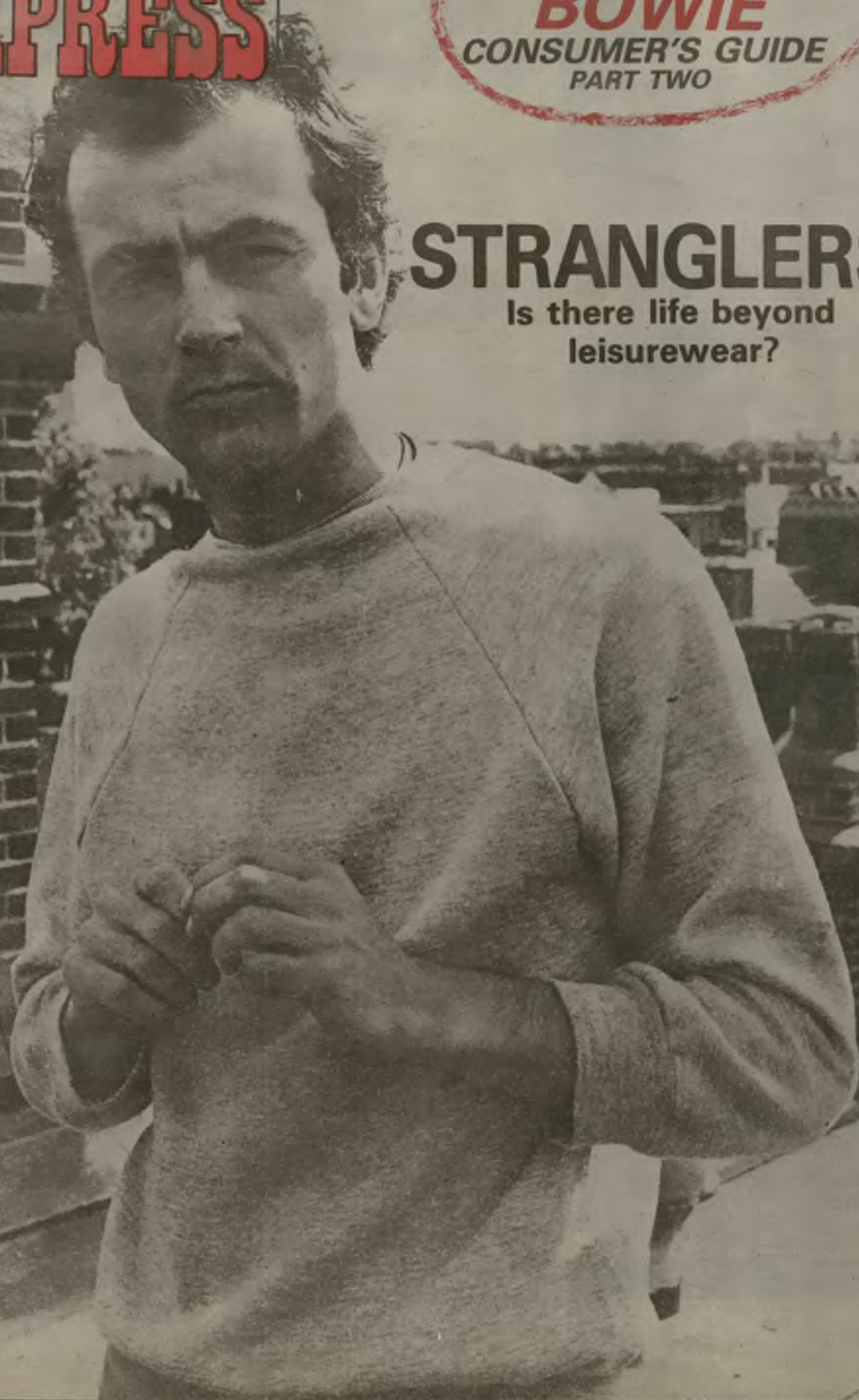


MUSICAL EXPRESS

FOUR PAGE PULL-OUT
**DAVID
BOWIE**
CONSUMER'S GUIDE
PART TWO

STRANGLERS

Is there life beyond
leisurewear?



Aus 35c NZ 35c Den K15.5 Fr N4.50
Ger Dm2.50 Malaysia \$1.10 Sp1 66pts

Hugh Cornwell/photograph by PENNIE SMITH

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited:
TONY
STEWART

The Stiff-Five Awayday Special

NEXT MONTH Stiff Records launch a major British tour featuring five of their acts, in the hope of repeating the success of their highly acclaimed "Bunch Of Stiffs" roadshow last year. It was that nation-wide tour which helped establish Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, and Nick Lowe as major talents.

Now, Wreckless Eric — who was also on the "Bunch" dates — Mickey Jupp, Jona Lewie, Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet are to play over 27 concerts travelling to towns by a chartered British Rail train. And the Stiff-Five Special excursion under the "Be Stiff" banner will climax with a major London show at the Lyceum.

It is undoubtedly one of Stiff's most ambitious projects, and an album by each artist will be released on the same day, probably in early October.

On stage they will all play a half hour set, joined by their own backing bands yet to be announced.

A lot of interest will focus on 16-year-old Akron choiceliet, Rachel Sweet — widely acclaimed for her two tracks on the recent "Akron Compila-



Left to right: WRECKLESS ERIC, JONA LEWIE, RACHEL SWEET, LENE LOVICH and MICKEY JUPP

tion" album — and the enigmatic Lene Lovich.

Lovich's single "I Think We're Alone Now" is only available through Stiff's London shop, and the label claimed, "We are not at liberty to divulge

much information about Lene."

The other acts are already fairly well known. Jupp is regarded as the father figure of the Southend scene that nurtured the Feelgoods, Hot

Rods and the Kursaal Flyers. And Lewie was a founder member of Brett Marvin And The Thunderbolts who, as Terry Dactyl And The Dinosaurs had the Top Ten hit "Seaside Shuffle" in 1972.

Stiff confidently predict, "It's time for the random finger of fate to select more victims for the cult hero machinery."

The Stiff-Five Special away-days to Bristol University (October 10), Liverpool University (11), Birmingham Aston University (13), Burnley Cat Whiskers (14), Manchester UMIST (16), Lancaster University (17), Corbice Market Hall (18), Glasgow Strathclyde University (19), Dingwall Strathpeffer Spa Pavilion (20), Wick Assembly Hall (21), Aberdeen Ruffles (23), Dundee University (24), Edinburgh venue to be announced (25), Stirling University (26), Hull University (November 2), Huddersfield Poly (3), Leeds University (4), Sheffield Top Rank (5), Salford University (6), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7), Warwick University (9), Loughborough University (10), Nottingham University (11), Blackburn King George's Hall (12), Guildford Surrey University (15), Oxford Poly (16), and London Lyceum (19).



BOB GELDOF

Bob's troops in tonic gigs

THE BOOMTOWN RATS begin the first half of another major British tour next month with seven provincial concerts. Although they completed extensive UK dates only two months ago, they are adopting the now-fashionable policy of playing towns not usually visited by name bands.

Said Bob Geldof, "We feel these areas ought to have the chance to see more shows. And besides, we're very excited about playing in Halifax."

This Saturday The Rats play Knebworth 11, and on September 29 release a new single "Rat Trap", taken from

their last album "Tonic For The Troops". It's backed with the previously unreleased "So Strange".

The band complete a Euro-tour and film a show for BBC-2 TV's *Rock On Campus* series, before returning to Britain to open "The Boomtown Rats Live Reel Tour" on October 19.

In November they play the States, and then undertake the second part of their UK dates in December.

Starting at Dundee Caird Hall on October 19, they appear at Aberdeen Capitol (20), Carlisle Market Hall (21), Halifax Civic Theatre (24), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26) and Southampton Gaumont (28).

McLAUGHLIN AND DiMEOLA VISITS

RENOVED guitarists John McLaughlin and Al DiMeola play their own major concerts in London next month.

Now back to electric music after a long spell with his acoustic Indian group, Shakti, McLaughlin performs at the Rainbow on October 3. His new band comprises El Shanka (violin), Stu Goldberg (keyboards), Wilbert Saunders (bass) and Anthony Allen-Smith (drums).

And DiMeola, who last played here three years ago with Return To Forever, appears at the Hammersmith Odeon (18). His group features Eddie Colon (percussion), Robbie Gonzales (drums), Tim Lunders (bass), Wlodek Gulgowski (keyboards) and Philippe Saisue (keyboards and miramba).

Both shows are promoted by Harvey Goldsmith and tickets are now on sale through the usual outlets.

Kokomo one-off reunion

KOKOMO are to play a reunion concert at London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse on October 1 to pay off a large debt to the VAT man. Apparently the group still owe several thousand pounds in value added tax. Supported by Matumbi and the Sinceros, the band will feature vocalists Frankie Collins, Paddy McHugh and Dyan Birch with Tony O'Malley (keyboards), Neil Hubbard (guitar), Alan Spenser (bass), Glen Le Fleur (drums) and Mel Collins (sax). Tickets priced £2 are now on sale.

MOTORS FAIL ROAD TEST

THE MOTORS, now with their second hit single are coming off the road for six months and losing at least one member.

Bram Tchaikovsky has already quit to work with his own group, Battleaxe. And drummer Richard Slaughter may not be with The Motors when they re-emerge with an expanded line-up next year.

This temporary retirement is so Andy McMaster and Nick Garvey can write some much-needed new material. Both their hit songs "Airport" and "Forget About You" were several years old. Said McMaster, "We've just got to have some time off before we go mad."

But he is not concerned that this move will jeopardise the commercial future of the group.

"I'm not really worried about breaking The Motors up for six months," he explained. "I'm more worried about my relationship with Nick. The time off will give us a chance to get to know each other again and write some new material."

It is hoped McMaster and Garvey as The Motors will release a new single in November, and prepare their third album for release in the New Year.

● **Meanwhile** Battleaxe issue their debut single "Sarah Smiles" on September 15. The first run will be of 20,000 12 inch records, including two other tracks, "Turn On The Light" and "Bloodline". A major tour beginning on September 22 is now being arranged.

Van Der Graaf split

VAN DER GRAAF have disbanded for the fourth and probably final time in their ten year career. Ironically it has happened as Charisma claim the double live, "Vital" is VDG's best selling album to date.

But a statement by the band said, "Our decision is unanimous, unreserved and brotherly: they are no differences or antagonisms between us. But the band, the name, and this phase of the story all end here."

Meanwhile Peter Hammill relaunches his solo career as support on the Brand X tour later this month.

XTC GO 2!

THIS MONTH XTC begin their most extensive British tour lasting over six weeks and including two major London shows at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse.

The concerts will undoubtedly establish them as one of the country's most important groups. And they tie in with the release of a new single "Are You Receiving Me" on September 22, followed by their second album "Go 2" on October 6.

The album is the successor to their critically acclaimed debut, "White Music". It contains 13 new songs selected from a batch of 19 after, said their PR, "meaningful dialogue, frank exchanges of views and, occasionally, bloodshed".

The first part of their tour is in Scotland and Ireland, opening at Glasgow Queen Margaret Union on September 28, followed by Belfast Pound Club (29), Cork

Arcadia Ballroom (30), three nights at Dublin McGonagles (October 1-3), Port Rush New Arcadia Ballroom (4) and Belfast Pound Club (5).

Then from October 20 they play Huddersfield Poly, Manchester University (21), Canterbury Odeon (23), Salisbury City Hall (24), Reading Top Rank (25), Portsmouth Locarno (26), Colchester Essex University (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (29), Swansea Circles (30), Cardiff Top Rank (31), Liverpool Mountford Hall (November 1), Leeds Poly (2), Edinburgh University (3), Newcastle University (4), Redcar Coatham Bowl (5), Bristol Locarno (7), Sheffield University (8 or 9), Birmingham Town Hall (10), Aylesbury Friars (11), two shows at Chalk Farm Roundhouse (12) and Brighton Top Rank (15).

Concerts in Swansea, Liverpool and Edinburgh are still to be confirmed.



Steel Pulse on the road

STEEL PULSE, commercially the most successful of the British reggae bands, begin an extensive UK tour this month. And they are expected to announce a major London concert, probably at The Rainbow, shortly.

So far this seven-man Birmingham group have charted with two singles, "Ku Klux Klan" and "Prodigal Son", and their top 20 debut album, "Handsworth Revolution". Immediately after their British shows, they will record their second LP.

Steel Pulse open at Aylesbury Friars (29), followed by Nottingham University (October 4), Derby Assembly Room (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Leeds

University (7), Edinburgh Odeon (11), Aberdeen Capitol (12), Newcastle Poly (13), Sheffield University (14), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Canterbury Odeon (16), Portsmouth Locarno (17), Southampton University (18), Guildford Surrey University (19), Loughborough University (21), Stoke-on-Trent Victoria Hall (22), Hull University (23), Liverpool University (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Lancaster University (27), Leicester University (28), Bristol Locarno (29), Oxford Poly (30), Exeter University (31), Cardiff Top Rank (November 1), Coventry Lancaster Poly (2), Unbridge Brunel University (3), and Dunsable California Ballroom (4).

EMMYLOU HARRIS AND THE HOT BAND GUY CLARK RODNEY CROWELL

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

MON/TUE - 18/19 SEPT. at 7:30

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/3p stamp	
THIS WEEK'S BEST SELLING SONGBOOKS	BOOKS
JAM HENDRIX 40 Greatest... £3.95	JAM HENDRIX 40 Greatest... £3.95
MEATLOAF But Out of Hell... £2.95	MEATLOAF But Out of Hell... £2.95
THE WHO A Word of... £4.95	THE WHO A Word of... £4.95
CRICKET BERRY Anthology... £2.95	CRICKET BERRY Anthology... £2.95
SEX Pistols Never Mind The Bollocks... £3.50	SEX Pistols Never Mind The Bollocks... £3.50
DOORS Complete... £5.95	DOORS Complete... £5.95
P. Diddy Complete... £3.95	P. Diddy Complete... £3.95
YES Going for the One... £2.95	YES Going for the One... £2.95
ROXY MUSIC Greatest Hits... £2.95	ROXY MUSIC Greatest Hits... £2.95
THE JAM SONGBOOK... £2.95	THE JAM SONGBOOK... £2.95
G.P. Songbook... £2.95	G.P. Songbook... £2.95
DEEP PEOPLE Moving Road... £2.95	DEEP PEOPLE Moving Road... £2.95
SUPERTRAMP Cradle Without Drift... £2.95	SUPERTRAMP Cradle Without Drift... £2.95
DEREK & THE DOMINOES Layla... £2.95	DEREK & THE DOMINOES Layla... £2.95
PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 JERVIS CRESCENT, LONDON W11	

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD

WITH GUESTS

RAY CAMPI

AND HIS

ROCKABILLY REBELS



TOUR OF UK SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER '78

- FRI. 22nd SEPT. - PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
 SAT. 23rd SEPT. - TORQUAY TOWN HALL
 SUN. 24th SEPT. - TAUNTON ODEON
 MON. 25th SEPT. - MALVERN WINTER GARDENS
 TUE. 26th SEPT. - DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
 WED. 27th SEPT. - NORWICH ST ANDREWS HALL
 THU. 28th SEPT. - CHELMSFORD ODEON
 FRI. 29th SEPT. - CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
 SAT. 30th SEPT. - COVENTRY THEATRE
 SUN. 1st OCT. - LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
 TUE. 3rd OCT. - MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL
 THU. 5th OCT. - ABERDEEN CAPITOL THEATRE
 FRI. 6th OCT. - DUNDEE CAIRD HALL
 SAT. 7th OCT. - EDINBURGH ODEON
 SUN. 8th OCT. - NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
 MON. 9th OCT. - LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
 TUE. 10th OCT. - SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
 WED. 11th OCT. - BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
 FRI. 13th OCT. - BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
 SAT. 14th OCT. - HASTINGS PIER PAVILION
 SUN. 15th OCT. - HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
 MON. 16th OCT. - READING TOP RANK SUITE
 WED. 18th OCT. - BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS
 THU. 19th OCT. - PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
 FRI. 20th OCT. - CANTERBURY ODEON
 SAT. 21st OCT. - BIRMINGHAM ODEON
 SUN. 22nd OCT. - BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
 TUE. 24th OCT. - CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE
 WED. 25th OCT. - SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE
 THU. 26th OCT. - OXFORD NEW THEATRE
 FRI. 27th OCT. - ILFORD ODEON
 SAT. 28th OCT. - HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON
 SUN. 29th OCT. - HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON

Ticket Prices are £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 everywhere except
 PLYMOUTH, TORQUAY, MALVERN, NORWICH, CAMBRIDGE, BRIGHTON, HASTINGS,
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, READING, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, where all tickets are priced
 at £2.00.

DEAD: THREE AT RAINBOW

THE GRATEFUL DEAD play their first British shows in four years when they appear at London's Rainbow for three nights on September 28-30.

Although it was originally thought they may play several shows in the provinces and at Wembley Arena, the Rainbow concerts are their only UK dates this year.

They follow three charity performances at the Great Pyramid site of Gizeh in Egypt on September 14-16.

Regarded by the Dead as a "highpoint" in their 14 year career, the shows in the Sphinx "sound and light" theatre are a co-operative venture between the band and the Egyptian Ministry of Culture.

For both series of concerts, the Dead will fly in their massive sound system and an entourage of 50.

Promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, the Rainbow gig starts at 7pm and tickets priced £5 and £4 are now available from the usual outlets.

Ash major tour

NEXT MONTH Wishbone Ash begin a major British tour which includes two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Playing a two hour set without a support group, these are their first UK concerts since last year. And they precede a world tour when they visit America and Japan.

Wishbone appear at Ipswich Gaumont (October 6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Lancaster University (8), Edinburgh Odeon (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Belle Vue (12), Hatfield Victoria Hall (13), Southampton Gaumont (15), Brighton Dome (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Cardiff University (20), Sheffield City Hall (21), Hammersmith Odeon (24/25), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Leeds University (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31) Coventry



Ash's ANDY POWELL

Theatre (November 2) and Liverpool Empire (3).

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday), priced £3, £2.50, £2, and £1.50, except at Hammersmith where they cost from £2 to £3.50, and Hatfield which has one price of £2.50.

ROXY MUSIC VENUES 'ARE BEING SET UP'

ROXY MUSIC tours in America and Europe are reportedly now being arranged for the autumn. But apparently the band are not taking them seriously.

It is understood that dates are now being pencilled in and support bands approached. If true, this suggests the recent exploratory rehearsals of four original members — including Bryan Ferry — have proved

successful.

Simon Puxley, their publicist, said: "I can't confirm the report, nor can I deny it."

"The situation is that a tour is being set up — because if any tour is going to be done at all, it has to be booked well in advance."

"At the same time, I know from the band's point of view, they're not taking it very seriously."

Tops due back again

THE FOUR TOPS, who have now been together over 24 years, return for their annual British tour this month. At present recording in America, a new album will be released to coincide with the shows.

They play two nights at Stoke-On-Trent Jollies (29/30), a week at Watford Bailey's (October 1-7) and a fortnight at Purfleet Circus Tavern (8-21).

Then, supported by British disco-soul group Ofanchi, they

play a series of concerts at Eastbourne Congress Theatre (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Middlesbrough Town Hall (25), Nottingham Commodore International (26), Chatham Central Hall (27), Dunstable California Ballroom (28), Croydon Fairfield Halls (29), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (30), Poole Arts Centre (November 1), Birmingham Hippodrome (2), climaxing with a major London Concert at the Hammersmith Odeon (3).

LONDON'S REGGAE FESTIVAL

A NINE-HOUR reggae festival is to be staged at London's Alexandra Palace on September 23. Headlined by Matumbi, it begins at 3pm and runs until midnight with the Camerons, Aswad, 15.16.17 and a special guest appearance by Dennis Brown. Tickets priced £4 are on sale at Tottenham's Third World Records, Daddy Kool's in Tottenham Court Road, Greensleeves in Shepherd's Bush, Ronford's Vince's Records, Deb Music in Battersea and 21 Allison Road, Acton, London W3.

NEWS BRIEFS

● Blondie now play an extra "teatime" show at the London Hammersmith Odeon on September 18. Tickets are now on sale for this performance at 4 pm.

● Peter Gabriel is the special guest at The Stranglers' Battersea Park concert on September 16. The Edge, The Slide, Spizz Oil and Johnny Rabbish are the supporting cast.

● The Slides, who this Friday release their debut single "Sweet Suburbia" pressed on white vinyl, are support on The Stranglers' forthcoming UK tour. Meanwhile the Scots group appear at London Music Machine tonight, Nashville (8) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (9).

● Alvin Lee's new band Ten Years Later, who have just toured America and Europe, make their British debut at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Friday (8).

● Radio Stars have been joined by Trevor White, who plays both guitar and bass, for their current UK tour. And they have added an extra date at Cardiff U.W.I.S.T. on September 27. "The Radio Stars Holiday Album" is now released this Friday (8), after being delayed another week because of technical problems.

● An Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism concert is to be held at Norwich University of East Anglia on Saturday, September 19. Starting at 8 pm it features 90° Inclusive, Misty, Manse and Paria Fitzgerald.

● Barry Ford, formerly with Merger, headlines his own London show at Acland Hall this Friday. He is supported by The Members and B52's. Admission is £1.50.

● Rockpile, featuring Edmunds and Lowe, have added two more dates to their UK tour which follows Knebworth 11. They appear at Norwich University on October 7 and Bristol Locarno (8).

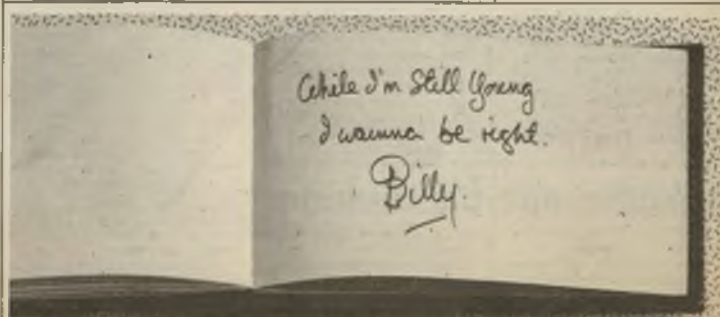
● Manchester band The Fall headline their own London show at the Marquee Club this Friday. They're supported by the Bristol group, Gardez Darko. On Saturday they record a new single ready for October release, and also appear at London Music Machine supporting Chelsea on September 25, and Manchester The Factory (29).

● Tenz Der Youth have cancelled their planned appearance at Sheffield Limit tonight (Thursday). They have also added Reading Bones (27) to their current British tour.

● The Dodgers, who augmented The Motors at the Reading Festival, release their debut album "Love On The Rebound" on September 22. Also this month they headline two nights at London's Marquee Club (7 and 21), appear on Granada's TV programme Get It Together (28), and broadcast an In Concert (18).

● Belfast band Rascal headline their first British tour this month to promote their debut single "Ecstasy", issued on September 8. They appear at Plymouth Fleets (16), Shoreham Casablanca (18), Trowbridge Europa (27), Helston Cudmore RNAS (28), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (30), Brighton Sherry's (October 5-7), Coventry Robin Hood (12), Camberley Ragamuffins (14) and Horsham Rothe's (15).

● Marshall Hain release a single, "Coming Home" this Friday as the follow up to their recent hit, "Dancing In The City". Backed with "Different Point", both tracks are from their "Free Ride" LP. They are also rehearsing a touring group which comprises Kit Hain (vocals-guitar), Julian Marshall (keyboards), Graham Foster (guitar-keyboards), Gary Twigg (bass), Bob Jenkins (drums), and Martin Ditchman (percussion).



Striking Clash in concert pull-out

THE CLASH are on strike and will not play their proposed London concert at Hammersmith's Roxy Theatre this Saturday.

Manager Bernard Rhodes said the group are pulling out in protest of the minimal airtime given to their records by British radio stations. And they want to draw their fans' attention to this.

Said Rhodes: "We never let our fans down. We're postponing this show, not cancelling it. We're now coming up with something great for the fans."

But Roxy manager, Bernie Davis, said the show was postponed until September 23 because he understood two Clashers were still in America, and would not return by the weekend.

"The band could be back tomorrow," Rhodes countered. "It's nothing to do with that." And he explained that they had gone on strike while working on their second album in New York's Record Plant.

It is hoped The Clash's industrial action will be over by September 23, when the 1500 tickets issued for Saturday would still be valid. There is also a possibility of another show being added.



FRANKIE MILLER

Frankie Miller's new band debuts

FRANKIE MILLER has formed a new group and they are arranging a major British tour for the end of the year. The band — featuring guitarists Ed Dean and Steve Simpson, with Tex Comer and Brian Burn on bass and drums — recently made their debut at London Dingwalls. On September 15, Miller releases a single "Dartin'", backed with a new studio version of "Drunken Nights In The City", which first appeared on his album "The Rock".

County in town!

WAYNE COUNTY, an American who earlier this year was refused entry into Britain, has now been allowed into the country. He intends to take up residency here and will continue with his sex-change operations. WC and his group, The Electric Chairs, begin a short UK tour at the end of the month at Northampton Cricket Club (October 7), followed by Manchester Russell (12), Liverpool Eric's (13), Swansea Circles (23), Leeds Roots (26) and Nottingham Sandpiper (27). A major London concert, probably at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town, is now being arranged.

EMMYLOU IN EXTRA DATE

EMMYLOU HARRIS and the Hot Band now play a second day at the London Hammersmith Odeon on September 19. They are supported on both concerts by cult country artist Guy Clark and his group, and ex-Hot Band guitarist Rodney Crowell, who releases his debut album "Ain't Living Long Like This" on September 15. Tickets priced £4, £3 and £2 are now on sale.

NEW-LOOK HAWKS ON 40-DATE TOUR

HAWKWIND re-emerge next month with the new name The Hawklords on a 40-date major British tour to promote a new album and stage show. But on the day this was announced, one of the four remaining long-standing members publicly disassociated himself from the group.

Simon House, who joined the band four years ago on violin and keyboards and who is now working with Bowie, was expected to play "selected concerts" with The Lords. Their publicist also claimed: "It is understood that after Bowie's present tour ends, House will rejoin The Lords line-up."

House denied this. He said he does not intend playing with them, and instead will concentrate on his own career. "The band I left at the beginning of the year is completely different from the band now," he explained. "I don't feel a part of it any more."

But planned concerts in Newcastle and Manchester are almost sold out, and the tour will go ahead. Old Hawkwind members Robert Calvert, Dave Brock and Simon King are joined by newcomers Harvey Bainbridge (bass), Martin Griffith (drums) and Steve Swindells (keyboards).



Simon House Opts out

Described by their manager Doug Smith as a "heavy street-punk show", they will use stage sets designed by Barney Bubbles with working models by Jonathan Smeeton, and feature six dancers.

The new album "Hawklords" is released on October 6, and this means the final Hawkwind set "PKRS" has been shelved until next year.

So far only half the tour dates have been announced. They are Oxford New Theatre (October 6), Manchester Apollo (7), Liverpool Empire (8), Edin-

burgh Usher Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Milton Keynes Leisure Centre (14), Croydon Fairfield Halls (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Birmingham Odeon (17), Bristol Colston Hall (20), St. Albans Civic (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (25), Stoke Victoria Hall (27), Pagnon Festival Theatre (28) and Poole Wessex Hall (29).

Tickets priced £1.50, £2, £2.50 and £3 are now on sale.

Rock venues in danger

THERE IS NOW a danger that London's Marquee Club will stop presenting live rock on four nights a week if the Musicians' Union continue to demand more money for support bands.

The MU is asking for a minimum rate of \$9.50 for each group member a show, and last Thursday met the club management.

Managing Director, Jack Barrie afterwards said that if they had to pay these fees they would not be able to present gigs seven nights a week during the winter.

"Already it's a struggle to keep the doors open," said Barrie, who pays support groups £5 to £10 expenses at present. "The club is not just an automa-

tic license to print money."

Without the tourist trade in winter, he explained, it would be more economical to have discos on four nights.

"That's what we're going to get if the MU isn't careful," he warned. "And they'll cut off the life lines of new groups to the music business."

There will be another meeting between the Marquee and MU this Friday, and Rock Organizer Mike Evans is confident they will negotiate a amicable agreement. The MU does not intend to pull out any hands at present.

The Rochester Castle in

London's Stoke Newington has lost its music licence, and the pub manager is looking for another venue to present scheduled shows.

For the last month the Rochester has staged a series of benefit gigs to raise money to pay off a debt of £3,000. But their music licence expired last Thursday, and they now have to wait 28 days to re-apply for another.

And the Leeds Fan Club has terminated rock gigs, because they are not allowed to present live music under the terms of their drinks licence. Promoter John Keenan hopes to present planned shows at another venue.

Brand X concerts

BRAND X begin a major British tour this month, supported by Peter Hammill playing solo sets. This Friday both acts release new albums. "Masques" by BX comprises seven tracks written by various group members; and "The Future Now" is Hammill's seventh solo LP.

The tour opens at Bristol Hippodrome (22), followed by Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Odeon (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Brighton Dome (28), Birmingham Hippodrome (29), and climaxes with a concert at the London Rainbow on October 1. London tickets are priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75. Elsewhere they are £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

● Alberto Y Lost Trío Peranolas release a special limited edition single this Friday in a blatant attempt to break into the charts. Packaged in gatefold sleeve, it comprises "Heads Down, No Nonsense, Mindless Boogie"/"Thank You"/"Fuch You"/"Dead Meat", and it sells at only 75p. The first two tracks will be included in the band's next album "Skike", set for October release.

● "To The Limit", Joan Armatrading's first album since "Show Some Emotion", is released on September 22. Produced by Glyn Johns, it comprises ten new songs played by Joan's new touring band of Henry Spinell (drums), Dave Markoe (bass), Phil Palmer (guitar), Red Young (keyboards) and Quinlan Doria (sax) who both appeared with her at the Blackbushe Picnic. Plans for a UK tour have now been postponed until next year.

● Abba release the single, "Summer Night City" this Friday (8), their first in eight months. Flip is a medley of "Pick A Bale Of Cotton/On The Top Of Old Smokey/Midnight Special", and will not be included on the album the group is now recording.

RECORD NEWS

● Yellow Dog release what Virgin claim is "the world's first luminous single", called "Little Gods" on September 15. It is a limited edition of 15,000 packaged in a clear plastic bag.

● "Live At Last", the final album by Steeleye Span who played their farewell tour last March, is released on September 22. Recorded at Bournemouth Winter Gardens, it is mostly new material performed by Maddy Prior, Rick Kemp, Tim Hart, Nigel Pegrum, Martin Carthy and John Fitzpatrick.

● Bob Dylan's "Live At The Budokan", a double album recorded in Tokyo, is to be released by CBS in November. It features highlights of seven concerts previewing his new band, new material and new arrangements which later earned him British critical acclaim at Earl's Court and Blackbushe. CBS in London are also considering releasing a triple compilation by Dylan called "Masterpieces". Featuring a number of now rare recordings, the set is on release in Japan and available in the UK on import.

● Mud release their first RCA album, "Mud — Rock On" on October 6, and are planning three weeks of gigs to promote the set.

● The Troggs release a new single, "Just A Little Too Much" on Raw Records on October 20. It is backed with "The True Troggs Tapes", the "official" version of the infamous bootleg tape of one of their hilarious recording sessions.

● Rory Gallagher releases his third album for Chrysalis "Photo-Finish" on October 6. It is the recording debut of his new group, with ex-SAHB drummer Ted McKenna joining him and bassist Garry McKavay. Gallagher plans to tour Britain at the end of the year.

● Jethro Tull release their first-ever live album "Bursting Out" on September 29. Recorded during their recent Euro-tour, the double set comprises 18 songs, including two new pieces, "Quadrant" and "Conundrum". Next month Tull begin a six-week US tour with bassist Tony Williams dropping for John Glascock, who is ill.

SEX PISTOLS

Veiled threats of unwelcome litigation have failed to halt publication of the story of the decade. And fortunately for most of their fans (that's you), the SEX PISTOLS FILE is comprised mainly from large format, easy-to-read pictures and ripped-off newspaper headlines. The whole heartwarming story of the four lovable duffers who've changed the face of pop music for at least ten minutes is told in the boys' wistful, inclusive vernacular and Ray Stevenson's exclusive, wistful snaps. Large format, lots of pages, thick paper, price £3.95. Available now from your local bookshop, or by post.



GOOD A LEVEL RESULTS?

See Page 50

the stranglers

SPECIAL GUEST

PETER GABRIEL

+ THE SKIDS JOHNNY RUBBISH

O.J. ANDY DUNKLEY

BATTERSEA PARK

ALBERT BRIDGE ROAD SW11

SATURDAY 16th SEPTEMBER

GATES OPEN NOON - ENDS 6pm

TICKETS £4 FROM ALL LONDON BRANCHES OF HARLEQUIN RECORDS, THE HARVEY GOLDSMITH BOX OFFICE AT CHAPPELLS, 50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1 1200 Booking Fee (Personal and Postal Applications) and all usual agents.

TICKETS ON SALE NOW

THIS WEEK IN THE S

UNTIL LAST YEAR, Sheffield was undoubtedly the most musically inactive city in Britain. For a city with over half a million people, the paucity of small venues was little short of criminal, and the prospects for bands working outside the Working Men's Club circuit absolutely non-existent. "Drift south, young man, and drown" was the order of the day.

But just under the surface, waiting for that kick we all felt in 1977, was a hive of latent musical expression, spearheaded by the now-legendary Extras (since departed from the city), and featuring waves old, new, odd and unwholesome.

Since then, it's been fairy-tale stuff. Venues have been found, records have been made, and trends have been set, broken and cross-bred.

The single most important event since the rise of The Extras has probably been the emergence

from lengthy isolation of the enigmatic Cabaret Voltaire. Since then a rash of experimental drummerless trios has sprung up, the strangest phenomenon in this strangest of times, and one which owes precious little to the dictates of fashion or commerce.

But that's not all. In the space of a single year, the Sheffield music scene has matured to the point where it can produce, besides those featured here, bands as diverse as Push (a Pop/R & B combo whose singer, a Coronation Street bit player, seems to want to be Mick Jagger; they're recently disbanded), Graph (another experimental drummerless trio — Eno-esque pop), The Thompson Twins (snappy, KTC type four-piece), Molodoy (very strange Clockwork Orange skinhead band, musically akin to Wire and the Bananaramas) and recent Radar signings Radio Earth (jazz rock, I believe — I haven't seen them yet). And dozens more...

Next week's Akron? Ha! We shall see...

ANDY GILL

lectures in Aesthetics at the Paris Conservatory, and we gradually got to know him, so he adapted three of his compositions for a performance we did at the university."

"Which was very funny," continues Mal, "because this established music department at the university completely abhorred it, and Bosseur thought it was the best interpretation he'd heard of that piece!"

Presumably, then, reactions have got better more recently?

"Well, a lot of people think that now it's supposed to be acceptable — supposed to clap instead of boo," muses Richard with mild cynicism.

"Better?" questions Chris. "To me, there was no greater buzz than being thrown off stage — inciting people to hate you that much, rather than just playing a set and everybody saying, 'Oh wow, really nice.' If you're standing back and documenting it, you can more or less calculate that our acceptance would happen."

worked out based round a set of lyrics, or perhaps a certain sound, and built up from that," adds Richard.

"Over a certain period of time, the situation we've found ourselves in has evolved according to a very strict recording technique."

Chris: "Possibly the only criterion we impose on the stuff that we do is that we've got this 'mental notebook' of recording techniques which we can draw from and apply to various circumstances."

"I don't think any of us has any worries, artistically, because we don't have any intentions artistically — we've never set ourselves up to make ANYTHING." This refusal to commit themselves up to make anything, too. Their set includes both "Do The Mussolini" (an account of the defilement of Mussolini's corpse at the hands of Italian partisans) and "Bander-Meinheit", neither of which is morally or politically explicit, and both of which could be misread — a possibility which doesn't bother them overmuch.

"It's better if people want to do that," says Richard. "Let them create a fuck about it. That's their business."

"We don't set ourselves up," adds Mal. "We put forward the proposition, the raw material..."

...and people can draw their own conclusions."

"Right. We're not saying we're non-political, saying that we're not making a political statement. We don't ignore politics, but we don't put out with political intentions. We're not The Clash. We're not what to think anyway."

If not giving answers, then, do you want to generate at least an alternative structure?

"I think of us as being part of an alternative structure," ponders Chris. "I don't think we create one."

"We are limited, anyway, both musically and as artists in a broad sense — and we know our limitations. That's why we don't give any direct answers," adds Mal. "We might give a lot of inspiration, directions to other people who might carry on where we leave off, therefore what we've done is not completely at a loss. We're only part of a chain..."

THE MAJORITY of Cabaret Voltaire's pieces, including those on the forthcoming Rough Trade EP "Talkover", "Do The Mussolini", "Here the Corpses Now" and "The Set Up" are formal structures based on a plodding rhythm of drum-machine and bass.

It could be said, however, that this is rather one-sided view of the group's music, as some pieces, such as "A Minute Is A Lifetime", are completely improvisational. What are the conceptual premises which determine the use of "Free" or "Ransom" elements within their music?

"That's going back to the early days," says Chris. "That point you made a long time ago, that groups like Can approached where they are now from a sort of classical aspect — Irmin Schmidt and people like that being involved with formal classical music — and we started from a *total* experimental side, and gradually got towards a point which combines the two."

"And so our 'training', if you like, is of a totally experimental basis. This is part of the structure of Cabaret Voltaire."

"It may seem pretentious," adds Mal, "but not to present it would be just as pretentious because it'd be ignoring our roots. We don't go out with the idea, Oh, let's do this completely haphazard, let's 'shock'. It's just another side to us, and we don't want to completely ignore it."

Actually, I was thinking more in terms of free jazz improvisation, in which there are two generally discernable schools of thought: there's the Derek Bailey side, which holds that the most interesting and *true* improvisation is achieved with musicians you've never played with before, and the John Stevens side, which holds that the mutual knowledge gained from playing with the same group of musicians leads to more fulfilling improvisation. Which pole would Cabaret Voltaire incline towards?

"We'd side with the latter," says Mal, "although we don't say that is the definitive way free music should be played. It's just the way it refers to us. I suppose the other side is equally valid."

"We started off, I suppose," adds Chris, "at the other side. We were interested in playing things, so we experimented radically, but we slowly shifted across. People who can really play their instruments really know how to abuse them."

Richard interjects: "There's no way that can apply to us, because one of us can really play our instruments in a conventional sense..."

"No, but in the context of Cabaret Voltaire, I think we're pretty skillful."

USE OF the name "Cabaret Voltaire" implies at least a general interest in things artistic. So do they apply any aesthetic criteria to their work, or are things less rigidly formulated than that?

"I suppose, basically, that we're minimalist in that sense, but we set certain barriers that we don't extend beyond."

"A piece would probably be



CABARET VOLTAIRE — shy buggars (L-R): Richard Kirk, Mal, Chris Watson. Pic: PHILIP BARNES.

IT WOULD BE all too easy to view Cabaret Voltaire as some kind of a response to the pressures of industrial society, and land an account of them with grey images of urban decay and razor-wrist despair.

I mean, here's this city, Sheffield, famed only for cutlery and viewed by motorway flashers-by as the most probable place for God to fling a few fallen angels. And here's this "band", currently the most talked-about musical phenomenon emanating from the city, producing music which sparks to mind adjectives like "flat", "grey", "repetitive", "soulless", "monotonous", etc.

It all fits!

No it doesn't.

Cabaret Voltaire could have been spawned in any city, and quite probably in a non-urban area, too.

The geographical locus counts for little in the history of possibilities which brought about Cabaret Voltaire, and even then it's a long, distant route — might be expected, traceable from Roxy Music (disproportionately big in Sheffield — the "big equivalent of the Holly-wood Dream Machine") through spin-off currents in the arts in general — a curiously infatuation with *Kukkur* (which inevitably would be the plain language to *Condom* themselves). And so...

"I was asked if I'd brought a tape recorder," notes Richard, "and I brought a tape recorder, a tape operator Chris Watson — and then I saw an advert for 'Taylor Electronic Music Devices', and bought an oscillator and recorded some tapes. Then the week after that, we recorded an acappella version of David Bowie's 'Five Years'. That was about four years ago."

At that time, Cabaret Voltaire as

such didn't exist. These early projects were more the part-time plaything of a wider circle of acquaintances which was eventually whittled down to the present trio — Chris, Richard Kirk (guitar and synthesiser) and Mal (bass, most vocals and synthesiser). No drums.

"Initially, it was an interest in tape recorders and their musical, or creative, value..."

...just a mutual interest in sound...

THE NAME Cabaret Voltaire, of course, comes from the original Dadaist movement centred in Zurich during the First World War. So, do today's Cabaret Voltaire intend any specific Dada connotation, or do they just feel an affinity with the movement?

"Both," Chris reckons. "Four years ago, remember, Dada had nothing like the publicity it's received recently, and to us, it was Dada to call ourselves Cabaret Voltaire — we were *topping them off!*"

"There was a need to go against the grain, to go against the established musical norm," adds Richard.

Mal elaborates: "To us, what we were doing was a parallel to what Dada was doing. We know we weren't Dada. Dada died when it did and we're not ideas of setting ourselves up as another Dadaist movement."

"But there were parallels, elements of things which we've collected in what we were trying to do, a reaction to the established musical mode and the way it worked, and we saw ourselves as a bit of a contradiction to that. Perhaps it was very naive; perhaps it still is naive to call ourselves that..."

"We just wanted a name for a group," summarises Chris. "Elkie Brooks used to be in a group called Dada, and she's got her own TV show now!"

TODAY, the Cabs have only made a handful of live appearances, and nearly all of them in Sheffield. So why the reticence, when dozens of meagrely talented bands slog their wares round the nation's clubs?

"At first, it was more experimentation. Going out on stage didn't seem the best way to work out what we wanted to do in the first place, so we worked in a 'studio' manner."

"Plus, we weren't interested in the standard 'going out on the road' syndrome. We wanted to present things in a different manner."

So what changed their minds? "The fact that you can only reach a certain stage sat in a loft making tapes. Also, the atmosphere itself changed, which meant it was possible for us to play. We became more acceptable."

And from all accounts, any level of acceptance is better than that accorded them at their first gig, in May 1975.

Chris: "A guy I knew at the time was working for 'Secrets For People', and they were desperately looking for a group to live up their Tuesday night. So I told him we could play rock music..." (Mixed laughter)

...and he said: 'Oh, great, how much do you want?' and I said: 'We'll play for nothing.' 'Oh, even better,' says he. So we got these big posters ROCK AND ELECTRONIC MUSIC. The reaction was amazing. It ended in a fight. Richard got some equipment smashed, and Mal ended up in hospital with a chipped backbone."

"Another gig was in the University Music Department. At one time there was an avant-garde reaction there — students searching for the most obscure composers, things like that — and one guy happened to pick up on us. He knew this composer, Jean-Yves Bosseur, who used to be a student of Stockhausen and who

AND the signs are that, locally at least, the chain is lengthening. Sheffield now boasts about half-a-dozen experimental drummerless trios, all of whom would probably acknowledge Cabaret Voltaire as a direct influence.

Cabaret Voltaire is beginning to seem a more apt name for the band.

And the Cabs themselves? Well, the last time I met them, they were contemplating putting a ten-second tape delay on their next concert, giving the audience a concurrent action replay of the whole performance.

Maybe they should charge double for the gig, too.

ANDY GILL

THE HUMAN LEAGUE were originally going to cop a bit of booji boy sartorial style for their London debut. The country's one and only live and gigging synthesiser band had planned to don the bicycle crash helmets for their support slot at The Realities' Music Machine bash.

Not that the Steel City four-piece have any truck whatsoever with any Deviation schtick, but that they had heard tell of the Suicidal trashies lately meted out by certain sections of the London audience to those groups who dared venture far from the standard guitar-based rock and roll fare.

And hadn't their fellow Yorkshiremen Cabaret Voltaire nixed a gig at the same venue just the week before for much the same reason?

As it was, like England's new cricket team, The Human League decided to abandon their crash

SHEFFIELD, YORKS.



THE HUMAN LEAGUE — a four-piece trio (L-R): Martyn Ware, Adrian Wright, Phil Oakley, Ian Marsh. Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.

helmets to the dressing room before going out. Instead, synthesizer player Ian Marsh elected to thwart any potential drunken group-pelters with modern music's first Riot Shield...

Riot Shield!!!!
Well, a fibreglass contraption resembling a small greenhouse, housing the player and his instrument.

"As Ian pungently remarked, when you're faced with the prospect of three years working the night shift to pay off the HP on £1,500 worth of wires and knobs, the last thing you want to see is the well-aimed glass of some ignoramus flying towards it."

Fortunately — surprisingly, considering what happened to the band on the same stage — their fears were unfounded. The Human League's electronic music, on not-so-modern electronic music drew a hail of hostile catcalls of interest rather than hostility (see even gob).

See even Gob. They almost got an encore.

STAGE LEFT mixing up the sounds in his greenhouse is Ian Marsh. Stashed behind another synthesizer, moulted Martyn Ware, and between the two, in his wedding suit and funny haircut, winds droll, unflinching vocalist Phil Oakley.

The fourth member Adrian Wright is offstage projecting a series of video slides onto the two small screens behind the three "playing" members. Marsh, Ware and Oakley, who, aged 22, formed The Human League at the

tail end of last year, playing their first gig in February. About all the trio then had in common — age and a total lack of musical training of any sort aside — was an interest in electronics.

They took the name Human League from a science fiction war game Ian was given as a birthday present.

So why electronic music rather than conventional rock?

"The electronic medium is a hell of a much more expressive than that can be done — not in the sense of how many odd noises you can make, but in how you can use electronics to create a mood, a feeling, a texture, a degree of taste."

"I suppose it all stems from an admiration of electronic music in the early 70s. Early time was an influence. What he's doing now, I'm not so keen on."

"The music itself is not that innovative. If you were to hear it, you'd see that. Most of our songs are deliberately made accessible."

Providing you're not absolutely dim, electronics is fairly easy to understand. At first, a synthesizer can be quite daunting, but given a couple of months, you can master it."

"We are trying to make the music more accessible," continues Ian. "Most of the electronic bands get bogged down in their own technique. A synthesizer is capable of evoking emotions as a guitar."

them in touch with Rezillos manager Bob Last. As a result, their first single "Being Boiled" ("Circus Of Death") — recorded on two four-track Sony tape recorders as they couldn't afford the studio time — appeared on Last's Fast Products label in June alongside singles by 2.3 and the very worthy Mekons.

A song about the slaying of silk worms in Buddhist Asia, "Being Boiled" sounded like Krautwerk Munich disco altered through a "Squid Scratch" self-sufficient sensibility.

The record, incidentally, was one of those snuggly snubbed by Johnny Rotten in his *NME* singles page a couple of months back. Rotten, the bouncer, dismissed The Human League as "trendy hippies" and has since been referred to as Freddie Mercury in hip Sheffield circles. Paul Bower meanwhile is taking the affair to ludicrous extremes and plans a series of "Sheffield's trendy hippies" badges.

After the release of the single, the line-up was augmented with the addition of Adrian Wright. Unlike the others, who all work as hospital porters and computer operators (match) in Sheffield, Wright drives an ice cream van in Wakefield, returning to Sheffield on his weekly day off to fit the film visuals to The Human League's music.

Inspired by his collection of trash memorabilia — '50s paperbacks, Sunday colour supplements, film stalls, Brett Smiley singles... the effect of the slide show at a live gig is subliminal. As he says, "They register subconsciously, rather than the immediate emotions invoked by the music."

But it's not just the unusual role of the fourth member that makes this band different league altogether to some of their more obvious contemporaries (Suicide and Throbbing Gristle for example).

Not only do the perform recognisable, well-structured songs, with insidious hooks, melody lines and even some neatly honed harmonies; underneath it all lies not the old Voidoid Losers On The Edge negativity, but a corporate eccentricity, and dry earthy Northern humour. What at first seems pretentious is more often than not tongue-in-cheek.

One song, their disco parody "Dance Like A Star", was dropped from the set when too many people began to take it seriously, although another song, "Blind Youth" remains.

Dig these lyrics for positivism...
"No future they say/But must it be that way/We've had it easy/We should be glad/High rise living ain't so bad..."

"Dehumanisation is such a big word. It's been around since Richard The Third/Dehumanisation, it's easy

to say/But if you're not a hermit/Well then the city's a day."

"Generally, we don't stick to conventions," deadpans Phil. "If something is good and we think it's useful, we use it. There's a song 'No Time', which would be construed as pretentious garbage, then there's 'Circus Of Death' which is obviously not serious, and then there's 'Being Boiled' which could be taken either way."

"The diversity is the key to what we're doing."

A HIGH LIGHT of the Music Machine set was their cover of The Righteous Brothers' Philles classic "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'".

Not the sort of song you'd expect from a synthesizer band.

"That's one of the reasons we do it," says Martyn. "But the main reason is simply that it's a great song, probably my favourite single from the '60s."

"We do it very different from the original. We've tried to reinterpret the original in a form that would be emotive on a synthesizer. Electronic music is regarded as unemotive, but that's a very emotional song."

Classifying bands according to geographical location is always a dubious affair, but, generalising, it seems to me that, while London Boys like Strummer, Weller, Pursey and Matlock are still producing the best rock and roll in the world, the balance of power in new, offbeat, original music has yet again swung north. So, wherefore Thuh Sheffield Scene?

"The Sheffield Scene at the moment is amazing," exasperates Phil. "There's an incredible number of bands. Sheffield is the most graffiti'd city I know... walk down the street and you'll see the name of a new band sprayed on the wall every day. And it's not just confined to electronic bands. There's just a lot of original talent."

"I don't know if it's confined to Sheffield," adds Martyn. "It's certainly an underexposed scene. It sickens people that London gets so much coverage."

"The need for experimentation is more vital than the need to be a great musician. Things have become so stale since punk. People have been conditioned to expect only professional proficient groups. That shouldn't be the overshadowing factor."

I wouldn't know a sequencer if one bit me in the ass, but I do know that The Human League, electronically yours on Fast Product, are one of the most interesting bands to emerge in the last twelve months.

ADRIAN THRILLS



2.3 — all two of 'em...

* Continues over page

SHEFF. UTD . . .

From previous page

SOME TIME AGO in Sheffield, there existed a fanzine with the evocative title of *The Gunrubber*, which had the distinction of being one of the few punk 'zines to have the guts to steer clear of sycophancy and actually criticise the wayward idols of the movement which spawned it.

Prime mover behind *The Gunrubber* was one Ronny Clocks, pseudonym of Paul Bower, who is now aiming for recognition as guitarist with 2.3 — a job to which he applies much the same rigorous anti-hypocritical criteria.

In his own words: "Attacking the way that a lot of the rap that had been given during punk was just cant, because people weren't living their lives by it — the gigs didn't go down in price, and the kids who were under 18 were still left outside, having bought their tickets and having to sell them."

This side of Bower's concerns was aired on "Where To Now?", the flip of "All Time Low", their first single on Edinburgh's fast label:

"Now the freak show's over! we've had a good time! But now we've reached the end! Where to now?"

"A retrospective about a

fashionable punk down in London, looking through a scrapbook," is how he describes it, and goes on to point out how, depending on the way they play it, the song can be read as a song of anger, frustration or compassion. Typically double-edged.

That the song should be about a London punk is hardly surprising. Before starting *The Gunrubber* in Sheffield, Bower lived in London during the early days of punk.

"I'd hoped to form a band there, but I'd sniffed around at various clubs, the Roxy and 100 Club, and I just found people so incredibly snotty: everyone wanted to form a band, but only with the right face."

"I wouldn't knock London *per se*, but I think that a lot of the shit from the rest of the country sits down there, and a lot of people with a little bit of power really monopolise it, and feel they're doing you a favour — hence the fact that it's impossible to get gigs in London unless you're willing to pay to play, or grease up to the right man."

"That's why 2.3 haven't played in London. We simply can't afford it."

2.3 — THE NAME comes from the average number of kids per family — at present number just two:



Multi-instrumentalist PAUL BOWER plays the gas cooker and vase of flowers. HAYDN BOYES-WESTON studies the rhythm. Pic: PHILIP BARNES.

Bower and co-founder drummer Haydn Boyes-Weston (a handsome handle for anyone to hold).

Visually, they're an odd couple, Bower's short, wiry intensity contrasted and complemented by Haydn's tall

calm. Bower does most of the talking, Haydn limiting himself (apart from a brief burst of pleasure on learning that I thought the single sounded not unlike Talking Heads) to the occasional interjection. Although at one time a

member of the notorious Musical Vomit, a satirical theatre-rock outfit which broke up in 1974 (and which Poly Styrene considers to be the first punk band of all), Bower's current musical activity started in June of last year.

"I'd got to the stage where I'd seen bands like The Slits and Subway Sect, and it was annoying me so much, seeing some of the bilge that was coming out at that time, on top of some of the great stuff. So I was knocking about, telling everyone I wanted to be in a group, and I saw this strange chap squatting down on the dancefloor at the Penthouse Club . . ."

"Paralytic!" laughs Haydn. . . . miming the drum part to 'New Rose'. I strolled up to him and said, 'You look as though you can play drums — fancy being in my band?' To which he replied, 'Yeah, good idea!' and fell over."

Three weeks later, a girl said, 'Oh, Haydn's really upset with you!', and I said, 'Haydn? Haydn? Oh yeah, that tall kid . . . why?' It turned out he'd just gone and borrowed £300 for a drumkit, and he didn't even know my telephone number!"

Recruiting the services of bassist Paul Shaft, they knocked a half-hour set together in ten days, and set out to play every gig they could grab in the area, eliciting a generally sympathetic response because, as they point out, they were the Sheffield punk band.

2.3, however, are not your average three-chord don't-care merchants — their musical intentions lean more towards a fusion of jazz groove with the clean power of Talking Heads — and in Paul Bower they possess a songwriter of surprising sharpness and acuity.

BASICALLY LEFT-WING, as a result of experiences working in factories, steelworks and mental hospitals, 2.3 have done the usual benefits for Gays Against Nazis, local strikers, etc. and are in favour of the Anti-Nazi League as a broad-based movement.

Bower is, however, thoroughly sick of the vanguardism and factionalism of left-wing parties, a frustration which brought about the home truths of "Left Wing Johnnies".

"I.S., I.M.G., W.R.P./ All you guys got Ph.Ds/ You've never worked in a factory/ You're just another member of the bourgeoisie."

This and "Natty Front", an amusing calypso jibe at the NF, have brought Bower some stick from less humorous comrades.

"They say, 'Oh you don't make fun of the National Front', but they overlook that often — indeed, generally — satire is more powerful than the political ramblings of po-faced Marxists."

"You can't talk about the weather without them bringing in 'the state' and 'building a revolutionary party'. All life has to conform to their world-view, and a lot of them

can't accept that there are things on earth which can't be brought into a Marxist or post-Marxist / Leninist ideology. Which I think is a load of bullshit. The heretic is always more reviled than the infidel," as Orwell said . . ."

In the current period of inactivity forced by the departure of second bassist Terry (who left to form Charles Hawtreys And The Deal-Aids), Bower has taken to performing solo whenever he can, a situation which allows his satiric side full rein. Witness "Modern Men":

"Modern Men with modern lives/ Sleeping with each others' wives/ All he talks is 'isms and schisms/ And he blames his temper on his biorhythms."

ASKED ABOUT THE provincialist attitude of *The Gunrubber* and some of 2.3's songs, Bower stresses that, "It's not provincial chauvinism. It's just that what good is any artistic scene that's concentrated in a tiny area of the country, with restrictive machinery set up around it?"

"It's the same in art and literature — all the galleries and publishers are in London. Not only is it important for us, it's important for the country. All the bilge that comes out purely because the protagonists know somebody . . ."

To which one can only add a resounding "Amen".

ANDY GILL

Say 'the Leeds' and you're smiling.

Like Jenny.
Her holiday in Majorca started at the Leeds.

Whenever Jenny has any spare cash, she likes to put it into a Leeds Paid-up Share Account. With Leeds interest to help, her savings soon add up to something worthwhile. Like a holiday in the sun.

So Jenny's got a lot to smile about. She knows that her money is totally safe at the Leeds, earning a really good interest rate (basic rate income tax paid) and is available in next to no time if she wants it.

Remember too, that the Leeds is the big building society for the small saver. So you can start an account with as little as a bag full of halfpennies — or as much as £15,000.

There's a scheme that's right for you. So pop round and have a chat to the friendly people at the Leeds — and start smiling. Like Jenny.

The Leeds
PERMANENT
BUILDING SOCIETY

Say 'the Leeds' and you're smiling.

Head Office: Permanent House, The Headrow, Leeds LS1 1NS.



Please wash your hands before leaving the page . . .

Cruise to New Orleans — and all that jazz

If Buddy Bolden, Jellyroll Morton and Louis Armstrong made your kind of music — make this your holiday of a lifetime.

Cruise away from winter to the Deep South aboard Canberra. High spot of her itinerary has to be NEW ORLEANS with its marching bands, jazz museum and clubs on Bourbon Street.

Cruise 825 on Canberra. 25 nights, Nov 4-29. To Bermuda, Port Everglades (Miami), New Orleans, Charleston and home via Vigo. From £631.

Call Cathy Boyd at P&O Cruises, 01-377 2551 for full information and reservations.

P&O
Cruises

John Otway 'Baby's In The Club'





BUDDY HOLLY WEEK
SEPTEMBER 7TH-14TH 1978

Every day's a Holly Day



I USED
TO THINK
RANDY
NEWMAN
WAS A
LAZER
UNTIL I
READ...

THRILLS

PANIC IN VERNONS YARD

THERE'S CONSIDERABLE embarrassment at Virgin Records over the first album by Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders.

One of the tracks, "First Thing In The Morning", turns up twice on some of the review copies. It appears once under its own name on side one, and again in place of Smokey Robinson's "Shop Around" on side two.

When this was drawn to the attention of Virgin Records, a spokeswoman said: "Oh dear, that's awful. Are you sure? We'd better check."

Fifteen minutes later, Virgin Records phoned back with Simon Draper, aged 17, the A&R manager, on the line.

"You're the first person to notice this," he said. "We're trying to find out how many have gone into the shops."

Mr Draper went on to explain that the band had decided to change the running order of the album, and when

it was pressed at the CBS factory, they stamped a version that had been rejected.

The strange thing, though, is that *Thrills* has learnt that Wilko, the band, and the producer all had copies a whole week earlier, and none of them noticed anything was wrong. Maybe they didn't play their new album through...

Meanwhile, in yet another phone call, Virgin said that none of the faulty albums would get into the shops after all, because they hadn't been rejected yet.

When it was suggested to Virgin that the NME had saved them a lot of money by pointing out the mistake at this earlier stage, the response was: "You've saved CBS a lot of money, not us."

Over to the generous spirits at CBS. We await your cheque.

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

Below: TRIGGER JUNIOR with Roy Rogers.



ANIMAL LIBERATION NEWS by DICK TRACY

POLICE IN HUNT PROTECTION RACKET?

WITH THE hunting season about to get into full swing, the Hunt Saboteurs Association are concerned about increasing police interest in their activities.

It appears that information about hunt saboteurs is now on the Police National Computer.

This first came to light when police did a routine check on a car in a Lancashire service station. By feeding back the car's license plate number to the PNC, they obtained the information that the owner was an "anti-bloodsports animal liberation supporter". The PNC also came up with a cross reference to a file in the Criminal Records Office, despite the fact that the owner did not have a criminal record.

As a result of these enquiries, three people were charged with exhuming the grave of the legendary huntsman John Peel and were subsequently sentenced to nine months imprisonment. The three are out now, and still protest their innocence. The point to remember is they would never have even been suspected of the crime if it wasn't for the information carried by the PNC.

The Hunt Saboteurs believe the police got their information when HSA membership files were 'detained' by the police some 18 months ago.

Now they are faced with the possibility of being stopped on the way to a hunt, having their records checked, and being turned back or, at

the very least, closely watched. This basic invasion of privacy makes one wonder what other kinds of information about people's activities is carried by the PNC and the half-a-dozen other similar police computer networks scattered around the country.

Supporters of hunt sabotage can contact the Association at PO Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.

● HORSEMEAT

THE INCREASING demand for horsemeat for human consumption in Europe is endangering the future of American rodeo.

According to Lewis Elliott of the International Rodeo Association, the Italians in particular have been buying up large numbers of wild horses from U.S. ranges, forcing the price per animal up from \$300 to as much as \$1,000.

Owners of horse breeding farms out west now prefer to sell direct to foreign buyers, who are pricing the rodeo merchants out of the market.

Elliott warns: "Just don't buy any dishes with chopped meat, particularly in Italy and France."

No doubt Trigger would roll over in his grave — if he hadn't been stuffed for the Roy Rogers Museum.

● FACTORY FARMING

THE ANIMAL Liberation Front are just one of a number of groups who in recent months have been actively protesting against all kinds of factory farming.

The ALF invaded a battery hen unit run by nuns at Daventry, Northamptonshire recently and have conducted a large number of other unpublicised raids on factory farms in other parts of the country. In some cases a large number of chickens and turkeys were liberated.

Another group, calling themselves Chicken Lib, took their cause to the European Court, claiming that battery hens were packed so tightly that they attack each other and lose their feathers, go blind and lose the use of their legs. The producers' response to this was "hens have no need for feathers because they are kept in warm temperatures."

Some 90% of Britain's 55 million chickens are kept in some 12,000 battery units around the country; sixty of these hold more than 120,000 chickens each.

The kind of abuse these birds suffer was spotlighted in a case at Lincoln Magistrates Court a few months back when two students from the National Society Against Factory Farming infiltrated the premises of the Swift Poultry Company.

What they discovered led to the owners facing 45 charges of cruelty. NSAFF gave evidence of "blatant torture", which included stubbing cigarette's out in a hen's eye, attempted strangulation, and slitting chicken's throats while they were still fully conscious. After a three-day trial, two workers were found guilty — one on 12 charges for which he was fined £40.

Continues over

LOWRY



"It's all that's left of my career as Last Year's Big Thing. Two thousand copies of my debut twelve inch single on turd brown plastic in a pomographic, dayglo picture sleeve, fifteen hundred promotional badges and a warehouse full of 'Ron is God' teeshirts rotting away in Walthamstow."

"Did you agree with him?" he asked, taking Sara's arm to rouse her; for her lips were moving; she was talking to herself. That fat man," he explained, "who flung his arm out." She started.

"Oi, oi, oi!" she exclaimed, imitating his cockney accent.

Yes, thought Martin, as they walked on. Oi, oi, oi, oi, oi, oi. It's always that. There wouldn't be much justice or liberty for the likes of him if the fat man had his way — or beauty either.

Ian Dury expounds the Blockhead Philosophy, and makes a valuable contribution to English literature — an extract from Virginia Woolf's novel 'The Waves'. Spotted by well-read Chris Ferry of London E4.



William
Shakespeare,
Geoff
Chaucer,
Harry
Secombe,
and now...

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

YOU will be proud to own the latest meisterwerk from Mr. John Cooper Clarke - 'Post-War Glamour Girls' and 'Kung Fu International', together on one sumptuous 7" edition.

Every copy of this breathtaking adventure in polysyllabic incision is stamped on luxurious black vinyl and surrounded by an extravagant full colour sleeve stuck together with real glue by experienced craftsmen.

Yet it is offered to you *at the same cost as an ordinary single* - a piffling price for such poignant pearls of wit and wisdom.

Grace your turntable with a little comic culture - 'POST-WAR GLAMOUR GIRLS' and the live version of 'KUNG FU INTERNATIONAL' from John Cooper Clarke.



Full Colour
Sleeve
stuck together with
real glue by
experienced
craftsmen

ANIMAL LIB NEWS

• From previous page

The owners of the company were acquitted on 39 charges, and convicted on six, receiving a total fine of just £80.

Of course, all kinds of animals are suffering under intensive farming. Studies at Munich University have shown that the stale air in intensive breeding units can turn pigs into cannibals. Prince Charles, after he visited an experimental pig-breeding establishment in Warwickshire, said as he left: "I shall become a vegetarian. I'm glad I'm not a pig."

Readers may be interested to know that the factory farming business is dominated by some five or six giant companies, among them Lonrho, whose activities Edward Heath once described as "the unacceptable face of capitalism", and the Imperial Group (formerly Imperial Tobacco) who own Buxted Chickens among other firms.

NME hopes to investigate this issue in more depth in the near future. Meaningful opponents of factory farming should contact: Compassion in World Farming, Lyndum House, Petersfield, Hants. They publish a bi-monthly magazine. Ag. Membership is £2.00 a year; £1.00 for students. Free literature available on request.

• DISAPPEARING SPECIES

A NEW REPORT from the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute claims

that unless serious and urgent steps are taken, a "biological massacre" will occur over the next few decades.

The report, entitled *Disappearing Species: The Social Challenge*, says that half the known extinctions of animals in the last 1,900 years have occurred this century. They quote the conclusions of Dr. Norman Myers, who believes that one million species may be destroyed before the end of the century.

He says that probably at least one species is disappearing every day in tropical forests alone, and in a few years this may increase to one species lost every hour.

The effect of this massacre, the report claims, is that "evolution will continue, but in a grossly distorted manner. The fabric of life will not just suffer a minor rip: sections of it will be torn to shreds."

• SEAL SLAUGHTER

THE annual murder of grey seals, euphemistically termed a 'cull', is nearing preparation off Orkney and the Western Isles.

According to an estimate in Monday's *Daily Mirror*, 4,000 grey seal pups and 900 grey seal cows will be slaughtered with the blessing of Bruce Millan, Secretary of State for Scotland. British and Norwegian sealers carry out the mass murder using high powered rifles and clubs.

The justification for this carnage? The Government-backed Sea Mammal Research Unit claim that grey seals in Scottish

waters have multiplied from a figure of 35,000 in the 1960s to 60,000 today and pose a threat to the British fishing industry. A spokesman for the Scottish Office says: "They live largely on fish suitable for human consumption are in direct competition with man as consumers of valuable food supplies."

Opposing this, Andy Ashop, leader of the anti-cull campaign and pilot of a local island air service, retaliates: "Man is well adapted to eating a great variety of food, but the seal is limited to a marine diet."

Conservationists of animal life will also be interested to know that the world population of grey seals has dwindled to 80,000. Sixty thousand of those seals are in Scottish water. For how much longer?

If you're interested in doing something to help, contact Greenpeace at 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. Tel: 01-839 2093.

• THE BEAST

COMING SOON: A monthly newsletter called *The Beast*. Aimed at linking up the diverse and varied groups working for animal liberation, it will provide hard, factual information on the movement's activities.

Copy date for Issue 1 is October 1. Money to publish will partly be raised by the sale of ANIMAL LIBERATION badges. Individual and wholesale orders to Better Badges (see their ad in FOR SALE section for details) 20p each plus 10p p&p.



SPOT THE BOZOS COMP RESULTS

BOZOS!! Takes one to know one - or so you would think. But we're sad to say, it just ain't so. Shape up out there and start swotting up on your rock'n'roll history revision. Some of the answers we received for our "Name The Bozo" mini-comp of two weeks back - you wouldn't believe 'em!

OK, from the threads the guys were wearing in the pic above, we can appreciate why some of you thought it could be those legendary enfant terribles, Rev. Black & The Rocking Vipers - but The Zombies!! The Boontown Rats!! Herman's bleedin'

Heraids!! Bowie!! And why all the entries insisting it was Bill Nelson?

However, not all of you were off-target. Some of you guessed correctly that it was Pye-Piccadilly recording artists THE SORROWS who, in the summer of '65, ensured their place in the Hall Of Fame with their third single "Take A Heart" - and a great best record it was too.

The Sorrows, who were formed in Coventry at the beginning of '64, featured vocalist Don Maughn (he's the tall one) who later changed his name to Don Fardon and (in '68 and '70) enjoyed considerable chart action with "Indian Reservation". As to the rest of The Sorrows... Philip 'Pip' Whitcher played

lead guitar and Wex Prince handled rhythm. Bass and drums were played by Philip Packham and Bruce Finley respectively.

Up until Fardon left the group in '67 (at which point they sank into obscurity and disbanded). The Sorrows cut seven singles and a solitary album.

So who guessed correctly? Well, for starters, Russell J. Fry of Barbet - who appears to be the world's foremost authority on these Coventry cuties. Record tokens also go to Roger Casey of Bristol and a lady from London S.W.7 who signs herself Evie and lays claim to being the World's Undiscovered Beauty.

THROLOS

Which I'm Still Young
I wanna get around.

Steve. x

The only distortion you'll get when you turn up a Sony cassette radio.



Turn up the volume on most cassette radios and you'll learn all about sound distortion.

Twist the volume knob on either of the Sony cassette radios pictured here and it's a different kettle of fish entirely.

For beneath their stylish exteriors, lurk two impressively powerful sound systems.

So that should you want Beethoven's Fifth to separate your roof from your house, the sound will stay as sweet and pure as if you were playing it sweet and low.

On the stereo CF570L for instance, you get two watts per channel punching the sound through a pair of two way speaker units.

And unlike your run-of-the-mill cassette-

radios, you won't find a rattling speaker joining in with the music.

These two chaps are built tough.

Indeed, robust would not be too strong a word.

Not that they're unsophisticated.

The CF570L features an air-damped eject system you usually find on more expensive cassette decks.

And apart from VHF, MW and LW it also has SW.

The mono CF370L has three Light Emitting Diode indicators to help you tune, record and check the batteries aren't running out.

There's an interference suppressor switch for clear radio recording*, pause button,

an internal electret condenser microphone and a host of other features.

In fact, the only thing you don't get is the thing we know you won't miss: distortion.



SEE THE CF570L AND CF370L PLUS THE FULL RANGE OF CASSETTE RADIOS AT YOUR LOCAL SONY DEALER OR THE SONY SHOWROOM 131 REGENT STREET LONDON W1R 6DJ

SONY

*A licence might be required

The Best of Autumn at Boots

Philips AL380 Radio
Lightweight mains/battery operated radio with rotary controls and telescopic aerial. LW/MW/VHF reception.
Boots Normal Price £19.95.
Boots Special Offer Price £18.95*

Philips AH970 Stereo Music Centre
Comprises 2-speed record deck. Compact Cassette system and radio with LW/MW/VHF stereo reception.
Boots Normal Price will be £159.95.
Boots Introductory Offer Price £144.95*

Philips SRR774 Stereo Radio Recorder
Powerful 2 x 3w RMS output. From radio or cassette. LW/MW/SW/VHF stereo reception. Spatial stereo control, plus every facility for the enthusiast.
Boots Normal Price will be £129.95.
Boots Introductory Offer Price £119.95*

Some of the other Philips bargains

	Normal Price	Special Offer Price
Philips AL072 Portable Radio	£7.90	£7.15*
Philips AH990 Music Centre will be	£129.95	(Intro Offer) £119.95*
Philips N2210 Hipstar Cassette Recorder	£23.95	£21.95*
Philips Tapes give good results in all recording equipment. Standard Ferro		
C60	79p	74p*
C90	99p	89p*
C120	£1.30	£1.15*
Super Ferro		
C60	99p	89p*
C90	£1.30	£1.10*



When it comes to audio equipment Philips and Boots are very much on the same wave length this Autumn. Because Philips are simply years ahead. And our prices are right up to the minute.

You'll find everything from tapes to headphones. From music centres to portable radios.

So come to Boots. And listen to Philips.



Make the most of your Boots.

Access and Barclaycard welcome.
*At these special offer prices until 23rd September.
From Boots Audio Departments subject to stock availability.



Another shot, another image...

Pic: GARY MERRIN

From previous page

Tot: "Oh yeah — certainly. A lot of journalists seem to mix up the word 'romantic' with the word 'wimpy'. If people want heavy metal guitar, they'll think we're wimpy. If they don't, they'll probably think we're

romantic."

Simon: "For a band that's been referred to as 'meaningless pop', it's amazing that so many people find it difficult to listen to the music. You'd think it would be easily dismissed.

There's a calculated tension between the gaudiness of the image and the actual complexity of the music that we're playing, which I think people find disconcerting, but it's intentional."

"When most people think about Pop Music," continues Tot, "they either think about The Beatles '63-'65, and all that psychedelia stuff, or they probably think about The Love Affair. But we're coming from a completely different thing. It's best to call it 'New Pop'."

"The point is that power pop groups are revivalist groups. We're one of the only three actual pop groups in England — us, The Starjets and The Yachts."

Their main reason for signing with EMI Records was to have a greater chance of getting on radio and TV. As Tot explains, "The point about writing popular music is to get across to as many people in the world as you possibly can. We wanted passionately to get on *Top Of The Pops*, and we still do."

"It's not the easiest stuff to effect on stage," adds Paul, "because we don't compromise too much with the arrangements. A lot of our numbers would come across much better if they were simplified, and played as hard-rock songs, but then the number would get destroyed."

Tot reckons their image is very accommodating. "We can go and play bossa novas in a night club, or we can play Frank Sinatra songs, or even jazz-rock if we want. Not many bands can do that — they usually find they're stuck in their own style."

They're not alone as a band reflecting aspects of 'the modern world', but they write about its trashiness, not its blandness.

"We're not moaning about life on the dole," says Paul, "and we're not bland people — we've got ideas. In fact, we don't think things are boring at all."

And if you thought trash was boring. Advertising have recycled it, remodelled it, resprayed it, and refreshed the parts that other bands couldn't reach.

Every home should have some.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

LASER SHOW FOR LAZY WHO

IF THE U.S. premiere of the new Who album is any indication, the 1980s may see the total triumph of lasers over life. Unlike the light shows that powered the psychedelic bands of the '60s, lasers seem poised to replace travelling bands as the main staple of rock concertdom.

When it became unavoidably clear that The Who had no intention of hauling their ageing bodies over to tour in support of the new "Who Are You" album, their U.S. record label (MCA) investigated alternatives, and came up with the idea of playing the record to kids in theatres, with the added attraction of a laser show to hold adolescent attention. Roadies take note — your end approaches!

The free listening, held simultaneously in six cities, took place on a Sunday evening in August. Tickets for the New York edition were distributed via three local radio stations, and by show time the Palladium was full, if not jam-packed, with young Who fans who appeared excited about the event. Of course, most of them were quite stoned, but that's hardly news.

Promptly at eight, a voice thanked the audience for attending, and led the crowd in some self-congratulatory cheering. After thanking the laser company for its "unique, one-time-only" creation, the I.P. came blaring out of the PA at concert volume, as a few tentative laser blips began darting around the cinema screen stretched across the stage. The tedious circles and stars that followed were interrupted only by a ten-minute intermission during the first track after some laser fuses blew out. Although the audience cheered and applauded each selection, somehow it seemed like the sort of entertainment that could only appeal to acid heads.

Filing out after the 45-minute *son et lumière* had finished, most seemed satisfied with the affair.

But then Ted Nugent is a major star here. Could there be a connection? Could this signal a new age? Perhaps real concerts have become obsolete — future bands can stay home and buy soccer clubs while kids gather in cinemas to listen to albums and watch flashing lights.

That's progress.

IRA ROBBINS

THRILLS

'Storm The Gates Of Heaven' is everybody's last request.

"Just listen to it, it's fun, it's angry, it's committed, it's witty, it's tacky, it's awful and finally, somehow, it's brilliant"... NME

"Storm the Gates of Heaven" A well executed album from Wayne County and the Electric Chairs.



Special Collector's Edition
includes the 'Mad as Hell'!

By the way, the 'Savage' logo is on the back of the album!

Good!

ON SAFARI

IAN MATTHEWS

£1.00
OFF
RPP



IAN MATTHEWS STYLING: MORTON ROCKINGWORTH RECORDS

Ian Matthews is back with producer Sandy Robertson after six years. After years in the States Ian has come back to Britain to record this album featuring Bryn Howarth, Pete Wingfield and Steeleye Span's Rick Kemp. It's been worth the waiting.

Virgin Records
and Tapes

BLACKMAIL CORNER



Enjoying the party at the newly extended South Kensington premises are (l to r) Kay Landells, Jackie Parsons, Richard Brown, Penny Taylor, Sophie Essilsie-Conduah and Mark Perry.

HIYA MARK! Remember us? Yep, it's the South Kensington Branch party of Williams & Glyn's Bank Ltd. — first published in the W&G house journal in June 1976, shortly before young Mark

began pouring his wages into Sniffin' Glue and went off to get his hair cut. As Jimmy Pursey might say: "Tellers the truth!"

THRILLS

BEHIND NME LINES

"**D**ANNY BAKER wants to put on a blonde wig and do what I do and see how good he is. I could write Danny Baker's column but he couldn't do what I do!"

The speaker — Debbie Harry. The location — Paul Morley's Blondie feature in last week's NME.

"You can quote me on that," Debbie added. "Tell him he can take me on. He can come onstage and sing a Damned song and I'll write his damned column for him!"

Well, she asked for it. How could we resist a challenge like that?

Straightaway, we called Blondie's PR to take up the gauntlet on behalf of our resident member of the Millwall Meat & Onion Mafia.

With one condition... Debbie did say Danny couldn't do what she does. Well, we want her to do what Danny does — which, she may not realise, is to take care of the NME switchboard and reception desk.

So this is the deal. Debbie spends a day lending off frate of Ipswich on the phone, and Danny'll get up there at Hammersmith Odeon (in his blonde wig, of course) and belt out "Neat Neat Neat" — if Chris and his boys can learn the chords in time, that is.

At press time, we still hadn't heard from La Harry. But we'll keep you posted. Commented her PR person: "She just may be crazy enough to do it, you know!"

With the chance of spending a whole day in the NME offices, she'd be crazy not to!

NO EXCUSES for anyone missing out on Messrs Carr & Murray's encyclopedic three-part panoply on Chagemaister Bowie — if you're quick off the mark, you can still get last week's collector's item issue at less than a fiver from certain canny retail outlets.

But if you did miss out — or even if you didn't — don't fret, fact fans, because the dubious duo are probably about to expand their definitive Bowie Guide into a double definitive Bowie book! Watch your autumn schedules...

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON



KNEBWORTH PARK

Nr STEVENAGE, HERTS

FREDERICK BANNISTER
presents

THIS SAT. SEPT. 9th

ZAPPA THE TUBES

PETER GABRIEL

BOOMTOWN RATS

ROCKPILE FEATURING NICK LOWE & DAVE EDMUNDS

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Tickets £5.50 in advance, £6.00 on day. 11 a.m.—11 p.m. Tickets available from all branches of HARLEQUIN RECORDS, VIRGIN RECORDS and usual box offices. Plus the following additional box offices: GLASGOW, The

Ticket Office, Candleriggs; STOKE-ON-TRENT, Mike Lloyd Music; LONDON, Premier Box Office; plus all branches of OUR PRICE RECORDS or by post: KNEBWORTH CONCERT, 28 Strutton Ground, London, SW1 (see please).

TICKETS AVAILABLE ON THE DAY £6.00



Parallel Lines go round in circles.

Blondie's latest album is out now.

Called 'Parallel Lines,' it's their third, and their finest album to date.

12 pulsating tracks, including their current smash single 'Picture This.'

Don't miss 'Parallel Lines.' Circulate your record shop. Now.



BLONDIE: PARALLEL LINES CDL 1192
also available on cassette



TOUR DATES & VENUES

Sat. 9 Sept.	Hammersmith	Odeon
Sun. 10 Sept.	Portsmouth	Guildhall
Tues. 12 Sept.	Newcastle	City Hall
Wed. 13 Sept.	Edinburgh	Odeon
Thur. 14 Sept.	Manchester	Free Trade Hall
Fri. 15 Sept.	Birmingham	Odeon
Sat. 16 Sept.	Hammersmith	Odeon

ALL SHOWS SOLD OUT EXCEPT THE EXTRA 4 pm SHOW WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND HAMMERSMITH ODEON SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16th.

SUPPORT ACT: THE BOYFRIENDS

GRATEFUL DEAD — THE SPHINX TRIPS OUT

THE GRATEFUL Dead's three-day stint in Egypt (14/15/16 September) will be followed by performances at London's Rainbow Theatre (28/29/30 September).

Remours to this effect had been rife for several weeks now, and accordingly I phoned Arista for confirmation of the dates last week — but no one could oblige. Imagine my surprise then to be called by Arista on the same day, and whisked off to Brown's Hotel for an impromptu press conference with the Dead's co-manager, Englishman Alan Trist.

I was less surprised to find myself the only journalist in attendance.

While there is a long and fascinating history behind the Egyptian visit, which ties in quite naturally with the Dead mythology and the spirit of adventure which informed the '60s "Trips Festival", the salient features of this new venture around setting, organisation and finances.

The three nights will be held at Gizeh's Sound and Light Theatre, an idyllically situated stone apse backed by a line of pyramids, a Sphinx and open desert (eat yer heart out Todd Rundgren). The Sphinx Theatre holds 2,000 people, though there is nothing to stop any excess number watching from the side.

Tickets are on sale in Cairo, but as no other comparable rock concert has ever been held in Egypt the reaction to a four-hour stint of Dead psychedelics will be intriguing.

All ticket proceeds will be split between Mrs Sadat's Faith and Hope Society for the disabled, and the Department of Antiquities, which is responsible for the upkeep and restoration of the Nubian temples and historic monuments.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ED PERLSTEIN

Messrs. GARCIA and WEIR bring a little of that good ol' peace'n'love vibration to the strife-torn Thrills section.

In the best sense then this is a charitable and culturally significant gesture by Middle Eastern and Western parties. Moreover, the Dead are financing the costs themselves despite a preliminary budgeting of \$500,000. Equipment will be flown out from London — which is why it was feasible to play England on return. There is no European tour, as has been erroneously reported elsewhere.

The Egyptian authorities are relying heavily on the Dead's experience with crowd control, but the project has been blessed with the

advice and assistance of high level officials. At least one of those officials will be accompanying Mr Sadat to the Middle East talks at Camp David.

At present The Grateful Dead are finishing off their follow-up to "Terrapin Station". Working title is "Shakedown Street" and possible inclusions are "Good Lovin'" and "Fire On The Mountain". The album is being produced by none other than Lowell George.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

... Meanwhile, back in San Francisco ... THE CLASH MEET COUNTRY JOE (ALMOST)

"YOU LOOK disgusting," declared the customs matron at San Francisco International Airport, warily eyeing the skinny, unshaven, scroungy-looking young man pushing a couple of hot pink guitar amps.

"It was a rough trip," he answered with a disarming smile.

The matron gave him one final look of intense disapproval, glanced icily at his equally unsavoury-looking companion, and passed them both into the Land of Opportunity. Joe Strummer and Mick Jones had arrived. Producer Sandy Pearlman had somehow managed to have them shipped over to America to finish the recording they had started at Island Studios in London many months before.

The disappointment of being in the States without Paul Simonon and Nicky Headon, The Clash's rhythm section, was somewhat assuaged when someone flipped on the radio and found KSAN playing "Complete Control". It was only a few minutes after they had arrived and it was the first time either of them had ever heard the song over the radio — although certainly not the last time, the San Francisco Bay area being the strongest Clash radio scene in the world.

First night in town both the Clash City Rockers went along to check out a gig with Peter Tosh, a gig at which all the Yanks were expecting a touring Mick Jagger to make an appearance. Tosh was nearly as dull as his audience, and although things livened up a bit when a number of people mistook Jones for you-know-who, the show was a big disappointment. A short walk over to local punk headquarters the Mahuhay Gardens,

to catch a lead-footed Crime, didn't do anything to perk up any expectations for the extended San Francisco residence.

Although Mick and/or Joe managed to catch shows by Carlene Carter, Emmylou Harris, The Readymades, The Dils, The Sleepers, Ray Charles, Chubby Checker, Mike Bloomfield, The WeirDOS and The Zeros during their three-week stay, basically what they did was work — all the time. They were booked into the Automatt Studios seven days a week for 12 hours a day and mostly refused to do any interviews.

The day before they were due to leave San Francisco for the mixing sessions in New York — Mick via Hollywood and Disneyland and Joe via New Orleans in a 1956 Chevy pick-up truck (where he picked up Bob Andrews to do some piano tracks on the new LP) — the two Clashers were on their way to see a sleazy new film, *Piranha*. Their driver stopped to pick up a hitch-hiking hippie, who told them about a Chet Helms/Family Dog party at the long-closed old Fillmore Auditorium and invited them to the party, telling them there would be "electric cool aid", laughing gas and some of the original hippie bands.

"Do you think Country Joe and the Fish'll be there?" asked Jones, wide-eyed and unblinking. "You never can tell," answered the hippie, cryptically. "Well, we ain't missin' this!" said Jones.

And, sure enough, who should be climbing onto the stage when the Clashmen entered but good ole C.J. and the Fish themselves. (At least one original Fish — Barry Melton — was along.) Staring incredulously at the dancing hippies — complete with

◆ Continues over page

motörhead

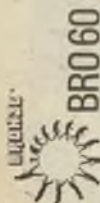
SINGLE

LOUIE LOUIE

C/W TEAR YA DOWN



Available now Special Bag.



CLASH IN USA

From previous page

de-mothballed '60s paraphernalia, babies and dogs in red bandanas — Mick looked a bit shaken. "We're stuck in a fuckin' time warp! Now this is what we expected San Francisco to be like."

Someone introduced Joe to the legendary hippie/clown Wavy Gravy and tried — unsuccessfully — to drag him backstage to meet Country Joe. As it was, several hep hippies recognized the Clash members and one even exhorted Strummer to come back to America soon and lead a revolution...

If you're reading this to find out about the album — I'm sorry. I can't say anything — on pain of death — about it except that it does exist (I heard most of it) and Pearlman's slick American techniques have definitely not succeeded in altering our boys' basic sense of British integrity. I heard no bad cuts, no so-so cuts, not even any merely very good cuts; all cuts are great to magnificent.

JACK BASHER

THRILLS



One of the Friends of Eddie Coyle — ROBERT C. of The Showbiz Kids.



Sandy McLelland & The Backline

are storming around the country

Catch them at:

September 7	London, Nashville	6	Leicester University
10	Oxford, New Town Hall	7	Slough College
11	Birmingham Odeon	9	Exeter University
12-13	London, Hammersmith Odeon	12	Glasgow University
16	Nottingham, Sandpipers	13	Dundee University
17	London, Marquee	14	Aberdeen University
22	London, Music Machine	16	Edinburgh University
23	Dudley, JB's	18	Leeds University
30	Sheffield University	20	Plymouth Polytechnic
October 3	Huddersfield Polytechnic	21	Bristol Polytechnic
		25	Manchester University

Hear their new single

'LIKE A HURRICANE'

Released September 15th

Single 6007 186

RECORDED BY
phonogram

I'M LIVING ON A GEORDIE ROCK...

BEFORE RICH Kids and The Real Kids, there were The Showbiz Kids — not that you'd have heard of them unless you happen to live in the North East.

For The Showbiz Kids, named after Steely Dan's indictment of music biz liggers, "Show Biz Kids", are at the bottom of the rock pile. Without a record contract and with not one iota of big city punk credibility.

On their last visit to the grim metropolis, you'd have found The Showbiz Kids supporting at the Pegasus pub in Stoke Newington, and kipping in the back of their van. How much lower can you get?

Yet The Showbiz Kids (Robert Coyle, vocals and lyrics; Pat McMahon, guitar and music; Bob Kent, drums; and Phil Hyslop, bass), with their post-punk interpretations of heavy metal and rock-a-pop, deserve better than that.

It didn't matter to Robert Coyle — like the others, in his early 20s, and sharp as a new Wilkinson sword in a white double-breasted jacket that he picked up from Camden Market for a mere £2.50 — that the Kids only had an audience of about a dozen. He still put on a riveting performance.

Pulling faces that Jack Nicholson in *Cuckoo's Nest* would be hard pressed to follow, and strutting right into the centre of the auditorium, Coyle onstage is the proverbial menacing figure. And the Kids, with a maverick in man McMahon and a thoroughly reliable rhythm section, can support him perfectly.

Recently turned professional and managed by leading North East promoter Geoff Docherty, whose fingers were burnt where he had an altercation with CBS as manager of Beckett, The Showbiz Kids have played 250 gigs in the last 18 months.

They're based in the North East's second city, Sunderland,

and have built up a strong gram roots following after initially doing the rounds of working men's clubs. At Newcastle's notorious Mayfair Ballroom they can pack in 2,000 and more.

Originally their set included such chestnuts as "Brown Sugar", "Stairway To Heaven" and "Won't Get Fooled Again". Gradually they've worked in their own material, although they still retain a blitting version of John Lennon's ode to heroin withdrawal "Cold Turkey".

Lennon is Bob Coyle's mainman. After leaving school, Coyle was thrown out of Sunderland Tech for, he says, not doing his homework. Until recently he's worked as a porter at a local mental hospital.

It was a cushy job and one which gave him inspiration onstage. He says: "I've picked up a lot of tips from the patients. Facial expressions. Body movements. Mentally ill people — and I don't want to appear sick — are really fascinating."

One of the songs in the Kids' set is called "Cracking Up", a song about suicide. Others stay nearer to the rock and roll mainstream.

"We're a rock band with a new wave posture," Bob emphasises. "We're not a heavy metal band, and we're not a punk band."

Their one sortie into the studio, at Newcastle's Impulse, was disastrous. That was in late '76, and the band sank £250 — "a fortune" — into five tracks that they're too ashamed to play to anyone.

The live act, though — that's nothing to be ashamed of. One of the older members of their audience once came up to them at the end of a gig, and told them they were the best Geordie band he'd seen since The Animals.

Oh, and they have no time for Newcastle Brown ale.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

JOHN PEEL is filling in time — by supervising holes in roads.

He really has his work cut out as official Trench Inspector to the town of Ashford in Kent.

Reveille reveals all. Sent by Stuart Hegarty of Manchester.

THE END



Enough people will be taking a bite out of your student grant without NatWest doing it.



Your first grant cheque may seem like a lot of money but your travel, digs, food and drink soon take large bites out of it.

So NatWest, as long as you keep in credit, **make no bank charges** on student accounts.

And you're almost certain to find a NatWest branch in or near your university or college.

NatWest will also arrange Travel Cheques and Foreign Currency to the value of £150 p.a. and charge no commission to full-time student customers.

Take this coupon to your local branch or send it to National Westminster Bank Limited, Student Service, FREEPOST, 41 Lothbury, London, EC2B 2GN.

You don't need a stamp. Make it snappy.

Just sign here.

As soon as we receive this coupon, we'll get in touch with the nearest branch to your college.

Name _____ Age _____

College _____

College address _____

Course _____ Start date _____

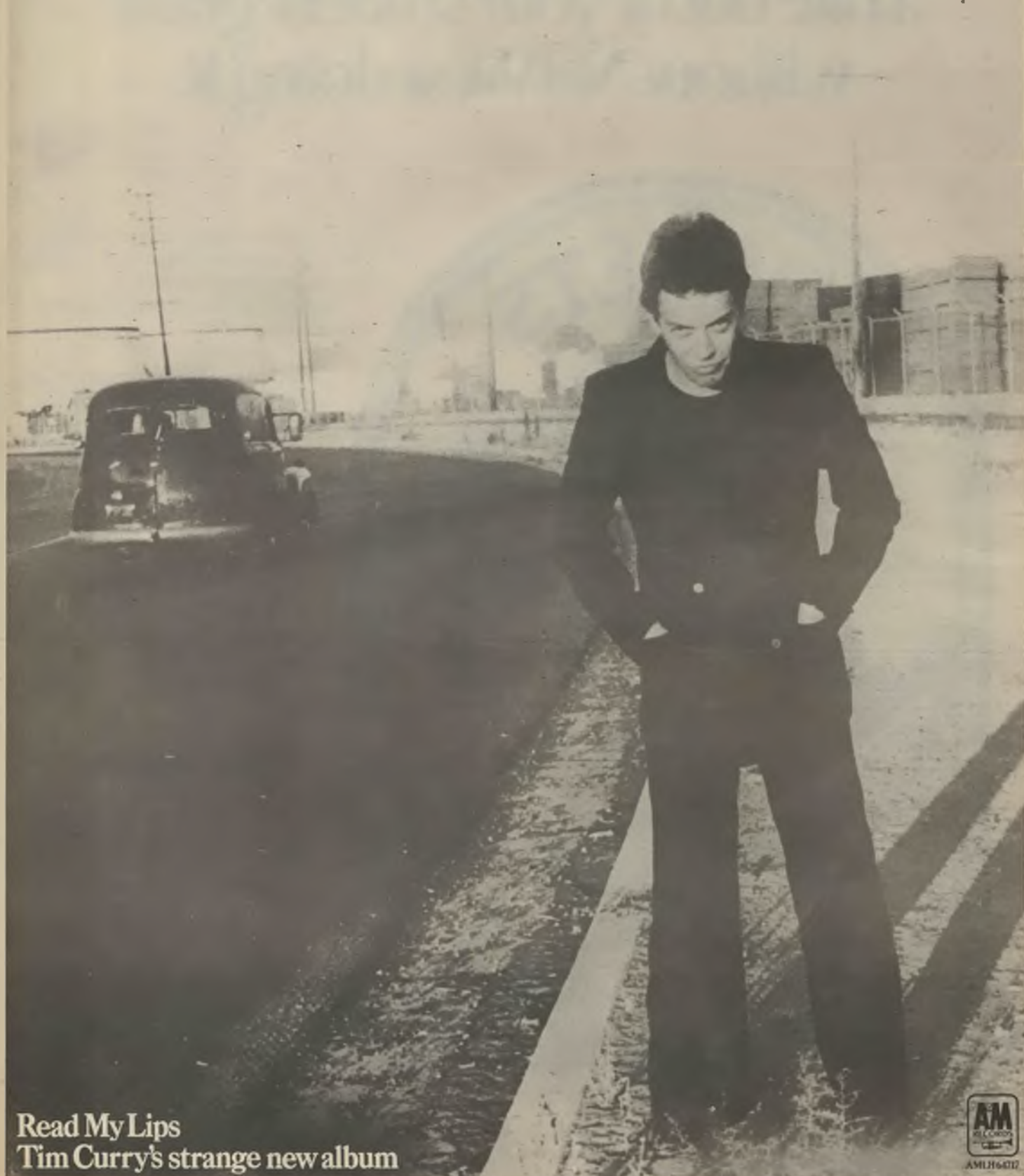
Home address _____

Tick here for Current Account ☐ £10 Cashcard ☐
Deposit Account ☐ Servicecard ☐

Signature _____

 **NatWest**

There's only one word to describe Tim Curry's new album...



Read My Lips
Tim Curry's strange new album



BENEATH THIS MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBAN CASUALWEAR LURK
A BUNCH OF

REALLY NICE GUYS



Hugh Cornwell models the sporty look in cotton.

BUT WHY? Asks the New York groupie journalist, "do The Stranglers make such inflammatory remarks about Americans? I really don't understand it," she concludes, glancing over at her even grosser companion in search of approval for this 'radical' line of questioning.

"Well," replies guitarist Hugh Cornwell, "You have all got smaller brains."

Seated to Cornwell's left and right respectively, keyboardman Dave Greenfield and drummer Jet Black — bassist Jean Jacques Burnel, having caught an early flight back to London is absent from this interview at A&M Records' 32nd floor address on Madison Avenue — nod sagely and remain silent.

"Whaddya mean smaller brains???" snarls this female Einstein. "D'ja mean lacking in intelligence???"

"Quite," nods Cornwell, his head action being echoed by the others. "Just a bit lacking in the old cerebrillum, that's all. You may rule the Western hemisphere but you're pretty incompetent in any ruling of the cerebral hemispheres."

"Actually," he continues, "I think that's why you're so fanatical about taking over all the other hemispheres... because you're all so lacking upstairs."

"But don't worry," the guitarist concludes. "We'll help you all out."

"Ummm... You're obviously trying to get a message across," continues the petite young thing, a little more hesitantly this time, "but you're succeeding in alienating a large percentage of your potential audience, namely women."

"You're so-o-o misinformed."

"Well, we only have what we read to go by..."

"Then you certainly are lacking in a few facilities upstairs," snaps Cornwell. "You should learn to think for yourselves."

"Okay, then: tell us about women."

"I love women!"

"How?"

The questioner's friend omits a

pruency snigger that sounds not unlike the release of a wet fart.

Cornwell remains silent.

So why are they banned from Top Of The Pops?

The questioner piles on the pressure: "Just as sexual objects?"

"Well," considers Cornwell, "if they don't get treated as sexual objects they're liable to start getting frustrated and release a lot of hate."

"Anyway, if women aren't treated as sexual objects they get offended and start to think that there must be something wrong with themselves."

ALTHOUGH JEAN Jacques Burnel would prefer that The Stranglers remain "a well-respected little band" in America, Hugh Cornwell believes it is inevitable that the four-piece will "do it" in the States.

After a short tour of the Eastern seaboard back in the spring the band — at the request of A&M, their U.S. record company — returned last month to play three prestige gigs, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, and in New York.

The LA gig in West Hollywood at the Starwood, the closest that the City of the Angels has to a Marquee-type club and an infinitely vibrier venue than the super-club-like Roxy up on the Strip (which both Ian Dury and the Feelgoods have played to their costs) was apparently by far the most successful show of the three. The Southern Californian punk elite took the band to their hearts and back to their homes. The Stranglers, though, felt a little jaded when they realised that the LA new wave sub-culture only exists because the kids have so much money that they can afford to construct that sub-culture around their parents' Spanish-style heartb-sides.

After Jean Jacques had learned the error of his ways by being picked up by the cops somewhere off Hollywood Boulevard for being "unto walking" — maybe he should have jogged instead, they wouldn't have touched him then — the bassist caught the first

plane out and arrived in New York a day earlier than the rest of the band.

SOME FOUR weeks later, the horns of impatient rush hour commuters drift up from the intersection of the Brompton and Cromwell Roads just down the street from Harrods in Knightsbridge as Hugh Cornwell sits on a mattress smoking a spliff and catching the rays up on the roof above the flat in which he crashes.

"All the albums that are big sellers in America," he muses, considering the Hip Easy Listening state of the U.S. charts, "have probably got these sound waves on them. There's a signal which is created by sending this phase thing round all the mikes in the studio whilst something is being recorded. You know, there are certain sound waves that elicit certain reactions in human beings; you can make someone come, you can make someone feel sick, you can make someone laugh. Just by sound waves. And there's one particular sound wave that makes people feel comfortable, which it's reckoned has been put on all those big-selling albums so that when you hear it for the first time you feel all comfortable and it makes you want to go out and buy it."

"Mind you," he free-associates, "the Mafia's been around longer than any other party in America. Everyone denies the existence and the power of the Mafia but I don't see why people don't just recognise it. It's part of the wallpaper now."

"Like it's all coming out in this Kennedy thing now. Have your heard of *The Gemstone Papers*? It's a book that's in draft at the moment and there've been various extracts published in mags like *Hustler*. I read one outlining how Aristotle Onassis was running America because he was the head of the Mafia for thirty years, which all started in 1930 when he did this big capitalist deal with this government and gained control then."

"And the reason Kennedy was shot was because he welched on a deal that was going through. So he had to be rubbed out because he acted dishonourably."

"As is pretty common knowledge now, the CIA were involved in all that and it's reckoned, in fact, that that's why Larry Flint (*Hustler* publisher) was shot — because he'd put up a million dollars for anyone who could name Kennedy's assassins. He was preparing a report to be published in *Hustler*."

"Actually, it's quite possible the Mafia's got nothing to do with greed whatsoever. They've just got this enormous organisation operating and if it starts to break down they'll all be out of a job. So the only thing to do," he laughs, "is to keep going."

Although it's said that not only are they "keeping going" but that there's actually a Mafia Great Leap Forward at the moment.

"Well, good luck to 'em," Cornwell grins. "You know, Italy's on its last legs both financially and politically but no-one's worried because they've got this fucking huge land over in the West."

JEAN JACQUES Burnel fishes in his cup for the tea-bag and dumps it in the waste-bin in the room next to the toilets down at TW studios on the Fulham Palace Road, London SW6.

They've got a 16-track in at TW and it's said that they're even considering moving a 32-track board in in the near future.

Mind you, physically it's still the demo studio it was when Burnel, along with the pair who'd just accepted him into their band as bassist — Cornwell and Jet Black — came down at the beginning of 1975 to cut some demos that did, in fact, get the band a deal with some unorthodox, very specialised ethnic operation from which The Stranglers ultimately had

to extricate themselves before they could sign with the then fledgling Albion Agency.

No, those were very early days back then. Shortly after — May '75, to be precise — the ad was put in the *Melody Maker* and Dave Greenfield brought his keyboards along to make it a foursome.

The difference now, though, says Burnel — the memory of the near-disco solo track.

"Eurohomme", that he's just played me in both our heads — is that he can persuade other people to pay for his studio time.

Both Generation X and Buzzcocks have worked down at TW with Martin Rushent, the producer with whom The Stranglers have scored three half-million-selling albums, making them by far the largest selling outfit to have emerged from the new wave.

"They all knock us," sneers Burnel, "but they all want to use our producer."

"Mind you," he continues, "I would like you to mention that the engineer, Alan Winstanley, who works down here is as vital a part of those records."

THERE ARE probably sufficient credibility-enhancing, near-mythological archetypes and icons in The Stranglers' early history. The Fuck/Ford T-shirt for one. Worn by Cornwell the night the Stranglers supported Climax Blues Band at the Rainbow, they had the curtain dropped on them because of it. That T-shirt earned them healthy record sales boost when one GLC official remarked that "EMI have taken a stand against The Sex Pistols and now the GLC will support them by taking a stand against The Stranglers."

The apparent campaign against The Stranglers by the GLC has continued until recent days when a complete volte-face would have permitted the band to top the bill at a Hyde Park free concert had Virgin Records not had sole rights to the only available date. "I think they sincerely and honestly did believe in their confused way that if we played the Alexandra Palace dates we'd wanted to play, then about 250 kids would have got killed. There might have been something more sinister to it than that, but I don't really think so," comments Jet Black — though Cornwell, in whom one occasionally senses a Dave Spat mentality, mutters that permitting the band to

Continues over

The Stranglers Interviews by CHRIS SALEWICZ
PENNIE SMITH took the pictures

from previous page

play Hyde Park would've been just as much a "political gesture" as banning the group.)

And The Finchley Boys. Cornwell: "Finchley is apparently the borough with the second largest population in London. These guys, who were then very hardcore punks — safety pins through their cheeks, the whole bit — apparently found they could identify with us and just started following us to every gig."

He is very impressed, very touched even — he claims — when The Stranglers play a gig some two hundred miles from London and find a whole contingent of Finchley Boys present.

Featured on Dave — as featured on the "No More Heroes" cut, "Dagenham Dave": the phenomenally hedonistic black Dagenham car worker who was also one of the best self-educated people any of the band had ever come across — "He turned me on to Rabelais," says Burnel — and who, as one of The Stranglers' most devoted and zealous fans, first took on virtually all the Finchley Boys singlehanded down the 100 Club and then became a firm ally and mentor to them.

And then one night he was found dead in the Thames by Tower Bridge where, like some conceit out of one of Maupassant's river stories, his body had remained stuck in the mud where Dave had leapt in several weeks earlier.

Anyway, all the stuff of which rock'n'roll legends of almost

So in terms of human sympathy The Stranglers are onto a winner from the start — and fear not for Dave Greenfield: he probably scores the really sensitive girls who want to mother someone who resembles a Ken Russell vision of a 19th Century Welsh pastor.

Such an amorphous bunch are they image-wise, that for the average record-buying punter, faced with such hardline radical chic as sported by the likes of The Clash and the Pistols, The Stranglers are quite reassuringly safe. It seems safe to assume that a further reason for the Stranglers' large record sales is that they have become crossover new wave material. The 30-year-old would-be-hip account exec can handle shoving The Stranglers on the car sound system far more readily than he can The Ramones.

That isn't just a glib throwaway, incidentally: like The Doors before them (and however hard any of the band might attempt to refute this, they still sound like The Doors to me), The Stranglers turn out great car-driving music. Maybe that's how come they did so well in L.A., The Doors' city itself, where a healthy dose of music to make carbon monoxide to is a vital part of one's day-to-day existence.

LIKE MANY rock tsar's who specialise in grim facades, The Stranglers are really closet ordinary human beings. Cornwell and Burnel are both

This man likes to grow his own vegetables...

Zeppelin-esque proportions are made is there for the Stranglers.

The hotel and dressing-room carnage tales had yet another notch carved out by Burnel two weeks back at the *Top Of The Pops* studio. "I heard noises in my brain. And they said that I should go to this other dressing-room that belongs to someone else. And enter."

"So I did. Yet this door seemed to be in the way and then it wasn't and then I saw light. The door was not opened conventionally."

"It belonged to a band called Child."

The Stranglers are now banned from *Top Of The Pops*. There are even the statutory journalist-bashing tales, though the bassist maintains that these have become a trifle overrated: "I just hit one journalist because he's an enemy of the revolution and an idiot." (*What revolution?*) — Ed.)

Burnel is also — and one may feel his sentiments to be quite reasonably justified — most concerned about the generally low levels of consciousness amongst many journalists: "It's a bit ironic when you're getting all these heavy put-downs by people who can't even write particularly well."

ALL THESE, though, are no more than mere trappings.

The Stranglers' great commercial success is the inevitable result of the band's having early on apprenticed itself to that great English tradition of the journeyman grassroots rock band which is generally loathed by the press yet works itself nearly to death all over the country until it acquires an adoration from The Kids that runs far deeper than any mean and moody press posing may ever offer.

Thoroughly in keeping with the not necessarily laudable British Calvinist work ethic, such bands also appeal to the much touted, and perhaps more laudable, British sense of fair play that always gives the underdog the benefit of the doubt. The Stranglers, you should be quite certain, are well aware that they are *not* the most fashionable band in town.

Those fascinated by cosmic buffoonery will comprehend fully when they hear that Cornwell and Jet Black are both subjects of the remarkably indolent, though often somewhat uninspired, astrological sign Virgo, whilst Burnel belongs to Virgo's opposite sign, Pisces. It is only the Anian Dave Greenfield who appears, as he also does in publicity pictures, somewhat out of place.

graduate entrants to rock'n'roll. The 28-year-old guitarist comes from a middle-class background in Tufnell Park where, when not chasing "O" and "A" levels at the William Ellis School by Parliament Hill Fields, he was part of the '60s North London band scene that was spearheaded by the success of The Kinks.

Initially having got into rock'n'roll through hearing Eddie Cochran, Cornwell played for much of the early '60s in a band with Richard Thompson on guitar and one-time *Melody Maker* journalist and now *Faulty Products* publicist Nick Jones on drums. The material they played was all non-original — "stuff like 'Smokestack Lightnin'" — and they made it as far as gigging at the 100 Club even back then.

To get his GCSEs, though, the guitarist packed in playing and only resumed when he disappeared to Sweden and got into busking in the year off that he had before going up to Bristol in 1968 to read bio-physics for three years.

University, he feels, was "a good opportunity to try out lots of ideas. Mind you, I was expecting something more like Herman Hesse writes about and what I got was more like school-bus-you're-a-bit-older."

"Greatest thing I discovered at university was marijuana."

Cornwell is so rigorously anti-image that paradoxically, he frequently appears most image-conscious. Like in New York (What do you think to New York, Hugh? "Haic it!") in the 90 degree heat, when he's doctored not only in the black cloth slip-ons, the ice-blue socks, the tight black pants, and the Trotsky logood T-shirt, but also in the ubiquitous tied-belted mac.

Along with the mac and his constantly furrowed brow, Cornwell's stance recalls a character out of some early John Osborne production. Indeed, there is something quite '50s about both him and Burnel.

The others in the band are also always complaining that Hugh Cornwell farts a lot.

After university Cornwell returned to Sweden to do research and reinvented himself in playing rock'n'roll in a band called Johnny Sox, whose personnel consisted of native Swedes and American draft-dodgers.

In 1974, realising that work didn't really exist in Sweden for bands wanting to get up onstage and play three and four-minute original rock'n'roll songs, Johnny Sox moved over to England where, after the odd abortive date at venues like the Hope And Anchor, things soon began



Jet Black wearing the latest in this autumn's warm fluffy look.

to fall apart... Until one day Jet Black strode into Hugh's Kentish Town squat.

ONE OF the reasons not too many New York journalists turned up to interview The Stranglers, it was claimed by one of the intrepid few who did risk an interview situation with the group ("Listen, I'm sorry to be taking up so much of your time but I'm gonna sell this interview to at least five or six papers"), was because Robert Christgau, the much vaunted "Dean Of Rock Critics" (*Hmmm...*) had, in that classically incoherent New York manner, utilised his influence to warn other writers off.

Sitting on the couch that doubles as a bed in his Knightsbridge flat, Cornwell listens to a tape of Captain Beefheart — on tour the Captain provides much of his offstage listening material — and offers his impressions of that cultural absurdity.

"He did that because he was so outraged at our lyrics, apparently," he laughs. "And when we heard about that we sent him a telegram saying, 'If you're not careful we're going to come round and ship your wife some real British beef.' (*Hilarious — Ed.*)"

"And he totally freaked out. It all seems very self-righteous."

As with any reasonable human being who is opposed to hard-line feminism solely because he has always assumed that women were naturally equal to men (Cornwell notes that women who really get it rough — Glaswegian car ladies who have to get up at four o'clock every morning, for example — have a bad time because of the nature of

capitalism rather than a few guys' screwed up head states), Hugh is amused by the furore which The Stranglers' lyrics have created among humourless people.

"When we played in Lancing in America there was a demonstration outside the gig of about forty women's libbers with banners saying 'Boycott The Stranglers — Boycott this club', because of the costumes that the waitresses wear — because they were showing their thighs, you know. Really good for the eyes. But they didn't like that at all so they picketed outside the place."

"So we tried to kidnap one and kinda manhandled her into the coach whilst being fought off by these women hitting us with their placards and banners. There was a big fracas and she got away unfortunately... but I bet she was really excited and turned on by it." (*Since when does roughing up women indicate a sense of humour? — Humourless Ed.*)

Of course, as the very term "rock'n'roll" is itself a relatively sexist (sic) euphemism for doing rude things, maybe rock should be banned altogether, rather in the same way that these same uptight ladies bitch that Rastas are sexist yet fail to note that they also turn out some of the most tender love songs ever written. "Yeah, they're totally paranoid, all those people," Cornwell shrugs. "It's like boogie... He half-sings: 'Yessire, I can boogie all night long'. I wonder how many people who bought that record know what boogie actually meant?"

"By their saying that we're retrogressive they're saying that rock'n'roll is retrogressive, basically. Which maybe it is. Some guy in America has just completed a study

saying that listening to rock music leads to a reversal of brain development because of a diminution of one's psychic power, because the accent is put more to the last beat than the first one whilst the heart is the other way around. He claimed that it had led to brains shrivelling up and claims that it's very detrimental to The Human Condition."

Well, perhaps one could counter that by saying that the reversal of the beat is a perfect Yin/Yang discipline.

Also, of course, like so many new wave outfits, The Stranglers picked up an early rep as a hardline political outfit...

"Communist indoctrination sorta thing... nah," Cornwell shakes his head and takes a sip of tea. "I read Marx's Communist Manifesto the other day and I was really disappointed by it. All the time he kept going on about 'When we overthrow the system and replace it with our own thing'. And it didn't take into consideration at all the people they were going to throw out. Okay, they were going to put the workers in, but what about the people who were there in the beginning through no fault of their own? They were just going to take them outside and shoot them. It was a very narrow view."

Cornwell, though, is a great admirer of Trotsky — "a very great man" — and on a recent holiday trip to Mexico visited his home and the room where he got an ice-pick through his brain. "He just seemed to be almost an ideal public figure, that's all. He did so much. Whenever any of the revolutionary party had a heavy job to do they'd get Trotsky to do it. And whatever it was he made it

work."

In between incessant phone calls the soft-spoken Cornwell loads up a tape of Leila And The Snakes, a Tubes spin-off outfit for whom he's just finished producing an album's worth of songs in San Francisco. It offers far more than virtually all the American bands I've heard of late.

"You know," he muses, "However people may miss the point of our lyrics and music, we do try and make people think again. About everything. We try and nurture their sense of inquiry and questioning." He waxes almost self-conscious for a second. "Uhh... If you get what I mean."

"I think that that's the only virtuous way you can use a public platform. Because otherwise you're just using the power to condition."

"I mean, God was a fascist really, because he used his platform to tell people not to do things. So he's a fascist because he allows no other... But maybe if there are certain things that everyone deep within them felt was the right way then you could use the power for that. About the only thing I can think of is 'Thou shalt not kill'. Everything else seems to have two sides to it, but there you've just got a dead man and a live man. But that's the only way of using that programming power that you can't really knock."

Of course, rock'n'roll is a very primal music and perhaps people should be encouraged to return to primacy to release those parts of their unconscious which modern society doesn't really permit forcing them to

Five years of this went by... until one day he woke up and realised that, successfully and financially comfortable entrepreneur that he was, the one thing that was missing from his life was job satisfaction.

Let's entrepreneurial abilities, however, were vital to the early Stranglers' existence.

Having met Hugh Cornwell and his Swedish guitarist John Sox in 1974 via an ad in *Melody Maker* for a "rock'n'roll drummer" that had Jet assuming all the way to the audition that he was about to encounter some rock'n'roll revival band, he quickly established a close empathy with Cornwell and, despite the other's initial misgivings, persuaded him that living free in Guildford in a flat above the off-licence with its own rehearsal space was a potentially fruitful scene.

A few weeks after Cornwell had moved down to Guildford, a friend dropped round with a guy whom he'd seen hitching and to whom he'd given a lift. It was Jean Jacques Burnel on his way home from karate. Learning that Burnel was, in fact, a highly proficient classical guitarist, the pair — who by this time had separated from the Swede — turned JJ into a bassist and the Stranglers became a trio.

Shortly afterwards, Black having placed his assorted businesses in the hands of a manager, the trio moved some ten miles outside of Guildford to a place called Chiddingfold, where the drummer had discovered a house at a reasonable rent where the three could live and rehearse together.

Despite only securing gigs by

"School Meals were great... semolina & jam!"

with away unused.

"And that," nods Cornwell, "is probably the concept of anarchy which was the most intended by the whole new wave."

"You know, everyone looks up 'anarchy' in the dictionary and gets one meaning. But there are applied meanings."

"The very fact that people question things is a sign that they have anarchic brains."

Which, of course, comes down to linking up with those basic truths common to all humanity that come slurring out of the old unconscious.

"Yeah, intuitive truths... It's odd, really. A lot of people feel that if they have to question their beliefs then it must imply a weakness in those beliefs. But if you question it and then you come out logically and still have that belief then it must be stronger."

"We do try to go down to fundamentals with our music."

"You know," he free-associates again, "one of the things that really struck me about America this trip was that there are hardly any girls out on the streets just walking around. But here they're all over the place. England is much more progressive than most places, in a way."

"It leads the world in many ways. Like the family is a bow and the kid is an arrow and they let them get out and do what they want."

"There's very great repression in the States for the youth, for the kids. The only places they can go and see bands are huge 10,000-seater auditoriums. They can't go into clubs where there's any booze."

"The freedom of youth in this country is great. Very strong."

"Yeah, England's best. And all the Americans know it, too."

One of three sons of a teacher, Jet Black spent much of his childhood in Ilford, Essex, actively hating school.

Leaving at as early an age as possible, he was apprenticed and became a joiner and shopfitter.

During the evening, though, he was playing drums in jazz bands up in Soho.

Time and a couple of marriages passed, and Jet found himself living down in Guildford, first running just an off-licence then expanding within the building in which the liquor shop was based until he was running a home brew kit export firm from the top floor and an ice-cream factory in the basement.

ringing up clubs, finding out what kind of bands they put in and then claiming The Stranglers were that kind of outfit, Jet Black was sufficiently confident to sell off the businesses and invest the profit in underwriting the next few months of the group's existence. Amongst the items left over from the sale was an ice-cream van. For many long months that was The Stranglers' sole means of travelling to gigs.

In the early summer of 1975 Dave Greenfield answered a further *Melody Maker* ad and ended up as The Stranglers' keyboards player.

A native of Brighton, Greenfield — a guitarist until he was 18 — had quit school just before his "O" levels to go pro and had spent much of his 20's working the musicians' graveyard circuit of the German U.S. bases. Shortly before becoming a Strangler his finances had reached a state where a three-week residency at Tiffany's in Swansea had not seemed out of order.

The rest you know. Jet never even considered that, approaching forty as he then was, maybe he was too old to rock'n'roll. Notwithstanding the occasional nervous twitch around the eyes that would appear to be a symptom of the strain that the rock'n'roll lifestyle imposes upon the system, he claims to have no less stamina or endurance than the younger members of the band.

Not surprisingly — considering that he once ran an off-licence — Jet likes the odd tipple.

He is also fascinated by cosmology and astro-physics. The Sirius mystery, in particular, holds a great deal of interest for him, as do such occult elements as ESP and telepathy.

His ladyfriend has just had a damaged spine cured by a psychic healer.

Jet's ambition is to grow his own vegetables.

SLUMPED IN the back seat of the car driving us back through the New York night from the InterMedia Club, where The Stranglers have just played, to the Gramercy Park Hotel, Jean Jacques Burnel's eyes are beginning to get heavy. He's just been spoked with his first ever quaalude and the night's going to prove an interesting experience for him.

For the meantime, though, speech isn't yet quite a problem. "Hard party lines are a load of bullshit," he curses, waving a bottle of beer under my



Handsome, swarthy Jean-Jacques in the butch, street chic that's de rigueur among the international set.

nose. "The National Front doesn't really exist. They got about 0.2 per cent of the vote at the last by-elections."

"They're being used by the SWP in the same way that extremists always create myths to hate. Like Hitler made the Jews an object of hatred, for example." (Funny — I could have sworn that was what the NF were doing with the 'immigrant' population — Ed.)

Although certainly not as desperate a figure, Jean Jacques Burnel rivals that other well known bass player, Sid Vicious, in the ignoble savage stakes. Because he is also highly intelligent, Burnel is thoroughly aware of the dark shadows lurking within the nether regions of his unconscious.

His study of karate, he freely admits, began as an attempt to discipline his inner being and prevent himself so readily going over the top. There are those who have pointed out the closeness in spirit between '50s bobemians, particularly of the English art school variety, and the true street essence of punk.

Certainly the blouson noir Burnel could fit easily into such a cast.

The credentials are fairly impeccable: the Outsider spirit fostered by foreign parents — French restaurant workers from Caen who, after working in this country for other people for 25 years, finally managed to buy a small restaurant in Guildford some five years back; kicked out of school in the sixth form for running a magazine called the *Gubernator* (Latin for "Helmsman"), being a member of the anarchic British League of Youth and running the school lawn with weed killer; karate freak and biker with his own chopped-down 1942 side-valve

Harley-Davidson; no home to call his own — "I lived with Wilko for nine months. There were two stabbings and one rape. The place was broken into and the stereo was nicked. Now I don't live anywhere. Which is okay really... Except that sometimes you have to sleep with people you don't really want to go to bed with."

"DID YOU HAVE school dinners?" Burnel asks. "I thought they were great. I think they're great at most schools but there is definitely an inverted snobbery about school meals."

"We used to have about eight kids at a table with one kid serving. And when it was things like semolina with jam none of the others liked it and would all go 'UURRRGGHHH!' Because of things like that they used to put school meals down all the time."

"But I'd eat anything. I thought semolina with jam was great."

"The veg was always alright, too." After getting kicked out of school, Burnel finished his "A" Levels and went up to Huddersfield Polytechnic where, whilst living in Bradford and scoring in Leeds, he got a degree in English and Economics.

Despite his hatred for 'hard party lines', he does feel that "there is going to be a new party soon. Maybe quite a few new parties."

"I also definitely think there's a growing Europeanism. Euroman cometh."

In saying this, Burnel does not consider yet another vast, tedious corporate power in the mould of the USA and the USSR, but rather he envisages on the one hand a Federal European Parliament and on the other a situation where the individual

and minority groups such as Basques, Welsh, Scots and Bretons will find it far easier to establish their identity.

"It's a very fundamental aspect of Europeanism. Imagine: in the United States Of Europe there's no reason why Westminster should dictate to Scotland. When you hear these ass-holes complaining that they'll lose their individuality it's always English people... People who've subjugated the Welsh for nine hundred years. There's no reason whatsoever why the English — whoever they are — should lose their identity at all."

"Also I think that the giant corporate powers are going to start declining if for no other reason than that they're dysfunctional."

"Also the whole monolith that we know at the moment as socialism is going to inevitably destroy itself because that's just a giant corporation also."

"Then we can have real socialism." His economics background, Burnel feels, has been quite useful in studying the strokes that assorted governments pull. Like the way, for example, in which in this country the government seems to have decided that it is a fact of life that there will always be high unemployment.

"It has been accepted. Keynes accepted that it is necessary for an economy to have one per cent unemployment. So it's part of their strategy to have unemployed people. The only trouble is we've got too many people for the economic plan so we'll never have unemployment under a million. Going by present economic planning."

"Mind you, the one thing Keynes

Continued page 57



RICH KIDS

NEW ALBUM

GHOSTS OF PRINCES IN TOWERS

*I was just a
stiffed-out
staff nurse
from Stoke
Newington
until I
discovered
spare-part
surgery.*

JOINT SINGLES OF THE WEEK:

DR FEELGOOD: "Down At The Doctors" (UA). The greatest death bed revival since Lazarus. At one stage, it looked like the last rites, or a permanent gig in the geriatric ward. But these days, you'd never guess these patients had undergone major spare-part surgery. This new prescription provides the sort of adrenalin rush that the original Feelgoods only achieved with their live album.

Lee Brilleaux confirms his reputation as the definitive voice of British R'n'B. And while Dr. Mayo may lack the unhinged scalpel style of his predecessor, he's more than a cut above average. The song's by leading Southend car and throat man Mickey Jupp, and produced by an expensive American specialist Richard Gottschalk. Should create more queues than a National Health waiting room. No longer can it be said that the Feelgoods are their own worst enemies.

THE BISHOPS: "I Want Candy" (Chiswick). At one time, the Bishops looked like no more than musical curates. Just another clerical error. But this single may well pull the big congregation these subterfuge fellows deserve. Essentially it's no more than a Bo Diddley testament given the New English treatment, but done with the verve of hell-fire preachers. Should get them dancing in the aisles, fainting in the fonts, and nipping through nimble knees-ups in the knaves. If this doesn't get into the charts, then there's definitely no justice. Rich men mounted on camels will be passing through the eyes of needles into the Kingdom of Heaven.

ABBA: "Summer Night City" (Epic). It is just wishful thinking, or could this be the one to put the ice-cap on Polar Records? In a finely calculated attempt to reassert their world dominance, Abba go disco with a title that vaguely suggests a rehash of Stigwood's greatest hit. The song's by no means as memorable as earlier stuff, although the packaging's no less adept. Could be that even Abba fans are getting bored by now.

BUZZCOCKS: "Ever Fallen In Love" (UA). Nice Ramones backing track, but where's the singer and where's the joke? Maybe that sibilant hiss vaguely detectable above the guitars is meant to be a vocal. Hard to tell. This band are said to have made something of a name for themselves. On this evidence, they seem to be all buzz and not much of anything else.

IAN GOMM: "Hold On" (A&B). Another pub rocker trying to get into the snug, Mr. Gomm could well be poised for success. This is a smoothly realised piece of pop schmaltz — the sort of cut that Nick Lowe is said to dash off in a few careless seconds. Old Brinsley Schwarz fans (and there is no other kind) will love

it. The style actually recalls Gerry Rafferty's "Baker Street" and that may help. This guy's far from being a gommer.

RAY CAMPI AND THE ROCKABILLY REBELS: "Teenage Boogie" (Radar). Rockabilly devotees here at NME Plaza allege that this is cuter than Dale Evans on a prancing palomino. Well, they may be right. Ray Campi has undeniable ability to incant the phrase "teenage boogie" in a meaningful manner, and no doubt his Rebels stick faithfully to the hallowed redneck style. But there seems to me to be something perverse about the whole approach. The main problem is that the bass and drums simply aren't loud enough. No doubt that's faithful to the 50s' tradition, but then I thought those old guys simply had problems with their studios. When the technology's available, there seems no point in deliberate feebleness.

MINK DE VILLE: "Soul Twist" (Capitol). Mink sounds like a moth-eaten fur on this hopefully atypical offering. Where is the sleek street-wise dude of yesteryear? Nowhere within earshot. This must be how Cliff Bennett and The

Rebel Rousers sounded on an off day.

FLAMIN' GROOVIES: "Move It" (Sire). Yeah, move it elsewhere. The Cliff Richard original had more power and panache than the Floundering Groovies are ever likely to possess.

BIG STAR: "Kizza Me" (A&B). Difficult to understand their cult reputation. Alex Chilton has a distinctive voice, but the band play banal old-fashioned American hard-rock. And the tune doesn't amount to much, either. Not in the same class as old Box Tops hits like "The Letter". Return to sender.

DIRK AND STIG: "Ging Gang Goolie" (EMI). Dirk and Stig of The Rutles, alias Eric Idle and Ricki Fataar, cleverly refurbished this old boy scout camp song. The joke is that it's not very camp at all. The nonsensical words are sung totally seriously, and there's a grandiose backing. Basically, it's what's known as a dib-dib-dib do-dob-dob. More fun than a girl guide with a tight woggle. Or is that less fun? Probably.

RUDI: "Big Time" (Good Vibrations). The Clash played



SINGLES

at 78 r.p.m. Only faster than that. Rudi have this to say: "Big time, you ain't no friend of mine". They should have added the word "yet". This band almost remind you of what it was that was so appealing about the punks when all that started. What was it again?

SKIDS: "Sweet Suburbia" (Virgin). The band's name refers to what they've got under them. Boring, earnest, wide-eyed apprentice punks. Same old song. Same old white vinyl. Strictly suburban. Sorry, Al.

THE DOLE: "New Wave Love" (Ultimate). This should ensure these guys don't stay on the dole for too long. Imagine a Stranglers backing track with cute teen-dream vocals instead of that butch droning, and you'll get the gist. (In fact, you can get the gist off the nicest people these days.) Jilted John wrote the definitive new wave love song, but everybody can't be definitive all the time. And that's definitely true in this case. Otherwise, though, it's okay.

THE POLICE: "Can't Stand Losing You" (A and M). Great name for an outrageous new wave band. Lousy name for a feeble white reggae act. Last observed proceeding in the direction of the waste bin. Not worth apprehending.

RAYDIO: "Honey, I'm Rich" (Arista). Another engaging single from the engaging Ray Parker, reminiscent of nothing so much as the sort of songs that The Four Tops used to do around the time of "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch". Before the war, that was.

CHOCOLATE MILK: "Girl Catlin" (RCA). Sophisticated disco music written, arranged, and produced by Allen Toussaint, a name that guarantees quality if not always commercial success. Still, this ought to be a big record. Toussaint could do for these guys what Quincy Jones has done for the Brothers Johnson, by giving their relatively simple music an appealing depth and integrity. On the other hand, the disco kids might find it too clever by half.

JUNIOR WALKER: "Walk In The Night" (Motown). Junior may get more Senior with the passing years, but his luxurious saxophone style will go on for ever. It's disturbing to think that this indestructible instrumental was first issued way back in 1971. Seems like it was only seven years ago.

THE THREE DEGREES: "Giving Up, Giving In" (Arista). Giorgio Moroder finally gets a genuine, bona-fide, established American act to work with. It will come as no surprise to you to learn that the Three Degrees end up sounding like all Giorgio's other acts — disco music that's long-winded but lively. At least it's less twice than "Dirty Old Man".

ROSE ROYCE: "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" (Whitfield). Too much soft soap from the Car Wash band. Wet song, too. Definitely tiresome.

CARLY SIMON: "Tranquillo" (Elektra). Comatoso, more likely. An antiquated Carly Simon song tarted up with a disco backing.

Reviewed this week by BOB EDMANDS

Like Queen Anne furniture sprayed with dayglo paint.

VOYAGE: "Point Zero" (GTO). Voyage offer more Afro disco, performed with surprising vigour for a lot of French chappies. The effect is a little like wandering around in the sun for too long without your solar toupee, or even with your colour toupee. Voyage may be on a one way trip, but at least they move. A little.

ALTHEA AND DONNA: "Going To Negri" (Virgin Front Line). Beautifully crisp band. Engaging, oddball lyrics. Dull song. Downtown low ranking. Ah well, maybe next year.

DON WILLIAMS: "Not A Chance" (ABC). Dead right, Don. The story goes that Eric Clapton liked Don Williams because he made Clapton sound fast and exciting. This song is a real country tear-jerker. Strictly country for tear-jerks.

CHERYL LADD: "Think It Over" (Capitol). Not a lot to think about. She doesn't sing as nicely as Kojak used to.

BETTE MIDLER: "Say Goodbye to Hollywood" (Atlantic). Goodbye.



the stranglers

September Tour

- 11 LANCASTER University
- 12 DUNFERMLINE Kinema
- 13 ABERDEEN Ruffles
- 16 BATTERSEA PARK
- 17 CARDIFF Top Rank
- 18 PETERBOROUGH Werrina Stadium
- 19 LINCOLN Drill Hall
- 20 SHEFFIELD Top Rank
- 21 GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's
- 24 PORTSMOUTH Locarno
- 25 EXETER Routes
- 26 BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
- 27 BATH Pavillion
- 28 MANCHESTER Apollo
- 29 BRIDLINGTON SPA Pavillion
- 30 GLASGOW Apollo



GET THE FUNK

ON FUNK AMERICA

**Specially compiled 3-track singles,
featuring America's finest Disco-Funk.**

**Available as both Limited Edition 12"
and regular 7", all in full-colour bags.**

First releases from FunkAmerica are:

The Brothers Johnson, Atlantic Starr, LTD



ATLANTIC STARR

GIMME YOUR LUVIN'

WITH YOUR LOVE I COME ALIVE - DON'T ABUSE MY LOVE
AMS 7380



LTD

HOLDING ON

BACK IN LOVE AGAIN - LOVE BALLAD
AMS 7378



THE BROTHERS JOHNSON

AM'T WE FUNKIN' NOW

STRAWBERRY LETTER 23 - GET THE FUNK
AMS 7379



THE NME CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO

DAVID BOWIE

PART TWO: TVC15

PIN-UPS
Side One: Rosalyn (Duncan-Farley) / Here Comes The Night (Barns) / I Wish You Would (Arnold) / See Emily Play (Barrett) / Everything's Alright (Crouch-Konrad-Stavely-James-Karlson) / I Can't Explain (Townshend).
Side Two: Friday On My Mind (Young-Vandell) / Sorrow (Feldman-Goldstein-Gottschall) / Don't Bring Me Down (Dee) / Shapes Of Things (Garnett-Smith) / Hell-McCarthy) / Anyway Anyhow Anywhere (Townshend-Daltry) / Where Have All The Good Times Gone (Davies).
Production: David Bowie, Ken Scott. RCA RS 1063. Released: October 1973.

WHEN, ON July 3 1973, David Bowie announced from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon, "Not only is this the last show of the tour, but it's the last show we'll ever do," he presumably meant that it was the last show that he and his after-ago would perform together. As it was David was back in public performance almost a year to the day later, but that's another story. If the public was having difficulty deciding who was who, they weren't the only ones — Ziggy had addressed his creator into virtual submission and it must have been with a sense of positive relief that Bowie trucked off to France to indulge himself for a change in the creation of a nostalgic portfolio of love raves.

Originally, he'd not invited The Spiders' rhythm section along for the jaunt, having extended invitations to Jack Bruce and Andy Taylor "Silver River" Dunbar to pluck and pound, respectively. Dunbar had made himself available, but Bruce had declined, so Trevor Bolder got to pick his suitcase after all while Woodmansey (converted by Garson into an active Scientistologist) languished amongst the E-meters in East Grinstead.

As it transpired, "Pin Ups" marked the end of an era and of the productive collaboration between Bowie and his faithful companion Mick Ronson. Bowie's brief handwritten liner note not only acknowledged the bands upon whose material he drew but the legendary clubs which spawned them, many of which he himself and worked with: The King Bees, Manish Boys, Buzz and Lower Third.

For purposes of historical reference, we're including the labels and catalogue numbers of the original recordings. Assuming you can find them all (they'll cost ya!) they make a great cassette.

"Pin Ups" opens in a shower of teenage sweat with The Pretty Things' "Roselynn" (Fontana TF 689). It's even got maracas as well as power-drive performances by Dunbar, Ronson and the man in the middle. Everyone actually sounds inspired. A scrying downward guitar solo like the one in the catalogue you straight into The Who's "Here Comes The Night" (Decca F12094). Bowie introduces himself with a fantastic gurgling scream, but the track jumps almost immediately. The tension originally created by Van Morrison is dissipated by Bowie's decision to croon the song instead of snarling it, and the gaspise xcs doesn't lift it either.

The Yardbirds' "I Wish You Would" (Columbia DB 7283) fares considerably better. Bowie underpins the basic groove with a menacing low-frequency synthesiser boom and his harp interacts convincingly with Ronson's guitar and the flying elbows of a fiddle on loan from French band Zoo — and surprisingly — uncredited.

The acid-ravaged phantom of Syd Barrett breathes a chilly wind over Pink Floyd's "See Emily Play" (Columbia DB 8214). The best features of this neotonic performance are Bowie's symmetrical synth blocks and inspired use of extravagant vamped vocal overdubs on the chorus.

The first of two nods in the general direction of Liverpool comes with the inclusion of The Mojos' "Everything's Alright" (Decca F11853). Dunbar was an ex-member of The Mojos (though he didn't play on the original recording), so it's safe to assume that he already knew where the breaks were! If anything, this version is even more Merseyfied than the original, with playful backing vocals and a Beastly "ooooo" at the end.

Maybe DB was attempting to prove a somewhat obscure point about the 70s by showing The Who's "I Can't Explain" (Brunswick DS528) from an emphatic rush to mandrax drone, but aesthetically it's a non-happener.

On side two, we find a hectic and charming performance of The Easybeats colonial classic "Friday On My Mind" (United Artists UP 1157). This is followed by that impossibly dreary reading of The Merseys' "Sorrow" (Fontana TF 732, unless you want to check out the first version by The McCoys — featuring Rick Derringer — on Immediate IM 021).

Rauch rules again with a tough, sneering version of The Pretty Things'



Thomas Jerome Newton pulls on a cigarette and a trigger in Nicholas Roeg's film "The Man Who Fell To Earth".

"Don't Bring Me Down" (Fontana TF 503) which we, dumbos that we are, would have short-listed for the single. Ronson positively dazzles, and the song could well do with reviving once again. Bishops and Raziblos, are you listening? Once again, Ronson is in his element recreating Jeff Beck's epic guitar solo from The Yardbirds' "Shapes Of Things" (Columbia DB 7848). Unfortunately, Bowie once again finds himself in an ongoing crooning situation. Pity.

Still, he more than compensates for the deficiencies of "I Can't Explain" by getting well to grips with The Who's second single "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" (Brunswick DS525). Dunbar is in particularly towering form in a welter of phased cymbals and bruised snare drums and Bowie matches him with a vocal of barest power. The Man must obviously have felt the special significance of The Kinks' "Where Have All The Good Times Gone" (Pye 7N 15981) since he took the trouble to reprint the lyrics on the credits insert. Ronson's power chords have a methodical crushing force that does Dave Davies much honour, and Bowie's vocals — simultaneously sardonic and pleading — should have made Raymond Douglas Davies regret having originally buried the song on the B-side of "Till The End Of The Day".

"Pin Ups" was issued at a time when the market was swamped with a positive spate of retro-albums: Bryan Ferry's "These Foolish Things" and John Lennon's "Rock'n'Roll" are the two which spring most readily to mind, and Bowie's project received less favourable reviews than either, though arguably the highlights of "Pin-ups" are on a par with the more inspired moments of the Lennon excursion.

Trivie: the backing track for a version of Lou Reed's Velvet Underground classic "White Light White Heat" was recorded during these sessions, but dropped when Bowie decided to limit himself to UK club-rock. This track later showed up on Mick Ronson's "Play Don't Worry" album, with Ronson's vocal and mix. Bryan Ferry's composition "Ladytron" was shortlisted (the sheet music was lying around in the studio), but never recorded.

(A) Rebel Rebel (*) Bowie
(B) Queen Bitch (*) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie (for Maelman Arrangement, David Bowie.
(**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (for Geml. RCA LPB0 5009 Released.
February 16 1974.

TEENAGE TRASH of the first water. "Rebel Rebel" was an instant glitterkid's anthem and — more pointedly — a counterpart of "All The Young Dudes" for girls and for every female rocker who'd ever known she was born to be wild. At Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco in Los Angeles, "Rebel Rebel" was the sex tune for strutting your stuff while gazing at your reflection in the mirrored walls.

Nearer to home, it was construed as a gay or even transsexual tease, but then many people were still scanning Bowie's work for the faintest traces of perversion. Still, as long as everyone's happy.

After Ziggy broke up the band (how the hell did that get in here?), Bowie drifted in session bassist Herbie Flowers alongside drummer Aynsley Dunbar and pianist Mike Garson, the only survivors from the "Pin Ups" band. Much to the astonishment of the general public, he declined to hire a replacement for Mick Ronson.

preferring to take over the lead guitar duties himself. The result was a rocking dirty noise that owed as much to Keith Richards as it did to the departed Ronno.

The song was built around a highly ingenious riff that most professional lead guitarists would never have thought of. For a man who has always projected himself in live performance as first and foremost a vocalist (and who used to be fond of claiming "I am not a musician"), Bowie is a formidable multi-instrumentalist in the studio, more than compensating for his lack of technique ("I could not claim to be a technician on any instrument") and from this stage in his career onwards, he would place an ever-increasing amount of emphasis on this aspect of his abilities.

Litically, "Rebel Rebel" celebrated the antics of wayward teenagers and reiterated "Hot tramp I love you so." For every critic who whined that it with this single Bowie was descending to the level of his imitators, there were a thousand satisfied customers.

For the TV promo clips, DB added an eye patch and a best-up cheapo Kent

guitar to his basic Ziggy threads to provide an intriguingly pictorial effect. The song has subsequently become an integral part of Rick Derringer's stage act (historically speaking, Bowie and The McCoys are now quits after "Sorrow" was borrowed for "Pin Ups") and it has also — God help us — been recorded by The Bay City Rollers.

"Queen Bitch" — an appropriately sleazy B-side — comes to you direct from "Hunky Dory".

(A) Rock And Roll Suicide (*) (Bowie)
(B) Quicksand (*) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Maelman). (**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (for Maelman). RCA LPB0 5021 Released. April 11, 1974.

ZIGGY'S FUNERAL march wheeled out again (just in case anybody had forgotten it) with yet another "Hunky Dory" B-side.

DIAMOND DOGS.
Side One: Future Legend/Bewitched (Ropers)/Diamond Dogs/Sweet Thing — reprise/Rebel Rebel.
Side Two: Rock 'n' Roll With Me (Bowie/Pace)/We Are The Dead/1984/Big Brother/Chant Of The Ever Circling Skeletal Family.
Production: Bowie (for Maelman). Arrangement: Bowie. RCA APLI 0576.

IF THERE is one common theme that has preoccupied Bowie's work in the '70s, it is the problem of survival — both individual and collective — in a rapidly declining civilisation and the disintegration of a culture.

This theme has never been stated as nakedly as in "Diamond Dogs". Originally, Bowie's intention was to produce an album — with potential stage and screen spin-offs — based on George Orwell's dystopic novel 1984. Unfortunately, the Orwell asets was not prepared to cooperate, and so the end result was "Diamond Dogs", a work which drew not only on the Orwellian vision (principally on side two), but also on Harlan Ellison's award-winning

novella A Boy And His Dog (subsequently filmed) and various private nightmares and perceptions.

Working with a skeleton crew of Aynsley Dunbar and/or Tony Newman (drums), the ever-dependable Hasbie Flowers (bass) and pianist Mike Garson, Bowie played saxophone, synth, mellotron and all the guitars (with the exception of the sick-sick guitar part supplied by sessioneer Alan Parker on "1984"). In addition, Bowie (for some reason, he'd given his first name a holiday on this album) did all his own production and arranging, though Tony Visconti was reunited with his former colleague to assist in the mixing (along with the late Keith Harwood, who engineered). Visconti also contributed the string arrangement to "1984".

"Diamond Dogs" was at least as much of a concept album as "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust" had been, but it followed the pattern of the first rather than the second side, a presentation of different aspects of a confusion rather than a neat linear story-line of the "Tommy" variety. As song after song unfolds, we learn more and more about the brutal, chaotic world that exists after the Great Disaster (possibly the one hinted at in "Five Years", who knows?), and the efforts of the survivors to build some kind of endurable life amidst the ruins.

In fact, there are already today as many as 50,000 homeless teenagers (and younger) in New York City alone, not to mention an estimated 250,000 stray dogs. As far as they're concerned, the Great Disaster has probably already happened.

Some of these kids have children of their own now (either abandoned infants adopted into the Wild Life or else conceived in these circumstances) and this community and its equivalents in other metropolises are steadily increasing in numbers. Any day now — the year of the diamond dogs!

A wolf howls from rooftop, a strand of twisted night club music ("Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered") uncurls and Bowie's eerily phased voice delivers the prologue ("Future Legend") before a rock crowd (borrowed from The Faces' "Overture And Beginners" live album) explodes, Bowie screams, "This ain't rock and roll... this is genocide!" and we're into the title track, which roars

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
& ROY CARR

Continues over

... IF WE 'AD A
FEW MORE BOB
WE COULD'VE 'AD
A BLEEDIN'
DECENT SIZED AD!

MAKES A
CHANGE FROM
A 2 INCH DOUBLE
IN THE GIG
GUIDE!



CHAS & DAVE

THE NEW ALBUM ON ROCKNEY RECORDS

Catalogue number OCKNEY 1.

Available from all good record shops.

Dealers order from:-

Lightning Records,

841, Harrow Road, London NW10.

Telephone 01-969 8344 (4 Lines)



Radio Stars Holiday Album CWK 3001

Release date Sept 1 ★ Massive 47 date U.K. tour

September

- 2 Aylesbury Friars
- 3 Chelmsford Chancellor Hall
- 6 Leeds Fford Green
- 7 Leeds Fford Green
- 8 Newcastle Mayfair
- 11 Plymouth Woods Centre
- 12 Penzance The Garden
- 13 Wakefield Unity Hall
- 14 Middlesbrough Rock Garden
- 15 Middlesbrough Rock Garden
- 16 Nr Doncaster
Bircote Sports Centre

- 17 Hemel Hempstead Pavilion
- 20 Yeovil Johnson Hall
- 22 Bath Pavilion
- 23 Slough College
- 28 Middleton Civic
- 29 Huddersfield Polytechnic
- 30 Huddersfield Polytechnic

October

- 6 Dundee University
- 7 Stirling University
- 8 Aberdeen Ruffles
- 9 Edinburgh Tiffany's

- 10 Glasgow Strathclyde University
- 12 Belfast Ulster Hall
- 13 Portrush Arcadia
- 14 Cork Arcadia
- 15 Dublin McGonagles
- 17 Leicester University
- 18 Liverpool University
- 19 Batley Crummet Club
- 20 Manchester Salford University
- 21 Bradford University
- 22 Saltburn Philmore Country Club
- 23 Carlisle Market Hall
- 25 Sheffield Top Rank

- 26 Malvern Winter Gardens
- 27 Aberystwyth University
- 28 Birmingham University
- 29 Colchester Woods Centre
- 30 Hastings Pier
- 31 Canterbury Odeon

November

- 1 Keele University
- 2 Birmingham The Gig
- 3 Redford Porterhouse
- 4 Lincoln A J's
- 5 London Roundhouse



Also available on cassette TC - CWK 3001

Licensed Repertoire Division, EMI Records Ltd, 9 Tayer St London W1 01-486 7144

Chriswick

ALBUMS

BLONDIE

Parallel Lines (Chrysalis)

EVERYTHING SEEMED hunky dory when the first Blondie album hit home with its mating of '60s girlie group innocence and a more worldly, sardonic even '70s pitch. After all, these two disparate forces were harnessed with a fine grasp of what amounts to good, commercial pop/rock. There were sterling melodic structures, a plethora of graceful but tenacious hooks that simply wouldn't let go and the proverbial ace up the sleeve in large helpings of irresistibly sexy wit.

After this sturdy start, the critical flak began, primarily with Julie Burchill's negative appraisal of the second Blondie album. Ms. Burchill lambasted "Plastic Letters", blaming various members of the band's instrumental egocentricity for the pabulum on display. Mind you, innumerable other interested parties thought differently, hoisting as they did the record high into the charts throughout Europe and floating the successful single revamp of Randy & The Rainbows' "Denis" to similar heights.

In retrospect, "Letters" was a commercial affair, fit to burst with winning songs and a cohesive fire that bound the band's assorted abilities firmly together, whilst Debbie Harry's delectable, facile but nonetheless more than adequate vocales provided the cream on the cake.

Ms. Harry had never sung as well as she's looked — though to pinpoint her vocal deficiencies is somewhat unfair when one might also remark that Chris Stein's guitar playing is itself at best merely adequate — but on "Letters" the Blondie whole became much greater than the sum of its parts. Indeed, that second album still stands as the band's best effort so far — and then some.

"Parallel Lines", you see, appears hamstrung by the insurmountable problems of being rushed, of lacking any tangible raison d'être and of



DEBBIE HARRY: "Gee, I'm right out of pure pop peroxide this album..."

Pic by PENNIE SMITH

WOOPS — BLONDIE SHOWS ROOTS

ultimately sounding inconsequential. Not so much bad as unnecessary.

No single song here leaps out at the listener in the way of the cocky "X-Offender" and "Kung Fu Girls" or the sumptuous "In The Flesh", all from the first album. Neither is there anything as stirring and uplifting as "Presence, Dear"

or "Fan Mail", as irrepressible as "Love On The Pier", as experimental and audaciously sinister as "Cautious Lip".

The first single from "Parallel Lines" should have been the writing on the wall. Though apparently not the band's first choice, it's still easy to see why "Picture This" was chosen as the most commercial

extract from the collection — simply because it seizes the attention immediately, although repeated listenings show the track to be nothing of note (indeed, it could have cropped up on either of the first two records without so much as raising an eyebrow).

Which is more than can be said for much of the rest of the

album. Tracks like "Pretty Baby", "11.59", "Will Anything Happen" and "Sunday Girl" are little more than further versions of exactly the same formulae that provided the first two albums' archetypes — only this time the effervescence curdles into mere listlessness. Even the excellently titled "Heart Of

Glass" (take a bow, Werner Herzog) is pure throwaway pop pap that stretches Debbie Harry's coo-doo sexuality a tad too far for comfort. In other words, it's silly.

As with "Letters", band democracy reigns supreme: everyone except drummer Clem Burke — who plays superbly throughout, by the way — contributes songs. Frank Infante provides "I Know But I Don't Know", which begins by sounding like The Tubes in full techno-flash slight before rocking out in top-heavy form, a morsel of pogo-worthy fodder better left to The Ramones. New bassist Nigel Harrison offers Ms. Harry a chance to sing in a pleasingly feisty manner as she asserts herself over another inconsequential set of chord changes. That said, "One Way Or Another" is one of few songs in which Harry proves she can sing with more variety than we've been led to believe. And that in turn is one of the few positive criticisms one can make of this backluster affair. There would seem to be two problems responsible for this unbecoming offering. First, the band appear to be being bled dry by record company demands for more "product"; the whole album appears to have been constructed very hurriedly. Secondly, the production by the overrated Mike Chapman of dread Chinnichap fame appears to have locked a creative stranglehold on Blondie, mainly through its fanatical commercialism.

Everything here sounds so clean. Even when Blondie attempt something a little different, as on the ethereal "Fade Away And Radiate" with its guitar part from Robert Fripp, Chapman seizes the sound into an unobvious limbo that makes it obvious the man is incapable of tackling anything outside his cripplingly confined circumference of sound comprehension.

Shame, shame. After all, there's no way you can reasonably write off a band who proudly quote the Strawberry Alarm Clock. Is there?

Nick Kent

WIRE

Chairs Missing (Harvest)

AS EARLY AS halfway through the opening song, the heavily echoed, terraced oooh-esshs give the first clear sign of an unhappy attack of the Pink Floids — Wire have "progressed".

Which means, ultimately, that artifice has replaced art and the immense promise of the debut "Pink Flag" LP remains, temporarily, unfulfilled.

Whereas "Pink Flag", astonishingly for a first album, assumed the dimensions of a genuinely bruising experience through its brutally manipulative 21 songs, there is little tangible hostility or distress in "Chairs Missing". Instead, it is fraught with fraud fears and a debilitating preoccupation with stylistic device; Wire require synthesizers like Liverpool need a replacement for Kevin Keegan.

"Mercy" is indicative of the lapse. As the archetypal chugging, descending bass line and ever-ascending crashing guitars clash with the studiously psychopathic lyrics (of which Ingmar Bergman would be proud — "The windows dark green tinted/The hearse a taxi instead"), you're forced to the conclusion that this is indeed heavy, man. And the midnight mercy nurse turns out to be a transvestite, too.

This kind of 'deep' opacity is rife throughout, but it's especially damaging on "Mercy" (at 5.46, by far the longest of 15 tracks), which comes across like a sad parody of taut dramas like "Reunited". The pity of it is that Wire can still cut you to the quick, musically.

The bass line copped from Bruce Welch (really) and the punishing, pneumatic still-riff of "Practice Makes Perfect" makes for riveting listening, as does the tarted-up Beefheart lick on "Man Zed". But the words — "Hysterical, no humour" — stand as their own indictment; Wire tend to be



WIRE: "We may not be magnificent, but we sure are moody." Pic by PENNIE SMITH

WIRE TURKEY?

about as amusing as a roomful of Mormons.

"An unwilling sailor adrift from Arctic waters" ("Marooned") could be more usefully rephrased "A pretentious lyricist in league with Roger Waters", as Wire tentatively discover melody through the magic of mellotrons. Even the excellent "Being Sucked In Again" — ugly, vicious, hard as a British Rail pork pie — is tainted by an unhealthily doom-laden arty-spacetrunk intro.

This "Saucerful Of Secrets" effect is more pronounced on "French Film (Blurred)" (titles as vacuous as the sub-Magritte cover), which is too blurred by hall, the distant keyboards and distorted guitars disappearing up their own miasma.

Side two is better. "Outdoor Miner" is near as dammit pretty (though it's about silverfish) and the underrated "I Am The Fly" — featuring the best synocopated handclaps since "Not Fade Away" — draws the listener ineluctably as surely as the lyrics vaguely recall

Colin Newman's voice,

always an integral part of the whole, never a 'showpiece', is particularly effective on "From The Nursery" — where kiddy bleats and savage guitars mesh in disturbingly incongruous onison on a horrible tale of kindergarten violence — and "Used To", a weirdly attractive ditty in the engaging off-hand Kevin Hairs vein.

"Too Late" is a fitting finale, churning relentlessly onwards, upwards, too late.

"She pisses icy water on poetic mornings/Got to be cruel to be kind" — you said it, babe. Or did they? I didn't hear them. I heard Ray Manzarek on frenzied Sooty organ, Avalon Ballroom-style circa 1967.

"Is this real life?" Have Wire driven me as bonkers as their characters? And where's "Dot Dash"?

At their best — approached only sporadically here — they convey controlled derangement better than most anyone. But when the weedy spectre of Syd Barrett looms large over their work, Wire become hopelessly entangled in precious bathos.

Monty Smith



THE ONLY ONES

"ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET"

The 12" single with 625 lines.



Alright, Edmonds — where'd you like to be buried?

Fig: PAUL COX

WILKO OR WON'T HE?

SOLID SENDERS
Solid Senders (Virgin)

THIS IS it. With the very first Solid Senders album, you get a definitive set of Wilko Johnson performances: a version of "Walking On The Edge" that's pure adrenalin; a rendition of "Paradise" that's performed so furiously it almost lives up to its name; a moody, atmospheric reading of B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby" and a classic interpretation of Dylan's "Highway 61".

Yes, it's all there. The highlights of the Solid Senders' stage act, punched out with all the relentless, manic drive that Wilko is famous for. There is just one snag. These songs all appear on the free live album given away with the first 15,000 copies of the Solid Senders' first studio album.

So, if you're not among the first 15,000, you should think twice about an investment. Because the sad truth is that the studio set simply does not cut it alone. (Come to that, the live album only lasts for less than 15 minutes per side, so they're not giving too much away).

There are a number of problems with the studio sides. One is that the band appear to have been inhibited by being confined away from the stage, which is their natural setting. As a result, they sound uncharacteristically enervated. Maybe it's down to the choice of songs. The opening cut "Blazing Fountains" is horrendously misnamed. It staggers under the weight of an overladen lyric that forces Wilko to gabble.

Lee Brilleaux, supported by his new producer or even Nick Lowe, could have carried it. Wilko, alas, sounds like the veteran film actor James Stewart doing one of his stammering routines. Much the same is true of another promisingly titled cut, "Everybody's Carrying A Gun". Too much vocal wail, too little aggressive rhythm guitar. Strangely enough, there's a marked absence of tough guitar sounds throughout the studio set. "Dr Dupree" is the nearest we get to live Wilko, and that's already as available on the single.

Paradoxically, the album's strongest song is a J.J. Cale pastiche "First Thing In The Morning", written and performed by the drummer Alan Platt. (On my review copy, this song turned up again in place of "Shop Around", but Virgin say this was a pressing error that'll be corrected by the time the album reaches the shops).

A couple of John Potter's Jerry Lee reruns are quite fun, but nothing to get too excited about. The question is: where does Wilko go from here? A couple of studio albums would have served as a nice run-up to a classic live set, but they're already giving that away this time out.

Perhaps he should ask the Feelgoods if they'd like a second guitarist. Their new single is so ominously good.

Bob Edmonds

COMMANDER CODY
Flying Dreams (Arista)

HIS SECOND solo, and a disappointingly lacklustre affair.

Mr. Frayne's own songs have a certain slick wit ("Vampira", "Talent Night At The Nashville Inn"), but only "Thank You Lone Ranger" is genuinely funny. And though his choice of cover material is sound — The Beatles' "Cry Baby Cry", The Band's "Life

Is A Carnival" and even a Joe Tex number — his versions never approach the quality of the originals.

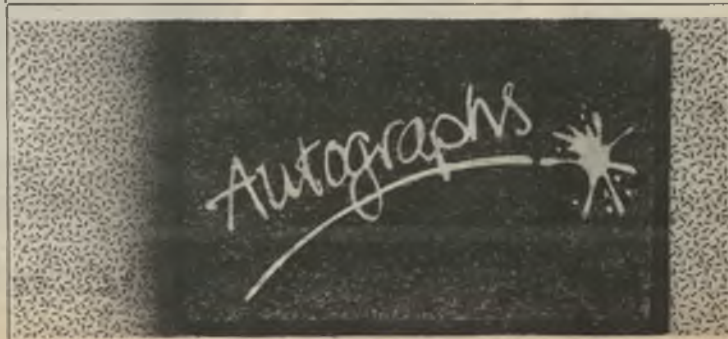
The main trouble is his feeble voice, which doesn't have either the range or the depth to really take charge of the songs. The music, too, is disarmingly inadequate — deodorised country rock with one eye on cabaret.

I think some of his work with the Lost Planet Airmen was

pretty hot stuff, but this is totally unexceptional. Vaguely pleasant, vaguely conceptual (the sad discrepancy between real life and the dreams engendered by popular culture, blah blah), but mostly it's just vague, with hardly a whisper of good old sweaty boogie.

I mean, who needs a watered-down, bland-out Kinky Friedman impersonator?

Graham Leck



THE WALKER BROTHERS

Nite Flights (GTO)

SCOTT WALKER — welcome to the 1970's! Scott Engel has written himself just four songs in eight years. They open this album; the rest is given over to offerings by Brothers Gary Leeds and John Maus, both of whose output — be it merely amiable or extremely banal disco-rock — is instantly disposable.

Engel has always had similar interests to David Bowie; his European consciousness and Jacques Brel obsession both predated Bowie's by several years. If there is any influence at play here, it is latterday Bowie / Iggy. Maybe Bowie should produce Engel's next album.

This album, however, was produced by Pacific Eardrum's Dave Macrae, whose keyboard interjections add an eerie, Bowie-like element of repetition into both the muscular "Fat Mama Kick" and the delicate "Nite Flights". Meanwhile "Shutout", the opener, barks back slightly to "Jackie", propelled as it is by a taut, subtle band rather than an orchestra. Scott sings it languidly, so-o-o-o casually.

These three tracks are completely unexpected, not so much because they're innately strange, but because they're entirely untainted by MOR, hip or otherwise: this is front line 1978 rock and roll.

The single, "The Electrician", is positively weird. Dead slow, it appears to be a death fantasy. It sets an absurdly ornate orchestration against a ponderous vocal section to inspired effect, its aura evoking that half-waking /

semi-consciousness when the body's energies ebb and nightmare holds sway.

The other three of Engel's songs are if anything, less explicit, though all conjure up a similar feeling: night time, unreality, nightmare. "Something attacked the earth last night / there were faces bobbing in the heat in the shut out / how will we know the great doll?" ("Shutout"). "Armed angels walk the city lights / wait inside their master corpses / peeled raw, betrayed" ("Fat Mama Kick"). In 1969 Scott Walker was writing about Russian dissidents, old men, wartime and loneliness. Now his stated concern is "the dark on dark, the inner circle that you pray you don't get thrown into every day. That's what I want to write about, because ultimately that's what we should all write about." For an album, "Nite Flights" makes a brilliant EP.

Phil McNeill

JOHN FAHEY

Requiem/The Yellow Princess (Vanguard)

REMARCHE/REMARVEL. This is a repackaging of two late '60s albums by guitarist John Fahey; it makes so much sense and so much nonsense of a multitude of today's 'radical' new ideas.

Perversely, "Requiem" comes first. It's a collection of hymns, allegories and requia, ranging from the stark and stable to the ahead-of-its-time "Knott's Berry Farm Molly", one of the strangest and saddest pieces of music you'll ever hear. Patchy, malevolent and spiritual — but what exactly is it? Uncertain dub music? Antique? All acoustic, but electric.

"The Yellow Princess" is more alkaline. It's a parallel, tightly arranged and recorded, a tag match between the aggression and syncopation of country blues and the delicacy and planning of contemporary Western classical — can you

imagine Mississippi John Hurt versus Erik Satie?

Lots of roots here. Simple complexity is always the most compelling.

... And stop waiting for a guitar hero!!!

Ian Penman

ASHLEY HUTCHINGS

Kickin' Up the Sawdust (Harvest)

THE OVERDUE and long awaited 'solo' album from Ashley Hutchings.

As one would expect from a man who was one of the founder members of Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span and The Albion Band, it's a tastefully executed, immaculately produced and delightfully stylish album, if a little lacking in excitement.

Augmented by erstwhile members of the Albions, among others, Hutchings proceeds through a series of traditional dance tunes (even the steps are included on the sleeve) recorded at the rural Sawmills Studio in Cornwall. Hutchings could never be accused of being boring. There's been a consistency of excellence about his playing on virtually every album he's lent his name to; his bass playing has been, and is, exemplary, acting as a fulcrum for *les troupes ensembles*, and it's typical of the man's reticence that he's taken his customary back seat.

As it is, though, "Kickin' Up the Sawdust" is a must for any followers of the Albions and, for anyone who's followed Ashley Hutchings' versatile career over the years, it's indispensable.

Patrick Humphries

CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS

The Best of (EMI)

DANNY WILD AND THE WILDCATS

Wild In The Country (Raw Records)

EMI HAVE wisely refrained from calling their CB&TRR compilation a "Greatest Hits" album. 'cos the lads only had two — "One Way Love" in 1964 and The Beatles' "Got To Get You Into My Life" in 1966 — but even "The Best Of" is stretching it a bit.

Why? Because included in this twenty-track selection, we get thoroughly redundant versions of "C.C. Rider", "Beautiful Dreamer" (yeah, the "B.D.") and Robert Parker's mediocre "Barfootin'". Plus four 'bonus' tracks from 1961-2, produced by Joe Meek and featuring Cliff on Elvis impersonations. You could call them curious, but dreadful would be a more accurate epithet.

The rest though is not bad, given that the group never made it out of the second division of British '60s R&B based groups. With Cliff finally singing in his own voice, and the band cruising along on two saxes and Roy Young's funky keyboards, it's pleasantly listenable and not too obviously dated.

Which cannot be said of "Wild In The Country". Cliff's four tracks of imitation Elvis were awful enough, but Danny Wild and the Wildcats do an entire album of the same, and it's excruciating. Mr. Wild repeats every vocal mannerism of the Big El ad nauseum, and claims to have written all the songs, which sound remarkably like a lot of well-known '50s rockabilly songs cut up and reshuffled ever so slightly. Hmmm.

The band do a good enough job at recreating the early Sun sound to suggest they deserve better than this sorry exercise in musical necrophilia.

Course, I could be wrong. This might be an album of good Sha'kin' Stevens imitations.

Graham Lock



the boyfriends

Don't ask me to explain
new single - out now

currently on tour with BLONDIE



UP36442

**PETER HAMMILL***The Future Now*
(Charisma)

ONCE AGAIN Van Der Graaf (Generator) have ceased trading, and once again the task of appeasing the insatiable appetites if the band's following falls on the screwy shoulders of Peter Hammill.

Hammill however seems reluctant to fly the flag. "Oh sure," he admits ruefully in "Energy Vampires", "I long ago decided to make myself an exponent of public possession in the private obsession zone".

Indeed you did, Peter — but has it, I wonder, ever occurred to you that it's precisely the element of emotional extremism in your work that encourages surprising numbers of your audiences to barrack you so mercilessly backstage, presumably in the hope of your somehow absolving them from their 'problems' by proxy?

Hammill may never have baulked at figuratively bleeding himself white as he offers up head, heart and soul for close inspection, but he seems either unable or unwilling to accept the obvious responsibilities such breast-basting entails.

My own view of his output veers between fascination with grudging admiration for the man's dogged attempts to expurgate himself or to achieve some sort of emotional catharsis through songwriting and repulsion at his apparent abuse of artistic privilege (has anyone the right to be so exorcising and embarrassingly honest about private lives in public?).

Nevertheless, side one of "The Future Now", all of which — save for occasional and expert aid from violinist Graham Smith and saxist Dave Jackson — is Hammill's own work, is distinctly generalised by his standards.

Accompanying himself on guitars, keyboards, percussion and drum machines, Hammill chews over some old, old cuds.

"Pushing Thirty" is about incipient middle-age, the music biz, and, by implication, Hammill's rocker alter ego Ricky Nadir. "The Second Hand" about time and it's ungrateful passing. "Trappings" about Success and its unfortunate accoutrements. "The Mousetrap" about the Agatha Christie play of the same name, the song being seen through the eyes of an actor

who's been playing the one part for so long he's not quite sure who or why he is himself (just like Hammill, see).

All staple stuff, and only "If I Could", an ethereally sad love song, shares any particular and personal focus with "Energy Vampires". Side two, meanwhile, carries another sextet of songs, but with another bias altogether.

As Hammill croaks in the lugubrious title track: "Oh, blind, blinded, blinding hatred of race, sex, religion, colour, country and creed, these scream from the pages of everything I read."

Hammill has no prognoses — only diagnoses. "Still In The Dark" pours justifiable scorn in our foolish faith in Science (when, you wonder, will it be widely admitted that Technology is not the Wonder Cure it's cracked up to be, but just as much the work of man as anything else, therefore prone to just the same feelings?).

"Medieval" (sic) turns on the Church. Hammill evidently still regards his Jesuit education as another cross to be carried: "And those who are strange are still locked away in asylums and a sterile Pope proscribes the Pill". The song scores a remarkable coup de theatre through Hammill setting his own lead voice against a soaring descent of choral sibilings to pleasingly

heretical and unsettling effect.

In two "Motorbike in Afrika" uses drum machines to rev up an apocalyptic cacophony as Hammill rails against apartheid. Next up, "The Cat" wheels closer to home, cleverly mixing metaphors around the word 'deck' (as in deck of cards and hi-fi deck) and musing appropriately about rock as opiate of the people (yes, yes, yes).

Eventually a dissonant and dislocated bridge of random electronics segues into "Palinurus", he being the helmsman to the wandering Aeneas, the Roman Odysseus: "I've got no answers either. I've got some stories on lucky days... the sea-lanes are crowded with people like us: Castaways"...

Hammill may merely be stating the obvious, but at least does so here with considerable vehemence and conviction. It's also refreshing to see him change his tack from intransigent self-observation to incisive, if unrelentingly gloom, world-exploration. Furthermore, it could be argued that Hammill's own doubts and inadequacies mirror more general uncertainties with some frightening efficacy.

Which is why you might as well consider this particular future. Now.

Angus MacLennan

MICK FARREN*Vampires Stole My Lunch Money* (Logo)

I'M GRATEFUL to The (Social) Deviants for introducing Captain Beefheart to me in 1967. "I can hold my breath underwater for two and a half minutes," proclaimed The Captain amidst a slew of 'revolutionary' sloganeering — a pearl among swine even then — on The Deviants' comic-strip fold-out cover, all IT dayglo and toy soldier militancy. The music was dreadful and the singer, a bloke called Mick Farrow, couldn't really.

Since then, of course, Mick has oft graced these very pages, besides churning out several hundred thousand words on phenomena like space warriors and Elvis Presley.

This year he's gone back into the studio with some chums (Wilko Johnson, Andy Colquhoun, Alan Powell and producer Larry Wallis), seemingly to prove that his battered voice has lost none of its dubious charm in a decade. He attempts to growl like Beefheart with a hangover but ends up sounding more like a grizzly whose bum has just been punctured by cacti.

That's because he affects an alien mid-Atlantic drawl, man, and it's no real surprise that the best track is the one on which he actually drops the pretence and sings like a Londoner ("I Want A Drink"), a short, sharp blues-rocker done fast. Farrow as the spiv customer South London publicans adore.

There's an air of authenticity, too, about "Drunk In The Morning", Larry Wallis' guitars adding a nostalgically cutting edge to this listless drama reflecting the low life style of nihilistic drunks. The sweet'n'sour, sleazy charm of (the single) "Half Price Drinks", an affectingly lazy, loping rocker, suggests that Mick should stick to believing in the bottle because on most of "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money" the living on the border-line, scrounging on the bread-line stance wears as thin as, say, the political integrity of Frank Zappa.

Emblematic of this ramcud, redundant soap-boxing is the unconvincing cover of Zappa's "Trouble Coming Every Day" (though Wilf Stallybrass provides a mean squeaky harp, here as elsewhere). The whole album is pretty much on one level — like a poorly-lit underworld B-movie (featuring sketchily drawn halfway house characters — but in this context the basic R&B line up, dominated by spiky guitar work, sounds quite as fair as, indeed, it must have done back in the mid-'60s).

Protestations from a 'juice-head' (Farrow's own description of himself in the painfully self-conscious "I Know From Self-Destruction") are all very well, so long as they're not as boring as Waterloo arches drunks. But maybe Mick wants to end up in a doss-house — he sure sounds like he'd feel at home there.

Monty Smith

ZONES 4Kids

MUSIC MACHINE Thursday 7th September

First 100 people given FREE single

NASHVILLE Friday 8th September

Sweet Suburbia

SKIDS

Sweet Suburbia / Open Sound

Singles released 8th September

First 15,000 on Virgin white vinyl VS227



Q: ARE WE NOT MEN?

A NEW ALBUM



OUT NOW ON VIRGIN V2106

We have a limited edition of 25,000 which you can get in steel grey vinyl, red vinyl, blue vinyl, yellow vinyl, or green vinyl. Black also available.

A: WE ARE DEVO!



Ultravox: We are New Europeans, we never smile, etc.

ULTRAVOX Systems Of Romance (Island)

Random Drift: "Systems Of Romance" — oh! at long last — the previously irreconcilable split between romanticism and rationalism, the past 500 years or so of Western philosophical debate condensed into one piquant misnomer.

Blush with pride, Dad! Yes, the spawn of the Cybernetic One, the children of Eno are marching forth.

New Music for New Europe! No, actually, West Germany and its frozen fashions perceived by an illusory 'new' intellect-breed, which is just the illusory old icicle &

iconoclast art-school Ultravox, pretending to be Eno for a night or two.

Processes and Systems? No, actually. Badly assimilated perceptions and value judgements processed so as to sound cunningly not clichéd. Forget the Pere Ubu/Bowie/Kraftwerk/etc., comparisons — next to Ultravox they're the difference between insights and platitudes.

Occasionally, as on "Slow Motion", Ultravox produce a pretty electronic pop song; even this is negated however, by dunt of Eno-esque lyrical diarrhoea (diagnosis my arse!): "Hush! Can you feel the breeze of another day?" and it gets worse: Wailing, we were waiting/As the traffic moved through the holes in our head/Bus times were different then, for/The Quiet Men" ("Quiet Men").

The Further Decline And Fall Of The Western World

(Pt 8: West Germany)

"Dislocation", "Maximum Acceleration", "When You Walk Through Me", "Blue Light" ... and they all go like the tides imply, stating the meaningless through the obvious and obscured. This is weedy, idealistic, pessimistic verbiage which utilises the appealing angles and ignores the aggravating ones.

Why does West Germany (or half-formed illusions about it and allusions to it) qualify as this strange 'New Europe' horizon. Whither Tunisia, Italy or Spain?

At the end of the last century Vienna was the fashionable arty watering-place. This decade, these art school visionaries, and it's Berlin — living and listening in an intellectual fridge. Or something.

Random Definition:
Perception = image
manipulation; Imagination =

manipulation of perception;
Art/Performance =
manipulation of imagination.
Random Dogmatism:
Ultravox aren't manipulators, but mannequins, who cannot fashion the fashion they adeptly model; they chirp "I'm wearing someone else's clothes, again," missing the conquering irony.

Ultravox doesn't put its money where its mouth is. If you want to know anything about West Germany's post-1945 social consciousness — as Ultravox obviously don't — then read Gillian Becker's *Hitler's Children* or any Gunter Grass or Heinrich Böll, or go see a Fassbinder movie.

For forceful music which cleverly assimilates a multitude of modern influences and inflections, then Magazine's "Real Life" or any of ATV's as-yet-unrecorded new material makes "Systems Of Romance" terribly redundant. Well it's a hype, man — humour them? HA! HA! HA!

Ian Penman

CRYSTAL GALE When I Dream (United Artists)

SHE LOOKS as cool as a stack of cucumbers in a Fridgidaire and sings sweet enough to be Loretta Lynn's kid sister — that's because Crystal Gayle is Loretta Lynn's kid sister.

But like Dolly Parton before her, Ms Gayle has spurned whatever tenuous connections she may once have had with genuine country music for the lucrative pickings to be had from 'crossover' pop pap.

"When I Dream" is a dull collection of dopey MOR and sexless love songs — love lost, love gained, love unrequited, love-dovey bloody ad nauseam. Still, there's some big Nashville names here. Hargus 'Pig' Robbins, for instance — they don't come any bigger than old Pig.

Monty Smith

IMPORTS

THE ALACRITY with which Joseph Spence's albums disappeared from Virgin's racks worried me.

Each shipment that arrived seemed to evaporate into the polluted atmosphere before I could even grab a bus down to Marble Arch. But, after eventually laying my mitts on copies of "Bahamian Folk Guitar" (Folkways) and "Good Morning, Mr Walker" (Arhoolie), it became totally clear why Spence, who's now knocking on 70, has become such a cult figure. His guitar interpretations of material like the horrendous World War II song "Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer" ("With one motor gone we can still carry on") and the traditional "Happy Meeting In Glory" are unmitigated joys.

An individual and spontaneously creative musician, it's little wonder that Spence has so influenced Ry Cooder on his "Jazz" album. Cooder, who describes Spence's style as "syncopated missionary", utilised three of the Bahamian adaptations of traditional songs, including "Happy Meeting". The Folkways album, recorded by Sam Charters in '58, is the one to get however — though the Arhoolie, which dates from '71, is better recorded.

I must admit that I approached Synergy's "Cords" (Passport) with more than a degree of trepidation. I've had my fill of one-man synth albums — and those which bear such track titles as "Disruption In World Communications" and "Phobos And Deimos Go To Mars", as "Cords" does, normally are adjudged as a must to avoid. However, the album, though not a totally convincing sample of electronic music, does possess a fair portion of impressionistic beauty amid the Zebedee-like boyings and associated sonic sounds beloved of hi-fi demonstrators. The sleeve, by the way, is a Hipposis special, the vinyl is transparent, Peter Gabriel helped with the titles (shame on him) and Robert Fripp assisted on the tape loop side of things — all points which could gain Larry Fast (for Fast is Synergy) an extra sale or two.

Francois Breant's more modestly packaged "Sons Optiques" (Egg) is fractionally more interesting. The music for a movie that exists solely in keyboardist Breant's mind, the album has its fill of arp-attacks and the customary flotilla of floating electronic clouds. Happily though, such musicians as violinist Didier Lockwood and saxophonists Jean-Louis Chautemps and Eric Leclercq are allowed to put in their ten centimes worth, adding much needed tonal colour.

Mention of colour reminds me that picture-pressing (the sleeve design has been transferred to the disc itself) of *The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper"* (Capitol) has been selling with rapidity despite a £9.95 price tag and a label that warns punters that the sound quality may not be up to standard.

Meanwhile, back in the realms of discs that we locals might afford (my guess is that the tourist trade is responsible for the "Pepper" sales), Dan Fogelberg and Tim Weisberg have come up with "Twin Sons Of A Different Mother" (Epic), on which songwriter meets jazz bawlit for an instrumental ding-dong. Lee Oskar's "Before The Rain" (Elektra) shows how a humble harp-man can get to meet The Tower Of Power, Linda Creed, Paul Buckmaster with the Martyn Ford Orchestra, The English Chorale etc., etc.; and Willie Alexander And The Boom Boom Band's "Meanwhile — Back In The States" is around merely to prove that if you make a well-received debut album for MCA, a follow-up is possible.

Fred Dellar

Not a word for the Hopelessly Bored!

upcoming LP, will not be available as originally scheduled.

Ralph Records regrets to announce that **ESKIMO**, The Residents' **"The Residents"**

NOTICE...

A:WE ARE DEVO!

OUT NOW ON VIRGIN V2106



A NEW ALBUM

We have a limited edition of 25,000 which you can get in steel grey vinyl, red vinyl, blue vinyl, yellow vinyl, or green vinyl. Black also available.

Q:ARE WE NOT MEN?



GEOFF JUKES & NEMS AGENCY present

CAMEL

—IN CONCERT—

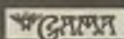
- | | | | |
|----------|-----------------------------|--------|---------------------------|
| Sept. 10 | Croydon, Fairfield Hall | 26 | Liverpool, Empire |
| 11 | Brighton, Dome | 29 | HAMMERSMITH, ODEON |
| 12 | Portsmouth, Guildhall | 30 | HAMMERSMITH, ODEON |
| 14 | Birmingham, Odeon | Oct. 2 | Oxford, Poly |
| 15 | Leicester, De Montfort Hall | 3 | Plymouth, Poly |
| 16 | Manchester, Free Trade Hall | 4 | Aberystwyth, University |
| 17 | Glasgow, City Hall | 6 | Salford, University |
| 18 | Edinburgh, Usher Hall | 7 | Bradford, University |
| 19 | Newcastle, City Hall | 8 | Stoke, Victoria Hall |
| 20 | Sheffield, City Hall | 9 | Canterbury, Odeon |
| 22 | Ipswich, Gaumont | 11 | Cardiff, University |
| 23 | Southampton, Guildhall | 12 | Wolverhampton, Civic |
| 24 | Guildford, Civic Hall | 13 | Keele, University |
| 25 | Bristol, Colston Hall | 14 | York, University |

with special guest **MICHAEL CHAPMAN**

CAMEL
ON
RECORD

new album
BREATHLESS

TXSR 132
Cassette KTXC R 132



THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED,
Decca House, 25 Abchurch Lane, London EC4A 3DF

DECCA

JAZZ

JAZZ IS LIGHT on gossip, and anyone setting up as the Hedda Hopper of Bop, Zoot Tittle or Shanty Clack, will find himself working as often as Santa Claus. Nevertheless, here and there on the record shelf a spine of pure spite presents itself among the general taciturnity.

The Miles-Monk-Milt session of Christmas Eve, 1954 is one, the meeting of Bird, Diz and Rubberlegs Williams is another. Latest in this slim league is the concert shared by Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor.

"What exactly went wrong?" I asked with a proper reticence.

Mary Lou looked over at her manager, Father O'Brien, St. "I didn't know he was going to do what he did," she said. "I wrote the spirituals for the concert, we practised for four or five days, but he surprised me when he went on. He was chopping and carrying on. Someone said it seemed like he ambushed me, but I said he ambushed himself."

"Cecil told a newspaperman, 'I rehearsed her music but she didn't rehearse mine.' I said, 'I didn't have to — all I had to do was pretend to be crazy. Caused a lotta confusion. I call the album Cobra Meets Mongooses, and guess who the mongooses is. It's me.'"

Just released on Pablo, the double-album has had both artists fighting for the final mix, and generous helpings of acrimony and accusation in the American press. Musically, it's a fascinating mismatch, and the final track, "I Can't Get Started", seems singularly appropriate.

"I stuck to what I was supposed to do," said Mary Lou. "and that's the spirituals, and he never threw me away from it. I don't care how much noise he was making. Before the second half, I said, 'Cecil, I love you — let's play love', and the other side of the record is beautiful, isn't it?"

At 68, Mary Lou Williams has not lost her bottle. Few pianists would care to share a platform with Cecil. "Mary Lou is perpetually contemporary," wrote Duke Ellington. "Her writing and performing are and have always been just a little ahead. She is like soul on soul." She has been scoring accolades like that since 1929 when Harlan Leonard said, "It was the first time we had ever seen a girl cat who could carve the local boys."

She started playing at three. "I used to sit with my mother on her lap when she practised organ, and she taught me spirituals and ragtime — not like Joplin, he studied European... I wasn't six years old and union musicians'd come and collect me and I'd sit on some man's lap to play for parties. I'm the only living musician who has changed with the eras: others lived through them."

In the 30s, she played, wrote and arranged for Andy Kirk and His Clouds of Joy, giving that band its distinctive sound with numbers like "Walkin' and Swingin'", "Mary's Idea", "Cloudy" and "Froggy Bottom". She also worked for Benny Goodman — "Roll 'em" and "Camel Hop"; Jimmie Lunceford — "What's Your Story Morning Glory"; Duke Ellington — "Trumpet No End"; the Dorseys, Cab Calloway, Glen Gray and the Casa Lomas, and Louis Armstrong.

"Kansas City in the '30s," recalled Mary Lou, "that was one of the greatest eras. I jammed every night with everyone — Lester Young, Dick Wilson, Hot Lips Page. It was the most happiest time of my life — and I didn't have money or food or anything."

In fact, her anecdotes about



MARY LOU WILLIAMS.

Fig: VALERIE WILMER

SHOOT OUT WITH CECIL

Meanin', MARY LOU WILLIAMS (65 years' keyboard service done) ain't scared to mix it with the avant garde. BRIAN CASE hears how.

Kansas City form the liveliest documents in jazz, as Shepato and Henloff discovered in *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya*: "The word went round that Coleman Hawkins was in the Cherry Blossom, and within about half an hour there were Lester Young, Ben Webster, Herschel Evans, Herman Walder, and one of two unknown tenors piling in the club to blow."

"Bean didn't know the Kaycee tenormen were so terrific, and he couldn't get himself together though he played all morning. I happened to be nodding that night, and around four a.m. I awoke to hear someone pecking on my screen. I opened the window on Ben Webster. He was saying, 'Get up, pussy cat, we're jammin' and all the pianists are tired out now. Hawkins has got his shirt off and is still blowing. You got to come down.'"

BLACK SATIN dress, black satin rose, expensive jewellery — but Mary Lou's values were formed back in those threadbare and boisterous days when she wore a dress tacked-up out of curtains. "We used to jam every night and everywhere. It doesn't seem like there's too much of that going on now. There was so much love among musicians then, man. There was a guy who played piano in Kansas City, only played three chords but there was something interesting about his feeling, and we'd listen to him."

"Then we came into an era where everybody felt they'd created something new and better than the last era. When I began to write my life story, I discovered that all of it is modern and all of it is good."

You can't put none of it down."

She was on the spot for the start of Bop. The first wave of bebop, hearing harmonic implications in her work that pointed beyond the Swing era, took a bit off "Walkin' And Swingin'" which became Al Haig's "Opus Caprice" and Monk's "Rhythm-a-ning".

"I met Monk in Kansas City in the '30s. He says to me once: 'I'm tired of running up and down the keyboard. I'm gonna create something different. If they're playing ballads and I do a ballad, I don't have a chance — but if they're playing ballads and I do a foxtro, I may have a better chance.' He knew to make a success. He has no ego. He's all music."

"The Boppers took that old tune I did for Andy Kirk and they did a Bop thing on it. I'll tell you what happened. I'm a creative artist. I'm a searcher. I may hear something you've never heard in your life, and I start writing it down. I was always being called a musicians' musician because during a night I might play ten bars they've never heard, so they come to listen to me because I'm going out. I may hit upon something — and never play it again."

"Nobody knows who started each era, but I did know the original Boppers — Monk, Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, Dizzy, Art Blakey — I brought him out of Pittsburgh. Nobody knows the very first person to start it. You went to the other cities and anybody between 15 and 18 was playing in that vein. I inspired them. They came to my apartment when I was on the East Side playing boogie woogie and stuff. They either thought I was their mother or sister."

"They'd come to the house every day, write their tunes and show me how to phrase

them, and if the arrangement was good I'd tell them, and if it was bad I'd say, 'No — take this out'."

FATHER O'BRIEN left the room to look for a Dick Wilson discography — one hip cat of the cloth — and we moved on to the subject of Mary Lou's robust survival. How had she managed to steer between the shoals of alcohol and narcotics which had destroyed so many of her friends?

"A lot of musicians are very sensitive. They can feel the walls. They can feel everything. Someone like Bud Powell, he needed someone with him, a strong person to help him. I used to take him home, make him take a hot bath and soup, and he'd be all right. We go fast in America, and some musicians don't have the control or thinking power to say, 'Hey — cool it.'"

"It almost happened to me except my system can't take it. I cannot drink or use any narcotics. In Kaycee when the guys were trying to teach me to drink, I'd faint — and that saved me. When I left the big bands, I went into the Cafe Society with a trio. I was so nervous because I had just drums and bass with me, and before I went on, I'd have to take one drink to cool myself."

"Then one night I went on without taking a damn thing — I said to myself, if I don't play I won't be able to pay my rent. That did it."

"I began praying here in England. The Queen's cousin, Gerald Lascelles, gave a party for us, and I talked to this GI. I told him I couldn't drink, if I have just one I'm out of it, and he told me I was nervous. He says, 'My grandmother always told me to read the 91st Psalm'. I was so high from two drinks I went home and read all the psalms, and I began praying from then on."

"See, when I came here I was a nervous wreck because I couldn't get everything I wanted. Now, I control that much better since I did that praying spree."

Her correlation between Free Music and mental illness is not quite the facile jibe it seems. Between 1954-56, Mary Lou Williams went through an anguished crisis that was reflected in her playing.

"I was putting my fingers down on two notes, chords like that, dissonance. I met a priest and he sent me to Mother Mulligan who was a teacher up in Boston, to retreat. She said, 'Oh, don't play like that! Play just pretty chords!'"

"Barry Ulanov, he says to

me, 'Mary, I have a priest and he's the greatest. I want you to meet him'. If it hadn't been for Father Woods and Mother Mulligan I'd have been in a strait-jacket in a mental hospital. It took three years to bring me out of that. I have a tape I recorded 23 years ago and I played it to Melba Liston. She started laughing, she said, 'What's wrong with you, Lou?' I said, 'You laugh — but this is what they're gonna be playing!'"

SHE HAS compiled a genealogical tree of jazz which she uses in her lectures at Duke University, North Carolina. The avant-garde, black magic, exercises and classical influences appear on a leafless branch a little below the bough marked commercial rock.

"Ornette and Cecil? I'm not discrediting them, but that isn't in the strain of jazz. You're supposed to sit and do that for yourself and not bring those classical exercises into jazz. That's to get your fingers nimble enough to play what's coming from the mind through the heart and fingertips. It can't be taught out of books."

"Jazz is the only free music in the world. It's God's music. It all came out of the suffering of the early black slaves, but it has nothing to do with Africa. I played with 18 African drummers and I had to switch to modes, because jazz does not fit that."

"See here —" she indicated the evolutionary tree — "after Bop, the exercises nearly killed it. Father O'Brien and Father O'Connor who was travelling with the Newport Jazz Festival, they held onto it and saved it. They picked up on it."

Her devotion to the Catholic Church is total, and she has written several sacred works — "Mary Lou's Mass", "Hymn In Honor Of St Martin De Porres" — which she has recorded for her own Mary label. She predates Ellington in this field, and has several other firsts under the belt, including a meeting of jazz and symphony orchestra, "The Zodiac Suite", recorded in 1946, and an all-women band the previous year.

Was it difficult making out in a man's world?

"They were beautiful cats in Andy Kirk's band. They respected me. If they were in a

town and wanted to go out and shoot pool, they'd take me in the worst-looking places, I'll tell ya — cats sitting round, spitting on the floor — they'd put me in a seat while they played their game."

"I copied after Lovie Austin when I was seven years old. She did something men couldn't do. I saw her sitting with a cigarette in her mouth, her legs crossed, playing piano with her left hand and writing music for the next act with the other."

"Now, that's a woman taking care of business!"

"I used to do that with Andy Kirk on one-nighters. I was brought up on tough competition, knocked off the piano stool when I played wrong. When I first heard Art Tatum I cried because they asked me to play, but they said don't compete with him — play what YOU know."

MARY LOU Williams' reputation for professionalism has always transcended the sex war. When Count Basie's mother died, he sent for Mary Lou to take over the band, and Ellington shared keyboards with her for six months on the road. Both experiences furnished some of her happiest memories.

"Walter Page, he was calling the shots, and the Basie band made an arrangement of 'I Never Knew' that nobody on earth could do that crazy. When it got to a certain point, Walter'd say, 'Interlude Lester', and Lester'd play eight or 16 bars and they'd hit when he was finished. Band was showering down so it gave me goosebumps. I couldn't play for listening!"

"Duke had one of the greatest bands in the world. We were in Youngstown, Ohio, and I haven't heard anything like that in Stravinsky, please believe me. Duke was vamping on the piano and they were razzing — kinda angry with him about something, half the time walking around not speaking — but when they hit, I almost died!"

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY: The Mary Lou Williams Trio (Steepclimb); Mary Lou Williams with Don Byas (GNP Crescendo); "The Zodiac Suite" (Folkways); "Zooling" (Mary Records); "Mary Lou's Mass" (Mary Records); Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor, "Enchanted" (Pablo).

"ABSOLUTE TRASH"
Val Doonican fan — Durham

"A NASTY MAGAZINE IN EVERY WAY"
Liberace fan — Highgate

"THE WORDS ARE TOO LONG"
Punk — Virginia Water

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

BLACK & JAZZ REVIEW

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



Marquee

90 Wardour St., W 1 01-437 6603

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

Thurs 7th Sept (adm 75p) THE DODGERS Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon 11th Sept (adm 85p) SORE THROAT Plus friends & Jerry Floyd
Fri 8th Sept (adm 75p) THE FALL Plus support & Ian Fleming	Tues 12th Sept (adm 85p) DEAD FINGERS TALK Out of Nowhere & Joe Long
Sat 9th Sept (adm 75p) THE POLICE Plus friends & Ian Fleming	Wed 13th Sept (adm 85p) TANZ DER YOUTH Plus guests & Joe Long
Sun 10th Sept (adm 85p) THE TOURISTS Plus support & Mandy H.	Thurs 14th Sept (adm 85p) FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY SQUEEZE Plus friends & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

PULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday September 7th SANDY & THE BACKLINE + Stan Marx	Friday September 8th SKIDS + THE ZONES
Saturday September 9th THE RECORDS + The Molesters	Sunday September 10th THE EDGE + Sore Throat
Monday September 11th CHAMPION + MICKEY JONES BAND	Tuesday September 12th THE LATE SHOW + Toyah
Thursday September 14th THE ZONES + THE VALVES	

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 60711

GRATEFUL DEAD

RAINBOW FINSBURY PARK N4
THURS, FRI, SAT, 28th 29th 30th SEPT at 7pm
TICKETS £5.00, £4.00

Available from Rainbow Box Office, Finsbury Park N4
01-263 3140 and Best 51, Canary Market W1 01-437 0985.
Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St. W1
01-628 3453 (28p booking fee)

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN ARCH ST OFF MIDDLETOWN PRESIDENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wed Sept 6th LANDSCAPE + T.C.O.J.	Mon Sept 11th TRIBESMAN + Magnets
Thurs Sept 7th SKIDS + THE ZONES	Tues Sept 12th JAPAN + Support
Fri Sept 8th By arrangement with MAM Agency. only London appearance of CITY BOY + Special Guests Advance tickets £2.50 from box office.	Wed Sept 13th THE BUSINESS + LEARGO Free admission for one before 10.30 with this ad. Normal admission £1.
Sat Sept 9th DOLL BY DOLL + Belkineoush	

Thursday September 21st
HI-TENSION
Advance tickets £2 from box office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

STRAIGHT MUSIC & BACONUM DISTRICT COUNCIL PRESENT

Radio Stars

WITH GUESTS

THE REACTION

THE PAVILION

SUNDAY 17th SEPTEMBER at 7-45

TICKETS £2 (10.00 incl. VAT) ADVANCE PAID FROM BOX OFFICE. TEL: 01-263 3140. MON 11th
£2.00 incl. VAT. 2.00 incl. VAT. 1.50 incl. VAT. 1.00 incl. VAT. 0.50 incl. VAT. 0.25 incl. VAT. 0.10 incl. VAT. 0.05 incl. VAT. 0.01 incl. VAT. 0.00 incl. VAT.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday September 7th ZAINE GRIFF	Monday September 11th STRAIGHT 8
Friday September 8th BACON FAT Ex Procul Marum & Leo Sayer	Tuesday September 12th THE ZONES + The Valves
Saturday September 9th CHAMPION	Wednesday September 13th BLIND DRUNK The Matt Vinyl Studio Marum?
Sunday September 10th REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD	Thursday September 14th ZAINE GRIFF

STRAIGHT MUSIC & BACONUM DISTRICT COUNCIL PRESENT

DAVE EDMUND'S ROCKPILE

NICK LOWE - TERRY WILLIAMS - BILLY BREMMER

BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES

THE PAVILION

SUNDAY 10th SEPTEMBER at 7-45

TICKETS £2 (10.00 incl. VAT) ADVANCE PAID FROM BOX OFFICE. TEL: 01-263 3140. MON 11th
£2.00 incl. VAT. 2.00 incl. VAT. 1.50 incl. VAT. 1.00 incl. VAT. 0.50 incl. VAT. 0.25 incl. VAT. 0.10 incl. VAT. 0.05 incl. VAT. 0.01 incl. VAT. 0.00 incl. VAT.

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

Out of the Darkness

TOM ROBINSON BAND

ODEON Hammersmith
SUNDAY 8th OCTOBER
TICKETS 2-50, 2-00, 1-50, 1-00

THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS

SEPTEMBER SNUGGLES TOUR

2 Sept: Valentinos, Chester	11 Sept: Limit, Sheffield
4 Sept: Smartyz, Chester	13 Sept: Wispa, Liverpool
6 Sept: Viva Wine Bar, Leeds	14 Sept: El Syds, Newcastle-under-Lyme
7 Sept: Scarisbrick, Southport	15 Sept: Rock Garden, London
22 Sept: Sandpiper, Nottingham	23 Sept: AJs, Lincoln
25 Sept: Peepers, Birkenhead	26 Sept: Oval Ball, York
27 Sept: Masonic, Liverpool	28 Sept: Alma, Cambridge

THOMAS A BECKET

Old Kew Road, S.E.1

Wednesday September 6th
STRAIGHT 8

Thursday September 7th
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday September 11th
STREET BAND

Tuesday September 12th
64 SPOONS

Wednesday September 13th
STRAIGHT 8

Thursday September 14th
TOUR DE FORCE

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 21st
CGAS5

LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday September 9th
8.30pm - 2am
London Debut
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
+ The Physicals
+ Rudi
Admission £1.50

DINGWALLS

01-267 4867 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 7
FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY
THE VIBRATORS

ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE

WED 13
RACING CARS

THURS 14
MICK FARREN & THE GOOD GUYS
WITH LARRY WALLIS

ALL BOOZE IS 1/2 PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm

FAMOUS ROADIES (Part 15a)

See continually expanding Martin Boundary in action with

LANDSCAPE

Sept 10-11th Club, Oxford St., London W1
Sun 12th Hollywood, Oxford
Tue 21st Gipsies, Chalk Farm, Camden Lock, London NW1
Sunday 24th Private Gipsies, LEEDS
Tue 25th Gipsies, LEEDS
Wed 27th Gipsies 11, ANDOVER
The 28th College of Gipsies, BAILEYS
Fri 29th Art College, GLASGOW
And finally, more dates to come.
Post Office PO BOX 307011 50 500

URBAN DISTURBANCE DATES WANTED

Anywhere from Birmingham to Portsmouth.
Own Van, PA system.
Short notice OK

Phone Nick
0734 473026

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DAVE EDMUND'S ROCKPILE

NICK LOWE - TERRY WILLIAMS - BILLY BREMMER

THE RECORDS

BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES

ROUNDHOUSE

SUNDAY 17th SEPTEMBER at 5-30

ADMISSION £2 (10.00 incl. VAT) ADVANCE PAID FROM BOX OFFICE. TEL: 01-263 3140. MON 11th
£2.00 incl. VAT. 2.00 incl. VAT. 1.50 incl. VAT. 1.00 incl. VAT. 0.50 incl. VAT. 0.25 incl. VAT. 0.10 incl. VAT. 0.05 incl. VAT. 0.01 incl. VAT. 0.00 incl. VAT.

They're back at
THE BOMBAY GRAB
BOW ROAD, E3
FRIDAY 8th SEPTEMBER

EMBRYO

(live w'kicking!)

All band enquiries
A.V.M. 01-986 7331.

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB

ARCHWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.6
Opp. Highgate Tube

Saturday September 9th
at 8 pm
SORE THROAT
+ Support
Admission £1.00

THE TRAFALGAR

SHEPHERDS BUSH SHOPPING CENTRE
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 9th

JO BROADBURY & THE LOCAL OPERATOR

BAR EXTENSION ADMISSION £1

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED
BY
TONY
STEWART

Thursday

AYLESBURY Friars: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
AYLESBURY RAF Hutton: SOUL DIRECTION
BELFAST Ulster Hall: STRANGLERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE
ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: RENAISSANCE / IAN
MATTHEWS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Princeville Rock Club: THE EDGE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: NIGHTRIDER
BRIGHTON Buchanan: SHARADA
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: JODEY
BRISTOL Crockett: STONEY
CAMBRIDGE Alma-Russell Court: SPRING OFFEN-
SIVE
COVENTRY Climax Club: THE CRUISERS
COVENTRY Tiffany: MENACE
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
CREDITON Old Market House: THE FANS
EXETER Routes: PANDORA'S BOX / PAUL
GOODIE
GORLESTON Cap & Gown: THE NEEDLES
LEEDS Florio Green Hotel: RADIO STARS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: AGONY COLUMN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE SKIDS /
THE ZONES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOLL
BY DOLL
LONDON ECI City Arms: THE MEMBERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TAMMY
WYNETTE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED
RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle:
SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD
DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: STAA MARX
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man:
SPRINKLER
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A Beckett:
THE TUMBLERS
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH The Trafalgar: VIPs
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-
AM
MALVERN Winter Gardens: WIRE
MINEHEAD Buttns: BROTHER LEES
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SHADOWS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE
BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PAISLEY Three Horse Shoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
POLESWORTH Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA
BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEVE ADAMS
ROMFORD Freemasons Tavern: REDNITE
SHEFFIELD Linn Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
SOUTHPORT Scarabrick: NAUGHTY LUMPS
STOCKTON Portrack Club: BLITZKRIEG BOY
SWANSEA Cricke Club: THE RECORDS
SWINDON Football Club: THE ROTAVATORS
UXBRIDGE RAF Pinn Inn: THE INJECTIONS
WANTAGE Swan Inn: WHEELZ
WARRINGTON Sankey Forum: TOMMY MAKEM
AND LIAM CLANCY
WESTERHAM The Grubshopper: MATCHBOX
WILENHALL The Cavalcade: PALOMINO
WINSFORD Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SORE THROAT

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol: 10cc
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: BIG CHIEF
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TANZ DER YOUTH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: THE EDGE
BLANDFORD Corn Exchange: FRINGE BENEFIT
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: THE TIGHTS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRIGHTON Hove Lagoon Adu: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Crockett: STONEY
BURTON 76 Club: THE RECORDS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MISTY / JOHNNY
RUBBISH / THE EDGE
CANTERBURY The Regal: THESE STRANGE AND
BEAUTIFUL THINGS
CARSHALTON St. Heliers Club: MAC CURTIS /
MATCHBOX
CHATNAM Tam O'Shanter: STEVE BOYCE BAND
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: JO PUBLIC
COVENTRY Theatre: TAMMY WYNETTE
CROYDON Buntion Inn: T-FORD & THE
BONESHAKERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DURHAM Thornley Club: WITCHFYNDE
EXETER Routes: FLIPPER
HUDDERSFIELD Friendly And Trades Club:
TOMMY AND THE MOTROCKS
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE
KIDDA BAND
KINGHORN Cuznie Neuk: CHARLEY BROWNE
KINROSS Festival: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
From Friday to Sunday
LEEDS Florio Green Hotel: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LINCOLN AJs: THE DOLES
LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE C.A.M.R.A.
Festival: ROADSTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY
ROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: DOG
WATCH
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
CHAMPION
LONDON ECI City Arms: C GAS 5
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ALVIN LEE'S
TEN YEARS LATER
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE SKIDS /
THE ZONES
LONDON Marquee: THE FALL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man:
SPRINKLER
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties:
REDNITE
LONDON PORTOBELLO ROAD Acklam Hall:
BARRY FORD / THE MEMBERS / BS2
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG &
NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: TIGER
ASHBY
LONDON Tooting The Castle: RAW HAT
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Apollo: RENAISSANCE / IAN
MATTHEWS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: MIKE
HARDING



TUBES' Fee Waybill in sturdy underpants. Pic: AL JOHNSON.

Knebworth: Tubes, Zappa and Gabriel

Rumours of disappointing advance ticket sales persist, yet Knebworth 11 looks certain to be an improvement on the one-day festival held there in June. The Tubes, Gabriel and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders may just steal their glory.

MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: CHELSEA
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: RADIO STARS
NORTH ALLOTON Community Centre: ROSETTA
STONE
NORWICH Talk of the East: BROTHER LEES
NOTTINGHAM Black Boy: GEORGE MELLY &
JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD &
THE BLIZZARDS
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: SCRATCH
PORT RUSH Arcade Ballroom: STRANGLERS
RADCLIFFE Youth Centre: THE TUNES
READING Merry Maidens: APOSTROPHE
REDDITCH Sicky Wicket: DAWNWEAVER
RIBCHESTER Kings Head Hotel: BRIAN
DEWHURST
ROMFORD Three Ribbits: TRANS-AM
SCARBOROUGH Penitence: THE LATE SHOW
SUNDERLAND Mecca: ALWOODLEY JETS
SUTTON Coldfield Martini Club: THE
UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: STEVE ADAMS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHADOWS
WOLVERHAMPTON Rock Club: HAZZARD
YORK The Barge: JERKS

Saturday

ABERDEEN Capitol: 10 c.c.
AIRDRIE Snug: THE EXILE

BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: THE CRUISERS
BARKING Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
BASILDON Double Six: DOG WATCH
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: THIRD EAR BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE
NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hair & Hounds:
CHRIS ROHMANN
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLACKPOOL Fire Station Social Club: BRIAN
DEWHURST
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: THE TIGHTS
CAMBRIDGE Alma: SCRATCH
CHADDISDEN British Legion: NIGHT CREEPER
CROYDON Red Deer: STEVE BOYCE BAND
DUBLIN Top Hat: STRANGLERS
DUNFERMLINE Kinross: SKREWDRIVER
EDINBURGH Clouds: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Empire Theatre: CHRIS BARBER
BAND
GLASGOW The Mars Bar: THE EXILE (Lunchtime)
ILFORD Cranbrook: THE NIGHT
IPSWICH Gaumont: TAMMY WYNETTE
KNEBWORTH Park (Heats): FRANK ZAPPA /
TUBES / BOOMTOWN RATS /
ROCKPILE / WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID
SENDERS
LANCASTER University: WIRE
LEEDS Fan Club: THE LATE SHOW
LEEDS Florio Green Hotel: THE EDGE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ALWOODLEY JETS

LEEDS Staging Post: AGONY COLUMN
LINCOLN AJs: CHELSEA
LIVERPOOL Eric's: TANZ DER YOUTH
LIVERPOOL The Macon: THE BOY BAND
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: ANNIVERSARY
LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE C.A.M.R.A.
Festival: ROADSTERS
LONDON Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON BRITTON George Cuning: THE INJE-
CTIONS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN The Cellar: RAY FISHER
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE
SKIDS
LONDON CROUCH END Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLONDIE /
THE POP GROUP
LONDON ISLINGTON Jackson's: SORE THROAT
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke Of Lancaster:
CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man:
SPRINKLER
LONDON PICKETTS LOCK Carline Road Show:
RICH KIDS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG
CHIEF
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Moon-
light Club: JAB JAB
MARTLETWY Crosshairs Inn: T-FORD & THE
BONESHAKERS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
NORWICH Talk of the East: BROTHER LEES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD
BAND
NUNEATON Old Edwardians Club: TROOPS OF
TOMORROW
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
STEVENAGE The Swan: SOUTHERN RYDA
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms: MICHAEL
CHAPMAN
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHADOWS
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: RADIO STARS
WHITWORTH Fair: AQUA
WINDFORD Civic Hall: CHILD
WISHAM Crown Hotel: THE PESTS (lunchtime).

Sunday

BRISTOL The Cock: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Trud Leisure Centre:
CADILLAC
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: CHELSEA
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: DOLL BY DOLL
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: PACO PENA
CHESTERFIELD Grosvenor: GEORGE MELLY &
JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
COVENTRY Climax Club: HANDS OFF!
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CAMEL / MICHAEL
CHAPMAN
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: CHRIS BARBER
BAND
DUNFERMLINE Northern Roadhouse: CHARLEY
BROWNE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: 10cc
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: DAVE EDMUNDS
ROCKPILE/BLAST FURNACE AND
KESWICK Century Theatre: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHADOWS
LEICESTER Railwaymen's Club: STRANGE DAYS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR
VEIN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden:
FISHER—ZTHE NIGHT
LONDON EAST HAM Russian Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DAVE LEWIS
BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RENAISSANCE / IAN MATTHEWS
LONDON KILBURN Gaumont State: TOMMY
MAKEN AND LIAM CLANCY
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man:
SPRINKLER
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: RICHARD
DIGANCE
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE
MONOS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
THE SKIDS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: THE LURKERS
LONDON WCI Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: ROBERT PALMER
PETERBOROUGH ABC: TAMMY WYNETTE
POYNTON Folk Centre: JAKE THAKAYER/KINES-
PIERE
PRESTATYN Scala Cinema: AMSTERDAM/SEVEN-
TEEN/BACKSEATS
SNODLAND The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
SOUTHEAST Shrimpers: THE RECORDS
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: THE EDGE
WATFORD Bailey's: THE TEMPTATIONS
Week from Sunday
WOLVERHAMPTON Coach & Horses: BENNY AND
THE JETS

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROBERT PALMER
BRIDGINGTON 3B's Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRIGHTON Dome: MICHAEL CHAPMAN / CAMEL
BRISTOL Brunel College: WIRE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHADOWS
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE
NYLONS
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: ZAIN GRIF-
CHETTER LOVE STREET Snarries: THE DIREC-
TORS
DARLINGTON The Speedwell: NICKY BEAT & THE
BEATNICKS
DONCASTER Outlook: CHELSEA
DOVER Priory Cricket Ground: THESE STRANGE
AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: 10cc
EXETER Routes: BRIAN HIGLEY'S BACK
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GUILDFORD Junction: STAA MARX
HAWKSHED Town Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
ILFORD Cauldwell Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE
STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LONDON CAMDEN Dugwells: WARM JETS / PUSH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NIGHT
FLIGHT
LONDON Marquee: SORE THROAT
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: RICHARD
DIGANCE
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: SWINGLE II
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: FRANK SINATRA —
Week from Monday

■ Continues over page

TO ADVERTISE ON IT RING

BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

RAINBOW FINSBURY PARK N4

WEDS. 4th OCTOBER at 8pm

TICKETS (£4.00, £3.50, £3.25, £2.75)

Available from Rainbow Box Offices: Finsbury Park N4
 01 263 3948 and Book St. Carbury Market W1 05 437 0906
 Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappell's 58 New Bond St. W1
 01 429 3653 (20p booking fee)

INJECTIONS

PLAY STATE ROCK
 Beginning Of World Domination Tour

Thursday September 7th

PWN INN, RAF Uxbridge

Saturday September 9th

THE GEORGE CANNING, Brixton

Tuesday September 12th

THE HAVLOCK, Harrow High Street

Come Shopping with
Nicky Tesco and

MEMBERS

CITY ARMS THURS
 CITY ROAD SEPT 7th
 ACKLAM HALL: FRI
 (With Barry Ford) Sept 8th
 WINDSOR CASTLE SAT
 NARROW RD. W9 SEPT 9th
 HOPE & ANCHOR WED
 UPPER ST. N1 Sept 13th

A Big Hit
to all our fans (Mummy)

SNEAKY

wish to apologise to all
 their friends and fans for
 their non-appearance at
 the Rochester Castle due
 to unforeseen circum-
 stances

See you at THE PRINCE
 OF WALES, Gravesend.
 September 10th

peppers

Town Hall
 High Wycombe
 Friday 9th September 7.30pm

RICH KIDS

+ THE GOOD GUYS

Tickets £1.50 in advance (for peppers members) from Vamps Records, Scorpio
 Records, High Wycombe, Chiltern Sound, Marlow, or at door £1.80

West Acton Sounds Presents

The Second Uprising at the White Hart, Acton
 Tuesday September 12th

THE SATELLITES

+ The Pack + London Pride
 + The Gay Boys and Jerry Floyd

Admission 85p

Use Bongo Fang's amazing cream!

THIRD EAR BAND

Brillig Arts Centre, Bath, This Saturday 9th September
 Representation: Apex Music 060843 928

TICKETS... TICKETS... TICKETS

AVAILABLE FROM LONDON CONCERTS
 OF THE FOLLOWING

Sept. 7: TAMMY WYNETTE
 Sept. 9/16: BLONDIE
 Sept. 10: RENAISSANCE
 Sept. 10: LURKERS/JOHNNY
 MOPED
 Sept. 12: ROBERT PALMER
 Sept. 17: TEMPTATIONS
 Sept. 17: DAVE EDMUND'S ROCK
 PILE and NICK LOWE
 Sept. 18/19: EMMYLOU HARRIS
 Sept. 16: STRANGLERS and
 PETER GABRIEL
 Sept. 19/23: BETTE MIDLER
 Sept. 21: HIGH TENSION
 Sept. 23/24: 10cc
 Sept. 25/26: CRUSADERS
 Sept. 28/30: GRATEFUL DEAD
 Sept. 29/30: CAMEL
 Oct. 1: BRAND X
 Oct. 2: SHADOWS
 Oct. 3: JOHN McLAUGHLIN
 Oct. 4: ROSE ROYCE and STAR-
 GUARD
 Oct. 6/7: BARCLAY JAMES
 HARVEST
 Oct. 8: TOM ROBINSON BAND
 Oct. 11/12: WEATHER REPORT
 Oct. 14/15: B.B. KING
 Oct. 15: LEO SAYER
 Oct. 16/17: JACK JONES
 Oct. 18: PHAROS
 Oct. 20: LOUIS BENNETT
 Oct. 21: SMOKEY
 Oct. 24: STEEL PULSE
 Oct. 24/25: JOHNNY MATHIS
 Oct. 30: SLADE
 Oct. 27 - Nov. 4: SAMMY DAVIS
 JNR.
 Nov. 4: BUZZCOCKS
 Nov. 5: RAZZIE STARS
 Nov. 5: 999
 Nov. 14/18: MARY O'HARA
 Nov. 28/Dec. 3: DENNIS ROUSSOS
 Nov. 15: AL STEWART

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1

General Enquiries: 01-439 3771

Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

HOWABOUT listing all
 the different B sides to the
 Big Bopper's "Chantilly
 Lace"? My sister is trying
 to find the right one but
 can't remember the name
 of the song! — DES
 BRAMMAGE, Lower
 Eaton, Bristol.

COULD YOU provide the
 date of release for the
 Hilltopper's classic "Only
 You"? — W. EDWARDS,
 Willwood, Stafford.
 ● IT'S dead pointless telling
 me your sister can't find the
 right one — I can only suggest
 she tries a matrimonial agency.
 Failing that, all I can offer is a
 night out with Mick Farren,
 who'll make everyone else
 seem like exactly the right one!
 Meanwhile, back in golden
 oldie land, a look at the
 jukebox has revealed that
 "Chantilly Lace" has appeared
 with such B sides as "Big
 Bopper's Wedding" and
 "Purple People Enter Meets
 The Witch Doctor" (and
 probably others though I'm
 afraid I don't know 'em), while
 the Hilltoppers' "Only You"
 was released at the end of '55.

I WAS interested to read in
 Ian Crahan's review of Gerry
 Rafferty in Edinburgh that the
 support act, Rab Noakes, has
 released five albums. Since I
 know of only three — "Red
 Pump Special", "Never Too
 Late" and "Restless" — could
 you give me details of the other
 two? — MARY
 SKEFFINGTON, Jesus
 College, Oxford.
 ● The missing twosome are
 "Do You See The Lights"
 (Decca SKL 5061), which
 surfaced in 1970, and "Rab
 Noakes" (A&M AMLS
 68119), which he made in 1972
 soon after leaving Stealers
 Wheel. That Crahan knows
 y'know — even if he and I
 don't see eye to eye on the
 subject of Billy Connolly.

I RECENTLY bought a
 Hayman 3030 guitar which set
 me back £100. It is in excellent
 nick and the only fault is that
 the aluminium top to the
 volume control is missing.
 Could you please give any date
 on this instrument and — for
 the benefit of a few workmates
 — say whether or not I have a
 bargain? — DAVID
 WILLIAMS, Caerphilly, S.
 Wales.
 ● I'm not too up on
 instruments — records and
 basty blondes are more my
 style — but the guys at Orange
 Music tell me the instrument
 probably dates from 1972 and
 is a Jack Gold design marketed
 by Dallas-Arbelier. They also
 say that they currently have a
 similar guitar in stock for
 which they are asking £100 —
 so it would appear that you've
 been charged a fair price.

ARE "A Hard Road" and
 "Through The Years" by John
 Mayall's Bluesbreakers and
 "Giant Step"/"De Old Folks
 At Home" by Taj Mahal still
 available? If so, where can I
 get them? — LIAM
 RONAYNE, Cork.
 ● "A Hard Road", originally
 issued in '66, is still around on
 Decca SKL 4853 and can be
 ordered through any record
 dealer, as can "Through The
 Years" (Decca SKL 5086),
 which surfaced in 1971. The
 Taj Mahal double is not
 available on a British label,
 though the import (on
 Columbia KG-18) can be
 found in many shops, usually
 retailing for around £7.50.

COULD YOU supply some
 background info on Sonny
 Terry and Brownie McGhee
 and list any available albums?
 — ROBERT MACKAY,
 Deptford, Kent.
 ● Sonny Terry (real name
 Saunders Terrell) was born in
 Greensboro, Georgia on
 October 24, 1911. A church
 singer in his childhood, he'd
 become virtually blind by the
 age of 12, having lost his sight

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR



Taj Mahal whistling Dixie Pic by MICHAEL PUTLAND

All the Bs— Big Bopper B-sides and Bluesman Taj

In two separate accidents. A
 rasp-rough vocalist and an
 outstanding blues-harpist,
 Sonny worked with guitarist
 Blind Boy Fuller for several
 years, then became a solo act,
 playing the Carnegie Hall
 "Spirituals To Swing" concert
 in 1938.

A prolific recording artist,
 he appeared in *Finian's
 Rainbow*, a hit Broadway show
 from 1947, cut a stack of sides
 with Woody Guthrie and even
 notched up a fair-sized single
 success with his "Hootin'
 Blues".

Guitarist-vocalist Walter
 "Brownie" McGhee hails from
 Knoxville, Tennessee, where
 he was born on November 30,
 1914. A polio victim as a
 teenager, one of his legs
 withered and he hobbled
 around on crutches for years,
 eventually having an operation
 that enabled him to walk,
 albeit with a limp. He met
 Sonny Terry during the late
 '30s and began working with
 the harpist during the '40s,
 putting a band together called
 the Mighty House Rockers
 while his partner did his
 two-year-long *Finian's
 Rainbow* stint.

Later, Brownie and Sonny
 played Broadway together,
 appearing in the show *Cat On
 A Hot Tin Roof*. Along the
 way, they've also performed as
 singers and contributed to
 such movie soundtracks as
 "Festival" (1967), "The Book
 Of Numbers", "Blues Under
 The Skin" and "Buck And The
 Preacher" (all '72).

The duo, who first appeared
 in Britain in 1958, are currently
 represented in our catalogue
 by such albums as "Sonny And
 Brownie" (A&M AMLS
 64379) and "Walk On"
 (Bulldog BDL 1018). Many
 others are available on import.

However, by '67 The Junk
 Band was on the scrapheap
 and Greenbaum formed a rock
 outfit that at one time included
 J. D. Souther, eventually
 cutting his solo album "Spirit
 In The Sky" (U.S. Reprise
 6365) in 1969, the fuzz-tone
 bedecked title track becoming
 a million-selling single. Norm
 then hired Russell Nashell's
 Crowfoot as a back-up band
 for live gigs, then returned to
 the studios to record a second
 LP "Back Home Again" (U.S.
 Reprise 6422-1978) with
 Dan Shiel, Dan Hicks, William
 Truckaway, Jerry Yester etc.,
 from which came a top 50
 single in "Canned Heat".

Another single, "California
 Earthquake" crept up the US
 charts as far as 93rd spot in
 1971 but that was almost the
 end of Greenbaum's career as
 a would-be rock hero. He
 started a goat farm in
 California and recorded a final
 album titled "Pastaluma" (US
 Reprise 2084) in 1972.
 However, despite employing
 his usual array of tasty names
 — Ry Cooder was aboard, as
 was Richie Olsen of Charlatans
 fame — Greenbaum's third
 album proved a hammer
 saleswise, at which point he
 and the fabulous Warner
 Brothers parted company.
 Though it's been reported that
 the one-time goat breeder still
 gigs around, the Schuman
 catalogue, which lists all major
 album releases in the States,
 has not featured Greenbaum's
 name in recent years.

A WHILE ago, in an article on
 hyped singles, you stated that a
 new top 100 based on record
 sales was going to be published
 by the Gallup poll people. It's
 now three months later and I
 haven't heard any more about
 this chart. Could you tell me if
 it is being published anywhere?
 The reason I want to know is
 that I'm hoping to get a book
 published that is similar to
 Tony Jasper's 20 years of record
 charts, but based on top 50
 rather than a top 20 and I
 thought it might be interesting
 to use this chart for the latter
 part of 1978. — Howard
 Stephen Fitzzy, Swanley,
 Kent.

● The Gallup compiled Top
 100 is published weekly by
 Radio and Record News of 345
 Easton Road, London NW1,
 one of Britain's three record
 trade magazines — the others
 being *Record Business* and
Music Week, both of which
 have their own charts. But I
 honestly don't see the need for
 any new British chart books —
 apart from up-dates that is —
 for we've already had the
 Jasper book, Clive Solomon's
Record Hits, Delfydd Rees'
Singles, the Gilbert and Erith
Rockfiles and Tim Rice's
Gulstone publication. What's
 really needed is a really good
 U.S. Hot 100 listing, similar in
 style — but not in price — to
 those compiled in the States by
 Joel Whitburn.



Sales Strategy...

"the new single from the new album"

ever fallen in love...



UP 36455

c/w just lust

(with someone you shouldn't've?)



BUZZCOCKS

"Beating Hearts"

OCTOBER
OXFORD NEW THEATRE 1
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL 2
NORWICH ST ANDREWS HALL 3
CHELMSFORD ODEON 4
MIDDLETON CIVIC HALL 6
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE 7
BIRMINGHAM ODEON 8

9 SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE
10 CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE
11 TAUNTON ODEON
13 PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
14 TORQUAY TOWN HALL
15 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE
16 HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
19 MALVERN WINTER GARDENS

BLACKPOOL TIFFANY'S 20
ABERDEEN CAPITOL 22
EDINBURGH ODEON 23
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL 24
BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL 26
MANCHESTER APOLLO 27
DERBY KINGS HALL 28
COVENTRY THEATRE 29

30 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
31 PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
NOVEMBER
3 CANTERBURY ODEON
4 HAMMERSMITH ODEON
6 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION
8 BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
9 GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL

FREEDOM OF CHOICE



MILITANT BARRY takes his hat to the Rainbow. Pic by PETER MURPHY and CLAIRE HERSHMAN

Keith Hudson and Militant Barry

RAINBOW, LONDON
BILLED AS A Bank Holiday Reggae

Spectacular, at up to £3.50 a throw, this concert was at one time or another due to feature Dr Alimantado, Matumbi, Errol Dunkley, Ex-Merger man Barry Ford's solo debut, Keith Hudson and Sir Coxsone's Sound System. What we actually witnessed was another matter. Four songs from Hudson, two from Errol Dunkley and one record played by Coxsone. Too bad to be true?

At least we knew in advance that the Doctor wouldn't be appearing. But Matumbi?

Barry Ford? It was up to Militant Barry and Black Slate to substitute as best they could. They failed.

After a greatly delayed start (so what's new?), Militant Barry took to the boards and toasted four numbers. He has an endearing character as he dances about beaming a constant smile; but the music left everything to be desired. The crowd of a meagre hundred, if that, didn't even bother to applaud, each was the apathetic atmosphere that had descended like one great wet blanket. And who could blame us?

At last, reggae king Keith Hudson staggered on stage, and began to intone "Torch Of Freedom". After a few lines of this he suddenly realised it was "I Broke The Comb" from the classic "Rasta Communication" album that the band, Santic, were playing. One of many embarrassing,

but treasured moments to reggae. A new song, "Rock Me" from the forthcoming album, was sandwiched between two short from the current one, "Rasta Country" and "Bloody Eyes". Militant Barry returned to talk over the last number, allowing Hudson to make his premature exit. Just four songs, and a load of spilt about how great the audience was, when in reality there was hardly a murmur from them, is something I find laughable, and insulting at the same time.

I know Hudson has aspirations of joining the ranks of Spear and Marley in the reggae league, but he must realise that to do so entails getting himself together. He may well go down a storm in Holland, from where he's just returned, but I for one expect a hell lot more from one of the true greats.

John Gray

ON THE TOWN

OFF BROADWAY — DEPTFORD'S, TO BE PRECISE

The Albany Benefit

DEPTFORD, LONDON

BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN Deptford on Sunday afternoon, and if only I'd known that ATV weren't going to show, I would have stayed at home and kicked the dog.

Still, it was all in a good cause, the proceeds (they passed a bucket round) from this illustrious event going towards the cost of re-building The Albany, once Deptford's venue-cum-community-centre that met its fate in July at the hands of some jack-booted pyromaniacs who have yet to be apprehended.

So no ATV, and in place of a band that are at least trying to do something new, we had three nothing-new-about-this-wave hands, then The Fabulous Poodles (a slight remedy to the overwhelming tedium) and last of all, topping the bill due to ATV's absence — and also no doubt due to their odious TOTP appearance — Squeeze.

Situated between a railway line and a decrepit Victorian council block, the grass field that served as a site for this miniest of mini festivals was populated by a predominantly local crowd, some with their kids, some with their dogs, and even some with their deck chairs. Yawn, yawn.

Red Star, The Convent Nuns and The Realists were all received with polite but restrained enthusiasm, and The Fabulous Poodles, despite sound problems, provoked the unprecedented response of stamping, cheering, and (idiot) dancing, no less. They can't it, too, although

hardly the most original of hands, their fusion of rhythm and blues with heavy rock riffs only served to emphasise how gross the bill toppers were.

So finally, as the darkness draws in, it's Squeeze time, and they might have bombed at Reading, but they evidently had a few fans here. The 200 odd (how right) people that remained after the Poodles had gone, packed themselves round the front of the tiny stage and launched into the kind of forced enjoyment that only the truly bored can muster. Squeeze have two assets only — a well above average drummer, and a short set. If the future of our rock and roll lay solely in the hands of such hands as this, the genre would be severely retarded overnight.

That is, of course, unless your idea of "entertainment" consists of tedious re-workings of such esoteric delights as "Love Potion No. 9" and the first (and last, I hope) Squeeze chart single "Take Me I'm Yours". Squeeze come on like a Christmas cracker version of Mud, and as the set wore on, the crowd slowly diminished.

The departure point for me, however, came when Chris Difford went into the most blatantly over the top sexist rap I've ever witnessed at a rock gig. This, during a number titled "Deep Cuts", made even the worst of The Stranglers lyrics look like Enid Blyton bed-time stories.

Using the vehicle of obscene phone calls, Difford, happily and at great length, regales the audience with a detailed run down of his puerile sexual fantasies, and it immediately becomes apparent that this BOY should leave behind the world of music, and seek his true vocation in hard core porn.

Get smart Difford, or stay in your room and jerk off till your eyes bleed.

Robin Banks



SQUEEZE take their moogs to South London.

Pic by JILL FURMANOVSKY

MERCILESS JOY-BRINGERS

Joy Division MANCHESTER

THOSE FAMILIAR WITH this young quartet mainly through their excitable appearance on the "Short Circuit" pretty package, and to a lesser extent with their self produced "An Ideal For Living" EP, unimpressed by their ordinariness but detecting deep in their industry and pretensions a potential for making a more effective, ambitious music, should look to Joy Division now.

In months, they have matured considerably. They have learnt to sculpt, not merely to emit. They are now not instinctively fast and frenzied, but animated and volatile. The crusted substances

in Joy Division's original expression, the dynamics and vigour, have been lifted out of a surrounding morass of clumsiness and unsureness, and elaborated on, sharpened up. A new found sensitivity. From a punk group with minimal awareness and ability, to a music group with eloquence and direction.

Previously crude and inarticulate, painfully overworking an idea to nothing, using minimal deviations or patterns in a song, they now twist, punch, turn within a manoeuvre, never resting, never spilling.

Joy Division do not use guitar, bass, drums, voice, it's still riffs, rhythms and coherence. But its form and execution drag it away from rock tradition — different introductions, different shapes, different conclusions. Their music is mercilessly

attacking, it rotates, persists, repeats, always well balanced.

Ian Curtis on voice, reacting to the music as if on a hot plate, discovers the scope within tonal limitations — uses his vocals for force: blankly impressed emotions, bitter and angry. Not tuneless, not tuneful. Flat and intent, a fourth instrument.

Lyrically, philosophically, their ideas and intentions are lost, the peril of fast communicative music performed with poor equipment in dire venues. This could be an advantage — they may be advocating a police state and restrictions of freedom for all the listener can discern.

Joy Division's old songs (written as Warsaw), once blunt and hollow, are now interpreted fuller, keen and pointed, with new found senses of time, tension and

suspension.

That Joy Division can be dropped, without qualms, into the same sweet packet as Magazine and The Fall is significant of their growth. Growth that introduces new difficulties — greater responsibility, deeper commitment. An audience will drift towards them (towards fashionable meta-industrial exploits), but Joy Division will need to fight the tendency to dilute brand new standards to seduce a larger audience.

This could be Joy Division's peak. On the verge of a compromise — or on the verge of something greater? Right now they make provocative and invigorating music, somewhere on a line between the conventional and unconventional practices of Penetration and the Banshees. That "good".

Paul Morley



Joy Division's IAN CURTIS takes his electric shaver to his chin.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE POLYTECHNIC

Come and study for a BA Joint Honours Degree in:

MODERN STUDIES

If you want the freedom to explore new areas of Knowledge, if you want a degree orientated towards and involved in the modern world, this must be the course for you. The degree allows a great deal of choice, with selection of four subjects in the first year, then specialising in two from:

ECONOMICS
ENGLISH LITERATURE
FRENCH

GEOGRAPHY
HISTORY
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

POLITICS
PHILOSOPHY
SOCIOLOGY

For immediate information phone: 0785 52331 or write to the admissions Tutor, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, Beaconside, Stafford, ST18 0AD.

WANT TO GET AWAY TO COLLEGE?

Study for a Modern Degree in a Modern College.

B.A. Combined Humanities on the theme of URBAN MAN AND SOCIETY: English and History, with choice from Geography, Government, Language Studies, and American Studies. A study of Film is featured in some courses.

B.Ed. degree for prospective Teachers: Art and Design, Education, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Physical Education, Religious Studies, Science.

If you have any two 'A' levels get in touch with The Academic Registrar, West Midlands College of Higher Education, Gorway, Walsall WS1 3BD. Phone 0922 29141.

SHEFFIELD CITY POLYTECHNIC

There are still some vacancies on the following NEW Degree courses for the commencement of the 1978/79 session:

BA English Studies:

three years full-time

BA (Hons) Environmental Studies:

Three years full-time

BSc (Hons) Food Marketing Sciences:

Four years sandwich

Please write to the appropriate course tutor at Sheffield City Polytechnic, Pond Street, Sheffield, S1 1WB for further information, or contact the Enquiry Office at Pond Street. Tel. (0742) 20911 Ext 234 for a prospectus.

In all cases, please quote ref. 805.

CANTERBURY

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE



B.A. B.Ed. B.Sc.

Honours and Ordinary degrees awarded by the University of Kent at Canterbury. Choice of two subjects from: Art, Biology, Chemistry, Combined Science, Education, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Movement Studies, Music, Physics, Religious Studies.

Places still available for September, 1978. Further details and application forms from the Senior Tutor, Christ Church College, Canterbury, Kent CT1 1QU (Tel. 0227 65548).

PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC

If you are considering Higher Education, why not plan to choose the established opportunities at Plymouth Polytechnic?

Whether you are considering science, technology, social science, management or arts, you can benefit from the lively academic environment.

The courses, on which there are still some limited vacancies available this Autumn, are:

Degrees

Architecture
Biological Sciences
Business Studies
Combined Studies in:
- Science
- Social Science
- Science & Social Science
Communication
Engineering
Environmental Sciences
Fishery Science
Geography
Humanities
Mechanical Engineering
Nautical Studies
Psychology

Social Policy and Administration

Higher National Diplomas

Applied Biology
Business Studies
Computer Studies
Electrical Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Nautical Science

Apply now to Peter Jenkin (Ref M2), Registrar Plymouth Polytechnic or Tel. Plymouth (0752) 29194.

Drake Circus, Plymouth, Devon, PL4 8AA

IF YOU HAVE 'A LEVELS OR EQUIVALENT'

BRITAIN NEEDS GOOD TEACHERS YOU NEED THE RIGHT COURSE

Teesside College of Education offers a B.Ed. degree for people who would like to teach 5-13 year old children. Included in a full professional training are opportunities to specialise in the following areas: Art, Environmental Science, Humanities, Music, Drama, Mathematics.

INTERESTED?

Write for further information to:—
Mr G T Carr, Chief Administrative Officer,
Teesside College of Education, Flatts Lane,
Normanby, Middlesbrough, Cleveland,
or Tel. Eston Grange 69611 (STD 06495)

CMC-Your next move...

With 2 A-levels, your next move is a very important one. You want a good degree, a good social life and a friendly crowd. At CMC, we think you'll find just that. We're part of the extensive Manchester student scene, and we offer the following degrees, which are all validated by the University of Manchester:

BA/BSc Combined Studies BEd (Hons and Ord)

For a good degree and a good time, why not write or phone for a prospectus to: The Registrar

City of Manchester College of Higher Education



CMC

Freeport,
Manchester
061 225 9054

What's on at manchester polytechnic for you?

Leaving school and uncertain about your future? Working, but thinking of a change in career? Wanting to improve your prospects? We offer a wide variety of courses leading to degrees and other qualifications. You can study full-time, part-time or sandwich, and courses are open to men and women of all ages. The social life's good too.

For a free list of courses send the coupon to Assistant Secretary Academic, Manchester Polytechnic, All Saints, Manchester M15 6BH.

Please send me a list of courses

Name

Address



Take a degree of fresh air

We are one of the biggest, most modern Colleges of Higher Education in the country. Our academic standards are second-to-none. Our campus facilities - residences, bars, sporting and social amenities - we think are the best. Simply ask one of our students. Accommodation is readily available in modern halls of residence. Our location in the beautiful Cheshire countryside is a tonic and stimulus in itself. So if you're finding out about Higher Education find out more about Crewe & Alsager.

Our Courses

B.A. or B.A. with Honours (Combined Studies) Creative Arts (3 years).

Choose two from Dance, Music, Drama, Visual Arts, Creative Writing.

B.A. or B.A. with Honours (Combined Studies) Humanities (3 years).

Choose two from English, History, American Studies, French Studies, Religious Studies, Modern Studies.

B.A. Combined Studies (Sports Studies) (3 years)

A range of sports plus one from Biology, Physical Science and Psychology.

B.Ed or B.Ed with Honours (3 & 4 years)

B.Ed Youth & Community Studies (3 years)

MND Business Studies (3 years)

Post Graduate Certificate in Education

Diploma of Higher Education (Full or Part-time)

Full-time 2 years - Part-time 3-6 years. Equivalent to the first two years of a degree. A wide range of options including Human Behavioural Studies and Development Studies. Don't forget a Dip H.E. can be used in all sorts of ways towards any one of a number of degrees. Most of our degree courses contain a Dip H.E. qualification, useful in its own right.

Diploma in Youth & Community Work (2 years)

In-Service Courses for Serving Teachers

Design, Craft & Technology

Special courses for Engineers and Craftsmen/women

Certificate & Diploma in Administrative Management

How to find us

Conveniently situated on two sites, both are easily accessible from Crewe main-line station or M6 Motorway (Junction 16).

For our prospectus and other information on all our CNAA validated courses write to the Academic Office (Admissions), Crewe & Alsager College of Higher Education, Crewe, Cheshire, CW1 1DU.

Crewe & Alsager College of Higher Education

CAMBRIDGESHIRE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY

DEGREE COURSES IN CAMBRIDGE

We are currently offering places on:

BSC JOHN HENRIKSEN - a modular course offering choices from Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics, Computing.

BA HONOURS MODERN LANGUAGES - 2 choices from French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Italian and Spanish may be studied from scratch, though not together.

BA HONOURS HUMANITIES SOCIAL SCIENCES - 2 subjects chosen from Economics, English, European Thought and Literature, Geography, History, and Sociology.

BSC HONOURS LIFE SCIENCES - with one compulsory subject (Chemistry, Biology, or Physics) and two optional subjects (Biochemistry, Microbiology, or Plant Biology).

BA HONOURS MODERN HISTORY - topics include Russia and Europe in Revolution, the film and the making of Modern Britain.

BA HONOURS ENGLISH LITERATURE - medieval to modern periods.

Other validated courses include:

BND Business Studies
BND Electrical and Electronic Engineering
College Diploma in Music
England Secondary Course
Personal Assistant 1 & 2

Applications should be made direct to the College. Applications from overseas students are welcomed.

For further details and application forms, please contact:
The Information Officer, Room 107, Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, Cambridge CB1 1JL
Telephone (0223) 63271 Ext. 143



BRIAN BOND holds baby James

Punishment Of Luxury

LEEDS

IT ISN'T EASY for a relatively unknown band to take the Leeds Fan Club 'by storm', but Punishment Of Luxury just about managed to effect the feat. Only a matter of seconds into their set, the handful of blasé rooters (who, on occasions like this, show up more out of habit than for the name of the band) were lunging stagewards, instantaneously aware that this band conformed to no previous rock and roll norm.

From the locale now known as Tyne and Wear, Punlux (especially vocalist Cagney-lookalike Brian Bond) show signs of Northumbrian folk-lore hang-ups; judging by Bond's red eye wood and oriental poodle hair-bob. Harald Hadrade and Rupert Bear's Japanese friends could have been prime influences.

But as it happens, the eccentricity is theatre rather than parody and/or decadence, and in the circumstances, you could begin to forgive prop-letishist Bond for projecting like a totemic victim — yellow nylon dungarees, superimposed bra contraptions, canvas raincoat and all.

Some, if not all, of the other musicians — Nevilluxury (guitar), Jeff Thwaite a.k.a. Liquid Les (drums), Malla Kaballa (guitar) — also have backgrounds in theatre. Needless to say, it shows — the songs are acted as well as they are structured.

The Small Wonder single "Puppet Life", co-written by Luxury and Bond, is a masterpiece of ordered disorder, an unrelenting, "hard-hitting" tale of crime, punishment and pain; "Puff" concerns itself with the traditional aggression directed towards people of the homosexual persuasion; "Let's Get Married" is Dury-esque (as are touches in other numbers) just as "Elvis Costello Is Dead" shows a certain Elvis Costello influence; "Jellyfish", with the band achieving just-so synchronised popping, is probably strictly for laughs, but through a dull P.A., it was hard to tell.

"Obsession" sees Bond grabbing a "random" girl (actually, she probably was) from the audience, and committing various unrevealed indiscretions under his newly-acquired blue satin cape, subsequently to leave her grovelling on the deck in fright. Bad form, maybe — they'd just say it was showbiz.

But Punishment Of Luxury aren't the archetypal Phoney Art Band. There is no dron, no pretensions interludes. The medium might be the message, but the medium is rock and roll as hard as it comes.

On first sight, it's fairly evident that they have something else going for them. Expect plenty more rave notices where this came from.

Emma Ruth

Ultravox

THE MARQUEE, LONDON

IT'S SOMETHING of a dilemma to know how to take Ultravox. Certainly not recommended on an empty stomach, nor in huge outbursts at the Marquee on sweltering summer nights...

As a penicillin to these troubled times, they really don't fit the bill. Although theirs is not a lack of talent, limited inspiration never quite makes up for an almost total lack of consequence—resulting in the strange phenomenon that a mildly entertaining second night at the Marquee fades in the memory quicker than an American bomber in the Bermuda Triangle.

Run-of-the-mill they're not. Riding along on the offbeat rhythms and offbeat phrasing of John Fox, the

opener ("The Man Who Dies Every Day") emphasised that. In fact, at this point they promise the proverbial Great Things to Come.

Unfortunately, it's that kind of evening — one of those stop/go affairs, with marginally more lows than highs. On the bright side, the opener, and a couple from the newie-in-the-pipeline, "Systems Of Romance", both rich in melody, both sheathed in the bitter-sweet charm of Ultravox at their best.

The new single, "Slow Motion", was relegation fodder, though, and the choice of performing its dirge-like dullness as the encore (as well as its feature early in the set) left a helluva lot to be desired. "Maximum Acceleration" was pretty awful, too, and "Someone Else's Room" fell away into an unexpected heavy-metallic manhole soon after the first chord.

There's no set formula to the

Hollywood Killers

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

DESPITE THEIR name, few bands make such un-American yet viscerally exciting rock music as the Hollywood Killers. When the White Cats blew their Rock Garden gig, obliging the Killers to do two sets, the audience ate both of them and still hungered for more. As on every occasion I've witnessed the band, they aroused the kind of sheer exhilaration Thin Lizzy are supposed to provoke, but with music far more challenging than Phil Lynott's retrogressive riff-rock.

The opener, "Leaving", instantly displays a harder edge than was previously evident, grizzled saxist Alexander Moylegrove III (great group, daft names) scoring with some fierce alto, shut off in the sauna-like conditions. Other new songs, like the wry "No Interviews" and "Like A Butterfly", soon show leader Crepe Soles Jimmy's muse to be in excellent shape. Thrilling little riffs crop up repeatedly, but only rarely does the song hinge on them.

"The Other Side Of Midnight" remains a standout. Pete Poodle's measured bass into ushering in husky vocal and warm, breathy sax before the perfectly integrated rock section. "My Girl", (not the) soul ballad, is an intriguing departure and the first indication that Jim is honing his boyish exuberance into an "act". While the rest of the band perfect their Bill Wyman imitations, he jumps down front and croons alternatively to a clutch of faintly embarrassed females. The excellent "Satellite" is also enlivened by some confident clowning.

Jim's voice is occasionally Ferrysque, though far less mannered, and his lyrics only adequate, but there are other ways of reaching the intelligence. Rhythm is a vital element, with drummer Bernie Schmirroff fast yet funky and the guitars in razor-edged tandem throughout. On "Goodbye Suicide", a spirited rejection of the sub-Stranglers nihilism suggested by their name, I was reminded of the M.C.s, with Ghilli Willis in the part of Wayne Kramer.

The Hollywood Killers play 'up', extrovert music that is too dense and tough to be called anything but rock. If there's a band on the London circuit, I haven't heard them.

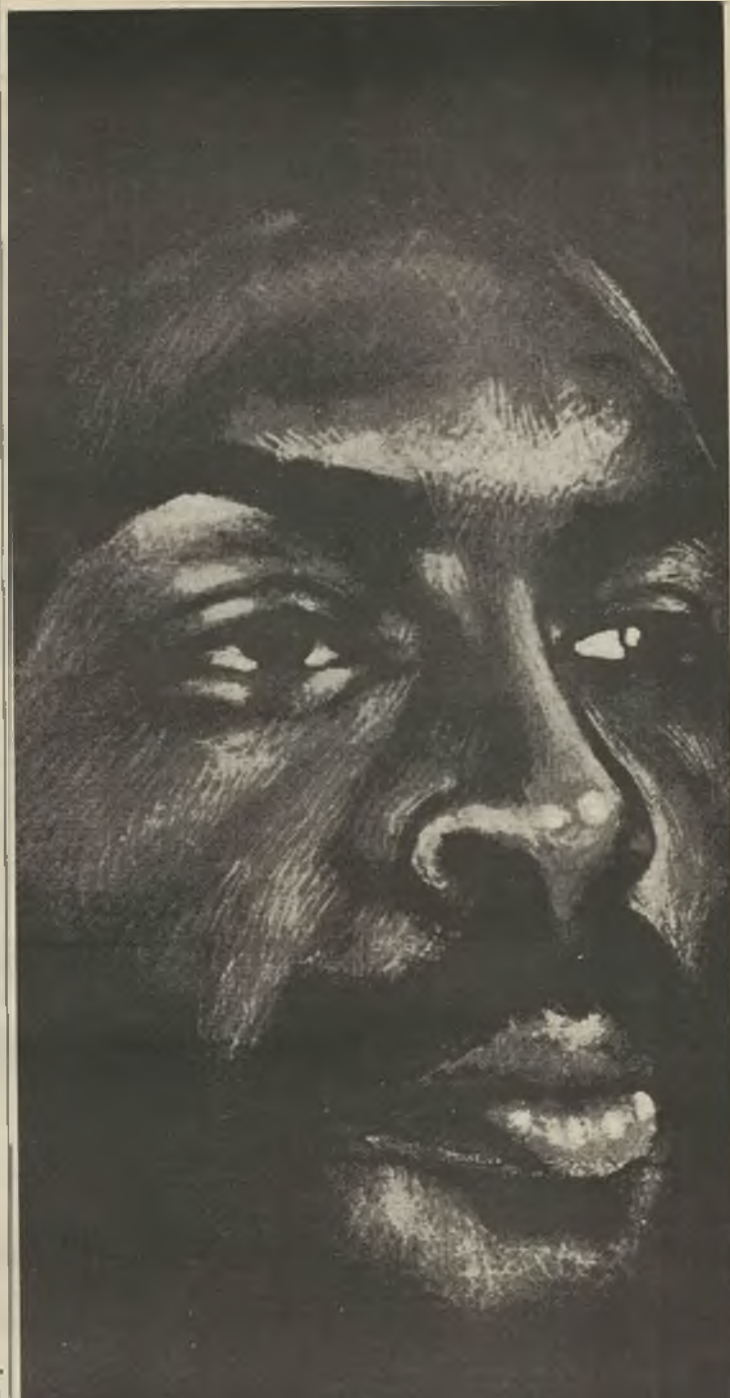
Harry George

material, which is good, and the band reach an admirable equality of emphasis so far as musical roles—Warren Cahn performed competently if a little anonymously on drums, Billy Curry had the odd flourish on the keyboards, Criss-Cross bumped along happily on bass, while Robin Simon seemed to shoulder too much on lead guitar. John Fox fronted ok, but without the overwhelming charms of an Eddie Maclov or a Gene October.

Of the other numbers, "Young Savage" got a good welcome—even if Ultravox do seem to pay only salutary lip-service to their moderate punk following, this moved like nuthin' else on the night; barbed-wire vocals and clean cutting edges to the guitars of Simon and Criss-Cross.

Sandwiched at Reading below The Jam—but above Sham 69, it's obvious that Ultravox enjoy a comfortable position in the rockworld at the moment. But if they want to break through to giddier heights, they're gonna have to cut out their present eccentric standard of output, and produce more consistent track tracks of the calibre of "Artificial Night" or "Quiet Man".

Roger White



Prophet not Profit.



Gil Scott Heron is the prophet for the future of everybody in the world. His ideology stands way above any concern for his commercial success. He's uncompromising and we think he's right.

Secrets is Gil Scott Heron's latest comment on the state of the modern world... there's still much to be done.

Secrets

Gil Scott Heron

[illegible]

STUDENTS

**Don't
Be A
Lemon**

See Page 50

CROWD REACTION
100% Reaction from all of my crowd. They love it, they pack the dance floor every time I play it. Must be a real banger.
A REAL HIT! HERE. GREAT
MUST BE BIG!!

DAVE TABBARD
ROMULUS CLUB 8/19/88

Rock Up £1.15 OFF SINGLE ALBUMS!
 Discounts! To

Send for our bumper **Free** Mail order Catalogue listing almost **5,000 TITLES** of brand new unemployed fully guaranteed albums at **HUGE DISCOUNTS!**

Besides our fast service we offer you

Cheap Imports! Discount Cassettes!
Weekly News Sheets!
Punk Singles! Export! Export!

Remember — We specialise in Rock

Either phone us on 0484 710680 (24 hour Answerphone) or write to:
OZONE MAIL ORDER, Dept. NME, PO Box 21, 37 Bethel Street,
 Brighouse, W Yorks HD6 1AB (Great Britain).

SLUM DUB — REGORY ISAACS		£3.75
REGGAE REGGAE, REGGAE REGGAE, REGGAE, REGGAE		
DADDY KOOL RECORDS (1 min from Tottenham Rd. Ruben)		
100% RHYTHM & BASS (1 min from Tottenham Rd. Ruben)		
HOTTEST IMPORTS LATEST RELEASES EVEN SKA!		
SEND NOW FOR THE BIGGEST REGGAE MAIL ORDER LISTS IN ENGLAND		
1 League Dub — Soundscapes	£8.75	
2 Dub It — Danny Meyer	£8.75	
3 Waiting In The Park — Chopski	£8.75	
4 Black Man's Country — Dub	£8.75	
5 Rock Steady — Dub	£8.75	
6 Return of the Super Ape — The Party 72's	£8.75	
7 City of the Wack Heart Dub — Earl	£8.75	
8 Zero	£8.75	
9 Repetition — Ben Michael	£8.75	
10 Now That We've Found Love (P)	Third	
11 Black Man Reggae (Tune 16)	£8.75	
12 Merley	£1.25	
13 Green Bay Incubator — Big Youth	£1.25	
14 Many Never Get Weary — Culture	£1.25	
P&P FREE. WHOLESAL/EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOME		

The DJ's reactions to

**ROCKERS
ARENA**

CLIMAX ASHER

 **7" SINGLE BRO 56 - 12" SINGLE 12BRO 56**

Marketed by LICENSED REPERTOIRE DIVISION EMI Records Ltd
13 Uxbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex Tel (01) 759 4532/4611 & 848 9811



SKREWDRIVER: "Don't mind us, mush, we're only here for the grog..." Pic by CHRISTINE SIVOUR

Skrewdriver LEEDS

FOR A BAND which appears to have big trouble getting gigs in London, you'd be forgiven for expecting that Skrewdriver might just go out of their way to play it nice and cool in the provinces. But no. Their tour having been wrecked by the skinhead reputation that preceded them, the band (especially 'vocalist' Ian Stuart) seemed anxious here to prove that they're a highly dispensable outfit anyway.

For all I know, Skrewdriver really could be genuine victims of the bad company they attract back home (which is presumably why they've begun to grow their hair; Stuart probably still wears the Docs solely because they're a good shoe). But the method they employed here was truly hamakaze.

Spilling his grog as frequently as he slurped his speech, the frontman beat over backwards to further despoil the band's credibility, with introductions as harmless as "This is a number by Them. We do it better" ("Gloria"), to dedications as tasteless as "This is for Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison, Lyndon Skynyrd, and all the others who couldn't take it" ("Louie, Louie"). It could have been the booze, but — just like Gerald Ford — the guy projected like he'd have trouble walking and chewing gum simultaneously.

Unfortunately, the redeeming features —

mostly in the form of Glenn Jones (lead guitar) and Gary Callender (rhythm guitar) — didn't always seem to have the confidence (or was it the desire?) with which they could have produced some effective alternative propaganda for the band. "Silent Crowds" and Johnny Winter-copy "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" could have been a lot worse, but "Route 66", proffered half-way through the set, said reams about the band's respect for their own material.

"No Fun" (and it wasn't) was the last number to be delivered freely, before the band walked off but cynically about twenty minutes premature. It was left to the promoter to insist that they play on or leave the money behind, and their return meant more of the same, a crude rendition of "Honky Tonk Women" and an action replay of their own aptly-titled chestnut, "Anti-Social".

Very definitely a band which won't be playing the Leeds Green again in a hurry, Skrewdriver could use some lessons in integrity and commitment — if they have had a rough deal, this was no way for the new line-up to put the record straight.

Later the same night, the band went along to the Leeds Fan Club, where Doll By Doll and the Streets were featuring. Keen to re-present themselves, Skrewdriver played a couple of numbers with random other musicians — local and foreign — before everyone called it a day. It was hardly any less disordered than before, but at least they did it for free.

Emma Ruth

Teresa d'Abreu RAILWAY HOTEL, LONDON

BOY! What the hell happened there? All the right chemical ingredients — but no reaction!

There's Nick Hurt (ex-Flip City, of Elvis fame) leading the band with eye-popping muscle-bulging vigour and enthusiasm (he wrote the songs) on keyboards, rhythm and sometimes co-lead vocal.

Original Sadista Sister Teresa's putting all her soul behind the rock-rolling rhythms of Don Young, bass — looking, acting and sounding like J.A.'s Jack Casady with a beret on top — and, yes, that old Fairie Russell Hunter on drums, all pistons pumping. Chirless wonder John Davis' tasteful guitar flicks flame around the sound.

As Nick's T-shirt proclaims, this band are Cookin' Good. So what's wrong?

Distractions dominate. Don's bass continually falls off its strap. Russell's bass drum is punctured and Teresa can't handle the weedy drunk relentlessly forcing Southern Comforts on her even while she's singing.

By the time the band do get into their stride, it's too late. People are leaving for their last buses and those remaining — except for the drunk and one guy asleep on the floor — are backing away towards the bar. Veteran Russell hides behind his cymbals. And Teresa's big heart can't stand the rejection.

OK, the audience are lobbed dummies, but the music's a hotch-potch: West Coast rock'n'roll with '70s stomp. They're a '60s band complete with swirling light-show. Teresa impresses with her Maggie Ball/Carol Grimes passion, as in the slow, soulful "Sister", but comes unstuck with her image of late '70s aggression.

And though their experience shows strongly, their maximum attack style is diffused on first hearing by mediocre mid-set material.

The set ends strongly with all stops out. No applause. No encore. Backstage — angry tears. What a nightmare.

Andy Skeptik

The Heat

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

NEW WAVE five-piece The Heat did a good job of supporting the excellent China Street. Their set of fast, blistering tunes pulled a bit after the impressive "Coming Apart", but ended triumphantly with a furious, funny "Let's Spend The Night Together" that extended the Bowie treatment about as far as it'll go.

They seem a band with good ideas, but a lot of rough edges, often ending messily. And someone should tell the singer that leopardskin pants and half-hearted macho poses are strictly gauche.

But their music, with its considered blend of the attractive and the disturbing, holds promise. Time will tell.

Graham Lock

FESTIVITIES STOP HERE

Sheffield Bandfest SHEFFIELD

THAT A SHEFFIELD bandfest should take place now, as the home-grown music scene matures into something of more than merely local importance, is not only apt but deserved. That, however, the choice of bands should be as unrepresentative as those appearing in this two-day affair at the Limit Club is both a cruel snub to the bands not included, and (as things turned out) a tiresome endurance test for the audience.

Monday's bill was notable mainly for the conspicuous non-appearance of both The Human League (afraid lest an isolated case of beer-throwing, such as greeted their last gig here, should damage their delicate equipment and nix a prestigious London date) and Radio Earth (recently signed by Radar, and as like as not preparing for Things To Come).

In their place, the show is opened by complete unknowns The Miami Dolphins, who clock up a considerable number of negative superlatives with their messy blend of HM and power-pop. Souped-up — or should that be consomme-down? — versions of "Sha La La Lee" and the Tremeloes' "Even The Bad Times Are Good" are typical of their set, serving only to point out the inadequacies of the singer's vocal chords.

And how they've got the gall to insult the audience with between-songs statements like "Please move to the front, especially any record company people who're here, 'cos that's who we're aiming at" is, I confess, quite beyond me. It's also an insult to record company people, if it comes to that.

The Ultimate are, at least, a known Sheffield band, although a casual observer would get a bizarre impression of the local scene from their performance. Greasy rock'n'roll revivalist stuff is their thing, man, and were it not for their kitsch quotient (provided mainly by vocalist Steve Superior, who bears an uncanny resemblance to a post-burglar Elvis), they'd be completely forgettable. As it is, the vocals and some reasonably raunchy sax are the only things which crawl out of the muddy mix with any degree of clarity.

They're well-received, whether for musical or humorous reasons I can't quite fathom.

Chesterfield's The Thompson Twins are next, the best act of a dire day. Snappy stuff in the XTC vein, songs like "Sign Writer" and "Dancing Girls" betray a wit and musical imagination otherwise absent from the day's proceedings. If anything, there's too much embellishment in their carefully-structured guitar interplay, and they may get a bit wearing after a while, but they injected a sparkle into affairs at just the right time, bless 'em.

I enjoyed them a lot, even though they didn't wear bowler hats and Hitler moustaches like their namesakes in the Tintin cartoons. Can't have everything, I suppose, and what I got was plenty.

Harlow, from Doncaster, are the last band of the day. At a guess, I'd say they were a club band (as in Working Men's), and as such they're undoubtedly successful. Brightly-coloured bomber jackets with matching "eye" logo on the back, and the false exuberance of practiced semi-pros are their trademarks; and the music, needless to say, matches — clear harmonies, politely competent musicianship, that kind of thing. They bored me shitless. Harlow would make a good Fleetwood Mac, were they not trying so hard to be Flinlok.

I left before the end. Six hours is enough for any man.

And so to Tuesday. Cabaret Voltaire, perverse as ever, insisted on playing first, thus ensuring that only those prepared to take the trouble to get down early would see them.

Tired of the "acceptance" they've gained of late, and aware that they're the only representatives, in the two days, of the dominant experimental trend in local music, they opt for a completely improvised set which dispenses with formal structures, bass and guitar. Just tapes and an assortment of electronic machinery, no beat, no programmed motor response, but a call for wider parameters by which to judge rock music.

Some of it hits, some misses, and some of the audience get tired and moan about "getting money by false pretences" (which, since the whole affair's free and no-one's getting paid, is rather ironic). The most surprising thing about the set, though, is the non-violent reaction it produces. The music wasn't that cool and cosy, surely?

Next on are the exquisitely named Charles Hewitry And The Deaf Aids, a moniker suggestive of all manner of carryings-on. (Ha ha.) Fronted by former 2+3 bassist Terry, who exudes confidence and charisma in fairly substantial quantities, they're a live-five who could be trimmed to a power trio with no real loss, sax and back-up vocals being somewhat superfluous (although demeanour suggests they're there more for fun than music).

They're a covers band, by which I mean they've quite deliberately decided to forgo composition and rely on an astute choice of solid pop-pinging R'n'B for their repertoire. The old ("Route 66"), the new ("Mystery Dance") and the in-between ("She Does It Right") all get an airing, along with their curious penchant for Chris Spedding numbers like "Motorbikin'" and "Get Out Of My Pagoda".

It's all good, lightweight fun, performed with more than a dash of panache, but I can't help wondering why, with the skill they obviously possess, they limit themselves to under-achievement.

Molodoy are weird. Ostensibly a skinhead band, they've chosen not to tread the Sham 69 path to fame and fortune (for which, full marks), but to move in their own mysterious way. Fronted by a singer done up a la Clockwork Orange — white face, black eye, white strides, black bowler — they utilise the same principle of ideas/imagination outweighing technical capability as Wire and Siouxsie And The Banshees, two bands to whom they bear more than merely theoretical similarity.

Starting with a shaky instrumental, during which the singer punctuates things percussively in the manner of Ubu's David Thomas, they move into a series of songs with dense, odd riffs and lyrics which betray a silly infatuation with death and violence. So who needs a song called "Children Of The Third Reich"? This aside, though, they display a healthy, tentatively experimental attitude to their musical structures. I'll keep an eye open for Molodoy in the future.

Andy Gill

I WANT CANDY



The Bishops' new single in standard 7" and special economy size 6"-limited edition of both in colour sleeves, available next week.




THE BISHOPS

6 CHIS 101 CHIS 101

EMI

New Wave Festival

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

A 'NEW WAVE Festival' halfway into 1978 might seem to the casual, or indeed cynical, observer to be a rather severe case of shutting the stable door after the horse has scraped the bottom of the barrel — BUT, as this evening showed, there are still an encouraging number of people who adhere strongly to the garageband ethic (still valid), that with enough panache, anybody can get on stage and whack out a few chords for fun, and maybe even (eventually), profit. As usual some of the results were more worthwhile than others...

Owning up time. Due to an unavoidable delay (*Jazz As Mornous* actually), I managed to completely miss opening band, The A.C. A quick sortie amongst the assembled onlookers revealed they'd resembled a cut-price Darts, and had "tried to do a Deal School", all to rather good effect, apparently.

The Pins have just two guitars between the four of them, and have been biding their time until someone could lead them enough gear to actually perform. A lot of advance self-publicity meant that most folk were rooting for them, and they didn't disappoint. The first song, "It's Funny", made the picture perfectly clear: "We are not professional! We are not proficient! But we're fun!" — and if you're now thinking "heard it all before", so what? I enjoyed the shaky, nervous, very amateurish Pins far more than I've enjoyed about a hundred other bands who've been proclaimed the future of rockabogie in the last two years.

I wish The Pins every success in their struggle against overwhelming odds, especially lead singer Mark, who'll be a great mover when he overcomes his nerves. All they need is practice.

Illustrating the other side of that coin were the next band, Berlin. The difference is fundamental — the difference between getting up desperate to say something individual and turning out less than laboratory because of technical limitations, and getting up with no other intention than trotting out a few tired clichés about Fascists, death, hate, BOF's etc. It's called posing, and anyone who mutilates "Wild Thing" and "You Really Got Me" as badly as Berlin barely deserve serious comment.

Bad to worse. Worse because I had high hopes of *The Press* six months ago.

They had a naive charm back then, every song was a battle to be won, each grudging round of applause a target for guitarist Neil Campbell's nervous sarcasm. Since then they've ditched their keyboards player, and re-augmented with John Lewis, a sax player cum lead vocalist (previously the vocals were shared amongst the band). They include hardly any covers now — unfortunately, I don't like their own material as much as the stuff they've dropped.

If *The Press* have declined a bit, then *The Turbines* have washed themselves right down the pan. Top the bill? The state they're in these days they couldn't top a jam tart. Another band who've let it slip through their fingers. I'm sorry lads, you can't come on local radio to complain about lack of work and then blow out a prestigious gig like *The Sandpiper*. Out of time, out of time, leads stretched out, leads tripped over — you can only get away with that kind of onstage chaos when there's a loony like Iggy up there to keep the shambles charismatic.

Stephen Gordon



THE INMATES: Better than Wilson Pickett, even, it says here... Pic by JUSTIN THOMAS

The Inmates

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON
ROLL OVER Chuck Berry. Step aside Wilson Pickett and The Yardbirds. For r'n'b 1978-style, North London's pride. The Inmates have few rivals who are even in the same cell-block.

The Inmates are the other side of Cockney culture to Sham 69 — boisterous good humour coupled with an ability to interpret '60s r'n'b numbers as well as, say, the Feelgoods at their peak.

Led by Big Bill Hurley, one of three ex-Cannibals in the line-up, and lifted by spectacularly good bass playing courtesy of Ben Donnelly, they run through a ten number set of golden oldies, throwing in a self-penned number almost unnoticed.

A quick run through the band for those unfortunate enough not to have caught them yet — Big Bill on vocals, Ben Donnelly on bass, Tony Otwin on rhythm, John Bull on drums and Pete Gunn on lead guitar.

They opened fast and

furiously, with "Jeanie Jeanie Jeanie", the irresistible chorus of "Things Get Better", "Love Got Me" and "Don't Lie To Me", which really showcases Donnelly's exceptional talent. Time to slowdown with "Three Time Loser", at which point Laurie Garman joins the band on stage from the audience, and adds the weight of his harmonica to the fray. As they coast through "I Ain't Got You" and "Big Boss Man" it's clear how vital the harmonica is on slower r'n'b numbers.

By this time, the Hope and Anchor cellar was transformed into a cauldron of energy. Big Bill sharing the stage with an overspill from the audience — no heavy roadies here, band and audience alike are one happy family, rocking and sweating the night away. "You Don't Miss The Water" brought the whole thing to a grand finale.

It's true that the band have still to break out of London, but on this form there's no reason why they shouldn't follow in the footsteps of bands with national followings — like the Feelgoods or even The Pirates.

Roger White

Normally £19.95
Now only £9.95



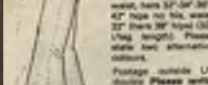
A superb LED 6 functions Solid State Digital Quartz watch. Set in an elegant, slimline, Stainless steel case with adjustable Stainless steel strap. 12 months guarantee includes postage, allow 14 days for delivery. Send P.O. or cheque to Farrington Watchworks, 21 Morley House, 370 Regent St., London W1.



CHEESECLOTH
KURTA £2.95 + 30p
A good quality white natural cheese cloth. 30" x 40", girls 30" x 40", boys 30" x 40". Please state which design and size.



COLOURED EMBROIDERED
KURTA £2.95 + 30p
Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background. Chest sizes 30" to 42". Send 30" to 42".



CHEESECLOTH
SHORT £2.95 + 30p
First seen the best buy for the money. Available in stripes, checks, plain white. Sizes 30" to 42". Chest 30" to 42". Please state which design and size.

COTTON LONKS
£2.15 + 30p plus
A fine cotton in the original style from the 1950s. Colors: Black, brown, maroon, navy, etc. 30" x 40", 36" x 40", 42" x 40". Please state which design and size.

Postage outside UK double. Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly. All goods are exchanged or refunded if returned. (UK only). Goods dispatched within 10 days.

Send P.O. or cheque to: SHAPES (Dept. G1, 252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, EN9 7NB. Our shop is open all week.

Instant X-ray sight
X-ray sight is that you see the amazing illusion to see just what you're looking at. You can see the most amazing things, when looking at girls and friends. Especially amusing at those fun parties!

£1.75 incl. P & P
Order seen as well as the amazing illusion to see just what you're looking at. You can see the most amazing things, when looking at girls and friends. Especially amusing at those fun parties!

SENE PARK PRODUCTS (MEMS) LAMBERTON HOUSE, SENE PARK, HYTHE, KENT, CT21 5XB

SUPER SUPPLE LEATHER BOMBER JACKETS
Outstanding quality with elasticated cuffs and waistband. Heavy duty rib. Tan, Aniline leather. Light grey, etc. 30" to 42". Chest 30" to 42". Please state which design and size.

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

Richard Gregory Ltd. 10 Grays Town Centre, Grays, Essex RM16 1YU

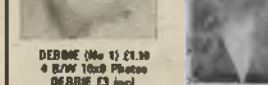
★ NEW POSTERS ★



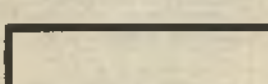
DEBBIE (No. 3) £1.10



CHERYL TEAGH No. 2 £1.10



CHERYL LADO No. 2 £1.10



KATE BUSH £1.10

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Also 10p each — New Kiss Lyrics, Olivia in Greece, L. A. Assassins 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 8

FAN CLUBS

14p per word

LENA ZAVARONI Fan Club S.a.s. 20 Sinalda Road, Wyndham, Norfolk, NR18 8AY.

OFFICIAL QUEEN Fan Club — send s.a.s. for details of membership and official quarterly magazine to: Amanda, c/o Official International Queen Fan Club, 5 Camden Street, London, W.1.

GENESIS INFORMATION. Send s.a.s. to Geoff Pethy, 11 Jameson Lodge, 59 Shepherds Hill, London, N6 8PW.

PETER FRAMPTON — Send s.a.s. to: Box 104, Cambridge.

PERSONAL

20p per word

A FOR Penfriends, personal friends, marriage partners. Three in-one introduction service. Efficient, reliable, inexpensive. One year's membership costs only £3.00. Free details from: Atlantic Agency, 34 Beconsfield Avenue, Colchester, CO2 3DL.

ALONE IN THE new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write: countryside introductions, c/o Martin House, Bognor Regis, Sussex, BN11 1JL.

AUSTRALIA **WORLDWIDE** Penfriends, Box 20 (BE), Salisbury, South Australia.

FLYING SAUCERS? Meetings, skywatches, investigation, research, photo etc. s.a.s. details: British UFO Society, 47 Balaise Square, London, NW3.

GAY YOUNG guy, 23, shy, lonely, seeks some for genuine relationship. Photo please. East Midlands area. Box No. 552.

GERMAN GUY, 25, into good rock music; looks for pen pals in G.B. Box No. 552.

GLAD TO be gay? Isolated? Phone friends any evening between 7.30 and 10.00 pm. 01 759 7371.

GUY, 22, bearded, shy, into good hip hop music — seeks girl, 18-24, North-east area. Box No. 552.

HOW TO GET GIRLFRIENDS — what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girl you fancy. S.a.s. for free details: Degr. HM, 38 Abbeydale, Wetherby, Yorkshire.

IS THERE any lonely, unloved girl in Ipswich area. Genuine, Zep, E.P. Help etc? This very lonely understanding guy would like to meet you. Box No. 5501.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/11M, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

PENFRIEND MAGAZINE for all groups. Only 60p fortnightly, (any after 12 months). Write: Leisure Times, 07881, Chorley, Lancs.

POETRY WANTED over £1,700 in prize annually. Subscription £10. For free criticism send to: Regency Press, 43 New Oxford St., W1A 1BH, Dept A3.

ROCK JOURNALISM and Photography. Booklet by ex-staffman explains how magazine work, job possibilities, how to get freelance contributions accepted etc. 60p plus 10p post / Payment to: Intro Books, P.O. Box 3, Scotland, near Catterick Garrison, N. Yorks DL9 3NT.

WANT PENFRIENDS? — send two 7p stamps for K & S Club's Journal. Box 15, Bury, Lancs.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIEND Service. £1,000 members in 141 countries. SAE details. R.C. 25a Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

10p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH: good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top prices. — 01-458 7811.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

10p per word

GERMARDY FLUTE, triple silver plated in excellent condition. £355. — Ring 01 874 9536 evenings.

BELL'S
for everything musical—
GUITARS, AMPLIFIERS, etc.

Guitars from as low as £20. Details of over 120 models, Amplifiers, Disco Units, Effects Pedals, etc. CASH or H.P. TERMS. Call or write for FREE copy today.

BELL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD. (Dept 39)
157-159 Ewell Rd., Surbiton, KT6 6AR
Please send me your NEW Guitar, Amplifier and Disco Unit Catalogue.

(Please Print) Name _____
Address _____

Integrated
4600
Synthesiser

The International 4600 Synthesiser. A very comprehensive unit. Over 400 sound. We stock all the parts costing less than £500 including fully punched and printed metalwork and a smart task cabinet. Far less than what you'd pay for a ready made synthesiser of equal quality. Specification on request. Full construction details in our construction book £1.50.

maplin ELECTRONIC SUPPLIES
PO BOX 3, RAYLEIGH ESSEX SSG 6 R
Shop 284 London Road Wokingham on Sea Coast
(Closed on Mondays) Telephone: Southampton (0703) 4470

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

BASS & DRUMMER for hard rock group. Klux, 45a St John's Wood High Street, N.W.8.

BASSIST AND DRUMMER for the irregular Perfect — own gear, experience not necessary. Phone Marc, Work: 020 87292/Ram: 020 87292.

ENTHUSIASTIC DRUMMER wanted for new wave/rock band. Rhythm-Players group. We have playing experience of around two years and are aged around nineteen. Interested? Possible chance of huge stardom. Phone Rob, 01 581 8073.

MUSICIANS WANTED for Raga Band. Lead guitarist, drummer, organist. Preferably with harmonica. Contact Mike, 01-348 0396.

MUSICIANS WANTED. Phone Tony, Cardiff 20036

TUITION

14p per word

DRUM CORRESPONDENCE Course. The style of your choice, with control, co-ordination, reading music, etc. Each lesson complete with demonstration cassette. Details: Text & Tape Tuition, (NME), 31 Westwood Road, Southampton.

THE IVOR MAXWELL POSTAL GUITAR COURSE help you to become a perfect technician. A special cassette of the exercises in the 12 lesson spectrum guitar course, recorded by Ivor Maxwells is now available. Cassettes for Spanish guitar course in preparation. Send for particulars to: Ivor Maxwells Music, 56 Rathbone Place, London, W1P 1AB.

DISCOTHEQUES

14p per word

DAVE JANSEN — 01-999 4010.

LES LEWIS — 01 524 4978.

STOP: NOO disco. Phone Alan, 01-330 1561.

WANTED

10p per word

AMY DYLAN tapes and other rarities — Tern, 1 Colindale Road, Marple, Stockport, SK6 8PJ.

BOWIE RARE albums — details, prices to: 144 Middle Dae Road, Dept. 1, Weymouth.

DYLAN, EARLS COURT, Blackbushe recorders — David Robinson, 30 Ashfield Road, Bletby, Doncaster.

DYLAN TAPES, Earls Court, Blackbushe, Bletby, Barton, 51 Elphinstone Road, Hastings.

ELVIS COSTELLO rare records. — 01-405 9237.

ENO'S "OBSCURE" Strategist with box. Your price. — RSCA 812522.

SONG LYRICS wanted. Existing preparation. Details (s.a.s.): Robert Noakes, 10 Grayed Hall Road, Borewich, Staffordshire.

THUNDERS, PITLOLS, live tapes — trade for U.S. Shows. Henry Mincoff, 846 Bay St., New York, 10004.

BANDS

14p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-478 4542

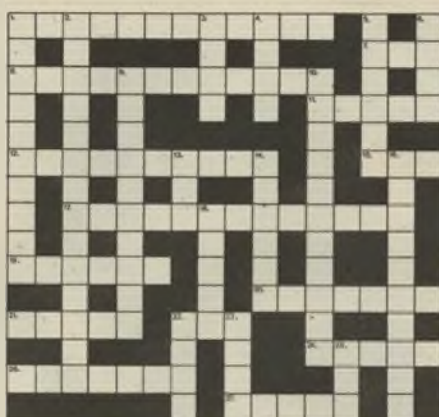
SPECIAL NOTICES

14p per word

MUSIC BOOKS — authors, postal music boutique service. 10% discount on orders excess £15.00. — Details from: Bernard, 7 Devonshire Terrace, London, W.2.

ROD STEWART, Faces Disco party. S.a.s. to: Gareth Millard, 52 Fortrose Road, Kenilworth Town, London, N.W.5.

STEVE GORDON — so glad to make it back. Pure professionalism — £8.00 to 9.00. Eton 8

NME
X-WORD

ACROSS

1 & 5 "Galaxy Of Love" cosmic disco mob (5, 7, 6)
7 Tubes' numero uno fruitcake — at a small charge!

8 Today's Romeos go cruising with the radio on, are kind to little dinosaurs, and love the chimes of the ice cream man! (6, 6)

11 Nine out of ten reggae DJs choose this as their favourite breakfast!

12 Colourful heavy metal combo, now defunct (4, 6)

15 R. Stigwood's label (one for you Bee Gees' fans!)

17 Stiff boy wonder, of "Whole Wide World" and "Reconnex Cherie" fame (9, 4)

19 See 26

20 A socially-rewarding by-product of coal!

21 Feelgoods' seaside landmark — from first LP

22 Not all Stones roll, some are just foxy with it!

24 A doctor writes: "This condition is most found in the young, usually occasioned by contact with a popular celebrity. A well-aimed blow on the head will generally effect recovery."

26 & 19 West Coast warbler pal of David and Graham ("A hopeless case" — Doc.)

27 J. Rivera's label (and a big "Hi" to E. Costello!)

DOWN

1 Sea-facing Motown combo steering chartwands

2 & 6 BBC-2's cure of insomnia. What's that, Doc?

3 The teenyboppers' fave punk

4 Pile up the loot like Ken Hensley & Co.!

5 See 1 across

6 See 2

9 A Crossword Exclusive! Elvis didn't die — he came to England in the '60s and joined The Troggs, changing his first name to fool Col. Parker. It was the Madame Tussauds waxwork which died! (3, 7)

10 She can flash her Mac at NME bashes anytime! ("Shame!" — Ed.) (6, 5)

13 M Most's label (this one's for the Suzi Quatro fan!)

14 P. Smith LP — was it titled thus 'cos she expected to be crucified by the critics?

16 Predecessor to "And Then There Were Three" (7, 3)

21 Vinyl identification sticker

22 See 23

23 & 22 down. Much-covered early Elton John single

25 U.S. funk combo / Or bleeding 'almighty great bust-up between nations wiv lots of blood 'n' gore and bombs 'n' stuff ... ("Shame" — J. Baez)

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK, LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: "Dreadlock (Holiday)" 6 (The) Band; 7 Chelsea; 9 (Bill) Nelson; 11 Sam (Cooke); 12 Al Kooper; 13 "Oh Carol"; 14 Annie (Haslam); 15 Andy Gibb; 16 (Adam) Faith; 18 (Denny) Laine; 19 (Annie) Haslam; 15 Andy Gibb; 16 (Adam) Faith; 18 (Denny) Laine; 19 (Annie) Haslam; 21 Single; 22 "Dreadlock Holiday".

DOWN: 1 Doctors Of Madness; 2 "Electric Ladyland"; 3 Dusty Springfield; 4 "Ku Klux Klan"; 5 Adam (Faith); 6 Boomtown Rats; 8 Animals; 10 (Kenny) Everett; 17 Hammy (Howell); 20 Arlo (Guthrie).

FOR DETAILS
OF CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING
IN
NEW MUSICAL
EXPRESS

RING:
01-261 6122

For sale:

RECORDING STUDIO
SOUND SYSTEM

High power full range stereo system ideal for club as Disco/PA. Comprises massive 18" x 4" x 31" speakers by QADAC finished in teak, with internal amplifiers by AVOX.

This is a professional sound system that will be installed and signed by a professional studio engineer

Price: £950
For details ring Rod Duggan at: 01-485-0131 (work) 01-394-3898 (home)

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

10p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST — 01 878 4542
A1 PIANIST — 01 878 4542
STAN GAZER for concerts, clubs, engagements etc. tel: Bristol 422777.

SELLING A
RECORD?

it's only 14p a word
in our Classified

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY have a new venue at the Red Deer, Brighton Road, Croydon on Tuesday nights. The new Stan Tracey Quartet — Roy Babbington bass, Clark Tracey drums — are playing there on 12th September, the Dave Shepherd Quintet on 19th and the Kathy Stobart Quintet on 26th.

JCS are also presenting the Midnite Follies Orchestra at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 27th September, supported by Kenny Davern and the Tony Lee Trio. The orchestra's Day mainly based on '20s and '30s Harlem bands, with soloists like Digby Fairweather, Alan Eldon and Johnny Barnes on the strings. Last call for the Don Cherry Trio plus the John Abercrombie-Ralph Towner Duo at the Old Vic Theatre on 10th September.

Intermediate Guitar Clinic for players with a working knowledge of chord structure opens at the Workers Music Association, 236 Westbourne Park Road, W11 on 3rd October and continues for the next six Tuesdays. Course fee is £15; tutor is Dave Cliff. This will be followed by a saxophone clinic in November.

The London Musicians Collective at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1 also have a busy month with percussionist Terry Day and friends on 8th, Eddie Provo's Freedom Music Orchestra's first public performance on 9th, Saxviolin on 10th, New York guitarist Eugene Chadbourne on 12th and Bob Dowling with Bob Helton on 14th.

There's a new album from Eddie Provo's band, "Live", featuring tenorman Geoff Hawkins, trumpeter Gerry Gold, bassist Marco Mattos and the leader on drums in concert at Cambridge College; Matchless label.

In case anyone has slept on Don Schlitten's Xanadu label, lemme say I've never heard a doff album yet, and that Delo Coker's "California Hard" with Pepper and Frank Butler is terrific, while Wardell Gray's "Live in Hollywood" with Hampton Hawes is stupendous.

Brian Case

STRANGLERS
CONTD.

From page 25

never envisaged was stagnation — that is, stagnation whilst at the same time you have inflation."

Burnel is very conscious that The Stranglers, despite their large record sales figures, are essentially an unfashionable band.

"No one's ever wanted to align themselves with us, to openly say they're our mates. Apart from Steel Pulse, that is, who've been really fuckin' great."

"We've helped other bands and they've shit on us and said really crazy things about us. Yet in front of us they took our sweets. We help bands, give 'em a bit of money to help 'em go in the studio, yet they'll never acknowledge it and they'll jump on the bandwagon and start calling us sexist."

"Which is so silly, really. Ian Drury can sing about sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll for a whole album and not get put down, and Hugh'll write one song about how one time he slapped a girlfriend and we get all that shit."

"They're all just bigots. People are very insecure."

"I mean, two years ago we used to get other punk bands going. The Stranglers even smoke dope. Yet I've seen loads of punk musicians drinking beer at gigs and

then as soon as they get home it's out with the Rizlas. What hypocrisy!"

IN THE dining room of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Hugh Cornwell is sipping on a beer whilst he waits for his food to arrive and mulling over the speed with which The Stranglers appear to be zipping through their rock 'n' roll career.

"The lifespan of this group is very limited. It works twice as hard as any other group around. It's bound to burn itself out quickly."

SITTING ON his publicist's floor back in England, Jean Jacques concurs with the guitarist's sentiments.

"Yeah, The Stranglers could split up at any time. It probably won't last all that much longer."

"After all, there's lots of other things I'd like to do. I'd like to go to Japan and study for my black belt."

"I don't really consider myself as a musician as such. It's not work, this, is it? It's just good play."

"I won't exactly be looking out for a gig after The Stranglers."



Dave Greenfield stops to give Icelandic hitchhiker a lift.
Pic by PENNIE.

STUDENTS

DON'T END UP LIKE NME EDITORIAL. (Change that to Ad Dept. — Ed)
See Page 50

For only the second time in nine months, it's...

THE DROWN-YOUR-TROUBLES BAG!

I DON'T agree agree with that chap's letter last week, do you? If you do, well, sod off.
FRIEND LEE, West Bromwich.

DEAR STEVE Clarke, thank you for the nice, friendly, factual, non-slugging, informative, well-written review on Joe Walsh in 19th August NME. For a change, I actually enjoyed reading my NME. CA-ROLINE, A.K.A. BILL SZYMZYK.
Roll over the old topper Bernie Leaden and tell Mrs Azoff the news, what? — STOPPED CLOCKE.

AN INTERVIEW with Linton Johnson. Fine. We're all in the same struggle. But why the hell the snide remarks about the Socialist Workers Party being Racists! What are you talking about, Linton?

Who was at Lewisham when the Nazis were smashed? SWP, that's who. What's liberal about fighting the National Front and some of us getting our heads broken for our pains?

Who was marching against racist immigration controls? Who's there at the jail when they try to deport a black brother? SWP, that's who. What's racist about that? Who turned up at Brick Lane week in, week out to drive the Nazis out of the area where they've murdered three men? Yeah, SWP.

We "want to help blacks," eh? Well, we'll tell you something. We're about people standing up for their own right. We're about changing society for yourself. We're about self-activity. We don't want to do things for black people. We want a united struggle of black and white against racism. A socialist struggle. A revolutionary struggle.

So, the Carnival: 80,000 people fighting the Nazis for themselves. So, the comrades who fought at Lewisham and Bradford, Winson Green and Ladywood.

So, our involvement in Rock Against Racism. Not a front but an independent organisation where anyone who loves music and hates racism can get together to burn out the cancer of hating somebody because of the colour of their skin. Let's have unity, Linton. Cut the snide remarks. More unity than divides us. Fraternally.

BAWINDER SINGH, KIM GORDON (editor, FLAME—black workers paper), ALAN GIBBONS, CHANIE ROSENBERG, SHIRAZ KASSIM, Socialist Workers Party, London, E.2.

Personally, we can't stand you lousy 'left-wing' anti-semites, but just this once you're quite right. Your letter is signed by an Asian, a Black, a WASP, a Jew and an Arab, but which one of you guys is the token homosexual? — TP & JR.

HELLO!

I have enclosed some cash to make you rich and famous! Tell C.S.M. I wanna marry him NOW!! Oooh, I can't wait!
JACQUI WATTS, Newport.
Take him, he's yours — MRS MURRAY

I HAVE READ C.S.M.'s review of The Rezillos' concert and I must conclude that this man is the ultimate cliché, so much so that I have made him the subject of my latest ditty, entitled:

C.S.M. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

C.S.M. you are a turd
You're not second-rate, not even third.



STEVE CLARKE, ecstatic after reading a favourable letter about him in the Bag.



Edited by JULIE BURCHILL and TONY PARSONS

Your legs are handy and your nose is red.
You think punk is ace and you wet the bed.

What are you going to do?
Your repetitiveness makes me want to poo.

Those articles you write are such a bore.

You've said "myaaaaaanan" so much my eyes are sore.

How much more can we take?
C.S.M. is a fake.

He's last year's thing
On a final fling.

Why can't someone put him right
Let's face it he's none too bright.

With his poney name and charm so slim

Why can't someone kick his nuts in?

So C.S.M. do us a turn,
Go back to school and then you'll learn

That things do change from time to time

And to stop using those clichés is not a crime.

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
CHRIS J.P., Stafford, Staffs.

I HAVE just seen The Rocky Horror Show and guests who were

Frank 'n' Furter — Gary Glitter!

Gary, you are extremely fat, almost obese, you are probably the worst

actor in the world, your voice is utterly wrecked, you can't sing, and you can't dance. What can you do?

Rip people off?

I hope when you get back to France with all your money you toss yourself into a heart attack. For Christ's sake don't come back

PAUL P. NORTH, New Zealand.

P.S. Is it true that "Weight watchers" can help in removing lilly-white, hairy, flabby ripples of putrid flesh?

What? Where can I pick one from guv??? — STEVE JONES.

I HAVE BEEN reading NME almost regularly for the past six years (your trade disputes always coincide with the release of a Neil Young record, but apart from that) you have been

the mag which has chronicled MUSIC of many types in an honest and refreshing way. Just when I had decided not to buy another LP ever,

one of your better reviewers would turn me onto something new and

worth listening to. IAN McDONALD (where is he?) and NICK KENT were

especially good. What I feel they had above most other regular writers was

a sense of when there was something at the back of a piece of music other

than a large budget. They had an eye for the talented artist who has to

communicate on a vast scale to survive at all. I have found my taste in

music changing over the years but it has been good as many artists have

progressed ahead of me and kept the horizons open. Given great talent,

sincerity is to me the second great prerequisite of an artist as distinct

from a musician or programmed robot. Groups like DEVO were

always around only they were not seen for what they were by their fans.

Your mag has produced some great writers and is in the process of

producing more — they will leave when they reach a certain state of

mind which will not enable them to work with conviction on assigned

projects. But that does not invalidate their training ground which gives a

means of perception which is always valid i.e. feedback from their readers,

which is what makes NME so self-critical. I and many others like

me, will probably not keep up to date with the many new groups emerging

but "OUR" groups and artists had to emerge also and they have grown with

us, so the success of the newer groups does not invalidate the work of the

BOFs who still write other than in their cheque books. Neil Young,

Bowie, Randy Newman, J. J. Cale, Bruce Springsteen, are names of a

half decade ago but they will always be relevant to a certain lifestyle which

they helped create. If ABBA sell ten times as many records as them, more

power to them: they are unrelated concepts as unlike as comparing the

sales of antiques with sales of

contraceptives. SOMEBODY OUT THERE LIKES YOU, LONG MAY YOU RUN.

PAUL G. EBRILL, Ireland.

P.S. Paragraphs are last year's thing. I didn't write this — IAN

McDONALD.

PLEASE COULD everybody join the "I Hate Clive Lloyd Because He's

Big-Headed And Not Because He's Black" club. And also make it clear

that we are not racists just because we hate Viv Richards as well.

AN OBSCURE CRICKET AND ROCKIN' JOHN IDIOT AND THE

RIDICULOUS BUNNIES FAN FROM MANCHESTER.

Bastards! Bastards! — THE

LIBERAL RACISTS OF THE S.W.P.

I JUST THOUGHT I'd drop you a line to say how much we "dig" the

NME "man". We are a group of pensioners who meet at the Bingo hall

every Thursday night. Old Charlie (he was in the trenches, y'know) always

brings along his NME and what fun we have "sussing" it out, "man".

Why were Abba in there, "man".

Where's the "punk", "baby". Elsie ("mine's a light ale, please") thought

Danny Baker's singles review was really "cool". She thinks he's ever so

"hip" because he doesn't write properly. That black chappie was

really a bit nasty, too, and to think I fought in the war for people like him.

Still, like I said to Jack, I said, I never noticed his colour. Honestly, I think

black people are very nice.

We were all especially pleased to see a feature on our favourite band

the Banshees by that nice young Nicky Kent. I said to Jack he must be

an intelligent lad, I said, because he uses such big words. Tommy

(ex-pioneer corps, you know) said he'd really like to take Siouxsie to the

bingo one day and when he saw the front cover we had to calm him down

before he knocked the drinks over. Anyway, I must dash now, I have six

bingo cards tonight because the prize

is a pair of leather bondage trousers and I might even win the second prize of the Clash LP or even the third prize of two Clash LP's.

God bless.

"TONY TURD" (that's not my real name, I'm only messing).

P.S. Why don't you send one of your "cats" down here to review some

of our "gigs" "man". We have great "sets" after Bingo by Gerry Hatrick

Albert Titlock and the Six Pensioners whose single "Anarchy In The Post

Office (I Want My Pension Now)" is out soon on the Real Stiff records.

I didn't write this! — TONY

TYLER, A Hamlet in Little Hampton (or, alternatively, a Little Hamlet in a Hamlet).

AT A RECENT Black Sabbath concert, two youths were caught climbing through a window in the

gent's toilet. The police caught them and made them go back and watch the rest of the gig!

STEPHEN A. PRIEST, East Finchley, London.

This is a funny letter! Ho-ho-ho! Everyone is laughing! Could someone

please read it to me? — OZZY.

I HAVE just found out that Blast Furnace (of The Heatwaves) is really CSM. Does this make me unique?

Yours ingratulatingly,

BIANCA JAGGER.

No, just slow on the uptake —

PETE MANNHEIM.

WHERE'S ROD STEWART. Status Quo, etc now? When it comes to

playing a benefit they want naff all to do with it.

If it was a venue in London the hands would be queuing up to play.

Of course, it's the Apollo, Glasgow, so they don't give a toss.

Where's Rod Stewart NOW?

RIPPED AND PISSED OFF (JUST ANOTHER SCOT). Avshire, Scotland.

Search me — SUSAN GEORGE

OUT HERE in the semi-sticks having a letter printed in the NME is very

"hot-pomp" as they used to say.

Young ladies point in the High Street and young thugs and bully boys

suddenly become polite and courteous!

So, NME, take Andy Warhol's theory about everybody being famous

for fifteen minutes one step further. Print this letter and make me famous

(on a local scale) for a week at least.

JOHN, "TWELVE PINTS" RICKETTS, Slough, Berks.

Let's hear it for the little man! —

MARGARET THATCHER AND THE BLUE OYSTER CULT.

D.D. DEAR NME T WWWWWW

WOWO WOULD IJJ JUST LIKE

TO MEN MEN MENTION

THAT III IVE GOT A ST ST

STUSTU STU STUFFED

ALLIGATOR.

FRUPPY GUPPET, FREELANCE

IDIOT, L.T.D., E. Port

Who wants man man mamumu

Mullin? Mam mam Mullin The

Mole does!!! — TONY AND JULIE,

WHO REMEMBER THESE

THINGS.

THOUGHT I'D let you know that my

Labrador had eight black puppies all

over your last week's issue.

NOW I know what it's for.

NICK REECE, Community Clinic, Barnham.

Ahh, ain't that nice? —

ANIMAL-LOVING BAG EDS

WITH BESTIALITY

TENDENCIES.



PENNY REEL and LIZ of BONEY M (she's the one in the suit) gaze apprehensively at correspondence from SWP HQ.

T-ZERS

GROWS A BEER BELLY



Motor NICK GARVEY sinks another one in celebration of his fashion award. Pic by DENIS O'REGAN

AS REPORTED in last week's *T-Zers*, The Stranglers did tear their ugly heads in London these past seven days to play the Red Cow (Friday) and the Nashville (Sunday). Appearing under the guise of The Shakespeares, so inundated was the Red Cow with Stranglers fans that it had to close its doors at 7.15. At The Nashville — this time The Stranglers pseudonyming it as The Old Codgers (At last they're coming clean about their ages — Ed.), Hugh & the lads were joined onstage by Tubesperson Fee Waybill. Cylinders of oxygen were administered to the heat-ravaged crowd which, *T-Zers* muses, makes a change from badges and the odd drumstick...

The Tubes themselves will be augmented at this Saturday's Knebworth jamboree by Todd Rundgren on guitar. Todd, producer of the next Tubes album — has made the journey special, like, *T-Zers* sincerely hopes he's left his doozy pyramids at home...

Of perhaps more interest is the news that four searchlights loaned to The Tubes by Brenda's armed forces won't be appearing at Knebworth. The Tubes had successfully borrowed the lights — as used to seek out Goering's Might in the war — when they received instructions that they were to be commanded by the Royal Navy. The Senior Service wanted the lights to help detect Russian trawlers fishing in UK waters around the Isle Of Skye

World domination by 1984? Informed sources suggest Devo already have another two albums in the can and that

they're saving "the really weird stuff" for their third, while the public cut their ears on the Boogie Boogie milder wares...

After the sensationalist coverage of this year's Notting Hill Festival by certain daily tabloids, the Metropolitan Police announced that there were less crimes at carnival than "at normal mass gatherings". So why the front-page score tactics?

Following last week's *T-Zer* concerning the feolies of E. Costello and entourage in Norway, Jake Riviera rang *T-Zers* to say "Be more accurate or outlandish". What, like the

way Jake chooses not to use his given name of Andrew Jakeman, asks *T-Zers*...

Rock Ravages Reds Sensation. Roxy Music hornman Andy McKay has been approached by the Chinese Embassy "with a view to arranging cultural exchanges that would entail young English bands doing gigs in Peking". According to their publicist, Geo X are top of the list. Suppose the bit about "young English bands" excludes Ferrari's recently reformed combo themselves doing gigs in the land of the ping-pong ball...

Was last week's *Thrills* feature on Bram Tchalovsky of The Motors — by Max Bell, incidentally, although his name dropped off at the printers as we say in the trade — the spur the lad needed to quit? (Actually, no — R. Ogden)...

On the shelves of very hip bookshops at 50p a shot — a bootleg very slim volume of Patti Smith's *Ho Ho Houdini*, the poetess' tribute to the famed escapologist. Real poetry lovers will be delighted to learn that out how is an anthology of the work of Private Eye bard, E. J. Thribb (17), entitled (what else?) *So. Farewell Then... and Other Poems by E. J. Thribb (17)*

Don't expect to see The Fall taking with The Clash. Seems the Clash City Rockers had invited The Fall to support them at their Roxy gig, which was to have taken place this weekend (for why it was cancelled, see *News Desk*). The Clash withdrew the offer as soon as they knew the Manchester band were headlining the night before.

"What The Clash wanted," claimed a Fall spokesman, "was the reflective glory of being seen to be hip." In other words The Clash wanted to be responsible for The Fall breaking big...

Busted for causing a breach of the peace in Glasgow, Stranglers Jet Black pompously proclaimed: "When you consider that in 1600 the Rev. Giordano Bruno was imprisoned and finally burnt to death at the stake for the heinous crime of acknowledging the Copernican theory, I guess we must consider a £25 fine for talking in, in 1978, a merciful royal pardon indeed." Or in English: it was a fair cop, guv...

An affiliated matter. After using a four letter word during a soundcheck at the Hamilton Club, Birkenhead, The C Gas Five were promptly told that they wouldn't after all be

required to play that night. Frankie Vaughan is currently resident at the Hamilton Club, so he better watch his mouth.

In an almost unprecedented outbreak of cultural awareness last Sunday's *Observer Colour Supplement* put Delawate Destroyer George Thorogood on their cover...

Radio One's ads for this Saturday's *Rock On* announcing: "Plus an interview with Debbie Harry and Blondie's leader Chris Stein." So it's out at last.

Billy Idol the proud recipient of a pair of green lures given him by Salvador Dali. *T-Zers* wonders if they're the same garment Elvis gave Dali a white back. If so, Billy should make sure he gets his mum to wash them or else he could be in for a case of artist's foot...

Bronze Records want to give away 100 copies of a live *Suicide* album (*They'll be lucky* — Ed.). Recorded on a cassette player in Germany and France, what the record lacks in fidelity is allegedly made up for in attack. To possess one of these highly collectable artefacts, all you have to do is explain in no more than 25 words the positive benefits of Suicide. The first 100 letters received will cop an album. Write to Suicide Notes, Bronze Records, 100 Chalk Farm Rd, London NW1 8EH...

Guinness dabbler Rory Gallagher reunited for the night with his erstwhile colleagues Gerry McAvoy and Wilgar Campbell at Canning Town's Bridge House last week...

Alice Cooper currently holid away with Bernie Taupin, working on his new album "From The Inside", based on his drying out cure for alcoholism...



Keel's spectrum — the real thing.

If Diane Keaton, co-star of *Annie Hall*, ever finds time to make an album she'll have no shortage of material. So far Bob Dylan, Tom Waits and Robbie Robertson have all written songs for her. Diane is currently shooting a new Woody Allen comedy...

Is it just coincidence that CBS's giant new \$50 million

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This Last Week
20 Action Time (New, But Is It Novel?)	1 (4) CLASH POLICE
21 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	2 (1) SUICIDE
22 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	3 (1) SHOUKES OVERGROUND
23 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	4 (1) SHOUKES SPECIAL
24 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	5 (1) CLASH CITY ROCKERS
25 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	6 (1) SUICIDE
26 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	7 (1) SO MANY FOOLS (Shoukies)
27 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	8 (1) STEEL PULSE
28 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	9 (1) BOOMTOWN RATS
29 (1) SUICIDE (New, But Is It Novel?)	10 (1) ROCKY TO RUSSIA

COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY TEN BEST SEE FOR SALE SECTION FOR FULL LISTING

MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL

3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

Assistant Editor: Phil McNeill

News Editor: Derek Johnson

Production Editor: Jack Scott

Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr

Associate Editor: Charles Shear Murray

Staff:

Tony Stewart

Steve Clarke

Tony Parsons

Julie Burchill

Monty Smith

Angus MacKinnon

Paul Rambali

Photography:

Pennie Smith

Contributors:

Nick Kent

Brian Case

Mick Farren

Bob Edmonds

Tony Benyon

Max Bell

Fred Dellar

Chris Salewicz

Cliff White

Bob Woffinden

Miles

Lester Bangs

John May

Paul Morley

Penny Reel

Adrian Thrills

New York:

Joe Stevens

N.Y. 254 6840

Research:

Fiona Foulger

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.

Kings Reach Tower

Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:

Percy Dickens

(01) 261 6080

Classified Ads:

Sue Hayward (01) 261 6122

Ad Production:

Mike Proctor

Frank Lamb

Pete Christopher

(01) 261 6207

Ad Manager:

Peter Rhodes

(01) 261 6251

Publisher:

Eric Jackson

Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray

IPC Magazine Ltd. Production of any

material without permission is strictly

forbidden

record factory is to be located in Georgia (home of the Carters), or was that one of the deals that went down when CBS brass visited the White House?

The Stones' recently completed 25-date US tour estimated to have grossed \$9 million, although no-one concerned will say how much of that the Stones will see. Next Stones album, *T-Zers* understands, is to be called "Certain Girls" — and while we're on it, we thought you might like to know that Jagger's bird Jerry Hall recently went on a little house-hunting expedition down Malibu-way to find a house suitable for her and Michelin Mouth. Only snag is, she's been told she can't fork out more than £350,000... More poop on the Stones concerns Jagger's desire to make a rock movie which actually captures the spirit of rock'n'roll. He recently told *NME*: "Well, they (rock movies) are the new big

thing and I feel sure that we can make a really great rock'n'roll movie. And by that I don't mean a happy-go-lucky number. There's a whole other untapped approach. There's another side to the predictable

concert-on-film, a whole other side to *The Last Waltz* — to *Grease* and *Sgt Pepper*. Trouble is that it costs so much money to make a good rock movie and it's not financially viable to tour a movie with its own four-way sound system. When the tour winds up in L.A. I'm gonna stay over, because they're really hot for a rock movie and I'm gonna see if we can put something together." *T-Zers* will believe it when it sees it.

Superlative Springsteen bootleg going the rounds. Called "Fire On The Finger-tips", its half live and half studio material and features six songs not included on any of *Windscreen's* official recordings. Titles are "Guns Of Kid Cole", "Mama Knows Rhythmic, Knows How To Take A Fall", "Get Your Wheels And Roll", "Kid Called Zero", "Angel From The Inner Lake" and "Heart Of A Ballerina". Oh yeah, and the quality's excellent.

Yet another glimpse into the future — or at any rate, another preview from *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* movie. One scene features *Sling* of The Police taping Paul Cook. "My heart wasn't in it," *Sling* said afterwards...

More rumblings on the Peterborough rock scene (*Gasp!* — Ed.) *The Dote* — whom you may remember, were momentarily blown off course when one of their members quit on the instructions of his vicar father — have penned a song about *NME's* Ian Penman (Bloody weirdo — Ed.).

Tom Waits is writing the text for Guy (Rock Drama) Peel's next book, *Vegas*.

Gary Bussey, who played the lead in *The Buddy Holly Story*, has now landed the lead in *Jerry Weinstaub's* movie about Elvis...

And finally, *T-Zers* hopes Nick Lowe and Wilko Johnson will behave themselves at Knebworth and resist all temptation to engage in a backstage bundle. Over and out...



JEAN JACK, the bloke in the guitar strap who can't make up his mind what sex he is, offers out the entire Nashville audience on Sunday night. *NME's* Paul Du Noyer wasn't allowed in to the hallowed hall — hence no review, man — but TOM SHEEHAN (our man with the odour eaters under his armpits) took the pic and, besides, there's plenty of other STRANGLERS guff elsewhere.

ULTRAVOX : SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE



ULTRAVOX

SEPTEMBER: SEE 17. NUNEATON - 77 CLUB. 18 IS SCARBOROUGH - RENTHOLD. SAT 18. LINCOLN - A. 19. SUN 19. RIGGALL - COLLEGE BOWL. MON 19. DONCASTER - THE OUTLOOK. WED 20. NOTTINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 20. SHEFFIELD - LION CLUB. FRI 21. BIRMINGHAM - THE NORTHWOOD. SAT 21. LIVERPOOL - RICK'S TRIO. MON 22. SWANSEA - CROCKET. WED 23. NEWPORT - STOWAWAY. THU 24. NEWPORT - LUTHER. FRI 25. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 25. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 26. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 27. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. WED 29. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 30. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. FRI 31. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 1. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 2. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 3. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. WED 5. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 6. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. FRI 7. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 8. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 9. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 10. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. WED 12. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 13. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. FRI 14. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 15. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 16. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 17. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. WED 19. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 20. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. FRI 21. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 22. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 23. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 24. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. WED 26. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. THU 27. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. FRI 28. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SAT 29. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. SUN 30. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL. MON 31. BIRMINGHAM - THE SATCHEL.

UK

TOUR

01 84 556 50 701 15 801 84 556 50

THE NEW ALBUM: ILPS 9555: RELEASED NOW:

PRODUCED BY ULTRAVOX: CONNIE PLANK: DAVE HUTCHINS

151 AND

YELLOW

MAGENTA

CYAN