice Nancy tried to get chance to play Yoko but was foiled.) Yeah, it was alright.

Frank Murray says he thinks he knows who to book and what people will want. He deserves to get some of your time, cos the Electric Ballroom knocks the Music Machine and the Roundhouse into the old cocked hat. You can stand or sit, go upstairs or stay with the stage, get food and drink.

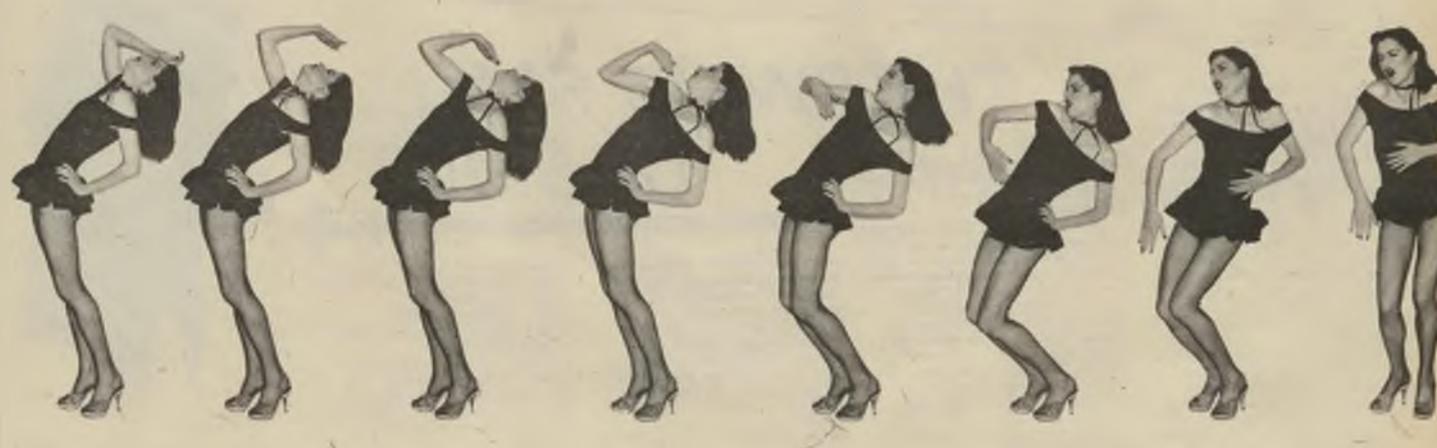
In London you got no excuse to stay in if you feel like going out, I mean, what else is there to do when your girlfriend's just left you and your jogging suit is in the wash? There are places to go and people to see, it's a wonderful world if you'll only just (oh, shut up — Ed.)

DANNY BAKER



"HANGING OUT" after their "jam" — boring old punks (L-R): Glen Matlock, Nancy Vicious, Sidney, Steve New, Keith Moon, Capt. Sensible The nose is his own. Pic: Denis O'Regan, chronicler to the stars.

## EVERY NIGHT FEVER WITH LITTLE NELL!



LOWRY



**A**SVELTE, smiling Debbie Harry and her band breezed into London last week to celebrate the opening of an exhibition of Blondie pics at the Mirandy Gallery in Maylebone.

The photographs, taken in New York by British photographer Martyyn Goddard — whose past subjects include the Bay City Rollers, Andy Warhol and Dennis Healey's wife Edna — depict the members of Blondie striking playful poses in various domestic and street-wise settings.

Over 200 fans, some of whom had camped overnight, crushed against the plate glass gallery front to snatch a glimpse of the luscious Deborah. Flash-guns popped and pencils jotted as Ms Harry — oozing the breathless glamour that is such a part of

these socialite whirls — announced her impending marriage to lead guitarist Chris Stein.

Will this lead to a rash of male suicides? Thrills pondered the question while going through the pockets, sorry, gossiping with anyone who looked remotely inquisitive, and was foolish or drunk enough to get up close. These included Robert Fripp and The Boyfriends, plus luminaries of the fashion world, most of whom didn't seem to know how to take a joke.

Growing weary of all the razzmatazz, Thrills crept away early, thereby managing to miss the mob scenes that ensued when Debbie, still nursing a fixed smile, tried to slip off into the afternoon heat in a waiting limousine.

The exhibition runs until August 25.

# THE LONESOME JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE OF LIDDLE TOWERS

## Cook & Jones pack Pistols for Good Cause

**A**NARCHY FOR the Old Bill!  
*"There IS no law / They make their own / What am I to do? / With no official eyebrows raised they could do the same to you!"*

Yes, it's true: failed, middle-aged criminals can please crawl out their window because that's The (S)ex-Pistols (what's left of 'em anyhow) howling / playing their latest protest song under the guise of David G. & Friends on the vitriolic narrative of the death of Liddle Towers, "Justifiable Homicide?", released on Dave Goodman's label, The Labc.

Steve Jones and Paul Cook blew their cover last week while Thrills cocked an investigative lughole.

"We went down to Rockfield Studios for a party but it never happened," reveals Jones, cying up a passing O.A.P. as she makes her way to the Post Office to collect her pension. "Dave Goodman was down there working on the song, 'Justifiable Homicide?'. We've known Dave for years — he's our producer and a good mate and when he told us what the song was about we were both really into it and started working on it with him."

"Justifiable Homicide?" is about the boxing instructor Liddle Towers, "offers Paul, shooting daggers at the little old lady who has attracted the attentions of his Steve. "He was picked up by the Law at the Key Club in Newcastle a couple of years back. Three weeks later he was dead. The judge called it 'Justifiable Homicide' and that's what we used for the title... all we added was a question mark."

The record certainly sounds like a Sex Pistols platter. Or rather, like one of the songs produced by their latest (last?) incarnation, the tracks which will appear in the soundtrack of *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*.

Credited to Goodman / Hayles / Woodcock / Jones / Cook, "Justifiable Homicide?" exudes all the brain-bruising maelstrom of the Pistols' finest moments and, happily, the aura of offensive desperation that pervaded every vinylised groove on the Fatso Biggs fiasco is nowhere to be seen or heard. Opportunist it most certainly ain't; to prove their aim is true,

those involved with the record are contributing a sizeable hunk of their royalties to the Liddle Towers Committee set up by the dead man's family to put pressure on the authorities to re-open the case and secure an inquiry into all the question / interrogation marks surrounding his death.

Gateshead Police Station, where Towers was taken after being arrested, declined to comment to Thrills, but the facts are these.

January 16 1976. 12.45 a.m. Liddle Towers leaves the Key Club in Birtley with a companion. Outside is a squad car containing four policemen, who apprehend Towers. A scuffle ensues during which Towers is injured. Witnesses claim the police held him on the ground and lashed him. He is arrested for being drunk and disorderly and taken to Gateshead Police Station.

4 a.m. Towers is taken to Gateshead Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Less than one hour later he is taken back to the station and charged.

10 a.m. Towers discharged and sent home.

2 p.m. Visited by family doctor, who told the court: "He had the living daylight's kicked out of him."

January 17. Admitted to Queen Elizabeth Hospital. Discharged three days later.

January 21-26. Visited by doctor every day.

January 27. Visited by specialist doctor.

January 28. Liddle Towers collapses. Doctor pays emergency visit and Towers is admitted to County Durham's Dryburn Hospital.

January 29-February 2.

Emergency operations in hospital.

February 9. Liddle Towers dies.

The inquest jury's verdict of justifiable homicide, in October 1976, prompted *The Guardian* to describe it as "astounding... alarming, in (its) implication that the average drunk may deserve whatever is coming to him."

"Justifiable homicide" just isn't good enough," opines Dave Goodman. "Liddle Towers taught boxing to a lot of young kids and he often worried aloud about police brutality when his kids came to him with injuries they sustained in a police cell. There are eye-witnesses who saw everything that happened to Towers from the moment he left the Key Club to the moment the police drove away with him in the back of their car. Their version of what happened totally contradicts the official line that the death of Liddle Towers was justifiable homicide."

Didn't Malcolm McLaren have any objections about you using his lads on the record?

Goodman shakes his head. "Paul and Steve were very keen to do it, and Malcolm said it was okay by him."

And what do David G. & Friends hope that "Justifiable Homicide?" will achieve?

"Pressure... all the pressure that mass access to a rock 'n' roll audience can get to help re-open the case of Liddle Towers and establish how he really died."

The Tom Robinson Band also have a song about Liddle Towers, as yet unrecorded.

It's called "Blue Murder."

TONY PARSONS  
 THRILLS



This is ex-Labelle Nona Hendryx. Going down makes her shiver.

Spotted by Thrills in the course of our duty — from glassy U.S. sex 'n' scuzz mag 'Cheri'. To our chagrin, no demonstration within...



GET THE YELLOW FEVER (THAT'S THE COLOUR OF THE PLASTIC) IT'S CONTAGIOUS "FEVER" LITTLE NELL'S YELLOW SINGLE AMS 7374



# BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SCORING \$10,000

**A**BOUT ALL ANYONE knows about Johnny Cougar is that his suave visage and dapper-clad form have, of late, been lining the walls of our tube stations with near record-breaking frequency. Man or myth — appalling or appealing — is he a rock star, or merely some animated refugee from a Foster Brothers window display? And how come he's suddenly rocketed out of nowhere (and

back — Ed.) with vast publicity when your average new band is still spreading its name with spray-paint cans? Cougar, smoothing back his John Travolta hairstyle and brandishing a switch-blade, supplied me with the details of a past of amazing good fortune. It all started three years ago when he made a demo tape, and trekked from his home in Indiana to New York to attract the attention of one Tony de Fries (then David Bowie's promoter).

"Knowing he only deals with people who happen to have bad taste, I dropped off the tape — and he liked it. He thought it was just as despicable as it possibly could have been, called me up, and sent me back home with 10,000 dollars."

Gleefully JC and friends squandered the loot on some amateurish studio time, and knocked up a second tape he could only describe as "miserable." DeFries heard it, raved, lugged it back East, re-mixed it, overdubbed it, and released it as an album which dive-bombed into obscurity.

How had DeFries handled the promotion? "He saw me like he saw Bowie. Ziggy Stardust was a living person. I think he saw me more as a true-to-life Dick Tracy — you know, the all-American MALE."

A second album was soon released, along with huge promotion, but still no takers. The DeFries partnership was on the rocks, so Cougar hawked



JOHNNY COUGAR: The answer lies in dad taste. Pic: SIMON FOWLER.



Watch it girls, you've got competition! This great slash of Bob Marley was sent in by 14-year old Paul Cook from Scotland. He wins £5.

From Pink magazine. For Gill of Hinkley, opportunity knocks...

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# CLASH

# RICH KIDS

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW

THOMAS-IMPOST OR

GHOSTS of princes in towers

EMI 2848

his albums round to the door of Rod Stewart's manager, Billy Gaff, rating his chances of a contract as "slim or none."

"I played him the albums, and he thought they were awful. But he said, 'Put a band together, rehearse them, and write new material, and we'll see what happens.'"

What happened was that he formed the backing band Streethart, cut the album "A Biography" for Riva Records, and was launched on a massive European tour, which I intersected in Scandinavia.

Immediately apparent from the two gigs I saw, was that Cougar is a merchant of American music. It could hardly be more American in style, in outlook, and in influence. It's not that far removed from the streetsiness of Mink Deville, but with brasher overtones, and a sense of desperation in the lyrics more akin to Springsteen.

What's instantly accessible about him is that he falls just short of the slightly indigestible macho-teenage-rebel stance that his songs demand, and his husky chain-smoking vocal tones and wiry gymnastics come over as no more than a very engaging stage act.

Streethart are the most balanced, kept-dead-simple, rock outfit he could wish for. They specialize in a Stones-type sustain, tidy guitar fills, the volatile drumming of Tom Knowles, and an offbalance of Brian Becvar's classical-styled keyboards.

Musically, they're very aggressive, and tight as hell, and kept alive by the frantic activity of guitarist Larry Crane and the bassman Ferd.

It seems more than just coincidence that Cougar went down a storm in Scandinavia without the support of the glutinous packaging that surrounded him in the U.K. Already the survivor of one failed attempt to secure him mass attention, did he reckon Billy Gaff was handling his promotional image with any greater success?

"There ain't no image, it's just what people see in it. It's just in this country that I'm a hype, and I hope I get 'hype of the year', 'cos what an honour — the most flooded market in the world, and I get hype of the year. I'd love it!"

How did he rate his chances, commercially, up against the fast-changing critical climate?

"Music is an art form by itself, but



then you get big business involved with it, and the papers, and they just ruin it.

John Mellencamp (his real name) has always been an exercise in poor taste.

"... I'm not interested in being Elvis Costello at all. Elvis Costello in two years? Adios! — and that'll be it. It's sad 'cos I think he's great, but if you're this year's model, like he is, then there's always someone ready to knock you off the throne."

So his music's an art form, but still

in poor taste?

"Just because it's commercial, that doesn't mean it's not good, does it? I'm not making *Saturday Night Fever*, I'm not selling out to that degree. Then again, I'm not making records like Nico — so I'm not that self-indulgent. I'm just a regular dude."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

# ARCHIVE FUN SPECIAL NAME THE BOZOS — PRIZES GALORE!

**WE FOUND** this snap of a bunch of would-be popsters rotting away amongst the discarded backs that clutter up forgotten corners of the name *NME* enclave. Who are these mysterious bozos? And just how long did they manage to delay the progress of rock 'n' roll?

The first three correct answers will receive two 35/- record tokens apiece (current market value about £3.50) and the first person to name their sartorial adviser will get a mothball-free Nehru jacket and year's supply of kipper ties.

Answers to: Name The Bozo, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., W1  
This competition is not open to employees of IPC magazines, hardened criminals, members of the toothpaste generation, and walking repositories of junk information (this means you, Pete Frame and Roy Carr).

THRILLS

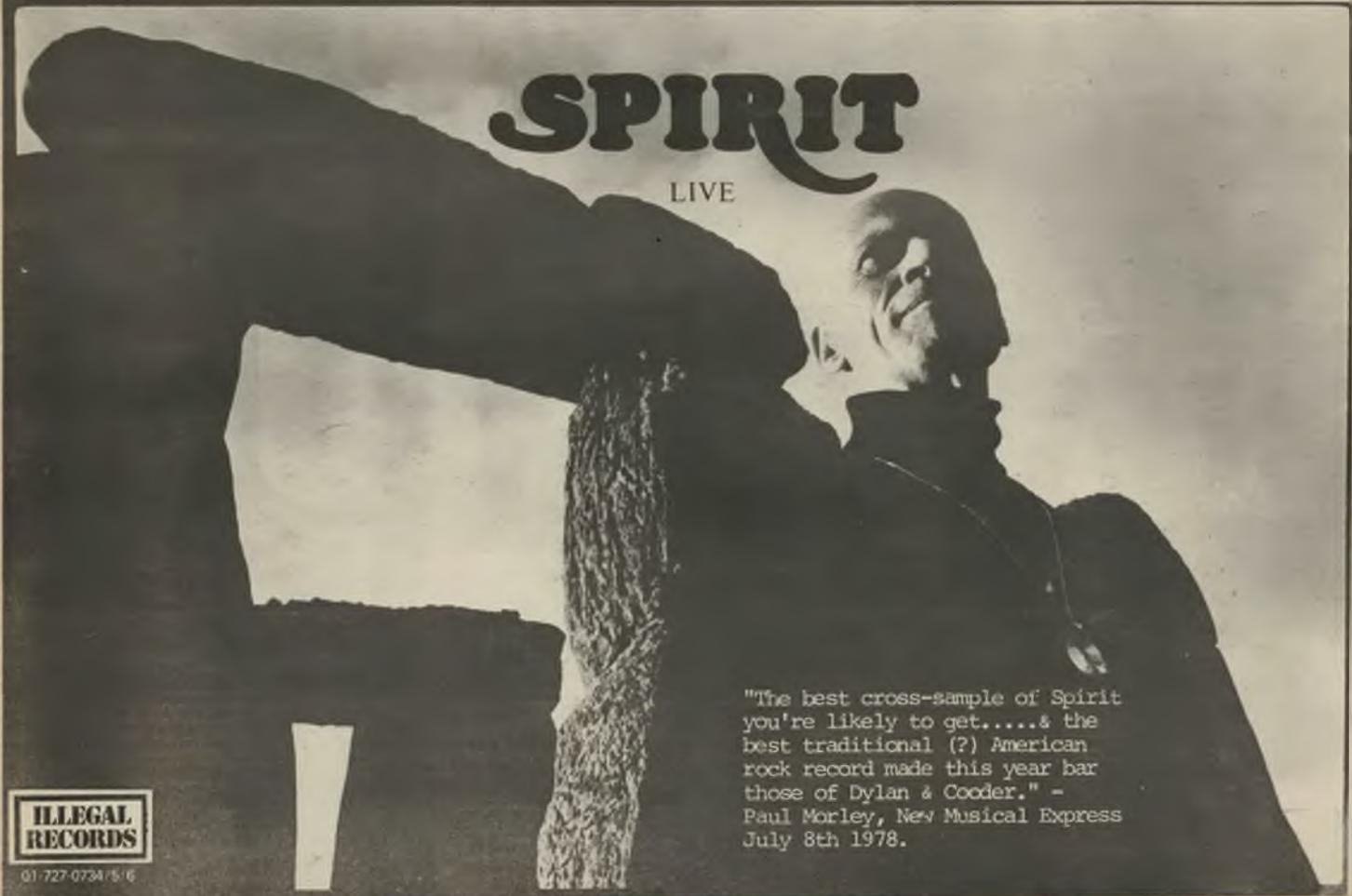
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Don't we just know it! Doug Bowyer of Bristol agrees.

# SPIRIT LIVE



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## BLACKMAIL CORNER

"HOPE YOU like the enclosed photo of your favourite punks!" writes reader Spotty Bananas of Dublin.

Surely Spotty doesn't expect us to believe that this is really the Boomtown Rats. Haven't they always maintained that Johnny Fingers (second right) has been wearing his pyjamas constantly since he was a child? And that can't be our very own and very wonderful Modest Bob beneath

that titer — the one sporting a Bryan Ferry moustache . . . can it?

And what's with those wall-to-wall flakes? They're enough to make even John Entwistle blush. Can this possibly be those cool cats the Rats?

Actually, yes.  
No wonder the wee falls in the middle quit.

**T**HE VOICES of public indignation are once more decrying that vile habit which threatens to rot the moral fibre of the youth of today: sniffin' glue. Islington MP Michael O'Halloran claims carbona snoring has reached "epidemic" proportions since an 18-year-old boy drowned after finishing off a tube. He wants to ban the sale of certain glues to children under 16. (Obviously he's never tried to build a model airplane with sellotape.

Joking aside, the consumption of any kind of intoxicant can have harmful consequences.

The medical effects of glue sniffin' are unknown, although it is often claimed that even small quantities will cause serious damage. And while the solvents used in glue to stop it solidifying — which give the high — are not physically addictive, they can be mentally habit-forming, a subtle but crucial difference.

Meanwhile here, according to the London Evening Standard, are the tell-tale signs:

- Glue round the mouth.
- Glue on clothes.
- Strong-smelling breath.
- Blurry eyes.
- Lack of co-ordination.
- Extreme noisiness and sometimes aggression.

So if the person next to you is behaving like an epileptic who's eaten a lot of garlic and then made a bad job of trying to seal up his mouth, don't call us.

T. LOBOTOMY

THRILLS

## WHERE TITS COME FIRST!

# PULLING SUN STROKES

**T**HINKING OF sending-up one of our hallowed institutions? Fancy a well-aimed satirical poke at the (funny) bone of your contention?

Birmingham group Bullets thought an appropriately mirth-worthy subject might be *The Sun's* daily dose of cheap titillation, the Page Three Girl. So they wrote a song about it, pointing out, says its author Harry Lang, "the fleeting glamour of being on page three one day and on the loo wall or wrapping fish and chips the next."

They also designed a rather apt sleeve, just to bring the point sailing home.

*The Sun*, however, remained long in tooth. When contacted by the group's label, Big Bear, with the idea of a little mutual promotion, they promptly sent a solicitor's letter indicating their ownership of the trademark "page three", and their unwillingness to allow it to be used on something which in their view fails to reach the "high standards" the phrase implies. (No sniggering back there.)



Not to be thwarted or intimidated by the mighty Murdoch empire, Big Bear changed the wording to "page 3" and went ahead as planned. Even as you read this they wait for an injunction to be stopped on them. (Serves them right for wanting to deal with *The Sun* in the first place — Ed.) "In retrospect," comments Harry Lang, "I wish I'd made the song a bit more to the point."

LARRY BLAM

THRILLS



BULLETS (Harry Long on the left) with their "Page 3A" girl . . .

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# IS THIS MAN A PRAT?

*Richard Nixon?*

**CHRIS SALEWICZ** has his suspicions.

**GENE SIMMONS** of KISS meets the NME . . .

**T**WENTY-EIGHT year-old Gene Simmons of New York City, New York, is sitting in his hotel-room near Marble Arch.

It's four o'clock on a humid Friday afternoon and Gene is miffed.

Gene is miffed because it takes such a long time to get room service in this goddamn country. Gene is also miffed because the TV doesn't face the bed. Gene doesn't seem to have noticed that the TV is fitted with wheels.

When Gene is miffed one notices there is a disturbing similarity between his eyes and those of Richard Nixon. Come to think of it, maybe it's not just the eyes; maybe it's Gene's whole facial structure. . . .

But let there be no wild flights of fancy. Let me not attempt to foist upon the reader any idea that the real reason the Kiss mainman and bassist will be photographed only in his make-up and looking like a demented panda bear is because he actually is the Ghost Of San Clemente, Richard Nixon.

No, that would be fatuous and unworthy of Simmons, who started his university career by studying journalism before finally switching courses and graduating as a teacher.

Actually, Gene gave up teaching after only six months: "I was teaching for the wrong reasons. I just wanted to perform, to be up onstage. Also," confides the man largely instrumental in Kiss's success in shifting billions of albums over the past few years to not very bright American teenagers, "I hated the kids."

"I'm from New York!" Gene helpfully reminds me. "I want it now. I need the ego gratification of having people tell me I'm great at the exact moment of doing what it is I'm doing, either at the moment of performing or of making a record."

"Everybody wants to be stroked in one way or another."

**R**IGHT NOW Gene is being stroked by recording his solo album—in fact all four members of Kiss are currently recording solo LPs which will be released on the same cursed day in October.

After cutting the initial tracks at the Manor in Oxfordshire Gene journeyed to LA to "put some sweetening on" at Cherokee Studios and has returned to London to mix the album.

Having heard the record I am rather sorry to learn Gene seems to regard it as High Art, but it does feature many guest artists. These include Bob Seger, Aerosmith guitarist Joe Perry, Donna Summer, Grace Slick, Skunk Baxter, Helen Reddy and the dog Eassie.

It also features Gene's current bells, the absurd Cher.

Gene Simmons of New York City is still miffed, however. Right now he is flinging his copy of the *Wall Street Journal* down on top of the glass-topped table and calling room service again. (Actually, Gene's also a trifle miffed because the telephone isn't a modern press-button job like they have in New York City but an old-fashioned model into which you actually have to stick your finger and dial). There, that's better: he's just ordered some fruit salad and some coffee for himself and some tea for the Britisher.

The Britisher inquires as to whether Gene and Cher are still walking out together.

Gene nods to confirm an ongoing romance situation. Such wondrous chroniclers of US showbiz society life as *Modern Screen* and Rona Barratt's *Gossip* still contain pages of pix of Cher. Gene tells him. "The new thing," he continues, "seems to be either Elvis or myself running around with her."

The Britisher doesn't quite understand that joke but he sort of chuckles all the same.

*Modern Screen*, Gene tells him, sells between seventeen and twenty million copies per month.

"I think that says a lot about the country," he replies.

"I do, too," Gene nods with a gaze of benevolent Nixonian sincerity. "There's so-o-o much stark realism in America—the size, the immensity, the obvious pressures of day-to-day life—that people escape in various ways."

The Britisher tells Gene that he thinks that in the States it's very easy to be misled into thinking there is plenty of choice when there is actually very little at all.

Although his benevolent smile remains firmly in place Gene Simmons of New York City flashes out a most odd vibe for an instant. Then he blesses the Britisher with an even broader beam.

"In this country I find it totally stagnant," he pronounces. "If you're a young person just getting into the creative years of your life," he continues in a classic display of the kind of meaningless media phrase that California Governor Jerry Brown has dubbed "Buzz Words", those words

and phrases which draw an audience into the speaker's confidence, "you have to be in bed at midnight."

"What happens," Gene questions, "if you get up at 4.00 in the morning and you want to do something creative like go out shopping? Or even if you want to watch old movies on TV?"

The Britisher points out to Gene that those "old movies" on late-night US TV are so riddled with ads as to be near-unwatchable; that they're only there as yet another symptom of the manner in which the States seem to be geared to little else but selling things.

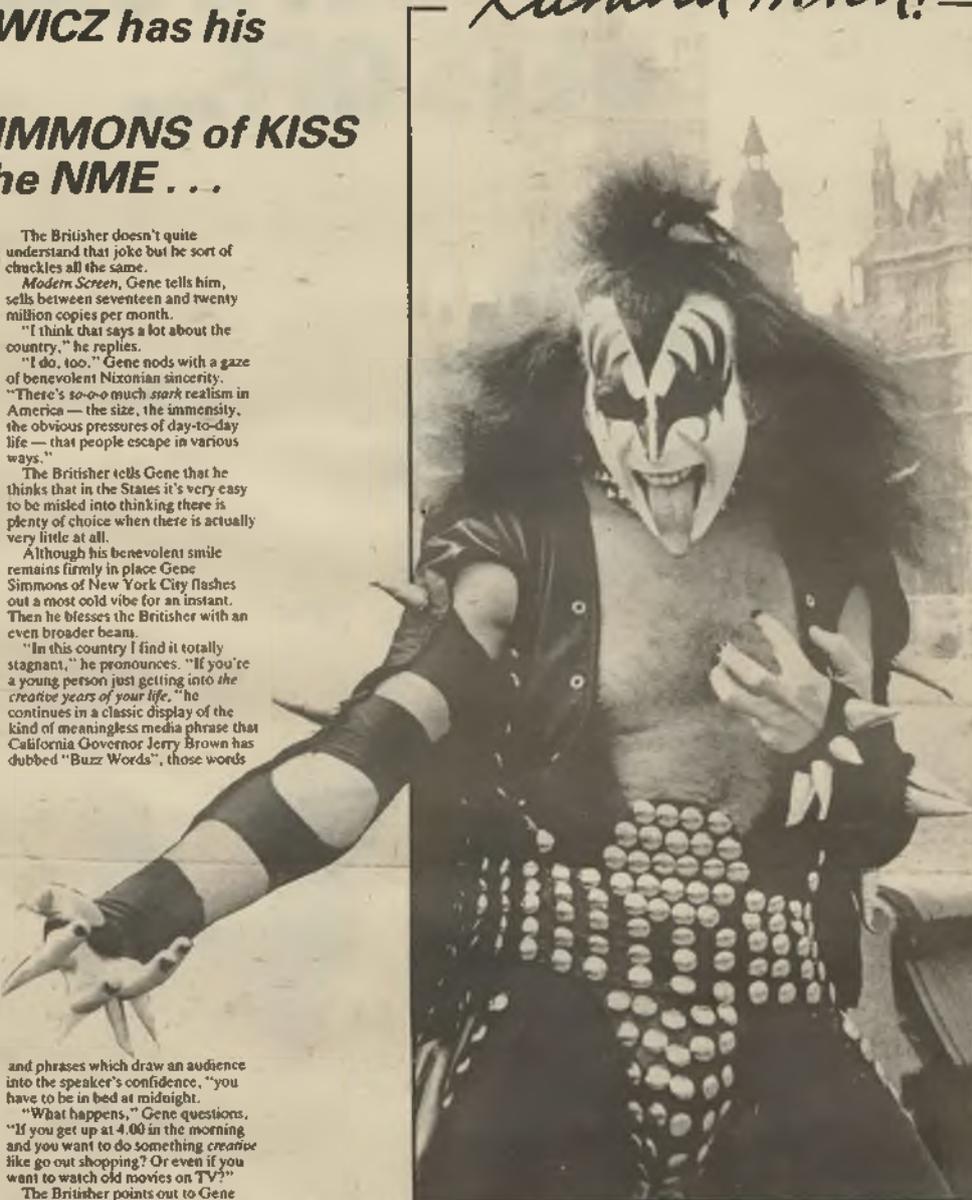
"Yes," nods Gene sagely. "It is. . . . That old dollar sign seems to run through so much of . . ."

"Of the social structure. I think you're right," Gene nods, his voice oozing Media Sincerity. "I think you're absolutely right."

"The poorest ghetto person—and there's plenty of that, I'm sure you know," Gene slips the Britisher the kind of aside that permits him to know he is being allowed fully into Gene's confidence, "it's funny how this is turning into a social conversation but that's okay: I like that, too. . . ." He returns to his theme. "The poorest person in American knows that he has a chance of coming face-to-face with the highest family in America. Because it's not based on family names or aristocracy. It's based on Accumulation Of Wealth."

"And the social structure is based on who's got the most wealth. It's how successful you are in business that counts." Gene wags a finger at the Britisher and leans back in his chair, letting the scarlet shirt that is already open to his waist, in what seems a rather uncomfortable way to dress, slip almost off his shoulders.

"Which certainly says a lot about your character, I think. I certainly know that everything I am—the success of Kiss in America and any success or money the band has made—has been done entirely by me."



"The poorest person in America dresses twice as interestingly as the Pistols"—and this from a man in stacked heel boots?

**Y**ET, CONCEDES the Britisher, although this country is so obviously totally screwed when you still have obscure Scottish lairds worth £50 million, it still seems that an American-scale obsession with wealth is something of which one should be wary.

"I am totally fascinated by the US. I love Mickey Mouse and McDonalds. And I do think people should be allowed to work as hard as they want so they can achieve A More Comfortable Life-style."

"To me that's New York City and having 24-hour television with 23 channels and having seven-foot high television screens. That's happiness to me." Gene leans over towards the Britisher. "I'm a child of the twentieth century."

"We are in a very technological age. I happen to love technology. My stimulation has to come from being able to read *The Wall Street Journal*"—he picks up a copy to facilitate the Britisher's Visual Identification—"everyday, because the clash of ideas and the discovery of new ideas is what makes *My* life interesting."

Yet, the Britisher points out, he feels that *The Wall Street Journal* is a total anachronism, a relic of an irrelevant past.

"Not only is it not over."

"It's senile."

"Matter of fact," draws Gene, Matt Dillon-style, "what I think that's happening is that cultures that don't

have capitalism will eventually succumb to it. I think as soon as you introduce Coca-Cola or McDonalds it's all over."

Oh, pass the nylons and chewing gum, Gene, thinks the Britisher. The Room Service waiter enters. "Boy, this is turning into the most different interview I've ever done," matters Gene, as the Britisher, mistaking a jug of coffee for hot water pours coffee into his cup of tea.

He gets up to go to the bathroom to empty his cup down the sink.

"The light for the bathroom is outside the door," Gene points out helpfully, "and you do it down instead of up," he adds scornfully.

"Everybody in the end has to choose their own way of happiness."

**H**OWEVER, THE Britisher suggests, human beings may often believe they are choosing their Own Way Of Happiness, yet in reality they are merely according with sophisticated media programming. He tells Gene that every time he's been to the States he's heard less and less good music—either on the radio, despite all the billions of radio channels, or in clubs—whilst everywhere the likes of The Bee Gees, not to mention Kiss, appear to be talking over.

The current English music scene, however, is really vital and exciting.

"Whom? Whom?" Gene inquires almost frantically.

Punk. Reggae. The whole scene. Gene lowers his head and speaks from deep within his soul. "I will not disagree," he concedes, "that it's creative and new and that the energy is good."

"I, however, would not spend my time going down to see a bunch of guys who have no regard for the stage."

"The stage," continues Gene Simmons of New York City, throwing in yet another Buzz Word, "is *A Holy Place*. You do not get up there and degrade it. If I'm paying as much to see a rock'n'roll band onstage as I would for one of their records I'll be damned if I'm gonna sit there and see someone plug into a cheap little amp and have no regard for their appearance."

Oh dear, thinks the Britisher. Who is Gene Simmons of New York City talking about? Who are you thinking about, Gene?

"The . . ." almost hesitantly ". . . new bands . . ."

Who?

"I don't . . . All your new bands: Sham 69 and Generation X and even the Pistols who had *marvellous* energy and complete disregard for the stage."

Continues page 50



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## IN NEXT WEEK'S NME

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### DAVID BOWIE CONSUMER'S GUIDE

First of a two-part pull-out.



WHERE WORDS MAKE SENSE



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## SINGLES CONTD.

From previous page

**NORMA JEAN:** Saturday (Bearsville).  
**KARREN YOUNG:** Hot Shot (Atlantic).

With the exception of Crown Heights Affair, which suffers from acute trumpets, these are all very buyable, very sociable and guaranteed to fuse a party with danceable speed. Particularly Sylvester's offering, which is already a hit, and the less known Norma Jean's "Saturday".

"Everyday, just like some old jerk / All I do is work / I'm no robot / Let's Go Disco / Meet the guys and gals / They're all my pals, and / I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL SATURDAY."

Norma certainly has the voice and the bass does ALL the business... whereas it's down to the drums to dish out the treatment in Karen Young's "Hot Shot", another disc which even now doesn't need any more wonga passed across to chart it.

The Detroit Spinners have come to a weird pass. "If You Wanna Dance" is pure Average White Band. Be that as it may, it's essential listening and right to be up in the front section. It's great to see that the old boys can still get it up (along with the ancient O'Jays who deserve sainthood for the sublime "Used To Be My Girl"). But Crown Heights Affair's "Galaxy of Love" is a little too Ray McVay and his Band of the Day for comfort. Still, I ask you, give me four out of five singles in any other field that could maintain the adrenalin and satisfy the feet so.

### BY THE RIGHT, QUICK MACHO!

**TRUE BRIT:** Cathy Can't Come (EMI).  
**HUNTER:** Tonight's The Night (Rampage).  
**BILBO:** She's Gonna Win (Lightning).  
**ANNIVERSARY:** Give Me A Smile (Aerco).

Aging Smokey devotees keep knocking out this Eurovision Heavy Metal shag... except for Anniversary who appear to have a Yes / AC-DC fixation and delivers stomach heaving songs about girls who try to lure them with Bondage / Domination and Corporal Punishment, bullwhips etc. They all have lank hair and moustaches. You don't need me to say it, right?

**AEROSMITH:** Come Together (CBS). We don't talk about Sgt Pepper's.

### THE FATBACK BAND:

**Mile High (Spring).** Tragic to see how the mighty can drop. In their early days, on Perception or Event, the Fatbacks had more stomp'n' guts than a line of quarter backs, but this is just more string / trumpet toss.



From "Streetdance" to "Mile High" is like from "Fleetwood Mac" (Blue Horizon) to "Rumours". Ah well, we are all to blame.

**MOTORHEAD:** Louie Louie (Bronze). Never can whack The Kingsmen but Motorhead play it straight and greasy and better than the stacks of versions I've witnessed in non-going Vortex situations. (Even if Nick Kent does say they're playing it up a minor, or whatever the term is).

**STRANGEWAYS:** Show Iler You Care (Real).

**JAPAN:** The Unconventional (Ariola). Two types of pop. Strangeways beautifully detail what I mean about how well The Rich Kids do it, by turning up an OK but pointless and twee "Hey (hey) You (you) Get Offa My Boyfriend" type work out. While Japan deserve more than their image allows with a chunky, albeit on the heavy side, bunk of rockfunk. The B side too is encouraging. "We're just another hype / But the pressures getting harder..." ("Adolescent Sex"). As Gienda Slag would add: "Japan? I Luv 'em! But boys-that image died in the stone age!! (GEDDIT!!)".

**COLEEN:** Andy (Target). A love song to Prince Andrew sung in a Lyndsey De Paul whisper is not the greatest combination to throw out as recommended to all you NME'ers clutching a spare 85p, but this daff and exquisite lilt is definitely worth hearing. "I wouldn't swap my jubilee poster / For all the David Soul's in the world / Oh Andy... Andy I love you..." "Used to be a Millwall supporter too.

**STEVE TREATMENT:** Five A Sided '45. I swear I heard two instruments playing the same time at one point on this superb platter. Even the double-tracked vocals shift and sway, but no matter cos the fabulous Steve Treatment (helped by the equally great named Swell Maps), packs in five tracks that would get a good review from anyone you care to name. Had it been an LP, and thereby judged under a different light, it would've been LP of the week and no error. Rocking out in a very strange way it is absolutely vital.

And finally Cyril... And finally Cyril...

**DAVID GILMOUR:** There's No way Out Of Here (Harvest).  
**COUNT GIOVANNI DI REGINA:** Just one Cornetto (Magnet).  
Turn it in, Harvest. Play the white man, Magnet.

**SO THERE** you go tomcats, I've stuck my ear in to say that as long as you don't let yourself get carried away (or unless you're a total loser and like Kansas or something.), there is a wealth of greatness in today's singles.

Take up those cats and dance.





# Don't look back, look up!

Look out for 'Don't Look Back', the incredible new album  
from Boston.

'Don't Look Back' is every bit as mindbending as 'Boston'  
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Caravan to Midnight is the latest album from Robin Trower. It's a showcase of fluid, shifting and often dazzling guitar playing. Listen to the title track, and you're carried through a series of musical images that shift and change like a shimmering sea of sand.

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A Division of Polygram

# I REBEL POET

**Black Soul/Brixton Blues/  
Black Scars/Bradford Dues**

**LINTON JOHNSON stands firm for blacks in  
Britain today**

**L**INTON JOHNSON leans forward and scrutinises the weekly rock paper spread on the desk before him. The object of his attention is a review of his first album, "Dread Beat And Blood", just released on Front Line Records.

He checks the reviewer's words carefully. "It's clear that Johnson is not the average half-literate reggae man, substituting some random combination of multi-purpose Jah-speak for inspiration. He is a poet..." he reads aloud, and gives a hard ironic laugh.

"That's what they think of us innit?" he asks, a Cockney tik to the question. "A bunch of illiterate wild men going on about Jah, ganja and back to Africa..."

He laughs again. There are no references to Jah or back to Africa on "Dread Beat And Blood", though Linton is somewhat peeved to find his favourite musicians and lyricists branded as little more than savages and idiots.

"I'm not a Rastafarian," he says. "I have no religious beliefs." Indeed, on the album itself dreams of returning to Africa are passed over in favour of exhortations to the black community to "Stand firm inna Ingran... No matter what they say we are here to stay..."

But then that's just one part of the wholly different and wholly British focus offered by "Dread Beat And Blood", an album recorded under Linton's *nom-de-disque*, Poet And The Roots.

"Poet" because Linton Kwesi Johnson is, at 26, the foremost black British poet of his generation, his two slim volumes of radical, innovative verse rightly celebrated by those who take an interest in such things. "Poet" is also the name by which he is known in his native community of Brixton.

And "The Roots" because that's where Johnson's work is coming from — black, British, bottom-of-the-heap roots-life in the ghettos of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bradford or any other large city you care to name.

To be sure, the roots go back further — to Jamaica, where Linton Johnson grew up before emigrating to Britain at the age of 11, back even through 400 years of history to the days of slavery — but the immediate attention of Poet's work is on the struggles, tribulations, and joys of today's black British youth. It's a world of the dole queue, the betting shop, the blues dance (house party), of loud reggae on midnight streets, of knives flashing in darkness; a world of police harassment, court injustice and third rate housing, whether it's unkempt Victorian terraces at overpriced rents or the instant concrete slums of the "planners".

**J**OHNSON WRITES about his themes with a brutal honesty and force that's borne from personal experience and from his continued involvement in the black struggle in this country. To extend his poems — written to be spoken aloud as much or more as to be read in private — to a wider audience via music was the natural evolutionary step in his career. "Whenever I wrote, I always had a reggae bassline in my head," he says.

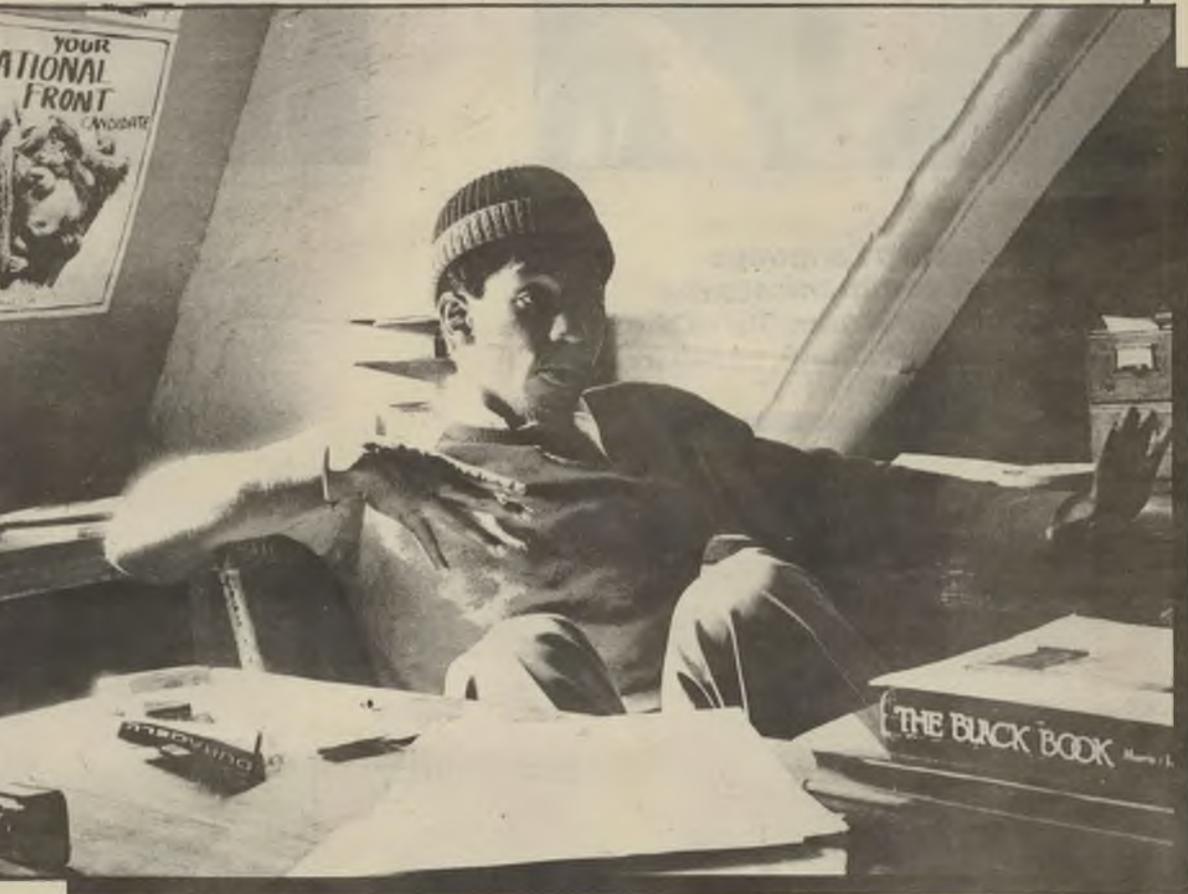
The result — recorded on a low budget with British musicians and produced by UK dub maestro Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle of Matumbi — is a brooding, angry, uncompromising album: dark words over a stark, percussive reggae backing. Its title is a perfect description of its qualities.

Already the record has won critical accolades and will doubtless sell more; two weeks ago *NME's* John Gray accorded landmark status to the platter and even the author of the aforementioned *Record Mirror* review felt sufficiently impressed to grant it five star status, despite his vented misgivings about its "vicious" qualities, going so far as to assert that Johnson's stance was "racist... and I mean anti-white."

"Oh not again," groans Poet as he scans the lines, "I used to get this at poetry readings — people would come up afterwards and say, 'We like your work but why are you so racist?'"

Why do you think they get that idea?

"Like many whites they don't really



Librarian, writer, activist, musician, street brother — Linton Kwesi Johnson

listen carefully, don't really understand what's happening. When they see a black person get up and say, in any terms, "We have to be strong, we have to fight and defend ourselves in this country," they say he's a racist. And whether I say "All We Do" "Is Defendin'" or "Kill The Pigs", they're gonna write or think the same thing.

"But I am not a racist. And I could never be a racist with my experience and understanding of History..." He pauses to survey the shelves of books around him. The interview is taking place in the library at the Keskidee Centre, a recreational focus for the black community that's situated in a redevelopment area of darkest Holloway. Here Poet works five or six days a week and has done for five years now.

"I believe in humanity," he continues, "that all races have more in common than they do different. At the same time that doesn't mean I'm blind to the historical experience of my people, black people from Africa, and that I'm gonna turn a blind eye to history."

"I am a young man living in the twentieth century, in the age of science and technology, when man has the most destructive forces ever known..." says Johnson, "and I can't be restricted to racist terms. If you're not thinking in international terms in the twentieth century you're backward."

**"H**ISTORY" IS a word that crops up a lot in conversation with Linton Johnson, as to a lesser extent does "backwardness", both terms being indicative of the

## Interview by NEIL SPENCER

man's vigorous political outlook. The latter phrase is particularly applied to those of racist persuasion (whether black or white) while a "proper historical perspective" of any situation is deemed the first priority of political understanding.

Poet is well read, has a bewildering recall of any number of facts, historical, literary or musical, and is highly articulate on a whole number of levels, while the perception and conviction of his thinking are a constant challenge in conversation. "Since he left school at 16 with six 'O' levels — "Tulse Hill School, well known for its thieves" — he's been politically involved, and had picked up his membership papers for the Brixton branch of the Black Panther Party before he collected his 'O' level certificates.

The original American Panthers were a militant revolutionary movement that sprang out of the Californian ghettos in the mid-'60s. In accordance with the rights granted under the American Constitution they carried guns openly, for the purpose of "self-defence". They were not, however, terrorists.

Not, of course, that there was ever any suggestion of parading the streets

of South London with firearms, but Johnson feels the British Panthers were important: "The main impetus the movement came from was what was concretely happening to blacks in this country — police brutality, harassment, unemployment, housing conditions, the whole lot... And also people were impressed by what Bobby Seale, Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver and the rest were doing in the States.

"I was a decisive influence on me and people like me, who felt emotionally about the situation of blacks in this country but who had no understanding of it from a historical or political point of view. It was our first experience of disciplined political action, a seven day a week activity."

What were you doing for a job at that time?

"Working in the Civil Service." He laughs at the memory, going on to reveal that his time in Her Majesty's employ was not surprisingly, "the most boring period of my life".

The exposure, via the Panthers, to both established political thought and the burgeoning American black power movement and its compelling literature soon moved Johnson to flex his own literary muscles, and his

writing was encouraged by his boss at the local tailor's firm where he worked prior to signing on with the Inland Revenue.

Johnson's determination to make sense of his experience as a black youth living in a largely hostile environment became a process of self-discovery. Casting about for the form and language in which to record his feelings, he was confronted by the lack of suitable models for his own writing. The dusty monuments of English literature exhibited at school were plainly useless, and at first he fell back on what he numbers as his major literary influence — The Bible.

"My family can't read or write, but in every Jamaican home there is a Bible, which I'd always read, and still do. There is some of the most beautiful poetry in the English language there: *Psalms, Solomon, Ecclesiastes*... so my early poetry had a strong Biblical influence."

**L**ATER, AS HE extended his reading, the fledgling poet encountered the works of poets like Edward Brathwaite and Martin Carter, as well as African writers like Aimé Césaire and Christopher Okimbo — "poets writing in the language of their coloniser" — all of whom impressed and influenced his own work.

His own voice, though, he had yet to find.

"I reached the stage where the things I really wanted to write about I couldn't write about in the rarefied language of English Poetry, and I fell back on my native language.

Continues over page

**Pix: DENNIS MORRIS**

## DUB INNA LIBRARY CONTD.



"You no see't..."



"Know wot I mean like?"

**"The English Language couldn't communicate the violence, the intensity of the experience of black youth in this country..."**

**"What I have against the SWP is that they're racists, the worst kind of racists, liberal racists."**

From previous page  
Jamaican Creole.

"The English language really couldn't communicate the violence, the intensity of the experience of young blacks in this country, of all black people in this country."

"It wasn't easy because I was working within the tension of two different languages — English and Creole. You've probably noticed that sometimes I switch from Jamaican to Cockney — I can talk bofe, right?" Poet says, dropping instantly into a broad black Cockney. "Know wot I mean like?"

"It was a vary 'ard art working in two languages, one of which is oral only — which you don't see written down — because I'm writing for the reader as well as for the listener."

Faced with the peculiar demands of his subject matter and the lack of any precedent, Linton Johnson began to evolve his own system of phonetic representation — writing down the words as they actually sounded, in the speech patterns and vocabulary of everyday life.

The result was poetry that exploded the self-consciousness and intellectual abstractions of much contemporary black poetry and spoke to and for *de bredder pan de street*:

*last satdy  
I neva dey pon no faam  
so I decide fe tek a walk  
down a BRIXTON  
an see who gwann*

(You Scene)

Johnson produced the poetry of reggae just as Dylan has produced the poetry of rock before him. It was electric, immediate, more accessible to the ordinary man than to the scholars.

"I drew my main source of creative energy from reggae music, drum and bass music... Big Youth! To me the greatest dub creation I ever heard was Youth's 'Foreman Versus Frazier' — Jesus Christ man, dai 'ard."

"Another thing I fell back on in my poetry was, of course, the language of the DJ lyricist. What the DIs did for me was open my mind to a whole tradition of oral poetry that I'd taken for granted — nancy stories, riddles, rhymes, folk tales, duppy (ghost) stories my granny used to tell me... like, for example, Prince Far I uses skipping rhymes on one of his records."

Eventually Linton Johnson's poems led to the publication of his first book *Voices Of Living And The Dead* (1974) which he describes as "A poetic drama" and *Dread Beat And Blood* (1975), the volume that supplies most of the numbers on the album of the same name. He gave many public readings, the main impetus coming after an appearance

on *Full House* TV programme, though these rarely brought him into contact with the established poetry scene: "The black poetry scene yes, but I always tried to stay on the periphery of that because there's a whole lot of weirdos on that scene, a lot of young black guys who are on a hip black American trip, trying to emulate the hip style of supercool American brothers like Leroi Jones... and I didn't too check for those brothers," he quips, dropping into mid-Atlantic jive accent.

"But I did meet John Le Rose, who publishes New Beacon books here, and through him Andrew Salkey, a Jamaican novelist, and the two of them introduced me to a lot of Jamaican and African literature — which was very new to me, a whole different world. I had no idea that black people were writing novels about black people."

IT'S PRECISELY Linton Johnson's position at the confluence of so many different cultures that makes his viewpoint so valuable and that gives such authority, resonance.

As he says himself, his experiences are typical of his generation, and he presents them with a directness that's often absent among his contemporaries on the UK reggae scene, which for all its present energy and commitment has yet to evolve a true voice of its own. Certainly few enough homegrown classics have yet to come forward.

But then for the black music scene in Britain it's still early days, just as it is for the UK black movement as a whole. "We've only been here thirty years, only just beginning to put down roots," says Linton. Still, now there are Cyril Regis and Viv Anderson in the first division, Matumbi providing BBC2 theme tunes, the seeds of a black British cinema, even, Lord help us, *The Posters*. All of which, it must be said, is taking place against a background of increasing racist activity and propaganda.

*yes, the violence of the oppressor  
running wild  
them picking up the you them fe suss  
powell prophesying a black, a black, a  
black conquest  
and the National Front is on the  
rampage  
making fire bombs fe burn we.*  
(*Down De Road*)

The present time, believes Johnson, is one of crucial importance for black people in this country. "The real threat is not from the National Front but from the Tory Party and their racist policies. People like Margaret Thatcher want to take away

the advances that the black community in this country has made for themselves over the last thirty years.

"They want it back like it was in the old days — y'know, a worker in a factory, the foreman would come round and say 'Hey Sambo, and dey say 'Yessuh.' But the youths nowadays, the foreman come round and say 'Here Sunshine, and they turn round 'Sunshine ya Boodelaat, 'oo ya call Sunshine?'... Linton laughs. "It's a different situation altogether."

Unfortunately, we agree, any campaign or legislation directed against the black / immigrant community is likely to end up in a series of police / youths conflicts (viz Notting Hill Carnival 1976) which would likely then be presented to the popular mind as a strictly law-and-order issue rather than in its wider social context. Current demands from Metropolitan Police Commissioner David McNee for increased police powers — including the right to hold people for up to a week without them being charged — do little to dispel apprehension about the future, especially when relations between police and black youth are already so poor. Much of the bitterness felt in the ghettos of Britain is directed against the notorious 'sus' laws — arresting and charging and often convicting people for 'suspicious behaviour'.

"Any young policeman wants to step up the career ladder, it's a field day for him," says Linton with some rancour. "He sees two black kids by a bus stop and that's that! It's his word against the black youths and the magistrates ain't gonna believe the youths."

"A lot of innocent blacks have been railroaded into prison on that outdated piece of nineteenth, or is it eighteenth, century piece of legislation."

With what effect?  
"A lot of straight black kids come out of prison and go the other way — they say 'Bwoy well me never use to 'ief but since I get lock up fe 'ief I might as well 'ief.' And they get bitter."

Two of the numbers on "Dread Beat And Blood" concern themselves with unjust imprisonment: "I Dread Inna Ingran" is a call to free George Lindo, currently serving time in Leeds gaol on robbery charges, while "Man Free" describes the way that, following public protest, Marcus Howe, editor of *Race Today* magazine, was released from Pentonville where he was on a charge of contempt. Both campaigns are typical of the sort of action that Poet foresees playing an increasing role in society.

"The only response black people in

this country can make is toward disciplined, principled organisation. Because we're a force, just as the working class movement in this country is a force, even tho' that force is dissipated in various ways and ideological backwardness. The type of response we make remains to be seen. A lot of black kids will be doing the refusing rather than the choosing — refusing, for example, to do shit jobs in factories for £25 a week.

"When black people come over to this country it was strictly as workers. Now there's a black *petit bourgeoisie* that tends to be very conservative politically, to side with the state and to see politics in conventional Labour versus Conservative terms. They tend to form themselves into organisations like the CR (Campaign for Racial Equality) that are part of the race relations industry, but most of them are just hustlers, the worst kind of hustlers. They're into 'self-help' — by which I mean they're only interested in helping themselves, not the community they claim to represent."

I ask what he thinks of the Socialist Workers' party current involvement in racial politics.

"What I have against the SWP is that they're racists, the worst kind of racists, liberal racists. They're the ones who believe they have to help blacks. They don't believe black people can help themselves, can make an independent intervention in the political life of this country."

"Then dey operating this 'Rock Against Racism' front — if I should ever be so lucky as to be invited to do a gig on their behalf I'd tell them to fuck off."

The conversation develops into a series of gloomy prognostications about the world of 1984 arriving on schedule if not rather earlier than expected. So can there be no final resolution, just an ongoing struggle such as white working class people have been making for hundreds of years?

"But dem (the authorities) are not just gonna have it all their own way. People will have to respond, and Britain is a place with a long history of working class struggle. I don't believe the labour movement is so defeated that it won't respond."

"Blacks will fight anyway, cos if we don't fight we're finished, it's back to slavery."

ASK LINTON how he sees the influence of the Rastafarian movement in any future struggles. After all, Rasta ideas are the dominant force on the lyrics of black music, whether it's from JA or UK, rivalled only by the perennial themes of romance. And Rasta is one of the

most potent forces for change in JA itself.

"The Rastafarian movement is the most powerful, most dynamic cultural movement in Jamaican history," says Linton. "And it's meant that for the first time in Jamaican history the average Jamaican could take a pride in himself — he has his own music, hairstyle, clothing, speech, ... everything that relates to culture."

"Again it's historical, the result of a particular set of historical conditions. I don't think you can understand it without taking that into account, without knowing something about Jamaica's history. Rebellion in religious terms — and religious leaders have often been among the most radical elements of society — people like Paul Bogle and the Reverend Nibbs in the last century."

But people are often misled by the symbolism used by the Rastafarian movement. "Yes, well... that is the weakness of much of the writing about reggae in the rock press — the people don't know what it's describing. White people either have to understand reggae as a representation of Jamaica — its struggles, its culture, its poverty, everything about it. I'm sure that visiting Jamaica made a big difference to how you listened to reggae and what it meant."

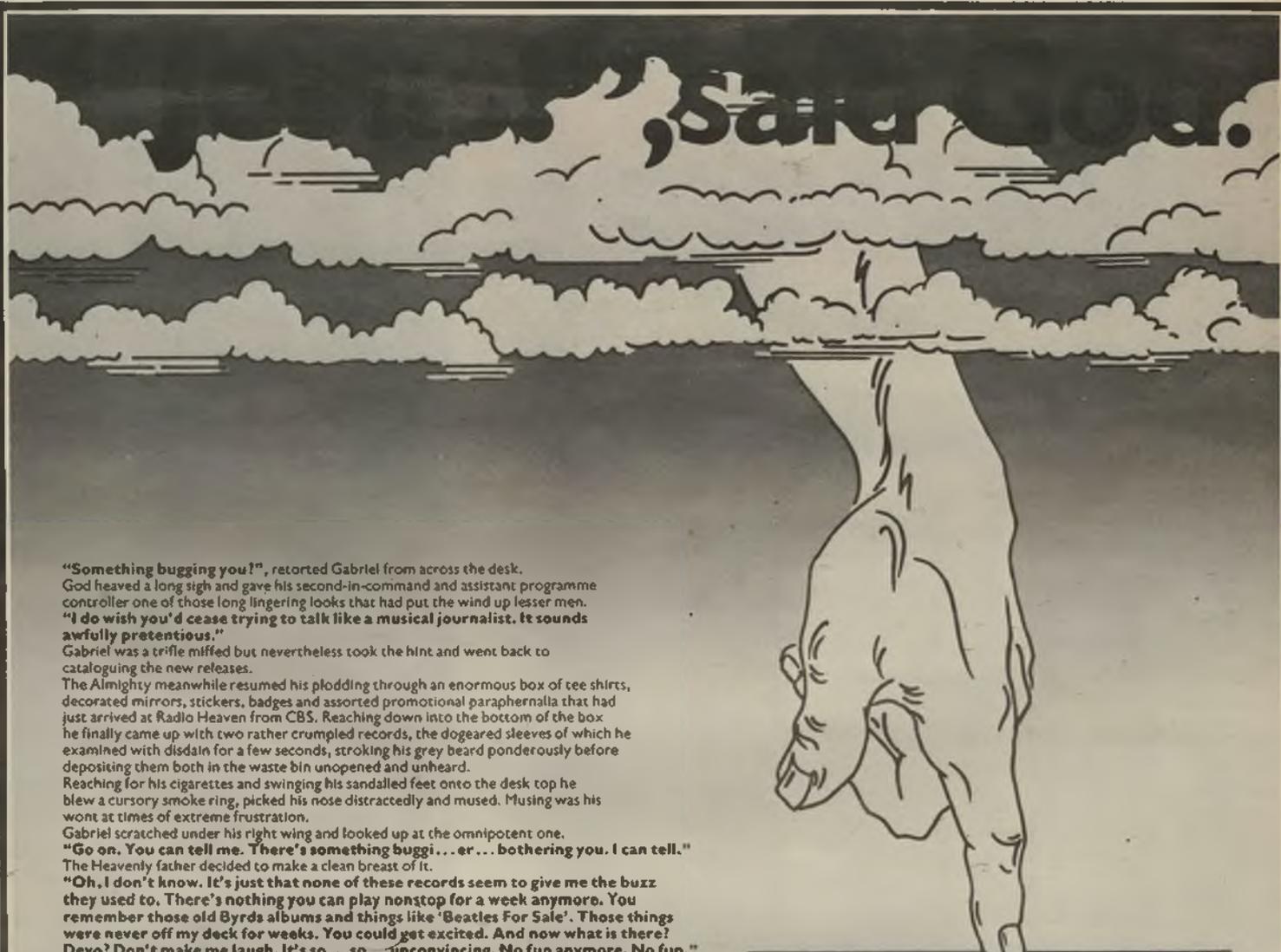
"Or they appreciate it at a different level, at the international level that people like Bob Marley and Third World are operating. People will criticise Marley — and I was his first critic, when he produced 'Natty Dread', but he's internationalised reggae, made it accessible to anyone, no matter what country you're from. And he's made it easier for others with a less accessible sound to be accepted."

And what does your music represent?  
"It represents Brixton, Leeds, Bradford, Handsworth... and also Clarendon County Jamaica where I grew up."

"I think my album will sell slowly," opines Linton with deliberation. "Among the black people in this country it will be more of a private thing, something people will hear about; it won't get mass acceptance. Probably more whites will pick up on it, for whatever reasons."

"I'm still a musical novice, and this is only the third record I've made (the others being the "Dread Inna Ingran" disc, the "All Wi Do In Is Defendin'" and "Five Nights of Bleedin'" "12", both different to those on the album).

"But this record contains my experience and my experience isn't so individual that other people can't find something in it they can relate to."



"Something bugging you?", retorted Gabriel from across the desk. God heaved a long sigh and gave his second-in-command and assistant programme controller one of those long lingering looks that had put the wind up lesser men. "I do wish you'd cease trying to talk like a musical journalist. It sounds awfully pretentious."

Gabriel was a trifle miffed but nevertheless took the hint and went back to cataloguing the new releases.

The Almighty meanwhile resumed his plodding through an enormous box of tee shirts, decorated mirrors, stickers, badges and assorted promotional paraphernalia that had just arrived at Radio Heaven from CBS. Reaching down into the bottom of the box he finally came up with two rather crumpled records, the dogeared sleeves of which he examined with disdain for a few seconds, stroking his grey beard ponderously before depositing them both in the waste bin unopened and unheard.

Reaching for his cigarettes and swinging his sandalled feet onto the desk top he blew a cursory smoke ring, picked his nose distractedly and mused. Musing was his wont at times of extreme frustration.

Gabriel scratched under his right wing and looked up at the omnipotent one. "Go on. You can tell me. There's something buggi...er...bothering you. I can tell."

The Heavenly father decided to make a clean breast of it. "Oh, I don't know. It's just that none of these records seem to give me the buzz they used to. There's nothing you can play nonstop for a week anymore. You remember those old Byrds albums and things like 'Beatles For Sale'. Those things were never off my deck for weeks. You could get excited. And now what is there? Devo? Don't make me laugh. It's so...so...unconvincing. No fun anymore. No fun."

"Know what you mean boss", offered Gabriel, putting aside his felt tip and warming to the subject. "There's just got to be more to life than the next Wire album, hasn't there? I feel like I want to get into something with a more 'up' kind of feel to it. Something more positive."

There was a silence as both men nodded sagely.

At that moment the library door burst open to admit John the Baptist, Radio Heaven's Rock DJ, sporting a ripped Banshees tee shirt, a two thousand year growth on his chin and carrying a pile of Stranglers albums. Parting his shoulder length hair to reveal a grizzled and manic countenance, he peered round the room. "Hi Jove! What's happening?"

"Not much", offered Gabriel, "all these new albums stink."

"Oh yeah? Well now it's a good job I came in when I did, 'cos have I got the platter to lay on you, to make you lose your blues and put on your rock and roll shoes and boogie all night long..."

At this God saw red.

"Now look, I told you what would happen if you tried to push one of those Mahogany Rush albums on me once more. The whole number...the locusts, the bolts of lightning, the boils, the sores, the graves opening...the full works. Got me?"

"Naw", interjected the Baptist, "it's nothing like that. In fact it was Augustine who layed this one on me".

God and Gabriel exchanged quizzical glances. Augustine was the late night presenter and well known as the station wimp. How could his tastes and John the Baptists converge? But they had. And the subject of this agreement was 'NEXT OF KIHN', the third and finest album from the extraordinary Greg Kihn Band, a masterpiece of dynamic tuneful and heartwarming rock and roll. God listened.

He dug it. Right now he's on this third copy, it's been top of Radio Heaven charts for weeks and all the opposition is considering retirement.

Now that he's got into it, everybody down here is going to need a good excuse to ignore the fact that the Greg Kihn Band are right at the top of their particular tree.

John Lee Hooker used to say 'Nothing but the best. Later for the garbage.'

He could have been talking about 'NEXT OF KIHN'



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# Greg Kihn Band



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Rich Kids: Well, they never promised you a rose garden (heh, heh)



pic: DICK BARNATT

## RICH KIDS *Ghosts Of Princes In Towers* (EMI)

THE ILLUSION that the Rich Kids are no more than just a bunch of Pink-rocking Power-poppers is once and for all shown the door with the release of this unwieldily-titled debut album.

A lot of recent music press debate has centred on the continuing feud between the Industrial Musak/Rock Is Dead brigade and those who just want to Shake Ass. Both extremes, of course, are as facile as they are incompatible.

"What is important is having

"Lovers And Fools". In parts, the album is characterised by unorthodox polyrhythmic neo-jazzy twists: what Steve Jones would no doubt call "wanky sevenths and Beale chords".

The fact that the Rich Kids are close in spirit to the Small Faces is brought home forcefully by the inclusion of Ian MacLagan on certain tracks; his trade-marked keyboards certainly add a dimension that was absent on Rich Kids' singles to date. The musical credentials of the four regular members of the band, meanwhile, are impeccable. Ure and New are hot guitarists, Matlock a voluble bassist and Rusty Egan a good, forgetful drummer. It's a shame, then, that producer

downright mediocre. One of the Rich Kids' trumps is their possession of two completely independent songwriting axes within the band - Matlock/New and Midge/Ure. Both factions contribute a brace of excellent songs apiece. The cascades of the title track and the mighty "Burning Sounds" are exhilarating, atmospheric Matlock/New rockers with heads held high above the quagmire of the production.

Elsewhere there's Matlock as the disillusioned ex-Pistol in the vitriolic "Hung On You", allegedly about his old pal Johnny Rotten: "Who's so gross/Who's so green/To think that you're unseen/I don't care for your exhortations/I ain't

## Spirits Of Young Men Lost In Dark Studios

the right spirit, regardless of what style one adopts." That is how Glen Matlock - still the soul and spiritual leader of the Rich Kids - sees the Let's Hear It For The Quiet Guy title track of this elpee. (The quote is taken from Nick Kent's recent NME interview with the man).

That said, Matlock's forte is rock and roll. There's nothing really new here. But the Rich Kids do deserve credit for at least trying to lift such music out of its basic Get Dahn function . . .

Thus, there's a distinct progressiveness to the punch packed on tracks like the self-consciously "weird" Matlock/New opener "Strange One" - an immediate statement of intent - and others like Midge Ure's

Mick Ronson has seen fit to bury their prowess in what is positively the murkiest, muddiest album mix I've heard since Speedy Keen's "LAME" debacle.

Ronno's arrangements are often cumbersome and overstated, cluttering things when what was really needed was a fresher production; the latter would certainly have complemented the dynamic vitality so obvious in the playing. As it is, the overall wall of sound on "Ghosts" seems to make a mockery of Matlock's assertion that one of the reasons he left the Pistols was because they were playing what "became heavy metal".

The quality of the material is erratic. As with both of The Jam's two albums, here you have both the brilliant and the

hung for your information on you."

"Strange One", the plodding bluesy opener, comes too close for comfort to its subject matter - empty listlessness. Most of the other tracks, "Cheap Emotions", "Put You In The Picture", "Young Girls", "Buller Proof Lover" (credited Matlock/McDowell), and the "Rich Kids" anthem (in fact with its irritating "they're all there" device) are pretty unspectacular three minute bursts.

But perhaps the biggest black mark against what seems a good though far from great album is - yet again, popkits - the inclusion of already released singles.

Adrian Thrills

## IMPORTS

GIVEN A word association test a few years ago, a black music buff might have linked "Saturday Night" with "Fish Fry", in deference to Louis Jordan, who cut a classic R&B single of that title.

Nowadays a similar test would almost bring forth such answers as "Fever", "Disco" or "Dance", the three words most beloved by those who provide soul albums with their current crop of mundane titles. The Brothers Gibb have, like Flash Gordon, conquered the universe - and to such an extent that this week saw the arrival of a kid's album bearing the moniker of "Sesame Street Fever" (Sesame Street) on which Grover, Ernie and The Cookie Monster share the benefit of Robin Gibb's company.

However, fear not - for real soul does exist - mainly in those neglected bins labelled "Gospel". And my periodic dip into this section has provided a classy compilation titled "Perpetual Moments" (ABC-Peacock) which shouldn't be missed by those who think of terms of Soul, the way she was. For it contains cuts by such marvellous outfits as The Dixie Hummingbirds, The Mighty Clouds Of Joy, The Sensational Nightingales and The Five Blind Boys, most of 'em capable of blowing many of today's commercial soul acts completely offstage purely through the lung-power of their lead vocalists.

Also included are such items as Inez Andrews' raunchy "Lord Don't Move The Mountains", an R&B hit back in '73, Nat Townsley's Wonder-like "I Fell In Love With God", Victoria Hawkins' 100% proof blues, "Going Home", and a number of other quality-filler tracks, 14 in all. Hell - I'm not about to get religion - the last time anyone went to church

round my way, was to strip the lead off the roof - but "Perpetual Moments" is a great soul album. And that's the gospel truth.

From stained-glass windows to multi-coloured vinyl, now with the news that leading importers Pacific Records are currently lugging in Steely Dan's "Aja" (ABC) in red vinyl, Led Zep's "4" (Atlantic) in white, The Who's new in red, plus the film soundtrack version of "The Rocky Horror Show" (Ode) in a picture disc version, and Synergy's "Cords" (Passport), which has obviously suffered as a result of our lack of summer and comes as totally colourless and as see-through as Emmanuelle's nightie.

For those with ebony eyes, I guess it's worth mentioning that The Dells are back in action via an album called "New Beginnings" (ABC) and that "Rock Me", Mac Curis' third album for Rollin' Rock is out and about. One of producer Ronny Weiser's stronger efforts, the disc is a warm, if not toast-hot, sample of bluesuede rockabilly - though the title track is incorrectly titled, being in reality, Willie Perryman's "Rockin' With Red".

Meanwhile, down at Virgin's Marble Arch soup-kitchen, they're anxiously awaiting supplies of "Good Morning Mr Walker" (Arhoolie) and "Bahamian Folk Guitar" (Folkways) by Joseph Spence, the guitarist who most influenced Ry Cooder's style. But already around is a great cheapo compilation labelled "The Greater Antilles Sampler", which features no less than 22 cuts by Nick Drake, Country Gazette, John Surman, Frigg and Eno, Tim Hardin, Steve Winwood, Gay and Terry Woods, June Tabor, Quiet Sun, White Noise and other notables. At £2.49 it's got to be the snip of the week.

Fred Dellar

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# People Are You Ready

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# L Is For Lobster

(Says who? — Offshore Fisheries Ed.)

**LOL CREME AND KEVIN GODLEY**  
*L (Mercury)*

"KEEP IT simple, keep it neat. Aim your hook at the man in the street," sing Godley-Creme on a track titled "Business Is Business".

They're being satirical, of course — they've long since ducked out on fare like "The Dean And I" and "Rubber Bullets", tuneful flibbertigibbets that you and I might hum along to. Currently they regard hooks as a must to avoid. Every song must be a giant switcheroo, heading everywhichway and sometimes suffering the same fate as the giant oozlum bird. Truth is that Messrs C and G have an in-built hang-up about being saddled with an easy-listening tag.

However, despite some of the blind alleys that the duo have turned into in their panic-filled flight from singlesville, "L" is still worth an aural x-ray, even though the title — which duplicates that of a Steve Hillage offering — was an unintelligent choice for a pair who would like to appear so aware. Audiowise and from a performance point of view, everything is A-OK — in spades. The gizmo kids can produce sounds that the Beeb's Radiophonic Workshop are light

years from discovering yet and they know how to utilise them in a thoroughly musical fashion.

This they demonstrate on "Foreign Accents", a neo-R&B instrumental that has Andy Mackay horn-tooting industriously over a hand-clap rhythm and a Creme-created, multi-layered jungle of a back-up area. Often though, their paranoia regarding straightforward melody lines defeats them. They cream into "This Sporting Life" in best after-hours mood, then, suddenly they plump for a neurotic, rumbustious turmoil of a middle section. The result is melodically unsatisfying and indicative of the carrot-on-the-string philosophy clung to throughout — the carrot (or hint of accessible song content) being withdrawn just when everything seems so inviting.

We're all aware that Godley and Creme possess tremendous musical talent and there are a number of moments on "L" that reflect the duo's brilliance of shape-awareness and lyric content — but if only the pair of them would stop trying quite so damned hard to be the future of rock and roll via a succession of teenage (oops, sorry fellas, I mean "adult") operas, then their work could prove to be much more satisfying.

Fred DeBar



Lol and Kevin share L-shaped room. Lic: PENNIE SMITH

### VARIOUS ARTISTS

*Rockabilly Rules OK?* (Charly)  
*Chess Rockabillys* (Chess)  
*Cotton Pickin' Rock* (ABC)

ACCORDING TO the sleeve note of "Chess Rockabillys", American scribe Greil Marcus once wrote, "Rockabilly came

available some two dozen 16 or 20 track albums that are generally assumed to be rockabilly compilations — and plenty more on the way.

At least we all know where we are with the Charly release. It's not aimed at the specialist; it's simply Wade Martin's personal pick of 16 "foot-stomping favourites".

packaged for the younger boppers who haven't yet had the time, cash or inclination to get heavily involved in record buying. I doubt whether Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Mizell and Crazy Cajon are strictly rockabilly (although Carl Perkins, Charlie Feathers and others are kosher) — but who cares? It's a fine sampler of Charly's extensive wares.



Carl Perkins set (and match) for '78.

PHOTO: STEVE EMBERTON

## Strictly Rockas

and it went, There was never much of it." I don't know what his definition of "much" and "rockabilly" were but by my reckoning there are currently

drawn from the company's previously issued favourites", drawn from the company's previously issued catalogue (mostly Sun recordings, of course) and

Perhaps because I'm overly familiar with the Charly catalogue, the 20-track Chess compilation sounds the best of the bunch to me; also perhaps because it's the most varied,

featuring artists from the blues — through R&B and R&R — to the country markets of the era. There are three or four weak tracks but it's mainly exciting stuff, including several

highly-prized items like G.L. Crockett's "Look Out Mabel", Rusty York's "All Night Long" and Eddie Fontaine's "Nothin' Shakin'". Minor classics all.

The ABC release is rather more of a specialist job. The compilers have chosen to feature one example each of 16 different, mainly obscure, acts instead of fully exploiting relatively well known names. The sleeve note implies that

Jack Scott's two recordings for the company were equally strong but the album only includes one of them. "Two Timin' Woman". However, there's much good rockin' in the grooves, especially Elvis-imitator Vince Everett's version of "Baby Let's Play House", backed by Scotty Moore, Bill Black and D.J. Fontana. (NB, ABC, it's damn near impossible to read red print on a turquoise background; you will shortly be receiving my optician's bill.)  
CUN White

### THE WEREWOLVES

*The Werewolves (RCA)*  
ANDREW LOOG Oldham won't suffer many sleepless nights trying to turn this lot into the next Rolling Stones. They haven't got a hope in hell.

Maybe Oldham's once large presence partially explains the business hack promo that greets these his latest proteges, but it's nothing to worry about. Just another fifth-hand Bad Company soundalike, machismo by postal course, a rota of rote ballads, ludicrous in their simplicity. Inoffensively dumb as The Werewolves are they might have come up with something a little more inspired than their production numbers, "The Flesh Express", "Too Hard" (humph) or "Hollywood Millionaire". The imitation *franchise* of "Deux Voix" and "The Two Fools" are a snooze.

Brian Papageorge, Buckner Ballard, Kirk Brewster, Scab Meador and Bobby Baranowski already have enough problems with their names without immortalising their painful lack of talent on vinyl. So they're young, they have a false reputation to live up to, but pretty puppets and heavy management won't disguise the fact that The Werewolves are lambs in wolves' clothing.

Max Bell

### NATALIE COLE

*Natalie... Live! (Capitol)*

AS PER the usual live double album, this would have made a decent EP. The trouble is discernible from the title of the first track, "Sophisticated Lady". Natalie Cole, methinks, would like to be a great *entertainer*, the big Diana Ross, but her considerable soul talent plus a load of hard work has been diverted to this dubious project.

The result is a deeply-flawed set, an impressive amount of energy expended on second-rate MOR material and inadequate musicians. Desperate, inspired versions of "Cry Baby" (the old Garnet Mimms hit), "Party Lights" and "Something's Got A Hold On Me" only highlight the emptiness of the residue.

Natalie really sweats, singing her all, exhorting the band, working the audience (her between-tracks raps, full of twee sentiment and pseudo-religiosity go down like the famous burning house while I cringe in embarrassment, begin whistling, etc.), but after four sides of largely undistinguished mush, this all becomes blurred in my hearing as a single, continuous screaming.

Graham Lock

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# With God On Our Side

**WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS**  
*Storm The Gates Of Heaven (Safari)*

I CAN'T quite believe it, but right now "Storm The Gates Of Heaven" sounds to me a very good and highly enjoyable album.

I can't believe it because the elements that make up this particular plotter are so goddam unlikely... I mean, this is a protest album, adorned with pseudo-Blakean lyrics and choc-a-bloc with political slogans. Wayne County a closet IDEALIST? Better keep it quiet, baby, you get arrested for that sort of thing over here.

Even though I liked the humour and, er, directness of "Fuck Off," I'd thought of Wayne as being on a gross tastelessness kick, and thus of limited interest. Well, immediate apologies. Apart from the colour of the plastic and the brief, pointless introductory rap on corpses, this is a straight album with serious intent, and nothing remotely offensive about it at all.

Side one kicks off with the title track and straight away Wayne is in there facing God with all the ways in which religion has been used to mess people over. If the lyrics were on the ludicrous, they're saved by the energy of the music and the sheer nerve of the song.

The religious imagery spills over into "Cry Of Angels," a call to arms against fascism packed with enough political clichés to make Tom Robinson blush. But again, it works. The enormous verve, the power and spirit of the music carry it off triumphantly.

The next two songs are less successful. "Speed Demon" is obscure politics, apparently equating Satanism and the Common Market (!!!), while "Mr Normal" is too much

paranoia leading to mere abuse, though again it's done with engaging gusto.

But side two delivers the real goods. A classic guitar intro leads into "Man Enough To Be A Woman," Wayne's reply to those who deride transexuality. The over-easy trashing of "Mr Normal" is eschewed now for the most personal statement on the album: "I got a transsexual feeling / It's hard to be true to the one that's really you / I got a scandalous feeling / It's hard to be true when they point and stare at you." This acknowledgement of fragility is not only appropriate on a song about breaking through "The Mask Of Masculinity," but lends a dignity and a seriousness that the rest of the album rarely attains. You can hear the pain and defiance in Wayne's voice.

It's followed by the deliciously funny "Trying To Get On The Radio." Hard, beaty music behind Wayne's laconic drawl, breaking into an insidiously catchy chorus with schmaltzy violin and tinkling piano, epitomising the sell-out the lyrics demand — "ANYTHING to get on the playlist." A version of the Electric Prunes "I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night," done here with galloping Gothic menace, provides a strangely moving coda to what has been a strangely compelling album.

I'm still uneasy. Analyse this record, and it begins to sound like a total farce. But just listen to it, and it's fun, it's angry, it's committed, it's witty, it's tacky, it's awful and finally, somehow, it's brilliant. I guess its success lies in the way Wayne has infused his High Tackiness with underlying purpose and tremendous aplomb. And The Electric Chairs, now with Eliot Michaels and Henri Padovani on guitars, do a great job, carrying the album along on pure surging rock.

Try it, you may be amazed.

Graham Lock

Wayne for Pope!!!

Pic: LEE BLACK CHILDERS



Handsomes Hugh and Dick share a moment of rare intimacy.



Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

**THE DICTATORS**  
*Bloodbrothers (Asylum)*  
IN ONLY a short support

set at the Roundhouse last November, The Dictators trampled over The

Stranglers but you would never have guessed it by looking at the crowd, who

## 'Til Death Do Us Part

predictably went apeshit for The Stranglers but only received The Dictators with showers of gob.

The gobbers finally desisted. No doubt swayed by the fact that The Dictators were clearly not afraid to use the considerable amount of muscle at their disposal. Not that they ever choose to flaunt their high machismo quotient, however, for they are blessed with a sense of humour that they're more liable to turn on themselves than anybody else. Thus on the cover of "Bloodbrothers", they all strike apparently aggressive poses in a dark backstreet basketball court but you can't see their faces and the album opens with a track called "Faster And Louder", a furious burst of energy powered by Ritchie Teeter's dynamic drumming.

Dictator lyrics aren't as bazardous to your health as

they once were, so this album isn't as endearingly irreverent as the priceless "Go Girl Crazy".

The Krugman and Pearlman tag team screwed up the production on "Manifest Destiny" no end, making the band sound distant and flaccid. Science had gone too far. But here they seem to have realised their mistake and have gone a long way to capturing the attack and power of The Dictators live. Here's hoping that Pearlman produces The Clash as well as he has this.

Although its title seems to be some kind of statement of solidarity, this album sees a few changes in the Dictators line up. Mark "The Animal" Mendoza has gone (I know not why or whither, so Shernoff plays) both bass and the odd keyboard and, contrary to the practice on previous Dictators' albums, Manitoba takes all the lead vocals.

"Bloodbrothers" comprises

nine potent doses of MCS-type (win guitar power tempered by Shernoff's pop sensibility.

"Baby, Let's Twist", beginning with a variant on the "Louie Louie" riff, seems to tell of a vampiric teen romance, an indication of the compuser's continuing fixation with the T.V. — "She got red lips, red lips/She got blood on her fingertips/She got red lips, red lips/But they ain't the kind you wanna kiss/She looks for love where the sun never shines/She's crying 'I'm so strange'".

You can also thrill to the gruesome tale of "The Minnesota Strip" ("Hey, hey, who's your daddy, little girl?") and the swaggering "Borneo Jimmy". "Stay With Me" is built on one of those ringing riffs of the "Alright Now" and "Soul Survivor" ilk, and tears out of the speakers with all the force of a jet-powered brick wall.

Yes, Dictators can be fun. Neil Peters

**DIXIE DREGS**  
*What If (Capricorn)*  
IN THE space of eight instrumentals, Dixie Dregs call on neo-funk, neo-ballad, neo-pomp, neo-jazz and neo-redneck with a tightness and discipline that remains firmly anchored in rock.

They're a democratic and demure unit. Seven of the tracks display a telling lack of indulgence and a minimal pretence to being other than what they are. However, the final "Night Meets Light" destroys much of the other material's good intentions.

A long, soggy and string-soaked mood piece, its facile ambitions leave an unpleasant taste. But this, it seemed that Dregs were all set as the rock equivalent of the old, adaptable trad jazz combos. No bad thing — if it knows its place.

Paul Morley

**BEAVER BROTHERS**  
*Ventriloquisms (Aura)*  
LISTENING to this record just isn't, I guess, what I'm out to do in the world. Might as well be a microbe or something as listen to this stuff.

I can't even imagine why people bother making trash like this. It's a job, a living. I guess. Blah, blah, black sheep: colour supplement toytown music with chocolate meingue

words about wisps and wasps and kissywispywoo and nothing much at all.

Only Ivy League or Oxford girls who enjoy Tolkien but never let anyone touch them might like this. But no one else. Never.

Ian Penman

**THE TEMPTATIONS**  
*Bare Back (Atlantic)*  
FLATULENT, ANONYMOUS soul by the once great Temptations.

There's an air of desperation about "Bare Back" — a lot of busy, hustling arrangements and pushy vocals trying to make something out of nothing, and getting nowhere. Listening to it is like drowning slowly in a sea of funky blancmange. The music slops out of the speakers to lie on the floor hopefully gurgling and emoting.

Despite the presence of Holland and Holland, the

songs are less than two-thirds as good as the old hits — it's hard not to avert your ears in shame when you hear five grown men pleading "mystic woman love me over" and similar banalities.

Listen to their "Greatest Hits" album, listen to this (if you can bear it), and ponder on the ravages time has wrought. Stumble into the night. Try not to cry.

Graham Lock

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L. Gamm Esq. dazed by own genius Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



## I'd Rather Go Blind

### FOREIGNER

Double Vision (Atlantic)  
SOMETIMES IT seems as though any bunch of old English rockers will hit the jackpot in the States, provided they stick at it for long enough.

The recent breakthrough by Foreigner is a classic example; others you might include in this content are Genesis, Fleetwood Mac, UFO, Foghat, The Bee Gees, and Peter Frampton. The message is clear. Once you're on the American rock circuit, never give up. One day you'll make your millions. Thousands do.

The plodding clichés of the '60s need to be carefully refurbished to be marketable 10 years on. And that's Foreigner's speciality.

Refurbishing. And very good at it, they are too. Foreigner tend to be compared a lot to Bad Company, and on a superficial level, you can hear why with the opening "Hot Blooded". The vocals from token American Lou Gamm are a carbon copy of Paul Rodgers, the theme has the familiar swaggering machismo, the riff is ponderous but butch with it. The song's already been a hit in the States, but this that's not necessarily a recommendation. That said, the Bad Company parallel does Foreigner an injustice. The simplicity of their style reflects their considerable sophistication. Where Bad Co's albums tended to collapse after the first song, Foreigner sustain your interest throughout.

It's not that Messrs. Gamm, Jones and McDonald write the world's most memorable melodies, but they're by no means inept, as new songs like "Blue Morning, Blue Day" and "You're Ad I Am" readily demonstrate. The key to their success lies with their performances. No matter how banal the lyrics and the mood they strive to achieve, these guys sound totally committed to their music. To make sure you gain a little of that commitment yourself, they work hard at creating engaging arrangements, starting them up with deft little keyboard phrases and cute guitar solos.

It's not so much that they're calculating in their approach, rather that they've taken on board all the musical experience they've gained over the years and put it to good use. One explanation, no doubt, is that years in support acts have left them lean and hungry, and they're not about to blow their opportunity through complacency.

Give them a few albums and time to enjoy their vast income, and that'll probably no longer be true. But for the moment, Foreigner will probably score three more American hit singles from this album, as they did with their debut. Good luck to them.

All this must be very heartening for British punk rockers from the class of '76. Ten years is not an enormous long time to amass a few millions. By 1986, we can surely look forward to a few platinum albums from the current crop of young hopefuls. Never mind the bollocks.

Bob Edmunds

### SPHERICAL OBJECTS Past And Parcel (Object) MORE MANCUNIAN self-sufficiency.

Spherical Objects' smartly presented "Past and Parcel" is exquisitely unastonishing — exquisite due to its craft and fragility, unastonishing mostly due to singer/guitarist/writer Steve Solomar's compositional limitations and thin voice. His ten songs are demagogically similar in heart, beat, sound and subject matter, yet individually precise and proud.

Solomar, an ex-Electric Circus DJ, has distinct folk roots, dredged up through younger musical loves and recent awakenings to modern tricks and techniques. His songs invariably have a hectic acoustic rhythm guitar foundation, ripped and pricked by John Bisset-Smith's fussy, clipped lead guitar, and are driven by an orthodox rhythm section rounded off with haunting or percussive keyboard noises. His melodies are arch and exaggerated.

He sounds very English, as in Eno, whose mannered style of phrasing his often resembles. He also borrows strongly from, especially, Tim Buckley's chilling crooning. Dylan's whining and Lou Reed's campiness. Inevitably, he hardly has the style to pull all this together and to override the basic inadequacies of his vocals, yet at times he can be mildly effective.

Further reference points abound. In the guitar and keyboard texture there is much of Love's lightness, also hints of Television's vulnerability and peculiar elements of light-headed Stranglers. The

The Objects: note Solomar's promising Eno impersonation



## We'd Rather Go Round

punchless yet firm quality of the Velvet's "Loaded" is apparent on such as "Born To Pay", "Situation Comedy" and "If I Can Choose (Oh Babe)". The ethereal atmosphere of Buckley's work on "Lover Flow" and "Past and Parcel". Solomar's lyrics are honestly personal and true: such a bare soul needs just a dash of the cryptic.

Yet all these ingredients of imitation, influence, weakness

and ambition mix into a bizarre, idiosyncratic, and lightly compelling whole. Most of the presentation and music is in a raw state (the album was recorded and mixed in a day). If time, money and experience can shape what's here, if Solomar matures, then perhaps they'll arrive at a true, charmingly unconfined modern psychedelia.

Paul Morley

### PACIFIC EARDRUM

Beyond Panic (Charisma)

LES' GIT down to the specific funky hydraulics, child'n'n Pacific Eardrum have credentials longer and more solid than the M6, but on "Beyond Panic" they dissolve like Alka Seltzer down the deep end.

This is basically little more than a less cynical stab at Quincy Jones singles bar muzak for people who like you to know they're reading Hermann Hesse.

Joy Yates' voice is strong and adaptable, but moves one not a jollyfish quiver when it sings forth the Young Liberated Mystical City Dweller lyrics. The rest of the Eardrone are rock-jazz musicians of the black-belt quality — Dave MacRae, Isaac Guillory, Brian Smith, Billy Kristian, Jeff Scoparic, Simon Morion — but they stick like snot to the slough of Git-Down-Git-Along hi-gloss hip bouncy buggy Crusaders-boogie.

These people are obviously too nice to be making synthetic poopoo for Pernod people, i.e. THEY FAIL. The Octopus

nims for textural hints of Weather Report, RTF, etc., but in the end it's strictly for Derek Jewell's roots. A great pity 'cos with more concentration they could be as convincing as, say, Turning Point (who know that the grass is always cooler on the jazz side of the fence).

The night before I reviewed this album I had a dream where I met Herbie Hancock in a supermarket... but then of our readership I guess only Arthur Koestler will get off on that gem of info.

Ian Peaman

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**RCA**

# JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

**C**ALL ME BIASED, but Freddie Hubbard seems to have lost weight around his middle since ditching fusion music. He sits there looking fit and snappy in green shades the size of portholes, watching Martina Navratilova whup seven Teddy Tinglins outa Christ Evert at Wimbledon.

The world of jazz trumpet is every bit as competitive, with Freddie moving from seed to star by the early '60s, hanging up the gloves for a while to join the Creed Taylor eazi-spread stable, and now back again for a tilt at the vacant throne.

"I'm back with Dizzy and the cats now, you know. I'm in the fold. Even my horn feels different to me now. I feel much better because although you make a little more money in fusion, there's not the satisfaction that one gets from completing a project. This is part of my life. I went off on a trip, man, trying to get popular."

You can see the difference between the bored brilliance of Hubbard at the Roundhouse last year — look no hands, folks, and a quick glance at the watch — and the barreling attack of this year's cat at Ronnie's. Freddie's like an advert for Dr. Collis-Browne's patent mixture: recovered.

"Right — on the second set I come out hot. My blood is up, my body's heated up and it's MOVING. That style of playing, I haven't been playing like that for about two years because I had the Barcus Berry attachment, inputs for Echoplex and a phase shifter to create different sounds, but my chops weren't as strong as when I was playing with open horn. When I was tiring, I'd just rely on the amplifier, turn the amplifier up, but it wasn't a good pure trumpet sound."

"I had a gig with Dizzy Gillespie and this young kid John Faddis at Radio City Music Hall — you know, where they have The Rockettes? — and we were doing a George Wein Newport Festival. The microphones broke down. John Faddis got to screaming his high notes, and I got out there and I played my little stuff and I couldn't be heard — plus my chops were weak."

"I said to myself, wait a minute — I'd better get back into the routine. I started practising without the amplifier and sure enough it dawned on me that this was the way I wanted to do it."

Freddie is disarmingly frank about his motives for the current turnaround: a turgid flow of CTT royalties, boredom with the formula, the great popular success of the VSOFF group — Freddie heading Miles' old outfit of Shorter, Hancock, Carter and Williams — the imminent collapse of jazz-rock and a genuine love of creative music all jockey for position in his conversation.

"Whatever you think about CTT settings — and engaged couples love 'em — Freddie himself sounded good."

"Creed has a stable of musicians that he likes to use. You get beyond those cats and he's not happy. After a while I got tired of working with Stanley Turrentine and Hubert Laws — I mean, I love them, but I always like to change my music up. I got tired of it."

"Once you start doing rock 'n' roll, they're gonna put you in competition with Bootsie & The Rubber Band, playing concerts with Bootsie. I mean, I don't wanna be bothered with those guys. That's another bag. They manipulate you and they don't market you properly."



PHOTO: VALERIE WILMER

## CHOKIN' ON THE EEZI SPRED...

**FREDDIE HUBBARD** tried a slice garnished a la Creed Taylor but the taste proved unsatisfactory. Here's how.

He lives in Hollywood, a long way from the wrong side of the tracks in Indianapolis where he grew up.

"Indianapolis back then was very country, didn't have any one way streets. It was very racial. We were kinda poor and it was rough getting out from under that — rough psychologically. I was very fortunate I could go to school, and I met some nice people who kept me going."

"Music was the saving force there. James Spaulding was one of the first guys who got me started, Parker licks, tunes like 'Confirmation' and 'Donna Lee'. Slide Hampton was there too, and Wes Montgomery and his brothers. There was a lotta music so it was easy to be exposed — I mean there was nothing else to do."

"It's strange, you know — people won't believe me when I tell them this story. Wes Montgomery — this amazing guy had seven kids, a night job in a club, an after-hours gig, and a day job. I used to see him working at a milk company right across the road from me. He'd be sleeping or trying to hide from the foreman."

"I'd blow my trumpet, say Watch out, Wes! Here comes the foreman! He'd start watching those milk jugs all of a sudden!"

"Wes didn't make it financially until his late 30s; Freddie was faster. He came up to New York at 20 and won Down Beat's New Star slot by 23. Trumpet competition was thick on the ground in the late '50s."

"At my age level, Lee Morgan was The Guy. He was running around New York with all the chicks, first sports cars — oh man! It became a competitive thing between me

and Lee before he passed. They started comparing me with these giants who'd been out there for years, and it just became confusing. I'm not trying to compete with a Miles or a Dizzy."

"Back then Lee was trying to play like Clifford Brown. I was trying to play like Clifford Brown, Donald Byrd and Booker Little and Bill Hardman were trying to play like Clifford Brown — I HAD to get out from under this!"

"I started to try to play like Sonny Rollins on trumpet, which is tough because you had to change your embouchure to have movement like that, you know switching octaves. It took me over 10 years to do that."

Freddie was in demand, new horn in town, played with Jackie McLean, Dexter, Jay Jay's sextet, Max Roach, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. He turned up too on Rollins'

"East Broadway Rundown".

"When I got that offer, I almost passed out. By that time I was very heavy into Coltrane — in fact Sonny stopped a take, a good solo too, my energy was up. He was right though. He was trying to get me into his conception for the album. He already had Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones there, so he didn't want any trumpet coming in playing Coltrane."

"When I worked with him it was like a challenge every night, but then he stopped playing that way. I guess you can't continue to do that because it takes a lot of energy. I couldn't do six nights like that for three months of the year. Have you heard Sonny play 'Isn't She Lovely'? He makes it very humorous. I don't know if it's bad for him — he can go from Stevie Wonder to playing things like 'Ee-Ah' based on 'Cherokee', something

ridiculously fast."

The trumpeter's own personal favourite album, "Ready For Freddie", is typical of the Blue Note school of young experimenters, the writing often modal, the group interplay and rhythm clearly influenced by Ornette and Cecil and Trane, but the overall conception further in.

"I had a free hand at Blue Note, but the money was so low. I had a freer hand at writing but all the music I wrote went into Alfred Lion's publishing company. You write music, man — that's for ever. Someone's gonna pick it up and record it. The guy who wrote 'Happy Birthday' never did copyright it, you know. Same thing with Joplin."

Freddie isn't crazy about the avant-garde, though for a while he tested a toe in those choppy waters. "Ornette called me up for the 'Free Jazz' session, and I thought, wait a minute — my playing wasn't that far out though I'd just gotten into it with Eric Dolphy."

"I got to the rehearsal, man, and it sounded like a bunch of noise. After we got into it, hearing the other musicians follow what you did, it sounded better, but it made more sense then than it does now. I've just played a concert with Ornette in Norway, and he kinda threw me, I wish he'd leave the trumpet to me, man!"

"I just think there are so many more avenues to be explored rather than making that big jump. Swing has top priority in jazz. If you break the rhythm, be careful, because it lets too many non-players into the music. Guys can go over the horn and not hafta learn chord changes or melodies or have a good sound — just blurdurlurda-lurda! Music is

too beautiful, man, to destroy."

**F**REDDIE LEARNED the penalty of outripping his audience in Cincinnati after leaving the Messengers to lead his own group: James Spaulding and Joe Chambers, the "Breaking Point" unit.

"That was one of the weirdest moments because we were really tight. I mean, we weren't just playing Free Music, we were BREATHING together! The people weren't ready for me because they'd heard me coming from 'Ono Mint Julep', these kinda tunes, playing with Jackie McLean and Tina Brooks and Hank Mobley, so they're expecting that."

"The records with Ornette and Archie Shepp hadn't got to the Mid-West by then. They said, 'What's this guy doing? I came out and hit with 'Breaking Point' — I should've warned them up, played the older stuff first.'"

His most savage solo on record comes from Max Roach's 'Graz 1963 Concert' on the Italian Jazz Connoisseur label. Freddie looked appalled when I mentioned it. "They recorded that? Where is this record? Listen, is my speech in there?"

"No speech, but you do yell 'Goddam motherfucker' into the mike in the middle of your solo."

Freddie exploded. "I got it off my chest!" He laughed. "I was drunk. Here's what happened, man. The whole tour was a bumner anyway. We had a four-hour plane ride then a four hour bus ride through the Austrian Alps to get to Graz. Ice on each side and thousands of feet drop. You miss a turn, man, you're dead!"

"I turned to the bus driver and I said I thought he was going a bit fast for road conditions. He just shrugged, so I began drinking beer. By the time I got to the concert I was drunk. The promoter made us go straight on, wouldn't let me sit down for a minute and get my breath, so that infuriated me."

The concert ended in a mass invasion of the stage by the enraged audience — "I didn't think they understood English" — a punch-up, and Freddie and Spaulding spending a night in the Graz gaol to be hailed out by Max the following day for a thousand dollars. Maybe calling Hitler a faggot wasn't Freddie's smoothest move. "They almost lynched me, man!"

A far cry from the old hebraising spirit is Freddie on a ballad.

"It took me a long time to learn how to slow down. Miles plays a ballad just about better than anybody — he takes his time and really expresses a note. It's like when you're making love — it all depends on how much you feel for this lady, and if you take your time, she has time to feel you back."

"We moved seamlessly from love to lips. 'You gotta get a calcium', he explained, indicating the corn on his lips to avoid confusion. "I use Blistex, and I got some gell from a pharmacist in Atlanta, Georgia. He said he uses it to sell it to Louis. I said, MAN — I'm not as bad as LOUIS! It helps keep the colour because after all these years of pressure, the lips tend to change colour. You don't want that, people asking you what did you do? You see Maynard Ferguson and those guys? They got crevices and dips and bumps and that's scar tissue. That hurts."

Welcome back, Freddie.

**SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:** Freddie Hubbard, "Ready For Freddie" (Blue Note); "Here to Stay" (Blue Note); The Jazz Messengers, "Free For All" (Blue Note); Herbie Hancock, "Maiden Voyage" (Blue Note); Freddie Hubbard, "Breaking Point" (Blue Note); John Coltrane, "Ascension" (Impulse); Ornette Coleman, "Free Jazz" (Atlantic); Freddie Hubbard, "Red Jay" (CTT); "Sky Dive" (CTT); "Super Blue" (CBS).

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COMPILED BY TONY STEWART

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**BIRKENHEAD** Raasch: SPIDER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERG  
**BIRMINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: MAGNUM  
**BRIGHTON** Buccaneer: SHARAFIA  
**BRIGHTON** Bus Depot: THE PIRANHAS  
**BRIGHTON** Hungry Years: LAUGHING GASS  
**BRISTOL** Royal Pier Hotel: STONEY  
**BRISTOL** Tiffany's Music Hall: MAC CURTIS  
**BURLEIGH** Prince's Hall: THE ACCELERATORS  
**CLEETHORPE** Winter Gardens: ZHAIN  
**COLCHESTER** Woods Leisure Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**COVENTRY** City Centre Club: COCO  
**COVENTRY** Hand & Heart: THE DEFENDANTS  
**COVENTRY** Wyken Pippin: RENO  
**DERBY** Assembly Hall: PETER GABRIEL  
**GLASGOW** Amphura: UNDERFIAND JONES  
**GLASGOW** Dial Inn: SNEEKY PETE  
**GLASGOW** Doune Castle: OYERHEAD CALM  
**GRANGEMOUTH** Town Hall: THE REZILLOS  
**GUILDFORD** The Junction: THE VAPOURS  
**HANDLEY** The Place: PENNY CRESS  
 For 3 days  
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nag's Head: WARREN HARRY  
**HOUNSLOW** Red Lion Ed Pie Rock Club: THE BUSINESS  
**HUDDESFIELD** Cleopatra's: REGGAE REGULAR  
**LEEDS** F Club: SKREWDRIVER  
**LEEDS** Fan Club: DOLL BY DOLL / THE STREETS  
**LEEDS** Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW  
**LIVERPOOL** Dulliver's: DRAMATIS PERSONAE  
**LIVERPOOL** Havana: 051  
**LIVERPOOL** Shippers: JUGGERNAUT  
**LONDON** Barnes Bulls Head: SWIFT  
**LONDON** Bellingham Sacon Tavern: JERRY THE FERRET  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: MERGER  
**LONDON** Camden Music Machine: FAME  
**LONDON** Canning Town Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: MIKE CHAPMAN/DAVE BROOKS  
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**LONDON** Marquee Club: BETHNAL  
**LONDON** Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett: THE TUMBLERS  
**LONDON** Peckham Walmer Castle: KAAVA  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Pegasus: THE INVADERS  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Rochester Castle: NEXT  
**MANCHESTER** Band On The Wall: JIMMY ROGERS  
**MANCHESTER** Grammore Hotel: VESUVIUS  
**MANCHESTER** Russel Club: SPHERICAL OBJECTS  
**MARGATE** Saracen's Head: RIGHT HAND BAND  
**MELTON MOWBRAY** The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS  
**NEWCASTLE** Easlyn Clogwyn Country Club: PEKOE ORANGE  
**NEWCASTLE** The Bridge: FAMOUS FIVE  
**NEWCASTLE** The Hawthorn: AVALON  
**NORWICH** Crownless: RAY KING BAND  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: PELICAN  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: THE TURBINES/NEW WAVE ROCK FESTIVAL  
**PERTH** St Alban's Hotel: PALLAS  
**PLYMOUTH** Metro: THE PIRATES  
**PORTSMOUTH** Cumberland Tavern: STAA MARX  
**READING** Target Club: N.W.10  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit: SORE THROAT  
**SKEGNESS** Festival Ballroom: GLADYS 'N' DOLLS  
**STROUD** Marlow Rooms: HERE AND NOW  
**SUNDERLAND** Old 29: BLITZKREIG BOP  
**WANTAGE** The Swan: THE ACCELERATORS  
**WEST COBNORTH** Cornforth Utd Social Club: WHITEFIRE  
**WIGAN** Barges Inn: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS  
**WITTINGER** R.A.F. Station: THE DOLE  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: THE 69 BAND

## Friday

**AUSTRY** Austry Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**BASHLDON** Double Six: EX-DIRECTORY  
**BIRMINGHAM** Sellyoak: Bournemouth Hotel  
**BASHLDON** THE DENISES  
**BRADFORD** Star Hotel: SHIRLEY & DOLLY COLLINS  
**CAMBER** British Sugar Company: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**CHIDDINGLY** Six Belts: LIVE WIRE  
**EASINGTON** Village Club: HOT STUFF  
**EDINBURGH** Clowdsley: REZILLOS  
**GLASGOW** Waverley Paddle Steamer: UNDERHAND JONES  
**GUILDFORD** Royal Hotel: N.W. 10  
**HORNCHURCH** The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET  
**HUDDESFIELD** Cleopatra's: REGGAE REGULAR  
**HUDDESFIELD** Friendly And Trades Club: DANNY WILD WITH THE WILDCAITS  
**KIRKELVINGTON** Country Club: THE RECORDS  
**KNAPHILL** INR WOKING Anchor: STAA MARX  
**LANCASTER** University: PETER GABRIEL  
**LSKARD** Carlton Suite: THE ACCELERATORS  
**LIVERPOOL** Eric DOLLBY DOLL  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: HANK WANGFORD BAND  
**LONDON** Camden Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND  
**LONDON** Canning Town Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH  
**LONDON** Canning Town Bridge House: FAME  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: SPITERI/GIRLS SCHOOL  
**LONDON** Hampstead Old Town Hall: LANDSCAPE  
**LONDON** Marquee: MOTORS  
**LONDON** Peckham Walmer Castle: THE MEMBERS/THE NUNS  
**LONDON** Portobello Road Acklam Hall: PSALMS/FINGERPRINTS/REALITY/TERROR SOUND  
**LONDON** Putney Star & Garter: GRIEG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Pegasus: THE EXTRAS  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Rochester Castle: AFTER THE FIRE  
**LONDON** Windsor Castle: RIGHT HAND BAND  
**MANCHESTER** Mayflower: SKREWDRIVER  
**MANCHESTER** Tyldesley Rugby Club: THE SQUARES / THE SYSTEM

**MATLOCK** Hurst Farm: STRANGE DAYS  
**MELTON MOWBRAY** The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS  
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: NUTZ  
**MIRFIELD** Fusion Ballroom: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW  
**NEWCASTLE** Mayfair: GEORDIE/MYND  
**NEWCASTLE** The Bridge: ELDRON  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZZARD & THE BLIZZARDS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: THE TURBINES/NEW WAVE ROCK FESTIVAL  
**NORWICH** Scamps: RUNNING DOGS  
**ORKNEY** Kirkwall Arts Center: BOYS OF THE LOUGH  
**READING** Merry Maidens: SOUL DIRECTION  
**READING** Festival: THE JAM/ULTRAVOX/PIRATES/PENETRATION/SHAM 69/RADIO STARS/NEW HEARTS/AUTOMATICS/THE LOSERS - 3.30 to 11.30 pm.  
**RETFORD** Porterhouse: ZHAIN  
**SOUTHEND** Minerva: MAX CURTIS  
**STEVENAGE** The Swan: JOKER  
**STOKE** Cheshire Cat: DAVE McLAINE  
**STRATFORD UPON AVON** Green Dragon: THE DEFENDANTS  
**SUNDERLAND** Locamo: WHITEFIRE  
**SUNDERLAND** Mexca Centre: WHITE FIRE  
**SUTTON** Coldfield Martini Club: THE UTENSILS  
**SWANSEA** Arts Workshop: EVANS ALL-WEATHER ORKESTRA  
**TAMWORTH** Austrey Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**TIPTON** Brewer & Baker: IAN HARTLAND  
**WALTON ON THE NAZE** Royal Albion Hotel: DIAMOND LIL  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: BLACK CAT YARD  
**YORK** Winning Post: MIAMI DOLPHINS

## Saturday

**BARNET** Duke of Lancaster: JOKER  
**BASHLDON** Double Six: C. GAS 5  
**BIRKENHEAD** Q Club: SPIDER  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE  
**BIRMINGHAM** Small Heath Park: HERE AND NOW / PREFECTS  
**BIRMINGHAM** The Sherwood: RENO  
**BLACKBURN** Golden Palms: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Town Hall: FRESHLEY LAYED BAND / CHINA DOLL / NICKI HAAN  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Y.M.C.A.: STAA MARX  
**BURGHOUSE** Staudust: SCALLYWAGS  
**BRISTOL** Flampton Festival: N.W.10  
**BRISTOL** Royal Albert: STONEY  
**BRISTOL** The Pasadena: THE ACCELERATORS  
**BURTON ON TRENT** Stapenhill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**BURTON** Steppenhill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**BURY** St. Edmunds Corn Exchange: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**CANTERBURY** Bramling House: LABI SIFFRE  
**CARSHALTON** St. Heber Arms: STORMFORCE  
**CAVERSHAM** The Garage: THE BEEVEES  
**CHESTERFIELD** Brimington Tavern: VERSEVUS  
**COBBY** Nag's Head: PARADOX  
**COMBER** West Runton Pavilion: SLADE  
**DEWIZES** Corn Exchange: HERE AND NOW / ATV  
**GLASGOW** Doune Castle: NICKY TAMS  
**GLASGOW** Mars Bar: SHADES  
**GLASGOW** The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES  
**GOSSPORT** John Peel: DOUBLE EXPOSURE  
**HALLIFAX** Good Mood Club: REGGAE REGULAR  
**HANLEY** Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE  
**HULL** City Hall: MAC CURTIS  
**LANCASTER** Town Hall: CHINA STREET  
**LEEDS** Haddon Hall: HOT STUFF  
**LEEDS** Meanwood: COME THE WYE  
**LEDS** Waverley: ALWOODLEY JETS  
**LENHAM** Women's Club: RIGHT HAND BAND  
**LICHFIELD** Enon's Club: THE CRUISERS  
**LINCOLN** A7's: TIGER ASHBY  
**LONDON** Belsize Park EGA Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITIION MOUNTAIN / SHOCKING STYLERS  
**LONDON** Camden Dingwalls: THE YOUNG ONES / THE ADDIX  
**LONDON** Camden Music Machine: SOUNDER  
**LONDON** Canning Town Bridge House: UNITED  
**LONDON** Canning Town Basin Tavern: SHOOTER / WARREN HARRY  
**LONDON** Chelsea Wheatheaf: OVERSEAS  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z / FAME  
**LONDON** Crouch Hill Stapleton Tavern: JERRY THE FERRET  
**LONDON** Greenwich Kidbrook House: STAN ARNOLD  
**LONDON** Hammersmith Red Cow: LANDSCAPE  
**LONDON** Hammersmith The Swan: EX-DIRECTORY  
**LONDON** Harrow Road Windsor Castle: THE MEMBERS  
**LONDON** Marquee Club: SCARECROW  
**LONDON** National Theatre Foyer: BOB PEGG  
**LONDON** Peckham Walmer Castle: THE REALISTS / NASHIER  
**LONDON** Southgate Royalty: ROBBIE VINCENT  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Pegasus: ROOGALATOR  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Rochester Castle: INVADERS  
**MALVERN** Winter Gardens: JOHN OTWAY / N.W.10  
**MELTON MOWBRAY** The Painted Lady: BIG JOHN'S ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS  
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: THE RECORDS  
**MILTON KEYNES** Primrose Social Club: LEFT HAND DRIVE  
**NEWCASTLE** Bridge Hotel: CLICHE / CONDEMNED  
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: STRIFE  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: DUTWARD BOUND  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: AGNES STRANGE  
**OLDHAM** Tower Club: ZHAIN  
**OXFORD** Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE  
**READING** Festival: STATUS QUO / THE MOTORS / SPIRIT / LINDISFARNE / GREG KINN BAND / NUTZ / GRUPPO SPORTIVO / NEXT / JENNY DARRIN / THE BUSINESS / SPEEDMETERS  
**READING** Merry Maidens: SOUL DIRECTION  
**RICHMOND** (Co. DURHAM) CB Hotel: WHITEFIRE  
**SCARBOROUGH** Penthouse: MICHAEL CHAPMAN  
**SOUTH FLEMSALL** Pretoria Hotel: STRANGE DAYS  
**ST ALBANS** City Hall: THE PIRATES / BLAZER  
**ST. AUSTELL** New Cornish Riviera: SASSAFRAS  
**STRATFORD UPON AVON** Green Dragon: SPECIAL CLINIC



TOM ROBINSON

## GOT YOUR WELLIES READY?

WELLIES, CRASH HELMETS and provisions for three days are essential for this 18th Reading Rock Festival starting on Friday. Often a mud-bath and invariably subject to adverse criticism, it might not compare to Blacksheep, but at least the great British New Wave is represented. TRB, The Jam, Sham 69 and Penetration mingle with rock's elders, Quo and Lindisfarne. US visitors include Patti Smith, Foreigner and Spirit. So let's hear it: WALLY!!



PAULINE of PENETRATION

**WESTFIELD** School Playing Fields: MIAMI DOLPHINS  
**WISHAW** Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS  
**WISHAW** Heathery Bar (lunchtime): UNDERHAND JONES  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: ALWOODLEY JETS

## Sunday

**ACCINGTON** Lakeland Lounge: HOT STUFF (evening)  
**BEDFORD** Odell Castle: JESSY DIXON  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: BANDANNA  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: VIDEO  
**BISHOPS STORTFORD** Tram Leisure Centre: CRAZY CAVERN/ROCK ISLAND LINE  
**BORDEN (HANTS.)** Whitehill Country Fair: THE HOTPOINTS/THE MAINLAND BAND/BRAINS TRUST/LAST ORDERS  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: DOUBLE EXPOSURE  
**BOURNEMOUTH** Village Bowl: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**BRADFORD** Chicago Express: KAY RUSSELL  
**BRADFORD** Princeville Club: (lunchtime) HOT STUFF  
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: PIRANHAS  
**BURNLEY** Bank Hall Club: ZHAIN  
**CARDIFF** Great Western Hotel: LEADING STAR  
**COVENTRY** City Arcade Clumax Hands Off  
**CROOK** Beehive: WHITEFIRE  
**DAGENHAM** The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET  
**DONCASTER** Royal Standard: C. GAS 5  
**ESTON** James Finnegun Hall: REGGAE REGULAR  
**GLASGOW** Burns Howf: UNDERHAND JONES  
**GLASGOW** Doune Castle: BEYOND THE FRINGE  
**GRINDLEFORD** Ladwath Farm: HEATHCLIFFE  
**LEEDS** Flord: Green Hotel: SORE THROAT  
**LEEDS** Stag Post: VESUVIUS  
**LIVERPOOL** Sportsman: 29th and DEARBORN  
**LONDON** Angel City Arms: N.W.10  
**LONDON** Batterssea Nag's Head: JUGULAR VEIN  
**LONDON** Brixton ABC Cinema: JIMMY LIND-SAY/DAMBALAMISTY  
**LONDON** Canning Town Bridge House: RDB  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: SPITERI  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z/FAME  
**LONDON** Crouch End The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND  
**LONDON** East Ham Ruskin Arms: DOGWATCH  
**LONDON** Kensington Nashville: THE RECORDS  
**LONDON** Lyceum: COUNTRY JOE McDONALD-MEAL TICKET  
**LONDON** NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SUCKER  
**LONDON** Oxford Street 100 Club: JIMMY ROGERS  
**LONDON** Peckham Montpelier: BLUE MOON (lunchtime)  
**LONDON** Peckham Walmer Castle: MAGNET-NASHER  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Pegasus: BLAZER  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Rochester Castle: DOLL BY DOLL  
**LONDON** W.C.2 Dindar of Wakefield: SWIFT  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS  
**NORWICH** University The Barn: HERE AND NOW/ATV  
**PAIGNTON** Festival Theatre: BERNI FLINT  
**PORTSMOUTH** Rotary Club: STAA MARX  
**PORTSMOUTH** Folk Centre: BULLOCK SMITHY/TED EDWARDS  
**READING** Festival: PATTI SMITH / FOREIGNER / TOM ROBINSON BAND/IAN GILLAN BAND / PAUL INDER / ALBION BAND / JOHN OTWAY / SQUEEZE / BETHNAL / PACIFIC EARDRUM / CATERPILLAR / THE FIRE  
**STOKE** Sarum Belles: STEVE ANDREWS  
**WHITEHILL** The Royal Oak: HOTPOINTS/MAINLAND BAND/BRAINS TRUST/LAST ORDERS  
**WORKOP** Dinnington Comrades Club: STRANGE DAYS  
**WORKOP** Rotary Club: STAA MARX  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: AGONY COLUMN

## Monday

**BASHLDON** Van Gough: THE HEAT  
**BATHGATE** Dreadnought: UNDERHAND JONES  
**BIRMINGHAM** Old Crown And Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Digbeth Civic Hall: TRIBESMAN  
**BIRMINGHAM** Drakes Drum: PARADOX  
**BRISTOL** Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS  
**CARDIFF** Great Western Hotel: RED BEANS & RICE  
**BIRMINGHAM** Mediation Centre: ZOUNDS  
**CLIFTONVILLE** Kompasso: RIGHT HAND BAND  
**DONCASTER** Outlook Club: 90° INCLUSIVE  
**DUBLIN** Magongilles: THE MOTORS  
**EPSON** Adriano's: EX-DIRECTORY  
**EXETER** Routes: THE LURKERS  
**FERRYHILL** Thornhill Working Men's Club: WHITEFIRE  
**GLASGOW** Burns Howf: THE CUBAN HEELS  
**GUILDFORD** The Junction: THE RECORDS  
**HEREFORD** Crystal Rooms: BROTHER LEEES For one week  
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nag's Head: HERE AND NOW/ATV  
**ILFORD** Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS  
**LEICESTER** Top of the Town: J.A.L.N. BAND  
**LEICESTER** Fusion Disco: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW  
**LIVERPOOL** Sportsman: DRAMATIS PERSONAE  
**LONDON** Camden Music Machine: REGGAE REGULAR / PRESSURE SHOCKS / PSALMS / CYGNUS  
**LONDON** Canning Town Bridge House: SHOOTER  
**LONDON** Covent Garden Rock Garden: REALISTS  
**LONDON** Kensington Nashville: SORE THROAT  
**LONDON** Hammersmith Red Cow: WARREN HARRY  
**LONDON** Marquee: THE PIRATES For 2 days  
**LONDON** Old Brompton Road Troubadour: ANDY SAGE  
**LONDON** Old Kent Road Thomas A Beckett: KWI/STAY'S BLUES BAND  
**LONDON** Palladium: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS For 6 days  
**LONDON** Peckham Walmer Castle: DAN-ZETTE/NASHER  
**LONDON** Putney Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL  
**LONDON** Ronnie Scott's: Uptaxis: LEFT HAND DRIVE  
**LONDON** Southgate Royalty: MAC CURTIS  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Pegasus: ROGER THE CAT  
**LONDON** Stoke Newington Rochester Castle: SNEAKY

Continues over page

From previous page  
**LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD** Moonlight:  
 ANGLETRAX / DANDIES  
**LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD** Railway Hotel:  
 PEKOE ORANGE  
**LUTON WAULUDS BANK** Marsh Farm: TOAD ON  
 THE WET SPROCKET / MOONSTONE / THE  
 LETS / THE WINDERS / THE DAVID ENGLE-  
 TON BAND / EARTHORN / RAMPANT DODO /  
 TRUE GOLD Free one day Rock Festival from 12  
 noon till 8 pm.  
**MANCHESTER** Golden Garter: THE TEMPTA-  
 TIONS For one week  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: G'WAHIR  
**NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper: C GAS 5  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopage: SIDEKICK  
**NUNEATON** Troadero: INCREDIBLE KIDDA  
 BAND  
**OXFORD** Anti-Nazi Festival: ZOUNDS  
**READING FESTIVAL** Backstage Enclosure: CHRIS  
 BARBER'S JASS & BLUES BAND / ALVIN  
 ALCONR / TOMMY TUCKER / COUSIN JOE /  
 MILT JACKSON / MORRISSEY-MULLENS  
 VIOLA WILLS / PAT HALCOX BAND / SAMMY  
 RIMMINGTON QUARTET /  
 REDBITCH Theatre: ZHAIN  
**SOUTHAMPTON** The Osnow: EYES  
**ST. ALBANS** Horn of Plenty: JOKER  
**TONYPANDY** Naval Club: SCENE STEALER  
**WORCESTER** Swan Theatre: LANDSCAPE  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE EDGE

**Tuesday**

**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RENO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Fighting Cocks: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID  
**BRADFORD** Thomson Labour Club: BANDANNA  
**BREDLINGTON** Harbour Inn: HOT STUFF - for 3  
 days  
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: SHORT STORIES  
**CARDIFF** Great Western Hotel: RED SHARKS  
**COVENTRY** Ryton Bridge: THE DEFENDANTS  
**DUBLIN** Magongles: THE MOTORS  
**DURHAM** Maquis of Granby: BOYS OF THE  
 LOUGH  
**EBBW VALE** Scarretta Club: SCALLYWAGS  
**FLEET** Fox & Hounds: MARTIN CARTER &  
 GRAHAM JONES  
**LONDON ANGEL** City Arms: DOG WATCH  
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: DESPERATE  
 STRAITS  
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwals: THE AUTO-  
 GRAPHS  
**LONDON CANNING TOWN** Bridge House: LITTLE  
 BITCH  
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden:  
 TRANS-AM  
**LONDON HARBOR ROAD** Windsor Castle:  
 SPRING OFFENSIVE  
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope And Anchor: THE  
 MEMBERS  
**LONDON PECKHAM** Walmer Castle: VIPERS  
**LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON** Pegasus: PEKOE  
 ORANGE  
**LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle:  
 CPS  
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EX-  
 DIRECTORY  
**LONDON WESTBOURNE PARK** Meanwhile  
 Gardens: HERE AND NOW BAND/ATV/PATRIK  
 FITZGERALD  
**LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD** Railway Hotel:  
 TRIBESMAN/HERBSMAN

**LONDON WOOLWICH** Tramshed: JERRY THE  
 FERRET  
**MANCHESTER** Band On The Wall: STAGE 2/JOY  
 DIVISION/ELETE  
**MARGATE** Bowler Arms: STEVE BOYCE BAND  
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: PATTI SMITH  
**NEWCASTLE** Gosforth Hotel: THIRD EDITION  
**NEWCASTLE** The Coopage: FAMOUS FIVE  
**PENZANCE** The Garden: THE LURKERS  
**SHEFFIELD** Fiesta Club: DAVE BERRY & THE  
 CRUISERS - For 3 days  
**SHEFFIELD** Limit Club: DEAD FINGERS  
 TALKSPIDER  
**STOCKTON** The Teasler: NICKY BEAT & THE  
 BEATNIKS  
**WATFORD** Youth Community Centre: MISTY  
**YORK** Viva Wine Bar: CITY LIMITS

**Wednesday**

**ARUNDEL** Town Centre: SHORT STORIES  
 (lunchtime)  
**BATH** Fernley Hotel: WORKINGCLASS HEROES  
**BELFAST** Ulster Hall: THE MOTORS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: BRUJO  
**BIRMINGHAM** Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME  
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER  
**BIRMINGHAM** The Sherwood: CARTOONS  
**BIRMINGHAM** Vardley Bulls Head: ROSES  
**BRADFORD** Chicago Express: KAY RUSSELL & THE  
 NEGATIVES  
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: THE HEAT  
**BRIGHTON** University: HERE AND NOW/ATV  
**CANTERBURY** Millers: RIGHT HAND BAND  
**CARDIFF** Great Western Hotel: TRANSFORMER  
**CARSHALTON** St. Helier Arms: CADILLAC  
**CHELLENHAM** Plough Inn: ROADSTERS  
**EDINBURGH** Odeon: PATTI SMITH  
**LEEDS** Fan Club: C GAS 5  
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwals: THE TOURISTS  
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dublin Castle: O.K.  
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: GREAT  
 HOTEL/STEVE BOYCE BAND  
**LONDON CANNING TOWN** Bridge House:  
 ANGELO PALLADINO  
**LONDON HARBOR ROAD** Windsor Castle: EX-  
 DIRECTORY  
**LONDON KENNINGTON** OVAL: Cricketers: JOKER  
**LONDON OLD KENT ROAD** Thomas A Beckett:  
 TIGER ASHBY  
**LONDON PECKHAM** Montpelier: BLUE MOON  
**LONDON PECKHAM** Walmer Castle: THE  
 MEMBERS  
**LONDON PUTNEY** Star & Garter: DANA  
 SIMMONDS & GREG'S FOLK AND BLUES  
 SHOWCASE  
**LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON** Pegasus: ZHAIN  
**LONDON WIMBLEDON** FC: Nelson's Club:  
 INMATES  
**LONDON W.14** The Kensington: SWIFT  
**NEWCASTLE** Newton Park Hotel: WHITE HEAT  
**NEWCASTLE** St. Dominic's Club: BOYS OF THE  
 LOUGH  
**NEWPORT** Sawaway Club: DOLL BY DOLL  
**NEWPORT** Stowaway: THE RECORDS  
**NOTTINGHAM** Hearty Good Fellow: G'WAHIR  
**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: THE LURKERS  
**PORTSMOUTH** Milton Arms: NIGHTRIDER  
**SOLIHULL** Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND  
**STOKE** Sammi Belles: DAVE McLAINE  
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN  
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Lafayette: SABRE

**LIVE PAGE**

**THOMAS A BECKET**  
 Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday August 23rd 50p  
**AUTOMATICS**  
 Thursday August 24th Free

Monday August 20th Free  
**SOUNDER**

Tuesday August 22nd Free  
**YOUNG BUCKS**

Wednesday August 30th Free  
**OVERSEAS**

(All-girl rock band)  
 Thursday August 31st Free  
**TOUR DE FORCE**

Thursday August 24th Free  
**ANGELO PALLADINO**

**LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS**  
 01-407 1334

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS  
 at the Lyceum

**COUNTRY JOE McDONALD**

with special guest  
**Barry Melton (Ex-Fish)**

**+ MEAL TICKET**

Sunday 27th August £2 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office, Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1 01-829 3453 (20p Booking fee)

**PEGASUS**  
 100 GREEN LAMBS, LONDON N.16  
 01-226 8888

Thursday August 24th Free  
**THE INVADERS**

Friday August 25th 50p  
**THE EXTRAS**

Saturday August 26th 75p  
**ZAINE GRIFF**

Sunday August 27th Free  
**BLAZER BLAZER**

Monday August 28th Free  
**ROGER THE CAT**

Tuesday August 29th Free  
**PEKOE ORANGE**

Wednesday August 30th Free  
**MONOS**

**ROCHESTER CASTLE**  
 145 STOKES NEWINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.16

Thursday, August 24th Free

Friday, August 25th 50p  
**NEXT**

Saturday, August 26th 50p  
**AFTER THE FIRE**

Sunday, August 27th 50p  
**THE INVADERS**

Monday, August 28th (Audition Night) Free  
**DOLL BY DOLL**

Tuesday, August 29th (Audition Night) Free  
**SNEAKY**

Wednesday, August 30th (Audition Night) Free  
**C.P.S.**

**A.J.'S CLUB**  
 High Street, Lincoln.  
 Saturday, August 26th  
**SKREWDRIVER + BITCH**

WE RECOMMEND  
**FAME**

**A VERY PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT**



GOING BESERK ON IT'S REVOLVER SATURDAY 26th AUGUST 1978  
 NOTE: ITV DID HAVE THE MONEY TO TAKE PICS OF THE WHOLE BAND BUT THEY MOVE

SE LOCAL ADVERT'S FOR RADIO AND EXTRA HAPPENINGS

We didn't have enough bread to photograph the whole band  
 SO SEE THEM LIVE  
**CGAS 5 HAVE ESCAPED WITH B.P. FALLON**  
 AND NEW BABYLON FILMS TO EVENTS AT

Friday 25th August 78 Global Village London WC2  
 Saturday 26th August 78 Double Six Club Bessidon, Essex.  
 Sunday 27th August 78, The Royal Standard Hotel Bradford  
 Monday 28th August 78 Sandpiper, Nottingham  
 Tuesday 29th August 78 To be arranged. Extraordinary  
 Wednesday 30th August 78, Routes Club Leeds 6  
 Thursday 31st August 78, Limit Club, Sheffield  
 Friday 1st September 78, The Ford Green, Leeds 3  
 Saturday 2nd September 78, Eric's Liverpool  
 Touring continually throughout September and October  
 See this page for details  
 See yourself in the film of the movie with B. P. FALLON  
 the man with the needle who plays records often!

**WARNING**  
 CGAS 5 can seriously burst your peeps

THE WHITE HART PUB  
**LAST BASTION!**  
 246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday August 30th  
**ADAM & THE ANTS**  
 + The Ruts  
 + The Satellites  
 & D.J. Jerry Floyd

Please come early  
 Doors open 7.30pm.

**LANDSCAPE**  
 Friday 25th: Hempstead Town Hall  
 (Newcastle Hill-Basilica Pl. tube)  
 + Roger Ruskin Spear + bar 9-11pm £1  
 other LANDSCAPE dates:  
 Sat 26: Red Cow  
 Mon 28: South Theatres, Worcester  
 The 21: Fresh Gardens  
 Essex Hordoun  
 01-703 7877 / 870 2061

**THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM**

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday August 26th  
 9pm-2am

**THE BISHOPS**  
**THE INMATES**  
 + DJ ANDY DUNKLEY  
 Admission £2.00

**The Bombay Grab**  
 Bow Rd., E.3  
 Friday August 25th

**AIR ACES**  
 All band enquiries  
 A.Y.M. 01-986 7331

WESTWAY SOUNDS PRESENTS THE SECOND UPRISING  
 at the White Hart, Acton, W.3  
 Tuesday August 29th

**THE SATELLITES**  
 + The Passions & Nerve Gas  
 Admission 85p

**Rainbow**

Bank Holiday Reggae Spectacular

featuring  
**KEITH HUDSON**  
**MATUMBI ERROL DUNKLEY**  
 (New 12" Disco Max Runaway  
 Child on Manic Records)

**BARRY FORD** August 28th

SOUNDS BY SIR COXSONE RANKING DREAD AT THE CONTROL Doors  
 open 7.00 pm Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 from Rainbow Box Office  
 01-238 3168 and all Ticket Agents

**HOPE & ANCHOR**  
 UPPER STREET  
 ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 24th £1.00 <b>THE RECORDS</b>	Monday August 28th 75p <b>JUICE ON THE LOOSE</b>
Friday August 25th 75p <b>SOULYARD</b>	Tuesday August 29th 60p <b>THE MEMBERS</b>
Saturday August 26th 75p <b>LEPPO &amp; THE JOOVES</b>	Wednesday August 29th 60p <b>TLC</b>
Sunday August 27th 75p <b>PSALMS</b>	Thursday August 29th 75p <b>THE EDGE</b>

**SO LEIGHTON REES & JOHN LOWE TURNED UP FOR THE DARTS GIG?**

Don't you think you advertised in the wrong paper?  
 Consult our expert Brian B.  
 FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING RING HIM ON  
 01-261 6153

**TO ADVERTISE ON IT RING**  
**BRIAN B on 01-261 6153**

**THE ORANGE TREE**  
 FRIERN BARNET LAKE,  
 FRIERN BARNET

Thursday, Aug. 24th  
**CLICHE**  
 Friday, Aug. 25th  
**JULIE BURN**  
 Saturday, Aug. 26th  
**JUICE**  
 Sunday (a.m.) 27th  
**JUICE**  
 Thursday, Aug. 31st  
**CLICHE**  
 Friday, Sept. 1st  
**TOM WESTON BAND**  
 Saturday, Sept. 2nd  
**O.K. CORRAL**  
 —ADMISSION FREE—  
 Bands booked thru' Atlantis Agency Romford 26563

**BOOKINGS AVAILABLE**

FOR COMMERCIAL AND CLUB ACTS  
 (DUOS, TRIOS, ETC) OF A  
 SUITABLY HIGH STANDARD  
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# DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

**HI-FI:**  
 By  
**BERNARD FUTTER**



The QUAD Electrostatic loudspeaker.

**I**F YOU'VE recently surveyed the bit of Japanese hardware on your sideboard that was described as State Of The Art a year ago but has now been superseded by two "Improved" models, you may be forgiven for thinking that nothing stays for long in hi-fi.

Obviously in any branch of consumer electronics new innovations occur pretty frequently. There wouldn't be progress without it.

But the Japanese do seem more guilty than most in bringing out new ranges more as a marketing exercise rather than because there's any quantum improvement on offer.

One wonders how often a rearranged fascia has read "new".

Sure it makes sound economic sense to them, but it leaves the consumer aggrieved that his expensive investment has dropped in value. Not something to sneeze at with prices at today's levels.

However all this contrasts with the British method where, in general, new models are only introduced when they are worthy of the name.

Before there are sneers about the ability of Brit products to compete on the world stage, let me tell you, dear reader, that some equipment produced on these shores eclipses anything from the Orient in quality terms.

This brings us neatly round to the subject of this month's equipment review. And it's British to the core, by the Lord Henry!

In case you've looked at the pic and decided this is a central heating supplement, it isn't. The beast in question is the legendary Electrostatic Loudspeaker made by Quad.

What is remarkable is that next month it will have logged an incredible 21 years of continuous production. This statistic becomes even more amazing when you realize that after all this time it still has no real rival as claimant to the title of the world's most accurate speaker.

Without going into technicalities, the Electrostatic works on an entirely different principle to conventional speakers.

It incorporates a thin plastic diaphragm, some 200 times lighter than those in moving coil units, which vibrates in a magnetic field (the unit has to be mains connected).

This lightness means that the diaphragm can more faithfully follow any input signal. The audible result is a natural, open, uncoloured, analytical sound quality devoid of the

## Hangin' out the Union Jack . . .

*To counter the impression that the Japs lead in absolutely everything, this page strikes a timely Electrostatic blow for Britain.*

"boxyness" present to some degree in the best of conventional enclosures.

Now, in case you're wondering why Electrostatic speakers have not seen off the competition, it's perhaps as well to mention their shortcomings. Remember hi-fi is about optimisation — nothing's perfect.

First problem is, of course, that their sheer physical size may limit their acceptance in some situations. They are 34½" wide x 31" high and, in a small room, look quite formidable as a stereo pair.

Further they give of their best away from walls, making extra demands on space.

And if you like your music at window rattling volume the Quads do have a limitation in this area, though for normal listening they can be driven hard enough to satisfy most people.

It is not advisable, unless extreme caution is exercised, to use an amp or receiver rated at more than 45 watts otherwise damage may occur.

Talking about amps leads to another potential problem. Electrostatics can present a difficult "load" to an amp. In lay terms this means they can

be a bit of a handful! I have seen 110 watt Japanese dreadnoughts festooned with rack handles and power meters succumb, while a modest 15 watt specimen acquitted itself with distinction.

If in doubt check with your dealer or those incredibly helpful people at Acoustical who make Quad products.

Whenever writing about Electrostatics one feels something of a traitor pointing out some of the difficulties that it's possible to run into. All that's necessary to redress the balance is to er . . . er . . . listen.

This is what we did with a range of direct cut discs, good quality commercial pressings and master tapes.

The first thing that strikes one, or more to the point doesn't strike one, is an absence of the exaggerated characteristics we have come to expect as hi-fi attributes. There is almost a feeling that there may even be something missing but then the realization dawns that this was how the music was meant to sound, no more no less.

The clarity and neutrality is simply superb. Bass is firm and controlled (not quite as

extended as some), the mid-range is open and detailed and the top end exhibits good attack.

On acoustic guitar passages one is not just aware of what is being played but *how*. The recreation of the mood and ambience of the original recording is uncanny. The sound is about the most unflagging around — which is good to know after a few hours of hard reviewing!

I make no apologies for the weight of this endorsement, because there are too few products of this class around.

However, we would not recommend any product, particularly a speaker, without a personal auditioning session. And sadly this can be a bit of a problem because there are all too few dealers around capable of giving meaningful demos.

This is because the speakers need careful sighting and a requirement for free air space. So if you can find an enlightened dealer see if he will let you try them at home.

Last but not least is the cost. Quad Electrostatic speakers now retail for £450.00 a pair, which is infinitely reasonable for a product of this calibre. You can pay helluva a lot more for a lot less.

There is, would you believe, a three months waiting list! (after 21 years, perhaps they will eventually get it together?).

Fortunately, there is an alternative to a second mortgage — namely to scour the columns of *Exchange & Mart* where prices range from £175 — £300. The manufacturers, Acoustical of Huntingdon, operate a very efficient overall service and can bring second-hand speakers up to a new specification at reasonable cost.

There we are then, a legend that, as far as pure accuracy is concerned, has in my opinion, not been improved upon. Acoustical point out that there is the possibility of a new model any time between now and another 21 years — 1999.

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# 208

It's not surprising we're  
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## David Johansen Group BOTTOM LINE, MAX'S KANSAS CITY, NEW YORK CITY

SEVERAL DAYS before their New York debut, The David Johansen Group got a night off and zipped over to Max's Kansas City — where they would have been before and since were it not for a Blue Sky recording contract and a tour that has begun to pay handsomely.

We can now accuse David of something that had seemed impossible: he is a marketable success for the music industry and fans alike.

Paul Nelson, now the record reviews editor of *Rolling Stone*, must be accused of helping to orchestrate the acclaim that is coming Johansen's way, for Nelson strived mightily to do the same when he signed the Dolls to Mercury Records.

Sylvain Sylvain must be accused of becoming a sideman again after his *Criminals* folded quietly, leaving him to say in front of Max's that night, "I work for David. It's his show. I'm just a hired hand, really."

Can you blame him — when some of those people crying "Mercy!" at David as he sings "Funky But Chic" had no pity in their hearts a few years ago?

Too much has happened since those threatening days. It took the death of the Dolls, The Heartbreakers, The Criminals, The Corpse Grinders (Killer Kane's band, who were never intriguing), the formation of The Idols (Nolan's new band — a good one . . .), Johnny Thunders coming and going from England with his look-alike Henry Paul (not to mention his clone, Steve, who fronts Nolan's band) to produce one solid performer capable of sustaining a band and making a career.

The side-effects and sparks that have flown can only benefit the new Johansen fire.

Think of any group who's lives and times were spent in some section of the Dolls-house and you get so great a number as to wonder what tied them all together.

They were all losers. They all wanted it their way. They all, including the Dolls themselves, regretted the untimely loss of the Dolls. And none of them understood the music industry.

Now the last shall be the first. Look at it this way: there is more chance than ever that the Dolls might re-unite again sometime for kicks, and when I say might, I mean only slim but real chances.

Johansen gambled that nothing would be known until the smoke blew away and worked quietly with ideas first . . . then with his persuasive mouth, then with pen and contracts and the band that has become his bread and butter.

David Jo is now a solo artist and has a band who will play and sing behind him. David gave up the ghost and was reborn and the ghost materialized at his side in the form of Sylvain, looking more like a guardian angel.

This brings us to modern times.

Frankie LaRocka begins drumming as the rest of the David Johansen group face him on his highrises, their backs to the audience. They turn simultaneously, establishing the visual sightlines that lead your focus — Tommy Trask on guitar, far right; Johnny Rao, ditto far left; Johansen smack in the middle with Sylvain to his immediate left on guitar or piano and bassist Buz on the right.

They stand in a straight line looking playful and acting capable.

"Cool Metro" is the preferred opener, a track that has grown greatly since being lifted from the album. Everyone sings effective



PH: JOE STEVENS

## NEW BOOM IN DOLLS INDUSTRY

back-ups and the sound is mixed to push David's voice on top and in front; he doesn't have to strain to overpower his band. Says David, "I felt cool! Baby, I felt cool!"

No reason not to. His singing voice is very much like his speaking voice, effective in that he personalizes his subject

matter with an actor's ease.

This allows him to sing the over-the-top R&B and Motown faves like "Build Me Up Buttercup," "Reach Out," and "Love Child" and get away with it. Timing, enunciation and phrasing make him good enough to toy with audience emotion — but he



# THE TOWN

can hardly hit a straight note. Even when he doesn't mean to shout, he's pushing his limits. You must keep in mind that the band is fluid and supportive behind him, hiding the fact that David is really a tunesmith who can't carry a tune.

When he starts "Lookin' For A Kiss" Johansen slides into his sort of hardline romanticism and oral gratification. He wallows in the homecourt with "Lonely Tenement," a song that is much better live but not quite on the mark.

"Funky But Chic" is alright, alright, alright, alright but "Great Big Kiss" and "Frenchette," both with Sylvain on piano, are the best of the show.

Wade through a few more album cuts and the vibrant encore gives us "Personality Crisis," not once but twice, interspersed with Bonnie Tyler's "Heartache," where Johansen nearly succeeds in singing a melody. Maybe we'll get "Crisis" on Johansen's second LP; it deserves to be done again.

An unwritten law now comes into effect. For the record, I will state it here: Never, under existing conditions, will more than three former members of the Dolls be allowed to play in each other's bands, but by all means, try three. This is to introduce Johnny Thunders, who was sitting pleasantly wobbly when David called him onstage to join in for a final "Babyon."

Johnny guested twice to my knowledge during David's six shows through the weekend. He looked cool enough but probably felt like hell.

The leads on "Babyon" still went to Johnny Rao, not Thunders, who appeared more as a symbol than for his inaudible guitar.

The following night Johnny was told to "Go have a cup of coffee and come back in five minutes" when he tried to gain entrance to the Bottom Line. He returned amicably before long and again was refused entrance, this time personally by Blue Sky Records. Off he went to Max's.

Johansen has proved good and stylish as he becomes more credible, poking into the air with parts of all his body, his eyes and words ever towards the audience, acting tough but not menacing.

Sylvain is the sole remaining group member who creates a personality outage, holding an arm up in the air and shaking his fingers in an "A-okay" gesture.

While the drummer has considerable presence as a player, he is subordinated to the group by providing sound advice, so to speak, a subdued excitement that spotlights Johansen's flair as an entertainer.

So there have been compromises and we still have the unresolved leader/second banana syndrome with David and Syl. But we can live with it and, more importantly, it can live with itself.

And now that he is well on his way to becoming a BOF, Johansen has succeeded in turning the heads of people who could not be forced to listen in the past.

We now see how such a forceful performer has faced up to the misery of his history. It was simple enough. He pushed on.

Dan Oppenheimer

## REZILLOS: CAN'T STAND THE AUDIENCE

And that goes for all you liggers in the bar, too

The Rezillos  
MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON  
FUN FUN fun!

The jockoffs are out in force tonight — doncha just know it — and when the beer glass zips through the air two inches due south of Fay Fife's head, the rage that's pent up inside Eugene Reynolds's ridiculous pink biker outfit erupts yet again.

The Music Machine is packed to bits — not as sardine-sassa-parade-my-oh-my-mann as it was for The Clash, but still jammo enough to put the feet of God into any closet claustrophobes who may be lurking about. The audience are indulging in all those charming traditional customs that have made Britain a tourists' mecca: they're gobbing (maaaaaan), chucking beer glasses at the band (maaaaaaan), popping about and knocking each other all over the shop (maaaaaaan).

Eugene is not smiling. He is double not smiling because all these people he doesn't know are standing in the Stage Bar and drinking (maaaaaan) and talking to each other (maaaaaaan). These people include such well-known chitist scum as Cook'n'Jones, Nicky Headon, Brian James and sundry Rats (the usual, in other words) and they're making Eugene MAD AS HELL AND HE'S NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANY MORE!!!!

Every time a number goes crunch and the band stops playing, Eugene is up at the mike abusing someone. He abuses the liggers in the stage bar ("Good evening — I don't know any of you, but my name is Eugene Reynolds and I hope you're enjoying yourselves up there") until Fay Fife has to haul him off the mike so that the band can get into the next song. The gobbers and the glass-throwers — may their dwelling places be infected with plagues of mice and cockroaches, yea, e'en unto the third and fourth generation, thank you, Lord — are getting him upright to the point where during "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Heads Kicked In Tonight" he's sniffling action to word and taking booted swipes at the front row. Serious!

Even Fay Fife, a troupette of the first water, can't stand the audience when their attentions get a little too — ahem — personal, and announces that she'll be down to belt a few carboles if things don't (spooeeeyy) let up (spat!)

Unfortunately, this merely redoubles their efforts, which in turn redoubles the petulant count from the stage. Now, everybody except Captain Sensible knows that it's a heaving drag to have to play your set while assailed by big-eyed boogies from Venus and acrobatic beerbugs, but these days it's an occupational hazard; if you want to play proper rock for kids then you've got to accept the dry-cleaning bills and the irritation as, simply, part of the dues involved.

Acknowledgement of this doesn't excuse the audience — who should be more considerate of the people who're trying to entertain them — or the band, who should know better than to think abusive remarks about London are going to solve the problem.

Outside of that...

I dig the Rezillos. A lot. They rock ferociously, possess an impeccable sense of the Trash Aesthetic in all its ramifications and manifestations, know more about visual flash than any six groups have a right to, are into Comic Books (and not in any schizokop/Kix megalomaniac) and best of all — guitarist Jo Callis is into Gibson SG Juniors with Leo Quan Badass bridges. Plus they bring Daleks on at the end and have almost as admirable taste in oldies as The Bishops, which is presumably why two of the numbers (The Kinks' "I Need You" and Fleetwood Mac's "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight") are also in those worthies' set.

Apart from songwriter-in-residence and demented guitarist Callis (he ain't as good as Johnny Ramone, but then he ain't from Forest Hills, so you gotta give him credit for trying), The Rezillos' ace cards are the frontpersons, Reynolds and Fife.

Reynolds' persona is Sweaty Menace played for laughs (except that at the Music Machine he was playing it for real), but Fay Fife is a gem: like a '65 Mary Quant shopwindow dummy possessed by the spirit of a singularly deranged gogo dancer, all leavened with the exquisite deadpan humour at which the best Scottish girls always seem to excel. Her dancing is nothing short of delightful — and when was the last time you saw Genuinely Witty Dancing?

Huh?

Incidentally, the show was opened by Sheffield's Human League — one man with a tie and a microphone standing between two men with keyboard-operated implements — who whack the shit out NY's overrated Suicide simply by dint of intellectual rigour, superior imagination and a far more inspired use of stage non-presentation.

Besides, what more appropriate song could you play in the Music Machine than "Being Botted"?

Charles Shaar Murray



"Careful with that pink biker suit, Eugene..."  
FAY FIFE (above) keeps an eye out for flob, while EUGENE REYNOLDS (left) remonstrates with the Music Machine gobbers.

Pix by ADRIAN BOOT and PAUL SLATTERY



## PENETRATION ENVY

Penetration  
The Fall  
Ed Banger

LYCEUM, LONDON

AFTER THE RECENT Nashville debacle — when hundreds of fans were turned away following a botching incident — I was confidently expecting Penetration to pull out all the stops for their first major London gig.

Sadly, what ensued was one of the most lacklustre performances that this fan has

yet witnessed from the Pride of Pitland.

With the addition of a new guitarist, name of Fred, Penetration have completed their evolution from punk outfit to progressive hard rock band. What their forthcoming "Moving Targets" album will hopefully prove is that, in this field, they are not just another band — but the best currently working on our green and pleasant land. And I've still every confidence that they are.

But on Sunday night, for some reason they cut it only in odd, fleeting moments, when Pauline lead the band back to the heights attained on the final Roundhouse gig of the last Buzzcocks tour. Those moments were the still sublime "Lovers Of Outrage".

"Nostalgia" — a brilliant new song from the pen of Pete Shelley (the two P's clash — and how!) — and the opening "Future Daze" march.

Too often, though, they seemed inhibited by the Gothic vastness of the (half-empty) hall and by their own nerves. It is ironic that one of the country's most talented bands are also one of the most nervous on stage.

Two other songs were premiered: "Too Many Friends" bears their familiar stamp of introspective quality but "Dark Hearts" — saved for the encore — could have been AC/DC. It hasn't come to this, surely?

Even so, if you're going to Reading (for which this was a

warm up), I'd still wholeheartedly recommend that you don't miss 'em.

The Fall, depending on how you view the future of rock'n'roll, are either great or awful. I am, perverse little sod that I am, have an immense liking for them. And nothing I saw (or read) last week has changed that.

The Fall revel in drabness (not without charm), which makes them a bit like a Northern version of mid-period Subway Sect, and they do write good songs. Imagine if Johnny Rotten met Eddie Waring and lived — that'll give you some idea of Mark Smith's vocals. Every song title is finished with a drawn-out "aaa" (as in 'ups and under-aaa'). Thus we got "Frightened-aaa". Thus we got "Industrial Estate-aaa" and "Steppin' Out-aaa". And all good stuff it is, too.

Ed Banger and his sloppy Group Therapy also seem to thrive on a peculiarly Northern working men's club ambience — but they are never so impressive as the Fall.

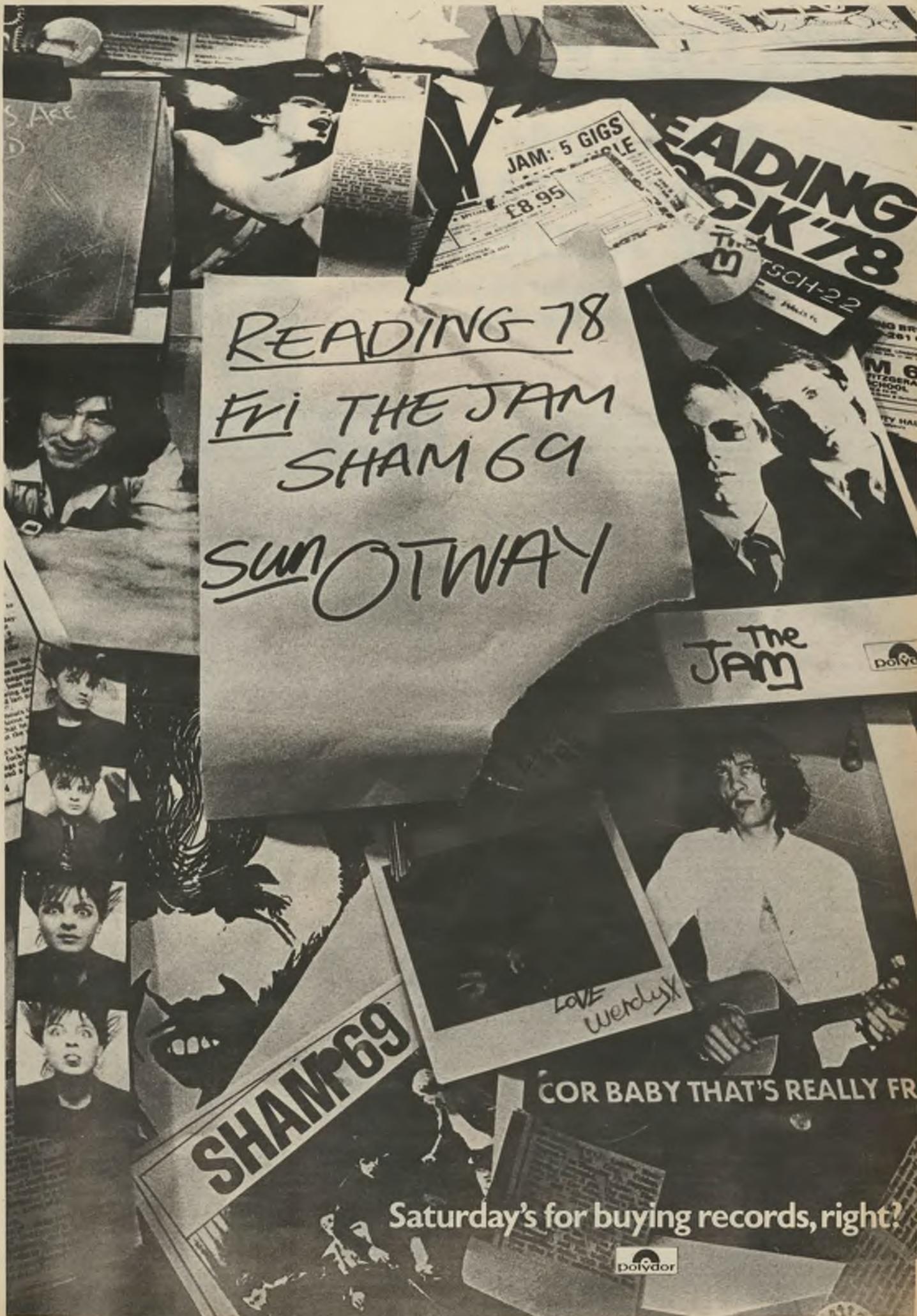
But no band deserves the kind of treatment they got from the dildos in the audience: once the first can had been aimed stagewards, countless others followed in a mass demonstration of mob stupidity which left Ed and his luckless corps well and truly pissed off and the atmosphere decidedly sour.

Adrian Thrills



PAULINE: "I'm tryin' to get oop but I've lost my lustre"

Pix by PAUL SLATTERY



Saturday's for buying records, right?



PHOTO BY DENIS O'REGAN



"And this 'ere one's for Adrian Thrills..."

### Sore Throat

THE NASHVILLE, LONDON

**SORE THROAT** are the best rock 'n' roll cartoon since the Dots. Uniform crewcut — at last, a drummer resembling Sandy Nelson — and well-choreographed foolery take care of animation, while the soundtrack is skilful pre-Beatles pastiche.

Sax, guitar and piano create "Poetry In Motion" textures. "I Don't Wanna Go Home" is pure "Bony Maronie" on the verses, while a subliminal Duane Eddy "Fire Brigade" riff snakes through another number. They cope with the real thing less impressively.

Props include a beach ball and pianist Matthew Flowers' angular, elongated physique. There's even some mock flagellation, but the mood is more panto than Theatre of Cruelty. Justin Ward's banter is post-punk sardonic, his voice rich and powerful.

A great night out, but who'd buy a Sore Throat album?

Harry George

### The Vicars

HOPE AND ANCHOR

**THURSDAY NIGHT** and we were thin on the ground for the Canvey Island Punks. A definite air of listlessness pervaded the hallowed lower depths of the Hope and Anchor, with most of us just "hangin' around" waiting for the action — whatever it was. Action there was from rude boys The Vicars on this their first gig in London.

A motley crew, their self-appointed mouthpiece is the vocalist, Mike Maynard, who is almost overbearingly proud of his Feelgood connection (he co-wrote "Speeding On" with John Potter, ex-Wilko band), and adopts an over-the-top aggressive vocal stance not unlike Olivier's interpretation of Richard III. Mark Salkeld is your token Sanderson Punk, all bright blonde and black leather, but he could play rhythm guitar for all that.

Sweating boogie punk and blues were the main ingredients, all served up dirty fingernails and Oil City B.O. They played about twenty numbers, many of which were instantly forgettable, but pumped out with such reckless abandon as to be temporarily irresistible. "SS Blues" was first album Stooges while their rendition of "Some Reducer" made The Dead Boys sound as if they'd been marinated in Detroit. Several Wilko riffs crept into the openings of various numbers, and "I Don't Mind" and "Hog For You Baby" were given as burnt offerings to their heroes.

Mickie Ogden, who must have been weaned on tin cans and pot-lids, just stared at the wall whenever he wasn't playing, and only missed the

beat in a couple of songs. Kirk Mo-dest pulled a handy bass besides representing the rock and roll faction and Andy Stevens, the straight member of the group, played a lead guitar that sandpapered your eardrums.

Their reception was benignly apathetic and they encored with "Pepsi-Cola" and "Bogie Roller" for the second time. It was a laugh and a half.

Want a good time? Spend an evening with The Vicars next time they come around. But take your own cucumber sandwiches.

Neil Norman

# THESE ARE THE MANCUNIAN MANCUNIAN?

The Passage  
The Elite  
Spherical Objects

MANCHESTER BAND ON THE WALL

**THE NEW BALANCE** depends more on nerve energy than gut energy — and it is music done to people. Rock music suddenly threatens to become important outside its own minimal value, to smash through the routines of business and image, to become a music (again). With no loss of "theatre".

The Manchester Musicians Co-operative is made up of a variety of young musicians playing sound games who look beyond rock noises and borrow tentatively and eagerly from a multitude of outside musics. A blend of positive thought and attitude, an arrogant openmindedness.

Normally a quartet, The Elite are in current disarray. Kevin Eden (voice and guitar) and Peter Hilbert (voice and drums) are settled; their chosen bassist is being tutored, for this performance. The Passage and ex-Fall bassist, Tony Friel, guested. They lack a keyboarder; there is mention of ex-Magazine man Bob Dickinson linking.

Their sound is austere, resembling pre-Spiral Scratch Buzzcocks, but balancing less ecstasically between precision and chaos. Charred remnants of a fast rock group. Any colour introduced is subdued, fleeting. Slightly intimidating patterns and depths emerge from the overall starkness and flatness (conflicts, tussles, a crucial restlessness). Their songs seem to hang; with moments of activity. Typically, a central drone approaching "No Passyfooting" weight is detailed with oddly joyous bass runs (this could be just Friel's extroversion) or spaced, careful guitar notes.

The total impression is that of blurred realism — the music sounds logged, snatches of lyrics and the song titles imply a valiant grip with situations, realities and fantasies. Their uneasy tendencies collect during a stripped, clipped interpretation of Peter

Hammill's "The People You Were Going To", with Eden's vocals shaky, nervous and unconsciously effective. Dazed music.

Stripped, clipped observations of The Passage. They have none of The Elite's hesitancy, double the concentration without any sign, and the sheer force of the music (a crumbling wall of sound) overcomes the stiffness of the visuals. Here is a genuine power trio (proper settings for intense energy, no waste, no sugar) — they are a vital unit, jumble them with any one from Company conglomerates right through T. Gristle to The Fall.

Dick Witts on drums and voice — sensitive drive through multiple pulses on an embellished traditional lit, his voice grating and bad



A Spherical Object

tempered (spiteful). Tony Friel on bass and voice — unyielding, motorised bass guitar playing, his voice sulky. A young female keyboard player — sounds held and dropped, simplicity easing for the unusual.

The trio can trap a half listener. The instrument emphasis is odd. There is no lead instrument — all lead, one playing alone when the others pull out. The music is hectic, compact, resilient with all the opposites of performance.

composition under control. It makes demands, yet it is close to home.

So this is jazz rock? Careful with the labels... but with ease they tautly reproduce rock beats, shifts, repetitions, simultaneously striding the tightrope with the maniacisms of jazz interaction, movement, decisiveness. It moves, it balances, it thrusts.

The Passage passionately parody rock and its cosy coherence. They confront the banality, self-importance, self superiority, limitation of rock, in doing so flirting superficially with clichés but actually dragging rock violently away from the standard. Not much magic or myth, but one hell of a sound. Listen to it with your ears.

Spherical Objects are a quintet with plucky psychedelic aspirations — though hardly pointlessly nostalgic. Their album "Past And Parcel" is a faulty but entertaining record. They play songs. Following the coldness (and I've no idea what this means, as in Wire etc., but people tell me it's all very chilling) of The Elite and The Passage, perhaps they were a breath of warmth. Certainly they were crisp and comely.

Their songs are finely seasoned, derivative yet ultimately individual, evocative and apt to erupt into peculiar crystalline climaxes due to John Bisset-Smith's fidgety mandolin-type guitar playing. There's a persistence about them that tries hard for something haunting and melancholy, but at the moment it comes out a little too watery. Leadperson Steve Solomon's voice, weak yet sometimes used well, tends to upset the balance, but if they can capture the elusive, fine lingering atmospheres and textures that they're after they could be very good. That is, soft made for soft people, but something more (harder)? If you want it.

Paul Morley

### The Autographs

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON

**SOMETHING'S HAPPENED** to Raggy Lewis. Since this one-time Stukas rhythm guitarist discovered hair dye, a perm, contact lenses and The Autographs, nobody mistakes him for Hank Marvin anymore.

Fellow Stukas Chris Gent (sax and vocals), and bassist Dave Spicer, are also part of this metamorphosis, and the line-up is completed by Paul Tulley on drums, and Scots lead guitarist, Jim Ward, who joined the ranks a mere forty-eight hours before their recent appearance on *Revolver*.

The Autographs display large quantities of basic confidence, reckless energy, red trousers, white shoes and pink striped shirts, and belt their way through a string of numbers about the agonies and adolescence, radiating that kind of florid naivety that people call Pop.

But that, pop-pickers, is as far as it goes. The nearest they ever get to definable Pop is the very Merseybeat "Don't Go With That Girl", the set being — start to finish — basic R&B.

There's a few slick arrangements, tidy guitar fills, and some very spacious drumming, and apart from the shrilly vacuous ballad "Don't Run Away Little Girl", they swagger through some rousing numbers with a lot of style and conviction.

It's early days yet, and, not surprisingly, they strike me as still being in limbo. The idea of an R&B/Pop fusion is fine in itself, it's just that they've approached it in the least imaginative way. By tacking together the most obvious aspects of both (the diluted pop lyrics and the solid R&B drive), the result is that they mostly conflict, rather than complement, each other.

If they're heading for the TOTP market, they'd be better off with a much more detailed production, and less of the raunch and roll. If they want to slog around the pub circuit, apart from expanding musically with sax and guitar solos, they'd need to have much larger ideas. They remind me of a lightweight Bloomtown Rats, the main difference being that The Rats don't limit themselves to lyrics of such insignificance.

Whatever's in store, I don't doubt that Mickey Most, the man masterminding their debut single on RAK, will have a lot to do with it, and I wouldn't care much if they weren't such an interesting band.

Mark Ellen



"HEY! HEY! We're The Records!"

### The Records

RED COW, LONDON

**THE RECORDS** play fast, punchy pop, and they play it well. I hated them.

Beats, Byrds and assorted mid-'60s pop are where they're coming from (not surprisingly, give ex-Kursaal's drummer Will Birch is their leading light), but unlike, say, Big Star who assimilated these influences into their own musical personality, The Records sound merely imitative.

For much of their set, they remind me of a lightweight Pet Band, churning out bouncy, well-constructed but instantly forgettable poprock. It wasn't until near the end of the set, with "Girls That Don't Exist" and "Starry Eyes", that a real urgency crept into their performance — then they were worth a listen.

But '60s fixation music is pure escapism, and when there's such a lot of good, new music around, it just seems redundant. Unhealthy sign, too, that most of the audience at the Red Cow were in their mid-twenties or over, and few of them looked capable of dancing.

I dozensy hundreds will disagree, but I found The Records disappointing and, finally, pointless.

Graham Lock

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# Hurry up, mate, it's nearly closing time



## Pseuds Corner Special

A Tiller Boy solos, oblivious to the shouts of "fast orders", "piss off" etc.

Pic by STEVE DIXON

### Gang of Four Tiller Boys YORK

AS INTELLECTUALLY impersonal as Leger was emotional, the Tiller Boys show their Olympian detachment by the selection of ready made sounds that are neither very attractive (at the time) nor very shocking. The ready mades were given little formal attention at the time they were conceived, they were pawns in a cerebral exercise in which potential art status was conferred, or imposed by the Tiller Boys through sheer force of will. *(What's he going on about? — Ed.)*

The Tiller Boys' gestures span both the exacting conceptualism of Duchamp and statements of Cage's like: "Ideas are one thing and what happens, another". In addition,

they approach the object (sound) with a distinctly New York School aesthetic. They are, as Apollinaire said of the Tiller Boys' sound objects, "impregnated with humanity". In this sense they are humanist, although devoid of sentimentality. What then, essentially, are the Tiller Boys? *(This had better be good. — Ed.)*

Steve Dixon: "Post Modernist Abstract Expressionists, no doubt about it." Blonde Haired Tony (who used to have a pop programme on the telly called *So It Goes* and now runs a club in Manchester called the Factory, and consequently should know about such things): "I don't know, but I like them".

And then the Gang of Four came on. I like them very much. In fact, they are one of my favourite bands because they care about things and play great songs. And sometimes some of The Mekons get up on stage with them and jam, and so did Tony Wilson for one of the encores.

"Shii goddamn gettoffer ass and jam", sang everybody very loudly, and it was wonderful.

John W. Hamblett

# JAZZ DIARY

CHRIS BARBER is presenting his own one-day jazz festival at the Reading Festival on August 28. Alvin Aikorn, ex-Kid Ory, George Lewis and the Heritage Hall Band, and Tommy Tucker, composer of R&B hit "Hi-Heel Sneakers", are joining Barber's 'Monday Date' and also touring with him on the 'New Orleans & The Blues' package. Cousin Joe From New Orleans and Sammy Rimington are also on hand, as well as the Morrissey-Mullen Quintet with Viola Wills and the Mill Jackson Quartet.

Woody Herman's projected five-concert gig at the Sanyo Jazz Festival in Chichester cover 11th - 15th October. The concerts will constitute a retrospective of Woody's 42 years as a bandleader, and the veteran is currently hunting down the original charts in the jazz archive at the University of Houston, Texas. The final night brings Ronnie Scott's group, Tony Coe and Kenny Wheeler in to play with the current Herd.

Ken Hyder's Talkster are playing Swansea Arts Centre on 1st and the Chapter Arts, Cardiff, on 2nd September. On 20th they're at Battersea Arts Centre. Jazz Centre Society gigs include Paraphernalia at the Half Moon on 27th, the Stan Tracey Octet at 100 Club on 28th and Paz at the Phoenix on 30th August. Band On The Wall, Manchester, has Bill Le Sage on 31st.

Anybody who missed the new-deleted avalanche of avant-garde albums on BYG will be heartened by the reappearance of several on the Affinity label, released through Charly Records. First of the crop include the excellent Archie Shepp's "Blase", Don Cherry's "Mu", the Art Ensemble Of Chicago's "A Jackson In Your House", and Sun Ra's "The Solar-Myth Approach". More are in the pipeline, including a Braxton-Jenkins-Smith-McCall with an unprintable formula title.

On the fusion front, Elektra have released Michael White's "The X Factor", Terry Callier's "Fire On Ice" and Lee Ritenour's "The Captain's Journey". The 20 Blue Note re-releases have arrived, and unfortunately who can't afford the lot but want the best could plump on the Bud Powell and the Lester Young, then the Ornette.

Brian Cose

### China Street THE KENSINGTON, LONDON

I FIRST SAW China Street about eighteen months ago, when they were playing Little Feat songs in an obscure pub on the edge of the Pennines. To say they've improved since then would be a massive

understatement. They've transformed themselves into one of the most satisfying bands you're likely to find on the pub, club and dice circuit.

They play a little fast rock, shaping punk energy with their own thoughtful twists and turns, but mostly they play reggae. In fact, they play the best white reggae I've heard — an opinion shared, apparently, by Steel Pulse, whom the band credit with encouraging this facet of their musical diversity. China Street reggae is tight and purposeful — sliding, choppy rhythms embellished with laconic guitar and edgy piano frills. Lanes skank, great for dancing!

Also, they write songs about things that matter — "Nuclear Holocaust" on the likely outcome of the Windscale fiasco; "SS", about the men who killed Steve Biko; and the dynamic "Rock Against Racism", which is marked for their next single.

Invisorating, raw, committed. Music for today and tomorrow.

Graham Lock



THE REACTION: "So cop the new single, right?"

Pic by GEORGE BODNAR

**The Reaction**  
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REACTION. You wanna reaction? Aw, nightee — try this.

Hey gang — Remember those fabulous '60s? No? Howbout the slick '70s? Reaction do. They checked out the transatlantic Pop Rhythm'n'Rock Hall of Fame. And decided that's where they're coming from.

They're young and they play good. Sound is structured round controlled interplay between lead and rhythm guitars, with heavy rhythmic support at the back. I heard them make a mistake on "Live Alone", but otherwise the

playing was just about faultless. Tasty harmonies, too.

Mark Hollis (rhythm guitars) takes the lead vocals and catches the main visual action. He kneels (prayerwise?) in front of the speakerstack. He reached for the volume switch... I felt a lump in my throat: this is feedback. And Gino Williams Jr. (drums) played a solo. That's right — a drum solo. Laugh? I nearly cried as their cover version of Cream's "Badge" chop-chopped through the speakers. Oh to be thirteen...

The Reaction look like up and coming corporate rockers should. Bruce Douglas (bass) is like Willie De Ville in a smartie suit. Bruce handles the material with finesse. He's a suave player.

Perhaps they'll headline and make albums. Just like Taste, Ten Years after and all that crew. Then the business really moves in and they get bagged as Rock stars.

Catch them now while they're still fun.

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## ABBA

From page 8

good contact with them, but you know, something is missing. So now I feel absolutely happy to have them with me. It's great."

One of the reasons Abba haven't become tax exiles is because they have kids at school — her daughter is now 11, her son 15. How do they feel about mum being a pop star?

"We never discuss that."

It's such a strange reply that at first I think she must have misunderstood the question, but no. "I think they find it very natural, because they have been growing up with us. We have always been working in this business, you know."

"I don't think they bother that much."

"When we are home, leading our family life, we don't involve Abba. We live quite normal, as other families."

This I find astonishing. The rock business is always prone to stray further into people's private lives than most jobs — simply because it's 'not a job' — and obviously the more successful you are the more that is likely to be so. Doesn't the group dominate your life?

"No," she laughs. "Why should it?"

But surely, in Abba's situation, where your fellow group member is also your lover, it's always there, because now and then we take time off and just leave it — go away somewhere and don't think about it as all. I could never understand questions like that, because I don't feel it

**B**OTH AGNETHA Faltskog and Anni-Frid Lyngstad cut solo albums in 1975, the year after Abba won the Eurovision Song

Contest. Neither, of course, was released here.

Anna's (Agnetha's) album featured the original (Swedish) version of "S.O.S.", alongside 11 of her own songs. That's right, her own songs.

Generally referred to as "sentimental", they're all in Swedish. Musically, it's an album of competent pop, a couple of items from which wouldn't be out of place on a Kate Bush set. It's not much cop, but no way is it overshadowed by the dreck Abba used to produce in their early days.

Unfortunately, I didn't get to ask her why she doesn't write for Abba, and whether she regrets it. Frida declined to comment on Agnetha's behalf.

Her own solo album features the prototype "Fernando" (in Swedish) alongside Swedish versions of "Wall Street Shuffle" (really!), "Life On Mars" (the very same!), "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and a clutch of other bizarrely varied songs, all treated in a manner not a million miles from boring.

It's also got a very rude picture on the cover.

Not that Frida believes she's a sex symbol.

"I'm not," she laughs. "No, I'm not at all. I think it's Anna that is — because of her bottom. But I have never felt like that. Never."

"I don't know if I'm sexy. They look upon lots of artists as sexy. Mick Jagger... a lot of them. I don't know."

In contrast to the frivolous, decorative image which she tacitly projects of herself, Frida is a serious person. She reads a lot — mainly female authors of late, Doris Lessing, Patricia Highsmith... I should have asked her what she felt about the women's movement. Instead I asked if her own opinions accorded with the underlying conservative image of Abba. A little fencing around, then: what are your personal politics?

"Do I have to tell you?" she asks, as if I might force it out of her.

No — but no one knows what Abba really think. Do you believe it's important to keep your personal opinions to yourself?

"I think it is in a way, yes. Because I am very hard to express myself when it comes to politics. Of course, I have a lot of ideas about it — and of course we have a lot of friends and we are discussing that a lot."

"If I could tell you in Swedish it would be much easier, I tell you."

Which is where we came in.

**B**ACK IN THE studio, the band plays on. At one point there is a short period of blessed relief when Michael Tretow plays the legendary Trojans tapes during a coffee break (Bjorn and Benny don't join in the laughter), but apart from that the tedium is unrelenting.

"I feel like I'm being punished for something I haven't done," Pennie complains, as we roll around into our eighth hour of the Abba assault.

They show no signs of letting up, and anyway when they do stop for a break we will only be back to square one: strictly question and answer.

Ako, Benny seems to have become less friendly towards us since Frida reported back to him on the course of our mini-interview.

Finally, we can't stand it any more. I can feel my brain going squishy in its casing. I'm contracting a headache which will take several days to wear off. It's the same old song.

Despondent and defeated, we depart.

Even as we're chauffeured back across Stockholm, though, my spirits lift. Abba: The Interview? What a joke. I know what I'll call it! Yeah... Sheer Hell In Stockholm. It's got a ring to it.



KISS (L-R): Peter Criss, Ace Frehley, Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley — as seen by Marvel Comics. Illustration copyright Marvel/Aucoin Management 1977.

## KISS

From page 18

"You have to understand that the poorest person in America dresses twice as interestingly as the Pistols" — and this from a man in stacked heel boots? — "There is a sociological significance in dressing like that in this country. But it does not make any sense at all in America where everybody's got at least two cars and two television sets."

Gene continues: "When you talk about a band like Kiss you're talking about playing venues that hold 50-150,000 people. To have the charisma to become that popular in the States you must be a Zeppelin or a Stones or a Deep Purple. Any Mid-West garage band has twice the charisma of The Clash."

The Britisher then hears

that, in fact, Gene Simmons of New York City has never seen The Clash. However: "Before people go and see The Clash they should see the new US bands like... like Van Halen. Now they kill..."

"The punk scene here," he continues, Gene, driving more nails into Kiss's British coffin. "is quaint. I love going down to those little clubs and seeing bands play in front of a couple of hundred people."

Americans, Gene pronounces, like "kick-ass music."

"Blondie," he explains, "no matter how sophisticated and quaint, are gonna die a terrible death. Which is why Blondie will never play Shea Stadium."

That's why they're making it here: because it's little and quaint and nice like your little cups of tea. Which are Blondie and The Clash: nice and small.

"Punk in America," he concludes, "is fashion. Here they walk up to you and spit at you and stab you in the back."

The media have been

programming you too much, Gene.

"At the end of it all, Chris," Gene replies to the Britisher with what really does appear to be quite extraordinary patriotism, "maybe you should just stay in London."

Oh, New York's not too bad

"I think you should just watch it when you go there."

Gene then explains that living in New York is "like coming all the time."

The Britisher suggests that the desire for constant orgasm appears to indicate that Gene has a very Hollywood machismo vision of reality. He recommends that Gene read *The Tao Of Sex* and makes his excuses and leaves.

When he gets to his car he sticks a copy of "Garvey's Ghost" in his cassette recorder. It isn't until he's stopped three times to check that it isn't running slow that he begins to appreciate just how wired up a person is Gene Simmons of New York City.

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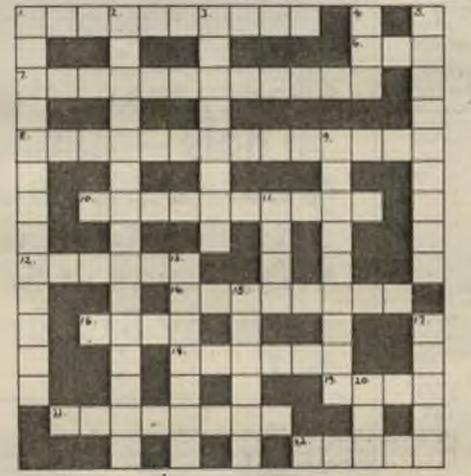
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- ACROSS**
- 1 Lost his girl to that punk Gordon ("Yeah, but he's no punk — he's more of a man than you'll ever be" — Ed.) (6,4)
  - 6 Avant garde stomach settler!
  - 7 The world's best-known least-known drummer? (7,5)
  - 8 Third of The Cliftons' trio of golden soul hits — this didn't make it in the UK until 1972 (5,6,3)
  - 10 Avant garde (jazzy-type) measure of distance! (5,5)
  - 12 Palmer or Johnson
  - 14 Two-thirds of Ferrari and Co's live album (4,4)
  - 16 McCartney's lipple!
  - 18 & 19 Motown stalwart who started there as a session drummer on vintage Miracles' cuts
  - 19 See above
  - 21 Cockney Rebel's debut hit (4,4)
  - 22 One-hit wonders who cut soccer terrace fade. "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye"
- DOWN**
- 1 LA singer/writer, though his current hit's an oldie previously by Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs (7,6)
  - 2 Commodore get drippy on hit 45 (5,1,4)
  - 3 Jaw holes (anag. 3,5)
  - 4 "Beginnings" and "Fish Out Of Water" are two of their solo albums
  - 5 Cui original of the summer smoochie "Sunny", a hit for him and Georgie Fame in 1966 (5,4)
  - 9 Ugly one in! (anag. 4,5)
  - 11 Millionaire Swedes in Arab balloon flight!
  - 13 Is he a commercially-minded Advert? Does he get the breaks? (Do you want the sack? — Ed.) (1,1,5)
  - 15 After the Roxy, London's best-known punky venue
  - 17 Constituent parts were two members from Graham Bond Organisation, one from John Mayall via Yardbirds. The whole was a cow offshoot!
  - 20 "How Long?" — pretty short-lived, eh fellars!

**ANSWERS**  
**ACROSS:** 1 "Natural High"; 7 "Nutbush (City Limits)"; 9 Eddie Floyd; 11 Art (Garfunkel); 12 Canned (Heat); 13 "Identity"; 14 Hank (Marvin); 15 (Steve) Marriott; 16 (Canned) Heat; 17 Tonight.

**DOWN:** 1 "Northern Lights"; (10) The Kids Are United"; 3 Ronnie Scott; 4 (Commander Cody & The Lost Planet Airmen); 5 "Hush"; 6 Judy; 8 "Nutbush City Limits"; 10 Daddy Cool; 15 Mott.



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**I WAS INNOCENT (A Punk Poem)**  
by **WALTER WOGGLE** and the **NECKERCHIEFS**

I was a scout, but I'm not now.  
I lived in a council house in Slough.  
I never felt at all depressed.  
When my neckerchief was clean and pressed.

We met at the hut, sharp at eight,  
And we were spanked if ten secs late.  
He thought it fun to raise the flag.  
Akela was a right old slag.

We went on camping once a year.  
But we weren't allowed to have no beer.

Pitching tent, that was grand.  
Everyone was sure to lend a hand.  
Camp food didn't excite us.  
We got gastroenteritis.  
Cold showers and lots of spanking.  
If you were caught winking (misprint).

I met a punkette, she's called Glenda,  
But she said 'eff off, you little bender'.

I tried flowers, this and that,  
But she kept saying, 'piss off you prat'.

Things all changed come November,  
The Scouts lost me as a member.  
I slashed my hair, and pierced my ear.  
And just hoped that I would see 'er.  
I finally saw her at The Roxy.  
She said, 'You're no longer thin and poxy'.

We both pogoed to the Pistols.  
That's when I noticed her large bristols.

We left home and moved to Putney.  
And now live on bread and chutney.  
We are poor, and we ain't happy.  
Specially when baby Sid wets his nappy.

This punk life's getting dumb.  
I think I'll sod off home to mum.

(Written on a rowing boat somewhere between Mortlake and Putney).  
**WALTER WOGGLE** and  
**GLENDIA JOCKSTRAP**, Putney.

**MY WIFE AND I** recently had a caravan holiday and, forced inside by the weather, were reduced to having the radio on for aural entertainment. Entertainment? The location of the caravan meant Radio One only.

Warrawegor? D.L. Travis whose show revolves around the fact that he makes two jokes from start to finish. (1) he calls it "the early yawning show" (he's not kidding). (2) embarrassing impersonations of a tape rewording when he gets (frequently) tongue-tied.

Secondly, comes Master Bates. An old sounding nurd whose proud boast is that he picked "Rivers of Babylon" as a record of the week. The bright spot of this show is the "Golden Hour" in which every other record is a supposedly golden oldie from a particular year so for one hour your chances of hearing John Travolta, Marshall Hain or the Smurfs are halved. This show also features a phone-in contest.

Luncheon and what better excuse for going down the pub to get pissed than to miss Paul Burnett and at the same time set yourself up for the afternoon (oh yes, the worst is yet to come). Here is a bozo whose only interest in music is in timing the introduction so he can get in as much valuable talking time as possible before the vocal starts. He also insists on embarrassing impersonations of John Wayne and Harold Wilson although he does a very good one of a Prat.

Well, Radio One surpasses itself at 2 pm — Tony Blackburn defecates for 2½ hours. I recall hearing the obnoxious recording one after playing "Pump It Up" express incredulity — "Well, I don't know, someone must like it". Well, look here mate, I may



An ugly, fat, bald innocent bystander who'll be using the NME next week.



not be the world's hippest guy, I'm nearly 26, I still wear flares, my wife likes The Bee Gees (no crime), but we both dig Elvis.

The only hope of anything decent during the day is with Kid Jensen whose doubtless enthusiasm and caring for music is somewhat tempered by the fact that his audience is home bound commuters, latch-key school kids, etc.

Dear John Peel? One day he may get a decent slot at a reasonable hour where he could have more effect than he does now. Excluding his excellent show I find it incredible that I have never heard anything by The Clash or Wire on daytime radio and nothing more than token plays of Sham 69, X Ray Spex, etc. and "acceptable" B Rats.

At the weekend, things aren't a lot better. Gambaccini obviously knows a lot about the biz and the artists he is playing but his show is confined to the awful American chart. Anne Nightingale does a good PR job for Stiff but has a short show and by necessity is cluttered by the endless dedications of students up and down the land.

Bluff's O.K. if you're into M. Metal but who is on a Saturday afternoon? That peroxide, geriatric inarticulate Jimmy Savile, is just too out of touch to be even considered as a D.J. and Peter Powell, well don't we all just love him with his sensible chat, endearing giggle and speech impediment?

The Beeb claim airtime is tight — 40 hours — OK, so why does every show all day feature the top 20 so strongly? Also, you'd think that the amount of royalties they have to pay for each playing would make them more choosy. And smug? "We're the best 'oo we're national" — it's like British Rail bragging how many trains they run.

Surely not one other reader can be completely satisfied with Radio One — it's all our money, for chrissake. Surely something launched by your columns would have more effect than this letter would directly.

Any takers?  
**ALAN CHARLES**, *Leamington Spas*

My own solution to the appalling state of radio is rather unsatisfactory: I switch the bloody thing off. But what, exactly, can a po' boy do? — M.S.

ACCORDING to Peter Powell (Radio 1), Nick Lowe now plays in Graham Parker and the Rumour. Didn't know that did you? The things one learns from listening to Radio 1.  
**KEITH MOORE**, *Hatfield, Herts*.  
See what I mean? — M.S.

IT IS TWO late too so that fothingington thomas is a wet and a weed an Nic Kent resemble him v. much.

**N. MOLESWORTH**, *St. Custards academy for young genis (um hem)*.  
P.S. CSM, Tony and Julie are v. good cept that Julie is a gurl and any fule kno that gurls are wet. Also she show of about all the wet and weedy stars she know, i.e. all reviews start "Joan Jett is v. nice person, and when she were round our flat sinking bottle of scotch" etc. etc.

I RECENTLY saw Fanny Craddock eating in a Wimpy Bar. I just thought someone ought to know.  
**CONFUSED**, *Redruth, Cornwall*

HOW MANY listeners of John Peel's evening show on Radio 1 take it for granted, I wonder? But think about it. Where can you hear samplings of punk/new wave, reggae, folk, remnants of soul from the U.S., the

infrequent disco track, the best U.S. has to offer (which isn't much these days) and music from the continent and even Japan and Argentina? Certainly not in the land of the radial dial glut, the U.S.

But back to John Peel, who works long hours and commutes hundreds of miles each week to present consistently varied and informative shows. Sure you voted him the top DJ in last year's NME Poll, but that's sort of impersonal.



What all this is leading to is that his birthday is coming on August 30th and if you're a member of a band who has received needed exposure through him, send a greeting and appreciation which he deserves but seldom receives. Send it to: John Peel, BBC Radio 1, Broadcasting House, London W1A 1AA.  
**NEIL REINEMANN**, *Huntingdon*.

John Peel is 56. — **PETE FRAME**

WHO CAN say neigh to bestiality?  
**WHINNIE THE POOH**.

HEY, you can't admit Paul Rambali to your staff. He looks normal, writes intelligible articles, appreciates bands that have never appeared at RAR gigs and even prefers music to football!  
**GEORGE LOWELL**, *Brighton, Sussex*.

Yeah, s'pose he's alright for a salvelving wop nance. — M.S.

IS IT OK if I say I think Blast Furnace is the Al Jolson of the blues? Can't stop the guy! But seriously folks, when can Dublin expect a visit from the Islington upstairs — with weather like this we could do with a heatwave. Or a good laugh.  
**POPE BERT** (the topical), *Dublin*.

IF TYPHOO put the T in Britain, who put the CSM in Scunthorpe?  
**ID JIT**, *Somewhere*.  
The same berk who put the Furnace in Barrow — M.S.

I'VE DONE it for the first time in my life and it was great!!! — so if you can tell the world and Chris Morgan, I'll keep doing it. You want to know what I did? I completed an NMF Crossword for the first time ever in my own! It took 21 years but it was worth it!  
**JULIA**, *Bury, Lancs*.

WE ARE THE average (probably below average) punters, and read your below average paper and consider your crossword above average — in fact we can't do the bloody thing! Could you please put in a below average crossword for us?  
**THE BOYS**, *Witcombe, Gloucester*.

IF THE BIRD on the cover of NME last week with Steve Jones is an example of his pulling power, he deserves every dose he gets.  
**TADLIG**, *Dublin*.  
Not nice. — **A DOCTOR**

AFTER READING the continual pseudo-political rantings of so-called "rock-stars" in NME, I have come to one conclusion. The only way we're ever going to have equality in this country, is when a one legged, anti-fascist, black, gay woman becomes prime minister (about as much chance as this letter has of being published).  
**STEPHEN PRIEST** (A boring civil servant).

Um... the Iron Maiden doesn't qualify in any of those categories (except, perhaps, 'woman') but Sunny Jim can at least boast membership in one (a.f.) and his limp is getting worse. — M.S.

DID YOU know that if the entire membership of the National Front were laid end to end across the Serpentine, they would both drown?  
**E B GEBBIES**, *Sunningdale*.

John 'Syrup' Tyndall might but Martin 'Sweetie' Webster would probably float in a cess pool. — M.S.

WE ARE A group of Norwegian scientists who have come to a few sense-shattering conclusions:

- 1) Hugh Hefner is alive and playing tuba in Captain Sensible's new band.
  - 2) Farrah Fawcett Majors is Kim Fowley with a wig.
  - And third and most sense-shattering is the fact the Kate Bush is a Smurf and that her LP is in fact Smurf propaganda, created to corrode the minds of millions. You have been warned.
- A GROUP OF NORWEGIAN SCIENTISTS**, *Halden, Norway*.  
There is no futile PS. While you sit in your Carnaby Street office making up smart ass comments, the world is at stake.

SUPPOSE I told you my Mother was the Queen, would you print this letter?  
**PRINCE CHARLES**, *The Palace, Stanley*

This man is a fool. — M.S.

YOU AND your readers make me sick. You know nothing about the rock scene here in Medway and neither do I.  
**THE MASTER**, *Rochester, Kent*.

I MET Sham 69's drummer at a party the other night and was most disappointed to find that he does talk. I was going to make this one of your one liner things but it's one sentence too long.  
**L.P. WINNER**, *Weir End, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex*.

MY NICKNAME is "Fluff", my girlfriend's nickname is "Giggles". "Fluff" is madly in love with "Giggles", but we're 200 miles apart. Please print this to prove to "Giggles" that "Fluff" is even soppier than she thinks.  
**"FLUFF" THE LOVESICK DWARF**, *C. Tyrone, N. Ireland*.

Dear Ex-Pistols and Dylan Weekly, You make me sick. Keep up the good work.

**MOLF**  
P.S. "Much of London's New Wave (sic) is too honest to be heard comfortably at home by civilised people" — Bart Mills, *Cosmopolitan*, July 78. Tosses of the week?

MY favourite record at the moment is "Airport".  
Au revoir.  
**JACQUEE KACQUE**, *A French Air Traffic Controller*.

PLEASE COULD I have some information about Robert Plant (Led Zeppelin vocalist). Could you clear up an argument between my boyfriend and myself, as he insists that Robert Plant has a brother called Paul Plant who lives two miles away from me and I do not believe this is true. I would be very pleased if you would reply.  
**CHRISTINE CAIN**, *Throckley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*.

We thought it was his sister Patsy Plant, but we could be wrong. — **BONZO, JIM and THE OTHER ONE**.

THANKS for printing this letter.  
**HENRY OF "ENW"**.

"Duh, here pus-pus-pus..." Monosyllabic JOEY RAMONE, peering through his Hiram Holiday bi-focals, attempts to befriend the noble creature, name of FLUFFY, who haunts CBGBs. The feline in the eye shadow is, of course, MARIA DUVAL, an actress in Davine's Neon Woman. Pic by JOE STEVENS



# T-ZERS

## STROKES A PUSSY

personalities for their elitism. They were hanging out in the Stage bar... At Polydor's annual convention in Birmingham, Jimmy Pursey and his manager gave bottles of champagne specially labelled Sam 69 to the amassed salesmen and other company types. Ah well, Easy Street did it last year and it didn't hurt them... The latest TRB bulletin — now available from the Tom

cunning about it. And doesn't Tom have any artistic control? With the exception of the Post House, all local hotels have refused bookings from bands playing Reading this week-end... More on The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle. Kate Bush and Steve Jones team up to duet on the duety "Silly Thing" (Sounds just like Pearl Carr and Teddy Johnson — Ed.) and Malcolm is featured tap dancing

replace their bass player Someone Else after he was "forcefully abducted" by his vicar father... How long before Shana 69 start wearing sensible sweaters and grow beards? Guitarist Dave Parsons not only attended the Cambridge Folk Festival, but was also seen digging The Gotby Band at the Albert Hall... Bing Crosby's grand-daughter Denise — she hopes to soon appear in Playboy — is set to record a punk arrangement of "White Christmas"...



Robinson Band, PO Box TRB 4 XT, London W1 — dissociates itself from EMI's release of 'new' Robinson single. "Too Good To Be True". T-Zers quotes: "Don't bother buying it — it's just another cunning ploy to persuade Radio One to play our records, not to own you out of your bread" while T-Zers sympathises with Tom's gripes about EMI milking the "Power In The Darkness" album — the B-side of "Too Good To Be True" is also taken from the elpee — we here at the three dots fail to see what's

on tombstones in a graveyard at midnight while singing "You Need Hands". So, Malc, those singing lessons you took all those years ago weren't a waste of time after all. Music-wise included, are the non-sanitised Dave Goodman-produced songs that were cleaned up by Chris Thomas for the "Bollocks" album. "Pretty Vacant", "No Feelings", "Anarchy In The UK", etc... Epheavals on the Peterborough rock scene Quick hold the front page — Ed. of late when The Dole had to

### BETTER BADGES

New Releases	Better Badges Top Ten	Last Week
21st Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Savoca	1	1
Resendence Band, Rock Action, A&A	2	11
Physical, Jane Visitors	3	10
21st Keys, Joe Gibbs, Black Stars No. 2	4	14
Steel Pulse No. 2, A&A, T.V.O.D., Cash	5	18
The Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious	6	21
21st Key Signs	7	22
My Way My Way	8	23
21st Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollack, So	9	24
Mary Faith (Classics), Here & Now	10	25

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### A Few Words On The Leaving Of Bob Woffinden



So. Farewell then, Bob Woffinden. After these five years Or is it six? Funny, But no one seems To be able to answer When I ask what It was You actually did. Woffinden. That is a funny name For an Englishman. But then again, so is Rambali Or even Angus MacKinnon

E. J. Fender (17)

producing Mickey Jupp's next... A new Beach Boys album is due for release in October called "M.I.U." The initials stand for Meditation International University, the name of the Maharishi's centre in Iowa. The album was recorded at a studio nearby, presumably to make the most of the vibes, and the single will be a version of "Peggy Sue". Nice to see the brothers Wilson staying so in tune with the times

Elvis Costello seen buying the Mickey Jupp album on Stiff in Golborne Road's Honest John's recently. Obviously his relationship with Stiff is not what it was... Movie industry rumour indicate that Mick Jagger has been offered the lead role in Hal Ashby's *Stranger In A Strange Land*. Rumours also persist that John Lennon, Bruce Springsteen and Olivia Newton-John are to star in *Street Messiah*, to be filmed on location in London



Somewhat miffed by the gales of flob from Music Machine patrons, REZILLO FAY FIFE calls on protection from a DALEK (right). For SCAMY's view see On The Town, page 45. Pic by PAUL SLATTERY.



THE NEW ALBUM