

NEW

MUSICAL

EXPRESS

WHO BOUNCE BACK

Rainbow show report

Quadrophenia unchained

PLUS

Ramones flick unzipped



The Human Face Of Football

END OF TERM REPORT P.31-7

Fitzgerald: plans for 25-gig tour

PATRIK FITZGERALD is being lined up for a major 25-date tour, starting early next month and culminating in an appearance at London Camden Centre on July 6. His full date sheet will be announced in a week or two, together with the names of the two support bands.



The shows will feature two separate Fitzgerald sets (interspersed by the supports), one a solo acoustic set, and the other with the band he has formed specially for the outing — Rab Fae Beith (drums), Charlie Francis (bass) and Colin Peacock (guitar and keyboards). His debut Polydor album 'Grubby Stories' is released this weekend, to be followed by a single in early June.

● THE JAM have added another date at Glasgow Strathclyde University to their current tour itinerary. They're also set for that venue on May 18 and 19, and now they play a third night on May 17.

● SIOUXSIE & The Banshees' charity concert at London Rainbow on April 7 resulted in a cheque for £3,127 being handed over to the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

● BRIAN JAMES & The Brains' gig at London Kensington Nashville on May 1 had to be cancelled because the venue was flooded. Workmen repairing the roof had overlooked the fact that it was raining, and left their work uncovered overnight. The date has now been re-set for June 9.

Soft Boys make it 35

THE SOFT BOYS have added another five dates to their extensive tour reported three weeks ago, which aids promotion of their album 'A Can Of Bees', just released on their own Two Crabs label. They are Uxbridge Brunel University (May 30), Carlisle Wighton Market Hall (June 1), Wolverhampton Lafayette (6), Burton 76 Club (8) and London Kensington Nashville (16). This brings the number of dates in the tour up to 35, even allowing for two cancellations at the end of last month — at Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel (due to inadequate electronic facilities) and Hull College (no licence) — and still more gigs are being set.

Kleenex package

MOST OF THE dates have now been set for the package tour featuring Swiss all-girl band Kleenex (on their debut UK visit) together with The Raincoats and Cabaret Voltaire. The package has been set up by Rough Trade, who also release the Kleenex single 'You' this week. More gigs are being finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

London W.10 Acklam Hall (tonight, Thursday), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (this Saturday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (May 14), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club without The Raincoats (15), Newport Stowaway (16), Rugby British Rail Club (17), Lincoln College of Technology (19), Canterbury Art College (21), Leeds Fan Club (22), Liverpool Eric's (25), Manchester The Factory (26), Middlesbrough Sandpiper (29), Halifax Civic theatre (30), Derby venue to be arranged (31) and Nottingham Sandpiper (June 1).

Pop Group re-arrange

THE POP GROUP have been forced to revise their UK tour itinerary almost entirely, due to many of their original venues having second thoughts and deciding not to book the band after all. Their revised schedule now comprises Aberdeen University (tomorrow, Friday), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), Fife St Andrew's University (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (May 14), Manchester University (19), Bristol Locarno (21), Guildford Civic Hall (22), London School of Economics (26), Birmingham Top Rank (30), Leeds Polytechnic (31), Hull University (June 1) and Liverpool University (2).

MEMBERS BENEFITS

THE MEMBERS are to headline a couple of charity concerts on behalf of the One Parent Families organisation — they are at Uxbridge Brunel University on May 23 with Pinpoint and The Planetes supporting, and London Camden Centre on May 30 with Pinpoint and Rico. With the slotting in of the first of these benefits, their planned gig at Reading University on May 23 has now been pulled out. Two other cancellations on their current tour schedule are at Plymouth Tops (May 14) and Chester Smartyz (21), but they have just added a last-minute date at Lincoln Polytechnic tonight (Thursday).

● DENNIS BROWN has, by popular demand, added another London date to his current tour. It's at The Venue in Victoria next Tuesday (15).

Iggy extra

AS A RESULT of the success of his Spring tour here, Iggy Pop is returning to Britain after he completes his string of gigs of Europe, and is playing a further three dates — at Portsmouth Locarno (June 5), Brighton Top Rank (6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (8).

Johnny Nash's return to UK

JOHNNY NASH arrives in Britain at the end of the month for a short club tour, taking in Birmingham Barbarella's (May 26), Sheffield Fiesta (May 31-June 2), Burton Royall's Club (6), Norwich Cromwells (7) and Cardiff Troubadour Club (8 and 9). One or two other gigs, including a London date, have still to be sorted in. The visit is timed to coincide with the May 25 release of Nash's new Epic album 'Let's Go Dancing'.

Piranhas ahoy

SOUTH COAST band The Piranhas have dates this month at London Islington Hope and Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Guildford Royal Hotel (Friday), Brighton Sussex University (Saturday), Brighton Top Rank with The Members (16), Chatham Tam O'Shanter (17), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (18), Fareham John Peel (19), Southampton Old Mill (21), Brighton Richmond Hotel (22), Guildford Surrey University (23), Sussex University (24) and Godalming College (31).



DAVE EDMUNDS



NICK LOWE

ROCKPILE GO OUT

Major outing by Edmunds & Lowe

ROCKPILE featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe (that's their official new billing) undertake their most important tour to date next month, headlining at 19 major venues — including a prestige London appearance. And there's the additional bonus of the Lew Lewis Reformer guesting on all dates. All the principals involved — Edmunds, Lowe and Lewis — have new record releases scheduled to coincide with the tour.

The itinerary comprises Birmingham Odeon (June 8), Colchester Essex University (9), Guildford Civic Hall (10), Hastings Pier Pavilion (11), Cambridge Emmanuel College (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (13), Leeds University (15), Oxford Polytechnic (16), Poole Arts Centre (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Swansea Top Rank (19), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21), Egham Royal Holloway College (22), Malvern Winter Gardens (23), Bristol Locarno (24), London Hammersmith Palais (26), Sheffield Top Rank (27), Newcastle City Hall (28) and Edinburgh Odeon (29).

Tickets at seated venues are £3, £2.50 and £2, and at unseated halls all at the one price of £2.50. This does not apply to the colleges who are making their own arrangements.

As already reported, Rockpile precedes the tour with an appearance in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival during Spring Bank Holiday weekend, where they play on May 27 along with The Boomtown Rats and the Average White Band. They are also newly set for the Dublin Festival on July 1 (admission £6), for which other confirmed acts include Status Quo, Judas Priest and The Undertones.

Dave Edmunds' new single 'Girls Talk', issued by Swan Song this week, was written by Elvis Costello. His latest album 'Requested When Needed' follows on June 8, and titles include 'Crawlin' From The Wreckage' and the old Cliff Richard song 'Dynamite'. Guest musi-

cians include Albert Lee and Huey Lewis of Clover.

Nick Lowe also has a single out this week — his is on Rader, and it's the self-penned 'Crackin' Up'. And his album comes out the same day as the Edmunds LP — it's called 'Labour Of Lust' and it contains 11 tracks, all of which were either penned or co-written by Lowe, except for Mickey Jupp's 'Switchboard Susan'.

Rockpile — who comprise Edmunds, Lowe, Billy Bremner and Terry Williams — will feature material from both these albums on their June tour.

LEW LEWIS REFORMER have a new single issued by Stiff on June 1, titled 'Win Or Lose'. It was penned by Francis Rossi of Status Quo, but is not available on any Quo album. And it will be followed shortly by a new LP, on which the band are currently working. Prior to the Rockpile tour, they have further dates in their own right at London Camden Dingwalls (this Sunday), Sheffield University (May 19), Eastbourne Curzon (25), Reading University (28) and Scarborough Penthouse (June 1). And they appear with The Undertones and The Chords at London Strand Lyceum on May 29.

● THE UNDERTONES have, in fact, re-confirmed their Lyceum gig for May 20 — after announcing last week that they would be playing in York on that date. Another change in their itinerary is tonight (Thursday), when they now play Bradford University instead of Hanley Victoria Hall, which is put back to June 5. And they have an extras date at Sheffield Top Rank on June 4.

LURKERS LEAP IN

Killer tour opens later this month

THE LURKERS have now confirmed 25 dates for their latest British tour, plans for which were reported last week, and more gigs are still being finalised. The outing ties in with the May 18 release of their new Beggars Banquet single 'Out In The Dark' / 'Suzie Was A Floopie' — which, on the initial pressing, will include a bonus of two additional tracks (though still selling at normal price). Also coming out during the course of the tour is the band's new album 'God's Lonely Men', issued on June 1.

The itinerary is billed as the Lurkers' Killer Tour, and dates set so far — culminating in a major London concert — are Peterborough Winton Stadium (May 18), Wolverhampton Lafayette (19), Swansea Circles (22), Sheffield Limit Club (24), Retford Porterhouse (25), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (26), York Pop Club (30), Edinburgh June 1, Middlesbrough Rock Garden (2), Dumfries Stagecoach (3), Chester Smartyz (4), Rayleigh Crocs (6), Derby Playhouse (7), Newport The

Village (8) two at Liverpool Eric's (9), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (10), Brighton Top Rank (12), High Wycombe Town Hall (13), Manchester Ardri Cinema (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Leeds Fords Green Hotel (16), Bridgend Drones (17), Plymouth Tops (20), Blackburn Whitton Park (23) and London Strand Lyceum (24).

As already reported, a special coach trip is being laid on from London to the opening gig at Peterborough (tickets and details from Beggars Banquet shops), for the benefit of those who can't wait five weeks for the Lyceum show! Immediately after they complete this schedule, The Lurkers leave for a 15-date tour of the States.

A FALL OUT!

THE FALL were forced to cancel a string of gigs at the outset of their spring tour, due to the departure of guitarist Martin Bramah, who left the band due to the inevitable "personal and musical differences" and who now intends to perform his own material. The Fall have now brought in two new members, Steve Hanley (bass) and Craig Scanlan (guitar), to join the remaining members — Mark E. Smith (vocals), Yvonne Pawlett (piano), Mike Leigh (drums) and Marc Riley (who now switches from bass to guitar).

After rush rehearsals they are going ahead with commitments at Edinburgh Astoria (tonight, Thursday), Carlisle Wighton Market Hall (Friday), Bolton Polytechnic (Saturday) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall with The Prefects (15). They are also supporting Penetration at Coventry Locarno (17) and Manchester Apollo (18).

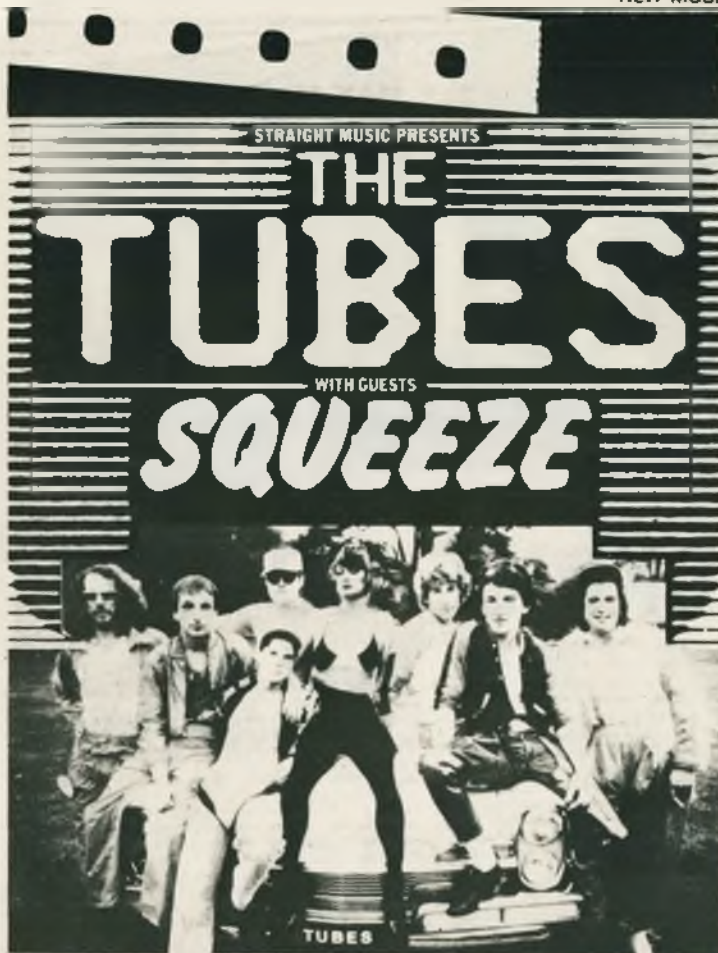
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Ron Wood's U.S. success prolongs Stones absence

RON WOOD'S band The New Barbarians, whose line-up also includes fellow Rolling Stone Keith Richards, are reportedly going down a storm in the States and have already sparked off a couple of riots at venues they've played.

The band was really only formed as an interim measure while the Stones' plans were hung up by Richards' legal problems in Canada — and, indeed, these still continue because the Canadian Government is officially trying to have him committed to prison.

It seems Mick Jagger was unwilling to commit the Stones to any long-term work while this uncertainty persists, and he has the worry of his own upcoming divorce, so Wood decided to go ahead with his own tour — only finalising the personnel a few days before the opening show. Also in the line-up are Stanley Clarke (bass), Joseph Modelliste (of The Meters) (drums), Bobby Keys (tenor sax) and Ian McLagen (keyboards).

There is still no confirmation on whether the band will play UK dates in the late spring after they have finished in the States. Latest word is that the U.S. tour could, by popular demand, be extended. And thereafter much depends upon the outcome of the Richards affair — which, if it goes in his favour, could prompt Jagger into getting the

Stones rolling again.

If the Canadian Justice Department's appeal against Richards' light probation sentence is upheld, and a term of imprisonment substituted, the chances are that he would have to serve it. An official said that,

if Richards failed to return to Canada, extradition proceedings would be instituted. So the Stones' future hangs in the balance pending the result — and in the meantime, Wood and Richards are cashing in with The New Barbarians.

QUO ADD TWO LONDON GIGS

STATUS QUO, who have just started a major sell-out tour of Britain, have confirmed two more London concerts for next month — in response to the overwhelming demand for tickets for the three shows they're playing at Wembley Arena this week. The extra shows are at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday and Tuesday, June 25 and 26, and tickets are now available from the box-office. Immediately after these dates, the band leave for Ireland, where they headline the Dublin Festival on Sunday, July 1.

IT'S THEM AGAIN!

THEM, the top Irish band who were the springboard for Van Morrison's rise to fame, are back on the road again with three of their original members — Alan Henderson (bass), Eric Wrixon (keyboards) and Jim Armstrong (lead guitar) — plus a couple of new men. The outfit was formed in 1963, and they eventually disbanded in 1969, two years after Morrison's departure. Now they're back in business, and recently travelled to Germany to record a single and album — the LP, titled 'Shut Your Mouth', is already on sale in Europe and it's hoped soon to be issued here. They are about to start touring the Continent and, although no British gigs have yet been arranged, these are expected to follow when the album comes out in this country.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

A MOD FESTIVAL is being staged on Sunday, May 20, at Bishops Cleeve, Triad Leisure Centre. The organisers claim it is to be the first event of its kind in the current decade. Bands booked so far are The Purple Hearts, The Crooks, Back To Zero, The Mods and Squires. It runs from 2 to 11 pm, and admission is £1.50.

IDENTITY PARADE is the name of a package tour organised by Manchester-based T.J. Records, featuring five bands signed to the label — V2, The Distractions, Private Sector, The Ahfira and Frantic Elevators. First confirmed gigs are Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (this Saturday), Derby Agents Club (May 17), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Wakefield Bretton Hall (25) and Manchester Russell Club (28).

FISCHER-Z have made a couple of changes to their tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. They have added London Regent's Park Bedford College tomorrow (Friday), but their gig at Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms on May 21 is now cancelled.

GAY AND TERRY WOODS return to the concert circuit as support act on the previously-reported British tour by Renaissance, opening at London Hammersmith Odeon tomorrow (Friday).

JOENS COUTER, the leading Belgian rock band, are in Britain to promote the release of their single 'Honey Bee' on the Birmingham-based Big Bear label. The four-piece outfit have gigs this weekend at Birmingham Newman College (Friday) and Derby Lonsdale College (Saturday), with more to follow.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG this week begins daytime English language broadcasting for the first time for 30 years. Resident disc-jockeys Mark Wesley, Tony Prince, Stuart Henry, Bob Stewart, Barry Aldis and Rob Jones will be on the air Mondays through Saturdays from 2 to 5.30 pm (finishing 30 minutes earlier on Saturdays). The service is aimed initially at English-speaking people living in Europe, though it's hoped to expand its range eventually. Service is on Channel 18 FM (92.5 MHz).

CHARLIE GRACIE, the veteran U.S. rocker who had a string of British hits in 1967, visits Britain in the late summer and is already confirmed for an appearance at London Southgate Royal on September 13. Among other acts set for the same venue is another near-legendary rock star Billy Lee Riley, who plays there on July 28.

CAPITAL LETTERS have added four dates to their tour reported two weeks ago — at Keesle University (May 23), Bristol Polytechnic (26), Birmingham Barbarella's (31) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (June 7). Their projected gig at Plymouth on May 28 is cancelled because they are appearing on Belgian TV, and Birmingham Rialto is put back from June 8 to 16.

THE STARBETS undertake their first UK tour in support to Stiff Little Fingers who, as reported last week, go on the road later this month. The Irish band have just completed their first album, a self-penned set produced by David Batchelor (who was responsible for The Skids' hit 'Into The Valley'), for release by Epic next month.

ARCTICRAX have slotted another four gigs into their tour itinerary, listed last week. They are London Marquee (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Sandpiper (May 26), London Camden Music Machine (30) and Retford Portershouse (June 2).

THE PURPLE HEARTS headline the first of a new series of rock gigs at London's Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, next Monday (14). This opening show is a Mod Night with Little Rascals and The Cobras also appearing, and admission is £1.25, but it's planned to stage concerts every fortnight.

SMIFF 'N' THE TEARS are lining up a UK tour for June (dates to follow shortly) which will introduce their two new recruits, ex-Vinagar Joe bassist Nick South and ex-Steve Gibbons keyboards man Keith Miller. Respectively, they replace Chris Rankin, who's forming his own band, and Alan Feldman who's fed up with touring but will continue to assist Smiff and Co in the studio.



THE LATE SHOW have a string of dates at Newcastle Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), London Kensington Nashville (Saturday and Sunday), Weston-super-Mare Sloopy's (May 17), Blackpool Norbeck Castle (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), Walsall Town Hall (26) and Cromer West Rumbon Pavilion (28).

GANG OF FOUR play their only gig for some weeks (due to exams) when they headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, May 27, supported by The Specials. Punishment Of Luxury, who were originally set for the Lyceum on that date, will now play Bridgend Drones, instead — and their Lyceum show is being re-arranged for June.

ULTRAVOX have parted company with their lead vocalist John Fox, and are now looking for a replacement. The split came two weeks ago when the band returned home from an extensive US tour. The remaining members claim that Fox's attitude had become negative, and say that working with him was increasingly difficult.

TOT AND THE GIRLS (who've now dropped the 'in Room 419' from their name) have gigs at Hanley Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Princeville (Saturday), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (May 14), Nottingham Trent Poly (15), Chester Sinariz (17), Retford Portershouse (18), Bishops Cleeve Triad Leisure Centre (23), Norwich Kenwick College (24), York Revolution (27) and Bedford Topic Club (28).

DR. FEELGOOD have been forced to cancel their projected gig at London Hammersmith Palais on June 5 because the hall is being used for A-levels that week. An alternative London date is being arranged and will be announced next week.

THE HEADBOYS, who complete their tour as support to John Owey at London Rainbow this Saturday, have London gigs of their own at Kensington Nashville (May 14) and the Marquee (15). A full headlining tour is currently being lined up for them.

SUPERCHARGE set out this weekend on what they describe as an extensive tour. It consists of just two dates — York University (tomorrow, Friday) and Jacksdales Grey Topper (Sunday).

RENAISSANCE have cancelled one of the dates in their British tour itinerary, which opens this weekend (see Gig Guide) — it's at Bradford St. George's Hall on May 21.

THE ANGELO UPSTARTS have added three more dates to their current gig series — at Blackpool Norbeck Castle (May 18), Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 1) and support to The Skids at London Strand Lyceum (3).

HARRY CHAPIN, whose eight-concert UK tour opens on May 22, has switched the date and venue of his London show. Originally set for Drury Lane Theatre Royal on June 2, he now instead plays the Rainbow on May 28 (tickets £3.50, £3 and £2.50). Other dates remain unchanged.

FRI. 11th MAY — GLASGOW APOLLO — TEL: 041 332 9221/2

SAT. 12th MAY — EDINBURGH ODEON — TEL: 667 3805

SUN. 13th MAY — *NEWCASTLE CITY HALL — TEL: NEWCASTLE 20007

TUES. 15th MAY — LIVERPOOL EMPIRE — TEL: 709 1555/6/2548

THUR. 17th MAY — **MANCHESTER APOLLO — TEL: 061 273 1112/3

FRI. 18th MAY — **BIRMINGHAM ODEON — TEL: 021 643 6101

SAT. 19th MAY — BRISTOL COLSTON HALL — TEL: BRISTOL 22957/291768

MON. 21st MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON — TEL: 439 3371

TUES. 22nd MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WED. 23rd MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THUR. 24th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

FRI. 25th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SAT. 26th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SUN. 27th MAY — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TUES. 29th MAY — LEICESTER-DE MONTFORT HALL — TEL: LEICESTER 27632

WED. 30th MAY — SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT — TEL: SOUTHAMPTON 29772

THUR. 31st MAY — BRIGHTON CENTRE — TEL: BRIGHTON 202881

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BLACK SLATE: MAJOR PLANS

BLACK SLATE begin a major five-week UK tour at the end of this month, aimed at previewing the new material on their upcoming album, scheduled for release on their own TCD label in late July. The tour runs from May 31 to July 4 and includes club, college and theatre dates.

The first seven gigs to be confirmed are at Brighton Polytechnic (May 31), Chester Smartz (June 4), Cambridge Queen's College (12), Lincoln The Hall (15), London Marquee (20), York University (22) and London Regent's Park Bedford College (29). Many more dates are currently being finalised.

Including four in Scotland and three in Wales. And immediately prior to this itinerary, they play six dates in Ireland, opening at Belfast Polytechnic on May 24.

The London-based reggae band have already recorded 24 tracks, 12 of which are being selected for the LP. The remaining dozen titles are to be issued as a boxed set containing three maxi-singles in September. European release will be a little earlier, to tie in with the string of appearances they have lined up on the Continent — they are at present touring Holland, Germany and Belgium, and they return to Europe right after their British tour.

THIRD WORLD: TEN GIGS SET

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the June tour by Third World. After a fleeting visit to appear in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival on May 26, already reported, they undertake a series of dates in eight European countries. The band then return to the UK to play:

Edinburgh Odeon (June 19), Manchester Apollo (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Brighton Top Rank (22), London Rainbow Theatre (23 and 24), Bristol Colston Hall

(25), Sheffield Top Rank (26), Purley Orchid Ballroom (27) and Portsmouth Locarno (28).

The new Third World album 'The Story's Been Told' is set for June 15 release by Island. It's preceded on May 18 by a single culled from the LP, titled 'Talk To Me'.

Tickets for the Rainbow gigs are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Prices vary elsewhere, and readers should apply to individual box-offices.

Link Wray gigs

VETERAN rocker Link Wray returns to Britain later this month, as part of an extensive European tour. He has just been signed by Charisma Records, and his visit ties in with the release of his new album and single. He is playing five dates in this country — at Nottingham Sandpiper (May 24), Manchester The Factory (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (26), Edinburgh Tiffany's (28) and two shows at London Victoria The Venue supported by The Blue Max (June 2).

Wray, whose visit coincides with his 50th birthday, has his



album 'Bull Shot' issued tomorrow (Friday) — it was recorded in New York earlier this year with producer Richard Gottehrer, and comprises ten tracks. One of these is released simultaneously as a single — it's Wray's version of Bob Dylan's 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue', and the first 10,000 copies come in blue vinyl and special sleeves.

WINDSOR CASTLE: ROCK AFTER ALL!

THE NEW management of the Windsor Castle, in London's Harrow Road, have had second thoughts about their decision (reported last week) to ditch rock gigs and turn it into a C&W venue. Apparently due to pressure from bands and public alike, they now say they will continue with a pop-rock policy for the foreseeable future, although they will not accept punk bands. This means, in effect, that all existing rock bookings up to May 20 will go ahead as planned — and subsequent gigs are now being set.

COUSIN JOE IS BACK

COUSIN JOE, the near-legendary New Orleans bluesman who admits to being turned 70, returns to Britain this week for a 13-date tour. His visit ties in with the reissue of his Big Bear album 'Gospel Wailing Jazz Playing Rock'n'Roll Soul Shouting Tap Dancing Bluesmen From New Orleans', and his confirmed gigs are:

Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Aston University (Friday), London Victoria The Venue (Saturday), Cumbernauld Greenford Theatre (May 14), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (15), Edinburgh Calkin Studios (16), Manchester Band On The Wall (17), Liverpool Bradford Hotel (18), Sheffield Broadfield Hotel (19), London Camden Dingwells (20), Swindon Arts Centre (23), Scarborough Pepper's (24) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (26).

● This Saturday's gig at The Venue sees Cousin Joe guesting in an all-star band called Rocket 88 — which also features Charlie Watts of The Rolling Stones, Alexis Korner, Dick Morrissey and Ian Stewart, among others.

STILL MORE KATE

KATE BUSH has just confirmed a third successive concert at London Hammersmith Odeon for next Monday, May 14.

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Record News



TOUR IN SEPTEMBER Devo's new LP

DEVO have their second album, 'Duty Now For The Future', recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Ken Scott, issued by Virgin on July 1. It's a mixture of new material and previously unrecorded stage favourites. The tracks are Dave Corporate Anthem, Clockout, Timing X, Wiggly World, Blackhead, Strange Pursuit, S.I.B. (Swelling Hatching Brain), Triumph Of The Will, The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise, Pink Pussycat, Secret Agent Man, Smart Patrol/Mr. DNA and Red Eye. One of the tracks, 'The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise', will be released next month as a single, coupled with a title not on the album, 'Penetration In The Centrefold'. A spokesman for the band said that plans are being finalised for Devo to tour Britain in September.

FREE FEELGOODS EP

A FREE EP will be given with the first 25,000 copies of Dr. Feelgood's new album 'Live', released by United Artists on May 18. Side One of the LP was recorded at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion towards the end of the band's last UK tour, and features them in full rock blast. The second side was recorded at a gig earlier this year at Rayleigh Crocs, before an audience of specially invited fans and friends, and is more in the R&B mould. These 13 tracks are augmented by four more titles stemming from the same two sessions, all Feelgood classics, on the free EP — they are 'Riot In Cell Block No. 9', 'The Blues Had A Baby', 'Lights Out' and 'Great Balls Of Fire'. As previously reported, the band begin a 13-date UK tour on May 24.



● The Mael brothers have produced the single 'Dancing Is Dangerous' by Los Angeles girl singer Noel (left), which Virgin issue as a seven or 12-inch on May 18.

● John Miles' new single 'Oh Dear', taken from his LP 'More Miles Per Hour', is issued by Decca on May 18. He's spending this month writing material for a new album, which he records in July.

Dury on Cornwell elpee

IAN DURY and two members of Devo make guest appearances on the upcoming solo album by Hugh Cornwell which, as reported last week, is titled 'Nosferatu' and comes out in July. Dury has the role of a fairground barker on a track called 'Wrong Way Round', while Devo sidemen Bob and Mark Mothersbaugh are featured on synthesiser, guitar and vocals on a composition of their own. As already announced, Captain Beefheart's drummer Robert Williams and ex-Mothers Of Invention keyboards man Ian Underwood are also on the album.

EX-REZILLOS IN SHAKE UP

SHAKE is the name that's been given to the new band launched by former Rezillos members Jo Catts, Simon Templar and Angie Patterson. Their record debut is set for June 1, with the release by Sire of an EP comprising 'Culture Shop', 'Glasshouse', 'Dream Only' and 'But Not Mine' — it comes in ten-inch form, packaged in a picture sleeve. Later next month, augmented by guitarist Troy Tate, they set out on a full British tour and details will be announced shortly.

● Dave Swarbrick of the soon-to-be-disbanded Fairport Convention has a solo LP issued by Sonet this month titled 'The Celtic Album' — with Dave Pegg, Simon Nicol and Bruce Rowland among the backing musicians. Same label also brings out a new Fats Domino set called 'Sleeping On The Job', recorded in New Orleans.

● New British rock band Alias have been signed to a five-year worldwide deal by Magnet Records, the same label as Darts — and, in fact, both bands are managed by Bob England. They're about to go into the studios to record their first album and, to coincide with its release, a major launch is planned for them later in the year.

● The Sitts are the latest signing to Island Records, and are already in the studios recording an album for late summer release. Dennis Bovell of Matumbi is producing.

Barry Andrews solo

BARRY ANDREWS, until recently keyboards man with XTC, has a solo self-penned EP issued by Virgin on May 25. Titled 'Town and Country', it consists of four tracks — 'Me And My Mate Can Sing', 'Bring On The Alligators', 'Mousetrap' (Dedicated to Auntie Renal) and 'Sergasso Bar'. It was produced by Martin Rushent, and the line-up is Andrews (lead vocals and keyboards), Rob Wilford (drums) and David Marx (guitar, bass and backing vocals).

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SIDE 2. 1. GET BACK The Beatles 2. ITCHYCOO PARK Small Faces 3. THE RESURRECTION SHUFFLE Ashton, Gardner & Dyke 4. BLACK NIGHT Deep Purple 5. IMAGINE John Lennon 6. APACHE The Shadows 7. MAKE ME SMILE (COME UP AND SEE ME) Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel 8. A WHITER SHADE OF PALE Procol Harum 9. THE HIPPIY HIPPIY SHAKE The Swinging Blue Jeans 10. SEE MY BABY JIVE Wizzard



EMI Records Ltd.
HAYES
MIDDLESEX
ENGLAND

Don't eat The Good Missionaries

Missionaries accomplished (l-r): Dave George, Dennis Burns, Anno Wombat, Mark Perry. Pic: Mike Laye.



...but don't let them eat you.

MEFFA WAS in his height of glory. He'd had a fight with Atkins at dinnertime and plobbered him sick and gone around the bogs afterward writing "The Best Fighter In The School Is Meffa! A WHITE BOY, RIGHT!"

Then later on when Dunny the headmaster had caught him over the shop when he was supposed to be in metalwork, he got four of the stick in front of all the assembly — all on the same hand too.

And now, seeing as we ain't got no teacher for geography again, everyone's laughing at his stories and that.

He's a nutcase, Meffa, he got his name cos he poggles all the old meffs drinkers who lie on the grass in Ravensbourne Park. He's a right evil nutcase I tell ya. Hold up. He's doin' his rounds for money.

"Oy Meffa! Dig out Mitchell, 'e's always loadin'!"

I hate Mitchell and Twigger and that crew, talk about wallies. Just cos they got Baratheas blazers they think they run the place. Hal! He's sittin' on Timmins' back. "Gawan Meffa, don't have any of his ol' knackers. He was playin' two bobs up at dinnertime wiv Combsy and them, so 'e's loadin'." Me, I don't give a fuck along as he don't start over 'ere.

Lenkford has just started cryin' cos

he got his sideboards given some treatment, really is cryin' an' all. Still, he is well backward — his dick's the same as it was in the first year!

"Shutcher row up, Diveloe!" Now Meffa's makin' Perry look small. He's got his head in an arm lock and is rubbing on his hair with his knuckles. I bet that hurts. "Oy Meffa, drop it out, 'e's alright. Wha? Nah, nah... I don't... I was just sayin' like."

Nearly dropped meself in it there. Still, poor barster, 'e ain't got no busfare home now and he ain't really one of the wallies. Perry's just quiet really. I feel a bit sorry for him sometimes...

AND NOW I hear of those people and because I've done this... Mark Perry waves his arm around the Step

Forward office — "because I've done something, I'm something... it's like getting your own back... like you can all look at me!"

When, at the end of this year, we get all the 70's retrospectives and rock'n'roll, quite rightly, gets down on its knees to 1978, in the punk rock list of "Who Mattered" anyone who doesn't fit in the first two spaces with Rotten and Perry obviously wasn't there.

The Sex Pistols were the game and *Sniffin Glue* made the rules. We can be spared all the maps, charts theories, gutless cynicism and cheap one upmanship that springs up around the topic today. Only a drip with a grudge could deny Mr Perry's weight on the shaping of the world as we know it.

Behind we leave the, by now, threadbare tale of the bloke cashing

in his bank clerk hat for the type-written bulletins that inspired a legion of bored teenagers to ask dad for the car keys.

"Oh, you thinking of going to the pictures then son?"

"Nah, dad, we just need the garage for a while..."

And here we can ponder the — 'empire' as it fragments and tumbles about our stereos. Three years on, and though the fun's not gone, our leaders don't talk to each other any more and when they talk to us we already know what they're going to say. All except — and take any prize from the bottom shelf — Rotten and Perry.

Ever since the very first utterances from Perry's inevitable group, Alternative TV, the man has made it clear that if he wrote of change and upheaval to gain our attention/confidence he was going to do his damndest to see the print through into actual audible fact.

The mistake he made was believing that was what everyone wanted.

But, no it took a brave band to step out from the blarney blueprint during those halcyon days, and though ATV were far from The Good Missionaries they are today, Perry's outfit didn't take long to bamboozle and thus lose its fanzine fed followers.

And if Perry will not be satisfied until the very last punter resigns, he

has doggedly made his recordings and gigs less and less like what he believes his audience will want to hear.

This curious behaviour appears to have reached a zenith/nadir with the 'Vicing Up The Senile Man' album and Mark's announcement that he wishes his band now to be known as The Good Missionaries so as they may start all over again.

Cronic indulgence or a master scheme?

You have to hand it to the old bugger, whichever way you care for his music — and it probably won't shock you to find that this writer isn't floored by it — Mark Perry is living out his former employee Jimmy Pussery's favourite gable: "Do what you want to do and fuck everyone else."

IT IS April '79 and in the offices of Mark P's Step Forward Records, his former partner refuses to slap backs while P refuses to be slapped back. The 'prophet of pun' looks well-fed, mellow and content. We'll soon put a stop to that.

On hearing his later work, many of us are left mulling over the definition of 'pretentious'. Certainly tracks like 'Red' from the 'Image Has Cracked' album and the absolutely awful bops and bangs of 'Serpentine Gallery' on 'Vicing' carve whole new meanings in the word.

"Oh, leave it out (laughs). No, I mean, it all depends on what you mean by pretentious. Y'see I don't make records for people, I'm not after 40 minutes of entertainment. I've bought records for ten years, everything, not knowing if it'll be good or bad, trying to suss out a good pattern. But now I don't have to because I'm given time for my own records and I record exactly what I want, what I want to hear."

Ain't that just abusing studio time because you can get it.

"Well, these two years have led me to all this so I'm bound to use it all ain't it? But people love to have a go at me because I'm not whacking out stuff like The Angelic Upstarts, or backing bands like that financially."

And you don't think you should?

"No, cos I think bands like that are ridiculous. I mean, punk to me was always for taking the piss out of people, that's what it was, y'know, give 'em a good runaround."

Laughing while you are changing their attitudes, really. People who tell me that I've let punk down are the type who'd go out and pay four quid for a copy of 'Love Bites'.

Whereas all I'm doin' is collecting music that means a lot to me — that's all our albums are, just stuff that strikes me as interesting, or funny, at the time."

But would you buy them?

"No, no, no. I'd never buy our albums. I don't think the albums are good, that's not the point. It's just like to say, I've all these facilities so..."

■ Missive continues next page

MARK PERRY gave DANNY BAKER his first start in journalism back in the heady days when they'd meet in 'punk' clubs to sniff glue together. Since then Danny's gone disco and Mark's gone... well, maybe we'd better leave it to Danny to sort that one out.



How to tell if you're schizophrenic

Why are you reading this advertisement?

- ☐ Because you're not sure if you're schizophrenic.
- ☐ Because it's more interesting than the opposite page.
- ☐ Because you're studying psychology at Oxford.
- ☐ Because it's about the new album from Ian Hunter.

What do you know about Ian Hunter?

- ☐ He was lead singer in Mott the Hoople.
- ☐ He was manager of the Andrew Sisters.
- ☐ He's made three classic solo albums.
- ☐ He won the 400 meters in Montreal.

Would you buy his new album 'You're never alone with a Schizophrenic'?

- ☐ No, I'm into Mantovani.
- ☐ Yes, because Mick Ronson, John Cale, Gary Talent, Max Weinberg and Roy Bittan are all playing on it.
- ☐ Only if I get one of the Nolan sisters free with it.
- ☐ Yes, provided Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill hate it.

What would persuade you to buy it if you're not already thinking of doing so?

- ☐ Nine brand new scorching rock 'n' roll tracks.
- ☐ A crate of brown ale.
- ☐ Searing, searching lyrics, precision playing and immaculate production by Hunter/Ronson.
- ☐ This scintillating, highly memorable advertisement.
- ☐ A free Nolan sister.

Conclusion.

No matter how you've answered the questionnaire, if you're still in two minds about buying the new Ian Hunter album, you must be schizophrenic. One sure-fire cure (quite painless we assure you) is to wander down to your nearest record shop and purchase a copy without further delay. You will not regret it.



Produced by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson
Management/direction - The Cleveland Entertainment Company

'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic'
The new album by Ian Hunter.

CRACKING UP
NICK LOWE
ADA34



WINDMILL
Produced and Published by Nick Lowe
© 1979 Nick Lowe. All Rights Reserved.

THRILLS



Above: Ramones fever hits high school.
Left: P. J. Soles (centre) and buddies work out those teen frustrations.



"But the moment they got on stage, something would click and they'd turn into dynamos. We would tell them to try and associate that same loose feeling with acting, and they did eventually reach that point."

The film uses a lot of music, which of course allows for the release of a soundtrack album containing The Ramones' live segment, and three 'new' cuts: 'I Want You Around', 'Rock 'n' Roll High School' and their previously released team effort with The Paley Brothers, 'C'mon Let's Go'. There's also a version of the title track sung by Riff, and a predictable thematic collection of songs from Nick Lowe, Alice Cooper, Chuck Berry and Brownsville Station, among others — none recorded specifically for the flick. The album's only major flaw is the omission of 'High School' by The MC5, which really fires up the film when it appears.

The marriage of Corman and The Ramones, on paper an ideal cross-cultural mutation, finally gives The Ramones a chance to invade the big screen, a medium one would expect to be well suited to their ability to be larger than life (and twice as perplexing).

According to Johnny Ramone, they'd had many previous offers to make a movie, but decided to do *Rock 'n' Roll High School* because "we found out Roger Corman was behind the picture and we knew he made good movies."

"I know," adds Johnny, "I never knew who Corman was until recently. When I was a little kid I used to go to the pictures all the time. I saw all those pictures from *Attack Of The Crab Monsters* to *The Little Shop Of Horrors*, and all the Poe pictures and biker movies. An' I keep seeing the pictures too. I saw *Deathsport* and *Piranha*. I used to see the name on the pictures but I never meant anything to me. I like his movies; they got a lotta violence and action."

As it happens, The Ramones never actually met Corman, whose role as executive producer had more to do with finances, script approval and distribution, than anything else.

His company, New World Pictures, is the owner and distributor of *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, which accounts for the film's premier having been in Dallas, Texas. With only a hundred prints of the movie in existence at present, plans to open it around the country are strangely sketchy. It's currently playing at drive-ins (where else?) around the Mid-West on a double bill with a car chase movie called *Eat My Dust*.

At this early date it's hard to predict the response of American filmgoers to *Rock 'n' Roll High School* and The Ramones' cinematic presence, but many rockbiz insiders are pinning their hopes on kids around the country going to see the film for what it is, and discovering through it the vast and sublime pleasure of The Ramones. Since there are no definite opening dates in either New York or Los Angeles, the reaction of concentrated pinhead factions (how many that could there be in Texas, the state that nearly lynched the Pistols?) has yet to be measured.

Fortunately, when the votes are in, The Ramones will be prepared for their new-found stardom — if that is indeed the case — with a new studio album that's just underway with erstwhile pop magnate Phil Spector at the console.

Whatever happens, *Rock 'n' Roll High School* will stand as a permanent celebration of The Ramones and all they stand for. No dirty words, no nudity, and no agony. Just lots of truncky.

IRA ROBBINS

THRILLS

Joey finally gets the girl

ROGER CORMAN is the undisputed dean of the grade B movie. In the past 25 years, Corman has made over 200 timelessly tasteless low-budget productions, covering subjects of eternal appeal to the discriminating young moviegoer such as monsters, murderers, motor-cycle gangs, runaway automobiles and alien invaders from deep space.

Many of these pictures were made in a matter of days; drive-in classics like *Attack Of The Crab Monsters*, *The Day The World Ended*, *Bucket Of Blood*, *The Fall Of The House Of Usher* and *The Wild Angels*. Corman's empathy with the needs of a teenage audience has brought him unprecedented success — his New World Pictures is the largest independent movie distribution company in the U.S. — and it comes as no great shock to find Corman behind the first real theatrical film of the blank generation.

Rock 'n' Roll High School, featuring those lovable lobotomies The Ramones, is destined to be the cult film of American punkhood, and may well bring Da Bruders the fame they so richly deserve in their native land.

The film, shot mostly at an abandoned Los Angeles high school in only 21 days, was the brainchild of director Allan Arkush, who in the early '70s was artistic director of the famous Fillmore East light show, Joe's Lights, and then went to work for Corman making film trailers. Although he has co-directed other films, *Rock 'n' Roll High School* is Arkush's first fully-fledged solo venture, and draws heavily on his own experience both of rock music and of the same horrible memories of high school shared by most young Americans.

"The high school depicted in the film was actually patterned after my own real life high school," says Arkush, "which in turn was probably patterned after the Gulag Archipelago: no jeans, no sandals, no rock'n'roll music, no long hair, and absolutely no dissent were tolerated.

The Ramones' first feature film, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, had its world premier last week at a Texas drive-in. Will a touching tale of teen romance and adolescent anarchy make America surrender to The Carbona four? Thrills correspondent peels the gum off his seat and delivers this report.

"A lot of *Rock 'n' Roll High School* operates on a fantasy level. In fact, the entire film is really a wish fulfillment. If I were to sum up what this movie is really like, I'd say it was a combination of *The Bandwagon*, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Todd Browning's Freaks*... with maybe a little *High School Confidential*."

ARKUSH HAD the story for the film fully worked out before The Ramones were hired to be The Group. Other bands considered for the gig were Cheap Trick and Todd Rundgren, but The Ramones do seem custom built for the role, which requires not so much dramatic skill as sheer presence. All told, the fearsome foursome have about a dozen speaking lines, which they deliver about as well as can be expected.

Naturally, the teenage rebellion aspect comes first and foremost.

The central conflict is between a nubile Ramonophile named Riff Randall (winningly played by P. J. Soles, who made her film debut in

Carrie and recently appeared in *Halloween*) and the principal of the Vince Lombardi High School, Miss Evelyn Togar, a finty, four-eyed battle-axe who blames the degeneration of the school squarely on rock music and associated disorder.

Riff is a certified fun-loving trouble maker who plans to give The Ramones a song she's written for them when they appear at the local Rockatorium, but Miss Togar is inevitably hell-bent on thwarting her ambitions. Thickening the plot is a love interest story between Riff's sidekick, budding genius Kate Rambeau, who has the hois for handsome but dull jock-type Tom Roberts, who has the hois for Riff, who loves only rock 'n' roll and, especially, The Ramones.

Suffice to say this blackboard romp contains a lot of funny moments, and is entirely appropriate to The Ramones oeuvre of low rent social surrealism.

The Ramones themselves have four main scenes: the first is their

arrival at the concert hall, playing unplugged guitars and non-existent drums in a mime episode that starts with them riding in a hot pink Cadillac and then walking into the theatre past a long line of pogoing fans waiting to buy tickets.

Their second appearance is a fantasy sequence that takes place in Riff's bedroom, where a romantic Joey croons 'I Want You Around' to his self confessed "number one fan".

Their big chance to show off on film comes in the concert section (which involved the staging of a marathon show at the Roxy Theatre that consisted of 22 hours of nonstop Ramones playing at roughly 130 decibels!) where they bang out a medley of their best tunes: 'Blitzkrieg Bop', 'Teenage Lobotomy', 'California Sun', 'Pinhead' and 'She's The One'. They then retire to the dressing room to eat pizza and finally meet Riff, who gives them her song, titled (wait for it) 'Rock 'n' Roll High School'.

The following day, The Ramones show up at Vince Lombardi High, mime some more, and end up inciting a hallway riot that leads to the film's 'explosive' conclusion.

WHAT WAS IT like working with The Ramones?

"It was fun. It was like having pet animals around," says Mary Woronov, the former Warhol Factory actress who plays the loathesome Miss Togar. "The whole time I was there they ate nothing but tacos."

"In the beginning they were very nervous," adds P. J. Soles. "The poor guys wanted to do a good job because Corman is one of their idols — I think they've seen just about every film he's ever done. They were extremely shy and self-conscious.



Left: Johnny Ramone admires Phil Spector's moustache. Right: Mary Woronov — school days were never like this...

Muddle Maker gets it right again

MELODY MAKER, Britain's most sensible music weekly, recently ran a very disturbing story which revolved around the somewhat more than slightly anti-social behaviour of a number of Clash bouncers at a gig on the West Coast during the band's recent tour of the Promised Land.

The scribe in question filed a story detailing a number of atrocities perpetrated by certain Clash employees — some allegedly under the watchful guidance of Clash manager Caroline Coon. In fact the writer, Claude Bessy, would have all and sundry believe that so gruelling were the outbursts that he himself ended the night with several broken ribs to his credit.

Terrible, no? Absolutely. Except, of course, that none of the minutely documented incidents actually took place. The first (the Clash, or

Caroline Coon, knew of the alleged brutalities was on their return to England, when they inadvertently stumbled on the story while attempting to catch up with the ever-progressing English contemporary music scene.

Somewhat perturbed by these outlandish allegations, Coon called *Melody Maker* editor 'Little' Richard Williams and demanded that he first check out the story properly, and then — having come to the inevitable conclusion — print a complete retraction. But quick.

Apparently Mr Williams did check out the story, but was a little loath to print the requested retraction. Ms Coon was not at all loath to inform the errant editor that The Clash would sue.

After much to-ing and fro-ing, an out-of-court settlement was agreed upon which required *Melody Maker* to come clean to the tune of all legal costs, plus £100 (to be donated to Matthew Bowles' Campaign For The Registration of Bouncers) and print the retraction.

When *Thrills* spoke to Caroline Coon she seemed more than satisfied that justice had been done, saying that: "The whole story was a total fabrication from top to bottom."

"She further stated that The Clash had been very upset at the allegations, as over-violent bouncers were something that they had done all in their power to combat on innumerable occasions in the past.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS



Bob Last hard at work

TV Times

EVERY YEAR Phil Burrell, a guru of TV programming, examines the new schedules from the major American TV networks and picks out the trends for the coming season. As a large majority of American series end up on our screens, here's what we can expect in the months to come.

● **Police and detective dramas.** These include an undercover rock band, a sleuthing priest, a Korean private eye, two martial arts specialists and three James Bond-style secret agents — one a woman.

● **Westerns.** Mainly

non-traditional with the emphasis on comedy.

● **Blue-collar family comedy.**

Includes steel workers, garages and a car hire firm.

● **Medical drama and hospital comedy.**

Fantasy. Largely geared to the theme popularised by *Heaven Can Wait*.

● **Nostalgia.** The '60s and the Vietnam era are big.

● **Kids comedy and adventure.** Popular themes

include groups of Beatles fans, and baseball and swimming teams.

● **Rescue-adventure with mucho gadgetry.**

● **Domestic comedy** including unwed couples — a new trend.

● **Movie spinoffs.** No titles revealed.

● Offbeat subjects.

The last category deserves more detailed analysis. These include vampires, a boy who communicates with King Tutankhamen, a World War II all-female flying squadron and more.

Oddball awards must go to:

The Family Dog, the adventures of a family of dogs, portrayed by human actors in costumes.

Starstruck, a domestic comedy set 200 years in the future about a family who live in a saloon-motel orbiting in outer space, and *Man With Power*, the surrealistic story of a stunt pilot who, while flying through an electric storm, gets hit by lightning and develops extraordinary powers of strength and endurance.

I could use a job thinking up ideas like that.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

independent record labels have really neglected is investigating alternatives to the traditional single and album formats. There should be other ways of using vinyl."

The first issue, a 12-inch platter 'edited' by Last himself, retails at £2.20 and contains 24 minutes of music from four bands: The Blank Students (from Preston), electronic quartet Graph (from Sheffield), The Flowers (from Edinburgh) and The Prats (from Inverness).

The record closes with a synthesised version of The Rezillos' 'Good Sculptures', intoned by the band's former bassman Simon Templar in a close vocal approximation to Peter Sellers on 'Hard Days Night'.

Fast hope to make Earcom a regular proposition — a periodical magazine of 'demo' recordings by young bands with attendant visual packages and posters, possibly assembled by various guests editors in turn.

"It's not really a compilation album," continues Last.

"We want to keep on doing new things like this. We want to loosen things up again."

"It's really important that there are independent record labels bringing records out much earlier in a band's career. Band's shouldn't be expected to have everything sussed out on their first record."

"This just gives a group the chance to work without that sort of pressure."

And (like all good comics should) the first issue contains a free mystery gift

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS



Paul Simon and Caroline Coon

THIS WAY UP

Try
**LIFE
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on the ceiling
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The new album from
**MICHAEL
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RECORDS** the label you can't trust. STEAL 5.

Plugging into the Wired Society . .

THE WIRED SOCIETY moves one step closer with the news that all three of America's major TV networks — CBS, ABC & NBC — have used brain research to measure audience reaction to certain programmes.

The research has been carried out at the Neuro Communications Research Laboratories in New York by Dr. Sidney Weinstein. Viewers have their heads wired to an electroencephalograph, which measures their brain waves. Then while they're watching a programme, it's interrupted by almost imperceptible flashes on the screen. The impact of these distractions on the viewer's brain is measured, and indicates how absorbed he or she is in the TV fare.

According to Weinstein, one network used this system to test the popularity of a major female rock singer. Other research, using questionnaires, had indicated that women would not want to watch her on TV; the brain research contradicted these findings totally.

Advertisers have also used the system to test out replacements for personalities who have become identified strongly with a commercial product.

The Bee Gees' time may be up sooner than you'd hoped.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



John Fogerty — No Creedence Clearwater revival anticipated ...

WHATEVER happened to John Fogerty? Just what did become of the man who gave Creedence Clearwater Revival their distinctive and original style, steering them through considerable commercial and artistic success, after he went on to begin his solo career?

At first, with his blue Ridge Rangers — actually Fogerty playing all instruments — he threatened to take the '70s by the scruff of the neck, carrying on where CCR left off. Unfortunately, after his excellent 1975 solo set had hit the bargain racks, and Fantasy had exhausted the Creedence hits machine, John Fogerty was inexplicably lost in action. The silence is deafening.

Meanwhile Richard Hell covered 'Walkin' On The Water' (1977), and countless bands (notably Status Quo), have attempted to resurrect 'Rockin' All Over The World'.

So what of the great man himself? Well, it comes to Thrills' ears that Fogerty is very much alive and well and keeping a low-profile around the Bay area. In private, he has recorded sufficient material for at least two albums and informants who have been privileged to hear playbacks insist that the overall quality is stunning.

But it seems Fogerty refuses to release records just for the sake of doing so. If his work doesn't meet his own expectations he argues that there's no point in releasing the tracks. So they may never see daylight.

Fogerty long ago passed the point where he needed to work to live, so he isn't about to jump the gun and tarnish his reputation. He's a hard act to follow. And he knows it.

THRILLS

On Yer Bike Or On Your Back

DURING THEIR recent tour of the United States, Judas Priest's lead whip-crackin' cock-struttin' hip-shakin' mouth-shootin' singer Rob Halford had taken to opening the show by driving across stage on a Harley Davidson chopper.

Nothing unusual in that you may riposte — but wait ... Towards the end of this tour in St Paul, Minneapolis, Halford let his chopper get away from him and succeeded in pedalling the hog clean off the boards, over a twelve foot drop, injuring a rabid disciple of the Priesthood and sustaining severe cuts and bruises himself.

Imagine his chagrin when the local heat added insult to injury and arrested him for infringing the stadium's fire regulations (and driving without L-plates).

Unfortunately, Halford wasn't killed and plans to retain the Harley for Priest's



Halford whips it out
Pic: Jorgen Angel

(grunt) forthcoming European extravaganza. First Frank Zappa, then Patti Smith, and now Rob Halford. Will these people never learn? (No, they won't.)

SUNNY BARGER

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON



"I OFTEN FEEL THAT I'M INCREDIBLY RUDE TO MY AUDIENCES... I'M TRULY SURPRISED WHEN THEY KEEP TURNING UP— THAT'S GREAT."

David Bowie

EXCLUSIVE TO CAPITAL RADIO!

DAVID BOWIE

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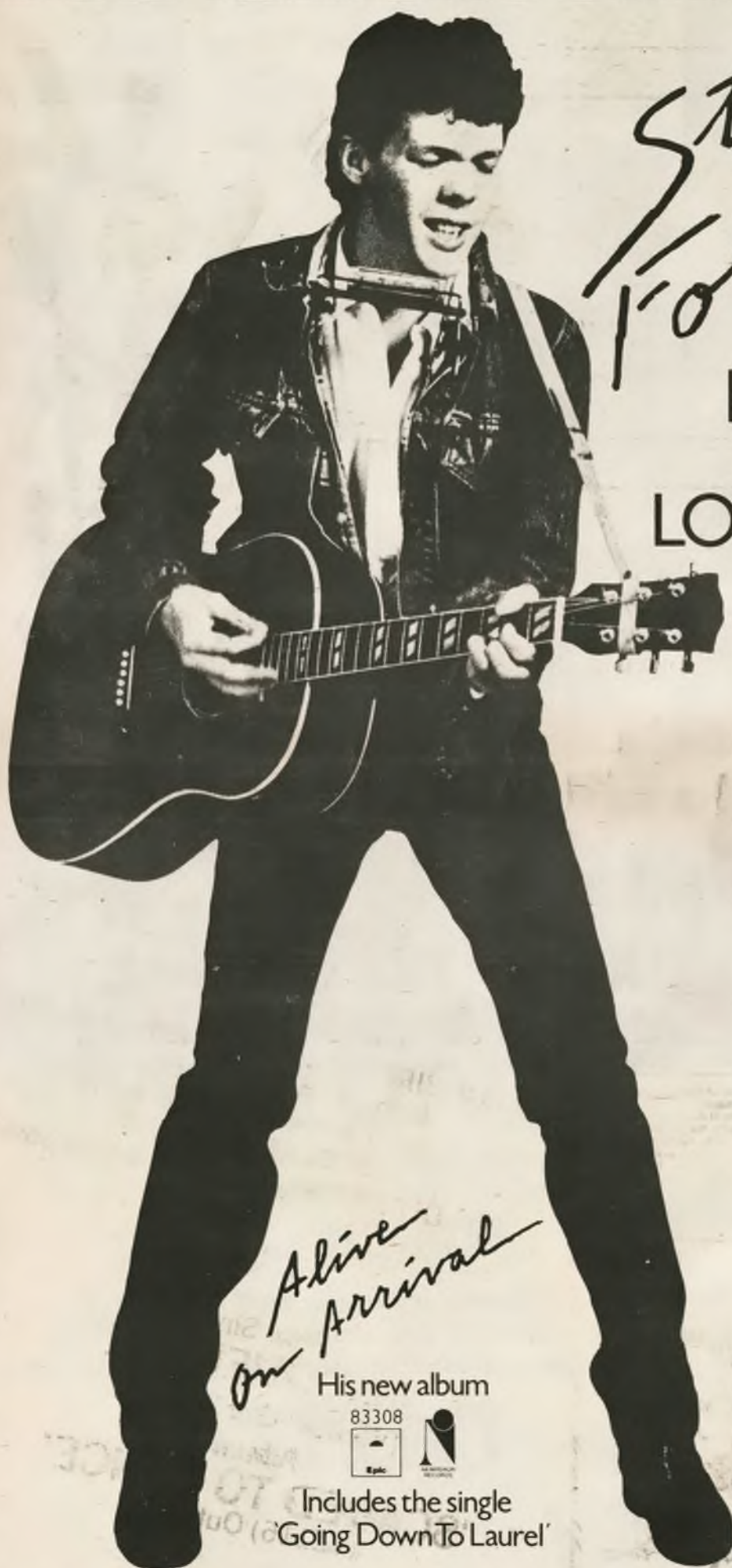
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THE VENUE
LONDON MAY 9th

Jesus is just alright with me . . .

ROGER McGUINN, co-founder of The Byrds, has found God — and boy, is he delighted. According to *People* magazine, two years ago Roger was burnt out and reeling from a third failed marriage when he decided: "Jesus is the only way. I felt peace. My fear evaporated. Right there it was, like, whoosh, the Holy Spirit overtook me."

Fellow band member Gene Clark remains cynical: "It's LSD, then Eastern religion, so it seems natural that when that wore out, he'd advocate something else."

But Roger reveals that Bob Dylan has proved a staunch ally. "We sat down two



is it a Byrd? Is it an astronaut? Roger reveals all. Pic: Tom Sheehan

WHAT DID YOU dream about last night? Been having trouble with your sleep walking? In New York City they don't take their small hours lying down.

Last week, the annual South Bronx Surrealist Festival took place — devised by the Latin Insomniacs, an off-beat motorcycle club unknown in the Metropolitan area, consisting of poets,

artists, playwrights, trapeze acts, high-wire performers, and freelance gynaecologists from the Red Light Districts. All these characters plus "a burlesque, a fashion show, public executions and cock fights" strutted their stuff. Plus, there was Kool-Aid and free entry for drag queens. Don't ya just wish you'd been there?

RAY MAN

THRILLS

every day and pray in their one-bedroom Century City apartment. Roger prays for parking spaces and to relieve Lord put McGuinn, Clark and Hillman together. My ministry is rock'n'roll. I'm shining the light in a dark area."

Roger has no need of superster trappings now he has God on his side. "Last year my pastor advised me to pray for a miracle instead of declaring bankruptcy. I did, and within several days I received unexpected royalty cheques amounting to \$30,000."

Who says NME never carried any good news? DICK TRACY

THRILLS

ALL THE WINNERS

EVER WONDERED where all the smart-ass one liners go to in winter? They turn up in bundles as entries for our "Caption The Cuckoo" contests. And, take it from us, you mugs get smarter every time around. Are you tryin' to prove something?

We won't get personal about it, so while we're still friendly here are the names of five finalists who each score a 'Cruisin' picture disc. In no particular order . . .

A. M. Montgomery up there on Stornoway, Isle Of Lewis. "We're never gonna get this bloody hand jive together . . ."

Shenandoah Bush, London. "I figured it out as: 'I, Dave, to be my . . .'

Rosemary Finlay who sent in her entry from Newtownards, Co. Down, N. Ireland, quipped: "Pill, I think mother's taking



these German lessons a bit too seriously. . . .

Cheerful Charlie Cook from Cheshire (Wimslow to be precise) assumed: "And we solemnly swear that this is the last of our unreleased material from the vaults."

Finally, Peter Hagan from Richmond, Surrey, has the last word. "OK, it's unanimous — we

get rid of the flags and keep the wallpaper."

A final thank to everyone who joined in the jollities and perhaps better luck next time when we offer a night out with Greg Lake as the first prize and two nights with Greg as the second prize.

THRILLS

ELVIS PRESLEY



"This kid's gonna be enormous, chief — but he'll have to get rid of that French horn."

SKIDS

MAKING TRACKS

MAY

16th BRADFORD University
18th BRIGHTON Sussex University
19th GUILDFORD Surrey University
(2 shows)

22nd HANLEY Victoria Halls

26th LOCH LOMOND Festival

27th BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
29th NEWPORT Stowaway
31st LEEDS Polytechnic
(2 shows)

JUNE

1st CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
2nd LINCOLN Drill Hall
3rd LONDON Lyceum
10th BRISTOL Lorcarno

11th BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall
12th NEWCASTLE City Hall
14th MANCHESTER Apollo
16th GLASGOW Apollo
17th DUNFERMLINE Kinema Ballroom

New Single

'MASQUERADE'

(VS 262) Out 18th May

Album

'SCARED TO DANCE'

(V2116) Out now

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At last it's here... "Bob Dylan at Budokan", the superlative live album from Dylan's '78 tour of Japan. Until now it's only been available on import at an outrageous price. But you can get it now complete with FULL COLOUR POSTER, 16 PAGE ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK – and – best of all – twenty two live tracks of Dylan!



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Shelter From The Storm
Love Minus Zero/No Limit
Ballad Of A Thin Man
Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
Maggies Farm
One More Cup Of Coffee
Like A Rolling Stone

I Shall Be Released
Is Your Love In Vain?
Going, Going Gone
Blowin' In The Wind
Just Like A Woman
Oh, Sister
Simple Twist Of Fate
All Along The Watchtower

I Want You
All I Really Want To Do
Knockin' On Heaven's Door
It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
Forever Young
The Times They Are A-Changing



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IMAGINE: THE AIRCRAFT shudders in and out of a random air-pocket. Without modifying his position Tom Waits observes with little interest the whipped layer of low, white cloud that reflects the sunlight, purposefully obscuring the ground, or sea, or whatever it is they are flying over.

Couched inert in the soft blue seat, he thinks.

He is thinking about London and Vienna, lighting a cigarette and girls, 12 hours ago and reading a book, 12 hours yet to come and asking the hostess for another beer.

Lighting a long, tipped cigarette he attempts to attract her attention, without attracting too much attention to himself. He coughs and lowers his eyes as she smiles and moves toward him.

"Do you think I could possibly have another beer, please miss?"

"Oh, I think we can just about manage that, sir."

The hostess turns and walks down the aisle.

Waits watches her move.

She is wearing a beautiful blue uniform that fits her very well. He likes the way the blue creases into and away from the small of her back, and now her sophisticated curves move mesmerically this way and that; dragging his eyes crazily back and forth like a cartoon animation.

Most of all he likes the twicingly organic rustle her thighs make as she puts one foot in front of the other.

He thinks that he would like to write a song for her. Or about her, maybe: her blue uniform, clean smell and organic rustle, and the things she thinks about while putting on her make-up. He's never written a song about an airline hostess.

By the time she returns with the drink Waits is flicking rapidly and happily through a magazine.

"**H**ERE, TAKE a look at these," says Waits, handing across what appears to be a clutch of loose pages from a b/w magazine. "I was reading a magazine on the plane coming over and I just had to tear out these pages to show you. The photographs are really great."

The press officer examines the pictures and passes them round the creamily veneered cafe table to the blonde haired photographer and the blonde haired journalist.

Everybody laughs and searches for a joke to crack.

The pictures document the inside of a rough looking, harshly-lit bar where various combinations of middle-aged, apparently working-class men and women are in various stages of undress, and are engaged in all manner of bawdy frolic.

(Privately the journalist thinks that it all looks a bit desperate.)

"I don't know what language that's printed in, so I don't know where the bar is, but I sure would like to find out."

Waits takes back the magazine pages and folds them roughly into his pocket.

His brown hair is swept back from his face and piled on top of his head in sculptured waves. He has a triangular head that is broad at the brow and narrow at the chin. He looks exactly like a man who makes exceptional records. He is exceptional.

Kerouac looked side-long at the scratchily animated figure of Waits, and ran his tongue back and forth pensively over his top teeth. I wonder... I don't know... not... I mean... (?)

WAITS ROCKS himself forward and then back against the aircraft seat; his arms folded tightly across his stomach and chest, his hands balled into fists and crammed into the armpits of his mildly scuffed, brown leather flying jacket. The magazine on his knee lays idle, forgotten for the moment. He nibbles gingerly on the inside of his left cheek and closes his eyes.

He is thinking about The Moulin Rouge, a strip club-cum-whorehouse in Vienna.

Waits is trying very hard to remember every last little detail of The Moulin Rouge. After all, it's not every day you get to spend some time in a joint like that. Not in Vienna, Austria, you don't... Christ, what a whacky dive, the damndest place he'd ever seen; all red plush, shiny gold and baby grinds. (Whistles a low and constantly deep note).

"**T**HE WILDEST place you've ever seen; it's like a strip club-cum-whorehouse, y'know?, and there's this girl writhing about stark naked on a goatkin rug in the middle of the floor; and she's writhing and groaning, and spitting and drooling, and crawling around on this rug... And all around this room there's a gallery which is full of respectable middle-aged and old men. And when she's finished writhing and groaning, and spitting and crawling, they just clap, y'know, as polite as you please. I could not believe it man," laughs Waits.

When Waits laughs it sounds something like a good-natured, but reluctant stumble.

The Chinese waitress drops a plasticised menu onto his table. He picks it up and examines the form scrupulously, eventually ordering soup of the day followed by fish — despite the language problem.



Pic: Chris Harler

THE NEON DREAM OF TOM WAITS

By JOHN HAMBLETT

Between mouthfuls of fish, milk, French fries, and peas he casts mildly curious glances out into the unnaturally lit cafe, and at the three apprehensive young men on the adjacent table. He's thinking about the soundcheck he's about to do, the interview he has to do, the gig in Dublin he's looking forward to playing tomorrow night, and the day off in Ireland he's looking forward to even more.

Kerouac's features were roundly doughy; marshmallow cheeks coarsely spattered with a spiky, rambling-derelect stubble. The cleft in his chin, the subtle indentation that bridged his top lip and the base of his nose, the lines that ran from the corners of his nostrils to the edges of his mouth, the furrowed brows that criss-crossed his forehead, the brittle creases under each eye, all looked too deep, too blue-black, too obvious. His dark hair was almost hidden under a shabby tweed cap with a short peak, his fleshy torso cloaked in a rustic, pleated work-shirt, and a malfitting, once-white windjammer. His legs were crossed in faded blue and salty denim.

NOW WAITS has finished his meal and is talking in a raggedy-excited voice into one of the four house-phones in the hotel reception. Animated, clicking his fingers and hopping from one foot to the other, he is trying to find the answers to two important questions:

1 Are they supposed to be doing this sound-check or not?

2 Who has the key to his suitcase?

Helplessly he watches as the press officer, photographer and journalist make their way across the almost-crowded lobby floor toward him. Now aren't they just all he needs at a time like this? Replacing the phone he slouches vaguely around, kicking at the floor, frustrated and tense, waiting to and fro, impatient and tense.

Eventually his musicians make their entrance, relaxed and joking.

Although his suitcase key hasn't turned up they order a cab and make their way to the Palladium.

Left in the lobby, the three apprehensive young men make nervous conversation and despairing jokes. They had all decided that perhaps it would be better if they let Tom go ahead with his sound-check before rejoining him, since he appeared to be right on the edge.

The journalist worried about his interview.

The photographer worried about his photographs.

The press officer worried about the interview and the photographs.

Tom Waits, meanwhile, worried about the sound, his musicians, the lights, the props, the interview, the photographs, and where the fuck he'd put his suitcase key.

Kerouac picked up his glass of red wine, and twisted the stem around in his left hand (The cigarette occupied his right). ... How many times had he vowed to give up drinking? ... The only time I ever drink is when I'm alone, and when I'm with someone. He chuckled to himself. Now who was it that had said that? The beautiful hostess in the beautiful uniform passed Kerouac on his right hand side, and for the second time during the three-hour flight he seriously considered falling in love with her. And then he fell asleep.

WAITS sort of comes round, still semi-tangled in his dream, and blinking rapidly he shakes himself and rubs his fists into his itching eyes.

It was a strange dream, he had been in some beer joint in L.A., alone on a leatherette bar stool, drinking cool, tangy beer. Drinking but not drunk, just passing some unoccupied time, watching the froth dissolve airily into the body of the beer.

He'd looked up from his drink and took in the whole room from left to right with a long, slow sweep. Slowly and nervously he realised everybody had stopped talking, nobody was drinking, nobody was digging the great jazz he'd punched out on the silverchrome juke box.

Everybody had some kind of note book open and they were all writing feverishly.

The mad jazz swooped like a bastard, the tired neon flipped off the chrome and arked through the room, and the bald, paunchy guy behind the bar polished glasses on the tail of his greasy apron, unconcerned and sleazy looking.

But everybody else was writing, pausing occasionally to look at him...

THE TAXI jerks to a halt outside the theatre and the three apprehensive young men stumble out. The photographer and the journalist are both carrying bags, the two have forged a harmlessly false and forced friendship founded in circumstance and tension. The press officer carries no bag and feels like an aimless intruder; a blackmailer almost.

They find the stage door, still trying to make a huge joke of the whole affair, and having found it they enter smiling loudly. Despite the efforts of the over-zealous house official they are shown into the massively red, gold and empty theatre in order to watch the sound-check which has not yet gotten under-way.

■ Continues over page

TOM WAITS

■ From previous page

On the deep stage technicians are struggling with props (a ramshackle red arm chair, an illuminated petrol pump, a b/w TV set, a mock-up of the back of a blue car with red tail lights, and an elaborate street lamp) so that other technicians may focus the spotlights.

Waits wanders around the stage, answers questions, sometimes tussling his hair, constantly smoking cigarettes, and sitting down at his piano to topple out a fragile melody. He is edgy and tired.

His road manager taps him on the shoulder and reminds him of the interview. As if he needed to be reminded of chrisake.

Yeah, yeah, okay lots do it.

Kerouac woke up. He didn't know why, he hadn't been asleep long — but there again he never seemed to sleep long these days (Had he ever?) He glanced across at Waits. No, he couldn't figure him out at all. A young guy like that in times like these. Surely he didn't fall for all that King Of The Bees crap. Surely he, himself, had laid all that to rest. Kerouac was puzzled. Legends? Heroes? Fables and coincidence.

He and his road manager walk up the centre aisle of the stalls and sit down with the three apprehensive young men.

"Er, where do you want to do this interview, man?" asks Waits, smiling slowly and thinking, "Shit, this cat looks edgier than I feel".

"Anywhere you like Tom, I'm easy".

They decide on the dressing room, as Waits does not want to leave the theatre in case a problem arises that needs his attention.

WAITS WHISTLES softly and taps his knee with his open palm. He looks through the small window. The red light above the cabin door is glowing. The melodiously affected masculine voice sing-songs over the tannoy, requesting that all passengers extinguish their cigarettes and fasten safety belts. Thank you, The

plane clips through the low cloud, London sprawls somewhere close and Waits smiles.

THE DRESSING room is irregularly shaped, an uneasy room with many mirrors, the occasional round, plastered pillar, various seats ranging from comfortable looking to uncomfortable looking, a hard floor, and a table fitted to one long wall on which is laid out an impressive quantity of alcohol.

The photographer sits just inside the door assembling his equipment before conscientiously casing the lay-out for positive angles etc. The journalist and Waits sit opposite each other. Waits rocks himself in the black plastic bucket-seat. He clutches loosely at the neck of a Carlsberg lager bottle that sways close to the floor. The journalist relaxes a little and leads off.

Kerouac allowed cigarette smoke to drift through his barely-parted lips and sucked it back up through his nostrils before exhaling it far good. He watched Waits out of the corner of his eye. Where did he get a beard like that? Was he religious; a Catholic, Buddhist, mystic, maybe? Had he ever read Jack London and The Diamond Sutra? Did he love his mother? Was his father still alive? Had he ever hitch hiked all the way across America?

Did he ever stay up all night burning and bursting with things to say? Did he wait out before dawn, words gushing out of his head in a manic rush — like a damn bursting out of a desert — stumbling over each other in the race to reach somebody? Had he ever been to Mexico and Paris? Did he really dig bebop and all those cool cats who hung out on Times Square and played the flowingest, swingingest, most seductive, sensual, narcotic music in the world? Had he ever slept with a woman he hadn't loved? Had he ever slept with a man he had? And how do you ask questions like that of a total stranger?

I understand that you're currently working on a film script.

"Yeah, I just started working on the project in December when I got off the road. I'm working on it with a

gentleman by the name of Paul Hampton who used to be Bert Beccarac's old songwriting partner; he used to write for Famous Music in New York during the '50s, writing for Gene Pitney and cats like that. And he is also an actor, and we're collaborating on this film script about a used car dealer in Southern California, and an old friend of his who are reunited on New Year's Eve. It's a nice story. It's about a guy who's a success at being a failure and a guy who's a failure at being a success."

Do you have a picture of your leading man?

"Yeah, Ma. Actually we haven't got anyone to release this film yet. The whole thing's being written on spec. The characters are Jack Farley Fairchild, of Fairchild Dord, Torrence, California, and Donald Fedora, his partner and side-kick. I never tried anything like this before. I don't find it at all easy. In fact, it's the hardest thing I've ever done... well, the most challenging anyway."

What about material for the next album?

"I'm getting home in May and I'll be writing for a month, then I'll go into the studio. I think I want something a little harder."

"Needless to say I don't get much airtime on the radio, over here, or in the States. In fact, Marcel Marceau gets more airplay than I do."

"I think I'd like to try some rock 'n' roll... I don't really know, I just got this idea in my head to try something a little harder. I think my voice is ready for it now. I'm ready to scream... yeah, I really feel like screaming."

Are you frustrated?

"Yeah."

What sort of status have you attained in America? What sort of progress do you think you've made?

"Well, it's taken seven years and I've gone from beer bars to small theatres, so I guess you could say that I'm breaking out of the bars... After seven years (Laughs)."

Have you a clearly defined picture or ambition of what you want from all of this?

"Yeah, I want a career in

air-conditioning and refrigeration... Ah, I don't know. I mean like it's a toss up between that and motel management."

You still live in a motel?

"Yeah, same one I've always lived in. The Tropicane. Actually a lot of famous people have lived there. You know that Andy Warhol filmed *Trash* there, and Jim Morrison lived there at one time. I have an old board that was up in the lobby many years ago with photographs of all the famous people that've stayed there, old movie stars and people like that..."

"But I'm starting to think that maybe I should get a house or someplace with a little more privacy. Because every time I go out on the road it's really hectic, and when I get back home there's no break from that."

WAITS AND his cohorts doze as the taxi bucks and swerves through the London traffic. Waits is thinking about the airline hostess, and the night's gig, the afternoon's sound-check and the last time he played London... how he'll maybe fix himself up with a pair of winklepickers, and why does he stay out till four in the morning and feel wasted the whole of the next day?

His friends are also thinking about sleep. None of them notice the tall buildings and the old buildings as they whizz past.

Kerouac sat in the taxi, hunched forward with his hands clasped tightly between his trembling thighs. (He was putting unusual pressure on his left foot). He gazed amazed at the group of young people crossing the road at the red light in front of the cab. Where the hell do they buy clothes like that? Why the hell do they buy clothes like that? They look just like that gang of fuckin' spooks that came round to my house. MY HOUSE (7, Judy Ann Court, Northport, Florida) yeah, it was '62 or sometime thereabouts... all them maniacs perched on my goddamn doorstep like a gang of wild-eyed hooligans, all of them with DHARMA BUMS stencilled on the backs of their goddamn jackets christ are these the kind of people that Waits attracts hooligans nothing

but five and dime hoods rock 'n' roll blue jean hipsters perpetuating some manic manufactured Saturday night neon junkiestinsel-tramps DOWDY FUCKIN PRETENDERS...?

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS? The journalist asks Waits. "Er... I don't know. HaHaHa. Nobody's ever asked me that before. Why did you ask me that?"

Because nobody's ever asked you that before and I'm curious?

"I don't know. The only trouble with going to Heaven is that I'm scared that there's no nightclubs up there. I think I'd rather go down there. I'm sure all my friends are down there. All my heroes."

Kerouac?

"Oh no, not Kerouac, he's up there... I think that Kerouac had a religious persecution mania. Like when (Neal) Cassady died Kerouac wouldn't admit that he'd gone. People would come round to his house, and he'd say things like, 'Oh no, no, we can't go anywhere today. Cassady's coming over!'"

Did you ever meet Kerouac?

"No, I used to dream about him. I remember one dream I had very clearly. I was in the kitchen in this apartment somewhere out in the Mid-West. There was a party and I was sat on the floor in this kitchen, and Kerouac came banging through the door. He was dragging this Mexican girl along by the hair, and he threw her up against the refrigerator and started slapping the shit out of her. He was screaming something, and she was screaming. And then I woke up."

Did you attach any special significance to that kind of experience then?

"Oh yeah, at the time. I was obsessed with Kerouac, but it's evened out now although he remains my hero. I think it's good to have heroes, actually. But when you try to hang out with them they let you down. They've got to. It's one thing having a hero, but it's something else being a hero to someone."

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Are you conscious of having an image to live up to, or down to, which every case may be?

"Yeah, and I used to work at it much harder than I do now. Now the only time I drink is when I'm with someone and when I'm on my own [Laughs]. No, really, I've been trying to give up drinking, but every time I stop it makes me so nervous I have to take a drink.

THE WAITS GROUP arrive at the large and luxurious White House. Everybody idles thankfully over to the reception desk to check in and collect their keys. Wait's manager — Herb Cohen, a big, round, bearded individual — takes control of the situation.

Wait's is feeling tired and tense. He doesn't know which he's feeling most. All he knows for sure is that he wants to flop out on a big soft bed and dream about Mexican waitresses with soft brown skin in sparkling bars that have whole rows of Chevys and stuff parked outside: bars with neon beer signs and Wurlitzer juke boxes stacked out with chrome, waitresses with soft brown skin and softer brown eyes, and hot-rod cars with a million tail-lights all glinting wicked smiles.

Kerouac's cab grumbled around the front of the hotel, and the ex-college track star football player and All American Hero Beatnick Alcoholic Mystic folded stiffly out. He paid the driver and ambled in through the big, glass doorway.

ANYTHING the press writes about you, or anything you put in a song, creates an illusion of some kind and people construct what they think you are from what they read and hear. I care about my audience. I think I've got a lot of . . . hmmm . . . compassion for them. But it's difficult to know what they're thinking. I get a lot of letters though.

What do people write to you about?

"Oh, I get a lot of letters that say things like, 'Dear Tom, why are you ruining your voice?' I get a lot of stuff like that; really personal letters from people I've never met. Total

strangers. I find that very strange. And then there are a lot of people who write to me who are obvious maniacs. Like a lot of girls who write to me are out of their minds. They are nuts. And I do mean bona fide lunatics. Oh, yes I've had my share of them. A girl who had just escaped from a mental institution in Illinois hitchhiked all the way to The Tropicana, dressed entirely in black. She was sat on my porch one time when I got home at about four in the morning, totally wasted. I almost had a stroke when I saw her. And then she'd call me up when I was on the road and just say, 'I'm going to kill you', and then put the phone down. She knew every hotel I planned to stay at, and nobody knew where I was staying except my manager and my father, so now I change my name when I check in at a hotel; I register as Hercules Bellville. And now I suppose I'm going to have to change that."

Can you ever picture yourself as married?

"Yeah, I guess I have some kind of picture of that. But I don't know . . . it seems to let me down every time. It's like, why is the dream always so much sweeter than the taste? But I'm not cold-blooded. I'd like to have a home and kids one day.

What is the strongest memory you have of your childhood?

"He, I remember my father taking me into bars when I was very young. I remember climbing up a bar-stool like a Jungle Jim, getting all the way up to the top and sitting there with my dad. He could tell stories in there for ever. I also remember that we travelled around Mexico a lot, because my dad was a Spanish teacher. I remember once we were on Goodyear Boulevard, about 1957, and a hotrod was idling with us side by side at a red light on an intersection. And there was this guy in it with blonde hair all greased back in a D.A. like a waterfall, and a tattoo, and an I.D. bracelet, shades and a cigarette. He was with his girlfriend and she had black eye make-up on, and they were drinking beer and listening to Fats Domino on the radio. And my dad looked over at me and said, 'If you ever grow a D.A. I'll kill you'. [Laughs.] I remember

that very clearly. We had a '57 Chevrolet station wagon."

THE TELEPHONE jangles in Herb Cohen's room. Cohen hasn't been asleep. He's just got out of a very hot bath and he feels pink, tingling and as close to relaxed as he ever comes. And that's not very close at all. It's the press officer guy wanting to know when Tom will be able to come down and do an interview with a dumb journalist from some dumb rock paper. Cohen says he doesn't know for sure as Tom is sleeping it off . . . poor guy he's really fucked out . . . Has the journalist arrived yet? When you expecting him? About half past two Well, take him into the hotel cafe and give him something to eat or drink or whatever. Tom has got to wake up before four o'clock on account of how the soundcheck is booked for then, so when he surfaces I'll tell him where to find you. Okay. Right. Wait's is sleeping.

Kerouac was drinking and thinking about Tom Wait's and the kids he'd seen out of the taxi window, and Cassady, and the DHARMA BUMS. He wanted to fall asleep, but couldn't. But he didn't know why he couldn't.

What sort of childhood did you have?

"Well my folk split up when I was about 10, so I moved around quite a lot. I'd sometimes live with my mother and two sisters.

"I felt really peculiar when I was going through puberty. That was a very peculiar period for me. I worked when I was 14 — I got a job but I stayed in school, worked every night until four in the morning. My brother-in-law, who weighed about 300 pounds, was working in a small Italian Restaurant and they decided that there was no room for him in the kitchen. So they sacked him and I got his job."

Is that where you first acquired the taste for hotel management?

"Yeah, that's what I thought I wanted to do — own an Italian Restaurant. It was like my boss said, 'At least you'll never starve'."

There was some talk of you

working with George Dukes?

"Yeah, I already did that. George worked in the studio with me on 'Blue Valentine'. He didn't use his real name though, he's got some jungle name he uses when he does session work (Da Willie Conga). I've been on onstage with him a couple of times in small clubs when we've run into each other on the road."

I wouldn't have thought Duke's type of music would've appealed to you.

"Well, it took a little time for him to come off that Funkedelic thing. But he's been through a lot, and I think that perhaps you get to a point where your values shift when you've been in this industry for a certain number of years. A lot of jazz musicians nowadays are just sitting in hotel bedrooms, and they've been like working in toilets for 25 years . . . and that kind of lifestyle just might not hold all the romance that it seems to have. Sure, it looks good for the magazines when somebody's interviewing some down-and-out horn player on Times Square, but there's no dignity in it."

Don't you feel that in the past you may have contributed to the glorification of that kind of degradation through your songs?

"No, I hope not. I try not to glorify it. I try to be a private eye."

ON WAKING Wait's imagines for a brief moment that he's at home, in The Tropicana, but a brief glance about the hotel room is enough to dispel the comfortable illusion.

He scratches at his head, deadbeat. And the telephone is ringing.

It's Herb.
Yeah . . . yeah . . . what now? Aw shit . . . I've had maybe two hours sleep in the last 24. I haven't eaten since who can remember when . . . yeah yeah . . . okay . . . I got to get something to eat anyway.

Wait's slouches into the bathroom and splashes freezing cold water in the general direction of his face. Rubbing and scratching at the top of his right arm, toying with his tattoo.

he gives his T-shirt a brief glance before deciding it looks too complex and goes for his leather jacket, which he zips up high

AVANTE GARDE jazz makes me nervous. It sounds like an automobile accident. I remember the most exciting musical experience I ever had, I was walking up the Harbour Freeway in L.A. during the rush hour, and it was like 120 degrees, and up ahead there's this car crash. The traffic was backed up for about ten miles; it was horrendous. Anyway, people started honking their horns and you had a few eeh aah ooh woohs and then everybody caught on, it spread like a wave from the front, everybody was leaning on their horns — which meant you had something like 500 car horns all blasting away at the same time. YAWWWWWW EEEEEEE EEEHOOOOHH AAAAAAAH YEEEEEEHOOOOAAAA. It was very exciting . . . very exciting."

What was the first gig you ever saw?

"James Brown and The Famous Flames, on the bill with . . . it was an all-black act, a spade flush you might say. There was Martha Reeves and The Vandellas — I opened a show for her in Detroit once and I was murdered. Yeah, that was one of the first things I ever saw. I was amazed. It was like church; he played something like a 27-minute version of 'It's A Man's World'. I couldn't believe it. My sax player, Herb Hardesty used to play with him; that cat's played with everybody from Duke Ellington to Fats Domino."

When did you first begin to write songs?

"Oh, when I was about 19 or 20 I guess, but they weren't very good. I think I'm improving. I wrote 'Blue Valentine' in a month. The whole thing, I wish I could've put my liquor bill on the expenses."

How long did it take you to record?

"It took us five days to record that . . . I'm cheap."

■ Continues p. 57

CHERRY VANILLA'S NEW ALBUM

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SINGLES

THE POP MUSIC INDUSTRY IS FRIGHTENED...

...of anything that opens up production to the vitality of discussion, laughter, and ridicule. Viz—

TEENAGE JESUS: Baby Doll (Migraine Import). Whether Teenage Jesus is the scalpel or a wound is immediately irrelevant; it is immediately *not* what is desired, or expected; isn't remotely near any sort of formal R'n'R (single) sound; there is no piddling about with becoming aesthetic principles; it works against standard exploitative notions of 'anticipation' and renders (your) anger useful in the process.

Teenage Jesus needn't be judged with reference to guiding spirit Ms. Lydia Lunch or to the social section she / they may occupy. 'Baby Doll' is validated because it doesn't (set out to) merely go 'against the grain'... it doesn't acknowledge the existence of such a thing. It has in common with the best initial punk singles an uncalculated lack of atmosphere; there is no room for sloppy seductive practices; this noise renders contempt radical (but un-chic).

'Baby Doll' is 92 seconds, ridiculous, erotic, beautifully irreverent, irreverently beautiful (etc), probably crippled, brutal, not emotional decoration... a great noise. If you're frightened you're industrial. Viz—

AN '80s HERO FOR THE '60s

ELVIS COSTELLO: Accidents Will Happen (Radar). A big fiction-in-the-way is that singles (especially) have a 'direct' meaning or effect, this is obvious, we're frequently told. It's nothing of the sort. Singles have histories too.

'Accidents Will Happen' has a history. It stands for a subject and the 'subject' isn't in the least bit deserving of public involvement — viz. the ideological onanism of Elvis Costello (whoever he is). A minor-fiction-sticking-large is the idea that Costello's barking and/or whimpering are anything other than a sticky arranged glut of thematically consumable and satisfying images-cum-motifs.

The marketing history of Costello is implicated as an ideological form of fascism insofar as he (or the rock press) sees his speciality as transcending determinations from the base of production (real social conditions). The marketing is a pile of grubby mystifications on the fact that the last people to know about (or care about) working-class culture — i.e. R'n'R — are the industry's venal 'stars', ideologues, and careerists.

It is not odd to see a pushy little object d'pseudo-art such as 'Accidents Will Happen' (an LP track modernized and EP-ized to fulfill average market ad sense criteria) separated from real (social) conditions and history of production if you bear in mind how totally bureaucratic and idealistic R'n'R still is.

Take this 'hero' and shelve it.

OH, AND...

GRAHAM PARKER: Discovering Japan/Local Girls (Mercury). **JOE JACKSON:** One More Time (A&M). See Costello; and there can be nought but aesthetic quibbles; i.e., 'compared' to Costello, Parker is a bricklayer and Jackson (one more time? Must we?) a Burton's shopwindow dummy with the chalk showing.

This picture works against standard notions of 'anticipation' (it says here)

TEENAGE JESUS: Lydia Lunch.

Reviewed this week by IAN PENMAN

DODGY CITY LIMITS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Gotte Getaway (Rough Trade). **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON:** Want Fi Goh Rave (Island). 'Gotta Getaway' isn't off the hot album; it's an orthodox 'rock' (sounding) single, orthodox social 'realism', an orthodox language of protest.

Although Stiff Little Fingers don't attempt to glamorize or fetishize their own particular stretch of social strife, most of their substance is rendered ungettable at underneath the thick, compact drift of aesthetic orthodoxy.

Those thick guitars seem to be so unhelpful, the unregular noise doesn't help their articulations; the balance is wrong.

Kwesi Johnson and musicians define the 'message' of 'Gotta Getaway' much more clearly with their social sections language ('Still, me he' 'mek a race/ Cos me come of age/ And me want fi goh rave') and it's certainly arguable whether or not it's Johnson's age which gives him the 'better' perspective. (Let's argue).

'Want Fi Goh Rave' is taken off an album (Forces Of Victory) but the single comes complete with sweet in the

Dennis Bovalle dub B side. This music makes you concentrate (amongst other things).

NOT AGAIN...

THE CLASH: The Cost Of Living EP (CBS). A four-track EP from your heroes: 'I Fought The Law', 'Groovy Times', 'Gates Of The West', and 'Capital Radio'; sneez conceptual packaging, the patented handclaps. Mick's Duane Allman impersonations... oops, blew it again!

'I fought the law, and the law won.' Is this not the case? Are The Clash's victories (or even clashes) against the 'system' anything more than just the acquisition of thematic freedoms? Like many of those regarded as socially 'relevant' they often appear to have merely the facilities to utter ill-sorted nonsense at the top of their self-servicing voices, to barge about importantly in a prison of mere topicality.

What does it really all mean? 'Y'know, man... The Clash? Oh yeah? If they have suffered then this EP doesn't betray the experience: if they've re-thought then this EP doesn't betray the fact. The Clash 'sound' is mellow and

more cluttered than it's possibly ever been, the structures more obvious, the solos longer.

'I Fought The Law' isn't bad, but they haven't really done much with it — which unfortunately can't be said of the biggie-p-bonus 'Capital Radio'; not the original, this one features de-rigueur mushroom-cloud guitar noise and some awkward 'whacky banter' between Mick and Joe. The 'I Fought' reprise is even worse, Strummer forcing de-rigueur reggae talkover that just won't come (why are these white boys such copycats?).

I 'admire' (or something) Strummer for not getting amug, but otherwise... continue to see The Clash as politik-stardust-cowboys, publicityrockers prancing as would-be 'traditional' R'n'R heroes while still projecting some totally unfounded sense of the 'brave' and 'new'.

The ride's been too easy. The Clash's music sounds tired, even if they're not.

EVERY LITTLE ALPS... **KLEENEX:** You/U (Rough Trade)

Although this is not the

annoying record Kleenex can and should make, it records a substantial forward movement from their last (first) EP, needs a little more space than that one, and 'deserves' more than most records on this page. An insistent, unnatural, almost modern-blue-ish push and shove with surprising ticks and crosses in the margin; a lot of considered clarity?

Given that they themselves are probably the only interesting people they have to talk to in Zurich, 'isolation' hasn't harmed them. Now we'll have to get them to sing forward a bit (either that or get Robert Wyatt to sing with The



Desperate Bicycles).

The Raincoats and Kleenex will be near your town soon... take a hula hoop; take your time.

NICELY FORMAL (BUT WHAT...?)

MARIE ET LES GARÇONS: Rebop Attitudes (Ze Import). **DARK DAY:** Hand In The Dark (Strike Import). **BOBBY BERKOWITZ:** Try Me (Migraine Import). **DINOSAUR:** Kiss Me Again (Sire). 'Rebop' has piped up here before (French import, US 12" import); a very nice little sound from these young people, it now has a different sleeve and a different B side. You should like it, uh... (But what are they actually saying?).

Dark Day are an amalgam (I think) of some of those very sincere, genteel, nervous young people who live in lofts in New York and are on quite good terms with Brian Eno, you know. Humid rather than 'sinister', damp rather than 'cute', a toy rather than 'quirky', etc., a fairly average 'I'm-all-alone-cold-sun'-setting-alienation-in-my-room, mush, sort of song. (But what does it all mean?)

For Berkowitz see (Day, Dark. (But what on earth is Lydia doing mixed up with these people?). Dinosaur are some sort of discoheel/Talkinghead fusion, whose 'Kiss Me Again' was reviewed here as a massive 12" import squeak by Mr. Baker. A-n-d I must say it is a jolly little affair, thing a-stopping'n'starting, bassing and a-mixin' like some top-hole dubwise expedition in a Stax yellow barrage balloons; e.g. cuddly in a James Brown sort of way.

NOTHING (IT'S A JOB...?)

THE BISHOPS: Mr Jones (Chiswick). **FISCHER Z:** The Worker (United Artists). **TUBEWAY ARMY:** Are 'Friends' Electric? (Beggars Banquet). **LEYTON BUZZARDS:** I'm Hanging Around (Chrysalis).

The Bishops' object goes duntidundidundidundidundidumistahjowonest like a fanbelt or a helicopter. It terrifies me anyway, and that's what it all comes down to in the end, isn't it? Fischer Z are more like a whoopee cushion that doesn't work, and it's about time that

Continues over



New Album Cross Cuts CWK 3009
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Chis 111



NEW ALBUM NEW SINGLE NEW SINGLE NEW ALBUM

THE BISHOPS

ON TOUR

MAY

- 11 GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
- 12 EDINBURGH HERIOT WATT UNIVERSITY
- 13 ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY
- 14 CHESTER SMARTIES
- 15 MANCHESTER FACTORY
- 16 NEWPORT STOWAWAY CLUB
- 17 PORTSMOUTH POLY
- 18 NORTH STAFFS POLY
- 19 DUDLEY JBs
- 20 JACKDALE GREY TOPPER
- 21 CRAWFORD ARMS MILTON KEYES
- 22 BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH CIVIC HALL
- 23 OFF (PHEW)
- 24 BLACKPOOL NORBRECK HOTEL
- 25 WAKEFIELD BRETTON HALL COLLEGE
- 26 EAST RETFORD PORTERHOUSE
- 27 LONDON NASHVILLE
- 28 LONDON NASHVILLE
- 29 TIFFANYS HULL
- 30 CROCK RAYLEIGH
- 31 TROUBADOR PORT TALBOT

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Chiswick

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EMI

SINGLES

■ From previous page

someone stopped United Artists pumping so much money into them. (Somewhere later on in this issue I've decided that Fischer Z are in fact a Supertramp that doesn't fart, and that they're probably a 'classic' way of getting money for old beer.) Tubeway Army sound like Bill Nelson before he learnt to tie his judoka, and the Leyton Buzzards sound like The Members in a lime jelly — i.e. far too sweet to be that obviously 'meaty' (sic)

MUSIC TO SUCK EGGS TO (OR...)

THE CURE: Grinding Halt (Fiction). CLIVE LANGER & THE BOXES: I want The Whole World (Radar). XTC: Life Begins At The Hop (Virgin). SUPERCHARGE: I can See Right Through You (Virgin). Four hypothesos, three 12" singles, two clear vinyls, and a total lack of 'meaning' or 'commitment'.

Maybe Virgin think their pathetic lack of Fifth-form silly-vinyl japes will fool most of the conservative-voters of the time — but really Virgin, why? Singles as objects of visual contemplation are only viable if you happen to be obsessed with your career or consumer-role as the nexus of historical interest. Huh?

The XTC advert runs 'First 30,000 copies in clear vinyl... which is clearly venal, at least, I suppose. Meanwhile, XTC still don't know why they're so clever and their record company don't know why they don't sell more records. (I bet Supercharge still pack all the students in, eh?)

The Cure's particular hypothesos concerns a situation of non-forward-moving national community activity. Got that? (It may take a bit of time, but

work on it.) Clive Langer & The Boxes have the same 'modern' drum sound as The Cure and are similarly interested in writing grandiloquent songs about very little (pardon the sucking noises in the background, here). This is the sort of thing we in the Brill Building call a 'type'.

QUALIFYING ROUNDS

THE SPECIAL A.K.A.: Gangsters Vs The Selector (2 Tone). REPTILE RANCH: Don't Give The Lifeguard A Chance (Z Block). AGONY COLUMN: (I Had It) All Worked Out (Tyger). THE PACK: Brave New Soldiers/Heathen (S.S.). THE TRONICS: Favourite Girls (Tronics). The Special a.k.a. The Specials of clubland repete have quietly released this first single, a tweety, bouncy interpretation of Prince Buster's 'Al Capone' rhythm: proficient but only pretty, the production isn't at all hard enough. Still, 'preferable' to the likes of yer Members and Clash Xerox reggae attempts.

Even though it's criminal solipsism, I have to tell you that I happened to meet Reptile Ranch in a Welsh motorway (don't ask) safe the other week, wherein they explained their various 'Z-Block' projects to myself and some members of Scritti Politti who also just happened to be present; they did stress the importance of viewing 'Lifeguard' as the first step in a self-financed long-term whole, and (without further conversation) this seems a satisfactory point for going on (or leaving off). 'Lifeguard' is a more 'serious' than usual DIY, although its reliance on a few dominant private (loosely evocative?) metaphors gets in the way, finally. Shaky but unselfish.

Agony column could be Fischer Z without money, while The Tronics are The Undertones without Paul Morley (you know as much as

I do about it) or romance(?).

The Pack claim to have ex-Public Image drummer Jim Walker as a member, but this is the only point of interest in an otherwise smoggy goulash of Budgie Vs. Eno and Frapp on a wet Sunday lay line.

Now, do those sound like words of a POSITIVE chap, or what.

SKINNY VEGETARIANS RULE O.K.

EARTH WIND & FIRE (WITH THE EMOTIONS): Boogie Wonderland (CBS). ASHFORD & SIMPSON: Flashback (Warner Bros). FATBACK: (Do The) Boogie Woogie (Spring). McFADDEN & WHITEHEAD: Ain't No Stopping Us Now (Philly). I'm sure I only bring negative vibes to this particular section. Uh; just WATCH ME NOW! as I take my groove for a walk and shake my salt 'n' pepper: can you keep it there? Awwwwriiigh... (Keith Hudson with mushrooms is much more me, y'know?)

INCURABLE VENAL DISEASE & LONG TERM EMPLOYMENT

THE DOOLEYS: Wanted (GTO). J. GEILS BAND: One Last Kiss (EMI). SKY: Cannonball (Ariola). ROY WOOD: We're On The Road Again (Automatic). ROBERT JOHNSON: Wish Upon A Star (Ensign). The privileged low-life of characterless popular music is the enemy of the people, of inquiry, of...

Bring back witch trials! (The Dooleys are asexual, The J. Geils Band biodegradable cacti, Sky are classical musicians wishing they were Space, Roy Wood is in a rocking chair, and Robert Johnson is The Dooleys with Scotty Lee on guitar.)

Guilty of maintaining the industry in all its insidious guises and mechanisms... of everything that closes production to the public.

THE POP GROUP

- | | |
|----------|---|
| May 7th | Empire Ballroom, Leicester Square, London |
| May 11th | Aberdeen University |
| May 12th | Queen Margaret's Union, Glasgow |
| May 13th | Dumfries, St Andrew's University |
| May 14th | Edinburgh, Tiffanys |
| May 19th | Manchester University |
| May 21st | Bristol, Locarno |
| May 22nd | Guildford, Civic Hall |
| May 26th | City of London Poly |
| May 30th | Birmingham, Top Rank |
| June 1st | Hull College |
| June 2nd | Liverpool, Erics |

TOUR
LP INCLUDES POSTER

May 12th, 1979

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Page 25

SORE THROAT SINGLE KAMIKAZE KID



DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE - AFTER PLUNGING 86 FLOORS

FROM THE OBSERVATION DECK OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

AN ATTRACTIVE 23-YEAR OLD LIES PEACFULLY

ATOP THE CRUMPLED SEDAN SHE STRUCK
ON WEST 33RD STREET...

PHOTO - R.C. WILES.

1979 FORWARD ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
She drew the line At the age of twenty-nine Don't know where she's from But she's going like a bomb	You know what she did So what do you bid For the Kam-i-kaze Kid?	No-bod-y knew it When she first all-y blew it No-bod-y came round To cut the bod-y down	Acc-ord-ing to the cor-o-ner She felt just like a for-ign-er They held her on sup-er-her Turn-a-bu-i-ade mason

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Shine A Little Love
JET 144

Taken from the forthcoming album "DISCOVERY"

Jet
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It's my kind of town Cheltenham is . . .

This town is a make-you town
And a break-you town
It'll bring you down."
— FRANK SINATRA

THE TOWN tonight is Cheltenham Spa in the West Country. A twee, upper-class sort of place where the wealthy go to spend their twilight years.

You can hear Frank Sinatra there on this particular evening because they're playing one of his records at a punk rock concert at the North Gloucestershire College of Technology and Animal Husbandry. Frank Sinatra at a punk rock concert? A punk rock concert in Cheltenham? They've got to be joking. And, of course, they are. The punk rock group headlining on this occasion are The Dickies. From Los Angeles.

A punk rock group from L.A.? They are definitely joking. But as to who precisely the joke is on . . . well, that's a moot point.

The Dickies' guitarist is called Stan Lee.

Is that your real name, Stan?
"It might be," says Stan. "It's certainly my first name."

Stan Lee has a short Afro hairdo, an A&M Records T-shirt, and a grin that's liable to topple his head backwards over his shoulders.

"Wow," he says, "it's just like The Beatles. After the sound-check tonight the kids were coming up to our car and pushing their hands in through the windows."

"It's so good, I'm gonna have to get a punk haircut."

Tell us about the L.A. punk scene, Stan. Do they still wear safety pins and gob at each other?

"Gobbing? They do a little. When The Clash came over, there were two or three gobbed at them. But tonight . . ."

"Tonight, I'm gonna get drowned."

There are some 600 Dickies fans packed into a small gymnasium at the North Gloucestershire college. It's so hot inside that when they open the doors afterwards the air condenses and forms small white clouds which drift like dry ice.

Dickies fans tend to be somewhat young. Few of the 600 look eligible to vote or to drink, and they're sternly turned away from the students' bar by zealous stewards. As one member of The Dickies' entourage put it: "When I went into the loo, there were some kids so small they couldn't reach the urinal to piss."

Small and youthful they may be, but Dickies' fans are keen. Very keen. They pogo like it's going out of fashion.

To anyone who's followed the rock press and the fanzines in recent years, the reaction of The Dickies' audience must seem a touch unlikely.

After all, not only is the music pretty dire, but the band also offend against every canon of punk puritan faith. These chaps are not merely American, but brazenly American.

Lead singer Leonard Phillips looks



DICKIES (from left): Chuck Wagon, Stan Lee, Carlos Kabbler, Bernard Graves Phillips, Billy Club.

like Peter Tork from The Monkees, and he rushes onstage and says 'Hi kids'... (So uncool).

Leonard then goes on to disport himself in a way that hardly suggests intensive contemplation of the plight of the oppressed masses.

He is not just content to sing a variety of utterly foolish songs, such as 'Doggy-Do', 'Walk Like An Egg', 'You Drive Me Ape', 'You Big Gorilla', and The Dickies' hit single 'Banana Splits'. Leonard also insists on a variety of daft stage props. At various times he wears a dog mask, a gorilla mask, a diver's mask, a winged helmet and a banana hat.

At one point this upstart even wrestles with a giant blow-up fish. Clearly this man is not in the least bit familiar with the works of Hegel, Marx, Lenin, or Marcuse. He has probably never read a Socialist Workers pamphlet in his life.

Even worse is the attitude of The Dickies offstage. They cannot muster a scowl or a sneer between them.

"Listen to those kids chant," says Stan Lee. "We must start taping these shows, you know."

"Hey man, it's great beer you've got over here. Two pints and you can say goodbye to me."

THERE IS about The Dickies a glorious naivety. They are simply a local youth club band who know a few chords and a few

THE DICKIES, a variety of Punk Monkee, wipe out Sinatra amid scenes of West Country Weirdness. BOB EDMANDS was there.

songs and get up and play with no serious commitment to anything other than enjoying themselves, entertaining the kids, and making a mountain of money. (They've already had a chart album as well as the single, *Bastards*).

In fact, The Dickies are so unsophisticated they even play cornball oldies like 'Sound Of Silence', 'Paranoid' and 'Eve Of Destruction'. They claim they do this as a joke, but I didn't see anyone laughing.

"I came to England in early 1977 as a tourist," says the bass player Billy Club. "I saw a bunch of punks and I was really amazed. I also heard some recordings. I had a single by The Damned, 'New Rose'. I had 'Anarchy In The U.K.', 'God Save The Queen'. You know."

"Anyway, I went home, went to Stan's house, threw the stuff on his bed. Give this a whirl. You know. He listens to it. He goes: 'Wow, this is fucking great'."

"It seemed like a lot of fun and there was a lot of energy and it was different and new. It was something we thought we'd do to get in our local fanzines in Los Angeles."

"And here we are today."

I say to Billy that The Dickies are not as grim-faced or as serious as British punk bands. They're obviously much more jokey.

"That's what we wanted it to be. We were kind of satirising the whole thing in a way."

Do you think they're too serious in Britain?

"Not just in Britain. Everywhere people are trying to be serious. It's something I try and stay away from. We don't have any social frustrations or anything."

One reason for that would be the fact you come from California where they don't have the same sort of problems.

"Yes, that's right. I do understand

the things that people are saying over here. But it's not the same for us."

NO DOUBT many people will think The Dickies are trampling all over part of our Glorious British Heritage by refusing to play the Punk Rock racket according to the rules. Equally, A&M Records must be well pleased that they've got such a safe, innocuous bunch as their token punks. But in The Dickies' defence, you're bound to admit there are plenty of earnest, political British bands around, and a little light relief doesn't go amiss.

One thing that particularly annoys the purists is the 'Banana Splits' single. The song was originally the theme of a dumb American kiddies TV show which featured people dressed up as gorillas.

This, however, doesn't affect Stan's state of euphoria, brought on apparently without the aid of the great beer we have over here. This is probably due to the fact that he hasn't yet got over the pleasant shock of being so successful so suddenly.

Stan, I say, can you really believe all this? Eighteen months ago you weren't even a band, were you?
"Ha," says Stan. "No, we weren't and five months ago, nobody wanted to know. I can sort of believe it all. You know, now. Now, I think it's there. Before I was kind of queasy about it."

Tonight, the first night of their British tour, was presumably their first real taste of an audience of their own.

"No," says Stan, "Barbarella's in Birmingham on our first tour was amazing. But that was before the records. We also did a tour with The Jam. That went real well, too."

"But it was The Jam who brought the people before and now we're doing it."

"It's funny. Heh, heh, heh. I kinda like it."

Why did Stan and Billy think they'd made it in Britain before the States?

Billy: "I think our type of music has been accepted here and kids really enjoy it. America is two years behind the times."

Stan: "You can say there was The Ramones, but I think it did start over here in Britain. We come from Los Angeles and it doesn't make sense."

"They shouldn't go for it because we're from L.A. When we first came they didn't want to know and I didn't blame them. It's their scene."

"I don't know . . . Maybe no one's doing it now but us and they're all going for it."

As we talk, Stan continues to sign record sleeves sent in by his fans. There seem to be an enormous number of picture sleeves off singles. How many singles have The Dickies put out, for God's sake?
"Loads," says Stan. "Loads of 'em. I think there's six now."

Outside in the night, siren voices call Stan to the window to smile upon the multitude.

"Stan, hey Stan, come and say hello."

Stan, displaying no cool at all, goes to the window.

"Hi," he says, "thanks for coming to our show. It's real nice."

"Stan," says a voice, "Have you got any badges?"

"Sure," says Stan. "I got plenty for everybody. I'll go get 'em."

He goes over to his coat, gets badges out of his pocket, and starts to pass them out of the window.

"Hold on," he says, "hold on. One hand at a time. There's plenty for you all."

I'm expecting him to be pulled head first out of the window. But he steps back and turns round, still grinning.

"Badges," he says. "I gave 'em some badges."

THE THOUGHT occurs to me that The Dickies and their followers represent yet another kind of new beginning. It is, after all three years now since the first Sex Pistols gigs. Could it be that punks from class of '76 are turning into superior older brothers, and even (dare I say it?) boring old farts?

Needless to say, no one need take The Dickies in the least bit seriously. Let's face it. They only appeal to young kids, and what do they know about rock 'n' roll?



NME sneaks a preview of The Who's

QUADROPHENIA

"CAN YOU SEE the real me?" screams Roger Daltrey as the curtains pull back and the screen fills with a cliff-top view of the sun setting over the sea. The lone Mod gazes into the distance, then turns and walks back towards the camera until his face fills the frame. The music kicks into high gear, the legend WHO FILMS appears and Jimmy rides out, blocked and happy, on his multi-mirrored scooter. *Quadrophenia*, that unusual state of mind, is now a movie.

The story of ten days in Jimmy's life will be instantly recognisable to the album owners and, like the vinyl version, the film is rough and energetic, realistic and accessible. It's also a lot of fun, and should produce widespread seat-damaging outbreaks when it reaches British screens next September.

You soon lose count of the number of pills swallowed during the proceedings and it's rare indeed to see kids beating the dust of policemen with so much abandon. Combine that with the male full-frontals and you've got the kind of picture that the True Blues love to hate.

The audience on the night I saw *Quadrophenia* previewed was limited mainly to the cast and crew of the picture, which proved a trifle disorientating for this writer. Looking around the obligatory post-screening drink session, these larger-than-life figures were all there in the foyer — but in different costumes. Two of the main Mods, for instance, turned up dressed in black bondage jumpsuits, gleaming with a million zips. The chief rocker had a new hairstyle and was outfitted like a member of Racer X. That aside, the main order of the day was to make contact with director Franc Roddam who, it turned out, was keen to meet before shooting off for the official premiere of the movie at the Cannes Film Festival this week. We synchronised engagement calendars and I headed off to do some homework.

WE MEET UP a week or so after the preview screening at a tastefully decorated converted warehouse situated in a back-street Soho mews. He's an approachable, fast-talking guy, obviously very ambitious and purposeful, who seems largely unaffected by his current success.

Roddam's name may be unfamiliar, as *Quadrophenia* is his first cinematic feature, but you've probably seen his work on TV. Having graduated from the London Film School followed by stint in advertising, the young Roddam moved to the BBC where he made the controversial *All In The Family* series and the startling *Dummy*, the story of a deaf and dumb prostitute which — rare for a TV play — scored highly in the ratings, pulling in an audience of 14 million.

He's recently come back from Hollywood where he was offered some half a dozen movie projects in two weeks. Pipe dreams have become reality for him and he can now afford to turn them down. Currently he's negotiating a three-picture contract with 20th Century Fox and has two ideas in development: one a story of immigrant Mexican workers to be filmed on location in California, the other a hush-hush environmental picture about resources.

Roddam almost didn't direct *Quadrophenia* at all. He was all set to make a TV film on IOS chief Bernie Cornfield, the renegade financier. Roddam chuckles as he recalls his visit to Cornfield's giant Los Angeles mansion, with its two hostesses in hot pants and the 15 limousines in the drive, all with flat tyres. The project fell through however when the powers that be put their money into another project, the recently screened *Dirty Money* — the saga of

DICK TRACY talks to FRANC RODDAM, director of the film, and to PHIL DANIELS, who stars as Jimmy, the hero of Townshend's mod opera.

THE ACTION OF *Quadrophenia* covers a period of ten days in the life of Jimmy (Phil Daniels) before, during, and after the Battle of Brighton, highspot of the Mod's year.

Jimmy has a hard time at home and a boring job in the postroom of a smart advertising agency. What he really lives for is the Mods — his scooter, his suits, his pills and his mates, Chalkie, Pete, Dave and Ferdie.

There are two big problems in his life: trying to make Steph (Leslie Ash) who doesn't want to know, and getting enough pills for the Brighton trip. He eventually scores some pills from local hoods but they're duff and he ends up breaking into a chemist's shop. After a few nights of Mod action — gatecrashing straight parties, beating up rockers — the gang head for Brighton and the real fun begins.

Led by Ace (Sting from *The Police*), the Mods waste an entire café of rockers before setting on the police. Jimmy finally gets to make Steph in a back alley during the middle of the battle, but shortly after gets arrested and, along with Ace, receives a heavy fine next morning at the magistrates court.

Life holds little meaning for Jimmy after that, the Mods' finest hour. Steph has gone off with his best mate, his family throws him out, he chucks his job and finally, his scooter gets trashed.

Disillusioned, Jimmy blows all his money on pills and heads back to Brighton in search of his dreams. But there his final hopes are wrecked when he sees Ace as he really is.

With no one left to turn to, Jimmy nicks Ace's scooter and heads out for the cliffs...

influence architecture, design, all sorts of things.

"Townshend and I came together on that. He's extremely bright, aware and well-informed... a very rich man but still in touch.

"From that level we could then start talking about *Quadrophenia*."

So did you sit down with the album and work from there?

"Yes. The album works very well as an album but it doesn't work as a film. So I then had to take things away and add things to it, and certain basic principles had to be set out.

"I didn't want to make a rock opera for several reasons: I didn't think the subject was a rock opera type and I'm not that kind of director anyway. I've been brought up in the school of realism, so therefore I couldn't be a Ken Russell.

"Then there was a practical reason. I didn't just want to make a pale copy of *Tommy*, I wanted to move in a completely different direction — and that meant having a completely different approach to the music.

"In *Tommy* the music dominates the film and is the central driving force behind it, it controls the narrative. In *Quadrophenia*, the music contributes to the narrative and supports it but very rarely takes over from it. That's quite a difficult decision because it's putting the music in second place, so it's a very different kind of film.

"What I've done with *Quadrophenia* is take the essence of the idea, the guts and power of the music and turn that into celluloid."

DID THE WHO have much of a say during the course of filming?

"They just kept a discreet distance. I was really impressed by them because they were supportive and never destructive. Entwistle came every day for the whole three-week dub. He worked as musical director and got all the music ready.

"Daltrey was interesting because he was like a conscience. He had a sort of Mod idea. If he ever came through it was that he didn't want to let the Mod thing down.

"Townshend, of course, was like a sort of guiding light. He was very gracious — gracious enough to say, 'I made the album, the film is yours. I trust you to go away and make it.'

"I was sad about Keith Moon because I was just getting to know him. When I first met him, he came in in jodhpurs, a monocle and with his big bodyguard. He terrified me in a way — and I've been around — but he had a tremendous talent for disorientating people.

"They said, 'This is Frank, he's going to direct the film', and Moon said: 'I've got a great idea — why don't we direct it together?'

"I said, 'Okay, if you let me play drums on your next album.' So we were alright after that."

Only four days out of the 57-day shooting period on *Quadrophenia* were devoted to studio work. The rest was all location, ranging from the backroads of Shepherd's Bush to Lewes Magistrates Court, from a barber's in Islington to the Basement Club in Covent Garden. And of course Brighton, where the climactic battles between mohair and leather take place and give a whole new meaning to the term "beach movie".

Roddam clearly enjoyed that experience.

"If the film takes on epic proportions at any place, it is during the Brighton scenes when we have 2,000 Mods and Rockers fighting. That's when it becomes a grander film.

"As a director I always thought you had to go as near to destruction as possible without hurting anybody or hurting the film." Judging by the footage, Roddam took it pretty close to the edge.

Not surprisingly, Brighton Council wasn't too happy about the idea of the location shoot, but the police were only too ready to co-operate,



All pix taken from the film *Quadrophenia*.

a daring French bank raid — so Roddam found himself with spare time. He explains how *Quadrophenia* came up.

"I went through a sort of audition period. Quite interesting. I was approached by producers Roy Blair and Bill Curbishley (also *The Who's* manager), then I finally met Townshend.

"Townshend had seen *Dummy* and liked it a lot. We found we were talking about the same sort of

things, we had a similar attitude towards society and, strangely enough, a lot of our conversation centred on our attitudes towards punk.

"There had been an article in *The Times* about commodities and materials in response to a very outrageous 'These people ought to be shot' sort of letter — about the punks liking rubber and plastic and wearing swastikas. The reply had been written by a punk girl saying

she felt sorry for this guy because what he didn't realise was that society has to keep re-examining itself, not only on an ethical level but also on a what-is-available level. There isn't enough stripped pine and cosy country houses to go round, and new generations are going to have to associate themselves with plastic and polystyrene and polyester.

"So punk isn't only a musical movement, it's also going to

movie tribute to the Mod era of the '60s

probably looking on the opportunity as good training. In the face of the Council's attitude, Roddam just arrived, risking it.

His mass of real Mods and Rockers from all over the country, supplemented by a crew of extras drawn from the lines of the local employment exchange, simply took over the town. At one point they completely blocked the rush-hour traffic and caused a three-mile long tailback.

But ironically, one of the few casualties of the whole battle sequence was Roddam himself. While filming in the narrow alleyways of the Brighton Lanes, a supposedly docile police dog went for one of the cameramen, who whipped his camera round and caught Roddam in the head. Do they call that suffering for your art?

I WONDERED how much the movie was a question of research, and how much was drawn from Roddam's personal experience?

"I was 18 in 1964 so therefore I grew up with the Mod movement even though I wasn't a Mod. So I wasn't a 45-year-old director saying, what *did* happen, how *did* they behave?"

"I did go to parties like that. I come from a violent town, Cleveland on Teesside, so I did get involved in a lot of street fights. I also think I know the ambitions of that group of people. I know the economic problems. So I didn't have to do much research except to remind myself, to make sure my memory wasn't being distorted by affection or disaffection."

"People have very affectionate



memories. They said the kids in my film are not stylish enough, but what they're remembering is the one Supermod. When they see the girls, they're remembering Cathy McGowan or Mary Quant.

"I used newspaper cuttings and photographs and music to get it accurate, but I still get challenged by a lot of people."

Roddam considers himself a political filmmaker in the non-party sense, and feels that the film has something to say on that level. As he puts it: "If people go along with the crowd they often make decisions which I think are detrimental to society and humanity, so I would like to try and influence them. What I'm trying to do in *Quadrophenia* is to say, here's a guy who joins a group, gets carried along by the group ethic — which is not necessarily good. He must separate himself from that, try to be himself, look at things as an individual and decide for himself."

An understandable personal philosophy from a man who used to be a shipyard worker and is now a hot director. His attitude is clear, and he's not shy of expressing it.

"It's my job, I think, to manipulate an audience, to make them conscious of certain things I'm anxious about, to shed light on common experience."

"When I left film school I had the opportunity to make arty films for minority audiences or to try and make films that would reach mass audiences. I believe you can make an artistic film, a socially aware film, an important film, and still make it commercial."

"That's my big ambition."

A scooter crashes on the rocks and smashes to bits. The curtain closes.



SQUEEZE

SQUEEZE ON TOUR

REDCAR
LEEDS
MANCHESTER
BIRMINGHAM
BOURNEMOUTH
ST. ALBANS

Coomham Bowl
Polytechnic
U.M.I.S.T.
University
Stateside Centre
City Hall

Sunday 13th May
Wednesday 16th May
Thursday 17th May
Friday 18th May
Sunday 20th May
Monday 28th May

...AND AS GUESTS OF THE TUBES

GLASGOW
EDINBURGH
LIVERPOOL
BRISTOL
LONDON

The Apollo
Odeon
Empire
Colston Hall
Hammersmith Odeon

LEICESTER
SOUTHAMPTON
BRIGHTON

De Montfort Hall
Gaumont
The Centre

Friday 11th May
Saturday 12th May
Tuesday 15th May
Saturday 19th May
For one week
from Monday 21st
to Sunday 27th May
Tuesday 29th May
Wednesday 30th May
Thursday 31st May

...AND THEIR ALBUM IS VERY "COOL FOR CATS"





The Human Face Of Football

"For the true football follower the journey to a game is often as pleasurable an experience as the game itself. Whether that person is among the multitude who support Liverpool or the faithful 1,500 who would die for Halifax the sense of anticipation is equally keen, albeit for widely differing reasons. Surely Liverpool cannot be so good for so long, nor Halifax so bad; alternatively Halifax may at last be turning the corner before everybody goes round the bend, and Liverpool may slip up for once."

"Conflicting thoughts of this sort explain the tendency of those going to football matches to wear expressions of utter vacancy. Memories of what happened in the last game combine with thoughts of what may lie ahead, with the result that thousands of imaginary encounters are played before the actual kick off."

David Lacey, *The Guardian*

I SAW MY first football match when I was nine or ten. Gillingham, bottom of the Fourth Division, were playing the leaders, Colchester United. I had never seen so many people in one place, over 8,000 of them and the powerful smell of pipe and roll-up tobacco burning added to the noisy excitement. I couldn't see much of the game, which we won 2-1, but I was hooked.

Over the years, instead of dwindling, my enthusiasm for the game — and Gillingham's



part in it — intensified. I had no reason to attend church on Sundays; my services were held the day before at Priestfield Stadium. And you can't rationalise about religion, about passion.

For me, football is the perfect metaphor for life, infinitely vicissitudinous. For you, it may be a daft game in which 22 hairy buggers kick hell out of a ball while Terry Yorath kicks hell out of everything else. Next you'll tell me the Pope's Polish.

The charismatic hold football has on its followers is captured perfectly in the above extract from David Lacey's recent article. Ominously, he goes on to acknowledge the increasingly influential presence at games of our slack-jawed brethren, the hooligans. Their antics are commonplace now and it takes a fatality, a stabbing or a dart in the bonce to make the nationals. ("Can You Pass Our Aggro Test?!" asks the sexsational Sun).

Half a million people pass through the turnstiles of English League football clubs every Saturday afternoon. Every single one of them knows who they reckon will win the FA Cup Final this Saturday — but how much do they know about what goes on inside the players' heads? With British football apparently entering a new era of skill and success, MONTY SMITH (left) talks to a scientifically selected cross-section of soccer personalities about what football means to them.

Pictures by PENNIE SMITH.

(Except where noted)

Main pic: Panic in the Everton goalmouth in their recent home battle with West Brom. Inset pic (l-r): Brian Moore, Laurie Cunningham, Duncan McKenzie, Gerry Summers, David Lacey (courtesy Guardian). Left: Monty at Gillingham. Pic: Tom Sheehan

No one, least of all the police, knows what to do with them. Ipswich Town manager Bobby Robson was obviously overstepping the mark when he said, "Turn flamethrowers on them," but it mightn't be a bad idea to take them down dark alleys and rip out their hearts with boat hooks. Maybe the new government will just hang them. Whatever, there's enough thuggery on the pitches without having to worry about the terraces.

There's also, surprisingly enough, much good football. Everything goes in cycles and in a weird way the recent development of English football has paralleled the fortunes of rock and roll.

As The Beatles, Stones, et al, revitalised pop in the '60s, so England's winning of the World Cup in 1966 breathed fresh life into a game which had been sagging since the post-War boom. Music's fallow period in the early '70s — all Heavy Metal and pabulum — was echoed by the dreadful rut English football got

itself into when fear ruled the game; the introduction of a three up-three down promotion and relegation system drove countless wary teams into an impenetrable defensive shell. And the national team became the poor relation in world football.

In 1976, something happened. In music it was instant. In football more gradual. But the progress made in Europe by first Liverpool and now Nottingham Forest, and the return of stability to the England side by Ron Greenwood, seem to herald some kind of renaissance.

And we're beginning to get a bit cocky again.

"There will have been an English club in the final of the European Cup for the last three years, and Liverpool have won it twice," says Peter Taylor, Brian Clough's assistant manager at Forest. "So don't give me all that stuff about continental technique. Cologne? They're no better than a club in the top half of our Second Division." Nice bloke.

Still, the optimism is understandable. We are no longer naïfs, easy pickings for any bunch of swarthy dagos who can stand up and kick a ball straight. Long gone are the doomy days of ashen-faced Don Revie, the tight-lipped dossier king who made Kevin Keegan play bingo and insisted on the England team singing 'God Save The Queen' before they left the locked dressing room at Wembley.

Some reasons for this about face: the appointment of a sensible England manager, certainly, a man prepared to learn from and look at the game at all levels; the spread of catholic coaching techniques and reliance on more skilful players by managers who've learned to live with the three up-three down system; the emergence of an entire crop of indigenous black players; and the introduction of numerous foreign players, adding to the increasing list of superior ball players. Not that English football hasn't already a large quota of 'foreign' players (how many Scottish, Irish or Welsh play for your side?) and not that all clubs manage to make proper use of exceptional talent — Polish captain Kazimierz Deyna must've felt right chuffed playing for Manchester City's reserves.

In an attempt to gauge the progress — or regress as the case may be — made in the domestic game, *NME* spoke to five people involved at different levels. If I was foolish in expecting to inherit a new-found knowledge, at least my ignorance has been severely rearranged.

And no, they don't all wear kipper ties and talk like ex-price fighters.

Continues over

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coaching, if I was a general manager and I had to say to my coach, 'Now can you do this, can you do that', that would be a big problem for me."

Summers is very much a trackside manager, sharing the coaching duties with his assistant Alan Hodgkinson, the ex-Sheffield United and England goalkeeper. Watching the pair of them hold a training session, it is evident that Summers is clearly the boss. He runs the show like a CSM, barking out instructions in double time.

He'll pick on anyone he thinks is slacking — "C'mon Mick, make those legs work... Alright Dean, imagine there's a ball there" — and some of the more complicated manoeuvres leave a few players mildly perplexed: "Where are we supposed to be going?"

But it's all spritely and spirited, and generally good-humoured. One player — leading scorer Danny Westwood — waltzes around photographer Tom Sheehan after a mick and says, "Did you get a picture of my new haircut?" OK, so Westwood's barnet may not win any prizes but his legs are better than Debbie Harry's.

The players are evidently enjoying themselves, but then they're in a successful side. For an intriguing account of how sour things can become in a struggling team, see Eamon Dunphy's *Only A Game?* (Penguin paperback, 75p), a diary of his unhappy last four months with Millwall.

Does Summers think the best managers are in the lower divisions? "There's a different level. You see, how do you prepare yourself for being a manager? There's two problems in the game: the people who don't prepare themselves and then become managers; and directors."

"You're as good as your chairman. No matter what club you're at, be it Liverpool or Crewe, you've got to have a relationship with your chairman. And I prepared myself when I was still playing at 21 — not when I was still playing at 30, wondering what the hell I was going to do."

THE FIRST Lillieshall coaching course Summers attended was run by Ron Greenwood, then manager of Eastbourne. As a player, Summers served WBA, Sheffield United, Hull City and Walsall, all the while working towards becoming a staff FA coach. He coached Walsall and Wolverhampton Wanderers before joining Oxford United as manager ten years ago. He stayed there 6½ years — quite remarkable considering the extraordinary mortality rate amongst managers. "It is a precarious business. But football managers have been brought up on it from the moment they first kicked a ball — it becomes a way of life. Managers and coaches are frustrated players really. You're as near the action as you can be. Because one of the problems is when you're a player, when you get to know a bit about the game, you're too old — the old legs give out."

"As a manager, you're really involved in it, and it's difficult to give it up. Ask Joe Mercer, or anyone who's been involved in the game for a long time."

Summers was one of the sixty or so League managers who attended the recent Bisham Abbey conference, called by Norwich City's John Bond in an attempt to strengthen the Secretaries' and Managers' Association. As the Professional Footballers' Association has a voice in Cliff Lloyd, so the SMA needs a spokesman — Derek Dougan is one name being bandied about — to allow them a say in the running of the game.

"The managers aren't consulted about anything," says Summers. "The Football League — well, Alan Hardaker really — gets things going and the largest body in football, the SMA, get it dumped in their lap. Like the players' freedom of contract — there was so much we could've done on that. But we're not strong enough as an association and now we're trying to get some teeth."

ASIDE FROM the science-fictional spiralling of transfer fees, the most pressing point raised at the meeting was the inconsistent standard of refereeing. Relationships between



Brian Moore at LWT.

players and refs have sunk to a new low.

"It's one of the biggest problems in football, and we've got to do something about it. It's got to a point where I feel the referees are not good enough. We've got to get professional referees. We've got to get former players from the people who have to pack up the game at 26 or 27 through injury."

"Because our sport is one of the few that is not refereed or umpired by former players. And why do they make the best ones? Because they've had experience of the game, they know what it's all about."

And the reason we don't have former players as referees is that they're not a professional body?

"Well, if any player does quit at 27 and says he wants to be a referee, they stick him on the parks for seven years to kill him off. Referees are the most jealous people in the world; it's not how good they are, it's who they know — that's how they get on."

"I'm not saying there are no good referees. The top 15 are probably not bad, but we've got 80 or 90. We want to chop some of them down and get some professionals, who are liable to make better referees if they are given a chance early on."

"I've often said to the Referees' Association it would be better if they got a team together and played some games, to see the problems and frustrations. One or two said, 'But I can't play...'"

"That's the problem." Does he think that the football authorities, the FA committees, tend to be a bit blinkered generally?

"It's a very difficult thing. They are a bit inward-looking, I suppose, but there's got to be some sort of disciplinary code."

"You see, one of the problems is that the Football League, in their wisdom, put a lot of pressures on referees about eight years ago to clean up the game and suddenly everybody's being booked. And this season, the referees have an assessor watching them at every match. That must be terrible — and it's wrong. But neither the FA nor the Football League will let the managers, coaches and referees get together. And until we do get together, it'll never get any better."

Like other clubs, Gillingham is tacking on bits and pieces to its ground in an effort to make it more 'acceptable', more welcoming. Because of their poor disciplinary record — exacerbated a few weeks ago when a referee was assaulted on the pitch by a 50-year-old spectator — Gillingham will have to fence in their fans. At least they have a brand new sports complex attached to the ground, and family memberships are what they're aiming for.

"We've got antiquated grounds which we put bits on," says Summers. "And really you need £5m to develop a stadium."

So is wholesale sponsorship the answer?

"Yes. All clubs need money. But the problem is when clubs do get money they spend it all on players. We're trying a long term idea — because lotteries have come into it to a large extent — of spending half our money on players and the rest on developing the ground."

"But at the end of the day it's what you put on the pitch that gets the people in. So it's all a vicious circle."

THE COMMENTATOR

"Wan-Nill!"

David Coleman, BBC TV

BRIAN MOORE The Big Match, LWT

WE ALL HAVE our own favourites: "Wherever you look there's a Manchester United player, and here's Phil Neal of Liverpool!" "The balls from defence are not going to hand!" "All the players are wearing rubbers today!" "There's been a colour clash, both teams arrived in white!" "And he's getting the ball on his favourite left foot..." etc.

But whatever cock-ups the commentators make, televised football would be the poorer without them. It would be like watching Sylvester and Tweety Pie without the cat's splutters, Tom and Jerry without the thwacks.

BBC TV have the king, Mr Coleman himself ("Has Grabowski got the legs of Tarantini?") who appears to go through several sexual changes in the course of one match. Eric Idle lookalike/soundalike Barry Davies seems properly enthusiastic but John Motson is awfully dull for a 33-year-old, and Jimmy Hill has a beard and that's all you need to know about him — he'll fill you in on the rest of the details himself.

Heavily regionalised ITV has its fair share of likeable duffers: former

actor Hugh Johns, the one with the plummy voice who sounds like he'd be more at home at Trent Bridge than the City Ground; Granada's Gerald Sinistat, who greets every goal with an exultation similar to the sound emitted by Moses' followers at the parting of the Red Sea; Anglia's personable Gerry Harrison, who seems to get the players' names wrong on purpose; and, amongst others, the granddaddy of them all Kenneth Wolstenholme, who's found a home at Tyne Tees and who still sounds about as keen on life in general as Samson after his haircut.

Brian Moore doesn't make any less mistakes than the rest of them but he's still the best. Not only does he front *The Big Match* on LWT, he's the linkman for all the ITV internationals and mid-week cup games, and his love of the game comes through in every syllable. Only BBC's Davies comes close to Moore in conveying the passion of football (and Sinistat when he's sensible) — the others may as well be talking about stocks and shares.

"It's a bit mucky at the moment, nobody knows what will happen," says Moore, on the current contretemps over football's televised coverage. "But for all the clubs' breast-beating, I think it's an offer that's too good for them to turn down."

The offer made by the TV companies is £10m for the clubs over the next four seasons, with alternate BBC and ITV coverage if necessary.

"Whether it's on ITV or BBC doesn't matter, football's got to be televised. And the competition is a good thing — look how far televised football coverage has progressed. So it's good for football that both companies continue covering the game. And I say that not only from a football director's point of view, but as a football lover."

A JOURNALIST, Moore was born in Benenden, Kent, 47 years ago, and attended Cranbrook School when he wasn't playing truant to watch Gillingham (then in the Southern League). He was invited to become a director of the Third Division club in December 1974 ("You never lose your first love") and accepted with three provisos: no money would be involved, his television work would come first and his family life even before that.

Being a club director, he says, is amazing: "It gives you a totally fresh insight into the game, the tensions, the pressures. I would rather do, and manage better, a live one-hour peak-viewing show than watch Gillingham in a crucial Third Division match."

So he hasn't minded missing most of this season's games?

"No. But that in its way is also frustrating."

He's uncomfortable about involving Gillingham in *The Big Match*, which is contracted to cover only two matches from the Third or Fourth Division each season. Despite its distortion, televised

football is compulsive viewing for the fan. Watching from the terraces, the high drama generated throughout a game's 90 minutes can be almost apocalyptic and when you see it reduced to 25 minutes of televised highlights it seems absurd, as if Ken Russell was pulling the strings in a bad Hitchcock parody. But there's no doubt that it's a great way to keep in touch with what's going on throughout the country and abroad.

Even so, neither *The Big Match* nor *Match Of The Day* ever make TV's Top 20 ratings (though, for obvious reasons, 'live' internationals and cup matches always do).

"If you put on old movies or variety shows they'd probably get bigger audiences than we do; so in that respect £10m over four years is a very fair offer to the clubs."

"We're passionately devoted to the game so we think everyone who's walking across Waterloo Bridge is wondering how Arsenal and Manchester United are going to get on in the Cup Final — whereas the majority of them are wondering about the lupins in their garden. If you're a horse-riding geeker, you think everyone's interested in the televised equestrian events. They're not."

"It's the same with football. And it's a bad judgement that televised football affects attendances. The things that stop people going to football on Saturdays are the ITV Sevens, rugby internationals, Gillette cup matches — all Saturday afternoon sport. And there are infinite alternatives for people on Saturdays, much more so than 20 or 25 years ago."

"Plus, the biggest factor of all — hooliganism. Although you and I know there are 'safe' areas in every ground, why should people risk their lives by going to football grounds? I think you'll find that clubs are slowly getting to grips with the problem and that the trouble isn't so much inside the ground as outside."

In which case, 'social' problems aside, should we learn from the Americans?

"You can only compare it vaguely with America. What they've got is lots of sunshine, acres of space and a beautiful modern stadium — people are encouraged to have picnics at the ground."

"Now you tell me how you can have a picnic at Tottenham, mid-November when it's raining hard and you can't park within a mile of the ground. Where the Americans have got it right, and we must follow, is in the basic public relations philosophy, where they make you feel very welcome — because so many of our clubs still regard it as a privilege for letting you in."

In that respect, the clubs are as hidebound by tradition as the football authorities. I wondered if Moore thought, particularly with reference to the recent incident where Arsenal's Sammy Nelson dropped his shorts after scoring both goals in a 1-1 draw, that FA committees sometimes made themselves look silly by adhering to a strictly blinkered outlook.

"I tend to think you're right. But I certainly think that Arsenal had to discipline Nelson in some way. All this about bringing the game into disrepute, it seems you only have to step slightly out of line before you bring it into disrepute."

"I happen to think that it's such a marvellous game, with such great traditions, that it can withstand any number of knocks. And Sammy Nelson dropping his shorts is certainly not going to ruin the game of football for anybody."

Nelson was fined two weeks' wages by Arsenal and suspended for three games.

And it's not as if he was rushing around breaking people's legs.

"That's where the quality of refereeing comes into it. If the referees stamped on each and every bad foul, then it wouldn't happen. In fairness to them, there are inconsistencies in everything involving human factors but what comes close to home for me, being involved in television, is that people think referees are above criticism."

"The football authorities, I'm sure, look on Jimmy Hill and myself with suspicion when we put referees under the slow motion microscope. But my belief is that it would be dangerous if we didn't. If you're anyone in the public eye, including referees, then you're fair game."



WBA and Everton caught in village green poses...



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ARISTA

From page 34

"But referees are attacked on so many sides. I wouldn't be a referee if it was the last job in sport. They can't referee naturally anymore because they're serving too many masters. I'd like to see referees given a free hand for a couple of seasons — forget about assessments and directives — and you might get a totally different attitude toward refereeing."

"Players are very sharp — it's the law of the jungle in many ways — and they know what they can get away with. But the referees have got to work for the players' respect, and you don't earn that by flashing yellow cards. There's the law of common sense, which is the most important of all."

Overall, Moore is convinced that English football is on the up and up — but then he thinks we've never been that far behind.

"OK, when the Hungarians blasted us at Wembley in 1953 we didn't realise that there were any teams outside these islands who could play football. But it's been very different since."

"You take the Italians, a great footballing nation — what have they ever done in the World Cup? The Italians wouldn't mind having our post-war World Cup record. Even the Germans were a bad side in Argentina."

"I'm not depressed, because Ron Greenwood's attitude is 'The day you stop learning is the day you stop.' And at the moment we've got a very good side. Greenwood's overview is sound and he'll put us firmly on the right road."

"And it's the youngsters, after all, who are inspired by a winning side."



Girls feel the strain. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

THE WRITER

"Refereeing caught my young man's fancy, but only because I could not make the grade as a player."

Jack Taylor, former FIFA referee

DAVID LACEY
The Guardian

DAVID LACEY'S 'Football Commentary' in *The Guardian* every Monday is not only the most astute of sports columns, it's also the most readable.

There's none of the tabloids' risible rumour-mongering, of course, but more importantly there's none of the 'quality papers' usual condescension towards football. *The Sunday Times* is absent without leave, and Brian Glanville's somewhat effete analyses are not missed; *The Observer's* Hugh McIlvanney is a professional Scotsman, so he doesn't count because he hates English football; and *The Times*, wherever it is, has yet to replace the doyen of them all, Geoffrey Green.

Which leaves 41-year-old Lacey as the best writer on the game in this country. In his columns and match reports he nimbly uses peculiar analogies — literary, cinematic, whatever — and invariably turns them into a neat joke; but you are never left in any doubt as to just what goes on in any particular match and, difficult this, why.

As a lad from Lewes in Sussex he supported Brighton. He still does: "It's nice to have a team to support when you're watching the big clubs all the time."



David Lacey. Pic: Guardian.

I spoke to him the day after he'd watched Nottingham Forest qualify in Cologne for the European Cup Final. It is a significant time in English football and Lacey thinks we are approaching the level of prestige achieved abroad by our winning of the World Cup in 1966. Is that so much due to an English revival, though, or Europe's general downward trend?

"Both. There's no doubt we are now producing teams that can take on continental teams at their own game. The broad difference between our game and theirs is that they mark man-for-man — the back four stay back and leave a lot of space in the middle of the field, making each game a series of individual battles of wit — whereas in the English game everyone crowds midfield and everything has to be played that much quicker because space is so tight."

"In the past that has been an embarrassment to us when we've tried to take on a good continental side. Now we can take them on because Liverpool learned over a number of years and Forest learned in a remarkably short time how to use this system to their advantage: if your left winger, for example, is being marked man-to-man, he can wander all over the place and the other guy will follow him. You saw that with Kevin Keegan and Bertie Vogts in the Rome European Cup Final."

"Also, of course, the great individual players from Holland and Germany are either playing in Spain or America, or retired. So while there are a number of good players around, they're not all with the same

club. And that was the basis of international success for Holland and Germany — all the great players were with Ajax of Amsterdam and Bayern Munich."

"So it's a combination of things. We've improved slightly, European standards have dropped slightly — we're meeting them half way."

Can we take heart from the fairly mundane level of play in last year's Argentina World Cup Finals?

"Yes. There are still certain things we don't do very well — call it basic skills or whatever — but steps are being taken to rectify this and the world is certainly not distancing itself from us."

"So I'm fairly optimistic. Not least because skilful players are being allowed to make their own decisions on the pitch. And Ron Greenwood has always been a practitioner of that, you know, the player has got a brain, he's not just a robot. So as long as there's not a disaster — Kevin Keegan breaking a leg in other words — we can go over to Italy for next year's European Championship and look as though we belonged."

Is the current encouragement of ball players helped by the introduction of foreign players into the League?

"Yes, certain foreign players. I think it was quite a good thing that the PFA persuaded the Department of Employment to bar non-international players — and that still casts the net pretty wide because any Under-21 squad member is included — otherwise we'd just've been flooded with cut price Yugoslavs. But the Dutch pair at Ipswich can have an enormous effect, because that type of player is not that foreign and they're good examples to follow."

As far as financial security is concerned for the domestic game Lacey thinks that sponsorship is inevitable. And with localised sponsorship, he sees a future even for the Third and Fourth Division clubs.

"They get good gates, you see. Compared to anywhere else in the world, some of the attendances at the Third and Fourth get, even if you're only talking about six or seven thousand, are remarkable."

"A Third Division club in Germany

is lucky if it gets 500, simply because there's not the depth of interest. Here, some of the grounds are straight out of the 19th Century and on a pouring wet November

afternoon a team 11th in the Fourth Division playing a team 18th will get 2,300 people to watch them. That's remarkable. There's a tremendous amount of public goodwill towards the game."

As befits a man who "did a bit of refing in the RAF", Lacey tends to sympathise with the men whose birthrights are called into question every Saturday afternoon. And doesn't think making them pros would help.

"Referees are not helped by the fact that the League is constantly harassing them and taking away their discretion on the field. The players would have more respect for them if they could see a real effort in getting more consistency into the refereeing."

"The biggest critics of refs are other refs, and they should concentrate on getting a good batch of first class referees and let them get on with it. But I've never thought that a career ref would be any better than those we have now. That's a very dodgy proposition."

The best team Lacey has seen this season is Liverpool ("The only outstanding team in Europe") whilst — Brighton excepted, of course — West Bromwich Albion have been the most invigorating.

"I saw them in Valencia when Laurie Cunningham had the crowd on their feet applauding. That's the sort of thing you love to see because you're so used to teams coming over here and hearing 'Why haven't we got players like that?'"



Ball boys bye bye.

The Lady Vanishes

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SILVER SCREEN

The West in vista visions

Comes A Horseman

Directed by Alan J. Pakula
Starring James Caan, Jane
Fonda and Jason Robards
(United Artists)

Pakula gear changes, very
deliberately shifts the stick

into reverse. Comes A
Horseman is hardly what
you'd expect from a director
whose best work has made
scalpel-keen incisions into the
flab covering the uses and
abuses of power, public and
private, in '70s America.
Kluge played off murder
mystery and mismatched love

James Caan comes a gunman as Jason Robards Comes A Horseman.

against up-market prostitution
and big business corruption;
The Parallax View played on
obsessions with assassination
conspiracy theories; All The
President's Men dramatised
Woodward and Bernstein's
uncovering of Watergate: a

pessimistic trilogy, isolated
and dissenting individuals
rarely making much headway
against the march of events or
the dead weight of
institutions.
All the same, like Arthur
Penn before him with that

"flawed masterpiece" The
Missouri Breaks, Pakula
seems to have felt the need to
'prove' himself by ranging
right and making a modern
Western. Unlike Penn, he's
made one that convinces and
coheres more on its own
terms (and conceits) than on
those of other admired and
archetypal directors like
John Ford and kind.

Horseman isn't in fact
nearly as grey about the gills
as Pakula's recent work. It's
set in another time, another
place (mid-1940s Montana,
USA), when and where men
and women walked taller and
behaved bigger. It's a largely
successful attempt at creating
a film of shameless
classicality, both an epic (it's
about two hours long) and an
elegy. It succeeds because it's
so indelibly a Pakula movie.
Penn fretted about form and
flow whereas Pakula's grip,
that of the confident
craftsman, remains strong.

The vistas here are vast,
mountains and forests
enclosing the ranchland basin
under immense and
changeable skies, landscape
dominating the figures in it.
The orchestral score swells
again and again to celebrate
this big, beautiful country. Oh
America.

Great forces, elemental,
emotional and political, are at
work. The film's four central
characters take their places on
its stage like participants in a
Greek or Shakespearean
tragedy. They're goaded,
driven. Fate and fatalism are
the words.

But even fate is two-forked.
The feud between cattle baron
J. W. Ewing (a superbly
patriarchal Jason Robards)
and equally implacable
farmer's daughter Ella (Jane
Fonda) in a role that'll delight
liberated persons in the film's
early stages as much as it'll

disappoint them later) has its
roots in matters of sex and
money. Its integrity — you
know, letting folks squabble it
out among themselves — and
momentum are threatened
though.

Cattle, once a guaranteed
livelihood, have become
obsolete overnight with the
arrival of prospecting oil
companies: the Old is
haplessly, doggedly pitched
against the New.
Compromises are made and
then unmade. Pakula's abrupt
cut from a rural panorama,
windmills prominent, to an oil
exec's light plane landing at a
local strip is brilliantly

dislocative — like having a
swarm of helicopters whirr
into the middle of Peckinpah's
The Wild Bunch.

Meanwhile Frank (an oddly
diffident James Caan),
recently demobbed from the
Marines in Europe, is
disillusioned and in search of
a grand pioneering past.
Dodger (a lovably ingenious
portrait by real-life cowhand
Richard Farnsworth) is that
past personified: a man who's
lived, eaten and probably
dreamt cattle all his days. The
bonds formed between him
and Frank are as close as this.

And so the scene is set. Its
outcome isn't entirely
foregone; it's only in the
closing moments that Pakula,
suddenly quickening the pace
of his narrative, clinches it for
Good or Bad (yup, this is an
old-fashioned movie — unlike
the current crop of Hollywood
'realism' that has men
mumbling inaudibly into
beards at bars, you can rilly
hear every word).

But worry not. Even if the
idea of a self-consciously
Great American Film About
Great American Men, Women
and Moments doesn't appeal,
there's still much to munch on
here. Fonda and Robards'
acting is dedicated,
consistently good, and
Pakula's eye is wonderfully
pervasive — his great sweeps
across this almost mythical
landscape are only matched
by his interiors, faces and
furnishings set in warm
chiaroscuros worthy of (gulp)
Rambaldi.

Comes A Horseman is a
literally essential film. It deals
in essences, clichés if you
prefer, but manipulates them
to its own ends. It's gushingly
sentimental at times, but as
dramatic in parts as it's
melodramatic in others.

Me, I loved it.

Angus MacKinnon



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Comes A Horseman: A happy end for Jimmy and Jane?



RIDDLE OF THE MUD: Michael York putting his foot in it.

The Riddle Of The Sands

Directed by Tony Maylam
Starring Michael York, Simon McCorkindale and Jenny Agutter (Rank Films)

The plot of Erskine Childers' ancient spy thriller uncovers a German Intelligence plan to invade Britain's east coast by shipping troops in barges from the Frisian Islands.

Taken in the context of its publishing date (1903), it's at least commendable that, despite a loose, forgiveably stylised structure, the story was a feasible and ingenious prediction as opposed to merely being the First World War revisited.

In Tony Maylam's screen version, such inspiration is in short supply.

As it lacks much visual potential (obviously it's devoid of any of the slick, modern gadgetry we're now conditioned to associate with spy sagas), he opts successfully for a mass of chocolate-box sunsets to spice the film's soporific pacing.

But he fails to recreate the whole era without its sentiments appearing archaic, simplistic, and, at time, plain ludicrous.

A swarthy Arthur Davies (Simon McCorkindale), moored in his yacht off The Frisians, becomes suspicious of a neighbouring German captain and enamoured of his daughter Clara (Jenny Agutter), who's accent and stilted performance become equally strained.

Davies enlists a fellow Oxford graduate — the languid and anaemic Charles Carruthers (Michael York) — to help him unravel the mystery.

Maylam plays strongly on their contrasting characters. When Carruthers swaps his city duds for wellies and casual deckwear, gets duffed up by German heavies and dropped in the mud, he assumes a new virility and purpose. From then on, the weather-beaten Davies starts to take a back seat in their laboured detective work.

It's hard to tell which is the least convincing — our heroes' hackneyed, boyish sense of achievement, or the overbearing moral commitment that fuels their ham-fisted escapades.

When Davies, in one of their tedious, bitchy dialogues, twice uses the expression "Chuck it, Carruthers," you can but stifle your hoots of derision.

Mark Ellen

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ALBUMS

ABBA: Voulez Vous (Epic).

Up, up on Olympus, pop music's platinum triumvirate looked at life and saw that it was good. F. Mac, the Brothers Gibb, and The Abbarigines — these blessed ones had much in common beyond being golden, bronzed, fabulously wealthy and somewhere between 30 and 40.

None of them are exactly spring chickens. All would rather make one good TV video slot than slog their way round two dozen life-sucking live dates. All provide more work for session men than the Musicians' Union. All employ their manager not because he's "just like a member of the band" or any such piffle, but because he's a very, very fiscal person.

And when one black cloud rains on paradise they all get wet. None can escape the ravages of life, emotional chaos, the end of marriages but not professional associations.

Recently it's been Abba's turn.

What we have on this album is not Abba attempting to be cress and stupid, as you could be excused for imagining, but post-Bjorn/Agnetha-marriage-break-up Abba trying to be sophisticated.

Trying to explain that they are mature, worldly adults and as such know all about doing, um, rudies (giggle, blushi). The case for the defence, pleading that they don't just churn out pretty faeces.

This is how they do it.

'Does Your Mother Know' is a poppy paedophilic pean in the mould of 'Dancing Queen' but more overt, beefy Bjorn singing the lead and with sweaty palms trying to lure some cute little bopper into the bushes with a sticky lollipop in slobbering lecher style, interpreting her every breath to mean she wants to stimulate his smorgesboard.

The self-assurance of his swaggering stud on skis makes Generation X look like veritable paragons of saintly humility and owes everything to a smooth line in chat that Bjorn and Benny would never have permitted into the mouths of the Abbarettes.

"I could dance with you, honey / If you think it's funny..."

"I could chat with you, baby / Flirt a little maybe..."

Chat? Chat? Is this the "implicit sexuality" that Bob Woffinden warns may outrage some listeners in his CBS Press Release?

Meanwhile Agnetha and Frida babble in the background like household pets who have just jacked-up an ounce of methedrine (this is to make them sound ickle-tickle-gurlish).

All this 'adult' stuff started with the last album, named during a moment of pure creative genius as 'The Album'. There were Abba shouting 'Wally' just like the grown-ups on 'Hole In Your Soul' ("It's gotta be rock'n'roll / To fill the hole in your soul..."), writing a tribute to The Eagles called 'I Feel Like An Eagle' ("They came flying from far away / Now I'm under their spell / I love hearing the stories that they tell / And I feel like an Eagle...") and — the crowning glory — their 'The Girl With The Golden Hair' micro-musical which told the admittedly innovative tale of a young person who enters showbiz, becomes a Star only to discover that fame and fortune do not bring happiness, tomorrow is another day, you can't teach your Granny to suck eggs, red sky at night shepherd's delight and many other dashes of pure, wonderful wisdom.

Next time our cherubic



BJORN

Adult Abbaration?

chums do their best not to be so obvious; ten tracks, five a side, look quick and you could be kidded this is business as usual.

The overall spirit is po-faced — the actual number of fast songs on 'Voulez Vous' could be counted on the hairs of Benny's head, the chords are minor and the pervading ambience is decidedly sub-Gibbish.

And alas, if you're looking for a 'Dum Dum Diddle', 'Mama Mia' or 'SOS', then you're floating up the wrong floor, Sven, me son.

The three uptempo toe-tapping tunes are as follows:

The aforementioned 'Does Your Mother Know', 'As Good As New', a hideous travesty of mother nature's scheme of things that mates chamber music (not dissimilar to the jolly japes on the Pistols' saucy soundtrack's whacky waxing) to a fairish forgery of Caucasian disco with the meticulous hands of a craftsman owning nothing but thumbs. The two musical forms stumble, trip and lurch into each other, making it sound the most hamfisted track to every open a Name band's album (with lots of lyrics about trying again, how Bjorn is so much sweeter the second time around and so forth — split? What split?).

And finally the closing track 'Kisses Of Fire', which could be one from the vault if you close your eyes and concentrate very hard.

Abba's major talent always was being capable of turning subliminal advertising into a fine art: a verse so very nondescript, neo-non-existent and very nearly nowt at all, with a rigid policy of non-intervention until Agnetha sends a secret semaphore signal to the rest of the band with The Ass That Ate NATO and all habit-forming hookline heaven is unleashed, relentless, unstoppable, Chinese Water Torture Persuasive.

Irresistible, irrepressible and irrefutable... a simpaton siren song, a temptress called Abba beckoning a vessel bearing the entire record buying public to come closer and we go willingly to the jagged rocks of ecstatic doom...



FRIDA Both pin — PENNIE SMITH

Actually, 'Kisses Of Fire' is not that good. By the standards of Abba's finest moments it's strictly low rent bracket, but when compared to the rest of 'Voulez Vous' it stands shining like a proud, brave beacon for future generations to emulate.

'Kisses Of Fire' encourages you to indulge in a bit of auto-suggestion, is all, because in almost every other nook and cranny on the album Abba artlessly amble around material that's the direct antithesis of the reason their bank manager's mouth is transfixed with a grateful smirk of sated greed.

'If It Wasn't For The Night' is polite disco, restrained, reserved and resigned to its fate, very defeatist, with a Nun Today, Nun Tomorrow message... a hapless, unhappy hand-job waiting for a divorce to come through and featuring Abbarettes.

'Voulez Vous' itself is 'Lady Marmalade' with disinfected sheets and a language problem, going for urban and urbane but only making it to morbid and mundane, displaying all the gell and

supermarket till. No, you will, in fact, have to listen with one hand pressed tight against one of your ears to permit any of the words and melodies to register at all.

Well, so far, so soporific, and I've saved the worse for last.

'I Have A Dream' (surely not digging up Martin's grave?) osmoses massed children's choirs at mass with butter in as a crack squadron of angels blissfully as they hover around the rafters and Frida revisits The Bachelors' 'I Believe' and Louis Armstrong's 'What A Wonderful World', succeeding in making the pair of them stand revealed as debauched glorifications of degradation.

You wouldn't let Agnetha sing a song like this would you, Bjorn?

No, more up her street is 'Angel Eyes', Pickettywitch's Polly Brown in bovine style, suffering serenely.

'Lovers (Live A Little Longer, Baby)' finds the LSD shrill and peevish doing a life sentence residency in Studio 54 on a dawdy little voyeuristic ditty.

'Makin' love is a dynamite drug, baby / So why don't we start right away? / I don't care who's watching...'.

Which leaves only Abba's darkest hour of all: Fernando de-mobbed with a fortnight in Benidorm gets too much sun on the first day, picking bits of dead skin off his post box red person, glad that Jose Feliciano is on draught...

'Chiquitita' would have been unthinkable a year ago and it caught all of us off balance, it was pop's Proflum Affair, Pearl Harbour and Edward and Mrs Simpson combined.

It was horrific... never mind about Art imitating Life, it was — not no! you can't make me say it! — Abba imitating Brotherhood of Man.

This song was the very core of the Abba dilemma; it seemed like they could no longer hope to match the twisted charm of BoM's blonde chanteuse, all goodness and light as she skylarked. They took their lives that night!

Abba hung their heads in despair. Soon Bjorn and Agnetha had gone their

separate ways, both attempting to adjust to The Change as best they could, she now answering to the name of The Ass That Died Of Shame, while Bjorn continued to follow people in the street insisting that they were trying to pick him up, although now even his wolf-whistle had a hollow ring about it.

And so they strive to prove their true worth to society, growing ever more experimental and progressive as they walk boldly backwards to acceptability.

It's only being so bleeding cheerful that keeps them going.

Tony Parsons

DWIGHT TWILLEY Twilley (Arista import)

Dwight Twilley's affair with rock'n'roll frisson continues undaunted by mass critical unacceptance. Dwight is a delta rocker, a southern gentleman who likes his women soft and warm and his tunes to match. He is entirely successful in applying pop craftsmanship, Brunel bridges built over sticky hooks, to a very real affection for simplicity. All you need is love.

Everything in the Twilley scrapbook from 'I'm On Fire' and 'Sincerely' to 'Looking For The Magic' to this third collection suggests that Dwight is unrepentant in his desire to redefine a style. The era of 'Rubber Soul' and 'Revolver' falls in a shadow over his every move but there is no danger of simulation, not even Cheap Trick cloning.

Dwight Twilley lacks the adulation he'd like. Listening to his vocal projections here, particularly now that Phil Seymour has split the farm, the overriding visual impression is that Twilley spends a lot of time combining an ideal image with his belief that music should be sexy. Dwight Twilley is a pop star.

Any misgivings that the critic is prey to are not instantly dismissed, but gradually eroded. Part three of this story soon seems as integral as its predecessors; songs roll by on equally alluring waves or recognition and surprise. Lyrically he's got his act honed to new edges. The ballad 'Out Of My Hands' is an unimpeachable tribute to the strength of strings.

'Standin' In The Shadow Of Love' finds the writer rising to new peaks, expressing telling sentiments through the vehicle of pure pop cuteness; he's pouting but they ain't sweet nothings. Dwight gets up off his thing to let it rock more often than not. 'Betsy Sue' will send you shimmying across the floor like updated rockabilly from say, Robert Gordon, never will. Twilley is after all entirely modern in his approach (his production expertise comes as no big shock), letting some clandestine technology through the back door so that in a number like 'Darlin'', or the exquisite 'It Takes A Lot Of Love', you're lost in dual worlds of naivety and sophistication.

Assisting the cause are the ever-present Bill Piccock IV on lead guitar and newboy Jim Lewis on bass and drums. This unit is as tight as you'll find anywhere in any zone, playing material you won't find in many. They got you where they want you. Everything about Dwight Twilley, his band and his music fits except his absence from the radio signals of the universe. Maybe he's just waiting on the '80s.

But what if there is no '80s? When D.T. sings 'It Takes A Lot Of Love', you better listen to what the man says. Hours of pleasure for all the family.

Max Bell

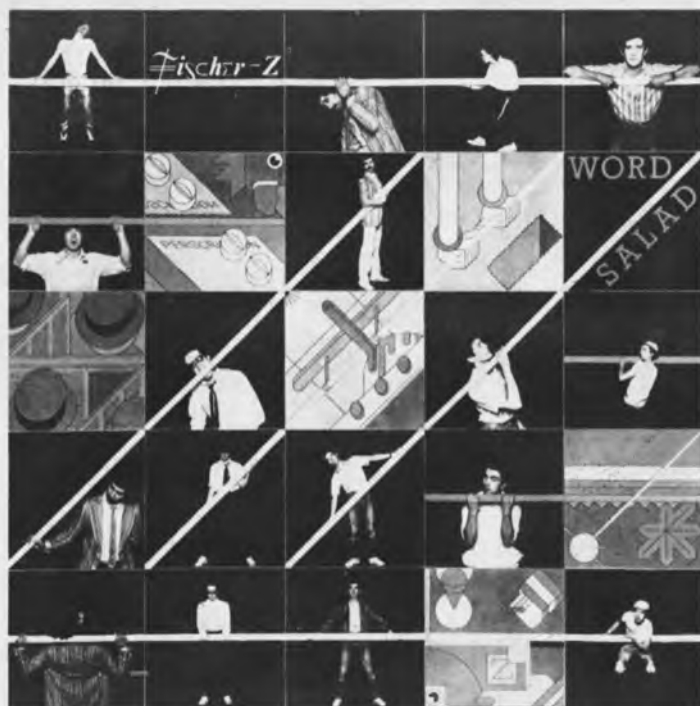
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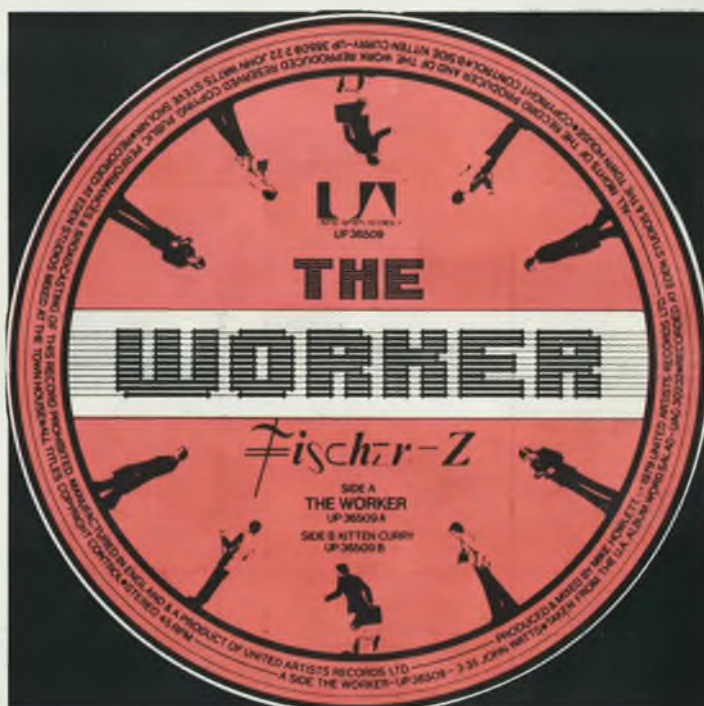


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THE CURE

Three Imaginary Boys (Fiction)

Aah! More alert and anguished young men chatting up more sanctioned and sactimonious marks. Do not applaud them. This glistening long player contains twelve self-conscious variations upon the smoothly quirky theme, somewhere between hypnotic and indifferent, that brought the world, somewhere between hype and anonymity, the pleasurable 'Killing An Arab'. For one whole album that pretty bending and doodling does a lot less than please, and a lot more than irritate. The Cure's formula is not that marvellous.

But The Cure are not just making pop music. They make things much worse than they could be by packaging this insubstantial froth as if it had some social validity. As if it were going to alter our conceptions of what is real and what is unreal. They garnish their twelve little ditties with unreliable trickery, not content to let ordinary songs do ordinary deaths.

The lads go rampant on insignificant symbolism and compound this with rude, soulless obliqueness. They are trying to tell us something. They are trying to tell us they do not exist. They are trying to say that everything is empty. They are making fools of themselves. They are represented on the ice cream colour cover by three bulky, ageing household gadgets. Lol Tolhurst (drums) is a fridge, Michael Dempsey (bass, voice) is an upright Hoover, Robert Smith (guitar, voice) is a standard lamp. Each song is represented on the back sleeve by a picture and on the label by a symbol.

Thus a typically dehydrated interpretation of Hendrix's 'Foxy Lady' is matched with a polaroid snapshot of a slinky lady in pencil skirt and stilettos striding along a metropolis pavement. 'So What' is represented by a picture of two bags of granulated sugar spilling over the floor. All clever stuff. All this charming, childish fiddling about aims for the anti-image but naturally creates the perfect malleable image: the tantalising enigma of The Cure.

They try to take everything away from the purpose and idea of the rock performer but try so hard they put more in than they take out. They add to the falseness. Good luck to them.

The Cure, really, are trying to sell us something. Their product is more artificial than most. This is perhaps part of their masterplan, but it seems more like their naivety. The way it is, The Cure set themselves up as though they float a long way outside the realms of anything we can understand. They are scandalous, fulfilled aliens, and they look down on us. What do they see?

Not much that'll shoot your being through with vigour or sudden understanding, but they never stop nagging. Willow songs wallow in the murky marsh of tawdry images, inane realisations, dull epigrams. Sometimes they sound like an avant-garde John Otway, or an ugly Spirit. Sometimes a song is as pretty as 'Killing An Arab'. 'Accuracy' is target over a man's eye or 'Fire In Cairo' (palm tree in the desert). Most of the time it's a voice catching its breath, a cautiously primitive guitar riff, toy drumming and a sprightly bass. Nowhere is there anything alarming, nowhere is there anything intently adventurous. Not that I demand adventure at all costs, but The Cure do suggest that they're on a worthwhile expedition.

Neither do I constantly demand anything that's going to make my life a little bit better but, again, The Cure



The Cure: meaningful chaps in an even more meaningful situational environment.

Pic: George Bodnar

A Cure For Cancer?

hint that they're doing this and more. What they've done here is the equivalent of an album of Enid Blyton readings packaged as reading from Angela Carter. No, it's maybe not that awful-good.

It's just that in 1979 people shouldn't be allowed to get away with things like this (The Cure are absolute conformists to vaguely defined non-convention). There are just too many who do (Doll By Doll, Punishment Of Luxury, Fischer Z). Fatigue music. So transparent. Light and — oh, how it nags.

Paul Morley

Fischer — Z Word Salad (United Artists)

When does marketing become merchandise? When does a group cease to be material and exist as

fashion-rating or market-suitability alone?

There are many examples of best groups bedevilled by commercial pressure to a point of blurred resemblance. Fischer — Z appear to have never possessed their own identity; 'Word Salad' evinces a sealed vacuum, a space devoid of the least glimmer of doubt or determination.

United Artists have pushed Fischer — Z with Ralph Steadman picture sleeves, abysmal modern picture discs, and now an album sleeve which looks like an unsuccessful silk screen of Futurism and Watch With Mother. The three elements of presentation have nothing in common. Fischer — Z, 'Word Salad', the sleeve. Bric-a-brac.

A record company with a putty music-unit in search of the successful form? An

elaborate hoax? A conceptual exercise in nihilist super-realism? A cheese advert?

Musically, Fischer — Z can only be defined by default: a Supertramp without cynicism, a Genesis without width, etc. Lyrically, everything is found and pointed at (Paracetamol, Russia, work, de-humanised sex etc.): a questionnaire, a shopping list. No hint of lived, observed or discussed experience. Painting by numbers sociology.

Fischer — Z: where Semiotics is semolina.

Ian Panman

SPIRIT The Best Of Spirit (CBS)

What a massive irony... What a bloody disgrace... Pardon me if I blanched puce while tapping out the title to this titillating

livocinium but I'm not sure if I read that right. Did it say The Best Of Spirit? Or was it The Best Of Spirit? CBS in their infinite wisdom gave this band from Los Angeles the boot after they'd made their standard reference work ('The 12 Dreams Of Dr Sardonious') and how the good doc would chuckle now at this unimpeachable aberration.

The Best Of Spirit is nothing less and nothing more than Spirit's first, their one and only debut album (1968, to you toots), a disc I could and would like to wax at great length on, but hardly feel that the time is right.

This re-release comes to you from the Embassy time coast, which makes it a cheapie, embellished by a liner note that expresses the hope "first of a series... reinstate... early work... current availability... blash

VARIOUS ARTISTS Pebbles Volumes I & II (BFD Records Import)

It was once said of The Ramones that they could take any song and make it indistinguishable from any other song. It has been said of the bands assembled here that they could take any song and make it sound like 'Louie, Louie'. Now that's a compliment.

These two volumes of '60s US garage-band obscurities comprise the unofficial follow-up to Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' collection — an essential record at one point in this decade, filed proudly alongside 'Raw Power' 'Teenage Head', 'Back In The USA' and the first Modern Lovers' album.

But what we have here are the records Lenny Kaye must have deemed too ignorant, too crass, too innocent, to even include on 'Nuggets'. These bands, none of whom were ever popular outside of a 5 mile radius of their local dive, were the also-rans in a race where the Shadows Of Knight were the winners.

They are captured here for posterity in that splendid moment when it all turned real. What began with seeing the Stones on the Tarnish show, or hearing Them, The Yardbirds or The Animals for the first time and took on its own inexorable momentum with the words "Right you can play bass, you play drums, and I'll play guitar", finally reaches its full, frenzied expression in these grooves.



No comment — we found him on the cover, is all

Rockaway Beach revisited

And more than likely, for the first and last time.

It is a deeply moving noise. The pure adrenalin thrash perpetrated by these bands as they scavenge ace A&B licks learnt secondhand from the British purists will warm any rock'n'roll heart. These boys do what white boys always do when they play black music, and they do it with such marvellous irreverence — like Robbie Robertson once said, "They turn up the guitars, amplify the beat, and stompl!"

The recipe was simple, and it was learnt by countless upstart wonders from various urban backwaters in the South and Mid-West with names like

The Preachers, The Floyd Dakil Combo, The Grains Of Sand, The Ju-Ju's, The Haunted, The Elastik Band, The Wig. You simply went for the hardest driving beat you could muster, to which was added a riff, preferably loud, preferably distorted. A cheap plastic organ could be introduced for a measure of atmosphere, and the guitarist should be encouraged to 'freak out' on the solo (actually it was hard to stop them). If the singer could fake an English accent and scream in tune you had it made.

Lyrics weren't a problem. Most simply took the regular

mean woman blues theme and re-wrote it, often badly, but earnestly. Many tried for a more contemporary hallucinogenic landscape, with similar results. The more ambitious tried to take Dylan's best bite and give it a souped-up electric setting: The Lyrics "So What!" for instance, a snarling rich bitch put down complete with wailing harp.

These two records might explain what happened in America after the British Invasion and before the Summer Of Love. They contain some genuine classics from the annals of psychedelic hoodlum rhythm and blues music, such as 'Making Deals' by The Satans, 'Lost Innocence' by The Buddhas, 'Feathered Fish' by The Sons Of Adam (featuring a young Arthur Lee) and '59th Floor' by The Moving Sidewalks. Plus there's a whole host of pop neophytes with names like The Squires, The Little Boy Blues, The Dovers and Phil And The Frantics... all stumbling toward a golden tie-dyed dawn when their guileless, unsophisticated and eager sincerity would be seen as, even then, a trifle naive.

If you know why 'Liar, Liar' by The Castaways or 'Your Gonna Miss Me' by The 13th Floor Elevators are such great records then you will understand the need people feel to splash their cash on this sort of trash.

They sound like exciting times. I think I'm gonna have a psychotic reaction.

Paul Rambali

blah" and a brand new cover design which is approximately irrelevant and infinitely inferior to the original. Naughty, naughty CBS to blunder thus, especially as only a fool or a marketing man could fail to spot the 'deliberate' error.

Brilliant record mind, 11 years old and fresh as a daisy. Randy California, Ed Cassidy, Mark Andes, John Locke and Jay Ferguson trip the light fantastic over one acceptable face of jazz/rock (see Traffic for another). Thrill once more to 'Fresh Garbage', 'Uncle Jack', 'Girl In Your Eye', 'The Great Canyon Fire In General', etc.

Does any of this mean the end of Columbia Broadcasting Systems as we know them? Tune in next week, same time, same place.

Max Bell

DAVID ALLEN Banana Moon (Charly) N'Existe Pas (Charly)

Between 'Banana Moon' (his re-released '71 debut) and 'N'Existe Pas' (his latest album), watch David Allen's redundant case history filter by.

The former of this gruesome pair sounds loose, so loose you half-expect it to self-destruct. Allen's bead-straw motherhood has lifted off, and skims whimsically through the stratosphere of 'spontaneous invention' (ceaseless jamming) en route for that bastion of mystical politics, the planet Gong.

Fellow cosmonauts like Kevin Ayers and Robert Wyatt turn in hapless performances, and 15 minutes exposure to the space drive 'Stoned Innocent Frankenstein And His Adventures In The Land Of Flip' could well prove fatal to all but the tone deaf.

'N'Existe Pas' finds the post-Gong Allen unrepentant and typically self-possessed. He shuns the evil weed for spiritual awareness, and is racked by the illusory nature of his physical state.

"Something tells me I don't exist", he intones, in a voice like one of The Wurzels.

It can't be long before he quits hoisting his galactic bean-patch for a life of divine decadence, or starts churning out paperbacks on the Zen of jogging.

Mark Ellen

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A Better Brand Of Note

VARIOUS ARTISTS The Blue Note Reissues (Blue Note/United Artists)

Pianist and arranger Gil Evans is best known for his collaborations with Miles Davis, notably the epochal 'Birth Of The Cool' ('49/'50) and 'Sketches Of Spain' ('59/'60). Dating from the late '50s, 'Pacific Standard Time' is exactly that: four sides of jazz nuggets from the likes of Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke.

Some find Evans' wider canvas too soft-centred, but it's deftly even-disseminates to quibble with the quality of conception and execution here. Most prominent among the featured soloists is Cannonball Adderley, his alto sax a model of commitment and passion, the most striking pattern on Evans' 'Night Carped'.

Impossible really to overstate the serious or understate Evans' intimate craftsmanship, every voice in the chorus heeded, the variety of tone and texture amounting to a rainbow vision.

'Doin' Allright' and 'Go' are the first and third of six albums Dexter Gordon made for Blue Note in the '60s. At long last (6' 5") shades of Coltrane, Rollins and countless others who reached the first stages of his career in the late '40s. Gordon's tenor sax style was (still is) generous, a bane, witty and, above all, supremely hip. It combined aspects of the new ladders laid by Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker there, with crushing originality, all them amongst the sizzling exigencies of Bop.

The 3x saw Gordon's comedown off the stage, drugs, Charles in fashion, drug problems and a prison sentence were all contributory factors towards his recording at all too infrequent intervals. But in 1960 Gordon was asked to score and act in a movie, *The Connection*; the experience restored his

confidence and pre-eminence almost overnight.

The overall consistency of Gordon's work has been remarkable. Those already familiar with his recent CBS albums ('Homecoming', 'Sophisticated Giant' and 'Manhattan Symphonies'), the fruits of another revitalisation, this time after Gordon's return to the States after a decade or more in Europe) will check 'Allright' and 'Go' to find an earlier riches of the man's staggering melodic and harmonic invention. Was getting time and derivative melancholy of expression. Added points are scored by trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's brash hot 'A Root on the former set, drummer Billy Higgins' peeling rhythms on the latter.

Two more chapters of Gordon's open-ended book, a book that is hard to read, admire and enjoy, it's hard to fault.

Dead at 36 in 1964, Eric Dolphy eschewed ego for his patrons, cut across styles in order to be himself. A genius even moving to a more accessible, somber, and more lyrical, real player with Miles Davis. Coltrane's 'Coltrane's Coltrane' is a tribute to his work in the USA and his accolades. He exiled himself to Europe and of 1964, a 1964.

'Out To Lunch' is Dolphy's last album, and one of his best. The swinging cast led by Hubbard on trumpet and Bobby Hutcherson on vibraphone, Richard Davis on double bass and Anthony Williams on drums. Miles Davis' trumpet, a m-a-z-i-n-g sound, proffering signatures that have made him a spiritual than physical time.

Dolphy's multi-instrumentalism hints at the emotional extremism of his art, alto sax querulous and questing on 'Out To Lunch', bass clarinet absurdly boisterous on 'Hat And Beard', flute swimming lagoons of quietude on 'Gazzelloni'. Regrets that Dolphy's death prevented him from moving on and out, perhaps achieving a measure of creative catharsis, are understandable, but the unsettled and unsettling drift of his soul resounds with dedication and dignity.

Like so much of the New Thing pianist's output (input?), Cecil Taylor's 'Unit Structures' is massively intimidating. Take it on its own terms or leave it alone; preparations for this withering assault are as pointless as any for Armageddon.

Taylor's own sleeve note combines prose poetry, musical and philosophical theory, ends up envisaging a visionary landscape, glimpses of geological strata and natural flora and fauna merging to propose a rival theory of evolution (Africa and her peoples are All).

The music completes the equation, history and energy in tandem. Taylor's hard, bevelled edges crunch and claw amongst the scouring twin basses, fragmenting drums and scrawling reeds. 'Enter, Evening Soft Line Structure' is a rare but welcome respite from this chaos of creation. Taylor's work must have an axis in his strivings to reconcile intellect and intuition; such antagonism elicits defiant and startling results.

Kenny Burrell's 'Midnight Blue' takes another train. Much admired by Duke Ellington and equally adaptable as both leader and sideman, Burrell's guitar explores nuances and settings that Brian Eno would

gratuitously define as 'ambient'.

'Midnight Blue' is ultramarine, well laid-back but far from out. Burrell's solo limelight on 'Soul Lament' proving once and for all that mood music doesn't have to be modest in aims or assumptions; in a mere two minutes the piece achieves an encyclopedic melancholy. The group cuts are exquisite, Stanley Turrentine's tenor sax and Major Holley's bass catching the wave-crest with Burrell to overwhelm song and singability with some of

Turrentine's own 'Stanley Turrentine', a double-decker of his old '60s work for the label, almost passes me by. And it's gone, the cumbersome big band gushes through blues, belied and boasts how overpowering in clear scrutiny. Name players like pianists McCoy Tyner and

Donald Byrd and Blue Mitchell are tucked into anonymity by the power of material and arrangement.

Only the more compact, and especially more intimate, small group work make the difference. I don't know if Turrentine's his reputation, but so much of this is a plucky confectioning, sweet ratings around sweet nothing.

Much better big band music can be sampled on 'Fred Jones & Mel Jones', a reunion of the trumpet and drummer's recently ended but fruitful partnership through the late '60s.

This is a very, machine, stuff, work's appealing and something inspired. Most of the material is Jones' (Frank and Elvin's brother featured alongside that of writers as varied as Ellington, Curtis Mayfield and Allen Toussaint). Not a set that expands universes, but still a warm, restful hearth of the end of the day.

As for Dizzy Gillespie's 'Live At The Village Vanguard' — why UA pushed this out when they have such a strong catalogue to hand defies all logic. It's not a 'real' Blue Note, side two being on permanent loan from Solid State, nor remotely representative of Gillespie's extrovert trumpet talents.

'Dizzy's Blues', 'Blues For Max' and 'Tour De Force' are shambling affairs, alright on the night in '68, I'd imagine, but hardly worth preserving for posterity, let alone for Chick Corea's rummaging through the Art Tatum chordbook. A miss by more than a mile.

Although unlikely to interest would-be dwellers on Watership Down, 'The Jazz Crusaders' 'The Young Rabbits' will prick other ears. Another double, it follows Messrs Sample, Felder, Henderson and Hooper from '62 to '68 as they made their own giant steps across the mainstream.

If Max Bell's enthusiasm hasn't convinced you of the Crusading cause, then only acts of God will force a change of heart. Firmly rooted in Texas, a feverish musical crossroads in the '50s and '60s, The Crusaders have always been open to suggestion and invention.

Blues, R&B, soul, rock and Latin all stay the course here, long before fusion or funk became dirty (or do I mean clean?) words. Pieces and players jostle for checks, but mention of bassist Buster Williams 'Fire Water', the very best of post-Bop, must suffice.

The Crusaders' march has been long and estimable. You can join it here.

Angus MacKinnon

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LYCEUM
SUNDAY 20th MAY at 7-30
TICKETS £2.00 (INC VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 430 3711.
LONDON THEATRE ADDRESS: SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 430 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5088

TELEPHONE 01-387-04286
MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
CANDID HIGH ST OFF. ADDINGTON, CRESCENT TUBE, NW1

Wednesday, May 9th £1.00
THE JOLT + NEON

Thursday, May 10th £2.00
CHELSEA
+ Users
+ Vermillion
+ The Aces

Friday, May 11th £2.00
TRIBESMAN
+ Wendytunes

Saturday, May 12th £2.00
STREETBAND
+ Westway

Monday, May 14th £1.00
GIRLSCHOOL
+ The Ray Morgan Quartet
+ Stargazer

Tuesday, May 15th £1.00
THE PRESS
+ Can't Be Bad

Wednesday, May 16th £1.00
LANDSCAPE
+ support

Saturday May 26th
KOKOMO
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office
LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
OVER 18s ONLY

Midland Concert Promotions
present
JUDAS PRIEST
+ Marseille
HAMMERSMITH ODEON, Mon, Tues 28, 29 May - 8 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3, £2.50, £2
Available in advance at box office 01-748-4081
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue 01-439-7731
Premier Box Office 01-240-2245 and usual agents.

AT THE MAXWELL MALL
FRARS AYLESBURY
Saturday May 12th at 7.30pm
From Kingston - The New Governor
DENNIS BROWN
+ THE PROFESSIONALS
+ RUDI THOMAS + BROWN SUGAR
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets 240p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Harport
Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley, Dunstable
and Luton, Hi-Vu Buntingham, or 240p at door on an on-night. Life membership
25p
Ride On Ride On

LOCAL OPERATOR
at the
HOPE & ANCHOR
FRIDAY MAY 11th at 10pm
Admission £1.00

FINAL SOLUTION
present
THE LURKERS
+ THE WALL
+ SUPPORT
At Wirrina Stadium, Bishops Road, Peterborough
Admission £1.50 in advance or £2 on door.
Advance tickets Wirrina Box Office or Andy's Record Shop, Peterborough
London coaches to and from gig. Depart from Beggars Banquet, 345 North End Road, Fulham
Tickets (inc fare and admission) £4 from Beggars Banquet shops

DINGWALLS
01-267 4567 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
Thursday May 10th
STRAIGHT 8
Friday May 11th
MIKE MONTGOMERY BAND
Sunday May 13th
LEW LEWIS REFORMER
Tuesday May 15th & Wednesday May 16th
CHARLIE MULLEN BAND

PEGASUS
101 GREEN LANE, N 16
Thursday May 10th 60p
ANGLETRAX + SKIN DEEP

Friday May 11th 50p
THE V.L.P.s
+ To Be Confirmed

Saturday May 12th 75p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Hedderley-Smith

Sunday May 13th 50p
THE COMMUTERS

Monday May 14th £1.00
THE INMATES + DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Tuesday May 15th 80p
STRANGEWAYS + RUBBER JOHNNY

Wednesday May 16th 60p
BELT 'N' BRACES BAND
+ CHARLIE BRAVO

EARTHBOUND
Join us and The Robot
UPSTAIRS at RONNIE SCOTTS
(47 Frith Street, W.1)
Wednesday May 16th from 9pm-3am
(That's when the bar keeper goes home)
Tickets £1.00, Earthbouncers 80p from Archway records 01-203 4832
Door admission £1.50

A. J.'s CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Tel. 30874
Friday, May 11th
AFTER THE FIRE
Friday, May 18th
THE PRESS
Friday, May 25th
GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND
Friday, June 1st
CAPITAL LETTERS

THE Venue
150 VICTORIA ST., SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500
Doors open 8pm
Wednesday May 9th 8 pm £2.00
STEVE FORBERT
Thursday May 10th 9 pm £3.00
MICHAEL CHAPMAN
Friday May 11th 8 pm £3.00
C.M.B.
Featuring CHARLES MULLEN
Saturday May 12th 9 pm £3.00
COUSIN JOE & ROCKET 88
Featuring Charlie Watts, Dick Morrissey, Alexei Kozlov, Ian Stewart, Colin Smith, George Green, John Pickard, Dave Markes, Bob Hall
Monday May 14th 9 pm £3.00
CHRIS REA
Tuesday May 15th 9 pm £3.00
DENNIS BROWN
Thursday May 17th 9 pm £3.00
MOTHERS FINEST
Saturday May 19th 7 pm two 2 pm £3.00
KOKOMO
Wednesday May 23rd 9 pm £3.00
VIOLINSKI
Friday May 25th, Saturday May 26th, Sunday May 27th 8 pm each night £3.00
DOBBIE GRAY
Tuesday May 29th & Wednesday May 30th
Two shows each night 8.30 pm & 12 midnight
JOHN MAYALL

ESSEX S.U. ENTS PRESENTS
RACHEL SWEET
+ The Sinceros
Saturday May 12th in the S.U. Dance Hall at 8.30pm
Tickets £1.30 from S.U. & Parrot Records.
Enquiries: Colchester 863211
Thursday May 24th **DOCTOR FEELGOOD**

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

The Tubes are back

THE TUBES return for another major concert series after having to curtail their previous tour when lead singer Fee Waybill was injured in a fall. They came over briefly for the second of last year's Knebworth shows, but now they're on a country-wide itinerary — opening at Glasgow (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday) and Liverpool (Tuesday), with seven nights at Hammersmith to follow later in the month. Squeeze support on most dates, and play headlining gigs of their own between times.

STATUS QUO are on the rounds again, appearing at some of the top venues in the U.K. — like London's Wembley Arena (Thursday and Friday) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (Saturday). And in other cities they play several successive nights in order to accommodate as many people as possible — kicking off with four in Newcastle from next Tuesday.

Status Quo on tour



Thursday

Aberdeen University: The Bishops
Aakham Malt Shoid: Stan
Basilton Double Six: Neon
Basilton Towngate Theatre: The
Christians
Bath Tiffany's Studio
Birmingham Barberella's: XTC
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: Here &
Now/The Perfects
Birmingham Marcal Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Odeon: Rush
Birmingham Railway Home: Iron
Birmingham The Bell: The Clerks
Bleasby Star & Garter Hotel: Ormen
Bournemouth Pineshill Hotel: The
Like Us
Bournemouth Tiffany's: Matchbox
Brighton Alhambra: The Little Jimmies
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing
Dark Horse
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: Fairport
Convention
Chesterfield Fusion: Wishkynde
Cleethorpe Winter Gardens: Bruford
Clifton Youth Club: Martide
County Triffing: Iggy Pop/The Zones
Dunstable: Queenway: Hall: Ralph
McFall/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: The Dials
Edinburgh Arcton: The Fall
Glasgow Bishopbriggs Memorial Hall:
Frieon
Glasgow Dial Inn: Underhand Jones
Glenrothes Rithes Arms: The Scottish
Monks
Gosport John Peel: Mark Andrews & The
Gents
Guildford Civic Hall: Penetration
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Undertones
High Wycombe Nags Head: Fischer-2
Huddersfield: Cleopatra's: Pressure
Shocks
Leeds: The Club: John Potter's
Clay/Gemma
Leeds Kirkstall Bar-Celona: Dave Berry &
The Cruisers (for three days)
Leeds Del Tora: ZTV
Leicester University: Chris Rex
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Dennis Brown
Liverpool Eric's: The Glass Tornadoes
London Camden Brecknock: Portraits
London Camden Dingwells: Straight 8
London Camden Music: Machines:
Chelsea/The Users/Vermilion & The
Aces
London Canning Town Bridge House: Del
Bronham Band
London Chiswick John Bull: Beggar
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Red
Guns & Roses
London Dalston Rio Cinema: Barry Forde
Band/The Spoilsports/Belt & Braces
Band

London Depford Albany Empire: The Red
Lights
London Edgware Jingles: The Mods
London Fulham Golden Lion: The
Bumpers
London Fulham Greyhound: Tennis
Shoes
London Hammermith The Swan:
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold
Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: Rachel
Sweet/Neil Poyas & The Hiss Men
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park:
Martin Taylor & like Isaac
London Marquee Club: Fashion
London Mauniberry's: Liz Christian
London New Barnet Dubs of Lancaster:
Blues Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Cygnus
London Plumstead Green Man: Stan's
Blues Band
London Rainbow Theatre: The Jam
London Soho Piza Express: Clyde Bern-
hardt Band
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom:
Johnny & The Rockers/Breathless
London St. Moritz Club: Red Tape
London Stoke Newington Pegasus:
Anglerus/Skin Deep
London Victoria The Venue: Michael
Chapman
London Waltham Forest North-East
Polytechnic: Mike Absalom
London Wembley Arena: Status Quo
London W.10 Acliam Hall: Meenaa/The
Raincoats/Cabaret Voltaire
London W.C.1 Institute of Education:
China Street
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big
Chief
Manchester Ardri Cinema: Violinski
Middlebrough: Teseaside Polytechnic:
After The Fire
Newcastle City Hall: Roxy Music
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: American
Echoes
Newton Aycliffe Trades & Labour Club:
Sebnegita
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Nottingham Sandpiper: John Otway
Plymouth Drake Club: Yektay Yak
Portsmouth HMS Nelson: High Flamm
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Soft Boys
Port Talbot Troubadour: Wayne County &
The Electric Chairs
Poynton Folk Centre: Pete Scott/The

Hughes Bros.
Reading Three Tunes: Double Xposure
Sheffield Limit Club: Squeeze
Sheffield Northern & General Club: The
Sigs
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Child/
Kick
Sunderland Fusion: Light Of The World
Worthing The Balmors: Shakedown

Friday

Aberdeen University: The Pop Group/The
Good Missionaries
Birmingham Barberella's: Chris Rex
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The
Pop/The Zones
Birmingham Odeon: Rush
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Spitfire
Birmingham Sydenham Small Heath: The
Marmalade
Birmingham University: Fairport
Convention
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Ernst
Blackpool Norbeck Castle: Quartz
Brenwood Youth House: Jackie Lynton's
Happy Days
Brighton Hanbury Arms: Woody & The
Brighton Top Rank: Dennis Brown
Burton 76 Club: Low Lewis Reformer
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Penetration
Canook Troubadour: E. F. Band
Carlisle Martel Hall: The Fall
Chalmersford Chancellors Hall: Wild Angels
Cleethorpe Bunnies Club: ZTV
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlife
Cromer West Runon Pavilion: The Doll
Derby Wilmonon College: Pressure
Dundee Samanthia's: The Scottish Monks
Durham University: Bruford
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Tubes/
Squeeze
Glasgow University: The Bishops
Guildford Star Hotel: The Phenix
Hatfield Forum Centre: Stonky
Winches/Lal Coxhill & Mike Garrick
Hatfield Polytechnic: The Leyton
Leeds Royal William: Gypp
Leeds Windmill Club: The Bearshank
Band
Lingston Polytechnic: Ack Ack
Livingston Country Club: The Invaders

Knebworth Folk Club: Bob Fox & Stu
Langley College: Sore Throat
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: After The Fire
Liverpool Eric's: John Otway Band
London Acton King's Head: Paz
London Camden Brecknock: Fast Exit
London Camden Dingwells: Mike Mont-
gomery Band/Brett Marvin & The
Thunderbolts
London Camden Dublin Castle: ABC
London Camden Southampton Arms:
Jellyroll Blues Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Suzanne
London Edgware Jingles: The Mods
London Enfield Hop Poles: The Crooks
London Epping Forest Folk Festival (for
three days): June Tabor/Fred Wedlock/
Pete Atkin/Dorothy Adams/Sorad-
thick/Pete & Chris Coe/Martin Simp-
son/Ticklers Jam/Jenny Beeching/Hot
Vultures and many more
London Hammersmith Odeon:
Renaissance
London Holloway North Polytechnic:
Crash/Polson Cuts/Charge
London Kensington The Nashville:
London Kilburn Gaumont State: The
London Marquee Club: Angletax
London Middlesex Polytechnic: Strange-
Ernst
London Plumstead Green Man: The
Realists
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig &
Nigel's Folk and Blue Night
London Rainbow Theatre: The Jam
London Regent's Park Bedford College:
Fischer-2
London Soho Piza Express: Clyde Bern-
hardt Band
London Southwark Southbank Polytech-
nic: Thieves Like Us
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The
V.I.P.'s/The Passengers
London Tottenham White Hart: Matchbox
London Victoria The Venue: Charles
Muslin
London Wembley Arena: Status Quo
London West Hamstead Moonlight Club:
Carol Grimes Band
Luton College of Higher Education: Mike
Absalom
Manchester Stockport College: The
Accelerators/Capers
Manchester The Factory: John
Dillon/Orchestral Manoeuvres/Johnny
Dore/A Certain Ratio
Metton Mowbray Painted Lady:
Marmalade
Newcastle City Hall: Roxy Music
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Iggy
Pop/The Zones
Newcastle Polytechnic: The Dolls
Newport The Village: The Undertones
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last
Call
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: Between
Pictures
Portsmouth Guildhall: National Youth
Reading Merry Maidens: Soul Direction
Scarborough Penhouse: Gary Boyle
Sheffield City Hall: The Scorpions
Sheffield Limit Club: The Jags
Southampton University: XTC
South Normanton Community Centre:
Pop/The Zones
Staffordshire North Staffs Polytechnic:
Capital Letters
Urbidge Brunel University: Rachel
Avery
Walsall Town Hall: Gonzalez
Windsor College: Sledgehammer
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Members
Worthing The Balmors: The Tinsels
York University: Supercharge

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: Dennis Brown
Belfast Ulster Hall: Cimarron
Birmingham Barberella's: Violinski
Birmingham Festival Suite: Dentzani/Au
Pais
Birmingham (Kings Health) Here &
Hounds: Andrew John & Lisa
Birmingham Marcal Cross: Strider

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre:
Status Quo
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School
Birmingham The Sydenham: Flying
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Train Spotters
Bolton Polytechnic: The Fall
Brighton Sussex University: Pressure
Brighton The Adur: Shakedown
Bristol Crown Celler Bar: The Wild Beasts
Canterbury Odeon: Child/Kick
Canterbury St. Helier Arms: Stormforce
Chesham Wharfedale Lodge
Chesham The Raincoats/Cabaret Vol-
taire
Chester Arts Centre: David Donohoe Band
Cleethorpe Bunnies Club: ZTV
Corby Exclusive Club: Soul Direction
Coventry Heath Hotel: Stuff Movies
Coventry Warwick University: The Soft
Boys
Cromer West Runon Pavilion: Light Of
The World
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Doll
Dunstable California Ballroom: Gonzalez
Durham University: Gary Boyle Band
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: E.F. Band
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: The
Bishops
Edinburgh Odeon: The Tubes/Squeeze
Felix Roughton Sands Theatre Bar:
American Echoes
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Judas Priest
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Bruford
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Minotaur
Leeds University: Iggy Pop/The Zones
Lincoln Wragby Rd. Club: Strange Days
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Roxy Music
Liverpool Eric's: The Undertones
London Camden Brecknock: Destroyer
London Camden Dingwells: The Soft-
ties/The Act
London Camden Town London Film Co-
Op: The Monochrome Set
London Chelsea College: Fairport Con-
vention
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Trimmer & Jenkins
London Depford St. Mark's Hall: The
Vold/Catch 22/New Devices/The Come
One
London Enfield Hop Poles: The V.I.P.'s
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool
& the Icebergs
London Fulham Greyhound: The Small
Hours
London Hammermith Odeon: Kate
Bush/Peter Gabriel/Steve Hurrell
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Mark
Andrews & The Gents
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Lets Show/Suzanne
London Kilburn Gaumont State: The
Baron Knights
London Lewisham Club Bull: Gina & The
Loddis/Babele
London Marquee Club: The Teen Beets
London Rainbow Theatre: John Otway
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House:
Mr. Gladstone's Bag
London School of Economics: XTC
London Soho Piza Express: Roland
Hanna
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Chief
London Victoria The Venue: Cousin
Jon/Rocket 88
London Walthamstow North-East
Polytechnic: London Zoo
London West Hamstead Railway Hotel:
The Red/Alan Deep
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic:
Here & Now/The Commuters/Vince Pic
& The Crumbs
Loughborough Auditorium: The Jam
Manchester Ashton Spreads: Direct
Manchester The Factory: The Dickies
Manchester University: The Jags
Metton Mowbray Painted Lady: Mar-
malade
Middlebrough Rock Garden: Punish-
ment Of Leisure
Mossley The Noise
Newcastle The Carpenters: The Noise
Newcastle University: Agony Column
Northampton Deady Fun Hippodrome
(matinee): The Shapes
Norwich East Anglia University: Michael
Chapman
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Out-
Pais
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: V2/Frantic

CONTINUES OVER . . .

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

Panic Promotions Present
Maximum R & B at
THE NOTRE DAME
Leicester Place, off Leicester Square

PURPLE HEARTS + LITTLE ROOSTERS + THE COBRAS

Monday, May 14th

Doors open 7 pm Bar till 11 pm. Admission £1.25
80 Theatres & 80 Squares

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

KLEENEX CABARET VOLTAIRE THE RAINCOATS

THURSDAY, MAY 10TH AT 8 PM
ACKLAM HALL
PORTOBELLO RD (UNDER THE FLYOVER)



TICKETS £1.50 ON THE DOOR OR £1.25 IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

Shock the Universe Presents

Scritti Politti PRAG VEC

Africa
Centre

38 KING ST. COVENT GARDEN
FRI. MAY 11th 8.00 pm
£1.50 on door

01-261 6153

LIVE
PAGE

Return of the
Sultans of Haggard

REDS

+ support
at the
MOONLIGHT CLUB
West Hampstead
Saturday May 12th

JOHN OTWAY

THE HEADBOYS
DAFNE AND THE TENDERSPTS

Saturday 12th May 8.00pm

Finsbury Park, London

Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 Available from box office
Tel: 01-263 3148/9 and usual agents

Gaumont State Theatre

High Road, Kilburn NW6

Manager Mr W. West Box Office 024 8061

The London Borough of Brent presents

THE CHIEFTAINS

FRIDAY, 11th MAY, at 8.30pm

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50

also

THE BARRON KNIGHTS SHOW

SATURDAY, 12th MAY, at 8.30pm

Featuring: THE BARRON KNIGHTS,
MIKE FELIX, THE VOYAGERS & THE ARTHUR DAKIN TRIO

Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25, £2.50, £1.50

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex, Tel: Uxbridge (85) 39125
Friday, May 11th

RACHEL SWEET

+ support

Tickets £1.10 in advance, £1.30 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary at Hardness Records, High Street
Uxbridge, Middlesex. Nearest Tube: Uxbridge

THE COAL
DUBLIN
CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN

Wednesday May 16
CANNIBALS
+ Commuters

Wednesday May 23
LEW LEWIS
+ support

THE
ORANGE
TREE

From Barnet Lane,
Friern Barnet

Friday, May 11th

BIG
WILL'S
ROADSHOW

BRIGHTON FESTIVAL FRINGE

Top Rank Suite Brighton

The Members
The Piranhas
Nicky and the Dots

Wednesday 16th May 8.00pm

Tickets £1.50 in advance £1.80 on door

SOUTHBANK POLY S.U.
ROTARY ST, SE1. 01-263 1525

Monday, May 14th at 8 pm

THIEVES LIKE US

+ Disco + Bar

Admission: 50p. Nearest tube: Elephant and Castle

JOY DIVISION JOHN DOWIE A CERTAIN RATIO ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

THURSDAY, MAY 17TH AT 8 PM
ACKLAM HALL, PORTOBELLO RD (UNDER THE FLYOVER)
TICKETS £1.50 ON THE DOOR OR £1.25 IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

City Hall, St Albans
Sat May 19th at 8pm
VIOLINSKI (from ELO)
+ Special Friends and Mary Jones
Disco

Tickets £1.80

Mon May 28 at 8pm

SQUEEZE

+ Fashion + D.J.'s Willie, Andy,
Nicky & Keith

Tickets £1.80 advance, £1.80 on door

Sat June 2

CAROLINE ROADSHOW

Tickets £1.80

Tues June 5

HI TENSION

Tickets £2.50 available from box office
Chorner St., St Albans
Tel: 64511 or on door

Queensway (Civic Hall),
Dunstable
Sunday May 27 8pm

NO DICE

+ Straight 8

£1.40 + 10p booking charge
in advance from Queensway
Box Office
Tel: 603326
£1.50 on door

THE HOP POLES, Baker Street, Enfield
presents
A Mod Night with

THE CHORDS

THE CROOKS

BACK TO ZERO

Tuesday May 15th. Doors open 7.30 pm
Tickets £1.00. Five minutes free entry. Doors



This is an advert for XTC at the LSE. It is in the same style as the cover of their LP Go 2. Its purpose is to inform you they are playing their only London date at The Haldene Room, London School of Economics, WC2 on Sat. 12th. May. Tickets cost £1.80 adv (from LSE Union shop) & £2.00 on the door. Doors open 7.30 & the nearest tubes are Holborn & Temple.

MEL BUSH PRESENTS

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

+ STARJETS

Bradford, St George's Hall
Wednesday, 23rd May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0274 32613

Bristol, Colston Hall
Tuesday, 29th May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0272 291768

Portsmouth, Guildhall
Thursday, 31st May
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50
Tel: 0705 24355

Leicester, De Montfort Hall
Tuesday, 5th June
Tickets £2.20 and £1.80
Tel: 0533 27632

ALAN STUART
MANAGEMENT
PRESENTS

SUCKER

FRI 11th MAY, HATFIELD POLY

SAT 12th MAY, DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET

If you think you've got problems see:



AGONY COLUMN

MAY
9 Leeds University
10 Union Hotel, Colne
12 Newcastle Univ.
17 Station Hotel, Goole
20 Bingley Arts Centre
25 Porthouse, Retford
28 Royal Park, Leeds
30 Heriot-Watt Univ.

And hear their single on TYGER LABEL

(I had it) ALL WORKED OUT

TYG 2

MORE GIG GUIDE

Bruford's new band



BRUFORD are (from left to right) Dave Stewart, Bill Bruford, Jeff Berlin and Allan Holdsworth. And they're undertaking their debut tour with dates at Cleethorpes (Thursday), Durham (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Wakefield (Sunday), Birkenhead (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

Elevators/The Distractions/The Aids
Reading University: The Invaders
Redruth London Inn: Lipservice
Rochdale Technical College: The Accelerators
Sheffield University: Chris Rea
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Renaissance
Southampton Shirley Asby Centre: Yakety Yak/Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
South Leventon Village Hall: Armpit Jug Band
Taunton Fagin's Kitchen: Interference
Walsall Palsall Community Centre: Cosmotheke/Andy Caven/Wheels
Warrington Lion Hotel: Quartz
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Poets
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: Capital Letters/Fashion
Workington Working Men's Club: Mistress
York College of Ripon: Little Acre

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: WitchMynde
Birmingham Barbarella's: Dennis Brown
Birmingham Odeon: The Scorpions
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Prime Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crooks
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Exit (lunchtime)/Antares (evening)
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Dickies
Brighton Alhambra: The Piranhas
Bristol Hippodrome: Roxy Music
Bristol Locarno: XTC
Bromley The Nonover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Chelmsford Chancelor Hall: Penetration
Colchester Embassy Suite: High Flames
Creswell Elton Rd. Club: Strange Days
Croydon Greyhound: Flying Saucers
File St. Andrew's University: The Bishops/The Pop Group
Guildford Civic Hall: The Members
Guildford Wooden Bridge (lunchtime): Squire
Horsham Capitol Theatre: Fairport Convention
Ilford The Cranbrook: Raised On Robbery
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: Child/Kick
Ipswich Kingfisher: Gypsy
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Judas Priest
London Acton King's Head: Strange Fruit
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Camden Brecknock: Scarecrow
London Camden Dingwalls: Low Lewis Reformer

London Canning Town Bridge House: Remus Under Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invincibles (for four days)
London Chiswick John Bull: The Crooks
London Clapham Two Brewers: The V.I.P.'s
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Blackie
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch
London Finchley Torrington: Bowles Bros Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Jackie Lynton's Happy Days
London Hammersmith Odeon: Kate Bush
London Kensington The Nashville: The Late Show/The E.F. Band
London Marquee Club: The Jags
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Destroyer
London Palladium: Engelbert Humperdinck
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): Blue Moon
London Plumstead Green Man: Melank
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence (lunchtime): B&K & Breese Band
London Soho Pizz Express: Ron Rubin
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Commuters
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Iggy Pop/Tradition/The Zones
London Westbourne Park Meanwhile Garage: Here & Now
Macclesfield Bears Head: Mistress
Newcastle City Hall: The Tubes
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich Boogie House: Strangeways
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow
Oxford New Theatre: The Stylitics
Ponmouth Polytechnic: Low Lewis Reformer
Poynton Folk Centre: Armpit Jug Band/Steve Rooster
Redcar Coastham Bowl: Squeeze
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Rush
Swindon Wyvern Theatre: The Chieftains
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Doll
Wakefield Unity Hall: Bruford
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The Amazing Dork Horse

Monday

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Bruford
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Fashion
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Kleenex / The Raincoats / Cabaret Voltaire
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Boston Folk Club: Brandywine Bridge



RENAISSANCE begin their delayed concert tour, originally planned for last month, this weekend. First gigs are at London Hammersmith (Friday), Southampton (Saturday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

Bournemouth Winter Gardens: The Stylitics
Bristol Colston Hall: Rush
Bristol Locarno: Dennis Brown
Bristol Stonehouse: Headlines
Bromsgrove Stars Club: Little Acre
Chester Smartys: The Bishops
Coatbridge The Beechwood: Underhand Jones
Derby Assembly Rooms: Judas Priest
Dundee Hong Kong Restaurant: Gerry & The Pacemakers
Exeter University: The Jam
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Scorpions
Hobden Ridge Cinema: The Chieftains
Ilford Caulflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
Leeds (Vesdon) Peacock Hotel: The Accelerators
Liverpool Eric's: Next
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
London Camden Brecknock: Small Hours
London Camden Dinnys: Portraits / Secret Affair / The Bobs
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Tot & The Girls in Room 419
London Fulham Golden Lion: Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band
London Ilford Odeon: Child / Kick
London Kensington The Nashville: The Headbobs / The Invaders
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: The Purple Hearts
London Mile End Queen Mary College: Fairport Convention
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Palladium: Cliff Richard (for two weeks)
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Innates / Double Exposure
London Victoria The Venue: Chris Rea
London Walthamstow Saxon House: Bop
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Daphne & The Tender Spots / The Reaction
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Ask Ask
London W.10 Acklam Hall: Here & Now / The Fixations / Zoumbi
Milton Keynes Craulford Arms: Dog Watch
Newcastle The Coopers: Sabrejets
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: Penetration
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaith
Plymouth Top: The Members
Poole Wessex Hall: XTC
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Roxy Music
St. Helens Haresfinch Social Club: Mistress
Swansea Circles: The Soft Boys
Worthing Assembly Hall: The Excitables / Jonnie & The Lubes / Woody & The Splinters
York Pop Club: The Dickies

Tuesday

Bellshill The Iron Maiden: Underhand Jones
Birmingham Barbarella's: The Layton Buzzards
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Fall /

The Prefects
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Odeon: Renaissance
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Gypsy
Brighton Richmond Hotel: The Well
Bristol Colston Hall: Rush
Bristol Locarno: The Members
Castleford King William: 2TV
Chester Smartys: Quartz
Coventry City Centre: Little Acre
Derby Assembly Rooms: The Scorpions
Derby Old Bell Hotel: Owen
Fleet Fox & Hounds: Dave Evans
Gateshead Quay Tavern: The Tannahill Weavers
Grimsby Technical College: Mike Adams
High Wycombe Tuesday Disco: Soul Direction
Keele University: Violinski
Leeds Fan Club: The Invaders
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Tubes / Squeeze
Liverpool University: The Jam
London Camden Brecknock: Urchin
London Camden Dingwalls: Charlie Mul-lon Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Bobby Henry
London Fulham Golden Lion: Roy Morgan Quartet
London Fulham Greyhound: E.F. Band
London Kensington The Nashville: Fashion
London Maunkberry's: Day 2 (for three days)
London N.4 The Stapleton: Tennis Shoes
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: Skin Deep
London Soho Pizz Express: Campbell Burnap Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Strangeways / Rubber Johnny
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Sad Among Strangers
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Kleenex / Cabaret Voltaire
Malvern Nags Head: Stuff Movies
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Ades Priest
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: The Chieftains
Manchester Band On The Wall: The Accelerators
Manchester The Factory: The Bishops
Midwestbrough Rock Garden: The Dickies
Newcastle City Hall: Status Quo
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: Roxoff
Ponmouth Polytechnic: Mark Andrews & The Gents
Sheffield Limit Club: After The Fire
Southend Talk of the South: Edwin Starr
St Albans Horn of Plenty: The O.K. Band
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham Top Rank: Penetration
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Headlights
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Angelle Upstarts
Bradford University: The Skids

Brighton Alhambra: Fan Club
Brighton Top Rank: The Members/The Piranhas/Kick & The Dots
Cardiff St Helier Arms: The Impels
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Coatbridge The Redbridge: Underhand Jones
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Scorpions
High Wycombe Town Hall: Kate Heath
Keele University: Violinski
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: The Tannahill Weavers
Leeds Polytechnic: Squeeze
Liverpool Empire Theatre: Renaissance
Liverpool University: The Jam
London Camden Brecknock: The Young Bucks
London Camden Dingwalls: Charlie Mul-lon Band
London Camden Dublin Castle: Low Lewis Reformer/The Cannibals
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: John Spencer's Louts
London Hackers Disco: Quartz
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: Jose Feliciano
London Fulham Golden Lion: Comet Street
London Fulham Greyhound: The Crooks
London Hammersmith Odeon: Roxy Music
London Marquee Club: Fischer-2
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: B&K & Breese Band/Charlie Bravo
London Wembleton F.C. Nelson's Club: The Innates
London W.14 The Kensington: Skin Deep
Newcastle City Hall: Status Quo
Newcastle University: Bruford
Newport Stowaway Club: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Cabaret Voltaire
Plymouth Woods Centre: The Soft Boys
Reading Target Club: The Wall
Sheffield Polytechnic: Violinski
Southampton University: The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries
Standon Folk Club: Allister Russell & Tom Napper
Warrington Parr Hall: The Chieftains



ello, Sid Snot 'ere.
Only kidding, 'cos really I'm JUDAS PRIEST, or part of it anyway. And we're on the road at Glasgow (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Derby (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

THIN LIZZY

BRIDLINGTON SPA

We were very sorry that we could not return for an Encore on Friday 20th April because one lad deposited his drink over the mixing desk and the P.A. ceased to function.
The Band, like the audience, had travelled a long way for this show and were as disappointed as you that we could not play longer to such a great audience.
The band hope to see you again soon.

THIN LIZZY

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Why Pete didn't need a wheelchair

The Who

Rainbow

Zoot-suits and scooters. Union Jacks and parkas. crowds and queues and tense expectation. Police and thieves. The Who

The Who are back and they're playing London — a last minute surprise that spread across town like electricity. On the streets around the gig there are fortunes being made; there are kids with a dream they're desperate to make come true.

By an eerie quirk of fashion, you get this overpowering sense of circularity. The Who are making a new beginning — in one sense a beginning from scratch — and here to help them are armies of young mods, as if summoned from some suspended dimension, awaiting the hour.

In a strange and magical way, The Who are not reliving their history tonight but remaking it afresh.

What could have taken place was an act of homage to the past 15 years: a celebration of affection and nostalgia, maybe tinged with a little sadness; an occasion for reverence or ritual, for the outward preservation and the inward destruction of everything Pete Townshend ever meant to rock'n'roll.

What did happen was a fine, great and gorgeous rock'n'roll

gig, no more and no less; as superb a show as The Who can ever have produced. And it shouldn't need me to spell out just how good and worthwhile an event like that can be.

No need to bring the incense and candles. Just be there or be nowhere.

The lights go down and a roar goes up. "Allo! This is Kenny Jones... this is Rabbit... and we're The 'Oo!" And a glorious crash of chords signals 'Substitute', followed by 'I Can't Explain' and 'Baba O'Riley'.

Roger Daltrey, shorn of his curls again, is uncannily like his '65 self, attacking the songs with a ferocious exuberance. Townshend performs like a man tasting freedom for the first time in years. While John Entwistle, of course, only stands and works, offering a fixed point to set against the careering of his fellows.

Next is 'The Punk And The Godfather' from the album (and up-coming film) 'Quadrophenia'; then it's over to The Ox for the ludicrous, growling 'Boris The Spider'. Complete with a slapstick mime by Pete, the song bridges the explosive energy of the opening numbers with the less direct and previously unperformed 'Who Are You' pieces 'Sister Disco' and

'Music Must Change'; and then the haunting beauty of 'Behind Blue Eyes'.

The first gig in over two years, it's by no means a slick performance — witness the unfortunate roadie attempting a quick repair on an amp to the crowd's raucous impatience and Townshend's good-humoured jibes. With two new men to integrate and some of the material new to the stage, the show is an exploratory affair, a public rehearsal.

"We're still learning."

Townshend confesses, identifying the very thing that sets The Who above the other megabands who peddle perfection to the stage of pointlessness.

From 'Tommy' come 'Pinball Wizard' and 'See Me, Feel Me'; the latter building to an awesome crescendo which brings the set to its peak. It's followed with the single, 'Long Live Rock'. Sung by Pete, the number's anthemic relevance to the evening is obvious, doubly so as the lyrics concern The Rainbow itself.

Meanwhile Kenny Jones is settling into his role. Although a relatively restrained, unobtrusive player for The Who, the ex-Faces drummer adapts himself to the material perfectly — as, indeed, few could seriously have doubted he would do.

'Bargain' is next and it features, quips Pete, "Some nifty keyboards by our new



Townshend: takin' 'bout regeneration. Pic Robert Ellis

all-British Texan keyboard player." John Bundrick (better known as Rabbit, best known for his part in the latterday Free) endows the sound with some attractive but unfussy arrangements, offering the kind of responsiveness which previous experiments with tapes could never achieve. Then there's 'Who Are You' itself. It's not their strongest single and fiddles about too

much to be entirely successful in the live context. After that, there's a comparatively relaxed version of 'My Generation', joined together with 'Join Together'.

But best of all is 'Magic Bus' pure Marquee Club stuff and enlivened by Daltrey's frantic harmonica. Last of all is 'Won't Get Fooled Again'.

Of course they give an encore; not, surprisingly, of

'The Kids Are Alright' (title of the other up-coming film), but 'The Real Me' from 'Quadrophenia'.

And in the end, one thing was obvious: The Who enjoyed tonight every bit as much as we did. They still deliver and they still promise. Who's for the '80s? No question.

Paul Du Noyer

... but why Bryan does

Roxy Music

Leicester

De Montfort Hall is one of those elegant, neo-classical numbers with a stack of Roman pillars at one end.

Inside, a restless audience entertains itself by flinging fistfuls of paper streamers, a free packet of which has been left on every seat. It has the desired effect: from the balcony, this whole scenario smacks of the 'Manifesto' album cover.

Black curtains eventually part to the ominous opening chords of the title track and reveal a sensational stage looking like an expensive collision between the arctic crystal palace of *Superman* and the lower mandible of *Jaws*; ten silver pyramids gleam against the forced perspective of a vanishing stairway.

Throughout the show, this dazzling facade will be set in descriptive relief by ingenious blends of colour. During 'Still Falls The Rain', stark, white spotlights will spray down in scattered beams and the houselights will rise to an eerie, streetlamp glow. 'Trash' will conclude with blinding use of strobe, dropping Ferry into spasms of exaggerated jerks; and in 'Mother Of Pearl' projected cloud patterns will score their way across the

backdrop.

The visual effects will be nothing short of celestial.

In all, it's a suitably grandiose context for the return of the pretentious, institutional Roxy Music.

The attempted subtleties of their comeback album — its East/West side division of persons and direction, its 'moods', its quasi-political leanings — flounder in a mess of slick, expressionless indulgence. The new music sounds like the old music, as does the old music, but older.

The band enact the classic drama of the prelude to 'Manifesto', with Andy Mackay toiling about six horns of varying sizes and dressed in the gray, shapeless guise of the Far Eastern Military. Phil Manzanera, his presence and guitar-playing both equally low-key, applies angular dissonance.

A spotlight discovers Ferry sliding in from the wings in a crimson sharkskin suit, diletante tie, shirt and regulation white shoes. Between his 'Hello, we're Roxy Music' introduction and his 'Roxy Rule — okay' pay-off, he exudes something between unseemly charm and transparent condescension.

He moves with the same celebrated, reptilian sizzle as the band churn through tired, repetitive instrumentals. Solos circulate from sax to

keyboards and guitar, individually, they all depart at safe, accessible tangents; together, they make frivolous colouring to embroider a lifeless canvas.

Only twice do they impress — 'Love Is The Drug' and an encore 'Do The Strand' — mainly because they're the most definitive statements of Ferry's poise and opulence. The rest is oppressive, stifling tedium.

And they just keep coming: the aptly disposable 'Trash' making way for 'Out Of The Blue' and Mackay's only contribution to 'Manifesto', the dreary 'Angel Eyes'. Even 'Still Falls The Rain', the closest to Roxy's original sensitivity and passion, is bulldozed under by the incessant drumbeat.

Is there life beyond disco? Was there life before disco?

Maybe they're content to just reiterate and recycle. Maybe they're intimidated by the idea of leaving their own secure parking-lot. Maybe they underestimate the flexibility of their audience.

Ferry's restrained theatrics seem jaded, his songs reactionary, insular, and as ornamental and superficially glossy as his stage set.

Roxy are like an empty shell. Polish it, put it on the mantelpiece, and dust it once every three years.

Mark Ellen



Roxy Music: re-election manifesto fails. Pic Chris Horler

Johnny Winter The Sinceros

The Venue

Since his justly-lauded work with Muddy, Johnny Winter's credibility is so solid he could've walked the Atlantic on it.

His voice is the same old bellow — 'like an ornamented belch' — but with his hot line to the main source reconnected, four-star nirvana was surely on the cards. Wenna bet?

Initially there was little sign that the rock machine was about to turn me every which way but on.

Smoking to start with, Winter limbered up with some instrumental boogie full of good natured flash. Drummer Bobby Torello played on the 'White Hot And Blue' album and Jon Paris (bass) may have done too (the sleeve credits one I.P. Sweat). Anyway, they're making the right noises.

'Messin' With The Kid' saw the germ of disaster begin to fasten and thrive. The voice was as thuggish and hoarse as ever, but the guitar solo far too long. Put on the same stretching rack and deadened by Paris' merely workmanlike harp solo, 'Watkin' By Myself' similarly lost all touch with music. Playing rockin' bass and reasonable mouthorgan would get my vote in a juggling contest... but that's only when we're talking about *real* music.

Twenty-two minutes: three songs.

Ah, a glimmer of hope: no rootsy, downhome National Steel, but the thin white one sits down to tell us about Willie Brown, a little-known Mississippi bluesman said to have influenced Robert Johnson and others. Then he plays 'Mississippi Blues', containing the 'Going down to Rosedale/take my rider by my side' line better known

Devoto. This year's Einstein hoho. Pic Kel Edge.

from 'Crossroads', the song draws some thick, resonant guitar from Winter, backed by Torello's lonesome hi-hat.

Emerging from a trance some minutes later, I realised with road-to-Damascus insight that I could have been sitting at home listening to Sam Mitchell doing the same thing infinitely better — and in a fraction of the time — on Charlie Musselwhite's recent album. When Paris shoved in his harp, I thought the cavalry had come.

Sleepy John Estes' 'Diving Duck' was no exception, but this time some percussive bass/guitar interplay and the leader's most fluid, pertinent picking yet gave the exercise some purpose; unfortunately the ending was pure stadium blitzkrieg. The riff to 'Suzie Q' rang out clearly; then a loud, sketchy solo irretrievably plunged the evening into an abyss. A drab blues followed.

Seventy minutes: seven songs. 'Got My Mojo Working' received zippy, disciplined handling, featuring the nearest thing to dynamics so far; but a crushingly hollow 'Johnny B. Goode' was almost the death knell. It was left to Torello to finally kill the act as one drum solo ran into another.

Is it 1969? Ten Years After? Bloodwyn Pig? No, it's the best tube home.

Winter's back-to-the-roots bit is in no way bogus, but he sure does love dem ole bullfight cheers. Give me a call when you've kicked that habit, Johnny. Till then, I'll stick with your albums.

Logistically, The Sinceros were bad news. Sure, they gave you something else for your fever, but their presence meant no Winter till after 11pm while the tickets said nine.

Don Snow, Ron Francois and Bobbi Irwin (organ, bass and drums respectively) were the heart of Lane Lovich's first

and best band. With Mark Kjeldsen — a sparing, surprising guitarist — they make an agreeable noise and can unquestionably write songs.

Lacking a stunning vocalist, the front three blend well to compensate; but the modestly good-time mood recalls lovable losers like the Brinsleys and Clover.

Boys, you should have done a Rumour and stuck with Ms Pleits.

Harry George

Magazine Simple Minds

Theatre Royal

Simple Minds remind me of all the early/mid '70s groups I

especially dislike — Queen, Cockney Rebel, Sparks, Ultravox.

Essentially, they're a minor power-pop group with pretensions. Basic riffs are embroidered with fussy arrangements that smack more of the self-consciously clever than the functional, and they are then padded out with layers of pompous synthesizer.

Jim Kerr wanders the stage aimlessly, vocalising in a whiney see-saw voice that conveys nothing beyond the singer's inability to phrase or project. Not that the lyrics are exactly gripping — they run the standard art-pop gamut from dated (and sometimes male chauvinist) versions of

romance to vacuous atmospherics and the archetypal meaningless gabble.

The music is a bruising ooze of noise. The synthesizers are employed with less than a mote of imagination — a typical mid '70s keyboards extravaganza that swamps everything else. There are no shades or spaces in the music; no finesse, no excitement.

Simple Minds are like a cut-up of all the worst aspects of 1974.

Safe, stale pop with a thin gloss of arty cleverness to garner the label 'progressive'. But it would be difficult to think of a more regressive, irrelevant and dull approach

to pop. By the end of the set most of the audience were in the bar, drinking to forget.

Magazine brought us back to 1979 with a sharp, streamlined set of modern beat entertainment.

They're a frustrating group, with two albums on which the gems nestle amidst an embarrassment of obscure lyrics and fractured music. And Howard Devoto persists in the bourgeois myth that art and intelligence are somehow special, beyond the pale of everyday life and ordinary people.

His carefully-nurtured image as This Year's Einstein is laughable. After all, he is just another ex-student who failed his degree.

And his taste for enigma is a giveaway. Genuine intellectuals prefer clarity, whereas Devoto tends to fetishise his confusion and make it a commodity. 'Permafrost', for example, is nothing but a glorified rape fantasy; though, typically, he tries to disguise his personal hang-up as a 'significant' futuristic love song.

Live, it's a different kettle of facts. There's a neatly-synched light show.

The band are excellent, meshing perfectly into a tight, hard unit of seamless sound. And Devoto is suitably intense, fixing the audience with a stare and jerking through some brief robotic manoeuvres.

Even relatively weak songs — 'I Wanted Your Heart', 'The Great Beautician In The Sky' — gain a new power live, while the better ones become almost immaculate. They climax with frantic, beautifully controlled versions of 'The Light Pours Out Of Me' and 'Shot By Both Sides'; then maintain the drive with a deliciously sly, stone-lunk encore of 'Thank You For Talking To Me, Africa', complete with scapella interlude.

Winter of discontent



Johnny Winter: a bad habit of megafatash. Pic Denis O'Regan

LINK WRAY

Link Wray is no ordinary 50 year old rocker. "Bullshot" is Link's new album. "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" is the new limited edition 7" blue vinyl single in a special picture bag. C/W "Just That Kind" SPECIAL PRICE 99p. Release date May 11th. Album CAS 1143 7" Blue vinyl CBC 333

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The close is 'I Love You Big Dummy', enhanced by the appearance of numerous suits which flap and swirl around the stage in random disarray. An eerie, witty and brilliantly surreal piece of theatre.

If only the records could embody those qualities with more consistency. Magazine would be a lot less like second-hand obfuscation.

Graham Lock

J Geils Band

Hammersmith

J Geils Band brought their southside strut home to roost in London town after a mere six years. It was, you might say, worth the wait.

Since they stormed the Lyceum in '72, following that British debut with a maximum R&B tour de force, Geils have whittled their act to suit the ever-amplifying demands of American stadium status.

Though the band are at a peak in terms of potential Stateside landom, what Peter Wolf calls "saturation in the nation", this Hammersmith one-off indicated that another Euro-tour would be more than judicious.

J Geils still pack a fast fire repeater with the rest of the baggage, even if they wear a shade too far towards rhythm and don't come home to rest on the blues now. The esteemed king of the R&B typewriter CSM, vouchsafed that more economy in material wouldn't go amiss; he's right but I still reckon that this outfit delivers the goods with the necessary mixture of panache and venom.

Anyway, when your frontline is composed of Wolf and the irrepressible Magic Dick on the 'stick', the results are bound to be frantic at the least and inflammatory at the most. And it didn't take Wolf and his cohorts too long



J Geils' Peter Wolf staggers from the effect of Veuve Cliquot. Pic. Chris Harler.

to whip the audience into a pulsating, frothy cream.

Peter Wolf has lost none of his energetic respect for vocals and he still larrups across the floor like a demented dervish; more important, he makes sure that a constant level of communication exists between band and viewer. Consequently there is none of that sterilising facelessness that has become the trademark of many a top drawing act.

With the songs there was something for everybody: 'Whammer Jammer' for the purists; 'Lookin' For A Love' for the lonely; 'Give It To Me' as a highpoint for the sordid factions amongst us.

Personally, I was pulled through a delightful range of emotions, but it was the 'Wild Man' into 'Nightmares' liaison that tipped the scales.

'First I Look At The Purse' and 'Where Did Our Love Go' remain from the stage triumphs of yore because J Geils remain aware of their strengths and reiterate them with the composure and devotion of informed pros. This love affair seemed too good to stop and Wolf was in no mood to settle for anything other than total audience submission.

Finally, a massive blur of noise, frenzied excitement and the Detroit demolition — a bad case of 'Love-Itis', a swinging 'Houseparty', a

tortured 'Sanctuary'. All of them were stretched taut over the Stephen Jo Bladd and DK pulsebeat.

This J Geils thing is an egalitarian paradise; a special case of living rock 'n' roll like it's supposed to be and all too often isn't. The quality of performance on John Lee Hooker's 'Serves You Right To Suffer' (ten minutes long at that) indicated that J Geils know where they're coming from and are gonna live for the longest time.

Any band that sprays its audience with vintage Veuve Cliquot is showing class and these boys are masters in the college of musical knowledge.

Yael

Max Bell

Dennis Brown

Rainbow

A packed and expectant Rainbow crowd did not get the best value for the money they put in the pocket of Dennis Emmanuelle Brown at the start of his first major headline tour inna Inglein.

The tour may yet be a triumph, and surely no reggae artist deserves his hard-earned success more than Dennis Brown. But this opening date was more like a Brian Rix farce than an evening with Jamaican music's original superstar.

Dogged from the outset by sound problems and all-too-regularly interrupted to give the various band members their allotted star spots, things reached heights of absurdity only three songs into the set as the entire cast tramped offstage. They remained there for ten minutes as minor adjustments were made to Lloyd Parks' troublesome bass amp.

It would have been laughable were it not so pathetic a sight, bringing to mind Joe Tex's walk-off at his Hammersmith Odeon date last year.

But the hiatus set the tone for the rest of the show, and even the considerable depth, control and expression of the singer's delivery could not salvage it.

The choice of material did not help either, most of it from the new, decidedly disappointing 'Words of Wisdom' album. It was only when Brown strapped a Gibson over his bright red dungarees for an inspired 'Driver' that things hit any sort of peak, a high that was only touched once more in the set — during the last song, the inevitable 'Money In My Pocket'.

But those were the only two hot numbers to show Brown

in his true colours (red, green and gold?) as a truly classy soul singer the equal of his Jamaican counterpart Gregory Isaacs, and on a par with the best of the Stax and Atlantic black American vocalists of the '60s.

More the pity that the magic moments were so few and far between.

Back-up band We The People, who replaced The Professionals at short notice, made heavy weather of their sound problems which, from where I was standing, seemed surmountable. Otherwise, they were impressive, with the biggest kudos going to the four-piece horn section who were particularly exhilarating throughout a stunning re-working of Dave Brubeck's archaic chestnut 'Take Five'.

Earlier on, the bill had been opened by UK female vocal trio Brown Sugar, who are signed to Brown's OEB label. Their sophisticated soul/reggae fusion is planted firmly in the lovers' rock genre. On the strength of my admittedly sketchy experience of such, I'd place them somewhere above Cool Notes but a shade below Revelation.

But the real success of the evening was the white-suited Ruddy Thomas.

Another emergent Joe Gibbs' protégé, he had the audience on their feet from his opening salvo and came close to upstaging Brown in fine style with superlative renditions of his two hottest hits of last year, 'Every Day is Just Like A Holiday' and 'Loving Pauper' — Dobby Dobson's gem from the vaults of the Treasure Island label.

Although he went on to spoil that impact with the embarassingly twee 'Let's Make A Baby' (that had the audience firmly back in their seats), he confirmed his rising status. Most definitely a name to remember and watch.

Adrian Thrills

Dennis Brown. This year's Brian Rix? Pic Murphy/Harshman

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Dusty Springfield

Theatre Royal

Facing a London audience for the first time in ten years with seven provincial gigs cancelled, Dusty Springfield was understandably nervous.

But she needn't have worried. She was tumultuously welcomed back by most of her avid fans; and she warmed, relaxed and responded to that, producing a professional and moving set even if it was heavily steeped in nostalgia and sentiment.

Screams of 'Welcome home Dusty... we love you... you're fantastic!' filled the theatre and reduced Dusty to tears on 'I'm Coming Home Again'.

And that set the tone, particularly for the first half of the set which comprised material from her two latest albums 'It Begins Again' and 'Living Without Your Love': a very obvious, self-piteous plea for sympathy. 'Save Me, Save Me', 'Be Somebody' and the oldie 'Close My Eyes' ('I can't believe that you're still here') she sang to the audience between sobs.

This lady said she always wanted to act and I think she'd be very successful.

Her voice is as strong, deep and husky as ever, the throaty sounds complementing the general melancholy of the song and lyrics. But her new albums are not the hit material she so badly needs to regain her footing long after the dust has settled.

Her biggest mistake was attempting Kate Bush's 'Man With A Child In His Eyes'.

There's a great difference between their voices; one high, vibrant and piercing; the other low, warm, caressing and infinitely more subtle. And yet Dusty tried to present it in its original form, producing a jarred, flat, choppy version of a song that soars and sweeps for Kate Bush.

A rousing version of the Pointer Sisters' 'We Are Family' brought to the fore back-up singers Simon Bell, Doreen Chanter and Barry St John who supported and toned Dusty's voice to maximum effect.

Dusty then launched into a medley of old favourites to a standing ovation. Swinging and lively, it was Dusty at her best, confidently showcasing the songs that made her. 'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me', 'Stay Awhile', 'All I See Is You', 'I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself' and a marvellous 'Son Of A

Preacher Man' were delivered with all the force and punch (if not more) of the originals.

But let's not forget that she has had a rough time and 'Quiet Please There's A Lady On Stage' was dedicated to all those one-time great ladies who have since disappeared and been all but forgotten.

It sounded like a last stand but wasn't. The talent and potential are still there. The encore was probably the best performed and the most fitting ending: 'Put Your Hands Together' brought the house down.

Deanne Pearson

Phoebe Snow

Theatre Royal

A full house and a standing ovation for Phoebe Snow at her first-ever British concert. She earned it too; her power, range, humour and intensity came as a revelation after her more modest performance on records.

Surprisingly, she played with a basic, rock-orientated band — just guitar, bass, drums and keyboards. At first they seemed stiff, functional, unvaried; each song was interrupted by a guitar solo that sounded very like the one just gone, while the keyboards player did very little.

But as Snow got into her stride, they loosened up and provided unexpectedly strong support on the jazz and blues numbers that ended the set.

These closing numbers showed Snow at her best: the jazzy scatting of 'No Regrets', a brilliant blues-howler version of 'In My Girlish Days' and the affectionate, gutsy finale of 'Let The Good Times Roll/Gone At Last'. Her range was phenomenal, growling out the blues one moment, hitting a Rippertonesque high note the next.

But the highlight came earlier. She picked up a guitar and joined the band in an anguished, rock-hard 'Keep A Watch On The Shoreline'. It's a magnificent song (the best I've heard about a parent/child relationship) and she sang it superbly.

When Phoebe Snow sings pop by the likes of Paul McCartney, she's merely a fine singer. But when she does jazz, blues and the best of her own songs, she touches greatness. Then she really sings it, straight from the heart with the perception of Joni Mitchell and the vitality of Etta James.

Then she wipes you out, leaves you amazed, and glad you were there.

Graham Lock

Natalie Cole

Theatre Royal

She breezed on, a stiletto-mounted, rose-in-hand, six foot high beanpole of green-sequined, thigh-flashin' fury.

It was obviously assault course training night.

'I Love You So' she sang like you'd better believe it. Next around came 'There Will Be', gaining a cheer from those who collect debut singles. The bump and grind of 'Sophisticated Lady' followed, prefacing the first routine rap of the evening.

'Come with me — we'll make your dreams come true with your eyes wide open,' she intoned. I tried dreaming of Dinah Washington: nothing happened.

Next, the demure bit; hands clasped behind the back and moving sulkily into the intro of 'I've Got Love On My Mind'. She gradually edged into the blues, letting loose with the melisma, climaxing with righteous screams of 'love... love... love...'

Testifyin' stuff and better, much better.

'Inseparable' provided a comforting cushion, as did 'Everyone's A Winner', a cocoa-time samba with attached scat choruses. Our critical guard down, she zipped in with the BIG ONE. Clad in a black velvet cloak and peering at the frontrow loungers like something out of *The Wiz*, she gave the treatment to 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds'. It came with reverberated vocals, an abundance of light flashing and, finally a multi-faceted 'diamond in the sky' which sparkled in best make-believe fashion turning the auditorium into a poor man's planetarium. I saw stars in more ways than one.

The funeral thump and Memphis axe lick that heralds 'Oh Daddy' brought things back to soul normality. And for a while she rhythm and bluesed it, her six-piece band — strong on percussion, stronger still on keyboards — assisting Nat the cat and her two backup soul sisters to make like testifyin' time at the Harlem Apollo.

But despite an energetic work-out on 'Stand By' with Natalie funky-buttin' like some rack-stretched Tina Turner, by curtain-down she'd failed to really reach her audience.

Verdict: whatever it takes, Natalie Cole has got. But she's yet to learn that effort alone does not a legend make. Being who she is, she should know that.

Fred Dellar

The Tourists

Music Machine

Saturday night down the Music Machine and that special buzz in the atmosphere isn't the PA.

The place is packed for the welcome return of The Tourists who are about the bulldoze the unsuspecting general public following their long awaited signing (to Logo) and appointment as crowd-warmers on the Roxy tour.

Anne Lennox is one reason for the air of delirium. Having now abandoned her flute and only occasionally moving on to keyboards, she concentrates on projecting stage-centre. Her expressive vocals are packed with a power that belies her sylph-like physique. Totally

bewitching, she throws punches in mid-air, naps her hands in imaginary sign language, grabs the mike and her voice soars out over a greedy audience, her eyes blazing like searchlights.

Reminiscent of Grace Slick (circa 'White Rabbit') with a steely-edged clarity, unflinching gaze and transfixing strength, she's warmer and more accessible than Slick ever was. And I haven't seen a female presence like hers since Chrissie Hynde emerged.

But Lennox is not the whole show. Pete Dinklage splits lead vocals, provides sublime harmonies, complements her perfectly and handles rhythm guitar. Fellow Northerner Dave Stewart punctuates the set with scorching lead and loony tremolo flourishes, while Eddie Chin's open bass style accommodates all

Tourist tangents, including reggae, '60s classicism and '70s overdrive.

They fit together well: fine, precise and incorruptible, the consistently excellent drumming of Jim 'Do It' Toomey much more than functional glue.

Their songs have been compared to vintage Fab Four with a Rezillos style delivery but without being silly or fluorescent. But the lethal combination of a Scots lady, an ace band and stunning songs may mean they are unjustly pigeon-holed as surrogate Rezillos.

That would be unfortunate because The Tourists seduce your feet and heart instantly; it's everything classic pop should be — irresistible, fun, stylish, intelligent and unapologetic. Particularly impressive are 'The Loneliest Man In The World', 'The



Pix: Natalie Cole (above), Phoebe Snow and Dusty Springfield (bottom left and right) by Valerie Clendenning; Anne Lennox (top left) by Kel Edge; Patti LaBelle by George Bodnar.

Golden Lamp' and the sadly logical 'Useless Duration Of Time'.

It was exhilarating stuff, followed by encores and farewells, then the broadcast of the new single 'Blind Among The Flowers' that sounded deflated next to the genuine live article.

There's no doubt that The Tourists have finally arrived.

Elissa Van Poznak

Patti LaBelle

The Venue

I've seen two amazing gigs this year. One was The Art Ensemble Of Chicago playing almost perfect live jazz at The Roundhouse. The other was Patti LaBelle.

She paces the stage in a strange blue sheet-like garment. She jumps, creeps, crouches, flings her arm in the

air. Her hands describe fascinating patterns. Her voice swoops, soars, abruptly changes pitch, breaks into a brilliant scat interlude, then returns to the melody with immaculate timing. She does it again and again, with a wealth of variations, and every moment is totally entrancing, sheer spellbinding delight.

Each song was a majestic performance — a superb display of class, style and consummate artistic control — through torchy ballads, one sublime blues, the disco-flavoured new single, a growly 'Lady Marmalade' and an exhausting finale of 'Deliver The Funk' which recalled James Brown at his best.

Her nine-piece band were the requisite foil: fluid, precise, biting, and directed by a keyboard player who, at

one peak of excitement 'conducted' them by waving a towel around his head.

It wasn't as spectacular as a LaBelle concert and the mix wasn't quite sharp enough, but it was still marvellous entertainment. Patti LaBelle exuded a unique stage presence and proved conclusively that after nearly 20 years in showbiz she's still one of the greatest soul singers around.

Afterwards, a voice on the PA invited customers to stay on for the second show. Can there really have been so few tickets sold? A similar apathy greeted the Percy Sledge gig. Doesn't anybody remember soul? Doesn't anybody care any more?

I walked out so high a rainswept Victorian station looked positively glamorous. Patti LaBelle was powerful magic.

Graham Lock

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Great mysteries of our time (contd)

I HAVE come into possession of a tape labelled 'The Beatles Live In Tokyo 1966'. It contains only four tracks, namely 'Rock'n'Roll Music', 'She's A Woman', 'If I Needed Someone' and 'Day Tripper'. Is this a bootleg? Also, while I'm on the subject, is it true that Mick Jagger sings 'Dig It' on the 'Let It Be' album and

that none of the other Beatles backed George Harrison on his 'White Album' songs? — JOE HALL, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.
 ● Will Beatlemania never die? The fax as we have them are that:
 (a) The four Nip Items are culled from bootleg job known as 'Five Nights In A

Judo Arena', recorded on July 2, 1968.

(b) Lennon is the lead vocalist on 'Dig It' and I can't remember that Mick even chirped one peep on that session. He is, of course, in a chorus line on 'All You Need Is Love', which sported a vocal group comprising Jagger, Gary Leeds, Marianne Faithful, Jane Asher, Patti Boyd, Keith Moon, Graham Nash and Keith Richards.
 (c) Even Roy Carr isn't certain who plays on Mar's 'White Album' tracks, though it's common knowledge that Clapton provided lead guitar on 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps'. Seems that George constantly re-did some of the tracks, sometimes working with The Beatles and sometimes with session men. But who figured on the final cuts isn't registered in the log book. Certainly he worked with John Paul and Things on 'Within You, Without You' (from 'Sgt Pepper'), using only Indian musicians, while McCartney did his solo thing on such items as 'Yesterday', and 'Mother Nature's Son'.



TOMMY TRINDER: not on 'Sgt Pepper'...

CAN YOU name the songs BB King sang in the film *Medicine Ball Caravan* and tell me where I might find a copy of the soundtrack album? Also, has BB been in any other movies? — DAVID ROBERTS, Slough, Berks.

● BB bluescruised his way

through Leonard Feather's 'How Blue Can You Get?' and his own 'Just A Little Love' in *Medicine Ball*, a movie that also featured music by The Youngbloods, Doug Kershaw, Sal Valentino, Alice Cooper, Delaney and Bonnie, plus Stoneground. The soundtrack album, on Warner Bros, has been long deleted and can now only be found in collectors' shops. You might try contacting 51 Dean Street Records (write to that address, adding London W1 or phone 01-734 8777) who specialise in obtaining hard-to-get soundtracks — certainly they've been able to help me out in the past.

Meanwhile, back at the projector, BB has appeared or been heard in the following cinematic epics — *For The Love Of Ivy* (1968), *Monterey Jazz* (1968), *The Seven Minutes* (1971), *Out Of The Blues* (1971), *Into The Blues* (1971), *Black Music In America — From Then Till Now* (1971), *Black Rodeo* (1972), *Blues Under The Skin* (1972), and *Sing Sing Thantsgiving* (1973). There have probably been others too — but these are all that have been screened at my local Saturday cinema club.

I KNOW The Crew Cuts ripped off The Penguins' 'Earth Angel', The Chords' 'Gum Drop' and The Chords' 'ShBoom', thus proving that I've read Charlie Gillett's *The Sound Of The City* — but how may other goodies did they cover? — C EMERSON, London W1.

● The Crew Cuts, who originally formed part of the Toronto Cathedral Choir (yeah, really), were the all-time kings of rip-off. Following their million-selling cover of 'Sh-Boom' in '54, they went to work on 'Two Hearts' (The Chords), 'Earth Angel' (The Penguins), 'Ko Ko Mo' (Gene And Eunice), 'Gum Drop' (The Chords), 'Angels In The Sky' (The Monarchs), 'A Story Untold' (The Nutmegs), 'Don't Be Angry' (Happy Brown), 'Out Of The Picture' (The Robins), 'Seven Days' (Clyde McPhatter), 'That's Your Mistake' (The Chords) and 'Oop Shoop' (Shirley Gunter And The Queens) thus proving that when it came to whitening the blackest things they had Daz beat by a mile!

Steve Propper's book *Golden Goodies* (Chilton Books) provides a list of these and other covers, including those perpetrated by Pat Boone, The Cheers, The Diamonds, Georgia Gibbs, The Fontaine Sisters and Gale Storm.

Adding to this flow of trivia, I remember that Frank Sinatra later cut a version of The Chords' 'Two Hearts' under the title 'Two Hearts, Two Kisses', while Chris McGuire, who as one of the McGuire Sisters, cover the Moonglows' 'Sincerely' in '55 and grabbed herself a gold disc, recently turned up in London — as wife of Guy 'Loving You Has Made Me Bananas' Marks. And after

such goggle-provoking revelations, I'll move to the next question which is...

COULD YOU provide info on how to make home demo tapes? How many songs should be included? Should it be in mono or stereo? And if you do manage to make a decent tape — to whom should you send it? Please provide a list of company addresses — GERRY THE BERRY, Dublin, Ireland.
 ● Home demo tapes can be recorded on cassette or reel-to-reel machines, either in mono or stereo. Obtain the best possible sound it's possible to get with the equipment you're using (record at 7½ ips on a reel-to-reel if possible) and don't include too many songs on the tape — certainly no more than three at the most. Keep all extraneous noises off the tape (no record exec wants to hear the sound of the balliff banging on your front door or Uncle Charlie pulling the chain in the loo) and don't punctuate your musical efforts with such verbal comments as 'Bob Dylan thought this one sounded pretty good last time he dropped in for a pint with us.' An accompanying note is all that's required.

Once you've got your masterpiece together, make copies to send out, retaining your original tape in safe keeping just in case the demos you despatch get stolen in a mail train robbery or wiped out by a giant tidal wave engulfing EMI. Label each tape carefully, then send it, together with a SAE, to the A&R manager at the company of your choice. And don't be too discouraged if nobody wants to know — even The Beatles got turned down by Decca, Pye, Columbia, HMV and other labels before George Martin took pity on them at Parlophone. The addresses of the various record companies are too numerous to list here but a complete tally can be found in such moderately priced publications as Tony Hatch's *So You Want To Be In The Music Business* (Everest) a useful little paperback, or *The Gramophone Popular Record Catalogue*, which is available through many good record shops.

HOWABOUT A Dr Feelgood discography for the benefit of the winkle and whelk brigades? — SOUTHDEND SID, London NW10.

● A good idea, me ol' pin-poker. Albumwise, the Feelgoods have come up with 'Down By The Jetty' (UAS 29721 — January 1975); 'Malpractice' (UAS 29880 — October 1975); 'Stupidity' (UAS 29990 — September 1976); 'Sneakin' Suspicion' (UAS 30075 — May 1977); 'Be Seeing You' (UAS 30123 — September 1977) and 'Private Practice' (UAS 30184 — September 1978). And on singles they've supplied — 'Roxette' / 'Route 66' (UP 35760 — November 1974); 'She Does It Right' / 'I Don't Mind' (UP 35815 — March 1975); 'Back In The Night' / 'I'm A Man' (UP 35857 — July 1975); 'Roxette' / 'Keep It Out Of Sight' (UP 36171 — October 1975); 'Sneakin' Suspicion' / 'Lights Out' (UP 36255 — April 1977); 'She's A Wind-Up' / 'Hi-Rise' / 'Homework' (UP 36304 — September 1977); 'Baby Jane' / 'Looking Back' (UP 36332 — November 1977); 'Down At The Doctor's' / 'Take A Tip' (UP 36444 — September 1978); 'Milk And Alcohol' / 'Down At The Other Doctors' (UP 36468 — January 1979). Also around is a limited edition single 'Riot In Cali Block 3' / 'Johnny B Goode' (Feel 1), which was given free with the 'Stupidity' album. And now back to the jellied eels!

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The new political system they're all talking about . . .

BAGGOCRACY!

Is it true that the new Lee Cooper advert features Gary Numan, Gary Numan, Gary Numan, Gary Numan, and the new Pepsi one Elvis Costello? Jack Frost, England in April. Um... pass. — CSM.

Was Pete Shelley playing bass for Sham 69 on *Top Of The Pops* (26.4.79) and who was the drummer? NICK CORSTON, Ludlow, Salop.

I give up. Was Pete Shelley playing bass for Sham on *TOPP*? — CSM.

I don't know. Was it? — PETE SHELLEY

When's the punch line? — NEIL SPENCER

It now seems to me that the new wave has taken a turn for the better over the last 6-12 months. That is because of the decentralization of the better and most original bands. In mid-1978 the new wave looked like dying an early death with punk becoming the norm and people playing up to their hero status, the whole do-it-yourself concept apparently disappearing.

The second beginning (last chance) is based in the north. Groups like The Mekons, Gang Of Four, Quentin & The Household Cavalry, Agony Column, and The Fall around Manchester and Leeds and Siff Little Fingers in Ulster. I just hope the chance is taken to start again and learn from the mistakes of others.

GRAHAM STEVENS, Yorkshire.

Who are Quentin & The Household Cavalry? — CSM.

You'd better get the upper hand quick. They're kicking you all over the place. — NS.

Re John Hamblett's article on Rush in the latest issue.

1. Every word quoted in the feature I did for *NME* on Rush some time ago was taken from the tape recording I made during the interview. None of it came from the chat I had with Peart afterwards.

2. Rush are followers of Ayn Rand.

3. Ayn Rand represents the extreme right in American politics. In her philosophy everyone has to fend for themselves with no welfare state at all. If you are sick or ill, unemployed or Black, have children or an old grandmother to look after, it's too bad! Ayn Rand believes in the survival of the fittest, baby, and if they all happen to be fat white capitalists, well what's wrong with that?

4. I didn't say that Rush were fascists. There have been people on the lunatic right for millennium. I said they had extreme right leanings and I still think so. MILES (editor Time Out, London WC2).

That's all very well, Miles. But can you remember exactly where you were when you first heard Illinois Speed Press? — CSM.

Playing at the Hammersmith Odeon was not a cop out.

1. Playing the song 'Hammersmith Odeon' was a protest — a small protest maybe, but the look on the promoters' faces and the applause the song got made it worthwhile. (The applause was very loud). The people backstage looked threatened

— they should have done. Okay, if that's futile then all protest's futile. I wasn't going to stop people going to the Odeon, but at least I might have made them think a little while they were there. (And the bouncers too?) That's all worth the effort, surely?

2. If anybody went and paid £3 to see me, solely, well — they could have seen me the night before for 75p — a quid (plus support group) at the Hope & Anchor or for 30p on a Saturday afternoon at the same venue.

3. I did not receive a vast fortune for playing at Hammersmith. I got £75 — which is the same as I'd get for most gigs. Playing H. Odeon is no big deal. PATRIK FITZGERALD, Leytonstone, London. It certainly isn't. Just ask Wilko. — CSM.

I have just read your rag dated 28th April and have never been so incensed in all my life. Your C. S. Murray who obviously doesn't like anything with a bit of thought behind it makes it so clear that my dog understands the likes and dislikes of his feeble mind. I refer of course to his article on Kate Bush. I say this to him: try listening to her albums again after taking the Leftist shit out of your ears that everyone on your rag seems to be brainwashed by. If you've got the kind of mind that only appreciates one kind of music (rap) then piss off and leave us to make up our own mind on music. If you print this I shall be most surprised as I reckon you write the letters page yourselves.

R. PRICE AND J. HOWIE, Workop.

Kate Bush voted Labour, according to Tony Parsons. Take that, Lulu! — CSM.

What is it you use for interviewers? I am getting really tired of journalists who try to cover up the fact that all they get from their relatively brainless interviewees was a few relatively brainless reflections — extracted only because someone from *NME* happened to be sitting across the table from them at the time — and who fill up half the page with second-rate autobiographical details of how they felt on the morning of / day before / night after the interview; who was sitting in the tube on the way to / from the interview; and then for good measure throw in a few truisms that they just thought up, or when really desperately in need of something to fill up space, hunt through their directory of "Bob Dylan Lines That Still Haven't Been Quoted."

This is not good enough. On the other hand, CSM's review of Kate Bush was quite good.

NATO PARKAS.

On the other hand . . . — CSM

I don't mind reading your magazine (thank you — Ed). It's better than some of the other crap which constitutes the music press. However I could not understand why Charles Shaar Murray did not enjoy the Kate Bush gig and I can only suggest he



Give the girl a chance!

Readers demand . . .

- Less politics!
- More Punk!
- More HM!
- Uncritical reviews!

Readers get . . .

- None of the above
- CHARLES SHAAR, unemployed, of Dunbaggin, c/o NME, 5-7 Cernaby St., W1.

went to the wrong venue by mistake. The fact is that he is the only person who has voiced criticism of the concert that I have heard of. Many people, and myself included, enjoyed Kate's gigs around the country. I would also say that Kate's concert was one which I will never forget and probably the best concert I have ever been to. Mr Murray should return to his world of mindless music, and not worry about Kate Bush. She'll enjoy her success. I'm surprised you can afford printing such rubbish. RICHARD COATES, Tyne & Wear. P.S. I am not a Kate Bush fanatic. So what else do we have in common? — CSM.

As a reply to Charles Shaar Murray's Kate Bush review of April 28th: I recognise that you made some attempt to justify your condemnation of Kate Bush, but I feel it only fair to point out where you went wrong. First of all, you set yourself on a nice, high pedestal from where you proceeded to look down on all concerned — fans included. You suggest they're people who have a "complex about Real Culture and no standards by which to judge it." Really? I admire your ability to make such sweeping character judgments: remember, you're talking about thousands of people here. (Obviously, you're a right

regular Renaissance Man, Mr Murray).

You then went on to slag away at the whole of the Kate Bush performance: Singing? — shrill. Self-satisfied . . . "Dance? — "enough ballet moves to impress people who know nothing about ballet" (more condescension), and mime? — "forget them."

For God's sakes, this is a bit much; neither I, nor, I'm sure, any other Kate Bush fans believe for one moment that she's the greatest at any of these things — not under the impression that the Royal Ballet are ready to snatch her up, or that she's a serious opponent of Marcel Marceau — and we don't need you to tell us. Ask Kate Bush whether she's under any such illusions. No, I suggest that you've missed the point — what she does, she does well, and the overall effect is something special. That's why she's so popular.

And furthermore — I really doubt whether Kate Bush is "entranced with the idea of her own stardom": I suspect she's genuine.

Two memories: recalled first are the days when rock journalism was swamped with people who knew they could make it in *NME* because certain strata of the rock readership had an inferiority complex about real reviewing and no standards by which to judge it. Those days are still with

us. Recalled second: two great albums, a highly enjoyable concert . . . PAUL CONNOLLY, Liverpool.

I know how offensive you must find it for even one living person to be less than overwhelmed by Ms Bush, but I still found the entire spectacle to be a triumph of form married by an alarming lack of content, and as condescending (yep, that word again) a presentation as I've seen in years. Still, it's British and earns a lot, so why knock it? Enjoy Kate's success — CSM.

Gardening Notes: Look, mate, as a phallic symbol yer E-type Jaguar ranks as nought beside the flamboyant and highly noisy Ransome 20 inch (the finest lawnmower in the world). I was going to say that the Shaar is not yet menopausal enough for Wunderkate to be that fantasy deb who seduced him in his 20's . . . but I got carried away, as so frequently happens with the Ransome. All flesh is grass and mine's all moss. LE JARDINIER FOU, Wiltshire.

Ah, but if the corollary holds true, all grass is flesh, then how many of us are cannibals? — CSM

Following your article in *NME* about Woodstock Mk II, I was wondering if you had any more information on how and where I could obtain tickets. It would space me out if you could do this for me.

ROBIN WILLS (A veteran from the first who still hasn't recovered), Cannock Staffs. That's easy for you to say — CSM.

I have read *NME* for 14 years after changing from *Melody Maker*. I thought highly of the *NME* until . . . you started publishing political propaganda. There is nothing like this in *Motor Cycle News* or *Angling Times*. I am sure you are not that short of tour dates and record advertisements that you need to resort to this. This is a music paper about music, not a bloody election leaflet.

SHAUN BISHOP, Canterbury, Kent.

Absolutely, Shaun. We're a music paper about music, but we're also a music paper about what the music's about. True, music doesn't have to be about something, but I'm afraid that we live in the same world that much of the music does, and much of the music lives in our world. — CSM

I consider myself a discerning music fan and as such read a discerning (sic) music paper, i.e. *New Musical Express*. Therefore when I receive your journal I expect to read about music and musicians and not politics as in your issue of April 28th. It is not that I don't care about politics, it is just that at the moment we are being bombarded with it on the television and radio and in all the daily papers. I listen to and read about music to escape the drudgery of everyday life, not to have more of it thrust down my throat. Let's have more music and less politics. Keep up the good work. P.L. SIDLE, Manchester. P.S. I vote Tory. P.P.S. You

probably won't print this as it's not a smart-ass one liner, it's quite intelligent and I'm a Tory. I also gave my real name.

Same again plus: I too live to live in my rock dream, but unfortunately reality keeps raising its ugly head. As for your being a Tory and rejoicing under the name of Sidle, far be it from me to hold any of this against you. — CSM

I would like to congratulate Nick Kent on his recent interview with Howard Devoto. I was reading the article on the tube going home from work and found it so interesting that I went past my stop and had to get off and go back! JANE OLDROYD (Teenage Depression May). Now this is real life — CSM

Re. Letter WL 72 66 68C *NME* (28.4.79): We would just like to underline the fact that the "Mod Revival" has been happening since 1977, not since last week's *NME*. There have been at least 20 mod groups playing since last summer notably Purple Hearts, The Chords and Back To Zero, and as far as we know no new

"supermodgroups" have been formed to satisfy the *NME* craze. We would say that there are hundreds of mods in London and on the South Coast plus pockets in Newcastle and Manchester, and scooter clubs in Cornwall and Margate, so why shouldn't we get an article. We're so fed up with everyone trying to make out that the mod movement is being manufactured as the "next big thing". It began again in East and North London, and not from the poseurs in Kings Road or Shepherd's Bush. We know it won't be long before the Chelsea set start claiming themselves as the original mods, but we're not interested, it's them who are manufactured, not us! Mods might be a big thing, it might not, it doesn't really matter, does it? MAXIMUM SPEED (Mod Fanzine), (Clive, Kim and Geoff) Stamford Hill, N16. Well, we have some people here who wanna argue. — CSM

CSM says that your budget only allows you to employ writers. Does this mean the cretins work for nothing? And how does one tell which is which? GIOVANNI DADOMO. Well, you've been in the *NME* three weeks running, and you didn't get paid. It's been fun, Gio, but this correspondence is now closed. See you after Penman's next feature. — CSM

I was 20 last week. Does that mean I can't read *NME* any more? AN OLD MAN, Plymouth, Devon. You might have to get glasses — CSM

I hate people who write short, pointless letters. A N ONANIST, Bishops Cleeve, Herts. How about people who write short, pointless answers? — CSM

Print shorter letters. COLIN AND THE CARCINOGENS. With shorter answers — CSM

Blondie

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