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5 May 1979

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20p

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

rolls out the dry ice

STRUMMER
— NEW
P.M.
ADDRESSES NATION



RUSH
— IN SEARCH
OF
OBLIVION



TED NUGENT
— IN SEARCH
OF HIS
DINNER



BLONDIE
— UNSIGHTLY
HAIR BANISHED

HEAVY METAL
— THE THREAT
TO
BRITAIN'S
YOUTH

ROCK
PHOTOGRAPHY
— WIN A
CAMERA

TED NUGENT contemplates life as Heavy Metal Hero
Pic: PENNIE SMITH

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C W A N T S

Week ending 5th May, 1979.

Wk singles

This Last Week			Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	Bright Eyes..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	6	1
2	(2)	Some Girls..... Racey (RAK)	5	2
3	(3)	Pop Muzik..... M (MCA)	3	3
4	(3)	Cool For Cats..... Squeeze (A & M)	6	2
5	(5)	Shake Your Body..... Jacksons (Epic)	5	4
6	(18)	The Logical Song..... Supertramp (A&M)	4	6
7	(4)	Hallogujah..... Milk & Honey (Polydor)	3	4
8	(12)	Goodnight Tonight..... Wings (Parlophone)	4	8
9	(—)	Hooray Hooray It's A Hot Holiday..... Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	1	9
10	(10)	The Runner..... Three Degrees (Ariola)	5	8
11	(8)	He's The Greatest Dancer..... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	5	4
12	(6)	I Don't Wanna Lose You..... Candidate (RAK)	4	6
13	(17)	Knock On Wood..... Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	13
14	(7)	Silly Thing/Who Killed Bambi..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	5
15	(21)	Love You Inside Out..... Bee Gees (RSO)	3	15
16	(—)	Reunited..... Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	1	16
17	(14)	Wow..... Kate Bush (EMI)	6	14
18	(16)	Sultans Of Swing..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	8	7
19	(22)	Heaven's Stopped Dancin' Yet..... Gonzalez (Sidewalk)	2	19
20	(15)	Forever In Blue Jeans..... Neil Diamond (CBS)	8	15
21	(19)	Remember Then..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	19
22	(—)	Banana Spits..... Dickies (A & M)	1	22
23	(28)	One Way Ticket..... Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	23
24	(—)	Roxanne..... Police (A & M)	1	24
25	(26)	Strange Town..... Jam (Polydor)	7	13
26	(—)	Only You..... Child (Arista/Hansa)	1	26
27	(—)	Parisiene Walkways..... Gary Moore (MCA)	1	27
28	(24)	Questions And Answers..... Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	17
29	(11)	In The Navy..... Village People (Mercury)	7	1
30	(13)	I Will Survive..... Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	13	1
UP AND COMING: Dance Away — Roxy Music (Polydor). Jimmy Jimmy — The Underones (Sire). Love Ballad — George Benson (Warner Bros). Theme From The Deerhunter — Shadows (EMI). Does Your Mother Know — Abbs (Epic).				

Wk albums

This Last Week			Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	1
2	(2)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2..... Barbra Streisand (CBS)	8	1
3	(5)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp (A & M)	6	2
4	(3)	C'est Chic..... Chic (Atlantic)	13	1
4	(10)	Country Life..... Various (EMI)	4	4
6	(4)	Dire Straits..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	9	4
7	(6)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	2
8	(11)	Disco Inferno..... Various (K-Tel)	4	8
9	(17)	Fate For Breakfast..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	2	9
10	(7)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees (RSO)	13	1
11	(13)	Lionheart..... Kate Bush (EMI)	14	10
12	(16)	Manilow Magic..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	9	2
13	(8)	The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	9	5
14	(22)	Manfesto..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	14
15	(15)	Country Portraits..... Various (Warwick)	4	11
16	(20)	Armed Forces..... Elvis Costello (Radar)	16	2
17	(14)	Feel No Fret..... Average White Band (RCA)	7	14
18	(19)	Last The Whole Night Through..... James Last (Polydor)	2	18
19	(21)	Imperial Wizard..... David Essex (Mercury)	4	19
20	(9)	20 Greatest Hits..... Three Degrees (Epic)	10	9
21	(—)	Living Inside Your Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	21
22	(—)	Black Rose..... Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	1	22
23	(23)	L.A. (Light Album)..... Beach Boys (Capitol)	2	23
24	(—)	Wings Greatest..... Wings (Parlophone)	13	3
25	(12)	Van Halen II..... Van Halen (Warner Bros)	4	12
26	(17)	Bat Out Of Hell..... Meatloaf (Epic)	34	6
27	(24)	Mark II Purple Singles..... Deep Purple (Purple)	2	24
28	(30)	Marty Robbins Collection..... Marty Robbins (Lotus)	12	5
29	(—)	War Of The Worlds..... Jeff Wayne (CBS)	37	2
30	(—)	Overkill..... Motorhead (Bronze)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Mission Accomplished But The Beat Goes On — Rezillos (Sire). Deltics — Chris Rea (Magnet). Cool For Cats — Squeeze. Go West — Village People (Mercury). At The Chelsea Night Club — Members (Virgin).

Wk singles

This Last Week			Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(2)	Reunited..... Peaches and Herb		
2	(1)	Heart Of Glass..... Blondie		
3	(3)	Knock On Wood..... Amii Stewart		
4	(4)	What A Fool Believes..... Doobie Brothers		
5	(7)	In The Navy..... Village People		
6	(8)	Goodnight Tonight..... Wings		
7	(11)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)..... Jacksons		
8	(9)	He's The Greatest Dancer..... Sister Sledge		
9	(5)	Music Box Dancer..... Frank Mills		
10	(6)	Stumblin' In..... Suzi Quatro & Chris Norman		
11	(18)	Take Me Home..... Cher		
12	(14)	Blow Away..... George Harrison		
13	(10)	I Want Your Love..... Chic		
14	(15)	Love Ballad..... George Benson		
15	(25)	Love You Inside Out..... Bee Gees		
16	(29)	Hot Stuff..... Donna Summer		
17	(22)	Love Takes Time..... Orleans		
18	(20)	Love Is The Answer..... England Dan & John Ford Coley		
19	(12)	I Will Survive..... Gloria Gaynor		
20	(24)	Disco Nights (Rock Frenzy)..... GQ		
21	(26)	Just When I Needed You Most..... Randy VanWarmer		
22	(23)	I Got My Mind Made Up..... Instant Funk		
23	(13)	Tragedy..... Bee Gees		
24	(17)	Precious Love..... Bob Welch		
25	(19)	Living It Up (Friday Night)..... Bell & James		
26	(27)	Such A Woman..... Tycoon		
27	(—)	The Logical Song..... Supertramp		
28	(30)	Happiness..... Pointer Sisters		
29	(—)	Renegade..... Styx		
30	(—)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy..... Bad Company		

Wk albums

This Last Week			Highest Position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees		
2	(2)	Minute By Minute..... Doobie Brothers		
3	(3)	Z Hot!..... Peaches and Herb		
4	(4)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp		
5	(5)	Desolation Angels..... Bad Company		
6	(12)	Van Halen II..... Van Halen		
7	(8)	Go West..... Village People		
8	(9)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie		
9	(6)	Dire Straits..... Dire Straits		
10	(7)	Living Inside Your Love..... George Benson		
11	(13)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge		
12	(10)	Blondes Have More Fun..... Rod Stewart		
13	(11)	Enlightened Rogues..... Allman Brothers		
14	(15)	Cheep Trick At Budokan..... Cheap Trick		
15	(16)	George Harrison..... George Harrison		
16	(19)	Evolution..... Journey		
17	(14)	52nd Street..... Billy Joel		
18	(18)	Destiny..... The Jacksons		
19	(27)	Disco Nights..... GQ		
20	(21)	The Cars..... The Cars		
21	(25)	Music Box Dancer..... Frank Mills		
22	(—)	Rickie Lee Jones..... Rickie Lee Jones		
23	(24)	Outlandos D'Amour..... Police		
24	(17)	Legend..... Poco		
25	(22)	Knock On Wood..... Amii Stewart		
26	(26)	Cruisin'..... Village People		
27	(28)	Sheik Yerbouti..... Frank Zappa		
28	(—)	Bustin' Out Of L Seven..... Rick James		
29	(30)	Take Me Home..... Cher		
30	(—)	I Love You So..... Natalie Cole		

Disco

7 Import

1	Aint No Stopping Us Now..... McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)
2	Ring My Bell..... Anita Ward (TK)
3	Do Me For Soul..... Richard Evans (Horizon)
4	Night Dancin'..... Taka Boom (Arista)
5	Get It Up For Love..... Tasavara (Motown)
6	Having A Love Attack..... Mandrill (Arista)
7	Can You Feel The Force..... Real Thing (Re-mix) (Epic)
8	Make Your Move..... Joe Thomas (TK)
9	Get On Down..... King Sporty (TK)
10	You Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else..... The Jones Girls (Philadelphia)

Chart supplied by: Groove Records, Greek Street, London W1

Reggae

12 Pre-release

1	Daniel..... Prince Allah, Tapper Zukie/Music Intimidator (Stars)
2	Genesis To Revelation..... Reggae George (MCM)
3	Freedom Fighter..... Blue Bells (Sun Light)
4	Earth Runnings..... The African (Star Light City)
5	Bright Soul..... Bunny Wailer (Sokolonic)
6	Sukumaka..... Linval Thompson (Prophet's Studio B)
7	Mark Of The Beast..... Freddie McGregor (Soul Syndicate)
8	Morning Sun..... Iple, Food, Clothes And Shelter (Tuff Gong)
9	Rose Marie..... Samuel Bramwell (Germain Revolutionary Sounds)
10	I Met A Man..... The Folke Brothers (Blue Beat)

Compiled by Observer Station

years 5 ago

Week ending April 30, 1974

1	Waterloo..... Abba (CBS)
2	Seasons In The Sun..... Terry Jacks (Bell)
3	The Cat Crept In..... Mud (Rak)
4	Remember You're A Womble..... The Wombles (CBS)
5	Homely Girl..... Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
6	Doctor's Orders..... Sunny (CBS)
7	A Walkin' Miracle..... Limmin & Family Cookin' (Avalon)
8	Angel Face..... Glitter Band (Bell)
9	You Are Everything..... Diana Ross / Marvin Gaye (Tania Motown)
10	Everyday..... Slade (Polydor)

10

Week ending April 30, 1969

1	Get Back..... Beatles (Apple)
2	Goodbye..... Mary Hopkin (Apple)
3	The Israelites..... Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
4	Pinball Wizard..... The Who (Polydor)
5	Come Back And Shake Me..... Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
6	Cupid..... Johnny Nash (Major Mind)
7	Gentle On My Mind..... Dean Martin (Reprise)
8	Harlem Shuffle..... Bob & Earl (Island)
9	I Heard It Through The Grapevine..... Marvin Gaye (Tania Motown)
10	Road Runner..... Junior Walker's All Stars (Tania Motown)

15

Week ending May 1, 1964

1	World Without Love..... Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
2	Don't Throw Your Love Away..... Searchers (Pye)
3	I Believe..... Bachelors (Doot)
4	My Boy Lollipop..... Millie (Fontana)
5	Can't Buy Me Love..... Beatles (Parlophone)
6	I Love You Because..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
7	Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying..... Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
8	Move Over Darling..... Dore Day (CBS)
9	Juliet..... Four Pennies (Philips)
10	Walk On By..... Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)



MAJOR SPRING TOURS

Steel Pulse, Police, Skids, Stiff Little Fingers, Cure

STEEL PULSE play 11 major dates in late May and early June, tied in with the release of their new album and single, and their itinerary includes a major London concert at Hammersmith Odeon.

Nine of their gigs have so far been confirmed — at Brighton Top Rank (May 22), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Bristol Romeo & Juliet (28), Swansea Top Rank (29), Sheffield Top Rank (30), Portsmouth Locarno (31), London Hammersmith Odeon (June 1) and Dunstable California (2). Venues for May 23 and 24 will be announced next week. Advance ticket prices are £3, £2.50 and £2 (Hammersmith); £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Birmingham); £2.50 (Dunstable); £2 (Cromer and Swansea); and £1.90 (elsewhere).

This is the first time the band have toured as a six-piece, since the departure of Michael Riley from the line-up. Following the chart success last year of their album 'Handsworth Revolution', their new LP 'Tribute To The Martyrs' is issued by Island on June 1. And it's preceded on May 11 by a single titled 'Sound System'.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS follow the recent chart success of their album 'Inflammable Material' with a 20-date UK tour, starting in two weeks' time. As a prelude, their third single 'Gotta Getaway'/'Bloody Sunday' is issued this weekend under the Rough Trade-Rigid Digits label. The tour, to which one or two more gigs may be added, has been lined up by the Cowbell Agency. After a gig in Eire at Dublin University College on May 19, the British itinerary comprises:

Belfast Ulster Hall (May 21), Bradford St. George's Hall (23), Henley Victoria Hall (24), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25), Hastings Pier Pavilion (26), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), Cardiff Top Rank (30), Portsmouth Guildhall (31), Peterborough Winton Stadium (June 1), Aylesbury Friars (2), Sheffield Top Rank (3), Derby Assembly Rooms (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Coventry Tiffany's (7), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Carlisle Market Hall (9) and Glasgow Apollo (10).



STEEL PULSE

THE POLICE have now confirmed a dozen dates for their upcoming British tour, though several more have still to be added. Currently in America, where their album 'Outlandos D'Amour' and single 'Roxanne' have both charted, they return to Britain next week as both those releases begin to make chart headway over here.

They'll be putting the finishing touches to their next album (for late summer release) before setting out on the tour, which includes a major London gig. Dates finalised so far are Edinburgh Tiffany's (May 30), Glasgow Apollo (31), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (June 2), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (8), London Strand Lyceum (10), Guildford Civic Hall (11), Bristol Locarno (12), Newcastle Mayfair (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15) and Aylesbury Friars (16). Guest artist at all venues is Bobby Henry.

THE CURE set out later this month on their second headlining tour, taking in over two dozen venues, and culminating in a major London show at the Lyceum. The tour is timed to aid promotion of their debut album 'Three Imaginary Boys', released by Fiction Records

(distributed through Polydor) on May 11. Their itinerary comprises:

Northwich Memorial Hall (May 17), Newport Village (18), Halifax Good Mood Club (19), Stafford Top 'O' The World (21), Birmingham Barberella's (22), Newport Stowaway (23), Exeter Routes (24), Portsmouth Polytechnic (25), Totnes Civic Hall (26), Yeovil Camelot Suite (28), Sheffield Limit Club (29), Norwich Boogie House (31), Carshalton Park open-air (June 1), Cheltenham Whitecombe Lodge (2), Nottingham Tiffany's (4), Huddersfield Polytechnic (5), Liverpool Eric's (7), Wolverhampton Lafayette (8), Manchester Polytechnic (9), Milton Keynes Crawford Arms (11), Swansea Circles (12), Rayleigh Croca (13), Chesterfield Fusion (14), Lincoln A.J.S. Club (15), Canterbury Kent University (16) and London Strand Lyceum (17).

THE SKIDS begin another tour in mid-May, coinciding with the release of their latest single, the follow-up to their recent hit 'Into The Valley'. The new record, issued by Virgin on May 18, is in fact a double single — 'Masquerade' coupled with 'Out Of Town', and 'Another Emotion' c/w 'Aftermath Dub'. All four songs were penned by the band and produced by Bill Nelson and John Leckie, and the package comes in a gatefold sleeve.

It was learned this week that The Skids have been added to the line-up of the Loch Lomond Festival at Spring Bank Holiday, appearing with The Stranglers on Saturday, May 26. Another major date for them is a London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on June 3. Other confirmed venues are Bradford University (May 16), Brighton Sussex University (18), Guildford Surrey University (19), Hanley Victoria Hall (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (27), Cambridge Corn Exchange (June 1), Lincoln Drill Hall (2), London Strand Lyceum (3), Bristol Locarno (10), Glasgow Apollo (16) and Dunfermline Kinema (17).

● **THE RECORDS** have been confirmed as support act on The Jam's tour, opening tomorrow (Friday) — see Gig Guide.

● **WILD HORSES** are another addition to the Loch Lomond event, appearing there on Sunday, May 27. **THE DICKIES** have also been confirmed for the festival (May 26).

SURPRISE WHO GIG

THE WHO were playing a surprise gig at London Rainbow last night (Wednesday). And as NME hits the streets in Central London on Wednesdays, this will still enable some people to catch the concert in time (tickets £5). Although the band have already been announced for a big concert in Cannes on May 12, and have subsequently added Paris Pavilion on May 16 and 17, they have slotted in this London show because they wanted to make their comeback here at home. It is their first gig with new drummer Kenny Jones. This will not affect their plans for a major UK date later in the summer.

BUT THE WHO NOT DOING SHOWGROUND

Blackbushe write-off

BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT in Surrey, where Bob Dylan performed his memorable outdoor concert last summer, will not stage another similar event this year. It seems the ownership of the land is in dispute, with local residents claiming it as common property. The argument has been going on for some time, but the Dylan show brought matters to a head, and now there's an injunction in force preventing its commercial use.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who presented the Dylan show, nevertheless hopes to stage at least one major open-air concert this summer — and he is currently looking at suitable venues. One of the sites he has in mind is the Hertfordshire Showground near St. Albans — he has

applied for a licence from the local council, but there is apparently considerable opposition amongst residents, and the application is unlikely to have an easy passage.

In any event, there is absolutely no question of The Who appearing at the showground, as indicated by another paper last week. Goldsmith told NME: "I have no plans to play The Who at that site. No doubt they will be doing gigs later in the year, but certainly not there. And in any case, that's only one of a number of outdoor venues for which I'm trying to obtain licences." And the report of The Who's gig at St. Albans was described by their manager Bill Curbishley as "absolute rubbish".

HEAVY-METAL HYPE

"WE DENY IT" — that was Thin Lizzy's immediate reaction to a report, printed elsewhere last week, that they are to take part in an open-air heavy-metal festival in July at a site near Birmingham. And promoters Straight Music are up in arms at the suggestion that the event, mooted since last year, has now actually come together — with Rush, Blue Oyster Cult and Motorhead among other allegedly confirmed acts.

Straight Music revealed their hopes of staging a major heavy-metal show to NME last year, and a spokesman commented this week: "That's all it was — just an idea. We've mentioned it to virtually every big heavy-metal band on both sides of the Atlantic, but we've never got down to serious discussions.

"It's one of those things we have in the back of our mind for when the time is right. Maybe this year, maybe 1982 — who knows? In any case, we're having difficulty in getting a site together, so we'll probably drop the whole idea — for this year, at any rate. And I'm really annoyed that anyone should print total speculation as fact. None of it is true, and it totally distorts everything I said to the reporter."

● **THE EAGLES** have emerged as favourites to headline the first of this year's Knebworth concerts (or possibly the only one). Promoter Frederick Bannister confirmed that negotiations are well in hand, but stressed that nothing has yet been signed. If it does prove to be The Eagles, the event will be on Saturday, July 14.

Dury, Lurkers touring soon

IAN DURY and the **Blockheads** this week revealed advance plans for the release of their new album and a summer tour. The album, the follow-up to the hugely successful 'New Boots & Panties', is titled 'Do It Yourself' and is scheduled for May 18 released by Stiff Records. Summer dates for Dury and the band are currently being

finalised, and a spokesman said that details will be announced shortly. The tour will take in at least a dozen gigs.

THE LURKERS are going out on a comprehensive nationwide tour, starting at Peterborough Winton Stadium on May 18 — the same day as the release of their new Beggar's Banquet single 'Out In The

Dark'/'Suzie Was A Floozie'. Gigs will be announced next week, but meanwhile a coach trip from London to the Peterborough show has been arranged. Tickets cost £4 (including admission) and can be obtained from Beggar's Banquet shops. Coaches leave from, and return to, the shop at 346 North End Road, Fulham.



Van Halen concerts

WITH THEIR second album currently climbing the charts, Van Halen fly into Britain at the end of next month to headline five major concerts — at Birmingham Odeon (June 25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Manchester Apollo (27) and London Rainbow (28 and 29). Tickets for the Rainbow gigs are on sale now priced £4 and £3.50 — and at the other three venues they cost £3.50 and £3. The concerts are promoted by Harvey Goldsmith. Prior to their UK visit, Van Halen play a series of eight shows in Europe, opening in Belgium on June 14.

THE SCORPIONS have now confirmed the final date of their UK tour, reported last week. It's at the Glasgow Apollo on Wednesday, May 16, and tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

DR. FEELGOOD have made two changes in their British tour schedule, announced last week. They have added Southport Theatre on May 25, but Blackburn King George's Hall on May 27 is now cancelled.

KATE PLAYS EXTRA DATE

KATE BUSH has been set for yet another London concert — at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, May 13, the day after she plays her previously-reported charity show there with Peter Gabriel and Steve Harley. Main reason why this extra date has been lined up is that it is being filmed for TV. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £4 and £5.

ROCK CLOSURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

ONE OF London's leading pub rock venues, the Windsor Castle in Harrow Road, is about to cease operations. It has come under new management, who apparently want to change it into a C&W venue. Tentative rock bookings had been made up to two months ahead, most of which will now be cancelled.

GARY MOORE BACK ON THE STREETS

"Moore is a really talented guitarist... and he's also easily able to produce good songs..."

Sounds 16/12/78

PARISIENNE WALKWAYS
AVAILABLE NOW MCA 419

NEW SINGLE

HOW ON TOUR WITH THIN LIZZY

Hackett album plus UK tour

FORMER Genesis sideman Steve Hackett undertakes his second headlining tour with his own band, coinciding with the release of his third solo album. After playing 14 concerts in five European countries, he returns home for a string of ten major dates in this country, highlighted by an appearance at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

The UK itinerary is Edinburgh Odeon (June 21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Leicester University (23), Liverpool Empire (24), Brighton Dome (25), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (28), Southampton Gaumont (29), London Hammersmith Odeon

(30) and Oxford New Theatre (July 1).

The new Hackett LP, issued by Charisma on May 11, is 'Spectral Mornings'. It features him as guitarist, vocalist, composer, arranger and producer — and it's the first album he's recorded with his own band. The line-up features Pete Hicks (lead vocals), Olk Cadbury (bass, violin and vocals), Nick Magnus (keyboards, synthesizers, harpsichord and assorted electronics), John Hackett (flutes) and John Shearer (drums and percussion).



STEVE HACKETT

CHAPIN: FOUR EXTRA

HARRY CHAPIN has added another four dates to his previously reported British tour — at Manchester Apollo (May 22), Edinburgh Usher Hall (29), Sheffield City Hall (30) and Newcastle City Hall (31). Tickets for all gigs, including the London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on June 2, go on sale next Monday (7).

• Bram Tchaikovsky, now featuring second guitarist Denis Forbes from Gary Hogen's Gens, have their new single 'I'm The One That's Leaving' issued by Radar on June 8.

• Out this weekend on Beggar's Banquet is the Tubeway Army single 'Our Friends Electric' from their second album 'Replicas'. The first 20,000 copies are in picture disc form.

• Rush released this week by Casablanca is a new Donnas Summer single called 'Hot Stuff'. It's taken from her double album 'Bad Girls', due out later this month.

• Roy Wood returns to the record scene, this time as the second act to appear on Nick Mobbs' new label Automatic (distributed by WEA). His new single 'We're On The Road — Again' (written, arranged and produced by Wood) is out this weekend, with an album to follow shortly. He is currently preparing plans for his new live band Roy Wood's Rock Brigade.

• The current Raydio single on Arista 'You Can't Change That' is being made available as a 12-inch from next Monday — including, as an extra, the five-minute title track from the band's current album 'Rock On'.

• 999 are in the studios recording material for their third album and a new single. But Albion Records say that release may be delayed by the band's heavy commitments in the States, where they open another tour on June 13.

RECORD NEWS



JEFF LYNNE

ELO new elpee due

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA'S new album, their first studio LP since their enormously successful 'Out Of The Blue', is released by Jet Records on May 31. It's a single album titled 'Discovery', and advance orders have already ensured that it will be shipped platinum. Penned entirely by Jeff Lynne, the contents will — we are assured — be something of a surprise to ELO devotees. It comes in a gatefold sleeve. A single taken from the LP, coupling 'Shine A Little Love' and 'Jungle', comes out on May 11. Meanwhile, 'Out Of The Blue' has now reached the ten-million mark in worldwide sales, including 1.25 million in this country.

Lene latest

LENE LOVICH, who recently reached No. 2 in the charts with 'Lucky Number', has her follow-up single released by Stiff this weekend. Titled 'Say When', it's taken from her 'Suteless' album, but it has been re-mixed and over-dubbed. The B-side is 'One Lonely Heart' — and there's also a 12-inch version available, which contains an additional track called 'Big Bird'.

• J. Gels Band have a single rushed out this week by United Artists, to coincide with their London concert tonight (Thursday) — titled 'One Last Kiss'. It's culled from their 'Sanctuary' album. Some label issues 'She Believes In Me' by Kenny Rogers this weekend.

• '4 Alternatives' is a four-track EP featuring individual tracks by The Numbers, The X-Certs, Joe Public and 48 Hours. It's on Heartbeat Records, who are licensed through Cherry Red and distributed by Spartan. Also available by post, priced £1 (including p&p) from Heartbeat, 4 Melrose Place, Clifton, Bristol BS8 2NQ.

• U.K. Subs are in the process of signing a record deal with a major label. Details are expected next week, but meanwhile the band say that their single 'Stranglehold' will be coming out on June 1.

• Meggie Ryder's new single, issued on May 11, is 'I Am Watching You' on Polydor. And on affiliated labels, Paul Nicholas sings 'Two Up, Two Down' on RSO, while Milla Jovovich advises 'Never Change Lovers In The Middle Of The Night' on Spring.

• Upton Kneel Johnson's single 'Want Fi Goh Rave', taken from his album 'Forces Of Victory', is released by Island this weekend — with a longer version available in 12-inch form.

• Vangelis, who recently played his first London concert for two years, has a single titled 'The Long March' issued by Polydor on May 11. It's a completely new recording of a track on his 'China' album.

• Rushed out this week by Stiff is a new single by Graham Parker's band The Rumour. Called 'Emotional Traffic', it comes from their current album — and in view of the title, it's being issued in a choice of red, amber or green vinyl.

• The Bishops' latest Chiswick single 'Mr. Jones' (from their album 'Crosscut') is finally set for release this weekend. The two tracks on the B-side are 'Human Bean' and a live version of 'Route 66'.

• Reggae band Black Slate launch their own label TCD Records this week. First releases are their own double A-side single, coupling 'Mind Your Motion' and 'You Can't Make Us', and the Tony Tuff single 'Stop My Roaming'. All singles will be in 12-inch form only with hard covers. Object of the label is to encourage hitherto unrecorded British and Jamaican talent.

• The Monochrome Set have just finished recording their second single for Rough Trade. It will be issued at the end of this month, when the band will be setting out on a four-week UK tour. The self-produced tracks are 'Eins Symphonie Des Gravens' and 'Lester Leaps In'.



Straight from page three of *The Sun* come models Jilly Johnson and Nina Carter, who comprise the singing duo of BLONDE ON BLONDE. Their debut single 'Whole Lotta Love' is out this week on Pye, with a picture sleeve featuring the girls somewhat less attired than they are above!

Hi-Tension funk off

Hi-TENSION go back on the road later this month for a four-week tour, including a major London concert at Hammersmith. And to tie in with their outing, Island release the group's new single 'Funkified' on May 18, available only as a 12-inch disc. Dates and venues are:

Oakengates Town Hall (May 25), Swindon Oasis (26), Cardiff Top Rank (27), Exmouth Festival Hall (28), Plymouth Fiesta (29), Nottingham Theatre Royal (31), Brighton Top Rank (June 1),

London Hammersmith Odeon (2), Canterbury Odeon (4), St Albans City Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Manchester Apollo (7), Durham University (8), Liverpool Empire (9), Sheffield Top Rank (10), Cambridge Queen's College (12), Coventry City Centre (14), Peterborough Wirmine Stadium (18), Southend Talk Of The South (19) and Norwich Cromwells (21).

Hammersmith tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50 and £2. A support act has still to be named.

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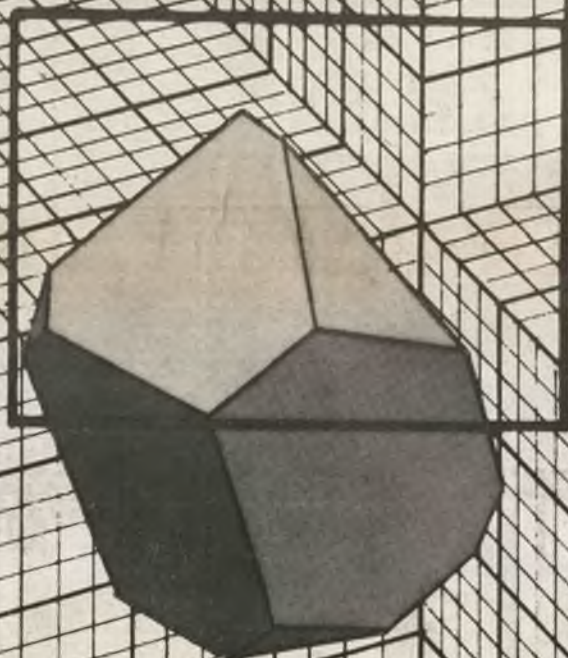
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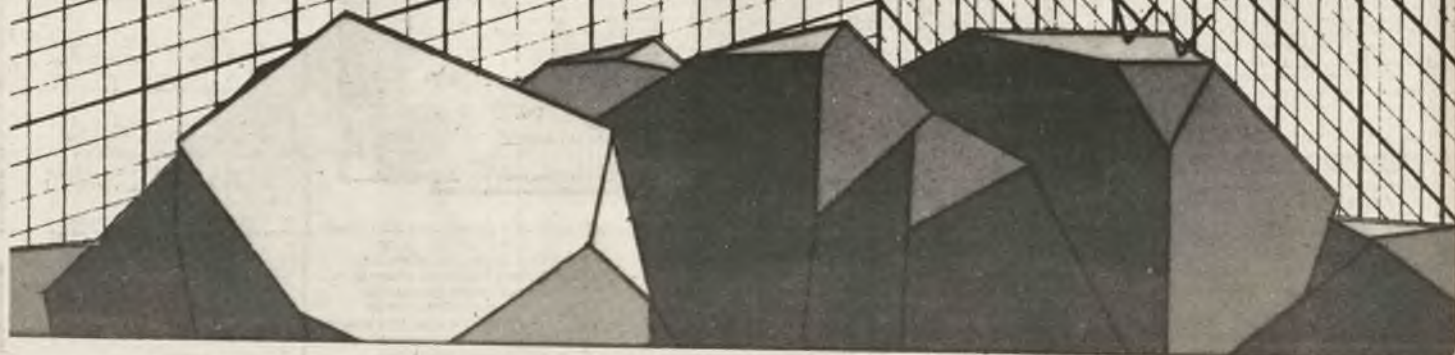
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C/W TALKING IN THE DARK & WEDNESDAY WEEK AD435

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1.
THE THREAT TO
OUR NATION'S YOUTH

ROCK AGAINST RIGHT-WING ROCK BEING CALLED FASCIST

... in which capitalist H.M. technoflash dealers
RUSH reckon they've been badly done by and talk to
JOHN HAMBLETT.

WHY? WHAT? Where? When? and Who? are the general principles of journalism. Finding out facts. In this particular case the Who? Where? and When? are easy: Rush, Glasgow, Thursday last.

Why? is a little more complex. The obvious reason for running a feature on Rush is that they're an exceptionally successful rock band, presumably popular with the record buying/concert going public. In other words, you.

Then there's the added spice of the fact that Rush are not a 'fashionable' band either musically or in their supposed political stance.

This places their success in a different light and also makes them an appetisingly easy target for critical thrusts and well-aimed wit.

After all, it's not every day a bunch of Longhair Mystic 'Fascists' from across the water indignantly lay their collective neck on the butcher's block, offering the intrepid young reporter a prime chance to strike a blow for the forces of contemporary music and social equality.

A Child's Guide To Unmasking Fifth Column Infiltrators — Fifth Columnists moreover who haven't even been blessed with the decency of good taste to employ a modern vehicle for the conveyance of their propaganda.

Firstly however, it only fair to make clear my position regarding the band and the music they play. Does he like them? I hear you ask.

The answer, perhaps unfortunately, is no. I think the music is dull and boring. Neither can I find any solace in their romantically mysterious, cumbersome and pompous lyrics.

So why am I writing this article? The simple answer is that I'm interested; interested in the appeal and effect this music has, interested in the motives, and interested in the possible ramifications.

And so to business.

ACKNOWLEDGING the fact that rock-jargon is a facile by-product of a facile product, it is probably true to state that Rush are a 'hard' rock band who play 'heavy music'.

But personally I believe that if you're ready to toss terms like that around, then you should be prepared to define them.

Rush's music is 'heavy' because it relies for its impact and appeal on an obvious, repetitive beat created by the fusion of over-loud bass and busily meticulous drumming, enhanced by fairly constant and usually dexterous lead guitar solos.

Its attitude is 'hard' because the musicians — consciously or otherwise — are perpetuating and promoting, by virtue of the well-thumbed catalogue of stances and poses they flick through, the tough, and ambiguously (bisexual) projection that is a basic principle of rock'n'roll.

They are — in part at least — rock'n'roll because they rely solely on, and aim purposefully for a purely emotional/physical response.

Musically they have evolved from a predictable and unattractive rock band, as typified on their first Mercury album 'Rush', into a bourgeois, grandiloquent rock band — a style initially formulated on the arrival of drummer / lyricist Neil Peart and the subsequent release of 'Fly By Night', developed through '2112', and further refined on their most recent studio album, 'Hemispheres'.

Their music is a demonstration of old skills and techniques, an exhibition of the obvious — often in fancy dress, with little room allowed for speculation (on the



part of the listener) or improvisation (on the part of the musicians).

However, the problem to which we should address ourselves at this point is not whether this is a 'good' thing or a 'bad' thing, but whether they are successful (artistically and commercially)

within the zone in which they have chosen to operate?

And the answer has to be yes. Rush are singularly successful in their chosen field.

Their albums sell in huge quantities. Their tours are guaranteed sell-outs. Artistically, it could be argued, they are also

successful (though this point is not nearly so self-evident as the former), as they are powerfully competent musicians whose skills more than satisfy the apparent cultural requirements of their audience. Indeed, their fans would insist that they are inspired musicians and nothing less.

AFTER THURSDAY night's gig at the Apollo I asked Neil Peart what criteria he used to gauge the success of the band's live work:

"Oh, I would have to say that the main consideration is how well I played, and how well the rest of the band played. If I feel that I have played well then great, but if play badly then no amount of audience adulation is going to convince me otherwise."

"Of course other factors do contribute; the audience can make a gig better, and technical problems also have an effect. Obviously the ideal gig would be if I played up to my potential, with no technical problems and in front of a great audience."

The general opinion of Rush held by the majority of rock critics can probably be best summed up by quoting a typically witty reply CSM penned in Gas Bag only last week: "That's okay Lyn. Think of all the people who're too young to tell Rush from Bullshit."

In all honesty I must confess to feeling quite some sympathy with that sentiment. But it must be said that there were a couple of thousand or more people at the Glasgow Apollo obviously thought differently. And not all of them were young.

The performance was frighteningly close to faultless. The beat remained strong and constant. The solos were for the most part immaculately executed. Rush fans had good cause to feel jubilant.

What, I wondered, made these people fans. Where does the appeal lie?

"I think that there is something fundamentally attractive about the beat of the music we play," says Peart. "I think it reaches people on a very basic level. We aim for, and get I feel, an emotional response from our audience."

In pursuit of that emotional response, Rush bolster their live music with all manner of flagrantly vacuous, visual rhetoric; smoke bombs, dry ice, the whole kit-and-caboodle. I put it to Peart that the band were simply going through Predictably Empty Motions in order to gross Predictably Empty Reactions.

"No, no, I don't think that's the case. We only use visual effects where and when we feel they enhance the music. We'd never use visual effects if we thought they detracted from the musical performance."

"For example, the dry-ice comes on to coincide with a particularly sparse section and in doing so goes toward creating an entire picture."

Oh I know it's all old hat, right? But it's the most professionally and thoughtfully choreographed old hat I have ever seen. Just what prize this dubious merit qualifies them for in the Aesthetic Sweepstakes I don't know — what more can be said with any degree of originality and conviction on the subject of aesthetics in relation to Rush and their ilk.

In the final analysis beauty is an abstract quality; nothing can be said to be intrinsically beautiful or aesthetically pleasing. If it could we would all find exactly the same kinds of music attractive. It would make this job easier. Thank God it isn't.

MAKE SURE that the next time you see them, you see them with your eyes open, and know what you see. I, for one don't like it. Thus ended the last Rush article to appear within these hallowed pages. Penned by Miles, it was the only article I'd ever read about the band — a fact I pointed out to Peart during the course of our conversation.

"Hell, what did you expect to meet after reading that? You must have been expecting to be introduced to a bunch of Nazis (he thought had crossed my mind). Interview was that basically we are a bunch of nice-guy Nazis — which,

■ Continues over

RUSH

■ From previous page

of course, is not true." You feel you were misrepresented?

"Oh, absolutely. That was a very dishonest article. I was under the impression that Miles and I had gotten on very well. I even gave him my address in New York and told him to stop by any time he was in the neighbourhood. All that so-called political dialogue took place after the interview had finished; we were just chatting, really amiably, I thought, and he twisted it all round. I just feel that it was basically dishonest."

But surely if you actually said the things that Miles quoted you as saying, and you sincerely believed them to be true, you have no right to be upset or surprised to see them in print.

"Oh, you're absolutely right. When you're in this position you have to be prepared to be on trial all the time."

"My argument is that he misrepresented the things that were said; took it all out of context. As far as I was concerned all I was doing was

taking up a contrary stance in what I considered to be an essentially philosophical argument — and he made it appear to be political dogma.

"He represented us as fascist fanatics... and if that were the case we would have been the world's first Jewish Nazi Bass Player (laugh). It's ludicrous. We're not fascists. We're not racists. I was very upset when I read that article. In America when you call someone a fascist it's the worst, y'know? It's the pits. But over here, I now realise, that in certain quarters anyone who isn't a socialist is, by definition, a fascist. (Laughs)."

Rush make no secret of the fact that they don't align themselves with the socialist cause; they are in fact self-confessed 'capitalists'.

A capitalist, as far as I am aware, is not the same thing as a fascist. Fascism, and stop me if you've heard this one before, initially was an authoritarian, and nationalist right-wing political movement founded in 1919 in Italy by Benito Mussolini; now the concept has broadened in general usage to encompass any right wing, anti-Communist, or racist party, or political ideology — plus

schoolteachers, football supporters, the police, sub-editors, GPO, KGB, CGI, NCB, and a whole host of other individuals and public bodies depending on just who's pointing the finger.

Rush are not racists, they are not nationalists, and they firmly believe — rightly or wrongly — that the extreme left are just as likely to implement an authoritarian government as the extreme right.

"Basically we absolutely believe in the total freedom of the individual. Politics only constitutes the tip of the iceberg in that respect. I'm not so much concerned with politics as an end as with the role they play in a broader philosophy. To present a picture of us as a right-wing political band would be totally false; it would be a totally warped picture."

"It's like the National Front's television broadcast (shown that night). They were presenting a totally false picture of themselves and their policies; they were only showing the tip of the iceberg — coming on TV all smiles and charm, skimming right over the top of all their most offensive policies, when everybody knows that they are racist and right-wing

fanatics.

"This may sound corny, or banal, but when people call me a fascist it hurts. I'm a sensitive person, and I don't want to be identified with people like the National Front. I was working over here in England when they got their first wave of publicity, and I know what they are all about and I don't like it."

THE MESSIANIC filibusters of the reactionary, dogmatic left would have us believe that Rush — and their like — will be damned out of their own mouths. But all anyone has to do is listen to the lyrics: *world domination does not come into it.*

You could say they were reactionary, though.

"Lyrics are definitely of secondary importance as far as I'm concerned," says Peart. "When I joined the band I had no intention of writing lyrics, but somebody had to do it, so... actually, quite often I've got a tune in my head while I'm writing the lyrics to fit a melody."

Yes, but surely you must have an idea in your head that you want to communicate when you sit down to write a song. Lyrics don't come from thin air.

What about 'Trees' for example, that seems to me to be a definite and resolute dictum against trade unionism and organised labour.

"Really (apparently surprised at the suggestion), I can assure you that that wasn't the intention. Initially that song came about as a cartoon. I sat down after a gig somewhere and it came to me all of a sudden, this very vivid visual cartoon. It was the fastest song I ever wrote; I wrote it in about five minutes, actually."

"I suppose it's basically about the crazy way people act. This false ideal of equality they try and create. I simply believe that certain people are better at doing certain things than other people. Some people are naturally talented — they have a gift or whatever — and some people aren't. This doesn't mean that these people are greater human beings, by virtue of that talent, it merely means they are more talented."

*'There is unrest in the forest
There is trouble with the trees
For the Maples want more
sunlight
And the Oaks ignore their
pleas'*

*The trouble with the Maples
(And they're quite convinced
they're right)
They say the Oaks are just too
lofty
And they grab all the light*

*So the Maples form a union
And demand equal rights
'The Oaks are just too greedy
We will make them give us
light'*

*Now there's no more Oak
oppression —
For they have passed a noble
law*

*And the trees are all kept
equal
By hatchet
Axe*

And saw... — Trees.

IF IN SOME moral referendum we were asked to cast a vote on the subject, hopefully we would all put a cross in the box marked 'Freedom Of Expression'; but would that necessarily mean that we agreed on the definition of that term?

Should freedom of expression be allotted to only those who would express the things we feel should be expressed in a manner in which we, ourselves, would choose to express them?

Should, in fact, Neil Peart be allowed to write songs like 'Trees' and play them to who knows how many thousands of young (impressionable?) people, whether or not the views articulated through those songs are politically fashionable or express principles that you and I deem morally unjustifiable?

In a nutshell, should freedom of expression be accorded to everyone, regardless of whether or not they would utilise that freedom in a manner we would consider 'good' — feeding the starving millions in Biafra, writing classic literature, helping old ladies across the road etc — or 'bad' — molesting children, denying similar freedom to others, appearing on The Old Grey Whistle Test etc?

It's a big question, and one you should not allow anyone to answer for you. While your thinking about it ponder on this:

*'There is hardly a vice or
crime
(according to our own moral
standards) which has not at
some time or other, in some
circumstances, been looked
upon as a moral and religious
duty. Stealing was accounted
virtuous among young
Spartans, and among the
Indian cast of Thug, in the
ancient world Piracy, i.e.
robbery and murder, was
considered a respectable
profession. To the Medieval
Christian religious
persecution was the highest
duty, and so on.'*

— Canon Rashdell.

ONE THING I found more than mildly disturbing was the obvious relish with which the Glasgow audience chanted through 'Trees'. I asked Peart if he had been aware of the community singing, and if so, was he not worried that the audience might misconstrue his message.

"Yeah, I heard the singing. They sang through 'Close To The Heart' too, it was great. I don't think I agree with you about the audience misinterpreting the message though. As I said before, it's an emotional response we get from our audience. I don't know how aware they are of the lyrics, generally speaking."

"And anyway if they do misconstrue them, am I responsible for that? Can I take responsibility for what all those people might or might not think? How long could I maintain my artistic integrity if every time I sat down to write a song I had to worry about whether or not it was open to misinterpretation? All I can do is carry on the best I can, and hope people can see me for what I am."

If the lyrics are of so little importance how come you bother to print them on your album sleeves?

"Well whatever I do, I try to do well. I try to do it to the best of my ability. I put an awful lot of work into my lyrics and I feel they deserve to be seen. I can only tell the truth as I see it, right? I know it's a big responsibility being a rock star, and believe me there are some sides of it that I find very scary, and there are some aspects of it that I resent."

"For example I resent the infringements on my privacy; ideally I would like to be completely anonymous when I'm not on stage."

"And there are the facets over which I have no control: like the people who sell programmes and badges, and the kid who buys a scarf and then walks two miles home in the pouring rain, and by the time he gets there his scarf is ruined, and his mother gets straight on the phone and says, 'Heh, my kid just got home with a scarf he just paid two dollars for and it's all shrivelled up.'"

"There are all kinds of things like that which I really resent, but what can I do? Can I be held personally responsible for all of that?"

Good question. Can the artist be held morally responsible for the possible reactions his work may trigger off in the psyche of anybody who happens to view it or hear it?

Surely not.

I ASKED PEART whether he felt the artist had a responsibility, or duty, to mirror the prevalent political or social climate through his work.

"Ah, now you're asking me a very big question: what you're asking in effect, is Should The Artist Imitate Life, or should Life Imitate The Artist? I'm not so sure that I've got an answer to that one. I feel that an artist can only strive to honestly express what he feels."

"A point many people seem to overlook in discussions of this kind is that the artist is only a human being, and if he portrays his or her feelings, then chances are that he or she will be showing many people what they are feeling. I guess that's the best answer I can give, though it doesn't really answer your question."

Before we shook hands and effectively went our separate ways I asked him if he had an ambition: "Yeah to continue to improve as a drummer and lyricist. I would also like to write a book. I don't know whether or not I could do that. I suppose lots of people have tried and failed. But there are a lot of things I would like to say, so I'm determined to try."

Remember, as someone once said, 'The next time you see them, make sure you see them with your eyes open, and know what you see...'

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THRILLS

**A nation decides and the message is:
"CARRY ON JOE!"**

THE BRITISH PEOPLE wake up this morning to the news that it's PREMIER JOE STRUMMER!

With only a handful of votes yet to come in, it is now virtually certain that Britain's new Prime Minister will be Mr Joseph Strummer.

Voters in the *Thrills* election have given The Clash's leader a clear majority over his nearest rivals.

And at 10 am this morning Joe had this to say to the people who elected him:

"It's a bit surprising, innit?"

GIVE EM ENOUGH DOPE

But the big question that still remains is what now for 'Brother Tom' Robinson and Government Whip Siouxsie Sioux? *Thrills* hustings have returned Joe Strummer with a massive 40 per cent lead overall. Brother Tom lagged behind by a full 22 per cent, but in turn scored a 17 per cent lead over the stern Siouxsie.

It must only be speculation at this point, but these shock results could spell their imminent downfall.

"IT'S MY PARTY ..."

Perhaps the biggest surprise in what has been a long-fought and bitter election campaign is the almost equal standing in the eyes of the electorate of candidates John Lydon (Ind.) and Cliff Richard (Festival Of Plight).

Both camps have made last-minute calls for a recount.

A GREAT SURPRISE

It was a bemused but noticeably calm and composed Joe Strummer who stood in front of the *Thrills* desk to receive his investiture.

Will he be able to fulfill the mandate that people have given him?

Can he steer the nation away from deep and troubled waters and onto a brighter future?

What do these jokers think they're doing holding a spoof election and what have they let me in for now?

PAINT IT BLACK

These and hundreds of other pressing questions must have raced through Joe's mind as he went through the brief but dignified investiture ceremony—conducted with an old ruler filched from a sub-Ed's drawer and hastily painted black.

Afterwards reporters crowded round to ask the man whose frank and outspoken style had won over the electorate just what he intends to do.

Joe sat down and pensively faced the typewriter. It was clearly a matter that needed careful consideration... After all, if you were elected, what would you do?

"I'm probably digging my own grave here," said Joe, as he fed in a fresh sheet of paper. Then he went ahead and started digging.

THE FINAL SCORE

How you voted — full details.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. JOE STRUMMER | (Riot Wing Party) |
| 2. TOM ROBINSON | (Minister of Transport) |
| 3. SIOUXSIE SIOUX | (Government Whip) |
| 4. ELVIS COSTELLO | (Ambassador To USA) |
| 5. MICK JAGGER | (All Night Party) |



OH NO! NOT ME! THE MAN WHO RULED THE WORLD

IT IS A GREAT surprise to be elected Prime Minister all of a sudden, but I have managed to name my cabinet and suss my manifesto while riding into the West End on a number 22 bus. So here we go...

RIOT WING PARTY CABINET

Minister of Health: Lemmy of Motorhead
Home Secretary: Mensi of the Upstarts
Ministry of Defence: Village People
Minister for the EEC: Jean-Jacques Burnel
Minister of Football: Brian Clough
Minister of Housing: Nick Parsons of TV Personalities
Ministry of Food: Inner Circle
Minister of Education: Jimmy Pursey
Chancellor of the Exchequer: Malcolm McLaren (assistant B. Rhodes)
Minister of Soul: Paul Weller
Ministry of Long Words: Ian Penman

THE RIOT WING PARTY MANIFESTO 1979

- 1) Legalise graffiti.
- 2) Legalise ganja trading.
- 3) From now on all families will move from the high rise flats down to earth level and young people shall move in.
- 4) Rent to be made affordable to all — not just oil sheiks.
- 5) Stop all defence spending.
- 6) Re-channel money to education and research.
- 7) Cancel nuclear power and start the first solar power station.
- 8) Pay Members of Parliament the same wage as coal miners.
- 9) Copy Yank idea of taking youth on probation to meet and talk to the 'lifers' inside.
- 10) Ban police from all demonstrations.
- 11) Troops and Britain out of Northern Ireland.
- 12) Stop selling arms to anyone. Ammunition factories to start making invalid carriages.
- 13) From now on all politicians, policemen and councillors shall be considered corrupt until proven innocent.
- 14) Deport Mary Whitehouse and send Maggie to Uganda.
- 15) Force all council architects to live in the housing they design (it'd soon get better).
- 16) There shall be two parliaments, one elderly house to make laws for elderly people, and one young house to make laws for young people.
- 17) All public transport to be made a 10p flat fare. Long distance to be made a quid flat fare.
- 18) The House of Lords, now being unemployed, shall be put on the dole.
- 19) A fourth television channel strictly for young people shall run 24 hours a day.
- 20) A 'first person in the queue shall be DJ for two hours whereupon the second person in the queue shall take over' style radio station to broadcast nationally 24 hours a day.
- 21) The government shall buy you an electric guitar on your sixteenth birthday.

Steve Forbert

HIS MUSIC SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS



*Alive
On Arrival*

His new album

83308



Includes the single
'Going Down To Laurel'



This week's tip for the top!

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD and hotter than a stolen pistol.

Imagine! This boy is sixteen years old and the first record by his band, Johnny And The Jammers, arrives in your shops this week. His name is Johnny Winter, and we predict that you're gonna be hearing a lot more from this talented young singer/guitarist!

The record is 'Schoolboy Blues' ('You Know I Love You', and Johnny and his boys cut the tracks in their local radio station studio down in Beaumont, Texas. It was released on Dart Records (a subsidiary of Houston-based indie Starday Records), though UK release is on Chiswick.

Johnny is a great blues fan, and he says that his ambition is to record with his favourite singer, Muddy Waters. We predict big things for this boy... as long as he keeps his nose clean. (Easy on the cheap shots! — Ed).

ELWOOD BLUES

THRILLS

Coasters cash in on rock movie craze

As a gesture of good taste Presley's career is put on ice when he enters the army.

Now the movie tackles Alan Freed, the first entrepreneur, and segues the 'nigger rhythm' outcry into a beautifully edited pot pourri of Chuck Berry, duck walkin' and guitar toin'. Great stuff.

Then surf, Spector and The Beatles. Some vintage Cavern footage, Ed Sullivan Show, Shea Stadium — good but limited. No sign of Brian's sandbox, but there's a brief snatch of Spector in the studio with Darlene Love.

The Stones fare better with rare backstage film, the Albert Hall debacle and the brilliant '68 promo flick of 'Jumping Jack Flash' performed by Jagger-as-Turner delivering his *Performance* rap about the perfect performance achieving madness.

We zoom into the British invasion — Yardbirds, Animals, Who and their American counterparts, Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, the revolting Simon and Garfunkle. As a preface to the latter we see Dylan in a steal from *Eat This Document*, taking 'I Don't Believe You' to its edge. After this KO, Dylan waxes enigmatic for the press and the opening *Don't Look Back* segment with the card-dropping lyrics to 'Subterranean Homesick Blues'. This segues into a rare film of The Doors from '67, performing 'Light My Fire'.

Afterwards it's a downhill slide, Hendrix housed amidst some hippy dippery and we're in the sordid '70s, the loathsome Elton John, Kiss, Fleetwood Mac, solid boredom.

A silly, hastily concocted nod at punk fails to feature The Sex Pistols (I) or The Clash but has pointless

AN AMERICAN TV special called *The Heroes of Rock'n'Roll*, comprised of 25 years of rare rock footage, was given a preview in London last week under the combined auspices of *Time Out* and a company called UK Advertising.

The movie, no dazzling revelation or stunning documentary, is worthwhile for a brace of splendid sequences which, though brusque, can't help but send one reeling into a nostalgic trance.

As a TV special the US reviews rightly regarded it as an unqualified success, given the medium. As a movie the product's shortcomings are magnified — it's chronologically spurious, and suffers from Jeff Bridges' nauseating narration.

After a pastiche of '50s flashbacks underpinned by Patti Page's 'How Much Is That Doggy In The Window' we head into Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Fats, Ray Charles and a blazing James Brown doing 'Please Please Please'. Enter teenage rebellion: Dean, Brando and Elvis Presley.

There's excellent footage of early Elvis gyrating through 'Heartbreak Hotel', 'Hound Dog' *et al*, showing off his most suggestive calisthenics.



One more victim of the Southall riot

"The scale of the violence in Southall, where 340 were arrested and more than 40 people were injured, has ensured that whichever party wins the election, an intense debate is inevitable with possible changes in the law."

— The Guardian, Wednesday April 25, 1979

AND MORE than 40 people were injured . . . Sounds unremarkable enough in print, doesn't it?

Clarence Baker, manager of reggae group Misty, was one of those who came out of the Southall riot injured.

Baker is still on the critical list of a Southall hospital, suffering from a fractured skull and a blood clot situated near to the brain. He cannot be operated on due to the 'dangerous' position of the clot, cannot receive any visitors, and has apparently developed a severe speech impediment.

Baker received his injuries on the day of the Southall riot, although he was reportedly not directly involved. His injuries are almost identical, we're told, to those sustained by

Blair Peach, the New Zealand teacher and Anti-Nazi League member who later died as a result. Baker's injuries were reportedly received only a half hour before Peach's.

Thrills spoke to Delbert McKay and Bertie of Misty on the Thursday after the riot, about their manager's injuries, the circumstances behind them, the People Unite Community Centre, and the Southall community.

THE PEOPLE Unite Community Centre is an arts centre for the Southall community which Misty and their fellow bands The Enchanters and Reality are heavily involved in. "Everyone 'ad something goin' on in there and helped the place . . ."

Two months ago police entered the premises, as they say, with warrants directed toward a search for stolen musical equipment; they didn't find any.

On the Monday afternoon of the riots, police [it's not entirely clear to us whether it was simply the local force, the Special Patrol Group who were operating in Southall during the troubles, or a mixture of the two] again entered the centre with warrants to search for stolen equipment. This time the community centre's equipment was trashed.

"A base guitar was broken into three pieces, a speaker and mixer bust . . . they just wrecked it."

It was at this point that Baker received the injuries which were to hospitalise him. Two other members of Misty were injured, others arrested, and many other people in the centre — including "lawyers and medical staff" — were injured or charged. Demands for an ambulance for Baker were not immediately attended to, and, Misty say, when local Labour MP Samuel Bidwell was approached for help not only did he shun the request but he had the person concerned charged with assault.

"They beat 'im up thinkin' he was one of the demo organisers."

Misty says that Baker was involved at the time in persuading people — the youth element, especially — to protest peacefully. And they also

stress that by the afternoon the Community Centre was the only place left where anyone could disentangle themselves from the beat and blood on the streets. The centre is more than 250 yards from Southall town hall (where the National Front meeting was held) and therefore situated well outside the police cordon.

"What kind of assault can a bass guitar do to a policeman?"

Misty's feelings about the police descent upon the centre, and specifically the use of the 'stolen equipment' warrants to do so, is that it was simply a function of the mistrust felt towards them and their activity within the community.

"A good excuse to mash it up . . . What we're doing is not organised through their set-up. It's not a thing where the police have a say . . . we're not streamlined for them, you understand?"

"Because we weren't prepared to lick their boots they had to mash up what we were doin'."

"After what I saw on Monday I can only see the police force as a rod of oppression . . ."

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

Silly boys lose prestige gig

TWO GROUPS — Column 88 and The Fourth Reich — have been dropped as support bands from Chelsea's May 10 Music Machine gig because of the fascist connotations of their names.

Both bands have denied any connection with right-wing politics; but Music Machine manager Mike Parker, after discussions with RAR, decided that it would be wiser to drop both bands from the bill. Apparently this was in response to the high feelings provoked by NF activity throughout the election campaign, and because of the obvious danger that such names might attract a violent audience.

Column 88 are a young band from Rugby who say that were completely unaware of the inflammatory nature of their name (the real Column 88 is a British crypto-Nazi organisation). Ironically, promoters Step Forward were about to drop them from the bill anyway because Chelsea's Gens October considered them "not yet ready for a London gig".

The Fourth Reich are a London punk band who have apparently been on the circuit for about a year.

Their manager thought it was "bloody diabolical" they had been taken off the gig. He insisted that the group had no political affiliations; but went on to claim that RAR were "just out to cause trouble", that the ANL were "just a load of communists" and that black people were "more racist than whites anyway".

Step Forward, RAR and The Music Machine have all made it clear they are reluctant to discriminate against a band simply because of its name; but in the present political climate, a little discretion seemed necessary. There was also a general feeling that bands who pick sensationalist names without either knowing or caring about the implications have only themselves to blame if misunderstandings arise and work is lost.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

snippets of Caroline Coon and Viv Westwood.

Modern, mainstream '70s is represented by a stirring Elvis And The Attractions doing 'Pump It Up'; then Bruce Springsteen heads us towards the close with a live 'Rosita'. Exit on a scene from *Loving You* and the promo 'Hey Jude' and that's yer lot.

For The Byrds on *Shindig*, The Vandellas in a Detroit car factory, the majestic Dylan, The Doors stones immaculate in '67 and Presley at his peak, the film is well worth seeing. As I write UK Advertiser are awaiting response to some further questionnaires distributed to the preview audience. If it interests you then write to *Time Out* or the aforementioned enterprise and make your demands known. It's worth the stamp, not to mention the price of a ticket.

SIDNEY CENTRE

THRILLS



The Drifters phone the networks to protest about their absence from *Heroes Of Rock'n'Roll*.

BURNEL'S BULLY BOYS IN KIDNAP 'CAPER'

How the rich get their kicks (You hold him, I'll hit him)

SETTING UP the ideal interview situation is always a problem, particularly when it's with a rock'n'roll heavyweight who doesn't like your paper. So one can guess the feeling of triumph that washed over *Record* Mirror scribe Ronnie Gurr when, after repeated refusals for a Jean Jacques Burnel interview, the schismatic Strangler suddenly expressed an urgent desire to exchange words with the humble writer.

Seems that at one time Jean and Ron were tighter than The Stranglers' rhythm

section. The former actually went so far as to allow the latter the privilege of dosing on his floor. However, the friendship became, to say the least, strained when, after much soul-searching, Gurr was less than complimentary towards Hugh Cornwell in an article.

Obviously Gurr surmised that the Euromen was about to effect a reconciliation, for around one o'clock on Wednesday April 25, Boots Burnel — in company with some of the Finchley Boys — dropped by The White Lion in Covent Garden for the heart-to-heart.

But instead of the promised interview, Gurr was astonished to find himself bundled onto a coach bound for J. J.'s gig at Hemel Hempstead.

Upon their arrival at around four, the hapless Gurr was tied up and locked in a backstage room at the Pavilion.

Anyway, as dusk fell over Hemel Hempstead, the unfortunate reporter managed to escape from his abductors. However, his only means of escape was across the stage, where support band Blood Donor were entertaining the crowd, and through the auditorium.

And thus he made his exit, hotly pursued by the Finchley rearguard.

Gurr held the lead right up to the offices of the local constabulary.

Chief Inspector Emerson of the Hemel Hempstead P.D. recalls Gurr's arrival at around 8.30pm on the 25th. The journalist complained having been "assaulted" and "hustled by members of The Stranglers pop group".

The CID listened to Gurr's tale of abduction, but not only did the victim show no physical signs of having been seized, they weren't at all happy with the allegations. I mean, imagine someone telling you they'd been kidnapped by a pop group.

As far as the officers of law and order were concerned, there was not sufficient evidence for charges of criminal offence to be proffered against Burnel and Co. However, there were grounds for a charge of common assault.

Having further complained that he had left behind both his tape recorder and scarf whilst effecting his escape, the CID accompanied Gurr to the Pavilion where these items were retrieved.

We understand that, just like Gurr, the CID didn't get to interview Jean Jacques, though word has it that JJ left a personal message on Gurr's tape recorder. Precisely what it contained nobody is saying. But then, nobody seems to be saying anything — and that includes both alleged victim and perpetrator.

KID NAPIER

THRILLS



Who's a pretty boy then?

Jean Jacques Burnel — you're never alone with a Finchley Boy. Pic: Fin Costello

White House weed rumpus

PEACE IN the sleepy, tree-shaded suburb of Arlington, Virginia has been shattered by a bombshell expose in *The Washington Post*.

It blows the lid off a 'secret hideaway' favoured by Jimmy Carter's son and daughter-in-law, Jeff and Annette Carter. This disreputable dive has played host to "Pink Floyd, Super Tramp and Bruce Springsteen albums". Worse still — that evil marijuana has been making the rounds.

The activities of the pot-head pair have caused three grand to be spent on special security equipment so that Secret Servicemen can monitor the premises from outside. And for why? 'Cos the G-men can't reconcile themselves to the idea of protecting someone who is busy "getting hep on the weed".

And all this on the selfsame day that Carter's brother Bill checked back home after eight weeks in the drier. "It's the first time I've seen him sober in ten years," exclaimed Grandma Lilian. "I think it's just wonderful!"

Peanut anyone?

DIXIE SNEAK

A JILTED JOHN PEN LETTER

Dear Julie ...

FELLOWS CANNOT live by mice alone.

For years now, since his adolescent rot had set in and rendered him allergic to healthy human relationships, Graham Fellows, better known to pop-pickers as Jilted John, was practically the most massive talent since Trollope!

Well, Master Fellows' eyes almost popped out of their sockets and trickled down his tank-top when they registered the identity of the critic. It was only a GIRL, that's all! Not even a real girl. It was that monumentally weird experiment of Mother Nature's, Julie Burchill — a kind of exquisite hybrid of Brenda Starr, Theda Bara and Boadicea (even if she does say so herself).

Graham's stomach felt as though twenty fancy mice were playing tag in it; his very Fellowhood cringed at the thought of reaching out to this zombie — yet he was powerless to resist. Setting palpitating Papermate to blushing Baalidon Bond, Graham began his labour of love.

"Dear Julie" (he wrote) "I don't agree with those who have criticised your writing — I think you're wholesome and talented. Are you?" He clenched his milk-teeth sternly, and decided to put his foot down with a firm hand — show this

"Soppy", "wimp", and "pathetic" the review smirked — before concluding that he, Graham Fellows, better known to pop-pickers as Jilted John, was practically the most massive talent since Trollope!

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hysterical Women's Libber just who wore the flared Wranglers. "Despite your advice, I intend to keep making records till I burn myself out, at least, because I love writing songs — it succours me, really!"

"Actually, I started this letter boldly, but already I am feeling slightly self-conscious, sensing your keen sardonic eye tearing my words and thoughts apart."

He frowned. Women despised wet, wimpy weeds. Time for the Casanova approach. "I've chucked Kate Bush. She was

boring — obsessed with Peter Pan, hitting the Vaseline and medieval instruments."

"Oh well. Would you like to write to me? Your writing as a critic is so violent and studiously cutting, but I bet you're just a scared little person like me, in search of love and the truth. Drop me a line, if you've got time, and either confirm or dispel my suspicion that between us there lies an innate empathy — don't squirm!"

"My favourite novels are 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Cider With Rosie' and I'm a Gemini."

Two days later in Carnaby Street

"Oh look, Jilted John's sent me a lovely letter asking me to be his pen-pal."

"He's a good person to be a pen-pal to."

"He's probably just after publicity for his new single 'The Birthday Kiss' c/w 'Baz's Party', out soon on EMI. He could really use some publicity — the follow-up to 'Jilted John' got nowhere, you know. I hope his name doesn't become a self-fulfilling prophecy, and get him jilted by success as well as Julie, Sharon and Karen."

(To be continued ... that is, if this here last paragraph doesn't get stood up.)

ANNA RABID

THRILLS



The Lone Groover

BENYON



"Oh look, Jilted John's sent me a lovely letter asking me to be his pen-pal."

"He's a good person to be a pen-pal to."

"He's probably just after publicity for his new single 'The Birthday Kiss' c/w 'Baz's Party', out soon on EMI. He could really use some publicity — the follow-up to 'Jilted John' got nowhere, you know. I hope his name doesn't become a self-fulfilling prophecy, and get him jilted by success as well as Julie, Sharon and Karen."

(To be continued ... that is, if this here last paragraph doesn't get stood up.)

ANNA RABID

THRILLS

tubeway army

special picture disc single

ARE 'FRIENDS' ELECTRIC?

beg 18p

stunning new album REPLICAS





IGGY POP

New Album:
NEW VALUES.

PRODUCED BY JAMES WILLIAMSON

New Single:
I'M BORED.

Single: ARIST 255

Album: SPART 1092

Cassette: TCART 1092.

ON TOUR

Friday, 20th April, MANCHESTER, Russell Club.
Wednesday, 25th April, LONDON, Music Machine.
Sunday, 29th April, REDCAR, Coatham Bowl.
Friday, 4th May, BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's.
Monday, 7th May, CARDIFF, University.
Friday, 11th May, NEWCASTLE, Mayfair Ballroom.

SPECIAL GUESTS: ZONES

Saturday, 21st April, LIVERPOOL, Eric's (2 shows).
Friday, 27th April, WEST RUNTON, Pavilion.
Monday, 30th April, EDINBURGH, Tiffany's.
Saturday, 5th May, COLCHESTER, Essex University.
Tuesday, 8th May, BRISTOL, Locarno.
Saturday, 12th May, LEEDS, University.

ARISTA

Sunday, 22nd April, SHEFFIELD, Top Rank.
Saturday, 28th April, LEICESTER, University.
Tuesday, 1st May, GLASGOW, Apollo.
Sunday, 6th May, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion.
Thursday, 10th May, COVENTRY, Tiffany's.
Sunday, 13th May, LONDON, Lyceum.



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NUCLEAR NEWS

Atomic terrorism: the daytime nightmare

ON NOVEMBER 12, 1972, a DC-8 airliner on a routine domestic flight down the US East coast was hijacked and for two hours flew in circles over the Oak Ridge nuclear power plant. The hijacker's demands were simple — pay us \$10 million or we'll crash into the reactor.

In that case disaster was averted, but the very real terrorist threat to vulnerable nuclear installations remains. A year later in Argentina urban guerrillas occupied a nuclear plant only to daub slogans and so highlight this symbolic threat.

In France recently the Breton Liberation Front threatened to destroy any reactors before they could be completed, a threat underlined by a wave of explosions in police stations and electricity board offices.

The nuclear industry has taken these warnings to heart. Elaborate electronic security prevails around most installations, and think tanks like the Rand Corporation have run endless scenarios trying to pinpoint defensive weak spots.

Former Green Berets have been used in these simulated attacks and one security firm has even suggested hiring criminals to play these deadly games.

Not that the terrorist threat is the only one. Earlier this month a plant

near Toulon — where engineers were constructing a large experimental reactor for Iraq — was blown up, causing damage estimated at hundreds of millions of francs. An information blackout has been imposed on the incident but one theory is that the bombing was the work of an Israeli group who for more than two years have been warning that Iraq could make a nuclear bomb once its reactor and fuel were delivered.

An even stranger rumour is that the explosion was planned by the French government themselves to slow up a contract which had become an acute source of political embarrassment.

The other major headache for the nuclear authorities is the risk of plutonium and highly enriched uranium — dubbed "special nuclear material" or SNM — being stolen in transit. A recent report from the Office of Technology Assessment in the States commented that "A market of several hundred pounds of fissile material worth millions of dollars per year seems credible."

"Although small by comparison to the drug market, this is large enough to interest criminal groups and to have a major impact on proliferation."

Two of this year's issues of the trade magazine *Nuclear Engineering*

International reported the arrest of eight people in India suspected of being involved in a uranium smuggling racket. In the USA the report of an investigation into the disappearance 13 years ago of 206lb of highly enriched uranium (enough to make several fission bombs) from the nuclear plant in Apollo, Pennsylvania, has been classified "secret" by both the FBI and the CIA, thus ensuring that the real truth never becomes public knowledge.

How easy it would be for terrorists to construct a bomb was demonstrated by John Aristotle Phillips, the Princeton University student who designed one in his spare time using only information available in open access government files (see *NME* 11.2.78). His startling story is currently being made into a two-hour TV special with Phillips in the title role.

The show's producer comments that "John's point is that a terrorist group could easily get hold of an atomic bomb, fit it to the top of an automobile and blow up Manhattan".

The *Daily Express* made a big splash in 1977 with their story of how they'd constructed a bomb, complete except for its plutonium core, and terrorist experts Taylor & Willrich have pointed out that a relatively small quantity of ordinary reactor plutonium (from 3-10 kgms) is sufficient to make a simple atom bomb.

No wonder that, according to Robert Jungk, the world's foremost nuclear terrorism expert currently lives in poverty in the Mexican barrio of Los Angeles, afraid to publish what he knows lest he give the terrorists any aid.

What would be the consequence to the UK if the IRA managed to hijack the regular shipment of some 100kgms of plutonium that travels by road once a month from Dounreay to Windscale? It is, however, known that, to meet this threat and others like it, a 400-strong private police force was established in 1976, the Atomic Energy Authority Special Constabulary.

This elite squad exists outside political controls, is directly answerable to no elected authority, yet has powers to carry and use automatic weapons and to arrest suspected SNM thieves. Their activities cannot be publicly

discussed as an Official Secret 'D'. Notice has been extended to cover them.

In this respect we are ahead of the States, who are at present only talking about the establishment of a National Fissile Material Security Service, a federal agency like the FBI and the CIA with similarly sweeping powers.

Many anti-nuclear supporters feel that the real threat is to our own civil liberties.

As Mr. Justice Parker put it in the Windscale Inquiry Report: "If the sort of activities currently under consideration are to be checked, innocent people are certain to be subjected to surveillance if only to find out whether they are innocent. Equally certainly, friends and relatives will be subjected to distasteful and embarrassing enquiries".

If the spread of nuclear power means a growing threat of nuclear terrorism, the other side of that dark coin is the growing power of the security forces of the Nuclear State. That, for many, is the daytime nightmare.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

ACTION GUIDE

TORNESSE DEMONSTRATION (as outlined over the phone by SCRAM, in Edinburgh, on April 26).

Saturday May 5: mass rally, 12 noon-5pm, at Barmenall (1/2 miles south of Dunbar, 30m south of Edinburgh on the A1). Full programme of bands, speakers and workshops, transport leaving Edinburgh from Waverley Bridge (near the railway station) at 10am.

Sunday, May 6: Series of smaller discussions at Barmenall, plus some music. Preparation for non-violent direct action — planned for sometime late Sunday/early Monday. The organisers ask that no illegal drugs be brought to the demonstration.

Transport from London: Train leaves at 11.58pm on Friday, May 4 from King's Cross. Tickets £17 return. At time of writing, 40 tickets were available. Return by special train overnight Sunday, or by regular service Monday. Coach leaves at 8pm, Friday May 4, from the Royal Scots Hotel, returning Sunday overnight. Tickets £14 return.

For tickets and further details contact Sun Power Bookshop, 83 Blackstock Road (in Finsbury Park Station), Tel (011) 226 1799.



Ideal Head Exhibition

A TEAM OF Bio-Activity Translator salesmen beamed an infinite expression across my path to The Catholic Society for the Preservation of Feral Cats, while to my rear Vegans glowered at my leather jacket.

I removed the Auragoggles (£9.95 deluxe model) from my eyes. An untended Miracle Balloon wafted into the seventh realm of my consciousness.

My spirit has flown, my mind is bogged and my body is a tad knackered, having spent four hours acquainting myself with the 180 exhibitors at this year's Ideal Head Exhibition — the third Festival For Mind-Body-Spirit, which closed after a cleansing week at Olympia on Sunday.

The range and variety of the displays were enormous. For £1.50 you could sharpen your wit under a steel tube pyramid, sniff flower remedies, have your nose cleaned at the Scandinavian Yoga and Meditation Centre, visit the singing rubber plants, argue the toss with The Plain Truth, or collapse with the hippies to the sound of Steve Hillage in the enlighthodrome.

But short of talking trash and spending cash, there wasn't actually that much to DG there. The exhibition was a teensy bit humourless and, well, it needed more toys.

Ask any vegetable.

RICK JOSEPH

THRILLS

THE J. GEILS BAND

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SANCTUARY

JOE ELY

HIS NEW ALBUM

"... JOE ELY IS AS CONVINCING AND VALID A TALENT IN HIS WAY AS COSTELLO AND SPRINGSTEEN ARE IN THEIRS"

SOUNDS

"The blend of voice and instruments is superlative ... this album surpasses 'Honky Tonk Masquerade'
Country Music Round Up

"One of the most exciting artistes to have emerged from anywhere in the past five years"

People.

"Mr Ely will go far
The Sunday Times

"Ely's songs are excellent ..."
Radio & Record News.

DOWN ON THE DRAG



MCG 3532

HIS TOUR

May 4th **STOKE ON TRENT**
North Staffs Polytechnic

May 5th **LONDON**

The Venue

MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pattenay Street, London W1R 3JW



**Is this how the Tories
would look at
Youth Unemployment?
VOTE LABOUR on Thursday.**

Howdy! Ah'm the
new Bob Dylan . . .



Pic: Paul Slatery

. . . and ah'd jest like to
welcome y'all to this feature
'cos it's got all the lowdown
on me and mah career.
It's by a dude called Graham
Lock. Oh, and y'can call me
Steve . . .

THERE'S THIS kid, you see, kinda scrawny, lives on a lettuce farm with a family of twelve in Meridian, Mississippi, the heart of the South. The kid's played guitar since he was eleven, been in and out of groups at school and since, taking shitty day jobs in factories and warehouses, stacking and driving and delivering.

One day the store he works for shuts down, and the kid decides it's now or never. He picks up his old guitar and a sheaf of songs; takes the next train to New York City. There he burns around, sleeps on floors, buses at Grand Central Station, takes more shitty jobs — selling hot dogs, cleaning windows, sorting mail.

One night the kid's playing acoustic at a punk club, for chrissakes, and he's spotted by the manager of a big rock group, who signs him up — just like that! A few weeks later, he's got a record deal; and his debut album is released to rave reviews in all the infuential rags.

Cue prestigious gigs at The Bottom Line, a European promo tour, a fully-fledged tour of Canada. Fame and fortune. The kid's arrived!

A rock'n'roll fantasy? An old Elvis movie? No, it's the true history of Steve Forbert, who's now sitting beside me in a small gray interview room high in the CBS building.

"I'm a walking cliché," he drawls, with an engaging grin. The punk club was CBGB's, where Forbert opened for John Cale, The Shirts, Talking Heads. The guy who signed him up was Danny Fields, co-manager of The Ramones. And the debut album is 'Alive On Arrival', which Forbert is now promoting with gigs in Amsterdam, Brussels, Hamburg, Paris and London (The Venue, May 9).

It's an unusual album. Forbert, on guitar, harmonica and husky voice, with a crisp, sparse backing band, comes

on like a cross between '50s rock'n'roll and early '60s folk. The seminal models seem to be Presley and Dylan; though Forbert also cites Jimmie Rogers, Jimmy Reed, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters and Howling Wolf as influences.

"I got to see Howling Wolf in Atlanta in 1974. I guess it's one of the highlights of my life. He's sorta special, you know. I've got his autograph back in Mississippi."

Forbert is 24, fresh-faced, snub-nosed. He wears denim and a cowboy hat. Still the archetypal country boy. He doesn't have a lot to say, is tired from doing radio interviews all afternoon. Is the pressure beginning to tell?

"Well, it has to be done. No one's heard of me here, so I have to make sure my name gets known. I accept that,

because I want to continue. I like writing songs, making records. It's all I've wanted to do for a long time."

Still, haven't there been any types or whatever that surprised you?

A thoughtful pause. "Well, there was one thing. We played in Boulder, Colorado about two months ago. And the local promo people with CBS had come up with this idea for a contest and they'd put these leaflets about it on every seat in the hall. And they went 'Steve Forbert wants to know if you were alive on arrival — send in your most exciting baby photo and the winner will be taken for a free meal at the airport terminal and hear the planes being talked in'."

"I thought that was surprising. Then a guy comes up and says, 'Steve, I want you to meet the runner-up in the Steve Forbert Lookalike Contest'. And I said, 'Where's the winner? I'd really like to meet that guy'. And he said, 'Oh he's not here. But he's black'."

"Well . . . that was a surprise too. So there have been a few things."

Forbert indicates a desire to end the interview. I ask one more question. There's a quote in *Rolling Stones* from him: "I'd say that I worship innocence and I despise desperation." Fascinating stuff, but what exactly does he mean?

"Er . . . it's just that simple. You know?"

Yeah, but what do you mean by innocence and desperation?

"Well . . . just innocence and desperation."

Ah.

"There's one more thing that I despise. It's ketchup in those little packets. I like a lot of ketchup on my hamburger and french fries, and I can't get enough in those little packets. They drive me up the wall." A smile, and he leaves.

The wit and wisdom of Steve Forbert. I'm left, you're right, he's gone.

"Howdy mister — an'm yer local Bob Dylan Party candidate . . ." Pic: Tom Sheehan.

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FROM BEHIND expensive cocktails executive eyes glare affronted. At the bar oriental waitresses raise uneasy eyebrows. My foot suddenly starts tapping to the tentative rumblings of drum beat and bass...

Suddenly the sedation of The Europa Hotel's piped lounge music is joyfully destroyed by an exciting and refreshing sound blasting from a cassette machine on a corner table.

The Ruefrefx are playing me their debut EP, 'One By One'. Unfortunately a backlog of material from other Belfast groups has to be cleared before Good Vibrations can release it — but it is probably the most valuable recording to come from these parts in recent years. The Ruefrefx have come up with some of the best music I've heard in ages, liberally spiced with ideas that are contagious, adventurous and eminently enjoyable.

The Ruefrefx came together in their present form last April when Jackie Forgie and Alan Clarke (guitar and vocals respectively) joined up with bassist Tom Coulter and drummer Paul Burgess. Tom and Paul had played in a scrappy embryo of the band since the previous October, playing their debut in the seaside town of Bangor as support to Sliff Little Fingers.

The real story begins in June 1978 when the present line-up had its first public airing at Queen's University's Battle of The Bands gig. The Ruefrefx played along with several other bands; apart from Clarke's burning and malevolent stage presence there was no foretaste of the aptitude and intrigue to come. The band weren't overjoyed with the performance either.

"The playing wasn't up to standard although I don't think there was anything wrong with our songs. Maybe we should have got session men to play them," Tom grins. Like the rest of the band Coulter is an instantly likeable character, anxious to explain everything clearly.

Since that gig they have plodded their way through the customary series of gigs at Belfast's Harp Bar and with a certain degree of regularity they've played stints at the para military watering holes in their own locality.

Were they never worried that by playing places like that they might be helping to bolster those organisations?

"No, because it's purely coincidental that we happen to be playing in a para military social club. You can't afford to be totally idealistic — and we don't bolster them in any way financially because we take all the door receipts and there is never any drink sold," Paul explains.

"What I like about playing places like that is that for the hour or so we play the kids can dance and forget about the troubles, and that's nice," offers Jackie. The group charge as little as 20p admission for some of their gigs, just falling short of an aspiration to stage ATV-type free gigs.

THEY'RE THE first to admit, however, that it may not be safe for others to do what they've done. Obviously, they are able to play because they're known around that area and their choice of dress is not provocative — in fact it often leads to derisive accusations of drabness among new wave followers in the city, causing the band to term themselves "the most unfashionable band in Belfast".

In fact, they're anxious not to be restricted to any particular audience.

Tom: "We'll play anywhere to anyone — hippies, spidermen, punks or trendies, whatever you want to call them we'll play to them."

THE PROBLEM WITH BEING EARNEST

RUEFREX don't make it a big deal, but in Belfast, city of the para military gig, most things tend to be problems. GAVIN MARTIN reports.



RUEFREX waiting for their EP to come out. Pix KURT SAVAGE

Paul: "We'd like to be able to say to others, 'Come on and play', but what happens if the band gets bottled off? We can't give any assurances or guarantees."

As Jackie explains, they even have apprehensions when playing areas of 'their own sort'. "I remember the first time we played in Tom's area I asked if I'd be safe and he said he couldn't guarantee anything."

Paul: "It's a certain type of mentality; we don't condone it and we're certainly not responsible for it."

When you see a band trying to do delicate and difficult things like this it shows up the seemingly thoughtless and impetuous nature of The Clash's political posturings. Although they are reluctant to brag about it The Ruefrefx do try harder than most. They are all too aware that from a certain point of view for those on the mainland Belfast "reels" credibility, but they would lose the being judged on any kind of specially devised criterion for war babies.

Tom: "I want us to sink or swim on the strength of our music, not what we wear or

where we play but on the chords we play and the lyrics we sing."

Inevitably they will be compared to Sliff Little Fingers as they come from Belfast and do not play songs that are obviously poppy, but the band are not keen on such comparisons. Not surprising considering the latter's work can, at least arguably, be seen as an exploitation of the Belfast environment.

The 'One By One' EP is dedicated to a guy crushed to death under a bus — apparently the same person Jake Burns claimed was the inspiration for 'Wasted Life' in these pages some weeks back. Far from being a member of an organisation, claim he was the victim of false and subsequently retracted posthumous allegations.

THE RUEFREX EP was recorded between November and February at Belfast's Wizard Studios and all three tracks show a quite stunning potential as well as standing as admirable

achievements in their own right.

While they definitely don't fit into the same category as the rest of the province's fine pop bands, to call them experimental is misleading in that they have none of that syndrome's nagging pretensions or tuneless meanderings.

'One By One' itself has the most obvious appeal. A slow, brooding and atmospheric introduction with a quotation from novelist Samuel Plunkett segues into a fast, seething piece of gut-punching rock music.

Lyrically it's redolent of 'Diamond Dogs' without the synthetic tinge apparent in the Bowie work. A logical extension of the inner city rat race, it describes a situation bordering on anarchy where no one is safe from the paralysis ('Standards levelled — chaos reigns'). Obviously influenced by Belfast because that's where it was written, it's an impressionistic depiction of urban decay and could apply to any city.

Paul Burgess is the band's chief lyricist. Some of his songs he describes as obvious political observations ('Poppies', 'Communism', and 'Political Wings') and others are simple vignettes based on everyday domesticity ('Accidents Will Happen').

The band work together to write the tunes but as Tom explains, "The real problem's not writing the songs, it's arranging them. If Jackie comes up with four chords we can play them to any rhythm we want. It's trial and error finding the right way to play them. Obviously we don't sit down with metronomes and say we'll play ten beats or whatever it is until we get it right."

They leave it to Alan to decide how the vocals should be presented and the EP's second track, 'Don't Panic', is a fair indication of his interpretive ability. Throughout his demented and fragmented delivery of colliding and surrealistic syllables and imagery show his substantial vocal ability to full advantage.

Here and elsewhere his unique intonations and phrasing are evidence that he can dominate a song with the same demonic effect as Pistol-period Rotten.

Joining the group from a history of admitted delinquency, Clarke now disperses his energy in a manner that is admirable and positive instead of sad and negative.

On the EP's third and final track he fires scorn and contempt at contigous conservatism in a song called 'Cross the Line': "You find me repulsive, well isn't that pretty cute, you don't even know what goes on in your mind. And if I frighten you to cross the line I'll be quite content."

Lyric writer Jackie Forgie reels out the sort of guitar patterns discovered by Shelley on 'Spiral Scratch', but never fully explored since.

In fact 'Spiral Scratch' is an apt frame of reference for the recording — not because of any overriding musical debt, but because it strikes with a similar immediacy and urgency; there is an overall feel of freshness which defies restrictive categorising.

THE RUEFREX are four very astute, level-headed lads from Belfast. By day they work in shops; at night they go to their bassist's basement and have fun making music.

They want to make music that is original and accessible, and now more than ever rock needs bands like them who have that special blend of straightforward enthusiasm and freshness in their music. If you want to hear energy delivered powerfully, positively and intelligently you'd do a lot worse than to hear 'One By One'.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DONNA SUMMER: Hot Stuff (Casablanca).

Lots of sad, cynical folk from old, greasy, fat MM sociologists to bleak, peaked hairies are currently worming their way into the disco market — but what we have here is Dan Hartman in reverse: disco's first heavy metal record. Paul Rogers could sing it, Donna could follow it up with a cover of 'Hot Blooded', you could bang your brains out keeping time to it: charming, lovable, brilliant Donna, coquettishly trying to prove that this is one black girl that Mick Jagger was right about.

Dirty, aggressive, she-stut Donna, on heat and working up an appetite: the guitar solo is excruciating, but it's still an irresistible single — Donna's not just a sex symbol, y'know.

Now what did I do with those stars-and-stripes loons?

BLONDIE: Sunday Girl (Chrysalis). Blondie's disc of rest, mellow Deb in liting Anne Murray mood, the mellifluous sound of a rich, loamy, well-matured 'Snowbird' sighing on a laid-back Sabbath afternoon. Your toes won't tap quite as willingly as they did to 'Heart Of Glass', but it's still a pretty little song that should do very well.

However, that doesn't mean we want you hanging on the telephone 24 hours a day bugging us to interview you, short-cake.

THE WHO: Long Live Rock (Polydor). Townshend's voice has always been more suitable to Who material than Daltrey's — it may lack the strident, pectoral-flexing technical proficiency, but he more than makes up for it with a redeeming touch of pathos that makes even their corny stuff — like 'Legal Matter' or this one — a touch less trite, and makes the good stuff — like 'I'm One' or 'I've Had Enough' — sound like the owner of that thin, reedy, touching organ was once a member of The Small Faces.

Here he's the same as Bill Sykes' dog Bullseye — the adoring pet, used and abused by a brutish master who, no matter how cruel, can never diminish the heartbreaking

little creature's devotion. Long live rock? Well, yes, although personally I love music, any kind of music, just as long as it's groovy.

LENE LOVICH: I Say When (Stiff).
THE RUMOUR: Emotional Traffic (Stiff). 'Lucky Number' was magically transformed from moderate album track to killer 45 in the re-mix, but this time the same process overwhelms the obsessive flurry of the original and suffocates it with painful, cutesy-pie gimmickry, tailor-made and forelock-tugging for the Smurf consumers. Make with the "ah-OH! ah-OH!" baby! It's depressing, a waste, she deserves better than this: must be time to say "When", Lene.

'Emotional Traffic' is cool, cryptic and catchy, going nowhere in a hurry, the kind of thing Costello would write for a Yorkie bar commercial. It could well be a hit — the Coca-Cola and Brutus Jeans ones were, after all.

Note to Stiff: if you're not cutting the retail price in half, releasing product with blank B-sides is not being whacky, it's being as contemptible as any major record company and you turn my stomach.

Note to Joe Public: if you pay more than half the price you usually pay for a single for this week's Stiff product, then you are a real sucker and the music industry will always

wipe its ass on people like you.

LINDA RONSTADT: Alison (Aylum). Ah, speak of the devil and you shall see his horn-rims! This is in the grand old tradition of the American artiste attempting pitifully to prove herself not quite ready to be carted off to the knackers-yard by covering the most hummable little rebel feted by the under-30s market. Inoffensively ingne, as in the Jack Jones version of 'Pale Blue Eyes'.

ELTON JOHN: The Thom Bell Sessions '77 — Are You Ready For Love/Three Way Love Affair/Mame Can't Buy You Love (Rocket). Elton in fine voice with 18 minutes of a restrained, classy reading of the Philly Sound. Better than anything he ever did with Bernie Taupin, the best record Thom Bell has had his name on in years but it's a shame the actual tunes never heard of Junior Campbell.

4 PENNIES: When The Boy's Happy (Ensign). Barbara Cartland with a Spector beat. You're better off out of it, Ronnie.

THE INVADERS: Girl's In Action (Polydor). What The Invaders have got going for this is light, ethereal Picnic At Hanging Rock somnambulist dance band sound, its influences so blurred and buried as to be as unique as that on the PiL single.

What they've got working against them are lyrics so trite they come close to negating everything else — standard Defensive Outlaw Rhetoric; nobody tells me what to do, I talk to who I like, go anywhere/anywhere I choose, there are no strings on me and such like R.D.

Laing once said that schizophrenia cannot be understood without understanding despair. Makes you think, dunnit?

DAVID ESSEX: 20 Flights Up (Phonogram).
OSMONOS: Reinin' (Mercury). Can you picture us on a crosstown Manhattan Number 9 bus? David can! Here he overhauls The Drifters' 'Up On The Roof' for consumption by that percentage of the Saturday Night Fever box office who saw the redubbed version during the Easter holiday and once told David he had moody eyes.

As their popularity has peaked I understand showbiz clan Osmonos (nobody can tell me the first entertainers in their family weren't some juggling gypsy troupe) have now set up their very own quality control board which screens all kinfolk recordings to maintain the highest possible standards, manned by their two much-hidden brothers Viri and Tommy.

Nevertheless, this is merely a maudlin, tranked-out barber-shop quartet routine, 'Love Me For A Reason' with its ass dropped exactly. The harmonies on the chorus are speeded up even faster than Frida and Agnetha's voices on 'Does Your Mother Know?', suggesting that the Alvin Chipmunk revival is already upon us.

STEVE FORBERT: Goin' Down To Laurel (Epic). Could be Phil Lynott crying into his hair of the hound the morning after, bemoaning how he is going to have to give it up if he is to mend his wicked ways. Manages to be sensitive, romantic, vulnerable and beat its chest very loudly all at the same time. Another love song for swinging method actors.

EXILE: How Could This Go Wrong (RAK). Exile really hedge their bets. Sub-Allman boogies boys before Mickie Most rescued them from the

cotton plantation, they now use a galloping mock-Moroder drum machine and space dust synthesizers (their sole concession to disco apart from the trust-by-the-light-of-the-silvery-strobe subject matter because it sells so good). On top of that they slap Tepid Gossip whispered nothings butched-up beyond belief plus singalong-facey teenbait hooks while for all you stubborn "heads", bless you, the lead singer has hair down to his bleeding ass. If not even further! Scott Gorham just ain't in it!

Such consideration! So anxious to please! So accommodating! Obsequious he tarts.

RICK WAKEMAN: Birdman Of Alcatraz — Theme From My Son, My Son (A&M). Russ Conway untamed wiv cultured credibility for the older brothers and sisters of Kate Bush fans.

JAPAN: Life In Tokyo (Arista). Imagine: Ferry is on his uppers so he rings up the gang for a reunion album and they give him a knock back! But! Old Munchen Giorgio steps in all benevolent and knocks Bry out a song! The end result stinks! This is What Might Have Been

SVT: New Year (SVT). Aesthetically pleasing, so very English — full, fervently proud pop music recalling elemental Jam fronted by a youthful impersonator who makes David Johansen look like Steve Aerosmith. From anyone it would be pretty nifty. From a San Francisco band giving a home to half the ex-members of Hot Tuna, it is nothing less than a moving testimony to the dignity of the human spirit under the most desperate conditions.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG: Rave On (WEA). The repugnant practice of releasing unofficial

film trailer product. This is a drastically watered down treatment compared to Buddy Bussey's original. I know it's hard to believe

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD: I'm Coming Home Again (Mercury). A heart-wrenching warble breaks with risible emotion as the spotlight reveals Dusty astride confession box, her head hung with shame and regret, tears streaked black with eye-liner running down her cheeks, admitting her decision to leave UK for USA was the biggest mistake of her life's snuff... how unhappy she's been without us... choke how she'll get DOWN on her KNEES and BEG us to take her back... sob... If we still want her, that is waaaaaahhh!!!

Bah, what specious rot! Even Cliff, Slade, Harley, etcetera, never stooped so low, and they were just as erroneously confident of Cracking The States as you were, Dust. An inverted 'Atlantic Crossing' — whereas Stewart squeezed mawkish mileage out of pissing off into tax exile, Springfield tells a calculated sob story, winking knowingly in the direction of the fatted calf, tail between her legs and looking for work. Rumour has it Dusty stabs her eyeballs with sharpened pencils before performing this song on stage. If the Shift of Iran ever makes it back to Tehran, he should record it himself.

DALIDA: The Lambeth Walk (EMI).
GENGHIS KHAN: Genghis Khan (CBS). Two more excellent reasons for us to elbow the dictatorial EEC blood-suckers. Dalida is the French winner of the 1975 Grand Prix de L'Academie de

Continues next page



FORTY FIVES

Done this week by TONY PARSONS



"Gee Tony, you're simply wonderful..." Donna pic: Fin Costello.



PETER TOSH

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I'M THE TOUGHEST

(LONG VERSION)
OR
I'M THE TOUGHEST
(RUS VERSION)
(7" RSF 403)



FORTY FIVES

■ From previous page

Disc — but you knew that already — and this is the inevitable comeback you get when too many Brotherhood of Man singles about hot-to-trot Jose the saucy Spanish servant get pumped from some Ambros Solaire-doused ductless gland into the ozone layers above the Mediterranean coast line. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Maginot line, we find a Germanically Teutonic epic echoing the Weimer Republic's zeitgeist (hold up your Rush albums all those who come yet) and lifted from their forthcoming CBS long-player 'The Mass Psychology Of Abbaranio'.

SPICS: You And Me (Wavelength). Vintage Van Morrison and mid-period Mamas and Papas — exemplified by lead blue-eyed soulful singer and angelic back-up girl group, respectively — and from the burgeoning Bristol scene, too Spics have a great future ahead of them if they don't develop huge beer guts, refuse to give interviews and

choke to death eating a ham sandwich.

GINO SOCCIO: Dancer (Warner Brothers). Extraordinarily average disco single evoking hideous visions of The Doobie Brothers after getting Stigwooded, repetitious in the extreme, sounding forever like the vocalist didn't show — it never actually begins, just drifts in and then out again — so you'll have to make do with the raunchy Greek chorus straining in the background. It went double platinum in the States last week.

STEVE TORCH: Live In Fear (Redball). Unable to score a Springsteen bootleg? Reckon Dylan's best single was 'Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window'? Partial to a bit of rasping, wild-eyed paranoia you can whistle along to? This is your placebo.

GARCONS: French Boy (ZE). Bet you never thought your lads would get down and party, eh Marie? 'The Clapping Song' with a hole in the roof of his mouth. I think it's supposed to be funny —



Decca's latest signing, punk chanteur Joe Jordan.

one look at the cover and you can tell we're dealing with some pretty sharp characters here. They may snicker at Patrick Juvet when they see him in the playground but he still turns them green.

MICK JACKSON: Married Men (Atlantic). A jaunty, grown-up 'Don't Let Him Touch You' for the Jackie Collins readers who never thought of her as high camp.

GLADYS KNIGHT: Am I Too Late (CBS). Gladys on the verge of vegetating as usual, plaintive on the precipice of the infinite void as she contemplates the immaculate voice she possesses and the interminable parade of drippy drivel she always gets to waste it on. And you would sound like a grizzly old misery-guts if you were in the same position as Gladys, so don't start thinking that you wouldn't.

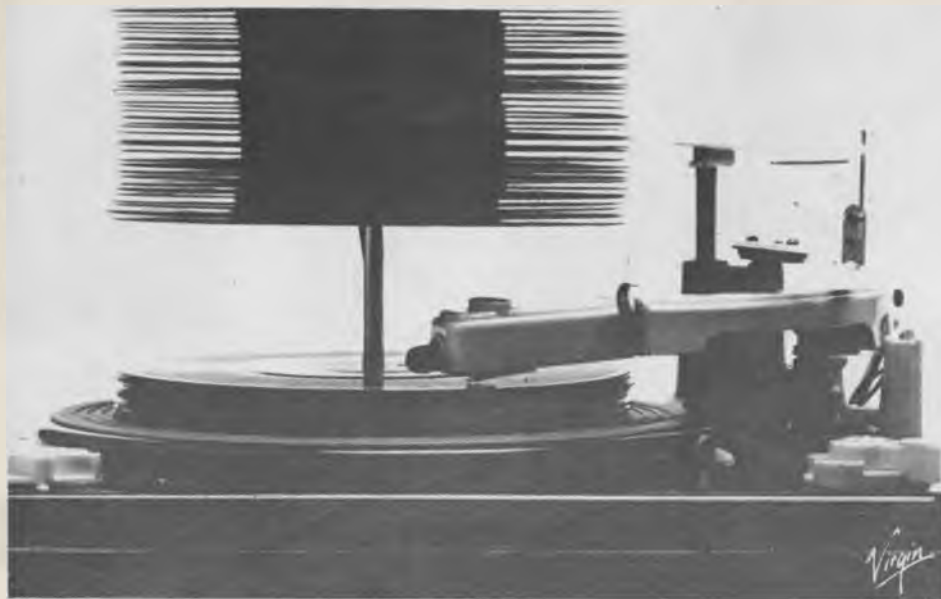
DON WILLIAMS: I Would Like To See You Again (ABC). The piquant, bitter-sweet tang of a taste acquired and something good remembered. A lonesome steel howls tragic and Don Williams stares at his options with restrained emotive power, a tender, healing kiss to soothe his aching spirit and could you please pass the salt in the wound?

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THE MANCHESTER UNITED FIRST TEAM SQUAD: Onward Sexton's Soldiers (RCA). **THE ARSENAL FOOTBALL TEAM: Super Arsenal F.C. (UA).** **MANCHESTER UNITED FOOTBALL TEAM: Manchester United (Decca).** **ARSENAL NORTH BANK: Arsenal We're Right Behind You (Robot).** 'Onward Sexton's Soldiers' comes close to the moving sense of patriotic duty about to be done and the awesome spirit of quasi-religious glory about to be experienced that ejaculated from every pore of the England Squad in Mexico's 'Back Home' (the greatest football song ever and the only type of nirvana a team should bother to try to attain in a recording studio).

The others are basic issue stuff — hearty marching music to carry the converted up Wembley Way and for the rest of us indispensable listening on a par with an album of train noises. Sir All's 1970 shower may have been practically a registered charity on the pitch but they sure could sing like little larks.

PETER JACQUES BAND: Walking On Music (Ariola). "His name is Jacques Fred Petrus and he is an expert on Disco-Sound . . . the band has three-coloured female singers . . . the Peter Jacques Band is essentially a group in search of pleasant and catchy tunes . . . 'Walking On Music' is remarkable because of powerful and expressive strings that conjure up psychedelic images and lead us into a wide open space where we experience feelings of greatness . . . it is very hard to resist their exhilarating and exotic sound . . . 'Walking On Music' transcends the concept of music to become a piece of aural architecture . . .

Ignore the record but sell your soul to get your hands on a copy of the press release.

KAREL FIALKA: Armband (The Mystery Song) (Red Shift). 'Sweet Jane' politicised, confused but still dialectic, it's the only way to be (with your armband on).

THE FLYS: Name Dropping (EMI). After sticking out those pare-impresive singles 'Love And A Molotov Cocktail' and 'Waikiki Beach Refugees' and getting nowhere, The Flys have unfortunately grown weary of neal, neglected classicettes that don't budge you from the headline, and now go for a wage equal to the national average with some Modest Rat Trap fiscal manoeuvres. The surprising thing is that there's not more of our youngsters doing it.

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Talkin' about POP... MUZIK



"I DON'T think that I have more than just above average talent, to be honest. It's just a question of applying all the little things that I can do together in one situation and working as hard as possible to see through a very good idea."

If Robin Scott's rather self-effacing statement is more objective analysis than false modesty, then it has to be admitted that M's 'Pop Muzik' is an uncommonly good idea.

The product of an unusual, magical marriage — of the offhand talking-blues style of 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' and 'Give Peace A Chance' — with a curiously alive, almost transatlantic reading of the ubiquitous Eurodisco-robotrock, it's currently the only thing worth turning daytime radio on for.

Such crossbreeds are rarely as successful as 'Pop Muzik', and it's no surprise to learn that M mastermind Scott spent the best part of a year painstakingly piecing it together by trial and error, literally playing it by ear. What is surprising is that Scott originally wrote it like a folk song before envisaging it in its correct form.

"Finally," he explains, "I scratched my head and thought about not just the song as an idea in itself, but about the context, how to deliver it."

Scott's first stab at music, as it happens, was during the singer-songwriter boom, doing Stilgoe-style current-events folksongs for regional television programmes, a period which culminated in the 'Woman From The Warm Grass' album (remember that?).

"I was always interested in folk music because it's a great medium for gossip. I'm not talking about the dated traditional folk music — I'm talking about real folk music, which I regard as being pop music."

What — in the mid-'60s tradition?

"Not in the Pistols tradition! When I say 'folk music', I'm talking about music which talks about the social climate of the times — so I'd include the music hall, certain

Singin' about... POP MUZIK

rock'n'rollers, some of the Beatles, the Pistols.

Since then, he's had stabs at various media-associated activities, eventually ending up in Paris sometime last year to film and record a Slits gig for 'Mr Glitterbest', an old acquaintance.

The project itself was a failure, but Paris provided Scott with the necessary connections to make a workable, concrete proposal out of his concept of M (like Pynchon's V a non-specific symbol with a multitude of connotations), hitherto merely "a figment of my imagination and somebody else's, M himself — I don't know who he is yet."

'Moderne Man' is made, and proves mildly successful, establishing the name. Determined to capitalise on the exposure, Scott takes his time perfecting 'Pop Muzik'. A few weeks prior to its release, he starts rehearsing a band in confident anticipation of Top Of The Pops appearances.

Within four weeks, 'Pop Muzik' is five and rising. TV appearances are made. Plans are laid for an album and autumn tour. Scott makes a video for the Kenny Everett show, a startlingly effective visual translation of the song's staccato

ANDY GILLYPENNY takes dictation from M.

vocal which both exemplifies the rock-video form and comments upon it. For reasons best known to it/themselves, however, the Musicians Union blacks the video. (Scott is understandably upset)

This apart, though, the overall impression is one of a smooth, calculating operation marketing a smooth, calculating formula. Doesn't it all seem just a little ruthless?

"There's no masterplan as such: I'm just playing with certain systems and structures which already exist," explains Scott. "By that, of course, I mean the star system and the whole music industry — the song is about that to some degree. It's also about the punter's-eye view of it, the guy who's saturated with pop music and manipulated into buying it. It's really a self-fulfilling prophecy."

This is a medium which is completely saturated from one moment to the next, all day long. You just can't get away from it, and I find that a bit terrifying. I wanted to make that comment, no solution, just an observation. If it is the opiate of the masses, it should be recognised as such."

Scott's interest in such structures and systems (of control) seems to go back quite some way. An earlier venture, for instance, involved making "educational and experimental" broadcasts for Radio Three, one of which, Vocal Chords, dealt with the voice as an instrument of communication, illustrating how effectively its emotive properties can be utilised by commentators, singers, politicians, etc.

"Not that far a cry, really," he reckons, "from what I'm doing now."

Indeed, he openly admits that the ID cards the band wear, and the "M" logo itself, are "using another structure that's already there in people's minds," a structure in which such symbols are imbued with connotations of organisation, power, privilege, secrecy, campaigns, etc., hinting at the increasingly blurred interface of showbiz and politics, and bringing it all into a fictional situation.

"Like the one I'm in", he smiles, "which is totally fictional. S'funny, I've often thought that myself."

Gettin' rich offa... POP MUZIK



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SILVER SCREEN

The Kentucky Fried Movie

Directed by John Landis
Starring Evan Kim, David Zucker, Bill Bixby, Donald Sutherland and Henry Gibson.
(Alpha)

Kentucky Fried Movie was John Landis' warm-up for the awesome task of directing *Animal House*, and it's a basic guided tour around Gag City, USA.

Written by and featuring The Kentucky Fried Theatre (a bunch of young Yanks with nothing better to do than hunt yoks for a living), it's your basic video revue — parodies of movie trailers, talk shows, commercials, films, true-life dramas and such — and it bounces along at a pleasant easy pace that lets you know that Landis and authors Jerry Zucker, David Zucker and Jim Abrahams have confidence in their material. They don't need to bang you over the head with the jokes the way the old *Laugh-In* show did, so fast that you can't tell the good ones from the duffalos and the pace itself becomes the joke.

Instead, the screen becomes the joke. American humourists are so hung up about TV and movies that the easiest way for a Yank to satirise the entire fabric of their society is to take on television. The end result is something pretty much like a very long (83 minutes, cut from 90) and mildly dirty TV show.

No amount of expense and attention to detail has been spared in the struggle to



OOOOOF! Evan Kim demonstrates the little-known knacker-shot in *A Fistful Of Cobblers* from *Kentucky Fried Movie*. Bruce Lee is dead.

capture the exact degree of cheapness necessary to reproduce the full flavour of American visual media. Landis has even taken the trouble to dig out specific

types of film stock in order to mimic accurately the earliest attempts at colour TV, or the nasty effect you get when an old black and white programme is shown on

colour TV.

It would be doing you a disservice, O Adored One, to paraphrase or describe individual jokes. If *Silver Screen* was run by nasty

Kentucky Fried — no turkey

Silver Screen trots along to guffaw, or not, at three comedies

people instead of nice ones, we could methodically destroy at least a dozen big yoks for you. As it is, it's all ahead of you and behind us. Except.

A large chunk of *Kentucky Fried Movie* is taken up with a *Fistful Of Yen*, which is virtually a shot-by-shot parody of *Enter The Dragon* starring Evan Kim (a martial artist with a sensayuma, and you thought they didn't exist — Nyaahhhhh!) as Loo. It's plenty funny (the whole shebang is high on hahas, actually), but there might have been more mileage in taking on the genre for 'Jemmar' as most Americans pronounce it, barbarians that they are! rather than just one movie. Wisely, they've parodied martial arts movies rather than the martial arts, and Evan Kim could well become the next Burt Kwouk.

There's also non-racist use of blacks, non-sexist use of tits and — judging by the preview audiences — women laugh just as enthusiastically (if not quite as loudly) as men.

This film is funny. If laughing for 83 minutes is your idea of a good time, don't be no chicken. *The Kentucky Fried Movie* is a viable alternative to sitting at home worrying about the next government.

Charles Shaar Murray

Don's Party

Directed by Bruce Beresford
Starring Ray Barrett, Jeanie Drynam and Graeme Blundell
(Miracle)

In his home country, David Williamson is considered to be some kind of whizz-kid, analyst of the 'contemporary' Australian scene. So if *Don's Party* is in any way accurate — and some Aussie drongos I've met claim it is — then it's no wonder the Antipodean archetype provides such a rich vein of mirth and mickey-take for everyone from Monty Python to Spike Milligan and the pisshead comics in your local. They don't like us much, either.

Don's Party takes place on election night in 1969 when, for the first time in over 20 years, it seemed likely that the Liberal party would lose office. They didn't, and the 'Lefties' are left to drunkenly assault one another's personal foibles. Nasty.

Good Play For Today material, but hardly the stuff of which cinematic milestones are made. Most of the action (i.e. dialogue) takes place in Don's house — furniture neat and tidy, Che poster on the fridge etc — and around the pool at a barbecue. The men

GLENDA JACKSON

OLIVER REED



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WOOGPS! The boxed ears and bare boobs approach is favoured in *Aussies On The Job* — er, sorry, *Don's Party*. Carol Thatcher is in bed.

are anal retentive, the women cow-eyed and prone to vacuous chatter, and all seem to equate screwing around with emotional autonomy.

So the script isn't particularly scintillating — how does "I never knew university educated people could be so bloody uncouth" grab you? — although I quite like the quaint assertion by one of the 'dumb broads' "I don't think there's anything wrong with this discussion. I just think people should argue with people they agree with."

Bruce Beresford, veteran of the Bazza McKenzie flicks, directs with a solid competence — putting back Australian cinema five years in the process — but the performances he coaxes from the cast are irritatingly variable. Ray Barrett, the pock-marked old bugger from

The Troubadours, is an honourable exception.

If the point is that yesterday's radicals are tomorrow's conservatives, then it could've been made less painfully in a quarter of the time. Just like they do on TV, in fact.

Monty Smith

The End

Directed by Burt Reynolds
Starring Burt Reynolds
and Dom DeLuise
(United Artists)

The End is a black comedy that goes a little grey at the edges. Sonny Lawson (Burt Reynolds) finds he has a rare blood disease and a maximum of one year to live ("It's the same thing Ali McGraw had in *Love Story*, isn't it?"). Rather than waste

away in increasing pain, he decides to end it all himself. The first part of the film deals with a sequence of farewell encounters with friends and relations and evinces a good deal of urbane humour. "I hope you're staying this time, we never seem to talk," his mother says as she turns up the volume on the TV and settles down to watch a documentary on wild life.

And his last session of lovemaking with his girlfriend leaves Sonny distinctly peeved that she didn't come. "Are you sure you didn't reach orgasm without realising it?" he asks desperately. Then bitches "the least you could do is pretend to come for a dying man."

After his suicide attempt predictably fails, Sonny finds himself in a psychiatric hospital where he's befriended by an affable Polish psychopath (Dom DeLuise). The film shifts gear into good humoured, gruesome slapstick. Sonny makes several more ridiculous attempts to die aided by the bumbling DeLuise, and by the time he's decided he wants to live after all, DeLuise has decided to



YEEHAW! Burt Reynolds envisages *The End* as being an ongoing nasty prick sensation situation. Dom DeLuise is the one without the wig.

murder him as a favour.

Burt Reynolds directs and stars, undercutting his macho hero image with an assured performance as the engaging, cowardly Sonny who's so sensitive to pain — "even a haircut hurts me". Many of

the jokes are obvious, and they often lack any real bite, but they're done without fuss and occur with such frequency that regular chuckles are guaranteed.

If the film finally disappoints by wandering off into farce

and failing to deal with the questions it's raised, at least it cops out in a thoroughly amusing manner. But as a serio-comic exploration of Western attitudes to death.

The End is barely a beginning

Graham Lock

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SILVER SCREEN Contd.



DARK THEY WERE AND TEARFUL EYED

Madam Rosa

Directed by Moshe Mizrahi
Starring Simone Signoret
and Sammy Ben Youb
(Lira Films)

One of those wonderfully
warm and human films, every
frame of which positively
bulges with dark-eyed
orphans, dark-eyed doggies
... and dark-eyed whores
with hearts of gold.

People suffer and die with
stoic nobility and tear-jerking
dignity. Just in case you don't
get the point, a sobbing violin
oozes out of the sound track to

indicate such moments. Once
in a while, someone even
makes a brave joke. Golly,
doesn't adversity rilly bring
out the best in folk?

Laden with so much
'meaning', the film has little
use for a plot. Nearly all that
happens is Simone Signoret
fades gradually while the rest
of the film follows at a suitably
funereal pace proudly
displaying its good intentions.
Ms. Signoret plays a retired
prostitute, trying to eke out a
living by looking after the
children of her younger
colleagues, and her quiet
understanding of the role is the

film's one success.

The remainder is dreary,
laboured and irrevocably
liberal. A lot of 'points' are
made about the Arab/Israeli
situation, none of them
political. Racial conflict is bad,
violence is bad, and if only
everybody loved everybody
else ... why, the world
would be just like a big, cosy
house in the country.

Madame Rosa lacks any
kind of social analysis and
won an Oscar for the Best
Foreign Film of 1978. They
were probably hoping for the
Nobel Peace Prize.

Graham Lock



"Oh my God, that's my daughter."

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ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY

A Challenge For The '80s



It occurred to us that some people might even like to be rock photographers. So we asked celebrated lens person PENNIE SMITH for her views on the subject. The news is sort of good and sort of bad...

What is it?

It isn't a means of making a living, except in special instances, more of which later...

It isn't a very good method of seeing your fave band — you're too buried in taking the photo to pass the time of day.

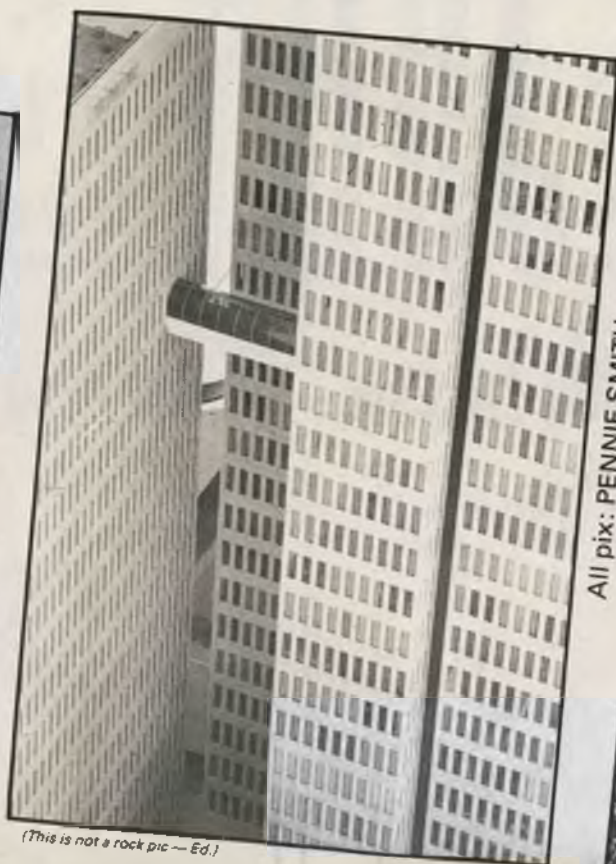
It is a good ruse for being paid to watch people, which is probably the reason I do it.

I don't know how it sprang up into being a 'newly created photographic job', but it is a fairly happy medium, a cross between 'real art' photography and journalistic photography.

Can you make a living at it?

Yes, but more probably no.

It is exceedingly badly paid, unless you work on the record company side i.e. album sleeves, publicity shots and the like. Newspaper rates are low compared with the price of film, printing paper etc. Therefore one gig photo will not pay your rent. I am in the enviable(?) position of being paid a retainer, plus I get regular cover shots and features (meanwhile keeping my independence). So yes, it can pay, but not usually.



(This is not a rock pic — Ed.)

All pix: PENNIE SMITH

Tools of the trade

Almost all cameras within the various price ranges are as good as each other. I use a Pentax but only because I always have done. In fact, it's only the second camera I've ever possessed. (The first died in my arms at a particularly important session). I generally use TRI X rated film at 400ASA for daylight, and at 1600ASA for gigs, developed in Acuspeed for 13 mins. I don't use a flash because I think it interferes with the musicians' playing, let alone their

eyesight. This can only give you a rough guide as each photographer has his pet method.

On passes and perks.

There are usually a set number of 'official' passes to any gig, which usually go to the nationals and rock press, but occasionally there are sufficient passes for real freelancers (especially for lesser known bands, of course). The only advantage in having a pass is that

you are not pestered by security so much, and that you get hit on the head by the scaffolding that clutters the pit.

Perks: you get a front row view, but you have to work, and generally you don't hear the band as you are too busy watching what's going on.

Odde and ends.

It's enjoyable (on occasions), very hard work. On Thursday last I had to leave Germany at 5.30 in the morning to do a session in London by 12.00 and then to do the Music Machine by 12.00 midnight, which may sound great but it plays havoc with your focus, in all senses of the word.

On supplying photos: if you have taken a photo you particularly like you could try selling it to the relevant record company, or if you are quick enough with a live photo you could try sending it round the music papers. I don't really know how you could go about getting a job as a photographer as I arrived on NME by default, (I didn't intend to be a photographer, and they certainly had enough of them at the time). I still don't know where I went wrong, but good luck anyway.



WIN A KODAK INSTANT CAMERA



If the glamorous, indolent (ho ho) life of the rock photographer appeals to you, here's a chance to make a start.

The Kodak company have kindly put five EK100 instant cameras, together with films, up for grabs to NME readers who show the most savvy in the following scientifically-designed aptitude test.

If you win you may not be any nearer being a rock photographer but at least you'll have a camera.

All you have to do is number the list of photographic attributes in order of importance. Like, if you think Attribute 'E' is the most important put a '1' in that box... and so on.

Finally, write in the space provided — in not more than 20 words — why you personally would like to be a rock photographer.

The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into. The competition is open only to NME readers living in Britain and Northern Ireland — excluding IPC Magazines employees and their families and the printers of NME and their families.

Entries must be received by not later than the first post on 19th May 1979.

Send to: NME PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1

In my opinion the attributes most needed by a rock photographer are (number in order of importance):

- A ☐ Skill at hustling free concert tickets.
- B ☐ Ability to capture informal expressions and personality on film.
- C ☐ Squinty eyes.
- D ☐ Flair for balanced composition of pictures.
- E ☐ Large biceps for fighting bouncers.
- F ☐ Eye for background trivia that gives atmosphere to picture.
- G ☐ Instinctive ability to omit illegal substances from background trivia.
- H ☐ Skill at capturing 'live gig' atmosphere.
- I ☐ Vivid imagination for staging gimmicky scenarios.
- J ☐ Muscular forefinger and long neck.

I would like to be a rock photographer because: (not more than 20 words)

I agree that the judges' decision is final.

NAME.....
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(Entries must be received by 19th May 1979)

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Debbie plucks her legs!

DEBORAH HARRY, formerly of Hawthorne, New Jersey, sits eating tuna salad from a little cardboard container with a little plastic fork. She scratches her neck and speaks.

"Sorry I'm late," she says. She gestures towards the tuna salad in vague defence. The tuna is silent.

"How old are you?" I ask.

"I'm not telling." She laughs. "Come on, I won't snitch." I have made three different bets around town that I could get her to reveal her age. I'll bet on anything. Even breads.

"No, I'm not telling." She doesn't laugh this time.

"Why not? You can't be that old. You still menstruate, don't you?"

It's a Mexican stand-off. Thirty bucks down the drain. Next question.

"Do you plan to still be rocking when you're 40?"

"I don't know. If I still have legs, I guess."

"Your legs. They're great. Do you shave them, or do you wax them?"

"Ugh? I pluck them. One hair at a time. I like the pain. I like the slow approach."

"Do you start from the ankle or the thigh?" Now we're talking.

"I work from the bottom up. It takes about a week for each leg."

"The ancient Romans were big on plucking. There's that great phrase from Persius, 'volvas loevia' — plucked smooth."

We speak for many minutes of legs and their lore. Each of us learns a great deal from the other. A mutual respect is born. In an atmosphere of great (albeit tuna-scented) ease, we pursue lesser matters.

"In a lot of stuff, like 'Rip Her To Shreds' and 'Just Go Away,' you come off pretty nasty. Do you think of yourself as a mean bitch?"

"No, I'm very nice to people. I mean, I have my bitchy side, but I don't think I'm really nasty. I think that a lot of other people probably think that I am. Fuck them."

"Do you get a lot of groupies?"

"Um. Yeah, well, I have a lot of fans. I don't have sex with them, though. I live with Chris, and we're working together constantly, so I don't fool around. So far, nobody's been overly aggressive."

"What sort of fans does Blondie attract? I saw a bunch of beatniks at one of your shows."

"We get everybody. Our favourite audiences are those that applaud or dance. I like noisy crowds. I like them to yell. Whatever age, I don't care."

"Do you like foreigners?"

"Oh, yeah. It's really great over there. The English are really traditional rockers, really wild. At least they are for us. They get up and go crazy. A constant strutting and leaping and swaying. The audiences here are generally tamer. We always get encores in the States. That's not the problem. It's the general attitude, the general response. Appreciation is expressed differently here."

"Nobody in America is a 40-year-old rocker. Except for Jerry Lee. There are middle-aged rockers in England. Forty-year-old guys with kids."

"Things take longer to catch on here. Everything is really spread-out and regional. I think the American people suffer from a lack of press. European press is very important. Here, television is what's important. Press makes more of an organised statement. The printed word is where it's at. Not some creep sitting on TV saying, 'Hi, there. Blah, blah, blah. Bye, there.'"

"American culture has no definition because TV has no awareness. I think that the future hope of TV lies in video cassettes."

"How come you don't have your own TV series? Blondes always do great on TV. Look at Suzanne Somers, or Hillary Brooke. Or how about movies? You could be in movies."

"I know. Yeah. A lot of our titles are stolen from movies. 'Kung Fu Girls,' 'Pretty Baby,' 'Heart Of Glass' 'The Attack Of The Giant Ants' sounds like a movie title, but it isn't. That was the movie with the giant ants."

"Our original title for 'Heart Of Glass' was 'The Disco Song', which



Pic: Chris Stein

was kind of stupid. Mike Chapman, the producer, suggested we use 'Heart Of Glass'. It's the title of a German movie. I've never seen it."

"There's no such movie." (Tell that to Werner Herzog — Ed.)

"Why would he lie to us?"

"The human mind has its mysteries. Why did Richard Speck kill eight nurses?"

We sit in silence and ponder the meaning of it all. The tuna salad is gone. Someday we, too, shall be gone. Our minds reel with revelation, and our lips curl slowly in wisdomful smiles. We know. Yes, no

matter how fleeting our time, we know. Our souls are seeds in the wind of a vast and loamless dark. And I have to go to the bathroom.

"Tell me about your new album." I ask, with piss on my fingers.

"On one side, we're gonna do a 30-minute disco extravaganza. And I met Gene Simmons the other day. He's gonna write us a scenario for the other side."

"No country songs?"

"Nah, I'll leave that to The Ramones. Besides, there are already too many female country singers. There's no room for me in country

music."

"Do you have housewife instincts?"

"I wouldn't mind being a mom. I already am a housewife, I guess. I vacuum once in a while."

"Don't wanna take pills and watch TV all day?"

"Oh, god, no. I think the top of my head might hit the ceiling."

"Do you like drugs?"

"Sometimes. I know it sounds crazy coming from somebody like me, but the most satisfying feeling I have is when I'm completely straight

and accomplishing something. The feeling of accomplishment is what I really like. What I really get off on. I think that love is better when you're straight, no matter what anybody says. Everything is better when you're straight, except fucking up."

"Lately, whenever I take anything, I regret it. But there have been times in my life when I really enjoyed taking dope. Right now I don't. I like what I do a lot. Dope is for when you're not satisfied with what you're doing. Drugs subtract. I'm talking about booze, too."

"What kind of birth control do you use?"

"Let's get back to music."

"For you, anything. In a lot of your stuff, especially early cuts like 'X Offender', I hear the influence of classic girl groups, like The Crystals. Is that really there?"

"That was definitely there. That was Richard Gottehrer, the producer. He put that on there. He felt that it would really make 'X Offender' work better. We didn't write that intro, he did."

"Do you feel any ties to music of that era?"

"Oh, yeah, sure. I don't really wanna wallow in nostalgia, but I can't help but acknowledge the fact that Ronnie Spector's voice and Fontella Bass's voice were great inspirations to me. I love them. That style of music isn't really what I wanna do now. I don't even know if I could do it well, really."

"Do you see yourself as an extension of those girls?"

"No, because, despite what a lot of people think, I wasn't that old to be thoroughly living that existence. Music back then didn't mean all that much to me. In the mid-'60s and late-'60s, music had much more impact on me. Hendrix, Cream, The Beatles, the Stones, Janis. All that stuff."

"How come everybody calls Blondie a new wave group?"

"Um, well, I don't know. We're a pop group. We feel that we're part of the new wave, but when it comes down to musical definitions, we're definitely a pop group. We always tried to be a pop group."

"Did you start writing when you were a kid?"

"I seriously started to write in '64, '65. Poems. They weren't very good. I used to write little stories. Creative writing classes."

"Where'd you go to school?"

"Hawthorne. I guess some people have fun in school, but I thought it was dull."

"Hawthorne is near Paterson, right?"

"Yeah. Both my grandmothers lived in Paterson."

"A lot of people don't believe that there is such a place. In the *London Times*, in 1965, there was a piece about William Carlos Williams's poem *Paterson*. They said that, 'Paterson is an imaginary town in New Jersey which Williams created as his symbol of America.' Thirteen miles outside Newark, and those limey intellectuals thought it was a myth."

"Paterson's a great fuckin' place. They're renovating a lot of the old buildings there. They're turning all those factories near the waterfall into SoHo-type lofts. Compared to Miami, where I was born, Paterson is a vision of paradise."

"Next time you pass through Newark, drop by my old man's bar."

"What's the name of it?"

"Nick's. Tell him you're a friend of mine. He'll give you a free glass of water."

"I'll do that."

"Deborah?"

"Yes, Rick."

"Nick."

"Say something deep."

"Deep. Let's see."

Deborah Harry reveals that she is intrigued by the subliminal effects that music has on people; that she thinks people should try to understand the psychic phenomena that exists within themselves; and that she is looking forward to taking space shuttles. In layman's terms, no less.

Far away, in the cold Atlantic, a spear pierces the lung of a tuna. Evening is upon us. We part.

● Reprinted courtesy of Cream

Plucky interviewer:



NICK TOSCHES

Debbie sees Nick Tosches's legs

PRINT

Four Faces Of Fame

FOUR FABULOUS FACES
Edited by Larry Carr
(Penguin £5.95)

Larry Carr has spent most of his life entertaining people in a rather mediocre manner, I think. Bit actor in film and theatre, TV and radio performer, "recording star", composer, pianist, arranger, record producer — you name it, he's done it. He now writes reviews in New York.

This book has the air of a spacious, attractive sideshow that no-one stops at because nothing's happening. Larry has picked the four film stars he considers the best of the nest and gathered numerous, mostly routine photos of them framed with slight biographies. The photographs just go on and on. A picture may paint a thousand words but a thousand pictures portray a writer who cannot paint with words, who cannot cope or be bothered with them.

The chosen ones are Gloria Swanson, Jean Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and, universal sigh, Greta Garbo. I daresay Swanson and Crawford would have made swell drinking buddies for a girl but Joan, it seems to me, was good only at being brash and lost her lovely looks very quickly, while Gloria must surely have been the most

unappealing scream symbol ever.

Dietrich and Garbo are the reasons to look at the book, and then to dislike it. Printing picture after picture of them just states and states the obvious — that Garbo was supremely beautiful, "The Face Of The Century" indeed, and that Dietrich was as sexy and gutsy as they come. C. H. Rand said of Dietrich that "You have only to look at her eyes to see that she has brains, and at her mouth to see that she has humour" (clever creature). The point is that by printing every photo he can lay his hands on, Larry Carr does these women a disservice, representing them as merely "Fabulous Faces", being fascinating for the features that sit on the outside of their skin while possessing no interesting features on the inside. You just look and look until focusing becomes and end in itself.

Though beautiful movie stars often have lively and intelligent personalities, these are always bypassed in favour of their figures. Marlene Dietrich in particular is an admirable woman. She gave massive amounts of money to organisations which shipped Jews out of pre-War Germany (and was stripped of her German citizenship because of it) and considered her three

years of work for USO, the Allied troops entertainment organisation, "the only important thing I have ever done". This facet of her intelligent personality is well served in Sheridan Morley's *Dietrich* (published by Elm Tree Books, £2.75), which also carries some photographs far superior to the ones touted here.

Garbo, on the other hand, is prevented from being one-dimensional only by her huge eccentricities (hardly a hint of them here — try Norman Zierold's *Garbo* published by W.H. Allen). But all terminal goddesses are one-dimensional really, aren't they? Just think of Aphrodite, or the Madonna — they hardly bubble over with lovable little personal traits and opinions. Garbo was just it; one of the greatest things about her is that she *never* made a comeback.

They were simple girls with soul whom history, lipstick and Svengalis turned into something about as massive as a woman can be. Their faces render this book slightly enticing, but I just begrudge a beauty such as Garbo's and a personality such as Dietrich's being used to lie useless on a coffee table. All they are saying is "I cost £5.95; people who can afford to use me as an ornament have arrived".

Julie Burchill



Greta Garbo



Joan Crawford



Marlene Dietrich



Gloria Swanson



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LOVEDRIVE.**

ALBUM FEATURES
MICHAEL SCHENKER



on Harvest
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DESPITE THE fact that the people immediately around Negent make it difficult for us to get close to him, he himself is ever ready to talk and make sure everything's OK.

"Aren't they beautiful?" he sighs. It's difficult to disagree with him. I ask about moral guidelines.

"I hope they will be responsive to my guidance, but morality at five and two is, um, rather distant. As far as my reigning

consequently to pussy. I just consider it a fantastic form of recreation and an honest, legitimate, proper and righteous form of communication and relationship to have with the opposite sex. AAN having 100% male isn't any different from one on one, a kind of

Aah, all in the guidance of my Christian
 goes! I believe I have a fantastic and
 ultimately righteous concept of what is right
 and what is wrong and good and bad, with
 undoubted attitudes coming right down to

"As far as the application of morality to my children as regards sex itself, my son should be told that we don't speak of anything

Nugent can't get through to his children and is angry and troubled. But he doesn't

CAR JOURNEY NUMBER THREE

NUGENT CLIMBS into the driving seat of the Mercedes again, and we take off for the actual gig. By now it's obvious he isn't the stubborn, condescending lunatic

He expected it is just that he believes faithfully and religiously in his self-created world, that he's somewhat shady outside of that, and that no one attempts any serious, persistent disagreement. His own occasional complaints are grounded

Darkness has fallen, and Hugen skillfully speeds the car down until roads I wonder if he ever thinks about influence or

"I consider it, but I don't dwell on it," he softly decides. "and I don't think that I am inspiring anything detrimental. I realize the music's intensity and gross uninhibitedness does cause some negative forms of

uninhibitedness. In liquor intake or in some instances manifestations of violence... but I surely don't want anyone to get hurt, I don't want anyone to cause damage and I don't think I misgave that.

think that I'm generally known about my attitude towards drugs and liquor, that I don't do them, but I don't impress that that's because I gag on liquor, I can't stand the taste. I put my guts out of myself the

"I always want my level of awareness to be optimum, y'know whether it's playing guitar or driving like this."

"I've seen so many good people just nosedive into the gutter because of drugs. Do you ever get oriented, I ask on impulse. If I'd have made the army we wouldn't

Nugent shoots back, "cos I would have won it in a year. I had a serious and fantastic career and I wasn't gonna go and play soldiers and waste my incredible talents. So, got out. It was easy. Look what those people

None of this 'intelligence' comes through in your article.

from my music. I seriously doubt that my intelligence has ever surfaced. Except for acknowledgement of certain worldly facts I keep my intelligence for sustaining what I do. Intelligence coupled with sheer

Are you surprised at what you get away with?

'No I'm amazed, but it doesn't surprise me I expect it. A lot of people are real quick to point the finger at me and call me hypocritical.

Who does he think he is? To them I say
EAT MUCHO FUCK! Because... HAHAHAA
... because I have unquestionably got a grip

Continues over

TED NUGENT is not part of the New Wave. **PAUL MORLEY** is part of the New Wave. See Paul gag on a large portion of buffalo meat. **PENNIE SMITH** did, and took pictures.

CAR JOURNEY NUMBER ONE

ME AND PENNIE'S much have been working at the Holiday Inn, 16 miles outside Stuttgart, for an afternoon. Ted Nugent and aides arrive from England just before five. The day before Nugent had flown into England from America on Concorde, a flight the rich man in him will

.....

in the charge of that area. That's a great song. The guy's voice? And that snare drum.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! I love it! I'm gonna hire that guy so that he can chop firewood for me this year. He'll earn a lot more money than he is now. A great little tune. In fact, I wrote a song called "Ebony" last week that's kind of like that, only much better." Obviously, "He made me smile."

1000

off about now big I was going to be Yeah, I
knew it all along I told my mum and dad

When I was watching The Nelsons's, Rick Nelson, back in '56. That, yes, that is what I am going to do man. My dad used to make me write out what I would like to be when I grew up, when I was seven or eight, and there was no such thing as a rock'n'roll star back then, so I used to write folk hero, or a cowboy back in fiction man."

100

divorce. I wasn't careful what I said. I wasn't careful what I exposed to the

Interviewer: I have a feeling -- and a lot of
the time I have my foot in my mouth and I
am the first to agree that -- But I have an
impulsive statement to make. I am not going
to sit there and go [wings] maybe I'm not
right. I'll just say it.
Nothing is so important, conclusive,
whether it's said or done, that it can haunt

100

'No, I'm amazed, but it doesn't surprise me. I expect it. A lot of people are real quick

Who does he think he is? To them I say
EAT MUCHO PUCK! Because... HAHAHASHA
because I have unquestionably got a grip

Continues over

NUGENT GOES ON

■ From previous page

on things. I have just got a grip on things period. The Nuge is under control. It's as simple as that.

Do you get complacent?
"SHIT!! DO I GET COMPLACENT!! My dick is so hard it hurts my navel constantly. I am ready." Nugent shakes his mane, and there's a fire in his eyes. "Complacency was scratched out of my Webster's long ago. I am ... I get relaxed. Complacent? Sorry, unavailable to me. No way. Fucking A. Ever tried fucking with a soft one? Can't do it. Paul. Since I have become single my intensity has multiplied ...

"I took a breath at the end of '78 because I was in such pain. I was running on auxiliary power in '78. I was only able to rock ass in '78 because it is inherent to my nature, my belief and my attitude.

"Every night I cried before I went onstage but I still kicked ass when I got out there. 'Cos I was really in the pits in '78. I have never experienced that. I just remember crying every night. But once I got out on that stage, the sanctuary of rock'n'roll. Phew! Put that dick up in the air, boy. Whereas now I am inspired by my relationships with all the different girls. There's nothing like a good piece of ass to inspire rock'n'roll."

AFTER the show I stroll into the tuning-up room searching for a drink. And Nugent is in there, sat upright, politely talking with two young German females and a bearded local teacher — who has brought along a coach load of teenagers to the concert and now has them safely tucked up in bed in a nearby hostel.

Nugent is attempting to learn some German words, not to get the girls in bed. The trio soon leave, and he quietly but not wearily asks me what I thought of the gig. I think of more numbing guitar solos than I ever thought possible, leaping over amps, appalling melodramas, posing, posing, pummelling, pummelling ... with much effort I manage to make a circle out of my thumb and index finger and shake it his way.

He hums.
"It was a typical first night," he reflects. It was a nightmare, I think.

So what does he want people walking away from A Ted Nugent concert to feel?
"I want them to feel that that was the greatest rock'n'roll that they've ever felt in their lives."

There's an unusual commitment in what he says.

"That's what I want them to go away feeling. And that I'm the best mother of a quiterst on earth. And that it's more fun to go to Ted Nugent concert than anything else in the world. That's what I want them to think."

The way Nugent boasts about the critical elements in his music he should make a rock'n'roll that at the very least falls somewhere between Mott The Hoople and The Angelic Upstarts. Unprofound, simplistic, but chaotic and dynamic, music that starts at the very top and hurtles.

He talks convincingly about thrust, uninhibitedness, spontaneity, drive, but to me his music is an excruciating, streamlined and gleaming hangover of banal heavy metal bluster, blotted of all edge by the years and whatever else.

I don't want to talk about Ted Nugent as musician. He has perfected his science as neatly as Fleetwood Mac, Wings, Supertramp, and is as far as Neil Sedaka from the ethics of even the traditional rock'n'roll he enthusiastically expounds.

This is both sad and disgraceful. But for Ted Nugent, in his world, what he does is the real rock'n'roll. And people love it. Is it me? No. I am right. I live in the real world.

Sometimes, so does Ted Nugent. Just after midnight the six German fans are herded with difficulty out of the bright dressing room.

"Bring some girls next time" Nugent shouts after them.

"Yal Yal!" come back nervous affirmations. Nugent is now dressed in street clothes: jeans, shirt, strong boots. He's sat cross legged next to me on a wooden bench, vigorously chewing gum. There's silence for a while.

"What time is it?"

Midnight.

"That makes it six in Detroit. I could still call the kids."

I ask Nugent if he still loves his wife.

"No. Not at all. I'm sure that it's a defence mechanism. I'm sure it's almost fake. And I really don't want to dig down deep enough to find out if I do or not. Because I have gone through so much painful agony. I don't even want to think about it. She treated me so horribly I can honestly say that I hate her ass ... y'know ... I don't know if I do but it's what comes out."

FOR THE NEXT ten minutes Nugent desperately attempts to impartially discuss and discover the cause of his wife's disillusionment with him; naively, bravely, with chronic disbelief, he relates how well he treated her, throws up numerous motivations as to why she left him but perhaps missing out on the true reasons, perhaps missing out on the true reasons.

After a gritty discourse on the impossibility of monogamy I observe that the feelings surfacing in the conversation are totally distinct from the clumsy and coarse reputation.

He allows himself a wry smile. "Oh yeah. But that's because the press wants to flash on my biting people's tits off and stuff like that, which I do relish in saying, sure. Those who are close to me can get off on it but they know it's nonsense."

That's what sells the music.

"Okay ... I don't think so ... I think the music sells the music. But it's fun to read about, y'know, taking a nail and hammer and nailing people's dogs to doors."

"I am out to live the spectrum of feelings ... I don't know if it was good for me or not to experience the pain I felt last year, but overall I think it was better for me to have experienced than for me not to."

"Because I always figured I was strong just to have kept going as long as I did without the success, with some of the bullshit I had to wade through. But if I thought I was strong before last year, now I know I'm strong. Because what I have just gone through makes everything else look silly."

"I had nights when I would just cry ALL NIGHT. No sleep, nothing, it was RIDICULOUS. Then I got to a point when I was going, what are you doing, asshole. It's over! That is it. So what's next y'know ...

"I had one cocked one night, and I was ready to blow my brains out, and I looked at it and I thought, you stupid fucker. What about Sasha and Toby? Haughed, cried, laughed, and I just thought, Nugent, you're a prick. Who do you think you are! Especially with my regard for firearms. What an INSIPID gesture."

Despite the fact that you're obviously sensitive and complex, your albums have all made similar blunt and irrelevant statements.

"Absolutely. Absolutely."

Don't you feel inhibited by that?

"Not at all. Because that's rock'n'roll. I certainly have no intentions to expose my innermost soul to people. If in the practice of my normal pursuits my inner soul is exposed, then that's fine — but it's hardly a major reason for concern."

But as a musician surely it is a concern to expose your soul, share experience.

Nugent chews his gum more rapidly.
"Yeah, but I'm an individual involved with things immediately around me and with people immediately around me. I think that it's insane to think that any purpose is to be served by exposing my soul to the world, my beliefs, my principles, my troubles. It would be basically inconsequential to the world. It is of no consequence."

But what you do now is of even less consequence.

"No it's not. The intensity of music cannot really be discussed in the same breath as my personal attitudes."

"I think that without rock'n'roll the crime rate would soar. There's a lot of quote rock'n'roll unquote that people have probably jumped on and learned things from. I don't think people are going to learn anything from my rock'n'roll."

"Maybe some people will listen to 'Great White Buffalo' and realise that you can't market animals and expect them to be around for ever, but I don't think so. I think they listen to 'Great White Buffalo' and they listen to the guitar riff. I don't think a whole lot of people sit down and contemplate my lyrics. 'Oh, I don't know where they come from/But they sure do come/I hope they're coming for me/Cat Scratch Fever' ... I don't think that it is of too much consequence."

"Wang dang what a sweet poolin' tang/You shakin' my thang like a wang dang a dang. HAHAAHAHA ... That's great if you want to screw a lot, which everybody should, but I don't really think it's a major force in the moulding of the consciousness of the young people of America!"

AS WE GET ready to drive back to the hotel, I ask Nugent if he believes in reincarnation and what he would like to come back as. He shakes his head in disgust.

"I refuse to answer that, it's just stupid. If there's one thing that I don't believe in then it's that. But if we were working for Walt Disney and I had that opportunity I'd rather come back myself, 'cos this is as cool as shit. There can't be anything better than this."

Even after the last year?

"The last year is only one year, man. I have a hundred to choose from. The way I look at it is this. With the incredible positives that I have experienced in my life, who am I to bitch about one negative. I mean, come on Nuge, keep the chin up! The great things that I am able to experience in this life ... and someone says I shouldn't have a little pain. Fuck me! Live it up."

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15th	F. Club Brannigans, Leeds
18th	JB's, Dudley
19th	Dingwalls, London
26th	Bradford College
31st	Russells Club, Manchester
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STATUS QUO





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 *Thu 10th May WEMBLEY
 *Fri 11th May WEMBLEY
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 Tue 15th May NEWCASTLE City Hall
 Wed 16th May NEWCASTLE City Hall
 Thu 17th May NEWCASTLE City Hall
 Fri 18th May NEWCASTLE City Hall
 Sat 19th May BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall
 Mon 21st May CARLISLE Market Hall
 Wed 23rd May EDINBURGH Odeon
 Thu 24th May EDINBURGH Odeon
 Fri 25th May EDINBURGH Odeon
 Sat 26th May EDINBURGH Odeon
 Sun 27th May GLASGOW Apollo

SOLD OUT
 SOLD OUT

Mon 28th May GLASGOW Apollo
 Tue 29th May GLASGOW Apollo
 Thu 31st May BLACKPOOL Opera House
 Fri 1st June BLACKPOOL Opera House
 Tue 5th June SHEFFIELD City Hall
 Wed 6th June SHEFFIELD City Hall
 Sat 9th June MANCHESTER Apollo
 Sun 10th June MANCHESTER Apollo
 Mon 11th June MANCHESTER Apollo
 Tue 12th June MANCHESTER Apollo
 Wed 13th June CARDIFF Sophia Gardens
 Thu 14th June CARDIFF Sophia Gardens
 Fri 16th June PORT TALBOT Avon Lido
 Wed 20th June SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
 Thu 21st June SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont

SORRY LIVERPOOL, BUT WE DID TRY!

**THE DAY AFTER
YOU DON'T BOTHER
TO VOTE
WILL BE THE
FIRST DAY OF A
TORY GOVERNMENT.**

Vote Labour on Thursday.

PATTI SMITH GROUP
Wave (Arista)

"I wasn't exactly a dream date in high school... that's why I got into Rimbaud."

Is there life after high school, rebelettes? Some American girl wrote a book awhile back wherein she came to the conclusion that people who had a rotten adolescence spent the rest of their lives subconsciously trying to live down, shake off or reverse how things had been then. She said that although misfits may well become more ambitious than their socially-sane brethren, and in turn more successful, they would never really get over their personal problems and would most likely use their professional well-doing as a filler, a cover-up.

It sounds trite and unkind, but a lot of Patti Smith's problems stem from looks and youth being conspicuous in their absence. Lots of girls these days start off wanting to be vague 'artists' and settle for being an artiste's mistress, usually through a combination of laziness and prettiness; Patti Smith is obsessed with the artiste's mistress syndrome (she has said in the past that she would like to be the mistress of God and Jesus Christ, among others; she has written songs and poems for Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Modigliani's mistresses; she has often shown off about her own boyfriends, such as informing her 1976 Hammersmith audience that she was "a genuine star-fucker" — because she happened to be kipping down with Allan Lanier at the time. Odd logic, I thought) and has done her best to become one.

However, through a combination of ugliness and energy, her repressions became channelled into brief genius and got the better of her: 'Horses'. So the wall-flower settled for professional success while still taking every opportunity to remind us that she too could get boys in bands, dragging Lanier and Verlaine into every enterprise she undertook.

I believe 'art' is little more than a substitute for Patti Smith. That's why she's so insistent and aggressive about being an 'artiste'. I believe she has more problems than any other rock singer in the world — Bryan Ferry, Ron Mael, the lot.

A Russian poet (good Lord, you see the effect Patti Smith has on me? I immediately fall back on to my pretentious literary frame of reference) once wrote that if one woman told the truth about herself, the world would stop still, or catch fire, or something. I think this is why 'Horses' was so great, and such a shock (admittedly Laura Nyro had dealt in the same dynamic dirt before, but it was viewed through the shot silk covering the lens). But how many times can you reveal yourself to the world? After the easy iconoclasm of 'Horses', the cursing of 'Radio Ethiopia' and the stupid use of "nigger" (an important point, which I'll bore you with later, if I may) on 'Easter' just seemed cheap. From the opening of the heart to the opening of the raincoat; from Saviour to feeble old flasher: "Look what I'm gonna shock your Mom with this time!"

'Radio Ethiopia' was a smug album, the indulgence of a vain vandal just given the freedom of the cerebral city. Smith had just stumbled on ridiculously linked images of war, art and sex, and was awed by her own insight. There were two good songs on it. Me, I loved it.

I must declare my interest and my bitterness here, or this review is unfair. I thought everything Patti Smith did was... oh, amazing, unbelievable, incredible, bluish bluish. My critical faculties were one long sigh as far as she was concerned. I

ALBUMS



The crook is Christ's, of course...

Pattipic: Alan Wild

Patti Don't Wash Here Anymore

(JULIE BURCHILL Provides The Persil)

was a real pigeon.

But Charlie Murray (who gave Patti Lee the press that was largely responsible for British interest) was just past the three monkeys stage that all Smith fans entered, and that some still drift into (you know the three monkey statuette — one has his paws over his eyes, one over his ears, one over his mouth). He had spoken to her for a long time, just around when 'Radio Ethiopia' had come out, and she had acted like the biggest pig-slob in the world. I know — I heard the tape and I just thought, "Oh, it's only Patti's little way". Truly, you would not take that kind of talk from your father without punching him.

Mr Murray said that he had thought she was a different kind of rock star, but she wasn't. In only one way was she different from all the monsters before her. Instead of having her own individual virtues and vices, she seemed to have studied all the faults of rock stars gone by and packed them up into one nest, nasty little personality. I didn't believe him; today his statement is about the most basic home-truth ever told about her.

Second root of Smith's evil: singers have always stolen mannerisms from past singers, but rarely have the gestures been other than musical. They have not tried to compose themselves of other people's postures, attitudes and beliefs. Generation X are the only other people I can think of, but Smith is the supreme persona-poaching table-hopper. When the management asks her politely to turn back to her own table, it turns out she doesn't have one. I see a Rock Dream of her opening a closet and inside, neatly folded, hang the skins of Jim Morrison, Bob Dylan,

Jimi Hendrix, Keith Richards, etc. Her story is that of the Emperor's New Clothes in reverse. Patti has the gear, but there's nothing inside it.

Something happened — like all rude awakenings it was harsh yet hazy. I just know I stopped liking her sometime between the broken neck and 'Easter'. I think her big mouth and the revival of political violence in the real world had a lot to do with it. With the tension that the growth of fanatic ideologies promoted in England, babble about guitar-guns and artistic war (which Smith was rambling on about at greater and greater length while on morphine waiting for her neck to heal seemed — well, not disgusting but very naive, very American cocoon. English bands sang about violence too, but as something real and ugly, to be avoided unless a point of honour or justice was involved.

Patti Smith seemed to see violence as a composition of light and shade, something to be tortured and eulogized, something to use as a cheap metaphor. A machine gun was, ah, a guitar, and — oh yes — a nigger was a rebel. Nigger, nigger, nigger: Patti thought that sounded really neat. By no means the Black Man's Friend, finding as I do the current espousment of all things Rastafarian rather pathetic. I thought it was very cheap indeed.

Her talk around this time also revealed that she basically had very Heavy Metal ideals. She had started to celebrate war, death, apocalypse, being irretrievably "messed up", being on "the road", according to Patti, "harder work than being in the Army". Ha bloody ha, which war did you have in mind, dear? First World, Second World,

Vietnam? All these things had her full approval. If she were a man, she would have led Rush.

At the end of the world-wanking came the soundtrack of the decline. From the demented, doped bratnik of 'Ethiopia', Smith had attempted to re-invent herself into the disciplined, honourable outlaw. People's Choice, Cain as Crusader. On 'Easter' she seemed to imagine that falling off a stage and sustaining injuries practically made one Patton (at last we know what Patti is short for!). She was rising to lead her nigger army on to on to... well, away from straightville, anyhow.

"Outside of society, that's where I wanna be!"

No, no, I think I misheard. The lyrics must have been "Inside of a K-Tel sleeve, that's where I wanna be!" Because that's where she led her disciples to, with a Bruce Springsteen tune to which she wrote sloppy lyrics and with which she conquered the charts. Though it made her money, it complicated her condition, made her just that tiny bit more lacking. Patti posed in garters on the sleeve of 'Privilege', but the public couldn't have cared less.

Her second scorned single since the hit will be 'Frederick', taken from her new album 'Wave'. I am appalled by 'Wave'. I had not written about Patti Smith since over two years ago, when I was crazy about her. I put off listening to 'Wave' for as long as I could on the day I acquired it and then, under the night's Dracula-coloured cloak (psyching myself up into Smithpeak, see!), I played it.

I just laughed miserably for hours. I had not been so sad on behalf of a rock star since Jerry ledged Bryan — where are you heading, sweetheart, the mousewife market or the

Mogodon market? Is this the blandest record in the world? Even old Todd's lack of talent in the production line can't be blamed.

Still the laughably tenuous links between Europe, death, sex (not much here, actually, more tepid romance), war, America and Being Creative. You really have to listen now, though, to register even the gross, this record is so invisible. From sex to the shushiest of love songs.

This is a disgusting spectacle redolent of Al Stewart auditioning for F. Mac with words like "Frederick / Name of love / Fast asleep / Guardian angels up above / Shed your light / On the one I love".

All this palpitating Cartland corn over the likes of Fred "Fat Boy" Smith, too! It's like writing a love song to Bully Bunter or someone. This is the same babe who seduced innocent ears with the life-affirming, tug-of-love lust of 'Gloria', a little lifetime ago? Actually, things Patti Smith has written about girls has always been rather affectingly sexy, whereas her declarations of intent to men have tended towards the mawkish. It is because when she writes about her dealings with men, she really tries to be some jerk's idea of a totally feminine woman, right down to the virgin white party dress and absurd doves she totes on this sleeve. The only sleeve she was ever cute on was 'Horses' when she — well, let's not mince words — looked like the winner of the international "Dyke You'd Most Like To Take Home" contest. Her attempts at femininity look like parodies, like drag without the padding.

But 'So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star', very cunningly laying in wait for one as second side opener, is hurtful to disappointed fans like me; it made me feel quite guilty, as though it was my duty to have blind faith in her or something equally sacrificial. It's the nearest Patti Lee gets to breaking one's hard heart. It's dynamic, what with "And in a week or two / If you make the chart / The girls'll tear you apart", it's better than anything on 'Easter'. But it isn't her writing, is it? It's her harping on old, exploited sentiment, memories are made of that.

Fancy being given your current moment of glory by the Byrds (I hate the Byrds, they sing like old men, you can practically hear their vocal chords falling out), but I love it even while I laugh at the lines that beg to be laughed at ("Sell your soul to the company"). People who moan about their companies wanting too much are people who can't deliver to their own satisfaction, let alone anyone else's. A bad workman, Patti, always blames his tools.

The only bearable songs of hers here is "Revenge", a nasty, nasty, snaky little song — probably about Allen "Little Man" Lanier — a heavy, heady, bluesy song and a product of a sickened mind. The rest are quiet, slow, shallow, would-be weird little droppings. Patti pokes listlessly about amongst her work like a one-winged sparrow in a ravine. She shuffles her weird trademark this way and that, she seems to have at last discovered her niche, she seems to be an irretrievable cliché, a fully-fledged garbage dump or clearing house for the boringly esoteric. Debbie Harry's sexiness, Lane Lovich's wackiness, both are certainly manipulated and aimed, but Smith's pouncing upon any French berk (dead berk or guitar-toting berk and attempted canonization of same) is just as predictable and safe, and not half as entertaining.

The gross majority of the record — the embarrassing mantras, the near-monologues semi-mated with would-be improvised instrument-banging, the sluggish, shuffling, stifling slowness of the whole project — make me wonder if there is actually a section of the rock market that this will appeal to apart from her herd-core, of course, who would give a year's wages for an EP of their girl splashing in the bath-tub. There was a time when I might have. You can go off people though and, if I did, why can't everyone else?

And, as Patti accuses her way through 'So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star', she sounds as angry and stiff upper-lipped as every deserted mother in the world, a bitter index finger jabbing out every word. "After all I've done for you!", the finger mutters, gloating over all the invented wrong that's been done to it. I find it fascinating and unfathomable, the hurt feelings and disgust with which Patti Smith — who loves rock and roll so savagely, we are told, whose highest honour is to carry on the art form that her childhood heroes bid her with — seems to regard her contribution to youth, and her treatment at the hands of those undeserving. I thought Patti Smith had got what she wanted, but she is obviously a very disappointed person.

She has babbled and jived herself into a corner where two mirrors meet and seems set to stand there examining herself for the rest of her career, waiting for that one saving grace from Brian Jones or whoever with which she can revive and complete her wrong'd personality. Waiting for that one new twist, that one breathtaking new insight into God, or War, or Art. Wishing she could be like Stevie Nicks.

Maybe when your hair's cut right and your pants fit tight — maybe them it'll be all right...

Julie Burchill



ON TOUR WITH
THE JAM

mam

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THE CLOCK RECORDS

POPOL VUH

Nosferatu (Egg)

Popol Vuh's extended title for this soundtrack to Werner Herzog's re-make of *Nosferatu* is 'On The Way To A Little Way'. That says a lot for their painstaking approach to composition and performance, but it belies the strides their beautifully realised works actually make.

Popol Vuh are, of course, a German band. They are not a Germanic band per se, although their leader and spiritual guide Florian Fricke appears to resemble arch-Tycoon Klaus Kinski in his role as Aguirre. Like Kinski the God-defier there, and Kinski the Godforsaken here, Fricke seems frequently capable of constructing pieces that apostasise.

Fricke and his accomplices, principally guitarist Daniel Fichelscher (former percussionist with Amon Duul 2) and a sitarist (Alois Gramer?), have preferred recently to aspire to classical status. Tempos and settings for Herzog backdrops assume alternatively grand proportions and distortions; fragments recur like 'Mantra', then become chants, chorales and sinuous hymns.

Up on the screen Herzog questions moral formalities with Nietzschean fervour but debunks them like Heine. Fricke for his part echoes the cellulosid with eerie floating sound, music fit for cathedrals in Ankara, Delhi and Hanover.

Fricke's music is most influenced by Indian folk, itself a classical strain. In Popol Vuh's hands the forms are moulded and subtly added to. Fichelscher's 'Morning Sun Rays' continues in a pattern, his electric fingerwork for 'To A Little Way' (co-written by Fricke and Ted de Jong) only pulls out the faintest scent of rock as we know it, but it's not accidental.

Indeed the Oriental flavours Fricke pours over Herzog's metaphysical images are ingeniously chosen, the atmosphere developing a complete state of drowsy euphoria on passages like 'Venus Principle' and 'Zwiesprache der Rohrfloete mit der Saengerin'; this ambience ends as suddenly as it started. Fricke understands the Eastern habit of not reaching final conclusions. The overall sensation with Popol Vuh is that something is



Wayne C: Never so bravely new

Pic: Gervaise Soeurouge

WAYNE COUNTY AND THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS

Things Your Mother Never Told You (Safari)

Thrashing suspicions against all considered expectations, this is a mobile and intimidating masterpiece. Ten fluid and flickering enactments of creepy, seeping perversion, pollution, vengeance and temptation from a bleak treacherous world County has offered few previous glimpses of. Few

rock people have created such a vivid, complete and alien atmosphere within the space of one long player. 'Things Your Mother Never Told You' uses its confines almost as if it is setting up walls. It is a nightmare: thick, darkly colourful and taunting.

The record violates the droll, diverting things you've come to expect from Wayne County and confirms all the flirtatious dilletantism of David Cunningham, which doesn't harm anything.

Cunningham, the hungry man's Brian Eno, you will remember from Flying Lizards, a tip of the endeavour; he produces this album with a sympathetic ruthlessness that does wonders and more than anything else helps drag County's world into full view. And County's world is worth investigating.

Wayne County, let's just say it, no longer hangs on a cheap thread having nothing much to do with anything. No longer

being achieved beyond the confines of these pages.

As for Fricke, he's as enigmatic as Kaspar Hauser — him and the other Nietzsche make the best soundtracks on the market. He could play with Bach or he could play with Mickey Hart, he's a music master. Some more Gammarock for the time capsule.

Max Bell

MILLIE JACKSON

A Moment's Pleasure (Spring)

The mixture much as before: a phrase that has a derogatory ring about it, implying formulaization, uninspired reliance on the tried and tested, that dreaded quality, consistency. As if we all have to be constantly smashing through the barriers of the

unknown to maintain credibility.

Not if we got it right in the first place, we don't. Not until changing times threaten us with redundancy.

Millie Jackson found the perfect vehicle for her particular personality and talents with 'Caught Up' in 1974 and has been performing variations on the theme ever since. I don't know whether the subsequent changes in musical fashion have greatly affected her commercial or financial status. I do know that artistically and musically she is still as incomparably exciting as she was five and more years ago. When I say that the mixture on 'A Moment's Pleasure' is much as before it's meant as a great big mutha-hugging compliment.

Produced, as usual, by Millie and Brad Shapiro; recorded, as usual, down in sultry Muscle Shoals and assorted re-mix studios; accompanied, as usual, by sympathetic Southern session men, the female trio Brandy and sensitive orchestral over-dubs — Millie restates her ambiguous role as liberated woman with certain traditional values via a typical track breakdown of one re-interpretation of a recent hit (Chinnicap/Exile's 'Kiss You All Over'), one Benny 'When is the world at large going to belatedly discover this man?' Latimore song ('We Got To Hit It Off Before We Can Get It On') and a balance of co-written tracks and songs contributed by close associates.

Each track is segued into the next beneath a linking rap emphasising the thematic scope of the songs which, of course, is that perennial question of balance twixt sexual and emotional satisfaction. This time Millie starts off conservatively advising 'Never Change Lovers in the Middle Of The Night', suffers a period of

Another Grey World

is merely (merely!) a persevering champion of real and imagined rock'n'roll myths or a strenuous and sentimental entertainer. This album positively retains the warped fantasising and the chocolate-dipped delight in concentrating on uncomfortable and unsavoury themes, but sees a wholly definite slip from slimy satirist to artist with no warts showing. Gone is the pastiche and plastic pain and pleasure.

County restrains from slipping into musty, overtly autobiographical strokes, but there are plenty of implications coming from *The Sex Change*. Indeed, this world is shaped by the tensions and wobbles of the change. But you have to search. County also grapples with the crucial problem of form. The old, lightly enjoyable, imitative rock'n'roll could have been a barrier that stopped many people from drifting into this peculiarly satisfying, ugly and guiltless world — which would have been a shame. Cunningham is introduced to match atmosphere more perty with intention. His projection and involvement is thoughtful and successful.

The record is split down the middle, 'Us' and 'Them'. Side Us is closer to what is expected. Hard rock, but a lot more pliable and subtle than first listens indicate. 'Wonder Woman' opens, a little cheap, a brah new self-mocking anthem liberally quoting lines from Beatles, Velvets and Stones standards, the only hint on the record of the old

one-dimensional celebrations. After that four of the best songs County has written (or parodied): 'Wall City Girl', 'Boy With The Stolen Face', 'Un-Con-Troll-Able', and the title track.

County's catchie boogie is ingeniously redefined, Cunningham softening and corrugating the rock, solidly emphasising flourish and, most noticeably, insistence, dealing with surprise. County's vocals deliver the decadent and menacing superbly. Side Us deals with the eccentric.

Side Them deals with the macabre, and is a shock. Cunningham squashes and squeezes County's songs into thin, meandering textures and pulses. County's vocals are moulded out of recognition or adopt exaggerated Dietrich-Devoto leers. The side shifts and wafts impressionistically and disturbingly, it subscribes elegantly to the suppressed panic of the songs.

Cunningham splices in electronics, chops and chips the instruments, keeps a beat and never loses control. Only once is his meddling more obvious than the Chairs contribution, on the final piece 'Think Straight'. But it's a suitably fatalistic conclusion.

Wayne County is not good-time anymore, and is something more than just to have around. This record is provocative and intriguing. Explore this world of strange shapes and odd lumps of degradation and delinquency, of crooked grins and deformed limbs.

Paul Morley

loneliness, during which she scouts around a disco for a pick-up, and ends up with a new man, confidently asserting that "Once You've Had It", you'll want more. The musical arrangements run the gamut from deep soul

bailed to brassy funk. Millie, singing better than ever, is more than equal to every chop and change. I reckon it's her best album to date. But then I think that about every one until the next comes along.

Cliff White



A Boy and A Plane — exciting, huh?

THE SOFT BOYS

A Can Of Bees (Two Crabs)

Take the 'mystery' out of rock'n'roll and you're left with an evaluation of current rock'n'roll that relies upon the recognition of traditional principles or objects: "That's what I call rock music." The practice is confronted head-on without analysis, so that rock's 'mythology' remains authentic and unimpeachable.

Social points of unrest are a blur in the furry subjectivity of *Life In The Fast Lane* (sic). Something like *The Soft Boys* fits into the pseudo-framework because something like this lends itself well to being described as "at odds with established structures": etc.

The Soft Boys are only 'odd' by proxy. By initially recoiling away in disgust from rock, its language and lore, they made the first step toward

eventually returning. 'A Can Of Bees' suggests a group too busy mocking Tradition to notice what niche they were sliding into in it, or to notice that they became a self-parody.

Robyn Hitchcock (all lyrics) tried to blow boogie down just by snickering at it. When he failed it was the turn of his own stockpile of elliptical, 'surrealistic' lyrics to push the pillars. Exit restraint and enter the crab, the prawns, and all the rest of his pet preoccupations and jingle-jangle manderings.

His over-reliance on such outworn formal devices as Absurdity, Parody and Ambiguity deters even considerations of criticism. Interpretation hinges on that certain nuisance, that considered play of incompatibilities... (groan). These songs are approachable only at the dimmest angle of

Silly Boys

lumpen-intellectual savvy, a level contaminated by free association and subconscious games. Even those points where semantic mickey-taking is dropped and the moral surfaces more definitely (e.g. 'Give It To The Soft Boys': 'I feel like making love to a photograph... photographs don't smell') are anchored in musical semi-parody.

The difference between one song and another is utterly formal. They're all forged from the one soft blob of arrogant private language. Clumsy games with rock's inherent stupidities do not solve problems or make ground. It's just more clutter. Robyn Hitchcock's clever (or not) aestheticism demands as much space or talk as any other clever (neutral) aestheticism. (Anyone for The Soft Banshees?)

The different categories 'A Can Of Bees' might be judged within — punk, post-punk, DIY, debut album, etc. — are irrelevant. The Soft Boys could have replaced, but they've simply reformed rock's daft, jumbled criteria.

Take the 'mystery' out of rock'n'roll and you're left with a room full of mirrors. Take the 'parody' out of The Soft Boys and you're left with a room full of dust.

Ian Penman

Phantoms.

It'll be a monster.





The Undertones' Fergal Sharkey

Pic: Alastair Graham

More Perfect Pop

THE UNDERTONES The Undertones (Sire)

"So you think you're so clever, you're never in doubt". There's numerous scintillating splinters all over the place after what happened three, four years ago; they keep us awake, prick our consciousness and scratch our desires. Whether you go left or right, search in a dark corner, walk through the market square, you'll find accessible and avant-garde descendants of punk practising provocative and positive music concerned with enhancing and examining our daily lives. Some are better than others.

"No one ever listened to a single word he said." The Undertones are a vital part of that sector which has

systematically fermented out of punk and, with apparent ease, created the greatest pop of this age and thus every age. They are mysterious and unique enough to be above the normal but attractive new wave that has inevitably established itself as the turn of the decade mainstream pop, people like The Members, Jam, Sham, Lovich, Skids, Dury, etc. The Undertones make the great, elusive, valuable new pop of our time, along with Blondie, Elvis Costello, The Ramones and Buzzcocks. These five entertainers are special and illuminate things that matter. The Undertones are themselves in their own way more startling than Pere Ubu, because real people will hear this crude sophistication, this transcendently eclectic assault and respond, not discuss.

"What else can you do if the kids don't like it?"

The Undertones are from Derry, Northern Ireland, and their attitude to their environment is to compose a complete dreamworld alternative rooted firmly in specifics, the irksome but stable specifics of ordinary teenage vulnerability.

With vivid, accurate unaffectedness and unconcerned ease — they all thrive on insecurity and wouldn't know what to do without it — The Undertones sing about doubt, loneliness, yearning, deceit and infatuation. Throughout this record they successfully explore and explain a convincing romantic Undertones world full of recognisable and graphic characters and delicately defined but trivial complications. They are immaculate chroniclers of private, primitive and tender times; they gloriously turn inadequacy into ecstasy.

"I can't understand things the way they are." The musical manifestation of these fragile feelings is equally ingenious and stunning. They transcend and vitalise apparent conventionality with elusive vigour. They play perfect, timeless pop as naturally as you or I pull on our socks, as if they're totally oblivious to the fact that no-one else can take a few straightforward chords, a series of giddy guitar motifs, a rapid and constant rhythm, a collection of candid observations, lay all this out with no obvious distinctions and then come up with something so inspirationally simplistic, so irresistibly intriguing and so relentlessly intoxicating that they're on a higher level than The Ramones or Buzzcocks. That is not just great, that is extraordinary, that is rare. For these boys, playing perfect, timeless pop is totally intuitive.

"I wanna wanna be a male model." This debut album contains 13 brisk, animated pop songs, including their latest single 'Jimmy Jimmy', but not their first two, 'Teenage Kicks' and 'Get Over You', each one of which if I heard on the radio I'd rush out and buy before they'd even had time to finish. You only get half an hour's music, but it's up to you to make the decision. Each song makes its point and then ceases. Rhythm guitar sets up a staggered change of lucid authority, lead guitar offsets with deft and versatile detail, the rhythm seamlessly steers, the juicy harmonies soar and counterpoint, and the

consummate, matter-of-fact genius phrasing of warbling singer Fergal Sharkey conclusively makes each song perfect and breathtaking.

Take your pick from the opening 'Family Entertainment' that skims and twirls along, the thick and hearty 'Male Model', the masterfully moulded 'I Gotta Getta', the joyful and jaunty 'Here Comes The Summer', the tightly and insistent 'Billy's Third', the brilliantly reworked 'True Confessions' that swaps wacky and wacking Euro-beat percussion for the degenerate fuzz guitar that plastered the version on the 'Teenage Kicks' EP, the firmly paced and developed classic 'I Know A Girl', the rolling, rising 'Listening In'. A recommended collection!

"She wishes she could live in a world of her own and go some place that she has never known".

I can't move these days without bumping into something that makes me scream "this is the greatest thing I have ever heard in my life" and that makes it difficult for me to sleep at night. And here's The Undertones. What can I say? They are naive, but they know. The Undertones are better than others. That's the way it is.

Paul Morley

ARPEGGIO

Love And Desire (Polydor)

Arpeggio work in one of the more attractive of disco frames. Their sound cuts crisply — synthesiser in each speaker running on line though slightly staggered, programmes dropping over fast congas and a whip cracking on the beat.

The vocals are fronted by a Minnie Riperton soundalike with support from three unimposing males and the band have already released one of the year's most demanding twelve inches in 'Love and Desire' — which, of course, you already have. The album is less essential with, the single aside, only 'Let The Music Play' truly blazing away — though even that is a clone of the old 5,000 Volts hammer, 'I'm On Fire'.

Still, it never achieves bland status and the long cuts won't bore. Je recommande!

Danny Baker

STEVE HILLAGE

Rainbow Dome Music (Virgin)

This album is a delightful piece of iconoclastic ear-Murine for lovers of ambient music. Drumless, bassless, it consists of the guitars, synthesisers and Tibetan bells of Hillage and Miqette Giraudy.

At time of reviewing, the opportunity to experience an in situ recital is available at the Rainbow Dome, the central exhibit at the Festival for Mind, Body and Spirit where weary visitors and esoteric-buffs can flop out to the celestial whispers of this album as they waft from a fount of many colours. In fact 'Rainbow Dome Music' was performed and produced as an adjunct to this exhibition of which the central theme is the synthesis of sound and colour.

Altogether, 'RDM' is a disgustingly and unfashionably wonderful exercise in meditative atmospherics, and is as addictive as a class A drug. It reaches hitherto untrod regions of dimensionless-ness.

Rick Joseph

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Blue Note Reissues (Blue Note/United Artists)

These twenty albums (ten reviewed below, the rest next week) represent 'Phase Two' of United Artists' campaign to re-establish the Blue Note catalogue in this country. Longtime Note loyalists are, I hear, mildly miffed at UA's allocation of new catalogue numbers to each release, but more recent initiates like myself can only squeak in exultation at the wares on display and busy themselves catching up on some 40 years of jazz history.

In the beginning, there was Bechet. Frustrated by lack of record company support for his bid to cut George Gershwin's 'Summertime' on soprano sax, Sidney Bechet took the idea to the fledgling Blue Note. He was welcomed with open arms and, on June 8, 1939, recorded his emotive version of the ballad.

But 'Summertime', possibly the first convincing example of jazz balladry on album and a precedent for countless similar interpretations, is just your starter for ten on 'Jazz Classics Volumes 1 & 2'.

Bechet's phenomenal command of both clarinet and soprano, a reed he was instrumental in popularising, continues to underline the descriptive inadequacies of the English language (*mais en français...*). His New Orleans heritage is omnipresent. These 20 selections catch the Crescent City crucible at its hottest — anyone wanting to know how the Afro-American connection was signed, sealed and swung through the '40s will take to this like Labrador to Newfoundland nets.

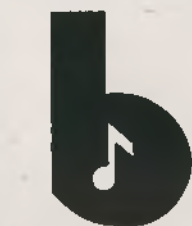
Thelonius Sphere Monk: a strange name for a pianist, even for one fond of eccentric headgear.

The Monk music compiled on 'The Complete Genius' spans the years late-'47 to mid-'52. Adding spit, pith and shine to an already strong cast are vibist Milt Jackson, trumpeters George Tate and Kenny Dorham, (master) drummers Art Blakey and Max Roach. Check such nomenclature as either a measure of Monk's stature or of the demanding nature of his work. Or both.

'Round Midnight', 'Epitaphy' and 'Mysterioso' (two takes of this — compare and contrast when you're ready) are present and overwhelmingly correct. Despite the innumerable versions of these pieces logged by both Monk and others since, they're not alone here in dancing to the tune of an elusive aesthetic and maze-like internal symmetry. Monk's inspiration must remain as private as the man himself.

Monk 'should' have been this, that, whichever, whatever at various stages of his career. He wasn't though, and on-site analysis frequently subtracts, rarely adds. My favourites are the trio interactions with Blakey and bassist Gene Ramsey. So much said or left unsaid. Unexpected angles and frames. Unnerving irony and compassion. Unparalleled technique and application. Monk music: an enlightenment and an education in spite of and because of itself. Coolie hats, anyone?

But times change (cliche!), and with them the acceptable role of the piano player. I can't be alone in resenting what has recently been committed in the name of the acoustic keyboard.



Jarrett's 'Sun Bear Concerts', Hancock and Corea's 'An Evening With', Portentous, concerted wafflings. Why are caps not doffed more regularly to such as Weston, Brand, Hill or Henne (all of whom have albums available in the UK through Logo's hesitant hold on the Freedom catalogue), not to mention Tyner?

Nonetheless, consider this man **Bud Powell**, scrupulously accompanied here by bassists Tommy Potter and George Duvivier, drummers Arthur Taylor and the matchless Roy Haynes. Consider especially the case of 'Glass Enclosure', a concentration in style and stance that communicates more to me in 2 mins 21 secs than Jarrett has in a ten-album set.

For six years or so ('47-'53), Powell was the bebop pianist. In '54 he had a nervous breakdown and subsequently lost his grip on his muse. The sessions on 'The Amazing Bud Powell Volume 2' date from '48 and '53. They're baffling, sometimes hinting at the shadowlands to come, as often as not catching a musician at sheer summit.

Powell's ability to extract and then stream emotion from 'popular' material (Ferryophiles should head his consummate précis of 'You Go To My Head') has been often imitated, but rarely equalled: all manner of oils, both bitter and sweet, from the one nut.

'The Amazing Bud Powell Volume 2'. Collect the set.

Moving on — in 1958 Sonny Rollins served incontrovertible evidence of his tenor supremacy with 'Saxophone Colossus'. He had been front-running for several years, but this was the one. Both 'Live At The Village Vanguard' and 'Newk's Time' are phosphorescent wonders in the wake of 'Colossus', a wake that trailed until '59, whereupon Rollins abruptly upped and offed from the scene for two years to give himself time to catch and match Coltrane, Coleman and The New Thing on his own terms.

Initial exposure to Rollins' work of this period leaves the listener cowed, positively humbled by the man's vigorous tone and the simultaneous density and clarity of his expression. Prolonged exposure reveals the finer aspect of Rollins' impetuosity, this a rampant emotional turbulence that often borders on distraction. His relentless thrusting and testing of themes and his sudden, belated jolts into self-deprecating humour are parallel lines, rails on which to

run the engine.

There's little to choose between these two albums. 'A Night' features sleek, agile trio lineups, with Elvin Jones (already plying the polyrhythms he was to finalise with Trane) drumming incomparably on all cuts bar one. 'Newk's Time' steals the leading edge for me though, if only for Rollins' flooring duet with drummer Philly Joe Jones on 'The Surrey With The Fringe On Top' and pianist Wynton Kelly's trenchant composure throughout.

After a purposeful ascent through the '70s, Rollins is currently making less headway than one might expect with electric backing, and only a recent one-off tour with McCoy Tyner has shown him capable of making the great, grand gestures so frequent here. Dig back and dig deep.

Meanwhile, back at Hard Bop, Art Blakey had formed a quintet with pianist Horace Silver. Later in '54/'55 this grouping was to metamorphose into the first of many Jazz Messenger lineups, with Blakey's rigorous drumming and co-leadership providing invaluable experience for upcoming players.

'A Night At Birdland Volumes 1 & 2' are blueprints for what was to come. The set peaks again and again, the quality of the musicianship impeccable, almost intimidating. Honours remain shared, but there's additional poignancy in hearing trumpeter Clifford Brown, killed at 26 in a car crash in June '56, Brown's exuberant tone and effortless phrasing were unique; they complement the pressure-lock consistency of the Quintet plug to socket, power on and surging.

The Messengers' 'Moanin' dates from '58. Silver is long gone, the piano seat occupied here by Bobby Timmons, writer of the gospel-souled title piece on which trumpeter Lee Morgan flurries with deceptive ease into the first of several arresting solos. Previously reckless, a young hawk stooping but lacking precision, Morgan grew (and grew) with Blakey.

Side two's 'Drum Thunder' suite illustrates Blakey's interest in percussive overlay, mallets providing the additional weaponry here. The ensuing 'Blues March' carries distant Crescent City echoes. Blakey's gaze has always been aimed at the horizon, which is why, although it's thrown and fired in the Bop kiln, his Messengers music seems so timeless. Fog through borderline wire, it rolls on, rolls on.

Julian 'Cannonball' Adderley's 'Somethin' Else' also dates from '58. An accomplished altoist, never much the worse for his relative conventionality, Adderley was in and around Miles Davis' bands in the late '50s. Although officially leading here, Adderley's tough 'n' tender tone can't compete with Miles' trumpet, so cool; here it's almost mentholated.

A study in contrasts then, 'Somethin' Else' gains still more from the leisurely swing-plate of pianist Hank Jones (Elvin's brother) and the unerring accents of drummer Blakey. 'Autumn Leaves' and Cole Porter's languorous 'Love For Sale' cut well past the quick; moods are caught and hearts held to ransom.

Angus MacKinnon

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ROBERT GORDON
Rock Billy Boogie (RCA)

After 15 long and often tedious years with the Mercury/Phonogram Corp., mainly recording in Nashville with producer Jerry Kennedy's spiritless country sessioners, The Killer has taken himself off to Hollywood for a new deal, a new producer, Bones Howe, and four days of live-in-studio partying with a gutsy little band of accompanists: James Burton (guitar, dobro), Tim May (guitars), David Parlato (bass), Hal Blaine (drums) and long-time partner Kenny Lovelace (fiddle, guitars).

Unlike a lot of other artists' pilgrimages to the West Coast, it's the best move Lewis has made for ages. The resulting album, while perhaps not the greatest thing since Sam Phillips first rolled the tapes on a young hell-raiser from Ferriday, Louisiana, is 'pretty tough', as the man himself proclaims with typical bottle after storming through 'Number One Lovin' Man'.

In Britain last November, Lewis admitted to me that he had never heard of Howe, was sceptical about recording in

If we told you JLL was barefoot here, would you believe us?

Pic: Rob Hall



Men Keep Rocking

Hollywood and had no idea what was going to happen at the forthcoming sessions. All he knew was that he felt ready to rock again and was half

way through writing a song to prove it, 'Rock And Roll Is Something Special'.

The song didn't make it onto the album but Howe

obviously turned out to be a Jerry Lee Lewis fan of old: he simply let The Killer and band loose amongst a selection of familiar R&B tunes and newly

contributed rockers and then slammed the controls up to full throttle. Dominating most of the album, Lewis's pounding bass boogie has never been better captured on record and, although some of his finger-splitting, right-hand staccato breaks can't quite override Burton's excellent guitar solos, his intermittent flourishes up and down the keyboard sweep through loud and clear.

His voice is getting a little rough around the edges, particularly on the ballads (another fine version of Charlie Rich's brilliant blues 'Who Will The Next Fool Be', and Sonny Throckmorton's appropriate 'I Wish I Was 18 Again'), where it is clear that he's lost part of the range with which he once yodelled country tunes so effortlessly. Even so, he isn't as hoarse as he was on the last British tour and his deepening tones sound just as formidable as his younger self, especially on the three best tracks: Jesse Stone's 'Don't Let Go', Jim Cottengim's 'Number One Lovin' Man' and Mack Vickary's 'Rockin' My Life Away' — bone-shaking rockers that, for me, are as exciting as anything he's done over the last 20 years.

Bob Dylan's 'Rita May', Arthur Alexander's 'Every Day I Have To Cry' and Chris Kenner's 'I Like It Like That', none of which are particularly suited to Lewis, are all saved from mediocrity by the full-bodied production and game participation of everyone involved (including a male backup quintet, The Ron Hicklin Singers). That leaves two other oldies, 'Personality' and 'Rocking Little Angel', as the weakest tracks — the latter not so much because of the performance, which is spirited, but because the song is so irredeemably pathetic.

Middle-aged crazy though he be, when in the mood Jerry Lee Lewis can still stomp all over younger bucks like...

Robert Gordon — I'm beginning to despair about this earnest individual, who wants to be a rock 'n' roll star so bad he dresses the part and poses the part and sings the right songs and befriends old rockers and has now even got himself transferred to RCA, possibly in the hope of brushing against the

left-overs of Presley's gold dust, but who unfortunately performs on this, his third album, with little more conviction than he did on stage in London a year or two back.

At that time his gauche mannerisms and powerful though expressionless voice could be encouragingly applauded in the belief that, when some kind of personality emerged from deep within that rigid body to breathe life into limb and lung, an exciting new rock 'n' roller might be the end result. It now seems as if there was nothing there to encourage us beyond what was presented in the first place. He is an imitator rather than an interpreter or originator and more often affected than effective.

The first of Gordon's recordings to feature one of Britain's very own imitative chameleons, guitarist Chris Spedding, in place of Link Wray, it goes without saying that the album harbours even less originality than the previous two. However, the production is superb and Spedding is exceptionally talented at what he does — in fact he's the star of the album as far as I'm concerned — so that when Gordon occasionally shakes off his usual torpor, their combined efforts are worth raving about. In this category we have the Johnny Burnette Trio classic that gives the album its title and opens side one and Junior Parker's 'Love My Baby' which follows it. After that, it's all downhill.

Joe Bennett's 'Black Slacks', Kay Starr's weeper 'Wheel Of Fortune' and Leroy Van Dyke's 'Walk On By' are each enjoyably tackled in their diverse ways, and Gordon's own tribute to Gene Vincent, 'The Catman', would have been worth noting if he hadn't recited the damn thing like a mildly agitated poet with catarrh. The rest of the songs, all oldies, are inflicted with a similarly mannered delivery.

Gordon is not so much a rock 'n' roller as a well intentioned rock 'n' roll fan. I'd invite him round for a beer and a record session any day of the week — he's a nice guy — but it's Jerry's album I'd be playing him.

Cliff White

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IMPORTS

Those of you who have become thoroughly enamoured with **The Sports'** EP recently issued by Stiff will probably be chuffed to learn that 'The Sports Don't Throw Stones' (Mushroom), the Aussie album from which the EP tracks were culled, is now available on boomerang-bedecked (no kidding) import.

Produced by Pete Solley, who shares the keyboard chores with The Sports' own James Niven, it's a lot classier job than 'Reckless', the band's last album which, though fine musically, bore the faint aroma of a demo tape. Though both albums were basically recorded at the same studio, Armstrong's of Melbourne, Solley gained points by lugging the tapes back to deepest Aldgate and mixing them at Sarm's well-equipped little mission control centre, a play that's obviously paid off.

While Stiff have creamed off four of the stronger tracks — those blighters down in Alexander Street don't miss a trick — the remaining cuts are all pretty fair, those featuring most heavily on my playlist being 'Worst Kind', a reggae-ish charmer that owes something to Elvis C., the title track, which provides the best in strict-tempo pogo, and 'Hit Single', an item that does its best to live up to its name, registering via a kindergarten chorus and a guitar riff that once featured strongly in the

Grand Funk cookbook. I haven't yet tuned into The Sports on their current visit here, but the news on my well-worn grapevine suggests they're registering strongly. 'Don't Throw Stones' only serves to support such a report.

On the R&B front, I must admit to being smitten by 'Jumpin' The Boogie' (Oldie Blues), a 20-tracker of Dutch origin which is devoted to the infectious romp and stomp of Willie 'Piano Red' Perryman, the original Dr Feelgood. The album documents the Doc's doings from July 1950, when at the age of 38 he cut 'Jumpin' The Boogie' as a single for Victor, the same sessions producing his million-selling 'Rockin' With Red', through to his sax-assisted, jukebox jives of the middle '50s.

Though Perryman, who appeared in Britain not so long ago, is a keyboardist-vocalist who's always hung his hat on one specific boogie (which he's peddled under such titles as 'Jumpin' The Boogie', 'Sales Tax Boogie' and 'Decatur Street Boogie'), I've always dug his good-timey, love-of-life approach and regarded him an integral part of rock history. I mean, a black guy from Atlanta yelling out "She knows how to rock me" in 1950 and selling a million discs. Don't tell me about kias-curl Haley. I just don't want to know.

Fred Deller

JOHN OTWAY Where Did I Go Right? (Polydor)

Ignore the fact at your peril, but Otway is a romantic: a loon, a headcase, a resolute geek but, basically, a romantic. Flash back to his last two albums and it's the love songs — 'Genevieve', 'I Wouldn't Wish It On You' and the classic 'Josephine' — that are always on ice.

The task of recording a man much given to trashing mike stands in fits of shambling onstage anarchy is hardly a producer's idea of having time to burn. Whether or not Otway's manic exterior was initially employed to cloak his more sentimental leanings, he's never effectively combined the two on record.

But 'Where Did I Go Right?' his first without brainiac bluegrass artist Wild Willy Barrett, is both his most consistent and successful offer to date. If anything it's less diverse and ambitious than 'Deep And Meaningless': the madness is more contained and the music more restrained, but the immaculate production of Neil Innes gives it far stronger impact.

The album clearly re-defines the secret of Otway's success — No Style. He approaches everything — lyrics, themes, arrangements — with naive, heavy-handed exaggeration. The normal he makes archetypal, the dumb crass, the passionate exorcising. The plainest detail becomes insidiously significant; the merest hint of disapproval he sees as upcoming physical violence. You could call him a 'vulnerable' person.

Few others could instil such crazed emotion in such shamelessly old-fashioned music, or revamp a mess of hackneyed arrangements with all the vitality of a first outing. Main contenders in the last bracket are 'Best Dream' — a love song surviving standard palm-court orchestration by virtue of its inane simplicity — and the desolate 'Waiting (Waiting For You)', which is equally sensitive, hung against only a stark, classical piano part.

A colourless choice of single, 'Frightened And Scared' is outweighed by the striding cabaret strains of the opener 'Makes Good Music' and the infectious 'It's A Pain', that gives vent to the same mesochistic gurgles of suppression that first hailed from 'Really Free'.

Buy it, admire it, enjoy it, but don't stop to wonder why. Just remember there's no style like No Style.

Mark Ellen

NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN

Awakening (Atlantic)

For an album boasting sleeve-notes by the Guru Sri Chinmoy, no less, Narada Michael Walden's latest offering is mercifully half-free from the dreaded West Coast psycho-rwaddle. That's because the other half comes from New York, which, I suppose, has got enough problems of its own.

The record gives us a choice of listening pleasure: a squeaky-clean side of breathless, immaculate Big Apple disco, or one of mellow, reflective LA funk that's jazzish about the edges, beautifully made and deeply meaningful to boot.

For this, his third solo outing since leaving the Mahavishnu Orchestra, vocalist, drummer and composer Walden has collected an impressive array of talent to assist him.

The results must on their own terms be judged a success — the perfected expression of that "relentless plastic soul of America" which Bowie strove to portray in his 'Young Americans'. I can admire the musician's sheer amusing confidence, even if I can't really enjoy it.

Paul Du Noyer

JOE ELY Down On The Drag (MCA)

When record companies puff Texan acts out of their natural environment and pitch them into some chrome-plated New York or West Coast studio complex along with a superstar producer, then critics can be forgiven for indulging in displays of brow-wiping and finger-crossing. All too often fine prospects have been killed stone-dead by such well-meaning moves.

'Making the act accessible to a wider public' is, I believe, the correct term utilised by most companies; some unfeeling studio whizz-kid merely succeeds in diluting the very ingredient that made the act such a worthwhile signing in the first place.

MCA, who recently did their glitzy-titzy bit on Tanya Tucker in an attempt to turn Billy Sherrill's Lone Star Lolita into some kind of a leather-laden Suzi Q., have now turned their attentions to the West Texas waltzing of Joe Ely. The sleeve to 'Drag' is indicative of this.

On his debut album Ely came stoned and Billy The Kid-like, whereas now he's presented like a Roxy winner, a bring-and-buy shop ferry, his recorded wares being packaged in a prestigious gate-fold.

At the same time, Ely's recording base has been switched from Nashville to Seattle, while producer Chip Young has been passed up, the knobs and faders now being in the hands of Bob Johnston, he of Dylan, Simon, Cohen and other kosher product fame.

So has this resulted in the greatest bland in the land? Thankfully, no. Ely was never really at home in Nashville — 'They've got no live music there, just guys meeting in the studios,' he once complained to me, 'not like Texas or Louisiana, where you can find good bands even in the little towns.' The choice of Johnston as sound supremo also makes sense, the Zim-trimmer being a noted low-key merchant, content merely to faithfully document the subtle power of the Ely band, highlighting but not exaggerating Ely's own grudging yet authoritative vocals.

As for its material 'Down On The Drag' is fractionally less potent than either 'Joe Ely' or 'Honky Tonk Masquerade', Ely's two previous albums. There's nothing that quite grabs in the eerie fashion of 'Boxcars', from the 'Masquerade' album, or leaps from the grooves so readily as 'Johnny Blues' on the debut shot. But once again the songwriting consistency that epitomises Ely and his sidekick Butch Hancock has provided another superior set, with nary a filler to be heard.

'Fools Fall In Love', the sardonic swipe at romance that opens the album, immediately pans in on the highly individual sound of the Ely band with its guitar, pedal steel and accordion overlay. Then, as drummer Steve Keaton and bassist Gregg Wright push, prod and pry in a manner that only elite rock sectionmen could hope to emulate, Ely moves into 'B.B.Q. And Foam', a sax and steel motivated kerb-crawler.

His stance as a honky tonk hero is taken for 'Standing At The Big Hotel', the band block-riffing in a fashion Bob Willis would have approved of, accordionist Ponty Bone flip-flopping an engaging obligato around Ely's good-time, almost vaudevilian vocals. Immediately in the wake of all this high-kickin' comes 'Crazy Lemon', a crunch-happy original dedicated to some all-time loser. Most of the band's front line bows out for 'Crawled Train', a direct descendant of Leadbelly's 'Rock Island Line', on which the harp-blowin' leader heads down the track in the company of fiddler Richard Bowen and throat-whistler

Mr Ely may be distinguished from his band by his lack of facial hair.



Nashville Exile Makes Better

Dink Thomas.

The album's second side is equally diverse, ranging from 'She Leaves You Where You Are', an item that must have had Bob Johnston wondering if he was still cutting 'Blonde On Blonde', through to the album's title track, a bar-room boogie containing a pithy

break by steelie Lloyd Maines that's so effective the listener is forced to lift the pick-up and opt for an immediate reprise in mid-track.

So it's three winners in a row for Ely now. Suffice to say then that Joe Ely is a major talent thoroughly deserving of any massive outlay being

made by MCA, that his band is among the best, rock or country, currently operating and that Lloyd Maines is to pedal steel what Charlie Parker was to the alto sax.

I believe I have been positive enough.

Fred Dellar

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Face facts — street theatre is to record what Marcel Marceau is to radio. These two releases on a Cincinnati label are to commemorate a local magic theatre troupe whose gargantuan stage extravaganzas would evidently make Armageddon seem like a poke in the ribs. It was not uncommon, the handout informs, for their singer to leap, like a jungle animal, from a fiery cage into the audience in some wild fiasco of "Bohemian action".

All good, stirring stuff, if you're there with all the rest of the Bohemians, but, inevitably, they cut nothing werbling out of a couple of speakers. Stacks of outlandish Middle Earth poetry are shuffled into endless Xerox copies of early Jefferson Airplane, mid-period Doobies, Alice Cooper, Savoy Brown and UFO.

Whatever they've achieved in street theatre, their music's just a plagiarised backing they've applied to drama: a drama, we are told, that relates to "a mystic tundra of the mind" — a mystic tundra, it appears, that has long gone to seed.

Mark Ellen



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ON THE TOWN



IGGY: Chairman of the bored. Pic PENNIE SMITH

Iggy Pop

Music Machine

The intro is weighty, sort of mournful and menacing; the stage is bright and tight and there's no focal point. Iggy Pop's musicians ease into professional performance, dramatically creating the spaces and signals that suck the audience in, softly pulling... pulling... pulling.

As the music swings and slips, Iggy appears stage left; a newly lit cigarette droops from his dry lips, his eyes smile in control, he impassively strolls across the stage past his workmen, moves his body in warning and disappears.

This is showmanship; this is getting everything ready. Because Iggy Pop is about to perform with lusty intensity some dazzling choreography, dominate the stage as the sensual misshapen gargoyle, be sublime and repellent and always in control. He is to sing songs of confession, submission and narcissism that should incite and torment those who want or need something more than just a noise to sweat and shake to.

Iggy Pop is to confirm that he is the GREATEST rock 'n' roll hero.

The anxiety and intolerance of the obsessional Iggy is now so disciplined that his performance — in the past always some kind of enriching, exciting exorcism — is now a compulsive,

Seduced by a gargoyle

urgent rite of assertion and ego with no excess or freak embellishment. Iggy Pop now embodies rejection and addiction, confusion and control, freedom and decision (of course); this embodiment is not new, but it sure as hell ain't never been so composed, so direct, so CLEAR.

He is the classic rock'n'roll ontologist, with only Devoto near by. His stance is dignified, stimulating and alerting — and valid.

Iggy is not dressed flash, butch or daftly. The leathery, oddly contoured upper torso is quickly bared, a blue satin band is wrapped around his waist, his trousers are Moss Bros, his shoes Talk Of The Town patent leather. Throughout the set he moves his body this way and that. His body swells and shrinks, drops on the floor, crouches, springs, adores itself. His eyes and face detail and exaggerate all the intricacies of each song, at the same time soaking up the audience's response; being disgusted or amused.

He never stops seducing; a grotesque and greedy attempt to control totally the environment. He implores the

audience or ignores them; but he never lets them go.

His sense of humour and drama is as acute and as striking as his desires and present egoism. The projection is coldly penetrating, the music vividly pulsating.

The Iggy Show is multi-dimensional; it is possible to revel in just one dimension, say the ferocity and concentration of the music, and be absolutely fulfilled. But there's also the cabaret, the vision, the turmoil, the idiot, the thinker. The show is an all embracing blend of methods of assault; some insubstantial, some mighty. And because of the strength of the assault, the persistent exertion, it cannot be doubted that Iggy Pop transcends the limitations of the occasion ALWAYS.

I didn't notice specific expertise on the part of the Pop group, but I felt that everything was in the right place. The sturdy blocks of noise rammed out were severe but flexible, with nothing detracting from Iggy's central domination.

It was a short but invigorating set, a straight

serviceable mix of distilled classics — 'Shake Appeal', 'Dirt', 'Search And Destroy', 'I Wanna Be Your Dog'. But they lacked potency and articulation next to the lush attack of 'New Values' songs like 'The Endless Sea', 'Billy Is A Runaway', 'Girls', 'Five Foot One', 'I'm Bored' and the title track; numbers that detail Iggy's escape from tedium and absurdity through absolute narcissism.

With the new LP, Iggy Pop has shown that a masterpiece need not be innovative. This precept extended into this live show which was so much more than a pop concert. At times he was condescending, but mostly it was high-pressure rock with a large, thrusting vocabulary and no sign of sloppiness.

Iggy Pop has it all sorted out for now and his is a passionate quest: to be the ultimate solipsist? And along the way — to stillness not cabaret — his rhapsodic narcissism, skilful satire and erotic superiority is vital and majestic.

'I'm Bored' was the second encore. Iggy smugly scanned the servile audience, his face amused and strange as though being with others was a rare indication that he actually has some sort of traditional existence. Then he edged off the stage as the music slackened, repeated another empty and relaxed 'I'm bored' and dropped the microphone onto the floor.

This man is nauseated! Who can deny his genius? These are exciting times. I'm going to get something to eat

Paul Morley

The Members The Mekons The Inmates

Lyceum

An evening of current r'n'r practice... live.

The space in which the evening took root was the Lyceum, an aircraft hanger with gargoyles. It began with The Inmates (they're imprisoned), cruised with The Mekons (they're 'quicky') and stopped with The Members (they've got balls and by God you're gonna know about it).

My job was to observe, collect and correlate all facts contained within the evening. Have fun with them; that's an order.

The inmates are what we're supposed to believe 'traditional' r'n'r is 'all about' but such a claim is like saying that all black people are 'funky' or that all women are 'only good for one thing'. The inmates play r'n'r'n'b like it's a bungalow and the argument is that they do nothing new but they do it well.

Ah, now I see... they're plumbers!

A well-oiled lack of purpose and momentum was sustained by The Mekons; another group trapped within their own makings.

The Mekons originally set out to be 'purposefully' shambling. Having perfected this project they now have nowhere left to go but together, and the 'primitivism' gets increasingly studied. (The male Mekon in a yellow jumper stage left has perfected himself a pseudo-Pursey persona, utterly 'naive' and inhumanly 'chippy', which must have taken up most of his three years at art school. I do hope he got the degree.)

The Mekons closed their set by bringing on a token Working-Class Youth to 'perform' with them. If this device was meant to obviate their distance from WCY it undoubtedly succeeded.

The Members probably fulfil all mekon-class criteria for working-class individuality, but more

especially the one which requires constant references to self-abuse and to slot machines (women).

'Extrovert' lead singer Nicky Tesco dedicated one song to reggae group Misty who were badly Britishpoliced at the Southall clash. Tesco likened truncheon-culprits the SPG to 'walking female parts'. This belief that 'female parts' (sic) are repellent and despicable crops up throughout The Members oeuvre: women are either functional or non-functional; they either do it for you or they don't. Just one more function of that Big Bad World we all shout at in rock'n'roll.

Elsewhere, Tesco did his Mike Yarwood impersonation of Big Youth, guitarist J.C. did his Pete Townshend and Mick Jones guitar-hero impersonations, stand-in bassist Paul Gray did his inaudible Hot Rod bassist impersonation, and Nigel Bennett did his J.C. impersonation. Drummer Lillywhite drummed.

If The Members are — as has been claimed — a super exemplification of current r'n'r/pop then perhaps all you adventurous, non-sexist, articulate groups out there should rethink, fucking pronto. (And Mr Tesco is a politics graduate, so stuff your 'inarticulate street music' maunderings.)

If current r'n'r is 'all about' nothing more than The Members then perhaps all we ought to expect of our 'radical' young culture is an occasional respite from reality and a conversation or two about swearwords.

The space in which this conversation takes place is vast, empty storage area for 'accepted' r'n'r principles and objects. The 'politics' of this conversation is reduced to a gauche shadow, politics of gesture. Chubby catholicism, carefree collaboration, crass conservatism... all in all, an evening of reactionary and brittle lumpen-leisure activity.

Contained within the evening leisure and profit and 'rock'n'roll' that's the order.

Ian Penman

Roger Chapman

The Venue

This was a grin of a gig. Looking as happy and relaxed as anyone can look and still stay upright, Roger Chapman offered an example of that rare thing — a comeback that's really worth the bother.

Fronting his first regular band since Streetwalkers, (and before that, of course, Family) Chapman has assembled a choice assortment of accomplices for his present project: a show that's based around the recent 'Chappo' album, but with plenty of space reserved for his rhythm and blues roots as well.

Displaying scant regard for The Venue's up-market

ambience, he shambled on in his crumpled trademark, the shapeless red boiler-suit, brandishing the inevitable pint (even if, confidentially, a slim-line tonic would have been just a little more appropriate).

"Thought this was a sophisticated night-club," says he, with a jovial leer, "and just look at 'em — bunch of 'erberts'."

With that, they launched into a firm-sounding 'Moth To A Flame' (and connoisseurs of the mixed metaphor should savour 'like a fish strung out on a pole... I'll come to you running' followed by Leibler and Stoller's 'Keep Forgettin' and Chapman's own 'Shape Of Things'.

One sign of the sheer class of his band The Short List is

that the sound can be so loose, almost casual, but without a trace of sloppiness.

Jerome Rimson and Stretch look after bass and drums respectively, with Clem Clemson on guitar and keyboards by Tim Hinchley. Sax is played by Raff Ravenscroft, while to either side of Chapman are the diminutive duo of Kathy Tontoh and Helen Hardy on back-up vocals.

Then there are steaming versions of the single 'Midnight Child' and its follow-up 'Who Pulled The Nite Down' — strong songs and ample expositions of the man's legendary aploptosis. But the maximum reaction comes, predictably, when the group lock into the clomping intro from Family-favourite

'Burlesque'.

That number aside, the Family connection is not stressed and a belated request for 'Hung Up Down' merely elicits this invitation from Chappo to "go and hang yourself from that balcony up there; then you'll get 'hung up down'."

From there on it's R'n'B all the way home. 'Hey Bo Diddley', 'Serry's Talkin' Bout You' and 'Muddy Waters' 'Hoochie Coochie Man'.

Who could ask for more? So it's nothing new; there are no radical departures. But the music exemplified by Roger Chapman remains supremely enjoyable. It's classic English rock — and I hope there'll always be room for that.

Paul Du Noyer



NICKY TESCO'S super sexist market. Pic CHRIS HORLER

Honest Joe's American Sale

Joe Jackson

New York

Another victory for the moderate wing of the Musical Rebels Party.

Joe Jackson is, as they say, "getting heavy rotation" on FM rock stations here. Along with label-mates The Police, he fills a need for radio programmers anxious to appear hip to the new sound but not sure their audiences will accept anything too radical. Jackson's music is highly programmable, providing energy and exuberance without the aggression or threat that American radio finds objectionable about much of the British New Wave.

Given the record-selling capabilities of radio, Jackson may soon find his way into many people's homes and he seems thrilled about this.

At the Bottom Line he asked, "Who bought my album?" and announced where it was in the charts (75

with a bullet). But if he wants to become a true star, he's going to have to live himself up. His live act won't carry him and in a large hall he'd drown in the space.

The problem is that he doesn't project himself. He delivers his songs but doesn't try to convince us that he feels them or lives them. Instead he distances himself from them, effectively disowning their stronger sentiments. When he mouths a Costello-ism like "Pretty women / walking with gorillas down my street" one expects some show of emotion — an inflexion of jealousy, a hint of a sneer.

But Jackson basically alternated between bland passivity and an entertainer's smile. When the songs themselves suggest deep reservoirs of emotion, this overly-casual manner works against them.

Not that Jackson is a bad performer. He has a good voice and an easy manner on stage. He was a bit stiff at the



JACKSON: pushing product in the US. Pic DAVID CORIO

start of the set, but loosened up towards the end. But while he was at times fun, he was never truly exciting and certainly never challenging. The set suffered from a bad case of album-pushing.

Before the encore Jackson had included only one non-LP song, the slower-paced 'It's Different For Girls'. The band — the same crew as on the album — play their parts, recreating what they did in the

studio perfectly; but they add very little that's new and have little personality. The spotlight is strictly Joe's and he hasn't yet figured out what to do with it.

Things did pick up towards the end of the set. 'Got The Time', a song unburdened by any deep emotive qualities, worked fine as a straight ahead headbanger with a damned clever hook.

For the encore, Jackson removed his jacket and let his body gyrate a bit and looked better for it. 'Pressure Drop', Chuck Berry's 'Come On' and Fats Domino's 'Ain't That A Shame' put a nice 'roots' gloss on the evening; good songs that Jackson seemed less self-conscious about singing than his own material. They were the first to inspire anybody to get up on their feet.

The guy definitely has a future but he'll need to come on stronger and perhaps he should give his band, which can rock out, a bit more room to move.

The question is: will Joe Jackson make the world safe for suits?

Richard Grabel

Little Roosters

Bridge House

The Ron Wood Appreciation Society is alive and well in Garrie Lammin, leader of the happy-go-lucky Little Roosters.

This combo make you wanna do the Pony and the Monkey (remember them?). They faithfully recreate uncomplicated R'n'B of a bygone age, check out 'Don't Break My Heart' and 'Am I Talking to Myself?' for echo and feel of Small Faces' sound, a debt they'll be first to admit. Although at times they sound like Ogden's Nut gone stale.

But let's be charitable because they're just so unpretentious and Lammin so cheeky, that you have to smile and admire their nerve.

The Little Roosters don't pretend to be flash musicians, although Graeme Rodgers is a surprisingly sparky drummer. And while Lammin's voice is nothing special, he's got character.

Give 'em their due, doing the Bridge House is like playing in a corridor during rush hour (intimate is not the word), but all 39 people there caught the Roosters own contagious enjoyment. The many little cock-ups (including the somewhat hamfisted keyboards of Gary Eve and soundman Chris running up mid-song to tune John Hunt's bass) just brought forth mischievous giggles from the audience.

Like all exuberant professional amateurs, you just long for them to succeed. They could show the kids on *Top Of The Pops* what a good time is really about.

Elissa Van Poznak

The Extras

Marquee

I think The Extras would like to be rich, famous, suave and decorative; infamous and envied lounge lizards and art deco bric-a-brac and ornamental sex aids.

They sound and look like Roxy Music used to, only minus the oily class, effortless panache and seamless style. Grubby collars, crumpled jackets and dirty finger nails masquerading as hand painted silk, deep exotic tans and hand-made shoes.

Their music is obvious, featureless and half-heartedly repetitive. Painfully and constantly reminiscent of Roxy at their least inspired, erotic sex (hopelessly over-used), tediously yanking keyboards and a nervously self-conscious jagged guitar sound gave me a headache and irritated my bad tooth. All this plus a vocalist decked out in dinner-dress who sported an affected, Ferrysque drawl that he flicked about foppishly like a silk handkerchief.

The Extras were beating on thumb-tacks with sledge-hammers, presenting low-key, downtown, downbeat, second-hand ideas as the sign posts to some kind of brave new world. They played art school music for people who have never been to art school but wish they had. And it all smacks of ineffective, over-rehearsed cabaret.

John Hamblett

The Flies

Hope and Anchor

They have stepped out of the orderly ranks of mediocrity in pub bands and play their own brand of non-commercial (yet) pop with simplicity and zeal. They play music without chaff or padding, every player competing for superiority; and it is that competition which gives The Flies their sharpness and life.

Neil O'Connor (lead vocals and rhythm guitar), David Freeman (lead guitar) and Joe Hughes (bass) impressed with their skilful forceful playing, each contributing to vocals. There is no centralisation on any one player, just abundant activity and intense involvement.

'Love And A Molotov Cocktail' (self-produced single) 'Waikiki Beach Refugees' and 'Beverley' (EMI singles) are catchy, fast numbers, which keep the flow and anchor an energetic, racy set. The crescendo, incorporating an (unedited) version of 'Shakin' All Over', reached a peak with their final rendition of 'Beverley' and convinced that this was the way to do it — no pose, all play.

Desma Pearson



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Photos: Nigel Bullen.

A Specials kind of ecstasy

The Specials

Music Machine

I sense success. After only brief exposure on The Clash tour and a restrictive management deal with Bernie Rhodes, The Specials have found new freedom.

In the past they've been called The Automatics (not the London ones), The Coventry Automatics (told you) and The Coventry Specials. They refer to themselves as The Special AKA and they hail, strangely enough, from Coventry. Myself, I'd call them the most heart-warming, persuasive, invigorating semblance of tailored chaos to have rapped my senses in quite a while — if that's not putting too fine a point on it.

Their stage assault forces two steps back in an initial flash of dismay. Seven members — two black, five white — shift, shamble and scoot their way onto the boards with dislocated confidence and attach themselves to various scattered instruments. They're wearing shiny, shapeless salemens suits and trilbies to match.

The Specials' main men are vocalist Terry Hall, who I'd loosely term as a pacifist skinhead, flanked by two black singers — Linval Golding, of the sharp, reggae rhythm guitar, and Neville Staples, of the frenetic dub voice-over and manic maracas.

The backbone features the disturbing Roddy Radiation playing rock lead guitar, Jerry 'General Danky' Dammers supplying keyboards between cut and toothless grins and John 'Brad' Bradbury, the acid-sharp drummer behind the severely gaunt figure of Sir Horace Gentleman on bass.

Their compelling set comprises a few fast, strict reggae standards and their own vibrant, direct, rhythmic dub/rock numbers, some containing adaptations of other reggae covers. Between flawless on-beat drumming, a cross-rhythm bass, insistent, thin guitar and the dominant keyboards edging shrill waves of treble chords into the mix, they make ultimate dance music.

It's the stuff that turns legs to rubber and plays pinball with your brain.

The vocal line alternate restrained verse, frayed chorus and loose voice-over. Their lyrics are refreshing, even-tempered reflections on well-worn topics — urban violence ('Concrete Jungle'), racism ('It Doesn't Make It Alright'), and 'Too Much Too Young' — the traumas of young mothers, appropriately using a section from 'Birth Control' by Loydie And The Lowbites.

In keeping with their own sound are 'Monkey Man' (Toots And The Maytals) and a careering version of The Pioneers' 'Longshot (Kick The Bucket)', taken right down to only a sparse drum backing and a mess vocal which at times threatens to disintegrate.

Whether they'll cut it on record as well as they can live remains to be seen. Certainly one of their strongest numbers — the percussive 'Liquidator/Skinhead Moonstomp' — would need a fairly imaginative production.

To the purist, a black/white, rock/reggae fusion will probably demand scrutiny

under suspicion of contrived compromise. To less discriminating ears, they strike a near-perfect balance between accessibility and sentiment; and as a dance band The Specials are truly something else.

Mark Ellen

XTC

Belfast

Outside it's bleak and depressingly grey; inside it's no different as XTC trundle out their tuneless and thoughtless songs. Before this performance I'd always regarded XTC as a group with very little to offer. I left convinced they had nothing to offer.

The group's main problem has always been an alarming inability to quell their musical indulgences which make the songs cluttered, confused and unappealing. Tonight they turn in a lacklustre set even by their own low standards.

Gone are the irritating doodlings of the keyboards, replaced by an additional guitarist and the dreaded tape machine. The latter is used appallingly with a remarkably unenlightened approach more often than not making noise just for the sake of it.

Visually XTC present themselves as a boppy, bouncy and self-contained outfit and they would do well to inject such facets into their music. They are not totally incapable of writing a good melody, but their overriding and overbearing intention to litter songs with so many embellishments and crafty twists and turns leaves them vacuous and flatulent. In trying to be different, they fall flat on their arses.

As it became obvious the headliners were as exciting as a Sunday School tea party, the crowd steadily dwindled. Calls for the return of local groups Rudi and The Outcasts, who supported with truncated sets, were not uncommon. And it was with minimum encouragement that XTC returned for two encores.

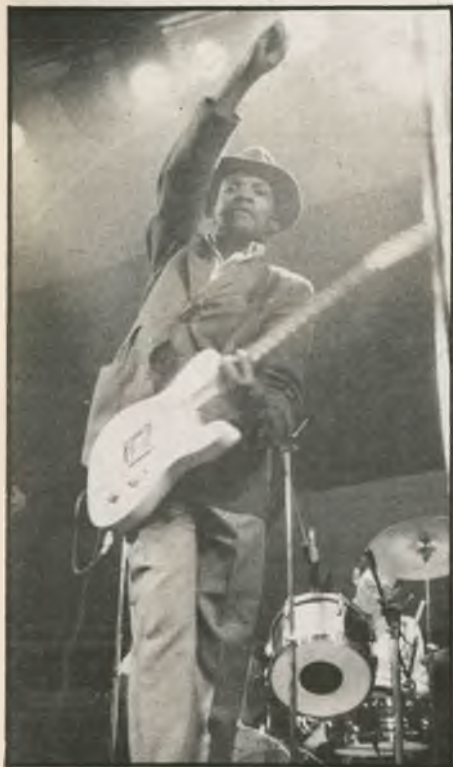
From the start they were plagued by an abysmal sound which must take some blame for the dire set, although it does not excuse their own painful inadequacies.

One was hard pushed to decipher Partridge's between song raps, and when he took to his shrieking, hiccupping and whining vocals I'd have been quite happy if they were totally obliterated. They're stupidly tiresome and ineffective; perhaps the fairest thing to say is that they fit well into the rest of the group's execrable aural output.

The songs were a forgettable blur with the irrelevant tape noises adding absolutely zilch to the short and sour 'Mechannik Dancing', 'New Town Animal' and 'Crowded Room'. They all go in one ear and barely have the energy to go out the other.

But they didn't play safe, and mingled popular compositions with curios. Yet regardless of their commercial status, each successive number sounded garbled, mangled and spineless. About the only movement they got from me all night was a very welcome exit before they completed their encore.

I never have been a fan of XTC and this evening's performance merely justified that stance. Maybe they are



THE SPECIALS: play pinball with your brain. Pic GERVAISE SOEURROUGE

genuinely creative; if that is the case then they are clearly over-spicing their songs with quirks and ideas that ultimately render them obsolete and leave the end product sounding confused, shambolic and utterly worthless.

It's hard to describe the intense tedium generated by XTC. Go see them yourself to find out. I can't remember wishing a gig would end as quickly as I wanted this one to.

Gavin Martin

Punilux

Nashville

Punishment Of Luxury are undergoing a change in the right direction. Only three months ago their lot was summed up in these columns as a precious bunch given to

The strength of Punitux's sound is in the unusually assertive rhythm machine of guitar (Nevil Luxury), bass (Jimmy Giro), and an as yet unnamed drummer referred to as SWCGR.

At their best they produce taut and persistent crescendos of hard-edged rhythms, embellished by an imaginatively 'flanged' out guitar technique; a sound that's on the varied side of Punk-thrash, the tolerable side of Heavy Metal and (at their present level of capability) the wrong side of subtlety.

Not the most inspired noise for a night out, but they show outstanding potential as a rock outfit.

Singer Brian Bond reminded me of Rupert Bear, but underneath the grease-paint he possesses the necessary element of detached charisma. When he dons his cardboard crown he's not unlike a famous royal personage without a dustbin to hide in.

Owing to a duff sound mix and because he wasn't singing loud enough, the lead vocals were all but suppressed, leaving little scope for sussing the lyrical and melodic idiosyncracies evident on their current single, 'Engine of Excess'/'Jellyfish'. A glance at their song titles ('Brain Bomb', 'Puppet Life', 'Funk Me') indicates a predilection for surreal perverseness which puts them squarely into a like 'am-n-rump-am limelimb

With Pnixux, comparisons to Devo are inevitable as they seem to be heading towards the same Modern-Meccano rhythms. And if you can picture Macbeth performed in a Raymond Revue or a disco in the London Dungeon, you'll have an approximate idea of what they look like onstage.

Basically their show was a melt-down of Boulevard mime — lots of androidal strutting about, war-paint, balacclavas, Bondi Beach bonnets and boogie-masks — revealing a fringe theatre pedigree.

But their progress would now seem to depend entirely on their ability as rock musicians, because at present they are poised between the possibilities of picturesque headbangers and an extraordinary dynamic rock band.

Rick Joseph



PUNILUX: headbangers or the future of rock? Pic **MIKE LAYE**

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28 LONDON NASHVILLE

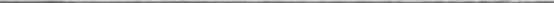
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THE BISHOPS



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Doll By Doll The Scars

Marquee

Scotland's The Scars have stage style, but refuse to admit it; which is good enough for now. Their four-piece new pop is the juiciest and sharpest I've heard since the absolutely acceptable Buzzcocks began to get organised. The Scars lack only the shape of great pop music.

Young and rumoured soft, The Scars slide about on fantastic ground, using explicit rhythms and new noises, taking their image and experience from the early '70s scene. But that's only a start. They make a high charged pop music that screams and poses and of course never stops till the end of a song. There's bullish bass, obtrusive lead guitar, exaggerated drumming and vocals so thin and fast they all but snap.

They played Mick Ronson's 'Billy Porter', Steve Harley's 'Psychomodo' and lots of their own skippy, trebly songs remaining completely unrelated to glam, punk and folk (which isn't true but could have been). The Scars have what it takes to be next year's Undertones, who are this year's Buzzcocks.

The Scars are Paul Research (guitar), Calum Mackay (drums), Bobby King (vocalist) and John Mackie (bass).

Doll By Doll are densely bland. They remind me of a bad dream I once had where Malcolm McLaren had decided to manage Mountain instead of The New York Dolls. No one will love them for giving ugliness a bad name.

They're as normal as an egg, half as decadent and just as smooth. They make you thankful that young people who wish to play heavy muddy rock have no excessive artistic pretensions, sort of four Bill Nelsons out

for the Rush market.

Doll By Doll are a solemnly wrapped, super slick, well stocked hard rock machine, and only Punishment Of Luxury can take their place. It could be a huge mock manipulative joke at the expense of fans and little white ladies alike. Look at us! We frown a lot and play canned rock and you all lap it up and swirl it about.

But I know that it's not a joke because Devo said so and I trust them.

Doll By Doll are the missing link between J. B. Priestly and Uriah Heep. If their aim is to nauseate they are extraordinarily successful.

Paul Morley

SVT

Dingwalls

The feeling that your eardrums are being detonated is never a pleasant one.

Those with a low threshold to physical suffering could well have enjoyed this occasion, while the more sensitive were left wifling in the face of excruciating volume.

Any expectations were crushed by an overwhelmingly mundane set. Had SVT not included Jack Casady, there would have been little incentive to distinguish them from any other average West Coast heavy rock band. They were technically flawless, sufficiently sinister in their incessant, blinding assault, but ultimately colourless and non-descript.

What a travesty. This was Casady — co-founder of the Airplane and anchor of Hot Tuna, possibly the most underrated merchants of fusion heavy rock (and authors of that exclusive milestone of an album 'First Pull Up Then Pull Down'). This was Casady keeping a profile so low that it was virtually subterranean.

Nobody was desperate for



Hop along CASADY. Pic MIKE BAESE

Dull dream

definitive 30 minute statements on the gymnastics of the bass, but something more than his sustained three-chord slugging wouldn't have gone amiss.

The whole band, particularly vocals/guitarist Brian Marneil, radiated an effortless class that was wasted on such a dreb catalogue of soulless rock themes.

Highlights of a concise set were thin on the ground, as, eventually, were its recipients. The one exception to Marneil and keyboard player Nick Buck's monopoly of credits was a spirited shot at Eddie Cochran's 'C'mon Everybody'.

'Rock Reich', a heavy-handed

stab at manipulation in The Biz, did at least boast a few daring changes of texture, but with only 'Don't Rock Me' possessing anything of the resonance deserving of Casady's bass playing, SVT made for some excessively tedious listening.

It was Casady's plan to play it democratic. Marneil assured me later. But shouldn't some be more equal than others?

Mark Ellen

Toyah

Manchester

Toyah are the brainchild of Toyah Wilcox, an entrepreneur of the Battersea



Boring Doll JACKIE LEVEN. Pic CHRIS HORLER

Arts Centre with a handful of dramatic roles on television and film, including parts in *Quadrophonia* and inevitably, *Jubilee* to her credit.

She's been involved in a number of respectable artistic ventures, is obsessed with horror and the supernatural and has now decided to bring her apparently considerable capacity for the macabre onto the stage.

Having once dismissed pubs and small clubs as too restrictive, it seems strange that she should now be playing somewhere like The Factory; but maybe she just

had to take what she could get.

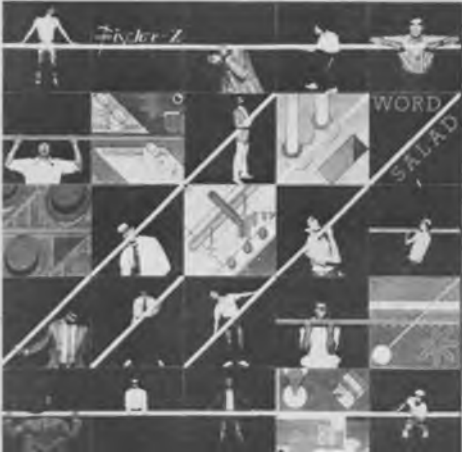
Physically, Toyah is a pudgy, diminutive Billy Idol doll in thigh boots and mini-skirt. Eyes gleaming malevolently and tongue darting, she squats maliciously before the small audience. For all her pelvic contortions and phallic microphone thrustings, she manages to avoid anything remotely resembling sexuality. I keep thinking I'm watching Wayne County.

The tacky theatrics are a diversion for at least the first 20 minutes.



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TOYAH: blood and knives. Pic KEVIN CUMMINGS

She rips a patch of fake flesh from her arm with an ornate knife and chews it briefly before spitting it out in disgust. She manages to nick her finger and smeers what blood she can over her face and hand. But her taunting games with the knife-edge, the licking and caressing of the blade, are predictably obvious.

Unfortunately obsessed with the idea of projecting a body it might be best to

forget, she treats us to copious panoramas of her boring black bra, but declines to bare her breasts as at one point she implies. She even (very hastily) lowers her knickers for a handy photographer who is as disinterested as everyone else.

For all her gyrations Toyah is just too much of a pudding to carry it off.

The band, who look disconcertingly young and

innocent, prove adept beyond expectation. They provide a cold metallic backdrop with chilling gothic organ to Toyah's undeniably strong vocals which paint stark vistas of the macabre. Her voice frequently soars with melodic prettiness owing more to Kate Bush than Siouxsie Sioux.

Although the sickness and depravity Toyah would like to convey is no doubt dear to the hearts of many, tonight's audience must have been a clean-cut bunch. Recalled to the stage only by the regulars who like to hear themselves

shouting down the mike, Toyah ends in abrupt disillusionment as they notice that the rest of the crowd have either retired to the back or left the club completely.

As she smiles and thanks us, she looks quite a nice girl really. But would you want your son to go out with her?

Susan Fletcher

Solid Senders

Marquee

For a man who has shed one record company and two band members in a matter of

months, Wilko Johnson looks amazingly mellow. The set was the same, probably because Russell Strutter (Steve Lewins' replacement) isn't fully worked in yet, though his quiet street cool is a definite plus.

Friendly boogies like 'All Right' set the tone and it takes a slow blues before things catch a fire via expert dynamics and brittle, resonant Johnson lead. With John Denton's piano virtually inaudible, the spotlight's firmly on the boss Sander and his particularly dubious vocals.

Ex-keyboardist/vocalist John Potter, if nothing startling, at least added variety and a gruff authority to the proceedings; but Wilco has one of those strictly two-or-three-songs-a-set voices. No disgrace, y'understand, just not up to carrying an evening.

Playing with a loose, lolling drive Alan Platt's drumming was unfailingly apt. Even 'Paradise', shorn of its usual dive-bombing chordal attack, was garnished with a touch of swing. 'She Does It Right', the definitive bout of manic Johnson machine-gunners, was similarly restrained, despite a great solo.

The easy-rolling, good-time grooves of 'Rainy Day Women' and 'Be Bop A Lula' catch the mood perfectly, the former replete with chuckleworthy new lines about Joe Strummer and The Boomtown Rats.

Creative, personal R'n'B is beyond all but a few. Wilko Johnson is one of those few — witness his Danny Adler-like train whistle doodling on 'Johnny B. Goode' — but he remains a great collaborative talent in need of a foil. He had one once... what was his name again?

Harry George



WILKO: return to sender. Pic PHILIP GREY

Black vista

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

"I believe you're in the know about this hi-fi stuff. I've got £xxx. What would you recommend?"

There seems to be a vast army of people dying to unfurl their readies on a hi-fi system, but holding back because they're unsure how to go about it.

Particularly for these people, we thought it would be useful to look back over some of the products that have featured in these columns (and one that hasn't), take our entrails in both hands and proceed to a hard-and-fast system recommendation.

Now we're not trying to say that what follows is the definitive system money can buy within this price range. Everybody has different requirements and tastes, both visual as well as sonic. And not all live in "average" room sizes with an "average" acoustic. What we are saying is, from all the gear that has passed through our hands, the

following basic system — running out at a few quid over £300 — will certainly take some beating in sheer value-for-money terms.

Although in appraisals of this sort it is customary to "work back" from the speakers we'll do the reverse and start with the one unit we haven't actually checked out before: the KD 1033B turntable from the Trio stable.

The KD 1033B utilises the belt drive system which has the advantages of economic production, good resistance to external vibration, and, dear reader, an excellent sound characteristic. Yes, turntables do have an audible effect on the overall sound quality of the system.

The KD 1033B is uncomplicated from a styling viewpoint and offers only basic facilities. This I do not see as a disadvantage as many current turntables are suffering from a heavy dose of techno overkill, with very dubious "improvements" on offer. On this unit, apart

Hi-Fi on Lo pay

Gadgets on a budget.
By BERNARD FUTTER

from the 33/45 rpm speed, selector there is a three-position power switch which energises the platter and also doubles as a cueing control (slowly lowering the stylus at a predetermined track). None of yer stack-'em-up-eight-at-a-time rubbish 'ere.

In operation the KD 1033B was a pleasure to use. All

controls worked smoothly and there was a reassuring absence of motor noise. Weighing in at about £58, this is a turntable to be reckoned with, even if your allocation for the record replay department is nearer a ton.

If further proof of the value-for-money attributes of the KD 1033B were



The NAD 3020/4020 Amp and Tuner.

needed, it actually comes complete with a magnetic cartridge — not a very good one, I must admit, but certainly OK for those battered but beloved old records that lurk in every collection. Investing in a detachable headshell gives you the option of using a better cartridge. And in this price band there's one cartridge that just screams out for a plug: the Ortofon FF15E Mk 2. It's a source tracker, not particularly arm-fussy so you can use it successfully in a wide range of turntables. Performance is such that it can quite happily outperform many far more expensive units. Aural quality is very detailed — with a slightly "forward" sound — but without any trace of bitterness. Typically available for a very modest £13.50 — and a steal at that.

Power for our system comes from the New Acoustic Dimension 3020 amplifier. Inflation in hi-fi terms has not been quite as rampant as in other areas but hardware costs have risen. The NAD 3020 with a price tag of only £89.00 seems a kickback to a bygone age. Not only that, it really is an excellent-sounding and appointed amp.

It features an all-black presentation and thus complements the Trio well. Power is rated at 20 + 20 watts RMS which should keep most people happy (unless you "dig" Ted Nugent at five levels).

Novel feature is a switchable "soft clipping" mode. With this in circuit it's possible to drive the 3020 beyond its rated output, considerably reducing the risk of damaging either the speakers or your ears.

On test the sound quality, as the name implies, became softer, and although you certainly wouldn't want to listen for any period of time like this, it's reassuring that nothing more unpleasant is liable to happen. In practical terms its greatest value would seem to be during parties when the requirement is flat-out sound without too much supervision.

Other facilities include a twinkling LED display for output power readings, a phone socket and a tape dubbing capability.

This amplifier turned in a good subjective performance and, considering its price tag, makes good sense.

construction was absolutely first class.

By way of a bit of visual interest there is a distinctive metal strip on the front panel and the dark brown grilles can be removed to reveal the two drivers in all their naked splendour.

Reproduction is something of a revelation, considering cost and size. The sound is very detailed and open, with a good bass from such a small enclosure. It suffers from none of the exaggerated characteristics which can prove a little wearing on protracted listening. In short, a natural-sounding and easy-to-listen-to speaker available at a very reasonable shop-around price of about £160 the pair. Please audition before purchase however, although I'm certain you won't be disappointed.

If you want to add FM tuner and a tape, read on. Although I haven't as yet checked it out first hand, NAD have recently introduced the 4020 Stereo FM Tuner which will allow you to take advantage of the very high quality radio broadcasts now available. It features LED displays for tuning and signal strength, and styling matched to the 3020 amplifier — and the same very attractive price: £89.00.

Cassettes? Pioneer is a name impossible to overlook in the value stakes. For a cassette deck the CT-F500 is capable of the best the cassette medium is currently capable of providing. It's a front loader incorporating the Dolby noise suppression system. Price? £98.00.

So there we are — units that have proved themselves the tops in the value-for-money department. It's probable that, in order to attain significant improvements over the performance this system will give you, you'd need to spend another £200.

Turntable
Trio KD-1033B
Typical selling price £58.00
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AD 6000	▲	TRQ 299	●	CTF 700	▲	A 303	▲
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GXC 702D Mk II	▲	ST 750	●	CT 500	▲	M 33	▲
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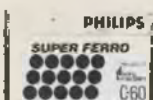
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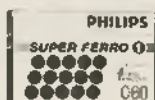
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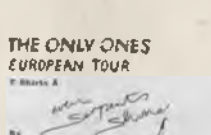
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Well, here we are in Manchester, the weather looks pretty bleak and you've just missed John Barry coming into the room and sitting down, and Iggy coming in as well. They totally ignored each other and there should be plenty more action pretty soon eh Peter?

Indeed there should Barry and the tension is pretty thick as we wait for the next startling development of this drama. John seems pretty concerned with his knees at the moment and Iggy's lying face down in the far corner of the room... and the door's opening — and — and — yes — it's Howard Devoto, Howard Devoto coming into the room, and over to you Barry.

Well John's still looking at his knees — but he looks up, and nods! John Barry nods to Howard and Howard nods

week's (April 21st) NME logo on the front page.

The wording was "The Unbiased One" which would suggest that you show no predispositions in your articles. However, both political and nuclear prejudices were to be found, the former at the foot of T-Zers where your left-wing stance was in evidence, and the latter in the report on the nuclear accident in Harrisburg. Dick Tracy revealed a bias in his hope for the quiet shelving of the Cabinet's "declaration of intent" to order a light-water reactor by 1982. The following paragraph from the report was vague and emotive. (My italics)

"But by the next day the radioactive cloud had spread more than 17 miles, there were fears that 250,000 people might have to be evacuated and it was revealed that a highly charged bubble of radioactive gases was trapped in the reactor and could cause it to overheat and explode."

Finally meltdown, which is generally accepted as the worst possible nuclear accident, did not occur, although you claim that it had.

I'm not expecting intelligent journalists to be opinion-less, nor asking that they suppress their views, but don't claim to be that which you are not.

The only publication that ever really approached the unbiased state was *The Times*, and look what happened to that

SIMON MONTAGUE,
Southampton University
Exactly — CSM

Quit slagging heavy metal and the Boomtown Rats, you sods!

HM AND RATS LOVER,
Newcastle.

P.S. On the cover of NME dated 21st April, the words 'The Unbiased One' appear. You bastards are biased! Come off it, who are you trying to fool?

We would never slag Heavy Metal. We think it's a fine magazine — CSM

The interview with Linton Kwesi Johnson in NME (21.4.79) showed for the most part that he is someone with his head screwed on the right way. However, his passing comment that Scottish nationalism is like fascism shows a lack of understanding of the word "nationalism" of which there are two types. The first type is "English

Nationalism" as personified by the British Empire. The English thought they were doing all their damn natives a favour by taking over their lands — the English way of life was the best and so an excuse was made for exploitation. The legacy of this thinking still exists in the minds of the English ruling classes and so many of the problems of which LKJ spoke have come into existence.

A second definition of nationalism is demonstrated

by Scottish nationalism. Many peoples such as the Bretons and the Basques are in similar positions. Scottish nationalism is an integral part of internationalism. By losing our identity we start to lose respect for the separate identities of all minorities. Relations between Scotland and England (and the rest of the world) would be improved if the Scots became independent. I do not see any connection at all with fascism.

OK so the S.N.P. are a pretty right wing lot, who think all would be fine if Scottish bosses sacked Scottish workers and a Scottish controlled police restricted freedom, but that party represents the desire for Scottish independence at its worse and has done much to stop the masses from demanding freedom. As strange as it may sound, I honestly believe that freedom for Scotland will take the world one more step towards the abolition of countries as we understand the term. When we are all in the country to which we belong then we will have greater respect for each other's hopes and problems.

I realise that this letter has had nothing to do with music or the black community in Britain but it upsets me when such a thoughtless statement spoils an otherwise excellent interview.

GORDON KERR, Edinburgh.
Is this anything to do with "Stop Slagging Heavy Metal"? — CSM

While you quite rightly oppose the NF you support the Socialist Worker's Party, which is as great a threat as they seek to destroy democracy by stopping their opponents' marches and meetings. Are you following the standard middle class wanting to be working class and be hip and left wing syndrome, or is it just an obscure pissake?

LUKE AZADE, Dumfries.

We do not support the SWP or any other political party. We support truth, justice, peace, love, understanding and lots of other nice things. — CSM

That just about sums you up. A bunch of trendy lefties. Last week's issue contained a Thatcher-bashing interview by Linton Kwesi Johnson whose idea of a not-too-far-away Police State was slightly over exaggerated. Thatcher's laws on immigration will curb the conscience of anyone who was born in England being called an immigrant — and that can't be bad. Also your advertisement — Don't Rock Against Racism. Vote Against It — just about sums up the Labour Party — cowards. If they cannot win an election on equal and fair grounds, then they don't deserve to stand in the next one.

Now's the time for you to put country before party. Alright, if you want to be a hip left winger then do it fairly. But please concede it in a fair way and don't go bashing Thatcher

After all she's only doing her job.
MARK ONEILL, Penge.
Your devotion to fairness and equality renders us speechless. Use your vote wisely. — CSM

The National Front proclaim a gospel of racial hatred. Radio Caroline proclaim a gospel of love and peace. You can wear a NF badge because of your right to freedom of speech. Why can't you wear a Radio Caroline badge then?
MARTIN JACKSON, Folkestone, Kent.

Search me. I thought this was the UK. — CSM

I would never call The Boomtown Rats idiots, even if the Modest One looks

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slightly silly with a dead cat on his head.
A NUSS, Manchester.
I don't understand this letter. Doesn't everyone know that dead cats are this season's preferred headgear? — CSM

I bet you've never received a letter from a guy who, while working at McDonald's in London has seen such public figures as Joe Strummer, Joan Jett, Paul Cook and Billy Idol come in for a hamburger. Joe was the best of the lot because he talked and gave me his autograph on a menu slip. You haven't received a letter like this before, have you? You couldn't have, because everyone else who works at McDonald's are disco freaks.
SHEEP CURL
Strummer or says he remembers you too, Shep. incidentally, what exactly goes into a strawberry milkshake? A question not asked, we might add, by our next correspondent. — CSM

I am writing this letter on a biscuit wrapper.
FRUSTRATED. Somewhere in Wales.
Bad place to be frustrated. What happened to the biscuit? — CSM

Stop taking the piss out of Gillingham! The football's OK and the town's not too bad either. Are you sure you got the name right? Gillingham isn't a funny word is it? Oh, and Monty, what were you gonna say about us down 'ere?
TRISHA, Gillingham, Kent.

A fine letter this, except the poor girl doesn't realise that I live in Gillingham. In fact, I am holding a "Spot the Monty" contest in a public house by the name of — MONTY SMITH, Carnaby St., London W.1.
Stop it! — CSM

I didn't want this bloody letter printing anyway.
WRECKLESS GEORGE, Gedling, Nottingham.
Neither did we. Odd, innit? — CSM.

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back! Howard nods to John Barry but it's not over yet. Iggy Pop scrambles off the floor. Howard looks toward him and nods back! Iggy Pop has nodded in return to Howard Devoto and the implications of this are enormous, Peter.

Indeed they are Barry and that was a pretty gripping moment in there just then, but we should be allowed a breathing space before the final climax of this tense situation — by the way, Barry, do you realise your first name is just the same as John's ha ha. I mean his surname ha ha.

Ha ha no I hadn't noticed that Peter but I think there may be some movement in there before long. John's returned to his knees and Iggy to the floor, while Howard's staring at the wall, looking slightly puzzled I think, and the door's opening again! The door has opened and Russell Mael is coming in! Peter!

Yes, he's just come in, John looks up, there's no recognition. He looks back down to his knees, but Howard's turning round, he turns and nods back! Iggy Pop hasn't even bothered to get up but Russell and Howard are nodding to each other, that really is staggering, Barry.

Well, that's a suitably fitting finale to the excitement generated before, John and Iggy nodding to Howard, Howard nodding to Russell! Well I think no more need be said, that's all from Manchester and back to the studio.
P. STAKER, Manchester.
Is this the kind of relevant stuff that NME flings at our pop kids in election week? — N.S.

It certainly is! — CSM
Could I just say this is the first time I've been on television?
BURGUSS MEREDITH, Derbyshire.
Certainly! — CSM

Your usually unassuming and demure organ has printed an unlikely and indeed untruthful claim in the small print beneath this

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