

19 May 1979

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BLOCKHEADS AHOY!

New album
& tour dates
for Dury



PENETRATION

Hey There
Geordie Girl

P.30

THE CURE

A Doctor Writes

P.7

THE WHO

The Cannes Kids
Are Alright

P.11

DAMNED

Will they topple
The Bee Gees?

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J. GEILS

Return Of The
Wolfman

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KLEENEX

A Man Sized Band

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THE TUBES

Move over Terry Wogan

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DAVID BOWIE

Confuses The Capital

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JIMMY PAGE

Opens A Harbour

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JOHN LENNON

says Hello Goodbye

P.11

*Bryan
Gerry -
No Posent
like an
Old Posent
P.26*

THE BRYATOLLAH: "Who are all these people?" PENNIE SMITH: "Fork out the four bob and find out, Bry."

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C W A N D T S

Week ending 19th May, 1979.

w k singles

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (2)	Pop Muzik..... M (MCA)	5
2 (1)	Bright Eyes..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	8
3 (3)	Hoorey Hoorey K's A Holi Holiday Boney M (Atlantic/Hanse)	3
4 (14)	Does Your Mother Know..... Abba (Epic)	2
5 (13)	Reunited..... Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	3
6 (5)	Knock On Wood..... Armi Stewart (Atlantic/Hanse)	4
7 (4)	Some Girls..... Racey (RAK)	7
8 (11)	One Way Ticket..... Eruption (Atlantic/Hanse)	4
9 (6)	Goodnight Tonight..... Wings (Parlophone)	6
10 (18)	Benana Splits..... Dickies (A & M)	3
11 (8)	The Logical Song..... Supertramp (A&M)	6
12 (7)	Shake Your Body..... Jacksons (Epic)	7
13 (19)	Roxanne..... Police (A & M)	3
14 (23)	Boys Keep Swingin'..... David Bowie (RCA)	2
15 (9)	Love You Inside Out..... Bee Gees (RSO)	5
16 (15)	I Don't Wanna Lose You..... Candidate	6
17 (—)	Dance Away..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	1
18 (12)	Hallelujah..... Milk & Honey (Polydor)	5
19 (20)	Parisienne Walkways..... Gary Moore (MCA)	3
20 (27)	Guilty..... Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2
21 (17)	Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet..... Gonzalez (Sire)	4
22 (25)	Jimmy Jimmy..... Undertones (Sire)	2
23 (10)	Cool For Cats..... Squeeze (A & M)	8
24 (—)	Boogie Wonderland..... Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	1
25 (28)	Love Ballad..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	2
26 (—)	Love Song..... The Damned (Chiswick)	1
27 (29)	Nice Legs Shame About Her Face..... Monks (Carrere)	2
28 (26)	Forever In Blue Jeans..... Neil Diamond (CBS)	10
29 (24)	Wow..... Kate Bush (EMI)	8
30 (—)	Bridge Over Troubled Water..... Linda Clifford (RSD)	1

UP AND COMING: Hot Stuff — Donna Summer (Casablanca); I Want You To Love Me — Cheap Trick (Epic); Get Dancin' — Bombers (Magnet Flamingo); Accidents Will Happen — Elvis Costello (Radar); The Number One Song In Heaven — Sparks (Virgin).

years 5 ago

Week ending May 14, 1974

1	Sugar Baby Love..... Rubettes (Polydor)
2	Waterloo..... Abba (CBS)
3	Shang-a-Lang..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
4	Don't Stay Away Too Long..... Peters & Lee (Philips)
5	Remember You're A Woman..... The Wombles (CBS)
6	Homely Girl..... Chi Lites (Brunswick)
7	Rock 'n' Roll Winter..... Wizard (Warner Bros)
8	Red Dress..... Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
9	The Night Chicago Died..... Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
10	He's Misstra Know It All..... Stevie Wonder (Tami Motown)

10

Week ending May 14, 1969

1	Get Back..... Beatles (Apple)
2	Come Back And Shame Me..... Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
3	Goodbye..... Mary Hopkin (Apple)
4	My Sentimental Friend..... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
5	Pimbal Wizard..... Who (Track)
6	My Way..... Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
7	Man Of The World..... Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
8	Behind A Painted Smile..... Isley Brothers (Tami Motown)
9	The Israelites..... Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
10	The Boxer..... Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)

15

Week ending May 13, 1964

1	Juliet..... Four Pennies (Philips)
2	My Boy Lollipop..... Millie (Fontana)
3	Don't Throw Your Love Away..... Searchers (Pye)
4	I Believe..... The Bachelors (Decca)
5	You're My World..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6	It's Over..... Roy Orbison (London)
7	A Little Loving..... Fourmost (Parlophone)
8	Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying..... Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
9	Walk On By..... Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)
10	Constantly..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

w k albums

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7
2 (10)	Black Rose..... Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	3
3 (3)	Fate For Breakfast..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	4
4 (2)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp (A & M)	8
5 (6)	Country Life..... Various (EMI)	6
6 (7)	Dire Straits..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	11
7 (8)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	7
8 (4)	C'est Chic..... Chic (Atlantic)	15
9 (21)	Outlandos D'Amour..... Police (A&M)	2
10 (5)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees (RSO)	15
11 (9)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2..... (CBS)	10
12 (18)	Voulez Vous..... Abba (Epic)	2
13 (11)	Last The Whole Night Through..... James Last (Polydor)	4
14 (20)	Collection Of Their 20 Greatest Hits..... Three Degrees (Epic)	12
15 (19)	Manifesto..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	8
16 (20)	Hi Energy..... Various (K-Tel)	2
17 (14)	Lionheart..... Kate Bush (EMI)	16
18 (—)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	1
19 (12)	Manifow Magic..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	11
20 (17)	The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	11
21 (26)	Living Inside Your Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	3
22 (24)	Feel No Fear..... Average White Band (RCA)	9
23 (27)	Imperial Wizard..... David Essex (Mercury)	6
24 (16)	Disco Inferno..... Various (K-Tel)	6
25 (—)	The Incredible Shrinking Dickies..... The Dickies (A&M)	8
26 (13)	Out Of The Blue..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	68
27 (22)	Bat Out Of Hell..... Meatloaf (Epic)	36
28 (28)	War Of The Worlds..... Jeff Wayne (CBS)	39
29 (23)	Mark II Purple Singles..... Deep Purple (Purple)	4
30 (—)	Go West..... Village People (Mercury)	1

UP AND COMING: Wave — Patti Smith Group (Arista); Exposure — Robert Fripp (Polydor); Three Imaginary Boys — The Cure (Fiction); Bob Dylan At The Budokan (CBS); Monument To British Rock — Various (Harvest); Rainbow Dome Music — Steve Hillage (Virgin).



Mr. Vanian checks his chart rating: only 11 places behind the Gobb brothers. Pic: Claude Gassian.

w k singles

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Reunited..... Peaches and Herb	2
2 (2)	Heart Of Glass..... Blondie	3
3 (4)	In The Navy..... Village People	4
4 (5)	Goodnight Tonight..... Wings	5
5 (6)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)..... Jacksons	6
6 (9)	Hot Stuff..... Donna Summer	7
7 (3)	Knock On Wood..... Armi Stewart	8
8 (11)	Love You Inside Out..... Bee Gees	9
9 (7)	What A Fool Believes..... Doobie Brothers	10
10 (10)	Take Me Home..... Cher	11
11 (17)	Just When I Needed You Most..... Randy Van Warmer	12
12 (14)	Love Takes Time..... Orleans	13
13 (15)	Disco Nights (Rock Freak)..... GG	14
14 (16)	Love Is The Answer..... England Dan & John Ford Coley	15
15 (20)	The Logical Song..... Supertramp	16
16 (8)	He's The Greatest Dancer..... Sister Sledge	17
17 (13)	Musical Box Dancer..... Frank Mills	18
18 (—)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge	19
19 (12)	Blow Away..... George Harrison	20
20 (24)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy..... Bad Company	21
21 (23)	Such A Woman..... Tycoon	22
22 (28)	Renegade..... Styx	23
23 (27)	Deeper Than The Night..... Olivia Newton-John	24
24 (28)	Ain't Love A Bitch..... Rod Stewart	25
25 (18)	Stumblin' In..... Suzi Quatro & Chris Norman	26
26 (—)	She Believes In Me..... Kenny Rogers	27
27 (29)	Get Used To It..... Roger Voudouris	28
28 (30)	Honesty..... Billy Joel	29
29 (—)	Chuck E's In Love..... Rickie Lee Jones	30
30 (—)	You Take My Breath Away..... Rex Smith	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

w k albums

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (3)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp	2
2 (1)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees	3
3 (2)	Minute By Minute..... Doobie Brothers	4
4 (4)	2 Hot!..... Peaches and Herb	5
5 (5)	Van Halen..... Van Halen	6
6 (16)	Desolation Angels..... Bad Company	7
7 (17)	Go West..... Village People	8
8 (9)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge	9
9 (8)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie	10
10 (12)	At The Budokan..... Cheap Trick	11
11 (—)	Bad Girls..... Donna Summer	12
12 (10)	Dire Straits..... Dire Straits	13
13 (17)	Rickie Lee Jones..... Rickie Lee Jones	14
14 (11)	Disco Nights..... GG	15
15 (11)	Evolution..... Journey	16
16 (15)	Blondes Have More Fun..... Rod Stewart	17
17 (18)	Destiny..... The Jacksons	18
18 (14)	Living Inside Your Love..... George Benson	19
19 (20)	The Cars..... The Cars	20
20 (19)	52nd Street..... Billy Joel	21
21 (13)	Enlightened Rogues..... Allman Brothers	22
22 (—)	Sooner Or Later..... Rex Smith	23
23 (23)	Outlandos D'Amour..... Police	24
24 (25)	Sheik Yerbouti..... Frank Zappa	25
25 (27)	Inspiration..... Maze featuring Frankie Beverly	26
26 (26)	Bustin' Out Of L Seven..... Rick James	27
27 (21)	Musical Box Dancer..... Frank Mills	28
28 (28)	Take Me Home..... Cher	29
29 (—)	The Gambler..... Kenny Rogers	30
30 (—)	Pieces Of Eight..... Styx	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

12" singles. * denotes record is an import.

1	Boogie Wonderland..... Earth Wind & Fire & The Emotions (CBS)
2	Ain't No Stopping Us Now..... McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia Int)
3	Ring My Bell..... Anna Ward (TK*)
4	Cuba (Instrumental version)..... Gibson Brothers (Island)
5	Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet..... Gonzalez (Sire)
6	Ain't That Loving You..... Dennis Brown (Laser)
7	Everybody Get Dancin'..... Bombers (Flamingo)
8	Get It Up For Love..... Yara Yara (Motown)
9	Dance!..... Gino Soccio (Warner Brothers)
10	Silly Games..... Jensi Kay (Arawak)

Chart supplied by: HMV RECORDS, Oxford Street, London W1

reggae

12" release

1	Our Reggae Music..... Brown Sugar (Studio 18)
2	Little Girl..... The Hepatics (D Roy)
3	Too Much Heaven..... Mellow Rose (Studio 18)
4	Pincess..... The Albions (K&K)
5	Ain't That Loving You..... Dennis Brown (Laser)
6	Praise Jah..... Michael Prophet (Groove)
7	Natty Love In..... Pablo Gad (Burning Sounds)
8	It's Not Hard To Like You..... The Sensations (Neville King)
9	I'm The Toughest..... Peter Tosh (Lips)
10	Never Too Young..... Sugar Minott (Warrior)

Chart supplied by: Joe Gibbs' Record City, Lewisham Way, London SE14

Dury's long hot summer

36 DATES IN NATIONWIDE MAJOR TOUR

IAN DURY & The Blockheads defy convention by undertaking a major concert tour in the middle of the summer — the period when the vast majority of the big names are either off the road or exploiting the lucrative U.S. market. From late June until mid-August, they headline no less than 36 concerts throughout Britain. And they've just started a 25-date European tour lasting until mid-June, making a total of 61 gigs in the next three months.

Their British itinerary includes two nights at each of ten venues, and is climaxed by a string of seven August nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon. And the tour ties in with the release this weekend of their new Stiff Records album 'Do It Yourself', the follow-up to their hugely successful 'New Boots & Panties'.

Going out under the banner of 'Slam And Segue And Break A Leg', the UK tour comprises NEWCASTLE City Hall (June 24 and 25), LEEDS University (27 and 28), EXETER University (29 and 30), SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont (July 2), BRIGHTON Conference Centre (3), PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (4), BRISTOL Colston Hall (5 and 6), BIRMINGHAM Odeon (8 and 9), IPSWICH Gaumont (13 and 14), LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (16 and 17), SHEFFIELD City



Hall (19), BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa Hall (20), MANCHESTER Apollo (21 and 22), DEESIDE Leisure Centre (25), ABERDEEN Capitol (28), EDINBURGH Odeon (29 and 30), GLASGOW Apollo (31), OXFORD New

Theatre (August 3), LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon (5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11 and 12) and LONDON ILFORD Odeon (14 and 15).

Tickets should be on sale at all venues by the end of this week, though readers

— INCLUDING SEVEN GIGS FOR LONDON

are advised to check with local box-offices for precise opening dates. Admission prices are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, with the following five exceptions — Exeter (all at £3), Leeds (all at £2.75), Leicester (£3.50, £3 and £2.50), Bridlington (all at £3) and Hammersmith (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75, £2.55 and £2.25). For the Hammersmith gigs only, 25p of the price of all tickets sold will go to help establish the Charlie Chaplin Day Centre for children in Southwark.

Support act on all British dates is American outfit Root Boy Slim & The Sex Change Band. Dury's European tour, which opened in Switzerland on Sunday, also takes in five other countries — Germany, Italy, Spain, France and Holland — before finishing in Sweden on June 19. Inner Circle are supporting The Blockheads on their Continental dates this month, with Robert Gordon taking over for the remaining European shows in June.

The new Dury album, reviewed on page 37 of this issue, was again recorded at the Workhouse Studios in London's Old Kent Road — with Chaz Jankel as musical director. A feature of the LP is that it is available in ten different sleeves, each in different styles of Crown wallpaper! The ten tracks are 'Inbetweens', 'Quiet', 'Don't Ask Me', 'Sink My Boats', 'Waiting For Your Taxi', 'This Is What We Find', 'Uneasy Sunny Day Hotsy Totsy', 'Mischief', 'Dance Of The Screamers' and 'Lullaby For Frances'.

SKIDS, RUTS, CURE SET MORE DATES

THE SKIDS have added another six dates to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago. They are Newport Stowaway (May 29), Leeds Polytechnic (31), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (June 8), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (11), Newcastle City Hall (12) and Manchester Apollo (14).

● THE RUTS are playing a series of dates to preview their debut single, scheduled for early June release under their newly-signed deal with Virgin. First confirmed are Leeds Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), London Camden Music Machine (May 22), Oxford Ruskin College (25), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (26), Bedford Royal Standard (27), Oxford Oranges & Lemons (28), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (29), London Deptford Albany Empire (30) and Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (June 1).

● ESSENTIAL LOGIC, the band headed by former X-Ray Spex saxist Laura Logic, have a few gigs lined up to promote their four-track EP issued by Virgin this weekend. They play London Kensington Nashville (this Sunday), London Camden Music Machine (June 7), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Leicester University (14), Scarborough Penthouse (15) and Leeds Fan Club (21).

● THE ONLY ONES, who recently climaxed their British tour with a concert at London Rainbow, have slotted in two extra dates — at Huddersfield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and Bradford University (Saturday). Next month they leave for an extensive European tour, opening in Holland on June 6.

● 999, currently recording material for their third album, begin a major month-long American tour on June 10. But before they leave, they will be playing two or three London gigs, which are currently being finalised by Albion Management — details next week.

● LEYTON BUZZARDS have made a few changes to their current tour. Gigs cancelled are York Buzz Club (May 23), Cardiff Granny's (29), Derby Ajanta (June 7), Liverpool Eric's (8) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (9). Newly booked are Edinburgh Astoria (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Mayflower (this Sunday) and London Kensington Nashville (June 3). Their new three-track single 'I'm Hanging Around' is issued by Chrysalis this week in green vinyl.

● THE CURE are to headline the Carshalton Carnival in Surrey on Friday evening, June 1 (starting 6.30 pm), with three other bands — Dead Cart, The Assets and The Parkers — supporting them in the outdoor event. Meanwhile, the band have cancelled their gig at Birmingham Barbarella's next Tuesday (22).

● PATRIK FITZGERALD plays a last-minute date tonight (Thursday) at North London Polytechnic, a charity show to raise money for a children's playground in the area. Details of his upcoming 25-date tour, plans for which were reported in our last issue, are expected to be announced next week.

● ANGELIC UPSTARTS have added another four dates to their current gig series — at Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Royal Standard (Sunday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (May 21) and Sunderland Docksford Park Youth Club (25).

● ROCKPILE have added another date to their extensive UK tour, reported last week — at Leicester De Montfort Hall on June 14. The title of the new Dave Edmunds album, issued by Swan Song on June 8, is 'Repeat When Necessary' — and not 'Requested When Needed', as mysteriously appeared on the original Press handout. Also, release of the single taken from the LP 'Girls Talk' is brought forward to this weekend.



Skids singer RICHARD JOBSON

● GREG KINN flies into London at the weekend and plays a gig at the Marquee Club next Monday (21).

● PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY have cancelled a couple of dates in their current tour itinerary — at Newcastle University (this Saturday) and Bridgend Drones (May 27).

● THE POP GROUP, at present on a UK tour, have slotted in an extra date at London College of Printing (Elephant & Castle) on Friday, May 25. It's a benefit gig for the Scrap SUSS Campaign, and The Sits are also appearing along with a still-to-be-named reggae band. Tickets at £2 are on sale at Rough Trade, Small Wonder and Honky Tonk. The band have also cancelled their date at Leeds Polytechnic on May 31.

● SIMPLE MINDS, who've just finished a UK tour supporting Magazine, have gigs in their native Scotland at Edinburgh Tiffany's (May 21), Ayr Pavilion (23) and Aberdeen Music Hall (25). A series of headlining dates in England is being arranged for June.

BIG BOOST FOR SUBS

UK SUBS have been signed by Gem Records, and will be touring extensively next month to promote their first single for the label — the A-side is 'Stranglehold' and the two tracks on the B-side are 'World War' and 'Rockers'. It's pressed in red vinyl, packaged in a picture sleeve and released on June 1. Gigs so far confirmed for June include Cambridge University (11 and 12), London Camden Music Machine (13), Retford Porterhouse (15), Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge (16), Bradford Royal Standard (17) and Derby Ajanta Club (21). They also appear in Scotland's Loch Lomond Festival on May 26 and, in early June, record their first album.

LAST-MINUTE PACKAGE HITCH A big blow for Kleenex

ROUGH TRADE suffered a major setback just two days before the opening of their package tour last Saturday, when Cabaret Voltaire announced that they had decided against taking part. They were to have been one of the three bands involved, the other two being Swiss all-girl outfit Kleenex and The Raincoats. Their decision was apparently due to differences of opinion within the band, some members feeling that the pressures of constant touring would render them incapable of completing the itinerary.

But at virtually the last moment Spizz Energi, the new enlarged outfit which has arisen from the ashes of the now-defunct Spizz Oil, stepped into the vacancy and are now on tour with the other bands. The new line-up is Spizz (vocals and guitar), Pete Petrol (guitar), Jim Solar (bass) and Mark Coalfield (keyboards and vocals). The late change means that all Rough Trade's advertising and posters are outdated, but nevertheless they're happy that they were able to salvage the tour.

A new Spizz Energi single will be rushed out to coincide with the tour, coupling 'Energy Crisis' and 'Where's Captain Kirk'. But the Cabaret Voltaire single 'Nag Nag Nag', planned for imminent release, will now be delayed for a few weeks. Meanwhile, three more dates have been added to the tour schedule — at Lowestoft South Pier (tomorrow, Friday), a matinee at London Dalston Rio Cinema (June 3) and London Deptford Albany Empire (5).

PEGASUS CLOSURE

A BIG UPSET for bands and gig-goers on the London pub-rock circuit comes with the news that the Pegasus in Stoke Newington is closing as a rock venue. Final gig is next Monday (21) when a special closing-down party features The Blues Band with Paul Jones, Tom McGuinn-

Feelgoods' London show

DR. FEELGOOD have now confirmed the re-arranged venue for the major London date, which forms part of their previously-reported British tour. It was originally set for the Hammersmith Palais on June 5, but had to be called off because the hall is being used for A-level exams. It's now been re-scheduled for the same date at the Empire Ballroom, Leicester Square. The band have also added another date to their itinerary — at Plymouth Poly on May 31.

ALICE AND GROOVIES: UK TRIPS POSTPONED

PLANS FOR Alice Cooper to visit Britain at the end of this month have now finally been abandoned. As previously reported, promoter Harvey Goldsmith has been holding three nights for him at London Wembley Arena, but Alice's management failed to confirm and the dates have now been scrapped. But Goldsmith is still hoping to bring Cooper's spectacular 'post-alcoholism' show

to Britain later this year and, although autumn is now the more likely time, the prospect of a summer visit cannot be ruled out.

It is virtually certain that the proposed extensive UK tour by The Flamin' Groovies, due to start next month and to take in about 30 dates, will be postponed — perhaps indefinitely. According to Sire Records, a problem has arisen with the agency that was bringing them over. Said a spokesman: "We hope the Groovies will still be coming, but they have first to find another agency. And at present, there doesn't seem to be any way in which they could hope to open a tour in June."

Yachts cruising!

YACHTS are playing a special one-off riverboat shuffle gig in their home town of Liverpool next Tuesday (22). They'll be playing on the Royal Iris, which sails from Pier Head at 8 pm and cruises along the River Mersey. Clive Langer & The Boxes are also in the show, for which advance tickets at £1.50 are on sale at Eric's and Probe Records in Liverpool. A new Yachts single titled 'Love You, Love You' is released by Radar Records this weekend, with their debut album to follow in early June.

Purple reunion for Woodstock?

WHITESNAKE'S STRIKE AT UK

WHITESNAKE — the six-piece outfit whose line-up includes two former Deep Purple members, David Coverdale (vocals) and Jon Lord (keyboards) — are poised for a major attack on the British market in the late summer, when they undertake a major nationwide tour, including a string of three nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Prior to this, they headline a 23-date German tour in June, and they're set for a string of seven big concerts in Japan in early September. Visits to Australia and America follow later in the year, and their new album will be issued to coincide with their British tour, details of which are currently being finalised. Rest of the personnel are David Dowle (drums), Bernie Marsden and Micky Moody (both on guitars) and Neil Murray (bass).

● John Coletta, Whitesnake's

manager, has been invited to re-form Deep Purple for a special one-off appearance — headlining one of the nights at the second Woodstock Festival which, as previously reported, is being staged in America in August to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the original event. He is, apparently, sounding out the feasibility of the idea.



DAVID COVERDALE

Essex in film role

DAVID ESSEX starts work next weekend on his first film starring role since 'Stardust' five years ago. Titled 'Silver Dream Racer', it's a five-million-dollar Rank Organisation movie set in the world of international motorcycle racing, with Essex cast as a racer. He's been keen on motorcycling for 15 years, and will ride a revolutionary bike specially designed for the

film by Barry Hart. Shooting, which lasts until August, takes place at Pinewood Studios and various race tracks around the country. The picture was written and is being directed by David Wickes, who directed 'The Sweeney' both on TV and film. Meanwhile, Essex is busy recording a new album for Phonogram, due out in the autumn.

● The Sutherland Brothers have their first album for almost two years issued on May 25 — titled 'When The Night Comes Down' (CBS). It was recorded in Los Angeles and contains 11 new songs. A single from the LP, 'Easy Come, Easy Go', was released earlier this month.

● Singles for May 25 release: 'Let's Talk About The Weather' by The Radiators (Chiswick), 'We Drove 'Em All Mad' by Jennie Haen and 'Deeper Than The Night' by Olivia Newton-John (both EMI), 'Memory Lane' by Minnie Riperton (Capitol) and 'Save Me' by Clout (EMI 12-inch).

● Jim Capaldi returns to the recording scene on May 25 with a new Polydor single titled 'Shoe Shine'. It's possible he may be doing a few gigs to promote it.

● International soccer star Kevin Keegan makes his recording debut this weekend, when EMI release his single 'Head Over Heels In Love'. It was recorded in Germany, and written and produced by Chris Norman and Pete Spencer of Smokie.

● 'Space Bass' by Slick is issued by Fantasy on May 25 in both seven and 12-inch forms. The track was first heard several weeks ago on Fantasy's promotional Midem album, and it has since been in considerable demand.

RECORD NEWS

Sad Cafe — RCA dispute

MANCHESTER band Sad Cafe are in dispute with RCA Records, to whom they are contracted, having previously recorded two albums for the label. RCA have started injunction proceedings, which would effectively prevent their records from being released anywhere in the world. The trouble evidently stems from the band's signing last summer with A&M for Canada and the United States, and the subsequent release in those territories of a Sad Cafe album on A&M. A spokesman for the band claimed there had been a breakdown in communications and confidence between Sad Cafe and RCA. He added: 'They had no more faith in the label, and they had to do something to get their career rolling again.'



CRYSTAL TO CBS

CRYSTAL GAYLE has been signed to a long-term worldwide deal by CBS Records. Until now she has always been with the MCA label, but she is now in the process of cutting an album for her new outlet, with a view to summer release.

● New independent Bristol label Wavelength Records, whose first single ('You And Me' by The Spices) drew favourable comments from Tony Parsons two weeks ago, follow up with two more singles June — 'Biss' by Gardez Dark and 'Travelling With Raymond' by Joe Public.

● 8,000 copies of the new Link Wray album 'Bull Shot' have been pressed with the wrong second side. The faulty records have side two of Bert Jansch's 'Avocat' instead of the live Wray tracks. Charisma Records say that anyone with a faulty copy should contact Consumers' Complaints, Phonodisc, Clyde Works, Grove Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

● Poole band Tours have their debut single 'Foreign Girls'/'Language School' released on their own label on May 26. Available from Rough Trade or by post (once, £1 including p.p.g.) from Armadillo Records, Queen's Road, Bournemouth.

● Nick Van Eede, just about the most in-demand support act in Britain right now (recently finished with David Essex, about to start with Alan Price), has his second single 'All Or Nothing' issued by Barn Records on May 25.

● 'Hearts On Fire' by Phil Cordell, issued by Virgin this week, is available on 12-inch white vinyl or seven-inch red vinyl. Out on the same label is 'Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll' by Patrick Duvert & His Sweet Perversions (also seven or 12-inch).

● Belfast band Protex have been signed by Polydor, who release their debut single 'I Can't Cope' on May 26.

● Following his off-beat single 'The Lost Sheep' (featuring sheep noises and symphony orchestra), Adrian Munsey releases a disco version called 'Lost Sheep'. It's on Virgin — what else? — and was produced by Ron and Russell Mael of Sparks.



● Robert Palmer's new single issued by Island this weekend, is the Moon Martin composition 'Bad Case Of Lovin' You'. It's taken from his upcoming album 'Secrets', due on June 8. No gigs are planned to promote these albums, but Palmer will play a British tour in the autumn, including at least two London dates which will be filmed and recorded.

PURSEY'S CHORDS

SOUTH LONDON mod band The Chords have been signed by Jimmy Pursey to his J. P. Productions — and they have already recorded their first single in the Polydor studios, for June release. Titles are 'Now It's Gone' and the Small Faces classic 'Hey Girl'. The band are next in live action this Sunday (20) with The Undertones at London Lyceum.

● A new version of '25 Years' by The Hawkwoods is issued this weekend by Charisma as a 12-inch single, coupled with 'Only The Dead Dreams Of A Cold War Kid' (also by The Hawkwoods) and a previously unused Hawkwind track 'PKRS'. It comes in metallic grey vinyl and a special sleeve, retailing at £1.69. There's also a seven-inch version, comprising just the two Hawkwoods tracks.

● Dead Good Records of Lincoln release the second single by K-S. Energy in mid-June, titled 'Use You'. The label has also secured distribution rights to 'Meat' by The Rotators, 'Wrong Treatment' by The Four Plugs and 'The Plugs EP'.

● Glasgow five-piece Sneaky Pete, who recently travelled south to play London Marquee, have their first single on Now Records issued on May 25 — titled 'Night Time In The City'.



● Out this weekend on Rocket Records is the debut album from Judie Tzuke called 'Welcome To The Cruise'. All ten songs were co-written by Judie and Mike Paxman, who plays guitar on the LP, with string arrangements by Paul Buckmaster. Judie has just formed a band, and a tour is being lined up for her.

● Watford five-piece Sid Sideboard & The Chairs have their first single currently available on the Jackson label. It's a double A-side coupling 'Gaz & Debbs' and 'Denise'.

● Independent label Honeymoon Records have released two singles by Little Buddy & The Kids (a so-called French punkabilly band), and LP by Bob Clifford & The Hepcats (English rockabilly) and an album by Johnny Legend and Ray Campi (in purple vinyl). Available from Non Stop, Virgin, One Stop, Lightning and Bonaparte.

● Latest project from K-Tel Records is an album and single by Ruby Winters, who arrives in Britain on May 31 to promote them. The LP, out next week, is 'Songbird' — and as usual, it will be the subject of an intensive TV campaign by the label, which will be releasing new material for the first time. Issued simultaneously in a picture bag is a single titled 'Baby Lay Down'.

● Straight 8, who have just added ex-folks keyboarders man Nick Baker to their line-up, have their first WEA single out this weekend titled 'Spread It Around'. It was produced by Pete Townshend, who is also assembling a collection of Straight 8 favourites for album release on his own Eet Pie label.

● Quantum Jump's classic single 'The Lone Ranger' is reissued for the second time this week. It's on Electric Records, and it comes in both seven and 12-inch forms.

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COCKS IN THE LOCH

THE BUZZCOCKS have now been confirmed officially for a guest appearance in Scotland's two-day Loch Lomond Festival later this month — on Sunday, May 27. They originally declined the offer to take part, saying they preferred to headline their own open-air show — which, as previously reported, will take place in London's Hyde Park on Saturday, August 18. But they have now decided to play both events!

Their decision means they'll be appearing at Loch Lomond on the same day as The Boomtown Rats — along with the Average White Band, Rockpile, Fairport Convention, Violinski, Wild Horses and Blue, among others. The main bands playing on the Saturday (26) are The Stranglers, Dr. Feelgood, Third World, The Skids, The Dickies, UK Subs, Blood Donor and Sneaky Pete.

AWB SWITCH LONDON DATE

AVERAGE WHITE BAND's London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal, originally planned for Bank Holiday Monday (May 28), has been brought forward to Friday, May 25. It will now be a midnight charity show, promoted by Harvey Goldsmith and Capital Radio, with proceeds going to The Year Of The Child. Tickets are £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £2.50. Reason for the switch is that, immediately after their appearance in the Loch Lomond Festival on May 27, the AWB have to fly to Europe.

Atlanta band Mother's Finest have changed their London debut date for the second time. Instead of playing the Rainbow tomorrow (Friday), they're now at The Venue in Victoria tonight (Thursday).

Bilbo promo

BILBO is the subject of a big promotional drive, coinciding with the release this week of the band's single 'America' on the Lightning label. They are on tour at Glasgow Tiffany's (this Saturday), Edinburgh Odeon (Sunday), Newcastle Tiffany's (May 21), Carlisle Tiffany's (24), Aberdeen Fusion (25), Burnley Cats Whiskers (27), Bradford Tiffany's (28), Halesowen Tiffany's (29), Plymouth Castaway (30), Portsmouth Locarno (June 1), Newport Tiffany's (4), Norwich Samson & Hercules (7), Stevenage Fusion (9) and London Hammersmith Palais (11). They'll also be visiting local radio stations in most of these areas.

HOLLY MOVIE NEXT MONTH



This is GARY BUSEY in a shot from the upcoming film 'The Buddy Holly Story', in which he plays the title role of the near-legendary rock singer who was killed in an air crash 20 years ago at the age of 22. The official London premiere of the movie is at the Classic, Haymarket, on June 14 — and it will be screened simultaneously in seven other West End cinemas. General release will follow on the Rank circuit.

For his part in the film, Busey was among the nominations for Best Actor in this year's Academy Awards, and the movie itself won an Oscar for the best musical score. In the picture, Busey does not mime to the original Holly recordings, but actually performs the songs himself. To coincide with the opening, a soundtrack album will be issued by Warwick Records.

'Oh Boy' July TV

'OH BOY', Jack Good's classic TV series of two decades ago, is set to return for a new six-week series in the early summer. It will be networked by ATV on Monday nights starting July 2, in the prime 7-7.30pm slot recently occupied by Kenny Everett. Residents in the series will be those who appeared in London concerts earlier this year, based on the TV show — Joe Brown, Alvin Stardust, Shakin' Stevens, Les Gray, Shades and Freddie Fingers Lee. There will also be guests in each edition, with Cliff Richard and Lulu among those being negotiated.



Sister Sledge's September tour

SISTER SLEDGE, who've recently been going great guns in the charts with their single 'He's The Greatest Dancer', are coming to Britain in September. Promoter Arthur Howes told NME this week that he's bringing the girls over for a ten-concert tour, starting around the middle of that month, and he's now busy finalising their schedule. They'll be bringing over their entire entourage of 15, including their own musicians, and Atlantic Records will be issuing new product to tie in with their visit.

● PEACHES & HERB, another currently successful chart act, are also coming in September. But they'll only be doing four shows here, including a major London concert, as their visit is part of a full European tour.

● LEO SAYER is to headline another major and extensive UK tour in the autumn. Precise details of period and venues are still being sorted out, but it's already known that Nick Van Eede will be the support act.

Johnny & Hurricanes and Del Shannon for package

TWO BIG chart acts from yesterday, Del Shannon and Johnny & The Hurricanes, co-headline a package tour next month with Freddie 'Fingers' Lee supporting. Dates are Falkirk Town Hall (June 11), Kilmarnock Grand Hall (12), Hamilton Town Hall (13), Musselborough Broughton Hall (14), Carlisle Assembly Hall (15), Burslem Queen's Theatre (16), Halifax Civic Hall (18), Rochdale Charncliffe Hall (19), Lowestoft Sparrows Nest Theatre (20), Corby Festival Hall (21), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (22), Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion (23) and Ramsgate Granville Theatre (24).

Prior to this, Shannon undertakes a series of club gigs in his own right. With another ten

dates still to be confirmed, those set so far are Cardiff Troubadour (this Thursday for three days), Gainsborough Chestnuts (May 20), Doncaster Side Saddle (23), Chesterfield Aquarius (24), Bristol Parkway Club (25), Colchester The Windmill (26), Derby Talk Of The Midlands (28), Manchester Valentine's (June 1) and Gloucester Bowden Hall Hotel (2).

SOCCER FOOTNOTE

(Well, if Monty Smith can get away with seven pages, surely I can have one paragraph — D.J.)

Alan Edwards, Press Officer for The Stranglers (among others), is a Brighton fan. NME's News Editor is a Crystal Palace fan. That's why we don't have a Stranglers story this week.

ON THE ROAD

Knackered

THE KNACK, one of the hottest new bands on the Los Angeles club circuit, are confirmed for their first European tour. British dates include Liverpool Eric's (May 24), London Marquee (25) and Aylesbury Friars with The Police (26). Then, after a string of gigs in five European countries, they return here to play Sheffield Limit Club (June 7), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (8), Birmingham Barbarella's (9), London Marquee (10 and 12) and Guildford Civic Hall (11). Their debut album 'Get The Knack' will be issued in the UK by Capitol very shortly, before their tour ends.

ERIC BELL BAND, just back from a month-long Irish tour, resume UK gigs at North Gloucestershire Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), London City Polytechnic (May 25), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (26), Chester Arts Centre (31), Burton 76 Club (June 1), Portsmouth Polytechnic (2), London Finchley Torrington 13 and July 1, Lampeter St David's College (June 15), Chester Smartz (26), Chesterfield Fusion (28), Matlock Pavilion (29) and Retford Porthouse (30).

DUFFO has postponed his British tour which, as announced three weeks ago, was scheduled to open in Birmingham next Wednesday (23). A spokesman said that the dates are now being re-arranged for June, and details will be announced next week.

FISCHER-2 continue their seemingly endless tour with newly confirmed dates at London Kensington Nashville (May 24), London Camden Dingwalls (26), Jockade Grey Topper (27), Leeds Fan Club (31), Norwich East Angles University (June 1), Dudley J.B.'s (2), Bristol Polytechnic (7), Huddersfield Polytechnic (8) and Retford Porthouse (9). And still more are being added!

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA begin another concert series next month, with dates at Leicester De Montfort Hall (June 6), Oakengates Town Hall (8), Worthing Connaught Theatre (10), Cambridge Magdalene College (13), Croydon Fairfield Hall (15), Salisbury Playhouse (16), Bognor Esplanade Theatre (17), Reading Hexagon (20), Bath University (21), Stratford-on-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (24), Oxford Magdalene College (27) and London Queen Elizabeth Hall (July 1).

AFTER THE FIRE have been forced by recording commitments to cancel their gig at London Fulham Greyhound tonight (Thursday), but have re-scheduled it for June 9. A new booking for the band is Leicester II Rondo on June 6.

RADIO STARS, who leave for a tour of Holland after playing London gigs at the Nashville (tonight, Thursday) and City University (Friday), will be starting an extensive UK tour on June 8. Details are expected next week.

THE DOOLEYS headline summer concerts at London Ilford Odeon (June 10), St. Helens Theatre Royal (16), Liverpool Royal Court (July 1), Scarborough Floral Hall (8), Norwich Royal Theatre (15), Wintford Civic Hall (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (August 10), Blackpool North Pier (19) and Southport Theatre (September 2). Cabaret engagements include Charnock Richard Park Hall (May 30-June 2), Worthing Rendezvous (4-9), Cleetholpes Bunnies (12-13), Stockton Fiesta (14-15), Northampton Heart Of The Midlands (20-23), Eccles Talk Of The North (27-30), Sheffield Fiesta (July 4-7), Wakefield Theatre Club (11-14), Bowness McTavish's (18-21) and St. Austell Riviera (August 11).

MILES MUSIC VENUE TWICE

JOHN MILES, who recently completed an extensive UK tour, is to play two nights at London's The Venue in Victoria on June 4 and 5 (admission £4). Both shows are to be recorded on the Manor Mobile, for possible subsequent release as a live album. As already reported, Miles also tops an open-air gig at Wolverhampton West Park on June 3. He will spend the summer writing and recording a new studio album, and making festival appearances.

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Fiction

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THE OFFICES of Fiction Records are located a stone's throw from Willesden High Street — a handy five-minute stroll from the tube station — sequestered on a pleasantly modern street where Morgan Studios can also be found.

In fact, Fiction's office is housed in the Morgan complex, just around the corner from the studio hall itself where gold records of Yes, Rick Wakeman, Black Sabbath and Alan Parsons albums bedeck the walls.

A pretty blonde secretary accompanies me to my exact location, up one flight of stairs. I arrive at my destination, an agreeably sparsely furnished office from where Fiction Supremo Chris Parry operates. Parry, courteous, well groomed, with a voice hinting at tempered gruffness, welcomes me with his typical good grace and only the fact that the contours and shape of his face bear the signs of an age considerably older than his 30 years leaves me a touch disarmed.

In a business full of parasites, fools and all other species of human inadequacy going under the handle of 'the middle man', Parry is the proverbial good guy — a man worthy of high esteem due to the fact that his sojourn as A&R man for a major record label (Polydor) gained him great credibility and a reputation for maverick manoeuvres and high-stake gambling.

Parry it was, despite consistent protestations from the deputy head of Polydor, who got Siouxsie and The Banshees signed, gave Jimmy Pursey and his cohorts the wherewithal and outlet for their big shot, signed The Jam, directly after Jake Riviera and Stiff had turned them down.

Parry's actual signings to Polydor tell only half the story: the other half is documented on a large number of master tapes book-ended to the right of his desk. On the tapes can be heard the very first Clash demos, four or five tracks produced by Guy Stevens, an eight-track demo job of Gen X featuring several self-penned songs fated never to see the light of day, early, early Pistols tapes: all in all a fascinating library of nascent punk seeds and stems that, again to Parry's credit, have not seen the light of day.

Instead, there they will remain, shelved, acting solely as proof that Parry was the first A&R man to take the then burgeoning punk rumblings seriously to the point of putting his money where his mouth was.

Both the Pistols and The Clash were close as damn-it to becoming Parry's Polydor signings. He was only pipped at the post by both



From Left: Michael Dempsey, Robert Smith, Lol Tolhurst.

THE CURE: By NICK KENT

Pix: SHEILA
ROCK



Tolhurst and bassist Michael Dempsey, were fleshed initially by two other cohorts, another guitarist and a vocalist.

The latter was the first to go, the former sticking around for a demo recording in mid-77 featuring mostly long since passed-over material with titles like 'See The Children' and 'I Just Need Myself'.

These and the other songs granted The Cure interest from the Hansa-Ariola label with whom they flirted. They even signed a speciously half-arsed deal so transparent that when the ensemble — by this point a trio — had worked out a new musical strategem that would be granted a full blown blossoming with the release of their first album, they were able to skip into the Parry lair as Fiction's first born without any legal disputes and the like.

Before reaching this current state of affairs, however, it would be sheer folly to neglect the release of the Cure's first single 'Killing An Arab' which lit the fuse for media scrutiny and a boisterous thumbs up. Our own Tony Parsons latched onto its merits, granting it, if my memory isn't playing tricks on me, the Record Of The Week accolade, while our competitors were equally effusive in their praise.

The rock media moved in speedily — a pithy *Thrill* here, a front cover even there. It happened virtually overnight; three regular looking types from Crawley, for God's sake, touted as hot stuff on the strength of one powerful single.

Trouble was there wasn't much to latch onto in the way of good copy.

Visually anonymous, projecting little more than that slightly specious brand of cynical teenager verbiage, even the Camus reference to 'Killing An Arab' couldn't get the group ensnared in the burgeoning young intellectual bracket; the Camus volume in question was simply the most interesting piece of literature that passed by during 'O' level time amidst the turgid likes of Moliere and the usual list of 18th Century dulleard scribes.

A stray occurrence in other words.

Chris Parry quickly latched onto the patent lack of image the band were working with, and instead of forcing some bogus uniform of a conceit on his boys he chose to accentuate their virtual transparency by means of packaging literally antithetical to the usual personality cult projection.

Take as specimen (a) the packaging of The Cure's just-released album:

The front cover boasts a frosted pink back-drop in front of which three household objects protrude, these being: a vacuum cleaner, refrigerator and a standard lamp. On

■ *Continues over page*

A Demonstration Of Household Appliances

... is being held on this page, featuring the range
produced by Messrs Cure and Co. of Crawley.
Our inspector finds that credentials come up
whiter than white.

bands' managers suddenly switch-hitting just at the point of inking the deals — McLaren going for EMI at (literally) the last minute and Rhodes apeing his hero / associate by stymieing Parry with CBS.

Bucked and spurned by managers, Parry's Jam signing made it third time lucky, and after that fortuitous linking the Sahn and Siouxsie signings followed.

History, history — all water under the bridge although the foam has created a cast-iron credibility for Parry, a credibility that granted him the grand back-up from Polydor head Jim Cook to activate Fiction Records, affiliated to Polydor but

nevertheless Parry's baby to the hilt in much the same way that Andrew Lauder heads Radar (after years of sharp A&R entreprenuring for UA).

Fiction, however, is a more personalised enterprise than Radar or Rough Trade or Step Forward.

Each to his own it's fair to say, but Parry — beyond pushing earnest, agreeably sensible rhetoric about releasing records that wear away from the standard rock images, with music that has that all-important spark of originality — is concerned that Fiction as it stands should tackle only three acts at a time.

The emphasis for the outlet, Parry reckons, has to be on young bands /

musicians with said spark perceptible. The Human League, for example, were a band Parry was after until Virgin seduced them, but he shed no tears because the ex-Polydor wonderboy had already located the ensemble that would provide the perfect first-born lift-off for the Fiction project.

ENTER FROM the community-belt sprawl of Crawley in Sussex, The Cure. Cue Cure Case History: originally known as The Easy Cure, the band's current three-piece constituents, guitarist Robert Smith, drummer Lol

THE CURE

From previous page
the back, in place of standard song titles and the like, a series of visual images are all that appear. The inside sleeve does possess a sticker with the titles themselves (ideally: match title with image) plus, ensconced amidst a Barney Bubbles-like forest of arrows, the group members' names and instruments plus a load of names, presumably of friends, fiends and acquaintances. Nowhere in the spread is there a photograph of Messrs Smith, Tolhurst and Dempsey. More to the point, one could easily be forgiven for believing that the album's title was simply 'The Cure', unless one's prying eyes notes on the spine the words 'Three Imaginary Boys'.

CURE ONE MAN'S view on this packaging scam: "All clever stuff. All this charming, childish fiddling about aims for the anti-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 in more than they take out. They add to the falseness." Paul Morley in last week's NME sliced up this thing we

call The Cure a treat when he reviewed their album, a record "... wallowing in the muck and marsh of tawdry images, inane realisations, dull epigrams ... a voice catching its breath, a cautiously primitive guitar riff, toy drumming ... Nowhere is there anything alarming, nowhere is there anything truly adventurous."

Just one man's view as I stated back there before the italics, but it got the protagonists well perplexed. Chris Parry was on the blower to Morley, well agitated apparently — and earnestly concerned about enlightening the latter on certain counts, principally that the whole packaging job was his, and not the bands, conceit.

And even now, as I write this article, a missive from guitarist Smith has just been delivered; a piece of spleen-letting brusquely imitating the Morley style-in-overdrive. The Cure, going by the times I've encountered them, seem an extremely perceptive bunch of ageing teenagers with a sense of self-effacement and good logic that the Smith riposte translates as immature

boo-hooing. It's almost as if Smith wants to prove our Paul right.

The letter is, in fact, almost as surprising as my initial reaction to Paul's review. Naturally I disagree with his charges and find that the equation anti-image coyly implemented rings up as instant enigma construction more than a touch specious, especially when issued from the thought-process of a die-hard Howard Devotee like Paul, who is far more obviously guilty of such a charge.

To my ears The Cure are simply a very good young, creative pop/rock band — a trifle precocious, yes, but also self-effacing enough with it to provide a reasonable balance.

My first encounter with their work was a gig at a Wexford College a couple of months ago. After two bouts of identikit punk gratis two anonymous outfits, The Cure sauntered out and played an invigorating set. It didn't matter that the three-piece were visually anonymity personified (well, slight amendment here: guitarist Smith, from a distance, displayed an uncanny resemblance to Tom Verlaine's gaunt spectre — but without the starvation artist pose — and kept my



gaze averted, 'tho I've always been a sucker for clocking skinny guitarists), their music made sense and held my attention with a consummate ease.

Each and every song struck no pose but delivered an intriguing hook-line here, and obvious sturdy substance there. The material at first

hearing ranged from excellent pop (primarily what could be their next single, the irresistible 'Boys Don't Cry') to invigorating, well-structured rock. Nothing self-consciously quirky, with those jerky rhythms, pointless off-the-wall chords tossed in (i.e. surrogate XTC brigade), in fact the best breath of fresh air in a precinct populated largely by pretentious, precious incompetency masquerading as innovative bravado.

The album itself, while not quite the tour de force I hoped for, still marks a semi-successful debut, with the flotsam adamantly outweighed by forceful shards of well-poised rock callisthenics, principally noted in the likes of 'Accuracy', 'Objects' and an exuberant re-modelling of Hendrix's 'Foxy Lady'.

My second encounter is a quasi-aborted interview with the trio. I am late. The band, however, are much later and thus the half-hour encounter left reveals only the habitual threesome with interviewer attempting a dialogue and ending in silly pot-shots at a blighted insight.

What I do glean is simply that The Cure are brighter than the usual middle-class suburbanites, as self-protective as they are self-effacing. They are not rude, or particularly cliquish but the interviewer senses that the ongoing interview situation is not one that they feel particularly at home with, that they find the process bemusing, almost quaint, in its ridiculousness. As personalities, drummer Tolhurst appears the most democratic and business-like, while guitarist Smith, definitely 'older' than his age (by our third encounter he is 20), is the creative, shoulder-shrugging one, replete with a brand of cynicism that hides the plethora of changes his personality and current context will later lead him to refer to.

Between this pair, bassist Dempsey blends in without adding any particular dimension.

The dialogue itself fails to land on any potentially salient ground, choosing instead to flit from topic to topic amidst a multitude of shrugs and brusque pauses. The band's history is obligingly run through — the Easy Cure five-piece conceived and implemented while in school — the fact that the name has no symbolic relevance beyond its sounding good amidst a lengthy list of other unrelated handles at the time. "Easy" being deleted along with those other two members — the blighted Hansa episode (no harm done).

More interestingly, a discussion on who writes what in The Cure democracy features an almost humble Smith — their main muse — delegating responsibilities for the final shaping to the other two as though they were composing equals.

Beyond nabbing thumbnail sketches of the individuals, the only other relevatory instances are virtual incidents.

Amusingly enough, the band's lateness has been caused by a shopping expedition to buy new clothes, a trip that caused all manner of indecisiveness. The threads finally acquired were as clumsily picked as possible, leaving me in absolutely no doubt that this band are in no way on a burgeoning enigma roundabout.

Finally, when I ask about the Crawley scene and its jigsaw-piece placing in the computer belt sprawl, Smith admits to still living with his parents. "It's so comfortable there," he remarks as if dreamily recalling all the attendant creature comforts.

SO I'M LEFT with what? Not too much really. An exuberant Chris Parry, a fairly dull interview. A solution is called for. Fortunately, when I later phone Parry in order to glean some further gist on the eve of the first album (Parry is currently The Cure's official management) it turns out that Robert Smith is also in the office and a request to verbalise with the latter ushers him to the blower.

Removed from his two playmates Smith seems different, more intense — perhaps because the mounting pressure of the record's release date approaching has set in motion one of the mercurial bursts of combative progress that rock bands are suddenly landed with when Dame Fortune makes that house-call.

He talks about the album itself — the songs he wrote, about how each song "represents a distilled emotion".

Elucidation: "Well, '10.15' ... that's something of an isolated vignette, hopefully portraying a whole mood of rejection ... 'Another Day' is purely about boredom and repetition ... 'Meathook' is an in-joke of sorts arising from an incident during the Hansa days when an old producer kept complaining that one song had no hooklines ... 'Accuracy', well, it's all down to the lines, 'I give you the wrong lines/feel you/That's accuracy.' It also involves using as few words as possible. 'Objects', just a parody of misgiving, nothing more."

One senses that to Smith the 'T.I.B.' debut is old news. For just as a sudden change of inspiration wrought the muscle of the first record (in April to June, mid-'78, to be exact) something new has clicked with Smith.

Subtlety at 20 he's been overtaken by a flow of ideas that, although he can't cleanly define it, is clearly at odds with the already issued Cure music.

"Both lyrically and musically it's more fragmented. I can't quite define it but ... oh, I go through changes every three months."

And there amidst the verbiage of the worried boy fearful of the inevitable circular circulation of touring, unsure about the demands of mass acceptance wanting to hold control of that leaping progression so familiar to the 16 to 21 age group, hangs the soul of a young man who is not full of hollow intention, bathos, self-pity, or high bound pretensions.

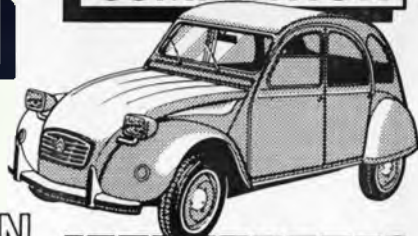
"I'm intent simply on being able to do something that satisfies me," he shrugs sincerely.

What will follow may well be some of the finest pop of the '80s. The Cure and Smith in particular are to be watched closely. Middle class boys keep swinging, stopping only to check their bearings out in suburbia, changing tactics, making observations that are not hollow or bogus. Just honest and melodious in a future little way. That's accuracy.

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1. Big. It's grand in French.
4. Its members don't drink. And drive.
5. Short for Mum.
6. It's easy to fall off this!
7. Jellied meals!
9. Initially it's the Oxford English Dictionary.
10. Short for inches.
13. Looks closely.

DOWN

2. One of Thor Heyerdahl's vessels.
- 3 & 8. Twenty milder French Kings!
5. Less strong.
8. (See 3).
11. Gratitudes for cigarettes?
12. Mademoiselle in English.

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 WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic. 30th May
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Mayfair Ballroom. 1st June
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INS 2004



INFINITY RECORDS

THRILLS

CANNES IN THE CAN

WHEN TOPLESS sunbathing became de rigueur along the Cote d'Azur, the annual Cannes film festival finally lost its reputation for unveiling more new flesh than new film. It has since become a celluloid cattle market and the only things that appear to impress are the production budgets for next year's blockbusters.

But this year it's different: Cannes has been aroused from its lethargy. The two main topics of conversation interest have been Marlon Brando's scheduled appearance to plug *Apocalypse Now* and The Who's positive media blitzkrieg which, within hours of the festival's opening, had garnered them ecstatic front page headlines.

Though The Who might have their new movies *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia* on show, neither is an official UK entry.

From the outset of their career, The Who have always been aware of the advantages of the high profile. Just to make the whole thing more interesting, this weekend The Who are in direct competition with themselves.

After playing to an estimated crowd of 8,000 jubilant people in the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre at nearby Frejus last Saturday, they took up the option and scheduled a Sunday evening replay that coincided with the

opening of *The Kids Are Alright*. If their recent appearance at The Rainbow had closed the door on one era, the first night at Frejus affirmed that it was business as usual.

Hitting the stage four minutes earlier than the expected nine pm kick-off, they ran through 'Substitute' and 'Can't Explain' and then strutted into 'Baba O'Riley'; it was evident that first night nerves had vanished. If at The Rainbow drummer Kenny Jones had been content to play safe, at Frejus he stamped his own identity on the band in a manner which would surely have earned Keith Moon's approval.

The band drove through 19 songs in two hours, seeming to scale ever new heights of excitement. On numbers like 'Music Must Change' and the excerpts from 'Quadrophenia', Jones propelled his new pals to maximum thrust (*Roy!* — *Thrills Ed!*). 'Pinball Wizard' saw The Who attaining a mid-point climax that they could have ended on right there and then (*Roy! Roy? — Thrills Ed!*).

Being able to survey 15 years of The Who in the flesh and on film within 24 hours was a unique opportunity. When in 1964 assistant film producers Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp took over from Peter Meaden as Who managers, they were always more concerned with long term creative — not commercial — credibility. With this in mind they steered

them clear of the daft, exploitative youth musicals that were to expedite the demise of the likes of the Dave Clark Five and Herman's Hermits — but they still took pains to preserve The Who on celluloid. As *The Kids* reveals, they have caught all the stages of the band's development.

As an entity *The Kids* is one of the most successful and perceptive rock documentaries ever.

Director Jeff Stein knows his subject. This is not just another concert-on-film commercial. With careful juxtaposition and editing of film which dates back to The Railway Tavern, The Marquee and The Richmond Jazz and Blues Festival, he manages to capture the ethos that has earned The Who the rarely disputed title of the world's greatest rock and roll band.

An astonishing thing about *The Kids Are Alright* is that in spanning 15 years into 90 minutes, it makes one appreciate The Who's appeal even more. The Who circa '65 look more contemporary than many of today's front-line figures. It's not even that events have regressed, just that The Who are timeless.

The human qualities of the film render it accessible in a way that no other rock documentary has really suggested, and it never degenerates into a homage to untouchables.

The kids have always been alright.
ROY CARR

THRILLS



Two members of the Who pop group in search of *Modrophenia*.

Pic: Gus Stewart

Yet more people dressing up like Mods...

THOSE AMONG you with memory banks intact will no doubt recall that a short while ago we produced for your edification a Special Mod Issue.

Since publication of said article *Thrills* has been bombarded on no small scale by a multitude of the Parks Clad Ones all claiming to represent a whole host of mod ensembles. So, by way of a consumer service, here listed are a number of likely contenders you may feel inclined to check out should

they ever get round to playing your local youth club:

The Chords, Back To Zero, The Fixations, The Purple Hearts, The Cobras, The Marton Parkas, Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons, The Scooters (several), Long Tall Shorty, The Golden Faces, The Detours, French Blues, The Points, The Vespas, The Ricky Tics, Secret Affair, The Estimators, The Low Numbers, (gasp) Chicane, The Teen Beats and The Crooks.

A footnote of interest to those of the persuasion: London Weekend Television

will be screening a programme dedicated to the Mod revival on Sunday May 20. Apart from cluttering up these sacred offices in a mad attempt to get at Roy 'You Can Call Me Cuddles' Carr, *Thrills* understands that the L.W.T. crew were also seen making a great nuisance of themselves in Carnaby Street and The Wellington in Victoria (a well-known Mod hangout). Well, I mean, what else is there to do on a Sunday?

PETER PARKA

THRILLS



Lennon mobbed by hordes of NME reporters while out for quiet stroll. Pic: Bob Gruen.

THE LENNON INTERVIEW

Another fab NME exclusive!

SO THERE WERE these fifteen Millwall supporters in New York...

It was last Tuesday and 80 degrees on 71st and Columbus.

Piling out of the little coffee shop on the corner of the block, eight of the above mentioned holidaymakers block the entire sidewalk and in the ensuing boys will be boys hi jinx, the mob are making it difficult for anyone wishing to walk downtown.

"Er... excuse me please..." "Oh sorry, John..."

One of the octet casually lets some couple pass — and suddenly the dime drops!

"Oh sorree... John!"

Scooting through the scrum, the tourist — who is in reality a scoop-digging NME hack — catches up with the couple, and casually walks past them so as to confirm his suspicion. It is. HE LIVES!

JOHN LENNON LIVES! With nary a moment to lose the hack pulls the pencil from behind his ear, flicks the tip and, on the napkin from a local Choc-Full-O-Nuts, gets the interview the world thought would never happen. Millwall Supporting NME Hack: "How 'fe ya doin' John?"

Lennon (still walking away): "Mmm OK... sure."

MSNMEH: "What's the crack, you ol' bastard?"

Lennon (getting further away): "Yeah..."

MSNMEH: "Mind how ya go, right?"

Lennon: "Sure..."

MSNMEH: "Alright! See ya mate!"

Lennon (now totally out of earshot): "Mmmm..."

The hack furiously takes in and notes down the full appearance of the vanishing species. He notes that Lennon's hair is long and centre parted as in *Let It Be* and he has at least two days' growth on the chin. John shows something of a stylistic revolution in sporting a pair of thin framed, small round glasses! An open neck shirt hangs under a rather classy two piece suit and overall he appears older and very, very thin.

Yoko 'OK' Ono (for it was she) seems to have gained some weight — quite some weight in fact.

As the pair disappeared one of the less astute of the chirpy Cockney party approached

the dumbfounded hack, who was by now clutching his exclusive poop.

"Who was that, Dan?"

"John fuckin' Lennon, mate, that's who. John fuckin' Lennon!"

"Yeah? Triffic, eh? Listen we're goin' down 42nd Street, you comin'?"

But the hack didn't hear them, he was miles away.

"Leave him there catching flies," said one of the Unimpressed. "He just met the bloke who used to be John Lennon."

And they blundered away...



Mods at Jam Rainbow gig looking for The Who. Pic: Chris Horler.

Peter Green's In The Skies about our special offer!

And so will you be. On Peter's first album for 7 years, he's joined by Lennox Langton, Snowy White, Kuma Horama, Rick Fenn, Reg Isadore, Peter Bardens and Godfrey McLean.

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Nuclear News

Harrisburg UK: it's already happened

Laying the country to waste. And what was done about it at the Torness demo.

IT WAS 22 years before Harrisburg that Britain had its first serious nuclear accident. It happened on October 8, 1957. An inadequately briefed physicist failed to carry out the correct procedures for releasing the built-up energy in the Windscale Plutonium Production Pile Number 1, which resulted in 150 fuel channels catching fire.

As a result 20,000 curies of radioactive iodine were released into the atmosphere; crops over a 300 square mile area were seized and destroyed and two million litres of milk had to be poured away.

Since then Windscale, originally built to produce plutonium for British nuclear weapons and now described in one report as "an ageing nuclear site" has been springing frequent leaks. One incident, on September 26, 1973, involved an unexpected chemical reaction in the fuel reprocessing plant which led to 35 workers receiving skin and lung contamination.

In this context the recent disclosure that on March 16 more than 2000 gallons of radioactive waste leaked out of a disused building and penetrated the soil to a radius of 30 feet should be seen as just another entry in the catalogue of problems that has plagued Windscale since its inception.

British Nuclear Fuels Limited, the company that runs the plant, admits that one storage tank has been leaking since 1976 and they cannot stop it. But, despite such evidence, last year's Windscale Inquiry gave BNFL the green light to expand their reprocessing facilities.

They now plan a fleet of six nuclear waste tankers (two of which are already in service) to handle the 1600 tonnes of waste coming from Japan (a £200 million contract) and a similar amount from a plant at La Hague, Brittany, which will be shipped in over a nine-year period starting in 1982.

Windscale is by no means the only reactor site in Britain where accidents have occurred. The claims for the safety of our gas-cooled reactors are not borne out by fact. For instance, on June 29, 1977, an 18-inch water main supplying a reactor at Hinkley Point, Somerset, fractured and flooded part of the pump house, putting the emergency back-up system out of action and forcing the reactor to be shut down. It remained out of service until December.

In another incident later that year, 2000 gallons of corrosive sea water flooded into the precision-built innards of the Hunterston AGR reactor on the Clyde. The accident, blamed on "human error", has so far cost around £20 million for repairs that are still being carried out. Small wonder that the policies of the South of Scotland Electricity Board (SSEB) are being questioned so vigorously by the local people and activists of the Torness Alliance, who are battling against the SSEB plans to build two nuclear power stations with up to eight reactors to form one of the largest nuclear parks in the world.

The public inquiry into the Torness proposal lasted just eight days in 1974 and local objections and environmental evidence were largely ignored. Besides the obvious risks involved, the protesters claim that the reactors are simply not needed because the SSEB already has a surplus of generating capacity. In addition, the whole system will cost some £1000 million — paid for at £50 a head by every one of Scotland's two million electricity consumers.

In fact there are indications that the real reason for building the stations is to prop up Britain's dying nuclear construction industry.

As Sir John Hill put it in a letter to Tony Benn on July 22, 1976: "Some domestic ordering programme will... be necessary. Without this there is a real danger of effective collapse of the industry in a few years time."

In May 1979, the Torness Alliance having exhausted the standard democratic means of protest, occupied the site in the first direct action tactics seen to date in the anti-nuclear movement in Britain. Last week there was a repeat performance, in greater numbers — see report on this page.

Other, less publicised, direct action has been taken by Greenpeace against the dumping of nuclear waste in the sea.

The issue of nuclear waste has rapidly become one of the biggest obstacles to the growth of nuclear power as no-one has yet

produced a foolproof method for storing highly radioactive substances so they will be guaranteed against leakage for several thousand years. All manner of schemes have been promoted, from burying waste in salt domes to shipping it to outer space, whilst the CEBG are currently fighting running battles with local people throughout the British Isles as they conduct test drillings to try and find a suitable location to entomb large quantities of waste encased in solid glass blocks.

However, we have been dumping radioactive waste into the sea since 1949, when the Ministry of Supply began off-loading moderate quantities of radioactive material into the Hurd Deep, a depression on the sea bed just 20 miles north of Guernsey. Local opposition finally called a halt to the practice but only after some 5000 tons had been dumped.

Nowadays the waste is dumped some 600 miles SSW of Land's End and it was there, in July 1978, that the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* encountered the *Gem* carrying its cargo of 2,066 tons of radioactive waste sealed in 5,500 barrels. Two inflatables were dispatched from the *Warrior* in order to try and hamper the dumping operation. Greenpeace members reported seeing drums whose lids came adrift when they hit the water. One 600lb container was dumped straight on top of an inflatable, wrecking its outboard motor, smashing its deckboards and throwing both its crew members into the sea.

The whole incident was filmed and when the Greenpeace boat returned to land a press conference was called at which Dr John Lewis, the UKAEA representative, faced heavy questioning.

He admitted that on a previous dump the ship had been contaminated and several crew members had received "unsafe" doses of radiation. He also revealed that the UK disposed of 80kg of plutonium a year in this fashion, and that the USA had abandoned its sea dumping programme in 1971.

There were questions left unsolved after the incident. One concerned two large seven-ton containers which had been



Shaded areas indicate high risk zones on the Nuclear Isles. Dots indicate reactors in operation; squares, proposed sites. Harwell is a research centre, Capenhurst a fuel fabrication centre, Springfield a fuel fabrication centre.

unloaded at Bristol docks from Royal Navy transport and put aboard the *Gem*. Despite their labelling, they had not come through Harwell, the national collection point for radioactive waste, and they were, according to the *Gem*'s skipper, "spent fuel rods from nuclear submarines".

If this was the case, the UKAEA could be charged with breaking the 1972 guidelines which regulate sea dumping. They denied this, saying the drums contained ion exchange resins, a solvent used to wash down nuclear submarine power plants. The



Nuclear waste don't fade away...

LED BY the Alternative Energy Dragon, a horse-drawn cart full of children pulled up to the bales of hay which bridged the wire fence encircling the site of the proposed Torness nuclear reactor, and were greeted by cheering demonstrators chanting anti-nuclear songs.

For a mile along the rolling south-eastern Scottish coastline 1000s of protesters were decorating the demolished landscape, trying to heal the wounds of the earth-movers and bulldozers with newly planted trees and flowers spelling out slogans like "Torness — the next Harrisburg?"

The atmosphere was picnic-like. Could it be that peace and goodwill could destroy the South of Scotland Electricity Board's plans to scar the coast with its proposed reactor?

Hundreds more protesters milled outside the inner compound fence where construction had already begun. Some tried to dig their way underneath, but the hole was quickly filled by gravel dropped from a massive bulldozer.

As workers — under the direction of police inside the compound — were about to electrify the fence, the gate was lifted off its hinges and the barricade breached. Two people ran in, were arrested, and later released.

But the numbers were too great, and around the other side 100 yards of fence was brought down and the site entered by hundreds of protesters — who then seemed at a loss as to what to do next.

Did the Torness Alliance's method of non-violent action extend to the machinery in the yard? There were calls for destruction. Division arose between those who wanted to waste the whole compound, and others who didn't.

In the event, only minor damage was done to some machines.

But the damage — which has now been estimated at £20,000 — created a rift within the group.

At the main gate the police chief was allowed to make a statement urging people not to support the so-called "wreckers". This was met with shouts of "don't try to divide us."

When those remaining in the inner compound retreated it was in unison, and orderly, and led by a black flag. The main bodies of the two groups approached each other like armies over a massed battlefield and proposals came from both sides, the violent and the not-so, for unity in the cause, as black smoke from a burning diesel vehicle crashed over the hillside blotting out the white smoke from the cement factory down the road.

The strategy of the police was to avoid confrontation and arrest at all costs. It is believed that some of the police felt

sympathy with the cause, but did nothing to show it. The site workers felt ambivalent and muttered about only doing a job.

Hundreds of people left overnight as the rift between leadership and anarchy became more clearly divisive. Yet, the following morning, on the strip of land fronting the A1 road, hundreds of others continued peacefully to improve the sightliness of the land, singing songs like, "I'm gonna tell ya how it's gonna be — Radioactivity. Nuclear waste don't fade away."

At the back of the site demonstrators laboured to divert the course of a nearby stream to flood the quarry used for mining materials for constructing the site. By nightfall the quarry was full — the most positive action of the whole weekend.

Two groups of 12 camped that Monday night on the site. The rest — about 200 — attended still more meetings at the camp site to arrange "support" for the following morning when the 24 inside were to meet the workers and possibly the SSEB.

However, the camp site by the hay bales was visited by one of the workers that very night. He claimed that if anyone got in the way of his machine he would lift them out of the way with his ten-ton shovel, be they man, woman or child.

The worker bet his weekly wage — a pittance of £204 for the work he's doing — to £20 put up by one of the occupiers that Torness would not be halted. It will be worth every penny of that man's wage when and if the reactor is stopped, especially since he lives in the Lothian area, where many of the residents greatly aided the occupiers.

In the morning, a police ultimatum to either leave by 7.30 or face arrest.

The two groups met on the grassy knoll above the main gate, where 500 cops stood at attention along with about 150 from the "support group", who waited on the other side of the fence.

Although every single person there was prepared to get arrested, it was decided to leave, as the number inside was too small to continue the occupation alone, being cut off unnecessarily from the main strength of the group.

It became obvious at this point that co-operation with the police was being carried out to such an extent that it weakened the group's ability to operate effectively as a whole.

If all of the other demonstrators who were at Torness from Friday until Monday, including the support group present on Tuesday morning, had been present on the site on Tuesday morning there could have been an effective demonstration — to the point where occupation would be continuing today.

In my view only this kind of commitment will end Nuclear Power.

So... the 24 left on site marched off on time, bearing the "coffin and body" of a demonstrator who had "died" from the disasters of nuclear power.

This die-in performed to the strains of "We Shall Overcome", and "Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud", may very well be seen again at any of London's Underground or Main Line Stations where nuclear waste passes through weekly on its way to Windscale.

DAN LANG

truth of the matter never emerged whilst, although the Greenpeace action received widespread coverage in Europe, virtually nothing appeared about the incident in the British press.

Greenpeace plan to return to international waters this year for another confrontation. And the Torness Alliance are stepping up their campaign. The *Telegraph* claims the anti-nuclear movement is splitting down the middle, with activists on one side and more moderate opponents on the other; both

groups, they claim, are being infiltrated by the far Left and the Russians. This is paranoid reportage, of course, but indicative of the changing mood.

Simply put, since Harrisburg a large number of like-minded people have decided to stop talking and start acting, to stand up against a large and powerful commercial industry which is endeavouring to change the British Isles into the Nuclear Isles, irrespective of the environmental and genetic dangers that the likely to ensue.

David Bowie
'Boys Keep Swinging'
his new single
available on RCA
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LODGER arriving soon!

"HULLO, I'M —"
"NME. Well you can
fuck off for a start."
Pleased to meet you too, Rat
Scabies.

One or two conciliatory trips to the
bar later, I realised the notorious
drum-murderer can be a reasonably
pleasant bloke after all, but I still
pondered his ominous words,
spoken as we left the pub to join the
group's minibus:

"Just remember, there is no sanity
clause..."

So began the Voyage of The
Damned. Eleven souls in a
battle-scarred van; ten comprising
the band and entourage, the 11th
expected to defend the honour and
integrity of this paper. What's the
worst job you've ever had?

For although their press has never
been uniformly bad The Damned do
nurture a vast suspicion of
rock-writers and NME in particular.
They see the coverage they've
received as little more than
deliberate anti-Damned policy, born
of a fashionable backlash mentality
and two-faced journalistic malice.

What is certain is that The Damned
made the transition from being a
name-to-drop to being a
name-to-be-dropped in double-quick
time. Part of the glorious triumvirate
of new-born punk in 1976 (with the
Pistols and The Clash), the band
soon began a slow, steady process
of decay and ultimate disintegration.

Briefly: in the beginning there was
Brian James, guitarist and writer of
the two acknowledged classics 'New
Rose' and 'Neat Neat Neat', lining up
with 'the New Wave's Keith Moon',
Rat Scabies, vampire-camp vocalist
Dave Vanian and, then on bass, the
unique lunacy that was Captain
Sensible.

They cut two albums, the second
fortified by the addition of guitarist
Lu. Rat left to be replaced by John
Moss, and was soon followed by
James himself ('musical
differences'). And The Damned
were dead.

Brian James struggled on with
Tanz Der Youth and now Brian And
The Brains, while Scabies took a stab
at The White Cats. Moss and Lu
became half The Edge and Vanian
registered fleetingly with The
Doctors Of Madness.

And then in autumn of '78 there



Al



Cap



Rat



Dave

Who let these guys into the Top Thirty?

was a movement in the soil above
the grave. From the depths emerged
The Doomed, launched as an
occasional venture featuring the
original Damned minus Brian
James, with Alasdair Ward, ex of
The Saints, on bass and The Captain
taking over lead guitar.

The Doomed were to prove an
agreeable proposition all round. And
by Christmas came the
announcement that The Damned,
fully reconstituted, were well and
truly back and in business.

Now, via a deal with Chiswick,
they've unleashed a spectacular
vinyl come-back in the guise of their
Top 30 single, 'Love Song'. A group
composition, along with 'Suicide'
and 'Noise Noise Noise', it
represents an astonishing revival of
their creative fortunes.

An insidiously strong song, a

masterly slab of beefy, manic, bona
fide pop music, it renders the album
they're about to start on a vastly
more interesting prospect than most
of us would have imagined possible
only a month or two ago.

IF THE Road Of Excess is supposed
to lead to the Palace Of Wisdom,
why is this minibus headed for the
Isle Of Wight?

The situation inside our hurtling
little hell-hole is getting just a little
out of hand.

Stacy, the long-suffering roadie,
has his clothes ablaze and trailing in
ribbons from his back. And lest the
experience should disorientate the
guy, Captain Sensible is
administering blows to his head with
a bulky book of road maps.

Incredibly, Stacy keeps laughing
(and later, in the pitiful, pinned-up

ruins of his pullover, he will confide
that "you just couldn't meet a better
bunch of blokes, they'd never let you
down").

Good game, persecute-the-roadie.
Even better, though, is to have a
captive journalist at your disposal,
ripe for a spot of motorway
terrorism. The Captain produces his
pocket-knife and fondles it
pensively. I overhear somebody
murmur: "Just wish we had Tony
Persons in this van with us..."

Smiling weakly, beginning to feel
unhappy, I'm suddenly stunned as a
firework explodes behind my back.
Re-emerging from the shock I see
that Rat's displaying his
knifemanship, the hapless NME
scapegoat playing the role of
fearless assistant.

Thoughtless of personal danger,
I'm worrying about my three

buttoned, two-toned pride and joy.
The poor, beautiful thing has only
just survived the 'heat treatment' (a
dash of petrol, one flame and a
cackling Captain).

Rat starts to explore the jacket
with itchy fingers.

Thank Christ for Southampton.

Of course, there's still a boat-ride
to negotiate. "And it will definitely
be a miracle," muses Scabies, "if we
get across without a touch of the
'man-overboards'. You swim,
Stace?"

SOMEHOW, I felt a twinge of pity for
the Isle Of Wight. Genteel, geriatric,
serene in its island-smugness, it
never really knew what had hit it.

The ferry berthed and disgorged
its occupants, an invasion of
mainland youth (most with no
prospect of a bed for the night).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS GETTAWAY

- MAY
- 19 DUBLIN, University College
 - 21 BELFAST, Ulster Hall
 - 23 BRADFORD, St Georges Hall
 - 24 HANLEY, Victoria Hall
 - 25 CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
 - 26 HASTINGS, Pier Pavilion
 - 27 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion
 - 28 MANCHESTER, Apollo
 - 29 BRISTOL, Colston Hall
 - 30 CARDIFF, Top Rank
 - 31 PORTSMOUTH, Guild Hall

- JUNE
- 1 PETERBOROUGH, Werrina Stadium
 - 2 AYLESBURY, Friars
 - 3 SHEFFIELD, Top Rank
 - 4 DERBY, Assembly Rooms
 - 5 LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall
 - 6 WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
 - 7 COVENTRY, Tiffany's
 - 8 NEWCASTLE, Mayfair
 - 9 CARLISLE, Market Hall
 - 10 GLASGOW, Apollo

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monstrous regiments spearheaded by the 'Croydon Mob' of hardcore punks — "well-tasty geezers", as Scabies describes them in awe and affection. "No trouble. They'd follow us anywhere. And this is the band that I'd follow. Who needs a Sham Army, eh?"

The locals are uneasy. Just observe those frozen faces as Dave Vanian takes a stroll: Vanian is small and immaculate, exquisite and chilling, nothing part-time about his image. Oil-slick hair and shades, vest black bat-wing collared coat and jewelled tie-pin, he lives in a private universe of classic Horror.

The gig is in, of all places, an out-of-season holiday camp called Warners' Puckpool. A splendidly kitsch location, all cardboard-Gothic and Olde-Worldie decor, so tacky and "wrong" for rock'n'roll that it is, of course, the ideal place to watch The Damned.

Right now their live sound is probably better than at any time before. The addition of Al Ward's robust bass work to The Captain's combustible guitar style has produced a searing, callous brand of rock'n'roll; turbulent shafts of sound that crash and collapse all over each other.

Vanian still ricochets across the stage like Dracula succumbing to a brainstorm and Rat Scabies, never the kind of dutiful drummer who 'knows his place', will still dominate the act with the demented/inspired attack on the kit.

In fact I think the latterday Damned are pretty good — I but fail to convince them I didn't come with orders to perform a hatchet-job.

"Even if you really do like us, they wouldn't print that."

Insisting that they've never objected to fair and reasoned criticism, Sensible and Scabies are genuinely upset by some of the misconceptions which have surrounded the band. At one moment they'll assert that they "don't give a fuck what anybody says about us", then confess to concern at what I'm going to write.

Taken together, they seem to delight in living up to my worst expectations. But get them on their own and even Sensible and Scabies present a face that contrasts with their psychotic public japes.

And this one's specially for all our fans in the rock press.



"All we try to do," explains The Captain, "is earn a living and have a good time, and we seem to get slagged for no reason at all."

"The thing with this band is we've never pretended to be anything we're not. We're totally honest, and there's a lot of others you can't say that about."

"You might think we're a bunch of assholes, right," (actually I don't) "well, we are a bunch of assholes. But you'll never meet more honest ones."

And he's right: I never have. But my jacket's saying nothing.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Jimmy's good deed

A WORTHY one this. Reflecting credit in all directions etcetera. And it involves, wait for it, Jimmy Page.

It all started two winters ago when, from the northern wastes of the Pentland Firth, icy winds and torrential rains lashed the seething iron grey waters to a fury. Sweeping in with the energy of several dozen H-bombs, the gigantic waves (*Cool it — Ed*) pounded the rugged, brown coastline into a pulp. That's right, a pulp. And heavily smitten was the tiny haven of Philipps' Harbour, on the Caithness shoreline.

That was then. Since that time, local yooof have sweated blood to re-build the harbour. Hoddling titanic stones. Mixing cement. Slapping it all together. With such success that this winter, for the first time in 25 years, the harbour has been used by local fishing boats — with obvious revitalising effects for the little community.

Thrills can't help it: its collective eyes go all misty and a lump comes to the communal throat.

Enter Page. Reading somewhere about the venture, The Zep Master



Page addresses the multitude.

Pic: Ken MacPherson.

Musician (it says here) journeyed North, in his own words "because I believed in what these young lads had done to save their local harbour. It is a most worthwhile project and I felt that I could — for once — break my rule not to do any opening ceremonies."

"My craft is my music, and all the way along I've kept hammering away at it to try and achieve excellence. You chaps involved in this project have also striven for excellence, and have done a really worthwhile job."

So he came — to be greeted by the locals and the foulest late spring weather in living memory. Nevertheless Page cut the ribbon, or laid the first stone, or unveiled the

plaque, then wandered about the village talking to *real people* and generally giving the glad hand to any who wanted it. Then he went away again — to keep an appointment in Lunnun. An appointment of such pressing importance he might easily have been forgiven for cancelling the Northern trip. But he didn't. Which is a Good Thing.

We here at *Thrills* feel we are Better People for reading this moving story of human endeavour. We hope you do, too.

PAT BOONE

THRILLS

The Lone Groover



Benyon

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SVT: Tomorrow's Music From Yesterday's Men

"ONE OF MY main jobs is to drive. To push, to

constantly be a very large wall-type force. I think there's just different ways to do it, that's all." — Jack Casady in *The Jefferson Airplane And The San Francisco Sound* by Ralph J. Gleason, 1968.

When SVT flew in for three small gigs recently, the prospect of seeing a Haight/Woodstock/Altamont veteran at close quarters gave the band undoubted novelty appeal.

After all, the Airplane's UK appearances were restricted to the first Isle of Wight Festival and The Doors' Roundhouse gig; Hot Tuna's to one show at the latter venue and a Knebworth slot in 1976.

That Casady's new band actually had something to offer seemed almost incidental.

Apart from his phenomenal technique Jack Casady achieves a bass guitar tone — light, strong, supple — unsurpassed in rock, while never perverting the instrument into ersatz guitarism. With guitarist Jorma Kaukonen and drummer Spencer Dryden, he formed part of a wildly flexible power trio behind the Airplane's front line. Dryden was never adequately replaced: Hot Tuna's first, drummerless album is probably the other two's best post-Dryden work.

The master bassist ditching years of habitual jamming for the high-pressure thrash of SVT superficially recalls Jack

Bruce forming West, Bruce Laing after hobnobbing with Carla Bley, Tony Williams and Co. But Casady's motives seem far less mercenary and in fact the band fell together in the best haphazard tradition.

Impressed by a tape of Airplay, a Bay Area band, Jack got in touch to find they'd crumbled, leaving Brian Marnell (guitar/vocals) and Bill Gibson (drums) open to offers. They've been gigging since July.

Marnell obviously knows his Clash albums, but something special lurks beneath the borrowed trappings. To see Casady hammering out the intro to 'C'mon Everybody' and playing back-to-back with Marnell is fine fun, but the latter's edgy, articulate chording on 'The Last Word' and 'Everything's Alright' bursts with potential. And when, on 'Just What You Want', he lets his axe hang loose and his voice pour forth, all knock-kneed

Presley/Strummer grace, it's a magic moment.

Any doubts centre on Nick Buck (keyboards), a refugee from the last edition of Hot Tuna. His 'Rock Reich', complete with Hitler salutes, is a self-righteous little spasm, while his petulance at the audience's initial reserve was pretty contemptible.

Like Buck, Casady is slightly submerged in the rush, providing a sinewy link between Marnell's guitar and Bill Gibson's propulsive 4/4. In truth, SVT's music stretches the ace bass very little technically, but his commitment is obvious and will presumably widen in scope if the band lasts.

With Casady surrounded by earnest long-hairs after a three-encore Nashville set, Marnell got first chance to talk. In his mid-20's with strong yet boyish features, the British new wave was obviously an important catalyst for him.

"I played with Tony Williams, but he was writing all the stuff and I can't get into other people's words. I was writing for Airplay, though; mainly Top 40 stuff — then I decided to go for more energy."

He wrote both sides of SVT's own-label, red vinyl



Right: Jack Casady. Above: SVT.

single ('New Year'/'I Wanna See You Cry'), derivative but spirited garage fare with a glint of pop sensibility. It was recorded in January, and they could doubtless do better now, particularly with the facilities offered by a major label. The latter is high on SVT's agenda.

Eventually Jack prised himself away to talk. The only man ever to wear a headband without looking a total prat, his hair is now neatly streamlined, his clothes dark and functional. Only the shades remain, part-dying a slightly forbidding look.

"I've been talking to a lot of hippies out there," he says with mild distaste. "I'm not pretending I'm 19, but I want young people to enjoy what we do. We should play the Music Machine with The Jam or someone... get a lot of spineheads in there."

It's over a year since the demise of Hot Tuna, ending a relationship with Kaukonen that stretched back to pre-Airplane days in Washington. Did boredom finally set in?

"I'd have been bored playing with Hot Tuna," Bill chips in. "Four-hour sets, endless solos..."

Jack: "I use more energy in 45 minutes with this band

than in four hours with Tuna." What does Jorma think of SVT?

"I don't know. He came to our first gig, but didn't stay."

Taciturn and catarrhal, Casady gobs gently on the floor, the mucus released with truly laid-back deliberation.

Gibson, a bespectacled character with sandy moustache and savagely razed sideburns, enthuses alternately about his new Liverpool F.C. shirt and a recent New York gig supporting The Jam and Dwight Twilley when SVT apparently blew the latter away.

The spirit and the talent are definitely there, and if SVT return with the right deal behind them, the 'reformed hippies' tag should soon be a thing of the past.

As Jack told Gleason way back when: "I'm not necessarily hung up about what happened a minute ago."

Now it's this minute. You know, you can't get hung up in it, it's sure death if you do that. ... Now it's baby! Now this is today!"

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

BLOOD DONOR



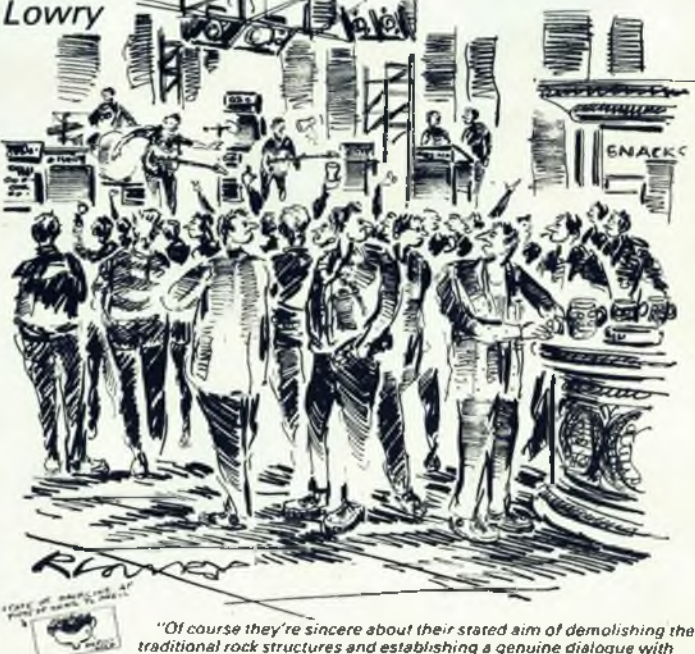
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REGULA SWIGS petulantly from a bottle of Benelyn expectorant and considers the question. Is it possible for punk rock to exist among the gentle tinkle of cowbells and cuckoo clocks in her alpine homeland?

She giggles. Her cohorts giggle. Kleenex are taking the writer to the cleaners...

Kleenex are four girls from Zurich, Switzerland, pioneers in a land where la punque is greeted with incomprehension.

Most incomprehensible of all is vocalist Regula Sing, a lady given to alternating a mangling Germanic warble with a series of glass shattering squeaks — a style of chanson which must be as acceptable as a three pound note to the fathers of Europe's most respectable city. Her colleagues accompany these heavenly utterances with a rough, raw, invigorating basic thrash. Gentle they are not.

So, what price punk rock in the land of gruyere, digital gnomes and numbered bank accounts?

Regula swigs on the Benelyn again and thinks about it. The others — guitarist Marlene Marder, bassist Klaudia Schiff and drummer Lislot Ha — set about translating our intercourse via the common tongue.

Eventually it becomes apparent that Marlene and Lislot have some command of English. It is also obvious that Kleenex take themselves and their mission, to drag Swiss rock tastes into line with the liberated world, extremely seriously. I'm impressed.

They describe the music as "a rebellion against the boredom of comfortable, bourgeois values. This is a bit opposite to English punk. Swiss parents give their kids so much money they don't have to work; if they do, the possibilities aren't good."

Rough Trade brought Kleenex to London last month to record their second single with Mayo Thompson, father figure and inspirational producer, at the helm. It's the same combination that delivered a well-timed middle finger at the majors when Stiff Little Fingers exploded into the album charts. Thompson, to whom I owe an apology for my ill-considered review of the first Red Crayola record last year, has obtained for Kleenex brighter textures and

The girls in the band (L-R): Marlene Marder, Klaudia Schiff, Lislot Ha, Regula Sing



Kleenex: "We are not the Swiss Slits"

150 SECONDS OVER ZURICH

cleaner punk metallic breaks than their debut home-produced single, 'Ain't You'.

The new record is called 'U' (with an umlaut) — the angry side — and 'You', the friendly side. Regula explains: "I sing my song about factories, the same work in the same factory, it could be anywhere."

Noting my expression of cynicism, Marlene intervenes: "I have worked in a factory, now I work in a bank." The others are, variously, a temp, a shop assistant and a cashier.

Lislot and Marlene confer before delivering their next explanation of the workings of Swiss society. There is nowhere for a punk band to play and the Kleenex gender

is another hindrance: "We aren't accepted, because we're women and because punk isn't taken seriously. There is one hour a day of mixed music on the radio but it's all yodelling and disco. The only places for us to play are the Club Ha and restaurants; even the police stop you at 11pm."

"Zurich is so small and so conservative..."

After muted sighing they look on the bright side: "Everyday younger punks come out of the suburbs — farmers, factory workers..."

Visions of solitary punks skiing into town turn out to be correct: "On skis and on the bus, more young faces every week."

Few, surely, can be as

original as Kleenex. At present their sound is unsophisticated and brash — in direct contrast to the band, the sexiest thing on eight legs since Helen Wheels. It would be pointless to pretend that Kleenex weren't aware of that sexuality either, though they project an image of fun cool without simpering or posing.

Kleenex look pretty but they sound mean — and they have no intentions of drawing comparisons with other all-girl outfits. "We aren't the Swiss Slits," they assure me.

The era of Swiss neutrality is finally knocked on the head by this remarkably soft, strong and absorbent band.

MAX BELL
THRILLS

Bland out in a moonage daydream

"I WANTED TO BE THE ROCK Tony Newley," confessed thin white pop star David Bowie, revealing — to the ears of an astonished capital — that in the late '60s his ambition was to "make modern music but in a London accent".

"I've never been convinced I'm a musician," he told his thunder-struck audience. "I just put ideas together... none of it's pleasure, I've got to do it — like sneezing!"

These startling revelations from the man they call the Gary Glitter of the intellectual set stunned thousands of listeners to Capital Radio on Monday evening, when the ashen-faced singer was answering questions put to him by 12 fans — winners of an essay-writing contest on his life and work — on the Nicky Horné show.

For the first hour, talk raged furiously over such vital issues as The Human League ("I think they're an interesting band"), Lou Reed ("I actually didn't know much about Lou Reed until people started saying I was influenced by him") and artists ("If an artist is an artist, then he's an artist").

Aside from these insights, the Hunky Dory one related that he applied painting techniques to — gasp! — making music, "building up layers then wiping things out"; and that he thought sending astronauts into space was not just a waste of money.

"I'm not an SF fan though," he declared. "I've always used outer space as a metaphor for my own inner space." At which a profound hush fell over Greater London.

The second hour was spent promoting El Gigolo's fab new waning 'Lodger'. The opening track, 'Fantastic Voyage', flip-side of the new single, was followed by three cuts which he modestly forgot to name. The first, about drunken German ex-pilots living in Kenya, boasted a chant of the Swahili for "hello, goodbye" while the music, explained Mr Stardust, was "the basic idea of 'Suzy Q' reversed" plus prepared piano by one B. Eno.

Next came a track he described as "blatantly romantic" and with a middle-section based on 'All The Young Dudes' played backwards on a tape machine. The line "somewhere someone's calling me" was decipherable. Then, after a track said to combine Turkish



David and furry friend

notation over a Jamaican backbeat (but not why), side one closed with 'Red Sails' in which the feel of German new music was added to the idea of a contemporary swashbuckling Errol Flynn mercenary figure in the China Seas and, concluded The Man Who Fell To Mummy's Weekly, "I don't know what it's about."

Side two had 'I Am A DJ' — "my response to disco, a bit cynical"; 'Look Back In Anger' — about the Angel of Death as a kind of grubby character "hanging round in cafes waiting for people to die"; 'Repetition' —

"straightforward social observation" of wife-beating in America; and 'Red Money' — about "responsibility".

The entire package was called 'Lodger' because "that's how I felt in New York", where the album was made because "I wanted to see what effect it would have on me".

The 12 fans pronounced it a

super, fantastic record,

popper and far more

light-hearted than previous

work. Little was said about the

galloping drums, solid bass,

swirling 'Tomorrow Never

Knows' synthesizers and

gruff, crooning vocals. No one

mentioned that it sounded

well-made but essentially

empty. Words like "clever but

pointless" or "dreary

rubbish" did not pass a single

lip.

The Laughing Bore is 32. His

favourite albums are 'Heroes'

and 'Diamond Dogs'.

ALADDIN PRINT

THRILLS

The American Perspective

If you're tired of music papers that smear ink all over your hands, tear when you jam them into your pocket, and turn a horrible yellow after a year, the rock magazine you need is Trouser Press. Every month Trouser Press delivers 60 pages of glossy paper with guaranteed-not-to-smear ink content: exciting articles, reviews and columns covering the best new (and not so new) music from both America and England. Exclusive interviews, histories and profiles of everybody from Elvis Costello to Ritchie Blackmore. From John Lennon to Devo. Buffalo Springfield to Eno. Try the American perspective for a change. Subscriptions are a bit dear, we admit, but Trouser Press is well worth the money. By air, the one-year rate (12 issues) is \$24.00 (US). By surface, the yearly rate is \$15.00. If you'd like to try a sample, \$2.00 will bring the current issue to you by airmail.

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Trouser Press

Nina and Lene — the meaner demeanour...



Nina Hagen makes Thrills comeback — stay tuned... Pic: Gunther Rakete.

LENE LOVICH was in Amsterdam last week to take a major role in the film *Cha Cha*, in which she will be starring alongside her guitarist Les Chappell, Holland's hard rock star Herman Brood (as in lead) and the sensational German enfant terrible Nina Hagen.

The film, to be released around Christmas, starts and ends with successful bank robberies (because "crime pays" according to Brood) carried out by Chappell and Herman's two managers, who have shaved their heads specially for the occasion. Lene and Nina play 'les grandes dames du crime' at the start while Lene ends up owner of a posh night club and Nina nurses the failed rock singer Herman Brood.

Lene's presence here has been overshadowed by the antics of operatic punk wunderkinde Nina Hagen — Germany's answer to Argentinian darling Tina Turner.

She surprised the continent's rock fans at the weekend with the news of her split from the political rock band which shot her to fame less than six months ago. She has now induced third degree shock by announcing her plans to marry Brood.

The illustrious Herman, Holland's answer to Little Richard and Bryan Ferry, is at present adding the USA to his list of conquests, but doesn't seem to be able to crack the UK. Maybe the film *Cha Cha* and the soundtrack album (Nina on guitar and Lene on sax) may help.

Meanwhile Ms Hagen will visit England shortly to assist in the mixing for The Shits' debut disc and maybe check out some new musicians.

MARTIN CLEAVER

THRILLS

Simple Minds



LIFE IN A DAY



The Hit Single

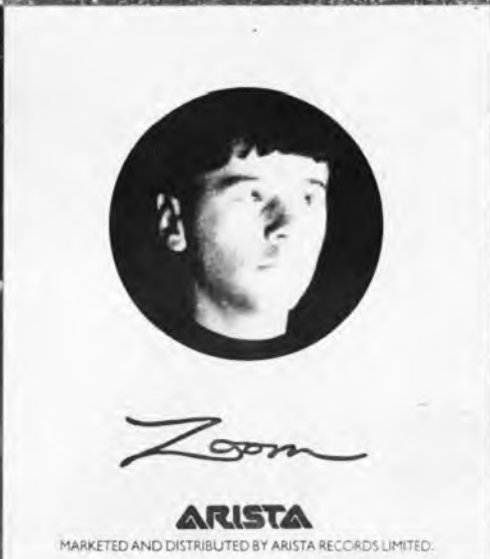
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I Just Met A Memory
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RCA
Records and Cassettes

PETER WOLF blinks into the light and shuts his door on another hotel room in another capital city. Outside his window a relentless cold rain drums against the roof and cascades down the glass. Bad weather (*You don't say* — Ed.). Wolf mooches across the floor, presses his nose to the pane, turns around slow and addresses the only other occupant of the room.

"Humph. 'Scuse me if my voice is a little shot. See, I'm feelin' a bit out on the edge..."

The listener nods politely. He is aware that Mr Wolf is suffering from a throat infection since it has resulted in the cancellation of a night on the town with the wild man chanteur in the J Geils Band. The plan had been to escort Wolf across London, visit a selection of clubs, catch some music, sink some alcohol and construct a picture profile into the bargain.

The reporter learned at the 11th hour of the change in Operation Wolfman. No go. He is a trifle irritated because the assignment appeared promising, a far remove from the usual routine of hotel bar rendezvous, the snatched half hour, the reiteration of set phrases. But now, here he is experiencing that *déjà vu* in the Montcalm Hotel off Marble Arch. It's a place he knows too well, this being the general first choice kip of many a visiting American rock 'n' roll band.

Then again, the writer likes The J Geils Band and Peter Wolf a lot. He likes that image, their Italian wideboy chic, their subdued urban cool. He cherishes the memory of a rhythm 'n' blues revelation in 1972, late nights and early hours in the Lyceum and the Imperial College witnessing the Boston Monkey and the Detroit Demolition Squad when the outfit were sharp as a razor blade.

Peter Wolf is aware of this fact and apologises for the change of plan. He sits down beside a tape machine, takes off his customised dark glasses and rubs his face. There are black circles under short-sighted eyes which he obviously does not enjoy exposing to natural light.

"I'm a creature of the night, I don't wake up till it gets dark. D'ja wanna drink? Jesus Christ I could use a stiff one but I can't. Doctor's orders."

"Huh. The doctor says, 'Lissun Mr Wolf, you gotta rest up or your voice will not make the nut'. Tellin' me not to drink is like tellin' a nymphomaniac not to fuck! I bin going to pubs 'cos I love the ale so much. Hell, I've been drinking them under the table but it's slowing me down. The beer is soooo fine, the pints settle right down here."

Peter Wolf has been doing his English homework. The room is strewn with reading material, piles of newspapers and books: it has a lived-in atmosphere, heavy shades of the morning after. There are cups everywhere, seven stubs in the ashtray, a packet of Callard & Bowser's throat lozenges on the carpet. The TV set faces the bed which is unmade at 6.30 p.m. His phone rings. The housekeeper would like to know whether Mr Wolf wants his cover drawn back.

"No need for that, I got the maid with me right now. Uh-oh, she just left me a note. 'Gone for good, never to return' and that's all she wrote."

PETER WOLF is the accepted front line spokesman for J

Geils, a band that has its roots in the blues traditions of the Chicago southside. He is the natural embodiment of the walk-it-like-you-talk-it school of strut and the self-styled bad boys from Boston are now nine albums in the black and still blowing men.

Back in '72 they unleashed their eponymous debut on Atlantic — the soul label. Jerry Wexler and Mario Medeiros. The Big M, knew a cast iron proposition when it bit them on the leg. For a while J Geils were acknowledged masters of white R&B; they had the steps, the live live, the street patter. They were a credible alternative to the burgeoning preponderance of dumb country rock geeks who'd usurped their '60s integrity by fastening onto the sickly pale coat tails of technical muzak.

J Geils said screw that. They hit the boards like black colour troupers. Their music was breast-fed on Otis and Wilson and James Brown, their patois was inner city. Every move they made they gathered believers. Time was when J Geils were so hip to the trip that people were



PETER WOLF. Pic: CHRIS HORLER

Return Of The Hard-Drivin' Man

"I'm a creature of the night. I don't wake up till it gets dark. D'ja wanna drink?" **PETER WOLF** of the **J. GEILS BAND** is in town. **MAX BELL** looks behind the custom-built shades.

muttering about the you-know-whos relinquishing their street fighting crown to this East Coast mob.

They had all the credentials. Wolf himself grew up in New York, attended High School in Harlem and hung out in the same loft as John Coltrane for a while. That was underneath an LSD factory.

Later he took time off from studying to familiarise himself with the open road, fronted a Boston area bar band, The Hallucinations, and was DJ on a late night soul show for the area's WCBN-FM station, plugging the black and blue sounds of Memphis, Atlanta and Chicago. He amassed a record collector's wet-dream and decided it was time to make the fantasy come true.

Wolf studied the phrasing and stage antics of the great soul singers, embroidering the rules at the hearth of one Barry Tashian, lead singer/guitarist with Boston's Remains, a top drawing power drive

act who'd played on The Beatles' last live show and were Jon Landau's favourite American act in '68.

Wolf and fellow Hallucination Stephen Jo Bladd eventually found the rest of the equation when they caught a group by name of The J Geils Blues Band slumming it in the Rat club. The rest, as they say, is history.

But now in 1979 Wolf and his cronies have quit the Atlantic stable for Capitol, though their affiliation with Atlantic had been a sentimental and professionally demanding liaison. It was a proud day for Wolf when their first album came out on Atlantic.

"It was the last independent label, they could sign what they liked without any corporate dealing. I used to see Solomon Burke and King Curtis in the lift, Wilson Pickett and The Young Rascals were in the studio, those were intense times. But things change, Atlantic had different

plans for us. We should have come back to Europe again and again but the company wanted to channel us into a Stateside groove — solely. That was the '60s and now it's nearly the '80s. We can't afford to stand still."

TRUE. THIS rhythm 'n' blues machine — Wolf, Geils, Bladd, Magic Dick, bassist Danny Klein and tunesmith Seth Justman — has inevitably altered its stance. The energy and commitment to mean blowing soulful rock remains, but they've upped the sophistication quotient. An act honed in the clubs has become a money spinning enterprise.

Like all successful groups, they must be businessmen as well as musicians. After the peak of the 'Full House' live set and 'Bloodshot', accusations of mellowness started to creep in. It was said that J Geils

delivered in the hall but stumbled in the studio.

And then Wolf became involved with actress Faye Dunaway, became a celebrity in the gossip columns. Attention was now focussed on a celebrated marriage and a juicy separation.

The pressure took its toll with the band withdrawing into an angry protective shell, throwing out writers who stuck their noses too deep into personal affairs. Suddenly people were more interested in Wolf's matrimonial status than they were in the J Geils Band.

"Those were dark times for me. 'Monkey Island' came at a time when we all needed to plug in, change the cast, switch the format. The accusations hurt too, it hurt when we were left out of the discographies and the books. We stayed ten years on Atlantic but Charles Gillett didn't mention us in his book about the label."

"All the while we were putting on some intense shows and making some valid records. I believe that. People got typecast, but I saw it as the difference between a book and a film. There are more aspects to a live performance."

"I want to emphasise that we never bought time with a record, we never used a live album to buy us out of a contract. With 'Blow Your Face Out' we let the people catch up with the band at its best, rather than having a greatest hits."

"There were dark moments too, valleys and plateaux. The band was affected by the personal snooping, the trials and tribulations, motions and commotions."

PETER WOLF'S favourite adjective is intense, a description that suits him well. The bundle of high-wired energy that cavorts manically across the stage is not far removed from the man in real life — the image does not crack. He dresses to kill, with taste and flair, and like the hero of Shakespeare's most famous tragedy his favoured colour is black. Peter Wolf has black hair, black glasses, black velvet trousers, black silk socks, black jazz shoes with the elasticated side and a black shirt. On his head a dapper black hat completes the ensemble.

When he was a teenager Wolf would hang around the jazz clubs, steal into the midnight shows at Birdland and catch the legends of an era — Roach, Silver, Adderley, Mingus, Miles and Coltrane.

"There were personalities in those clubs, professionals with character, which is what it's all about. Miles before 'Birches Brew' and An Blakey and the Trane, all steamin' and walkin' and playin' the street shit. Our songs were formed from that feeling too. The jazz I dig, the rock 'n' roll I respect, it comes from the streets and that's where I intend to end up. Probably be dead on arrival."

"I like to play and I like to talk but you have to keep a perspective. I can't just stick with music blah, blah, I can't always be flappin' and blarin' and yappin'. I like to meet people doing other things, go to the bar and get drunk, kick some action."

"The music I like is based on emotion. I never could relate to that 'Ooh wah my daddy took my sports car away' shit. I never had a car. I wanted to hear Otis singing about the pain in his heart, to hear the religious conviction of a cat like Coltrane where you knew it was true."

Wolf stops for a minute and shows me a boxed set of Gene Vincent records he acquired in Paris. He holds up a picture of the Blue Caps on stage looking tough and greasy, then juxtaposes it with an offstage shot. "Those were young cats, vulnerable, but they were psyched into the feeling. For me playing live is a release; it's like if an actor is good he'll play Hamlet and transcend being Joe Blow, he'll create a part. Of course, playing rock 'n' roll can lead to madness like masturbating — you're bound to develop twitches."

The rap is interrupted by the arrival of Seth Justman, Wolf's closest friend and first tight professional partner. These two are responsible for composing the J Geils repertoire (Wolf, of course, writes the words). In their prime the band had a string of U.S. chart hits and guaranteed top notch album placings but since some grudging acceptance for the classic 'Nightmares' set, the team has failed

■ Continues over page

GEILS

From previous page
to improve on its commercial standing.

Criticism both internal and external reached a peak with the release of 'Monkey Island' last year. That set finally sealed the end of J Geils' original brash style and found them experimenting with flashier arrangements, ballads, set pieces and implicit social commentary. Most important, American critics decided to wash their hands of these former golden boys and pronounced them effete. While Wolf had made every effort to keep his personal life with Dunaway civilised and private, the society columnists were determined to plague them with fatuous Mick and Bianca comparisons.

So '77 and '78 found the band recoiling from all forms of media while culminating in a tour with Tom Petty where they were reportedly blown off stage. Full circle.

Wolf: "We needed to keep it fresh for ourselves. With 'Sanctuary' I think we accepted that a lot had altered. It's like making love; every time should be different. You cannot have the J Geils band going through the motions. If that happened we'd have to give up."

"It never was across the board commercial — we won't appeal to everyone and some people have tired of us altogether. If people don't like us I won't argue. Everyone has their philosophies, perversions and diversions."

ONCE UPON a time J Geils were renowned for acting wild. There were stories of bad craziness in hotel rooms, TV sets being lowered out of fourth floor windows on extension chords, brawls with knives and seedy seductions. Wolf is adamant that "we never hurt anybody as long as they respected the profession. We respect anyone who has concern for the audience, the equipment and the stage, even if we don't like their



From left: Magic Dick, J. Geils, Peter Wolf, Seth Justman, Peter Jo Bladd, Danny Klein. Pic: CHRIS HORLER.

music. In our code that goes down as professional integrity.

"We kicked the shit out of a couple bands who abused that privilege and they'll cross the street when they see us. We made it a rule to care — about ticket prices, the sound, the comfort, the security. If a guy brings his girl to a show we want to know that there won't be some goons around to spoil their fun."

"And that goes for recording — the pressing, the cover and each other. See, we only got one career, we have to be protective of it. It's not like a manager who can handle a dozen acts."

J Geils' current manager is Jim Donnelly. He rose through the ranks from road chief but doesn't need to keep an eye on his charges. They are what Wolf calls "big boys getting

beyond the limits".

It's impossible to imagine anyone telling them what to do. Like any intelligent professional unit they have come to trust nobody except themselves in the music business: their career has already provided a launching pad for Dee Anthony, who joined the heavy elite when Frampton came alive, and Fred Lewis, their first road manager from the days of the Boston Tea Party. Lewis now manages The Cars, Boston's new glamour megastars, ironically the group that stole the thunder from previous local idols Geils and Aerosmith by peaking in a fraction of the time it had taken them to gain mass acceptance. And then, the band's house producer, Bill Szymczyk, with them for four years, is now in a position where he

doesn't need to set foot in a studio with Geils again. He's been busy on The Eagles' follow-up to 'Hotel California' for 2½ years. Ever get the feeling you're being left on the shelf?

"It would be too easy to get bitter, but it's more fun to have to work for a living. We do that nonstop. It's been beneficial for us to plug into another socket."

"That's the good thing about the new wave. We respected the kids for changing the rules and inventing a new scene. You live on energy, not complacency. What happened was that people got tired of the big bands — they raped our food and ate our women — and the punks recharged the batteries. There are too many fat, greedy, lazy bands and they got what they had comin'."

"If I was living in London now I'd

be going through the same thing as a kid in New York or Boston because these are tough times. What you have with the National Front now is a symptom of the American disease. The time is frustrating, and people are searching for medication. The colonialism, the energy crisis, the oil, the talk of rationing — that shit can't go on. Big powers have been getting fat on the hog."

"This is no time for isolation or racism. Kids in England and America can connect again for the first time since 1965. Then it was about spiritual re-evaluation, now it's economic necessity. Rock 'n' roll, if it has any value, must realise that frustration and communicate some solution. The title song on 'Sanctuary' is about that global problem. We're trying to figure out the truth for ourselves."

FOR ALL his evident love of the good life, the trappings of wealth, the attention, the glare of perpetual publicity, Peter Wolf is evidently in touch with the real world. In his book the dictum that all the world's a stage holds true, with the corollary that this man is hell bent on playing his many parts to the hilt. Any hint of self-serving hype in the make-up is dispelled by the savvy Wolf brings to his rap and the glint behind the shades.

As befits a character who comes to you via the living hinterlands of The Valentines, The Contours, Dyke and The Blazers and The Marvelous, Peter Wolf is sharp — sharp enough to front the greatest white R&B band in the world and smart enough to secure the hand of Ms Faye Dunaway in marriage.

The man they call The Woofler Goofy, the satan of soul, leaps to his feet and celebrates the sinking sun. The hour is getting late and the wolf must shoot his shot.

"One thing is for sure in this life. I am here to have myself a good time. Maybe the music won't be able to hold me."

Wolf spins his hat across the room and executes a perfect pas de deux in the direction of the bar. "On the other hand, I won't stop 'til I drop."

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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
ANOTHER PRETTY FACE: All The Boys Love Carrie (New Pleasures). Ewww, classy! God forbid I should look favourably upon an independent — it's like wearing a cloth cap or carrying a cross — but this song holds hints of a literary talent somewhere between F. Scott Fitz and Springsteen. What more do you want me to swear to? I can't say Another Pretty Face have led me back onto the path of rocking righteousness, but they've certainly made a great little record.

DAVE EDMUNDS: Girls Talk (Sven Song). Well, Elvis Costello's written his first smart song since the first album; it had to happen. If only the man would quit thinking he's caustic soda and admit he's soda pop he might be alright — like here, complaining he can't crack the XY chromosome and getting in a lather about it. It's a shame that Dave Edmunds is such a coat-hanger — no, it's not the same as being a clothes-horse — that this most likely won't chart. If Costello cut it it would, him being one of the new fixtures of the old routine, and if Chrissie Hynd sang it — well, every record in the Top 50 would just melt itself down in a fit of mortified pique.

Still, it's Dave Edmunds! Singing an Elvis Costello song! With Nick Lowe on bass! Rumour has it that everyone who buys a copy of this single receives a free pat on the back and an assurance that he's in with the in crowd.

PATRICK JUVET: Viva California (Casablanca). **PATRICK DUJET AND HIS SWEET PERVERSIONS:** Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll (Disques Closeau). One smirks, the other doesn't. Juvet thinks disco is cool and commercial, but doesn't do it justice in either department; Dujet thinks Juvet's a fool and seeks to ridicule disco by apeing it, in this case with an unexceptional Ian Dury song. "Pointless exercise," says it best, I think.

RAY STEVENS: I Need Your Help, Barry Manilow (Warner Brothers).

ISRAEL VIBRATION: The Same Song (Harvest).

PAUL NICHOLAS: Two Up, Two Down (RSO).

BYRN HAWORTH: City Boy (A&M).

AL MARTINO: Now That I Found You (Capitol).

BONNIE TYLER: Married Men (RCA).

LYNDA HAYES: California Rose (EMI).

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER: Easy Come Easy Go (CBS).

ALAN PRICE: England My England (J&J).

GARY BROOKER: Savannah (Chrysalis).

The cynical desecration of the big ballad, the torch song, the easy-listening landmark — now that Bacharach and Webb have had their heads up their asses for years — is a modern horror-story.

Once the territory of massive talent — think of 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' or 'Wichita Lineman' — M.O.R. is now a faded party-girl, drunk on attention and flattery, the playground of any jaded old rocker who's (a) been rejected by the youth market, (b) is totally tired and wrung-dry when it comes to writing half-way decent lyrics or melodies, yet has no other trade save that of making records, and finds that M.O.R. is the market where you are most likely to get by stringing cliché after cliché together, (c) has no say in the material he is given, and possesses so little chart-potential that song-writers have started giving him the freedom of their dust-bins.

Nice old Ray Stevens, who has no such problems as a funny man, pokes gentle, envious fun at the genre's King Cry-Baby: the rest, well, they could use his help. It's hard to speak in constructive or critical terms about such slop; all you can really do is ask how the individuals concerned feel about their predicament.

Can Israel Vibration stand open-hearted before Jah while churning out Peace Corps corn like this? Does Paul Nicholas really think his very average emoting ability will keep him through the '80s? Does he pine for Hair

[The song, incidentally, is from the new sit-com in which he stars]. Was it finding God that made Bryn Haworth so wet, or was he always this way?

Does Al Martino get angry some nights after a few drinks

she once had respect for a few months and a few singles before she started getting desperate and posing on TV with beds and guns, making her gorgeously husky voice a sandpaper parody of itself? Does she feel awkward

believe it when her press agent writes that "The 1980's is the Lynda Hayes decade"? Does she really think she has anything extra going in the way of looks, voice or charm that hundreds of other attractive, adequately-voiced and ambitious girls singing things that Bonnie Tyler left for Mr Manners don't have? Can the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver remember a couple of sharp, surprising singles they made in the mid-'70s? Wouldn't it be better to re-release them than stoop as low as the latest one? Doesn't Alan Price feel cheap about owning

Reviewed by JULIE BURCHILL

about the way he's wasting his colossus of a voice on crap? Does he complain to his wife, to his record company? Does Bonnie Tyler know that

singing disco? Doesn't she know there isn't a market for her doing this? Would she sing anything to get a hit? Does Lynda Hayes really

something called "Jarrow Productions" and then going on to glibly pillory unions in particular and the immoral, lazy, illiterate working-class in general on his latest piece of cabaret? Doesn't Gary Brooker feel silly singing about an esoteric Southern state, or does he feel smart when he hears people like Lynda Hayes singing about California? Does he hold any hope for a successful come-back on this record? Will he get them to re-release 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' again when the thirst for that certain chart placing gets too great?

These questions may not seem relevant, but the people concerned are so obviously treading water till something — anything — else comes along that it would be unkind to take these records as pieces of product, even to me they're just the flotsam of an industry that is so inflated, soft and over-crowded, which has so much money just floating around within it that record companies can string along unwise, unexceptional entertainers for years, fooled into thinking they're in with a chance. There should be some kind of quality-control board for this sort of thing; come back, New Faces — better that the sub-mediocre should be warned off while there's still time for them to go after something else, Or else.

PLAYERS ASSOCIATION: Ride The Groove (Vanguard). **AIRWAVES:** Now We Will Remember (Phonogram). **RAY TISSIER:** Love Is A Small Town (Ensign). **SKYHOOKS:** Women In Uniform (UA). **CARTE BLANCHE:** Get Up On Your Feet (Pye). Five cases of record sleeves launching a thousand units. Well, if they don't nothing else here will. Players Association and Carte Blanche are mindless, hookless disco, Airwaves are corn, Tissier is slush and Skyhooks are inept Heavy Metal. I know! Let's be optimistic and prove we love rock'n'roll and look for the GOOD points! The good points are sexy girls on the sleeves. Truly, I have listened to each record five times all the way through and the sexy girls are their only distinguishing feature.

GERRY RAFFERTY: Night Owl (UA). The difficult one; how bland does Gerry Rafferty have to get before a girl loses her respect for him? Well, I still think he's great in a senile kind of way; he's still got his barely-settled sad old Beat optimism. You'll have to do worse than this, Gerry, you old stumble-bum you.

SISTER SLEDGE: We Are Family (Atlantic). **MELISSA MANCHESTER:** Through The Eyes Of Love (Arista). **POINTER SISTERS:** Happiness (Planet). These girls were first washed up into our attention by the Black Girl Chic of the early '70s; seriously, despite all the professional life-affirmation and positive self-image that these girls go in for, only the Sisters Sledge could possibly think they've got a future.

Even five years ago who needed Manchester's cynical sub-Streisand nightclub slush and the Pointer Sisters trash when Bette Midler (a big thing at the time) had both? And funny stories, too. Well, Melissa has gained nothing since then, and the Pointers have lost Bonnie and their tack — their only charms. Bette Midler, on the other hand, has been on prime-time TV with Bruce Forsythe. Give up, girls.

The Sledges are another sigh, the only regrets this

■ Continues over page



Drawing: Serge Clerc

Music To Be Unconvinced By





PATRIK FITZGERALD

THE NEW ALBUM
GRUBBY STORIES





Singles Cont.

■ From previous page

section has. Anyone young enough in heart to remember the way Kathy sang "Shoobydoobydoobydoopa" on "Mama Never Told Me" will have reserved a space in said heart for the Sledges, and be turned off in a big way by the new sickness. Chic, yes; soulful, no. They're beautiful and talented girls, but they used to be like The Jackson Five. They still seem to be such happy girls, but they USED to look happy to be singing — THESE days they look happy to be having hits. This hit is as catchy and clear as their last one; cute, but would YOUR dream date be taking the Walton girls to a discotheque?

Also, it's becoming just too much of a cool, liberal cliché these days for black girls to stay dumb and get passed from mentor to mentor; listen, I'm all for brains and beauty relationships when it's on the long-term basis of a Spector and a Veronica or a Holland-Dozier-Holland and a Supremes, but when it's a matter of two hits, one flop and try, try again singing someone else's thoughts, girl singers just start looking like party pass-the-parcels that have been unwrapped so many times that everyone knows what's in them and no one wants to take it any further.

Kathy, Debbie, and the rest of the Sledges, Melissa, Ruth, Anita and June — I've heard that your average person uses only 10 per cent of his brain-power most of the time. Why don't you just try a little to write songs like them clever men do? Even if the idea of independence and self-rule don't appeal to you, you'd make a lot of money in royalties.

RAYDIO: You Can't Change That (Arista).

BLOOD DONOR: Rubber Revolution (Arista).

THE RIVVITS: Never (Alien Records).

OLIVER ST JOHN: Give Me Your Hand (Quiet Records).

LINK WRAY: It's All Over Now Baby Blue (Chameleon).

MAX WEBSTER: Paradise Skies (Capitol). Of course a good record in black vinyl is a better thing than a bad record in coloured vinyl; but a bad record in black vinyl, as most records tend to be these days, is nowhere as good as a bad record in coloured vinyl.

Maybe I should go into a deep depression because callow boys toting boring guitars don't make me want to file into a smelly commercial building along with several 100 other individuals, wherein one sweats, jumps up and down and calls for one's favourite songs as a means of expressing one's youthful rebellion and refusal to buckle down to "the Man." Oh, it's o.k. to stand there gaping passively at the BAND, but you mustn't listen to the MAN — unless he's in a BAND of course.

No, all you people trying to make music into some kind of ongoing situation can root through the rocking rubbish all you like, the biggest thing that the record industry gives your child-like heroine here is a little piece of interior decor. Brave new singles by brave new waves merely irritate me for a tiny while; a beautiful coloured seven-inch single will decorate my wall for the rest of my life.

Ray Parker Jr must be quite annoyed that Raydio have been such no-news in this country; still, this is their best single so far, giving the impression of their having mastered the art of faking honesty quite adequately. Piles-apart eye: contact muzak, more wine-bar than disco; I like it almost as much as the clear vinyl on which it comes.

Arista are belatedly getting into the coloured plastic market. Blood Donor's sleeve is done to look independent, but inside they're a beautiful scarlet; they yell and bore, as chaps who arrive just as the party ends are inclined to do. They are useless and irrelevant in the sad, strange way that only loud, shouting rock bands can be.

The Rivvits are cool and completely acceptable. They have the prettiness of a bland Jilted John and the informal charm with which the '60s used the Gregorian chant. Their fetching blue vinyl does incline one to treat them like a dumb blonde, though; you don't need it like most of them do, Rivvits.

Oliver St John looks very quiet and sincere. His motives in sticking his quiet and sincere thoughts out on record are as pure as the white plastic on which they come, of course.

Link Wray gives me just what I wanted — a Bob Dylan song done Heavy Metal! On blue vinyl, what a wheeze! Of course, being a Bob Dylan song it can't help but sound like the trendy vicar standing on the doorstep and grilling you relentlessly as to why you haven't attended the Sunday gig lately. Unbearable.

Max Webster are obviously retards, imagining that the English still worship the acid-scrambled guitar solo in the manner that jungle natives fall on their faces in awe at the sight of a string of glass beads. The only thing I admire about them is the way they've conned a picture disc out of the company when they've got masses of prettier people they could promote in this way — like Willie De Ville and Anne Murray (a subtle one, for all you colonials who've lepped the cretin up, encouraging Capitol to inflict him on us) inferior product, superior interior decorations.

THE SKIDS: Masquerade/Out Of Town/Another Emotion/Aftermath Dub (Virgin). The Skids are a cactus band, like a lot of little combos having minor hits at the moment. They came up too late to wash but too soon to come clean. It was so tempting and convenient, they couldn't resist scraping by by hanging from the trappings of safe punk. They admit it too. "Like most bands in the summer of '77 The Skids started out as a punk band and will cheerfully admit to stealing everything from the early English bands — image, attitude, the lot." God, how bare-facedly bankrupt — except (and it's a big exception) the music. "Oh of course; they feel safe posing in their short hair and belligerence and boots (God, boys, your boots are so empty!); stressing their youth and working-class handicaps because at heart they're snug in their ability to be musician's musicians." "The band as a whole are into Be Bop De Luxe." The respectful kiddies have even called in Uncle Bill Nelson to help them with those buttons that confuse and bewilder a young person so. And they play punk apocalypse themes of war and personality crisis in exactly the fey, lussy way that makes their Uncle Bill blush and think that, yes, he WAS a major influence on Punk Rock after all. They play it with one contemplative eye on their market, and with the other admiring their "amazing riffs" and "vivid imagery."

I call acts like these cactus bands because they sit there and glower dangerously, but once you've settled them happily in their little pot both sides know you need never touch.

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PHANTOMS ALAN HULL

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SEVEN YEARS. Is it really that long a time? That short a time? Yes, it is indeed, and the fact that Roxy Music have actually only been operative for half this empty 'me'-fixated decade is totally unimportant.

What is important is the fact that Roxy Music, despite the slings and arrows aimed their way — and at band fuhrer Bryan Ferry in particular — are as valid an extrapolation of contemporary rock music as any other artist or combo whom destiny has chosen to afford time during this confusing ten years stretch.

And you can call it irony, desperation, or a desire to underline the aforesaid validity, but in this, the final year of the '70s, Roxy have chosen to regroup and work as a fully integrated unit again after a three-year holiday (Phil Manzanera's chosen words for the shelving of RM activities).

As a fan, even though I've had cause to squirm at certain (mostly extra-curricular) activities I'd like to think the latter was the reason for this fanfare.

And what a strange, bemusing move it's been. At least, that's what most fellow scribes have felt. Doubt and the tainted wait of suspicion were there from the very moment the news broke last year. Aesthetic considerations be damned — this re-grouping, it was surmised, bore the reeking odour of men who'd suffered commercial failure to the point of embarrassment and saw this resurrection as the last shot open to them.

Not that the latter was strictly true. Andy Mackay in fact made his pot of gold not from Roxy but his work as composer and part-conceptualist of the (albeit wretched) *Rock Follies* — to the point where reuniting with the very character (Ferry) with whom he'd apparently come to a most unamicable parting of the ways during the 'Siren' era, was a move totally bereft of financial considerations.

But that was comfortably forgotten or neglected by those who had psyched themselves into believing this realignment was purely for the money, with a spurious side order of credibility hopefully regained.

Phil Manzanera, the Roxy doxy responsible for at least four albums — 'Diamond Head', '801 Live', 'Listen Now' and 'K-Scope' (all collaborative affairs but nonetheless created and released purely on the strength of his name and talent) hadn't exactly stormed the rock marketplace with his wares but was still nevertheless comfortably off. And poor old Paul Thompson, always a magnificent drummer — well, no one even considered whether he had motives or not.

No, these others were viewed as unquestioning serfs to Fuhrer Bryan's manoeuvres. And thus almost before the band's first tentative toe-in-the-water attempts to check the human chemistry viability quotient, the old myth of Ferry as Roxy Music puppetmaster was resurrected.

Still Raining Still Posing



Nick Kent relives the glories of '73 with Roxy Music

AND OF COURSE there was a plethora of readily available reasons for Ferry wanting, no needing, the Roxy fuse reactivated. Wretchedly depressed and frustrated by America's refusal to take his product into their homes en masse, it appeared that Ferry, once so dapper, the very model of ingenuity, an obviously very gifted composer, handsome, well-groomed in the F Scott Fitzgerald mode etc, was becoming

unhealthily obsessed with this failed coup.

A solo tour backed up by top notch sessioners like Chris Spedding played the clubs and halls but to little avail — with all touring expenses coming directly out of the Ferry bank account.

After that slog Ferry retreated to Los Angeles with his sweetheart, Texan belle Jerry Hall. The 'Siren' era had left the Roxy Music name with a sour taste in the mouths of all

concerned, particularly Ferry's, whilst his sojourn in the States was his first real collision with commercial failure. Reports and photographs sent back from LA to the mother country made Ferry seem domesticated and, worst of all, for a man whose best music had always been made under nervous, rigorous conditions, complacent.

"I was fed up with the music business at that point. The 'Siren' tour had been dreadfully exhausting

and uninspiring in terms of the band having reached a stage of incompatibility. Plus I was getting slagged off left, right and centre to the point where I seriously was thinking of packing it all in. Just leaving the music business altogether."

A song from a subsequent album, 'The Bride Stripped Bare', entitled 'Can't Let Go' grants the inquisitive Ferry-watcher a much closer to the bone account of these tempestuous times: times however that were going to get infinitely more tempestuous when, having flown over to Montreux in the deep dark December of 1977 to commence recording the 'Bride' album (by himself), Ferry had arranged to have his paramour Ms Hall flown in in two weeks' time, giving all concerned a chance to get to grips with the environment and the task at hand. Two weeks elapsed and, after numerous attempts to locate the lady and arrange flight schedules, assorted minions — actually two old cronies of Ferry's — chanced upon a Nigel Dempster column linking the vanishing Texan with the singer of the Rolling Stones pop group: Mick's new love, etc., etc.

And so in Bleak mid-winter in Montreux, Ferry's two longstanding friends were faced with the task of informing him of the news. Again, one need only speculate on the trauma Ferry was thrown into. ("To say he was in a very bad emotional state during that time would be a slight understatement," remarked one of those who tended to the man during this period.)

Again, another song from the 'Bride' album grants the inquisitive an infinitely more vivid picture of Ferry's inner turmoil. 'When She Walks In The Room' is in fact the only Ferry composed item that was conceived after the news came through; it's an unembellished cri de coeur that further helped 'Bride' to become easily Ferry's finest solo effort. Indeed, it is a ridiculously underrated effort and, in time, will be regarded as a key work in the completed works of Bryan Ferry, for here is a true 'soul' album — a zillion miles from Bowie's self-defined 'plastic soul', 'Young Americans' — and an anguished exploration into the realism of star-crossed experience with not a whiff of that long-patented camp that so often seemed Ferry's compositional trump. Devoid of posing, a gruelling sense of anguish lurks just beneath the surface sheen of the superb session musicianship.

'The Bride Stripped Bare' is also most adamantly not ideal background music for hairdressing salons.

This trumpeting of the 'Bride' album may seem odd, considering this piece is after all about Roxy Music now, who have their own album, 'Manifesto', but — trust me — it is relevant because the very turmoil that formed the snarl of 'Bride' has had a powerful effect on Ferry.

ON SATURDAY I travelled to Liverpool to witness Roxy live and interview members of the band — Ferry obviously the top priority — and witnessed a show

THE LURKERS



Portraits of Ferry by Pennie Smith



that, compared with the Roxy of yore, was easily as good as any I've seen before. In fact, compared with what is being whacked out as 'new music' (i.e. Human League et al) it had all the originality of those youngblood affairs allied to a superb sense of dynamics and texture — a much overlooked facet of the Roxy sound.

New boys Dave Skinner (ex-Clancy and 801) and Gary Tibbs (a far drier entity, renowned mainly for having played with the godawful Vibrators — forget that, though, the young bassist landed the gig due to a recommendation from session supremo Herbie Flowers) hold up their ends excellently. Tibbs tackled those harrowing five-second bass runs that John Whetton played on 'Out Of The Blue' with a panache that not merely copied the finger-breaking archetype but added a spine-tweakingly aggressive twist (Tibbs is the only bass player I've seen who bears even mild comparison with Rockette Morton) of his own, while Skinner's sense of texturing and all-round keyboard finesse was always spot on.

The Roxy regulars were well up to scratch too. Paul Thompson made you remember, almost shame-facedly, just how powerful a drummer he's always been; Andy Mackay in Chinese military fatigue jacket seemed stronger on tenor sax than ever before, lending the rearranged finale to 'Mother Of Pearl' a soulful honkup worthy of King Curtis; and Phil Manzanera, though I've seen him play better lead work, was a virtual revelation as a rhythm guitarist (tough, abrasive, pushing), appearing to enjoy himself so much that he constantly forsook his former cement-boots low profile to bob about the stage.

And then there was Mr. Ferry, resplendent in red leather-look suit, white shirt and narrow tie, bopping and weaving about the stage, still a trifle awkward and strained but attractively so as opposed to the sleazy, unbecoming manoeuvres of yore. Ferry the stage performer has always been something of a problem. Sometimes when pre-show stage fright overpowered him he would look downright hideous, a vision that his oily croon compounded to make all the more of an eyesore. Now he appears more bouyant, unafraid of making the odd clownish gesture (a touch of Chaplinesque slapstick in 'Remake/Remodel' was most effective) and his movements have a subtle authority.

More vital however is the soulfulness he exudes on his best shots, primarily 'Mother Of Pearl'. Ferry knows this is one of his two or three finest ever songs — possibly the finest of all — and his performance at Liverpool was powerfully affecting reminding me of Dylan's reshaping of 'Tangled Up In Blue' at Earl's Court last year. 'Pearl' proved itself the highpoint anyway because it allowed Ferry to take chances, to strip away the primping.

Whether the audience agreed with me on that one is another matter. The current show's main dilemma is to do with the pacing, you see, what with an approx 15-song set including six fiercely focused blasts from the

'Manifesto' album. And so just as the title track makes for a superb opening piece its momentum is lessened by the lightweight 'Trash' immediately following. Similarly, two fairly dense numbers — 'Ain't That So' and the excellent 'Stronger Through The Years' — are coupled in a lengthy movement that something brusque and well-known like 'Casanova' or 'Both Ends Burning' would slice perfectly, giving the two items breathing space.

Overall it was hard to gauge the audience's feelings about the 'Manifesto' songs. Certainly they

tolerated them. But the old Roxy mania was only truly summoned forth when the band lit into the likes of 'Editions Of You', 'Do The Strand', 'Ladytron' and 'Love Is The Drug'. Even the exquisite 'Mother Of Pearl' didn't latch on with the audience, beyond the inevitable roar of approval. (This bit doesn't make shensh — Ed.)

ANO THEREIN lays part of the current Roxy dilemma. From 1972 through to '74 Roxy and Ferry did indeed rule, with an imperiousness matched only by the

high standard of their work. From the first album, the witty title of which — 'Roxy Music' — cleverly captures Ferry's quixotically gay humour, theirs was an exotic compelling music, disorientating but lit with an essence that defied comparison.

The constituents were a near-letistic obsession with style, aided by the fact that Roxy were the first band since the original Rolling Stones (Jagger, Jones, Richards), to be blessed with a three-pronged attack in Messrs. Ferry, Mackay and Eno. Musically, Ferry the art-school graduate hadn't spent his time in the lav learning blues guitar but immersed himself in the work of conceptualist artists.

At the beginning he was a self-confessed non-musician and in terms of form his songs were so fractured they were virtually anti-melodic. He composed on the piano, working around the black notes until a form was created.

Phil Manzanera remembers vividly first hearing Ferry's songs: "What really impressed me was the pulse of them. On one hand they were amateurish constructions but they worked in this incredible way that made them sound like Steve Reich experimental music."

The album cast strong ripples when released but the single 'Virginia Plain' was the bull's eye. The follow-up set 'For Your Pleasure' was an improvement musically, expanding ideas, patenting Ferry's irrepressible style of 'camp'.

Between 'For Your Pleasure' and 'Stranded' two tenuously related but highly important things occurred. Firstly Ferry made a solo album 'These Foolish Things' which he now cites as the catalyst for the change in the music with 'Stranded'.

"I mean, I was there learning all these songs — songs by composers I'd always admired like Cole Porter, Smokey Robinson, etcetera and it made me want to be able to master the art of writing a good melody. I'm still trying," he adds, with a boyish chuckle, before continuing:

"Because these people in fact had a far more direct effect on me than the so-called avant garde. So straight after 'Foolish Things' — which I now actually consider the third Roxy album in a way due to the influence it had on my writing — I made a very conscious attempt to compose conventional but strong, classy songs. 'Just Like You' was certainly written in that style. The whole album was, in fact.

The second change was the departure of Brian Eno, self-confessed dilettante and non-musician whose main contribution musically was in works like 'Bogus Man', a number that Ferry was soon to discard.

More to the point, Eno's main contribution was his image. This Ferry couldn't tolerate. The rest is history with several twists of irony that you, the reader, should be aware of.

And so there was 'Stranded' with young Eddie Jobson, proverbial whizz-kid on keyboards and violin, and Roxy Music, if there'd been doubts before, were a totally professional band.

It used to be said that, in their mid-60s ascendant, The Beatles

always transcended their audience's expectations while Bob Dylan always confused them; it could be said that Roxy Music, in their halcyon days, did a little of both. They were fantastically successful but couldn't break the States and thus returned to Blighty and the mania they craved. Each year presented another tour, the odd ace single, another strong album, while Ferry began to work on a solo career that was equally successful.

"In fact more so than Roxy," he now admits.

'Country Life' was another superb selection of songs. They could do no wrong.

Then came 'Siren'. Although it contained two Ferry masterworks ('Love Is The Drug' and 'Both Ends Burning') plus a strong back line, things somehow seemed to be getting a touch out of kilter.

The band was exhausted and living on their nerve ends. Rumours spread about rabid dissatisfaction in the Roxy camp, with Ferry painted as the dictator even though the album boasted more collaborative work than any other record. The inevitable tour sealed the discontent into not so much an official break-up but more of a long sabbatical. Mackay and Ferry were at loggerheads while an anonymous Roxyite claimed last week in Liverpool that "if Bryan was the same person he'd been during the 'Siren' tour I would never even have considered working with him again."

FERRY, FACED with the above quote, gets angry and paranoid. Styly he vents his spleen on that anonymous figure before becoming reasonable.

"Oh God... but I mean everyone was getting on everyone else's nerves at that point. I don't think I can have been the main culprit. It was simply a matter of us having worked constantly, gone through all the changes that success brings and inevitably tension arises until boom! — that old human chemistry is blown.

"I mean, we didn't even say 'alright chaps this is it, goodbye forever'. The 'Siren' tour was finished and we instinctively went our separate ways, figuring that we'd regroup after our extended holiday."

And everyone had their own little projects. Mackay struck lucky with *Rock Follies*; Manzanera formed 801 and made LPs; Jobson joined Frank Zappa's band for a very short while then went on to form UK with John Whetton.

I asked Manzanera whether the regrouped Roxies approached Jobson. "No", he laughs aloud, "and he's probably rather pissed off! Not because he would have joined... but we realised it was pointless to ask him. God knows it wasn't out of any animosity."

Ferry toyed with the idea of a Roxy reformation after the 'Bride' album was only a mild success and the single 'Sign Of The Times' failed to break the Top Thirty.

Interviews at that time made him sound a desperate man, and neurotic. He claims that some journalists twisted his answers in order to make him appear like that. "It's an old trick, good copy and all

■ Continues page 53

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The Warriors: "Whaddyamean you lost your ticket to Cockfosters?"

The Warriors

Directed by Walter Hill
Starring Michael Beck and
James Remar
(CIC)

The Warriors is summed up in its opening shots of a night-time Coney Island fairground wheel. Our fun is all attendant on hollow kicks, the journey is straight up, narrow, and back around to where it began: landmarks maketh the narrative.

This is pure teenagexploitation territory, and any ideological resonances like fashion/fascism or male-ritual

are straws on the ocean.

The nameless, ruthless individualism of Walter Hill's two previous films (Bronson as *The Streetfighter*, O'Neal as *The Driver*) is simply broadened into collectivity. The 'characters' here are rival New York street gangs, and like the leader of one sez to his newly broadened moll: "Whaddya care about names so much for anyway?"

The Warriors are a Coney Island gang (two black, the rest WASP-y) who beat shit out of the Seven Samurai in both numbers and sartorial sass. They start a weekend with the rest of the gangland girls at a purposeful

convention, central N.Y., where a truce is to be declared. The consensus behind Big Boss Cyrus ('Why him?' 'Because he's Numbah One') is blown away by a dopey dirty during the Grand Address, and baddie's dozen shove the blame on our Warrior chums.

The truce thus splintered, The Warriors head for Union Sq. train terminal, ignorant of the finch's finger of fate pointing their way; they just think it's the cops to avoid.

Running for home base is an unbendable narrative. The Warriors have to meet, cheat and beat all the other brats; they have to prove their

SILVER SCREEN

Street Illegals on a West Side Odyssey

Manhood, Ganghood and Slanghood ('I'll shove dat bat up yer ass an' turn y'into a popsicle!'), dodging dames, blades, trains, sirens and ambushes on the way: *West Side Odyssey*.

Stylistically, warfare is all over the shop — from soldier talk of 'truces' and 'emissaries' to a Wild Western thematic line of tube-trains-as-horses, taking in baseball-bat duels and Kung Fu on the side of the palate. The gangs are portrayed as ordinary American apple pies: anti-women, anti-authority, anti-organised crime, and could doubtless be giving some thought to Nukes after Harrisberg — this isn't discussed.

The way in which the film has caught on in the States probably owes much to the existing sub-culture, and *Quadrophonia* is more likely to do the job over here, I

would have thought.

One last 'street-level' irony: none of the posters for *The Warriors* carry any actors' names. The aesthetics of aggro, innit?

Ian Penman

Movie Movie

Directed by Stanley Donen
Starring George C. Scott
(ITC)

Clearly a labour of love for all concerned, *Movie Movie* is a fond re-creation of '30s cinema, when Hollywood's mythology was at its most potent, and its products at their least self-conscious.

The film has been conceptualised as a complete cinema entertainment. It is a self-contained double bill, with each 'movie' of the title reflecting a particular Hollywood genre. These are linked, naturally, by 'trailers', and there is even an



Two Warriors

introduction by the ineffable George Burns, who thus gets first claim on the film's rich store of one-liners.

Producer-director Stanley Donen is himself a veteran of the very world he is so affectionately evoking. He's spent most of his working life in Hollywood, and has made a range of films that encompasses *Singing In The Rain* with Gene Kelly and *Bedazzled* with Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

The cast includes numerous old hands — not only George C. Scott, but Red Buttons, Art Carney and the ubiquitous Eli Wallach. It's like a repertory season for them, as they tackle roles in both films.

'Dynamite Hands' is the first one. It's a social drama — hence shot in black and white — that concerns Joey

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Pictures by MIKE LAYE

PENETRATION

■ From previous page

"They've tried all sorts," mutters Smallman. Blamire continues: "They tried to label us a heavy metal band to insult us more than anything else. One reviewer called us new age heavy metal, which is better. No label is any good but that gave us some respect."

Pauline eventually throws it all back at me. "How would you label us if you had to? ... I can't think of a label."

I resign myself to it: there is no label. Penetration are evocative and sensual for no tangible reasons. They just send shivers pouring down the spine. I love listening to Penetration music. They have certainly changed my world. Pauline sympathises with my vagueness at explaining why.

"We always find it difficult to explain how things are."

It's almost a mystery ... Penetration and their effect.

"To explain things can be so boring," says Floyd. "If there's an air of mystery, things perhaps for people to find out, it's so much better."

People are very cynical about that sort of intuitive motivation, and cruelly

derogatory about Penetration's fundamental naivety.

"A lot of people need to be," scoffs Blamire.

PURSER STAYS silent during this exchange, but later, on his own, he will come close to explaining the essence of Penetration and isolating his own specific input.

Much of Penetration's diverse might comes from the five totally individual inputs — Smallman's drive, Blamire's funk, Floyd's spirit, Pauline's searing liquid centre and Purser's objective control.

Purser is a worrier, an unassuming guy who, before joining Penetration was all set to sink into university. In conversation he had mentioned his liking for Soft Machine and Stravinsky, amongst many others. I ask him if the feelings he draws from Stravinsky are, for him, profound.

"Well, Stravinsky I mention because that is something I have been listening to a lot

lately. 'The Rites Of Spring' is one of my favourite pieces of music. I like Ravel a lot, just different types for different reasons. I think Stravinsky has got a very harsh, stark feel about it, which shows that he thought about life a lot, and that he picked up a lot, and that he was very sensitive to his surroundings."

This sense of evocation and interpretation seems something that Penetration are concerned with — an inclination, perhaps, towards suggestion rather than criticism?

"Yes, maybe giving someone else an insight into what you are. You can write a book that is as large as the Oxford Dictionary but maybe never give as large an insight into how a person feels as one phrase of music that sums up a particular vision. There's parts in people like Ravel and Stravinsky's music that shows great insight into what life is about ... or at least try to put it across."

And this is something he feels he can do within Penetration, in a small way.

"I hope so. I would hope that I'm learning to do that. I don't think I know how to interpret ... I know what I'm trying to do, to get at, but I

don't know how to do it at the present. But I'm learning all the time."

"I think Penetration give different aspects other than the evocative side. There's the energy, which is a different sort of emotion ... er, there's different sides, you like music for different reasons, some things excite you and there are many sides of Penetration music that excite me the same way that there are many sides of Stravinsky music that excite me."

"If you could explain it all"

— here he frowns, a little unsure — "what I'm trying to say is, there wouldn't be any need for music. I think that's the thing."

Is this relevant to the young fan who saves up for a couple of weeks to go to a Penetration gig, to buy a single.

"I hope it is. I mean, it may not get through to many, but I think that most of our fans go to a concert to get excited and maybe they listen to a record to get deeper things. And maybe there's a lot who just don't want to get into the deeper things. But there must be some who do."

"I mean, everybody can still feel things from the world they live in. And I think that

most people do feel things but they can't explain them. Or describe them. They can't communicate to others this feeling. I think that's what art's all about. It's communicating things to each other."

So music communicates things words cannot.

"Oh, I think that is why music is so important. Visual arts express things that music can't sometimes, but I feel that music can express deeper emotions, and a lot more animal emotions if that's the right word, or maybe higher emotions."

"I tend to find that I can't describe what I feel from music very well, because I don't like to, um, think about it too much. I think if you analyse something too much you lose a lot of the ... pleasure, maybe. I think the great thing about Penetration is that there's a balance between energy and evocation."

Purser isn't sure of himself, not totally convincing, but if all these transparent expositions floating through the Penetration-scape trouble you, listen to the music and feel funny.

WHAT IT comes down to, always and strangely, is Pauline. Not just because of her voice, a bold and beautiful instrument; certainly not because of her sex. She is a weird catalyst for the group. The atmospheres of the music form from her simplistic songs of delight and despair, compassion and contempt. The attack of the group is rooted in her chilling single-mindedness. The music moves with her, for her, around her.

"I'm just happy being in Penetration," she confides at one point. "It's a high for me to get up there and perform and to see people enjoying themselves, to see people enjoying it."

Right from the start we never made promises. A lot of the bands made promises that they've never been able to keep. So what's the point? You let more people down that way than if you just get on with what you want to do."

We talk over a cluttered desk inside the Virgin press office off Portobello Road, a small room busy and buzzing with press girls, Rastafarians, Laura Logics, and stray punks searching for cans of lager. Pauline has drifted through Penetration times and trials with some satisfaction.

"I don't put myself on a pedestal. I still feel exactly the same way as I did when the group started, which is important to me — to feel that way. I could have started to get big headed, forgetting what I am, who I was. But I'm just the same."

She decides that her singing must come from her mother's side ... "cos me mam used to sing with her sister during the war, and she's always been like a good singer. I never really bothered. I was never in anything at school. I totally avoided things like that. I used to sing in the bath like everyone does. But I never knew I could sing until I had a go in this folk club."

"And even then ... the next time I sang was when the group was fiddling about, and I thought it was terrible! The first demo we did ... you should hear it, it's dreadful! But rather than shout and squawk I've always sang. I don't plan out how I phrase things. It's all by chance really." She grimaces. "A lot of people say I sound like early Grace Slick but I've only ever heard late Slick and I can't see the similarities at all. The only female singers that I've listened to and like are Patti Smith, Annette Peacock, and a long long time ago I used to like Labelle. That's it really. I've never really gotten into female singers. But Annette Peacock I do like a lot. So emotive."

On stage Pauline uses her

generous, sublime vocals as if possessed.

"I just totally immerse myself in performance. Sometimes I don't even know what I've done when I come off. Like the other night I fell and hurt myself but I didn't feel it until I came off stage. I just get totally engrossed in it all."

"All sorts of different things can happen. Sometimes you can feel self-conscious, if an audience doesn't respond and you're trying and trying, fighting to win them over and it doesn't work. That doesn't often happen. I sometimes get in really bad tempers. If things aren't going right, say if I can't hear myself through the monitors — then I get really annoyed and start wracking things."

Is she moody, I wonder?

"I have me moments," she grins. "I can get angry. If I have something that I want to say I like to say it straight out rather than mess about, and then I feel a lot better."

Does she consider herself an optimist?

"No. I wouldn't say that. I always look on the bad side of things. So that there is a surprise, so I don't get them down. I think it's just a guard. I look on the black side of things so that then I'm never disappointed. Because in the past I have thought about something great and then the something doesn't come off and you get let down. So I always say, oh that'll not happen. Like us going to America. We'll not go there, I think. So if we do I'll have a surprise!"

Eventually conversation reaches her role as female.

"I don't think that females should be looked upon in a different light. Within the music business they are and it's annoying. I hope that I am fighting the barriers. I have never used the fact that I'm a woman to get this group further. I mean, you can control it on the record side of things, but you can't really control it on the press side of things ... like they always stick a picture of me in the gig guides. Why? I can't control that. But they don't stick me on the front cover of records. I always insist there'll be none of that."

"I am the lead singer too, so maybe I'm going too far the other way. But I'm just making the point that this is a band and I'm in the band and I'm not out for my own ego, to be singled out. But I don't suppress my sexuality. That's going too far. I mean, I'm a girl. I can't do anything about that."

THIS GIRL is a strong and singular person. She has a determination and resistance you would not associate with her pettiness, her slow nervous conversation, and her look of apparent indifference. This girl knows what she wants. She seems vulnerable, almost melancholic, but this is an unintentionally deceptive front for true urgency and passion — a concern for broad justice and self respect. A commitment to proving and improving herself, a commitment that manifests itself with burning intensity on stage.

This girl, with a pure arrogance that will never surface off-stage or off-record, believes totally that to share her private experiences, without distortion, is valuable. She will never be able to coherently articulate why; she just feels that it's valuable.

I believe her. I get lots of strange feelings when I listen to Penetration. Funny feelings. Because what this girl gives to Penetration is precious. Soul.

This girl is special. Her name is Pauline. And Penetration, of which she's a fifth, can't help but be special too. The romance of lost causes — maybe that's what they offer? Reality won't stop them ...

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PHILIP K. DICK
A Scanner Darkly
 (Panther 95p)

For some curious reason, it is widely believed that SF is currently Big Business. This bizarre misconception is based on the success of cinematic ventures like *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters* and *Superman* (respectively a 1940s-style space western, a glossy hunk of wet liberal bullshit and a big-budget comic-book evocation). The end result of all this is that when Philip K. Dick's *A Scanner Darkly* was originally published in hardback, Victor Gollancz filed it as a main-stream novel rather than SF in case any prospective purchasers would be disappointed by the absence of interstellar dog fights, cute monsters, laser pistols, princesses in distress and other potential ingredients for the customary three-parts Walt Disney and two-parts Doc Smith stew.

The kind of SF which has made Dick's reputation has its thematic grounding in social and psychological change as stimulated by technological or political developments in society at large, and in a continued fixation with the nature of reality. Dick's characters generally find their worlds turned inside out, layers of reality peeled back with surgical precision.

Novels like *The Three Stigmata Of Palmer Eldritch*, *The Man In The High Castle* and *Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said* (not to mention lesser fascinations like *Ubik* and *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?* and short stories like *The Sins Of The Fathers* and *Impositer*) are exploratory forays into consciousness and what happens when things go wrong. SF freaks inclined towards facetiousness call him the Last Great Paranoid.

A Scanner Darkly is about a California junkie-nest in the final decade of the current century. The drugs squashed electronic surveillance as a matter of course, wear electronic disguises that keep their identities secret even from each other. The operative code-named "Fred" is Bob Arctor, who has infiltrated the drug scene so thoroughly that he is now as screwed up as anybody else on the latest wonder drug, Substance D (for 'Death'). So involved is Arctor in the Death racket that he is under surveillance by — among others — Fred, who is finding it harder and harder to remember that he is Arctor, just as Arctor is only peripherally aware of his life as Fred.

Substance D is fun because it screws up co-ordination between brain hemispheres and causes irreversible brain damage. The techniques are new, some of the drugs are new, but the rest is just the same: the inevitable horror-pathetic junkie scams, the meandering disconnected conversations, the excuses, the passive desperations, all

Substance D for Death: a future vision

observed first-hand and so authentic that it hurts.

Dick is no po-faced lecturing granddaddy wagging his finger at youthful fun and games. He was renowned for the grab-bags of amphetamines and psychedelics he used to snarl up before his liver announced that it had had enough and he started to see things funny and he is, therefore, taking no self-righteous pokes at others. Finally, the intensity and passion of *A Scanner Darkly* derives from the self-laceration that Dick inflicts so pitilessly.

Yes, yea, yes, but what's it about? *A Scanner Darkly* is about (a) possible future trends in law-enforcement, (b) paranoid schizophrenia, (c) the way people kill themselves on the instalment plan in order to make life more interesting / exciting / tolerable, (d) 217 pages and ...

In an afterword, Dick states that the novel is about "some people who were punished entirely too much for what they did." He adds, "There is no moral in this novel; it is not

bourgeois; it does not say they were wrong to play when they should have toiled; it just says what the consequences were." As an analysis of the book's intent and scope, Dick's comments are admirably apt and accurate. No moralising, no blame, but it hits too hard to laugh off. The novel is "SF" because it is set in the future and the plot hinges on the existence of assorted chemicals and devices not known at the time of writing. It is not escapism: it predates no escape.

It is perhaps the best novel about the psychology of hard-drug usage that I have ever read. Words like "brutal", "hard-hitting", "powerful" and "moving" are these days freely chucked about by any old critic to justify or glorify all sorts of cheap crap, but if they still had any meaning I'd use them all on *A Scanner Darkly*. Read it and weep.

Charles Sheer Murray

THE BEATLES FOREVER
 By Nicholas Schaffner
 (McGraw-Hill £4.95)

**RICK WAKEMAN — THE
 CAPED CRUSADER**
 By Dan Wooding
 (Panther 95p)

A very good reason why Beatle books continue to appear is the multiplicity of aspects from which to view the Fabs. Their music. Their lyrics. Their personalities. Their records. Their effect. The Beatles as a '60s phenomenon. The Beatles as archetypes. The Beatles viewed in the continuum of rock music. The Beatles as ...

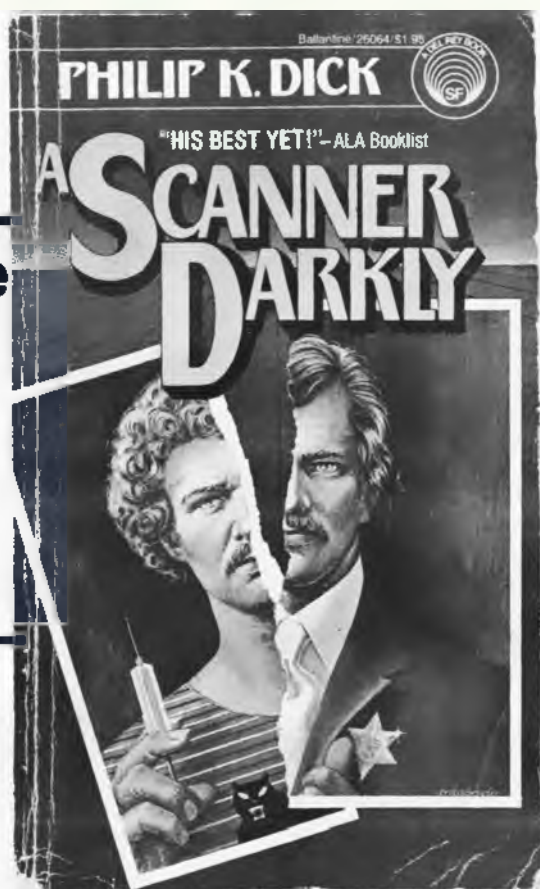
As a good way to make a good few bucks. Even now, the schmalzoid lingers on. One naturally views the appearance of yet another large-format glossy with deep suspicion, especially at this late date — and even more so when the book in question

looks like competing with one's own already-published effort. Yes, Immanuel, I too have loved. And written. (And made a few bucks.)

But objectivity, that merciless dominatrix, compels me to state that Schaffner's plunge into literary Fabbology is by no means an unworthy effort. It has faults, notably a lack of organisation. But even here the author's deep love for his subject (Empirical Fabbism), and his notable enthusiasm carry the day. *The Beatles Forever* is really one very long essay, lavishly illustrated, as the saying is, with many rare photos and other material.

Schaffner is no scholar, at least not in the conventional sense, but he has stamina, a scholarly virtue. He says little that is new, but he has incorporated most of what he has read elsewhere, with the result that this work actually goes some way towards being a definitive "Beatles Story". I

PRINT



suspect the reason it took such a long time coming about is that Schaffner only recently took the Decision to translate a hitherto personal myth into bucks, sorry, prose. Clearly, in Schaffner's case Fabbophilia was there right from the start. He's just a little late cashing in on his hobby.

There is one notable mission from Dan Wooding's Disc-style biog of the Caped Crusader. Nowhere does he mention the fact that Rick Wakeman's chief claim to genuine fame lies, not in his music, nor in his cheerful personality, nor in his amiably vulgar approach to showmanship, but in the region of his large intestine.

Wakeman, let me here state, is the most accomplished farter in the UK. I have heard — and I believe — that the Caped Crusader once balanced himself for no less than 14 minutes on a column of pure vapour issuing from his postern gate. Wakeman himself is indeed modestly proud of this rare talent. "It's a poor arse that never rejoices", he once confessed to me, his large moon face suffused with a blush of shyness.

Why is this singular aspect of a rare musical genius utterly unmentioned? Is Wooding, perhaps, secretly jealous? There must be some reason for the omission. Certainly, in the absence of some Wakeman farting stories this book languishes in the slough of despond already well-choked by other Wooding product and (I hasten to add) product by the likes of George Tremlent.

Yes, it's no.

Tony Tyler

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He tackles figures from one end of rock history through to the other (no punks, tho'), but he's obviously most at home with the '60s; he can paint an Elvis that'd break your heart as soon as look at it. His paintings are garish and noisy but beautifully balanced: his feel is impeccable.

Look at his paintings of Little Richard, Carl Perkins, Howlin' Wolf and the Everly Brothers and you're going to want to dance. His Hendrix is demonic, but most of his '60s figures are handled too delicately, since the power comes from distance. Whether it's worth a liver to you or not depends on exactly how much a liver is worth to you (real terms), but this is a fact: David Oxtoxy knows how to rock.

Charles Sheer Murray

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ALBUMS

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS Do It Yourself (S&W)

Firstly, it's not like the first one. Smooth as a glass of milk, it is, and about as easy to see through. Because Man of the People Ian Dury is taking his music down the disco. Oy Oy — a bit of kulcher on the dance floor, is it? A bit, yes, but

But this is Mr Dury, who remains idiomatic, idiosyncratic and unique. If you heard Dury's *Star Special* turn on Radio One a few Sundays back then his severely catholic tastes will be no surprise and you'll be well primed for the exuberant eclecticism on 'Do It Yourself'. His predilection for the musical vision of Charlie Mingus and Roland Kirk, the lyrical dexterity of Hoagy Carmichael and Lenny Bruce, the vocal commitment of Gene Vincent and (the young) Elvis Presley and, most importantly here, the rhythmic seduction practised by Parliament are all in evidence. A lot of 'Do It Yourself' sounds like George Clinton producing The Crusaders.

Which means that the overall attack of 'New Boots And Panties', on which Dury's voice and views tended towards the bitter and twisted bark of a pikey fairground hustler, has been tempered by a mischievous compassion. He's still down there looking up askance, but he's a little kinder about it.

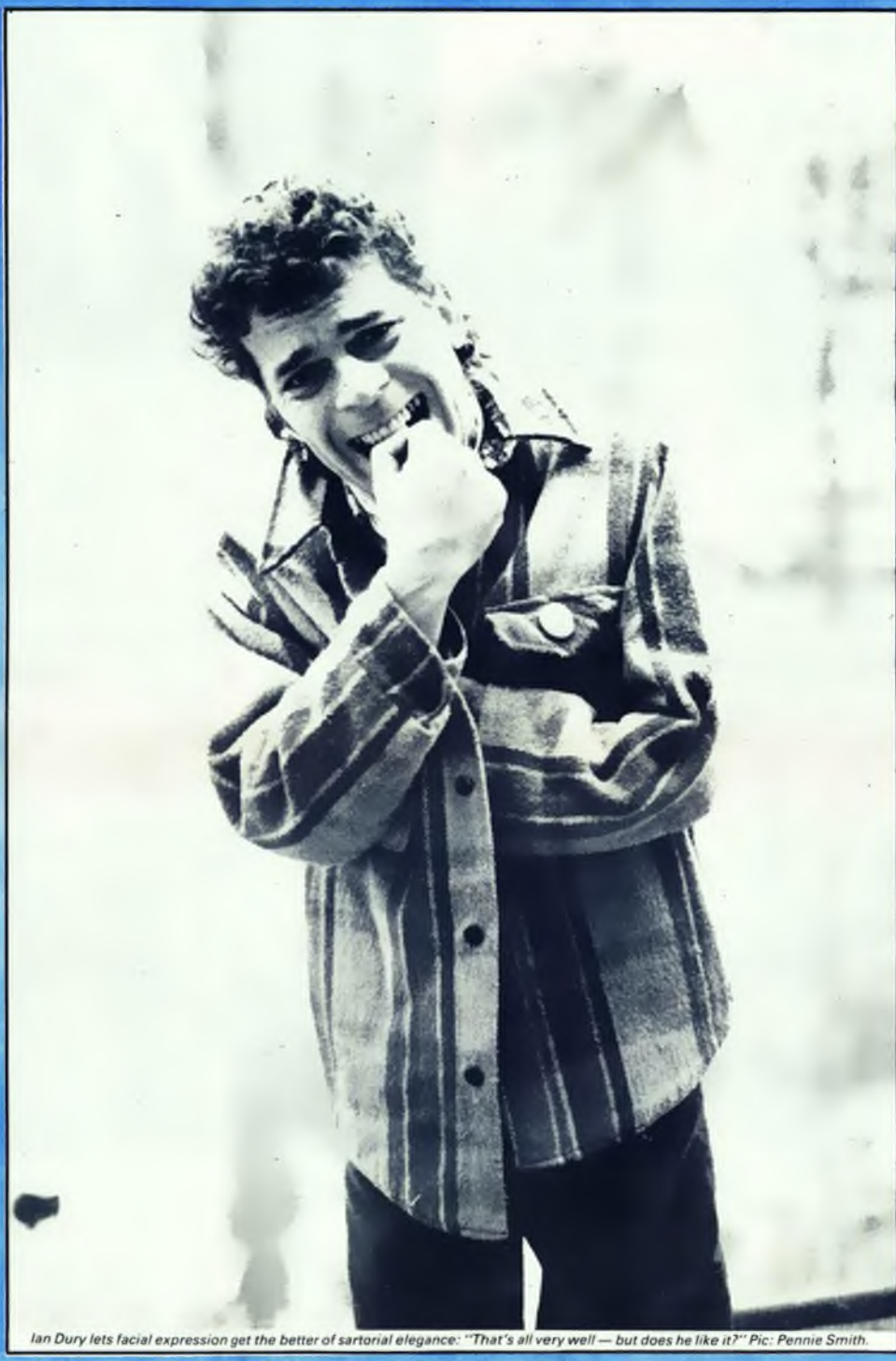
As for The Blockheads, I'm not saying they're the best band in the world, they're playing it. Take a bow, gentlemen: Davey Payne (saxes), John Turnbull (guitars), Mickey Gallagher (keyboards), Norman Wan-Roy (bass) and Charley Charles (drums) under the 'musically direct' Chaz Jankel (guitars and keyboards). Eat your hearts out, everyone else in the Musicians Union.

The first of many sophisticated musical jiggery-pokeries is the sexually ambiguous 'Inbetweenies', a solid hello to cocky cocktail rock and thrillingly frilly. This is the world of 'What A Waste' not 'Sex & Etc' and Charlie Mingus (God bless him) wouldn't have sneezed at the use of horns, particularly on the short, sharp coda.

Most of the traditional guitar lines are usurped by Mr Payne's scorching saxes on 'Quiet', too. Another Charlie Haden bassline derivative (and why not? People have been doing it to Bach for years as well), 'Quiet' is thus irresistible even if Ian's toilet talk is out of order — come on, mate, I haven't had me breakfast yet. Actually, he hovers precariously between Noel Coward and Arthur Mullard on this aural equivalent of mooning.

And the bridge verse — "A right little chap, get back on mummy's lap/There may well be chastisements if you do not shut your trap" — is reminiscent of that wonky moment in 'Clever Bastards' when Dury suddenly offers the helpful insight that those great men of history "must've got some help from their mum". You could get a headache thinking about the implications and Dury, as ever, remains ambivalent towards all women. (None of his singles are on this album, by the way.)

The melodically strong 'Don't Ask Me' has Payne sharing the leads with harmony guitars in a seriously geed up look at social irritants: "Here I stand with a doughnut for a brain... I'm a crumb and I'm in your



Ian Dury lets facial expression get the better of sartorial elegance: "That's all very well — but does he like it?" Pic: Pennie Smith.

Clever Bastard!!

lemonade."

According to Danny Baker, 'Sink My Boats' is the first song that Ian and Chaz Jankel co-wrote, and it doesn't sound like anything they've done before or since. I was expecting something along the lines of Woody Allen ("My first wife was so immature she used to come into the bathroom without knocking and sink my boats"), but it's a fine pop song — Abba would be proud of it and F. Mac would appreciate the layered, ascending organ chords — about how everyone is generally hard done by on a more basic level. The backing vocals are a treat (could it be the three proper housewives Ian's been after using for a

while now?). I don't know what instrument takes the wailing lead break, but it sounds like Mike Oldfield probably invented it. And if you think that's an unholy alliance try 'Waiting For Your Taxi', side one's closer. A touch of the Pink Floyd and it's the hardest riff on the platter, a sort of sensibly psychedelic Beethoven bit spiced with sinister synthesizer fills, eerie Alexis Korner-type whispers and Davey Payne again blowing the proverbial gasket and, with it, any chance of cardiac insurance. The entire lyric appears to consist of "Waiting for your taxi, which taxi never come." This is what we find.

As luck would have it, a song by that very title opens side two. A real meat and veg job, 'This Is What We Find' is the closest Dury comes to his notorious music hall style, jaunty carnival organ work accompanying his gruesome tales of the unexpected involving frustrated Lambeth housewives and revengeful cuckolds from Harrow Hill — you know, life in general: "A sense of humour is required amongst the bacon hind... The hope that springs eternal springs right up your behind." It certainly springs abruptly, almost awkwardly, into 'Uneasy Sunny Day Hotsy Totsy'. Dury's felicity with words is well to the fore and the breezy jazz breaks turn it

into at least three class songs. He's a bit acerbic, mind — "Open up the nick, close down the schools/The law is a prick, not fit to write the rules" — and, judging by his general misdemeanour, must've known the Tories were going to get in before he wrote it. A whole gallery of delinquents do 'Mischiefs', which has a touch of 'New Boots' hardness but is glossier. There's another fruity solo of indeterminate gender, but I'll plump for John Turnbull. A titan of the traps throughout, Charley Charles gets his chance to make the drums talk on 'Dance Of The Screamer', probably the best track. The bass is cute too,

resonant and reaching, together with the creamy keyboards lending sanity to the proceedings as Dury swoops ungodly whelps with Davey's squawking sax.

It's a lovely song, too, Mr Dury screaming for all of us, the uglies, the little 'uns, the half a chancers, the people who never quite get the bus. Even raspberries could dance to it, and would want to. A shame that the listless reggaefied epilogue 'Lullaby For Francis' is so soft and, yes, soporific.

Still, nine out of ten ain't bad and, although I don't yet think there's anything here of the sheer substance of 'New Boots', I had similar misgivings about 'What A Waste' (it was wrong.)

Whatever, he's baffled this blockhead with ease. And it's been a pleasure.

Monty Smith

GERRY RAFFERTY Night Owl (United Artists)

Gerry Rafferty's voice reminds me of Paul McCartney singing 'Blackbird' on the Beatles' 'White Album'. Gerry Rafferty's melodies remind me of the best songs that McCartney was writing in those days.

Gerry Rafferty also makes me feel personally uneasy. I won't readily forget reviewing his 'Baker Street' single and complaining that there should be a vocal chorus instead of a saxophone solo. Pretty dumb.

But, without 'Baker Street', Rafferty's last album 'City To City' was not much different from all its predecessors. Rafferty's been turning out neat little songs for ten years or more, first with The Humblebees, then as a solo act, then as a half or a sixth or whatever of Stealers' Wheel, then finally and most successfully as a solo turn again.

This new set ought to have been the one to consolidate his newfound reputation, particularly over in America. I suspect, however, that it may well fail to do that. And even though I was horrendously wrong about 'Baker Street', I'm afraid I might be right about this. For one thing, there is no song on the album with the appeal of 'Baker Street'. The same saxophonist Raphael Ravenscroft is trotted out to do his stuff on a number of tracks, notably 'Get It Right Next Time' and 'The Tourist', but his presence seems a mite gratuitous, whereas, on 'Baker Street', he perfectly complemented the mood.

These days Rafferty is perhaps not quite as much of a tormented soul as he was, so he's got less to emote about, and so by proxy has Ravenscroft. Another problem here is the production work, a joint effort by Rafferty himself and Hugh Murphy. It seems to me that Rafferty's melodies are best left to assert themselves, except when something simple can embellish them without clutter. But here every last tune is tarted up with a fussy and often inappropriate arrangement.

Rafferty still seems a little lost for ways to establish his own style. One answer would be to provide him with an experienced MOR producer, someone like Tom Dowd, who might be said to have salvaged both Clapton and Rod Stewart from their temporary doldrums.

An even better answer might be a return to the wilderness for Rafferty himself. Obscurity seems to bring on the melancholy that appears to be essential for his commercial song-writing.

Rafferty is almost jolly on this new album, and his muse evidently can't handle it.

Bob Edmunds

LATEST METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Phew, what a scorcher

DONNA SUMMER Bad Girls (Casablanca)

I'm sitting here, the music is actionably loud, the bass is hitting right into the back of my neck, squarebashing on the spot, and — help — once I even started up with an invisible rhythm guitar.

At this stage there is no longer a standpoint to sell. Another treatise on disco is all we need — forget it, you're either swinging or unimpressed by now — and to review the new Donna Summer album with a selection of graphs, slide rules and calendars would be boring, pointless and narcissistic.

The woman is a heavyweight, a diamond. The team she operates with are treasure, repeatedly stunning and still thankfully direct.

However, 'Bad Girls' blunders. It isn't just a matter of over-estimating the project here because, though the peaks are as high as ever, they are overshadowed by the minutes of average ambition in between.

In the States, double albums are snapped up without a thought — in fact, they tend to be regarded as the 'real work' of an artist (not like those ordinary single 33's that serve only as a testing ground for the planned live sets). Here though, you're gonna want something absolutely red hot to warrant eight notes changing hands, and, seeing as how Donna's first twin set 'Once Upon A Time' was such a furnace, you may be tempted to chance it twice in a decade. Or, you can live without it.

Opening with the already celebrated 'Hot Stuff', 'Bad

Girls' is off with all dynamo's screeching. As with all the other dips into styles the gang have produced, the hard rock excursion of 'Hot Stuff' is total glory, and a generous tip of the hat to Jeff, er, 'Skunk' Baxter for the guitar work is particularly in order. As expected, there are no breaks in the tracking and the drums pump weightily into the title track, evolving through light guitar riffs and needling horns and into Donna's voice. The cut is so delicious it makes room for ideas about 'Album of the Year' and all that eyewash personal grudges can load reviews with.

The side ends with two bouncy, but for this madame, ordinary turn-outs. Side two starts the real doubt. The starter, 'Dim All The Lights', has an opening which hints at the album's recording home, Los Angeles — it's all very



"I... I who have nothing" (Stop it. That's Shirley, not Donna — Ed.)

mellow Evie Sands stuff — and from there goes into a song structure far too close to her mammoth 'Last Dance' for comfort. Music and lyrics by Donna Summer? Consider this: "Do anything you

want/You can use me all you want/Take me bottom and top/Do it tonight/Turn my brown body white..."

The three tracks that follow are pretty pale too, songs 'that'll do', saved under the surgeons' knife held by Moroder and Bellotti, and a lot of volume. Side three is a side of ballads and, as Wilde observed, a tremendous lot of bollocks too. It all seems so obligatory and dreary, the fire and fizzazz that gripped 'Once Upon A Time' sold up the Pacific, 20 minutes of Summer spirit pacified in L.A. The quivering bottom lip spoken intro to 'All Thru The Night' is a laughable slice of well-boiled showbiz ham.

And so, three sides in, we still only have one firm face. Now this is where my having an import copy pays off (© Roy Carri). The USA still confuses punters with the system whereby side one is backed by side four — two by three, etc, and so we are able to have the two major line-ups of 'Bad Girls' on one disc, and with gritted teeth may pretend the other two clinkers don't exist. Side four is made up of three tracks of electronic abandon, the brand of computer disco that the assembled company first cornered and have ever since stood alone in.

I'm a real soft touch for all those spiralling synthesizer loops, those endless bass pedals beneath squoops and twisted tuning-fork beating as Donna coldly runs through the vocals. Often she puts in mind those wonky whines found on Pakistani movie ballads where the heroine pines for her man and moves her head on her neck like it would shuffle all the way down her arm if it wanted (chorus of 'Lucky' brought that peculiar parallel to life).

Anyway, side four is magic. The album closes with a poem to the crew's new found playground, Sunset Strip. Like most of this work, the words are just words that swish and fit and, though the title and sleeve suggest some sort of concept, it must be pretty frail if it exists at all. 'Sunset People' belts along and contains a break toward its conclusion that in sound and intensity is dynamite enough to be scary. I swear Moroder must pump those drums with amphetamine sulphate and just let them get on with it.

Yeah, side four is a power work climax hiding the false bottom that is so much of what preceded it. While it plays you almost believe this is the pay-off that 'Hot Stuff' and 'Bad Girls' promised, you almost get to thinking that this film didn't drag like a best man's speech for 40 minutes back there. And yes, you check out those two sides once more to convince yourself the woman is the behemoth of contemporary whatever.

All you confirm is that, had she shipped in the Chic crew

to record that half of the exercise then, my friends, this album would have been so hot we could have given 1979 its hat and coat.

Maybe Casablanca UK will put it out as two separate albums. Maybe I'll flap my arms and fly to the moon...

Danny Baker

RICK JAMES Bustin' Out Of L7 (Motown)

A most wonderful album this, not one that I feel even remotely inclined to take any kind of a poke at. This is mood funk music, music with a punch and a sigh: at once a sharp edge and a soft place to lay your head. Whether you dance slow or you dance fast, you will dance to this, even thrill to this. It makes me want to turn up the volume, open up the windows and signal frantically at passers-by to stop and pay attention.

From the crazily euphoric 'High On Your Love Suite/One Mo Hit Of Your Love' (available on 12 inch, backed up by last year's disco hit 'You And I') through the tender 'Spacey Love' (dedicated to Patti LaBelle: class, so much class) to the bopping nighthawk, flash jazz and glitzy glamour of 'Cop 'N' Blow', Rick James consistently and effortlessly proves that he can do anything the opposition can do, only with more sequins and sparkle.

His band are monstrous, outrageous and witty, full of sly looks and underhand notions. To single out any one musician for special mention is probably churlish and inconsiderate, as everybody plays superbly well, but I can hardly quit this piece without first doffing my cap to Fernando Harkless for his fruity and smirking tenor sax solos on 'Cop' and 'High On Your Love'.

Throw away your reference books and roll back the carpet, this is funky music I'm talking about. No interpretation necessary, just a warm heart and a good tailor.

John Hamblett

JOHN MILES More Miles Per Hour (Decca)

Just another John Miles album. The same mixture of light opera and MOR rock. A pity, really. If he mixed heavy opera and MOR rock, he might be as big as Meatloaf. In sales terms at least.

Some pleasant songs: 'Satisfied', 'C'est La Vie', 'We All Fall Down', and the tune with the patently untrue title 'You Can't Keep A Good Man Down'.

Still, Miles should worry. He may not be much loved in the UK, but he's just signed a vast deal with Arista. Must be a writer to sign a vast deal with John Miles.

Bob Edmunds



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"Whoever she is, she's a goddess as it happens, her on page 38."

Pic: Joe Stevens

DR FEELGOOD
As It Happens
(United Artists)
THE BISHOPS
Crosscuts
(Chiswick)

Rhythm and blues is a slippery thing, delicious hot and disgusting cold. To see it played on stage by bands who know what they're about — bands like Dr Feelgood and The Bishops — is to sense the rock'n'roll experience at its best and most intense: crude, know-nothing excitement and breathless exhilaration.

But all too often that magic has evaporated on contact with cold black vinyl, and left a residue of mere 12-bar drudgery. So infrequently is the spirit of the thing convincingly caught on record that extremists have been known to see R & B as essentially in-person entertainment: either it's live or else it's dead.

Respectfully excepting those original all-time greats of the genre — men like Sonny Boy Williamson and Muddy Waters who literally were their music and could never fail to deliver whatever the context or medium — it remains the case that an awful lot of latterday studio work has tended to disappoint.

Realising this predicament (though baser commercial motives may often play their own part) many acts have looked for its solution in the idea of the 'live album', almost invariably with turgid and near-unlistenable consequences.

Now, as it happens, the star witness for the defence in this case is Dr Feelgood, the evidence being their powerful 1976 'Stupidity', an entirely successful effort which, to my mind, out-classes the band's five studio albums with some ease, even if the last one.

'Private Practice', ran it a close second in terms of overall excellence.

'As It Happens' is another live record. With material drawn from the 'Private Practice' set and from its predecessor 'Be Seeing You', it's an attempt to portray the Feelgoods at work in Phase Two of their career: the post-Wilko stage which has seen the untroubled induction of John Mayo and an expansion in the band's standing from booze'n'blues experts to grade-A mainstream rock'n'rollers.

Whereas 'Stupidity' was valued for conveying the Feelgood appeal in a way their other early albums failed to do, 'As It Happens' presents no more than a routine re-run of numbers already available in perfectly adequate form.

Side one takes us through 'Take A Tip', 'Every Kind Of Vice', 'Down At The Doctors', 'Baby Jane', 'Sugar Shaker', 'She's A Wind-Up' and 'Things Get Better', six of the best plus one stand-out track, 'Things' scoring with the way its smooth pop harmonies contrast with the jagged, impatient rawness of the others.

And then there's 'Ninety Nine And A Half (Won't Do)' — a snarling statement of intent that symbolises the all-out commitment and attack which still characterises the contributions of all four Feelgoods — followed up with 'My Buddy Buddy Friends', 'Milk And Alcohol', 'Matchbox', 'As Long As The Price Is Right' and 'Night Time'.

You also get a bonus in the form of an "Encore EP" comprising their parting shots from each of the two featured gigs: 'Riot In Cell Block Number Nine', 'The Blues Had A Baby And They Named It Rock'n'Roll', 'Lights Out' and 'Great Balls Of Fire'.

Produced by Vic Maile (who had a hand in the band's earliest output, including 'Stupidity'), the recordings in themselves don't leave much

room for complaint. The album combines an unmistakably live feel with a high level of clarity, and yet the results lack impact or intensity. It's a competent job all round but without much in the way of atmosphere. I couldn't recommend it as the essential complement to their existing studio works.

With its chronically slap-dash artwork (hand-scribbled labels and all) 'As It Happens' contrives to convey immediacy, but carries all the hallmarks of product. It's not bad product by any means but me, I'd rather wait for the next 'real' Feelgoods album to come along. Or, better still, just go and watch 'em first-hand.

In the meantime we've got The Bishops. This, their third offering (and second from the studio), is dedicated to the late Zenon de Fleur and represents the last of Zen's work with the group he founded and saw shape into the hottest combo on the R & B circuit. And the album is no disgrace, whatever misgivings its horrible puke-pink sleeve may induce.

At their best ('I Take What I Want', 'I Want Candy'), these tracks are fine as anything this side of a Pye red-and-yellow. There are great performances from de Fleur and Johnny Guitar, supported by the chunky bass and drums of Pat McMullen and Paul Selbi, and overlaid with the grinning, gum-chewing goodol' boy assurance of singer Dave Tice.

There are some duff cuts — pedestrian 'soul' or leaden best-ballads like 'These Arms Of Mine' and 'Could You Would You' just aren't what The Bishops, especially Tice, are good at whilst Fleetwood Mac's 'Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight' is plain childish — but elsewhere there's enough fun and class and exuberance to carry the album through.

See The Bishops and you'll know — R & B is the spine of rock'n'roll.

Paul Du Noyer

NO DICE

2 Faced

(EMI)

Heavy Metal might be an apt description of this, except that

it isn't particularly heavy. It's just that metallic epithets and metaphors seem quite appropriate in describing the execrable *mitterstomp* that No Dice have concocted for your pleasure.

Leaden guitar riffs, vaguely 'percussive' bass lines, spraucy keyboard doodlings, scrooching solos, dislocated intros and outros are the basic ingredients of these nine songs. Add a lead vocal that crosses Frankie Miller with Brother Lee Love, and you have a perfect example of the kind of record you save for the small hours to get rid of unwelcome guests.

Not wishing to dismiss No Dice's artistic efforts on the grounds of merely disliking the genre of Heavy Rock, I spun the disc again, trying to enter the spirit by grating away at my invisible Stratocaster. But I still can't find an iota of redeeming evidence save for five seconds of disco synth cheekily plagiarised from Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love'. No Dice? No Thanks.

Rick Joseph

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Lee Brilleaux: "Don't worry about it, Fig, they're all comics as it happens." Pic: Joe Stevens.

PATRICK FITZGERALD
Grubby Stories
(Polydor/Small Wonder)

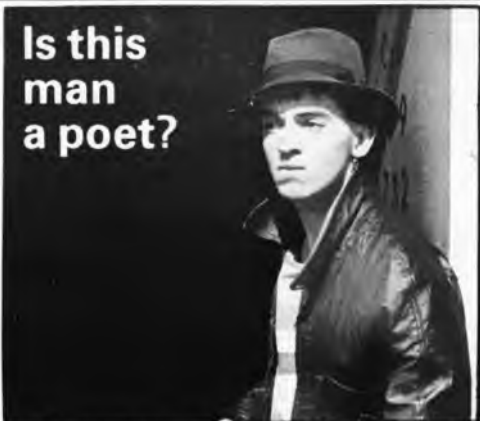
Patrick Fitzgerald took to words because he was bullied at school and because he felt words were a resistance. Words are Fitzgerald's fight. This is his first extended bout and, although it hardly hands him the position of bully it does supply self-respect and some sort of protection.

How much you fall for Patrick Fitzgerald's first long player depends on how curious you are about other people and whether you're really that bothered about the gripes and preoccupations of a cuddly South London punk. If you feel that Fitzgerald has the right to stamp his feet and screw his nose up at the rigidity and mundanity of life and sell this to us, then that's the first problem overcome.

The second problem is the songs and the voice. If you're to be a fan of 'Grubby Stories', then it's an advantage to be partial to sweet whimsy and nursery rhyme, and not to be irritated by Fitzgerald's dry, flat vocal enunciation. There is little of great musical substance here and Fitzgerald's voice, although endearing, will probably not charm you into the clouds.

Being curious about other people and being fond of cute, frisky or doleful melodies, I like 'Grubby Stories' — I'm not so sure I like Patrick Fitzgerald, he seems quite nasty at times — and I have fun comparing experiences, looking at the world through his unruly eyes and beginning to understand his sulky, sensitive character. His observations and consternations are rarely less than fine and vivid, only occasionally is there any dodgy language. The 17 moody compositions on the album are all explicitly or implicitly autobiographical. It

Is this man a poet?



Patrick Fitzgerald cocks a snoot at Adrian Boot

would seem that Fitzgerald is oddly imperturbable, impatient, intense, indignant and, when it suits him, disarmingly poignant. This may or may not interest you.

Of these 17 unwashed thoughts that run from breezy to weary, a handful feature the savoury and fetching electric accompaniment of a specially assembled group: Fitzgerald's electric and acoustic guitars are joined by Buzzcocks' drummer John Maher (the first electric song, 'Adopted Girl', begins with typical Buzzcocks drive), Penetration's bassman Robert Blamire and producer Peter Wilson on keyboards and guitars. The sparkling and sophisticated band music stylishly enhances the story lines — as on the moving and sadly cynical 'All The Years Of Trying', about a Kevin Coyne-type individual, and the sly and witty VD vignette 'But Not Anymore' — and are interesting extremes to the starkly suggestive shorts where Fitzgerald relies on

simple guitar and voice.

The spritely group song 'Don't Tell Me Because I'm Young' supplies a basic motivation for Fitzgerald, a spiteful and stubborn one: 'Don't tell me because I'm young / That I don't know what I'm doing / I don't know what I'm going through / Don't tell me because I'm young / That I don't know what I'm seeing / I don't know what I'm saying / I don't know what I believe in'.

The electric songs approach the Squeeze / Dury sound of subtly layered music topped with exaggerated London vocalese. The acoustic songs are harsh and catchy: truly the folk singer who discovered punk rock. How much punk affected Fitzgerald's language can be gauged by comparing the wandering pre-punk piece 'No Fun Football' with the tightness and direction of the new songs.

The acoustic songs emphasise Fitzgerald's originality and the extent and clumsy emotionality of his

world view: the imploring 'As Ugly As You', the darkly depressing 'All My Friends Are Dead Now', the desperate but shrugging 'Nothing To Do', the wilful rebellion of 'Conventions Of Life', the grim acceptance of 'Little Fishes', the cheeky fantasising of 'My Secret Life', the convincingly horrific 'Lovers Pact'.

'When I Get Famous' reveals the pathetic Wainwrightian side of Fitzgerald. He has always concerned himself with the paradoxes between the values and corruption of communication, with the way punk's original pure idealism shrivelled away and why that was inevitable, but not necessarily conclusive. 'When I Get Famous' details a small part of this, the loss of the person(al) as the personality takes over.

On the closing 'Your Hero', Fitzgerald vainly attempts to keep the barriers down between audience and performer, as it should be, but perhaps recognises the futility: 'Don't ever ask me to be your hero / I will only let you down'.

Patrick Fitzgerald knows where he stands and doesn't want to be knocked down. He is always going to be more charming to consumers than harming to society, but he will always be the first to appreciate this. But that's no reason to stay quiet. On the record's one spoken poem, the dry, reflective 'Make It Safe', Fitzgerald sneers: 'The people that I want to fight are the people that rule my life / but they've got just that little too much sass and always stay one step ahead / and when they've ditched out all their bullshit / it makes it pretty easy to make it safe'.

On 'Grubby Stories' I think Patrick Fitzgerald has put up a good fight, despite it all. And that should interest you.

Paul Morley

Imports

Stand by for the quick newflash bit this week, commencing with the scam that Virgin have imported hefty supplies of 'The Original Hits Of The Beau Brummels' (JAS), which they're shifting at just £1.74 a throw. Comprising a dozen of the Beau's Autumn label cuts, this one comes highly recommended to all '60s freaks. Likewise snapped up by Virgin during their latest lap of honour around the worldwide warehouse circuit are samples of such oldies as The Fugs' first two albums (ESP), *Pearls Before Swine's* 'Balaklava' and 'One Nation Underground' (ESP); and 'Muleskinner' (Ridge Runner) by the band that fiddler Richard Green formed with Clarence White, David Grisman, John Guerin, Bill Keith and others shortly after he parted company with Seatrain.

Meanwhile, from behind the Siegfried Line, Branson's heroes have captured quantities of Ian Matthews' 'If You Saw Through My Eyes' (Vertigo), a 1971 surfacer that boasts such back up names as Richard Thompson, Tim Renwick, Andy Roberts and the late Sandy Denny. But the biggest sales are reported on 'The Nina Hagen Band' (CBS), a Berlin blitz highly touted in NME a few weeks ago and recently played to death by Peelie.

HMV also claim considerable till-tinkling caused by the Hagen release, though the mainstem rush at the chain's Oxford Street branch has been directed towards James Taylor's 'Flag' (CBS), an item which on the face of things would seem to present nothing new — Kunkel, Sklar and Co. remaining undefeated while ol' Mud Slide revamps 'Rainy Day Man' yet again.

Another HMV top-rater is 'Johnny Kidd — Rocker' (EMI) a French double that contains a number of cuts not included on the homegrown 'Best Of Johnny Kidd' set, plus a bonus single in 'The Pirates' 'My Babe' / 'Casting My Spell'. An appealing release, generally well-packaged, the only drawback is a sleeve note that comes in both French and a sometimes incomprehensible kind of English, a sample of the latter being: 'At the beginning of rock and roll, h.w. switches (sic) the name of this one more aggressive of 'Pirate' and make everyone call him Captain Kidd'.

Back in deepest Kentish Town, Pacific Records, who supply shops throughout the country, have lugged in 99's 'High Energy Plan' (PVC/Radar) and Mitch Ryder's 'How I Spent My Vacation' (Seeds And Stems), while finalising plans for a deal with Nippon CBS/Sony. If the latter materialises, then Pacific claim that they'll soon be able to market a whole range of Japanese discs at a much reduced price than that generally asked at the moment. Among those items likely to figure in the initial launch is a series of albums by The Byrds, these including 'The Byrds Sing Dylan' a collection of songs such as 'Spanish Harlem Incident', 'My Back Pages', 'Lay Down Your Weary Tune', 'This Wheel's On Fire', 'Chimes Of Freedom' and 'Nothing Was Delivered'.

Finally, news that the re-packaged version of The International Submarine Band's 'Safe At Home' has surfaced on Shiloh Records. Now merely titled 'Gram Parsons', the album is, at last, easily obtainable from most import dealers.

Fred Dallai

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Harry Chapin UK concerts

HARRY CHAPIN (below), one of the more accomplished and stylish of the current breed of U.S. singer-composers, is about to embark on one of his rare British concert tours. Always well worth a visit, he opens his itinerary in Manchester on Tuesday.

● And a reminder that **THE TUBES** start their week-long season at London Hammersmith Odeon next Monday. Supported by Squeeze, they'll be there every night until the following Sunday (27).



Thursday

Alford Corn Exchange: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: Heatchcliffe Birmingham Barbarella's: The Dickies
Birmingham Odeon: Judas Priest
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham The Bell: The Clerks
Bradford Salam Cricket Club: Scum/Sicky Minor & The Deposits
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: Nicky & The Dots
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Cardiff Grassroots: Monoxide
Cardiff The Troubadour: Del Shannon (for three days)
Chatham Tam C'Shinner: The Pirenas
Chelmsford Odeon: George Hamilton IV
Chester Smythe: Tot & The Girls
Cheshirefield Farm: Thompson Twins
Colne Union Hotel: Thunderbird Seddon / Beggars Doe
Coventry Locarno: Penetration/The Fall
Derby Agents Club: V2/The Distraction/Private Sector/Frantic Elevators
Edinburgh Astoria: The Leyton Buzzards
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Sky
Exeter Routes: The Soft Boys
Glasgow Dist Inn: Underhand Jones
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Jam/The Records
Grantham Coles Social Centre: Chris Barber Band
Guildford Royal Hotel: The Vapors
Hayle Penmare Hotel: Lipservice
High Wycombe Hags Head: The Press
Hull King Edward VII: The Probe
Leeds Fan Club: Anglerz
Leeds Polytechnic: No Dice/Straight & Lincoln Drill Hall: Bruford
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Scorpions
Liverpool Eric's: Sore Throat
Liverpool The Sportsman: Mistress
London Camden Dingwalls: The Sinceros
London Canning Town Bridge House: Blood Donor
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Magnets
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Jags
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Crooks
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Fischer-2
London Kennington The Crickets: Lacey's All Stars
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville: Radio Stars/Ray Morgan Quartet
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: Martin Taylor & The Isaacs
London Marquee Club: Speed-O-Meters
London Soho Piza Express: Dick Charlesworth Quartet
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Yakety Yak/Fish Cats
London St. Moritz Club: Red Tape
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Sec-

ret Seven/The Ripchords
London Victoria The Venue: Mothers Finest
London Wembley Arena: Status Quo
London W.10 Adlam Hall: Joy Division/Orchestral Manoeuvres/John Dowle/A Certain Ratio
London W.14 The Kensington: Bobby Henry/Local Heroes
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: Big Chief
Manchester Apollo Theatre: The Tubes
Manchester Band On The Wall: Cousin Joe From New Orleans
Manchester The Factory: Pressure Shocks
Manchester U.M.I.S.T.: Squeeze/Brian James & The Strains
Motherwell Civic Theatre: The Chieftains
Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: Hepatitis
Notwich Memorial Hall: The Cure
Notwich Boogie House: Capital Letters
Notwich Hearty Good Fellow: The Hornones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Oxford Caribbean Club: English Substitutes
The Sinceros
Porth Riverside Inn: The Deft Jerks
Plymouth Drake Club: High Flames
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Members
Poynton Folk Centre: Andrew John & Lizzy/Hughes Bros
Rugby British Rail Club: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energi
Sheffield City Hall: Renaissance
Sheffield Fiesta Club: Edwin Starr
Sheffield Limit Club: Punishment Of Luxury
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: Thieves Like Us
Stockport County Club: Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for three days)
Telford Town House: The Special A.X.A./Strange Pleasure
Uckfield Youth Club: The Wailing Snails
Weston-super-Mare: Scoopy's The Late Show
Willan Hall The Cavalcade: Ocean Boulevard
Wolverhampton Lafayette: Violinski

Friday

Bath University: Alan Price
Bicester Nowhere Club: Double Xposure
Birkenhead Gallery Club: Zoro
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Traitors
Birmingham Odeon: The Tubes
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Spitfire
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: The Crack
Birmingham University: Squeeze
Bishops Stamford Triad Leisure Centre: ESP
Bishopscot Norfolk Castle: The Late Show
Bournemouth Capone's: Capital Letters / Interference
Bradford St George's Hall: The Dickies
Brighton Buccaneer: Secret Affair / Chicane
Brighton Hanbury Arms: The Lilletes /

Woody & The Splinters
Brighton Lower Rd Inn: Yakety Yak
Brighton Sussex University: The Skids
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Under-tones
Carlisle Wigan Market Hall: Punishment Of Luxury
Cheltenham Technical College: Eric Ball Band
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetlike
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Violinski
Davidstow Village Hall: The Brainiacs
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Invaders
Felixstow Folk Festival (for three days): Alex Atterton / Pumpkin Pie / Don Shepherd / Kate Bodrick / Pyewackett etc.
Framingham Assembly Rooms: After The Fire
Glasgow Burns Howff: The Deft Jerks
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Jam / The Records
Guildford Civic Hall: Chris Barber Band
Guildford Star Club: Studies
Hanley Victoria Hall: Judas Priest
Hatfield Polytechnic: Sid Sideboard & The Chairs
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Only Ones
Hull University: No Dice / Straight & Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Kettering Windmill Club: The Bearshank Band
Knaresborough Folk Club: Dick Gaughan
Leamington Crown Hotel: Stuff Movies
Leeds Haddon Hall: Rumin
Leeds Polytechnic: The Ruts
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: The Press
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: Cousin Joe
From New Orleans
Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Stylitics
Liverpool Eric's The Cool Notes / The Whys
London Acton King's Head: Paz
London Battersea Arts Centre: South Of The Border
London Brickbark College: The Immetes
London Brixton Spv Cafe: Quickflash
London Camberwell Art College: The Leopards
London Camden Blackrock: Scarecrow
London Camden Dingwalls: Chas & Dave / Sex
London Camden Dublin Castle: ABC
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jethro Tull
London City Polytechnic: The Jags
London City University: Radio Stars
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Carol Grimes Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Pumphouse Gang
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Kensington The Nashville: Blood Donor / Trimmer & Jenkins
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Zach
London Oxford St 100 Club: Jabula
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigley Folk and Blues Night
London SE1 Tower Hotel: Gina & The Rockin' Rebels
London Soho Piza Express: Johnny Barnes Quartet
London Southgate The Grange: The Door
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: The Crooks / Back To Zero
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: Agenda
London Wandsworth Lord Westbury: Stagebright
London Wembley Arena: Status Quo
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Pirenas / The Molesters / Nicky And The Dots
London W9 The Chippinham: The Passengers / The Prime Movers
Lowestoft South Pier: Kleenex / The Raincoats / Cabaret Voltaire
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Penetration / The Fall
Manchester The Factory: Wayne County And The Electric Chairs
Manchester UMIST: Mike Absalom
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Carib-been All Stars
Newport The Village: The Cure
Northampton Racecourse Pavilion (unchina): Neon
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Ball
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Bruford
Nottingham Sandpaper: The Members
Oxford Orange & Lemons: English Substitutes / First Offence
Oxford University: Pressure Shocks
Pebworth Carlton Theatre: Black Gorilla
Peterborough Wirtens Stadium: The Lurkers / The Well
Reading University: The Immetes / Voyager
Rowley Regis Four Ways: Ocean Boulevard

The Lurkers on the loose

THE LURKERS (left) set out on their so-called 'Killer tour' this week, promoting their new single 'Out In The Dark' and album 'God's Lonely Men' on the Beggar's Banquet label. First gigs are at Peterborough (Friday), Wolverhampton (Saturday) and Swansea (Tuesday).

THE SKIDS, whose guitarist Stuart Adamson is pictured below, are back in gig action again this week. Their latest tour gets rolling at Brighton (Friday), Guildford (Saturday) and Hanley (Tuesday), with plenty more to come through to the middle of June.



Sheffield City Hall: Sky
Sheffield Fiesta Club: Edwin Starr
Sheffield Limit Club: Sore Throat
South Norwinton Shoulder Of Mutton: Gerry & The Pacemakers
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: The Bishops
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Fischer-2
Stourport Civic Centre: Little Acre
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: Snoots
Swansea Halford Inn: Knockout
Telford Harper Arms: Quartz
Totnes Civic Hall: Lipservice / The Whip-pets From Nowhere / The Terminals
Usbridge Unit One: The Injections / Operatives
Wolverhampton Lafayette: Sniff & The Tears
York Winning Post: Red Eye

Saturday

Aylesbury Stone Hall: Sore Whistles / Lucylastic / Cyril Ugly / Ego Trips
Ayr Darlington Hotel: High Flames
Badford Nite Spot: Gerry & The Pacemakers
Birmingham Barbarella's: The Late Show
Birmingham Bogarts: Life Support
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hale & Hounds: Jeremy Taylor
Birmingham Market Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Birmingham University: Bruford
Bishopscot Norfolk Castle: Fischer-2
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Fischer-2
Blyth Golden Eagle: The 45's
Bolton Institute of Technology: Ray Morgan Quartet
Bracknell Bridge House: Double Xposure
Bradford University: The Only Ones
Bridlington Spa Hall: Status Quo
Brighton Alhambra: Fan Club
Brighton Art College: Nicky & The Dots
Brighton Buccaneer: Secret Affair / Chicane
Brighton Resource Centre: Alternative British Army / Dirty Weekend
Bristol Colston Hall: The Tubes / Squeeze
Bristol Crown Celler Bar: The Wild Beesets
Burnwood Troubadour: Ocean Boulevard
Carlisle Market Hall: Penetration
Carlshaton St. Helier Arms: Johnny & The Jailbirds
Cheltenham Whitcomb Lodge: The Leyton Buzzards
Chester Arts Centre: China Street
Chiddingly Six Belles: The Dials
Coventry Warwick University: Tontrix
Coventry Willemhall Social Club: Wayne County
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Bishops
Edinburgh Odeon: Renaissance
Fairfax Town Hall: The Chieftains
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Chris Barber Band
Glasgow Saints & Sinners (Dunelm) and Paisley Bungalow Bar (evening): Sneaky Pete
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Jam / The Records
Glasgow University: Racing Cars / Underhand Jones
Gloucester Leisure Centre: The Under-tones
Gosport John Peel: The Pirenas
Guildford Surrey University: The Skids
Halifax Good Mood Club: The Cure
Herrogate Cock & Castle: The City Limits

Ilkerton Concorde Club: The Wild Angels
Ilkley College of Education: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Leeds Florida Green Hotel: Quartz
Leicester Polytechnic: No Dice / Straight & Lincoln College of Technology: Kleenex / The Raincoats/Spizz Energi
Lincoln RAF Swinderby: Strange Days
Liverpool Eric's: The Dickies
Liverpool The Masonic (all-day): Fancy Dancer / Head Quarters / Jetsons / L.A. Connection / One Two / Opposition etc.
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: Black Gorilla
London Barkingside Old Maypole: Gine & The Rockin' Rebels
London Battersea Arts Centre: Stinky Winkles
London Brixton St. Matthew's Crypt (afternoon): Plague Of Heaven
London Camden Blackrock: Fast Exit
London Canning Town Bridge House: Jackie Lynton's Happy Days
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Tribesman
London Enfield Hop Poles: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Stylitics
London Hammersmith Town Hall: George Melly & The Feetwarmers
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: The Distributors
London Kensington The Nashville: C.M.B.
London Marquee Club: The Showbiz Kids / The Gentry
London New Barnes Duke of Lancaster: The Crooks
London Royal Festival Hall: George Hamilton IV
London Soho Piza Express: Martin Franklin Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tooting The Fountain: The Politicians
London Victoria The Venue: Kokomo
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Nancy Kramer
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Sky
Manchester Free Trade Hall: The Scorpions
Manchester Polytechnic: The Ruts
Manchester The Factory: Throbbing Gristle
Manchester University: The Pop Group / The Good Missionaries
Margate Winter Gardens: Alan Price
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: The Fantasies
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: V2 / The Distraction / Private Sector / Frantic Elevators
Norwich Whites: Rich Gypsy
Oxford New Theatre: Judas Priest
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Little Acre
Reading Bulmershe Club: Capital Letters
Retford Eaton Hall: Sore Throat
Retford Portershouse: Tot & The Girls / Zoro
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: Cousin Joe
Sheffield City Hall: Edwin Starr
Sheffield University: Law Lewis Reformer
Southend Minerva: Yakety Yak

CONTINUES OVER...

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday May 17th FISCHER Z 7.5p	Monday May 21st HI-SPEED GRASS 7.5p
Friday May 18th LOCAL OPERATOR £1	Tuesday May 22nd HELICOPTERS Free
Saturday May 19th THE CLEANERS 7.5p	Wednesday May 23rd INTERVIEW 7.5p
Sunday May 20th SHOWBIZ KIDS 60p	Thursday May 24th THE CROOKS 60p

GANG OF FOUR
THE MEKONS
THE SPECIALS

LYCEUM
SUNDAY 27th MAY at 7.30

Tickets £2.00 (inc. VAT) advance LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 0432 2715.
London Tel. 0145 800000, 0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715.
No back-up records. 1st & 2nd Floor only. 0432 2715. 0432 2715.

HI TENSION

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SATURDAY 2nd JUNE at 7.30

0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715. 0432 2715.

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CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday May 19th at 8 pm

VIOLINSKI (from E.L.O.)
+ special friends & Mary Jane Disco
Tickets £1.60

Monday May 28th at 8 pm

SQUEEZE
+ Fashion + D.J. + Willie
Andy Nicksy & Keith

Tickets £1.60 advance, £1.80 on door

Saturday June 2nd at 8 pm

CAROLINE ROADSHOW
Featuring D.J. Robb Edin, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit
Tickets £1.50

Tuesday June 5th at 8 pm

HI-TENSION
+ Spooky
Tickets £2.80

All tickets available from Box Office, Chequer Street St. Albans. Tel. 0457 11 or on door

QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Sunday May 27th at 7.30 pm

NO DICE
+ STRAIGHT 8

Tickets £1.40 + 10p booking charge in advance from Queensway Box Office. Tel. 0535 256. F. L. Moore, Record Room St. Albans, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, or £1.60 on door

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A.J.'s CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Tel. 30874

Friday May 18th
THE PRESS

Friday May 25th
GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND

Friday June 1st
CAPITAL LETTERS

Friday June 8th
NO-PAP RECORDS TOUR
with Speedballs, Peter Zee Road & Savage

STA-PREST

Tuesday May 15th
Epping Youth & Adult Centre

Thursday May 17th
The Wellington, Waterloo

Friday May 18th
Albion Youth Centre, Ransford

Monday May 21st
The Bridgehouse, Conning Town (with Purple Heart)

Wednesday May 23rd
Oakley Centre, Conning Town

PEGASUS
105 GREEN LANE, N.16

Thursday May 17th
SECRET SEVEN
+ Rip Chords 50p

Friday May 18th
CROOKS
+ Back To Zero 50p

Saturday May 19th
BIG CHIEF
featuring DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH 7.5p

Sunday May 20th
TENNIS SHOES £1

Monday May 21st
Closing Night Party
with
THE BLUESBAND
featuring Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint, Gary Fletcher & Dave Kelly

CLERKS

Windsor Castle
May 19th

Acklam Hall
May 21st

North Eastern
Polytechnic
(Stratford)
May 25th

New single
"No Good For Me"
out now.

ROCK WITH THE

CAROLINE
Roadshow

SATURDAY MAY 19th Corn Exchange, Cambridge

SUNDAY MAY 21st Orange Tree, Friern Barnet Lane, Friern Barnet

THURSDAY MAY 24th Lafayette Club, Birchingdon, Kent

FRIDAY MAY 25th Channeller Hall, Chalmersford

SATURDAY MAY 26th King George's Hall, East Grinstead

MONDAY MAY 28th Corn Exchange, Maidstone

FRIDAY JUNE 1st Town Hall, High Wycombe

Featuring D.J.'s Robb Edin, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit. Admission £1.50.

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT MUSIC FROM THE FACTORY

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

Scotland's Major
Saturday 26th May.



Rock Festival
Sunday 27th May.

CAMERON BEAR PARK, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire.

the stranglers

SPECIAL GUESTS

DR FEELGOOD
THIRD WORLD
SKIDS

DICKIES · U.K. SUBS
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Tickets: Weekend-£9 (in advance) Day Tickets-£5.50 (in advance)
Camping · Car/Coach Parking Facilities available.

Postal Ticket Applications **MUST** be accompanied by **POSTAL ORDERS ONLY** Plus S.A.E. to:
Festival Box Office, SCOTTISH MUSIC FESTIVALS, Cameron Bear Park, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire G83 8QZ.
Tickets also available from the following agents (and are subject to 20p EXTRA Booking Fee)

Barracuda Agency
New Theatre
Apollo Theatre

LONDON
OXFORD
GLASGOW

Impulse Records
Usher Hall
The Other Record Shop
City Halls Booking Office

EAST KILBRIDE
EDINBURGH
ABERDEEN
NEWCASTLE

Cathie McCabe's
Pink Panther Records
Apollo Theatre

DUNDEE
CARLISLE
MANCHESTER

THE Boomtown RATS
AVERAGE WHITE
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BAND
BUZZCOCKS

DAVE EDMUNDS · ROCKPILE WITH
NICK LOWE · WILD HORSES · BLUE
VIOLINSKI · CHARLEY BROWNE ·
UNDERHAND JONES ·
COWBOY INTERNATIONAL ·

Booking Form

please send me:—

- ☐ tickets for Sat 26th May
☐ tickets for Sun 27th May
☐ Weekend tickets

I enclose P.O. No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

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Cameron Bear Park, Alexandria, Dunbartonshire G83 8QZ.

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday May 17th FISCHER Z 75p	Monday May 21st HI-SPEED GRASS 75p
Friday May 18th LOCAL OPERATOR £1	Tuesday May 22nd HELICOPTERS Free
Saturday May 19th THE CLEANERS 75p	Wednesday May 23rd INTERVIEW 75p
Sunday May 20th SHOWBIZ KIDS 80p	Thursday May 24th THE CROOKS 80p

GANG OF FOUR
THE MEKONS
THE SPECIALS
LYCEUM
SUNDAY 27th MAY at 7-30
TICKETS £2.50 (incl. 10% OFF) ADVANCE OFFICE: TEL. 240 2215
LONDON: 400 RECORDS, 140 Tottenham Rd., N.1, TEL. 485 1000

HI TENSION
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SATURDAY 2nd JUNE at 7-30
TICKETS £1.00, £2.50, £4.00 (incl. 10% OFF) ADVANCE OFFICE: TEL. 240 2215
LONDON: 400 RECORDS, 140 Tottenham Rd., N.1, TEL. 485 1000

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CAROLINE ROADSHOW
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HI-TENSION
+ Spooky
Tickets £2.00

All shows available from Box Office, Clarendon, St. Albans, Tel. 44311 or on door

QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Sunday May 27th at 7.30 pm
NO DICE
+ STRAIGHT 8
Tickets £1.40 + 10p booking charge in advance from Queensway Box Office Tel. 603326, F. L. Moore's Record Room, St. Albans, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, or £1.60 on door

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A.J.'s CLUB
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Tel. 20874
Friday May 18th
THE PRESS
Friday May 25th
GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND
Friday June 1st
CAPITAL LETTERS
Friday June 8th
NO-PAP RECORDS TOUR
with Spinach, Peter Dinklage & Savoy

STA-PREST
Tuesday May 15th
Epping Youth & Adult Centre
Thursday May 17th
The Watlington, Watlington
Friday May 18th
Aldersley Youth Centre, Southend
Monday May 21st
The Bridgehouse,
Canning Town (with Purple Heart)
Wednesday May 23rd
Dublin Castle,
Camden Town

PEGASUS
100 GREEN LANE, N.16

Thursday May 17th
SECRET SEVEN 50p
+ Rip Chords
Friday May 18th
CROOKS 50p
+ Back To Zero
Saturday May 19th
BIG CHIEF 75p
featuring DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
Sunday May 20th
TENNIS SHOES 50p
Monday May 21st
Closing Night Party £1
with
THE BLUESBAND
featuring Paul Jones, Tom McManis,
Hughie Flinn, Gary Fletcher & Dave Kelly

CLERKS
Windsor Castle
May 19th
Acklam Hall
May 21st
North Eastern
Polytechnic
(Stratford)
May 25th
New single
"No Good For Me"
out now.

ROCK WITH THE
CAROLINE
Roadshow
SATURDAY MAY 19th Corn Exchange, Cambridge
MONDAY MAY 21st Orange Tree, Friern Barnet Lane, Friern Barnet
THURSDAY MAY 24th Lafayette Club, Birchington, Kent
FRIDAY MAY 25th Chesham Hall, Chesham
SATURDAY MAY 26th King George's Hall, East Grinstead
MONDAY MAY 28th Corn Exchange, Maidstone
FRIDAY JUNE 1st Town Hall, High Wycombe
featuring D.J.'s Robb Eden, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit. Admission £1.50.

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Scotland's Major Rock Festival

Saturday 26th May. Sunday 27th May.

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ON THE TOWN

The Tubes Squeeze

Edinburgh

Although it is a convenient A&M coupling, Squeeze's lightly glossed modern boogie and their dangerously amoral world weary angst is still a pleasing opener to The Tubes' insistent, precise and more cosmic caricatures.

If we're to be sensitive it should be said that Squeeze are disgusting, disrespectful purveyors of sordid emptiness. But Squeeze squeeze fun out of seaminess and it's an intriguing teasing balance. The crowd were well pleased by their music — performed with the jumpy mobility of clockwork toys and presented with deceptive dry indifference — and clapped them back for an encore.

The Tubes show turned out to be a frantic, exceptional one man performance; Waybill not wasting a moment of his time onstage. But it was a lot else besides.

The new streamlined Tubes event has something for everyone — except pretty girls, rigorous intellectuals and all-round anobs. This time the show is less a circus, more a sensible thematic series of sketches split into two parts.

The first hour was a stage translation of their current LP 'Remote Control' — the precept that television is controlling our lives and The Tubes are here to warn us. So the first 'part' of the show is a shrewdly structured, imaginative fantasy of the exaggerated possibilities of dependence on television, culminating in a closing explosion of either self-destruction or total absorption.

Then there's the second 'part' of the show, ostensibly the encores, which seems little more than an excuse for band and audience to rock and knock themselves into a stupor. Remembering the theme of the actual set — an explicit demand for respect and alertness and release from banality — it's perversely vacuous. If you ignore the message, The Tubes' rock music is hardly adventurous; ultimately it is the American rock'n'roll equivalent of the fickle and sinister TV monster they so brutally and gleefully attack: safe, scenic, smooth and fundamentally condescending.

But during the first hour there was a system and shape in this blendness: a graphic survey of mindlessness and some smart theatre.

The Tubes' 'very own' theme is not the greatest of crusades, but it separates them from most of their American contemporaries who churn out similar noise with eyes only on the pools and the parties. It quickly melted my initial distaste for their immaculately refined boogie excess. A pattern definitely builds during this hour and it is possible to accept the form and enjoy the content.

The pattern is surprisingly similar to the basic drives of British new pop: the acute inadequacy and desires of The Members, Undertones and Costello hung around the notion of TV domination and delivered with the disastrous American lust for overkill.

Waybill adopts the role of a flumpling hero stumbling through a TV sourced wonderland, fantasising for tantalising dream-girls, yearning to be as perfect and as invincible as the screen images, losing control and identity.

The picture systematically comprises addiction, confusion, gibbering

'happiness' and shows how TV automatically and dangerously manipulates information and regulates life-styles. This picture is brought into focus by Waybill's sharp showmanship, the sparing but effective use of props and the firmness of pacing and language.

During a malicious attack on contemptuous and humiliating quiz masters, Waybill slips into the character of slimy host and pulls an unfortunate girl out of the audience. This petrified, unwilling participant accurately portrays the nervous bemusement of a contestant who is bedecked with prizes for doing something simple.

Waybill handles this episode slickly and it fits snugly into the mosaic.

Another simple but compelling routine concerns cigarette addiction. Waybill is kissed and stroked by the two Tubes females clad in neck-to-hip Marlboro packets and then symbolically beaten to death by a couple of 16-foot rubber cigarettes.

Such vulgar enhancement of the ironical and satirical quizzical words cleverly creates an environment just short of hallucination within which Waybill strongly projects his wicked and sympathetic caricatures. The Tubes theatre is so snappy and detailed and the pattern developed with such clarity that it is possible to slip past the unsensational heavy rock and flow with the plot.

That was where I liked The Tubes — they told a good story.

The climax is the wretchedly resigned 'No Way Out' segued with 'Telecide'; a sequence which, with its uncontrolled hysteria, sees Waybill in his loud and extrovert element. The song brashly bursts through its codas and Waybill is sucked into Larry the large TV set prop to emerge with his head inside a cathode tube, his face distorted like on the back of a desert spoon.

It was a good conclusion. The only end, of course; the total escape or the total mindlessness.

The encores then confused me.

Take away the conceptual punch and what's left is dull, lush heavy rock running through the familiar rules and procedures with ludicrous discipline. It suggests that as rock entertainers The Tubes are not far from being what they purport to despise. They should look to their own numbing conveyance of delusions and illusions and wonder how different the crass stupidity of *Celebrity Squares* is from them doing a dumb blues 'White Punks On Dope' followed by the true version with the audience mindlessly chanting the title.

There's not a great difference: the same worship of phantom images, of devotion to nothingness; the same perpetuation and regurgitation of cheaply disguised state formats.

They come back for a third encore, a double-Who of 'Baba O'Riley/The Kids Are Alright'. And although this is fun, it seems negative in terms of The Tubes' apparent intentions. The Tubes doing repeats! The Tubes retreating. The encores effectively neutralised the sting of the first hour.

When there's something to look at, to hold onto — the translation of 'Remote Control', for instance, possessed positive purpose — then The Tubes are strong if not stunning, a guide if not a warning. Take away the hangers and they are as deceptive and diverting as their number one target.

They are certainly not to be



Pix Chris Horler.

Cigarettes ...



television ...



and Waybill can damage your health

trusted. And if the cry goes up that they received tumultuous acclaim, popularity never signifies quality.

The most popular TV programme in this country is *Blankety Blank*. The Tubes are obviously on a higher level than that, but there will come a time when they're not. It's very seductive to be on the right side of the screen; you can get away with all sorts of things.

The Tubes would rather have control than just complain. And Fee Waybill would rather be a TV star than a prophet.

Paul Morley

The New Barbarians

New York

You've got to be suspicious when the massive Madison Square Garden sells out as much on rumours of appearances by 'special guests' as on the draw of the advertised performers.

For many, the great drama of the evening was: would Jagger show? Dylan? How about The Blues Brothers?

The tease was certainly on. There was an extra mike to one side, waiting for someone. And there were four Stones' songs scattered in the

set, each one prefaced by a long instrumental intro when you expected old Mick to bound out and take the vocal. But it was not to be, and the absence was felt — as the girl shouting 'Where's Mick?' kept reminding me.

Valuable player though he is, Ron Wood looked odd leading a group, and his singing just didn't make it. So The New Barbarians are a strong band in need of a frontman.

Keith Richards walked onstage looking shell-shocked, but he kicked in right away with a steady supportive rhythm. Opening with 'Sweet Little Rock and

Roller', Keef took the first guitar solo and got the first really loud cheer. Meanwhile Bobby Keyes smeared R&B sax wailing all over and, despite expectations of guitar heroics, it was Keyes' playing that shined most consistently.

At first the show was a disjointed run-through of songs from the new Wood album. There were snatches of great playing here and there, but as the numbers lacked definition the occasional displays of flash and power were ineffective.

The use of jazz-fusion bassist Stanley Clarke and drummer Joseph 'Ziggy' Modeliste from The Meters as rhythm section, turned out to be more interesting as an idea than a performance. Both proved they play hard rock well, but they invariably just slammed into the beat and didn't ride with it. Ian McLagen on keyboards was fine, but mixed so low as to be almost inaudible.

Yet down in the stalls there was pandemonium, probably more because of audience expectancy than the level of excitement generated onstage. Fights were breaking out, crowds were milling and churning. Who said American kids don't like a bit of bover now and again?

Richards took his first lead vocal on 'Share The One You Need' from the first Wood album, and he seemed more at ease fronting than Woody. The show's first real action came with 'Breathe On Me' when Wood and Richards traded off loud guitar solos and the crowd, especially the young teenagers, acted like they were finally getting what they came for.

Next move, 'Love In Vain' was a let-down; the pace dragged and Wood's vocals were just serviceable. It was the same problem with 'Honky Tonk Women'. And by doing Stones' songs Wood was inviting comparisons with Jagger — and that's asking for trouble.

A highpoint of the set was 'I Can Feel The Fire' with Wood and Richards sharing vocals.

They came up with strong, spirited harmonies and both pulled out appropriately fiery guitar riffs. The next success was Wood's version of Dylan's 'Seven Days'. An uncanny Dylan impersonator, it was one instance where his voice didn't strain credibility. 'Come To Realise', again from Ron's new LP, also worked well.

Then the band took off into a jam that saw Stanley Clarke smile for the first time. 'Am I Grooving You' let him and Modeliste go into their own churning funk and it was the only occasion the Barbarians strayed from the usual offerings of a typical hard rock set.

Finally, it was great to see Richards do 'Before They Make Me Run', a song the Stones never performed live. Dazed and confused, he dropped the lyrics once, but it didn't seem to matter. He was still in fine form.

The encore was a disappointing 'Jumping Jack Flash', proving that the inclusion of such classics as crowd-pleasers was a mistake as they reminded us we weren't watching the Stones. Wood took the solos and he was predictably workmanlike.

An aggregation such as the Barbarians needs time: time for the musicians to accommodate each other's styles; time for the parts to become a whole. They haven't had that time, and they probably never will. It's a pity 'because the possibilities are enormous.

Instead we seemed to be watching a rehearsal in front of 22,000 people. I didn't get no satisfaction.

Richard Grabel

Ted Nugent

Hammersmith Odeon

I am standing in front of the Hammersmith Odeon to see Ted Nugent. I am feeling unreal: 1973, downers, satin, or denim — everything that doesn't make for sophistication in my book. But there you are; that's basically your Heavy Metal City late in the evening.

Stodgy shadows around stalls selling too-big badges. Guys with lotsa hair pretending to punch at each other. Sour and sectional. A big social crowd like a sponge. Sitting there on the pavement like a Conservative estimate.

So I am into the foyer and eating fresh popcorn for 25 pence a poke and drinking warm froth and getting real edgy, quite speedy it seems.

Getting going, feeling unreal. In the hall, in the rows and rows of seats people are looking either right out of it or playing guitars; not that there are guitars, if you see what I mean. There are a lot of men with military looking haircuts. I wonder if they are fingering revolvers that aren't there.

Coming on cue is some noise: an empty bigbigbig noise; a noise noise. With accompaniment of thick limbs in gladiator-watchbands next to V-sign fingers pushing up.

The red curtains on that big grey stage slide apart, sswwwiiiiissssh, and the rainbows spit and the cowboys appear. The four cowboys are now and loud like big fuckin' he-men in a rodeo. Like soldiers and other associated stuff not really connecting to two guitars, bass, drums, hair, studs, heels and rings.

The big chief in tight blue pants like a ballet dancer's shoots his sunburst rifle. Spray spray spray. Maybe it's a flamethrower, I think. Also I think long live comradeship. Long live competition. Long live conservatism; nothing can save us, nothing can help us. Thatcher can't help. Ted... "Weergonnehrock-ourFUCKINGBALLSoff tonight! Awwwwwriiight!"

Big T shovin' ass onstage, with a furry tail. Big T flexin' muscle, squeezin' sausage, sparkin' satin. Like Shirley Bassey or Buffalo Bill maybe. BLAMBLAM! WHAAAAAAM! Bullet noise makes the audience twitch like a nasty accident. Throes. Screams. Gulps. Submission.

Raw, velvety, bursting to knots. A bigbigbigdeal - all - male ritual. Explosions of rock 'n' roll noise in ears and chest. Big T has me coughing guitar picks.

Buffalo Bill with easy access squeezed his mighty .44 until the whole hall shook and trembled.

"Now suck on that!" Yeah, suck on that shit.

Ted the Hunter bestows blessings of death from that great nation America to this. Unreal... but in motion. Going somewhere. History as a cut-out, almost two dimensional. WHAAAAAAM.

A static buzz. Closer to Disney than Detroit. Huck Finn then Vietnam; Richard Nixon that Willie Dixon. An autistic rock 'n' roll film. The audience is senseless because the system sez so.

On the way out I saw myself in some plate glass, a thin dark shadow. Then I ducked, bouncers are like big black crows looming.

Ian Penman

A-bomb Culture In The Seven Sisters Road

The Jam

Rainbow

Paul Weller quickly hit the proverbial nail on the head during the second night of The Jam's brief London residency. As a flashing neon 'Jam' fascia rose to reveal a massive bulls-eye backdrop, the frenetic opening chords of 'In The Street Today' resounded and Weller's rich, abrasive vocal echoed from wall to wall. "The lads want some skkk-shunn... and who can fuckin' blame them now!"

For 'kids' read All The Young Mods, resplendent in their new badges and button downs. A Rainbow packed with parkas, police and a smattering of token punks — action, tension and vision. Here comes the weekend. It's Dr Weller's A-P-O-C-A-L-Y-P-S-E!

The mod contingent comprised the majority of a highly-charged crowd. They were there because more than any 15 year old dinosaurs making their post-punk comeback, The Jam are the spiritual godfathers of each and every one of the modrophenic bands springing up from Brighton to Blackpool.

The police were there because of a few minor skirmishes, none of them significant; and the punks were there because The Jam are one of the most essential rock 'n' roll bands in Britain.

Immediately before three pairs of spats set foot onstage, the mood of an expectant

audience had been fanned by the playing of a well-received tape of such modish gems as Clancy Eccles' 'Fire Corner', James and Bobby Purify's 'Puppet' and Desmond Dekker's 'Mek'.

Next, John Weller announces, "The best band in the world for the best audience in the world", and The Jam are into 'Modern World'.

'In The Street', 'Billy Hunt' and 'It's Too Bad' complete an opening quartet of fast rock and the relentless surge towards the stage across rows of seats begins.

Three slower, more pensive songs follow during which the group at last strike the ideal balance between their crisp, instinctive attack and Weller's occasional songwriting subtleties. The Jam today pace their set far better than in the past.

You could hear a Hush Puppy squeak as the spotlight falls on Weller, with the rest of the stage in virtual darkness, through 'Mr Clean', 'Butterfly Collector' and the doleful 'Away From The Numbers'.

Reports that the band have toned down their live show are manifestly untrue. At the core they are as hard-boiled as when they were playing the Red Cow. They are simply spreading themselves a bit, bringing in greater texture, refusing to restrict their horizons.

A great example of their newly-acquired vigour came towards the end of 'Away From The Numbers' when Weller momentarily stood

back from the mike, seched deeply in concentration over his Rickenbacker, before turching forward, his legs throbbing and neck stretched like an emaciated vulture hunting its prey.

The pace speeds up again through 'All Mod Cons', 'To

Be Someone', 'The Place I Love' and 'Strange Town' as the debris from the broken seats begins to pile up in the aisles and at the foot of the stage — nothing worse than the White Riot Clash Rainbow gig two years ago, but enough to reinforce the sheer folly of a dance band as good as The

Nugent: Buffalo Bill. Pic Pennie Smith.

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The pace speeds up again through 'All Mod Cons', 'To

Be Someone', 'The Place I Love' and 'Strange Town' as the debris from the broken seats begins to pile up in the aisles and at the foot of the stage — nothing worse than the White Riot Clash Rainbow gig two years ago, but enough to reinforce the sheer folly of a dance band as good as The

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The Jam: modrophenic godfathers. Pic Chris Horler.



Rush: success with machinery and money. Pic Tony Maclean.

Jam playing a seated venue. 'News Of The World' is next with Bruce Foxton on vocals and Weller on a guitar that is starting to play up, his problems continuing into 'Tube Station'.

The troublesome amp packs up totally during the last song, 'A Bomb In Wardour Street'.

and so Weller leads the crowd unaccompanied through the remaining verses, the empathy between the band and audience making light of the sound problems.

As the song finishes and the band depart, Weller pointlessly kicks over the

offending stick in disgust and the set ends amid a morass of smoke bombs, the type of special effect that The Jam need to enhance their show like Kenny Dalglish needs a walking stick.

Encores of course are demanded and granted:

'Standards', 'David Watts', the Vandellas' 'Heatwave', and two hammy horrors from the first album — 'Bricks And Mortar' and (still) 'Batman'.

But to finish on a fashion note: Paul Weller was wearing a French Blue mohair!

Adrian Thrills

Rush

Glasgow

A screaming comes across the hall. We have heard it before, but it's different now. Those qualities evocative of a trowel scraping human bones are newly present.

Geddy Lee of Rush sings like David Surkamp (of fab ex-band Pavlov's Dog) with 500lbs of twin-neck bass rivetted to his groin. He could play the part of Black Bolt's destructive voice in a movie of Marvel's *The Inhumans*.

Mose, brought along for being mildly a fan, winces at the vocals but declares the band musically superb beyond recording promise. To me they're riddled with unforgivable faults, but a sellout tour — two nights most places, four in London — achieved with little media assistance, is certainly impressive.

There are other impressive points; the light show in particular is magnificent. But, as with *Superman*, they have enough money to hire the best people in the world, so guaranteeing at least some worthy aspects to the show. And this is a show.

On the level of a spectacle it succeeds rather well. But then Rush are used to appearing visually dynamic in vast amphitheatres, so when all this technology is presented in a small, enclosed space like the Apollo the display is almost awe-inspiring.

The visual effects make up about 70% of the show. Then there's the music: a non-subtle blend of mid-grade heavy metal and second-rate electrical-engineering rock. None of it sounds classic to me, though occasionally listenable.

The audience know every note intimately; every

nuance, each vocal inflection. They sing all the words to 'Closer To The Heart' and 'The Trees' (a key allegory on behalf of the Conservative party).

They stand up for over two hours, utterly engrossed in the occasion, many displaying affiliation to the secret British chapter of the Kiss Army.

Meanwhile, in row double E, my attention's been lost mainly to the lights: waiting for Geddy Lee's voice to weaken the framework and send 16 tons of lighting equipment crashing 50 feet onto the band.

The bits with dull, purple or green, lighting, the synthesizer music for surreal landscapes, the acoustic segments and an occasional decent riff offer relief from the usual screaming frenzy. If you're not already one of the millions to whom Rush bring laughter, joy, amateur philosophy and Greek mythology, I can say that the band are reasonably successful within their limited intentions. I've been dutifully inflicting their records on myself all week and I don't hate all of it.

Lyricist/percussionist Neil Peart would think nothing of tackling a metaphysical history of the universe lasting nine minutes; but this pretension only asserts itself forcefully on lyric sheets.

Otherwise, ingenious use is made of technology to help an average three-piece HM band realise their delusions of grandeur. Without the tons of machinery and teams of highly-trained technicians, Rush could never have achieved their present enormous success.

During any lull in the explosions and whirling lights, the band seemed like they would be booted off in a pub. That was the only time you ever noticed them.

Glenn Gibson



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Status Quo

Wembley

What is this thing called Status Quo? Poke it or give it a kick, walk around the back of it or drop it on its head, you'll be none the wiser and you'll make no impression on it. It resists analysis and flattens opposition.

Status Quo are a solid phenomenon and an utter mystery. A certified mega-success, their songs sound as if they took 30 seconds to write. They don't possess anything approaching 'charisma', nor any great virtuosity, instrumental or vocal. But youths spend days embroidering denim jackets in their honour.

The possibilities of innovation, of finding the unexpected in any Quo venture must be so small as to be negligible. And yet their

public, it seems, keeps calling for more.

Make of it what you will, this thing works.

I dimly recall earlier this decade listening in a God-forsaken field of mud to the 'newly heavy Status Quo pulverising the leaden rain-clouds with 'Roadhouse Blues' *Dum da dum da thud thud thud*.

Tonight so little had changed that it was easy to believe the '70s never really happened at all. *Dum da dum da thud thud thud*.

Status Quo have stumbled up the most lucrative dead-end in British rock. Progress is irrelevant; change is a needless liability. There is surely the ultimate in formula music — a simple, unbeatable mix that's not to be messed about with. Why jeopardise loyalties and assured fortunes?

Conventional pop wisdom might once have held that

teenage tastes were prone to shifts and twists, that none by the nimblest of novelty-pushers was in with a lasting chance. But then Status Quo demonstrated differently: they've unearthed a massive market for constancy and conservatism, for abhorring cleverness and disregarding subtlety. Goodtime boogie will boogie on and ever onwards.

And I like it, I despise myself for it, but I like it. Me and a million others.

This recent string of gigs has triggered a staggering ticket demand which suggests they could tack on extra Wembley and Hammersmith shows ad infinitum. The punters just keep on coming.

What they're guaranteed is a surprise free evening of workmanlike entertainment; a show that's simultaneously ritual and release, physical stimulant and mental sedative. The band are friendly, hopelessly unfashionable and shrewdly unpretentious — entirely at one with their audience.

The Quo concert is remarkable for its spirit of co-operation instead of domination, and I'm sure it's a lot healthier than the standard warlord posturing of the Heavy Metal heretics SQ are often mistakenly lumped with.

Of course there's plenty of stage-smoke and fancy lighting; lots of striding and strutting and pulling of faces. The more climactic moments are invariably signalled by a marshalling of Rossi, Parfitt and Lancaster into the famous three-pronged guitar thrust. Real heads-down

no-nonsense stuff. But there's also a clutch of great numbers like 'Sweet Caroline', nicely embellished with rock'n'roll piano from guest keyboard-man Andy Bown, 'Roll Over Lay Down' and John Fogerty's 'Rockin' All Over The World'.

It's this kind of identikit juke-box fodder at which the group really excel, short, sharp and bared of all essentials. Deeper into the set so much of this impact is necessarily lost. Fifteen minutes of it is fine, even superb, but any longer and I start to wish for new ideas, for signs of imagination — and none is forthcoming.

By the end the show relies on its own momentum to disguise that not much is happening on stage at all. When they trundle on the heavy-duty headbang material like 'Roadhouse Blues', replete with over-extended instrumental passages, the band succumb to self-consciously 'impressive' bombast. The results are sluggish and disappointing.

And Wembley, from start to finish, is a churning sea of denim. As the silk scarves appear, held high with pride, the football-terrace parallel becomes obvious and overwhelming.

They all agree. Status Quo are magic.

But nobody opted for the most apt chant of all: easy, easy, easy.

Paul Du Noyer

The Pop Group Dambala The Good Missionaries

Sheffield

Reviewing a gig by jazz-rock fusioners Landscape about eleven months ago, I wrote, "If the current 'new wave' label widens to include certain aspects of experimental jazz, the stage could be set for some extremely interesting music."

It'd been, and still is, a pet fixation of mine for some time and had led me, perhaps mistakenly, to ascribe some importance to the early Wreckless Eric on account of his backing band's creation of 'a jazz-rock fusion which places emphasis more on a certain bohemian spirit than



Quo: roll over, lay down and do it again and again. Pic Fin Costello

on prissy, pointless technical noodling."

I had not, of course, seen The Pop Group at that time.

What I've heard since then has intrigued: rumours reports... more recently, a mother of a single... and suffused through all, a tantalising rhetoric stressing some subconscious release, a tapping of the third world vein, a tribal kinda thing.

Tribal?

In more cynical moments, it's tempting to view their "tribal" as this year's "industrial" ploy, a new tack for another wind — which only serves to demonstrate how barren cynicism can sometimes be. For, as these things go, "tribal" is as good a hook as any on which to hang The Pop Group's particular hat.

It's what happens when Mick Travers and his blood-brother revolutionaries in H... get to hear the 'Missa Luba'.

There's none of that "win the audience over" crap that passes for communication in rock music. At a Pop Group performance, you take the band on their level, or you lump it (in spades): no half-way house exists.

On these terms, the start of their set is both an extreme, deep-end indication of what's to come and a wheat/chaff sort-out. Two saxes squealing frantically in semi-darkness segue into a quite outrageous strobe-lit cacophony which either grips or repels completely, depending on the strength of your curiosity.

Me, I was gripped. Straightening out, they slip into a sinuous, loping jazz-funk piece totally at odds with the smooth CTI sterility that term usually implies. Let strict jazz buffs frown at the strict — The Pop Group have got it right! You can dance and be a person, not a

unit!

To be quite honest, the rest of the set — bar the familiar single — exists now only as a joyous smudge of memory. What notes I made were hazy hints at component parts, a vain attempt to infer the whole from its constituents: the stratospheric vocal swoops and screams; the intermittent sax and clarinet wails; the staccato scrubs of abrasive rhythm guitar; the electric shark (waaaa!) lead lines — all underpinned with a quite startling fusion of power and complexity by the kind of bass/drums combination that only comes along once in a blue moon.

But the most important element is abstract and impossible to pin down, yet without it The Pop Group would be nothing.

It's a kind of spiritual resin which bonds everything together, lending cohesion to their supercially fragmented, reverberating vortex of sound. (The Pop Group, incidentally, are probably the only band around who'd sound great in an empty aircraft hangar...)

On another (linked) level, their music is easily the most comprehensive and successful attempt yet made by a bunch of white kids to grasp the disparate strands of black music and fuse them together (in a manner which is neither selectively bigoted, condescending or imperialistic) to form a new music which both respects and builds on its roots.

Visually, they're a relentless blur of animated precocity, maybe verging on (self) parody occasionally, but utterly engaging nonetheless.

Preceding them, Dambala's adequate but unexceptional brand of reggae was received well, but failed to move me overmuch. Are there still no radical developments round here, or what?

Current ATV incarnation The Good Missionaries played a pleasant, peaceful set at a ridiculously early hour to an almost empty hall, and obviously enjoyed the lack of aggro.

Although not as varied as I'd expected, their predominantly lowkey material was, as things turned out, a fine foil to The Pop Group's blitzkrieg. There's something playfully amateurish about them which I found rather endearing; but only, I have to admit, in small doses.

Andy Gill

Screens

Rock Garden

In the wake of a caustic, coldly observant, strictly 'modern' music initiated by Bowie, expanded by XTC, barbed by Wire and commercially canned by Bill Nelson, come Screens with automation rock from Leamington Spa.

Their principle mode is dissection, taking essentially regular patterns and lacerating them with jagged rhythms, acid discharges and frantic sax and keyboard breaks. Onto this they project intense and eventually irritating sketches.

Vocal-point, mentor and owner of a drastic haircrop, Chandler winds through a sharp, one-dimensional set with various stilled, nervous mannerisms. Between numbers, he sometimes acts the loony.

Just witness such titbits as 'Who's Controlling The Weather', 'Good Cheap Candy', 'Video Games', 'Automatic Doors Will Make You Feel Like A King' and 'The Mallet Of My Desire', imagine they're attractively synthetic but indistinguishable and you're over halfway there.

Mark Ellen



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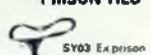
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deadline as possible. As for the album's format.

"Well, the East Side/West Side thing was conceived because — well, before on Roxy albums the songs were juxtaposed together in regard to their flow but with no serious preplanning beyond achieving a good pace — but on 'Manifesto' I could see that certain songs struck moods that could be defined in terms of the sound being European or American. Thus, the East Side with 'Manifesto' has that European feel in that it's more aggressive, while the West Side was compiled of tracks that sounded American influenced. 'Ain't That So' and 'Cry, Cry, Cry,' I think, bear that out."

One important slant to 'Manifesto', to these ears at least, was an apparent attempt at relating back to the sound of the first two albums. Ferry chuckles approvingly.

"Oh, yes indeed, we absolutely did. I was absolutely right, of course, insofar as — well after the 'Bride' album, which was the last word for me in mastery and absolute understanding of intricate

Continues page 57.

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Judas Priest, Purple, Cheesecake, Parker,
Floyd, Police, Eater, Fear, Dead, Disco,
Rainbow, Slade, Gallagher, Ultravox,
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And this, citizens, is my Bag.

Wait for it, wait for it

Tinkerty-tonk! I'm Saint Augustine, and though I've been a stiff for 1500 years I don't want you should be fooled. I'm still hipper than most of you drones.

This here's my pad, in downtown Hippo Regius. Like it? Of course you do, you wingeing pillocks.

And this here's my backing band. Actually, they're short a drummer at the moment. The last incumbent was entombed in the pool-room wall for ... I forget precisely what.



Guilty of Bitterness

I am writing to protest about your constant borrowing of classic *Private Eye* catch-phrases — 'ongoing situation', 'meaningful' etc. It is all very well paying homage to a superior magazine but such borrowing dangerously implies an artistic affinity with *P.E.* which simply does not exist.

P.E. is written by sophisticated and well-educated people and is read by intelligent people. Your rag, however, is written by polytech-educated middle-class careerists with a few token illiterate working-class hacks thrown in to maintain 'street credibility'. It is read by immature kids who have little or no education and exercise no influence within society — so doesn't it make you sick to realise that your cretinous outpourings are read by such unimportant people?

One further distinction: *P.E.* has the courage and integrity to expose well-known people and organisations, even at considerable cost to the magazine's financial position. Surely even your snivelling hacks have come across crooked people and enterprises in the seedy world of the music business? Yet where are your revelations, you yellow-bellied bastards? The only people you cut down are dumb working-class 'rock stars' who are too illiterate to understand your reviews and too inarticulate to reply. Does it make you feel good to attack such sitting ducks?

JOHN, Rentrewhire East.
Barks like you give every humourless Scottish git a worse name. What's your beef exactly? That you're some sort of miserable student homosexualist? (© Auberon Waugh?)

Can't be the first to say that I don't like the new government?
JOE PUBLIC, Out There.
Which one of you bastards voted Tory?
MARK CYST, no address.

Couldn't we make it the best out of three?
JAMES CALLAGHAN, (no fixed address).

I think that popular music should be banned, the music industry dissolved and the money put to better use. Why do you toads even bother with BOF's like Rush and Ted Nugent?
KIKI THE FROG, The Pool.

To irritate toads like you. Say three Hail Marys to counteract the sin of pride. +

1968: "There has not been enough cheering at college matches recently. This will cease!" (Rowntree, in *"If..."*)

1979: "It's just that in 1979 people shouldn't be allowed to get away with things like this." (Paul Morley on The Cure album).

Do the Paul Mussolini head-kick while it's still in fashion!
CARSON, Chelsea.

If the Right Honourable Joe Strummer is going to cut defence spending, rents, bus fares, etc., when are we going to get the first free Clash record?
MAL, Rotherham, South Yorks.

I wonder just how many people are under the same cloud as me. I am a young man under the pressures of school. I hate being institutionalised — having to do what people tell me the whole time and having my life directed by the ringing of bells and the demands of the teachers.

I detest suckers, morons, snobs, casanovas, hard workers and prefects. A school society is almost like a prison in my case. I have one enthusiasm — the punk band I play in. We get together and enjoy ourselves and make sure that people enjoy us.

I hate anyone who enjoys themselves at school. I hate being put into line by people I hardly know. I hate organised school events. I hate the captains of the teams — I hate them all.
A. SCABB, school.
So don't eat them. Nobody's forcing you. +

You just wait for my next letter.
ALPHONSUS LONERGAN, no address.

Just to let you all know that last night I dreamt about your very own Paul Morley. We were in bed together and we — well you can guess can't you?

It must have been that snazzy pic of him in last week's issue with his legs crossed that thrilled my subconscious so!

If he sees this letter, I'd like to say 'thanks' to him for the most pleasant dream I've had in years. Oh, and Paul, you were good, very good!
BLURRY-EYED-WITH-PASSION, Exeter.

I named my cats Sid and Nancy after Sidney Poitier and Nancy Sinatra.
BIG THOMAS, no address.
And who, pray, are you named after? +

My friend Elvis recently mentioned Stuart McManus in a conversation but now claims not to have heard of Stuart McManus. Can you help him please?
FRANCOIS RABELAIS, Crosby, Merseyside.

My friend says that I mentioned Stuart McManus in conversation and this worries me as I haven't the faintest idea who Stuart McManus is! Can you help me?
ELVIS COSTELLO, Crosby, Merseyside.

Guilty of Frivolity

Varför skriver ni aldrig nånting om den fantastiska svenska gruppen gyllene tider i NME, huh?

PER GESSLE, Sweden
I'll tell you varför. Gyllene Tider ni gejoinden den NME Christmas Club, nelder haben den gesenten en litle presenten tu den Editor. Wise op, Nordo. +

I've just heard on the news that it won't be long till alcohol is legalised. I can't wait — I'm pissed off with having to hide away in dark rooms, getting paranoid every time someone passes the bottle. Last week we managed to score this really cosmic pint that we smuggled in from Morocco. We should have this brandy for next weekend — that's if our dealer hasn't been busted again. If he has he'll go down for a few years because last time he was busted he was carrying nearly two and a half pints and a whole bottle of gin. Jesus God, someday I'll get rich enough to get a bottle of gin. God, man.

hundreds of trips per bottle. I just hope they get a move on and legalise booze pretty quick, then we'll be able to drink in public without people getting paranoid. Can you imagine the luxury of sitting round the local having a drink, just like everyone sits round the pubs now smoking dope and dropping those little blue tabs. I've got nothing against people smoking, mind you — sometimes it's a great laugh going out for a joint with some mates but Christ it gets boring sitting in the pub all night smoking dope. But there again you have to go round the pub to score some booze. It's really great when you can

get a score, especially if you've got enough for a whole pint. I mean alcohol is really cosmic — it gets you really aggressive then you go out and kick hell out of the first person that passes by. Great stuff. I'll never understand what people get out of dope, sitting round the pub getting smoked out of their heads and then staring into space with their eyes like piss-holes in the snow. They're probably just too scared of breaking the law. But once alcohol is legalised and everyone tries it then they'll all wonder why it wasn't legalised years ago. What's really sickening is that alcohol's illegal, even though over a million people in Britain drink it. It's time all those dope freaks moved over and gave us alkies a chance.
MARIE JOANNA, c/o Legalise Alcohol Campaign, Newcastle.

I just wanted to see if anyone with a name as boring as mine could possibly get a letter printed.
BARRIE WILKINSON, Manchester.

I think I've wrote this letter before.
JONTY THOMPSON, North of London

Granted Absolution

With reference to Martha Zenfell's article on *Rock Against Sexism* in *NME* (7.4.79). While claiming to support RAS she professes herself wary of the 'hysteria' and 'overreaction' behind the thinking of the campaign. 'Am I really', she asks, 'supposed to blame 5% of teenage anorexia on the ineffectual likes of The Bee Gees?' This is a distortion of a quote from a bulletin which comes in a paragraph describing the effects of an overall pressure on women from the public, commercialised image of the feminine. We do not blame individual men for this pressure, but a system which is controlled largely by men and which pressures all men as well as women. Martha Zenfell has taken a general point out of context in order to render it ridiculous — rhetorical reportage, in itself 'silly' and 'trivialising' of its subject matter.

The article goes on to express doubts about fighting

sexism in music when 'rock and roll is all about sex ... at times everyone's a sex object or else mightily lonely when the lights go out.' RAS is about mobilising that sexual energy for women, about making it possible for women to use music to express our own fantasies — instead of voyeurising masculine fantasies of women. Also we don't even have a contract, never mind an anti-sexist clause — Martha must have got it mixed up with *Rock Against Racism's* anti-racist clause. However, if the thought of the 'inherent censorship' in this non-existent clause frightens her, what about the pervasive censorship in the music business of women who do not conform to stereotype — a clause more powerful for being an unwritten one? Accusing RAS of repression is like accusing a woman who is defending herself against rape of not liking sex!

RAS does not set itself up to draw a straight line through the enormous and complex area of the sexism / sexuality debate. We would not book a band whose performance positively degrades women. But if the band are not actively offensive then we play it by ear and go and listen to them and to the reactions of their audience.

ROCK AGAINST SEXISM, London SW1.

On second thoughts, I find you guilty of a sin after all. You're boring. +

Thanks for the piece on John Fogerty. It was short, but it's good to know someone is aware of the vacuum. The silence is indeed deafening.

A couple of things: a show of interest from *NME* might impress the man who once said he had no desire to release records to an indifferent public — maybe you could attempt an interview? Or perhaps someone would like to publish a retrospective on the Fogerty / Creedence output and stance — an expansion of Julie Burchill's occasional hints of admiration would be especially welcome.

I guess it'll take an awful lot more than another killer rock 'n' roll album to stop the rain but it'd be a sad thing if

we heard the last of John Fogerty.
DEREK KELLY, Eccles, Manchester.

Why is it these days when I've finished the record reviews I feel like I've been to night school?
K MODE, Accrington.
PS When's Paul Morley gonna meet Bob Dylan?

I'm fed up with people like Jenny Van Zant knocking journalists as if they were a race apart. As Graham Lock says, it's just a job and anyone could do it if they had the skill it requires. If Ms J V Z is jealous of the free tickets journalists receive, why doesn't she take the job up herself? Journalists are human too, and it's about time that people like Lou Reed realised their own human limitations. Although he acts like it, Lou Reed isn't God; he's not even a poor imitation, more of a third-rate prophet with no consideration.

Anyway, if Ms Van Zant hates journalists so much, why does she bother to buy what they write? I appreciate what they do, as I do the work of photographers who take pictures of people I can't afford to go to see myself because they price their own value too high.
PAUL MORLEY ADMIRER, Pembury, Kent.

On your set subject of Baggocracy you have correctly answered 19 questions and passed on one about the 'Lee Cooper' advertisement.

It is the un-replicated, singular voice of Gary Numan crooning to a denim-clad following of Midwich Cuckoos.

Unconfirmed rumours abound that it is Giovanni Daddomo on the Pepsi ad, but he's probably just trying to bag four in a row.

Me, I disconnect from you.
TWA, London SW5

Not sure if Tony Parsons' review of my single 'Live In Fear' was good or bad. Still, who is this Dolly Parsons anyway?

Don't change.
STEVE TORCH, no address.

Confess, citizens, confess your loathsome sins to: **BAGGUS PROCRASTINUS, 5-7 Carnaby St., Londinium W1.**

DR FEELGOOD

As it happens



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- 29 SUNDERLAND, LOCARNO
- 30 WOLVERHAMPTON, CIVIC
- 31 PLYMOUTH, POLYTECHNIC

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- 1 SWINDON, OASIS
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- 3 GUILDFORD, CIVIC
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