

BRIAN JONES
As years go by
STRUMMER . POP
GROUP . LOWE

STEEL PULSE

Handsworth Across The Water

C W W A W T S

Week ending June 30, 1979

uk singles

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1	(1) Ring My Bell	Anita Ward (TK)	5 1
2	(5) Are Friends Electric	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	5 2
3	(10) Up The Junction	Squeeze (A&M)	3 3
4	(3) Boogie Wonderland	Earth, Wind & Fire with The Emotions (CBS)	7 3
5	(4) Sunday Girl	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6 1
6	(2) Dance Away	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7 1
7	(12) The Lone Ranger	Quantum Jump (Electric)	4 7
8	(6) Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	6 6
9	(19) Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3 9
10	(7) Theme From The Deerhunter	Shadows (EMI)	7 5
11	(11) H.A.P.P.Y. Radio	Edwin Starr (RCA)	5 11
12	(7) Shine A Little Love	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6 8
13	(8) We Are Family	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4 8
14	(20) Living On The Front Line	Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	2 14
15	(28) Cavatina	John Williams (Cube)	3 15
16	(13) Masquerade	Skids (Virgin)	5 13
17	(25) Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	2 17
18	(22) Go West	Village People (Mercury)	2 18
19	(14) Who Were You With In The Moonlight	Dollar (Cerrera)	4 14
20	(19) Gertche	Chas & Dave (EMI)	5 19
21	(15) Hot Stuff	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6 13
22	(—) Lady Lynda	Beach Boys (Caribou)	1 22
23	(—) Silly Games	Janet Kay (Scope)	1 23
24	(23) Say When	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	2 23
25	(—) Babylon Burning	Ruts (Virgin)	1 25
26	(26) Space Bass	Slick (Fantasy)	2 26
27	(—) Old Siam Sir	Wings (Parlophone)	1 27
28	(—) Chuck E's In Love	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1 28
29	(21) The Number One Song In Heaven	Sparks (Virgin)	6 17
30	(16) Reunited	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	9 3
UP AND COMING: Crackin' Up — Nick Lowe (Radar); Do Anything You Want To Do — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo); Sunburn — Graham Gouldman (Mercury); Talk To Me — Third World (Island); Dance With Me — Carrie Lucas (Solar); Stranglehold — U.K. Subs (Gem).			

years 5 ago

Week ending June 25, 1974		
1	Always Yours	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	The Struck	Ray Stevens (Westbound)
3	Hay Rock And Roll	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
4	She	Charles Aznavour (Berkeley)
5	Jarrow Song	Alan Price (Warners)
6	I'd Love You To Want Me	Lobo (UK)
7	There's A Ghost In My House	R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
8	A Touch Too Much	Arrows (Rak)
9	Liverpool Love	Scaffold (Warners)
10	Judy Teen	Cockney Rebel (EMI)

10

Week ending July 25, 1969		
1	Battled Of John And Yoko	Beatles (Apple)
2	Oh Happy Day	Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
3	Living In The Past	Jethro Tull (Island)
4	Time Is Tight	Booker T. and the MGs (Stax)
5	In The Ghetto	Tommy Roe (Stateside)
6	Dizzy	Thunderclap Newman (Track)
7	Something In The Air	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	Big Ship	Jackie Wilson (MCA)
9	Higher And Higher	Beck's (Apple)
10	Get Back	Beck's (Apple)

15

Week ending June 26, 1964		
1	It's Over	Roy Orbison (London)
2	Someone	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
3	Hello Dolly	Louis Armstrong (London)
4	You're My World	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	Remons	Beck's (Decca)
6	My Guy	Mary Wells (Stateside)
7	Here I Go Again	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	You're No Good	Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
9	Nobody I Know	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
10	House Of The Rising Sun	Animals (Columbia)

uk albums

This Last Week			Highest position in chart
1	(1) Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4 1
2	(2) Parallel Lines	Blondie (Chrysalis)	37 1
3	(8) Last The Whole Night Through	James Last (Polydor)	10 3
4	(14) Communiqué	Dire Straits (Phonogram)	3 4
5	(3) Voulez Vous	Abba (Epic)	8 1
6	(7) Do It Yourself	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	6 2
7	(6) Lodger	David Bowie (RCA)	3 6
8	(22) I Am	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3 8
9	(16) Replicas	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	2 9
10	(12) Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3 10
11	(4) Manifesto	Roxy Music (Polydor)	14 4
12	(11) The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	13 1
13	(9) Reach For It	Sky (Aniela)	3 9
14	(10) Breakfast In America	Supernatural (A & M)	14 2
15	(—) Back To The Egg	Wings (Parlophone)	1 15
16	(19) Bad Girls	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3 16
17	(5) This Is It	Various (CBS)	4 5
18	(13) Fate For Breakfast	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	10 3
19	(26) Boogie Bus	Various (Polygram)	5 19
20	(20) Black Rose	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	9 2
21	(21) The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	6 10
22	(15) At The Budokan	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6 8
23	(25) Out Of The Blue	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	73 3
24	(—) Rickie Lee Jones	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1 24
25	(—) Armed Forces	Elvis Costello (Radar)	20 2
26	(18) The Undertones	The Undertones (Sire)	6 15
27	(—) That Summer	Various (Aniela)	1 27
28	(17) Dire Straits	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	17 4
29	(—) Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	15 2
30	(—) Outlandos D'Amour	Police (A & M)	7 9
UP AND COMING: Labour Of Lust — Nick Lowe (Radar); Repeat When Necessary — Dave Edmunds (Swansong); Duty Now For The Future — Devo (Virgin); Songbird — Ruby Winters (K-Tel); Morning Dance — Spyro Gyra (Infinity); Songs Of Love — Anita Ward (TK).			



Can't keep a bad girl down: Donna Summer takes over the universe this week (again) with two singles in an all-girl U.S. Top Five and a presence on all four charts at once. Meanwhile Anita Ward notches a double header on the singles, Donna pic: Papper

us singles

This Last Week			
1	(3) Ring My Bell	Anita Ward	
2	(2) We Are Family	Sister Sledge	
3	(1) Hot Stuff	Donna Summer	
4	(5) Chuck E's In Love	Rickie Lee Jones	
5	(10) Bad Girls	Donna Summer	
6	(9) Boogie Wonderland	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions	
7	(7) You Take My Breath Away	Rex Smith	
8	(8) She Believes In Me	Kenny Rogers	
9	(4) The Logical Song	Supertramp	
10	(12) Shine A Little Love	Electric Light Orchestra	
11	(6) Just When I Needed You Most	Randy VanWarmer	
12	(14) I Want You To Want Me	Cheap Trick	
13	(11) Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy	Bad Company	
14	(15) Makin' It	David Naughton	
15	(18) Gold	John Stewart	
16	(20) When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman	Dr Hook	
17	(13) Minutes By Minutes	Doobie Brothers	
18	(21) Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now	McFadden & Whitehead	
19	(17) Reunited	Peaches and Herb	
20	(25) Does Your Mother Know	Abba	
21	(28) You Can't Change That	Raydio	
22	(23) Dance The Night Away	Van Halen	
23	(30) I Can't Stand It No More	Peter Frampton	
24	(—) Heart of the Night	Poco	
25	(28) I Was Made For Lovin' You	Kiss	
26	(—) Mama Can't Buy You Love	Eton Jones	
27	(29) Shakedown Cruise	Jay Ferguson	
28	(—) Do It Or Die	Atlanta Rhythm Section	
29	(—) Days Gone Down	Gerry Rafferty	
30	(16) Love You Inside Out	Bee Gees	
Courtesy "CASH BOX"			

us albums

This Last Week			
1	(1) Breakfast In America	Supertramp	
2	(2) Bad Girls	Donna Summer	
3	(3) Rickie Lee Jones		
4	(15) At The Budokan	Cheap Trick	
5	(4) We Are Family	Sister Sledge	
6	(18) I Am	Earth Wind & Fire	
7	(15) Desolation Angels	Bad Company	
8	(10) The Gambler	Kenny Rogers	
9	(24) Discovery	Electric Light Orchestra	
10	(12) Monolith	Kansas	
11	(11) Van Halen II	Van Halen	
12	(16) Songs Of Love	Anita Ward	
13	(7) Minutes By Minutes	Doobie Brothers	
14	(15) State Of Shock	Ted Nugent	
15	(—) Dynasty	Kiss	
16	(9) Flag	James Taylor	
17	(22) Winner Takes All	Isley Brothers	
18	(16) Sooner Or Later	Rax Smith	
19	(13) 2 Mot	Peaches and Herb	
20	(14) Sparks Having Fun	Bee Gees	
21	(—) Back To The Egg	Wings	
22	(17) Parallel Lines	Blondie	
23	(—) Teddy	Teddy Pendergrass	
24	(23) The Cars		
25	(26) McFadden & Whitehead		
26	(27) Look Sharp!	Joe Jackson	
27	(—) Where I Should Be	Peter Frampton	
28	(20) Evolution	Journey	
29	(—) Lodger	David Bowie	
30	(—) Night Owl	Gerry Rafferty	
Courtesy "CASH BOX"			

disco

All 12" singles, all imported		
1	I'm A Sucker For Your Love	Tina Turner (Motown)
2	I'll Never Forget My Favourite Disco	Dexter Wansel (Philadelphia)
3	Come And Get It On	Soccer (Salsoul)
4	Strut Your Funky Stuff	Franticus (Columbia)
5	Get Another Love	Charlat (Key Records)
6	First Time Around	Silly (re-mix) (Salsoul)
7	It's Too Funky In Here	James Brown (Polydor)
8	Groovin' You	Harvey Mason (Arista)
9	The Boss	Diana Ross (Motown)
10	Everybody Here Must Party	Direct Current (Tic Records)
Chart supplied by: Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1.		

reggae

7 pre-release		
1	First To First Rub A Dub	Nigger Kajak (Belmont)
2	Mr. Brown	Gregory Isaacs (Cash and Carry)
3	Kick To Ya Chin	Jah Gordon (Belmont)
4	Hallelujah Jah	New Creation (Errol TI)
5	Oh Mr DC	Sugar Minott (Studio One)
6	River Jordan	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
7	Pressure Rock	Captain Sinbad (Youth Promotion)
8	It's You I Love	Pat Kelley (Black Swan)
9	Hold Me Baby	Dudley And Sorcher (Studio One)
10	Loving You	Pat Kelley (Black Swan)
Chart supplied by Joe Gibbs Record City, Lewisham Way, SE1.		

NEWS

BLONDIE VISIT
DEFINITE : PAGE 4

Police, Gabriel topping
at Reading with Lizzy

THE POLICE and PETER GABRIEL are the other two headliners for this year's Reading Festival, in addition to Thin Lizzy, whose appearance was announced last week. Among other acts confirmed are Steve Hackett, Jamaican reggae outfit Inner Circle, chart groups The Members and The Undertones, Climax Blues Band, and two bands fronted by former Deep Purple stalwarts — Whitesnake and Gillan.

The full running order hasn't yet been determined, but it's known that The Police will be heading on the opening night (Friday, August 24), Thin Lizzy top on the Saturday, and Peter Gabriel closes the show on the final night (Sunday, 26). Several more acts are still being finalised, and negotiations are in progress for two major American bands to make special guest appearances. Meanwhile, those confirmed so far are:

Thin Lizzy, Peter Gabriel, The Police, Steve Hackett, Inner Circle, The Members, Climax Blues Band, The Undertones, Whitesnake, Gillan, Motorhead, Punishment Of Luxury,

TICKET DETAILS & LINE-UP

The Movies, Bram Tchaikovsky, Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, Doll By Doll, After The Fire, Fame, The Jags, Molly Hatchett, Speed-O-Meters, Wild Horses and Zaine Griff.

Molly Hatchett are an American heavy metal outfit who will be making their UK debut, and the event also marks the first appearance of the re-shaped Gillan band.

Advance three-day season tickets for the entire festival cost £10.95 (including VAT), and they may be obtained by mail order from NJF/Reading Festival, P.O. Box 45Q, London W1A 4SQ. Make cheques and postal orders payable to "NJF/Reading Festival" (no cash applications) and enclose SAE. These tickets include camping and parking facilities.

Subject to availability, a number of day tickets (not including camping or parking) will be on sale at the site, priced £4.50 (Friday) and £5.50 (Saturday and Sunday).

The Reading Festival — or to give it its full title, the 19th

THE POLICE enroute for the Reading Festival.



National Jazz, Blues and Rock Festival — will be staged at its usual Thameside Promenade site, ten minutes' walk from the Western Region station, and easily accessible by road via the M4. There will be the usual facilities including shops, bars, restaurants, mobile hospital and full toilet amenities.



ADAM & ANTS
HIT BIG-TIME

ADAM AND THE ANTS are poised to break into the big league, as the result of signing an agency deal with John Giddings of the giant MAM Organisation, who has set up an extensive summer tour for them.

At the same time, they have signed with Do It Records, who release the band's single "Zerox"/"Whip In My Valise" on July 6. And after completing their British dates, they start work on their first album for autumn release.

With a further strings of gigs still being finalised for August, those so far confirmed for next month are Retford Porterhouse (July 13), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (14), Plymouth Woods (16), Exeter Routes (17), New-

port Stowaway (18), Leeds Fan Club (19), Edinburgh Clouds (20), Manchester The Factory (21), Bradford Royal Standard (22), Chester Smartyz (23), York Pop Club (25), Liverpool Eric's (26), Newcastle Mayfair (27), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (28) and Jackdale Grey Topper (29).

Dead to visit after all

THE GRATEFUL DEAD — who pulled out of last weekend's Glastonbury Fayre at short notice, explaining that they were too involved in recording sessions — now appear to have had an ulterior motive for their cancellation. It's understood that they will be coming to Britain after all this summer — to top the bill in another open-air event. According to informed sources, they'll be headlining a major outdoor concert not too far from Central London, on either the last Saturday in August or the first in September. The favourite seems to be Saturday, August 25 — which, if confirmed, would clash with the Reading Festival.

YES OPT OUT

YES have now decided against playing a string of concerts at London Earls Court in August, despite the fact that their live double album is scheduled for release that month. NME reported plans for the London shows last week, basing the news upon information supplied by the band's keyboard man Rick Wakeman, and a Yes spokesman confirmed on Monday that some dates were being held at the stadium until quite recently.

The Marketing Director of Earls Court told NME: "The promoter reserved the Yes dates, and kept us dithering around for ages, before finally telling us he wouldn't be taking them up." Back to the Yes spokesman for the explanation: "The boys now feel they want to take a good long rest from live work after they finish their American tour early next month. They've decided not to play any more live dates this year, and will instead concentrate on recording their next album."

Clash, Townshend: Rainbow
benefit concerts

PETE TOWNSHEND and THE CLASH headline two separate benefit concerts on successive nights at London's Rainbow Theatre next month, organised by the Rock Against Racism movement. Both shows are in aid of the Southall Defence Fund and People Unite, and the full line-up is: Pete Townshend & Friends, The Rutts, The Pop Group and Misty (Friday, July 13); and The Clash, The Members, The Enchanters and Aswad (Saturday, 14). In addition to the names announced, a few surprise appearances can also be expected.

It's understood that Townshend's friends are likely to include The Who's Kenny Jones and possibly John Entwistle, though Roger Daltrey will be unavailable because of his filming commitments in 'McVicar'. The Rainbow has obtained permission from the GLC to remove its seats for these two gigs, and tickets should be on sale at the theatre's box-office this morning (Thursday), all at the one price of £3.

● The Clash's Joe Strummer talks about the project on page 14.



PETE TOWNSHEND

It's Pure Hell again

PURE HELL — the American outfit originally described as "the world's first black punk band", but who are now calling themselves "a black raunchy heavy-metal rock'n'roll band" — are back in Britain for a tentative tour, climaxing with a major London appearance at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, July 15.

Other gigs are Norwich Boogie House (tomorrow, Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Bradford Royal Standard (Sunday), Leeds Fan Club (July 3), Bristol Trinity Hall (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Manchester The Factory (7).

Sheffield Limit Club (10) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (11).

While in this country, the band will also be recording a maxi-single in a limited edition, available by mail order only — postal or money order for £1.50 to Pure Hell, c/o 5 Cecil Street, Margate, Kent.

● The Chords have confirmed another two headlining London dates — at Camden Kingswalls (July 11) and Kensington Nashville (30) — and The Mekons, who are just finalising a major recording deal, are also set for a Nashville gig — their date is this Sunday.

DRUMMER GOES AND
BISHOPS FACE CRISIS

THE BISHOPS are facing their second crisis in three months. They decided to carry on as a group, after the tragic death of Zenon De Fleur in March — but they have now lost their Australian drummer Paul Balbi, who has had to return to his home country because his work permit has run out. He was stopped by UK immigration authorities when the band returned from a festival in Spain, and was told he couldn't enter the country. The Bishops have since taped a couple of radio sessions using a session drummer but, having now lost two founder members, they are seriously considering their long-term future.

MUSIC BY POST
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KATY BUSH Songbook	£1.95
THE BUSH Songbook	£1.95
THE WHO Who Are You	£1.95
THE WHO Songs of	£1.95
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THE LIZZY Bored of	£2.55
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THE TUBES

THE PAVILION - SOPHIA GARDENS
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TICKETS: £3.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE: 9A.M. - 6 P.M. MON-FRI, TEL: CARDIFF 27657, OR VISUAL SOUND ADVISE, SPILLERS (CARDIFF) OR VIBES (NANTWYCH). DEBRIE (SWANSEA & PORT TALBOT) OR VIBES, REYNOLDS, RHYL (BRIXTON) OR VISUAL SOUND (NANTWYCH) OR £3.50 (INC VAT) ON NIGHT

GUILDHALL - PORTSMOUTH
FRIDAY 13TH JULY AT 7.30

TICKETS: £4.00, £3.50, £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE: 10 A.M. - 5 P.M. MON-SAT, TEL: PORTSMOUTH 24355, OR ON NIGHT

WESSEX HALL
ARTS CENTRE - POOLE
SATURDAY 14TH JULY AT 7.30

TICKETS: £3.75 (INC VAT) ADVANCE POOLE ARTS CENTRE BOX OFFICE: 10 A.M. - 6 P.M. MON-SAT, TEL: POOLE 85332, UPTOWN RECORDS, 35 THE LIPS BOURNEMOUTH & POOLE, RECORDS & TAPES WIMBORNE, OR £3.75 ON NIGHT

NEW THEATRE
GEORGE ST OXFORD
SUNDAY 15TH JULY AT 7.30

TICKETS: £4.00, £3.50, £2.50 (INC VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE: 10 A.M. - 5 P.M. MON-SAT, TEL: OXFORD 44544/5, OR ON NIGHT

NEWS WAVES

Cramps autumn return Buzzards benefit show Members, Wire extra

● **LOCAL OPERATOR** have had to drop out of their extensive UK tour with The Members, due to the illness of guitarist Geoff Cooper. They've cancelled all dates for a month, and will resume at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club on July 20. Their new single 'Pressure Zone' is released by Virgin on July 13.

● **LEYTON BUZZARDS** headline a charity show for one-parent families at London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall on July 2, supported by Strangeways and Stoot. Tickets are £1.25 (advance) and £1.75 (doors).

● **THE CRAMPS** — who recently completed a UK tour with The Police, and are currently playing a few final gigs before returning to the States — will be back in Britain in mid-October to headline their own tour. Between times, they'll be recording their debut album at Sam Phillips' studios in Memphis, for British release by Illegal Records in late August.

● **WIRE** have added another date to their UK tour schedule, reported two weeks ago — at Norwich St. Andrew's Hall tomorrow (Friday).

● **WAYNE COUNTY** flew to New York this week with Electric Chairs guitarist Elliott Michele, and they'll be putting a temporary line-up together to play some dates in the States and Canada. In their absence, the rest of the Chairs will continue their own solo ventures.

● **PATRIK FITZGERALD** has added another London date to his current UK tour — at Camden Music Machine on July 5. But his gig planned for Birmingham Festival Suite tonight (Thursday) is cancelled. A book of his poems is now available (price 75p) from Thap Publishing, Tower Hamlets Art Project, 59 Watney Street, London E1.

● **INTERVIEW** are playing a couple of dates before they begin their tour with The Pretenders on July 9 — they are London Kensington Nashville (this Saturday) and Bath King Edward's School (July 3). Their album 'Big Oceans', issued by Virgin next week, will carry the special price of £2.99 for one month.

● **THE MEMBERS** have added another three dates to their UK tour, which opened this week — at Leicester University (this Saturday), Newport The Village (July 6) and Douglas I.O.M. Palace Lido (9). They've also been busy finishing their third single with producer Martin Rushent — titled 'End Of Term', it's due for late July release by Virgin.

● **JOHN LYDON** appears in BBC1's 'Juke Box Jury' this Saturday (30) — and for the benefit of those unfamiliar with his name, he is reverting to being Rotten!

● **THE SPECIALS** play a return gig at London Kensington Nashville tonight (Thursday), after selling out there earlier this month. They then start work on their first album under their newly-signed deal with Chrysalis — it's planned for October release, and they'll be touring extensively at that time to promote it.

Change of venue for The Tubes

THE TUBES have had to cancel their projected show at Bristol Colston Hall on July 12, because it now transpires that the hall is unavailable on that date. Instead, they appear at Cardiff Sophie Gardens on July 11 (all tickets priced £3.50).



INTERVIEW

RUNAWAY CHART LEADERS

September visit by Blondie is on

BLONDIE, who emerge this week as the top act in both the NME album and singles charts for the first half of 1979, are now set to arrive in Britain for concert appearances in September — despite reports elsewhere that their visit has been postponed until later in the year.

It was suggested that, because they're just setting out on an eight-week American tour, their British dates had been put back from August to October. In fact, they never planned to be here in August — and, as NME reported on April 21, they promised they would tour the UK in September.

Their London spokesman said this week: "Their American tour finishes in mid-August, so there's no reason why they shouldn't stick to their promise. My latest information is that they will definitely be arriving here during the second half of September, and their new

album will be issued to coincide with their concerts. But there'll be a new single out before that."

Also needing clarification, is another report, claiming that Debbie Harry stars in a so-called art film titled 'Union City', which is already completed and should be seen in Britain in the autumn. But in reality, this is an experimental film shot on home-movie cameras, and only a few sequences are in the can. Said the spokesman: "With so much heavy touring coming up, I have no idea when or if it will ever get finished. And the same goes for the proposed 'Alphaville' film with Robert Fripp."

Blondie's 'Parallel Lines' is the runaway leader in the NME Album Chart Points table for 1979, with the first half of the year now completed — it's over 200 points ahead of its next nearest rival, and well on course to becoming the top LP of the year. Blondie are also ahead in the singles table, though here their lead is only minimal. Even so, it represents a remarkable achievement for a band who, only a year ago, were regarded as strictly new wave and non-mass appeal.



RECORD NEWS

Virgin open largest record store in UK

VIRGIN are opening what they claim to be the largest record store in Europe — it's in London's Oxford Street, on the site of the former Superama store, and next door to the premises of the first Virgin shop which opened ten years ago. The new store has a sales area almost the size of five tennis courts — plus coffee shop, cafeteria, ample listening facilities, giant video screen and ticket agency. It opens this Saturday (30) with The Boomtown Rats in attendance, and there's an opening offer of £2 off each of the Top 100 albums.

Among new Virgin releases are a Sparks single titled 'Best The Clock' from their album 'No 1 In Heaven', a picture disc single titled 'Call Me Every Night' by Jane Aire & The Belvederes, and 'Money' by The Flying Lizards (following up their unorthodox 'Sumertime Blues' last year) — all due out on July 6.

Following on July 13 is an album by San Francisco band The Residents titled 'Nipples'. It's a compilation of tracks from their five previously-issued albums, and it sells at the budget price of £3.20. Their long-awaited 'Eskimo' album is expected in the autumn.

● First to offer musical comment on the Thorpe affair, Beggar's Benquet rush release a single called 'Jeremy Is Innocent' by Rex Barker & The Ricochets — a name which hides the identity of several well-known musicians.

Berry, Domino & Mumps on new Hammer label

HAMMER RECORDS are a new London-based label set up by record producer Des Olan, and they make their bow next month with three albums — Mike 'Stand' Douglas, Fats Domino Golden Greats and Chuck Berry 20 Golden Greats (£4.25 each). Subsequent releases will follow at the rate of about two per month, and will include material by Jerry Lee Lewis, Bob Marley, Johnny Cash, The Platters and Mary O'Hara, among others.

The label's first single (£1.05) is by New York new-wave outfit The Mumps, titled 'Rock And Roll This And That' — and it's understood that London dates are currently being negotiated for the band.

Half-year Chart Points

TOP TEN ALBUMS : JANUARY — JUNE

1 Parallel Lines (Blondie)	956
2 Spirits Having Flown (Bee Gees)	439
3 C'est Chic (Chic)	406
4 Armed Forces (Elvis Costello)	388
5 Dire Straits	346
6 The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	339
7 Greatest In America (Supertramp)	323
8 Manilow Music (Barry Manilow)	278
9 Barbra Streisand's Hits, Vol. 2	276
10 Best Of Earth Wind & Fire, Vol. 1	259

TOP TEN SINGLES ARTISTS

1 Blondie	402	7 Art Garfunkel	303
2 Village People	366	8 Abba	290
3 Bee Gees	344	9 Three Degrees	286
4 Earth Wind & Fire	328	10 Boney M.	274
5 Chic	317		274
6 Rascals	314		

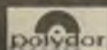
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DAVID COVERDALE

Whitesnake play 18 major venues

WHITESNAKE — the band featuring former Deep Purple members David Coverdale (vocals) and Jon Lord (keyboards), plus Bernie Marsden and Mickey Moody (guitars), Neil Murray (bass) and David Povey (drums) — headline a major 18-venue UK concert tour in mid-autumn.

After their appearance at the Reading Festival, as well as two other European festivals in August, they undertake a Japanese tour in September — followed by U.S. dates in Los Angeles and New York. They then return to Britain to play: Portsmouth Guildhall (October 11), Brighton Dome (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Preston Guildhall (15), Glasgow

Apollo (16), Edinburgh Odeon (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), St. Albans City Hall (20), Ipswich Gaumont (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (22), Oxford New Theatre (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Manchester Apollo (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Bradford St. George's Hall (November 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (2) and Liverpool Empire (4).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues priced £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £1.75 — except at Hammersmith where they are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Whitesnake finish their second German tour of the year this Sunday, then return home to complete their third album at Clearwell Castle, and it's planned for autumn release.

SUPERTRAMP FOR WEMBLEY SERIES

INSPIRED BY the success of their 'Breakfast In America' album, Supertramp are to play a string of four successive nights at London Wembley Arena in mid-autumn — a courageous move, bearing in mind that very few acts are capable of filling the vast arena for three nights, let alone four! Promoter Andrew Miller confirmed this week that they will appear there on October 30 and 31, November 1 and 2 — but tickets will not be on sale for about five weeks, and prices have not even been determined yet. He added that he is also looking for other dates for the band around the country, but whether or not their visit develops into a tour depends upon finding suitable venues.

NEWS ROUND-UP

ROY HILL, TOYAH AT RIVERSIDE

ROY HILL BAND headline three in a series of rock shows being presented throughout next month at London's Riverside Studios in Hammersmith — on Saturdays, July 14, 21 and 28. The Blues Band (featuring Paul Jones and McGuinness Flint) play Fridays, July 6, 13 and 27. And there are one-off concerts by Raew (11), Toyah (18) and the Michael Nyman Band (25).

C.P. LEE IN RHESUS PACKAGE

THE TUNES and **The Donkeys**, two bands signed to Manchester-based Rhesus Records, are playing a series of gigs together to promote their latest releases for the label. Special guests are C.P. Lee of the Alberts and the infamous Gordon The Moron. Those set are Liverpool Eric's (July 2), Manchester Factory (4), Sheffield Limit (6) and Leeds Floride Green Hotel (12). Others, including a London date, are being finalised.

DARTS PLAN EXTENSIVE TOUR

DARTS are going out on a major tour in September. No dates have been announced yet, but their spokesman said it will be an extensive itinerary, covering most of the key cities around the country. Meanwhile their new single 'Duke Of Earl' (the old Gene Chandler hit) is released by Magnet on July 6 — and their latest album, produced by Roy Wood, will be issued in September to coincide with the tour.

MADDY BACK WITH NEW BAND

MADDY PRIOR, already set for the Cambridge Folk Festival on both July 27 and 28, returns to London right after her second appearance there to headline at The Venue in Victoria on July 28. And she precedes these dates with a show at Hull University on July 28. Maddy's new band comprises former Steeleye Span members Rick Kemp (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums), plus John O'Connor (guitar) and Andy Richards (keyboards).

FAIRPORT: MORE FAREWELLS

FAIRPORT CONVENTION, currently undertaking their farewell tour prior to disbandment, are to play two nights at London Camden Dingwalls — on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17 and 18. They have also added Nottingham Playhouse (July 21), Rayleigh Crocs (August 1) and the Colchester Festival (3). Apart from an outdoor gig in their home village of Cropredy, Oxon, this wraps up their UK tour.

CODY ADDS ANOTHER THREE

COMMANDER CODY, already set for three nights at London Victoria The Venue (October 12-14), has now been confirmed for three provincial dates — at Manchester University (October 9), Cardiff University (10) and Bristol Polytechnic (11). One more gig has still to be finalised. Support act on all dates is Sessafra.



COYNE AND DAGMAR ON STAGE

KEVIN COYNE and **Dagmar Krause** appear at London Stratford Theatre Royal on July 15 and 16 in a special presentation of 'Babble', the song cycle written by Coyne, which is issued as a Virgin album this weekend. Described as "a love story about lonely lovers", the performances also feature Bob Ward (acoustic guitar) and Brian Godding (electric guitars).

DON WILLIAMS CONCERT TOUR

DON WILLIAMS — arguably the most popular C&W artist in Britain, and certainly the most successful in terms of album sales — returns here in early autumn for a major concert tour, promoted by Mervyn Conn. Support acts are up-and-coming Nashville singer Terri Hollowell and British country band Poacher. To coincide with tour, MCA will release the album 'The Very Best Of Don Williams'.

Monochromes, PragVec dates

THE FIRST nine dates have now been confirmed for the Rough Trade package tour — plans for which were revealed last week — featuring **The Monochromes**, **Salt**, **PragVec** and **Manicured Noise**. They are Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (July 10), Halifax Civic Theatre (11), Hull The Block (12), Dudley J.B.'s (14), London Deptford Albany Empire (15), Reading Caribbean Club (16), Southend Zero Six (17), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (18), Derby Ajanta Club (21). Several more dates are still being finalised.

JIM CAPALDI LONDON GIGS

JIM CAPALDI, the former Traffic vocalist and percussionist, plays two charity shows at London Victoria The Venue on Thursday and Friday, July 5 and 6 (tickets on sale now priced £3.25). He'll be backed by his band **The Contenders** — Alan Spenser (bass), Phil Capaldi (vocals), Ray Allen (sax), Peter Bonas (guitar), Chris Perren (keyboards) and Nico McBrain (drums) — and these will be their only British dates this year. Capaldi's latest album 'Electric Nights' has just been issued by Polydor — and a remixed single from the LP, titled 'Shoe Shines', is out this week.

● **CHAS AND DAVE** have added a date at The Venue to their current gig series, promoting their 'Gentle' single — it's tomorrow (Friday).



(October 1). There will be two performances every night, except at Brighton and Manchester — and a decision hasn't yet been taken regarding the number of shows at Gloucester and Stafford.

● Ticket prices are £7, £6, £5 and £4 (Aberdeen and Glasgow): £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4 (Liverpool): £7, £6 and £5 (Brighton): £7.50, £6 and £5 (Southampton): £8, £7, £5 and £4 (Newcastle): £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3 and £2 (Manchester): £7.50, £7, £6.50, £6 and £5 (Bristol): £8, £7, £6, £5, and £4 (London). Gloucester and Stafford still to be announced.

All box offices open shortly, and readers should contact individual theatres or watch local papers for announcements. Meanwhile, tickets for the London Festival Hall shows are available by post from Mervyn Conn Promotions (Ticket Unit), 46/46 Chandon Place, London WC2N 4HS.



BRITISH DEBUT OF SPYRO GYRA

SPYRO GYRA, the six-piece U.S. jazz-funk band, have been added to the line-up for the Capital Jazz Festival at London's Alexandra Palace on July 22 — and they also play their own show at London Victoria The Venue on July 23. A single featuring three tracks from their hit American album 'Morning Dance' is released this weekend by Infinity Records (distributed by MCA) — they are the title track 'Jubilee' and 'Heliopolis'.

KWESI JOHNSON SETS HIS BILL

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON together with **Rico** and his band, already set for a 'Creation For Liberation' benefit this Saturday (30) at London Kensington Commonwealth Institute, announces that West African poet Emmanuel Jegede and the Trinidad Steel Band will also be on the bill. Tickets at £3 each are available from various record shops, including Virgin branches at Marble Arch and Oxford Walk.

WINGS ON RADIO LUXEMBOURG

PAUL McCARTNEY & **Wings** are featured in a rare radio interview this Saturday (30), when they broadcast on Radio Luxembourg from 11pm to 1am, talking to resident DJ Rob Jones. Tracks from their new 'Back To The Egg' album will be included, as well as some earlier Wings material.



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RHESUS

STUDENTS! EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES ARE ON PAGE 69



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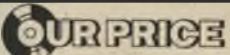
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The Handsworth Revolution ...



David Hinds

... meets the Berlin wall

Home thoughts from abroad by **STEEL PULSE** while hunting down Babylon in the Bratworst Zone. Your despatch rider is **MARK ELLEN**. Pix: **ADRIAN BOOT**.



THERE'S TWO reasons for this wall around West Berlin. Apart from confining the general populace, it serves as a canvas for their corporate political spray-can.

Just round the corner from our hotel in Stresemannstrasse, daubed in black letters four foot high, runs an unusually cryptic message — "Teenage Jesus & The Jerks. SO 36 — 30.6.79."

A venue better suited than SO 36 for the crazed onslaught of the Lydia Lunch Package would be hard to imagine. With all the tackiness of The Marquee and the acoustics of an overlarge shoebox, it's the very soul of Berlin New Wave. The roof is lined with crudely painted neon strip lights, the walls with punk "art" photos glued on metal sheets, and the entrance with ads for New York horror / avant garde / punk flicks.

Somehow the thought of this playing host to a black reggae band from Handsworth doesn't quite ring true.

Berlin 20.6.79: The Bay City Rollers have sold out one-tenth of The Metropole Disco, Edgar Broughton faces 1400 empty seats at Hochschule Der Kunst, The Police have packed out Kant Kino, and yet SO 36 is sardined wall-to-wall with assorted local hipsters, longhairs, spiky top, cosmetic cowboys, the decadence clique — everyone down to a few Babylon-by-bratworst-type denim-clad boozehounds.

Archie Ball, a Handsworth native and pioneer for the band's cause, lopes up to the microphone and, in an accent so thick it's indigestible to these alien ears, introduces "The Mighty Musical Force Of Steel Pulse."

Six brilliantly coloured figures spring out from the wings, as the crowd cranes its neck to check out their threads. Beneath a wash of red, gold and green, David Hinds is in his chequered court-jester garb topped with a red bowler; keyboardman Selwyn Brown is in strict militia; percussionist Phonso Martin wears his usual Far-Eastern regalia, and guitarist Basil sports a silk kimono emblazoned with animals.

Behind them are the pump house gang of bassist Ronnie McQueen in his 'Abyssinian Holyman's' hat' together with one of reggae music's most underestimated talents, Steve Nisbett on drums.

As Hinds later puts it: "We are portraying certain people in society in the system throughout the world."

Even if the finer points of Pulse's visual / verbal message go by the board, the crowd slowly succumb to the sway of their exhilarating music and slide into its magnetic rhythms.

They play a vivid, typically well-balanced set that weighs the new songs from their 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album against a springboard of the familiar 'Handsworth Revolution': a set that combines all the thrust of reggae backbeat with the buoyancy of Hinds' melodies and his sensitive and stunning arrangements.

To watch Steel Pulse stir this dive into perpetual motion is a celebration — pure and simple.

"For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me. They have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compassed me about also with word of hatred and fought against me without a cause." Psalm 109. v2-3 (from the cover of 'Tribute To The Martyrs').

YOU COULD well call Steel Pulse 'opinionated'. Everything they encounter comes under intense scrutiny.

They don't smoke tobacco, they rarely drink, and they eat — in varying degrees of wariness — fish, fruit and vegetables. For Phonso Martin food with the merest suspicion of pork content tends to get the cold shoulder although none of them go to the extremes of Third World, who apparently won't eat in restaurants that have ever been contaminated by meat.

Even the statutory herb intakes seems to have been knocked on the head. Trouble with borders, that sort of thing? No, they say, it's just "interesting to be without it for a while."

They also have a passion for long and devoutly serious, discussions, usually on such topics as black suppression, Rastafari, class equality, Marcus Garvey, and the search for Truth.

It's not uncommon, when travelling in the van, for Archie to expound his theories for a continuous 15 minutes, broken only by occasional nods of approval and the sound of Rico, The Crusaders or Merbie Hancock filtering from a cassette machine.

I suggest to Steve that it's the city itself or maybe the interview that's inspired this display of commitment. But no, he says, it's like this 24 hours a day. The band's white road crew tell the same story.

We wander around Berlin's scattered, snell-scarred monuments for Adrian Boot to take some photos. David and Phonso are

locked in another vigorous debate, this time on interbreeding between races. Adrian lines them all up in front of the Russian Monument with its tanks and armed guards, the Brandenburg Gate or the bombed Kaiser's Palace, and finally on the steps of the austere Reichstag, where Hitler made the speeches that compounded the whole Nazi Movement.

At the border post, 'Checkpoint Charlie', we get word that if we point our cameras at anything except historic monuments they will be ceremonially mashed into the pavement. One of the band behind me starts a pastiche of Linton Johnson's 'Sonny's Lettah', adapted for an East Berlin jail.

It's not exactly hard to see a parallel between these oppressive surroundings and those which confront the black minority in the band's native Handsworth. Last year Hinds gave the strong impression that, to its residents and local police force, dreadlocks and crime were virtually synonymous. Had anything changed since then?

"That feeling's still there," he says, "but to be quite honest with you, you get one or two dreadlocks who are really just deadlocks; people who say they're seeking Rastafari philosophy and are not. They're just false, they're not in with our doctrine, and they're the ones who give people who are really trying to seek something for themselves — and be somebody — that bad name."

Is there still discrimination against dreads in clubs as well as on the street?

"It's worse than ever in Handsworth. You

From previous page

get occasional raids and youth clubs closing down very early. It's been told for years now that when you hear reggae music, that's where the violence is — that reggae brought violence into the discos.

"But we're living in a time when dreadlocks is just beginning to get a form of respect from the older community of black people; respect for the fact that our music is enlightening a lot of white people."

He mentions two incidents of unprovoked violence against blacks, the first was in Wolverhampton when NF members shot some black youths from a car with pellet guns, and the second concerned a friend of his who was very severely beaten up. Both were "sheltered down" (hushed up) by the police and authorities.

"You find people who prefer fighting back because they've been through it and they've had enough. And you find people who are saying 'we've got to go another way about it — Peace, peace, peace'. We want peace, but we don't want to turn the other cheek, 'cos what happens is they're gonna slap it again, and then you've got no cheek to turn."

LATER, HINDS and I get a chance to talk in the silence of his hotel room. But he doesn't like to be considered the spokesman of the band, and is clearly concerned that the rest of their number have disappeared — two for a radio interview and three round the corner for a meal.

Hinds writes almost all of the band's material. He's dedicated, intelligent, entirely honest and enormously sensitive. His conversation is lucid and expansive when I'm sympathetic, and methodical — and sometimes fiercely defensive — when I'm not. He often soars off at a tangent, illustrated with graphic Rasta and Biblical imagery.

For their white audience his equally idealistic lyrics on both the albums are largely overshadowed by their intriguing and ornate sound texture. This demands as much incisive production technique, and it's partly this ambitious departure from Jamaican roots-type recording that's made the band such a distinctive force in British reggae.

Pulse put out their first single 'Kubuleh Upsetter' on the Concrete Jungle label in '77, but its primitive production came nowhere near interpreting the complexities of their music. With the Island contract in '78, they released 'Ku Klux Klan' and its equally controversial successor 'National Front'. Both were denied radio play due to their defiant political content, and yet the excellent 'Handsworth Revolution' became the first by a British-born reggae band to make the album

charts, giving Pulse the recognition that such a courageous debut so justly deserved.

Hinds looks back on their early days. "We'd been to small studios, and we weren't satisfied with the sound. The rhythm guitar just sounded thin and weak, and we had to ask ourselves is that the right sound for us? It was a question of the mix, and the overspilling, and how far the bass should be, and we realised that most of our melodies are catch melodies and the bass didn't have to be that far up like in the Jamaican sound. So we held it back and toned it down a bit, and kept the vocals very much up front, and it's made a very flamboyant sound."

Apart from the early influence of the arrangements and technique of the first Third World album, Pulse own a sizeable debt to their own producer, Karl Pitterson.

"You could say that Karl really brought that sound out of us. He liked us straight away and it seemed like he was looking for a band that he could put his ideas into. He helped us produce what was best for us when we didn't really know what to look for."

Did he feel that J.A. roots reggae was hard for a white audience to appreciate and understand?

"It is really, because there's certain phrases and accents that you've got to live rather than suddenly experience although you've been told the meaning of them. Ours is like a cross-over, but they're accepting the bass lines now, the bass lines pushed forward."

"But that kind of roots music doesn't get any airplay, because our kind of music is only just getting airplay, and it's really not getting enough. Like 'Sound System' — it's nothing to do with drugs or chanting down the National Front. It's just a nice disco jive, and it's still not getting enough airplay, probably because we had singles out before like 'Ku Klux Klan'."

How much has Steel Pulse's success influenced other bands in their community?

"There's been a lot more reggae bands since we came onto the scene and into the papers and started putting out records. There's a lot of bands with one or two different ideas, but I don't know how far they're going to go. You heard Eclipse — they formed around the same time as us. The reason why we weren't so popular with Eclipse was a few years back, is because our music is different and it was not accepted by the black community."

Is that because your whole approach has become more elaborate?

"Well it's like with Marley. When Marley came over with 'Catch A Fire', everyone says 'yeah, that's it'. Not until Marley came through via the white audience with the 'Natty Dread' album did the blacks really see that his music was very different from a lot of the actual reggae artists. That's when they saw Bob Marley as a pioneer — 'cos he is a pioneer of



Ronnie McQueen

reggae, there's no doubt about that."

Surely the majority of blacks reckon that Marley's pretty much sold out?

"When they first heard him they accepted him. He was 'roots' in the sense that he was on about life and suffering and a lot of Biblical parallels that he was dealing with then. The band has progressed technically, and as far as ideas are concerned they need a cleaner sound to portray what they want, like on 'Kaya'. But I think a lot of black people have come to terms with that sound."

I suggest that their new album 'Tribute To The Martyrs', although it experiments successfully with new techniques and textures (notably Moogs, brass and horns), is still disappointingly unadventurous. The same arguments that have been weighed against Marley could well be applied to their single 'Sound System'.

The word 'commercial' raises its ragged head.

"When you say commercial — if it was commercial, it would get airplay. I get my reggae influences from the sound system rather than the radio because if I leave it to the radio I'll not hear the reggae music I want to hear."

"What I'm doing with 'Sound System' is trying to enlighten the black people as well, so I sing it you 'Want consciousness, well I heard rest with Jah.' I'm telling you it's the Rastafarian cult we're looking at. We didn't just go on a dreadlocks fad because there were a lot of people doing it."

THE CONVERSATION steers towards Rastafarianism and also — inevitably — to a confrontation.

As with any religion that dictates so strictly to its followers, to pitch a devout believer against even a sympathetic non-believer can only leave areas of dissent. What is faith to one just seems irrational and ineffectual to the other.

Hinds outlines his feelings in typically clear-cut terms. "Rastafarianism is something we've been looking at for a long time, and we kept turning away from it, thinking we couldn't really meet up to certain commitments. But right now we are influenced by it."

"You see there's always a scapegoat in every country. We go to France and they say, 'Everything's fine except we don't like the Algerians'. We go to Sweden and they say, 'Everything's alright but we don't like the Finnish people'. Love is a thing that is needed more. Music is one of the strongest forms of communication today and Rastafarianism is another philosophy that is trying to come through with love."

What exactly is he trying to achieve with his Handsworth/Babylon Biblical metaphor?

"When we say Handsworth we mean a lot of other towns like Handsworth — not only in England but in the world — who show a form of concern for the South African experience, or for the Sus charges of black people in Britain."

"That's what the 'Handsworth Revolution' argument is trying to portray — that 'We once beggars are now choosers/No intention to be losers/Striving forward with ambition/And if it takes ammunition...' 'We can't really stand

here and take blows. We've been taking it for years."

Isn't his imagery too traditional and ideological? To bring out banners on stage that claim 'Satan's Kingdom Must Fall' and to state that 'Only Babylon prospers' seems very far from a solution. Did he really believe his lyrics had any immediate effect?

"I see what you're saying really, but it's not all the time that it's wise to state what you're going to do. It's nice for people to make up their own minds after giving them the facts. We want people to put themselves in their own position and really look into themselves as people, and have a concern for each other."

How close are his lyrics to the reality of oppression in Handsworth if he writes lines like 'Give I back I witch doctor/Give I back I black ruler'?

"It means give the black people an identity. Witch doctors aren't just false healers. History tells us that when they shipped the black people to the West Indies they took away the witch doctors as they were the ones who were actually keeping the black people together. So when I say 'Give I back I witch doctor', it's like a way of life that was once good and without any form of oppression."

That still doesn't suggest that he's coming to terms with black and white in a relevant context.

"It's a protest, and you've got to come to terms with the fact that a lot of protests never get any solution. We're looking for a form of respect; it's what we think we deserve."

I quote him a recent statement by Linton Kwesi Johnson, who claims: 'Rasta isn't that important a force for radical revolutionary change. How could a young man born in the 20th century talk about Sellasie and that back to Africa nonsense? Like any other form of belief, Rasta satisfies a need. I don't have to shout about roots because I know I'm roots. I don't have to shout about Africa because I know Africa is where my heritage lies.'

Hinds springs up off the bed and starts pacing about the room. 'Rasta is not shouting about Africa. Rasta is saying about the goodness of Africa. How are you going to be a man and do these sort of concepts... to me it doesn't have any spiritual vibration. What he doesn't realise is that the black people have survived slavery because they believed in the Creator of The Earth.'

'We've been told that there were people who are chanting down the ideals of Rastafari and don't know that in many ways they are living off those ideals.'

How does he mean 'living off them'?

"I mean carrying them out. Carrying them out and not realising them."

"As far as talking about equality — that's a Rasta ideal. It's also a Christian ideal, a Buddhist ideal, so for Rasta substitute 'truth' instead. But he's not totally committed to truth. To be totally committed to truth you've got to have a spiritual vibration. Would you say he's a spiritual person?"

I'd say that just because he doesn't recognise Rasta ideals it doesn't mean he's not a spiritual person. He just believes that organisation has a greater effect than Rasta ideology.

"Of course Rasta has an effect. If he hasn't seen the ideals of Rasta helping the situation then he hasn't seen what Martin Luther King has done... or what Marcus Garvey has done... or the very first rebellious people to lead the black people towards emancipation."

"Linton Johnson says what Rasta has said but he's putting it in modern words."

"Like instead of saying 'A man should not oppress another man', he's probably saying 'The National Front should treat the black people better.' What he's saying is exactly what the Men Of Truth are saying from the beginning of time and he doesn't even know it. But I respect him, and I've got nothing against Linton Johnson."

Wasn't there a time recently when you didn't consider yourselves Rastafarians?

"There was, but now we share their ideologies. Really the concept of Rasta is 'Love', and everybody who looks in their heart is Rasta. We're only seeking Truth and Love."

POSSIBLY THE band's greatest stumbling block since their outset has been the incompatibility of these black ideals with a reggae music refined for a white audience.

In the days when they were playing at punk venues like The Vortex they lost much of their black support when white punks began embracing reggae as a direct alternative to anarchic new wave. Yet Hinds describes their music as "beneficial — even more to get a consciousness of themselves and learn."

The 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album, with its respectful reference to — among others — Steve Biko, George Jackson, Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, Michael X, restates his belief that in order for blacks to gain that 'consciousness' they need to be aware of the achievements of their past black leaders.

Did he think our present curriculum suppressed that sense of perspective?

"In some cases it does deliberately; in others it happens that way for the fact that you're in England and you got taught English History."

"It's like when I was at junior school and I used to watch *Man From Uncle* on the TV, and I used to think how I wanted to be like Napoleon Solo — just because he gets all the girls, and all the kung fu, and gets to shoot all the bad men. I used to think 'I wish I could do all these things in reality', but I never looked at

Continues page 54

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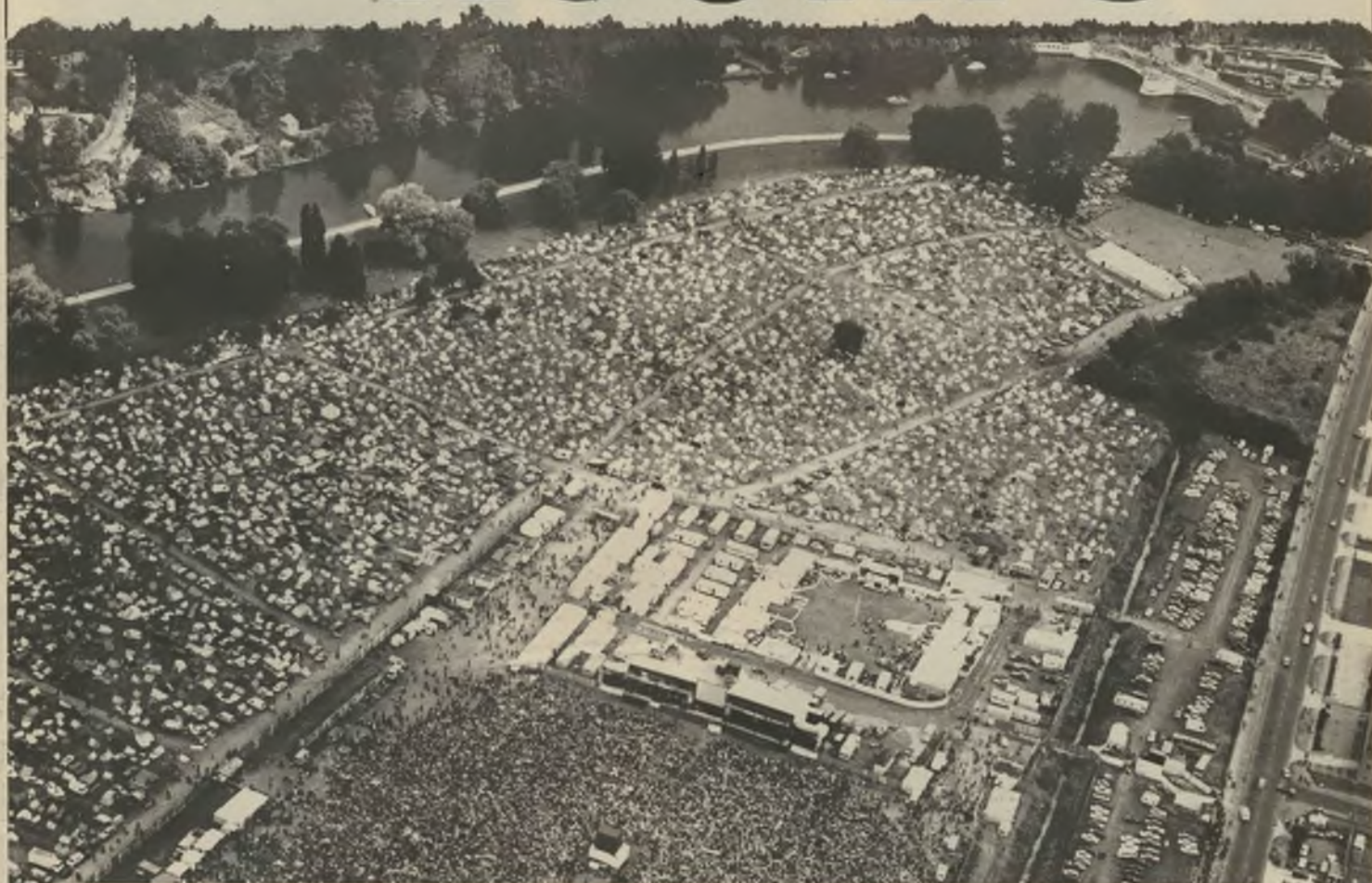


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NME1

THRILLS

CATCH *Top Of The Pops* last week? Great show, eh pop-pickers? What, with those cheeky Village Persons, those raucous Ruts and the delicious Dooleys, you surely couldn't have wished for a better way to shake ass around the living room to half-an-hour's worth of all the best in today's pop.

That affable 'hairy monster' Dave Lee Travis couldn't have presented his 14 million viewers with a more up-to-the-minute cross-section of the latest contenders for a slice of the proverbial chart action. Or could he?

What those 14 million viewers were blissfully unaware of was the fact that they should also have been swinging along to the sticky sound of The Gang Of Four's latest fab waxing 'At Home He's A Tourist'. They weren't, due to circumstances most bizarre.

The Gang Of Four — after going through all the rigmarole of camera calls and dress rehearsals for *TOTP* last Wednesday — were banned from the programme at the last minute due to the lyrical content of 'Tourist' — two words, to be precise.

The two words in the song which the BBC, in their infinite wisdom, considered to be an affront to public taste and decency are 'rubbers' and 'packets'.

The 'Tourist' lyric uses the analogy of a well-known rubber contraceptive to make a point about exploitation in discos and leisure and the lines the Beeb construed as being offensive are these: "Down on the disco floor/They make their profit/From the things they sell/To help you cop off/And the rubbers you hide in your top left pocket!"

Gang manager Rob Warr explains the group had originally agreed to substitute the word "packets" for "rubbers", preserving intact the sentiments of the lyrics.

"But just as the filming was due to start they decided that we couldn't do it. They decided that the word 'packets' is an obscenity! They suggested that we change the line to 'the rubbish you hide', which totally changes the meaning of the song. They were trying to re-write our lyrics.

"I couldn't believe it. They'd had eight hours to sort it out. We wanted to do the show and were co-operating as much as possible and then they go and make a completely ridiculous decision.



Pic: Pennie Smith

Pocket of three: Gang Of Four (almost) await summer in Leeds.

Beeb Johnnies Nix 'Rubbers' Shock!

"It seems that it's fine to have The Village People and all that Donna Summer heavy breathing and titillation stuff, but they won't have anything remotely resembling a heavy lyric."

The BBC claim that the Gang had originally agreed to substitute "rubbish" for "rubbers", a claim vehemently refuted by Rob Warr.

Says BBC press officer Ann Rosenburg: "We felt that the line was not suitable for the young and family audience which is the *Top Of The Pops* audience. It was suggested by Robin Nash (*TOTP* producer) that they change it to 'rubbish' for the programme. This would have been an acceptable compromise for us.

"Initially the group did agree, but when they made the change they substituted 'packets' instead. What we wanted to do was change the meaning. People, particularly parents, could have taken offence."

Why then was the change only demanded at virtually the last minute?

"That's not the way I heard the story. Changing it to 'packets' doesn't change the meaning of the song. We have to establish the fact that *Top Of The Pops* is not only important as a trade programme. It's important for the family."

Does this all mean that the word "packets" is now to be banished forever from the airwaves of Britain?

"No. But in the context of the lyric, the word 'packets' could mean only one thing."

Apart from being left somewhat stunned by the absurdity of the affair, the Gang were also well miffed at having lost two days' valuable rehearsal time in coming down to London to do the show; when they received a call on Tuesday morning to appear on the programme, they had been in the middle of laying down demo tapes for their forthcoming album at Mountain Studios in South Wales.

"Tourist", incidentally, jumped seven places to No 58 in the BBC singles chart last week.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Meanwhile back in Vietnam

DESCRIBED by John Le Carré as 'The best book I have ever read on men and war in our time,' 'Dispatches' is a series of mental snapshots of Vietnam as seen through the eyes of the author, who spent a year there as war correspondent. Culled from Michael Herr's documentary novel the play is episodic and meandering, reflecting in style as well as content the day to day reality of the American soldier. As live theatre it makes good television.

The play is not great literature. It is a disturbing, funny, frightening experience which makes you laugh and cry. The violence is grisly but not numbingly gratuitous; the marine whose guts force themselves out of his combat jacket as he dies of a stomach wound, the incinerated corpse of a Vietcong that leaps up out of nowhere, the soldier with his testicles blown away — all are images that remain in the mind for long afterwards but so also do the gentler, humane passages that proliferate between the bloodshed.

The real success of the piece lies on the way the director makes the audience look back. The music is naturally his most effective catalyst: Hendrix, Dylan, Stones are played constantly as background music, the volume being brought up to end a scene or emphasise a point. The group (Albion Band alumni) that perform four numbers towards the latter part of the play was successful even as a theatrical metaphor but to hear Richard Thompson's 'Night Comes In' and 'Street Of Paradise' in such a context was a revelation.

The style of presentation recalls those halcyon days of early sixties fringe when productions similar to this were two a penny (Peter Brook's 'US' and The Living Theatre's 'The Brig') though this is better than their ilk.

Laurels particularly to Michael Feast as the blank-eyed crazy, Mayhew, and Jack Shepherd for his understated portrayal of Herr. The Correspondent/Author. 'Life is a movie. Life is a war movie. Life is war. It goes full circle, quotes the correspondent. To see young soldiers head into battle, M16 in one hand, joint in the other makes you think. Vietnam was the closest our generation ever got to being involved in a war.

If you see one play this year, make sure it's 'Dispatches' Nail Norman



Rossie: "You won't get me up in one of those."



Priest's Halford: safe to fly?

Pic: Paul Cox

Metal Fatigue

CENTRAL London was no place for the squeamish last week. The ground shook to the rumble of self-righteous boogie, while the air was rent by the shrieks of thwarted heavy metallists. Dante's *Inferno* wasn't in it.

Cause of the disturbance was a little dust-up between Judas Priest (whips, leather, pretensions to flash) and Status Quo (denim, Number 6, solid worth) both of whom are appearing at Dublin's Dalymount Festival on Sunday 1st July. Seems Quo have vetoed the use of JP's motorbike, which made an unscheduled departure from the stage in the States the other week.

The bike has since been banned by the GLC and others, but Dalymount promoters Santa Ana got the OK from the relevant authorities. They then checked with Quo, as headliners, only to receive the big thumbs-down. Are the 12-bar kings worried lest they be upstaged by Priest's more, er, glamorous approach?

"Don't make me laugh," guffawed publicist Judy Totton. "We think it's a bit pathetic when a band has to resort to cheap gimmicks. Judas Priest have been around nearly as long as Quo and haven't been nearly as successful."

"Quo care too much about their fans. We probably wouldn't mind if Rob Halford could ride the thing, but it's a proven hazard."

Halford's reaction was terse — in a butch sort of way: "No wonder Heavy Metal's been associated with boring old farts while this attitude prevails."

But isn't use of the bike dangerous and irresponsible? Not any more, claims Priest manager Mike Dolan.

"Since the incident, more precautions have been taken in the way of barriers. There's no more danger than when a car hits a crash barrier on the motorway."

Ah well, every little helps, so long as you spell the name right. Can Judas Priest cut it on leather alone? Has denim had its day? Will Dalymount see a terrible vengeance?

See you in the fall-out shelter.

HARRY GEORGE



"They're behaving like odious pigs because we've got them hamstringing with a dubious contract and they're blown vast amounts of their audience on booze and drugs to relieve the frustrations of the petty restrictions and interfering limbs we've set on their feckless piggybacks and presentation of their work. The usual thing — artistic temperament."

EARLIER THIS month animal liberation group Moby Dick fired the opening shots of this year's whale war. Police in three counties were alerted after 84 Japanese cars were damaged with paint stripper as a protest against Japanese whaling. Repairs will cost an estimated £25,000.

Moby Dick, who remain anonymous even to other direct action groups, represent the extreme end of the protest spectrum currently preparing for another year's activity, centred around the meeting in London in early July of the International Whaling Commission.

Many events are planned. Stiff Records have a benefit for Friends of the Earth at the Hope and Anchor on July 4 at 8.30, featuring Lew Lewis and every other harmonica player of note they can find, promoting Lewis's new record *Saves The Whale*.

On July 7 Greenpeace are holding a sponsored walk to raise money to keep their boat *Rainbow Warrior* afloat and active. It starts at 10.30 from Hampstead Heath and follows a ten mile course down to Jubilee Gardens.

Those wishing to participate should contact Malcolm Barston at Greenpeace, Columbo Street, London SE1. *Rainbow Warrior* is currently active off Iceland, harassing the whaling fleet. The owner of the Icelandic land-based whaling station has now applied to the minister of Justice for an injunction against Greenpeace, but the *Warrior* has already sailed and will not be there to receive it.

On Saturday July 8 at 2.30 in Trafalgar Square, Friends of the Earth, supported by many other animal groups, will be staging a Whale Rally. Flo, the giant inflatable whale will be there, and guest speakers

THE WHALE WAR: THIS YEAR'S MODEL



include Sir Peter Scott, David Bellamy and Spike Milligan.

The actual meeting of the International Whaling Commission, which decide the number of whales that can be killed in the year ahead, will centre on three major issues.

The first, proposed by a number of countries including Australia and the USA, is either for a total moratorium on commercial whaling, or a three-year moratorium on killing sperm whales. Either of these motions would wreck the economic feasibility of the whaling industry and thus stand little hope of being adopted.

The second issue, in many ways more interesting, is being put forward by the Republic of the Seychelles and was developed in

association with Dr Lyall Watson, the author of *Supernature*, who is their deputy Commissioner to the IWC.

The plan calls for the establishment of a whale sanctuary in the Indian Ocean. One quarter of the whales killed come from this area, but it is little known that each year more money is spent by tourists visiting whales at centres like Marineland and on whale literature than is made from whaling.

The Seychelles want to preserve the whales as a tourist attraction which coincides with Watson's views that we should try to establish a relationship with these highly intelligent creatures.

The plan is for nations whose countries border the Indian Ocean to develop this idea. Australia is known to be keen and recently banned all whaling from her coasts, and Arthur C Clarke, who lives in Sri Lanka, is reported to be trying to persuade the government there.

If the Seychelles delegation fail this year they plan to return next year with more support.

The third, highly contentious issue concerns pirate whaling, the theme of a recent TV *Eye* documentary and a feature in the *Observer* magazine. A number of ships have been operating under flags of convenience and outside IWC regulations, killing every whale in sight, and selling their catch to the Japanese and other nations. Both whaling and non-whaling nations are anxious to stamp out their activities, and some kind of IWC decision is expected.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



The Scars: (from left) Calum Mackay, Bobby King, John Mackie, Paul Research, Chris Horler.

Scarred Scars beat van-lag

TOLCHOCKED any baboochkas lately? I should hope not, too. But that's the kind of anti-social activity (in *Clockwork Orange*-speak)

that forms the basis of Scars' 'Horrorshow' — one side of their recent debut 45 and, for my money, amongst the best singles to surface so far this year.

It's a cheerless chunk of gratuitous gloom, gorgeously doom-laden. With its scarcely-memorable partner-track, 'Adultery' it's the first indication that up there in Edinburgh Bob East and his Fast Product label have scored yet another

strange-but-interesting addition to a list which already includes The Mekons, Human League and Gang Of Four. And this fine bright afternoon we find the group in a dark quiet corner of the Marquee club, van-tagged after the long drive south, wondering about the night to come: a support slot for Doll By Doll and only their third showing in London.

Groaning with anguish they recount tales of those previous expeditions to the Big City. There was, for example, their Big Break — last year's Fast Product showcase at the Electric Ballroom, when *NME*'s observer pointed to their "glam-rock contrivances" and the "precocious little fellow" on guitar whose heroic posing came unstuck along with his jack-plug.

"Actually", he tells me, "I was only joking, putting on an act for Hilary" (from Fast).

An inauspicious introduction, all the same.

Then there was the gig-that-wasn't, at a church hall in Leicester Square. When they arrived the vicar realised that headliners The Human League weren't some earnest religious outfit after all — and that was that. Mission aborted.

Scars are: guitarist Paul Research (agreeably un-precocious after all), vocalist Bobby King (small but you should hear him scream), John Mackie the bass-player, and drummer Calum Mackay. All are between 18 and 20, still in day-jobs (except Mackay who's just left school) — and all very excited at having seen Norman Wisdom in the street a few hours before.

But even events of that magnitude could not lure them from Edinburgh, at least not

yet.

"It really is a great little scene up there," Paul explains. "We've come in for plenty of criticism from some quarters, but just to have that following, kids who know all your songs, it's great. I think we'd rather be big fish in a small pond than move to London."

Some of this home-town attachment can be traced to Fast Product, to whom Scars readily acknowledge a considerable debt.

"No doubts about it: Fast have opened up a lot of doors."

Formed in late '77 out of various school-bands, they're sensibly reluctant to define or describe themselves.

Glam-rock? Emphatically not, they declare — though their cover-versions of Cockney Rebel's 'Psychomodo' and the Mick Ronson number 'Billy Porter' are a clue to the kind of influences they will admit to.

Punk-rock, of course, provided the impetus to start a group, but they'd like to think they're advancing beyond any limitations that genre might imply.

"That's the reason for the arrows in our logo — the idea of progression." And Paul candidly admits to regretting the name "Scars" — it does have a ring of negativity to it, a touch of identi-punk.

For identi-punk they ain't. Onstage, lights subdued to a glowering gloom, Scars' set is dark and dense. Their intensity is often awkward and occasionally unsuccessful; it's a case of their reach exceeding their grasp — no bad state of affairs for a young and developing band.

The sound is anchored to the lower registers; bumping bass and deep, thumpy drums predominate, overlaid with this sparse guitar, jagged and glassy.

The material, stark and disturbing pieces like 'Obsessions' and 'Your Attention Please', might not be instant in its appeal, but Scars do not see anything of theirs as 'difficult' or inaccessible.

Computer-dating is the theme for the likely follow-up, called 'Romance By Mail'. If I were you I'd stay posted.

PAUL DU NOYER

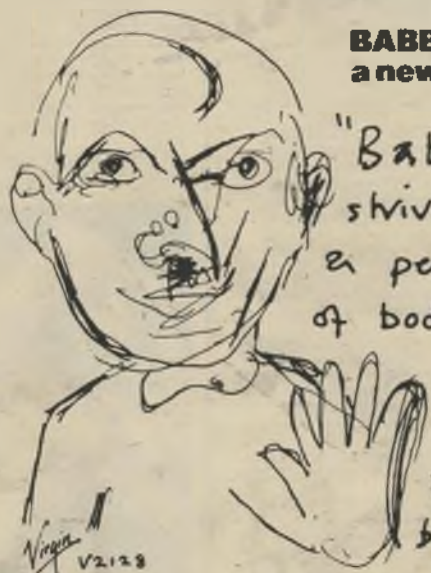
THRILLS

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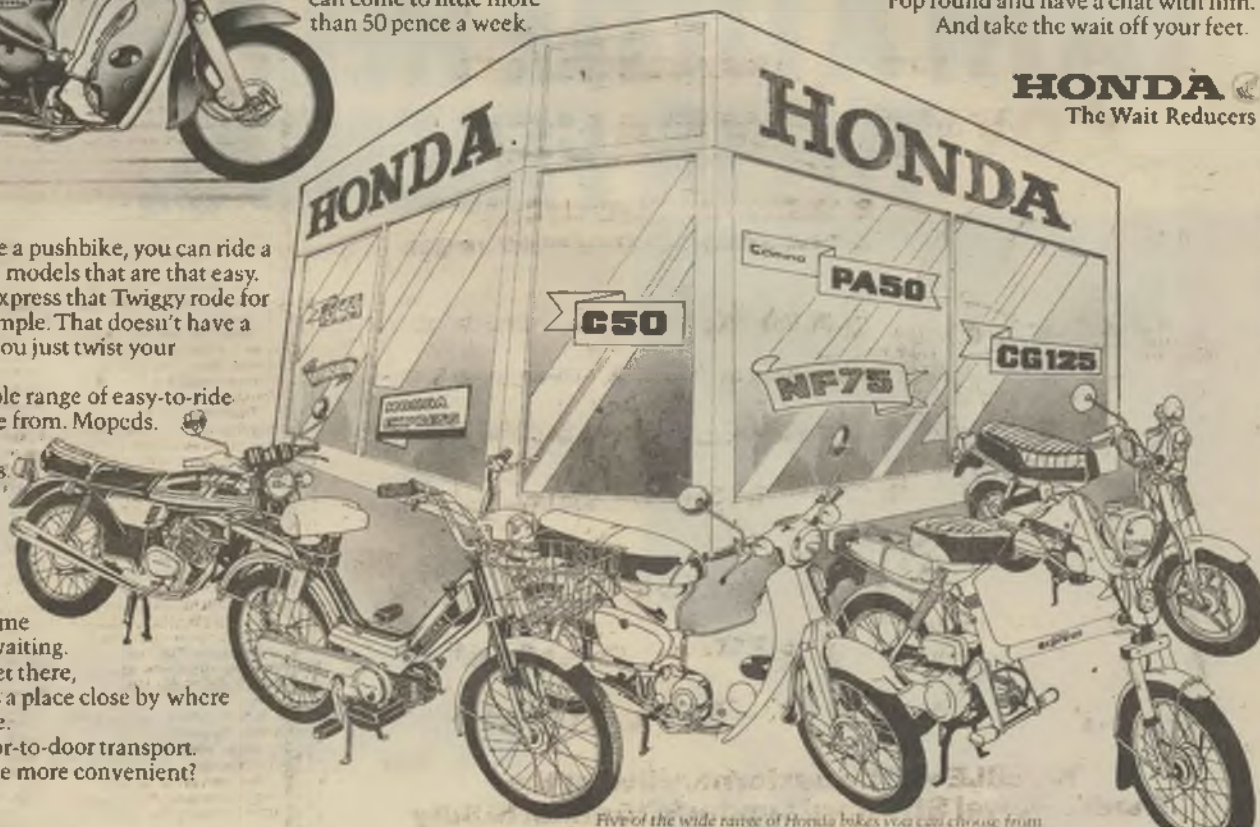
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Voo Doo Shoes. Pic: Joe Stevens.



IN THE incestuous world of New York rock and roll, band memberships sometimes interlock like corporate directorships.

Consider the aftermath of The Erasers' break-up. Lead singer Susan Springfield has a new band called Desire. Guitarist Richie Lure and bassist Jody Beach have teamed up with singer Donna Destri and a drummer named Laura to form Voodoo Shoes.

The curvaceous Jody Beach

has been responsible for stray publicity in these pages before. "You might say I got taken in by a pair of red trousers," admitted snapper Joe Stevens.

Beach — a former Playboy Bunny — has been a companion to The Necessaries' Randy Gunn and to trans-Atlantic guitarist Chris Spedding. She is also the girl who played bodyguard to one Johnny Lydon in the days when he was wont to go down on the Bowery.

Richie Lure, who is the

Shoes' main musical muscle, has an older brother named Walter Lure. Walter plays in The Heartbreakers. And in The Blessed. And in The Delinquents.

Singer Donna Destri's older brother Jimmy bangs keyboards in Blonde. It's a family affair.

Donna is the archetypal younger sister of every Italian friend every red-blooded American boy ever had while in the throes of High School; those sisters one would never

touch for fear of fathers bearing shotguns.

Prior to Voodoo Shoe's first gig, she learned to play keyboards in just two days. She thought that being Jimmy Destri's sister, people would expect it of her.

Petulant and sultry onstage, offstage she is languorous to the point of laziness, lounging around rehearsal lofts as though she were on the French Riviera.

RICHARD GRABEL

BENYON:

The Lone Groover



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Yes, it's Strummer in the city (boilin' red hot)



"I was trying to see if we could stop all the bitching going on and I was working with John Dennis from Rock Against Racism and I fed him the idea of all the big names in punk of New Wave or whatever having a big jammin' show in the park and recording it for an LP to sell for RAR to help the cause. Something positive, something for the summer. I thought it'd be interesting if all

the groups shanered each in different combinations or something. But people are too arrogant: they'd say, 'I'm not going on stage with him' or 'They stink'... everyone's a bit too fussy. "And with the GLC we haven't got a hope in hell! The Buzzcocks are just safe enough, but they sin't gonna stand for Clash, Pistols, Sham and Banshees and Undertones and

stuff, are they?" Well, they let the Stones do it at a time when they were still considered subversive. "Tell ya, the '60s are really in, aren't they? We got Juke Box Jury, mods and everything. It's a piss-off. Who needs the past? I'm so sick of all this delving into the past. It's on a really short cycle now as well. It's stupid. Everyone's looking for

yesterday because tomorrow's so shitty. There's 10,000 days of oil left. It's finite."

Ten thousand days in which to break our independence on oil? "10,000 days to play the guitar, mate. Everyone's got to spend that time in their own way, but I think I'll play the guitar. Everything else gets boring..."

The Clash are in a deep hole at the moment. The separation from Bernie Rhodes — their manager from the early days before the interim period when Caroline Coon did their business — has necessitated legal, and that's why the American tour is off (okay, Wobble?). It doesn't look to be rancorous, but it still takes time and money, and The Clash are severely in debt.

Strummer gestures towards a rubbish skip a few yards down from where we're sitting. "You'd have to fill that with five pound notes to get anywhere near paying off our debts."

Despite all of that — and The Clash have the responsibility of trying to run their business as well as their music — Strummer is also jacking his energy into trying to set up a network of musicians in order to create a musician-owned venue in London and into trying to get in touch with London Weekend TV chiefs to create a real rock and roll TV show.

"It's time for a new pop show, and we want to get right in there. We've hung back from all that other stuff, because we didn't want to put whatever energy we've got into what's on at the moment. It's tough shit for us now, because all we get is 22 or 23 in the chart, but in the long run it's gonna be for the best."

We discuss *Quadrophenia* and tell him it's maybe the best film about kids in Britain that I've ever seen.

"Don't say that too soon, mate. Wait'll you see our film. It's called *Rudi Can't Fail*. Ray Gant is the boy from nowhere." (The next day, Joe phones up to ask me to make that "the slob from nowhere".)

"The Who... you remember Misty getting smashed up in Southall? Well, us and The Who are working on doing a couple of shows for them, and it's going to happen in the middle of next month. The Who have been really good about it.

They're lending a lot of gear and they're really keen to play. Roger Daltrey's particularly keen to play. It's a really bad thing when a group gets beaten up and all their stuff gets smashed..."

And Clarence, Misty's manager, who was put in hospital that evil night, is walking and talking again, no complications. Positive.

"You know what John (Lydon) said about us being desperate? I think that being desperate is one of the best things you can be. That's what it was all about, being desperate. If you get desperate on one side, what's the opposite? Arrogant complacency?"

"They're a good group, Pil: no doubt about it. You know Wobble was saying that he was a natural? I think he is. But you know something? If I was just walkin' around and I didn't know anything about Clash and I didn't know anything about Pil, I'd be saying, 'What the fuck are Clash and Pil actually doing?' That's what I'd be saying and I think it's a very good question."

"If we get this musicians' venue going, we're going to call it Buckingham Palais. The average music fan is really great, because they fund this whole thing. If they didn't come, nothing would happen. I don't care what it's like as long as it's good. It's got to be good, that's all. I like singing, I don't like talking."

Between The Clash and the plans are the obstacles, which are...

"We got a debt so big we'd have to fill that skip with five pound notes. We're involved in court actions which we don't want, and we're having to deal with the whole thing ourselves. We're working on crazy plans."

"See: everything in the world is cost-related except for records. I shouldn't say this, but I'm a man whose knees are dusty from begging on record company floors — I got no pride — but I wanna survive and I want The Clash to survive. The only thing that we got is The Clash."

"I shouldn't be saying this, but we've been mucking around with some sound gear and we've got some crazy ideas like... some LPs, like a Bee Gees LP, will cost hundreds of thousands of pounds to make, so it's gonna cost — what is it now? — six quid soon."

■ Continues page 17

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Screen Dream

GEORGE Lucas and Robert Stigwood, two of the heaviest of heavyweights in the film and music business are to collaborate on a number of projects in what is claimed to be the start of a long-term arrangement.

The initial venture planned is to provide a record outlet for Lucasfilm projects but the partnership will not stop there. Charles J. Weber, Lucasfilm president commented that "a variety of other Lucasfilm projects are on the boards which involve joint endeavours in the fields of computer technology, digital sound communications and audio-visual entertainment."

This planned exploration into futuristic technologies will be aided by the fact that Stigwood's company, RSO, is in partnership with the conglomerate Polygram who, in turn, are owned by Phillips and Siemens, the giant Dutch and German technological companies.

Stigwood and Lucas were recently at Epsom looking over the sets for the *Star Wars* sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*. Although no one's saying anything, problems may have developed recently due to the unfortunate death of John Barry, the Oscar winning set designer, who worked on the original *Star Wars* plus *Superman*, *Clockwork Orange*, and was midway through his *Empire* task.



Lucas and Spielberg take it in turns to kick Stigwood on the knee.

Lucas' new Hollywood cohort Steven Spielberg is three-quarters through his comic extravaganza, *1941*, which is fast becoming the most expensive movie of all time. Costs have already reached the \$40 million mark, close to previous ceilings set by Dino De Laurentis' *King Kong* and Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. *1941*, which features the unlikely coupling of John Belushi, Christopher Lee, Slim Pickens and Toshirō Mifune, is based on the factual events of the night of December 13th, 1941, one week after Pearl Harbour. For reasons no one has been able to work out, that night Los Angeles was gripped by mass panic as the citizens became convinced that they were under Japanese air attack.

Spielberg explains: "To this day, nobody knows how the scare got started or how the alert was sounded. The next morning, when there weren't any enemy troops to be seen, everyone was a little sheepish. What we're going to do in *1941* is explain what happened."

Whatever the outcome, Spielberg is spending money like water. One scene, in which a plane crashes into Hollywood Boulevard, had to be reshot three times at the cost of a million dollars per crash. Another expensive scene, involving thousands of Mexican and Japanese extras, turned into a full-scale riot, sending John Belushi and cohort Dan Akroyd running for cover.

DICK TRACEY

STRUMMER

■ From previous page

Suppose a group came along and decided to make a 16-track LP on two Tesco's, which dramatically diminishes the cost factor called 'studio costs'.

"Suppose you presented that tape to the record company and told 'em that it cost just these few quid to make. So even when they've added their mark-ups and a cut for him and a cut for him, you can still get a fucking LP for two or three quid. So why can't that be cost-related?"

Well, with independent labels it can, but the majors don't like doing that sort of thing because it sets unhealthy precedents and because they just love making money.

"It's a serious thing about managers. You know the people who've approached us?"

I've heard everyone from Peter Grant to Brian Lane.

"Bet you ain't heard Kerry Packer. Bet you ain't heard Harry Hyams. Bet you haven't heard Freddie Laker.

"I'll tell you one thing about managers: the whole reason they exist is that groups are supposed to think about the songs while the manager thinks about the affairs.

"But times change, we're moving into the future and we're in the position of doing both things. It's pretty schizophrenic: you're either playing the guitar or you're on the phone and you could say that us and Pil are working in a Jamaican kind of way: we do what we feel like, soon come, but there's still that burning question. What the fuck are they doing? It's got to be answered, and that's why we're gonna get hold of some guy in America to do the American end and we'll handle things here ourselves, or maybe we'll work with someone we know.

"We're working on quite a wide front. We got all these things cookin' and we're trying to bring 'em to the boil. We've had our fill of various sorts of bullshit, and now we're back to the drawing board. We're really

tucked, but I don't think we're fucked enough to quit. We're way beyond that."

CHARLES SHAAR
MURRAY

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THE Glastonbury Fayre was one of the best organised festivals ever held in this country, with excellent facilities, low-key security, a stage which combined function with inspiration and an excellent sound system.

Yet it was a chancy deal from the outset. Attitudes and times have changed, cynicism has accumulated, and the once noble festival, once the essential main meeting ground for activists and liggers alike has degenerated into cattle-pen commercial one-day events, bereft of any trace of former idealism.

It was clear to the organisers and others that if Glastonbury was going to work again it had to be in touch with the Modern World. The event's importance was simply that here, for the first time since the New Wave explosion and the long haul of the '70s there was a chance to see what shape we were all in.

The music situation crystallised many people's attitudes. Thursday night saw Gong and Steve Hillage playing to the converted. Friday it was the turn of John Martin, Sky and The Only Ones, the latter producing the best music of the day despite being plagued by generator problems and bad stage organisation. Naughty John Cooper Clarke never showed up while the UK Subs discovered mescaline tea and were having such a good time they decided not to go on.

Saturday brought more excitement. The Leyton Buzzards' small punk contingent and allied new wavers came running. They announced that they were willing to give anyone a chance and launched into a hard, tight set including their anthems 'I Don't Want To Go To Art School' and 'Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees'. The



guitarist played a tongue-in-cheek version of the Hendrix-at-Woodstock Star Spangled Banner while the singer dropped his pyjamas and mooned at the crowd.

The evening highlight came courtesy of Peter Gabriel who had assembled Tom Robinson, Phil

Collins, Steve Hillage, Nona Hendrix and Alex Harvey (in a kaftan).

Robinson played a couple of disco-inspired numbers plus '2-4-6-8-Motorway'. Peter Gabriel delivered a pounding heavy version of 'Salisbury Hill'. Alex Harvey insulted the audience, and Nona Hendrix sang such sweet soul music



Hurray, A Hip Hippy

DICK TRACY

that this writer could have listened to her for days.

Unfortunately the euphoria on stage was accompanied by unpleasant scenes backstage. Gabriel's management were apparently responsible for bringing down extra security men who proceeded to eject everyone from the stage. In the process a six-year old kid got thrown down the steps and a photographer, Ron Reed, was hit in the face and had his equipment smashed. Maybe someone will do something about

repairing that damage.

Finally came Tim Blake, who sang the Festival out. His set was accompanied by a spectacular laser show. First two giant supertrouser searchlights began combing the sky, then a blue and green laser light split into fan-shaped beams which seemed to stretch to infinity. A fitting climax.

Evidently the music only paid nodding tribute to the New Wave and ignored reggae, disco and mod music. In the post-mortems that inevitably follow such events, it

ADAM AND THE ANTS

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Ralph Records Says "Hello" From America

Hello. We suppose you haven't heard much about us here at RALPH for the past six months, and we know a lot of rumors have been flying around. So we decided to take this space to give you a real rundown on our plans.

First off, THE RESIDENTS' *ESKIMO* will definitely be released in the US September 15, which means you UK people will have it by October 1st. *ESKIMO* is a very unique and powerful record. At the current time, we are planning a "deluxe" package with a white vinyl disk. Now we know you are saying that colored vinyl is no longer very cool. Well, we planned this thing in white vinyl when it was supposed to be released in '77, and we see no reason to change our mind now. If ever there was a reason for white vinyl, it is *ESKIMO*.

About the same time as *ESKIMO*, will come the new LP from the ART BEARS. This album, entitled *WINTER SONGS*, is going to surprise a lot of people. The Residents have named it as one of their favorite records of the decade. We believe it will be considered a classic of new pop.

In October we have a special treat. An album entitled *SUBTERRANEAN MODERN* features newly recorded material by San Francisco's leaders in the new-music underground: THE RESIDENTS, CHROME, MX-80 Sound, and TUXEDO MOON. As added interest, each group will perform its own version of I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Our last planned fall release is the long awaited SNAKEFINGER album. Although he is still in the studio, advanced tapes reveal a high energy, new-pop format that is going to have everyone singing and snapping their fingers. It is produced by The Residents.

Now another thing on our mind is our concern for making Ralph recordings available to you UK people without having to pay absurdly high import record prices. We must give credit to RECOMMENDED RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE, and others who have made good efforts in that direction. Our attempt at establishing a Ralph Records UK was an utter failure. We just couldn't get the cash together. Fortunately, VIRGIN UK and ARHOLA @ENELUX are showing interest in handling our label. In fact, a specially released compilation of Residents songs named NIBBLES should already be out on those labels. Supposedly, it will be available to UK customers at a price below standard LP prices.

Well, of course, we haven't told you everything we've got up our sleeves, but perhaps you know what to expect in general from Ralph this fall. Many, many thanks to all of you who are making Ralph Records the success story of the eighties.

Sincerely,
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Hurray, It's Holiday

AT GLASTONBURY

should be seen that the biggest mistake was putting so much time, money and effort into trying to get the Grateful Dead over.

That said Glastonbury was never just a music event and this time round was no exception. Unacknowledged by the mass media, Britain is now home to a wide variety of exciting and influential young theatre groups, many of whom had made it to the site. Throughout the day and night there was always something happening, from the Footsbar's hysterical

interpretation of the King Arthur myth to the Cumberland Giants, actors strapped under giant inflatable figures who battled to the delight of all.

One rumour going round was that the kids had just got the adults to organise the festival for them. A huge play area came complete with sand pits, tyre swings, slides, climbing frames and the like, and, on several occasions, onlookers were treated to the sight of six-year olds and their wasted elders jockeying for position on the pneumatic pillows.



The festival was run with precision. Police presence was limited to uniform officers off the site who kept the traffic moving but, unfortunately, also felt it necessary to search a number of the punters on their way through, resulting in several arrests.

However, aside from some cowboys on the gate, there was little

or no aggravation.

Facilities were excellent. Good cheap food was available day and night. The site was kept clean by rubbish lorries and the toilets, always a festival hazard, remained bearable.

Many pressure groups were represented, from Greenpeace to the Legelise Cannabis Campaign, from

Pix: PAUL SLATTERY

Better Badges to the Beast to a punk T-shirt outfit from York.

A black tent flying the skull and crossbones flag was laying on games of seven-card stud, fuelled by a mixture of champagne and nitrous oxide. Crazy man.

Tents, teepees, double decker buses and domes housed the majority. One tent was made entirely of bandages; another was held to the ground with hypodermic syringes. There were luminous frisbees and fire eaters, mushroom tea and "special" coffee.

A cameraderie, once lost, was found again. One dachshund, with Legelise Cannabis Campaign stickers on its ears, lit up under the speakers. Several innocent bystanders were incapacitated when a jacket full of amyl nitrate capsules, was left on the stage and someone stepped on it. Too much.

The weather held right through 'til early Sunday morning when it broke into a torrential downpour which lasted for hours but didn't seem to dampen the collective spirit.

This festival was different and special. People dropped their petty defences and began acting like human beings.

And the aftermath? The organisers are now looking at a loss of tens of thousands of pounds. There is talk of a record deal and the possibility of a rerun next year.

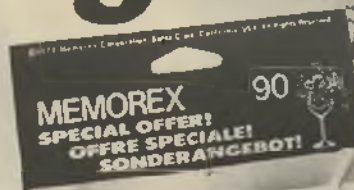
One final image, a story told over a camp fire. On climbing Glastonbury Tor late at night, a friend of mine found half a dozen teenage freaks tripped out at the top, listening to Clash tapes. Perhaps it was The Pop Group.

Maybe if there is a next time we can all help get it in shape. I'd like to suggest the new Village People single as the theme music. Go West — Together. It's the only way to face the future.

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Crits fiddle while public burns . . .

Fripp, Eno and others debate the future of a species

THE MUSIC Critics' Association sponsored a series of panel discussions in New York last week, in conjunction with a festival of experimental music being held at the Kitchen, one of the headquarters for the local avant-garde music scene.

One of the afternoon sessions featured the topic "Commerciality, Mystique, Ego and Fame in New Music", with panellists John Rockwell, the rock critic for the *New York Times*, Brian Eno, Robert Fripp and Philip Glass.

Eno and Fripp fans queued up for admission to the small Soho cinema where the discussion was held. But after press and musicians were let in, only a small number of public seats remained.

Those who got in heard a rambling discussion that included the following points: (1) Eno believes that the role of the rock star is akin to the role of the shaman in tribal societies, (2) Fripp hates cameras, (3) Philip Glass has not been affected by fame since it came so late, (4) Rockwell, responding to an audience member's question about his power, said he did not believe that the *New York Times* constituted mass media. He was roundly booed.

Another session was a solo lecture by Eno on "The Recording Studio As Compositional Tool".

Eno described the techniques of multi-track recording and played various songs from his own albums and from his productions of Bowie and Talking Heads to demonstrate how he alters instrumental sounds by treating them, running the instruments through the synthesizers he brings with him to the studio.

He played some Lee Perry dub productions to demonstrate that studio composition can be a process of subtracting instruments as well as adding them. He divulged an affinity with dub producers in that he, too, recycles the same basic tracks on different albums. Thus, "Sky Song" from "Another Green World" became "A Measured Room" on "Music For Films".

Eno also spoke about his work on the forthcoming Talking Heads album, for which the basic tracks were recorded at the band's loft and then brought into the studio for revision.

One song was revised so frequently under Eno's direction that 60 different tracks have been recorded.

Eno said he had considered bringing a tape of the album to the talk, but decided against it because



ENO: "I am the shaman of your tribal society." Pic: KATE SIMON.

"when you play something before it's finished, people almost say 'you should have heard it before it was finished'. Never invite a critic into the studio."

Eno's barb was good-natured, but things heated up for the critics during a session on *Rock and Experimental Music*, with panellists Rockwell, Eno, British composer Michael Nyman, and Blondie's Chris Stein.

Rockwell opened the discussion by acknowledging the audience complaints about the series' organisation. "People ask why we give special privileges to journalists," he said. "It's because we are journalists."

Nyman announced that in London, experimental composers "have nothing to do with rock music" and said little thereafter. Eno noted that

experimental music composers often work according to the guidelines of a system, while rock musicians go by what they feel will gain an audience response.

He also said that "rock music is personality-based. We always hear it in connection with a concept of the personality of the musician. Experimental music pieces tend to stand on their own."

Chris Stein spoke about his production work with Walter Stebbing as an example of a rock-experimental fusion. "Stebbing isn't experimental in the structural, fascistic sense. His work comes out of emotional responses, not out of a system. What we did was to chop it up into three or four minute blocks."

The real excitement was generated during the question-and-answer period.

Several experimental music enthusiasts attacked Rockwell in bitter tones for not reviewing more experimental composers and performers.

They claimed that his lack of support hampered the financial viability of the scene. The hostility escalated when Rockwell replied that "many things have been financially floated only because trendy people felt they were with it, from Louis XIV to whoever supports Robert Wilson."

The last straw for many women in the audience came when one attacked the panel for being all-male. Rockwell's reply:

"Rock and roll is a macho artform."

RICHARD GRABEL
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THINK you're hip to the music scene? OK, answer me these:

Who made one of the first English ska albums in the mid-60s, using various pseudonyms so that it looked like a compilation album?

Who had bleached white hair and played lead guitar with The Equals, penning their world-wide hits 'Baby Come Back', 'Viva Bobby Joe' and 'Black Skin Blue-eyed Boys'?

Who built, painted, decorated and now controls the first black-owned recording studio in Europe?

Which black pop star has acted at The Royal Court, had a part in BBC TV's *The Onedin Line* and once challenged Enoch Powell to a public debate on immigration?

Whose current Top 20 hit single comes from an album that was released and sunk without trace (or promotion) nearly twelve months ago?

Right, pencils down; and the answer to questions one, two, three, four and five is — **EDDY GRANT**.

"My interests are so diverse, man, we could be talking all night." He grins at me affably. "Cos I'm an interested person, right. I'm interested in everything."

"You better believe it. We're sitting in the small but comfortable offices of Ice Records in London's Stamford Hill. It's Grant's own company, with branches in Africa and the Caribbean. Next door is the 24-track studio which he built himself. He also owns his own pressing plant in New Cross.

He's just finished producing the next album for 90° Inclusive; he's presently considering the offer of a part in a film for which he may also write the music. Tomorrow he's off to Nigeria on Ice business; yesterday he was recording the second of his appearances on TOTP with the 'Living On The Front Line' single, a sleeper if there ever was one.

"When I made the album, 'Walking On Sunshine', I knew it was a good album. But nothing happened. We put it out about a year ago, we were with Pye then and they weren't selling any records for us, nobody there was very interested.

"But a couple of DJs, guys on local radio stations and with small roadshows, they kept playing it. And one night I was at Hamersmith Palais and they played two tracks from the album, the title track and 'Front Line', and everyone just went spare. I said to my brother, 'man, we've got a hit single here'.

"So we cut them both as disco 45s, and we're gonna issue 'Walking On Sunshine' next, which is a real mother, and release the album at the same time. And that single, you know, has proved a lot of people wrong. Some very important people have been here and listened to that music and said 'no, it'll never happen'. Now I'm saying, 'yeah, thank you very much' all the way to the bank.

"It comes down to the people in the street, right. If they say 'yes', they'll wait forever to get that record. They'll go and buy it from a kiosk, if necessary. And I'm very grateful."

To save people that embarrassment, Grant signed a one-off distribution with Ensign for 'Living On The Front Line'. It's a pleasant-enough reggae-disco single (*it's a good sound — Ed*) but it gives little hint of either the range or the excellence of Grant's previous work.

BORN in Guyana, he came to England in 1960 and first dabbled in music as a trumpeter in the Camden Schools Orchestra, playing both jazz and classical music. He took up piano, then guitar, as his interest in pop grew; and the ska solo, 'Club Ska '66' (or '67?), was followed by a five-year stint with The Equals, and later by three solo albums, as Grant perfected a musical style that mixed elements from reggae, soul, and bubblegum and that showed traces of such different artists as John Lennon and Sly Stone. Despite the eclecticism, I mention that reggae seemed to be a constant influence.

"Calypto, more than reggae, but I don't have bags. It's just a question of beats and sounds and how you're feeling at the time. It's like somebody vomiting. You can't vomit just peas, or just rice, you vomit everything you've eaten. And when I regurgitate music, it's the

Grant: "I said 'One day I'm gonna have Grant House, this is just my apprenticeship'."

Pic: Chris Harler



The Equal Rights Of Ready Eddy

EDDY GRANT takes time off from the front line to talk to GRAHAM LOCK

sum total of everything I've been through in life.

"So it's very wrong, tragically wrong, for someone to say I'm a reggae artist or a soul artist. I'm just an artist, period."

Illness caused Grant to leave The Equals in the early '70s; and he turned his attention instead to starting his own production company, building his own studio and forming Ice in the Caribbean. It was also during this time that he tried his hand at acting; and issued a challenge to Enoch Powell to debate immigration with him — a meeting which never took place.

"I would've fucking slaughtered him, man. But I wouldn't bother with Enoch Powell now, he's a spent force in this country. Nobody's born prejudiced, right. My best friend at school, for about five years, was a white guy, and I didn't even know the difference between me and he till somebody told me.

"And that's tragic, that prejudice is so ingrained now. It's terrible, man, terrible. I'll tell you, right, I do not hate nobody. I don't hate no black man. I don't hate no white man. I don't hate no Chinaman. I love them all, cos they're people. They're people like me, and they don't know what the ass is happening. They're just existing and walking down a path, and they haven't got the first idea.

"Lost, all of us are lost, and manipulated by virtue of our colour or our position or whatever. It's a drag. And only people who get in a position of power can even talk about it.

"If I speak freely, right, and my success allows me that. This unfortunate thing that people of my colour have been landed with, it's something that I don't want. I would've preferred to have been born a normal human being and had no hassles, no sweat, no prejudice — but that is bullsh!t.

"And now I am born a black man, of chocolate brown hue, and with that has come certain stigmas. And I'd be a fool to neglect it, and I'd be a

fool not to try and better my position within it, and I'd be a fool to let anyone place me to the degree where they can whip me at will.

"And a lot of black artists have allowed themselves to be placated, their mouths have been shut. They think if they don't speak out, their music will be played. But it isn't. They may not play my music, but I speak what's on my mind."

black artists an opportunity appear to be the guiding lights in Grant's proactivity with Ice. But contradictions occur.

"Black people are the biggest consumers in the world, but they're not the producers. Who dresses up more than black people, who eat more than black people, who entertain more than black people? We don't control the means of

earning power, man."

And that effects Ice Records. The people Grant knows, the ones he most wants to help, can't afford the facilities in his studio and pressing plant. Ice functions on a tight budget; caught, like other small, idealistic concerns, between the need to be commercially viable in a cut-throat capitalist society and the wish to be a voice of, and for, the community it services.

SO FAR, Grant seems to be handling the contradictions with exemplary skill. A business man with a social conscience; an eclectic who has evolved his own style; a pop performer who doesn't want to be a 'star', yet who needs a degree of success to finance his other projects. He does it all with engaging confidence and style; but can it last? Typically, Eddy Grant has no doubts. The world is his front line, and he's gonna win.

"One day I'm sure I will be successful in this country. I will be successful in America... the world is a very small world. And I'm afraid of no-one, right. Not the man at the top of BBC, not the man at the top of IC1, cos he's only a man and they'll fetch him out feet first just like they're gonna fetch me out, or the peasant in the fields.

"The first day I ever went into the studio, I said to Mr Edward Kassner, who was boss of President Records. I said 'look, you have Kassner House, one day I'm gonna have Grant House, so this is just my apprenticeship but I'm prepared to pay to learn'.

"And I've paid and I've learned and here we are today sitting in my own little empire. It's not big, it's not glamorous, but it's functional and one day I'll reach where I wanna get to and then I think I can be of assistance to this society we're living in."

Let's hope he makes it, cos this rotten racist society needs all the assistance it can get.



For whatever reason, Grant's music has rarely received airplay commensurate with his talent. One example — The Equals' single 'Georgetown Girls', which he wrote and produced, was removed from the BBC playlist after one week to make room for Typically Tropical's horrendous 'Barbados'.

Grant gives a wry shrug. "My track record is that any time I have a record out, and it's played, I sell a million copies. To date that's been the situation and I don't see any reason for it to be broken cos I spend a lot of time, and I put a lot of love, into making my music."

Care about the quality of his music and a determination to give other

production in any one of those things in this country.

"The radio plays black American music, right. They play Philadelphia International, cos they're affiliated to CBS. But if you wanna society that's culturally reciprocal, and if you're gonna play black music, then play black music from here — or what the hell are you gonna do with the black guys who were born here? They get fucking frustrated and go out bothering people or whatever.

"I know lots of talented guys — I might have the hit but I'm just one of them — and no-one will give them a chance. Or if they do, they won't pay them according to their skill. Black musicians just don't have the



THE POP GROUP: IDEALISTS IN DISTRESS

The Pop Group are a mess of insoluble contradictions. They're trying to change their world? The Pop Group are five ordinary boys living in an ordinary English town, Bristol. How can they reflect a world of pain and atrocity? The Pop Group are white and feel guilty. They have made a single and an album, released on the Radar label, a subsidiary of Warner Elektra Asylum, owned by the Kinney Corporation, a multilateral conglomeration, a media monopoly, an agent of Western propaganda. So what else is new?

H EY YOU. YES you, come over here, sit down. I'll tell you a cautionary tale. Maybe you've heard it before — it's that old story about the band and the record company; it's about young men and their confusions, their hopes and fears, their awkward self-consciousness. Sue me if it takes too long but I think you'll find a twist in the tail. When you do, perhaps you'll laugh cynically, perhaps you'll cry bitterly. The telling of it doesn't take too long.

T HE POP GROUP, their putative manager Dick O'Dell, photographer Chris Horler and me are sitting in the ground floor flat of Mr. Simon Underwood, former employee at Rolls Royce in Bristol, currently engaged as a bass player. We're chewing the old interview rag.

The atmosphere in the room alternates between strain and frankness. The conversation is garbled and fragmentary, like The Pop Group themselves.

This meeting is one of a handful of introductions for a new music collective, and like many an introduction it gets off to a shaky start. The Pop Group are a band who have captured the attention of the thinking rock press with their mixture of jazzbo avant garde funk rock and their radical idealism. In The Pop Group's unofficial master plan there is no self-advancement and any attempt by the media to categorise their style is rebuffed with distrust.

Given this uncompromising stubbornness would you be surprised to hear that the band have been buried in critical praise ranging from the considered and illuminating to the wary and ambivalent?

In the two years since their inception (and last July some of them were still at school) this lot have attracted the right pundits at the right time. After a sparse selection of dates the record companies came banging on their door.

They toured with Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Pere Ubu and The Stranglers. Hugh Cornwell produced some demos. Radar provided an outlet.

The time that The Pop Group came into full view coincided with Radar's push on accepted record company tactics, a new approach that fell in line with the independent style of promotion.

They are young. They are talented. They are committed. They are confused. They are now without a record company. 'So what seems to be the problem boys?' asks Max Bell.

Within the limitations imposed by big business, Radar were trying to be different. They offered an acceptable face. Even so, The Pop Group did not sign a contract. This was unusual. Eventually Radar's lawyers would present the band with some kind of ultimatum — the pen on the dotted line. But would the band sign?

Legally they were already bound by a contract of trust because they'd spent a considerable amount of Radar's money (£40,000 might be a conservative estimate). And although Radar had done alright by Elvis Costello, had a world megastar on the roster, their other golden hopes weren't doing so well. The Soft Boys were a financial disaster, Red Crayola and Radar's intelligent re-issue series also seemed destined to fall on stoney ground.

So by June of this year the band and their label were due for a showdown, particularly as The Pop Group were floundering in the open market. Their album and the 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil' single were hardly public hits though the former has shifted a 'respectable' 10,000 plus.

Their last tour was curtailed by promoters Straight Music due to apathy at the box office. Pop Group prestige dates in London were similarly fraught. At the Empire Ballroom a scheduled Matumbi pulled out, at the London College of Printing The Slits stayed home. This latter concert, a benefit for the Scrap Sus campaign, raised £900 on the door but £200 of damage was done to the hall.

In their home stronghold of Bristol, Pop Group concerts assumed farcical proportions.

An initial mishap occurred when the date was late and The Jam were in town the same night. They cancelled.

When the date was re-arranged (sic, I television announced the wrong night and posters were inaccurate, with the result that several hundred people missed the performance but turned up for a non-existent one).

The Pop Group were in the midst of these growing pains when we first met. But they didn't seem too bothered; in fact they were as stubborn as ever.

They weren't going to talk about their music, or their technical prowess, or their relationship with producer Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle. They were going to talk about those subjects which they deem to be important, the everyday events that shape their attitudes; politics, repression, the liberation of the spirit, awareness of surroundings.

Whether the outcome was fruitful or plain naive is beyond me now. I remember being impressed and repelled by some of their reasoning but totally convinced by their sincerity. A deal of their talk can be glibly excused as youthful idealism, or accepted at face value. The band are at pains to insist that they are not spokesmen, have no answers and can only question everything. They would like you to do the same.

S IMON UNDERWOOD'S flat is on the corner of a formerly smart late 18th Century terrace. The rooms are quiet, light and airy. If walls, like clothes, tell you

something about an individual's personality then you might guess that Underwood is of a radical persuasion — a Baader Meinhof poster here, a sardonic leaflet on the arms trade and the British Army there.

The room is dotted with prints and photographs of the band in fuzzy close-up, of some black jazz figures, on one wall the poster from their album, imparting bleak information, confronting the modern world.

Underwood is quiet and friendly, the oldest member of the group though not always the most articulate. He prefers actions to words. When the army held one of its travelling side shows in Bristol, to let the kids see how our boys keep the home fires burning, keep their big guns primed ('hop in this tank Johnny and we'll go for a spin round the park') type of thing, Simon and some friends went along to speak to the people, not to take a stance.

'We wanted to show them how disgusting it was that they can glamorise arms but not show pictures of soldiers with their heads blown off. It was all rock climbing, the outdoor life. These people just didn't seem to realise... it was a family show. At first they were ambivalent, against what we said but not too hostile. While we were talking a military band came by playing this stirring, patriotic music and suddenly they went mad, called us Reds, pinko scum y'know. And we aren't Communists, we were just talking.'

Underwood was beaten up on the way home.

Pop Group drummer Bruce Smith is an exiled Californian whose residual knowledge of America makes him less susceptible than the others to the surprise of violence. His frequent use of comparisons to the homeland makes this clear.

Bruce has a penchant for dressing gowns and girds his loins with ragged pieces of cloth. Bruce and Simon are the much vaunted rhythmic axis of the band, the pulse, the necessary formality. Like their partners they are self-taught.

Singer Mark Stewart and guitarist John Waddington arrive last of all, leaving the boys in the backroom and Gareth Sager (guitars and horns) to bear the brunt of our initial conversation.

Sager is the hardest member to fathom or like. At times he is forthright and deadly earnest, then suddenly he'll lapse into a fit of giggling silliness, looking for attention. His stage performances are equally unpredictable: he plays to extremes, some of them inspired, many of them distracting or under-achieved. His antics often seem rooted in ego, yet Gareth will insist that the band seek to remove all the barriers between them and the audience, to create a happening, an open space.

Sager: 'I don't see the point in entertaining just now... it's pure escapism. People have this ridiculous conception that rock and roll (laughs) is teen rebellion. It's pathetic, you might as well watch Les Dawson.'

'Rock and roll is taking your mind off reality, it's thinking that Elton John playing in Russia is important. I'm more interested in art and its social function than art for art's sake. It's good that Linton Kwesi Johnson used his music to promote his work, rather than vice versa. That's much better than someone like John Cage (the electronic peer of Karl Stockhausen) who sits outside the changes and doesn't reflect what's going on.'



This is a moot point of course. I argue that if people want entertainment then they have a perfect right to seek it where they will.

Sager reverses the logic: "How can you challenge that right? It's the way we're brought up. And then a band like ours comes along, and we're a real danger to your peace of mind. We're attacking institutions that might seem like common sense until you dig down and discover their motive... money. It's a game, entertainment, and we don't want to use this space to promote it."

One subject close to the collective heart is the *Sus* campaign (the *Sus* laws are those outmoded pieces of legislation dating from the early 19th Century and designed to prevent the spread of the Napoleonic code and its revolutionary alternatives which allow a police officer to hold a member of the public under suspicion of committing a crime, before any such crime has taken place).

The Pop Group LCP concert was a benefit to finance the campaign for repeal of the law, and they frequently distribute the campaign's literature:

"A lot of people don't know about a lot of things. They're deliberately kept in the dark. The benefit is to attract free publicity, because most of their time is taken up with defence costs. They encourage people to lobby MPs but black organisations tend to get involved on their own — they don't trust white middle class liberals. Obviously the law is being used to repress certain minorities, blacks.

"You can guess what's going to happen when you're in court with a magistrate and its your word against the policeman's. The media just won't listen to a campaign which defends blacks against whites; they turn it into a black power scare."

The Pop Group don't advocate violent reprisals. The problem, as they see it, is one of re-education, re-assessment of cultural standards. Sager's perspective is didactic: "Culture is work and duty in the west, and anything natural is a crime. Western civilisations are based on cities which, being outside nature, ignore the rest of the cycle. But in countless African tribes, where there is no

frightened by youthful spirit, it's against their inhibitions and cynicism. I advocate giving the inexperienced more power because experience makes you less likely to take risks."

Gareth stops and laughs at himself: "It's so frustrating: all these things are inside me and sometimes I can't find the words to express them."

He doesn't seem to be having much trouble today: "Society is too anal, but then so is music. Playing music all this comes out. I feel like I'm shitting on people instead of them shitting for themselves."

At this moment a whole bunch of people wander in. Simon's front door is not locked. As talk of shitting subsidies Simon goes off to feed his cat and make some toast. I pop the 64,000 dollar question, the obvious one about justifying the release of product on Warners: it's the central problem for a group of young men who in every other department seem hell bent on ridding their audience of the consumer mentality.

After all, a record is promoted, it makes someone a profit, it contributes to the escalation and disease of Western capitalism. Nobody needs a record, not even a Pop Group record.

Mass head shaking: "That's the big problem", they sigh. "We know Kinney sell and make arms, promote imperialism in countries like Puerto Rico where they have no business to be. We know we're a part of the system, whereas maybe a worker at Rolls Royce doesn't know that the component he makes every day is part of a guided missile.

"What we say is that we're just using Radar for their money, to propagate the records and the ideas. But it isn't satisfactory. It took ages to get that poster bootlegged and accepted. Radar aren't happy with that at all."

When I tell the band I find the poster depressing they are shocked:

"That's what history books should be like; the media should take responsibility for the atrocities they could show, instead of

"I'm beginning to think it's more important to fight for what you believe in than to be in a group anyway."

Mark Stewart

urban repression, there is also no concept of crime and punishment; they have sexual liberation; sexual intercourse is practised from puberty.

"All we did was colonise, make them put clothes on. We should be educating ourselves; abolish schooling. All the money that's wasted in schools should be spent helping people get rid of ambition and indoctrination."

A note of self-doubt stops Sager in his tracks:

"But who are we to say they're all wrong? My utopia is the end of authority, license and privilege. The alternative is increasing totalitarianism, freedom without responsibility, letting one body decide your life; the idea is that the family and the state are inseparable and sacred units. But we don't want to use all these long words, 'cos it's really important to talk direct to the kids on street level. All we can advocate is, drop out kids! But be responsible."

And wasn't this utopianism attempted in the '60s and its leaders found wanting?

"That's because people did drop out and then hung around smoking dope. They should have been looking forward. The Pop Group isn't what's happening, it's a step to what comes next."

Bruce Smith has been listening intently to Gareth's reasoning and attempts to encapsulate it: "We're saying that you never forget the past: like the line on 'Boys From Brazil' that goes, 'If we forget the past we're doomed to repeat it.' You have to doubt everything, to check everything. That's why the album is called 'Y'; it's no good burying you head in the sand and saying you have no political motives. Everything you do affects others."

Sager interrupts, a dance of ideas flitting through his brain, all of them tempered by an equality complex:

"The important thing is, we don't want to come over like little philosophers. It's obvious we're the same as everyone else. In fact, we're a lot younger. The older generation is

glamorising them every night at nine o'clock. We've had loads of letters asking about the poster, positive letters. Those kids aren't depressed, they're hopeful. They ask us what we're involved in, they don't talk to us as a group. We never want people to look up to us."

The poster is the work of Pop Group accomplice Rich Beale and the cuttings Mark has collected over recent years both for their striking visual effect and because they illustrate the lyrics.

Mark writes the lyrics.

"I look at them and they sum up what I feel about certain things. Sometimes the pictures are stronger than a lyric sheet. People can get what they like out of the songs. There's no message. What they mean to an individual is fine."

By now concentration is fraying and so are tempers. Mark, say the rest, is being reticent. One time John Waddington interrupts him in mid-sentence and Mark sinks into a sulk. Bruce attempts reconciliation with disastrous results.

"What's the matter Mark? For God's sake, you're not saying anything. If there's a problem why don't you tell us instead of sitting there and brooding."

Mark: "Nothing's the bloody matter!"

Simon: "C'mon Mark, there shouldn't be any hang-ups or secrets. Why don't you say what you were going to say?"

John: I just thought I knew what you were going to say, that's all."

Mark: "Why don't you say it then?"

OH DEAR. It seems reasonable to call a halt for a while. Some of us go round the corner and have a cheeseburger. The band stay behind to sort out their internal dispute. The mood is destructive. Chris Horler wants to take pictures but this is out of the question today. The Pop Group are not into self-promotion and Mark has boiled on his mouth.

When we return the air has cleared somewhat, but Gareth tells me: "We've decided to censor ourselves on that last hour of tape. It was too bland. We didn't express ourselves properly."

I'm annoyed at this arrogance but not surprised. Their attitude towards me has veered from friendliness to hostility to contempt. It may be the result of past press

Continues over ▶



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Down to
Experience



THE
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THE SINGLE: 'Do Ya Wanna'/'Stuck On You' CB 335 (Picture Sleeve).
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THE POP GROUP:

◀From previous page

encounters wherein they claim to have been substantially misrepresented.

According to Waddington: "We haven't been allowed to say what we wanted. People always talk about the music. Or just when you're getting to know them the tape finishes and they don't have another or the writer has to go home. So all you end up with is chit-chat."

Five on one. I feel like a leper. Perhaps we can talk about Dennis Bovelle then? I am genuinely interested to know how the band approached working with a reggae producer. How do they rate the sound of "Y"? Is it what they wanted?

Bruce takes the question at face value and tells me about the textures and the rhythms they picked up from the man:

"It's the way he mixes sound. He has a way of obtaining sound through feelings, making them work in a studio..."

Gareth intervenes imperiously: "I don't know how much of this interview we can use for talking about music and production. We want to talk about external things. They make more sense to more people. The producer was only there to help us get our attitude across."

Oh! So you didn't learn anything from Bovelle? Of course, they say, they did. Learnt from his expertise, his experience and his spirit. In 1975 Bovelle was the victim of a totally spurious rap for which he served six months in Her Majesty's Pleasure before being granted a Queen's Pardon.

Gareth is animated again, with reason:

"How do you give a guy back six months of his life? Dennis is a prison with no instruments is a crime. Music is his life, he's a walking rhythm machine..." Pauses: "I still think we should talk about things that won't go over the NME readers heads though. But if we talk about the Conservative Government or something you'll only start getting petty."

Silence bounces across the room like a drunken walkabout. I might start being petty after all, but then there is no way of knowing what people who read the NME are like, is there? Besides, music is the medium you use.

"Insofar as you can say anything with it and get it across to anyone. We also want to tell the kids about big multinationals like Kinney, companies that are bigger than entire countries, wealthier than continents. You buy their products every day of your life.

"People say 'it doesn't affect me' or 'what

can I do about it?'. Well, you can stop buying certain imports, you can campaign against certain exports."

A voice: "We can't talk about that!"

Voices: "Yes, we can!"

This is starting to feel like a therapy session in a psychiatrist's surgery. Me? I'm just the stenographer. Still, I agree with their contention that music papers have a duty to reflect things other than plain old rock and roll. It isn't just an endless round of records, stars, icons, drum solos. That's a debate which figures in Gasbag, I say.

Bruce replies in kind: "Music is a celebration of awareness. Channelling your ideas through what you play and the way you play it. These are subjects we want kids to be aware of—and yet it isn't just what we're about. We want them to open up to new experiences, not just rock or reggae or jazz. Movements and styles are only starting points; after that they get categorised."

Gareth: "And now the new wave thing is finished, it's ridiculous. It's back to that old playing crap. Encouraging virtuosity is absurd; it's all about technique and how well you play again."

I disagree. There is nothing wrong with encouraging virtuosity, it's a fundamental part of any art form. Showing off through virtuosity could be bad, but showing off without virtuosity is worse, eh? Haven't you got any better over the last two years?

The Pop Group's self-composed biography spells this out, exploiting the standard of excellence achieved by the rhythm section, referring to the levels of experimentation from the soloists. It mentions "Perhaps Britain's toughest rhythm section."

ON STAGE the band attempt to combine these elements with total audience involvement, and dislike the idea of a 'stage' anyway. Bruce defines it as a chemical reaction, an escape from contrived responses where the band comes on and plays at, not with, its audience; the audience in turn applauds, is passive, separate.

"We're not expecting anything specific. Sometimes people do come up on stage with us. It's great if that's how they feel. But the London date we played at St Paul's Church was awful. We were preaching to the converted. It was sick. Everyone was so into us that it was easy."

Of course those people might have been The Pop Group's rightful audience. Having your audience participating could also be disastrous, posing a problem of insurance, danger, loss of concentration. Worse, the people who want to enjoy themselves elsewhere are generally distracted by the appearance of exuberant invaders. The flow is

lost, not heightened.

It has been suggested that The Pop Group will always play for a coterie, that they are indulged and are indulgent, or pretentious. They tell stories against themselves of people streaming out of the hall as soon as they take the stage, leaving the hardcore to provide its usual, expected response.

My own impression of the band live is of five people attempting far too much. Their ambition destroys their subtlety. The better passages of "Y", the quiet, reflective pieces, often occur when Sagar is playing piano, an instrument they ignore live. On stage they tend to hide behind their tapes, their volume, electricity.

Though The Pop Group laugh when they are called a rock band and laugh at the idea of the 'rock gig', their music is not the bohemian jazz funk they imagine it to be. Not yet. Though it's possible for a group of self-taught experimental musicians to achieve a level of performance where they can excite, move and involve the listener, it takes time to develop emotional sophistication.

Pardon the expression but The Pop Group are trying to run before they can walk. Their musical tastes and influence are eclectic, invariably black. James Brown, Funkadelic,

Parliament, Sun Ra, Last Poets, Ornette Coleman, Charles Hayden, Miles Davis. There's no point pretending that this music is not demanding to play, often requiring a different set of responses and values from a person weaned on white rock.

The band seem to be heading at times for the territory Miles Davis explored on his 'Bitches Brew' to 'Agharta' period and because of who and what they are they results are interesting. They're not reproducing or copying either; they don't have the technique [gulp] for that.

Listen to a Davis composition like 'Miles Burns The Voodoo Down' or 'Spanish Key' and yes, you'll find echoes of their intent; but whereas Miles' music embraces a spectrum of moods, shudders, flits, pulls taut like a membrane, prowls like a cat, the rhythm section is at one with the solo instruments. Pop Group music bursts out at random, like a crazed bull it doesn't know where it's going.

At present there's more chaos than order. The band are adept with rhythmic hooks and underlying structures but weak on the top layers. Only on their most impressionistic song, 'Savage Sea', do they resolve all their ambitions, achieving a peace which isn't introspective, a music which steps out over

My own impression of the group is of five people attempting far too much, Their ambition destroys their subtlety.



ELECTRIC NIGHTS

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The Pop Group are at the turning point. Manager Dick O' Dell called their leaving Radar "the biggest scam since The Pistols and EMI"

the edge of chance and finds new ground to sustain its momentum.

Still, to adopt a Sagerism, who am I to tell them what to do, to curb their enthusiasm? Better that they learn for themselves. They are all inspired by their music; they enjoy it. Mark Stewart puts the feeling well:

"It's an unselfish sensation, a clear mind. You forget the diversions of the day and get to be practical. There's no point in being a cosmic asshole, there is a point in music where humans can relate freely, without embarrassment or violence. The tribalism we've been associated with got blown out of proportion but we meant it to signify a number of people coming together and getting higher. That's why it feels good.

"The trouble is most people aren't able to let themselves go, to accept new feelings. Everyone is so clogged up with education. The younger you start the better. Buckminster Fuller said, 'There's no such thing as genius, it's just that some children are less damaged than others'.

"We never felt different to our audience but we know we could reach a lot of people. It's worth it when they are genuinely involved... a girl in Swansea crying with happiness, people coming up — like the drummer in The Gang Of Four — and saying it's the best thing they've seen.

"See, for days on end you feel so futile and then you play a concert and it's forgotten."

THE POP GROUP'S influence on their contemporaries is impressive. They are part of a burgeoning community in Bristol, there are bands up from Manchester to London taking their freedom fusion as an example. People write to them from America, Japan, Poland, Czechoslovakia. You can't argue with that.

The Pop Group do hate the idea of being copied though — of being idolised: "We'd hate to see lots of mini-Pop Groups, people must have their own attitude."

Mark cites the newish song 'Blind Faith' in that context. Its subject is the need to avoid leaders, politicians, parents, teachers, rock stars. By extension Stewart reckons that people must rebel against the work ethic altogether and enjoy the idea of leisure time.

"Kids are going straight from school to the factory, doing what they've been taught. Work is sacred, people don't know how to appreciate freedom. In Paris when they closed the steel yards down and then turned them over to automation there were riots..."



Simon: "But someone has to work in the factories."

Mark: "Yeah, let computers do it."

Simon: "So where does the money come from?"

Mark: "People don't need money. They're conditioned to buy consumer items they can't actually need... status symbols, even records, records especially. People have to get back to making their own music."

The boys in the band describe themselves, albeit tongue in cheek, as humanist radicals, or beatniks, young men in a world they see heading for destruction unless...

They have hope: "We are positive. Our songs try to make kids aware. 'Thief Of Fire' is about thought crimes, book burning, fascist propaganda. Once you realise these things have happened you can fight them."

"Blood Money" is about financial degradation. We're all responsible for the 10,000 people who die every day from starvation. People know it but do they think about it? Do they do anything about it?"

And do The Pop Group do anything about it, other than worry?

Mark: "There's very little you can do which is of any use. We're not preaching, though it might seem that way to someone who can't relate to our music. Basically, we're a bunch of

18-year-old kids, like any others; these are things we believe in, we talk about them at any time, and we talk about other things. There must be 1000s of kids like us who are beatniks at heart. At school I used to look at everyone and wonder if they thought the way I did. Why was everyone else so weird?"

Sundry voices: "And then he realised it was him who was weird."

Mark: "So I joined a band."

Chorus: "He joined a rock and roll band and went straight."

(Helpless laughter).

Straight to the screaming target?

A WEEK AFTER this interview I went to Radar to confront Andrew Lauder with certain Pop Group allegations that the company wasn't committed to their development, actively discouraged their attitudes and would be quite happy to mould them into the token left corner where they could rant occasionally while cleaning up their act sufficiently to score with the odd hit single. Allegations of WEA corrupt coffers aside, Lauder, an honest and respected figure in the music business, a man who has applied lessons learnt in the '60s to the new mood of this decade, seemed to think that any resentment was par for the course twixt artist and employer.

And the little matter of a contract?

He pointed out that as The Pop Group had already spent a sizeable amount of Radar money they were legally under contract. He certainly didn't

seem like someone who wanted to say goodbye to the band. He said he liked them, with their faults, enjoyed their idealism, and fully expected them to accept Radar for what it was worth.

"They can use us — that's no big deal. All artists use their record company. That's what we're here for."

The week after that The Pop Group met Radar's lawyers. They did not sign a formal contract, their relationship was terminated, kaput, I doubt if there was much love lost.

Mark Stewart and Simon Underwood came up to London the day before this summit meeting and we tied up some loose ends. I don't think I've ever seen or heard a more confused bunch of young musicians in my life.

The band were on the verge of splitting for good. While Simon and Bruce see the benefits of infiltrating a major company to present their message, Gareth, Mark and John say they couldn't get to sleep nights worrying about the contradiction between ideal and practise. The majority held.

Now, The Pop Group are at a turning point. While manager Dick O'Dell called their leaving Radar "The best scam since The Pistols and EMI" Mark was in the mood for less mercenary soul bearing. He referred to the

utter frustration the band felt when they made "Y": "We were so fucked up when we made it, you have to be in a weird, lense frame of mind to listen to it. We were making the record and having people bring us our meals, do the washing up. Cigars and brandy afterwards, living like millionaires, it was revolting."

"I'm really worried now about being true to ourselves. When we started we used to begin by jamming. It was free expression. We tore songs apart like Hendrix ripped up 'Star Spangled Banner'. Now we just want to be understood; if it's free it doesn't have to be esoteric."

The Pop Group desperately want a hit single and George Clinton of Parliament/Funk fame, to produce it. They think that he likes the band enough to eschew the usual high fee; that's another facet to their huge ambition and a fine example of their naivety.

The past months have hit the band very hard indeed.

Stewart told me that "nothing is sacred, not even The Pop Group, we might break up or we might go off and get work, we've been so sheltered by our thirty quid a week. I'm beginning to think that it's more important to fight for what you believe in than to be in a group anyway."

"When I was younger I got totally fucked over people like Roxy Music and David Bowie. They gave so many kids false aspirations by encouraging images and lifestyles that they couldn't afford. Now look at Bowie — all he can do is sing about his playboy adventures. It's so divorced from reality."

"I used to trust people like Patti Smith until we toured with her. She was like a dictator to her band, she told them exactly what to do. And we can't play gigs now with bouncers and high ticket prices."

"We're setting up an alternative index of venues, promoters, record shops, journalists, to avoid the business altogether. We're seeing The Gang of Four, Public Image and The Good Missionaries, trying to set up an alternative tour before the ideals disappear, before the media waters punk down like they did with rock and roll, with the '60s."

"The kids feel rebellious but they're energies are being manipulated through commercial channels. So many bands have fallen apart... what's the use of singing about spiritualism before materialism and then continuing the process?"

"I think we are a pop group, not a jazz group. I want us to be understood by anyone from nine to 90. It's time to set an example."

As for the future? It could be Rough Trade, the band's ideal, or it could be EMI where The Gang Of Four are supposedly experiencing similar heartbreak and misgivings. Whatever your feelings about The Pop Group they aren't about to sell their dreams.

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BARCLAYS

PRINT

REGGAE BLOODLINES
By Stephen Davis & Peter Simon
(HEINEMANN £4.95)

Movement of Jah People
by John Plummer
(Press Gang £1.80)

The general rule with large format music books is enjoy the pictures and ignore the words, and neither of these volumes proves to be an exception.

Not that either is a 'music book' in the conventional sense: *Reggae Bloodlines* is an American attempt at a profile of the 'Music And Culture' of Jamaica, its history, culture and music, undertaken in 1976 when the rock world woke up to the fact that something a *gwan* on this remarkable Caribbean island.

It's packed with often superb photographs which are both a (limited) gallery of reggae stars and evocations of the dazzling, heady scenery and atmosphere of Jamaica. Most of the photos were taken by Peter (brother of Carly) Simon, who's supplemented his own work with that of others — Dennis Morris, Kim Gettlieb and more who aren't always credited.

The text by Stephen Davis is largely haphazard and superficial, and often ill-advised. In terms of musical history and understanding the omissions are too vast to enumerate — no mention even of Dennis Brown, Niney, Gladiators, Abyssinians, Taper Zukie, Prince Buster, Duke Reid, etc. etc. — and elsewhere its tone is patronising and offensive, in particular the references to Ras Michael as "bubblegum" and "the Grateful Dead of reggae".

Elsewhere, Davis fails to

find words to match the atmospheric pics; instead we're given the usual glib exposition of Rastafari with a historical and anecdotal pot-pouri. Not that there isn't something of value here — the chapters on Michael Manley and a Mormon country are both interesting, but overall I'll settle for the visuals.

Movement of Jah People is a profile of Rastafari culture at the other end of the JA-UK corridor, the suburban ghetto of Handsworth, Birmingham, to be precise.

It's written by a white social worker from the area and

admirably published by Birmingham's independent Press Gang. Its tone is, perhaps understandably, apologetic, its prose dry and unmoving, the opposite of its subject.

In the preface John Plummer says the book is aimed "not at a black audience but a white one — at the teacher, the social worker, probation officers, lawyer, vicar and the man in the street." As such its straightforward ABC account of Rastafari and the Handsworth community is sensible and useful, if not always perceptive — the

ghost of the social worker is seldom absent. Its best moments are when Plummer describes his own experiences at how the British legal system reacts to Rastas, and black youth in general, when a little animation finally creeps in at the blatant injustices being meted out.

The photographs and illustrations are modest in number and achievement, but do lend appropriate visual support to the text. Handsworth may not be as pictorially glamorous as Kingston but it's no less real.

Nell Spencer

ROCK FILE 5
By Charlie Gillett & Simon Frith
(Panther £1.25)
THE GUINNESS BOOK OF BRITISH HIT SINGLES 2nd EDITION
By Jo & Tim Rice, Paul Gambaccini, Mike Head
(Guinness £3.95)

Lists, first.

The *Guinness Book of British Hit Singles* is just that. A thick paperback, crisp Sunday supplement form, all beat-culture trivia happiness and contented chronological

mini-biographies, Vera Lynn to Bob Geldof and all 451aves and freaks in between. It is written by ageing men in suits, so if I was you, and you really wanted all this stuff, I'd break into the *NME* one night with some microfilm and a lot of patience.

We're all YOUNG after all!!! This is YOUTH music!!! Ripe for ageing sociologists!!! Who don't have a clue!!! ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO BE ANALYZED.

Rock File 5 continues in its own self-set tradition, with a couple of essays on aspects of beat culture and loads of logs and lists. It is a small paperback, and has no photographs, or illustrations, or good writing. Simon Frith contributes just what we expect him to ('Youth Culture/Youth Cults: A Decade Of Rock Consumption'), still trying to flog his transparent 'dispassionate observer passionate consumer' role to us all. Don't we feel so sorry for Si? Rock fans aren't interested in sociology, and sociologists aren't interested in rock and roll, as indeed he sez in his hilarious *The Sociology of Rock*... yep.

Still he has got as far as acknowledging 'punk rock', although he clings to the assertion that 1967 was, is and ever more will be the Year of Rock. This statement opens his essay and pretty much sets the standard.

The *Guinness Book* at least sticks to its brief. *Rock File*, in attempting to mix hard facts with ill-sorted — what the 'masses' buy, etc — agit-pop, gets the worst of both perspectives.

If you don't like the froth, don't drink the copy!!!

Ian Penman



Fred Looks by the sea



Sound on the street

Nice Pix — Shame About The Words



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SINGLES

CONVERSATION PIECE OF THE WEEK

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: *Death Disco* (Virgin). In the face of the unstoppable Sex Pistols 'Swindle' industry, John Lydon perversely stretches himself to the near-impossible limits to not only disassociate himself from his previous incarnation, but to alienate, to the point of hate, those who still resolutely cling to his former public image. Even Bowie didn't go to such extremes to lay Ziggy to rest.

So what is one to make of 'Death Disco'? Is it just another con-game? A gigantic piss-take to test the public's tolerance level? A way of relieving the boredom between bouts of television until the pubs open? A display of contempt? Another attempt at commercial suicide? Are, as some people insist, PIL incapable of writing songs? As intended, such questions remain unanswered and the controversy continues unabated. The enigma that surrounds PIL persists in making many uptight and uneasy. But then, isn't that the whole purpose? It's always much more fun working without a safety net.

What we have here is aural action painting: the spontaneous slapping of sound on a magnetic tape canvas. What probably started out in the studio as a dog-eared disco-reggae fusion emerges as a lethal dose of psychedelic eclecticism which makes the Plastic Ono Band's doodlings sound positively singalong. As the bass blackjacks the beat, drums keep strict mechanical time whilst multi-layered guitars scratch away like rats at the pantry door, the tortured melody line of 'Swan Lake' occasionally clawing its way to the surface. And Lydon? His lyric is to all intents and purposes incomprehensible as his voice alternates between a demented bray and a Botaneseque vibrato slipping forward and backwards in the dub mix. Whether it is a hoax or a signpost for the future is open to interpretation. It exists, it irritates, it intrigues. You just have to keep on playing it. Mission accomplished.

UNEASY LISTENING SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: *Playground Twist/Pull To Bits* (Polydor). If Ingmar Bergman produced records, they might sound like this remarkable performance which terrifyingly creates a mood of uncontrollable child madness. The listener is immediately engulfed in a maelstrom of whirling sound frequently punctuated by the ominous tolling of church bells, phased guitars, thundering percussion, a surreal alto sax and the wail of Siouxsie's voice. It's a record that demands to be repeatedly played (preferably on cans to get the full effect) at threshold-of-pain volume to illicit the nightmarish quality of the experience. 'Pull To Bits' is just a continuation and, against what one assumes to be the laughter of disturbed infants, Siouxsie chants more abstract lyrics. Produced by Nils Stevenson and sound



Siouxsie: terrifying



Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Chrissie: elegant



Pic: Justin Thomas

Johnny: lethal



Pic: Joe Stevens

Another Bunch Of Classics

engineer Mike Stavrou, this record suggests growing maturity.

THE KID IS ALRIGHT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE PRETENDERS: *Kid/Tattooed Love Boys* (Real). An American expatriate, Chrissie Hynde has appropriated many of the most enduring qualities of three generations of pop music and synthesized this invaluable wisdom to carve out an acceptable identity. Here she displays even more self-assertion than on her debut 'Stop Your Sobbing', delicately combining the vulnerability of Ronnie Spector, the casual coolness of Sandie Shaw and, above all, the fragile, wistful sob that Shirley Alston achieved to perfection on The Shirelles' 'Baby It's You'. Second time around though, The Pretenders turn their attention to a fine brace of Hynde originals. Graced with a pristine Chris Thomas production, these songs create a simple, uncluttered atmosphere which, with its deep-tone single-string guitar lead, is redolent of The Shadows at their peak. Despite my constant references to sources, what emerges is pure and instantly recognisable Pretenders, the first side effortlessly elegant, the second flawlessly frenzied.

THE MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET EP OF THE WEEK

THE CRAMPS: *Gravest Hits - Humen Fly/The Way I Walk/Domino/Surfing Bird/Lonesome Town* (Illegal). In the continuing quest for rock's Holy Grail, experiments are frequently conducted to discover the heady elixir of rock's seminal recordings. Few succeed in discovering the cipher or rekindling the original flame. Sophistication of style, studio technique, marketing and manipulation have long since dissipated the basic elements. Occasionally, individuals accidentally crack the code, but not since John Fogerty

has anyone located the original formula. The Ramones found the pass-key to the '60s, now The Cramps delve even further back to the dawn of creation and strike paydirt. Re-emerging as the Roger Corman of rock, these titans of trash not only harness its early rawness but inject the music with their own psychotic psychedelic persona.

This is a compilation of their first two Alex Chilton-produced Vengeance singles with a bonus in 'Lonesome Town' and vividly depicts The Cramps stuttering

testament to the pleasures of 'real gone-ness' and a record that transcends four generations of the best that rock 'n' roll can offer.

SOUL, YES I SAID S-O-U-L SINGLE OF THE WEEK

MILLIE JACKSON: *Kiss You All Over* (Spring). A perfect example of Millie's neglected prowess as the current First Lady Of Soul. Such is the unique manner with which she extracts every last nuance from this song, which seemed pretty natty when first performed by Exile, that it re-emerges as a timeless

GENERATION X: *Fridays Angels* (Chrysalis). Apart from a great flair for visuals, the thing that initially attracted me to Gen X was their unbridled sense of enthusiasm and their determination to make good. They possess the basic qualities to fulfil their desires, but still need the catalyst to enable them to make the giant step. The potential is there; it just needs the spark.

T.V. TOY: *Instant This, Instant That/For What It's Worth* (Permanent). American Euro-men with a natural affinity for electro-mechanical melodrama. Concrete-mixer rhythm patterns generate tension on the top side and add even more menace to the Stephen Stills' '60s potential slaughter on Sunset Strip massive.

PINK LADY: *Kiss In The Dark* (Asylum).

TASTE OF HONEY: *Do It Good* (Capitol). Pink Lady — a pair of dainty Japanese disco dolls — have, so I'm informed, the distinction of currently being this ol' planet's biggest-selling girl act and, with this record, hope to repeat their success West of Suez. There's no reason why they shouldn't achieve their objective but, with former Left Banker/Stories mastermind Michael Lloyd in artistic control, I expected so much more than just a blatantly safe-as-milk dancer. Sure, as these things go — chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga — everything is in its correct place, only any individuality the Pinks might possess doesn't penetrate the production. Taste Of Honey started out last year with all the trappings of a winner, but this record reveals no apparent signs of progress, and also lacks the salacious humour that made them such an instant attraction.

DEBUT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BILLY HANCOCK WITH THE TENNESSEE ROCKETS: *I Can't Be Satisfied* (Ripaw). Though they don't resort to

the extremes of style favoured by The Cramps, the remarkable Billy Hancock & The Tennessee Rockets substantiate that they have also managed to resuscitate the original sound, drive and freshness of the '50s and, without compromising their aesthetic values, made it appear surprisingly contemporary. No technical tricknology, just a genuine empathy with the roots of rockabilly and the kind of natural live-in-the-studio energy that makes most power-crazed combos sound positively flaccid. With a date sheet filled to the end of the year and Robert Gordon frequently checking them out for new material, Hancock & The Rockets play to win. If you have trouble locating copies, contact Vintage who are frantically trying to keep up with the overwhelming demands for this superb single.

THEY CARVED THEIR NAME WITH PRIDE

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: *Absolutely Sweet Marie, Werewolves Of London*. Next One Crying (Sire). Why were the six white horses delivered to the penitentiary? Why was the Persian drunkard following the singer? What drugs was Dylan doing when he wrote this song? What possessed The Groovies to release this as a single? So what if nothing is revealed — history has still shown that not only are other artists' songs safe in the hands of these lads but are quite often exciting. Treated with an Eddie Cochran intro and taken at patented Stones-trimmed swaggar, the only shortcoming of 'Marie' is the most obvious one: only the Zim himself could get away with such stoned and sardonic lyrics. Nevertheless, the overall momentum easily carries Chris Wilson's vocal. And what have the Flamin' Groovies and the Grateful Dead both got in common? Both bands hail from 'Frisco and perform Warren Zevon's witty 'Werewolves Of London'. Finally, has John Lennon finally given up herding cattle and secretly joined El Groovers? Why do I ask? Well, on 'Next One Crying', which is based fair and square on the 'How Do You Sleep' changes, his presence is so overwhelmingly strong that one could be excused for assuming he had a hand in the making of this track.

THE IDOLS: *You/Girl That I Love* (Ork). An Anglo-American alliance which once had the dubious distinction of being called The Junkees. Other points of interest: former New York Dolls Arthur 'Killer' Kane and Jerry Nolan make up the rhythm section and 'You' is dedicated to David 'Rocky' Johansen. The flip, 'Girl That I Love (Wears No Pants)' is the better of the two cuts. With Steve Dior and Barry Jones fronting on guitars and vocals, The Idols cover the mid-ground between The NY Dolls and Thunders' Heartbreakers.

■ Continues over page

Reviewed by ROY CARR



and shuddering, hiccuping and hallucinating, rockin' and rampaging in grotesque Gothic glory. Utilising Link Wray-inspired buzzsaw surf guitars, the best tub-thumping drums since D.J. Fontana and enough reverb to fill the Grand Canyon, The Cramps catapult the past way into the future without ever resorting to pastiche or parody. On 'Lonesome Town' singer Lux Interior transforms this Ricky Nelson standard from a wimpy self-pitying ballad into the most austere statement of alienation since Presley's 'Heartbreak Hotel'. A

classic soul stomper instead of just a former inconsequential chart-topper.

MOTORHEAD: *No Class* (Bronze). No class? Never let me hear anyone say that about Motorhead since, along with the Motor City Madman, they're the only act around who know how to drop the heavy metal hammer with complete conviction. Lemmy — the legend, the true star that he is — sings like Rod Stewart after a night out on the tiles with Motorhead.



Singles Continued

■ From previous page

THE SEX PISTOLS: Industry: Half-Yearly Report, June 1979.

THE SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy For The U.K.; L'Anarchie Pour Le U.K. (Barclay Import). 'Anarchy For The U.K.' has transformed itself from a controversial debut single into a one-record industry. A veritable collector's well-dream, it regularly manifests itself on various labels in various sizes, lengths, languages and pic sleeves. This is its third appearance in France, coupling the alternate 'Swindle' soundtrack take with the musette muckabout. Don't think that this is the last we've heard of it as I'm sure Talcly fully realises that it has yet to be issued either as a picture disc, on coloured vinyl or as a ten inch.

BARRY DE VORZON: Theme From 'The Warriors' (A&M). Thelma Theme! I looked, but I couldn't find one, but ain't carping, 'cause it comes on strong sounding like either an extended intro or the instrumental break on a blistering Donna Summer single. Hot stuff!



EL COCO: Dance Man (AV GINO SOCCIO: Dance To Dance (Warner Brothers) MARTIN CIRCUS: Disco Dance (Pye) LAX: Dancin' At The Disco (Pye). All four records are about as imaginative as their titles imply. Any records (aside from the PIL single) I come across this week with either 'dance' or 'disco' in the title are promptly scratched from the running. Circus and Lax entrants are disqualified on both counts.

INDEPENDENTLY YOURS: ROSES ARE RED: Your Love Is Like A Ballistic Missile (Posthumous Petal). Over the years singers have likened love to a violin, a heatwave, an itching in the heart, a butterfly, a drug. Therefore, in these Modern Times, why shouldn't smitten Modern Men from London offer a corollary to such all-powerful phallic symbolism as a ballistic missile? With

vibrating rocket-in-the-pocket gusto and a hint of E. Cochran's 'Somethin' Else' riff, Les Roses Rouge serenade the object of their affections with the finesse of the LP choir in heat.

WORST GIMMICKS OF THE WEEK

HOT GOSSIP: A Super Casanova (Atlantic) **FREDA GOTHENBURG:** Like A Dream (G.H.M.). The Hot Gossip picture disc is accompanied by a Zoetrope, an assemble-it-yourself contraption which (poorly) animates the tiny figures prancing around this platter's perimeter. One can only assume that the purpose is to distract one's attention from the truth that, on record, Hot Gossip don't project any of the naughtiness for which they are renowned. Could be Legs & Co singing for all we know. The sleeve of Freda's folly states it to be 'The World's First Backward



Playing Record... Plays From The Centre Outwards. Who needs it?

KISSGO DISSKO: KISS: I Was Made For Lovin' You (Casablanca). Let's not pussyfoot about. All you Kiss Army combat troops out there who proudly sport 'Disco Sucks' t-shirts and reckon these 20th Century Boys are truly where it's at are now confronted with the biggest personal crisis since that dreadful morning you awoke to discover tiny hairs sprouting right there in the palm of your hand! My sympathies. I know it's no fun being dumped upon from a great height or to be publicly humiliated by a piece of cheap plastic that as good as informs you that your allegiance to their bank accounts is no longer required. That's right, in their familiarly gross manner, Kiss done gone disco. Do you brand these botos for selling out or quietly



burn your t-shirt and boogie on down in the face of such betrayal? Whatever, producer Vini Poncia's dismal attempt to xerox Maestro Moroder's technical expertise in such matters proves to be an abomination. But what is the poor sod to do when faced with such stale licks and lyrics overflowing with such unbelievable conceit. How can anyone who looks like Paul Stanley seriously croon "I was made for lovin' you baby, you were made for lovin' me" unless he was addressing these remarks to the brightly lit soft drinks vending machine standing in the corridor. Things get even sillier on the flip. 'Charisma' features Gene "I want to be treated as a serious musician" Simmons checking out his overblown ego: "Is it my fortune or my fame/Is it my money or my name/Is it my Per-son-al-ity or just my sex-u-al-ity/What is my charisma, what is it about me that gets you so hot," bla, bla,

bla. Prat! And that's meant as a compliment.

RUDOLPH DIETRICH: B.O.F./No Claim With Bluff And Swindle (Off Course) **MOTHER'S RUIN:** No More Superstars/Danny Hot Dog (Off Course). The song titles sum it up. Swiss punks on Suchard. Pass the Kleenex, unbelievable conceit! How can anyone who looks like Paul Stanley seriously croon "I was made for lovin' you baby, you were made for lovin' me" unless he was addressing these remarks to the brightly lit soft drinks vending machine standing in the corridor. Things get even sillier on the flip. 'Charisma' features Gene "I want to be treated as a serious musician"

LOX: Fun House/Sterlet Love/Tell Me (Fetish). Ask for Lox in any New York deli and you'll be served smoked salmon on a warm cream cheese-smothered bagel. Ask for the New York combo of the same name and you'll get something nowhere as enjoyable. Fetish is a most apt label for this group to appear on; singer A. A. Pritchard's obsession centres around grafting an emasculated Roger Chapman Bray over a re-shuffled Stones 'Bitch' riff and preferring to sing the harmony, as opposed to the familiar melody line, on a too fast for comfort treatment of Mick 'n' Keef's 'Tell Me'. It's all quite pointless.

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Whatever Gets You Through The Daze

THE NICK LOWE INTERVIEW. By PAUL MORLEY

I'VE LOST track of time, but Lew Lewis and Reformer are on stage at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion blowing base boogie that the Hemel Hempstead audience aren't sure whether to love or not. I'm talking to Nick Lowe. He's looking rumpled and pained, but he's articulating clearly and plainly. He's a little more drunk than I am.

We're seated on wooden chairs in the vacated Lewis dressing room. Down the corridor in Rockpile's dressing room members of that group and some non-busy helpers are idling away the time in a different way. Drummer Terry Williams and guitarist/vocalist Billy Bremner are setting new records for alcohol consumption. Dave Edmunds is blow drying his hair.

Lowe has a cigarette in one hand, a drink in the other. Such objects rarely desert his clutch. I keep looking over his shoulder, seeing my reflection in a huge mirror and thinking what a way to earn a living. Asking a man who drinks and smokes a lot, writes pleasant little ditties, helps people make pop records and who seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown a series of questions that make believe he's special.

I fiddle with the yellow top of Lowe's cider bottle and wonder if he gets much chance to do anything other than music. Lowe's huge face eases into action.

"Er, well I'm not really interested in doing things apart from music. I used to spend all my time going out to see groups. I don't now and in fact I hardly ever listen to records... I do see some groups, but generally I think they're so dull..."

Really, I gasp, wanting to list all the great gigs I've seen this year. The tone of my voice seems to do it for me.

"Yeah, I haven't seen a good group for ages. Everything seems so stagnant. It seems to be like '76 still. And what the punk thing is being replaced by is this awful arty-farty shit... like hippy music with thin ties or something. It's exactly the same old cobbles I can remember when the pub rock thing started."

There seems to me a massive and positive difference between, say, The Human League and Genesis, Siouxsie And The Banshees and ELP... in approach, ambition, influences. There's rebellion, concern, speculation, a lot less pomposity and a lot more noise. Nick Lowe, though, is the kind of person who, if you say, look you're being silly about this, will reply, "Yeah, I suppose I am really." So my indignant opposition brings about a sigh, a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yeah... but... I dunno, maybe I'm just an old cynic. I don't think there's any such thing as going forward." There's nothing so sour as a defeated idealist. "Cos everyone thought they were going forward in 1967, when Sgt Pepper came out, everyone thought that was it, the sky's the limit, there is no limit to what can go down."

"But just the same rules apply nowadays. There's still the same record advances and geezers get a whole lot of money and things get dull and boring and there's no way out."

"The only two ways out, and this is a bit of a cliché — I think George Best said this actually — he said the only two ways to get out of where you're going, the channels you're streamlined into... I'm a middle class kid, so I was supposed to wind up, I wasn't so bright at school, I got one O-level, so what I had going for me was to be an estate agent or something, and I've got no desire, no interest in anything like that and what it entails, the only two ways to get out of that is to be..."

A pop star or a footballer.

"Yeah... the only two ways out... and the thing about the pop business is, it's totally classless. Whether you're a lighting rigger or a lead guitarist, it's just whether you're on the case and a reasonably decent human being."

"It was the life of it that always appealed to me more than ever being a virtuoso. I never really wanted to be a virtuoso. The life of it to me was going to be beautiful women and wild parties and all that sort of thing, the things that most people who buy the NME think is the life I lead."

"And the actuality... well, you spend most of your time waiting, hanging around, and, er, I think that's why I'm so cynical. I'm still well enthusiastic about everything and I think I'm good at what I do, but I get very frustrated, cos it's happened to me."



NICK LOWE:

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"There's been times in the past when I've kicked myself and thought this is a movement y'know, that we're going to change the face of the earth. But you can't, it's still the same old, y'know, mafia rule the roost, and they put people, even Malcolm McLaren — there's people patting him on the head somewhere. He's reckoned he's turned the world upside down. He fucking hasn't."

But there's so much more choice now than there was three years ago. The fact that someone like you can appear on *TOPP*.

"I think if you stick at something long enough," Lowe softly continues along his patient way, "even if it's estate agency, if you stick at it long enough then eventually your turn comes around. Suddenly it's next! They discard one lot and it's the next lot on the leaching pad."

"And then so on. It just revolves around and then after a while you're dumped. But it's generally up to you if you're dumped or not, if you can't ride it. But I don't particularly want to do that. I don't like riding. I like feeling like an underdog."

"I'm not looking for any success or anything like that, 'cos I don't like people who are successful particularly... it's a bit of a

sweeping statement that... generally people that I don't know anyway."

People would suggest that you're successful, I reason. Hits, friends in the right places, Radio One awards...

"Well, the Radio One thing, who else were they going to give it to?" he modestly objects. "There wasn't exactly that much competition..."

But that's success to most people.

"Yeah," he agrees, "people do think I'm successful. I can't understand why."

So you dislike yourself?

Lowe laughs this off. "Well, I've got enough problems on my hands without disliking myself as well. But I, er, it's so hard. I don't know, cos everything I do is done. Well, the moves I make anyway, are done without hardly any consideration as to what the results will be... I just think if something is a good idea, I'll have a shot at it, and often as not it never works out."

So do you feel lucky that you've got those choices to make?

"CHRIST!" Lowe shakes his head.

"Incredibly lucky. Christ! I can't believe it... I wake everyday just thanking whoever it is or whatever it is, I don't know how, I've slept on

enough floors in my time, and now I can pay the rent and I've got the old studio downstairs in my house, and all the rest of that bullshit."

"But I haven't lain awake at night scheming or anything like that. I'm just damned lucky. That's it. I don't actually think I deserve it as a matter of fact. I don't think I've done enough work. I've worked hard at what I've done, but it's only cos I'm not interested in doing anything else."

"When I first started I did have this idea about you go out and make a record and everyone grooves on it and then you get lots of money and lots of women and then you get really rich. I had all those silly ideas, but it didn't take long to get it knocked out of me. Well... in fact it did — it took a hell of a long time to get knocked out of me."

So long that by the time it was knocked out of you there were the first traces of acceptance?

"No... I'd started... long before I'd started earning any money I started to feel proud of what I did. That's probably because I had a very bad time in the early '70s with acid... and, er, I thought I was... I nearly lost me marbles... there's no two ways about it. I went like a vegetable for quite a long time, and after that I realised I couldn't do anything else, it was almost like a straw to clutch at — a dull old guitar, that was all I had."

"And it was after that I made up my mind to do whatever I thought was a good idea — sod what everyone else thought. And, er, I've never done anything with a view to becoming rich and famous... it is great fun, and it is very nice when someone slings you a big cheque for strumming a few chords..."

What about the people who give you this life, the people out there now sitting through Lew Lewis.

Lowe looks at the floor and takes a deep breath.

"Well... I must admit... I never really... how can I put this. No. I don't feel any sort of gratitude to anybody for the fact that I'm earning some money. They don't have to buy my records. I've put out so many records that have flopped. I couldn't imagine going out to buy one of my records, not in a million years. But I feel grateful to something or other."

"Actually I'm beginning to sound like an old hippy already. It's the force in the sky man! I don't know what it is, but I don't ever feel 'my wonderful public' or anything like that, cos I don't know who they are."

"All I know is that I listen when someone's pumping gas into the Transit, or the guy's delivering the milk or the letters. I listen to that what they're whistling, what they're singing and I wonder, oh why have they picked up on that bit? Because I'm interested in seeing if I don't have to compromise myself, cos I'm still a bit of an old hippy like that, and make something like that..."

JAKE RIVIERA, the sleazy, abrasive and well-earned opposite to Malcolm McLaren, spreads his arms, releases a smile, and exclaims: "Our act's doing a tour, you've got a paper to print, let's do it!"

No fuss, my baby. Riviera, the man who launched Stiff, of Riviera Global Productions, who cares for Costello and a number of others, is a heavily sarcastic music biz entrepreneur. If a number of people have taken his dark sarcasm seriously then it's obvious why his weighty press paranoia image has developed the way it has over the last few months.

Riviera travels in a straight line. If the odd wimp stands in his way and is tumbled over then he's not likely to turn round and say sorry. The wimp then cries out and Riviera's branded a nasty man.

Put it this way, Riviera has never planted a shoe heel deep into my protruding instep. He does wear dandyish shoes, though. At the moment he's briskly choreographing the affairs of the real group Rockpile as they travel around the country on a proper tour.

Rockpile have a neat range of dandyish shoes. Terry Williams has a soft pair of cream delights complete with delicate buckles. Billy Bremner's footwear is well put together. Dave Edmunds wears tough two-texture boots that smooth to a dull point. Nick Lowe bought his thick inflexible looking cowboy boots in Phoenix. Rockpile are a real group built from the feet up.

Rockpile are not pretty. Williams is small and sneaky. Bremner is thick and fleshy. Edmunds is shrivelled and blotchy. Lowe was

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Rickie Lee Jones

RICKIE LEE JONES



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■ From previous page

not elegantly manufactured. With Rockpile we're in no-where-land between the Talk Of The Town and the college circuit. We're somewhere between the UK Subs and Tom Jones or Help Yourself and Candlewick Green, where compromise is a shameful thing but looking smart isn't.

Rockpile are another sort of pubrock remnant, with Rumour: equally traditional, weary and wicked, lovable and lamentable.

HALFWAY down a narrow red lane, a bend and a half off the Shepherds Bush Road, is a small well designed terrace house shared by Lowe and Riviera. Inside an interview is flapping to a close. The Mirror's Pauline McLeod has finished an afternoon interrogation and a red haired photographer snaps Lowe and Edmunds on a scruffy sofa with weary workmanlike precision.

The NME evening shift is ushered into the upstairs lounge. Lowe looks washed out. But people have papers to print and tonight, Thursday, Rockpile have a gig to play, at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion, a 30-mile drive up the M1.

At just gone five, threequarters of Rockpile, Riviera, the evening shift, an unknown passenger and tour manager Nigel Johnson climb into a rusty Transit van for the Hemel drive.

Swansea, Tuesday; close enough to a home gig for Rockpile. I can remember little. I recall meeting up with Edmunds, Lowe, Nigel, Riviera in the Dragons Hotel after they'd driven the seven hours from the previous night's Portsmouth. Packing into the transit, driving out of the city centre into the hills, reaching Terry Williams' local where people mill out on to the pavements drinking like it's a race. Tearing down to the Top Rank club and watching Lew Lewis' huffing putting set. Doing plenty of drinking. I remember wine, whisky, lager and cider. Seeing the floor come close to my eyes a few times. I remember the only music played between acts being Iggy's 'New Values'. Thinking all Top Ranks look the same. Cheap-posh, low lit, sparkling and sterile.

Rockpile played a loutish set. If Dave Edmunds was a few years older he'd be Bert Weedon. If Nick Lowe was a few years younger he'd be Dee Dee Ramone. If Billy Bremner was a little thinner he'd have nowhere to rest his guitar while he picks out the notes.

After the gig it was down to some club and some more drinking. I got to bed at four, woke up at seven, and then remembered I hadn't done the interview. Cry? I almost shaved my legs.

The centre of London, Thursday; the van collects the fourth Rockpile and makes for Kilburn and the M1. First stop is an off licence. Everyone bar Nigel and the evening shift race into the shop. Edmunds grabs six cans of lager and a bottle of cider. Bremner and Williams get lots of beer. Lowe indulges in two bottles of cider. Riviera sticks to wine, which he gaily swigs from the bottle.

Edmunds discovers my age — 22. "What's it is?" he mutters jealously. Dave Edmunds is 35.

The second stop is to collect some special 'slum powder, presumably for Edmunds to pat under his armpits.

The van loses itself in the commuter escape in the midst of Kilburn. On boarded up shop windows huge yellow and red posters boast Rockpile Featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe. Bremner and Edmunds discuss some obscure Gibson guitar model.

"You should see Dave's house," scoffs Riviera. "It's like a guitar museum. Just enough room to sleep." He ghosts into his wine. Edmunds shrugs into his can. The van inches forward. Up at the front Lowe gulps some cider.

"I'VE GOT this reputation," grins Lowe, "as being the 'new wave' producer or something. Anyone who knows anything about making records knows that the early stuff — I've done some good records, I know that — but the early stuff I did was absolutely useless. I knew nothing about it. The only reason I got into it was that when Stiff formed I was the only person who had ever worked in a studio just about. I had no interest in being a producer at all.

"I've learnt about it now and I've sort of developed ideas from listening to Edmunds and listening to the radio.

"I don't like to come across as real humble — I'm a revolting ego tripper actually — but it's like I'm at a loss as to why I'm in this position. Cos I've just bumbled my way through the whole thing.

"The one thing I am certain of is I like being out of synch. I like being not quite right for what's happening at the time. . . and, er, I'll read the old music papers cover to cover every single week, all of them, from Jackie through to Melody Maker, just to get a sort of pitch, cos I don't want to turn into some sort of snob. y'know, I know what's going on, listen, I make up the rules baby, and you guys just follow 'em." I don't want to be that, or tee hee sixth form aren't we an incrowd.

"I want to make records people will like and that I can be proud of. When I say I've bumbled through, I mean, I listen to say a Jeff Lynne record and now that sounds to me like a craftsman's record. I could never make records like that. I just haven't got the patience.

"I feel like I'm a stamp collector. Being in the music business is like a hobby for me. And my real job is just keeping my actual mental



'I dunno, maybe I'm just an old cynic. I don't think there's any such thing as going forward.'

together. That is my job. That's like working in the estate agents, and this pop music lark is what I do in the evenings sort of thing. I'm keen on it. But I have to spend most of my day just getting through the day, not going mad. That is the hardest work for me."

You're worried about the boredom?

"Well, boredom is the most frightening thing. Bored people are boring people. I generally find, so the reason I work hard is because if I'm continually setting myself things to do then I can't get bored — even though I'm irritated and don't want to do them. I just have to think about my own sanity."

Do you ever feel you're losing that?

"Oh yeah, all the time — at least three times a week."

What, as a big deal?

"Oh yeah, I mean real bad. I come across as a idiot, I know, but it's only because I'm, er, just desperate, just desperate to get through it. We've all got to get through it, from the cradle to the grave, we all want to get through there, and unfortunately I'm very aware of that."

"Maybe that's why I come across sounding very humble, which I don't mean to sound. People often say to me, you've got no belief in yourself. Well, I have — but my own involvement in the music business is just so that it keeps my brain thinking about something else apart from me. . . and that's why I come across as a sort of drunken prick."



'Rockpile is in fact extraordinarily equal. I suppose if you pressed everyone they would say it's Dave's group.'

Lowe pushes his head between his hands and mockmoans: "In fact I'm a serious artist, no one will understand." He sits up. "Yes, that's about it."

You think about things too much, I say uselessly.

"Mmm... yeah... that's... yeah... of course Rockpile is a great... what do they call it when you get bitten by a snake...?"

Antidote.

"... antidote. Yeah, Rockpile is the antidote. Those guys are a continual source of amazement. Because they're infuriating on the one hand and very kind on the other, capable of great compassion, and good, fine qualities, and they're interested in music, which is handy cos that's basically all I talk about."

He laughs.

AS THE VAN lurches forward in the Kilburn jam, someone wonders if anyone saw the previous night's fun documentary on the perils of Alcohol.

The ITV programme listed the strengths of a number of beers and lagers, and ran a questionnaire to gauge the viewers' depth of involvement with dangerous liquids.

"I'm a dedicated drinker," proudly reveals Edmunds.

"I watched it in the pub," says Bremner. Williams tops that.

"I saw it on the video when I got back from the pub."

"The previous day had been a day off. Williams later tells someone he got more pissed than when he's on the road. "Some day off".

IGLANCE in the mirror again. I look almost as wasted as Lowe, who is sipping cider. I ask what sort of things in his work make him proud.

He answers quickly. "Well, I think just to achieve a fuckbeat, whether it be fast or slow."

They're infuriating on the one hand and very kind on the other, capable of great compassion and good, fine qualities...



Terry Williams, Billy Bremner

... there are no rules of getting it, you can imagine a group in a village hall playing it, it doesn't have to be you.

I like to make records that have got some thing anybody can do, to try and make records that sound like they should be hits, except they aren't generally. If they are, fantastic, but it makes me proud to turn out something that sounds like a record that missed. Although the funny thing is I've still got a lot of time for 'Breaking Glass' which was my only real hit.

"A funny thing all that rip-off business. Again, it's my own fault, saying oh yes I steal this riff and all that, so everyone is supersensitive towards anything I do. They look for where I've stolen it from."

"You know, everyone steals, but because I came out with it direct... I mean, Billy Joel and Jeff Lynne have got a lot to answer for. But it's kind of fun that people are confused."

THE VAN'S still stuck in this jam. After a few promising shuffles it pulls up behind a red double decker bus. Smiles and groans break out as the two small advertisements on the back of the bus are noticed. A poster for Dave Edmunds new LP on Swansong. 'Repeat When Necessary'. And a poster for Nick Lowe's new LP on Radar, 'Labour Of Lust'.

"That's the first time I've seen them together," says Riviera.

"You look like a pranner," laughs Lowe at Edmunds.

"I can't even see the writing on yours," says Riviera, squinting at the rain soaked picture.

"You look like you've just had a hernia," decides Edmunds looking away from the poster of an inane pointing Lowe.

Lowe thoughtfully lights a cigarette

DO YOU, I wonder, feel that being involved with Rockpile suppresses your individuality?

"Yeah, but that's fine by me cos it helps me to be a little anonymous. I don't like being a frontman. I just disappoint people all the time, y'know, if I'm shoved into that slot. So Rockpile is perfect for me."

What about there being two obvious individuals in the group? The jealousies, the conflict, the inner turmoil...

"That's the funny thing about Rockpile. It is in fact extraordinarily equal. I suppose if you pressed everyone, they would say it's Dave's group really. I think Dave is the leader. But Billy and Terry have almost as much say."

The van's made the motorway and the difficult part of the journey's over. Beer cans litter the floor, wine and cider bottles are emptying, air is smoky. Hemel is approaching. Rockpile has begun to dissect the make-up of the current Lowe hit 'Crackin' Up'.

Williams says it's too slow, and Lowe's bass line too ploddy.

Lowe agrees.

Williams reckons there should be a fiddly bass line in there to keep things flowing. Lowe nods but says it's difficult for him to sing and play at the same time. Besides, he'd want paying for doing two jobs...

Hemel Hempstead Pavilion... It's a few minutes before seven. Into the dressing room to attack the booze. A four-minute soundcheck. Back into the dressing room and more booze. Some Pennie pictures at the side of the Pavilion. Back for more booze.

Urm, I say to Jake, any chance of a chat with Nick.

"Yeah, yeah, you've got to push these guys, they'll sit around all night if you don't say anything." I say something to Nick and we stroll down to Lew Lewis' empty dressing room to talk about everything except Brinsley Schwarz and the road to ruin.

THE HEHEL Hempstead gig is reckless and perky and somehow splendid. Billy Bremner stares into space, oblivious of his uncool double chin. Terry Williams chugs away doing just enough to raise a sweat. Nick Lowe looks his usual awkward self as he thuds unconvincingly on a ludicrously excessive but beautiful looking cherry red eight-string bass. Dave Edmunds is careful not to put a hair out of place or mess up his well pressed jeans and shirt. In a way the whole thing's not far off Bill Haley And The Comets; in a way it's downright deplorable.

And yet somehow it's splendid. Maybe it's because of Rockpile's well worn cynicism — but it's a long way from 'Death Disco'. Like Rockpile have got nothing to lose.

Lowe, afterwards: "I can get really nervous before a gig, it's a kind of feeling I enjoy. It's a masochistic thing, and tonight I was extra nervous because there was hardly any soundcheck. I don't even know how things are working or what they are. If people ask me what PA we are using I say it's black and made of wood. I don't know what things are called or how they work. I just know when they break down — it feels really bad and tonight it felt like it was all going to fall to bits."

"But we got to 'Crackin' Up' and it all started to go and you can tell when people move. There's a feeling that comes across... it's easy then."

"We're so used to English audiences and so cynical ourselves, and knowing how cynical the audiences are... the thing about Rockpile is the stuff we do is so simple. If you just play it ain't going to impress nobody. I think what people get off with in Rockpile is that everybody's playing these simple tunes like in their sleep but like grooving on them."

"It's like no work's gone into them, and that's what makes Rockpile such a good group."

"But when you're not convinced yourself, that's when you get nervous."

"I think groups are really dull at the moment, really dull, but I think Rockpile are fun because it is such a group, because it is what I always thought was a good group — sort of all friends with each other, didn't take it seriously but they were good, and it was almost like they did it without thinking about it and a style comes out of it."

"My record got slagged because I think everyone was expecting me to write songs about people getting eaten by dogs, and on purpose I wanted to make a straight record because it ain't the individual tracks to me, it's the whole theme that is summed up."

"So I was kind of surprised people missed the point. I just wanted an old fashioned sort of pub rock approach, just to piss a few people off. Just that."

AFTER THE encore laden gig, in an almost boozeless dressing room packed with London visitors, Dave Edmunds is using Pennie's camera to take some pictures of a quietly conversing Nick Lowe. Lowe impatiently poses now and again.

Riviera is buzzing about, smile flashing. "Let's get some punters in," he cheerfully announces, and then taunts, "Far more important than talking to you people!"

Too true.

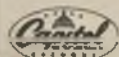
■ Continues page 54.

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• Continued on page 6.

From previous page

Perhaps Dave's most interesting story is the one he tells about Jones' encounter with Bob Dylan.

The mid '60s were a period of intense competition for major rock acts, with everyone who was anyone feverishly experimenting, dabbling with new sounds — The Byrds, Brian Wilson, The Yardbirds, The Stones and, most importantly, The Beatles and Bob Dylan. Dylan was the king, the bard, and those two years would see him at his most mercurial and daring, pushing himself so fast and so hard that, by the autumn of '66, the lunatic pace he was maintaining left him straddled unconscious in the middle of a dusty road, either symbolically (the unofficial story tells of a breakdown and a lengthy detoxification from heroin and amphetamine addiction) or actually (the motorbike accident). Dylan himself was a fizzing, walking time-bomb of vicious ego-mania, bursting with vengeful ardour and twisted malice. He had the sharpest tongue, the wittiest turn of phrase and a hyper-sardonic penchant for put-ons and put-downs. His was an awesome and frightening presence and, like a legendary youngblood gunfighter, he'd check out the opposition, making sure the latter knew who was boss — him.

Dylan and his entourage made bee-lines, first for The Beatles, then for the Stones. As far as The Beatles were concerned, Dylan struck up a relationship with John Lennon, a liaison that Lennon was later to admit made him feel constantly uptight. Dylan evidently took an immediate liking to Brian Jones, possibly out of admiration for his contemporary Beau Brummel style, a style that the folkie turned speed-freak rocker was interested in cultivating himself.

New York Post writer Al Aronowitz, an accepted member of both Dylan's and the Stones' inner sanctums, wrote of Dylan and Robbie Robertson turning up to a party at a 500 dollars a day penthouse suite in some grand New York hotel in order to coerce Jones into jamming with them. The ensuing jam was so intense, Jones' harp playing so abrasive that his lips were bleeding profusely. "Don't be so paranoid Brian," Dylan would slyly but affectionately admonish. Later, Dylan turned up again, with the sole intention of seeing Jones, at 1 am in Manhattan's Lincoln Square Hotel.

Dave puts the capper on these Dylan-Jones liaisons when he claims that one night in '65 Brian received a phone-call from Dylan asking him to join his back-up band: "Brian was frightened of Dylan, though. He refused to go into great detail about the encounters and the

phone call but he did say that he thought Dylan was a fraud."

To top even this, just as Dylan had mercilessly lampooned John Lennon by writing '4th Time Around' as a clichéd retort to Lennon's 'Norwegian Wood', Brian Jones firmly believed that 'Ballad Of A Thin Man' was written as a put-down of himself, the line "Something is going on here but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr Jones?" used to prick his insecurity.

DYLAN however was still mooted to be best man at a wedding for Brian Jones. In 1965, a press report stated that rumours were sweeping London that Jones was set to marry German-born Anita Pallenberg. A Chelsea party was apparently a hot-bed of gossip about this with Jones, probably in a stoned stupor, dropping Dylan's name as best man.

Although no wedding took place, the fact remains that Anita Pallenberg was a true kindred spirit, not like all the dumb 'dolly birds' and Cathy McGowan clones he'd relentlessly gone through one after the other, tossing them aside like so much debris. An ex-model turned actress, Pallenberg was not merely a striking beauty but a powerful, ruthlessly amoral woman of the world who fed on new pleasures, on outrage, on taking life to the limits of endurance. She had a fearsome presence and she saw in the Stones that essence of danger and amoral toughness that Brian Jones, more than any other member of the band, personified.

The two principal films she appeared in — first *Barbarella* (1967) where her role as evil haridan-beauty was perfectly complemented by the voice of Fenella Fielding and then *Performance* (in a part that required the minimum of acting, so close was it to her own personality) — grant one an excellent insight into her character.

Dave blames Pallenberg more than anyone for causing his beloved friend's downfall, though it's a charge weighted with bias since her arrival at the flat and Jones shared virtually forced him to vacate the premises. Anita wanted privacy for herself and Brian. After that, Dave and Brian never met.

To detail the relationship Jones and Pallenberg enjoyed would perhaps drag this piece into squalid sensationalism. Suffice to say that all avenues of experience, be they sexual, chemical or otherwise, were explored. Certainly Pallenberg had a striking effect on

BRIAN JONES

Jones visually. His hair cut in a French bouffant, his face embellished with make-up, Brian Jones never looked more exquisite before or after. The Brummel heritage of Cheltenham that Richards referred to was more than accurate, as Jones' style moved from a sharp mod look and the matelot sweaters and white jeans of '65 into a full-blown display of Edwardian velvet jackets in gauche colours and patterns, swathes of scarves, jewellery and a white floppy hat coquettishly perched on his exquisite bouffant. Jagger and Richards tried to emulate the look but they couldn't touch Jones.

In January '67 the band lined up in Hyde Park for a photo session to celebrate the release of 'Between The Buttons', a session that was to be Jones' last and finest hour as rock 'n' roll dilettante and the Stones' most photogenic member.

Just prior to this, Jones had issued a photo of himself decked out in full Nazi regalia, his jackboot stamped down on a doll. The idea was Pallenberg's. Jones' only comment on the shot was "The point of it is that there is no point." *Rave* magazine, a '60s monthly for 'dolly birds' ran the photo with a grave tut-tut of a caption. Ironically, the same magazine had just run an inconclusive piece on Jones' strange behaviour of late, noting that the once-gregarious Brian had become insular and uncommunicative. No overt references were made, but the between-the-lines read-out hinted at hard drug-taking and Brian Jones in far-from-healthy fettle.

Which was true. The Pallenberg-Jones relationship was based on who could take things to the furthest limit. The essential difference was that whereas Pallenberg had a real strength of character, a quasi-ruthlessness that held her together, Jones was an unstable personality unable to cope with the come-downs whilst at the same time discovering sides to himself — very ugly sides — that he couldn't contain. The writing was already on the wall with the fateful holiday to Morocco when Pallenberg left with Keith Richards. Richards addressed the subject of this Moroccan sojourn to Pete Dinklage in an *NME* interview circa August 1974.

"The thing that blew it was when we went down to Morocco and he was pulling this hard-man number knocking off Moroccan whores — uh — being absolutely disgusting" ... so I said 'C'mon baby, I'm takin' you home.' So we left and that was the end of Brian and me as friends."

Of all the Stones, Keith Richards has been the only member willing to be expansive about Brian Jones (Jagger finds the subject very touchy while Watts and Wyman never really got close enough to Jones, despite being in the same group, to be truly informative). Richards' quotes and views on Jones have often been contradictory. To Robert Greenfield, Richards eulogized at length on Jones' abilities as a fine and versatile musician. To Erskine, Keith claimed "Brian wasn't a great musician" before detailing Jones' problems, his animosity towards the Stones, the fact that "he always needed an enemy — an imaginary foe. Brian would always manipulate people into situations of proving your friendship to him by doing something dastardly to the other person."

As regards the ructions of the Jones-Pallenberg break-up, Jones' body-guard/nurse-maid — we'll refer to him as Mr D for convenience sake — claims: "It's certain that Anita was the only woman Brian ever loved. But then again, I don't think Brian was really capable of 'love' as most people feel it."

RETURNING from Morocco, Jones continued on his fearsomely self-destructive course of poly-drug abuse. Mr D describes a typical Jones day: "He'd wake up in the morning, take lepers, cocaine, some morphine, a few tabs of acid and maybe some Mandrax. Then he'd try and get dressed and end up with, like, a lizard-skin boot on one foot and a pink shoe on the other. He could barely stand up."

And then there were the busts, the first was a fair cop, the second evidently a 'plant' since Jones had been warned of the event two hours before it took place. By now, the mixture of drugs, misery and extreme stress had played such havoc with Jones' paranoia that, according to Mr. D "He was too scared to go out to buy a pack of fags because he believed the guy behind the counter was a plain-clothes cop."

The stress caused him to adopt a disturbing series of mannerisms: a bleary glazed stare, a voice so soft it was a ghostly whisper. A stay at a mental hospital didn't help matters, simply because Jones took all his drugs in with him.

Alexis Korner remembers seeing Jones in late '67: "He looked like some debauched vision of Louis XIV. Seeing him there suddenly made me realise that acid could cause brain damage. It was hideous to see him in such a wretched condition."

◆ continues page 65



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SILVER SCREEN

The Kids Are Alright

Directed by Jeff Stein
Starring The Who
(Brent Walker)

Even John Entwistle smiles in *The Kids Are Alright*. This is not in itself good enough reason for hoofing it down to your nearest moving picture house to cop a viewing, but this softening of the normally dour Entwistle physiognomy (boatrace to you, pal) goes a long way to saying just what *The Kids Are Alright* is all about.

The film isn't a definitive biography. If, say, I hadn't known that their internal chemistry was about as stable as a rowing boat in a Force Nine gale, *The Kids Are Alright* wouldn't have put me straight. Don't get me wrong — I'm not knocking, merely indicating what an 'up' film it is.

The Kids portrays the positive side of The Who and in doing so is a vastly entertaining, fast-moving and altogether cogent piece of celluloid. Never once does one get the impression that life at the top is anything other than a bed of roses — not that there's time to think such quibbling thoughts as one slice of Who history makes way for another.

The film is Californian Jeff Stein's first major feature. Previously he'd worked on documentaries, featurettes and promotional films. That he was attracted to making a film about The Who because he had long been rather partial to them is abundantly clear.

This isn't a self congratulatory, ego-boosting, introspective 'insight' into The

Who made by a prestigious director at the behest of the group themselves. His obvious affection for his subject, and also his distance from it, ensures that *The Kids* is no superstar home movie.

Only a small percentage of the clips were shot specifically for the film, including a specially staged Who gig at Shepperton replete with lasers. The majority of footage is taken up with archive material that Stein has diligently rescued from obscurity in the vaults of this or that TV or film company.

As those familiar with the soundtrack album will be aware, the material dates back to The Who's earliest days and takes us through a potted history of the band as they absorb one trend, personalise it and move on to another. The order of sequences is not chronological, but put together with the emphasis very much on fun.

First and foremost *The Kids* is very funny and Keith Moon's untimely death in no way muffles the laughs.

In fact, whether Moon is clad from cranium to crotch in leather for a spot of flagellation or adopting his best Beach Boys falsetto for an impromptu rendering of 'Barbra Ann', one is left thinking just how much fun he had when he was alive.

It's already been said that *The Kids* is Keith Moon's film. I don't agree. For while it communicates Moon's zest for life, it also focuses on The Who's collective gusto.

Townshend too comes over as a clown. There are no hints of his angst-ridden psyche or, come to that, of the friction between him and Daltry. Townshend's often referred to intellectual status is itself

nicely debunked when a long-winded and intense Barry Fantoni, interviewing Pete with 'a really meaningful' question about 'Tommy', is met with a pregnant pause, followed by a solitary "Umm".

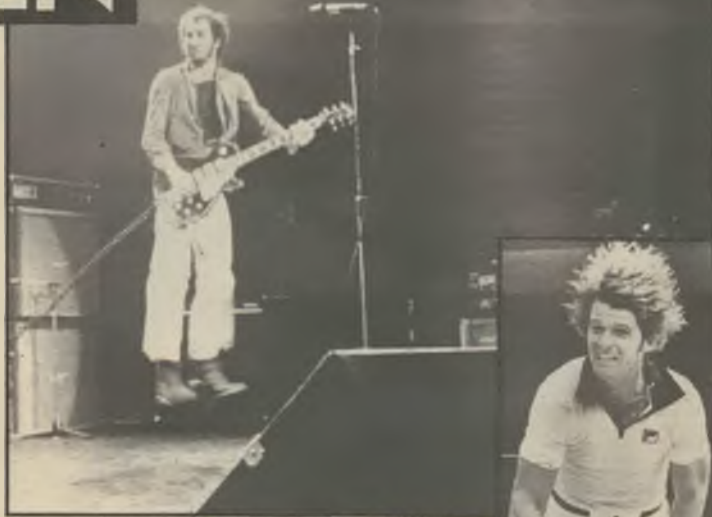
There's more irreverence when the unthinking woman's crumpet Melvyn Bragg, decked out in a longish barnet and flowered shirt, very much the young BBC trendy, is made to look something of a berk when he weighs in with a 'significant question' about The Who playing Woodstock, only to be encountered with Townshend's: "I hated the whole thing". Cut to film of The Who on the boards at Yasger's farm. (Throughout, Stein's use of juxtaposition is totally effective.)

But the real sucker's award goes to Russell Harty who is sent up rotten by The 'Orrible 'Oo — or to be more specific the wit of Moon and Townshend, as he attempts to interview the likely lads on his chat show. Not once, or even twice, but four times are we treated to this priceless footage of Harty in deep water as he attempts to salvage himself with one inanity after another.

As for the music itself, I can only say that I was left with an adrenalin rush very like the ones I've experienced at a couple of Who shows. Without a doubt, *The Kids* is one of the few entirely successful rock movies, for once getting to grips with the highs of rock and roll.

If you weren't one of the lucky few who attended the band's recent Rainbow gig, seeing *The Kids Are Alright* is a good second best. And believe me, that's saying a lot.

Steve Clarke



Two types of racket: Townshend (above) and Dean-Paul Martin

Players

Directed by Anthony Harvey
Starring Ali McGraw and Dean-Paul Martin
(OC)

Players is Hollywood formula: Tennis plus Romance plus Big Names equals *Love All Story*. Tennis could just as well be substituted by swimming, fly-fishing or whippet-racing.

The story is the age-old Cher tale of older woman / young man. He's an up-and-coming tennis player in need of motivation. She's the mistress of a jet-setting tycoon. They meet in Mexico and Fall In Love. She inspires him to take his game seriously. He enlists the help

of tennis coach Pancho Gonzales (nicely played by himself). He starts winning. She wants out. Martin: "I love you." McGraw: "Then let me go." That's about it really. It's hardly a love story with balls.

Ali McGraw looks incredible for her age (whatever that is) and Dean-Paul Martin is a pleasant-looking hulk (though a trifle too blond and thin-lipped for my taste). It says in the blurb that Martin was sent to a shrink to prime him for this part, instead of an acting coach. Make of that what you will.

My advice is to watch the real thing this week and next, and keep a lookout for Ramirez — now there's a good-looking geezer.

Jim Furmanovsky

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ALBUMS

NEIL YOUNG

Rust Never Sleeps (Reprise)

God knows, you're at liberty to draw your own conclusions as to why 'Rust Never Sleeps' is the masterpiece it so obviously is, but the whys and wherefores are strictly secondary to the fact itself: very simply, 'Rust' is the finest album Neil Young has ever released.

About pressing this claim, I have absolutely no qualms or nagging doubts whatsoever and, my feelings about the sheer, breathtaking magnitude and breadth of this record consistently grow stronger and stronger.

But to temper the gush with some perspective — 'Rust Never Sleeps' is the new Neil Young album and is not to be confused with the movie soundtrack to 'Human Highway' also due for imminent release under the title of 'Rust Never Sleeps' (ay, wacky as warped floor-tiling is our Neil!). In other words, it's the official follow-up to the laid-back and mellifluous 'Comes A Time' which provided Young with his most commercial and thus successful LP in many a year.

With 'Rust's' appearance in the market-place, the ever-intrigued Young watcher can at last see a wickedly devious method in what seemed all too often to be a blinkered, idiosyncratic madness. 'Comes A Time', with its supple lilting melodies, Young and Nicolette Larson cooing and baying together to a lazy Southern Californian moon and Young's muse calling the shots with deceptively 'mellow' observations and vignettes of the pains and pleasures of the tender trap, can now be viewed in the fiercely juxtaposed light of 'Rust' as Young seducing back his 'Harvest' fringe audience — one certainly large enough to overcome the 'cult' status his prior albums had strait-jacketed him into — only to hit them all square in the gut with this devastating album.

'Rust Never Sleeps' spotlights our hero in complete control of his genius. Every Neil Young album, however brilliant or average, has had its share of shortcomings, its loose-ends, alongside the 24-carat aural gems. 'Zuma', the indisputably last great Young album made prior to the trough represented by 'American Stars 'N' Bars' and 'Comes A Time', came close to racking up a very high score, but the quality-gauge still juddered, striking a hundred per cent proof with 'Cortez The Killer' but seeming merely pleasant when the needle moseyed over 'Lookin' For A Love' or 'Barstool Blues'.

'Tonight's The Night' included wheat-chaff, providing an imbalance that, yet again, pinpointed Young as a genius sorely bereft of a perspective on his own output.

'Rust Never Sleeps' remedies this blight. Here finally is a Young album with its insigator collecting together the finest songs he's written in the last few years, and dividing the contents into one side of acoustic Young (mostly solo with Nicolette Larson, Joe Osbourne and Curt Himmelfarb assisting on 'Sail Away') and one side of electric Young with Crazy Horse. The

overall feel to both sides is distinctly 'live' with the two tracks book-ending the album — the acoustic 'My, My, Hey, Hey (Out Of The Blue)' and the electric 'Hey, Hey, My, My (Into The Black)', both renowned for the reference to one Johnny Rotten — definitely culled from live gigs.

The acoustic 'My, My' sets an eerie, haunting tone as a preface to what is to follow. It's a melancholy, somewhat disorientating code — as poignant as it's disturbing and not a little ominous (the melody is credited jointly to Young and one Jeff Blackburn, leader of the Ducks, the band Young joined briefly a while back to play bars and beach clubs with before the inevitable media scrutiny pounced on the project, thus nixing the 'fun' quotient pronto).

The lyrics feign a facile 'It's Only Rock 'N' Roll But I Like It' style in the main chorus — 'My, My, Hey, Hey/Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay / It's better to burn out / Than fade away' — but the true lyrical essence here, which aligns itself perfectly with the sense of a very real melancholia so redolent in the song's mood, is caught in the bitter ironies of the lines: 'It's out of the blue and into the black / They give you this, but you pay for that / And once you're gone you can never come back / When you're out of the blue and into the black.'

More about the potency and relevance of this amazing song — probably the most bitter, ironic and honest statement about rock 'n' roll and its attendant lifestyle —

when we come to the cataclysmic version that ends this album. Next up, see, comes the second of these nine gems in the grimy titled 'Thrasher'. The song's mood is also poignant, a quiet fire of emotive force that deals with sudden change, the need to adapt under heavy manners and — if anything more to the point — the need Young denotes to come to terms with a personal sense of responsibility under such disarming circumstances. The thrashers are the ploughs Young uses as an image to denote the old way and the old work savagely raped and pillaged by machinery. To wit: 'When the aimless blade of science slashed the peary gates / It was then I knew I'd had enough, burned my credit card for fuel. . . / With a ticket to the land of truth and my suitcase in my hand / How I lost my friends I still don't understand.'

Young, coming to terms with this mass upheaval, has to choose what he needs to survive and build some sort of new life with; the lyrics are stunning, the only parallel to their economy and emotional compactness being Dylan's 'Tangled Up In Blue'. Young, though, has more pressing matters to deal with than emotional entanglements written about in the third person. The spirit of hope, of light in the darkness, is ever present in both songs: 'But me I'm not stopping here, got my own row left to hoe / Just another line in the field of time / When the thrashers come and I'm stuck in the sun like dinosaurs in shine / Then I'll know the time has come to

give what's mine.'

'Ride My Lame' is gonzo Young — a long, long way from the 'After The Goldrush' whimsy of yore and an exercise in surrealism that is funny, brilliant and embellished with a stunning melody — and unlike anything from Young's previous work. It's so whacked-out: Young meets a man from Mars — 'And when we got on the ship / He brought out something for the trip / And said "It's old but it's good" / Like any other primitive would' — and this is followed up a ridiculous chorus of 'I'm gonna ride my llama / From Peru To Texarkana.'

It's pure inspired gibberish with a melody similar to Brian Wilson when the latter was at the height of his melodic powers. 'Pocahontas, Marlon Brando and Me' is a gem, leaping on from a vivid account of the atrocities the Red Indians were forced to suffer in the whole 'How The West Was Won' horror show. Only 'Sail Away' is slightly lacking, having Larson & Co. on board to grant the song a 'Comes The Time' feel. More potent whimsy, an exquisite mellowness but, but . . .

Well, you can sail on through because side two drives down on the listener with four blazing hot tracks that almost literally redefine the term 'electric music'. These songs are so driven, vibrant, rock-hard and buzzing with intensity that they make 'Cortez' positively torpid by comparison.

'Powderfinger' sets things off in suitably epic style. 'Look out Mama, there's a white boat comin' up the river

/ With a big red beacon and a flag and a man on the rail / I think you better call John / 'Cos it don't look like they're here to deliver the mail. . . It's got numbers on the side and a gun and it's making big waves.'

You could call this Young's 'Maggie's Farm' — he's playing this young-blood hill-billy boy facing imminent danger in the form of a desperado pirate gang heading upriver to rape and pillage and all his kinsfolk are out to lunch in one form or another. Young, 'just turned twenty-two', has to think quick and it's time for a man to do what a man's got to do: 'Daddy's rifle in my hand felt reassuring' / He told me, 'Red means run, son and numbers add up to nothin' / When the first shot hit the dock I saw it comin' / Raised my rifle to my eye / Never stopped to wonder why / Then I saw black and my face splashed in the sky.'

Young's ghost is left to sing in the last verse 'Just think of me as one you never figured / Would fade away so young / With so much left undone'. This tragicomic tale of woe makes complete vaudeville out of the Eagles and all their self-conscious outlaw crony ilk's sickly desperado stance, but the lyrics are just a minute fraction of what's going down here.

The real deal is Young and Crazy Horse providing the real firepower with swinging, howling chords and hunks of brittle guitar static lunging against a brutally toping rhythm over a melody and code that, once heard, demand to be played over and

over. Here Young and Crazy Horse have surpassed anything on 'Zuma' and the only comparison in view has to be 'Cinnamon C'.

But before you've had time to recover from the ecstatic rock action of 'Powderfinger', Young and band literally powerdrive into 'Welfare Mothers' and again the music's so strong. Between straining his fretboard into honing forth the tautest, most angular, beautiful guitar solos on this planet, Young opines that 'Welfare Mothers make better lovers'. Truly unbelievable music.

'Sedan Delivery' goes even further out on a limb: 'I recall how Caesar and Cleo / Made love in the Milky Way / They needed boats and armies to get there / I know there's a better way'. Again the spirit of Dylan '65-'66 looms in the distance lyrically — it's pure surrealism all down the line, full of women with varicose veins, going to a dentist and losing blood, old men in white coats who everybody say are loonies.

And Young himself? Well, he's happy midst the mayhem. 'Sedan Delivery is a job I know I'll keep / It sure was hard to find. The riff meanwhile verges on the supernatural, pterodrive like a rockabilly 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' one minute, virtually catatonic the next.

And then, of course, the grand finale. The acoustic strum of 'My, My, Hey, Hey' is transmitted into a demonic thrashing riff so piercingly violent, so damn brutal that you realize that this song isn't about Johnny Rotten or Elvis Presley at all. It's Neil Young's own declaration as king of rock 'n' roll. To push the point home, whereas in the first acoustic version the Rotten reference was 'This is the story of Johnny Rotten', Young now ramps behind this blitzkrieg of relentless, thrashing symphonic, electric cacophony with an 'Is this the story of Johnny Rotten?' and the band sing 'Johnny Rotten, ooh Johnny Rotten' in a jolky falsetto. And, of course, Young knows the answer. Yeah, Rotten is / was a great seminal rock figure but Young is here with his statement of intent.

Time fades away. It's 24 hours since I wrote all the previous waffle but my obsession with 'Rust Never Sleeps' continues unabated.

One thing I know though, 'Rust' is poignant, perceptive, menacing, dangerous, witty and cataclysmic. It's a veritable embarrassment of riches with Young forsaking all previous themes — lost love, precocious whimsical romanticism, topical bathos, you name it — and coming to terms with both himself, his environment, his responsibilities and the accelerating action of his new inspiration.

As his only true rival, one Mr Zimmerman stated last year that 'When the '80s come we've got to have all our cards on the table or we'll be out of the game'. 'Rust Never Sleeps' backs that quote up with a fearsome vengeance. The clincher is that Neil Young's cards are all aces wild. 'Rust' never sleeps. It explodes. You'll either be part of the debris or the beneficiary of a new and vital perspective. Either way, you've got to check it out. Take a chance on the real last dance.

Nick Kent



Neil Young's paper-sure seemed to like the new record.

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On A Wing And A Whim

THE B-52s The B-52s (Island)

Anyone with even half an ear cocked to the dialogue that surrounds the music must have heard by now that they're living in some sort of new golden age of pop: naive, zealous, transient and confusing. A period of musical adolescence. Anything goes.

Or, more to the point, anything could go given the right alignment of forces too vague and co-incidental to fully enumerate. Look at the charts, look at the clubs; rock's moving fast. The cynical, mistrustful gloom that fell last year has been dispelled, the inertia overcome, and old criteria outmoded. And anyway, it's not a time for pundits. Actions are speaking louder than words.

Which is a generalised way of explaining why it would be good, if a mite prickly, to be in the shoes of The B-52s at this present moment. Let's get specific.

This is the best debut album of the year. No conditions, no exceptions. As innovative and

invigorating as 'New Boots and Panties' or 'Talking Heads '77', and as wayward yet accessible. That good.

When all The B-52s meant to me was a casually bought single of odd connotations and amusing combinations I would have doubted their chances of pulling such a chestnut from the fire. But live tapes testified that there was more here than was first divulged. They could play, they had songs, they have ideas. They've got wit and they've got energy. What more do you want?

The chops to transcend the marketing machine that is now gearing up to launch them but has been known in the past to leave some sorry casualties in its wake, perhaps? I'd like to say "Who cares?", but the trouble is I do. It'd be a shame and a crime for The B-52s to fall foul of that sort of fickle elitism. There's too much here for everybody. Music to laugh with, music to intrigue, music to dance to, music to stir you up, and nothing you could safely anticipate. Each of the nine songs offers fresh



B-52ettes Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson. Pic: Joe Stevens.

angles. It's hard to know where to put the needle down.

So we'll start at the bottom, with the fatback drums, propulsive guitar and skin tight arrangements that are the unifying currents and The B-52s most obvious asset in this novel era of itchy feet. Nowhere is the quality more apparent than on 'There's A Moon In The Sky', which crisply captures the nervous,

anxious thrill of the search for romance (with the most unlikely of metaphors) and rocks like a rocket on a gantry.

Similarly vivid, exceptional lyrical gambits are pulled off throughout. 'Dance This Mess Around' implores boys and girls to loosen up a little in their dealings with each other, not to grow stale in their responses. '606 0842' is one of those numbers you see

scrawled on seedy walls; it ends in frustration. 'Hot Lava' leases a naughty, nonsensical pun out over its approximately three minute length. 'Hero Worship', written by a friend of the band and sung by Cindy Wilson with the most fearsome unchained passion from a female rock voice since Patti Smith (who has clearly inspired her) cut 'Gloria' and

'Free Money' — deals in no uncertain terms with (get this) emasculation.

'I hero worship', she admits. 'He deserves it. I DESERVE IT!', she screams. If someone else sang this song it could be interpreted as apallingly submissive. She sings it like a tiger — you can't help but feel she's getting the upper hand.

To words like these — that dazzle and play like the words of Beefheart and Dury, simultaneously bawdy and innocent — add the most disciplined use of tunes and spaces this side of James Brown and that side of Talking Heads, sweetened with the beat, shake and stir.

I haven't mentioned '52 Girls', the B-side of their first single, which has improved with age, and 'Rock Lobster', the A-side, which hasn't. Nor have I referred to the spooky 'Planet Claire' or the delightfully throwaway version of Pet Clark's 'Downtown', which comes off like two little Rita Tushingham debbing on lipstick and rouge in front of their mother's dresser.

But I don't think I can sit still any longer. People, it's hot. Play it till you drop.

Paul Rambali

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL 20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy)

Remember John C. Fogerty and his blueprints for greatness? Well, time was when Creedence Clearwater Revival laid claim to the ultimate life of rock and roll heavyweight supremacy. By June 1969, with 'Proud Mary' perched comfortably in every top ten in the world, and a brace of albums that seamlessly bridged the gap between commercial acceptance and the so-called progressive album trend, John, his bro' Tom, Stu Cook and Doug Clifford were kings of the patch.

CCR started life as a Northern Californian Beatles copy outfit. But before long their distinctive combination of country-flavoured rockin' blues metamorphosed into the style that encapsulated a tradition by redefining its strongpoints for a new audience.

In retrospect (and this album serves the dual purpose of crystallising and introducing the Creedence appeal), the abilities of John Fogerty as songwriter, guitarist, arranger and producer have rarely been equalled. He ignored the psychedelic heyday completely, preferring to concentrate on the rhythmic possibilities inherent in Motown and soul; CCR's was

a gospel truth, a righteous case of white boys testifying to the beat of the city and the peace of the country.

A typical Creedence song never needed to outstay a three minute welcome, the musical points still poured forth, a glorious excess of riches from John's vocal gravitas and stirring lead guitar to Tom's driving right hand and the potent backbone swing of Cook and Clifford.

This unchanged four-piece quality entered some worthwhile development with a secondary burst of early '70s activity that spawned further hits, hits, hits. By the time CCR called halt in 1973 they already had sufficient a list of successes under the belt and artistic credibility to retire gracefully. 'Bad Moon Rising', 'Travelling Band', 'Down On The Corner', 'Green River' — dig down deeper and uncover the nuggets you'd forgotten, or never heard, like the sweet surrender of 'Who'll Stop The Rain', the raucous beauty of 'Lookin' Out My Back Door', the steamy, sexy, cultured thrashing of 'Sweet Hitch Hiker'.

Never adequately replaced, certainly never copied, this is the sound of American rock at its height, soaring from a peak. The spell is not broken.

Max Bell

STEEL PULSE Tribute To The Martyrs (Island)

The second chapter of the book according to Steel Pulse. 'Tribute To The Martyrs' provides further proof that the band, already recognised as integral to the self-confidence and development of UK reggae, are not to be found wanting in these dark days.

Purists might, probably will object that, like last year's 'Handsworth Revolution', 'Tribute' isn't roots as they perceive them, that Karl Patterson's production of both albums has been disappointingly soft. Well, such grumbles are really only a very small part of the point.

Steel Pulse, Aswat, Matumbi, Cimaron, Reggae Regular, Misty, Linton Kwesi Johnson, whoever — UK reggae obviously has to contend and make contact with a wide, disparate audience, one that only Bob Marley (and, at a pinch or three, Third World) among JA artists have so far succeeded in reaching. As a result, the means it uses to achieve these ends have been and will continue to be necessarily many and various. So be it, as far as I'm concerned.

There are eight songs here,

and five of them deal specifically with black martyrdom. Spun on Selwyn Brown's undulating keyboards, 'Unseen Guest' opens, graphically depicting a martyr-to-be in a vermin-infested cell. He's resigned to his execution but confident in his God with whose help his spirit will be victorious: an attitude that's forcefully reasserted throughout the album.

The title song ends the first side. Edging down a path intricately crossed by Basil Gabbidon and David Hinds' guitars, it ambitiously places black martyrs in a wider historical and philosophical context, proudly traces the veins of pain and sacrifice with a final rap. Toussaint L'Ouverture, Paul Bogle, Marcus Garvey, George Jackson, The Black Panthers, Martin Luther King, Steve Biko, Malcolm X — the names are called and thus enshrined.

Side two sharpens the focus. Reinforced by percussive synthesiser, reverberating guitars and short, plangent guitar and solos, 'George Jackson' stands firm for the memory of a man whose miserable fate Bob Dylan was moved to consider at the turn of this decade. 'Biko's Kindred Lament' examines another



A Pulse person
Pic: Adrian Boot

case and cause, this time that of the civil rights activist murdered by South African 'security' (whose security?) forces. Both tributes are emotive and emotional; neither are trite or trivial.

'Blessphemy' (Selah) closes the album, reconciles Old and New Testaments, calls to heart and mind Christ, that most misunderstood of all martyrs. Needless to say, all these songs are articles of faith and, as such, can be taken or left. Me, I'll take them

as best I can — for their commitment, eloquence and conviction.

Elsewhere you'll find the statutory 'Babylon Makes The Rules' riding on blazing horns and carrying a distant echo of Marley's 'Natural Mystic', also 'Sound System', the single and the album's 'Sound Check' (a musical celebration: 'Heavy Rhythm/Disco jive, conquer I no...' and 'Jah Pickney (Rock Against Racism)', self-explanatory and militant, a confident contrast to the passive stance that paradoxically made 'Ku Klux Klan' seem all the more urgent.

To steal a phrase, Steel Pulse have so very many things to say. They also thrust a lot of lyrics into any one song, but Hinds' lead vocal phrasing makes good work of it, effortlessly stretching sense and metre. The instrumental undertone is simultaneously as direct and complex as ever — check, for instance, the arrangement of 'Blessphemy' and the way its lyrical sentiments are carried by the song's rhythmic rise and fall and rise. Mastery.

This is devotional and devoted dance music. These are songs of resilience and resolution. Give unto them and receive likewise.

Angus MacKinnon

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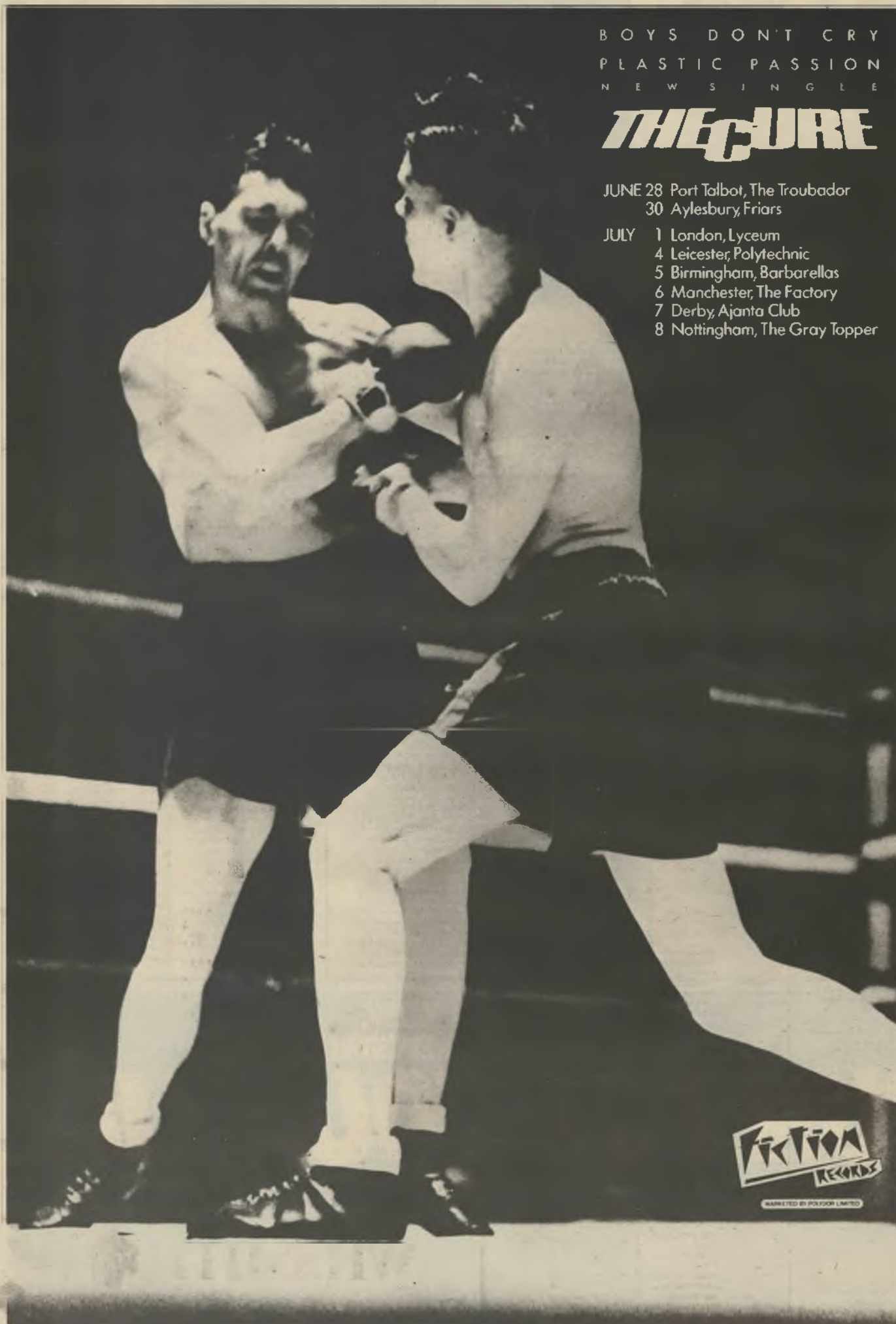


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Dynasty (Casablanca)
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Nothing gets in the way. Nothing sticks in your throat, nothing messes you up, nothing changes the way you feel, nothing makes you look around. Entertainment is the art of perfect packaging: when the packaging isn't just what the substance happens to be wrapped in, when the presentation isn't simply a means of rendering the contents accessible and attractive, but when you get pure packaging and pure presentation undefined by any substance or any contents.

Nowadays a lot of people like to buy pretty, complex boxes without anything in them: if there's anything in the box it worries them and they think they're being cheated. Finally, they feel that if the box contains anything then they're being planted with something they didn't want. After all, what they bought was a box. Wasn't it?

Queen and Kiss are fine boxes. They are virtuosos in the art of rock and roll packaging and presentation, they go through all the rock and roll motions of slightly different but vaguely overlapping rock eras with a few new stunts added. Queen, being English, emphasise the work ethic by going through lots of musical motions involving such attractions as The Unbelievably Fast And Tasteless And Inventive Lead Guitarist trick, the Balletic Lead Singer Who Writes Pretty Tunes trick and the Dynamite Rhythm Section trick, all tanned up with a touch of vaudeville and campy posturing. The end result is that they come across like Shirley Bassey fronting Rush.

Kiss, being Yanks, eschew even those concessions to a shared ideal of quality. Their schtick is pure excess: the music is merely an excuse for the costumes, the gimmicks, the blood of fire and soft-pore corn. The end result is that they come across like The Monkees meeting The

Munsters for a bondage party. Queen have refined the musical language of the period between 1968 and 1972 (briefly, from Heavy Rock to Early Glam) into a sequined porridge which makes this live double album of their greatest

hits appear to have been poured onto your stereo straight from some unholy musical liquidiser. Freddie Mercury resembles Gary Glitter trimmed down to fighting weight, made up like something out of Tinseltown and dressed up as the leatherman from the Village People: he can vocally approximate everyone from Paul Rodgers to Jon Anderson, but I can't figure out what sort of accent he thinks he's talking in. Brian May has apparently memorised the complete works of Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton and learned to reproduce everything except the emotion. The songs range from fast Heavy Metal to Floyd space-outs and neat little mock-classical music box stuff and it's all very impressive and all very meaningless and no-one will ever take any of it personally and that's just the way the band and their audience like it, so let's go somewhere else and leave them to it.

'Dynasty' is, apparently, the first Kiss studio album for absolutely ages: of late, their fans have had to content

Are These Men Box-eared Bozos? (Yep)



PETER FRAMPTON
Where I Should Be (A&M)

Dorian Gray, eponymous hero of Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, possessed a portrait of himself. Years passed by but Dorian remained the same, beautiful youth acclaimed and adored by fashionable society. In an attic, meantime, the picture was ageing horribly, daily it decayed, grew ever more grizzled and loathsome.

Peter Frampton gazes out from his album cover good looks intact, immaculate, blue eyes unclouded in a decade and more of top-pop stardom. But something nasty has been happening to his music...

Maybe it's success. Cocooned and comforted by mega-platinum sales, the needs for risk and progression must get decreasingly apparent; the impulse to serve up more of the same irresistible.

And that, unsurprisingly, is just what Frampton's done. His first album in two years, since 'I'm in You', the present venture marks some improvement on its sickly predecessor, and should at least match it in commercial viability. But 'Where I Should Be' is still distinguished more by its predictability, by its lightweight grinding formula orthodoxy, than by anything resembling excitement.

Much of this lack of impact may be down to Frampton's singing. By no means a bad guitarist, the man's voice is so devoid of conviction or character as to glide through one ear and slide out the other.

Add that to two sides of competent but unremarkable compositions, and the results merge into that ceaseless flow of LA product, another testament to West Coast Complacency. Even two Sam 'n' Dave inclusions, 'May I Baby' and 'You Don't Know Like I Know', fail to shine, reduced to super-session sameness courtesy of (among others) guitarist Steve Cropper and the Tower Of Power Horn Section.

Title track 'Where I Should Be' refers to Frampton's eagerness to make a return to live performances very soon. After the 'Sergeant Pepper' disaster, I'd have been inclined to lie low for a little while longer.

Charles Shaar Murray

Paul Du Noyer

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Emmylou back home on the range

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Blue Kentucky Girl
(Werner Bros)

RICKY SCAGGS
Sweet Temptation (Sugar
Hill import)

After the disappointment of 'Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town' contemporary country music's first lady is back on album form with a vengeance.

Since she gave the genre a cowgirl boot up its mawkish bum back in '75 and '76 with her 'Pieces Of The Sky' and 'Elite Hotel' albums, Ms Harris and her exemplary Hot Band have stayed true to a tried and tested formula mixing traditional country material, country rock and mainstream pop and rock.

Under the production guidance of Brian Ahern, now Emmylou's other half, this blend of music began to wear a little threadbare on 'Quarter Moon'. One got the feeling that Ahern, his missus and The Hot Band had taken their setons off in the same recording studio just once too often. A new approach was called for.

A perusal of the credits on 'Blue Kentucky Girl' reveals that Ahern is still behind the board, and that Messers Burton, Lee, D. Hardin et al are still backing the songbird. But the queen of the cowpokes has managed to make a truly superlative album.

Howcum? A change of

refreshments, a nod from Big G, or simply Lady Luck dealing Emmylou and the cats a winning hand?

Wrong each time. The answer, my friend, lies in all concerned adopting a more traditional approach. It's almost like Ms Harris and Co. going in for a much less commercial style.

'Blue Kentucky Girl' is far less of a pop album than its immediate predecessors.

It does include one pop song — a definitive pop song in The Drifters' 'Save The Last Dance For Me' — but whereas The Drifters' rendering came on like a macho swagger, Emmylou's is downright poignant. Taken at a down tempo in traditional country waltz time, it's strewn with Albert Lee's exemplary mandolin playing and a characteristically lethal performance from the rest of The Hot Band.

I doubt if The Hot Band has ever played better than on 'Blue Kentucky Girl'. Their commitment to the singer and her material is remarkable.

Elsewhere the material comes from a mixture of traditional (the Louvin Brothers, Leon Payne etc) and contemporary country writers. Willie Nelson represented by his blazing 'Sister's Coming Home', Rodney Crowell chipping in with just one song, 'Even Cowgirls Get The Blues' (not one of his finest), and Ms Harris at long last covering 'Hickory Wind', arguably



Emmylou. Pic: Paul Canty

Gram Parsons' finest hour.

In keeping with the instrumentation of the rest of the album this version of 'Hickory Wind' features a traditional, almost stark line-up, the fiddle of Rick Scaggs well to the fore and emphasising the song's melancholy. Slower than the other versions, Emmylou's performance bears witness to her vocal dynamics. Talk about control!

The arrangement is deceptively simple, achieving an almost gossamer grace.

Another stand-out is Jean Ritchie's 'Sorrow In The Wind' on which Ms Harris has vocal accompaniment from Sharon Hicks and Cheryl Warren. Again the arrangement is starkly immaculate; an

exquisite track which manages to be both delicate and powerful.

Unlike scores of country singers Emmylou Harris is rarely, if ever 'sentimental', such is the conviction in her voice and the painstaking craftsmanship of her cohorts. A less talented singer could easily come a cropper on the Louvin brothers no-emotions-barred 'Everytime You Leave', on which she duets with Don Everly. This is as soulful as it gets.

'Blue Kentucky Girl' has a purity rarely heard. Emmylou Harris seems one of the few performers around whose vision has remained uncontaminated by the frequently numbing business

she works in.

While Ricky Scaggs positively shines on his boss's album, his own is essentially a routine mixture of mainstream country, bluegrass and country swing. As is the nature of these affairs Emmylou contributes, but even this does nothing to prevent 'Sweet Temptation' from being at best a competent effort. Unlike his fiddle playing, Scaggs' voice is not in the least bit distinctive.

Steve Clarke

VARIOUS ARTISTS
It's Only Rock 'n' Roll
1957-64 (EMI)

One of the more nuttier releases in EMI's Nut series, this 20-tracker contains recordings made on both sides of the Atlantic during the period 1957-60, the only '64 cuts being a couple made by Jeannie And The Statesiders, whose all-American lead vocalist hailed from no nearer the land of the all-night hamburger than Dagenham, Essex!

Some of the U.S. items are certified classics — The Silhouettes' 'Get A Job', The Olympics' 'Western Movies' and Bobby Day's 'Little Bitty Pretty One' etc.

But the British offerings are quite weird and wonderful in the main, including 'Queen Of The Hop', rendered by Don Lang, once resident singer at the Wimbledon Palais; 'Right Now, Right Now' by The Squadronaires big band, an outfit that started life as the RAF Dance Orchestra; and 'Living Doll' (not the Cliff Richard associated hit) from Goon Show resident Ray Ellington — though the latter's inclusion is hardly so surprising when one remembers that Ellington enjoyed a string of R'n'B hits as long ago as the late '40s.

Tracks by such as Dickie Pride, Vince Taylor and Dave Sampson's Hunters may

please the denizens of 'Rock On' and similar establishments but overall, this is a distinctly oddball package with a higher than average quote of archive abortions.

Fred Dellar

NEW ENGLAND
New England
(Infinity)

New England are, in no particular order, an American ELO without strings attached, a sort of imitation Rutles, a superbly polished 1974-type rock group, an unwelcome cross between Queen and 27 other bands too unpleasant to mention.

To be fair this outfit does have some advantage in the composing abilities of its leader John Fannon, obviously a man with a talent for turning (or churning) out serviceably pleasant compositions albeit lumbered with lyrics of undistinguished banality.

But as the decade wears on it gets harder to tolerate yet more self-satisfied, generally American, acts of zero inspiration, cynically grinding away with long-redundant formulas.

The New England sound is heavily mellotronic and melodic, medium-metallic and truly mediocre. Even if it has the freshness that befits a debut album, the portents aren't hopeful — essentially it's a music of soaring cosmic pomposities, washing across a standard 'high-energy' rock framework.

Still, the production work of Paul Stanley from Kiss and Queen's man Mike Stone will certainly confer some tangible benefits in terms of commercial viability, and it's likely we'll hear New England's name rather often.

One can sense the record captures all it was intended to. All it's got to do now is make them rich and it'll have justified its existence entirely.

Paul Du Noyer

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Deadlier Than The Maels . . .

NOEL
Is There More To Life Than Dancing? (Virgin)
AMANDA LEAR
Never Trust A Pretty Face (Ariola)

Disco having become the premier refuge of the bogus and the slovenly, it comes as no small thrill to meet two albums which use the form for their own diverting ends, respectively frivolous and bewitching.

Granted that disco and Ron and Russell Mael share an intrinsic triviality, it was hardly surprising when a marriage was duly arranged. What is surprising is that the brothers should consummate it so gloriously by writing and producing 'Is There More To Life Than Dancing'?

The two closing quickies, 'Au Revoir' and 'I Want A Man', are thoroughly pleasing little trifles, the former graced by sweet sax straight out of Junior Walker's 'Walk In The Night', but the three marathons are special. Each

stretches a slight, irresistible melody to extremity over a Moroder-copyright rhythm track that fluctuates just enough to satisfy armchair dancers.

'Dancing Is Dangerous' (9.45) deals unflinchingly with the dangers of addiction: 'Dancing is dangerous / Gently embraces us / Then won't let go till the end of our days'. Whoever Noel is, she unleashes this dire warning with unseemly exuberance, abetted by ecstatic flyaway backing vocals. Towards the end, a male (Mael?) voice joins in, intimating that 'We'll never see daylight again'. Hope not.

The single and title track, clocking in at 8.09, expresses similar fears: 'Could it be that I've overdone it / I've danced my mind away?' More inspired singing. Wonderful. On 'The Night They Invented Love' (9.16), Noel recalls Lene Lovich's work with Carrone, showing just the right sense of the ridiculous as she encourages some lad to



AMANDA LEAR frolicking with the late Keith Moon. Pic PAUL CANTY

recapture that Adam-and-Eve feeling. Bongos and soaring sax provide extra inducement and delirium rules. A hat-trick, no question.

The ever-present machine-stomp will delight dyed-in-the-wool cavorters, while the rest of us can savour

the sheer fun and games of it all. That disco should inspire the Maels to dump their usual glibness for this exhilarating fare is baffling and possibly miraculous. You'd be a fool to miss it.

I'd always assumed that the only essential difference

between Amanda Lear and Bianca Jagger was that the former had managed to blag (or otherwise secure) a record deal and some expensive studio musicians. 'Never Trust A Pretty Face' knocked such preconceptions into tiny pieces.

Last year, Lear told the French monthly *Rock And Folk* 'Si Marlene revenait, elle lerait de la disco'. Since the legendary chanteuse chose instead to make a silly film with Messrs Bowie and Hemmings, The Great Dietrich Disco Album has been made in her absence.

'Pretty Face' is not half as contrived as that sounds — a version of 'Lili Marlene' is the one serious miscalculation — but the husky, androgynous singing and general air of world-weariness sustain the comparison. Yet even 'Forget It' and 'Intellectually', female ripostes to 'Under My Thumb' and 'Stupid Girl', have a strange warmth. Amanda Lear, they suggest, might reduce the average male psyche to tatters, but the process still sounds like fun.

The songs, mostly written with producer Anthony Monn, are strong and intriguing. Charly Ricane's arrangements dense and imaginative. 'Black Holes' and 'The Sphinx', with its musing on eternity, benefit in particular from some dramatic texturing.

'Pretty Face' itself brilliantly evokes the mood of Romy's 'Song For Europe', opening with some sombre, Teutonic accapella work. 'Dreamer (South Pacific)' is even better, the singer languidly remonstrating with a lover who dreams obsessively of an idyllic existence in the tropics. A distant, subtle parody of the chorus from *South Pacific* offsets the dark, European foreground.

Amanda Lear is funny as well as beguiling — try 'Miroir', a sliver of Dietrich-sings-Coward whimsy — and has made an album of luxurious mystery and humidity. One wallow and herbal baths will never be quite the same.

Harry George

SKY (Ariola)

They might look a prize collection of dorks, yet Sky's line-up is probably endowed with more individual skills and collective talent than any combination this side of Anfield.

It includes John Williams, the top classical guitarist, session-bass supremo Herbie Flowers (who played on 'Walk On The Wild Side' as well as writing 'Grandad'), also the all-purpose keyboards capability of Francis Monkman. That's not to mention Kevin Peek on electric guitar, or percussionist Tristan Fry — both heavy names in their respective fields.

Between them, Sky's musicians have bestowed the benefits of their virtuosity in directions as diverse as Benjamin Britten and T Rex. Somehow, they've brought it all together to make this album, and you can't even see the join.

The results are pleasant and melodic, exquisitely crafted; possibly the most satisfying type of rock/classical fusion, being neither pretentious at one end or condescending at the other. Sky should appeal to lovers of highbrow easy listening as well as to 'proper-music' lovers prepared to loosen their dickie-bows.

If nothing else, the album should keep BBC-2 in theme tunes for the next six months.

Paul Du Noyer

HERBIE HANCOCK & CHICK COREA
An Evening With . . . In Concert (CBS)
THE CARLA BLEY BAND
Musique Mecanique (Watt)

Two sets of modern jazz, all dressed up and nowhere to go but an early academic grave or a booming bank balance.

Herbie & Chick — both well-hip in their time — shoulder disco and astronomy respectively, and fill out four sides of CBS product quota with an all-night acoustic joanna bash. The sleeve notes use words like 'spirit' and

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IMPORTS

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Not on your Nellie — it's merely the slipstream of SuperNez, the latest high-flyin' rock'n'roller.

Rock'n'roll? The Nez? Can't be — not Mike Nesmith, the once woolly-hatted Monkee gleahd of a guitar strummer who later became a country and western stasher?

Yep, the very same. 'Cept that he's now got muscles and has obviously read the Bob Seger tome on how to grow hair on your music. If you don't believe, then cock a receptive lug in the direction of 'Infinite Rider On The Big Dogma', Mike's latest offering on his own Pacific Arts label.

Now what do you hear? A chunk of falsetto doo-wop on a cut called 'Magic'? Right — and what's next? Hard headed, pure get-down-and-boogie chores on 'Dance, 'Factions' and 'Horserace'? Yeah, right. But what about that chat-filled, Farlisa sauced-up killer of a track known as 'Cruisin' and that speeded-out jazzy item he calls 'Capsule'? And that great little bend too. Al Perkins we've both dug since Manassas, haven't we? But that keyboardist, John Hobbs, he's really something too — and Tom Saviano, the saxophonist. Tasty, eh? The best thing you've heard since the Dury album? Must say that I agree. Great, innit?

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RY CODDER; DOC WATSON; MADDY PRIOR; ROCKIN' DOPPEL; THE CAJUN TWISTERS; BOYS OF THE LOUGH; NOEL MURPHY; TANNARILL WEAVERS; LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III; DAVE COUSINS; LOUIS KILLEN; HARVEY ANDREWS; DAR AR BRAS; TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS; NEW VICTORY BAND; ORRIN STAR AND GARY MEHALICK; PLUXUS; EARL OKUN; ANNI CHESTER; JOE STEAD; NEIL LEWIS; JULIE MARS & CHRIS STOWELL; WARREN WYSE.

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THE RUTS

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHEFFIELD 241, TEL. 410 2117, FARMER'S BOOK OFFICE, TEL. 240 2241,
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TIM BRANSTON : JOHNNY G
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Brownwood Youth House
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Friday June 29th £1.00

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+ Special Guests WILD LIFE

Monday July 2nd 50p

BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

DINGWALLS

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WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

SUN 1, MON 2, TUES 3.
CLOSED FOR REDEVELOPMENTS,
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COMING SOON: WED 11 THE CHORDS
THURS 12 GEORGE MELLY TUES 17 & WED 18 FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Live Music. Licensed Bar. Disco. Restaurant. Fun.
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Thursday June 28th
MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS

Friday June 29th
ANGEL STREET

Saturday June 30th
RAM

Sunday July 1st
BEVERLEY DRIVE

Tuesday July 3rd
THE BUMPERS

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Friday, July 6th at 9 pm

64 SPOONS

"One of the bands that will mould the future of British rock" — M.M.

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+ The Mods + Sta-Prest. DJ Jerry Floyd
Licensed Bars and Food till 3 am. Admission £1.50

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BARBERELLA'S

41 Cumberland Street,
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Thurs. June 28th

THE CRAMPS

Fri, June 29th

MEAN STREET DEALERS

Sat. June 30th

SIMPLE MINDS

Sun. July 1st

BULLITT'S

Thurs. July 6th

THE CURE

Fri, July 6th

SECRET AFFAIR

Sat. July 7th

VOYAGER

Sun. July 8th

PONDER'S END

Admission before 9.30 am 50p afterwards £1.50 (Sundays included)

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Summer pause on the circuit

NOT A brilliant week, from the point of view of big tours opening or major one-off events. In fact, there's a dearth of acts setting out on the road this week, as is to be expected in midsummer. The total number of gigs is also down, and will continue to decrease as colleges start to close down for the long vacation. But there's still plenty of dates for you to choose from — and in the coming two months, there's a glut of festivals and open-air concerts to look forward to. Meanwhile, though, this is the state of play for the next seven days:

Thursday

Barnstaple Chequers Club: The Late Show
Birmingham Barbarella's: The Cramps
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Orphan
Birmingham Westhill College: Voyager
Botley Dolphin Hotel: Chris Barber Band
Brentwood Hermit Club: The Crooks
Brighton Alhambra: The Accents/The Chefs/The Cheesebits
Burnwood Troubadour: The Amazing Dark Horse
Chesterfield Fusion: Eric Bell Band
Colne Union Hotel: Stranger Than Fiction/Reflex/The Juveniles
Coventry Swanswell Tavern: The Targets/The Clique
Coventry Warwick University: Chas & Dave/Mungo Jerry
Doncaster Sidesaddle Club: Acker Bilk Band
Glasgow Oriel Inn: Underhand Jones
Gosport John Peel: Between Pictures
Gl. Vermouth Neptune's Palace and Mermaid Room: Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders
Halesowen Tiffany's: Quartz
Hall Haxington Wyvern Club: Dangerous Girls
Hemel Hempstead Chisman's Club: The Funboy Five
Huddersfield Polytechnic: The Members
Hull Wellington Club: The Angels
Upstairs
Kendworth Kings Arms: Bullets
Leeds Fan Club: Yachts/The Edge
Leeds University: Ian Dury & The Blockheads
Leeds Vva Wine Bar: Deadringer
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Lata Mangeshkar
Liverpool Eric's: The Tourlets
London Camden Brecknock: The Headlights
London Camden Dingwall's: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
London Camden Music Machine: Black Slate
London Canning Town Bridge House: Special Branch
London Cliford The Squire: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythmic Rockers
London Chiswick John Bull: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Big Deal
London Deptford Albany Empire: The Planets/The Enchanters/The Comedians/Guy Jackson
London Hammersmith The Swan: Thieves Like Us
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Scandal/The Planets
London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre (for three days): 'The Secret Policeman's Ball' with John Cleese/Peter Cook/Michael Palin/John Williams etc.
London Heathrow Skyline Hotel: Spoonch
London Islington Hope & Anchor: PragVac
London Kennington The Cricketers: Lucy's Absters
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: Gold Dust Twins
London Kensington Nashville: The Specialists/Madness
London Knightsbridge Piza on the Park: Martin Taylor & the Isaacs
London Marquee Club: The Records/64
London Notting Hill Old Swan: Rednites
London Oxford St. 100 Club: Sugar Minotti
London Rainbow Theatre: Van Halen
London Soho Piza Express: Dick Charlesworth Quartet
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: Billy Lee Riley/Johnny & The Roccas
London St. Martin Club: Red Tape
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Dutch Boys
London Victoria The Venue: Son Seals Band/The Sockers
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: Freddy's Feetwarmers
London Waterloo The Wellington: Squire
London Woolwich Tramshed: After Dark
London W10 Acklam Hall: The London Cowboys
London W14 The Kensington: London Zoo
London W.C.1 New Merkin's Caves: Big Chief
Middlesbrough Krumblies: Zanathus
Manchester The Factory: Gotham City Swing Band
Middlesbrough Marimba Club: Soul Direction (for three days)
Newcastle City Hall: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Louis Reformer
Newcastle The Red House: Sebaretts
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Lap Region
Nottingham Sandpiper: Bette Bright & The Illuminations



Sham say hello — and goodbye

Look carefully — and perhaps wistfully. Because tomorrow (Friday) could be the very last time these four guys perform together on stage. They are, of course, the four original members of SHAM 69 — from left to right, Jimmy Pursey, Dave Treagana, Dave Parsons and Mark Cain. And their concert at Glasgow Apollo is expected to be their farewell appearance, prior to Pursey (and probably at least one other member) becoming involved with Steve Jones and Paul Cook in a new band. So it's apt that Cain's shirt should bear the legend 'Hello Goodbye'.

Friday

Portsmouth Locarno: Third World
Port Talbot Troubadour: The Cure
Poynton Folk Centre: Pat Ryan
Reading Target Club: Double Exposure
Sheffield Limit Club: Joe Jackson
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: The Dials
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: The O.K. Band
St. Helena Glasbridge Club: Liza All Lies
St. Johnstone Cochrane Hotel: Matchbox
Stoke Gaeity: Prey
Sunderland Belford Sports Club: Foggy
Wetherspoon Penriths Caravan Camp: The Accelerators
Walford Carey Place: The Bees
Willeshall Prince Of Wales: U.X.B.
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: Steve Hackett
York University: Best Friends

Aberystwyth Nine Vaults Club: Quartz
Birmingham Aston University: Mike Abrahams
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: Rainmaker
Birmingham Barbarella's: Mean Street
Birmingham Elzabethan Days: The Traktors
Birmingham Barral Organ: Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elzabethan Days: The Traktors
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: The Rabbits
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Gotham City
Blyth Golden Eagle: Sebaretts
Bournemouth Capone's: Stratejacker
Brighton Harewood Arms: The Devil's
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: Hounddog
Brighton The Caves: The Lilletes
Broadstairs Grand Ballroom: Wild Angels
Burton 76 Club: Straight 8
Cambridge Lincoln College: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
Cannock Forum Theatre: Eazle Ryder-Strider/Ocean Boulevard/Medusa
Canterbury College: Pressure Shocks
Cleethorpes Per Hotel: Exit
Colchester (Copford) Windmill: Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders
Coventry Climax Club: Gine 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
Coventry Ryton Bridge: Streetkicks
Dunfermlie J.B.'s Club: Little Bo Bitch
Edinburgh Odeon: Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Louis Reformer
Exeter University: Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Yachts/Gonzalez/Bette Bright & The Illuminations
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Sham 69/The Valses
Glossop Bridge Inn: Miami Beat
Guildford Royal Hotel: The Planets
Hamilton College of Education: Snapshots
Horncastle Town Hall: Matchbox
Kettering Windmill Club: The Bearshank Band
Kingston Noise Factory: The Drug Squad/The Planets
Knarborough Folk Club: Crows
Leeds Cosmo's Club: T.C.Q.J.
Leeds Vva Wine Bar: The Alwoodley Jets
Leicester De Montfort Hall: Lata Mangeshkar
Leicester Trade Union Labour Club: Billy Lee Riley/Johnny & The Roccas
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: Anniversary
Liverpool Eric's: Joe Jackson

London Acton Kings Head: The Sinceros
London Camberwell Art College: The Executives/The Prime Movers/The Barnstormers
London Camden Dingwells: Frankenstein/Spliff
London Camden Dublin Castle: The London Cowboys
London Camden Southampton Arms: Jellyroll Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House: Gerry McAvoy
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Hot Water/Arthur's Dilemma
London Deptford Albany Empire: Steel 'n' Skin/Eltona
London Fulham Greyhound: The Sunday Band
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Mark Andrews & The Gents/Sed Among Strangers
London Lewisham Black Bull: Flying Saucers
London Marquee Club: The Records/64
London N.W.6 Carlton Centre: Blank Space/The Great Escape
London Oxford Street 100 Club: J.B. Hutto
London Putney Star & Garter: Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London Rainbow Theatre: Van Halen
London Regents Park Bedford College: Rada/Black State/The Resistance
London Soho Piza Express: Ron Russell Band
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Syndicate
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: The Planets
London Victoria The Venue: Chas & Dave
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: Tour de Force
London Westminster The Tower: Rock Island Line
London W9 The Chippenham: The Barrecudas
London W10 Acton Hall: Beggar
Mansfield Art College: Art Failure
Manchester The Factory: Patrick Fitzgerald
Marriott Civic Hall: Crass/Poison Girls/Counterattack
Merton Mowbray Painted Lady: Johnny & The Humicenes
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: Voyager
Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: The 45's
Middlewood Social Club: They Must Be Russians
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: Juno's
Newcastle Playhouse: Acker Bilk Band
Newport Harper Adams College: Ray King & Cmande
Newport The Village: The Specials
Newton Abbot Seal Hayne College: The Late Show/Landscape
Norwich Cromwell: Sylvester
Norwich Whites: Mad Jack
Oldham Lanchester Valses: Zanathus
Oxford College of Further Education: Dog Watch/The Come-Ons
Oxford Cum Dock: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
Oxford Corpus Christi College: Corkscrew
Poole Lowry Robertson Social Club: Chris Barber Band

Radlett Wall Hall College: The Sinceros
Reading Target Club: Romantic
Reading University: Mungo Jerry
Reinford Portershouse: The Mekons
Rockaway Essex Folk Festival (for three days): Bully Wee/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley/Oisin/Brenda Wootton/Rosling Jel-ly/Bob Stewart etc.
Scarborough Portershouse: The Jags
Sheffield Crucible Theatre Folk Festival (for three days): Boys Of The Lough / High Level Ranters / Leon Rosseton / Roy Bailey / Dave Burdell / Martin Carthy / Tony Capetack etc.
Sheffield Linc. Club: Fischer-Z
Slough St. Mary's Hall: Zappi Kiri Band
Solihull Charter Hall: Melanie Harold Band
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Steve Hackett
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: Eyes
Southend Minerva: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythmic Rockers
St. Austell St. Form College: Lip Service
Swansea Holid Inn: Next Step
Uxbridge Unit One: Rednites/Between Pictures
Wakefield Breton Hall: The Members
Wolverhampton Lafayette: The Cure
York College of Art and Technology: Tiger Ashby

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: Wire/The Cure/The Bees
Barkingdes Old Maypole: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythmic Rockers
Bicester Nowhere Club: Between Pictures
Birmingham Barbarella's: Simple Minds
Birmingham Bogarts: Diamond Dealer
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: Dangerous Girls
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: Noel Murphy
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel: School Sports
Birmingham University: Griffin Blues
Bristol Victoria Club: The Planets
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: Genieve
Blyth Golden Eagle: Anniversary
Bracknell Bridge House: Thieves Like Us
Bridgend Drones: Patrick Fitzgerald
Bristol Ashton Gate Open Air Festival: The Soft Boys
Bristol Crown Celler Bar: The Wild Beasts
Bristol Granary: John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights
Canterbury Coach House Hotel: Brian Downhurst
Catherton St. Helier Arms: Johnny Reb & The Confederates
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: The Specialists
Coventry Elm Bank Centre: Armpit Jug Band
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
Dudley J.B.'s Club: The Tourlets
Dundee Open Door Club: Just The Job
Exeter University: Ian Dury & The Blockheads
Grangemouth International Hotel: Those French Girls
Gravesend Red Lion: The Planets
Halifax Good Mood Club: Witz

Harlow Festival: Gonzalez/T.C.Q.J.
Hford Kings Club: Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders
Ilkeston Concorde Club: Flying Saucers
Jacksdale Grey Topper: Little Bo Bitch
Leeds Cosmos Club: Gine 'n' The Rockin' Rebels
Leeds Packhouse: Fire Hand Real
Leeds Vva Wine Bar: Liza All Lies
Leicester Polytechnic: J.A.L.N. Band
Leicester University: The Members
Liverpool Eric's: The Cramps/Pink Military Stand Alone
Liverpool Oscars: The Records/Squire
Liverpool The Masonic: Mistress
London Camden Dingwells: The Young Ones/After Dark
London Camden Music Machine: Yachts/The Edge
London Canning Town Bridge House: Carol Grimes Band
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Charles Ainley & The Misdemeanors
London Deptford Albany Empire: Dager-B/Ekora
London Edfield Hop Poles: Spare Parts
London Fulham Golden Lion: Simon Townshend Band
London Hammersmith Odeon: Steve Rackett
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: Dog Watch
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: Linton Kweil Johnson
London Marquee Club: The Crooks
London N.4 The Stapleton: The Rest
London Oxford Street 100 Club: J.B. Hutto
London Soho Piza Express: Johnny Richardson Quintet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Big Chief
London Tottenham The Spurs: One-Eyed Jacks
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: Tropicano
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: The Carpettes
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Straight 8
London W9 Chippenham Hotel: The Executives
Manchester Polytechnic: Joe Jackson
Miford Haven Torch Theatre: Chris Barber Band
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: Juno's Clev
Newcastle Eldon Square: American Echoes
Nottingham Boat Club: Fischer-Z
Nottingham Sandpiper: Art Failure
Oxford Com Dolly: Sledgehammer
Oxford New College: Supercharge
Plymouth Arts Centre: Landscape
Plymouth The Inn: Up Service
Reading Abbey Ruins (afternoon): Alan Clayton & The Argonauts
Reading Portershouse: Eric Bell Band
Rugby Sinclair's Tavern: The Funboy Five
Sheffield Broadfields: The Negatives
Skipton Town Hall: Whiffles/Catch 22/The G.I.'s/Killerwatts/Wicca
Swindon Town Hall: Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & The Roccas
Tampandy Naval Club: Quartz
Walsfield: Featherstone Avers: Matchbox
Walford Bailey's: Sylvester
Walford Max's: Stevie Bances Shost
Walford Red Lion: Minotaur
Widham Crown Hall (lunchtime): The Pests

Sunday

Accrington Lakeside Lounge: Prey
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: Dave Berry & The Crusaders (for a week)
Birmingham Barbarella's: Sylvester / Bullets
Birmingham Elzabethan Days: Mean Street
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Crack (lunchtime) / Prima Donna (evening)
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: Gonzalez
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: The Crack
Blackburn King George's Hall: The Members
Blackpool Stanley Park Bandstand (afternoon): The Event / The Belton Boys / Just Good Friends etc.
Bridgend Recreation Centre: Chris Barber Band
Brighton Buccaneer: The Planets
Bristol Ashton Court Festival: Corkscrew
Bristol Locarno: The Records / Squire
Bristol Trinity St Philips: Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & The Roccas
Brimley The Morf-over (lunchtime): Bill Scott & Ian Ellis
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: The Martian Schoolgirls
Croydon Greyhound: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythmic Rockers
Dublin Foster Statue Quo
Hford The Angel: Rednites
Jacksdale Grey Topper: Yachts
Leeds Victoria Hall (lunchtime): Best Friends
Leeds Vva Wine Bar: The City Limits
Liverpool Oscar's: Rick Lochman
Lichmanen Backside Hotel: Friction
London Battersea Nags Head: Jugular Vein
London Canning Town Bridge House: Rhythmic Down Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: The Invisibles (for four days)
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: After Dark
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: Dog Watch
London Finchley Torrington: Eric Bell Band
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: Gotham City Swing Band
London Kensington The Nashville: The Mekons
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: London Zoo
London Oxford St. 100 Club: J.B. Hutto
London Putnam: Lata Mangeshkar
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): Blue Moon

CONTINUES OVER . . .

REST OF THE GIG GUIDE

London Soho Pizza Express: Brian Leman
London Stoke Newington Pegasus:
Quads
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: The
Cure / The Ruts / The Purple Hearts
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial
Hotel: Zanussi
Newbridge Memorial Hall: Quartz
Newcastle The Red House: Hot Snaz
Newquay Central Hotel: The Winners
Norwich Whites: Flags
Nottingham Boat Club: Voyager
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow:
Medium Medium
Oxford New Theatre: Steve Hackert
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: Lip Service
Plymouth Folk Centre: Telephone Bill &
The Smooth Operators
Sheffield Limit Club: The Negatives / The
Squid
Stafford Top of the World: Wire / The
Nurses
Stratford-on-Avon Etlington Park: Close
Rivals / Deadly Toys
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): The
Amazing Dark Horse
Watford Mex's: Nigel Simpkins / Dave
Boyd
Wooler Tankerville Arms: American
Echoes

London Putney Half Moon: The Blues
Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Dave
Meadows
London Walthamstow Saxon House:
Boggar
London W 1 Maunberry's: The Bumpers
London W 14 The Kensington: London
Zoo
Manchester Band of the Wall: Foreign
Press
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Gwahlir
Rayleigh Cross: Billy Lee Riley / Johnny &
The Hoscos
Reading Caribbean Club: UK Subs
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: The Neutronz
Sheffield Hayland Birdcage: Deaf Aids
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: Ian Dury
& The Blockheads
Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop
York Pop Club: Yachts

Tuesday

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Firebird
Birmingham Digbeth Hall: The Members
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Video
Brighton Alhambra: Close Rivals / Deadly
Toys
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: Gonzalez
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: Heathcliffe
Chester Smartys: Wire
Coventry The Dolphin: The Targets
Derby Lansdale College: Supercharge
Dundee Caird Hall: Crazy Caven & The
Rhythm Rockers
Edinburgh Tiffany's: The Specials
Hastings Pier Pavilion: Spoonch
Hertford Neil Gwynne Theatre: Chris
Barber Band
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Leeds Mexboro Arms: Best Friends
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Contact
Leeds (Vardon) The Reactor: A-A
Leicester Bailey's: Sylvester
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears:
Stan's Blues Band
London Camden Music Machine: Samson
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Mirrors / The Passengers
London Fulham Greyhound Studio
Sweethearts
London Kensington The Nashville: Cow-
boys International
London Knightsbridge Pizz: On The Part:
Stan Barker
London Marquee Club: Bruce Woolley &
Camera Club
London N 4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band

Bath Tiffany's: Whitewing
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Tied Leisure Centre:
The Denizens / The Clockwatchers
Brighton Alhambra: Speedball / The
Chiefs
Brighton Conference Centre: Ian Dury &
The Blockheads
Derby Bell Hotel: Close Rivals / Deadly
Toys
Exeter Routes: The Members
Glasgow Countdown: Those French Girls
Hall Tiffany's: Wire
Leeds A.C. Club: Betts Bright & The
Illuminations
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: Vogue
London Camden Brecknock: Sad Among
Strangers
London Country Cousin: Morgane King
(until July 22)
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle:
Beast
London Kensington The Nashville: Icarus
London Leicester Square Notre Dame
Hall: The Leyton Buzzards / Strange-
ways / Stoot
London Marquee Club: Simple Minds /
Sussex
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Becker
Stan's Blues Band
London Ravenscourt Park Summer
Theatre: Telephone Bill & The Smooth
Operators
London Soho Pizza Express: Bob Burns
Quartet
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Red
& Beans & Rice
London Victoria The Venue: Voyager
London W 1 Maunberry's: Miata
Newcastle Alhambra: American Echoes



THE MEMBERS have begun another tour, now that bassist Chris Payne has recovered from the exhaustion which kept him out of action for several weeks. You'll find them this week as Huddersfield (Thursday), Wakefield (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Blackburn (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday), Exeter (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

Newcastle The Red House: Rosoff
Sheffield Limit Club: UK Subs
Sheffield The Marplot: The Negatives /
The Franks
Stoneleigh Royal Agricultural Show (lun-
chtime): Chris Barber Band
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

Hazel Grove Youth Centre: The Meteors /
The Pedestrians
Leeds Marquis of Granby: This Is It / The
Gimmicks / Performance Anxiety
Leeds Polytechnic: Sex And Sexuality
(rock musical)
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: The Big Smith Band
Leicester Scamps: Pressure Shocks
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Pinns

London Southall White Hart: Billy Lee
Riley / Johnny & The Roccos
London Stoke Newington Pegasus:
Michael Mack and Sturdust
London Tooling The Castle: Speedball
London Wandsworth Nero's Palace: Dog
Wench
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club:
Red Beans and Rice
London W 1 Maunberry's: Miata
Newport Stowaway: Wire
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwahlir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Nottingham University: Simple Minds
Plymouth Woods Centre: The Members
Plymouth Guildhall: Ian Dury & The
Blockheads
South Woodford Railway Bell: Original
East Side Stompers
Standrop Folk Club: Eddie Walker
Walsall West Midlands College: Mungo
Jerry
Winchester King Alfred College: Voyager
York Oval Ball: Crazy Caven & The
Rhythm Rockers

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Brujo
Birmingham Bogarts: Ocean
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Vardon) Butts Head: Rose
Bishops Stortford Tied Leisure Centre:
Tour de Force / Mark Andrews & The
Gents / The V.I.P.s
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: Apartment
Carsham St Helier Arms: Johnny & The
Hurricanes / Dynamic
Chatterham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Guildford Merristwood College:
Corkscrew

London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
PragVec / Prime Movers
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios:
Melanie Harrod Band
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Beer
London N 4 The Stapleton: Left Hand
London Oxford St 100 Club: Pat Helcos
All-Stars
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Sim-
monds & Greig's Folk and Blues
Showcase
London Soho Pizz Express: Mac White
Quintet

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

● A new Glode Mundt single titled "Y.Y.Y." is released by RCA on July 6, with their album "The World is Out" to follow in September. They're also being lined up for a string of British dates, to be announced shortly.

● This weekend Rough Trade issue their second album (the first was the Shift Little Fingers hit "Inflammable Material") — it's "A Trip To Marinville" by Sweet Mats. And included in every sleeve is a bonus EP featuring four additional Mats tracks.

● Shirley Bassey has recorded the main title song for the new James Bond movie "Moonraker", her fourth A-side. It's released by United Artists as her new single this week, to coincide with the film's premiere.

● Thomas Leer and Robert Rental are currently in the studio working on a special one-off album project, to be released by Industrial Records of East London later in the year.

● On July 6, MCA issue an EP to mark the first anniversary of the London opening of "Evita". It features four Elaine Paige tracks from the original cast album — "Don't Cry For Me Argentina", "I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You", "Buenos Aires" and "Rainbow Ruler".

● Shift Records have decided to flip The Rumour's latest single "Emotional Traffic". The new A-side is the Andrew Bodnar composition "Hard Enough To Show", originally contained on the first Rumour album "Max", now unavailable.

● Rich release their first single "Big City" this weekend on Hurricane Records (in a picture bag). And next month they'll be going out on a UK tour with Swedish band The Pain who also make their debut on Hurricane shortly.

● Kerkak Temple Productions are launching a new label specialising in black music from the Caribbean, America and Africa. First release out this week is a 12-inch disco single by Xavier (ex-lead singer with Sons of Jah) titled "Standing My Ground". It's followed on July 11 by the double A-sided "Release Me/Fancy Living [Oh Lord]" by London-based reggae band Bristoness.

● Former FBI founder members Root Jackson and Raffi Perera launch their new independent label Beroia Records this weekend, with a reggae version of the Neil Young song "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" by Refoot. The single comes in both seven and 12-inch forms.

BEST DISCO LP IN THE WORLD

THIS WEEKEND, WEA release an 18-track compilation album titled "The Best Disco Album In The World", retailing at £5. It will be the subject of the company's biggest-ever TV advertising campaign, costing £250,000. Among artists featured are Chic, Boney M, Ami Siewert, Sister Sledge, Eruption, Rose Royce, Pointer Sisters, Funkadelic and Candy Staton.

● Blood Donor — the five-piece outfit with the unusual line-up of two keyboards, bass, drums and percussion — have their second single "Rice Harvest" issued by Artists this week. They're currently finalising a string of London gigs, details to follow shortly.

● Cult band Sagerin, who took their name from leader Bob Sagerin, have been signed by Epic. Their first album under the deal "Gotta Have Pop" is due out in July, with the title track issued simultaneously as a single.

● Straight 8's debut album "No Noise From Here" is issued by Eel Pie Records on July 5. The band are now with Warner Brothers and are busy recording material for their new label. It's understood that Eel Pie are also putting together albums of vintage tracks by Ronnie Lane and Pete Townshend.



THE MERTON PARKAS, a four-piece mod group from South London (Merton Park, to be precise), have been signed by Beggars Banquet — and, after completing their commitments on the London gig circuit, they go into the studios to cut their first single. They are the label's first mod combo signing, and they comprise Danny Talbot and Michael Talbot (both guitar and vocals), Neil Hurrell (bass and backing vocals) and Simon Smith (drums).

● The debut single by Writs (titled "Night Nurse", issued this week by Electric Records), is available either as a 12-inch on clear vinyl — or as a conventional seven-inch with a free nurse's protective mask! A third version, a 12-inch picture disc, is available from July 6.

● Christopher Rainbow's new single, out this week on EMI, is "Ring Ring". It's cut from his album "White Trails", scheduled for August release.

● Manchester band The Freshies release their second EP on their own Razz Records label, available at 80p from 3 Moonside House, Oakleigh Court, Stockport Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Titles are "Johnny Radar", "U-Boat", "Skid Room" and "Last". All were penned by the band's lead singer Chris Siewert, who also has his own solo single "Raver" / "Last" out this week on Razz Records.

● Wakefield band The Denkeys have been signed by Manchester-based Rhesus Records, who also have The Tunes under their wing. First release this weekend is the single "What I Want" / "Four Letters", with the first edition coming in a picture bag.

● Electric Records have signed on an outfit called Foodband whose debut LP, with their name as its title and produced by Peter Kar, comes out on July 5. It's preceded this week by a single (picture disc or conventional) coupling "Send Me Back To Me" and "Running Through The Alley" — and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track called "She's A Lie".

● South London label Graffiti Records this week issue the first single by new-wave band Airmail, "In A Moment" / "No Human Feeling".

● The Next Band, a heavy metal outfit from Grantham, have a four-track EP titled "Four By Three" available at Virgin branches. It's also being distributed by Rough Trade.

● Chrysalis have obtained rights to the Pam Nestor single "Hiding And Seeking (No More)" from the independent Tempus label. It's out this week via Phonodisc as a seven-minute 12-inch on yellow vinyl, or as a three-minute seven-inch. Pam, co-writer of the first Joan Armatrading album, has just left for Jamaica to record an album with Dennis Brown.

● Little Bob Story's string of London dates earlier this week were all recorded and, together with previous live recordings in France, will feature on an upcoming RCA album.

● The second single from Violelani, and the follow-up to their "Clog Dance" hit, is out this week on the Jet label. Titled "Save Me" it's taken from their "No Cause For Alarm" album and pressed in blue vinyl.

● EMI are shortly to release a boxed set of all 11 previously-issued Pink Floyd albums (including the "Relics" compilation, set titled "The First Eleven"). It will feature two of the albums in picture disc form.

● Israeli Eurovision-winning group Miki & Honey have their follow-up single issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday), titled "Goodbye New York". Out the same day are "Kiss You All Over" by Mike Jackson (on Spring) and "Bou Don't Cry" by The Cure (on Fiction). July 6 sees the release of Linda Clifford's new single "Don't Give It Up" on the RSO label.

● The new Adrian Gurvitz single "Untouchable And Free", out this week on the Jet label, is the second taken from his debut solo album "Sweet Vendetta".

● Tangerine Dream start recording their follow-up album to "Force Majeure" in Berlin next week, and thereafter prepare for a world tour. Virgin Records say this should squash all rumours that they have disbanded, dissolved, disintegrated or decomposed.

● RSO Records have acquired the sound track to "The Empire Strikes Back", the sequel to "Star Wars". The album will be issued early next year to coincide with the film's opening.

● Judie Tzuke, whose debut album "Welcome To The Cruiser" was issued recently by including a single out this week — "It's Taken From The LP and titled "Stay With Me Till Dawn". Judie and her band are currently being lined up for a string of summer dates.

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

FRIDAY: CBGB's — Cheap Perfume: Hurricane's — The Lurkers: Max's Kansas City — Richard Lloyd Quintet: Radio City Music Hall — Muddy Waters / Johnny Winters / B.B. King: Village Gate — McCoy Tyner
SATURDAY: CBGB's — The Rudies: Hurricane's — The Lurkers: Max's Kansas City — The Blessed: Trax — Siren: Village Gate — McCoy Tyner
SUNDAY: Max's Kansas City — Rockin' Rob Stoner: Mudd Club — Mary Wells: Village Gate — McCoy Tyner
MONDAY: Max's Kansas City — The New York Niggers: Mudd Club — Mary Wells
TUESDAY: Max's Kansas City — The Dils
WEDNESDAY: Lone Star Cafe — Johnny Winters: Max's Kansas City — The Heartbreakers



NIA GARA of Destroy All Monsters

● Destroy All Monsters, the Detroit-based cult band, have a new single out this weekend on Cherry Red Records — it's a double A-side release coupling "Meet The Creeper" and "November 22nd 1963", the latter concerning the assassination of President Kennedy. The band are being lined up for a UK tour in September.

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON "THE ORIGINAL LIVE!"
TELEPHONE BRIAN B on 01-261 6153.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, June 28th 8.30p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Potts, Matt Irving, Mick Pinder

Friday, June 29th 8.30p
GERRY McAVOY
with Ted McKenna, Dave Edwards,
Lay Martin, Geoff Whitsham,
Joe O'Donnell and special guests

Saturday, June 30th 7.30p
CAROL GRIMES
SWEET F.A.

Sunday, July 1st 8.30p
R.D.B.
+ Walking Wounded

Monday, July 2nd 8.30p
BEGGAR
The Live Album Band
+ Sta-Prest

Tuesday, July 3rd 8.30p
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
with Alan Platt
(Wilko's Drummer)

Wednesday, July 4th 8.30p
THE FINNS
(Ex. Most Tolerant)

UK SUBS

PURE HELL

VERMILION & THE AGES

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 15th JULY at 7.30

TICKETS £2.50 (incl. 10% discount) from 10.00 (incl. 10% discount)
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS 345/25001-2, 345/25002-3, 345/25004-5, 345/25006-7, 345/25008-9, 345/25010-11, 345/25012-13, 345/25014-15, 345/25016-17, 345/25018-19, 345/25020-21, 345/25022-23, 345/25024-25, 345/25026-27, 345/25028-29, 345/25030-31, 345/25032-33, 345/25034-35, 345/25036-37, 345/25038-39, 345/25040-41, 345/25042-43, 345/25044-45, 345/25046-47, 345/25048-49, 345/25050-51, 345/25052-53, 345/25054-55, 345/25056-57, 345/25058-59, 345/25060-61, 345/25062-63, 345/25064-65, 345/25066-67, 345/25068-69, 345/25070-71, 345/25072-73, 345/25074-75, 345/25076-77, 345/25078-79, 345/25080-81, 345/25082-83, 345/25084-85, 345/25086-87, 345/25088-89, 345/25090-91, 345/25092-93, 345/25094-95, 345/25096-97, 345/25098-99, 345/25100-101, 345/25102-103, 345/25104-105, 345/25106-107, 345/25108-109, 345/25110-111, 345/25112-113, 345/25114-115, 345/25116-117, 345/25118-119, 345/25120-121, 345/25122-123, 345/25124-125, 345/25126-127, 345/25128-129, 345/25130-131, 345/25132-133, 345/25134-135, 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STEEL PULSE

From page 8

him and said I wished I was white.
"Just imagine when something is learned in later life, the person will either come to terms with it or else react very contrary. It's like a child who gets adopted, right, and later he learns that his parents are not his real parents, and he gets told about it when he's 16 and he gets furious."

He's said in the past that black people should come to terms with the fact that in some communities they're not wanted. Did that ever make him distrust white people?

"Mark, to explain this to you is very tricky. It's hard for me to explain to you the distrust I'm talking about without you thinking there's a prejudice towards white people. It's four and a half hundred years of experience, and you've got to accept the facts from there. And that all the time you read books or see films the black man is portrayed as someone who is beneath the white person."

Allegations of white racism have been brought against Steel Pulse since an article was sold to *The Sunday People* by Michael Riley their ex-percussionist. It appeared on Christmas Eve '78 and stated that he was kicked out of the band because he'd married a white woman.

David Hinds' version puts the story in a different light. He claims that Riley was influenced by his wife, Claudine, against the band's political concepts. He no longer seemed to communicate with the band, missed rehearsals, missed a gig, and that led to the inevitable parting of the ways.

"He was trying to clamp us by saying we were a prejudiced band and that we were inciting racial hatred", adds Hinds, yet somehow Riley failed to mention that Pulse's drummer, Steve Nesbitt, has been happily married to a white woman for the last seven years.

As an ardent supporter of the movement, did Hinds think that Rock Against Racism was more than just a token support?

"It's done some good, but I think it could do more good. For a start, I don't know where the money donations go. I think we should get written details that the money is doing this and that and has been sent to South Africa to overthrow Ian Smith's regime or whatever — that's what Rock Against Racism means to me."

"If people could get an understanding of each other's races and cultures, half the wars and half the prejudices wouldn't exist."

And on that note, I left the planning for room service and slunk out of Berlin.

NICK LOWE

From page 35

A team of sweet, soft young girls file in, looking embarrassed. Funny thing is, there's not a male amongst them, nor anyone seemingly over 17. Lowe is surrounded, a look of benign bemusement on his rugged face. The incongruous perverse father figure gently talks to his flock.

Soon, it's my turn again.
"We sit down in the same chairs. I look at the almost dejected looking Lowe and act surprised that he has the strength to produce other people. To be a leader."

"Sometimes I can tell people off. I'm the mildest guy in the world, but yeah, I can. Most of the people I've ever produced have been my friends, and you have got to do some acting."

"Cos that's what I think a producer's role is, to get the performance on the mind."

"For that I'll do anything. Some people like to be flattered, some like to think they're well above you, that you're a complete idiot. You suss out what they need to hear from you."

"Obviously I do some arranging — I suggest arrangements, if I think there's some bit that's not needed, I try and arrange it so that every bit is needed, and I like it to sound desperate, even if it's a slow love song."

There's talk about you producing Squeeze. Is it a challenge for you to produce anyone?

"I don't look at it quite like that. I know what you're getting at — no I'm not sufficiently interested in."

I don't want to be like an engineer. I don't want to sit there listening to the leader of the group telling me how to do the drum sound. That's why me and Elvis get on so well making records. Cos we're both real keen on it, real interested but the pair of us are just completely open for any sort of suggestion or change that might become apparent.

"Also Elvis is a great singer."

It's drums and voice that are the two most important things about records, I think.

"Look at that Tubeway Army thing — that voice is immediately the most irritating thing and when you've

heard it a few times, the most appealing, sort of disembodied, and Elvis is great. I can say to El, look at that line in 'Accidents Will Happen'. I don't want to have it... lean into the mike there, tell it like you're telling a secret, and he'll say, 'oh I know what you mean, yeah, you mean not exactly whispering, but confiding'."

"We go through that a lot. You build up an aural picture. It's not like someone singing a song. It's like a little performance. Elvis actually could be a good producer, for someone else, not himself, cos he's very adaptable."

"But at the same time he is such a personality. I mean I couldn't take that — going into a pub and having all those people coming up to him and asking for his autograph."

I remind him of those girls who flooded into the dressing room. He slumps in his chair.

"It made an old man very happy. No, I'm just amazed that they do. I can't understand why... what they see in Rockpile. Cos I've noticed a gig starts with all the headbangers up front, the Quo fans, but after a while they're not getting off at it cos it's rock and roll but it ain't beating over your head... it's like pub rock or summit... I cannot see it at all. But they seem to get replaced by all these young girls! At all. But it's still great that they show up."

Just as we leave the dressing room I ask Lowe if there are any challenges left. He sways onto his feet. "There's billions of them."

THE TRANSIT speeds down the M1 back to London. Dave Edmunds attempts to learn the words to a new song. Jake Riviera never stops talking. Nick Lowe is up front, swigging the cider, carefully pouring out of the bottle into a plastic cup.

In London Rockpile are dropped off one by one. We leave Lowe at Shepherds Bush Rd. He slurs an incoherent goodbye. It's Friday morning. Another day in the long range Nick Lowe plan to resist insanity and estate agency.

And of course, Nick Lowe will survive.

ACROSS

- Self-sufficiency the I. Dury way (2, 2, 8)
- Former Equal back in the charts (4, 5)
- See 19
- Jimmy or Neil?
- Be a girl and tumble Peter's disguise!
- Pick role for Dave Edmunds?
- & 23 Veteran Canterbury scene avant gardists who took name from a William Burroughs novel
- & 24 The Jam's first hit single (2, 3, 4)
- Co-stars of The Buddy Holly Story
- & 9 Beloved of the Ayatollah Ferrari 'til she replaced Bianca in Jagger's effections

DOWN

- See 13
- See 10
- Mickie Most's label (Go on, check your Racey singles)
- Vinyl verities from Sham 69 (5, 2, 5)
- From the Gibb Bros' disco songbook, sounds like they should get it checked at the clinic! (5, 5)
- She hunted round in Walthamstow etc... (3, 4, 3)
- See 29
- Newman or Jackson?
- The voice of The Undertones (7, 7)
- Micky Monkee
- Chappo, formerly of Family
- & 25 1968 Stones chart-topper (7, 4, 5)
- & 21 Little Richard's first hit back in 1957 (4, 5)
- Dutch rock band who made singles charts in 1973 with instrumental 'Sylvia'
- 'Baker Street' was his big one from '78
- Surname of the Peter of Peter & Gordon
- See 15
- See 17
- The Beatles fallen empire
- Former drummer for 15 across who later formed Matching Mole
- & 3 down Jam royal set and see dork emerge!

ANSWERS

- ACROSS: 1 'Happy Radio'; 5 Lee (Brilleaux); 6 Television; 8 The Stranglers; 10 Kate (Bush); 12 Brown; 13 Chords; 15 Billy Idol; 16 'Angel'; 18 (Eric) Carmen; 19 Alan; 23 Rocky; 25 (Never Mind The) Bollocks; 26 Chuck (Berry); 27 Istley (Brothers).
- DOWN: 1 'Hot Stuff'; 2 (Emerson Lake and) Palmer; 3 'I Fought The Law'; 4 'Never Mind The Bollocks'; 7 Sparks; 9 Tubeway Army; 11 (Lee) Brilleaux; 14 'Odds'n'Gods'; 17 Lindsey (Buckingham); 20 Lick; 21 Eric (Carmen); 22 Slits; 24 'YMCA'.

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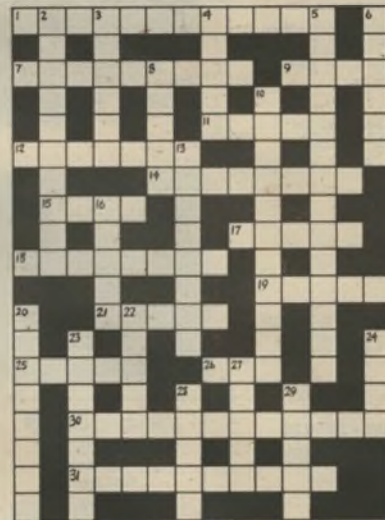
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The Adverts

Music Machine

The Adverts are back again, but who really noticed their absence?

In the golden age of '77, they confounded critics by hiding behind a monolith of incompetence and remained doggedly directionless. Perhaps there was the real embodiment of punk idealism which no number of safety pins could hold together.

With bands like this, it was no wonder that punk's backbone finally succumbed to its own slipped disc, confirming suspicions that this particular disease was terminal. The Adverts' worldview was perceived through smashed windows and faulty TV screens.

Their LP 'Crossing The Red Sea' was a frenzied mish-mash of jarring observation. Its delirious songs were gothically coloured by intense, twisted mental insights; its subjects were par for the course: 'New Church', 'Bombsight Boys', 'Safety In Numbers' — all individual reactions of frightened insecurity to menacing modern predicaments.

Yes, The Adverts had high hopes.

Their downfall was their blatantly inadequate musicianship.

So everyone was supposed to be able to pick up a guitar and form a band, right? Most punk groups were celebrating just that. But The Adverts didn't celebrate with such abandon, they painstakingly aimed higher and taking a sloppy swipe, inevitably missed their magical pinnacle. Usurped by the muscle of their own ambitions their songs evaporated in a musical void.

The Adverts' messy charm was something like the undeniable appeal of wallowing in a mud puddle. Their brand of diffuse blankness needed a new audience to succeed; and as that audience lost its hysteria and innocence The Adverts lost themselves.

The appearance onstage of Gaye Advert, TV Smith and Howard Pickup caused me to blink rapidly; proof at last that these characters weren't the Hannah Barbara cartoon figures which nagged my subconscious.

New directions? Stagnation? The Adverts are almost unbelievable, fleeting yet archetypal. They capture a conscience which has receded into nostalgia.

There are two new Adverts. Rod Latten has taken over Laurie Driver's drum seat but, in true Advert tradition, his suffocating leadenness provides the spring of a damp mattress. Tim Cross' keyboards are trashily pompous, ponderous rather than instinctive and too flashily pedestrian to infuse The Adverts' sound with height or breadth. Disposable, barely functional contributions.

TV Smith has grown his hair. His voice is a repressed wail forging the group's identity. Gaye is still inscrutable behind her bass.



TV Advert. Pic. Jim Furlanovsky

Roxy Relics Revived



The Old Generation. Pic. Chris Horley

It's the toyland grandiosity of Cross' keyboards which, though lacking spark, add Sparks. TV's vocals possess Russell Mael's fashioned authority and strangulation, and now he even looks like that particular thin white model. Glam rock again?

Thankfully The Adverts are still too tied to their fans, the oldies being greeted by the essential punk equation, "Gob plus pogo equals reverence plus grotty stain on trousers".

Hell though, if this group displayed greater sensitivity and texture their aspirations would probably evolve into a

lurid pomp-rock butterfly and that's a long way to fall. Suspend your credibility and they're fine, fallible entertainment. If they could heist an ounce of the crotchshack humour of, say, The Raincoats then their earnestness might be palatable.

Their new single 'My Place'

demonstrates the light, groomed pop that many of punk's guiding lights have wholesomely adopted. Elsewhere, there's The Advert's usual creakingly titanic structures which only TV's vocals are capable of conveying convincingly. They leave too few spaces in their music for intrigue and that stifles opportunities for a freer, less torrid expression.

Their songs are drastically plugged up like a plumber struggling with a bathroom full of leaks. It'd be more fun if some of the leaks weren't so disguised, allowing for a charismatic looseness from which recent punk bands have extracted much mileage.

And there are new songs — 'Fate Of Criminals', 'Cast Of Thousands', 'I Looked Up At The Sun'.

So what next for them? 'Crossing the galaxy with The Adverts' would be a fair guess.

Pete Archer

Generation X

Marquee

Kicking Coke cans down Wardour Street to see Generation X is not the most ideal way to spend the longest, hottest night of the year.

The band that captured my attention more than any other in the embryonic days of The Roxy Club (sigh!) are in an unenviable position today. And, without wanting to make this sound too much like a post mortem, only one burning question is in need of an answer: why are

Generation X so obviously not the perfect pop group when so many others — from The Undertones to The Ramones to The Members to Nervus Rex to Purple Hearts — are as near as dammit?

The answer seems to be simply a matter of class...

Trends may come and go but you can always rely on Generation X to come on and pull the same old poses: orangutang James, peroxidized Action Man doll Idol, easy riding axe-hero Derwood and Keith Moon mad drummer clone Laff. It would be almost reassuring in a perverse way, were it not so patently short on inspiration.

The music doesn't change much either.

Idol's voice may be no great shakes — much too flat much too often — but the guy undoubtedly has the ability to construct a nifty and memorable melody. A pity that dear old Derwood, flanked by a phalanx of Marshall stacks, still has to be the real thorn in the flesh of Pop Sensibility. He almost snuffs out the set completely with his low-rent Paul Kossof riff-pilaging.

That said, the band at least act out their honed rockstar fantasies with disarming naivety — like the way Billy Idol obliviously soldiers on through a continual hail of gob as it was a light summer shower.

Sensibly, they now avoid virtually all of the tracks from their disastrous second album, the three singles aside.

Instead, they plug their vein of older songs — 'Ready Steady Go', 'Trying For Kicks', 'Wild Youth' and 'Your Generation' — interspersing them with newer, unrecorded material: 'Triumph' and the dirge-like 'Revenge' being two of the titles I remember.

But my feeling towards Generation X today is still largely one of disinterest; though that has as much to do with a strictly personal aversion to their particular brand of rockstar flash as it has with them failing to live up to some of the wild assessments originally made of them.

I wouldn't begin to write them off yet. But then again, I wouldn't expect anything earth-shattering in the near future.

Support band Private Vices are three-quarters French: singer Christophe Ruhn, bassman Bruno Blun and drummer Antoine Heidler are all expatriate Parisians living in London, while guitarist 'Noggin' is the only Anglo of the group.

Like many of his fellow rocking continentals, Christophe Ruhn spices an R&B tainted sound with a smattering of heavier Johnny Thunders licks and poses.

He also subscribes — going on some of the lyrics, like those of an upcoming single 'Total Control' — to the Springsteen-esque school of rockdreams, though the songs lack both the romance and the toughness of Brookie's.

But take comfort. Any band checked off a Dickies' tour after just one gig, as Private Vices were, must have something going for them.

Adrian Thrills

Nervus Rex

New York

Nervus Rex have the excellent, independent single 'Don't Look' ('Love Affair') to their credit, and the papers signed on a production deal with Mike Chapman (Sweet, Blondie) in their pocket. This will probably lead to their recording one of the breeziest, most likeable albums of pop dance music this side of the 8-52's.

Their stage show is danceable and fun, but quite short of incendiary.

This gig is at a small club in Hoboken, a sleepy burg just west of New York across the Hudson River. Nervus Rex are breaking in their new bass player, Dianne Athey. With her aboard they now have a two man, two woman line-up, and one wag suggested they are fulfilling an Abba fantasy.

The club's jammed with kids and it's as hot and steamy as

a sauna. Halfway into the first number 'See Her Walking' lead singer Shawn Brighton is sweating under his suit coat, but he refuses to take it off. He has a great voice, high, rich and smooth, but it comes off better on vinyl than live. His guitar playing is a vigorous rhythmic chording, forceful yet as smooth as his singing. He has an innocent, baby face that keeps him from being a sexy front man. And like the rest of the band, he's stiff on stage.

Lauren Agelli's vocals complement Shawn's perfectly. Their vocal harmonies are pure heaven. She has one of those faces that cameras seem to love; high cheekbones and just a touch of mystery to offset Shawn's cute accessibility.

Dianne keeps to the back of the stage, concentrating; but despite this being her first public performance she's imperiously cool. Her bass playing is slightly mechanical but competent. Drummer Jonathan Gildersleeve — the only Rex with a touch of rock and roll bad-boy — slams away with his body set in a Marky Ramone-type slouch.

Lauren switches from keyboards to guitar and they launch into The Hollies' 'Stop All The Dancing'. They play it straight ahead and rocking, replacing some of the original's spry cuteness with a 70s toughness. Their choice of covers, including Shocking Blue's 'Venus', is impeccable.

From the stage to the far wall, the club is filled with dancing, smiling people. Nervus Rex are a sweet band, and they attract a sweet audience. They aren't here to have their minds changed, just to dance. And they aren't going to let a little heat and lack of ventilation stop them.

But Dianne has only had time to learn eight songs, so the set is over too quickly. But Rex are good sports, and after a break, they come back and do the set over again, for our dancing pleasure.

This is pop: it makes friends and doesn't try to influence people.

Richard Grabel

June 30th, 1979

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Page 56

Voyager

OH ALISON, MY BODY IS AN OPEN HEART

"Halfway Hotel" THE ALBUM



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Virgin

Punilux

Newcastle

It seems as though the raucous, stylish music of 24 months ago was an embarrassment to the truly sparkling Airplay Wave, now bulletting into the Flatulent Forty. Talkin' 'bout Police, Sham, Dickies, Damned. Robin Nash is suddenly the Jack Good of '79. Put your brain in a bottle and lip-synch-along a Blackburn.

The Skids and their highlandic Andy Stewart: On-Bombers sound typify this, and they went down a storm tonight. As with The Edge, the music is harsh, loud and unmistakably pure 1974 vintage Quixoterock, and if you want the NOW look, check out a John Denver LP cover.

Sandwiched between these two, were the local band, Punilux badges were the ticket to ethnic street credibility tonight — Grass-Roots Band Play Grass-Roots Gig Shock — and the young audience wear freebies like spoils of war.

Punishment Of Luxury take the stage in bodywear and bathing caps, looking like bald mohican joggers and the kids are soon having a laugh, not dancing, just toe-tapping because No Funstars are prowling around, demanding that the seats be used.

A glinting guitar motif rips open 'The Demon' after its doomladen, elephantine intro. The lyrics are obscured and obscure, but when you're trying to bop in the balcony you don't give a toss about syllable-sussing.

I expected Alice Cooper droopy theatrics, but the props are Oxfam-extravagant and barely visible at that, while the choreography of the front line is an epileptic Shadows' routine, irritatingly jerky and quirky. The music ranges from Blackmore Lethargic Licks to genuinely inspired raw guitar.



A fan expresses his view. Pic Mike Stone.

Happy To

The Lurkers

Derby

"We are the Chaos Brothers," Howard Wall candidly admits as Pete Stride's guitar is removed for tuning three chords into the first number.

In white jacket and striped trousers, Wall is a charming mixture of inept amateur and hard-headed hit man.

"This did well for us," he says sardonically of 'Freak Show'. "It reached at least the Top Twenty-thousand."

Talk about back to basics. The club is the seediest cinema I've ever seen. Down in the space between seats and stage, the

audience is already bouncing vigorously. In this atmosphere 'Cyanide' is taken fast and raw. 'God's Lonely Men' given a fitting urgency.

Then Pete's guitar is back on the blink. Wall coolly accepts a cigarette from the frontrow and sits down to smoke it. "It was his birthday yesterday," he says of Esso. A hulking Bash Street kid, too big for his drum-kit. Esso plugs away at a short, self-conscious solo to



The trouble is that these flashes are like farts in a church — a quick sniff and then they're off into the stratosphere looking for God.

Time to get cretinous: songs such as 'British Baboon' and 'Let's Get Married' have undeniably smacking beats and dancing basslines, but the words are rendered suspect by the age of the band. It's a cinch to sit in an artistic bubble and jeer at convention and bigotry and mindless existence ('Jellyfish', 'Puppet Life'), but don't do US any favours by tolerating US, the all-swallowing, invertebrate Joe Public, the paycheck sitting in his blob of blindness out there beyond the footlights. Don't try and point to the Way Out when you're already there, because Moses old bean, you're redundant.

This band care about their lyrics, but it's all too Gothic, too Industrial Revolution Pomp 'n' Grind. Titles like 'Engine Of Excess', 'Excess Bleeding Heart' and 'Babylon' are like excerpts from the Anthology Of Factory Mottos 1923.

The vague street-theatre atmosphere about the performance is half-hearted, one step away from Bohemian Bullshit, but nevertheless it's the kind of non-distraction that'll look really good on Nightingale's Hippy Retard Pensionbook Bonanza. Their (probably unintentional) musical homage to Black Sabbath sci-fi clog dance rock is 'The Message' — bowel-scraping zonked out gore, ideal for comatose Rock Enthusiasts, 20th Century Warriors, *Rock Goes To College* punters.

With four strong songs, an EP will get rid of the quirky sleep-inducing dittiesville 'vibe' that strangles the live show with its Barron Knights' masks 'n' gimmicks.

Punilux: a long term investment for 28 year-old 6th formers with off-the-peg social concern.

Kevin Fitzgerald



Starjets: Irish exports rise. Pic Terry Lott.



Punilux: Off-the-peg social concern. Pic Chris Horler.

certain quarters and a microphone that rotates limply of its own accord, do I detect Wall's good humour wearing thin?

Not at all, and The Lurkers encore with 'I'm On Heat' and after chants of 'Lur-kers! Lur-kers!' return again for 'Shadow'. The happy maulers take it in turns to bawl the words into Wall's proffered microphone. They'll all be black and blue by the morning, but that's their business.

As for The Lurkers, they're good, old-fashioned entertainment. I can't say fairer than that now, can I?

Lynn Hanna

Starjets

Nashville

If you can imagine an over-bespectacled Clark Kent

fronting The Four Seasons in a '50s B-picture space-spoof, you'll have an approximate image of The Bruce Woolley Phenomenon. They are an outfit of five garishly-clad teenagers given to natty pop-rock tunes, dished out at break-neck speed with a hefty dose of panache and inventiveness.

Their songs are melodic, hi-octane party pieces tailor-made for the excessive brat persona of lead vocalist Bruce Woolley — driven along by choppy guitar and choppy keyboard rhythms and permeated with some delightful high-register harmonies.

Watching The B. Woolleys in action, one would expect them to go completely over the top at any moment. But for all their jangled weirdness,

they are highly proficient and original, with one of the most compelling frontmen to appear for years.

And you with the Woolley? Hot on the heels of The Rats, the Fingers and Val Doonican come Starjets, CBS' newly-adapted wunderkind from Orland.

They are four good-looking plimsolled louts (Paul Bowen, John Martin, Terry Sharpe and Liam Lestrangle) who bounce around the stage pull funny faces, sport the 'right' haircuts and shove every calory of their corporate strength into the business of playing rivetting, up-tempo rock. They stepped onstage and went BRZANG, stampeding through a set of vigorous self-penned songs with the momentum of the Orient Express, occasionally

letting up to exchange some chummy (where intelligible) banter with the crowd.

Having giggered for a spell on the Ulster Circuit, sometimes in the midst of ugly fireworks, it's inevitable that their lyrics should reflect the very real repressive aggro of the province. Some of their songs are documentaries about 'home-life', but they've ditched the temptation of overtly politicising their material.

Commenting on their pedigree, P. Bowen has suggested that they could 'out-Clash The Clash': credibility stakes aside, their songs do share the distinctive abrasiveness inherent in Mr Strummer's dithyrambs. However, their material also nods in the direction of Townshend, and their new record 'Ten Years' is uncannily reminiscent of The Who circa 'Substitute'.

So they ain't the most original combo on the planet, but viewed on their own merit, they possess a sufficient degree of imagination and musical muscle to punch a conspicuous hole in the coming decade.

At the end of the set, T. Sharpe coyly asked the crowd 'D'ya loik us then?' Does the Pope work Sundays?

Rick Joseph

Earthbound

Upstairs At Ronnie's

Despite transparently fashionable attempts to conceal it, Earthbound are no strangers to psychedelic music.

Four stalwart long-hairs in the Crosby / T.S. McPhee mould and Dutch lady vocalist Jutta Nienhaus, they compress early '70s rock (circa Deep Purple) into laud, efficient arrangements which they crank up to a seamless new wave pace.

Jutta has the kind of tremulous Lovich-type delivery that attracts such non-committal labels as 'quirky', but is just as insensitive as it's rapidly irritating.

Har band fare no better.

Charging through instrumentals, but still managing to observe all the old textbook harmony interplays, their phrasing doesn't allow them sufficient space to expand. Hence a static sound for some appallingly static lyrics which rehash such litesome themes as automation. Titles like 'The Robot' tend to be less subversive than suspect.

Earthbound have formed Archway — their own label and agency — and they apparently go down a storm in Italy. This could be the sum of their achievement, as they have nothing to say and say it with conviction.

Mark Ellen

Lurkday You

celebrate a chorus of 'Happy Birthday To You'.

Back on the boards the best goes on: 'She Knows', 'Jenny', 'Hey You', 'Out In The Dark', 'I Don't Need To Tell Her' — each chunk a chip off the old block.

While their contemporaries have flashed and faded or gone on to glory, The Lurkers have been running on the spot. 'Whatever Happened To May' has lyrics which grate on

my nerves like a fingernail down a blackboard, but I love the strength and the simplicity of 'Take Me Back To Babylon'.

Down in the pit pogoing has grown distinctly physical. Heavy-handed horseplay is much in evidence. Fearless maniacs launch themselves into mid-air to disappear boots-uppermost amongst the staggering crush.

Still what's a good pummelling between friends? And the mood remains miraculously light-hearted as an extra-exuberant youth is rolled off the stage by a roadie.

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John Cale at CBGBs. Pic. Joe Stevens.

Merton Parkas

The Wellington

The old 'I was a punk before you were a punk' adage now applies to the latest youth fad — Mods; as was proved by the continuous rumblings of 'I was a mod before you wore a parka' at The Wellington on Saturday.

The Merton Parkas from SW17 held a captive, if rather over zealous audience, with songs from the past and present in true '60s style. Apart from the occasional jarring resemblance to The Jam — most noticeably with 'I'm Just A Face In The Crowd' — the 'Parkas played enthusiastically and well: a fresh, fun, band.

It was a pleasant surprise to actually hear what was being sung and to understand the lucid lyrics of writer / manager / vocalist / guitarist, Danny Talbot. And the keyboards of Mick Talbot effectively embellished the rhythm lines of bassist Neil Hurrell and drummer Simon Smith (minus the amazing dancing bear).

In a 50 minute set equally divided between old classics and originals were two Wilson Pickett numbers, the herby perennial

'Stepping Stone', and an impressive cover of an obvious favourite 'The Kids Are Alright'. Their own songs were well arranged, with attention paid to the overall effect of words and tunes; even so, none stood out as an obvious choice for their single in July.

The most memorable numbers were the 'chants': 'I Don't Wanna Know You' and 'You Need Wheels'. They got the audience going like Wembley on Cup Final day, but eventually they all sounded the same.

So, The Merton Parkas — who were playing power-pop as The Speakers 18 months ago — went down well in the clammy atmosphere of the 1979 Waterloo Mod revival. And I'm sure it warmed the cockles of the mod's (purple?) hearts to see their heroes received so warmly: in spite of Janet Street Porter and the LWT show.

After all that, we ask ourselves: are the Mods here to stay? The answer in a word, modleties, is NO.

As one avid scooterist said: "Once the summer's over and the skins turned Mods have had their fun bashing the punks and Brighton pier gets too cold, we'll find something else."

Adèle-Marie Chermeson

Cale's Tales Of The Unexpected

John Cale

New York

The mad Welshman is back, here to teach respect for the elders and to show the young wipersnappers how it's done.

Cale watchers have long despaired that he has been diluting his talents: there was too much time spent on production projects with bands of dubious merit; the previous edition of the John Cale Band tended to over-emphasise the heavy metal tendencies of Ritchie Fliegler's guitar playing and never let Cale shine through.

For his new band, Cale has brought together musicians of divergent backgrounds and styles, yet the resulting sound is pure Cale. They form a perfect vehicle for expressing his hard-rock rage and menace. And don't forget that before the Velvet Underground, Cale came to America to study classical and electronic music at the Eastman Conservatory.

It shows in the way Cale utilises the range of styles and textures in his new band and the way in which he structures his songs with a finely-tuned compositional sense.

Bass player George Scott came over from The Contortions, James Chance's no-wave outfit. There Scott learned to play with maximum aggression but his work with Cale reveals a surprising fluidity. Drummer Doug Bowne is the perfect,

rock-steady complement to Scott's rhythmic trickery. Keyboardist Joe Bidewell is, aside from Cale, the most accomplished player.

Guitarist Mark Aaron goes for a wailing, high pitched, screaming guitar attack. His tone cuts through the low register coarseness of Cale's voice. Finally, there is Deerfrance, a spry young blonde on backing vocals and takes lead on two numbers. Her voice is high and airy and harmonises well with Cale's.

This four-night stand at CBGBs is the culmination of a 12-week tour that criss-crossed the States.

The set begins with 'Walkin' The Dog', a funereal version of the R&B standard with Cale's vocal growling and accusatory. The effect is immediately gripping.

Cale's new material has thematic unity. Now in a political period, he is writing about war, imperialism and international terror.

The killer song in the new batch is 'Mercenaries', a character study of a hired gun who "gets paid enough to make him kill for you / but not enough to make him die for you". The refrain of "ready for war, ready for war" is turned into an upbeat, almost sing-along chorus.

'Evidence' has lines about getting back from Angola and running cocaine. 'Dr. Mud' has references to Hiroshima and children's blue skin and a chorus that asks, "What you gonna do, when China drops a bomb on you?" Though these lines leap out at you, it's hard

to know just what these songs are about.

But the music is tough and aggressive and the songs demand further scrutiny.

'Captain Hook' is announced as a work in progress. It begins with a long instrumental passage featuring an interplay of electric keyboard lines between Cale and Bidewell. The song is filled with references to India and to an imminent disaster, and might be an allegorical tale about the fall of imperialism.

Deerfrance's numbers provide a well-timed change of pace. In 'Rape' her high, plaintive voice is perfect for the role of victim in which she's cast. There is also 'Hold Me Down', an inspirational hymnal duet with Cale on guitar and Bidewell on harmonica.

It isn't until the encores that Cale dips into the oldies bag. One is a powerful 'Heartbreak Hotel', dripping with angst; the other a rousing version of the Modern Lovers' 'Pablo Picasso'.

Cale is, as always, a master showman, though now less manic than in the past. He authoritatively dominates the stage, and even when

Deerfrance sings and he sits behind the electric piano, he is clearly leading the band. His voice — basically a low, gruff rumble — is still comparable to Jim Morrison's in its dramatic effectiveness. It conveys the ominous mood that runs through the songs he is now writing.

That he is still making rock music is incredible because he could easily please his fans by just running through his "greatest hits".

Instead he stands behind his new work and presents it with conviction. Because the new work is rock and roll that experiments, takes risks, tries to make a statement and could be important, is really cause for celebration.

Richard Grabel





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Greg Kihn. Pic: Kai Edge.

Naked Highlights

Greg Kihn

The Venue

Why after four albums Greg Kihn isn't more of a star, I'll never know.

Tonight he brought a generous chunk of Californian sunshine to our dismal shores — a precious bubble of rock'n'roll that burst smiling

among us, shaking action through a thousand tingling scalpels right down to our toenails. But then again the Beserkley brood always did have that magic quality.

A golden screech announces the band, "Well let's ROCK this place..." and Buddy Holly can rest easy as 'Love's Made A Fool Of You'

takes shape, with Steve Wright laying down some mighty funk bass and Dave Carpenter's lead screaming irresistible footstomp.

Greg Kihn creeps like a panther around the stage "I'm a two-listed rocking-gator tonight". Too true. The mood changes as an impeccable West Coast sound permeates 'Rendezvous' with the multi-dimensional subtlety of The Byrds and the electrifyingly live impact of Rockpile. There's no real stage show, only the music which doesn't need packaging or paraphernalia to stir fire. This band play for you, not at you.

Infatuated dancers jiggle to the glossy, lush tropicana of 'Moulin Rouge', a new song that suggests a sparkling future for the band's fourth and latest LP, 'With The Naked Eye'. Larry Lynch, the excellent drummer, takes over on vocals for 'Can't Get The Highs Without The Lows', and we can savour that delicious Californian sound as they slide into such infectious harmonies. If all this isn't enough, the encores pour the cream onto the cake. 'For Your Love' possesses none of its original artistry, bearing out the Beserkley predilection for oodies (check out the 'Spitballs' album), and 'Telstar' is then hammered out. Finally 'Roadrunner' leaves the enchanted audience hollering for more, well into the DJ's useless efforts to calm things down.

I expected a casebook of adult nursery rhymes, but what I got was electric dynamism, the nucleus of rock'n'roll. Whatever it takes, they've got. I felt like I'd taken a holiday.

Charlotte Wylie

Brian James' Brains

Nashville

Vermilion And The Aces opened for a comfortably packed house with a set of

cycle slut serenades dressed up in amphetaminated heavy metal riffing. The gauche appeal of the music didn't last beyond the third number, though a contingent of UK Subs fans were steadfast and vociferous in their approval. Music to maim Mods by.

Having outgrown the straitjackets worn by The Damned and gambled on the tentative Tanz Der Youth, Brian James' third vehicle looks and sounds his best yet.

Two pretty young guitarists — James in the black coiffure and blond Alan Lee Shaw — flank tiny bassist Kid Ray Rogers to form an effective three-pronged visual and aural assault. Drummer Malcolm Mortimer remains invisible at the back, unobtrusively keeping the songs together.

The style, the passion of playing rock and roll and above all the songs combine to make the band the UK equivalent (for better or worse) of The Heartbreakers. 'Boys Don't Cry', 'Messsed Up And Blue' and 'Where Did I Find A Girl Like You' are all songs that betoken Johnny Thunders' preoccupation with Teen Romance, but thankfully free of drug references.

Essentially they are a guitar group. Shaw and James swapping leads and vocals with alacrity while Rogers bounces about like punky in-the-middle keeping the flying guitars on course with his foaming bass lines. The set is well-paced considering that most of the numbers are fast rockers, though 'Ain't That A Shame' provides a pleasing break in tempo as well as being their debut single.

James certainly has an ear for good rock riff, and from the super-tuned reggae of 'Wild Child' through the classic 'Capital Crimes' to the no-holds-barred finale of 'Sick Of Being Sick' (the only Damned number in the set) the evening accelerated and ended in top gear.

James now has better



Brian James. Pic: David Corio.

Trust The Brains

projection and his romantic rock persona (never allowed full reign among the crazed antics of his original outfit) has developed enough for a whole new audience to identify.

It's the beginning of a New Age.

The influences are varied: classy garage-band rock

crosses swords with The Yardbirds and the Stones. The sub-urban aggression has given way to the more fruitful territory of young romantic complex, and a sensitive and intelligent rock and roller is carving his niche in style without stylisation, passion without pretence.

Neil Norman

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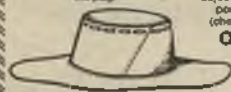
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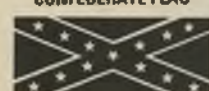


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THE BOY LOOKED FOR JOHNNY

He'd been everywhere and still
no luck.
Every record shop in
East Anglia —
but all they could offer was the
same —
Uncool shop, high prices — even
some sales girls who could
make the Pope loosen his be,
couldn't tempt him.
Where was that hip store that
had what he wanted?
All those new wave singles and
albums.
All those oldies, goldies, and
imports.
All those second hand LP's and
singles.
All those rambles and delectables
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T-ZERS

With all due pomp and solemnity, the three dots crouch on banded knee at His Worship's feet. The centre one of the trio proffers the ancient velvet pillow on which lie the three golden keys — the Mayorship of Prat City. It has been many days since the honour was bestowed on one so richly deserving. Describing himself as 'just a lucky fellow' Mr Paul McCartney of Scotland wins the hallowed T-Zers prize following his *Sunday Observer* interview, which was climaxed by a quote surely deserving even the **Freddy Mercury/Steve Horley** Championship Bowl. Throughout the piece, it was pointed out clearly that Mecca is Not Short — aside from any **Beatles/Wings** askers the man owns the rights to *Annie, Grease, Hello Dolly* and *A Chorus Line* and features in the *Guinness Book Of Records* as composer with the greatest sales — anyway, at the end of all this accountancy the mop-top peers into the distance and reflects on it all, with the following fab gab. "Y'know, I drive along the lanes in me Rolls and I pass some old bloke out walking his dog and I wonder — which one of us has got it right?" AAAAaaaaaarrrrrrggghhhhh!

Thought you'd like that. So good evening and welcome to another left-a-minute, saucy session with us Old Codgers at the T-Zers farm — The Funatics (Custard Pies, whacky bird whistles, slapstick etc). Well folks it appears our favourite travelling vaudeville gang have out-done us again. Yes, **Motorhead** in run-in-with-authority shock horror.

Attempting to leave somewhere called Finland, where they had just played a festival, **Motorhead** found themselves arrested by Finnish customs on three charges; the first concerned their shredding of their hotel room, the second arose from the fact that they had, or broken the caravan they'd used on the festival site, the third had to do with their trashing the equipment onstage, which, apparently, was not theirs to trash. The heavy metal trio and tour manager found themselves cast deep into the air-conditioned misery of Finnish cells. Wilko Johnson, who had also played the fest and who was about to disappear into Finn air, quipped as he sailed through passport control, "They were busting everyone, they bust Margaret Thatcher for being so incredible."

Another wild man, though somewhat more cranky, is **Keith Richards**, who reportedly stamped his feet on a recent flight from New York to Los Angeles. According to an eye witness Richards went 'berserk' — (must be a fabulous place, loads of people go there) — when a stewardess told him he couldn't invite a tourist class passenger up into first-class with him. So much so that the pilot threatened to tie the old ham into his seat and make an unscheduled stop for Old Bill to be brought aboard. At this the guitarist was forced to view things in a different light. After all, you don't balls about with the bloke who keeps you in a non-DC10 situation.

Severely back in Blighty, T-Zers received a call from the recently quit manager of **The Angels Upstarts** — and a seedy tale he relates too. He claims his split with the band began with the famed run-in and stabbing — allegedly at the hands of the National Front followers — that occurred at their gig in Wolverhampton. At a RAR gig



Steve Jones & Paul Cook hear the new PIL single. Pic: Stevenson

in Leeds soon afterwards the Upstarts met similar threats from the NF, which caused their singer **Menzel**, to jack it all there and then and get his ass back to Newcastle. A roadie handled his job that night. At RAR at Digby's in Birmingham — the next gig — the frontman still didn't show, explaining to his manager that he 'couldn't do anymore RAR shows until he knew where he stood with it all'. Apparently disgusted, **Keith Bell**, the ex-manager in question and former Front supporter two years back, decided he'd had enough and went. Bell said he wanted to "clear up my side of it before they start getting at me first." New boss is **Tony Gordon** of **Shem 69** fame.

Taking the weight off, may we announce that **Elvis Costello's** next long black thing will, despite mumbblings, be produced by **Nick 'Column Inch' Lowe** and the sessions will go down in Australia, wherever that is. Mr Lowe has been busy with persons of the national press, or, as we doctors term it, 'floggin' his product'. Mr Lowe revealed to scribes that he is about to splash out £9,000 on a WWII Hampton bomber aeroplane his father flew in. And more: the tinkle of wedding bells. Our man talks of his proposal to **Carlene Carter**, stepdaughter of **Johnny Cash**. Plans for him to return to our screens in his Captain Mainwaring role were not discussed. (Fact: Hereafter **Rockpile** will be referred to as **Dad's Army**).

Speaking of which, your parents fave raves, **Love**, are now reformed. **Arthur Lee** and **Bryan MacLean** are currently in LA with two album's worth of material already completed.

More of what you're funk'n' for: **Fleetwood Mac's** double set is finished at last. Entitled 'Tusk', **Mick Fleetwood** warns those in love with the 'Rumours'-type Mac that this set is a departure. One source describes the opus as clearly inspired by British new wave in that they're short, sharp and aggressive. A double album??

During ITV's airing of the **Stones In The Park** last Saturday you may have cocked a special ear to the commercial break. Fresh from his **Brutus** jeans warbling-for-dough, **Roger Chapman** was to be heard belting behind the babble for

Ladbroke's Hotels. Appropriately for that airing, the tune is 'Let's Spend The Night Together', to be a released 45 soon.

Further to our teeny rumourlet of a **Banshees/Attractions** skirmish (T-Zers last week) somebody called 'Les' rang to give more shady shag. He claims **Siouxsie** was being hassled by **Bruce Thomas's** girlfriend until **She** stubbed a cigarette into her cheek. **Thomas** retaliated and the ensuing fight ending in the **Attraction** fleeing from the club with **Siouxsie** in pursuit. Further correspondence will be filed under 'ongoing situations'.

It's hard to keep **Deftford** and **The Mods** out of anywhere these days, so pray brace yourself for this week's dip into (current) style. It appears that one time premier Mod band **The Chords** have become separated from a largish section of their one-time fans. The disillusioned fans call themselves the **Anti-Chords**.



So upset were **The Enid** by **hilarious** remarks on their appearance in 'Big' **Danny Baker's** Singles column last week, in which the **Rotherhithe Razzers** described the chaps as "Indisputably ugly", that they rang up T-Zers (well actually they got their publicist to do it) and requested a pic be printed so that you, dear readers, can judge their aesthetic appeal for yourselves. Would you let your sister snog with an **Enid** and have this to do with rock and roll?

Campaign and have gone as far as getting a logo together and printing leaflets in an effort to blacken the band's name. Quite what all this is all about is unclear, but by **Gadfree** it's tenuous.

No such measure will be needed to dissuade **The Fatal Microbes** from further outings. They have bit the dust for good. Lead singer **Donna 'Honey Bane' Boylan** went missing after a rehearsal and doesn't want to play while she is confined to her care centre. (*Quite wise — Ed*)

Sagging from the completion of an Australasian tour, **Talking Heads** **Tina Weymouth** and **Chris Frantz** found enough bounce to boogie on down, sit in, jam, vibrate along with **Dire Straits** at the **Hammersmith Odeon**. The ensemble created a version of 'Gloria'.

Even if you missed that there is still plenty of time to begin queuing for **Kiss** seats. Starting with three nights at **Madison Square**, the travelling **Mary Quant Circus** will trump all around America before arriving in Europe and

giving us earache. Then they'll go to their adulation sessions in the land of the rising transistor. In step with the times, as always, **Kiss** plan to mount what they've described as 'a larger show' involving enough fog machines to affect local weather reports.

On an equally massive scale **The Hot Rods** — you remember the **Hot Rods** — played at a private end-of-term binge in **University College, London**. Just as they finished, the two dressing rooms at either side of the stage burst into flames. The **Rods** departed quickly, denying all.

An anti-apartheid march is taking place on Saturday, June 30, starting 2.30 from **Smithfield Market, London**. **RAR** will have a float on the march with live bands and the route will take in the embassies, winding up in traditional **Trafalgar Square**.

David Bowie has made a tape message for his pals' telephone answering service. It goes: "Hi, I'm David Bowie and I'm here with three **Beatles** and **Eric Clapton**. Why not pop round?"

Supertramp's one-nighter at **Madison Gardens** grossed £75,000.

Roaring the double platinum album highway of life, **Cars** will have their second LP, **Candy O**, previewed on 500 U.S. radio stations simultaneously.

Keeping these quickies rolling, we note that **The Beatles** auditioned for producer **George Martin** 17 years ago this evening, just before tea time.

Finally we bring you **Notice Board**. Two lots of congratulations are in order this week. Firstly, hot on the heels of 13-year-old **Max Bell**, one **Tony Parsons** becomes the fourth **NME** scribe to be listed into **Private Eye's** **Pseudo Corner** for a section of his work on **The Tubes**. Secondly, **Mr Montague Howard Chamberlain** **Bunsworth-Smith** is shoving cigars into the mouths of all and sundry following the birth of his second daughter, **Mr Smith**, a lifelong teetotaler, made himself rather sick when celebrating on a half glass of **Fined Bitter** but still retained a certain dignity when telling T-Zers: "See! I've proved I'm a man. How many bloody kids 'ave you lot got then?" Gillingnghheerrrrmm!!

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN	
This week	Last week
1 Rock Against Thatcher	(11)
2 Jam (All Mod Cons)	(4)
3 Jam (Tube Station)	(7)
4 S.F.S.	(10)
5 The Undertones	(8)
6 Gang Of Four	(9)
7 Clash (Police)	(5)
8 The Run	(12)
9 Soft Little Fingers	(13)
10 The Jam	(10)

New Releases: **21st** Specials **AKA**, **Beds**, **Boys**, **Radio Activity**, **Computer Rock**, **Don**, **Ray**, **Turkey**, **The An**, **Upstart**, **Swirl**, **Wings**, **Edge**, **Swindell**, **The Chords**, **The Mc**, **Shore**, **For Industry**, **21st**, **Rock**, **Centre**, **Lo**, **Swirl**, **Spherical**, **Wings**, **Mc**, **Boys**.

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