

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

PLUS!!



The B-52s



The Raincoats



Fatal Microbes

ALBUMS GET OUT OF HAND!

Ramones, Who, Devo, D. Straits
in a plethora of plastic

PLUS!!

The Loneliness Of The
Long Distance Commuter
featuring

ELVIS COSTELLO

DIRE STRAITS

Watch out Fleetwood Mac
— here comes the new
Wild Bunch!



CWNOTS

Week ending June 9th, 1979

Wk singles

This Last Week		Highest position Weeks in chart
1 (2)	Dance Away..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	4 1
2 (1)	Sunday Girl..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	3 1
3 (3)	Reunited..... Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	6 3
4 (5)	Boogie Wonderland..... Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	4 4
5 (14)	Pop Muzik..... M (MCA)	8 1
6 (14)	Theme From The Deerhunter..... Shadows (EMI)	4 6
7 (21)	Ring My Bell..... Anita Ward (TK)	2 7
8 (9)	Boys Keep Swingin'..... David Bowie (RCA)	5 8
9 (7)	Bright Eyes..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	11 1
10 (6)	Does Your Mother Know..... Abba (Epic)	5 4
11 (16)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now..... McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	3 11
12 (10)	Shine A Little Love..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3 10
13 (8)	Parisienne Walkways..... Gary Moore (MCA)	6 8
14 (17)	Hot Stuff..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3 14
15 (15)	One Way Ticket..... Eruption (Atlantic/Hanse)	7 8
16 (11)	Roxanne..... Police (A & M)	6 11
17 (20)	The Number One Song In Heaven..... Sparks (Virgin)	3 17
18 (27)	H.A.P.P.Y. Radio..... Edwin Starr (RCA)	2 18
19 (23)	Masquerade..... Skids (Virgin)	2 19
20 (29)	Are Friends Electric..... Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	2 20
21 (26)	Gertie..... Ches & Dave (EMI)	2 21
22 (17)	I Fought The Law..... Clash (CBS)	3 17
23 (—)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	1 23
24 (12)	Knock On Wood..... Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hanse)	7 5
25 (19)	Jimmy Jimmy..... Undertones (Sire)	5 16
26 (13)	Hooray Hooray It's A Hot Holiday..... Boney M (Atlantic/Hanse)	6 3
27 (—)	I Want You To Want Me..... Cheap Trick (Epic)	1 27
28 (—)	The Lone Ranger..... Quantum Jump (Electric)	1 28
29 (—)	Who Were You With In The Moonlight..... Dollar (Carrere)	1 29
30 (24)	Banana Splits..... Dickies (A & M)	6 10

UP AND COMING: Up The Junction — Squeeze (A&M); Prime Time — Tubes (A&M); Night Owl — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists); Living On The Front Line — Eddy Grant (Ensign); Pick Me Up I'll Dance — Melba Moore (Epic); Let's Lovedance Tonight — Gary's Gang (CBS).

years 5 ago

Week ending June 4, 1974	
1	Sugar Baby Love..... Rubettes (Polydor)
2	This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us..... Sparks (Island)
3	May Rock And Roll..... Showaddywaddy (Bail)
4	There's A Ghost In My House..... R. Dean Taylor (Tama Motown)
5	The Night Chicago Died..... Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
6	The Street..... Ray Stevens (Westbound)
7	Shang-A-Lang..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
8	Don't Stay Away Too Long..... Peters & Lee (Philips)
9	Go..... Gigliola Conquetti (CBS)
10	The 'In' Crowd..... Bryan Ferry (Island)

Week ending June 4, 1969	
1	Dizzy..... Tommy Roe (Stateside)
2	Cat Back..... Beatles (Apple)
3	Man Of The World..... Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
4	My Way..... Frank Sinatra (Raprise)
5	My Sentimental Friend..... Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
6	The Boxer..... Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
7	Regamuffin Man..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
8	Oh Happy Day..... Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
9	Time Is Tight..... Booker T & The MGs (Stax)
10	Love Me Tonight..... Tom Jones (Decca)

Week ending June 5, 1964	
1	You're My World..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
2	It's Over..... Roy Orbison (London)
3	Juliet..... Four Pennies (Philips)
4	No Particular Place To Go..... Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
5	Constantly..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	My Guy..... Mary Wells (Stateside)
7	The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt..... Shadows (Columbia)
8	Here I Go Again..... Hollies (Parlophone)
9	My Boy Lollipop..... Millie (Fontana)
10	Someone..... Brian Poole & The Tremeloes (Decca)

Wk albums

This Last Week		Highest position Weeks in chart
1 (1)	Voulez Vous..... Abba (Epic)	5 1
2 (9)	Do It Yourself..... Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	3 2
3 (6)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	10 2
4 (3)	Fete For Breakfast..... Art Garfunkel (CBS)	7 3
5 (6)	Manifesto..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	11 5
6 (2)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	10 1
7 (4)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp (A & M)	11 2
8 (11)	At The Budokan..... Bob Dylan (CBS)	3 8
9 (7)	Black Rose..... Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	6 2
10 (—)	Discovery..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1 10
11 (10)	The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album..... Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	3 10
12 (8)	Dire Straits..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	14 4
13 (17)	Outlandos D'Amour..... Police (A&M)	5 9
14 (13)	Last The Whole Night Through..... James Last (Polydor)	7 10
15 (19)	The Undertones..... The Undertones (Sire)	3 15
16 (16)	C'est Chic..... Chic (Atlantic)	18 1
17 (18)	A Monument To British Rock..... Various (Harvest)	2 17
18 (12)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees (RSD)	18 1
19 (20)	Country Life..... Various (EMI)	9 4
20 (23)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4 18
21 (25)	Go West..... Village People (Mercury)	4 21
22 (14)	Out Of The Blue..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	71 3
23 (15)	Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2..... CBS	13 1
24 (—)	Lovedriver..... Scorpions (Harvest)	1 24
25 (29)	Spectral Mornings..... Steve Hackett (Charisma)	2 25
26 (—)	Knuckle Sandwich..... Various (EMI Int)	1 26
27 (—)	Boogie Bus..... Various (Polystar)	2 27
28 (—)	This Is It..... Various (CBS)	1 28
29 (26)	Live'n' Inside Your Love..... George Benson (Warner Bros)	6 21
30 (21)	Manilow Magic..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	14 2

UP AND COMING: Bad Girls — Donna Summer (Casablanca); Remote Control — Tubes (A&M); Night Owl — Gerry Rafferty (U.A.); Rhapsodies — Rick Wakeman (A&M); Reach For It — Sky (Arista); That Summer! — Various Artists (Arista).



God's in his heaven and everything's all RIGHT 'cos Cheap Trick have charted at last with a single they first issued about two years ago. Pondering (L-R): Tom Peterssen, Bun E. Carlos, Robin Zander. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Wk singles

This Last Week		Highest position Weeks in chart
1 (1)	Hot Stuff..... Donna Summer	
2 (4)	Love You Inside Out..... Bee Gees	
3 (3)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge	
4 (2)	Reunited..... Peaches and Herb	
5 (6)	Just When I Needed You Most..... Randy Van Warmer	
6 (8)	The Logical Song..... Supertramp	
7 (5)	Heart Of Glass..... Blondie	
8 (12)	Chuck's In Love..... Rickie Lee Jones	
9 (15)	You Take My Breath Away..... Rex Smith	
10 (7)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)..... Jacksons	
11 (13)	She Believes In Me..... Kenny Rogers	
12 (10)	Disco Nights (Rick Frenk)..... GG	
13 (18)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy..... Bad Company	
14 (14)	Ain't Love A Bitch..... Rod Stewart	
15 (21)	Ring My Bell..... Anita Ward	
16 (21)	Boogie Wonderland..... Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions	
17 (20)	Minute By Minute..... Doobie Brothers	
18 (9)	In The Navy..... Village People	
19 (11)	Goodnight Tonight..... Wings	
20 (24)	Melting Ice..... David Naughton	
21 (27)	Shine A Little Love..... Electric Light Orchestra	
22 (26)	I Want You To Want Me..... Cheap Trick	
23 (18)	Renegade..... Styx	
24 (26)	Get Used To It..... Roger Voudouris	
25 (—)	Bad Girls..... Donna Summer	
26 (17)	Love Takes Time..... Orleans	
27 (28)	(If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want To Be Right..... Barbara Mandrell	
28	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman..... Dr Hook	
29	Dance The Night Away..... Van Halen	
30	Gold..... John Stewart	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Wk albums

This Last Week		Highest position Weeks in chart
1 (2)	Bad Girls..... Donna Summer	
2 (1)	Breakfast In America..... Supertramp	
3 (5)	We Are Family..... Sister Sledge	
4 (4)	Desolation Angels..... Bad Company	
5 (8)	Rickie Lee Jones.....	
6 (3)	2 Mot..... Peaches and Herb	
7 (6)	Spirits Having Flown..... Bee Gees	
8 (9)	Cheap At The Budokan..... Cheap Trick	
9 (7)	Minute By Minute..... Doobie Brothers	
10 (13)	Flag..... James Taylor	
11 (12)	Sooner Or Later..... Rex Smith	
12 (12)	Van Halen II..... Van Halen	
13 (11)	Go West..... Village People	
14 (16)	At The Budokan..... Bob Dylan	
15 (14)	Parallel Lines..... Blondie	
16 (20)	The Gambler..... Kenny Rogers	
17 (15)	Disco Nights..... GG	
18 (19)	52nd Street..... Billy Joel	
19 (18)	Destiny..... Jacksons	
20 (23)	Pieces Of Eight..... Styx	
21 (—)	State Of Shock..... Ted Nugent	
22 (22)	Evolution..... Journey	
23 (30)	Wave..... Patti Smith Group	
24 (26)	The Cars.....	
25 (28)	Running Like The Wind..... Marshall Tucker Band	
26 (17)	Dire Straits.....	
27 (21)	Blondes Have More Fun..... Rod Stewart	
28 (27)	Sheik Yerbouti..... Frank Zappa	
29 (—)	Hot Property..... Heatwave	
30 (28)	Enlightened Rogues..... Allman Brothers Band	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

* denotes import	
Ring My Bell..... Anita Ward (TK)	
Boogie Wonderland..... Earth Wind and Fire with The Emotions (CBS)	
Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now..... McFadden and Whitehead (Philadelphia Int)	
Hot Stuff..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)	
Uv'n' On The Front Line..... Eddy Grant (Ensign)	
Silly Games..... Janet Kay (Scope)	
Born To Be Alive..... Patrick Hernandez (Gem)	
Dr Jeckyl and Mr Funk..... Jackie Maclean (RCA)	
Get It Up For Love..... Tava Gees (Motown)	
Ain't That Lovin' You..... Dennis Brown (Laser)	

reggae

Disco 12	
1. Love Talks Like Magic..... Junior Delgado (Greensleeves)	
2. Plastic Smile..... Black Uhuru (D-roy)	
3. Hard Time Pressure..... Sugar Minott (Sufferers' Reggae)	
4. Ballistic Dreadlocks..... Yabby U (Yabby U)	
5. What Sweet You So..... Bim Sherman (Yard Int.)	
6. You're No Good..... Ken Boothe (Attack)	
7. Reggae A The Best..... Woodrow Noble (Baby Mother)	
8. Kingston 12 Tuffly..... The Morells (Attack)	
9. Babylon A Fall..... Yabby U (Grove)	
10. Show A Little Love..... Patrick Andy (Yabby U)	

Chart supplied by: Greensleeves Records, Unbridge Road, London W12.

B-52s fly in

THE B-52s, America's latest sensation widely tipped for international stardom, have been lined up for their first British visit. They headline at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, July 8 (tickets on sale now priced £3), and make two other provincial appearances at Liverpool Eric's (5) and Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (6).

The five-piece band, who hail from Georgia, are the latest cult rage in the States — though it's difficult to categorise them, with "pop dance band" possibly filling the bill most adequately. They're fronted by two girls — Kate Pierson (vocals, organ, guitar and keyboards) and Cynthia Leigh Wilson (vocals and bongos) — and the other three members are Keith Stickleland (drums), Cynthia's brother Ricky Wilson (guitar) and Frederick W. Schneider III (vocals and percussion).

They've just signed to Warner Brothers in America, and have been snapped up for this country by Island, who will release their debut album to coincide with their visit.

● For more on the band, see page 7.



Fitzgerald is on the move

THE FIRST dozen dates have now been confirmed for the major UK tour by Patrick Fitzgerald, plans for which were revealed last month. He'll be backed by his new band — Rab Fae Beith (drums), Charlie Francis (bass) and Colin Peacock (guitar, bass and keyboards) — and the gigs are:

AND HE DOES GLASTONBURY

FITZGERALD has also been added to the three-day Glastonbury Fayre event, along with The Leyon Buzzards, UK Subs and Matumbi. Among other confirmed acts, previously reported, are Steve Hillage, The Pop Group, The Only Ones, Barry Forde Band, John Martyn, Nik Turner's Sphynx, John Cooper Clarke, Carol Grimes, The Xdreadmyst and Tim Blake. The festival runs from June 21 to 23.

Cure switch

THE CURE have switched the date of their major London show at the Lyceum in the Strand, originally planned for June 17, in order to accommodate a return appearance by The Police on that date — and instead, they now headline at the Lyceum on July 1. Other new dates set for the band are at Port Talbot Troubadour (June 28), Birmingham Barbarella's (July 5) and Manchester The Factory (16).

● GREG KINN BAND fly in to headline at London Victoria The Venue on June 16, promoting their new album 'With The Naked Eye', released by Beserkley the previous day. One other UK date is being finalised for them.

Wonder, Wings sought for Loch Lomond No.2

STEVIE WONDER and WINGS are among acts being sought for a second Loch Lomond Festival, currently being planned for the late summer. Following the qualified success of the initial two-day event during Spring Bank Holiday weekend, the organisers have decided to go ahead with a follow-up — this time a one-day concert, to be staged on a Saturday in late August or early September.

It's expected again to be held in the Cameron Bear Park, though promoter John Cauffield is looking into the possibility of opening up an

adjacent and somewhat larger site — but the chances are that it would not be ready in sufficient time.

Peak attendance at the recent festival was reached on the Sunday, when about 35,000 were present. The Saturday figure was lower, due to a combination of inclement weather and the conflicting England-Scotland soccer match. Even so, the organisers have every reason to be well satisfied with their first attempt, and there is every indication that Loch Lomond will become as regular a fixture in the festival calendar as Knebworth and Reading.

● Wings' spokesman in London was unable to give any indication as to whether they may accept the offer to appear. He commented: "Right now they're busy with video recordings to promote their new album and single. Live dates will undoubtedly follow later this year — possibly in the autumn, but quite conceivably it could be sooner than you think."

● Details of the support bill for the Knebworth concert on August 4, headlined by Led Zeppelin, are still not completely finalised. Hopefully they will be next week.

WHO: TWO MORE SHOWS AND WEMBLEY MYSTERY

PLANS FOR THE WHO to play a big open-air show at the giant Wembley Stadium in August — widely reported in the music Press last week, as well as in some national news — took a new twist on Monday, when their management issued a statement saying that "at present there are no plans for them to play any outdoor concerts this summer".

This contradicts comments last Friday by their Press Officer, who said he was aware that Wembley was in the pipeline, but was unable to make an official announcement until the date was finalised. NME had forecast Saturday, August 18, as the likely date — based upon John Entwistle's tip-off, and the fact that most agents and bookers in the business were trying to avoid clashing with it — although elsewhere August Bank Holiday Monday (27) was suggested as an alternative.

The Who's spokesman had, in fact, intimated that the date was the only area of uncertainty. And at the weekend, NME heard that the band had settled on Saturday, August 25. There is, however, another rumour in circulation implying that they will instead opt to play a string of indoor concerts at Wembley

Arena at about the same time — which might account for their sudden insistence that they're not doing an outdoor show.

One thing is certain — Wembley Stadium was mooted, and had reached the point where guest attractions and support bands were being negotiated. So The Who's statement offers a number of possibilities — either it's intended to put eager journalists off the track, or they've cried off because of the premature advance publicity, or they've genuinely opted out in favour of indoor gigs.

The mystery will doubtless be solved in a week or two. But at press-time, the general consensus of opinion was that Wembley in August — albeit in or out — is still firm favourite.

Meanwhile, The Who have decided to play another two last-minute concerts this weekend — in Glasgow and Edinburgh — in what's described as "their series of off-the-cuff gigs." As with their recent show at London Rainbow, a low-key announcement was made a few days ago, and tickets have already sold out for their appearances at Glasgow Apollo (tomorrow, Friday) and Edinburgh Odeon (Saturday).

Buzzcocks on HYDE PARK CONFIRMED

THE BUZZCOCKS have finally been given the green light to go ahead with their free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday, August 18. As reported last week, the Department of the Environment — who had already granted permission for the event to take place — were wondering whether to countermand their decision. They had only just realised that The Buzzcocks are a new-wave act, and were not happy about the implications.

But after making a number of enquiries (NME was among those contacted), D of E

executives were satisfied that the Cocks do not come into the "outrageous" category, and that the authorities can cope with the potential large audience. They have now told the Asgard Agency to proceed with the concert, on the understanding that no "out-and-out punk bands" are booked as support acts, and Asgard have agreed to this. The agency expect to be able to announce the rest of the bill in a week or two.

Groovies off

WOULD YOU believe The Flamin' Groovies' tour has now been cancelled? That is positively the final word on the fluctuating fortunes of the proposed UK visit by the band — which was scheduled to open in London on June 13 and run through to July 1.

Plans for the June tour were originally announced earlier in the year, but they subsequently fell through due to the collapse of the agency concerned. At the last moment,

UK TOUR IS CANCELLED

the Groovies' tour was then salvaged by ITB, who set up the itinerary announced last week.

Now it transpires that, at such short notice, the financial side of the tour couldn't be met — and so it's had to be called off. There are, at present, no plans for a re-arranged visit.



Left to right: EDWARDS, GALE, DUPREE, TEE, PARKER, GADD

GET STUFFED— at Hammersmith Odeon

STUFF, the band comprising six of New York's most renowned and in-demand session musicians, headline their first-ever major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 26 (tickets on sale now, priced £4, £3 and £2) — and promoter Paul Fenn of Asgard says there's a possibility of more UK dates being added.

The band's line-up is Eric Gale (guitar), Richard Tee (keyboards), Cornell Dupree (guitar), Gordon Edwards (bass), Steve Gadd and Chris Parker (drums and percussion). Between them, they've worked with virtually every big name from John Lennon to Aretha

Franklin, and from James Brown to Paul Simon. Warner Brothers issue their single 'Love Of Mine' on July 13, to be followed by their album 'Stuff It'.

They fly into London from a gala in Montreux, and accompanying them — to be special guest in the Hammersmith concert — is Lee Ritenour and his five-piece band Friendship. Ritenour, who has been voted Studio Guitarist of the Year in the States, has his fourth album 'Feel The Night' out on Elektra this weekend.

● THE PRETENDERS are being lined up for a major headlining tour, with interview as support act. Dates and venues will be announced in a week or two.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

IGGY POP

WITH

UK SUBS

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

FRIDAY 8th JUNE at 8.00

TICKETS: £10 (H&M), £7 (S&M), £5 (S&M), £3 (S&M), £2 (S&M), £1 (S&M). BOOKING: 01-262 2244. CANCELLATION: 01-262 2244.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THE POLICE

THE CRAMPS

BOBBY HENRY

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 17th JUNE at 7-30

EXTRA CONCERT

TICKETS: £10 (H&M), £7 (S&M), £5 (S&M), £3 (S&M), £2 (S&M), £1 (S&M). BOOKING: 01-262 2244. CANCELLATION: 01-262 2244.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ROCKPILE

FEATURING

DAVE EDMUNDS & NICK LOWE

WITH

LEW LEWIS REFORMER • THE SPECIALS

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

TUESDAY 26th JUNE at 8-00

TICKETS: £10 (H&M), £7 (S&M), £5 (S&M), £3 (S&M), £2 (S&M), £1 (S&M). BOOKING: 01-262 2244. CANCELLATION: 01-262 2244.

Calvert quits Hawks

THE HAWKLODS have lost vocalist Bob Calvert, who has left the band to pursue solo ventures, but ex-Hawkwind drummer Simon King has joined them. Rest of the line-up now is Dave Brock (guitar and vocals), Harvey Bainbridge (bass and vocals) and Steve Swindells (keyboards and vocals). They tour Europe in the summer, and plan a UK tour in the winter.

STATUS QUO have added yet another London date to their current UK tour — a third night at Hammersmith Odeon on June 27, their two previous gigs at the venue (25 and 26) having now sold out. Their full itinerary now stretches to a total of 34 dates.

STREETBAND are playing two final dates this week — at London Fulham Golden Lion tonight (Thursday) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (Friday) — before starting work on their new album for release by Logo Records in early September. A single titled 'One Good Reason' is due in July.

THE FLOATERS, who registered in the charts last year with 'Float On', are in Britain for a tour of USAAF bases. But they're also playing public gigs at Slough Blues Entertainments Centre (tonight, Thursday), Norwich Cromwells (Friday) and Watford Bailey's (Sunday).

Names in the news

PHIL LYNOTT went down with food poisoning last week and, as a result, Thin Lizzy were forced to cancel the last three dates of their European tour. He and Gary Moore have now flown off to Nassau, where they will both be recording solo singles.

STEVE WRIGHT is the name of Radio Luxembourg's new resident disc-jockey, who joins the station this week. Aged 24, he comes to 208 from Reading's commercial radio station, Thames Valley.

JULIE COVINGTON will not now be joining The Albion Band for their UK tour, starting this week and reported a fortnight ago. She explains that, although invited, she never agreed to do the tour as she has arranged to go on holiday this month.

ROY HILL BAND have cancelled their UK tour, reported two weeks ago, which should have been in progress now. Reason given is that their big London date at The Venue (scheduled for tomorrow, Friday) was pulled out, and therefore the rest of the tour became impractical.

Otway London dates



JOHN OTWAY sets out shortly on his debut U.S. tour but, before leaving, he plays three nights at London Mauberry's (Jermyn Street, W.1) on June 12, 13 and 14 — and for these gigs, he reverts to a duo format working with guitarist Ollie Halsall. And Duffo appears at the same venue for three nights in early July, exact dates to be finalised.

THE EAGLES, having dropped out of the running for Knebworth, are now expected to revert to their original plan — reported by NME on March 17 — to tour Britain and Europe in mid-autumn, coinciding with the release of their new double album.

NEW GOVERNMENT DECIDES:

Keith Richards is off the hook

THE CHANGE OF Government in Canada, following the recent General Election there, is the best thing that could have happened to Keith Richards! Because the attempts of Pierre Trudeau's outgoing ministers to have the Stone jailed are being dropped by the incoming Government — and this clears the way for the band to swing back into action.

The Stones' plans have been in a state of flux for well over a year. First, there was the worry about the outcome of Richards' trial in Toronto on drugs charges. Then, after he had received a relatively light sentence (probation plus an order to play two charity concerts), came the bombshell of the Justice Department's appeal against the sentence — in an attempt to have the probation revoked and a term of imprisonment substituted. The Justice Minister was confident the appeal would be upheld, and even spoke of extradition, should Richards fail to return to Canada to face the music.

But in last month's election, a

new Government headed by Joe Clark was voted into power, and apparently they find the Richards affair something of an embarrassment. There is unlikely to be any official announcement on the subject, but it's understood that it is being quietly forgotten and swept under the carpet.

So at long last, The Rolling Stones are free of worries about their future and — theoretically, at any rate — they can pick up the threads and think seriously about those concerts they've been promising us. But of course, everything depends upon Mick Jagger, and when he decides to call the band together again.

LOFGREN LP, TOUR PLANS

NILS LOFGREN is being lined up for a British tour in the early autumn. A&M Records said this week. And to tide us over until he comes, they're releasing his new album 'Nils' on June 15, together with a single titled 'Shine Silently'.

RECORD NEWS

● New Southend band Speedball have signed with No-Pop Records, who this week release their first single 'Is Somebody There?' 'There Are No Survivors'. They also appear on Sonet Records' upcoming compilation set 'Southend Rock', due out shortly.

● With West Coast band The Knack currently on their debut UK tour, Capitol are putting out their album 'Get The Knack' as a white-label in a specially designed black-and-white sleeve. It wasn't possible to have the proper sleeve ready to coincide with the tour, so the company has decided to rush out the LP in this form at the reduced price of £2.99. Also out this week is the band's single 'My Shyrone'.

● Irish band Starjets, currently touring with Stiff Little Fingers, have had the release of their first Epic album put back to the end of June. But their new single 'Ten Years' is out this weekend.

● Fresh from his tour with Alan Price, Nick van Eede has his second single 'All Or Nothing' issued by Barn Records this week. An album follows shortly.

● Due to both public and dealer demand, Trojan reissue 'Stinkhead Moonstomp' by Symarip this week. Also on the single are two other tracks from the skinhead era, 'Guns Of Navarone' by The Skatelles and 'El Pussycat' by Roland Alphenso. Price is £1.25.

● In a new long-term deal Biff Haley has re-signed with Sonet Records and has out a new version of the classic 'Hail Hail Rock 'n' Roll'. It's out this weekend as a seven-inch in a picture sleeve or a 12-inch disco out. Haley is just starting work on a new album.

● First album from Fandango, the new band headed by ex-Deep Purple bassist Nick Simper, is 'Slipstreaming'. It's issued by Gull Records this week, along with the LP 'Hot Chocolate' by Julie Felix.

● Charlie Dore's long-awaited first single 'Fear Of Flying' is released by Island this week. It's taken from her debut album, due out in the autumn.

● Denny Laine's wife Jo-Jo has begun a solo career as a singer, and has cut her first single. It's a disco number called 'Hunk', a sort of tribute to 'The Incredible Hulk', and it's planned for release to coincide with the upcoming return of the TV series.

● A farewell single from Menace titled 'Last Year's Youth', recorded just before they split up, is released this weekend by Small Wonder.

● Aberdeen label Oily Records this week issue a single by Scottish band The Tools. The self-penned titles are 'Gotta Make Some Money Somehow' and 'TV Eyes'. Distribution is by Scottie of Edinburgh.



WRITZ LAUNCH BLITZ

WRITZ, the London-based rock band with the particularly bizarre stage act, have signed a major long-term recording deal with Electric Records. They have been recording for the past three weeks with Kevin Godley and Lol Creme, the first time the duo have taken on production work, apart from 10cc and their own Gizmo venture. The band's debut album is scheduled for September release, but meanwhile a single titled 'Night Nurse' is issued on June 22 in 12-inch picture disc form. They also begin an extensive tour this week.

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 WELCOM

Hot Pants, Cold Sweat And A Brand New Beehive Hair-do

PAUL RAMBALI boogaloes
with The B-52s

"Y'AH! WANT gumbo?" Kate Pierson peers around the kitchen door, tea-cloth slung across a sunburnt shoulder. Her deep southern accent tells us ahi that her deep southern dish is ready.

Ricky is asleep on the sofa, Keith is reading, Fred is upstairs resting his back. Cindy is drying her hair and gazing at the ocean. The ocean is not responding. This is almost a tropical latitude, where dusk falls still and the evening air subdues the citizens. Nobody even stirs.

The bright, modish furnishings of the Delaporte Beach house where The B-52s have been staying for the past three weeks are conspicuously tidy. On the table are copies of *National Enquirer*, *OMNI*, and a book of Dylan Thomas' stories, offering between them: frontier technology, mystical appointment, and the real truth behind *Charlie's Angels*. Piled in the corner is some black snorkelling equipment, and some pink snorkelling equipment: a big gaudy beach ball is slowing deflating on the sideboard. The only casualty is the sofa, which has collapsed at one end, and the only luxury is Keith's portable compact tape system, still going strong.

Native African top 40 music beats out a tattoo in the night. Heady stuff. Kate and Cindy both agree that this is one of Keith's best tapes. The mode — black church music — is familiar but the drums and the ptois are strange and hypnotic.

I let my bare feet rub the deep pile in appreciation.

One more time...

"Y'ah! want some gumbo?"

Here it is.

KATE WAS born at 9.30 on a Tuesday in Hackensack, New Jersey, and grew up in a house whose senior offspring dug the folk protest scene: Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger. They gave her a Bob Dylan album for her 14th birthday.

On her 18th birthday she left New

Jersey for the first time ever, to go to college, a fruitless episode, followed by a two-year odyssey in Europe, sampling life in the underbelly, working menial jobs for the thrill of new experience.

Nowadays she lives in a tennant house on a farm outside Athens in Georgia, a rough homestead she shares with two goats, Angie and Sapho. "I had to build a drip-tank to catch rain-water on the roof because I grew tired of fetching my water from the well every day."

Kate is resourceful, petite, polite, but secretly very sharp. She sings and plays organ, keyboard bass and second guitar with the B-52s, a neoteric pop group. She likes to dance and swim, and apart from African top 40 and James Brown



Top — B-52s: Keith Strickland, Ricky Wilson, Fred Schneider, Kate Pierson, Cindy Wilson (front). Pic: ANN STATES

Above — Ricky Wilson. Pic: ANN STATES

Left — Kate Pierson, Cindy Wilson. Pic: JILL FUMANDOVSKY

records, she is also fond of Ima Sumac, Nino Rota and music of the upper Amazon. She hopes The B-52s get to tour South America so she can visit the (vanishing) equatorial rain forests.

Her favourite sound is the sound of "insects at dusk". She remembers "dreaming I was terrorised by the jolly green giant as a small child."

Cynthia Leigh Wilson also lives in Athens. She is bongo player and vocalist with The B-52s. Born, bred and educated in Georgia, Cindy possesses the kind of sassy southern lilt that adds 'h's rather than drops them, a complement to her blonde belle looks and vivacious personality.

Her hobbies are raising chihuahuas, dancing, and improving her posture. The place she would most like to be found is in a bathtub in the tropics. Cindy likes James Brown ton, but her favourite record is The Jackson Five's greatest hits.

Says Cindy: "When I was a kid I saw two hairy beings walk down the hall. At the time I thought they were the famous Boogie Men... Now I don't know what they were."

Keith Strickland, sometimes known as Bam Bam, plays the drums with The B-52s. His parents run the Greyhound bus station in Athens, where Keith used the work with Cindy's brother Ricky. The B-52s soft-spoken, self-effacing guitarist.

Keith, in contrast, is robust and cheerful. It was he who named the group. "We thought for months about what we were going to call ourselves, and finally I suggested B-52s because that's the name of a bouffant hairdo and the girls had started going on with their hair all teased up."

Then there's Frederick W. Schneider III. Fred sings and plays toy percussion with the B-52s. Without the moustache, his features resemble an anaemic Kenneth Williams, and like that comic his tone is permanently dry, almost despondent, and unwittingly funny.

He was born in Newark, New Jersey, and went to Athens to attend the University of Georgia, more or less, he admits, as a means of evading the draft. "It obviously didn't do me any good, I almost had a nervous breakdown. But I met my friends and I learned a lot after dropping out."

Since when he has worked for a meals for the elderly service, which he quit because of the low standards involved, and was also a waiter at the El Dorado vegetarian restaurant. Otherwise... "a career of loafing, so to speak."

He mostly likes just soul and Temla, and his all time favourite record is "Dancin' In The Street".

Fred, the eldest of the group, is adamant when he says that the '60s were more alive than the '70s. The others aren't so sure, but they all seem to share the legacy he carries from that decade of a strong ecological awareness. Nukes and "bad attitudes" provoke his ire.

"When that Harrisburg thing happened most Americans just didn't realise what was going on. They think you can put a blanket around a baby's head and that will keep radiation away. In Philadelphia there were official warnings to close windows to keep the radiation out. Close windows? That's the sort of level of awareness."

His favourite film stars are Jayne Mansfield and Wilma Flintstone. One of his hobbies is comparative grocery shopping and he remembers once shaking hands with Pope Paul.

"Ah jus' love gumbo," Cindy wipes her bowl clean.

"Mmm...Hmmm." Keith is too busy eating to talk.

Gumbo is a Creole regional special: rice, sweetcorn and okra cooked in tomatoes and hot peppers.

"I just love tomatoes," Kate declares, "anything with tomatoes. And they're so easy

Continues over



B52s

From previous page

to grow. I grow them all the time back home."

Tomatoes are easy to grow. They are also, incidentally, the third biggest industry in the Bahamian islands to which the B-52s have come to make their debut album. The second biggest is fishing and the biggest is tourism. These figures exclude any offshore banking business facilities this tax haven might have to offer. Not that The B-52s are in any position to benefit.

To come to Nassau, the capital, on a small island seven miles wide by 20 miles long, they had to pool all the money they had between them, a total of \$600.

It is only the second time that The B-52s have ever been inside a studio. Nine months ago they spent a day and a half recording two of their songs, "Rock Lobster" and "52 Girls", because a friend of Kate's offered to lend them the money and it seemed a good idea at the time. The album they are making with Chris Blackwell and Robert Ash at Blackwell's Island Records studio will eventually cost the group somewhere around ten grand.

Now, in Nassau, as at all resorts, there is a curious sense of ennui: a mood of abstract boredom created by the desperate pleasure-seeking of tourist life rubbing up against the slow even measure of the island's real life while the hot sun burns down on the dry scrubland.

You can hear it in the way people here greet each other; a jive-talk "Wa's Happenin'?" answered in kind but never directly.

The question just hangs there, like the heat dancing on the roads. "Heey! Wa's Happenin'?"

THE B-52s. That's what. Ask any rock culture vulture the news and they'll tell you The B-52s. They might even add that they bought "Rock Lobster", oh, ages ago, before they'd read anything about them, and isn't it great? One of the best singles of last year. . . . Aside from which, The B-52s are an unknown commodity, assigned hot property and so hip that it hurts.

At the end of July, or perhaps in August, Island will release their first album, the contents of which will promptly eclipse "Rock Lobster" (really one of their lesser songs) and will generally surprise everybody with its wit, style and variety. Then they will tour. That is certain.

Beyond that. . . . There is a great deal of confidence. The B-52s seem to have inspired the people around them. The producers' faces beam with a kind of conspiratorial pride as the rough mixes are slowly worked into their proper shape.

"I'm looking for something I can sell all over the world," states Blackwell, talking about the difference between cult and mass appeal.

The B-52s? "Obviously, I don't think I would have signed them otherwise. . . . But I think he would."

So would a lot of other companies, given the chance, because though the B-52s are by no means a straight commercial gambit, they do have something.

"We had offers from all over," recalls Kate. "All these people from the companies were taking us out to dinner at expensive restaurants. Chris just came backstage after one of our shows looking like a playboy who had just stepped off a yacht. He said 'I'd like to make you an offer'. Simple as

that. I think it was his smile that did it."

"ARE YOU all sure you're happy with that?" Blackwell scrutinises the faces gathered in the air-conditioned, hermetically sealed studio control room.

A studio, to the layman, is like a hotel bedroom: once inside you could be anywhere.

The B-52s glance anxiously at each other. . . . "because if you aren't happy, now is the time to speak up. Once the record is made it'll be too late. That's it. It will always be The B-52s first album."

Kate, who takes the most diligent interest in the protracted and distracting mixing process, pipes up first: "Do you think you could push Cindy's voice up a little at the end? When she slides up the register on the 'res/hot lava' harmony. . . . the effect is kinda lost."

Keith also applied himself, ensuring that none of the group's tightness is submerged. He wants to hear the guitar brought up a little. Or something.

So a new mix is made of "Hot Lava", a wickedly lascivious song equating love with Lava, and featuring Ricky's experimental guitar tunings. Ricky has been playing guitar since he was in High School and now has an old Epiphone and two Mosrite "Ventures" models tuned to exotic chords and also minus certain strings. But it's a secret.

"Lotsa guitarists do it," he says. "And they won't tell either."

He enjoys a chaotic relationship with his guitars; which, being somewhat warped and decrepit, often tend to go out of tune. "And sometimes, when I get real excited, I turn around to change guitars between songs and I can't even



remember which one to pick up!"

Ricky likes the new mix. Fred, meanwhile, is still wrestling with a conundrum. He thinks his voice sounds like a Chipmunk. Nobody else does, mind you. He looks dejected, as if he'd just become the butt of his own joke.

Fred writes most of the words to the songs, while Ricky and Keith concoct the music and the girls supply the icing. His themes tend towards the off-beat. "Hot Lava", for instance, is an extended metaphor involving lines like "Turn your lava lamp on!" and "Don't let your lava turn to stone!"

"Well," offers Fred, "I was looking at the 'V' volume of an encyclopedia, and I saw volcano and had an idea."

Other songs — "Dance This Mess Around", "606 0842", "There's A Moon In The Sky" — are less whimsical. They are essentially about people and desires and the distress that sometimes results. There's nothing ponderous about them; they would be non-starters in any intellectual sweepstakes. But they are very sly though, full of double-entendres, and little snares to make your imagination do a double take. It's no great surprise to find that Fred admires Captain Beefheart's ability to conjure so vividly with words. He is, however, overly diffident about his own achievements.

"They're just nonsense songs," he demurs. Not quite. If The B-52s didn't bring their songs alive so well they would long ago have been dismissed as a novelty, a downhome Bonzo Dog Band. Yet clearly Fred has lost some sleep over how the songs will be received, especially the more risqué sections.

"We often wondered whether things in our songs would cause problems, but we just figured. . . . so what? Lyrics like '606 0842' are just, well, funny, whatever, but people are always looking for intent or message."

"And rock'n'roll lyrics have always been sorta suggestive," adds Kate.

"Yeah, you know, puns and so forth. On the other hand, we aren't consciously trying to load our songs with hidden meanings."

But they do seem to feel the innuendo, which is heightened by the sexy vocalese of the two girls as they trade off Fred's croaking deadpan. Cindy's voice is strong and abrasive, seething with emotion, like early Patti Smith. Kate's is more controlled, able to deftly characterise.

She says "606 0842" is just. . . . "another dirty little song."

"It's not dirty," Fred is taken aback by this suggestion.

"I never thought of it as dirty. I thought it was another moon song," muses Cindy, more than a little mysteriously.

"Heey. Maybe churches and schools will try to stop people from playing it!"

She quite relishes the thought, and its historical precedent. Rock'n'roll would always rather be the devil.

TO UNDERSTAND The B-52s' relative cultural position and the factors which have singled them out so swiftly from the hopeful hordes requires certain background knowledge.

Like the fact that Athens is primarily a college town, with a large student population and an inevitable reputation for revelry. A few years ago Playboy voted its university the wildest campus in the US. *Animal House* was due to be filmed there until the Administration decided it wouldn't exactly boost the image of a place that still holds the all-time mass streaking record.

"And after that, nothing happened."

Fred doesn't know why. "It's become very conservative in the fraternities and sororities."

Another section of the town's society, meanwhile, had different ideas. Before The B-52s became The B-52s, they and their friends operated some sort of loose alliance called the Bon-Vivant Society, dedicated to most of the usual vices and sub-divided in to small mobile units.

"There was the Waitress Club, The Waiters Club, The Roller Skating Society, The Laundry Club. . . . There was a Laundromat that had a juke box and everybody could get together and go dancing while they did their laundry. There was a liquor store nearby too."

It appears that the primary form of social action in Athens is the "dance party". Dig this: James Brown and Ray Charles grew up in Georgia; Little Richard and Wilson Pickett were born there. The records played at these parties were "lotsa dance music; soul, people like Junior Walker and James Brown."

"When the first Ramones album came out everybody heard it and started to 'Pony' intensely. It was a whole different thing of course, but it was very popular at the time. So was Patti Smith's first album."

The B-52s never really gave a thought becoming the B-52s back in February '77. According to Cindy. . . . "we just jammed. It was a party. It was this girl's Valentine's party at an old rented country club — a dance

party — and we just thought it'd be fun."

So Ricky and Keith made a backing tape of guitar and drums and everybody jammed. "I hid behind the curtains. Ricky played with his back turned. We all talked between songs. Once the tape came unplugged. But people thought we were the neatest thing. They were fascinated. They didn't care."

A few parties and six months or so later they discarded the backing tapes and went live, though they still use tapes for rehearsing and for sharpening up their superior song arrangements, honing them to the bone.

Because, make no mistake, they play for dancers. And everybody, these days, wants to dress up and jump back.

Why? "Seems like people would always be in the mood to dance if there was something there to dance to." Kate conjectures. "Except if it was really out of vogue and they were afraid."

"There was a time when dancing really went out," adds Fred, "but I guess it's because there wasn't much to dance to. It's hard for us to play at places where people can't move around. We're a dance band basically. We always try to have a dance floor. When we went to New York they said people don't dance up there and I just couldn't picture it."

"But we played and they started dancing." Their reputation precedes them. In the year that they've been playing the US clubs they've accrued a fanatical following. People like to get down low and do a lot of screaming when The B-52s get into town.

"And dancing too. . . . It's impossible not to dance at some places when it's really packed because everyone else is moving around so much," says a friend of the band. "And they're completely different on stage — not at all the relaxed people they are off it."

As a group of people The B-52s seem to enjoy a cordial existence. As a band they are remarkably indivisible.

"It's strange," thinks Chris Blackwell, "but they don't have an obvious leader. Most bands have someone who seems to become the spokesman. But not them."

You can hear it in the music. There's no slack at all. Everybody contributes as much as each other, though perhaps in different ways and the sum of the parts has given some pundits problems — they've had to find them a brand new bag.

"I think it's because people don't know exactly what we are," opines Kate. "It's hard for five people to identify. . . . to put their finger on the same thing. We do have a certain image — what we do on stage — but it's not easy to translate that into the mass media."

"We were lucky though," Fred admits. "All the companies said they'd let us do whatever we want. We wouldn't work any other way."

"We were worried and they might want to change the arrangements and things," says Ricky.

But if anything is going to sell The B-52s it's going to be themselves. It would be foolish to tamper.

"We didn't know if they'd realise that. They might have wanted to make us a bit less unusual."

"Or try to build up an image and sell it," interrupts Fred. "We sort of dread being the next camp band; being blown up into something awful and artificial."

"I try not to be a ham. It would kill me if I ever thought I was a ham. I'd stop playing."

Then what would you do? "I'd probably get another job."

And Kate? "I'd go jump in the ocean."

BARRY ANDREWS

TOWN AND COUNTRY

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THE NIGHT YOU NEEDED REVIVAL

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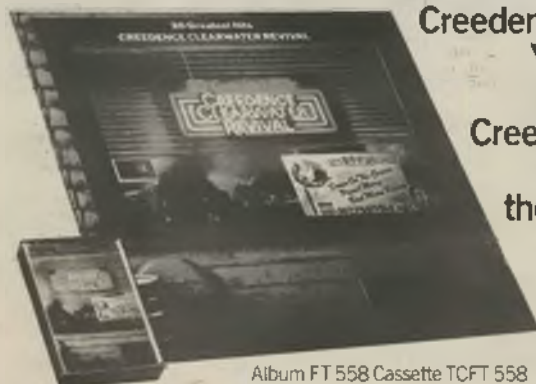
You turned on the radio. It was 'Proud Mary' by Creedence Clearwater Revival.

You touched her knee. She dislocated your shoulder.
 You changed channels. It was 'Down on the Corner' by Creedence Clearwater.

You kissed her cheek. She gave you a hairline fracture of the nose.

You switched stations. It was 'Bad Moon Rising' by Creedence. She asked you to marry her. You passed out.

Thank heaven for modern surgical techniques.
 And Creedence Clearwater Revival.



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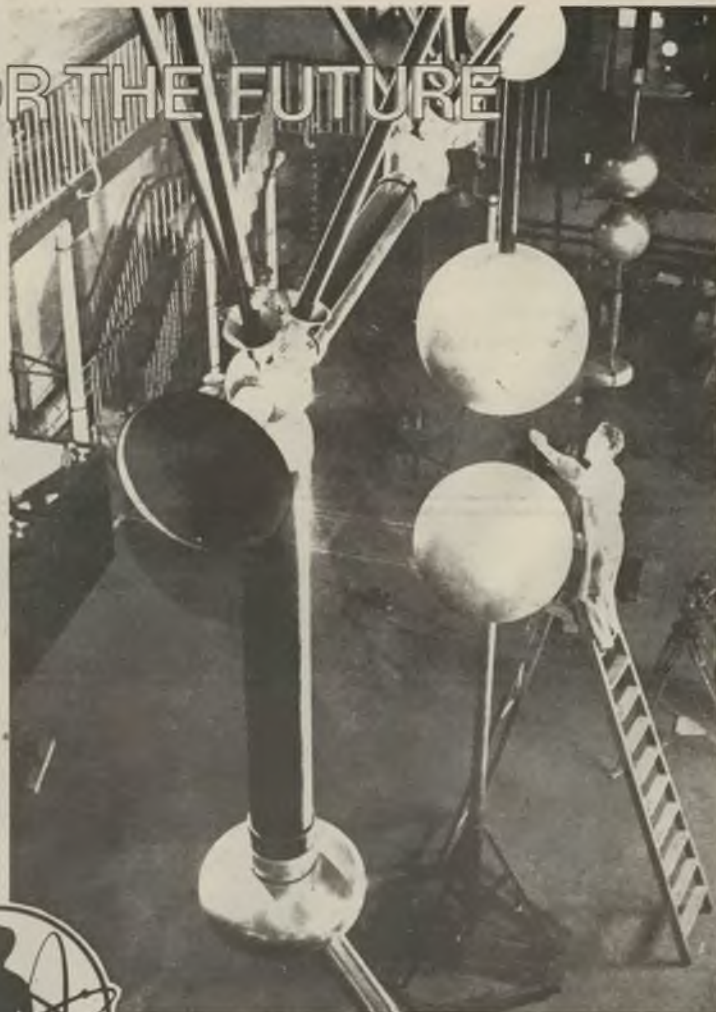


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ALBUM NOW

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THRILLS

Murder On The Liverpool Express

SO THERE I was at Euston station, seated comfortably in the 1st class compartment waiting for the Inter City to speed me to my destination — Liverpool's Lime Street.

My thought processes revolved around whether to peruse a copy of the latest *Rolling Stone* or wade into a hefty-looking biography of John Coltrane.

Being a lazy sod, I chose the former. Amongst the usual gnat, there was a lengthy and totally inconclusive article on one Elvis Costello. This piece of hard-hitting journalism turned out to be a lengthy account of how one of *Rolling Stone*'s staffers had attempted — at no small expense — to procure an interview with the big El, only to be furnished with three quotes.

One was "Fuck off!" The second was "Piss off!" The third was "Stick it..." Anyway, I was digging into a piece on Steve Dunleavy, the blood and guts reporter for Rupert Murdoch's tabloids, when I felt a hand touch my shoulder. Looking up I was face to face with the most reclusive rock star media-wise currently in existence. He was wearing a polka dot shirt, like the one Bob Dylan used to wear. He was wearing shades very similar to the ones Bob Dylan used to wear. And he sported the ubiquitous Johnson & Johnson jacket. There he was, smiling, nay virtually beaming... Elvis Costello!

Not a sign of the cagey figure of our last encounter a few months back. This was not a man living on his nerve ends, but an amiable soul offering hospitality via the compartment it turned out he was sharing with his wife Mary, an extremely attractive,

Nick Kent takes a train. E. Costello takes the strain

bright girl with sandy-coloured hair, and the couple's son Matthew, whose face was virtually hidden by a Fidel Castro cap. It goes without saying that a reconciliation had taken place, and throughout the three hour journey, er, what's-her-name wasn't even mentioned.

Other matters however were discussed — topics ranging from Costello following the J. Geils Band around Europe (he'd been at the final stages of mixing "Sanctuary", Geils' last album, got pally with the group and made the trip from France to London to watch them play, so enraptured was he with them) to animated impersonations of Robert De Niro in *Mean Streets*.

Inevitably the touchy incident when a drunken Elvis made the mistake of harassing Bonnie Bramlett and Steve Mills was broached — an encounter which involved Costello referring to Ray Charles and James Brown as "niggers".

"Well I thought it would make for a more original exit than the usual motorcycle accident," he quipped.

"The thing is though, none of the fucking reports got it right. Not one single one."

Costello contends that yes it was he, in a drunken stupor, who started the whole thing off by referring to Stills as "old tin nose". Things quickly escalated, however, to the point where after Ms Bramlett had taken her swing — and missed, according to Costello — he was set upon by somewhere in the region of five Stills roadies.

"It was one of those ridiculous barroom fights where you're too pissed to

know what's going on. It was more like slapstick than anything. I only remembered that the thing had even taken place when I returned to my hotel room and discovered that my arm hurt somewhat."

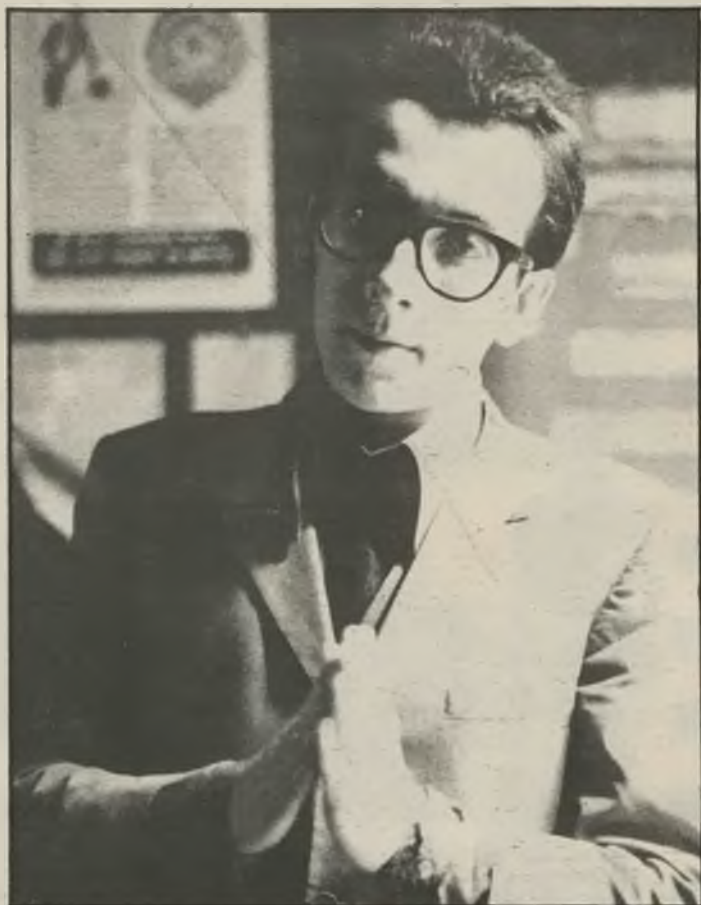
Not one to let bygones be bygones, Elvis considers the subsequent media fracas to be the work of a publicity famished Bonnie Bramlett.

"Yeah, I said at one point though it wasn't recorded as far as I know: 'That woman has made one reputation off one E.C. (Eric Clapton, whose impromptu gigging with Delaney and Bonnie helped break the pair initially). She's fuckin' well not going to get more publicity off of another one!'"

The 'racist' charge — which drew such negative reaction (including numerous death threats) that Costello was constantly accompanied by two plain clothes policemen — wasn't the only incident of consequence to happen to our El in the U.S. What with every rock star, new or old wave, making movies these days, the Elvis film — mentioned in the piece by yours truly earlier this year — was completed somewhere amidst the mayhem. Entitled

Americathon — about a giant tathlon held to save America from bankruptcy — it has Costello starring opposite Meatloaf, and playing an invented English rock star. It's a portrayal that caused our hero to dust off one of his golden — though — unused oldies for the final fitting touch.

Back when 'Watching The Detectives' was conceived musically as a cop from Don Covay's 'It's Better To Have (And Don't Need)' (before



"Please don't let him be on the train back." Costello looks for divine intervention. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Steve Naive added his Bernard Herman touches, thus altering the arrangement totally), one of the songs written alongside 'Lip Service' and 'Lipstick Vogue' was 'Crawling To The USA'.

"When I checked out the part, I suddenly realised that that 'USA' song would fit perfectly."

Also featured is another song from that period, entitled 'Hoover Factory', which Costello had intended to use as the B-side of 'Oliver's Army' before the idea of doing 'My Funny Valentine' took precedence.

'Hoover Factory' also turns up on the '50,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong' bootleg, which has lately been soiling certain hands. It was recorded when Jake Riviera sent El and

the newly-formed Attractions to a make-shift four-track studio in Cornwall to make some demos. The title is, of course, a swipe from one of the original Elvis records, another of which, 'Girls, Girls, Girls', was once mooted as the title for 'This Year's Model'.

In between eluding the flack and making his screen debut, 'Elvis also found time whilst in the States to meet with country singer George Jones — one of Dave Edmunds' big heroes. Elvis and Jones dueted on Jim Reeves' 'He'll Have To Go' at the Palomino, fabled haunt of the late Gram Parsons, and also cut a version of Costello's 'Stranger In The House'.

"He was in really excellent health," said Elvis of Jones. "

felt really uncomfortable being around such professionals."

Finally, Elvis revealed that before he exited from the land of Coca Cola he turned down the chance to appear on the covers of both *Rolling Stone* and *Newsweek*.

"Why make life easy for yourself?" he said, as he reached up to pull the communication cord. Minutes later Costello, wife, son and suitcase dropped stealthily out of sight behind the sidings. I decided to wade into John Cotrone after all.

Suddenly I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I looked up. "Why, Bob!" I cried. (Cont. page 65.)

NICK KENT
THRILLS

'National Front' invade Angelic Upstarts gig

FIVE PEOPLE were injured, two seriously, when over 50 youths chanting National Front slogans attacked the stage of Wolverhampton's Lafayette Club during an Angelic Upstarts gig last Friday.

Shouting "Sieg Heil" and "NF," the mob bombarded the group with beer glasses in what was apparently an unprovoked attack. Only on their first number, the Newcastle punk band abandoned their set, came off stage and tried to restore order.

Upstarts manager Keith Bell was stabbed in the stomach during the battle and four others were injured.

Bell, who needed eight stitches in his wound, and a 16-year-old Birmingham boy called Warren Keegan are still recovering in the Royal hospital, Wolverhampton. Three

others were discharged after treatment.

But Upstarts lead guitarist Mond claims that despite the seriousness of the fight, the Lafayette club manager at first refused to call the police.

"He said that the club had its own bouncers," Mond alleged, "and they could handle it. But the bouncers got flattened. It was a real mess. The club was absolutely levelled."

When contacted by *Thrills*, a club spokesman refused to comment. "We've got nothing to say whatsoever," he said.

Even when the police did arrive, no arrests were made. A spokesman later said that it was just a bar fight which had got out of hand. "As far as I know it wasn't anything to do with the National Front."

But Mond claims otherwise. "It was definitely an organised thing. We could see these guys pushing their way forward. They weren't punks or

skinheads or anything like that; they were all wearing flared jeans and T-shirts, just ordinary guys."

"We were talking to the police afterwards and they said they thought it was the National Front. It could well have been, because they were chanting 'Sieg Heil' and 'NF'."

Describing the violence, Mond continued, "Originally there were about 50 of these guys throwing glasses and we jumped off stage to sort it out, but we couldn't get near them. Beer glasses were coming from absolutely everywhere."

"The violence just spread. It was really crazy."

Mond doesn't know why the Upstarts should have become a Front target.

"We've never actually said anything against the National Front," he explained. "We've never slagged them off."

JOHN HAMBLETT
THRILLS

Purse, Cook & Jones invade Undertones gig

LAST WEEK *Thrills* received an unsigned letter from a thoroughly disgruntled and profoundly disgusted Undertones fan who had witnessed what promised to be a righteous night of live rock 'n' roll degenerate into a bizarre and frightening free-for-all. The blame for the unsavoury incidents was placed fairly and squarely on the head of one James Pursey and his two current cohorts — Alias Cook and Jones.

The missive claimed that towards the climax of what had been a fine Undertones

set at The Civic Hall Guildford, "Steve Jones raided the stage and had to be restrained by some bouncers. A fight broke out. The Undertones stopped playing and the fight subsided."

After this The Undertones finished their set undisturbed, but on returning for an encore were faced with all manner of rampant silliness.

"The stage became filled with punks led, yes you guessed correctly, by Jimmy Pursey, backed up by Steve Jones and Paul Cook. By now The Undertones had disappeared and Pursey was shouting for the PA system to be turned back on. It wasn't, and Pursey shouted: "Fuck yer Guildford" several times

and then led them through a rendition of 'If The Kids Are United'..."

In an effort to verify these claims *Thrills* spoke to Undertones manager Andy Ferguson. He confirmed that the stage invasion had actually occurred. According to Ferguson nobody was unduly surprised when Pursey appeared on the scene, as The Undertones' support were The Chords, a recent JP Production signing.

Said Ferguson: "Purse, Cook and Jones came round to our dressing room and the boys were very flattered — y'know, Sham's vocalist and two ex-Pistols — but when Pursey asked if he and his

Continues over

WRITZ



WRITZ BLITZ '79

June	Rock Garden	29th	Birmingham, Barbarellas
7th	Bishop Otter College, Chichester	30th	Good Mood Club, Halifax
8th	Dartford College, Dartford	July	
9th	Penthouse, Scarborough	20th	Sheffield Limt Club
11th	Nottingham University, Trent Park site	21st	Middlesborough Rock Garden
12th	Newport, Stowaway Club	22nd	Fford Green, Leeds
13th	Exeter College of Art, at Routes Club.	28th	Granary, Bristol
14th	Exmouth Pavilion	29th	Memorial Hall, Newbridge, S. Wales
15th	College of St. Mark & St. John, Plymouth	31st	Brunei Rooms, Swindon
16th	Troubadour, Port Talbot	August	
21st	76 Club, Burton on Trent	3rd	The Village, Newport, Shropshire
22nd	Cardiff University	4th	Porterhouse, Nottingham
25th	Golden Lion, Hammersmith	10th	Kirk Leamington Country Club
26th	Music Machine	11th	J.B.'s Dudley
27th	The Greyhound, Fulham		

Single NIGHT NURSE
available end of June WOT 35



ARMY'S OVER ARNHEM...

Looking through Gary Numan's eyes

THE LIST went something like:
2.00pm — Jackie,
2.30pm — My Guy, 3.15pm — Patches, 4.00pm — Record Mirror, 4.45pm — Smash Hits, 5.30pm — Paul Morley.

I am part of someone else's blur. For Gary Numan — who is Tubeway Army — the last few days have been a blur of brand new excitement and confusion. His song 'Are Friends Electric' has surprisingly sneaked into the Top 30.

The success went something like this:

The first few singles are pressed as an attractive picture disc, which pushes the single into the lower part of the chart. The single then receives some airplay and, not being especially repulsive, slides a little deeper into the charts. There then comes the invitation to appear on *TOTP*, which coincides with an appearance on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. The single then strolls into the Top 30. For Gary Numan all this has happened within a month.

Three weeks ago no one wanted to talk to him. Except me. Now there's a queue. And I'm at the end of it.

"I'm enjoying it," Numan admits limply, coughing from the strain of the day's interviews, "and I'm making the most of it in case the single bombs next week. Two weeks ago I was nothing. For two years it's been like that, exactly the same, and then bang! I've been on the telly twice and done half a dozen interviews in a day. It's like being blinded by your own dream really."

We talk in a noisy pub just off Wardour Street in the centre of London. In such surroundings Numan flinches a lot and looks a little worried. Numan dislikes pubs. He's teetotal, and the smoke that wafts all around us doesn't

help his cough. He also confesses a dislike for crowds of people.

"I'm over the top paranoid," he explains. Wary, weary eyes set deep into a forlorn face seem to confirm this. His hair is black and threatens to recede. Clothes are black and tight, his boots are button up high heels. He's 21.

GARY NUMAN has been Tubeway Army for two years. His backing personnel has constantly switched and changed. "I'm very intolerant and I get fed up with people easily."

Prior to conceiving Tubeway he spent time with groups on the British Legion circuit, and four or five months in Meanstreet, who appeared on the lamentable 'Live At The Vortex' album — by which time Numan had been thrown out. It's a period he looks back on with distaste.

"Some of the songs from that period I used on my first album. I was attracted to them like old photographs and I just wanted those songs out to show them, if nothing else.

There's a lot of that in it, a lot of revenge motives all over the place. There's a lot of people who I haven't forgotten who were unkind to me. Now when I'm in the charts and on the telly I sort of smile inside, that they're watching. I'm waiting for them to ring up — "Oh do you remember me, I used to go around with you"."

I ask Numan what his ambitions were during those Meanstreet days, expecting him to say "I wanted to make my own music". Instead his answer comes quick and wistful. "I want to start my own airplane business. I'm going to buy two Dakotas, paint them up in war colours and do, er, nostalgia trips to Arnhem — you know, where the old paratroopers used to go — and charge them about twenty quid a time. I'd go on

From previous page

friends could get up and jam with The Undertones they said no. The boys aren't into that sort of thing.

"They did say that if Pursey wanted to play with Cook and Jones they could use their equipment after The Undertones had finished their set. Pursey was acting very strangely though, shouting and demanding that he should be able to get up and jam. Eventually he left and went to the bar."

The Undertones' manager went on to tell *Thrills* that Pursey left the venue, only to return with a bunch of friends.

"Pursey got up on stage and invited all the crowd up. One of our lighting rigs went over — thankfully it didn't hit anybody, if it had've done somebody would've been dead."

"In the course of the affair we had several hundred pounds of equipment stolen: four £100 mikes, various bits of drum kit and a load of leads. It was the hall manager who switched the power off. Evidently Jimmy Pursey and Sham have been banned from playing that venue because of violent incidents at a previous gig."

In conclusion Ferguson added: "If Jimmy Pursey wants to jam with The Undertones let him come back to Ireland and sing



'Union Jack' in Derry.

Despite repeated attempts to reach Pursey in order to hear his side of the story *Thrills* is fucked out. We did however speak to a spokesman for The Chords who insisted that the incident had been blown up out of all proportion. Hmmm.

If Mr Pursey would like to comment *Thrills*' doors are always open.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS



Tubeway Army (L-R): Duffo, Ivor Biggun, Gary Numan. Pic: Chris Horlicks.

the same route as they used during the war. I'm more interested in this than keeping the music going. I don't want to stay in music for too many years.

"I got involved in music because I love everything about it, but now I'm in it you see the other side and it isn't much fun. Not as glamorous and enjoyable as you imagine.

All this chart and TV thing, it's only fun while it's new and then it won't be long before it's a job and a strain, and when the whole thing becomes too much business

then I'd stop."

Wouldn't there be anything seductive in prolonged success?

"No, I'd find it easy to stop because I'm so interested in flying, I'd have another complete love to go into. It's like giving up Raquel Welch and going into Brigitte Bardot, innit?" If you say so.

The original Numan/Army sound was guitar orientated fast rock, aimless and painless. The impressionable Numan constantly altered the sound, absorbing and exploring.

"Tubeway Army have always been a group on the playing side, but not the creative side. The music changes so quickly. If I have an idea, in three months time it's changed. You hear a new album, new ideas, new instruments... I mean, somebody bought me a piano a year ago, so I started playing keyboards — and look how much that's changed the music."

Numan's new-found love for keyboards — synthesiser and all things electronic — has deepened to such an extent he

plans to drop all guitars from his next LP. The next move is to withdraw all human involvement. Then to fly off into the clouds.

MARGINALLY acquainted with his early work for *Beggars Banquet* — the singles 'That's Too Bad' and 'Bombers', the LP 'Tubeway Army' — and teased a little by the new LP 'Replicas', I had become intrigued if not intoxicated by the nature of the Numan pursuit. As Numan/Army had developed, and the music had begun to complement the blue-cold Numan world view, which consisted of a series of simple and savage future projections. I began to hear maybe a budding Bowie, or the stirrings of a possible wandering Eno character, or the brother spirit of John Foxx, he of Ultravox, a dealer in adolescent alienation. Wishing to sort out just which pimple Numan was squeezing, I made to interview the man. When I requested the interview Numan was unknown and unfashionable and destined to stay that way, which intrigued me even more, but by the time I came to meet him he was a real chart star, which made me smile.

I still determined to discover his sources, his future route, and how often he grins. He grins quite often, a nervous toothy sort of grin. His main modern musical likes appear to be Bowie, Human League, Kraftwerk and most especially Ultravox. "I think they're brilliant, the best band in the world and no one's realised it!" he enthuses.

I drop the word pretentious into his lap. "I've never understood this pretentious bit, to be honest. As far as I'm concerned it's showbusiness. You put on a show, you dress up, create characters in your songs, you look like the characters you're creating to portray them, so that people can understand the songs better — and then people say 'Oh it's pretentious' just because you wear make-up or whatever."

"Pretentious means making claims of great importance doesn't it? Well, there's no way I'm making claims to anything. My songs are just ideas."

If Numan resents accusations of pretentiousness then he's cheerfully and slyly willing to be accepted as contrived. He had mentioned a fondness for

Continues page 15

PATRIK FITZGERALD

NEW ALBUM

Grubby Stories.



ON TOUR

JUNE

Wed 13th YORK	Pop Club
Thu 14th HALIFAX	Civic Theatre
Fri 15th CARLISLE	Wigton Market Hall
Tue 19th LEEDS	F Club
Thu 21st LIVERPOOL	Eric's
Fri 22nd NOTTINGHAM	Sandpiper
Sat 23rd DERBY	Ajanta Cinema
Sun 24th OXFORD	College of Further Education
Thu 28th BIRMINGHAM	Festival Suite
Fri 29th MANCHESTER	Factory
Sat 30th BRIDGEND	Drones

JULY

Wed 4th NEWPORT	Stowaway
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IT WAS just another photo session for just another band. Routine stuff for publicity purposes. Find a location. Expose a few frames. Send 'em the bill.

Vern Morgan slung his tripod and camera into the reinforced aluminium case and caught the first train to Dorset. Six hours later he was standing on a desolate back road out between the sleepy farms of that arable county, nimbly fingering the F stop as The Martian Schoolgirls chose

an appropriate repose. The Martian Schoolgirls?

Of course they're not from Mars. Or even schoolgirls. They were formed by Dan Kelleher, a former 101'er, and will soon be releasing their faberonele first waxing on the fearless Chiswick record label, so called because they have nothing to fear and even less to lose.

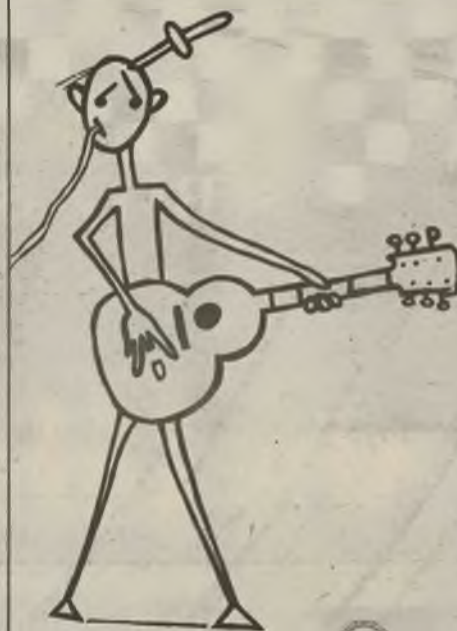
But imagine the photographer's amazement when he developed the shots and saw, hovering discreetly in

the background, a genuine UFO.

Well, that's what he says. Light spectrum analysis has proved conclusively that it wasn't The Cramps arriving for their British tour. There can be only one conclusion, but we thought you wouldn't believe it either.

STEVE MERCURY

THE RECORDS



UNREPEATABLE REPLICAS.

You've seen him
in the T.V. ad.
You may have
heard his single
'Down In The Park'.
Now here's
REPLICAS
the new album by
Gary Newman's
'Tubeway Army'.
And HMV Shops
are offering it at
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list price, now.

And at the HMV Shop every week:
The HMV Shop Top albums up to **£1.50 off** list price.
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Nottingham
Notting Hill Gate

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Portsmouth
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Stockton
Stratford

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Swansea
Wolverhampton

NICK LOWE LABOUR OF LUST



NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

DAVE EDMUNDS REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY



NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES

Jumpin' in the night

ALBUM SRK 6067



RICKIE LEE JONES

Cocktails for Kerouac and an appointment with the hype machine

ABOUT THE crassest tag anyone has tried to hang on Rickie Lee Jones is that she's "the female Tom Waits". It is also the kind of tag that will probably cause the recipient a good deal of discomfort over the next year or so.

Unfortunately it's also kind of apt. The similarities between Ms. Jones and the aforementioned Waits are more than a little marked. Both have a basis in '40s jazz nostalgia, both seem to be trying to turn themselves into characters from some beat generation/Damon Runyon world where Nick the Greek slips through the shadows and Jack Kerouac could show up any moment in a beat-up Hudson.

The resemblance doesn't even stop there. On stage, in a beat-up cocktail dress, pink beret pulled down over one eye and a Sherman brown cigarillo hanging out of the corner of her mouth, Rickie Lee slugs back drinks with the confidence of someone who believes she has a cast iron liver.

Just to complete the Waits connection, she even hung round with the same L.A. bohemian street crowd, in the bars of Hollywood and Venice. Like a lot of people who seem determined to turn themselves into an instant legend, Ms. Jones is unwilling to talk much about her background.

"It's a long story, a year and a half long."

What she does give away is straight romantic American fantasy. Her father was the son of a vaudeville family who spent too much of his childhood dumped in orphanages while mom and pop worked the circuit. In his turn he wound up as a less than successful musician and songwriter.

When times were hard he worked as a waiter. And, by all accounts, times were often

hard.

"We'd move most every year. I was back and forth mostly between Chicago and Phoenix. I went to as many schools as the years I was in school."

Although reticent about the past, she seems to relish telling how she and a teenage boyfriend stole a car so they could run away together, and how she was one of 12 students booted out of High School in Olympia, Washington, for refusing to conform.

A lot of this carries echoes of early Patti Smith legend

telling. But unlike La Smith's studied posturing, there is an essential robustness about Rickie Lee Jones that makes it much more credible.

Without any insult, the term *brat* could have been coined for her. Contrary to the publicity pictures from the Warner publicity machine, Ms. Jones is no Joni Mitchell sorrowful wail. Big boned, wide hipped and with a face out of the classic Bardot, Faye Dunaway mould, she has moves that, if her voice gave out tomorrow, would guarantee a headline spot in any strip joint.



Rickie Lee Jones, her mother's finest Mitchell lookalike

Nice album, shame about the film

AS SUMMER slips slyly into our hearts, mongering its honey jar weather and popsicle packets, our anemic anticipation of hols expands to bursting point.

Even as I type, Monty has slipped out of his England strip and is flexing a comely tattoo of Great Yarmouth pier, his chest recalling with every ripple Jones, Julia, and August's long gone and fondly filed in the unconscious store of sandcastles and whelks CSM is under the arc ray lamp, shades peeling a wholesome raspberry colour, and Angus has taken to Bermudas and disconcerting line in Merini ad chit chat.

A song blast from the office transistor... young love, first relationships, the search for adventure... the 'reefers' and bongos are out around the water cooler, the frisbees and frisky young thangs.

And Roy Carr (Inc.) has just booked up a package deal outing to see... **THAT SUMMER!**... the film about Steve, "rejected by his East End family", "encouraged by his Borstal swimming coach"

to "give himself a new self-respect and the chance to be a winner again".

This is a story of "three raucous Glaswegian lads — Tam, who is determined to win the swimming marathon by fair means or foul, Georgie, who keeps" — naughty — "hyperactive on pills", and Stu, who is "tagging along for the ride".

They meet... Carole, and Angie, who have packed up their jobs in a Northern factory to work as "chambermaids in a smart

seaside hotel."

Stendhalian romance ensues. Tam tries to chat up the girls, angering Steve. Angie's plans are thwarted by the hotel rules forbidding the girls from taking men into their rooms.

The plot thickens. Angie finishes Simone de Beauvoir's autobiography... Steve tries to make her jealous by dating an ageing chorus line impresario... "she rejects Tam's sexual advances because of her feelings for



"Young people looking for fun and new experiences." Typical Ramones fans too.

When singing, she is so aggressively animated that the audience is drawn in and all disbelief is suspended. This is crucial for any performer attempting to move the audience not only at gut level but also to take them out of present reality and transform the place that she's playing into a mythical sleazy jazz joint some 30 years in the past.

Although not so far down the road as her friend and hero, she seems determined to do what Waits has done: become virtually indistinguishable from one of his own characters.

It could soon be hard to tell the real Rickie Lee Jones from the hipster/hooker/hustler/bar room broads who show up in the rest of her songs.

This may be something of a problem.

Tom Waits has never had to go through the whole media, star-making process. For the most part he was left alone by the record company to develop in his own time, and to slowly build his now considerable cult following.

Rickie Lee Jones, on the other hand, is slap in the middle of the hype spotlight. With an album only just in the stores, her management are already vetoing interviews and instructing muscle to stop photographers at her shows.

She has been jerked out of small L.A. clubs like the A Le Cane and the Comeback Inn and set adrift in the rock 'n' roll big league to record with the likes of Willie Weeks, Mac Rebennack, Randy Newman, Tom Scott and Buzzy Feiten.

Right now, she seems to be relishing the experience. "Most girls, most artists for that matter, aren't real secure. They walk into a situation and they don't direct; the producers direct. So you don't have any collaboration, any involvement. It's very unusual for someone to get this much support. Now I know that I won't have to fight to make these songs heard. I feel a lot more confident about writing and performing my music."

Sadly, however, sometimes the fight to be heard is what shapes and matures talent. The big hype may get instant results, but all too often it can destroy an artist. Bruce Springsteen was one of the exceptions who managed to find his way back.

Rickie Lee Jones indisputably has talent. Whether she has the strength to ride the machine rather than allow the machine to ride her remains to be seen.

MICK FARREN

THROTTLES

Deck chairs are wrecked; chemist's shops are raided; the day of the big race approaches; the rotting body of a prehistoric sea mammal is found in Stu's suitcase. The CID are called in...

And then there's the soundtrack! Cliff and The Shadows! Helen Shapiro! Bobby Darin! Charlie Drake! The Beachcombers! Joe Banana and The Bunch! The previously unavailable classic 'punk rock' single 'Sex And Drugs And Great British Social Realism'...

Other featured beat groups like Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, and The Ramones — to name but three — aren't in fact featured, if you see what I mean, and do not make cameo or any other kind of appearances in the film, though they have between them managed to donate Arista the most classic laden soundtrack set since *Fantasia*. THAT SUMMER!, claim its producers, captures "a moment in everyone's life, which... for many of us... took... place... during

Behind the back of the youth club, is it, gal?

RICHARD CLIFF

THROTTLES

MOTHER'S FINEST

Bad acid, Kiss, vegetarianism — and how to kick a phe-NOMENAL amount of ass

PERCHED apprehensively on a hotel sofa, your reporter is having tea with Mother's Finest.

Why the name, he asks, as they hand him a cup?

"Cos we wanted to call it Mother Fucker. But we couldn't, so we just kept the MF — *Multruz Faanest*."

Ah... Right. No sugar, thanks.

The six of them settle back, scattered loosely around the furniture.

The white contingent. 'Moses' Mo (guitar) and B. B. Queen (drums), are quiet, composed and have very long hair.

The rest — The Wizard (bass), Mike Keck (keyboards), Glen Murdock and Joyce Kennedy (vocals) — are black, cool, loud, confident and archetypally funky.

MF are a funk/rock/soul extravaganza from Atlanta, Georgia. They've flown in for

a one-off London debut, and your man with the microphone has been dispatched for 45 minutes of perceptive repartee. It's not to be a milestone in communication.

Joyce, in mid-Southern drawl, is filling in the background that led up to their present stage act — a vigorous, slick funk work-out that forsakes their more original album material in favour of minimal technique, cat-suits, frayed boots and dry ice.

"Me an' Glen got together about ten years ago doing commercial pop — you know, long gowns, tuxedos, 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco', and the whole comedy bit, the whole male/female counterpart kind of trip — and they really got off on it. Ah swayer."

"About four years ago we formed a whole band, but we kept that kind of showman thing happenin' the whole time. I mean that was our



survival without havin' a hit record — because our show is really together and we can draw."

How about these rumours that they've all become vegetarians and got into "clean living"?

"We have now," grins Glen. "We went through it to get to it, but it was literally out to lunch for a while!"

How literally? MF en masse: "Bad acid, speed, THC, lots of marijuana, downers, coke, hashish, anything we could smoke. We

finally figured that we just couldn't hang being stoned all the time — you know, the realism gets kinda shattered."

So much for my assumptions about an Earth Wind & Fire-type spiritual purity, eh?

"Right," agrees Joyce, "we're not into preachin' at all. We just write very realistic lyrics, very down-to-earth. But we are sharin' the problem of a unique band. I imagine that every unique band has had to go through confusion, and we're goin' through that because our music is in all those different directions — soulful, funky and rock, okay?"

Who's contributed to this split in direction?

"We were influenced by Sly. The Who and The Rolling Stones in the early days. All those people were really hot. Our biggest breakthrough as far as seeing what we wanted to do is concerned was *Woodstock*. We saw that film about 15 times and it's like all those people were really gone. Then when Sly comes on it's just like the show has started all over again, because of the energy and freshness, and because of the unity."

"There was no frontman — everybody was a star and everybody shined, which is what we want to do."

Don't they feel the format of their live act limits any change of musical direction?

The Wizard careers off at a tangent. "There are no limitations in our music because times are always changin' and new generations are always comin' in, and we as people — luckily enough — we are always changin' and gettin' better. So there's no boundaries."

Great, but how does their music reflect these changes?

Joyce shifts into overdrive. "We're all influenced by each other, right? Even though we're a vibewithin ourselves we're still influenced by everyone else who's in the same business. See what I'm sayin'?" (I don't). "We're just images of each other."

Things are looking bleak. I'm talking about external influences.

The Wizard reckons he's with me on this one. "This tour... this tour has influenced us and given us more reason to be ourselves and be more unique, cos we found that our own ideas are best cos they make the people move."

Exasperation is setting in. By external I mean are they — for example — influenced by any other types of music?

Glen's in on the case. "Yeah, you always have to stay open to ideas. Disco has been a bit of an influence. It's got a lot of energy and we thrive off of energy. It's also got a lot of listeners right now, so we're gonna fuse a little of that into our own stuff."

I decided to tread some stony ground. Were they aware that in England people tend to approach MF's brand of on-stage excess with a little more caution than the average American audience?

Blank looks all round. Didn't they feel that their stage show and the expression "over the top" had something in common?

Glen veers towards disbelief. "Everybody's told us the same thing as you're tellin' us — every country we've been to, 'Don't be offended if nobody moves.' Don't you like your music, gutsy, loud, punchy... and your sound systems good?" (That we do). "Okay!"

"Moses' Mo suddenly springs to life. "They told us this in Holland, Germany and every place, and all the shows have been hysteria. The whole house has been crazy and jumpin' up and down. It's not like we bring on a 40-foot long worm or anything. We just play our music with our bodies as they're the effects that have been cheapest to sustain."

Joyce weighs in with a tone of authority.

"It's like this, right? You've got Kiss and they're all show; then you take The Commodores and they're all showtime and funky R'n'B stuff; then you take Earth Wind & Fire who have more of a jazz type thing with the showtime; then you've got The Who with all that rock 'n' roll — WAAAAANG... Get it up — with a front singer who's pretty."

"Then you've got the Stones who're got Mick Jagger, and you might as well say the Stones is Mick Jagger; then you've got Roddy Roddy who's doing a sex symbol trip right now, okay?; then you have Rufus, who started out as Rufus and all of a sudden it was just Chaka Khan, right?"

"And then you have us — and we're just a little bit of all of them."

"All I know is for a no-hit group, we do kick a phe-NOMENAL amount of ass."

MARK ELLEN

THROTTLES



Joyce Kennedy plays it cool. Pic: Alain de la Mata.

The Lone Groover



Our apologies to Mr Benyon and his fan for the non-appearance of last week's comic strip. This was due to an editorial cock-up.

Benyon

PATTI CAKES . . .

IN A recent phone interview with the *New York Daily News*, Patti Smith had the following to say for herself: "I love New York, but it's a matter of heart why I've been living in Detroit these last eight months. I'm in love with Fred Sonic Smith (ex-MC-5) who brought me out here.

"Together we've been involved in a process of building up an area, as far as starting a communicative underground in clubs and a series of benefits here. I just felt I did everything I could have done in my 12 years in New York. It's my spiritual home, where I flourished as an artist and gained confidence as a person. But I've never been afraid of change.

"I really have no patience at all for so much of the crap in the punk rock scene. New Wave is romantically political, but all this shit sticking safety pins in cheeks and all the fucking violence, I feel, is just a style and fad.

"I came into rock as a purist with a motivation to communicate, something I see as man's greatest gift. If the kids could remember their motivation, where they come from, then the positive aspects could be developed."

Commenting on the Sid Vicious affair when her brother Todd pressed assault charges after a botching incident which led to Sid's incarceration for 55 days, Patti sounds nervous.

The inclusion of 'So You Want To Be A R&B Star' with the two lines "it's a vicious game, it's insane" on her latest album reveals apparent guilt pangs incurred by the sordid affair.

"Both me and Todd felt a lot of compassion for Sid. He was crying out for help. He didn't slit his wrist and slash Todd's face because he was happy. The only reason Todd pressed charges was that Sid needed to be away from everyone, even if it meant jail. As soon as he was released, he committed suicide,



Patti Smith. Pic: Joe Stevens

so we were right. Sid was a mixed up kid who was trapped in his own image. I liked him, it was a shame."

Other heavyweights in the entertainment world like funky Pope John Paul I got a name check in Patti's phone rap with the *News*.

"There was something about John Paul I that deeply affected me; he made me feel very happy inside. I had no question where I stood as far as my relationship with my creator. I'm not some borne-again Christian. He just inspired me to reconsider several theological questions about myself."

As a result of this religious encounter of a weird kind Ms. Smith now has trouble playing 'Gloria', which starts with "Jesus died for somebody's sins — but not mine". She's broken down several times on stage in the middle of the song.

Judging from her recent New York shows, Patti — gaunt and

incessantly scratching at her nose — seemed strained and unhappy with having to deal with her large audience, who poked and oohed at whatever she said.

Then again, Patti Smith has always been into sharing her pain.

JOE STEVENS

THRILLS

TWO "jam butte" boy musicians were being hunted yesterday. Robert Plant, 32 and his ten-year-old brother Stuart, vanished out of their home in Vernon, Nevada, Saturday. They took two anoraks, one sleeping-bag and a pile of jam sandwiches.

So they are playing Knebworth after all. Sent by P. Gosling of Tottenham.

Whatever happened to John and Yoko?

AS EXCLUSIVELY sneak-previewed in *T-Zero* last week, the Lennons are silent no more. Now *Thrills* brings you — hot from the Capital airwaves — recorded highlights of the moment the prophetic pair woke up, prayed, brushed their socks, changed their teeth, and sent out for a gallon of Ajax.

Yoko Ono phoned Kenny Everett to tell him about 'The Spring Cleaning Of Our Minds' in a statement entitled "A Love Letter From John And Yoko". This dumbfounding document was read on Capital Radio by Nicky Horne in the early hours of Sunday May 27.

It was dedicated to "People who ask us what, when and why", and in it they claim:

"We kept finding things in old closets in our minds that we hadn't realised were still there, things we wished we hadn't found. As we did our cleaning, we also started to notice many wrong things in our house... We started to love the plants which one of us originally thought were robbing the air from us. We began to enjoy the drum beat of the city which used to annoy us.

The plants are growing. The cats are purring... and there is love between us, our city, the country, the earth. If two people like us can do what we are doing with our lives, any miracle is possible... As the Good Book says, 'Where two are gathered together...' It's true. Two is plenty. A Newclear Seed.

It's true we can do with a few big

miracles right now. The thing is to recognise them when they come to you and be thankful. First they come in a small way, in everyday life, then they come in rivers and in oceans. It's goin' to be alright. The future of the earth is up to all of us.

More and more we are starting to wish and pray. The things we have tried to achieve in the past by flashing a V-sign, we try now through wishing. We are not doing this because it is simpler; wishing is more effective than waving flags. It works. It's like magic. Magic is simple; magic is real. Magic is logical. Try it sometime.

If you think of us next time, remember our silence is a silence of love and not of indifference.

Remember we are writing in the sky instead of on paper — that's our song.

Lift up your eyes again and look around you, and you will see that you are walking in the sky, which extends to the ground. We are all part of the sky, more so than of the ground. Remember, we love you.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono, New York City.

P.S. We noticed that three angels were looking over our shoulders when we wrote this!

What? When? And WHY!!

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS



Where is he now? Who nose? "Talk to you in five years' time. Talks..." Pic: Annette Green

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ADRIAN THRILLS

Words

KEVIN CUMMINS

Pictures



Palmolive



Gina



Ana



Vicki

RAINCOATS

YOU ALWAYS get the odd one or two, even on Rough Trade tours. The sight of four women on a stage with guitars in their hands demanding attention solely by virtue of the music they are playing still proves too much of a threat to the (in)security of some pint-sipping piss-pot at the back of the hall.

Even on supposedly alternative ventures like the just-completed Kleenex/Raincoats/Spizz Energi tour.

This, the second package to go out under the banner of the worthy Kensington Park Road set-up, swung into its final leg at an art college in deepest Canterbury, a gig policed by a firm of local bouncers (hired by the college, not Rough Trade) decked out in black shirts and pinstripe suits as if to resemble Paper Lace on *TOTP* singing 'The Night Chicago Died'.

Tonight The Raincoats are playing last, taking their turn as headliners on a three-sided rota, and they amble onstage to an audience well charged up after the perky pop of Kleenex and the redoubtable Spizz.

The Raincoats are greeted initially by a few beer-stained cat-calls — all of which subside after the first couple of songs — and then mainly by stares of bemused interest.

Well, they looked like stares of bemused interest to me. However, the local newspaper chap who managed to worm his way through the pinstriped barricade guarding the dressing room afterwards obviously thought differently, since he asked violinist and guitarist Vicki Aspinall: "Do you think it's an advantage that the audience ogle at you onstage?"

Her riposte to such an inept line of probing was no doubt short and sweet. I forgot to enquire at the time. But five days later when I took a train to Manchester to catch up with the tour again at The Factory, I did get a chance to ask.

"In other words, do we think it's an advantage being a sex object so we can get on," replies Vicki. "People still have this certain image of women on the stage and they try to put us into it all the time. We've had several reviews which have been very bitter, putting us down because we don't fit into any convenient category. We're not sex objects and we're not a feminist band as such."

Gina Birch (bass and vocals): "It's very patronising. It's just because they can't find another way of assessing what we do. Like one review said something about our supposed 'all girls together anti-men lyrics' and another said something about us not being able to play our instruments because we are 'little girlies'."

"It's just madness. They're threatened by it. We're open to criticism. In fact, we'd like criticism of the music if it could be done without criticising us as women."

What, I wondered aloud, did they think was the best way of dealing with the odd bouts of sexist heckling — by confronting or ignoring it?

Palmolive (drums): "By ignoring it and confronting it, by putting something else across before they have time to do it."

Gina: "There's no point in getting into a blatant argument from the stage just because someone shouts get your knickers off."

*The roots of your thoughts
They're essentially polaroid.
When you look at my picture
Don't say it's your mirror.
Tear me, make me glad
Don't ask me anything.
I'm no secret agent
Got no colours to give to you.*

*But don't worry, honey, don't worry.
This is just a fairytale
Happening in the supermarket.*

— 'Fairytale In The Supermarket'

THE RAINCOATS began life a little under a year ago when Gina Birch met Portuguese vocalist Ana in West London. Their early gigs, in places like Paddington's Cryptic Club and Notting Hill's Acklam Hall, were more or less free-for-all sessions in true Mekonite gang style.

From such beginnings the group progressed through a motley collection of male and female drummers (including the current Public Image man Richard 'Snakes' Dudanski) and even guest saxophonists.

However, after a four-day trip to play at an arts performance festival in Poland, a temporary split caused a halt to the gigs, leaving just the two original members, Gina and Ana.

The ranks were next swollen by the arrival first of Palmolive from The Slits and then Vicki from another all-girl band, Jam Today. The band as they are now played their first gig at the Acklam Hall in early January.

Palmolive's departure from The Slits, which came very much as a surprise when announced, had been at the request of The Yachts' manager Frank Silver, who was also handling The Slits at that time. But as Palmolive recalls the split barely a hint of acrimony permeates her rich Spanish tones.

"They decided they wanted to get

professional and they thought I couldn't play drums so they chucked me out. It came from the manager. "But I don't think I'm that professional anyway. As it is, I'm still a bit dodgy. But I was very pissed off that you had to be a stylish musician to be in a group. I just didn't really fit in with the things they wanted to do."

Vicki, a classically-trained violinist, was found after Palmolive posted an ad 'Female Musician Wanted — No Style But Strength', in Camden's Compendium bookshop. Vicki had been inactive for a couple of months after growing disillusioned with certain aspects of the hard-line feminist approach of Jam Today.

"It was a completely different attitude. Jam Today were very self-consciously feminist, which meant playing preferably only to women and not taking part in any commercial structures at all — which meant not making any records and keeping very much as an isolated alternative."

"At the time I thought it was a good idea as I couldn't see much of a future in the rock 'scene' but in the end I left because their attitude was so isolated that they were cutting themselves off."

"They were completely anti-capitalist in every sense, which was totally impractical. You end up playing to nobody apart from the people who know about you already, and I just can't see that attitude getting you anywhere. I think you should try to work within things to get something done."

"I'm still sympathetic to their feminist views but I think they have an impractical way of going about it. It's unrealistic. For a start, you have got to play to men. You can't cut yourself off from half the human race."

THE RAINCOATS as they are now are living proof that music played by non-virtuosos can still be remarkably sophisticated. That their crude sophistication is achieved by taking risks and without losing any of the abrasive edginess is no small bonus.

And, though you can sometimes spot the odd reference points — anything from The Mekons to Pere Ubu, but most noticeably The Velvet Underground and Nico — their sound is intense and totally individual.

Moreover, like, say, Gang Of Four or the early Clash, they draw their creative strength from an internal tension imposed by the marked character differences in the group: crudely, the hot-blooded Iberian romanticism of Ana and Palmolive on one hand and the hard-headed English rationalism of Vicki on

■ Continues over



Raincoats indoors

RAINCOATS

■ From previous page

the other, with Gina falling somewhere in between the two.

The gaps are further underlined by the fact that all four members contribute individually to the songwriting score. Thus on their recently-released Rough Trade single there was one song of Ana's ('Fairytale In The Supermarket'), one of Gina's ('In Love'), and one of Palmolive's ('Adventures Close To Home'), while more of Vicki's contrasting pieces are gradually being introduced into the live set.

"We all write songs and we all have our individual styles," elaborates Vicki. "I think it's a varied set because all the songs are written by different people. There's no overriding musical style or whatever."

"Some of them — especially Ana's and Palmolive's — are very intense and emotional, but I don't think they are romantic in the traditional romantic sense."

"It would be too easy to say that we are women and therefore we write romantic emotional songs. That's a mistruth."

"It's horrible!" adds Gina. "It's the other way around. We are women and we have different perceptions. Even The Raincoats have emotions!"

*Passion that shouts
And red with anger
I lost myself
Through alleys of mystery
I went up and down
Like a demented train*

*Chorus:
Don't take it personal
I choose my own fate
I follow love, I follow hate*

*Searching for something
That makes hearts move
I found myself
But lost my best possession
Walked into the shade
And threatened to drift away.*

*Full of myself
I left you behind
As if I could
Possessed by Quixote's dream
Went to fight dragons
In the land of concrete.*

— 'Adventures Close To Home'

THE IDIOSYNCRATIC use of English in songs like 'Fairytale' and 'Adventures Close To Home' is indicative of a rare and charming talent at work. But, on the other hand, the very private visions of the lyrics and intensely personal styles of the writers (Ana and Palmolive) occasionally cause confusion for the listener.

Bearing this in mind I asked Ana to explain 'Supermarket'.

"It's about several different things. Originally it was two songs which were combined with a short drum burst in the middle. Each line is about a different thing more or less. I thought you could write different lines which didn't really have something to do with the line before."

"The idea of a title is just a contradiction. It has the visual of all these things happening today in the age where supermarkets exist and at the same time you have fairytales which are a sort of contradiction to that."

Much harsher and direct are Vicki's songs, particularly 'Off Duty Trip', based on the true case of a British soldier involved in an extremely violent rape but punished only very leniently so that his career could be saved.

"The judge considered the priority to be saving his career rather than obtaining any justice for the woman who was mauled to bits by him."

*Just a couple in the park
Pounding out their games in the dark
Those who walk past hear screams
Are only reminded of love's young dreams*

*Seaside town, off duty trip
Taking flesh, going to let rip
With rings on his fingers,
Sharp like the taste that still lingers.
Join the professionals, save one of our professionals
No, no jail for a professional!*

— 'Off Duty Trip'

The most disorientating song in The Raincoats' set at the moment is their one and only cover: a version of Ray Davies' 'Lola', performed word for word to the blueprint of The Kinks' original. A courageous enough song — about transvestite homosexuality — when it was written ten or so years ago. The Raincoats believe it takes on added dimension when performed by women.

Ana: "It keeps it totally open to interpretation and, besides, the song was so well written, the whole humour, the whole use of words so well done that it's a really good song to do. But I think it goes even further sung by a woman."

Vicki: "I think the fact that it's about two men and it is being sung by women disorients the whole thing. When we sing it you have women singing about a man falling in love with another man!"

"If I was listening to it like that, I'd feel quite shocked into listening to what it was about."

THE ODD live review aside, you won't have read too much about the Raincoats in the rock press. They don't shun publicity but they don't exactly come begging for it either and, initially, they were even slightly unsure about committing themselves to this interview.

Ana, particularly, is anxious that the band should have the chance to grow at their own pace without the pressure of having to live up to any great hype. And though I personally rate them very highly, I don't intend providing any such fare here.

Ana and Gina formed The Raincoats with a subconscious vow not to involve the band in anything which might entail presenting a false image of themselves. It is a resolve that has scarcely weakened over the past year.

Vicki: "That's one of the reasons we don't want to be involved with a big record company. We'd be under a lot of pressure inevitably to change the way we are onstage."

Gina: "Basically, we don't want to say that we're not going to sign with a big company. Everybody seems to let people down by making statements like that."

"But at the moment we're not even considering it. I can see no advantage to us as a group. We're already in a position where we can make records, play gigs and do what we want to do."

Ana: "We're not even thinking of the big company alternatives. I don't think it would be an advantage to reach a larger audience by saying increasingly stale things. I haven't seen many people going on being true to themselves after going to big companies. It doesn't even interest men to talk about it."

"All we want really is to be in a position to do the music we want to do and be as free as we can in doing it."

BLUE

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When TRAIN 1 (Jazz Age) Single NPMRS 10



PRINCE BUSTER

THIS GUN FOR HIRE

DOWN THE Ricky-Tick, Windsor's only teenbeat haven in the mid-'60s, us blokes didn't get a look in. The girls were always the best dancers. Handbags in a big pile in the middle, staring into the distance, they did some great little dances, especially to Prince Buster's 'Al Capone', swinging their hips and toting their hands like guns, while wallflower me just stood and gawked.

I didn't rate ska anyway. All bluebeat and red and white Island labels meant to me was second-rate soul music, which just goes to show what cloth ears I've got.

But even a purist fart like me had to laugh at Buster. He was such a loudmouthed sod: 'Hey Cincinnati, people say you're good — I think you're the best I've ever met, but when I'm around you're second best', he claimed on 'Cincinnati Kid'. And who'd dare to argue with him?

Walking past Melodisc Records on Earlham Street, you could see all his albums in the window, including one with a picture of him strutting in African robes: what a buffoon, I thought, and still didn't pay much attention.

But eventually, when soul looked like dying on its dancing feet (ca. 1973) we all turned to reggae; ska and Buster began to look good, and now that we're being force-fed a mod revival, perhaps Buster gets a second chance for some serious attention.

Well, not too serious, but he's definitely worth a listen still.

ABANDONING a career in boxing in the late '50s, Buster opted for the different though equally pugilistic world of sound systems, Kingston's main source of entertainment in the days before recording studios and pressing plants arrived.

Even now, the names of those sound system operators have a sort of deranged majesty: Sir Coxson, The Downbeat, Duke Reid, The Trojan, Lord Kooz Of The Universe, V Rocket.

Buster started as Downbeat's bouncer, but decided to go it alone, setting up in competition which often got out of hand. Some of the Duke's men once cracked his head open with a handy brick, and his wires were often cut at dances. They took their dancing seriously in those days.

Buster could stand the pace though, and kept abreast of the rest; then when recording came to Kingston in 1958 (fairly late in the day really), he was one of the first in the studios and claims responsibility for changing JA music from R&B derivatives to the ska it became in 1961.

He was an imaginative producer, easily the equal of Coxson, Reid, Leslie Kong, and the other big knobs of ska.



Greatest meets second greatest. Take your pick . . .

PRINCE BUSTER ruled with a rod of iron in the halcyon daze of the mods. **NICK KIMBERLEY**, who never wore Hush Puppies, hopes he'll come back from down in Bone Yard soon. Watch out as the bullets fly . . .

He even continued the sound system battles on record: when his protégé Derrick Morgan left to record for Leslie Kong, whose Chinese descent won him a lot of enemies throughout his career, Buster accused Morgan of being a 'Black Head Chinaman', working for 'Praise But No Raise', while Lloyd

Charmers was 'Judas Charmers', selling his soul for 'Thirty Pieces Of Silver' — straight to the man's head even then.

Not all of Buster's records were good: Eric Morris's Toytown effort, 'Humpty Dumpty', was silly nursery rhyme stuff, sounding more like someone cashing in on ska. Usually,

though, Buster was good — and often great: The Folks' Bros 'Oh Carolina', a popular tune down Wardour St as well as on Orange Street, was a strange mixture of New Orleans piano, Count Ossie's Rasta drumming (pretty sharp in those days) and the still-fresh ska rhythm; while The Maytals cut most of their



very few interesting records for Buster, including 'Dog War', aka 'Broadway Jungle'

But best of all were Buster's own records, abrasive dance music which celebrated everything anti-social and destructive: outrageous male dominance on 'Ten Commandments' ('Remember to kiss and caress me, honour and obey me in every whim & fancy, seven days a week and twice on Sunday'), nothing less than glorification of the Kennedy assassination ('Texas Hold-Up'), the vengeful arm of law and order (in the Judge Dread trilogy, 'Judge Dread', 'The Barrister', presumably aimed at Bob Marley, and 'Judge Dread Dance The Pardon', where Buster decides he's been too rough on the ladies).

Drunkness gets it on 'Drunkards' Psalm', where he warns alcoholics, 'Rum is their shepherd, and they live in want, it maketh them to lie down in the gutter on an empty stomach and vomit up some green things they did not eat' — and random violence on 'This Gun For Hire'.

All in all, though he couldn't make up his mind which side of the rude boy fence he was on, Buster's music was, for rudies, dreads and mods everywhere, a good-humoured mouthpiece, an anarcho-conservative rebel music which also, as it happened, pushed Jamaican music forward all the time, from R&B to ska to rock steady to reggae.

Only in the early '70s did Buster's enthusiasm begin to fade, and even then he was still a force to reckon with when he made the effort: he produced some great toasting records with Big Youth and Dennis Alcapone, out Pablo-ed Augustus with a superior cover of 'Java' by Senor Pablo, and produced one of dub's earliest and best albums, 'The Message'.

He could clearly handle the newer drum-and-bass developments with ease and panache, and yet he lost interest in the frills of reggae, denouncing the new music with its false Rastas and Lion-Zion-tell-it-to-you clichés.

Instead, he preferred to re-issue the music he loved on a set of oldies albums, with the warning, 'They have used guns to spoil the fun and force tasteless and meaningless music upon the land. They have even turned heaven into hell. Even my god is angry and one will give an account of their sins on the day of judgment'.

The mixture of political, Biblical and musical damnation adequately describes the state of Jamaica, Kingston and reggae in 1979: we can't expect Buster to sort out the problems of JA life, but he could do a lot to put reggae back on the right tracks.

Come back Buster, new rudies and mods still need you?



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Virgin
V2122 available on cassette

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V2122 available on cassette

SINGLES

◆ SINGLE OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON

GANG OF FOUR: At Home He's A Tourist (Gang Of Four). Crash Smash Crash Ring! Two Steps Forward! This second single by The Gang Of Four rams home with a vengeance what should have been apparent to all and sundry from the start: the thing that really sets this group aside from all the others working slightly to the left of mainstream is that they make angry, irresistible dance music.

'Tourist', the most important record on EMI for two-and-a-half years, positively explodes with the lidded delirium that has characterised The Gang Of Four's stage show for the past 12 months or so. Driven along by the seductive pulsebeat of Dave Allen's bass and underpinned by token crisp Hugo Burnham drumming, only Andy Gill's scratchy, haywire 'lead' guitar intrusions would stand between this and a regular airing on down on any disco floor.



The lyrical idea — about the fact that people can be conditioned to see themselves almost totally in terms of their employment to the extent that their spare time leaves an uneasy void — is a pretty obtuse one. But the Gang Of Four, to their credit, have always been at pains to explain their songs via interviews and suchlike.

'At home he feels like a tourist / At home he feels like a tourist / He fills his head with culture / He gives himself an ulcer. Down on the disco floor / They make their profit / By the things they sell / To help you cop off / And the rubbers you hide in your top left pocket. At home she's looking for interest / At home she's looking for interest / She said she was ambitious / So she accepts the process. Don't make yourself so anxious / You give yourself an ulcer!'

At its most basic, a simple but nonetheless massive indictment of apathy.

The flip, 'It's Her Factory' is a Hugo Burnham talkover (as opposed to 'toast') dealing with women's media oppression. Stark and effective with more than a casual nod to reggae's melodic man Augustus Pablo.

The label, by the way, mentions the words 'Gang Of Four' no less than SEVEN times on one side alone! One of the consequences, alas, of composing, publishing and producing your own songs under your own name.

THE RUTS: Babylon's Burning (Virgin). Good one! The Sound Of The Suburbs (SW London division) comes up with another winner, a zestful mid-to-fast temp rocker in a mould not entirely dissimilar to 'In A Rut'.

'Babylon's burning with anxiety': the lyric, if not the sentiment, veers at times towards the clumsily hackneyed but any doubts are rendered well-nigh voidoid by



GANG OF FOUR. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Music To Cure Ulcers By

the relish of the playing and the slightly camp force of Mal Owen's vocal sneer (you remember sneers, don'tche?).

Mike Glossop's mainstream 'rock' production — something akin to Pearlman's



job on the second Clash album — and Virgin's track record with this sort of thing (viz Members, Skids) should see it safely into at least the lower reaches of the Top 30.

The Ruts on *Top Of The Pops*? Don't Argue!

MODEL CITIZENS: EP (Spy Import). NYC record of the week. Don't be too put off by the John Cale production credit on the sleeve. This is an engaging, busy little record.

The Citizens are yet another of those crisp, clean-cut pop bands singing about their emotional hang-ups that have

emerged from the Big Apple since the advent of Talking Heads. Others that spring readily to mind are the brilliant Nervus Rex and the wholesome Feelies, whose own EP is due shortly on Rough Trade.

This lot combine goose pimple-inducing squeaky, shrieky female vocals with a frenetic assortment of guitars, violins and xylophones.

The gap between Gruppo Sportivo and 'That's A Plenty' period Painters Sisters? Life And Art? Sex And Violence?

Available from: Cheap and Nasty Products, 250 W 57th Street, NYC 10019, USA.

A CERTAIN RATIO: A Night Party (Factory). ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK:

Electricity (Factory). One of the burning questions we find ourselves asking ourselves in this day and age is as follows: does putting a picture of the dead body of American comedian Lenny Bruce on the cover of your debut single equate with a gross fit of pretentiousness?

I should say so. And, furthermore, I'd put the party concerned, Manchester's A Certain Ratio and their messy modern music, on approximately the same aesthetic plane as The Cash Pussies.

That said, it has to be admitted that Factory Records are, in fact, a lot less boring and po-faced than they seem at first or, indeed, as their bleak sense of cover art would suggest.

The Orchestral Manoeuvres' single is the best example of this to date. 'Electricity' is excellent, melodic synthesiser pop, powered along by a bouncy bass line and a box that goes schhhhh! every now and then.

Even better, though, is the Martin Zero-produced B-side 'Almos', a doleful, heart-sick slab of electronic angst.

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark come from Liverpool. There are two of them and The Human League have got serious competition. Merseybeat was never like this.

HERBIE HANCOCK: Tell Everybody (CBS).

HI-TENSION: Funkified (Island). I quite liked Herbie Hancock's minor hit 'You Bel Your Love' but this latest offering is exactly what it looks to the uncommitted outsider — the sound of a veteran jazzman churning out vapid Disco For Dollars.

All style and no tune, and uncomfortably splattered everywhere yet again with one of those awful warbler mouth tubes.

Hi-Tension, meanwhile, stick to the basics and come up with their best single since the 'Hi-Tension' debut.

Like the last few Real Thing singles, this is a snappy Black British ode to The Dance that is easily the equal of most of the more luxurious American stuff.

Yes, this review reads: **BRITS WIN FEET DOWN IN FUNK SHOOT-OUT SHOCK!** Can you feel the force?

the force is blind



alternative tv

ALTERNATIVE TV: The Force is Blind (Deftford Fun City).

This week's winner of the Maimo Award For Not Even Trying. I've always had plenty of time for Mark Perry and I still reckon that the lazy bleeder is capable of coming up with the proverbial goods in some shape or other. But this, the ATV memorial single, leaves me completely cold.

Are The Good Missionaries destined to carry on plugging the same vein that gives us this formless, in-joke claptrap?

'Death defying moments of art against time / Kat's had a vision just like mine / All this attention is strangling me / But the food's hot and admission is free.'

Still, should go down well on the bus to Stonehenge.

UK SUBS: Stranglehold (Gem).

A disappointment. One would have expected something better from the worthy Subs. I had to go and dust off my well-worn yellow vinyl copy of 'CID' just to make sure that this was the same group that so delighted my aural sensibilities when they were still on City Records last year.

As it is, 'Stranglehold' is no more than okay. The chorus is

Continues over

Reviewed
this week
by ADRIAN
THRILLS



SINGLES

From previous page

catchy and the band's electro-dynamic vim is lurking there somewhere in the background, but that elusive *je ne pogo qu'on* just isn't there.



YACHTS: Love You Love You (Radar). The Yachts have a problem and it's a curious one. They have a great sound — hard and compact, with a dash of eeriness lent by the Farfisa organ — but little idea of what exactly to do with it. So they create clever but insubstantial lightweight pop singles like this one, produced by Richard Gottehrer who did the first two Blondie albums.

They're always in there with the off-chance of a minor hit, but it's never going to set the world on fire.

BARRY ANDRES: Town And Country EP (Virgin). **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY:** Jellyfish (United Artists). **ANGLETRAX:** Things To Make And Do (Ariola Hansa). The unacceptable face of quirky 'modern' music. Three records that are incredibly predictable and boring in their stock disregard of what they see as rock convention. All three are totally irrelevant. Barry 'Baldy' Andrews used to be XTC's keyboard player but I can't see his typically clever Trevor effort following his former buddies to the verges of the charts.

The bump that comes with the Punishment platter informs me that 'Jellyfish' was originally the B-side of their first UA single, 'Engine Of Excuse', now demoted to the obverse of this new pressing. A pointless enough marketing ploy as it stands, but what they forget to add is that, quality-wise, you're left holding two B-side jobs.

Nauseating Wendy Herman and her Angletrex mob come across like a bunch of true-blue, white-collar bourgeois failed modern drama students who somehow conned a gullible Kraut disco label into letting them into a recording studio. God knows how though.

FASHION: Citinnee (Fashion Music). Citinnee? City Night? Fashion are a bit posy — viz the singer's penchant for Herleyesque vocal distortions — but this is a fine single. Better even than their 'Steady Eddie' debut and that wasn't bad. Neat tune, atmospheric synth, sleazy nightclub cymbals and a discernable reggae backbeat. I also got the feeling somewhere along the line that Fashion have their tongues poked obliquely back in their cheeks.

This single is on their own Brum-based label, but it should be readily available via a distribution link-up with Faulty Products.

THE TEA SET: Cups And Saucers EP (Waldo's). Excellently packaged, well-played four-tracker from a

DIY-crazy Watford-based group to whom parody seems to come as naturally as dummy-sucking to a two-month-old baby. Derivative but diversified. If you dig the self-indulgence of ATV, the wit of Natlamp, the vanity of Public Image and the whackiness of Swell Maps, then this is your band.

The EP comes complete with a 16-page booklet, PVC sleeve, lyrics to all the songs and pics. All for quid. This is called making the most of limited resources.



KIRSTY MacCOLL: They Don't Know (Stiff). Young Kirsty MacColl would be justified in

feeling well put out at Stiff's efforts to market her as 'the daughter of' some old folk sage. She seems a well-voiced singer and could easily stand on the merits of her own talent alone. Shame about the song and Liam Sternberg's unsympathetic gushing production.

KK BLACK: California Sun (Aura). As an expectant hush falls over the review room, it can now be revealed that this KK Black is none other than Kelvin - Blacklock - aka - Colney - ex - Tuff - Darts - Tools - Mott - White - Cats. You just can't keep a good loser down! But, alas, I can see very little here — great song aside — to change the status quo.

REG LAWS: Rebel (Chrysalis). This week's young pretender in the Parker / Costello stakes. Hedge your bets NOW ladies and gentlemen! Duff song, cornball lyrics, and the arrangement is too mellow by far, but they just keep on coming. If this sort of thing is your bag though, then forget about the Jacksons and Laws of the world and check Local Operator soonish.

HOLLYWOOD BRATS: Then He Kissed Me (Cherry Red). Trash! This is the 'legendary' band of New York Doll clones that once featured among their number Casino Steel of The Boys and Eunon Brady, now of Wreckless Eric's combo.

Re-released from an album originally available only in Scandinavia in 1975, this putrid re-make of the old Spector classic is backed with an inferior version of Steel's 'Sick On You', which was later to crop up on The Boys' first album.

Two years too soon in '76, it's two too late today. Sometimes you just can't win!

STRAIGHT EIGHT: Spread It Around (WEA). Jus' because Peter Townshend personally signs you to his Eel Pie record label and you then drag the Meher himself in to play keyboards on your first single for a big company doesn't necessarily mean that you will get a rave review in the NME.

RIPCHORDS: Television EP (Cells). **TOURS:** Language School (Armadillo). **GANGSTERS:** Best Friend (Stortbeat). **VENIGMAS:** Turn The Lights Out (Graduate).

VISITORS: Electric Heat EP (Deep Cuts). UK Indies Corner: Of the 70 or so singles being released every week, there seems to be an increasingly bewildering amount of small label vinyl about, most of it infinitely more interesting than the stuff

floating around on the majors.

And, as Lincoln's The Ripchords sing on their charming gangland EP: 'Music is a giant biz / The record kings pull all the strings / The dinosaurs are music's whores / Irrelevant white elephants.'

'They don't relate / They're not so great / They're all too vain to entertain / Their sets are filled with overkill / Pretentiousness in vast excess!'

Any band hailing from Poole are bound to be pretty wet and The Tours fit that bill. Their song is great pop. Worthy of The Undertones. All they need now is a singer with the vocal charisma of Fergal Sharkey.

The Gangsters' record is no great shakes. Energetic 60s pop with jilted John lyrics. But the band do come from the godforsaken Essex new town of Harlow where I had the misfortune to spend 12 months of my life. So for that I can only extend to them my deepest sympathy.

The Venigmas (Glasgow) are a vacuous early 70s rock band. You get a free paper plane with their single, but the platter itself flies much better as a frisbee.

The Visitors EP is the first release on Edinburgh's Deep Cuts label, set up by Johnny Waller of the excellent Kingsold Come fanzine.

It features three tentative attempts at something new and takes a few risks in the process, but The Visitors largely fail to transcend some of their more obvious influences — Wire, for instance, on 'Electric Heat' and the Skids on 'Moth'. Give them time.



STUDIO SWEETHEARTS: I Believe (DJM). The Studio Sweethearts, depending on your point of view, could be construed as some sort of supergroup consisting, as they do, of two ex-members of Slaughter And The Dogs and one apiece from Eater and The Nosebleeds. The Blind Faith of the blank generation?

Their sub-ponderous plod was produced by the Hot Rods' old engineer Vic Maile, but check the sleeve for the real sign of the times. There we find the lads decked out in true Gen-X pretty boy style: lace shirts, neckties, lipstick and mascara. Just one thing though. Where have all the Beat Boys gone?

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HONEY BANE. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

The Strange And Terrible Saga Of A Fatal Microbe

HONEY BANE, talking to MAX BELL

HONEY BANE (aka Donna Boylan) spends her life in a childcare centre down in Brentwood, Essex. She's 15 years old, and has lived in St. Charles Home since she was 11.

Every morning in St. Charles, before lessons, the kids take part in a therapy session which lasts an hour. They are asked to talk about themselves, to discuss their problems with the staff. Honey Bane isn't convinced that she has any problems to talk about but she plays along with their little game just the same.

One of the staff will say that the way she is sitting indicates something about her personality. Honey thinks this is a load of crap but she'll make up a problem if it keeps them happy, and quiet.

Honey Bane (aka Donna Boylan) used to be a violent girl who drank a lot underage in the pubs round Epping. Sometimes she'd get so drunk and start a fight, deliberately pick on some big bloke she took a dislike to, go and punch him in the face.

After she'd been dragged off to the police station in Epping once too often she was sent to the childcare centre and placed in a high security unit. A problem girl. She spent two years in this unit and was allowed out 20 times in two years.

Honey Bane calmed down and they moved her to a less restrictive unit in the same building. Now she is allowed out on a special one-to-one basis with a sympathetic member of staff.

FIRST heard about Honey / Donna last Christmas. The quirky independent label Small Wonder, of 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, and Patrik Fitzgerald fame, had joined forces with an Epping enterprise called XN TRIX. They planned to release a double sided 12" EP featuring two groups. The Poison Girls and The Fatal Microbes, and the latter had a lead singer name of Honey Bane.

But I phoned up Pete Stennet at Small Wonder and asked him whether these bands were available for interviews, and he said no, they didn't at the time.

The record's release was being delayed because the head of social services in Essex had never heard of a child in care making a record before and wasn't sure whether that sort of thing should be encouraged, especially a record called 'Violence Grows' whose opening line ran thus: 'While you're getting kicked to death in another pedestrian subway, Don't think passers-by will help — they'll just look the other way'.

Worst of all, Donna was missing. She and two other kids had done a bunk and headed for London, pursued by the police and the social service authorities.

During this episode Donna was very cold and didn't have many places to stay. One night she crawled into a lift in Brixton. Another time she chatted up a bloke on the tube and he let her stay in his shed for a bit.

Last month Small Wonder / XN TRIX were finally allowed to release the EP. The SS accepted, grudgingly, their promises of good conduct and contracts of a sort were signed.

The record garnered some favourable reviews. Our own Paul Morley gave it thumbs up, which was fair enough considering that Morley had once described Poison Girls vocalist Vi Squad (36ish) as 'a plump middle-aged lady squeezed into a crimson skirt' during a live review and been thumped by an irate Ms Squad a week or so later (in the Music Machine of all places).

Vi Squad is better known to her pals as Francis Boyle and Honey knows her very well. "She's a funny old bitch but she can be nice at times".

Francis is Honey's mother.

Sounds took up the EP's cause with a singles spread of magnitude, made it a joint 45 of the week etc.

Of course, they ran a photo of Donna and referred to her as 'jail bait' — pretty funny when you consider that the girl is already in a children's prison.

And then at the beginning of May a small girl in a fluffy jumper with elaborately frizzy bubbly blond hair and a lot of bottle came marching into the NME offices. She introduced herself as "Honey Bane. They told me at Small Wonder to come in and start swearing and be abusive, cos that way I'd get noticed."

She didn't do that. Instead she sat down and pulled out a bundle of papers.

"D'you wanna read some songs?"

Now, usually when someone confronts me with their life's work — just comes up and plants it in front of me — my reaction is to beg pardon and leave the room.

This time I didn't feel any such embarrassment, the girl seemed so disarmingly matter of fact about the lyrics and anyway she didn't even ask me what I thought. There was no searching for praise. Better still, the songs, the images in the lyrics, were extremely powerful and shocking, obviously created out of a similar sense of reality.

The songs were not good or bad, but they said a lot spontaneously, naively, ingeniously. Anyhow, Honey said her mum was waiting outside for her but next week she'd come back

and talk for longer.

She did, and told me about the Fatal Microbes half of that EP, particularly 'Violence Grows'.

You might have heard John Peel play this song and felt a chill run up your spine. It transpires that Peel was loathe to air the Microbes at first — partly because the content of the song is so alarmingly potent and also because he thought that the band in question were a bunch of old hippies taking the mick (it does exude a certain scent of the Velvet Underground and The Doors at their most disquietingly psychotic).

But Honey wouldn't know about that, or care. Why should she?

"I've always been an exhibitionist, for the attention. I took it more seriously when I started writing songs. I had something to say. If you're a kid in a place like that home they label you, you're not human, you're just a load of shit. I'm not useless and I wanted to be an example to the other kids. I've been in care for four and a half years: a lot of the children aren't useless either, they're more intelligent than kids their age in a normal school."

"I always used to be a bit weird. I went to school with knickers over me head when I was ten and had red and green streaks in my hair. That was before punk got started. I didn't know what punk was until the first time I saw a new wave band on the telly. It was the first music I could identify with."

"I only like the things with meaning though. I hate all that rowdy Sham type stuff now, although I used to like it when I was a little girl. I gave Jimmy Pursey a song called 'Crime Figures'... it was crap."

Honey / Donna started "being a nuisance" when she was ten and her parents divorced. Francis remarried a man who rejoices under the unlikely handle of Lance d'Boyle and is something of a variety act, played drums for The Poison Girls and specialised in a fire eating act at half time. And Honey ran away from home.

She says: "I can get on with Francis now... I should be out in eight months and I'll go home for a bit... I've never had a family for long. But I'm going to carry on with what I'm doing."

"Everybody laughed at me in the home when I said I could sing but I made one of the staff listen. I got a broom and put on 'The Day The World Turned Day-Glo' and 'Ima Poseur' and jumped around."

She was introduced to a Scott Barker and a band called Skill Centre. After two rehearsals she joined Skill Centre (later to become Fatal

Microbes) and played her first gig at Epping Hall before a motley crowd of 64.

The combined auspices of XN TRIX and Small Wonder recorded their fledglings last October.

THESE DAYS Donna feels calmer. She doesn't get as depressed as she used to but occasionally she'll make herself ill with worry and foam at the mouth.

Mainly, though, Honey Bane (sweet and sour) prefers to vent her frustrations in her songs. She has plenty to write about.

Songs like 'Guilty': "I wrote that after I'd been sent to court for nicking a bottle of milk shake mix in Margate. It was so stupid that it made me wonder what it must be like to be in court for murdering someone, the chance of getting life, maybe when you're innocent."

Or 'Out Of Control': "I got very ill so they put me in hospital. The nurses got on my nerves, bringing me this disgusting food on polystyrene plates. I couldn't even look at it. They got so annoyed with me telling them to try it, they'd say F-Off! The song was about going from a security home to being stuck in a hospital bed."

"Sometimes I feel like I'm in a plastic cube and I can't get out. I have to bang on the walls. They try and fill you with pills but I only got sedated once, for cutting my arms up. I used to hang out with a crowd who made you do that to be one of them... now I think it's pathetic. I cut myself when I got angry and I had tattoos done. My arms are all scarred, they're quite disgusting... I hate it now... I can't wear short sleeves."

At the moment Honey / Donna is thinking of dropping the stage name because it is a bit gimmicky. Even so, 'due to public demand,' the Microbes' contribution to humanity will be released next month as a 7" with an extra ditty, 'Cry Baby', as bonus. And she's looking for some different musicians too: a band who don't have a contract and meet her requirements.

"I want a band that can play nice songs as well as nasty ones. And the image should play a part. It's no good having me singing if they've all got long hair and torn jeans. I was going to use The Shapes and then Patrik Fitzgerald said he'd put music to some of the words. He's scared of me. Stupid innit?"

"D'you think I'm strange? Strange girl, strange girl... maybe I'll write a song about it. 'Course I'm not strange, but everyone thinks I am'."

A tonic for the troops — pure corn for the rest of us

Escape To Athena

Directed by George Cosmatos
Starring Roger Moore and Telly Savalas
(ITC)

'Lingerie by Janet Reger' in the credits sums it up very nicely: a paid holiday for all concerned and the sort of film in which you wish you could have worked as an extra.

The Isles of Greece, where a bunch of Metaxa exiles can congregate on Lew Grade's expense account to get ripped, laid and suntanned and in the odd spare moment fire off a gun or two and play hide-and-seek in the ruins. They call the end result a movie.

So what has it got, apart from bankable names and sun-drenched locations? Well, if you liked *Hogan's Heroes* and *Thunderbirds* there's a fair chance you'll relate to some of this action. The plot is necessarily preposterous: Roger Moore as an Austrian/Nazi commander of an Antiquarian Reclamation Unit 'somewhere in the Greek Islands, 1944' is ludicrous enough; that he has to cope with David Niven, Richard Roundtree and Sonny Bono as prisoners/enforced labour and Telly Savalas and Claudia Cardinale as leaders of the resistance movement on the island reduces everything beyond the valley of Navarone. To add Elliott Gould in direct Jerry Lewis mugging form and Stefania Powers as a cross between Hotlips O'Halloran and the big-boobed WAF in *Catch 22* might appear somewhat excessive, but what the hell, spare no expense in the name of entertainment!

Like *Kelly's Heroes*, it's basically a war caper movie — krauts and crime, liquor love and laffs and the resultant

action is reasonably viewable.

In the end, no one demeans themselves beyond reclamation as no one has any credibility left to lose anyway (except perhaps for Gould, who lost most of his some time ago), and as an expensive piece of entertainment it works more often than it fails.

Ironically, Moore comes out of it best as he makes no bones about the fact that he's in it for laughs. Savalas, on the other hand, opts for the heavy Greek machismo routine and succeeds merely in looking constipated throughout the whole film.

It's safe escapism. Cosmatos likes lots of bombs and bangs, though significantly there is very little blood. I still can't help feeling Roger Corman could have done the whole thing better for a fraction of the cost.

Nail Norman

The Class Of Miss MacMichael

Directed by Silvio Narizzano
Starring Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed
(Gale)

While it ultimately offers no more than standard classroom film-fare — recalcitrant but loveable kids wreak an acceptable level of havoc and puncture the inflated self-esteem of officious authority figures — there is a suspicion that *The Class Of Miss MacMichael* had a worthier raison d'être.

It concerns life in a school for the maladjusted in an unidentifiable urban area. Those running it are palpably ill-equipped to be doing so.

With the exception of Miss MacMichael (Glenda, of course) and one colleague (Rosalind Cash), the staff are

spineless. The headmaster (Oliver Reed) runs the school capriciously, conserving his energies for the main business of keeping up appearances with the powers that be. When Miss M tries to appraise these same powers of his incompetence, she is informed that all complaints about the running of the school must be channelled through the headmaster.

Game, set and match to the establishment.

Theoretically, it all provides a useful starting-point for a movie about contemporary social and educational problems. Having laid a deceptively promising ground-work, however, the film ducks the issues and generally restricts itself to straightforward farce. As such, no-one could deny that

it has its moments, some of them very amusing. The kids, at least, give every appearance of having enjoyed themselves.

Finally, though, the film is unsatisfactory because it is shallow and muddled. There is precious little about the actual problems of coping with maladjusted children, just as there is no attempt to locate the school in its

immediate social environment.

At one point, Miss M discovers two of her 13-year-old pupils in the headmaster's office, indulging in extra-curricular activities behind the couch. "We were only screwing, miss," they explain. Likewise the school has its own tireless flatterer on the books. If such incidents are intended to portray a gritty '70s realism, they prove laughably strained in context, because so much else still echoes the playful antics of the St. Trinian's set.

Glenda Jackson gets her part about right as the teacher who inevitably overcompensates for the indifference of her colleagues, and who ends up an equally worthless cog in the educational wheel.

Otherwise, the film's remaining virtues tend to be negative ones — there is, thankfully, an absence of corny sentimentality about the kids.

Bob Woffinden

Dona Flor And Her Two Husbands

Directed by Bruno Barreto
Starring Sonia Braga and Jose Wilker
(ITC)

So crucified by ham acting and American jargonese subtitles, this frivolous Portuguese production is almost charmingly inadequate.

Designed as an unsuitable media film, it plays entirely on familiar national archetype — the debauched, hedonistic, utterly self-possessed man, Vadinho (Jose Wilker), and the subservient, long-suffering, but smoulderingly sexual woman, Dona Flor (Sonia Braga).

The two combine (literally) to colour a dimly-scripted plot that ensures their licentious behaviour gets well and truly condemned by the more upright members of local society.

When lusty Vadinho drops dead from the pressures of booze and gambling, he returns, invisible to all but Flor, to form an eternal triangle with a third archetype, her new husband — a staid and tedious neighbourhood chemist.

Flor struggles throughout to qualify her indiscretion — a balance, she claims, of moral commitment and intrinsic passion.

Fat chance, really. With an opening line subtitled "O wow, get a load of that dame!", it can only be downhill all the way.

Mark Ellen



SILVER SCREEN

Above: Stefania Powers and Elliott Gould find escapism in Athena while (left) Dona Flor puts the evil eye on an escaping Kraut (right). Below: Oliver Reed with some of the loveable urchins in Miss MacMichael's Class.



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ALBUMS

DEVO Duty Now For The Future (Virgin)

However inevitable, the reality of a second album by the smart patrol is a bit of a prank. It's going to come back and be controversial again.

Last time off the ropes they just bounced about and were Devo and suddenly challenged all sorts of prized values and smug assumptions. As the Pistols had before, 'Are We Not etc.' drew the reactionaries out of the woodpile.

The main charge against Devo is that they are little while the world burns; that they find only contempt for the human spirit — a charge I would have thought fairly specious in a world full of Supertramps. Devo actually write songs about people and life. And if they are re-assuring, well so glad that it's none of our American misdeeds that they expose and irritate.

Still they are seen as somewhat tedious; knowing something you don't know and using it to their advantage. People seem wary of the modern con. How foolish. Music isn't

accidental. What could they possibly know that you don't?

That is, as time goes by Devo get less funny and more serious. The idolatry of these last shows rivalled that of Ted Nugent concert, which as a spectacle was hilarious but as a gut feeling was a mile unfunny.

The Devo ritual itself was a little dull and still more instructive. They're not clever constructs as running. They won't leave their game away because they have no game left to play. You can laugh at you can dismiss. Ramapade film maker John Waters, an acknowledged inspiration to Devo, does the same thing. He won't admit that his films, as long as they are, are just black comedies of cultural excess, so you can't be sure if you're watching satire or symptom.

Whatever else, Devo aren't about to be dismissed. Neither detractor nor admirer will be shocked to find that they've made another commercial biscuit. And once again the cover presents the average spud with orientation problems. Yet, oddly, the group present a hesitant view of the world — perhaps not as not to over-estimate the shyness. They've used a cue from Chuck Statler's new Devoopic *The Men Who Make The Music*, a title chosen only would imagine for its irony.

Duty Now is a musically less subtle and dynamically less professor, recorded more in keeping with mainstream production values by producer Ken Scott, who tries to do what Eno tried to exaggerate. Scott at times succeeds in making Devo sound like The Tubes — or worse, Utopia — which might make sense in the marketplace, but just makes me disappointed.

The album — whose title is an obscure literary pun about being less upright — starts at the end of another working day for Garyman with the Devo Corporate Anthem and 'Clapout', an exuberant song about a better life. After a brief instrumental break comes 'Wiggy World', frantic and funny, a great song, (one of five great songs on the album), followed by 'Space Junk' from 'Are We Not etc.' where Devo also

To Devolve Is Human ...

But To Ramone Is Divine ...

portrayed themselves in their favourite pinhead role of being helplessly caught up in something bigger than they can know.

They sustain these rabid temperatures through 'Blockhead' (no relation), 'Strange Pursuit' and 'Swelling Itching Brain'. More songs about global claustrophobia. But on side two Devo falter and start and falter again. 'Triumph Of The Will' loses out to the effete and dull production. 'The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprize' is cute but inconsequential. 'Pink Pussy Cat' has the drawbacks of both and the advantages of neither. It seems barely realised. 'Secret Agent Men' makes a shaky transition onto vinyl, but not so the live climax 'Smart Patrol / Mr DNA' which is the centre piece of the side and also a successful conceptual component of Devo's philosophy with lines like: "Afraid nobody round here understands my potato / I think I'm only a spudboy, looking for a real tomato."

It would have made far more sense on the first album than it does here, where its crude, lurid noises grate against the generally smoother renditions of the songs. This less obtrusive sound lends itself to Devo's more insidious songs, such as the closer, 'Red Eye Express', a brief snatch of paranoia from the experts.

But it's okay. I spent the night in the vicinity of one of these and the next morning there was no sign at all of a clean up squad outside to dispose of the body.

Perhaps significantly, this is the last new Devo record album before the 1980s.

Paul Rambali



RAMONES It's Alive (Sire)

Ramones (ever)

You know what listening to The Ramones is like? It's like eating cherries or peanuts or Smarties. You can never have just one. You just gotta have another and another, and another and another — before you know what's happened you've finished the lot and everyone's laughing at you and you don't regret a thing. Except that with The Ramones everybody can have enough, which makes them better than peanuts or Smarties (and maybe even cherries).

If you wanna get really

blatant, it's like being able to apply a continuous pressure to the pleasure centre for as long as one side of the album lasts. There's a heartstopping moment when you have to get up/stop dancing/disenchant (what you do while listening to The Ramones is between you and your neighbour) long enough to turn the damn record over or get the second album out of its cover, but then everything's okay again.

A Ramones live double album? 28 tracks of nonstop fun! Why isn't the radio like this? Why should you have to buy Ramones records just to be able to hear perfect pop songs streamlined to the right degree fired at you at perfect rock velocity with

machine-gun precision? Why didn't The Ramones exist before Jerry Hynan, Derek Colvin, Tommy Erdelyi and John Cummings invented them?

First of all, even if their music was completely negligible there are people who will assert that this is in fact the case: if you meet such a person, just stare at them incredulously and walk away. There would still be the concept of The Ramones: four ludicrously ill-assorted brothers assembling a Hanna-Barbera cross between *West Side Story*, *The Monkees* and *The Wild One*. Four misbegotten cretins pretending to be tough street punks, making into things and going 'tut-tut' all the time. And they were right. Called The Ramones, Joey Ramone! Tommy Ramone! Johnny Ramone! Dee Dee (snigger) Ramone! (chuckle) Perfect!

And the music was cartoon pop rock: three-chord songs of either pure teen soporifics or mindless imbecilic aggression or sadistic crotch humour. Why, these geeks are damn good fun! And The Ramones kept up the joke so perfectly that anyone who pointed out the jet-propelled dynamite of their playing or the fresh symmetry of their sound changes of the manic self-parody of their material was regarded as a nut.

If The Ramones are dumb, then most other rock bands are way too smart. How can none of the clever, serious bands give you so many great songs performed so perfectly (enough bands have failed to cop their sound for it to be obvious that there's more to it than just thrashing at top speed) with so much panache, humour and energy?

'It's Alive' sounds less like

the standard (yawn-boohiss) double live album than an effortless panorama of top-five hit singles. Right from 'Chewing out a rhythm on my bubble gum' (the opening line of the devastating introductory 'Rockaway Beach'), you get the finest lesson imaginable in the art of pop single construction from a group who've yet to have a proper hit. The reason that monotony never sets in despite the fact that they play each song pretty much the same (some are faster than others and some have more chords than others, but that's about it) is that they play each song right. If they played any of the numbers in any manner other than the way they play them now, they wouldn't be as good. Why mess with perfection?

And, within their self-imposed limitations, The Ramones are perfect. They are perfect Ramones in a way that Clash has often been a less than perfect Dylan, the Stones have been a seriously less than perfect Stones. The Clash have not been a perfect Clash, and so on ad infinitum. The Ramones invented themselves flawlessly: set themselves a task, created a rigorous set of standards for the execution of that task and have never deviated from either their standards or their goals. Even getting rid of the only member of the group careless enough to use words like 'conceptualisation' in the presence of a journalist has harmed them not at all, as 'Road To Ruin' and their contributions to the *Rock 'N' Roll High School* soundtrack demonstrate.

'It's Alive', then, features the cream of the repertoire as of 'Rocket To Russia' performed with such flair and dynamism as to make it the definitive Ramones artefact (until latecomers catch up this up, bookend it with 'Road To Ruin' and we almost up-to-date). The only lapse anywhere is on 'Today Your Love, Tomorrow The World' (the only number where da buddas' blange blumour overbalances into genuine bad taste, incidentally) where Joey forgets the words and keeps babbling 'I'm a Nazi yes I am.' Seriously out of order, mate, even from someone pretending to be a pinhead. I know that only a pinhead would claim to be a Nazi and being a Ramone means impersonating a pinhead, but then I'd like people thought Harpo Marx was dumb as well and you know the Earthlings would not understand.

An anecdote for dessert: 'I know it's true because I heard it from Tom Robinson. It seems that Dee Dee was doing a couple of best overdubs on the live tapes (a not unheard-of practice) and was complaining to Tom how difficult it was getting a sufficiently high energy level in the studio. So Tom asked him how he managed it: did he take speed? "No," replied Dee Dee, a trifle shame-facedly, "I drink lot... and lots of cups of black coffee."

How can you not love a band like this? The only Ramones artefact that would be better than 'It's Alive' would be a Ramones comic in which The Ramones met Howard The Duck.

Paul Morley, the young man of considerable resource and sagacity, once pointed out, quite correctly, that 'The Ramones' is a verb. The album Ramones more than any other record ever made.

Charles Shaer-Murray

Here comes the new age . . .

DIRE STRAITS Communique (Vertigo)

Geeking up pop paper people is a speciality of the music industry, and for at least five months — in fact since Dire Straits recorded 'Communique' in the Bahamas — word-of-mouth has been that this album is "sooper... magnificent... brilliant... nothing short of a classic" and so on. It's nothing of the kind. It's predictable. It's dull. It's bland. It's boring. And it's also very safe. Superficially, the formula is so similar to their excellent debut that they could arrange a substantial second mortgage on it right now — before it's shipping gold, as it most certainly will. It'll be a colossal smash world-wide and for the next year broadcast so incessantly that even the group'll be pigstick hearing the bloody thing. And part two of a 'Fairy Tale Of The New Age' unfolds, reading very much like the first instalment: except our heroes are much richer and more celebrated. They may even get invited to the White House and drink peanut soup. Not that I'm knocking their

success — good luck to anybody who makes so much out of doing so little. And 'Communique' is that: only three songs ('Once Upon A Time In The West', 'Where Do You Think You're Going?' and 'Portobello Belle') out of nine having any effect; and the second of those is such pure Dylan it could be hidden on 'Desire' without anybody noticing.

But it's a constricting condition of Dire Straits' appeal that you have to be fond of both Dylan and J.J. Cale, so derivative is their style. While their writer-guitarist-vocalist Mark Knopfler managed to channel these influences into a series of superb songs in the debut, here the frameworks and words show that his creative ideas are exhausted.

Only 'Once Upon A Time' possesses any real lyrical perception; the rest is a side-stall jumble of weak and contrived metaphors, pop hooks and repetitive rhythmic chugs. The elder Knopfler consistently selects a series of restrained but technically superb guitar solos; but spread horizontally over the lifeless backing trio (David Knopfler, guitar; John Illsley, bass; and Pick Withers, drums), they're wasted.

There's no such thing as counter-point, interplay or invigoration in this operation; even the long guitar outro on the title track is bolstered by... over-dubbed handclaps! Producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett must have been absolutely thrilled by the safe mundanity of it all.

It's very reminiscent of the Average White Band's premature decline with 'Cut The Cake'. Already Dire Straits are cosseted in an esthetic vacuum, suffocated by the worst commercial aspects of their style, and Mark K has mislaid his source of inspiration. There's nothing on 'Communique' that even deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as their debut.

That's the Tragedy Of The New Age

Tony Stewart



Knopfler: "Cheers, Tone." Pic: Denis O'Regan

. . . same as the old age

THE ROLLING STONES Time Waits For No One (Rolling Stones Records)

One of the most frustrating rock interviews of recent years was one which Mick Jagger gave to the American showbiz magazine *Rolling Stone*.

At one stage, Jagger said words to the effect that the past decade had been a waste of time. Far from seizing upon this statement as a potential confession of discontent, the *Rolling Stone* journalist simply changed the subject. Went on to discuss Bianca's skills as a skater, or something of that sort.

Could it have been that Jagger was about to own up about the quality of the Stones' music of the '70s? We'll never know, but this album suggests he would have had good cause.

An anthology compiled for Atlantic Records, the Stones' company before they moved to EMI, it's pretty thin fare, lacking both the classic vigour of their early work or the cleverness that apparently sprang from nowhere for 'Some Girls'.

The title track might well pass as a suitable comment on the band's Atlantic catalogue, and you can't help wondering whether it was chosen by the label out of a sense of pique. The song itself is a plodding self-pitying

dirge, and gets the album off to a suitably weary start.

Things improve a little with 'Bitch', the B-side of one of their few '70s hits 'Brown Sugar'. It's an old-fashioned Stones knees-up, as is the track which follows, 'All Down The Line' from 'Exiles On Main Street'. But 'Dancing With Mr D', next up, is a lethargic attempt at menace from a lethargic album the Stones made in the West Indies. Apparently they were overcome by the heat.

A soppy love-song called 'Angie' closes the first side, and an even wetter one called 'Foot to Cry' closes the second. Both these songs were singles and gave young rock fans a chance to see the mighty Stones perform on TV pop shows. In both cases, Jagger came over like Englebert in a carnival mask. Hopeless.

Admittedly, this is the second Stones compilation from Atlantic, but if you put the two together, you never come near the same league as their greatest hits sets from the '60s.

Atlantic would have done better to re-issue the Stones' disco oddie 'Hot Stuff' as a twelve-inch in the hope that they'd pick up a few sales in the wake of 'Miss You'. At least they could have included it on this album. Might have helped.

Bob Edmunds



Daltrey sports new heirdo as Townshend dices with death. Pic: Robert Ellis

In Search Of Ancient Mods

THE WHO The Kids Are Alright (Polydor)

"The whole thing about rock and roll dynamism, in many ways, is the fact that if it does slow down, it does start to review itself, it takes any sort of perspective on life at all, it fails. As soon as someone makes any kind of comment, for example, musically on something they've done before, they collapse..." — Pete Townshend, *Rolling Stone*, 1968.

In the days before *Tommy*, it must have seemed almost inconceivable to The Who that their past would eventually outgrow their future. Most rockers ransack their pasts only when it becomes apparent that it has a better chance than their future of rescuing their present, but in the case of The Who it appears that — ever since the arrival of the deaf dumb and blind meal ticket that gave them true megabankable stadium status in the States — they have had to hack back to the Mod era, almost as if — like vampires — they needed to maintain contact with their native soil or else rot where they stood.

Their native soil is, of course, that of the foreign country where they do things differently. Pete Townshend can hardly have been unaware of the fact that, while the *Tommy* industry had opened many doors to The Who, it had also closed many others. Just about everything The Who have done since 'Live At Leeds' has been a rattling at doorknobs, a pounding on doors. A loss of innocence, a banishment from Eden!

It was as if they had become unwillingly transformed, as if they felt impelled to carry around a scrapbook of pictures showing what they had looked like before, as if they were no longer the real 'Go and thus were forced to carry identification, as if their history were a Bankers Card without which their cheques were no longer acceptable.

Throughout the '70s they have flooded us with nostalgia. From 'Live At Leeds' through 'Quadrophonia', with 'Odds And Sods' and 'The Story Of The Who', with all the bloody 'Tommy' tack and now with the *Quadrophonia* movie and 'The Kids Are Alright' in both vinyl and celluloid configurations, we have had the past eerily superimposed over the present whenever we have confronted The Who.

And Who nostalgia differs from Stones nostalgia or Beatles nostalgia or Dylan nostalgia or Presley nostalgia not simply because of its quantity or even because it is generated directly and personally by the artist, but because of the fact that Who nostalgia has the unique capacity to evoke not so much the artists' history as the listeners'.

When I hear a bunch of old Stones records (or any of the above-named, for that matter) I hear only the Stones, and only memories of the Stones are evoked though God knows I put in enough teen-hours listening to the Stones. But gimme a stack of Who singles and I hear my whole damn life there. I even hear other artists: some of my fondest memories of The Kinks and Jimi Hendrix have been savoured while listening to The Who.

Stones nostalgia serves the Stones; Who nostalgia — even though you gotta hand over money for it — seems almost endless, even though for Townshend it's more like therapy: the more Who trivia Townshend can stash round our place the less he'll have cluttering up his pad. The Who's past strangles them instead of nourishing them, but it's still nourishing for us.

By 'us' I mean people who have an emotional stake in The Who. They're the only stars of my youth who've never alienated me, never soured my story-eyed kid-faith. For that reason, they've remained human for me in a way that Dylan and The Beatles and the Stones never could. I forgive them

the pretensions and indulgence of *Tommy* and sympathised with them over the crises of confidence and internal traumas, even if it meant flawed gigs and albums or even — for so long — no gigs and albums. They never condescended, never cheated.

Anyway, fill in your own what-The-Who-mean-to-me rap while I grab my impartial-rock-critic hat, and then let us ponder the artefact.

'The Kids Are Alright' is a double album of Who live performances through the ages featuring most of the classic landmarks. Available live recordings of The Who prior to now have been somewhat sparse: a live album apparently recorded at a stage in their career when they seemed determined to demonstrate that anything Cream or Led Zeppelin could do they could do better, and one track on the 'Woodstock' album. 'The Kids Are Alright' is, therefore, almost an embarrassment of riches. You get 'My Generation', 'I Can't Explain' and 'Anyways Anywhere' from live TV shots, and it's hilarious to imagine the TV sound engineers frantically attempting to cope as their meters zoom into the red and their speakers explode. The epitome of piled-up frenzy channelled into precise, eloquent pop, those tracks are The Who at their most timeless. The day that a generation of kids exists which finds these songs completely alien, rock and roll in any sense that the term is currently understood will be totally kaput.

From a Swedish tour comes a tougher, flintier 'Happy Jack', closely accompanied by two alleged TV snippets so similar to the studio recordings that the corresponding sequences in the movie must be lip-synch jobs. 'I Can See For Miles' and 'Magic Bus' (for it is they) are book-ended by 'Long Live Rock', which appears in the film as a studio scene. All clear?

'Pinball Wizard' and 'See

Me Feel Me' come from *Woodstock* (wisely, *Tommy* is limited to a very brief 'Tommy Can You Hear Me' and a brisk instrumental canter through 'Sparks' as a preface to the two real gems) and outclass the originals to a sublime extent, and the warmth and humour of 'A Quick One While He's Away' (from *The Rolling Stones Rock 'N' Roll Circus*) provides the record's most charming moment.

The most disappointing sections come from the period when they Heavy Metalled out in the Stadium Era. 'Young Man Blues' sounds like a grotesque parody of the more compact 'Live At Leeds' version, grassing out like Led Zep at their most flutulent and the lengthy 'Join Together'/'Road Runner'/'My Generation Blues' sequence pitilessly documents the extent to which The Who's collective taste had coarsened in response to the demands of armies of lobotomised downer freaks.

However, there's a towering 'Won't Get Fooled Again' in which the performance lives up to the song with such power and passion it carries its own redemption, it leaves The Who and all who sail with them bloody but unbowed, a monument to survival with honour. For me (he said, switching back from critic-mode to fan-mode), the continued survival of The Who is like a touchstone to my own: even without Moon, The Who still exist, and that's good enough.

If statements like these seem dumb and maudlin, then that's okay. All it means is that this album won't mean as much to you as it does to me. I've said little about Roger Daltrey and Keith Moon and John Entwistle and Pete Townshend in this review, but that's because the album's not really about them so much as it is about The Who. An open postcard to The Who, then, with just three sentences: 'Keep on walkin' and don't look back.' Be of good strength.

And 'Thanks.'

Charles Shaar Murray

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THE LURKERS God's Lonely Men (Beggars' Banquet)

I think I saw The Lurkers live once, but I could be wrong. After all, in 1977 I saw a considerable number of angry, frustrated, anxious and excited young people shuffling about in an "endearing and absurdly self-conscious fashion on stage, all of whom had the making of mad and exhilarating music high on their list of priorities.

The Lurkers were not special in that respect, they were typical. In 1977 an awful lot of young people were making good capital (and thoroughly worthwhile music) out of applying a fresh approach to an old problem. And, because this is what great rock and roll is all about, a lot of people were making great rock and roll that year.

But this is 1979, and almost all the people who were so committed to producing nothing more complex than barely defined noise two years ago have, for the most part, either "progressed" after a fashion or flunked out altogether. Consequently, when I discovered that Beggars Banquet had the nerve (witless bravado, call it what you will) to finance the release of a second Lurkers' album, I was more than a little curious to hear the result.

The Result: a thoroughly enjoyable and invigorating album. Yes, The Lurkers are just as simple, groovy, petulant and human as ever they were. All twelve songs on "God's Lonely Men" are massive and simple, hard and young, fast and tender, pointless and passionate; the music is totally unpretentious — everything it promises it delivers, quickly and without bulky preamble.

The rhythm pounds

stupidly, obviously and directly to the heart of the issue, unswerving free of trickery and camp pretensions. The guitar carries the riffs, and perhaps the occasional half-baked, enthusiastic and excitable guitar solo, but little else. There is no misquoting to uncover, there is no tomfoolery going on, Pete Stride has no desire to be someone, and this is refreshing.

Happily, the lyrics are wholesome and confused; there are no words of wisdom on this album, just sighs, moans, giggles and abrupt cries of indignation. The Lurkers are a reluctant part of the outside world, just four young people in the fortunate position of being able to make rock and roll records. Maybe The Lurkers don't realise it, but their biggest asset is their entirely unprepared and unrehearsed ordinariness.

John Hamblett

FRANK MARINO AND MAHOGANY RUSH Tales Of The Unexpected (CBS)

The least expected aspect of this album is the excellence of the second side.

As an example of a modern heavy rock band, it's the sort of thing that Ted Nugent is always bragging about, but never quite achieves. The side was recorded live, but features four new songs instead of merely re-hashing oldies. Marino evidently felt that a live recording was the best way to present his type of songs and he was clearly right.

To get into the appropriate macho superlatives, the way these mothers play is enough to blow Ted Nugent's balls away. Not to mention his earplugs right through his god-damned head.

The opener 'Down, Down, Down' has nothing to do with

the Status Quo hit of the same name, but everything to do with creaming the god-damned brains of the several thousand Frank Marino fans who were no doubt at this gig.

Once upon a time, Marino evidently thought he was a re-incarnation of Jimi Hendrix. Mahogany Rush attempted to follow the Hendrix power trio blueprint as best they were able. But that was some years ago. Marino's a lot older. He's now 23 (compared with tired Ted, who's 30) and he's developed his own style.

This consists of taking your basic riff, adding a few screeching vocals and an over the top guitar solo, and coming up with a bigger, better melt-down than they nearly contrived at Harrisburg.

Cuts like 'Door Of Illusion', 'Woman' and the unfortunately named 'Bottom Of The Barrel' are so powerful, they'd make even Ted Nugent feel butch.

Alas, in contrast, the first side is a lame studio set. Limp versions of Dylan's (and Hendrix's) 'All Along The Watchtower' and The Beatles 'Norwegian Wood'.

There's also a dumb song called 'Sister Change' that sounds as though Robin Trower's rehearsing in the next street, and a boring jazz-rock instrumental, the title track.

Heavy metal fans who like to hear the occasional berserk egoist burst out of the formula are recommended to buy this album, though just for the second side. CBS should persuade Marino to do a British tour. There's a whole bunch of Nugent fans who'd be only too ready to see the error of their mis-directed loyalty.

Ted is no more than John the Baptist for Frank, and that's gospel.

Bob Edmunds



McCartney: "Leave it out, Linde, this geezer's actually listened to the album." Pic: Andre Csillag.

Macca unscrambles

WINGS Back To The Egg (MLP)

Finally, McCartney gets on with it. 'Back To The Egg' might not be enough of a departure to delight the cynical or, by that token, to disappoint the faithful.

But it is the sturdiest, the least twee and the most rigorous offering we've had from Wings in much too many years, probably since 'Band On The Run'. While it could lack that standard quota of two to three absolute classic tracks, a characteristic that's

rescued some of its predecessors (notably 'Venus And Mars' and 'London Town') from bona-fide disaster status, the new album does possess an evenness of quality and a directness of approach.

Even with its obligatory fiddly bits — like the opener 'Reception', an irritating snatch of random quirkiness — the record has the virtue of sparing us the worst excesses of Paul's notorious 'versatility', the dreaded indulgences of a talent too whimsical for its own safety.

Finally, 'Back To The Egg' is

just more of Paul McCartney getting on with what he does best, and what he does best he can do better than just about anybody.

So the album gets itself under way with 'Getting Closer', a melodic, round-cornered rock effort of the kind he can supply to order. Then pauses briefly for a short, haunting acoustic number, 'We're Open Tonight', before the band lets rip with 'Spin It On', one of those fast 'n' echoey rockers and a fair showcase for the current line-up — now comprising the permanent

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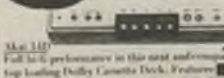
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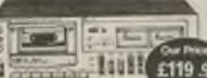
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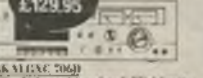
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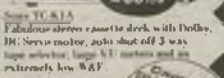
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Bolan: "Whaddya ink, Johnny, is Morley gonna join us in heaven or what?" Pic: Richard Young

nucleus of Paul and Linda (the latter adopting an encouragingly low profile this time around) and Denny Laine, plus the new drummer Steve Holly, and Laurence Juber on guitar.

Denny Laine's sole intrusion upon the McCartney monopoly comes with 'Again And Again And Again', and a sadly plodding affair it is, taking the tautly infectious weirdness of 'Old Siam, Sir' (Paul's vocals stretched so hard you wonder how he comes up sounding so sweet next time around) to lift the side and carry it through the mundane, soft-rock closer 'Arrow Through Me'.

Worse is to follow, though,

for opening the second side is a big-star blow-out called the 'Rockestra Theme', a dreadful venture and — along with its scarcely-better partner track 'So Glad To See You Here' — the result of a session involving everyone from Pete Townshend to Hank Marvin, plus the back half of Led Zeppelin, Ronnie Lane, Gary Brooker, Tony Ashton and somebody terribly famous out of Pink Floyd, Kenny Jones and Bruce Thomas. A grosser, more pointless exercise it's difficult to imagine.

'To You' is more average Wings album-padding, while 'After The Ball/Million Miles' combines a vaguely Scottish folk format with a slow

gospel feel. Then there's another ballad, 'Winter Rose/Love Awake', cast in an English traditional mould, all acoustic and wistful and, predictably really quite lovely.

After 'Broadcast' — a couple of charmingly incomprehensible extracts from Ian Hay's *The Sport Of Kings* and Gelsworthy's *The Little Men* — there's a lazy lullaby to end on, 'Baby's Request'.

The Sound Of The Suburbs? Yes, I suppose it is — although given the guy's apparent contentment and his honesty I doubt if there's any other kind of music we could reasonably demand of him.

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS That Summer (Arista) THE RAMONES Rock'n'Roll High School T. REX Solid Gold (EMI)

Whilst they miss out on the main points of impetus and most of the main people of the last ten years, these three compilations — two film soundtracks and one cheap retrospective — still say enough about the last decade to be going on with. I can hardly keep still.

Although it's been over the last couple of years that there's been enough great pop music to completely swamp the previous two and a half decades (but without which etc.), the early '70s wasn't that barren. Marc Bolan filled that empty space just to the right of Bowie and Roxy, just behind Ian Hunter, and didn't need to help from anyone. You don't have to hear or analyse his influence on the new pop, you can feel it. If you're a fan of Shelley, Sharkie, the Skids, the Rats and all those sort of people and have no Bolan except the B-side of 'Staircase' then 'Solid Gold' is nothing but an essential purchase.

The record has twenty sublime Bolan classics squeezed together tight, but right. All the hits from 'Telegram Sam' through to 'I Love To Boogie' with a handful of LP tracks. The implications, motivation and determination of this music has had a resounding effect on all the noises that are special in the charts these days, from Blondie to Buzzcocks.

The Bolanites can discover lost lovelier like 'Truck On Tyke', 'London Boys' and 'Dreamy Lady'. Cynics who never really had their heart in all the attacking that went on can now safely come out into the open, and the rest... what's wrong with you?

What Bolan did was create his own distinctive world, and creating an individual world has since been the thing that has separated the great pop from the average pop.

As for The Ramones, their world is probably the best of them all. So vivid and vacant, so excessive and ruthless — yet caring. Marc Bolan once told me that Joey Ramone once told him that the entire Ramones' view of under ornamentation and ironical economy was a result of 'Solid Gold Easy Action' and wouldn't it be great if that was true. Who's to say that it isn't true? Whatever, The Ramones share with Bolan at a basic level a slash across pomposity and prudery, and after that it's a race to see whose world has less lonely people. The Ramones world is funny and poignant and in a way it's very wise. It is a true extension of the particular drama and certainty of Bolan. I think it's great that a film has been built around them, if only because perhaps the screen will do some sort of tangible justice to the delicacy of The Ramones' impulses. This sort of pop is a true sort of poetry, that prods and probes nostalgia, melancholy, hope, solitude, vulnerability, with exquisite verbal magic and complementary musical genius.

They take up most of side one of the soundtrack from the film *Rock'n'Roll Highschool* with the title track, 'I Want You Around' and a medley of five bold beauts that take up about three and a half minutes.

I'm not sure whether it's escapism or not and if it is whether it's bad or not. All I know is that after it I feel a whole lot better.

And, of course, there's 'That Summer' which you just have to buy. Sixteen new pop songs that form the soundtrack from some forthcoming film eruption, by

thirteen artists. Fifteen of which are songs you'll adore already: nine that were hits, six that weren't (and who'll ever understand why not), eight or nine absolute classics. All songs from the last two or three years, know what I mean? It's an important record.

From the Dury of 'Sex And Drugs And Rock'n'roll' into the Mink DeVille of 'Spanish Stroll'. Then tread within the strange door shapes and lines of Elvis Costello's world, with his 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea', and shoot into the exaggerated world of The Boomtown Rats with 'She's So Modern'.

The Zones world is flat and out of focus, and although I can appreciate it does them plenty of good to be in strong company (and they do sing the title track and they are on Arista), their contribution is a sad interruption low on the record. Up, up, and up into a space where The Only Ones' distorted world is at its sharpest, 'Another Girl, Another Planet' — and then a wicked twist into the dark brown Wreckless Eric 'Whole Wide World'. Side one finishes with the smooth and christian 'Because The Night'.

Side Two is an even better dance. The Boomtown Rats' 'Kicks', The Ramones' 'Rockaway Beach', The Undertones' 'Teenage Kicks', Eddie And The Hot Rods' 'Do Anything You Want To Do', the Blockheads' 'What A Waste', Doves' 'Breaking Glass', Costello's 'Watching The Detectives' and Richard Hell's 'Blank Generation'.

That is some trip, some collection of celebration and conservatism. It is a telling indication of what has happened on the bright side of the post punk settlement. Are we spoilt, or not?

We are spoilt, and people still moan. But then look what they used to say about Marc Bolan.

Paul Morley

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生命感みなぎるチープ・トリック、夢上。いくら来日アーティストはそうたくさんステージの準備もCHEAP TRICK "AT THE BUDOKAN"の登場。コンサート"AT The Budokan"... a vinyl souvenir of Cheap Trick's rock 'n' roll invasion of Japan, featuring dynamite live tracks like the current hit single "I Want You To Want Me" and a whole lot more. Now you don't have to go to Japan to get "At The Budokan" — it's available at all good takeaway record stores!

CHEAP TRICK "AT THE BUDOKAN"



ボーカルを聞かずに70年代を集めたCHEAP TRICK (エッペリン) が、70年代後半に80年代の誕生を見た思。曲はどんどんギター、ミラーのきいたサンパ

"I want you to want me" 世の中には何百、何千という求愛の言葉があるが、その中で最も直ぐに教しく情熱的な言葉といえるものはな

初めはチープ・トリックがアイドル・グループのように行われていた。うで気に入らなグループの寿命は短く、CHEAP TRICK "AT THE BUDOKAN"の登場。コンサート

の"AT The Budokan"... a vinyl souvenir of Cheap Trick's rock 'n' roll invasion of Japan, featuring dynamite live tracks like the current hit single "I Want You To Want Me" and a whole lot more. Now you don't have to go to Japan to get "At The Budokan" — it's available at all good takeaway record stores!

Album: EPC 88083
Cassette: EPC 40-88083

Complete with lavishly illustrated bilingual songbook!

GRAM PARSONS

Gram Parsons
(Shiloh Records Import)
GRAM PARSONS AND THE SHILOHS

The Early Years 1963-1965

Volume 1 (Sierra Briar)
Gram Parsons, the very late and occasionally forgotten country (and western) legend extraordinaire, was one of the craziest godforsaken dudes who ever hauled a well-tooled boot into the main drag of the big bad city.

Parsons (formerly Cecil Connors, but what kind of handle is that for a superstar?) left his Florida swamp to pursue the itinerant life in New York State round about the same time as the Everglades' other dead iconoclastic lizard packed his skin and slithered off to Los Angeles California.

It may be a mite tardy to start extolling the merits of these companion biscuits, but their impact is such that a GP aficionado can't fail to find his/her eyes glistening. History of this nature isn't exactly fun but it sure is uplifting.

The 'Early Years' set uncovers Parsons' first recorded efforts with cowboy folkies The Shilohs. Truthfully, you'll find it a labour of love rather than an essential listening experience. Gram's own compositions are thin on the trail and hardly betray the influences of George Jones, Merle Haggard and Jack Clement that made the man the fighting country youth he really could be.

The Shiloh Records release is actually the infamous 'International Submarine Band' which used to change hands for a king's ransom. This time in the packaging is a trifle commercial but praise the Lord for record companies like Shiloh and Sierra/Briar who kill elitist collectivism stone dead and preserve some of their nation's ethnic



The Shilohs: Not so well done on 'The Rare Stuff'.

heritage into the bargain.

Aside from an alteration in track order, this disc is the very same one that launched the country rock refineries of 1967. The original tunes, 'Blue Eyes', 'Strong Boy', 'Lucky Liner' and 'Do You Know How It Feels To Be Lonesome', prove that Parsons' talent was already in full swing in the summer of love. Ballads to get you weeping, barbed-wire boundaries of emotion one and all; they'll remind you of some lost innocence, your best partner, the pleasures of cheating the world.

Gram Parsons had been around, he wrote his songs because they hit him in the heart. A lonesome boy with a thousand visions who turned out to be a realist and a fool, a ball of fire. Twenty-seven years old is too young to self-incinerate but the kid always did do things in style. Underneath Joshua Tree lies an American country gothic. Most of the legends in this business are paper tigers, but Gram Parsons was truly possessed.

Max Bell

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Rare Stuff? (EMI)

Yet another duff deal in the never-ending saga of major label compilations. Marketed as a mode — cheapo cover

featuring badge bedecked bondage gear — it serves solely to consolidate the achievement of EMI's new wave roll of honour. Considering the bands involved, this is unsurprisingly meagre.

If nothing else, the album has consistency. The Rich Kids, The Flys and The Banned laying substantial claim to both sides with rock/pop that's respectively monotonous, abrasive and featherweight in the extreme. In fact the slightest exposure to The Banned's 'You Dirty Rat' or 'C.P.G.J.'s might reduce you to destroying furniture.

Wire's two entries now seem undeniably orthodox and dated (what price The Glaxo Babies?), while The Shirts' thin, derivative reggae shuffle 'Cyrinda' shines with comparative but ill-deserved merit. And lastly, The Saints — a worthy punch who knocked it on the head last year and now provoke nostalgic sighs among the cognoscenti — are poorly immortalised as R&B/punk archetype with four tracks that must have been mixed through a foam rubber mattress.

All in all, 'The Rare Stuff?' is no collector's item.

Mark Ellen

'Flash And The Pan' (Epic), the latest creation of one-time Easybeats, Harry Vanda and George Young, finds the twosome on a new tack. The sleeve suggests as much — "While New Wave is just a hair-do and punk is just a rusty safety pin," it drools, "Flash And The Pan is the New Music."

"So what is so goddam new about Vanda-Young?" you ask.

And the truthful answer, at nitty-gritty level, is — nothing, basically. Thing is, they've dropped any pretence about rendering 'real' vocals — that is to say, they don't sing in a manner that Mum or Aunt Agatha will readily understand. Instead, they elect to provide recitative top-lines in a manner that emerges like an impression of Mark Knopfler doing an impression of Bob Dylan. Oddly enough, the ploy works — mainly because the words come wrapped in a fine series of form-providing musical wrap-arounds, as demonstrated by such cuts as 'Lady Killer', with its Stax-like riff and sustained organ chords, and 'Down Among The Dead Men', a cert for the milk-round hit parade, thanks

Imports

to an instrumental bridge that's as catchy as a classroom cold. The problem is that the vocals are so static that many listeners, given the whole album to digest, could find things hard to take. Yet, taken individually, each segment works wonderfully well and at least one hit single should be in the offing — though I'm fully aware that the Flash And The Pan singles that have already appeared here on homecooked Ensign have, unfortunately, failed to make minimal punter impact. Hopefully, this is yet another 'Sultans Of Swing' type situation, to be rectified by the passing of time. For Vanda and Young's sake, I hope so — because they're still out there trying. And in a manner which I find highly commendable.

With Tom Waits now in the Palladium filling bracket, I guess many cultists will be looking for a new name to tout around. Some, I hear, have already moved on and are currently beating the drum for folksy trio, Maggie Terra and Suzy Roche, whose album, 'The Roches', produced by Robert Fripp, is currently

gracing the Warner Bros catalogue.

The Roches, in duo form, have been around for a long time — 10 years, in fact. They've even made a previous bid for stardom along the way, having cut tracks produced by one Paul Simon. Personally, I'm not smitten this time around. I find them a curious mixture of McGarrigue and McGonagall — the three providing fine harmonies of songs kidded out with the world's most ill-fitting lyrics. Nevertheless, the album is being snapped up with considerable alacrity. Which means that something's going down, somewhere.

Me — I've spent more time hand-clapping to 'Mighty Clouds Of Joy's' 'Changing Times' (Epic). The Joy, who for years have been one of the most R'n'B oriented black gospel quartets, have long since added disco to their sanctified way of things. And to hear lead-singer Joe Ligon scream out in a manner likely to blast Traviatas from Tooting to Timbuktu, as he does on the album's title track, is an aural experience well worth taking a paw for.

Hallelujah — oop de doop! Fred Oefler

PATTI LABELLE

It's Alright With Me (Epic)
BOBBY WOMACK
The Roads Of Life (Arista)

After her magnificent gig at The Venue, Patti Labelle's 'It's Alright With Me' is a little disappointing. The main problem is half a dozen rather mediocre songs (several written by the producer — ho hum) which she just doesn't have the spec to take apart and transcend as she does in live performance.

Still, it's a good, solid album of slightly old-fashioned soul, mixing finely-textured funk with traditional ballads and containing a wealth of minor delights. The arrangements are deft, delicate, judicious;

Patti is in good voice whenever she gets the chance to stretch out. Best moments are the pleasant, swinging groove of 'What 'Cha Doing To Me' and 'You And Me', the confident pride of 'My Best Was Good Enough' and the superlative funk extravaganzas, 'Music Is My Way Of Life', a surefire disco classic if Epic and justice do their bits.

Another soul veteran, but one who is dealing far less successfully with the modern world, is Bobby Womack. 'The Roads Of Life' is his first album for two years, and I guess it would be fair to say that he's not exactly been missed on a massive scale in the interim. Strangely

enough, it sounds not unlike his previous records — the same old mixture of clumping soul boogie and soft-brained ballads, bracketed here by a leaden attempt at disco and an horrendous effort to sound sincere on Olivia Newton John's 'I Honestly Love You'.

Womack seems to have abandoned singing in favour of pompous declamation; while his lyrics are the usual ghostly mishmash of silly love songs and even sillier 'philosophising' — his absence from the music biz, for example, is attributed to God's 'master plan'. A more appropriate title might have been 'Dead Ends'.

Graham Lock

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SIRE

Recorded by elves on a TEAC four-track in a living room in Zion, Illinois, this offers 15 hooks: bittersweet reflections on sexual strategy among the under-25s. Clever melodic contours plus vocals that take echoed so far back they take on the mystery of synthesised guitars, a natural for pop obsessives.

The Village Voice
New York

Shoes are the charmers the power pop buzz promised but couldn't deliver. It seems simple — tight lovely rockers, nice guitar touches, and those evocative harmonies — yet very few succeed so well as this Beatley style... Shoes' beguiling nature comes through loud and clear...

Trouser Press
New York

...There are 15 songs here, nearly all packed with hooks, deliciously uplifting pop choruses and bright power chords... It should be all any record company needs to plow in a studio with the budget to make an album that will (be) the real pop classic of our time. These songs grow on you until they become enbrained in your mind... as firmly as any Beatles hit.

Romp
California





Edmunds and his Groovie chums man the overdub console.
Pic: Paul Slattery

Dai's of heaven

DAVE EDMUNDS
Repeat When Necessary
(Sven Song)

Whether there is some kind of conceptual conspiracy involved or not, the months of May and June invariably burst upon us with a crop of English beauties cultivated by the Dave Edmunds/Nick Lowe school for rocking gentlefolk.

There are those among you, I know, who regard the adventures of the Rockpile gang as a monumentally incestuous, regurgitating

heist, an unfortunate misconception which need not bother us unduly here. Indeed, I greeted my nice pink and blue review copy of 'Repeat When Necessary' (purchased at no cost whatsoever) with a mixture of cynicism, apathy and distrust. If Nick Lowe comes can Dave Edmunds be far behind?

I tended to see Edmunds as an interesting but peripheral tactician with a nose for diligent survival but no charisma to speak of. I didn't like what he did to the

Groovies' 'Now' album. I hated it when he 'jammed' with Cheap Trick and if I played 'Tracks On Wax 4' more than twice I can't remember why.

Now, it seems, all this indecision was all to cock. 'Repeat When Necessary' is not merely an overdose of fun and fury. Side one, at least, is a perfect summation of the oft-vaunted pure pop format (English boys playing American music). It starts with a gift Elvis Costello ditty called 'Girls Talk', which is one on the nose for B Buell, I warrant, and boasts a plethora of witty vitriolic lines like 'You may not be an old fashioned girl but you're gonna get dazed' and is kindled by a melody that sounds like John Lennon waving a chain saw over Billy J Kramer's toes. This is the first cut and already you'd have to be some kind of spoilsport weirdo not to pick up the needle and play it again, a few hundred times.

After that it gets better. 'Crawling From The Wreckage' is a very sick perpetual piston dance, designed to wake the likes of John Fogerty and his kin from their slumbers and shame them back into a studio. Similarly, 'Black Lagoon', an unadorned swamp boogie, is so deviously macabre in its resurrection of the ghosts of McCartney and Bolan that you'll imagine horrible slimy things are crawling over your leg. Damsels in distress call Radar and ask for Mr Lowe.

Composing credits on 'Repeat When Necessary' are confusing. There are no Edmunds songs, no Lowe songs, three from Billy Bremner credited to Mr Parker (not the Parker), a couple of semi-obscure oldies and a Clover song which isn't as duff as their version. Aside from Costello's nugget that leaves two songs written by a DeVito. Howard DeVito? Not exactly. Don DeVito? Warmer De-volito? Think again. Hank DeVito the pedal guitarist of Hot Band and Albert Lee fame? Yes indeed, and abetted by Donivan Cowart (Hot Band engineer but you don't wish to know this useless scrap of information). Their 'Sweet Little Lisa' is blessed with a guest appearance from Lee himself, actually threatening to steal Rockpile's thunder but blending into the smooth lightning. Pointless as it may be to raid the lexicon for guitar terminology, take it as read that Lee plus Edmunds plus Bremner equals country swing a-go-go, an essential experience akin to eating, breathing and copulation.

If the first course of tablers entails some measure of intellectual activity by the arrival of side two you should be addicted, resistance is useless. DeVito's 'Queen Of Hearts' is a gooey Tennessee tint, recalling prime Buddy Holly. Gram Parsons, good Billy Swan. Edmunds sings

through his nose, strums like a train, picks guitar like a bird eats worms. Rockpile metamorphose into The Crickets.

For the rest, it's not just that 'Home In My Hand' nods and licks at Chuck Berry, it's not just that 'Goodbye Mr Good Guy' vamps Presley ('He kept her in a Jensen Interceptor, delivered her with roses to my door'). It's that Edmunds, Rockpile and engineer Roger Bechirian are so aware of the state of the art that their imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and usually original to boot.

It's one thing to sell the public cheap repro '60s teck dressed up with nowhere to go, it's quite another to match your interpretations to customised designs. This record has the quality of antique furniture and vintage wine. What could be better than that?

Rockpile playing these songs live.

May the sun shine on Dave Edmunds and his guitar(s) for a good many summers and may you rush out forthwith and purchase a copy of 'Repeat When Necessary' and, well, repeat when necessary. (These boys even provide you with a punchline).

Max Bell



ACROSS

- 1 Hit waxing from the cockney beer commercial
- 4 Haile unlikely version of a star!
- 8 Topped 1965 charts double A-sided with 'Day Tripper' (2,3,4,2,3)
- 9 Second No. from 'Parallel Lines' (6,4)
- 11 She sounds worth a gamble!
- 13 Early Abba single, morse the pity!
- 14 Where the Commander recruited the sirman? (4,6)
- 16 U.S. mountain range forming part of group's name
- 17 Aka David Letts, former gravedigger of this parish (4,6)
- 18 Mr Vain? In those horn-nms? Hardly!
- 20 Pre-decimalised Rai
- 22 The others are Brian, Al, Dennis, Carl
- 23 Palindromic Steely Dan elpee
- 24 C. Berry sung the joys of No. 66
- 25 Bill Nelson messes up Eno's ride! (3,5)

DOWN

- 1 Follow-up to 'In The Navy' (2,4)
- 2 Cheap Trickster (4,7)
- 3 Edwin Starr's song about disco dating services!
- 5 Iggy's old band

- 6 Nipponese Zimmerman collection (2,3,7)
- 7 Golden Oldie Spot. 1965 Presley chart-topper which might have been covered by Jilted John (6,2,3,6)
- 10 Roger Daltrey's second starring movie vehicle, gone and best forgotten!
- 12 Yvonne, formerly of 'Hair' and the E. Clapton Band
- 14 Mule rug box tuned to a different wavelength!
- 15 We avoid bid (anag. 2 words)
- 17 LA crypto-punks in dike (sic!)
- 19 Unconfirmed report on group?
- 21 Type of music/or moody pills

ANSWERS

- ACROSS:** 1 'Boogie Wonderland'; 2 Wings; 7 'Vincent'; 10 Keith Emerson; 11 Chic; 14 (Kevin) Godley; 15 Ska; 16 Steve Hillage; 18 'In The Summertime'; 20 'Gloria'; 21 Members; 23 Del Shannon; 24 Red (Noise); 25 (Richard) Harris; 26 Kevin (Godley).
- DOWN:** 'Boys Keep Swinging'; 12 'Guilty'; 3 Eagles; 4 'Never A Dull Moment'; 5 Annie Haslam; 8 (Peter) Noone; 9 Richard (Harris) 12 Fleetwood (Mac); 13 Steve Miller; 17 Gary Moore; 19 'Easter'; 22 Chas (and Dave).

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Lyme Regis Dolphin Club: *Electric Direction* / *Generated Strangers*
Manchester Apollo Theatre: *Ni-Tenelon*
Middlebrough Rock Garden: *Bascazz* / *Dada Vu*
Newcastle The Copperage: *The Alwoodley Jets*
Newcastle The Red House: *Hepatitis*
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hemstalls Lane Inn: *Prey*
Norwich Boggle House: *After The Fire*
Norwich Cromwell's: *Johnny Nash*
Norwich Samson & Hercules: *The Knack*
Nottingham Heart Of The Midlands: *Sponeech* (for three days)
Nottingham Imperial Good Fellow: *The Hormones*
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: *Lap Region*
Oxford Caribbean Club: *Crisis*
Poynton Folk Centre: *Michael Moore*
Scunthorpe Civic Theatre: *Nike Harding*
Sheffield Limit Club: *The Tourists*
Slough Blues Entertainment Centre: *The Rascals*
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: *64 Spoons*
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: *The O.K. Band*
Stevenage The Swan: *Lee Fardon & The Legionaires*
St. Helens Railway Hotel: *Mistress*

DIRE STRAITS — the biggest success story of the year so far, on an international level — return home after their triumphs in America to headline a major concert tour, already a virtual sell-out. They open at Liverpool (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). The band's front man Mark Knopfler is pictured top left.

ROCKPILE, featuring Dave Edmunds (top right) and Nick Lowe, set out on their most important tour to date. They're topping at leading venues all round the country, the first of these being at

Birmingham (Friday), Colchester (Saturday), Guildford (Sunday), Hastings (Monday), Cambridge (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). Support act is *Low Lewis Reformer* (see over page).

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND undertake one of their rare, but welcome, British outings — and their first since a recent personnel upheaval brought new members *Chris Slade* (drums) and *Dave Fleet* (guitar) into the line-up. Their travels take them initially to Bristol (Thursday), Brighton (Friday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

Taunton Odeon: *George Hamilton IV*
Tonbridge The Harvester: *En Route*
Wellborough British Rail Club: *Matchbox* / *Johnny & The Jetbirds*
Worthing The Balmoral: *The Tinsels*

Friday

Aberdeen University: *The Jags*
Basildon Towngate Theatre: *The Albion Band*
Bath Centre 69 Club: *The X-Certs* / *The Review*
Bedford Cranfield Technical College: *Soul Direction*
Belfast (Ards) Shamrock Club: *Oxy & The Monks* / *Charge*
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: *UB40*
Birmingham Barbarella's: *Supercharge*
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: *The Treble*
Birmingham (Handsworth) Rialto: *The Hapton*
Birmingham Odeon: *Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe* / *Low Lewis Reformer*
Birmingham Rialto: *Capital Letters*
Birmingham (Small) Heath: *The Sydham*
Blackpool Northbeck Castle: *Streetband*
Bolton Farnworth Club: *Shades*
Bournemouth The Pines: *Mark Andrews & The Gents*
Bradford Royal Standard: *Disco Students*
Bredford University: *John Cooper-Clarke*
Brighton Dome: *Manfred Mann's Earthband*
Brighton Hanbury Arms: *The Parrots* / *Woody The Splinters*
Brighton Sussex University: *No Dice / Straight 8*
Bristol Folk Festival (for three days): *Peter Sarstedt* / *Jeremy Taylor* / *Johnny Coppin Band* / *Derek Brimstone* / *Alex Atterton* / *Earl Oldin* / *Roy Harris* / *Downes & Beer* and many more
Brookhaven Night Spot: *Electric Direction* / *Generated Strangers*
Burnley The In-Place: *Matchbox*
Bury 78 Club: *The Soft Boys*
Cardiff Troubadour: *Johnny Nash*
Cheltenham Glos. College of Art: *Ricky Cool & The Icebergs*
Chester College: *Paradox*
Chichester Bishop Otter College: *Voyager*
Clyde St. Oyst's College: *The Hooves*
Colchester Teachers Training College: *Medium*
Writ: *Convent Rytan Bridge: Streettite*
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: *The Damned* / *The Ruts*
Douglas L.O.M. Palace Lido: *Dr. Feelgood*
Dundee Samaritans: *Shake*
Durham University: *Ni-Tenelon*
Guernsey Beau S'jour Leisure Centre: *Slade*
Guildford Royal Hotel: *Nicky & The Dots*
Huddersfield Polytechnic: *Medium Medium*
Ingatstone Youth Club: *Bastille*
Kettering North Park Club: *Johnny & The Jetbirds*
Kettering Windmill Club: *The Bearsheik Band*

Kirkcaldy Country Club: *The Headboys*
Leeds Cosmos Club: *Black Gorilla*
Leigh Rugby Union Club: *Brian Dewhurst*
Lincoln A.J.C. Club: *Speedball* / *Peter Zear Band* / *Savege*
Liverpool Empire Theatre: *Dire Straits*
Liverpool Eric's: *Human League* / *The Flowers*
Liverpool The Pipeline: *Mistress*
London Acton King's Head: *Pax*
London Camden Dingwells: *Roy St. John & The Huskies with Gerald Wetlands/Wipeout*
London Camden Dublin Castle: *London Blitz*
London Camden Music Machine: *Wild Horses*
London Camden Southampton Arms: *Jellyroll Blues Band*
London Canning Town Bridge House: *Garry McKavay's Jam*
London City Polytechnic: *The Resistance*
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *Little Ape*
London Covent Garden The Basement: *School Girl Ethel* / *Spk Screens*
London Fulham Greyhound: *Dangerous Rhythm*
London Hammersmith Odeon: *Iggy Pop*
London Kensington Queen College: *Mungo Jerry* / *64 Spoons* / *Traktor's Galt*
London Kensington The Nashville: *The Specialists*
London Marquee Club: *Max Webster*
London Oxford St. 100 Club: *Jebule*
London Plumstead Green Man: *The Speedy Beers*
London Putney Star & Garter: *Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night*
London Soho Pizz Express: *Deanery Quartet*
London Southbank Polytechnic: *Dog Watch*
London Tottenham The Spurs: *Agenda*
London Victoria The Venue: *Blue*
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: *The Monochrome Set* / *The Soul Boys*
Manchester Free Trade Hall: *The Police* / *The Cramps* / *Bobby Henry*
Manchester The Factory: *The Tourists*
Manchester The Hunting Lodge: *Miami Beast*
Manchester (Whitefield) The Albion: *Tanz*
Middlebrough Fock Garden: *John Grisdale's Cheap Flights*
New Brighton Riverside Ballroom: *Prey*
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: *SWF Little Fingers*
Newport The Village: *The Lurkers*
Northampton Nene College: *Radio Stars* / *After The Fire*
Norwich Boggle House: *The Russians*
Norwich Cromwell's: *The Floorers*
Norwich Whites: *The Tunes*
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: *Last Call*
Nottingham Festival: *Gaffa*
Nottingham Sandpiper: *Raymond Froggatt*
Oxford Corn Dolly: *Lee Fardon & The Legionaires*
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: *The V.I.P.'s*
Pancras Gaiety Meadery: *The Brimble Five*

Poole Brewers Arms: *Tours*
Port Talbot 9 Volt Club: *Days Of Grace*
Preston Polytechnic: *Mike Absalom*
Scarborough Penthouse: *The Records* / *Local Operator*
Sheffield Limit Club: *Showbiz Kids*
Sheffield Polytechnic: *The Extras* / *C.P. Lee & Friends*
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: *Rebel*
Stafford The Yemans: *Bright Eyes*
Stevenage The Swan: *Spring Offensive*
Stirling Albert Hall: *The Fakes* / *Those French Girls* / *The Extras* / *Spiked Copy*
Stratford-on-Avon Ettingham Park: *The Distillers*
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: *Close Rivals* / *Daddy Toys*
Swansea Haled Inn: *The Hogs*
Swindon Brunel Rooms: *Light Of The World*
Taunton Cellar Bar: *Lies All Lies*
Uxbridge Brunel University: *The Stickers*
Uxbridge Unit One: *Take Away*
Watford Mex's: *Kitt, Frank, Chris & John*
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: *The Sheds*
Wolverhampton Lafayette: *The Cure*
The Wrakin Folk Festival (for three days): *The Waterboys* / *Blackram Wakes* / *Sean Cannon* / *Pete & Chris Coe* / *Alister Anderson* and many more

Saturday

Aberdeen University: *The Trenches*
Belfast Seamount Leisure Centre: *Oxy & The Monks/Charge*
Birkenhead The Gallery: *Days Of Grace*
Birmingham Bogans: *Mal Pail*
Birmingham Bournbrook: *The Outpatients*
Birmingham Hatchford School: *Armpt Hounds* / *Pete Scott*
Birmingham Market Cross: *Strider*
Birmingham Railway Hotel: *School Sports*
Bishop Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: *Scorched Earth*
Blackpool Northbeck Castle: *Zorro*
Bletchley Lakes Estate: *The Translators*
Blyth Golden Eagle: *Roxoff*
Bournemouth Pines: *Interference*
Bradford Royal Standard: *Disco Students*
Brentford Rolling Thunder Skatepark: *Dirty Weekend/XLS*
Brentwood Hermit Club: *Bastille*
Brighton Cape Skate Park: *Nicky & The Dots/The Dogdams*
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: *The Wild Beasts*
Bury Paradise Room: *Paradox*
Cambridge College Of Art & Technology: *The Soft Boys*
Cannock Arthur Hampton Community Centre: *The Realizers/UXB*
Cannock Troubadour: *64 Spoons*
Cardiff Troubadour Club: *Johnny Nash*
Carlisle Market Hall: *SWF Little Fingers*
Chatham Central Hall: *George Hamilton*
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: *Pressure Shocks/Medium Medium*
Chichester Art College: *Electric Direction/Generated Strangers*
Colchester Essex University: *Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lewis Reformer*

Sunday

Belfast Green Brier: *Oxy & The Monks/Charge*
Birmingham Barbarella's: *Disco Students*
Birmingham Barrel Organ: *64 Spoons*

CONTINUES OVER

MORE NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Chief Reformer

The incredible LEW LEWIS dispenses a touch of Southend rock around the circuit this month, as he takes his aptly-named Reformer band on the road, appearing as special guests on the major tour by Rockpile (see previous page).



Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Skids
Birmingham Nile Out: Dianne Warwick (for a week)
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Bournemouth Capones: The Grumb
Bristol Stonehouse: Easy Money
Cambridge Oise College: Supercharge
Cambridge Downing College: The Albion Band
Cambridge University: U.K. Subs
Chester: Smartyz: The Records/Local
Coatbridge Beechwood Bar: Underhand Jones
Corby Shafts: Medium Medium
Edinburgh Tiffany's: John Cooper-Clarke
Falkirk Town Hall: Del Shannon/Johnny & The Hurricanes
Gulford Civic Hall: The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry
Hastings Pier Pavilion: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer
Hull Scamps: Stageflight
Huncoale White Lion Hotel: Brian Dewhurst
Hford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East Side Stompers
Ipswich Tracey's: The Addicts
Leeds (Yeasdon) The Peacock: Days Of Grace
Liverpool Kirklands: 051
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
London Camden: Dingwalls: Rebel
Wendy Turner/Mick O'Carner
London Canning Town Bridge House: The Purple Hearts
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Zorro
London Deptford Albany Empire: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Hammersmith Palais: Bibbo
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Fixations/Beggar
London Kensington The Nashville: The Grooks/The Chords
London Marquee Club: Linton Kwesi Johnson/Rico
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Paddington Western Counties: The Little Jimmies
London Putney Hall Moon: Five Hand Reel

London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Headboys/The Small Hours
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Status Quo
Manchester Band on the Wall: Marital Aids
Manchester Golden Garter: The Grumb
Manchester The Factory: The Drones
Milton Keynes Crawford Arms: The Cure
New Brighton Golden Guinea: Dave Berry & The Cruisers
Nottingham Goshorn Hotel: The Noise
Toys/Arthur 2-Stroke/Treatment Room
Newcastle The Coopeage: Sabrejets
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwathir
Nottingham Tiffany's: The Pirates
Rogate White Horse: Mark Andrews & The Gents
Sheffield City Hall: Die Straits
Sheffield Top Rank: The Damned/The Ruts
Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop
Wolverhampton Sports Club: Little Acre
Worthing Assembly Hall: Voyager

Tuesday

Basingstoke Magnams: Between Pictures
Birmingham Barbarella's: Essential Logic
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: Human League/Scars/Au Pairs
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: Close
Rivals/Deadly Toys
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Kiler
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Belf & Braces Band
Bolton Bussins: The Reducers
Brighton Top Rank: The Lurkers
Bristol Locarno: The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry
Cambridge Emmanuel College: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis
Cambridge University: U.K. Subs
Chester Smartyz: Days Of Grace
Chippenden Neeld Hall: Glaxo Babies/The Europeans/The X-Certs

Durham Bede College: Mungo Jerry
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: Friction
Gravesend Woodville Hall: Zorro
Hewwood Civic Hall: Mike Harding
Kilmarock: Grand Hall: Del Shannon/Johnny & The Hurricanes
Kingston Noise Factory: Speedball
London Acton Kings Head: The Clerks
London Camden Dingwalls: The Pirates
London Camden Music Machine: The Jags
London Canning Town Bridge House: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Country Cousin: Gotham (for three weeks)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Nick Pytles & The Hired Men
London Fulham Golden Lion: B4 Spoons
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The Fool
London Islington Hope & Anchor: London Zoo
London Kensington The Nashville: The Samaritans
London Marquee Club: The Headboys
London New Barnet Hotel: The Accolators
The Sleek House
London N.4 The Stapleton: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
London Soho Pizza Express: Tony Lee
Trio/Billie L Sage
London Soho Newington Assembly Hall: Heathcliffe
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The London Cowboys
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dime & The Taperspots
London Woolwich Tramshed: Rebel
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Status Quo
Manchester The Factory: Exodus
Newcastle City Hall: The Skids/Funkment Of Luxury
Newcastle The Red House: Roxoff
Nottingham University: Writz
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: Lip Service
Plymouth Guildhall: Manfred Mann's Earthband
Preston Piper Club: Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for five days)
Reading Target Club: Take Away
Sheffield Limb Club: The Records/Local Operator
Sheffield The Marples: The Parts/The Stunt Kites
Sheffield University: The Yachts
Swansea Circles: The Cure

Swindon Brunel Rooms: John Grimaldi's
Cheap Flights
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
Watford Alex's: Farm Frights
West Kirby Black Horse Music Hall: Foggy

Wednesday

Birkenhead Gallery Club: The Distainers
Birmingham Aston University: Cosmolite
Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Days Of Grace
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: The Damned/The Ruts
Birmingham Odeon: Dire Straits
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Reimasker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: Roses
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Inmates/Tour de Force
Bournemouth The Pinetree: Tours
Brighton Alhambra: The Dials
Brighton Art College: Peter & The Test Tube Babies
Bristol Polytechnic: Writz
Cardiff Sophie Gardens: Status Quo
Charnock Richard Park Hall: Foggy (for four days)
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Colchester Essex University: The Headboys
Dorby Jimmy's: Speed Trap
Doncaster Yarnborough Social Club: Mungo Jerry
Gloucester Roundabout: Swingling Blue Jeans
Hamilton Town Hall: Del Shannon/Johnny & The Hurricanes
High Wycombe Town Hall: John Cooper-Clarke
Leeds Marcus of Cranby: Reflex
Liverpool The Masonic: 051
London Camden Music Machine: U.K. Subs
London Canning Town Bridge House: Sid Sideboard & The Chairs
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: B4 Spoons
London Deptford Albany Empire: The Cramps/Vermilion & The Aces
London Fulham Greyhound: Plain Sailing
London Hammersmith Odeon: Manfred Mann's Earthband
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: Zorro
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free Beer
London N.4 The Stapleton: Tennis Shoes
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dane Simmonds & Greg's Folk and Blues Showcase
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: Speedball
London Soho Pizza Express: Johnny M & The Midnight Express
London Southall White Man: Shades
London Victoria The Venus: The Albion Band
London West Ealing Halfway House: Dangerous Rhythm
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Dog Water/Tape Accolators
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: The Young Bucks
Manchester Free Trade Hall: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer
Manchester Hazelgrove Centre: Private Sector
Manchester (Hyde) Queen's Hotel: School Bus
Newport Slowway Club: The Soft Boys
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: Gwathir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
Preston Polytechnic: The Records/Local Operator
Preston Pipers Club: The Cure
Reading University: Mike Abisalom
Salford The Champion: Lies All Lies
Sheffield Limb Club: The Cool Notes
Solihull Golden Lion: The Clinic
South Woodhouse Railway: Original East Side Stompers
Swinton Toll Path Inn: Red Eye
York Pop Club: Patrick Fitzgerald

Summer specials

KEVIN COYNE, the Robin Williamson Band, Five Hand Reel, Wizz Jones and Lip Service are among acts already set for the third Polgoght Fayre, being staged at a mid-Cornwall site two miles from the sea between St Austell and Mevagissey, for three days from August 10. The event also includes theatre, dance, demonstrations, films, sideshows, fireworks — and more.

WILD WILLY BARRETT plays his first solo date since his split from John Olway his Saturday (9), when he appears in the 2CV Cross Concert at South Marston Quarry Farm, near Swindon in Wiltshire. Also on the bill are Joe Brown and London band Rebel. The event, which continues through Sunday, is a combination of motor racing and music — weekend tickets cost £2.75.

THE REAL THING headline a 'Summer Sensation' concert in a 3,000-capacity marquee in Heage, Derbyshire, on June 23 (8-11.30pm). The site is in the grounds of Chapel Farm, School Lane. There are a number of support acts, plus a licensed bar, and tickets are £4 (advance) and £4.50 (doors).

THE SEVENTH Berkshire Midsummer Folk Festival takes place for three days from June 22 at Whitehouse Farm, Spencer's Wood, near Reading. Among the many confirmed acts are Muckram Wakes, Bully Wee, Bill Caddick, Johnny Collins, Mike Yeates and the Celebrated Ratcliffe Stout Band. Ample camping and parking. More details from 073521 2708.

LIVE DATES AND TOUR NEWS

CRAZY CAVAN & The Rhythm Rockers play Newport Kingsway Social Club (tonight, Thursday), Llanmerris Underwood Club (June 22), Birmingham The Sydneyham (23), Isle of Wight Lakeside Club (24), Swenoke Black Eagle (25), London Catford The Squire (26), Southend Minerva (29), Barking Old Maypole (30), Croydon Greyhound (1 July 1 and 2), Dundee Card Hall (2), York Oval Ball (4), Leeds Florio Green (5), Brighton Lewes Road Inn (6), Cromer West Run Pavilion (7), London Southall White Hart (11), London Southgate Royalty (12), Guildford Star Club (13), London Kensington Nashville (14), London Camden Dingwalls (21), Rayleigh Cross (23), Portsmouth Collingwood Club (26), Horncastle Town Hall (27) and Heston Concorde Club (28).



JABULA RIVERBOAT HOPS

JUBALA, the London-based South African band, are playing three special London gigs which are being filmed as part of a TV documentary about their music and work. The first is at the 100 Club tomorrow (Friday), and the other two are both cruises on the Thames aboard the "Chevening" on Sundays, July 1 and 15. Embarkation for the cruises is 8.30 pm at Charing Cross Pier (returning 11pm), and advance tickets at £3.50 are available from Jabula Music, 1A East Dulwich Road, London S.E.22. The 25-minute TV film will be screened later in the year.

a.k.a. The Specials



THE SPECIALS (formerly The Special A.K.A.) are lined up for an intensive gig series taking in Canterbury College of Art (tonight, Thursday), London Kensington Nashville (Friday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (Saturday), Manchester Russell Club (June 15), Huddersfield Polytechnic (16), Worcester Hidesway (18), Lincoln A.J.'s (22), Jacksall Grey Topper (23), Collier (30), London Victoria The Venue (July 3), Winchester King Alfred College (4), Burton 76 Club (6), Birmingham Barbarella's (7), Newport Village (13), Cromer West Run Pavilion (20) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (27). Their album 'Halfway Hotel' is issued by Mountain Records on June 15.

B4 SPOONS are back on the road again, and gigs set so far are at Southampton Halbury Old Mill (tonight, Thursday), London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (Friday), Cannock Troubadour (Saturday), Birmingham Barrel Organ (Sunday), London Fulham Golden Lion (June 12), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (13), Chatham Van Dam Club (19), Goshorn John Peel (21), London Camden Blackrock (27), London Marquee with The Records (28 and 29), Watford Palace (July 6), Bradford Princetown Club (19), Sheffield Limb (20), Carlisle Border Terrier (27) and the Harlow Festival (28).

GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND have dates at London Pinner (28 and 29), London W20 Leicester Phoenix Theatre (23), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (24), Ipswich Tracey's (25), Leeds Fan Club (26), Manchester The Factory (28), Blackpool Northbrook Castle (29) and London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (July 1).

Abba concerts — how to book

LONDON WEMBLEY Arena (November 5-10 inclusive). Prices £7.50 and £5.50. Tickets on sale to personal applicants from June 16, and preference will be given to callers at the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappell, 50 New Bond Street (£25 booking fee per ticket) — though they may also be obtained from the Wembley box-offices. Postal bookings may be submitted immediately to Abba Box-Office, PO Box 471, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, enclose SAE and allow four weeks for delivery. STAFFORD Bingley Hall (November 11-12). Prices £7.50, £6 and £5. Tickets available by postal application only to Abba Concerts, 2 Swinbourne Grove, Withington, Manchester M20 9PP. Cheques and postal orders payable to 'Kennedy Street Enterprises', and enclose SAE. Applications will be accepted from tomorrow (Friday). GLASGOW Apollo (November 13). Prices £7.50, £6.50, £5 and £4.50. Available only by personal application to the Apollo box office.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 7th SPECIAL BRANCH Dave Fleet, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder	50p	Sunday June 10th R.D.B. + DUTCH BOYS	60p
Friday June 8th GERRY McAVOY JAM with friends & special guests	50p	Monday June 11th Moda Monday with PURPLE HEARTS + BACK TO ZERO	50p
Saturday June 9th ALCOHOLICS Donna Stratton, Geoff Whitehorn, Walt Mensingen, John Fish, Matt Irving with friends and special guests	50p	Tuesday June 12th MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS	Free
		Wednesday June 13th SID SIDEBORD & THE CHAIRS	Free
		Thursday June 14th SPECIAL BRANCH Dave Fleet, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder	40p

dog watch

Friday June 8th
SOUTHWARK
South Bank Poly

Saturday June 9th
STEVENAGE
The Swan

Sunday June 10th
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Tuesday June 12th
CAMBRIDGE
Emmanuel College

Wednesday June 13th
WEST HAMPSTEAD
Moonlight Club

Band Enquiries:
Sound Scene Agency
01-261 9791/9776

THE TRIAD

Southmill Road
Bishops Stortford

presents on
Wednesday June 6th

THE INMATES

+ TOUR DE FORCE

Tickets £1.20 available at the door

CUDDLY TOYS

+ THE FOUR KINGS

Windsor Castle,
Harrow Road, W.9

Friday June 8th

Band Enquiries: 01-450 6651.

SCANDAL

Shouldn't Be Allowed

Sat June 9th Porterhouse Club, Retford

Sun June 10th Windsor Castle, Harrow Road

Sat June 16th Moonlight Club, West Hampstead

Band Enquiries: 01-804 2768

DUBLIN CASTLE

CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN

Wednesday June 13th

BACK TO ZERO

The Numbers
6 More Profits
9.30 pm First Tee Free

To Advertise in
The LIVE PAGE
Phone the ol'
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CENTRE BALLROOM

(Community Centre)
Farnham, Slough (A4)

Friday, June 8th at 8 p.m.

THE SKIDS

+ THE EDGE + ROBERT AND THE REMOULDS

D.J. Chris Jones' Heavy Rock Round

Advance tickets £1.00 from Farnham (Slough), Maidenhead, Reading and High Wycombe, Revolution Windsor, Slough Record Centre, Barnham, Slough, and Centre Box Office or £2.50 at the door

PTARMIGAN

are game at
THE ROTAL OAK,
WHITEHILL

Saturday, June 9th:
"LIVE ROCK" AT
PORTSEA ROTARY

Sunday, June 10th:
THE BALMORAL,
WORTHING

Wednesday, June 13th:
"No Ordinary Legos Motors"

OPENS JUNE 14

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS SHAFESBURY AVE TEL. 430 5211 PREMIER BOX OFFICE
TEL. 346 2265
ON ROCK ON RECORDS 3 KENTISH TOWN RD. NW1 TEL. 485 5088

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 7th NICKY & THE DOTS	£1.00	Monday June 11th THE BLUES BAND Featuring Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint & Paul Jones	75p
Friday June 8th THE PIRANHAS	£1.00	Tuesday June 12th PURPLE HEARTS	£1.00
Saturday June 9th & Sunday June 10th	£1.00	Wednesday June 13th & Thursday June 14th	£1.00
PINPOINT		INMATES	

Hop Poles, Enfield
presents on Tuesday June 12th

THE CROOKS

+ The Mods

Admission £1 payable on the door.

LEW LEWIS REFORMER

ON TOUR WITH ROCKPILE

FRIDAY JUNE BRIMMINGHAM OCEAN
SAT 10 JUNE COLCHESTER ESSEX UNIVERSITY
SUN 10 JUNE COLCHESTER CIVIC HALL
MON 11 JUNE HARTFORD P&S
WED 13 JUNE MANCHESTER FAIR TRADE HALL
THUR 14 JUNE LONDON ST. MARTIN'S
FRI 15 JUNE LONDON UNIVERSITY

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Doors open 8pm

051

at
KIRKLANDS, LIVERPOOL

Monday, June 11th
at 10pm

Thursday June 7th

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THE ACKLAM HALL
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ON THE TOWN

The trouble with festivals is daylight.

For most people, a really large event is like a beach picnic sitting near somebody with a radio. Anybody wanting to watch the show might catch a glimpse of a machine-head if the people in their line of vision all lean over to talk to their neighbours at precisely the same moment. Loch Lomond didn't have those problems, but starting at midnight might have produced some much needed atmosphere.

The Bear Park site couldn't handle enormous crowds, though for a moderate sized festival it's near perfect — a warped, egg-shaped compound with the stage at the pointed end and a hill at the back.

For the paying guests the choice is a pleasant, low-key day in a refugee camp with an endless series of acts on a matchbox playing music that you don't really want to hear.

Alternatively, you can manoeuvre down to the front and be crushed against a barrier by tons of fidgeting humanity for 12 hours.

Football on TV meant only 17,000 people were prepared to face this choice on Saturday: most decided to forgo bodily comforts.

Blood Donor and The Edge failed to appear on the first day. Rockpile and Blue on the second. Dave Edmunds' burns from a car radiator accident excuses Rockpile, no explanation was available, and no announcements were made about the others. The two bands on Saturday were replaced by Hi-Jax and Sore Throat.

Much of Sore Throat's set was marred by sounds which suggested the PA was being destroyed with sledge-hammers, and even when improved, the bass and drums still swamped everything. Nevertheless they were the best band we saw for hours.

The event was so well organised that it was running 15 minutes early at one point. Only a few minutes after Throat, local Glasgow band Hi-Jax evoked memories of times past.

This lot could've existed at any time in the last 12 years. Their buxom vocalist is apparently Henry Cooper's niece, and that will hopefully be their only chance of further publicity.

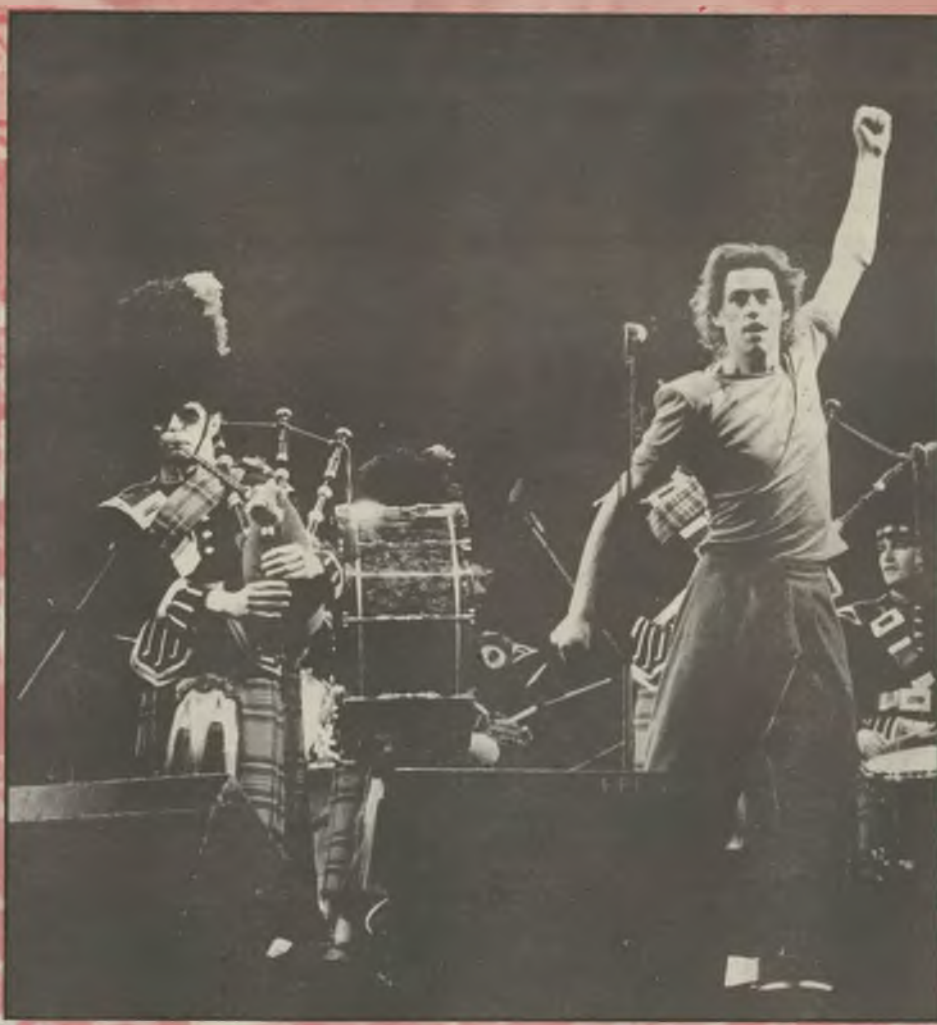
The first band to stimulate anything more than a polite Pavlovian crowd reaction were UK Subs.

They're '76 punk throw-backs still shocking the masses in tips and chains. Depending on the saturation point for hardcore punk, there's little reason why they shouldn't do as well as their peers, especially since they finally have a record contract. Playschool punks The Dickies came closest to inciting riots. Heavy beer can artillery drove those privileged with passes to crouch behind the barriers. Bury henchmen roughly hauled struggling punks from the crowd for minor infringements.

Apart from The Stranglers, The Dickies had Saturday's only encore, which they achieved by playing for 15 minutes, rushing off, having somebody yell a few words, and rushing back quicker than their usual space between songs.

Laugh with The Dickies. Laugh at The Dickies. It doesn't matter — they don't care why they're successful.

After the British and American extremes of punk from UK Subs and The Dickies, Chris Rea's huskily



Geldof and friend (left)

How The Irish Stormed The Loch

To the sound of the summer's first Jimmy! Bob's Brats beat all-comers at the Loch Lomond Rock Festival. Words: Glenn Gibson Pix: Laurie Evans

sincere ballads were virtually ignored by the crowd. And towards the end of his performance we heard the only place of scandal of the entire weekend: Sneaky Pete's singer and guitarist were arrested and charged with indecent exposure while lying sozzled by the loch. That cheered us up.

Then the rains came. Those with back-stage passes headed for beer and loafed in the VIP tent, leaving one audience and any conscientious music writers to watch Third World, a band with most need of the sun. We got soft, sinuous, soulful reggae; ethnic colour added by incomprehensible announcements: criss-cross rhythms exploding with happiness (remember Afro-rock?) at the percussion breaks.

Festival conditions are not the time to judge a band, but Third World (a reasonably good reggae band) were at least a highlight of a weekend which ranged mainly from atrocious to adequate.

So it's not much of a compliment to say that The Skids were Saturday's best band.

The rain was particularly heavy at this point, causing vegetable dye to run from many a hairstyle. Maybe the suffering created a community spirit, since, once

or twice during The Skids' 45 minutes, the festival almost seemed to become a special event.

I'd had visions of teeming hordes bellowing 'ALBERT TATLOCK!' as the perfect blank generation festival equivalent of 'Out Demons Out'. But The Skids didn't do that one; so instead they had to sing along with a fairly redundant 'All The Young Dudes'.

Musically they're a pop group with imagination, which is one of the best things to be. The potential which seemed to be there a year ago is partially dissipated with familiarity, a formulaised sound and lyrical literary pretensions.

They got the best reaction of the day; widespread

dancing and cheering. And with virtually every established Scottish band (aside from Nazareth) present, The Skids triumphed as sole representatives of 'alternative' Scotland. Everything was still ruining to schedule. There had been no trouble, and the security minions had confined themselves to helping injured citizens escape the throng. Festival promoter John Caulfield had flown to London for Wembley and returned. The fence hadn't been stormed by armies of scuba-divers emerging from the loch. The rain had stopped and there were only 15 minutes to wait for Dr. Feelgood.

Everything was perfect. Only the lack of people

disappointed the organisers. Only the lack of anything exciting disappointed the crowd.

Dr. Feelgood played for an hour in daylight. They ineffectively used the lights and played a predictable set to moderate reaction.

There's a limit to what can be said about four people on a stage who do nothing distinctive. Brilleaux has a certain slovenly style, and they have a few reasonable songs, all of which were performed near the end. But their success has always seemed to be more to do with coincidence and timing than anything else.

Special precautions were taken for The Stranglers: people with passes were shunted to inadequate viewing positions and security officers lined the stagefront, preparing for imminent siege. For some reason it never happened. The crowd, perhaps driven to apathy by their intensely dreary and depressing new music, even failed to applaud with any enthusiasm.

'Down In The Sewer', 'Hanging Around' and a few others reminded how good The Stranglers used to be. The new songs with titles like 'Genetics' and 'The Raven' were dismal; jerking layered mantric drones — oppressive, meandering music suitable

for a Vincent Price movie directed by a humourless German.

For the first time a special show was arranged to give people some memories. The band produced a siren wail. Spotlights became searchlights following the nightlights of three planes flying in widely-spaced formation two miles up (so high that people wondered if they were there by coincidence). Around the stage area there were loud explosions and a great deal of red smoke.

It was all like a futuristic blitz on a film set; which was roughly the intended effect.

After that the poor, shell-shocked crowd had to put up with the Radio Forth roadshow, which was scheduled to strafe the tented hillsides with disco faves until 4.30am with the further prospect of awakening at six by the dawn chorus, or frothing hordes driven to frenzy by the promise of money for the first hundred people to arrive at seven and clean up the site for Sunday.

Sunday

Apart from the bands we had to sit through, Sunday was a great improvement. The weather was as good as could've been expected and, even though most of Saturday's punks seemed to have left, the numbers were supposedly up to 35,000.

The first band were the surprise of the weekend.

The dreadfully named Charley Brownie are now the atrociously named Snapshots. I would've been suspicious in advance of anyone with such poor taste, except that I'd seen them a year before and knew how bland they really were. But they've improved into playing competent American FM pop, which doesn't suffer unduly in comparison with the Springsteen and Greg Kihn cover versions they do.

They're easily the best of the four Glasgow bands, and the only one which belongs in this decade.

We could've done with more bands like Cowboy International. Not that they were any kind of surprise success; but at least they looked good in an androgynous, Our Gang sort of way and sounded radical in comparison to the moribund second-raters who bloated so much of the bill.

Sadly, their set of quirky pop was cut short, particularly as this meant extra time for Underhand Jones, the last of the local bands.

Underhand have songs ranging over the worst ills of the last decade. This occasion gave only a hint of how many styles they attempt — an approach intended to cater for those with catholic taste. So any Wishbone Ash fans who also enjoy watery Eagles, mock-reggae, mock-dowp, pomp rock, heavy metal and Gallagher & Lyle — this is the band you've been waiting for. I'd been wondering what had happened to the young musicians inspired more by Deep Purple than The Ramones or Stockhausen.

I want to forget what happened in the next three hours.

Dave Swarbrick's health nearly prevented Fairport from appearing at all. Conflicting rumours circulated backstage; a cancellation announcement was made, then retracted.

They finally played for 30 minutes, looking tired and old, and ran through ancient songs like 'Walk Awhile' and 'Meet On The Lodge'. I'd forgotten Fairport even existed until they announced a nine month farewell tour.

Violinski played Strathtullyde University recently. After their third song 'Clog Dance', everybody cheered and left



Buzzcocks happy to leave the stage.



A bunch of Jimmies.



The slovenly Dr Feelgood.

for the bar. 'Clog Dance' is kept till last now, preceded by utterly unmemorable extremes of mundanity lasting 40 minutes, but seeming like hours.

I had hoped my previous encounter with Wild Horses was the last one. Since then they've improved in confidence and flash, and as the token HM band (Scottish besides) they earned a modestly enthusiastic reaction.

Near the stage you could feel the ground shake and your bones vibrate. I'm convinced I've suffered irreversible neural damage from 20 bands in two days spent, mainly, ten feet from the largest PA in Scotland.



Well Angus, thank God that's over the noo."

After they decided to play on in defiance of time schedules they were wonderful.

Strange that such timeless, singalong pop can be so much better played with anger.

During the hour between Buzzcocks and The Average White Band, DJ Mr Superbed wrecked his chances of immortality with interminable ranting, arrogance and desperate foolishness which involved throwing his shoes at the audience.

Much to my surprise AWB were enormously popular with the audience. On the hill where I'd climbed to recover from shell shock, people argued over the respective merits of AWB and Pink Floyd. Strong praise indeed — in certain circles.

The band looked healthy and affluent, and played impeccably for nearly two hours until dusk. Most of the songs moved at the same lazy tempo and had minimal lyrics where Hamish Stuart repeated the same phrase, usually celebrating spiritual satisfaction, for five minutes.

Early on I could detect subtle differences between the songs, even enjoy parts of some of them. But after the first hour it all merged into monotony and, eventually, sheer tedium with endless solos and introductions in the 17 minute dirges for which they are rightly infamous.

It's refined, late night music for elegant penthouses with Manhattan skyline views; luxurious music faultlessly played with no trace of excitement.

I expect lots of movie stars like them.

From my hill I could look over the site as dusk approached on a beautiful clear night. The air was chilled enough to inspire bonfires throughout the compound, increasing the refugee camp parallels, and for the first time it seemed like a special occasion.

The AWB's £5,000 firework display brought a little innocent magic to the night. It was like the end of Disneytime. It was better than most of the music.

Bob Geldof had promised special surprises.

By this time I was hoping for the most wildly over-the-top displays of money and technology, expecting barrage balloons, two mile high laser holograms, neutron bombs and the compound to be filled with foam. Anything to make the weekend exciting and memorable.

Instead, The Boomtown Rats put on the only show of the two days.

Starting with a slow song is either a sign of eccentricity or confidence. When it works as well as 'I Don't Like Mondays' it's some kind of major dramatic triumph. Mott The Hoople could do it at one time, but it does take a special kind of performer to pull it off. I was never impressed enough by The Boomtown Rats' music to bother going to see them, and I'm still not really, but Geldof is worth the admission price on his own.

He's a superlative, shameless showman; a star for the '80s.

The rest of the band don't let him down, rushing around and looking more like the ideal rock band than any of their 19 predecessors.

Various trite devices are used throughout the show in attempts to qualify as spectacle: Laurie Evans and two others dragged onstage to be used as backing cameras for 'Having My Picture Taken'; a pipe band to provoke nationalist fervour and choruses of 'Flower of Scotland'; pogoing bears for 'She's So Modern'.

Despite all that, the first Scottish music festival ended as an occasion due to the bloody Irish!

Skids

Masquerade on tour at:

- | | |
|----|--------------------|
| 8 | SLOUGH |
| | Centre Ballroom |
| 9 | LIVERPOOL |
| | Eric's (2 shows) |
| 10 | BRISTOL |
| | Locarno |
| 11 | BIRMINGHAM |
| | Digbeth Civic Hall |
| 12 | NEWCASTLE |
| | City Hall |
| 14 | MANCHESTER |
| | Apollo |
| 16 | GLASGOW |
| | Apollo |
| 17 | DUNFERMLINE |
| | Kinema Ballroom |



SCARED TO DANCE

Skids album out now on Virgin Records V2T16

Virgin

Penetration Judy Nylon

New York

Pauline keeps having her sentences completed for her. She'll say, "This is our current single in England, it's called..." and someone in the audience will shout out "Danger Signs!" Or, she'll ask, "What's next?" and several answers come, back: "Stone Herpes!" "Life's A Gamble!" "That's it," Pauline says and off they go.

But these records are only available here as imports and this three-night stand at Hurrah was Penetration's American debut. Yet they didn't start out as total strangers.

The key is Pauline, who's a natural for involving audiences and then turning observers into friends. Her singing is warm and open; her energetic stage-play an invitation to be a part of the act. And when the New York audience warily hesitated, she went to them — right out to the edge of the stage, bending down to sing into someone's eyes; making personal little gestures that were still big enough to reach the whole room.

The physical exuberance of her performance expressed some aggression but more joy. Even the stridency of "Don't Dictate" seems to come more out of love than anger.

Pauline's appeal, combined with the band's punchy power, finally won the crowd over. Already so familiar, the various singles were therefore the most popular. But the real moment of triumph was "Life's A Gamble" which had most of the crowd pogoing while Pauline sang goofy send-ups of the chorus,

proving her irreverence even for the importance of her own lines.

Some new songs were also introduced. "You haven't heard this one," Pauline said. "Unless you get John Peel." They included "She Is The Slave", "Last Saving Grace" and "Come Into The Open".

Not all of Penetration's songs are in the same league as their classic singles, and the excitement of the Floyd-Purser guitar team fluctuated with the quality of the material. But a level of danceable, head-banging fun was maintained.

Judy Nylon, who opened on the last of the three nights, is a former member of Snatch and has put her voice to work behind Eno and John Cale. Her new band, which started out sounding more like an art-experiment, has developed into an intriguing dance-and-think rock unit.

Most of the rock is provided by former Nuns guitarist Alejandro Escovedo. The "think" is in Nylon's songs, which are tightly structured and designed to make sharp little points.

Nylon cut a striking figure on stage, her severe demeanour complementing the austerity of the songs.

Richard Grabel

The Police

Glasgow

If The Cramps were older they'd probably have been in Andy Warhol films — one of them even looks like a fibreglass model of Joe Dallesandro with half of Human League vocalist Phil Oakley's hairstyle in aluminium dye.

Instead, they started a group.

You also get a post-Nico, vacant blonde and a singer who likes to sink around like a

half-reptile vampire slave with epilepsy.

Punkabilly voodoo: the punk is NY attitude and mainly visual; the -abilly is the music — see the band, borrow the records; the voodoo is redolent of adverts for bat-shaped savoury snacks.

The Police had alerted the Apollo management that only the stalls would be needed for their gig. On the night, record numbers of people arrive to pay at the door and the concert is a sellout, crowding even the haunted upper balcony.

Unless this Glasgow audience is almost exclusively responsible for the relatively modest, belated success of "Roxanne" and the album, The Police look like being the major surprise success of 1979. Who would've thought a former Cherry Vanilla backing band would be the ones to save the masses starved of standard rock?

Unfortunately, because of constant touring and Sting's involvement in films, there is an extreme shortage of new material. Which means they play a short show, only managing an hour due to all the songs being stretched out to include meandering dub-like jamming, Sting wailing "Yeah", "Woh" or "Rock Salmon" interminably.

This manoeuvre is apparently a sincere attempt at creating new forms of music.

Considering the amount of music which evolved from blues they could easily succeed with reggae. But I suggest that they save it for rehearsals until it's good enough to stun the world. Meanwhile they'll probably do more to popularise reggae than Bob Marley.

Despite that, The Police are an exciting rock band. Their material may be better as

"numbers" than songs, but that just means they're great live and make good party records.

The crowd are on their feet from the start, cracking the balconies and singing along with nearly everything — even when Andy Summers does his Stanley Holloway routine and recites "Sally".

The first three songs impressed me enormously, after that the jamming bores and slower songs intrude drearily in the name of pacing. Amidst those disappointments the newish "Message In A Bottle" stands out as comparable to the singles in quality. Assuming, of course, that the dull parts are live padding.

The man responsible for The Police's wide appeal is bass player, actor, teenage pinup, songwriter and possessor of what is currently the best white reggae voice — Sting. He will be famous and successful for years and years, though not in any flamboyant way: steady and dependable like his music.

The Police are good, but, despite their plans, I can't believe they'll ever be anything better than that. Besides, America likes boogie bands.

Glenn Gibson

Steel Pulse Eclipse

Hammersmith Odeon

Since the June '78 release of the excellent "Handsworth Revolution", Steel Pulse have come in for their fair share of critical stick.

Major points of contention have been the album's slick, crystalline production by Karl Pitterson of Wailers fame, slated as a conventional — so commercial — interpretation (aka — a cop-out); their predominantly white appeal

Enslaving New York



Personable Pauline. Pic Joe Stevens.

(they haven't as yet won the respect of a black audience); and their failed attempts at a Handsworth / JA ethnical crossover.

They've even been described as "easy listening".

So what are we to believe? You get a band writing some of the most vibrant, melodic, articulate reggae music around, and any effort to do justice to its subtlety gets labelled as a concessionary

Single: **AT HOME HE'S A TOURIST** EMI 2956

ON THE OTHER SIDE:-

IT'S HER FACTORY

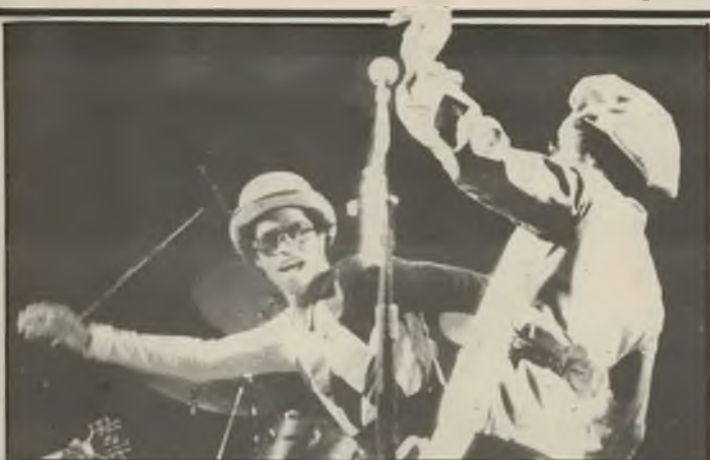


HE FILLS HIS HEAD WITH CULTURE!
HE GIVES HIMSELF AN ULCER!



GANG OF FOUR

4



Steel Pulse redirecting British reggae. Pic Chris Morley.



Link Wray: a treasured antique? Pic Al Johnson.

cosmetics job and swiftly consigned to the dumper. Seldom is it acknowledged that this was a conscious — and courageous — decision to refine British-born reggae for a largely white British

audience; or that it was done with a sheer quality and originality that sets them apart from both their obvious JA influences and their British counterparts.

Most of the latter either fail

for less sensitive methods of mass appeal, or seem content just to rehash archetypal roots reggae while draining it of any individuality or emotion.

Support band Eclipse are a prime example.

A sprawling seven-piece, they scuttle through safe, mid-paced percussive dub that sounds largely like a tin roof. Their music is dry, brittle, predictable and ultimately as flat as the Rastafarian didactics of 'Too Much War'.

Steel Pulse's recently acquired PR and MC — his dreadlocks crammed into a vast black felt hat — came close to summing it all up in his opening speech. With a breezy authority, he introduced them as 'the band who's first album revolutionised reggae music'. 'Redirected British reggae' might have been nearer the mark.

Richly lit in deep primary colours and with a perfectly descriptive sound mix, they drift on and gradually seduce the entire audience.

Visually, they're an incomprehensible mix of styles. Frontman David Hinds wears a red bowler and baggy, patched strides (appropriately in the shades of Selassie); Selwyn Brown is arched over his keyboards in a blue boiler-suit and chic, peaked cap; and the inscrutable Ronnie McQueen, his feet clumping mechanically in time with his bass lines, is wearing a woollen, Russian-type, pill-box hat with ear-flaps. Whatever their intention, it escapes me.

But take any one of their songs and you find every detail is immaculate and very carefully proportioned. Every instrument plays a melody: the keyboards are smooth and cohesive, and hardly a minute passes without you catching a bass line so good that it's almost a whole song in itself. Even the percussion is always so precise and intricate that you virtually take it for granted.

Most of all, it's the distinctive quality of their vocals that sets the band apart. They weave together, reinforcing and echoing each other, as inspired and evocative as the lyrics themselves.

The set showcases the upcoming album — 'Tribute To The Marys', all of which was new to me apart from the infectious 'Babylon Makes The Rules'. And it's to their credit that they finished with 'Sound System' instead of bowing out safely behind a definitive 'Ku Klux Klan'.

With British reggae, there's Steel Pulse and there's all the rest. The choice is yours.

Mark Ellen

Link Wray

Nottingham

The club contains a curious cross-section of humanity. Hairstyles range from total baldness to shoulder-length with matching beards for the men; from short and spiky to cascades of curls for the girls. Fashions include leather, flowered chiffon numbers and a large selection of trendy 'casuals'. There is a small, very small, sprinkling of original fans with swept-back hair and spreading waists and tired wives.

Link Wray lets loose a few liquid notes. He's smiling, steps straight into 'Blue Suede Shoes' and runs through tracks from the album — the finely phrased 'Fever', 'Rawhide', a pumped-up, perfect interpretation of Dylan's 'Baby Blue' and 'Don't'.

He wears tight jeans, a studded belt, a silver cross and a vest with a picture of the young King. He hasn't escaped age: it hangs on his face, in the long lines from nose to full-lipped mouth; loose skin endows him with a kind of nobility.

Wray's worn Gibson hangs on him like an extra limb. He can keep it clean and articulate, make it chime, flash and cry; flood it in a beautiful blur of noise. He bends over the neck, his face folded into creases of agonised pleasure.

In an age familiar with dazzle and deception, Wray demonstrates the true versatility of the instrument. He uses his guitar to transmit emotion.

The volume is gradually increased and he slips into the crowd pleasers: 'Johnny B Goode', 'Peggy Sue', a medley on the same staccato beat and some numbers that I don't recognise... except in the flow of blood to my feet.

The ballads are less successful. Wray's voice, despite the sobbing and throbbing, veers too close to Clubland. Conversation buzzes through 'I Can't Help Falling In Love With You'. Although adequate, the group are inevitably a back-drop for Wray's virtuosity. He's a generous leader, but when he's standing sidestage the voltage drops.

'Good, Good Lovin'' is followed by 'Rumble'. Great swathes of sound cut through a moving crowd. Link mounts a monitor and leans out over the audience, bridging the gap between the generations. Blinking through blinding sweat he holds his screaming guitar against the low ceiling. Applause is unreservedly enthusiastic.

What worries me about Link Wray is his repertoire. He has 50 years from which to choose and it's nice to hear the ones you love from that era. He proves that he is both a past and present master, but he needs more new material to tighten a flaccid middle.

Without that he is in danger of being mistaken for a treasured antique.

Lynn Hanna

TELEX: Looking for St.Tropez



New Album

Looking for St.Tropez
SRK 6072

12" Single

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(pic sleeve)

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A "bad" Capital brother. Pic George Bodnar.

Capital Letters

Nashville

"Sometimes we're good, and sometimes we're bad," concludes Danny McKen after

an hour on the boards, "and tonight we're bad."

Who are we to argue? 'Bad' does them an injustice; 'unimaginative' is a more appropriate label. Seven years

on from their outset in Wolverhampton, this eight-piece black reggae band have refined a pleasant, efficient but indistinct sound. They open with the

romantic 'What Would You Do'. Roderick Harvey settles in behind a kit tuned-up to sound like a stack of tin cans; Earl Lynch adds a wavering, treble keyboard; and the rumbling dub bass saunters in, followed by maracas, congas and a brittle rhythm guitar. Eventually, the lanky McKen strolls out and tucks on some wiry lead guitar figures with a tone like very early R'n'B. He is flanked by the identical Pauline Spencer and Paulette Hayden, who complete the symmetry, swaying and wailing backing vocals.

They extend a medium-paced, light-headed, percussive dub rhythm for most of the set, only occasionally checking its momentum. No-one over-asserts themselves, no-one fades out of earshot; solos are kept sparse and immediate.

Their songs are clear, animated chronicles of oppression, set either in real or imaginary situations.

Oppression In The UK

'Fire' suggests the imminent destruction of an ideal, unified state: 'Innocent Man (Daddy Was No Murderer)' is a dream sequence about an unjust conviction; and the slow, deliberately bluesy 'Rumours' is a Biblical reference to perpetual signs of hostility. 'Oh Politician' restates the theme of black oppression in the UK, and their next single, the excellent 'UK Skankin', admits JA supremacy over British-born reggae bands.

They span a wide spectrum across an insular, slightly overworked theme, that deserves to be as well illustrated musically as it is in its lyrics. Capital Letters seem content to just chug along at a safe pace, feeding each idea into their rhythm machine and churning it out as indistinguishable dance music.

A sufficient cause for applause? Not yet.

Mark Ellen

howling guitar, he teeters stage-front and topples backwards into the arms of his adoring fans. He is extricated with some difficulty by roadies.

The second encore, performed stripped to the waist (bar the odd wrist-band, belt and strap or two) is "for you to sing". Halford joins in anyway: "Together we can take on all the world." An idle boast it seems since youths mounting the stage in a vain attempt to join their heroes are firmly repulsed.

Is there life beneath those layers of leather? I doubt it. Merely a skilful killing machine maintained by moneyed musicians and oiled by oodles of special effects.

I have never seen an act so studded with male symbols and so entirely lacking in true virility.

Lynn Hanna

Kleenex

Leeds

Afright, the revolution's over. Even the Swiss should know that.

Johnny did his job, Joe paid his dues, Jimmy paid his debt and Sid paid the price — now it's time for us all to grow up and quietly encourage inept little outfits like Kleenex to do the same and call it a day.

Having assimilated the crudest forms of British punk, Kleenex are now churning out appallingly trashy simulations in the evidently sincere belief that they're doing something worthwhile.

"Ein-Zwei-Drei-Fi-er!" screams Butte Ogier deadringer Lislol He as Jaggeresque vocalist Regula Sing downs another coke as her idiosyncratic prelude to screeching another sequence of noisy nonsense, and guitarists Marlene Marder and Klaudia Schiff attempt to justify their ownership of Fenders. Safely-positioned punk rips in their tank-tops ram home the ape-factor, while their strikingly unpunk clothes and hairstyles show just how hard they've tried, and by how much they've missed.

Still, as long as there are punters dumb enough to want this kind of primitivism, there will be people dumb enough to play it. Kleenex went down well here, achieving two 'genuine' encores: but that says more about the punters' criteria than it does about the band's credibility as musicians.

And while the girls have the guts to get up and have a go — and for that reason alone, their achievement merits attention and a citation for a token blow in the name of rock sex-equality — musically, it's junk like this that puts female rock back to pre-Runaways.

Back home, they have a man-sized role, but here? Sanks, but as they say, no sank.

Emma Ruth

Judas Priest Marseilles

Leicester

Marseilles have the pretensions, postures and, more importantly, the pounding pulse of HM. They play with verve and enthusiasm and should soon be more than mere support; but they're not breaking new ground.

Judas Priest are a brutal block of sound split by Rob Halford's ear-shredding squeals. Each number is finished with a crunching blow of noise; individual instruments are indistinguishable and insult is added to aural injury by a horribly deafening version of 'Green Manalishi'.

Name your poison, Priest will supply it: smoke-bombs; blinding light; an incongruous flood of dry-ice; even a theatrically frothing pint of beer.

Halford himself is a walking sartorial miracle. How does he stuff himself into those extraordinary garments?

Yet the bully-boys on stage are oddly distanced from the cruel cacophony they create: it hangs in the air. It liberates the crowd from self-consciousness. It is menacing.

Displaced figures move around each other in carefully rehearsed patterns. But Halford lacks animal grace so his strutting is studied and stilted.

K. K. Downing over-reaches himself. Reeling high-heeled around the stage, his gyrations are abruptly ended when, limbo-dancing with his

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All studs, no virility. Pic Kevin Cummins.

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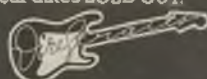
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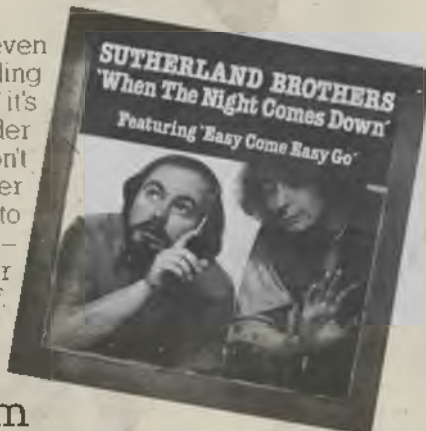
Make the Brothers feel at home.



Already The Sutherland Brothers new album "When The Night Comes Down" is being hailed in the States as their best ever.

That's not surprising. With eleven elegantly crafted tracks, including the single "Easy Come, Easy Go," it's the kind of album that gets under your skin – and stays there. But don't let the Americans keep another good thing to themselves. Listen to "When The Night Comes Down" – and discover The Brothers at their finest yourself.

The Sutherland Brothers New Album
"When The Night Comes Down"
 and single "Easy Come, Easy Go"



Single: CBS 7121
 Album: CBS 83427
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Pic David Corio

Dobie's Grey Soul

Dobie Gray Interview

The Venue

Dobie Gray once sang great songs like 'Out On The Floor' and 'In Crowd'. They were great because they said things that young people could easily understand and relate to. You could dance to them, and Gray had such a great voice that he made singing them sound like the easiest thing in the world.

Well, he still has a great voice, but unfortunately he doesn't use it on great songs anymore. Now his repertoire comprises painfully mediocre material; and this plus an unremittingly dull and uninspired backing band, made Gray's visit here woefully inauspicious and disappointing.

What can you say about a set, the high point of which was the sickeningly maudlin 'Drift Away'? And what is there to say about a respected soul singer who presumably chose to front a group that boasts a lead guitarist who secretly aspires to jam with Status Quo?

Whatever criticism is levelled at the head of Gray (and there's room for plenty), it could not be said that the man and The Venue were unsuited; they were just perfect for each other.

Unfortunately this wasn't the case for the support act: new Virgin singing, Interview.

Interview did not do well. I can offer little encouragement for their sub-Costello blue-eyed cynicism; but I did sympathize. A room half-full of hamburger-munching, cocktail-slurping cool-ites must have been discouraging for any anxious and eager young band, and it would be unfair to draw any conclusions on the unfavourably biased evidence presented on a bad night The Venue.

But one thing is for sure: if it came down to a straight choice I know who I would check out a second time

John Hamblett

Edwin Starr

Belle's

Since his first trip to Britain around 1966, this likable veteran of the Detroit soul scene has been zapping back and forth across the Atlantic so often he'll soon log enough flying time to retire on a full pension from TWA.

Over the years he has taken a great delight in discovering the regional idiosyncrasies of our isle and is now adept at shuffling his well-thumbed pack of assets into the most suitable permutation for any given venue. As a result he's still a 'name attraction' on his regular circuit, and more entertaining than those of his contemporaries who come blundering into Britain with inflexible something-for-everyone routines that satisfy no-one.

In reward for devotion to duty, Dame Fortune has kindly dealt him a couple of new aces for his pack since he toured here with Isaac Hayes last autumn. Oldie-but-goodie? *Pshaw!* Ladeez and gents, please now welcome THE NEW KING OF DISCO, MR. EYE-TO-EYE CONTACT, with his brand new smash, HAPPY RADIO!!!

But don't worry, he's as pulke as ever.

Sporting a revamped, eight-piece band of considerable clout, a natty blue denim suit and the cheery confidence of a man who knows all the right moves and still enjoys making them, he boisterously juggled his past ('Stop Her On Sight', 'Headline News', '25 Miles', 'War') with his current hits without dropping a brick. He hauled punters on stage to join in the chorus, had 'em looning round the club in a Contact-clone, and generally got as much out of his show as the paying public.

An evening with Edwin Starr is like sitting in on an old pals reunion party. That may not be your idea of a good time but it'll do me, oh, let's say once a year.

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Hi-fi chick laid bare

WHO'S the chick on the BASF TV tape ad? Has she sung with any bands and has she made any recordings? **PETE WELSH**, Bridgewater, Somerset.

● The chanteuse in question is none other than Janis 'Jenny' Haen, who was lead vocalist on Babe Ruth's first three albums before she split to form an ill-fated outfit known as Jenny Haen's Lion. Recently, lured by the subtle means of an EMI pay-cheque, she returned to the studios to cut a single, 'We Drove Them All Mad'/'Forgotten Dreams' (EMI 2949, released May 25), the latter title being the self-penned tonsil-tester that Jenny belts out in the cause of good frequency response. The three albums she cut with Babe Ruth were 'First Base' (Harvest SHSP 4022), 'Amer Caballero' (SHVL 012) and 'Babe Ruth' (SHSP 4038), all of which are now deleted. However, EMI did come up with a 'Best Of Babe Ruth' (Harvest, SHSM 2019) in '77 and if their grim reaper of a sales computer hasn't yet moved into action, this one may well be still available.

Lately, Jenny, who's Hertfordshire born — though she spent a great chunk of her life in the land of Colonel Sanders and promoted peanut vendors — has moved to Yorkshire where she's working on material for a projected album.

CAN YOU supply me with any info on singer Joanne Carlin? I know she used to be on HTV's *Sweet Somerset* but I cannot find any of her albums, even though I've tried hard to locate some. Can you supply a complete album discography? **DAVE WALLACE**, Carntyne, Glasgow.

● Joanne, who initially worked around the Midlands area, sharing club dates with the likes of Jasper Carrott and Harvey, was at one time a part of The Natural Acoustic Band. Eventually she headed for London, a secretarial job and a place in a bed-sit land where she just dropped out — "I was smoking quite a lot of dope at that time and became like just... nothing." After a small number of club dates, she moved to the West Country, got things together once more and began touring in a musical called *The Pilgrim*, which also featured Paul Jones, Peter Straker and Paul Nicholas.

Following appearances in *Rage* (a show about Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged), plus HTV's *Musical Thunderbox* and *Sweet Somerset*, she worked on Stackridge's 'Mr Mick' album and signed to DJM Records, cutting a couple of singles plus a Hugh Murphy-produced album titled 'Fancy That' (DJF 20509 — 1977).

Next came more *Sweet Somerset* spots and a prestigious tour with Don McLean — at which point Joanna dropped her stage name and once more became Melanie Harrold, which is what her mum named her in

the first place. As Mel Harrold, she has since cut a second album, once more produced by Hugh Murphy. Originally scheduled as 'By Any Other Name', this too has suffered from the name-change outbreak and recently appeared in the shops as 'Blue Angel' (DJF 20550). Both 'Blue Angel' and 'Fancy That' can be ordered from any record dealer.

A MATE of mine reckons that a 'Led Zeppelin Live' album is available on an Italian import. However, none of the shops I've tried has even heard of it — can you help? **J. HUNT**, Slough, Berks.

● Thing is, 'Led Zeppelin' (Joker 3721), the album you have in mind, is a kind of semi-bootleg and cannot be imported into Britain, though it seems it conforms to Italy's somewhat odd laws of copyright. This problem came to a head a couple of years ago when one importer shipped in a huge batch of Dylan releases on Joker. He convinced a number of British dealers that the albums were legal — which under Italian law they were — but later received a nasty shock when the CBS legal department moved into action.

I've never seen a copy of the 'Led Zeppelin' album myself but *The Complete Bootleg Checklist And Discography* (Babylon Books) claims that it is a copy of the US Trade Mark Of Quality boot known as 'Stairways To Heaven' (TMOQ 73017) recorded at the LA Forum on June 25, 1972. The songs contained on the disc, which is apparently recorded in excellent stereo, are: 'Immigrant Song', 'Stairways To Heaven', 'What Is And What Should Never Be', 'Whole Lotta Love', 'Boogie Woogie', 'Travelin' Mama', 'That's Alright Now Mama', 'Minnesota Blues', 'Little Honey Bee' and 'Lemon Song'.

Incidentally, *The Complete Bootleg Checklist* claims to have located no less than 37 different Led Zep boots, though this number pales in significance alongside the 176 credited to The Beatles!

I KNOW that at least two books have been written about the life of Janis Joplin. Unfortunately I don't know their titles or even who wrote them. Can you come to my aid? **WENDY PHIPPS**, Aylesbury, Bucks

INFO please about Janis Joplin and the bands she worked with — Big Brother and The Holding Company, Kozmic Blues and The Full Tilt Boogie Band. Which of her albums are still available? **ORTON**, Ferryhill Station, Co Durham

● Perhaps the best Joplin bio is *Buried Alive* by Myra Freidman, who worked for Albert Grossman (Janis's manager) from 1968 until the time of Janis's death in October, 1970. Originally published here by Star Books,

the tome is now available in the U.S. Morrow version, available from Compendium, 234 Camden High Street, London N.W.1 (01-267-1525). Other Joplin books have included the somewhat sordid *Going Down With Janis*, penned by Peggy Caserta, and the well-illustrated *Janis* by David Dalton, but both of these are currently out-of-print.

Big Brother were one of the early San Francisco outfits. Comprising Sam Andrew (guitar), James Gurley (guitar), Pete Albin (bass) and David Getz (drums), they — through S.F. musical community mainwheel Chet Powers — signed Janis as lead vocalist just at a time it seemed likely she would become a member of The 13th Floor Elevators. Following the success of Big Brother's 'Cheap Thrills' album in 1968, Janis became a solo act and began working with various ever-changing back-up squads, the last of which was The Full Tilt Boogie Band — John Till (guitar), Ken Pearson (organ), Richard Bell (piano), Brad Campbell (bass) and Clerk Pearson (drums).

All of the albums Janis cut



JENNY HAEN: BASF test cage

Pic GUS STEWART

under her own name are still available here — these being 'I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues' (CBS 63546), 'In Concert' (CBS 67241), 'Janis — Original Soundtrack' (CBS 68115), 'Pearl' (CBS 64189) and 'Greatest Hits' (CBS 65470), a compilation

which includes material cut with Big Brother, Kozmic Blues Band and The Full Tilt Boogie Band. Of the earlier Big Brother releases, 'Cheap Thrills' (CBS 63382) is still available, though 'Big Brother And The Holding Company' (London SH 8377) has been

long since deleted.

IS THERE a 10cc fan club or appreciation society? If so, could you provide details? **JAN AND FRAN**, Chichester, W. Sussex.

● Since they revoked my Saturday morning cinema club membership card — which entitled me to a free visit on my birthday — I haven't really been turned on by various clubs and organisations. Nevertheless, as Lol and Graham have promised me a signed photograph of Jonathan King if I co-operate, I will reveal to one and all that 10 CC do indeed possess a fan club. The gent to contact is Alan Dawes, whose address is P.O. Box 50, London E18 1AX. I'm informed that the club is really well organised and supplies biogs, discographies, membership cards, newsletters, photographs, stickers — in fact, just about enough litter to ruin the whole British ecology.

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1000	MARSHALL MARX	Close to you	With a hole in
1000	MATTHEWS SOUTHERN COMFORT	With a hole in	
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DIRE STRAITS

From page 33

being some kinda clever technical deal."

Withers nods: "Naturally, things were a little strained the first day we went in the studio, but after that it was unbelievably easy."

Dylan had the structures all worked out beforehand, and pianist Barry Beckett charted individual parts for Knopfler, Withers and bassist Tim Drummond in double-quick fashion. To further expedite matters, Withers reveals, the Zim relies heavily on succinct studio jargon.

"The rhythm's either in the pocket or it's not. Each individual has a part, and a song might only call for parts one and three. Or, as happened on one song, nobody had a part. Dylan sang while only Barry Beckett played."

"The songs," remarks Knopfler, "are so strong to begin with that they almost automatically dictate the parts. However, there's no set method. Making records with Bob Dylan is just another method."

During one session Dylan confided in Withers that he was considering making home records — in much the same way as plain folk made home movies.

"It's more professional," was his theory. On another occasion, Dylan gifted Knopfler with a few unrehearsed compositions just in case he was short of a song or two. According to Knopfler, it took under a fortnight to record the Dylan album and just about three weeks for Dire Straits to complete "Communicue."

"I could never get a nine months pregnancy about making any record," he says. "The guts get drained out of it. You get to the point where you think to yourself, it's only a bleedin' record anyway... and maybe you're gonna make another one some day... it's really not that important."

Of his role as composer he says his writing often tends to be scrappy and fragmented. Prolific, he is not.

As a result, he hasn't stockpiled a backlog of original material. Basically, he writes to order.

"I don't think music sits very well for any length of time. And that's what I don't like about our records — some of the songs on our first album were really old, and by the time the record is in the shop you're bored with it. It's as if you're forever moving backwards. Then, you get stuck into the work routine of actually touring around the world playing that same old stuff."

"Writing, recording your own stuff, and then going out and playing it before an audience means something, but at the same time it's really just a little bit of nonsense that's going on right now."

"I personally don't visualise myself going around doing all this for more than two or three years. There are much more important things in life. You see, the thing that often bothers me about this whole thing is that values get so distorted."

"When you're directly involved you don't want what you are or what you're doing to be effected... you don't want the basic newness to go. So you have to concentrate on what you are and not what other people make you out to be."

To a man, Dire Straits admit that just about everyone they've encountered has some preconception about the band and, their apparent lack of any tangible image only aggravates the situation.

Says Bicknell: "People

used to say to me, what are you gonna do with them when they appear on Top Of The Pops... what are you gonna do about their image. Well, Mark isn't Freddie Mercury. He doesn't want to wear tight clothes though he looks very good in them. But this stupid attitude still prevails that if you're on television, if you're on Top Of The Pops then you must wear a bright red shirt with little bits of glitter stuck on it. As far as I can gather, I don't think Dire Straits fans give a toss about what they look like."

Mark Knopfler admits he can dig the thinking behind the images that many bands project and in some instances gets off on it.

"I might get blown away by a Sex Pistols' single or a great rock 'n' roll record like The Dictators' 'Baby, Let's Twist', but I wouldn't ever dream of trying to force a whole bunch of images on either myself or the rest of the band so that we could fit comfortably into some kinda image slot."

"Far too many people relate to fashion and style as being much more important than the actual music is allegies to represent."

Returning to the topic of preconceptions, Mark Knopfler continues, "I'm sure that in the beginning a lot of record companies didn't think we were worth signing. They had preconceptions about what we were... If you're fortunate, the more they learn about you, the more chances there are that they'll adjust their sights."

"Personally, I've never been bothered about what label people wanna pin on us. We're just a four piece rock 'n' roll band. The one thing our American tour taught me was just how complacent and how utterly boring that whole scene is."

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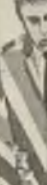
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Can I be the first to say that Elvis Costello is nice. **LIZ**, Resident of Eric's, Liverpool. You certainly can — **CSM**.

I'm sick of bogus people writing to your mag and using my name. **ELVIS COSTELLO**, Liverpool.

I bet this bag is full of irate Bowiephiles whining about MacKinnon's largely uninformative and irrelevant "Lodger" review. The package, indeed! I'm sick of people whining about *NME* being middleclass / trendy / clever / socialist etc. When did you ever bother saying you were middle or any other class? You could be titled Elonians or bogcleaners for all I care. Anybody emitting said whining noise is surely implying the v. loathsome and hyper-middleclass opinion that only middleclass types could be intelligent or witless enough to be in journalism, or whatever it is you profess to be in. Me, I'd like to be in a milk bath with Julie Burchill. (And Tony as well?) — **CSM**.

I'm sick of people whining whenever *NME* includes anything other than music. If music's part of our (sub) culture, and music journalism's about reflecting that culture, and on that culture — shades of Penman — then it's smart to cover related items, i.e. anything any section of young people are going to enjoy. This from someone who doesn't much care about football. C'mon, Julie, stir that milk.

I'm sick of people whining. Especially those heavy metal persons. What kind of shampoo does Ted Nugent use? Head and Arsoles? Does he have specially manufactured reinforced concrete combs? If I was clever enough I'd just write a smartass one-liner. How can these people take themselves seriously? Who was the patronising, or maybe just sentimental, artist person who got confused by a Parsons review of his single and wrote in saying, "Don't change?" What's he want you to do? Stagnate?

I'll stop whining now. **VINCE DILDO**, Poxtord.

I really don't know, Angus. Bowie is certainly a better dancer than I am... but wait a minute! I'm probably a better angler than he is. Mmm — see what you mean. Sorry Angus. **DAVE GRANDY**, Nottingham. Aren't we twiggling something here? — **ROMAN POLANSKI**.

Captain's log: Star date 13.5.79. Beamed down for a shill. **CAPTAIN KIRK**. But... — **CSM**.

I'll go along with that. **E. LUSIVE**, North of Watford. Gd! — **CSM**.

I have been buying your paper for over three years and I haven't seen a single word written about the Talbot Bros, Terry and John. I realise it is unfashionable to print articles on genuine sincere musicians but I'd have thought you could at least spare a paragraph just to let their fans know if they are still recording. So *NME*, if you hear of any recent recordings made by John or Terry, I would be most grateful if you could print it in your paper. **A. Parkinson**, Wigan, Lancs. But you can't win 'em all. — **CSM**.

On reading last week's *NME* and finding that Zeppelin were at last playing a concert in Britain, my reaction was, I suppose similar to most people — one of delight. I immediately wrote a cheque for £7.50 and sent for a ticket without thinking twice. But then I started to think. After four years of nothing, Zeppelin decide to play one prestigious concert near London where they will receive all the acclaim and publicity they need to get back in the public eye with the minimum of work.

Remembering that the last concerts in Britain were also in London — huge hall, minimum of nights needed, would like to ask the members of the band a few questions. Do you realise for someone staying up in Scotland how much it costs to see you live — once you've added up the ticket price, bus fares, meals, etc. 7! It comes to around £25, which is a lot of money for three hours' music.

Alright, I'll be at Knebworth, just as I was at Earls Court. I still think you are the best rock band and definitely worth making an effort to see. But couldn't you make an effort to reply to this letter. If not, just give me a wave at Knebworth — I'll be one of the thousands who have paid over £20 to stand in a field, probably half a mile from the stage, more than likely being soaked by the soft English rain, just for the privilege of seeing Led Zeppelin's one concert of 1979. Sometimes I wonder if I'm altogether sane! **Dave Shard**, Scotland. Perfectly — **JIMMY PAGE**.

So, it's "Zep Ticket Mania" huh? How absolutely amazing that after four years, and these particular four years, we are subjected to an exact replica of the sort of hype and bullshit we got over the Earl's Court debacle. Even more amazing (and sad), is that they'll get away with it 'cos we're just so dumb. The most incredible ticket demand in my experience. I hear. Oh yeah S'funny, 'cos I seem to remember a similar statement about Earl's Court. Only it was crap, pure and utter crap. I happened to have a spare ticket which I simply couldn't sell, until in desperation I managed to get 50p for it. And there's more... no doubt the more easily conned (or bought) papers, no names, squire, no names, will bring out all the old 'Incredible Story of the World's most @\$\$! rock band, special EXCLUSIVE FREE 55-page pull out (cont p. etc). Grovel grovel lick lick.

Well, sod 'em. I don't wanna read about them, and I don't wanna see them. How dare a band think that it's okay to just wait in after four years, play one measly show at which only a few thousand people will be able to see properly, and then piss off with the takings to America for another few years. Remember the word "touring", lads? Evidently not. And as for us, well, if the "New Wave" 'ting has shown us anything, surely it has shown us that we are mindless fools to fall for this sort of thing.

I mean: surely you can all see the almighty humour, IF NO-ONE WENT!!!! It'd be better even than putting Led

Zeppelin, Peter Grant et al on double secret probation! Better even than refusing to go see them if they played in me own garage. Ha ha he. So to all you "Fans" of this, this, this, umm, um "SUPERGROUP", I say (cont). **Stuart Martin**, Southampton. PS. Double secret probation!! And now, the moment in our show when A&M recording artists write to the Bag! — **CSM**.

What else could this woman have but Dickie envy? (in reference to the Dickie Leeds Polytechnic review): So the sun never sets on our Anglo Punk Empire, huh? This review was the biggest load of elitist, fascist dogma I have ever laid eyes on. So Lenny's "patronising the poor" ignorant punters of Stickville, eh? "Stickville" (Leeds), happens to be a large, bustling city, population 748,000. That surely must comprise a sizeable portion of your readership. So who's patronising whom, Frau Emma? A bad review I can live with. You're entitled to your own "educated guess". But don't subject my audience to your pseudo-intellectual snubbiness.

So you don't approve of the execution of our ridiculous manifesto or "raison d'être"? "Raison d'être" indeed. How gauche. Are all your readers bi-lingual? For someone so concerned with the preservation of English punk rock heritage one would expect to find a review written in that same language. So you think I've "Mocked the memory" of traditional British punk? Ask yourself this. Is it the memory of the "teeny punks" who came to Leeds (they were

very much alive), or the memory of something YOU believe to be dead? After all, I really don't care if you criticise me, that's what you're paid for, but don't beat your fucking dead horse with my fans. **Leonard Graves Phillips**, The Dickies. Which fans were those, Lenny? This next geezer, for example? — **CSM**.

We went to St. George's Hall, Bradford, expecting to see an average concert after paying £2 for a ticket the size of a stamp. It was Friday, 18th May, 7.30 p.m. We entered the door and were given a free badge. It had a picture of a monkey and the words "The Dickies Banana Split". We thought we were on to something, not paying 30p for a badge. We were disappointed. No support turned up and despite this there were no apologies from the American Punk Stars (long live The Jam!). The stage show was the worst I have seen, but I suppose if Mickey Mouse masks, surgical masks, squeaky carrots and unstable organs appeal to you it could have been good. After 45 minutes they pissed off backstage as if they thought they'd earned their £2. Soon came the chants of "Rip Off" and "We want our money back", which I might add I found more inspiring than the concert itself. At least you could hear the words. If this lousy show is all the Dicks, I mean Dickies, can produce they can stay in Disneyland shoving their Banana Splits up their arses. **DISGUSTED DICKIES FAN**, Bradford.

I have noticed a highly disturbing tendency lately, namely that the group of people we doctors call "Heavy Metal Casualties" have actually evolved enough to write letters, and yes, even, ah "get-it-together" to post them to your august periodical. These life-forms are emotionally immature and worship a strange species of North American dinosaur, known as Rushosaurus and T. Nugent, who are not yet extinct despite their small brain capacity. Their followers are highly anti-social, believing their war-cry "Wah" and measuring their group status by the size of their, ah genitalia. My professional advice to these people (bill sent later) is to "toss off back to Snoods" and leave us decent people in peace and quiet to listen to our own musical favourites. I quite like this Dury chappie, a real, ah "meanmutha". eh? **DOCTOR BLOODMONEY** (or how I got along after Thatcher — not easy!).

Well, it's one way to make a Dick of yourself — imposter! — **CSM**.

In relation to all the letters printed in The Bag on 26th May, I've just heard on good authority that Ted Nugent is a working class Tory who scored the winning goal for Gillingham in the 1924 F.A. Cup Final. **ALAN**.

Did Gillingham have a winning goal in the 1924 F.A. Cup Final? — **CSM**. Dunno, do I? I'm still sober. — **MONTY**.

CSM, the Muhamed Ali of the rock 'n' roll typewriter once again made *NME* worth buying. His piece on the New Barbarians was great journalism, if only for the fact that it stirred me out of my comatose state to actually put pen to paper.

First of all, I neither know nor care what the current scumview is from 'all the rock and roll sleazebits in all the rock and roll cities' but I do know that Ron Wood is a likeable but basically mediocre strummer while Keith Richards is, well!! You know already. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll walks into the room elegantly wasted blah blah blah. You may sneer at all this but somehow I just can't see Mick Jones letting the pace never mind writing or at least half a dozen essential rock anthems.

Which made CSM's observations on the man all the more depressing. His description of Richards' hotel room flake out, while the vultures scavenged away at his possessions was the saddest and most harrowing thing I've read in ages. Incidentally, Charlie, what were you doing while all this was taking place? Jotting it down in the interests of journalism? Trying to revive Keith?

Or joining in with the rest of the scavengers?

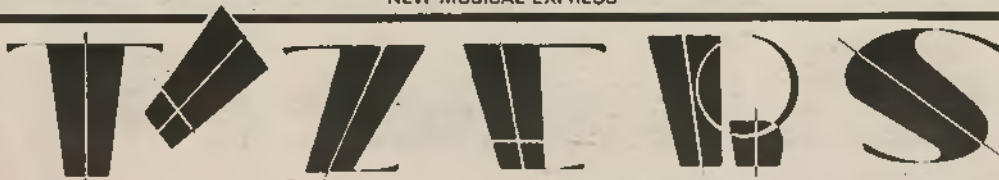
Anyway, it shook me up. It made me see Richards not as a rock 'n' roll godhead as I've previously always viewed him, but as a rather pathetic person, stumbling through middle age, putting his body through the same old shit that he was probably doing 20 years ago, only now it's not hip anymore. It's just not cute to see a guy approaching 40 desperately clawing on to the last remnants of his youth.

Did you really have to write about all that, Charlie? Didn't you realise that Keith's resentment of new wave stems from his fear of it, not any likes or dislikes of the music as such? I don't want to think about Keith Richards getting old, I don't want to read about it and I certainly wouldn't want to witness it. Time just isn't on his side. **Tony Ratcliffe**, London NW4. Nor anybody else's, Tone. While Keith was flaked I left him to it, but, no, I didn't rife his stazh (got some pride, me). I reckon you're absolutely dead-on right about KR's attitude towards New Wave, though. — **CSM**.

FRONTLASH!

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Dear Friend, this is a chain letter. Please read this column in its entirety and, having done so, mail it off together with your complete record collection to five leading concert promoters. Mr Bennister of Cheshunt did just that five years ago and today he finds himself in receipt of many thousands of pounds plus the inner security that only being a Led Zeppelin promoter can bring one. We do not suggest that the two events are connected but is that a risk you can afford to take? A Mr Goldsmith of Newbury ignored a letter such as this and, over the next 60 years, all of his teeth fell out! Together with the above instructions we also would advise you read the following and hang on its every word...

(It's OK Neil, I think we've got 'em for another week.)

The snow lay six feet deep in Moscow but thanks to his traditional footwear Elton John strode high above it. As the Iron Curtain withers in the face of Elt's banner waving sets and the string of dates currently being played by The Pope Group in Poland (There seems to be some confusion here — Ed), we sit stunned at Mr Dwight's revelations of life on the Russian road. "We all thought we'd be locked in our rooms every night," our rugged rug-head began, "but it was just the opposite. We went everywhere, got drunk every night and listened to Sex Pistols records. Apparently the Reds are very interested in shipping across the likes of Cleton, McCartney, Diamond and Floyd. Altogether now — THEY'RE YOURS! THEY'RE YOURS! ..."

Along more savoury lines we bring you romance. Hand in hand, trissing to the Ladies Comfort Station and back again we observe Siouxsie Sioux and companion Wayne County, who enjoyed each other's company at the Zig-Zag Tenth Anniversary Party at London's The Venue. Some confusion surrounds woman Wayne's choice of new name. Latest betting: 6/4 Sharon, 3/1 Jayne, 100/30 Derby...

And while that pair are making up, nostalgia for a



The snapper snapped. Lene Lovich turns her Kodak Brownie on photographer Martin Cleaver — so non-plussed that he momentarily lost his focus — on the Amsterdam set of the Cha Cha movie (starring Nina Hagen). This film is, of course, the sequel to the phenomenally successful Cha!, the rags to riches story of a singing Bolivian gorilla who rose from the steamy jungles to the Grammy Awards in six short months last year before falling prey to the excesses of showbiz life (smoking bananas etc). It won no Oscars.

giant breaking up. Officially we may now hold a minute's silence for Little Feat, who for many of us once stood alone in the face of the early '70s. Mumbling about "taking Feat as far as it could go", band member and sometime decoy for the whaling fleet Lowell George seems unhappy, but resigned, to the parting. The real last Little Feat album is still undergoing a few touch up's and possible titles include "Down On The Farm" and "Duck Lips".

Ned Nugent on his upcoming LP: "There's shit on this record Mozart wishes he could have thought of..." Fact: The new Ned Nugent album features a George Harrison song!

Consider this: In San Francisco, Starship play in the park, girls in long flowered dresses dance with their arms waving over their heads, dogs scamper wearing colourful bandanas, guys nod cross-legged on the floor, there are eight to ten thousand present. The date was 12th May 1979 and the new style JS go through the turns, while in the crowd ex-Jeffs Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, Marty Balin and

Grace Slick look on. Greg Chequico — one of the 'new, rocking' Stars — struts thus "I don't have to play all that limp dick stuff that might sell millions of albums but it sure don't go over live". Hmmm. Seems like a nice boy...

So why was everyone so excited over rock existing in Russia? We hear that rock exists in the USA! Let it be known that despite corporate pressure, anti-punk hogwash and Rolling Stone(s), The Clash's second album has notched up 200,000 sales over there. Now CBS plan to re-issue the first LP complete with all the missing single noises.

Punk rocker Elvis Costello turned down a chance to gig with the New Barbarians (same as the Old Barbarians etc). This further blow to Stateside Showbiz morale resulted from Elv feeling that he deserved a rest...

Joining Declan in the rest home will be Phil Lynott who caused the cancellation of the last three dates of Thin Lizzy's Euro Tour. In Amsterdam our Guinness-like hero contracted food poisoning and very badly, too. Last seen, he and band chum Scott Gorham were aboard a silver bird to Nassau where Lynott's solo album is under the hammer. Oh, the pace of it all. Oh, my aching feet. Oh, my tummy hurts. Oh (Shut Up — Ed)...

Boulevard magazine has dropped dead, ducky... Still alive, but smelling funny, is Frank Zappa who appears hell bent to inflict his sense of humour — turned sideways it disappears — onto his offspring. Already the Mother has children called Moon Unit, Dweezil and Ahmet Rodan and a fourth is on the way. If it's a boy then Burt Reynolds will be the name; if it's a girl he'll settle for Clint Eastwood...

Cheap Trick, who turned down the offer of The Ramones parts in the Rock 'n' Roll High School movie, have accepted a celluloid venture called Over The Edge to which they'll contribute the score. And Columbia have plans for Trick to star in a projected movie name of Big Broadcast Of 1999 which itself was written by Richard Whitley and Russ Donohue of RNRHS penmanship. (Donch? Does Frank Zappa know this man?)

During a Jerry Lee Lewis gig in Louisville, the ancient Cod was due to introduce onstage Lieutenant Governor Thelma Stoval who is running as candidate for governor. The crowd started booing, for reasons best known to locals, and JLL tried

to calm them with: "You can boo if you want to, but he seems like a nice fella to me." When it was tactfully pointed out that the in-the-wings guest was in fact a female, the boos turned to laughter. Lewis bowed his head. "Oh scuze me... it's a woman." Then, in an attempt to recover face, "But ain't nothing wrong with that!" Hugh Cornwell writes: In this week's NME you can find Raincoats, B52's, Mother's Finest, Rickie Lee Jones, Fatal Microbes and Patti Smith! Not a bollock between them — what kind of Man's magazine are you running there, McNeill? ...

Never mind the bollocks here's the balls up. Contrary to reports elsewhere the final score at Loch Lomond was Stranglers 12,499, Boomtown Rats 14,800.

Blondie producer Mike Chapman had his ears removed three years ago... sorry, that reads, had his ears insured three years ago for 10 million US dollars...

Staying in the manor of big bucks, pray list while we unfold a tale. Last Friday the William Hickey column of the Daily Express rang and made an appointment with NME's own Danny Baker. On arrival at Den's luxury flat in Peckham, the Express chap made himself at home and,

after much bush beating, informed our man that the gossip column had learned that Baker and one Elton John, of the Ukraine, had been sharing a colourful courtship dance for some two summers. Moreover, it was suggested by the Hickey scribe that Disco Dan had lived with Reg for some time and Elt had got him the job on NME. The point of the exercise being that the Express would pay an undisclosed, but considerable, sum for a 'My Life With Elton' type splash. Baring all his tattoos, and rising to his full 6'7", Daniel shattered the Fleet St scoop. "I think someone's been winding you up, pal," Baker answered in his deepest tones, "Liking Disco and keeping cats don't make you a bad person. I can't help you in the old brown hatter stakes — wish I could for that money..."

Immediately realising his blunder, the Hickey scribbler rang his office and disappointed all. Coming soon in NME's 'Muddy and Me' by CSM, 'Chas, Dave and Monty', 'Moments with Dillinger' by Penny Reel, 'The Real Elvis' by Nick Kent and 'The Truth About Ian Penman' by Ian Penman!



And yet another great NME exclusive — captured in action, it's the legendary Ian Penman, four-year-old lead singer with Hitchin band Boingies Go Beat. Is this what Professor Kent's been looking so hush-hush about, as he rushes off every evening to rehearse with the "new Sex Pistols"? Watch this space.

NME

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN	
This week	Last week
1 Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2 Clash Police	(2)
3 Jam (Mod const)	(3)
4 Jam (Turbine Station)	(4)
5 B.L.T.	(5)
6 Jam (Red)	(6)
7 Underones	(7)
8 Kleenex	(8)
9 Siouxsie	(9)
10 Gang Of Four	(10)

Competition winners
1st — G. Harder hardest and now the world's Mr Great Person of Queens.
2nd — G. You are 'ed every of the Surrey Vowel and I claim my blow on the head Noel Jones of Kingston.
3rd — G. Hang on a minute folks my shuffling is unusual!

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TEN BEST
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And so Nick Kent adds another string to his bow. The "ex-guitarist Sex Pistols, Damned and Generation X" (huh?), also "Editor, New Musical Express" (huh huh), now lays claim to another title — Lecturer, Eton School (read, huh). Yes, friends, this is no ordinary school railings we see above — these are the hallowed grounds of yer actual Eton itself, pictured by reader Day Tripper of Surrey.

In the event, the world famous Visiting Professor Emeritus Nicholas Kent never got to deliver his treatise — entitled "The Sex Pistols, Damned and Generation X — their part in my downfall". When the big night came, the professor was understood to be either asleep or else perhaps doing his laundry.

When quizzed by T-Zara he expressed his sincere apologies for failing to show up, adding that "basically I forgot, and anyway I had no intention of shacking up at Eton for the night — I mean they wouldn't ask Elton John to crash in the bloody library would they?" Eton who?

Nick Kent is 14. And Neil Spencer wants his job back.

DO IT YOURSELF

IAN DURY & the BLOCKHEADS

SEEZ 14

