

28 July 1979

US \$1.50 (by air)/Canada 80c

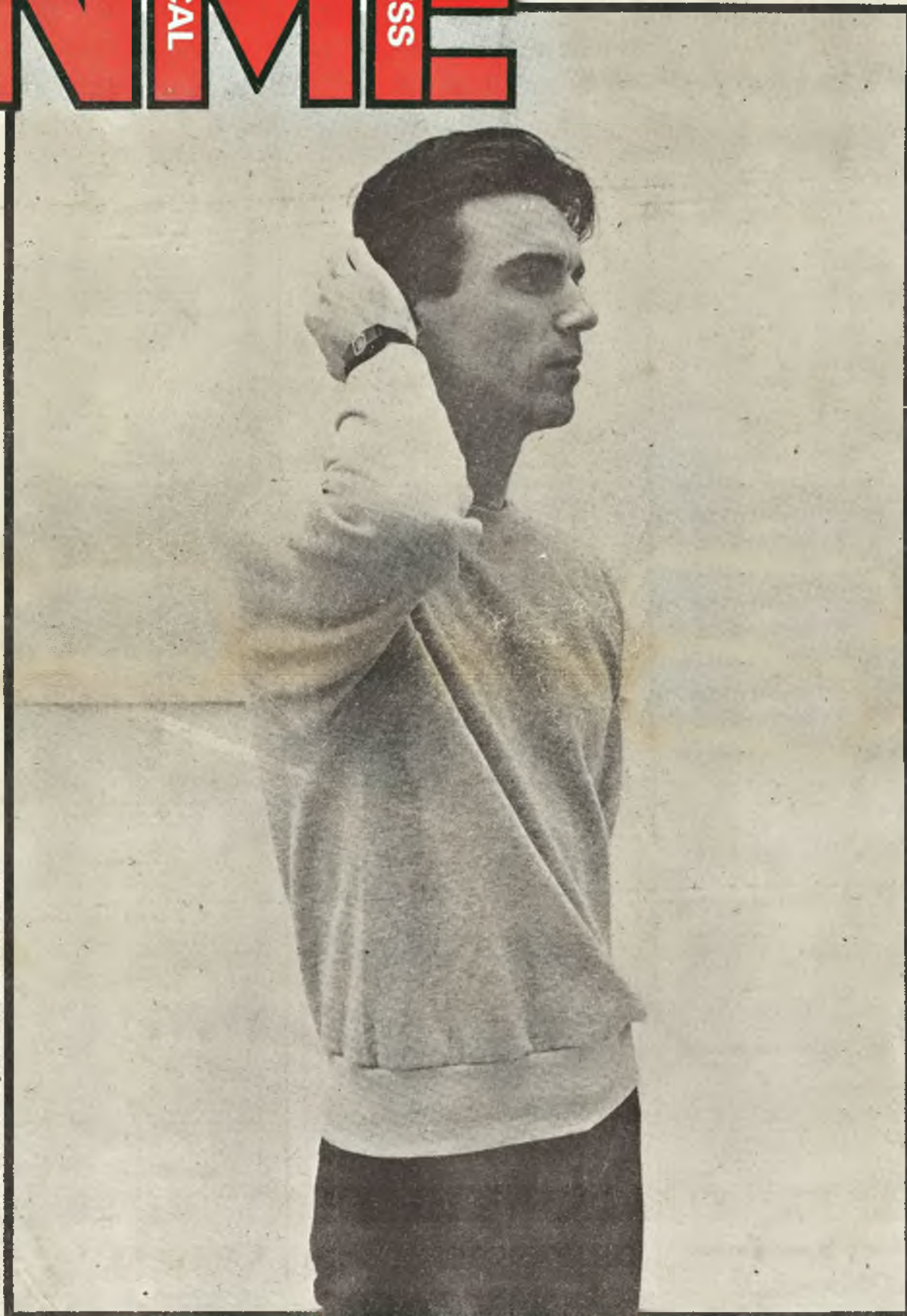
20p

Sub 40c NZ/50c Den Kr 6.05 Fr NF 5.00
Ger Dm 2.80 Malaysia \$1.50 Sph 90 pds

NEW MUSICAL NME EXPRESS

BLUES GIANTS SWELL MAPS PRETENDERS

DAVID BYRNE remembers F. Scott Fitzgerald in exile/Pic: PENNIE SMITH



AMERICANS IN PARIS

THE TALKING HEADS THAT ATE MONTMARTRE

pages 32-4

CHARTS

Week ending July 28, 1979.

UK SINGLES

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (2)	Are Friends Electric? Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	9 1
2 (1)	Silly Games Janet Kay (Scope)	5 1
2 (11)	Girls Talk Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	3 2
4 (3)	C'Mon Everybody Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4 3
5 (5)	Good Times Chic (Atlantic)	3 5
6 (6)	Lady Lynda Beach Boys (Caribou)	5 6
7 (—)	Don't Like Mondays Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1 7
8 (20)	Breakfast In America Supertramp (A&M)	3 8
9 (11)	Wanted Doolleys (GTO)	2 9
10 (8)	Night Owl Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7 5
11 (4)	Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	6 4
12 (27)	Born To Be Alive Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	3 12
13 (10)	Up The Junction Squeeze (A&M)	7 2
14 (24)	Can't Stand Losing You Police (A&M)	2 14
15 (9)	Babylon Burning Ruts (Virgin)	5 9
16 (19)	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3 16
17 (15)	My Sharona Knack (Capitol)	4 15
18 (14)	Maybe Tom Pace (RSD)	4 12
19 (21)	Do Anything You Want To Do Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4 19
20 (7)	Living On The Front Line Eddy Grant (Ica Ensign)	6 7
21 (30)	Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous Abba (Epic)	2 21
22 (16)	Space Bass Slick (Fantasy)	6 16
23 (—)	We Don't Talk Anymore Cliff Richard (EMI)	1 23
24 (26)	Hi Had You Korgis (Rialto)	2 24
25 (28)	Death Disco Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	3 25
26 (22)	Chuck E's In Love Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	2 22
27 (—)	D.J. David Bowie (RCA)	1 27
28 (16)	Go West Village People (Mercury)	6 16
29 (—)	Kid The Pretenders (Real)	1 29
30 (—)	Duke Of Earl Darts (Magnet)	1 30

UP AND COMING: Beat The Clock — Sparks (Virgin); Ooh What A Life — Gibson Brothers (Island); Playground Twist — Siouxie & The Banshees (Polydor); Stay With Me Till Dawn — Judy Tzuke (Rocket); Gangsters — Specials (Two Tone); Paranoid — Dickies (A&M).

YEARS 5 AGO

Week ending July 16, 1974

1	She Charles Aznavour (Berclay)
2	Kissin' In The Back Row Drifters (Bell)
3	Rock Your Baby George McCrae (J&B)
4	The Bangin' Man Slade (Polydor)
5	Based On The Run Wings (Apple)
6	Young Girl Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
7	I'd Love You To Want Me Lolo (UIC)
8	The Wall Street Shuffle LOCC (UK)
9	One Man Band Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
10	The Six Tons Sweet (RCA)

10

Week ending July 16, 1969

1	In The Ghetto Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Something In The Air Thunderclap Newman (Track)
3	Honky Tonk Woman Rolling Stones (Decca)
4	Halo Suzie Amen Corner (Deram)
5	A Way Of Life Family Dogg (Bell)
6	Break Away Beach Boys (Capitol)
7	Give Peace A Chance Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
8	Balled Of John And Yoko Beatles (Apple)
9	That's The Way God Planned It Billy Preston (Apple)
10	Proud Mary Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)

15

Week ending July 17, 1964

1	A Hard Day's Night Beatles (Parlophone)
2	It's All Over Now Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	House Of The Rising Sun Animals (Columbia)
4	Hold Me P. J. Proby (Decca)
5	Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself Dusty Springfield (Philips)
7	On The Beach Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	You're No Good Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
9	Someone Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
10	Kissin' Cousins Elvis Presley (RCA)

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (5)	Replicas Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	6 1
2 (3)	Discovery Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8 1
3 (13)	Best Disco In The World Various (WEA)	3 3
4 (8)	Breakfast In America Supertramp (A & M)	18 2
5 (7)	Parallel Lines Blondie (Chrysalis)	41 1
6 (4)	Bridges John Williams (Lotus)	4 4
7 (11)	Communique Dire Straits (Vertigo)	21 3
8 (2)	I Am Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7 2
9 (5)	Voulez Vous Abba (Epic)	12 1
9 (6)	Live Killers Queen (EMI)	3 6
11 (12)	Night Owl Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7 10
12 (9)	Last The Whole Night Through James Last (Polydor)	14 3
13 (10)	Back To The Egg Wings (Parlophone)	5 4
14 (21)	Rust Never Sleeps Neil Young (Reprise)	2 14
15 (18)	Do It Yourself Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	10 2
15 (19)	Manilow Magic Barry Manilow (Arista)	19 2
17 (26)	Outlandos D'Amour Police (A & M)	11 9
18 (16)	Lodger David Bowie (RCA)	7 6
19 (14)	Rickie Lee Jones Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	5 14
20 (22)	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6 16
21 (23)	The Best Of The Doolleys (GTO)	2 21
22 (—)	Fate For Breakfast Art Garfunkel (CBS)	12 3
23 (15)	Reach For It Sky (Ariola)	7 9
24 (17)	Manifesto Roxy Music (Polydor)	18 4
25 (—)	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	16 1
26 (24)	Candy O Cars (Elektra)	2 24
27 (28)	Morning Dance Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	2 27
28 (—)	Street Life Crusaders (MCA)	1 28
29 (—)	Dire Straits Dire Straits (Vertigo)	19 4
30 (—)	The Great Rock N Roll Swindle Sex Pistols (Virgin)	14 5

UP AND COMING: Songbird — Ruby Winters (K-Tel); The B52s — B52s (Island); Made It Through The Rain — Gerard Kenny (RCA); Mingus — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); In The Skies — Robert Green (Creole); Secrets — Robert Palmer (Island).



Johnny Fingers, the immensely likeable chappie who tickles the ivories for the *Oliver* showband what we tend to ignore all this time, celebrates the opening of the terrifically important movie *Hair* (reviewed in *Silver Screen*, discussed in *Thrills*) by imparting an incredibly accurate facsimile of a late '60s activist salute. It has nothing to do with A. Hitler or anything like that. This has been confirmed by the massed Paula Yates of Mayfair (seen behind Johnny). Pic: I. Haight-Mundaze.

US SINGLES

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Bad Girls Donna Summer	1
2 (2)	Ring My Bell Anita Ward	2
3 (4)	I Want You To Want Me Cheap Trick	3
4 (3)	We Are Family Sister Sledge	4
5 (5)	Makin' It David Naughton	5
6 (5)	Chuck E's In Love Rickie Lee Jones	6
6 (8)	Gold John Stewart	6
8 (14)	Good Times Chic	8
9 (10)	When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman Dr Hook	9
10 (9)	Boogie Wonderland Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions	10
11 (17)	I Was Made For Lovin' You Kiss	11
12 (12)	Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now McFadden & Whitehead	12
12 (13)	You Can't Change That Raydio	12
14 (15)	Mama Can't Buy You Love Elton John	14
15 (20)	The Main Event/Fight Barbra Streisand	15
16 (11)	Hot Stuff Donna Summer	16
17 (7)	Shine A Little Love Electric Light Orchestra	17
16 (29)	My Sharona The Knack	16
19 (16)	Does Your Mother Know Abba	19
20 (21)	Getting Closer Wings	20
21 (23)	Do It Or Die Atlanta Rhythm Section	21
22 (18)	I Can't Stand It No More Peter Frampton	22
23 (25)	One Way Or Another Blondie	23
24 (26)	Is She Really Going Out With Him Joe Jackson	24
25 (28)	Lead Me On Maxine Nightingale	25
26 (24)	She Believes In Me Kenny Rogers	26
27 (—)	The Devil Went Down To Georgia Charlie Daniels Band	27
28 (—)	Bad Eyes Robert John	28
29 (—)	People Of The South Wind Kansas	29
30 (—)	Weekend Wet Willie	30

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Last Week		Highest position in chart
1 (1)	Bad Girls Donna Summer	1
2 (2)	Breakfast In America Supertramp	2
3 (6)	Candy O The Cars	3
4 (3)	Cheap Trick At The Budokan Electric Light Orchestra	4
5 (5)	Discovery Earth Wind & Fire	5
6 (4)	I Am Wings	6
7 (7)	Back To The Egg Teddy Pendergrass	7
8 (9)	Teddy Rickie Lee Jones	8
9 (8)	Get The Knack The Knack	9
10 (21)	Communique Dire Straits	10
11 (13)	Dynasty Kiss	11
12 (10)	Who Where I Should Be Peter Frampton	12
13 (16)	The Kids Are Alright Kenny Rogers	13
14 (15)	Where I Should Be Bad Company	14
15 (12)	The Gambler Charlie Daniels	15
16 (14)	Desolation Angels Queen	16
17 (19)	Million Mile Reflections Kansas	17
18 (26)	Live Killers The Isley Brothers	18
19 (11)	Manolith The Isley Brothers	19
20 (18)	We Are Family Sister Sledge	20
21 (24)	Bombs Away Dream Babies John Stewart	21
22 (22)	Van Halen II The Osbourne Brothers	22
23 (23)	Minute By Minute Anita Ward	23
24 (17)	Songs Of Love Joni Mitchell	24
25 (—)	Mingus Willie Nelson & Leon Russell	25
26 (27)	One For The Road Atlanta Rhythm Section	26
27 (—)	Underdog Crusaders	27
28 (29)	Streetlife The Isley Brothers	28
29 (25)	Winner Takes All The Isley Brothers	29
30 (20)	Night Owl Gerry Rafferty	30

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

1	Get Another Love Chantal Curtis (Pye)
2	Space Bass Slick (Fantasy)
3	Silly Games Janet Kay (Scope)
4	Dance With You Carrie Lucas (Solar)
5	Living On The Front Line Eddy Grant (Ensign)
6	Midnight Groovin' Light Of The World (Ensign)
7	I'm A Sucker For Your Love Teena Marie (Motown)
8	Groovin' You Harvey Mason (Arista)
9	Ring My Bell Anita Ward (TK)
10	Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca)

POWERHOUSE PREDICTION

La Bomba — Antonia Rodriguez (Magnet)
Chart supplied by Powerhouse Disco Plus. Tel. 011 303 9852.

reggae

1	Feel The Spirit Wailing Souls (Messive)
2	Can't Stop Rastaman Now Rasta Mides (Jay Ward)
3	Sugar And Spice Carlton and His Shoes (DEB)
4	Man Next Door Dennis Brown (DEB)
5	Homeward Bound Freddy McGregor (Studio One)
6	Nice Up The Dance Papa Michigan (General Smile)
7	Cup A Tee Dennis Brown (DEB)
8	Reggae Music Barrington Levy (Burs)
9	Youth Man Promotions Ranking Joe (Black Roots)
10	Crying Wolf Kiddie I (Shepherd)

Chart supplied by Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1.

NEWS

EDITED BY DEREK JOHNSON

— who is now off on holiday and, for the next few weeks, leaving you in the capable hands of Fred Dellar

Rats on the rampage

THE BOOMTOWN RATS are being lined up for the longest and most important British tour of their career so far. NME learned this week. It opens towards the end of September, occupies the whole of October, and continues into early November — also taking in some Irish dates during this period.

The itinerary will comprise a total of around 45 dates throughout the country, and will play at least two nights at a number of key venues like Glasgow Apollo and Newcastle City Hall. And in London, the Rats are expected to play three

HUGE AUTUMN TOUR

nights at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Promoter John Curd of Straight Music admitted that he is putting the tour together, but said that dates and venues have not yet been finalised — he expects to announce details in two or three weeks' time. The band's long-awaited follow-up album to 'Tonic For The Troops' will be released to coincide with their outing.



KING RAT



Morrison tops at Edinburgh event

VAN MORRISON is to top the bill in the big open-air concert on Saturday, September 1, which — as previously reported — is the highlight of the two-week Edinburgh Rock Festival. It's being staged at the Royal Highland Showground at Ingliston, on the outskirts of Edinburgh — close to the airport, and at the end of the Glasgow motorway.

The show is the last of ten outdoor events which Morrison is playing in Europe this summer, and his only one in Britain. He had previously been approached to play both Knebworth and Reading, but opted in favour of Edinburgh.

He'll be backed by his current seven-piece band comprising Pete Wingfield (keyboards), John Aliman (sax), Herbie Armstrong (guitar), Katie Kissoon (vocals), Peter Van Hook (drums), David Hayes (bass) and Toni Marcus (violin). Having left WEA, Morrison has now signed with Phonogram, who are to release his new album 'Into The Music' at the end of August.

Full details of the support bill, involving what promoters Regular Music call "major artists across the spectrum", will be announced next week. Meanwhile, tickets at £6 each are available by post from Edinburgh Rock Festival Box-office, P.O. Box 103, Head Post Office, Edinburgh — crossed postal orders only, made payable to "Regular Music Festivals", and enclose SAE. Tickets will also be available at £6 at various outlets throughout Britain from August 1, but on the day (if any remain) they will cost £6.75.

The attractive showground venue has many built-in facilities — including a grandstand, restaurant, bars, permanent toilets, vast car parking space and even its own bus station.

RUSH EXTRA

DUE TO THE overwhelming response to the one-off concert by Rush at Stafford Bingley Hall on September 21, promoters Straight Music have decided — with the agreement of the band — to make it a two-off! They will now play a second show at the 10,000-capacity venue the following night — Saturday, September 22.

Tickets remain all at the one price of £4.50 and are on sale now — from the venue's box-office, and from Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham; Sundown Records of Wolverhampton; Lotus Records of Stafford; Piccadilly Records of Manchester; and Mike Lloyd Record Shops in Hanley, Newcastle-under-Lyme and Tunstall. London outlets are Premier Box-Office, Edwards & Edwards and London Theatre Bookings.

Doll By Doll change

DOLL BY DOLL have parted company with their bassist Robin Specchio, who is now auditioning musicians for his own band. Commented a spokesman: "As far as Robin was concerned, the fun went out of being a Doll, so the fun went out of it for all of us. The split is entirely amicable and we wish him well." He's been replaced by Nick Whiffen, who's been working in Berlin with a group called The Pylons, and he makes his debut with the band at London Kensington Nashville on August 4. Apart from the Reading Festival, this will be their only date until November when — after recording their second album and touring Europe — they go on the road around Britain.

SHAM 69, whose farewell concert at London Rainbow this Saturday is now sold out, will be supported in the show by The Low Numbers and The Little Roosters. The former are another band whom Jimmy Pursey has taken under his wing.

BLONDIE are understood to be one of a number of big names appearing in a special UNICEF gala concert in Vienna in early September. This means that they are likely to play other European dates, prior to opening their UK tour later that month.

TROUBLE LOOMING FOR DEEPLY VALE

THE DEEPLY VALE People's Free Festival, scheduled to run for six days from August 2 on farmland 14 miles north of Manchester, looked to be in deep trouble as NME closed for press on Tuesday. Mr M. G. Neave, who is the licensee of the land, has consulted counsel and has applied for an injunction to prevent the organisers from going ahead with the event — and from advertising it.

The problem appears to have arisen because the organisers originally obtained permission from the landowner Frank Turner, but it now seems that the onus of deciding whether or not to allow the festival to take place rests with the licensee. And Mr Neave told NME: "There isn't a farmer in the area who approves of this festival, and we are determined to ensure that it doesn't happen."

Chief Inspector Elder of the Greater Manchester Police, who has been consulted by both the licensee and the organisers, commented: "This is really a matter for the landowners, because it concerns private property. But my understanding is that there could be civil action involved. We shall be watching the situation closely."

A further problem is the opposition of local farmers and landowners, some of whom have threatened to erect barricades in lanes leading to the site, so preventing would-be spectators from gaining access. The police say that, in the interests of public order, they will be keeping a watching brief on this contingency.

If Deeply Vale proves inaccessible on the day, there has been some talk of the festival "spilling over" on to a site called Owd Betts, about a mile away. This is partly common land and partly owned by a pub, and the police say they have a letter stating categorically that it cannot be used for a festival. So here, too, they will be standing by in case this ban is ignored.

Meanwhile, the festival organisers are adamant in their determination to press ahead with the event, and this week issued their running order. They claim that Frank Turner has the sole prerogative to give permission, and maintain that he has done so. But at press-time, it appeared that they may have misinterpreted the legal position.

A crowd of between 20,000 and 30,000 had been expected at Deeply Vale, but the event is now in jeopardy. NME will give a final report on its fate next week.

The Big Match on August 18 BUZZCOCKS v. WHO

THE BUZZCOCKS are pressing ahead with their plans to stage a big free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday, August 18 — despite rumours that they've dropped the project because it clashes with The Who's show at Wembley.

Full details of the bill are at present being finalised, and will be announced by the Asgard Agency next week. The principal hang-up has been due to the fact that Squeeze — who are wanted as special guests in the concert

— are in America and it's been difficult to conduct negotiations with them, but it's hoped that they'll be tied up within the next few days. It's understood that The Damned are also in the running for the show.

A spokesman commented this week: "There's absolutely no reason why we should worry about The Who's gig. After all, we're catering for a different audience — and what's more, our show is free!"

Contrary to reports elsewhere, The Buzzcocks have not agreed to appear in a three-day Bank Holiday rock

festival (August 25-27) being staged at Leigh in Lancashire. A spokesman for the band said they had been asked to participate, and were still considering the invitation. He added: "But when they get taken for granted in this way, it's enough to put them off completely."

● Squeeze return from their current rounds of the U.S. club circuit to play their previously-reported gig at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, August 12. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office, priced £2.50, and the support acts are Yachts and Simple Minds.

RUTS IN YOUTH CAMPAIGN

THE RUTS top the bill in a free North London festival this Sunday (29). It's at Gladstone Park in Brent, N.W.10, starting at 3pm — and the other bands playing are Yachts, Misty and The Pop Group. The event has been organised by the Young Socialists National Committee, in support of their 'Jobs For Youth' campaign with special emphasis on unemployment

amongst school-leavers. With The Ruts' members having themselves been out of work not too long ago, drummer Dave Ruffy commented: "We only do benefits that are worth while, specially things that have affected us as a group." Nearest tube stations to the site are Willesden Green and Dollis Hill, both on the Jubilee Line.

THE MONITORS

THIS AFFAIR MUST STOP. STOP. THIS AFFAIR MUST STOP. STOP.
TELEGRAM

SINGLE .RSO 39..





Emotions due to join Commodores

THE EMOTIONS — who've recently been enjoying chart success with Earth Wind And Fire on their 'Boogie Wonderland' — pay their first visit to Britain next month, when they will be special guests of The Commodores in their short tour, reported three weeks ago.

Prices of tickets have now been confirmed, and they go on sale this week. For London Wembley Arena on

August 25 and 26, they are £6 and £4.50; and for Stafford Bingley Hall on August 29, they are all at the one price of £4.50.

The date of the concert at Glasgow Apollo has now been confirmed as August 23, and tickets there are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. Promoters are Straight Music.

And there will be a new Emotions album and single to coincide with their visit.

BARBARIANS ONLY AT SECOND KNEBWORTH

THE NEW BARBARIANS, the occasional band launched by Ron Wood and including fellow Rolling Stone Keith Richards, will now only be appearing in the second Led Zeppelin concert at Knebworth — on Saturday, August 11. They were announced last week for both shows (4 and 11), but it now transpires that their recording schedule with the Stones in Paris makes it impossible for them to perform at the first concert. Promoter Frederick Bannister is likely to slot in a alternative act on the first bill.

Knebworth to Cropredy: Fairport helicopter dash

FAIRPORT CONVENTION will now be appearing at the first Knebworth concert on August 4, with Chas & Dave taking over from them a week later in the second show. Reason is that Fairport's annual concert in their home village of Cropredy (Oxon) also falls on August 4, and they wanted to make this their very last gig before their disbandment. So they will now appear first on the Led Zeppelin bill at Knebworth in the early afternoon, then fly by helicopter to Cropredy for their farewell performance.

Devo's new single, issued by Virgin on August 3, is 'Secret Agent Man' — it's taken from their recent album 'Duty Now For The Future', and is their version of Johnny Rivers' 1966 hit. Out on the same day and label is the single 'Tough Luck' by Fingerprints, who arrive back from their US tour next week, and will then resume gigging here.

● Following the release on NB Records of the debut EP by The Door And The Window, the band have now issued a 50-minute cassette album titled 'Permanent Transience'. Available at £1.50 (including P&P) from NB Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

● A new record by Peter Cook titled 'Here Comes The Judge — Live In Concert' is issued by Virgin on August 3. It's neither a single nor an album, but is a 12-inch with a playing time of 23 minutes, selling at £2.99. It features four new pieces written and performed by Cook.

● Slaughter & The Dogs, whose reunion was announced last week, have been signed by D.M. Records. They go into the studios on August 6 with producer Vic Maile to cut a single for early autumn release.

● The new Charlie album 'Fight Dirty' is issued this weekend by Polydor as a limited edition picture disc. The price will be held at £4.95 until the end of August, then reverting to £5.31.

● RCA have signed leading instrumental rock band Landscape to a long-term worldwide deal. They have a single due in September, with their first album planned for October.

● The Nick Gilder single 'You Really Rock Me' is now available as a picture disc, price £1.49, as well as the conventional black vinyl issue. It's taken from his new album 'Frequency', released by Chrysalis this week.

● Newcastle band The Carpettes have been signed by Beggar's Banquet, and are already in the studio recording their debut album.

● Rikki Nodir, the punks' punk returns with his first record for four years — a single titled 'The Polaroid', out on Chrysalis this weekend. It was written and produced by Peter Hammill, who performs the B-side 'The Old School Tie'. Nodir's last appearance was the 1975 album 'Nodir's Big Chance', now deleted.

RECORD NEWS

Ska montage

A COMPILATION album of 16 original ska tracks from the period 1962-66 is released by Island this weekend under the title of 'Intensified'. It includes such classics as 'Stampede' by Don Drummond, 'Independent Anniversary Ska' by The Skatalites, 'Penny Reel' by Eric Morris and 'The Higher The Monkey Climbs' by Justin Hines.

10c.c. resuming

10c.c. went back into the studios this week, now that Eric Stewart has fully recovered from the effects of his car crash, to start work on a new album. It's planned for February release, and the band will be touring Britain — as the first leg of a world tour — at about that time. Meanwhile, they'll have a 'Greatest Hits' LP out in mid-September.



● Out this weekend in a full-colour picture bag is the new fan Hunter single 'Ships'. It's taken from his Chrysalis album 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic'.

● A limited edition of Olivia Newton-John's album 'Totally Hot' is now available on EMI as a picture disc, priced £7.99.

● RCA launch a new series of 12-inch EPs, each containing four tracks and packaged in a full colour sleeve. They cost £1.65 each, and the first three are by Bonnie Tyler, Dolly Parton and The Scorpions.

● The follow-up to the chart-topping 'Are Friends Electric?', to be released under the name of Gary Numan instead of Tubeway Army, is 'Cars'. Beggar's Banquet now hope to have it available in mid-August, in advance of Numan's September 7 album 'The Pleasure Principle'.

● Sham 69, whose single 'Her Sham Boys' comes out this weekend on Polydor, will have an album of the same name issued in September — and this will undoubtedly be their final LP.

● A new Matumbi single titled 'Point Of View' comes out on August 3, on both seven and 12-inch, the latter with the bonus of 1 Roy on vocals. It's on their own Matumbi Records label, distributed by EMI. The band's new album is planned for September release.

● Logo Records have signed Clive Culbertson and are releasing his double A-side single 'Time To Kill / Busy Signal', which was previously issued on the Rip Off label.

● The Raincoats have just finished recording 11 tracks, for release as a Rough Trade album in late September or early October. All the titles are originals, except for the band's version of the Ray Davies classic 'Lola'.

● Independent reggae label Greenfeet Records, previously marketed by EMI, have signed a national distribution deal with Spartan. First release under the agreement is the new Capital Letters single 'UK Skanking / Run Run Run', out next week on both seven and 12-inch.

● The B-52s' privately-recorded single 'Rock Lobster', previously a hot import item and included as a freebie in their debut album, is officially released by Island tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is Randy Vanwarmer's Top Ten U.S. hit 'Just When I Needed You Most'.

● Rialto Records (distributed by Decca), currently enjoying their first hit with The Korgis, have signed five-piece band Moscow. First release on August 10 is 'The Man From Uncle', previously issued on the band's own independent Moscow label last autumn.

● Trojan reissue 'Well Away by Marie Perle, on both seven and 12-inch, on August 10. It climbed high in the reggae charts when it was first released last autumn, and was produced and written by Dennis Bovell, composer and co-producer of Janet Kay's 'Silly Games'.

● A new rockabilly label Nervous Records is launched in early August, with national distribution by Lightning. First singles are 'Rockabilly Guy / Chicken Shack' by The Polecats (August 3), followed a week later by 'Born To Be A Raver' by Rockin' Johnny Austin.



Ian hits us with a cheerful stick

RELEASE OF the new single by Ian Dury & The Blockheads, previously reported as 'Reasons To Be Cheerful (Part Three)', is now confirmed by Stiff Records for tomorrow (Friday). It's the follow-up to their chart-topping 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick', and it comes either as an orthodox seven-inch or in longer 12-inch form, both versions in picture sleeves. The B-side is 'Common As Muck', and both tracks were recorded at the RCA studios in Rome during the band's European tour. Neither title is included on the current album 'Do It Yourself'.

● The Inmates' debut single 'Dirty Water / Danger Zone' is released this week on Soho Records, available through Virgin. Our Price Records and other independents.

● Two Newcastle bands have their singles on the local Bleepon Records label — now available nationally, with distribution through Spartan. They are 'Can't Believe It' by American Echoes and 'Radioland' by The Sabrejets. Spartan are also distributing Harlow-based Stonest Records, who have just released their first album 'Beat 2LP by The Gangsters, and have signed local band The Spelling Mistakes, who are currently recording their debut single 'Pop Star'.

● With sessions for their last album delayed by a change of drummer, Metabolist have released a cassette called 'Goatmanaut'. The tape contains three numbers — 'Zordon Returns', 'Chained' and 'Thru The Black Hole' — and costs £1.90 (including p&p) from J. Bailey, 18 Rokeby House, Castor Road, London SW 12.



The Tourists

NEW SINGLE

THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

LIMITED EDITION PICTURE DISC

GO(P) 360



DR FEELGOOD arrived in Australia on the same day as Skylab and, knowing them, probably caused as much stir! They're pictured here at Sydney International Airport after receiving their tour plaques — and pointing to where Skylab landed.

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS		BOOKS	
BLONDIE Songbook	£1.00	SEX PISTOLS File	£2.50
LED ZEPPELIN Complete	£5.95	Behind The Beatles' Songs	£2.95
THE CLASH Songbook	£2.50	BOWIE The Lives & Times Of	95p
KATE BUSH The Kick Inside	£1.00	BLONDIE	£1.25
KATE BUSH Lionheart	£3.50	TUTORS	
IAN DURY Songbook	£2.50	Bert Weedon — 'Play in a Day'	£1.40
BOB DYLAN Street Legal	£2.25	500 Chord Shapes	70p
THE WHO Who Are You	£2.00	Bass Guitar tutor + record	£3.95
BOWIE Songs of	£4.95	Rhythm Guitar tutor	£3.95
ELP Songbook	£3.95	Lead Guitar tutor + record	£3.95
SEX PISTOLS Never Mind The Bollocks	£2.50	POSTAGE & PACKING CHARGES	
QUEEN Jazz	£2.25	ORDER	GB & N IRELAND OVERSEAS
DEEP PURPLE Machine Head	£1.75	C2 or under	30p
THIN LIZZY Best of	£2.95	C4 or under	60p
BUZZCOCKS Songbook	£2.50	C10 or under	£1.00
ROD STEWART Blondie Have More Fun	£2.95	Over £10	£3.00

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

Moodies, Queen, Eagles and Harley: major autumn tours

STONES LIKELY, TOO

THE ROLLING STONES now look like swinging back into concert action in the autumn. Mick Jagger has let it be known that he's keen to return to live work, but he's so far been delayed by a series of unavoidable obstacles — first, Keith Richards' problems in Canada; secondly, his own ongoing divorce hassles with Bianca; and currently, the Stones' recording sessions in Paris. It's anticipated that all outstanding matters will have been cleared by the autumn, and there's already talk of Wembley Arena concerts in October.

THE EAGLES are still insisting that they're coming to Britain in the autumn. Their spokesman told our U.S. correspondent last week that they are currently involved in discussions, with a view to playing a string of concerts here — although he wasn't yet in a position to specify dates or venues. It looks like being a busy autumn at Wembley!



STEVE HARLEY has now finished recording his new album, and has started working on putting a tour band together. He'll be going on a nationwide UK outing in the autumn, probably around October, to coincide with the album's release.

QUEEN are to headline an extensive British tour in the late autumn, covering virtually the whole of November and much of December. Dates are at present being pencilled in, and are likely to include a string of concerts in London, and appearances at most of the county's major venues. "It's going to be a really massive tour," said their spokesman.

DARTS are being lined up for a major mid-autumn tour, taking them to most of the key venues around the country. A spokesman said that upwards of 30 concerts are planned.

BOSTON have now had their three nights at London Rainbow Theatre, reported last week, confirmed for October 13, 14 and 15. And their concert at Stafford Bingley Hall is set for October 21. Tickets are on sale now, with the Rainbow priced at £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (from the box-office and usual agencies). Stafford tickets all at £4.50 are on sale in selected local record shops, or by post (with SAE) from MCP Ltd., Cooper House, Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall, West Midlands.

THE MOODY BLUES are now set to undertake their long-awaited British comeback tour in October, according to Decca Records. The band officially re-formed last year with the release of their hit album 'Octave', and have since toured the States — but UK dates have so far failed to come together. Now Decca say The Moodies will be headlining seven or eight major concerts here in October. Exact details are still to be finalised, but are likely to include at least two shows at a leading London venue, probably Wembley Arena.

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have decided to postpone their extensive tour planned for August, as they are still negotiating a new recording deal, and they are anxious for the bulk of their dates to coincide with the release of their new album. But they'll go ahead with their August gigs already announced, at London Camden Music Machine (10 and 11) and St. Albans City Hall (18). And they've added a couple of fast-minute warm-up concerts this weekend — at High Wycombe Town Hall (Saturday) and Douglas L.O.M. Palace Lido (Sunday).

GENESIS, who announced at Knebworth last summer that they'd be touring Britain early this year, will not now be playing any dates in 1979. The band are taking a short sabbatical, while the various members engage in individual projects — Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks have virtually complete solo albums, and Phil Collins has started one. (There's also a chance that Collins may play with Peter Gabriel at the Reading Festival on August 26). Genesis will now tour the UK next spring, with their new LP to coincide.

— AND ALEX IS BACK



ALEX HARVEY has formed a new band comprising Matthew Sang (guitar), Simon Chatterton (drums), Don Veller (tenor sax), Tommy Eyre (keyboards) and Gordon Sellers (bass), with whom he plans to go on the road in October — for what will be his first UK tour since disbanding the Sensational Alex Harvey Band in 1977. He has just signed a long-term worldwide deal with RCA Records, and is currently working in the studios with this same line-up. The resulting album will be issued in mid-autumn, coinciding with Harvey's tour comeback.

LEW LEWIS TOURING



LEW LEWIS REFORMER are touring extensively in August to promote their new Stiff album 'Save The Wall' and single 'Win Or Lose'. With many more dates still being finalised, gigs confirmed so far are at Sheffield Limit (August 2), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (3), Retford Porterhouse (4), London Camden Dingwalls (5), Port Talbot Troubadour (9), Stroud Subscription Rooms (10), Hatfield Good Mood Club (11), Dumfries Stagecoach (12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (13), Aberdeen Ruffles (14), Dudley JB's (18), Leeds Florde Green Hotel (19), Bristol Granary (25) and London Marquee (30 and 31).

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

RUSH

NEW BINGLEY HALL
WESTON RD. STAFFORD
FRI/SAT — 21/22 SEPTEMBER AT 7.30

Tickets £4.50 inc. VAT. Available from the following outlets:
London: Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Edwards & Edwards
Birmingham: Cyclops Sounds, Wolverhampton: Sundown Records, Manley,
Tunstall, Newcastle-U-Lyme: Mike Lloyd Record Shops, Stafford: Lotus Records
or The New Bingley Hall
By post from: Straight Music Ltd., 7 Manor Farm, London SW10 0DL. Or available
on night

SUPERWOUND MUSIC STRINGS

Look who's appearing at the
LIVE MUSIC SHOW stand 151

SEE US AT THE
LIVE MUSIC SHOW
OLYMPIA
JULY 27 & 28
STAND 152/153

The name HOHNER on a Blues Harmonica tells you you're buying the ultimate. If you needed any further proof, you only have to look at the world-famous performers who use them, including Lee Brilleau, Johnny Mars, Charlie McCoy and Sonny Terry.

Post the coupon now and we'll send you details of our full range and details of The National Harmonica League.

HOHNER

for Blues Harmonicas

To: M. HOHNER Ltd.
39-45 Coldharbour Lane, London, SE5 9NR

Please send me details of the world's greatest harmonica range — and The National Harmonica League.

Name _____
Address _____

NME 28/7

X HOHNER

HIT AND MISs JUDY

A 12 INCH DAYGLO ORANGE SINGLE
6 INCH PICTURE LABEL IN SPECIAL SLEEVE
FIRST 20,000 AT 7 INCH PRICE OF 96P
OUT NOW ON STIFF RECORDS
\$12 BUY 49

WRECKLESS ERIC

NEWS ROUND-UP

ROCKPILE are showcased in an hour-long Granada-TV documentary titled 'Born Fighters', to be screened on the ITV network on Saturday, September 1. It features the band rehearsing and performing, plus Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe talking about today's music scene.

EDDIE COCHRAN, who has recently been the subject of a spate of record reissues, is now to have a film made about him called 'Born To Rock'. It goes into production in Hollywood at the end of the year, financed by a group of West German investors. Shakin' Stevens is favourite for the star role, although auditions are likely to be held.

PETE YORK launches his new band New York at London Olympia Live Music Show this Saturday. Line-up includes readsman and vocalist Mel Thorpe (who worked with Pete in the Hardin-York group), Roger Munns (keyboards, clarinet, trombone and vocals) and Pete York (percussion). They'll be undertaking a UK tour during the second half of the autumn.

THE BOMBERS, whose recent Flamingo Records single, 'Everybody Get Dancin' was bubbling under the NME Chart, have arrived here for a tour. Gigs include Plymouth Collingwood Club (tonight, Thursday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (Friday), Sheffield Romeo & Juliet (July 30), Southend Talk Of The South (31), Brighton Sherry's (August 1), London Hounslow Red Lion (3), Newcastle Madison's (6), Middlesbrough Madison's (7), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (8), Coventry City Centre (9) and Cleethorpes Bunnies (10 and 11).



TOM WAITS (left) and LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

TOM WAITS stars in his own late-night 50-minutes special on BBC-2 tonight (Thursday). It was filmed at the Television Theatre last month, with backing musicians including Mel Collins, Tim Hinkley and Clem Clempson.

THE REGULARS, whose second CBS single 'That Little Girl' is set for release on August 10, headline a couple of reggae nights at London Kensington Nashville next Monday and Tuesday (30-31). Admission is £1 on the doors only.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON appears as special guest in six of the seven concerts by Ian Dury & The Blockheads at London Hammersmith Odeon next month — on August 5, 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12. He has to miss the August 9 show because of a prior commitment in Belgium. After being out of print for a year, LKJ's book 'Dread Beat And Blood' is re-published this month.

HANK MIZELL, U.S. hit recorder of 'Jungle Rock', tops the bill in a 12-hour show at London Southgate Royalty on Bank Holiday Monday (August 27). Billed as 'Oh Boy — It's Rock 'n' Roll', it also featured Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers, The Shades, Johnny Storm, Mystery Train and The Wild Wax show. Admission is £3.

GILLAN follow their recent three-day London Marquee stint and precede their August 25 Reading Festival appearance by playing another London date — at Camden Music Machine on August 4... and WRITZ are to headline at the same venue tomorrow (Friday).

BOMBHELL are a new group comprising the entire line-up of the second George Hatcher Band, except for Hatcher himself. They can be seen in action at London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle on August 10 and 24, and supporting Budgie at the Music Machine on August 16. More dates are being finalised.

MUD have a series of West Country dates during the coming week, playing Penzance Demelza's (tonight, Thursday), Plymouth Castaways (Friday), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (Saturday), Barnstaple Choquers (Sunday) and Exeter Routes (next Monday).

CHAS & DAVE, already set for Knebworth on August 11, pay a return visit to London Victoria The Venue on August 17. Other new dates for the duo are Worcester Hideaway (July 30), Ilford Kings Club (August 1), Douglas 10M Palace Lido (12) and Stratford The Flamingo (16).

GET THE KNACK AT OUR PRICE



OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	2	IREN YOUNG - FIRST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75	31	*	B B KING - TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
2	1	TUBEWAY ARMY - REPLICAS	5.00	3.75	32	22	TAN GUY - DO IT YOURSELF	4.78	3.53
3	7	DAVE STARRS - GEM	5.30	4.05	33	27	THE WORLD - THE STORY'S BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
4	4	SUPERTRAMP - BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53	34	30	SQUEEZE - COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
5	5	JOHN MITCHELL - MINUS	5.00	3.75	35	31	DIANA ROSS - THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
6	3	E.L.D. - DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24	36	32	STEEL PULSE - TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
7	12	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	3.75	37	36	SUNBATHING - THE SOUND OF SUNBATHING	4.99	3.74
8	9	EARTH WIND AND FIRE - AM	5.29	4.04	38	33	ROXY MUSIC - MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
9	10	BLONDIE - PARALLEL LINES	4.78	3.53	39	35	ROCK LOWE - LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
10	6	QUEEN - LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45	40	34	BURRIS HOLLY - 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04
11	8	WINGS - BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24	41	38	ROCK N' ROLL - RHAPSODY	5.31	4.06
12	11	POLICE - OUTLANDERS	4.78	3.53	42	40	THOM LIZZY - BLACK ROSE	5.30	4.05
13	*	J J CALE - S	5.00	3.75	43	41	GEORGE BENSON - LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
14	37	CHASADERS - STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44	44	39	LANTON KEVIN JOHNSON - FORCES OF VICTORY	5.00	3.75
15	14	DOJANA SUMMER - BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75	45	*	HOT CHOCOLATE - GIVING THROUGH THE MOTIONS	5.29	4.04
16	13	RICKIE LEE JONES	5.00	3.75	46	*	CHARLIE - FIGHT GUTY	5.06	3.81
17	25	SPYRO - GYRA - MOANING DANCE	4.69	3.44	47	42	RABBITES - IT'S ALIVE	5.40	4.15
18	16	DAVE EDWARDS - REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75	48	43	WAK - THE MUSIC BAND	4.99	3.74
19	15	THE KNACK - GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04	49	44	PETER TOSH - MYSTIC MAN	5.69	4.44
20	17	THE WHO - THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54	50	45	LOAD OF THE RINGS - O.S.T.	6.99	5.24
21	29	B.B.S.	5.00	3.75	51	50	ISLEY BROS - WYNNER TAKES ALL	6.99	5.24
22	19	BOB DYLAN - AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99	52	51	THE ROCKETTS - CLEARWATER	4.63	3.38
23	20	SKY	5.25	4.00	53	46	CHICKENES - IN GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
24	21	ABBA - YOU'RE VOICES	5.29	4.04	54	54	HAWKWOOD - PARS	4.99	3.74
25	*	AC/DC - HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75	55	55	PETER DINKlage - WHERE I SHOULD BE	4.78	3.53
26	24	DAVID BOWIE - LODGER	5.49	4.24	56	56	GIBSON BROS - CUBA	5.00	3.75
27	18	MILS LOFGREN - NILS	4.78	3.53	57	28	SISTER SLEDGE - WE ARE FAMILY	5.00	3.75
28	23	ROBERT PALMER - SECRETS	5.00	3.75	58	*	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
29	26	CARS - CANDY O	5.00	3.75	59	58	EMMYLU HARRIS - BLUE KENTUCKY GEM	5.00	3.75
30	*	RY CODDER - GOP THE YOU GROUP	5.00	3.75	60	60	JOE ESAM - OUT OF NOWHERE	4.80	3.55

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS:

Stevie Wonder, Johnatan Rainbow, Alan Parsons, Kinks, Boney M, Yes, Led Zepplin, Chic, Tubeway Army, Angelic Upstarts, Bob Dylan, Cheap Trick, Philo Oyster Cuk, Eddie Cochran, Gato Barbieri, John West, Herman Haged

£1.25 OFF
INCLUDES HIT SINGLE 'MY SHARONA'

£1.25 to £2.50 OFF TOP 60

EXCEPT SOME TV ADVERTISED ALBUMS

137 CHARING CROSS ROAD WC2
TEL: 01-437 1713.

70 NORTH END CROYDON
TEL: 01-681 7107.

151 EDGWARE ROAD W2
TEL: 01-723 1893.

12 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W1
TEL: 01-636 4631.

14 CHASE SIDE SOUTHGATE M14
TEL: 01-882 5566

16 GOLDERS GREEN ROAD NW11
TEL: 01-455 1078.

95 CLARENCE STREET KINGSTON
TEL: 01-546 6353.

100 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET W8
TEL: 01-937 0257.

219A FINCHLEY ROAD NW3
TEL: 01-624 2217.

1 CRANBURN ST LEICESTER SQ WC2
TEL: 01-734 7660.

29 RIVERDALE SHOPPING CENTRE.
LEWISHAM SE14 TEL: 01-318 2297

36 KINGS ROAD CHELSEA SW3
TEL: 01-581 0877

YOU'LL GET IT
CHEAPER
AT OUR
PRICE
RECORDS

IT WAS BOUND to happen sooner or later. It was as inevitable as Enoch's statement on the boat people. The Pretenders couldn't go on pulling in rave reviews ad infinitum. But what a bloody shame it had to happen the very day I was scheduled to meet up with them for the purpose of writing the proverbial 'on-the-road' piece; and in *NME* too.

Such timing and Chrissie Hynde, former *NME* contributor and now vocalist and main songwriter with The Pretenders, renowned for being, well, something of a Cleopatra.

To quote Andy Gill's review: "Without the Telecaster she (that's Chrissie) has all the stage presence of a pudding."

Now that should go down well in Bournemouth tonight.

After reading it WEA Records press officer Dave Walters, who's accompanying me to Bournemouth, also has his misgivings about shaking paws with The Pretenders tonight.

Still, the band have had a good run. With just two singles under their belts and not quite 50 gigs filed for posterity they've been the subject of cover stories and a stash of laudatory reviews.

They haven't been together quite a year and none of the band has any track record to speak of, unless you include Ms Hynde's stint on *NME* and her brief working liaisons with most of Blighty's punk alumni, not one of which led to any records.

To the public at large Chrissie Hynde was very much an unknown quantity when The Pretenders' first single 'Stop Your Sobbing' was released at the beginning of the year.

Knowing Chrissie's obsession with Iggy Pop and her passion for the punk explosion of '76/'77, I had been expecting something a lot less sophisticated. The follow-up, 'Kid' — one of her own songs, on the periphery of the charts at the time of writing — damn near made me stop in my tracks the first time I heard it on the radio.

I was immediately won over by Chrissie's immaculately doleful delivery, and the tender melancholy of the melody. The way she breathed those lyrics had the emotional impact of Ronnie Spector intoning 'Be My Baby'.

This was gorgeous high pop. Investigation of these records' B sides revealed another, tougher dimension to The Pretenders — and to what I now consider to be the formidable talent of Ms Hynde.

All four cuts are classics — that is, the 'Stop Your Sobbing'/'The Wait' single and the 'Kid'/'Tattooed Love Boys' pairing. If the A sides look towards the '60s for inspiration, the B sides look into the future. On 'Tattooed Love Boys' Chrissie's voice has the right degree of tough sexuality for a lyric about women who get mixed up with motor bike merchants.

Only the very best of the new wave singles come close to these pearls.

So it was with some sense of expectation that I found myself in Bournemouth on Wednesday night for my first live encounter.

YOU'LL NOT find much in there, lads," advises the hotel's manager as Dave and I approach the hotel bar / disco. "They've (he means the girls) all gone to The Stateside to see..." He pauses, presumably to take his brain cells for The Pretenders' name, but instead he utters: "Dave Lee Travis, that's who it is."

As it happens the venue The Pretenders are playing is part of the same complex where DLT is spinning his discs.

The disco turns out to be a wretched hothouse of a place, bursting with well-turned-out teenage holiday makers.

Thankfully The Pretenders' area is cooler. The crowd is healthy although hardly packed, and it's a much less well groomed lot.

The band are into their opening salvo, 'The Wait', as we arrive.

On stage Chrissie isn't the high energy, aggressive leather-clad performer I'd been led to believe. Don't get me wrong, she has presence all right, but instead of the motorcycle mama I expected, La Hynde on stage verges on the vulnerable.

Clad in white strides and a top and cap that could have belonged to Willie Carson as he took Troy past



Pix: Pennie Smith

From the top: Martin Chambers, Pete Farndon, James Honeyman-Scott... and Chrissie Hynde.

Is this woman the genuine article?

CHRISSIE HYNDE OF THE PRETENDERS has been described within these very pages as having "all the stage presence of a pudding." STEVE CLARKE disagrees — and falls in love again.

the finishing post in The Derby, her persona is difficult to define.

Her sexuality is neither played up or down; she later tells me that one of her audience figured her for a bloke until she took her hat off, while a musician she worked with in Paris took her for a transvestite... and that was after playing with her for a month!

Her most feminine movement is when she removes her cap to display a tumble of shoulder length hair.

She doesn't move about a great deal, save for an almost vaudeville routine during 'Brass in Pocket', a song with a hook that could give The Pretenders a monster hit even if 'Kid' doesn't make it safely into the higher echelons of the chart.

(This song was almost the follow-up to 'Stop Your Sobbing' but initial sessions didn't work out.)

Otherwise, Chrissie's movements are restricted to stalking the front of the stage, shoulders slightly hunched.

Others have talked of her

'aloofness'. True, she doesn't say much, on stage 'conversation' at Portsmouth being restricted to dedicating 'The Wanderer' to Marc Bolan and 'Tattooed Love Boys' to "black eyes" as well as the odd muttered thank you, but I'd put this down to lack of stage experience.

Repeatedly it's been said that The Pretenders are a unit — not Chrissie Hynde with a back-up band. And once you've seen them live you'll understand why the group have been so emphatic about this point. They are very much a collective, each member of the group a commanding figure in his own right.

Stage left is bassist Pete Farndon, mean looking, gum chewing, and sharply attired, who wouldn't look out of place running a ride on the fairground... Like a John Entwistle or a Bill Wyman, Farndon looks totally disinterested in his bass, but he knows where to put his fingers.

To Chrissie Hynde's right is James Honeyman-Scott, blond and red suited, he looks like he's on loan from Child but he plays like a master

The line-up is completed by drummer Martin Chambers, who in his field is every bit as good as Honeyman-Scott. Playing with the bare minimum of kit, his clout is as cleanly explosive as Simon Kirke's. Occasionally it's difficult to tell the two apart, but the nature of The Pretenders' material allows him to be a trifle more imaginative than the former Free drummer.

Add the awesome quality of the material and it's clear that The Pretenders are every bit as good as their rave reviews have said they are.

They can rock out with the best and deliver melodies so sublime you'd think that a Lennon & McCartney or a Becker & Fagen were involved somewhere along the line. Quite honestly I didn't think Chrissie Hynde had it in her.

Contrary to Andy Gill's impression of the band, I'd say The Pretenders have about as much in common with the '60s as The Beatles had with the '50s.

As individuals, too, The

Pretenders prove likeable.

Loud and American Ms Hynde certainly is — extrovert too — but obnoxious no. When she says: "I'm not in this for any reason, I'm in it 'cause I enjoy it," you know she's not putting you on.

Mind you, she can be pretty volatile.

As someone close to the band has said: "She can be co-operative one minute, difficult the next depending what mood she's in — but overall she's far and away the best female to work with that I've come across."

All three male Pretenders are distinctly likeable dudes in their own separate ways. Honeyman-Scott is probably the most overtly friendly; Farndon and Chambers are quieter — the former's fondness for biker chic thankfully not overspilling too far.

Chambers is an avowed nature lover, entirely down-to-earth and amiable.

THURSDAY MORNING dawns grey and slightly parky. The Pretenders leave their hotel at noon for the hour or so drive to Portsmouth. Decked out in leather strides worn through at the knees and a jacket the colour of a weak raspberry milk shake Chrissie Hynde is having difficulty waking up.

"Do you mind turning the music down?" she whines. "I can't stand listening to music all the time."

Nick Lowe gets the elbow and Bournemouth is left without musical accompaniment. It's not long though before Dave Edmunds is blasting from the cassette machine. These two are particular favourites of Honeyman-Scott.

His tastes are, however, fairly comprehensive, extending to John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John ('You're The One That I Want' was his favourite single last year) and Cliff Richard at one end of the scale to Eric Clapton, Ron Wood, Mick Taylor, Albert Lee, Steve Cropper and Jeff Beck at the other.

He's also rather partial to The Beach Boys.

"I was brought up on The Beach Boys. Keith Levine from Public Image once asked me what I liked. I told him I liked The Beach Boys. He couldn't believe it. He said that's who his dad listens to."

Honeyman-Scott curls up at the collection.

James — like Chambers and Farndon — is a native of Hereford. He's been playing guitar since 12. Prior to The Pretenders he played with Hereford locals The Cheeks, a very much pop orientated band which also featured Chambers and former Mott The Hoople keyboard player Verden Allen.

When Chrissie and Farndon were looking for musicians to join The Pretenders they auditioned Honeyman-Scott — whom Farndon had known since the former was 11 and worked in a music shop in Hereford.

At the time the guitarist was badly strung out on amphetamine: "This band saved me," he says emphatically. "Before I joined The Pretenders I was eight and a half stone. Now I'm ten and a half. I was treated for erosion of the stomach. It really annoys me when people like Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons praise that drug. When I think of how fucked up I was on it..."

"It was pathetic how bad I was I was selling everything. I'd do anything to score a quarter of a gram. In Hereford there was nothing to do except get wasted."

When he first joined The Pretenders he says he felt intimidated by Hynde's personality.

"She was really aggressive and horrible. But I realised that underneath she was cute and lovable. She's mellowed out a lot. I think that's what comes of playing ballrooms."

Since joining The Pretenders James says he's had two offers from people within known bands — but refuses to name names. Of late he's jammed with Eddie And The Hot Rods and joined Paul Jones et al on stage at The Hope And Anchor for their blues nights. "There I get a chance to really stretch out. But I do like guitar solos you can sing along with. George Harrison's playing with The Beatles was always like that."

THE PRETENDERS party stops for lunch-time sustenance at a pub somewhere off the main road. An admirer asks Chrissie

Continues over page

PRETENDERS

■ From previous page

Hynde to sign a £1 note, much to her astonishment. And Martin Chambers gives me the low-down on his background.

Before joining The Pretenders he was working as a driving instructor. Since leaving art school he'd spent most of his time as a not particularly successful professional rock musician and felt he needed a break.

Past affiliations include a stint with Karakorum, a turn of the bus band along the lines of The Jam, and more recently as part of a trio with the Bender, aka the Benders, as well as The Chicks episode with Honeyman-Scott.

His favourite drummers are Simon Kirke, Clive Bunker (Jeffery Tull's original drummer), Mitch Mitchell and Buffin — otherwise Dave Griffin of Mott fame.

Both he and Farnon are in their mid-twenties. Jimmy is 22 and Chrissie herself is 28 on September 7 — "Buddy Holly's birthday," she grins.)

Farnon is another veteran of a Hereford band, Cold River Lady, but The Pretenders are the first time he's played with James and Martin, despite knowing them both for some time.

When he met Chrissie he'd just returned from a year down under playing bass for an Australian folk group called The Bushwackers.

Farnon was expelled from public school when he was 15 (he won a scholarship) and always fostered the dream of being in a successful rock band.

He's quietly confident about The Pretenders' success: "Yeah, the spark's there even though everybody's well into their 20s."

We pile back into the bus and head for Portsmouth.

AFTERNOONS ARE never a good time for interviewing a band on the road, but I doubt if there's ever such a thing as a good time to interview Chrissie Hynde. Her dislike of interviews stems from the fact that she doesn't think she has anything to say ("We're nobodies. It's not like talking to Neil

Young"), that she doesn't consider herself particularly eloquent, that she doesn't want to be singled out from the band and her inside knowledge of the vagaries of the business of journalism.

Nevertheless she agrees to be interviewed — while saying that she thinks it would be a good thing if I talk to "the other guys".

Chrissie hails from Akron, Ohio and came to Britain in the early 70s long before the new wave had given this nest of American industry any kind of music biz credibility.

Her childhood was very pleasant. Her background "very normal". She says: "My parents were very good parents. I didn't rebel against them as a child, but by the time I got to my teenage years I certainly started taking a lot of objection to what I saw — to just about every aspect of society. The brutal way in which people treat each other which goes right across the board."

Her father played the harmonica and she vividly remembers that when she was four years old she wanted to be a singer. "It wasn't something that occurred to me when I was 19 years old. I always sang. Walking down the street or whatever."

During her early teens she, like millions of other young Americans, got into rock 'n' roll (*Gosh — Ed*): "I remember that when I was about 14 the British music explosion happened. That bowled me over 'cause I wasn't very interested in going with boys. I was much more into listening to bands."

Mitch Rider and The Detroit Wheels made an impression when she saw them when she was 14. Amongst all time favourites are Iggy Pop, of course, Jimi Hendrix, Dionne Warwick — and James Brown. "I don't think about the music that much today, that I listen to today, would be what it was without him."

"He was one of the key figures in changing music. Any form of black music would certainly have to tip its hat to James Brown."

Other people she mentions include Mose Allison, Bobby Womack and US garage bands like The Mysterions, The Seeds and Sam The Sham — the latter described as "a garage band Dr

John".

And what about British punk? While, surprisingly she says a lot of the music was "to her liking, and anyway, how could she take it that seriously after listening to Iggy Pop all those years, she vigorously defends the punk scene."

"I get really annoyed when people just put the punk movement down as a passing fad. The only people who did anything in '76 and '77 were punks. Every day I was sitting at home smoking dope with my girlfriends. I got really pissed off with people who discredited it 'cause I know it was valid."

Her continued affection for those days, however, doesn't mean she swallowed the whole deal.

Gobbing, for instance, is strictly out of bounds as far as The Pretenders are concerned.

"To be gobbed at," she opines, "is the ultimate in humiliation."

She doesn't think too much store should be set by the music she's into.

"I don't think that necessarily gives insight into a person. It has to do with where they are and what's available to them."

"The major influence on me was the radio — but I was in a very, very advantageous position, being in the part of the world that I was in. I could lay down at night and put my school books under the bed, and just with my hand on the radio... with the slightest flick of the wrist... you got like... other station, New York, Chicago, New York, Cleveland, or even further."

"That's what I had the opportunity to listen to. But when I was 14 where I was here it's a lot different 'cause you've only got three stations. To most people what's on the radio is all they can get."

"That's why I think it's important to get on the radio. I don't want to compromise though. If I thought it was impossible to get onto the radio and do something that I liked I wouldn't bother with it. I don't mean that 'Stop Your Sobbing' is any less good than 'The Wait' and 'Tattooed Love Boys'. They're different."

CHRISSIE seems to cherish her privacy. She will explain what she's trying to put across in a particular song but refuses to detail

the experience that she drew on to write it. 'Kid' is metaphorically about a parent-child relationship, and about the subtle emotions at work when the parent feels bad about letting the child down.

"I think that parent-child relationship is maybe inherent in any relationship," is all she would say.

"Tattooed Love Boys" has no deep meaning. It's a very light throwaway rock song about me having certain experiences with certain groups of people — and being able to pull back out of it. It's not very heavy. It's a pretty heavy subject matter but it's one that's very common 'cause probably everyone's been slapped on the face a few times."

"I can't imagine going to Question Mark (of And The Mysterions fame) and saying 'What's '96 Tears' about?' Or asking The Seeds what 'You're Pushing Too Hard' was about? They're just songs. They're just stories. It gets a little too much like school when everybody reads a play and has to talk about it. Just read it and that's it."

"That's why I'm so reluctant to explain anything. For one thing it's going to have to go through your interpretation, and I might not be able to explain it very well. I don't want to try to tell you what they're about because what I want about is what they sound like to you."

Does she think there's an affinity between her and Ronnie Spector?

"Ronnie is a marvellous singer. I don't know if there's any similarity there. I certainly hope so. But I'm not inclined towards nostalgia."

"The way I see music is that there's good and there's bad. And that's about as tight as I like to let the classification get. There's just good and bad. It could be Tibetan ritual music. I'd be more inclined to listen to that kind of music in my own home than throw on the latest rock album."

Does she think The Pretenders are as good as most people think they are?

"I'm very critical of what I do. If it weren't for the other guys in the band... If it was me with a back-up band I'd be bewildered. I wouldn't have that much of a focus 'cause I don't think what I do is particularly special."

But is what The Pretenders do special?

"I do think they're an excellent band. I admire everyone in the band musically. I don't take the reviews to heart very much."

So will the band last? "It's funny 'cause I've always jumped from one thing to the other quite a lot. I've moved around a lot. When I get involved with something I get very involved. As soon as it starts getting a little bit tired, as soon as it starts becoming a little less fun... I just seek out whatever seems to be exciting."

"So now I'm involved in this thing which you have to pursue over a number of years. It's hard to imagine myself doing the same thing for a long period of time, but as long as the band excites me I'll be part of it and as soon as it doesn't seem very interesting..."

"I don't want anything out of it, I'm not doing it for a reason. I just like it... so," she shrugs.

WEHAVE to drink. Even we'd inevitably end about rock writing.

She's of the opinion that rock journalism should be an art: "It's like playing in a band or making dress. If you do it well..."

She dislikes the line that poses "All rock writers are frustrated musicians", even if she could be taken as proof of that very syndrome.

"It's ridiculous to denigrate the music press. For a kid who's getting through his teenage years reading the press is probably just about as exciting as... I mean, waiting for Thursday to come so you can go out and buy the papers. It's a real big deal."

Did she find it difficult interviewing people?

"Oh yeah," she says emphatically. "I never knew what to ask them. I didn't like to talk to people about the music they made 'cause I understand that it's very difficult to talk about. I would try to get more into their personality 'cause I think if you can get a picture of someone's personality that's reflected in the music."

How would she describe the personalities of the people in the band?

■ Continues page 49

NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE NOW LIMITED EDITION 12" CHS 12 2349
7" IN A PICTURE SLEEVE CHS 2349 BUY IT NOW!

PAM NESTOR

HIDING
AND
SEEKING
(NO MORE)



WARNING

DO NOT BUY THIS RECORD



IT SHOULD BE FREE

"A REAL GIVE-AWAY" is a special limited edition single featuring tracks from **ALBERT LEE'S** acclaimed debut album **"Hiding"** and **BRYN HAWORTH'S** stunning new album **"Keep The Ball Rolling."**

It is AVAILABLE FREE from all branches of OUR PRICE, HMV, VIRGIN and selected independent record stores.

If you like what you hear, just return to the same store and buy either album at a discount.

NOW YOU REALLY CAN TRY ONE BEFORE YOU BUY ONE!

HARVEY GOLDSMITH BY ARRANGEMENT WITH TRINIFOLD LTD PRESENTS



The 1 who

AND FRIENDS
ROAR IN!

with Special Guests (In alphabetical order)

AC/DC

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM:

BIRMINGHAM

Cyclops Sounds
8 Piccadilly Arcade New Street
Birmingham Tel: 021-643 2196

BRISTOL

Virgin Records 12/14 Merchant Street
Bristol Tel: 0272 290499
Hippodrome Box Office St. Augustine's Parade
Bristol 0272 299444

CROYDON

Virgin Records Suffolk House 12a George Street
Croydon Tel: 01-686 3566
Fairfield Halls Box Office Park Lane
Croydon 01-688 9291

LEICESTER

De Montfort Hall Box Office
Town Hall Town Hall Square
Leicester Tel: 0533 27632

MANCHESTER

Piccadilly Records Piccadilly Plaza 9 Parker Street
Manchester Tel: 061-236 2555
Apollo Theatre Box Office Ardwick Green
Manchester Tel: 061-273 1112

SHEFFIELD

Wilson Peck 64/70 Leopold Street
Sheffield Tel: 0742 24123

SOUTHAMPTON

Virgin Records 16 Bargate Street
Southampton Tel: 0703 34961
Gaumont Box Office Southampton 0703 29772

SWANSEA

Virgin Records 34 Union Street
Swansea Tel: 0792 51499
Holts Hi-Fi 8 Portland Street
Swansea 0792 41032

WEMBLEY STADIUM

**SATURDAY 18th AUGUST Gates
open 2pm - Concert ends 10pm
Tickets £8 inc. VAT in advance**

Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at **Chappells**, 50 New Bond Street,
London W1. 01-629 3453, the **Wembley Box Office**, Wembley,
Middx. 01-902 1234. **Virgin Records**, 14/16 Oxford Street,
London W1, **Rainbow Theatre Box Office**, Finsbury Park, London N4.
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1
and all branches of **Harlequin Records** throughout London

**FOR FULL DETAILS RING BROOK STREET BUREAU
'WHO' INFORMATION SERVICE ON 01-549 6166**

BROOK STREET

Licensed bars inside the Stadium Full parking facilities
Tickets should be bought at face value - don't pay more!

**LIGHT HEAD WATERMARK
SHOWS AUTHENTICITY**

NEWCASTLE

Virgin Records
Eldon Square
Newcastle
Tel: 0632 612795

GLASGOW

Apollo Theatre Box Office
Glasgow
Tel: 041 332 9221

EDINBURGH

Odeon Box Office
Clerk Street
Edinburgh
Tel: 031 667 3805

**NILS LOFGREN
THE STRANGLERS**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM:

BRIGHTON

Virgin Records 5 Queen Street
Brighton Tel: 0273 28167

CARDIFF

Virgin Records 6/7 Duke Street
Cardiff Tel: 0222 390418
Sound Advice 6/8/10 Castle Arcade
Cardiff 0222 390356

LEEDS

Virgin Records 145 The Briggate
Leeds Tel: 0532 449791
Barkers 91 Headrow
Leeds 0532 33099

LIVERPOOL

Virgin Records 169 Market Way St. John's Centre
Liverpool Tel: 051-708 0366
Empire Theatre Box Office Lime Street
Liverpool 051 709 2548/1555

OXFORD

New Theatre Box Office George Street
Oxford Tel: 0865 44544

PORTSMOUTH

October Records 14 Fratton Road
Portsmouth Tel: 0705 26900

STOKE

Mike Lloyd Music Shops at:
23 High Street, Newcastle under Lyme
Tel: 0782 610940

15 Percy Street
Hanley Tel: 0782 24641

109 High Street
Tunstall Tel: 0782 84660

Lotus Records
40 Mill Street
Stafford Tel: 0785 48240

THRILLS

THE PALLENBERG AFFAIR

Rock 'n' Roll Suicide??

A 17-YEAR-OLD youth allegedly committed suicide in the home of Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards late Friday night, according to state police in Somers, New York.

The youth, Scott Cantrell from Norwalk, Connecticut, was found dead in the master bedroom of Richards' Lewisboro New York home in affluent West Chester County, after he apparently shot himself in the head with a 38 calibre revolver.

Present at the time of the suicide was Richards' common law wife, 37-year-old Anita Pallenberg, her nine-year-old son Marlon, and a friend, Jeff Sessler. Richards, who only recently got off for heroin possession in Canada, was in Paris.

Detective Douglas Lamana of the New York state police told *Thrills* that there is no doubt that Cantrell's death was a suicide. "It was a contact wound," he said. "Judging from the bullet's angle of entry, it was clearly self-inflicted."

According to Lamana, Pallenberg was cleaning the master bedroom while Cantrell was lying on the bed playing with the gun. When her back was turned, the gun fired. She looked around to see Cantrell lying on his back with blood pouring out of a gunshot wound in his head. Immediately she rolled him over on his stomach to prevent him from choking on blood that was coming out of his mouth.

Sessler, who was downstairs watching television with Pallenberg's son, called the police who arrived shortly after at 10.30 pm with an ambulance.

Police said that Pallenberg was in the bedroom with Cantrell when they arrived and was noticeably distressed by what had happened. They added that there was nothing extraordinary about the suicide and there was no indication that there was any "flout play".

Cantrell was rushed to Northern West Chester County hospital where he was pronounced dead at 12.30 am.

POLICE DESCRIBED Cantrell as 5ft 5in and very good looking. He was born on July 2, 1962 in Greenwich, Connecticut. A high-school drop-out, he was employed as an oil burner service technician.

Cantrell met Pallenberg a year ago through mutual friends. He often stayed at the Richards house, either performing odd jobs or simply "hanging out," said Lamana, who was careful to point out that he did not live there.

According to Patricia Carman, Cantrell's older sister, he met Pallenberg at a TV show and soon after the two started seeing each other, although she was not sure how much.

A few weeks before the suicide, Pallenberg asked Cantrell to stay at her home and work for her.

The details of Cantrell's relationship with Pallenberg are not certain but members of Cantrell's family said that he was clearly a friend of Pallenberg's not Richards'.

According to Carman,

Pallenberg had once told Cantrell that she loved him. "Scott was totally swept off his feet by Pallenberg, who was over twice his age. She only wanted him for his body. He was under her spell."

Cantrell's family are not convinced that his death was a suicide. Carman said that her brother was very stable and had no reason to shoot himself. She thought it was very peculiar the way that Pallenberg notified Cantrell's family, calling his father who was vacationing in Florida but refusing to call Cantrell's brother who lived only 15 minutes away.

Patricia Carman was particularly perturbed with Pallenberg's testimony to the police which painted Cantrell as a drifter. He loved and was very close to his family, she said, and although he was often away he was welcome to come home at any time.

The 38 calibre pistol that Cantrell allegedly used to shoot himself and a 45 colt pistol were confiscated by police in the Richards home. It was later found that the 38 was stolen from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on May 25, 1978.

Pallenberg was arrested on two counts of possession of a stolen weapon and her Italian passport was seized by police. She was released on Saturday morning on \$500 bond.

Meanwhile Richards' South Salem home was being emptied of its contents by Sessler. "I had the word today — 'Move out all the guitars' — and that means only one thing. It's the end of life here."

New York State police are still investigating the alleged suicide but the dead youth's mother was adamant that "This is not an open and shut



Keith 'n' Anita at Performance premiere.

"He was under her spell" says dead boy's sister

case. We are determined to try to make sure the whole story comes out."

The Cantrell family are going ahead with their plans to hire a lawyer to investigate what they call "many unanswered questions" but it seemed likely at press time that police enquiries would result in a verdict of "death by misadventure".

Richards himself is in Paris at present recording with The Rolling Stones. He was unavailable for comment. It may be remembered that on June 26, 1973, however, Richards, Pallenberg and Prince Jean Stanislas Klossowski were arrested by drug squad officers in a raid on the guitarist's Chayene Walk, Chelsea home. Aside from the now familiar possession of narcotics police

also took away a revolver, a shot gun and 110 rounds of ammunition, for which Richards had no certificate. He was fined £205 and Pallenberg was conditionally discharged.

While police claim that there was nothing extraordinary in Cantrell's death, the more cynically inclined might find the idea of someone lying in bed playing with a loaded gun just a trifle bizarre.

Or even gruesome? In the Nick Roeg directed film *Performance* the fading rock star Turner, played by Mick Jagger, is shot in the head by James Fox while he lies in bed.

The other occupant of the bed? Anita Pallenberg. **JEFF HAYS**

THRILLS

CONSERVATION NEWS

Ancient Zeppelin unearthed in Berkshire

WITH THE stage doors locked and Strictly No Admittance signs on prominent display, Led Zeppelin weren't taking chances. We were not going to get a preview of the new light show they were rehearsing for Knebworth.

For two days they had booked the main set at Bray Studios, located beside the Thames in rural Berkshire. Bray Studios grew up on Hammer horror B-movies and Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's *Space 1999*, and has been recently used for the shooting of special effects for sci-fi film *The Alien*.

However, to house rock bands of Zap's magnitude was a departure, extra security notwithstanding *Thrills* decided to mosey along...

With fate on our side, we arrived at the studios. Photographer Chris Forsey tugged at my sleeve. It was a Don't Look Now But We've Just Pulled Up In Front Of Messrs Plant And Page sort of tug.

We bounded over to their car. Robert Plant, now 30, soft-spoken and friendly in a bright yellow T-shirt, fairly straight army-green trousers and plimsols, looked extremely healthy and refreshed. Considering the group have not played live since 1977 perhaps this was to be expected.

It was half past three and he's just got up.

Zeppelin were in Bray to experiment with new lighting ideas for Knebworth. But why Bray?

"Well, it's just a nice big room where we can fit all our equipment in," answered Plant.

"We only play when we



The 'new look' Robert Plant. Pic: Chris Forsey.

want to. The group don't see much of each other socially so it has created a catalyst now we are back together. Zep has been going for eleven years but I still need to go on stage and play."

Then why haven't you played in England since the Earle Court days in '75? Plant shrugged.

I pointed out that since their last British performance a musical revolution had taken place. Punk set out to destroy the barriers created by supergroups who would only deign to play a couple of concerts a decade for their fans. But Plant doesn't see any competition.

"Something had to happen while we were resting," he cracked. "People may think we are conventional now. But we are still a law unto ourselves."

The set at Knebworth will contain old standards, according to Robert, because fans won't know the new numbers.

Or haven't Zep learnt them yet? After all, they've only had three years...

JIM TAYLOR

THRILLS

DIRTY HARRY THROWS DOWN THE GAUNTLET FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE

Will the real Clint please stand up?

IN THE week that *A Fistful Of Dollars* kicked off a series of his spaghetti epics on British TV, it emerged that Clint Eastwood is considering taking legal action against the young reggae singer of the same name, known to his mum as Robert Brammer, and younger brother of top toaster Tinnity.

In the short term, this would appear to threaten the Jamaican Eastwood's forthcoming British dates, but Chris Robinson of the Pande Agency is confident they'll go ahead as planned.

Yet the threat of injunctions against Pande, Veldene Records (owners of Brammer's current label, Jamaica Sound), CBS (distributors) and the singer himself — not to mention previous labels and agencies — remains.

First word came via Robert Patterson, a London-based promoter specialising in acts of the Neil Diamond ilk, who — according to Robinson — contacted the venues concerned and advised them to call off the gigs.

However, Boss Goodman at Dingwalls knew of no such approach, while the 100 Club's Nanda Leslie found the whole thing pretty hilarious.



"Play Misty for me..."

commenting: "We've heard nothing; somebody's spreading a lot of rumours around. We were told that as long as you put 'Clint Eastwood — Jamaican Star' or something, it's alright. The American Clint Eastwood has lots of money, so I suppose he can get his own way."

Russell James of Veldene

begs to differ. "Whilst not ignoring it, we find it hard to believe the guy can do anything about it. As far as we're concerned, the Clint Eastwood has to prove that the reggae Clint Eastwood is preventing him getting work. They're both in the entertainment industry, but in completely different fields."



"You hum it and I'll toast along."

Far from issuing veiled threats, Patterson claims merely to have conducted a fact-finding exercise for an old pal.

"Clint's a good friend of mine," he said stiffly. "We had dinner the other day and he said 'Can you find about this for me?' and I said 'Why' —

Continues over

The Lone Groover



Benyon

CLINT x2

From previous page

not?", as a favour — it was easier for me, being in the music business."

But since his namesake has been performing for some two years, why was the Hollywood macho merchant only now taking action?

"He hadn't heard of the group (sic) before. How did you hear of this anyway?" asked Patterson, drawing himself up to his full height. (This has been a videophone interview). "The record company is probably trying to get some publicity out of it, which is ridiculous."

Though possibly not as ridiculous as a showbiz elephant (speaking figuratively, Clint, honest) bringing the might of the law to bear on a flea astride its back, I put it to Steve Kenis, Eastwood's UK agent, that an obscure reggae singer can hardly harm the former *Rawhide* star.

"I remember when Barbra Streisand was an obscure New York singer. Both men are in the entertainment business and we feel it's better that there should be only one Clint Eastwood, in order to avoid confusion. My client has been well known for years and his name has meaning and stature."

Legals are not yet in motion: "We are asking him (Brammar) to cease and desist. Whether we take any action regarding his tour depends on his attitude. Obviously it's been advertised, so if he agreed to drop the name after these concerts, that would probably be alright."

The Clint Eastwood appearing at your local niterie is unlikely to feature excerpts from *Paint Your Wagon*. You have been warned.

HARRY GEORGE

TARROCCS

Gary goes with a grouse

LIZZY'S U.S. JINX
By Chris Salewicz

HAS THE SPIRIT of Henry Ford placed a hex on anyone but his own motor car company using the name of Thin Lizzy in the USA? Are the energies emanating from Lizzy the rock band and America the nation totally incompatible?

June 1976: Thin Lizzy break through in the States for the first time ever with 'The Boys Are Back In Town'. The single is at No 6, the album from which it is taken, 'Jailbreak', is at 11. The band are in the middle of an American tour. Then Phil Lynott catches hepatitis from using a girl's toothbrush in Los Angeles and the tour is abandoned when he's flown home to England.

December 1976: Lizzy are due to tour the States, filling in on the areas on which they missed out when the previous tour was cancelled. The 'Johnny The Fox' LP is released and climbs the US album charts, pursued by assorted bullets. The night before the band are due to fly out from London guitarist Brian Robertson goes to the aid of fellow Scotsman Frankie Miller in a brawl in the Speakeasy club and cuts his hand so badly he is unable to play for months. The tour is cancelled. The album drops.

Summer 1978: Another US tour. Shortly before the band are about to leave for the

States drummer Brian Downey, weighed down by "Personal problems", declares himself unable to make the trip. US session percussionist Mark Nauseef departs for US and subsequent Australian tour.

July 1979: The current Thin Lizzy US tour. Gary Moore, who replaced Brian Robertson when the ego problems between the Glaswegian and Phil Lynott made it no longer possible for the pair to work together, decides when the limo calls round for him that he can't make it to the gig in Los Angeles. Lizzy are obliged to play one of the most major dates on their tour as a three-piece. Moore is sacked.

A SPORADIC working relationship between Phil Lynott and Gary Moore can be traced back for at least a decade to the late '60s when Lynott was the vocalist and Belfast-born Moore the guitarist in Dublin-based blues band Skid Row. Shortly after, Lynott left to form Thin Lizzy with Brian Downey and Eric Bell and Skid Row crossed the Irish Sea to England where their first album was a Top Ten hit.

When Eric Bell experienced something of an onstage breakdown caused by the horrors he saw when the band returned to his home-town of Belfast on New Year's Eve 1973, Gary Moore was the logical substitute. Moore only remained with Lizzy however



Lynott and Moore: the best of enemies. Pic: Chalkie Davies.

for four months, quitting in April 1974 after the 'Little Darling' single was released. "If I go into something," Moore has said of that time, "I really burn it out. When I got into Lizzy I thought, 'This is fantastic'. I got totally into it and at the end had almost destroyed myself. That was a very bad period of my life, towards the end."

This was also a very bad period for the whole Lizzy operation. Moore's departure from the then three-piece band came on the eve of a

tour, the cancellation of which nearly bankrupted the outfit. Gary Moore then joined Colosseum. "I wanted to play with some of the more respectable musicians in England. I needed to discipline myself, to find out if I could do it."

In January '77, however, during a halt in Colosseum's activities Moore depped for Brian Robertson on the rescheduled US tour that had originally been postponed by Robertson damaging his hand.

Though it was widely rumoured that Moore would stay with the band at the end of the tour he returned instead to Colosseum. Indeed, it wasn't until August of last year that Brian Robertson was finally replaced by Gary Moore.

Roughly coinciding with his re-joining Lizzy and immediately going onto a 25 per cent cut, according to Lizzy management! Gary Moore also inked a solo deal with MCA Records that has so far resulted in one album, 'Back On The Streets', and a hit single, 'Parisienne Walkways'. It is perhaps worth noting, however, that the composer's credit on 'Walkways' reads 'Lynott'.

On Radio One's *Rock On* magazine programme last Saturday Moore, sounding a little too glib at times, gave his reasons for quitting Lizzy. He was angered at reports that he's been sacked from the band and that he'd always played as a second guitarist to Scott Gorham's lead.

"I've never been sacked from any band," he said. "I left Thin Lizzy about two weeks ago. It is true that I failed to turn up for a gig. I was very, very upset with the way things had been going at the time. There were a lot of personal problems between Phil and myself. I didn't feel that he was performing up to the standard that the band deserved and I felt there were a lot of things wrong with his tuning onstage plus personal things that I really don't want to go into."

"The reason that they're saying I'm fired is because they're so annoyed that I walked out in the middle of a tour."

But you and Phil, said the Radio One interviewer, have always been such close mates...

"The thing between Phil and I is just very intense. It's either

Continues page 14

EVERYTHING THE GOONS
THINK ABOUT BARCLAYS IS
NOW ON RECORD.

We know how much you've enjoyed 'The Goons' radio commercials for Barclays Bank.

We also know how little you've been able to hear each of them. So we've brought out a special record featuring all eleven. It's yours for the price of an envelope and stamp.† Which is a very silly price for a very silly record. †While stocks last.

BARCLAYS

Please send me my free copy of your radio commercials and planning to start work/college*
I am leaving school and planning to start work/college
I am already at work/college
*Delete as applicable and as well as the record, we'll send you a useful booklet about banking with Barclays.

NAME Mr/Ms/Miss _____
ADDRESS _____
Post to John Lawson, Barclays Bank Ltd.,
Juxon House, 94 St. Paul's Churchyard,
London EC4A 6HF.
Please allow 21 days for delivery.

THE LAST DAYS OF TRB

S O. FAREWELL then, TRB. For the time being anyway.

Last week it was that the shock-horror news was unleashed upon a shocked, horrified world: Tom Robinson's men had called it a collective day. Henceforth would they stride out to meet their separate destinies, separately.

And for why? The cause being cited isn't so much "musical differences" as a general consensus that TRB had lost that *je ne sais quoi*, was somehow minus that certain spark.

"I haven't been excited for a long time," confessed Danny Kustow, guitarist and TRB co-founder. "And that's what I want, to be excited on stage by what I'm playing."

"I don't think it was ever the same after Mark left," (Mark Ambler, the original keyboards player) "It didn't seem to be the TRB. The founder members, the original group started breaking up. And Dolphin went" (Dolphin Taylor, TRB's former drummer) "and once he went it definitely wasn't TRB any more."

Danny Kustow
confides in
Thrills on his
departure from
The Tom
Robinson Band

But the split?

"It was a group decision. We thought we'd take it as far as it would go and that's it. We want to go our own ways. I'd like to play with a lot of people, so it's the best thing really."

"It was amazing playing with Tom. But the time had come to move on."

And Danny, although notoriously just a little more talkative than your average brick wall, went on to describe for *Thrills* his current preoccupation: a loose association known enigmatically as The Jimmy Norton Explosion (not, alas, as "The Jimmy Norton Experience" as previously reported).

Now in rehearsal, and chancing the odd gig, the group comprises Kustow with

Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Steve New, plus the erstwhile Slit drummer Budgie.

"We're just going to see how it goes, really. There isn't anyone called Jimmy Norton. I think it's a really great name, don't you think so?"

Um, pass. But what're Tom and the other guys going to do? "Tom's writing some stuff. He's got a whole backlog of songs which he's never had a chance to play" — a facet indicated in his recent series of solo shows and by his release of a single, sans TRB, in 'I'll Never Fall In Love' (Again!).

"Charlie Morgan the drummer and Ian Parker are both going to do some session work. Ian's writing, he's going to get his own band together."

Robinson himself had come to regard TRB as "no longer a challenging or risky venture... after 2½ years it's become a bit tame and predictable."

Some new manifestation of TRB seems likely in the long term, in the meantime Tom gets on with completion of a new album.

PAUL DU NOYER

TARROCCS



Kustow and Robinson in typical happy-together pose. Pic: Chris I. Urra

Preparing the world for Bunnybeat

LIVERPOOL, ONE July night: cheering crowds and flag-waving children, an impassable mass that packs the city's centre: all pipes and drums and police-leave-cancelled, the muggy air thick with beer-breath and jubilation.

Tonight Echo And The Bunnymen play their eighth gig.

Okay, so it also happens to be the day of the annual Orange Lodge parade but, courtesy of a whole clutch of innovative and enterprising people, there is a lot happening on Merseyside that really is worth celebrating.

Like the local independent Zoo label, and its recent release of 'The Pictures On My Wall' / 'Read It In Books' — the attractive 'n' intriguing debut from one band in the forefront of current activity in the town, namely those above-mentioned Bunnymen.

And while there's a general denial of any common sound or of any unifying features save for a penchant for ridiculous names, it's difficult not to be struck by the cohesiveness of the scene just now. I arrived at our appointed rendezvous, Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, to

find the Bunnymen's gear being set up by two of Those Naughty Lumps, overseen by one Moderate.

Enter, with a crash and an apology, Zoo's co-supremo Bill Drummond, endeavouring to carry an amp and shake hands at the same time.

Scottish, likeable, tall and gangling like a pre-lobotomy Basil Fawcett, Bill Drummond can seem wide-eyed, almost blunderingly honest; I suspect he actually talks more sense than any of his shrewd London counterparts.

And after Bill, in single file, walk another three amplifiers, a Bunnymen just discernible beneath each. There's singer Ian McCulloch, guitarist Will Sergeant and bass-player Les Pattinson. The group's fourth member is a drum-machine, but we weren't introduced.

Les is fair-haired, polite, builds boats. Will works as a cook; I didn't ask him but he tells me his favourite film-star is Donald Pleasance. Ian McCulloch is a pair of huge eyes and an elaborate quiff, presently on the dole; when rich and famous he would like to buy France.

The collective Bunnymen ethos is a simple one, as Les explains: "It just flows out. It's the way we come out with things. It seems to be different to what other people are doing."

Like using a drum-machine? "Er, that's 'cos we've never found a drummer. They're always either drunk or not reliable enough."

And Ian goes further: "There's this thing between us, we do think that, like, We Are Bunnymen and another member, a drummer, might not be a Bunnymen."

"It's out of necessity rather than choice. It's nothing to do with the



From left: Les Pattinson, Ian McCulloch, Will Sergeant. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

'cold wave' or anything like that."

Fine, but what's with all this Bunnymen business? "It's meant to mean, like, nothing," says Les.

Ian: "Why is the name Echo And The Bunnymen so much funnier than, say, Slaughter And The Dogs? It wasn't us who thought of the name, it was just suggested to us by some idiot. I like it because people are confused by it. It's like a piss-take of ourselves, y'know — 'don't try and act too serious', kinda thing."

And the apparent Liverpool upsurge?

"There are a few bands that are good... but there's really no more of a Liverpool upsurge than a Wakefield upsurge."

And Will: "What we hate is anything to do with 'Merseybeat'. That just ruins everything... I hate The Beatles!"

Not that Fab Four comparisons look very likely where Echo And The Bunnymen are concerned. On stage they were subdued but never overtly self-conscious. Although hampered, I felt, by lack of live experience and the absence of that flexibility and

responsiveness which a human drummer might give, they're nevertheless an outfit whose development I'll follow with interest.

Scheduled for September is a follow-up called 'Happy Death-Men'. "I saw an advert in TV Times," Will explains, "an advert for the Army, this fella at a passing-out parade, y'know — happy death man."

"He probably got his knee caps shot off the next day."

PAUL DU NOYER

ERRATA

Stone was found in milk bottle

C'mon out with your hands up Keef — we can all see you. Spotted by Geoff Brown, Lichfield, Staffs.

PATTI SMITH GROUP

Dancing Barefoot

The New Single ARIST 281 *

Taken from the Album 'WAVE' SPART 1086

5/6

Special B Side

5-4-3-2-1

Recorded Live in New York 23.5.79

Produced by Todd Rundgren *

ARISTA



HIPPIES IN HOLLYWOOD

— or, has Milos Forman flown right into the cuckoo's nest?

"I THINK the basic idea or philosophy of the piece is timeless. Any time some institution — the Army, the family, the government or the school — is trying to discipline the young people in a cause of something they don't believe in, you have *Hair* or something else."

"I think the risk is not to be on or off time; the risk is to have good or bad film. If you have bad film, then you are either too late or too early. If you have a good one, it doesn't matter."

Milos (pronounced Meelosh) Forman is sitting in the Upper Bar of the

Inter-Continental Hotel, Hyde Park corner, puffing a cigar, looking serious from behind heavy-framed glasses, and talking reluctantly in heavily accented American.

Hair is only the third movie he's made since emigrating from Czechoslovakia to Hollywood (discounting his work with seven other directors on *Visions of Eight*, a documentary of the Munich Olympics).

In 1971 came *Taking Off*, a wry examination of middle American mores, followed in 1976 by *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, a movie monster that swept all the major Academy Awards for the first time in Oscar's 42-year history, and established Forman as a

leading director.

A film craftsman who sees the United States through the eyes of a European immigrant, he recently became an American citizen and was named head of the film department at Columbia University in New York.

"I wanted to make *Hair* since I saw it first time in its very first off-Broadway public preview in fall 1967," he reveals. "I loved it — especially the music, because my English was very poor then. I didn't understand the words at all."

"But it was not up to me to decide when the film will be made because the moment the show became an enormously successful hit, it suddenly had so many legal



Hair director
Milos Forman, movie
maker in Czechoslovakia

parents — lawyers, agents, managers — that to put them together at one table and

untangle the film rights is probably more difficult than the peace between Sadat and Begin.

"It was totally impossible very naive. I wanted to do *Hair* as a very raw, almost documentary-type of small film, which might be interesting, but definitely not welcomed by the people who had the money and the rights. They knew they had a big budget film on their hands with such a big success on the stage."

So they've shot for the box office bucks. Forman has taken the stage show and exploded, expanded and explored it to produce a succession of sharp images backed by crisp music.

"It was clear to me that you can't just photograph the show because it was so genuinely and ingeniously theatrical. It was fragmented like a kaleidoscope. It was in many, many moments paying dues to what was happening in the United States. Also, film must concentrate more carefully on the plotline and the story than the stage..."

His films take a long time because he works on them hard. He interviewed more than 1,000 actors for *Hair* and spent six months editing. The movie was shot almost exclusively on location, which Forman prefers "because it's a lot of time and energy you

spend in the studio to invent nature. You save when you just find it in nature."

As it happens, the only studio scene is also one of the movie's highlights, which comes when Claude (John Savage) takes acid and hallucinates a bizarre church wedding.

"I was sort of aware or afraid of the danger to repeat the psychedelic phantasmagoria in the LSD trip sequence, mainly because I don't think it's true really. I never took LSD myself — I never took any hard drugs (sic) — but, like I guess everybody, I smoked some grass and these kind of things and I experienced my fantasy."

"My hallucinations were very real, very concrete, and dealt with things from my past coming back to me. Flashes from my very recent past with nightmares like flying and falling and fires. So I tried to put that in Claude's LSD trip..."

The producers of *Superman* had endless problems with their flying effects, yet in that scene Forman seems to have perfected the art. How?

"It's wires — but a very perfect rig developed by an Englishman who works in the US," he explains. "It's like a very perfected puppet theatre. You can turn the body whichever direction you want and the body has total freedom of movement. You don't feel the pulling force and you can't see the wires."

Changing tack, do you see a relationship between the Vietnam theme in *Hair* and films like *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home*?

"Well, I think what's common is the need to talk about this period. I think it's very good that all these films are talking about this event from different points of view, different styles with different attitudes. It was a dramatic period in American history and art is always attracted by the dramas."

Forman has swapped the ideological pressure and monopolistic structure of the Czech film industry for the commercial pressure and variety of Hollywood. He admits that as soon as he finishes a film he likes to start work on another one "out of boredom. It gives me a little more energy and drive." He's currently working on the script for *Regtime*, based on the novel by E. L. Doctorow, for producer Dino de Laurentiis.

DICK TRACY

THROTTLES



SECRETS
C/W BRAIN BOMB

THE NEW SINGLE FROM
**PUNISHMENT
OF LUXURY**

ISSUED IN SPECIAL "SECRET" PICTURE BAG

LA
UP 36537

LIZZY

■ From page 12

very, very hot between us or it's not so hot. I got very hurt about some of the things I heard like, 'Scott has always been the lead guitarist in Thin Lizzy'. That's just crazy. We actually had to drop the title track of the new Lizzy album, 'Black Rose', because Scott couldn't play it live.

What about the fans? enquired the BBC man.

"I'm very sorry for the fans, but as a musician I have certain standards to keep up and there was no way I could have gone on with what I was hearing next to me onstage. I think that the people who pay to see a band deserve higher quality music than they were getting."

Strong, forthright stuff from Gary, eh? A bit tough on Scott Gorham — whose comments on Moore earlier in the year were a little more brotherly: "I was a little apprehensive when Gary joined because I thought, 'This guy's gonna leave me in the dust'. But it's turned out that he's turned me into a better guitar player. And now I can even show him things too."

In fact, surely Gary's a bit tough on the whole band when he is so dismissive of their live sound. To anyone who has lent an ear to the

'Live And Dangerous' LP, generally regarded as one of the best live albums ever, this must sound most strange.

Thin Lizzy co-manager Chris Morrison spells out a slightly different story.

After Lizzy had played one of Bill Graham's "Day On The Green" mini-festivals at Oakland Coliseum in Northern California, Moore said he wanted to fly down to LA to see his girl-friend. It was agreed that the guitarist would rejoin the band the following day in Reno.

Morrison's partner Chris O'Donnell then received a call from Moore telling him he was feeling weirded out and didn't think he could make the Reno gig. Having agreed to meet and talk when they returned to Los Angeles for the following date, Lizzy played Reno as a three-piece.

Once back in LA a group meeting with Moore took place. At first Moore told them roughly what he told the Radio One interviewer: that he didn't like the band or the band's music and didn't think they were being creative.

Before their LA date Lizzy had four days off. Phil Lynott offered to help Moore out with his next solo album and stayed up for the next couple of nights in the studio.

Moore had already told the rest of Lizzy that he was

■ Continues page 17

WHAT HAVE THE FOLLOWING RECORDS IN COMMON?

C'MON EVERYBODY/SEX PISTOLS
SOMETHIN' ELSE/SEX PISTOLS — SUMMERTIME BLUES/THE WHO
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN/SHOWADDYWADDY

THEY WERE ALL WRITTEN AND ORIGINALLY RECORDED BY ONE MAN....

Eddie Cochran

SIDE 1

C'MON EVERYBODY
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN
CUT ACROSS SHORTY
JEANIE JEANIE JEANIE
TWENTY FLIGHT ROCK
WEEKEND
SITTIN' IN THE BALCONY
HALLELUJAH I LOVE HER SO
LONELY
SWEETIE PIE



SIDE 2

SUMMERTIME BLUES
SOMETHIN' ELSE
MY WAY
THREE STARS
DRIVE IN SHOW
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
SKINNY JIM
COMPLETELY SWEET
ROCK 'N ROLL BLUES
CHERISHED MEMORIES

**EDDIE COCHRAN'S 20 GREATEST RECORDINGS TOGETHER FOR
THE VERY FIRST TIME ON ONE ALBUM**

AVAILABLE ON U.A. ALBUM UAK 30244
 ALSO ON CASSETTE TCK 30244



UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

**EACH ALBUM CONTAINS
FULL COLOUR POSTER**

**CONTAINS FREE LIMITED EDITION SINGLE
THINK OF ME CW PRETTY GIRL
VERSIONS PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED IN U.K.**



A few pronouncements on Judie Tzuke

"The best British female vocalist to appear on the scene in years."

Tommy Vance

"A major talent. Every track on her album is a diamond and I cannot praise her too highly. One of the finest albums of the year."

Simon Bates

"The best female singer to emerge in many years."

Andy Peebles

"WELCOME

TO THE CRUISE"

Album TRAIN 7

Cassette SHUNT 7

"STAY WITH ME
TILL DAWN"

Single XPRES 17



Judie Tzuke
(Tzōök)

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



marketed by
phonogram



BLACKMAIL CORNER

IT CANNOT be too heavily emphasised that none of the effortlessly cool elitists who throng the *Thrills* desk have any significant prejudice whatsoever against hippies. Indeed, some of the older ones may even have been hippies themselves, and certainly only for the best and most valid of reasons.

Therefore, it is in no spirit of either censure or mockery that we disinter this photographic image of a rock band charmingly and evocatively named Skyco, which — over the years — mutated into a popular and fashionable gang of new-wavish purveyors of beaty fun and populist merriment.

Needless to say, they are no longer known as Skyco, and we invite the more intelligent amongst you to suss out their current identity and — more specifically — the names of the two Skyco frontmen illustrated herein.

To aid your intuition, we present an early example of the lyrical genius which has — at the other end of the decade — taken them to the top. Herewith:

*"Where it comes like thunder from the sky, let the spirit of love in your mind,
Jesus always loved us
Scattered us in stardust, I have waited a whole lifetime for you,
Singing Hare Krishna..."*

If Skyco have come down from that last tab of yellow sunshine — or alternatively, if they're reading *NME* to see where they are in this week's chart — we advise them that our silence can be bought.

On the other hand, if no sufficiently outrageous bribes have arrived on the *Thrills* desk by Friday lunchtime, all will be revealed. Peace and love, man. Hare Rama (splutter, choke, snigger).

W. O. ODSTOCK

THRILLS

Disco still sucks, say baseball fans

CHICAGO'S Comiskey Park stadium was the scene of utter mayhem last Thursday night as 1000s of baseball fans staged an impromptu riot in protest against the increasingly popular sport of disco music.

The 'Two-night Doubleheader' between the Chicago White Sox and the Detroit Tigers began peaceably enough, with a standing room only crowd of 55,000 — biggest turn-out for the Sox in almost three years, partly the result of a promotional wheeze cooked up by the Sox's promotion executive Mike Veeck and radio WLUP-FM disc jockey Steve Dahl.

They called it 'Disco Demolition Night.' Anyone who brought along a disco record could get into the game at the bargain price of 98 cents and would have the pleasure of seeing their record ceremonially obliterated

during the course of the evening.

It must have seemed like a good idea at the time.

But by the fifth innings the omens pointed to an imminent debacle. Records were being flung down from the terraces and dozens of banners bearing the legend 'Disco Sucks' were unfurled to the wind. Groups of fans took to chanting the slogan as the game drew on.

After the first game — which the Sox lost 4-1 — Dahl gathered the offending beat-ridden artifacts in a large wooden box and, after a short speech denouncing this intrinsically harmless leisure-time pursuit, he detonated the lot mid-field.

The anti-disco fervour of the crowd, however, would not be quelled. Fans spilled on to the playing field — first in their 100s, then in their 1000s.

A tactical security force of 30 was no match for the rampaging horde, estimated at upwards of 6,000. Bonfires

DYLAN & GOD —IT'S OFFICIAL

DESPITE REPORTS to the contrary, it looks as though Bob Dylan has most definitely become a convert to a born-again brand of Christianity. The up-coming album — 'Slow Train Comin' — is apparently bulging with thinly-veiled references to the joys of the Christian life.

All will be revealed, in vinyl terms anyway, when the record is released in September. There are no explanatory liner-notes, however, but Dylan's recent behaviour has left even his close friends more than a touch befuddled.

Dylan's head PR Paul Wasserman reported a conversation with the Big D wherein the latter's tone was distinctly cryptic.

"Cryptic even for Dylan," exclaimed Wasserman to a *Rolling Stone* reporter. Dylan asked his long-standing publicist, "Aren't you tired of dealing with people who are always gossiping and never talking about music? What's the matter with those people?"

Dylan also informed Wasserman: "All my albums have contained religious overtones — got the first one!"

When the confused PR got around to asking Dylan just what to inform the media regarding this alleged conversion to Christianity,

Dylan instructed Wasserman to "just keep doing what you are doing."

A more revealing dialogue relating to this issue comes from a pre-trial deposition Dylan gave in Beverly Hills on May 22 as part of his defence against a defamation — of character suit instigated by Patty Valentine, a character featured in the song 'Hurricane,' who felt that she'd been misrepresented by the song.

Questioned about his wealth and property, Dylan responded: "You mean my treasure on earth?" And when asked if he was known by any other name, Dylan replied, "Not here. Not on this earth."

Meanwhile one Rudy Maxa, a gossip columnist for the *Washington Post Magazine*, reported that Kenn Gulliksen, leader of the California-based Vineyard Christian Fellowship, says that he met Dylan about five months ago, that Dylan has accepted Christ and joined his church. A spokeswoman at the San Fernando Valley chapter (cor, gettin' a bit complicated here) however, contends that Gulliksen was misquoted.

"He's not talking any more. He got really burned."

Enough, already. Just time enough to leave you with the latest rumour which is that Dylan's next tour "will concentrate heavily on the Bible Belt."

NICK KENT

THRILLS



"It's an entirely new concept in rock and roll entertainment. They sit there for an hour and a half, occasionally shifting in their seats, yawning, lighting a cigarette, coughing, picking their noses, breaking wind, scratching their ears and, every now and again, leaving the stage to go to the toilet."

LIZZY

From previous page

unhappy with the hotel in which he was staying and moved to another one. On the day of the gig Lynott, Gorham and Downey, along with O'Donnell, went round to pick him up to take him to the sound-check. He told them he wasn't going to play the gig. It was at this point, Morrison claims, that O'Donnell told

him he was fired.

Apparently against Brian Downey's wishes the gig was then played as a three-piece — "If we'd had to pull out another US tour," says Morrison, "that would've been it for Lizzy in the States — and former Rich Kid Midge Ure, who co-wrote the current Lizzy single hit, flew out to play the rest of the tour with the band."

"I must say," added Morrison, "that the last time

Gary Moore left Lizzy it was the day before a tour and I nearly went bankrupt. However, that was a long time ago and I haven't any particular resentment towards him. But I think he's really let down Phil, who spent a lot of time just helping him out as a friend with his solo career."

There is no comment from Phil Lynott himself in this every day tale of rock'n'roll folk. As I was writing it there was a further call from the

Lizzy management. Rather than indulge in any transatlantic slugging of Gary Moore, a game the band felt he indulged in in his radio interview, the gang would prefer to wait until they returned to England in three weeks time when a fuller explanation of the situation would be given.

CHRIS SALEWICZ
THRILLS



"I hear Nazareth are looking for a lead singer... prefer Genesis m'sell..."



"Couldn't happen at Lords..." were started with the debris of disco records, and firecrackers and brawls abounded. Half an hour later the remaining 2000 demonstrators quickly scattered upon the arrival of a squad of Chicago Feds in full riot gear. Only a handful of

people were arrested, but the second game had to be called off because the pitch was by then unplayable.

Blame it on the boogie.

BABE RUTH

THRILLS



BASF are still beating the Budget at Boots.

Boots stocks a wider range of blank cassettes than anyone else. So we have prices to suit everyone too. And lots of special offers on top-name tapes. Like these 'spot-on sound' cassettes from BASF. Right now you can still buy BASF cassettes at pre-Budget prices.

But hurry, even Boots can't beat the Budget for ever.

Boots — for more ways to enjoy your leisure.

	C60	C90	C120
BASF Chrome Dioxid	£1.45	£1.80	—
BASF LHSM1	£1.15	£1.60	£2.10
BASF Super LH	£1.05	£1.45	£1.90
BASF LHSM	75p	£1.05	£1.40



At these pre-Budget prices until Aug. 4th subject to stock availability.

Make the most of your Boots.

Mike Oldfield. Exposed.

Two live albums
for the price of one.
Only £4.99 out now, in a
limited edition of 100,000 copies.

"If genius is pain,
then Oldfield's a masochist."
New Musical Express

"...a hard act to follow, but then
his biggest problem always was having to
compete with his own past achievements."
Melody Maker

"Mike Oldfield does not rest on
his laurels. They rest on him, triumphantly."
Evening News

"Taken as grand slam rock-classical fusion extravaganza or an
exercise in achieving a perfect sound balance from a difficult combination of
instruments, this was a remarkable achievement ... the climax was stirring
and exciting, and as impressive a blend of rock and classical instruments
as one could hope to hear."
The Guardian

"Carefully prepared though the concert obviously was, it turned out to be
an unaffectedly joyful, even zany, evening."
The Observer

"'Tubular Bells' has been dramatically revised ... hearing an
unprecedentedly fine balance between orchestra and rock musicians, and
seeing the exuberance of the participants, was refreshing enough..."
Daily Telegraph

Virgin

VD2511, also available on cassette TCYD2511





Parkas (L-R): Neil Hurrell, Simon Smith, Mick Talbot, Danny Talbot.

MODS. THEY'RE either this summer's Akron or just another faddish teenage revival to be dismissed with a hip sneer. It all seems to depend on where you stand and which rock comics you read. Whatever your point of view, no doubt your feelings are pretty strong.

What's needed is some perspective: sure, there's plenty of flotsam riding high on the modernist tidal wave that's sweeping the London clubs. But, by the same token, a handful of exceedingly promising new outfits have already emerged from the movement.

And right up there snapping at the loafers of top triumvirate of The Chords, The Purple Hearts and Secret Affair are The Merton Parkas.

Whereas groups like The Chords and Purple Hearts grew directly out of punk, The Merton Parkas — like Secret Affair — have their antecedents rooted firmly in last year's Powerpuff hype.

The band — Danny Talbot on vocals and guitar, his older brother Mick on electric piano, bassist Neil Hurrell and drummer Simon Smith — graduated from their local South London working men's clubs to playing powerpop as

Mods. Parkas. Mertons. RSG! Modern Boys Keep 'Swinging'

The Sneakers at the Rochester Castle. This, of course, was all before they cheekily heisted their present moniker from the nearest suburban British Rail station — Merton Park, Wimbledon.

Explains Mick: "I never got into the punk thing at all. I know that sounds a bit strange to you, but it's true. I liked the energy but I just couldn't take the non-musicality of it all."

"I liked a few of the Clash songs but that was about it. I went to see them really early on, back in the Keith Levine days, but the two gigs I saw weren't very good, so I just left it!"

Your reporter's jaw drops in disbelief. The Clash at that time being the greatest live band he is ever likely to clap eyes on.

"The only band I ever really liked then were The Jam," continues the pianist. "They were like a younger version of what the Feelgoods could have become."

"Mainly I just carried on

listening to a lot of blues stuff. Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters."

"As a band we've been playing the same sort of stuff that we're doing now for a long time. The only difference is that before we were unconscious of the mod thing."

"Only last year people were always coming up and saying we were too out of date. The A&R men used to say, 'You can actually play. You're too old fashioned.' Now they all want to manage us!"

On stage, brother Mick's soda-poppy electric keyboards dominate the sound, with Danny's tinny guitar taking more of a backseat role, blending in discreetly with the pump of the Hurrell-Smith rhythm section.

But it's the singing that catches the ear most — like on their new Beggars Banquet single 'You Need Wheels'/'I Don't Want To Know You' where the two Talbots combine to produce the finest vocal approximation of the

vintage Coasters I've yet heard from a white 'rock' band.

The range of their remaining musical influences runs a gamut as diverse as their day jobs — Danny is a TV cameraman, Mick a shipping clerk and Neil a former stock car racer. They pick and choose from vintage soul, blues and '60s pop.

Alongside ten Danny Talbot originals, the live set includes five covers: Ray Charles' 'What'd I Say', The Miracles' 'Tears Of A Clown', The Contours' 'Do You Love Me', The Monkees' 'Stepping Stone' and Freda Payne's

turn-of-the-decade classic 'Band Of Gold'.

An impeccable selection. But should not the band be pushing their own stuff at the expense of the non-originals?

"Well, we used to do even more!" exclaims Danny. "We used to do a lot more Motown stuff than we do now. It went down really well when we were playing the working men's clubs."

"We always try to add something to the non-originals. But I don't want to knock our roots, the music that's influenced us. I just want to build on them."

"I suppose we are closest to

the original mod bands in sound, so we've got to get used to people having a go at us for being a revivalist band. But obviously, we're going to develop."

They also come in for flak for the rather wet, stylised approach they adopt towards the audience from the stage. Are the Parkas the first new wave cabaret band? Could they even play holiday camps?

"I can see what people mean when they say we're a bit like a wedding band," concurs Danny reluctantly. "But I think it's valid to try and get the audience involved. It's just trying to build up some sort of rapport."

"Anyway," butts in Mick, "it can't be that bad. I mean, Georgie Fame started out in a holiday camp!"

Butlins, here they come.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

FASHION EXTRA — BOWLER CHIC



Patrick MacNee



Patti Smith

The bowler hat has long been synonymous with all that is tedious and boring about British life. Once, when the middle class was the middle class and bloody well proud of it and teenagers hadn't been invented yet, the bowler could be found gracing every self-respecting white-collar commuter's coat-rack. But then that peculiar animal passed into the annals of myth — thanks to the advent of such noted surrealists as John Stead, The Droogs, and Freddie 'Parrot Face' Davis. Nowadays nobody (with the possible exception of Steve Harley) need fear the ridicule that is often flung at outmoded stereotypes. Providing they set it off with a suitably adventurous mode of dress, people as far afield as Ian Dury and Patti Smith may cheerfully sport the quaint domed line of this classic thier.

THE END



Malcolm McDowell



Ian Dury

L O N D O N · Z O O



JOHNNY JUKEBOX

Starring

PHILIP CHEVRON

PETER HOLIDAY

JAMES CRASHE

MARK MEGARAY

Chiswick

A Musical



As The Radiators in the album



EMI

19th NATIONAL ROCK FESTIVAL

READING ROCK '79



FRIDAY 24 AUGUST

THE POLICE

THE TOURISTS

WILKO JOHNSON

the CURE

DOLL by DOLL

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

JAGS

M/M CONTEST WINNERS **BITE THE PILLOW**

SPECIAL GUESTS

MOTORHEAD

SATURDAY 25 AUGUST

THIN LIZZY

STEVE HACKETT

INNER CIRCLE

GILLAN

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY

THE MOVIES

ROOT BOY SLIM & THE SEX CHANGE BAND

YACHTS - FAME

SPECIAL GUEST FROM U.S.A.

CHEAP TRICK

SUNDAY 26 AUGUST

PETER GABRIEL

WHITESNAKE

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

MEMBERS

WILD HORSES

ZANE GRIFF

SPEEDOMETERS

AFTER THE FIRE

FROM AUSTRALIA **The Cobbers**

SPECIAL GUESTS FROM U.S.A.

THE RAMONES

MOLLY HATCHET

Advance tickets from: AYLESBURY, Harlequin. BARNET, Harlequin. BASINGSTOKE, Harlequin. BIRMINGHAM, Cyclops, Virgin. BOLTON, Herker & Howarth. BOURNEMOUTH, Setchfields. BRIGHTON, Virgin. BRISTOL, Virgin. BRENT CROSS, Harlequin & Virgin. BROMLEY, Harlequin. BURNLEY, Electron. CAMBERLEY, Harlequin. CAMBRIDGE, Harlequin. CARDIFF, Welsh Sports, Virgin. Sound Advice. CHATHAM, Harlequin. CHELMSFORD, Harlequin. COVENTRY, H. Payne, Virgin. CRAWLEY, L. & H. Croake. CROFTON PARK, CC Records. CROYDON, Virgin. Diamond Records, L. & H. Croake. DEPTFORD, CC Records. EDINBURGH, Book Shop, Virgin. EGNAM, Runnymede Hi Fi. EXETER, Bill Greenhalgh. GUILDFORD, Andertons. HARROW, Harlequin. HARROWGATE, Nicholson's. HIGH WYCOMBE, International Travel, Harlequin. HOUNSLOW, Lowes. IPSWICH, Virgin. KING'S LYNN, Bayes. LEEDS, Virgin, Barkers. LIVERPOOL, Rushworth & Draper, Virgin. LONDON, Marquee Club, Edwards & Edwards, Harlequin Records, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Virgin Records. LUTON, Harlequin, F. L. Moore. MAIDENHEAD, Harlequin. MAIDSTONE, Harlequin. MANCHESTER, Barry Ancill, Virgin, Paperchase. MARLOW, Chikern Sound. MIDDLESBROUGH, Hamiltons. NEWARK, Norman Pride. NEWCASTLE, Virgin. NEWCASTLE-U-LYME, Mike Lloyd. NOTTINGHAM, Virgin. NORTHAMPTON, Harlequin. NORWICH, George Wortley. OXFORD, Russell Acott, Harlequin. PLYMOUTH, Peter Russell's, Virgin. PORTSMOUTH (Drayton), R. A. Fraser. READING, Pickfords, Harlequin. RICHMOND, Harlequin. ROMFORD, Harlequin. SALISBURY, Ted Hardy. SHEFFIELD, Virgin. SLOUGH, Harlequin. SOUTHAMPTON, Virgin. STAFFORD, Lotus Records. SWANSEA, Sound Advice, Virgin. SWINDON, Kempster's. TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Music Room. WATFORD, Harlequin. WELWYN GARDEN CITY, Harlequin. WEMBLEY, Harlequin. WEYMOUTH, Clerk's. WINCHESTER, Harlequin. WORCESTER, Music Centre. YORK, Sound Effect.

TRAVEL: Less than 40 miles West of London, 20 minutes by train from Paddington. Late trains. Main station 10 minutes' walk.

★ SPECIAL WEEKEND TICKETS ★
including VAT. Camping and car parking at no extra charge.
£10.95
★ IN ADVANCE ONLY ★

ADMISSIONS AT GROUNDS
Friday £4.50
Saturday £5.50
Sunday £5.50
Car Parking Camping Extra

To: NJF/READING FESTIVAL
P.O. Box 45Q, LONDON W1A 4SQ

Name _____

Address _____

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

NOTE: Stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed. Also allow 21 days before tickets sent.

No. of tickets @ £10.95

Cheque/PD No:

Total: £

AN NJF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION

NME3

WOKE UP THIS MORNIN'...

ANOTHER WEEK in the music machine. Jimmy Pursey's spouting his views on life, punk and his own "down-to-earth" working class image. Kevin Coyne's play *Babble*, is banned by the powers-that-be. John Lydon is 'set up' once again on the telly.

And so it goes. For the music press and public its all relevant stuff too — the pulse beat of 'now'.

But at last week's Capital Jazz and Blues Festival (review pages 50/52) there was on the bill a continuing pulse beat that's arguably even more interesting and relevant — a triumvirate of true grit originals, innovators each and every one, whose ages stretch from early 50s to mid-60s.

So let's just take a look at: **MUDDY WATERS**: Real name McKinley Morganfield, born 1915, a native of Rolling Fork, Mississippi. **BB KING**: Born Riley King, September 1925, a native of Itta Benna, Miss.

And last, but not means — **CHUCK BERRY**: Charles Edward Berry, born October 1931, a native of San Jose, California, tho' mostly raised in St Louis where he still lives.

Each man has stories to tell. Tales of discrimination, rip offs, knife fights, petty rivalries 'twix their peer group, all the low-down wretched clubs where they've been forced to eke out a living, grim reminiscences about the years when each was distinctly out of favour.

Muddy Waters, BB King and Chuck Berry are survivors and after all these years spent paying dues are now officially regarded as the bonafide kingpin godfathers of the music they pioneered.

MUDDY WATERS is certainly the undisputed 'King of the Blues'. All those years of feisty rivalry in the halcyon days of Chess Records 'twixt him and Howlin' Wolf dissipated when the latter passed away some years back leaving the throne undeniably vacant for his ample form to fill.

More important however, at 64, Waters is currently right in the throes of a career renaissance that began when Johnny Winters forced his manager Steve Paul to sign this fearsome, lumbering, great hulking bear of a man to Paul's own Blue Sky label.

Winters himself took on production duties and the result was an acclaimed ferocious return to the glory days of the dirty gut bucket blues of Waters' Chess hey day of yore, entitled 'Hard Again'.

Waters latched on quick to the scheme of things and followed up with 'I'm Ready', another power house blues album fully complementing the ferocity of its predecessor.

A live album forms an unarguable triumvirate statement of intent to Waters' majestic presence on the blues scene. And the man's rejuvenation is such that he has recently picked himself a 25-year-old girl for a wife!

Holding court at the bar of the Kensington Close Hotel, I notice Waters locked in animated conversation with a negro in one of those unbecoming 'pimp' hats whilst he sits next to a young girl, whom I presume to be his 'good lady', with a jet black curly mane of hair and a gypsy look to her features.

The tenor of the conversation is amicable, only a little short of raucous, with Waters' voice easily the loudest.

Almost every sentence is punctuated with a deep rolling chuckle so resonating that you'd think it was Muddy laughing at the devil himself. Which, by rights, Waters could do, considering that the chuckle belongs to a man who has survived two near fatal accidents in the past ten years, not to mention a career often held in check by the proverbial hand of blight.

His laconic high rolling manner is held in check only once, when yours truly wanders over to the table to inquire whether an interview might not be out of the question. Nothing long, I remark, just 20 minutes of the man's time.

Waters, ever the gentleman, diplomatically brushes the request off by informing me he's in no



Muddy Waters

...BLUES GIANTS ALL ROUND MY BED

condition to do an interview right now.

"Phone my man, Scott Cameron. He be in room 217. You tell him 'bout it, boy, and he'll arrange it."

A cursory, diplomatic wave-off and he returns to the aforementioned animated conversation. Which is probably just as well because my reason for lazing around the bars of this hotel is not to catch Muddy Waters offguard, but to talk with another of the triumvirate, BB King, in an interview formally arranged by his record company, ABC.

KING IS late, but soon enough he comes loping down the hallway, a large, heftily built man with glasses, casual suit, open neck shirt and a beaming countenance that seems most decidedly genuine.

King is a humble man. He apologises profusely for his lateness, explaining that he's been to Dobell's record store in order to purchase certain blues records you can no longer obtain in the US.

"It's a shameful thing, but folks over there jus' don't seem to have no time for the blues by and large. They don't care to regard it as part of their heritage, I guess."

BB King's beginnings and rise to renown as 'King of Blues Guitar' have all been written into history. A protégé of Sonny Boy Williamson, he first landed a spot as a DJ in Memphis where Dan Keane christened him 'Blues Boy' — brusquely shortened to BB.

His prowess on the guitar came from not merely dowsing himself in the country-blues of such as cousin Bukka White, but also picking up on the jazz influences of such as Charlie Christian.

It's arguably the latter, stemming from an ability to adapt, that has kept King, Waters and Berry at the top of their trees.

In Peter Guaralnick's excellent book on the blues, *Feel Like Goin' Home*, this point is hammered home ceaselessly.

"The blues", an engineer at the



BB King

NICK KENT meets the Three Wise Men of the Blues. Photography: PENNIE SMITH

now-defunct Chess studios informed Guaralnick, "It's a music of the barest competence. And what we're dealing with is musicians who are barely competent."

Howlin' Wolf, for example, had his style — a ferocious, bedazzling, monstrous loping style — but was unable to tackle anything beyond the albeit fearsome precinct he'd carved out for himself. Waters was more adaptable and that, in the end, is how he survived and flourished.

BB King may well have made his finest album ever in 1965 with 'Live At The Regal' but his consummate mastery of the guitar, allied with the well-aimed clout of a solid band, always found him work amongst black and white audiences. He was certainly the most respectable of the class 'A' bluesmen and has played Las Vegas — sometimes picking out his set in one room of some gargantuan hotel while Elvis Presley went through his sordid pastiches in an adjacent, infinitely larger hall.

■ Continues over



Chuck Berry

WOKE UP THIS MORNIN' . . .

From previous page

Out of the blues and into the black, so to speak.

Queried about the audiences in Vegas, King is amicably non-committal — "They're the same folks who come to see me when I play other places. I never notice the difference."

Certainly over the last few years King has had to fend off accusations of "Uncle Tomming", of hoking it up for the white folks. But his answer to this accusation has become so pal I didn't even bother to ask him the question.

More to the point, recent developments in the guitarist's recording career have caused detractors to quieten down somewhat. For, in a move that could feasibly parallel Johnny Winter's link-up with and the subsequent rejuvenation of Muddy Waters, King has collaborated with The Crusaders on his past two albums to no small avail.

Few would disagree that both 'Midnight Believer' and the just released 'Take It Home' are the strongest B.B. King releases since . . . well, certainly the collaboration with Bobby Bland.

King, humble as ever, seems genuinely touched that I consider this to be so, and graciously relates the reasons behind this pairing.

"Well, I know those boys for years. Stix (Hooper) and Joe (Sample), and one day I get this call from ABC. Stix was put on the line and talked about us doin' an album. So I say — 'cos I was down in Lake Tahoe, doin' cabaret — 'Well, when can you boys come down and talk this over' and Stix, he said 'Well, howabout tomorrow morning'."

The material on 'Take It Home', arguably the better of the two discs, is credited mostly to Sample and "this young white cat named Will Jennings. Now this boy . . . he's a sharp one. I mean, he's hot. And, like, he'd be around me an' I be tellin' my stories and all and, goddammit, if he don't write 'em down and turn 'em into lyrics. He's a sharp boy, that Will. Watch him 'cos he's a fast one."

FINALLY I enquire from King as to just how, at 54, he paces himself on the road.

"Well, I tell ya," he ponders, "I reckon on working . . . oh, nine months out of every year and, like, on average when I'm travelling it comes down to maybe four hours sleep a night. 'Course, when I settle in for a season I get myself a good sleep. And I never overdo it or nothin'. Nor do I allow members of my band to go onstage drunk or stoned."

Mention is made of the number of debilitating chemicals currently around. King chuckles, "Oh, don't you be thinkin' that any of that stuff weren't around when I was a young 'un. We had it all — yeah, you call it speed, but we had another name for it back then. Cocaine, morphine — all that bull —. And the 's' stands for 'shit', right (laughs). 'Course, alcohol — peoples tend to underrate the power of that stuff, but I've seen some great men wiped out from too much drinkin'. I learnt early about my pacing. I stuck to it and it's not let me down yet."

At the Festival, B.B. King's benevolent demeanour is beaming all over the stage as his set reaches a climax. Backstage however another, albeit smaller, commotion is being set in gear.



Chuck checks the works



Fans check B.B.'s jacket

A plush white car has just deposited Chuck Berry and an unidentified white girl, bespeckled and wearing a billowing, Laura Ashley-type long dress.

BERRY STILL looks almost unsettlingly dapper for his 50 or more years. An ice-blue three-piece suit, white shirt and tie, hit-man shades — only the hair which looks like it was ironed and then weaved into strands with an excess of Dixie Peach is in the least unbecoming.

On the surface, Berry is the essence of businesslike serenity. With five minutes to go, he calmly confers with his bassist-personal roadie-funkie-general dogsbody, a hard-bitten mean-faced type who hands him the inevitable Cherry Red Gibson, and, with the other two players congregated together, the quartet takes to the stage.

Berry plays probably the best set he's done in this country since the session that is recorded for posterity on Chess's 'Berry London Sessions'. This is simply because he has a good band — in particular a fine pianist in Lou Martin — causing Berry to actually concentrate on hitting the right fret, playing the right note.

Otherwise it's the same old Berry. He does a selection of his more memorable vintage nuggets, and after a typically vulgar 'Reelin' And Rockin'' leaves the stage to instigate a press conference.

The conference proves an elaborate farce.

Berry is currently facing somewhere between a four or 15 month term of imprisonment for tax evasion, and it's a topic that he adamantly refuses to discuss. Instead he foxes his way out of the tax evasion scam and every other topic broached in this ludicrous affair.

He still refuses to admit to the term of imprisonment he underwent in 1960, for example, while other questions he destroys by manhandling their wording or by simply outlasting his interrogator in a fake display of serene misunderstanding.

We do get to learn that he has a new album out soon on WEA featuring nine new songs and a rehash of the self-penned chestnut 'Havana Moon', that the album was produced by him and Doug Morris and that he hasn't recorded for the past three years owing to litigation (twice himself and All-Platinum, the label that purchased Chess).

Otherwise the affair fast becomes ferociously sub-farical, what with questions from feminists demanding to know why he hasn't used female musicians, earnest Oirish reporters quizzing Berry about punk rock ("I ain't heard it but I think I heard about it") and some twerp who reckons that Berry, "unlike the punks", never wrote a song about a social situation. (Oh, so 'Back in the

U.S.A.' 'Promised Land' even 'Tulane' and about 20 more were just mindless pop ditties, huh?) Berry sits there, serenely at its most specious, talkin' in his oily Louisiana croon.

I feel like asking him why he doesn't pack in performing altogether — since it's become such an obvious chore — and settle instead to teaching other superstars how to get through press conferences without saying anything in the least meaningful. But it's past 8.15 and I've a date with Muddy Waters.

SCOTT CAMERON is a small, slightly less offensive-looking facsimile of Mickey Rooney. I have spoken to him once already this day, to be informed that "Mr Waters doesn't do interviews over ten minutes long," that he is "currently entertaining friends" (it is 12.00 am on a Saturday morning), that "his friends will leave at 2 pm" and that "at 2 pm to 7.30 he will be resting."

This annoys me. Finally I agree to a ten minute rap just before Waters is due on at 8.30 pm on Stage Two.

As I make my way down to the backstage area of Stage Two, Cameron introduces himself to me. "Say, is Charlie Murray here?" he enquires. "You know, Muddy gave

Charlie the longest interview I've ever seen him do in his whole life. I was amazed, y'know."

For yours truly however it's the ten minute treatment.

"Muddy just hates interviews" — Cameron, who's worked with Waters for nine years, tries to summon up enough venom to punctuate the word "hate" appropriately.

Anyway, a few minutes later and my precious 600 seconds is on the countdown. I'm led into the back of a gleaming black Rolls Royce where Waters, a giant of a man with a face that deserves to be preserved on Mount Rushmore, sits.

Next to him is perched his piano player, a contrastingly meek figure known as 'Pinetop' Perkins who has the most doleful, melancholic, defeated pair of eyes I've ever witnessed in a man's face. His body, too, seems frail and stiff — but then almost anyone would look comparatively frail next to Muddy Waters.

"Dese bin good times for me and dey'se gettin' better all a time," opines Waters in his earthy wail.

"De past, man — ah bin 'round, ah seen it all, believe you me, an ah'm here to tell you that ah can still cut the best of 'em. There bin times when others tried to cut me, man. Ha, ah show'd 'em up. Look at me now."

I stare at Waters, this great hulk of pride, of one 100 per cent mannish self-esteem in his derby hat atop the granite face above a thick neck around which hangs a medallion with a silver-embossed 'M' on it, and have to nod in agreement.

I ask him about the song he wrote, 'The Blues Had A Baby And They Called It Rock 'N' Roll', attempting to gauge his views on the correlation between his music and the 'young boys' music.

"Well, way I sees it is simple. It's all there in that song. Rock 'n' roll just come straight down from the blues, like its natch'l born offspring. Or its bastard son, ha . . . and at this Perkins gives another dry choke of a chuckle in agreement.

"It's a youngblood's music, sure enough," mutters Waters.

But do you think those youngbloods will be able to grow up and grow old as gracefully as you have?

"Well, that 'mains to be seen," remarks Water laconically.

THERE'S NOT much left to be said really. I honestly can't see Mick Jagger or Johnny Rotten at 64 sitting in the back of a big black limo, ready to prowl that stage with the ferocity that Waters has that evening.

Only Bob Dylan and Neil Young could make it, and even there I'm not too sure.

As for the 'youngbloods' present — the rockers — I only get to see two members of the species. One, Elvis Costello's bass player, is deliriously drunk and sullenly attempting to get backstage for Chuck Berry's set. He doesn't have the right credentials, but in his torpor he refuses to understand this. Instead he whines and looks pathetic.

Meanwhile up the hill, a member of Generation X is posing, all to little avail. He too looks pitiful.

Meanwhile Muddy Waters is towering over that stage, stomping, hollering, yowling. The men and the boys. They're worlds apart. Worlds apart.

Do ya wanna drop me
in the Pressure Zone?
Pressure Zone. New single by Local Operator.

Out now on Virgin Records.VS277

Tea break.



Coke adds life.
REGD. TRADE MARK



"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS WHICH MUST ALWAYS BE THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL, PART THREE / IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS

Why don't you get back into bed, why don't you get back into bed

Some of  , the working folly, good golly miss molly and 

Hammersmith palais, the bolshoi  , jump back in the alley add nanny 
Eighteen-wheeler scammels, dominecker camels, all other mammals plus equal votes

Seeing  , fanny smith and willy, being rather  , and porridge oats
A bit of grin and bear it, a bit of come and share it, you're welcome we can spare it

Yellow 

Too  , to be haughty, too nutty to be  , going on forty, no electric shocks

The juice of the carrot, the smile of the parrot, a little drop of  , anything that rocks

Elvis and scotty, the days when I ain't spotty, sitting on the  , curing smallpox
Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, part three
Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, one two three

Health service glasses, gigolos and  ,  ,  or  bottoms

Taking mum to  , lighting up the chalice, wee willy harris

Bantu stephen biko, listening to  , 
Cheddar cheese and pickle, the vincent motorsickle, slap and tickle

 ,  ,  , balabalabala and volare

Some thing nice to study, phoning up a buddy, being in my nuddy

Saying okey dokey, a singalonga  , coming out of chokey

John Coltrane's  ,  , 

Reasons to be cheerful part three, reasons to be cheerful, part three

Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, one two three

But what about but what about but what about but what about but what about

Yes yes dear dear, perhaps next year or maybe even never, in which case

Peter Blake, with a lot of help from Chris Norton, and the staff at - Dept.

7" SINGLE BUY 50 - 96P, 12" SINGLE BUY 50 £1.49 (FEATURING LONG VERSION)

SINGLES

● **SINGLE OF THE WEEK**
GARY BROOKER: Say It Ain't So Joe (Chrysalis). The song not the singer. Gary Brooker sings 'Say It Ain't So Joe' as well as I've heard it sung, which isn't to say he sings it best, but it will suffice.

I remember back when I was young, Murray Head — the poor man's Paul Nicholas, imagine! — did the only useful thing he's done in his actor's bloody life and wrote this song. At the time he emoted the first *Jesus Christ (Superstar)* in the wretched Timmers and Drew production. He was probably on fifty quid a week while the woosome twosome were on the way to their first few million.

Mr Head was pissed off. Mr Head was inspired!

'Say It Ain't So Joe' sounds like the finest moment of a musical that never was. When I first heard it, I'd just about decided that politics were about the most glamorous and righteous thing on earth — politicians and power and TV following you everywhere, every gesture taken down for posterity. I felt about it the way most rock critics feel about rock. I had my list of heroes: De Gaulle, Bobby Kennedy (you angel you) and his dirty old brother, Boothby. Manny Shinwell, Churchill, Trotsky, Indira Gandhi (and her passive old ancestor), Roosevelt.

The "Joe" is obviously Stalin. The anonymous narrator — the wild-eyed Leon T, the passionate idealist on the verge of being cast into the black abyss of exile and assassination? Mrs Stalin, Nadezha Alliluyeva, on the night of her suicide after learning of the misery outside the confines of Moscow? Stalin's daughter Svetlana, prior to escaping to the West and selling her story to the *News Of The World* (this actually happened)? The flower of the Red Army, destroyed as Stalin refused to act and acknowledge Hitler had broken their non-aggression pact while the Krauts smashed towards Leningrad, Kiev, Moscow?

A beautiful, beautiful record. I am very selective about the politicians I favour these days, but they still have for me that unimpeachable mystique and loyalty that rock has for my elders. I admit I sometimes try to bend the rules and let politicians get away with the kind of grossness that other critics let their fave rockers get away with. Does this make me more irresponsible, or more realistic, or what?

FOREIGNER: Double Vision (Atlantic). After a promising start where Foreigner assure us they're feeling kinda randy, feeling kinda gross, these boys just can't stand the pace and by the middle-break have got all mawkish, mellow and 'Stairway To Heaven' sensitive — which would be okay if we hadn't known for years that all these loon-panted, lion-hearted gut-buckets really want to be Rickie Lee Jones. Jenne Haan could really get her glossy tonsils wrapped round that "Never do more than I really need" punch-line for the benefit of a Denim aftershave ad campaign. For all you pre-Raphaelite flying-V plywood guitar Wally heroes who don't have to try too hard to appreciate Sham 69 records.

May all your rock and roll dreams be wet ones...

THE UNDERTONES: Here Comes The Summer (Sire). Simple, classy and classic tune, worthy of a Small Faces 45 on the Immediate label, and there's not much catchier than that. Those voices rejoicing about girls on the beach all covered in sand, they're infinitely more moving and mind-jogging that young people are growing up in bombed-out Belfast than any brow-beating Fleet-Streeting anthems from Stiff Little Fingers about exploding barbed-wire. SLF try too hard for instant

credibility/sympathy/mileage, like a first-time-caller on an LBC phone-in: "Hello, Monty, I've got no arms or legs. I'm deaf, dumb and blind, me parrot's got leprosy and all my children's heads dropped off at birth, so I mustn't grumble!" Bah!!!

The Undertones hurt because they look like evacuees. Superior little beat band makes good single. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

GENE CHANDLER: Duke Of Earl (Old Gold). Beautiful re-issue of 1961 song wherein

pre-Motown-pride leader of the gang tries to convince his girl that if one could sum up what all the great leaders and singers of the Western World have made people dream of and aim it all at her, that would just about sum his love up. Anyone who likes this song and buys the Darts version just so they can own it is a real crotch.

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCK-HEADS: Reasons To Be Cheerful (Part 3) (Stiff). **SHAM 69: Hershman Boys** (Polydor).

I'll tell you what these are — government subsidised records to help bolshy working class people adjust to their role in life. Dury and Pursey set themselves up admirably for outsiders to refer to as the last darling little Cockneys in captivity, bugged the fact that they're both ugly as sin and really not that Cockney at all, they'll pass.

Ian Dury realises the ultimate fulfilment of his art, and rhymes "Hammersmith Palais" with "The Bolshoi Ballet". The common, cultured touch, like Chas and

Dave almost admitted to the Mensa society. This is another mouldy old shopping list in the mould (sic) of 'What A Waste' (people who release shopping lists as records must be very smug, or consider themselves to be awfully interesting, or both) except it's not half as interesting as Rogers and Hammerstein's — "Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens/Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens!" — or my one — animals, alcohol, amphetamines and active protest. Dury, the stupid almost-humble little sod, is pissed off because he hasn't got so much to be pissed off about these days. Dury's a little too precious for my taste, I'm afraid, although I realise for many of you he makes life worth living.

Pursey, in his turn, stands up as the imperfect antithesis (what with his Surrey roots, mid-20s age group and espousment of all things "tough" and "young") of the very thing he would like to ape — The Magnificents, those real-life Warriors who roam New York's subways,

unarmed and self-screened ("We don't want any vigilantes or racists" — gee, Jim, you don't bother your followers with such petty little details, do you?) just to warn those romantic, rockanrolling muggers off innocent travellers. Stupid rockanrollers, don't you see? The very people you idolise would spit in the eyes of your figureheads. Our youth have a duty now for the future far beyond the wishy-washy counter-culture.

Surely, after all the suffering Pursey has handled at the scaly hands of his fans, he should be a little more aware how '80s it is to go rabbiting on in terms of the generation gap. I can understand how he wants 'If The Kids Are United' to be recognised as the greatest youth anthem of all time — Scott MacKenzie probably feels the same way about 'If You're Going To San Francisco'. Thunderclap Newman probably wants 'Something In The Air' to be taken up by Brutus Jeans or British Leyland for some TV advertising jingle — and does that make it less valid? I'll say not!

'Hershman boys. Hershman boys, laced up boots and corduroys'... a self-conscious little barn-dance, the most strained good-time on any record heard this week. "They call us the Cockney Cowboys. They do? Who? SURREY? COCKNEYS? It must have been a strong downwind in London the day the sound of the Bow Bells carried down to SURREY."

TANYA TUCKER: I'm The Singer, You're The Song (MCA). **PATTI SMITH GROUP: Dancing Barefoot** (Arista). **ANNE MURRAY: Shadows In The Moonlight** (Capitol). Here we are, you and me, you're not half the girl you used to be... These girls once made good records, believe it or not.

Tanya (of 'Blood Red And Going Down' and other passionate country hymns) gets all my loving for her much-publicised cuddling of baby seals, and a revolted thumbs-down for not even knowing whether she's Linda Ronstadt or Rachel Sweet when she wins second runner-up at the fancy dress ball. Patti (of 'Horses', heh heh) can stick her artist's mistress masochism and Ayn



Rand/Anais Nin impersonations up her drooping ass, along with this pseudo nitty-gritty "I go out with a creative person, give me pity" ditty. Anne (of 'Snowbird') acts considerably less bland than Tanya and Patti (karma kvestion: in which way have I just stumbled on the Hearst connection?) but still is many winters numbed from "Spread your tiny wings and fly away/And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day/The one I love forever is untrue/And if I could you know that I would fly away with you."

I have just one cliché to say to youse three — never a borrower nor a lender be!

EDDIE COCHRAN: Skinny Jim (Rock Star). Re-release of Eddie Cochran's very first single and, apart from the very rampant Foreigner, I haven't heard such undiluted LUST on a record for ages.

"Went to a party and I met Skinny Jim/He's got brains/He's got class/Best of all..."

He's got a great ass!

"Jim" seems to have more homosexual connotations than any other all-male youth culture name (e.g. "Marlon" or "Johnny"). James Dean with that king-size stuffed between his lips, Jimmy Osterberg wagging his bum at his guitarist ("Come on and bore me, dollface"), Jim Morrison and that famous anecdote about how the loose lizard queen used to go to fruit parties and get his grass snake out and play with it in front of all the flits, taking care not to let them have a stroke.

Here Eddie goes on about how he went to a party with his baybee, but how his baybee left with Skinny Jim, and he spends the rest of the record extolling Skinny's virtues... everybody's raving about Skinny Jim no wonder the only good songs Cochran ever wrote were with his girlfriend!

Still, he deserves better than the press release giving us three reasons why we should clutch this weedy little romp to our bosoms: the "Sex Pistols". The Who and Pepsi Cola.

■ Continues over page

JULIE BURCHILL gives the chop to all your favourite axemen

(The Gasbag address is 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1.)



A RATHER SPECIAL EVENT

THE LIVE MUSIC SHOW

SPONSORED BY

Melody
Maker

OLYMPIA LONDON 27-28 JULY

10.00 a.m. - 9.00 p.m.

This is quite simply the most important music exhibition on the calendar. So why haven't you heard of it? Well it used to be known as the British Musical Instrument Trade Fair, and it was only for the trade, but we've changed the name and made the whole thing bigger and better — hence the need for a larger venue, i.e. Olympia.

The list of exhibitors is to say the least, impressive and the array of instruments and equipment on show positively mouthwatering; here's just an appetizer: Kramer guitars, Park amplification, Maya electric guitars and banjos, Moog synthesizers, Kawai guitars (the new lines), Sonor drums, Blessing Brass (American imports, number one sellers in the UK). Sovereign range of studio instruments, the new range of Marshall amplifiers, Gibson guitars a new Yamaha electronic piano and Gretsch guitars and drums.

And it's not just the gear that'll be grabbing the limelight — a pretty amazing programme of live music has been arranged with guest appearances by: The Stan Reynolds Big Band, The Blowers — featuring Johnny Mars and other guest harmonica players, the Morrissey/Mullen Band, an "All Star" Rock Band, Harry Stoneham and Bruce Bolen — and that's just on Friday! Saturday you can bend an ear to Gordon Giltrap, the L.P. Latin American Session, Pete Stanley & Brian Golbey, the Midland Jazz Youth Orchestra, a Trumpet Spectacular and the Georgie Fame Band. John Dankworth will open the Show at 10.30 am on Friday the 27th July — why don't you join him!

A rather special event you can't afford to miss!

Guest names correct at time of going to press.

■ From previous page

ADRIAN MUNSEY: C'est Sheep (Virgin).
REX BARKER AND THE RICOCHETS: Jeremy Is Innocent (Beggars Banquet).
ANDY FORRAY: Drac's Back (Acrobat).

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Teenage Warring (Warner Brothers).
Comedy records — guess which one made me laugh.
Clue: its position would deem it to be not least.

WRITZ: Night Nurse (Electric).
DESTROY ALL MONSTERS Meet The Creeper (Cherry Red).

THE TOURISTS: The Loneliest Man In The World (Logo).
TOYAH: Victims Of The Riddle (Safari).

Readers who rate rock'n'roll as the nearest to an all-in-it-together comradeship camp-fire available in these casting-aspiration days may distrust the way I linger on girrls — it's just that there are so many music men processed the rest of the time that they all start to look (let alone sound) the same. I feel I have to turn to the novelty of girls to stop me going mad with monotony. I know that most girls who end up in the music press or go into the music business are trivialised and exploited (maybe the ones who go into the business are so set on success that little things like dignity don't matter to them anyway — that's the way the ones I've met are), but I'd rather have dealings with trivial and exploited girls than no girls at all.

A current negative message says: If you want to get ahead, get a girl. On the pretty heels of the Biggest Blonde In The Universe, every bunch of moron males seems to feel all they have to do is find a girl with a face and some hips and stick her on the front of their combo like a false nose, and they'll be turning down Number One spots left, right



Niagara

and centre. Sorry, it's not so. Writz are Deaf School without the imagination. Beverley Sager is uninvolved with their writing, barely involved with their singing. Never mind, Beverley, it's hardly worth being involved in; you'll do better keeping your name clean. Beverley, like Bette Bright, is one of those Jayne Mansfield girls who despair over not having delicacy of feature, and go all out on the décolletage ticket. There's nothing sadder than a bosom that knows it's being used as a last resort.

I like The Tourists' solitary flash, and especially the Joyce Blair grossness of Annie Lennox, but when they want my ears I have no time at all for their useless art. Annie sings like an Annie, a Haslam, to be horrifically specific. Annie Haslam giving her own creative interpretation of 'Nowhere Man'! Yeuchhh!

I've thought for a while now that Niagara of Destroy All Monsters was the sexiest little jerk since Betty Boop, but her band, well... three fat men just about cancel out one cute girl in my eyes. Her Michigan monotone almost made me shiver awhile ago — not quite out of fear, either — but here she sounds more boring than bored. Tough luck, dirty!

Which leaves us lucky folk with the lovely Toyah! The

only girl here to have a hand in the writing of the particular work she squeals. Toyah is still a fat Siouxsie, irretrievably fringe and late-coming. I'm sure, though, that she could make it on her looks alone (snigger).

GROVER WASHINGTON JR.: Just The Way You Are (Motown).

CLEM CURTIS: Unchained Melody (RCA).

REGINE: Je Survivrai (Carrere).

DARTS: Duke Of Earl (Magnet).

SAMMY HAGAR: (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay (Capitol).

GILLA: We Gotta Get Outta This Place (Arista).

THERE, now you know how many holes it takes to fill a singles page! I have no intention of reviewing these artifacts of idleness: I'll just say that the originals are:

a) by Billy Joel — OK.

b) the version I know is by Dionne Warwick — great.

c) Gloria Gaynor — just as great.

d) by Gene Chandler — yum, yum, see elsewhere for drooling review.

e) by Otis Redding — better than almost anything, on Atlantic.

f) by The Animals — better than this old disco tool, anyhow.

12" OF PURE PLEASURE AT CLOUD 7

THE DISCOUNT STORE WITH
GOOD SOUNDS AND EFFICIENT SERVICE
MOST ALBUMS DISCOUNTED -
STANDARD ALBUMS STILL MAINTAINED BELOW £5.00

VARIOUS BEATLES	ONLY £2.99
PAUL SIMON'S GREATEST HITS	ONLY £2.99
NEW WORLD RECORD — E.L.O.	ONLY £2.99
VARIOUS DAVID BOWIE	ONLY £3.49
VARIOUS PINK FLOYD	ONLY £3.49
THE KICK INSIDE — KATE BUSH	ONLY £3.49
2nd STREET — BILLY JOEL	ONLY £3.49
THE STRANGER — BILLY JOEL	ONLY £3.49
PARALLEL LINES — BLONDIE	ONLY £3.49
BREAKFAST IN AMERICA — SUPERTRAMP	ONLY £3.49
BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN — ROD STEWART	ONLY £3.49
STREET LEGAL — BOB DYLAN	ONLY £3.49
BAT OUT OF HELL — MEAT LOAF	ONLY £3.49
OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR — POLICE	ONLY £3.49
STEELY DAN'S GREATEST HITS (DOUBLE)	ONLY £3.99
OUT OF BLUE — E.L.O. (DOUBLE)	ONLY £3.99
BUDOKAN — BOB DYLAN (DOUBLE)	ONLY £4.99

And many more

PLUS £1.00-£1.50 OFF OUR TOP SELLING ALBUMS
GOOD SELECTION OF IMPORTS, CARRYING CASES, STYLISH ACCESSORIES, MUSIC BOOKS,
BADGES, POSTERS & BLANK CASSETTES
(STOCKS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY)

COME IN AND BROWSE WE ARE THERE TO HELP

BRANCHES AT:-

37, MARKET PLACE, ST. ALBANS.
222/226, HIGH STREET, HOUNSLOW.
38, THE BROADWAY, WIMBLEDON.
90, HIGH STREET, PUTNEY, S.W.15.

Let the Sun shine in!

HAIR



"Any age is a good one that contains as lively a musical as Milos Forman has made out of HAIR...the screen rocks...an exhilarating re-creation of teenage evangelism."

ALEXANDER WALKER - EVENING STANDARD

"A sixties sensation transformed...in tune with the seventies."

FELIX BARKER - EVENING NEWS

AT THE PREMIERE

"...an exuberant two hours of entertainment..."

MARGARET FORWOOD - THE SUN



Charlene Woodard, who appears in "HAIR" with her co-star from "AIN'T MISBEHAVING" Andre Deshields and their guest Thomas Westermeier.



David Essex.



Peter Shaffer, author of "EQUUS," with Freddie Mercury of Queen and friends.



"Diddy" David Hamilton with Jan Wilbourne.



Two prominent admirers.

LESTER PERSKY MICHAEL BUTLER

MILOS FORMAN RAGNI, RADO MacDERMOTS "HAIR" 44

JOHN SAVAGE TREAT WILLIAMS BEVERLY D'ANGELO ANNIE GOLDEN DORSEY WRIGHT DON DACUS CHERYL BARNES MELBA MOORE RONNIE DYSON

GEROME RAGNI JAMES RADO

GALT MacDERMOT TOM PIERSON

ROBERT GREENHUT

MIROSLAV ONDRACEK

MICHAEL WELLER

TWYLA THARP

LESTER PERSKY MICHAEL BUTLER

MILOS FORMAN A CIP Feature "Paradise" "Instructor"

Single Motion Picture Sound Track Album on RCA Records & U.S. 1

DOLBY STEREO

United Artists

IN 70MM

**NOW
SHOWING**

Dominion

TOTTENHAM COURT RD
TELEPHONE: 580 9562

**ADVANCE BOX OFFICE
OPEN FOR EVENING
PERFORMANCES**

SILVER SCREEN

Hair today

The grass roots of something or other

Hair

Directed by Milos Forman
Starring John Savage,
Treat Williams, Beverly
D'Angelo and Annie
Golden
(United Artists)

Many people are mystified as to why *Hair* now. Various (middle-aged) reviewers in the nationals have

dull-wittedly referred to it as being 'strangely dated'.

Of course it's dated — it's a bloody period piece.

It's 12 years since *Hair* appeared off-Broadway and 12 years is a long time — in 1967 LBJ was still picking up beagles by their earholes and Alf Ramsey's England were world champions. A very long time ago.

Even so, *Hair* may have been restored too soon. Old hippies I know have turned cynical and sneer at the very idea of (an admittedly risible notion) 'An American Tribal Love Rock Musical'. Cue hoots of derision. Whatever anyone — especially composer Galt MacDermot — thinks, the music in *Hair* never had anything to do with rock'n'roll in the first place. The entire phenomenon was merely an opportunistic exercise to cash-in on the fad of the day. But it had a halfway hummable score, passably

strong on melodies, inevitably weak on lyrics, and has now been agreeably funk up for the '70s.

And if anyone could make a successful screen adaptation of a tacky old stage musical about "harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abounding" and similar hypocritical hippy hogwash, then Milos Forman could. He has.

A humanistic film-maker specialising in perceptive behavioural comedies in Czechoslovakia, the ex-patriate Forman has the rare ability to convey a multitude of feelings and meanings in a single shot of a facial expression. Never was this used to better effect than in the mordant satire of his previous film, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, which managed to be both irresistibly ebullient and mournfully lyrical. He's had dealings with the 'Flower Children' before, too, in 1971's *Taking Off*, a facile comedy of identity crises in a resolutely middle-class American family.

What attracted him to *Hair*, apparently, were the contradictions and humour of that 'Summer of Love'. Contradictions there are aplenty but humour is a bit thin on the ground (unless words like "mystic crystal liberation" possess enigmatic amusement quotients).

It's strange watching the opening 'Aquarius' sequence ('When the moon is in the seventh house / And Mars is in conjunction with Uranus') as what appear to be Ted Nugent fans prance around Central Park frightening the horses. But by the time they've lapsed into 'Sodomy' and 'Donna', so to speak, these strange, colourful, Tolkienesque creatures assume almost human proportions. Sympathy may be reserved for Claude (John Savage), the hick from Gibbstown who is adopted by this 'tribe'. Incidentally, in his cropped hair, small-collared shirt, knitted tie and straight-legged leeks, Claude is the sharpest-looking of the lot. But that's fashion for you — fickle as an Orient supporter.

Forman's good on the relationships (not easy when they're as thinly sketched as this) and the incidents. But he excels himself with the well-developed climactic scenes (including a ripe cameo from the late Nicholas Ray as a senile general) which momentarily stray into the wonderful world of *Oh What A Lovely War*, demonstrating just how far Forman has here triumphed over content.

Hair is a genuine curiosity. In ten years' time it'll probably look even better.

Monty Smith



Blancmange: Trudy, Nell and Charlene sing the praises of white boys.

“What makes you think Radiomobile stereo is so special?”

For full details on the full range of Radiomobile car radios, stereo equipment and speakers please send two ears—or post this ad with your name and address to: Radiomobile Ltd., Dept. M.E., North Circular Road, London NW2 7JS.
Tel: 01-452 3333



Model 409. Combined continuous play stereo cassette player and LW, MW and FM stereo radio.



By appointment to
H.M. The Queen
Manufacturers of Car Radio Equipment
Radiomobile Ltd. London.

Radiomobile

A range for all reasons

Radiomobile Radiomobile Radiomobile



Porridge: The late Richard Beckinsale as Lenny Godber

Porridge

Starring Ronnie Barker, Richard Beckinsale and Fulton Mackay

Directed by Dick Clement (ITC)

Like it or lump it, *Porridge* is prime time consumption.

So, inevitably, it's hit the silver screen, and the results are palatable, although spread a little thin at times.

A lot of effort went into keeping this movie in its familiar TV mould. All the main actors are the same, which provides — for many — a nostalgic last glimpse of Richard 'Godber' Beckinsale, who died shortly after its completion.

And, wisely, the original scriptwriters have been retained — Dick Clement and Ian Le Frانسis (who wrote *The Likely Lads*) — and they also

produce, direct, and make a fair shot of a traditionally hopeless task. Very few TV spin-offs make the grade; at least this one's an acceptable failure.

One (dubious) asset is the location — Chelmsford Jail, without which, apparently, the film could never have been made. It was forced to close for repairs after a fire in '78, and the *Porridge* crew managed to convince The Home Office it would make them an ideal, authentic setting. Almost all the film was shot there, which works well for the outside scenes — a football match, the inmates term — but its echoing corridors of stark, gloss-painted brickwork prove almost too severe a backdrop for such a soft-cell portrait of prison life.

Predictably, the place comes across less like clink than a permanent factory workers' lunch hour. Again,

this makes suitable support for the usual deluge of groaning one-liners, but not when its residents start waxing philosophical (or political). Mackay (Fulton Mackay), for one, makes an ill-fitting stand for prison wardens against "criminal hostility and public indifference," which clearly justifies both.

Apart from that, the script is slow but convincingly sharp and gives full reign to the reticent Godber and the avuncular Fletcher (Ronnie Barker — an Oscar or there's no justice), and eventually lends the pair of them outside jail and trying to break back in again.

And all that from a man who's convinced "you can't buck the system, you'd be mad to try."

Was it an inside job? If you can't join 'em...

Mark Ellen



The west, the way it really was... before the myths were born.

MARTIN SHEEN SAM WATERSTON

"EAGLE'S WING" A

...STEPHANE AUDRAN AS THE WIDOW JOHN CASTLE AND INTRODUCING CAROLINE LANGRISH

HARVEY KEITEL

CASTING BY PHOTOGRAF — BILLY WILLIAMS B.S.C. — PRODUCTION DESIGNER — JOHN BRILEY — BASED ON AN ORIGINAL STORY BY MICHAEL SYSON — MUSIC BY MARC WILKINSON — EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS — PETER SHAW — PRODUCED BY BEN ARBEID — DIRECTED BY ANTHONY HARVEY

NOW SHOWING WORLD PREMIERE PRESENTATION

PRINCE CHARLES cinema

SEPARATE PERFORMANCES DAILY INC. SUN. 12.30 2.45 5.55 8.35 LATE SHOW NIGHTLY 11.15

SEATS BOOKABLE IN ADVANCE



"BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY" A GLEN A. LARSON Production Starring GIL GERARD,

PAMELA HENSLEY, ERIN GRAY, TIM O'CONNOR and HENRY SILVA as Kane

Written by GLEN A. LARSON & LESLIE STEVENS Executive Producer GLEN A. LARSON

Produced by RICHARD CAFFEY and LESLIE STEVENS. Music by STU PHILLIPS

Directed by DANIEL HALLER A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

READ THE SPHERE PAPERBACK ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON MCA RECORDS AND TAPES

FROM TOMORROW **PLAZA 1** Separate programmes daily 1.45 4.00 6.20 8.45 Late show Fri & Sat 11.30pm

OFF PICCADILLY CIRCUS

ABC FULHAM ROAD EDGWARE ROAD

CLASSIC OXFORD STREET (OPPOSITE PORTLAND COURT ROAD)

AND AT **ABC** AND LEADING CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY

AT THESE SELECTED SEASIDE RESORTS

FROM JULY 26 JERSEY CINI DE FRANCE

FROM JULY 29 BRIGHTON DEAL

FOLKESTONE FROM AUGUST 2

DOUGLAS 10M SHANKLIN 10M

FROM AUGUST 5 WEYMOUTH WORTHING

FROM AUGUST 9 RYDE 10M

FROM AUGUST 12 BRIDGWATER

HASTINGS KING'S LYNN

CLASSIC DOME

COMMODORE

CLASSIC CLASSIC MAJESTIC

TAUNTON FROM AUGUST 16

SANDOWN 10M FROM AUGUST 23

BARNSTABLE NEWPORT 10M

QUEENS REGAL SAVOY

Some Product

Wouldn't you rather be Gobbin'?



Carri on Sex Pistols

Some Product. New album out now on Virgin.VR2.

Do not pay more than £3.20 for this valid piece of product.

Virgin

In Praise Of The Virtuous Swell Chaps

I THINK I'll have to be honest with you and say that my favourite LP of the year is by Swell Maps. It's called 'A Trip To Marineville,' on the Rather/Rough Trade label and contains a free four-track EP.

Their man Epic Soundtracks says: "As far as I'm concerned our LP is definitely the best of the year. I'd feel really sad if nobody recognised it — because I'd think, oh God, they're missing out!"

'A Trip To Marineville' is indisputably the most alarming and frivolous LP of the year. It has all those sort of things you find heartwarming about The Undertones LP, and all those sort of things you find chilling about the Joy Division LP — but that's not all.

It balances in the wrecked way we always hoped Buzzcocks would: the threatening atmospheres and barren landscapes of Can, Faust, Wyatt with the boisterous pop of the brightest bubblegum rock. That's a vague guideline, of course.

Nothing is smooth. Swell Maps play unsteady outburst pop which frets and whirrs, scratches and catches and if it ever comes close to boring or fading just stops dead or breaks off into angry orgies of noise.

Nothing is obvious, though. The first thing many level-headed commentators would say about the Maps is 'childish'. But if they looked no further what wonders and horrors they would miss out on! Swell Maps are so much more than a light heart; not just a pretty face.

Y'see, Swell Maps play great pop. They throw up great noise. They want to be friends with everyone. They write about silly things. They're scruffy. They're scary. You can sing along with their songs. You can bash pens with forks to accompany their noise.

You can laugh at and with their music, you can wonder with it. You can frighten your friends with it.

Swell Maps are nonsense. They don't belong. They are one of the few groups you could fall in love with. Who could ask for anything more?

"It's like we used to do plays when we were kids. Gilbert and Sullivan opera type things, like when we were ten. I never listened to music before Easter '72. Then when I started listening to it I thought I might as well start playing it. If you listen to it you might as well play it. And as we couldn't play anything by anybody else we thought we might as well do our own stuff. So we did."

THE SWELL Maps story starts back in 1972 when two young brothers, whose names turn out to be Nikki Mattress and Sudden nee Thrush and Epic Soundtracks, were sitting around their Solihull home wondering what to do. Nikki was raving about this guy Marc Bolan, and wanted to write songs of his own and form a group.

So Nikki and Epic, with their friend Phones Sportsman (who was once a Map but is now a part-time Map — which means he plays on records but not on stage, because he's too shy) got together, formed a group and started hitting boxes and tins together.

From that moment on they just started compiling 100s and 100s of



Swell Maps: (From left) Nikki Mattress, Jowe Head, Biggles Books, Epic Soundtracks. Pic: N. Mattress.

Would these guys let you down? Would they deviate one inch from the True Path of The New Pop? Would they ever even think of succumbing to unsavoury compromise? NO WAY!! (At least, we damn well hope not after this build up).
By PAUL MORLEY



EPIC

tapes of songs. From 1972 to 1976 there were just millions of tapes.

During this time the three founder members had been joined by more friends. Jowe Head decided he wanted to become a guitarist, so he bought a guitar and started bashing away. He now plays bass. Biggles Books became their second guitarist, and there's also another part time Map, jazz musician Golden Cockrill. They were all just messing about, but it's too insufficient to call what they were doing 'a hobby.'

In the smashing summer of 77, led by the likes of The Desperate Bicycles, the Maps went into Spaceward Studios in Cambridge to record their first single, 'Seymour.'

Young Epic takes up the story: "I think we sold the 2,000 copies that were pressed. We felt it was worth doing it because loads of

people wrote to us and seemed interested and asked when we were going to do more records. We just really enjoyed making the record and hearing it on the radio. It's a great record anyway.

"Before we did 'Seymour' we hadn't done any gigs. Our first was at Birmingham Barbarella's, which was a shambles. Everybody thought we were hippies and shouted 'Pink Floyd' and things — it was like one of those all-day punk festivals. We'd decided to play about 15 minutes before we went on, borrowed some gear and did about six songs. It was terrible but it was good in a way because of the reaction. People didn't understand because we didn't look like bondage punks.

"I think it's really good that we've had six years to play and sort things out, because it was a while before we knew what we were doing. Now we just know what's good and what's bad, and we chuck out the things we don't like. We were much more of a mess three years ago.

"When we recorded 'Seymour' we did think about doing it like two separate groups. Record Nikki's songs and separately do the more instrumentally-inclined stuff. But we've decided now that we don't have to do that, and it works well and it doesn't sound at all forced."

"It took me two years to learn two chords.

"I can't ever see ourselves



JOWE

becoming polished, note perfect and all that. We hardly ever rehearse — about once every six months. We do about half an hour, then we get bored, have a cup of coffee and watch TV."

THE SWELL MAPS development has been totally logical and natural and could have only happened during the last three years. They operate easily well outside the realms of rock routines. They're not caught in circles, but travel in a straight line, responding to their own experiences and impulses.

"What they do is not a job, but a way of life. A part of life. Something they couldn't not do. It's almost a way of whiling away the time, of discovering things and themselves.

There is no demand and no pressure. And most noticeably, there is no fuss.

The music has grown intuitively and idiosyncratically, untainted by deadline or breadline. It's natural music. Swell Maps play for themselves. After that, well...

"The group is nothing like a hobby. It isn't. It's there every minute of the day. We're at college and work but it's always there. It's like we're in a bit of a dilemma at the moment — should we do it full time? But then it gets like a job and you start to worry where your next meal's coming from and things are bound to change.

"We just do the things that we'd want to buy. We want to play live like a group we'd want to see. Like we're really jealous of people like you — anybody apart from us — because we can never see ourselves on stage. It's really frustrating. We just want to put out records because if our music didn't come out as records I'd feel there was something missing because nobody'd be able to hear it."

Swell Maps are nothing to do with full page ads in the music papers and ruthlessly organised tours. They see no point in climbing on the merry-go-round. There is charm and naivety in their methods, but also great strength of desire. They do sell 1000s of records "to people who care," and they have made an LP. They're looking for new ways.

That sound cute? Sounds a bit punky to me. But, it must be repeated, there is no fuss. No promise, no claims, no frowns and no hate.

"I'm not into destroying all the music I don't like because there's got to be music that you don't like to make it all worthwhile. It would be silly if everything was perfect."

Rough Trade have helped Swell Maps a great deal — indicative of their faith and vision. They helped the Maps put out their second maxi single, 'Dresden Style,' and when the Maps informed R.T. that they had recorded the good part of an LP they quickly helped them release it.

The Maps didn't see releasing the album as a particularly audacious move. "Well, we didn't actually realise we were doing it when we did it. We just about had enough money to go into this four-track studio in Leamington for a day, and by the end of the day we'd done half an album or something.

"Then Rough Trade put up the rest of the money and we went back to finish it off. We recorded another two singles at the same time."

Swell Maps don't pretend there's anything mysterious about either writing songs or recording.

"I write songs," says Nikki, "like I drink a cup of coffee or read a book. I just do it."

The vitality and imagination or his prolific output don't contradict such a flatly arrogant statement.

"We want to put out an LP of stuff recorded in a garage two years ago. It's not 'experimental' — that doesn't sound right. In a way all our stuff is experimental. But these are quite long, rhythmic things. Atmosphere music. We're very involved in atmosphere."

Groups like the Maps, with Joy

Continues page 61



NIKKI



BIGGLES

Drawings by Epic

adon, the guard and gate is required for being on time, with recollections from the attention of his hosts with that characteristic neurotic dread of having to exchange small talk. Perhaps it's nerves then, or maybe it was the vodka I saw David imbibing in such liberal quantities earlier on, but here he comes, out of the door, across the path and SPLAT!

Talking Pictures

and Denmark. They are primed to deliver the goods in a proper
hall.

any more, it's just the waiting that gets to you. If I ate anything now I'd be sick."

Listening selection there are tapes of the new Neil Young and Bowie albums, Steel Pulse, Ultravox and Kraftwerk, Berlin Zoo, Ennio Morricone and, of course, Talking Heads.

black (have fun with it). Some of the quirky little things that end up on record (I think are real funny -- the first couple comes anyway. Jokes always wear off after a while. It isn't obvious humor; there are no beat-offs).

Clockwise from left: David Byrne escapes suitan/Tina Waymouth works on her/Tina nipsicks hubby Chris Frantz's coat/Jerry Harrison hose down.

Talking Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

T. HEADS CONT.

From previous page

solo.

Byrne has a selection of South African music with him, notably 'Rhythm Of Resistance'.

"Some of that stuff is difficult to listen to. It's not something you grow up with. With the ethnographic records you have to concentrate to hear what's going on, and for me it isn't always easy. But with Fela... stuff like that, you know... just listen to it. It might be chants or something but it's no trouble, no sweat."

Byrne's interest in ethnic musical forms goes beyond the hip, elitist viewpoint, being both academic and practical. The title of the album, *Fear Of Music*, was drawn from a technical book called *Music And The Brain*: "It has long sections devoted to musically associated diseases. There was a word with a long Latin title, a phobia that certain people have, a real fear of music. Any kind of music is obnoxious to them and they have to be sent to live in the countryside."

"It's such a contradiction of the attitude we have to music, that it appealed to me. The album is also a bit frightening; not shocking but spooky and melancholy. I enjoy it."

"It's my ambition to write some really sad songs but I haven't succeeded yet. People assume that when you perform a sad song you need to use some method acting to get it in the right mood. Actually it works the other way. If the song is well constructed it will cause the emotions."

"It's true that there are hardly any songs about relationships this time. Only 'Mind' comes close to being a love song. It's best to get away from them. I mean, I like a lot of other people's love songs but it's a horrible thing to have to sing about every night. Eventually, the subject becomes meaningless."



Après gig.

"These abstract subjects are more open to different interpretations — they don't matter so much."

PUT IT to Byrne that he's been damned in the past by writers who assume that the lyrics reflect his own viewpoint, whereas they are often fictional devices, vehicles for all manner of contradictory statements.

It's obvious Byrne uses the stage as a platform for expressing many opinions which he'd be too reticent to say to a person's face. "I might express the ideas privately but not so drastically. In a song I can spout off an idea that would sound ridiculous in a conversation."

The best example of this on 'More Songs' was 'Artists Only'.

which Byrne didn't even write. Predictably, some of our brethren took exception to the line 'I don't have to prove that I'm creative'.

"A guy called Wayne Zieve wrote the lyric on that. I don't know anything about it. He was crashing at our place (the Byrne and Harrison residence) and he used to scribble messages on bits of paper and leave 'em round the room. I just liked that one so I wrote some music for it. Now he gets royalties, which spoils the effect somewhat."

"Generally, writers understand a bit of the band but they naturally focus on the lyrics, 'cos it's hard to write more than a couple of sentences about music — there's not a lot you can say about a guitar solo."

"As far as the band goes, they don't mind the words too much. They wouldn't mind writing but they're good about it. It's hardest for Chris and Tina when we're in the studio. They play and that's it. Brian (Eno), Jerry and me play with the mixing. Chris and Tina like to be around, but it gets boring after a while. That frustrates them."

To avoid this inequity 'Fear Of Music' was recorded in a mobile studio hooked up to the Frantz family's Long Island loft. The band rehearsed for ten days, working up basic tracks, then recorded half the album in two days.

Most bands in Talking Heads' position would spend three or four months on a third album and a lot more money.

"Eno got back to London from Bangkok. I phoned him and he came straight over. He layed less on this one than before, so though it's said he's like a fifth member he isn't there when we record basic tracks. It was my idea to be on our own, without a producer for a while; we did OK, we didn't need too much."

"We made the record in two sessions on the mobile, and it worked better; it was more relaxing. Initially, we achieved a near live sound. There was none of that stuff with headphones and engineers and I can't hear the drums' nonsense."

"Of course we treated it with studio care. We spent a lot of the time sequencing tracks. I've never liked the variety approach where a band show how clever they are — y'know, following a ballad with a rocker, then a lush song. We try to group them for similarities. That sounds premeditated though; it was an afterthought."

One of the strangest songs on the record is 'Animals', in which starts off as an oddball paean to animal characteristics — "Animals are pretty smart/They shit in the park/They see in the dark" — until suddenly the listener realises the furries have taken over and they're not domesticating the humans.

"That was the last song I wrote. It was a conscious attempt to go back to the old style but it ended up more complex, it has a 7/4 rhythm or something... I don't understand. It's jerky but I can't play the guitar part and sing it live yet. I got excited when I wrote it though. There are lots of lyrics I didn't use."

Byrne takes a childlike delight in his own words, which remove a lot of cryptic and sinister veils from his sub-conscious.

The most immediately evocative song on 'Fear Of Music' is the most harrowing: 'Life During Wartime', set in a fictional future, say tomorrow — when snipers on the streets and suburban guerrilla warfare are the norm.

Byrne reckons he's ready for the inevitable:

"Living in New York you have to be. There will be chronic food shortages and gas shortages and people will live in hovels. Paradoxically, they'll be surrounded by computers the size of wrist watches. Calculators will be cheap. It'll be as easy to hook up your computer with a central television bank as it is to get the week's groceries."

"I think we'll be cushioned by amazing technological development and sitting on Salvation Army furniture. Everything else will be crumbling."

"It doesn't bother me too much but it isn't something to look forward to. Government surveillance becomes inevitable because there's this dilemma when you have an increase in information storage. A lot of it is for your convenience — but as more information gets on file it's bound to be misused."

"Electronic banking, where you never meet a teller or stand in a queue, is already common, and that system can only get more prevalent."

"A funny thing is that as computers do inventories the crimes may be fewer but are far more costly to the company. People can alter the programme, spin money off and go undetected for years."

"I read a book about computer crimes before I left. For example, one guy printed up a number of fake deposit slips and hid them with the blanks they keep in banks for customer's use; they all had his personal number on. After three days in which people had been depositing huge sums of money into his account, he withdrew it and split. There was no way to catch him."

"Another person had a touch-tone phone hook up to the General Electric master computer in Los Angeles. He was ordering vast supplies of wire, cables, you name it, storing it in a warehouse then selling it. These companies are so huge they don't figure anything is up. Eventually he got too arrogant and tried to sell them their own gear back."

IT'S HARD to know where Byrne fits into the framework of his own subject matter. Very few Talking Heads songs feature his first person experience, and the lyrics tend to focus on observed relationships, clichés and generalisations. This may be a defence mechanism, an extension of his diffidence, but it is also a fine way of illuminating other people's foibles.

The fact that this is usually a novelistic or cinematic technique makes the songs that much more absorbing, although it tends to polarise listeners who recognise their own faults being mocked.

For someone so shy, Byrne has a genius for provoking a reaction:

"I've tried to write songs that are far from my usual point of view, about getting drunk and chasing after girls, but they're never successful. I don't think I can chase... See, if I use the third person it achieves distance. It's slightly humorous. It isn't always very nice."

"The songs 'Heaven' and 'Mind' are set in parties and bars, places where people get together, except in one of 'em the party is in someone's mind and they want it to stop. Eventually they decide they like it."

Byrne turns away to the wall, fiddling with a Camel packet and laughing manically to himself.

"One title, 'Drugs' is a psychedelic song. I like those '60s numbers where they try and describe the experience... They're stupid. There's a big resurgence of acid in Paris apparently. The people from the disco where we played go on huge acid binges, hiring trains and stuff. That's a little intense for me."

DAVID BYRNE grew up in Baltimore, Maryland, then attended the Rhode Island School of Design in 1970, where he met Frantz.

In those days Byrne played violin and ukelele!

Continues page 49



WHO GIVES STUDENTS A CHEQUE CARD WHEN THEY OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT?

Most banks expect you to do a probation period of six months before they let you loose with a £50 cheque card.

(In the meantime they might give you some sort of free gift or maybe even a student card, which is a kind of junior cheque card).

But we at the Midland believe that if you are responsible enough to gain a Local Education Authority Grant then you should have a proper £50 cheque card right from the start. All you have to do is ask for one.

This is obviously a great advantage, because most shops want to see that you have a cheque card before they will accept a cheque from you.

Free Student Discount Card

Another bonus that you can get from the Midland is a National Student Discount Scheme Card, which enables you to buy all kinds of products and services at reduced prices.

Normally you have to apply to the National Students' Scheme to get one of these valuable cards, and you have to pay for it. But to help you on your way,

we'll give you one free when you open your current account, with a handbook that tells you which companies and shops accept it.

Free Current Account Banking, too!

If you do open an account with us, we also give you free current account banking for as long as you're a student. Which means that you get free cheques, statements and so on.

We'll do this even if you overdraw a little, as long as you make an arrangement with us first.

If you call in at any Midland branch you can pick up a booklet called 'How to use a bank account' which explains everything that the Bank can do for you.

Why not do it today so that your account is ready and waiting when your grant comes through? It's better than having a last-minute rush during your first few days at college.

And tell your friends about Midland's offer. We're the bank that gives you a cheque card immediately. And a Student Discount Card, as well as free banking.



Students and Midland Bank.
Together, we make a great team.



Midland Bank Limited

PRICE CRUSADERS



'Street Life' the new album
by **THE CRUSADERS** is

£1 OFF

list price,
at all HMV Shops, now.

And at the HMV Shop every week:
The HMV Shop Top Albums up to **£1.50 off** list price.
The HMV Shop Top Cassettes at **70p off** list price.

All offers relate to list price. Valid until 18th August.
Subject to availability.

the HMV shop



363 Oxford Street,
London W1.
(next to Bond
Street tube)

Bedford
Birmingham
Bradford
Brighton
Bristol

Coventry
Derby
Edinburgh
Enfield
Exeter

Glasgow
Gloucester
Gravesend
Holloway
Hull

Kingston
Leeds
Leicester
Lewisham
Liverpool

Luton
Manchester
Newcastle
Nottingham
Notting Hill Gate

Plymouth
Portsmouth
Southampton
Stockton
Stratford

Sunderland
Sutton
Swansea
Wolverhampton

Our biggest record sale on record is still on.
Over 200,000 record prices have been cut so low
you'll hardly believe it. Top rock album prices
crushed. Top jazz and classical prices
demolished. And thousands of other albums
from a ridiculous 95p.

There's only one place you'll find prices so low.
The HMV Shop Summer Sale.

SALE

Summer

Stop Press from Plymouth.

Following live appearance of 'SABOTAGE'
The HMV Shop Plymouth now reopen.
Specialist singles counter.
Thousands of albums from 95p. Many Top
Rock albums at £2.25.
-The HMV Shop, New George St, Plymouth -
much more than just a record store.



'Bop till you drop'

Ry Cooder's new album.
Don't take it sitting down.



Warner Brothers Records K56691
Also Available on Cassette



ALBUMS

SEX PISTOLS
Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols
(Virgin)

This is getting silly.

After all, no new Sex Pistols recordings have been issued for at least three months, and since Cook, Jones, Pursey and Kermitt have not yet been obliging enough to supply the teeming, seething masses with the first fruits of their blessed union, a vacuum thereby exists. This is a situation that, naturally enough, could not be tolerated. Though such masterworks as 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' and all the attendant 45s by teenage icons like Ronald Biggs and Sid Vicious have satisfactorily outsold the faltering half-formed early works like 'Never Mind The Bollocks' (which were, after all, never really what the Pistols were all about), there is a crying need for more recordings to stash alongside all the posters and T-shirts.

Unfortunately, a large proportion of the interview material on this record is taken up with the tedious and irrelevant thoughts of the band's original lead singer, which is a shame because it wastes valuable needletime which could more appropriately have been devoted to an extended version of the US radio phone-in sequence in which Paul Cook and Steve Jones ask all the female callers if they've got big tits, or more thorough explorations of the tormented psyche of the unfortunate Sid Vicious, who at least had the decency to get himself put away and then finally snuff it so that nothing could interfere with the real purpose of the exercise, i.e. MARKETING.

Interspersed between the interview tapes and the banned radio commercials are snatches of the Sex Pistols records that you've already bought, while the cover gathers together artefacts from the promotional campaigns that you've already seen because they brought all those records to your attention in the first place.

Overflowing with pure anarchy and all the other stuff that devotees of punk rock T-shirts and ad campaigns love to consume, 'Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols' is a must for every tourist who ever bought a Sex Pistols badge from a market stall, and for every U.K. Subs fan who wants to learn about the true roots of modern rock music. As a final badge of authenticity, the album was compiled and produced by John Varnon, the man responsible for many of the original posters and advertisements on which this record is based.

It goes without saying that if you cared enough about the honest rebellion which the Sex Pistols began to symbolise as soon as they got rid of that singer with all those



Paul Cook gets his just desserts from an unangelic upstart in L.A., mean. Pic: Stevens Holstrom

Product of their time



Johnny Thunders shows respect to audience. Pic: Ross Halfin

wanky ideas about honesty and truth, you will just have to own this album and play it regularly, preferably while wearing your 'Sid Is Dead' T-shirt and staring at your 'Bollocks' poster. What would be even more fun would be to memorise large portions of it and recite it with your friends.

The entire career of the Sex Pistols has been little more than a prelude to the release of this album, which provides a much-needed perspective on the short but bizarre history of this phenomenon which we use to call 'punk rock'.

'Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols' is a fine example of what rock and roll is really all about.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE HEARTBREAKERS
Heartbreakers Live at Max's Kansas City
(Beggars Banquet)

Going to have to make this one brief. Brief, because this wretched excuse for a live album is such a shameful affair that to dwell on its dismal lack of quality at any length would grant it more attention than it deserves.

There was a time — approximately two years back — when Johnny Thunders Heartbreakers looked like becoming a real force to be reckoned with. Riding the crest of the punk wave alongside the Pistols and The Clash, the U.S. expatriates had not merely credibility gratis the fact that Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan were once in the legendary New York Dolls but a

pendant for hammering out a forceful set of four-to-the-bar abrasive rock action that made them a perfect rock'n'roll bar band. The music was one-dimensional, sure, whilst their insistence on harping on how cool it was to be a hard drug user in most of the lyrics was downright contemptible at times, but beyond those considerations, the band at least put out with a chutzpah and vitality that left most competitors of the time at the starting gate.

Almost inevitably, the band fell to pieces as quickly as they had achieved momentum in this country. Bad management was certainly one consideration, bad record company dealings (their one and only studio album was a botched-up mess of trashy mixes) most decidedly another, but ultimately the onus for the band's fall from grace fell squarely in their own irresponsible laps. The band ceased to be a viable proposition after drummer Jerry Nolan's departure since he was in fact the true leader.

So Thunders toolled around, making a solo album that at least boasted a half-way decent production even though most of the songs were tired old affairs kept on their feet by the presence of innumerable guest musicians. The solo shot a failed coup, Thunders returned to New York and mooched around, playing the odd gig with the remnants of Heartbreakers (minus Nolan) and inevitably advertising each ensuing debacle as the Heartbreakers' last, farewell gig.

What this record displays, very simply, is three washed-up, demoralized individuals plus the inevitable semi-competent drummer (some godawful pick-up percussionist named Ty Styx) sleepwalking through a bunch of the Heartbreakers' repertoire with a total absence of conviction, a truly disgusting sense of jadedness — the whole charade played out simply for the bucks that'll keep those involved solvent and able to purchase the necessary stimulants. Some fun!

For the record, the band dredge up old faves, kicking off with Thunders' antiquated 'Chatterbox' a.k.a. 'Leave Me Alone' and here entitled 'Milk Me' (the song's original title), and fumble through the likes of 'Chinese Rocks', 'Get Off The Phone', 'Can't Keep My Eyes On You', 'One Track Mind' and a few other utterly predictable rehashes. These songs have never sounded lousier. Guitars are out of tune, the drummer is hopeless and Thunders' 'I'm such-a-cool-junkie-mean' attitude grates horribly throughout. I doubt whether I've ever heard a more pathetic excuse for a rock'n'roll album and the most hideous aspect is that the band themselves don't care.

The whole enterprise stinks and there is absolutely no reason for even a rabid Heartbreakers fan to purchase this piece of shit. Simply file it alongside the new Sex Pistols' abortion and see which artefact corrodes quicker.

Nick Kent

CSM and NICK KENT
suss out the has-beens

SHAM 69 **HERSHAM BOYS**

NEW SINGLE



7" SINGLE

HERSHAM BOYS

B/W

I DON'T WANNA • TELL US THE TRUTH

12" SINGLE (LIMITED EDITION)

HERSHAM BOYS

B/W

I DON'T WANNA • RIP OFF • I'M A MAN I'M A BOY • TELL US THE TRUTH

BOTH SINGLES CONTAIN UNISSUED LIVE RECORDINGS



THE GREATEST ALBUM EVER MADE

(In Australia)

AC/DC Highway To Hell (Atlantic)

AC/DC are five Aussies (hair longish, age 25ish) who first appeared Over Here in '76. They cut four studio albums in Oz and one live LP from a tour of the planet. One of their number, Angus Young, is heavily into Besh Street Chic and goes onstage sporting blazer, school-tie, Just Jimmy cap and short keks. Their business is Heavy Metal Rock Music.

Apart from hearing one side of the live LP through cans in my local megastore (I left with my head in a different shape), I can profess no foreknowledge of their previous works, which I can only presume to be of the same calibre. Those amongst you who have already been exposed to AC/DC damage will please forgive my failure to draw comparisons to their earlier work.

The goods: the songs are five-a-side, and range from good to formidable on the Opinion Scale. Side one kicks off with the title track. A raucous chanting boogie, it's constructed round a biting riff and embellished with all the attendant humming powerchords and wailing solos of the genre. Not a great song as the album goes, but they've quickly staked out their territory. The band then collide into 'Girls Got Rhythm', a massive onslaught of metallic noise where vocalist Bon Scott spits razorblades and lays on the agony as if it were going out of fashion.

Next is 'Walk All Over You', by which stage AC/DC are champing at the bit (silly buggers). It's a custom-built track, fast, vast, sneering and relentless and successfully aggrandized by the thundering, up-front rhythm guitar. It ends on a strangled scream, laying the table for the rumbling menace of 'Touch Too Much'. The song builds up into a boggling crescendo. Bon Scott's voice seems coated with paint-stripper. Colossal power-chords intervene. Heroic guitar solo spews forth. Total group involvement. Etcetera.

'Beating Around The Bush' commences in a flurry of filthy guitar licks and side one ends with sulphurous sparks and stuttering rage.

Side two, like side one, is very good for the neck muscles, and opens with 'Shot Down In Flames'. Bon Scott screams his predicament like a poacher sat in a possum snare. Rejoice in the raucous tumult and electric epilepsy of 'Get It Hot'. Savour the punishment of 'If You Want Blood', a full-tilt boogie that repays the cranium like an Inter-City 125.

Further steam and rumble belches forth on 'Love Hungry Man', five-star noise that features yet more gargantuan guitareries, and a back-beat that could kick-start the Woolwich Ferry. Finally, 'Night Prowler' which begins smouldering, grizzled, sultry and dangerous. It gathers force, reaching a pinnacle of

tautness and volume, lacerates my tweeters, and pummels my woofers.

This is Heavy Metal as she is spoke. It means flailing chords and wailing guitar solos — buzz-saw bass-lines and everything you wanted to know about guttural, agonised vocals but were afraid to ask. AC/DC are a band who practice the science of overstatement to a ludicrous degree and succeed. 'Highway To Hell' shrieks itself beyond any aesthetic considerations. Whether AC/DC are reviving dinosaurs, are contemporary, or are several steps ahead is really beside the point. By taking all the unfashionable clichés and metaphors of Heavy Rock, discarding every ounce of the genre's attendant flab, and fusing those ingredients with gall, simplicity, and a deceptive facility into a dynamic whole, they have created an aesthetic of their own.

A magnificent album.
Rick Joseph

SAXON Saxon (Carrere)

Fire and brimstone, blood and iron, stallions, swords and Saxons — "Saxon's" impressive first LP captures the aggression of Yorkshire life. Far be it from me to argue with a WEA press-release, but the whole thing reminds me more of cheese-and-onion crisps.

The Saxon saga began — no, not in Valhalla — "in the Rotherham/Sheffield area" where the lads "first met when they used to heckle their rivals at gigs".

Since then the band have organised a following for themselves around the North of England and they should, with this album, consolidate it safely. The production is good and their musicianship rarely falters.

To me, the songs are mediocre and the lyrical luggage is absolutely dreadful, but Saxon probably operate in a world — the homegrown small-venue HM circuit — where volume, attitudes and loon-pants are enough to ensure acceptability.

They've combined a serviceable Deep Purple thrust, plus subtly Ted Nugent bad-ass machismo, with occasional Yes-like clarity and prefabricated profundity.

Critics can come and go; but Boys Keep Grinding. The nicest thing about headbanging is it's so pleasant when you stop, and go listen to something else.

Paul Du Noyer

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS Deeper Roots (Back To The Channel)

(Virgin Front Line)

So-called because it sees the return of one of Jamaica's finest vocal trios to the island's Channel One studios (where some would say they belong).

The Diamonds, who're

celebrating this return by calling themselves Mighty again, have not had an easy studio ride of it since their debut 'Right Time' album of '76, itself also a Channel One production. In the interim they've recorded unsuccessfully with Allen Toussaint in New Orleans ('Ice On Fire') and merely pleasantly with Karl Pitterson



Two of The Mighty Diamonds

in Nassau ('Planet Earth'). Another Channel One album entitled 'Stand Up To Your Judgement' was also sneaked out just before 'Planet Earth', but only on pre-release. 'Deeper Roots' is inevitably harder than its immediate

predecessors, but something's still amiss or AWOL here. The set attracts immediately, then, I'm afraid, palls rapidly. The Diamonds' keening voices, Donald Shaw's leading those of Fitzroy Simpson and Lloyd

Ferguson, are as emotive as ever, but all too many of the songs are not; there's certainly no 'Right Time', 'Them Never Love Poor Marcus' or 'Why Me Black Brother Why?', even though similar subjects are up for issue.

The brisk 'Reality' and the biting 'One Brother Short' and 'Bodyguard' are lyrically and melodically striking, but much of the material stumbles, lacks definition and overall direction, seems worryingly brittle. The accompanying rhythms are often similarly hesitant, especially when exposed on the (free) dub album included in the package. They're clean and quipping, sparse and spacious but... But I look at the symbolic and fiery mandrake root on the album's cover and wonder where all the energy leaked away to.

A puzzling, disappointing set. Try an earful of the recent 12" coupling of 'One Brother Short' and 'Bodyguard' with their respective dubs, and see how you go. If you want more — or rather less — of the same, then 'Deeper Roots' will provide accordingly.
Angus MacKinnon



The Suzuki A100 has always been light on your wallet. (£412.60. Low insurance. 79 miles per gallon).

But now we've jazzed up its appearance a little.

Underneath the new warpaint, however, are all those Suzuki goodies you know and love.

The gutsy 2-stroke, rotary disc valve engine that positively sings when you open up. (It revs sweetly all the way up to a mind-blowing 7,500 rpm).

The cushy dual seat for riding two-up in comfort.

The enclosed rear chain for neat and tidy riding.

The helmet lock for keeping thieving digits off your pricey plastic.

And, as you might expect from a name like Suzuki, the A100 steers, handles and brakes right on the button.

Now comes the clincher: you actually fork out less bread on the Suzuki A100 than you do with most 50cc machines.

How's that for using your loaf?

A100 £412.60

inc. vat.

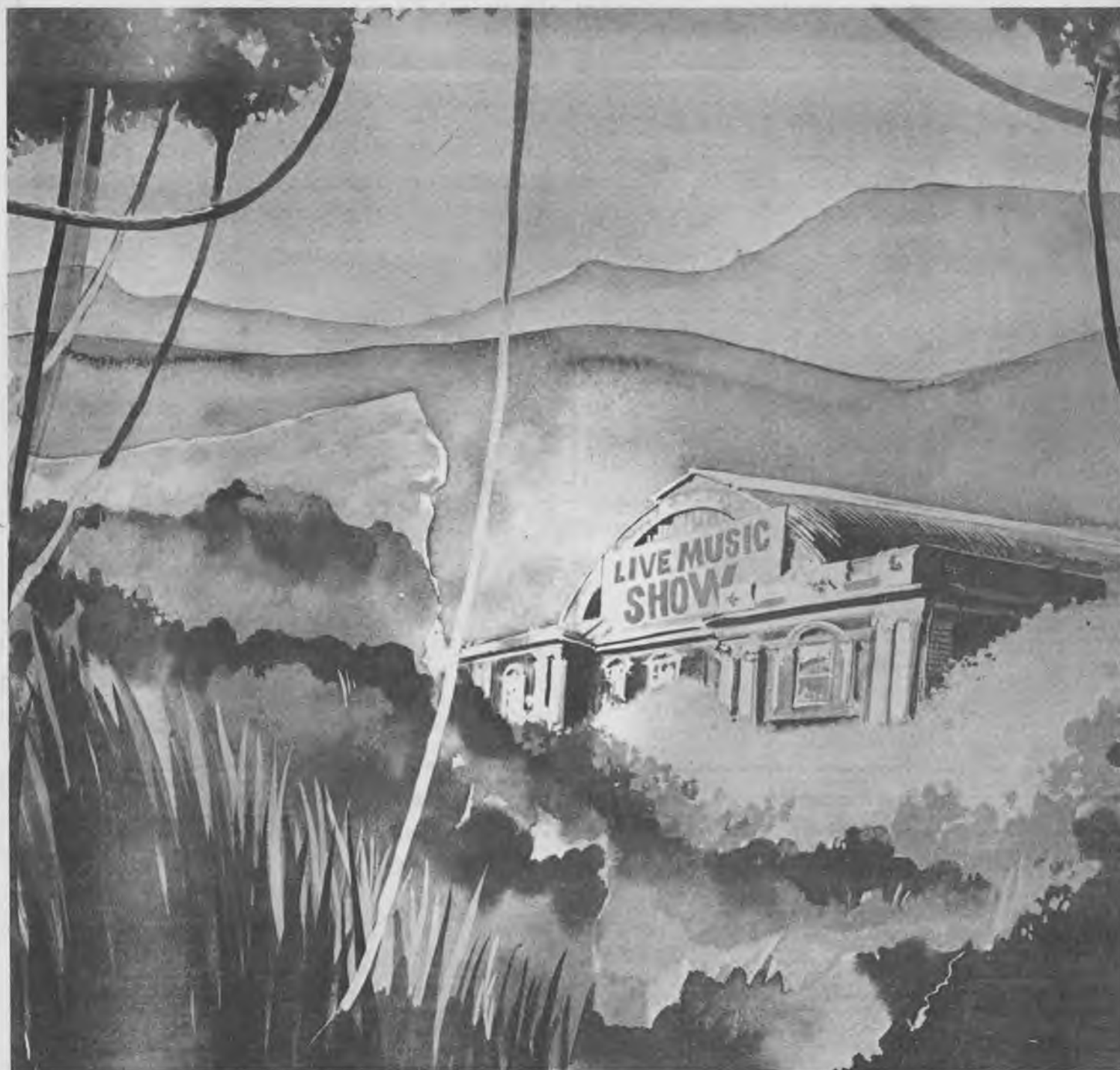
Delivery and plates extra.



HERON SUZUKI



the getaway bike



Explore Stand 145 at Olympia.

Big exhibitions can be as uncomfortable and confusing for some of you as they can be rewarding for others.

A large, noisy hall can be a pretty frightening place; dense with people wandering aimlessly from stand to stand, lost and bewildered and relishing the thought of getting out.

For others, with a clear intention of what they want, this jungle of distraction will not deter them from their objective; they will head straight for the Yamaha

stand, happy in the anticipation of what they will find.

The strange and dazzling sights confronting them will not dull their sense of purpose or weaken their objective.

So if you catch sight of these happy people at the Live Music Show at Olympia, ask them where the Yamaha Stand is. They'll know.



YAMAHA

Craftsmen to the world's
musicians since 1887.

Kemble: Yamaha, Mount Avenue, Bletchley, Milton Keynes Telephone 0908 71771

DOLLY PARTON
Great Balls Of Fire (RCA)
 Probably Dolly's strongest album since the dodgy digit of destiny pointed Locust Ridge's most well-rounded citizen in the direction of pop fame, 'Great Balls' is a massive improvement on 'Heartbreaker', her last release, an offering that came on like Von Stroheim's original version of *Greed* — and deserving of much the same fate.

Most great singers have imperfect voices. It's the vocal failings of such as Billie Holiday or Neil Young that makes them continually interesting to listen to, when more technically endowed singers appear to have run out of creative steam. Dean Parks and Gregg Perry, who have (thankfully) taken over the reins of production from Gary Klein, seem aware of this with the result that most of the tracks are allowed to upoint Dolly's basic vocal frailty, her Daisy Mae-lost-in-the-big-city appeal.

True, this is forgotten on 'Star Of The Show', where she shazams into Disco Dolly Summer for the benefit of those seeking danceathons for 12" single release, while there's some minor mayhem on the title track, an item that probably works as an onstage



Dolly on and off (inset) stage. Wow. Big pic: Charlie Davis. Little pic: Barry Plummer.

rabble-rouser but moves me not a jot at listening room level.

But the ratio of good to indifferent is high this time around. 'Down', a neat little Dolly-jog about being on the losing end, comes full of pithy but piquant keyboard fills, courtesy of Bill Payne. And 'Sweet Summer Lovin'', which like 'Star' is aimed at

the tootsies, proves that Dolly can befriend the Travolta set yet retain her own identity, remaining Parton parcel of Country Music, if you'll excuse the phrase!

Then too, there's a version of 'Help', with Ricky Skaggs and Herb Pederson lending harmony vocal and instrumental aid, that's attractive enough even if you

Doctored Dolly and Mrs Hyde



bedecked front sleeve and the *Star Is Born* centre-shot. Though 'Great Balls' remains a crossover caper, there's plenty of Sevier County Parton to be heard. And that's really much the best kind.

Fred Dellar

VARIOUS ARTISTS Rebel Music (Trojan)

As a rule, you'd be well-advised to steer clear of 'Various Artists' reggae collections. Those old Tighen Ups have quaint period charm and the triple album Trojan Story was a good idea, well annotated but musically weak.

You can't complain about this budget-price double, though, it's thoughtfully assembled and serves well as both a beginner's introduction to the best reggae and a collector's dream come true. I wish I'd had something like this when I first started buying reggae; it would have saved me a lot of money wasted on dull records.

Ska is ignored here, presumably on purpose (although I'm sure there are plenty of ska reissues on the way), and the years '77-'79 overlooked — either because they're too familiar or not worth bothering with, take your pick.

Side one is mostly rock steady. Defined in '66, refined in '67 and cast aside in '68, rock steady, Kingston's musical core, abandoned the riotous sax, trombone and trumpet instrumentals of ska, all but dispensing with the horn section. Instead we were given a slower rhythm, with the bass pushed well forward, soulful vocals and only the occasional instrumental. Val Bennett's sax weighs in well here with 'The Russians Are Coming', a version of 'Take Five'.

There was no nonsense about the best rock steady, they just got on with the job; Derrick Harriott shows the way as a singer with 'The Loser', unbearably poignant, and as a producer with Keith And Tex's 'Tonight', lust masquerading as romance while the lead guitar closely follows the bassline, providing melody and rhythm for the singers to lean against. Kingston studies were a good five years behind the times, so it's not surprising that rock steady was uncluttered, and straightforward. You get a taste of the best here.

But it couldn't last; technical advances and an increasingly politicized youth made reggae more or less inevitable, with its strutting bass and souped-up rhythms like a cross between ska and rock steady. Whereas 'ska' and 'rock steady' describe specific types of JA music, 'reggae' covers ten years of development — from the early chugging rhythm of Bob Andy's great 'You Don't Know' to the harder, slower skank of K. C. White's 'Anywhere But Nowhere', and on to the stylistic profusion of today's music: flying cymbals, rockers and one-drop drumming, toasting, dub and the rest.

Not all of these developments are covered here, but we get a fair

cross-section, dominated by singers while toasters get a look in with U Roy's effervescent 'Ain't That Loving You?', plus two more earnest tunes from Big Youth, and one from I Roy — both men wear their social consciences on their sleeves, but good humour rescues them.

By now we know the all-pervading effects of Rasta, not always a musical blessing. The music heart earns its 'rebel' tag without easy and vacuous slogans, getting there instead by virtue of its introspective unorthodoxy. Glen Brown's 'Wedden Skank' could only be called radical in terms of Glen Brown's cack-handed approach to the melodic keyboard, yet it's defiant '70s youth music. Little Roy's 'Hard Fighter' is more conventional with sufferer's lyrics and Roy's committed vocals, but its Matador Daley production lifts it.

All in all, I'd say the producers are the real stars here, despite their reputation as mere predators depriving the performers of their financial rights; Harriott with his rock steady precision; Gussie Clarke with his teenager's grasp of roots music (he also crops up on I Roy's 'Black Man Time', begging the price of a sandwich off Roy); Keith Hudson; Lee Perry — these are the men who are always pushing the music forward and who make the biggest contribution to this entertainment.

It's dangerous to praise an album too highly, so I'll find a fault or two. Firstly, a liner note would have been helpful. Secondly, one or two of the tracks don't give us the artists or the producers at their best — Tosh's 'Here Comes The Judge' would have been better than either of his tracks here. Apart from that, the album is absolutely essential; the music is brilliant, and also gives some sense of reggae history, which is still pretty confused.

Nick Kimberley

K. C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND Do You Wanna Go Party? (CBS)

I'm not ashamed to admit that I like K.C. and The Sunshine Band. I also like their album. A good fun band with plenty of life, who consistently churn out boppy, funky chart tunes which needle their way into your head whether you want them to or not.

This album provides great party music, as the title suggests (that is, if you go to those sort of parties), with songs that are sure to get you fidgeting in your chair.

The lyrics are highly intelligent — all about love and romance etc. Is there anything else worth writing about? With each song potential hit material, the only complaint is that there aren't enough of them, making the seven that are here rather drawn out.

Still, an entertaining album which does its job well.

Adele-Marie Cherrison

WIGWAM

RUMOURS ON THE REBOUND

A BAND OF THE PAST

THEY'VE BROKEN UP

A RECORD OF THE PRESENT

IT'S OUT NOW

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO WAIT

A DOUBLE ALBUM

£4.99 r.p.

VGD 3503

OUT NOW

Virgin

HERMAN BROOD IS IN A BAD MOOD

ROCKING DOPSIE AND HIS CAJUN TWISTERS Hold On! (Sonet)

What, you never heard of Rocking Dopsie and his Cajun Twisters? Why, I'll bet you don't even know what 'zydeco' is.

If not then you've some acquainting to do and fast, because this music is not to be missed and it's fun and maybe we'd better talk a little more about it.

Zydeco is, it seems, the name for a kind of musical hybrid which grew up around the Deep South. It's a funny mix of black R'n'B with the emigrant French Cajun sounds of Louisiana. So, what you end up with is lots of that lovely, oily old 12-bar stuff plus standard Gay Paree issue accordion (that's right, accordion) wheezing and sleazebagging its funky merry way straight over, through and under the whole show. Very interesting!

And, as it happens, the aforesaid Rocking Dopsie (pronounced 'doopsie', you name-droppers) is amongst the foremost exponents of the zydeco art — a talent displayed to generous effect on this record.

With Dopsie's vocals and accordion, ingredients include



Rocking Dopsie does the doopsiedoo.

Fun beside the zydeco

tenor sax (John Hart) and washboard (Chester Zeno) plus drums, guitar and a bass, handled by Joseph Edward, Major Handy and "Morris" Francis — that's the Cajun Twisters for short.

The results, in crazy but compulsively danceable numbers like 'Hold On! (To That Tiger)' and 'The Opelousas Waltz', are

certainly unorthodox — so when did you last hear a chuckling blues boogie sung in a French patois? But it's full of swing and bounce and sheer unaffected pizzazz.

Lookin' for a good time? I gotta feeling these men might have just the thing you're after.

Paul Du Noyer

MARTIN CATHY
Because It's There (Topic)
Isolate and evaluate folk music?

As in matters reggae, it's not just the old 'can a rock critic deal with a folk music?' twister. Filing under 'folk' is conditioned by this, my, anyone's experience; limits and perspectives are all over the shop.

The homogeneity, that similarity of sounds commonly associated with folk individuals and groups — *fa! da! ral de day?* — is indeed there. But it isn't grounded in formal musical similarities, more on — again, as in matters reggae — something social in common, the space in which the music has emerged and been transformed. Folk music mysteries are those of everyday life, they come out of a recognisable landscape of ideas and events.

Martin Cathy could and should be acknowledged outside his usual neighbourhood, outside the folk mainstream and its history. His accessible, beautifully informal music could and should be put alongside neighbours such as Robert Wyatt, Tim Buckley, Pere Ubu, and so forth. It cries out to be.

Cathy's voice and guitar are a jewel, twinned sounds working together through spaces of tone, tense, rhyme and reason. Acoustic guitar pieces ('Swahling Boneu' and 'Siege of Delhi') swash and scythe, situated in a precipitous dynamic not unlike the sharpest dub — itself a modified folk music, after all. Vocals (try 'Lord Randall') are pitched into the forceful unpredictabilities of narrative, tricking and dealing around the guitar work. His version of Gilbert O'Sullivan's

'Nothing Rhymed' makes perfect sense, despite itself. The corny, off-set set of lyrics twiddles about with song format, with the space for manoeuvre between an idea conveyed and the form which conveys it: *The pleasure I get from, say, winning a bet/Is to lose.* The link between rhyme and reason is, in other words, arbitrary: the song is heard and defined by the relations which set it off from its neighbours.

Hear the trumpets, spans, tales, sounds, treacheries, and sympathies. 'Because It's There' illustrates all the points in Martin Cathy's conscientious entertainment, and helps to mark out folk music's fainting form: a socially useful entertainment, it's not just entertainment. And you can jig to it.

Ian Penman

GERAINT WATKINS AND THE DOMINATORS
Geraint Watkins And The Dominators (Vertigo)

Geraint Watkins, Welsh pub rocker, meets Andy Fairweather Low, English pub rocker, and... well, guess. Well-played, well-preserved, slightly animated nostalgia. But Dave Edmunds does it better, and Elvis, Chuck and Buddy reissues are thick on the ground. Possibly a Job Creation Scheme for ageing rockers.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

Of late, Lee Ritenour would appear to be grabbing more than a little of the action in the Direct Cut stakes. For Lugton's, the wholesalers, are currently listing no less than three new JVC Direct Cuts by sessionland's most prolific picker, namely 'Gentle Thoughts' (VIDC-1), 'Sugar Loaf Express' (VIDC-2) and 'Lee Ritenour Friendship' (VIDC-3).

All are outrageously expensive, of course — being about three pounds dearer than Jun Fukamachi's 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' (Toshiba Pro-Use), which at £6.75 is probably the cheapest Direct Cuts on the market. Keyboardist Fukamachi's previously been involved in 'Spiral Steps', a jazz-rock fusion shot; a live-in-Tokyo album with the Brecker Brothers and trombonist Barry Rogers; plus a number of other Toshiba releases. On 'Sgt Pepper' — which is superbly packaged (the sleeve is basically The Beatles' one in reverse, with everyone except Marilyn Monroe and a superimposed Fukamachi looking in the opposite direction, while the lettering is back-to-front) and the 'Welcome to The Rolling Stones' sweeter now reads 'Goodbye, Rolling Stones' — he revamps the 'Pepper' favourites with the aid of a concert Steinway and a Fender Rhodes, plus a Solina Oberheim, Arp, Glockenspiel, a bass drum and a tambourine. Quite something really, when one considers that Fukamachi's the only musician involved and it's all one take stuff with no overdubs or tape jiggery-pokery. All of which means that at one point during his rendition of 'Lucy In The Sky', jumpin' Jun is

forced to switch maniacally from keyboard to keyboard, apparently gripping the mallet for the glockenspiel between his teeth! As a technical exercise, I guess it's quite remarkable and from a hi-fi point of view there's little to fault. The dynamic range of the disc is beyond reproach — no limiter is used in Direct Cut recording — and there's a certain 'truth' about the sound quality that even the much vaunted PCM digital system (as utilised on the recent Dick Morrissey single and Ry Cooder's latest album) will find it hard to equal. But performance-wise things are a little dull — for Fukamachi has obviously got so engrossed in his mouth, hands and feet (one of his feet operates a bass drum!) and been so aware that to err is not only human but also damned expensive in terms of studio time and ruined masters, that he fails to flow and neglects to add that extra ingredient that takes the record out of the clever-but-so-what category. The disc is therefore recommended to audio freaks only.

If you thought the era of soundtracks such as 'Shaft In Africa', 'Slaughter's Big Rip-Off' and 'The Dynamite Brothers' was long gone, then stay in after class. For the black villain causing mayhem and scantily-clad harpies that bedeck the sleeve of 'The Hitter' (Capitol) denote that black is still beautiful at the box-office, at least, somewhere in the world. It's mainly just black music for the sake of black music, though the jukebox selection is pretty good on this occasion, featuring cuts by Gloria Jones, Maze, A Taste Of Honey and Raul De Souza.

Fred Delfer

M.O.D.



by M.O.D.

Not for Rockers!



VERTIGO

6059 233

marketed by
phonogram



HIS ALBUM AIN'T OUT TILL AUG 4

Adam Records— FANTASTIC OFFERS WHILE STOCKS LAST

CASSETTES	ARTIST/TITLE	PRICE
	ELVIS PRESLEY/In Concert	£2.50
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Rock 'N' Roll No. 2	£2.50
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Rock 'N' Roll	£2.50
	ELVIS PRESLEY/A Legendary Performer Vol 2	£2.50
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Bive TV Special	£2.50
	BRIGHT & BRIGHT/STAND! Floral Dance	£2.50
	QUINCY JONES/Sounds and Styls Like That	£2.50
	RITA COOLIDGE/Love Me Again	£2.50
	DON WILLIAMS/You're My Best Friend	£2.50
	DON WILLIAMS/You're My Best Friend	£2.50
	PAUL SIMON/Greatest Hits	£2.75
	ANDY WILLIAMS/Reflections	£2.75
	JOHNNY CASH/20 Foot Tapping Greets	£2.75
	BOB DYLAN/Greatest Hits	£2.75
	BOB DYLAN/Greatest Hits	£2.75
	BILLY JOEL/Streetlife Serenade	£2.90
	MERBIE HANCOCK/Sunlight	£2.90
	NEW SEEKERS/Anthem	£2.50
	FANNY HUNNETTE/Womanhood	£2.50
	BETWOMAN/Man of the World	£2.50
	BOSTON/Don't Look Back	£2.75
	JOHNNY MATTHEWS/Greatest Hits Vol. 4	£2.75
	DEBBIE WILLIAMS/Songbird	£2.75
	DEBBIE WILLIAMS/Man of the World	£2.75
	NEIL DIAMOND/Love at the Creek	£3.50
	VOYAGE/Voyage	£2.50
	MIKE OLDFIELD/Tubular Bells	£2.50
	JOHN DENVER/The Best of John Denver	£2.50
	JOHN PRESLEY/My Best Performer Vol. 1	£2.50
	DAVID BOWIE/Changemane	£2.50
	PETER FRAMPTON/I'm in You	£2.50
	THE CARPENTERS/Live at the Palladium	£2.00
	ABBA/Waterloo	£2.00
	ABBA/Abba	£2.00
	BOZ SCAGGS/Down Two Then Left	£2.00
	CHICAGO/Chicago II	£2.00
	THE JACKSONS/Goin' Places	£2.00
	FOUR SEASONS/19th Watermark	£2.00
	FOUR SEASONS/Four Seasons Story..... D.A.	£2.30
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Elvis Is Back	£2.00
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Welcome to My World	£2.00
	ELVIS PRESLEY/Loving You	£2.00
	PETER FRAMPTON/Amsterdam Comes Alive	£2.00
	NICK WAKEMAN/White Rock Original Film Soundtrack	£2.00
	THE CARPENTERS/A Kind of Hush	£2.00
	NICK WAKEMAN/A Friendly Connection	£2.00
	JOAN ARMATRADE/Joan Armatrading	£2.00
	THREE DEGREES/Three Degrees	£2.00
	CHICAGO/Chicago I	£2.00
	THREE DEGREES/Take Good Care of Yourself	£2.00
	BOB DYLAN/After All These Years	£2.00
	BOB DYLAN/Hard Rain	£2.00
	JOHN LODGE/Natural Avenue	£2.00
	ELTON JOHN/Here and There	£2.00
	ELTON JOHN/Here and There	£2.00
	BEATLES/Rock and Roll Music	£2.00
	STEVE MILLER/Book of Dreams	£2.00
	CHUCK BERRY/Motivatin'	£2.00
	10CC/How Dare You	£2.00
	BARRY WALKER/Greatest Hits	£2.00
	MARSHALL HALL/Fire Ride	£2.50

RECORDS		PRICE
ARTIST/TITLE		
ELVIS PRESLEY/Legendary Performer Vol. 1		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/Elvis in Demand!		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/Rock 'N' Roll		£2.00
BRITCHOUSE & RASTRICK Band/Floral Dance		£2.00
JOEY V. JOEL/Goodies and Swift Like That		£2.00
RITA COOLIDGE/Love me Again		£2.50
RICK WAKEMAN/White Rock		£2.00
ANDY WILLIAMS/Reflections		£2.00
PAUL SARKIS/Greatest Hits		£2.00
JOHN CASH/Top Tapping Greats		£2.00
BOB DYLAN/Greatest Hits		£2.50
BILLY JOEL/Surefire Serenade		£2.00
EMOTIONS/Rakos		£2.00
BILLY V. JOEL/The Stranger		£2.00
HERBIE HANCOCK/Sunlight		£2.00
THE NEW SEEKERS/Anthem		£2.00
TAMMY WYETTE/Woodstock		£2.50
LESTROM/Don't Look Back		£2.00
NENI DIAMOND/I'm Glad Your Here with Me Tonight		£2.00
BOSTON/Don't Let Back		£2.00
VOYAGE/Voyage		£2.00
MIKE OLDFIELD/Tubular Bells		£2.00
THE WOMBLES/Bowed Sax 3-Records!		£4.00
ELTON JOHN/Greatest Hits		£2.50
VARIOUS/More Great Vol. 3	D.A.	£2.50
VARIOUS/More Great Vol. 4	D.A.	£2.50
VARIOUS/Motown Gold Vol. 6	D.A.	£2.50
GLEN CAMPBELL/The very best of Glen Campbell		£2.50
BONNIE TYLER/Natural Force		£2.00
JOHN DENVER/John Denver Vol. 2		£2.00
JOHN DENVER/John Denver Vol. 2		£2.50
HARRY NILSSON/Harry Nilsson's Greatest Music		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/Rock 'N' Roll No. 2		£2.00
JOHN DENVER/Spirit		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/Back in Memphis		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/A Legendary Performer Vol. 2		£2.00
THE CARPENTERS/The Singles 1969-73		£2.00
THE CARPENTERS/Passage		£2.00
PETER FRAMPTON/I'm In You		£2.00
THE CARPENTERS/Live at the Palladium		£2.00
SERGIO MENDES, THE SANDPERS, BURT BACHARACH, THE CARPENTERS, HERB ALPERT/At the MONTE CARLO/The Best of Easy Listening/Boxed Set containing 8 Records!		£5.00
GALLAGHER & LYLE/Love on the Air Waves		£1.50
THE HOLLIES/White Lilies		£1.50
THREE LAST/Last the Whole Night Through (Boxed Set containing 6 Records)		£8.00
ASBA/Waterloo		£2.00
ASBA/Abba		£2.00
CHICAGO/Chicago 10		£2.00
GENESEE WILKINS/Songbird		£2.00
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON/Easter Island		£2.00
DENNIS ROUSSOS/Forever and Ever		£2.00
VARIOUS/Nice 'N' Easy (Boxed Set 4 Records)		£2.50
ELVIS PRESLEY/More Great Hits for Me World		£2.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/That's the Way it Is		£2.00
VARIOUS/World of Jazz Golden Gift Box (Boxed Set containing 4 Records)		£5.00
STEVE MILLER/Back in the U.S.A.		£2.00
ORIGINAL ARTISTS/50 All Music Country Hits		£1.50
BARRY WHITE/Let the Music Play		£2.00
BEACH BOYS/Greatest Hits		£2.00
GLEN CAMPBELL/Live at the Royal Festival Hall		£2.00

ARTIST/TITLE	PRICE
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHNS/Don't Stop Believin'	£2.00
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHNS/Making a Good Thing Better	£2.00
BARBARA SINATRA/20 Golden Greets	£2.00
HELEN REDDY/Music, Music	£2.00
CLIFF RICHARD/Small Concerns	£2.00
MAX BOYZE/The Road and the Miles	£2.00
MANUEL/Manuel	£2.00
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK/The Very Best of	£2.00
DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES/Greatest Hits	£2.00
MUD/Greatest Hits	£2.00
ARIOUS/Mokoum Special! Disco Album	£2.00
CLIFF RICHARD/20 Golden Greets	£2.00
NEIL SEDAKA/Emergence	£1.00
JUSTIN HAYWARD/Songwriter	£1.00
MCCURRENS PLINT/Rainbow	£1.00
NEIL SEDAKA/Songwriter Neil Sedaka	£1.00
HOLLIES/Russian Roulette	£1.00
HOLLIES/Wine On	£2.00
CARL DOUGLAS/Kung Fu Fighters	£1.00
JOHN DANKWORTH/McNiece 'N' Me	£1.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS/Various Artists	£1.00
BARRY BLUE/Barry Blue	£1.00
ELVIS PRESLEY/Loving You	£1.00
GENE PITNEY/Gene Pitney	£1.00
MIKE STEVENS/Various Artists/Minstral Music	£1.00
HENRY MANCINI/Henry Mancini	£2.00
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA/Sounds of Glory	£1.00
VARIOUS ARTISTS/Rule Britannia	£1.00
DIANAS & PAPA'S/The Best of	£1.00
The Marmes & Pappas	£1.00
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/Classical Favourites	£1.00
VARIOUS/20 Musical Genres	£1.00
JACKSONS/Joyful Jubilation	£2.00
DIANA ROSS/The Last Time I Saw Him	£2.00

ARTIST: TITLE	PRICE
SUZI QUARTRO/Aggro Phobias	£2.00
MARSHALL HAIN/Free Ride	£2.00
JOHN MILES/Zaragon	£2.00
XRAY SPX/Adolescents	£2.00
VARIOUS/Moroccan Chamberlains Vol. 3	£2.00
BE-BOP DELUXE/Dramatic Plastic	£2.00
BE-BOP DELUXE/Life In The Air Age	£2.00
PERRY COOK/It's Improbable	£1.00
SHOWADDYWADDY/Step Two	£1.00
BLACK & WHITE MINSTRELS/30 Golden Grats	£1.00
CAROLE KING/Simple Things	£1.00
RUBETTE/Sign of the Times	£1.00
LINDA LANE/Women Overboard	£1.00
PERRY COMO/A Legendary Performer	£1.00
MAWKIND/Amplifying Sounds	£1.00
VARIOUS/Roundhouse Chamberlains	£1.00
PATRICK MORAN/My Mom	£1.00
JIM REEVES/I Love You Because	£1.00
GARY GUTTER/Silver Star	£1.50
THE GLITTER BAND/Greatest Hits	£1.50
ALVIN STARDUST/Greatest Hits	£1.50
T. REX/Dare In The Underworld	£1.50
NEIL SEDAKA/Sounds of . . .	£1.50
BARRY WHITE/Is This Wince/Want?	£1.50
GARY GUTTER/Golden Grats	£1.50
PATRICK MORAN/My Mom Sun	£1.50
BARRY WHITE/Sings for Someone	£1.50
TIM LIZZY/Fighting	£1.00
JIM REEVES/Songs of Love	£1.00
KIKI DEE/Kid Dee	£1.00

Please state whether L P s or Cass

ORDER TO: *Adam Records*

60 ADAM STREET.

ADAM RECORDS
Specializing in
Soul, Funk, R&B, and
Disco

100% of LP's
and
Cassettes
at
discount
prices

ADAM RECORDS CATALOGUE
Includes
100% of LP's
and
Cassettes
at
discount
prices

ADAM RECORDS PLUS
Catalogue with
100% of LP's
and
Cassettes
at
discount
prices

**Additional
List of Special
Offers**

**And FREE OPENING OFFER
for new customers**

Please state whether L P s or Cassettes required

ORDER TO: *Adam Records—*
60 ADAM STREET, BIRMINGHAM B7 4AG

QTY.	ARTIST/TITLE		PRICE
ITEM	GARMENT	COLOUR	PRICE

PLEASE USE YOUR OWN PAPER IF YOU WISH

AND NOW
Adam Records—
**OFFER T SHIRTS
SWEATSHIRTS, TRANSFERS
BELT BUCKLES**
Fabulous Pacifica™
Belt Buckles £3.00 each

7831 DOOBIE BROTHERS
(IRIDESCENT CHROMIUM)

7802 KISS - CHROMIUM
 7811 BLUE OYSTER CULT - THE REAPER
 7822 STEELY DAN - AJA
 7823 KISS ALIVE R LOGO
 7828 KISS - ACE
 7828 KISS - PAUL
 7829 STEVE MILLER
 7829 KISS - GENE
 7828 ROGER DEAN'S YES LOGO
 7810 HEART
 7827 KISS - PETER
 7810 FLEETWOOD MAC - CRYSTAL BALL
 7836 GRATEFUL DEAD
 7806 ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
 7822 KANSAS - SERPENT & GLOBE
 7823 KISS - DESTROYER LOGO

FULL COLOUR BROCHURE SENT ON REQUEST



AVAILABLE IN THREE SIZES

SIZE 3: 28" - 32" Waist (71 CMS - 81 CMS)
 SIZE 4: 32" - 36" Waist (81 CMS - 91 CMS)
 SIZE 5: 36" - 41" Waist (91 CMS - 104 CMS)

THESE BELTS ARE MADE IN ENGLAND, AND AVAILABLE IN BLACK OR BROWN AND ARE FITTED WITH SNAP STUD FITTING TO ALLOW QUICK CHANGE OF BUCKLES.

R QUALITY
 IER BELTS
 ALLY MADE TO
 L OUR BELT
 LES

£2 EACH

T SHIRTS 100% COTTON TO FIT CHEST: SMALL 33 - 35" MEDIUM 36 - 38" LARGE 39 - 41" EX LARGE 42 - 44" COLOURS: WHITE, BLACK, NAVY, RED, SKY BLUE £2.50	CHILDREN'S T' SHIRTS SIZES: 26", 28", 30", 32" COLOURS: WHITE, NAVY, RED, SKY BLUE £2.00	SWEAT SHIRTS THICK FLEECE LINED CREW NECK COTTON SIZES: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE, EX LARGE COLOURS: WHITE, BLACK, NAVY, RED, SKY BLUE £4.50 £5.00 plus postage
CHILDREN'S SWEAT SHIRTS SIZES: 26", 28", 30", 32" COLOURS: BLACK, NAVY, RED, SKY BLUE £3.50	AMERICAN SWEAT SHIRTS SUPER QUALITY SPECIALLY IMPORTED FROM U.S.A. SIZES: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE, EX LARGE COLOURS: RED, NAVY, BLACK, MIDNIGHT BLUE, GUNMETAL (GREY) £5.50	HOODED SWEAT SHIRTS THICK FLEECE LINED COTTON COLOURS: NAVY, BLACK, RED, SKY BLUE SIZES: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE £8.95

PRICES GIVEN FOR T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, TRANSFERS, BRACES, BUCKLES AND BELTS INCLUDE POSTAGE & PACKING



THE LATEST CRAZE
MULTICOLOUR
BRACES
£3.99



FREE!
Readers of this
Offer will
receive with
every order for
T Shirts/Sweatshirts
a Free Book
BOOKS FOR T SHIRTS
ORDER WITH OUR FULL TRANSFER
BROCHURE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

THE CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival is unquestionably Britain's premier folk event, and it takes place again this weekend for the 15th consecutive year. It's always an entertaining outing, and I know from personal experience that even poor weather can't dampen the good nature and high spirits of the knowledgeable crowd. As usual it takes place in the attractive grounds of Cherry Hinton Hall and, besides the open-air music, there are also two indoor stages for evening performances — plus ample parking, camping and refreshment facilities. Admission for the whole weekend will cost you £7.50 (camping 20p extra) — or if you feel like coming along for Sunday only (when most of the big names are playing) you can buy a day ticket for £4. The show gets under way on Friday afternoon.

THE LINE-UP for this year's festival includes such welcome American visitors as Loudon Wainwright III and Ry Cooder, plus the full Woodstock Mountains Revue, featuring Happy Traum, John Herald, Bill Keith, Artie Traum, Pal Alger, Jim Rooney and Roly Salley. (By the way, the Revue is also in action at London's The Venue on Thursday night.) And from Louisiana comes America's principal exponents of so-called Zydeco music, Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters — who are also playing other dates on their current UK visit.

Other Cambridge attractions are Maddy Prior, Boys Of The Lough, Doc Wetson & Friends, The Tannahill Weavers, Alex Campbell, Jim Page, Noel Murphy, Richard Digance, Dave Cousins, Louis Killen, Harvey Andrews, Dan Ar Braz, Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators, The New Victory Band, Orrin Star & Gary Mohallick, Plexus, Earl Okin, Anni Chester, Joe Stead, Neil Lewis, Julie Meigs & Chris Stowell and Warren Wyso. Plus several others and, no doubt, a few surprises as well. So Cambridge takes pride of place this week, and I hope this will satisfy those people who've written to complain that I've tended to neglect the folk scene in my main Gig Guide showcases — D.J.



Above:
RY
COODER
Left:
MADDY
PRIOR

Thursday

Bathgate Dreadnought. The Shapros
Billerica Mayflower Club. Bastille
Birmingham Mercat Cross. The Clinic
Birmingham Railway Hotel. Orphan
Bradford Princetown. The Alwoodley Jets
Brighton Polytechnic. F.I.G.
Burnwood Troubadour. The Amazing
Dark Horse
Chadwell Heath Greyhound. Money
Cherfield Fusion. The Pretenders/Interview
Caine Union Hotel. Wellface
Cornforth Supporters Club. Saxon
Derby Ajanta Club. After The Fire
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms. The Dials
Eastleigh Crown Hotel. Thieves Like Us
Guildford Wooden Bridge. The Martians
Schoolgirls
High Wycombe Nags Head. The Blues
Band
Hull Romeo & Juliet. Radio Luxembourg
Summer Roadshow
Hull New Theatre. Maddy Prior
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre. Sweet Sub-
stitute/Pat Malcox All-Stars
Leeds Fan Club. The B-52's
Liverpool Duke of Wellington. Dark Heart
Liverpool Eric's. Adam & The Ants
London Camden Dingwalls. Straight 8
London Camden Dublin Castle. Idiot
Dancers
London Camden Music Machine. Tradition
London Canning Town Bridge House.
Special Branch
London Clapham Two Brewers. Stage-
Inn
London Clapham 101 Club. The Rest
London Covent Garden Rock Garden.
Stan's Blues Band
London Deptford Albany Empire. Red
Tape/Clean. Heals/EI. Seven/Sad
Among Strangers
London Fulham Golden Lion. Wildlife
London Hammersmith Odeon. Groover
Washington Jr
London Hammersmith The Swan. London
Zoo
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle.
Mark Andrews & The Gents
London Islington Hope & Anchor. The
Piranhas
London Kensington The Cricketers.
Lacey's Affairs
London Kensington De Villiers Bar. Gold
Dust Twins
London Kensington The Nashville. The
Sinceros/Cuddly Toys
London Knightsbridge Pizzeria on the Park.
Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs
London Marquee Club. The Enid
London Oxford St 100 Club. Pressure
Shocks
London Soho Pizza Express. Johnny
Barnes Quartet
London Southall White Swan. The Injections.
Lacey's Affairs
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom.
Matchbox
London Victoria The Venue. Woodstock
Mountains Revue
London Waterloo Royal Victoria. Freddy's
Feetwarmers
London W 11 Maunberry's. Aj Webber
London W 14 The Kensington. Redline
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave. Big
Chief
Manchester Mayflower. The Zones
Norwich Boogie House. The Defendants.
Norwich Cromwells. T.C.O.J.
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow. The
Hormones
Nottingham Imperial Hotel. Goffs

Penance. Daniela's. Mud
Plymouth. Cottingham Club. The
Bombers
Port Talbot Troubadour. UK Subs
Poynton Folk Centre. Rebecca
Preston Clouds. Black Gorilla (for three
days)
Reading Target Club. The Distainers
Redruth London Inn. Lip Service
Sheffield Limit Club. Simple Minds
Southampton. Eastleigh Knights Club.
Lip Moves
Southport Seaside Hotel. Mistress
St Albans Horn of Plenty. The O.K. Band
Stoke Green Star. Exhibit A
York Rugby Club. American Echoes

Friday

Aymestrey (Herts.) Crown Hotel. George
Melly & The Feetwarmers
Barnsley College of Technology. UK Subs
Basingstoke Magnum's. Lip Moves
Belfast Harp Bar. The X Dreamists
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn.
Rainmaker
Birmingham Barbarella's. The Specials
Birmingham Barbet Organ. Bright Eyes
Birmingham Elizabethan Days. The
Traitors
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre.
TM2
Blackpool Imperial Ballroom. Joy Division
/ Final Solution / The Glass Torpedoes /
Orchestra. Manoeuvres In The Dark /
Selection 25
Blackpool Northrock Castle. Zehn Archer
Bryth Golden Eagle. The Accelerators
Bournemouth Town Hall. Merger /
Pressure Shocks / The Tons
Brentwood Hermit House. Mad Chateaux
Bridlington Spa Pavilion. Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
Brighton Buccaneer. Beggar
Brighton Hanbury Arms. The Rest
Brighton Polytechnic. Steel an' Skie / Ivor
Cutler
Brimley William Morris Hall. The Good
Missionaries / The Transmitters
Burton 76 Club. After The Fire
Cambridge Folk Festival at Cherry Hinton
Hall (for three days). See above for
details
Canook Troubadour. The Kidds Band
Cardiff Fops. The Shapros
Cardiff Wagon Market Hall. The Zones
Chelmsford City Football Ground. The
Passions
Chester Smartys. The Distainers
Cleethorpes Pier Bar. The Alwoodley Jets
Coventry Ryton Bridge. Streetlife
Davidstow Hall. Lip Service
Dorking Town Hall. Key Russia
Dudley J.B.'s Club. The Wide Boys
Dunfermline Belleville Hotel. Trax
Guildford Royal Hotel. Nicky & The Dots
Horncastle Town Hall. Crazy Cavan & The
Rhythm Rockers
Mill Railway Club. American Echoes
Ingatestone Youth Club. Bastille
Lipwich Henly Cross Keys. General R &
The Menzies
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre. Alex Welsh
Band
Kettering Windmill Club. The Bearshank
Band
Kirkcubbin Country Club. The Next
Knarborough Folk Club. Bill Caddick
Lincoln A.J.'s Club. The Sinceros
Liverpool Eric's. Simple Minds
Liverpool Oscar's. Marital Aids
London Acton Kings Head. Paz
London Camden Dingwalls. Dafny & The
Tenderloins / Ojah
London Camden Music Machine. Wizz
London Camden Southampton Arms. Jet-
tyroll Blues Band

London Clapham Lord Westbury. Stage-
Inn
London Covent Garden Rock Garden.
Carol Grimes Band / Nightbird
London Fulham Golden Lion. Jackie Lyn-
ton's H.O. Band
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios.
The Blues Band
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle. The
Crooks
London Hounslow Red Lion. T.C.O.J.
London Islington Hope & Anchor. The
Piranhas
London Kensington The Nashville. Roc-
kin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters
London Leicester Square. Notre Dame
Hall. Secret Affair
London Marquee Club. The Enid
London Notting Hill Old Swan. Belt &
Braces Band
London N.1 Duke of Wellington. Embryo
London Oxford St 100 Club. Central Line
London Putney Star & Garter. Greig &
Nigel's Folk and Blues Night
London S.E. 1 Colombo Street Commu-
nity Centre. Grass / Poison Girls / Pilgrim
London Soho Pizza Express. Tony Allen
Quartet
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's. Amba
London West Hampstead. Moonlight
Club. The Teenbeats / Squire / Les Elite
London W.1 Crackers Disco. Angelwhitch
London W.10 Acklam Hall. The Bar-
roads
Mansfield Blithworth Welfare. Strange
Days
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady. Mungo
Jerry
Norwich Whites. Naked Sin
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom. Adam &
The Ants
Oxford Oranges & Lemons. The Russians.
Plymouth Castaways. Mud
Portsmouth. The B-52's
Scarborough Penhouse. The Pretenders
/ Interview
Southend Minerva. Matchbox
Stroud Marshall Rooms. The Defendants
Swindon Brunel Rooms. The Bombers
Torrington Folk Festival (for three days).
The Vetties / Brenda Wootton & Dave
Penhale / Bob Conn / Staverton Bridge
etc.
Wolverhampton Lafayette. Voyager
Worthing The Balmoral. The Tinsels
Yeovil Camelot Suite. The Martini
Schoolgirls

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre. Ian Dury & The
Blockheads
Ashford Stour Centre. UK Subs
Aylesbury Friars. The Pretenders / The
Piranhas / Interview
Birmingham Barbarella's. The Sinceros
Birmingham Bogart's. Exhibit A
Birmingham Mercat Cross. Strider
Birmingham Railway Hotel. School
Sports
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre.
Shade
Brechtin Football Ground. Trax
Brighton Polytechnic. Louis Moholo's
Spirits Rejoice
Brighton Portland Town Hall. Johnny
and The Jailbirds
Bristol Granary. Wizz
Bristol Turntable Club. Black Stone
Cardiff Twisted Wheel. The Accelerators
Cardiff St. Heler Arms. Freddie Fin-
gers' Leo / Rockhouse
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge. The
Angelic Upstarts
Chippingham Manda Hall. Idiot Dancers
Cinderford Rugby Club. Soul Direction
Cockermouth Moate Hotel. The Shapros

Coventry Dog & Trumpet. The Kidds
Band
Cromer West Runton Pavilion. Tradition
Derby Ajanta Club. Zones
Dudley J.B.'s Club. The Specials
Dunstable California Ballroom. Grover
Washington Jr
Guildford Wooden Bridge. Mark Andrews
& The Gents
Harlow Spurrers Town Park. Hi-Tension /
64 Spoons / Hedgehog
Haverfordwest Masonic Hall. T.C.O.J.
High Wycombe Town Hall. Eddie & The
Hot Rods
Ilkerton Concorde Club. Crazy Cavan &
The Rhythm Rockers
Jacksdale Grey Topper. The Out
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre. Max Collie's
Rhythm Aces
Leeds Viva Wine Bar. Agony Column
Liverpool Eric's. Still Little Fingers
Liverpool Everyman Bistro. Lies All Lies
Liverpool The Masonic. Marital Aids
London Battersea Arts Centre. Kevin
Coyne (Poetry)
London Brixton George Canning. Stage
Inn
London Camden Brecknock. Tennis
Shoes
London Camden Dingwalls. Sussex / Red
Alert
London Camden Electric Ballroom. Gang
Of Four / The Delta Five / The Spoils-
ports
London Camden Music Machine. After
The Fire
London Christy John Bull. Zero
London Covent Garden Rock Garden.
Brian Knight & The Thunderbirds
London Deptford Kings Head. Stage-Inn
Liverpool. Burnt / Le / Bad Manners /
Embryo / Top Mark etc.
London Fulham Golden Lion. Straight 8
London Fulham Greyhound. The Jolt / The
Pretty British
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios.
Roy Hill Band
London Hammersmith The Swan. Inter-
ference
London Hendon Football Club. 'Save The
Whales' benefit with Bann Gunn
London Islington Hope & Anchor. The
Cleaners
London Kensington The Nashville. Brian
James & The Beans
London Lewisham Black Bull. Matchbox
London Marquee Club. Reg Laws & The
Alibi
London N14 Club. Norrie. Tribesman
London Peckham Newlands Tavern. Billy
Carroll Band
London Rainbow Theatre. Sham 69
London Soho Pizza Express. Johnny
Parker. Colin Smith Quartet
London Southbank National Theatre. Tar-
race. Ricky Wales Band
London. Spouting. Hossally. Ballroom.
Billy Lee Riley
London Stoke Newington Pegasus. Big
Chief
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's. Amba
London Waterloo The Wellington. Squire
London West Hampstead. Moonlight
Club. London Zoo
Manchester The Factory. The B-52s
Manchester Mayflower. Joy Division /
Disruptors / The Wall / Frantic
Elevators
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady. Mungo
Jerry
Middlesbrough Rock Garden. Adam &
The Ants
Norwich St Andrew's Hall. The Mono-
chrome Set / PragVec / Manufactured Noise
Nottingham. Sandpaper. Slaughter & The
Dogs / Black

Reford Poterhouse. Scandal
Scarborough Penhouse. Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
St Austell New Cornish Riviera. Mud
St Ives (Cornwall) Penbeagle Croft. Lip
Service
Swindon Moonrakers. Fast Livin'
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime). The
Pests
Wolverhampton (Bilston) Rising Star.
Spooky
Workshop Manton Colliery Club. Strange
Days

Sunday

Barnstable Chequers. Mud
Birmingham. Elizabethan Days. Wide
Boys
Birmingham Railway Hotel. Prima Donna
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion. The Crack
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre.
Red Express
Bournemouth Village Bowl. Lip Moves
Blacknell South Hall Park Arts Centre. Hi-
Tension
Bradford Vauxals Bar. The Negatives
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime). Bill
Scott and Ian Ellis
Cardiff Twisted Wheel. The Shapros
Chiddingfold Six Bells. The Dials
Douglas 10 M Palace Lido. Eddie and The
Hot Rods
Edinburgh Odeon. Ian Dury and The Bloc-
kheads
Gravesend Prince of Wales. Redline
Huddersfield Albion Hotel. Zanathus
Jacksdale Grey Topper. Adam and The
Ants
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre. Midland
Youth Jazz Orchestra
Kenton Travellers Rest. American Echoes
Leeds Florde Green Hotel. Simple Minds
London Battersea Nags Head. Jugular
Vain
London Brent Gladstone Park (free open-
air). Yachts / The Ruts / Misty / The Pop
Group
London Camden Dingwalls. Red Beans
and Rice / Terminal Snack Blues Band
London Canning Town Bridge House.
Remus Down Boulevard
London Charing Cross Duke of Bucking-
ham. The Invisibles (for four days)
London Clapham Two Brewers. Squire
London Covent Garden Rock Garden. The
Crooks
London E2 Festival at Bethnal Green
Weavers Field. Nightbird / Batteries-
/ Central Line / French Lessons, etc.
London Finchley Torrington. The Blues
Band
London Fulham Golden Lion. Super-
charge
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle. The
Small Hours
London Kensington The Nashville. The
Piranhas
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime).
Blue Moon
London Soho Pizza Express. Ron Rubin
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom. The
Pretenders / Madness / Interview
London Victoria The Venue. Maddy Prior
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial
Hotel. Any Trouble
Newbridge Memorial Hall. Wizz
Newcastle The Red House. Hot Snax
Norwich Whites. The Denizens
Newquay Central Hotel. The Winners
Nottingham. Hearty Good Fellow
Medium Medium
Poynton Folk Centre. Dr Sunshine's Pave-
ment Show
Redcar Coatham Bowl. The B-52s

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE CONTINUED

Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime) The Amazing Dark Horse

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: Freebird
Birmingham Railway Hotel: The Out
Brighton Bombay Bar: The Piranhas/The
Chefs/Pinball
Brighton Dome: Grover Washington Jr
Edinburgh: Ian Dury & The Blockheads
Exeter Routes: Mud
Hilbert Cauliflower Hotel: Original East
Side Stompers
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: George
Fame & The Blue Flames
Liverpool The Crown: The Clerks
Liverpool Eric's: Rockin' Dopsie & The
Cajun Twisters/The Opposition
London: Bermondsey Apples & Pears
Star's Blues Band
London Camden Brecknock: Scandal
London Camden Dingwalls: Bad Man-
ners/Guin/La
London Camden Music Machine: Simple
Minds
London Canning Town Bridge House: The
Mods/Squire
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Carpettes
London Deptford Albany Empire: The
Blues Band
London Fulham Golden Lion: Reg Laws &
The Alibi
London Fulham Greyhound: Mark
Andrews & The Gents

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (30): Max's Kansas City —
The Maroons/Power Tools: Central
Park — Gato Barbieri/Angela Boffi
TUESDAY (31): Max's Kansas City —
Chestah Chrome/New York Niggers:
Mudd Club — Black Randy
WEDNESDAY (1): Mudd Club — Black
Randy; Heat — Neon Leon; Trax —
The Hooks; Bottom Line — Wet Wil-
lie; Madison Square Garden — Peter
Frampton; Max's Kansas City — The
Victims/Pank Squad
THURSDAY (2): Heat — Neon Leon;
Club 57 — Sukide; My Father's Place
— Good Rats; Max's Kansas City —
The Heartbreakers; Mudd Club —
Black Randy
FRIDAY (3): Club 57 — Silvin Silvin/
Come On; Heat — Brenda Bergman &
The Realtones; My Father's Place —
Robert Gordon
SATURDAY (4): Madison Square Garden
— Ted Nugent & AC/DC; My
Father's Place — Robert Gordon; Heat
— Brenda Bergman & The Realtones
SUNDAY (5): Max's Kansas City —
Sukide

London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: The
Pretty British
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Regulars
London Leicester Square Notre Dame
Hall: Tribesman/Ambs/The Mex-
icans/The Outpatients
London Marquee Club: The Chords
London N.4 The Stapleton: The O.K. Band
London Putney Star & Garter: Penny
Royal
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Swingle
Singers
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Sed
Among Strangers
London W.C.2 Global Village: Charing
Cross: The Name/Teenbeats/Squire/
Speedball/The Small Hours
Newcastle Tuxedo Junction: Radio
Luxembourg Summer Roadshow
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: The
Party
Nottingham Imperial Hotel Gwshlr
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: The Zones
Romford The Camelot: American Echoes
Sheffield Penthouse: Bitch
Sheffield Romeo & Juliet: The Bombers
Southend Zero 6: Musicians Workshop
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: The
Venigmas
Walsall Griffin Hotel: Desco Dennis
Bashford
Watford Bailey's: Liquid Gold
Worcester The Midway: Chas & Dave

Tuesday

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: Brujo
Birmingham Mercat Cross: Killer
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Speed Limit
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
The Marrian Schoolgirls
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
Brighton The Richmond: The Chefs / The
Under-Aged
Edinburgh Aquarius: The Visitors
Exeter Routes: Adam & The Ants
Glasgow Apollo Centre: Ian Dury & The
Blockheads
Glenrothes Rother Arms: London Zoo
Ilkley Rose & Crown: The Accelerators
London Camden Brecknock: Belt &
Beavers Band
London Camden Dingwalls: Zones
London Covent Garden Rock Garden:
Arthur's Dilemma
London Fulham Golden Lion: Dotty
Cruchett
London Fulham Greyhound: Anniversary
London Hounslow Earl Haig: American
Echoes
London Islington Hope & Anchor: Squire
/ The V.I.P.'s
London Islington No. 1 Club: Doll By Doll
/ Dry Rib
London Kensington The Nashville: The
Regulars
London Leicester Square Notre Dame
Hall: Samson / Ricky Moore Band
London Manor House: Shades Back To
Zero / Synchromesh
London Marquee Club: The Small Hours /
The Merton Parkas



SHAM 69 play their final farewell at London Rainbow on Saturday — four weeks after they played their final farewell at Glasgow Apollo! (Thinks: Are Sham going to say goodbye as often as Fairport Convention?). Seriously though, folks this really does look like the end of the road for Sham, and Jimmy Pursey, promises to make it a night to remember.



Wednesday

London Old Kent Rd Thomas A'Beckett
Stan's Blues Band
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Gordon
Gilttrap Band
London Ravenscourt Park Summer
Theatre: Jim Page / Mrs Spinks
London Soho Plaza Express: Digby Fair-
weather & Chris Ellis
London West Hampstead Moonlight
Club: Mark Andrews & The Gents
London W1 Maunokerry's: Ripple & The
Body Snatchers (for three days)
London W1 Vortex Club: Matchbox
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: Any
Trouble
Norwich Boogie House: Pressure Shocks
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: The Preten-
ders / Interview
Rogato White Horse: Interference
Sheffield The Marples: Savage Rose /
Nice Guys
Southend Talk of the South: The Bombers
Southend Zero 6: The Specials
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Writz
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: The
Venigmas
Walsall Dirty Duck: The Amazing Dark
Horse

Birmingham Bogarts: Writz
Birmingham Railway Hotel: Rainmaker
Birmingham (Yardley) Bull's Head: Roses
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre:
Zones
Brighton Buccaneer: The Injections
Brighton Sherry's: The Bombers
Cheltenham Plough Inn: Roadsters
Glasgow Mars Bar: London Zoo
Hatfield Milltop Country Music Club:
American Echoes
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: Sister Ray
Ilford Kings Club: Chas & Dave
Leeds Rock Against Racism Club at the
Cosmo Club: The Piranhas/Mas-
segana/Mavrick
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet: Radio Luxem-
bourg Summer Roadshow
London Camden Dingwalls: Rockin' Dop-
sie & The Cajun Twisters
London Clapham 101 Club: Zilch
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The
Blades
London Fulham Golden Lion: The Realists

London Islington Hope & Anchor: The
Photos
London Knightsbridge The Grove: Free
Beer
London Peckham Montpelier: Blue Moon
London Putney Star & Garter: Dana Sim-
monds & Greg's Folk and Blues
Showcase
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Kevin
Coyne with Zoot Money
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club:
Dangerous Rhythm
London W2 Cryptic One Club: The
Favourites
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel:
Zanathus
Newport Stowaways: The Pretenders/In-
terview
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: Gwalthir
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: Some
Chicken
Plymouth Woods Centre: Adam & The
Ants
Rayleigh Crocs: Fairport Convention
Southport Woodford Railway Ball: Original
East Side Stompers
Staindrop Black Swan: Alan Bell & Pete
Thompson

SUPERCHARGE

WITH GUESTS

STILTS... and... RIFF-RAFF

plus ROB JONES DISCO

at FOCUS CLUB

Chestnut Ave., Dogsthorpe, Peterborough

FRIDAY, 27th JULY at 6.45 pm

Licensed bar applied for 7 pm — 12 midnight

Tickets: £1.75

in advance from Andy's Records, Bridge St., Peterborough, Live
Music, Fitzwilliam St., Peterborough, Discario, West St., Oundle
£2 on door

ALAN CLAYSON
& THE ARGONAUTS

with

L7

Nitchin College
Friday July 27th

£1.00

THE
CARPETTES

at

ROCK GARDEN

(Coven Garden)

MONDAY 30th JULY

THE DONKEYS

London Week

Monday July 30th
Wednesday August 1st
Thursday August 2nd
Friday August 3rd
Saturday August 4th

MARQUEE
90 Wardour St., W.1
01-437 6603

Monday August 6th HOPE AND ANCHOR

See the show watch the band, buy the single
'What I Want' on Rhemus Records Go Age 2
Tel. 081 795 5751

PRETENDERS
MADNESS
INTERVIEW

LYCEUM

SUNDAY 29th JULY at 7-30

TICKETS £2.50 INC VAT/ARRANGE IN PERSON OR BY OFFICE TEL 436 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 433 3327 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 2249 ON ROCK ON RECORDS
3 BRISTOL TOWN RD W.1 TEL 485 5068

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.

Tel. 0777 704861.

Thursday July 26th

DEF LEPPARD

Friday July 27th

B52s

+ Fashion

Saturday July 28th

THE YACHTS

+ Scandal

DON'T BE MODERN

SHADES

Green Lanes, Manor House N4
Tuesday 31st July 9.30-2 amBACK TO ZERO
SYNCHROMESH
THE LEEPERS

Adm £1.50 (£1 mem)

Adjacent to Manor House Tube

Booking: Venus 01-634 2770

"When I first advertised on t' Live Page I
had just t' one clog, but now I ride
around in taxis. So take my advice and
ring Brian B on

01-261 6153

IRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

Saturday July 28th at 7.30 pm

THE PRETENDERS
+ THE PIRANHAS
+ INTERVIEW

AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 210p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Harport
Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Blechley,
Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 210p at door on night life
membership 25p

Your Safety Vest Is Under Your Seat

SHERRY'S BRIGHTON
presents

BOMBERS

Wednesday August 1st at 8 p.m.

Tickets £1.00

Enquiries: Brighton 21628

WINDSOR CASTLE
300 HARROW ROAD, W9Thursday 26th
THE CROOKS

+ Small Hours

50p Adm Open till 12

Friday 27th

ZORRO

+ The Vips

50p Adm Open till 12

Saturday 28th

THE DISTRIBUTORS

+ Support

50p Adm Open till 12

Sunday 29th
COUNTRY NIGHT

Free Close 10.30

Monday 30th

PRETTY BRITISH

Free Close 11.00

Tuesday 31st

THIEVES LIKE US

Free Close 11.00

Wednesday 1st

KAY RUSSIA

Free Close 11.00

WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE

01-295 6403



Mike Proctor of Live Page Production is leaving M.E. this week and wants to rip-off my Christmas Live Page Heading by saying thank you to all you wonderful people who have made his job so difficult over the years. So over to you Mike — Thank you Mr. G. I would first like to say thank you to the man who started me off in this business — Mr. Percy Dickens, who didn't get where he is today with the help of his desperate secretary Christine Bickers, and talking of desperate there's my A.D. Manager Peter Rhodes, and then there is in order of typewriter keys: Wendy Holt, Pete (Don't) Christopher, Dave Russell, Barry (Super Cool) Cooper, my successor Brian Gorman, Frank Keyring, Miles Johnson, Andy McDuff, Sue Hayward and John Gopin, Paul Tappender, Dave (the Ginger Girl) Lawrence, Jim Hopkins, Roy Bailey, Alan Martin and Jane, Steve (Jim) Reeves, Paul Hyams, Keith (Snitch) Clarke, John Foulger, Clive (Sign Here) Water, Les (Where's me overtime money) Welfage, Bryn, Joan Collins, Mick (been to Wimbledon lately) Davis, Harold with the tan, Laurie (ow's yer back) King. Also let's not forget Gail at A & M, Margaret Hennessy Artists, The Lovely Anne & Gina of Chess, and what can one say about Jane Bride, — say what you like she is never sober, Jill at Cream, Rib of Chrysalis, Paul Minette EMI, that reminds me of Bill Hayward.....

ROCK IN STUDIO 2

THE BLUES BAND
with **PAUL JONES**

27 July 8.30 pm

ROY HILL BAND

28 July 8.30 pm

All Tickets £1.60

riverside studios
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6
01-748 3354

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday July 26th
THE VAPORS
Friday July 27th
CLIENTELE
Saturday July 28th
TOTAL STRANGERS
Sunday July 29th
WILD LIFE
Tuesday July 31st
COLD SHOULDER BAND

FINAL SOLUTIONS PRESENT

THURSDAY 26th JULY 8.00pm
THE MONOCHROME SET
JOY DIVISION
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
(GUEST ONE MORE TO BE ROLLED)

FRIEDAY 27th JULY 8.00pm
THE TILLER BOYS
PRAG VEC
LUVVS
CLOCK DVA

SATURDAY 28th JULY 8.00pm
RED TRAYOLA
SCOTTI POLITI
GOOD MUFFINMANS
THE TRANSMITTERS

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES CONFERENCE CENTRE BELOW THE YPCA
CORNER OF ST. MARK ST. AND TOTTENHAM CT. RD, LONDON, W.C.1.

ADMISSION EACH NIGHT £2.00 OR £1.75 IN ADVANCE. FOUR DAY TICKETS £6.00 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROTHEN TRADING AND HENRY TONAL RECORD SHOPS

HIGH WYCOMBE TOWN HALL
Saturday July 28th at 7.30 pm

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

+ Support Tickets £2.00 at the door Licensed Bars

FAN CLUB
Live at
THE BUCANEER
Marine Parade,
Brighton

THE Venue
166 VICTORIA ST. SW1
Opp Victoria Tube station
01-334 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 16 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-Jam.

Wednesday July 25th £3.50
LEE RITENOUR & FRIENDSHIP
+ Terry Collier

Thursday July 26th £3.25
WOODSTOCK MOUNTAINS REVUE
Featuring Happy Traum, John Herald, Bill Keith, Artie Traum, Pat Alger, Jim Rooney, Roly Salley.

Saturday July 28th **CANCELLED**
THE BLUE JAYS

Sunday July 29th £3.25
MADDY PRIOR
with Rick Kemp, Nigel Pegram, John O'Connor & Andy Richards

Friday August 3rd £3.25
KOKOMO

Saturday August 4th £3.25
KOKOMO

Friday August 10th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

Saturday August 11th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

Sunday August 12th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ADAM AND THE ANTS
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
MONOCHROME SET
LYCEUM
STRAIGHT MUSIC

SUNDAY 5th AUGUST at 7.30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 634 8738
LONDON THEATRE DOMINICK, SHEFFIELD ST. AVE., TEL: 439 3311; PERTH BOX OFFICE, TEL: 249 2244
OBSOLETE RECORDS, 3 JEWELLY TOWN RD., NPT, TEL: 449 5553

SIMPLE MINDS
TOUR DATES

Wednesday, 25th July Stowaway, NEWPORT

Thursday, 26th July Limit Club, SHEFFIELD

Friday, 27th July Eric's, LIVERPOOL

Saturday, 28th July Grey Topper, NOTTINGHAM

Sunday, 29th July Fioide Green, LEEDS

Monday, 30th July Music Machine, LONDON

Thursday, 2nd August George Square Theatre, EDINBURGH

Friday, 3rd August Country Cub, KIRKLEVINGTON

Saturday 4th August Rock Garden, MIDDLESBROUGH

Simple Minds on

Zoom Records

Latest single 'Chelsea Girl' Debut album 'Life in A Day'
Telephone 031-229 3633

WSP presents

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

PLUS **Starjets** AND THE **VAPOURS**

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS SUNDAY 5th AUGUST 7.30pm
TICKETS £2.50 ADVANCE £3.00 DOOR

BOOKINGS FROM FRIDAY 27th JULY 10.00am
LONDON: PHILIPPS MUSIC, 100, REGENT ST. W.1
PROBING RECORDS, 100, REGENT ST. W.1

NOTRE DAME HALL
Leicester Place,
Leicester Square, W.1.
Monday July 30th
A ROCK FESTA

TRIBESMAN
+ Amba
with special guests The Mexicans (Eddy Grant's Brother)
+ The Outpatients
Tickets £1.50 on the door
Tuesday July 31st
Heavy Metal Night

SAMSON
+ The Nicky Moore Band + Disco
Tickets £1.50 on the door

The No. 1 Club
The Pied Bull, 1 Liverpool Road, N.1.
Tuesday July 31st

MADNESS + The Effect
Tubs: Angel Buses: 4, 43, 73, 104, 214, 279

CAROLINE Roadshow

Saturday July 28th
WOODVILLE HALLS
WINDMILL STREET
GRAVESEND

Friday August 3rd
ST IVO CENTRE
ST IVES
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Saturday August 11th
STOUR CENTRE, TANNERY LANE
ASHFORD KENT
with "Loving Awareness" (3 girl dancers)

Thursday August 9th
TALK OF THE EAST
SOUTH PIER
LOWESTOFT

Friday August 10th
EMBASSY SUITE
COLCHESTER
ESSEX

BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8pm. Bar. Admission £1.50.
D.J.'s Rob Eden! Robbie Day! Harvey The Rabbit!

ESPAS at the **GLOBAL VILLAGE**
Under the Arches,
Villiers Street, Charing Cross

MODS Terry Draper for Engin-Ear Productions Ltd
presents **MODS** every Monday night 8.30 pm—3 am
Monday July 30th
A 5 Band Special
Bands on stage every hour on the hour

10 pm **THE NAME**

11 pm **THE TEEN BEATS**

Midnight **SQUIRE**

1 am **SPEEDBALL**

Small Hours **SMALL HOURS**
Licensed Bars and Food till 3 am. Admission £1.50.

All bookings via Will Sproule of Ronnie Scott Directions. 0-439 7791

ZONES

* Wednesday 28th July: BISHOPS STORTFORD TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE

Friday 20th July LINCOLN A.J.'S CLUB

Saturday 21st July LONDON GREYHOUND, FULHAM

Wednesday 25th July GWENT (WALES), STOWAWAY CLUB

Thursday 26th July MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER CLUB

Friday 27th July CARLISLE WYKTON MARKET HALL

Saturday 28th July DERBY AJANTA CLUB

Monday July 30th: PLYMOUTH, FIESTA SUITE

Tuesday 31st July LONDON, DINGWALLS

Thursday 2nd August: CHESTERFIELD, FUSION CLUB

Friday 3rd August: DEVIZES-CURN EXCHANGE

Saturday 4th August: BATH, BRILLIG ART CENTRE

Sunday 5th August: GWENT, MEMORIAL HALL NEWBRIDGE

Monday 6th August: SWANSEA, CIRCLES CLUB

Tuesday 7th August: SHEFFIELD, LIMIT CLUB

Thursday 9th August: NORWICH, BOOGIE HOUSE

Friday 10th August: BIRMINGHAM, BARBARELLA'S

Saturday 11th August: BLACKPOOL, NORBRECK CASTLE

Sunday 12th August: LEEDS, FIOIDE GREEN HOTEL

The New Single: "MOURNING SPARK" BRIST 286
The Album: "UNDER INFLUENCE" SPART 1095

ARISTA

Mark Symonds & Ian MacTavish, Ivor Harrison & Penny of Freemans, Pauline Clarke of Island, Terry Bacon & Steve Fennimore of Pithon's, Rodney Collins 208 fame, John (I want the News Page) Curd, Brian, Charlie, Dave all Vikings, Lesley (Is Barry There) Warren of Yellowhammers. Now for the afterthoughts — Gary (Shape is beautiful but wot about the tee cloth shirt) Hewitt, Do It Neatly Mr Boddy, Fastback Skout, He and Mrs Pash, And at Our Plantation and Mail Order Advertisers — sorry about all the mistakes but you should have sent me pressies. For all you Live Page people now — at last — your ad could be right — Special thanks to Terry Murphy at the Bridge, Dog Watch & Warm Jets, Barry (late copy) Words, I had to put that lot in or Brian B 'M smash me head in). At this stage I have just remembered our Editorial. All the Editors — Andy Gray, Alan Smith, Nick Logan, Neil Spencer, and then there's Phil McNeill, Darren Johnson, Roy, C.S.M., Mooney, Tony (I'm now a lay-out man) Stewart, Angus, Max, Bob Watt, R. The lovely Kelly, Margaret, Val, Steve Clarke, Tony Tyler, then there's Alan (E for E) Bacon, Bob Garsen, Al and Ruby Hilton, Steve Dyer, Sean and Rose of Stamford Arms. Not forgetting Tony B (do it after lunch) O, David (The Original Punk) Oliver, Kipps, Barbara Maynard, Gary (where's my collection money) Mellowship, Peter and Suzanne T. Sunle and Marion, all the staff at our printers (especially those who appear to be) And extra special thanks to Frank Lamb, Brian B, me Mum, Jack Scott who also leaves NME this weekend, and the at Classified girl Penny Morgan who made it all possible.



marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.30 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Wednesday July 25th, Thursday July 26th, Friday July 27th Adm. £2.25 THE ENID + Special Guests & Ian Fleming Saturday July 28th Adm. £1.00 REG LAW BAND + Support & Ian Fleming Sunday July 29th Adm. £1.25 THE FALL + Friends & Mandy H	Monday July 30th Adm. £1.20 THE CHORDS + Friends & Jerry Floyd Tuesday July 31st Adm. £1.20 MERTON PARKAS + Small Hours & Jerry Floyd Wednesday August 1st, Thursday August 2nd, Friday August 3rd, Saturday August 4th THE UNDERTONES + Friends & Ian Fleming Advance tickets to members £1.75 Non members on the door £2.00
---	---

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 20

SQUEEZE

YACHTS

SIMPLE MINDS

LYCEUM
BRAND, N.C.

SUNDAY 12th AUGUST at 7-30

TICKETS £2-50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 020 3315
LONDON THEATRE BOXING, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL. 020 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 1741
OR BOOK ON BLOOMSBURY, PATENT TOWNEND, MAIL, TEL. 426 1806

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments in association with Cowbell present

SHAM'S LAST STAND.

SHAM 69

with special guests

The Low Numbers & many Others

RAINBOW FINSBURY PARK

SATURDAY 28th JULY at 7.30pm

TELEPHONE 01-387-04289

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

CAMDEN HIGH ST OFF. AMMINGTON (RESIDENTIAL) MAN.

Wednesday July 25th £1.20 LANDSCAPE + Perfect Strangers Thursday July 26th £1.20 TRADITION + Raw Friday July 27th £2.20 WRITZ + The Vapors Saturday July 28th £1.20 AFTER THE FIRE + Spitfire	Monday July 30th £1.20 SIMPLE MINDS + Pictures Tuesday July 31st £1.20 LONESOME NO MORE + The Directors + The Hots Wednesday August 1st £1.20 MERTON PARKAS + Squire + Lambrettas
---	--

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday July 26th 50p SPECIAL BRANCH End of British Tour Friday July 27th 60p NEWSFLASH (Wildlife Film) Ex. Meal Ticket Saturday July 28th 60p Special Gig in celebration of completion of their second album BANDIT + Gloss Sunday July 29th 40p R.D.B. + Welking Wounded	Monday July 30th 50p A Bridge House Special Monday Mayday, 75 Album Release Day SECRET AFFAIR + Squire Tuesday July 31st 40p DEL BROMHAM BAND Wednesday August 1st 50p JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND Last Gig 1st September Good luck in America
--	--

THE NASH VILLAGE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday July 26th £1.00 THE SINCEROS + Cuddly Toys Friday July 27th £1.50 ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS + Support & D.J. Mandy Hermitage Saturday July 28th £1.00 BRIAN JAMES & THE BRAINS + The Q.T.s & D.J. Mandy Hermitage Sunday July 29th £1.00 THE PIRANHAS + Support Monday July 30th & Tuesday July 31st £1.00 THE REGULARS + D.J. Mandy Hermitage	Friday August 3rd JIMMY NORTON'S EXPLOSION Featuring Glenn Matlock, Steve New, Danny Kustow & Budgie + Paranooids Pay at door £2.20 Saturday August 4th GILLAN + Paris + Teaser Advance tickets £2.25 from Box Office Friday August 10th Saturday August 11th EDDIE & THE HOT RODS Advance tickets £2.25 from Box Office Thursday August 16th BUDGIE + Bombshell Advance tickets £2 from Box Office
--	---

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROW W14
Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-803 6071

TWIST & SHOUT PRESENTS

SQUIRE

Sat 28th
Wellington, Waterloo
Monday 30th
Bridge House E16 (early) and Global Village, Charing Cross (late)

Weds 1st
Music Machine (with Merton Parkas)

V.I.P.s

Thursday 28th
Windsor Castle
Harrow Road
(not yet confirmed)

Tues 31st Hope & Anchor, Islington

Bookings
01-223 6481

PTARMIGAN

ARE OFF LAYING FOR A WEEK — BUT WE'LL BE BACK!!

at

THE CUMBERLAND TAVERN

PORTSMOUTH

Thursday August 2nd

(Band Enquiries: Emmsworth 3537)

DUBLIN CASTLE

CAMDEN TOWN

THE COAL BIN

Monday July 30th 50p

REACTION

+ The Shapes

Wednesday August 1st £1.00

LAMBRETTAS

+ Support

JOBS FOR YOUTH CAMPAIGN

YACHTS

RUTS

MISTY

THE POP GROUP

FESTIVAL
GLADSTONE PARK,
BRENT 3pm SUNDAY
JULY 29

TUBE: DOLLS HILL
WILLESDEN GREEN
BUSES: 205 & 6

YOUNG SOCIALISTS

JOBS FOR YOUTH NOW!

FREE!

HERMIT LIVE
Brentwood Youth House
Shenfield Road, Brentwood

Friday July 27th £1.00

BLACK ROSE

+ Special Guests Mad Chateaux

Monday July 31st 50p

BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURS 25

STRAIGHT EIGHT

SUN 28 R&B NIGHT WITH

RED BEANS & RICE

PLUS TERMINAL SNACK BLUES BAND 7-11.30pm

TUES 31

THE ZONES

AUGUST WED 1

FROM LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA, U.S.A. CAJUN MUSIC WITH

ROCKIN' DOPSIE

AND HIS CAJUN TWISTERS

Open Monday-Saturday 8pm-2am & Sunday 7pm-11.30pm
Live Music, Licensed Bar, Disco, Restaurant, Fun.

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday July 26th £1.00 THE PIRANHAS Friday July 27th £1.00 THE PIRANHAS Saturday July 28th 75p THE CLEANERS	Tuesday July 31st £1.00 SQUIRE + V.I.P.s Wednesday August 1st 75p THE PHOTOS Thursday August 2nd 75p NIK TURNER'S INNER CITY LINE
---	---

KING BISCUIT BOYS

reckon-yer-mod

WOODEN BRIDGE, GUILDFORD

TUESDAY JULY 31st at 7.30pm

The only MOD band who aren't boring OLD farts

All Girls in School Uniform

... up yours ...



THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

will be playing R'n'B of the maximum kind at Sham's last gig at the **Rainbow this Saturday, July 28th.**
See you in the stalls!

PS Also this Friday July 27th at the **Wellington, Waterloo.**

ROCK AGAINST SEXISM

with
DELTA FIVE
GANG OF FOUR
THE SPOILSPORTS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM,
184 Camden High St., NW1
Saturday July 28th at 7 pm.
Tickets £2 (£1.50 unwaged).

THE PIRANHAS

Thursday, July 26th **HOPE & ANCHOR**
Saturday, July 28th **FRIARS AYLESBURY**
(with THE PRETENDERS)
Sunday, July 29th **NASHVILLE**
Monday, July 30th **THE BOMBAY BAR, BRIGHTON**
All enquiries Brea Agency Chris Hutchins, 01-267 4491

medium medium

Saturday July 28th, Harrow Road Windsor Castle
(with The Discobears)
Tuesday July 31st, Covent Garden Rock Garden
All Band Enquiries: 0002 801608

THE BARRACUDAS

+ support

at the Acklam Hall,
Portobello Road

FRIDAY JULY 27th

Admission £1.25 on the door

Catch HEDGEHOG

Harlow Town Park
Sat. July 28th
The Swan, Stevenage
Thurs. Aug. 2nd
The Alma, Cambridge
Sat. Aug. 4th

**ADVERTISE YOUR
GIG IN NME
RING
01-261 6153**

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS

GROVER WASHINGTON JNR

Monday 30 July at 7.00
— **BRIGHTON DOME** —
(in association with Brighton Band Society)
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Theatre Box Office Tel: 0273-682127
and from usual agents

LIVE PAGE LIVE PAGE LIVE PAGE
FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
YOUR GIGS, ETC., ON THIS
WONDERFUL SECTION
RING THE MOST WONDERFUL
BRIAN B
01-261 6153.

TALKING HEADS

■ From page 34

His first rock band was The Artistics, cover version specialists who lasted as long as his college career. (Byrne dropped out, natch.)

He now lives in the Ukraine neighbourhood of Manhattan, the sort of area estate agents like to call 'seedy but bursting with character'.

"I'm from near Glasgow. Baltimore was quite similar — a lot of slums, rough. People don't have a very nice time of it. It's strange to go back to Glasgow... I still have a lot of aunts and cousins there — I get the feeling that things have never been a lot better there."

In the past Talking Heads catalogue has been dominated not by sex or love, the usual boy-meets-girl routine that serves as brain fodder in the majority of popular styles, but by the work ethic. I wondered if Byrne saw the band as a job:

"Well, I don't think about being an artist. People assume there's a dichotomy whereby you either make commercial music or interesting music, but we go for both. I like to mix clichés from love songs and office jargon... 'take a week off', 'a job well done'... I've never had an office job actually. My experiences were all more mental."

Byrne makes one concession to the Peter Pan mythology of rock and roll. The people in his songs are always boys and girls, never men and women: "Even people older than me I never think of as men or women. I also tend to draw stereotypes. That annoys Tina. If I say, 'Oh, girls always eat puddings but boys prefer savouries, she goes nuts.'"

TALKING HEADS in 1979 are in an intriguing position. Their creative and practical muse is at a peak but the demands on their attention span are getting too big. Both Byrne and Frantz, the original members, claim to have reached the watershed as far as touring goes. For the drummer this means a tolerance of the rock lifestyle which he began by despoising:

"We were always anti-stardom. Where the Stones were sexy we were frigid, where Elton John was glamorous we'd be ordinary. Now I feel more sympathetic to those people. We didn't try to be intellectual or smartass but because of our college backgrounds people assumed we were cerebral. I find a fair amount of passion in the music, it isn't a mental exercise."

And for Byrne: "I'd like to be doing other things. Touring puts you in a rut. It takes up most of the year and the way it's organised you waste so much time. That bothers me more than

anything else. You're there to play, but it only takes an hour to do that."

Wherein lies the threat to any intelligent band — boredom. Japan, Europe, the Antipodes, the American wasteland... rock warfare goes on in all of them, capturing territories, spreading the message. Talking Heads have come out of the New York underground and lasted the course, the only truly new wave band from the area to do so.

Reality for the idealistic group means there is no standing still: expansion is enforced.

When they started Heads reckoned it would take them five years to make an album, just to get accepted. They were wrong. Byrne recognises the dilemma:

"The business is very self-conscious. A lot of it is terrible but it could be no other way. Anyone who tries to be naive these days is a fool. The 'innocent' rock band that isn't aware of the history and the mechanisms... these people are in a dream world. I know that most of it is just merchandise."

Last March Byrne contributed a short essay to *High Times* magazine titled 'It Ain't Rock and Roll But I Like It', which set about revealing the techniques behind what we Westerners call 'ethnic music'.

Here are some samples you can apply to your life; they also give a fair indication of the Byrne modus operandi:

"There is a Chinese legend that the emperor Huang Ti 'ordered' the invention of music in 2697 B.C."

"The Pima Indians of the American Southwest believe that songs already exist and that the composer's job is to 'untangle' them."

"In Japan there have been a number of recent popular songs that deal with the bribery of government officials by the Lockheed Corporation. A couple of titles are 'I Also Would Like to Get Pearls' and 'Playing Innocence'."

"In Dossu, Niger, there is an obelisk instrument called the djembe that, when played by experts, produces sounds with phonetic equivalents that can be decoded as a message by a skilled listener. Sometimes these instruments are used to make fun of individuals, without their knowledge."

NEXT TIME you listen to Talking Heads bear this information in mind, especially the last entry, then see if you can answer this simple question: Why did the artist cross the road?

That's right, 'because it was there' is the answer. And I forgot to tell you, the best track on 'Fear Of Music' is called 'Electric Guitar'. Maybe David Byrne is just fooling around after all.

PRETENDERS

■ From page 8

She thinks hard and long before saying: "I'm trying to be like very careful. I'm very excited by their personalities. I don't think anyone in the band is a dullard or a weak link. I could spend time with any member of the band. I think they're all very interesting personalities — and very complimentary to each other."

What does she think a rock 'n' roll band should do?

"To entertain. Absolutely. If you think that you're going to get up there to enlighten somebody you've got a pretty hot doggie attitude. I think you've got to have a little more humility than that. I have been very enlightened by watching people but that's people who haven't set out to enlighten."

You obviously don't like being interviewed.

"Who would? It's just like therapy. It's like a lot of people going to the shrink and talking about themselves for an hour but I find it... I'm not trying to be difficult. You know, I don't want to sit and talk about myself for hours. I'd rather go out and like play. Go on the roller coaster across the street, but I wanna be helpful and everything."

GIGTIME IN Portsmouth.

"I hate going through the front of a place to get backstage," complains Chrissie as The Pretenders enter the venue, a Mecca ballroom, much to Honeyman-Scott's delight. "You have all these kids that want to talk to you."

It's remarks like these which have contributed to her reputation as some kind of prima donna, but I honestly think they're said simply because of an acute sense of self-consciousness.

Inside the audience is predominantly male and punky, but as The Pretenders go into their set there is neither gobbing nor pogoing. It's a stunning gig, better than even last night's performance.

Honeyman-Scott's hummingbird of a solo in the reggaeified 'Private Lives' should have been recorded for posterity. Martin Chambers is in the same

kind of form.

Without a doubt The Pretenders are a real band for the '80s. For once I don't feel like a parasite when I go backstage. I can't wait to tell them how magnificent I thought the show was.

Chambers and Honeyman-Scott are pleased with their performances but Farndon and particularly Chrissie aren't of the same mind.

"I thought it was awful," she shrieks.

"It was one of those gigs where I couldn't keep my mind on what I was doing. I was looking at the audience and looking at their faces and thinking about all the press and wondering what I was doing there. I was just distracted."

Already the heat is on for The Pretenders. The album, already half completed and with Chris Thomas

producing, is scheduled for October. If they split up or are ignored by the record buyers of the West it will be a tragedy, but it seems that The Pretenders have enough perspective and are down to earth enough to survive.

They also seem capable of handling the pressures which will undoubtedly come their way — pressures which Chrissie Hynde already seems to be feeling.

Look Who Goes Round With Us!

JOHN ANTHONY PHIL LYNOTT JOHN CRIMALDI ROGER NEWALL
JOHN JAGGERS STEVE CURRY JOHN ENTRISTLE PAUL GRAY ANDY PARTRIDGE SUZI QUATRO NICK BOX DAI SHE
AL CAMP JOHN PAUL JONES DEREK HOLT KELLY GROCUTT BILL NELSON JOHN WETTON ERIC LAKE ROY BARN
JIMMY LEE MIKE RUTHERFORD GORDON GILTRAP ANDY LATIMER CHRIS SQUIRE NOEL REDDING DAVEY JOHNSTON

ROTO SOUND

ALAN ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA CLIMAX BLUESBAND BOONTOWN RAY
THE STRAITS RENAISSANCE THE TOURISTS GENESIS THE VIBRATORS
DIRE STRAITS THE JAM SUZI QUATRO BAND
AND... ETC. EMERSON LAKE AND PALMER

The above guitarists and bass
guitarists exclusively carry
ROTO SOUND GAUGE SELECTION Sets
from .008" to .014,"
SWING BASS and JAZZ BASS Sets
WHY NOT JOIN THEM?

**THE LIVE
MUSIC
SHOW**

**See Us On
STAND 151
JAMES HOW INDUSTRIES LIMITED**

**THE LIVE
MUSIC
SHOW**

LIVE!

Reelin' 'n' rockin' 'n' jazzin' 'n' a-bluesin'

Chuck Berry

SUPPLE and sharp, loose-limbed, wise-crackin', eyes-twinklin', rock'n'roll's number one; the brown-eyed handsome man. Chuck's in town again.

If rock'n'roll were a pair of underpants, Chuck Berry would be the very elastic. His role and importance in the formation of the music is simply so crucial it's practically impossible to overestimate it. Without the infusion of his wound-up r'n'b attack, or his exquisitely witty, intelligent lyricism or his hypnotic and deliciously liquid guitar it's inconceivable the way rock would sound today; maybe it just wouldn't sound at all.

So when the chances come around you show some respect and you go see the guy — but not to pay homage to some revered relic. You go because even now Chuck Berry is capable of whipping up genuine rock'n'roll excitement that's of much more than historical interest. You go because he still delivers.

Not that he'd ever bust a gut in the process. Willy old Chuck never gave away more than he had to, whether in the fiscal or artistic sense, and in concert performance he can be every bit as parsimonious as with his riffs and tunes (never afraid to use a good one twice) and his dollars and dimes.

Live, he knows enough to give just as much as required — that is, enough to leave us needing more.

And today's show, set upon the grassy slopes of a Muswell Hill-side, was really no exception — another cruise through the golden repertoire,

an assured and predetermined triumph of calculated showmanship, of easy, seasoned professionalism. It was perfunctory; mechanical and facile in the way that most of his performances have seemed to be for many years. And, of course, it all works beautifully.

Consider the difficulties, for instance, of playing 'Roll Over Beethoven' for the millionth time. That the number retains any freshness at all is adequate tribute to its creator, but it's hardly surprising that Berry makes no attempt to invest it with conviction. Instead he lets his fingers do the walking, his mouth do the talking, and leaves the rest to the magical interaction of timeless songs with adoring audience.

Appearing on a bill straight between the two great blues heavyweights B. B. King and Muddy Waters, this almost casual aspect to Chuck's act becomes the more apparent. His art has more to do with ingenuity than with soul. But, skilfully utilising his personal charm and sly wit, combining an unfeeling sense of location and occasion with effectively corny ham-theatrics, he'll transform each appearance into a bona fide event which owes nothing to nostalgia.

Looking good in a light grey suit, betraying no hint of the troubles afflicting his life at present, Chuck play-acted, quipped, duck-walked and boogied his way through an enjoyable set: stuffed to bursting with certified classics (and leaving no room for at least a dozen others) it was never less than a joy to hear.

After School Days' came 'Sweet Little Sixteen' ('they're really rockin' in Croydon'), 'Maybellene' and 'Memphis

Tennessee'. 'Rock And Roll Music' featured some fine, demon piano work by Lou Martin as did 'Wee Wee Hours' — the latter being, as Berry is fond of explaining, not the "blews" (in prissy white voice) but real, big-lipped "Bloozet".

With the rest of his pick-up band, Rod De'Ath and James Marsala looking after drums and bass respectively, the sound was steadily reliable rather than inspired, plenty of space being left for the fluid looping guitar and the dry meticulous vocals.

Well into their stride it was down the home straight with 'Oh Carol', 'Little Queenie', 'Johnny B Goode' (Chuck feigning astonishment when the crowd knew the words) and 'Reelin' and Rockin'.

And there he was — gone. Strident but vain demands for an encore prompted some unpleasantness, uncharacteristic of the day, as Capital compere Adrian Love found himself showered with cans and advice as to what to do with them.

But Chuck Berry has got another show to do, of another and unhappier kind "into each life," he said, "a little rain must fall." Sure, Chuck, but don't let the bastards grind you down.

Paul Du Noyer

Muddy Waters And Johnny Winter

Had you been staking out a patch before the migration of Brubeck fans from over yonder, you might have clocked a London taxi quietly trundling down the turf towards Stage 1.

Slumped in the back seat, balloon glass of bourbon in



Chuck 'n' Muddy... (All pix: Pennie Smith)

hand, was the unmistakable figure of Johnny Winter.

An hour or so later, the noise has died down and a large black limo hauls back up the slope. Muddy Waters' beaming face is at the window, and he waves to anyone who happens to be around. A couple of kids scamper along the track behind as the car turns the top corner and out of sight.

Rock 'n' roll this ain't. No scenes, no commotion, no death or glory histrionics. Just a couple of smiling men



High on a hillside

It was a nice way to get a suntan — lying in the grass for six balmy days while some of the greatest names in jazz and blues laid on a feast of richly versatile sounds. The site itself was almost perfect; a sloping hillside that overlooked North London, with two stages, a mere 150 yards apart, nestling at the bottom.

The sound was good, the weather even better and the prevailing atmosphere a mixture of fairground and lazy week-long picnic.

A sparse attendance on the first four days meant you could stroll right down to the front of the stage; while unfortunate necessities like eating and drinking could be dealt with minus the hassle of queuing.

It also meant that the festival came close to being a financial disaster, but a large influx of people over the weekend, pushing the total attendance close to 30,000 saved it — though next year's will likely be curtailed to a weekend event with the possibility of evening concerts in central London during the preceding week.

Scattered over the site were a motley assortment of fruit stalls, record stalls, drink tents and a cosmopolitan array of foodstuffs. German sausages jostled with Japanese tempura; a beanburger stall stood adjacent to an African kitchen which specialised in chicken boiled in coconut milk; while for those with exotic taste, a West Indian stall offered curried goat — an alternative of 'Euroburger' for the less sturdy stomach.

Apart from a few disappointments — Chuck Berry out of tune, Hancock and Corea's embarrassing essays at comedy — shrewd deployment of the stages and the sheer variety of music on display ensured no-one could be bored for long.

The one major flaw in the programme was a predominant conservatism, and the notable absence of avant-garde artists. British jazz fans are not exactly starved of the likes of Humphrey Lyttelton, Ronnie Scott or George Melly; and though I was glad to see many of the American artists, they too were drawn almost exclusively from the mainstream.

Even so the jazz at the Ally Pally came in diverse guises: big bands (Hampton, Herman), virtuoso soloists (Gillespie, Brubeck, Grappelli), fusion outfits (Lee Ritenour, Spyro Gyra), and a host of famous sidemen constantly shuffled around for a series of energetic jams.

Let's begin, though, with representatives from the peripheral music. There was wearisome frenetic Latin jazz from Willie Bobo; drab R&B from Georgie Fame; and an exhilarating burst of zydeco from Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters.

Dopsie was one of the first hits of the festival, with a rocking rootsy set of cajun-derived, Louisiana R&B. Of their front line, Dopsie sings and squeezes accordion, John Hart blows dirty-sweet sax and Chesler 'Shorty' Zeno bounces around while beating a washboard shaped like a metal breastplate. Material was drawn largely from their three Sonet albums, but I liked best a new waltzing version of 'Blueberry Hill' that swung loose and fresh and spicy.

Fusion is the music I most love to hate, but of the genre The Dick Morrissey/Jim Mullen Band and Spyro Gyra were distinctly impressive. Mullen has a history of rock credentials — guitarist with Bibbiko, Vinegar Joe, Kokomo — but it was Morrissey's jazz-centred sax that caught the ear, a gutty, freeflowing style reminiscent at times of Sonny Rollins.

This was even more true of Spyro Gyra saxist Jay Beckenstein. The group boast a fluid, funky rhythm section and a compelling pianist in Jeremy Wall, but the highlight of their set was Rollin's 'Island Lady' and Beckenstein's brilliant gushing solo that dipped and rolled just like the master.

Of the jazz virtuosos on view, I missed Stephane Grappelli and was disappointed by George Shearing, who swung prettily but too politely. In contrast, Dave Brubeck's quartet waxed far more vigorous than expected, thanks largely to new saxophonist Jerry Bergonzi who blew sturdy, driving and aggressive. Brubeck himself was on song, contributing intense, biting piano on the two occasions I caught him.

Cooking in a different kitchen was Jay McShann, veteran of



Hepcats. Pic: Santo Basone



Dave Brubeck. Pic: Anna Tully

... at the six-day Capital Jazz & Blues Festival, Alexandra Palace



... n' BB and Appreciative Audience



keeping their self-made myths in motion.

The crowd is affectionate, restrained and — in terms of the Capital bank balance — alarmingly small. They hoot when it's called for; they stand for the encore; they ripple with enthusiasm from start to finish. And at some point in the middle of all this, I remember just how good this band can be.

For once these superlatives have an authentic ring. We welcome "the greatest blues band in the world. They have to be! The Muddy Waters,

Blues Band."

The crew assemble and kick straight into a slow 12-bar fused with a shuffling blues boogie. Willie Smith keeps it running smoothly with his sparse bin-lid drumming, and the road-worn Calvin Jones is beside him on bass. Stage left is Waters' long-time backseat pianist Pinetop Perkins in matchless suit and Panama hat. Three unidentified whites make a frontline of two guitars and a mouth-harp. By the time the sound's filled out and the harp's honking like a one-man horn section, Muddy 'Mississippi' Waters saunters on with a huge grin cracking his craggy features, perches himself on his bar-stool and plugs in for 'Hoochie Coochie Man'.

It's a classic set, just long enough to include everything you want to hear, but short enough to keep the solos clipped and compact, and the pace just coasting along like anything else is a million miles away.

The band stock every backing with neat and unassuming Delta riffs. They rise on cue, and they drop back to leave Muddy's true-grit guitar to do all the talking. We get a no-frills version of 'Trouble No More' and all that pained harp and slide work on 'Howlin' Wolf', along with some gruesome feedback which has him gazing mournfully skywards as the amps are double-checked.

Not before time, a surprisingly gaunt Johnny Winters appears at the side of the stage, a top hat crowning his white locks, a cigarillo in his mouth. The black talls suit seems to hang loosely off his spindly, bow-legged frame.

"Muddy Waters!" howls Winters. "Johnny Winters!" yells Waters; and they keep this up with their arms round each other's shoulders.

With Winters at the wheel, there's such warm and compulsive retreads as 'Sweet Home Chicago' and 'Messin' With The Kid', with the man thankfully curbing his penchant for excessively lengthy solos.

It's as though he needs the discipline of a different band and another context to regulate his approach to his own music. He keeps it tight and dead in line, working through a whole range of tones and even risking a few dangerous dischords just to offset the rest of the frontline. I hardly need add that

Muddy returned for 'Manish Boy' and the equally festive 'Got My Mojo Workin'.

I could also mention it was magic; but you might just have guessed that too.

Mark Ellen

B.B. King

The best moment of Capital's Jazz and Blues Festival came early on Wednesday evening

B.B. King and his Orchestra are burning up 'I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone'. Behind them, huge black clouds are amassing over North London but the stage itself is lit by a burst of late sunlight.

Then, as the sun finally goes in and a dusk chill settles over the park, King segues into a beautiful, slow, wailing blues. Lucille cries, King throws back his head, moans "I think I'll give up living", and a shiver runs through a crowd. A magic moment — the heart is adroitly wrenched and you just know the blues will always live. Timeless is the only word.

After this plaintive magnificence, King ends with a regretful 'The Thrill Is Gone' and everyone goes wild. An encore is demanded, and for the first time at the festival people are up and dancing. He whips through 'Same Old Story', throws in another virtuoso solo and closes on a frantic duet with the sax.

It's King's best set of the week, though one on Saturday afternoon comes close — and includes a stately 'Sweet Little Angel' in place of 'Thrill'. But on Wednesday, he was really testifying — lurching from side to side as he pours out such tender, hot, sexy guitar, hunched over, holding and bending notes with unique artistry; then strutting along the stage, punching his chest and jerking his bulky form at the audience in a delightful series of extravagant poses.

The band also do a cute line in the Las Vegas two-step, but cover all musical bases handsomely — slipping with ease across a range of spare, anguished ballads to the most forceful of big band stone funk. Trumpeter Calvin Owens leads them with much gusto and waving of arms, but the whole bunch are a funky conglomerate; and the show the cream of soulful urban blues.

And I'd forgotten what a great singer B.B. King is. On

'Nothing But The Blues' he's all humour and showmanship, while 'When It All Comes Down' has him punchy and mellow as the horns step out and blow tight. At other times, he growls, wails, and positively ROARS.

His guitar remains the most fluid, telling and eloquent of all the urban bluesman — some of his solos here were simply astounding — and though he may have originated the guitar style that eventually became Heavy Metal thrash, he can cut those uppity youngsters with consummate ease. All it took was a flick of his fingers to blow them away.

Effulgent and gritty, nothing but the blues and nothing but the best — that was B.B. King last week. Absolutely the boss.

Graham Lock

Leon Redbone

Leon Redbone ambles on stage, doffs his hat to the audience and settles down to strum the scratchy chords of 'Crazy Blues'. He demonstrates some neat picking, does a weird, whining scat and then impersonates a trumpet. At the end of the song, he picks up a camera, photographs the applause and emits a deeply-satisfied, throaty chuckle "Yorrrrrr".

His voice can be gravelly or quietly lilting; he may break into absurd yodels or simply hum a melody with affecting warmth. And his music thrives on a strange fragility — that delicate balance between affectionate respect and sly parody.

There's a good deal of nostalgia in his work, a love of the romantic tunes of the '20s — a time of silly love songs galore — but his humour, deftness and economy save him from being unduly sentimental. And the same qualities revitalise his versions of a more ethnic tradition — the blues of Blind Blake and Jelly Roll Morton — and prevent them from becoming drily academic.

Clarinetist Bob Gordon comes on stage for a quiet, rhapsodic 'Weary Blues', the charm of which relies largely on Redbone's humming scat. Already, he created a feeling of intimacy, a relaxed late-night ambience, which for tea-time on a sunny afternoon in the park is no mean feat.

Next, Jonathan Dorn joins

■ Continues over page

the Kansas City school, who lead the bluesiest of the small jazz combos. His quintet featured the nimble violin of Claude Williams and ex-Basie tenor Buddy Tate, whose rich, caressing tone lingers on. McShann romped exuberantly across blues, jazz and even touched on rock'n'roll with a honking rendition of 'That's Alright Mama'.

Sunday saw two of the best sets of the festival. Stan Tracey's Octet enlivened a soporific lunchtime, especially with a delicious, tangy sax dialogue between Art Themen and Don Weller. And later Dizzy Gillespie and Illinois Jacquet were in splendidly extrovert mood for a mid-afternoon blow.

Gillespie's performances at the festival were erratic, but twice he was brilliant — on this set, with its scintillating solos and mercurial flourishes; and at an earlier meeting with Milt Jackson, where the two ex-beboppers gradually conjured up a calm, lilting beauty that came from the heart.

Illinois Jacquet had previously been at the forefront on Friday night, storming through a closing session that had people bopping frantically in the dark. A slight, dapper figure with a powerhouse style, he energised many of the jam sessions that were the backbone of the festival.

These ranged from the perfunctory to the inspired, and they read like an encyclopaedia of traditional jazz. Bud Freeman, blowing a lovely cool solo on 'You Took Advantage Of Me'. Ruby Braff, melodic and muscular on trumpet; the droll humour of Vic Dickenson, one of the greatest exponents of jazz trombone, now into his seventies but still blowing fine and mellow; Slam Stewart scatting hilariously over his bass solos; Jimmy Forrest's fierce, dignified tenor; and the exquisite Sonny Stitt.

Stitt played with a rare passion for one so alarmingly frail and shaky. On one jam session Stitt blew a solo, looked round for someone to take over and found the others had all gathered at the back to swap jokes with Dizzy Gillespie — so he played and played and was just incredible. Later he took a solo on 'The Shadow Of Your Smile' which was absolutely sublime.

He's also fascinating to watch, wriggling through his solos like an animated cobra. He steps up to the mike, looks bemused, shrugs his shoulders, rotates his groin, blows, looks surprised, laughs, blows some more, kicks his leg into the air, and starts all over again.

The most spectacular sight was Lionel Hampton's All Stars in full swing — and I mean swing. I'd always thought of big bands as an anachronism, but this lot blasted through my prejudice with a dazzling skill and immense power. Hamp himself nods and grins a lot, occasionally beating out a few bars of inimitable xylophone; but it was the horns that really astonished.

Trumpets included Wallace Davenport, Cat Anderson and Doc Cheatham; saxophones Arnett Cobb and Paul Jefferies; trombones Kai Winding and Curtis Fuller.

They mixed new material — one snarling piece by Jefferies — with old favourites like 'Ain't Misbehavin'' and 'Cherokee', and both band and audience had a gas. It was just slightly surreal to look down over the park and see a big jazz band belting out their stuff against a panoramic backdrop of North London while pink clouds floated lazily overhead.

The strangest sight of all, though, came on Sunday afternoon. Trying to track down a missing press conference, I wandered into a carpark at the back of Ally Pally and was greeted by a chorus line of female promo staff who had doffed their tresses and were effecting a nifty knees up for an excited cameraman.

And there, slap bang in the middle of them, his trousers still on and a big fat smile across his face, was Muddy Waters, high-kicking like a troupier.

After the photos had been taken I hung around for an autograph but the Father Of The Blues was intent on planting a big wet one on as many female mouths as he could find.

In the end, he did sign, in a careful childlike hand, but not before he'd emitted a loud belly-laugh and exclaimed "Man, you want me to write when I'm getting all this sugar!"

Graham Lock



Sonny Stitt, Al Gray. Pic: Anna Tully



Willie Bobo. Pic: Anna Tully

From previous page

in on tuba and this unlikely trio work through a selection of Redbone favourites like 'Big Time Woman' and 'Champagne Charlie'. Highspots are 'Diddy Wah Diddie' plus clarinet solo; 'My Walking Stick' with a guitar/tuba duet and a flurry of seated flamenco poses; and — after a whistled intro — a lovely 'Shine On Harvest Moon', interrupted by several deep and apposite sighs: "I ain't had no loving — HUHUUUUH! — since January, February, June or July."

A small crowd gives him a vociferous ovation and is rewarded with an encore of 'Aleahna Jubilee', then he's gone. Leon Redbone, cult figure and dream merchant from another time, a Groucho Marx moustache and a jokey, left-field blues. There's no future in the past, but in the right hands it can still be fun.

Graham Lock

Herbie Hancock And Chick Corea

Tuesday night at 8.15 and the air is thick with superlatives.

We're assured that not only is this to be "the greatest music festival in the history of England" but that we're part of "a miracle on a hillside". This paves a perfect path for the mutual backslapping of Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea.

They take their seats — Corea in lemon satin bomber 'n' slacks; Herbie besuited in several shades of beige — on a stage cleared of all but two adjoining pianos and set against a backdrop of drowsy North London.

Their four-hand grand makes for *elitist* listening. This proves a touch tricky for those who don't know shit from Chopin about augmented modal ninths. Your reporter, for one, finds his mind tends to wander at times. For Corea this duet is a means to



Herbie Hancock (left) ... and Chick Corea. Pix: Santo Basone.

unrestricted improvisation; for Herbie it's a chance to junk the various trappings of his recent synth/disco bent and binge himself on pure technique.

To wit, Corea's 'La Fiesta' now takes on the form of a centre-court rally. The two of them serve triplets, backhand bass figures, sidespin a few semi-quavers, and eventually grand slam by beating out rhythms on their piano frames while strumming the strings by hand.

It gets hard to tell who's winning.

The least frivolous offerings sound the most convincing. They alternate block-chord backings on 'All Blues' and Corea's 'Tweak' and work their solos through a fairly small and accessible circle.

'Liza' they virtually throw away, weaving through themes and patterns and scraps of notes like so much spaghetti, and leaving Gershwin's original section sounding like a stereo Mrs Mills.

Next they play solos — a contrast of styles, moods and personalities.

Corea invites us to 'sit, groove and enjoy it' as Herbie exasperates by settling into rigid chord patterns over demonic rhythms only to shatter them into a mass of semi-digestible pieces. He's deliberately obtuse, always keeping the crowd at arms length; and for some reason it works well.

Corea answers with a staid, listless, romantic excursion and, to give it some additional



boost, he ropes in the audience as multi-purpose hand-clap rhythm section.

They wrap it up with Hancock's 'Speak Like A Child' merged with the frenetic 'La Fiesta', a zillion cross-rhythms, bringing a sudden burst of activity to Maxwell Hill.

The crowd shuffles forward, a few of them leap from the grass gyrating, and even the old jazzhead sitting cross-legged in front of us starts a strenuous yoga work-out.

You can't deny there's something to it — this dancing chic to Chick.

Mark Ellen

Mingus Dynasty

UNLIKE many aggregations formed to pay posthumous

tribute to the work of a great artist, the purpose of the Mingus Dynasty isn't concerned with note-for-note homage to the late Charles Mingus.

Directed by Mingus' alter-ego, drummer Dannie Richmond, the Dynasty is either drawn from former Jazz Workshop alumni or musicians with a genuine affinity towards his innovative musical ideals. Like Duke Ellington (whom he passionately admired), Mingus not only shared an understanding of ethnic American music but, through his extended compositions, possessed the ability to reinterpret this eclecticism in a unique manner without ever distorting its original characteristics. To its credit,

the Dynasty doesn't deviate from these principals.

With a formidable front line comprising John Handy (alto), George Adams (tenor), Randy Brecker (trumpet) and Jimmy Knepper (trombone), the septet is rounded out by pianist Don Pullen and bassist Michael Richmond who, despite having the unenviable task of filling Mingus' chair, acquitted himself in a manner which drew appreciative response from both sides of the stage.

Such is the power of Mingus' music, that not only did the Dynasty attract those hordes that had just done their pieces over Chuck Berry (and were waiting on Muddy Waters) but they retained their undivided attention as, with outstanding artistry, they performed the self-explanatory 'Boogie Stop Shuffle', the surreal tongue-in-cheek 'Jelly Roll To Your Soul', the poignant 'Goodbye Pork Pie Hat' and the vitriolic 'The Fables Of Faubus'.

Selecting any soloist from such an impressive line-up for special mention, doesn't infer that the others weren't in the running, but it was George Adams who caused most jaws to go slack in utter disbelief. Though Dannie Richmond inspired each and every player with his masterful dynamism, it was only when Adams stepped up to the microphone that the roles were reversed and the drummer revealed why, of all Mingus' drummers, he has no peer.

Along with B.B. King's performance, the sight of something like ten thousand people giving the music of Charles Mingus a standing ovation was an emotional experience which I have seldom encountered elsewhere. Like the man says, you're only dead when you're forgotten. Charles Mingus lives.

Roy Carr

fact: Cleo's one of our best friends...and vice versa.

the artist:

Cleo Laine's a very special friend of ours. Shure has followed her highly individual sound (and been part of it) from small jazz clubs all the way to the largest auditorium.

Her hit album, *Best Friends*, is a unique collaboration with classical guitarist John Williams, with sensitive arrangements by Cleo's husband and producer John Dankworth. Cleo's voice finds a perfect complement in the guitar's interpretive accompaniment. They have made what they call "a spirited attempt to break down the artificial barriers in music."

the equipment:

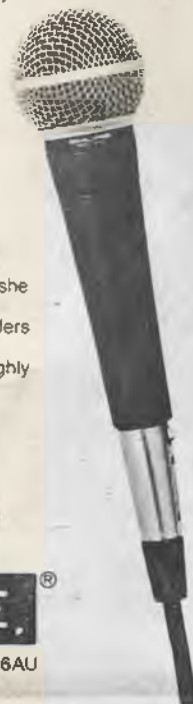
Cleo Laine always insists on the best in compositions, arrangements, and instrumentalists — small wonder that on all her international tours, she won't settle for anything less than her Shure microphone. Cleo's SM58 has a wide response that takes her phenomenal range in stride, and offers the famous SM58 mid-range presence peak for a distinctive, clean, bright sound. It lets Cleo do her own thing, and treat every song with highly personalized feeling and power.

Sing your song to a Shure SM58. You may find that you have a new "best friend."

**World's most-used
on-stage performer's microphone...
Model SM58...by**



Shure Electronics Limited, Eccleston Road, Maidstone ME15 6AU
Telephone: Maidstone (0622) 59881.



Satisfied 'n' tickled too . . .

Taj Mahal

The Venue

ONCE AGAIN Taj Mahal, journeyman and eclectic extraordinaire, brings the good news and the big blues to London. A big, broad man in his late 30s, Mahal takes straight to the stage with his International Rhythm Band; he grins hugely and the twinkle in his eye would charm the roar off a hungry lion at a hundred paces.

Last week the amazing American guitar hero John Fahey was barracked and babbled into inaudibility by The Venue's self-conscious Saturday night habitués, so it's a real relief to see that most of those seated at the tacky tables are very definitely rooting for the man in the red beret, freshly creased grey slacks and, just like fellow rambler Ry Cooder, printed cotton shirts.

Exuberant, extrovert and, as they say, a natural under the lights, Mahal used to play the blues. He still does, but now there's more, much more, the bag-bursting harvest of his musical and spiritual pilgrimage down the last decade. Tonight (Friday) he totals 27 songs in his two sets, only three of them repeats, and the repertoire's as varied as it's sizeable.

There's city blues, country and folk blues, hard and soft reggae, bitter and sweet soul, calypso, salsa, funk, even a touch of tango: altogether a great sweep across the map

down through the Americas, taking in the Caribbean, and across to Africa.

And charm is the word. Mahal's muse has never lacked either it or generous helpings of humour. He's not stuck up somewhere in the proverbial tower of tusks distantly holding forth about this note or that rhythm, etc. etc. No, the man's living, breathing dancing proof that, if you really want to play something, anything, you can do it. All you need is a big heart and a deep soul — and to hear Mahal shelter all these musics so carefully and comfortably under one roof makes a long-overdue mockery of so much so-called 'fusion'.

You want a song by song? Impossible, it would run to reams. Sufficient to say that the material's drawn evenly from albums old and new, vintage durables like 'Going Up To The Country', 'Paint My Mailbox Blue', 'Corinna', 'You're Gonna Need Somebody On Your Bond' and 'Ain't Gonna Whistle Dixie' bumping happily against songs from the later CBS albums and the more recent trio of Warners releases.

The International Rhythm Band are aptly named and — almost incredibly — better than ever before. Bassist Bill Rich and trap drummer Kestor Smith are a snap-tite rhythm section for all songs and seasons, their abilities easily the equal of Mahal's stylistic ambitions. Rudy Costa selects from a stickstand's worth of



Taj Mahal: the International Rhythm World Tour starts here. Pic: David Corio.

reeds, his tenor as broad and brash as his alto is lithe, his saxello achingly acute and his flute blustering or ethereal.

Steel drummer Robert Greenidge is simply sensational, a rainbow-chaser on his three pens, and seems much more integrated than he was last year — mainly, I think, because the presence of Smith, who missed the '78

gig, gives him more room for melodic manoeuvre. Ex-Art Ensemble Of Chicagoan Juma Santos completes the lineup; he's a master percussionist, no more, no less.

And over and above it all there's Mahal's trebled, insistently rhythmic wide-bodied Gibson guitar, his chords hanging honey on the band's comb and his rare

solos, on the blues mostly, elemental in their power. His voice is the fulcrum, the emotional centre of this great, generous scheme of things — either, in his own phrase, smokey, a dark, rich, resonant mahogany, or sometimes, as on 'The Big Blues', rasping hard after the ghost of Howlin' Wolf.

Hard to thin out the highs,

there are so many, so fast a-comin'. If pushed, I'd probably take the gently ironic 'Four Mills Brothers', the eerie, unrequited yearning of 'Le Petit Chien Brun', the big beat of 'Mailbox' and the reggae echoes of 'Black Jack Davey' and 'Johnny Too Bad'.

Generally, the first set just transcends, every song another passport to paradise (I mean it: I'm so happy it hurts). The second starts more cautiously with a languid, smouldering jam and then 'Jorge Ben', an instrumental dedicated to the Brazilian composer. Both pieces promise much for the Latin directions Mahal is taking, some of which must have found their way onto his and the IRB's new album to be released on their own Crystal Clear Records in September.

It's typical, and treasonable, that a man and musician of Mahal's stature and spirit should be currently without a major recording contract. Taj Mahal is no decaying monument to what's past and long gone, but a loving keeper of the faith, a man whose music reminds us of so much we might otherwise pass over, or never stumble on at all. He doesn't preach or patronise, just (just?) shares his obvious delight in the new seams and streams he's constantly exploring.

One world, one love, one music? It's possible, and it's still the point. Taj Mahal is a modern miracle-worker.

(Financial footnote: I'm sure I wasn't alone in objecting to paying some £8 to see both parts of what was obviously intended to be one complete set enjoyed by one audience. Any explanations, anyone?)

(Physical footnote: unwilling as I am to have to spend an entire evening dancing in my head, can I please recommend that whoever brings Mahal back in December books him into the Lyceum?)

Angus MacKinnon

HEARTBREAKERS



NEW SINGLE
Get
off the
PHONE
BEGA 1

LIVE AT max's
kansas city

Beverly Banger
BEGA 9

Squeezed out of LA

Squeeze

Los Angeles

Squeeze tried too hard to prove that they were a quick, witty, couldn't-care-less Cockney band who nevertheless could play popular new wave with efficiency and style.

Their desperate attempts to cover up their tense nervousness only made matters worse, and in their short, diluted set they failed to establish any sort of rapport with a very cool (as in trying to be chic) audience.

'Touching Me Touching You', a flat, effortless powerpop number, and 'Slap And Tickle', more of a rock and roller, slipped by unnoticed, and even their latest single 'Take Me I'm Yours' failed to motivate (to dance or otherwise) although 'Cool For Cats' nudged one or two on to the floor.

The band seemed relieved that something had at least been acknowledged, and made that the best number of the night, ripping through it with ease and assurance. This was Squeeze: a safe, even if this audience failed to respond, MOR commercial pop band.

I would have liked to have seen the second performance with the band warmed up and, hopefully, more relaxed and the punters a few aperitifs further on. The first audience were not very representative, mostly A&M guests, too cool (frozen in fact) to move, dance, or show any signs of emotion.

Squeeze's next US single is well-chosen: 'Goodbye Girl' has that touch of '50s R & R rhythm and romantic lyrics that the Californians love. It may be old hat, but it'll sell.

A speedy 'Back Chat' followed — pure, concentrated energy, with Squeeze forgetting their visual image for a while and producing bouncing chords, supportive harmonies and a compelling rhythm. Unfortunately it quickly short-circuited into the dreary 'First Thing Wrong', a lethargic strummer with HM intro — but they like that too here.

It seemed that California had got the Squeezes rather than the Squeezes got California.

But suddenly the band changed their stance. They weren't meek and eager to please any more, just totally fed up with an unresponsive, wet audience, and Glenn Tilbrook sneeringly informed them that they were going to do a couple of fast ones to finish with, and although the audience may not feel like leaving the leisure of their (reserved) seats, they might like to practise at home.

Squeeze were no longer intimidated. Tilbrook was in the audience encouraging everyone to clap along, Joos Holland did a knee dance, Chris Difford did 'the naughty boy' finger dance, and John Bentley acted the complete lunatic.

But it was all too late. The (first) show was over and neither band nor audience were at all enamoured with one another.

Deanne Pearson

prag VEC Monochrome Set The Mo-dettes

The Albany

This was one of the final dates on Rough Trade's recent prag VEC / Monochrome Set / Manicured Noise bargain tour — a different running order each night — yet another hard working, breadline democracy: some more popular music that doesn't need an international consumer's tidal wave under its seat to keep it smiling.

In faraway Deptford, The Mo-dettes (replacing M. Noise) spun off first. Along the bleary edges and up around the balcony of the Albany the splendour of audience variety distracted one — moulting hippies, shoeshone Mods, reptilian skinheads, Womblesque hardcore punkies, streaky nouveau-thin-tie Godard extras, a good missionary, and an *Observer* photo journalist tracing the source of the revival Mod.

The extremely mo-dest Jane (bass), Kate (guitar), June (drums) and Ramona (vocals) had stayed on the same planes of loudness and prettiness as their other weekend gig (at the Moonlight Club) but gotten faster and weightier in overall group sound and pull.

Mo-dettes' songs are obvious and dotted along from stiletto-heel pavement pop, which is an easy access to a potentially more tormented muse — audible on 'Dark Park Creeping' and Jane's Kray Twins 'ballad'.

Others are less intense. 'White Mice' is all about "nice young boys"; 'Masochistic Opposites' is a failed-love song; 'Favourite Things' is silly and has an incorrigible second verse in French. For the closing numbers, including an encore of 'Twist



Pretty Mo-dest Ramona. Pic David Corio.

And Shout', they were joined by some of the Mo-difications male voice backup trio.

Jane should be upfront, and sing more. Otherwise, time should relax and pressure

them; they're currently resonant of earliest Raincoats or Slits, less obviously passionate than the former, more obviously disciplined than the latter. (It realise that's

a formal distinction).

The Monochrome Set are visually and musically slick and sun-less.

Lights pop off and a split-screen backdrop — one a fixed sepia-gangster-movie loop, the other a speeding adolescent — existential montage of gauchery upon gauchery: closeups of decay, European cobbles, burning frying pans. The four-piece music rushes alongside all of this, mechanically insistent and artificially pallid.

The lead singer is expressively unresolved somewhere between Noel Coward's eyebrows and Lou Reed's dark treads, a world stage-view of effete sluts and significant neck movement. Bassist and drummer are failed method-vampires, musically functional; the lead guitarist makes a shirty concession to primary colours and appears to impersonate an electrocuted Devo fan.

The Monochrome Set are definitely that group Danny Baker has taped to the back of his mind as the 'new Music' pose — they're all the compass' worst aspects, and less.

(I know that's a formal sneer). prag VEC faced an emptier hall than The Mo-dettes but raced ahead regardless.

Sue's nerves swung the texture and momentum of the set manically, making their sound that much harder and all those ill-sorted rock-press categorical dismissals that much dimmer. The disappointing construction of their latest single is a tangent to their general movement, which is as unpredictably sideways-forwards as ever.

Lots of new material, riskier and more colourful. 'By The Sea' drops a long instrumental dead on to a sudden vocal barb, and only people who listen straight ahead and expect very small things to happen can remain dissatisfied for much longer.

Ian Penman

have you tried
the 208 position?

KIRSTY MacCOLL
A FULL COLOUR PICTURE DISC OF THE SINGLE
THEY DON'T KNOW
AVAILABLE FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STIFF STOCKIST
£1.49p P-BUY 47
ALSO AVAILABLE IN BLACK VINYL AT THE BODIES PRICE OF 95P

GET THIS....

....full page of bargains that are not available in your local High Street.
Just select the item that suits you and fill in the simple coupon below.



Leather



L02. Black leather bomber jacket fully lined, metal zip. Sizes 32-42 chest. **ONLY £26.95** inc p&p



LEV501. Original Levi's, shrink fit indigo denim, button flies, parallel leg. State waist size. **ONLY £15.50** inc p&p



Denim



PD01. Patch nose denim, recycled old and new. Wrangler/Levi's etc. Sizes 26-38 waist. **ONLY £9.95** inc p&p

deal of the month



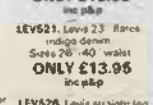
MS07. Airforce battle dress bomber jacket. Blue serge. Brand new. **ONLY £3.75** inc p&p



L04. Good quality leather jacket, full quilt lining, waist adjusters, zip fastenings and pockets. Sizes 34-44 chest. **ONLY £47.95** inc p&p



L03. Genuine straight black leather. **ONLY £4.25** inc p&p



LEV521. Levi's 23 Rance indigo denim. Sizes 28-40 waist. **ONLY £13.95** inc p&p



LEV526. Levi's straight leg indigo denim. Sizes 28-40 waist. **ONLY £13.95** inc p&p



PD02. Lapel jacket old and new denim, canvas vest, copper studs. Sizes 32-42 chest. **ONLY £10.95** inc p&p



PD03. Denim shirt, button fasted old new denim. Sizes 32-42 chest. **ONLY £9.95** inc p&p



SY03. 1" genuine fine, washed cotton. **ONLY £1.99** inc p&p



MS11. Army combat trousers with back pockets and zips, ankle zips and knee pads, in olive drab. Sizes 30-36 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p (makes suit with MS08)



MS04. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS06. Genuine US Army T-shirt, brand new, dark green. Sizes S.M.L. **ONLY £3.25** inc p&p



MS04. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



PD04. Denim bomber jacket old new denim, heavy metal zip, fur fabric lining. Sizes 32-42 chest. **ONLY £10.95** inc p&p



SY07. Harrington bomber jacket, traditional black with fur collar, buttoned flap pockets. Sizes 32-42 chest. **ONLY £9.95** inc p&p



SY06. Genuine American bowling shirt, all in bright colours with maroon over pocket and on back. Great for summer! State size, colour and alternative colour. **ONLY £3.95** inc p&p



MS10. US Army heavy khaki serge shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 34-42 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS01. Collarless Army shirt, not new but excellent condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £4.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



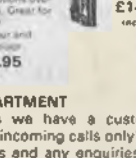
MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



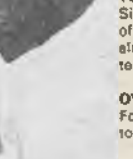
MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



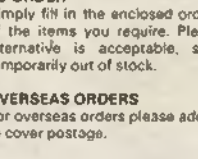
MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



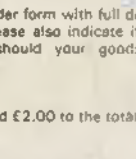
MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



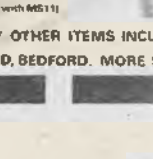
MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



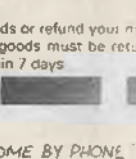
MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



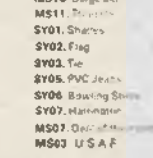
MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



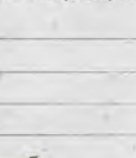
MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS03. USAF US Army style heavy cotton shirt, A1 condition. Sizes 32-44 chest. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p



MS08. US Army Chino trousers, beige cotton, sublimine tropical stripes. Sizes 28-34 waist. **ONLY £5.95** inc p&p

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE AND SEE MANY OTHER ITEMS INCLUDING PRINTED T-SHIRTS.
OR VISIT OUR RETAIL SHOP AT 62, MIDLAND ROAD, BEDFORD. MORE SHOPS OPENING SOON!

CUSTOMER SERVICES DEPARTMENT

To assist all our customers we have a customer services department with an 'incoming calls only' line, to deal with telephone orders and any enquiries you may have. Just ring Bedford (0234) 58355 between 9.30 and 5.30, Mon. to Fri.

TO ORDER

Simply fill in the enclosed order form with full details of the items you require. Please also indicate if any alternative is acceptable, should your goods be temporarily out of stock.

OVERSEAS ORDERS

For overseas orders please add £2.00 to the total cost to cover postage.

TELEPHONE ORDERS

For an even faster service — order by telephone with your Barclaycard, Trustcard or Access No.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We will always exchange goods or refund your money should you not be satisfied, goods must be returned unwashed, unworn, etc. within 7 days

ITEM	ALTER	SIZE	COLOR
L01. Waistcoat			
L02. Bomber			
L03. T-shirt			
L04. Motor Bike jacket			
PD01. Jacket			
PD02. Jacket			
PD03. Shirt			
PD04. Bomber			
PD05. Shorts			
LEV501. Trousers			
LEV521. Trousers			
LEV526. Trousers			
MS01. Shirt			
MS04. Trousers			
MS05. T-Shirts			

ITEM	ALTER	SIZE	COLOR
MS08. MW			
MS08. GUMMET			
MS08. USAF JKT			
MS10. Single waist			
MS11. Trousers			
SY01. Shirts			
SY02. Flag			
SY03. Tie			
SY05. PVC Jeans			
SY06. Bowling Shoes			
SY07. Harrington			
MS07. Old of Harrington			
MS03. USAF			

CREDIT CARDS WELCOME BY PHONE

GRINGO Casuals Co. DEPT. N.
55 St PETER ST., BEDFORD, BEDS. TEL: (0234) 58355

NAME

ADDRESS

PAYMENT ENCLOSED £

★ NEW POSTERS ★

DER 3- £1.20

DER (17) £1.20

FARRAH 11- £1.20

GIANT DER 11- £2.45

Life Size CHERYL LAD - £2.45

FARRAH 10 £1.20

RONSTADT £1.20

BUSH 3 £1.20

DER 13- £1.20

BUSH 2 £1.20

DER 15 £1.20

DER 16 £1.20

RACHEL SWEET £1.20

NEW SEX PISTOLS No2 £1.20

KATE (4) £1.20

NEW DER No 14 £1.20

NEW DER No 14 £1.20

ICOL CONCERT PHOTOS - 5"x7" SETS OF 6 £3.00 SET

DEBBIE IN MINI - KATE BUSH

CARDS & POSTERS, 22 Moor Street, Queensway, Birmingham 4
Add 30p P&P for up to 2 Posters 5p each extra one

matchless Jeans Ltd

Matchless Jeans Ltd. 100% Cotton. 100% Denim. 100% Quality. 100% Style. 100% Comfort. 100% Value. 100% Satisfaction. 100% Guarantee. 100% Free Catalogue.

For details of advertising ring 01-261 6172

Instant X-ray sight

X-ray socks that give you the amazing illusion to see right through everything you look at! See the bones in your hand, the vein in an egg, the lead in a pencil and the most amazing things when looking at your friends! Especially amusing at those fun parties!

£1.75 incl. P & P

SENE PARK PRODUCTS ME30 LAMBERTON HOUSE, SENE PARK, MYTHE, KENT, CT21 5XB

MUSIC STAR BOOKS

CRAMMED WITH STUNNING PHOTOGRAPHS MANY PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED

£5.95

Over 70 LED ZEPPELIN DISC JACKET PHOTOGRAPHS

£10 each

ELVIS ON TOUR

ELVIS PRESLEY ALBUM

£6.50 each

FREE LISTS WITH EVERY ORDER

UNITED KINGDOM - POST FREE

PAYMENT - CASH OR BY CHEQUE

TO: S.I.P. (DEPTNM) 28 WOODSTOCK RD, LONDON N4 3EX

Genuine U.S. Forces Mountain, Feather Sleeping Bags

This is the famous super sleeping bag so much appreciated by mountaineering expeditions and all experienced campers. Cotton cover, feather filled.

£23-95

Also some NEW £35-00

NEW CANADIAN Gov. Surplus Field Jackets

In strong, Olive Green Showerproof Cotton with 4 roomy flap pockets, zip, drawstring and epaulettes.

Sizes up to 42 Chest only

£9-75

Cash Money, Postal Order or Cheques with order. Satisfaction or money refunded. Please authorize and quote number.

HANDMADE FOOTWEAR

Supply full grain leather

Flexible, natural crepe soles

Handmade

Rangers for men, women and children

For a free catalogue of our complete range of handmade shoes send a stamped addressed envelope to:

Adams and Jones
Handmade Footwear
Dove Cottage, Mill Lane,
Barton St David, nr. Somerset, Somerset
Tel. 0424 507173

The Who MAXIMUM R & B T-SHIRT

White printed on Black T-Shirt. Size S-M-L. Only £3 each + 75p p&p

MAXIMUM STRAIGHT TIES

White print on black tie

white print on red tie

white print on black tie

Only £1.90 post free

QUADROPHENIA POSTER

RODEO JEANS OFFER

GENUINE JEANS AT UNREAL PRICES

Levi's

26" flared washed denim style 10..... 9.99

22" flared washed denim style 12..... 12.99

17" straight washed denim style 13..... 13.99

22" flared needlecord, grey, black, navy, beige..... 12.99

28-30-32-34-36 waist, 34 inside leg, style 17..... 12.99

18" straight needlecord, grey, navy & black..... £12.99

28-30-32-34-36 waist, 34 inside leg style 19.....

Wrangler

20" denim flare washed style 30..... 9.99

18" straight mid cord, mid green, black, rust, grey..... 12.99

22" needlecord flared grey and black..... 12.99

28-30-32-34-36 waist, 32 & 34 inside leg, style 35.....

FALMERS

18" mid cord, natural or sand, style 20..... 9.99

26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36 waist, 36 inside leg

Send style number and size (+colour where applicable) with cheques and postal orders to

RODEO JEANS

4 Cathedral View, St Albans, Herts

Free post and packing, full refunds if unsatisfactory

NORTHERN SURPLUS STORES

Dept. NME
357 Leith Walk, Edinburgh
Tel: 031-554 4179

WE HAVE FISHTAIL PARKAS (Original American)

£12

plus 80p postage

ROBOT

8 Newburgh Street, London, W11
Tel. 01 407 8747

also for:

Tonic Mohair, Two Tone Original 80% Suede, Grade 1, from £20.

Button Down Shirts from £3

Prison Shirts, from £5

Make out cheques/POs to Mairna Ltd. S.A.E. for catalogue

Only 75p + 35p P&P

Also 'The Who' MAXIMUM R&B Poster Same Price

MOD INTERNATIONAL

71 Beckley Close, Herts

£1.95 + 35p P&P

Trade And Group Enquiries most welcome

AFGHAN COATS!

Real fur coats, medium, dered, sheepskin

Standard 36" long £27.50

Chest 30" £27.50

Special quality 42" long £34.50 P&P £1.10

FURS AND JEANS

40 Manor View, London N3

01-362 2020

GOOTCHA COVERED

En Gringos and Gals! Cast yer bloodshot eyes on the new Gootcha Covered Gear. Get in the groove with Gear that moves!

NA NO NA NO
New in direct U.S.A.
Hitch up yer britches
Mox and Moxie
available in T&T, Red
Rainbow multicolour stripe
Blue stripe, Brown multicolour
stripe, green, black, brown.
Look great with T-Shirts & jeans
available only through NME
(Order £4.50 + 15p P & P)

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE! Superb quality photographic multicoloured designs approx 9" x 11" fully washable, non fade on quality garments. Sizes: Small (32"-34"), Medium (36"-38"), Large (40"-42"), Extra Large (44"). Garment colours: White, Black, Red, Yellow, Navy, Sky Blue. (Note: Cap sleeves not available in L, XL sizes). To order simply send details on your own paper. Absolute "No Hassle" Money Back Guarantee.

no wuckin' furies
PAT142 NO WUCKIN'

PH1 MEATLOAF
PH2 GRATEFUL DEAD
PH3 KISS ARMY
PH4 EAGLES - NIGHTS
PH5 SEX PISTOLS
PH6 BUDDY HOLLY
PH7 KATE BUSH X-RAY SPEX
PH8 GRATEFUL DEAD - BLOOMING
PH9 CAPS!
PH10 THE JAM
PH11 DEEP PURPLE
PH12 THE WHO
PH13 THE ROLLING STONES
PH14 THE BEATLES
PH15 THE MONKEES
PH16 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH17 THE DOOBIES
PH18 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH19 THE GENTLEMEN
PH20 THE RASCALS
PH21 THE STONES
PH22 THE WHO
PH23 THE ROLLING STONES
PH24 THE BEATLES
PH25 THE MONKEES
PH26 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH27 THE DOOBIES
PH28 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH29 THE GENTLEMEN
PH30 THE RASCALS
PH31 THE STONES
PH32 THE WHO
PH33 THE ROLLING STONES
PH34 THE BEATLES
PH35 THE MONKEES
PH36 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH37 THE DOOBIES
PH38 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH39 THE GENTLEMEN
PH40 THE RASCALS
PH41 THE STONES
PH42 THE WHO
PH43 THE ROLLING STONES
PH44 THE BEATLES
PH45 THE MONKEES
PH46 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH47 THE DOOBIES
PH48 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH49 THE GENTLEMEN
PH50 THE RASCALS
PH51 THE STONES
PH52 THE WHO
PH53 THE ROLLING STONES
PH54 THE BEATLES
PH55 THE MONKEES
PH56 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH57 THE DOOBIES
PH58 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH59 THE GENTLEMEN
PH60 THE RASCALS
PH61 THE STONES
PH62 THE WHO
PH63 THE ROLLING STONES
PH64 THE BEATLES
PH65 THE MONKEES
PH66 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH67 THE DOOBIES
PH68 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH69 THE GENTLEMEN
PH70 THE RASCALS
PH71 THE STONES
PH72 THE WHO
PH73 THE ROLLING STONES
PH74 THE BEATLES
PH75 THE MONKEES
PH76 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH77 THE DOOBIES
PH78 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH79 THE GENTLEMEN
PH80 THE RASCALS
PH81 THE STONES
PH82 THE WHO
PH83 THE ROLLING STONES
PH84 THE BEATLES
PH85 THE MONKEES
PH86 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH87 THE DOOBIES
PH88 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH89 THE GENTLEMEN
PH90 THE RASCALS
PH91 THE STONES
PH92 THE WHO
PH93 THE ROLLING STONES
PH94 THE BEATLES
PH95 THE MONKEES
PH96 THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PH97 THE DOOBIES
PH98 THE FLEETWOOD MAC
PH99 THE GENTLEMEN
PH100 THE RASCALS

Order to Gootcha Covered Ltd, Dept. NMEB, 79 Hunt St, Spencer Hill, Castlegate, Stockton on Tees, Cleveland, England U.K.
Free colour catalogue, hundreds of designs. Posters, Buckles and more with every order or send 30p (Overseas customers must add P & P by air to cover air mail cost)

Superb quality rock star buckles (Ex. U.S.A.) £3.65 + 25p P.P.

7828 BAD COMPANY 7830 SANTANA 7808 ELO 7833 BLUE OYSTER CULT
7835 YES LOGO 7728 EAGLES - ONE OF THESE NIGHTS 7834 RUSH 7817 KISS LOGO
7820 KISS DESTROYER 7831 DOOBIES 7809 THE GEE'S 7810 LED ZEP
Buckles also available! 7713 JEFFERSON STARSHIP 7707 SPIES - MOJO
7708 KISS 7709 KISS 7710 KISS 7711 KISS 7712 KISS 7713 KISS 7714 KISS
7715 KISS 7716 KISS 7717 KISS 7718 KISS 7719 KISS 7720 KISS 7721 KISS
7722 KISS 7723 KISS 7724 KISS 7725 KISS 7726 KISS 7727 KISS 7728 KISS
7729 KISS 7730 KISS 7731 KISS 7732 KISS 7733 KISS 7734 KISS 7735 KISS
7736 KISS 7737 KISS 7738 KISS 7739 KISS 7740 KISS 7741 KISS 7742 KISS
7743 KISS 7744 KISS 7745 KISS 7746 KISS 7747 KISS 7748 KISS 7749 KISS
7750 KISS 7751 KISS 7752 KISS 7753 KISS 7754 KISS 7755 KISS 7756 KISS
7757 KISS 7758 KISS 7759 KISS 7760 KISS 7761 KISS 7762 KISS 7763 KISS
7764 KISS 7765 KISS 7766 KISS 7767 KISS 7768 KISS 7769 KISS 7770 KISS
7771 KISS 7772 KISS 7773 KISS 7774 KISS 7775 KISS 7776 KISS 7777 KISS
7778 KISS 7779 KISS 7780 KISS 7781 KISS 7782 KISS 7783 KISS 7784 KISS
7785 KISS 7786 KISS 7787 KISS 7788 KISS 7789 KISS 7790 KISS 7791 KISS
7792 KISS 7793 KISS 7794 KISS 7795 KISS 7796 KISS 7797 KISS 7798 KISS
7799 KISS 7800 KISS 7801 KISS 7802 KISS 7803 KISS 7804 KISS 7805 KISS
7806 KISS 7807 KISS 7808 KISS 7809 KISS 7810 KISS 7811 KISS 7812 KISS
7813 KISS 7814 KISS 7815 KISS 7816 KISS 7817 KISS 7818 KISS 7819 KISS
7820 KISS 7821 KISS 7822 KISS 7823 KISS 7824 KISS 7825 KISS 7826 KISS
7827 KISS 7828 KISS 7829 KISS 7830 KISS 7831 KISS 7832 KISS 7833 KISS
7834 KISS 7835 KISS 7836 KISS 7837 KISS 7838 KISS 7839 KISS 7840 KISS
7841 KISS 7842 KISS 7843 KISS 7844 KISS 7845 KISS 7846 KISS 7847 KISS
7848 KISS 7849 KISS 7850 KISS 7851 KISS 7852 KISS 7853 KISS 7854 KISS
7855 KISS 7856 KISS 7857 KISS 7858 KISS 7859 KISS 7860 KISS 7861 KISS
7862 KISS 7863 KISS 7864 KISS 7865 KISS 7866 KISS 7867 KISS 7868 KISS
7869 KISS 7870 KISS 7871 KISS 7872 KISS 7873 KISS 7874 KISS 7875 KISS
7876 KISS 7877 KISS 7878 KISS 7879 KISS 7880 KISS 7881 KISS 7882 KISS
7883 KISS 7884 KISS 7885 KISS 7886 KISS 7887 KISS 7888 KISS 7889 KISS
7890 KISS 7891 KISS 7892 KISS 7893 KISS 7894 KISS 7895 KISS 7896 KISS
7897 KISS 7898 KISS 7899 KISS 7900 KISS 7901 KISS 7902 KISS 7903 KISS
7904 KISS 7905 KISS 7906 KISS 7907 KISS 7908 KISS 7909 KISS 7910 KISS
7911 KISS 7912 KISS 7913 KISS 7914 KISS 7915 KISS 7916 KISS 7917 KISS
7918 KISS 7919 KISS 7920 KISS 7921 KISS 7922 KISS 7923 KISS 7924 KISS
7925 KISS 7926 KISS 7927 KISS 7928 KISS 7929 KISS 7930 KISS 7931 KISS
7932 KISS 7933 KISS 7934 KISS 7935 KISS 7936 KISS 7937 KISS 7938 KISS
7939 KISS 7940 KISS 7941 KISS 7942 KISS 7943 KISS 7944 KISS 7945 KISS
7946 KISS 7947 KISS 7948 KISS 7949 KISS 7950 KISS 7951 KISS 7952 KISS
7953 KISS 7954 KISS 7955 KISS 7956 KISS 7957 KISS 7958 KISS 7959 KISS
7960 KISS 7961 KISS 7962 KISS 7963 KISS 7964 KISS 7965 KISS 7966 KISS
7967 KISS 7968 KISS 7969 KISS 7970 KISS 7971 KISS 7972 KISS 7973 KISS
7974 KISS 7975 KISS 7976 KISS 7977 KISS 7978 KISS 7979 KISS 7980 KISS
7981 KISS 7982 KISS 7983 KISS 7984 KISS 7985 KISS 7986 KISS 7987 KISS
7988 KISS 7989 KISS 7990 KISS 7991 KISS 7992 KISS 7993 KISS 7994 KISS
7995 KISS 7996 KISS 7997 KISS 7998 KISS 7999 KISS 8000 KISS

01-261 6172

REGGAE	REGGAE	REGGAE	REGGAE
DADDY KOOL RECORDS			
(Selling on both Joan's Oldies Shop from Tottenham Court Road Tube station) 94 DEAN STREET, LONDON W1M 1JH 01-437 3535			
Send now for Britain's biggest free Reggae Mail Order List			
BOB MARLEY & New Single on TUFF GONG			AMBUSH
			£1.25
LPs (P&P Free)			
1. Rastaman in the Jungle (Tuff Gong)	Various Artists	12" (P&P Free)	
2. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	1. The Roots of Dub - Various Artists	£2.95
3. Africa Unite 1981 (Dancehall) - S. Patsy's Limited Dub	12.45	2. Rasta Rhythms - Various Artists	£2.95
4. Singing, Steady Music (Various Artists)	12.45	3. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
5. Rasta Music 12" (Various Artists)	12.45	4. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
6. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	5. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
7. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	6. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
8. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	7. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
9. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	8. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
10. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	9. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
11. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	10. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
12. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	11. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
13. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	12. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
14. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	13. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
15. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	14. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
16. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	15. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
17. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	16. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
18. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	17. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
19. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	18. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
20. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	19. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
21. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	20. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
22. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	21. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
23. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	22. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
24. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	23. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
25. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	24. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
26. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	25. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
27. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	26. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
28. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	27. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
29. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	28. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
30. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	29. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
31. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	30. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
32. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	31. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
33. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	32. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
34. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	33. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
35. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	34. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
36. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	35. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
37. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	36. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
38. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	37. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
39. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	38. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
40. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	39. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
41. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	40. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
42. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	41. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
43. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	42. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
44. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	43. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
45. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	44. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
46. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	45. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
47. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	46. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
48. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	47. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
49. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	48. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
50. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	49. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
51. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	50. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
52. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	51. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
53. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	52. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
54. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	53. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
55. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	54. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
56. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	55. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
57. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	56. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
58. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	57. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
59. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	58. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
60. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	59. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
61. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	60. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
62. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	61. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
63. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	62. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
64. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	63. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
65. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12.45	64. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	£2.95
66. Dubbing Dub - Augustus Pablo	12		

[illegible]

**MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND?
GET IT FROM THE DEALER WITH ALL THE CLASSICS**

All the singles listed below are but a small selection from over 2,000 singles and 1,000 L.P.'s listed as incredible prices

SEND S.A.E. FOR LIST

ALL THE RECORDS LISTED BELOW ARE 99p EACH, 4 for £2 OR 12 for £5 (+25p POSTAGE & PACKING)

29	AMEN CORNER	Half as nice
54	SADY'S	Isn't it time
267	BOSTON	Don't look back
2717	BREAD	Last without you leave
253	PETER BROWN	Oo ya weema get lucky with me
2752	EAGLES	One of these nights
694	DEAN FRIEDMAN	Lucky stars
66	ANDREW GILG	Lonely boy
801	JUSTIN HAYWOOD	Forever autumn
873	DEE D JACKSON	Automatic love
1003	LIVERPOOL EXPRESS	You are my lover
1875	MANHATTANS	Hurt
1194	JOHNNY MATTHE	When a child is born
1113	PAUL MCCARTNEY	My love
1282	O'JAYS	Brandy
1387	ELVIS PRESLEY	Wooden heart
1460	RENAISSANCE	Northern lights
2840	SAILOR	A glass of champagne
1629	CARLY SIMON	Nobody does it better
1706	STARLAND VOCAL BAND	Afternoon delight
1733	STATUS QUO	Again and again
2860	ROD STEWART	Get back/The first cut is the deepest
2882	THOMAS	Why can't we live together
1956	JOE WALSH	Life's been good
2024	WINGS	With a little luck
2088	WARREN ZEYON	Werewolves of London

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN

100 HIT SINGLES	£15 (+ £2 if overseas)
100 SOUL SINGLES	£3 (+ £2 if overseas)
100 REGGAE SINGLES	£3 (+ £2 if overseas)

Oldies unlimited, Department N TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 9NQ

Beatles	Greatest Hits (Gold)	£2.99
Wayne County & The Electric Chairs		
Storm	The Gates of Heaven (pink marble)	£2.99
Deep Purple	Deep Purple in Rock (Green)	£2.99
Art Bears	Mopas and Fears (black vinyl + poster)	£2.99
Link Wray	Beams and Fatback (black vinyl + poster)	£2.99
Dead On Arrival (2 LPs)	Various Virgin Artists (luminous vinyl, ltd. edn.)	£4.99
Who	Who Are You (red)	£2.99
Wings	Band on the Run (purple)	£2.99
Rolling Stones	Black and Blue (blue)	£2.99
Eagles	Greatest Hits (green)	£2.99
Motorhead	First (white)	£2.99
Fleetwood Mac	Fleetwood Mac (white)	£2.99
Pink Floyd	Dark Side of the Moon (white)	£2.99
Deep Purple	24 Carat (Purple)	£2.99
Led Zepplin	IV (Purple)	£2.99
Stevie Wonder	Songs in the Key of Life 2 LPs (yellow)	£6.99
Bowie	Stage 2LPs (yellow)	£4.99
Rob Stewart	Atlantic Crossing (orange)	£2.99
Bob Seger	Siranger in Town (silver)	£2.99
Pictures Discs		
Blondie	Parallel Lines	£6.99
Mike Oldfield	Tubular Bells	£4.99
Brothers Johnson	Blam (ltd. edition)	£8.99
Mestloaf	Bat Out of Hell	£8.49
Devo	Are We Not Men?	£4.99
<i>Postage and Packing 41p per record</i>		
Payment: Cheques or postal orders made payable to OLD JOCK, 66 Standard Road, London NW10. (UK only)		
NAME		
ADDRESS		
QTY.	TITLE	

[illegible]

MAIL
ORDER
MUSIC

FRANTIC

MAIL
ORDER
MUSIC

Send off the coupon for your new catalogue of over 1000 cut price albums

UP TO
£1.39 OFF

With retail prices for LP's and tapes now approaching £5, the FRANTIC MAIL ORDER COMPANY offers you a truly amazing opportunity to purchase over 1,000 titles with discounts up to £1.39 off the retail prices for single albums and larger discounts for double albums.

ATTENTION OVERSEAS!

Our associate company TANDY'S RECORDS LTD were one of the pioneers and now the leaders in personal mail-order export and wholesale exports to all parts of the world. Write or phone TANDY'S today at the same address as shown in the FRANTIC coupon opposite.

Please send to me the new FRANTIC Catalogue
FRANTIC MAIL ORDER COMPANY, WARLEY
WEST MIDLANDS, B66 4BB. Tel: 021-429 6441/2
Telex: 338459

Name.....

.....

Address.....

.....

[illegible]

RECORDS FOR SALE

ALBUM NPE - 2.00 details: -
Dance, Two Records, Chelver, Via Shet-
field.

BEATLES AUDITION Tapes, 'Five
Nights', 'Halo' and 'Hard Days Night'.
Soundtracks Offers (011) 223 0481.

BLUES, ROCKABILLY albums sent
post free. Also new for old deals. Write
Hi-Speed Records, 133 Main Rd., Mid-
dleton Cheney, Banbury, Oxon.

BOLAN INTERVIEW single offers.
Phone Bill, Penkridge 2386.

BOWEN M.W.S.T.W. (Dress & Car-
toon). Who, Elevators, Fuge, Pretty
Things, New Wave etc. - Auction of
rare LPs and singles - SAE/RC for our
kiss, 25 Wethering Road, Brighton.

CALLING ALL those interested in our
June 1979 catalogue containing 100's of
singles at 10p each - just send 91p
stamp for free catalogue to: BACK-
TRACKS, 14 Railway Street, Hemford,
Herts.

CLASH CAPITAL Radio, Staff collection
and others. SAE places J. Morrell,
81 Pelton Lodge Crescents, Sutton Cold-
field, W. Midlands.

CREAM J. TULL T. Rex, Led Zepp,
Santana, Patels etc 5000+ albums &
tapes - singles from 20p. SAE (IRC)
3 Ashdon Way, Whitley Bay, Tyne &
Wear.

DAMNED DEMO, autographed
Rachal, Costello Zero, Detective, BUY 1,
2, 3, 4, 5, SAE & Crumwells Gons.,
Bishops Cleeve, Hants.

DAVID BOWIE 'Space' O.
M.W.S.T.W. Huxley, Ziggy, Aladdin S.
Penguin, D. Grog, Y. American, Station-
ary, Heroes, 44 each. David Lives! £7
Free postage, P.O. to Peter, 30 Sherard
Road, London, SE9 7EP.

DELETED LP singles our specialty
see for details, ITC, PO Box 4, Bir-
kenhead, Merseyside.

ELVIS M.W.S.T.W. Blue Moon, Mount
Dog, All Shook Up. Good condition.
Offers: Davies, 21 Maple Crescent,
Huyton, Merseyside. 051 690 6467.

SITUATIONS VACANT

AVOID ESCAPING. Work with
record companies, radio stations etc.
Part-time, full-time. Experience unessen-
sary. 'Music Industry Employment
Guide', British Music Index (450-
record company addresses), 'Radio
Industry Employment Guide' 60p each.
£2 all three. Hamilton House Productions,
Slavertown, Devon.

DISC JOCKEYS required, without
equipment. Personalities. No
beginners considered. 01 965 2991.

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on liners,
oil rigs, experience unnecessary. Details
Monthly employment guide. Price 60p.
Miles, Newmarket House, Oakhill
Ave., Pinner, Middx.

RECORDS FOR SALE

ELVIS ORIGINAL 78's. Offers, Read-
ing 580308.

FURNITURE RECORDS merchandise
all with their August list. Includes
rare and interesting UK & US albums
and singles including: Nightshade,
Must River, K&S, Spirit, Mike Machine,
Hazz, Choc Watch Band, Moving
Sidekicks, Help Yourself, Brinsley's, etc.
+ 100's of great rare items at realistic
prices. Large SAE 133 High St., Margate,
Kent.

GOLDEN OLDIES. Our latest
catalogue of golden singles is ready for
dispatch, over 3,000 titles plus lots of
special offer LPs. Send 25p to P.F.S., 13
Cranbrook Road, Wrotham, Essex.

HENDRIX COLLECTION for sale.
Offers: SAE, Dean, 2 Marshalls Way,
Farnet, Peterborough.

HUGE RANGE new/used singles
stocked. Recent hit, odds 57.79. 10p
stamp for list, 123 George St., Man-
chester, Lancs.

LAUGHTER THROUGH TEARS is
JOHN WRIGHT's debut album. John
describes his songs as 'Carnages of Glas-
gow Life', and that is what they are.
These songs of his are about the
humour and hardship of growing up in a
rough town. Done in a contemporary
style with some very amusing lyrics it
provides interesting and easy listening.

BUY ONE, WEAR FOR YOURSELF.
BAMMOOTH AUCTION - Buy &
Rock artists 1960s/70s - 8 Boys,
Spencer Davis, Kinks, Searchers, Action,
Tombstone, L. Reed, picture covers, col-
oured vinyls, also Punk set: SAE/IRC - 64 St. Peters Ave., Cover-
ham 2, Reading.

OBSCURE ALBUMS, 1966-73
Rarities, deletions. SAE New List, 8
Scotland Road, Little Bowden, Leics.

OLDIES IMPORTS, re-releases,
retires. SAE, Dinkley, 88/87 Western
Road, Hove, Sussex.

OLDIES 50-70 large size - 20p
bumper size lists, LPs, 45's, cassettes,
all guaranteed - J & J Records, 24
Uppenhall Park, Berkhamstead, Herts.

PASTLASTER'S THOUSANDS
available 58.76. SAE, 24 Southwell,
Middletown, Sussex.

RARE TREES, Brinsleys, Mothers,
Garden, K. Hanks. Offers: Bart
Thompson, 27 Kirkland Park Avenue,
Stratford, Warwickshire.

SEX PISTOLS various, plus others.
SAE 10 Sharncliffe, 17 Moberg Green, North
Kenton, Newcastle upon Tyne.

STILL LOOKING? We specialise in
finding records, rarities, deletions, etc.
SAE for details, Nicolette, 22 Victoria
Rd., New Brighton, Merseyside.

T. HEADS, PH. ATV, Fall, Ants,
Sweeney, Sims, Penetration, Wire, SLF,
Sue & Dennis, 17 Moberg Green, North
Kenton, Newcastle upon Tyne.

RECORDS FOR SALE

THE SONICS - Introducing 'extra-
rare classic' 50s punk LP, £30.00.
Tyrn, 95 Lambos Conduit St., London,
WC1.

TONY MANCOCK MEMORIAL
CLUB: Calling Hancock Collectors
Thames 2 Newbuildings, Milverton,
Somerset.

ULTRA RARE ELVIS BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS, BARNBANK 268-
6080. PITTSBURGH CONCERTS
GRACELAND (RARE!) (EPHM) 2
Newbuildings, Milverton, Somerset.

VINTAGE RECORD Centre well-
known all its new customers. We are
the Golden Oldies club of Great Britain.
As England's foremost odds store, we
stock 1,000's upon 1,000's of singles
from the 50's, 60's & 70's! So the
chances are very good that we can
supply your wants from stock. No wait-
ing for weeks! We have CARRY 267 of the
Golden Oldies club's top 300! Plus
most of Capital Radio's all time top 500,
plus most of other classic odds and many
not so classic & obscure odds from the
50's, 60's & 70's! So if you collect
Mersey, 60's pop, R&B, Doo-wop, Heavy
Rock, Speedy, etc. etc. etc., start off
on the right foot - visit the experts -
now! Vintage Record Centre Ltd, 91
Newman Way, London, N18 1JN (Tube -
Piccadilly Line - Cranbourne Road
Closed Mon/Tues Tel 011 607 8586)

RECORDS WANTED

ALBUMS, CASSETTES, wanted in
mint condition. Top prices paid. For
quote send list plus a.s. to Castaldi, 17
Newman Way, London, N18 1JN.

ALBUMS 'M.W.S.T.W.' (Drap
steal) - Bowie, Seiflow, 'My Generation',
'Quica One' Direct Hcs - Who.
Kinks in Kinks (European) (UK) (Europe)
calls welcomed! Who Brunswick singles
North Shields 74873

ALBUMS, SINGLES, Cassettes
wanted 12 pence for Beatles, Stones,
Pink, Motown, Bowie, etc. Less for other
but none refused. Send direct or a.s. for
prices. Refused Records, Weymouth Col-
lege, Knott, Lymington, Dorset.

BLONDS 12 Shreds P.C. VGC will
pay reasonable prices of swaps. Tony after
6 pm 061 643 7187.

BOOKS, Magazines, Highest prices paid. Send
full details Red List Records, Ynfor,
Llanfrynnon, Penryn/Devon.

KINKS LP, singles, from the begin-
ning until 'Lola' are wanted 15p/val up to
£15, but £25 for a good copy of 'Kon-
fused' your price to sell, write to
Peter Football, Hans Bishops 11, 8/20,
Brace, Denmark.

STRANGLERS PEACHES Radio
play, Urgent, March 0482 645816

MUSICAL SERVICES

ABOUT 100 bands, groups, discote-
ques, lowest prices! London's leading
entertainment agency. Cleymen's 01-
247 9531

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! - Songwri-
ter Magazine explains copyright, pub-
lishing, recording, royalties, song con-
tracts, setting your lyrics to music with-
out paying, plus interview, news, etc.
Free booklet from International
Songwriters Association (INME),
Limerick City, Ireland.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing
new book tells how to - £5, 10-11 (K)
Hyden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street,
London, W1. 7p stamp.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication
fee. 11 St. Albans Ave., London W6.

SINGER SINGS ballads and other
required 22 years in showbusiness.
Booked clubs, hotels in Blackpool and
outside Chorley. Also an agent below.
Female impersonator named Lucy.
Complete act ready for stage appear-
ance. Can book both acts or for Cabaret,
Piano, summer, book both. You won't
be disappointed. D. Fellows, 90 St. Gre-
gory's Place, Chorley, Lancs.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

PURCHASED FOR CASH: good
Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs.
Top prices - 01-836 7811.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY LICENSE

RECORD COMPANY SEC.
RETURNS Are you on our books?
MEMO Emp Agt 01-734 5714/5.

RECORDS FOR SALE

THE SONICS - Introducing 'extra-
rare classic' 50s punk LP, £30.00.
Tyrn, 95 Lambos Conduit St., London,
WC1.

TONY MANCOCK MEMORIAL
CLUB: Calling Hancock Collectors
Thames 2 Newbuildings, Milverton,
Somerset.

ULTRA RARE ELVIS BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS, BARNBANK 268-
6080. PITTSBURGH CONCERTS
GRACELAND (RARE!) (EPHM) 2
Newbuildings, Milverton, Somerset.

VINTAGE RECORD Centre well-
known all its new customers. We are
the Golden Oldies club of Great Britain.
As England's foremost odds store, we
stock 1,000's upon 1,000's of singles
from the 50's, 60's & 70's! So the
chances are very good that we can
supply your wants from stock. No wait-
ing for weeks! We have CARRY 267 of the
Golden Oldies club's top 300! Plus
most of Capital Radio's all time top 500,
plus most of other classic odds and many
not so classic & obscure odds from the
50's, 60's & 70's! So if you collect
Mersey, 60's pop, R&B, Doo-wop, Heavy
Rock, Speedy, etc. etc. etc., start off
on the right foot - visit the experts -
now! Vintage Record Centre Ltd, 91
Newman Way, London, N18 1JN (Tube -
Piccadilly Line - Cranbourne Road
Closed Mon/Tues Tel 011 607 8586)

RECORDS WANTED

ALBUMS, CASSETTES, wanted in
mint condition. Top prices paid. For
quote send list plus a.s. to Castaldi, 17
Newman Way, London, N18 1JN.

ALBUMS 'M.W.S.T.W.' (Drap
steal) - Bowie, Seiflow, 'My Generation',
'Quica One' Direct Hcs - Who.
Kinks in Kinks (European) (UK) (Europe)
calls welcomed! Who Brunswick singles
North Shields 74873

ALBUMS, SINGLES, Cassettes
wanted 12 pence for Beatles, Stones,
Pink, Motown, Bowie, etc. Less for other
but none refused. Send direct or a.s. for
prices. Refused Records, Weymouth Col-
lege, Knott, Lymington, Dorset.

BLONDS 12 Shreds P.C. VGC will
pay reasonable prices of swaps. Tony after
6 pm 061 643 7187.

BOOKS, Magazines, Highest prices paid. Send
full details Red List Records, Ynfor,
Llanfrynnon, Penryn/Devon.

KINKS LP, singles, from the begin-
ning until 'Lola' are wanted 15p/val up to
£15, but £25 for a good copy of 'Kon-
fused' your price to sell, write to
Peter Football, Hans Bishops 11, 8/20,
Brace, Denmark.

STRANGLERS PEACHES Radio
play, Urgent, March 0482 645816

MUSICAL SERVICES

ABOUT 100 bands, groups, discote-
ques, lowest prices! London's leading
entertainment agency. Cleymen's 01-
247 9531

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! - Songwri-
ter Magazine explains copyright, pub-
lishing, recording, royalties, song con-
tracts, setting your lyrics to music with-
out paying, plus interview, news, etc.
Free booklet from International
Songwriters Association (INME),
Limerick City, Ireland.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing
new book tells how to - £5, 10-11 (K)
Hyden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street,
London, W1. 7p stamp.

LYRICS WANTED. No publication
fee. 11 St. Albans Ave., London W6.

SINGER SINGS ballads and other
required 22 years in showbusiness.
Booked clubs, hotels in Blackpool and
outside Chorley. Also an agent below.
Female impersonator named Lucy.
Complete act ready for stage appear-
ance. Can book both acts or for Cabaret,
Piano, summer, book both. You won't
be disappointed. D. Fellows, 90 St. Gre-
gory's Place, Chorley, Lancs.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

PURCHASED FOR CASH: good
Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs.
Top prices - 01-836 7811.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY LICENSE

RECORD COMPANY SEC.
RETURNS Are you on our books?
MEMO Emp Agt 01-734 5714/5.

SWELL MAPS

From page 31.

Division, Spherical Objects
and others, are busily
demystifying one of the last
bastions of the rock hierarchy
by quickly and with care
releasing well packaged
cheap long players that
contain some of the best rock
music of the time.

"The singles took about two
hours to do. We don't do
things quickly just so we can
about it. We just like
working quickly. Being in the
studio's great."

"We get letters. We put our
address on the records so we
can see what people think of
it. We get 15 letters a week,
and it takes a lot of time to
answer them all."

EVEN THOUGH the major
labels would dutifully
doubt whether Swell
Maps are making some of the
great rock music of the time
precisely because its
commerciality is dubious and
the whole set-up is apparently
amateurish they will no doubt
be soon equally dutifully
toying with the idea of signing
the Maps.

Such an idea is alien to the
band. It's not even something
they would pretend to
consider.

"I reckon if some record
companies approached us
they'd say, oh well you've got
some good pop songs here
but we don't want any of that
silly stuff, this stuff here,
because this won't sell. You'll
have to get rid of that. But we
could never do anything
which wasn't exactly how we
wanted it."

Such strong, stable idealism
balances oddly with their
ingenious artlessness. Swell
Maps, while determinedly
setting up new and kinder
ways to communicate, have
spirited affection for
endearing fantasy trivialities
ranging from most things
Hanna Barbara through to the
Beano and such imagery and
humour permeates their
music and dominates their
correspondence.

"There are a lot of childlike
things about the music. I'm
really fond of kids
programmes from the '60s, so
why keep it out of the music?
Although we are very serious
about what we do, we don't
do it in a straightforward way.
You summed it up well when
you said we achieve a good
balance between the serious
and the silly."

Swell Maps next maxi
single, 'Real Shocks', will be
out soonest, backed with 'An
English Verse: Monologues',
recorded in a bedroom.
Nothing's held in awe (except

a gold Blue Peter badge.)
They're already impatient to
release their next long player.
They're planning to play lots
of gigs.

The only critic I bother to
check outside these pages has
remarked that he hopes he
dies before Swell Maps get
good, and I know what he
means.

Swell Maps, along with Joy
Division, The Raincoats, The
Distractions, The Undertones,
aren't in the middle, but are making
the greatest rock 'n' roll of all
time. It's eclectic, it's
unaffected. It demands you
attention. If you don't want to
give it, the only one who's
losing out is you.

"You stay in touch with the
people you want to stay in
touch with. The people who
care."

"Swell Maps will go as far as it
goes. When we're bored with
it we'll stop."

"I bought Art Garfunkel's
'Bright Eyes' the other day.
Great. And 'Sugar Sugar' by
The Archies and 'Aloha Again'
Naturally by Gilbert
O'Sullivan."

"No one understands us."

Just now, if someone took
Swell Maps away from me,
it'd be like falling off a cliff or
something. It's like if they took
'Thunderbirds' off the TV. It
would be that bad.

OH-BOY!

ROCK 'N' ROLL SINGERS & ROCK GROUPS

Male and Female

experience not essential, required for
OH BOY! television series

Auditions to be held at the
Shaftesbury Theatre
on
**WEDNESDAY 1st &
THURSDAY 2nd August**

Please ring 01-839 3603 or write to:
**Cooney Marsh Theatres Ltd.,
66 Trafalgar Square, W.C.2**
for appointment.

Now you're qualified -
you're leaving?
Betty's always
leaving.

Mike, my sweetheart of life,
Gordon really is the end?
Are you going to leave me?
Love Michael

Don't worry, you're paying
for this! All day long
- well miss you
Ruth

Now you can
see John like
THE REST
BRIAN

5 Years...
What can I say Except
Good Luck - All The Best
Brian B.

BYE BYE!
Pete

If the sun gets
to bright you
can always borrow
my glasses.
Baz

Mike - NME just won't
be the same without you!
Cherry and Chris.

That's six hundred jobs
you've done and we
haven't even started
on Bristol yet!
Good Luck
Gordon

**FAREWELL
MIKE
PROCTOR!**

THE ANEMONE ARTISTES REGISTER

A computerised showcase of the
entertainment world

01-439 9611
For Singers, Actors, Musicians, etc.
... It's where the work is ...

SPECIAL NOTICES

10p per word

CRAZY COLOURS. Punks apply in
any shade, style and also supplied by
post. The following colours: Vermilion,
Tangerine, Capri blue, Peacock blue,
Cyclamen, Aubergine, Fire, Canary yellow,
Pinkishred, Fawn green, Lime green.
Minimum 4 pots of any colour £8.50
inclusive postage, VAT, Denmark and
Tony, 65 Marlow Road, London W8, 01-
537 2879/01-537 8452.

DIANE BULMER Love you still, Davy
Happy Birthday Lorraine Love
Barb XX

LEGENDARY ACCELERATORS
1000 5 track cassettes - goodness £10 to 25
Bentley Road, Liverpool L8 0SZ

SAVE THE WHALE BENEFIT, Hendon
Football Club, Clarendon Rd, Hendon
Off Great Central, Boreham Green &
Support. 7.30-11.30. 75p. Bar and food
28th July.

SLADE NEWS fourth issue, 75p. D
Kemp, 24 Ingham Road, London NW6

THANKS SHERON A great night X
**THE PRETTY BRITISH ARE KIL-
ING TIME**.

WILL SELL or swap two Knebworth
4th tickets for two 10th tickets. Box No.
3798.

3 KNEBORTH tickets for 4th
wanted. Will swap for 2 for 11th. Flat C,
100 Eastham Rd., Norwich.

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

BASS, PERCUSSION learners
wanted for experimental band 5.15 Box
No. 265

BASS PLAYER AND GUITARIST
REQUIRED FOR NEW GROUP IN S.W.
LONDON AREA. INTO REGGAE.
NEW WAVE. ATTITUDE OVER ABILI-
TY. CALL 01-725 0008 AFTER 6pm.

DRUMMER INVENTIVE Hugo,
Serrit, Ubu, Enthusiasm! 01-538
3831/01-558 2206

DRUMMER WITH original approach
needed for original band with up tempo
sound. No prog. Ring 01-405 9194 (Pam)
Dept. Eddie. Band. Canary wharf. Tel.
01-407 8127 evenings and weekends.

FEMALE VOCALIST interested in
forming band with Soul, Rock, Reggae,
Tubeway Army influence in London
area. No experience necessary, but
enthusiasm essential. 01-603 4940 A F
Donnet after 6.

GLASGOW NEW Wave band look
reliable drummer. 011 721 1209

PUNK DRUMMER requires others to
form Punk group. Influences early 76/77
groups. If interested phone Southend
69729 after 6pm. No pros!

THE TOYS require bassist and drum-
mer age 16-18. Leeds area. Miffield
493735

1 2 3 4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22

ACROSS

5 Break Cohen, hief (anag. 2 words)
7 A singular Barbarian! (5,7)
10 Alone in Oslo?
12 Ms Kay's reggae riser (5,5)
14 i.e. Leo jerks nice (anag. 3 words)
15 Disco Savest! Sout survivor revived by 'Contact' (5,5)
17 Johnson or Palmer
20 Born Terence Nelhams, '60s teen idol who discovered then managed Leo Sayer (he was good as Budgie though) (4,5)
21 Dancers together outrageously with the Whitehouse seal of approval (3,6)
22 See 19

DOWN

1 Currently on general release, the movie of the album track of the slogan of the same name (3,4,3,7)
2 '60s rock classic discoloured by Amii Stewart (5,2,4)
3 R&B vet who growled his way to a No. 1 in 1966 with Jagger/Richards 'Out Of Time' (5,7)
4 Cut the original of 2 down
6 Contemporaries of The MC5, fashioned from little Jimmy Osterberg's demented visions

8 A bit of hyperbole to shift sub-standard goods
9 They had an early '79 chart nibble with the Blondiesque 'Desire Me'
11 BBC at ska blah (anag. 2 words)
13 Assembly-line punks hit by petrol crisis?
16 Is it set for Scabies? (3,4)
18 'Hey Girl Don't Bother Me' was their 1971 No. 1
19 & 22 New York singer/writer who sounds like she's suffering from sex confusion!

ANSWERS
ACROSS: 3 'Heart Of Glass'; 6 'It's Alive'; 8 (Derek &) Clive; 9 'Communique'; 10 (Kiki) Dee; 11 'Heart Of (Glass)'; 13 'Rat Trap'; 14 George (Harrison); 15 'Reunited'; 16 Who; 20 'Lucky Number'; 23 Kiki (Dee); 24 Lesley Gore; 25 Yoko (Ono); 26 (Smokey) Robinson.
DOWN: 1 'Discovery'; 2 Dionne Warwick; 4 (Gallagher &) Lyle; 5 Steve Howe; 7 'Summertime Blues'; 8 Culture; 12 (Bryan) Ferry; 14 Green; 17 (George) Harrison; 18 Smokey (Robinson); 19 (John) Peel; 21 Jean (Jacques) Burnel; 22 John (Peel).

GASBAG

This week: Is it The System?

The problem of the nature of 'reality' has long been the concern of metaphysicians and phenomenologists alike. If one takes a view following Berkeley, for example, that there is no more to the physical world than sense data and indeed that our knowledge of the world is critically dependent on our senses, then at first sight one has the options of descending into solipsism or, as was Berkeley's solution, we can postulate the existence of an omnipotent and omnipresent 'God'.

Alternatively, if we attempt to show the validity of 'objective' knowledge (eg Paul Morley 'exists'), problems arise when there is a disagreement as to what is to count as 'objective'. Consider the statement 'Danny Baker has long hair' (others spring to mind but I will ignore them for the sake of argument). Howard Devoto would probably say that this statement is true, Lemmy would say that it is true and Neil Young would carry on snoring (or is it snoring?) Who is to say what the 'objective' truth is in such a situation?

So what is the solution to this dilemma? Should we take a Popperian view and expound a third world of objectivity as distinct from the first two worlds of mental and physical objects or the phenomenologists' point of view and regard the phenomena of the universe as the be-all-and-end-of 'reality'? Or perhaps an existential 'existence precedes essence (and every thing else)' stance is OK or a zen 'leave reality alone, it isn't bothering you' is where it's at.

Personally, I'm into solipsism. **CANDADO PALADO (BSC, VAT, MOT), Kennedy Airport.** Solipsism was last year's thing. Candy. Good try though — CSM.

Slowly but surely, week by week, review after review, there is a slow build up of resentment against the NME.

Let me explain. I am what your publication calls a head banger, a long haired follower of 'dinosaurs', a Heavy Metal freak. Whatever words you use they are more than often in sarcasm or abuse. Which is exactly why I'm putting pen to paper!

You see, before, I have been resentful about writing, quite simply because I have been a coward, because I know that you have the obvious advantage of putting down the last word, a sarcastic comment, a joke about HM music, so I decided until the last issue, I would play it safe and leave it to some other sucker. Let them get laughed at through the pages of your music weekly. Anyway the time for this fearfulness stopped after reading the recent edition with the article

on Van Halen, (incidentally, not a favourite HM outfit by a long way).

This article and review of Halen at the Rainbow was, no doubt, the biggest pile of nonsensical, bigoted, biased, cow-crap I have read since the first article on Rush by Miles. After reading it I first felt the strangling hand of anger creep out in its usual way, but reviewer Nick (the prick) Kent, without knowing it, wrote in the main that everybody had a great time.

Isn't that exactly what it's all really about? Isn't the very essence of all types of music, in any shape or form, to give enjoyment? There are one hell of a lot of kids today that just do not want everyday troubles or down to earth problems rammed down their throats whenever they listen to a song. They want to escape them when they put on a record or go to a gig. These people have seen what NEW WAVE (?) tried to do and saw what actually happened, ie powerpop, pistos gimmicks, selling out, etc.

There are kids that like dry ice, confetti, and multi-coloured lighting, sword and sorcery, poetry and posing. But most of all they love the ear-busting, multi-repeated riffs of Nugent, Rush, Priest, Rainbow, Whitesnake, etc. etc.

Out of all the weekly publications NME is meant to represent the kids. Well all I can say is that you're missing out a big chunk of those kids. Those kids are going out and buying other weeklies, and wouldn't even read, let alone order the NME due to its lack of HM content.

One last thing, look through your Gig advertisements, you'll see dinosaurs who haven't even hatched from the egg yet. The likes of Del Lppard, Angel Witch, Redeye, Samson, and Iron Maiden — these bands are tomorrow's HM stars, not yesterday's NME. **DAVID JONES, BFPO 45.** Thanks for the testimonial, David. When we start getting outland by a publication with an HM content acceptable to you and your friends, we can reopen the question — CSM (complacent bastard).

The title of the flip side of Pil's new offering, 'And No Birds Do Sing' bears the most remarkable resemblance to Keats's last line in 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci':

'Though the sedge has wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.'

Christ — our hero reading poetry?! — he'll be on **Juke Box Jury** next.

M. EVETTS, Warwickshire. Logically enough, this provides our cue for the last letters to be printed on the subject of JR's appearance on **JBU**. On yer marks. — CSM.

It was obviously in the minds of the guys who invite 'guests'

onto **Juke Box Jury** to invite, each week, a person who will bring some element of SHOCK HORROR HE SAID THAT!! to the otherwise trite and horribly boring programme. Bob Geldof was presentable and articulate as he was on a majority of his previous television appearances. The guys who asked him to appear had that sussed out: punk rocker alias gentleman.

The only television appearances that the infamous John Lydon has made featured him behaving badly in some way or another the same as he did on **Juke Box Jury**, making sensation by doing and, or, uttering very little, very rudely. The BBC knew he would do this and thus invited him to appear. It's a pity that he played it their way. He should have been polite and articulate and painfully constructive. That would have got right up their noses. 'JOHNNY ROTTEN EX SEX PISTOL IS POLITE SHOCK HORROR' They can't draw millions of viewers to watch normality. It's a pity that they got exactly what they wanted, but whichever way you look at it he's a loser. If I was him — well, I'm not. Mind you I thought that Billy Idol and Lorraine Chase made a lovely couple, didn't you? **Kayn, Kensal Green, London NW10.** Delightful — CSM.

I certainly am sick of reading boring letters from nerds who want John Lydon to be a hero. His point on **Juke Box Jury** is always, 'we think for ourselves, yer wankers'. I wish you all would so me and John could get on with it. **BAXTER THE FRONT, Behind the lines, York.** Never mind all that — have you got your copy of 'Some Product' yet? — CSM.

As one of the 'be-hatted malchick trio on vocal back-up', who appeared with the Mo-dettes at the Notre Dame Clash gigs, I thought I'd write to put your wonderful groovers straight on a few points.

First off, the Mo-dettes are not, repeat, not a Mod band. Mods are last decade's thing and the Mo-dettes have nothing in common with a

has-been trend that has been pulled out of the grave by a bunch of frustrated punks, skins, trendies and other assorted hipsters, trying desperately hard to be fashionable, probably because they weren't original punks and want to be original somethings. The end result is a bunch of insecure power-poppers with weak, imitation music to match. The Mo-dettes are a modern dance band and should be enjoyed as such. Just because they don't fit into any recognisable category doesn't justify anyone putting them into the latest one, ie Mod, for your convenience.

As far as I'm concerned, Mods can do what they fucking well want as long as it doesn't interfere with what I want to do or damage the Mo-dettes' career by dragging them down when Mod goes down the drain.

Secondly, regarding the 'pretension supplied by announcing all their song titles in O-level French', I don't know whether this should be taken as a compliment or as an insult. The latter, I expect. However, it's hard to know if pretentiousness is hip or not with you lot, is it?

In fact, Ramona, the singer, is French-Swiss and often speaks accordingly. Her accent, in fact, often leads people to believe she is singing in French. This just shows that people don't listen anyway. However, I don't suppose you want to know this, seeing as you don't know anything about the band and haven't even tried to find out.

Anyway, those remarks in *T-Zers*, whether insults or not, would have been more at home in a proper gig review.

Mo-dettes is pronounced Mow-dettes. The mark between the Mo and the dettes is called a hyphen and signifies a pause between syllables. Obviously you scribbling types weren't in school the day your buddies were taught this groovy bit of info. Why else would you ignore its presence in the word and print Modettes as in Mod? Surely you haven't been reading things in *Snoraz*. The name was thought up before Mod rose from the grave and isn't going to be dropped because the Press have

twisted the word to fit in with Mod. **SEAN, (A BE-HATTED MALCHICK BACKING VOCALIST) London W9.** And that's it for this week's edition of *Democracy in Action*. Next week: *The Battle Of Hastings re-interpreted in the light of Mrs Thatcher's remarks about "Swamped by an alien culture"* — CSM.

It seems to me that your mag is spoilt by a near paranoic obsession with class. Yet at the same time almost one hundred per cent of the working class folks I know don't even seem to have heard about your so-called new wave. When are you going to understand that there are only two kinds of class: miserable people and cheerful people? When is anyone going to understand? A bad home or a hard family background is no excuse for sadism, just as a big car is no excuse for snobbery. We make our own destinies and those who are weak enough to be misled deserve everything they get. Everyone has a brain and that, you'll obviously be surprised to hear, includes members of the so-called working class — thus we are all capable of choosing between right and wrong. NME isn't a music paper: it's a paper for jerks with aspirations to becoming social workers. **JAMIE WARD, Middlesbrough.** Yeah, Jamie, but there ain't 'all a lot of 'em. — CSM. Watch it, you're getting complacent again. — NEIL SPENCER.

Sorry. Where was I? Oh yeah — there may only be two classes of people — miserable and cheerful — but my researches demonstrate fairly conclusively that it's a hell of a lot easier to be cheerful if you happen to have loads and loads of money. — CSM.

In his article on the Southall riots, Roy Carr stated that of the 342 people arrested, only

34 have been granted legal aid. In case anyone reading it was under the impression that this was due to police/magistrates manipulation of the system to ensure that those arrested couldn't get effective legal representation, it may be worth pointing out that qualification for legal aid in criminal proceedings is decided on a means rather than a merits test — those who didn't get legal aid simply earned too much. Thus any fault lies in the system itself, rather than in improper use of that system. Is this verbose enough, Simon? **NICK SIMPSON, Manchester.** Very sound reasoning, Nick. Is there a systems analyst in the house? — CSM.

On Sunday (July 15) I went to the Theatre Royal, Stratford, to see Kevin Coyne's *Babbie*. The concert was cancelled, although we were given no indication of this at the time. Today (Monday) I phoned the theatre and I was told that the Council had intervened to stop the concert on the grounds of the subject matter (the Moors Murders). I am really angry that the Council should act in such an arrogant and high-handed manner. Surely 'good taste' is a matter for the individual and him alone and surely councils should NOT have the powers to act like this. Secondly, and even more disturbingly, to my knowledge this is the first time a council has banned a concert on the grounds of 'taste' and adds a new and dangerous dimension to their already great powers. I would urge you to publicise this matter as it is very dangerous for any artist to be gagged in this way. The address of the council is: L.B. of Newham, Publicity Dept., The Grove.

London E15, if any reader would like to write and protest. **ANDREW C. JOHN, Forest Gate, London E7.** Did someone say something about 'systems'? — CSM.

So *Nationwide* thought they had a scoop, a controversial article in an otherwise boring month. A rock musician who dare write a play about the Moors Murders. Could he be more outrageous than Sid Vicious, more controversial than Lydon? Despite diverse questioning, grave misunderstanding, and total ignorance of the play's theme, Kevin Coyne remained sincere, believing and totally out of place in a programme merely after a cheap thrill. People like Coyne don't need that sort of publicity. Genius is self-explanatory to those who listen.

NAME NOT SUPPLIED, Maidenhead. I've been telling 'em that for years. Did they bloody listen? Not a lot. Why, just the other day... — CSM.

In a recent motorcycle accident I broke my left leg in two places. I've been in hospital now for six weeks plus, and expect to be in for at least another month. What's this got to do with the modern music scene you may well ask? Fuck all — but I had to tell somebody. **CHRIS THE ZIP, Ward 4, C.G.H., Cheltenham, P.S.** Please say hello to Patrick Fitzgerald. Hello, Patrick Fitzgerald! (God, this is easy) — CSM.



Pointlessly aggressive trouble-making graphic bearing absolutely no relationship to anything else on the page by GUS DAVIES



Personally, we think it's the cistern.

Type your hype (or scrawl your bawl) to CSM, The Bag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG and see what happens! (Not a lot in the majority of cases.)

T-ZERS

Almost August and still no offers of pantomime. Worse! None of the dots have been approached to embarrass themselves on *Juke Box Jury*. And, face it, they're dragging in any old mouth to waffle on the nation's most important show. Well, pass the word that you gotta be a mighty hip pip to find your name in these columns — you gotta be fresh, alert, unspoiled and dynamically interesting!

All of which leads us onto our first T-Zer, which concerns Keith Richards (ds), Anita Pallenberg and *The Body in The Bedroom*. As widely splashed in the dailies, the latest sordid saga of the seamy Stone occurred at the Richards mansion just outside New York where Anita Pallenberg finds the completely dead body of one Scott Cantrell sprawled across her bed. Cantrell, described as "a 17-year-old drop out with a hot-blood temperament", is reported to have cleaned out his ears in the worst way shortly after Anita got up from the bed to do some housework. In the past neighbours claimed to have heard shots coming from the estate and more than once the youth had taunted Pallenberg with his fancy for Russian roulette. Richards was in Paris recording with the Stones at the time of the incident, and though he is widely labelled as being 'Love Triangle' Anita's common law husband, the relationship has been deteriorating for some time. (For more sordid details see *Thrills*) Scientists have pointed out that Keith Richards is 34 — just four digits short of 38. And the gun in question was a 38 revolver! Strange but true.

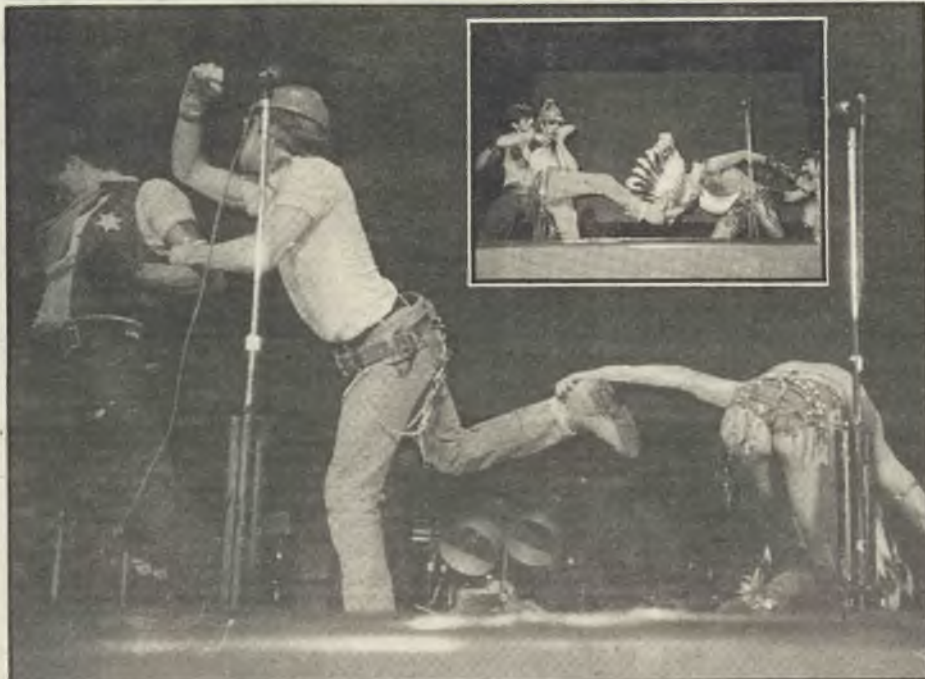
Continuing our revelations on the stars not used to controversy, we come to put a blot on the untarnished career of Chuck Berry. A certain amount of disapproval ensued at the climax of the Jazz Festival at Alexandra Palace when the 8,000 strong crowd — most of whom had shelled out their six notes to see Berry — rather unreasonably decided that three quarters of an hour was a little less than a marathon set. Berry strode off without so much as a "thankyouo' nite" and sparked off the traditional boos and can-throwing we have come to expect at his little get-togethers. Berry said later: "I was contracted to appear for 45 minutes and I gave them 49. Anyway my last note is a disguised encore."

One much celebrated protester was one Gail O'Farrell who curiously thought that stripping off and rushing the stage would be the perfect mode of voicing discontent. "I stripped off to show him we are all equal when we are naked," she said. A celebrated absentee was our own Princess Margaret and the very amazing Viscount Lindley, both of whom were at one time "definitely going". One source did report seeing her haggling about her position of vendors but this is unconfirmed. Amidst the fury Mr Berry slipped away disguised as his encore.

On calmer waters hear ye, hear ye that in the upcoming *Blues Brothers* Movie we can thrill to comes by Aretha Franklin, James Brown, Ray Charles and Cab Calloway.

Further Fax. Randy Newman's upcoming album entitled *Born Again* features our recent America-Watcher made up a la Kiss with dollar signs painted across his eyes.

Now comes on, you Yankees, please! My God, what can we make of the news that the re-make of *The Jazz Singer* — the legendary Al



New York, Monday: Those world-famous tubeway vigilantes known simply as Village People were called out over the weekend to quell a riot involving irate disco-goers. "No more 'YMCA' copies," chanted the crowd. "Go West," the vigilantes returned. "Get a new caption writer," howled the NME readers.

Jolson flick that heralded the arrival of talking pictures — is to be musically re-scored by... by Neil Diamond!

This heralds the close of talking pictures. At Taj Mahal's triumphant and much talked of gig at London's The Venue, we note punters Tony James and Mick Jones. In line to meet Taj was Pete Townshend and the pair talked loud and long.

Indeed what a week it has been for gigs down here in the Smoke. Winner of the "Grease 'Em Up And Squeeze 'Em In Wait-To-Wait Show Of The Week" goes to the Specials/Madness bill at the Music Machine. In the crush could be seen Joe Jackson and Strummer. The Strum also poked his nut in at the Rockin' Dopsie gig earlier in the week at Dingwalls, whilst Mr Jackson plumped for the Cool Notes/Black Slate affair.

Keeping the frail reggae connection, let us ponder Dennis Bovell as he introduces a track from the forthcoming *Matumbi* LP on Radio London's *Reggae Rockers* show. The cut began with big band style horns and Blackbeard was asked why he was checking the Glenn Miller system. "Because Glenn Miller was music from Creation," he said. Whether this will be filtering through the Specials LP, which Bovell is set to produce, is yet to be heard.

Smack your lips in the knowledge that a dub version of Linton Johnson's 'Forces Of Victory' album is on the

way. And now, a riddle. Q: What is the difference between Decca and The Titanic? A: At least The Titanic had a good band. (Waits for riotous thigh slapping to subside before)

OK then. Now that it appears all the violence that followed Chuck Berry's 'Disguised encore' has died down we can return to the site of Capital Radio's Jazz Festival for a few tidbits. Despite being a financial loser, its co-promoter George Wein is adamant that he'll stage the thing again next year. "I took upon it as an investment rather than a loss," he offered bravely. Not helping matters, it struck T-Zers, was the Capital publicity machine, which included poor promotion and very few ads in the rock press. And why, we wonder, was there no discount scheme for weekday tickets and so few contemporary jazz acts? A Capital spokesperson agreed that one of the complaints were justified and warned of an aftermath enquiry.

Meanwhile the fabulous Mr Berry was described by one behind stage staffer as "like a baby — he kept getting lost and wouldn't do what he was asked." Mr Rock 'n' Roll's final number was last seen disguised as Joyce McKi (*Hasn't this gag gone a little far? — Ed.*)

T-Zers' old mate Mr Jed Nugent is sporting a sprained ankle after attempting to clear a hedge at his sister's wedding. Reports that he

incur the injury whilst trying to get out of a paper bag are simply not true.

The hordes who hang around Carnaby Street in the vain hope of glimpsing a Paul Weller or a Roger Daltrey or, come to that, Joe Loss busking 'March Of The Mods' probably missed Sandie Shaw, who trilled along the nation's scuzziest street at 6pm on Wednesday afternoon. Fascinating guff, huh?

Also espied in the vicinity last week: erstwhile King Revival Mod Ahead Of His Time Jesse Hector, still in his hipsters. Whatever happened to?

After one of Bruce Springsteen's recent gigs Elvis Costello was forced to impart: "Good songs — but way, way too long!"

Village People producer Jacques Morali is about to step into the life of Diana Ross — production wise, but "YWCA" is one title under discussion. Keeping a beady eye on things may well be Ryan O'Neal, who recently gave Di a birthday gift of a diamond ring. And we all know what that can lead to (*Don't be so bleedin' wet — Ed.*)

A long way from the guns and death of our opening shout, Keith Richards gives voice on what he made of a recent visit — his first and last — to the famed Studio 54:

"They ruined a perfectly good theatre by filling it with faggots in boxing shorts waving champagne under yer nose." An Expert writes: "A

faggot is a small meatball in gravy or sometimes a large bundle of small sticks but quite what Mr Keith is referring to is still not clear."

Herr David Bowie is wild about the place though. In a recent outing to '54' he spent most of the evening bending the ear of Oona Chaplin, widow of Charlie. Later in the night the thin white bore left alone having been blown out by Oona for... Ryan O'Neal, who will soon have to get himself a scooter.

The recent Heartbreakers fund raiser gig at NY's Mudd Club to help the band reach these pleasant shores was all for naught. Jerry Nolan was stopped from entering the UK by customs officials.

Siamese twins Steve Loans and Small Cook tapping a toe at The Wall's gig at the Moonlight Club. Jones so happy that he is limbering up to produce the band's next single.

At the opening in London of the Hair movie, United Artists hired some Here Krishna Temple bods to make their dreadful racket outside the cinema. They were later moved on with a couple of arrests. UA also took it upon themselves to dish out 2,000 flowers.

Hammersmith Council have agreed to subsidise a recording studio where bands can make demos at the lowest of the low prices — just £2 an hour. "Rock music may be a dirty word to some people but it's as justifiable a recreation as any," quoth Julian Brogi who along with fellow musician Ross Westcott will run the studio. They also plan to hire the Shepherd's Bush Hotel for unknown bands to play every Tuesday from July 31. All interest should be directed at Ross or Julian on 01-603 7119.

We can always rely on James Pursey to wrap up for us. On his Radio One DJ spot last Sunday he started a waiting word by announcing that "this bloke means more to me than anyone else and a lot of other people too I should reckon." He then played 'Vietnam' by Jimmy Cliff. Also amongst his picks was the much underrated rock anthem 'Que Sera Sera' by the equally neglected commodity Doris Day. Jim, old son — wrap up.

NME

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill

News Editor
Derek Johnson

Production Editor
Jack Scott

Associate Editors
Charles Shear Murray
Monty Smith

Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff

Tony Stewart
Tony Parsons
Julia Burchill
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Seli

Photography
Pennie Smith

Contributors

Nick Kent
Mick Farren
Bob Edmunds
Tony Benyon
Steve Clarke
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Cliff White
Bob Woffinden
Lester Bangs
John May
Paul Morley
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Denny Baker

New York
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 686 7733

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS

Ad Director
Percy Dickens
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122

Live Ads
(01) 261 6153

Ad Production
Mike Proctor
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

Photo: Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
© Magazines Ltd.
Production of any material without permission is prohibited.

BETTER BADGES

MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

The Bad	The Good
1 (1) Rock Against Thatcher 25p	2 (4) Rats 25p
3 (2) The Undertones 25p	4 (3) Clash Police 25p
5 (1) S.F. Outrigger 25p	6 (2) Specials ASA 25p
7 (1) UK Subs 25p	8 (10) S.F. Highly Inflamable 25p
9 (1) Ramones Rumblehouse 25p	10 (1) UK Subs S.F. 25p

New releases: The Rude Boys, Rude Girls, I'm an Uppies, Sweet Mouth, Mad Ones, Shoes for Industry, Spaz Energy, Dames, Mad Sticks, Zip Nolen, Secret After Zip, Spaceman Objects, 8-12, Tubeway Army.

Add 10p P&P Free list
286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 0K



In the wee small hours at London's Venue two legends face off. That's Taj Mahal Esq and Pete Townshend to you, sweetheart, comparing noses and French head gear after Taj's indescribably immaculate London concerts. What were they saying? Aah, that ain't nobody's business but their own.

MEGADEALS

- The B52s New album only £3.75
Tubeway Army 'Replicas' only £3.75
Police 'Outlandos D'amour' only £2.78
The Swell Maps 'Trip to Marineville' only £3.69
Kraftwerk 'Man Machine' only £3.29
Bob Seger 'Night Moves' only £3.59
It's a Beautiful Day - Rare first album only £4.29
Pink Floyd 'Animals' only £3.59
Ramones 'It's Alive' double album only £4.15
Judy Tzuke 'Welcome to the cruise' only £3.40
Nick Drake 'Fruit Tree' Limited edition 3LP box set only £8.95
Squeeze 'Cool for Cats' only £2.78
Joy Division 'Unknown Pleasures' only £2.99
The Sinceros 'Sound of Sunbathing' only £3.53
Isley Bros 'Winner takes all' Double album only £4.36

IT'S AT

Virgin

THE VIRGIN MEGASTORE

The largest record store in Europe

14 OXFORD STREET, W1

(Nr Tottenham Court Road)