

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Whatever Next Dept

ZEP PLAY GIG SHOCK

Knebworth, actually. Full story P.3

Here come The New Barbarians, same as The Old Barbarians

ON THE ROAD
WIV RON & KEEF
BY CHARLES
SHAAR MURRAY

P.30/32

Bowie's 'Lodger' — Grooms To Let

OFF THE ROAD
WITH DAVID
BY ANGUS McKINNON

P.37

The Tubes — Life Is Just One Long Talk Show

ON THE BOX
WITH FEE WAYBILL
BY TONY PARSONS

P.26/27

Beneath The Undertones

IN THE BACK OF A TRANSIT
WITH FERGAL SHARKEY
BY PAUL MORLEY

P.7/8



Ron Wood and anonymous hanger-on. Pic: Joe Stevens.

CHARTS

Week ending 26th May, 1979.

US Singles

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (2)	Bright Eyes.....	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	9 1
2 (1)	Pop Muzik.....	M (MCA)	6 1
3 (5)	Reunited.....	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	4 3
4 (17)	Dance Away.....	Roxy Music (Polydor)	2 4
5 (3)	Hooray Hooray It's A Holl Holiday	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	4 3
6 (4)	Does Your Mother Know.....	Abba (Epic)	3 4
7 (6)	Knock On Wood.....	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	5 5
8 (—)	Sunday Girl.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1 8
9 (8)	One Way Ticket.....	Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	5 8
10 (19)	Parisienne Walkways.....	Gary Moore (MCA)	4 10
11 (13)	Roxanne.....	Police (A & M)	4 11
12 (11)	The Logical Song.....	Supertramp (A&M)	7 6
13 (10)	Banana Splits.....	Dickies (A & M)	4 10
14 (24)	Boogie Wonderland.....	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	2 14
15 (14)	Boys Keep Swingin'.....	David Bowie (RCA)	3 14
16 (22)	Jimmy Jimmy.....	Undertones (Sire)	3 16
17 (9)	Goodnight Tonight.....	Wings (Parlophone)	7 6
18 (—)	I Fought The Law.....	Clash (CBS)	1 18
19 (—)	Theme From The Deerhunter.....	Shadows (EMI)	2 19
20 (—)	Hot Stuff.....	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1 20
21 (7)	Some Girls.....	Racey (Rak)	8 2
22 (—)	Shine A Little Love.....	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1 22
23 (15)	Love You Inside Out.....	Bee Gees (RSO)	6 9
24 (27)	Nice Legs Shame About Her Face	Monks (Carrere)	3 24
25 (—)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now.....	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	1 25
26 (12)	Shake Your Body.....	Jacksons (Epic)	8 4
27 (21)	Haven't Stopped Dancin' Yet.....	Gonzalez (Sidewalk)	5 17
28 (16)	I Don't Wanna Lose You.....	Kandidate (Rak)	7 6
29 (—)	The Number One Song in Heaven.....	Sparks (Virgin)	1 29
30 (26)	Love Song.....	The Damned (Chiswick)	2 26

UP AND COMING: Accidents Will Happen — Elvis Costello (Radar); Say When Lene Lovich (Stiff); Are You Ready For Love — Elton John (Rocket); Get Dancin' — Bombers (Magnet Flamingo); Cavatina — John Williams (Cubel); Evening Star — Judas Priest (CBS).

Weeks 5 ago

Week ending May 21, 1974

1	Sugar Baby Love.....	Rubettes (Polydor)
2	Don't Stay Away Too Long.....	Peters & Lee (Philips)
3	Waterloo.....	Abba (CBS)
4	Shang-A-Lang.....	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5	This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us.....	Sparks (Island)
6	The Night Chicago Died.....	Paper Lace (Bis Stop)
7	Spiders And Snakes.....	Jim Stafford (IMG)
8	Homely Girl.....	Chi-Lies (Brunswick)
9	Rock 'n' Roll Winter.....	Wizard (Warner Bros)
10	Remember You're A Womble.....	The Wombles (CBS)

10

Week ending May 21, 1969

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

15

Week ending May 20, 1964

1	Juliet.....	Four Pennies (Philips)
2	You're My World.....	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
3	It's Over.....	Roy Orbison (London)
4	My Boy Lollipop.....	Millie (Fontana)
5	Constantly.....	Giff Richard (Columbia)
6	A Little Loving.....	Fourmost (Parlophone)
7	Don't Throw Your Love Away.....	Searchers (Pye)
8	I Believe.....	Bachelors (Decca)
9	No Particular Place To Go.....	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
10	Walk On By.....	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)

US Albums

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (12)	Voulez Vous.....	Abba (Epic)	3 1
2 (1)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer.....	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8 1
3 (3)	Fate For Breakfast.....	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	5 3
4 (4)	Breakfast In America.....	Supertramp (A & M)	9 2
5 (2)	Black Rose.....	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	4 2
6 (7)	Parallel Lines.....	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8 2
7 (10)	Spirits Having Flown.....	Bee Gees (RSO)	16 1
8 (8)	C'est Chic.....	Chic (Atlantic)	16 1
9 (5)	Dire Straits.....	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12 4
10 (13)	Last The Whole Night Through.....	James Last (Polydor)	5 10
11 (15)	Manifesto.....	Roxy Music (Polydor)	9 11
12 (5)	Country Life.....	Various (EMI)	7 4
13 (11)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2.....	(CBS)	11 1
14 (26)	Out Of The Blue.....	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	69 3
15 (9)	Outlandos D'Amour.....	Police (A&M)	3 9
16 (17)	Lionheart.....	Kate Bush (EMI)	17 10
17 (19)	Manilow Magic.....	Berry Manilow (Arista)	12 2
18 (16)	Hi Energy.....	Various (K-Tel)	3 16
19 (—)	The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album.....	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	1 19
20 (14)	Collection Of Their 20 Greatest Hits.....	Three Degrees (Epic)	13 9
21 (—)	Armed Forces.....	Elvis Costello (Radar)	18 2
22 (30)	Go West.....	Village People (Mercury)	2 22
23 (—)	At The Budokan.....	Bob Dylan (CBS)	1 23
24 (21)	Live Inside Your Love.....	George Benson (Warner Bros)	4 21
25 (—)	The Undertones.....	The Undertones (Sire)	1 25
26 (—)	Boogie Bus.....	Various (Polystar)	1 26
27 (18)	We Are Family.....	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2 18
28 (20)	The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle.....	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	12 5
29 (28)	War Of The Worlds.....	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	40 2
30 (—)	Do It Yourself.....	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	1 30

UP AND COMING: Knuckle Sandwich — Various (EMI); Words of Wisdom — Dennis Brown (Stiff); In The Skies — Peter Green (CBS); Spectral Mornings — Steve Hackett (Charisma); Life In A Day — Simple Minds (Zoom); Night Owl — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.).



No Blondie cover-up: 'Sunday Girl' manifests at No 8 first week out. Pic: Chalkie Davis.

US Singles

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Reunited.....	Peaches and Herb	
2 (6)	Hot Stuff.....	Donna Summer	
3 (12)	Heart Of Glass.....	Blondie	
4 (3)	In The Navy.....	Village People	
5 (5)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground).....	Jacksons	
6 (8)	Love You Inside Out.....	Bee Gees	
7 (4)	Goodnight Tonight.....	Wings	
8 (11)	Just When I Needed You Most.....	Randy Van Warmer	
9 (18)	We Are Family.....	Sister Sledge	
10 (15)	The Logical Song.....	Supertramp	
11 (13)	Disco Nights (Rick Fresh).....	GO	
12 (12)	Love Takes Time.....	Orleans	
13 (14)	Love Is The Answer.....	England Dan & John Ford Coley	
14 (7)	Knock On Wood.....	Amii Stewart	
15 (9)	What A Fool Believes.....	Dobie Brothers	
16 (24)	Ain't Love A Bitch.....	Rod Stewart	
17 (20)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy.....	Bad Company	
18 (22)	Renegade.....	Styx	
19 (29)	Chuck E's In Love.....	Rickie Lee Jones	
20 (23)	Deeper Than The Night.....	Olivia Newton-John	
21 (21)	Such A Woman.....	Tycoon	
22 (26)	She Believes In Me.....	Kenny Rogers	
23 (30)	You Take My Breath Away.....	Rex Smith	
24 (28)	Honesty.....	Billy Joel	
25 (27)	Get Used To It.....	Roger Douris	
26 (10)	Take Me Home.....	Cher	
27 (—)	Minute By Minute.....	Dobie Brothers	
28 (—)	Making It.....	David Naughton	
29 (—)	(If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want To Be Right.....	Barbara Mandrell	
30 (—)	Hot Number.....	Foxy	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US Albums

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

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

All 12" imports

1	Dancing At The Disco.....	Lex (Prelude)
2	Super Sweet.....	Wardell Piper (Mid Song)
3	Dr Jeckyll & Mr Funk.....	Jackie McLean (RCA Victor)
4	Funk-Tri Boogie.....	Uncle Louis (TK)
5	Ring My Bell.....	Anita Ward (TK)
6	Sorcerer.....	Norma Jean (Searsville)
7	You Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else.....	Jones Girls (Philadelphia)
8	When You Wake Up Tomorrow.....	Candi Staton (Warner Brothers)
9	Hevin' A Love Attack.....	Mandrell (Arista)
10	Bring The Family Back.....	Billy Paul (Philadelphia)

Chart supplied by: GROOVE RECORDS, GREEK STREET, LONDON W1

reggae

* denotes pre-release

1	Love Tickle Like Magic.....	Junior Delgado (Greensleeves +)
2	Fist To Fist Rub-a-dub.....	Nigger Kojak & Liza (Heavy Duty*)
3	Roads Man Revival.....	Mikey Dread (High Note)
4	What Sweet U So.....	Sam Sherman (Yard Int +)
5	Kingston Twelve Tuffie.....	Morwell's (Attack +)
6	Plastic Smile.....	Black Uhuru (Heavy Duty*)
7	Racing Pool.....	Gillinger (Heavy Duty*)
8	Mr Money Man.....	Danny Hensworth (Upsetter*)
9	Daniel.....	Prince Alla (Stars +)
10	Every Little Thing.....	Sugar Minott (Mandingo*)

Chart supplied by: GREENSLEEVES, 44 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W12.

DEAD FOR GLASTONBURY?

Pop Group, Only Ones for Fayre

THE ONLY ONES and THE POP GROUP are among the first acts confirmed for the three-day midsummer Glastonbury Fayre, along with The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV). But far from concentrating on new-wave, the event will cover the whole spectrum of contemporary music — from the rock of Steve Hillage and Nik Turner's Sphynx to the folk sounds of John Martyn and the Robin Williamson Band. Also set are Linda Lewis, the Carol Grimes Band, Tim Blake, Clayton & The Argonauts and Belfast band The X-Dreamists, who have just been signed by Polydor.

Many more acts are being lined up, some of which will be announced, while other names will be withheld for "surprise appearances". The object is to have four stages in continual use, though only two are for music — the others are for theatre and fringe attractions. The event runs for three days from June 21 at Worthy Farm in Pilton, Somerset (near Shepton Mallet). Advance tickets at £4 each are available from Virgin shops for the next week, thereafter costing £5.

All profits from the festival are being donated to the UNICEF International Year of the Child fund.

It's understood there is a good chance that The Grateful Dead will appear at the event. They have agreed to play providing that the organisers can meet their £25,000 expenses, most of which involves equipment transport. Negotiations are currently taking place with Arista Records and other sources, with a view to sponsoring the visit.



Wings, Queen LPs

WINGS release their new studio album 'Back To The Egg' (EMI) on June 8. It's their first to feature new members Laurence Juber (guitar) and Steve Holly (drums), and it contains 14 new songs — 13 penned by Paul McCartney and one by Denny Laine. Two of the tracks recorded at Abbey Road in London, 'Rockestra Theme' and 'So Glad To See You Here', have a number of star guest musicians augmenting Wings — including Pete Townshend, Kenny Jones, Dave Gilmour and Hank Marvin.

QUEEN have a double live album issued by EMI in mid-June, containing 22 tracks and titled 'Queen Live Killer'. It will be preceded by a single featuring two tracks taken from the LP, 'Love Of My Life' and 'Now I'm Here'. A spokesman for the band said this week that plans are in hand for the band to play an extensive series of British dates later in the year.

RECORD NEWS

Dury, Elvis, Rats, Patti, Rods on soundtrack LP

THE SOUNDTRACK album from the upcoming film 'That Summer' is released by Arista this weekend, with a limited edition in clear yellow vinyl. The 16 tracks include two by Ian Dury ('Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' and 'What A Waste'), two by Elvis Costello ('I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea' and 'Watching The Detectives') and two by The Boomtown Rats ('She's So Modern' and 'Kicks'), as well as tracks by Mink DeVille, The Only Ones, Wreckless Eric, Patu Smith, The Remones, The Undertones, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Nick Lowe and Richard Hell & The Voidoids.

The final track is 'New Life', written and recorded by The Zones specially for the film — which opens in the West End on June 28, and goes on general release on July 1.

The Zones' own long-awaited debut album 'Under Influence' is issued by Arista next week, together with a single taken from it called 'Looking To The Future' packaged in a special picture bag.

EW&F's NEXT LP

THE EIGHTH Earth Wind & Fire album is scheduled for CBS release on June 8, as the follow-up to their recent Top Ten hit 'Best Of Vol. 1'. Titled 'I Am', it was recorded at the band's Arc Studios in Los Angeles, and it contains their current hit single 'Boogie Wonderland'.

Wine are back with a new single on June 1 — titled 'A Question Of Degree', it's on the Harvest label. On the same day, in both seven and 12-inch form, is 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' by Bonnie Pointer.

Next week sees the release of a four-track maxi-single by The Jolt on Polydor. The tracks are 'Maybe Tonight', 'I'm In Tears', 'See Saw' and 'Stop Look'. The first title is also the name of their album, due out in mid-June.

Northampton rock band The Jets have their second single 'Sleep Rock n' Roll' issued this weekend by Soko Records. Upcoming next month on the same label are 'Dirty Water' by The Innates and 'Gabrielle' by The Nips.

The Rollers (erstwhile Bay City variety) are back in business, having discarded both their tartan and their lead singer. They've brought in South African vocalist Duncan Faure and Motown producer Peter Ker, and the result is their new single 'Turn On The Radio', out this weekend on Arista.

'Sunburn', written and recorded by Graham Gouldman, is released by Phonogram this weekend. With Eric Stewart still convalescing from his car accident, Gouldman cut it with the aid of the other three 10CC members. But Stewart is now fully recovered, and 10CC will be back in the studios this summer.

June 8 sees the release of Roger Chapman's second Acrobat single 'Who Pulled The Nite Down', coupled with a six-minute-plus version of Mickey Jupp's 'Shortlist'. Christopher Neil's single 'Working Girl' is out on the same label this weekend.

MARTIN RUSHENT LAUNCHES LABEL

NOTED producer Martin Rushent — who has recorded The Stranglers and The Buzzcocks, among many others — is launching his own Genetic Records label. First release on June 30 is the single 'Treat Me Kind' / 'What's The Point' by five-piece band Sussex, from the county of the same name. Meanwhile, Albion Records are issuing a single by Rushent himself titled 'Give It All You've Got'.

Lindisfarne are currently recording a new album in London, for autumn release by Phonogram. Producer is Hugh Murphy, who has produced Gerry Rafferty's albums, as well as records by Alan Hull and Jack The Lad.

The new Village People single, issued by Mercury on June 1, is the title track from their current album 'Go West'. It comes in a special picture bag, and there's also a limited edition 12-inch remixed version.

Eddy Grant, former leader of hit group The Equals, makes his comeback as a solo singer next week with his first release on the Ensign label — a single titled 'Living On The Frontline'.

Latest development in the dispute between Sad Cafe and RCA, reported last week, is that the record company has agreed to pay £77,000 for the tapes of the band's third album — £25,000 to go to the group, and the remainder to be deposited with the court, pending the outcome of the case. There's more litigation to come, with Sad Cafe maintaining that their RCA contract is invalid.



Nona Mendrya has joined Arista, who release her single 'You're The Only One That I Ever Needed' (in clear blue vinyl) this weekend. Her debut album for the label is due shortly.

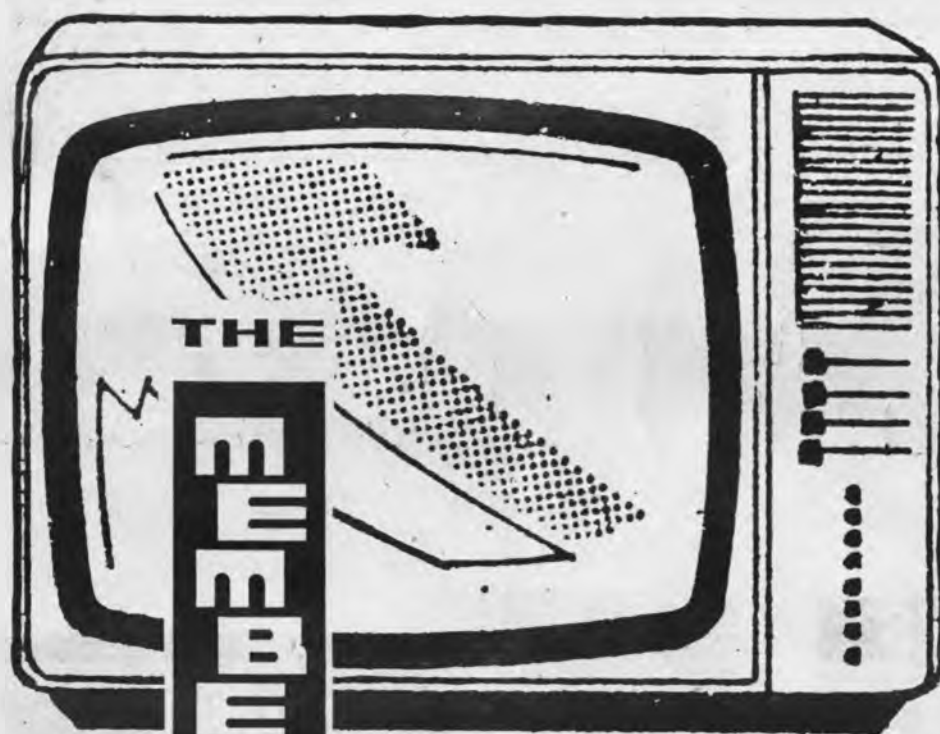
999 LONDON GIGS

999 have now fixed their string of London dates which, as reported last week, they're slotting in before leaving for their second U.S. tour. They're playing three nights at the Marquee Club on May 31, June 2 and 3, with an extra matinee on the Saturday (2). One of these gigs will mark the return to the line-up of drummer Pablo Labritain, for the first time since he broke his arm last year. But stand-in drummer Ed Case will play the remaining shows, and will probably stay with the band for their upcoming American visit. Support act at the Marquee is Pinpoint, who complete their tour with The Members on May 30, and who have London gigs in their own right at Islington Hope and Anchor (June 9 and 10) and Kensington Nashville (15).

2,000 punks for Brighton

LOOK OUT, Brighton! A 1,000-a-side punk soccer match is planned for the town on Bank Holiday Monday afternoon. It's being organised by promoter and club owner Jock McDonald, as a follow-up to the England-Scotland international at Wembley on Saturday — and it's supposed to be between Glasgow punks and Jimmy Lydon's London punks. Local bands, including The Piranhas and Test Tube Babies, will be playing free. And McDonald says the funfair will also be free.

Meanwhile, Billy's Club in London's Dean Street (operated jointly by McDonald and Lydon), is now open every night of the week, with additional live sessions on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. A live album is also to be recorded in the club. The Psychodelic Furs appear there for the next four Sunday nights — and they have other London gigs at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (this Saturday), Camden Music Machine (May 29), Victoria The Venue (31) and Kensington Nashville (June 24).



MAY 29

OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST

ON ALBUM

V 2120

Virgin

AT THE CHELSEA NIGHTCLUB



RECORDS ARE ESTABLISHED

THE RECORDS, who have just completed a UK tour with The Jam, set out on their own headlining tour next month — coinciding with the June 8 release by Virgin of their debut album 'Shades In Bed'.

The LP, featuring ten of their own songs, will include a free EP in the first 25,000 copies — titled 'High Heels', it consists of four of their favourite oldies: '1984', 'Have You Seen Your Mother Baby', 'Abracadabra' and 'See My Friends'. A single culled from the album, coupling 'Teenarama' and 'Held Up High', comes out this weekend. Tour dates are Wolverhampton Polytechnic (June 2), Bristol

Locarno (3), Liverpool Oscar's (5), Weston-super-Mare Shoop's (7), Scarborough Penthouse (8), Saddleworth Arts Festival with The Jam (9), Norwich Boogie House (10), Chester Smartyz (11), Sheffield Limit (12), Preston Polytechnic (13), Leeds Fan Club (14), Wolverhampton Lafayette (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), York Pop Club (18), Swansea Circles (19), Newport Gwent Stowaway (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), Newport Shropshire Village Club (22), Dudley J.B.'s (23), Leicester University (25), Portsmouth Locarno (26), Bournemouth Village Bowl (27) and London Marquee (28 and 29).

Groovies touring after all

UK OUTING STARTS JUNE 13

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES are coming to Britain next month after all! This is despite the news, reported last week, that their June tour was in jeopardy because of a problem which had arisen with the agency scheduled to bring them over. It looked odds-on a postponement, but ITB have nipped in smartly and taken over the tour, which opens at London Camden Dingwalls on June 13. Rest of their dates will be announced shortly, but it's known that their last show will be

an appearance in the Dublin Festival — headlined by Status Quo — on July 1.

The band fly into Britain on June 5 to record a session for BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test', for transmission on June 12. They then shoot off to Europe before returning here for their opening at Dingwalls. The visit ties in with the June 1 release of their third Sire album 'Jumpin' In The Night', which contains 14 tracks including a number of oldies (like 'Please Please Me' and '19th Nervous Breakdown') re-vamped by the group. One of the titles, Dylan's 'Absolutely Sweet Marie', is issued as the A-side of the three-track single on June 15.



Chords in accord

THE CHORDS — pictured above with Jimmy Pursey (centre), who's just signed them to his J.P. Productions company — are currently on tour with The Undertones, playing their final date with the Irish band at Hanley Victoria Hall on June 5. They then have gigs in their own right at London Kensington Nashville (June 11), London Marquee (15 and 17) and Hastings Pavillion (23). As reported last week, their debut single 'Now It's Gone' is released next month through Polydor.

JAM: WE TOLD 'EM OLDHAM

THE JAM, who recently completed a sell-out British tour, have decided to play another concert in Lancashire for the many fans who were unable to obtain tickets for the band's concerts in Manchester and Liverpool. They top the bill on the closing night of the Saddleworth Arts Festival on Saturday, June 9.

Saddleworth is about eight miles from Oldham, and the event takes place in a 3,000-capacity marquee. Dr. Feelgood open the festival on June 2, and other contrasting acts appearing during the week include Five Hand Reel (3) and Humphrey Lyttelton (6). The Records support The Jam, and tickets at £2.50 each are available from Piccadilly Records and North-West Arts (both in Manchester), Central Library (Oldham) and Upper Mill (Saddleworth). There will be late-night transport back to Oldham and Manchester.

● THE JOLT return to live action on Bank Holiday Monday (28), when they headline a concert at London Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square (7-11.30 pm). Support acts include Strangeways, and tickets cost £1.50.

● GREG KINN, who played a one-off with his band at London's Marquee Club earlier this week before starting a European tour, returns next month for three more dates — at Liverpool Eric's (June 14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15) and London Victoria The Venue (16). His new single 'Moulin Rouge' is released by Besserkley on June 1, followed two weeks later by his album 'Power Lines'.

● THE CRAMPS, a four-piece outfit from Cleveland described as 'punkabilly voodoo', fly into Britain to appear as special guests on the UK tour by The Police starting next week. The band, currently red hot in the States, also have London gigs in their own right at the Marquee (June 5) and Kensington Nashville (22).

● THE RUBINOOS return to Britain in July for a short tour, coinciding with the release of their new Besserkley album 'Back To The Drawing Board'. They'll be doing about six or seven shows, and details of dates and venues are currently being finalised. Their new single 'Hold Me' is due out in a week's time.

ANOTHER SIX TOURS CONFIRMED

YACHTS have now confirmed tour dates at Sheffield University (June 12), Port Talbot Troubadour (14), Scarborough Penthouse (15), Swansea University (18), London Marquee (19), High Wycombe Nags Head (21), Liverpool Eric's (22), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Astoria (27), Leeds Fan Club (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (29), London Camden Music Machine (30) and Jacksade Grey Topper (July 1), with more to come.

SUPERCHARGE are back on the road to promote their new 'Body Rhythms' album playing Dumfries Stagecoach (May 27), Worcester Hideaway (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (June 8), London Fulham Golden Lion (10), Cambridge Clare College (11), London College of Fashion (15), Nottingham Commodore Suite (18), Southampton University (20), Reading University (22), Stafford Madley College (23), Lancaster University (27), Oxford New College (30), Derby Lonsdale College (July 2), London Fulham Greyhound (5) and Dudley JB's (17).

THE ALBION BAND undertake a short tour next month with a new all-star line-up, including Julie Covington as lead vocalist. Rest of the personnel is Andy Roberts (guitar and vocals), Barry Dransfield (fiddle and vocals), Martin Simpson (guitar, banjo and vocals), Doug Morier (lead guitar and vocals), Ashley Hutchings (bass) and Dave Mattacks (drums). They play Sheffield Crucible Theatre (June 4), Nottingham Playhouse (6), Basildon Towngate Theatre (8), Hatfield Forum (9), London Stoke Newington Assembly Hall (10), Cambridge Downing College (11), London Victoria The Venue (13 and 14), Rochdale Champness Hall (16) and Reading Hexagon (19).

THE HEADBOYS are going out on their own tour, following the success of their support spot on John Otway's recent concert series. Dates so far set for what they call their 'First Farewell Tour' are Middlesbrough Rock Garden (June 1), Winsford Civic Hall (2), Newbridge Club and Institute (3), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (5), Halifax Bulls Head (8), Kirkcubright Country Club (8), Liverpool Oscar's (9), Jacksade Grey Topper (10), London Marquee (12), Colchester Essex University (13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14), Sheffield Limit Club (15) and Dudley JB's (16).

RADIO STARS have so far confirmed five dates for their June tour, plans for which were reported last week — though the tour will now be somewhat shorter than originally planned, as the band are off to Spain for concerts and TV on June 24. Gigs set so far are Northampton Nene College (June 8), Durham Collingwood College (14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16), York University (22) and Oxford Teddy Hall (23).

ROY MILL has re-shaped his band which now includes new guitarist John Knightsbridge, who joins Chas Cronk (bass), Tony Fernandez (drums), Bimbo Acoc (sax) and Mike Taylor (keyboards). They undertake a short tour, prior to cutting a new album, highlighted by an appearance at London Victoria The Venue on June 8. Other dates are Bristol Polytechnic (May 31), Bedford Cranfield Institute (June 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (2), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (6), Liverpool Oscar's (7) and Manchester University (9).

ONLY LEE RILEY, near-legendary U.S. rockabilly singer and Sun recording artist, begins a British tour at the end of next month. First dates set are Carlshallon St. Helier Arms (June 27), London Southgate Royalty (28), Leicester Trade Union Labour Club (29), Swindon Town Hall (30), Bristol Trinity St. Philip's (July 1), Rayleigh Cross (2) and London Southall White Hart (4). Further gigs are being lined up.

METRO, the five-piece contemporary rock band, have been signed as support act on the Dire Straits tour of Britain opening June 8. Formerly with the Transatlantic label, they were signed by EMI at the end of last year and are just completing work on their first album for their new outlet.

RUSH, who recently completed a sell-out British tour, will be back in this country in the autumn to record a new album here — and it's possible they may play a few more gigs at that time. Meanwhile, the scheduled opening date of their European tour — in Paris on May 15 — had to be cancelled after the stadium was seriously damaged by fire. The tour eventually got under way last weekend in Belgium.

JOHN CRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS have June gigs at London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (11), Birmingham Bogans (16), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Aberdeen University (15), Blackpool Northcote Castle (16), Bradford University (20), Leeds Florde Green (23), Oxford Corn Dolly (29) and Bristol Granary (30).

ARLENE PHILLIPS' HOT GOSSIP are playing a twice-nightly season at London's County Cousin Aleria from May 29 to June 10 (Monday excepted). The venue has also confirmed a three-week season by outrageous New York trio Gotham (June 12-July 1) and the first European appearance by Morgens King (July 3-22).

CHAS & DAVE are playing a handful of dates to tie in with the recent release of their EMI single 'Gertie', of TV commercial fame. So far set are Birmingham Barbarella's (June 8), Oxford Polytechnic (16), Norwich Boogie House (22) and Leicester Polytechnic (23). Plans are currently being finalised for them to undertake their first major British tour.

DOLL BY DOLL headline the Zigzag tenth anniversary party gig at London Victoria The Venue on May 31, supported by Mergar, The Psychedelic Fury and SPG. Tickets are £3.50.

NEWS BRIEFS



BRUCE WOOLLEY and his band Camera Club, who supported XTC on their recent tour, have a few London gigs lined up interspersed with recording sessions for their next CBS single. There's at Camden Music Machine (May 31), the Marquee Club (June 4, 18 and July 2) and Kensington Nashville (June 14).

PINKPOP, Holland's premier open-air rock festival, takes place this year on Monday, June 4 (a Bank Holiday in that country). The impressive line-up in running order are Madness, Average White Band, The Police, Dire Straits, Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Rush and Peter Tosh, with compere John Peel. Last year, over 42,000 attended the event — and more are expected this year.

HEATWAVE'S Johnnie Wilder, recently injured in a car accident in Ohio, was more seriously hurt than was first thought — he is suffering from a degree of paralysis and it's not yet known what the lasting effects will be. In the meantime, his brother Keith continues as lead singer, and the group are also routing a new singer to share front-line vocals.

FIVE HAND REEL and Bill Barclay are presenting a special Scots' night at London Fulham Greyhound this Saturday (28), coinciding with the England-Scotland soccer international at Wembley that afternoon.

THE ROUNDHOUSE in Chalk Farm, North London, is to re-open as a rock venue in the autumn. This is the outcome of a recent meeting, at which the GLC renewed its licence, despite objections by local residents. The concerts will, however, be restricted to 14 between November and March — and they'll be presented by the venue's management, and not by outside promoters.

STREETBAND top the bill in this year's Egham Open-Air Festival in Surrey, to be staged in the grounds of the Egham Centre from 5 to 10.30 pm on Saturday, June 2. This too is also on the bill, with tickets costing £7 (adults) and £1.60 (kids), and all proceeds going to clubs for the physically handicapped. There's a fête on the site in the afternoon.

THE SINCEROS play London Marquee (June 4 and 16), Rayleigh Cross (20), Leicester University (25) and Coventry Warwick University (28). Their new single issued by Epic this weekend in a picture bag, features two of their stage favourites — 'Take Me To Your Leader' and 'Quick Quick Slow' — and their album 'The Sound Of Sunbathing' is due out in early July.

SLADE are playing some dates to tie in with the release this week of their new Barn Records single 'Dizzy Mama', pressed in yellow vinyl. They're at Coventry City Centre (tonight, Thursday), Cirencester Agricultural College (Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Liverpool Oscar's (May 29), Burton Allied Breweries Club (31), Wetherhouse Grand Pavilion (June 1), Cromer West Runtun Pavilion (2), Stockton Fiesta (4) and Guernsey Beau Sejour Leisure Centre (8 and 9). More are being set.

PLUS SUPPORT is the name of a one-off band specially formed to headline a Southend roots rock night at London Kensington Nashville tomorrow (Friday). It comprises Barrie Masters and Steve Nicol from Eddie & The Hot Rods, ex-Reaction guitarist George Page, rhythm guitarist Mick Oliver and Ultravox bassist Chris Cross. Two new South-end bands, The Photos and The Rubies, are also on the bill.

STIFF

LITTLE FINGERS

WITH GUESTS **STARJETS**

APOLLO THEATRE
HYDE RD., ARNcliffe GREEN, MANCHESTER

MONDAY 28th MAY at 7-30

TICKETS £1.50, £2.00, £1.50 (incl. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE.
9.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm

THE PAVILION
HEAL OAKS - MANCHESTER

SUNDAY 27th MAY at 7-45

TICKETS £1.50, £2.00, £1.50 (incl. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE.
9.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm - 8.00pm

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive catalogue from an reprint of 20th name BOOKS

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS

BLONDE Songbook	£1.00	SECRETLY THE	£2.25
LEO SAPHIRE Complete	£1.50	BOYNE The Uses & Times Of	£1.50
KATE BUSH The Rock Years	£1.50	BLONDE	£1.25
KATE BUSH Complete	£2.50		
AM DON'T Songbook	£2.50		
BUSBY The Rock Years	£2.50		
THE WHO The Rock Years	£2.50		
BLONDE Songbook	£2.50		
SEX PISTOLS Never Mind The Bollocks	£2.50		
OPEN Jaws	£2.50		
DEEP PURPLE Machine Head	£2.50		
THE WHO The Rock Years	£2.50		
BLONDE Songbook	£2.50		
ROD STEWART Greatest Hits	£2.50		

TUTORIALS

Bert Weedon — 'Play in a Day'	£1.00
500 Chord Shapes	40p
Bernie Dwyer — 'The Rock Years'	£2.50
Whiffy Guitars — 'The Rock Years'	£2.50
Lead Guitar — 'The Rock Years'	£2.50

POSTAGE & PACKING CHARGES

ORDER	£2.00
2 or under	30p
3 or under	40p
4 or under	50p
5 or under	60p
6 or under	70p
7 or under	80p
8 or under	90p
9 or under	£1.00
10 or over	£1.10

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

DR. FEELGOOD

As it happens

ON TOUR: MAY - 24, COLCHESTER. UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX • 25, SOUTHPORT. SOUTHPORT THEATRE • 26, SCOTLAND. LOCH LOMOND FESTIVAL • 28, SHEFFIELD. TOP RANK • 29, SUNDERLAND. LOCARNO • 30, WOLVERHAMPTON. CIVIC • 31, PLYMOUTH. POLYTECHNIC - JUNE - 1, SWINDON. OASIS • 2, SADDLEWORTH (NEAR OLDHAM). ARTS FESTIVAL • 3, GUILDFORD. CIVIC • 4, DUNSTABLE. CALIFORNIA • 5, LONDON. EMPIRE BALLROOM LEICESTER SQUARE • 7, ISLE OF MAN. LIDO • 8, ISLE OF MAN. LIDO.



NEW LIVE ALBUM

INC. 'MILK & ALCOHOL' & 'AS LONG AS THE PRICE IS RIGHT'
FIRST 25,000 COPIES WITH FREE ENCORE E.P.



UA

ALBUM UAK 30239
CASSETTE TUK 30239

"When the group first started I suppose it's like a phase, y'know, ye want to be a fireman or ye want to be a policeman. I wanted to be a pop star. It's nearly happened. Well, partly."

MAY 11th 1979

AFRIDAY, and The Undertones, an uncomfortable mixture of religiously and reluctantly, are drifting through their 'Plug The LP Tour', a long series of club dates throughout Britain. It is a venture of little appeal that they have been forced to tackle due to their own soft ideals and record company pressures. Today they're at Newport in Shropshire to play The Village.

After a tedious three-hour drive from Bradford, the hotel check-in, a wash through of their small collection of tatty clothes in a launderette, an aimless wander down the small cobbled main street of this isolated village, the group finally collect at just gone five in the tiny club to run through another soundcheck in another empty room.

"My day..." sighs bassist Mickey Bradley. "I get up, have me breakfast, drive to the gig, do the soundcheck, go to the hotel, play the gig, go to bed and next morning I get up, have me breakfast..."

The soundcheck takes up to 90 minutes, but in a way the group are glad to have something to occupy their time. Drummer Billy Doherty smashes cracks and thuds each component of his drum kit. Guitar player John O'Neill plays some chords. So does brother Damian. Bass player Bradley fiddles about.

Last of all, in the empty club littered with wires, amp containers, spanners, lights, the group run through their current hit 'Jimmy, Jimmy' and 'Get It On', the T. Rex classic they do with genius.

The trials of this particular soundcheck are buffered by the news that on Kid Jensen's Roundtable show this very night The Undertones first LP is to be featured and discussed.

During 'Jimmy, Jimmy' and 'Get It On' singer Fergal Sharkey keeps a radio stuck tight to his ear. But at the end of the soundcheck, the LP still hasn't been played.

"Maybe we've missed it," moans Doherty.

"Are you sure it's on?" wonders Bradley.

"Yeah Yeah Yeah. It'll be on soon," calms Sharkey. The merciless rapid fire of this conversation means it's all over in a couple of seconds. The thick Irish accents mean an outsider has to concentrate.

The group dawdle the 200 yards from small club to two star hotel. They have painfully decided that they're going to chance a rare meal, as long as the journalist puts it on his bill so that the record company won't complain. The group wander separately down the small street, a strange sight. They look straight out of a Hovis advert, or a documentary on the Depression. Only Sharkey has trousers that come near his ankles — a pair of oily red cords.

The rest wear flapping blue denim or grey flannels that stop abruptly three quarters of the way down their calves. Hands are shoved in pockets, haircuts are crude faces are grim and thoughtful. The following Monday they're flying home to Derry, N. Ireland, for a week's break, and that's what they're thinking about.

In the hotel dining room they set the tranny in the middle of the table. Sharkey, the image of Winkler Watson, can't stop grinning or pulling his face into all sorts of grotesque positions. Doherty seems always aggressively apprehensive, Damian O'Neill is easy going and easily influenced, John O'Neill has the most oppressively sad face and dameantout I've ever known. His wile attitude aches the message, "I wish I was home and out of all this." Bradley joins the table later, a tall determined lad.

At last, Kid Jensen — his guests the rock'n'roll specialist DJ Stuart Colman and the ubiquitous Nick Lowe — reaches The Undertones LP, which the group have just learnt, has dived into the charts at 31. The group quieten down and stiffen. During the next few minutes there's little reaction apart from occasional frowns, grimaces and murmurs of agreement.

KID JENSEN: Well it's a fact of course that the punk explosion threw up a lot of new names and



THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTES

The Irish UNDERTONES have a problem: how to become world superstars (which seems relatively easy...) without ever leaving Derry (which seems bloody impossible). PAUL MORLEY is astonished (to put it mildly).

new talents on the scene, lots of new groups around. This is one of the bands that John Peel has been championing for quite some time and still one of his favourites. The Undertones with 'Here Comes The Summer' and 'Family Entertainment', both from their debut album release... fairly impressive to my ears... Stuart, what about yours?

STUART COLMAN: Well, let me say that I wouldn't go out and buy the album, but it's very lively, has that sort of edge to it. The thing that I think is great about new wave, punk, whatever you want to call it, is that kids can actually go out and see it at their local village hall, which you cannot say for disco... This is just the sort of thing that goes down well in a local hall.

KJ: When I think of the so called new wave bands I never think of them in terms of albums, I always relate their songs to singles... and er having heard a few tracks on John's show and these two here right now they sounded fine still but for an album's worth I'm not sure. Nick?

NICK LOWE: What about... ? KJ: The Undertones... did you like what you heard... ?

NL: Yeah! I think they're great! I think they're really good. I mean, I am slightly biased 'cos the guy who produced this, Roger Bechirian, engineered all of Elvis's albums practically, couple of Graham Parker albums, my album, so I've worked with him a lot of times, so I'm sort of biased. But I think they're very good

indeed. Love the singer, I think he's got this.

KJ: Fergal Sharkey...

NL: Oh yeah... he's very good... I've seen him on TV, he delivers a song from the heart, he seems in such intense pain when he sings... he's got a voice that sounds like a cross between Roger Chapman and Steve Marriott. I love that little sort of bleat he's got in his voice, very distinctive. Yeah, I think they're great. I mean, they're a young group, and I think they're sort of influenced by The Ramones, but I'm sure that with their next LP, when they come to do that, I'm sure they're gonna be very very good. Cos they can obviously play, y'know, and they're well into what they're playing, and I think, their next LP they're going to come up with a...

KJ: Do you think it's necessary for new bands... this is the point I was trying to raise before... new rock bands it seems could quite easily go on releasing singles. Why is it necessary to release an album?

NL: Well, it's purely financial! really. Once you start getting into the rock business and you start making records, it's a never ending... Suddenly you find yourselves totally involved in this heavily capitalistic type of situation whereby you've got to have top notch equipment, you've got to have a good road crew and all the rest of it. And so you have to make the album, that's how you get the money in.

KJ: Well there it is... a new album from The Undertones on Sire Records.

AFTER IT'S over the radio's switched off, there's no rush of conversation, just shrugging and coy grins. Doherty mentions that the LP's sequence was modelled on The MCS's 'Back In The USA'. Sharkey thinks about their position in the LP charts. "I don't really know what it means. Maybe we don't appreciate it. Maybe if we'd been struggling for years then we might appreciate it more. So we're number 31 in the album charts. Uh?"

It's as if he's talking about something far removed.

John O'Neill confesses: "We used to say we'd never make an album, only singles. I agree with what that guy says about the next LP though. It's going to be better than the first."

I was quite shocked to hear from John O'Neill's lips of doom that he even imagined that there would be another album.

"If you went over there and lived in Derry for six months, you'd get used to it." Everybody just gets on with it. Normal life goes on. It has to. The troubles, you could say they've just become part of normal life. Nobody really notices it. Maybe that's bad. It's why it seems really odd what Stiff Little Fingers do, because they just seem to be exaggerating something everybody else is used to. The troubles aren't that bad over there. But that's partly because we're used to them. There still seems no point in making political statements."

FIVE CLOSE schoolfriends began to make copies of pop songs in the mid '70s to amuse

themselves. It was something to do. These five friends lived in Derry, Northern Ireland, so it was good to have something to do. They never really thought about it beyond messing about. Certainly they never saw it as any kind of escape.

By 1976 these five friends had proper instruments and knew some songs and were even playing in front of people. They called themselves The Undertones. A pub called The Casbah let them play now and then. They soon decided to do something about the state of local live music.

"All the groups in Derry were either playing Carpenters songs or playing Thin Lizzy and Led Zeppelin, so we wanted to do something different."

"But when we first started we were just a joke. Everybody laughed. Nobody wanted anything different."

Surrounded by humiliation and futility they pounded on. They set themselves a list of ambitions, so that the music wouldn't become a habit. The limit of this list was to make a record.

While the five Undertones were learning songs and playing the odd gig, elsewhere punk had scorched the rock scene and the reverberations quickly touched The Undertones who, intuitively attracted to the pop and pounce of T. Rex, the Stones, New York Dolls, MCS, were already similarly and suitably motivated towards the short, sharp and fast. Records they heard and fell for, like the Hot Rods' 'Live At The Marquee' EP, the Pistols' 'Anarchy' and, most effectively, The Ramones' first LP, helped further mould The Undertones sensibility.

By 1977 they were playing their own songs, and in nearby Belfast the Good Vibrations label had been established to push Belfast music. The Undertones and Good Vibrations quickly interested each other, and the group were allowed to fulfil what they assumed would be their ultimate ambition: to make a record.

Continues over

■ From previous page

They had vaguely decided that if they didn't make a record by, say, October 1978, they would break up, and if they did make a record they would carry on. What they had overlooked was that by the time they came to make the record their music, further and finally influenced by the fiction pop dance of Buzzcocks, was strong and individual. The Undertones had become too good to remain local and unknown. This ignorance about the maturity of their music had not been encouraged five months earlier by the negative response from Stiff, Chiswick and Radar to a demo tape they had recorded that included 'Teenage Kicks' and 'Get Over You'.

On June 16 1978, The Undertones recorded their 4-track EP. This was not the end of the line, as the group had somehow surmised, almost hoped for, but the beginning. It was, in some ways, their downfall.

"After we recorded it, it was just pushing Good Vibrations, and they kept saying oh it'll be out next week. We were planning to break up if it never came out. We were always planning to split up, by June, by Christmas, for some reason or other.

"Yeah, and then the record came out in the middle of September, and at the beginning nobody took much notice. So we thought we'd split up. Then John Peel started playing it."

After Peel the phone calls began immediately.

The next move was that Peter Powell, Radio One's self-styled 'trendiest DJ' made the record his single of the week. Within weeks The Undertones, with no manager, no real conceptions of what was happening to

them, with no real desire for it to happen, were wanted.

Fergal Sharkey himself negotiated a five-year contract with Sire. On Good Vibrations the 'Teenage Kicks' EP went to 102 in the charts, the next week Sire had their pressing in the shops and the record moved to 75. And then 38.

October 22nd: The Undertones flew to London to do *Top Of The Pops*.

"One week we were buying these people's records, the next we were speaking to them."

And then 31. And then back down to 38. And then out. But by then it was too late to stop.

ON NOVEMBER 1st they set out on their first British tour, a two-week set of dates with The Rezillos. Halfway through the series The Rezillos split and The Undertones were forced to conclude the tour by themselves.

"The tour was awful. No, maybe it wasn't that bad. The Rezillos were great, they really helped us a lot, we're not slugging them. But the tour wasn't organised. For a start we had no manager. During the days it was just awful. We were away from home for the first time, it was boring, chaotic. On stage it was great. But we felt homesick from the very first night.

"Everything that could've gone wrong did go wrong. We do not like touring, that's for sure. In the old Casbah days it was great. You knew everybody in the audience and you could crack jokes and everybody knew what you were talking about. But now it's like you get on stage every night, and it's hard, physically hard, to push yourself, and it's like the same jokes every night."

The Undertones solidly

self-deluding attitude towards touring is well known. Most of the dark mutterings come from the grim John O'Neill, but the rest of the group share his fundamental naive distaste for the rock business routines, his constant longing for home and specifically his girlfriend.

The paradox is that while they cling to vague ambitions to be as 'big' as The Beatles, they also stubbornly refuse to admit that this means their lifestyle has to alter.

They reckon they can do this without changing, without leaving home. They cannot resist reality much longer, surely?

AFTER the radio has been switched off and the group have ordered their meaty meals — "Wow, it's like a Christmas dinner!" "It's like five Christmas dinners!" — I ask them about their oft broadcast views. It often comes up in interviews that the group almost selfishly don't appreciate how lucky they are, aren't aware how successful they are.

A chorus of eyes and that's true, that's true.

So they feel guilty?

J. O'Neill drily replies, still obstinately hanging onto pre-'Teenage Kicks' feelings: "Yeah, well the perfect thing for me would just be to stay in Derry and make records from there. But ... if people buy the records then you've got to tour, I suppose. But once I get married I'll tour when I want to tour, no problem. She hates that I go on tour and I hate it, but you just have to accept it."

What happens if you're asked or told to go to Europe: that's part of the routine.

Sharkey's jaunty voice answers this one: "Well we can't be told to go. We were asked to go and said no. They asked us to go to America and we said no."

"Don't you want to see America? I'd love to go for a holiday, or even for a tour and use it as a holiday. That'd be great. But touring America could be as boring as touring Britain."

But maybe you won't be able to stop it.

"We just wouldn't get on the plane."

But The Undertones have had three hit singles, more or less, the LP's selling strongly. The chances are you're going to get bigger and bigger.

You'll have a number one hit. "I don't see why we should get bigger and bigger," challenges Bradley, ridiculously.

J. O'Neill's morose tones slide into the conversation. "I'd rather we'd have stayed as we were. Maybe we won't be a success."

I can't believe that I hear that. Would he prefer that?

"I think so ... just to make a living out of it and to make records, that suits me. I just want to write songs that I feel are good ..."

Just as personal achievement?

"Yeah."

It must be said, however, that the acute despair emits predominantly from John O'Neill, whilst the rest of the group are just more naturally bemused by the rapid developments of the last few months and have difficulty in adapting. It seems an achievement that he's lasted so far.

The basic Undertone problem, again, especially for J. O'Neill, is, rather touchingly, girls. Girlfriends are a link with maybe their old 'real' selves that they grip to faithfully and defensively. I ask if they ever consider taking girlfriends on tour.

"I don't think that would alter anything for me," O'Neill shakes his head. Sharkey expands: "I don't think it would do any good. Like even when we play in Derry I hate having my girlfriend there. You're always split two ways. Because you're with the group and you've got to play on stage that night and you've also got to care for your girlfriend. So your like torn two ways and if you give too much one way then something the other way is harmed."

J. O'Neill begins to explain that the only thing stopping him from getting married is lack of money. "But we do tour," he insists, maybe guiltily. "We don't begrudge actually playing. When you're on the stage it's great but it's just all the travelling around, the hanging around, and the being away from home ..."

"When the band first signed the contract it was all come to London, come to London, the

whole star trip thing, y'know, get your face about, with so and so at the Music Machine, play on so and so's album, y'know, go to the parties, which is wrong, totally wrong. Before Christmas somebody took us around all the parties and it was all so false and stupid ooh darling, sooo played teh mai yai! And it's really so insincere ... it's really so false, the whole music thing. The people look on themselves as being something special, and we're not. We're the same as anyone else, y'know, we just happen to have had more breaks than anyone else, that's it."

"If you begin to cheat people, if this comes over in your music, then that's terrible. We will never get up on stage and fool people because there's absolutely no point at all in doing that."

FERGAL SHARKEY'S attitude is almost totally opposite to the withdrawn J. O'Neill. Sharkey enjoys his fame and enjoys the conversation with his fans, but considers it no big deal. Outside the hotel, in the cold, there's a crowd of kids mostly well under 18 — so it's impossible for them to get into tonight's licensed gig. Sharkey talks with them for over an hour.

Amongst the ten or so males is a craggy youth with a side parting, hovering nervously at the back of the huddle. He's the target for a number of jibes from his mates. He attempts to deflect the taunts with a shy shrug. "Hey, what's the matter with him? Asks Sharkey. "Oh, him, don't mind him ... he looks like you," someone says with peculiar distaste. "We call him the Undertone."

Sharkey addresses him: "Well don't worry about it, look what happened to me."

Eventually the gathering begins to ridicule the 'Undertone' again. Sharkey goes out of his way to protect the poor sod.

Later I asked Sharkey about the way he protected this diffident object of scorn.

"It was always the same for me at school. I was slagged off all the time back in secondary school. I had a really rough time just cos I wasn't one of the cool boys. There was all sorts of gangs back in secondary school and all that sort of crap ... and it was all wrecking things, vandalism, and I wasn't one of the boys, and I was out of it and I was like that kid must have been, y'know, and maybe one day he'll show all those kids who were taunting him ... I hope so ... just like I did."

"Like, I was in this record

shop in Derry and this guy came up and asked me for my autograph and I said fuck off 'cos he was one of those who used to give me hell at school. Bob Geldof has said it too, about getting your revenge on these people and it fucking is true."

"I get annoyed when we don't play well. I'll come off the stage and throw a fit. If we play badly you better clear out of the way. If we play badly I feel cheap. These people come to see the band and if we play badly I feel that I've cheated them. The same with records. We do care. We care the most. We care about what we give people, right, but if people don't accept it then that's too bad, it's as simple as that. If you've done your best, that's it."

THE MIDNIGHT gig at The Newport Village testers on disaster. The

management has allowed twice the accepted limit into the club (and still turned 70 or so away). In front of the small low stage minutes before midnight an expectant sweaty pack pushes involuntarily against equipment.

The time is coming when this group must leave the clubs and enter the halls. This is how it goes ... But for now

On stage the group, wearing responsibility well, spend most of the time asking the pack to give them room, move back, more back. It's hot, sticky, damp, hard to breathe — but necessary to move. Through all this, y'see, The Undertones play a moving music that is beyond out-of-tune instruments, faltering musicianship, that lifts the heart.

There are succulent songs that are the end product of the soft surrealism of T. Rex, the smooth beaty insistence of The Ramones, the swerving and yearning melody of Buzzcocks and the isolation and depression of Derry. Majestic songs written by the moody, dark-eyed John O'Neill — "Everyone knows what's it's like not getting off with a girl" — and the frivolous Damien O'Neill, who just looks for words that rhyme.

Songs sung with chilling flexible emotion by ex-choir boy Sharkey, who can sing the blues like few else. Songs that are modern blues songs as much as anything.

And the people at Newport think they're great. And this onlooker thinks that ... they're the best pop group that ever there was.

By the end of the year maybe they'll have split up. Maybe they'll be in America. Whichever way it is maybe your group can take their place.



Phillip gave her everything—
a romantic dinner, a gold ankle
bracelet, all his best lines,
and his bad breath.



Sorry Phil.

He should have remembered Double Amplex.

Available from Chemists throughout the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland.

Essential Logic
Side One - Wake Up. EAGLE BIRD.
Side Two - Quality Carpen Wax O.K. BOB'S MESSAGE.
New 12" Single - Limited Edition
VS 261-12
Virgin

B L I N D A M O N G T H E F L O W E R S
H E W H O L A U G H ' S L A S T

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

DOUBLE SINGLE* IN COLOUR GATE FOLD SLEEVE

The
Tourists



*FREE SINGLE INCLUDES "WRECKED" & "THE GOLDEN LAMP" WHICH WILL NOT BE INCLUDED ON THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM (JUNE RELEASE)

LOGO RECORDS (GOLD) 350 ALBUM LOGO 1018



DO IT YOURSELF
IAN DURY & the BLOCKHEADS
SEEZ 14



THRILLS

ANYONE WHO IS anyone has been bootlegged. Dylan was the first in summer '69, when, after years of illegal blues, jazz and opera, bootlegs and rock music coincided in the release of 'The Great White Wonder' (the original Basement Tapes).

Now, a decade later, bootlegging has escalated to become an industry in its own right, as systematic and professional as the one it supposedly undermines.

Most large scale operators are currently pressing bootlegs abroad — complete with fake labels, addresses, logos and authorisation stamps. These are then shipped through customs in old sleeves or cheap and nondescript new ones, or else mixed with a consignment of legal albums. Once in England, high quality covers are produced — often with detailed artwork — and the albums arrive on the streets to change hands for up to £40 each. Some are even pressed in coloured vinyl.

Bootlegs subdivide into three categories — bootlegs, pirates and counterfeits. A 'bootleg' is an illegal, unauthorised live recording that's subsequently duplicated and sold; a 'pirate' is a copy of an existing record or tape; a 'counterfeit' is an exact copy of a record or tape, together with an identical sleeve incorporating the original label and logo.

With the availability of their near-perfect sound quality, most bootlegs are taken off *In Concert* and John Peel radio sessions in England, and FM stereo broadcasts in America, as opposed to being actually taped at live gigs.

Inevitably, the best quality live tapes come direct from the mixing desk, a source so well established that Dylan paid his sound engineer £1,000 at Earl's Court on the condition that no mixing desk bootlegs should ever appear. (They didn't incidentally, but various others did.)

Most pirates are taken from studio demo tapes, the rarity of original arrangements or unreleased material usually qualifying for an exorbitant mark-up. Counterfeits are either duplicated direct from the record, or pressed from (usually stolen) studio master tapes.

Being bootlegged has always been a recognition of status. With an artist of sufficient repute, there is automatically a limitless market for any of their material.

The various attitudes of established artists have hardened as the number of bootlegs increased. Dylan, for one, has turned a sharp volte face, considering 'The Great White Wonder' was always rumoured to have contributed largely to the revival of his entire career.

Patti Smith, on the other hand, actively encourages the bootlegging of her concerts. Keith Richards collects every available Stones bootleg, and Lowell George once confided that the reason for the excellent quality of the three best



Jake Riviera: "I couldn't give a fuck about lost revenue..."



Pic: Fin Costello

"Me and the boys was wondering about this bootleg business..."

Little Feat bootlegs was that he mixed the tapes himself.

By 1972 it was estimated that 60% of the American eight-track and cassette market was controlled by pirates. Consequently, the Nixon administration made it a Federal offence to duplicate legitimate recordings for sale. The result was an influx of American bootlegs to England.

Accordingly, English record companies joined the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) for legal security that would both protect their artists and clean up the retail market.

Financed by the record companies, the BPI — when possible — recovers the damages and cost of legal proceedings from the bootleggers under prosecution, and recycles that money back into their funds to combat piracy.

The record companies never recoup any of their estimated loss of revenue.

The BPI's list of legal cases is endless. Their investigations are methodical. Having discovered a bootleg is selling on the street, they work back down the line to its dealers, wholesalers, importers and eventually to its manufacturers. In exceptional circumstances, they are issued with High Court Orders that entitle them to enter and search premises and remove illegal evidence.

They claim they have never encountered a case where a bootlegger has won a legal action, and they adamantly believe that "there is absolutely no evidence at all that bootlegs further an artist's career."

Predictably, the present bootleg boom is in new wave artists.

As the new wave gathered momentum, so the bootlegs increased in quality and quantity. One early example — a near-legendary Clash/Pistols album pressed from a portable cassette tape — gets increasingly frenetic when the recording machines batteries start to run flat. Once again, from such shameless amateurism has grown a highly influential alternative record market.

On behalf of their members (most major record companies) the BPI

Siouxsie sues the bootleggers — so do The Stranglers, Clash, Buzzcocks and dozens of other anti-establishment freedom fighters. Thrills sent MARK ELLEN to get his hands dirty...



have taken legal action against bootleggers either as a matter of course or at the investigation of the artists involved.

Their recent cases include Graham Parker, AC/DC, The Damned, Eddie and the Hot Rods, The Ramones, Sex Pistols, Dave Edmunds, Ultravox and The Stranglers. They are also dealing with an early '79 bootleg of Patti Smith recorded in the UK, but she herself has taken no part in the proceedings.

There have been no cases involving The Jam, Boomtown Rats, or Ian Dury.

Thrills contacted spokesmen for four variously bootlegged new wave bands — Buzzcocks, The Clash, Elvis Costello, and Siouxsie and the Banshees — to hear their respective viewpoints.

Of the several Buzzcocks bootlegs to have surfaced since the band's outset, the BPI took legal action over the 'Times Up' album. It contains eight-track demo material recorded in September '76 in a loft in Stockport (when Howard Devoto was still in the band), and early versions of the 'Spiral Scratch' EP, and was released on the Voto label. Some of the material the band have never recorded in any other form.

Buzzcocks' manager, Richard Boone, claims "we were down in London, and went to an independent record shop, found some of these bootlegs and bought them. Later we were contacted by the BPI, who asked if we were aware they were on the streets. We said we were, and they said they were looking into it. We didn't bring it to their attention."

"Did the band object to the album?"

"We didn't object to its existence *per se*, just to the fact that someone is making something out of it at the expense of not only the group and their reputation, but at the expense of fans of the group; the fact that they're paying fantastic amounts of money for something that — although it's quite good quality — is not that great an album. And we objected 'cos we didn't know about it."

When they heard the album, did they still object?

"We liked the material, and I'm sure it's got fantastic historical merit."

Generally, bootlegs are very interesting when their material is not available elsewhere. Obviously as a phenomenon on a large scale, someone somewhere makes a lot of money out of it, and the artist doesn't get anything. But it can further an artist's career, and it does mean you've got a certain amount of status and a certain market, which is quite nice. In fact, it's very flattering."

The BPI are currently taking legal action on behalf of The Clash against a pirate of the single 'Capital Radio'.

The case was initiated by the band's manager Caroline Coon when it was discovered that fans were buying pirates of the single for up to £30 under the assumption that they were part of the original limited edition.

"I only take legal action in certain circumstances," Ms Coon told Thrills. "Myself, I love bootlegs. If it's a service to the public, if it's some enterprising soul that's gone out and recorded a live gig that one's never really going to hear — then that's one thing. But when it's a real steal of a single, when it's straight profiteering — that's another."

"These guys are making 1,000% profit, and the poor kids are thinking they've got a rare piece of vinyl which is in fact a copy, a forgery. That's basically why I thought we should run after this one."

Did the band themselves take any particular standpoint?

"If someone has genuinely gone out and recorded one of their concerts, which they would never have recorded themselves, I think they'd say good luck to the guys. But when it's consciously a rip-off, then it's a different matter altogether."

Almost all the Elvis Costello bootlegs have originated from America and Canada.

Remarkable for its diversity alone is the double album '50 Million Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong', which contains *Top Of The Pops* broadcasts, early Peel sessions, a Nicky Horne show, a Mavis Nicholson show, and some very early two-track demos recorded in Cornwall when The Attractions were supporting Wayne County on tour. The album changes hands for around £35.

The best known is 'Live At The El Mocambo' (live broadcast) in Canada. Without Costello's permission, CBS Canada pressed up 2,000 albums for radio stations only, which were subsequently counterfeited in large numbers. All legal proceedings were initiated by the BPI.

Costello's manager Jake Riviera outlines the market for bootlegs as essentially a demand for live material.

"The only way round it is either to put out a live album yourself — which isn't always very satisfactory — or just to give the stuff away in free EPs and singles. But then what happens is you get people collating all your free EPs into a bootleg."

"I mean we haven't tried to make anything unobtainable. We gave away a free single with 'This Year's Model' and a free EP with the first 150,000 copies of 'Armed Forces'. I think that pretty much takes care of the keen fans."

■ Continues over



Richard Boone: "It's very flattering."

BOOTLEGS

From Previous page

Did he object to losing revenue through bootlegs?

"I couldn't give a fuck. I'd like to have some kind of royalty from bootleggers. 100 albums wouldn't be a lot to ask. But it's the record companies who stand to lose most out of it — which tells you something interesting about the whole record industry. It's the person who stands to lose the most who's the one who must obviously gain the most."

THE MOST RECENTLY bootlegged new wave band is undoubtedly **Siouxsie and the Banshees**.

Among the six legal cases the Banshees have opened in the last two months, the band are suing the manufacturers of the now-notorious 'Love In A Void' album.

Partly an early Peel session and partly stolen demo tapes recorded before the band's contract with Polydor, it was released prior to their debut album 'The Scream'. It therefore contributed largely to increasing the band's following at a time when legitimate material was unavailable.

Immaculately faked to look like the band's own output, it comes complete with a picture of Siouxsie on the front cover, a John Heartfield

montage on the back, a track listing in Germanic type, a false catalogue number, ST 33 stamp and authorisation statement. It also claims to be a product of the Sioux label.

Siouxsie herself objected to the release of its version of the title track on account of its controversial content: "Too many Jews for my liking", etc.

She was unavailable for comment but the Banshees' manager Nils Stevenson told *Thrills*: "She's bored to death with talking about Nazis and Jews, and trying to justify something that's not worth justifying."

Speaking on behalf of the band, Stevenson's opinion on bootlegs is partly understandable, entirely one-sided, and mostly outspoken to the point of contempt for their consumers.

"If you're making records," he claims, "You should have the right to decide what records go out and what quality they have. If these bastards start putting out stuff you don't want to put out, then they're taking away your control."

Surely it could be called a compliment that fans care enough about the band to pay a tenner for what they consider rare material.

"On one hand it's good I suppose, but on the other we're handing over our quality control to someone else."

But people who buy bootlegs aren't primarily concerned with their quality.

"Right, they want them for a bit of one-upmanship — so that they can say to their mates, 'ere look what I've got — even if it sounds shit. It's a bit of snobbery a lot of the time. That's stupid too. I hate that kind of elitism."

Did he deny that the album contributed to the band's success?

"The bootleggers wouldn't have bothered to produce it unless the market was already there for it. They didn't create the market by putting it out, they cashed in on a market that was already there."

But the album might have increased that market.

"What can I say?" he concludes. "I can't give you any clever quotes."

When asked if he denies that bootlegs had the positive function of increasing the amount of material available to fans, Stevenson replies: "The more bootlegging that's done to our material, the less likely the band are going to be to go out and play a better version." This statement he was later to retract.

Finally *Thrills* lent an ear to a known bootleg dealer, who — for obvious reasons — shall remain anonymous.

Did he, as someone who'd sold Banshees bootlegs, feel at all sympathetic with the band's attitude that bootlegs were elitist?

"Any Banshees fan would have felt really disappointed with that Polydor album as it's not nearly as good as 'Love In A Void'. I don't see why a real Banshees fan shouldn't have some memento of the reason they liked the band in the first place."

Did he agree that the artist had a right to object?

"Yes, and to a share of the profits — but I don't think it ever does an artist any harm. The people that buy bootlegs are simply and solely 100% fans of the band and are anxious to have anything the band have ever recorded."

"But the way it works at the moment is totally wrong; the way a record company can say to an artist, 'You can only release two or three singles this year as we don't want to flood the market'. As far as I'm concerned, if someone wants to put out a single every week, then why not? If people have got great music in them, then they should be allowed to get it out."

"Monopoly capitalists don't like to have the security of their monopoly threatened in any way. And that — basically — is what bootlegging is all about."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

RAR: In the Red but fighting the Blues

THE LATEST news sheet from Rock Against Racism reveals a loss of £5,500 on the recent Militant Entertainment tour. The deficit would have been much greater but for a timely £2,000 profit on the tour-closing Ally Pally extravaganza.

RAR attribute the loss to various factors, mostly derived from their inexperience at tour promotion. The original plan for 23 gigs was over-ambitious (15 were eventually played); publicity wasn't well organised, and there was a tendency to book over-large venues, which in turn implies an over-estimation of audiences.

The problem of finding suitable venues was exacerbated by the allegedly unco-operative attitude of most student administrations; and RAR suggest ignoring colleges for future projects unless the NUS/NUSS can be persuaded to take a more overtly sympathetic line.

Despite this financial setback, the news sheet ends with a determined pledge to fight Tory oppression.

"When the legislation starts seeping through, when the police get their 'extra powers', when the local law centre loses its grant, when a new abortion act appears on the statutes, when the Public Order Act comes out of the hat against summer carnivals, when the SPG move into Chapelton, Mosside, Handsworth or Notting Hill... we want to be there with gigs, pickets, demos and lotsa noise."

A national conference to consider ways of doing this is planned for late June/early July, probably to be held in Birmingham.

(Lest we be accused of bias, *Thrills* would like to hear from any

The Lone Groover

Benyon



NO ORDINARY ALBUM.

promoters or record companies willing to discuss their financial situation and political sympathies in print).

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Getcher Cultcher 'ere

LAATEST ROCK person to unveil literary pretensions is the Bard of Bow, the Scribe of Stratford, the Tolstoy of Tower Hamlets, the er, Polydor recording punk, Patrik Fitzgerald.

A booklet of his poems and very, very short stories, wittily titled 'Poems', has just been published by the Tower Hamlets Art Project, a community publishing group based in, er, Tower Hamlets.

Also included are several song lyrics: 'Make It Safe', 'Babysitter', and others.

Patrik receives no money from the book and T.H.A.P. is probably a very good cause; but for 75p you get a mere 28 pages many of which consist largely of white spaces.

The poems and stories are typical Fitzgerald — some incisive observations, a few good jokes, a bit of obscurity, occasional naivety/negativity, lots of whimsy — all in all, a somewhat slight collection.

Still, Stendhal didn't even start writing till he was 40. On the other hand Keats was dead at 24. Yup, life can be a funny old thing, with a hey ho the wind and the rain.

WILD BILL SHAKESPEARE

THRILLS



The truth will out. Julie Burchill reviews the new Clash single. Spotted in the Eastern Cape Province Evening Post by Simon Wakeling.

Stop Press . . .

ARE "HEAD SHOPS" NOW ILLEGAL?

LAST WEEK uniformed and plain clothes police raided the premises of *Rock Dreams* in King's Road, Chelsea, and took away artifacts, books and comics to the value of

£1000. This is first bust of its kind in the UK. The police plan to take their evidence to the Director of Public Prosecutions to get the sale of "drug paraphernalia" banned on the grounds that it incites people to take illegal drugs. Affected under such an ordinance would

be pipes, balances, "starch boxes", chillums, rolling machines and even papers.

In next week's *Thrills* Dick Tracy examines the implications, looks at the background — and charts the growth of the "paraphernalia" industry, from paper manufacturers to your friendly local head-shop.

WATCH THIS SPACE!!

THRILLS

When the disco gets dangerous

AS FAR AS the owners of the Ozone Outer Layer Disco were concerned, business wasn't bad for a Monday night. Seventy-five paying customers, some action at the bar, and no trouble. The Brooklyn New York disco's policy is no sneakers, jackets on the guys, 21 and up. Lately guys in sneakers have been a problem, especially when they come in a gang.

On the club's small dance floor perky local gals, dressed to the nines in their Calvin Kleins, slithered to Geno Soccio's 'Dancing'. The guys did likewise, threaded out in powder blues, neck chains and duck tails.

For a couple of hours they could make out they were at Studio 54 without leaving the neighbourhood, and at half price.

"If business keeps up we can expand in a few months," said Irving Banschoff to his co-partner and wife Tina.

"Yeah Irv," chirped Mrs. Banschoff sarcastically. "when the World's Fair comes to Flatbush we'll get rich!"

Irv grinned, and hefted a case of distilled beverage atop the formica

bar. Suddenly the controlled ambience in the room was abruptly broken. Someone shouted, "Lie down on the floor! Take off all your clothes! No talking and nobody gets hurt!"

The man, scrupulously attired and standing in the middle of the dancers, held a gun. So did his seven partners, who had infiltrated the club individually, unnoticed.

One gun wielder ordered the deejay to "keep playing the records man, play 'Champagne' King man, and keep it loud!"

Started, the patrons removed their garments, and were then told to lie flat on their stomachs. Pockets and bags were rifled, necklaces were torn from the girls, and one guy got shot for giving the bandits some lip.

He's listed as "stable" at Brooklyn County Hospital.

Within minutes the gang of eight had gathered the booty and fled the establishment.

"They were a wild bunch of dudes. They shot up my ceiling, scared my customers shitless, and almost gave my wife a heart attack," said the shaken Irving Banschoff.

"Yeah Irv, just like Clint Eastwood," chimed the perspiring Mrs. Banschoff.

Police are making inquiries.

A. COWBOY

THRILLS



"I think maybe it's more fun like this . . ."

NO ORDINARY JOE.

Joe Egan hasn't exactly come out of nowhere. You'll remember him as part of the very successful Stealer's Wheel, along with Gerry Rafferty.

But then the group split and they went their separate ways. Gerry into 'Baker Street', and Joe into the country, where he spent three years reflecting on his last twenty.

The result is 'Out of Nowhere', Joe's first solo album.

It's a very special album that took a long while to write. But then Joe is not the kind of guy to rush things.

And David Courtney took just as many pains with the production. Which is why we think, when you add it all up, that 'Out of Nowhere' will be really going somewhere.

JOE EGAN'S SOLO ALBUM.
'OUT OF NOWHERE'

FEATURING THE SINGLE 'BACK ON THE ROAD'



JOE EGAN "OUT OF NOWHERE"



The Changing Faces of Thingummybob



HI THAR! Mah name's Bo and this here on the right's mah brother Buddy. Y'all remember me, doncha? Sure you do but maybe the next revealing shot of me in my long forgotten Applejack days of yore will refresh

your [geddit?] memory? 'Course after that folks used to call me Hank. That's H. A. N. K. Nope, I never did get to grips with that particular handle either. Which is why I changed it to ... what was it

now ... ah! yes, Freddy, or Freddy and The Dreamers to be more precise. Natcho, it didn't take too long for the fickle finger of fortune to discard me like an unwanted shard. I took up writing and nearly

got a film score accepted. I needed a gimmick, somethin' to separate me from the ordinary Joe. I toyed with calling myself Woody but it wasn't classy enough. How many other famous Woodies can you recall? C'mon ten

seconds. Right! Point taken. Finally, it came to me in a flash. I would be, thingummybob. whatsisname, bugger it, it's on the tip of my tongue, it'll come back to me in a minute ... Oi, don't go away ...



Rock mag pages damaged by harmful fall-out ...

VARIOUS misconceptions, mistakes and oversights which need to be clarified crept into the series of Nuclear News pieces carried in the NME in recent weeks.

Contrary to the claims in a recent reader's letter, we never said that the Harrisburg reactor had reached "meltdown", merely that it had become a possibility. The reader also misconstrued the article's political bias. The point being made was that current party politics are

outdated and remain largely unconcerned with the real issues — like nuclear energy — which are going to affect all our futures.

It should be pointed out that the headline to last week's piece — *Harrisburg UK: It's already happened here* — was not strictly accurate. Harrisburg stands as the worst civil nuclear accident to date. In the same piece the map should have been credited to Friends of the Earth, the photo to Greenpeace.

We have had a strong response from readers to our Nuclear

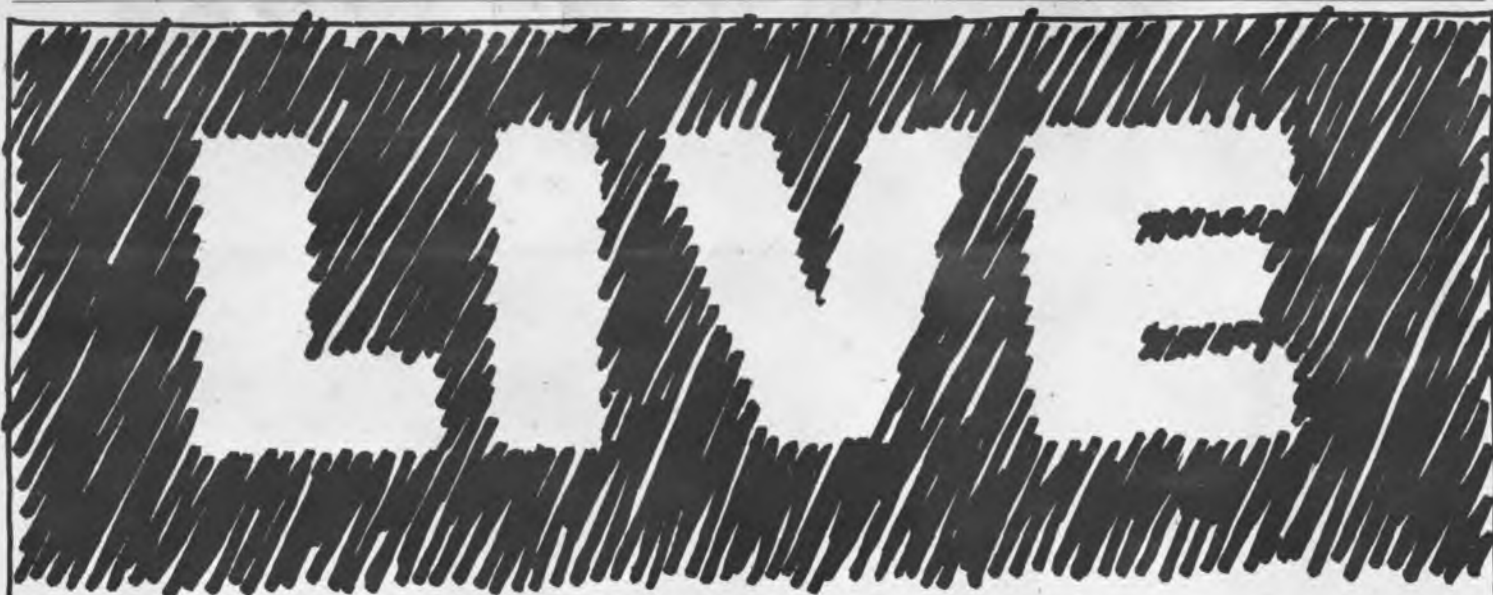
coverage. Next week we will be carrying a review of the best of the Nuclear books in our *Print* section, with further news coverage to follow.

Finally, the two nuclear badges featured at the head of this article are available from 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11. Price: 15p each. Cheques/postal orders made out to THE BEAST.

DICK TRACY

THIRLLS

Nuclear News



THE RECORDS ON TOUR

2 JUNE WOLVERHAMPTON POLY 3 JUNE BRISTOL LOCARNO 5 JUNE LIVERPOOL OSCAR'S
7 JUNE WESTON SUPER MARE SLOOPY'S 8 JUNE SCARBOROUGH PENTHOUSE 9 JUNE
SADDLEWORTH ARTS FESTIVAL 10 JUNE NORWICH BOOGIE 11 JUNE CHESTER
SMARTYZ 12 JUNE SHEFFIELD LIMIT 13 JUNE PRESTON POLY 14 JUNE LEGGS FAN
CLUB 15 JUNE WOLVERHAMPTON LAFAYETTE 16 JUNE NOTTINGHAM SANDPIPER —
MORE DATES TO COME — Booked by Cowbell — Tel: 01-262 7253

NEW SINGLE < TEGNARAMA > OUT NOW VS 250 — L.P. IMMINENT —

Virgin

The critics aren't in two minds about Schizophrenics



"'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' is a triumph for Ian Hunter. The album's got a feel of knowing exactly where it's going to. It has confidence and assurity."

David McCullough **SOUNDS**

"... an impressive new album by Ian Hunter..."

"... He's helped out by his old colleague Mick Ronson, John Cale and members of Springsteen's E Street Band and he responds admirably to such a challenge..."

Robin Denselow **GUARDIAN**

"... this is a spirited album. Once again (this was the third time) I'd written Ian Hunter off too soon."

Welcome back..."

Simon Frith **MELODY MAKER**

"... so Mott fans' younger brothers are far more inclined to buy the echoes of Hunter in the music of The Clash than check out the time-estranged source."

Pity that. There's four potential hit singles here—not bad by anybody's standards..."

Giovanni D'Adamo **TIME OUT**

"Rock Star Ian Hunter, rare survivor of the New Wave revolution, is back in Britain with a solo LP that is one of the year's best so far."

Anne Nightingale **DAILY EXPRESS**

"Classic, classic, classic, 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' is by far the strongest, most consistent album Ian Hunter has been associated with since the demise of Mott The Hoople. There are no lows or peaks, because like any classic album it has the feeling of continual flow and an aura of malignant lust all of its own."

Peter Coyne **RECORD MIRROR**



'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic'

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

Chrysalis
Records

BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN



Coupon enclosed with double cassette pack for free poster and booklet.

The most eagerly anticipated album of the year.

A double album with twenty two brilliant tracks from Dylan's 78 tour of Japan
**COMPLETE WITH 16 PAGE ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK
 AND GIANT FULL COLOUR POSTER**

Tracks:

Mr. Tambourine Man
 Shelter From The Storm
 Love Minus Zero/No Limit
 Ballad Of A Thin Man

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
 Maggie's Farm
 One More Cup Of Coffee
 Like A Rolling Stone
 I Shall Be Released
 Is Your Love In Vain?

Going, Going Gone
 Blowin' In The Wind
 Just Like A Woman
 Oh, Sister
 Simple Twist Of Fate
 All Along The Watchtower

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



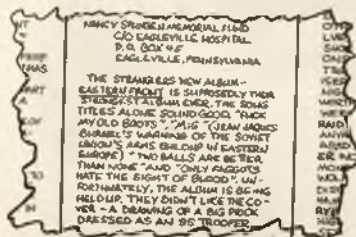
BOB DYLAN AT BUDOKAN
 A Live Album Produced by Don DeVito
 Album CBS 96004. Cassette CBS 40-96004

Aw, c'mon
Punk mag, we
woz kiddin'...



STRANGLERS ALBUM HITS NEW CONTROVERSY

From NME, December, 1978



From Punk (Noo Yawk), April, 1979.



Miles: recovering from cancer operation?

Whatever happened to Miles Davis?

THE SHAPE of things Miles Davis to come looks persistently cloudy. Miles continues to fulfil the misty criteria for legendhood — jazz innovator extraordinaire for high on three decades, 53 this month and still practically invisible. He could die or go into politics for all we know.

His last recording flag on the atlas was a double album — 'Agharta' — recorded in the land of the expanding live-set, Japan. That was '75, and the rest of the gig in question cropped up on a Nip-exclusive double called 'Pangaea'.

Roundabout here things get kinda balancesheetish, with lots of albums in lots of countries with lots of lineups, and so on. To the young hep cat in the margin (me included) it's easy to lose track of it all, confuse interest with biography, funk with fetishism.

But just what is happening outside of market investment or collector's interest? Well, for an off, there's Miles' illness. It's generally thought that an operation for cancer-of-the-spine debilitated the man and rendered immediate recording prospects unlikely.

His subsequent recovery is equally obscure, although it is

voiced that a session with drummer Al Foster and assorted unidentified Jap players took place sometime last year. Out-there disco, maybe?

In Noo Yawk Central, Miles' record company CBS can only affirm that 'nothing is certain'. Nothing is certain? We young beat-hounds at *Thrills* just say so what else is new in Black American jazz?

Get up with whatever comes your way, we say. (The new Anthony Davis album, for instance.)

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

Segregated Disco?

SPECULATION in the trade magazine *Billboard* that major record companies are planning to create separate disco departments for the promotion of 'R&B' disco (read black) and 'pop' disco (read white) is causing some disquiet within the industry.

A special conference was convened recently at a disco in Philadelphia by the Black Music Association (founded last year by such heavyweights as Stevie Wonder, Barry Gordy, Smokey Robinson and Kenny Gamble) to debate the question: "How can we help the music industry put disco in proper perspective vis-a-vis other black music?"

It was pointed out that white disco acts get their music played across the board, while black artists have to get really hot before they escape the confines of the R&B charts.

The issue was raised again at a trade conference in Florida where Steve Gold, co-manager of Far Out Productions and the group War, commented:

"What has happened is that we're going through immense revolutionary changes, comparable to what happened in the mid-'50s when the term race music had become archaic and 'rhythm & blues' took over.

"Now the term R&B is becoming archaic and the term disco is becoming another evolutionary step in the progression of the black-based American music that is becoming the true American contemporary musical art form.

"In expanding to white audience acceptance, one is constantly making the black musical art form more palatable to the white music buying public, who are in dire need of a euphemism to relate to.

"The inherent danger that I see today is the beginning of a trend which may separate disco into black and white disco, which could endanger this step forward to the final acceptance of the universality of music."

DICK TRACY

SOUND SYSTEM

THE NEW SINGLE FROM THE...
FOURTH ALBUM...
...TO THE...
...AND...
...AND...

TOUR DATES: MAY 22nd BRIGHTON TOP RANK - 23rd CROMER WEST RUNTON PAVILION
29th SWANSEA TOP RANK - 30th SHEFFIELD TOP RANK - 31st PORTSMOUTH LOCALNO

25th BIRMINGHAM ODEON - 26th BRISTOL ROMEO & JULIE
JUNE 1st LONDON HAM'S SMITH ODEON - 2nd DUNSTABLE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM



Ron Wood sticks his neck out



"Gimme Some Neck" - a knockout new solo album from Rolling Stone guitar ace Ron Wood, aided and abetted by all his famous and infamous friends.

"Gimme Some Neck" features eleven blinding tracks, including "Seven Days," a song penned specially for the album by Bob Dylan.

Get a load of "Gimme Some Neck." But be careful - you could get bitten.

Ron Wood new album 'Gimme Some Neck'

CBS 83337 Cassette 40 83337

Produced by Roy Thomas Baker





*'Somebody tell me
What happened to rock steady
Won't somebody let me know,
Where is bluebeat and ska?
'Bluebeat and Ska', Matumbi*

ROCK STEADY, let it be known, is alive and well and living in the West Midlands. Bluebeat and Ska too are looking decidedly healthy of late in the capable and skilful hands of The Specials Aka, seven brawny, sharply-dressed Coventry lads — five white and two black — more commonly referred to simply as The Specials.

Tonight The Specials are playing London. Fulham Greyhound to be precise — and the feeling of high expectancy in the air is being underlined by a group of about two dozen skin-cum-mods on the dance floor in front of the stage.

Like the group, most of them are dressed immaculately in assorted suits, shades, sta-pres and trilbies.

The mob call themselves the 'rude boys', a name stolen from the Jamaican hoodlum youth of the '60s, and their chants are reverberating around the walls and rafters of the pub venue.

**'MOOOOONSTOMPI'
'MOOOOONSTOMPI'**

Neville Staple, The Specials' burly, bluebeat-hatted singer, strides purposely forward to a microphone and addresses those of the crowd yet to down their drinks and deposit their feet on the dance floor.

"I wan' all you skinheads... an' punks... an' mods... an' rude boys... to get up off your feet...!"

**'MOOOOONSTOMPI'
'MOOOOONSTOMPI'**

The husky vocalist's eyes are popping on their stalks like a bullfrog on blues as he looks up to the back of the room, and continues:

"You put your braces on an' your boots on your feet, an' give me some of that old moonstomping!"

The tug of a slowly ascending bass riff jerks the rhythm section into shape and the band launch forcefully into the ultimate climax of their 15-song set, an animated interpretation of Symarip's decade-old Trojan warhorse 'Skinhead Moonstomp'.

Beside Neville, the unblinking Terry Hall shares lead vocal duties, while to his left guitarist Lynval

THE KIDS WHO'RE SKA'D FOR LIFE



THE SPECIALS,
by ADRIAN THRILLS.
Pix: MIKE LAYE

Golding picks rapid-fire offbeat chords from a gleaming white Telecaster, hopping back and forth like Chuck Berry in a pair of spring-heeled loafers. Dynamic just ain't the word for this.

Behind these three 'front men', a solid back four of drums, bass, lead guitar and organ punch out a driving, obstinately danceable bedrock rhythm.

On drums there's John Bradbury (aka 'Brad'), on bass Horace Panter (aka Sir Horace Gentleman), on lead guitar Roddy Byers (aka Roddy Radiation), and behind a Vox Continental organ Jerry Dammers (aka Gerald Dankey), one of the band's three remaining founder members, their chief spokesman, songwriter and general guiding light.

Their two-tone sonic tonic soon has the rude boys contingent at the front gleefully lifting their kneecaps in a spirited bout of moonstomping, the likes of which hasn't been witnessed in these or any other parts since 1969.

In front of an audience The Specials undoubtedly live up to their name, and the effect — though tinged slightly with nostalgia for an age come and gone — is anything but dated. The Specials are here and now and they demand your attention, but more of that later.

SKA BRIEFLY, was the original Jamaican music of the early and mid '60s. It was trademarked by a stringent, driving offbeat, usually emphasised by piano or brass.

Practised by such luminaries as Prince Buster (of 'Al Capone' fame) and Byron Lee, the genre was similar in many ways to the New Orleans R&B of artists like Fats Domino — that being the music that Caribbean radios could pick up from the stations of the deep south American mainland.

In Britain, outside of the West Indian community, Ska — or Bluebeat as it was alternatively termed over here — remained relatively unknown until its irresistible dance beat gained favour with the rising Mod movement.

However, it was only after the chart success of Millie Small's 'My Boy Lollipop' in 1964, that entrepreneurs began treating the market with any degree of seriousness.

Labels like Island and B&C sprang up, the music gradually became more complex and slowed down, the emphasis switching from horns to electric rhythm guitar and bass. Ska evolved into the golden era of Rock Steady, led by the likes of Derrick Morgan, The Maytals, The Heptones and John Holt's old group The Paragons.

And Rock Steady in turn became the reggae of the late '60s, a more up-tempo counterpart patronised by British skinheads, though derided contemptuously by the majority of the rock audience.

It is a rich heritage and one which The Specials embrace warmly with their tribute versions of old songs and instrumentals — Prince Buster's 'Too Hot', The Skatalites' 'Guns Of Navarone', The Pioneers' 'Longshot Kick The Bucket', The Maytals' 'Monkey Man', Harry J All Stars' 'The Liquidator' and the aforesaid 'Skinhead Moonstomp'.

Jerry Dammers, as articulate in conversation before the set as the band are ebullient during it, takes up the story.

"When we started off, we were trying to mix modern heavy reggae with punk rock, but the two styles were so different that they didn't mix."

"We'd do a bit of heavy reggae and then go straight into a hard punk number and we just couldn't get any continuity going 'cos the beats are so far apart."

"So we have gone back to Ska because it's much closer to R&B, which is also where British rock came from through artists like The Rolling Stones and The Small Faces."

"What we're trying to do is form a new British beat music from the influences of British rock and Jamaican music. We've got two cultures in this country now, so the obvious thing is to go back to the roots of reggae and the roots of rock to try to form a new dance music."

"Although we enjoy listening to modern reggae, we don't feel at ease playing it, whereas original ska is much closer to rock music because it was just like a basic rock drumbeat with offbeat guitar thrown in."

"It's not that we're just trying to revive Ska, it's using those old elements to try forming something new. In a way, it's all still part of punk. We're not trying to get away from punk. We're just trying to show some other direction."

■ *Continues over page*



We carry lots for you to carry.

Who says you can't take it with you?

Boots Audio Departments carry such a wide and exciting range of portable equipment, there's music wherever you go for everyone.

You'll find a marvellous choice of radios, cassette players, radio recorders and televisions, so you can pick up your favourite station and take it away, or watch that not-to-be-missed programme even when you're out.

There are lots of well-known names and, of course, Boots own brand equipment too. All produced by leading manufacturers to standards that ensure our comprehensive range leaves nothing to be desired.

Every portable at Boots carries our promise of great value for money, with the guarantee of Boots comprehensive after-sales service, including free repairs for the first twelve months.

So call in at any Boots Audio Department and get your hands on the best in portables. In our bigger departments you'll find a wider choice and even more ways to enjoy your leisure.

The portables shown above are:

Ferguson 3T09 stereo radio recorder.	£74.95
Philips AR664 mono radio recorder.	£32.50
Plystun TRV5 TV/radio combination.	£99.95
Crown CTR375 cassette recorder.	£29.95
Boots TR750 mains/battery radio.	£17.95
Philips TX711 12" black and white TV	£75.95



Access and Barclaycard welcome.
Equipment shown is available from Boots Audio Departments subject to stock availability.
Prices shown are Boots Normal Prices and are correct at time of going to press.

Boots

Make the most of your Boots.

SPECIALS



From previous page

"You've got to go back to go forward."

As the conversation turns to the hoary old Can-White-Men-Sing-The-Ska/Rock-Steady/Reggae question, the other Specials rise to the bait.

Neville: "I think it's rubbish when people say that white blokes can't play reggae and it's not hard enough, but you also get some white guys who can play reggae better than a black guy."

"Like, if you were to take our bass, drums and organ and put them on record and play it to a black audience, the black audience wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

Jerry: "The thing is that a lot of modern reggae is religious music and when we've played with some black bands, these dreads have come up to me and said we should leave Jah-Jah music alone."

"That's fair enough. So we do leave Jah-Jah music alone and go back to when reggae was more just straight dance music."

Lynval: "It's a load of crap when they bring the question of Rasta into whites playing reggae anyway, 'cos you'll never come across a true Rasta in England — Rasta preaches peace and love, but Rasta in England preaches to hate and that is not the true Rasta way in Jamaica."

THE SPECIALS arose from the ashes of various soul bands on the Midlands club circuit around the middle of 1977. Jerry Dammers formed the band — then The Automatics — with the prime aim of simply organising a few free-for-all reggae jams.

But by the time a vocalist — the droll, doleful Terry — had been recruited from neighbourhood punk band Squid a few weeks later, they were already setting their sights a little higher.

They began gigging with a set comprising Jerry's self-penned, punk-inspired material alongside a handful of oldies, most notably 'Moonstomp' and 'Liquidator'.

Neville Staple, meanwhile, had given up toting his Jahbadis sound system around the local black clubs to become the band's roadie, eventually joining as the second vocalist.

A series of name changes ensued — from The Automatics to The Jaywalkers to The Coventry Automatics to The Specials and a plum support slot on last year's Clash On Parole tour, a stint they landed through former Clash, Sex Pistols and Matumbi roadie Roadent, also a native of Coventry.

That tour over, The Specials were to virtually disappear from public view for all of six months as the then Clash manager Bernie Rhodes took charge of their affairs, lengthening their moniker to The Special Aka (the common abbreviation for 'also known as') in the process.

The partnership proved far from happy; the band now alleging that Rhodes put a complete end to all their live work, offering them little in the way of real support and

"never appeared to like us in the first place anyway".

By the time they finally freed themselves from him earlier this year, original drummer Silverton had left in utter disillusionment to be replaced by the present sticksman 'Brad'.

But things quickly started looking up.

Their resolution, drive and self-sufficiency had, by then, fully hardened. Almost immediately they were blitzing the capital with a short series of startling gigs, counterpointing their worthy cover versions with a clump of hard-bitten originals, the finest of which are 'Blank Expression', 'It's Up To You', 'Concrete Jungle' and the recently unleashed killer single 'Gangsters'.

And though assorted A&R people are currently to be seen creaming their open cheque books wherever they play, The Specials themselves seem less than overwhelmed by the relatively sudden upturn in their fortunes.

If anything, the overnight attention is encouraging them to focus more clearly on a few of their original ideals, one of these being the establishment of their original ideals, one of these being the establishment of a record label through which they can encourage other Midlands bands such as Dex's Midnight Runners, a Birmingham combo reportedly doing much the same with the Stax-era soul of the '60s as The Specials are doing with Ska.

"Hopefully, we can keep our own label", proffers Brad, referring to Two-tone Records, the Rough Trade-distributed independent on which the 'Gangsters' single appears.

"But having said that, we don't know yet if it will be economically possible to do so. It's very hard to know, but if we could get a licenced label deal sorted out then we could probably try a few other things."

"In Coventry, the kids like to be able to align themselves to a band. They want to follow a band like crowds do anywhere."

"And when they see a band hotfoot it down the motorway to London to sign a record contract and start living down there they seem to think they've been deserted."

AS I'D entered the dressing room of The Greyhound before The Specials' set that night, I handed over a record that I'd promised to Jerry. It was a copy of Prince Buster's 'Madness' on the Bluebeat label that I'd picked up cheaply at a jumble sale some time before.

As he tucked the disc safely away in his overnight bag, the organist looked up and gave perhaps the most accurate insight into the entire Specials' trip.

"We have to keep on pushing our own stuff all the time 'cos we want to be recognised for that. But really, there's so many great songs around like that one that we'd like to do."

"I mean, that's what this band's all about. Madness!" A newbeat from Bluebeat that'll leave you ska'd for life.

TEENARAMA
[teenarauma] // a state of mind

THE RECORDS
NEW SINGLE
TEENARAMA
C/W
HELD UP HIGH

Virgin
VS 250

SINGLES

ESSENTIAL LOGIC: EP

(*Virgin*). I dare say very big in Banshee circles. The Essential Logic appears to be to take a fairly ordinary riff progression and jump all over it adding hiccupping 'harsh' flat Lora Logic vocals — warbles, the sleeve says — and, though I appreciate that these people aren't half as straight-faced as they perform, the music is empty and stale. The lyrics are not anything like startling — after all it doesn't even have to rhyme anymore — and I defy anyone to 'get off' on yet another new wave band kissing reggae ('Bod's Message'). Nah, you're not gonna drag me into another attack and defence tantrum, this review reads — WAAHOOO! Essential Logic fail to start in the Earth Wind and Fire stakes! New Music fans STILL New Music fans! (After all these years...).

SPONOCH: Crime Buster (EMI). Jesus wept. Caught between whether to imitate Village People or Manhattan Transfer on the jacket, this tacky team opt for hysterical tinsel Sarah Brightman-type racket within the grooves. If it hits then despair rules the day.

EDWIN STARR: H.A.P.P.Y. Radio (RCA); EVIE SANDS: Keep My Lovelight Burnin' (RCA). Boy, I'd hate to hang for every year this pair are over 35! Edwin — 'Don't call me Eddie Baby' — sets about making a conceptual twin of his giant hit 'Contact' and, though I'm not one of these 'real' soul freaks, I'll admit he has some trouble suiting his substantial soul chords around this wafer-thin arrangement. It all sounds so "Quick lads, let's get it into the percussion break before they tumble we ain't wrote a song yet" 'Contact' had sweat, this one mildly perspires and a slight breeze would send it flying.

Evie Sands merely slides a Neil Sedaka concept of disco under one of her imbecilic tunes and, pushing her mouth into a tough 'funky' attitude, she gets down. Both artists are on the record/jackets in their disco clothes and display sinister urgency to stash some cash. It is beyond me how these people continue to record when so much talent lays neglected, i.e. Hinskook the Eskimo, who sings 'Night and Day' six months at a time. (Well, all this dross makes such heavy going and, besides, I hadn't heard it before...).

THE ZONES: Looking To The Future (Arista). Ponderous sub-reggae plod with half a mind on Queen-type backing vocals, which is all you need. The rate this column's going, this single's all I need.

MORE SMALL NAMES

UK: Nothing To Lose (Polydor).
SKY: Cannonball (Arista). You must have seen the ad for Sky. "Five Of The Most Respected Musicians On Earth Can't Be Tied By An Earthbound Name!" it howls. How we laughed. It's Tristan Fry, Francis Monkman and three other sensitive types who anonymously wander here through a BBC Radio Workshop instrumental in a most shockingly rapid performance. UK, three musicians in massive fur coats, churn out grade D Motors copy because they have a contract and it entitles them.



DANCE/TRANCE

Yes, summer's here (etc) and it's time for another round of logical positivism

THEO VANESS: As Long As It's Love (Epic). Very bad copy of Village People style. Piffle along the lines of 'don't persecute or shout at anyone because remember they're doing the best they can...'. Worse than the chicken at Treasky's.

THE SCORPIONS: Another Piece Of Meat (Harvest); JAMES TAYLOR: Up On The Roof (CBS). That's it. We sink no lower. This 45 turn out has even defeated this incurable optimist of all things single. You bastards! You saw what a good mood I was in at the start and it got up your

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

nose didn't it? The Scorpions would have been desperate back when Frigid Pink were considered worth queuing for. In 1979 they obviously find it gratifying to rage away doing Deep Purple's 'Speed King' till your eyes bleed or whatever heavy metal fans like to pretend will happen at their silly rallies. James Taylor could only be worse if he sang Graham Nash songs and could only be better if he supported Scorpions.

THE GIBSON BROTHERS: Cuba (Island). Feel the music. I feel well again. What a great, great record this was. The beginning of this column seems such a long time ago.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: MACHINE: There But For The Grace Of God Go I (RCA). An uproarious record. You know how it is when you snap up a brace of records that succeed in making every other piece in

your collection sound as stale as a *Charlie's Angels* plot? Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this working week. My current caprice leads me to make Machine a nose above the noisy mob of demanding bastard razor rats that have this week's single column by the throat. Now check this sliver of Disco against bigotry.

"Corla and Carmen Vidal just had a child! A lovely girl with a crooked smile! Now they got to split! 'Cos the Bronx ain't fit for a kid to grow up in! 'Let's get some place', they say, 'somewhere far away! With no blacks/no Jews/no gays! So Carmen and the family left their dirty

streets/To find a quiet place overseas/And year after year the kid has to hear/The do's and don'ts and the dear's/And when she's ten years old she hears that rock and roll/But poppa bans it from the home/And there but for the grace of God go I/It could be me it could be you/There but for the grace of God go I/Oh God..."

Not only do you get brain, but it's connected up to five minutes of steam heat on vinyl. There are no obligatory percussion breaks — it just keeps on going stab, stab, stab. Machine obviously don't know the meaning of their name and, if you don't make room for this record, you are a saliva-dribbling crumb who's knuckles drag along the floor. Got it? You got it. Get it.

A BLITZ OF HITS: McFADDEN & WHITEHEAD: Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now (Philadelphia). (Time 10:45). The Philly Revival is OPEN! The vocals M&F provide slide straight from the throats of O'Jays. Harold Melvin and all the precious tracks you shook and got dreamy over back across the dance floor. It's not slow, it's not fast but, by jingo, it's warm in there. Basically just a chorus chant, it builds and rolls all over you, brass and strings staying way back, never out of order, bass and drums a solid ooze of musicianship pumping hard but low under the title which, with astounding soul, is animated into a rare and infectious animal by the two leads and a small bunch of femmes. A delicious taste, essential plastic. There's a moment toward the end when everything breaks down till there's just M&F moulding two words — "no stopping" — around a backing of handclaps. When the bass pedal leads it all back into the chorus the thing peaks on pure celebration. Transcending labels like the finest music, consider yourself subpoena'd.

ANITA WARD: Ring My Bell (TK) (Time 8:08). This'll take a few more plays than McFadden and Whitehead to become as involved with you. A flimsy break this, ideal for Tina Charles, built with only guitar, bass and drums and a lot of work for the synthesized chiming that Rose Royce captured on 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore'. But the more forgiving amongst us will soon get accustomed to its shrill party and be reaching for the tropical TK sleeve at least twice a day. Shame about the lyrics but nonetheless a fine record, a good pop song.

EARTH WIND AND FIRE WITH THE EMOTIONS: Boogie Wonderland (CBS) (Time 9:21). So frantic it has to be Earth Wind and Fire, who right now are probably the world's most successful exponents of the pop single, despite what we are told by Buzzcock diehards. Right here we get an awful title and a total bluff of a tune made solid and shining by the band's technique, unstoppable effervescence, ultra-crisp production and general swishy gusto. Their guests here, The Emotions, at first louse it all up though by vocalising after the fashion of double-tracked cartoon mice and are only overlooked after repeated playing. Rats, I'll have to own up. I was trying to play like a reviewer because I

Continues over

SCOTMALE

ALL POST
FREE 'JAM' SHOE
BLACK & WHITE LEATHER
BROWN & BEIGE
LEATHER
BLACK LEATHER



£15.99 PAIR

THE ORIGINAL
'D' RING CREEPER
WITH REAL CREPE SOLES



In a choice of Black
Suede, Blue Suede, Red
Suede, White Leather
and Black Leather

£16.99 PAIR

THE ORIGINAL
WINKLE PICKER
BOOT

WITH ELASTIC SIDES
AND 1 1/2" HEEL
Black Leather



£15.99 PAIR

'JAM' CASUAL
BLACK & WHITE LEATHER
BROWN & BEIGE LEATHER
BLACK LEATHER

£15.99 PAIR

Scotmale Ltd., 840 High Rd., Leyton, London E15 8A2

To: SCOTMALE LTD.
840 HIGH ROAD, LEYTON, LONDON E15 8A2

STATE SIZE, COLOUR AND SHOE REQUIRED (Sizes 6-10 including 1/2 sizes)

I enclose crossed cheque/P.O. No
Scotmale Ltd.

for £ payable to
Reg. England 1380958

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME 26579

LOST AND FOUND

From previous page

know this single — this group — are loathed by mass sections of *NME* readers and I thought rational argument might bag the undecided voter. Enough. This review reads — WAAHOO! Another convulsive, compulsive Earth. Wind and Fire hit single! Now my secret love's no secret any more.

FIRST CHOICE: Double Cross (*Salsoul*). First water disco from one of the traditional names. Disco acts — particularly the female trios — are a bit like football teams insofar as they get by on the name and past glory whilst the line-ups change by the producer/manager. I doubt if this is the same firm who bashed out 'Armed And Extremely Dangerous', even though we connect the two. Anyway, this is a pushy little epic with a chorus tag as immovable as the Indian Ink latoo you gave yourself in the third year. Now, in case all these recommendations are causing you to wash over cynical, this little advice service will be put on hold and we'll leap into the skip full of curio 45's that McAlpines deliver here each Wednesday.

YOU ASKED FOR IT?

THE ROLLERS: Turn On The Radio (*Arista*). What bleeding time d'ya call this to come home? And where's the 'Bay City' you went out with? It's gonna be interesting to hear all the dopey BCR retrospectives that will spring forth when the group fulfil the last part of their 'legend' and die like Glen Miller. The only people who claim to like them nowadays are creatures who scream their hideous perversions in the bar at self-out rock gigs to all within

earshot, even though they pretend they're casually discussing the matter to a few surrounding friends. *Bomp* magazine loves them in its own characteristic, narcissistic, spineless way. Well, after sacking singer Les Roller and getting sordid with their revelations of degeneracy in the Sundays, they return sounding understandably different. Like a Pilot/Rubinoos baby they revolve.

"Tripping out on Sunday when you find that you're a Star/New York on a Monday when your L.A. was fine! ... So you take another 'Lude and shoot another dime/Cos your money is the power and your ego's on the line."

Vintage L.A. wine.

NOW CALM DOWN!
DANA & GENE: *Dario Can You Get Me Into Studio 54?* (*Midsong*). Now this is Pop. It's packaged as disco but it's far too pretty a lilt. Gene is Mr Silver Spoon, he has the looks, the foot, the limos and he calls on Dana — no, not that Dana — during the verses to let him impress her. Dana choruses with the title of the song and, cracking up, our deeper hero confesses it's the one thing his station can't buy. Dana reduces the wretched slicker to tears with the request.

"I just don't know!", he screams. A beaut little hit from a non-existent up-dated *Grease*.

THE INDIE 500

THE PAIN: *Feel (Kaos)*.

THE ZIPS: *EP (ZIPS)*.

THE ALLIES: *Plush Living (Harp)*.

THE SODS: *No Pictures (Storbeat)*.

THE FRESHIES: *Straight In At Number 2 (Razz)*. First off,

apologies to the groups for

making them appear like some nitwit nuisance shopping list, but if each independent got separate room this singles column would zoom straight through to next week's news pages. And so ... The Pain trash in from Stockholm and, though they've mastered the look, musically they worship Motorthead. Their guitarist's hopelessly locked in sympathy with boogie heavy metal, either droning behind or chopping up badly in the lead stakes. I promise I'm not sneering smug when I report the highlight of the whole '72 mess is when their version of 'Steppin Stone' ends and the singer proffers a stunted "Fugg arr!" to make sure we know their aim is Punk.

A disgusting pressing and a weedy sound cannot hide the neatness and class that The Zips present. Recorded in Glasgow, their EP is nicely intelligent and their recording time very worthwhile. OK, the group's ideas and aims are tried and safe but they don't suggest suffocation and I'm fair certain this'll be the last time they'll be so pushed for studio money/fees. All four songs are perky gems and your wages will be well guided into this, excuse me, power pop parcel.

The Allies wisely offer no clue as to their origination. 'Plush Living' is a dull, carefully cranky but really cosy runabout of little value. More weary Woolworths electric piano played uninspired and another singer who sings like he's naked in the North Pole. The Sods' singer sounds like a 15 year-old Ian Hunter with Rotten affectations, though not nearly as good as that might suggest. Despite a dashing keyboards bravado the song is so-so, and the words — I think —

self-important and pointless. The Sods are from Worthing, the type of town in which a nuclear warhead could reek damage that'd run into double figures. (Waits for laughter and applause to die down before ...).

To redress the balance a little — The Freshies bound through in a most welcome way. They sound alert and alive and deserving of some higher form of indulgence. However, the pressing here for review jumps all over the shop in spite of the collection of world coinage I've assembled on the stylus. Anyway, from Manchester, the Freshies join the Zips on the ever-growing list of talent in need of some megabuck made-it to pump moolah into the tune of three quarters of a million pounds. (Ah, Moriarty, they don't write tunes like that anymore ...).

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: *Shine A Little Love (Jett)*. Still trapped inside *The Thief Of Baghdad Meets The Wizard Of Oz*, the Easy Listening Orch play that song again. Now with a pencil cross out the offending word. The single is stupendous/not worth a rub. Happy?

BARRY WHITE: *I Found Love (Unlimited Gold)*.
GORDON HASKELL: *People Don't Care (RCA)*.
RAY TISSIER: *Love Is A Small Town (Ensign)*. There are enough sham tears in a sixpenny box of Weepo to break three hearts, and each tear is stuck on by a tiny drop of glue affixed to the back! Which reminds me that, when Napoleon saw the Roman amphitheatre at Verona, empty and silent, he said "Tiers, idle tiers" — speaking in French of course (after J. B. Morton, my hero, who died recently).

CHERRY VANILLA'S NEW ALBUM

Includes the single 'Moonlight', PB 5145.

Album: PL 25217
Cassette: PK 25217

RCA
Records and Cassettes

GARY BROOKER. FLYING SOLO AT LAST.



If you are aware of Procol Harum, then Gary Brooker needs no introduction.

For a decade he was the inspiration and leading light behind one of the world's most progressive bands. Responsible for such classics as 'A Whiter Shade of Pale', 'Conquistador' and 'Pandora's Box'.

Since Procol Harum last recorded, Gary has been concentrating on his first, eagerly awaited solo album entitled 'No More Fear of Flying'. Produced by George Martin it shows the full range of Gary Brooker's style from bluesy ballads to hot rock n' roll tracks such as the new single 'Savannah'.

The whole album is a reminder that Gary Brooker is very much alive and well and still blessed with the talent and voice that made him one of the cult figures of the seventies.



'No More Fear of Flying' CHR 1224.
Also available on cassette.

HE'S SITTING round watching television when I arrive. Well, not so much watching television, you understand, as *immersing* himself in the Bristol ★★☆☆ star hotel room's sensory-soother the way some other soul might soak away vexation in a hot Redox bath.

"So you're the famous Tony Parsons."

Fee Waybill is in his late-20s, a big geezer though no Moose Malloy, sporting that casual look-garish Tubes On Tour T-shirt, old Levis worn white at the joints and informal bar feet.

If Gene Wilder ever had plastic surgery to make him look like Bruce Springsteen and the operation was moderately successful, he'd be a dead ringer for Fee Waybill. Even Mel Brooks and their mothers couldn't tell them apart.

He's got the TV sound turned down, mute *Grandstand* final results flickering across the screen at which he stares with brooding melancholy while on the other side of the room the music coming from his tape machine blusters loudly.

Fee Waybill is very depressed. This is because with The Tubes new album, *'Remote Control'*, what were once The Goodies on Angel Dust have attempted the ambitious project of becoming Marshall McLuhan in 4/4 time, the bondage no longer the smell of burning leather, now the intangible effect of the round-the-clock crock of brain candy on the collective Yank public's soft cerebral substance enclosed by the skull, cathode ray conceptualism no less.

What got Waybill's goat were all these accusations that The Tubes were, at best, just a cut or two above the very medium they vilified, just as fatuous and vacuous and rapacious and rotten.

"Maybe we watch a little too much TV," he muses, real solid stock Heartlands voice, closer to Cannery Row than Dildo Bugger. "Maybe we've watched it for too long now, but that's the way it comes out of us... we're never so direct as to just come out and say I HATE IT! I don't hate it, I love it and I hate it... sometimes I really miss it, especially when I've been doing a million things and just don't want to think, I don't want to listen to any more records... I don't wanna do anything except let my mind go blank and watch TV... that's the thing TV's good for..."

Waybill is not only depressed, he is also very dazed and bemused. He says that the media in England has been "tearing me apart" and that he can't understand it, what have they got against him, why does everybody hate his guts so?

My flesh crawls with disgust and loathing. Is it possible for a human being to be so insensitive after giving the most quoted, most contemptuous quote of the decade.

I would imagine that quote had something to do with it.

"Huh? What quote?"

Sure, sure.

"No, really, man! What quote are you talking about?"

You know the one — "I'll do anything for our audience, I'll kiss their ass if only they'll buy our albums... then, when we've sold a million, I'LL SHIT OVER EVERYONE!" You don't remember that dumb, nasty crack, Fee?

"No, I never heard it before. Who said it?"

He's serious.

You said it. He goes into hysterics.

"I never said that! Never! I never said anything like that! I've never heard it! No wonder everyone tears me apart! A DJ said to me — you sure picked an easy subject this time! I said, you sure picked a fucking easy job, prickhead! Putting on fucking records! No! No! No! I totally deny every word of that! I'm gonna have to hunt down that fuckhead! I've never said that, I never will, I never would... ooooooohhh, my God, wait till I tell the rest of them... the way we work for our fans... what kind of a nerd... just opening the door for everyone to kick my ass... GARG-DAMN!!!"

He slumps back exhausted by his raging, ranting refutation. "That quote... you tell 'em, boy, you tell 'em..."

Nobody can lie that good.



FEE WAYBILL in preparation...

Busby Berkeley, Can

THE TUBES come out of Phoenix, Arizona, a boiling dust bowl where dehydrated cowboys stuff their faces with junk food till their silver spurs turn green and carve the cobbles off the cattle with hearts heavy with nostalgia as they reminisce about the days they could get away with handing out the same treatment to the local longhairs, before some of the good old boys on the country music station like Willie Nelson started sporting very fetching Pre-Raphaelite coiffure themselves, shoot.

Also escaping Phoenix at the tail end of the '60s was Alice Cooper, or as The Tubes affectionately refer to the pal they allege plagiarised the majority of his theatrical japes from them, "The Shit".

The climate of Los Angeles was too similar to hometown Phoenix, so in dribs and drabs the crew who would later be The Tubes drifted up to San Francisco.

Bill Spooner, guitarist and leader of the band, had supported himself in Phoenix with country and western pie-take gigs and paid the rent in San Francisco with something more suitable to post-hallucinogenic heads — a kind of *Star Trek* Lampooned, recruiting the rest of the present line-up to his existing nucleus when he needed extra Space Cadets.

They became The Tubes. Walk On The Wild Side seen as Las Vegas revue, a Rabelaisian pageant with which orthodox hippiedom or local residents might occasionally feel sufficiently offended by the S&M sketches with girl dancers clad only in a few strap-ons and the Mockus de Sade done up like Adam West in his underwear, or take objection to being showered with stale bread, or think Quay Lude walked like a fruit, to register a protest with anything from a picket sign to a broken bottle.

They signed with A&M in 1975 as San Francisco's most feted band outside of the Slick Airplane rhetoric rock market, and they kept adding to

the spectacle, making it ever more extravagant, more dancers, more costume changes, more bizarre caricatures, sex and drugs and Billy Smart, roll up roll up for the rock'n'roll Big Top!

Now, with *'Remote Control'* and their latest stage show, The Tubes are pulling back from all that bacchanalian visual excess, not because they're getting mellow, but because they're getting bankrupt.

"The sale of our concert tickets has at no point in our career ever been reflected in our album sales," says Waybill. "That's the whole fucking thing with our group. We can sell out virtually any gig but we weren't making money on either the records or the shows. Until we cut back on the road we were carrying 35 people and it didn't matter how well concert tickets sold, we weren't making any money."

Yeah, but can the kids who flock to your shows have their sensory balance — mother nature's compensation clause which results in the blind usually having way above average hearing, or the deaf having exceptional vision, etc — so drastically altered by your show, their visual sense intensified and audio sense diminished to such a degree that they'll go home with a total mental block about buying any of your records?

Waybill nods. "Our band was so overshadowed by the theatre that they would go home and, rather than buy the record, would say, 'WOW, LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF QUAY LUDE, MAN! WASN'T HE FAR OUT MAN? WASN'T JOHNNY BUGGER FAR OUT, MAN? WASN'T THE CHICKS — WITH — THE BIG TITS — FAR — OUT, MAAAAANNNNN!!!!?' So music wasn't even second, or third, or fourth, it was like maybe fifth or sixth or seventh. We decided we had to have a real big change in The Tubes format because otherwise we were going to have to find another business because a record company

FEE WAYBILL of THE TUBES reflects sadly on the fact that choreographed tits, S & M 'n' dildoes don't keep the



will not keep you if you don't sell records in large quantities sooner or later... they'll find someone who does."

Although their vast touring expenses over the years have resulted in an almost constant hand-to-mouth existence for The Tubes, the cost of putting the band on the road has also been underwritten by A&M and Waybill predicts they could be on the verge of being without a label at this moment.

"We could be on the bubble right now as far as record companies are concerned. If we don't have a pretty big selling album soon they're going to find someone who will."

"We decided we had to emphasise

the music more so it wasn't so overwhelmed by the theatre because obviously our tours didn't sell albums. And when they realised that, A&M said, 'Well, if you don't start selling records we're not going to give you any more support.'"

MONEY. MONEY. money. But in the Platinum Age Waybill can't afford not to be a very fiscal person. The record industry had a turnover last year of three and a half billion dollars yet over 90 per cent of the records released didn't make any money; over 90 per cent wastage.

In America, when Warners release an album, their distribution network



...and under power.

You Spare A Dime?

bank manager satisfied. He is speaking to the **FAMOUS TONY PARSONS**. All pix: **CHRIS HORLER**.



is so vast, so complex, so comprehensive that they don't reach the break-even mark on an album until it has sold a quarter of a million records.

There's a name punk band on Warner's books who are reportedly going to find things very difficult for themselves if their next album doesn't top the break-even mark at least.

I ask Waybill how much of The Tubes' miserable performance in the record store he attributes to incompetence on his company's part.

"Well, in the States A&M just signed a deal with RCA to distribute all A&M products and in my opinion RCA just don't know how to distribute records! We play to 10,000

seater venues and there's no records in the stores, none at all. I think they imagine that the live show is so wild that the records will sell themselves and it doesn't work that way... and I think their minds work the same way here.

"I know they're going to freak when they read this. But we need the kinda push Blondie gets... Jesus, pictures of Blondie, I have seen so many pictures of Blondie since I've been over here I wanna throw up..."

Another factor in the change of Tubes' tactics was their experience of playing four weeks at the Whiskey A Go Go in LA last year, doing two shows of two and a half hours a night, six nights a week... and what do ya get? Another month older, a

grand total of 480 costume changes for Fee Waybill and a cool 11 grand in debt.

But beyond the cash, a number of musicians in The Tubes were on the point of jacking it all in, sick to the teeth of being session men stooges at the back of the stage, continually getting moved further and further back to make space for the latest, biggest, most spectacular special effects / choreographed quivering flesh / carefully rehearsed spontaneous theatrics EVER, while up front the kids' choice, Coco the Quascluded Clown, hoofed his way through another tap 'n' spike routine with the cast of 1000...

"We started out as a band," Waybill says. "But by that stage the guys in the band, the musicians, were second class citizens and they got really depressed... 'we've got this elaborate thing worked out so could you guys move your amps a bit further into the wings...' If you ever saw a picture of The Tubes all you could see was me and a million dancers. So, more than anything, we changed for the guys in the band."

Waybill guffaws. "After all, they're the guys not selling the records..."

29-inch colour screen, eventually losing a blonde and gaining an avaricious TV set who devours our hero as though he was Jonah in a technological horrorshow and leaves nothing to buy except a few edited highlights.

The Tubes sound used to be blowy raunch but now it sounds more-smooth, polished. Somebody got a diploma for boogie. Names come to mind — names like Wings and Eagles when they, um, rock out, or a friendly Lynyrd Skynyrd. Oh, yeah — very, very Meatloafish without the Spector / Springsteen fetish let out of its closet... I remember that Meatloaf sold more copies of their last album than the Stones did, but I also remember that nothing succeeds like a good tune and a lot of Tubes toons have got elongated soloing in the middle, so that poker-faced Fee can partake of some thespianism.

His pious, wormy quiz master has Waybill getting his claws out and that's when he really comes alive, condescending, comatose cretin bestowing gifts on the poor in return for public humiliation. After a while you didn't even miss John Cleese.

The stuff from 'Remote Control' works best of all — 'Turn Me On', 'TV Is King' through to 'No Way Out' and 'Telecide'. The downer blues version of 'White Punks On Dope' was worth a smirk and, when they were through teasing, the proper version was heartwarming, the best song the Runaways never wrote.

But when The Tubes get carried away with the sheer excitement of playing close together again — Waybill: "Before we just got further and further away from each other to make room for props, dancing, stripping, tits and ass and everything. Now we're physically near to each other and can relate, we're all up!" — and they crank out some pretty much standard rock *ordinaire*, well, personally I found it like staring at the test card.

Waybill reckons it's preferable to the whoope cushion wheezes they were doing on the last tour.

"It turned into crotch humour, toilet jokes, one after another... it just seemed that whenever I was at a loose end on stage or between songs or something, I'd go into some sleazy joke or grab my dick and it was an easy way out, it was an easy laugh... toilet humour is a real easy laugh."

"Probably there were twice as many people turned off as the couple of guys in the front row who gave it the big chuckle. In those days, I was just doing nothing for my longevity."

So how's the future looking now? "If nothing else we've improved the mental attitude of ourselves... we were so down... now we're kicking, man."

I noticed that some people think you're taking the piss when you do that Who medley.

"Yeah, people think that we can't do anything except take the piss outta people but nothing could be further from the truth. In the States there's a lot of snobbery against us because we like to have a good time and a laugh, because if we ain't SEEING THE AUDIENCE ENJOYING IT THEN WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK EITHER AND THAT'S DEPRESSING... Journey... Foreigner... Ted Nugent... Jesus, I can't believe anything can get so miserable. Nah, there ain't too many people having a good time over there..."

But they haven't got their record companies on their backs. If you played that kind of stuff, neither would you.

"Ah, they're just following their formulas for a hit record." He beams happily. "And we don't know what the formula is!"

You got a lot of religious programmes on American TV.

"Whooooaaaaahhh! Religion is big business there, every city has got their evangelist, their Reverend like, they're making a fortune out of it. You'd think people would have caught on by now but they still have these tent revivals where people go to be saved, in a tent, outside, at night, and the guy gets them all worked up and, boy, they just unload all the cash they got on 'em, donate to The Lord, and they just pocket the cash and these guys make a fortune."

"It's a load of shit. Anyone with a brain knows that's a buncha baloney, but it appeals to the poorer segment of the population. They go for those poor people, who are deprived, not so well educated... and they milk 'em. I guess the culmination of it all was at Jonestown where... in the States that just appealed the entire country, that that many people could go ahead and commit suicide, even that many poor people."

"Jim Jones was from San Francisco and it even hit close to us because we have a warehouse in this black ghetto. The rent's real cheap and we have this huge building, it's an alley and the whole block is black people. Over the years we got to know everybody on the block and they're pretty nice people mostly, the kids... some of the kids try to sell heroin or something and our next door neighbours, the mother and the two sons were all killed at Jonestown and we... just couldn't believe it... and there are so many people like that who are poor but have to believe in something."

"They're so depressed and some guy comes along and goes — believe in me, I'm gonna take care of you, I know you're poor, it doesn't matter, I'm gonna take care of you — and these people go right for it. They don't have enough confidence in themselves and they fall for it and go off with some cult leader..."

"Jesus Christ, it just freaked me out. This little kid used to come over to the warehouse every day and watch us practice and hang around. He's dead."

"His mother, she made him commit suicide... but now I think there's more awareness about and there's shows and articles and stuff about these cult religions. Parents should watch out for their kids, they shouldn't let them follow some maniac around..."

Waybill is very, very choked. That quote, Waybill certainly didn't say it.

Judie Tzuke (Tzōōk)

Learn to pronounce her name-
You'll be asking for her album.

Judie Tzuke - Welcome to the Cruise



Album TRAIN 7 Cassette SHUNT 7

marketed by
phonogram





Remember when? Antique WHO outside the Railway Tavern

WHICH WAY TO THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL?

IT'S FOUR o'clock on a sun-drenched afternoon, and The Who are mingling freely amidst the champagne and the cameras, the strawberries and the statements at an informal Euro-press party being hosted by on the patio of the picturesque Villa Les Charmettes, on the outskirts of Cannes.

The Who are currently the centre of more action and attention than at any other juncture in their existence. With two triumphant concerts staged beneath a Mediterranean moon in the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre at Frejus and a thumbs-up premier of *The Kids Are Alright* celluloid scrapbook in their hip pockets, they are passing the time of day with the press until 8.00 when they will play their last trump card — the first official screening of the truly remarkable movie account of the seminal Mod movement, *Quadrophenia*.

Townshend lights up a cigarette, surveys the beautiful French countryside and, as he exhales, remarks that it was just 20 miles from this location that he first conceived the germ of the *'Quadrophenia'* album.

At the time of its inception, Townshend was apparently preoccupied with the lifestyle of that near-legendary Who chertier fan, Irish Jack — "One of the original Mods who I'd left behind and who, I'd discovered, was in pretty bad shape, and so I sat down and wrote about three days in his life."

Unfortunately, before he has the opportunity to elaborate further, his reflective muse is interrupted as a Euro-press gang-bang cross-examination begins.

Townshend fields a barrage of questions, promptly throwing them back into play with the skill of Peter Shilton.

AS WITH taxes, it's inevitable that the subject of Keith Moon's death should be broached.

Nobody avoids the question — Townshend has often said: "The Who have always made a special point of being insensitive to the feelings of the other members of the band, and I don't see why we should stop now" — but it's obviously a

subject the band don't wish to dwell on at length. Instead they either adopt a lighthearted stance (Townshend: "Even when he died, you have to admit that Moon still had a great sense of timing") or, as in the case of drummer Kenny Jones, use it as an excuse to discuss another aspect The Who's career — the part to which he now contributes.

"When I see the film, all that I wish is that Moon was still round doing it," Jones says.

And of his approach to playing: "Whereas Keith had a more theatrical way of playing, I just give it to 'em right between the eyes and that's that."

Much of The Who's chemistry was as a result of the interaction between guitar and drums, and it was a approach Jones had long been familiar with.

"Unlike most drummers, I never play with just the bass, I play with everyone. I suppose that comes from playing with Steve Marriott in The Small Faces, who both sang and played at the same time. Whenever Steve felt like doing something spontaneous, I'd just accentuate it. And the same thing happens with Pete."

The introduction of Kenny Jones into the line-up has also had a positive effect on John Entwistle. "It goes without saying that Moon was about the hardest drummer in the world to play with — if you ever saw him sit-in with another band you'll realise why! Keith was so unpredictable that I always had to watch out for when he went out of tempo and I didn't go along with him. With Kenny, I feel a lot freer."

We learn that Roger Daltrey — who, it is rumoured, took Moon's death much harder than anyone else — has yet to see a finished print of *The Kids* and has no intention of doing so for at least ten years.

"Just after Keith died," says Daltrey, momentarily wiping the ever-present ear-to-ear grin from his face, "I found it difficult to look at the rushes, because it made me realise just how much we had lost. Amongst other things, he showed us all how to live... really!"

Back to Townshend, who is asked by a foreign journalist whether The Who are nothing more than "working class heroes playing at

being rich?"

There's a brief pause. "I'm still working class," retorts Townshend adamantly, "because I give most of my money away. If you really want to know, at this very moment I've got an overdraft of £250,000!"

"The amount of money that passed through The Who's camp was phenomenal," he reveals, "but the amount of money one actually saw or controlled was quite small. Now, the great thing about The Who today is that we control some of the larger amounts and try and point them in the right direction."

He cites plans for a microcosmic film-based recording studio complete with the most

THE WHO. currently in Foreign Parts launching their new films, talk to ROY CARR

sophisticated dubbing facilities, down at Shepperton as one instance

"What I do with my share is to try and keep in involved in various ground-level creative projects."

"On the other hand, what The Who are trying to do is exist in England — which isn't easy at the moment — and take care of the responsibility to allow rock to mature and do it without crapping over everything. If we can do just that and still remain human beings at the other end of it then I honestly believe we've achieved one helluva lot."

"We've lost one of our members so far and it's a painful loss — something that we never ever thought would happen to us. We thought we would survive, but one cannot deny the fact that rock 'n' roll has claimed so many young people."

He ponders, "Maybe the statistics would be the same if you ran a survey on any other stress-profession, but the fact remains that losing Keith was a

terrible shock."

If Townshend refused to be provoked by the previous line of questioning, he rises to the bait when asked if the British Government publicly acknowledges — with a hypothetical pat on the head — The Who for staying put, refusing to take the money and run.

"The Inland Revenue acknowledges it all the time," he jests, but his flippant mood quickly turns to suppressed anger.

"I don't give a shit whether or not the Government acknowledges our presence in England. What do we need their acknowledgement for! What have they got to do with us or, for that matter, people in general. C'mon, let's get our priorities right for once. Bureaucrats," he snarls — "they're civil servants... we acknowledge them... they're there at our behest. We vote them in."

"As people in the rock business grow up, they should realise that for bloody years they've had everything inside out. Instead of growing up thinking that you're an outcast, you should grow up thinking that you're it... you're what the whole bloody thing is about."

THE IMMINENT release of *The Kids Are Alright* biopic next month and *Quadrophenia* in early autumn will, unquestionably fuel the emergent Mod revival and shape the remainder of the year.

Whether or not it will have any positive effect on the '80s or just go the way of Power Pop and half-a-dozen recent revivalist trends is open to speculation.

Having viewed an audience cross-section that attended The Who's recent Rainbow Theatre re-birth, Townshend argued in the bar afterwards that perhaps *Modrophenia* was nothing more than a figment of Paul Weller's insatiable fan fixation/fantasy.

"It's got nothing at all to do with The Who. It's all to do with The Jam. It's Paul Weller's thing."

But Townshend has yet to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the topic. "Maybe," he suggests, "these kids think that life when The Who were 16 and 17 was better than life today. I'm only guessing... but it could be nothing more than just a bit of romantic nostalgia."

"It's strange how a lot of fashions

that immediately followed the British punk movement were backward looking. After the safety-pins and the slashed clothes, it went to the point where the last time I saw Johnny Rotten and one of the guys out of The Clash they both looked like '60s rockers: black leather jackets, rocker shoes and Teds clothes."

"It could be that all the kids who don't fancy living with all of that prefer the old smart Mod outfits." Though *Quadrophenia* doesn't always press home the fact that in its purest form, Mod — to quote the late Peter Meaden — was an aphorism for clean living under difficult circumstances, the fact remains that the last thing original Mods would have been involved in was anything that remotely smacked of revivalism.

Mods led where others followed. As Roger Daltrey puts it: "It's a shame that these kids who currently call themselves Mods can't find their own thing. At least that's one thing the punks had going for themselves."

With fashions currently being rendered almost obsolete before they've been stocked along the High Street, one striking thing about *The Kids Are Alright* is that at any given juncture in their trend-setting career. The Who never appear backdated.

Daltrey reckons that it was just a case of always keeping their feet on the ground. "Whatever we did we did for real... we weren't pretending. No matter what, we kept our credibility and that's the most important thing for any band."

Someone asks Townshend what Jeff Stein, director of *The Kids Are Alright*, offered in the way of credentials to persuade The Who to allow him to correlate their celluloid back-pages?

"Absolutely nothing whatsoever," claims Townshend, "other than he was a great Who fan."

The story goes that when Stein first approached Townshend and The Who's manager (Bill Curbishley) and asked whether he could make the movie, he sat and cried for two hours when the proposal was rejected.

"I said to Bill," recalls Townshend, "anyone who cries for two hours can never make a film about The Who. But Bill said, think about it the other way..."

Townshend claims that the images available were limited. "What would have been amazing," he says, "would have been if we'd been filmed like every other day or week, so you could compare when we were up and when we were down."

Nevertheless, The Who are unique in having access to a backlog of seminal film stock that dates right back to their period as The High Numbers at The Railway Tavern, Harrow and Walsdstone. Even that early in the game they showed style and purpose.

Conceived as a replacement for *Tommy*, the *Quadrophenia* magnum opus was subsequently dropped from The Who's repertoire after just one introductory tour.

Townshend: "Unfortunately, it didn't work because, amongst other things The Who have set themselves strange standards on stage."

The situation was further aggravated by a violent disagreement between Roger and Pete and the entire project was shelved until now because it had become a touchy subject. Re-worked, excerpts from *'Quadrophenia'* now constitute an integral part of The Who's refurbished repertoire.

Without wishing to re-open old wounds, Townshend — when going through an intense period of self-re-evaluation — once informed this writer that he felt he was too old to be running around the stage like a kid playing guitar. Thankfully, since those dark days he has altered his opinions.

"Sometimes, during the depths of a really bad day I really would like to crawl off and die, but I realise that there's something very magical about being on stage and part of a band that's working together. It's very fulfilling because it's always been kind of dangerous and risky and that's what rock has always thrived on — risk."

Still excited by the events of the last three years, he opines that it's important for bands like The Who to share the experience.

"Not in a patronising way — because new bands hate to hear you say, watch out for this or that, because we've been through it. But nevertheless I feel that having existed for 30 years, rock should have its Godfathers."

NEW BARBS

From previous page

"Contrary to what you've heard," shouts Wood, "there ain't no-one here but us chickens. There are no special guests tonight... except you lot!"

The roar he gets for that demonstrates that no significant proportion of the almost-but-not-quite sold-out house could give a shit, even during the Stones numbers. "Who The Fuck Is Mick Jagger?" is the message stretched out across the girl photog's T-shirt, and even when Keith kick-starts 'Honky Tonk Women', dragging out the chords so long you think the beat just has to fall apart (but it doesn't) no ghosts walk.

Purists may get disapproving and wonder if Ron Wood has the right to sing 'Honky Tonk Women' or 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', but hell, man, Johnny Winter and Peter Frampton both did 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and anyone has more right to do 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' than Peter Frampton. Plus things start getting silly when Stones fans start getting protective about 'Love In Vain', 'Cuz I'm sure they checked with Robert Johnson first.

THE NEW BARBARIANS show is rough, warm, human, good-humoured, energetic, unassuming and strictly life-size. When you see it, you ain't staring at something gigantic and far away. It's not as spectacular and legend-soaked as a Stones show, but it has a warmth and humanity and friendliness that will never waft off a stage that has Mick Jagger on it and THE ROLLING STONES on the poster outside. Whether you still believe in the great Stones myth of The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World or whether you see them in the post-punk light as a bunch of poncey smacked-back old jackoffs, they can never be just a rock band playing for your pleasure and theirs. The New Barbarians can. That's the difference.

"That's partly why I'm becoming an American citizen," explains Ronnie Wood. The show's long over, the jacks are in the boxes and the clowns should have gone to bed but they haven't: they're up in Keith's room. As 'Gimme Some Neck' blasts out of Wood's sound system and a thickset denim lump of Texan muscle called Rob jerks around the room bellowing along with the album...

Wait a second. I've got to tell you about this guy.

Rob's eyes bulge behind his glasses and his face goes red. His short curly blond hair is in total disarray. Like Bobby Keyes, he went to the same school in Lubbock, Texas, as Buddy Holly, though they weren't in the same year. What makes Rob a footnote in rock and roll history is that when Buddy got snuffed, young Rob was the cat who inherited Buddy's record collection. Still got 'em at home now.

He leaps up to Wood and grabs Honest Ron's slender white hand in his own huge calloused sausage fingers and pumps along with the record, bellowing lyrics and bourbon at Woody, who is jerked in and out of his seat like a puppet. They hug, Rob lurches off on another tour of the room.

Wood shakes out a Marlboro, tosses it in the air and attempts to catch it in his mouth to regain his composure. He misses completely, tries again and this time almost swallows the damn thing. He pulls it out of his mouth and lights it. Luckily, it's not too damp to burn.

"It's weird, but if I'm an American citizen I'll be able to spend more time in England. I really want to, because London's my fuckin' home, but what with the tax and all..."

I ask him what he thinks about Thatch and he winces.

"Maybe it'd better for the country if all the prodigal sons could come back there and spread their money around and try and help out some of the people who the government won't be helping out, bring some of the



"How about us Barbarians going looting and pillaging then, Keef?"

money back home... that doesn't make much sense, does it?"

Keith Richards takes much of the new wave's resentment of the Stones' role pretty much to heart, and seems in turn vaguely resentful of that attitude to the Stones: a kind of I died - in - the - war - for - you - and - now - you - hate - me - you ungrateful-jerks viewpoint. How does Woody feel?

"Well, I do feel a little hurt by it, but not as much as Keith because of his being a founder member. I'm still a bit new, so I don't maybe feel quite so isolated, but I don't know... maybe it's what I deserve."

Who do you like out of the newer bands? "It may sound corny, but I always liked The Sex Pistols," he says, a trifle ruefully. The Pistols were the first band to take a massive swing at the Stones, but by order of the unacknowledged kinship that links all British rebel bands no matter how much Jagger and Lydon would deny it, the Stones and the Pistols are karmically related, sons rebelling against fathers. The relationship is perhaps most clearly defined by the fact that Mick Jagger called Malcolm McLaren when the shit first started coming down around Sid Vicious in New York and offered — on behalf of the Stones — any financial and legal aid that might be necessary.

And when McLaren called him back the following night Jagger took it all back.

(Incidentally, just in case anybody feels like denying this, I've heard a tape of McLaren's end of the conversation, so shove it. Okay?)

Richards' attitude to punk is more combative, more competitive. Unlike Wood, he feels personally challenged by the whole thing. In the plane on the way back from Houston, me and Joe Stevens were sitting in the front compartment shooting the shit when up comes Richards, barefoot, white-faced, rumpled, hair spun out like black candy floss, eyes ringed with exhaustion, one leathery fist still clamped around his bourbon. He looks me up and down, checking the threads (black suit, white shirt, black tie, red sneakers, shades, short hair).

"Hello Charles," he says flatly, voice simultaneously dry, crisp and slurred, "what are you going to do now that punk is dead?"

My gorge rises. It's one thing to discuss whether punk is dead when you live in Britain and check the scene, but what the hell right does Keith Richards have to say that from where he sits?

So we start in on that, and I tell him that punk didn't just mean new punk bands and nihilism, it meant throwing the gates wide open for any sort of band that wanted to play and could do something that means

something to kids and that it ain't just stuck in '77 but it's progressing in all sorts of directions. I start telling about the Human League and Stiff Little Fingers and Magazine, fchrissakes.

"Ah," he says, "but progressing used to mean something different, didn't it? Who's that band who sound like The Doors? I hate them. Progressing used to mean Yes and Genesis and all that lot. What's Public Image about? Johnny Rotten or Lydon or whatever you call him... I like him, but that single's just a Byrds guitar sound, innit? And whether you like 'em or not you've got to admit that McGuinn and those guys do that better than anybody..."

He makes much more sense talking about blues — Buddy Guy and Junior Wells were supposed to be jamming with them in Chicago, but Buddy was driving up from New Orleans and missed the gig even though Junior got up and blew a few — and reggae.

He turns me on to radio station WLBI in New York, which serves the Caribbean expatriates among the black community and plays music from Trinidad and Jamaica and if you tune in to them you can hear Culture and Spear and Isaacs right there in the 'east of Babylon'. "If a good pre is on sale in Kingston on Monday it'll be in the shops in New York on Wednesday and I'll have it Friday," Keith announces.

One of my proudest moments was introducing Stanley Clarke to Robbie Shakespeare and Zigaboo to Sly Dunbar backstage at Madison Square Gardens.

He unbends considerably when I tell him how important reggae is to the new bands, just like blues was to the Stones when they started. He checks Gregory Isaacs and Spear something fierce, and regards 'Money In My Pocket' as 'pretty lame as Dennis Brown records go.' He's had a pad in JA since '66, and he's been hip to reggae for well over a decade, so it ain't like the cat has no ears left or anything. It's just that I regard the scene in the UK as being exciting and valuable and I'm annoyed that he doesn't. What happens is that at different times, he and MacLagan and Wood all latch me and stare at me penetratingly as if they were asking something important and say, "Tell me... whaddya think of The Police?"

STANLEY CLARKE is adapting to the loose-knit, high-energy music of the Barb with élan and aplomb. He's well and truly turned onto reggae and he's even checked a few punk bands. "What I like about them, I guess, is that there's so many of them. What music needs is musicians and the more people there are playing, the better it is."

So how'd a man of Clarke's background get involved in this?

"Well, I'd been playing a few tours with Jeff Beck and a British drummer named Simon Phillips, and I wasn't doin' anything because Jeff has a few things to tie up before we play again. I know Ronnie real well, because he'd come to see us a lot, and when he called up I figured this'd be more fun than takin' a holiday."

Clarke doesn't feel anything incongruous about going from super-fusion music to Wood's warm, sloppy rock and roll.

"It's a looser feel and higher energy, but I ain't a jazz bass player. I'm a bass player. They're real good to play with."

Modeliste is Wood's favourite drummer after The Great Charlie Watts, who played on every track on the album except for the single. Bob Dylan's 'Seven Days', on which Mick Fleetwood does the duties, if the album has a Stones feel to it, it's not so much Wood who provides it, though his guitar playing is well in the tradition; nor is it Richard, who only plays (and then fairly unobtrusively) on two of the tracks. It's Watts, and 'Gimme Some Neck' is another tribute to his genius as the unchallenged chairman of the board of rock and roll drummers.

Wood is explaining how he wormed the song out of Dylan when they were both down in Miami for an Eric Clapton album. "I've

always had a lot of front with Bob ever since he came to the party for my first solo album in New York. He was the first to arrive, and no-one recognised him at all. He was all wrapped up and he looked greasy and he sidled up to me and said, "Heeeeeeey, man, I really dig your album." (Wood's Dylan impression sounds like anybody else's Dylan impression, but at least it's authentic.)

"I just went huh? Since then, he's always been really nice. If I call his office, he calls me back in five minutes, like when I had to call to get the words for 'Seven Days' out of him." He giggles. "I've got more front than Harrods, I have!"

Rob comes up and tells me that he'd rilly 'preciate it, cousin, if he could wear my red sneakers for the rest of the night. He asks my room number and says he'll have the sneakers outside my door at 8 the next morning. Unfortunately, we take the same shoe size, so we swap — after all, he's an old schoolmate of Buddy Holly's and he's built like a brick shithouse.

There goes the phone! The voice on the other end crackles even though there's no static. "This is Keith, man," it sez. "C'mon up to my room. All the heavies are here and we're havin' a party. Five minutes?" It's his third call. Woody says Keith wants to be interviewed as well, which is fine, because with a bit of luck he may be loaded enough for me to ask him whether he bought his way out of Toronto without getting chucked down a lift shaft.

Keith's room is a floor above Woody's. On the wall are photos of the Barb, of Peter Tosh. A Rasta flag the size of my living room floor and a beautiful pencil drawing of a Rasta child nestle by the Playmate Of The Month. A tape of the night's gig roars out of a huge cassette player. The place is strewn with empty bottles and loaded people. Bobby Keyes is in a bad mood and his wife is talking to him slowly and intensely. Suddenly he chucks a piece of toast at Wood as a particularly hot slide lick comes up.

"That means I played a lick he wishes he'd played," explains Wood. Airlie he flicks a Marlboro butt in the general direction of the potted plant in the corner. It falls a good eight inches short and starts burning a hole in the carpet. He looks ruefully about him, scuttles over, picks it up and puts it in an ashtray.

Richards is methodically turning the room upside down. He's looking for a bag of Jamaican 'erb which he has misplaced and he's gonna find it if it takes all night. He keeps rolling the sleeves of his T-shirt up over his shoulders as if the touch of the sleeves is unpleasant to him. Swigging his bourbon, he rummages through yet another suitcase.

Rob comes bounding up to me, pointing angrily at my sneakers. "These dayim things is hurtin' mah ankles!" he says as if I'd deliberately pulled a dirty trick on him. We change bags.

Found it! Richards holds his bag of grass proudly aloft, stumbles towards the corner sofa and hauls out his skins. Rob plumps himself down right next to Richards, who looks about him as if he's only just realised where he is and then passes out, cheeks drawn, mouth open, eyes shut.

Rob helps himself to the grass and he and a bunch of gigantic cowboys (members of the Dallas Cowboys football team, as it happens) begin getting wrecked.

Grab grab grab. Richards is slumped out in a corner while a bunch of people he hardly knows ring room service on his tab, smoke his dope and make free with his room. It's a while before anyone gets on the case and then Wood begins clearing out the jetsam and getting Richards revived.

He says he'll ring me if Keith is fit to talk when the room's been cleared. He doesn't, so presumably he wasn't.

Before they make who run?

NEXT MORNING, I'm trying to find the soul station that we heard in the cab and the sucker is hiding. So you make do with the regular stations and evolve a system whereby you switch channels anytime they play Olivia Newton-John. There's a New Barbarians commercial which mispronounces two of the names and plays 'Seven Days' and 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' as background. When 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' was cut, Brian Jones was still alive and Ron Wood was playing bass in Jeff Beck's band.

One more channel and suddenly Jagger's voice fills the room as 'Sympathy For The Devil' spills out over Dallas... "who killed the Kennedys when after all it was you and me?"

Awwwwwwwww, mama... Texas radio and the big best...



"Zzzzzzz."

7 DAYS OF ROCK

WEEK 24-31 MAY

7 DAYS OF ROCK

All Seats £1.50

FRIDAY MAY 25

For the first time in London, James Ray's THE FOREIGNER (tix only show - membership 20p on door.) At 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00pm.

SATURDAY MAY 26

Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent in THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT (AI) At 1.00, 5.00, 9.00pm.

PLUS BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS (XI) At 3.00, 7.00pm.

SUNDAY MAY 27

Eddie Cochran, Chuck Berry in GO JOHNNY GO (tix only show - membership 20p on door.) At 1.20, 4.10, 7.00, 9.50pm.

PLUS Chuck Berry and Frankie Lynn in ROCK, ROCK, ROCK (II) At 2.40, 5.30, 8.20pm.

MONDAY MAY 28

The Who, Hendrix in WOODSTOCK (XI)

At 3.00, 7.00, 11.00pm.

TUESDAY MAY 29

PERFORMANCE (XI)

At 2.30, 5.40, 9.00pm.

PLUS Fats Domino in

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROCK (XI)

At 1.00, 4.30, 7.40pm.

WEDNESDAY MAY 30

TOMMY (AA)

At 1.30, 4.00, 6.30, 9.00pm.

PLUS ECHOES (II)

At 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30pm.

THURSDAY MAY 31

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL (AA)

At 2.40, 6.00, 9.20pm.

PLUS THAT LL BE THE DAY (AA)

At 1.00, 4.20, 7.40pm.



Complete late show of both films every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, ALL SEATS £1.50.

SCALA CINEMA
36 LUTHERHAM ST. JARROLD ST. LUTHERHAM ST.

The Hardcore Life

Directed by Paul Schrader
Starring George C. Scott,
Peter Boyle and Season
Hubley
(Columbia)

A second reel from the man who brought you *Blue Collar*. Although it's not as crushingly impressive as that grim, grimy handshake with everyday life and death on an American factory floor, *The Hardcore Life* applies similar means to similar ends.

Writer-turned-director Paul Schrader's obviously drawn to people under pressure, to watching them as they make or break under the strain. In *Collar* the pressure squeezed men for whom the familiar became intimidatingly unfamiliar; in *Hardcore* it threatens to squash one man for whom the unfamiliar becomes distastefully familiar.

The storyline's straightforward. Middle-class, mid-Western businessman Jake Van Dorn (George C. Scott) loses his daughter whilst she's away at a church school convention in California, engages private eye Andy Mast (Peter Boyle) to locate her, becomes impatient at eye's lack of instant results and so, following a tentative lead, dives paunch-first into the pornucopia of Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, enlisting a young prostitute (Season Hubley) to help him on his way.

The film's fulcrum is just as simple: religion versus sex. Schrader himself grew up in the mid-West and studied there to become a Christian Reformed priest. As a result his interest in Van Dorn,



George C. Scott beats on the brat in *The Hardcore Life*

Blue moves

whose background is stiffly 'low' church (Dutch Reform in fact), is as much personal as professional.

Scott's own stocky physique and hard, high bluff of a face — the sort of rock on which churches might once have been built — are made to measure for this "damnably proud" man whose determination to rescue his daughter from the fleshpots of the West Coast is as obsessive

as his rejection of both his and others' sexuality. Brows knotting inextricably at the mere mention of the words "fuck" or "suck", Scott simply hasn't looked as role-right since his lead in the otherwise appalling *Petron*.

But Van Dorn's pilgrimage into pornland doesn't cut quite the swathe he has in mind; his revenge is as slow as it's eventually sweet. He's repeatedly thwarted, has to

learn to improvise and adept (suits are out — jean jackets and shades, even wigs, are in), to play his part by rules that aren't written in any Good Book he's read. His hesitant, forced urbanity frequently dissolves into naked violence. Scott lends the character a credible and constant edginess, the desperate thrashing of a fish well out of its water.

Panning intro and outro set

to the ironic tones of the excellent Jack Nitzsche-supervised soundtrack, *Precious Memories* aside, *Hardcore* adopts a graphic, confining gait — almost that of a dry, factional telepic. Schrader seems diffident, somehow reluctant to pick bones with either pornography or bigotry, prurient towards the one and passive towards the other.

Both exist, he admits, but neither are right or wrong. This is an oddity, perhaps fashionably, amoral tale. It shows people doing whatever it is that chance and circumstances compelled them to do — people who are only judged or justified by other people, not by some superior court of appeal — in this case Schrader himself, of course.

Actually, that's not entirely true. For auto-biographical reasons presumably, Schrader's attitude to Van Dorn isn't as neutral as, for example, his depiction of the worldly, quick-to-quip Mast or the smooth, slithering would-be porn mogul Ramada (Leonard Gaines). Van Dorn excepted, the *Hardcore* world is full of characters who are simultaneously corrupt and incorruptible, above either condemnation or approbation.

Whereas Schrader's admiration for Van Dorn is far from muted — and it's this understandable but unfortunate (in terms of the film's aesthetic success) display of commitment to cause that chips away at *Hardcore*'s emotional base, that lessens the impact it might otherwise have had — that forces it, one suspects, to a conclusion that veers on the thoroughly unconvincing.

Van Dorn emerges as something of a hero in a world

that's dispensed with heroes or heroics; he just doesn't fit, either dramatically or circumstantially. But this flaw isn't fatal.

Schrader's compassionate measuring of degrees of tolerance and intolerance (this detailed especially well through the awkward agreement to differ reached between Van Dorn and the young prostitute), his stoic, myrrh-in-mouth humour, his scrupulous caretaking of minor characters — all this demands attention and acknowledgement.

Angus MacKinnon



A well-seasoned Hubley in *The Hardcore Life*. Silver Screen continues being smutty over page.

Beyond the earth...
Beyond the moon...
Beyond your
wildest dreams!



H.G. WELLS' THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

H.G. WELLS' "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"

Starring JACK PALANCE · CAROL LYNLEY · BARRY MORSE and JOHN IRELAND with NICHOLAS CAMPBELL as Jason and EDDIE BENTON as Kim

Executive Producer Harry Alan Towers · Produced by William Davidson · Directed by George McGowan · A CFI Investments presentation

Released in the UK through BARBER DANN FILMS LTD.

NOW! ODEON MARBLE ARCH

TELEPHONE: 723 2011

Sep Perfs Mon-Sat,
doors open, 2.00, 4.45, 7.45pm.
Sun, doors open, 3.00, 7.15pm.
Late night show Fri and Sat,
doors open, 11.00pm.

FROM A DISTANT PLANET-THE GREATEST EVER
CHALLENGE TO MANKIND!



COLLIERIA PICTURES Presents

RICHARD KIEL

THE HUMANOID

WITH CORINNE CLERY LEONARD MANN
IVAN RASSIMOV ARTHUR KENNEDY
BARBARA BACH

Directed by GEORGE B. LEWIS

NOW
SHOWING

classic
HAYMARKET
TEL 839 1527

classic
VICTORIA
TEL 834 6588

ODEON
WESTBOURNE
GROVE
TELEPHONE
229 3389

ALL OVER LONDON FROM SUNDAY MAY 27
AT ODEON AND OTHER IMPORTANT THEATRES



Vanessa Redgrave is Agatha, Dustin Hoffman isn't.

Agatha

Directed by Michael Apted
Starring Vanessa
Redgrave and Dustin
Hoffman
(Warner Bros)

The Lady Vanishes

Directed by Anthony Page
Starring Elliott Gould and
Cybill Shepherd
(Rank)

In December 1926 the lady vanished. At a time when she was at the height of her early success as a novelist, Agatha Christie suddenly disappeared from her Surrey home and, with public excitement about here whereabouts intense, laid low for eleven days.

It was a real-life mystery to complement all those fictional ones she ceaselessly published. Only this time there was a difference; the last page actually was missing. She was discovered in a Harrogate hotel,

registered under the name of the woman her husband was intending to divorce her for, but never explained this strange hiatus in her personal life.

Now, Kathleen Tynan has written *Agatha*, tactfully described as "An imaginary solution to this authentic mystery". She has contrived a plot which is decidedly highly-wrought, but which at least has the fascinating virtue of giving full rein to that calculating villainy with which the authoress invested her own stories.

According to this scenario, Agatha is vulnerable and retiring, scared stiff of journalists and publicity. Her husband, Col. Christie, is upper-class shit of the year, whose idea of decorum is not beating his wife in front of the servants. Agatha dotes on him nevertheless, and is temporarily unhinged by his disavowal of her hence her flight to the Yorkshire spa.

The plot unfolds unhurriedly, superbly reflecting the leisured pace of

life of those taking the waters in Harrogate. Apted directs economically, and with the same eye for detail that characterised his 1973 movie *The Triple Echo*. Indeed, the period recreation is fastidious. Many of the scenes are even ill-lit, attesting to the dubious quality of the electricity of the times.

Production designer is Shirley Russell, no infrequent visitor to the roaring '20s (she has been here before with hubby Ken in *Women In Love*, *The Boyfriend and Valentino*), and her hand is evident as the standard totems of the age — cloche hats, flapper dresses, and Charleston references — occur in profusion.

The witty, inventive screenplay has been co-written by the excellent Arthur Hopcraft, who has presumably presided over the creation of some of the film's minor characters, such as the gauche and ambitious, but likeable, provincial journalist.

Above all else though, the film's success can be attributed to the

A music store— brought to your door!

Now...top musical instruments by post! Guitars, amps, home organs, keyboards, etc. MUSICMAIL makes your choice easy. This lavish 20 page full-colour MUSICMAIL catalogue illustrates and describes every instrument in detail.

Now...budding musicians, songwriters and professionals too, can get the right instrument at the right price — without a trip to town.

All backed by the MUSICMAIL Guarantee Of Satisfaction.

Don't look at another musical instrument until you've got your FREE MUSICMAIL catalogue!



Please rush me a FREE copy of the MUSICMAIL catalogue

Name _____

Address _____

Send the coupon to MUSICMAIL today,
28 Percy Street, London W1P 9FF.

JOB HUNTING

SEE PAGE 57

Could the big breaker break them up?



NOW
SHOWING

WARNER
WEST END 3
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791 (Fully Air Conditioned)

AND AT SELECTED ABC'S AND OTHER
IMPORTANT CINEMAS FROM MAY 20th

performances of Redgrave and Hoffman—the former wide-eyed, straight-faced and emotionally frail in the title role, the latter brash and determined as the big-shot American journalist who dispenses charm and gratuities with equal liberality, and who tracks Agatha to her Harrogate hideaway, only to fall for her and so deny himself the scoop of his career.

She is, of course, much taller than he is but, in a way that is typical of its pursuit of verisimilitude, the film doesn't try to disguise this, but rather capitalises on it so that it becomes both a source of humour and a factor which neatly sets the seal on this improbable attraction of opposites. (A bizarre moment occurs when both are standing together and Vanessa descends, giraffe-like, to kiss Hoffman.)

By contrast, it is the central casting that crucially flaws the remake of *The Lady Vanishes*.



'Shoulders' Shepherd, who doesn't vanish.

The parts taken in Hitchcock's classic movie by Vanessa's father, Michael Redgrave, and Margaret Lockwood are now bequeathed to Elliott Gould and Cybill Shepherd, presumably in a misguided effort to satisfy the demands of the American market.

So the roles have necessarily been created anew. Gould, as a strangely camera-less *Life* photographer, shambles through in familiarly amiable style but Shepherd, playing a "much-married madcap American heiress", frequently seems to be in the wrong movie altogether. (Indeed, her performance is so off-key, one occasionally wonders if she's not simply in the wrong profession.)

It is, after all, the most English of thrillers, and concerns a Nazi attempt in August 1939 to abduct a seemingly innocuous English nanny from a train hurtling through Bavaria towards Switzerland and safety.

The other passengers are

expertly cast — particularly Angela Lansbury as the archetypal nanny in question and Arthur Lowe and Ian Carmichael, portraying English gentlemen as only English gentlemen can, who perform superbly in the roles originally made famous by Basil Redford and Naughton Wayne, spluttering lines like "My dear sir, you can't be in England and not know the test score."

Page boldly goes where the old master went before, making not entirely a hash of it although inevitably many masterful moments of suspense of the original count for naught in this version. Even the change from monochrome to full colour works disadvantageously. Where Hitchcock's train snaked through a gloomy, mountainous terrain, Page's now traverses breathtaking scenery, redolent of the glossiest of holiday brochures — something which clearly contrives to dispel the mood of foreboding.

Nevertheless, as a Hitchcock remake, it achieves slightly more than *The 39 Steps*. George Axelrod's script certainly has its moments, and would have had more if Cybill Shepherd had not botched quite so many lines. And who needs star names anyway? The most important ingredient of any movie these days is, it seems, a steam train.

Bob Wolfenden

The Manitou

Written and directed by William Girdler
Starring Tony Curtis,
Michael Ansara and Susan
Strasberg
(Enterprise)

Subtitled *Spirit Of Evil* by its wary UK distributors, *The Manitou* is a gloriously gory and hilariously hokey supernatural thriller which deftly treads the broad beam between terror and titters.

And with Tony Curtis as a magic dabbling conman who dishes out platitudinous placebos to frustrated old rich ladies in San Francisco, not all the laughs are unintentional. He reads Tarot cards, the cad, which foretells nothing worse than an occasional attack of wind for the old biddies but when the Grim Reaper keeps cropping up he starts to sweat: "How do I know what it means? If I did, I wouldn't be doing it."

The mystery deepens when a moveable 'tumour' is discovered on the neck of Susan Strasberg, Curtis' old flame, and the specialist is as ignorant of the whys and wherefores as our Tone: "I wrote the books and I don't know what it is."

What it is, of course, is a foetus — implanted at random by a 400-year old Indian medicine man, Misquamacus (stop laughing at the back). With the help of a spiritualist gypsy (a sultry Stella Stevens, you won't believe) and a vague anthropologist (a bewhiskered Burgess Meredith, you will believe) Curtis finds out more than he wanted to know about Indian



A nice surprise for Tony Curtis in *The Manitou*

folklore: "A pure ethnic occult art, undiluted by European conceptions and preconceptions."

It's to do with the Indian Manitou, see, which means spirit. That can be good or bad, and no prizes for guessing which way this one swings. So even a dead Injun's no good, eh? Not quite — for Curtis is able to persuade a bitter South Dakotan mystic to help fight this naughty manitou with little more than a bag of tricks and an imposing performance

by Michael Ansara.

There's a big heap of havoc to be wreaked and the make-up men work overtime to give us the willies. The literally cosmic climax is well over the top but *The Manitou* piles it all on with a pleasing lack of solemnity (producers of the *Omen* series please note).

Talk about the magic of the movies; what else could make such total rubbish so hugely enjoyable? I wonder if they'll make a sequel. *Manitou-tou*.
Monty Smith

Would you use
another drummer's
toothbrush?

By gum, no. Because it's personal. Like your Premier outfit, that you build up from the world's greatest range of options. To suit just you. Possessive. It's the way you'll feel about your Premier outfit. And that's the tooth.



With Premier,
your outfit is your outfit.

The Premier Drum Co. Ltd., Baby Road, Wipston, Leicester LE8 2QF England

Escape to a world of all-star fun and adventure-

ESCAPE TO ATHENA



LEW GRADE Presents A DAVID NIVEN Jr. JACK WIENER Production

ROGER TELLY DAVID
MOORE · SAVALAS · NIVEN

STEFANIE CLAUDIA
POWERS · CARDINALE

RICHARD SONNY ANTHONY ELLIOTT
ROUNDTREE · BONO · VALENTINE and GOULD as Charlie

A Film by GEORGE P. COSMATOS **ESCAPE TO ATHENA** Music by LAJO SCHIFRIN

Story by RICHARD S. LOCHTE and GEORGE P. COSMATOS Screenplay by EDWARD ANHALT and RICHARD S. LOCHTE
Produced by DAVID NIVEN Jr. and JACK WIENER Directed by GEORGE P. COSMATOS



The Manitou: "And some of them are this big."

NOW

**LONDON
PAVILION**
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
TEL 437 2982

ABC
EDGWARE ROAD

STUDIO
OXFORD CIRCUS

SCENE
LEKESTER SQUARE
439.4470

At selected cinemas across London from June 3rd

Details correct at time of going to press



W.H.SMITH HAVE DROPPED THEIR PRICES AGAIN!



£1.00 OFF* ALBUMS

Bob Welch:
Three Hearts NOW £3.70

No Dice:
2 Faced NOW £3.40

Max Webster:
A Million Vacations NOW £3.40

80p OFF* ALBUM

50p OFF* CASSETTE
Scorpions: Love Drive
ALBUM NOW £3.60

CASSETTE NOW £4.10



WHSMITH

Prices correct at time of going to press. Branches throughout England and Wales.
Merchandise subject to availability where you see this sign.
*Manufacturers Recommended Price. Offer ends 2 June 1979.



ALBUMS

DAVID BOWIE Lodger (RCA)

"Sometimes it gets so lonely/Sometimes you get nowhere/I've lived all over the world/I've left every place" — David Bowie ('Be My Wife', 'Low').

For as long as we, the rock audience, remain content to let others dream our dreams for us, for as long as we delude ourselves into thinking that it's better to live vicariously than — or so we presume — not at all, then there will always be a place in our heads and hearts for the likes of David Bowie. And so it goes.

Bowie recently described 'Lodger' as "up". Odd that — if I remember rightly, the last of his albums Bowie described in similar terms was 'Young Americans', an escapade I doubt I was alone in finding distinctly "down", harrowing even in parts, as Bowie reflected bitterly on the debilitating effects of stardom. "Fame — bully for you, chitly for me" — the line rang like a knell.

But at least you could dance to it (which helps, or so I'm told); Bowie's oeuvre has never lacked irony. Oh well, a person can only presume that "up" takes on meanings for Bowie that us lesser mortals can only imagine. His linking of 'Young Americans' and 'Lodger' suggests he reserves the word for his more cathartic work, for the chapters in his book that he feels have grappled manfully with whatever demons he was whipped by at the time, exorcising them, leaving him tired but relieved.

That fits, almost. 'Lodger' must be the most enervating and enervated album Bowie's made. Some say he didn't even want it released at all, but that RCA insisted, calling contracts and suchlike to hand and mind. And so here it is, for Bowie's better or worse.

'Lodger' is a travelogue, a distracted, rather depressing, rather diffused jumble of hit-or-miss-and-run songs, ten in all. It differs principally from 'Low' and 'Heroes', the preceding parts of the trilogy it's supposed to complete, by eschewing instrumentals altogether: no more brooding in Berlin. I like it a lot, but that's neither here nor further.

'Lodger' follows Bowie the compulsive creative ("But any sudden movement and I've got to write it down! ... But I'm still getting educated but I've got to write it down" — 'Fantastic Voyage') as he flits around the globe on another of his perennial grand tours ("Sometimes I feel / That I need to move on / So I pack a bag / And move on / Move on" — 'Move On'). Among the general and particular ports of call are Russia, Africa, Kenya, Japan, Turkey and Cyprus.

Bowie pauses from time to time to log entries in his song diary, to offer us the aural equivalent of Instamatic snaps, to frame pictures but rarely land them any perspective but his own. Solipsism still rules. And what more could or should be asked of a man whose work has so consistently combined the equal, but interactive, opposites of brazen elitism and unmitigated populism? Not a lot, I suppose.

The cover of 'Lodger' catches Bowie played in zero-gravity over bathroom tiling, his right wrist bandaged. It busily mixes metaphors: on the outside it incorporates a postcard graphic (a p/c to 'home', to you, to me, to RCA); on the inside it shows us Bowie being made up for the outside shot, two expensive Omega



Bowie: "I think I'm going to like living here."

Pic: Neil Preston/Andy King, LFI

Only Boys Bleed

David Bowie plans an accident — Angus MacKinnon cleans up the mess

watches (mmm, time — meaningful), Bowie as a baby (maybe), a detail from an Adoration of the dead Jesus Christ, a pic of the revolutionary Che Guevara on a stretcher surrounded by soldiers and an unidentified lying corpse on a morgue slab. The reverse of the lyric sheet shows the same splayed Bowie against images of Africa and The Far East.

But what does it all signify? Well, like so many of his rock peers, Bowie seems to be having problems with what we down here call reality. The inference of the 'Lodger' package appears plain enough to me — Bowie asks us to believe him when he suggests that he's still striving to carry a world's weight on his shoulders, that he's a martyr to his cause, to himself, to his following, his flock, etc. etc.

Narcissism, David old chap, delusions. You know something? You're really no more important than anybody else. You might think you are, but you're not, however privileged your position, however influential it may or may not be.

As ever, Bowie's art is supremely reflective — it's a mirror, not (thank God) a dour, drubbing Marxist hammer — and therefore, at any given moment, therefore also valuable: mirrors on the wall and on the world. Therefore also misleading: mirrors aren't much help unless you know what you're looking for in them.

And, on this evidence, Bowie is miserably confused. He hasn't, you'll recall, chosen to fabricate himself a persona since the demise of The Thin

White Duke aka Thomas Jerome Newton era, itself an unsettling, often insanely megalomaniac gambit that fasted through 'Station To Station' and, less measurably, some of 'Low'.

Why? I've no idea. Perhaps the alienated, isolated Duke/Newton image lodged (no pun intended) itself more deeply in Bowie's psyche than he's even, understandably, admitted. Even now I remember Bowie's pronouncements on the vexatious topic of Big Brother leadership — a role he seemed, for a crazy moment, to actually relish undertaking himself — with extreme distaste. I also remember thinking of a German historian's interesting observation that many great movers of men come in from the outside, the 'cold' — Napoleon from Corsica, Hitler

from Austria, and so on. I hesitated, however, to tie up the loose ends, preferring to attribute Bowie's idiosyncrasies to his speed of life, (How sentimental of me.) — Perhaps, on the other hand, Bowie perceived the role and rigmarole of creating then casting aside personae for the beguiling, fascinating (to him and to his audience) but ultimately futile attempt at pre-emptive occupational therapy it was: "running away, running away from yourself", as Bob Marley would say.

Perhaps Bowie just couldn't tell the fantasy from the reality anymore. No, don't laugh. It happens, even in real life.

All of which brings us back, rather circuitously, to 'Lodger'. I doubt very much if Bowie is any more honest in 1979 than he was in, say, 1974 — it's merely that his

dishonesty is more transparent these days. 'Lodger' is something of a luxury really: a muddled, rather desperate dash around the world, preserved for posterity.

Mind you, I don't envy Bowie his predicament, not for an instant. Any brochure will tell you that travel broadens the mind (and hence the song), but it certainly won't remind you of how limited an escapism the activity actually is: you tend to take yourself wherever you go. And, believe it or not, Bowie doesn't seem even remotely aware of either this or the fact that his progress, that of a buzzing fly, is still dogged by an overbearing condescension and extreme indecision. All this Romantic wanderlust, DB, such a short-term solution. Or didn't you know?

In other words, there's very little rigour here, none of the hi-fi (depending on how you took it) economy of expression that charged the song side of 'Low', and not much of the more mainline rockological preoccupations that drove the song side of "Heroes".

No, Bowie's self absorption and self-indulgence seems so complete he can only sporadically emerge from it and make some catchy, kitschy statement like 'Boys Keep Swinging', a pluperfect pop song and airwave mantra that stands uneasily in this assembled company. But 'Boys' is so pat, so offhand, so deceptive. 'Boys keep swinging / Boys always work it out' — oh yeah?

And there's much more serious stuff to come: 'Remember it's true, dignity is valuable / But our lives are valuable too', 'Remember it's true, a loyalty is valuable / But our lives are valuable too' ('Fantastic Voyage'), and 'Such responsibility / It's up to you and me' ('Red Money').

Ahem. Weird words, weird. Bowie the fumbling humanist, pleading to be excused the onus of "loyalty" or "dignity" only to admit half-heartedly to the notions of individual "responsibility"? I wonder. Bowie's intent has rarely seemed more abstruse, his art rarely more passive, impotent, defeatist. (Am I disappointed then? No, I never had any expectations anyway.)

Bowie's entire career has been an abnegation of responsibility in the accepted sense of the term, a studied, often studious statement of self-intent (and never mind the rest of it or us). Such wilful resignation (wanting, voting and — Bowie is forever harping on the a-politicality of Art — staying 'out') is, of course, a prerogative of rock stars but also, unfortunately, one they tend to abuse. Bowie's always been an effective and efficient relay station, beaming out images of selfhood so exaggeratedly idealising that he's managed to convince us we can only live our 'general' through his 'particular'.

But such an exchange isn't really fair, either on Bowie or on us. It hinders and discourages direct action (our own answers to our own questions) on our part, leaves us groping for hooks and straws that snap the moment we grab them. We identify with someone whose experience may or may not be our own. We take solace and refuge in someone else's world — or, at least what we think is their world — because we find this a more convenient and

• Continues over page

St David

Continued from previous page

accommodating thing to do. How lazy we've let ourselves become.

So you still want to fly with Bowie? Be a hero just for a day? Alright, but why not be your own hero, not Bowie's? No? Very well. Here's a cursory run-down on 'Lodger'.

'Fantastic Voyage': a fragile flower of a song about disorientation, the (sic) modern world and 'learning to live with somebody else's depression' (see what I mean) that uses the same chords as 'Boys', only more languorously spaced. A gentle, vulnerable creation with a part, poppy middle-eight. Bowie's voice, a constant source of interest throughout the album, emotes much more naturally than it used to.

'African Night Flight': a percussive misma reminiscent of Eno's 'Sombre Reptiles' from his 'Another Green World'. Bowie's snap-shot depiction of a German pilot in exile tries hard to create a character with a running-on-empty (but regardless) lust for life; it almost succeeds. The mid-eight puffs up, claws for height. The chorus is in Swahili (big deal).

'Move On': a journeyman's refrain. Buddy Holly meets Buzzcocks. Fast and fleeting, urgent and poignant. Some lovely lines—'Cyprus is my island / When going's rough / I would love to find you / Somewhere in a place like that'. Bitter Lemons (a book by Lawrence Durrell) Bowie. The backward vocal swirl and surge is, says Bowie, 'All The Young Dudes'. I couldn't care less. It simplifies the song's mood to great effect, a shell-booming undercurrent

of memory and places, faces, spaces — and that's all that matters.

'Yassassin': a tottering, swaying and musically unconvincing mix of Turkish pop and reggae rhythms, with violinist Simon House committing most of the Ethnological Forgery. Can did this sort of thing much better. Bowie's portrait of the Turkish worker is limited by its reliance on archetypality — the larger than life vision of The Common Man — but is touching nonetheless. The dirge-like chorus is a weight the song could have done without.

'Red Sails': more lyrical chips and chops, rather like 'Blackout' from 'Heroes'. And the chips are definitely down: 'Feel a bit roughed up, feel a bit frightened', etc. The overall concept is unadulterated Neu!: clipped drums, mecano beat, fuzzed guitars and, in the last verse, stuttering lyrical repetition. Snappy, despite its plagiarism, but not nearly as vigorous or vibrant as the original.

'D.J.': the loneliness of the long-distance disco DJ. Bowie injects his own shot of hypertensive adrenalin into someone else's life, draws his emotional maps onto theirs. Not a pretty picture (how could it be?). 'I am what I play... I am a D.J. / And I've got believers'. Draw your own conclusions. A serpentine glide in neon blue. Co-writer Carlos Alomar's rhythm guitar cuts corners you never thought could be cut. Oh, the speed of life. How DB loves his entropy.

'Look Back In Anger': an overwhelming surge of mock-melodrama. Very much

'The Man Who Sold The World', this impression reinforced by Bowie and co-producer Tony Visconti's backing vocals. The Dennis Davis / George Murray rhythm section come on like the Horsemen of the Apocalypse. A curious lyric — even Death's messengers are down on their luck these days — but absorbing, although clumsily conceived. Bowie seems well aware of his mortality. Encouraging. The ludicrously over-sung lead vocal fits the frame.

'Boys': as above, Alomar moving to drums, Davis to bass. Adrian Belew adding a hysterical guitar break (Robert Fripp told me recently that Bowie and Eno coerced Belew into playing like Fripp on 'Heroes', asking him to lay down tracks without knowing the songs' chords; it sure sounds that way). A flash of fun, even though it lacks the depth of 'Heroes' — itself, its apparent avatar.

'Repetition': an everyday tale of wife-beating in the US of A. Dispassionate, diffident and self-explanatory. The song's frustrated, twitching motif goes nowhere except in circles, but then that's probably its point.

'Red Money': spot the riff. Apparently Bowie was singing this, or something close to it, on some American dates to the 'Station To Station' tour before he gave his (and Alomar's) chords and some of the lyric to Iggy to create 'Sister Midnight' on 'The Idiot'. An All Fall Down song ('Project cancelled / Tumbling central...'). A messy motorik. A club-footed stomp, petulant and, yet again, passive. Down and out.

At the end of the review of 'Stage', Julie Burchill suggested that David Bowie belonged in Vogue. I disagree — I think he's ripe and ready for religion.

Angus McKinnon



RON WOOD

Gimme Some Neck (CBS)
Good old Honest Ron Wood!! What a nice geezer, what a lad. Always a goofy smile from the ever-present Marlboro hanging from those humble lips, he's the perfect mediator in time of strife, an amiable chap whose talents as guitarist and tunesmith granted The Faces a sizeable dollop of essential chutzpah and whose subsequent employment in The Rolling Stones has certainly granted that group a stronger three-pronged frontline image-wise, a virtual rejuvenation.

However, 'Gimme Some Neck' is not a good album by virtually any standards and particularly in regard to the standards set by the two preceding volumes of Wood-as-solo-artist-flanked-by-a-myrriad-host-of-superstars.

In retrospect, Wood's 'I've Got My Own Album To Do' is an endearingly underrated piece of shambolic firepower. 'Now Look', Wood's second 'solo' work, followed fleetfoot just in time to catch its predecessor's speedy dive into the discount bins.

'Gimme Some Neck' arrives three years after 'Now Look'

and, although a fair proportion of Wood's time has been spent integrating his style with the Stones, that's still long enough to have prepared a decent album's worth of material. Indeed, hopes and expectations could easily be roused at the prospect what with a new label (CBS) and producer (Roy Thomas Baker) as recruits. But — oh, the bitter taste of rabid disappointment! Most of the songs are duds of the first order.

In terms of actual production and whatever, mind you, this venture is more self-assured and a definite

Cavendish Top 10 Dolby Decks

Ten best value Dolby Decks ON EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY at prices to suit every pocket. Come and test up to 100 models from our huge range side by side on our comparators

Our Price £124.95

AKA MP 1250
First class Dolby deck with unfinned control panel for ease of operation and visibility. Ultra hard permanent head, 2 sep. 3 position controls for bias & eq. a W&F of only 0.09%.

Our Price £99.95

Princeton LT 500
Outstanding Stereo Dolby Cassette Deck with independent drive system, stable DC Motor, auto shut-off, well damped cassette cover opening, permanently head for superior performance.

Our Price £89.95

Sharp RT 1111
Superior front loading Dolby Cassette Deck with Auto Programme Search System, multi-tape switch, sep. bias/equalisation, sep. record level controls.

Our Price £63.95

Skat 3110
Full hi-fi performance in this neat and compact top loading Dolby Cassette Deck. Features multi-tape loader switch, ENR02 tape facility, full release auto stop, pause & tape indicator.

Our Price £109.95

134 K10 10
Beautifully designed front loading Dolby cassette deck with Coaxial Head & Two-Gap Erase Head, Electronic Coaxial DC Motor, a W&F of only 0.19%.

Our Price £129.95

AKA MG 2000
Ultra high precision glass & V-Tet Erase head Dolby cassette deck. Oil-damped spool, peak level indicator, full auto stop, a W&F of only 0.055%.

Our Price £119.95

Hilatchi D-555
Dolby Stereo Cassette deck with auto reverse, two V-Tet Erase heads, full auto stop, bias/equaliser switch, pause, recording level controls, reverse select switch, a W&F of only 0.25%.

Our Price £126.95

Plus low cassette price £4.95 each worth £3.95

TECHNICS ES-610
Top quality Dolby Cassette Deck with an amazingly low W&F of only 0.07%.

Cavendish Sales
CASSETTE CENTRE

How to order
30 WHITECHAPEL RD, LONDON E1
111 FLEET CENTRE just 2 mins Whitechapel Underground Sta.
Tel: 01 247 3453/4/5 24 Hour Answer Service
OPEN 9am - 6pm Mon - Sat
270 280 WHITECHAPEL RD, LONDON E1
CASSETTE CENTRE Next to Whitechapel Underground Sta.

THE DAMNED ARE BACK!



ALGY DAVE RAT CAPT
LOVE SONG · SUICIDE · NOISE NOISE NOISE
The Turkey looked at Johnny

EMI

improvement on previous shambolic excursions. Thomas-Baker hasn't tampered with the grittiness of Wood's basic musical slant, while the distinct improvement in the lead vocals is easily apparent. Also, the backup band — Charlie Watts, Pops Powell (of Crusaders fame) and Ian McLagan with the additional 'guests' — sounds in fine fettle, as do Wood's guitar overdubs. But — Christ, these new songs!

The slant is definitely aimed at the up-tempo swing and Wood retaliates with numbers honed from strong riffs that somehow fail to blossom into tunes, remaining instead hamstrung with oft times absolutely godawful lyrics. 'Buried Alive' and 'F.U.C. Her' are puerile misogyny best left in the notebook after that inevitable night of jaded partying. 'Come To Realise', beyond boasting Jagger backup vocals you can't hear, is simply mildly ponderous mediocrity and sorry fare after the excellence of, say, 'Breathe On Me' or 'Cancel Everything'.

Indeed, the only Wood-penned song that even halfway makes it is a ballad entitled 'Lost And Lonely' which yet again fails to make it on the level of the aforementioned pair of diamonds-in-the-rough of years past.

Otherwise, it's all Honest Ron instructing us all 'Don't Worry', a trivial worthless little song which acts as a bookend to the album's opener 'Worry No More' (an easily forgettable composition courtesy one Jerry Williams, whoever he may be). Thanks for the tip Ron, but my nerve-ends will need a good deal more substantial aural gratification before I blithely submit to your mellow 'sweet nothings'.

Only once does 'Gimme Some Neck' actually deliver, and that occurs when Wood is flanked by McLagan, Popwell and an excellent Mick Fleetwood more than adequately deeping for the imperious Watts on 'Seven Days', a Dylan original supposedly written for this foray but, in fact, a reject from 'Desire' (Roger McGuinn got the other reject, the dreadful 'Golden Loom'). 'Seven Days' isn't great Dylan, mind. The song's lyric is redolent of a surrogate 'Senor' with the singer awaiting some obscure woman — possibly his mother, probably a childhood sweetheart — at the station, reminding one of Dylan's penchant for obliquely conceived situations otherwise noticeable only in songs like 'El Paso' and other cowboy tales.

What matters is that — with Wood sounding so uncannily like Dylan that you could fool even the most rabid Dylanophile at first play — the song is given a treatment that probably grants us the nearest approximation of how it would sound if Dylan and the Stones were to join forces on record.

The inclusion of 'Seven Days', pleasurable though it is, still ends up highlighting just how wretched Wood's own songs are on this album. As an amateur psychologist, I would diagnose Mr Wood's problem as being patent lack of inspiration owing to environmental shortcomings (i.e. the habitual L.A. torpor, and a grievous lack of perspectives and musical vitamins). Come back to England, gentlemen, and bring your friends with you, because 'Neck' is vacuous dreck by and large.

Nice bloke, shame about the album.

Nick Kent



Johnny Mc thinks it's funny

JOHN McLAUGHLIN WITH THE ONE TRUTH BAND *Electric Dreams* (CBS)

This could've been just another clever jazz-rock fusion interlude. Flip the coin and it could've been an enigmatically seductive and beguiling contemporary jazz album. In reality, 'Electric Dreams' is too insular to be either.

Smile and feel no emotion, this is after all just an intellectual exercise.

The music is tricky. The musicians get up to all sorts of tricks — mainly the sort of tricks that Weather Report resort to when Wayne Shorter is out to lunch. Naturally enough, these tricks are expertly achieved — nothing up their sleeves and yet they still manage to pull the rabbit out of the hat — but what else would you expect? These people are professional musicians, and pros aren't paid to make mistakes. Pros practise hard.

Will you enjoy this album? Undoubtedly some will.

For me, however, the only truly enjoyable moment on the album comes with the last track on the second side ('The Unknown Dissident'). After a predictable McLaughlin guitar passage, David Sanborn makes his only appearance,

picks up the over-stated theme, and then, through a gorgeously expressive and emotive alto sax solo, takes the song tail-first to the place where all good music belongs.

Unfortunately, this powerful and committed contribution only serves to highlight the self-satisfied timidity and intrinsic vanity of the rest of the set.

John Hamblatt

GARY BROOKER *No More Fear Of Flying* (Chrysalis)

Procul Harum always was an ungainly beast, about as capable of conveying urgency as Colin Cowdrey or Bobby Moore. They even did a rocking tape for radio once, using a pseudonym to try and shake off their *Il Ponderoso* image, but with some of Britain's more faceless musicians usually in the ranks, such attempts were doomed to failure.

After finally packing it in, Gary Brooker very nearly joined The Hollies during one of Allan Clarke's sabbaticals and in fact wrote and performed on 'Harlequin', a track from their recent '531-7704' album. But instead he took a deep breath and made 'No More Fear Of Flying', of which only the title track — an indifferent shuffle celebrating the end of Procul — was written with lyricist Keith Reid.

In his press release, Brooker explains that 'it makes a difference when you're singing about a woman as opposed to singing about a typewriter'. Fair enough, but what does he do next? Ropes in Pete Sinfield, that's what — nothing like jumping out of the dictionary into the thesaurus.

Produced by George Martin and featuring Tim Renwick on

guitar, the album is inevitably too tasteful by half. Bruce Lynch contributes some incisive, McCartneyesque bass to 'Let Me In', but most of the material confines him and drummer Dave Mattacks to a steady plod.

Trouble is, Brooker's voice is irredeemably doleful, rendering Mickey Jupp's 'Pilot' listless rather than evocative. Only 'Savannah' and Jupp's 'Switchboard Susan' break the stranglehold. (With 'Susan' recurring on Nick Lowe's next album and a swing version of 'Down At The Doctor's' as the current Feelgood's B-side, Mr Southend should have no trouble keeping himself in 'Kiss Me Quick' hats this summer.)

Sinfield's words aren't audibly offensive — I refuse to read lyric sheets — but the Don Juan sentiments of 'Get Up And Dance' and 'Angelina' fall laughingly flat when sung like Levon Helm after a heavy lunch. Similarly, Murray Head's 'Say It Ain't So Joe', a 'whither mankind?' effort of some substance, is done far better by Allan Clarke on '531-7704', suggesting The Hollies would've been hard done by had the transfer gone through.

Gary Brooker's delight at his new freedom suggests the musical equivalent of some lusty stallion released from the paddock. Instead 'Flying' reveals him merely as a friendly old ruminant.

Harry George



... But Gary B delays the joke, waiting for the grand finale, the key to the keys (cont. *TheSaurus* p94)

Fischer-Z

DEBUT ALBUM WORD SALAD



ALBUM UAG 30322 CASSETTE TCK 30322



FISCHER-Z TOUR DATES

MAY
24th NASHVILLE, LONDON
25th DINGWALLS, LONDON
27th GREY TOPPER CLUB, NOTTINGHAM
31st FAN CLUB, LEEDS

JUNE
1st EAST ANGLIA UNIV, NORWICH
2nd J.B'S CLUB, DUDLEY
7th POLYTECHNIC, BRISTOL
8th POLYTECHNIC, HUDDERSFIELD
9th PORTERHOUSE CLUB, RETFORD

NEW SINGLE
THE WORKER
SPECIAL LIMITED
EDITION PICTURE
DISC
ALSO AVAILABLE IN
COLOUR PICTURE BAG

UP 36509



GLADYS KNIGHT Gladys Knight (CBS) GLORIA JONES Windstorm (Sedwalk)

The continuing saga of Glad and Glor, in which two mature black girls demonstrate that creativity can survive untold years in the biz.

'Gladys Knight', the lady's first shot away from the family Pip, boasts a goosy sleeve note and song titles that would look right at home on an Anne Murray album: 'If You Ever Need Somebody', 'You Loved Away The Pain', etc. So far so bad.

But, though obviously of primary appeal to fans of 'The Way We Were' and suchlike, this is no cabaret plunge. None of the songs quite topple over into schmaltz and Glad treats the largely presentable lyrics with her customary sensitivity and discriminating attack.

The real justification of this project is in the all-Knight backing vocals, as creative a use of technology as you're like to hear. When I got over the shock of finding that 'I (Who Have Nothing)' was two-thirds written by Leiber and Stoller, I was made to realise that La Bassey had been tramping on a vintage sob-story all these years.

Gladys substitutes passionate, dignified despair for crass melodrama, the back-up voices in caressive counterpoint. *I love you... and I need you*, she yearns exquisitely on the fade, some dry, distant guitar underpinning Gene Page's swirling backdrop.

'You Bring Out The Best In Me' dips a tasteful toe in the electronic mainstream, but for the most part the arrangements are sympathetic and widescreen orchestral with not a fiddle out of place. And above all That Voice: Gladys Knight earns her reputation every time she opens her mouth.

Best known in this country as paramour of the late Marc Bolan, Gloria Jones has long been there or thereabouts, with Motown (where she wrote 'If I Were Your Woman' for Glad and the Pips) and now as writer/producer of Gonzalez' 'Haven't Stopped



Gloria Jones anticipates better Knights (Glad inset)

Dancing Yet', among a whole slew of other credits.

'Windstorm', only her fourth album in a 15-year-plus career, brings air and space to a genre habitually as overheated as a sauna. Giddy, buoyant strings and skipping rhythms that avoid the standard spine-relocating bass drum combine with Jones' lithe, potent voice to give dance music back its human face.

1977's 'Bring On The Love (Why Can't We Be Friends Again)', here in extended form, is one long, sprawling delight, the exuberance spilling over into 'Windstorm' with its 'Going Out Of My Head' string motif. And if Robin's castrato ruins The Bee Gees for you, 'Hooked On You Baby' should satisfy.

Gloria establishes authority without bluster on urban churners like 'Blue Light Microphone' and 'Woman Is A

Woman', merging with the sound yet never going under. I'm not sure the world wants a graceful, understated dance album, but I'm very glad somebody made one.

Harry George

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS Praise Jah (Virgin)

It's hard to take seriously a band calling themselves The Twinkle Brothers, but these boys insist on it.

I mean, look at the titles on this album for a start: 'Come Home (It's Supper Time)', 'Keep On Trying', 'Shu-Be-Dup (You Can Do It Too)' — the power of positive thinking writ large.

The Twinkles have been around a long time, working on the edge of the vocal group tradition which stretches from The Heptones, through the Abyssinians and the

Gladiators, to the Royal Rascals. What keeps the Twinkle Brothers apart from those is a shortage of originality, which lets them down with the lyrics ('Praise Jah', 'Dread In The Ghetto' — you get the picture), and with the music: a good tune, or some dynamic playing, or a livelier mix, would boost this album no end.

As it stands, 'Praise Jah' is harmless enough, except that it provides a further example of the albumisation of reggae. Groups like the Twinkles should stick to making a couple of good singles rather than stretching themselves over an album. Their 1976 single, 'Give Rasta Praise', proves they can do it, and I'd be happy to have a few more like that in the collection.

This album, though, gets the elbow as soon as I've finished typing this review.

Nick Kimberley

Imports

God knows that mystery ingredient flavours the drinking water filtered from Lake Michigan. But whatever it is, it seems to have a strange effect upon the larynxes of white rockers incumbent in the two peninsulas that form Michigan state.

The end result is that somewhere along the way, a portion of the cement, sand, gravel and iron ore for which the region is noted is somehow transmuted into a particularly aggressive form of rock vocalism. Anyone who doubts that such a phenomenon is possible, would do well to lend a well-protected ear to the tracks that comprise 'Michigan Rocks', a compilation released by Seeds And Stems, a Clarkston, Michigan, label.

Side one is a killer and a half, heading off with the MCS's live version of 'Kick Out The Jams', as classic a taste of rock'n'roll mayhem as any to emerge from '60s. Next along is 'The Stooges' '1969', which features The Ig in full flight, followed by Bob Seger's heavy music, 'Mitch Ryder's' version of Loopy Lou's 'Rock And Roll' and 'Frost's' 'Rock And Roll Music', a clap yo' hands above yo' heads live cut waxed by a band headed by axeman Dick Wagner.

Side two is slightly less potent, The Scot Richard Case's workout on Skip James' 'I'm So Glad' being your everyday blues-bash and hardly Cream class. But the muscle power that is Mitch Ryder's 'Long Hard Road' pushes up the credits, as does Ted Nugent And The Amboy Duke's psychedelic 'Journey To The Centre Of Your Mind' gallop. And finally, there's a version of Otis' 'Respect' provided by a four-piece known as The Rationals that's just dumb enough to ring a bell for all campanologists already hung up on the 'Nuggets' and 'Pebbles'.

releases. A veritable blow for Michigan past then.

However, Seeds And Stems is not only concerned with the way things were but also the music scene today. Which is why the label has sponsored 'How I Spent My Vacation', Mitch Ryder's first album since the Paramount 'Detroit' offering, produced by Bob Ezrin back in '72.

'Vacation' gives notice that the Ryder chops are still in great shape. A collection of songs, all part-penned by Ryder himself, the album features the one-time Billy Levisette getting involved with hell-for-leather rockers ('Tough Kid' and 'Dance Yourself To Death'), an acoustic folk opus ('Passions Wheel'), further Detroit-Memphis experiments ('Cherry Popping' and 'Fallin' Forming'), a jazz jaunt ('The Jon') and a synthesized string-laden ballad ('Freezin' In Hell').

Could be that the Ryder pot-pourri may confuse those who prefer their music wrapped up in conveniently categorised bundles. But for the many who are just into great gritty vocals, come what may, then 'Vacation' makes a welcome present from Detroit. Believe me.

Finally — a tip. If you happen to spot an unprocessed looking album titled 'Dancez-vous Le Bop?' (Black And Blue) in the import bin, don't pass it up. For though the sleeve suggests that the disc provides disco music for hoary Henrys, it's really a collection of solid R'n'B, featuring such cuts as Gatmouth Brown's 'Salt Pork', West Virginian Willie Mabon's 'Poison Ivy', Milt Buckner's 'Green Onions', Bill Doggett's 'J M Blues' and Jay McShann's 'Kansas City'.

Really tasty, it's hardly been offa my turntable all week. Anyone out there got a new stylus to spare?

Fred Dollar



STEVE ELGIN

and the Flatbackers
HEAR THEM on RADIO 1
JOHN PEEL —
WED/THURS
THIS WEEK
LONDON MANAGEMENT, 235 REGENT ST, W1

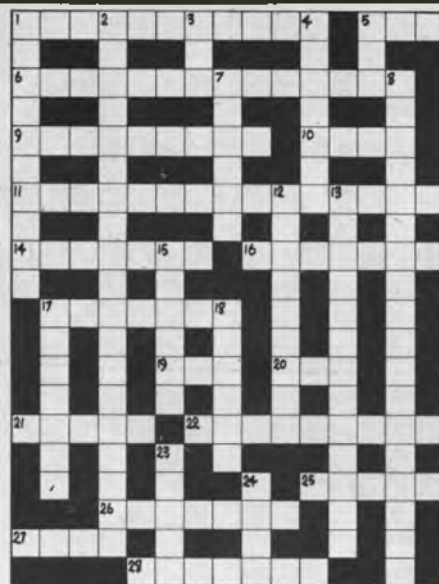
JOB HUNTING
OR GOING
TO COLLEGE?
SEE PAGES 56 & 57

ACROSS

- 1 Japs sit rude (anag. 2 words)
- 5 Irishman in vandal attack!
- 6 Once described as the Colonel Tom Parker of the Blank Generation (7,7)
- 9 Keith Relf, Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck figured in their ranks
- 10 Careless Stiff in rice pudding mixture!
- 11 Four Tops Motown oldie (1,4,4,6)
- 14 Recent Stones biggie (4,3)
- 16 and 27 Like London when you're green and up from Woking?
- 17 The Grocer's favourite Rod song?
- 19 DIY man!
- 20 Angelo finishes a whole bleedin' orchestral
- 21 Rick Nielsen's deflationary half
- 22 New Orleans soul performer whose hits included 'Ride Your Pony' and 'Ya Ya' (3,6)
- 25 and 5 down '60s U.S. contemporary of Bobby Darin, his biggest hit was 'Take Good Care Of My Baby'
- 26 In his time the Colonel Tom Parker of Merseybeat
- 27 See 16
- 28 See 8

DOWN

- 1 Poor little mummy's boy, he wasn't very old...
- 2 Four-eyed one in fatalistic mood (9,4,6)
- 3 McCartney LP
- 4 Aptly-named Bee Gees 45?
- 5 See 25
- 7 Floyd LP, followed 'Atom Heart Mother'
- 8 and 28 May have charted, but it's unlikely to oet



- plays at the Women's Lib disco (4,4,5,5,3,4)
- 12 Discover heavy metal group by studying the room ad!
 - 13 The Jacksons are taking this week's disco class! (5,4,4)
 - 15 Dame Edna's favourite songthrush
 - 17 Follow up to 'Lucky Number' (3,4)
 - 18 A third of Cream
 - 23 The Count of jazz
 - 24 Kris' missus

Last Week's Answers →

- ACROSS: 1 'The Logical Song'; 6 Everly Brothers; 8 'Nutbush City (Limits)'; 10 'Neat (Neat Neat)'; 12 'I'm A Believer'; 14 Isley Brothers; 17 Bottleneck; 18 Solid Senders; 21 Rat; 22 'Substitute'; 24 'Radio (Radio)'; 25 Captain (Beefheart); 26 Simon.
- DOWN: 1 The Angelic Upstarts; 2 'Electric Ladyland'; 3 'Let It Be'; 4 Gospel; 5 'Nutbush City (Limits)'; 7 Laura Nyro; 9 Cello; 11 (Lowell) George; 13 Eric Clapton; 15 'Rubber Soul'; 16 'Hot Legs'; 19 Dr John; 20 Saints; 23 (Jeff) Beck.



THEY WANTED
DESTROY
SHOW LIZ...
WRONG THE neck
H. entertainment...

NATIONWIDE

Thursday

Belfast Polytechnic: Black Slate
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Violinski
Birmingham Barbarella's: Punishment Of Luxury
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham The Bell: The Clerks
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Bishops
Bradford Princeville Club: Dog Watch
Brighton Alhambra: The Executives
Brighton Sussex University: The Piranhas
Burntwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Cardiff Grassroots: Monoxide
Carlisle Tiffany's: Bilbo
Chester Arts Centre: Sniff 'n The Tears
Chesterfield Aquarius: Del Shannon
Chesterfield College of Art: After The Fire
Colchester Essex University: Dr Feelgood
The Innates
Coventry City Centre Club: Slade
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: The Members
Doncaster (Thames) White Hart: The Diks
Dundee Art College: The Treadies
Eastbourne Archery Tavern: Beggar
Eastleigh Knight's: Thieves Like Us
Edinburgh Astoria: The Tools
Exeter Routes: The Cure
Falkirk The Magpie: Sneaky Pete
Farnborough Country Club: Minotaur
Halesowen Tiffany's: Ezzie Ryder
Hanley Victoria Hall: Still Little Fingers / Stereotypes
High Wycombe Nags Head: Angeltrex
Leeds Fan Club: Fray / The Thrust
Leeds Polytechnic: The Undertones / The Chords
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Steroid Kiddies
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: The Speedy Beers
Liverpool Eric's: The Knack
London Camden Brecknock: Scarecrow
London Camden Dingwalls: Daffy & The Tenderloins
London Camden Music Machine: The Leyton Buzzards
London Canning Town Bridge House: Little Roosters
London Castford The Squire Flying Saucers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Straits
London Deptford Albany Empire: Carol Grimes Band / Bolt & Braces Band
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Tubes / Squeeze
London Hammersmith The Swan: London Zoo
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Dole / Outpatients
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Crooks
London Kensington The Crickets: Lacey's Ark Stars
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville Fischer-2
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: Martin Taylor & The Isaacs
London Marquee Club: Warm Jets
London Maunberry's: Carol Grimes Band
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Pressure Shocks
London Plumstead Green Man: Red Tape
London Royal Albert Hall: Sky
London Soho Pizza Express: Ray Swinfield Quartet
London Southgate Roxy Ballroom: Crazy Cavan / The Rhythm Rockers
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London W14 The Kensington: Bobby Henry / Local Heroes
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Sad Cafe
Manchester Aldi Cinema: No Dice / Straight 8
Newcastle City Hall: Judas Priest
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: The Dickies
Northampton Guildhall: Fairport Convention
Norwich Art College: English Subtitles
Norwich Boogie House: Rebel
Norwich Keswick College: Tot & The Girls
Norwich Hearty Good Fellow: The Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Nottingham Palais: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Nottingham Sandpiper: Link Wray
Portsmouth Guildhall: The Jam
Portsmouth Locarno: Light Of The World
Preston Folk Centre: Mary Asquith / The Hughes Bros.
Reading Three Tuns: El Seven
Scarborough Peppers: Cousin Joe from New Orleans
Sheffield Limit Club: The Lurkers
Southport Gaumont Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: The Soft Boys
Watford Carley Place: Anorexia
Winchester Art School: The Brainiac Five

Friday

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: Bilbo
Aberdeen Music Hall: Simple Minds
Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: The Enid
Aldersham Red Lion: Melix
Anfield Plain The Plainsman: The 45's
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: John Mayall
Birmingham (Basil Hall) New Inn: Out
Birmingham Barbarella's: No Dice / Straight 8
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: The Trakon
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: The Crack
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Destroyer
Brentwood Hermit Club: Tour De Force
Brighton Sussex University: Wayne County & The Electric Chairs
Bristol Colston Hall: Renaissance/Gay & Terry Woods
Bristol Parkway Club: Del Shannon
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Still Little

Fingers/Stargets
Chester Folk Festival: Archie Ballamy/Bill Coddick/Roaring Jenny/Allan Taylor etc. (for three days)
Chiddingly Village Hall: The Executives
Cirencester Agricultural College: Slade
Coventry Rytton Bridge: Streetlife
Cradley Heath Regis Hall: Ocean Boulevard
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Steel Pulse
Derby Lonsdale College: After The Fire
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Eastbourne The Curzon: Low Lewis Reformer
Edinburgh Art College: The Tools
Edinburgh Clouds: The Dickies
Gloucester Roundabout: J.A.L.N. Band
Hastings Ocean Bar: Nicky & The Dots
Horncastle Town Hall: Shades
Hull College of Further Education: Punishment Of Luxury
Johnstone Cochran House Hotel: Sneaky Pete
Kettering Windmill Club: The Beersbank Band
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: Underhand Jones
Kirkcaldy Country Club: The Jags
Leeds & Chippingham Folk Festival: Ossian/Leon Rosseton/Roy Bailey
Frankie Armstrong/Tony Rose/Fred Wedlock/Roger McGough etc. (for four days)
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: Dog Watch
Leeds Haddon Hall: Snooty
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The Vye
Leicester Trade Union Club: Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: Gotham City Swing Band
Liverpool Eric's: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energy
London Acton King's Head: Paz
London Brixton Spiv Cafe: Quickflash
London Camden Brecknock: Fast Exit
London Camden Dingwalls: Fischer-2/The Fixations
London Camden Dubbin Castle: London Blitz
London Camden Music Machine: C.M.B.
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Central Polytechnic: Angeltrex / James Lizard/Lonesome No More
London City Polytechnic: Eric Soff Band/London Zoo
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Gary Boyle Band
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (11.45 pm): Average White Band
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: The Pop Group/The Slits/Exodus/The Good Missionaries
London Enfield Hop Poles: The Crooks
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Tubes/Squeeze
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Press/The Monitors
London Islington Hope & Anchor: The Straits
London Kensington The Nashville: Plus Support
London Marquee Club: The Knack
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: Suck
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Burns Quartet
London Stratford North East Polytechnic: The Clerks
London Tottenham The Spurs: Agenda
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Kossaga
London Victoria The Venue: Dobbie Gray
London W3 The Chippenden: Charge
London W.C.2 School of Economics: The Wall
Malton Milton Hall: 2TV
Manchester The Factory: Link Wray
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Rokotto
Morden Jubilee Hall: Flying Saucers
Newcastle City Hall: Alan Price
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: Violinski
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: American Echoes
Newport The Village: The Layton Saxtons
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Last Call
Nottingham Sandpiper: The Soft Boys
Oakengates Town Hall: Hi-Tension
Orrington Technical College: Angeltrex
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Sonic Tonix
Oxford Polytechnic: The Undertones/The Chords
Oxford Ruskin College: The Ruts
Oxford The Chequers: Spirifer
Parsloes Royal Oak: Mark Andrews & The Gents
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: Lip Service
Perth Riverside Inn: The Treadies
Poole Brewers Arms: Thieves Like Us
Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Cure
Portsmouth Waverley paddle steamer (cruise): George Melly & The Feetwarmers
Reinford Portershouse: The Lurkers/Agony Column
Rotherham Arts Centre: The Diks/Artery/Melinski 5 Below
Sheffield City Hall: Judas Priest
Shrewsbury Music Hall: Mike Harding
Slough Community Centre: Light Of The World
Southend Top Alex: Steve Hooker Band
Southport Theatre: Dr. Feelgood
Stratford-on-Avon Technical College: Fashion
Sunderland Oxford Park Youth Club: The Angeltrex
Sunderland Waford Inn: Doctor Watson
Taunton Trull Memorial Hall: Silent Movies
Torquay 400 Club: Capital Letters
Uxbridge Penny Farthing: England
Walsall Town Hall: The Late Show
Warrington Padgate College: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
Wolverhampton Lafayette The Members
Aylesbury Friars: The Undertones/The Chords
Barnrow Rugby Club: Delegation

Saturday



Pictured above are PETE SHELLEY of The Buzzcocks (left) and HUGH CORNWELL of The Stranglers.

Festival Holiday

ROCKIN' ROUND LOCH LOMOND

THIS WEEKEND'S Loch Lomond Festival is not only the first major open-air event this year, but it's also the biggest festival of its kind ever staged in Scotland. The organisers are to be congratulated, both for lining up such a strong bill - and, indeed, for staging the event in the first place! We must now hope and pray for some decent weather - for the benefit of the promoters, for the good citizens of Scotland, and for the vast numbers who are coming from far and wide to attend the shindig. If the sun shines, it should be quite an occasion - and probably the forerunner of many similar events at the same site.

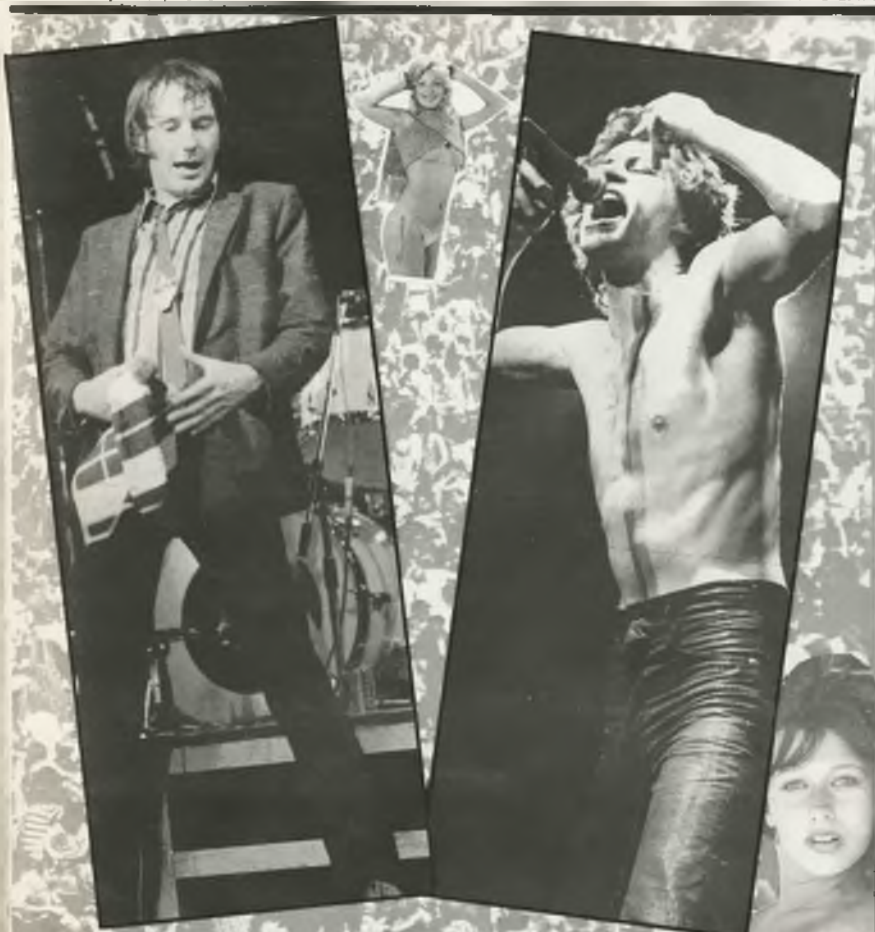
It's being held in the Cameron Bear Park, on the banks of the loch and reasonably adjacent to the village of Lochmaben - which itself is about 35 minutes by train from Glasgow. We are assured that (a) the bears have been removed from the park, and (b) the trains are plentiful. There are apparently ample parking and camping facilities available - plus all the catering, medical and toilet requirements you're likely to need. Tickets are still available at £5.50 (per day) or £9 (for the weekend), but be advised and purchase them in advance, in case the site reaches capacity level on the day.

Birmingham Barbarella's: Link Wray
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: Mr Gladstone's Bag
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Cdeon: Steele Pulse
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: London Zoo
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: The Lurkers
Blyth Golden Eagle: Roxoff
Bolton Technical Institute: Mike Absalom
Bradford College: The Invaders
Bridlington Cock & Lion: The City Limits
Brighton Alhambra: The Tinsels
Brighton Buccaneer: The Teen Beats
Brighton Seaford The Cage: The Accents/The Chets/Smeggy & The Cheesebox
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: The Wild Beasts
Bristol Hot Box Club: Mix
Bristol Polytechnic: Capital Letters
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Fall/The Users/Dolly Mixture: The Transmitters/The Sinx
Cambridge The Alma: Spring Offensive
Carlisle St. Helen Arms: Dobbie Gray
Chatham Town Hall: Punishment Of Luxury
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: Wayne County & The Electric Chairs
Chester Arts Centre: Semuta
Chesham Folk Festival: Tennahill
Weavers/New Victory Band/Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean/Therapy/Cosmothea, etc. (for three days)
Colchester The Windmill: Del Shannon
Coventry Heath Hotel: Close Rivals/The Deadly Tons
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: The Late Show

Dartford College of Further Education: Warm Jets
Dublin Stadium: John Mayall
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Leyton Buzzards
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: The Enid
File St Andrew's University: The Treadies
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Fairport Convention
Halifax Good Mood Club: After The Fire
Hastings Pier Pavilion: Still Little Fingers/Stargets
Ipswich Royal William: Rich Gypsy
Jackside Grey Topper: Fashion
Kettering Wadsworth Centre: Flight 47
Kinghorn Kilmuir Nook: The Tools
Leeds Staging Post: Whitefire
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Red Eyes
Lincoln The Fosseway: Owen
Liverpool Eric's: Gang Of Four
Liverpool The Maccan: Mistress
Loch Lomond Rock Festival: See display panel
London Alexandra Palace (Palm Court): Acker Bilk Band/Fred Wedlock
London Camden Brecknock Tennis Shoes
London Camden Dingwalls: Bowles Brothers/Red Alert
London Camden Music Machine: Kalsome/Skin Deep
London Canning Town Bridge House: Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band
London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Eric Bell Band
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Angeltrex
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
London Fulham Greyhound: Five Hand

Reel/BM Barclay
London Hackney Chat's Palace: Oxy & The Morons
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Tubes/Squeeze
London Hammersmith The Swan: Sneaky Feelins
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Psychedelic Furs/Outpatients
London Kensington The Nashville: The Innates
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: Quartz
London Marquee Club: Secret Affair
London Plumstead Green Man: Earthebound
London School of Economics: The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries
London Soho Pizza Express: Tommy Whittle & Barbara Jay
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Kossaga
London Victoria The Venue: Dobbie Gray
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Gyp
London W.C.1 Conway Hall: Grass/Poison Girls
Manchester Osborne Club: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
Manchester Pembroke Hall: The Foundations
Manchester Polytechnic: Slade
Manchester The Factory: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spizz Energy
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: Rokotto
Middlebrough Teesside Polytechnic: The Members
Northampton Racecourse Pavilion (lunchtime): Saffi Politi
Norwich Boogie House: The Special A.K.A.
Norwich East Anglia University: Third Ear Band

GIG GUIDE



Pictured above are LEE BRILLEAUX of Dr Feelgood (left) and BOB GELDOF of The Boomtown Rats.

time and weekend

The Stranglers top the bill on Saturday, and there's also Third World playing the first gig on their latest European tour. Dr Feelgood, The Skids and America's Dickies stop off at Loch Lomond during the course of their current UK tour — and among others appearing are UK Subs, Sneaky Pete, Blood Donor, Chris Ree and The Edge.

Sunday's show sees The Boomtown Rats and the Average White Band co-headlining, and The Buzzcocks as special guests. Fairport Convention play their final outdoor date before their imminent disbandment, and Rockpile (with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe) are also

on view. Rest of the line-up is Violinski, Wild Horses, Blue, Charley Brown, Underhand Jones and Cowboy International. All of which adds up to an extremely strong bill.

Dr Feelgood's appearance is part of their latest British tour, which opens at Colchester on Thursday and takes in other dates at Southampton (Friday), Sheffield (Monday), Sunderland (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday). And during their brief UK visit, the Average Whites are also playing a midnight charity show in London on Friday. Other tours starting this week are by LINK WRAY who plays Nottingham (Thursday), Manchester (Fri-

day), Birmingham (Saturday) and Edinburgh (Monday) — and The POLICE who set out on the road in Edinburgh on Wednesday. Another highlight is the visit of JOHN MAYALL who, after a couple of high dates in Belfast (Friday) and Dublin (Saturday), plays a couple of nights at London's The Venue on Tuesday and Wednesday.

There are, of course, plenty of other happenings from which you can choose, as the adjoining listings show — in fact, it's one of the busiest gig weeks we've had so far this year. Whatever you're doing, have a good holiday weekend, and may the sun shine on you.

Nottingham Boat Club No Usher Straight 8
Nottingham Sandpiper: Angeltan
Oxford Tower Club: Dog Watch
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Shapes
Oxford St Peter's College: George Mally & The Feetwarmers/J.A.L.N. Band
Oxford The Wheelchair Spins
Passfield Royal Oak: The Little Jinnies
Peterborough Civic Hall: Light Of The World
Plymouth New Palace Theatre: George Hamilton IV
Plymouth Polytechnic: Pressure Shocks/Reefers Madness
Poole Brewers Arms: Toms
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Cousin Joe from New Orleans
Ratford Portershouse: The Bishops
Rotherham Civic Theatre: Mike Harding
Sheffield City Hall: Judea Priest
Staindrop Folk Club: East Side Toppedoes/Lan Parley/Dave Miller
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: Orphan
Sunderland Polytechnic: The 45's
Swindon Oasis Centre: Mi-Tension
Tynes Civic Hall: The Cure
Worford Red Lion: Minotaur
West Bromwich Alexander's: Eazie Ryck
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Pests

Sunday

Brighton Alhambra: The Chets
Brighton Buccaneer: The Piranhas
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Burlingame Whiskers: Bibbo
Cardiff Top Rank: Mi-Tension
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Harry Chapin

Dunstable Queensway Hall: No Dice/Straight 8
Exeter University: The Brainiac Five
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Status Quo
Glenrothes Rother Arms: The Toots
Guildford Civic Hall: The Undertones/The Chords
Hayes Alfred Beck Centre: Alan Price
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: Still Little Fingers/Starlets
Ilford The Cranbrook: Raised On Robbery
Jackdale Grey Topper: Fischer-Z
Leeds Staging Post: Red Eye
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): Best Friends
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: One Adult
Loch Lomond Rock Festival: See display panel
London Betterness Nags Head: Jugular Vain
London Camden Dingwalls: The Cannibals
London Canning Town Bridge House: Remus Down Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: The Lovelites (for four days)
London Chiswick John Bull: London Zoo
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Crooks
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch
London Fulham Golden Lion: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Tubes/Squeeze
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Sussex
London Kensington The Nashville: The Bishops/The Small Hours
London Marquee Club: The Jags
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Zich

London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): Blue Moon
London Soho Pizza Express: Eddie Thompson
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: Gang Of Four/The Special A.K.A./The Mekons
London Victoria The Venue: Dobie Gray
Newcastle Red House: Hot Snax
Newcastle (Scottswood) Old Hall Club: Sabsejets
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich East Anglia University: English Sublimes
Norwich Boogie House: The Leyton Buzzards
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
Nottingham Theatre Royal: George Hamilton IV
Portsmouth Rotary Club: Interference
Poynton Folk Centre: Saffron Summerfield/Steve Turner
Radhills Lesters Hall: Laughing Gas
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Judea Priest
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The Amazing Dark Horse
Wavendon Music Festival: Heathcliffe
York Revolution: Tot & The Girls

Monday

Bilston Rising Star: The Foundations
Birmingham Barbarella's: Johnny Nash
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird

Birmingham Night Out: The Stylatics (for a week)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Bishops: Stafford Triad Leisure Centre
The Piranhas
Blackpool Tiffany's: Light Of The World
Bradford Topic Club: Tot & The Girls
Brighton Alhambra: The Accents
Bristol: Locarno: The Undertones/The Chords
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: Steel Pulse
Bristol Stonehouse: Easy Money
Bristol The Crown (Collar Bar): Nix
Cothbridge The Beechwood: Underhand Jones
Chester Smart: The Leyton Buzzards
Cinderford Causeway Club: Soul Direction
Derby Talk Of The Midlands: Del Shannon
Edinburgh's Tiffany's: Link Wray
Exmouth Festival Hall: Mi-Tension
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Status Quo
Ilford Cauldwell Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Leeds Brannigan: Snoots
Leeds Florde Green Hall: Gine & The Rockin' Rebels
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: Agony Column
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Deadringer
Leeds (Yeasdale) The Peacock: Soleyn
Liverpool Eric's: Next
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
London Camden Brecknock: Portents
London Camden Dingwalls: Clint Eastwood
London Camden Music Machine: U.K. Subs/Modern English
London Canning Town Bridge House: Secret Affair
London Clapham 101 Club: Sed Army Strangers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: After Dark
London Deftford Albany Empire: Cop-pasettes
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: The Vapors
London Fulham Golden Lion: Speed-O-Meters
London Fulham Greyhound: Spitfire
London Hammersmith Odeon: Judea Priest
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Crooks
London Kensington: The Nashville The Bishops
London Marquee Club: Brian James & The Gals/Vermillion & The Aces
London N 4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London Rainbow Theatre: Harry Chapin
London Revue Scott's Club: Stan Getz Quartet (for two weeks)
London Royal Festival Hall: Mary O'Hara
London Southgate Royal Ballroom (all-day): Gray Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers/Matchbox/Shadow/Flying Saucers
London Walthamstow Saxon House: Bagger
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Still Little Fingers/Starlets
Manchester Band On The Wall: The Trend
Milton Keynes Crawford Club: Punishment Of Luxury
Newcastle Quayside Coopers: Sabsejets
Newcastle-under-Lyme Carnival: Armpit Jug Band
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwaibir
Oxford Cord Dolly: Thieves Like Us
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: The Ruts
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: Lip Service
Sheffield Top Rank: Dr. Feelgood
Southend Minerva (afternoon): Shades St. Albans City Hall: Squeeze/Fashion
Stewartby Village Hall: Yakey Yak
Stirling Albert Hall: Fairport Convention
Tollerton Country Club: Strange Days
Yeovil Camelot Suite: The Cure
York De Gray Rooms: Wayne County & The Electric Chairs

Tuesday

Bellshill Iron Maiden: Underhand Jones
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops: Stafford Triad Leisure Centre: Alibi
Brighton Alhambra: Dirty Weekend/John Thomas
Brighton Hungry Years: The Tunesels
Brighton The Richmond: The Accents
Bristol Colston Hall: Still Little Fingers/Starlets
Cardiff Granny's: The Leyton Buzzards
East Grinstead Clouds: The Executives
Edinburgh Usher Hall: Harry Chapin
Farnham Memorial Hall: The Vapors
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Status Quo
Halesowen Tiffany's: Bibbo
Harrogate Theatre: Mike Harding
Hill Tiffany's: The Bishops
Kingston Grove Tavern: The Politicians
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The Ambitions
Leicester De Montfort Hall: The Tubes/Squeeze
Liverpool Oscars: Slide
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: Dog Watch
London Camden Brecknock: Urcin
London Camden Dingwalls: Wayne County & The Electric Chairs
London Canning Town Bridge House: Neon
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Brainiac Five
London Country Cousin: Hot Gossip (until June 10)
London Fulham Golden Lion: Cheeks
London Hammersmith Odeon: Judea Priest
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Blitzkrieg
London Kensington: The Nashville: King Sounds/The Isrealites
London Marquee Club: The Headboys
London Maunberry's: Upper 5th (for three days)
London N 4 The Stapleton: Tennes Shies
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: Skin Deep
London Victoria The Venue: John Mayall

London Soho Pizza Express: Velvet
London Southall White Hart: Matchless
London Tooting Castle: The Injections
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Night-bird
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Ruts
London Woolwich Tramshed: London Zoo
Middlesbrough Sandpiper: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spitz Energi
Newcastle The Red House: Roxoff
Newport Stowaway: The Skids
Oakengates Town Hall: Alan Price
Plymouth Fiesta: The Undertones
Reading University: Lew Lewis Redowner
Salford The Champion: The Accelerators
Sheffield Linn Club: The Cure
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: The O.K. Band
Sunderland Locarno: Dr. Feelgood
Swansea Top Rank: Steel Pulse
Swindon Brunel Rooms: The Soft Boys
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse

Wednesday

Bellshill The Pound: After The Fire
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham Top Rank: The Pop Group/The Good Missionaries
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bishops: Stafford Triad Leisure Centre: Shade
Brighton The Cages: Chicane
Cardiff Top Rank: Still Little Fingers/Starlets
Cardiff St Helier Arms: Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers
Chernock Richard Park Hall: The Dooleys (for four days)
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Derby College: The Invaders
East Grinstead Clouds: The Executives
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: Agony Column
Farnham Coach and Horses: The Line
Edinburgh Tiffany's: The Police
Gloucester Snobs: Spitfire
Halesowen Civic Theatre: Kleenex/The Raincoats/Spitz Energi
Hareford Crystal Rooms: Gerry and The Pacemakers (for four days)
Hareford Rotters Club: Dangerous Girls
Leeds Marquis of Granby: Aweird
Leeds City Auto Wreckers
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Guster's Last Band
Liverpool The Masonic: The Accelerators
London Brixton Spiv Cafe: Phil Watchman and Richard Bewick
London Camden Brecknock: Oxy and The Morons
London Camden Centre: The Mambassadors/Pinpoint/Rico/The Planets
London Camden Dingwalls: Job Job
London Camden Dublin Centre: The Mechanics
London Canning Town Bridge House: Portents
London Camden Music Machine: Angeltan
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Jags/Interference
London Deftford Albany Empire: The Ruts
London Fulham Golden Lion: Sassafas
London Hammersmith: The Swans
Spectrum
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Outpatients
London Knightsbridge: The Grove: Free Beer
London Notting Hill Old Swan: The Rest
London Marquee Club: C.M.B.
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star and Garter: Dana Simmonds and Greg's Folk and Blues Showcase
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny Parker and Cahn Smith Quartet
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: R 21
London Victoria The Venue: John Mayall
London W 1 Crackers: Angelwitch
Margate Bowlers Arms: Rebel
Newcastle The Red House: American Echoes
Newport Stowaway: The Leyton Buzzards
Newcastle Abbot Sage Hayne College: Capital Letters/The Brainiac Five
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwaibir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Plymouth Castaway 2001: Bibbo
Plymouth Crows: The Bishops
Sheffield City Hall: Harry Chapin
Sheffield Top Rank: Steel Pulse
Slough Fulcrum Centre: Fairport Convention
Solihull Golden Lion: The Clinic
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: The Tubes/Squeeze
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original East Side Stompers
Standport Folk Club: Roy Harris
Urbidge Brunel University: The Soft Boys
Warrington Parr Hall: Alan Price
Widnes Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Dr. Feelgood
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: No Dice/Straight 8
York Pop Club: The Lurkers/2TV

POST ONLY

A REMINDER that entries for the Gig Guide can only be accepted when submitted by post. Send details, to arrive not later than a week prior to publication date, to Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. The Gig Guide office is no longer obtainable by phone, so the only way to ensure publication is by using the postal services. Help us, and we'll help you.

COMPILED BY
DEREK JOHNSON

BRIAN B's LIVE PAGES START

marquee
90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.30 pm to 11.30 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND YOUNG

Thur 24th May (Adm 85p) WARM JETS Plus support & Ian Fleming	Mon 28th May (Adm £1.25) BRIAN JAMES'S BRAIN Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Fri 25th May (Adm £1.25) THE KNACK Plus guests & Ian Fleming	Tue 28th May (Adm 85p) HEADBOYS Plus support & Joe Long
Sat 26th May (Adm £1.00) SECRET AFFAIR Plus guests & Ian Fleming	Wed 30th May (Adm £1.25) CMB Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Sun 27th May (Adm 85p) THE JAGS Plus support & Mandy H	31st May, 1st & 2nd June 999 and Pinpoint Advance tickets to members £1.75 Non members on the door £2.00

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE
8th & 9th June
Only London appearance
MAX WEBSTER
Plus support Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.75 Non members on the door £2.00

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

THE NASH VILLE ROOM
FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday May 24th FISCHER Z + STEVE ELGIN & THE FLATBACKERS	75p
Friday May 25th PLUS SUPPORT + The Winners of the Southend Rock Contest + DJ Mandy Hermitage	£1.00
Saturday May 26th THE INMATES + support + DJ Mandy Hermitage	£1.00
Sunday May 27th & Monday May 28th THE BISHOPS + Support	£1.50
Tuesday May 29th THE DICKIES + Support	£1.50
Thursday May 31st THE SMIRKS + JOHN DOWIE	£1.00

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W17
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 60711

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

Friday May 25th
60THAM CITY SWING BAND

Friday Jun 1st
CAPITAL LETTERS

Friday June 8th
NO-PAP RECORDS TOUR
with Speedy, Peter, Jax, Paul & Savage

Friday June 15th
THE CURE

CROCS ROCK CONTEST

First Prize £500
+ Recording Contract

For further details phone Rayleigh
70005 between 9pm and 10pm

ika the promotional present
HOME GROWN REGGAE WITH

STEEL PULSE
+ Support

Saturday June 2nd in the
CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE
Doors open 7.30pm. Admission £2.50

Tickets from: F.L. Moore's Luton, Milton Keynes, Watlington & Dunstable, Harlequin Cambridge, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, M.M.V. Bedford, Fast & Present Watford, Record Room St. Albans, Record House Aylesbury, Record Centre Stevenage, Starline Luton, Harlequin Ardele Centre Luton, Spin-A-Disc Abingdon Sq. Northampton, D.J. Holland Leighton Buzzard, Revolver Records Ardele Centre Welwynborough, or California Box Office, 1st Dunstable B700A.

Stop Press!! Saturday June 30th.
Return visit of **THIRD WORLD**

ROCKPILE
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

FEATURING
DAVE EDMUNDS & NICK LOWE
WITH
LEW LEWIS REFORMER • THE SPECIALS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
TUESDAY 26th JUNE at 8.00

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE TEL: 764 2001
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SMATTHEATRE AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2246,
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 2 KENTON TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5588

DR. FEELGOOD
+ THE IMATES

PAUL KING for OUTLAW presents

SOUTHPORT NEW THEATRE FRI. 25th MAY

SUNDERLAND MECCA CENTRE TUE. 29th MAY

GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL SUN. 3rd JUNE

DUNSTABLE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM MON. 4th JUNE

1979 CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
27th, 28th & 29th July, 1979
Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds, Cambridge

Artists contracted so far:
RY COODER, DOC WATSON, MADDY PRIOR, ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS, BOYS OF THE LOUGH, NOEL MURPHY, TANNAHILL WEAVERS, LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III, DAVE COUSINS, LOUIS KILLEN, HARVEY ANDREWS, DAR AR BRAS, TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS, NEW VICTORY BAND, ORRIN STAR AND GARY MEHALICK, PLUXUS, EARL OKIN, ANNI CHESTER, JOE STEAD, NEIL LEWIS, JULIE MAIRS & CHRIS STOWELL, WARREN WYSE.

24-hour catering facilities and licensed bar throughout performing times.
Complete camping facilities available — 20p per person. Off-site car park and bus service.

Tickets: £7.50 (weekend — including Friday evening)
£4.00 (Sunday only — no Saturday tickets)
Tickets from the Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Telephone 57851.

Promoted by Cambridge City Council

FRARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday, May 26th, at 7.30 pm
HERE COMES THE SUMMER

THE UNDERTONES
+ from America **THE KNACK**
+ **THE CHORDS**
AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 200p from Earth Record, Aylesbury; Scorpion, High Wycombe; Harport, Aylesham; Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; F.L. Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton; Hi-Vu, Buckingham; or 200p at door on night. Lila membership 25p. Min. age 16
BEAT BOY... SUCH A SILLY BOY

CLINK STREET PRODUCTIONS
Presents At The C.L.P.

ANGLETRAX
+ JAMES LIZARD
+ LONESOME NO MORE

FRI 25th MAY
£1.00 Admission
Doors Open 7.30pm

Central London Poly
115 Cavendish St. W1
Bar Till Late

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday May 24th LITTLE ROOSTERS + Dutch Boys	Monday May 28th Mods Monday with SECRET AFFAIR + The Mods
Friday May 25th RAMROD	Tuesday May 29th NEON + Alterations
Saturday May 26th JACKIE LYNTON'S N.O. BAND	Wednesday May 30th PORTTRAITS + Parking Lot
Sunday May 27th R.D.B. + Nothing Fancy	Thursday May 31st SASSAFRAS

FINAL SOLUTION
PRESENT
IN AID OF ONE PARENT FAMILIES

THE MEMBERS
RICO PINPOINT
THE PLANETS

7.30 PM, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30TH
AT THE CAMDEN CENTRE, JUDD STREET, WC1
(opposite St Pancras station—Kings Cross tube)

TICKETS £2.00 ON THE DOOR OR £1.50 IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

KLEENEX
THE RAINCOATS
SUBWAY SECT
SPIZZ ENERGI

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
SATURDAY 2nd JUNE at 7.30

TICKETS £2.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE (ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE) TEL: 485 5005
LONDON TEL: 01-511 5005; SOUTHEND TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2246
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 2 KENTON TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5588

HERMIT LIVE Brentwood Youth House,
Sheffield Road, Brentwood

Friday May 25th
TOUR DE FORCE
with Special Guests: **BLACK ROSE**

Monday May 28th
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

For further enquiries ring Brentwood 218887

SCANDAL
TRIAD LEISURE, SOUTHMILL RD, BISHOP STORTFORD

proudly presents on Sunday, May 27th
A Mod Evening with

THE ORDINARYS
THE MODS

Enquiries: Bishop Stortford 5633

DINGWALLS
01-287 4567 Camden Lock, Chisli Farm Road, London NW1

SUN 27
R&B NIGHT PRESENTS
THE CANNIBALS
PLUS THE O.T.'s

MON 28 BANK HOLIDAY REGGAE SPECIAL WITH... FROM JAMAICA
CLINT EASTWOOD
TUES 29 SPECIAL PARTY NIGHT WITH OUR OLD FRIENDS
WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
WED 30
JAB JAB
THURS 31
CAROL GRIMES MAIN SAUCE

HERE AND FINISH-----OVER-----



FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT IN AID OF THE SCRAP SUS CAMPAIGN

**THE POP GROUP, EXODUS
GOOD MISSIONARIES, R.A.P.
AND THE SLITS**

7.30 PM, FRIDAY, MAY 25TH
AT THE LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, SE11

TICKETS £2.00 ON THE DOOR OR IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

Judas Priest and MCP

would like to apologise for any inconvenience caused due to the late commencement and finish of their show at Birmingham Odeon on Wednesday, May 16th.

A return show has been scheduled for Thursday, May 31st. Tickets for May 16th show can be exchanged at the Box Office free of charge for tickets for May 31st show. This offer closes at 7.00 pm, Thursday, May 24th.

Enquiries please ring 01 643 6101.

THE KNACK

APPEARING AT
ERIC'S LIVERPOOL THURS MAY 24
MARQUEE LONDON FRI MAY 25
FRIARS AYLESBURY SAT MAY 26

(with The Underones and The Chords)

words words words words (Berry Clarke) words words words words

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Monday May 26th at 6 pm

SQUEEZE

+ Fashion + D.J.'s Willie
Andy
Nicky &
Kolch

Tickets £1.80 advance, £1.80 on door

Saturday June 2nd at 8 pm

CAROLINE ROADSHOW

Featuring D.J.s Robb Edan, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit

Tickets £1.50

Tuesday June 5th at 8 pm

HI-TENSION

+ Spooky

Tickets £2.50

All tickets available from Box Office, 37 Orange Street, St. Albans, Tel. 84511

or an agent. Cheques & P.O.'s made payable to St. Albans District Council (with a.s.c.)

Set June 23rd: WAYNE COUNTY + Trade Secret

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. Moores, Record Room, St. Albans: Old Town Records, Hemel

Hemel Hempstead, Tel. £1.80 on door

Sat June 16th: THE REAL THING

words words words words words words words words words words words words

ORANGE TREE

Friern Barnet Lane,
Friern Barnet

FRIDAY, MAY 25th

A Night of Rock with

BIG WILLS ROAD SHOW

Admission 50p

(Free with this ad.)

THE

JERKS

IN WALES
TUESDAY MAY 29th
CARDIFF GRANNIES
Wednesday May 30th
NEWPORT STOWAYS
ALL BAND ENQUIRIES
0924-490874

THE
Venue

100 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Doors open 6pm

Wednesday May 23rd

Only London appearance of

VIOLINSKI

On Stage 9.30 p.m. £3.00

Friday May 25th, Saturday May 26th,

Sunday May 27th

Not Soul from the U.S.A.

DOBBIE GRAY

On Stage 9 p.m. £3.00

Tuesday May 28th &

Wednesday May 30th

Best of British Blues with

JOHN MAYALL

Two Shows each night

One Stage 9 p.m. & 11 p.m. £3.00

Saturday June 2nd

From America—

No only London appearance

LINK WRAY

Two Shows each night

On Stage 8.30 p.m. & 12 midnight £3.00

Monday June 4th &

Tuesday June 5th

More miles per hour

JOHN MILES

On stage 9.30 p.m. £4.00

Thursday June 7th

Debut Nationwide tour of

AVIATOR

On Stage 9 p.m. £3.00

Friday June 8th

Rockit Records'

BLUE

+ Guests

On Stage 9 p.m. £3.00

Tuesday June 12th

GERRARD KENNY

* Please note this date has been

changed from June 8th.

Now appearing

JUNE 12th

On stage 9.30 p.m.

GANG OF FOUR

THE MEKONS

THE SPECIALS

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 27th MAY at 7.30

Tickets £2.50 inc. VAT. ADVANCE TICKETS BOX OFFICE, TELLSIDE 2015,
100004 THEATRE SQUARES, BIRMINGHAM 2, TEL. 439 3372. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 1245,
60 DUCK ON RECORDS, 1 ADELPHI TOWER 65, WOL. TEL. 485 5048

TELEPHONE 01-387-04268

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

"BAMBIEN HIGH SE OFF. AMMONGHON. CRESSENT. TUBE. N.Y.C.I."

Wednesday May 23rd £1.00 Saturday May 26th £2.00

SUCKER

+ CHARLIE BRAVO

+ STAN'S BLUES BAND

Thursday May 24th £1.50

LEYTON BUZZARDS

+ THE RAY MORGAN
QUARTET

Friday May 25th £2.00

C.M.B.

Featuring Charlie Nulken, Mel

Collins, Trevor Thornton, Brian

Fairweather, Martin Page,

Richard Searl & Dave Fisher

+ THE CLEANERS

Thursday May 31st

SIMPLE MINDS

Pay at door £1.50

Saturday June 9th

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Pay at door £2.00

Friday June 15th

FRANKIE MILLER & HIS BAND

Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING

8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

OVER 18s ONLY

R.T. and HELTER SKELTER present
SATURDAY, MAY 26 at 8 pm

THROBBING GRISTLE & BAUHAUS 1919

at the GUILDHALL,
TOWN CENTRE, NORTHAMPTON

Advance tickets only £1.50 from
Spinadic Records, 13A Abington Square, Northampton, telephone 31144 and
Acme Clothing Company, Wellington Road, Northampton.

CITY OF LONDON POLY S.U.,
Fairholt House, 102/105 Whitechapel High Street, E.1

Friday, May 25th

ERIC BELL BAND

+ LONDON ZOO

Admission £1 N.U.S. £1.25 non N.U.S.

Nearest tube: Aldgate East

TOUR DE FORCE Are Back

THURS. MAY 24th
ALBANY EMPIRE, DEPTFORD (RAS)

FRI. MAY 25th
HERMIT CLUB, BRENTWOOD

SAT. MAY 26th
HOP POLES, ENFIELD

Eng. 01-892 9462

TOUR DATES

MAY 24th TEESIDE POLY*25th KIRKLEVINGTON COUNTRY CLUB

26th BIRMINGHAM (to be confirmed)*27th LONDON MARQUEE*30th LONDON ROCK GARDEN

31st BIRKENHEAD GALLERY*JUNE 1st LEEDS FFORDE GREEN*2nd HALIFAX GOOD MOOD CLUB

5th SHEFFIELD TOTLEY COLLEGE*6th DUNDEE TECH*7th EDINBURGH ASTORIA

8th ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY*9th GLASGOW STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY*12th LONDON MUSIC MACHINE

14th NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY*15th DUDLEY J.B.*16th NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY

17th UXBRIDGE BRUNEL UNIVERSITY*18th OXFORD CORN DOLLY*20th WIMBLEDON NELSONS

21st LONDON NASHVILLE*22nd LIVERPOOL POLY*23rd RETFORD PORTERHOUSE

24th JACKSDALE GREY TOPPER*25th YORK POP CLUB*27th BRADFORD UNIVERSITY

29th SCARBOROUGH PENTHOUSE*30th DERBY LONSDALE COLLEGE

...HERE. RING BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday May 24th THE CROOKS 6.45p	Monday May 28th NEON 6.45p
Friday May 25th THE STRAITS £1.00	Tuesday May 29th CLOSED
Saturday May 26th LOCAL OPERATOR £1.00	Wednesday May 30th SUCKER 7.50p
Sunday May 27th SUSSEX 7.50p	Thursday May 31st TO BE CONFIRMED

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD

LEW LEWIS REFORMER PURPLE HEARTS

EMPIRE BALLROOM
TUESDAY 5th JUNE at 8-00

DOORS 7.30pm. ADVANCE TICKETS £1.00. BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE., TEL. 435 5373. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245. ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5082.

Panic Promotions presents
MODS MODS MODS MODS MODS MODS
Bank Holiday Mod Spectacular at
THE NOTRE DAME
Leicester Place, off Leicester Square
(next to Prince Charles Theatre)
with

THE PURPLE HEARTS BACK TO ZERO THE MODS + SQUIRE

Monday, May 28th
Doors open 7pm. Bar till 11pm. Admission £1.25
The only Mod club in London

LOCH LOMOND ROCK FESTIVAL

EXTRA

SATURDAY 26th MAY

Special Guest

CHRIS REA

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN

THE COAL BIN

Wednesday May 30th

PURPLE HEARTS

+ THE NUMBERS

LOCAL OPERATOR

Saturday May 26th at 10 p.m.
at the
HOPE & ANCHOR
Nearest tube: Highbury & Islington

1st (Un) Official
MOD DAY HASTINGS
Westway Presents
THE

PURPLE HEARTS

FIXATIONS — TEENBEATS
SCOOTERS — CHICANE
(from Brighton)

Plus D.J. JERRY 'FARKA' FLOYD
HASTINGS PIER
— which still hasn't recovered from the Subs Easter visit

Saturday 9th June
Show starts 5pm. Beach entertainment throughout day (doubtless!)
Approved dress. Miniskirts, mohairs, parkas (if it's not too hot)
Licensed bar. Food. Palm reading. Pinball

SCANDAL

SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED

Sun. May 27th: **HOP POLES, ENFIELD**
Mon. May 28th: **WINDSOR CASTLE, HARROW RD.**
Fri. June 1st: **HOP POLES, ENFIELD**
Sat. June 2nd: **GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE RD.**
(+ Support)
Tue. June 5th: **CORN DOLLY, OXFORD**
SCANDAL Kills 99% of all Household Germs
Band Enquiries: 01-904 2758

SQUIRE

May 23rd, Coal Bin, Dublin Castle
(with Sta Prest)
May 24th, Wellington, Waterloo
May 25th, Red Lion, Leytonstone
(with Sta Prest)
May 26th, The Old Hat, Ealing
(with The Mods)
MAXIMUM MOD MUSIC

HOP POLES
BAKER STREET, ENFIELD
presents

Friday May 25th
THE CROOKS
+ THE MODS
Saturday May 26th
TOUR DE FORCE
(assembled at golf club bend)
+ Full Moon
Sunday May 27th
SCANDAL
Enquiries: 01-904 2758

ROCK AGAINST SEXISM
with

CAROL GRIMES

TOUR DE FORCES

BELT & BRACES

Thursday May 24th
Albany Empire, Deptford
7.30pm £1.50 (£1 unwaged)

SHOOTERS!

(Formerly Knuckles)
TIGHT, ENERGETIC, MELODIC ROCK

TONIGHT — Thursday May 24th
GREYHOUND, Fulham Palace Rd. W6
+ Support

SUNDAY May 27th
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Ealing

THURSDAY May 31st
FOUNTAIN, Gerrard Lane, Tooting



**IF YOU WANT
TO ADVERTISE
YOUR GIG
RING
BRIAN B on
01-261 6153**

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET (beside
BN New Barnet)

Thursday May 24th
SKINLICKS
Friday May 25th
SUCKER
Saturday May 26th
LAMMAGYRE
Sunday May 27th
DESTROYER
Tuesday May 29th
LITTLE EGYPT

THE MILL WILL ROCK YOU

AT THE MILL 18-30 CLUB,
SPICEBALL PARK, BANBURY
SATURDAY MAY 26th presenting

MIDNIGHT FLYER

ELECTRIC VOYAGE

BLIND JELLYFISH

Plus Sound Machine Disco
8 pm-12 midnight (Doors close 9.30 pm)
Admission: Members £1.00, Non-Members £1.50

APPEARING AT

Thursday May 24th
BOOGIE HOUSE, NORWICH
Friday May 25th
GOLDEN LION, FULHAM
Saturday May 26th
RED LION, NORTHFLEET

ROCKA SHOCKA

C/W
DRIFT AWAY SINGLE

Jack McDermid & Jimmy Lydon Present at
80 Dean Street, W.1.

CUDDLY TOYS

THURSDAY MAY 24th
2 sets — afternoon hours 1 pm-4 pm,
evening hours 9 pm-3 am
Colour Videos, Bar Admission £1.00
Also Sun May 27th (Evening)
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Cuddly Toys Enquiries: 01-490 8851

STA-PREST

Wednesday May 23rd
DUBLIN CASTLE, CAMDEN TOWN
Friday May 25th
RED LION, LEYTONSTONE
Tuesday May 28th
TARGET, READING
Thursday May 31st
MARQUEE (on Stage 4 pm)
Friday June 1st
ORANGE TREE, FRIERN BARNET

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE SKIDS

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

THE EDGE

LYCEUM
STAND NO. 3
SUNDAY 3rd JUNE at 7-30
TICKETS £2.50 (incl. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 824 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTSBURY AVE., TEL. 435 5373. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245.
ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL. 485 5082

ALAN STUART
MANAGEMENT
PRESENTS

SUCKER

MUSIC MACHINE WED. MAY 23rd
DUKE OF LANCASTER FRI. MAY 25th
HOPE AND ANCHOR WED. MAY 30th

—ARTHBOUND—

Last gig of the Robot's
brief tour of London
SATURDAY MAY 26th
at 8 p.m.

THE GREEN MAN

High Street, Plumstead, SE18
Admission 80p (including 80p)
The Robots own 7" size available
now from major record shops
Enquiries: Arctway Records
01-203 4632

LIVE PAGE
01-261 6153

BEGGAR

The Mod Sound Live at
EASTBOURNE
Archery Tavern
Thursday, May 24th
WALTHAMSTOW
Saxon House
182 New Street
MONDAY, MAY 28th
(next Walthamstow Tube)

ON THE TOWN

Clobbered with a bag of damp sugar

The Scorpions

Sheffield

"The only reason they come here," observes a friend astutely, "is to pat each other on the back and say 'We're all men!'"

He's perfectly correct, of course.

We're pressed flat against locked doors in the packed bar, nursing lagers and paranoia and talking very, very quietly. Attending a Heavy Metal gig as an unsympathetic outsider (or even just unbiased observer) is like wearing shoes in a mosque. It's nothing short of sacrilegious trespass at some primitive ritual of phallic worship, where priests with sacred symbols exorcise fears of impotence, and all assert their manhood.

It's unpleasant and pathetic, and we leave quickly to ensconce ourselves in the comparative calm of the Grand Circle.

Support band Terra Nova, a pomp-rock five-piece with all the flash of a sewn-up raincoat, play stodgy, 'complex' HM which doubtless aims for Boston and Kansas but belly-flops somewhere near Slough.

As an aural meat-tenderiser, I suppose they're quite effective.

Thunderflashes, dry-ice and flashlights announce The Scorpions' entrance, and I wonder (as I always do at these events) how the front few rows stave off

asphyxiation.

The band are dressed in the usual gear (white high-heeled boots, skin-tight trousers); go through the usual motions (the legs-astirle lean-back hair-flop, the cross-stage march-stomp); and make the usual sounds (*Kerrang! Thudd! Squeee!*).

As far as I can make out, they have no distinguishing characteristics to set them apart from the rest of their ilk; a deficiency they attempt to compensate for (ho ho) by wheeling out the special effects.

A rather large, thug-like being crouched behind quintly-named drummer Herman Rarebell gives him blasts from a gas cylinder at every available opportunity (presumably oxygen to keep the poor chap going). Herman is a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity. He fits in quite well, all things considered.

For one song, Klaus (a vocalist) bangs a gong behind Herman (a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity) before returning to the front to sing. "I wake up in the morning and the sun begins to shine," he warbles modestly, and I try to imagine what the song would be like with constant gonging.

"And now," he announces, a couple of songs later, "a slow song about being on the road — 'Always Somewhere!'" This roughly translates as "The spotlight will now shine on the rotating mirror-ball. You may applaud."

And so they do. Meanwhile, back in the



The Scorpions: a powerhouse of ruthless mundanity. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Grand Circle, I ponder The Important Issues Of Our Time, musing gently, amidst a shower of pretty-pretty light droplets, over questions like "Whatever happened to greatcoats? ... Why does Herrman need hits of oxygen?"

... What, exactly, is the rationale behind, and the appeal of, *slow Heavy Metal songs*?

The appeal of the 'on the road' song is obvious: as rock 'n' roll's version of the outsider theme, it presents an

attractive (but false) fantasy of guitar-slinging outlawhood for people with essentially boring, insecure, conservative lives ... "into the valley of the dolls"; all that kind of rubbish.

That still doesn't excuse it, and it doesn't explain why

people lap up this tasteless glop in the belief that it's sensitive, emotional expression. To me, 'Always Somewhere' is rather like being hit around the head, slowly but repeatedly, with a slightly damp Eurokilo bag of sugar.

A few more songs — universally unappetising and garnished with the requisite quota of dry ice (and possessing titles like 'Another Piece Of Meat') — slip by. The only morsel of interest comes when rhythm guitarist Rudolf Schenker stomps a little too near his congregation and almost gets his just desserts. Only a frantic — and pretty vicious — rain of hubris-crushing kicks persuades those dirty, sweaty little paws to let go.

The climax of the set — if you'll pardon the turn of phrase — is a lavishly engineered extravaganza showcasing the percussive talents of that powerhouse of ruthless mundanity, Herman Rarebell, who, I've just realised, probably gulps the gas to ward off bouts of yawning.

You too, Herman? Clouds of dry ice billow out from beneath the drum-riser, which proceeds to revolve, first this way, then that. From the Grand Circle, I can see Herman's oxygen-toting henchman laboriously pushing it round by hand, which rather spoils the effect.

Suddenly, kit, riser and powerhouse of ruthless mundanity begin to levitate. Great cheers rend the air as, wobbling gingerly, a maximum height of about ten feet is attained.

Personally, Herman, I think you're bragging.

Flags at both sides of Herman unfurl. They beat the heart-stoppingly imaginative legend SCORPIONS and elicit more cheers. Half a minute later, they re-furl to reveal the two guitarists standing atop flight-cases behind their respective stacks.

Oh joy. Ekstase. Two faint hoots of derision from the Grand Circle are drowned in all-enveloping welter of worship. Yes, yes, it's true!

We're all men!

Andy Gill

The Dickies

Leeds

One of Spiro Agnew's more memorable political gaffes was made in 1968, when, referring to the less attractive proletarian precincts of Detroit, he commented, "When you've seen one slum, you've seen them all."

Had Agnew been a contemporary punter possessing a brain of correlative perception, he would no doubt have said something similar of (everything that is) The Dickies — the LA outfit currently simulating '76 British punk with the kind of cheap, conniving suss that would have done CREEP proud.

The Dickies' mobile stum found a good home at the Leeds Poly: conditions degenerated number by number; each and every thespian jape of singer Leonard Graves Philips was acknowledged by the teenypunks (mostly here purely for 'Banana Splits') as *tour de force* repertory — and rewarded as such by hails of pubescent phlegm. Dowsed in the expectation equivalent of the Leeds-Liverpool Canal, Philips would have found a soul-wester and anti-meningitis headgear inadequate protection, such was the hard rain that fell his way — a man-powered sprinkler so effective, it would

probably have qualified its inventors for the job creation scheme.

Frankly, no self-respecting British band would have played on. Keeping the punks off the streets is one thing, encouraging them to take part in their own debasement quite another.

The Dickies' defence could argue that this was a 50-50 arrangement.

Capitalising on the punters' insatiable appetite for straight punk (nothing has changed up here in Stickville), The Dickies exploit and abuse, just as they themselves are exploited and abused. And they certainly achieve their aims. To his credit, Philips has conceded that The Dickies "want to be the MOR punk band", and, judging by their high energy punk interpretations of 'Sound Of Silence', 'Paranoid' and 'Eve Of Destruction', the man should feel truly fulfilled.

Banana vinyl blagg or no, The Dickies are as musically uncompromising as Sham, even if they do deal in trivia not worthy of The Barron Knights or (so that the boys will understand my jist) The Osmonds.

The icing on the cake is supplied again by Philips, his visual histrionics taking us through the gamut of American camouflage, from mouseketeer to Lloyd Bridges.

Describing every other song as "an excruciating little number" ('Walk Like An Egg',

What else could this man be. . .



The Dickies: a mobile musical slum. Pic: AJ Johnson

but a Dickie?

'Curb Job!'; telling us about his chess and fellatio experiences "down at the Academy", Philips trades in the lowest common denominator of cheap laughs. He may indeed get off on the fact that everybody's instinctive reverence of the ridiculous is at heart The Dickies' manifesto and *raison d'être*, but in the execution of

his theory he plagiarises the method, the humour, the original purpose of British punk (old hat) and (let's all get emotional) he mocks its memory.

Worst of all, possessing an IQ advantage over most of the punters, he unavoidably finds himself patronising the British genre's ever-credulous, naive devotees.

Of course, most people had fun, and those who didn't got themselves an education in what the older generations used to call 'standards'. Philips and his cronies flipped out, the road crew berserker flashed torch signals for no apparent reason, while the bulk of the punters got off on a glut of superficial punk nostalgia — a couple of the

more junior clients unloading their pre-gig mineral water, ice-cream and jelly in the stampede for the late bus.

Throughout the annals of 'Garbage In The Name Of Art', this was on about the same level of aesthetic significance as an exhibition of soiled underwear or a pile of symmetrically stacked bricks.

Emma Ruth

Rachel prejudiced

Rachel Sweet Lew Lewis' Reformer

Edinburgh

The garish lights and the incongruous, tacky furnishings against the stark, old dancehall of the Astoria give a Sunday-school disco ambience. Later that won't matter, but even at first I'm jealous: in Glasgow we have no clubs and only a couple of barely adequate pub gigs.

City Lynx (the promoters) is further cause for jealousy. A fairly dull, if idealistic 'what's on' magazine, it is nevertheless a useful catalyst.

Lew Lewis' Reformer I watch while dancing on a chair breathing CO₂, tobacco smoke and cherry menthol.

Lew's R'n'B is more traditional, less suitable for a mass rock audience than Dr Feelgood or the Hot Rods, but I enjoyed it much more than any previous encounters, admittedly in large halls, with either of those two bands.

Since the demise of Blue Horizon Records and the death of Duster Bennett, there has been a dearth of easily-available live R'n'B. Lew Lewis' Reformer play marvellous, timeless music better than most. If you don't like them you're either a Throbbing Gristle fan, or you should consider leaving this miserable life.

Rachel Sweet and Fingerprutz I glimpsed occasionally from too near the PA.

I didn't expect to like this too much. Another country singer gone pop, I thought, smiling at memories of classic Hank Williams lines like "There's a little box of pine on the 7.29". Another nasal whine.

But I'm convinced in one song. To steal a phrase from Stiff via City Lynx, I'm now Rachel prejudiced.

With the possible exception of Tanya Tucker, Rachel Sweet is the only female country performer to succeed as a rock singer. She still has the standard country whine, but somehow it doesn't seem so annoying with a proper rock band.

Fresh from playing with Lene Lovich and after only a week with Rachel, Fingerprutz are playing well and managing to add much of their own identity with unorthodox backing vocals and adventurous guitar tones. Leftover from the Mickey Rooney days is the C&W.

breathless and natural method of stage announcement carefully contrived to end with the song title. And the ease and grace with which she can act out a song might be called professionalism; here we wonder how a showbiz kid can be such a fine rock singer.

The secret is to use a good rock band instead of American session musicians, show admirable taste in choosing songs, and avoid the worse extremes of Nashville showbiz glitter. She can also scream better than anyone outside of Kevin Coyne or John Martley of the Cuban Heels.

I was told last year, but I didn't believe it, Rachel Sweet will be a star. She can cope with a wider audience than Linda Ronstadt and it seems that she can act too.

Never mind the Brenda Lee. Rachel Sweet could be the Judy Garland of the '80s (without personal problems). And she'd still be welcome on the George Hamilton IV show.

Glenn Gibson

John Otway The Headboys

Manchester

The most over-exposed torso in the business makes another flying visit in search of infamy and fortune. Bearing in mind past disasters, the title of the album-to-finance-the-tour ('Where Did I Go Right') seems a little jocular to say the least.

But behind that gormless grin, Otters is at last getting shrewd.

The first good move is booking as support RSO's latest signing The Headboys, whose lack of stage presence works to Otway's advantage. They fall halfway between The Members and any HM act you can name.

But despite this they show considerable promise; if they can bury their penchant for riffing and concentrate on the witty, sharp approach of 'Mummy's Boy' and the methodic format of 'Stepping Stones' — a tune custom built for heavy radio play.

Otway's major triumph is to coerce into backing him one of the finest pick-up bands you're ever likely to hear. The late Mike Patto's one-time confederates Ollie Halsall and John Halsey, together with Morgan Fisher and Paul Martinez could probably play a perfect set blindfolded and with their hands tied behind their back; and they have the dual effect of turning Otway's



Otway auditioning for the Beano. Pic: Christine Siviour.

flaccid tunes into excellent rock'n'roll and providing a visual complement.

Predictably the material was familiar oldies — 'Cheryl's Going Home', 'Beware of The Flowers', 'Really Free' plus a sprinkling from the album. The highlight of the set was Halsall's superb razor sharp wizardry as the Lone Ranger theme was heavily reworked to become 'Running From the Law'. But throughout the band proved that what is obviously fun doesn't have to be dumb too.

The only sticky moments were two bars of a quickly jettisoned violin from the maestro on 'Baby's In The Club' and Otways usual gymnastic exhibition on the lighting gantry: the only time the band looked at all uneasy (and from where they were standing, no wonder).

If Otway can prevent his musicians from doing the sensible thing (dropping him and going out on their own) a success-on-the-shoulders-of-others looks highly possible.

Doing a Kiss and getting himself written into *Beano* would clinch it.

Ian Wood

tangled noise I think there is a solid, 'organised', yet adrenalin-shot togetherness. But it's disguised too effectively to discern.

Consequently some very good numbers, such as 'Jet Boy', 'Jet Girl', 'Ballroom Blitz', 'Stab Your Back' and what could be their theme tune, 'Noise Noise Noise', the B-side to the single, failed to reach the punters.

But as a live act The Damned need not be turned out to grass just yet — if they could only organise their chaos a little better and forget about that mythical anarchy.

Deanne Pearson

Joy Division The Passage The Fireplace

Liverpool

The Manchester scene is undoubtedly healthy, but their most influential bands are choosing to play elsewhere, leaving also-rans, copyists and spin-offs to dominate the local circuit.

Of these three Mancunian bands on this bill at Erics, Joy Division have rarely played at home for months (fear of over-exposure and their commitment to recording a debut album for Factory Records being the stated reason), while The Passage, having lured Karl Burns from The Fall and promptly lost him to John Cooper Clark, are in a state of flux.

Only The Fireplace are now representative of the major organisational glimmering in Manchester — the thriving Musicians Collective: and like many of the other member bands, they still have far to go before being viable outside that supportive net.

A five piece, they are strongly redolent of Magazine, with a clinical, keyboard dominated sound. But Magazine have impact due to the 'charisma' of Devoto, while The Fireplace's singer doesn't come across obnoxiously enough to infect their material with passion and the band frequently sounded uneasy. Still, they have some good material and ideas: they just need experience to make them work.

The Passage are a radical band.

Once again down to three players, Lol Hilton plays thin, treble keyboard riffs while Tony Friel provides some aural depth with his inventive bass style. Behind an unusual array of drums played standing up with roto-toms replacing cymbals, Dick Writts gave a rare, intelligent demonstration of how to use alternating time signatures to maximum effect.

But given Writts' prowess, The Passage occasionally degenerates into the Dick Writts Drum Show.

If The Passage badly need a fourth instrumentalist — perhaps a synthesizer or guitar — it doesn't detract from the impact of their current material. 'Troops Out' — an obvious dedication to the evening's sponsors, Amnesty International — worked particularly well. Arranged around Lol Hilton's more memorable keyboard sequences, it follows a theme of militant pacifism rather than tackling the specific problems of Northern Ireland.

The set's centrepiece was a series of numbers concerning Time, which are to form an upcoming Object Music EP. Like 'Troops Out', there are a scerbic, vitriolic and lyrically difficult songs.

When Warsaw changed their name to Joy Division they must have had their tongues in their cheeks. Feeble and pretentious in their past incarnation, Joy Division now sketch withering grey abstractions of industrial malaise. Unfortunately, as anyone who has seen Peter Fienney's play *Savage Amusement* or lived in the low-rent squalor of a Northern industrial city would know, their vision is dead accurate.

Bernard Albrecht (guitar), Peter Hook (bass) and drummer Stephen Morris play a series of spatial constructions based on cyclical variations on simple, melancholy themes. The impact is stunning and oppressive: guitar used as aural vibrator, Hook's fluid bass and Morris' supremely functional drumming ebbing and flowing, building up the tension.

Musically, Joy Division are much more punishing than

any Heavy Metal band. What makes them unique is singer Ian Curtis.

A slight, thin figure, he moves deftly and delicately, his voice surprisingly strong, in his eyes and face a look of humility and fear. If this sounds like a mere stage play on paper, in reality Curtis' transparent humanity — that of a loser caught in a world only partially understood — is totally credible.

Song titles and lyrics are suitably brief and abstract: 'Wilderness', 'Not Afraid', 'Digital', 'Glass' and 'Atmosphere'.

When Joy Division left the stage I felt emotionally drained. They are, without any exaggeration, an important Band.

Ian Wood

THE KNACK

APPEARING AT
ERIC'S LIVERPOOL THURS MAY 24
MARQUEE LONDON FRI MAY 25
FRIARS AYLESBURY SAT MAY 26

(with The Undertones and The Chills)

© 1979 CAROL RECORDS & TOURS

JOB HUNTING OR GOING TO COLLEGE?

SEE PAGES 56 & 57

The Damned

Moonlight

They were the first punk band to issue a single and an album appear on television, break up and re-form. But as early leaders they were quickly overtaken and left mid-field.

The race could be almost over for The Damned even with a fast-selling hit single — or so it appeared on the last date of their recent tour, a recording session under the guise of The School Bullies.

Weighed down by a distorted, erratic, confusing sound, they were heavily handicapped and it was the charismatic personalities of band members and their collective infectious craziness which attracted the punters' attention.

The Damned have described their music as 'organised chaos'; does this mean deliberately producing a distorted and strident sound, smothering the vocals to dramatise the once ritualistic, expected confusion? Underneath this woolly,

20 NEW
TENTH
BANDS
LIMITED
EDITION
SINGLES
1,500
PER
SINGLE
65P

Phantoms by Alan Hull. It'll send a quiver down your spine.



Album TRAIN 6 Cassette SHUNT 6



HAWKLORDS



25 YEARS

LIMITED EDITION 12"-3 TRACK SINGLE
PICTURE SLEEVE-GREY VINYL

25 YEARS (new version)/
(ONLY) THE DEAD DREAMS OF A COLD WAR KID/
plus bonus HAWKWIND track-P.X.R.5

£1.69
R.R.P.

12"-3 track grey vinyl single - CB 332 12

7"-2 track black vinyl single - CB 332
(bonus track not included)



Marketed by Charisma Records Available through Phonodisc.

Black Slate

Marquee

It looks like bleak times for Black Slate. Still without the security of a recording deal, they continue to trail round the circuit to a respectful but tame response. And worse, they seem oblivious.

It's easy to see why it's happened: there is nothing remotely distinctive about the band.

They have only 'organic' stage presence; a loose, methodical approach to their music. They don't have the vitality of Merger, the persuasive exuberance of Aswad, or the spine-numbing aesthetic of heavy dub reggae. They lack the detail, complexity and capacity of Steel Pulse and haven't anything as easily identifiable as their political stance, or The Cimarons' similar theme of suppression.

A new, thinly produced single hardly suggests the sinuous depth and clarity of their live sound — a quality which at the The Marquee is a major technical triumph.

Their method is to slide into a format — a mid-paced, two chord dance rhythm — and maintain it for the entire set. Desmond Mahoney handles the meticulous drumming and Ras Elroy Bailey the dull-sounding, cardiac bass. Cledwyn Rogers inserts a strict metronome of clipped rhythm guitar chords, leaving any change of tone to a much under-used keyboard and lead guitar.

Add the smooth, mellow vocals of Keith Drummond, heavily treated with echo, picture six hats of varying shape and shade, and there you have the complete Black Slate sight 'n' sound experience.

In a controlled, perfectionist way, they are still contenders, at their most inspired with the soulful 'It's A Thin Line', and the hypnotic 'You Have Been Warned'. But with the rest they merely highlight their own limitations. For a music that's essentially so flexible — intended to explore and express so many different moods — to mesmerise rather than invigorate seems a sadly unambitious end.

Feel their bass-heavy rhythm, shuffle your feet with automaton ease, Black Slate draw you in with the sheer texture of their music and then exasperate you with its intrinsic emptiness. For this they enjoy very little recognition — in some ways it's justified, in others, undeserved.

Like I said, bleak times. I sympathise.

Mark Ellen

The Invaders

Nashville

No blitz-kriegers, The Invaders; nor the poor, bloody infantry in an aural war of attrition. Instead, they'll advance by stealth and attack with caution, and attempt to infiltrate our affections with intelligent, hard-edged pop, aspire to fun and worthiness.

The Invaders sound purposeful, and they appear earnest and honest — maybe too much of all these things to cut great rock'n'roll. I don't know, but they're certainly a band to encourage and observe.

Newly-vinylised (via the intervention of Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions), their material is transparently ambitious, the songs all try so very hard. It's possible that only recorded work will see the group realise their potential.

Cue song one with 'We're The Invaders and we're kind of 'Occupied With You' — soon to be followed by 'Invasion of Privacy' (you detect a theme around here?) and, later, the cleverly eclectic 'Japanese Dream'. Best is the present single 'Girl's In Action' which is highly catchy and has some untypically direct, unfussy lyrics.

The Invaders have lately dropped one guitar and introduced the keyboards of Phil Manchester, further emphasising their melodic aspect. Slavko Sidelnik sings, but unexceptionally, and tonight his guitar was curved with a cackling malfunction which, perversely, I actually favoured for the edginess it lent to the music. There's also Martyn Taylor on bass and Howard Wilson drumming.

In the months since I last saw these Yorkshire hopefuls they've been making progress. The set's been toughened up and tightened, and the band have developed confidence — as I immediately understood on seeing Sidelnik's really excellent haircut.

It could be that The Invaders are still that little bit too poised; superficially certain of where they're moving with their thoughtful attractive pop, but not sure enough to let their sound rip.

That would be something special. Watch this space.

Similar in a sense are the Headboys. I've heard tapes of their current studio-work and find them objectively impressive, though not subjectively moving. Live, on the other hand, for all their excellent and insidiously sturdy material The Headboys don't convince.

The act is callow jokey, the songs are crafted to the point of slickness. They play rock'n'roll that's enthusiastic but somehow ersatz.

And so, for the second time tonight, an unequivocal thumbs-sideways. But I'll not be surprised to see The Headboys find themselves a solid slice of the market. One day they could be even huger than their guest-list.

These are exciting times. Me, I'm off to bed.

Paul Du Noyer

Supercharge Sneaky Pete

Glasgow

Two bands with problems.

Sneaky Pete manage to be tight, professional and powerful without actually being inspired in any way. A couple of their more glaring faults have been dealt with adequately, but distressingly poor taste is still evident throughout their performance.

They are, however, enormously popular here, which inspired new Glasgow label NOW Records to start business by signing them, along with The Shapiros.

If Sneaky Pete need their lapses of taste pointed out to them, then it's a waste of time. There are plenty of bores around who will enjoy their lifeless rock as it is.

Supercharge have similar, though more specialised, problems of bad taste.

They've been going for years; started as second-rate funk-copyists and, through inclination and necessity, evolved into a comedy band. The main problem is that they're not funny.

The funky, if undistinguished originals, and the versions of Village People's 'Macho Man' and tab soul classic 'Can't Turn You Loose' are enjoyable: like a liaison between Geno Washington and Sha Na Na, with ludicrous choreography and sundry visual excitements.

It's when they start inflicting the band sense of humour on us — 'funny' songs, comedy routines and sub-Barron Knights parodies of 'Bohemian Rhapsody' and 'Riders On The Storm' — that attention wanders.

Albie reckons their show is specially designed for the student audience. With all that cheap vulgarity and rapier repartee, the students should be offended. Except that he's right.

Albie Donnelly is the leader and chief wit. In personality and appearance, he comes over like some unthinkable crime against nature involving Lol Coxhill, Adrian Henri, and a Northern nightclub comedian.

In Australia he's a star. There he appears on chat shows and is met by reporters at airports. The band have gold albums, even make records exclusively for that market. Here Albie is an amiable buffoon who the press used to enjoy writing about, more because they liked him as a person than appreciated his talent. The band make a living.

Back in the dressing room the show goes on. Albie, in underpants, plastic horns and plastic nose, sings opera. There are mass choruses of the Elvis impersonation from Andy Stewart's classic 'Donald Where's Yer Troosers?' Stammering Dave Frog sits, smiling quietly, talking to a fan that somebody found.

Albie asks me what I thought. I tell him. He agrees, jokes some more, and then they all go off to get even more drunk.

It's better than working.
Glenn Gibson



Left: An Invader. Pic Kel Edge.
Right: Joe Ely. Pic Peter Vernon.





Wild Horses

Pic Tony Maclean

Trampled By Wild Horses

Wild Horses Blazer Blazer

Marquee

When two refugees from guitar glory combos get together boasting little singing / writing ability, no great insight is required to guess the results.

To this extent, Wild Horses are a service to the consumer — you know what's coming before Brian Robertson's struck his first pose; you can stay home or risk getting rifled to death, according to taste.

Robertson and Jimmy Bain have adequate, forgettable hard rock voices and sidekicks Neil Carter (guitar) and Clive Edwards (drums) are musical bricklayers of some ability. But the material was stuff Paul Rodgers could have written in his sleep. Despite neat harmony leads on 'The

Dealer' and a buoyantly Lizzyish number in 'Didn't Want To Tell Her', this was another re-run of that old '60s movie, *The Night Of The Tortured Guitars*.

The nearest thing to dynamics occurred on 'One Call A Week', when Robertson alternated rippling semi-sensitive lines with controlled fretboard frenzy. Ron Wood's latching, tender 'Breathe On Me' was an imaginative choice; but given the steamroller treatment, the sole revelation came later when Brian traded weapons with Jimmy and played some impressive upper-register bass.

There'll be groups like Wild Horse as long as we have electricity. Why, Lord, why?

Graciously allowed a five minute soundcheck by the superstar headliners, Blazer Blazer were subdued but promising. Sounding oddly

dated initially — a touch of Mott, a suspicion of Sweet — they improved steadily before blowing it with the obligatory 'everybody clap yo' hands routine and a hideous bass solo.

A soft-spoken, carrot-topped Canuck, frontman Job Million appeared oddly diffident for someone sporting a bowler hat and eye-shadow, but the voice and the songs are there. Plays spunky rhythm guitar, too.

Pity about the name, Job. Harry George

Joe Ely

The Venue

Joe Ely's first London gig was probably a feast for the converted, but I doubt if his take-it-or-leave-it approach boosted their numbers much. With zero projection, the music communicated almost subliminally and I enjoyed it more in retrospect than I did at the time.

Concealed beneath stetson and shades, Ely seemed glad of the anonymity. The entire frontline soloed on the opener — usually an encore trick — with JE's amplified acoustic picking as good as any, but the band's empathy and strength are self-evident.

Jesse Taylor's guitar and Lloyd Maines' pedal steel are perfect dancing partners, especially on Butch Hancock's 'Fools Fall In Love', while the rhythm section has the art of smooth acceleration down pat. Ponty Bone's accordion, at first irrelevant and too quiet, is the only wallflower at the hoedown.

All quality stuff, with Ely in zealous voice, but the response remains merely polite before 'Boxcars'. Then the pieces fit, the accordion making its first real impact and Maines almost justifying Fred Dellar's 'Charlie Parker-of-the-pedal-steel' accolade with some stunning siren-scream work.

It's swingtime from here on in, switching to pure rock-out for 'Down On The Drag' and 'Roadhog On My Mind'. 'Singing The Blues' is thrown in and Ely does his Frank Field hit on 'I'll Be Your Fool'.

Vocally, he's frequently a dead-ringer for Tom Rush, especially on high-class weepies like Tennessee's Not The State I'm In'. Occasional banalities in his and Hancock's songs are usually concealed by a band who could no more trot out plink-plonk country licks than score ten out of ten for stage presence.

At worst, Joe Ely breathes new life into old themes and would be dynamite if he'd involve the audience more.

Harry George



Left: Black Slate. Pic Chris Harler.
Right: Supercharge. Pic Tony Maclean.

MAX WEBSTER'S OVER THE MOON...

... 'cos they're coming back to the UK

London Marquee
June 8 & 9



the single

PARADISE SKIES

CL 16079

Available as 12" and also 7" colour picture disc.

from their new album

'A MILLION VACATIONS'

EST 11937



ON CAPITOL RECORDS & TAPES

RECORD CORNER

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, SARHAM, SW12
Join the 1000s who get our booklet
each fortnight. UK £1.20 per year.
Overseas £1.85 per year.
THE RECORD CORNER

**TOP SELLING RECORDS
IN PICTURE SLEEVES**
No. Disc. Come Dancing (up disc) £1.50
Sutherland Bros. Easy Come Easy Go (up
disc) £1.50
Max Webster. Paradise Cove (up disc) £1.50
Lighthouse. (new disc) £1.50

(Lark, Massacre) 2 New single (80p)
 Jeff Little Fingers, Crime Gateway (80p)
 Charmed, Love Song (2 New single) (80p)
 Angelis Upstarts, I'm an Lyster (green) (80p)
 Squeeze, Up the Junction (blue) (80p)
 Police, Roxanne (blue) (80p)

Combs & Co. Aftermath (orange) (90)
 R.C. Life Begins At The Shop (olive vinyl) (Wax)
 Gr. Footprint: As Long As The Price Is Right
 (blue vinyl) (90c)
 The Rumour, Emotional Traffic (red, amber &
 green) (90c)
 W.C. Miller, When The Devil's Cross Is In

Cotton: Personal 10¢ (wholesale) 12¢ 50¢
 Felt Smith, Frederick (80¢)
 Tubes: Prime Time 10¢ 10¢ 10¢ 10¢ 10¢
 Who: Long Live Rock 10¢
 Nazareth: WI-station You Want Baby 10¢

X-Ray Scan Highly Inflammable (10¢)
Discolor Same as Spl. (yellow) (10¢)
See Plastic Anatomy in the U.S. (1¢)
See Plastic, Sublimation (New York) (1¢)

See Pottery, Holidays in the Sun (\$1.00)
 Jan Gury, Sea & Drugs & Rock & Roll (\$1.00)
 Bill Nelson's Real Music, Rough into Style
 (Mast 1989)
 LPI) Street Street (Live) (Mast) (89p)
 Eleazar & Barbara Eleazar (Mystery)

Sham 66 Questions and Answers (85p)
Rachel Sweet I Go to Pieces (85p)
Peter Dinklage You Gotta Matter to Me (green vinyl
+ mask) (85p)
Curt T. V. Valley of the Dolls (multi-coloured)
(85p)

Exotic: The Humble The Power and the Glory
(Mop)
Exotic: Give It Back (white) (Mop)
Thin Lazy Waiting For An Add (Mop)
Queen: Don't Stop Me Now (Mop)
The Cure: Killing An Archer 10-15 (Mop)
The Cure: Killing An Archer 10-15 (Mop)

Paul Sharpy, Hail Me Hail Me (group), with
(rock) (85p)
Sex Pistols, Submission, Pretty Vacant (85p)
Blondie, Hanging On The Telephone (85p)
1981 version? Not different and same (85p)
Rainbow, La Connection (1987) (85p)
Burrheadz, Shred (1997) (85p)

LONG PLAYERS
 Four Up! Don't Miss It! \$2.95
 Simon & Schuster, The Simon & Schuster Co.

Jolly, Inc. Hong Kong Garden (24.95)
 Wanda, Parallel Lines (picture disc) (9.95)
 T&A Power in Darkness I + bonus LP (24.95)
 Jolly Free! Killing Machine (24.40)
 Jim Hendrix, High Live & Dirty (24.95)
 Dukes, Incredible Shrinking Dukes (yellow

They Cope with Armed Forces (USA version diff tracks + EP) (1996)

Top Photo: Anarchy in the UK (CBN)
Blondie Sunday Girl + 3 tracks (1) 90c
The Only Ones, Out There in the Night (Blue)
10/1/81

Julian Tress, *Evening Star* (sheer vinyl) \$11.99
 Ted Nugent, *Come Everybody, Something
 New*, *My Way* \$12.99
 Bill Nelson, *Reach Into Style* + 7 tracks (100%)
 Records, Rock'n'Roll Love Letter (100%)
 Perspiration, *Design Signs* \$11.99

Wings Good Night Tonight (£7.99)
Graham Parker: Protection (£13.50)
S.L.O. Showdown/Full Over Showdown (£7.50)
Deep Purple: Black Night (£1.50)
Kiss: Superman (£1.50)

David Byrne, Beasts And The Bananarama
 (USA copy) £2.99
 (UK copy) £2.99
 (USA copy) £2.99
 (UK copy) £2.99
SPECIAL

Ramones Market to Russia (12 88)
 2176 Franklin 1 Quid Quip (12 88)
 Iggy Pop The Idiot (12 88)
 Subway City Ave Yarn (12 88)
 A.C. 100 (12 88)
 Boston picture disc (12 88)
 Boston picture disc (12 88)

Gordon 1967 70 Rhinep K4.604
 High Pop. Salt City QP1 K2 6th Ignored
 Georgia Parallel Lines RUP LCB Salt
 Georgia Parallel LUP LCB Salt
 Georgia Parallel LUP LCB Salt

TOP SELLING IMPORT RECORDS
Jam, Mr. Ocean (Maj)
The Jam, Strange Town (Yellow) (Maj)
Beach Boys, Good Timing (Maj)
Toto, George Fongy (Maj)
Smokey & The Bandits, Overground (Maj)

Queen Jellyway (2001)
 Wonder, I'm on E (2001)
 Cars, Good Times Roll (2001)
 Alice Cooper, From the Inside (2001)
 Elvis Costello, Accidents Will Happen/Sun-
 day's Best (2001)
 Wonder, For Christ Love, New Year (2001)

David Byrne, *Let Me Tell You About My Life* (1992)
 David Byrne, *Uncontrollable Urge* (1992)
 Linda Ronstadt, *Just One Look* (1992)
 Curious, *More of That Jazz/Don't Stop We Now*
 (1992)
 Shania, *11:11/When Of Glass* (1992)
 Chris Costello, *This Years Girl* (1992)

Says, Sing For The Day (86p)
This Lady, Cowboy Song (1-nd) (86p)
Yes, Release (86p)
Guns, Go West Young Man (86p)
If you collect records, make sure you try us.
Our orders are sent by return.
100% Airtight, 100% Satisfaction, 100% Guarantee.

Feet/Pushing: UK Singles — 1-6 1hp. Over 6 — 2hp. LPs and 12" 1 to 3 — 2hp. Over 3 Free. Overseas (singles) 1-6 — 2hp each, over 6 — 1hp each. LPs 1 to 3 — £1 each. Over 3 — 5hp each.

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS
 LP Polythene (200g) 25 (£1.30), 50 (£2.40), 100 (£3.25), 250 (£7.20), 500 (£13.25), 1000 (£22.75)
 LP Polythene (400G) 25 (£2.00), 50 (£3.60), 100 (£5.10), 250 (£11.50), 500 (£21.60), 1000 (£40.55)

LP Paper Polyined (linear) 30 £2.95, 100 £9.00
 LP White paper (linear) 50 £3.50, 100 £3.45
 PVC Double LP 1 @ 40g, 10 £4.00
 LP PVC (heavy duty) 25 £4.00, 50 £7.90, 100 £15.55
 Singlex Card/Poly 30 £3.20, 100 £8.65, 250 £17.50
 Singlex White Card 30 £2.85, 100 £8.50, 250 £13.75
 Singlex White Card 30 £2.85, 100 £8.50, 250 £13.75

Singles Poly (100 £2.25, 250 £3.25, 500 £4.95)
Singles PVC in bags 25 £2.50, 50 £3.95, 100 £11.15
Singles Polythene (400g) 50 £1.90, 100 £2.90, 250
£3.55, 500 £10.50, 1000 £20.00
Prices include postage and packing in UK Channel
Island and BPPDs Overseas and Trade customers
write for list. Cheques or P.O. with order please, or

shoppers welcome to save postage at —
WEST 4 TAPES AND RECORDS, 169 CHISWICK HIGH
ROAD, LONDON W4 2DR (Days NME).

**SEE OVER PAGE
FOR MORE PLATTERS**

12" OF HEAVEN	
Olivia Langer & The Boxes EP (pop)	1.99
Heartbreakin' 25 Years On EP (grry pop)	1.49
Shake (as Revisited) 12" Culture Shock EP (pop)	1.99

World Bomberz - But Keep Swinging (Cutch 12")	2.75
Members - Offshore Banking & Solitary (Pul)	0.00
Penetration - Danger Signs - 2 Live Trax (Pul)	1.00
Lone Luvich - Say When - 2 New Songs (Pul)	1.00
Elton John - Are You Ready For Love E.P. (Pul)	1.75
Human League - Dignity Of Labour - Flex 45 (Pul)	1.00
Gucci Babes - This Is Your Life E.P. (Pul)	1.75
Grease - Fantasy Of Good (Pul)	1.00

Rockies — Perseus (1st White, gold)	1.25
Deep Purple — Black Knight (Pic)	1.60
Blondie — Victim Of Romance + 4 Live Trax (Pic)	1.75
Records — Rush's Full Love Letter (Pic)	0.90
Bob Dylan — Love In Vain (Pic)	1.25
Bob Seger — 7/11 Stripped-Gut Out Of Damage (Pic)	1.75
Sex Pistols — Anarchy (Pic)	2.40

1000 Nelson — Rarest in Type — Live B Side (Phc)	1.40
Fatal Microbes Meet Poison Gas E.P. (Phc)	1.00
Furze & Mice — New Machine E.P. (Phc)	2.00
Reverie — Saturday G.I. (Phc)	1.75

WHOLESALE ENJOYERS WELCOME
 Savings and Packing: Up you 7¢ up to 2¢ off to each. 10¢ per
 dozen. 10¢ per 100. 10¢ per 1000.

PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD/TRUSTCARD ACCEPTED FOR
THOSE WHO CAN'T SPARE THE CASH

RECORDS FOR SALE	16p
-------------------------	------------

IT'S NO. 1 AND DURY SO... **GRASS**
YOURSELF New Dury Do It Yourself
 is more fun and cheaper! - Special
 offer after £3.99 (Seez 14) New sing-
 les now - Buy 45 'Emotional Traffic'
 in Sticky colour vinyl, green, amber
 or black - **£3.99** (Seez 14)
 coloured! Seez 7 remix version
 of 'Grass' - **£3.99** (Seez 14)
 gift popular - £1.99 this greatest
 hits only (3) Heroes and Cowards
 (275) Get 1, 2, 3 - £2.75 Spots
 Last 5 - 50p Last 2 Snuff Rock
 SINGLES - Buy 16, 21, 22, 24, 25
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 7

STUFFS Grabbed! Proton
— 60p 1st Stiff poster ever 20
any colour — 40p **STAGES** — E-
sons, Mickey, Ian. **SAD** — 15p
Drugs sets — 50p lg it ain't etc

STUFF Your programme — 30p
— 20p 1st Stiff 27 Thunders
London, WC2 Acquire! 1st low
yours. Grovel over unavailable Stiff
ordered, all profits to a good cause
penn 5/10 to 7/11 Tues to Sat For all Stiff
mail order write to — "Stiff Mail Order"
c/o 28 Alexander Street, London
W1P 7LH. Tel 01-479 3111. Fax 01-479
mail, 50p large. For all of you, I
now off the mark "The Peck!"
I wanted to announce their single has
been out. Due to demand a second
pressing of 500 only are available
"Beats New Golden/Heaven" are
available. Tel 01-479 3111. Fax 01-479
WC2 (New single out soon) 15p
etc. This is a Terry and PHILIP E-
son.

 For further information contact
Head of Department of Art and Design



**The Information Officer,
The Polytechnic,
Queensgate,
Huddersfield HD1 3DH**

Quote Ref. NME1

...JOBS...JOBS...JOBS...JOBS...JOBS...

MANAGEMENT TRAINEES

If you're 19 - 26 with 2 'A' levels or more, you owe it to yourself to get further details of our training scheme. It offers you:

- **EARLY RESPONSIBILITY** — Departmental Manager in one year — Store Manager in 5/6 years.
- **EXCELLENT PAY** — Starting at £3,504 p.a., plus an accommodation allowance and a London weighting (where appropriate) plus regular increments during training.
- **REAL PROMOTION PROSPECTS** — Our Managing Director and many other senior executives joined us as Management Trainees.
- **A BIG AND GROWING COMPANY** — We're already one of Britain's biggest retailers and we have comprehensive plans for continued growth and expansion.
- **FIRST CLASS TRAINING** — Our training programme is recognised as one of the best in the retail world.

Interested? Then just write for our training scheme brochure and an application form to: Ian Tremayne, (Ref. MT/15/NME), Management Appointments Department, Littlewoods, J.M. Centre, Old Hall Street, Liverpool 4, or telephone 051-226 8516 (24-hour Ansafone service).

LITTLEWOODS
SERVING THE NATION

It'll take teamwork to serve up the best burgers in town!



Join our crew and work when it suits you!

In a job that fits around all the other things in your life — a job that can even take account of the school holidays!

Your job with a difference is in one of the many McDonald's restaurants in and around

- ★ Hours that you choose — anything from 4 to 40 hours a week, to fit in with your life.
- ★ Good pay — that's reviewed often.
- ★ Free meals and uniform.
- ★ Paid breaks.
- ★ Variety in the work.

London. You don't need experience to join our friendly team — just enthusiasm!

If you're 16-35, with a little — or a lot — of time to spare, call in and see your nearest McDonald's Manager any time.

- ★ Well-designed working areas, fully air-conditioned.
- ★ Proper training in what to do.
- ★ Promotion prospects — for part-timers, too!
- ★ Good holidays



Titbits

TITBITS requires a

Senior Sales Space Executive

based at King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

The successful candidate will be required to have a knowledge of basic maths as well as a minimum of three years selling experience to enable him/her to converse effectively with Marketing Managers and Directors of major national and international companies. A knowledge of the research material currently available within the advertising industry would be a substantial asset.

If you feel that you would be able to sell yourself, first to **Andrew Lockwood, the Advertisement Manager of Titbits**, please ring on **01-261 5874**, or write to the above address.

Salary: Negotiable + company car..

Here's a job that could bring music to your ears

Whether you are looking for a job now or when you leave school this summer, all you have to do is pass our simple short answer test — which could be the key to a job as a Clerical Assistant with today's Civil Service in Central London.

We have hundreds of interesting vacancies in dozens of offices, so you can have a big say in the kind of work you would like to do, and probably in a location of your choice. And if you pass our test, we won't keep you waiting long for the result.

You'll find the money attractive too. Starting salary at 16 for example (from

1.8.79) £44.85 per week — £45.35 from 1.1.80 rising to a maximum of £70.70. And there are good prospects of promotion to Clerical Officer, with a salary rising to £4520 a year, and to higher grades.

To sound out a great future, make a test appointment by calling in at the London Clerical Recruitment Unit, Standard House, 28 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5AL or telephone (01) 273 3177 quoting reference L/34/NME, or return the coupon below.

In today's Civil Service

I am interested in a post as a Clerical Assistant. Please send me a test appointment.

Name _____

Address _____

Tel. No. _____

Age _____

L/34/NME

LAKESIDE COUNTRY CLUB, Nr CAMBERLEY, SY

REQUIRES
**RESIDENT
DRUMMER &
PIANIST**

5 night week
Busk and must read
Tel. Peter Skinner
Reading 31534

SITUATIONS VACANT

16p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Livers. Oil, Rigs, Experience unnecessary. Details, Maritime Employment Guide, Price 80p. Males, November House, Oakhill Ave., Pinner, Middx. Working Holiday and Free Travel Guide, Price 80p. Males, November House, Oakhill Ave., Pinner, Middx.

RECORD COMPANY SEC. RETAINERS Are you on our books? Memo Emp Agency, 01 734 574/5

I think this paper is the best in the country, nay, the best in the world.
Bob Seagious, Gwynedd, N. Wales.
 A self-evident truth, but how come only me and Bob seem to know it? Frinstance... — P.McN.

Normally one is delighted to see a put-down review in *NME*, as it implies that record sales will be good. However I do object to blatantly false reporting. Graham Lock, who reviewed *Magazine* and *Simple Minds* at the Theatre Royal (*NME* 12/5/79), clearly can't stand *Simple Minds* and, while a few may agree with him, many will buy the album and be convinced that he is wrong. Only those who were there know that by the end of the set the audience was considerably larger than it was at the beginning and that only Graham Lock and his small coterie of friends had retired to the bar.

CHARLES LEVISON, Managing Director, *Arista Records*.
 Album winner (I choose from *Showaddywaddy*, *Simple Minds* or *Alexander Robertson*). Incidentally, Graham actually endured your boys' every last note and then couldn't get to the bar at the interval because it was already full. — P.McN.

I picked up your rag in the hope of finding some constructive writing about HM. Instead I find the music I love being labelled as 'The Threat To Our Nation's Youth'. This is utter crap as the only people who feel threatened by HM are the punks.

Paul Morley's interview with Ted Nugent was one of the most trivial and twisted pieces of journalism I have yet to read. All he was capable of saying was how much he disliked Nugent. I am quite surprised that the Loudman didn't kill Morley for being such a cheeky sod.

Did anyone look at the picture of Nug and Morley in the centre page? Jesus, I have yet to see such a good advertisement for why you should like HM as that small photo. Look at Nugent. Good looking, OK hair, good clothes — he's obviously got his head screwed on. Look at Morley — small, weedy and very insignificant. I hope he felt great with his hedgehog hairstyle and his stupid little Pimslis. What a tosser Morley is!

Punk is like cancer. It is a filth, a disease and a complete waste of the human body. One day soon a cure will be found for cancer, just as one day soon punk will be eradicated.
JOSHUA PUNKILLER
 Not more *Sounds* staff writing to the Bag, surely! But wait, we are not alone... — P.McN.

Thanks for the Ted Nugent interview. You gave us, his fans, some superb new quotes to chew on. The problem with the whole affair was of course Paul Morley. Short-haired, trendy, intellectual new-wave fan Paul went to interview Ted, confident that his smart-ass middle-class cleverness would thoroughly embarrass the dumb American axeman. My word! Any sincere observer would admit that Morley was beaten totally by a man of honesty, intelligence and integrity.

Morley accuses Ted of being an absolute idiot. Did you say that to his face Morley or was it added on later? Morley now displays another talent — psychology! He informs us that six German youths, who by his own admission he cannot converse with because of their lack of English, are sexually repressed and immature. Is this man a prat?

He says Nugent's job is to con people who want to be owned. Well I am devoted to simply because he is the best guitarist who happens to play the finest rock'n'roll in the world. The real con men are among us are the punks

BAG RECORDS PRESENT

in association with Bagsarkely, Warner Baggers and Bagnet Records...

Gasbag's Twenty Golden Greats!

Original concept plagiarised by PHIL McNEILL



Featuring all your favourite hits of yore like 'That Ole Bag Magic' and 'I Want You Bag'. Drift down Memory Lane with the lingering melodies of 'Ain't Too Proud To Bag', 'Young Gifted And Bag', 'Bag Mama Bag', 'Leader Of The Bag', 'Tobacco Road', 'Begenham Dave', 'Bags Keep Swinging', 'Bag In The USSR', 'Alexander's Bagtime Bag', 'Papa's Got A Brand New Letters Page' and literally dozens of other awful puns. Featured artists include Bag Company, Public Baggage Ltd., Average White Bag, Butt Baggarach, Mick Bagger, Jeff Bag (ex-Yardbags guitarist), Sonny Bag Williamson, Siouxsie and the Bagshees and Scotty Bagges, the man who created 'Silk Bagrees'. Available now, bag a copy while you can from Gasbag, 5-7 Carney St, W1.

who have been led to believe that the sub-standard musicians of today's punk groups are the saviours of rock.

Ted Nugent has got where he is today because he is an accomplished musician. Name a punk that can even play his instrument, let alone play it admirably. Did you tell Ted that he was a con to his face, Morley?

Morley is obviously aggravated by his lack of success, so he tells us that Ted's not in the paper because he is a musician, but because he is a comedian. *NME* would know all about comedians because they fill their pages with them every week, e.g. Joe Strummer, Jilted John, Angelic Upstarts, Rezillos, Elvis Costello, need I go on? Did you call Ted a comedian to his face?

Morley says Ted has nothing to do with intellectual rock'n'roll. Middle-class intellectual prick, Paul Morley and the Clash and their ilk are the real imposters. Rock'n'roll is fast, energetic music played by proficient musicians. Punk is inept bullshit!
GRAHAM COOPER, Bromley, Kent.

If ever you dare write another article about Ted Nugent I will never buy another *New Musical Express*. It almost made me puke to read it. I pity Paul Morley who had to do the interview in the first place. How about writing about somebody interesting like Captain Beefheart?

A SLIMY WORM, *Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.*
 I wonder, did we all read the same feature? I was under the impression Paul had set out to uncover the human being under all this idiotic Loudman charade, and I reckon he came back with one of the most sympathetic, revealing interviews I've ever read. Far from wanting to embarrass Nugent, he obviously approached him with, uh, "honesty, intelligence and integrity" — and discovered that this Threat To Our Nation's Youth (you remember Jokes, doncha?) is in fact vulnerable flesh and blood, surprisingly young and extremely likeable. Oh, and Morley's actually just a Northern working-class tosser who still can't even spell rhythm properly. More to the point on Nugent... — P.McN.

Would you mind telling Ted Nugent that I was a fan of his who didn't want to suck his dick, I just appreciated his music, and from now on will never laugh at short hair again.
LIAM PHILLIPS, Leigh, Lancs.

Why doesn't Ted Nugent patch things up with Emily and come back to Coronation Street where he belongs?
EDDIE YEATS
 I don't wish to know this. — The Ghost Of Ebie Bishop

It's only once in a while that I buy *NME* for the simple reason that it's only once in a while that Rush tour this country. "Surely they must give favourable reviews of the band apart from in *Sounds*," methinks beforehand. With great haste I arrive at page seven and what do I find? A load of political bullshit about as much use to the rock fan as jeans with a 30-inch waist to Cyril Smith! Who the fuck does John Hamblett think he is, President of the Anti-Nazi League? No, he's just a smart ass bastard who can put pen to paper but hasn't a clue about what he is writing.

This is a music paper, so why not write about it instead of spreading your socialist ideas over its pages. He says that 'The Trees' is "a definite and resolute dictum against trade unions and organised labour." My God Hamblett, you're such a brainless twat

it's unbelievable. How the hell you can come to that conclusion about a song which describes two trees talking to one another in a forest, is beyond me.

As a rock fan I couldn't care less about an artist's political outlook, it's a free country.
MICHAEL BOLTON, Bolton, Lancs.

I appreciate that because Rush and Ted Nugent have long hair, play heavy rock, and are not socialists they are easy prey for the Socialist Worker music press. Well I used to read the *Socialist Worker* and toleration always appeared to be one of their good points. However, the subsidiary *NME* would have Rush banned from propagating their lyrics. Is this the kind of state you want? All non-socialists gagged?

As regards Ted Nugent, Paul Morley cannot even find it in him to call the Mudge a musician! Can Paul play the guitar as well as Ted, has he got split ends? Oh well, no doubt when *NME* has caught up with the Mods it will tell us how crap punk is.
ANDREW THISTLEWOOD, Derby.

One of the centre issues of John Hamblett's article on Rush was concerning the lyrical content of the song 'Trees'. You claim you believed it to be a "dictum against trade unionism and

organised labour". Surely, the Oaks are the oppressors and thus the 'fascists' and the Maples do succeed in equality although it is ironic equality, that is being cut down just as the Oaks are. The fact is Neil Peart would seem to be taking the side of the Maples not the 'fascist' Oaks.
GARY BIRCHALL, Sheffield.

And so the controversy about what the Oak said to the Maple rages on unabated. Who said *NME* doesn't tackle the important issues? Mind you, I can't help thinking someone's misread John's interview. I could've sworn he spent a lot of it saying Rush weren't 'fascists' (which, as Miles pointed out in the Bag the following week, nobody had suggested in the first place) — and I would've thought it was obvious by now that *NME* doesn't hold any special brief for the SWP or any other political party. So who let this next one in? — P.McN.

I am sick of all those middle-class Tory snobs being critical of your pro-Labour comments during the election. Politics is about people (who said that?) and it enters into every sphere of life especially music and the youth culture of today. If you as a paper with a certain amount of influence on that culture did not comment on political issues then something would be wrong. So much of the media is pro-Maggie anyway that it would not matter a tinker's cuss what you said. I am not writing this just because I am a socialist and a TRB fan but because my mum told me to.
MARK COLLIER, West Bridgford, Nottingham
 Yes yes, but who does she support — Forest or County? — P.McN.

OK, so political articles are justified because they are inspired by rock lyrics. How do you explain 5½ pages of football, then?
MARK TURNER, Lytham St. Anne.

I entirely agree with Shaun Bishop in Kent who says *NME* is an election paper and now I think it's the football *Pink*. Why don't you start featuring bands like Rush, Genesis, Zeppelin, Budgie (etc ad nauseam — Ed.) Isn't it time people listened to real music and with white like punk around you lot at *NME* may as well give up as your paper is all punk. I don't want to read about football when I read *NME*.
NEIL BARLOW (An angry music lover), Bury, Lancs.

Well done, do you know that I woke up on Thursday morning and thought to myself, "It's *NME* day today. Oh good — but I hope there's not any music reviews or interviews with bands or things in it. I really hope it's got footballers on the front page and in the middle and things because football is my favourite thing (next to whipping), that's why I get a music paper."

Get on with music *NME*, we don't want all this football crap.
A HIGHLY ABUSED SCHOOLGIRL, Holbury, Southampton.

Your tendency to wander into the realms of subject matter outside the contemporary music scene has reached new depths. I respect your occasional political articles as there is a connection (if somewhat tenuous) between rock and the actions or intentions of our supposedly democratically elected leaders. However your 4½ page feature on Associated Football baffles me! The only tie-up between the music press and soccer is surely the moronic drive produced on vinyl by cup finalist teams and their followers. I appreciate that a large proportion of your readership, myself included, are interested in the fortunes of Messrs. Clough, Paisley, Greenwood etc, but by the same token you'll find that your public undoubtedly share a great enthusiasm

towards darts, angling, ornithology and probably a contingent dedicated to bear baiting. Surely the line should be drawn a bit nearer to the subject to which your rag is normally associated or are you intending to do a Wimbledon feature next month?

Football coverage in the press and both TV and radio is at saturation point and whilst I noted that you wisely turned to the opinions of those actually involved in the sport, we are all more than adequately served with sporting facts and figures in every other general publication.
RUSS COTTEE, *Southend-on-Sea, Essex.*

Please find attached today's *NME*, pages 31 to 37, guaranteed untouched except for a quick nauseated flick through and the immediate removal of the pages. I buy *NME*, and have done for the past four years, because I love music, plus the odd refs to films and modern literature. I also buy it because I hate and loathe football and sports generally and all the mindless crap that that scene generates. The remnants of the "counter culture" have a small enough voice left today without *NME* filling itself up with crap which you can read about in a thousand other places if it really turns you on. You can't read about Talking Heads or Gang Of Four in *The Sun* — and I want to read about them (and a thousand others). I used to see *NME* as carrying on the fading tradition of *Oz*, *It*, *Frendz*, *Suck*, *Rolling Stone* (when it was good). Christ I was wrong.

C. J. W. PLANT
 Well, strangely enough we thought we had something to add to the subject. Sure you can't read about Talking Heads or Gang of Four in *The Sun* — but you can read about *The Jam* and *The Stranglers*. The thing is, we do it different, right? Because (a) the nationals almost never look beneath the surface of their obsessions, whether it's sport, punk rock or politics, and (b) unlike *NME*, their critics aren't part of the generation that's actually consuming the product: this is especially true in movies and, to a lesser extent, football.

It's our culture. Anyway, I've thought *NME* long ago established its credentials for — gasp! — non-musical coverage, having spent these last few seasons ranging across films, books, television, comics, science fiction, science fact, animal warfare, drugs, sport, politics, radio, record piracy, Fleet Street, Tolkien, Tom Wolfe, Mary Whitehouse, Martin Webster, the Mafia, McDonalds and more. So you can add Messrs Cunningham and McKenzie to a venerable list of interviewees that includes John Cleese, Stan Lee, Steve Gerber, Bruce Dern, Mel Brooks, Helen Mirren, Helene Hayman, Clive James, Billy Mayes, R. D. Laing, Keith Waterhouse, Robert Jungk, John Lanks, David Rovik and Steven Spielberg — not to mention such completely non-musical youth culture heroes as, uh, Rush and Ted Nugent. Oh, and we have heard rumours that Shooheave got The Ramones on their cover next week. — P.McN.

My mates thought the Elvis Quiff really suited me!
HELEN, London.

In the wake of Graham Parker's success with 'Squeezing Out Sparks', could not Chris Spedding produce a cover LP titled 'Squeezing Out Spots' perhaps? (See Bob Edmunds' article about three weeks back).
C.C., Hellesdon, Norwich.

Oh! It's my turn! Shi! Err... well... lessee... Nope, can't think of anything. Tch. Ah well, let's try the next one... eyes down!
CLINT ORIS.

Benny is innocent.
MARTYN COLLINS, Witham, Essex.
 Benny was last week's thing. — The Ghost Of Linda.

All letters not marked 'have been edited to make the writers look total idiots.



Can I be the first to tell you that the Lone Groover first sang the epic 'Mucho, mucho, mucho marvey, I've got a chick from Yugoslavia' in the *NME* dated 22.1.77, as well as in last week's issue! I know 'cos the original's in m'scrap book.
P. SHARP, Syston, Leicestershire.



WZVWS

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Beach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9NS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertising Offices: Kings Beach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by TMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Hetherington, Northants, U.K. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, London & South Africa Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. and Adson Stationers and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

THAT SUMMER!

ELVIS COSTELLO

"(I DON'T WANT TO GO TO) CHELSEA"

"WATCHING THE DETECTIVES"



IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS

"SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL"

"WHAT A WASTE"

THE BOOMTOWN RATS



"SHE'S SO MODERN"

"KICKS"

MINK DE VILLE "SPANISH STROLL"

THE PATTI SMITH GROUP "BECAUSE THE NIGHT"



THE RAMONES

"ROCKAWAY BEACH"



WRECKLESS ERIC

"WHOLE WIDE WORLD"

NICK LOWE "I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS"

THE ONLY ONES "ANOTHER GIRL, ANOTHER PLANET"



EDDIE & THE HOT RODS "DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO"

ZONES "NEW LIFE"

THE UNDERTONES "TEENAGE KICKS"

RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS "BLANK GENERATION"



Music featured in the Columbia Pictures film

That Summer!

"That Summer!" now available in paperback from NEL.

Album: SPART 1088. Cassette: TCART 1088.

ARISTA

AT LEAST **£1 OFF** THESE HIT ALBUMS PLUS A FREE BADGE & POSTER



THE POLICE
Outlandos d'Amour



THE TUBES
REMOTE CONTROL



SQUEEZE
"COOL FOR CATS"



AT ALL BRANCHES OF THE HMV SHOP · OUR PRICE RECORDS
VIRGIN RECORDS · HARLEQUIN RECORDS · WHILE STOCKS LAST!