

NEW

MUSICAL

EXPRESS

PETER GREEN

The Lost Years

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

By Steve Clarke

THE

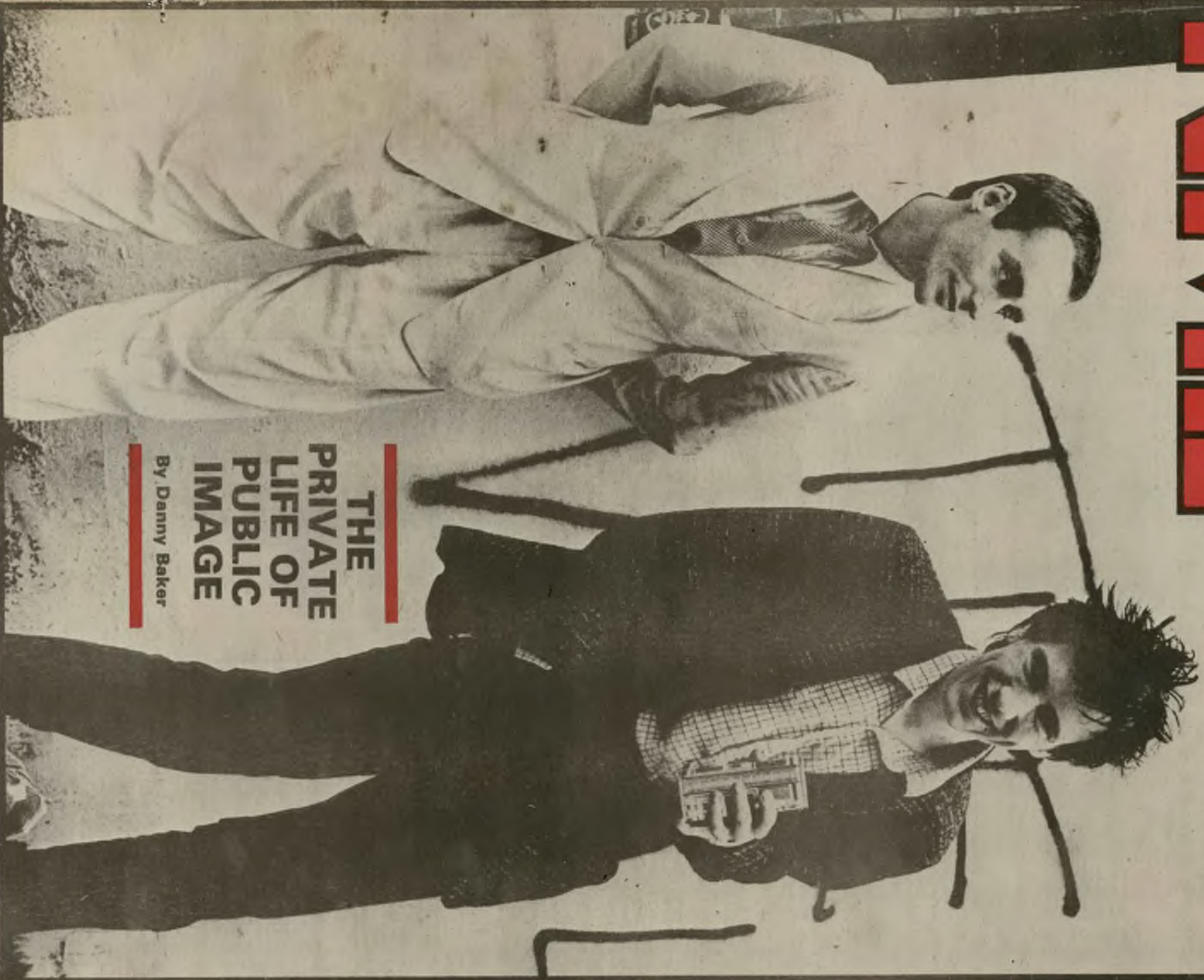
PRIVATE

LIFE OF

PUBLIC

IMAGE

By Danny Baker



NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending June 16, 1979

Singles

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

UP AND COMING: Living On The Front Line — Eddy Grant (Ensign); Let's Loveland Tonight — Gary's Gang (CBS); Lady Lynde — Beach Boys (Caribou); Get It Up For Love / I Just Keep Thinking — Tata Vega (Motown); I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You — Linda Lewis (Ariola); Silly Games — Janet Kay (Scope).

10 years ago

Week ending June 11, 1974

- 1 The Strain — Ray Stevens (Westbound)
- 2 Hey Rock And Roll — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
- 3 This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us — Sparks (Island)
- 4 Sugar Baby Love — Rubettes (Polydor)
- 5 There's A Ghost In My House — R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
- 6 Judy Teen — Cockney Rebel (EMI)
- 7 The 'In' Crowd — Bryan Ferry (Island)
- 8 Jarrow Song — Alan Price (Warner)
- 9 I See A Star — Mouth and McNeal (Decca)
- 10 The Night Chicago Died — Paper Lace (Bus Stop)

Week ending June 11, 1969

- 1 Dizzy — Tommy Roe (Stateside)
- 2 Ballad Of John And Yoko — Beatles (Parlophone)
- 3 Oh Happy Day — Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
- 4 Get Back — Beatles (Apple)
- 5 Man Of The World — Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
- 6 My Way — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
- 7 Time Is Tight — Booker T. & The MGs (Star)
- 8 The Boker — Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
- 9 Ragamuffin Man — Manfred Mann (Fontana)
- 10 Higher And Higher — Jackie Wilson (MCA)

Week ending June 12, 1964

- 1 You're My World — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- 2 It's Over — Roy Orbison (London)
- 3 My Gull — Mary Wells (Stateside)
- 4 No Particular Place To Go — Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
- 5 Here I Go Again — Hollies (Parlophone)
- 6 Someone — Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
- 7 Juliet — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- 8 Constantly — Louis Armstrong (London)
- 9 Hello Dolly — Shadows (Columbia)
- 10 The Rise And Fall Of Fingert Bunt —

Albums

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	6
2 (2)	Do It Yourself	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	4
3 (3)	Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	35
4 (10)	Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2
5 (5)	Manifesto	Roxy Music (Polydor)	12
6 (7)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp (A & M)	12
7 (—)	Lodger	David Bowie (RCA)	1
8 (4)	Fate For Breakfast	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	8
9 (28)	This Is It	Various (CBS)	2
10 (14)	Last The Whole Night Through	James Last (Polydor)	8
11 (6)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	11
12 (8)	At The Budokan	Bob Dylan (CBS)	4
13 (9)	Black Rose	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	7
14 (11)	The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	4
15 (—)	Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	1
16 (13)	Outlandos D'Amour	Police (A&M)	6
17 (17)	A Monument To British Rock	Various (Harvest)	3
18 (12)	Dire Straits	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	15
19 (26)	Knuckle Sandwich	Various (EMI Int)	2
20 (—)	Reach For It	Sky (Ariola)	1
21 (—)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1
22 (27)	Boogie Bus	Various (Polystar)	3
23 (—)	Communique	Dire Straits (Phonogram)	1
24 (15)	The Undertones	The Undertones (Sire)	4
25 (18)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees (RSO)	19
26 (—)	I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1
27 (—)	Armed Forces	Elvis Costello (Radar)	19
28 (16)	C'est Chic	Chic (Atlantic)	9
29 (—)	At The Budokan	Cheap Trick (Epic)	3
30 (—)	Rhapsodies	Rick Wakeman (A & M)	1

UP AND COMING: Labour of Lust — Nick Lowe (Radar); In The Skies — Peter Green (Creole); Replicas — Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet); Three Imaginary Boys — The Cure (Fiction); Duty Now For The Future — Devo (Virgin); The Kids Are Alright — The Who (Polydor)

Singles

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Hot Stuff	Donna Summer	1
2 (2)	Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees	1
3 (3)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge	1
4 (6)	The Logical Song	Supertramp	1
5 (5)	Just When I Needed You Most	Randy Van Warmer	1
6 (8)	Chuck E's In Love	Rickie Lee Jones	1
7 (4)	Reunited	Peaches and Herb	1
8 (9)	You Take My Breath Away	Rex Smith	1
9 (11)	She Believes In Me	Kenny Rogers	1
10 (15)	Ring My Bell	Anita Ward	1
11 (13)	Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy	Bad Company	1
12 (16)	Boogie Wonderland	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions	1
13 (10)	Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)	Jacksons	1
14 (17)	Minute By Minute	Doobie Brothers	1
15 (7)	Heart Of Glass	Blondie	1
16 (21)	Shine A Little Love	Electric Light Orchestra	1
17 (22)	I Want You To Want Me	Cheap Trick	1
18 (20)	Makin' It	David Naughton	1
19 (12)	Disco Nights (Rock Freak)	GO	1
20 (25)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer	1
21 (14)	Ain't Love A Bitch	Rod Stewart	1
22 (24)	Get Used To It	Roger Youngblood	1
23 (30)	Gold	John Stewart	1
24 (28)	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman	Dr Hook	1
25 (—)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now	McFadden & Whitehead	1
26 (29)	Dance The Night Away	Van Halen	1
27 (18)	In The Navy	Village People	1
28 (23)	Renegade	Styx	1
29 (19)	Goodnight Tonight	Wings	1
30 (—)	Does Your Mother Know	Abba	1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Albums

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1 (2)	Breakfast In America	Supertramp	1
2 (1)	Bad Girls	Donna Summer	1
3 (3)	We Are Family	Sister Sledge	1
4 (5)	Rickie Lee Jones	Rickie Lee Jones	1
5 (4)	Disco Nights	GO	1
6 (8)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan	Cheap Trick	1
7 (6)	2 Hot!	Peaches and Herb	1
8 (9)	Minute By Minute	Doobie Brothers	1
9 (10)	Flig	James Taylor	1
10 (17)	Spirits Having Flown	Bee Gees	1
11 (11)	Sooner Or Later	Rex Smith	1
12 (12)	Van Halen II	Van Halen	1
13 (16)	The Gambler	Kenny Rogers	1
14 (14)	At The Budokan	Bob Dylan	1
15 (15)	Parallel Lines	Blondie	1
16 (13)	Go West	Village People	1
17 (21)	State Of Shock	Ted Nugent	1
18 (17)	Disco Nights	GO	1
19 (20)	Pieces Of Eight	Styx	1
20 (23)	Waves	Patti Smith Group	1
21 (22)	Evolution	Journey	1
22 (18)	52nd Street	Billy Joel	1
23 (24)	The Cars	The Cars	1
24 (25)	Running Like The Wind	Marshall Tucker Band	1
25 (—)	Monolith	Kansas	1
26 (19)	Destiny	Jacksons	1
27 (—)	Songs Of Love	Anita Ward	1
28 (29)	Hot Property	Heatwave	1
29 (—)	McFadden & Whitehead	McFadden & Whitehead	1
30 (—)	Look Sharp!	Joe Jackson	1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

Disco

- * denotes import + denotes 7" only.
- 1 Ring My Bell — Anita Ward (TK)
 - 2 Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now — McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)
 - 3 Boogie Wonderland — Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions (CBS)
 - 4 Reunited — Peaches & Herb (Polydor +)
 - 5 We Are Family — Sister Sledge (Atlantic +)
 - 6 Livin' On The Front Line — Eddy Grant (Ensign)
 - 7 Hot Stuff — Donna Summer (Casablanca)
 - 8 Get Another Love — Chantel Kray (Key)
 - 9 Silly Games — Janet Kay (Scope)
 - 10 Lone Ranger — Quantum Jump (Electric)

Chart Courtesy of: C C RECORDS, 21 DEPTFORD HIGH STREET, LONDON SE8.

Reggae

Best selling reggae oldies

- 1 SmHe Jamaica — Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
- 2 Kingston Twelve Shuffle — U Roy and The Wailers (Tuff Gong)
- 3 Jere — Tommy McCook (Impact)
- 4 Forward On A Yard — The Heptones (Aries)
- 5 Casablanca — Lester Stirling (Key)
- 6 Pick Up The Pieces — The Royals (Studio One)
- 7 The Reverend — Max Romeo (Romeo)
- 8 Sentimental Reason — The Hamlets (Studio One)
- 9 Can't Keep A Good Man Down — The Immortal (MVM)
- 10 Travelling — Burning Spear (Clock Tower)

Chart supplied by: MAROONS TUNES, GREEK ST. W.1.



Tres moderne man Gary "I'll never be as good as Ultravox" Numan and electric friend look out for No.11. Illustration: Barbara Fry.

NEWS

Edited by **DEREK JOHNSON**

Ticket and record prices mentioned in this week's News Desk do not take into account any change in VAT rate, which may have been announced in Tuesday's Budget.



It's game, set and match to **DERWOOD** and **BILLY IDOL** of Gen X, proving they're in the wrong racket. (Pic: Ross Hallin)

Gen X single, London shows

GENERATION X, who leave for a Japanese tour at the end of next week, have decided to slot in a couple of London shows before they go — two performances at the Marquee Club next Wednesday, June 20, at 6 and 9pm (supported by Private Vices). This will be their only opportunity for immediate live promotion of their new single 'Friday's Angels', backed with 'Trying For Kicks' and 'This Heat', which Chrysalis release this weekend in a limited edition on clear red vinyl. On their return from Japan, the band finish writing, rehearsing and recording their third album — and they plan a full tour to tie in with its release in the autumn.

Buzzcocks opt out, but POP GROUP SET FOR DEEPLY VALE EVENT

THE POP GROUP, The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV), The Ruts and The Fall have all agreed to perform in this year's Deeply Vale People's Free Festival which — as reported two weeks ago — takes place at its regular Lancashire site (14 miles north of Manchester) from August 2 to 7 inclusive.

But although the organisers

are still confident that The Buzzcocks will be appearing, the band told NME at press-time that they definitely won't be going to Deeply Vale, as they'll be too busy preparing for their own show in London's Hyde Park two weeks later. More bands, especially name acts, are still being sought for the event — if interested, phone 0705 587222.



Wire make up for lost time

WIRE return to the gig circuit next weekend for a short tour, timed to coincide with the release of their new Harvest single 'A Question Of Degree'. Confirmed dates are Manchester The Factory (June 23), Nottingham Tiffany's (25), Birmingham Barbarella's (28), Aylesbury Friars (30), Stafford Top Of The World (July 1), Chester Smartyz (2), Hull Tiffany's (3), Newport Stowaway (4), Scarborough Pent house (5) and Liverpool Eric's (7).

A few more dates, including a London appearance, are still being finalised and hopefully will be announced next week. Manufactured Noise will be queuing on selected dates in the itinerary. Since returning from their March tour of Europe with Roxy Music, Wire have completed their third album — titled '154' it's scheduled for September release.

Marquee Mods

A MINI Mod Festival is being staged by Asgard Agency this weekend at London's Marquee Club, featuring The Chords, The Mods and Squire (tomorrow, Friday); The Purple Hearts, The Little Roosters and Les Elie (Saturday); and The Chords again, with Back To Zero and The Killermeters (Sunday) — daily admission is £1.50 (advance) and £1.75 (doors). And The Chords have additional gigs at Leicester University (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Dingwalls (July 11) and London Kensington Nashville (30).

PATRIK FITZGERALD has stolen another two dates into his UK tour itinerary, announced last week — at Lincoln Drill Hall (this Saturday) and Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 20).

Dead: good bet for Glastonbury

THE GRATEFUL DEAD are now looking strong headline contenders for the three-day Glastonbury Fayre (June 21-23), it was learned this week. NME reported three weeks ago that they were willing to appear, if their expenses could be met. It's now understood that the financial aspect has now been sorted out — which means that, although there's been no official announcement, the Dead are well in the running for the event. At the same time, Patrik Fitzgerald announces that he will not be appearing there, after all. But John Williams' band Sky have been added.

Kwesi in benefit

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON, together with Rico and his band, are the first names to be announced for the second Creation For Liberation benefit — to be staged at London's Commonwealth Institute in Kensington on Saturday, June 30. The movement's first show was the Manchester concert in February, topped by Public Image and with Johnson as one of the guest acts.



Sham's **JIMMY PURSEY**

Sham 69 back in Glasgow 79

SPECULATION concerning a possible Sham 69 concert in Glasgow was finally confirmed this week, when the band announced that they'll be playing a one-off at the Apollo Centre on Friday, June 29. The chances are that this will be their only appearance of the summer, and it's even possible — bearing in mind Jimmy Pursey's current dalliance with Paul Cook and Steve Jones — that it could be Sham's last ever gig.

They'll be playing with their old line-up of Pursey (vocals), Dave Parsons (guitar), Dave Treggane (bass) and original drummer Mark 'Kaka' Cain. And they say they've specially chosen to play in Glasgow because "it's the liveliest audience in Britain". Supporting Sham are Scottish band The Valves, whose single is due for release by Albion Records on the day of the gig — and it's understood there will also be a surprise guest act.

Unrestricted Zones

ZONES, the Scottish band whose debut album 'Under Influence' has just been released by Arista, begin a headline tour next month. More gigs are still being set, including a date in their native Glasgow, but those confirmed so far are Dundee Bloomers (July 6), Dumfries Stagecoach (8), Edinburgh Tiffany's (9), Aberdeen Raffles (10), Leeds Brannigan's (12), Nottingham Sandpiper (14), Chesterfield Fusion (19), London Fulham Greyhound (21), Newport Stowaway (25), Carlisle Winton Market Hall (27), Derby Ajanta Club (28), Aberavon Nine Vaults (August 3), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (4), Newbridge Memorial Hall (5), Norwich Boogie House (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10) and Leeds Florde Green (12).

and not so Simple Minds

SIMPLE MINDS go out on their most important tour to date at the end of this month, coinciding with the release of their second Zoom single 'Chelsea Girl', taken from their album 'Life In A Day'. The Scottish band will be headlining about 20 gigs, and the first ten confirmed are Birmingham Barbarella's (June 30), London Marquee (July 3), Nottingham University (4), Wolverhampton Lafayette (8), London Kensington Nashville (11), Jacksdales Grey Topper (13), Kirklevington Country Club (20), Sheffield Limit Club (26), Liverpool Eric's (27) and Leeds Florde Green Hotel (29).

Members move out

THE MEMBERS, now re-joined by bassist Chris Payne, who's fully recovered from the exhaustion which kept him out of action for a few weeks, begin another UK tour later this month. Dates so far confirmed are Sheffield Top Rank (June 26), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28), Wakefield Bretton Hall (29), Blackburn King George's Hall (July 1), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (2), Exeter Routes (3), Plymouth Woods Centre (4), Barnstaple Chequers (5) and Camberley Civic Hall (7).

Who: big Manchester gig?

THERE HAS been no further word from The Who's management, following the terse announcement on Monday of last week that "there are at present no plans for them to play any outdoor concerts this summer". But although elsewhere this had been taken to mean that the band's proposed Wembley Stadium concert is off, NME still believes that it is very much on the cards — and in fact, that another similar open-air concert is planned for Manchester.

NME's original forecast for the date of the Wembley show was Saturday, August 18, and — despite a suggestion, reported in our last issue, that it might be put back a

AND WEMBLEY STILL A STRONG PROSPECT

week — it seems that is the date they have in view. Our first report was based upon a tip-off by The Who's John Entwistle, and August 18 was confirmed last weekend by another Who member. He added that The Who are also setting up another major concert for one of the big Manchester soccer grounds (either Maine Road or Old Trafford) the previous week, presumably August 11.

THE POLICE
THE CRAMPS
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ON TOUR
WITH MANFRED MANN

JUNE
7th Thursday Colston Hall, BRISTOL
8th Friday The Dome, Brighton BRIGHTON
12th Tuesday Guildhall, PORTSMOUTH
13th Wednesday Hammer Smith Odeon, LONDON
14th Thursday New Theatre, OXFORD
16th Saturday Odeon, BIRMINGHAM
17th Sunday Fairfield Hall, CROYDON
18th Tuesday Usher Hall, EDINBURGH
20th Wednesday City Hall, NEWCASTLE
21st Thursday City Hall, SHEFFIELD
22nd Friday The Apollo, MANCHESTER

THE ALBUM: 'Put It Down to Experience' CAS 1144.
THE SINGLE: 'Do Ya Wanna'/'Stuck On You' CB 335 (Picture Sleeve).
PRODUCED BY KITCHIE GOTTFREY

OFF THE RECORD

NEW SINGLES FROM BI-LINGUAL SIOUXSIE



SIOUXSIE & The Banshees' new single is 'Playground Twist' coupled with 'Pull To Bits', released by Polydor on June 29. On the same day they have a single issued on the German market called 'Mittagsessen' (Metal Postcard), which is sung in German, and it's backed with the never-before-recorded 'Love In A Void' with English vocals — Polydor say it won't be released officially in this country, but it will be obtainable here on import.



The first single from Zero Zero, titled 'Chinese Boys' is out this week. It's on their own label, available from Small Wonder, Step Forward and Rough Trade.

DISCO IMAGE FROM LYDON

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD have their second single released by Virgin on June 29, featuring 'Death Disco' and 'No Birds Do Sing'. Also available is a 12-inch version in a limited edition of 15,000 copies, titled '1/2 Mix'/'Meggie Mix'. The band's current line-up comprises John Lydon (vocals), Keith Levine (guitar), Jah Wobble (bass) and Richard Dudinski (drums).

Out this weekend on the Casablanca label is a new album by Kiss titled 'Dynasty'. A single taken from the LP, called 'I Was Made For Lovin' You' is issued simultaneously.

On June 22, Capitol Records are putting out a boxed set of all 25 singles released on the label by The Beach Boys, from their very first release 'Surfin' Safari', and including all their major hits like 'Good Vibrations' and 'God Only Knows'. They will also be available individually.

Third World's new single 'Talk To Me', specially adapted from their upcoming album 'The Story's Been Told', is issued by Island in 12-inch disc form on June 22 coinciding with the start of their UK tour (see Gig Guide).

Irish band Protex, recently signed by Polydor, have their debut single 'I Can't Cope' out this weekend.

Rialto Records have signed Bristol band Europeans to a long-term deal, and the outfit are currently recording their first single.

Neil Young's new studio album 'Rust Never Sleeps' is issued by Reprise on June 29. The first side comprises five tracks performed by Young with Nicolette Larson, Joe Osborne and Carl Himmel. Side Two features four numbers by Young with Crazy Horse. A second Young album with the same title (just to complicate matters) — which is, in fact, a film soundtrack of his 1978 U.S. tour — will be released in the autumn.

Sniff & The Tears have their first single 'Drivers Seat' re-released this week by Chiswick Records — as a picture disc.

Yachts' debut album, out on Radar Records this week, includes a free live single coupling 'Suffice To Say' and 'On And On'.

A limited edition 12-inch version of The Scorpions' current Harvest single 'Is There Anybody There?' is now available.

Punishment Of Luxury have now come off the road for an indefinite period — in fact, just as long as it takes to record their debut album for United Artists, planned for autumn release.

'The Bird' is the title of the latest Olympic Runners single, issued by Polydor on July 6. Out on the same day and label is a picture disc single by Charlie called 'Fight Dirty', and they're both preceded on June 29 by 'Dancing In The Street' by Mungo Jerry.

Four Luton bands — The Clogs, The Top Vees, Paranoia and Friction — each have a track on an EP issued by local label Pink Records later this month.

Limited Edition Records have been formed in Sheffield to promote local talent, starting with a three-track single by new-wave band Artery on June 21 (distribution through Rough Trade). To be followed by the debut of mod outfit The Negatives. Upcoming in the autumn are releases by Xero and The Parts, both picked by local station Radio Hallam after auditioning 120 groups.



Following the release of Noosha Fox's new single 'The Heat Is On' a fortnight ago, Chrystalles have now issued a 12-inch version in a picture sleeve. Noosha has just returned to France, where she's completing material for a new album.

Polydor's new signing The Xdramysts, who support Greg Kinn at London The Venue this Saturday, have their debut single 'Bad News'/'Money Talks' out on June 22.

Bullets, the five-piece Birmingham band whose debut single 'Girl On Page 3' ran into legal difficulties with The Sun newspaper last year, have parted company with Big Bear Records. They now plan to record their own follow-up single for autumn release, to coincide with a club and college UK tour.

Albums for guitar enthusiasts out this month on Sonet Records include 'How To Play Blues Guitar, Volume 2', by Stefan Grossman, Sam Mitchell, Jo Ann Kelly and Mike Cooper, 'Bluesgrass Guitar' by Eric Thompson and 'Minors Abound' by Nashville steel guitarist Buddy Emmons.

Hot Vulture have finished work on their third album 'Up The Line', for late summer release on Plant Life Records. It consists of 13 tracks, all Anglicised versions of American traditional music. Pete & Chris Coe guest on four tracks.

Liverpool band Geisha Girls have their first single 'Stuck On You' issued by Skeleton Records next month. They say they'll be promoting it with a number of 'Rock Against Hard Toilet Paper' gigs in the North-West.

East Anglia band Zoro have signed with the independent Bridgehouse label, and their debut three-track maxi-single is out this week. It comprises 'Arrows Don't Sell 'Em', 'Star Fights' and the Bethnal song 'Soldier Boy'. Their first LP is due in the autumn.

Liverpool band The Accelerators are making available a five-track cassette for only £1, which they say is a non-profit making venture. Obtainable (including p&p) from Speed Promotions, 26 Bentley Road, Liverpool 805Z.

Nottingham band Gaffe release a double A-side single this week on their own 'N' Products label. Titles are 'You Know I Love You' and 'Hearts Of Stone', and it comes in four different picture sleeves. If you can't locate a copy, phone 0602 294919.

Television and Idols releases

WEA have signed a British distribution deal for New York-based Ork Records, a company formed in 1975 by Terry Ork, who worked with Andy Warhol for three years during the Velvet Underground period. First releases out this weekend are:

The first-ever single by Television, the rare 'Little Johnny Jewel' parts 1 and 2, coupled with a previously-unavailable live version of the same song. It comes as a 12-inch in a colour bag.

A single by The Idols, whose line-up includes ex-New York Dolls drummer Jerry Nolan, featuring 'You' and 'Girl That I Love'. British dates are being lined up for the band in the near future.

The debut of another New York band The Revelations, with 'The Way'/'97 Tears'. Upcoming shortly are releases by The Eresers, Chris Stamey and Student Teachers, all from New York.

Sayer: massive 67-show tour

LEO SAYER's autumn UK concert tour will be even more extensive than his outing last year. He'll be on the road for virtually the whole of the autumn, and details were announced this week of the opening leg from September 20 to November 10, taking in 67 concerts in 39 days. With more shows still to be confirmed for the end of the year, including major London appearances in December, it looks as though the total number of concerts in his complete itinerary will approach the 100 mark!

Dates confirmed so far are Peterborough ABC (September 20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (24), Southampton Gaumont (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (29), Paignton Festival Theatre (30), Nottingham Theatre Royal (October 2 and 3), Gloucester Leisure Centre (4), Oxford New Theatre (5 and 6), Liverpool Empire (7), Cork City Hall (9), Limerick Savoy (10), Galway Leisureland Centre (11), Belfast Kings Hall (12), Hanley Odeon (13), Blackpool Opera House (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Bridlington Spa Theatre (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Coventry Theatre (21), Ipswich Gaumont (24), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (25 and 26), Brighton The Centre (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Newcastle City Hall (30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Dundee Caird Hall (November 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Edinburgh Usher Hall (3), Preston Guildhall (6) and Dublin RDS Main Hall (6 and 10).

There will be two performances every night — except at Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Hanley, Derby, Ipswich, Brighton, Newcastle, Dundee and Dublin. Box-office opening dates vary, but the first into action will be Oxford, Liverpool, Blackpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Preston, all of which open this Saturday (18) — followed by Middlesbrough, Portsmouth and Bridlington next Monday (18). Postal applications will be accepted immediately at all venues, though readers should contact individual theatres for details of ticket prices.

Following the chart-stopping success of his album 'The Very Best Of Leo Sayer', which has now been certified Platinum in Britain, he is currently in Los Angeles recording a new album with producer David Courtney — for release by Chrysalis at the time of the tour. He's using a number of leading American and British session men, several of whom are likely to accompany him on the road.

Disco events

AN AMBITIOUS plan to stage a massive soul and disco weekend at Wembley in North London next spring, utilising both the Arena and the Conference Centre, was announced this week by Showstopper Promotions. Idea is to use the Arena as a disco dancing venue, with live soul acts appearing in the Conference Centre. It's planned for next May, and the intention is to book some of the world's top soul acts — "on a par with the big names who take part in the Country Festival at the Arena a few weeks earlier".

Showstopper have now completely sold out their Soul-Disco Weekender (October 12-14) at the 5,000-capacity Caister Holiday Centre, Great Yarmouth. So they've set two further weekenders that month, partly in view of the exceptional interest and partly to accommodate the overflow from Yarmouth — they're at Weymouth Blue Waters Holiday Centre (October 5-7) and Perrin Sands Holiday Centre in Cornwall (probably 26-28).



LEO SAYER

Autumn preview

DR. HOOK UK JAUNT

DR. HOOK returns to Britain in the autumn for a major concert tour. The exact period of the visit hasn't yet been determined, because promoter Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises is still juggling with dates and venues. But he assured NME that the tour is definitely on, and he expects to be able to announce the itinerary shortly.

● **COMMANDER CODY** — who had been expected to come over in the spring for London appearances, but subsequently pulled out — has now confirmed a UK visit in October. Together with his six-piece band, he plays three nights at London Victoria The Venue (12-14), plus a few provincial gigs which are still being finalised.

● **THE HAWKLORDS** — who, as reported last week, have lost singer Robert Calvert but have been joined by ex-Hawkwind drummer Simon King — have now set the period for their late autumn British tour. It runs from November 15 to December 3, and it's understood that dates are already pencilled in.

● **RENAISSANCE**, who undertook a short UK tour last month, will be playing further dates here in late October. This weekend they begin a protracted American tour, but they'll be back to open a European itinerary in early autumn, and this will be clineaxed by selected British concerts.

● **RY COODER** and **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, who are both appearing in the Cambridge Folk Festival (July 28-29) as part of European summer tours, will be back in Britain in mid-autumn for separate concert appearances, but no details have yet been confirmed.

● **CAMEL** are to headline one of their rare outings around the UK concert circuit in the early autumn, opening on October 9 and coinciding with the release of their new album.



NOW THE FLOYD PLAN COMEBACK

PINK FLOYD are the latest of the long-established top international bands who, after a lengthy absence from live action, are set to make a comeback to the concert platform. They're planning a string of London dates in the early autumn (probably at either Wembley Arena or Earls Court), with the likelihood of additional appearances at leading provincial venues, and they're already working on a spectacular new show. They've decided on a return to live work now that they've finished their long-awaited new album, which is expected to be released in about a month's time — probably as a double, or even a triple, set.

Caravan's Hastings on solo outing

CARAVAN, who have just signed a new agreement with Terry King Management, return to the British tour circuit in the early autumn — opening in late September and continuing through into October — and

their outing will coincide with the release of their new album. Then in mid-autumn, the band's leader Pye Hastings will be going out on his own headlining tour, to tie in with the release of his solo album — he'll be backed on the road by a group of "friends", though it's not yet known if these will include any of his Caravan colleagues.

Zepmania continued

IF YOU CAN find a ticket for Led Zeppelin at Knebworth in one of the advertised shop box-offices this week, you'll be lucky! That's the message from promoter Frederick Bannister, who has now distributed all his tickets to the various points of purchase, and is unable to accept any repeat orders. Latest indication is that there are very few, if any, tickets left around the country.

As far as postal bookings are concerned, Bannister is hoping to cope with all initial applications, though it's possible that some orders which arrived late may be unfulfilled. Because of the enormous volume of bookings received, there will be a slight delay in forwarding tickets — but more staff has been taken on, and applications are being dealt with now.

DUFFO DATES

DUFFO, who cancelled a string of appearances planned for the spring, has now settled on a series of London dates plus one out-of-town gig in July. They are promotion of his new Baggar's Banquet single 'Tower Of Madness', released this week. In London, he plays Kensington Nashville (July 8), Camden Dingwells (10), Maunkberry's, Jermy St. (11 and 12) and Camden Music Machine (14) — then travels to Scotland for a one-off at Edinburgh Tiffany's on July 16.



C&W HITS DOMINION

AN ALL-STAR country music show — headlined by Roy Clark, Barbara Mandrell and The Oak Ridge Boys — takes place at London's Dominion Cinema in Tottenham Court Road on Thursday, July 12. The artists concerned are stopping off in London on their way back to the States, after appearing in the Montreux Festival, and this is strictly a one-off concert. Also on the bill are Jana Jae, Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown and Buck Trent. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £2.50 and £2.

B-52s: PROVINCIAL CHANGES

THE B-52s, whose debut British visit was reported last week, have put back their two provincial gigs by 24 hours — so they now play Liverpool Eric's on July 8 and Birmingham Digbeth Hall the next day, with London Strand Lyceum remaining unchanged (July 8). Birmingham band Fashion support all three gigs, with The Tourists added in London.

Grover Washington: debut UK concerts

GROVER WASHINGTON JR flies into Britain next month, after appearing in a gala evening at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, to play his first-ever concerts in this country. Together with his six-piece band, he plays Poole Arts Centre (July 25), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Dunstable California (28) and Brighton Dome (30). Tickets are on sale now priced

£4, £3 and £2 (Poole and Hammersmith); £3.50 only (Dunstable); and £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Brighton).

Regarded as America's leading contemporary saxist, Washington's debut album for Elektra is out this week, titled 'Paradise'. His band line-up comprises Al Buster Anderson (bass), Raymond G. Welsh Jr (guitar), James H. Bilton (keyboards), Ismael Wilburn (drums), Robert L. Strother (percussion) and George Howard Jr (reeds).

DIAMOND IS TRUMPS FOR MOVIE STARDOM

NEIL DIAMOND has been forced to scrap all live appearances for the foreseeable future, which included the prospect of British concerts later this year, now that he's been signed for his first film role — in a remake of the world's first-ever talking picture 'The Jazz Singer', which starred Al Jolson.

Although the movie will fol-

low the story line of the original, the songs will all be completely new, and penned by Diamond himself. And that's why he has to go into hibernation because, although the picture won't be ready to go into production for some months, he has to concentrate on writing the score.

The £5-million film is being made by EMI, and Diamond was persuaded to sign by the organisation's new chief executive Lord Delfont. After turning down numerous movie offers in the past, he was evidently attracted by the prospect of writing his own songs. EMI have also secured rights to the soundtrack album, which will coincide with the film release.



PETER TOSH

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Some time in the life of a female singer from Dublin and a thin book salesman

... and a quiet drummer and a bassist who used to want to be Jack Bruce — an insight, in fact, into the enigmatically titled prag VEC. This feature may appear to start in the middle. This is not the case. It starts here.

Sue: We went to see 1900 the other day.

John: I told him.

Sue: We also went to see *The All Round Reduced Personality*.

Hamblett: Wait till you see *The Warriors*.

Sue and John: We've seen it.

Hamblett: It's great.

John: It's shit ... It stinks.

Hamblett: It's definitely on a par with *Saturday Night Fever*.

Sue: Yeah.

John: It doesn't quite smell as bad as that.

Hamblett: It's just entertainment.

John: It's not quite good enough entertainment though.

Sue: The women in it were terrible.

John: The music in it was terrible.

Hamblett: It was great fun ... like Tom and Jerry.

John: Very much like Tom and Jerry.

Sue: The men were all really good at fighting and the women didn't fight at all.

Hamblett: Good. Women don't fight.

Sue: I do.

Hamblett: In real life maybe, but not in the movies.

Sue: They used bits of real life.

Hamblett: No they didn't.

John: They could've used a few laser pistols and a bit more music.

Hamblett: So, can all movies change your lifestyle?

Sue: They should.

Hamblett: What about music? Abba don't change anybody's lifestyle.

John: Abba are great. Classics. I like pop songs, I'm greatly influenced by pop songs.

Hamblett: Don't send me up ...

John: I'm out, I'm not ... He says I'm sending him up because I say I like pop songs, that's a lie isn't it? Don't I like pop songs?

Sue: He does. Which pop songs do you like?

John: Anything ... I don't like po-faced intellectuals.

Hamblett: If you want to be a revolutionary go throw bombs at police cars.



prag VEC: Sue, Dave, John, Nick

pVreC Ga

By JOHN HAMBLETT
Pix: MIKE LAYE

THE NIGHT before, Sue had come second in a talent competition in her local pub. Although there were only two entrants she was fluorescently content with her peculiar renditions of 'Laughter in the Rain', and 'Close To You', and smiles accordingly every time she has cause to recount the tale. Tonight, although overtly concerned with her own liberation, nobody turns to stare as she clips through the frosty glass doors. She is dressed in a mildly indiscriminate mingling of this and that (funtex paraphernalia), and supports a moderate amount of mid-brown hair that looks as though it may become long before much longer.

She says to me: "I have a chip on my shoulder. People are always telling me how to behave, because I behave badly. They say I shouldn't fart or belch, so I fart and belch. They

say I shouldn't swear, so I swear. I upset people. I'm not a girl or a lady, I'm a woman."

A woman with a nose that is half-inclined to turn up, a small mouth, a roundly unobtrusive accent and firm beliefs.

Like most people you meet in pubs Sue is a curious and typical alloy of old and young. She was born and raised a Catholic in Dublin; nature, consequence, coincidence, and curiosity have brought her as far as a council flat in Shepherd's Bush where she lives when not shopping, working, waiting or singing in a

group called prag VEC.

Occasionally she will say things like this: "All my songs are hate songs." But don't take that too seriously.

Sue and the other members of prag VEC are seated in a reasonably large pub — not entirely through choice. The place has a confusingly regular attitude, built, it would appear, solely for the purpose of defying description (even the wall-paper is unexceptional).

The people, however, are as blendedly individual as ever could be, all playing their given roles with a brave and determined furrow of the brow. Little do they realise ... or perhaps, on the other hand, they realise perfectly well.

prag VEC certainly do; they are in the unenviable position of fully realising their importance in this scene without quite understanding why, wherefor, or whatever.

John sits hunched towards the table. At one point he will say: "Our music is just a reflection of the sado-masochism implicit in all relationships ... I mean, the agency sent us, y'know?"

John works in a book shop. Before that he studied at Essex University. He used to paint, he plays guitar, and confesses to faking bleaks, kebabs, movies, juke boxes, and the radio. And he drinks Guinness.

If Sue looks wavy, John looks straight up and down — angular, almost. His short dark hair could well be described as cataleptic in certain quarters, and his face looks fragile and madly scooped out.

The greatest work of art he has ever seen was created by a green grocer who owns a stall in a street market. The old green grocer's work of art is a regular Saturday night performance which involves him getting up in his local and giving a perfect impersonation of Nat King Cole to piano accompaniment.

John is impressed with the perfection and integrity of the performance, and the fear of the performer. (I only mention this in passing as John claims that such characters people his reality.)

If you were to ask John and Sue what would happen if prag VEC became famous Sue would reply: "We'd make money," and John would add, "and spend it."

When they are forced to say things like that they export an impression of comical honesty qualified with a sensible desperation that lounges in the short, dusty spaces that follow, silently, half-way between a frown and a laugh.

John, by the way, writes most of the music for prag VEC. The songs are imperfect, insinuating, and passionate wedges of excited ideas, interesting notions, committed ideas, and crisply encountered situations, placed with mad care into

■ Continues over



pragVEC



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VEC

■ From previous page

short bouncing balls.

Songs like the four quirky, seductive and witty tracks on their debut EP released last year on their own Spec label. (If you haven't got a copy the HMV shop in London's Oxford Street still has some, though it's probably not worth making a round trip of more than say, 50 miles.)

Nick has a face that brings soft adjectives quickly to mind. He believes certain things, but is prepared to believe otherwise if proof is provided. His fair hair drops in a naive fringe, and he speaks as though not wishing to make a nuisance of himself.

Nick's first drum kit consisted of a space hopper, the pedals on a piano and two knitting needles — an interesting variation on the biscuit tin and two knitting needles norm. And once he auditioned for 999.

Dave is the largest, and while his complexion may not always be of such a ruddy hue, I'm quite sure his hair is naturally curly. He plays bass.

Why did he join prag VEC? "Because I found myself growing up for a change. Growing up among responsible, humane people."

Sue tells me he used to want to be Jack Bruce but is okay now, while simultaneously offering me a pinch of salt. Dave tells me that he is completing his final year at college studying graphic design.

I toss the pinch of salt over my left shoulder.

For quite long periods Dave does not appear to move. At such times, the power to do so seems to have deserted him. I try not to feel concerned, or take it personally.

prag VEC react to things that concern them, and others, in a positive fashion. Their music suggests this, and their conversation confirms it. They do not wish to be seen as an isolated collective creating unrelated slices of consumable culture. I mean, given the choice, they would rather be lamp-posts than picture frames, or even pictures — in a manner of speaking.

THE AESTHETICS OF BEING EARNEST (FROM 1 TO 5 INCLUSIVE)

1/Sue: I had a guitar when I was about 15. I had a copy of 'Highway 61 Revisited', and I learned to play 'Tambourine Man'. I remember sitting in my bedroom playing it and I could hear my brother and his friend outside the window. They were laughing at me. They obviously thought I had some aspirations to be a star... (Laughs) Perhaps they were right.

2/John: It seems to me that the new bands who have signed up with major record companies in the last couple of years have been forced into their own little worlds. Their approach to their music becomes insular because of that. If we can live by avoiding the situation of having to become big stars for the record

company then we can escape into other people's worlds very easily. That's the way we retain control. We write what we want to and play it the way we want to. We don't conform to a strict concept, like say, the heavy metal bands. They only exist as part of a concept. People who go along to see a band like Rush don't simply go along to see Rush, they go because they are carrying on a tradition. We're not.

3/Sue: I'm not interested in just being a performer, or just an entertainer. I want to shock some people. I was in a band before this and some of the people who came to watch us I just did not want to entertain. I wanted to scare the shit out of them.

John: I like going to watch bands — I don't like listening to records much — because it's more than just music and lyrics, image, fashion, dress. It's very simple theatre. It's a very direct theatre, mostly about communicating some kind of feeling between the performers and the audience, like: "We are having a good time" or: "We are not having a good time... We are having a bad time".

Reading what people have to say in music paper interviews is a load of cock. It doesn't have any relation to that experience. You might just as well talk about the things they used to talk about in the old days — like what colour socks they wear, and what their favourite lunch is... Actually I like four little sausages, a fried egg and some coleslaw. I don't know, you might just as well get a bunch of back covers off the Penguin Modern Classics and say this is me.

4/Sue: When I'm writing songs I sit down and pick a victim, something really straightforward.

When I was working in the canteen at Shepherd's Bush Telephone Exchange, for example, there were a lot of old ladies working there and when the tea break time came round they'd all have their fags out and they would just sit around and talk about the kind of cigarettes they smoked. That's how 'Cigarettes' came about.

John: When I'm writing music I just start off with an arrangement of chords that I think sounds nice, but by the time it gets to the point where everybody is playing their individual part a lot of ideas have gone into it.

Sue: The content should dictate the style. We are very humorous. I think we used to try a lot harder to be humorous. For instance we do a song called 'Stay', it's a Bob Dylan song — 'Lay Lady Lay' — and we cut up all the words and pulled them out of a hat completely at random, and we got some very funny lines that way. Lines like: "Why stay, Lady? Why Stay? Him dirty eat you." It's a very ambiguous love song.

John: It works so well because although it's a cut-up it's taking the piss out of people like Burroughs.

Sue: In 'Stay' the sex angle comes out much stronger than the way Dylan did it. Dylan wrote it very romantic and sentimental.

John: Like they weren't going to do anything dirty... It's not about sex at all really, it's about the things people do to each other, and quite often the things people do to each other are dirty. The Romantic ideology is dirty. The Romantic poets were real deep stuff, escapism, and euphemisms, and they're really not talking about that, they're talking about fucking.

Sue: We got a letter from somebody in Long Kesh, who'd been there for seven years for armed robbery. He wrote a letter saying that he liked the band, so we wrote back to him. Then, he wrote again with a translation of 'Existential', asking me to correct it... There are only two words in the song that are important: "Existential", and "capitalist". Those are the only two important words.

John: 'Existential' is only comic book French.

Sue: Dave came up with a bass riff that we latched onto and somebody said that it sounded like the music from a French detective film. You get French bands singing songs in English and nobody says that's pretentious... It's fucking English imperialism; everybody should speak English.

5/Sue: You say a lot about what sort of band you are by the name you choose. It's our name and it's our music. If you say that prag VEC are a rock'n'roll band it's not the same as saying The Clash are a rock'n'roll band.

John: Most names mean something, most names say, we are this — like The Clash — conflict... it's very conceptual. Our name is just a bunch of words.

Sue: If we don't do anything then the name doesn't mean anything. We are prag VEC.

John: We didn't want a name that suggested we were deep, or had a lot to say. We don't have a collective image — we don't have a manifesto.



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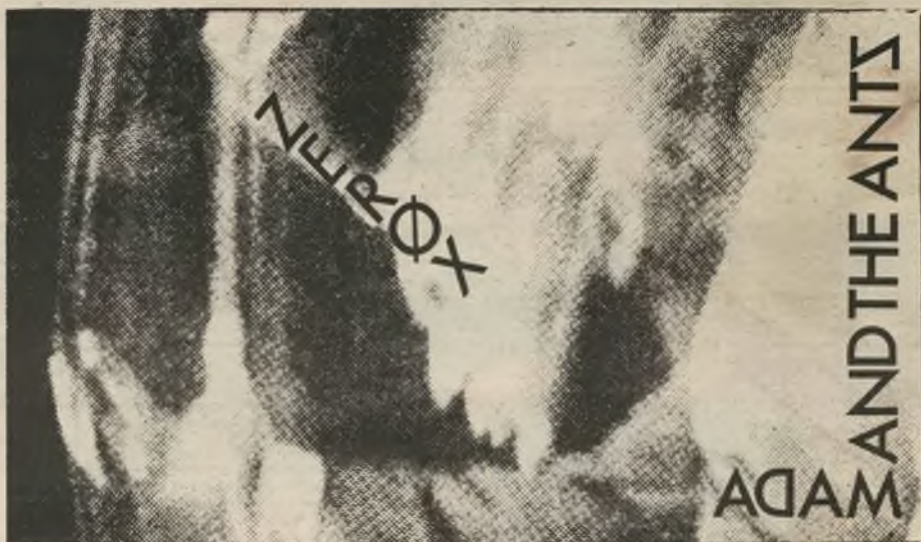
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POISON GIRLS

■ From previous page.

in making any kind of music that doesn't have that effect on me.

"We're on the edge all the time. The edge is where you have to be, because if you're on the edge of exposing something then you're not in the polarised position of preaching something at your audience. The edge is where the band and audience mingle — if you're on the edge you're communicating something."

Visually Poison Girls present a confusing and unrepentant hotch-potch. They are unusual and provocative, and they know it.

Vi: "We have had trouble with audiences. It's not just the words and the things we are saying, it's also the way we look... I think our aim should be to turn that into an advantage. At the moment our image is an obstacle because very often people get embarrassed, and if I'm on a stage and I can feel an audience is scared then that scares me... And every time we get up on stage it's like an act of faith."

Famous: "I think simply being who we are on a stage at the gigs we play must shake a lot of kids' conceptions about what going to a punk gig is all about. In their eyes we are not all we should be, and in that way we are effective."

Lance: "I think it's getting better. The responses we've been getting lately indicate that we are finally getting through."

Vi: "One punk girl came up to me after we'd played at The Moonlight and said, 'I wish my mum was like you'. And I said, 'Well, perhaps she is but just doesn't know how to show it' (laughs) or there again, perhaps she isn't?"

Poison Girls have got to be one of the most painfully open and unguarded bunches of individuals ever to put themselves under the public spotlight.

It would be the easiest thing in the world to be cynical about them — and I must confess to a certain reluctance in accepting their particular brand of radicalism, before going to meet them.

Thankfully that reluctance was dissipated rapidly in the face of their obvious and infectious sincerity, and the gruellingly compelling vehicle they create as transport for their ideas and emotions.

Poison Girls do good sculptures.

Yes, 50% of this band are probably old enough to be your parents, if you think that fact has any importance it's probably because you read lots of magazines, watch lots of TV and have never heard "Hex". You might not like it, but it could change your life.

JOHN HAMBLETT

THROLES



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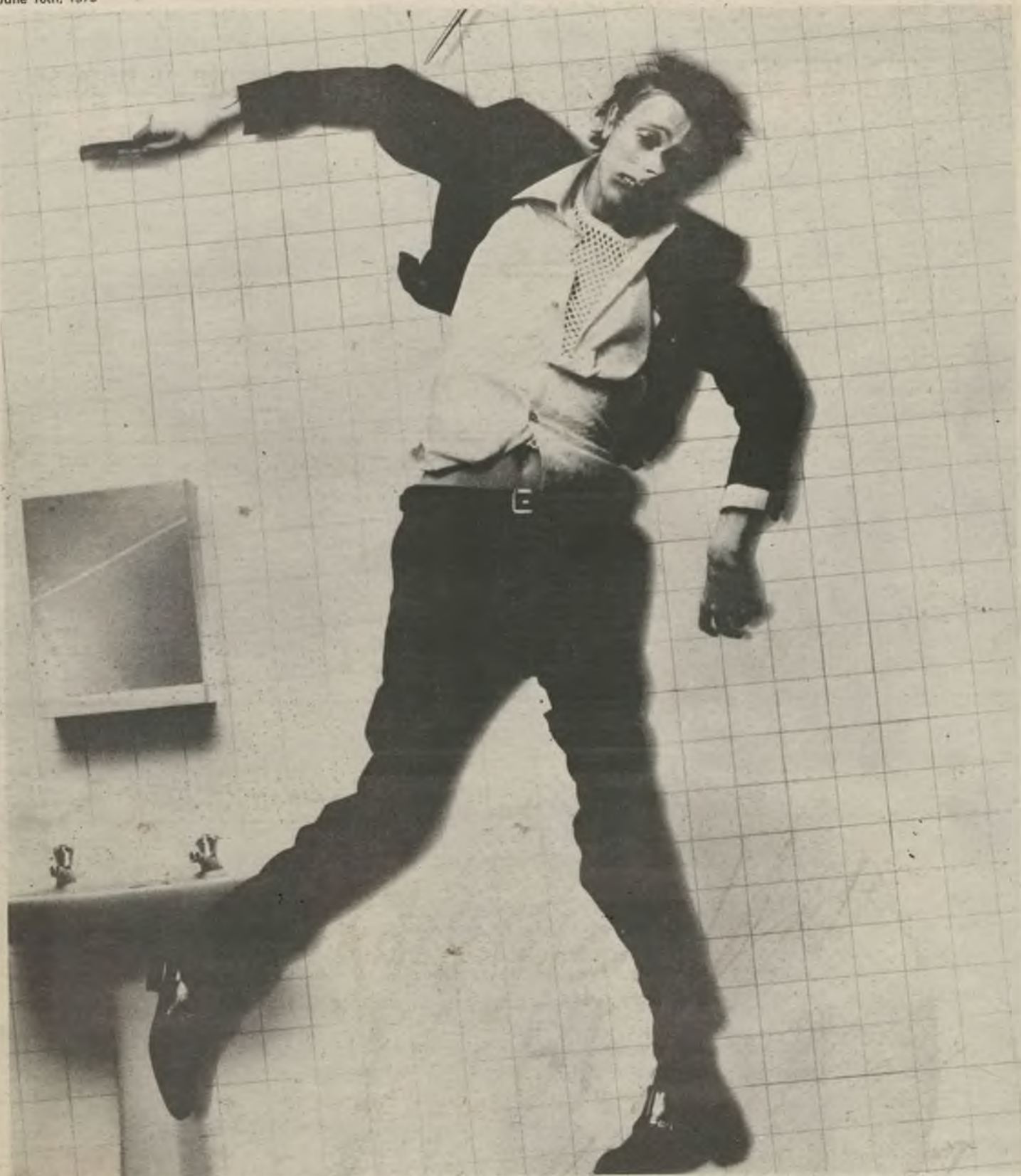
A selection of rib-tickers from two of Britain's leading periodicals (the Daily Mail, the Bath Evening Chronicle) that allow readers to pose irrelevant questions about the hapless victims of coincidence. Like, for instance, "How long have Rush been on the housing list" asks Richard Adams of Bath. While Alan Jamieson of Middlesex wonders what the suburban superstar could have done to deserve the PM's patronage. Meanwhile, one Brian Wilson claims to have discovered fresh evidence about the mystery that surrounds ex-Beatle John's absence from today's pop scene. Seems he's running a car park in Cornwall, dunnit?



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A lesson in Metaphysics

Thrills greets an original Dharma Bum

CAMBRIDGE POETRY Festival 1979, and the serenity of a quiet evening in Cambridge is temporarily shattered by the presence of a balding middle-aged man — a shabby figure, blessed nonetheless with the kind of social grace that would put anyone at their ease.

Two heavy duty crew-cut undergraduates stalk meaningfully toward the small stage. "You know something, Ginsberg... You're a bunch of shit."

Many have dismissed Allen Ginsberg as a misguided lunatic. Many more recognise him as our greatest living poet.

His output of poetry during the last thirty years is phenomenal, spanning innumerable volumes and permutations. In the early '50s, in the smoky downtown cafes of New York City and San Francisco, he and Jack Kerouac were the leaders of a breed of forward-thinking, anti-establishment 'beat' poets.

In the mid-'70s he accompanied the semi-legendary Rolling Thunder tour as a performer and as a close friend of Dylan, and appeared in *Renaldo And Clara*. He is featured in William Burroughs Jr's novel *Speed*, and is known to have jammed with Iggy, John Lennon and Patti Smith.

Most significantly, the work of the beat poets — with plenty of help from Timothy Leary and R. D. Laing — pioneered the flower-power era that has given shape and direction to any concept of 'modern' consciousness.

A cult figure and early ally for such so-called social miscreants as

junkies and homosexuals, he is sojourning briefly in England this first visit in six years) — a curious breath of fresh air.

Three generations filled the corn exchange; hordes of eager disciples clustered around the stage, hands waving copies of poetry books, faces as patient and reverent as a communion queue.

How fitting that Cambridge — one of Britain's most traditional and antique seats of learning — should be the setting for the first of Ginsberg's performances of songs and poetry, accompanied by Peter Orlovsky, close friend and fellow teacher at Kerouac's School of Disembodied Poetics (also currently celebrating the publication of *Clean Asshole Poems And Smiling Vegetable Songs*). Completing the line-up is Steven Taylor, who plays acoustic guitar and provides third



Ginsberg prepares to beam down over Cambridge. Pic: Joe Stevens.

party harmony on some of the songs.

Fitting, too, that the first 'number' should be William Blake's *Nurses*

If I shave off my beard that'll really screw up their layout person...

Song — musical arrangement provided by Dylan, Ginsberg and Orlovsky sing from the gut, with infectious and lusty abandon: Ginsberg operating a tiny wooden harmonium purchased in India for 30 dollars. Immediately, an unexpected rapport is established and I begin to understand Kerouac's notion of Holy Lunacy as the entire audience participates in the refrain "and all the hills echo it". It echoes round the appalling acoustics of the Corn Exchange.

A deceptive calm is shattered as Orlovsky goes solo with 25 minutes of gusty delivery of his own poetry: earthy, primitive humour. The trio join forces for a gay lib rag. But *Mindbreaths* and *Ode To Plutonism* are the really serious contributions, where Ginsberg's currency springs from the language of ordinary people, the power of the spoken word; beautiful, pastoral imagery.

And so to the famed *Punk Rock Your My Big Crybaby* poem:

"... Drums! / Whatta lotta noise you want a revolution? / Wanna apocalypse? Blow up in dynamite sound?"

The evening ends with Blake's *Tiger, Tiger*, set to heartbeat rhythms and rapturous applause from the spectators.

As the ritual of autographs rages on, I grab Ginsberg for a few words. What areas of the current music scene do you find yourself in harmony with?

"Oh, in New York we listen to The Clash a lot. The Sex Pistols 'Anarchy in the UK' is great. You know, Peter Orlovsky's girlfriend is Denise Marcedes who worked with Rat Scabies in London and took her ideas back to New York to form a band called The Stimulators."

Orlovsky enquires after John Rotten's state of health — any problem habits? I reply there's a lot you could say to that, but I don't think there's a junk problem...

Ginsberg comments: "Dylan is a very intelligent young man, he takes long breaths, you know?"

I ask if he's heard of Linton Kwesi Johnson, John Cooper Clark?

"Uh... Who? ... No." Kerouac once wrote: "These new pure poets confess forth for the sheer joy of confessing." They still do. And beat is back.

CHARLOTTE WYLIE

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

Benyon



LET IT RAIN! THERE'S A HEATWAVE ON OFFER AT WOOLWORTH.



Close on the heels of their first two hit albums, 'Too Hot to Handle' and 'Central Heating', comes Heatwave's new album release, 'Hot Property'.

Remember Heatwave's first great single, 'Boogie Nights'? It sold over two million and laid the foundations for a string of further successes which included 'Groove Line' and 'Mind Blowing Decisions'.

'Razzle Dazzle', from the new 'Hot Property' album seems certain to become their sixth hit single in a row.

And 'Hot Property' will definitely be Heatwave's third hit album out of three.

Stay cool and get 'Hot Property' on special offer at Woolworth.

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NILS



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LOFGREN

"NILS" *The New Album*



Album: AMLH 64756 Cassette: CAM 64756
Produced by Bob Ezrin

Bobby Bare: All American Good Ol' Boy?

"THE EAGLES and California country?" muses Bobby Bare. "I guess you could say that my stuff was California country right back in the beginning — when I was cutting all those first sides for RCA during the early '60s. I was living in California and flying to Nashville to record. I'd do a demo in LA and the guys I'd use as pickers would include Seals and Croft, along with Leon Russell and James Burton."

Bare is groove faced and black stonewashed: an Elton or Palance turned country singer. An unlikely guy to have a debut hit with a song called 'All American Boy', which he did, back in 1968.

But then, Bare has always been an easy rider in the country saddle. During the early '60s he made it as a pop idol thanks to million-sellers like 'Detroit City' and 'Four Strong Winds' — also taking time to contribute a batch of songs to a Chubby Checker movie.

In recent years he's cut a number of albums featuring songs penned by Shel Silverstein, the last in this series providing back-up work for Dr Hook, with whom he's been known to jam on occasion. Since signed by Bill Graham, of Fillmore fame, Bare has set Nashville on its head by recording 'Sleeper Wherever I Fall', his \$100,000 bid for a platinum album.

"Most Nashville albums are a hit single and nine rejects,"

claims Bare. "But this one took nearly three months to piece together. I know it was expensive but that's what it takes if you want to do things right. Record companies make a lot of money off albums, so if you do get things right and come up with something that's potentially a platinum job, then the investment is really very small. I mean, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars on a million seller is nothing if you think that they're getting around seven million dollars back."

'Sleeper', which is the work of a brace of producers in Kyle Lehning (England Dan and John Ford Coley) and Steve Gibson (Gene Cotton and Lynn Anderson), is a heavy album as far as Opry country's concerned, the tracks ranging from a fair stab at the Stones' 'The Last Time' through to cuts that might easily have materialised on Dylan and

Tony Joe White sessions. The line-up of musicians is also notable for the number of new names culled from the local M.U. roster.

"Yeah, I used the new players in town," says Bare, stonewashed. "It's like when I first started recording for RCA, doing 'Detroit City', 'Shame On You' and all those things. At that time I went out and found guys like Charlie McCoy and Boots Randolph, people who were new then. As a matter of fact, I made a specific request to Chet Atkins in '62, that we didn't use the normal Nashville session men because I was so unknown that I felt intimidated by them. I couldn't tell them what to play or anything like that because they knew more than I did. But with new pickers in the studio, I could start giving orders!"

"I know, I've got this theory: I believe that rock music is 80/85% sound and around 15/20% song content, while country music is the exact opposite. On 'Sleeper' I tried to acquire something of a more even balance. I don't think I quite reached it... but whoever does provide that balance is really gonna come up with something!"

FRED DOLLAR

THRILLS



Bobby Bare bobbin' and barefootin'. Pic: Paul Canby.



The good old days — 1966. Julie Rogers, Val Doonican, Rosemary Nichols and some other incredibly famous person stafe the audience with stunning repertee and up-to-the-minute musical insights...

But will it be the same without Katie Boyle?

FOR BARB at the veritable dawn of Dawn of History, i.e. the late '50s, they gave us Juke Box Jury.

Four selected panellists sat in judgement on the week's pop discs. Inevitably the Hits were largely Misses and the Misses somehow missed being Hits. Hits were saluted by an amiable ting on a tabletop bell (finger on the Burton: David Jacobs) while the same elegant hand consigned Misses to perdition with a throaty croak on a

superannuated Maxon.

It was all good clean fun, and if the attraction spots in the middle of the prog — where an actual recording artists, presence concealed from the Panel, withered under the lash of unkind judgement — were inclined towards the gratification of the sadiestly prurient, who gave a shit?

But with the Coming of The Era of the Double LP with Lyric Sheet, all such vanities as dividing 'product' into Hits and Misses seemed hardly reverent enough. Juke Box

ANYONE interested in Animal Liberation will also be interested in The Beast, a new bi-monthly magazine whose first 34-page issue hit the stands last week. Including a comprehensive news section, carefully researched features and a comprehensive list of contact addresses, The Beast is an ambitious and informative attempt to cover all aspects of the subject. Available from Clanose Publishers Ltd, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 1NN, price 40p + 10p post and packing.

UBU THE OWL

THRILLS



Jury was judged superfluous, and junked.

Now it's coming back. A new, simpler, finer age has dawned.

(Scrap that last bit. We've just learned that the Chairman will be Noel Edmonds).

Saturday June 18, at six forty of the clock, is the time and date set. The BBC intend to produce nine shows in all. How about panellists? "No pattern has yet been decided upon," a spokesperson told Thrills. "Just... people who'd be fun to have."

A Fun Person who could offer a word or two of advice with regard to this, and other ones, is none other than NME News Editor Derek Johnson, a respected veteran of the music world, and a man, moreover, with whom it is always a pleasure to do business. Under the suave chairmanship of Jacobs, D, Johnson, D, put in no less than four appearances on JBL. None of the records he judged was outstanding enough to lodge in his memory, however — "Except I remember one of them was a Beatles tune." Which one?

"Ah, these you have me." Derek sat next to Brenda Lee, who was perched, he remembers, on a stack of cushions (the lady being something of a shortarse). We asked him for any advice he might care to pass on to new-style panellists.

"Never castigate out of hand," he told us. "Remember, an awful lot of energy, blood, sweat and tears steaters has gone into what you hear. It's just a bunch of young people doing their damndest. What's more, you can easily make a prat of yourself destroying something which then goes on to sell millions of copies and corners the Hot Slot worldwide in what can only be described as a viable way."

TONY TYLA

THRILLS

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Geraint Watkins & the Dominators



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Gonna make you a hit, man — and you can't refuse . . .

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER was the Mob's first big hit according to a series of TV programmes aired on America's NBC network which examined the degree of criminal infiltration into rock music.

Reporter Brian Ross claimed: "The Mafia has become one of the biggest producers of records and tapes in this country."

RSO Records may have sold 23 million copies of the 'SNF' double album but Federal investigators believe that mob counterfeiters made more money from the LP than the label did "because they didn't have to pay any royalties."

An informant, shown only in silhouette, told Ross that it's easy to get products into record shops. "It's done by finding the right person with the record store, with the company, or the buyer for the company who's willing to accept some kind of payment, a kickback, to put it into his store."

"I don't think there's a store you can go into and not find some counterfeit product on a given day."

Aside from counterfeiting, Ross examined mob control of rock bands. Rare Earth, who sold 2 million copies of their first album, discovered their manager was involved with Joe Ulio, a reported mob enforcer. Ross claimed: "By

1976 Ulio was boasting to his associates that he had taken over a hidden interest in Rare Earth by providing mob money and mob muscle to take care of the band's debts."

He continued: "It was a different story for Three Dog Night, and police are also investigating Ulio's relationship with this rock group. The accountant for the group was shot in the arm and paralysed in what police believe was a mob dispute over control of Three Dog Night."

Another report centred on the promotion of rock concerts in Chicago. A Federal grand jury is currently investigating allegations that city officials were bribed in order to get exclusive rights on outdoor festivals in the city.

Ted Nugent claims he was the victim of a mob scheme in Chicago, getting paid for an audience of only 56,000 people, when police estimated there were upwards of 90,000 in attendance. Nugent reckons it cost him £100,000.

Other cases cited were numerous instances of payola, and the vast amounts of money made through illegal merchandising. It seems wherever there's money to be made, the mob is at hand.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

The Regulars

Debut album 'Victim'

including The Regulars' Number 1 reggae hit "Where Is Jah" and their new single "Fool's Game".

Every album includes a **FREE 3 track 12" single**, with "Fool's Game" and two previously unavailable tracks "Bombay Duck" and "Funky Shack".

*Three tracks are included on the cassette version.



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 June 12 Limit Club, Sheffield
 June 13 The Club, Leeds
 June 14 Sandpiper, Nottingham
 June 15 Sandpiper, Nottingham
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 June 29 The Village, Newport, Solop
 June 30 The Village, Newport, Solop
 July 1 The Locarno, Bristol
 Special guests: Local Operator
 Booked by Cowbell tel 01-262 7253
 Ep-V2122 available on cassette

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"Shades In Bed" The Records debut LP to include, for a limited period "High Heels" FREE 12" EP

Produced by Robert John Lange + Tim Friese Green

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SINGLES

THERE are no singles this week from: Buzzcocks, Blondie, B-52's, Boomtown Rats, David Bowie, Elvis Costello, Clash, John Cooper Clark, Devo, Ian Dury, Essential Logic, Flying Lizards, Fabulous Poodles, Gang Of Four, Human League, Jam, Kleenex, Kinks, Lurkers, Members, Mekons, Normal, O Level, Penetration, Passage, Protex, Raincoats, Ramones, Sham 69, Spizz Energi, Spherical Objects, Scars, Siouxsie and The Banshees, Swell Maps, Sparks, TV Personalities, Undertones or X-Ray Spex but there are **ENOUGH GOOD SINGLES THIS WEEK TO MAKE YOU ANNOYED THAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD THEM ALL.**

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: The Pictures On My Wall (Zoo)

The first piece of seven inch perfection from the excellent Liverpool Zoo label, who are at the core of a Liverpool movement that threatens quite rightly to dominate the last few months of the last year of the decade.

After likeable but resistable records from Those Naughty Lumps, Teardrop Explodes and a cherishing Big In Japan memorial comes this powerfully produced, tenaciously structured record — one of the most elegant and distinctive of the year.

Whoever the Bunnymen are, they sound so experienced and assured. 'The Pictures On My Wall' is chunky and acoustic, determined and haunting, and puts me in mind of Love at their most treacherous, with that same kind of penetrating flexibility. Despite/because of its refreshing lack of obvious discordancy, distortion or anything angular, it is compellingly contemporary. Echo And The Bunnymen are a rich, new and welcome sound. Go to them.

THE SMIRKS: To You (Smirks/Virgin). The Smirks come to us! At last it's easy to fall for The Smirks, who've made the new pop single of the week if not the month. Both sides of this record do imaginative things with guitars, pace and harmonies that add whole new layers of delight to the brisk Buzzcocks motion manner. No wonder The Smirks have stubbornly carried on even though they were dumped by Beserkely



and no one seemed to love them, if this is what they're capable of. Why haven't you shown us before, Smirkids? This will be a hit, and The Smirks will smile properly, not just bravely.

RUNNERS UP

WIRE: A Question Of Degree (Harvest). An alluring single from the inscrutable Wire. Hardly as idiosyncratic as previous chart shots, but actually more insidious. It starts off a little angry, then sort of gets jolly and finally introduces all sorts of decoration to interrupt its stern march. It's deliciously put together. I feel Wire are maturing sneakily well and beginning to understand how to blend compression, discipline and idiosyncrasy. The B side, 'Former Airplane', opens the curtains on a Wire just wild with frustration. It looks like the third LP will be rather persuasive.

WALTER STEDING: Get Ready (Red Star). A three-track wacky New York EP by violinist Steding, produced by Blondie's Chris Stein, featuring Robert Fripp, that should be readily available as Faulty Products are importing it. The record shares the same sense of persistent primitivism and cheeky hostility as Spizz Energi's 'Cold City' EP. It's worth checking out. Steding's violin is reckless, the vocals are strangled, Fripp's guitar is wayward. Two of the pieces are grimly whimsical and one is some short noise. There are no traces of Blondie whatsoever, so don't be silly.

PINK MILITARY STAND ALONE: Buddha Waking (Last Trumpet). More Liverpool freakiness you can't do without. Although you might find the four tracks painfully withdrawn and erratic, I'll have more faith in you if you find them habit forming. The four dangerous doodles, 'Degenerated Man', 'Sanjo Kantara', 'Clown Town', and 'Heaven/Hell' were recorded live at Eric's early last December, and sound chronically undynamic and colourless unless played healthily loud so the sound can be allowed to take shape. Untamed and fluid noise fronted by the diabolical moaning of ex-Big In Japan delinquent Jayne. A thoroughly unpolite record.

FRANTIC ELEVATORS: Voice In The Dark (TUM). More tempting Manchester poppy pop. This isn't as convincing as Buzzcocks, The Distractions or The Smirks, but it's nippy, well designed and has to be welcomed into the homes of those whose lives would be very bleak without The Undertones. The two songs on the B side are silly, like they've been listening to too much Diggle and not enough Shelley.



The Smirks: something to smile about. Pic: KLAID McNULTY.

MISSING PRESUMED DEAD: Say It With Flowers (Sequel). A London sextet, MPD make a gentle but insistent music that has exquisite sense of poise and style. All four songs on this well-made EP are dexterous, deep layed and feature sweet, concise sax from one Davy Baby. His artful lines elevate the music well above average.

MEMORIES AREN'T MADE OF THESE

ADVERTS: My Piece (RCA)
THE EDGE: Downhill (Hurricane)
BRIAN JAMES: Ain't That A Shame (Hurricane).
MENACE: Final Vinyl (Small Wonder). Dark records these, really. Nostalgia items. The Adverts on RCA, looking for a way in, sound closer to Donovan, Crosby and Nash than the group we once didn't know whether to like, feel sorry for or hope they'd go away. The B side is a live 'New Church' — no damned resurgence here, yet. The Edge, with ex-Damned man Lu, and the man he replaced, Brian James, are two grimy entertainers who stalk the London circuit, never breaking out past the Nashville or their own mini-reputations. With such spirited but ordinary records that's not surprising. Menace's farewell salute is traditional chant punk without the pressure of Angelic Upstarts or the exhortation of Sham.

PETER POWELL SMOOTH FAVES.

INTERVIEW: You Don't Have To Lie To Me (Virgin).
THE POP: Down On The Boulevard (Arista).
THE ZONES: Looking To The Future (Arista).
THE SINCEROS: Take Me To Your Leader (Epic).
THE KNACK: My Sharona (Capitol). The trouble with these singles is they try too



Reviewed this week by PAUL MORLEY



hard to be good traditional pop. They're more concerned with nice sound than impulsive individuality. They all follow the rules without attempting to make some new ones themselves. They're all reasonable and attractive and I won't mind too much hearing them on the radio for the eight week span.

Interview, who blend the spirit of Costello with the polish of ELO, and The Sinceros, a deliberate three minutes of high commerciality, are my favourites of the five and the more likely to be hits. The American duo Knack and Pop are cool, conventional and of course clean, with a better chance than The Zones of charting. The Zones need to blow their noses. None of these singles possess a quarter of the zest and crack of the real pop of the week. The Smirks and Frantic Elevators, but have all the money and promotion behind them.

THE GOOD

DRY RIB: The Dry Season (Clockwork).
ALTERNOMEN UNLIMITED: Facade (Object).
THE CRAVATS: The End (Small Wonder).
COM-SAT ANGELS: Red Planet (Junta/Company).
DOCTORMIX: No Fun (Rough Trade). For many it is now easier and more convenient to make records than to gig. The satisfaction must be greater, too. A lot of new music is purely studio experimental, whether pop or avant garde,

and what has happened over the last couple of years is that a huge conversation has formed. These five records are excellent examples of the underground conversation, full of ideas, incident and care. There's the appealing frivolity of The Cravats, the earnest concern of Com-Sat Angels and Dry Rib, the earnestness of Alternomen Unlimited and then fuzzy hallucination of Doctormix. Only The Cravats are the kind suited to live performance.

THE BAD

MURDER THE DISTURBED: Genetic Disturbed (Small Wonder).
XS ENERGY: Use You (Dead Good).
SECOND LAYER: Fresh As Property (Torch RI).
THE MARTYRS: Pig Pen Victim (What?).
ACCELERATORS: It's Cool To Rock (Wide Open). Three records from the same conversation, and a couple of American preparations; a collection of riffs. West coast groups The Martyrs and The Accelerators have dutifully discovered standard punk tricks almost everyone else has tired of. Newcastle's Murder Genetic Disturbed; Surrey's Second Layer and Lincoln's XS Energy are not noticeably more fulfilling, each an unsurprising featureless new wave exertion. So the conversation gets a little mundane now and then.

HEAVEN

WINGS: Old Siam, Sir (MPL).
ART GARFUNKEL: Since I Don't Have You (CBS).
PETER FRAMPTON: I Can't Stand It No More (A&M).
MANFRED MANN EARTH BAND: Don't Kill It Carol (Bronze).
NEIL DIAMOND: The American Popular Song (CBS).
THE BEACH BOYS: Lady Lynda (Caribou). Back to reality. Don't knock the rock. Six immaculate records, at least four of which will place the top 30 with its omnipresent sobering sense of the appalling. Next to Pink Military, Alternomen Unlimited, Echo And The Bunnymen, X S

Energy, The Neat, it hits hard just how much all this is a totally different and irrelevant world yet somehow very much part of our world. The new elderly MOR music clings gracefully to its youth.

The thought that the bright Smirks could share the charts with Wings' rosy Rod Stewart impression or the Earthband's toy symphony or Neil Diamond's crumbling epic fills me with cold fear for some reason. Art Garfunkel and Peter Frampton sound less relevant to our world than Maggie and Giscard, on Garfunkel's 'Since I Don't Have You' I hear nothing but squeaky perfection, on Frampton's 'I Can't Stand It No More' I hear nothing but the sound of sand dribbling through chubby fingers. The Beach Boys novelty number 'Lady Lynda' is probably the saddest of them all.

None of these singles have picture covers. None of these singles have any soul.

HELL

DUFFO: Tower Of Madness (Beggan Banquet).
MONTE CAZZAZA: To Mom On Mothers Day (Industrial). Here comes Duffo again, oops, there he goes. The Rolf Harris of the '80s.

Cazzaza is a reclusive Oakland artist whose performances have 'violated' the sensibilities of indignant art critics — he's been described as a 'brilliant monster', 'art gangster', and a 'real sick guy'. He has been discovered and exploited by my friend Genesis P. Orridge, he of Throbbing Gristle. This is the first on TV to record on Industrial Records, and it seems Cazzaza has signed a lifetime deal. It also seems that through a series of intentions Cazzaza has yet to hear the record he's made: his ears were blocked while he recorded it. I ripped up the small poster that comes with the single, a clumsily contrived photograph of a cute looking Cazzaza clenching his bleeding heart that he's just torn out of his chest to give to his mom, stuffed the little bits into my ear and then played the single. I couldn't hear a thing. It's awful. My advice to you is to ignore the creep. I'll see you around.

ROCKERS TIME

YOUR REGGAE ROUND UP

WHEN they wheeled the drum synthesizer into Studio One, I reckon Coxsone Dodd must have been rubbing his hands with glee. 'Whoopee! Another electronic gadget I can abuse... let me at it!' So he pulled out a handful of old rhythms and set about them with a sly hint of syndrums. Subtlety hasn't always been Dodd's byword at the mixing board, and after twenty years in the business, some of his mixes still come out a bit confused and muddy, to say the least; so with everyone else bungling in syndrums where they're least wanted, you might have expected the worst from Brentford Road.

Fortunately, his first records featuring this novelty toy are carefully made; the best is Ernest Ranglin's 'Surfing' (Studio One), a classy guitar instrumental with shades of Wes Montgomery and Kenny Burrell, and an eerie wailing to provide extra atmosphere. Ranglin is JA's best guitarist, and probably found simple stuff like this a bit dull (it was recorded about eight years ago), but it sounds good to me, even with the added drums. Ah well, I always was a bit of a simpleton.

Also on Studio One, check Ernest Wilson's 'Why Oh Why?' and Basil Daley's 'Hold Me Baby', both vocal records with drum synthesizer intruding only slightly: they're not classics by any means, so don't expect too much; they're merely enjoyable.

Ken Boothe has one of the meanest voices in reggae, full of anguish and vengeance, and when he bites into a good song he always comes up

snarling, as on 'You're No Good' (Attack, 12"), not the Betty Everett song, but a similarly bitter complaint about his girl's wicked wicked ways: 'You're no good for what you have done to me, and I hope your whippets die' he says, and there's no doubt that he means it. A clavinet provides a tuneful hook, and the drumming will force your feet into action; another record that won't change the course of reggae history, but I could listen to it till the cows come home. I'm not sure what to do after that.

Also on Attack 12", Michael Rose steps forward with 'Born Free', his best since 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?'. Here the swishing cymbals sound old-fashioned but appropriate, while Michael reflects on man's fundamentally captive condition: 'As I sit beneath the weeping willow tree, penetrating the vibes of this concrete, as I wipe the tears from my eyes, I realize that I and I should be free'—at least, I think that's what he says, but I'm not sure about 'the vibes of this concrete' lark; what do you make of it?

Sugar Minott is still trying to prove that quantity can equal quality, and most of the time I'm prepared to believe him; no-one else is turning out so much music, mostly good stuff too. 'Bright And Beautiful' (Vet At The Controls) is as bad as it sounds, so I'll stick with 'Hard Time Pressure' (Sufferers Heights, 12"), the best of his recent work. The lyric's a bit weak but Sugar's voice is improving all the time, and he's getting plenty of practice

as a producer too. His toasting protege Captain Sinbad trundles in with a typical flourish, clearing his throat as if he was Franklin Engelmann coming Down Your Way, and then revealing 'On my way to

Westmoreland, me sight a madman.' Meanwhile Ranking Barnabas has mixed a good dub for the other side. Minott is a sincere and diligent youth who deserves his present success; trouble

is, if he carries on at the rate he's going, I'll have to build an extension onto my record collection.

'Ballistic Dreadlocks' by Wayne Wade, Yabby You and Clint Eastwood (Vivian

Easy skanking: NICK KIMBERLEY

Jackson, 12") is a typical Yabby You warning against 'commercial dreadlocks, a business dreadlocks man', whose sins include waking up in the morning, 'and all he does is swear all day', while if you pass him on the streets and try to say hello, 'he screws a face on you'—not very sociable in other words. It's a great record (well, quite good, anyway), perfectly put together by young Yabby: first-rate horn section, chanting chorus, passionate vocals, etc., and even Clint Eastwood's toasting is presentable—what more do you want?

Good though it is, it's well overshadowed by 'The Way It Is' by Ricky Storms, now known to be f King (Top Ranking); this is the original version of the title song on King's recent album, and easily the better of the two cuts; it's a mournful record, with another wailing choir not quite getting in the way. The lyric is serious sufferers' stuff, and believe it or not manages to avoid all mention of Jah, Babylon and Ethiopia: ten out of ten, King. Apparently Coxsone (the English one) has been playing this out on his sound for years, although nobody's been able to find copies to cope with the demand; this re-issue solves the problem: With a good, if not exceptional, Augustus Pablo melodic version on the other side, the record is an essential item: it's symptomatic of the state of reggae that the only tune reviewed here which you can say that about is five or six years old, but I won't dwell on that.



PHOTO: KATE SIMON

ROCKERS TIME HALL OF FAME: TRINITY

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The Odd Combo

WHAT TIME is it? It feels like five in the morning but it must be a lot later. Ugh, Jesus, I must be inside my own mouth with the way I feel, and it's wall to wall carpeting in there I can tell you.

And that sun is particularly evil. Water, I've got to have a drop of water. Bleech — it tastes like silky sterilised milk and has stirred up that lurking film of stale lager at the back of my gums.

This headache woke me up and right now I'd sign anything so long as I could drift back to sleep. 'Sno good, I better get up 'fore I throw up. I wonder what time it is?

Lying on my back I breathe in real slow and out very fast, my eyes open just enough to see the end of my nose and ration the light. A dozy yawn pops the little muscles behind my ears and they crack like boots in iced snow. From my knees to the upper chest my innards feel full of warm goop, a sickly ocean of flat alcohol that is lapping in bigger and bigger waves at the base of my throat.

But I flatly refuse to go through the big spit ceremony. The exertion would cause a blackout — I know it. Leaning over on one tired elbow I chance a glance at the usual wreckage of my bedroom floor.

Knackers. I must've knocked the cup of water over when I attempted to put it down without visually co-ordinating the operation. It's seeping on to the dust cover of The Jacksons' 'Shake Your Body' 45, but right now I couldn't give a toss. Know what I mean?

Laboriously shifting my stare a couple of feet, I spot the governor of my ailment, the Typhoid Mary of the stop-out set, gloating at my inevitable ruin. It's a can of Red Stripe lager and next to it is a half pint dimple mug with an inch of headless stagnant beer floating disarmed and dead in its bottom. Slowly my top lip curls and my teeth clasp. Rolling over, flat out again, I expel a tremendous sigh.

"Aaaaccccorgghhhhh no,
no, no"

So what conclusions had I arrived at that had made me dislike Public Image? Well, on the strength of their debut LP I had them down as the premier example of 'the King's new clothes' in action. A drab, overblown, directionless slice of liberty-taking made possible by one band member's reputation.

I wriggled at the theories and respect afforded that album. 'Turning rock'n'roll inside out' was a common claim on its behalf — while I would lash out on behalf of square one commonsense, lumping it along

with Siouxsie and The Banshees and all the rest of the growing trend(y) babble for 'new music'.

It galled me to watch people vote for them and scramble for their product / gigs all before they'd proved anything — a moronic 'name' acceptance that I thought punk and The Sex Pistols had quashed once and for all.

Plus, all this talk about them being difficult, moody and reclusive gave me the roaring hump and I certainly wouldn't stoke some artists' indulgent egos by interpreting all that as charisma. Sod 'em, let 'em get on with their little games.

So, plomp, I get tossed the silence breaker. Public Image will speak to the *NME*, I hear floating round the office. And sure enough, Virgin Records ring confirmation of this just one hour to spare at the end of the preceding working day to the interview. They rationalise the shakey co-ordination with:

"We'd have given you more notice

but you know what they're like."

Fabulous! Can't wait! Armed with hints like 'heavy guys' and 'watch out for Jah Wobble he's a psycho who carried an axe about.' I begin winding myself up to a ruction. Rotten? Just a burned out superstar. Wobble? The pubs are full of tooled-up geezers. Why, I could write this thing before we meet! I'll give 'em 'product of your society'. I'll give 'em LP. The way I was geared it seemed the rest of the globe thought 'grudge' was just something you park your car in.

LEMÉE AATTEMMMIS

I REMEMBER being in Hurreh's club in New York. Some band had just left the stage after telling us how up the chute the rest of the galaxy was, and from the selection of music the DJ played I figured his IQ would make a pit pony seem like president of the Brains Trust.

Then, as one po-faced strain faded, a devastating thump thump of bass and drums lifted the air to undeniably danceable heights.

Like most of the evening's fuel, this thump was British and something told me that this fearsome stamp was part of my collection back home.

But what was it? Under the white lights I pulled one of my colleagues to the rim of the floor. Faking as though disgusted with myself for not immediately recognising this gem, I bade him refresh my memory. "It's 'Public Image', he bellowed to be heard, "it's 'Aniëlise' from the album. Remember? You sold it ages ago..." Flashing a pathetic pithy "Did I? look, I felt too guilty to continue this twist. Lord, but it sounded great, wild and proud. Too bad I didn't like them.

BANG ON time the ~~cloud~~ drew up outside Virgin HQ in Portobello Road, West London. I knew they wouldn't be there yet — what with their public image and all. Inside, one of the press people strode over.

"Hi. If you just hold on we'll get it together. They're all here somewhere in the building."

I set up the cassette and prepared the preliminaries. A couple of seconds later in strolled Keith Levine and new drummer Richard Dudanski, followed by the chap — who for argument's sake — we'll just call John.

"You're not like I expected," he offered in that flat patter, and then having checked my what I like to think of as dapper togs—"Huh. I see they've kitted you out for the occasion." Perhaps he expected a white suit and red shirt with Bee Gee badges.

Anyway, setting down a bulging carrier bag of cans of lager, John wearily plonks himself behind a deck. Wobble. Fleern, is on his way. Also present is Genette, who along with the mysterious Dave, comprise the P/L outfit. Despite all, this boy looks at Johnny and respects him a lot.

But now to business.
It seems you've been mysteriously
quiet, what's been doing?

Kaith: "Well, we've been living at the studio, really."

John: "Just because we're not full of publicity don't mean we're not alive."

Keith: "We're doing the second



Pix by Pennie



KL: "Hang on, I've got to have a can of beer too."



JR (in duff stage Irish accent): "Oi t'ink I've got a crate in me pocket."

album and things. Hopefully it can be out around the end of July and the single will be at the end of June. If we had our way we would put out lots of singles."

But it's your contract, right?
Keith: "Mainly."
Were you disappointed at the reaction to the LP?
John: "Not really. It takes time and people are stupid."

What do you mean, people are stupid?
John: "I mean journalists are stupid."

Here we go. We're both starting to fall like character. The fur rises on the back of my neck and we lock. Is that what all journalists are? John: "I think they're creepy, spineless parasites."

What're you talking about?
John: "Name me one that's got integrity."
(Calmly) I have.
John: "Well, show me your work and I'll tell you."

Yeah, but I don't need you to. John: "So prove me wrong."
Surprisingly, the awful sterile plastic tension that being thrown into a room to talk to strangers obviously produces, is lessened by this early clash. The old bastard is just putting out feelers and he knows it. He's best at handling a feedback of hatred, probably enjoys it, and is renowned for winding up walkys.

You don't often do this kind of thing — with Virgin as middle man — so how come you're all in line today?

John: "When they said it was you we thought, 'Here comes a slapping', and that's why we did it."
Keith: "We don't deal with Virgin unless we have to. They contact us and we say yes or no. Not many bands have much of a say in it. It's all arranged by managers or producers and they jump to it... makes me ill."

John: "You're speeding."
He's wrong, I always talk like me jaw's on a fanbelt.

Have you any respect for, excuse me, Joe Public?

John: (now loosening a little)
"Total respect for Joe..."
Keith: "Joe Public, yeah. Groups, no. I hate people who like to think they're not Joe Public, think they're someone special. It's like he said when he was in the Pistols. The worst people are star trippers, and we meet them all the time! Well, we're certainly not elite or any of that bollocks."

Do you go out much?
(General grimeing).
To gigs and that I mean.
John: "What for? Why?"

Keith: "People seem to have more money than sense at the moment."
John: "I've said it before, I'll say it again. Rock'n'roll is stone dead. It's had it. How much more 12 bar dun-dun-der-dun can you jumble up? But it won't change until a few more people stop patronising it."

Are there any rock bands you like?
John: (pauses) "Nope."
Well do you just reckon rock is dead, or all popular music?

John: "Oh no, only rock. I still love reggae and I like quite a lot of disco. I mean you can DANCE to those right? That's the most essential thing about us — you can dance to us."

I saw you at the ZigZag do the other night watching Doll By Doll smash up that guitar.

John: "Weren't they dreadful? That's what I mean. I was there to see The Psychedelic Furs, who didn't show up."

Keith: "You couldn't smash one of my guitars up. They're solid metal. Mainly for smashing up bouncers at the Rainbow. You should underline that — I HATE BOUNCERS! And I hate being led to my seat by a torch, real police state stuff, know what I mean?"

John: (Indignant) "Here, how come when we played the Rainbow nobody mentions that we take out all the seats?"

Keith: "Someone like Jimmy Pursey could get great use out of that. I hate Jimmy Pursey. You can underline that a million times."

John: "I certainly don't have to perform at being working class. There's so much made of it — as if the more dumb you are the more glorious you become. That's why Pursey is so well liked — because he plays his role for everyone. It's so easy to manipulate, it fits into a nice little clichéd bracket — no threat. It's once you break that apart you become a worry to them."

Aren't you a symbol of the working class, John?

John: "What? I Symbol of the working... huh. Sex Symbol (laughs)."

I WAS ABOUT here that the day began. On my tape we all began to rabbit about trivia. I realised that it wasn't Pil that I'd disliked but the awful pseudotypes who had

championed them. A brand of characters the group had long been wary of. I was asked what I thought of the album and I told them I didn't like it.

John: "Well, that's all you need. That's all you need say."

I ask again how they'd reacted to its feedback. And this time:

John: "There can be no argument as to what it's about: because every track is so very obvious. That was the big criticism of Religion — that it was so obvious. Well, I'm ever so sorry but I've always been totally obvious and you'll have to excuse me for not being an intellectual I'm afraid. Being obvious is a thing everyone wants to avoid like the plague, it seems. Look at someone like Bob Dylan. I can't be any other way and never could be. It was always other people who mistook it for a sign of intellect. Ha-Ha!"

But what's all this reputation for being overly moody?

John: "Oh that's true. But a lot of the time it's just wanting privacy. Privacy is essential, and if that causes me to look like an uptight then, yeah, I'm an uptight. I mean, when I go boozing in a pub, like everyone else, I want to do it happily and not be pestered. I hate signing autographs — that's embarrassing. Then there's the physical pestering, which ain't that pleasant."

Keith: "Which is why we're all trained in Kung Fu."

Y'what?

Keith: "Yeah, it's standard in this band. Y'have to be."

John: "Like me in the last lot (Pistols), all that sort of political manipulation. Well, no more. From now on if I get hurt it's because of a situation I've created and not some pseudo asshole sitting in an office somewhere."

Do you get on with each other?

John: "You should've been there last night (laughter)! In that way we're just as fucked up as everyone else. In all ways we're just as fucked up as anyone else. We have bad fights that maybe shouldn't go on, but do. You've not met Dave. He's a most unpleasant chap."

How do you handle the record company?

John: "Well obviously you need them to get the stuff released and, OK, so the bigger the company the bigger the problems, but also the wider the outlet. That's only sensible. Wide distribution of your product."

Does that sound cold? Does it sound unforgivable from your favourite action man. Listen John Lydon has been there. He knows what it's worth to mouth your favourite rebel slogans. He knows that if you want someone to play pretend at ripping up the nation there are a hundred piss-pot outfits only too willing to let you hear what you wanna hear while keeping both eyes on the company reaction.

Lenny Bruce once did a bit about a police commissioner who publicly reprimanded his force for brutality — and once the cameras had gone told them: "Listen you guys, I'm sorry I got a bit shitty with ya there but you understand it keeps everybody happy. I'll say a whole lot of things but you know it's bullshit and I know it's bullshit, so as long as you keep kickin' them in the ass and doin' what you're paid for we're all happy. OK?"

That's how rock rebellion will wind up. John Lydon went through his rebel phase under the microscope and in double-quick time. He's made his mistakes and had his laughs and this time he knows the score even if we don't recognise the character. That's what irks most of his critics — they can't identify.

Back at Virgin Records, half past five had rolled around — so had Wobble — and we crossed to the pub.

I CAN'T hear anything, it must still be early. A mammoth effort and I'm sitting up. God, is anyone dead in this wreck? No wonder I found a welcome in Johnny Rotten's eyes. There was a sty in one of them, too. I pull the topsheet around my shoulders, and

in one swift movement both feet are on the floor — straight in the wet. Up. Head still weighty and wavy I cakewalk over the assault course of record sleeves, beer cans, shoes and junk.

Focusing on nothing and chattering like a channel swimmer though it's not cold — I make my way down the hall and push open the living room door.

The leaden stale perfume of cigars, beer and sleep is into my nostrils like drowning in sand. On the floor a contoured blanket gives way to a sprouting of black / brown hair at the very top. On the settee a similar sheet covers all but a pair of crossed feet. Nothing stirs. It's a quarter to twelve!

Here, I remember one of the neighbours knocking at one time last night...

IN THE PUB — the bolts having just been slid off — we are four. John Lydon, who has changed little since his last *NME* feature, drummer Richard with his suit, pound-note voice and crap that'd cause havoc in a bowling alley, and the famed man of fireman habits, Wobble.

Keith Levine is of slight build, a bit like Billy Casper in *Kes*, but Wobble is more demanding. His threatening East End patter is the spearpoint to a forceful, though amiable, onslaught. Not a big bloke, but you wouldn't take liberties. He is the most open member, a pox on the fright mongers.

On the second round, another leg of the interview begins.

John: "I want people to understand that we're a band, right, and the enigma of my past keeps creeping in all the time and it's hard for them to have to keep accepting that. (Adopts Alan Whicker voice) How does it feel to be Rotten? Y'know?"

But inevitably. How did you react when Sid Vicious died?

John: "I was fucking annoyed. I'd seen the way his old dear and Malcolm had carved him up, or, that whole scene whereby they got him out of prison to record a few tracks. He had no fucking hope."

"Now I was willing to get a lawyer and go over to New York and sort out his problem but Sid's old dear wouldn't talk to me cos Malcolm told her not to, and it went on like that."

"Now I've known Sid's old dear as long as I've known Sid, but when she come over here — y'know for those benefits? — I wasn't even asked. I didn't even know she was in the country."

"It wasn't a shock when he was killed, and I know who I blame though I'm not gonna be so stupid as to say it. But it was pretty obvious he was given a hot shot. Is that what they call it when they lace it up with everything from arsenic to boot polish? He was a fool. Fell for it."

How does it feel to walk past shops and see the Sid The Hero industry?

John: "Honestly, I know damn well he'd feel as sick as I feel about it. That... bullshit. Look, you have to look at the public who buy all that junk, that crap. There's your animals, your jungle. They say blame the makers but they created the buying market, they must create a demand for it all."

It must get right up your back when you see that as far as the umpteen per cent of the population is concerned, you are still the figurehead of the 'Sid Is Dead' T-Shirt brigade.

John: "Right, even though Malcolm's doing his best to stop that I proved to be an embarrassment to Malcolm cos I stopped his, er, commercial gambings. That's why I had to go. That's why I had to be replaced. What's the feeling between you now?"

■ Continues over page

Danny Baker goes on the PiS with PiL

The Ogdens Combo

■ From previous page

John: "Between Malcolm and me? Let's just say that if Malcolm breathes it's too much for me to stomach. Let's just say that."

Does it all interfere with the band now?

John: "Well, it is boring, it is the past. You don't have to relive your school days every day, do you? And to me now it's just redundant shite. I don't need it."

Do you feel any affection for those days?

John: "I feel very proud of myself for having escaped. And I feel very sorry for Paul and Steve who still haven't got two 'pence worth of sense to knock between the two of them. The only other thing is that I hate having all my old quotes held against me and it turns out that most of 'em were someone else's anyway. All the better ones get attributed to someone else. That band's only future was its demise — now there's a quote! If I'd got my way all that 'it's gotta be rock man' attitude would've gone and it would've been more like this band."

Have you sorted out your drumming things now?

Richard: "Keith just rang me up and said, 'y'know... Anyway on the first meeting with them I had my drum kit nicked from out the car.'"

John: "He was just desperately short of money to buy a wig or something."

Richard: "Before that I was in a band called Bank Of Dresden and before that I was in The 101's."

How have you adjusted to stardom, Wobble?

Wobble: "Whatcha talkin' about. I've always been a star! Always. They've always torn my clothes off in the street. No, I can't stand it, tell the truth. I tell ya, all that punk achieved was a load a crap. I still get people come up to me and ask if I'm really Jah Wobble! They must've missed the whole point really. Especially since a lot of the time they only do it to get near John, y'know?"

Have you always played bass?

Wobble: "I'm just a natural musician, really. I just have to pick something up and I can play it. Honestly."

John: "I think I'm gonna be sick." Wobble: "Leave it out, John, I can play loads o' stuff, you know that."

Wobble turns out to be a diamond. He's quick, self-deflating and honest. I ask John what he finds to write about now. He answers in an L.A. whine.

John: "Well, man, y'know houses in the country, my E-Type Jag, stuff like that."

THE NEW Public Image single will be "Death Disco" and not, as somewhat hopefully reported in another paper, "Death To Disco". In fact Wobble believes disco music to be the closest sound to what PIL are doing. Certainly, and believe me I'd have no bones about stating otherwise were it the case, "Death Disco" has one of the most powerful backlines to be heard this side of Chic. It fair knives along, with John howling "See it Through My Eyes/yeeessss" over the whole ferocious affair.

The reverse features the following lyric:

This could be heaven / The shallow spread of ordered laws / I like the illusion of privacy / The careful lines blending so perfectly / Blind and preplanned idyllic luxury / A caviar of silent dignity.

So distorted and bam do those words become that I got lost a dozen

times trying to follow it all.

Wobble: "See, the way we work is all done on the spot. It takes time but sooner or later we'll all agree on some bass line or other and just work over and around it. I love that bass sound you get when it just becomes too much to hear and can actually be felt in your bones. I love mixing stuff around. I must have about 50 different mixes of 'Fodderstomp' at home."

Wobble, 20, still lives with his parents in Whitechapel, East London, until somewhere as good can be sorted out.

John: "If we get what sounds like the right pattern we won't stop and jot it down or discuss it or write poetry around it, we'll just get on and keep working it out till we know it's the one."



cut-out in the corner."

But you've done *Top Of The Pops*. Isn't that a bit of a cut-out in the corner?

John: "Well, originally I had these ever so grand ideas about 'oh we won't go on there, let's do our own video, ha, ha, ha, real smartarse. But when you get the bill for doing that, that's when you discover that the show ain't so bad at all. Those kids who watch it, I mean, they couldn't care less if you're on video or in the studio so there's no point in getting all smart."

You had an incident when you pulled out of Mickey Most's *Revolver* show, right?

John: "We just decided we were being set up. So we set ourselves up a little holiday on the day of recording, that's all."

Isn't there anyone who screams at you down the phone?

John: "We just don't answer our phone! I remember Most said that we were finished as far as TV was concerned but we were on *Top Of The Pops* the next week. And then on *Saturday Night People* the following week."

Do you still watch as much television as is rumoured?

John: "Oh, I love it. I'm absolutely addicted to it. Everything. If we ever go like to America, with it 24 hours a day, that'll be me finished. Just senility."

Wobble: "The best programme has gotta be *The Cedar Tree*. The war'll start in that show one day: it's been rumoured for years!"

John: "Yeah, 'tis good. Here, did you see that programme about soccer hooliganism? What a fucking shock that was. You had Alan Hardaker, the president of the FA or whatever he is, and he's on there saying how pleased he is that the violence is on the terraces because

we knew anyway —"

John and Wobble: "So we told 'em NOT" (Hard laughter).

Wobble: "They just thrill some lonely kid in the suburbs — social workers' band."

John: "All those 'troops out' type sweeping statements are just drivel. There's enough trouble in this shitty town without those clowns trying for publicity out of their depth. And look at Jimmy Pursey joining up with Steve and Paul. That's so desperate. Just like the *Speakeasy* jamming era. I mean, criticise me for what you want, but I'll deliver the goods — rightly or wrongly by you. I'll never cling on to, oh let's link arms for the old days."

C'mon! It's your fault. You started it!

John: "Don't you think I have sleepless nights over it? No, I opened the gate but I refuse to stand trial for the deluge that followed. I said it was there for anyone to grab and use, not, y'know go out and record tenth rate versions of our records. But what do you do about it, I've always thought that the kids up in Scotland had a bit more suss though — I don't mean groups like The Skids — I mean your fans. In Scotland they judge you fairly on the night and fuck your reputation. They know it's garbage and they use it right. All that publicity that gets so easily smeared around in London like a load of smegms, they won't wanna know it."

Who do you think PIL's audience is?

Wobble: "I'll tell ya, and I'm not being cute or nothing, but I've got a lot of time for the Stan and Hilda Ogdens of this world, me included. They're good people who won't be beaten, really survivors."

John: "Yeah, I can identify with the Ogdens. They're great."



"I've got a lot of time for the Stan and Hilda Ogdens of this world. Me included."

Wobble: "Something like 'Fodderstomp', well, you can hear the words are just on the spot — all that about going for a cigarette and that. The main bit about 'We Only Wanted To Be Loved' was... well we sort of guessed the reaction to the LP and thought that statement would be a liberty, f'spose. Alright, so you can say it's indulgent and all that but you can dance to it and realise how funny that song is. Because it is funny and not heavy like people said. It don't have to be so straight faced, does it?"

John: "We did stress that the LP would be a little different (laughs). Even though a load of the people that bought it did so because of the uh, Seks Pinolz. Well so they won't check us again because it wasn't because of our publicity that they may have been hoodwinked. We don't do that. There again if anyone thinks the second album will be 'album one, part two' well they're mugs again. We don't do that either."

"We could sell millions I'm sure, if we packaged ourselves right. We'd be rolling in it. I'll tell you something. On that first single it was promoted with 2,000 of our money and four of Virgin's. Yet look at the good old Ronald Biggs fiasco. There was 25 grand to blow on that. That's how it operates, how anything operates. It will do so long as people buy records because of a cardboard

he'd rather it there than outside Buckingham Palace. He actually said he was glad to let it go on there! I tell ya, it don't matter what colour you dye your hair and how good your leather jacket, nothing terrorises this country like football fans. That's your anarchy. Was you around when those Scots fans were down here? They were given the city, old bill stood aside. Jesus."

Let it now be noted that John The Filth and The Fury Rotten is a fanatic for, bejazz, The Arsenal. Wobble: "Talkin about that football programme, we was on it. Just briefly they had a shot of the crowd comin' out of a Chelsea-Arsenal match and we was in it, straight up."

There then followed a lengthy gabgab on our national pastime until, touching on U.S. football, I wondered whether Public Image ever craved Stateside success.

John: "We're not The Clash. We're not desperate! Actually thereby hangs a tale which I shall tell you. No, you tell 'im, Wob."

Wobble: (In heavy business US tones) "Well like, man, The Clash wanted us to support them, man, on a string of US dates, y'know, because they told us the States was where it's at, man. Y'know, help us, man. But we found out that the guy who arranged the tour didn't want to know unless the deal included us, and they didn't tell us that though

Are you in rock music?

John: "No, no. I got into rock music cos I thought HAMA what a great laugh, but then it stopped being that and I walked out on it."

Can you treat this as a hobby?

Wobble: "Definitely not. This is a job to me. This is work."

John: "We care very much what we do. We're all very serious people in this, but of course we wouldn't be doing this unless there was fun involved. You can't. But let me say again, PIL is a four piece band of which I am part. It's gonna take time. The Pistols were a wanky bunch of turds who took the piss out of rock music, gloriously. Now it's finished, or should be. I think disco is the closest to what I'm into at the moment and, when you listen to it, you can break both reggae, the rockers, down to boom boom boom which is what disco is."

Here Wobble, do you just not shave or are you growing a beard?

Wobble: "Well, it's something I don't like to talk about. I'm entitled to some privacy, I feel. But while we're talking about it my new single is called 'Dan MacArthur'. I played everything on it, produced it, organised the cover and promotion myself and it's the best dance record in ages."

IT WAS decided that a night down to the Albany in Deptford to catch The Raincoats would be perfectly

in order. So we piled into Wobble's car and in a cloud of burning fuel we were away. Now to say Wobble drives a little recklessly is to be polite. By the time we got to John's home the car's tyres were so shredded that, had we knocked someone over, they would have received 20 lashes before hitting the tarmac.

The legendary Lydon home is grand enough outside though inside it becomes functional, sparse and a tad dingy. John cranks Linval Thompson into louder than life and dances in the half light. All that preconceived poppycock I had loaded myself with causes a wash of embarrassment over me, and I remember Chris Salewicz's time about John being just a bloke, just a bloke. You can trust this group, even rely on them, but don't ask them to play your requests. That's what they ask of you.

UNDER HIS blanket Wobble stirs. Through eyes trying to adjust to daylight he squints and makes his bearings. "Alright? Wassa time? Owh fuck..."

Unable to make the decision to get fully waked John still pokes out like a pavement corpse. Hands rubbing the back of his neck, Wobble passes himself match fit again.

"Anyone fancy one over the road?" he offers.

There comes a stretched voice from the comotose kid.

"Wobble, after last night I would do..."

STOPPING BUT briefly for one in the Old Kent Road Lydon, Wobble and myself arrive at the Albany. John shows his trepidation about entering the packed house, I don't think all those gags about superstardom and clothes ripping seems all that funny as he enters the darkened stage area. Immediately a sea of swooning zipper trippers gush around, throwing arms round his shoulders, asking for him to sign shirts and running off to tell others. "Johnny Rotten's in the Club!"

One bork with a mouth like a clown's pocket shouts "Fuckin' Popster!" and stands looking as mean / nervous as possible. By now PIL's singer is looking shaken though he keeps a sickly smile all round and signs the various articles jammed about him.

Two blokes, well oiled, raise their cans of Heineken and terrace holler "Anarchy In The UK" as though he will at once make them a trio. Various shapes of punkette cruise him in a more dignified fashion, occasionally allowing. "Alright Johnny?" to fall from their shaggy lips, others making it clear that given the chance they'd show him more sex than a policeman's torch.

Soon the pandemonium gives way to a ataric calm and it was possible to observe The Raincoats.

The Raincoats are so b...right that everytime a waiter drops a tray we'd all get up and dance. As it happens the assembly love them and Wobble thinks they are 'alright'. I die so many times during their set that in India they think I'm the fourth prophet.

INEXPLICABLY, on coming out of the Albany we journeyed right across London to Kilburn on the promise of an all-night off licence. Then it was away back again to my flat where the lure of video had been too much for Lydon's square eyeballs to refuse.

It was now that his turnabout day became hazy. I recall stopping at a chip shop where John told the bloke behind the ramp that he only eats chips that will make him feel bloated, queasy and sick afterwards. That was their function.

I remember he and Wobble digging the Jacksons on tape and guffawing at Billy Idol doing "Volley Of The Dolls". I recollect Mick — one of my flatmates and Good Irish Lad — going through his collection of Irish LPs with Lydon and the pair chorusing to "The Wearing Of The Green" and "Let Mr Maguire Sit Down". The neighbours came up and my eyelids went down, the day and my most satisfying meeting with a pop group to date, over.

Then I was a carping, cynical disbeliever ready to make news with a showdown. Now I'm a fan, an unreserved supporter, and I hope they get a hit single. I don't know what else I can tell you apart from your're safe to put your faith in the PIL. But then again, I'm biased. They left about half past twelve.

Peter Tosh

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BOB DYLAN: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD

By Alan Rinzler
(Harmony Books)
Another Dylan book? Surely not! Zimtorres keep hitting the stands for the most obvious triad of linked reasons: people love writing 'em, other people love perusing 'em and people are in general pretty willing to publish 'em.

The magnetic appeal of this adenoideal American runt is such that otherwise sensible persons will purchase all sorts of dumb artefacts with nary the slightest hint of ill-grace simply to enjoy the pleasure of learning new facts about Bashful Bob, seeing unfamiliar pictures the wonderful one in his dazzling assortment of guises or even comparing their own absurd theories about him with the even more absurd theories of others (and I've got the groaning bookshelves at home to prove it).

Alan Rinzler has adopted the 'Illustrated Record' format pioneered by Carr Leisure Industries Inc (a division of Interlactic Commerce in association with Making The World Safe For Obsessive Archivists Ltd), but he is conspicuously lacking in Uncle Roy's laudable capacity for taking pains to research his subjects comprehensively and exhaustively.

Where previous examples of the breed have included Every Single Relevant Artefact (researching bootlegs, foreign editions, singles and every other piece of data) Rinzler limits himself to official album releases, which is well boring and criminally lazy. Half the trivia potential goes right out the window.

Rinzler's text fascinateeth not, unfortunately. He provides little original insight and recapitulates the insights of others with neither force nor flair. Lacking both dedicated original research and critical muscle, his copy is merely enthusiastic Dylanoid conjecture-driven.

Bob Dylan: The Illustrated Record's major calling card, then, is the excellent selection of Zimpics that designer Jon Goodchild has generously scattered throughout the book. Dylan is a fascinating animal and the massive stack of stills from his hitherto unshown edition of *The World About Us* dedicated to the creature provide hours of fun for all the family.

Apart from the pics, however, the book is a complete bust-out. I would recommend seeking out a foreign edition translated into some language with which the purchaser is not conversant in order to enjoy the visual content unhindered.

Charles Shaer Murray

THE DRAGONS OF EDEN

By Carl Sagan
(Coronet 95p)

Noted popular astronomer Carl Sagan, the force behind



... and making a splash. Both pix from 'Bob Dylan: The Illustrated Record' (Harmony Books).



DYLAN living for kicks...

Every Picture Tells More Than The Story

the Voyager planetary probes and a man intimately concerned with the nature and possibilities of alien life, deftly expands his area of concern in *The Dragons Of Eden* into the nature and evolution of human intelligence.

His accessible investigations outside his primary sphere of interest lead through genetics, the physical structure of the brain, the growth of intelligence, the emergence of man, primate communication, sleep and dreams, the sensory circuits, then on to speculate about new frontiers.

This important new synthesis draws together important insights from a wide range of disciplines, and Sagan's fresh enthusiastic approach brings new meaning to the term 'popular science'.

He points out that if the whole of time from the Big Bang to the present day was condensed into a single year, the dinosaurs would have emerged on Christmas Eve and men and women at 10.30 pm on New Year's Eve. All of recorded history occupies just the last ten seconds of December 31st; from the Middle Ages to the present is just one second. How about that for a new perspective?

Animal liberationists will be heartened by Sagan's attitudes. The excellent chapter on the various communication experiments with apes sees the author visiting a primate centre and commenting: 'I was powerfully reminded of those American motion pictures of

the 1930s and '40s, set in some vast and dehumanized state federal penitentiary... I think it is certainly worthwhile to raise the question: Why, exactly, all over the civilised world, in virtually every major city, are apes in prison?'

By forcibly emphasising how short the time is between our cave days and the present, by demolishing cherished notions about our 'separateness' as a species and, most of all, by not talking down to his readers, Sagan attacks our consciousness and demands a change of attitude. Readers will find themselves forced to respond.

Dick Tracy

STATUS QUO: THE AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY

By John Shearlaw
(Sidgwick and Jackson £8.99)

Status Quo are special. This book is not special. How could it be?

Status Quo are special because they have, accidentally, turned their triviality and limitations into a career that will last them as long as they want, which is one sort of ultimate rock'n'roll success. This book is not special because it slowly and drolly tells a story that is mildly amusing but not fascinating, because it refuses to get under the skin of the Quo men but instead strokes fondly, and because it's written with a looseness you don't really expect from a glossy book costing nine quid.

The research, though, is faultless. *Record Mirror* News Editor John Shearlaw has faithfully and with great detail if not liveliness built up the two-decade Quo story with the eager assistance of old friends, new friends, past members, present members, relatives and a couple of incongruous sports stars, James Hunt and Dave Watson. Fawning quotes from Watson and Hunt adorn the back cover: an unusually and subtly symbolic helping of courage and determination, perhaps.

The result is one dimensional but, as a fan biography, complete. To say that it's annoyingly superficial and sycophantic is probably not a criticism but a compliment. The message is that Quo are hard working, honest — and pretty dull. The

immense, almost invincible, rise a lot more vividly than the straining prose. It's a shame really that the pictures couldn't have been squashed into a floppy LP-sized book, simply explained with some tight history, and sold for a reasonable and reachable price. And if anyone's searching for an analysis of the Quo phenomenon, rather than an acceptance of it and a defensive pride, it's no use looking inside these pages. This is just a little way higher than a Tremlett job — which, again, may be a compliment.

Paul Morley

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

By Jack Finney
(Sphere 85p)

'The seed is planted... the terror grows'? Not in this breast.

If this former '50s classic (the film was a classic, anyway) is now, in its present incarnation, a 'super-shock movie', it must have undergone considerable transformation between page and screen. The present edition of the book is said to be 'revised and updated', but apart from the substitution of Carter for Eisenhower, and jogging and macramé for (presumably) jitterbugging and Italian crochet, it remains firmly in that genteel decade, in the mainstream genre of Neat Things From Outer Space That Come Here To Piss Us About and have to be shown that America Can Take It.

It's all stern moral stuff. I mean, if you or I found a carbon copy of ourselves growing quietly in the wardrobe, might we not hesitate for a few moments before choosing our course of action? Not so the inhabitants of Mill Valley, California. Instantly divining a threat to civilisation as they know it, they mutter a few maxims from World War II and get down to showing the aliens where they get off. Off the planet, that is. It's a desperate struggle, of course; but they win, of course.

You never really doubted that they would.

Kate Phillips



Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got style, great personality, animal magnetism, and bad breath.



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PETER TOSH flanked by Chao (left) and Robbie Shakespeare with Sly Dunbar on drums. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

PROMOTING JAH BY MONOCYCLE

ADRIAN THRILLS catches up with PETER TOSH — almost



FOR A MAN who vowed never to tour again when the original Wailers split five years ago, Peter Tosh seems to have grown relatively accustomed to the lifeblood-sucking rigours and rituals of life on the road.

He is now well into his second extensive European tour in six months — a seven-week affair taking in France, Germany, Britain, Scandinavia and Italy. Before that, he completed a sizeable US trip, his first visit to those shores since supporting The Rolling Stones on their coast-to-coast trek last year. And before that he was busy putting the finishing touches to his upcoming fourth solo album, 'Mystic Man,' at Dynamic Sound Studios in Jamaica.

A heavy workload willingly undertaken but not one that isn't without its moments of terminal tedium, the most pressing at the moment being soundchecks.

On my arrival, courtesy of EMI, at the first date of the French leg of the tour in the massive Pavillon de Paris, I discover the former-Wailer's novel manner of dealing with that one.

When he is not bellowing 'one-two one-two' or, with a little more conviction, 'JAH RASTAFARI!!!' into one of the mikes onstage, Tosh is whizzing around the arena on his chrome-plated monocycle, spiff in hand, looking more like an escapee from the adjacent big top. And not even a hint of a bicycle clip at the bottom of his immaculately-pressed denim flares.

A hard man to pin down at the best of times (catching a

monocyclist in a place the size of an aircraft hanger is No Fun), Tosh — after a hasty confab with his manager Herbie Miller — eventually agrees to an interview, although his demeanour during our ten minutes or so of talk is one of slightly stubborn disinterest.

This heavy touring lark seems tough enough to have quenched even Tosh's renowned flair for grandiloquent bravado.

TOSH QUIT the Wailers to pursue a solo career, along with Bunny Livingstone (aka Bunny Wailer), in the winter of 1974 after a particularly arduous and unsuccessful British tour. At the time they both pledged to undertake no further live work, but Tosh has since reversed his decision.

"After realising that reggae has so much potential and so much recognition to get I have to be here to represent the root of reggae music," he says rather pompously.

"Reggae did not get the recognition it deserved. I and I is the root of reggae. So, though you can recognise the branches and the trees, they would all die without the root. What the root says, the trunk and leaves cannot say."

Tosh puts the blame for the original Wailers' split firmly on the shoulders of their label, Island.

"When we first toured England it was just The Wailers, but the next time we toured it was Bob Marley and The Wailers. That was where the segregation began."

"But it was not me who created it. It was the company."

"Me and Bunny said that we

would not tour again because of the shitstern. You have to go through too much fuckery."

"When I left The Wailers I had been singing for 12 to 14 years. Now, if a man has been doing something for 12 years, he should be professional by this."

"Well, I wasn't getting the professional recognition that I demand. When the segregation came in and it was Bob Marley and The Wailers, I wanted my own recognition."

Just in case the contribution of Tosh to The Wailers should be underrated, it is worth remembering that it was he who gave such gems as 'Maggot', '400 Years', 'No Sympathy', 'Stop 'hat Train', 'Get Up Stand Up', and 'One Foundation' to their repertoire, in addition to his vocal and instrumental prowess.

And though I beg to differ, he vehemently refutes any suggestion that his music as it was then is in any way superior to the work he is producing now.

However, after his first solo set, 'Legalise It', had been well-received by the critics and his second effort, 'Equal Rights', lauded, his most recent offering, 'Bash Doctor', was greeted with an almost universal panning.

"But now the music is more perfect. It is more beautiful. It is more properly decorated than it was in those days," he argues.

"In those days there was no synthesiser and clavinet and them bloodclat t'ings! It takes more instruments to make the music more decorative."

But surely it is the soul — sorely

lacking in Tosh's current work — and not the ornate decoration that makes music great?

"To you and me it is the soul, but to the people, the commercially-minded people who listen to programmed music it is not. You can't tell them that about the soul."

"I know that not everyone thinks on that level. I know how to get across to the minds of people who love to be attracted to music. Once upon a time reggae music was behind the iron curtains but now it has been exposed."

But your music seems to have lost a lot of its toughness, a lot of its rough edges along the way.

"Reggae don't have no rough edges! What I'm trying to say to you, man, is that reggae music have to be music!"

"You see, I and I is the foundational creator of reggae music so no-one can tell the creator of the music how that music must be made because this is no invention or adoption of influence. This is an inborn concept of inspiration!"

"So I know what it takes to make the music more acceptable and I'm not talking about no rough edges because reggae has no rough edges."

"Once upon a time all the people out there used never to listen to reggae music. What makes you think they begin to listen? Because reggae is beginning to get more ingredients. It takes nice natural ingredients to make reggae acceptable to the ears of people."

"The best is yet to come. Reggae is for instruments of all descriptions. I want to play all sorts of instruments

— organ, synthesiser and clavinet."

Seen.

Trying to put even mild criticism to Peter Tosh is rather like talking to a brick wall while sucking a mouthful of gobstoppers. So, realising that I'm probing mostly a series of blind alleys, I change the subject to Tosh's frequent altercations with the JA authorities, the last of which, in September, resulted in his hospitalisation with head injuries and a broken hand.

His brushes with the law have ostensibly been on ganja raps. But Tosh himself sees them as something more sinister, as he starts to explain just as Herbie Miller pops his head around the dressing room door instructing us to wind up the interview.

"The injustices to me because I smoke herb are not because I smoke herb. They are because of my so-called political stand against imperialism, colonialism and fascism and all forms of ism that are here to discriminate and to kill and to gwan with all the evil forms of fuckery in the world."

"So every time I sing songs like 'Fight Against Apartheid' they don't like that because they are the supporters of apartheid."

"The police dem actually tell me that the reason I have so much trouble is because of my songs. Dem don't like the truth."

"And my job is to let the people know the truth. My job as a musician is to keep on keeping people in the light of reality."

At which he is back off on his monocycle to finish his soundcheck.



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FAR FROM
HOME

New Pix: GEORGE BODNAR

PETER GREEN

talks to **STEVE CLARKE**

interview. Flannery obviously won't go anywhere. His mental state is not such that he feels comfortable asking him difficult questions.

something', just to keep my hand in, you know."

■ *Continues over page*

From previous page

crazy. I've done that trip. It's interesting and... but no way."

You were talking about esteem earlier...? "When I first met Eric Clapton I thought he was something very special, and erhh... but anyway I'm into Arabian style stuff. So it's... There's a lot of... how do you say? A lot of something. A lot of wisdom to be expressed, you know, from my heritage and things like that. And this is what I'm trying to express. I'm going to try and follow the trail of the Arabian now. That sort of thing."

You're still into blues. "No. I'm trying to be out of it." You play blues on the record, though? "Yeah, there is one there just to fill the LP up." He laughs. "Just to fill up the LP. The whole thing. Every track is to fill up the LP, you know." More laughter.

The first thing Vernon Kall recorded (he produced the album) with Green was 'The Apostle', a big production number similar to 'Oh Well (Part 2)' with Green's acoustic picking well to the fore. The number would be perfect for use in a religious epic. Kall played the number to Mick Fleetwood in Los Angeles and he was so moved at hearing Peter play again that he wept.

Green was later taken over to LA by Kall. I ask Green if there was in truth that Fleetwood was going to produce him?

"Yeah," he says, sounding sharp for the first time during the interview. "There was truth in it, but I turned down a deal." There's anger in his voice now. "I had a big deal to do, one of those things where they were going to give me so many thousand dollars, so much this and that, and I just said, 'Oh, I don't fancy it.' I said, 'Screw it, I'm not all that interested.' This other guy started making a big fuss and later on... and he phoned my wife and tried to make a date with her or something, you know. I started to stick a knife in him and all that, you know."

This was in LA? "Yes, this was in Los Angeles," he says pronouncing it without the S. "I had a good time out there."

What in fact happened was that Green was offered a \$900,000 deal from Warners for four albums over four years, delivered when he chose. But Green is an anti-money now as he was ten years ago.

"He thinks nothing of giving £500 to a down-and-out and he sees in the street," reveals Kall. "Only yesterday we nearly had an accident in the car because Peter wanted to stop and give somebody some money."

And yet his anti-materialism doesn't stop him from enjoying the good things of life. When he first met Kall Green kept pestering him to let him have his E Type Jaguar until finally he gave in. After running the car into a bollard Green returned it to Kall.

"He likes to own things," says Kall.

RETURNING to his relationship with Fleetwood Mac, I ask Green if he's still friends with them, despite his turning down the Warner Brothers deal.

After a lengthy pause he says: "Oh yeah, 'course I'm friendly. I know 'em all. But they're so busy, you see. I can't get in there... I can't... They ain't got time for me, you know. So I don't see too much... I see 'em a couple of times. John McVie's married a Jewish girl. I met him once. He introduced me to his wife... She's a nice girl."

So Mick Fleetwood isn't going to produce you?

"He might do, but me and Peter's getting by all right. There was some talk about some other business. I don't know what we're going to do. Me and Peter don't hold each other down in any way — I hope. So far we haven't. But you know what usually happens. It's always," says Green smiling, while Kall chuckles, "the... This is what happens, Pete, you know full well."

"Look at the business Fleetwood Mac had. So it's a bit nerve-racking. And me and Peter are trying to keep it very cool and just do one record, then we'll think about doing another record."

You're not going to play live? "I can't see it. I can't see it. I don't think so." Why not? A lot of people would love to see you play live.

"Yeah, I guess in a way I would love to play live if I've got something really unique to offer. I was only... Before I was only doing playing B B King stuff. I was only imitating... Although, you see, to learn how to play as good as some of these Arabian guys play. They never make mistakes or anything."

But B B King himself said you were "the only guitarist that made him sweat".

"Oh, I did a bit more, I entertained... You pick up... As I say I've got to now follow my own course. I'm learning to do this and it takes a long time. So it might be four years before I do anything on stage."

Kall later tells me that despite his obsessive humility Green is under no illusions about his talent. "He firmly believes he's got a gift."

So does Kall think Green will tread the boards again?

"He says he won't but he said he wouldn't make an album again and he did."

In fact so accurate a guitarist is Green, Kall tells me, that when he double tracks he records exactly the same notes he played for the first take, no mean achievement. And apparently he has scant praise for nigh on all other rock guitarists.

"He only likes B B King, Albert King and Eric Clapton." (Green, of course, had the thankless task of replacing Clapton in John Mayall's Bluesbreakers when E C stepped out in 1966 and formed Cream).

Kall recalled how he played Green the Dire Straits album, thinking that he might be impressed by the axe antics of Mark Knopfler. He wasn't, and instead grinned at the bum notes.

As for his writing prowess, something which is beyond doubt with the likes of 'Man Of The World' and 'Green Manalishi' having spewed forth from the Green muse, Kall told me Green wrote these songs over an absurdly short time period.

"He goes in flashes... He wrote all those classic songs in 20 minutes. Twenty minutes to write an 'Oh Well'!"

So what of the years when he wasn't playing? I ask Green about all the stories in the press.

"I don't know what the press is about too much. I don't know how much a blues guitar player likes to... is always very conscious of the press because we fear that if we're over-exposed we'll lose something, yet again, you see a blues guitar player never realises that he's ever going to lose the blues. Now when I was in America, you know, I saw Lightnin' Hopkins. Some bluesmen don't want to lose the blues. That's all right. So I don't know, erhh, whether I should play happy music or... do what I want."

But he hasn't lost the blues.

"Well you lose the blues as you progress, I guess. Progress on to something more interesting."

Does he think that, say, Eric Clapton has lost the blues? "I think Eric Clapton is a very special person. I wish I could see him more often than not. I haven't seen him for a long time. We bump into each other occasionally. He's a lovely person. His new wife, you know. Beautiful girl."

But I read that you stayed with him recently.

"Did? Oh, I stayed with him for a few nights."

Did they play together?

"Yeah, we mucked about a bit. Nothing much. We both got down there. I played the bass. He played the guitar. Nothing much, just playing about, as I say. Trying to keep it on a happy level so we don't bring too much tragedy into the world. So much tragedy we can bring. Or we can do something nice."

I try a different tack. He must have money to stay in a place like the Montcalm?

"No, I haven't got any money. Peter's got all my money. I left some money in America. I try not to worry about it. I try not to be a rich person 'cause I don't want to be a rich person. I don't want to be poor, but I don't want to be rich."

Why not?

"Because there's a... I'm just fearful of being rich. I won't be able to communicate with the poor, the so-called poor, which is the everyday man. But when you are the everyday man you do realise that you are considered poor, you know, and that you can't afford a super car, you know. So it's a lot of fun to be driving about in a Rolls and that with Peter. I love a lot of fun. I wouldn't have a Rolls so far, but then again I always used to say I wouldn't have an E Type Jaguar but I saw Peter's and I asked him if I could have it and I fell in love with it."

Once again Green brings up how he's in to Arabian music right now, and unprompted begins to talk about his Jewishness:

"Sometimes it [his Jewishness] means a bloody hell of a lot and sometimes we wish we were French. Sometimes we wish we were something else, you know. I'm glad I'm Jewish. I feel it's like a nice medium between

the ordinations and whatever that might mean to everyone. I love being Jewish. I think it's a good obedience test, you know and [grinning] I fail diamally. And it's great for me to meet Jewish kids. Just be that."

"I was thinking of forming an all Jewish group and playing Jewish music. I might still do it, but right now we're just relaxing and laying back on the front porch and enjoying the fact that we don't have to work every day."

Is he going back to LA soon?

"No, I might not go at all."

He might stay over here?

"Yeah."

Where would he live over here?

"I don't know. I might stay in an hotel. Peter might get me a room or something. I might get a little house. I won't go back. I don't think so. It's a bit hard for me in the States. There's my wife particularly who wants to go over there, and my little girl. I might go, but I don't think so."

Vernon Kall agrees with Green that LA isn't good for him.

"I left him out there with Mick Fleetwood," he recalls, "and after three or four weeks it was all over. He can't control him. No-one else can control him. Everyone thinks I'm his manager, but I'm not. I'm a record producer not a baby sitter, but you can't leave a guy like that to his own devices."

"He has to be constantly fired. When he goes over there he's with the old lady and he gets bored. And he eats."

What about drugs?

"He smokes a bit, but that's all right. There's all that other stuff flying around there — coke, angel dust."

I ask Green if he recorded anything apart from the tracks that appear on the album.

"Have I done anything else, Peter?"

Kall mentions 'Beast Of Burden', but later tells me that another six songs were recorded which may be on the surface in the future.

How does Green regard the old Fleetwood Mac stuff?

"It's all interesting. A bit weak. It's whatever it is for the listener."

Does reissuing 'Albatross' bother him?

"What... a third time, wasn't it? I don't think they should release it so many times. If they release it, they release it. If it sells, it sells."

Returning to the subject of Fleetwood Mac, I ask if he regrets leaving the band?

"Yeah, I regret it a lot. You know, when I was over in the States I was thinking of going around and saying I'd rejoin, but how can I? There's no room for me. I can't play as regular as they can. I like to play more for fun. I'm not all that interested in the responsibility of having to play right. I just like playing and experimenting, you know, like Japanese. I don't want to have the responsibility of having to play the thing dead right."

Does he keep in touch with his former colleagues Spencer and Kirwan?

"I see 'em a couple of times, but none of them have got much time for me, and I guess if they'd have time for me I wouldn't have much time for them. They're just ordinary guys to me. I used to like Danny a lot. Jeremy's very self-sufficient. He's got his own family situation and... Jeremy ain't got much time for anybody. He's into Jesus and I'm into Jesus. Whatever it might mean to anybody."

What else has he been up to in the past seven years, the time since his last recording surfaced?

"Seven years? Nothing really. Nothing interesting, anyway. I think that when you're playing music you lose something. Within a social gathering I may be lacking something. On the other hand I wasn't... I was a musician so it's interesting to see if you can combine the two. But it seemed to be that I couldn't combine the two for some reason. I don't know what happened."

"You were under a lot of pressure," chips in Vernon Kall.

"Maybe, but I was just hanging around. It was, erhh, a chat with a guy that I had that made me start thinking very seriously whether I should give it up, and I did. This chap I met in New Orleans. I don't know... and he seemed to have a message to get across to me. He seemed to think I was forsaking friends. Something like that. And maybe he's right. So I stopped playing anyway, to pick up some pieces. And ever since that I've been struggling around."

Does he feel happier now that he's playing again? "Yeah, it's just something. I was into playing a lot but these things happen and you stop and think. Jewish boy mustn't wander too far from home and get too friendly with people 'cause it's dangerous. Anything can happen. Anything can happen."

Did he actually work as a grave-digger or venture into the hotel business?

"No, nothing to do with a hotel, unless you're talking about this place here. That's what I say, there's too many people talking about you, making fun of you. If you're in the limelight you're a target. Some guys can handle it. I can't handle it. I guess I'm just a very ordinary guy. I can't handle too much fame. Fame and glory, so I pulled out."

Kall tells me that Green worked as a gravedigger in Kingston hospital, and also had a job as a hospital orderly — not in Southend as reported, but in Slough.

I ask him what music he listens to?

"I like to go to restaurants and listen to Arabian stuff."

Does he like what Clapton does today?

"No, not really. I don't know too much about it really. He's doing similar... He's just laying back in there doing little bits and pieces."

What about Fleetwood Mac's current music?

"Some thing. Not bad. I can take it or leave it. Sometimes it's fair enough. I see them a couple of times when I was in the States. One time I had a great time. Went down this big hall and they were practicing and messing around. And I was having a good time. And it was a lot of fun. A lot of fun. That Stevie Nicks, she's a fabulous girl. Half of a rock 'n' roll."

Have you finished the new album?

"I'm not sure. I did go down the studio a few times but I was unable to get in, they were so busy, so I just drove off with this chick I was with and see what else I could get up to."

Did he play with John Mayall, another LA resident?

"I stayed at John Mayall's house a few nights and had a lot of fun with John in the swimming pool and that."

Did he ask you to play with him?

"No, I think I asked him if I could play with him, but he had other plans. It was interesting. Me and John always have a laugh."

"I'll tell you what I did see recently, Paul McCartney and Wings. I've never liked them much. Just one time they broke into that old Beatles feeling, you know. Phew. Unbelievable... just taking us back through all the so much nonsense and then hit you with that old feeling, that old hard-wired feeling." A lengthy pause. "And Jimi Hendrix too, Jimi Hendrix' film, *Rainbow Bridge*, very interesting. I didn't like Jimi Hendrix all that much. I liked him as a guy but his music didn't do too much for me. It's very interesting to look back and see."

With that the tape clicks to a halt. Vernon Kall has gone off to attend to a phone call. Green seems slightly dazed, lost in thought. Feeling awkward and thinking what a pathetic job this can sometimes be, I lamely ask Green what he thinks of London. A lousy question, I know. What seems like an eternity passes. Vernon Kall returns. Obviously Green doesn't think such a question is worth answering. But then he answers: "Big city, big people. But where else can I go? Wales? I can't take my degradation there. Why should I spoil their countryside?" I say nothing.

SMALL TALK continues. The subject of money raises its ugly head. Green says he gives all his money to friends. Vernon Kall smiles. Green waxes lyrical about his American lawyer's secretary. "She's just like a fish," he enthuses. "You know how perfect a fish is?"

Somehow the interview is wound up and Green seems friendlier than at any time during the conversation as he accompanies Vernon Kall to his Rolls Royce.

The following day Vernon Kall calls me up. "You know that thing Peter said about me having all his money, it's not strictly true. I haven't got any of his money."

A week later Green has checked out of the sumptuous comfort of The Montcalm and into an £8 a night hotel where he's under lock and key writing songs for his new album.

"His aura is incredibly intense," Vernon Kall says. "He drains people. I've seen him crack people up... the effect he has on people."

He relates the tale of how another interviewer fared with Green: "He didn't know what he was talking about. He asked if Peter was kicked out of Fleetwood Mac, so Peter told him he lived in France. Your interview was the best he's done so far."

It doesn't say a lot for the others, but then as Vernon Kall had told me earlier: "You've only got to listen to his playing, that's where it all goes. Why should he tell when he can play like that?"

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SILVER SCREEN



William Katt, Jan-Michael Vincent and Gary Busey in an ongoing Odorona situation.

Big Wednesday

Directed by John Milius
Starring Jan-Michael
Vincent, William Katt and
Gary Busey
(Warner Bros)

The story of three surfing buddies down California way, *Big Wednesday* attempts to put America's 'youth' years (1962-74) into some sort of perspective.

John Milius' perspective, to be precise. And writer-director Milius — best known, if at all, for *Dillinger*, *The Wind And*

The Lion and his involvement with *Dirty Harry*, *Taxi Driver* and *The Hardcore Life* — employs a horrible mishmash of styles in the process (including sub-*Graffiti/Animal House* gross-out comedy and pathetic *Wild Bunch* parody).

If the pompous, sombre music absurdly allied to the rituals of surfing doesn't immediately put you off, then the boorish behaviour of the three chums — an introspective, maudlin drunk (Vincent), a loud-mouthed yobbo (Busey) and the sensible one (Katt) — surely will. Crite food fights, silly

slang, party gatecrashers being beaten up, a hero whose idea of a good time is to instigate bar-room brawls and car pile-ups and then mope about it — it's all here.

"It's really different here," says the girl from Chicago, starry-eyed. "Back home being young was just something you do 'til you grow up — here it's everything!"

Only until Vietnam arrives, honey, which it will. But what the hell, let's go ride another wave.

Monty Smith

The Texas Triangle

Days Of Heaven

Directed by Terrence Malick
Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard and Linda Manz (CIC)

Terrence Malick is a master of dramatic claustrophobia. His first major film, *Badlands*, found Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek pitting their rough adolescent love affair against the perversities of a sprawling landscape which nurtured their passion, concealed their crimes and eventually betrayed their isolation.

In *Days Of Heaven*, a far more ambitious, epic encounter, Malick has developed another theme where young folks' moral uncertainty and financial dependence dictate their destinies.

Unlike *Badlands*, whose contemporary setting suggested an up-dating of *Rebel Without A Cause*, Malick's new film is a period piece based around the corn prairies of the Panhandle in 1915.

To extend the earlier comparison, Malick is here experimenting with the territory popularised by Elia Kazan in *East Of Eden* and any number of Tennessee Williams' scripts, while possessing all the associated psychological tension and

very little of their sentimentality.

The camera focuses on a central cast of four, the duplicity of itinerant farm workers Bill (Richard Gere) and Abby (Brooke Adams) who are lovers masquerading as brother and sister, and their callous exploitation of a youthful employee land owner (Sam Shepard) who falls for Abby first time he sees her traipsing across his land. The whole is filtered through the eyes of Bill and Abby's child worker buddy Linda (Linda Manz), a fragmentary narrative device which seems slightly clumsy in retrospect though Malick uses it sparingly enough.

The background to the period is the American class war, the encroaching depression and the Great War but Malick doesn't need to stress the climate of the 'I Won't Work' movement, Eugene Debs and Roosevelt to charge his film with foreboding; the protagonists' emotional traits, dishonesty, jealousy and murderous hatred do that for him.

As in an Ibsen play, Malick's direction of his characters draw them towards an increasingly insular demise. While Bill and Abby are quite content to mislead the farmer, and seemingly at home indulging his wealth on the ranch, he is searching for a

simple companionship to alleviate his physical and mental pain.

Malick alternates the angles of the triangle until it breaks, contrasting soft focus pastoral vistas with rapid, electric close ups of men and nature, threshing machines and the wives of city technology. Unbeknown to them, Bill and Abby will destroy everything the farmer stands for, they are "the devils" who are driven by the knowledge that "If you don't work they ship you out in a day, they don't need you, they can always get somebody else" and the overriding socialist tenet of the age — namely, "Some people need more than they got and some people got more than they need".

What might appear cracker barrel truism is strengthened by a greater reality; apply these dictums to emotions and they become meaningless. For all his money and privilege the farmer is at the mercy of Bill and Abby's wordly corruption.

Malick resists the temptation to allegorise his plot, preferring the stark metaphors of natural disorder, lunacy in the old sense of the word, a plague of locusts and an all consuming crop fire to reinforce the farmer's fate.

Days Of Heaven provides its ironic, amoral commentary in the shape of an epilogue wherein the lovers are forced

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Linda Manz down on the farm in *Days Of Heaven*

to become fugitives from a vengeful gun law reminiscent of *Badlands*. The film closes on the Chicago prosperous paradox of strained patriotism, and Linda down a railway track. Terrence Malick is a man through a very wide lens: and if it's true that America is a country in search of its past, then Malick, like Altman, is a film maker with the perspective to find that past.

Max Bell

The Private Files Of J. Edgar Hoover

Directed by Larry Cohen
Starring Broderick Crawford, Rip Torn
(Mainline)

After making a horror film about a fanged baby, director Larry Cohen has come up with a political thriller about a boy scout with absolute power. John Edgar Hoover was director of the FBI for 48 years.

He retained the emotional maturity of a twelve-year old. As a result, his morals were simplistic to the point of absurdity — women secretaries in the FBI were not allowed to smoke, male agents forbidden to grow moustaches. But this trait, combined with ruthless efficiency, marked him as a very dangerous creature indeed.

At the same time, his strange code could render him sympathetic — in the closing sections of the film, when Hoover is contrasted to

the Nixon crowd, the point is made that even stunted ethics are preferable to no ethics at all.

The film also acknowledges the personal toll Hoover paid — paranoia about scandal, contact, of almost all sexual warmth, throughout his years of rule. The film leaves open the question of whether this paranoia was rooted in a desire for power, genuine moral distaste, or a neurotic fear of sexuality. But, whatever the case, Hoover ended up a sad and lonely right-wing monster.

Cohen's biopic adopts, tongue-in-cheek, the style of a dated melodrama of the humorous, and edgy in its refusal to make simple judgements. The film's form attempt to categorise its maker's attitudes. Newsreel shots are spliced into the narrative, lending it a quasi-documentary authority. Two actors play Hoover — James Winwright (young) and Broderick Crawford (old) — a device which distances the audience, even as their superb performances attract your sympathy.

"If I can't outlive them, I might just take them all with me," Hoover remarks of the Nixon administration. And did survive the massive shredding operation that followed his death? Were they the source of the leaked information that ensured Nixon's downfall?

It doesn't exactly matter any more, but *The Private Files Of J. Edgar Hoover* reminds you that you'd still love to know.

Graham Lock

The Getting Of Wisdom

Directed by Bruce Beresford
Starring Susannah Fowle, Barry Humphries, Hilary Ryan and John Waters
(Taddeus)

'Given the proliferation of State film-funding bodies... the pressure will be for films to fit in more and more with the safe and respectable values of the educated classes, and to reflect less and less the disruptive anarchic entertainment values of the Burstable public.' — Tim

Beresford is included in Burstable's line of fire — the latter considers it symptomatic of Australian cinema that *Don's Party* never recouped a relatively small outlay of \$275,000 — and 1977's *The Getting Of Wisdom*, a low-key art house effort by the Victorian Film Corporation and the Australian Film Commission, is ripe for thrashing with the same stick. Let's hear it for *Newsfront*, an anarchic *Hanging Rock*.

Although set in Victorian Victoria, *Wisdom* isn't primarily an attempt to tap the vein of nostalgia blud dry since *Hanging Rock*. Laura (Susannah Fowle) sees her education as a means of getting on as well as getting wise and the film's mild but persistent tension centres on whether her willfulness will cause her to slip off the ladder. Since her mother is a widowed postmistress and her remaining names are Tweedle Ramboham Laura comes in for a hefty amount of the kind of stick boarding

school inmates are notorious for meting out to anyone unusual and/or gifted. Initially desperate to keep her origins a secret, she remains anxious for acceptance while becoming increasingly sure of her attributes.

These are not inconsiderable, since the excess leisure of her outback existence has been spent largely in solitary self-improvement. Thus, she is humiliated when asked to read French out loud: her grammar is perfect, but her pronunciation pure Woolamellon.

Apart from the principal, Reverend Strachey (played by Barry Humphries in archly resonant tones) and a parched headmistress, the staff look on Laura much as the nuns regarded Julie Andrews before she left to trill at the von Trapp family. ("How do you solve a problem like Maria?" etc.) Pretty miserable teacher sob over Cartland-type lush and one of the others tells the common room, "I'd marry the first man to ask me, if he had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana skin" — they develop an envious admiration for this resident free spirit.

Various traumas follow, none of them fatal. As in a dilemma and mini-crises melt away, leaving Laura with both feet firmly on the escalator of life. Susannah Fowle's skilful fluctuation between awkward plainness and precocious sophistication kept my interest throughout. There's a certain kind of humdrum that makes the French film that makes the significant and entertaining and *The Getting Of Wisdom* has that same knack.

Harry George

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ALBUMS

NINA HAGEN BAND Nina Hagen Band (CBS) PETER BAUMANN Trans Harmonic Nights (Virgin)

Intriguing rumours about the esoteric German exotica of Nina Hagen have wafted over to this country during the last few months, tantalisingly.

We held our breath and prepared to receive the persecuted passions of this fervent feminist freedom fighter, and nodded knowingly when we learnt of the interest shown by Lydon, Bowie and Zappa. This was going to be some declaration of freedom, some depth of feeling.

We can let our breath out now, and easily ignore the comic sensationalism of Nina Hagen and the regressive histrionics of her band's 'rock music'. The legend of Hagen is a lot more luscious than the reality, which is comparatively conservative, certainly laboured, and about as refreshing and relevant as the latest Dire Straits tape.

Hagen is nothing more, nothing less than an irrepressible and approximate caricature of those who flirt with chic suffering and alienation. A defector from east to west, a delightful decadent, but Hagen is not so much the urgent, unexpected revolutionary as a stubborn, spoilt show-off.

Sympathisers may well defend the studious and reactionary hard rock Hagen is backed by — composed and executed by four competent glorified session musicians — as being adventurous considering the circumstances; where it was recorded and why. But even apart from the fact a portion of the most imaginative rock music of the decade has surfaced in Germany, the Hagen band have roots firmly entrenched in the tedium of early '70s Anglo-American 'progressive' rock and totally avoid even the basic implications of the punk redaction. The Hagen Band advocate a music closer to indulgent, meandering boogie than limited, compact punk. The music takes no risks. It is mediocre.

Grafted clumsily onto this characterless rock is the illusory nonsense of the Hagen mirage-image. They seem strange partners: the hard floyd extravagance of the band, and the rhapsodic Hagen megalomania, but in a way they're well suited. If the music was a good deal more stimulating and controversial than Hagen's naivety, vulgarity and her laughable cosmic ego would have been well out of place.

Hagen's humourless, remorseless vanity and her ugly spiritual emptiness are helpfully disguised, at the moment, by being presented in her native tongue. The look and sound of the German language illuminates the lyrics with a mystique and profundity the content just doesn't merit. The lyrics are also given a sense of the epic by the puritanical and operatic intonation of the classically trained Hagen. The language and the fastidious pomposity of her delivery supplies a screen in front of impotent intensity that Patti Smith sure could do with these days.

It's the theatrical exaggeration of Hagen's hysterical vocals that will win the fans. Her voice is the one thing that's unusual on the record. It reminds me at times of some of the gothic flights of Magma. The themes Hagen deals with are obvious, all her yearnings and fantasies revolving around basic emancipation — such as the dogmatically feminine 'Unbeschreiblich' — but little feel of authenticity transcends the lazy melodrama of the



Nina & band. But what now for Frederick?

Take A Bow, Maan

Paul Morley susses out a couple of Krauts

words or fights through the tortuous intricacy of the singing. The music throbs with neither experience or frustration but flippancy and exhibitionism. Look at me! Hey, don't stare too hard!

There's ten shrewd hard rock songs and a fifty-one second comeditte 'Fisch Im Wasser' ('Fish In Water'). A version of The Tubes 'White Punks On Dope' starts the album and immediately indicates the techniques used to tart up basic thud riffing: dramatic rushes of sound, neat little melody fills. The injurious extent of Hagen's extraordinary vocals is best felt on the slow, wishful 'Naturtrane' ('Nature's Tears') where she screeches up here and growls down there with great effect if no emotion. Side two starts off revealingly plain with 'Superboy', flutters dreeily through 'Heiss' and never really recovers. All of it the sort of overwrought smug rock that was rejecting back in the early '70s. Except of course for the voice, the cosmetics and the image.

After playing the Hagen LP I'm left with a feeling of annoying emptiness. Peter Baumann's more personal and more mythographically ambitious 'Trans Harmonic Nights' softly and systematically enriches the listener, even one as greedy as me. It is a genuinely distinguished and unself-conscious collection of modern music that deserves all the attention Hagen is going to receive purely because of her spiritless eccentricity.

Baumann's work is simplistic and slender but conveys brilliantly an ecstatic sense of nature and one person's response to their surroundings. It emphasises in its dignity the triviality of The Nina Hagen Band and, incidentally, the reactionary snobbery of much of our response to music.

Of the two records it's the Hagen album that is the more oppressively narrow minded



John Cooper Clarke: Shadeless In Gage

Pic: Saddington

and old fashioned, the Baumann that is the most questioning and contemporary. But appearances and preconceptions colour our responses. Baumann is ex-Tangerine Dream and plays synthesised electronic instrumentals and is dismissed immediately; Hagen has mystique, a good complexion and the right friends and she can't fail.

But it's the Peter Baumann record that has all the personality, soul and desire of rock'n'roll music, the strength and certainty of great music. Baumann isn't making background music, noises to doze off to, but attempting to interpret and explain deep feelings and urges in a sophisticated musical form. 'Trans Harmonic Nights' tells me more about despair, hope, love, joy than a dozen Nina Hagen albums — and, to be fair to her, just about any rock LP released this year. It's an uplifting masterpiece of composure, wonder and vision. It would be a tragedy if it is ignored because of dogmatic views.

It contains eight immaculate, honest reflections each with individual mood, pace and structure: 'This Day', 'White Beach And Black Beach', 'Chasing The Dream', 'Biking Up The Strand', 'Phaseday', 'Meridian Moorland', 'The Third Site', and 'Dance At Dawn'. There's dub tendencies, genuine provocative serenity, a waltz, a hymn, a cry and a sigh. Music that shines a light; dedicated to romance. Music that aches with humanity and profundity.

Live a little — of these two records, choose the modern one.

Paul Morley

JOHN COOPER CLARKE Walking Back To Happiness (Epic)

If you think a 10" clear vinyl live album of John Cooper Clarke for £2.99 sounds like a real bargain, listen again.

There's just over twenty minutes of Clarke on 'Walking Back To Happiness', little more playing time than a 12"

single for a little less than twice the price. There are also a lot of pauses on the album — one 'track' is actually a silence punctuated only by Clarke asking the audience if anyone's seen a notebook he's mislaid.

Then, it's not well recorded, and not an especially good performance by Clarke — he goes off mike, chats inaudibly to the audience, fluffs some lines. And, apart from the last track, it's him *solo* voice; so the record didn't exactly cost very much to make. Does clear vinyl turn this into a bargain? Beware of record companies bearing gimmicks.

Least satisfying of all, though, are the actual poems on the album. 'Bronze Adonis', following 'Tracksuit' and 'Health Fanatic' as an attack on, er, physical culture, is the only really funny track.

Little else comes near the best of 'Disguise In Love'. The brief 'Nothing' is about, well, nothing; but at least it's supposed to be — I'm not so sure about 'Split Beans'. Then 'Majorca' is a less imaginative re-run of the Monty Python 'travel agent' sketch; 'Twat' is just stream-of-abusiveness; 'Pest' is a big-deal exercise in alliteration. And so on.

On 'Limbo' even Clarke's humour almost deserts him, and he comes across like a bad imitation of mid-60s Dylan: 'Savage orphans hopskotch/outside the silver gates/the witchdoctor's wristwatch/has stuck at five to eight'. Well, I like 'Gates Of Eden' too; but if this is a parody (and he can't be serious, can he?) how come it isn't very funny?

A lot of people thought 'Disguise In Love' was spoiled by the music. I reckon this album proves them wrong. Clarke needs the variety the music provided — if only because it requires him to alter his mode of delivery sometimes. Here he gabbles his way through the entire album in the same jerky, rapid-fire harrangue. "These are all the same tune", he

jokes at one point; but he's right and it's a drag.

The greatest loss, though, is that the insight and sympathy displayed on 'Disguise' are rarely discernible here; and Clarke's comedy suffers accordingly. There are still many funny lines, but too often he goes for the easy laugh — relying on the mere enunciation of words like "snot", "phlegm", "piss" or "shit-house" to raise a moronic guffaw.

Worse, unlike 'Disguise', there's nothing here to suggest that Clarke actually cares about people — note instead the implicit misogyny of 'Twat', the locker-room mentality of 'Gaberdrine Angus'. Maybe I'm being unduly heavy on him. But in Trevor Griffiths' play *Comedians*, one character claims: "Most comics feed prejudice and fear and blinkered vision, but the best ones, the best ones... illuminate them, make them clearer to see, easier to deal with. We've got to make people laugh till they cry. Cry. Till they find their pain and their beauty. Comedy is medicine. Not coloured sweeties to rot their teeth with."

And on this album, John Cooper Clarke comes close to rotting your teeth.

Graham Lock

TELEX Looking For Saint Tropez (Sire)

THE LIZZARDS Who Dares? (Blackmail Records)

Telex speak French; they're ultra-chic and stylised, flighty and facetious. The Lizzards speak Dutch; they're earnest and desperately

unfashionable, stolid and plodding. Better examples of polar-opposite national stereotyping (facile but fun) it would be hard to find. Now I'll probably be told they're all bloody Belgians anyway. Telex bear eloquent witness to the French infatuation with form, and their continuing difficulties with content. The record comes in fancy wrapping, seductively bright and modern and technological; the music is synthetic and sub-Kraftwerk. 'C'est ce la Nouvelle Musique/Et les rythmes automatiques' amirka the I-speak-your-weight machine vocalist.

Pitilessly insistent, it's a clever exercise in Euro-chic disco with intellectual pretensions. It includes an electronic 'Ca Plane Pour Moi' and a computerised 'Rock Around The Clock' — presumably to guarantee immunity from charges of promiscuity. I think you're supposed to spend your wages on 'Looking For Saint Tropez' and feel contemporary and smart. I think it's drivel.

Still, a little fashion-sense and you can get away with merde.

The poor old Lizzards lack even that saving-grace. Their album is a ponderous, gothic effort, irredeemably bogged down in 1970 notions of 'progressive' rock — whether through tenacity or cluelessness I don't know. If you picture Telex as smart-alac market research men in white coats, The Lizzards at least look like dedicated musicians, perma-paler on-the-readers, lumbering after an audience that's in danger of extinction before they ever reach it.

The group's heavy rock meanderings are weary, their cynical hippie philosophising is risible, the odd attempt at humour are very odd indeed.

If Telex's motives are all too transparent, The Lizzards' ambitions mystify me.

Paul Du Noyer

THE RECORDS

Shades In Bed (Virgin)
The FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Jumpin' In The Night (Sire)

An odd couple? Possibly, but it seemed a good idea at the time. After all, both bands purport to purvey clean, classic pop-rock — "power-pop" even (gulp).

Even so, I can well imagine both groups being well peeved at this blind date. The Records may find affiliation with the Groovies' time-warped soundtracks spurious while the Groovies, well, going by recent interviews given by their leader Cyril Jordan, the only comparisons they'd find agreeable would be those with The Beatles, Byrds and 'Between The Buttons' Stones.

Jordan himself has taken on production chores with 'Jumpin' In The Night' and, surprise, Dave Edmunds isn't at all missed. Although no masterpiece, 'Jumpin' is strengths pretty much outweigh its shortcomings. And this after the opening, a note-for-note 'Please Please Me' which — beyond reminding one just how innovative and inspired the original was — hardly suggests well for what follows.

Ironically, that's an original. 'Crying' and this is where the ears start perking up. Not only do Chris Wilson's vocals capture John Lennon's intonation (circa 'Imagine'), it captures the intensity, the flair. 'Down Down Down' follows, well-wrought and sprightly but no advancement on Dave Edmunds' rendition. Still, nice to hear again.

Later in the side the Groovies pull a maverick stunt in daring to interpret Dylan's sublime 'Absolutely Sweet Marie'. One of the band's greatest rockers, it's given a snappy instrumental work-out with all the right punctuation points. The only problem lays in Wilson's vocals, wherein he ops for a fairly 'cool' style of enunciation. Still, a courageous choice.

The final and title track on side one is the piece de resistance, dense and tough with taut guitar overlays and a mellotron driving the number like a hellbound train. Above all it succeeds in capturing the sound that Jimmy Miller and the Stones fleetingly caught with 'Street Fighting Man' — territory that no other band has been able to reach.

It's a track like this that makes 'Jumpin' so frustrating overall, as the

NILS LOFGREN
Nils (A&M)

Come on, let's talk about girls. Let's talk about Lofgren, the bruised heart.

Four years ago, when such things were deeply unfashionable, former Neil Young protégé Nils Lofgren made an album of economical, gritty pop. He wrote about love and hard luck and carried himself with sufficient street-corner swagger to be called — in the grand Springsteenian romantic sense — a punk. Four years later, after two more solo albums and an ineffectual live double, the romance has grown decidedly sour.

This is Lofgren's first studio album in two years. It follows a year's sabbatical during which he recorded only one song, 'Bullets Fever', written for radio after his local basketball team, the Washington Bullets, had suddenly become big league contenders.

Lofgren has lately written songs with Lou Reed (an unlikely pairing of what you'd think were opposite ends of the spectrum) three of which appeared on 'The Belts', and three more of which appear here, alongside two written with producer Bob Ezrin, three of his own, and a weary version of 'Baltimore' wherein what was compassionate in Randy Newman's hands becomes condescending in Lofgren's.

The soft core Philly soul inflections of 'I Came To Dance' have been abandoned. 'Nils' features sessioners Bob Babbitt and Alan Schwartzberg plus Nils' brother Tom on guitar and the despicable Bob Ezrin on keyboards and production — a typically crass, heavy-handed job livened up

Nils Milks Frills



Pic: Michael Putland

with a few points of style borrowed from Reed's recent work.

The first cut is the deepest: a prizefight scenario called 'No Mercy' with the spotlights and the pressure turned full on. Lofgren paints his picture with characteristically simple brush-strokes that are very

nearly swamped by the big, coarse production gestures — a trait of Ezrin's that does nothing to redeem more maudlin efforts such as 'Shine Silently' and 'Steal Away'.

In 'No Mercy' Lofgren, as one of the boxers, casts himself up against an opponent who has to perform, whose girlfriend and

mother are at the ringside edging him on to eventual defeat. A curious twist, full of uncharacteristic scorn for the female players in this particular mind game.

Lofgren was mapping out the emotional landscape in pointed personal terms long before Elvis Costello decided to expose his wounds. 'I Don't Want To Know', for instance, on his first solo album — a wry, sad story of the pain caused by a certain sort of pillow talk. But whereas he was once a martyr in a callous world (a role with obvious appeal to big softies everywhere), he seems to no longer feel so sorry for himself. He sounds bitter, resentful and cynical, no longer so sentimental.

There are love songs on this album, but they're not particularly nice. They catalogue jealousy ('I Found Her'), spite ('I'll Cry Tomorrow'), betrayal ('Steal Away') and they laugh at the possibility of a genuinely fruitful liaison ('A Fool Like Me'). Then there's 'You're So Easy', which tries musically to be what Bob Seger's 'Hollywood Nights' was to US top 40 disco format radio, and is lyrically an exercise in thinly disguised contempt. 'Once you told me that to get my hands on you there were special things that I would have to learn to do... Tired of counting hearts that you've defeated, you say that all you want is to be needed. You're so easy. Easy to meet. You know that out on the street I see your kind all the time.'

It's not the content that irks so much as the lack of insight. Lofgren's perceptions lack the scalpel edge required for these seething exercises in open heart surgery.

Trouble is, it's cold and obsessive, but neither cold nor obsessive enough.

Paul Rambali

Joe Public whose presence on the metaphoric, spiritual journey is really only occasioned by what records I might frequent, etc., what can I realistically articulate beyond the statement that there are some it's and but's?

These two albums afford yet another space to notice the problems. *Israel Vibration* are a vocal trio, Wizz, Skeleton and Apple, backed by JA's best sessioners. 'The Same Song' was pre-viewed in these pages awhile back, and now reappears with a wider nod courtesy good of EMI. Quite frankly, chaps, I take a dim view of this liaison with the labels of Babylon; not just in an armchair-revolutionary way, either, because the unavoidable fact is that for the uninitiated audience albumised reggae is hard to really hook into.

The music on 'The Same Song' is slurred, enveloping, cloudy, and clouded it may well help 'prophecy to fulfil'. Babylon to crumble etc, but placed in the marketplace as it now is its essential structures stand or fall on... standard pop-tune aesthetics. The pleasant homogeneity of its parts is therefore only wholly palatable to an already attuned ear (hello, Neil). And, as sleeve notes go, 'There is but one GOD. Jah Rastafari Selassie I. He will serve the lord with the whole of I & I heart and will show forth His marvellous works continuously' is a new or two on from Cliff Richard's potted-biogs.

I'm not trying to be flip. Facts have to be faced, and the Rastafari language-map of the world is, necessarily perhaps, at very best obscure to the uninitiated. No one can deny another person their religion; alternatively, no religion can deny that its meditations are something inner, something privately made public if you like.

'Reggae Regular' have finally been made public with 'Victim', and there is cause for more than aesthetic concern. The 'subtle' shift in nomenclature conceals a sweetening of nature for this Britain-based seven piece. 'Victim' comes replete with lame window display orientated cover art, a sticker shouting 'FREE 3 TRACK 12" SINGLE', and all lyrics rolled across the getfold.

At this juncture it might seem unreasonably harsh on The Regulars to pull their practice to pieces — but why might it seem so? 'Victim' is a jumble of all the reggaestuff's palatable aspects, a process answering the aforementioned demands and desires of a white audience. Special treatment for a particular set of musicians or peoples stinketh also of inverted ingenuism.

I'm having trouble sorting through the contradictions shot through reggae's lyricism, a more often than not completely unappealing business: a meta-narcotic, metaphysical, misogynistic mish mash, a — hold on! a universe unto whom?

I don't wanna hear about your 'weed stalk', I want to talk Special Branch surveillance something along those lines, you know? or the Government's wider designs.

I think uncertainty can be expressed better. I tend toward Linon Kwezi Johnson: 'this is the age of decision, so mek we leggo religion.'

We're all going to chuck the same brick?

Ian Penman

second side dismally fails to attain this kind of density or potency.

The Stones' '19th Nervous Breakdown' is performed perfunctorily and The Byrds' LSD paean '60' reverentially but soporific (their version of David Crosby's 'Lady Friend' is also embarrassingly tepid).

The Records have a better idea about all this non-original malarkey. Given away with an album of all originals is a

12-inch EP featuring Will Birch and Co (shaping Spirit's '1984' (a well-constructed rendition), the Stones' 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby' (like the Groovies, respectable), Ray Davies' 'See My Friends' (sturdy enough) and 'Abracadabra', from the little-known Blue Ash (understandably so).

The album itself is modern pop-rock matching incisive, witty lyrics with strong melodies, rhythmic muscle and harmonies. It's unfair to match the Groovies with The Records because whereas the former are beset with the '60s the latter are concerned with the state of contemporary rock action, drawing inspiration from the likes of Cheap Trick (particularly), Costello (partially) and the early '70s Anglophile mavericks like Raspberries and Big Star. Probably they're diametrically opposed to the Groovies' pop credo but whatever they've come up with an auspicious debut, all the more so considering that their style of music is considered oh so reactionary in the face of all this new music blah blah (cont page 34).

Recently The Records have been extravagantly lauded by Phil McNeill and Max Bell and whilst I denote merit in much of what they do their music remains a touch too calculated at times, too coy or clever-clever. 'Teenerama', the new single, is a perfect example of this — full of obvious word-play and

imagery on lyricist Birch's part while the melody just doesn't click.

The first side of 'Shades In Bed', despite the self-conscious sickness of 'Teenerama' and the vacuity of 'Up All Night', still hits the bullseye with a song like 'Girls That Don't Exist' and 'Starry Eyes' is one of those tunes that nags at the memory incessantly.

Side two cleverly mixes the staple fare with some subtle touches that slyly undermine the inevitable 'powerpop' definition. 'All Messed Up And Ready To Go' is the sound of a band listening very, very carefully to Cheap Trick. Ditto 'Insomnia' until you listen to the subtle little touches; a bit of extra texturing here — you could even imagine Bowie tackling the song.

The final track, 'Another Star', is the most idiosyncratic, leaving one with the feeling that The Records is a band out for big stakes, certainly in terms of creative achievements.

The biggest irony is that the Groovies are rabid Anglophiles while The Records are actively influenced by Anglophile set-ups like Cheap Trick.

The Records will be the winners though because they're attuned to modern pop-rock. As for the Groovies — well, the composer of 'Absolutely Sweet Marie' said it all in three short words: don't look back. You never know what might hit you.

Nick Kent

THE REGULARS

Victim (CBS)

ISRAEL VIBRATION

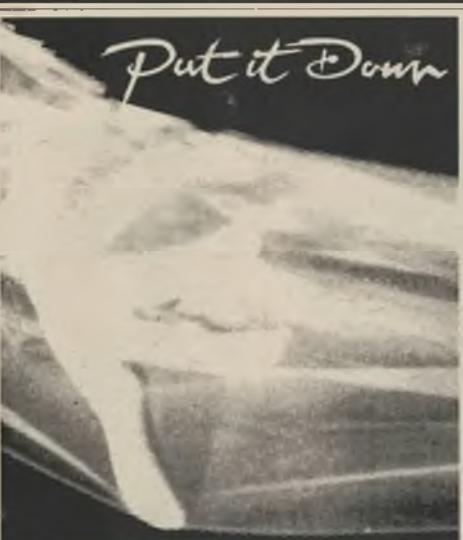
The Same Song (Harvest),

Time for some rooting about, or what?

Considerations of current reggae, especially when it comes in album form, struggle between standard pop-tune aesthetics as one boundary and vague notions of international radicality as the other. Appreciation is usually seen as occurring in that space — R.A.R.'s recent approach is a graphic instance of this tendency: militancy in its place and entertainment in its place; the music acts as glue, supposedly.

The problems are literally cloudier with reggae. My personal 'critical' reticence in matters of Jah music is a partial result of a lack of confidence in the consensus underlying most of the critical machinery developed for rock being brought to bear on reggae. This problem has to be faced. It's not a matter of 'Can a white boy criticise the bluebeats?' One must try to penetrate the historic sense of misapprehension latent in the indigenous patois.

How do you determine the relationship between reggae and Rasta, if it is 'dread to go to Zion', especially when you're just another Western consumer. As Penny Rael has said, 'the roots of reggae are closer to New Orleans R&B than they are archetypal Africa' and, as just another



ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

Discovery (Jet)

Fact: the previous ELO album sold over nine million copies. Apparently, this surprises Jeff Lynne. It shouldn't. After all, as composer / guitarist / vocalist / producer and overall grand fromage of the Ork. Lynne must be aware that there are an awful lot of people out there in Recordland who aren't getting nearly enough — hardly any, in fact — vinyl shots of their favourite product, the species Beatles and Eagles.

And own up, ever since Roy Wood was, or, usurped by Mr Lynne in the ELO hierarchy most of their stuff has sounded like one bloody great long 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' tarted up with high-flying harmonies.

Safe as houses as a formula and this time around it's bolstered by THE DISCO BEAT! ('Discovery' = 'very disco'). Jeff Lynne, clever geezer, sure don't hedge his beats.

The odds are that each of the nine songs here will sound somewhat familiar, this time with knobs on. The single ('Shine A Little Love', first up) for instance gallops towards you like an old acquaintance, an anemic, near-Bee Gee vocal style vying with the clinic-clean guitar, the calumny rhythm section and the hokey handclaps for your attention. Funnily enough, though, it's the strings — members of the Munich Philharmonic actually — that lend it substance, forcing the melody, making it hummable. Clever, that.

As you'd imagine, it doesn't have one helluva lot to do with rock or, indeed, roll. There's only one song on 'Discovery' that does, the last: 'Don't Bring Me Down' owes more to The Pretty Things than The Beatles and with its Kraftwerk-like whiplash percussive precision would make an entirely reasonable jukebox hit this summer.

Otherwise... well, is Jeff Lynne an aristocratic Nick Lowe, or what? I mean, 'Discovery' that does, the last: 'Don't Bring Me Down' owes more to The Pretty Things than The Beatles and with its Kraftwerk-like whiplash percussive precision would make an entirely reasonable jukebox hit this summer.

BILL HALEY AND HIS COMETS

Rock The Joint!

(Rollercoaster)
Now listen: all this picking on Bill Haley has got to stop. He's been the Rock 'n' Roll Class Fat-boy for too long.

True enough, it only took a blast of the 20-year-old Presley to relegate Old Bill straight back to the realms of history-book irrelevancy. But let's not forget that in the course of one glorious year ('54 to '55) it was this tubby, evuncular, careerist Country crooner who carried the torch of rock music.

Haley it was that, in attempting to salvage his sagging professional fortunes, cross-bred a brand of bozo Western Swing with gritty down-home Negro R'n'B, spicing the results with the high-school patois of sproggs a third his age — spawning that Monster we all, in its various guises, embrace.

No Bill Haley no Big Beat, no nothing-going-down-at-all. From such improbable origins rock 'n' roll was born.

This month's Golden Stetson award, therefore, to the Surrey independents Rollercoaster for their astute issue of 'Rock The Joint!' — a cute little 78-sized elpee, adorned with authentically period-awful cover and info-packed sleeve notes. It brings together a truly illuminating cross-section of early, pre-hysteria Haley and provides a fascinating glimpse of Pop's trash roots.

And it's catchier than malarie. To the generations weaned on sterner stuff, these easy-going toe-tappers (Granddaddy of the 50s?) may seem a trifle weak, half-assed or just plain daft. But if you're tolerant (or stoned) enough then these ten tracks can yield literally minutes of undiluted pleasure.

For all the ingredients are

emblematic: it's a sort of a 'Day In The Life' (McCartney's middle section) blown up to a week's worth, with a lengthy string-scrubbing coda under a litany of charmed day names ('I Am The Walrus' anyone?) — and, no, it's not remotely amusing.

Demis Roussos would love to get his mitts on 'Confusion'.

Watch Out For The Old Bill



Fury

here: slap-happy bass (upright, gutch) and elephantine back-beat, farting saxophone and polite pedal-steel, solid-semit dumbo guitar ticks and worst of all, Haley's pathetically inadequate, unconvincing, 'hep-cat' vocals. Love it.

No song-writer himself — to praise him for recording million-sellers would be like describing pool-winners as financial wizards — Bill's selection of material wasn't so much eclectic as desperate. From kindergarten ditties ('Put-a-Cake') to cornball ersatz folk ('Dance

With A Dolly With A Hole In Her Stocking'), nothing escaped the fevered quest for novelty: all was reduced to cash-box formula, grinning identikit mediocrity. Crazy, man, crazy. Cats, that music's gone. Follow it. Paul Du Noyer

BILLY FURY

The Billy Fury Story (Decca)

The Golden Years (K-Tel)

"Billy Fury did one fantastic album that I've lost... songs he'd written, like people do

now. His other scene was the hits, heavy-mooded ballads and the lead pipe down the trousers." Keith Richards, *Rolling Stone*, 1971.

The ten-inch in question, *The Sound Of Fury*, is included on 'Story', a double album that snuck out Decca's back door a few months back. Keef was right, too. For the time (1960), it's outstanding. Derivative, sure, but beneath the 18-year-old Fury's Elvis inflections something individual stirs. Joe Brown's Carl Perkins / Scottie Moore guitar — the only thing remotely resembling music in the current *Oh Boy* revival — fairly sparkles and a minor classic is born.

Presumably at Larry Parnes' suggestion, this prodigy then promptly adjusted his inside leg, acquired mild notoriety with his 'suggestive' movements and committed musical hara-kiri. Side three covers this ultra-successful period with merciful brevity. But the spark wasn't quite stamped out. Before the Beat Boom blew him away, Fury did an R & B session in '54 which hinted at what might have been and can be found on side four. His versions of 'Nothin' Shakin' and 'Baby What You Want Me To Do' are hardly essential.

Then it was downhill all the way, till he was excavated, a dinosaur at 29, to play *Stormy Tempest In That'll Be The Day*. A dodgy ticker that precludes much live work prevented him capitalizing.

The K-Tel set is a Twenty Golden Greats job featuring all the quavering, string-laden mush that made him second only to Elvis and Cliff. Lacking the vocal presence of a Presley, Fury's failure to transcend his material is near-total, making this one for klatch-seekers only. Yet a little part of me marvels at titles like 'Wondrous Place' and 'Foot's Errand (Do You Really Love Me)'. Look out for 'Story' in the bargain bins. Harry George

Mackell was my first and last, but RLJ just had to prove me wrong.

What we have here is a Carole King attempting a Laura Nyro, sentimentalising 'street' characters in a way that would have turned Chandler's stomach. When Jones is hot, she approximates milk-and-water. 'Ladies Of The Canyon' Joni Mitchell. When she gets torchy, it's like the same singer doing 'Twisted', only minus the wit and zest. Jazz 'feel' required? She slurs like Melanie after a few drinks.

'Company' and 'The Last Chance Texaco', both free of myth-mongering and synthetic nostalgia, suggests a greater core of experience than most. The latter compares lost love to a car breakdown — an extended metaphor on the lines of Mitchell's 'Electricity' — but the mood of lush desolation is agreeably reminiscent of Bowie's 'Win'.

The Norman Seeff sleeve shot and the slew of 'name' credits tell the rest of the story.

Harry George

TUBEWAY ARMY

Replicas (Beggars Banquet)

Tubeway Army is really Garry Numan who writes, sings, plays guitars and synthesizers, and poses on the sleeves and enclosed poster in a desperate attempt to look erty, significant and futuristic.

His songs are full of aliens, machines, non-communication and vague, sinister scenarios in cities of the future. Few of them make any sense or point. They appear to be a bad attempt to rewrite 'Low' while he delivers them in a voice modelled on Bowie in his 'Man Who Sold The World' phase.

The music is grey, tuneless, anonymous. Interchangeable soundtracks for Numan's half-realised visions of the

New Man; but far from satisfying to the present listener. The constant emphasis on a lonely, loveless, sensitive hero suggests this is just a late '70s version of beddit music, transposed to a trendy but unconvincing SF setting. Alienation by numbers meets It Came From 1971.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

THERE'S a track on Esther Phillips' 'Here's Esther — Are You Ready?' (Mercury) album that's called 'Oo Oop Oo Oop', which, I guess, is just about the ultimate in disco titles.

But the one-time Little Esther has always been more than a cut above the usual flow of rhythm machine embroiderers — and so, after the obligatory whooping chorus and swooping string opening, she brings things down to earth by rapping reflectively: "Ooh, Esther Mae, you've come a long way baby, from Texas to Watts. But look atcha now — you're in the big league now, girl, doin' things you never thought you'd do when you used to hide your radio under the covers and listen to the blues."

That listening has paid off in spades for Esther. She's always stuck close by the blues. No matter what fashion of the day she's had to latch onto in order to raise a dime, she's seen that it's come permeated with a touch of the deep blues, providing soul where formerly none existed. Trouble is, that Esther is too good, too rootsy. Sure, she's had a hatful of hits and even received that accolade from The Beatles who — bright lads that they were — imported her for a TV show back in '65.

But Esther Mae's never been hailed in the regal manner that she deserves, never logged the amount of chartbusters she surely would have accrued if quality equated with record sales. And the sad thing is that 'Here's Esther', might not even see the light of day as a British release — not all of her US Mercury issues have surfaced on this side of the Atlantic — which is something of a pity. For the album is a

disco-oriented job of some quality, produced with a touch of class by Harvey Mason. And right now, we need all the class we can get.

The subject of class brings to mind 'Naked Child' (Capitol), a new Lee Clayton album that Parke Records and others are currently shipping in. It would be uncharitable to dub Clayton 'this year's Dylan' but to tilt an ear in the direction of 'Naked Child' without, at some point, reflecting upon the similarities between Clayton and Chairman Zim, would seem to be in the nature of an impossibility.

A grower of a record — only the opening, rock-till ready, 'Saturday Night Special' emerges at instant appeal level — Clayton's sweet and sour nasal voice drags its way through poignant love songs ('I Love You'), tales of times gone wrong ('A Little Cocaine') and thoughts of holocausts to come ('10,000 Years/Sexual Moon') in a manner that's never less than rivetting. And like Esther Phillips, he takes time out to reflect back to starting-gate time via 'I Can Do It — So Can You', which also acts as a kind of nod of encouragement for all those who wish they could but haven't yet. A song formed from lines such as 'My father — I watched him die, one TV show at a time' and 'In Nashville — living like a dog and getting God Damned', it is, in it's angular, jagged word way, totally compelling.

Which, come to think about, is something that could be said about most of the album.

Fred Deller



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18th June	Tracys, Ipswich	13th July	Wigton Market Hall
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22nd June	Glastonbury Fair	20th July	Penthouse, Scarborough
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Live Bird...

CHARLIE PARKER The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions (Savoy/Arista)

This is a five-album boxed set of every note Charlie Parker recorded for Herman Lubinsky's Savoy label in the mid-40s, including master takes, alternative takes, false starts, fragments et alia.

With anyone else, this might have seemed an unduly academic exercise, but not in Parker's case. His own genius, together with his largely improvisational way of working, resulted in an astonishing variety, even between two consecutive performances of the same song.

The bulk of these tracks are either improvisations on a standard blues structure; or else tracks on which Parker would compose (in the studio) his own melody line over the chord structure of an existing song, and then improvise around that.

There were seven sessions in all. The first, from 1945, features Parker playing on a Tiny Grimes date; another, from 1947, has him switching from alto to tenor on a set led by Miles Davis. He leads on the remaining five, supported on all tracks by Miles Davis (trumpet) and Max Roach (drums) and variously by Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Duke Jordan, John Lewis (piano) plus Curly Russell, Tommy Potter (bass).

The recordings cover the period (1945-8) from Parker's emergence as a leader of the Bebop movement to his absolute peak as a uniquely daring and innovative musician. The Savoy sessions, together with those on Dial from the same period, are arguably the cream of his output — and undeniably one of the most brilliant musical flowerings of the century.

Among the gems here are two complete (and one nearly complete) takes of 'Parker's Mood', the insuperable 'Koko', rare examples of a contrapuntal Parker theme on 'Chasin' The Bird' and 'Ah-Lew-Cha', plus classics like 'Bluebird', 'Barbados', 'Perhaps', 30 different and complete masters in all. The boxed set comes with a useful booklet, packed with musical and historical information plus an interview with Teddy Reig who produced all but one of the sessions. But if you're hesitant about a large outlay (it costs about £16), there's a double album set of just the masters — 'Bird / The Savoy Recordings (Master Takes)' — for around £7 which I'd recommend to anyone.

This is essential music. Beautiful, provocative, feelingful, incisive. After Charlie Parker, most rock 'n' roll is like a fart in a thunderstorm.

Graham Lock

ANDY BOWN Good Advice (EMI)

'Bown', spials the market research consultant, "we want an orchestral rock/pop album, and you're our man! Check this computer read-out — ... Andy Bown, long-time associate of Peter Frampton (since Herd '67); hence he's soft-centred. ... Expose him to a couple of Paul Simon acoustic numbers, a flutter of Wings, a smattering of John Miles. ... Throw in a rocker, a fast blues, steep it all in gluey suburban romance. ... It will go gold in Milton Keynes overnight!"

Thus, suitably programmed, Bown assembles a session army that leans towards synthesizer and strings. Earnestly he veers from lullaby to frivolous bop number with



hardly a hair out of place parading before us scenes from a disillusioned domestic text. The end result is a spotless, sterile album that plumbs new depths of dilution; a perfectly placid offering from the singer / songwriter circus.

Its only distinction is its cover shot of a shaved head that looks unconvincingly like an enormous toe with ears.

Mark Ellen

Dead Duck?



SYLVESTER Mighty Real (Fantasy)

On the inner sleeve we see The Star bowing low taking the applause. Humble and thankful, you're rilly wonderful, I could play all night. Bathed in the spotlight and here we get just two previously unreleased tracks out of a cast of eight. Once more he wheels out 'Mighty Real' and 'Disco Heat' from the last album; 'Down Down' and 'Over & Over' are from 1977. (Though the latter pair are the LP pinnacles seeing how the former are edited down afterthought fillers.)

The remaining quartet are both sides of the current lish single and two lazily written — but well delivered — leftovers from some spare studio time.

On 45, Sylvester still has exceedingly checkable worth. Visually Sylvester is an expensive, showbizzy, obsessed transvestite with some humour, but not nearly enough. He steps out here with a trashy goldchain mail lampshade affair pressed over his dome and looks silly. BUT! On his right side he can kick a soccer ball a hundred and fifty yards! He can arm wrestle with a bear! Band solid (cont p65)

Danny Baker

VARIOUS ARTISTS Imperial Rockabilies Vol. 2 (United Artists)

... And when will it stop? No-one knows. Except perhaps that tireless archaeologist, Rocco Bill E. Miltar, who had already excavated the prime vaults of southern, white, '50s country rock 'n' roll to compile and anointate the majority of such albums on the market, and now seems to be sifting through silt at rock bottom.

There are a few thousand slap-happy cowboys around who'll buy this album as a matter of course. Some will even enjoy most of the 20 tracks. For the rest of us mainstream rock 'n' roll fans, here is an entertaining, though hardly essential, EP surrounded by a 2 1/2-inch band of excess vinyl emitting the unedifying noise of assorted hicks and hacks and hucksters failing to make a name for themselves. (Those that did raise some kind of ruckus — Johnny Burnette, Bob Luman, Merle Kilgore — certainly didn't do it with these samples of their efforts).

Louisiana boy Al Jones fronts the most interesting track, 'Lorretta', a Diddleyish rocker that sounds like a cross between Dale and Ronnie Hawkins. Other than that I can just about recommend The Strikes' pop bop 'Rockin', a passable Carl Perkins imitator in Lew Williams, who gives out with some 'Cat Talk' and an untypical pop-rock track from R&B star Roy Brown, 'Be My Love Tonight', a dire song saved only by Brown's voice and a chirpy guitar solo.

Tell you what, though — the cover's pretty nifty.

Cliff White

GONZALEZ Haven't Stopped Dancing Yet (EMI)

As the title and the action-blurred dusky maiden on the sleeve would appear to indicate, this album was conceived and created with a view to inspiring 42 minutes of high-kickin' disco fury.

Unfortunately, when stylus is put to groove, this would appear not to be the case, and it doesn't take long to realise that not much is coming out of the speakers. An amalgam of watery jazz-funk, wheelchair disco fodder, and painful sub-Stevie Wonder vocalese strains to assert itself under an avalanche of strings so syrupy you could stand a spoon up in it.

To be played three times a day for toothache.

Rick Joseph



FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINE

FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINE



Join us tonight at your local.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Jamaican stars in take-over

THIRD WORLD (above), who stopped off in Britain at the end of last month to take part in the Loch Lomond Festival, have now finished their European gigs and return here for a full concert tour — opening in Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday). . . and **PETER TOSH**, who's also been busy on the Continent, flies in with his band for a string of major appearances — kicking off at Wolverhampton (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: The Police/The
Cramps/Bobby Healy
Barrow Maxim's: T.C.O.J.
Basingstoke Magnum's: Interference
Blaston Rising Star: Sky Train
Birmingham Barabarella's: John Cooper
Birmingham Beral Organ: School Sports
Birmingham Bogan's: Sigma
Birmingham (King's Health) Hare and
Hounds: Harvey Andrews
Birmingham Marcat Crois: Strider
Birmingham Odeon: Manfred Mann's
Earthband
Birmingham Rialto: Capital Letters
Birmingham University: The Wide Boys
Bishop's Stortford Triad Leisure: Cares
Maddie
Blackpool Jenkensons Bar: Dick Smith
Band
Blackburn Winsor Hall: Brian Dewhurst
Blackburn Golden Era: East Side Torpedoes
Bognor Ocean Bar: High Flames
Brighton Art College: The Prime Movers
The Executives
Bristol Colston Hall: Dire Straits
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: The Wild Beasts
Bristol Granary: Little Acne
Burslem Queen's Hall: Johnny and the
Hurricanes/Del Shannon
Cambridge Fye Sports Ground: Mud
Canterbury Odeon: The Cure
Chesham Whitecombe Lodge: UK
Sube
Chichester Bishop Otter College: Thieves
Like Us
Chipping Norton Football Club: Natural
History
Coventry Dog and Trumpet: Incredible
Kidda Band
Groselyden White Hart: Tana
Dunstable Queensway Hall: The Real
Thames
Erfassing Port Bulls Head: The Bombers
UK
Glasgow Apollo Centre: The Skids
Glasgow Strathclyde University: Radio
Stars
Gulford Woodford Bridge: Static
Guns
Harwell Carnival and Fete: Osmoseous
Rhythm
Hastings Pier Pavilion: The Planhans/
Nicky and The Dots/The Lit-
tle Strategy and The Cheesy Bits
Hatfield Forum Theatre: Chris Barber
Band
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Teen Beats
Hilly College of Education: Days Of Grace
Jasdale Rely Topper: The Yearhous
Knighton Norton Arms: The Accelerators
Lancaster New Planet City: The Smurks
Leeds Haddon Hall: Red Eye
Leeds Staging Post: Pevy
Leeds W/ing Star: The Vye
Leicester University: The Damned/The
Ruts
Lincoln Drill Hall: Patrick Fitzgerald / The
Teardrop Explosives
Liverpool Odeon: The Lurkers
London Battersea Mayhem: The
Klimpans/The Rules/The Clockwatch-
ers/New Town Neurotics
London Brixton George Canning: Zick
London Camden Blackrock: Tennis
Shed
London Camdena Dingwale: Fumble/
2TV
London Camden Music Machine: Mungo
Munroe
London Catford Saxon Tavern: Dog
Watch
London Chiswick John Bull: Zorro
London City Polytechnic: The Passions
Ambs
London Clapham 101 Club: The Cannibals
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Morrissey/Mullen Band
London Enfield Mob Poles: Scandal
London Fulham Golden Lion: Ricky Cook
and The Jobbers
London Fulham Grayhound: The Crooks
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Soft Boys
London Maroules Club: The Purple
Hearts / The Little Rockets
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster:
The Little Jimmies
London Notting Hill Old Swan: The
Sportsports
London N4 The Stapleton Left Hand
London Plumstead Green Man: Frey Aid
London Soho Pizza Express: Eddie
Thompson Trio/Dick Morrissey
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big
Country
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Ambs
London Victoria The Venue: Greg
Kinn/The Xdeemysta
London Waterloo The Wellington: The
Mersey Pops



Boddon W.C. 1. new Merlin's Cave: Big
 Chief
 Lowestoft Talk Of The East: Sweet Sensation
 Lowestoft Apollo Theatre: The Lark
 Manchester Admi Cinema: The Lark
 Newcastle: Mayfair Palace: The Police
 Musselborough Broughton Hft: Johnny
 & The Hurricane / Det Shannon
 Newcastle City Hall: Don Strain
 Newcastle: Mayfair Palace: The Police
 The Cramps / Bobby Hime
 Nantmon Woodhouse Club: Red Eye
 Norwich Cromwells: J.A.L.N. Band
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Rag
 Oxford News Theatre: Manfred Mann's
 Earthband
 Port Talbot Troubadour: Yacht / The Edge
 Portsmouth HMS Nelson: Soul Direction
 Raynham Farm: The Edge
 Rayleigh Crocs: Mud
 Rugby Benni Memorial Hft: Chris Barber
 Band
 Scarborough Panhouse: Mongo Jerry
 Sheffield Polytechnic: Artery / TV
 Products
 Southern Shrimpers: Steve Hooker Band
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: The O.K. Band
 St. Albans: The O.K. Band
 Swanley Recreation Centre: Hornsby
 / Air Mail / The Chevrons / Hot Rocks
 / Rebel
 Wellingborough Spens & Social Club:

Friday

Aberdeen University: John Grimsdail's
 Death Flights
 Aberystwyth University: The Late Show
 Abercromby Ties Club: Souled Out
 Birmingham (Balsall Heath) Now In
 Ferret
 Birmingham Barastella's: The Lurkers
 Birmingham Barri Group: Bright Eyes
 Birmingham Elizabethan: Days: The
 Birmingham (Moseley) New Inn: The
 Wide Boys
 Birmingham (Small Heath) The
 Synchronisers: The Crack
 Birmingham University: Little Ace
 Blackpool Jenkinsons Bar: Dick Smith
 Band
 Bolton (Hedgecrosse) Barrow Institute:
 Brian Dewhurst
 Bournemouth Capones: Genteface
 Bradford Norfolk Home: Black Gorilla
 Bradford Technical College: Gang Of Four
 Bradford Technical College: The Speech
 Brighton Nabury Arms: Jax/The Devil's
 Dykes
 Brighton Lewes Road Inn: Little Yonty &
 The Teenage Rebels
 Brighton Top Rank: The Real Thing

Brian's Portlough Youth Club: The X-
Certs/Parade
Bromesgrove Stars Night Club: The Injections
Burnley The Hop: Champ Eats Banana
Buxton Playhouse: Mike Harding
Camberley Rovers: The Rovers
Carlisle Wigton Market Hall: Patrizi Fitzgerald/The Teardrop Explodes
Coventry Rugby Bridge: Streetside
Dodley J.B. Club: The Jags
Dorset Shildon Club: Days Of Grace
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: Close Rivals/Deadly Toys
Edinburgh Pylcock Hall: Another Pretty Face
Exmouth Pavilion: Wicks
Glasgow Custom House Quay (Lunchtime):
and Greenock Town Hall (evening):
Underhand Jones
Hailu's Mam's C.O.J.
Hampilton Bell Cottage: The Trendies
Hanley Victoria Hall: The Damned/The
Ruts
Harrow The Havelock: Take Away
Haverhill University: Wilko Johnson's Solid
Senders / China Street
Kenning Windmill Club: The Bearshank
Band
Kings Langley Obitline Buildings: Glas 'n'
Rockin' Rabbits
Kingsnion Stone Factory: The Rules / The
Modernites
Knarsborough Folk Club: Ar Log
Kettering La Belle Epoque: Chris Barber
Band
Leeds Cosmo Club: Natural High
Leeds Florde Green House: Pray
Leeds University: Rockpile with Dave
Edmunds and Nick Lowe/Low/Lewis
Reformer
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The City Limits
Leaves The Lamb: Dirty
Weekend/Chances
Lincoln A.P.C. Club: The Cure
Lincoln The Hall: Blackie Clarke
Liverpool Erics': John Cooper Clarke
London Action Kings Head: Pax
London Camden Brickwork: Sucker
London Camden Dingwells: The Charles
William Ainsley Dubin/Freaser Nash
London Camden Dublin Castle: London
Blitz
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jet-
tyroll Blues Band
London Clapham Two Brewers: The Mer-
ton Parkas
London College Of Fashion: Supercharge
London Gavant Garden Rock Garden: Rag
Lave
London Covent Garden The Basement
Exhibit A
London Enfield Hop Poles: Tour de Force
London William Golden Lion: Jackie Lion's
M-F Band

London Fulham Greyhound: Dangerous
Rhythm
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Witz
London Kensington The Neshevite:
Singles
London Lewisham Black Bull: Johnny &
The Jailbirds
London Marquee Club: The Chords/The
Model/Squire
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Zilch
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig &
Miguel's Folk and Blues Night
London School of Economics: Thieves
Like Us
London Soties Pizzas Express: Danny Moss
Cruiser
London Tottenham The Spurs: Agenda
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's:
Ambs
London Victoria The Venue: Hi-Tension
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: The V.P./Jab-Jab
London Westminster Tower Club:
Matchbox
London W 14 The Kensington: Plain
Selling
Loughton College: Mungo Jerry
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Dte Strats
Manchester The Factory: Human
League/Essential Logic
Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Dorothy
Becky Bitch & Tich
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Zorro
Morcombe Broadway Hotel: Jumbo's
Claw
Newcastle Centre Hotel: American
Schools
Norwich Whities: Crime
Nottingham Merry Good Fellow: Last
Call
Nottingham Sandpiper: Fashion
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: The
Sincere
Nottingham University Judie Tzuke/Fat
Image
Oakenfold Manor: S.P.G.
Oxford Brerets & Lamons: The Wall
Pools Brixham Arms: Refugee
Preston Tabor After Lido: States Quo
Ratford Porthouse: UK Subs
Rugby Emma's: Capital Letters
Rugby The June Swann: Incredible Kids
Band
Salford Penrhos: Yacht/The
Edge
Sheffield Limb Club: The Hoodboys
Shrewsbury Menor House School:
Bestie
Swansea The Caley: The Deth Jests
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: Scandal
Swansea Halfed Inn: Dylasty Flare
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Grant Santino
Wakefield Unity Hall: Stranger Than
Fiction
Wardour Mar's: Apotrophia
Wetherhampton Letavets: The Records

Tosses Grenfield Institute: *Sniff 'n' The*
 Birmingham Barbarians: *The Tourists*
 Birmingham Barrell Organ: *Orphan*
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: *The Clinic*
 Birmingham The Bell: *The Clerks*
 Bishop's Castle Thres Tons: *Ricky Cool &*
 Blackburn King George's Hall: *The*
Damned / The Ruffs
 Bradford Maxims: *T.C.O.J.*
 Bradford University: *The Soft Boys*
 Burnwood Hamlet Club: *The Crooks*
 Burnwood Troubadour: *The Amazing*
Dark Horse
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: *Status Quo*
 Chatham Tam. O'Shaner: *One-Eyed-J*
 Chesterfield Fugon: *The Cure*
 Colne Union Hole: *The Tunes*
 Consham Art School: *The Roles / The*
London Cowboys / The Modestans
 Coventry Swanswell Tavern: *The Wild*
 Derby The Ajanta: *The Fall / The Corridor*
 Derby Talk of the Midlands: *Matchbox*
 Deaford Miners Institute: *Electric Struc-*
tion / Generated Strangers
 Doncaster Tiffany's: *Spoonch*
 Durham Collingwood College: *Radio*
Stars
 Durham West Cornforth Club: *Days Of*
Grass
 Edingburgh Astoria: *Human League /*
Robyn & Eric
 Ellersmere Port Bull: *Head: The*
Accelerators
 Exeter Routes: *Witz*
 Glasgow Diel Inn: *Underhand Jones*
 Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: *Zorra / Girlschool*
 / *The*
 Halifax Civic Theatre: *Petrik Fitzgerald /*
The Teardrop Express
 Harrow The Roastbory: *Teké Away*
 High Wycombe Nags Head: *The Sinceros*
 High Wycombe The Wolf: *Jerry The Farmer*
 Norwich Leisure Centre: *Mike Harding*
 Hull College Auditorium: *Stagehitch*
 Leeds Fan Club: *The Records / Local*
Operator
 Leeds Elford Green Hotel: *Juno's Claw*
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: *Fomel*
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: *Rockpile with*
Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Lew
Lewie Performer
 Leicester University: *John Cooper Clarke*
 / *Robyn & Eric*
 Liverpool Eric's: *Greg Kihn Band*
 London Brighton Canterbury Arms: *The*
Heartdrops / The Lucy's
 London Camden Brickworks: *Special Treat*
 London Camden Brickworks: *Super Minott*
 London Camden Brickworks: *Town Bridge House*
 / *Special Branch*
 London Chiswick John Bull: *Agende*
 London Clapham 101 Club: *Dangerous*
Rhythm
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: *Reg*
Lewis
 London Deftford Albany Empire: *Ambe /*
Resistance
 London Fulham Grayhound: *The V.I.P.'s*
 London Hammersmith The Swan: *Sad*
 London Harrow Road: *Stargazer*
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: *Dog*
Watch / Tour de Force
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: *The*
Amantes
 London Kensington The Cricketers: *Robyn*
Lecky's Attentions
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: *Gold*
Dust Twins
 London Kensington The Nashville: *The*
Latin Shores / The Stoneytons
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: *Martin Taylor & His Isaacs*
 London Leytonstone Green Man: *The*
Jugs
 London Marquise Club: *The Knack*
 London M16 End Queen Mary College: *Thelma Like Us*
 London New Boulevard Theatre: *Jeremy*
Taylor (for a season)
 London New Malden The Fountain: *The*
Melon Parkes
 London Notting Hill Old Swan: *Speedball*
 London Soho Pizza Express: *Stylus*
 London Southgate Royahy Ballroom: *Shades*
 London St. Moritz Club: *Red Tape*
 London Victoria The Verdes: *The Albion*
Band
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: *Freddy's*
Footwearers
 London W11 Moulberry Hall: *John Orway*
 London W11 Moulberry Hall: *Plain Orway*
 / *The*
 London W.C.1 Institute of Education: *Lee*
Ferdon & The Legionaires

MORE GIG GUIDE

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tour de Force/Scandal
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Trellon Galt
 Manchester The Factory: The Specials
 Manchester University: Mike Abelom
 Milton Mowbray Painted Lady: Dory
 Beaky, Mick and Tich
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Human League/Flowers
 Morecambe Broadway Hotel: Jemo's Claw
 Nottingham Boat Club: Lee Fardon and The Legionaires
 Nottingham Sandpiper: The Records
 Nottingham University: The Jags
 Oxford Polytechnic: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe/Low Levels Reformer
 Plymouth College of St Mark and St John: Writex
 Ponteland College: The 45's
 Reading Target Club: Double Exposure
 Rochdale Champs Hall: The Albion Band
 Rushden Town Band Club: Johnny and The Jailbirds
 Salisbury Playhouse Theatre: Pasadena Roof Orchestra
 Sheffield Clifton Hall: Matchbox
 Sheffield Parsons Cross (afternoon): The Parts/Discos
 Sheffield The Marples (evening): The Parts/Vendine Pact
 Sheffield University: Wilko Johnson's Solid Sander
 Staindrop Folk Club: Ian Parmer/Dave Miller
 Watford Mex's: The Notion
 Weshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): The Peas

Sunday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Prima Donna
 Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crook
 Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: Chris Barber Band
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Merton Parkes
 Bognor Epiphany Theatre: Pasadena Roof Orchestra
 Bradford Royal Standard: UK Subs
 Bridgend Drones: The Lurkers
 Brighton Buccaneers: The Piranhas
 Brighton Skateboard Park: Close Rivals
 /Deadly Toys
 Bristol Locarno: The Damned/The Ruts
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): BM
 Scott & Ian Ellis
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: Manfred Mann's Earthband
 Croydon Greyhound: Matchbox
 Dunfermline Kinema: The Skids
 Fareham Working Mens Club: Soul Direction
 Gatling Cabus Village Hall: Brian Dewhurst
 Glenrothes Rother Arms: Underhand Jones
 Hanley Out Of Town (lunchtime): Any Trouble
 Harrow Railway Inn: Zoro
 Huddersfield Albion Hotel: The Bombers UK
 Kingston Grove Tavern: Navigator
 Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): Best Friends
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Just Frank
 Liverpool Dove & Olive: Dick Smith Band
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: The Real Thing
 Liverpool The Sportsman: Matrena
 Liverpool Tiffany's (3pm): The Sinceros
 Lochmaben Balcanhall Hotel: Turbo
 London Alexandra Palace: The Real-anca/Amber/Immigrant/Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
 London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
 London Battersea Park (3-5pm): Three Steelbands
 London Camden Blackrock: The Bears
 London Camden Dingwells: Stan's Blues Band
 London Canning Town Bridge House: Remun Down Boulevard
 London Charing Cross Dubs of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
 London Clapham Two Brewers: The V.I.P.s
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Bumpers
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch

PATRIK IMPROVES HIMSELF



PATRIK FITZGERALD promotes his new single 'Improve Myself' and recently-released album 'Grubby Stories' by going out on his most important tour to date. Backed by his new band, he opens his travels at Halifax (Thursday), Carlisle (Friday), Lincoln (Saturday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday).

London Finchley Torrington: Morisay-Mullen Band
 London Fulham Golden Lion: Little Acre
 London Greenwich Wall Hall Open Theatre: Five Hand Reel/Stan Arnold/Mel Harold/Johnny Silva/Harvey Andrews/Joe Stead
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Dire Straits
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Robert & The Remoulds/Between Pictures
 London Holbourn Royalty Theatre: John Cooper Clarke/Jay Division
 London Marquee Club: The Chords/Back To Zero/The Killermeters
 London Palladium: Lata Mengeshkar
 London S.E.1. Duke of Clarence: The Leopards
 London Solihull Pizza Express: Ron Rubin
 London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The Police/The Cramps/Bobby Henry
 London Waterloo The Wellington: The Fixations
 Manchester Midland Hotel: Tenz
 Manchester (Sallybridge) Commercial Hotel—School Bus
 Newcastle The Red House: Hot Snax
 Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
 Norwich Bogus House: Pressure Shocks
 Norwich St. Olaf's College: Spillage
 Norwich Whites: Crutcher
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Medium Medium
 Oxford St. Edmunds College: Matchbox
 Poole Arts Centre: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Low Levels Reformer
 Poynton Folk Centre: Roaring Jelly/Steve Turner
 Salford Willows Leisure Centre: T.C.O.J.
 Southampton Cliffs Pavilion: Diana Vreeland
 Southend Shrimps: Speedball
 Uxbridge Brunel University: The Jags
 Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The Amazing Dark Horse

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
 Brighton Dome: Dire Straits
 Bristol Crookers: The Bombers UK (for three days)
 Bristol Stonehouse: The Fane
 Bromsgrove Stars Night Club: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
 Cothridge Beechwood Bar: Underhand Jones
 Durham University College: Sky Sky / Landscape
 Godalming Shackleton Centre: Five Hand Reel
 Halifax Vivic Hall: Johnny & The Hurricanes/Del Shannon
 Ipswich Yacars: UK Subs
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: The Vye

Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Beets Working
 Leeds (Wednesday) The Peacock: Ray Morgan Quartet
 Liverpool Everton F.C.: Dave Berry & The Cavers
 Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
 London Camden Blackrock: Scarecrow
 London Camden Dingwells: The Boreds / Exit / Zoro
 London Putney Half Moon: The Slickers
 London Canning Town Bridge House: The Crooks
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rio Grande
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Big Chief
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Medium Medium
 London Kensington The Nashville: Bram Tchekovsky
 London Marquee Club: The Sinceros / Bruce Woodley & Camera Club
 London Putney Half Moon: Jim Page / Short Stuff
 London Putney Star & Garter: Penny Royal
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Clark Terry
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Gishcoff / Splitfire
 London Woolwich Public Hall: Don Rendell's Earth Music
 London Woolwich Trashed: Evan Mac-Coll / Peggy Seeger
 London W.14 The Slaughter: The O.K. Band
 London W.14 The Kensington: London Zoo

Manchester Band on the Wall: Neon
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: The Real Thing
 Manchester Golden Garter: Donna Warwick
 Milton Keynes Watton Hall: Matchbox
 Newcastle Eldon Square Festival (noon) and Gasforth Hotel (evening): The Noise Toys / Arthur 2-Stroke / Treatment Room
 Newcastle Heaton Bulls Club: The 45's
 Newcastle Playhouse: American Echoes
 Newcastle The Goopergo: Sabrejets
 Nottingham Commodore Suite: Supercharge
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Party
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwalrh
 Nottingham Tiffany's: John Cooper Clarke
 Oundle Red Lion: The Name
 Oxford Corn Dolly: The Jags
 Peterborough Werrins Stadium: Hi-Ten
 Portsmouth Guildhall: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Low Levels Reformer
 Sheffield Polytechnic: They Must Be Russians

Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop
 Swansea University: The Yachts / Mungo Jerry
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Peter Tosh
 Worcester Hidesway: The Specials
 York Pop Club: The Records

Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Speed Limit
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Scandal
 Black Rakes Hall Hotel: Brian Dewhurst
 Canterbury College of Art: Flying Saucers / Blue Jean Bop
 Cardiff College: Mungo Jerry
 Chatham Van Dam Club: 84 Spoons
 Derby Old Bell: Starter Ray
 Edinburgh Usher: Third World
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: Manfred Mann's Earthband
 Epworth Rio Theatre Club: Dave Berry & The Crusaders
 Exeter Routes: Fischer-Z
 Isle of Sheppey Island Hotel: Matchbox
 Lancaster University: John Cooper Clarke
 Leeds Fan Club: Patrick Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Explodes
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The Fast Corner
 Limerick The Clippers Inn: Just The Job
 London Camden Blackrock: Kestral
 London Camden Dingwells: Gishcoff
 London Catford Saxon Tavern: Schorched Earth
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Mirrors
 London Fulham Golden Lion: The Agents
 London Fulham Greyhound: Mark Andrews & The Gents
 London Halington Hops and Anchor: The Crooks
 London Kensington The Nephew: Ambe
 London Marquee Club: Yachts / The Edge
 London New Barnet Dubs of Lancaster: One-Eyed Jacks
 London N.14 The Stephen: Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Invaders / Danette
 London Woolwich Trashed: Japanese Toy
 London W1 Maunberry's: Ripple & The Body Snatchers (for three days)
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Peter Tosh
 Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: Roxoff
 Norwich Bogus House: The Outliners
 Reading Hexagon Theatre: The Albion Band
 Rochdale Champs Hall: Johnny & The Hurricanes / Del Shannon
 Sheffield Lmk Club: Landscape
 Sheffield The Marples: Reflex
 Southend Talk Of The South: H-Tension
 St Helens Haydock Club: Lee All Lies

Swansea Talk Of The Abbey: The Late Show
 Swansea Top Rank: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe / Low Levels Reformer
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: Neon
 Tatham Black Horse: Five Hand Reel
 Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark Horse
 Walsall Town Hall: Little Acre
 Worcester (Wychbold) The Crown: Wide Boys / Out

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
 Birmingham Bogarts: Unelght
 Birmingham Odeon: The Real Thing
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
 Bishop: Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Crooks / The Mods
 Bournemouth Pinetree Hotel: Thieves Like Us
 Bradford University: John Grimaldi's Cheap Rhythm
 Brighton Alhambra: The Tinsels
 Cardiff Top Rank: Peter Tosh
 Carshalton St. Helier Arms: Flying Saucers
 Chesham Whitcombe Lodge: Ricky Cool & The Icebergs
 Guildford Wooden Bridge: Navigator
 Hazel Grove Youth Centre: The Ant
 Ilford Oscar's: Glee 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
 Jacksall Grey Topper: The Speedy Bears
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: 25 Rifles
 Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Loner
 London Camden Blackrock: Traveller
 London Camden dingwells: Racing Cars
 London Camden Music Machine: The Merton Parkes
 London Clapham 101 Club: Reddits
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Lee Fardon & The Legionaires
 London Deptford Albany Empire: Vold / The Motors / Come One
 London Fulham Greyhound: Gotham City Swing Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Dire Straits
 London Knightsbridge The Groves: Free Beer
 London Marquee Club: Human League / Split Enz
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: Chris Barber Band
 London Paddington Western Centre: The Little Jimmy
 London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence: Billy Karloff & The Beverly Sisters
 London Soho Fizza Express: Campbell Burnap Quartet
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Earthbound
 London Wandsworth Rose & Crown: Dog Watch
 London West Ealing Halfway House: Dangerous Rhythm
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Music Club / Ramage
 London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: The Jags
 London Woolwich Public Hall: Blue Max / Exekel / Blind Well
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: Third World
 Manchester Pembroke Hall: The Late Show
 Middlesbrough Midson's: T.C.O.J. (for four days)
 Nelson El Tropicano: Natural High
 Newcastle City Hall: Manfred Mann's Earthband
 Newcastle Quayside Redhouse: Sabrejets
 Newport (Gwent) Stowaway: The Records
 Norwich Bogus House: Write
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalrh
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some Chicken
 Plymouth Tops: The Lurkers
 Rayleigh Croca: The Sinceros
 Salford The Champs: Lee All Lies
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Status Quo
 Southampton Holbury Old Mill: Nicky & The Dots
 Southampton University: Supercharge / Fischer-Z
 Staindrop Folk Club: Huddlesbury Hollow
 Wigan Bluto's: Speedball
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: Patrick Fitzgerald / The Teardrop Explodes
 Wolverhampton Cowpers Folk Club: Five Hand Reel
 York Oval Ball: Yakety Yak

Summer Specials

GICESTER in Oxfordshire stages a charity open-air concert on Saturday, July 7, with all proceeds going to the International Year of the Child. Local bands taking part include The No. Stereotypes, Sore Willies, The Liggers, Ego Tripp, Electric Voyage and Necro, and there are also guest appearances by The Brain Surgeons (from London) and The Zoom Club (Northampton). The site is The Courtyard, Launton Road.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S 1979 Summer Roadshow visits most of Britain's main seaside resorts from July 13 for six weeks from Bridlington to Bude, and from Margate to Blyth. 208 disc-jockeys Mark Westley, Rob Jones and Tony Prince will host the proceedings, which include competitions such as "Miss Disco 79", a disco DJ championship, top disco band and local DJ.

THE THIRD annual 'Bite Of Yarmouth Rock' mini-festival is being held tonight (Thursday) at Great Yarmouth Tilly's. Bands featured include Zoro, Gishcoff (who toured Britain recently with Motoshead) and a special guest outfit formed from members of The Crabs.

THE STEELBAND Association of Great Britain is staging a number of open-air concerts in London parks this summer, with an average of three bands taking part in each show. Dates are Battersea Park (this Sunday, 5pm), Crystal Palace Park (July 1, 3.5pm), Golders Hill Park, NW3 (15, 3.5pm), Horniman Gardens, SE23 (22, 6.7pm), Blackheath Park (29, 3.5pm), Southbank Jubilee Gardens (30, noon-2pm) and Holland Park, W8 (August 5, 3.5pm).

BRIGHTON'S second Country Music Festival, featuring the top British acts in the C&W field, takes place at the 5,000-seater Brighton Centre over the weekend of July 13-15. Among the many confirmed acts are Frank Jones, The Syndicates, Jeannie Denver, Poscher, Brian Golbey, Frank Yonco & The Everglades, Little Ginny, Country Shack and The Down Country Boys.

WM12 — who, as reported last week, have just been signed by Electric Records — promote their debut 12-inch picture disc single 'Night Nurse' at Exeter Routes (tonight, Thursday), Exmouth Pavilion (Friday), Plymouth College of St. Mark & St. John (Saturday), Burton 76 Club (June 22), Reading Bulmershe College (23), Cardiff University (25), London Camden Music Machine (27), Birmingham Barbarella's (29), Halifax Good Mood Club (30), Sheffield Limit (July 20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (21), Leeds Florde Green (22), Bristol Granary (28), Newbridge Memorial Hall (29), Swindon Brunel Rooms (31), Newport The Village (August 3), Nottingham Penthouse (4), Kirkcubright Country Club (10), Dudley J.B.'s (11), Port Talbot Troubadour (14) and Newport Stowaway (15).

VOYAGER have added another nine dates to their UK tour, reported last week and tied in with the release of their new Mountain Records album 'Halfway Hotel'. They are Preston Polytechnic (Friday), Swansea Talk Of The Abbey (June 19), Manchester Pembroke Hall (20), Bournemouth Town Hall (27), Barnstaple Chequers Club (28) and Newton Abbot Sel Hayne College (29).

THE LATE SHOW are playing a number of dates this month — at London Kensington Nashville (tonight, Thursday), Aberystwyth University (Friday), Swansea Talk Of The Abbey (June 19), Manchester Pembroke Hall (20), Bournemouth Town Hall (27), Barnstaple Chequers Club (28) and Newton Abbot Sel Hayne College (29).

STUFF, the band comprising six of New York's most in-demand session musicians, now present their debut London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 24 — and not July 26, as announced last week.

TOUR & GIG NEWS



CHAS & DAVE continue to bring their 'Gartcha' hit to the nation with extra gigs at Oxford Polytechnic (this Saturday), Reading Caribbean Club (June 18), Sheffield University (July 2), Port Talbot Troubadour (15), Sheffield Limit (16), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (17), Leeds Florde Green (18) and Birmingham Barbarella's (19), with more still to be slotted in. Providing lead singer Ken Lockie has recovered from a bout of pleurisy, they also support Fischer-Z at Southampton University on June 20. Their new single 'Nothing Doing', issued by Virgin on June 22, includes a free transparent flexi-disc called 'Many Times'.

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL, who recently toured with Penetration and appeared in the Loch Lomond Festival, have their own headline dates at London Kensington Nashville (this Sunday), Port Talbot Troubadour (15), Sheffield Limit (16), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (17), Leeds Florde Green (18) and Birmingham Barbarella's (19), with more still to be slotted in. Providing lead singer Ken Lockie has recovered from a bout of pleurisy, they also support Fischer-Z at Southampton University on June 20. Their new single 'Nothing Doing', issued by Virgin on June 22, includes a free transparent flexi-disc called 'Many Times'.

AFTER THE FIRE, currently finishing off their first CBS album for September release, are on the road for most of next month. Confirmed dates are Brentwood Heron Club (July 8), Farnborough Technical College (7), Sheffield Limit (12), Aberystwyth Nine Valleys (13), Middlesbrough Assembly Hall (14), Newbridge Memorial Hall (15), London Kensington Nashville (16), Swindon Brunel Rooms (17), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (18), Liverpool Oscar's (19), Birmingham Barbarella's (20), St. Albans City Hall (21), Norwich Cromwells (24), Derby Ajanta Club (26), Burton 76 Club (27) and London Camden Music Machine (28).

LITTLE BOB STORY return this month for one of their regular visits and among their dates are London appearances, supported by Private Vices, at Camden Music Machine (June 22) and Fulham Greyhound (23 and 24).

THE REGULARS, whose new album 'Victim' has just been issued by CBS, are supporting Peter Tosh on his UK concerts starting this week (see Gig Guide).

THE YACHTS and **THE EDGE** have dates together at Liverpool Eric's (June 22), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (23), Edinburgh Clouds (27), Leeds Fan Club (28), Birmingham Barbarella's (29) and London Camden Music Machine (30).

FISCHER-Z return from a Dutch tour to play Exeter Routes (June 19), Southampton University (20), London Camden Dingwells (21), Scarborough Penthouse (22), Sheffield Limit Club (29) and Nottingham Boat Club (30).

THE PEGASUS in London's Stoke Newington is resuming regular gigs, a month after the announcement that it was closing as a pub-rock venue, though henceforth the management will run it as their own act — starting with A To Z on June 20, and Big Chief continue their Saturday residency.

BRAM TCHAKOVSKY, who now features new guitarist Dennis Corbett in their line-up, have a one-off London appearance next week — it's at the Nashville in Kensington on Monday (18).

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Maximum R'n'B

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Tues 19th Richmond Hotel, Brighton
Thurs 21st Hope & Anchor
Tues 26th Richmond Hotel, Brighton
Sat 30th Wellington, Waterloo
Wed 4th July The Castle Tooting

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TEEN BEATS

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+ **The Mods**

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at the Greyhound,
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Friday June 29th
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Sunday June 17th
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Friday 22nd: Magnams, Basingstoke

To Be continued...

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Tuesday June 19th: The Grayhound, Fulham Palace Road
Wednesday June 20th: Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
Thursday June 21st: Nashville, West Kensington
Friday June 22nd: Windsor Castle, Harrow Road

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June 17 John Cooper- Clarke	June 30 Steve Hackett
June 17 The Police	July 1 The Cure
June 19 The Real Thing	July 7/8 Weather Report
June 21/22 Peter Tosh	July 8 The 852s
June 23 Sylvester	July 9 Sonny Rollins
June 23/24 Third World	July 16 UK Subs
June 24 The Lurkers	July 22 Squeeze
June 24 Dionne Warwick	July 24 Stuff
June 25/27 Status Quo	July 27/29 Cambridge Folk Festival
June 26 Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe	July 29 The Pretenders
June 26/29 Van Halen	Aug 4 Led Zeppelin
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June 28 University of Warwick
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ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 'Gertche'; 4 Rasta, 8 'We Can Work It Out'; 9 'Sunday Girl'; 11 Bette (Midler); 13 'SOS'; 14 Lost Planet (Airmen); 16 Ozark (Mountain Daredevils); 17 Dave Vanian; 18 (Hank) Marvin; 20 Bob (Getdoff); 22 Mike (Love); 23 'Aja'; 24 'Route (66)'; 25 Red Noise.
DOWN: 'Go West'; 2 Rick Nielsen; 3 'Contact'; 5 Stooges; 6 'At The Budokan'; 7 'Crying In The Chapel'; 10 'Lisztomania'; 12 (Yvonne) Elliman; 14 (Radio) Luxembourg; 15 David Bowie; 17 Dickies; 19 Rumour; 21 Blues.

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Monday June 18th THE BLUES BAND Featuring Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Hughie Flint	

The result is a music with all the substance of candy-floss and none of the sweetness. On record, they can compensate for this with studio trickery, but in the cold light of live performance, their failings are painfully, nakedly evident.

The nadir of their set is undoubtedly 'Another Day', a long, excruciatingly slow piece to which you can't even tap your foot; a drudge-de-luxe. 'Subway Song', another slow one, is both shorter and more coherent: here, at least, they try to



Kleenex: Mc Laren Thomas

As Spizz Oil (a duo) they were mad, as Spizz Energi (a drummerless quartet) they've capped that madness with a crude and menacing concern. They make an austere, barely co-ordinated noise that is a resourceful example of punk primitivism that hasn't disintegrated or become sophisticated, but developed in a highly individual and nourishing way.

The Raincoats are magnificent. With their freshness, flexibility, variety of movement and manner, they are unequalled as a new and active quartet.

Their music moves about in such a potent and volatile way that Beefheart should have nice dreams about it, and Pere Ubu have genuine allies in terms of music that hollers and hurtles yet is harnessed. Looking at the positive adjustments they've made to their music in just five months, The Raincoats have the potential to achieve a formidable and bewildering deformation and adaptation of 'palatable' structures that is as provocative and as unpredictable as Ubu and Beefheart.

At the moment, they falter

and stutter and creep a little, such moments, though, hardly begin to diminish their originality.

But then reviewers suggest drummer Pat Colville may drop out; that would be sad.

Dropped in to the cauldron, her untutored crashing, erupting drumming provides both texture and push, and acts as some kind of insane catalyst around which Vicki Aspinall's violin, Gina Birch's bass and Ana's guitar burst and spurt. It truly is an impressive and forceful noise, more churn than tune until you get to know the song.

Because The Raincoats are singing a ballad with a special honesty.

And their naughty version of Ray Davies' 'Lola', which deliciously highlights the suspense and anguish that bubbles through their music, is a fragile classic that could be a hit.

Next to their passionate cutting edge, the happy Swiss quartet Kleenex are pretty flimsy. But I can think of few groups who can stand up to The Raincoats and retain any dignity.

Ignoring the constrictions concerning their origination,

Kleenex make a limited but busy and informal new post. Sympathetically taking on absurd or satirical material but intriguingly odd, then what they do is bold and visionary. I like them.

To drop them would be a bottomless pit by using a perspective that is based on a particularly ugly world: one tiny corner of the post-punk development is ignorant. Just the joy that Kleenex communicate deserves far more than that.

Paul Morley

possibilities of creating a distraction while a rock concert are intriguing. Robinson's performance simply fostered a "we're enlightened and we're pigs" attitude.

Example: Robinson's introduction to "We Don't Need No Aggravation".

"How many people here like

TRB

New York

Tom Robinson is often criticized for being too preachy, for seeming to tell audiences what to believe. But here his problem was in playing up to what his audience already believed.

Robinson had gauged the crowd well, knew that they were on his side and catered to them. And although the

to go but on a Saturday night and get into a good fight? Right. Well this one's for the rest of us."

Example: In the middle of "Power in the Darkness" Robinson ducked into the wings and re-emerged in a

The band stopped playing and Masked Marianne announced he was from the John Birch Society (a right-wing political group). The speech he then made was a series of programmed responses. "I

hate rock and roll," he said, "except for those nice Boe Diddies" and everyone booed. And when he said something else, everyone cheered. So it was five minutes of booing and cheering.

Also accomplished was a comforting euphoria from being with a large group you already know share your opinions. Of course it's unreasonable to expect Robinson to deliberately confront an audience and is clearly on his side with something they'd find controversial. But isn't there a less self-congratulatory way of handling this situation?

During the quiet drum and piano opening to "Blue

Tom's self-congratulations

Murder" a lot of people started counting off the beats in the chorus, but stopped as soon as the song proper got under way. During "Glad To Be Gay" there was no singing along, instead an almost embarrassed silence. And except for a faction up front, no one got out of their seats until the end of the set — and then only when Robinson threatened not to play on if they didn't.

This was an older crowd comprising more gays and serious politicians than normal at the Palladium.

Perhaps TRB fans aren't used to being enthusiastic of rock gigs, yet the band didn't incite any shouting either. The rhythm section often just thumped along when it should have been swinging; Ian Parker seemed to be doing his best to add some spark on the keyboards, but the second mix was so guitar heavy he was hardly audible; and it was up to Danny Kustow to provide the rocking.

Kustow played some absolutely fireball leads, but his attack never varied and he seemed to overcompensate with macho guitar work every time.

Todd Rundgren came out for the fourth song of the encore "Jumping Jack Flash", an incongruous choice of song material. Dressed in skin-tight black leather, he looked like a refugee from another era; at least his guitar seemed out of the sound.

But Tom Robinson is a real hero because he's genuine, likeable and not a poser. Misadventures may be trite but they're honest. In front of an audience he is relaxed — the emphasis of his solo songs are on camaraderie. Strummer and Weller.

Perhaps this material defuses his message somewhat; he just seemed a bit too smiley and nice for a man with so many serious and even angry songs.

Richard Grabel

TRB's comforting euphoria in New York. Pic Denis O'Regan.



Gerard Kenney

Made it Thru the Rain
Listen to His Album on RCA



The Cramps

Marquee

Holy bloodsuckers! The Cramps are all over London! I had the fortune to catch Cramps two nights running last week.

First time was Monday. I was standing in the queue to see Klaus Kinski sink his front gnashers into Isabelle Adjani's gorgeous throat in *Nosferatu*. Apart from the usual quota of gooks you find in the Gate, I noticed a trio of very weird-looking people indeed.

One of 'em looked like John Travolta, only without the stupid smirk and better features. He was also wearing an undertaker's coat. There was a girl floating in the vicinity, a bush of curls and green plastic oxié boots.

Strangest of all was their companion — a man who seemed to hold the secret to life after life. He had a face like Cthulhu and a nauseating blond side-fringe, while the rest of his hair was greased black. He was hunched to the right, compensating for the claw inside his cape.

Second night is at the Marquee where The Cramps are appearing in person. It's a revelation of another kind.

Everything about The Cramps is perfect, from their swinging lightbulb and voodoo incantations right down to their backline rockabilly maelstrom. London has not witnessed a classier New York export since The Ramones.

Imagine being totally and comprehensively wiped off the floor by four characters stomping off a gore and thunder garage rebellion fuelled on shadows out-of-time and colours out-of-space. They tell of the dread spectres that lie beyond the grave with the 'Human Fly'; their never to be erased experiences in 'Weekend On Mars'; the sad story of 'Rockin' Bones'.

Upfront is the man who incants. Mr Lux Interior who is already a star in lights, the next big thing, the future of rock and roll and its grisly past.

He whiplashes his microphone, he spins it like a lariat, he removes heads. Gulping down the words, so much undigested flesh sticking in the gullet, Lux prowls his domain in search of new frenzy. He finds it. It's a masterful performance.

Flanking this 'being' are two guitarists who move as one. They are Bryan Gregory and Ivey Rorschach. I recall those Lovecraftian pearls: "I may yet try showing the pictures. They gave those claw-prints

Look Out! The bogey men are coming . . .

Mr Lux fumbles for his voodoo wand. Pic Chris Horler.

clearly, even if the things that made them can't be photographed." Curious strangled rockabilly goes through the slicer on Ivy's turf. Bryan pitches his solos for another dimension.

In the backline there's just drummer Nick Knox, no bass. Impassive, simple and dangerous, after every song he stands up and makes to go off stage.

The Cramps' catalogue pours forth. Lux slips into bat fangs for 'Teenage Werewolf'; another time they stun the audience with madness strobos and emerge from light into gloom, every man jack in

shades for 'Sunglasses After Dark'. Then, "Here's a song you might know. We changed the words and the music and gave it a new title, 'Twist and Shout'."

After The Cramps so much that is happening seems stale and lifeless. Their thrashing antics and warped humour deliver them from camp, steer them clear of being another wacky, tacky 'New York band'. Whatever it is, The Cramps are it and you miss them at your peril.

Love them to death for there is much work to be done.

Max Bell

Heartbreakers

New York

The Heartbreakers have abandoned the conceit of billing each of their now regular appearances at Max's as a 'farewell' gig and it looks a safe bet that they will be around for awhile.

For all their foibles, there is an endearing quality about this band of losers that makes us keep forgiving their sins and rooting them on. Because when things come together for them — when they're not fighting, when they can make it to the stage without

stumbling over — they can still work an uncomplicated rock 'n' roll magic.

This week, things came together for them.

This is the same group who lived in London last year: Jerry Nolan (drums), Billy Rath (bass), and Walter Lure and Johnny Thunders upfront, trading off lead and rhythm guitar parts and vocals. But they are in better shape now with their 'habits' and personality problems apparently under control and the playing back up to scratch.

The Heartbreakers aren't innovators or originators, but they work on a basic formula of standard gut-punch,

rhythmic blues flavoured rock riffs.

Walter Lure is draped in a rag-bag ensemble of clashing patterns and Johnny Thunders still looks the part of the eternally lost waif. But along with Billy Rath, they look like a musical family again, cutely huddling together on one side of the stage with Thunders and Lure whipping out short guitar leads that make a quick point and cut out. They sing well too; not especially great voices, but they're doing it like they mean it and Johnny's even remembering the lyrics. Nolan's drumming is crisp and powerful.

The still choose to play the parts of decadent bad-boys — rockers living dangerously on the edge. It's really a sad and shallow image, but after all this time they wouldn't know what to do without it. It remains an article of faith that the entire band could be found slumped over dead in some closet at any time.

So the 'outlaw' gestures — like their reworking of Chuck Berry's 'Too Much Monkey Business' into 'Too Much Junkie Business' —

CONTINUE.

It's unfortunate because they've got enough good songs in their repertoire to get by without such pandering. 'Chinese Rocks', 'Born to Lose', 'Seven Day Weekend' and the songs from Thunders' solo album — 'Dead Or Alive' and 'Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory' — make a convincing set.

Obviously they figure even ersatz depravity is better than facelessness when trying to make it in New York. Back in the old, pre-London days when Richard Hell was in the band, their adverts used to trumpet, "Catch 'em while they're still alive."

Let's cautiously stick our necks out and say they've decided to join the ranks of the living.

Richard Grabel

Earth Wind & Fire.

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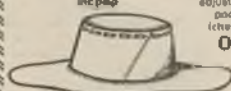
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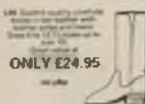
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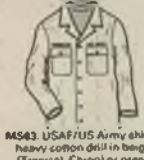
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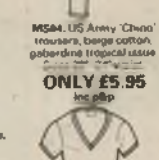
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GASBAG

It has come to our attention that the graphics in your *Gasbag* box have reached a pretty low ebb. Pitiful in fact.

You are obviously desperately in need of some 'exciting visuals' and with this in mind our resident Artist (a bearded, bearded, ramby pambly bohemian from Brentford) Sebastian Prendergast Custard-Socks has been commissioned by us to create these exclusive designs.

Please examine this portfolio of limited edition prints — each one hand-printed by experienced craftsmen on one of Hounslow Public Library's most advanced and sophisticated photo-copying machines. Even the most jaded eye would admit that these designs are uncommonly girly!

Naturally if you use any of them in *Gasbag* we would demand payment for our services. Send cheques, loose change, uncashed Giro's, recording contracts, Nick Kent's used eye shadow container to Trokkoids, c/o Bit 97a Talbot Road, W11. Of course you are under no obligation to buy. If, after 14 days of free trial, you decide not to purchase you must return them immediately or else we'll send you another copy tape to review.

Send for our catalogue — we don't want it!!
THE TROKKOIDS
I owe you lot a drink — M.S.

The people who always read the short letters first can start with this one.
GILL, Hinchley, Leeds.

This letter, courtesy of the *NME*, is to tell everyone who went to Brighton and had their day ruined by the police force while we tried to stage a football match (wasn't the punk turnout amazing?) that there will be more happenings and get-togethers in the future.

Next time I've been promised the help of PiL and The Skids to achieve what I have in mind. Long live punk rock.

JOCK McDONALD, Hong Kong
This is a genuine letter. Only the spelling has been changed to protect whatever it is he's going on about. — M.S.

Since when have a bunch of pop music journalists been better qualified to say what is safe and what is not than nuclear engineers, safety experts and doctors? If you can't write intelligently about other things than pop then don't bother.

Fact (1): Fossil fuels are v. unsafe, carcinogenic, unsafe in operation (miners' death rate, oil tankers, etc.) and are possibly affecting our weather by the 1°C average world-wide increase in temperature that their use has recently brought about. Continued use could lead to polar icecaps melting, flooding most of the inhabited world.

Fact (2): Solar power is impractical as the major energy source as (a) it goes dark at night; (b) huge areas of valuable agricultural land would have to be covered

with expensive solar panels made from the extremely rare metal germanium. There probably isn't enough germanium in the world to cater for the demand.

Fact (3): Wave power. The entire coastline would have to be surrounded in unsightly, expensive, big floating devices. No-one knows what the ecological effects will be of the decrease in water oxygenation, that this system will bring about on the shore. Windmills. These are a possible power supplement but they could not possibly produce enough power for the whole country.

The future power supply should consist of about 60% nuclear power supplemented by the aforementioned methods (except (1)). There is no other practical way and you may as well face up to it.

Next thing we'll have is Jackie with articles on Rhodasia or spin-spin lattice relaxation or something. Stick to things you know about. A practical, non-nutcase, unneurotic know all, Lancs. So if a few towns have to be blown off the face of the earth while they get it right, that's the price we'll have to pay. Fine. — M.S.

Penman is 'brilliant'. Never in the field of human bullshit has so much been said by so few brain cells. 'Sensitive', too. To criticism, I expect. A Consumer, Headington. Genius is pain. — IAN PENMAN

Oh smart assed ones, did you know that on page 209 of the 1973 *NME Book Of Rock* you've spelled the main blockhead... Drury! Cool eh! Tony Ives, Leeds. P.S. I hope Ian Penman gets better soon, he can't get worse. So what? Even Ian's mum can't say it proper. — M.S.

On Sunday, 27th May, 1979, I came across the Gang Of Four unloading their equipment behind the Lyceum. I also spoke to a Mekon. This was only surpassed by the sight of Andy Gill wearing his overcoat, and sporting two Specials walking down the Strand while I was eating my special grill (110p) in the Wimpie Bar. These people are real.
Billy Wimp, Oxford Great. — M.S.

Two more *Private Eye* jokes in this week's *T-Zers*. A Woody Allen joke in the singles reviews. There's a new Monty Python film out soon — that should keep you stocked up for a year or so.
Simon Broad, London SW1
Who was that broad I saw you with last night (cont. p5 of *The Beans*)

I deduce that the next letter was written by a girl with a 40" bust.
S. Holmes, Baker St, London.

So what if Graham Lock didn't like Lou Reed's gig at Hammersmith Odeon (I'm a slow reader). I didn't care much for The Skids gig at Guildford University. I think it was The Skids, it was hard to tell because they came on and went off so quick. They stayed on for less than an hour and the support band, mentioned on the ticket, failed to materialise. I know the Scots are tight but they could have given us a bit more for £1.

So what if it was the matinee for the under 18s? We could have got a bit more than the lead singer, whatever his name is, strumming his long practised chords with one of his detachable incisors: telling jokes in a strange foreign language (I think it could have been Scottish); and falling about laughing at lots of three foot high neo-punks trying to



Joe Strummer, in desperate bid to regain credibility, goes acoustic after Cost Of Living Frasco Bag — hard luck, Joe, no letters about you this week! Pic: Bill Badger and The Trokkoids.

pogo. (Even though it was the funniest thing since Elton John had a hair transplant.)
F.T. Index, Nr. Aldershot.
Maybe they're Skid Marxists, man. — M.S.

Re: Graham Lock's article *NME 2.6.79*
Richard Thompson's brave new morals certainly came as a shock. Like seeing John Lydon and Peter Hamill swearing allegiance to the Pope, or Roy Harper eating at a motorway service station. Perhaps it was Dave Swarbrick who wrote the lyrics of 'Poor Will And The Jolly Hangman'.
Edward Wood, Amphil, Beds.
Stone this audacious bastard to death. — A MILLION ISLAMIC PERSONAGES

Doubtless some of your readers have been trying without success to get a letter printed in the *NME*. Well punters, here are ten (yes, ten) surefire ways to achieve this goal:

1. Put 'I bet you won't print this anyway' (always works in *Sounds* but only occasionally in the more sophisticated *NME*);
2. Write a smart ass one liner (preferably funny and meaningless);
3. Use a funny name (eg Elvis Costello);
4. Mention Tony Burchill or Julie Parsons;
5. Insult a staff member (preferably Ian Penman, who is employed for this very purpose);
6. Start a backlash;
7. Begin the letter with 'May I be the first to...';
8. Mention Gillingham (guarantees publication);
9. Refer to other letter on page (eg 'I don't think the next letter is as good as this...').

dangerous, this, since might confuse CSM):
10. Write in a foreign language (preferably Norwegian).
Sigmund Freud Tutorial Agency Research Panel Chairperson, Vienna.
Oh come on Sig, it's not as easy as all that. — NEIL JUNG

May I be the last to say: 'May I be the first to say'
Gil, Sheffield nr. Gillingham.
Dunno tho', there's numbers 7 and 8 taken care of already.
— R.D. LAING

Here's some anagrams of your staff:
Lay Arse, Scum! Harl Harr!
So Nasty Porn
Hull Rib Juice
Firm Nacker
Mint Penis, Eh?
An NME Pain.
Have fun.
Alf Munt, Cambridge
Alf Munt? I don't get it. — S.M.

After all these years of frequent *NME* excursions into areas unmusical, every time some prat feels it imperative to complain 'in the strongest possible terms', prattling on about 'sticking to music' and 'if I wanted to read about football, politics' etc. I'd have thought by now the dodos might have twigged that the *Biz*, the whole *Biz* etc. is not *NME* policy but is in *MM Sounds*. R. Mirror (or so I'm told). The choice is there.

Amazing also how many of these 'angry music lovers' seem to belong to the legendary 'let's have more Zep, Rush, Yes222' clan who upon receiving a less than enthusiastic article of their heroes start shouting the odd: all over again. Conservatism with a small 'c' is very negative, very dull and in young humans very sad.

Anyway bollocks to all that, what I really wanted to say was: Q. Are we not men? A. We Ardiles.
D. Keighton, Bridgewater, Somerset.

Please feature more politics, more films, more articles on nuclear power, drugs, and human rights as this is all I read your paper for. Music's too controversial!
David Ogden, Weedon, Northants.
Let's hear it for this man! — M.S.

What's all this shit about music in my favourite football paper?
L. Sinore.

Every week I read a letter by some Heavy Metal tosser droning on about how good Ted Nugent is and saying that The Buzzcocks are shit. Then I read a letter by some punk going on about how good The Buzzcocks are and saying that Ted Nugent is a moron. Why don't they take the music on its merit? Then they would realise that both of them are morons.
I Fort de Lore, Stubbington, Hants.
Stirrer. — M.S.

I always thought that music critics were supposed to be the most unbiased bunch of pillocks going. But how wrong I was. For example, Charles Shaar Murray is a very good example of a totally biased soul/punk apologist who doesn't know a good song when he hears one. I refer, of course, to his review of the Van Halen single. (Who is this prat? — Ed)

Who cares if Rush are fascists anyway? Screw Rush!
A thoroughly middle-class buttock.

Hey Andy! What a fab review of The Scorpions that was! I bet you're walking tall in the *NME* offices now after yet another gargantuan put-down of HM under your belt. And just think — a couple more write-offs of say, Rush and Judas Priest (not Lizzy for God's sake — Parsons likes them) and maybe another 'intellectually significant' review of Kraftwerk's next album and you'll really be in the *NME* elite.

It so happens that me and a friend went to see The Scorpions. We didn't go to 'pat each other on the back and say we're both men' — no Andy, we went for a bit of entertainment. Go on, sneer at my clichés, laugh at my impotence. You see Andy, I don't take Scorpions seriously and did not go to the concert for any sexual or ritualistic reason and I'm sure no one else there did. I sure do not ponder their lyrics to try to read into them the oppression of today's youth or even the current socio-economic climate in Bolivia. I went to that gig for a break in the shitty revision most students have to do at this time of year.

Listen, I'm not putting myself above anyone else and claiming immunity from criticism, and of course realise that you're quite entitled to your own opinion that The Scorpions were crap — but please, please don't start judging other people by your own small minded standards, because it stinks.
Paul Kavenagh, Manchester.
Zia is unt gut wrtting from zee Nort. — A SCORPION

I've had two smart-ass one liners published in your rag, and I'm goddam proud of it. But my mates keep goading me that I can't get a full length letter in. So here I am chaps.
Nagrenol III, New England, Pethetic. — YOUR MATES

Please make one of the answers in the crossword 'penguin' as Biggles writes penguin for every answer and it would be nice if he got one right for a change. Thank you.
Time Ego, Milton Keynes.
One across: A chocolate biscuit?

O'you know, it's a bastard trying to thing of summat to write this column.
Phyllis Oldman.

Just in case you get it wrong after the event, the Zep gig was brilliant.
Jacob, St. Davids, Dyfed.

I enjoyed the pizza afterwards more than the actual gig. Why was this?
T. Morrison, Altnon, Hants.
It probably didn't cost seven and a half nicker. — M.S.

Could you possibly print this letter without any 'e's in it. Leave in the 'a's, 'b's, 'c's, 'd's, 'f's etc., just leave out the 'e's. A complete and utter wanker.
London.

Try to edit this one, smart arse
F. Yew.



An early Lowry — L.S. not Ray

HOLLY MOVIE NEXT MONTH



An early warning. Bagged by M. Smith

T-ZERS

Here we bloody go again: Tony Blackburn's being kicked all over the shop by Radio 1 (presumably the result of an attack of good taste 12 years too late), John Lydon sez "Rock is dead OFFICIAL" (damn, him's snuffed it more often than Raapun — are we twiggig something here or what?), Wick and Bianca are dodgin' each other all over London, Marianne Faithfull just married, Iggy's recording at Rockfield, a big record company who won't have pissed on George Thorogood a year ago if he's been on fire is now wra-ying around over five-year-old tapes of the Delaware Dumper, people got beat up and arrested all over the place, the very fabric of rock as we know it is crumbling...

Yes, it's been a rilly boring week... To continue: The Dead Kennedys have, alas, been ousted from their "World's Best-named Band" pedestal, despite their debut pictorial appearance in this hallowed mag this very week. The new champs are The Sex Beatles, about whom Tazers knows sod all except that they, like half of the entire population of the universe, will be playing the Glastonbury Festival...

Among the half of the population who will not be contributing their time and talent to this wonderful event will be George Thorogood, whose career is getting extremely complicated courtesy of wonderful MCA Records who, having noticed that George is currently at #1 in the American album charts with 'Move It On Over', are planning to whack heavy promo behind their collection of George's back pages. George's record company, the Massachusetts-based indie Rounder Records, are well pissed off and claim that MCA's right to the tapes was based on a long-expired nine-month option...

The relaunch of Peter Frampton's career has misfired somewhat: astronomical quantities of copies of his comeback album have been shipped in a state of ongoing faultiness and have therefore had to be recalled and replaced...

Incredibly attractive female vocalist Linda Ronstadt evidently has a very short attention span. She walked out on a Patil Smith gig at New York's Palladium Theatre after three songs, just failing to beat her all-time record of a couple of years back when she walked out on television after a mere two numbers, but the real burning question of the week is why is it currently being reported that CBS bigboy producer Records top executive Weiss is in the running for The Clash's managerial duties?

No more live Bowie until the next decade, fight fans. Captain Malnutrition has completed a four-week US tour and retreated to Switzerland (in which location he is currently domiciled) to get physically prepared for launching the '80s with a deluxe world tour...

But hush! What spectre stirs in the uncharted vastnesses of darkest Wales? In Rockfield Studios, to be precise, where — as you read — Iggy Pop will be straining and soaring against the entire dark ages of Dave Edmunds for the follow-up to the 'New Values' album. New tracks include 'Hey Coco' (nothing to do with the famous late clown but a paean to David Bowie's current girlfriend) and 'Pretty Flamingo' (not the old Manfred Mann hit currently popularised by Bruce Springsteen — who has nothing to do with this item by the dots like mentioning his name whenever they can —

but a new Ig original). Edmunds — the man who muttered "Will someone get this fucker off the stage?" when Keith Richards attempted to play his third successive out-of-tune number when jamming at a Rockpile gig in New York — has issued no statements as to the presence of such a deranged personage at his pet studio...

Iggy's dad, on the other hand, is probably delighted that his bizarre progeny is recording in a location as civilised as Monmouth. During the whole period that young Jim was living and recording in Berlin, the elder Osterburg has not found it easy to adjust to the fact that World War II ended some 32 years ago and has repeatedly cautioned his son that "You can't trust those damn Jerries, son. Don't let 'em know you're a Yank or they'll gun ya down in cold blood." This perspicacious old gentleman has also advised his ageing brat to see a shrink — as long as it ain't a German...

Okay, a joke: How many New Wavers does it take to screw in a light bulb? Stumped? We thought so. Answer: One to screw in the bulb, four to get put on the guest list. Of such stuff dreams are woven and legends are born, not to mention the revelation that much refreshed from his recent sojourn in Thailand, Brian Eno is now ready to work on the third Talking Heads elpee...

In the wake of Abba: The Movie... Star Trek: The Movie — a celluloid thing which has cost over \$30 million so far with no end in sight and problems aplenty, like they're contracted to get the bleeder onto the screens by Christmas even though special effects maestro Robert Abel has just been fired with most of the major whizzbang sequences left uncompleted...

So what is all this about our beloved Tony Blackburn? The country's unfunniest man is currently denying reports that the Beeb are planning to



Above: The small, moody former pump jockey from the South Circular maintains his usual studied intensity while Rick Nielsen tries to fight off the mysterious ailments that constantly plague his central nervous system. Nielsen, Parker and their respective gangs have been learning how to be specks on the horizon for their imminent tour of select American megastadiums...

Left: Kute little Kirsty MacColl, Stiff Records' latest Stiffette, gives B. Rats' Pete Briquette a kuddle. Pic: Paul Slattery.

Below: Last weekend's mad invasion of Hastings. "It was disgraceful," said a council spokesman as the sleepy South coast resort slowly returned to normal. "They walked around all day with absolutely nothing to do," he added. "Then they went home." Pic: Stevenson.



At last! Famous Los Angeles punk combo The Dead Kennedys performs in the UK — even if it does mean gatecrashing a Human League gig. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

dump him and the Beeb are also denying these reports, so why does a responsible publication like the Daily Star continue to publish these damaging inferences about a truly Great Briton?...

Debbie Harry in social comment situation. Introducing Kraftwerk's 'Showroom Dummies' on Radio 1's Star Special last weekend, perky Deb quipped, "This is a song I can really relate to." Also hitting the radio (radio) was the new ultra-cuddly version of Elvis Costello, who took part in Kid Jensen's Sunday pop quiz thingy type 'ting an' 'ting. A brief snatch of 'Accidents Will Happen' was played and a listener failed to identify it. Kid asked El to help out, and the waggish bespectacled one replied, "Don't ask me, I play them every night and I still have trouble telling them apart." Other Costello clippings inform us (and you!) that Steve Nave's composition 'Mad About Girls' will crop up on the next elpee...

A Mr. Kent of Kilburn wishes it known that various inaccuracies crept into last week's hot Elvis scoop: briefly, 'Hoover Factory' is not featured in the Americathon movie, and Costello did not duet publicly with country singer George Jones, though the swinging pair did cut 'Strangers In The House' for Jones' forthcoming 'Duets' album...

Stiff Records vs the USA pts 2-94 inclusive: CBS have signed Lene Lovich, Ian Dury and Rachel Sweet while Arista grabs The Rumour to go with Graham Parker who they already had via a different deal...

The dots would quite like to have an updated denial of the Rich Kids' break-up rumours circulating a wee while back. Steve Nave is currently — ahem — working with Pat Palladin from Snatch. Rusty Egan is engaged in a project with ex-Moors Murderer Steve Strange (though he takes pains to deny it) and Glen Matlock's stint with Iggy Pop is definitely over. One Kid (we won't say which) told a dot (ditto): "We want to be a group making rock music for the 1980's and Glen's still doing his Ronnie Lane impression. If working with Iggy has improved his attitude then we'll get back to being an active unit again. Otherwise it's not even worth considering." The Kids have not all been in the same room together for some months: what gives?...

And even more important: what gives with The Marilan Schoolgirls, stars of last week's Thrills? If they haven't got a contract with Chiswick (they haven't), who have they got a contract with?...

Devoted Devoteophiles may care to know their hero has compiled a book of his poems called Thirty Lyrics — everything from 'Goredom' to 'Permafrost', including bootleg album lyrics — available from Magazine Syndicate, Virgin, 2 Vernon Yard, Portobello Rd., W11 at a quid a time...

And finally, Police Fivetime. A Mr Aiden Mather of St. Austell would like to appeal via T-Zers to The Albion Band, as he got nicked after the gig for 'stealing' an amp he says they asked him to take down the road for them. Do you remember this man? If so, the Exmouth Police would like to hear from you...

Right, tea break's over — back on your heads...

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN Last week

- | This week | Last week |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1 Rock Against Thatcher | (1) |
| 2 Undertones | (2) |
| 3 Ad Mode Cons | (3) |
| 4 The Rutas | (4) |
| 5 Clash Police | (5) |
| 6 John (red) | (6) |
| 7 Still Little Fingers | (7) |
| 8 Jam Tube Station | (8) |
| 9 Sources (Gueche Girl) | (9) |
| 10 Gang of Four | (10) |

Apologies to Mr. Great Person of Guent. Winning competition results read: "Nerdier" Hardest and now the whipl!

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